January 18, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Our 7th grade class in Riverside Church has been discussing what people think about God. We are writing famous people like you to find out your belief.

Will you please write us a brief letter explaining what kind of God you believe in, and why?

(over)
Respectfully yours,
Mary Anne Burnham
Junior High Department
Riverside Church,
Riverside Drive.

God cannot I explain
how can we believe. Trust
to a more convincing God
Nehemiah 9:7, "For experience
can prove you."
Mrs. Eleanor A. Roosevelt,

Madam,

May I present you at this time another late manuscript poem, dedicated to my dear, but late friend and your late husband Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt and if you wish could you please place this copy in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library to take its place among other copies I have had placed there. I thank you would you please write and inform me how you enjoyed the manuscript of poetry and also inform me if my poem here can be placed in the Library and preserved in dedication to my Roosevelt. I wish some day in the future to visit the Library in person and to view the Roosevelt residence and the plot where my dear friend Mr. Roosevelt now rests, I have been seeking to secure a folder illustrated of the library which must be a beautiful library but haven’t as yet been able to secure one.

I am also trying to get a nice picture that I can keep of Mr. Roosevelt to keep in memory of him.

I am still composing and writing poetry during my spare time, am in hopes to get abreast to music in time. Mrs. Roosevelt I send my best regards to you and the Roosevelt family.

[Signature]
I pray that the peace which passes all understanding abide with you all. May the peace that passes all understanding abide with you. And the endowment of richest blessings remain with you all. Would you please write me in regard to this poem. I would appreciate it. Thank you.

God bless you all.

Resp.

A friend to our late Pres. F.D. Roosevelt and to his family.

Walter Edward Burnham.

North Leeds

R.T. D#1 Maine.
1. **President Roosevelt's Cruise.**

His cruise as vividly imagined as a mantle with soft like ray,
Deep thought is of our late president who passed beyond life's day,
Awakening silence arising, yet his smile and pictured cheer
Of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose absent soul yet speaks.

His white yachting queen, so smoothly sailing the southern main,
Brings back the man our president, his aid and well-known aim,
The man well known in democracy, but now be rests apart
His passing has meant deep sorrow, many the tenderly viewed heart

Vacations cruise most restful dear to his tired form
Of our President greeting citizens with a heart sincere and warm,
Enjoying the southern breezes for his health the man of our land,
Concealing his ills and hard ship in study his noble plans.

In broad casts to a loving Nation, in the network encouraging words,
In politics a true, staunch leader, as faith for his clear speech heard.
By citizens of United Nations, beloved by all who knew
The man, who had an urgent to bid his country through

Our President a man with a study we miss since he took his place
In the capital beyond the ether, our President to smiling face
His hand clawed missed, in our Nation reverently preserved while glow
Cannot hide the splendid white capital whose land in Immortal bloom.
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CRUISE.

The mantle in truth whose burning beams memories to ever remain
The deeds behind of him past life, of president of noble fame
Some how yet linger the portrait of his cruise while here in our
This land since our president has finished life's study through in his pen men hand
America, as a people by a righteous man the work he done
We cannot conceal our praises for him the peace he has won
Beneath our flag dear old glory, president Roosevelt's name lines on
In history yea down a great here another gallant soul gone
end.
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

our Memorial Tribute

The memory of a great man shall always live in our hearts as our first child, a boy, was born on President Roosevelt's birthday and our second child, a girl, was born on April 12.

Yours respectfully,

Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Burrough

To:
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, N.Y.
Today, after listening to the words of wisdom from the mouth of the greatest woman in the world, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, it occurred to me to compare my own life with that of this distinguished woman. I have asked what Mrs. Roosevelt has that I have not.

She is tall and stately; so, I believe, am I. She likes to travel; so do I—I have traveled over Europe, Asia, and America, addressing meetings in behalf of Zionism (and still do so at 75). Mrs. Roosevelt has four sons and a daughter—so have I. She has thirteen grandchildren—so have I. Her son became a colonel; so did mine. We each have a son named Elliot. Whereas she was long wed to a great man who was president of the United States for over twelve years—I was myself president for over twelve years of a lesser institution—the Judea Hebrew School of Cleveland.

But there is something else only my family has—a half dozen distinguished rabbis and an equal number of distinguished physicians—all of whom are honored by America's Samuels as Mrs. Roosevelt and her family are honored by Uncle Sam.

Pauline C. Burstein

1810 Loring Place NYC53
Saanichton P.O.,
Vancouver Island,
B.C., Canada.
January 14, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

There are many tributes and many memorials of many kinds to great men. The heartfelt grief and dismay of countless millions of the world's little people remains a unique and touching memorial to your late husband, then which, none could be finer, more grandly simple and sincere. But many times since the sudden shock of that sad event, I have wished that some at least,
of the moving tributes that crowded forth from the world's radios could be preserved for posterity, for us to ponder again.

It was an outburst of loyalty, grateful affection, emotion such as the world had never experienced before — from the eulogies of friends to the generosity, even if only momentarily so, words of opponents — an outburst that gave the stricken peoples of many countries a sense of kinship and unity that it seems only world catastrophes can engender.

We need to be reminded of such times, so I offer the following for your gracious consideration — adopting the idea of the Royal Gift Book of some years ago, in which you are doubtless acquainted — Queen Alexandria's, Queen Mary's, Princess Mary's Gift Books of photographs, original drawings, and stories which were sold to benefit charities designated by their Royal sponsors, why not a "President Roosevelt Gift Book" — "Let Us Remember" — Warm Springs, other projects. Sufferers? The text would from the broadcasts of the news of the beloved for I trust that there are who went out on the air at that time.

It was a spontaneous appeal of a nation to a world's dearest. News commentators, writers, clergymen, singers, the actors, the stage, the screen, radio spots, the people, + I should like to see of sincere, enthusiastic, efficacious women, such as, Miss Pearson, Miss Ethel B., Miss Marion Anderson, Miss Palm, Miss Nelson, Eddy, Mr. John C., others who took part in the ample material, so it may be compiled and published in a book. Perhaps the idea could include the Canadian edition, + other languages, the press.
Clubs that feared forthim 
& radios could be pre-

terity, for us to ponder

enthusiasm of Royalty,

or seasons such as

never experienced

eulogies of friends

even if only momentarily

onset--an enthralling

tribute peoples of

a sense of kinship &

seems only would eat

tender.

reminded of such time,

worrying your gracious

Adopting the idea of the

so of some years ago, with

blessed acquainted --

Mary's a

gift books of photo-

drawings & stories 

to benefit charities

their Royal sponsors,

why not a "President Roosevelt's Memorial
Gift Book" -- "Let We Forget" to benefit his
Warm Springs & other projects for child polio
 sufferers? The texts would be selections
from the broadcasts of those homes follow-
ing the news of the beloved President passing

for I trust that there are records of all that
went out on the air at that time.

It was a spontaneous outpouring
of a nation's & a world's deep feelings.

wee commentators, writers, politicians,

clerics, singers, the actors & actresses of

stage, screen & radio spoke to & for the

people, & I should like to see a committee

of sincere, enthusiastic, competent men

& women, such as, Miss Jane Cowl, Mr.

Arson Welles, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss

Marion Anderson, Mr. Paul Robeson, Mr.

Nelson Eddy, Mr. John Charles Thomas, and

or, others who took part, select from

the ample material, so that such a book

may be compiled & published with suit-
able photographs & perhaps drawings.

The idea could include an English

Canadian edition, & translating

into French & Spanish, & perhaps

other languages, the proceeds from
the sale of the book in each country to go to a “President Roosevelt” children’s hospital or ward in that country, so help to cement world friendships and understanding for which he worked.

You are such a truly busy woman that I have hesitated to add even one more letter to the formidable number that relentlessly descend on you, but the idea of such a book for such a purpose haunts me, so I ask your forgiveness for the intrusion, may I add simply, that I admire, thank you for your work, efforts towards peace, enlightenment.

With every good wish,

Sincerely yours,

Grace S. Brett-Martin (Mrs.)

P.S. The newspaper is shockingly unbusiness-like, but I like it, foreigners go so well with children, don’t they?