Ed. - Ef.

4826 Old York Road
Philadelphia 41, Pa.
September 7,1946

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

It is now a year and five months since Mr. Roosevelt left us. I hesitate in using that word since I cannot believe he really has left us. The beauty of his spirit and his greatness is still with us. It must be with us, or bigotry and personal prejudice may destroy the things for which he struggled. The banner of the FOUR FREEDOMS will not wave as long as personal, selfish interests will sow the seeds of discord.

I am one of those who admired and loved the great president. He seemed to be inspired with a divine guiding light. He had foresight far beyond the average mortal. I trusted him implicitly because I believed in his wisdom and integrity. And when the horror of this last war was upon us, the light in the darkness - the thing that gave us courage and hope was the comforting thought that our president was Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was the greatest leader the world has ever known. He represented the heart of humanity! His was that tireless spirit that did not spare himself because he and

LETTER

he wanted to help the world.

There is a deep pain in my heart now because of the realization that many selfish individuals are not following the course he so deftly chartered. I cannot help feeling that if he were alive today, the problems with which we are faced would not have arisen. For he was endowed with great understanding, and a talent to make people see the truth when others sought to distort it. He was the champion of peace! He did so much to lay the foundations of a permanent peace which is the only hope for civilization. That structure must not be weakened by certain newspapers whose reporters follow the policy of their publication.

We are proud that we lived in an age and in a country with Mr. Roosevelt and that we heard his voice. If only the world would stop and listen to his voice now! How wonderful it would be if the radio stations would broadcast recordings of his speeches so that we, the people, would never "let him down" or forget the true meaning of democracy.

I regret that I never had the opportunity of shaking his hand, yet, I felt that I knew him very well. He embodied the ideals of everything that was finest in man; and if ever a man was close to God, because of goodness, then that man was Franklin D. Roosevelt!

I know what grief you must have known in these past seventeen months. Yet, you must consider yourself fortunate that you could be with

him during his lifetime, and for knowing him better than anyone else in the world. Contact with such greatness must enrich one's life. You must have hundreds of precious memories that no one can take away from you. I've often wished that you would write the story of his life. You are better qualified than anyone else to write about him, you who knew him so well. There are so many incidents and experiences, so much of his inner self that would inspire the world. All the people who loved him are eagerly awaiting this biography of the greatest of all men.

When I was a little girl I hero-worshipped Abraham Lincoln. The stories of his kindness were so real they made Mr. Lincoln seem like someone you knew very well. When I grew up I saw those same human qualities in Mr. Roosevelt- kindness, humor, and a great courage that made him fight for what he believed was right in spite of great odds. The world needs people like that, people who inspire others to goodness.

I am a school teacher now. More than anything else I want to help children find happiness. I want them to realize that acts of kindness, the practise of brotherhood among all living creatures, and the FOUR FREEDOMS are the way to happiness in this world for everyone. There will come a day when the birthday of Franklin D. Roosevelt will be observed by all schools just as we now observe

Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. The children will need stories of his childhood. I know how busy you must be; but I am eagerly awaiting the publication of a book on the life of Mr. Roosevelt.

I have written a poem which I should like to dedicate to Franklin D. Roosevelt because he did so much to bring about peace. I am enclosing a copy of the "CHARIOTEER OF FATE" which I hope you will like. At this time the U.N.O. could symbolize the charioteer bringing permanent peace to the universe.

Respectfully yours,

Freda Efter

Freda Efter

A E fter
36 Old York Rd.
Phila;41 Pa.

CHARIOTEER OF FATE

If I could be the charioteer of fate,
And to the world bring love,
Which leaves no space for hate;
If I could steer the angels from above,
To wretched souls, before it is too late;
If I could thwart the steed of war,
And make the steed of rashness wait;
If I could have each child heart soar
On fancy's fluorescent wings,
With promises of something more
Than evanescent earthly things;
If I could drive through every land
And have each heart give vent to speech-
I'd make all mortals understand
They do not wish to make a breach
Of faith, when everywhere to God is sent
A kindred prayer for some dear life.
In every land those tears are meant
To save a soul, not kill in strife!

There is God's law to testify
In holy words, "Thou shalt not kill!
We cannot cannot camouflage or try
To justify the phrase, "That war's His will!
The sobbing of a lonely child at night -
The frantic mother fearing for her son
The crimes committed by the sword of might.
When everything is lost, then what is won ?

a Efter
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ila;41 Pa.

CHARIOTEER OF FATE

The lacerated heart of newfound widowhood -
With tortured memory pictures of his death,
When just a while ago, her loved one stood
Smiling before her. Then at his final breath
To be alone, without a single tear
To fall upon his cheek, amd make it warm.
Her dreams are crushed - If only death were near,
So she could journey with that silent form,
To lay her body with her buried heart!
Such visions years alone cannot efface,
Nor treaties make the bitterness depart,
Oh,God,answer the question;if You will,
For all the little souls on earth, Your Grace,
Why make hearts beat, when war will make them still!

Freda Efter