

Miat-Mid

P.O.Box 206
Bangkok, Siam,
April 29th 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

It gives me great pleasure to enclose a little contribution of mine composed in memory of your dear husband, the late President Roosevelt, a man who was admired and loved by all.

The first time this poem was published was on the day Mr. Roosevelt passed away- that very evening when I came to learn of the sad news over the radio in the morning. That was when I was in India. I had it republished with a little article in Siam, as I felt that the name of such a great man should never die. He indeed was a soldier fighting hard behind the lines, the very backbone of every other soldier, and as the whole Universe never forgets the men who have fallen on the battlefields, how and why should we forget a soldier like Franklin D. Roosevelt? His need in these troubled times is felt more than it was during the World War II.

The late Mr. Roosevelt had many admirers, and shortly after the publication of the enclosed article, there were several letters written to the editor of The Bangkok Post, this paper also published my article, making comments on the truth I wrote about Mr. Roosevelt, etc., and one person signed "Another Roosevelt Admirer". You will now appreciate how much Mr. Roosevelt was loved and admired by people from all corners of the globe, and not only in America.

I pray to God that the Divine Physician has now healed the wound in your heart and that of your dear family, caused by the passing away of dear Mr. Roosevelt.

I would be very happy to know that this letter has reached you safely, and as I will be leaving Bangkok by air by the beginning of next month, I would like you to have my address in India which is 14, New Road, Alipore, Calcutta, India. I do hope that I will have the opportunity of visiting your great country, someday.

With greetings and good wishes,

I remain
Very sincerely yours,
Laura D. Michael
-Laura D. Michael. (Miss)

Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt,
C/O. White House,
Washington, D. C.,
U. S. A.

LM: KS

Michael

...passed away - first
the brief time they have seen
ROOSEVELT, a man who was equalled
mine combined in memory of your
If Grace we sleep beside
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

THAI

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IN MEMORIUM LIFE'S BOOK HAS CLOSED

By
Laura Michael

Franklin D. Roosevelt has passed away.
For he was just loaned to the U.S.A.,
And now with a vibrance of pathos we sing,
That he be rewarded by the King of Kings!
He sat for a portrait, but that wasn't to be,
For a Voice called out "Come, follow me",
He then closed his eyes in terrible pain
And ne'er did open them to see again!

As President he accomplished many a task
For the love of his countrymen he worked to
the last.

He strove to bring the War to a close
But, his life has ended too soon like a rose!

It was not willed that he should live to see
That Thanksgiving Day of Victory
Though he has gone, his spirit will
remain
To see a world of peace again!

The end of a life like the sun's
golden ray
Has cast a gloom o'er the whole
world today:
Besides his family we stand and
mourn
That they do not stand and mourn
alone.

This wonderful President has gone
to rest
After faithfully standing his Maker's
test—

"Lay down your tools, for your
labor has ceased,
Pray, sleep ye now in the Sleep of
peace."

Yes, April 12, 1945, was perhaps one of the saddest days that the United States of America experienced since the death of Abraham Lincoln, for it was the day when a great President and Statesman's 'book of life' had come to its last page... and closed. Could any American ever forget this Philosopher—one of the greatest Presidents of America who had won the confidence of the people of America—who had the whole nation's vote for him year after year, he who had stood at the helm and steered the destiny of the millions of American men, women, and children as a captain would steer

his ship through dangerous waters—he who had supported whole heartedly the cause of the Allies during the most terrific battle that was ever fought—he who had extended a helping hand to those falling down under the weight of bombardment



*The late President
Franklin D. Roosevelt*

and privation, yet could not live to see his country and his Allies emerge triumphantly out of a cruel war? No, not only the United States of America, but the whole world without exception, will always remember a noble gentleman

(Continued on page 2)

In Memorium

(Continued from page 1)

in Franklin D. Roosevelt.... a name that will be written in the annals of the world's history in letters of gold. America and her friends owe him a debt—a debt of gratitude. We now in reverence bow our heads, and in silence say—
"Eternal rest give unto him oh Lord, and may the Soul of the departed one rest in Peace."

Of sorrow, no earthly pen can say.

When life slowly and quietly ebbs away,

And those who wanted their loved one to keep
Could not stop the 'eternal sleep'.

Thank - I will
give ~~the~~ book
to the ~~SPH~~
library here at
H.P.

Mme
Mlle
Le J

Mlle
Bar
Bar
M

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Bruxelles, le 7 mai 1947

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A rappeler dans la réponse.

Madame,

Nous avons l'honneur et le plaisir aussi de vous envoyer un exemplaire du livre Héros et Martyrs, Nos fusillés qui vient de paraître pour perpétuer le souvenir de ceux qui ont tout donné à la Patrie.-

Nous savons que vous avez toujours été sensible au magnifique sacrifice de ces nobles victimes, comme vous vous dépensez encore pour soulager les misères des orphelins qu'ils ont abandonné et qui ne sont plus, sur terre, que des petits déshérités.-

Nous vous offrons ce livre aussi en mémoire du Président Franklin Roosevelt, dont le souvenir se confond avec celui de nos plus fiers martyrs.- Nous n'oublions pas que c'est à lui que le Monde doit sa Liberté et la démocratie son Salut.- Il a tout sacrifié à son idéal, il est mort noblement, victime du plus noble des devoirs. Ver slui montent nos pensées et notre infinie gratitude.-

Nous vous avons dit déjà notre reconnaissance pour l'intérêt spécial que vous nous avez accordé en lançant un appel en faveur des orphelins belges " Enfants de la Patrie ".- Nous avons reçu une offre decolis pour nos petits protégés de la Newark Section National Council of Jewish Women, de New Jersey.- Une première liste d'orphelins a déjà été transmise à cet organisme. Une offre pour l'adoption d'un garçon nous est également parvenue.-

C'est à vous, Madame que nous devons cela. Devant l'immense générosité qui se manifeste en vous nous n'hésitons pas à vous rappeler les buts que nous nous sommes assignés et que nous voulons poursuivre jusqu'à complète réalisation.- Ce que nous voulons, c'est faire de tous ces petits enfants des hommes armés pour la vie; nous voulons les éduquer et les instruire comme eut pu le faire leur père; nous ne voulons pas qu'ils deviennent des révoltés et

Michel, /...

47 Haskins Street
Roxbury 20, Mass.
March 11, 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

First, let me introduce myself. I am a 20 years old Negro girl; borned in South Carolina. I now live in Mass. with my parents, and eleven sisters and brothers of which I am the eldest.

When the President died, it struck our family as if he was one of our own. Even though no one in the family has seen him personally; his good work and fair doctrines, that meant so much to the poor, has caused us, and many others I'm sure, to love him as a child loves a father. At his death, I was about to send you a sympathy card but after a second thought, I realized you were probably over-run with them so decided it would be best not to. Being capable of writing verses I then thought you would appreciate something in that line but for some reason or other I just couldn't

think of appropriate words to express my thoughts. However, I made up my mind that if it be ten years later and the right words come, I'll send them.

These verses are only childish and simple ones but I want you to know that behind them are, great love for the dear President and great sympathy for you, who has been a very faithful and co-operative companion to ^{him,} and the rest of the family.

May God bless you and strengthen you that you may continue to do the task that he has set before you.

Yours truly,
Miss Helen Middleton

In memory of-

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

I, with the whole wide world, have felt,
The death of Mr. Roosevelt;
For in my raptured heart he leaves
A mark, (to which my thought still cleaves.

My thoughts go back to thirty two,
When he was chose, his task to do;
Though at this date I was quite small,
And knew I nothing of it all.

Yet needed I no book to tell,
The task that he had done so well,
For Mom and Dad and all the world,
The work, of this dear one, unfurled.

But on the next election day,
I, with the rest, was, oh so gay.
For I was old enough to know
That man had chose the, Great Hero.

And also, I could realize,
His doctrines, that the nations prized,
Those doctrines fair that made us see.
That men should live in unity.

Then nineteen forty came around,
With me, this date shall hold its ground,
I, being then a grown up child,
So with the rest in joy, was wild.

No, ne'er shall I forget that night,
When all my family sat tight,
Then suddenly our shouts begun,
"Roosevelt won; he won, he won!"

And though we had no radio,
To hear his speech, I oft would go
To someone's house across the way,
And there, the Hero's talk survey.

Ah, how sweet, his voice I'd hear,
Lifted up to God in prayer,
For, unlike many, yes, he knew,
That only God could help him through.

So when the second world war came,
He kept his courage just the same,
And led us through life's raging sea,
Up to the verge of victory.

Then came November forty four,
Election day had come once more,
I wasn't anxious for I knew,
That Dear old Roosevelt's name rang true.

So once again he took his stand,
To lead us through (a war filled land)
Though weary from the years of toil,
Nothing could his firm plans, foil.

Then God, his Father, looked below,
And viewed his work of years before,
And he, who surely knows what's best,
Conceived that Roosevelt needed rest.

So ere the term had passed away,
Our Hero brave, he took one day,
Said he, "Your work is faithfully done,
Your glorious victory is won".

Now all the world his death lament,
But deep within I find content,
That if I will a christian be
Our Hero brave I soon shall see.

And to his family everywhere,
His death, you felt the most I fear,
I pray that God your hearts will cheer,
Until you too shall meet him there.

By--Miss Helen Middleton

MIDDLETON

Mr Lawrence Pickett
Army Service Corps
Do Do 12 St
Phila

Mr P will be glad
to see Mr Middleton
on July 3rd at 10 AM
at the Park Sheraton
Room 2574

369 North Street
Middletown, New York
Feb. 13, 1947

Mrs. Roosevelt:

We the Editor and Staff of the North End News have dedicated this poem to the great man who made a great President. We sincerely wish that you would accept this poem as a mere repayment for the things that your late husband did for us and all the people of this nation.

In Memory Of our Late President Franklin D. Roosevelt

It was a great thing upon that mourn,
That our great President Franklin Roosevelt was born.
He loved his country and loved it well.
From the cities skyscrapers to the farmers dell.
He worked for his country through storm and plight.
To give his people the encouragement to fight.
When he took oath of office he was well and strong,
But the work he did, did him wrong.
He did not worry about his health,
Nor did he worry about his wealth.
About his country was his only thought,
And for the people he sincerely wrought.
In the peoples hearts his memories are still felt,
The memories left by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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Sincerely yours,
The Staff & Editor of the
North End News

Middletown NY