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 delinquency,
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.
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, 1601 Brush Oakland, California.
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.
"They are not dead who live
In hearts they leave behind.
In those whom they have blessed,
They live again,
And shall live through the years
And shall live through the years.
Each day more beautiful
Each day more beautiful.
As time unfolds their good,
Their good,
As time unfolds their good.
As time unfolds their good.

In Memorial

The Century Press
PRINTERS
339 Arctic Avenue :: Atlantic City, N.J.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I have enclosed a copy of
a poem in which I wrote about
while I was employed on
while I was employed on
while I was employed on
while I was employed on
while I was employed on

Phila. During the winter,
Phila. During the winter,
Phila. During the winter,
Phila. During the winter,
Phila. During the winter,


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Dear Mr. 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 then as a printer I printed it in a famous 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,
[Signature]
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 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