SCHUS-SCHWARTZ

Schwamm

NATIONAL BRONX BANK OF NEW YORK
150TH STREET AT MELROSE AVENUE
NEW YORK 55, N. Y.

HARVEY L. SCHWAMM
PRESIDENT

May 19, 1947

Thank - I can not remember asking for anything improper so I am not in the least disturbed

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square
New York, New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am chagrined that I should be the cause of any embarrassment to you for your kindness to me when I sought to join the Army. It is inconceivable to me that General Phillipson actually made the statements attributed to him by the New York Journal-American.

I want you to know that your name was not introduced in the trial by me at any time, nor was I questioned concerning it while I was a witness. The only reference to you and others whose assistance I had sought was made at the side-bar by Charles J. Margiotti, Counsel for Representative May. He, apparently, did it with reluctance. I do not know why I was called as a witness and, as a matter of fact, the Judge asked the prosecutor what he had intended to prove through me. It is difficult to understand either that, or why I had so much difficulty.

I hope that you will not hold me to blame for what seems to me to be a fruitless effort to annoy you through me.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Cordially yours,

Harvey L. Schwamm

HLS:jb

Thank - I can not remember asking for anything improper so I am not in the least disturbed

Ci-6-9452

MRS. ESTHER L. SCHWARTZ
457 WEST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

November 17, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I burst into tears, when I finished writing the enclosed verses, which I wrote in a few minutes, at a single sitting, in a sort of frenzied desire to get down what was in my heart. I seemed inspired to write this on the day I visited your home at Hyde Park some Sundays ago, but did nothing about it at the time.

My friend Jane Freeman and I want to do a sort of shield, of cardboard, and she wants to paint a little picture of your husband, a background of perhaps the house and the trees, and the shrine at the right, somewhat like the sketch enclosed, with the verses below. I thought, since there was no very cheap little souvenir that folks could take back with them (we bought the books on sale, but they run around 50c, which may seem more than a trifle to some of the visitors), that we could have this printed rather inexpensively and have it sold at Hyde Park. Will you please write and tell me whether you or your family would object in any way?

I sent the original verses to the Saturday Evening Post, whose Mr. Stuart Rose is friendly to my work, though in twenty years of trying I have never sold them a line. During those twenty years I sold YOU and YOUR magazine, however, as you remember; you said of me, "This woman has the kindly magic of common sense," which made me very proud and happy.

If there is anything about this whole thing which would displease or hurt you and yours in any way, please let me know as soon as you can and I will do nothing more about it. I know, because it makes me cry and yet feel happy inside as I write it, that others will feel the same as they read it.

With all good wishes to you and yours,

Sincerely,

Esther L. Schwartz

You will have to work W. Geo. Palmer in charge for permission to sell anything. Verses fine [illegible]

C1-6-9452

MRS. ESTHER L. SCHWARTZ
457 WEST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

A FRIEND TO MAN

By
Esther L. Schwartz

The day that he died I wept like a child, and the whole world wept with me,
We knew we had lost a good, kind frieDd -- like a parent, he seemed to be;
I mourned him for days, and I cried and I felt that the world's loss and
mine were great,
For this one human being had worked till he dropped, and deserved a
kindlier fate.

But such work is repaid, if not in one's life, then after the work is done,
For thousands now come to the place where he lived, where his task was
first begun;
They come there in cars, and they come there on foot, and they come in
a crowded bus,
For hours they stand in the sun or the rain, with never a bit of a fuss.

And some wear a smile, and some wear a frown, and some shed a furtive tear,
But all show respect to the man and the crowd -- here surely is "freedom
from fear"!
"He was just like my father," says one deep-voiced man, and I turn for
a look at his face,
There are tears in his eyes, and he wipes them away -- he is dark-skinned,
yet proud of his race.
His shoulders are broad and he holds his head high, for in this place all men are the same,
He explains to his son what this man meant to him, and in reverance he
spells out his name;
"He made his life hard, for he worked hard for us, but he rests now, Son,
there in that spot;
You and I lost a friend when he left us alone, for we need what a man
like him's got."
"I cried very hard on the day that he died," one girl says with tears in her eyes;
He was just like a father," she walks by my side, "now this is the spot
where he lies."
"His body lived here, but his soul's here right now," says a woman who
weeps without shame,
"I can feel as I walk that he's still by my side, and he lives in my heart, just the same."

As I looked at the bed where he lay and he bore all the burdens of their
woes and mine,
I thought of the things that one man struggled for, yet always seemed
gentle and fine;
There was many a battle he fought in that room, and he won, though his body grew frail,
He never gave up, in his fight for the right, as he carried his own grim
grail.

Life seemed hard for the man who fought the world's fight, yet his
battles were always won,
For he never gave up, in his war for the right, till the day that his life was done!
Now he rests in his shrine by the side of the roads and folks come there
whenever they can,
For his spirit smiles down on the people he loves, and he's still a
friend to man.

- Esther L. Schwartz