Katz: A-Z

11.

Thank
Please refer to
my offense to
the children

Library

P.S. 128
8302 Twenty first Street
Brooklyn 14, 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

These poems were written on President Roosevelt's birthday because the children loved him. They were so spontaneous and genuine that I thought you would enjoy reading them.

Sincerely,
Adelaide D. Katz

J. H.S.
6-2-1

Arlene Kalb
Jan 28, 1947

A Great Man

Yes! Franklin D Roosevelt was a
great man,
For four terms as president he ran,
In Hyde Park, on January 30th he was born,
And when the country heard of his death
how they did mourn!
He was the one who thought of the fund
for the March of Dimes.
His goal was to save many children
lives,
Franklin D Roosevelt will ring in our
memory for ever.
Yes! he is a man we will all rememb-
er.
His birthday we all do celebrate,
January 30th that is the date,
He was inagurated on March 4, 1933,
If we were alive he would get our votes
"yes" you and me.
Our late President Roosevelt one of the
greatest heroes of World War II,

Will be remembered by me and you.
F.D.R. in Georgia did die
Now among the rose beds he does
lie.
He was a man who was so great
and true.
He loved everyone no matter who,
Yes he was a one who was kind and
good.
He helped all the people as much
as he could!
He worked hard for his country for
many years,
He told us that we would win the war
so forget our fears.
He was one of the best friends we
ever had.
It was such a shock when we
heard of his death we were all sad,
April 12th was a sad day.
Everyone went to Churches and synagogs
to pray.
He did everything he could to win the war.

Pr bad he Couldn't see the soldiers
stop fighting more,
Yes he is a man who,
Will always be remembered by me and
you.
By Arlene Falb age 11

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,
I am very proud to say that I was
born on Franklin D. Roosevelts birthday.
A. F.

P. S. 128
6a

Mildred Weiss
January 29, 1947

A Man We Will Always Remember

There is one man in our hearts
we all love,
He means to us the star above,
It is F. D. R. I'm talking about,
To make peace was on his problem
route,
To help the world he tried his
best,
Now in Hyde Park his body rests,
His birthday we now don't happily
celebrate,
January 30th is the date,
When we heard of his death we
thought it was a lie,
But we new his hard work would
never die,
He loved swimming and other sports,
He collected stamps of different
sorts,
Go to Hyde Park and you will
see,
Silver cups and pottery.

To the world his death was a great
strain.
He died not in anger or pain.
Because he knew that there would
always be,
The red, white, and blue on land
and sea!

By
Mildred Hess
age 11

Renee Coleman
January 28, 1947

Roosevelt! A Memory that
Lingers on Forever.

January 30th, yes, that was the
date,
When was born, our president so
very great,
We all loved this wonderful
man,
Who for his country did all he
can,
He helped everyone in need,
And was always ready to do
a good deed!
All over the world is known his
good name,
And in everybody's heart it shall
always remain.

Renee Coleman
age 10 yrs.

Arlene Coleman
Jan. 28, 1947.

Roosevelt! As Fine as a
Golden Gem.

He went through
hardships,
His responsibilities
were a strain,
His life was a strug-
gle,
But never did he
complain,
Not once did he say
a word unkind,
A man like him is
hard to find.
To everyone he was
a friend,
No matter what race
or creed,
And he tried all
mistakes to mend,
He helped many
in need.
He was as fine as
a golden gem,
And always will he

In the hearts of his countrymen, live.

Arlene Coleman
age 10 years

Renee Coleman and I are twins.

Norman Sadowsky 10 years
January 29, 1947

Franklin D. Roosevelt
I am not writing this poem
about Jack or Tim,
I am writing it about F.D.R.
who the war helped us win

He's the one who helped us
be free,
And have freedom and liberty.

When he died the world did
mourn,
And they buried him in
Hyde Park,
Where he was born.

Library

6115 E. 6th Avenue
Denver, Colorado
April 19, 19 7

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
New York,
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

One sleepless night last summer, after being the witness to a very un-American incident, I wrote the attached article, "A Chat With F.D.R." The other day, on the anniversary of President Roosevelt's death, I re-read this piece and thought how little world affairs had changed for the better since I had written it and how deeply the loss of his statesmanship and strength is still felt by millions of ordinary citizens like me.

It is not necessary for you to return this and I would not want an answer in your column or your page in the Journal. I am one of many who are proud and thankful to have lived under the leadership of the "big man with the little dog", and I was merely aroused into putting my sentiments on paper.

I would be very pleased if you could take just a few minutes to read this while going through your "mailbag."

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Eunice K. Katz

A CHAT WITH F.D.R.

My Friend,

Sometimes as I relax in the calm, soothing warmth of the fire in my hearth when my chores are done in the country or the hurried hours of a day in the city are at an end, I seem to see your face smiling out of the flames and to hear the echo of your voice in the crimson crackle of the burning logs. The hours have been long and have struck a rebirth in history since your last "fireside chat" with me, but now that the weight of your burdens has been shifted to other shoulders, would you mind very much if I have a fireside chat with you? For I am AMERICA and you are my own, and my own never leave me.

I was in the throes of domestic chaos when you first talked things over with me, and I was fighting heartbreak and war the last time. You were my mouthpiece for so long! In the brooding peace before the war you came to my hearth with the moratorium, the NRA, conflict on the continent; in the searing war before the peace you brought me the challenge of Pearl Harbor, the third term, "D" Day. Each time you had a chat with me I pondered your words. Sometimes I knew you were right. Sometimes I thought you were wrong. But it was American and it was fun, and it helped us to better understanding of each other.

I hope I can make you see why I had this nostalgic desire to have words with you. You spoke straight from the shoulder and then accepted with a waiting ear both the criticism and praise that followed. You were blessed with the gift of the golden tongue, but my own voice seems to be not so strong Today, even though my heart and pulse beat the same as ever.

Many times, as now, I have thought wistfully of your chats with me. I would not call you back, for you gave me your full mortal measure and I can tell by the twinkle of your eye in the firelight that you knew as well as I that there was no "indispensible" man. Yet this is Today. And where are the voices? Where the firm hand and the steady step?

I know that you wouldn't blame me for being a bit befuddled. Although the war is over the peace is not yet here, and the confusion of readjustment still lies across my land. I haven't changed a bit since you left and often I remember your saying "we have nothing to fear but fear itself". I am not afraid. Yet well I know that the path I follow now must lead to either the glory of the brotherhood of man or the loss of freedom forever! The time is here when I must choose my path for I have paid in bitter tragedy for the safety of the world and only with the wisdom of God and the nobility of heart that is my heritage can I justify the sacrifices I have made on the battlefield.

How humble and thankful I was when the fighting was over and the boys were coming home! I prayed in the churches and synagogues for those who would not return and for the peace that would surely come. Then the excitement of a new era began to course through my veins, for while my joy was tempered by sorrow, I am the youth of the world and youth always looks ahead. And I dreamed of free men and progress, United Nations and re-united families; peace conferences and reconversion; full employment and price control; new cars and washing machines.

Of course, I have not had too many months to work on these things, but it seems that I am not going about it just right. That's why I felt like having one more chat with you, for you helped me solve problems like these not so long ago.

This land of mine is the sanctuary of the earth. It still flows with milk and honey -- yet that is part of my problem. For I must share this flow ith my many hungry friends in Europe and Asia lest the milk curdle and the honey turn bitter in my own mouth.

I am finding it difficult to look my ex-servicemen in the eye. They came joyfully back to my shores only to find that there is no place they can call home. They rightly expect gainful employment so that they can meet the high cost of living. They are faced with shortages, black markets, industry paralyzed by clashes between labor and management; jobs lost because of strikes; inflation. They answered my call to fight bigotry and aggression and returned to find hatemongers spreading seeds of discontent in their own yards. They see me juggle the atomic bomb from hand to hand and trust me to dispose of it gently lest it blast to a screaming nothingness the homeland for which they fought.

Most of all, they watch with wary eyes as I sit at peace conferences and they search vainly for the brotherhood of man and the unity of nations that fed their spirits and hopes in their days of conflict.

I must not let things slide. For a free man is not a happy man without a home to call his own. He cannot be a true father to his children if he allows another man's child to starve. He cannot produce his new car or washing machine unless labor and management work in harmony. Nor will he get a square deal if the values are ruined by inflation nor if the fruits of Labor are grasped by the furtive hands of the black market.

I cannot drive home the lesson of tolerance to hate-corroded nations while the flames of intolerance are being fanned by disloyal members of my own fold. My voice must be heard in the cause of world freedom, but it will fall on deaf ears if I am divided at home.

I really have so many problems. But I am so many things! I am a gold star mother and I am a grave on Iwo. I am white and I am black. I am a Republican and I am a Democrat. I am clean with the dust of coal on my hands and I am soiled with the white of sheets that sneak in the night. I am a lonely private in Tokyo and I am a farmer in the fields of Iowa. I am fertile and I am clay. I am a prayer and I am the answer.

Yes, I am America. I am a dream-bound book and you are one of my silver pages. The chapter just passed is engraved with your wisdom and humor and enriched by the memory of your smile as you stood in the rain at Hyde Park. The warmth of my hearth was ever the refuge of those seeking truth and courage and freedom. As long as the spirit of such as you can emerge from the essence of such as I, America will move onward in faith and triumph. And as the flame glows brightly and is forever re-kindled with the fuel of righteousness and honor, your vision of tomorrow is my hope of today, so come visit my fireside again -- and again -- and again.

Eunice K. Katz
6115 E. 6th Ave.
Denver, Colorado

164 Ralph Ave
White Plains, N.Y.
Jan. 16, 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

When President Roosevelt died I thought that even at 10 years of age, should pay tribute to such a great man. So I wrote a little poem dedicated to him. I hope you will enjoy reading it.

In Memoriam

I cannot believe that President
Roosevelt is dead.
In peace and war he always led.
He was so kind, generous and good,
and people he alway understood.

KATE, L.

He always fought for liberty
and alway would win.

I don't see how any one could
forget him.

He had a lot of friends and I
see why,

But to some people he was
just another guy.

To me he was a great man who
always had time for a little fun,

and I think he will go down in
history with Licoln and
Washington.

Respectfully yours,
Lois Ann Katz