

SCMRA - SCURY

SCHREIBER

2312 29th Avenue
Long Island City 2, N.Y.
August 25, 1946

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

My son has written
two poems which, I feel, have
a great message to deliver.

He thinks that his poems are
lacking in quality, yet everyone
I have shown them to, express
nothing but admiration.

I would like very much to have
you read them, and, if you believe
them worthy of public attention,
please advise me how to go about
publicizing them.

I will appreciate your attention
very much.

Respectfully yours,
Jennie Schreiber

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

by Samuel J. Schreiber

Six million of them perished in six years
Before those who made murder their careers;
Six million met their unmerited fate
From the forces of bigotry and hate.

Their brethren lived through the tortures of hell
And envy those who fortunately fell;
Yes, those who were strong enough to survive
Regret today their remaining alive.

Displaced persons, men without homes or food,
Mothers and fathers and their starving brood,
Men, who today, make one simple demand:
Just the chance to go to the Promised Land.

Now, the peoples who fought for freedom's lot,
So easily, apparently forgot
The principles they all strove to protect,
Principles, now so easy to reject.

Like cattle, they're corralled behind barbed wire;
Coldly, they're cut down by machine gun fire;
Like bales of cotton they're loaded on ships
To embark on hopeless and endless trips.

After the long fight against oppression
There seems to be another regression;
The latest fight for freedom, it too fails;
Man's inhumanity to man prevails.

THEY MUST NOT DIE IN VAIN

Samuel J. Schreiber

A democrat lies in his Hyde Park bed,
Johnny Povitch, the working man, is dead,
Rufus Smith, a Negro, can feel no pain,
Think, Americans, have they died in vain?

Mickey O'Hara, a Catholic died,
His brother, Levine, perished at his side,
Their bodies are gone, memories remain,
But, tell me, my friends, have they died in vain?

They fought and died for the right to believe;
Now that they are gone, whom do we deceive?
Arise from your graves, proclaim your disdain,
Inform the world you will not die in vain!

Affirm the ideas you fought to protect,
Declare the Four Freedoms bigots reject,
Don't let them forget; your souls must remain
To haunt them, should your bodies sleep in vain.

All you fallen heroes of Freedom's fight,
Awaken and observe this sorry sight,
These lustful tyrants trying to attain
The powers against which you fought in vain.

Until their crying voices find an ear
To champion Freedom from want and fear,
Until Four Freedoms forever sustain,
I'm afraid our boys will have died in vain.

So, remember, my American friends,
The fight is still on; let's achieve those ends;
Let's strive for Liberty with might and main
Till we can say, "They died, but not in vain!"