Bernard S. Kantrowitz
Custom Made Clothes

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Published today, on the second anniversary of the death of your beloved and great President, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, is a short piece by him which appeared in "The Literary Digest" of April 20.

I feel it a privilege to send you this copy, which is a fine translation and which I hope you will find interesting.

Very Cordially,

Bernard S. Kantrowitz
Hyde Park's Hallcrest Heritage.

Where the soft people adorn
Of the twilight heaven
Dips its keen in the river blue.

Where, where dawning greenwood glitters
With the tears of the morning dew,
And air slices with the scent of blooming roses.

There, in a God made garden
A grove its only star
And a singer to her sleep
The soul of F. D. R.

There the State great dream was
Sanctuaries peace, shelter
For every man,
Finds here own.

There the State prayer and mighty struggle,
That all might enter in plant,
Finds here own.
There is perfect peace he cherished,
for each man to Buttons
in a common trust.
He shares in Leavens.

What his life denied him-
A place in the common company
of nations in the peace he dreamed.
He was perfectly in charity.

His voice still rings across the world.
Write stand together, peoples of the world
in the power of that voice
and in the Torah it cries:
Honor that heritage, live in it,
suffer no degradation to block
its holy dignity.

Pirkei Avot and Hurdian Translation from the Yiddish of Bernard S. Hurdian by John R. Hurd.
לי אען פינ דווינק

שירת הcaptcha מקוון, טקסט אחרון וfuscוסитетים

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Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I had the pleasure of listening to your talk yesterday Saturday the 12th and I was so inspired I wrote the following poem, please do not expect too much for I am only in class 5B.

The title is "A Glance at the Past."

1

A glance at the past
Is forgotten all too fast,
So clear as if it were movies,
But, suddenly all too fast,
It is over, our glance at the past,

2

A glance at the past
Brings back beloved things that are forgotten,
Like our beloved F.D.R.
There he stood, an angel, God sent
Ready to defend us,
But all is over
Our glance at the past.

Hoping you like my poem I remain
Respectfully yours,

Selma Adele
Kaplan

P.S. There shall never be a man so great as was your husband the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.
JAN 15 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
Dutchess County
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In a note dated 22 November, you asked whether a review, which you enclosed, of the book "Kapur" was based on any fact.

The last three lines of the review which had been published in the New York Herald Tribune were underlined, so we gathered that you were particularly interested in them. They are, "I regret to add that, according to his publishers, 'since the Allied occupation of Italy Mr. Malaparte has served for two years as liaison officer attached to the American high command.'" After considerable inquiry we have found that Mr. Malaparte was Liaison Officer from October 1944 to February 1946 with the G-2 Section of the Peninsular Base Section in Italy. This was not "the high command" but a subsidiary unit.

As the review refers to many other unsavory descriptions by the author we are having the investigation continued. If worthwhile information is received, it will be forwarded to you.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Secretary of War
I am to your letter of May 23d. I spoke of your role at the Julius Rosenwald Fund meeting. The decision was left. I thought to the Executive Comm.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

During the past several years you have helped Mrs. Jelliffe and myself in respect to the campaign of Karamu House to rebuild its fire damaged buildings. You may recall that we came to see you at the White House and again at your Washington Square apartment.

I write today to enlist your support of an application to the Rosenwald Fund for a grant of $50,000.00 to aid us in completing our campaign for funds to build our main Community and Theatre unit.

We have raised to date $287,000.00 toward the $397,000.00 needed for this building. We need $110,000.00 more. We have recently secured the full and written support of Mrs. Ascoli of our appeal to the Rosenwald Fund as well as that of Dr. Charles S. Johnson. Mrs. David H. Levy, some time ago, had hoped that the Rosenwald Fund would make an exception to its policy and grant us the full amount requested. She took the trouble to call her brother, Lessing, and ask for his support. Her interest in our work and her generous support of it has given us great encouragement. This is true also of Mrs. Ascoli who only a few months ago expressed her great hope that we could secure the substantial support which we are now requesting of the Rosenwald Fund.

The need is so obvious. The record of our work, its unique place in the cultural life of the community and the nation, its value in developing a finer understanding of the achievements and aspirations of the American Negro, is well recognized.

This is the crucial year for Karamu. If we fail now we may lose the grant of $70,000.00 from the General Education Board which expires this December and which specifically applies toward our Theatre and Arts building.

Mrs. Jelliffe and I appeal to you with all the sincerity and urgency at our command to help us now and save an institution that has developed the oldest and foremost Negro theatre and arts center in the country.

You may also recall that Dr. Charles H. Garvin recently talked with you regarding this appeal and expressed his hope that you would fully support our request at the time of its presentation to the Rosenwald Board.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

May 23, 1947

And may I thank you for the interest and help which you have given us. The war and the post-war period of high building costs has made our task difficult.

With every good wish, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Russell W. Jelliffe
Director
Karamu House

WUio .,._,
[Image 0x0 to 593x720]
Two Pioneers Build Oasis Of Culture In Slums

'Karamu' In Cleveland Is Center Of Community, Place Of Expression

Four hundred years ago, "Karamu" meant to the freeavanah of Africa, the central place in the community—a place of group activity. It was the central meeting place of the natives. The ceremony that takes place in the central part of the Karamu house is a religious one. The Karamu house is a place where the people come together to celebrate and to honor their ancestors. It is a place where the community comes together to share in the joy and beauty of life. In Cleveland, the Karamu house is a place where people come together to celebrate and to honor their ancestors. It is a place where the community comes together to share in the joy and beauty of life. The Karamu house is a symbol of the community's commitment to preserving its heritage and culture. It is a place where the community comes together to celebrate and to honor their ancestors. It is a place where the community comes together to share in the joy and beauty of life. The Karamu house is a symbol of the community's commitment to preserving its heritage and culture.
'Karamu' In Cleveland Is Center Of Community, Place Of Expression

Four hundred years ago, "Karamu" meant to the free Swahili of Africa, the central place in the community—a place of group activity. Today it means a demonstration of the cultural significance of African culture in the black community. The concept of "Karamu" is expressed in the 1st Baptist Church building in Cleveland. The church has been transformed into a community center with arts and cultural activities.

Karamu House is a haven to the community of African-Americans, who have actively engaged in cultural activities. The center is not just a place to gather, but also a space to celebrate the rich heritage of African culture. It is a place where the community can come together and share their stories, experiences, and traditions.

The activities at Karamu House include artistic performances, cultural performances, and workshops. The goal is to preserve and promote the African-American culture. The center has become a significant hub for the African-American community in Cleveland, providing a space for cultural exchange and enrichment.

The transformation of the church into Karamu House is a testament to the resilience and creativity of the community. It is a place where the community comes together to celebrate their heritage, traditions, and values. Karamu House is a symbol of hope and a beacon of cultural excellence.
Project Expands

A new house is expanding, but this time it is not a brick, stone, or cement structure. It is a community center and its goal is to provide a place where people can come together to share ideas, experiences, and resources. This community center is being built by a group of volunteers who believe in the power of community. They are working hard to create a space that will bring people together and promote social and economic development. The center will offer a variety of services and programs, including childcare, education, and job training. It is a testament to the power of collective action and the importance of community.
Eleanor Roosevelt

Hyde Park,

Dear Madam,

Please find enclosed a copy of my last letter to the late President Roosevelt on his last birthday which wasn't acknowledged. Faith was against us and may his soul rest in peace. If the majority of the people will remember his wisdom and great principles for human rights then democracy will live on.

Karlan

January 30, 1947
Sincerely yours,

Lena Harlin
Hotel New Yorker

Dear Mr. President,

I listened to your prayer in my heart and prayed for you with good blessings.

White House
Washington, D.C.
Atlantic City, N. J.
January 25, 1945

The President of the United States
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I listened to your Inauguration speech with a prayer in my heart that the Almighty God may bless you with good health and success in the most difficult task which you have taken upon yourself.

You are like Moses who gave to the world the Ten Commandments, principles that will never die.

You too, will give Commandments of Democracy to the world in the darkest hour of mankind, that will live forever.

It will be the world's greatest treasure, that no one can buy. Let us hope the people will cherish and uphold it as the decades pass by.

Let us pray for an early and lasting peace, not only by mechanized power and sword, but with the help of the Almighty God, our Lord, Amen.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Respectfully yours,

{signature}

March 9, 1945
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I want you to have this poem, the latest that I'm adding to my manuscript of poetry.

You, too, inspired the faith that our late President gave us.

Happy Easter.

Cordially yours,

Strynean Kallen

26 W. 68th St.
New York 23, N.Y.
April 4, 1947.
Remembering Franklin D. Roosevelt, April 19th

(To his wife because every man contains his wife's thought).

Your mind was the sun rising on the land;
Your's was the centre of the system of worlds;
Giving light and heat to all plants, on all
Planets alike; Making luminaries of unseen buds
With your sunbeam summit of self.

You were sun-clad in a radiance bright, but
Revolving around you was a darkened earth
With a withered look and a supperless dish;
Earth appealed to you; Your rays wished to make
A sunflower appear and earth dried her tear.

Your ardour increased; Rising alone in the east
You found minds to equal your own sunburst
To vitalize dark minds and morning's frown;
Insuperable region since day one;
Your highest end was your lowliest deed;

To make all legs vigorous for work and work be;
To turn spiny shrub's contour toward you;
To fatten quantity's profile for man;
To shine on the door of the living entombed,
with your sunlight semaphore their heartbeat.

(com'd)

Kainen
Willingly the ghosts became sun worshippers; Ligaments returning to their bones bending with strength; Sun God, they called you; Healer They called you, Smiling away their tweedledum and Tweedledee; Twin pestilences for all men.

One day a shade was cast by a distant shore And a World War was dumped on a sextillion, Which eclipsed the sun, making the sexton preach And the preached shackled prison by taking the gun; They walked across a short ocean of hope.

Needed was the sunrise of your mind to shine On the worn bell-pull of Eurasia-America's door, Behind which sat the score on a doubtful chair; All handles snapped from umbrellas and arms, The rain and thunder, was it God's or guns?

It was guns aimed at horizon's heart. War's neglect had matted horizon's hair. With one hand over her heart She could not pull her hair apart or find shadow her pet Who was pulverized between man's double intent And the sun's absence; Overlaid with doubt were all continents.
You sent a new dawn like a mountain stream rushing
Down the hips of Mars; While your mind's shine
Blinded him and Mars shot at cold distant stars instead;
You handed out rays to the discontented; And counted
The scars of man against man, saying 'New Brotherhood'.

You heated the seeds, you loving sun, that sprouted
Then trailed and twined from England to Russia;
The blooms grew so large, they were seen by the
Eye of the coming age and the still unborn sage;
You, swinging sun, now rising from west to the east.

Swinging back in your hammock of peace,
For a moment to rest in your native place
Before you labeled the seed for a united peoples' grass
And United Nations' purple flag; But, in one strange
Silence, the warning said you must set in the west,

Not return to the east; And the warning stayed until a
Bleeding sunburst appeared and horizon's eye bled
For you, who had unmat her hair and returned her pet;
You did not know the cry was your sun-tone she heard;
Your helpless threat unvoiced was the shaft all watched.
(con'd)

Horizon, she weeps every night since you passed;
You, sun, do not rise and cannot set,
And without sun she'll never find shadow, her pet;
Gone is the centre of our system of worlds;
Gone is the sunbeam summit of self.