

Van-vas.

MRS. KEVIN VARANESI
6324 SHATTUCK AVENUE
OAKLAND 9, CALIFORNIA

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Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Recently in going over my old papers I came across a poem I wrote to the President in 1942, when I was just out of high school. From a poetic standpoint it may not be good, but it occurred to me you might appreciate an expression of sincere respect and admiration for your husband from a very youthful poetess. That respect and admiration, I might add, have remained unchanged.

Thank you for reading the poem.

Sincerely
Nora Varanese

American Leader

Great gray towers stretching all across the land
Show the willing effort of a strong and able hand;
Many million workers who are striving every day
For the right to go on living in a democratic way;
There are carpenters and riveters, welders, engineers,
Making ships and amunitions to defend our vast frontiers.
But behind this huge legation to defend a mighty nation
Is a man;
Who must think, think think,
Who must plan, plan, plan.
Who of his own volition
To persue his fond ambition
For his country's greater need,
Must then give his soul, his wealth,
Give his wisdom and his health,
Give his body and his mind
To defend our home, our kind
Of way of choosing those who are to lead.
But his losses are so great
In his efforts to emancipate
Humanity, enslaved around the earth
He must give his best, his all
In his efforts not to fall.
He must prove unto himself his own true worth.

Varanese