March 18, 1947

Dear Mrs. Fried:

Your letter of March 11th has been received and I am sorry I have no way of knowing if the chair belonged to my husband.

With many regrets,

Very sincerely yours,
March 11, 1949

Mrs. Henry N. Fried
3800 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. Roosevelt,

At the President’s Birthday Ball in Brooklyn this year, my husband and I bought at auction the high chair of your late husband for the sum of $1,000 to be contributed to the Warm Springs Foundation.

We had two reasons for doing this. First, we were ardent admirers of the late President, and we felt that the chair would be a nice possession to have for our ten month old son and another child I am expecting in June. Secondly, we felt the money went to a
Mrs. Harry N. Fried  
3800 Lake Shore Drive  
Chicago, Illinois

most worthwhile charity—President Roosevelt's favorite charity.

The high chair bears a plaque: "This chair belonged to
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
President of the United States."

We wondered if you could supply us with any primary information to prove its authenticity. We
would deeply appreciate any data you could give us regarding this matter.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Frances P. Fried
605 West 151st St.
New York, N.Y.
March 31, 1949

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I enclose a copy of an article written by you while I cut it out from the "Yank" magazine a couple of years ago.

I believe this article has as much meaning and understanding that I think it should be republished annually on the anniversary of the death of President Roosevelt and each year thereafter.

With best wishes for your continued good health and work,

Respectfully yours,

Sam Friedlander
A few days after the death of her husband, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote the following tribute to him in her United Features Syndicate column. When the New York World-Telegram published the column it changed its title from the usual "My Day" to "One of Many.

WHEN you have lived for a long time in close contact with the loss and grief which today pervade the world, any personal sorrow seems to be lost in the general sadness of humanity. For a long time all beginnings have been heavy for every American sacrificed in the war. There is only one way in which those of us who live can repay the dead who have given their lives for the cause of liberty and justice. They died in the hope that, through their sacrifice, an enduring peace would be built and a more just world would emerge for humanity.

While my husband was in Albany and for some years after coming to Washington, his chief interest was in seeing that the average human being was given a chance to live. He always believed in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." What made him always interested in the problems of minority groups and of any group which had to struggle to make a living. At the same time, he was a statesman and a statesman always must find solutions that are workable and effective. His long interest in the problems of war, political issues, and the eventual, peaceful, salutary world that lies ahead for our children.

Any man in public life, who is a realist, must face the problems of today, to confide certain enemies. But when he is gone, his main objectives stand out clearly, and one may hope that a spirit of humanity may arouse the people and their leaders to a complete understanding of his objectives and a determination to achieve those objectives better.

Abraham Lincoln was taken from us before he had achieved unity within his nation, and his people failed him. This directed us as a nation for many years. Woodrow Wilson was also struck down, and in that instance, the peoples of the world failed to carry out his vision.

Perhaps, in His wisdom, the Almighty is trying to show us that a leader may chart the way, may point out the road to lasting peace, but that many leaders and many peoples must do the building. It cannot be charted by one man, nor can the responsibility be placed on the shoulders of one. And so, when the time comes for peoples to assume the burden more fully, he is gone.

God grant that we may have the wisdom and courage to work together, with understanding and patience, for all peoples the world over.
CONFIDENTIALLY, I AM AN ARDENT FAN OF YOUR HUSBAND. IF ANYONE DOUBTS HIS VERACITY AS A GREAT MAN A GREAT AMERICAN THEN THEY DON'T KNOW FRANKLIN. TAKE IT FROM ME THIS MAN WAS TERRIFIC.

A FRIEND.
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

For fourteen years I have wanted to write to you on your husband’s birthday to tell you how lucky I thought you were to have him.

Up to now I have been held in check by visions of you and your secretaries shovelling your way through birthday mail; millions of cards, thousands of letters and telegrams, hundreds of cables and a stray radiogram or two from Mr. Chiang or Mr. Mackenzie King.

I had hoped by now that things would have quieted down, but I fear it will not be in my lifetime. From my corner of the earth it seems as if he is more in the public eye than ever before. Three people cannot get together these days without coming a wrappier over him... for, against, and still to be convinced, is the way I see it, and the arguments raging more furiously than ever.

In that particular region, borough or cranny of the Happy Hunting ground to which FDR has been assigned, I am sure he is observing this fanfare with his usual high courage and dry amusement. As I do not believe the Superintendent of Housing of the place where he now lives would doom him to a dull existence, and as men with skill are badly needed there as here, I do not see him floating about twiddling a harp. Instead he’s at a conference on Ways and Means of bringing Heaven closer to what man’s concept of it is... making it a happier place, and its residents more purposeful people, not just myriads of angels mainly concerned with stuffing themselves on milk and honey cakes and changing their robes anytime the celestial winds sweep in a little dust.

No, the Boss is at a conference, but a friendly one, and the men around this table are men like himself, executives, administrators, men with their feet on the ground and a goal. The men, William of Orange,
and William Pitt, Thomas Jefferson and Sun Yat-sen, Edmund Burka, Attaturk, Farnell, Simon Bolivar. There sits the Boss as we, the American people know him best, in the old white fishing hat, and the soft cardigan and the flannel bags, and beside him, working on a great plan, another Dutchman, Grotius. It's a plan of government from the earliest days to now. Grotius points with his quill. Here's a flicker, the Greek Republic. Down it goes, then the long stretch of the Empire. Then up crops Rome, another Republic... then down she goes, then a very long stretch, of suffering and grinding labor for all but a favored few, then again, Switzerland, Venice, The States General. Then down again with the wars, and another century and a half of hopelessness. Then up again, the United States, and one by one the thrones topple and the people learn, slowly, awkwardly to govern themselves. And with this, a new goal, democracy, and new struggles, more bitter than those of the past.

'The answer,' says Grotius,' is union. People must band together. How may we dare to advise the people of the Universe when those of our own planet are still living in discord?' He flicks his pen.' Mr Roosevelt's idea, is the answer. Unite the nations in a brotherhood.'

'Not my idea,' says the Boss.' They thought that one up while I was in the Navy. Wilson, over there, planned it first, but the idea of it has been drifting around as long as there were people on the earth. Some folks like to live in peace, you know.'

Thomas Jefferson cleared his throat. 'Pardon me gentlemen,' he whispers' I fear you've an insurmountable problem. Democracy is your next step. You haven't started on the first rung of that ladder yet. Tell me where in your world men are equal. Until a man respects the rights of his neighbor how can we ask him to live in peace with a man from one of Captain Cook's islands.'

'A good reason,' my dear Jefferson,' says the Boss.' Your Captain Cook's islands were nearly blasted off the map because we haven't learned
to live in peace. I say, let us unite, first, then make democracy the goal for all of us.

'You mean,' says Edmund Burke, 'ask the Lamb and the Lion to lie down together? Preposterous, my dear...fellow.'

'Not too preposterous Mr Burke,' says the Boss. 'It's being done all the time, up here.'

And now may I say again, you and we hundred and twenty millions have been so lucky to have had him.

Grace Finne

P S and if those diehards who held us back so long had minded their businesses the war would have been over long ago and I wouldn't be struggling along with this Model-T Corona, and promises of a new machine within ninety days positively.