My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

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 is in power) and I find my feeling is still the same, if not greater, because of the dirty tactics of the helter-cook 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.

Kavanagh, A.
I prove to you that there are still, and always, millions of simple American people who love and cherish the President.

I thank you very much for your time.

Yours respectfully,

Mr. Ang er line

Francis

P.S. I would be very pleased and grateful if you would write me a personal letter, even a few words.
New Orleans, June 93

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 death song,
Across his stately bier.

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

Franklin Delano Roosevelt
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 his tribute,
As the sun sets in the West.