Tribute To A Great Man
April 96, 1946
by Ruth Bly

"Mr. America"

He was our Mr. America
32nd president of the U.S.A.
To many he seemed immortal,
Forever in our hearts
will stay.

To us he was all we knew
He was what we stood for
What he did let no man undo

He was our Mr. America
This country he led to prosperity
With his New Deal, N.R.A.
A.A.A. and C.C.C.
He believed in us with true sincerity.
He was our Mr. America.
And knowing we would follow.
He led us on to new.
Happy life.
Now we could hold our heads up, face all a-glow.
He was our Mr. America.
He knew what our country needed.
When it was in danger, he was the first to see.
New workers to the factories he speeded.
He was our Mr. America.
He planned our strategies.
As he went on city and country house to keep our courage high.
He was our Mr. America. And knowing we would follow.
He led us on to new, happy life.
Now we could hold our heads up, face all ahead.

He was our Mr. America. He knew what our country needed.
When it was in danger, he was the first to see
New workers to the factories he speeded.

He was our Mr. America. He planned our strategy
And went on city and country tour to keep our courage high.
In fireside chats he told how to avert deep tragedies.

He was our Mr. America, his words cheered us on to new efforts. We were glad to do as he intoned. How we knew he was right as he made these reports.

He was our Mr. America. Our Armed Forces he sent to sea. He knew we were in for many a tough battle. "Take the fight to the enemy, let he can't come to thee."
He was our Mr. America.
He gave us all at Yalta,
Casablanca and Tehran.
He made part war plane;
established the
Nation Peace Conference—
Believed in V-Day and to
us make it plain
He was our Mr. America
He gave his courage to
us Americans;
The "Dare" commander-in-
chief
He knew they'd put the Sea
made on the run
and set the
"Rising Sun"
He was our Mr. America
Now that she's gone, she
Spirit will lead me on
He fought and died for what was right
We'll never forget what he has done.

He was our Mr. America; I cried when I heard the news —
Shocked that he could die;
His great spirit, the things he'd done
Made me believe he'd live on; but now I sigh

To think of him as no more
Yet I know that he'll live on forever
In hearts throughout the nation
He was the world
greatest — and also.

Mrs. Ruth Reisen
Cliftonville, N.Y.
Bot 421
TRIBUTE
TO A GREAT
MAN—
"OUR MR. AMERICA"
DEDICATED
TO FRANKLIN
DELANO
ROOSEVELT
— RUTH KIZER
January 7, 1947
Ellicottville, N.Y.
Box 421

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York
Dear Madam,

When I heard the news of your late husband’s death, I was shocked beyond words. It’s just had our radio piped in and the first words I’ve heard were of her death. They seemed to leap at me from the radio:

“MY GOD, IT CAN’T BE!”

I screamed—half row, and sank back to my seat. I couldn’t believe it! The strangest feeling overtook me. It stayed with me...
till the idea to write this poem came to me. I told my husband: "He was such Mr. America!" There was the title I'd been searching for—so here is the poem I wrote in dedication to a great man—a man I admired above all else.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruth Kiger

P.S. As his birthday is soon I became urged by inner feeling to send you this poem from my Roosevelt scrapbook.
—Mrs. R. Kiger.
4840 Main Street
Bridgeport - 14
Connecticut.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am enclosing herewith a clipping taken from one of our papers which was inserted by two of our Warren Harding High School students. I thought it made lovely reading.

Two weeks ago my sister & I with our hubbies motored to Hyde Park and when leaving felt exactly the same as these two students did. Enjoyed our trip immensely.

Thought this article would interest you too.

Yours truly,

Josephine Apley

10/17/46
Girls Visit F. D. R. Grave,
Come Away with Keen Insight

By EVA LANDAUER and
DOROTHY VANCEO

A heavy mist hung over the Hudson valley as we drew near Hyde Park, adding to the sense of expectancy we both felt. Passing the Vanderbilt estate, we noticed a small sign ahead saying "Roosevelt Library." The swarms of cars in the parking lot indicated that in times to come this site would be regarded as one of the sacred shrines of the United States.

The Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Library differs from other museums in the diversity of the exhibits. One finds stamps next to ship models; cartoons of Fala next to portraits of kings and queens; crowns from eastern monarchs next to carvings by grocery clerks. All in all, it gives one the feeling of the true democracy.

While examining the sleighs and horse-drawn carriages used by the family, a little girl was heard to remark, "Mommy, isn't that awfully big for a doll carriage?" Copybooks written in painstaking hand by young Franklin about bird-love and other natural studies, attracted interested spectators.

Home Interior Interesting

Only when inside his home, does one realize the true suffering of Roosevelt, and the firm determination which made him overcome his handicap. A small hand operated elevator covers the three-story building, and wheel chairs are scattered all over the house. The various rooms are furnished in different periods and styles of furniture. The most interesting are: Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt's "muggy," Franklin's boyhood room (left untouched), and the two master guest rooms visited by the King and Queen of England, Queen Wilhelmina and other distinguished personages. Evidence of roses from the rapidly withering rose garden are still to be found in each room. In spite of its size and prestige, the house has a slightly worn and lived-in atmosphere.

We walked along the gravel path leading to the garden and grove. The grove itself is located on a large, rectangular grass plot, surrounded by a border of perennial flowers. The stark simplicity of the plain white marble monument designed by the late president himself, makes one realize all the more, the magnificence of this statesman. The inscription on the stone reads:

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
1882-1945
ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
1884-19-1

A sudden hush fell over the gathered crowd, as a stray sun beam, breaking through the mist, brought out the pale blue tints in the undecorated marble slab covering the remains of the man who could write on the day before his death: "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

We left with a keener insight into the true life of one of the world's most honorable men, and with a feeling of more confidence of the jumbled world of tomorrow; a world so much the better because of the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.