August 11th 47

New York 25

To Her Honour the First Lady of U.S.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Don't mind that I take

the liberty to send you enclosed poem.

It is neither arrogance nor boasting

of mine, but I guess, you are interested

in this rhyme.

The 4th of July 47 I was at

Hyde Park and was mighty impressed
by this Holy Place so that I had
boldly to write these verses.
Encouraged by friends, I am sending
them to you.

Please accept them as a token of
admiration for your noble character of
humanity, justice and liberty and
in memory of our beloved President
Franklin D. Roosevelt, the greatest
friend of mankind. Respectfully yours

Bertha Geisbart, refugee
(formerly Contance at the
Lake of const. Baden.)
May Trip to Hyde Park
July 16th, 1949.

For a long time I had a wish in my mind
Much more than any other kind:
To ride to Hyde Park, America's shrine,
Not only for pleasure but more as a sign
Of my deep admiration
For our late President.

How great was my emotion.
Event this occasion went.

We rode through the narrow Eastrum valley.
Despite rain, we passed by nice houses and ruins.
Through forests and rivers.
We followed the routes
Along oak trees and pines,
Standing upright on lines.
The birds were singing.
Their songs were blushing
As in the best mood.
We looked forward, the humor was good.
In Duchess County we arrive.
There was quite another life.
The sun was victoriously brightening.
The valley was enchantingly widening.
The black horizon over fields and hills
Offered the vision of the far Catskills.

Our car brought us through busy Soughkeeperi
With a population of art and industry,
And after hardly an hour of drive
At our goal Hyde Park we arrive.

Undless we enter the Holy Hyde Park,
Now the longing pilgrim’s landmark.
They come in throngs from all over the earth,
To visit the sweet home of our President’s birth.
Hidden by a cypress fence,
There is the eternal residence
Of our beloved Roosevelt.

In the middle of the vast green lawn,
There is erected the white marblestone
In memory of this very man.
No sound is heard on the sacred place,
As bow their heads to hide their face.
They keep it a secret about the tears
To mourn such a hero who seldom appears.
We all are happy to breathe the air,
From where the president gave all his share
To his homeland America and all the earth,
Every footstep his ideas bears.

In the simple home we see in reality
The greatness of his personality
From the cradle to the grave,
Every thing his image gave.
The freedom he preached all over the globe
Gave him the fame and to us the hope.

Scarsana Lake, N.Y.                      Bertha Geismar
Wildwood Knolls.