SMITH E to H

E. SMITH

Thank

October 31, 1946

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am sending you a copy of a poem which I enclose written by Mr Louis Kossuth Porter retired lawyer of Pittsburgh. He has lost his sight, but the inner light of his mind is still burning brightly at his advanced age of ninety-two years. He has fought for the same political and human values for which your husband fought so nobly.

Sincerely Evelyn B. Smith

"The Way to Peace"

Mothers, march and camp
between the lines
Around your sons your
arms entwine
March them home, back home
to stay
And heaven will bless you
on your way

2

March in the front, a million
strong
And the dove of peace
will hover along
By the magic of birth
you gave them life
Why let them die
in this murderous strife?
(only)

You nursed and nourished
them at your breast, for what?
to be slaughtered like beasts
like carrion rot?
Mothers, you are the heroes of peace
not of war
And that is why heaven
made you what you are
Mothers of Germany, Italy, Spain,
Announce to the tyrants "Mothers
still reign"
Join with Britain, France
and all of the earth
And save the sons to whom
you gave birth.

5

Oceans of tears, you have shed
in vain
Your very soul and heart
have been racked with pain
You have lived, but your life
has been a living death
With fear and trembling at every
breath

6

Your sons have revolted - you rebell
And make earth a heaven not a hell
Order your sons who have
gone astray
To settle disputes in another way.

(over)

March by the millions into the field
You need no arms, you need no shield,
March there back home,
back home to stay
And God will bless you
on your way.

Louis Kossuth Porter
Oct 20, 1946