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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  
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.)