Harris, A-2

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1045 East 24th Street
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October 29,1946

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have had occasion to bother you about social and philanthropic matters, and so I am again taking the privilege of writing you only to send you the enclosed piece about your dear husband ~~and our~~ glorious leader.

In going over my papers in my desk, I came upon it, and wanted you to share it with us. It was written by my nephew who at the time of your husband's departure was entering his senior year in High School. He is now a Freshman at Marietta College.

Very sincerely yours
Mrs. Leon Harris

Rae B. Harris

To

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
New York City, N. Y.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Life has gone
His spirit fled.
The stalwart pounding heart has ceased,
The mighty throbbing brain
The weary body wracked with pain
Have finally found their peace.
Curse his critics,
Curse their souls,
Who while he lived denied his dreams
Who made his burden leaden weight,
They cut his life with august hate,
And now admit the man was great.

So loose your tears who loved him true,
And hang your heads, who schemed and construed
And thank your God for a Man
Who led us through the blackest night,
Who gave his heart to reach the dawn,
But fell before he saw the light.

William Green