T S T Y T U L T UL

Face 12

T S T U L

F L U
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York, N.Y.
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt, I am taking the liberty to send you a copy of a little ballad, which I composed at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's death. I was not financially able to get it published in a better form, but at least I was able to express how millions of others, as well as myself, felt about him, he was so loyal to we poor, that we loved him like a father. And allow me to tell you Mrs. Roosevelt, you share, in that love with him.
I have been hoping to see you, sue some of the low, cowardly, slandering publications and individuals, for they dirty attacks upon him, since his death. They remind of the smallest opiec of the canine traby. barking at the lifeless body of a great Mastiff.
With best wishes to you and his children
Yours truly
Stanley M. Tudor
Good Old Franklin.

The sad news was most shocking to all,
For we loved good Old Franklin so dear; And how sad the old soldier must fall, With the time of a Victory so near.

Yet there's none who can really express
What he meant to the millions like me,
For in need, or in times of distress,
We would go and we'd tell Franklin D.

Good old Franklin was always so fair,
He cared naught for your race or your creed,
He loved those who had burdens to bear
And opposed all the forces of greed.

When it seemed we had come to the end,
And the greedy were hoarding the gold,
There we learned that the poor could depend
On this leader so frank and so bold.

He was loaned to the world for a while,
And he fought for the good of mankind,
Now old Franklin is gone with that smile,
Leaving sorrow and grief here behind.

NOTE—Franklin D. Roosevelt was one of the noblest, wisest and best men ever to hold public office. He was like a father to millions of us. And we loved him for what he did and sought to do, for all mankind. But his death should serve as a warning, to all, that we must look to Almighty God and not to man, to establish peace upon earth. May we inquire of Him, through His printed word. And pray sincerely Thy Kingdom Come.

—THE PUBLISHER.

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TEXT OF GOVERNOR H.C. TUGWELL'S SPEECH
AS THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR JESUS T. PINERO

Ever since I first came to Puerto Rico I have been hearing
pessimists say that the problems of this island are insubable.
Population, they said, was growing so fast; poverty and sickness
has made such inroads; resources were so miserably small. I have
always met those pessimistic outpourings with some skepticism of
my own. Not wanting to be a foolish prophet I have always said that
anyway, no matter what the prospect, no one with any responsibility
is excused from doing his best; he has no right to use his discour-
agement as an excuse for not trying. Secretly I have always felt
that, given the opportunity, we should and must show the discour-
aged how immense improvements could be made.

During the time I have been Governor - five years, this month -
a special effort has been made, I do not know whether those with
whom I have had the privilege of working have felt in their hearts
that it was useless to go on, that, in spite of their efforts,
matters would only inevitably become worse. They have not often
said so and they have never acted as though they felt that way.
There has, indeed, been an outpouring of energy in the public serv-
ices such a few periods in American history can show. And we are,
I think, all of us, now willing to have the record read. We are
ready to ask of the pessimists this question: are the people of
Puerto Rico better off than they were five years ago? If they are,
in spite of war and blockade, of the cessation of Federal relief,
of the discouraging increase in living costs - if, in spite of all
these difficulties, progress has been made, pessimism is hardly
justified. What we are entitled to ask, may not be accomplished in
the coming years of peace?

Much has been begun; little has been completed; little has even
reached the point at which its returns are greatest. The labors, so far, mostly still await their harvest. Yet I do not feel that, in leaving the Governorship before the work in which we have been engaged has been finished, I am abandoning a duty. It will go on, It will go on to fruition under the leadership of colleagues who have not in the past, and do not now, think it futile. They will be the same ones who cooperated in its beginnings, and they will have the collaboration of the same administrators who have brought it so far toward success. One of the old colleagues, will, indeed, be my successor. His faith, and his intention will be the same as mine has been; that the wellbeing of the Puerto Rican people can and will be increased. His specific policies will not necessarily be those for which I have stood; they will be new issues; old struggles will decline in importance because they have essentially been won; a revised strategy will be necessary. The inevitable changes will, however, be incidental to the battle which will continue to go on against poverty, disease and ignorance, a battle which will not and cannot stop so long as Puerto Ricans' courage is greater than their fear.

It is my privilege on this occasion to welcome to the Governorship him who now assumes my responsibilities, to wish him well, and to offer him the same steady support he has always given me.
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

At the urgent request of its author I am enclosing copies of a speech in memory of the President delivered at the closing of our Coas Caribbean Conference, Mrs. Marylyn, a Negro member of the Caribbean Commission from the British West Indies. Before I heard the speech delivered and we thought it the most moving tribute we had ever heard, not only for its content but for the really beautiful manner in which Mrs. Marylyn delivered it. I suggested while thanking her afterward, that the news for a copy but apparently he was so busy that direct return was sent it on of the for forwarding.

Rushed I think? you often and follow your activities with great interest. It appears the moving & changes next summer and hopefully should arrive there sometime.

Sincerely and with our love
Grace Tucker Vinsonel
Hon. T. A. Marryshow's Conference Tribute To Late H.D.R.

Following is the full text of a speech the Hon. T. Albert Marryshow delivered at the closing of the Caribbean Conference in St. Thomas, on March 23, 1946, by way of tribute to the late President Roosevelt:

It is fitting now as we bring this Conference to a close, that our last words should be to the late President Roosevelt, whose passing is so felt today which transcended deep and eager interest in the all-round development and aspirations of the Caribbean life, with gratitude, with honour of the Caribbean life, so well known to us. This is the first Conference to be rendered by him as a host. It is the first time a Conference has met since he fell as prostrate, wounded world leaders have fallen. It is the first time this Conference has met without his presence. In fact, the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt was signalised by the late President in his message. What a notable thing it is, that lifetime, I feel that a great privilege and a sense of pride that being able to move the following millions of people in both hemispheres bowing their heads at his passing.

The Conference on its own wills in grief and loss, the Conference, successor to the American Conference, meeting for the first time in the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the late President of the United States, who was one of the chief supporters of this Conference, he, the most courageous, the most thorough-going, the most whole-hearted, the most whole-hearted of the Conference. He was the Conference, that stamped title-deeds to freedom and happiness for all men.

That we of the Conference, look back with thankfulness to the part he played in promoting the well-being of peoples of the Caribbean area.

And that as best tribute to his memory, we, as representatives of Caribbean peoples, pledge to explore all ways and means of time after time towards keeping this Conference, not only alive but on the alert to match increasing opportunities for Caribbean unity and for service in the cause of Freedom and Democracy.

Sir, never before in the recollection of any living person, and it may never be found in the pages of modern history, was the death of one man so universally mourned by people of every colour, class and creed, in all parts of the world. The great need
of the West Indies is for him, and this being so the common man of the West Indies is the man we must not forget. It is for him we must make light of ignorance, poverty, and other ills; for he is the man whose life and work we must respect, and whose story we must tell. For him we feel and understand the importance of education, of the sciences, of the arts, of the litera-
ture, and of the arts, which are the foundation of our civilization. For him we feel and understand the importance of the arts, which are the foundation of our civilization.

Sirs, it is my own view that the common man of the West Indies is the man we must not forget. It is for him we must make light of ignorance, poverty, and other ills; for he is the man whose life and work we must respect, and whose story we must tell. For him we feel and understand the importance of education, of the sciences, of the arts, of the litera-
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As I have said, the common man of the West Indies is the man we must not forget. It is for him we must make light of ignorance, poverty, and other ills; for he is the man whose life and work we must respect, and whose story we must tell. For him we feel and understand the importance of education, of the sciences, of the arts, of the litera-
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May I also say that I have always admired the common man of the West Indies. He is the man who has always been able to rise above his circumstances, and to overcome the obstacles that stand in his way. He is the man who has always been able to rise above his circumstances, and to overcome the obstacles that stand in his way.

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Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

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Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Flee;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
The Saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The Saints of God! their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes your Lord and King.

O God of Saints, to Thee we cry:
O Saviour, plead for us on high:
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end:
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.