

CASA - CAST

Case

October 22, 1947

Miss Thompson:

I enclose the letter about which I spoke to you on the telephone this morning.

As you will note, Mr. Sandifer does not feel that Mrs. Roosevelt should express an opinion on this subject.

Enclosure:

Letter for
Mrs. Roosevelt from
Mr. Lawrence V. Case.

DEPepper:bw



Wholesole, Inc.

BOX 1376
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin
CABLE ADDRESS:
WHOINC, MILWAUKEE

*Mr. Papper -
ask Mrs. R. if
surely what*

*file
no ans.
ack
handwritten
on 10/10*

October 6, 1947

*been shortchanged
means - I
doubt if Mrs. R.
pleas. express any
opinion on this.
LW*

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York, New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In an Associated Press release dated today, October 6th, the Milwaukee Journal carries a story headlined "Communists Frame a New International", in which it is stated that Russia, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Hungary sent communist leaders to a meeting held in Poland to join in a fight aimed at the Marshall Plan and United States 'imperialism'.

Philatelists have been asking whether the purchase of stamps from Russia and such nations as are aligned with Russia is helping, even in a small measure, to contribute funds for the building up of a political machine which may ultimately harm the United States.

As editor of the Case Bulletin, which reaches 50,000 collectors of postage stamps, I have been asked this question in order to properly guide these people in purchasing stamps, the purchase of which could ultimately prove a boomerang.

In addressing this letter to a member of our delegation to the United Nations, I am not without cognizance of the fact that any statement coming from you must be one which will not prove retroactive. Nevertheless, the people look to our leaders for guidance, and some statement to meet our press deadline on October 13, 1947, would be appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Lawrence W Case

LAWRENCE W. CASE

lwc..jh

APARTMENT 15-A
25 WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEST
NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

October 13,
1947

Dear Mr. Sandifer:

Do you know who should answer
the enclosed letter?

Very sincerely,

Walter Rostwell

B. of 159

22 mg St. Petroffine

St. Petersburg, Fla.

June 11, 1947

My dear Mr. Rossett:

I have always wanted to write you, what an ideal person your husband was. He was so human, and possessed all the qualifications of a real noble character.

I always enjoyed his broadcasts, his English perfect and vivid so musical, also fine orator.

I have been in homes of millionaires that disliked him for no good reason, but later had to change their minds, as to his marvelous accomplishments in every way.

Your good husband needs no prayers, and my religious of Catholic Faith we offered Masses to assist him, in his work.

On his death we fervently asked God to have him among the dead in eternity.

He certainly was loved on this earth and we had faith in him, such a fine Christian.

I assure you he will never be forgotten and no one in my estimation will ever take his place.

Casey

I also have admired you immensely of
your devotion and assistance to your husband
I also enjoy your articles in magazines, and
your patience with critics

Your outstanding deceased husband got
his share from them, but it was nothing but
jealousy of his vast knowledge.

But it so we cannot please everyone in
life, so if we please ourselves, one is pleased.

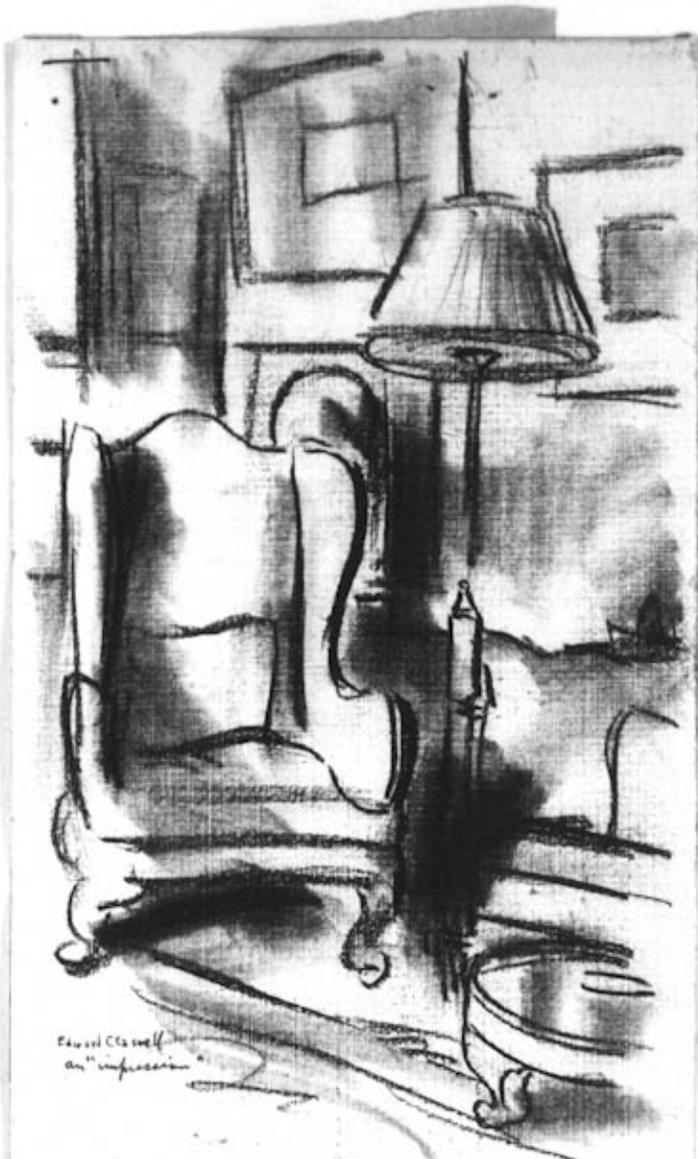
They found fault when I lived on
earth, and still do, so how can any of us
escape.

Wishing you continued success in your
undertaking, and the world be to you
and your family. I remain,

Very Sincerely,

Agnes C. Casey.

P.S. I had a marvelous position that I lost, because I was
in favor of your husband and not Mr. Deacy. My patients, the
other nurse and housekeeper, forgot me, and feel to choose whom
we wish. I assure you it happened for the best as I received
a finer position.



Edward Caswell
an "impression"

29 Wash. Sq. W
Apr 19 1947

My dear Mrs Rosewell
 It has been a great privilege
 to meet you and to draw here in the
 quietness and peace of your lovely apartment
 and I want you to know how much I
 appreciate your graciousness in permitting me
 to make the drawing in such an inspiring
 atmosphere - I believe it is one of the best
 drawings I have done of an interior
 and there is a homelike and intimate
 feeling about it which I believe you
 will please you. Perhaps you would like a
 photographic print and I will be happy to
 present it to you. Our visit with your
 hostess and the making of the drawing will always
 be a happy memory. I feel much
 very sincerely
 Edward Caswell

P. S. I trust that
your cold may be better
when you return to the
city

Coswell

Thank. I should
be delighted to
have a print
of your drawings
Many thanks
for your kind
note —





Washington Square in Grandmother's Day.
To Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
from Edward C. Caswell

Studio Hotel Chelsea
222 W. 23 Street N.Y.
April 10 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

Mr. William Stumpf, editor of the Villager, has told me that he has made an appointment with you to see me Friday noon and I look forward to it with much pleasure. You may have seen some of my drawings of beautiful interiors of houses in Greenwich Village appearing in the Villager. I will be very happy if you will permit me to make a drawing of your interior of your own home, at your convenience and for that I see you perhaps you will arrange it for me. Some day, before long, a publisher expects to bring out a book of my Village drawings made through a period of about fifteen years.
Most cordially yours
Edward C. Caswell

Mrs. Martha Castrioma
2871 Presco St.
San Diego 11, Calif

March, 1947
Letters

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt--

Have been meaning to write this letter for a long time --but as things go it has been put off. The feeling of closeness to the Roosevelt family has been always with me dating back to, and before, the moment I listened to F.D.R. speak from a train in Columbus, Ohio. The year was 1936, and the crowd was being dredged with rain-but the magnetism of the speaker dismissed all concern of the weather. That moment shall never be forgotten.

We enjoy your daily column. Your veiw is those of a great mind, with a quality of humanism which brings into the depts man kind. We also enjoyed hearing you speak last year in San Diego. My husband being unable to find a job kept us from hearing you this year. My husband is a artist-and I believe a great one-which makes employment much more difficult, even than the layman, to find. He will do any kind of work that he can find, but bobs are not to be had-moving in a larger town may help-but such a step involves housing and expence. When I once said to him how unfair it seemed that a man could not even work to support his family he answered "What does a colored man do if a white man can not find a job. I feel so sorry for the colored man". And J.E. Hoover speaks of the rising crime. When a man is puzzled and in want he man try anything. Men like my husband are lucky for they have their minds full of creations-but a poor down to earth man has little but his earthly goods. All of us, even those who hated him, miss your husband for he felt the heartbeat of the mass. With a outlook of vision-for the future. Even the forgotten artist had a place in his great mind.

I lost a brother in this last war-he had a strong sense of creative vision. It is sickening to veiw the lack of vision President Truman has been displaying towards world problems. To even think that anyone in the U.S.A. Senate could even dream of wanting to drop a atomic bomb on Russia is bad enough-let alone say it out loud--are we losing our minds? Did'nt we kill enough people by dropping it twice on Japan?

Am enclosing some things I have written-do hope you find time to read them.

Respectfully Yours

Martha Castrioma

Martha Castricone
2871 Preece st.
San Diego 11, Calif.

F.D.R.

In the hush of sternity
Our Champion lies at rest.
In the hellow of our tears-
His immortality Clings to time.

I loved this giant of vision-
My heart is bathe in pain.
I walk with the lone soldier
Beside the fresh turned earth
Beneath which my Champion lies in rest.

Hellow are the sheers of glory-
Hellow are the mertal aries-
While in the quiet hush of time
Our gallent warrior rest.

No man can unde the grave of time-
Our warrior can not awake.
Memories of his voice and smile-
Tess in the realm of space.
Bled with sorrow am I-now that our Champion rest...

April 1945

Martha Castricone
2571 Prosser St.
San Diego, Calif.

Man

What a little shell the mind can become--full of petty annoyances--
full of self-made haunts-

What little circumstances can cloud the brain--deceiving man's
own purpose-

Man who has not learned to meet his every-day problems--has now
endowed himself with new found ones--such as atomic energy and rockets
to the moon-

Man who's head aches and heart beats faster when his search for a
wanting job is fruitless--who's stomach trembles with recurring of
unsolved family quarrels-

Now he has made himself master of atomic force---

Man who often finds his neighbors unbearable--speaks of the United Nations--
even dares to dream of one world-

And somewhere in the mind of man is a bleaking spark of thought for
a united universe-

Man who has let the machine age get out of control--now seeks to control
the universe-

This is man--the same man who met solve the problem of feeding all his
kind-

Man now torn between capitalism and communism--gives voice to the uniting
of mankind-

Man and science speak to each other--but they are strangers--for man has
developed his dreams--far beyond his ability--he should let his dreams
slumber while he awakens his intellect-

March 1947

Martha Castricone
2871 Preece St.
San Diego 11, Calif.

And In The End--this

I

And in the end they destroyed them-selves--
And the insects rejoiced--
The creatures of the wilderness rejoiced---
For the earth's most perfect--
Most destructive creative--man
Had past into eternity--and his
Resurrection (be there any) Was forever denied him.

Out of his greed he had borne his own end--
The elements relaxed----
The earth gave way to restfulness,
Peace--this peace--belonged to nature--
As by some miracle--all the ants
Earth's other warring creature
With man went to eternal sleep--
And the winds--clouds--grass--trees--mountain all rejoiced.

The brotherhood of man was a reality--
The reality of death.,,

or this--- II

And in the end they united--and the universe rejoiced--
And the creatures of the earth rejoiced--
Out of the heart and brain of man was born
A dream --such as this----
Jews--Gentiles--Negro--Asiatics--Europeans--Russians--Americans--
There were none of these--or none of these--
Protestant--Atheists--Catholics--No none of these.

There were only people -all working towards one end
All enjoying peace -one law--one God--One World.
And all this came about through the death of imperialism--
Through necessity--defrayed of man's own creations--
And man walked in dignity--
He needed no more churches --
Deeds crowded out all fear of immortality--

And the universe rejoiced--for the brotherhood of man was a
reality-----.

August 1946

Madonna Castricone
2871 Preece St.
San Diego 11, Calif.

This Is My Country

This is my country and there are tears of shame upon my face--
Tears of shame--shame--shame--shame--
My America is rotting at the core.
There was my country--my great--good country--of my school days--
There were no tears of shame --only faith in the future
In a country founded on the equality for all--
There were no tears of shame----never any dreams of shame--
This was my youth in America--she taught me no shame.

Everywhere in my country I hear and feel the vibration of these words;

"I hate that Nigger --that Jew--that Jay--Mexician"
And there are tears of shame -shame -in my heart--
Fight-fight-must I to down-within me-the desire
To damn and distroy speakers of race hatred.
Understand--understand--that is the echo of my senses--
Yet my country has not taught it's children the greatest lesson
of all time

And my country is a Christian country-yet many of her children
Do not heed the equality of man.

My country is a great -rich country-the builder and creator of
such as
The telephone--the railroads--the movies--skyscraper-and much more
until Atomic energy.
The winners of two world wars--the dreamers of two stepping stones
towards world peace--
Yet within my country there are those who pull the strings of the
puppets of wars
And they hind behind the freedoms set forth in the bill of rights--
Their voices are not their own --they are brought forth in many
ways--
Thru the press--America First--and baiting--strongest of the K.K.K.
This is my country--beneath ~~the~~ ~~strength~~ ~~the~~ ~~run~~ ~~can~~ ~~care~~
Which drains my heart-bringing tears of shame to my face.....

Dec. 1946

Martha Castricone
2871 Preece st.
San Diego 11, Calif.

This Is My Country

This is my country and there are tears of shame upon my face--
Tears of shame--shame--shame--shame--
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ways-
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This is my country--beneath ~~the strength of the~~
Which drains my heart-bringing tears of shame to my face.....

Dec.1946

Mellwood, Ark. January 9, 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt;

I was copying a train order on the train telephone when the dispatcher broke in and told us the sad news about Mr. Roosevelt.

I want you to know that tears came into my eyes and I felt as if I had lost my own father.

Like millions of others I have never met Mr. Roosevelt, but he was loved by all. He was indeed a great man. Surly he was inspired by such a gracious lady, yourself.

I have waited some time to send you my condolences and and assure you that Mr. Roosevelt grand spirit and work will remain with all people forever.

Sincerely,

R. L. de Castro