

MAS



[Masagam?]

Garden City, Mich.  
June 5, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,  
Hyde Park, New York.  
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I received the enclosed note from a very sweet girl who is much devoted to me. I want you to see how a great many folks feel about you. I myself have followed your activities with great interest and hope you will be amongst us for a long time.

I have a large framed etching of Mr. Roosevelt on the wall of my library where he looks down with a friendly smile at all who enter the room. This etching, to me, is priceless and I have instructed my family that it is to pass on down as a very treasured heirloom.

I too come from finances stock, being in direct line with Daniel Webster, Admiral Porter, and Capt. Moses Porter who hoisted our grand old flag over the City of Haiti in 1790. Being a Mason I consider Mr. Roosevelt a Brother. Take good care of yourself.

Sincerely & respectfully, Chester J. Masagam.



D. Joe  
It has been another  
sunny day.

I think you will  
enjoy looking at these  
pictures of Franklin D.  
Roosevelt's home. He and  
Mrs Roosevelt must have  
spent many years of  
happiness there together.  
The big oak tree must be  
very beautiful. This home  
must hold very happy  
memories. I hope that Mrs  
Roosevelt is not too lonely.  
It must be quiet and  
peaceful here. I think Fala  
their scotty dog must like  
it here.

Y. S. A. F. D. L. Y. W. A. M. S. A.  
Goodnite L. Y. S. S. F.  
Rest a lot Drive carefully. Happy  
Dreams.



[Massy]

# THE GREAT COMMANDER.

He is not dead, he only sleeps  
In the land that gave him birth.  
T'was only the ashes and not the soul  
That returned to Mother Earth.

Yes, his soul lives on, it's immortal now,  
And it's voice is a Clarion Call  
Commanding us all to complete the job,  
And, like him, to give our all.

For our Great Commander would take no rest  
And he kept right on with the fight  
To make of this world a decent place  
Where Justice prevailed, and not Might.

He gave his all and gave without stint,  
AND HE KEPT RIGHT ON TO THE END.  
He thought of us all as brothers,  
This man whom we called friend.

So let's not mourn now he's gone to rest,  
But make up our minds to strive  
To complete the job that he'd tried so hard  
To complete, when he was alive.

We know that he's gone to that place on high  
Where Peace shall have no end.  
And we know that he'll enter the Pearly Gates  
With the greeting, "You're Welcome Friend."

By: -Wm. G. Massy,  
115 Nth. Hillside,  
Wichita, Kansas.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I wrote this poem on February 14, 1945, and  
it was inspired by your wire to your sons when  
you said....."HE KEPT RIGHT ON TO THE END".....

I do so hope that you will find pleasure  
in reading it.

Yours sincerely,

*Wm. G. Massy*

[Sent Feb 1947]