Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

These poems were written on President Roosevelt's birthday because the children loved him. They were so spontaneous and genuine that I thought you would enjoy reading them.

Sincerely,

Adelaide D. Katz
A Great Man

Yes! Franklin D Roosevelt was a great man!
For four terms as President he ran,
In Hyde Park, on January 30, he was born,
And when the country heard of his death
how they did mourn!

He was the one who thought of the fund
for the March of Dimes,
His goal was to save many children's lives.
Franklin D Roosevelt will ring in our memory for ever.

Yes! He is a man we will all remember.

His birthday we all do celebrate,
January 30th that is the date.
He was inaugurated on March 4, 1933.
If we were alive he would get our vote
"yes" you understand.

Our late President Roosevelt one of the greatest heroes of World War II.
Will be remembered by me and you.
F.D.R in Georgia did die,
Now among the rosebush he does die.
He was a man who was so great and kind.
He loved everyone no matter who.
Yes, he was a man who was kind and good.
He helped all the people as much as he could.
He worked hard for his country for many years.
He told us that we would win the war so forget our fears.
He was one of the best friends we ever had.
It was such a shock when we heard of his death we were all sad.
April 12th was a sad day.
Everyone went to Churches and synagogues to pray.
He did everything he could to win the war.
It's sad he couldn't see the soldiers stop fighting more.

Yes, he is a man after all.
Will always be remembered by me and you.

By Anine Yale, age 11

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I am very proud to say that I was born on Franklin D. Roosevelt's birthday.

A. F.
PS. 128
6A

Mildred Wiss
January 29, 1947

A Man We Will Always Remember

There is one man in our hearts,
we all loved.
He means to us the stars above,
It is FDR I'm talking about,
To make peace was on his problem route.
To help the world he tried his best.
Now in Hyde Park his body rests,
His birthday we now don't happily celebrate,

January 30th is the date,
When we heard of his death we
thought it was a lie,
But we knew his hard work would
never die.
He loved swimming and other sports,
He collected stamps of different sorts.
Let to Hyde Park and you will see,
Silver cups and pothooks.
To the world his death was a great strain.
He died not in anger or pain,
Because he knew that there would always be
The red, white, and blue on land
and sea!

By
Mildred Reid
age 11
Roosevelt! A Memory that Lingers on Forever.

January 20th, yes, that was the date,
When he was born, our president so very great.
We all loved this wonderful man,
Who for his country did all he can.
He helped everyone in need, And was always ready to do a good deed!
All over the world is known his good name,
And in everybody's heart it shall always remain.

Renee Coleman
age 10 yrs.
Roosevelt! As fine as a Golden Gem.
He went through hardships,
His responsibilities were a strain,
His life was a struggle,
But never did he complain,
Not once did he say a word unkind,
A man like him is hard to find.
To everyone he was a friend,
No matter what race or creed,
And he tried all mistakes to mend,
He helped many in need.
He was as fine as a golden gem,
And always will be.
live in the heart of his countryside.

Arlene Coleman
age 19 years

Renee Coleman and I are twins.
Franklin D. Roosevelt
I am not writing this poem about Jack or Tim,
I am writing it about F.D.R.
who the war helped win.

He's the one who helped us be free,
and have freedom and liberty.

When he died the world did mourn,
and they buried him in Hyde Park,
where he was born.
My Friend,

6115 E. 6th Avenue
Denver, Colorado
April 10, 19—

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
New York,
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

One sleepless night last summer, after being the witness to a very un-American incident, I wrote the attached article, "A Chat With F.D.R." The other day, on the anniversary of President Roosevelt's death, I re-read this piece and thought how little world affairs had changed for the better since I had written it and how deeply the loss of his statesmanship and strength is still felt by millions of ordinary citizens like me.

It is not necessary for you to return this and I would not want an answer in your column or your page in the Journal. I am one of many who are proud and thankful to have lived under the leadership of the "big man with the little dog," and I was merely aroused into putting my sentiments on paper.

If you could take just a few minutes to read this while going through your "mailbag,"

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Enid A. TAYLOR
A CHAT WITH F.D.R.

My Friend,

Sometimes as I relax in the calm, soothing warmth of the fire in my hearth when my chores are done in the country or the hurried hours of a day in the city are at an end, I seem to see your face smiling out of the flames and to hear the echo of your voice in the crimson crackle of the burning logs. The hours have been long and have struck a rebirth in history since your last "fireside chat" with me, but now I fear that the weight of your burdens has been shifted to other shoulders, would you mind very much if I have a fireside chat with you? For I am AMERICA and you are my own, and my own never leave me.

I was in the throes of domestic chaos when you first talked things over with me, and I was fighting heartbreak and war the last times. You were my mouthpiece for so long! In the brooding peace before the war you came to my hearth with the moratorium, the NRA, conflict on the continent; in the searing war before the peace you brought me the challenge of Pearl Harbor, the third term, "D" Day. Each time you had a chat with me I pondered your words. Sometimes I knew you were right. Sometimes I thought you were wrong. But it was American and it was fun, and it helped us to better understanding of each other.

I hope I can make you see why I had this nostalgic desire to have words with you. You spoke straight from the shoulder and then accepted with a waiting ear both the criticism and praise that followed. You were blessed with the gift of the golden tongue, but my own voice seems to be not so strong today, even though my heart and pulse beat the same as ever.
Many times, as now, I have thought wistfully of your chats with me. I would not call you back, for you gave me your full mortal measure and I can tell by the twinkle of your eye in the firelight that you know as well as I that there was no "indispensable" man. Yet this is Today. And where are the voices? Where the firm hand and the steady step?

I know that you wouldn't blame me for being a bit befuddled. Although the war is over the peace is not yet here, and the confusion of readjustment still lies across my land. I haven't changed a bit since you left and often I remember your saying "we have nothing to fear but fear itself". I am not afraid. Yet well I know that the path I follow now must lead to either the glory of the brotherhood of man or the loss of freedom forever! The time is here when I must choose my path for I have paid in bitter tragedy for the safety of the world and only with the wisdom of God and the nobility of heart that is my heritage can I justify the sacrifices I have made on the battlefield.

How humble and thankful I was when the fighting was over and the boys were coming home! I prayed in the churches and synagogues for those who would not return and for the peace that would surely come. Then the excitement of a new era began to course through my veins, for while my joy was tempered by sorrow, I am the youth of the world and youth always looks ahead. And I dreamed of free men and progress, United Nations and re-united families; peace conferences and reconversion; full employment and price control; new cars and washing machines.

Of course, I have not had too many months to work on these things, but it seems that I am not going about it just right. That's why I felt like having one more chat with you, for you helped me solve problems like these not so long ago.
This land of mine is the sanctuary of the earth. It still flows
with milk and honey -- yet that is part of my problem. For I must
share this flow with many hungry friends in Europe and Asia lest the
milk curdle and the honey turn bitter in my own mouth.

I am finding it difficult to look my ex-serviceman in the eye.
They came joyfully back to my shores only to find that there is no
place they can call home. They rightly expect gainful employment so
that they can meet the high cost of living. They are faced with shortages,
black markets; industry paralyzed by clashes between labor and management;
jobs lost because of strikes; inflation. They answered my call to fight
bigotry and aggression and returned to find hasemongers spreading seeds of
discontent in their own yards. They see me juggle the atomic bomb from
hand to hand and trust me to dispose of it gently lest it blast to
screaming nothingness the homeland for which they fought.

Most of all, they watch with wary eyes as I sit at peace confer-
ences and they search vainly for the brotherhood of man and the unity of
nations that fed their spirits and hopes in their days of conflict.

I must not let things slide. For a free man is not a happy man
without a home to call his own. He cannot be a true father to his chil-
ren if he allows another man's child to starve. He cannot produce his new
car or washing machine unless labor and management work in harmony. Nor
will he get a square deal if the values are ruined by inflation nor if the
fruits of Labor are grasped by the furtive hands of the black market.

I cannot drive home the lesson of tolerance to hate-corroded nations
while the flames of intolerance are being fanned by disloyal members of
my own fold. My voice must be heard in the cause of world freedom, but
it will fall on deaf ears if I am divided at home.
I really have so many problems. But I am so many things! I am a
gold star mother and I am a grave on Iwo. I am white and I am black.
I am a Republican and I am a Democrat. I am clean with the dust of coal
on my hands and I am soiled with the white of sheets that sneak in the
night. I am a lonely private in Tokyo and I am a farmer in the fields
of Iowa. I am fertile and I am clay. I am a prayer and I am the answer.

Yes, I am America. I am a dream-bound book and you are one of my
silver pages. The chapter just passed is engraved with your wisdom and
humor and enriched by the memory of your smile as you stood in the rain
at Hyde Park. The warmth of my hearth was ever the refuge of those
seeking truth and courage and freedom. As long as the spirit of such as
you can emerge from the essence of such as I, America will move onward in
faith and triumph. And as the flame glows brightly and is forever re-
kindled with the fuel of righteousness and honor, your vision of tomorrow
is my hope of today, so come visit my fireside again -- and again -- and again.

Eunice K. Katz
6115 E. 6th Ave.
Denver, Colorado
Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

When President Roosevelt died I thought that event at 60 years of age should pay tribute to such a great man. So I wrote a little poem dedicated to him. I hope you will enjoy reading it.

In Memoriam

I cannot believe that President Roosevelt is dead.

In peace and war he always led.

He was so kind, generous and good, and people he always understood.

KATE L.
He always fought for liberty and always would win. I don’t see how any one could forget him.

He had a lot of friends and I see why.

But to some people he was just another guy.

To me he was a great man who always had time for a little fun and I think he will go down in history with Lincoln and Washington.

Respectfully yours,
Lois Ann Katz