Pip - Piv

[Piper, M.]

8 Hendon Lane,
Church End,
March 29. 1947. Finchley, N.3.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am hoping this will reach you by April 12, as I would like it very much if you received my humble tribute to the memory of your husband by that day.

I did not write 2 years ago because I felt you would be overwhelmed with such letters. Last year I could not think of any words which would sound right. There does not seem to be much I can say now, except that President Roosevelt was the greatest man who ever lived & has always been, & always will be, my model, someone on whom I try to model my own life.

Words cannot express all I feel, & so for, my humble tribute mentioned above I have done my best, to show my feelings in words other than prose words.

I know I am not a poet, but I write a few poems in my spare time, & felt I would like to send

Piper

you the two I have written to your husband's memory, if only to show you, how one, of so many of his admirers can show how deeply grateful Democracy is, & always will be, that he should pay the greatest price of all to save us, & our way of living.

This is not a great letter of feeling, I don't seem to be able to express myself in letters very well.

But may I close by sending my good wishes to you & your family, & to say that I hope, one day, when I come to America, to catch a glimpse of the wife of the great man I had hoped to see, & who is also a truly Great Lady.

God Bless You,
From a Well Wisher.

(Miss Monica Pope)

A Tribute to President Roosevelt

A greater statesman never lived,
A truer or more upright man,
Champion of Freedom, liberty & right
Always foremost in that fight.

He won the battle of physical ill
Hard & bitter painfull & long
With the aid of a loving & generous wife
And undaunted courage throughout his life.

His name go down in the annals of time
To be read in history books many years hence,
As the man who gave more than riches & wealth
He gave to Freedom his life & his health.

"Greater love hath no man" so the God Book says
A truer word ne'er was said,
This man gave all he had to give
In order that others might freely live.

P.T.O.

Our Country, the greatest of countries has many great men
To place in Her Hall of Fame
But none were so great or so giving as the
Who gave His life to keep His People free.

In Memoriam

Two years ago on this fatal day
Our greatest statesman passed away.
We read with sorrow & grief in our hearts,
President Roosevelt has breathed his last.
Sad was that day with the victory in sight
That the man who had fought with all his might
On the Eve of his triumph should from us be taken,
O! What grief in our hearts did this awaken.

Together with one, also statesman & great
He planned how the axis should meet its fate.
Sad, the that He should not know,
The fruits of the seeds they together did sow.

Struck down in his final hour of victory,
It was not willed that this He should see
Like other great men, their victory nigh
God called Him home, we know not why.

In Memoriam (cont'd)

But His Wonderous Deeds will ever be sung
Whenever the Bell of Freedom is rung,
Just as of old when the "Liberty" rang
To proclaim the first great Freedom of man.

So we pause for a while & softly say
That we will remember Him this day,
In silence we stand or kneel by His grave
And pray that we might be as brave.

Before we leave the place where He lies
Before we from our knees arise,
We pray that our lives might be modeled on His,
Tho' at times, our path, like His be grim.

Fail him not! Be forever sure,
Great tho' the sorrow everyone bore,
His spirit still lives – and lives again.
The Greatest Man died not in vain.

Montevideo, mayo de 1947.

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt

Washington

Distinguida señora:

Movido por un impulso de sincera admiración hacia su obra de hondo sentido humano que ha venido realizando como digna compañera de un hombre de excepción, me permito la libertad de enviarle en caracter de modesto homenaje, un envio postal conteniendo un ejemplar de la Revista ANDA (órgano de la Asociacion Nacional de Afiliados a la Caja de Jubilaciones a la cual pertenezco como funcionario del Ministerio de Obras Públicas) con el trabajo literario presentado por mí a esa Institución en el Concurso "Perfil de F.D.Roosevelt". Aunque no fué premiado, ese trabajo se publicó por ser el único en el cual se hace mención a usted como "La gran compañera de un gran hombre", en los términos que en hoja adjunta se transcriben, traducido al inglés.

He sentido la necesidad espiritual, al referirme al gran Roosevelt, de expresar esos conceptos con relación a quien tan profundamente lo comprendió y alentó, porque también, aunque en modestísimo plano, soy un hombre de lucha democrática que realiza un esfuerzo, y he sabido valorar lo que significa el estímulo de una mujer comprensiva, junto a la novia con la cual pienso unirme una vez resuelva mis problemas económicos, y especialmente lo valoro ante el ejemplo luminoso de mujeres como usted, que supo ser consciente de la mision histórica que le deparó el destino.

Espero que su proverbial gentileza le permitirá aceptar la modestia de esta ofrenda, y contarme en el inmenso número de los admiradores de su gran obra, como uno de los mas sinceros.

Muy respetuosamente

Servasio Piro.

S/c.-J.Requena 1208. Apt°7.
Montevideo. (Uruguay)

Profile of Franklin D. Roosevelt

....."He would not be just in paying tribute to Roosevelt, if we did not mention that great lady who was his mate from March 19, 1905, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. In the life of every great man-artist warrior, scientist or statesman there is found the heart of a woman full of love and understanding, from which comes forth the spirit giving of itself like the beneficent rain on the thirsty land. His wife, acting as a mother to her child, gave him faith and courage when he suffered from the illness which struck him and comforted him in his hours of defeat. "I wish to be nothing more than the wife of a good man," she said one time. And she was a companion worthy of the first citizen of a great Republic. A simple woman, she aspired to nothing other than happy domestic tranquility, without selfish ambitions. She fought by his side, encouraging him in the tasks of the war, writing, organizing works of charity - with a smile like that of her husband, for she too knew how to smile..... We believe that we can best render homage to this great wife of a great man by quoting his own works: "May God grant us that we have the wisdom and the valor necessary to build a world of peace where there is justice and opportunity for all peoples". Because this, in other words, is what he sought and prayed for in his words and actions - her Roosevelt, our Roosevelt, the man born in America who lived and died for humanity."

[Pitta]

Frank Library October 17-1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Hyde Park, New York;

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

Enclosed find a poem dedicated to the deceased honorable President of the U.S. and your beloved husband Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Please forgive me for writing about and sending your sad memories but as a native of Portugal I feel very proud of João José Nunes the author

The translation into the english is good but not as classy and of a complete definition of some of the words as

Frar
Com t
Que o
Quand
Frankl
Retom
Que te
A atro
Tudo o
Insinu
Nobrez
O ideal
Agora
Deixa
Se rem
Levand
Como f
Chove

the original.
For one in my whole life wish you could read the portuguese language.

Very truly & Respectfull
Yours
Theodore Pitta
635 Walton Ave.
Bronx 51
New York.

Fraz
Com t
Que o
Quand
Frankl
Retom
Que te
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Tudo o
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Agora v
Deixa c
Se rem
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Como b
Chove a
Que ora
Um fra

Ilha 1

EM MEMORIA DO FALECIDO
PRESIDENTE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Versos do Poeta Caboverdeano João José Nunes, escritos no dia da morte de Roosevelt. Tradução do Poeta Caboverdeano José Lopes

Nas altas regiões do pensamento humano,
Mais uma águia calou a voz potente e altiva,
Que fulminava, acesa em ira, o cru tirano
E electrizava toda a grei triste e cativa.
De crepe se cubriu o altar da liberdade.
Nas trevas abismais dos povos sem direito.
Valeu-se da esperança a doce claridade
E um grito de amargura subiu de cada peito.
Nas hostes dos cruels e vis liberticidas,
Que a rir, encarceraram a deusa Justiça,
Desferiram canções báquicas, incendidas,
Bocas sujas do pó, mordido em agra liça.
Mas a história fiel,—julgadora, incorrupta,
Que glorifica o amôr e amaldiçôa o crime,
Tendo apenas por lei, a consciência impoluta,
Tendo apenas por teste a verdade sublime;
A História, alcandorada em os cimos da vida,
A observar, serena, a terra de Ninguem,
Onde a vaidade estulta e a cubiça insufrida
Tentam vencer em pélio insano a Luz e o Bem;
A História vai julgar dessa água a alma formosa,
Que a morte hoje colheu nas cristas de granito,
Para transportar, numa ascensão gloriosa
A região da aurora, oculta no infinito.

Berço de Washington, é terra da Promissão,
Que cruciante dôr, que inenarravel dôr,
Lacerou o teu sublime e vasto coração.
Bravo como o lião, pródigo como o amôr!
O Mundo, ao assistir nesta hora imperecivel,
De sofrimento teu a estranha convulsão,
Tenta iludir-se, crendo um pesadelo horrivel
A verdade cruel da tua agra paixão.
Olha a Europa a sangrar, de braços suplicantes,
O olhar interrogando o côncavo do espaço,
Onde não vê, pairando, a Aguia de asas pungentes,
Que a tem valido com as suas garras de aço.
Baluarte da Paz, que pregas com amôr
A igualdade humana e o direito à vida;
Sectário do Bem, que exaltas com ardôr,
Da Liberdade santa a religião querida;
Ouve por toda a parte onde lateja o sangue
Que anima um peito livre, a mesma voz dolente
A bendizer teu filho e a chorar o orbe exangue,
Sob o deluvio atroz de ferro incandescente.
Mas crê: teu Presidente egrégio e adorado,
Inda ressurgirá num milagre portento
Dum cinzel immortal, dum génio consumado,
Que lhe insuflará vida em rasgos de talento.
A sua concepção de Deus, da Liberdade,
Mais bela, do que a luz, mais vasta do que o universo,
Um dia, tu vê-la-ás na aldeia e na cidade
Dando lições do Bem ao ignaro e ao perverso.
Sim, tu vê-la-ás em símbolo augusto e profundo,
Que elevará o espírito em surtos formosos,
Como asas de luar em acenção ao mundo;
Onde não chegam do áspide os gilvos raivosos.
Talvez a Aguia, no altar da Naturesa garrida,
Extática, ante o ceu constelado de gemas,
Pisando com deadem, serena, engrandecida,
Da triste escravidão as ásperas algemas;

Franklin Roosevelt, alma em missão, lá do seio
Da aureoral estancia à terra enviada;
Clarão que se fez voz, vox que se fez esteio
Da pobre humanidade exausta, torturada;
Da intrepides moral exemplo grande, belo;
Da abnegação, do amôr, síntese refulgente;
Herói, se investe o mal em estranho duelo,
Ajoelha, se curva invoca o ceu clemente;
Que homem esse, Deus, que foi um justo, um astro,
E que hoje pagou, à terra o fatal tributo,
Deixando na História um fosforescente rastro
E em cada coração o desalento e o luto!...

Franklin Roosevelt: Ah, findou o teu mandato!...
Com tanto ardôr votaste-lhe a alma e a própria vida,
Que o espírito se perde em um juizo abstrato,
Quando do sonho teu busca a flama perdida.
Franklin Roosevelt; é finda a tua missão!...
Retoma agora o trilho eterno e jocundo,
Que te conduziu um dia da aurea Manssão
A atro Calvário a que se chama mundo!...
Tudo o que de melhor possuia o teu ser
Insinuaste ao homem: animo na dôr,
Nobreza de sentir, o culto do dever,
O ideal de paz e a fé num Deus de amôr.
Agora vai. Na glória olímpica da luz,
Deixa que a tua alma,—Aguia imaterial,
Se remonte a sorrir, ao seio de Jesus,
Levando da História a benção imortal.
Como foste feliz!... Na morte, até a amplidão
Chove astros em teu peito. Esse pendão sagrado
Que ora envolve a tua urna amada, que é, senão,
Um fragmento do ceu, de estrelas recamado?!...

JOÃO JOSÉ NUNES

Ilha Brava, Cabo-Verde.

In the high regions of the human Thought
An Eagle more hushed up its potent and proud voice,
Which used, kindled in ire, to fulmine the harsh Tyrants
And inflame the whole "Grex" sad and enslaved.
The altar of Liberty stands wrapt in mourning crape!
In the abysmal Darkness of Rightless Nations
The sweet splendor of Hope is overveiled,
And an outcry of Grief burst up from every breast.
Amongst the hosts of harsh and vile Liberticides
That laughing did imprison the stout Goddess of Justice,
Mouths nasty with the dust bitten out in arduous lists,
Did shout out bacchic songs of scorn enraged.
But History, faithful,—the incorruptible Judger
That glorifies the Love and does accurse the Crime,
Having only for Law the unpolluted "Conscience",
Having only for test the Verity sublime;
History, perched high up on Life's summits
Thence to watch out, serene, the "No-man's-Land"
Wherein, dull Vanity and unbridled Cupidity
Try on to conquer Light and Good in insane struggle;
History goes to judge the bright soul of that Eagle,
Which Death did snatch today from its granitic aerie
Only to transport it in glorious an ascencion
Into the realm of Dawn occult in the Infinite.

Lo! Berth of Washington! Land of Promission!
How much poignant the Dolor, and unspeakable,
That tore thy heart, thy immense sublime heart,
Brave like a lion, prodigal as Love!...
The World, as it assists in this immortal hour
The strange convulsions of thy Mighty Sorrow,
Tries to deceive itself on, thinking it a horrible
Nightmare, the cruel Truth of thy sour passion!
See Europe bleeding, stretching hands suppliant
With eyes inquiring from the hollow Space,
Wherein they cannot see no more, no more the Eagle
Oh Mighty wings, which had helped them
So long time with its strong, hard claws of steel!

Bulwark, stronghold of Peace! That preachest with love
The equality of men, their Right to life,
Thou Sectarian of Good that with ardor exaltest
The Religion, endeared, of Holy Liberty!
Hark! Listen, from every side wherein pulses the blood
Which animates hearts free, the same deep dolient voice
Blessing thy Son, forweeping the whole Orb
Weakened by a Deluge atrocious of host iron!
Yet believe Thou!—Thy own Egregious President,
So loved, still shall resurge out the portentous miracle
Made by the immortal chisel of some genius
Consummate, who again will insuflate
His conception of God and Liberty,
Some day Thou shallst see it by field and town
Giving the ignorant, giving the wicked
Its lessons of Truth and Good. Yes! Thou shallst see.
See it a Symbol august and profound
Raising the spirits up in its bright soars
With wings like moonlight from this Earth ascending
To spheres whereto the Aspic's raging hisses
Never can reach.—It thou shallst see:
—The Eagle upon the altar of trimmed Nature,
Extatical before the Sky starred with gems,
Serene and magnified, trampling with contempt
Upon the manacles and the hard fetters
Of all thralls,—the poor victims of sad Slavery!

Franklin Roosevelt, lo!—Missionary Soul,
He, from above sent by God to the Earth;
Gleam that becomes a voice, and voice that was the aegis
Of poor Mankind extenuated, tortured;
Of moral Intrepidity bright model;
Of Love and Abnegation glittering Synthesis;
Here, if against Evil He copes in foreign duel,
Apostole, if He kneels down and plays the clement Heavens:
What a Man, God! who has been just, a Sun,
And today pays to Dust the fatal tribute
Leaving in History a most luminous trace
And within every heart Distress and Mourning!...

Franklin Roosevelt! Now, thy Mandate is closed up!
Thou devotedst to it thy soul, at last thy life
With such an ardor, that is way the spirit loseth
In abstractions much like an erring judgement.
When of thy Dream it searcheth the lost flame.
Franklin Roosevelt! Closed up is thy great Mission!
Return now to the paths everlasting and joyful,
To Heaven, where from The Lord one day brought Thee
Into this Calvary so dark we name the Earth!...
Everything thy good Self possessed of the Best
Thou didst insinuate to the Man in thy life:
—Courage in Dolor, Nobleness of Feelings,
Thine Ideal of Peace, the Cult of Duty,
Belief and Faith in God,—The Lord our Loving Father—.
Now canst Thou go! In the olympic Glory
Of the Perpetual Light let thy Soul, let that Eagle
Immaterial resume its soars up to the lap
Of Jesus, taking in thereto the immortal Blessings
Of History.—Yet, lo! how Happy Thou went! Even
In thy deplored death, see! see!—the Empyrean
Pours down its stars upon they breast!...—That Sacred Flag
Which presently wraps up thy venerated Urn.
What is it? what, but a most brilliant fragment
Of even the Sky itself embroidered with Spangled Stars?...

JOSE LOPES

E um grito de amargura subiu de cada peito,
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JOAO JOSE NUNES

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Which animates hearts free, the same deep dolent voice
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Weakened by a Deluge atrocious of host iron!
Yet believe Thou!—Thy own Egregious President,
So loved, still shall resurge out the portentous miracle
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Consummate, who again will insuflate
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JOSE LOPES
(Capeverdian Poet)

St. Vincent, Cape-Verde Isls.
September 25th, 1946