My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I hardly know where to begin or what to say, as busy as you are, my request seems rather selfish, but I hope pardonable.

Not so long ago I sent a copy of a poem which I wrote to Drew Pearson, who in turn suggested that I send it to you, that you might like to have it.

Because of doubt I was undecided and instead tried to interest some magazine in publishing it along with a few others to no avail. You see, I had sent you a copy of the enclosed immediately after writing it but never knew if you received it or not. Perhaps it became lost in the mails. I'd certainly like to know your opinion of it and do keep this poem if you like to. It's yours.

Sincerely,

Ruth E. Anderson

P.S. for obvious reasons — Ruth Andi
In Memoriam to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We all know he was a man who could take it on the chin and grin, and many’s the time he was kicked around, that didn’t bother him. The first to yell were the first in line to ask a favor of him. He knew all this yet was undiscriminating, doing for all, not for one moment was he ever afraid, when death might call, and why should he be? For a man such as he we’re proud to call our own.

But now the time has come when a greater force has called his journey home.

He tried his best to do the right for his country and his fellow man, his life he lived not for himself, but helping others whom he saw with all that was within him, in which he thoroughly believed and more. He listened to what others believed, and stood and stayed as well.

He did what many a man couldn’t, wouldn’t do, without giving in. But in truth there is strength, and strength and truth come only from within. God is the guide of each and every life, and the only judge.

In Him, our President, had placed his faith and trust never to judge.

May God grant now, he may rest in peace, knowing that we’ll carry on and finish the fight of faith, and a glorious victory is won! True, his life is gone, but his memory will forever live on.

Ruthie Andri

1232 W6, 7th St.
Los Angeles 7, Calif
August 6th, 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York.

My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I thought you might like the enclosed from the INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN REVIEW, a dyed-in-the-wool, staunch little publication of our angelic City of some thirty years standing, to which, for my own personal gratification, I have been columnizing for about half of its life.

My dearly beloved Boss (Mrs. Anderson) and I were "born and raised" as Democrats, and you and your wonderful husband, of whom you were the most worthy of mates, have even bettered our born and raising in that behalf.

Personally, I am afraid that our want of physical contact with the frightfulness of our two frightful World Wars has dulled the senses of our American people to what a third war might - in fact, would - mean; and, therefore, we have let the hate mongers sway our public mind more than the peace lovers and hopers.

Mrs. Anderson joins me in affectionate regards.

Very Sincerely Yours,

[Signature]

[Handwritten signature]
INDEPENDENT REVIEW
GREATERS LOS ANGELES — JOURNAL OF COMMERCE
Vol. XIII No. 12
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1919
1.00 Per Year or Single Copy

RANDOM RAMBLINGS
W. H. ANDERSON

MY PRECIOUS
Some say they are loved by the gifts they bring.
But my life is much better by each gift that brings.
My life is much better by each gift that brings
Which all my wages a part I seem to sing.

HEAVEN'S PORTAL
A street to be seen through one July day
And never might kissed any other way.

THE BLESSING
She who does her mother's work, every hour,
And who has loved and who has toiled
And been thankful, may deeply feel
That for which she was blessed.

PERFUMES OF PEACE
The first breath of War Days do not pass the way.
To the sweet perfume of a world at peace.
A lovely color that should never be lost.
The sweetest flowers of our earth are not so fast.

FROM ALL EARTH'S CORNERS
To the purest mixture and the sweetest story.
From the stream of Kether we may drink.

Turning away all of human joy and pride.
Who can ever the lightest thing of life.

To die that only for peace and peace.
May I be praised and praised and praised.

And then I can say that peace flowers shall grow
And set to on the path of peace.

****

W. H. ANDERSON

The time has come when we must cease our present
And think of the days that are gone.

As a man looks in the future he sees.
And what he sees is what he sees.

There is no limit to the light we must see.

APPENDIX

This can be praising and praising and praising.
For I am sure that peace flowers will grow.

May 30, 1919

* * *
December 31st

1866

1946

A New Start

I am eighty years young,
If my legs are not so;
And some language I've sprung
When the damned things won't go.

Though my back sorter aches
When I stand up too much,
I've got what it takes,
And I don't need a crutch.

And my head and my heart
Are as sound as can be;
So I'll take a fresh start
On another score - see?

M. A. Anderson