April 29, 1947

Dear [Name],

I am sending this letter to you, the widow of [Name].

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 on land, especially those boys overseas.

While in the Pacific, shortly after the President's death, my husband wrote a
tribute to him I am sending it on to you, the widow of the greatest man that has ever lived — you even greater than George Washington of a fine family.

Mrs. John F. Avary 52 1/2 St. 3rd St
or as Newport, Iowa
before his death.

Yet I can feel the pain of his life
that drank up his life
and left us with a floral wreath to mourn
As heaven rests his soul with all its rights
President Polk,

I speak but a small voice within this world of sorrow.

To Congressmen, no rest in

This at a marching to the

Or as a blade of grass

before his coffin.

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 guard
This life was our life,
He was always by our side
He mourns his death,
one of the free
God rests him in eternity
America! God rests him in eternity.

By

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