

World: H - Wou

June 7, 1946

Dear Dr. Wortis:

I am sorry I cannot lend my name as chairman. It always means some work and I have all I can do at present.

I thought Mrs. Parish looked well and got on well when she left. When the strike is over I will go to see her. I have had the shingles and Mrs. Parish is most gloomy in her predictions for my future whenever I see her!

Very sincerely yours,

RECEIVED
JUN 11 1946

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Wortis

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
(UNIVERSITY AND BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE)
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY
400 EAST 30TH STREET
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PSYCHIATRIC DIVISION
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

June 4, 1946

TELEPHONE: CALEDONIA 5-1133

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
342 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Mrs. Parish has had a fairly good winter and was able to get along with very little medication. I hope she will have a comfortable summer in the house she has rented in Orange.

You may remember our meeting at your home last fall with Dean Sheehan, Dr. Taylor and the Mayor. After that meeting, you were so kind as to consent verbally to permit the use of your name on a lay committee interested in the Neuro-psychiatric Institute of the New York University - Bellevue Medical Center. We are now making up this committee and I would be grateful if you would permit me to use your name as Chairman of our committee for this project, with the understanding that we will not bother you unduly. I know your name will be most helpful to us in this project to establish much needed research and treatment facilities for the mentally ill.

Kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,

S. Bernard Wortis

S. Bernard Wortis, M.D.
Professor of Psychiatry, New York
University College of Medicine

SBW/wl

*Integration
Ch. W. W. W.
mean something
to her all
can do -
I thought Mrs. P. got
hell & she had
the app. - when to
the time is not
I have had
app to her -
the thing is that H. is
mostly coming in by private
but on way from Johnson
& she has!*

— 9/15/46

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt

Dear Mrs Roosevelt

I am sending you this verse
Written by a ~~17~~ seventeen year old boy.
And God only knows as we do, it is
the truth, This boy is a very
good friend of mine, and a mighty
fine lad.

With all our best wishes

Mr and Mrs H. F. Wooster
Inyette Creek
Calif.

This was written after the author heard the news of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the hopes of expressing in words what the hearts of millions felt.

FORGET HIM NOT

Tonight a nation, ev. a world is silent, mournful, still.
For on this fateful April twelfth we've seen God's puzz'ling will.
For He has taken from our midst a man whom all men know,
A man who all his worthy life the seeds of good did sow,
So all the world of mortal men now know they've lost a friend,
They suffer deeply from a wound that time alone will mend,
But to the minds and hearts of those who know our president,
A simple message--plain and more--in these few lines is sent;
Oh, F. D. R. you'll never die nor leave this nation's heart.
For you have meant a symbol strong for all men to impart.
The things you stood for--freedom just, equality and peace;
Are what all people need today to bring them bless'd release,
Americans the wide-world o'er and other peoples, too,
Will cherish long these blessed things so symbolized by you.
And so we bow our heads in prayer that we may understand,
The seeds you've sown in all the world and this your native land,
Must cherished be and watched with care until at last they've bloomed
When all the world has once again its peaceful days resumed,

Oh thank you, God, for such a man that all have loved and known,
His body, yes, but not his soul from earthly carcass has flown.
Now may his spirit push us forth as greater heights we see,
And watch us, teach us, lead us on, as he was led by Thee.

Robert Barr
4/12/45