

5155-SKY

April 12, 1947

Sisti

Dear Mrs Roosevelt;

I am enclosing a poem written in memory of your husband. It was published in our local newspaper and I thought you would like to have a copy.

This poem was written two year ago to day by my brother, who arrived home yesterday, on discharge from the U. S. Army.

Yours truly,
Miss Gloria Sisti
132 Lansing
Utica, N. Y.

Sisti

Sisti

Evening's Mail

The Observer-Dispatch publishes letters from readers on matters of public interest, if they are short. Right to edit and condense is reserved.

Remembrance

To the Editor:

On Apr. 12, 1945, death took one of America's greatest men.

Here is a poem written by my brother, Alexander Sisti, in dedication to his memory. It is fitting that we never forget the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

*He weathered many storms on high,
A shiny star up in the sky,
He never once gave up a fight,
He lost his first, to death, tonight.*

Our President.

*His long and tireless journey's done,
He's gone before the battle's won,
There's no one who can truly say
That the President didn't lead the way.*

Our President.

*During his life cruel things were said,
We regret them now that he is dead,
His work is done in this great land,
But it goes on as he had planned.*

Our President.

*From time to time we'll call to mind
This man who was to all, so kind,
And when o'er the world the battle's*

won

Remember then what he has done.

Our President.

GLORIA SISTI.

932 Lansing.

Sisti

Dear Kate -

many thanks for
the report on
Mrs. Skelton. I do
not like to bother
you with cases like
this, but there is
no other way of
knowing the truth.

Aunt & John were
here for several
days & I loved
having so much

with them

copy

Nan Wood Honeyman

1726 S. W. Prospect Drive
Portland, Oregon

April 18, 1947.

Skellon, E.
Thanks
Mrs Honeyman
Elean

Dear Eleanor:

The only person I could think of to whom I could write about the sick child in Boise was Margaret Cobb Ailshie, the owner and publisher of the Idaho Statesman. This I did, and enclose a copy of the part of her letter that is in answer to my request. I am sure Margaret would be conscientious about her investigation so believe that what she reports is true.

I fear it is another instance where people appeal to you for help when it is not actually necessary. As I have told you before, I shudder to think of the thousands of letters you get. If there is anything further that you would like to have done on this case, please let me know.

I had a note from Anna recently who said that you had a wonderful visit together. It was certainly grand to see you here, and particularly to find you looking so very well.

Affectionately,

Nan

Encls.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
29 Washington Square W.,
New York, 11, N.Y.

COPY

Boise, Idaho

April 16, 1947.

.....
"In regard to your request for a check on the letter written by Mrs. Skelton to Mrs. Roosevelt, I can report that this is a well known case.

I consulted Dr. Manley Shaw, a fine bone specialist, who has had the case for several years. He reported that Mrs. Skelton's letter exaggerated the seriousness of the case and that the child is active and in as good condition as can be expected.

Dr. Shaw also told me that he put the child in the crippled children's ward, free of expense, but that the grandmother insisted on moving her to a private room. The child's aunt, an X-Ray technician at St. Luke's hospital, is much interested in the case and the financial condition is not as reported by Mrs. Skelton."

.....

Box 1514, Boise, Idaho. 3, 14, 1947
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.
40 Ladies Home Journal.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am writing this letter to
as an understanding woman
not as a columnist tho I am
addressing it to Ladies Home Journal.
I don't know how surely to
otherwise address it.

Once - some nine years ago, I
wrote a letter to President Roosevelt
but some secretary or agency let
me know that he was too busy
to see the missive.

Now - I have thought often of
writing you - then hesitated, and
finally am doing so.

I am teaching a rural school
in Idaho where I have lived for
more than forty years. My birth place
and youth being in Pennsylvania
where father had a small farm.
After father's death I came to the
West with a sister who had T. B. She
died - I stayed in the west, I have been
a widow for twenty one years.

A daughter who was and is not well
married most unfortunately and ten
years ago met August & little girl

a baby I manipulated the hips, bones, legs & feet under physicians instructions. She, just as the Poliomyletics - T.B.'s - Etc. - needs much more. She needs special shoes that I can't get. She needs food - sugar - fruits - that I can't buy - Liver - She needs play things - dolls - She cried for a "play" automobile - She needs soaps and powders & scents - why this? Because - in spite of catheterizing once morning - once afternoon and once during the night - there will be several wet panties each day and two or three pads (quilted ones that I place on top of a rubber pad) at night, to wash. The daily bath doesn't keep down the odor so that she keeps sweet all day without some extra sweet odor.

I am earning \$135.00 this term ends. Then I'll not be sure that I can continue teaching until nearly the time for school to begin in Sept. - but I'll have to devote all my time.

There is no place for the "different" cripple in the consideration of our "do gooders." Many parents know the truth of this.

Mrs. Roosevelt - Please - you have acquaintances - friends - influence - Can't you find some one - some way for some one to "help" consistently - interestedly - see, ^{that my little lady} does have some chance to be efficiently able to care for herself. ~~It is not possible to suggest~~ as I have suggested. even tho she doesn't come under the march of dinner? Sincerely - Effa & Shelton.

Jammy twinky Seven
Monday
SKINNER
C.F.
[1947]

Dear Mrs. Rowntree

If you had all the letters I have written in my mind to you and your family, especially you one you know whom I hold in Christed affection you would need dozens of letter readers in your office. It was dear to hear you on W.C.R. Sunday night time.

Do you recall years ago, Sundays past twilight, when you came in on Radio! My husband was less than things were in a business way very difficult (he died suddenly, luckily here with me the same time ^{Felt 2nd} Raymond Clapham was taken from us.) But your chats carried something into us that cleared time. I was always hesitant to write, lest it appear
SKINNER

currying favors or asking for recognition.
I want you to know I understand
all you are trying to do for
human kind. Not a thing written
or said will ever change my
knowing. This year I was only able
to send \$100 in March of Dixie
booklet. I did it with a love for
your husband. He was
loved, for I squeeze back in
"Took a lead" tears so
many times.

All Good

To with you
with tender thoughts

C. Isabella Kenner

Wm. H. S. Kenner

629 West 141st Street
New York 31

—
Hank
Lubrony
↓

SKOLNICK

March 3, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am a victim of Infantile Paralysis and attending the Spalding High School for Handicapped Children. The great late president has filled me with admiration. When he passed away two years ago, it left me with a state of profound thought. Since that time I have always striven to express my feelings for him in some way. I do know that I do not possess that great genius for writing as do great poets and writers. However, I have just completed a poem as a commemoration to that great personage who meant so much to me, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I am enclosing a copy of the poem which is my own in writing and ideas as far as my knowledge. I would be more than happy to read your comments on the poem if your time permits you to do so.

Yours truly,

Sherman H. Skolnick
Sherman H. Skolnick
1256 S.E. Millard Avenue,
Chicago 23, Illinois

Sherman H. Skolnick
March 1, 1947

An Epitaph to a Warrior

The guns have ceased, all is still;
A lonely cross stands on a hill.
Another warrior, brave and true,
Laid to rest beneath the blue.

The veins are empty; his life is gone—
The last battle he has won.
Another battle, another life,
Only a cog in the strife.

The lists were long; the risk so high.
The figures showed: he had to die.
This soldier's name matters none,
Merely a warrior, dead at his gun.

Another man will take his place;
Another man to set the pace.
When they march, their buddy remains—
What an ache their heart retains!

A moment before all was fine,
Then a bullet pierced his spine;
A shriek, a moan, then a cry—
The slug had struck; he had to die.

They blew the bugle, rolled the drum,
A last respect to their chum.
The sky was dark that dreary day;
Due to a gun, he had fallen prey.

Onward to their goal they marched,
With eyes lowered, their heart parched.
A fine soldier he had been,
Fair and tall, free of sin.

Wherefore should he have died?
Loved by all, for him they cried.
Yet when a missile seeks its goal,
It matters not so great a soul.

The cross and place,
Time might erase;
But never will his glory lack—
Never, though he can't come back.

His name will through the ages sing;
Warming courage his words can bring.
For, he knew where fear is at:
A place in which he never sat.

Guiding us on our course,
Sought he the menace at its source.
With a solemn, ringing voice,
He told us of no other choice.

In war, as peace, he kept us high,
Like an angel in the sky;
Took our muscle, went to war;
From our decks, planes did soar.

Take heed:

With us he left the seed,
Be it ours to plant it well;
Then from its roots the peace shall swell.

No words, no talk alone
Can bring to us the plant we've grown;
We must with sincerest motives walk
To the bottom of this stalk.

'Twas not a hill with a cross,
Nor a deadly albatross;
His time had come; he had to go—
Even though ended not the show.

Who, then, could this great man be,
Who saw the war o'er the sea;
Who led the forces fast
Almost 'til the very last?

Who was the one to pull us over,
After Malta, France, and Dover?
No one outshines this star;
God had destined F.D.R.