

Mot-mowl

ROOSEVELT

Death's angel traveled under sealed
orders

Which, on the way he lost; then,
feeling certain

He knew their import, undertook
fulfillment.

Surely his mission must be clear:
to summon

Some Earth child to return with
him on high;

And then, to balance his delin-
quency,

He circled and selected for his
taking

The brightest and the best that
Earth could give.

That was a fatal April when we lost
Our Chief, our Pilot through the
fearful years,

When for a space it seemed our
rocking world

Would end in chaos, his was the
hand

That steadied it . . . Lord, please to
tell your angels

Make his bed soft; here it was not
too easy.

The crown we offered held too
many thorns.

Now let him rest and rest—please
let him know

He was beloved, beloved of a Nation
Beloved of the world.

—TERESA MOTHERAL.

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Honoring Older Women
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

January 27, 1947.

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Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I like to think that you will have time to read this little verse in which I tried to express my heartfelt sorrow.

Nearly two years ago, on April twelve I experienced one of the bitterest blows of my life. For I had a deep personal love for our fallen chief, something that I could not explain fully--it was as if I had been a close personal friend.

I strove to express this in a verse, but could not for a year. It is very unsatisfactory, but I had it done and sent to the Oakland TRIBUNE, of all papers! which ran it on April twelve, 46.

With deep affection,

Teresa Motheral

Mrs Teresa Motheral, 1801 Brush Oakland, California.

Thank

A Souvenir of Ocean City

IN MEMORY OF F. D. R.

My Friend

What heartache! What sorrow!
Has fallen o'er the land,
Our Chief! Our Commander!
Has given his last command.
For him the battle is over,
For him, the victory won.
He's gone to study war no more—
His work on earth is done.

We'll miss the cheerful smile
he had,
That eased away our fear,
We'll miss the fireside chats he
gave
His voice so plain, so clear.
But in the hearts of common
man
His spirit will not die.
The cause for which he gave his
life,
Has placed his name on High.

Our knees are bent, our heads
are bowed
In thanks to God of Host,
For giving us a leader
When our need for one was
most.
We pray that He will give us
faith,
Our new task to begin.
We cast "The Chief" our last
farewell,
Our Commander, and Our
Friend.

By
Clarence J. Motley,

ir of Ocean City

7/19/16
The Custom Press
PRINTERS
Atlantic City, N. J.
839 Arctic Avenue

Dear Mr. Rosenthal
I have enclosed a copy of about
I have enclosed I wrote on
I have in which employed the
I was during the
Chile.

In Memorial

"They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind,
In those whom they have
blessed,
They live a life again,
And shall live through the
years
Eternal life, and grow
Each day more beautiful
As time declares their good,
Forgets the rest, and proves
Their immortality."

The Century Press
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7/9/47

Thank

Dear Mrs Roosevelt

I have enclosed a copy of "My Friend" a poem in which I wrote about the president while I was employed on the Railroad in Phila. during the war.

The poem was written the day after the president died, and since I am a printer I printed in a Summer booklet of Ocean City, N.J. — the only time it has ever been in print.

I am sending you a copy in hope you will enjoy reading it.

Very truly yours
Plaine J. Tuttle

Motwani

pl
Kewal Motwani
Thacker & Co. Ltd
Bombay, India.

October 20, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
New York, U. S. A.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

It was kind and gracious of you to have taken up my matter with the U. N. Personnel Administration. I received a form from them to fill in, but I have my grave doubts that anything will be done. They did not expect that there would be some one who would confront them with their own statements which seemed contradictory, and even if I am offered an opportunity, I believe I shall be placed way down in the list, and some of my juniors, in age, qualifications, competency and administrative experience will be ahead of me. It is highly improbable that I shall be given a precedence over others from India.

With sincere thanks once again and with best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Kewal Motwani
