Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am sending a copy of this poem, because my parents insist that, you would be extremely pleased, to have a copy. I insisted that you would be a bit moroseful and extremely busy, with your activities, in the United Nations, and the many other humanitarian organizations, in which, you partake so generously. I hope this does not interfere in your most valuable time.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Robert Joseph Pelser
Dedicated To The Memory Of
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
By Robert Joseph Pelser

I
He was our President,
So mighty and strong,
He followed the Valley of death
To prove that tyranny was wrong.

II
He fought for Liberty and Justice To;
A man of strong will and determination true.
He fought for life and happiness to,
He condemeth no one, no matter what they do.

III
He fought for good with his life it's true,
A gallant statesman who supported the true;
It was he and others who saw it thru,
When most hope was gone and life was blue.

IV
He obliterated tyranny,
And its blood red rule,
And made its promoters,
Pay with their life, as a warning to others,
Whom Satan chose,
Good always wins out against its foes.

V
Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
A leader indeed,
As strong and Majestic as the Mightiest Steed.
VI
He really did fight with his life,
For the people he loved,
Through the hardest of strife.

VII
The world weepeth for him,
It's so very true,
For I cried my heart out,
With others I knew.

VIII
His immortal home may be beyond,
His memory will live, after we are gone,
I know in my heart,
He will live on: and on.

IX
He'll enter the heavenly gates,
And the Gate Keeper he'll see,
The Good Keeper shall say,
"More Welcome to Thee."

X
Through the Heavenly Gates he
He shall enter with Joy,
For his Maker shall greet him,
With "Well Done My Boy".
My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Sorry this cannot reach you on the exact date, but I was confined to my bed with asthma, as a Widower myself I realize fully how you feel at this time you have my prayers.

(Mrs.) Ella T. Perman.
3263 Rammelberg.

Cem 12.

Mrs. Jacques Artist's Guild.
Program Ch. of Jacques History Study Club of the F.H.C. Va. Also its organizer and member of federated Federated Women's Club.
He Is Just Away
I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—He is just away!
With a cheery smile,
and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be,
since he lingers there.

And you—
O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There
as the love of Here:
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—He is just away!

James Whitcomb Riley