

RICHARD - ; RICHARDVILLE

Shank
Library

75 Binscarth Road,
Toronto, Canada, Aug. 17, '46.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, N.Y.
U.S.A.

Dear Madame;

I am taking the liberty of sending you the enclosed poem. I wrote it some months ago but, at the time, felt it might be presuming to send it to you.

Please just think of it as a humble tribute from a Canadian admirer of Mr. Roosevelt.

Yours truly,

S. S. Richardson.

Richardson

BY MR. ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE.

I humbly stand beside this snow-white stone
That lies, rose compassed, in the sunset glow,-
A nation's shrine, 'twill never be moss grown
But cherished more as generations go.
For here rests one of Mankind's truest friends
Who might have shared life longer, but he chose
The journey's rougher roads - not his own ends -
And bravely battled to correct our woes.
I sense his presence in the closing day
And hear him say,- "I sought no fleeting praise
For any good I worked along Life's way,
Reward enough if only I did raise
The lot of brother men by some degree."
Thus as I meditate he speaks to me.

G.B.R.

JOHN G. WURT, M. D.
ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
WESTERN STATE HOSPITAL



W. Richardson

John

Mrs Elinor Roosevelt
Hyde Park N.Y.

STAUNTON, VA. Dec 5 1946

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

I hope you will pardon me for taking the liberty of sending you a few verses, I composed expressing my humble sentiments of our Nation's dear friend and Patriot your late husband now passed on to his eternal home and reward. I am an alcoholic patient here (Ex Printer) and have been confined here locked on a ward for the past 18 months. I am not mental or Insane, and hope to regain my liberty some time in the early part of the coming year. I am also a communicant of the Episcopal Church. Unfortunately all of my immediate family are dead, have no one to intercede to have me released am 57 years old but am trusting in Gods Grace to deliver me from the present servitude

HUNT, M. D.
ASSISTANT PHYSICIAN

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
WESTERN STATE HOSPITAL



under which fate has ^{STANTON VA} placed me,
Hoping you will not be offended
at the liberty I have taken in sending
you this poorly written Verse but I
was a strong admirer of your husband
and as a true American and laboring
man we all miss him

yours Respt.
W a Richardson
Box 1080
Stanton
Va.

THE OPEN DOOR

We miss you, Franklin Roosevelt
As the days and months go by.
You were a true American,
On you we could rely.

You created during the depression,
The C C C, and the W P A too,
To give women, boys, and laboring men,
some honest work to do.

The sewing room, office work and,
Other projects in our land,
Kept millions from starvation,
Your noble acts were grand.

And when World War was forced on us,
If it had not been for you.
We would have as our dictators,
Hittler, and the Mikado.
The Whitehouse never housed,
A patriot more true.
And these are just my humble thoughts,
I now broadcast of you.
So on the Resurrection Morning,
When to the gates of Heaven you go.
The angels with songs will greet you.
And there will be an open door.

Composed August 31, 1946.

By
W. A. Richardson
P.O. Box 1080
Staunton Va