

SIAI - SIE 'T

SIEGEL, A.

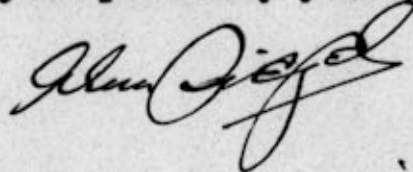
1521 Sheridan Ave.,
New York, Mar. 22, 1947.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Permit me at this late date to present this somewhat untimely poem which was written on the day Mr. Roosevelt died. Circumstance did not permit me to send it at that time; and then it was unfortunately mislaid! After much mental effort, I resurrected it from memory and here it is. And of course I do hope you and the children like it!

I would like very much to see it published in some publication or perhaps used for some memorial. Of course that is, if you deem it's merit to be of such nature. And in all sincerity, permit me to remain,

Very respectfully yours,



Siegel

" F.D.R. "

He has but passèd unto his bourne
So great a man, there ne'r was born
He has not died in vain we knôw
For the cause of freedom's glow

His spirit, still aflame with fire!
Spurs us on to new desire;
He was a leader, fearless boad!
Who turnèd our treasures into gold

He has but paid the price of war
As a million others did' before ;
He has not failed nor will be' stilled
His magic voice that millions thrilled!

He was fearless, bold, yet unafraid!
Who faced his problems undismayed;
And with the strength his might could hold
He fought until his breath grew cold

He was the most that man could be
The symbol of our democracy;
For never yet, since freedom's plan,
There ever lived so great a man!

Alan Siegel.