Loh - Lons

(L) Lomera 150 Dearborn
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt Pasadena Calif.
May 25 - 46

Dear Madam

Please accept this poem written by an able clergy from abroad who has given this loving tribute in memory of your most noble husband the late President of the U.S.A. Franklyn D. Roosevelt.

How much in this peculiar stress we all miss his kind advise, and surely Pres. Truman especially. - and you who can carry on.

Greatful that he was lent to the nation of God's hand which is able also to save us yet in this time of trial; if the people could understand and make amends for failures instead of following a lower trend! (in stubborn revenge) that God cannot endure long while unless in His boundless mercy.

Trusting you may enjoy this bit of rhyme enclosed. I remain hopeful of your work also. - Humbly yours with appreciation of you -

— Mrs. Bartholomew (B.)

A poem read on the Sweet Chariot Hour Radio Broadcast Memorial Program for the late President Roosevelt, April 14, 1945.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

He was not an echo - He was a voice;
Magnetic powers - He was the people's choice.
Master of words, his clarion call was heard
In all the world and hearts were strangely stirred.
A modern Hercules to bear earth's load,
A giant found along our Yankee road.
He loved all men on each side of the sea --
A citizen of all the world was he.
We could not share his views on ev'ry plan
But we will cherish mem'ries of the man.
How few of earth's great men have climbed so high,
Or did so much before the time to die.
From all the world come glowing words of praise --
What eulogies flow forth o'er earth's airways!
And well might men such words to him address,
To him who fought for Freedom of the press,
Freedom of speech -- Freedom from want and fear,
Religious Freedom won at cost so dear.
He laughed at lines of color, caste or creed,
And measured men by measure of their deed.
Lets not be blind to virtues or to faults;
Observe what hinders progress, what exalts.
He had his handicaps but found the power
To triumph in the battles of each hour.
How many were his virtues, faults were few;
Mixed grace and grit in all he had to do.
Yet what seemed genius oft to human eyes
Was only perseverance in disguise.
He gained these virtues in his fight for life,
Which helped prepare him for earth's larger strife.
What was his loss became the world's great gain,
Produced within the crucible of pain.
Vicissitudes of life that he endured
Dimmed not his vision or his faith obscured.
He kept his feet upon our common sod,
His eyes upon the stars, his trust in God.
He challenged bigotry where'er 'twas found,
Denounced earth's tyrants all the world around.
He grasped the gauntlet 'gainst the camps of wrong,
And taught mankind to sing the Freeman's song.
His tempered spirit grew so strong yet mild --
He had a smile for ev'ry crippled child.
He held aloft a torch of light and truth,
Inspiring hope in each discouraged youth.
He fought the battles of the sick and poor,
And in their hearts his deeds will long endure.
His rendezvous with destiny he met!
We share him now with time. We won't forget!
He planned to win this war and win the peace,
And bring to man the joy of sweet release.
What alchemy divine could man contrive
Or form what plan that freedom might survive?
Temple of Peace his dream - all flags unfurled,
Earth's tribute - A FEDERATION OF THE WORLD!

--- Adlai A. Esteb, Ph. D.

LOMO (Regret suggest Hard to find agency)
389 Sterling Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt -

I wonder if in some way you could help me get some kind of work.

I was married at fifteen and was never trained now my husband has deserted me I am all alone I need some kind of work so much. I was born in Virginia -

my sister were teacher.
I have never worked, only
as a house wife, my
children are all grown
married so can not help
I do not want their help
I want job, please I
would be so grietfull, It
is my second Husband that
left me like this. I forty
nine - Please pardon the pencil
Cuff at this moment, it is the
best I can do - Sincerely
Frances M. Lomo