Hop-Hop.

c/o Gyomber
R. F. D. # 2
Fleetwood, Pa.

Wednesday 16, 1946
[October]

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 fan 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 (Roosevelt) 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 was certainly humorous. He must have had a vast knowledge to be "where he was" and "what he was"!!

Very Truly and Humbly
(Mrs.) Mildred Hooker

A Recipe.

What It Takes To Make A President
(Like F. D. Roosevelt)

A

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
Lots of might
The will to do
For me for you.
Then next comes knowledge
From any college
Just so it's there
That's all we care.
Don't forget neighborly love
And the love of Him above

For this breeds peace
Will make war cease.
Oh!, stir in honesty
It's still best policy,
With plenty of humor,
Leave out ugly rumor.
These are the main ingredients
Mixed with loads of Expedience,
There's lots left out
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 spirited worldly zest
Now then, set it out to cool
It seldom fails as a rule
To turn out the very finest President
Ever seen made, this side of the firmament.

Mildred T. Hooker