KAUP-KAZ..

My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt. Dec. 11. '40

Awhile after President Roosevelt died I wrote a poem about him.

My feeling for him, then, was unsurpassed. I considered him as I suppose, many millions of other Americans did, my father.

Today I looked over the original copy of my poem about the President, (as he will always be to me, no matter who's in power) and I find my feeling is still the same, if not greater, because of the dirty tactics of the libelous press.

That is why I wanted to show you the poem I wrote while on a ship in New Orleans, preparing to go to the Pacific

Thank

Kavanagh, A.

To prove to you that there are still, and always, millions of simple American people who loved and cherished the President.

I thank you very much for your time

Yours respectfully

Mr. Augustine Francis Kavanagh.

P.S.

I would be very pleased and grateful if you would write me a personal letter. even a few words.

New Orleans - June '45

President Beloved

Across the fertile valleys,
Along the desert bare.
O'er brooks and budding roses,
In lands both far and near.

The Wheel of Progress pauses,
And sheds a little tear.
A bugle sounds its daeth song,
Across his stately bier.

And from his mighty writings,
His foresight and his love.
A nation idivisible;
Our flag 'neath skies above!.

Franklin Delano Roosivelt
Now lies beneath the sod,
And angels sing his praises.
His face, upturned to God.

The sun is shining somewhere,
And somewhere plants are green.
But he who died so bravely,
In time! unknown, unseen.

And so a hero passes,
To dust from which he came.
Men bow their heads in sorrow;
Will time revere his name?

The earth is soft and Godly,
Our leader lies at rest.
A bugle pays him tribute,
As the sun set in the West.

Augustine Francis Kavanagh