

Bra-Bram

***** OUR PRESIDENT *****
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
December 1944.

There's a great man at the helm lads
And our good ship is coming through,
Tho. tempestus blast our mighty masts,
We sail on proudly, stanch and true.

No matter what the storms may bring,
Great raging seas, or tyrant's boast
Our skipper's wise and careworn face
Will be there watching at his post.

And what fair thinking man can help
But marvel at his tact and skill
In meeting problems great and small
With kindly heart, yet iron will.

Show me the critic who may doubt
The wisdom of his vital deeds,
Yet thinks to better in his place
In this, our country's hour of need.

We go about our chosen work each day
Quite unmindful of his mighty task,
Yet, somehow knowing he'll be there
Giving his all to the very last.

Thank GOD for this great American
With will and nerves of steel,
And for the health that serves him,
Thank GOD for his courage and zeal.

Harley S. Bradley,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

IN MEMORIAL
Dec. 1945.

We hav'nt lost our skipper lads.
And I'll wager my last thin dime
That he'll live in the heart of America
Down through the annals of time.

He gave his best in heart and mind
That all men might be free,
What greater service could man give
Than that legacy to you and me.

He guided our bark over treacherous shoals
Brought her safe into Liberty Bay
And there on her deck he breathed his last
And in glorious victory lay.

Harley S. Bradley,
Las Vegas, Nevada.