April 12, 1945

While awaiting joyous news
Our hopes of victory held high
We heard instead the crushing words
"Our President has died"
Oh hand of Death why did you strike
At such a critical time
And take the one whose hand on helm
Could help us ride the tide?

A cloud now hangs o'er our land
Our hearts are sad and heavy
Tonight we cannot understand
Why death should take him now
When other things were planned.
We need our Commander-in-Chief
To help us win the battle
There is unfinished business
We need him to settle
We are winning the War
We must win the Peace
Or all our loss in lives, our grief
And all our pain shall have been in vain
May those in power humbly try
To follow all his plans
Without his genius to lead them
Our fate lies in their hands.
"Well done our faithful servant"

Truman
Will be the way we must express 
appreciation, heartfelt sorrow 
and distress.

"Well done, our beloved President"
You have earned your rest.

Copy of what I wrote two years ago.
just after hearing of your husbands 
death. Thought you might like to 
know that one of the common people 
you and your husband did so 
much for has not forgotten nor 
never will.

Sincerely yours

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(Mrs. John S. Turnstrum)