NORTOL-NOY

NORTON

Rec'd a fine 1947.

S E L E C T E D

FROM

MY BOOK OF THOUGHTS

By Vince Winford Norton

THE NEW BOAT, "TOMORROW".

I

The new boat, "Tomorrow,"
Shall be built for Eternity;
The heartfelt wish of those,
The Leaders, of humanity.
Though nations rise and fall
Through mankind's greed and selfishness,
There shall ride on Life's Sea,
Lasting peace and prosperity.

II

This new boat, "Tomorrow,"
Championed by the living and dead;
Symbol of God's wish for man,
Freedom's glorious fountainhead.
Spirit of the people,
Conviction of the Human Race,
Spreads to view, "Lasting Peace"
The world's destiny, o'er earth's face.

By Vance Winford Norton

April 12, 1945
Prompted by the Death of President Roosevelt.

Composed April 13, 1945, in the morning.

GIVE ME A MAN

Give me a man with a twinkle in eye
And a grip that is firm in your hand,
With a brain that he uses and never abuses
And a mind that will e'er understand.
Though worldly critics may claim that his life
Lacks aim, like a moth fluttering round,
That only the man with a hard business head
Is the one in which wisdom is found -

Give me a man who can make his smile count,
Who stays light-hearted, free from guile,
When the going gets rough and the times are real tough
And it's so downright hard then to smile.
Though he may not be well-fed, he holds up his head,
When all earthly chances go wrong,
But as ever his style is to hope and to smile
Making life go along like a song.

Vance Winford Norton

THE TIME OF GLADNESS

The brightest links in Friendship's chain
It ever seems to me,
Are tokens sent from time to time
In loving memory.
For in this quickly changing world
It's nice for us to know
That distant friends remember us
Throughout time's ebb and flow.
To know that hearts remain the same
As year succeeds to year,
That memory still possesses power
To drew the distant near.
That friends are still as true today
As in the days of old--
The chain that links them heart to heart
Is still of purest gold.
That newer friends can ne'er replace
The friends of bygone daye -
However widely sundered are the one-time mutual ways!

V. W. Norton

Vance Winford Norton.

THE MILL OF LIFE

Oh, listen to the mill of life, through all the live-long day,
Your salary will stop about the time you lose your pay.
The fellow at the ladder's top, to him all glory goes,
And the fellow at the bottom is the fellow no one knows.
No good are all the has-beens, for in country and in town,
Nobody cares how high you've been, when once you have come down.
When once you have been President, and are President no more
You may run a farm or teach a school, or keep a country store,
No one will ask about you; you never will be missed,
The mill of life will only grind while you supply the grist.

Vance Winford Norton.

LIFE IS A GAME

Play Life's Game, your very best,
See that your part is well played;
Scatter sunshine through your smile,
Free of false masquerade.
For Life's Great Game will go on
After you've past Death's Fold;
For the Game is more than the
Players of earthly mold.

Life is a great game, my friend,
Play it straight, hard, and true;
Ever face and fight for Right,
Be loyal and true-blue.
Think not of self and your gain,
Do well whate'er you do;
For the Game that Life plays
Is ever more than You.

V. W. Norton

FORGIVENESS

My heart was galled with bitter wrong,
Revengeful feelings fired by blood,
I brooded hate with passion strong
While round my bed black demons stood.
Tender sleep wooed my eyes in vain,
My burning brain conceived a plan;
Revenge ! I cried, in bitter strain,
But Conscience whispered, "Be a man."

Forgive ! a gentle spirit cried,
I yielded to my nobler part,
Uprose and to my foe I hied,
Forgave him freely from my heart.
The big tears from their fountain rose,
He melted, vowed my friend to be,
That night I sank in sweet repose
And dreamed that angels smiled on me.

Vance Winford Norton

PEACE

Peace, the universal cry of man,
Peace from war's harsh, dread demand,
Peace for man's eternal living soul
Free from war's grey, ghastly toll.
Peace for all the brotherhood of man,
Is our Creator's command,
From man's beginning through eternity -
Brotherly fraternity.

Peace is the key to eternal life,
Sealing war's evil door tight,
Giving to man his divine birthright,
That fair justice rules, not might.
It is the open road for mankind,
To follow its guiding sign,
Over Life's road to the judgment seat -
Peace, the earth's ruling heartbeat.

Vance Winford Norton

WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

When we meet on that other shore
Of Heaven, divine
Life's sorrows and Life's sadnesses
Shall vanish from mind.
Only great happiness, supreme
Shall reign for all time,
Giving forth in fruitful bounty
Clear, clean thoughts, sublime.

The world seems lost in masquerade
Of reckless glitter;
Born of artificiality,
So calloused, bitter.
A theme song of false melody
Each note flat, untrue,
Born of hate, herald of selfishness,
Born to each of you.

Would, if I could, but pierce the veil
Of this masquerade,
Shatter this servant of evil
Creation, man-made.
Cast forth from this earth forever
This twisted vision,
Mirrored in the lust of man's thoughts,
A primrose prison.

Create a world of brotherly love,
Of truth and wisdom,
Built on unselfish sacrifice,
Christ's catechism.
Enriched in the rare perfection
Of God's reflection,
Of love, hope, and benediction
And His protection.

When we meet on that other shore
At resurrection,
May the world's seeming masquerade
Be a lost reflection.
Buried far beyond all recall
And its redemption,
Under the unending sands of time,
God's intervention.

By Vance W. Norton

THE DREAMS OF YESTERDAY

Ah, the dreams of fading yesterday
Bring back to me living memories;
A grand world of peace and happiness,
Good-will to man on all land and seas.
Though, today, some of mankind's children,
Have slipped from the Christ-like narrow way;
Bringing grief and sorrow to others,
Selfish aims, theirs alone, come what may.

Ah, the dreams of fading yesterday,
I wonder if they will e'er return;
Bringing mankind in close communion,
Back to peace for which man's heart does yearn.
Bringing love of brother for brother,
Create a chain divinely binding;
Causing friendship one for the other,
Endless peace in each other finding.

Ah, though dreams of fading yesterday,
Have faded into the great beyond;
Though mankind suffers countless changes,
Endless Time forever will go on.
And the dreams of fading yesterday,
Will always live on through life with me;
I hope mankind in some future time,
Will find lasting peace in eternity.

Vance W. Norton

MOTHER

I

Mother, shining light of beauty
  Sweetest name I'll ever know,
As she goes about love's duty
  Shining pure and white as snow.

II

Full of love's wonderful sweetness
  Glowing in love's golden light,
Bearing her trials with meekness
  Forever through day and night.

III

Of her many cares and troubles
  This old world will never know,
For they come and go like bubbles
  Leaving nothing there to show.

IV

Full of love's wonderful meekness
  Always perfect in her way,
Loving us in all our weakness
  As long as her lips can pray.

V

And in passing of the years
  Before us she stands alone,
To comfort us in all our fears
  And lead us on to our home.

By Vance W. Norton

NOVAIS

Rua 15 de Novembro,1
Propriá,Sergipe,Brasil
April 21, 1947.

My dear Mrss. Roosevelt,

Maybe you stay surprised in receive this letter from Brazil, but I explain the reazon and I hope you pardon me.

On April 12, 1945, I was in Rio de Janeiro, capital of my country, when the radio give to Brazil the sorrow news. I dont regret to confess, please believe me, that two tears roll down from my eyes. He was not a parent ou relative of mine, he dont know me, too, but he was a friend of my country and his people, and so, he was a friend of me, too.

Just now, two years has passed and all the world has claimed his absence; all the free men, the world over,sorrow your lost, because he was a citizen of the world and the Champion of the Democracy.

It was a cruel and bitter irony of destiny, that your late husband dont live today, to see the Victory that he had make the way, and give now, to all people, the security of the four freedoms and point the way for the world go on.

My dear Mrss. Roosevelt: In my distant country, the anniversary of the death of Frankiln Delano Roosevelt, was celebrated again this year, and I hope that, while Democracy survive here and Brazilian people be free, his memory will not be forgotten.

Who writes to you, is a Brazilian, and a great admirer of the virtues and qualities of your late beloved husband; I am a young, and I admire very much the special affection that F.D.R. dedicated to the youth of his country; I have just concluded to read the life of Franklin Roosevelt, and I have adopted as a symbol, his phrase, full of decision, when he make his speech at the fist inauguration- " The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself". With all my respect and admiration, I ask you, if possible, send me a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt, autographed by yourself, and, in contrary case, some thing that have belonged to the greatest man of this century.

So, I hope you understand me, and asking your pardon for my intromission, I thank you in advance.

Cordially yours,

José Novais

José R. Novais

Noyes, P.

Nassau
Bahamas 2/14/47

Dear Mrs Roosevelt—

Searching for a Steno here has delayed my acknowledging your friendly letter, and telling you how full I appreciate your feeling about the presentation. A lifetime of dictating has almost deprived me of the ability to write a decent letter with a pen.

I want you to know that your interest in the Pallid Secret has been very heartening.

Sincerely

Pierrepont H Noyes

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

January 22, 1947

My dear Mr. Noyes:

I have received your letter of January 13th. I am sorry I could not sign a slip as donor unless I really gave them.

I would be glad to be one of many to sign a gift and give a small amount.

Very sincerely yours,

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

COPY

ONEIDA LTD.

FORMERLY ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED

ONEIDA, N.Y.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

JANUARY 13, 1947

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
34 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. ROOSEVELT:

THE FAVOR I AM GOING TO ASK OF YOU WOULD NEVER BE ASKED IF THE MATTER WERE PERSONAL.

I AM PURSUING THE DISTRIBUTION OF GENTLEMEN: YOU ARE MAD! WITHOUT EXPECTATION OF PERSONAL GAIN BUT IN THE BELIEF THAT THIS MESSAGE SHOULD REACH THE LARGEST POSSIBLE AMERICAN AUDIENCE. WHEN IN 1927 THE BOOK WAS FIRST PUBLISHED UNDER THE TITLE, "THE PALLID GIANT," A COPY WAS SENT TO EVERY CONGRESSMAN, BUT NOT BY ME - A SENATOR FATHERED THE GIFT. NOW IT IS THE BELIEF OF THOSE IMPORTANT MEN WHO ARE PUSHING ITS DISTRIBUTION THAT EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH THE U.N.O. SHOULD HAVE A COPY AND SHOULD READ IT. THEY BELIEVE THAT IF IT WENT TO THEM AS FROM YOU IT WOULD BE READ.

WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO AUTHORIZE A SLIP IN EACH OF THESE COPIES, SIGNED BY YOU AS THE DONOR? OTHERS WILL ATTEND TO ALL THE DETAILS OF MAILING AND THERE WILL BE NO EXPENSE FOR YOU.

IF YOU CAN DO ME THIS FAVOR I WILL GET WORD TO MR. WALLACE THORSEN, 212 E. 49TH ST. WHO WILL ARRANGE AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU TO EXPLAIN THE DETAILS AND SETTLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR SENDING THE BOOKS.

I ENJOYED SEEING AND HEARING YOU AT THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE LUNCHEON, ALTHOUGH IT GAVE ME NO CHANCE FOR A PERSONAL DISCUSSION, WHICH I WOULD HAVE VALUED.

CORDIALLY,

Pierrepont B. Noyes

PIERREPONT B. NOYES
G
CC - 29 WASHINGTON ST., WEST
NEW YORK CITY

To: Yes, I will be happy to authorize the slip. Glad to be in touch with Thorsen & Noyes & you & Sherwood.