SANDH-Sant

Sandridge

Thanks you for your letter of Dec 7th & for the plans you enclosed. It is very interesting.

My husband always said it was foolish to say anything could not happen as any age when the incredible happens daily

20 Gaston Street,
Boston 21, Massachusetts,
December 24, 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.
Hyde Park,
New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

My name is Justin Sandridge.

This letter is about a story which perhaps ought to have been told to you and Mr. Roosevelt in 1925. I have written the story several times throughout the years since then with the intention of sending it to you.

The story is true. It truly happened. It was not a dream. It was not imaginative. It is not edited, not colored, not added to, not changed. I have thought about it almost every day since it happened; my memory has been kept accurate.

During the war years I was on edge to get the story to Mr. Roosevelt but did not see how it could be done. I could not mail it as my letter would be read by others. I would have been called a publicity seeker, a crank, or even worse; any one of which would have been ruinous to me and to the story. I wanted you and Mr. Roosevelt to know so that if you believed in the story the burden of the Presidency could be lighter. Part of it perhaps could have been told to help give the country confidence and the enemy discomfort.

The witnesses to the story were: Miss Louise W. Brooks of Boston and 12 Milk Street, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, and Mr. George E. Judd, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It was in the spring of 1925 just after the close of the Symphony season that Miss Brooks took me to Symphony Hall on appointment to play to Mr. Brennan, the orchestra manager. I had studied the piano for sixteen years and Miss Brooks, who had been interested in my music for about five years, wanted Mr. Brennan to hear me with a view to perhaps managing me when I should be thoroughly prepared. But Mr. Brennan, who had not been well, was ill at home. Mr. Judd, the assistant manager, heard me in the "green room". His verdict was that Mr. Brennan himself would have to hear me. (It so happened that I never played for Mr. Brennan.)

Mr. Judd to Miss Brooks," What did you think of the concerts this season, and our new conductor? Some accuse him of being a charlatan but we think he is marvelous. By the way we have a new stage setting for the 'Pops'."

We then went onto the stage as Mr. Judd described what the setting was to be. The hall was empty and dark, but we found a switch which dimly lighted the stage.

While Miss Brooks and Mr. Judd conversed I drew away to the spot where Mr. Koussevitsky usually stood, and I began to conduct an imaginary orchestra. As I conducted it seemed an old man stood in back of me, to the right, and talked. His message was amazing. He insisted that I tell Miss Brooks what he was saying. I hesitated but was "forced" forward, and I spoke:

"Miss Brooks, I know this sounds foolish and hesitate to tell you, but someone, a spirit, insists I repeat to you what he is saying to me."

Miss Brooks, amused, "Why, Justin! Perhaps it is the spirit of some great artist. What did he say?"

"He says that I.....(a prophesy about myself and my music).

Miss Brooks,"That would be very nice but there has never been a Negro as..... ..... Whom is this to be?"

"That is what he wants me to tell you. He says that is the important part of his message. His mention of me is relatively unimportant. He says 'After'--(I hesitate, the "old man" insists, I continue)--He says 'After the Bloodless Revolution'."

Miss Brooks is astounded; Mr. Judd looks at me queerly. I feel strange and wonder if I should have said it.

"Yes, 'After the Bloodless Revolution' but who ever heard of a bloodless revolution?" questioning the words I had been told to repeat.

Miss Brooks, "What does that mean?"

"What do you mean?" I asked the "spirit" afraid he might now desert me.

The Spirit, "I mean the necessary change in the government for America,a Revolution, it can be called; and Bloodless, because it will be voluntary."

Miss Brooks and Mr. Judd exchange glances and ask when this is to take place.

repeat phrases as the "Spirit" tells them to me.

"There is a man who is mad. A man who, following a ten year economic depression, or panic as you would call it, shall plunge the world into war. His name is "....." (it must have been Schickelgruber).

Miss Brooks, "That sounds like an Austrian name."

Spirit-"It is an Austrian name, but you shall know him by a shorter one of six letters. He is mad. He writes feverishly. In fact he is writing at this moment. I will show him to you if you wish." (I did not want to forego such an experience so eagerly said I would like to see him. My surroundings faded and I clearly viewed another scene which I described. I saw him bent over a table, his hair awry, writing. He stood up and walked in a frenzy, chewing his pencil. He sat down and again wrote.)

Spirit-"He loves the operas of Wagner, his war will be inspired by them. His war will be fantastic, his successes amazing. He will almost conquer the entire world. The Kaiser will be a good man in comparison to him. For This Man Will Be The Very Devil Himself, released by God, in His mysterious way, to intensify hatred, prejudice, and oppression that such injustices may become repulsive to the world and never again be used against any people. His name is Hit (a pause) Hit (a pause) I can't get it just yet, but his first name is, can you imagine it, it sounds so tame--- Adolph."

I was fascinated by all this but felt rather foolish as I alone "heard" the Spirit, and had "seen" Adolph, so I said, "I have been studying too much and must have Adolph Henselt, the composer, on my mind."

The Spirit-" I have the name, repeat what I tell you. You will be..... .....(my prophesy) following the Bloodless Revolution which will take place after the rise to power---(louder) After The Rise To Power--- (and now shouted) AFTER THE RISE TO GREAT POWER--- (a long pause) (and now whispered, almost a hiss) and defeat of (shouted) ADOLPH HITLER ! REMEMBER THAT NAME. It shall become the most hated name in all history.

HEIL HITLER.! HEIL HITLER ! HELL HITLER ! "

Mr. Judd, "It seems to me I have read that name just recently in the Times, a foreign despatch. There was mention of a crazy man in Germany who has been arousing the people, but if I remember correctly they have him safely in jail, or in an asylum." "Who will defeat him!"

Spirit, "One Man. His name is Rose-velt."

Miss Brooks, "It sounds like another war. Are we to have another war with Germany?"

Spirit, "It may be called a war.'The War for the New Democracy'. Do you remember 'Not by Water but Fire Next Time'! This is to be the Fire."

Miss Brooks to Mr. Judd, "Wouldn't it be strange if by this prophesy Symphony Hall should figure prominently in another war?"

Mr. Judd, "How do you mean?"

Miss Brooks, "Dr. Muck and the last war!"

Miss Brooks, "Are we to have another President Rose-e-velt?"

Spirit, "The Man's name is ROSE-velt."

After a pause, Mr. Judd, "I believe one side of the same family does call the name Rose. The Secretary of the Navy under Wilson." There followed a short discussion as to whether the position was Secretary or Assistant Secretary.

The Spirit then said, "Watch out for (it sounded like) a Church on a Hill, a dim light shining in a fog of utter darkness !" I did not understand so He repeated several times and becoming vexed with me said "Church,-Hill Church,-Hill Church,-Hill." Miss Brooks said, "Winston Churchill." I asked the Spirit "What about a Church on a Hill?" but could not understand the answer, so He said, "Never mind."

He now talked very fast, almost too fast to follow. He said there would appear another Kaiser, in America (Henry Kaiser). That Rose-velt would be followed by "....." (It is best I do not print this; it was not too clear and sounds like a pun). He said the war would produce in America a miracle, given by God, which would astound the world (the atomic bomb).

He said that through some exploit Charles Lindbergh would again become a hero and by public acclaim "andAmericans worship movie stars and heroes" would be elected President following the establishment of the "New Democracy". His heart would not be with the New Democracy but he would go along with it and make a good President.

The Spirit then said, "Repeat after Me."
In a clear, strong, ringing voice as though reading a proclamation He announced the following:—

"George Washington was not the father of his country, merely the first President; for AMERICA shall BEGIN with ROSE-VELT. It shall become truly a Democracy. His Bloodless Revolution, agreed to by the people, shall right the wrongs of present democracy. All unfair things, the foremost of which are color and racial prejudice shall be outlawed and thus done away with. THE GOLDEN RULE SHALL PREVAIL. The NEW DEMOCRACY shall spread entirely over the world. In thankfulness for Him, THIS MAN shall be remembered forever in the hearts of the world as FATHER ROSE-VELT, second only to our Lord, Jesus Christ."

(There followed something in the form of a poem or quotation about "The Rose of Sharon". I am sorry I could not get it clearly. It contained "For He is the Rose of Sharon".)

We were silent a few moments.

Mr. Judd, "To test your prophecy will you ask how long Mr. Koussevitsky is to be with the orchestra?"

Spirit, "The longest of any conductor, over twenty years."

Mr. Judd, "That would be nice, but can we keep him that long. We will have to wait some time to find out."

The part telling of the "Bloodless Revolution to right the wrongs of present democracy" seems to be starting on the way to fulfillment. It will be Mr. Roosevelt's work, begun by Him, but of necessity will have to be carried to completion by others.

The similarity of the phraseology in the prophecy and that used by writers and speakers in after years makes it seem as though the story had been told secretly and passed around; unless it was that the Spirit spoke in the phraseology that would be used when the Revelation developed.

The interest which Miss Brooks took in my music ceased in the spring of 1929. I have not seen her since. From 1925 to 1929 she never mentioned the prophecy to me, except to correct me two or three times---there was to be NO Depression or War.

Last year I became anxious to know if the Spirit would talk to me again in Symphony Hall. I phoned Mr. Judd, who is new manager, asking if I could see him. He said he was not too busy, to come right over. When I arrived I was kept waiting some time. A secretary carelessly let slip that he had not caught my name correctly. Reluctantly, it seemed, he at last sent for me. By his greeting he remembered me. I started by recalling that I had played for him in 1925 and would like, at his leisure, to play for him again, that I had been perfecting the playing all these years, that I wished him alone to hear me. I began to go into my reason for wanting to play for him alone by asking if he remembered the prophecy. He said he remembered there was something connected with my playing for him just what it was he did not know. I recalled some of the prophecy to him. He said he did not remember. (I would rather that Mr. Judd instead of concentrating on Mr. Koussevitsky and the orchestra had been interested enough in what was happening through a "foolish" boy to have had a stenographer take it down so that he could "remember"). Then I must have angered him for I told him that if he had never remembered anything else in his life he should have remembered that. I am not sorry I said it, but the result was that although he said before I left that he would hear me and would let me know when, I heard no more from him even though I wrote him later. Perhaps he remembered the unimportant part which was the prophecy about myself; for in 1926 or 27 after a concert by the orchestra when I had occasion to go back stage with someone he took Dr. Koussevitsky aside, and pointed me out. The rest of the time I was there Dr. Koussevitsky could not keep his eyes off me.

I have one more proof of life after death, indirectly connected with the prophecy, which may be interesting. One of the three persons to whom I have told the story was a Mrs. White, an American who had lived in Australia a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. White, whom I had known a short time, liked good music, had heard all the great artists, and Mrs. White was sympathetic to my playing calling it the greatest pianoforte playing she had ever heard. We had conversations about music, religion and such subjects. During one of these conversations I was moved to tell her the Revelation believing she would understand it truly happened. She said she did not believe it possible to talk with those who had gone. The Depression was on as the Revelation told, and Mr. Roosevelt was President. She hoped there would not be another war,

and if there was she would not be alive to see it. She had not told me but she had a heart ailment and had only six months to live. When she died, if there was life after death she would let me know and through me the world by using every means possible to talk to me as my "Spirit" had, if such could be done. After some thought she decided upon a red rose as a symbol since the Revelation had spoken of the Rose of Sharon. How it could be applied as a symbol she did not know but would find a way. Within six months, on Memorial Day, Mrs. White passed on.

One day three months later I was walking on my way to give some music lessons. As I passed by a church I heard "Cheerio Justin" in the same way I had heard the Revelation. To explain: it is the impression on the mind of the words that are said if someone speaks; the quality of the voice, the intonation, everything. The actual sound outside the ears, alone is lacking.

"Cheerio" was Mrs. White's usual greeting, and this was Mrs. White's voice. "Cheerio Justin, how are you?" I returned the greeting and asked how she was. "Very fine, thank you. Do you remember the proof I said I would give you if I could? Do you remember the symbol? How would you like to give your music lessons with a rose in your lapel, a red rose?" I asked that she repeat what she had said. She repeated it and said a parting "Cheerio".

I walked along not knowing where the rose could be coming from, almost not believing it would appear, and if it did from where? But yet it must appear as Mrs. White had just told me.

When I was next door to the building where the lessons were to be given a man was standing by his gate. I had never seen him before. He stopped me and said he had seen me from his window several times go in for the lessons. He had been waiting for me as there was something he wanted me to see. He led me to the back yard. There, was a rose garden. RED ROSES. He said his hobby for years had been red roses. He said I ought to have a rose in my lapel while giving the lessons, and it was going to be the most beautiful one in the garden. He went into the house for his scissors, came out, hunted for the most beautiful, cut it off and put it in my lapel.

The two occasions are the only times I have had such "experiences". It may never happen again. I am not a superstitious person, I do not believe in "ghosts", I do not try to receive "messages".

In the Revelation the part about Lindbergh, the Revolution, and the prophecy about myself are yet to occur, and MAY NOT HAPPEN. When receiving the Revelation I was not excited as its reception seemed as commonplace as listening to the radio, but when each event actually took place I was excited and wondered if the next would happen or whether my imagination had added its own touch. Yet my faith in it all was as strong as though it were already past history. It may be that I forgot some of the story, if so it is up to my witnesses to recall what may be missing.

When events have taken place it is easy to claim they were foretold. The telling of a true prophecy after events have taken place is rather pointless, if the matter is viewed only as a prophecy, except for the fact that a prophecy took place. I realize how useless it may be to try to convince anyone it was true, unless backed by my witnesses. If my witnesses should not care to or could not afford in fear of ridicule to have their names connected with what today is rather taboo I could readily understand. If such should be the case I shall try to persist

...l scientific minds are interested, no matter what price of ridicule to me, ...r the messages must have been given to set me a task and this task I have finally realized I must do. I am anxious for Science to discover whether the two receptions were truly conversations to me or if they were simply the result of a highly sensitized imagination caused by processes of musical thought, which imagination did some excellent guessing to hit coming events so squarely. To me they were true conversations.

I shall try to learn what the societies are that are interested in psychical research and which one would be best to attempt to interest in the two occasions. Before doing this I thought it best to tell you the story as it was mainly about Mr. Roosevelt. I believe this "Revelation" in addition to forecasting the war is a present day proof of the Divinity of Jesus, is a proof of the existence of life after death and is a clue for Science to start seriously to find what the conditions must be for communication with those who have passed on. The establishment of communication with the "other side" of life should cure the ills of the world. It should cause our Christian religion to become true Christianity. It should Christianize all religions. I am not a religious fanatic, neither am I a medium. Should my witnesses have "forgotten" I am willing to be examined by psychiatrists for proof of my sanity and by all methods of science to test that I tell the truth that this story happened. My fortune has not been so good since the beginning of the Depression and I believe it to be because I should have told the story in 1925. The prophecy about myself has given me the fortitude to continue to perfect my music despite one obstacle to using it which has persistently presented itself since 1930 when I had begun well on the way to a concert career, which obstacle otherwise would have been enough to make me give up hope.

If it is true (to me it is true) that these two incidents <u>were</u> messages from the "other side" and Science can find the conditions necessary for such reception the change in life on this earth can to some extent be imagined.

May I wish you a very Merry Christmas season and many a Happy New Year.

Very sincerely,

Justin Sandridge.

(Justin Sandridge.

ALVARO DOS SANTOS
P.O. Box 171
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii, Feb.22,1947

Mrs? Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park Estate,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Madam:-

The enclosed composition is dedicated to the Memory of your beloved deceased husband.

Its submission for your keepsake. Hoping and praying you will enjoy reading same.

Faithfully yours,

Alvaro dos Santos.

ADS/s

- PRESIDENT'S PRAYER -
In Memory to F.D.R.

Composed in 1944 released
for publication Jan.30,1947

O! GOD upon my knees, I pray to Thee,
Forgive my misdeeds, errors, willingly,
Harken to my voice reconcile my repentance,
Hear my intercession, mediation earnestly,
Thou in Heaven judges and makes decree,
I, on Earth pray for supreme superiority,
As leader of a Nation lies responsibility,
Bestow upon me Health, strength and energy,
To conduct my office to the best of ability,
With purity, dignity and undaunted integrity,
Courageous carry this WAR to complete VICTORY,
Keep my spiritual Soul in peaceful harmony,
With faithful devotion, wholly divinity,
Follow Thy footsteps---walk with Thee,
Thou is merciful, oftentimes get angrily,
So am I---in subsidiary in similarity,
Forbid, my heart burns in inflammable fiery,
With hatred, revenge, vengeance of indecency,
Towards these rude Dictators-AXIS our enemy,
Hitler, Musselini, Hirohito, later Japanese,
Unthinkable their atrocious acts of insanity,
Unbearable acts of immorality and cruelty,
Endeavering to dominate World with misery,
Their aggressivness forces humans to slavery.

(2)

My desireus aim, ambition and anxiety,
Force these Dictators to their knees,
Persuade them make true confession to Thee,
Peradventure there's chance of repentance,
Deliberately violated your sixth-Commandment,
"THOU SHALL NOT KILL" rejected command,
Killed people guiltless and innocents,
Non-billigerents and non-combatants,
Purposely slained 'em with cruel intent,
Without apology, sympathy or lament.

(3)

My Co-patriots across the sea,
United they stand-for the FREE,
With valor, courage and loyalty,
Our ALLIES forces fight fearlessly,
Give them strength, power, vitality,
Keep them physical fit faithfully,
On them is depended our VICTORY,
Protect them from danger and casualty,
Light their path--protect their spree,
Destroy these barbarous, autocracy enemy,
As Christian Soldiers fight for Liberty,
Justify our ALLIES to make World FREE.

----oOo----

Composed by:-

Alvaro Dos Santos
P. O. Box #171
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii

De Santos

ALVARO DOS SANTOS
P.O. Box 171
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii, April 16,1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park Estate,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:-

The enclosed compositions reminiscene to the memory of the late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is submitted for your keepsake.

Undoubtly you will be deeply interested in reading the well dictated verses with regret for the past bereavement.

During Mr. Roosevelt's term of office I remitted numerous of poems, for which he acknowledged with deep gratification, six of his letters I value as a pride possession.

Verty truly yours,

Alvaro dos Santos,
Aiea, Oahu, T. H.

ADS/s

Felső Körössor 17/a
Békéscsaba. Hungary.
April 15th, 1947.

Madam,

Excuse my taking the liberty of writing to you but to pay tribute to the memory of the Great is a privilege and I hope, no presumption.

In heartfelt gratitude and admiration I should like to pay tribute to the memory of the Great Man who, by his genius and farsighted wisdom delivered the world and incidentally saved my life and who, by his New Gospel of Freedom has given a new meaning to life.

Ever since the outbreak of the war it was dangerous later in 43-44 downright temerity to listen in here to foreign transmissions. But I never missed a word that fell from his lips and was transmitted, though I could listen in only by night, secretly. His words were the only encouragement we had in the hostile sinister atmosphere that enveloped us. In spite of adversity and suffering my implicit faith was never shaken, I never doubted the final issue.

From 1944 till the end I went through the hell of

Stern

Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen and a Junkers-factory in Aschersleben. I have, miraculously survived, american troops delivered us when we were in the direst extremity of exhaustion and starvation. I have lost almost everything worth having, my husband, my nearest and dearest relatives, I have come back to face a truly hard struggle, and yet, it is good to see that the right cause has triumphed, it is good to breathe deep and freely. In spite of sorrow, mourning, loss and terrible experiences it has been worth while. I thank God that the great Time brought forth a great man and for whom the world would have been lost in horror and cruelty.

With the deepest sympathy I lament his passing away before his great work was achieved and final victory won. However - I utterly can't understand that such a man should not be spared to enjoy peace, happiness and the glory he deserved.

With gratitude to and admiration for the great man and his great people

yours faithfully

Susan Stern

- EULOGY TO F. D. R.-

This acrostic poem dedicated to the memory of President Roosevelt upon his Death on Thursday, April 12, 1945, released for publication on Saturday, April 12, 1947.

F-RANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT- is gone,
R-everent President gone far beyond,
A-mericans sympathize, lament and mourn,
N-ever in history was a President amicable known,
(N-ever more his voice heard over the microphone),
K-indness, sincerity and honesty was shown,
L-ong live his good works willingly performed,
I-nserted in Books at the Washington's Throne,
N-ational Constitutions decreed and sworned.

D-evoted his life then cripple and worn,
E-fficient Executive eagering to carry-on,
L-oyal to "HIS COUNTRY" since birth-born,
(L-onging for Security-PEACE- Nations reform),
A-tlantic Charter adopted to conform,
N-ations United combined and reborn,
O-pportunity for World's Freedom-drawn.

R-emember his "NEW DEAL" forever prolong,
(R-everent Commander World's-Nations mourn),
O-ptimistic of seeing World War No. 2-won,
O-bituary "Reaper" made DEATH too soon,
S-poiled his existence to places-unknown,
E-ndowed Commander executed his job-strong,
V-ested his power sanctioned with a song,
E-mphasized "GOD'S COMMAND"keep men from wrong,
L-ed life as a true Democrat-democracy so renown,
T-riumph with justice as he was proudly known.

---o---

- IN MEMORIAM -

R-est-in-Peace,
O-ur beloved President,
O-ver World-Nations lament,
S-taunch, stalwart Commandant,
E-nded your life struggling spent,
V-isions of World's-Nations to repent,
E-nding all destructive warfare-disarmament,
L-aid the foundation for America's strength,
(L-ay asleep in sepulchre's tomb of strength),
T-ribute to a Great Leader await Day-Judgement.

---oOo---

Aiea, April 12, 1947.

Condolence composition from:-
Alvaro dos Santos, Aiea, Oahu, T.H.

Alvaro Dos Santos
P O Box #171
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii

- PRESIDENT'S PRAYER -
In Memory to F.D.R.

Composed in 1944 released
for publication Jan.30,1947

O@ ALMIGHTY GOD upon my knees, I pray to Thee,
Harken to my voice reconcile my repentance,
Hear my intercession, mediation earnestly,
Thou in Heaven judges and makes decree,
I, on Earth pray for supreme superiority,
As Leader of a Nation lies responsibility,
Bestow upon me health, strength and energy,
To conduct my office to the best of ability,
With purity, dignity and undaunted integrity,
Courageous carry this WAR to complete Victory,
Keep my spiritual SOUL in peaceful harmony,
With faithful devotion, wholly divinity,
Follow Thybfeetsteps---walk with Thee,
Thou is merciful;oftentimes get angrily,
So am I---in subsidiary in similarity,
Forbid, my heart burns in inflammable fiery,
With hatred, revenge, vengeance of indemency,
Towards these rude Dictators-AXIS our enemy,
Hitler, Musselini, Hirohito, later Japanese,
Unthinkable their atrocious acts of insanity,
Unbearable acts of immorality and cruelty,
Endeavoring to Dominate World with misery,
Their aggressiveness forces humans to slavery.

(2)

My desireus aim, ambition and anxiety,
Force these Dictators to their knees,
Persuade them make true confession to Thee,
Peradventure there's chance of repentance,
Deliberately violated your sixth-Commandment,
"THOU SHALL NOT KILL" rejected amendment,
Killed people guiltless and innocents,
Non-billigerents and non-combatants,
Purposely slained 'em with cruel intent,
Without apology, sympathy or lament.

(3)

My co-patriots across the sea,
United they stand for the Free,
With valor, courage and loyalty,
Our ALLIES forces fight fearlessly,
Give them strength, power, vitality,
Keep them physical fit faithfully,
On them is depended our Victory,
Protect them from danger and casualty,
Light their path--protect their spree,
Destroy these barbareus, autocracy enemy,
As Christian Soldiers fight for Liberty,
Justified our ALLIES to make World Free.

---oOo---

Composition from:-
Alvaro dos Santos,
Aiea, OahuHawaii.

Alvaro Dos Santos
P. O. Box #171
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii