

Davis, J. W.

Reed College  
Portland 2, Oregon  
6 March 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

The enclosed poem I offer humbly for whatever it may be worth to you. I had not been aware of the feeling of personal friendship which the President had created in me, although I admired him deeply, until the day of his death. While still in the mood created by the realization of the great loss the nation and in fact the entire world had suffered through the death of the President, the enclosed poem came to me almost in its entirety.

Against the background of the discussion in assembly this morning I thought it perhaps not too bold of me to offer it to you, in thanks for a thought provoking talk and with sincere hopes that we may continue toward the goal of international cooperation.

Another citizen of our world,

*Rencisco W. Davis*

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ON THE DEATH OF F. D. R.

The sun is low, the voices hushed,  
And bowed is every head,  
For through the ether came the words,  
"Our President is dead".

The shock is felt around the world.  
These men in foreign lands  
Are momentarily stunned. But still  
The ramparts must be manned!

For though a great and noble soul  
Has earned his right to rest  
We cannot stop, we must not shirk,  
We must be at our best.

He gave his life for his ideals,  
World brotherhood to gain,  
And by our lives we now must prove  
He did not die in vain.

R.W.D.