Women's International
League for Peace and
Freedom 1946-51

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

From the desk of—
Malvina C. Thompson

I have been asked to speak for the Women's Int. League for Peace + Freedom. I do not belong to the organization so I know very little about it except

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it has been very
conscientious in
working for peace

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1 THE HAGUE 1922 WASHINGTON 1924
1922 ZURICH 1934 LUHACOVICE 1937 Luxembourg

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

THE HAGUE 1915 ZURICH 1919 VIENNA 1921 THE HAGUE 1922 WASHINGTON 1924
DUBLIN 1926 PRAGUE 1929 GRENOBLE 1932 ZURICH 1934 LUHACOVICE 1937 Luxembourg 1946

JANE ADDAMS †, FOUNDER, HULL HOUSE, CHICAGO U. S. A.,
EMILY G. BALCH, HONORARY PRESIDENT, WELLESLEY, MASS, U. S. A.

National Sections
and
Corresponding Members
in 51 Countries

12, Rue du Vieux-Collège, Genève, Switzerland
International Headquarters
Téléphone 4 56 52 — Chèques postaux I. 1860
Adresse télégraphique : WILLIF

Dear Mrs 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, of the non-governmental organizations section, assures us that our request will receive careful consideration. Could you, would you help us by writing to Mr. White on our behalf?

I am continuously
gratefully yours
Emily G. Balch

Jones 28/47
17 Roseville Road Wellesley

graduated from High School last June, had he lived.
He was killed by a reckless driver, while walking along the road in Pennsylvania, where he was on vacation with a pal.
He was my only boy. I have four 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.
c/o Sykes
Weed Hill Ave.
Springdale, Conn.

They hurt him more and more.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

By Jimmy Wood

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 brillant, 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 Europes 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."