

Gold-Golde

3835 N. Pennsylvania
Indianapolis, Ind.
July 6, 1947



Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I wrote the enclosed
poem following Mr.
Roosevelt's death in
the spring of 1945.

Recently, a friend
suggested that I send
it to you.

I hope it meets with
your approval.

Respectfully,
(Miss) Frieda J. Gold

[Gold]

To Roosevelt

They said you died today!

But it cannot be true,

For men like you

Can never die!

For you are living still

In a world made better by your strength
of will.

The common multitudes

And oppressed minorities

Will never let you die;

For you are part of that great and
free America

For which we toil and fight.

Your voice is stilled

That regal bearing gone;

But a true and noble nature

(over)

Will never leave this earth,
But will live forever on.

Your personality

Will be a star that's shining bright
To guide America all through
A dark and perilous night.

April 1945

Frieda Y. Gold

Allan B. Goldenthal
58 E. Kingsbridge Road
New York 58, N. Y.

March 29, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

While overseas in the Pacific theater many months ago, we G.I.'s received the news of our F.D.R.'s passing with near hysteria; we felt as though the guiding hand had let go in the midst of darkness, and we were lost.....sad and lost.

It took only a short time, however, to realize that our supposed darkness was only the mist of a peaceful dawn.....that we had been led to safety by our champion after all, and that careful plans had been laid by him for months to come.

When that dawn appeared for me, I attempted to record my feelings in the following little poetic observation which I would like you to have:

F.D.R.
And now a weary heart
Has stopped,
Whose beat was felt
In all free men
At home, at work, at war;
Whose beat had wrought
A victory
From chaos at our door;
Whose beat shall blend
With peaceful chimes
On earth and high above.
This heart has gone
But left a soul,
The liberty we Love.

-2-

Allan B. Goldenthal
58 E. Kingsbridge Road
New York 58, N. Y.

Today, I am just another civilian hoping that people will , one day, realize the futality of hate, jealousy, and political bickering. I am certainly not a poet, though I write many personal observations in a fairly flowing manner, so kindly do not consider this an attempt to get my 'works' recognized.

However, I should be very happy to know that you actually received the preceding poetic attempt.

Yours sincerely with hope
for a satisfied world
satisfied with peace,

Allan B. Goldenthal