My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am sending you a copy of a poem which I enclose written by Mr. Louis Kosute 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"

Mother march and camp
between the lines

Around your son your
arms entwine

March them home, back home
to stay

And heaven will bless you
on your way

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?
3.

You nursed and nourished
them at your breast for what?
to be slaughtered like beasts
like cannon shot?

Mother, you are the heroes of

not of war
And that is why heaven
made you what you are

Mother of Germany, Italy, France,
Austria, to the tyrants "Mother"
still reign,
Join with Britain, France
and all of the earth
And pave the pone to whom
you gave birth.
Dear [Name],

Your sacrifice and bravery is an inspiration to us all. When you faced a daring challenge, you rose above fear and bravely met the task. We are so proud of you and your kind heart.

Because of your selfless actions, you have made a difference. You will be remembered with love and gratitude.

Best,

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

Louis Rosenau Porter
Oct 20, 1946