Women's International League for Peace and Freedom 1946-57
I have been asked to speak for the Women's Peace League for Peace and Freedom. I do not belong to the group, so I know very little about it except...
From the desk of—
Malvina C. Thompson

it has been very
enrossing in
working for peace
Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom very much desires to be given Consultative Status under the Economic and Social Council, for this would, I believe, help quite definitely to make its efforts for a peaceful and organic world more effective.

Mr. Lyman C. White, J. to the non-governmental organizations section, assures us that on request will receive careful consider.

Could you, would you help us by writing to Mr. White on our behalf?

Yours truly,

Emily G. Balch

June 28, 1946

Gratefully yours,

Emily G. Balch
I graduated from High School last June, and he died.
He was killed by a reckless driver, while walking along
the road in Pennsylvania, where he went on vacation
with a pal.
He was my only boy. I have
seven daughters.
I hope this poem brings
you some measure of
happiness.
It gives me great pleasure
to send it to you.

Sincerely yours,
Mary Wood

/Elizabeth

Wendall Hill Ave.
Springdale, Conn.

They hurt him more and more.
FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
By Jimmy Wool

There have been many presidents,
Whose fame with us will rest,
But I'll rate Franklin Roosevelt
With any of the best.

For he was born a rich man
With an easy life ahead,
But with his brilliant, level mind
Chose politics instead.

Then early on his road to fame
There entered days of strife;
The outcome was paralysis
Which harrowed him through life.

But courage triumphed in his heart;
It's light forever shone,
And made him just as great a man
As we have ever known.

He must have loved America,
And why it's plain to see;
For in his years as president
He lived democracy.

When war broke out he crossed the seas
To Europe's distant shore;
To see his fighting allies
In a hard and ruthless war.

In war he worked so very hard;
His face was drawn and tight;
The wrinkles pierced his aging brow;
It was a tearful sight.

The braces on his weary legs
Did make his muscles sore;
And though he hardly walked at all
They hurt him more and more.
Yet he hardly ever stopped his work
To ease his weary brain,
But always kept on driving
Through never-ending pain.

And then one day came blackness
Within his pounding head,
No more that great brain functioned;
Our president was dead.

He died for our America,
The land we dearly love,
And God will surely guide him
In His home there above.

In years to come in Washington
There'll be a new-made mound,
And on its concrete pavement
A statue will be found.

And if I were the sculptor
My heart would fill with pride,
To carve out "Franklin Roosevelt"
In letters large and wide.

Then I'd finish off the statue,
My finest work of art,
By carving deep upon the base
These words from out my heart.

"Here stands Franklin Roosevelt
So proudly did he give
His life, for love of country,
That America might live."