

Gla-Gly v. 1

April 6 - 46 -

MRS. CHARLES M. GLAZIER
119 WALBRIDGE ROAD
WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

My dear Mrs Roosevelt
always an admirer
of President Roosevelt
I have saved for years
clippings cut from N. Y.
Hartford papers.
Does any one want them?
I'd like to see you when
you come to Hartford. But
the old (or) decrepit
so cannot
Yours sincerely
Cordelia Louisa Hayes

STATE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE



Eastland, Texas,
November 21, 1946.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

As a Texas social worker since 1933 and as an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt, who did so much for America's poor, I take this opportunity of addressing you, for the purpose of enclosing a short article which I believe expresses the hearts of Texas social workers. We here in Texas are trying to carry on President Roosevelt's great aspirations for the poor and consider it a sacred privilege.

Because it was a personal sadness to me when President Roosevelt passed away, I would like for you to know that I loved him, too, although of course I never had the privilege of seeing him.

Feeling that your kind face is often turned toward the poor, I knew that you would understand my taking the liberty of addressing you and sending you the little article. I wish the United Nations Assembly could have sat invisibly behind me during my interview with this girl: perhaps Peace might come sooner than expected to the world. May God give us all the strength and the heart never to lay down our burden.

Very truly yours,

(Miss)

Elsie L. Glenn
Elsie L. Glenn, Field Worker.

EG:s
Encl: mss.

Elsie L. Glenn, Field Worker,
Texas Department Public Welfare,
Eastland, Texas.

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"THE HANDS OF THE POOR"

I have often been saddened in my work by the eyes of those who come to sit on the other side of my desk and to ask my help with matters which have become too big for one human being to handle. I have often searched my soul, wondering just how much right I have to venture to offer that help. Yet, I have found comfort of a sort in the knowledge that I have tried throughout the years to give whatever was best in me to those who asked my help.

Recently, a poorly dressed, half child-half woman, sat down in my office. I was appalled. She was literally hungry, half clad in terrible clothes, her shoes were broken and it was a bitterly cold day. It brought back the memory of old "relief" days I experienced years ago and which I have not encountered oftensince then. Hers was the color of poverty: waxy, pale, and unhealthy. She sat like a frightened bird on the edge of her chair, her eyes enormous in a drawn face. I will not give the details of why she had come. It was what the sight of her hands did to me that broke my heart.

The hands of the poor are the most eloquent things on earth. I have noticed many times the pathetic, helpless hands of the aged; the knarled hands of those who have done hard work for a lifetime and that now lie lonely, idle, sometimes defiant, restless, sometimes resigned to fate. I have noticed the red, rough hands of the mothers of our dependent children; the hands that are still working as best they can for those they love.

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But the hands of this girl impressed me most. They were like talons of a bird: emaciated, the flesh drawn tightly over the small bones and they looked frantic, and troubled, and afraid. And yet, there was a gallantry about them that belongs only to the poor! She kept them clasped rigidly and never once let go: they were her defence against a hurting world. I knew they had never known better days. She was one of the people born into the world to struggle always for what she got, with no chance at education, no chance at all to get out of her predestined path of illiteracy, disease, and deprivation. All her life her hands had beaten at the world to get food, a roof over her head, a few clothes, and now they were beating frantically for her children. Her type of hands will never rest until society institutes a better form of rest for her than we now have.

After she had gone, I was troubled because I felt that my help was such a small thing in her distress. I thought of all the thousands, millions all over the world like her and I was suddenly tired and very sad, yet strangely at peace. I knew that many agencies, many countries, many individuals are doing their best to alleviate such sorrow. America's poor and the world's poor are the same. There are at least a few all over the world who realize the plight of such people and are doing what they can, in their small ways, to help. Yet, it is not enough.

May you and I and all the others continue to do what we can for the poor and may we all remember, when we face the eyes and the hands of the poor that we have a most solemn obligation not given to many and that that obligation cannot be laid down ever, but must be passed

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on and on, as a Burning Torch that symbolizes the God Given opportunity that nations the world over shall at last, indeed, clasp their hands in Friendship for the good of all.

VINCENT GLINSKY
SCULPTOR
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Feb. 28/46

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
New York City

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Recently I completed a scale model in plaster which is 3 feet high and 10 inches square commemorating allegorically the late immortal F.D.R. and his objectives "The four Freedoms".

I would like to show you the model to gain your views and suggestions. I can bring the model to you anywhere in N.Y. at your convenience.

I understand your activities could not possibly permit you to come up to my studio. I consider it a privilege if you would visit this stage and I hope some day to develop it to 18 feet high.

It was so gratifying to hear you last night over the Radio interpreting the meaning of the U.N.O. & etc. It is so much in the F.D.R. tradition and we are very lucky to have you so able to continue it.

With kindest regards,
Sincerely yours,
Vincent G. Ginsky