Wednesday 16, 1946

Dear Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,

While your late husband, President Roosevelt, was living, I wrote a poem which he inspired. I meant to send it to him, but never having written any kind of fund mail I hesitated in sending it. Now I wish I had, as it was only prior to his death that I wrote it.

Since then I look at it every once in awhile wishing over and over he could have known how many of us felt about him as I tried to express it in his poem.

Since it is for him and about him, would you accept it in his name?

[Hooker]
Please do not consider me presumptuous.
I know much has been said in papers against our
Beloved President Roosevelt since his death, but that
will never affect those
who truly admired him.

The poem is written as if it were for all Candidates
to Presidency, in a way you
might say it is, but only
after pondering the President's
(I believe) qualities did I
put it down on paper for he
truly seemed to love people,
the world and God. He was
definitely expedient, loved
peace and yet certainly<br>brave. He must have had a true
knowledge to be "where he was"
and "what he was"!

Very Truly and Humbly
(Mrs.) Mildred Hafer
A Recipe
What It Takes To Make A President
(Rosevelt)

Dash of truth
Love of youth
Respect for age
Now, turn the page.
A pinch of salt
The right to fault
Like you or me
Don't you agree?
Now add fairness
And some squareness
Love of right
Rule of might
The will to do
For me, for you.
Then next comes knowledge
From any college
Just as it's there
That's all we care.
Don't forget neighborly love
And the love of mankind.
In this breed of place
will make ware place
Oh! stir in honesty
it's still best policy
with plenty of humor
leveL and ugly rumor.
These are the main ingredients
mixed with loads of expediency.
There's lots left but
there is no doubt.
But if you stir this very well
and pour it in a solid shell
You will find you have the
very best
once topped with furnished
worldly bliss.
Now they set it out to coal
A seldom fails as a rule
to turn out the very finest Precedent
Ever seen made, this side of the firmament.

Mildred T. Hartke