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Marengo, Ohio, R# 2  
February 17, 1943

The Russian Ambassador,  
The Russian Embassy,  
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I have dedicated a poem, "Stalingrad", to the Prime Minister of Russia, and Commander of all her Armies, The Honorable Josef Stalin, Moscow, U. S. S. R., but I do not know if the mails are going through at the present time, so I am sending it on to you.

I wish to congratulate you and the Russian Nation on the splendid success attained recently in driving the ruthless and blood thirsty Huns from your cities, and we hope it will continue until everyone is pushed back beyond your borders.

We are watching with a great deal of interest the loyalty and devotion of your troops in their struggle, and can only wish them complete success.

May this cruel and unprovoked war soon end in triumph for the Allied Nations, so that we may all return to the days of happiness and peace.

I am yours very sincerely,

*J. F. Olmsted*

Rev. J. F. Olmsted.

# Stalingrad

In the ruin and the wreckage  
 Of the smoke and battle cloud  
 Devestation grips the city  
 Takes its toll and weeps aloud,  
 But the strength of ancient Russia  
 Rises up against the foe,  
 Breaks the bands of steel around it  
 Smites the Germans, lays them low.

Day and night the city suffers  
 Through a siege of blood and tears,  
 Hunger stalks the streets of slaughter  
 Paving it with gruesome fears;  
 Aerial bombs reduce to rubble  
 Everything held dear in life,  
 Sudden death and desolation  
 Brought about through siege and strife.

Seems as though that human effort  
 Bolstered by a hope to win  
 Can not long withstand the carnage  
 With the roar and battle din;  
 Demolition bombs are blasting  
 At the vitals of the brave  
 Holding on with Nordic fervor  
 Sturdy Stalingrad to save!

Then at last the Russian winter  
 Gripped Teutonic hordes of might,  
 Sent them reeling in disorder  
 Toward the fields of fadless night;  
 Russian zeal unleashed its armies  
 Turned them on the Hitler Huns,  
 Captured, killed, and routed many  
 Took their trappings and their guns.

Hitler's horde of German soldiers  
 Who had stormed the city strong  
 Now are caught, chagrined, outmoded,  
 End career of sordid wrong;  
 Lift your eyes to hordes of Russia  
 Beaming with a lasting pride  
 They have caught the German army  
 And the Marshal at its side!

February 1, 1943.

-- John Francis Olmsted.