

J JOHNSON

[A-Z]

Thank
will put
in January
will offer
tribute

December 29, 1945

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Upon hearing of your husband's death in April 1945 I sat down and wrote this poem. On April 20, 1945 the poem was printed by Howard Hughes Tool Company in their weekly "Hughes News".

Early this year a copy was sent to Walter Winchell and this copy to you are the only copies for publication or use. Please accept this humble work as a tribute to a great man for a work well done.

Sincerely
Therman Johnson

Walter

IN MEMORIUM

Franklin D. Roosevelt

In mournful silence throughout the land,
Our people all in reverence stand.
To shed a tear, or say a prayer,
For death has filled the warm spring air.

The world, too, heard, this eventide,
The greatest man it owned had died.
This earth did in its sorrow quake,
As though it's heart and soul would break.

But through this sorrow, grief and pain,
We know world peace again will reign.
For he with men of nations dear,
Had seen the end of war was near.

He with these men did make a plan,
A world at peace; a better land.
A plan which was for great and small,
For peoples and for nations all.

His hopes were not with him interred,
Nor is the future for us blurred.
His plan still lives; His voice still heard,
"My Friends", these are his lasting words.

The struggle shown through life was brave,
His all for human rights he gave.
The greatest man to live or die,
Since man the Christ did crucify.

Oh world in all this bitter strife,
We learn our lesson from his wife,
Who to her sons at war did say,
Today your father, "Slept Away."

For you who in the future live,
Will know his life; what he did give.
Your books will tell the best they can,
But you can never know the man.

He did his job until lifes end,
With love for all his fellow men.
Then in his quiet, lone retreat,
Did slip into eternal sleep.

Therman Johnson