

Gei - Gen

883 Bendr. Pl. 40  
New York 25

Wm. L. Garrison August 11th 47

[Garrison]

To Her Honour the First Lady of U. S. A.

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 their rhymes.

The 16<sup>th</sup> of July 47 I was at  
Hyde Park and was mightily impressed

by this Holy Place so that I have  
dictated 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 Geismar, refugee  
79 years old  
formerly, Constance of the  
Lake of Constance, Baden.

## My Trip to Hyde Park

July 16<sup>th</sup> 1947.

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.  
 Soon this occasion went

- We rode through the narrow Putnam valley  
 Despite rain, we passed by nice houses and chalets  
 Through forests and woods.  
 We followed the routes  
 Along oaktrees and pines,  
 Standing upright in lines,  
 The birds were singing,  
 Their songs were bringing  
 Us in the best mood.  
 We looked forward, the humor was good.

In Dutchess County we arrive,  
There was quite another life:  
The sun was victoriously brightening,  
The valley was enormously widening;  
The blue horizon over fields and hills  
Offered the view of the far Catskills.

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

Wordless we enter the Holy Hyde Park,  
Now the longing pilgrim's landmark.  
They come in crowds 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,  
Still 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  
From where  
Go his home  
Every footstep

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!

Oscarwana Lake N.Y.  
Wildwood Knolls

Bertha Geismar