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CHARLES A. WOHLBERG  
1988 JEROME AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

April 10, 1945

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Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
White House  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

If you recall, on October 26th last I had occasion to meet you with Rabbi Frimer when you spoke to the B'nai Brith Hillel Foundation at the City College of New York. At that time you honored me by having lunch with me and since then thousands of persons have asked me what type of person you are, what we spoke about, what you ate, and so many other questions that I couldn't begin to catalogue them.

Among these people was my son, Clifford, aged 10 years old. He looks at me with awe that I, his father, had lunch with the wife of the President of the United States. He can't conceive that you can be as nice as you are.

What does this all lead up to? Well--I am frankly asking a favor of you that, if granted, will make a little boy very happy.

Unfortunately, Cliff was stricken with rheumatic fever on December 31st last and has been confined to his bed ever since. Fortunately, the Board of Education of the City of New York has a service which arranges for a tutor to teach such physically handicapped children. So for a part of each day he is busy with his lessons or his tutor. After that is over, we must take over to keep him happy and in good spirit. This is very trying.

We have discussed the war, the causes of it, the prospects of a lasting post war peace, the feeding of the poor, bible stories, coin tricks, the radio---oh, we have been through everything. Honestly, Mrs. Roosevelt, I am running out of ideas to keep him happy.

Can you help us out? In what way?

When you are in New York next could it be possible for you to come to see Cliff and talk to him for a few moments? The thrill that he would get that you, the wife of the President of the United States, should take enough interest in him to call to see him would be a tonic that no medicine could provide.

CHARLES A. WOHLBERG  
1968 JEROME AVENUE  
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-- 2 --

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

If you can arrange it, won't you please let me know and I would arrange to call for you anyplace in New York and surprise him.

Mrs. Roosevelt, please don't think me precocious or insolent or impudent or rude. I am merely a father that adores his son and wants more than anything in the world to get him well again.

Respectfully yours,

*Charles A. Wohlberg*

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