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April 29-1947
Davenport, Iowa

My dear madam:

At the time of President Roosevelt's death, my husband, like millions of other Americans, was fighting on foreign soil. The death of this great man, one of the most loved in history, brought sorrow to all our hearts - especially those boys overseas.

While in the Pacific, & shortly after the President's death, my husband wrote a

Avery

tribute to him, & I am sending it on to you, the widow of the greatest man that has ever lived — yes even greater than George Washington.

Sincerely,
Mrs. John H. Avery
526 N. 3rd St.
Davenport, Iowa

Yet I can feel the pain
Iron darkness
That drank up his life,
And left us with a floral
wreath to mourn,
As heaven rests his soul
with all its rights

President Roosevelt.

He's but a small voice
within this world of
ours,
No congressman, no rector
of a church,
He's as a raindrop to the
oceans on our shore,
or as a blade of grass
before his court.

Yet I can feel the pain
from darkness,
that drank up his life,
And left us with a floral
wreath to mourn,
As heaven rests his soul
with all its rights

America! God rests your
native guide
His life was our life,
& he was always by
our side
We mourn his death,
we of the free.
God rests him to eternity,
America's God rests him
in eternity.

By
Sgt. John W. Perry
Written April 1945
while on the island
of Saipan.