

Do - Doy

December 3, 1946
1538 Harvard Street
Santa Monica, California

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Enclosed is a poem concerning your late husband .
After I finished it, I thought perhaps you might like the
first copy. Whether it be good or bad, it has all the
heart and truth that can be put into a writing of so fine a
man as the late President Roosevelt.

You are under no obligation to me what so ever, but
I would appreciate hearing from you to see what your
opinion as to where it meets with your approval or not.

I wrote alot of poems while I was overseas, most
of which were based on true facts of things that happened
over there.

I do not claim to be a writer as you may judge me by
my poem but I do like to write.

Most of my songs and poems came out of the hell of war
so consequently they can only be of heartache and sorrow.

I wish you luck in your every undertaking.

Yours Sincerely

Rolland C. Dorman
Rolland C. Dorman
Ex. P.F.C.--28th. Div.

FRANK ROOSEVELT
1900
1900

Franklin D. Roosevelt

A President of might, the man who lead the fight
But died before he knew the score.
He taught us what was right, he knew we had to fight
A heartless enemy in this destructive war.
You can say just what you may, but I'm sure you'll have to say
As president he was by far the best.
He knew there'd come a day, when he'd be layed away
The world it wept when he was laid to rest,
I happened to be in France, when I heard the news by chance,
That our president had bid the world goodby.
As I lay there in my hole, trying to reach my goal,
I had to wipe a tear drop from my eye.
I thought back through years, as I looked through my tears
For he was the one who gave me my first job,
Though it was a C.C. Camp, it kept me from being a tramp
As I think, I almost went to sob,
This story has no end, for in death he's still our friend,
And is watching o'er us from above.
If you do not realize, with you I'll have to sympathize
For you know not the meaning of true love.
I like to think that he knew the world was free,
Before he was laid down 'neith the sod.
Every night I pray that in my Judgement Day,
I'll be with him in heaven with our God.

[Doty, M.]

South St.
Murray Hill, N. J.
Jan. 3, 1946.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,
Shortly after
Thanksgiving I became
very ill. The doctor's
diagnosis was, "Heart
Spasm, Coronary Thrombosis
imminent." For ten days
and more I lived with
the thought of pending
Death.

I want you to know
I gained courage and
strength from dwelling
on words your beloved
husband, as the greatest

President, we have
ever known, told us,
his people.

"The only thing we
have to fear, is Fear."
Even from Eternity, his
words steadied me as
they always did in life.

Please forgive me if
this note stirs your sorrow,
but you and he have
been so kindly alive
in our house - hold for
years, that I meant it
only as an appreciation
of the strength and comfort
you have been able to
impart to us.

Very sincerely yours,
Margaret D. Doty
(Mrs. A. C. D.)