SMITH-PLOW

SMITH, R.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ECONOMIC COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I shall of course be very happy to call on you at 9:30 p. m. Monday. Thank you very much for asking me.

Sincerely,

Russell Smith

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ECONOMIC COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE

Mary 12 9:30 pm

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

The enclosed, written here this week, has been sent to the editor of the monthly Bulletin of the Cosmos Club in Washington, where, I hope, it will eventually appear. In any case, I wanted you to see it, and hope that it will please you.

For purposes of identification, I will add that I am on leave from the National Farmers Union in Washington to work with ECA as a liaison with European farm Organizations.

Sincerely,

Russell Smith

Russell Smith

I intend to [illegible] Uncle Paul [illegible] to Hyde Park [illegible]

I will [illegible] to [illegible] arrange week [illegible] [illegible] you come to [illegible] next week?

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

THE ROOSEVELT FUNERAL FROM THE COSMOS CLUB

The boom of nothing pounds upon the ear,
The sound of silence washes down the street,
A wind of busyness moves the puppet shapes
Small against the porch's doom of white.
So he is gone.

A wind blunt and curved as a knitting needle
Gently hooks the lace of leaves in and out of place,
And gently pats my thinking in and out of file:

"The Happy Warrior", a word he made to go with a Brown Derby,
A word that was his own fit, that went with the Big Grin;
Then, "The Champ", "The Gay Deceiver", the friend of "My Friends",
"The Traitor to His Class"; and also---"Mr. Big".

And, "The only thing we need to fear is fear itself".
And, "Now they even attack my dog Fala".
And, "A plague on both your houses".
And, "A day that will live in infamy".
And, "Freedom from want.....everywhere in the world".

The porch's doom of white is speckled
With the puppet shapes against pitiful pomp
Of flower banks and caisson, of coffin and bier.
All this breaks in vain against the cold of fact.
So he is gone.

But I remember, I remember: How the firm frame
Of bone bore up the quick frail fade of flesh
Against the wash and wear of peace and war.
The boom of nothing and the sound of silence die into me.
So he is gone.

PRESERVATION