

KANTRO-KART

BERNARD S. KANTROWITZ

Custom Made Clothes

12 April  
1947

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt  
Greenwich Village  
New York N.Y.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Published to day on the excellent  
Anniversary of the death of your husband  
My great President Franklin D. Roosevelt  
is my poem, to his memory.

It appears in "The Day" Jewish Home daily  
of even date.

I deem it a privilege to send you  
copy with a free translation and hope  
you will find it interesting

Most cordially  
Bernard S. Kantowitz



There his perfect peace he cherished,  
For each man to acquire  
In a common front  
He shares in Heaven.

What his life denied him -  
A share in the common company  
of nations in the peace he dreamed,  
He has profoundly in eternity

His voice still rings across the world.

Unite, stand together, peoples of the world  
In the power of that voice  
and in the truth it cries:

Honor that heritage, live in it,  
suffer no degradation to blot  
its holy dignity.

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Riveted, loose and hurried translation from the  
Yiddish of BERNARD S. KANTROWITZ by JOHN REGAN.

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געבן פאר  
די "און לארס  
און פאר  
די "און פאר



[Kaplan]

4/18/47

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

I had the pleasure of listening to your talk yesterday saturday the 12<sup>th</sup> and I was so inspired I wrote the following poem, please do not expect too much for I am only in class 5B<sup>2</sup>.

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  
forgotten are,  
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.

*former*

*Kaput*

WAR DEPARTMENT  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

JAN 15 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
Hyde Park  
Dutchess County  
New York

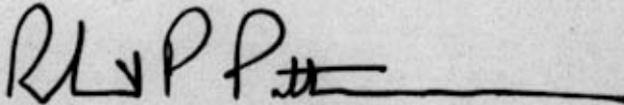
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In a note dated 22 November, you asked whether a review, which you enclosed, of the book "Kaput" 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,



Secretary of War



—  
I ans to your letter  
of May 23d - I spoke of  
your work at the  
Julius Rosewald Fund  
meeting. The decision  
was left, I think, to  
the execution Comm—

Keramey

WALTER BROWN  
MISS KAY HALL  
MRS. W. HOLLON  
JOHN T. HOWARD  
FRANK G. JAMES  
DR. H. P. KEENE  
HERBERT P. LASH  
W. F. MACKAY  
MRS. LUCIA MEE  
FREDERICK MOORE  
WM. M. MILLER  
JOHN F. MORRIS  
MRS. ELLA C. PH  
ARTHUR J. REED  
LOUIS B. SELTER  
MRS. RALPH S. S  
MRS. JOHN TUTT  
MRS. HAZEL M.  
DAVID WASHBURN  
ALFRED G. WOOD

TRUSTEE EMER  
MRS. LOUISE M.

# KARAMU HOUSE

1236 EAST 26TH STREET

HENDERSON 7796

CLEVELAND 18, OHIO

May 23, 1947

RUSSELL W. JELLIFFE  
ROWENA WOODMAN JELLIFFE  
DIRECTORS

#### BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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MRS. LOUISE M. DUNN

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.

*Karamu  
I spoke at meeting  
introduced Ascoli  
for - Pa.*

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*  
Russell W. Jelliffe, Director  
KARAMU HOUSE

RWJ:b

Two Pioneers Build Basis Of Culture In Slums

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

WASHINGTON, MAY 1, 1947 (AP) — PAGE THREE

Small text columns on the left side of the clipping, likely the beginning of an article.



# Two Pioneers Build Oasis Of Culture In Slums



THE  
**Chicago Defender**  
WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY  
Features · Editorials · Society · Billiken · Stage · Comics

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1947

PAGE THIRTEEN

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

Four hundred years ago, "Karamu" meant to the free Sawahili of Africa, the central place in the community—a place of group activity. Today it means to descendants of the Sawahili, the Basos and the Ashanti, a place of group activity and free expression—in the heart of Cleveland's Negro slums.

For the love, the heartache and the work that has gone into building Karamu, it might be called the child of Rowena Jelliffe. She founded it on a shoestring and the goodness of Second Presbyterian Church, in 1913. For the art, drama and music and plain good citizens developed there, it might be called one of the greatest four-toothed of Negro achievement in the country.

A stark few years from the gutters and dirt filled streets, the remarkable buildings and signs of re-

deron, Tallulah Bankhead, Walter White, Henry O'Nealon, Langston Hughes, Carl Van Vechten and "A. D. A. Hall.

An enthusiastic and ambitious as when they finished from Oberlin College and studied on scholarships

at the University of Chicago more than 30 years ago, the Jelliffes are constantly making new plans to help Negroes and themselves to self expression and express themselves as free, sane American citizens.

(Photos, left to right, from top

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.)

KARAMU HOUSE is a boon to

the community at large, be-

cause of its work with young

people and children in Cleve-

land, and it gives a special

lift to working mothers of tiny

kids through the nursery

school. In photo A the young-

sters line up for their monthly

general checkup. Photo B

shows Karamu house director,

Rowena W. Jelliffe and his

wife Rowena W. Jelliffe who

founded the center 32 years

ago. Pleasurable profit and

profitable pleasure is combined

in photo C, where a student

operates the pottery wheel in

ceramics class. When children

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not get to the country, the

country is brought to them

(Photo D), for nature study.

Photo E shows a phase of the

activity that has brought the

community house national fame

—Karamu dances in action.

Fred Carlin (right in photo F)

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his work to fellow artists at

Karamu house. Carlin, who be-

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Negro to exhibit in the Inter-

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Karamu house, enacts a tense

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Four hundred years ago, "Karamu" meant to the free Sawahili of Africa, the central place in the community—a place of group activity. Today it means to descendants of the Sawahili, the Karamu and the Ashanti, a place of group activity and free expression—the heart of Cleveland's Negro clubs.

For the love, the heartache and the work that has gone into building Karamu, it might be called the child of Florence Jelliffe. She founded it on a shoestring and the goodness of Second Presbyterian Church, in 1915. For the art, drama and music and plain good citizens developed there, it might be called one of the greatest bastions of Negro achievement in the country.

A score five years from the gutters and liver-died streets, the remarkable buildings and signs of repression and exploitation, the work of Karamu goes on. The guiding principle is that the Negro is an integral part of American society. The underlying premise is that the Negro has the same needs and capacities of any other group of Americans.

**Back to Maritime**  
 Russell and Rowena Jelliffe, who came to Cleveland from Chicago's Hull House to live in a two-story cottage behind a funeral parlor where they built a community center in the morning, believe that all people are happier when they are

at the University of Chicago more than 20 years ago, the Jelliffes are constantly looking new places to help Negroes find themselves in self-expression and express themselves in first class American citizens.

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(Photos, left to right, from top A, B, C, D, E, F, G.)  
 KARAMU HOUSE is a home to the community at large, because of its work with young people and children in Cleveland, and it gives a special lift to working mothers of day care, through the nursery school. In photo A the youngsters line up for their monthly general checkup. Photo B shows Karamu house director, Russell W. Jelliffe and his wife Rowena W. Jelliffe who founded the center 32 years ago. Pleasurable profit and profitable pleasure is combined in photo C where a student operates the pottery wheel in ceramic class. When children from the heart of the city cannot get to the country, the country is brought to them (Photo D), for nature study. Photo E shows a phase of the activity that has brought the non-racial house national fame—Karamu dancers in action. Fred Carlin (right in photo F) points out technical points of his work to fellow artists at Karamu house. Carlin, who began painting there in the first Negro to exhibit in the International Print show. The Gospel players, whose home is Karamu house enact a tense dramatic sequence in photo G. They lead the country in presenting original manuscripts.



...of the present shortcomings of Negro advancement in the country.

A short few miles from the gutters and liver-eaten streets, the ramshackle buildings and signs of repression and exploitation, the world of Karamo goes on. The guiding principle is that the Negro is an integral part of American society. The underlying premise is that the Negro has the same needs and capabilities of any other group of Americans.

#### Begin in Marquette

Russell and Roseana Jelliffe, who came to Cleveland from Chicago's Hull House to live in a one cottage behind a funeral parlor where they built a community center in the morning, believe that all people are happier when they are creating. Through 22 years of struggle they have sought to provide such opportunities for the thousands of children and young people they serve.

The success of their work can be measured by such names as Artist William South or Fred Cain and Emer Brown, the first Negroes to exhibit in the International Print shop. Further success is indicated by the Karamo dancers, who performed at the New York World's Fair, the Gilpin players who led the country in original manuscripts and the hundreds of youths who have been led away from the paths of juvenile delinquency.

#### Project Expands

Karamo House is expanding, but the problems of support still harry Director Russell Jelliffe and his wife. Land has been purchased to build new units, and to replace the tractor, which was destroyed by fire. It now participates in the community fund, and has ties with schools, community centers and cultural projects throughout the country.

National sponsors of Karamo include such persons as Marian An-



Kerlan

January 30, 1947

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.

Kerlan

Sincerely yours  
Lena Karlin  
Hotel New Yorker

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

Dear Mr. President

I listened to  
prayer in my heart  
you with good heart  
difficult task which

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,

(Mrs.) Lina Earlen  
March 9, 1945

*Annually given  
from the  
Hotel New Yorker*

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Karlen

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.

Stymean Karlen

26 W. 68th St.  
New York 23, N. Y.

April 7, 1947.

Remembering Franklin D. Roosevelt. April 18th

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

Your mind was the sun rising on the land;  
 Yours 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 vitalise 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.

(con'd)

Karlen

(con')

230

Willingly the ghosts became sun worshippers;  
Ligaments returning to their bones banding  
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 Eur-Asia-America's door,  
Behind which sat the score on a doubtful chair;  
All handles creaked 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.

(con'd)

(con'd)

(con'd)

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 unmatted 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)

(con'd)

(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.

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