

Lewis A-Z

N.M. LEWIS

#5243 Pentridge Street
Philadelphia, Penna., U. S. A.
June 2nd, 1946.
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My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

not seen for since Thursday, May 30th, 1946, MEMORIAL DAY, in honor and tribute to those American citizens who gave their all and who risked their lives for the perpetuation of American Freedom and Democracy, I made no other appointments so that I could on that historic and holy day, make a trip to the Valley Forge Hospital, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, which I did and also visited the holy grounds where Washington and the American patriots struggled and suffered to make and keep our country, the United States of America, free forever. I also offered my free services to the Entertainment Committee of the American Red Cross Society, which consist of a Chinese-American (American) Patriot (Patriot) Comedy Monologue, with my Chinese costume I purchased at a reasonable figure, cap, slippers and chop sticks, with small American silk flags sewed around the cap. I therefore promote comedy but also Americanism at the same time, and in my monologue I make it a point to include "Americanism" in a humorous way. If we ever needed to educate the people to American ideals and to appreciate this Free country, the free-est in the World to-day, these are the days and the times, when our President and government is beset on all sides with strikes and burdened with bringing about World Peace out of chaos.

Friday, May 31st, 1946, I reported promptly at work for "Uncle Sam" The U.S. Treasury, Bureau of Internal Revenue, #1100 Gimbel Building, 35 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., where I am employed through Civil Service, (appointed 8-3-43 as Deputy Collector) and have complete supervision of the Supply and Stock Department, filling requisitions for Office Personnel, Field Deputies and District offices (1st Dist. of Penna.-Phila. to Altoona.) They tell me I keep the stock in first-class shape and several old-timers have complimented me with their remarks that in their long service, they never saw the stock kept in such fine shape.

Saturday, June 1st, 1946, we do not work, so I decide to make another historic trip and visit my only sister (never married and now sixty-eight years old) Not feeling quite well, and would never forgive myself if something should happen suddenly to her, and I did not see her first. I take a Quaker City Bus in Philadelphia bound for New York. Saw my sister, Lena, at the Henry Bayard Cutting Home, 541 E. 78th Street, N.Y. City, about 8 A.M. Saturday. She would soon have to leave for the Doctor's office for treatment with our Niece, Mildred Lewis, so she had to excuse me. I wished her well and told her I would write soon. Called up at the Station at N.Y.C. in the evening about eight p.m. to ask how she was now and hotel. office answered could not locate her and no answer. Will phone her to-morrow (Sunday, June 2nd) Now, for my historic trip. Its like a summer day out here in New York City to-day, Saturday morning, June 1st. After leaving my sister, I phone from a drug store around 65th Street and Madison Ave. to an old friend I have

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My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

not seen for almost fifty years (thank God Almighty we are both still here yet in the land of the living) and would consider it a great pleasure if I could but only speak to him on the phone if I cannot see him in person, and keep on wondering if he would remember me when I speak to him on the phone. I am told when I phone, about 8:45 A.M. to phone back again in about an hour. I do so, and my friend gets on the phone. I greet him with the customary 'phone greeting, "Hello" Is this Mr. Edwin Franko Goldman? The voice said, "yes, who's calling," I said, "Nathan Lewis from Philadelphia. Came to New York for the week-end to visit my sister, Lena, who also knows you for years. How are you and your family. I would indeed consider it a great pleasure and privilege to see you if but for a short time before I go back to Philadelphia, for old-times' sake. I first met you when we were in our teens, (and I remember he had great talent then as a Cornet Soloist) He said he was sorry indeed as he would have to leave very shortly (on a matter possibly connected with his profession) and expressed regret that he could not see me this time. I thanked him and extended my very best wishes for his continued good health and success. I also told him I made a special trip this Memorial Day week-end, not only to see my sister and old friends, but to make a special trip to the Hyde Park National Shrine, in honor of the Memory of the greatest President this Country had, Honorable Franklin Delano Roosevelt, deceased. Leave a few Brochures I took along with me from Philadelphia, of the Atlantic Charter, which will forever remain one of the greatest State Documents written by this Great American, and will mail one to my boyhood friend when I have the first opportunity to write him, Mr. Edwin Franko Goldman.

Take the New York Central train about 1:45 p.m. Saturday (still nice weather) and when about halfway on the trip. cloudy skies appear and it rains and rains all through the afternoon, evening and night. Reach Hyde Park Station about three p.m., and railroad conductor advises me I can get a cab to take me to the old Homestead of our illustrious President, the late lamented Franklin D. Roosevelt, and now a National Shrine. I thought as the day blossomed out with sunshine weather when I left Philadelphia, it would remain so for the entire day, so did not think it necessary to take along rainy weather apparel such as an umbrella, rubbers or a coat. I am now dripping wet as I get in the cab. Several folks in the cab with me arrive at the main entrance to the Museum. I could have stayed there several days; the place is of such great interest and memories of the President and his accomplishments to the Nation and to the humanity of the World. One could notice how dear the Sea and Sailing Vessels were close to his heart, even as a Boy when he penned a touching letter to his dear mother, what he wanted for his birthday; a boat. My ticket #022716 for this most historic visit I keep the stub for remembrance. I am now, after visiting here, on hallowed ground; at the graveside of this great President and Martyr to his country and the World. I remove my hat (its still raining) in reverend silent meditation, along with other folk standing there.

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My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I notice the wreaths on the grave from friends that never forget friends; the wide and neatly kept hedges in a long square. This place will go down in history second to Valley Forge. I with others proceed to his late home and library. I notice all the contents, the homey furniture, pictures of his family, his dear departed mother and father and of you, Mrs. Roosevelt, and his den, which his dear mother termed the "Snuggery" a very fitting expression for the surroundings. I also notice the reaction of the visitors. All look solemn and very few words said, as though they were in a church ready to offer a prayer for the departed. Despite the rain, there must have been at least three hundred people there while I was there for about an hour. I left on the 4:33 train from Poughkeepsie, the next station, as the cab-driver told us we could make quicker time than waiting for the train at the last stop. Its still raining heavy, even when we arrived at Grand Central Station about 7:30 p.m. I am directed to take the west-bound Forty-second Street car and reach the Quaker City Bus Terminal at Eighth Avenue, and miss the ten p.m. bus to Philadelphia, as I had failed to purchase my return ticket, marked Reservation. I had to take the midnight bus back, and arrived in Philadelphia and home about four A.M. Its also raining hard in Philadelphia when we arrive and finally after waiting indoors about another half hour, manage to get a cab for home.

Despite the bad weather, I want to tell you that I felt relieved that the Lord spared me to live this day, to be able to travel and visit the birthplace of your dear, departed husband and United States President and Commander-in-chief of the Armed Forces, the late and honorable Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He will always be remembered by his fellow-Americans, as a Great American and Humanitarian, and among the great Statesmen of the World. May his soul forever rest in Peace, and may you live many years yourself in health and happiness in a World of lasting Peace and Progress.

I desire to take this opportunity to also thank you sincerely for your kind acknowledgment of May 7th of the receipt of the brochure of the Atlantic Charter which I recently mailed to you, and it affords me great pleasure to know from others who I have distributed same among, that they are also greatly pleased with it, and will frame them. One gentleman, Dr.Hull, President of Banks Business College, twelfth and Walnut Streets, thanked me exceedingly, and said he would have a picture of the President placed in the blank page on the back and all four pages spread end to end in a frame for his study room at the college, for the students to see and read. It also gave me great pleasure to be able to attend the lectures on April 5th, when you were one of the prominent speakers and who I wished to especially hear and see, at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, sponsored by the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and made it my business to also attend the memorial services for our President at the Keneth Israel Synagogue the same evening.

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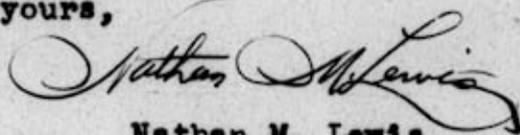
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My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

April 5th, when you also were present as the guest of the members and officers of this Congregation, and when they unveiled the bust statue of our great President and Commander-in-Chief, Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt. I sat about opposite you from the stage, in the third row of seats. It was a service I shall never forget.

With all best wishes to you, the entire members of your family, to the President and Commander-in-chief, who has succeeded our beloved departed President, His Excellency, Honorable Harry S. Truman, and with a daily prayer that God Almighty will bless him in health and strength to carry onward the noble policies laid down by your dear departed husband and our former President and Commander-in-chief, and with kindest regards and good wishes to all your official staff, I beg to remain,

Most sincerely yours,



Nathan M. Lewis.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York.