P06 - P02

Frank St. Louis Mo.
Feb. 8. 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt.

I am sending you a clipping which I think you should have. I think it is the finest letter I have ever read and it is so much like all of us feel who have been unemployed at times and the things he did for the poorer class of people I'm sure will be long remembered by every one.

He was the grandest man that we ever had for a president.

I'm enclosing a little book mark you may use in your bible if you care too. Most Respectfully

Mrs H. E. Potter
St. Louis.
Mo.
2215 Montgomery St.

He Thought of Roosevelt

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

As Franklin D. Roosevelt's birthday draw near, I realized more and more how much we owe him.

I stood in line at the teller's window as an old man cashed his social security retirement check, happy in the knowledge that one just like it would be sent him every remaining month of his life .... and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I talked with a young widow with a brood of five small children, thankful as she received assurance of a monthly income until each child reached the age of 18 . . . and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I watched a foreign-born woman of 55 going back to work as a pecan sheller after a seasonal lay-off of three months, grateful for the unemployment compensation checks she had received when another job for a woman of her age and qualifications was practically nonexistent . . . and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I saw a newsreel showing the United Nations in session; I heard the deliberations of a world of nations discarding the old theory of isolationism and national self-sufficiency and accepting the responsibility to work together .... and I gave thanks for Franklin Roosevelt.

I heard the stirring rendition of the national anthem, and as tears pricked at my eyes I turned instinctively to salute the picture of Franklin Roosevelt; for as surely as George Washington was the father of his country, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was its finished product.

THANKFUL.