

Paa - Pak

662 West 184 Street

New York 33 NY

October 12, 1947

The Honourable  
Mrs Franklin D. Roosevelt  
29 Washington Square West  
New York City  
Dear Mrs Roosevelt;

Library  
Mount

While in Japan, in 1945, with  
our Army, I woke at about three o'clock  
one morning, feeling very depressed.  
There was really no reason for such  
feeling as the war was won, and we  
were expecting to leave shortly for home.

Lying there in the quiet of the barrack,  
thoughts of your husband kept passing  
thru my mind — of his tremendous work,  
and the awful burden of state he had long  
shouldered.

And then I thought — what had I done,  
besides voting for him, to make him aware  
of my faith and approval of his great work?  
Belatedly, I decided then upon this poem

you as a tangible tribute to him.  
I say this cordily - at that  
quiet hour he was alive to me.

Respectfully  
Harry Racanofsky

P.S.

My family and I are following  
your work at the United Nations.  
We think you are doing excellently,  
as ever.

Harry Racanofsky

Last Portrait OF Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Look well at this unfinished work --

There is much within the face  
A passing glance cannot reveal.

How odd that the artist  
Did not the Ghostly Form  
Within her paints perceive!

Such irony! when the Subject saw  
And shaped with artistry  
The fate of a future world --  
His own, no one foresaw!

He built a shrine  
Within our heart  
Devoted to the common man --  
Who betrays the commoner  
Does violence to our heart.

Within his eyes, the dream  
That visualized  
A shield of trust  
Around our doubting world;  
Inspired great men of opposing thought  
To view our world as One.

Four times the Accepted man,  
His goal is still to reach --  
True democracy  
Is an elusive dream  
Reaching thru time and man  
From the world of antiquity, and before --  
To the day of Roosevelt, and beyond!

Harry Pacanofsky

Harry Pacanofsky

October 12, 1947

Genève, 23 décembre 1947.

Madame,

Les sentiments que vous inspirez sont de ceux qui ne peuvent qu'être s'exprimer autrement que dans et par la prière.

Je prie donc le Seigneur Tout-Puissant, et Marie, notre Divine Mère, de vous bénir et protéger tout spécialement, en ces fêtes, en l'année prochaine, et au cours de nombreuses années à venir.

Votre séjour à Genève devra être considéré comme un événement historique.

A l'Aula de l'Université, vous vous êtes montrée la mère spirituelle de cette belle jeunesse estudiantine qui fuyait avidement vos paroles, lesquelles, certes, porteront leurs fruits, et cela dans le monde entier.

A la Salle de la Réformation, outre le message de paix et de bonne volonté que vous avez apporté à un vibrant auditoire, vous avez, sans vous en douter peut-être, versé une consolation bien douce dans l'âme ulcérée de ceux qui, vingt-sept ans auparavant, dans cette même salle, assistaient à la première Assemblée de la Société des Nations, et qui, depuis, ont suivi et vécu toutes les péripéties du drame.

J'étais au nombre de ceux-là. Française, de bonne vieille souche paysanne, idéaliste "incorrigible", prétendait un Allemand, si j'ai osé vous poser une question au sujet de la Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme, c'est que je n'ignore

PACHOUD

pas que les fameuses "Recommandations de la Commission de Coopération Intellectuelle concernant l'Enseignement des principes, des buts et des méthodes de la Société des Nations" ... sont restées lettre morte.

Il n'est pas injuste d'affirmer que la Société des Nations n'avait que très faiblement organisé sa propagande. Nul doute qu'il n'en aille tout autrement en ce qui concerne les Nations Unies, puisque les Etats-Unis d'Amérique sont à l'œuvre, leur "First Lady" en tête!

Je me permets de vous offrir, respectueusement, une plaquette qui, sous sa chemise grossière, voilée dans le style des "sans-culottes", présente le texte exact des "Immortels Principes de 1789", qui suscitèrent, jadis, l'enthousiasme universel.

✓ Daignez, Madame, agréer l'expression de ma profonde et affectueuse admiration

Thaut Joseph  
Approuvé par  
Paris - Agathe Pachoud.

Une copie.

Deux annexes.

Adresse à Genève:

3, rue des Charmilles.

PRIÈRE SIMPLE

Séigneur, donne de moi un fruit  
de votre Paix !  
La où il y a de la haine, que je mette  
l'amour. La où il y a l'orgueil, que je mette  
le pardon. La où il y a l'indifférence, que je  
mette l'amour. La où il y a l'absence, que je  
mette la présence. La où il y a l'obscurité,  
que je mette la lumière. La où il y a l'absence,  
que je mette votre présence.

... de la Commission de  
l'Enseignement des Principes  
des Nations, ... tout  
que la Société des Nations  
se taire propagande. Noël  
et son caractère.

### PRIÈRE SIMPLE

Seigneur, faites de moi un instrument  
de votre Paix !

Là où il y a de la haine, que je mette  
l'amour ☸ Là où il y a l'offense, que je  
mette le pardon ☸ Là où il y a la discorde,  
que je mette l'union ☸ Là où il y a l'er-  
reur, que je mette la vérité ☸ Là où il  
y a le doute, que je mette la foi ☸ Là  
où il y a le désespoir, que je mette l'espé-  
rance ☸ Là où il y a les ténèbres, que  
je mette votre lumière ☸ Là où il y a  
la tristesse, que je mette la joie.

O Maître, que je ne cherche pas tant  
A être consolé . . . qu'à consoler ;  
A être compris . . . qu'à comprendre ;  
A être aimé . . . qu'à aimer.

Car :

C'est en donnant . . . qu'on reçoit ;  
C'est en s'oubliant . . . qu'on trouve ;  
C'est en pardonnant . . . qu'on est pardonné ;  
C'est en mourant . . . qu'on ressuscite à  
l'éternelle vie.

St. François d'Assise.



Copie.

Genève, 23 décembre 1947.

Madame,

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Je prie donc le Seigneur Tout-Puissant, et Marie, notre Mère Divine, de vous bénir et protéger tout spécialement, en ces fêtes, en l'année prochaine, et au cours de nombreuses années à venir.

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J'étais au nombre de ceux-là. Française, de bonne vieille souche savoyenne, idéaliste "incorrigible" - prétendait un Allemand -, si il m'est osé vous poser une question au sujet de la rédaction de la Déclaration des droits de l'Homme, c'est que je n'ignore pas que les fameuses "Recommandations de la Commission de Coopération Intellectuelle concernant l'Enseignement des principes, des buts et des méthodes de la Société des Nations"... sont restées lettre morte.

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Je me permets de vous offrir, respectueusement, une plaquette qui, sous sa chemise grossière, voulue sans doute dans le style des "sans-culottes", présente le texte exact des "Immortels Principes de 1789", qui suscitèrent, jadis, l'enthousiasme universel.

Daignez, Madame, agréer l'expression de ma profonde et affectueuse admiration.

(Signé) Marie-Agathe Pachoud.

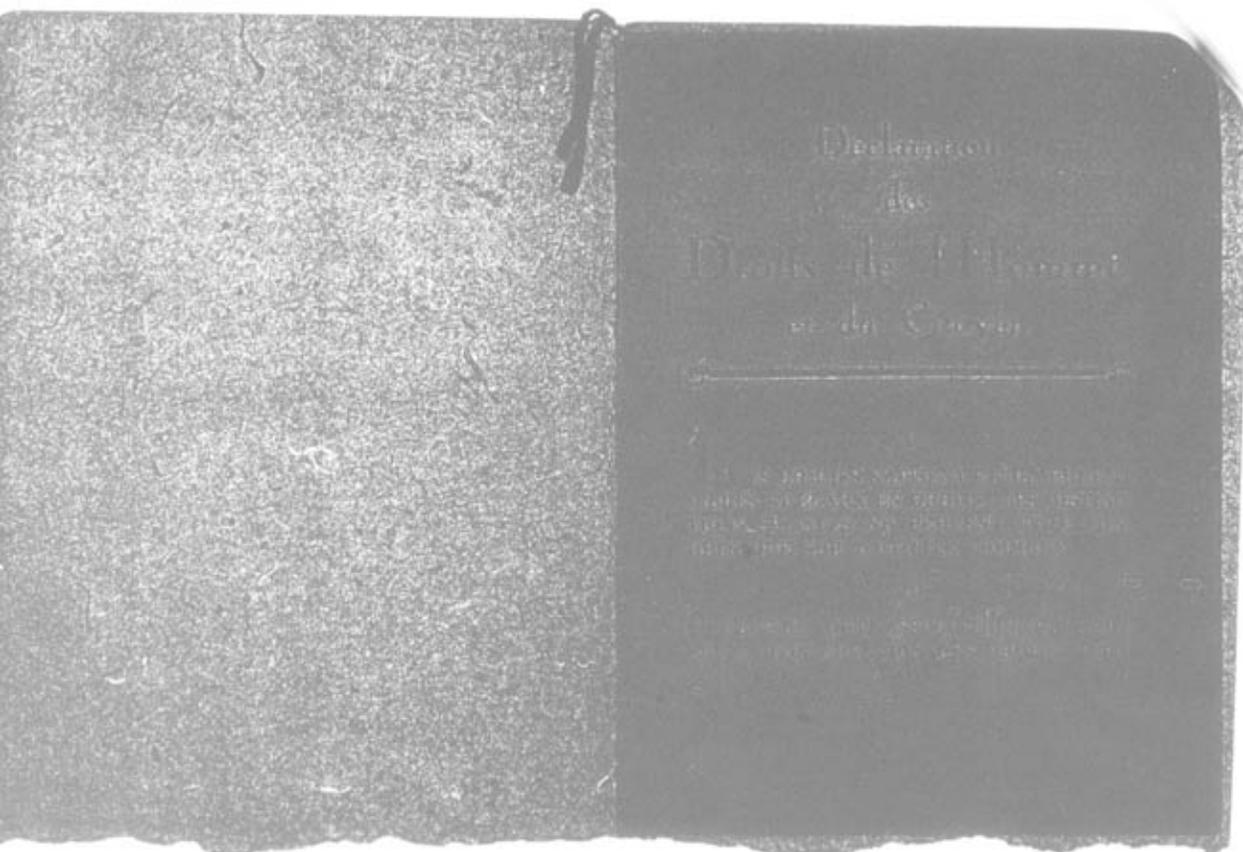
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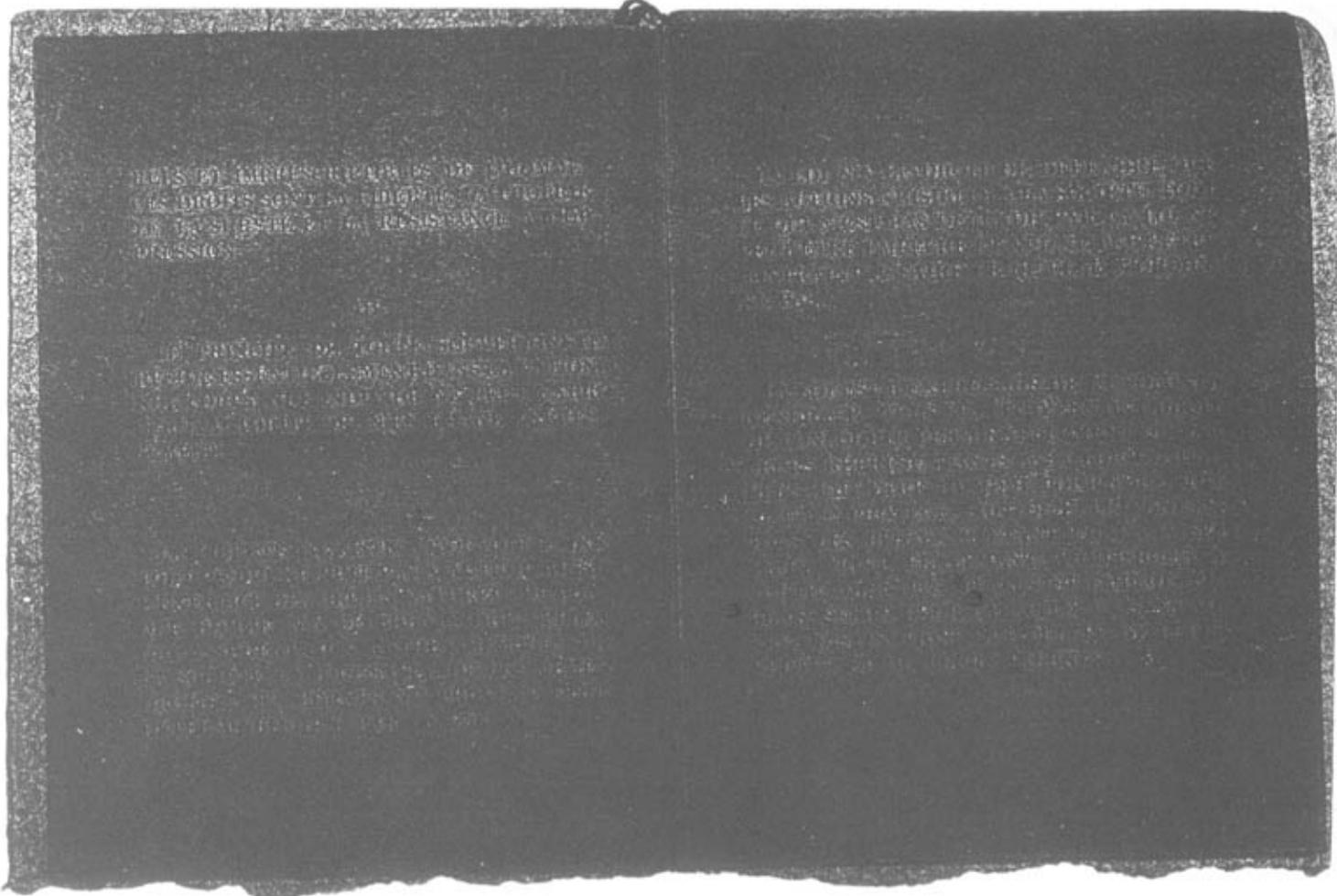
Adresse à Genève: 9, rue des Charmilles.

Paris, France



la Déclaration des droits de l'homme





THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES  
THE SECOND

LONDON  
Printed and Sold by J. B. ROBERTSON  
at the Sign of the Crown in Pall Mall  
1734

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THE FIRST OF THESE IS THE  
 FACT THAT THE STATE HAS  
 A MONOPOLY ON THE SALE  
 OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.  
 THIS MEANS THAT THE STATE  
 IS THE ONLY ENTITY THAT  
 CAN LEGALLY SELL ALCOHOL  
 TO THE PUBLIC. THIS IS  
 A VIOLATION OF THE  
 CONSTITUTION.

THE SECOND OF THESE IS  
 THE FACT THAT THE STATE  
 HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE  
 SALE OF TOBACCO. THIS  
 IS ALSO A VIOLATION OF  
 THE CONSTITUTION.

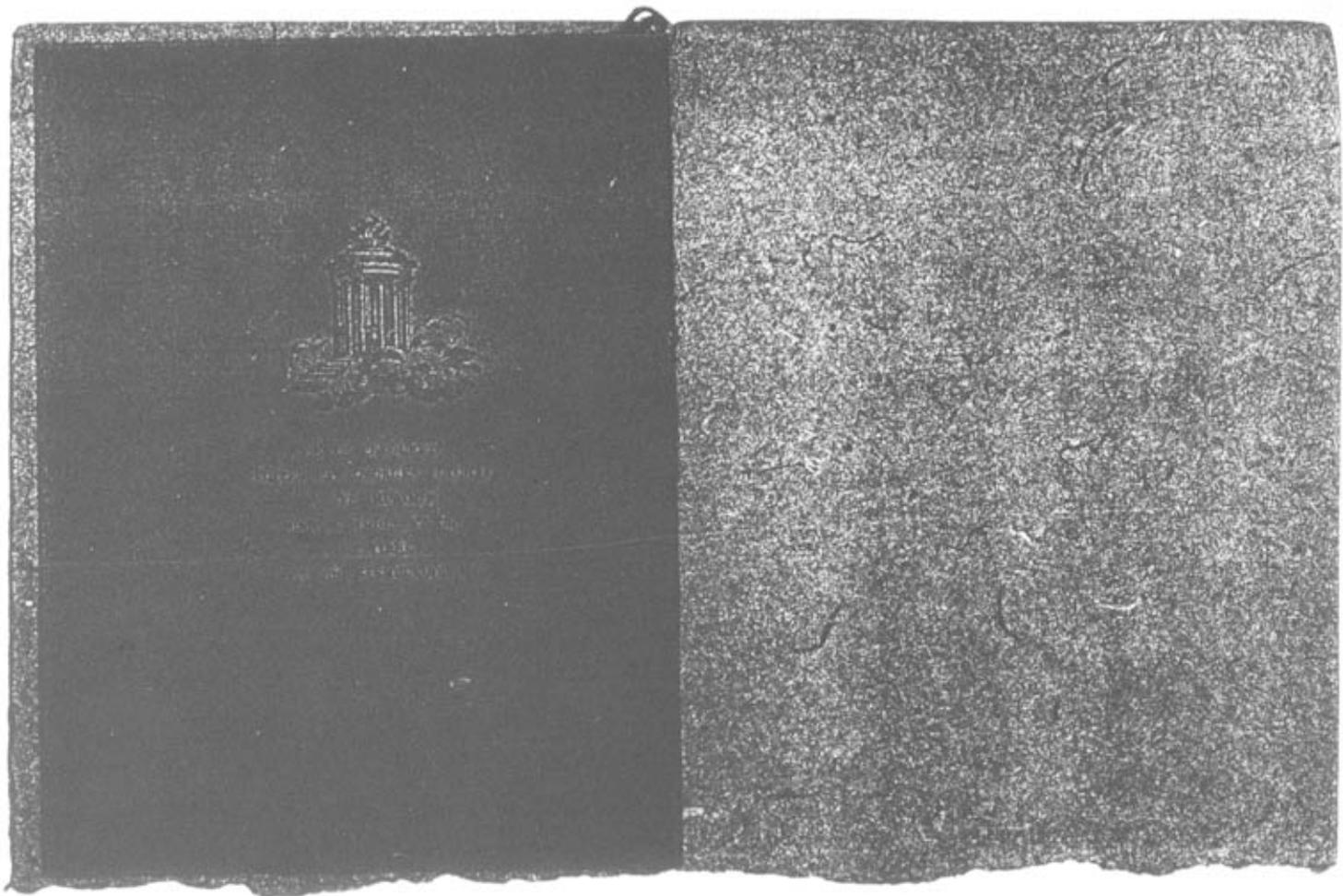
THE THIRD OF THESE IS  
 THE FACT THAT THE STATE  
 HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE  
 SALE OF LOTTERY TICKETS.

THE FOURTH OF THESE IS  
 THE FACT THAT THE STATE  
 HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE  
 SALE OF GAMING. THIS IS  
 ALSO A VIOLATION OF THE  
 CONSTITUTION.

THE FIFTH OF THESE IS  
 THE FACT THAT THE STATE  
 HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE  
 SALE OF SUGAR. THIS IS  
 ALSO A VIOLATION OF THE  
 CONSTITUTION.

THE SIXTH OF THESE IS  
 THE FACT THAT THE STATE  
 HAS A MONOPOLY ON THE  
 SALE OF SALT. THIS IS  
 ALSO A VIOLATION OF THE  
 CONSTITUTION.





Shank  
Lubman

by Jack Padawer  
1950 Grand Canyon  
Blount 57, N.Y.  
8/24/47.

A HEAVEN OF THE MAN, FEB.

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."  
Such of his words did dance like harionettes upon a shelf;  
But not his mere words are the measure of the soul  
Which led a faltering world toward a self-redempting goal.

~~HE~~ not through words can we portray the towering height,  
Of that man with a mission for the forgotten man's plight,  
Who strode boldly across some ~~high~~ pages of world history  
Without feet, without wings, without fear, without mystery.

In March, Thirty-three, the distressing depression had begun,  
Hopes for prosperity were waning in America's setting sun;  
Dramatic silence, of banks shut tight, was blanketing the realm,  
When on the bridge of the ship of state, he was taking the helm.

In April, Forty-five, the calamitous war was about to end,  
Upon the bridge sat a weary man, when winds could not bend;  
His ship had come in safely, from his hand the compass fell,  
Depression and war had been vanquished--to them, all was well.

Failure would have spelled humiliation, degradation, defeat;  
From success stemmed respect and dignity, honor and faith  
For ~~HE~~ a decent way of life for all of the peoples of the world--  
Of that they would be sure as long as our flag was unfurled.

"New Deal" they called his philosophy, and so it became  
For those upon whom the Gods of Want had heaped bitter shame;  
In such a crisis, a bloody revolution could have flourished--  
"One-third of the nation ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-nourished."

Despair and dismay would surely have outwitted other brains,  
Desolating panic would, with ease, have taken the reins;  
But the tumult died down, the turbulent waters became calm,  
His untested philosophy proved to be the very best balm.

In all of that destructive depression and that bloody strife,  
Through him, America showed the whole world a new way of life;  
Majestically, in terrible tragedy and horrible adversity,  
He steered a true course on the seas of humanity and democracy.

His Social Security afforded for all a sound annuity,  
Old Age Pensions gave to everyone a sense of security;  
Civilian Conservation instilled in the boys a new urge  
And we were better prepared to meet the Hitler scourge.

Home Ownership for the poor, he preserved through HOLC,  
Bank deposits of the frightened, he protected with FDIC;  
Self respect for those on relief, he gave through WPA,  
Bright horizons for new frontiers, he created through TVA.

PADAWER

Through the furrows, the farmer plowed with confidence,  
His Agricultural Adjustment was planned with intelligence;  
Through days of survival, Little Business fought managely,  
Cartels would no longer ride roughshod with former impunity.

And so it came to pass, for each group and each class,  
The New Deal had something to offer for each of the mass;  
Americans, one and all, put shoulder to the wheel--  
That revolution was bloodless, there was no tyrant's heel.

Midway in that wearying voyage, in these uncharted seas,  
A storm brought trembling to all of the world's knees;  
Mad fury was being unleashed with terrifying thunder,  
Ready to tear the peace and all the people asunder.

'Twas the advent of the tragic war of axis-aggression,  
'Quarantine the Aggressors', said he, avoid oppression!  
His battle station, he solemnly took at the forge's fire,  
To weld an "Arsenal of Democracy" for Nazism's pyre.

Though "The hand that held the dagger  
Struck it into the back of its neighbor.".....  
He waited, aiding those who sweated with blood and tears,  
Until at Pearl Harbor were realized our own worst fears.

I remember well that Sunday, as the sad drama did unfold,  
Our first line of ships was sunk, we were no longer bold;  
I felt like one perspiring in a strangling, horrid dream,  
Who is speechless, terror-struck, unable to scream.

Our nightmares were beginning to come true, I thought,  
There'd be no Four Freedoms after this war was fought;  
'Twas a war of extermination, yes, a war of survival,  
From it, in our lifetime, for us, there'd be no revival.

But the next day brought the voice of our commander-in-chief,  
Then we knew that a "Hitler Dominated Europe" would be brief;  
There was the contribution and all the greatness of the man--  
His voice banished fear, his words set forth a plan.

Thoughts revolved about each other in his every decision  
Like the sun and planets in their orbits with precision;  
Always, he was the man with a mission and a plan  
Able to instill confidence with any project he began.

To the tempest-tossed, he was the calm, confident captain,  
Daring, defiant, strong of will, with a Lamp of Aladdin;  
More than a match for Chiang Kai-shek, Churchill, Stalin...  
At Quebec, Cairo, Casablanca, Washington, Yalta, Teheran...

Then he hurled the challenge of "Unconditional Surrender";  
A burning indignation and a terrific impact he did render;  
Emerson once ~~blasted~~ I great man like him in this way!  
"What you are thinkers so loud I can't hear what you say."

Always, he was the captain who kept haraway on his ship,  
Knowing the dangers of days to watch it would slip  
If he permitted prejudices of hatred, bias or bigotry  
To rear their ugliness and to deny to anyone equality.

He knew that madistic psychopaths in every unsettled age,  
Upon one minority or another had ranted violent rage--  
As a morbid release for a fear-inspired psychosis,  
Or a mental outlet for a greed-inspired neurosis.

And that when the path to heights is by discrimination,  
It inevitably spells the devastating doom of a nation;  
For him, America had ever been and would ever remain  
A land where freedom would ring and liberty would reign.

He knew what lurked in the shadows of lies and intrigues,  
He had seen how they had ruined a well-intentioned League;  
And he "never sought", (nor) released the support of any...  
Communism, or Fascism or any other foreign ideology.....

"In the field of world policy", he was in favor--  
Of dedicating this nation as a "Good Neighbor";  
In world politics, there had to be "collaboration",  
To avoid vengeance, bitter strife, degeneration.

During his voyage, he kept playing tag with tragedy,  
Fate had ordained a dynamic dream as his grim destiny!  
He steered a true course through each reef and shoal  
Till our flag was honored from the North to the South Pole.

Our foreign policy under him was a shining beacon for all,  
America had come of age, none would be allowed to fall;  
One world there would be for the weak and for the strong,  
In which the power of the atom would prevent all wrong.

Alas, he was not destined to enjoy the works of his hand,  
Like Moses, it was not meant that he see the Promised Land;  
When his trip was done and his ship was safe and sound,  
The Angel of Death took his hand, he was heavenward bound.

A hush came over our barracks that day at Lowry Field,  
They said he was dead but our hearts to it would not yield;  
Though his hour had come, we wanted him with us to stay,  
With victory in sight, we did not want him to go away.

In my reveries, my ~~thoughts~~<sup>fleeting</sup> go to a faraway place  
Which God has provided for ~~those~~ who lived with good grace,  
Where they can sojourn with those of our honored dead  
Like my brother who died a hero's death at Annie Beachhead.

You know, FDR was an ordinary mortal, even as you and I,  
Not endowed with supernatural power, nor with visionary eye;  
All he sought was that we respect the rights of one another,  
And act towards each other as though each ~~of us~~ were a brother.

Often on a discouraging evening, when the radio loudly blares:  
"There's bad news tonight", I think of the banish/~~er~~ cares  
That his Fireside Chats used to bring to a depressed people  
Whose hearts and hopes he elevated above the highest steeples.

Jack Padawer

[Paganini]

4-15-47

Dear Mrs Roosevelt

Three days ago was the Anniversary of the terrible tragedy of Our Beloved President's death, 2 years ago; And I could not resist my impulse to write a poem to his memory - but although I had it written 5 days ahead something came up and prevented me to attend to the pending part of it. But dear Madame here it is in this envelope with the letter. They say that a person like you is so busy in every way, always has a secretary, and half of the time you don't even know or read what people like me is writing you, if the Secretary judges over

are missing of little importance  
 they answer themselves, or  
 better still discarded, regardless  
 how important it is for the  
 persons who wanted you to  
 receive in your own hands.  
 So I don't know if you will even  
 read my poem, which would  
 break my heart if you don't, as  
 I have tried to express, not  
 only my own feelings, but all  
 the G. I. s as well, as they all  
 love and admire their great  
 Leader - So Dear Mrs Roosevelt  
 would you let me know if you  
 read it, by writing a few lines  
 in your own hand, writing  
 and sign it as a proof you  
 got it - Respectfully

Louis Tapanin

of the 164<sup>th</sup> Combat Engineers  
 15787 Joselyn Ave. - Detroit 3 - Michigan (4 years service)

HOMAGE  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
FRANKIN DE LAND ROOSEVELT; FROM, G.I. JOE

YOU DON'T KNOW ME, MY  
NAME IS JOE, G.I. JOE.  
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, I'M THE GUY  
THAT TURNED THE TIDE IN  
TROUBLE NUMBER TWO, AND  
TURNED THE PAGES OF HISTORY,  
WITH BLOODY FINGERS.  
BUT I'M NOT HERE TO TALK  
ABOUT ME, BUT ANOTHER G.I.  
OH, HE DIDN'T WEAR DOG TAGS  
OR COMBAT BOOTS, BUT SPIRITUALLY,  
A LITTLE BIT OF HIM WAS IN  
EACH OF US, DRIVING THOSE  
BOOTS ONWARD ACROSS THE  
WORLD, SWEEPING A CLEAN  
PATH, WHERE THE HUMAN  
RIGHTS OF MAN COULD TRED  
UNMOLESTED.

II

THIS G.I. COULD FIGHT TOO.  
OH, NOT WITH KNIFE AND GUN,  
BUT WITH A GREAT MIND, A BIG  
HEART.

AND LIKE SOME OF US, HE TOO,  
PAID THE SUPREME SACRIFICE,  
OF GIVING HIS LIFE FOR HIS  
COUNTRY.

HE PASSED AWAY, THIS G.I.,  
LEAVING HIS NAME IN OUR  
HEARTS, AND HIS IDEALS TO  
THE WORLD, NEVER TO PARRISH.

I WAS ON OKINAWA WHEN  
THE MESSAGE CAME THRU, THAT  
THE WORLD HAD LOST A GREAT  
COMMANDER.

AS I HEARD THOSE WORDS,  
IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE SUNS  
BRIGHT RAY PIERCED THE  
CLOUDS AND FORMED A STAR-

III

WAY FOR HIM TO ASCEND,  
AND AS I LOOKED, HE WAS  
REACHING THE TOP.

IT WAS THEN I REALIZED,  
THAT ALL THROUGH LIFE, HE  
WAS, "LIMPING HIS WAY TO  
HEAVEN."

BY:  
*Louis Paganini.*  
(EX-G.I.)

[Page, N]

129 Sherman St  
Springfield Mass  
June 20 - 1949

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt  
Hyde park N.Y.

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

For some time I've  
wanted to send you this  
article my father wrote  
on Mr Roosevelt. It  
was reading "This I  
remember" if Mr calls  
magazine that decided  
me.

May I first impress  
on your mind that  
I'm not seeking any  
recognition - I am merely  
sending you this  
because I think and  
many others think it  
is the most beautiful

story that has ever been  
written about our late  
President.

My father wrote  
this in 1941 - He  
passed away last January.  
although He only had  
the advantage of a grammar  
school education. He  
studied constantly - and  
listened to all of Mr  
Roosevelts speeches. He knew  
every word by memory.  
I don't know of any  
"unknown" person who  
did so much work silently  
and swayed so many people  
for the democratic party  
in the mid western states.  
our home was in Des Moines  
Iowa.

I saw and heard

you deliver the  
graduation sermon at  
Drake University in Des Moines.

Mrs Roosevelt if  
you think this is  
worthy of being printed  
would you advise me.  
my mother is ill and  
78 years old - It would  
make her happy.

Thanking you

I am

Sincerely yours

Walden Page

129 Sherman St

Springfield, Mass.

P.S.

Shouldn't be surprised  
if Franklin Jr. isn't  
President in the near future,

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Sometime, somewhere, in the days ahead, someone will essay the task of writing of this great man. When that day comes I wonder where in this unprecedented career will the author begin.

Perhaps he will first tell us of his boyhood and exploits of childhood. Or he may begin with his school days and college career. But I am persuaded his pen will first become inspired when he pictures to us Young Roosevelt as State Senator from his district in New York.

Here he will see him in his first battle against mighty "Tamany Hall". Here it was he first clothed himself in the oft discarded mantle of equality, and by his acts, proclaimed to the world his unyielding devotion to the principles of equal rights for all, and thus became the champion of all men regardless of station or creed.

The picture will brighten as we see him a few years later as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as with clear sight and calm courage he directed those precious human cargoes of American Mothers' sons across three thousand miles of submarine infected seas without the loss of a man or a single ship.

The World War over, he must tell us how destiny again called him to action when in 1920 he was nominated for Vice President of the United States, how after a masterful campaign against great odds, he met his first and only defeat. No doubt it will be said of him that at this time he longed for home and family and the resumption of his chosen profession, that of law.

No matter who the author may be, I know he will feel the futility of bringing to us a realization of the next event, the unheard of, the unseen tragedy which in a few days laid this fine, athletic body low with infantile paralysis. I know his pen will falter and eyes grow dim as he draws a pen picture of this scene as alone with God and his devoted wife, he suffered and prayed and battled on to life and victory and a partial restoration of health. To most men who could emerge from such a catyolism of suffering and sorrow would find their souls disconsolate and filled with bitterness and despair. But Franklin D. Roosevelt arose from this Gethsemane with joy in his soul, a smile on his lips, and a prayer in his heart.

Marvelous man!

Time rolls on and he will tell us how in 1928 the people of his great state - New York - called him to the Governor's Chair, and to prove their devotion to their own son, again in 1930 elected him Governor of his state.

This will bring us to the dark days of '30 and 31. Tell us how he visioned the dark and sinister clouds, the growing discontent and suffering of the people, and how early in 1932 he heard his clarion call "The forgotten man" - a cry that echoed from north to south, from east to west, and on and on, culminating in his overwhelming election to the presidency of the United States.

Came March 4th, and we see him standing on the steps of the Capitol, and with bared head and uplifted hand, solemnly swears "to protect and defend this United States", and in so doing gave birth to a new conception of liberty in the western hemisphere. How with hand to heart and eyes to Almighty God, he bade his fellow countrymen to arise and fight to win and no longer stand in "abject fear of fear". How the universal cry from the great banker to the man in the street was "save us or we perish". How he heeded their entreaties unflinchingly led the way to higher ground, opened again the arteries of trade, stabilized the banks, and by his intrepid courage rekindled the fires of hope in the souls of men and brought back from the very brink of despair and ruin our country.

Marvelous man!

The author then must tell us how under his leadership men smiled again, hearts grew light and hope moved in where despair was wont to dwell. Tell us how nature frowned in blistering hot winds of drought in 1934 and again in 1936; how under his direction herds and homes were saved and families fed.

He must tell of the T.V.A., W.P.A., N.Y.A., Social Security, Pensions for the aged; and all those social reforms grew to bless mankind.

Tell us again of 1936 when all but two of our states voted for him in the election of that year. Yes, he must tell us of the cynics and scoffers, the greedy, the selfish, the very ones he had saved. How they bedeviled his every footstep, but how through it all he still fought on and shamed them, with a smile. Tell again how for eight years he labored and planned, carrying the load for us all, ever marching on. Here again he must tell us of the insistent cry in 1940 which rang from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf - "We Want Roosevelt". How he was chosen by his party, and how through a campaign sinister and misleading, financed as never before by big interests, he calmly submitted the issue to the American people, who once again placed upon his head the crown of victory and he became the first man to be chosen president for the third consecutive term.

Marvelous man!

We cannot guess, for God only knows, what will be written of the next chapter of events in this wonderful career. We know the author will tell of this darkening shadow hanging like a pall over our beloved land; how we loved him and prayed for his life and health that he might guide us through this awful time. How we knew he would not fail for he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, and how we trustingly looked to him to guide our old Ship of State into calm seas, and under God, to bring the blessings of liberty to all the world.

Then when the author pens the last chapter, as come it must - when purple curtains drape those kindly eyes, when arms are folded o'er his breast, when that great heart, so filled with love for his fellowmen, has ceased to beat, and that golden voice is forever stilled, we feel

and know his name will find a place in that thin volume of "Immortals" that he will place him first in the hearts of his countrymen and record him as a statesman without a peer, a friend without guile, a Christian without hypocrisy.

R. A. Page  
January 25, 1941

371 Atlantic Avenue  
Shreveport, Louisiana  
November, 27, 1947

Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt  
The Call Magazine  
230 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

Thank you

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:-

I have just read the final installment of your article entitled "His I Remember"; and I am so sorry this is the last one. I cannot find words to express to you how thoroughly I enjoyed each issue.

I had the happy experience of being secretary to James H. Davis - Governor of Louisiana, 1944-1948, and I remember that he made a visit or two to the White House and we were always interested in his visit with President Roosevelt. He always gave us a wonderful account of his visit.

Hoping your Christmas season will be a happy one and with every good wish I am  
Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Lily L. Page