

●PSF: Subject File: Roosevelt, Franklin D. : Birthdays

1933 - 1938

Box 178

PSF: Subject File: FDR:
Birthday, 1933

December 5, 1933.

Dear Olive:

Inclosed is a check for \$30.00 which Margaret succeeded in extracting from a few more newspapermen.

Charles Hurd	\$5.00
Gus Terry	5.00
John O'Donnell	5.00
Edw. Locket	5.00
John Herrick	5.00
Bill Chaplin	5.00

I am sending it on to you quickly before you go to buy any furniture.

The President suggested that there be a little plate made to go on whatever you buy, saying that it was given by "The President's Party" - and the date of the visit.

I miss you all terribly and would give anything to be able to run over for a little gossip. However, here's hoping for next spring! Last night I slept 10½ hours, which is pretty good, and sounds as if I had been leading a wild life down there with all of you.

We all send our love and best wishes.

Affectionately,

✓ Mac

✓ Ken

✓ Pat

✓ Resman

✓ Kent Simpson - W. 406

✓ Pen

✓ Jan

✓ Pitt

✓ H

✓ Bader

✓ Wain

✓ M. 21

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Pm

paid —

25
C/150

Louis Home	paid
STE	paid -
Mac	paid
Kirk	paid
Tom Lynch	paid -
Prinzel	paid

25
60

1. Let $\phi: \mathcal{A} \rightarrow \mathcal{B}$ be a homomorphism.
 2. If $\mathcal{A}$ is a ring, then $\phi(1_{\mathcal{A}})$ is an idempotent in $\mathcal{B}$.
 3. If $\mathcal{A}$ is a ring, then $\phi(1_{\mathcal{A}})$ is a central idempotent in $\mathcal{B}$.
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PSF: Subject File
FDR: Birthday

September 30th, 1935.

Dear Mr. Simpson:-

Mr. Early dictated this note just before leaving, and asked me to hasten it along to you.

Missy, as you no doubt know is also on the train. That is why they nominated me to the job of being Treasurer.

Knowing of your interest in Mr. Howe, I feel sure you will be glad to learn he is very much better since he has been at the Naval Hospital.

Incidentally, I know a note from you would be welcome, as it cheers him greatly when old friends remember him.

Very truly yours,

M.A. Durand,
Secretary to Mr. Howe.

Mr. Kirk Simpson,
Associated Press,
Evening Star Building,
Washington, D.C.

MAD:IW

Washington, D.C.
September 30th, 1935.

My dear Kirk:-

There are just a few of us left -- you, Louis, ~~Tom~~ Tom Lynch, Prenosil and me -- at least, this is all I am writing to.

All of us know that the President's coming birthday will be the third since we have given him a present.

We have just discovered two prints. They cost \$75. each or \$150. for the two. They have already been bought and paid for and will be kept, in secret, until the next party dinner when they will be presented.

Miss LeHand has paid for them -- a personal check -- the President saw them some time ago and was delighted with them. He wanted them very much but Missy maneuvered so as to get them herself -- for us.

If this meets with your approval, we, therefore, owe Missy \$25. each. Won't you send your check to Margaret A. Durand, care of Colonel Howe, White House, Washington, D.C.

Remember we let the dinner two years ago pass without a gift -- this year because of Louis' illness there was no dinner. There will, however, be a renewal of the old custom and the President, I know, will erase our previous negligence when we present these printes to him.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Stephen T. Early.

Mr. Kirk Simpson,

Sept. 26th, 1935.

Dear Mac:-

There ^{are} just a few of us left -- you, Louie, Kirk, Tom Lynch ~~and~~ Prenosil and me -- at least, this is all I am writing to.

All of us know that the President's coming birthday will be the third since we have given him a present.

We have just discovered two prints. They cost \$75. each or \$150. for the two. They have already been bought and paid for and will be kept, in secret, until the next party dinner when they will be presented.

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Washington, D.C.
September 30th, 1935.

My dear Tom:-

There are just a few of us left -- you, Louis, Mac, Kirk, Prenosil and me -- at least, this is all I am writing to.

All of us know that the President's coming birthday will be the third since we have given him a present.

We have just discovered two prints. They cost \$75. each or \$150. for the two. They have already been bought and paid for and will be kept, in secret, until the next party dinner when they will be presented.

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Sincerely,

(Signed) Stephen T. Early.

Mr. Thomas Lynch,
U.S. Appraiser of Merchandise,
Port of New York,
New York, N.Y.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

The President

Mrs. Roosevelt

Anna Roosevelt Boettiger

Marguerite Le Hand

Grace Tully

Marion Dickerman

Nancy Cook

Malvina Thompson Scheider

Col. Louis McH. Howe

Marvin H. McIntyre

Stephen T. Early

Charles McCarthy - Apt. 33
Washington

Stanley Prenosil 48 Wall

James Sullivan 36 Linc
Dedham,

Kirke L. Simpson Associa
Washington

Thomas Lynch U.S. App
Merchan
New Yor

Margaret A. Durand

- -
Initials for
Birthday party

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

The President	
Mrs. Roosevelt	
Anna Roosevelt Dall	
Marguerite Le Hand	M. A. L. E. H.
Margaret A. Durand	M. A. D.
Grace Tully	G. G. T.
Marion Dickerman	
Nancy Cook	
Malvina Thompson Scheider	M. T. S.
Col. L. McH. Howe	L. M. C. H. H.
Marvin H. McIntyre	M. H. M. C. I.
Stephen T. Early	S. T. E.
Charles McCarthy	C. H. M. C. C.
Stanley Prenosil	S. W. P.
P. James Sullivan	J. P. S.
Kirke L. Simpson	K. L. S.
Thomas Lynch	T. M. L.

That person's name that you took
"The Correspondents Address Book"
Had you had this - to mark the place
They'd be less ummable on your face -

Then the Hand
Within this card case keep - Closed tight
The secrets of Election Night -

Early -

We don't know what you did other
But if theres truth in what was said
Sometime while learning modly wad
Use for a pack of cards you found

GHOST OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS STUNT - Howe

All lights out - soft, creepy music

Voice in the darkness:

Oh, Lodge, Oh, dear Lodge, Oh, Henry, Oh, Cabot, Oh Senator!

(Ghost slides up to Chairman's rostrum, leans confidentially over to speak to Chairman)

May I not ask if you've seen poor Senator Lodge around here lately?

Chairman: My dear Man, what are you doing wandering around here in your nightie? This is a dining room, not a bedroom - you've been sampling some of Mary McCue's hootch!

Howe: Don't you know who I am?

Chairman: No, but you look the way Lockwood did when Gibbs got through with him (or the way Gibbs looked when Lockwood got through with him - whichever way it comes out) Who are you?

Howe: I am the League of Nations

(Music stops)

Chairman: Good Lord, I thought they buried you last election.

Howe: Oh, they did, they did, but what's the use - Lodge wouldn't let me go to heaven, and Wilson won't let me go to hell, so I'm just a ghost - a poor, poor ghost, with nothing to do but haunt, haunt, haunt, all night long and all day long.

Chairman: See here, there is something wrong about that - we all know that ghosts stop haunting when the cock crows.

Howe: Ah, that's the worst of it. I am not like ordinary ghosts. The Cox whose crowing I waited for stopped crowing on election day. He hasn't made a little twitter since.

Chairman: Excuse me, did I hear you asking for someone just now?

Howe: Indeed you did. I have lost the man I loved to haunt the most. Has anyone here seen Henry Cabot Lodge? Confidentially, you see it's partly my fault. I am a little new at haunting yet and he slips up so many back alleys I keep losing him. First he is on one side of something and then on the other, and he just won't stay put, but I'll get better by and by. Just wait until

next October in Massachusetts, and he won't lose me then, old dear. Are you sure he isn't here?

Arman: Quite sure, what made you think he was?

: Why, they told me this was a political convention, and dear Henry does so love politics. Why, do you know, Henry hasn't thought of anything else but politics since the war began! I will wait awhile. I am sure he will be here, and while I am waiting would you like to hear the story of my life?

Arman: Well, make it short and snappy!

(creepy music - very soft)

: Everybody was so proud of me when I was born, and everybody wanted to be my father. How well do I remember that first day at the White House - Joe Tumulty called all the newspaper boys in and after he looked outside the door to make sure his boss was out of hearing, he whispered to them, "Boys, isn't it a beaut? Don't breather it but I'm it's father." But dark clouds hung over my cradle. The next day papa Wilson showed me off proudly to Mr. Lodge, and all the other willful minds. I am taking him abroad with me, said Father. "Do we go, too," asked Lodge. "You don't" said Father. "The child dies" hissed Lodge. "That is the use of being a Senate leader if you can't get all the junkets and half the glory?" I will tell the people on you" said father. "They won't listen," said Lodge. "Besides, it is four years before I care what the people say, and they will forget about it by that time." Then father snatched me from the cradle and ran with me to the steamer, and all the willful minds ran down to the hardware shop and bought nice, new, long knives. But after that came the only happy time in all my sad young life. They were so nice to me in Paris at first, and everybody loved me so they said. Alas, little did I know the wicked thoughts behind their pleasant words. Lloyd George took me on his knee - "It's a fine boy" he said, slipping me a stick of candy filled with prussic acid. "Voila, a wonderful child - just what zee world is waiting for" said Clemenceau, giving me a poison gum drop, and then, when I was helpless and unconscious

they took out all my insides, all except Article X. Lloyd George said that was rotten anyway, and would do me more harm than good, so they left that, and then dear father brought my mangled body home. Oh, I cannot tell the rest, it is too sad, too sad! You know the story. You all know how I died, and how Cox tried to dig me up and couldn't. How Father begged the people to save my life and they wouldn't. You know all that, and now I am nothing but a poor lonesome ghost. But never mind, I see a good time coming. I will have another little ghost to play with soon. He is dying now. They call him "Bill" - you know him - dear little "Bonus Bill", and all the long October evenings we'll go haunting Senators and Congressmen together.

(Turning to audience)

Yes, and you, too, you won't think it's so funny then. You'll see us, and when you make your fine speeches about the world at peace, and looking after the poor soldier boys, you'll hear a voice away up in the gallery "What's the difference between the Four-Power treaty and the League of Nations, and that will be me. Another voice will come floating down "Where do you stand on the Solders' Bonus" and that will be Bill, and there are lots of other little ghosts being born right here in Albany, and they'll all come along. Oh, we'll all meet again, don't worry, and everyone of you politicians who think yourselves so clever, who have been so busy building fences that you have forgotten all about the war, and what the war was for, you will see me often. Some night when you cut short telling the anti-saloon league how much you love them in order to meet your favorite bootlegger around the corner, and go home smug and self-satisfied, thinking what great statesmen you are, and go to bed all filled with pride, you will commence to dream of battlefields, and white faces in the moonlight and you will wake up and see me by your bedside, this way, and then you will hear me say

To you with failing hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to lift it high
If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep
Though poppies grow in Flanders Field

O's = 1920 origin

President's Birthday Dinner - January 30, 1937

The President	F.D.R.	0
Mrs. Roosevelt	A.E.R.	0
Miss Marion Dickerman ✓	M.D.	
Miss Nancy Cook ✓	N.C.	
Miss Marguerite A. LeHand ✓	M.A.L.	0
Miss Grace G. Tully ✓	G.G.T.	
Miss Margaret A. Durand ✓	M.A.D.	
✓ Mr. Marvin H. McIntyre	M.H.M.	0
✓ Mr. Stephen T. Early	S.T.E.	0
✓ Mr. Thomas M. Lynch	T.M.L.	0
✓ Judge Samuel I. Rosenman.	S.I.R.	
✓ Mr. Kirke L. Simpson <i>(acting chairman)</i>	K.L.S.	
Mr. James P. Sullivan	J.P.S.	0
Mr. Stanley W. Prenosil	S.W.P.	0
✓ Mr. James Roosevelt	J.R. <i>(J.R.)</i>	
<i>Mrs. " "</i>		
Mr. Charles H. McCarthy	C.H.M.	0
✓ Mr. Harry L. Hopkins	H.L.H.	
✓ Secretary Henry Morgenthau, Jr.	H.M.	
Mrs. Morgenthau ✓	E.F.M.	
Mrs. Malvina T. Scheider ✓	M.T.S.	
✓ Captain Paul H. Bastedo	P.H.B.	
✓ Col. Edwin M. Watson <i>(acting chairman)</i>	E.M.W.	
✓ Dr. Ross T. McIntire	R.T.M.	

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37

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

From the desk of—
Mrs. Scheider

Miss Le Staud

F. D. R.

Oh! list to me, a tale I'll unfold
Of Franklin, that masterful boy,
Who defeated his foes, fingers to nose/
And returned second term to enjoy.

Then nothing loath, the day he took oath
The heavens poured torrents of rain
He donned his top hat, in open car sat,
And never was heard to complain.

Now I wonder why, the only one day
(And only inside him at that)
'Twas Marvin H. Mac, and it wasn't a lack
Of moisture that made him that way.

The rain never ceased, like ravenous beast
It menaced the mid-western states;
And thousands of folk where levees broke
Sought help in their desperate straits.

Ever ready at hand did the President stand,
And aid was sent out right away.
But troubles at home continued to foam,
Prima Donnas would have their way.

And Frances to Sloan let out a moan
That no man should have all the say.
Lewis, ignored, then turned to his lord
And asked him when he would pay
The debt of good-will labor turned to his will
On that now famous November day.

Now Franklin, dear, be of good cheer
For it never rains but it pours.
A sailor born, you will weather the storm,
And rejoice in this great task of yours.

Marvin Dick

The Detractors

- I. Franklin, dear, that you are here
Is a blessing we do not deny.
But there are some, who would have more
If the votes had passed you by.
- II. Their shadows flit before me.
I miss their wailing tones.
Oh, where! Oh, where! are the detractors?
May heaven rest their bones!
- III. Where Oh! where is Townsend?
Where is that spindley man?
Where is his white pipe collar?
Where is his pi-eyed plan?
- IV. And where is Father Coughlin?
Now that his bishop is dead?
We cannot keep from asking
Why he couldn't have gone instead.
- V. And what of Herbert Hoover?
Shall we let him plant
The seeds of sweet oblivion
Over his dying elephant?
- VI. And where Oh! where is Colonel Knox?
Where is he any how?
Are we safe in our assuming
He has made his final bow?
- VII. And where Oh! where is Alfred E.
Who could never take the rub?
They tell me he is safe at last -
Safe in the Union League Club.
- VIII. And where Oh! where is Willie Hearst?
Who is sad indeed because he couldn't
Man the Red Cross
With a lady who shouldn't.
- IX. And what of the Squire of Krum Elbow?
And of all his publications?
He is one we do not think
Will ask you for his rations.

- X. And what of John, that Galahad?
 That Kansas Lochinvar?
 In Jim he found a ready lad
 Who kept him from going far.
- XI. And so they come,
 And so they go,
 Nor does it matter much
 As long as you are here, my dear,
 To deal with any such.
- XII. And so to you we pledge ourselves,
 Our hearts, and all that we hold dear.
 As long as you are President
 We have nothing left to fear.

Man in Dick

W. H. M.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

1137
PSF

FDR

Birthday

This poem is de icated to
" My Hero "

And it shows the confidence and
great faith I had in ~~this Hero~~ on
Jan. 20 *Him*

The rain came down in torrents
As I stood in section G .
Never doubting for a moment
That Franklin would rescue me.
I listened for the Red Cross.
I prayed for W.P.A.
My fur coat-- from my shoulders
just melted and ran away.
Then I wrapped myself in papers.
I hummed a cheerful tune.
I smiled up at the downpour
Knowing--My Hero would save me soon.

PSF
FDR Birth

It is not seemly that we should come to a gathering of this kind without some reference to the church for the gentleman in whose honor this gathering is called tonight, is always mindful of his close association and his duty to Mother Church. Wherefor, some one must preach a sermon tonight and I feel that none can do it better than I.

Brethren: The words of my text are - Old Father Franklin
Old Father Franklin, he went to the cupboard
To get his poor dog a bone
When he got there, the cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.

These beautiful words, my friends, carry in them a solemn lesson and I propose to analyze their meaning and attempt to apply it to our every day *life* -

Old Father Franklin, he went to the cupboard to get his poor dog a bone. Father Franklin was old, there being no mention of others ~~wa~~ may presume that he was also frienless, solitary, yet did he despair? Did he sit down and weep? Or read a dectective story, or wring his hands? No! He went to the cupboard. And here observe he went to the cupboard.

He was old and lonely and we gather he was poor for observe the words the cupboard, not one of the cupboards, nor the right hand one ~~or~~ the left hand one ~~or~~ the one above ~~or~~ the one under the floor but just the cupboard, one humble little cupboard, the one humble little cupboard poor old Father Franklin possessed. And why did he go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones from Brazil, or tiger skins from Abyssinia or decorations from the Argentine, or any other attribute

^{of poverty} of wealth? No, it was to get his poor dog a bone. Not only was he poor but his dog, ^{the} ~~his~~ ^{old} ~~soul~~ comfort of his ^{old} ~~age~~ was poor too. ^{He collected him} We can see him crouched, looking wistfully at the cupboard and poor Father Franklin going toward it in hope and expectation. But, when he got there, ~~and~~ the cupboard was bare, so ~~the~~ poor dog had none.

When he got there! You see, dear brethren what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. He got there. There were no turnings or twistings, nor slipping nor sliding no leanings to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told he got there.

And how was his noble effort rewarded? The cupboard was bare. There were neither jobs, nor dutiful ^{Superior} members of Congress nor favorable Supreme Court decisions, nor ^{substantive} ~~dutiful~~ labor leaders, nor ^{no-operation} ~~amenable~~ industrialists, nor a ~~favorable~~ press, not even any good ideas for fire works. The cupboard was bare.

There was only one cupboard in the whole of that cottage and that one the sole hope of poor old Father Franklin and a glorious loadstar for the poor dog, ^{for} ~~was~~ bare. Had there been even a little surplus commodity or some National Youth Administration cake or some W.P.A. ditches or some C.C.C. forests, poor old Father Franklin and his dog might have found themselves a living. But it was bare my brethren, bare as a bald head - nothing was there.

Many of you will probably say with all ^{of Franklin} ~~the~~ worldly pride and sophistry that old Father Franklin went out and bought himself an election on which to feed his dog. Ah, no! Far removed from these worldly ideas, these mundane desires, poor old Father Franklin whom thoughtless worldlings would ~~dis~~pise in that he only had one cupboard, perceived - or I might even say saw - at once the relentless logic of the situation and yielded to it with all the

heroism of that nature which had enabled him without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. He did not attempt like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation to war against the inevitable. He did not try like the so-called men of science to explain what he did not understand. He did nothing and the poor dog had none. He accepted the situation and trusted to the people. Suffice for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons. Suffice for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, We must try not to be old, we must try not to be called Franklin, we must try to have if our means permit, more than one cupboard in the house and we must try to keep stores in them all and Oh, dear friends keep in recollection what we have learned this day. Let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones but brethren if you do, if fate has ordained that we should do many of these things, let us then go as Father Franklin did, straight without ~~sirixityxax~~ curvetting or prancing to our cupboard, empty though it may seem and ~~to~~ accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness and should we, like Father Franklin, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write of us in the beautiful words of our text, and so the poor dog had none.

Father Franklin had turned ^{it all} ~~it all~~ over to the Civil Service ~~so~~

of course the poor dog had none.

Chas. Thacker

WRITTEN TO FATHER FRANKLIN AND HIS SON JAMES.

Who Both Insist on Being Public Servants

Regardless of the Inevitable Fate that Must Await Them

In the Garden of Eden an apple tree grew -
Listen to my tale of woe!
And little Frank and James grew there too,
And they were forbidden the apple for to chew -
Them two, them two!
Listen to my tale of woe!

Chorus

Hard time for them two -
Father Frank and Jimmy too.
Darn the apple that they did chew -
Garew, garew!
Listen to my tale of woe!

Now Satan in the guise of a serpent bright,
Walked up to Frank and offered him a bite,
But he resisted with all his might.
Quite right, quite right.
Listen to my tale of woe!

But Satan persisted, as Satan will do,
And Frank succumbed, alas! too true,
And finding it good, gave Jim a chew.
Boo hoo, boo hoo!
Listen to my tale of woe!

Now I shed a tear for their sad fate
Listen to my tale of woe.
They were fired out at the garden gate -
~~Since then we've sinned right up to date.~~
That's straight, that's straight!
Listen to my tale of woe!

But came right back I was fired

Thawor 1900

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

[1] PSF

FDR:
Birthday

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor
gloom of night, nor Congress, nor
the Supreme Court, stays this Chief
Executive from the swift completion
of his appointed duty.

With apologies to Herodotus.

Malvina

1937

When the New Deal in its infancy created N. R. A.,
And told us when to quit work and the wages we should pay,
The wheels began to turn again and all was cracker-jack,
Until the old Supreme Court gave the thing an awful smack.
In wrath our Franklin lashed at them with biting tongue and pen,

But

Every birthday brings him closer to the Nine Old Men.

For the farmers of the Nation we created Triple A,
And paid them hard-earned dollars for not raising any hay.
The farmers were in gravy (which came not from pork or beef)
Until the black-robed bozos laid the whole thing cold in grief.
Again our hero cracked at them with language bold and wise;

But

Every birthday brings him closer to the Nine Old Guys.

So statute after statute, which New Dealers tried to plan;
To help us all remember the well-known forgotten man,
To remedy abuses and to cure our social ills -
Their lives were all cut short by just a few judicial pills.
The President in anger yelled "Judiciary's just a jinx"

But

Every birthday brings him closer to the Nine Old Ginks.

They tell us that more wisdom comes to us as years go by;
Some cases may not prove it but its true of this here guy.
And he is somewhat different from those marble walled-in judges,
His years may bring more wisdom but his fire of youth ne'er budes.
And though he lives to be a hundred, I am sure that even then
He'll be younger still in spirit than the Nine Old Men.

Sammy the Rose

- 1 Sutherland - Lally ✓
- 2 McReynolds - Dr. Lieberman ✓
- 3 Vandevanter - Chas. McCutley ✓
- 4 Butler - Dr. MacIntyre ✓
- 5 Stone - Bostick ✓
- 6 Brandeis - Sam. Sigel ✓
- 7 Cardoza - Nancy Cook ✓
- 8 Hughes - Sam. R. Brown ✓
- 9 Roberts - Missy ✓
- 10 Welles - Mac ✓
- 11 Byrd - Harry Hope ✓
- 12 Lewis - L. T. E. ✓
- 13 Smith - P. W. T. ✓
- 14 Mrs. Rainey - H. T. M. ✓
- 15 Glass - L. T. E. ✓
- 16 Hearst - L. T. E. ✓
- 17 Coughlin - L. T. E. ✓
- 18 Sloan - P. W. T. ✓
- 19 Ben Gray - P. W. T. ✓
- 20 Perkins - L. T. E. ✓
- 21 Davis - P. W. T. ✓
- 22 Fish - P. W. T. ✓
- 23 King - L. T. E. ✓
- 24 Curley - P. W. T. ✓

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

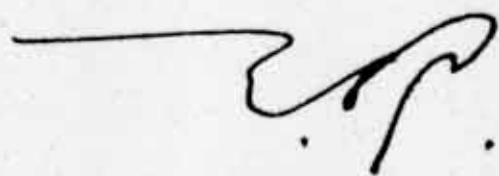
PSF
FDR

January 25, 1937.

Memorandum for Miss Le Hand:

Dear Missy:

I would like to have you either write a poem or prepare a little speech to be made to the President at his birthday ball dinner, on anything that has occurred during the past year that is amusing or significant.



1937
PSF

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

FDR:
Birthday

From the desk of—
Mrs. Scheider

Miss [unclear] —

Here is your copy
of [unclear] Yours
[unclear] [unclear] 3

Patience

First performance on any stage of the original comedy-drama -

MIS-TRIAL BY PER-JURY

Characters - in order of appearance:

The Bailiff
The Judge
The Jury
The Prosecuting Attorney
The Prisoner

An empty stage is disclosed - jury box right, judge's high stand center rear, clerk's or bailiff's table in front of it. Enter, Bailiff, with much bustle and show of importance. As he chants his lines, he is settling his little table, bringing in huge law books, dusting them off, straightening chairs and otherwise preparing the scene. One large armchair should be set to the left of the Judge's stand, facing the jury but turned toward the audience also.

Bailiff: The trial of the century, century, century,
The trial of the century
Is now about to start.

The noble Judge who will preside, will preside, will preside,
The noble Judge who will preside
Is very hard of heart.

The lawyer who will persecute, prosecute, persecute,
The lawyer who will prosecute
Is very grim and tough.

But oh, the lovely criminal, criminal, criminal
But oh, the lovely criminal -
Just watch her do her stuff!

The court is ready now to sit, now to sit, now to sit,
The court is ready now to sit -
BE STILL! Here comes the Judge!

Enter, The Judge. He is an impressive figure in robe, woolsack, etc., clutching a huge tome and striving to keep on an eyeglass, which hangs from a wide black ribbon. He sweeps to the stand and intones:

(The Judge's song)
(Music of that title, in Trial by Jury)

When I, good friends, was called to the Bar
A terrible oath I uttered -
That my thoughts would never go wandering far
From the side my bread was buttered
I'd disregard what some Judges saw
In electoral plurality,
And vowed that all I'd see in a law
Was its CONSTITUTIONALITY!

Of course, I held that some trifling things
Can be dropped, sans sound or fury,
Such as whether the plaintiff has taken wings,
Or what number sits on a Jury.
I just don't listen to anything said
When doubtful of its legality -
For all I note when a trial is pled
Is its CONSTITUTIONALITY!

But I cannot explain judicial lore
To a lovely feminine creature,
So the Prosecution I shall ignore,
And just refuse to impeach her!
And it matters not if I be disbarred,
I'll decide it with finality -
And render the verdict with no regard
For its CONSTITUTIONALITY!

Has the Jury been chosen?

: Yes, Your Honor.

How do they look?

: (With a disparaging shrug). Oh, you know - all jurists
Run of the mill.

(Sighing) True, very true. Well - admit them. They
and I can make up my mind as well with them as without
going to be a hard case, I fear.

JURY drags in, every which way, foreman leading in a
the others dressed in Victorian style, representing va
tions. The Bailiff pushes and encourages them; they f
seated with the maximum amount of fussing and argument

Enter, Prosecuting Attorney, in robe, wig, etc., with scroll.

Pres. Atty. (Muttering): Such a bother, all this! This very moment I should be preparing my case against the Brain Trust. Instead of sticking to the old idea of transmuting silver into gold, the Brain Trust always has to be doing something different and are now trying to turn aluminum into Mellen's Feed!

Judge: The Jury has been chosen. Do you wish to challenge any of the members?

Pres. Atty. (Disapprovingly): Certainly! What a collection! Were they sent by the Civil Service Commission or did Jim Farley pick them?
(Pointing to the Foreman): This one for instance! Whoever heard of a sailor-boy on a Jury?

Mrs. Swanson: My husband is the Ruler of F. D.'s Navy,
So his better half today will handle this Jury!

Pres. Atty. Now, this one. Why in the name of democracy should a postman be here.

Mrs. Farley: I'm called Little Patrenage, Dear Little Patrenage,
With Jim I've a wonderful drag,
And when this is ended you won't be offended
Our votes will be all in the bag.

Pres. Atty.: (Pointing to the three Secretaries): And what, may I ask, are you, and you, and you, doing here?

Mrs. Helm, Mrs. Scheider, and Miss LeHand:

Three little Secretaries we,
Each more busy than she can be
Running the White House faultlessly.

Three little aides and preps,
We learn to deal with the erratic,
To calm the nut and wild fanatic,
To sooth with answer diplomatic,
Ready whatever pops.

Mrs. Helm: Each would-be caller I invite,
Mrs. Scheider: I shoo them away with all my might
Miss LeHand: I answer mail from morn 'till night,
Our duty never stops.

Pres. Atty.: Well - we have to take what we can get. It's an open-and-shut case anyhow.

Judge, to the Bailiff: Bring in the Prisoner. (Exit Bailiff.)

Bailiff opens the White House door, peers in: Why, she was here an hour ago! *must have escaped.*
~~She got out again.~~ Here's a note under the door. (Picks it up and reads it.) "I regret very much that I shall be somewhat delayed in attending my trial. I am coming by autogyre and have six scheduled stops to address the people on the way. I will get there just as soon as I possibly can. Signed E.R."

Judge: Does the dignity of this Court mean nothing?

Pres. Atty.: Your Honor, this Prisoner is a law unto herself. I suggest that the trial proceed without her.

Judge: Most irregular, most irregular. (Bailiff throws up his hands.)) Loud cheers without. Prisoner rushes in, beaming happily.

Prisoner (Breathless): Oh, I am so sorry to be late. Have I inconvenienced you? (Shakes hands with Bailiff.) I'm the Prisoner, you know. So glad to meet you. I do hope you just went right ahead without me! Jury in an uproar - rush forward to secure autographs, scraps of prison suit for souvenirs, etc. The Prisoner wears a tasteful robe of convict stripes, and waves her handcuffs gracefully at them all.

Judge (Evidently much moved by the sight of her): Will the Court please come to Order? (Aside) I am obliged to say that, Madame Prisoner. I hope you'll forgive me.

Prisoner: That's quite all right, Judge; don't give it another thought.

The Bailiff steps to the front of the stage:

Now, Jurymen, hear my advice--
All kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you, set aside.
With stern judicial frame of mind,
From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

Jury repeats: From bias free of every kind,
This trial must be tried.

Pres. Atty. Now, Audience - eh, more's the pity -
Our jury's neither bright nor witty,
Their dullness we deride.
Of every charge take careful note,
For when the Judge demands a vote -
YOU'LL have to help decide.

Jury repeats: For when the Judge demands a vote -
WE'LL have to help decide.

Bailiff Now, Prisoner - don't be alarmed,
By your defence we'll all be charmed
In our good will confide.
To all his slurs we are resigned - (Indication)
From bias free of every kind,
This trial shall be tried!

Jury repeats: From bias free of every kind,
This trial shall be tried!

Judge: (As the Prisoner thanks the Bailiff and turns to chat amiably
Jury). If the Prisoner will please come to order, the Prosecution
Attorney will now read the charges.

Pres. Atty., unrolling his long scroll with great pomp and ceremony:
WHEREAS, the Honorable Court and those herewith assembled have
better to do, and WHEREAS the State of the Union and the energy
the Prisoner is such that she has now visited by air, motor, or
ground tunnel, and also in swimming and on horseback, all the
together with Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Hawaii and the
Philippines, and WHEREAS her friends, her secretaries, and a host of
populace are suffering from eye-strain, ear-strain, foot-strain
general mental and physical disability by reason of trying to
her on land, sea and air, in the papers and at public dinners
the radio, and WHEREAS in a wicked article entitled "In Defense

Curiosity", she has dared to suggest that the innocent, fragile, flowerlike womanhood of America should soil itself by knowing what happens in the wild and wicked world outside of her sacred home, and ~~WHEREAS~~, finally, she proposes whatever the outcome of this trial, to conduct herself in the future exactly as she has in the past, if not more so -- BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, that we prosecute Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, our distinguished visitor (all rise and bow and the Prisoner bows back) to the full extent of the Law of Gravity, on the following charges, both individually and collectively --

Judge: Just one moment, please. (To Prisoner.) Madame, I hope you understand that in order to protect your own interests you are entitled to Counsel to represent you?

Prisoner: Oh, thank you so much! That's so thoughtful of you, Your Honor, But I really don't think I'll bother -- I'll just represent myself.

Judge: So be it. Continue with the Charges.

Pres. Atty.: (Business of finding his place.) If there are no more interruptions - (Glares at Prisoner and Judge.)

Judge: (Urbanely) Oh, yes, - just one more thing, Madame. Would you rather hear all the charges and respond to them at once, or have them one at a time and answer separately?

Prisoner: Why, I think that would be quite all right, Your Honor. I'm well accustomed to thinking on my feet.

Foreman of the Jury, rising: Which is the Prisoner going to do, Your Honor?

Prisoner: Both, thank you so much!

Judge: Proceed!

Pres. Atty.: Clearing his throat:

CHARGE I:

Stand up and prepare to face your fate-
As a dangerous threat to our Ship of State,
Every loyal soul must your presence shun.
Reply or defense I'm sure you've none -
I charge you as Pacifist Number One!

Prisoner:

Did you ever hear of the D.A.R.?
Their fame as patriots travels far.
I'm a D.A.R. and Colonial Dame -
The ideals of both are much the same.
I worked like mad till the War was won,
And in the American Legion -
I'm the wife of Citizen Number One!

Pres. Atty: CHARGE II!

If that's your answer, how about this -
(I must ask the audience not to hiss!)
For a serious charge you'll find it is, 'm,
On the Red Network you've promoted Schism,
In open support of Communism!

Prisoner:

I'd hardly be a dangerous Red,
When the Law supplies my daily bread,
Spreading doctrines of the hated Network
I must assert is not my pet work.
If our Government I should overthrow
My husband's job would surely go -
Do I want to starve? I say, no, NO!

Pres. Atty.: CHARGE III!

While your husband slaves for his monthly check
You gather them in by the bushel and peck.
Be it column or speech, you lightly deign
To toss off a series for filthy gain.
Your easy income you'll now explain!

Prisoner:

You little knew the midnight oil
That is burned each year in ceaseless toil.
The pencils used, the bottles of ink,
For I don't compose as quick as a wink,
But think and think and think and THINK!
With towels wet around my brow -
That the final job may be a wew.

Pres. Atty.: CHARGE IV!

Now here's a charge you can't deny,
Or try to claim an alibi.
We learn through a verified report
Out west you demanded police escort
When off to your bath you would cavort!

Prisoner:

If you'll hear with me while I tell the story,
You'll understand that burst of glory.
(Gives the tale in her own words.)

Pres. Atty.: CHARGE V!

Though you say that letters are always nice,
And the Woman's Companion takes all your advice,
Too many a maiden tells her tale
And pears her heart out without avail -
I accuse you of failing to answer your mail!

Prisoner:

Perhaps you'll give me a single case,
Where I failed to answer with speed and grace?

Pres. Atty.:

About that charge there's no "perhaps".
For here's a girl in complete collapse -
Your silence caused her a relapse!

Prisoner (To Judge): Oh, please, Your Honor, since ^{he} He's so
May I take the floor in my own defense

Judge: Let the Prisoner be heard!

(The Prisoner tells the story of the unanswered letters)

Judge: Are all the charges in?

Pres. Atty.: Just one remains, Your Honor - such a serious
appalling, charge that the Court itself will
hear it. Are you prepared?

Judge (Grasping edge of desk, in firm voice): I am prepared

Pres. Atty.: Prisoner, are you prepared?

Prisoner: (Resolutely) I am prepared.

Pres. Atty.: Then here's the charge - it's false, not rumor -
I CHARGE YOU WITH HAVING A SENSE OF HUMOR!

(Dismay in the Court. Prisoner recoils; Bailiff staggers,
Judge almost faints, Jury in wild confusion.)

Prisoner: Your Honor, I have no reply. I plead guilty and throw myself on
the mercy of the Court!

Judge: (Striving to rally) Well - Ah - Ahem! That's bad, very bad. No
defense is entered. She pleads guilty - horrible! But aside from
that charge, which is altogether too terrible even to consider, there
are the others to be passed upon -- Jury, what is your well-considered
opinion?

(Jury breaks out in an excited babble, quite unintelligible.)

Judge: Since the Jury is quite incapable of making up its own mind on all
these charges, emitting the last one which ^{as I say} is too horrible even to
consider, I shall put the question to the house. Guilty or not guilty?

Audience: (Probably!) Not guilty.

Judge: You have heard the verdict - NOT GUILTY!

Foreman of the Jury: But please, Your Honor, we would very much like to
sentence the Prisoner. We all agree about that.

Judge: Well, I don't see why not. Prisoner - do you mind standing to
receive sentence?

Prisoner: Certainly not, Judge. I receive so many presentations, you know,
that I understand the technique perfectly. (Poses with fixed smile,
as for photograph.)

Foreman of the Jury: We wrote it all down here. (Hands paper to Pres. Atty.
to read.)

Pres. Atty. reading very solemnly: Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, Prisoner at the Bar,
you are hereby found not guilty and sentenced to spend twenty-four
consecutive hours, as soon as the wiring, the plumbing and Mrs.

Nasbitt will let you, under the White House roof, during which time you are to abstain from being interviewed or photographed, from receiving delegates of patriotic societies, labor unions, peace advocates, war advocates and middle-of-the-road advocates, winners of spelling bees and hog-calling contests, as well as from accepting gifts of 1,000-pound cheeses, pincushions embroidered with the American flag, crocheted bed-socks, handpainted bandair nettes, or poetic tributes to yourself as wife, mother and First Lady of the Land. You are also hereby solemnly enjoined from thinking up any more parties for which we have to work out stunts - until a year from today.

Judge, anxiously: Is the sentence too severe, Madame? You know that cruel and unbearable punishments are forbidden by law.

Prisoner (Nobly resigned): I shall accept the mandate and shall endeavor to fulfill it. (Relaxing into naturalness again.) Really, I thank you ever so much, Your Honor. Everyone has been perfectly grand. I only hope it's satisfactory to this gentleman - (To the Pres. Atty.). You've taken so much trouble, and they were such interesting charges --

Pres. Atty: Not at all, not at all. A pleasure, I assure you. Bye-the-bye, ☒ May I have your autograph ^{and} photograph? (To the Judge) In fact, Your Honor, I have been so impressed by the Prisoner's conduct of her case, that I should like to be the first to ask for leniency. I hereby request that the sentence be suspended! (Loud cheers from Jury, Bailiff, etc.)

Judge: All in favor? Unanimously approved. Prisoner, you are hereby released and just don't bother about that sentence.

Prisoner:

**(Can be sung or
recited with piano)**

**Taken from a county jail,
By a curious set of changes, (See Mikado.)
Suddenly released on bail
On my own recognizances, ?
Cheered when I had told my tale
By the Judge's gallant glances -
No more need I crouch and quail -
Let us join in games and dances!**

(Prisoner throws off her striped robe, disclosing evening dress. She, the Judge, the Bailiff and the Prosecuting Attorney join in a brisk little dance going off the stage arm in arm, the Jury following and the play ends.)

Wubbi

~~XXXX~~

They ask me for something original

But I hardly know where to begin

For There's nothing original in me

Excepting original sin

And now that I've told you my story

And the others have given you their's

Do give us a tale of your life, Sir,

For it's your day, and everyone care.

What We'd like is an intimate story

of the "reorganization" that's planned

And whether we'll find when it's over

That each one of us here has been canned.

Yorke Simpson
Mason Dickson
Charles Mc Cutler

PSF

FDR: Birthday

1937

^{My dear}
I found the corner I have a friend
in this great City that has no end,
yet days go by and weeks rush on,
and ere I know it, a year has gone
I never see my old friends face
for life is a swift and true race.

He knows I like him, just as well,
as in the days when we were
younger, I ring his bell and he
rang mine -

And now we are busy public men,
tutored with playing the political game,
with trying to make a name.

Tomorrow I say let call on Frank,
just to show him thinking of him,
but tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
and the distance between us grows,
I'll run around the corner yet think away
I'll ^{always} write a letter on a certain day
in which it says would you come
and join with us for Franklin's birthday

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

I sing you a song of the seven seas,
Of thousands of miles on rails;
Of the North, ~~the~~ South, the East, the West;
And the men who brave their gales.

Will you ever forget Mac's valient stand,
Gainst the Texan's forensic blast,
And how, ~~Steve~~ ^{Mac} tried to back him up;
Well, the Boss was spared all that.

And Pa, with his boast that he under-spoke,
And at that, out-spoke them all.

Then on with our ride to the sun-baked land,
Where the Rain-God withheld his play,
Till we met in a town called Jamestown;
And Mac again held sway.

The rain came down, and the top came down,
And a Governor got "All Wet".
So again Mac won; and the Boss saw all of that.

Then came the town of Aberdeen,
And our thoughts will always turn,
To the gallant flying Colonel,
(And how his ears must burn)
For his lectures on geography,
Were heard on every turn.

Then on to the West, and the East again,
And the Indianapolis Day;
Where Pa and I, ran a real dead-heat,
For a train that ran away.

And later that night 'Bets' made her speech,
That will stand for many a day,
As a masterpiece of a concise bit,
Of radio artistry.

Then on and on over weary miles,
As the campaign wound its way
With its din and strife
We finally reached that fateful November day.
And the thrill of that day will linger
As long as life shall stay.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

So we must go down to the sea again,
And merrily roll along,
Commander in Chief and a jolly crew;
~~For~~ Rio and B.A. bound.

Now its Pollywog Hi and Pollywog HO,
It was certainly not their day,
For King Neptune was in first class form;
And was surely holding sway.

Gorgeous Rio is past and the Black Queen pool
Pleasant memories remain.
The Boss waving his hat to the B.A. crowds,
Just back in the old Campaign.

Now Jimmie and Paul must see the town,
And what is the story that is -
How the Naval Aide took the Ensign's girls;
Was it so? Jimmie says it is.

Then the mosquito attack,
Was that a dream?
Not so, say Jimmie and I,
But Pa and Paul, though covered with welts,
Refuse to believe it at all.

So on we go to Uruguay,
And then we are headed home,
Just a little fishing left to do
And then our journey - through.

Now I'd like to tell that the fishing prize,
Fell to that boastful man,
Who is given to understatement
Except when he's on land.

But when at sea, he is constantly
Haunted - by the spectre of Fort Moultrie.

So give the prize to the Naval Aide
For his valiant efforts to land,
A phantom fish from a coral ledge
Why he couldn't lift his hand.

Now let me stop in my rambling vein,
And grown serious just for a while,
And give a toast to our Gallant Host
Who out-fishes us all by a mile.

Ross M.
R.T.M.
January 3

My crystal clear, holds but a year

And, as I gaze, bye-gone days -

Return to me.

* * *

July fifteen, there comes a scene -

The schooner SEWANNA, James, Franklin and John-ah

And at the wheel, guiding for weel,

The President - seems quite content.

Oh, what can I say in a roundelay,

To do justice to our cruise so gay?

We tour the coast of Maine and see--

The natives gape at our seamanry.

Our Chief, no doubt, was much 'amused,

To hear their comment and act abused -

At the thought of Democrats coming their way,

So at home in their waters and out to play.

After making some impression on them

Our Chief said, "Let's pull up anchor when -

Franklin gets his letter written

To go by special to a Delaware kitten;

Why he's so anxious I can't understand,

Unless he's bought a bright gold band;

And here we sit and wait and wait,

Holindg up planes and matters of State.

Up Anchor

Enough of Franklin lets go to John
Who plays such contract as to make one wan
Who takes on a man for a game to see
If he cant fleese him and then with glee
Gloat and tease in a manner free
But it didnt happen in just that way
Strange - the man beat John at his own play.

to South America
helpful in that we got Pa

atch in ads and boyto

the President, starts to relent;

his cooter

The reason why, I can espy;

lywogs ~~Sad~~

King Neptune appears, amid lusty cheers,

As the scene unfolds, a Trident he holds.

He cried

"The Court is in order, bring on the star-boarded"

Alas, Mr. President, it's too late to relent.

~~A landlubber peaks, as Neptune speaks,~~

"A Pollywog's crime, is a matter of time;

don't miss - you should have come long

As Ruler of the Sea, I should have seen you at the sea.

May
lawyer you be, but we'll not agree.

Go on with the case, while I don my lace!"

through all the throes
The President goes, collecting weas,

Of
Through Neptune's works, where penalty lurks.

From
Coming out of the Court, I have to report -

He's taken the vow - he's a shellback now,

And can sail seven seas, to the Antipodies;

The Public weal, is on even keel;

No Pollywog mate, guides our Ship of State.

* * *

~~MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, AND MEMBERS OF THE CABINET~~

As the crystal clears, come future years;

Beyond the maze, are cloudless days,

A fair, good wind, will blow you in -

a
To/red sunset, and happiness beget.

THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY DINNER

January 30, 1937

"An Event in Nineteen Thirty-Six"

In the year of Nineteen Thirty-six,
With the Republicans in a helluva fix.
Something heroic had to be done
In order that the election be won.

Alf and Al, thought a good combination
To save the country from ruination.
Bainbridge, Jim and the Colonel, too,
Were added to see what they could so.

William Randolph was in reverse,
Writing and wiring familiar verse.
Even Paul with his newspaper Block
Didn't fail to get in a sock.

And what has become of William Hard,
Who did his best but o'er played his card?
Telling the people of the terrible sin
Of erecting buildings to house them in.

And not a word from Colonel Knox,
Whose talks would fill two city blocks.

They pranced and ranted all over the land
With the November election in their hand;
It mattered not that you helped the throng,
For everything you did was wrong!
Relief could be given without expense,
People could live on common sense!
They handed out the same old bunk,
Anything to beat the Dank!

The Literary Digest's dissemination
Provided a perfect joke for the Nation.

But basing the future on the past old ghost,
They reckoned not with out happy host.

The only mistake they now can claim
Is that Franklin neglected Vermont and Maine.

Charles Alan Carter

PSF FDR: Birth [1937]

Some four hundred or more redheaded step children, some intelligent, others uneducated -- all privately abused and publicly praised -- keep constant touch with the White House Offices. The President receives them twice a week and between times, except for seminars, they are my responsibilities. From whatever sources they develop the news, it is their business to extract data, and some would have us believe they deliberately, with malice, spite, and venom in heart and mind, poison the columns of newspapers and, through these columns, misinform the people of the country.

Some of these gentlemen write authoritatively, as close and intimate advisers of the great and near great in Government. Others without claiming inside knowledge, work day after day, mixing their poisons according to their preferred formulas. One of these has given me a new formula which he has produced. It will be published at an early date. I brought it with me, because I believe this particular member of the Fourth Estate -- and he happens to be one of a despised tribe, an unspeakable columnist -- one of the mules of journalism, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity -- one who perverts, pollutes and makes more ill use of information than do his reporter cousins -- has, unconsciously produced something. In truth, I believe, he has explained the reason why each and everyone of us is here tonight.

Don't be shocked as I read what this columnist has written. If you are shocked by the words he uses, please take your protests to him, not to me. Remember, moreover, that this has been produced by a columnist and, if we believe the terrible things we hear about columnists, we expect the worst when we read their works or hear them read. I read:

"

(quote)

"

I ask your pardon if I have trespassed upon your time.

- - - - Stephen Early

PS
F

At the morning bedside conference, Mac turns up with the list,
Of persons who call and who just insist,
On seeing the President without fail,
To offer respects and to pour out a tale,
Of jobs that are wanted and schemes that are rife,
To land on the payroll for the rest of their life.

The President answers, "I'll see one or two ,
"And with your cooperation, Mac, we'll see this schedule through
Mac goes to the phone when its close to eleven,
"The President will see you at 10:37".
Outside six Senators are waiting to get in,
But the President himself has started to "chin".

The caller doesn't get a chance to utter a word,
The most he gets out of it, is to tell what he's heard,
At 12:35 Mac sticks his head in,
To inquire what time the schedule will begin.
The President smiles at Mac and murmurs, "Very Well",
But the Goddammed schedule is all shot to Hell.

Stephen - and

McCall's
Feb 10 Release

WHO IS THIS MAN?

Surely you know him, this man who "can keep his head when all about him are losing theirs," who welcomed his destiny not as a dark and heavy fate but as a bountiful opportunity; who found a nation ridden with fear and brought it through to new confidence;

-*who* summons courage equal to the hour, either to close the banks or to cross good souls by offering beer to thirsty White House guests; who lashes out at his enemies with hard scorn yet whose heart melts when he sees a lonely young girl at her first East Room party and tells her, by his order, to command the most handsome young man on the adjoining terrace to waltz with her;

-*who* speaks before throngs with such seeming assurance yet whose hand, we see, trembles while he waits out the long applause; who stands with dignity before the world, yet who as a kindly host draws a familiar, crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket and, with apologies, offers them to the lady on his left, even as you and I;

-*who* lives with human warmth in a thousand flashing moments, on and off the national stage, as scenes come tumbling into memory . . . visiting, on the eve of his first inauguration, an obscure shop in New York to ask an old negro to come with him to Hyde Park and pack his beloved ship prints for the journey to Washington . . . winding through crowds which press about his slowly moving automobile with their echoing murmur, "I almost touched him" . . . back from a Pacific cruise, leaning, tanned and smiling, on the bridge of the Cruiser Houston as it warps to dock at Portland, Oregon, sighting on shore a Harvard classmate of thirty years ago and calling out as one old grad to another, "Hello, Curtis. Class of 1904" . . . pausing during a speech from the rear platform of his train to explain, "I'll have to wait a minute; there's a grand kid fight going on down here" . . . reluctantly revealing his election guesses in which he grossly underestimates his own popularity . . . laughingly arguing with his staff that he could make a better campaign against himself than his opponent does, because he knows his own weaknesses . . . driving for hours in an open automobile under a drenching rain and dismissing it as a trifle with the remark, "I don't mind having my shoes full of water, but I don't like to sit in a bathtub with my clothes on" . . . solicitous over the poor, careworn fellow on the curb in Philadelphia who, in a gesture of gratitude, tosses his watch into the automobile; imploring the police to find the man and return it . . . moving, day after day, in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, always through seas of countless, unknown thousands, a living symbol of democracy;

-*who*, born in luxury, linked by family to ten presidents, has made himself the champion of forgotten men and women, using his talents as was said of Benjamin Franklin, in an attempt to subdue the ugly facts of society to some more rational scheme of things; at peace with himself and at ease in his job; fixed in purpose, flexible in method; concerned not so much that the rich shall sleep peacefully in their beds but that everyone shall have a bed in which to sleep;

-*who*, afflicted so that he is unable to move a step without support, is yet a man of action, who has traveled more, been seen and heard by more, been voted for by more free men and women than anyone else before him;

-*who* wants to bring about in his time a world which shall venture some few paces on into the vistas of hope which science and man's ingenuity have opened to us, to write in the pages of time his small message as a friend who is with us for a few bright hours before he travels on.

-RAYMOND CLAPPER

KG
12.
1x178

Respectfully dedicated to his Royal Majesty
Roosevelt the First
Known to his beloved subjects both as
F. D. the Bounteous
and
Franklin the Silent.

John L. Sullivan was a man, in his prime
Who stooped at nothing so puerile as rhyme.
He lead with his right and crossed with his left,
and roared with the voice of a deep bass cleft.

This modern John L. seeks the heavyweight crown
his low brow indented by a scowl and a frown,
But unlike his forebear the John L. of old
He shakes down his vassals to gather his gold.

Then buying his way in the political ring
He plays the big suckers to make him a king.
He made an investment that turned out bad
and Franklin forgot him, which made him mad.

Before giving the big guys a chance at him
he starts working out in his own big gym.
He lands a stiff punch and lets out a roar
Leaving his sparring mate green on the floor.

Beginning to think that he packs a real punch
He figures a way to handle the bunch.
Instead of knocking each to the floor,
He makes them sit down just inside the door.

Getting the swell head in his vacuum there
He sort of believes he's John L's heir.
But motor ataxia slowed down his step
And Sloan's liniment failed to add to his pep.

Now right in the midst of all of this stewing,
He tried once again war medicine to brew,
Looking all around his grouch to appease
He decided to bring F. D. to his knees.

His challenge he issued with thumb nose signs
And ordered the big boy back to the mines.
After this opening, a lead with his chin,
He glowered and waited with never a grin.

Instead of giving this baboon a chance
Shrewd Franklin whispered, "You've ants in your pants,
You're perky and fresh, so keep on being sore
Till I reach the point when I need you no more."

Now when the Epitaph time has come
We'll toast him well with Govrnment mouse rum,
We'll gather around the old fighting ring
And cheer his victor, God Save the King.

* * * * *

Marion H. McDuffie
Jan 30 1937

When cruising off the rock bound coast of Maine
Our Captain sideburns grew
We hoped that he would always them retain
As he seemed a milder man to us, his crew.
But you must guess that this was quite ridiculous
As 'neith his whiskers he was more meticulous.

We'll leave our skipper at the helm
And take him to a farmer's realm
Where far from beauocracies continuous prattle
He's lulled by the wooing of kindlier cattle.
Where Hyde Park's broad ancestral acres
Scare away the autograph takers
To say nothing of all of the political fakers
Here he farms midst seedlings many
Hoping to make a pretty penny.

Leaving the farm and back to the sea
From Charleston Harbor sheltering lee
Down to the Rio Plata
We made the time pass rapidly
In pondering this-a and that-a.

Twas Bastedo's boast
He knew the coast
And every inlet in it
But Watson's wile
Was Bound to rile
In fashion more definite

James P. Poirer

The question rose of the unknown name
Of the man who was guarding
Old Trinidad's fame
Watson's choice was Sir Murcheson Flecher
If you don't agree ask Bastedo
He'll "betcha"

The time arrived for the Royal Toast
"Which King" said the President
"I don't know" said his Host
No one then knew, only time will disgorge
Was it the last one to Edward
Or the first one to George?

Twelve full months are over now and passed
Since we celebrated your birthday last
With love and may all your wishes come true
I drink to your health and full happiness too.

Skit by Messrs. Early and
Hopkins. White House.
1/30/37

PSF
FDR:
Birthday

Announcer:

Ladies and Gentlemen. This is Station FDR

broadcasting direct from the offices of the White House
secretariat. The entire staff is on twenty-four hour
duty heroically combating the raging Ohio flood. The
offices are in the utmost confusion, and the secretaries
display the usual evidences of a hangover.

At the moment Secretary McIntyre is talking
to himself. Since sooner or later anyway the public
will know the difference between McIntyre and a first-
class White House secretary, let's see if we can catch
what he is saying.

McIntyre:

This is McIntyre speaking. I can see nothing
to be alarmed about!! Kentucky's blankety-blank-blank
Governor and the

blankety-blank-blank Mayor of Louisville can handle anything. If there are any mistakes which they haven't made, I will hear about them soon ~~enough~~. For the first time in my life I am renouncing the State of my birth and claiming residence in Cincinnati. Everything would be all right here if Early would only stay home. As ~~usual~~, I am on top of the situation. You can assure my public that I am in close touch with all of the famous Kentucky beauties in the flood area. I intend to do something about it, but as usual, don't know what.

Announcer:

The Secretary of War has just horned in.

I now turn the mike over to the greatest Secretary of War since Pa Watson was in the Field Artillery some forty years ago.

Secretary of War:

H

This is Woodring speaking to the Democratic job-holders of Kansas. I have just ordered the evacuation of the entire population of Utah and Nevada and am leaving for the destitute region at once on the highest horse in the Army. I will drop off in Kansas to pick up a few odd jobs on the way.

Announcer:

E

I now take you to the office of the newest secretary, Mr. James Roosevelt. He is found sitting at his desk, holding his wife's hand. No, his wife is holding his hand. Jimmy is putting up a good front but obviously needs the Little Woman.

James Roosevelt:

H

This is James Roosevelt speaking. Since I revived the N.R.A. and carried Massachusetts, I want it clearly understood that I insist this flood be held in Massachusetts. Kentucky is all wet anyway. Things have been fixed up in Massachusetts

so that Walsh will permit a flood and Curley will not divert it -- much. I confess I am a little bewildered as to the exact ~~bits~~ ^{Whewalts} of the raging waters, ~~but~~ ^{and} I am sorry that this flood didn't happen before election. I can assure my boys in Massachusetts that I intend to have this flood in their State before nightfall, because it is essential I find some way to get jobs for the thousands I promised a berth after the November election.

Announcer:

Just as Colonel Watson and Paul Basteado are arguing with themselves as to who is the Governor of Kentucky, the White House is interrupted by an urgent call from Louisville:

H | "Louisville calling the White House."

"Louisville calling the White House: Dispatch

Ex-Army Officer, Watson, ~~to~~ ^{go} flat car to flood area at once."

Announcer:

E

Your announcer has just talked to Stephen Early, who has bet a parlay on Happy Chandler and McIntyre; that between them they could mess up any flood. It looks like he may win it, folks.

I now take you to the office of Miss LeHand.

Miss LeHand is dressed in a smart morning outfit. She is wearing a corsage of petunias on her right hip -- a trick she picked up in Palm Beach. She is reading -- yes folks, it's Gone With the Wind, for the third time.

But
~~Her free~~ fist is concealed in a box of Bon Bons. She is wearing shoes. She has just placed an osculation on the *ready lips* ~~waiting mouth~~ of Joe Kennedy. Here she is folks.

LeHand:

18

I do want the public to know we are doing everything we can to get the Missouri River diverted into the Ohio. If we can only get more water into the Ohio, I can go on with my book. And then I have Joe

on my hands. He was on the President's hands for almost two years, but he is now resigned to me. I think the flood is very exciting, but I object to having Harry Hopkins sleeping in the Cabinet Room, it upsets me. ~~I think all sleeping should be done in ones own office.~~

Announcer:



"Louisville calling the White House."

"Louisville calling the White House:

Send rescue party to the home of George Holmes to pick up Early. He is almost out."

Announcer



I now take you to the Cabinet Room where we have managed to awaken Hopkins ~~from his slumbers.~~ As usual he is ever ready to shoot off his face.

Hopkins:



This is Hopkins speaking. I am leaning heavily on my old friend, Governor Davey of Ohio,

in handling this flood. He has just urged me to come to Ohio and promises me a trip down the river in a nice, leaky boat. Everything is well ⁱⁿ ~~is~~ hand here. Nobody has called anybody a so-and-so for twenty minutes. Fortunately Pa Watson is out. He has been sent to Louisville, God knows why! The public can rest assured that if there is anything to be done to make this flood worse, someone around here will think of it.

Announcer:

A

"Louisville calling the White House."

"Louisville calling the White House:

Watson has arrived. In Pendennis Club. Still sober.

Ask President why Watson sent here."

"Louisville calling the White House."

"Louisville calling the White House: Tell

Morgenthau gold at Ft. Knox has depreciated. Have

Treasury experts tell him what that means."

"White House calling Louisville."

"White House calling Louisville: The President did not know Watson in Louisville. Hadn't missed him."



I now take you to the desk of Stephen Early, where Mr. Early is conducting a press conference on his own.

Early:



This is Early speaking. Off the record, I want you people to know that we have turned this flood on so that we could make McIntyre Governor of Kentucky. The trouble is that Mac is a little slow on the pickup, and it looks as though he were going to fumble this in his usual manner. I also want it understood that I had no part in urging Hopkins to hang around here.

That was Mac's idea. He and Hopkins are buddies, and he fixed it up so Hopkins could sleep without anybody interrupting him. Don't you fellows pay any attention to any news you get out of Jimmy. He is just another White House secretary. Of course, you fellows know as well as I do that Missy's knowledge of floods is confined to submerging her attractive figure in Joe Kennedy's pool. Yes, Watson has been sent to Louisville. It's tough for Louisville, but good for me. Just a minute, boys. Here's the results of the fifth at Hialeah. It looks like I'm going to win that parlay.

nnounc

Ladies and Gentlemen. You have seen an intimate picture of the boys and girls at the White House helping the President during this critical hour. As we signoff, McIntyre has gone out for his usual four hour luncheon; Early is conning over the seventh at Hialeah; Jimmy is

calling Ex-Governor Curley; Missy is on page 438;
Pa is bending the wellknown elbow in the Pendennis
Club; Morgenthau is trying to sell his Dutchess
County apples to the President; Hopkins is sleeping
soundly in the Cabinet Room.

Doctor McIntyre says that the reason the
President keeps his health is that he is able to
laugh. Well this mess certainly is funny.

Stephen Early
Aug 2 1941

From Joyce Kilmer - TR 1937

Clinton
Henry

SOLILOQUY BY FDR

PSF

FDR
Birthday

I think that I shall have to seize
My neighbor's land, my neighbor's trees.
Those trees which every passing year
In distance seem to grow more dear.
So near - so far - for them I pine,
What can I do to make them mine,
Those trees so highly pedigreed
From towering height to tiny seed?
I know - I'll have to send for Henry
The Treasury must forget its penury,
Work out some plan, those artful dodgers,
To buy the ground from Herman Rogers.
The silver of a grateful nation
To safeguard from devaluation
He there can plant, a busy beaver.
I'll cheer him on, a gay deceiver
For while he burrows solemnly
I'll have the record of each tree.

1937
RBF
FDR
Birthday

This summer we achieved
A triumph of finance.
We signed a fine agreement with
John Bull and la Belle France.
At half-past six one night,
Two names were there all right,
But it's the devil - no word from Neville! -
And the French were in a plight.

(EFM)

"Oh, Mr. Auriol! Oh, Mr. Auriol!
This is what we told your trembling attache
If we're going to do this right
We must have it tripartite -
Over there it's night but here it's still
today!"

(HM Jr)

"We all are wrecks! We all are wrecks!
Pliz to hurry with reply - he very vex!
So - ze President of France
May he now remove ze pants?"

(EFM)

"Absolutely, Monsieur Auriol!

(HM Jr.)

"Positively, (Mam'zelle X!)
(Madame)

PS 1937

FDR
Birthday

(HM Jr.)

Last year there came to call
The Chinese delegates
On our Mr. President,
Of these United States.
The Presidential host
Had ordered with the toast
The Chinese tea which Grandpa D.
Brought from that distant coast.

(EFM)

"Oh, Mr. President, Oh, Mr. President
Let me introduce these Oriental stars -
Mr. Sze and Mr. Chen
And they've each a fearful yen
For the drink that isn't popular at bars."

(HM Jr.)

"Oh, Mr. Sze, Oh, Mr. Sze,
Grandpa Delano imported perfect tea!"

(EFM)

"But - this isn't Glandpa's tea -
Velly fine - was sent by me.
Positively, Mr. Plesident!"

(HM Jr.)

"Absolutely, Mr. Sze!"

[1937]

"Hello"

I frequently am husband-less
As Jim prefers you to his Bess
If only you could make an amendment
and take me along as orange juice attendant

But I expect to stay home with Sara & Kate
and not interfere in affairs of State
With lots of love and many happy returns
Your daughter in law now adjourns

Betty Cushing Brown

PSF

FDR:

Birthday

PSP
FD

October 21, 1937

Dear Miss VanMeter:

Confirming our telephone
conversation, Mr. Hopkins stopped in the
office one day and paid the amount in cash.

Very sincerely,

M. A. Durand
Secretary to Mr. Roosevelt

Miss Mary VanMeter
Works Progress Administration
1734 New York Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION

WALKER-JOHNSON BUILDING
1734 NEW YORK AVENUE NW.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

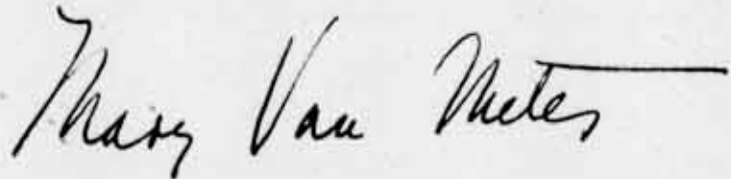
HARRY L. HOPKINS
ADMINISTRATOR

October 21, 1937

Dear Miss Durand:

Mr. Hopkins has asked me to send you the enclosed check for \$16.30, his share of the bill for the chair about which you wrote sometime ago, and to tell you how sorry he is that it was not sent long before.

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mary Van Meter". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name and title.

Mary VanMeter,
Secretary.

Miss Margaret A. Durand,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

PSF: Subject File:
PDR: Birthday

Dinner at the White House
Saturday Evening, January 30, 1937, 7:30 o'clock.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Morgenthau		\$ 21.30
Hon. Marvin McIntyre	\$16.30	
Hon. Stephen Early		16.30
Hon. Harry Hopkins	16.30	
Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt		21.30
Mr. Thomas M. Lynch	16.30	
Judge Samuel Rosenman		16.30
Mr. Kirke L. Simpson		16.30
Mr. James P. Sullivan		5.00
Mr. Charles McCarthy		5.00
Miss Marion Dickerman		5.00
Miss Nancy Cook		5.00
Miss Marguerite LeHand		5.00
Miss Grace Tully		5.00
Miss Margaret Durand		5.00
Mrs. Malvina T. Scheider		5.00
Dr. Ross McIntire	16.30	
<i>Woodson</i> Captain Paul Bastedo		16.30
Col. Edwin M. Watson		16.30
	\$ 65.20	\$ 164.10

Handwritten signature/initials

BRyant 9-2990

ADAM DESK COMPANY

39 WEST 45th STREET

NEW YORK

==
IN ACCOUNT WITH

Miss Margaret A. Durand,
c/o The White House,
Washington, D.C.

TERMS - NET CASH

STATEMENT

3/1/37

Feb. 1

220.00

PSF: Subject File
FDR: Birthday

April 26, 1937

MEMORANDUM FOR: Secretary Morgenthau. ✓

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I am sorry to have so long delayed
sending this bill to you, but I have just
received a bill for the President's chair
which was presented to him on his birthday.

Your share is	\$16.30
Mrs. Morgenthau's share is..	5.00
Total	\$21.30

✓ *paid*

I would appreciate a check from you
to cover this amount.

Many thanks.

M. A. DURAND

EAK

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 26, 1937

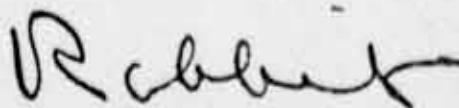
MEMORANDUM FOR: Miss Grace Tully.

I am sorry to have so long delayed
sending this bill to you, but I have just
received a bill for the President's chair
which was presented to him on his birthday.

Your share is \$5.00.

I would appreciate a check from you
to cover this amount.

Many thanks.


M. A. DURAND

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 26, 1937

*Dear Rabbit
Here you
are - I thought
you had forgotten
me - How are you
all
Nancy*

MEMORANDUM FOR: Miss Nancy Cook.

My dear Miss Cook:

I am sorry to have so long delayed sending this bill to you, but I have just received a bill for the President's chair which was presented to him on his birthday.

Your share is \$5.00.

I would appreciate a check from you to cover this amount.

Many thanks.

Very sincerely yours,

Rabbit

M. A. DURAND

The Associated Press

WASHINGTON, D. C.
330 STAR BUILDING

PSF: Subject File
FDR: Birthday

2

APRIL 27, '37

DEAR RABBIT:-

HERE IS MY BIT TOWARD THE BOSS'S CHAIR. I WAS ASKING MAC. ABOUT THIS NOT LONG AGO, WHICH SHOWS MY DESIRE TO MEET THE OBLIGATION. THAT CANNY SCOT SUGGESTED THAT MAYBE HENRY THE MORGUE OR SOME OTHER PLUTOCRAT HAD DECIDED TO MEET THE BILL. ALAS, SO ARE OUR FONDEST HOPES SHATTERED.

AT THAT, I GET OFF VERY WELL. IT IS MY PRESENT RECOLLECTION THAT I WON SIXTEEN BUCKS THAT NIGHT, A HAPPY CIRCUMSTANCE TO WHICH PA AND SON ROOSEVELT CONTRIBUTED. THAT MAKES MY OUT-OF-POCKET SHARE IN THE GIFT THIRTY CENTS. EVEN MAC. WOULD NOT KICK ABOUT THAT.

YOURS,

Frank L. Simpson

PSF: Subject File
FDR: Birthday

2

In reply refer to Initials
and No.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS
WASHINGTON

27 April, 1937.

Memorandum For Miss Durand:

1. In reply to your note, it was a pleasure to participate in presenting the President with the chair on his birthday. Thank you very much for including me.

2. Enclosed please find my check for \$16.30.

Paul Bastedo
Paul Bastedo.

PSF: Subject
FDR Birthday



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON

April 28, 1937

7

My dear Miss Durand:

I am inclosing herewith
check for \$21.30 covering
Secretary and Mrs. Morgenthau's
part of the bill for the Presi-
dent's birthday gift.

With kind regards,

Sincerely,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, likely belonging to the Private Secretary.

Private Secretary

Miss Margaret A. Durand,
Secretary to James Roosevelt,
The White House.

FROM THE DESK OF
MR. SULLIVAN

Dear Rabbit

Your Credit is better
than mine. From Jan. to
May a half dozen sheriffs
would have been on my
trail

With kind regards
as always
Sully

4.29.37

PSF: Subject
FDR: Birthday

CHARLES H. MCCARTHY
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
INVESTMENT BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 29, 1937

X

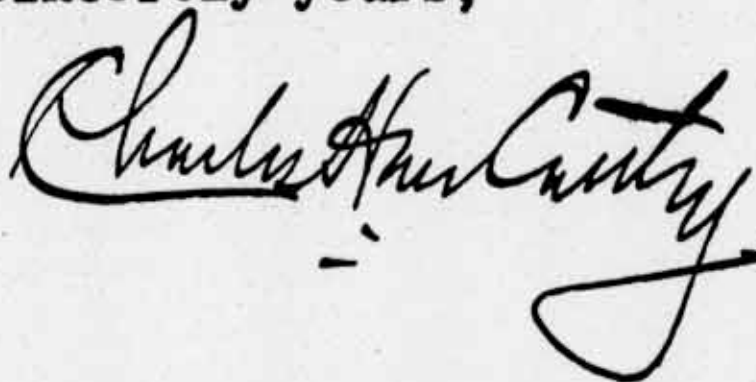
Miss Margaret A. Durand
The White House
Washington, D. C.

My dear Miss Durand:

I have just received your note
of April 26, 1937, and I am glad to send you
herewith my check for \$5.00, as my share of
the cost of the President's birthday gift.

With kindest regards, believe me

Sincerely yours,



CHMcC/hm

Enc.



My dear Mr. President
I am very glad to hear
of your recovery and
am sure you will be
able to return to your
work in the near future.
Very truly yours,
John F. Kennedy



TO OUR
PRESIDENT



PS. Subject
File. PDR. Birthdays



May the country
continue to prosper
under your leadership
and may your
Birthday
be only one of many
still to come.

Mrs. Roland Klose



Supreme Court
of the
State of New York



SAMUEL I. ROSENMAN
JUSTICE

JUSTICES CHAMBERS
NEW YORK COUNTY COURT HOUSE
NEW YORK, N.Y.

P.S. Subject Mr.
F.R. Birthday

April 29, 1937.

Miss M. A. Durand,
White House,
Washington, D.C.

Dear "Rabbit":

I am very happy to enclose my
check for my share of the President's chair,
which you presented to him on his birthday.

With kindest regards,

Very cordially yours,

Samuel I. Rosenman

Enc.

PSF. Subject
FBI 281

THE TODHUNTER SCHOOL

66 EAST 80TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

MISS MARION DICKERMAN
PRINCIPAL

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
ASSOCIATE PRINCIPAL

April 30, 1937

Dear Rabbit:

I am very glad to send you five dollars
as my share toward the President's birthday
chair. It was nice of you to take care of this
for us.

I hope everything is going well with you.

Ever sincerely,

Marion Dickerman

Miss Margaret Durand
The White House
Washington, D. C.

FORM 57

THIS DEPOSIT ACCEPTED BY

The Riggs National Bank

of Washington, D. C.

SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS AS PRINTED ON THE
REVERSE SIDE OF THIS TICKET

FOR THE CREDIT OF

Margaret A. Duval

May 6

1937

PLEASE SEE THAT ALL CHECKS AND DRAFTS ARE ENDORSED
STATE NAME OF BANK OR COMPANY ON WHICH ITEMS ARE DRAWN

	DOLLARS	CENTS
CURRENCY	21	50
COIN		
ITEMS (Enter Checks Singly)		
New York, N. Y.	21	30
Washington, D. C.	16	30
New York, N. Y.	16	30
Washington, D. C.	16	30
New York, N. Y.	16	30
Washington, D. C.	16	30
Boston, Mass.	5	00
Washington, D. C.	5	00
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	5	00
New York, N. Y.	5	00
Freeport, N. Y.	5	00
New York, N. Y.	5	00
Washington, D. C.	5	00
TOTAL \$	164	30

In making deposits the depositor agrees with the Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C., that credit allowed for items on this or any other bank or party is only provisional and until the proceeds thereof, in money, are actually received by this bank or items found good at the close of business of the day on which they are deposited such items may be charged back to the depositor's account regardless of whether or not the item itself can be returned; that said Bank may decline payment of any check drawn on such deposits until the items of this deposit, though credited, are actually paid in money; that any failure to enforce these rights by the bank shall not be construed a waiver thereof; that items received for deposit or collection are so received at depositor's risk, may be transmitted in the usual manner for collection, either to the bank or person on which they are drawn, or to such bank or persons as said bank shall deem reliable; that all such direct or indirect collecting agencies shall be deemed agents of the depositor; that for the negligence, actions, omissions, or failure of such collecting agents, or for loss of item in transit, or any cause, no liability shall attach to the said bank; that said bank or any collecting agent may receive payment of all or any such items in cash, by check or draft, and shall not nor shall any collecting agent be liable for the dishonor of such checks or drafts or losses thereon or for the negligence, default or failure of another; that items may be collected through the Federal Reserve Banks in accordance with their rules.

PSF: Subject File
FDR: Birthday

May 20, 1937

My dear Mr. Lynch:

Some time ago I sent you a little memorandum saying that the President's birthday gift would cost you exactly \$16.30.

As I have not heard from you I know the memorandum must have gone astray. Therefore, I send this duplicate.

I do hope you, Mrs. Lynch, and your daughter are enjoying good health.

Very sincerely,

M. A. DURAND

Honorable Thomas M. Lynch
The Sulgrave
Park Avenue and 67th Street
New York
New York

May 29, 1937

Dear Joe:

Eventually everything happens,
and I do finally send to you the check to
pay for the chair.

You were more than kind to take
care of this matter for me, and all of us
are indebted to you. I understand it is
being very much enjoyed.

Isabelle left yesterday, and is
going to be married the early part of June.
Beyond that there is no news.

I hope this find you, your family,
and your partner enjoying good health.

Again a million thanks,

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. Durand

Mr. Joseph Lauzon
Adam Desk Company
39 West 45th Street
New York, New York



Lamb Seal & Stencil Co., Inc.

RICHARD L. LAMB, President

Bronze Tablets, Brass Signs, Name Plates
Directory Boards, Badges, Electric Signs, Engraving
824-826 Thirteenth Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

The White House

City.

ESTABLISHED 1900

Statement of Your Account
MONTHLY SETTLEMENTS REQUIRED

April 30, 1937

PHONE NATIONAL { 8722
8723

		PER INVOICES RENDERED		
Jan.	27	1 sterling silver engraved oval plate	8	80

**SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS AS PRINTED ON THE
REVERSE SIDE OF THIS TICKET**

FOR THE CREDIT OF

Margaret A. Durand

May 29 1931

PLEASE SEE THAT ALL CHECKS AND DRAFTS ARE ENDORSED
STATE NAME OF BANK OR COMPANY ON WHICH ITEMS ARE DRAWN

	DOLLARS	CENTS
CURRENCY		
COIN		
ITEMS (Enter Checks Singly)	16	30
	16	30
	16	30
Total \$	48	90

Dinner at the White House
Saturday Evening, January 30, 1937, 7:30 o'clock.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Morgenthau	<i>Paid</i>	\$ 21.30
Hon. Marvin McIntyre	<i>Paid</i>	\$16.30
Hon. Stephen Early	<i>- Paid</i>	16.30
Hon. Harry Hopkins	<i>Paid</i>	16.30
Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt	<i>Paid</i>	21.30
Mr. Thomas M. Lynch	<i>Paid</i>	16.30
Judge Samuel Rosenman	<i>Paid</i>	16.30
Mr. Kirke L. Simpson	<i>- Paid</i>	16.30
Mr. James P. Sullivan	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Mr. Charles McCarthy	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Miss Marion Dickerman	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Miss Nancy Cook	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Miss Marguerite LeHand	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Miss Grace Tully	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Miss Margaret Durand	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Mrs. Malvina T. Scheider	<i>Paid</i>	5.00
Dr. Ross McIntire	<i>Paid</i>	16.30
Captain Paul Bastedo	<i>- Paid</i>	16.30
Col. Edwin M. Watson	<i>- Paid</i>	16.30
		\$ 65.20
		\$ 164.10
	<i>not Paid</i>	<i>Paid</i>

BIRTHDAY GIFT PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT BY THE FOLLOWING:

JANUARY 30, 1938

✓ The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Morgenthau	\$ 13.30 ✓
✓ Honorable Marvin McIntyre	9.30 ✓
✓ Honorable Stephen Early	9.30 ✓
✓ Honorable and Mrs. James Roosevelt	13.30 ✓
✓ Mr. Thomas M. Lynch	9.30 ✓
✓ Judge Samuel Rosenman	9.30 ✓
✓ Mr. Kirke L. Simpson	9.30 ✓
✓ Mr. James P. Sullivan	4.00 ✓
✓ Mr. Charles McCarthy	4.00 5.00
✓ Miss Marions Dickerman	4.00 ✓
✓ Miss Nancy Cook	4.00 ✓
✓ Miss Marguerite LeHand	4.00 ✓
✓ Miss Grace Tully	4.00 ✓
Miss Margaret Durand	4.00
✓ Mrs. Malvina T. Scheider	4.00 ✓
Dr. Ross McIntire <i>can</i>	9.30 - Paul
✓ Captain W. B. Woodson	9.30 - Paul
✓ Colonel Edwin M. Watson	9.30 ✓

123.00

*
 13.3 0
 9.3 0
 4.0 0
 4.0 0
 4.0 0
 4.0 0
 4.0 0
 9.3 0
 9.3 0
 9.3 0
 9.3 0
 9.3 0
 13.3 0
 4.0 0
 9.3 0

115.7 0*

115.7 0
 5.0 0

120.7 0*

Goodspeed's Book Shop

(INCORPORATED)

18 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts



PS

Sold to The President,
White House,
Washington, D.C.

Date **1/7/38**
TERMS: NET, NO CASH DISCOUNT

Sent by Ex. Paid

Dept. 4

Pictures & People:

Set of four water colors, signed
by Charles Wood:

The U.S.Frigate "Macedonian"
of Boston

The U.S.Frigate "Macedonian"
in Distress

The U.S.Frigate "Macedonian"
Dismasted in a Hurricane

The U.S.Frigate "Macedonian"
Under Jury Masts off Norfolk

The set

125 00
8 00

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Miss LeHand.

Dear Missy:

I have received the bill for the
birthday gift which we presented to the
President this year and your share is \$4.00.
I would appreciate a check from you to cover
this amount.

Many thanks.

Rabbit

M. A. DURAND

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Miss Grace Tully.

I have received the bill for the birthday gift which we presented to the President this year and your share is \$4.00. I would appreciate a check from you to cover this amount.

Many thanks.

Rabbit

M. A. DURAND

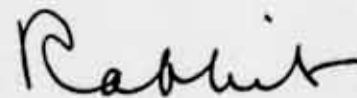
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Dr. McIntire.

I have received the bill for the
birthday gift which we presented to the
President this year and your share is \$9.30.
I would appreciate a check from you to cover
this amount.

Many thanks.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Rabuit" or "Rabuit", written in dark ink.

M. A. DURAND

THE TODHUNTER SCHOOL
66 EAST 80TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

MISS MARION DICKERMAN
PRINCIPAL

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
ASSOCIATE PRINCIPAL

March 7, 1938

Dear "Rabbit:"

Thank you so much for your note. I am
happy to send you my check for four dollars
for I was glad to have a part in the President's
birthday gift.

All good wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

Marion Dickerman
Principal

Miss Margaret Durant
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Enc.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

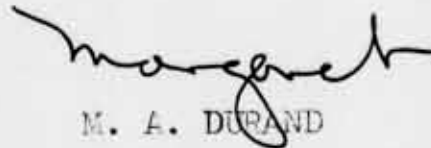
February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Mrs. Scheider.

Dear Mal:

I have received the bill for the
birthday gift which we presented to the
President this year and your share is \$4.00.
I would appreciate a check from you to cover
this amount.

Many thanks.


M. A. DURAND

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

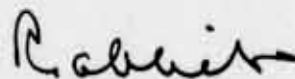
MEMORANDUM FOR: Colonel Watson.

Dear Colonel Watson:

I have received the bill for the birthday gift which we presented to the President this year and your share is \$9.30. I would appreciate a check from you to cover this amount.

Many thanks, and with all good wishes to you, I am

Very sincerely yours,



M. A. DURAND

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Secretary Early.

I have received the bill for the birthday gift which we presented to the President this year and your share is \$9.30. I would appreciate a check from you to cover this amount.

Many thanks.

Rabbit

M. A. DURAND

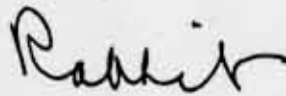
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Secretary McIntyre.

I have received the bill for the birthday gift which we presented to the President this year. Your share is \$9.30. I would appreciate a check from you to cover this amount.

Many thanks.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Rabitt", with a small mark above the "i".

M. A. DURAND

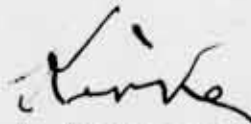
The Associated Press.

WASHN DC, MARCH 1, 1938.

DEAR RABBIT:-

HERE'S MINE, AND GLAD TO REMIT. LUCK TO EVERYBODY.
WE ALL SEEM TO NEED IT RIGHT NOW.

YOURS,


K.L. SIMPSON

2211 THIRTIETH STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

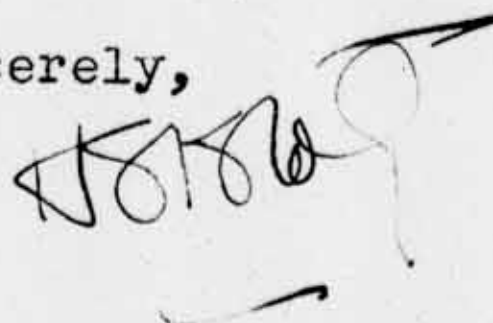
February 28, 1938.

Dear Miss Durand:

The enclosed check for \$13.30
covers the Secretary's and Mrs. Mor-
genthau's share of the gift that was
presented to the President.

Best regards.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "F. D. Roosevelt", with a long, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the signature.

Miss Margaret A. Durand,
The White House.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 25, 1938

MEMORANDUM FOR: Miss Nancy Cook,
331 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Miss Cook:

I have received the bill for the
birthday gift which we presented to the
President this year and your share is \$4.00.
I would appreciate a check from you to cover
this amount.

Many thanks, and with best wishes
to you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Rabbit

M. A. DURAND

*Dear Rabbit -
Thanks a lot.
Be good - love
N. C.*

Supreme Court
of the
State of New York



SAMUEL I. ROSENMAN
JUSTICE

JUSTICES CHAMBERS
NEW YORK COUNTY COURT HOUSE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

February 28, 1938

Miss M. A. Durand
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Rabbit:

I am enclosing my check for \$9.30
to cover my share of the gift. Thanks
very much for acting as bookkeeper.

With best wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Sam", written in dark ink.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TOMMY - MISSY - E.R.

MISSY - Mrs. R. Mrs. R., the President wants
to know what you are doing on June 26th?

MRS. R. - Tommy, didn't you send a list of
dates to the office and put one on
the table beside the President's bed?

TOMMY - Yes, Mrs. Roosevelt, I did.

MRS. R. - wearily. Well, we'll make out another

Dictates

Tommy hands Missy a copy who runs around and
and puts it in F.D.R.'s pocket.

The Drake

LAKE SHORE DRIVE &
UPPER MICHIGAN AVE.

TELEPHONE
SUPERIOR 2200



Cable Address "DRAKEHO"

Tuesday. Sunday. E.P.

Monday E.P. E.P. The Pres. wants to know
what you are doing ~~next~~ on June 6th.

E.P. : Tomorrow didn't you send a list of
Cokes to the office & garden by the
Pres. last?

Tuesday Yes, E.P. Please to

E.P. weekly well. well. make out another
one. (Butler).

Tuesday made Sunday who sent around
& put it in E.P.'s pocket

Turning away the lights -

Lost again

SCHEDULE

1. Why has the train stopped?
2. McCarthy's report
3. Lady Committeeman
4. Lynch and tickets
5. Prenosil's tickets
6. Ganny inquires for check
7. Howe's laundry
8. Telegrams from Colorado
9. McIntyre advises McCarthy
10. Romeo brings in schedule
11. Mac calls about Pendergast
12. Telegram from Jamestown
13. Lynch gets his badge