Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

A very ardent admirer and follower I was of your late husband our beloved and greatly revered President. His ideas, in my opinion, seem to be the underlying factor in your articles all of which have my respect and admiration.

When the enclosed article caught my attention—as I was confined to bed with the end much idle time on my hands—it seemed to translate itself into verse and I wrote it down as it came to me. Of course, it is just for your personal amusement if you care to read it anyway. Enclosed also is another little ditty which I have called "Depression" in relation to the situation today.

As you the doubt have formulated, my hobby is translating facts into verse. My daughter, Faye, suggested I send these two to you for your opinion.

I truly regret the outcome of Tuesday's elections and am greatly concerned, as are all of the women who have borne and daughters facing the future with young courageous hearts—do they something we can do in our clubs throughout the country?

Very sincerely yours

Cora R. Phillips
...
TAKE HER WORD FOR IT

Regarding the election, says Mrs. F.D.R.,

"To favor the Democrats will lessen
Out chance of another war ..."

The day we made the A-bomb We had to make a choice
Of utter destruction of our race
Or in peace we may rejoice.

The Democratic Party has men who understand
What this matter of a choice
Means to men throughout the land -

They saw us through depression,
Fought off hunger and real strife,
Built up forts for our protection -
Defense of Liberty and Life.

Our President, she further said,
Tried his mission to fulfill -
But due to stress from overhead
This he must accomplish still.

So don't listen to the Plutocrats -
This thought please bear in mind
And keep voting for the Democrats
For the benefit of mankind."

Cora R. Phillips
November 3, 1946.
"DEPRESSION"

They talk about inflation
   And the death of OPA;
The rising cost of living
   Bringing rumblings of dismay.

The daily rant of politicians
   Their only thought on Party bent,
Blaming Truman with low wages
   And increases in the rent.

The rise and fall of stock markets
   Forecasting woe and misery -
   Played up by the newspapers
      To assist the GOP.

Bold threats of strikes and walk-outs
   Forcing ban of wage controls -
And the loud demands of labor
   Threatening menace at the polls

To the Democratic Party
   Why they're blaming for it all -
With it's sporting Party leader
   Bravely riding for a fall.

To the tune of the Republicans
   Singing "Take them out, give us a chance -
Then you'll surely have depression, with the trimmings, song and dance!"

Cora R. Phillips
Oct. 27, 1946.
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
29 Washington Square,
New York II, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

The conflicting conditions and problems of the past year have prevented me from sending you, or handing to you when you were here this year, my version, and I believe the like convictions of millions, of the passing of your late husband, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

These verses were written as enacted thru those fateful first days, but I delayed sending them to you until meeting your daughter, Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, who graciously commented on them and asked me to send you a copy, which I am enclosing.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Encl.
THE PASSING OF A WORLD LEADER

Expecting war's swift ending,
Radio brings grief instead;
A shock, echoing round the world,
Our great President is dead.
Franklin Delano Roosevelt!
Best known and honored man on earth,
Hope of all oppressed nations
For liberty's world-wide birth.

His passing leaves some speechless,
Numb and helpless in despair;
Even those who once fought him
Seen this mutual grief to share.
Washington, Lincoln, Wilson,
Served their country in their day;
Roosevelt brought hope to earth
That liberty would come to stay.

The March of Dimes and Warm Springs
Are well known around the earth,
Monuments to his memory
That commemorate his birth.
While taps and songs and speeches
Keep pace with his train everywhere,
Voices of sorrowing people
Swell the dirge that rules the air.

The great men of our nation,
And those able round the earth,
In sorrow view his casket
In mute tribute to his worth.
Each branch of our war service,
In the air, on sea or earth,
Is also paying tribute
To their great Commander's worth.

Even his Scotty, Fala,
Senses something strange and wrong;
Misses his pal's assurance
As he views the sorrowing throng.
Can another don the mantle
Roosevelt lays down today,
And hold high liberty's standards
In the same wise, steadfast way?

It was not his worn out body,
But his kindly cheerful smile,
His fondness for earth's people,
That endeared him all the while.
Some would be born to conquer
And explore the unknown seas,
With wings of hope undaunted,
Trust their lives to gale or breeze

With cheerful hearts keep smiling
Even while they suffer pain,
They are as sunshine in winter
Or the spring's soft falling rain.
In his own beloved Hyde Park,
Neath its shifting, fragrant shade,
They left his mortal body,
But his spirit never stayed,

For on the wings of morning
It flew thru uncharted space
To join with the immortals,
The unconquered of our race.
Thru centuries to follow
History will the fact proclaim
Liberty, advanced by him,
Gave to earth a higher aim.

John J. Phillips
1390 Chesty Lynn Dr.,
Phoenix, Arizona.