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Taylor: J-W 19

TAYLOR

A TO Z

FOLDED 19

Pullman Washington
Jan 17 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

I am sending you a little Poem I wrote
some time ago, but neglected sending it
to you. It's little Bay Falls Lament, I know
if he could talk; I am sorry I didn't get
it there Christmas, but it will be there
for our dear President's birthday, so if you see
fit you can put it in a paper or magazine.
I am going to send it to the Spokane Chronicle.
My daughter has a letter from President Roosevelt
written several years ago. She being a victim
of encephalitis and is left a cripple she wrote
your husband about Warm Springs so he wrote
her a very nice letter, she was in hopes to go
there but the expenses were more than she
could afford. she said she always will
believe she would of been walking now
if she could of gone. I'm sorry she couldn't
of gone and met President Roosevelt. We all loved
him, as no other President will be loved.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Myrtle E. Taylor
Flat 4100 Bldg Pullman Wash

Little Bag tala Lament.

God took the best pal that I ever had,
And then I was left all alone,
I traveled with him far across the sea
Laid my head beside his weakened knee,
I hope I'm with him by the time
The hills' with snow are clad, and the surging
seas are glad,

That we did our best
Trying to make this world a better place
Before my pal was laid to rest,
I know he was condemed because
Just a dog like me was taken along on trips
at sea,
But knowing him as I do, weakened by a handicap
I only wish for the time to come when I shall see
my pal,
Who was tired and lame,
Who is in a land where he gets no blame.

Signed Jala
By Mrs Myrtle Taylor
Pullman Writers Club
Flat near Baldy.
Pullman Washington