

Oechelia - Agro -

PERSONAL.

EGLE

May 7th 1946.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I send you the enclosed lines, which I wrote a few hours after the tragic announcement on April 12th 1945. I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking in doing so.

The poem was published in my School Magazine, from which this cutting is taken.

I have hesitated to send it until today, when I decided that perhaps after all, you might like to see a humble tribute to the great leader by an Irish public-schoolboy.

Yours sincerely,

Speer Ogle.

Speer Ogle.

S. B. O.

In Memory of F. D. R.

Thrice and once again he laboured
With the State's cares as his own.
To reap, by death at last prevented,
The seeds of peace which he had sown.

Loved by us, by all respected,
By Ally, Axis, friend and foe,
As in the midst of bitter combat
They stop to bow with slackened bow.

For him the fearful strife is ended,
His duty done for evermore ;
At last his suffering was rewarded,
He could tell us, "No more war."

In that coming hour of victory,
In that peace it shall proclaim,
We shall not forget his service,
To liberty we link his name.

Spear Ogle.

S. B. O.