Treasured Heritage

Gladys Naomi Arnold
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by

Gladys Naomi Arnold
Author of "Thread of Dreams" and "Sing the Melody"

1946

Iowa Centennial
When you travel on the highways and see an open door,
Won't you stop a while to play and take a rest
Where the mighty Mississippi leaves the eastern shore
And the sluggish Missouri marks the west?

From "Travel Folder"

Gladys Haani Arnold
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

American Bard
American Poetry Magazine
Calligraphs
Clintonian
Davenport Democrat
Detroit News
Dream Shop
Falls City Journal
Reflections

TREASURED HERITAGE
(William John Yourd, Clinton High School)

His tapestry of life was firmly woven
With interlacing threads of varied hue
Upon a neutral background of experience.
The ever-changing colors merge with blue
Of wisdom, faith, and understanding . . .
The qualities that let us call him friend.
Deep rose that signifies a sense of humor
Is foil to softened yellow that will blend
With saffron an element of prophecy . . .
His foresight ever challenged us to mold
The mystic purple of his tact and fairness
To stabilize ambition . . . cloth of gold.

When sunset hour had passed and twilight deepened,
The Master Weaver found no flaw to mend;
He gave to us this tapestry well-woven,
Our heritage from him we call our friend.
RIVER TOWN

It lies between the river and the bluff
In shelter from the bitter cold and rage
Of storms that sweep the height.

But when the wind
Emerges from the East, the swampland mist
Returns in baffled search for open moors.
It wanders through the parks, along the streets,
And lurks within the shadow of the smoke . . .
For man, with skillful hand and nature's help,
Has made the swamp a place of mills and homes.

THIS TIME OF YEAR

When blizzards have their final fling
Friends write with much elan,
"Sweet peas in Guatemala parks,"
"Wild flowers in Avalon."
But we are made of sterner stuff;
Such lushness seems bizarre;
Chic pussy willows preen their fur;
No boastful words can mar
The beauty of mid-western spring;
There's magic in the earth
When tulips push their way to light
For a glorious rebirth.
HOUR OF SOLITUDE

A single star is left to guard the moon
In that last hour before the dawn appears;
The sky is resting from the brilliant light
Of countless stars that shine through countless years.

Now, quietly men leave their homes for tasks
That fill their day; this hour between the night
And dawn is theirs to plan fulfillment of old dreams...
An hour of introspection... then, the light!

IF YOU WERE BORN ON THE PRAIRIE

(Edwin Ford Piper, State University of Iowa)
I talked with him... a native of the state
Beyond the big Missouri.
His smile was warm with prairie friendliness...
The cadence of his voice was rich with overtones...
His eyes revealed a depth of understanding
That probed the anguish of suspense...
The "meanwhiles" that beset us all.
I talked with him... this maker of songs
Who looked within the soul to find harmonic blend
Of Man and Life and GOD.
FUTILE PHRASING

No weather prophet reads the signs with ease
Along the stream where winds can change their course
At will. There, days are keyed to match the air
That hums or lilts or strikes with vengeful force.

Prophetic phrasing such as 'fair and mild'
Or 'cold and cloudy' lacks a facile power;
When Nature sets the tempo for her mood,
Be wary . . . she may change within an hour!

TAKE NOW THESE THOUGHTS

When dreamers meet to share their thoughts,
   New beauty springs from prairie sod . . .
From dainty petals of June's wild rose
   To the sturdy grace of the goldenrod.
We find new values in human hearts . . .
For the Nation's affairs must give us pause . . .
As our visions merge, we pledge again
   To light the tapers of Freedom's cause.
If these days have kindled a new desire
To serve humanity with your song,
Explore the deep well of poetic thought;
   Let your theme be earnest, your voice be strong!
I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

I chant a psalm of Thanksgiving to Him
Who made me a part of this America;
Who gave me the red stained with the blood of my fathers;
The white of tolerance, freedom, and justice;
The blue of democracy.

The future of the world is cradled within your folds;
America meets the challenge with the rhythm of marching
feet, hum of motors, anchors aweigh.

On this Thanksgiving Day I pledge allegiance to the colors...
The ensign of my America.

FAREWELL TO THE PILOT
(Franklin Delano Roosevelt)

The roll of muffled drums . . .
The solemn tones of the organ . . .
The poignant notes of the bugle . . .
Peace and eternal rest.

Only the fulfillment of his vision
Can overshadow the grief
Of a family, a community, a nation, a world.
For he, too, was expendable . . .
This man of the people.

His mind reached out
To encompass a stricken world
And to draw it within sight
Of the harbour
Where it was not given him to enter.

He has come home
To rest in the quiet of the garden
Where flowers will bloom
In the renewal of beauty
And hemlocks will chant a requiem.

Neighbor to his friends, to his country, to the world . . .

His living monument
A universe enriched by friendship and peace.
PATCHWORK

The daily news report is like a quilt
of crazy patchwork, with pieces cut and trimmed
to fit the page.

A scarlet caption shouts
of 'girl's conviction seen on murder charge' . . .
His master gone to camp, 'a collie dies
of loneliness' . . .
The river claims a 'toll
of seven lives' . . .

No thread of beauty marks
this patchwork of twisted patterns and broken hearts.

AVENUE OF ELMS

Sometimes I think that trees are sentient things
Responsive to the bird that shyly sings,
Or shouting with the boys in noisy play . . .
Perhaps they share the peace at close of day
When men return to homes where women wait
Serene . . . or fearful, if the hour grows late.
The human tongues may boast to cover fear,
Or flatter when they long to mock and jeer;
But trees will never stoop to alter truth . . .
Despite their years, they keep the heart of youth.
I watch their beauty change . . . prophetic . . . rare . . .
They lift their eyes to God in daily prayer.
Are human roots as deep and free of stain?
Does man increase his height . . . or live in vain?
MANY VOICES

Many traditions are inherent in the legendry of Clinton
Where the spring is clothed in beauty
And the autumn colors glow in the sunlight.
The vision of Neptune offers a challenge to every student...
Education for the American Way is both individual and universal.
Loyalty is the keynote of the exultant song of the many voices...
The heritage of youth.
The fighting spirit that carries the Red and Black to victory
Sends our boys to answer the plea of suffering humanity
And to build a world of tomorrow.
When you, the River Kings of Today,
Leave these halls for the adventure that is life,
Let the music of Orpheus play upon the strings of your memory:
As education is the hope of youth,
So is youth the hope of democracy,
And democracy is the hope of the world.

When time ended the struggle between land and sea
For the mastery of the universe,
Neptune was reluctant to surrender any part of his kingdom.
He chose the most beautiful spot
In the valley of the Mississippi
As the realm of the River Kings
Who would serve as his representatives on land.
Then Neptune summoned Orpheus, with his magic harp,
To sing of YOUTH . . .
Of music, drama, and art;
Of friendship and justice;
Of the American dream.

A mist creeps inland from the Mississippi . . .
A phantom voice murmurs,
"Coan Field . . . salvaged from the swampland . . .
A sunken garden centered by the Stars and Stripes . . .
Clinton High School . . . habitat of the River Kings."
Edina, Mo.
April 27, 1946

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

My daughter Joyce a junior of St. Joseph's High School wrote the enclosed paper.

It was judged April 12th (a fitting day) to see if it could be entered in the Regional Speech Contest. It was accepted. She memorized it and delivered it yesterday at the Contest held at Kirksville, Mo. You
Sister Frances Camilla deserves data & credit. However Joyce had to select and write the subject under Original Bailey then Sister helped her with emphasis in memorizing.

I hope you will enjoy reading it as much as we enjoy sending it to you.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Ralph Arnold
Edina, Missouri
Just a year ago, the whole nation—nay! the whole world was stunned by the sudden death of our great Leader and President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. His death was a blow that struck every man, friend and foe alike.

If you scan your History briefly, you will agree with the writer that remarked that Roosevelt was like tow other war Presidents—courageous and outstanding! Like those two presidents, Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, Roosevelt met great turning points in his regime; like them he gave courageous service, took bitter abuse, and in the end gave the final sacrifices! Each had his own handicap; Lincoln felt that he was ungainly and homely in face and figure. He was subjected to many trials: failure in business and a disappointment in love. Yet he directed and bravely steered us through the terrible Civil War.

Wilson had a difference in meeting people, an attitude that he considered a serious weakness. His last years were those of bitter tragedy. Stricken while spending himself for the principle of peace, he spent his last year in the White House as a pitiful figure. His enemies took advantage of his physical weakness and handicaps to humiliate him further, and to seek to break the faith of the people in him. His greatest sorrow, however, was the fact that the people of the world did not appreciate the importance of the League of Nations, sometimes called the child of his brain. Some biographers say that he died of a broken heart. To this great man we owe our success in the First World War.

The one time football player, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1921 was stricken with polio, which made him a life time cripple. His brilliant political career which lay before him seemed hopelessly ruined. Although he reached the zenith of political achievement, he was condemned to a life spent in a wheel-chair, dependent upon the continuous aid of an attendant. As our president, he appeared at public affairs either by military aid or by leaning on the arm of his son. It was his skillful leadership, none the less, that won World War II. In spite of the fact that our three War presidents each had his own personal handicaps, we find that they are three of the majestic immortals on our presidential roster. During his term of office, Franklin D. Roosevelt proved himself a great man, an able statesman, and an outstanding president.

The Governor of New York has described Roosevelt as a "human being of warm human qualities and great capacities." He was a man of charming personality, loved by a great throng of people. What turned observers thoughts away from any idea of an impending crisis in his health was Mr. Roosevelt's power of recuperation and his elasticity of spirits. His demeanor was that of a man happy in his work and enthusiastic about his current task. There were smiles that were so disarming that many correspondents that saw him, always felt that he would snap back into good health, albeit shortly before he died, reporters did say that he would often ask them to repeat their questions.

Of more significance than his engaging manner was his stupendous power of will and self sacrifice. How else could a man so physically disabled become such a gigantic world figure?
Roosevelt was always ready for self-sacrifice. He knew that his health was going swiftly, but he paid no heed. He spent himself for his country, by risking his life to make long journeys overseas to confer with war leaders. He had no certain number of hours for working. He worked all hours at his job of commander-in-chief, facing the almost certain results of possible overwork without a thought of himself.

Roosevelt's friends and foes alike agree that his aims were always in the direction of improving the life of the common man. He met great opposition and hatred from business men because of his open interest in social and economic legislation.

One of his outstanding qualities is the fact that he managed at all times to win his majorities not only through the Democratic party, but by drawing strength from both major parties and to a large extent from all classes.

It is with good reason that every citizen considers his memorable achievements with awe. During his regime, he guided us out of the chaotic depression into which we had sunk in the early '30, and piloted us toward the recent Allied victory. When he entered the office of president, there were approximately 13 million unemployed in the United States. Prices had hit rock bottom. Calling Congress into a special session, he effected a national recovery program that far surpassed anything that had ever been done before. By his extraordinary and effectual measures, he brought conditions in the United States back to normal.

This normalcy was shattered by the Pearl Harbor tragedy. As in the days of the depression, Roosevelt was the brave warrior. America trusted her commander-in-chief. She had shown her trust when she conferred on him the unique honor of electing him to the presidency for four straight terms, a privilege never before enjoyed by a president. She further showed her trust by turning out miracle war-time production at his request.

Whatever the final decision of him may be, it must be said that he changed the course of the country's fate and by his dynamic mind, changed the social, economic and political life of the United States. When future historians will consider him a dreamer or a modern zealot, the fact is that Roosevelt was at the helm of our government for twelve years when a man of lesser strength would have lost heart.

While we are enjoying the comforts of peace, let us not forget our great war leader, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

As the years go on, the memory of Franklin Roosevelt will live on immortally. Truly we can say of his passing, what Edwin Markham posthumously said of the death of the other great war president, Abraham Lincoln:

And when he fell in the whirlwind, he went down as when a lordly cedar, green with boughs Goes down with the great burst against the hills and leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Joyce Warkel
Del Dr. Juan Carlos Arrosa

Nueva York, noviembre 1944.
LA HOSPITALIDAD DE UN PUEBLO SENCILLO Y GRANDE

Pueblo sencillo, cordial, alegre, que acoge al visitante con afectuosidad, hospitalidad y que aparece en lo grande y en lo pequeño con una simplicidad y modestia que nos conquistan de inmediato, y que bien merecen ser destacados.

Apenas se abrieron las puertas del gigante del aire "DC-4", que tocó tierra con precisión y puntualidad matemática en el Aeropuerto Municipal La Guardia, nuestro primer encuentro fue con el médico de Sanidad, hombre joven y afable que nos franqueó de inmediato la entrada a la inmensa Nueva York, que contemplamos con curiosidad de niños en una mañana llena de sol y de alegría. Los funcionarios del Departamento de Estado que nos esperaban, los empleados de la Panamerican, los de la Asiana, el hombre de la calle, todos nos ofrecieron su cordial hospitalidad. Y no porque viniéramos a Naciones Unidas es también el desconocido que nos indica solícitamente cuál es la ruta mejor, el "Sub-Way" más directo o nos proporciona cualquier otro detalle que facilita nuestro desplazamiento en este torbellino humano y mecánico. El hombre de buena voluntad es una realidad que encontramos en cada paso. Particularmente señalamos la protección y el cariño que dispensan al niño, en todos lados se le ampara, se le da preferencia y afecto.

Este pueblo, que ha ganado la guerra, derrochado sacrificios por nuestras libertades, y defendido nuestros derechos más primordiales, no hace alarde en momento alguno de cuanto ha dado. Venimos junto a nosotros a los muchachos del Ejército y de la Marina que dirigieron los coches asignados a Naciones Unidas. Muchos han estado en los más peligrosos frentes de batalla, participando en las acciones bélicas históricas.
modestos y solo dicen algo de ve-
la heroíscodstr hooe me les
presents, o

DELEGACIONES.
Se han llevado a cabo las eleccio-
nes del Congreso y de Gobernado-
res de los Estados. Puede decirse
que el acto electoral para desapar-
ecer para quien no participa en él.
La ciudad no abandona su ritmo
normal, no obstante ser día feriado,
alto Bancos y Obras Públicas,
pues lo demás es unánime a igua-
que siempre. Sorprende que el
día en que hombres y mujeres
expresen su voluntad en el sufra-
dar de dificultades y en la vida
de todos los días y no es porque
el pueblo haya estado indiferente.
Antes de la elección vemos cartelería
en las paredes, la propaganda radial,
los periódicos dicen muchas páginas
al problema político, pero la calle no
es perturbada por estruendo su
propaganda, ni se ven esos comités
que en nuestro Montevi-
deo transforman la vida de los
lugares donde se instalan.

**Era un corriente que los Republi-
canos aumentarían en mucho su
causal electoral. Se consideraba que
los años de gobierno de los Demó-
cratas en épocas tan difíciles, eriza-
tan de dificultades y en lo interno y
en lo externo, habían producido un
to desgaste en su posición política. En
este país existe una opinión poderou-
sa, que el presidente, y no se decide en un mo-
mento dado un cambio fundamental
en la dirección de la cosa pública,
y así fué que las previsiones se con-
firmaron; el 21 de mayo, sin más
de lo previsto, dado que el
avance republicano de tal magnitud
do lo llevó a controlar ambas ra-
mas del Congreso. El comentar-
iasta ha sido y sigue siendo
la situación del Presidente Truman
frente a un Parlamento con may-
oría del partido adversario. "Un Pre-
idente no debería ceder la mayoría sin
responsabilidad", así se expresa
un comentarista de "New York Post" al
examinar la sugerencia del senador
Pulbright, hombre de ideas, y la cual
el Presidente debiera renunciar, designado previa-
mente como Secretario de Estado a un Re-
publicano, que al no existir "Vice
Presidente" pasaría a ocupar la pre-
sidencia.

**Pio Toppo H. La Guardia, el popular
y chispeante ex-Alcalde de Nueva
York, en nota a su editorial: "Dos
dolores de cabeza por cada Aspira-
na", supone que el hubiera un Vice-
presidente, la sugerencia habría con-
tenido la necesidad de que lo
sacaran y lo fusilaran. Agregando
luego: "Aunque no estoy particu-
larmente contento con el resultado de
la elecciones, creo firmes-
mente en los méritos de nuestro
sistema constitucional que separa el
Poder Legislativo del Poder Ejecu-
tivo. No quiero que ejecuten a
dos ni que un grupo de políticos
escojan un nuevo Presidente o cam-
bien completamente el sistema de
gobierno, precisamente porque el
riesgo de que eso ha pasado a
otro partido". Y termina así: "Me
gusta el sistema de gobierno actual
y estoy dispuesto a recibir una pa-
tria como la que no lo fue después de
tanto tiempo. Porque es parte del

**Del Dr. Juan Carlos
(Viene de la Casa Blanca)
**

El Dr. Juan Carlos

**Carlos ARBOSA.**

un periodista de Buenos Aires, ha escrito una columna en el Diario de Buenos Aires, en la que expresa sus opiniones sobre los últimos acontecimientos políticos en el país. En particular, se refiere a la elección reciente y a la situación política actual, destacando la importancia del sistema constitucional que separa el Poder Legislativo del Poder Ejecutivo. Asegura que no quiere que el sistema de gobierno cambie de manera radical, ya que ha visto su funcionamiento y cree que funciona eficientemente.**
Noviembre: en que se menciona la visita a Hyde Park. La leña de Arrota y muestra hija Julia quedan en New York, en Hotel Commodore.

Su casa en Uruguay: