Poa-Pole
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

This is that "Save the Pyramid" man again.

Thank you so much for your forthright note with the assurance that you would mention the "World Park" idea in your column.

Knowing how busy you are I had no intention of writing you again - that is - for a little while anyway, but an item in today's LOS ANGELES TIMES caused me to turn to a file of your column which I have and to find the one you wrote on Aug. 8, 1945, regarding Niemoeller, and to write the enclosed letter to Bishop Oxham, I copied the column and sent it with the letter. At the conclusion of the sheets with the column I wrote: "Did I not feel sure that you and your company had either not read, or had forgotten, this statement by Mrs. Roosevelt, published under her name, I should consider your telegram to her highly impertinent, and the applause that accompanied your reading of it, shameful."

I thought you might be pleased by this evidence that the daily bread you so lavishly cast upon the waters of the press, does feed some of us, who, like yourself, are still searching for Truth, and will continue to do so, though sometimes wearied and discouraged.

In a play which I finished writing a short while ago I have a character say: "If I had the world to make all over again, the first thing I would do is see that each generation didn't insist upon repeating the same mistakes as the preceding one. It's such a horrible waste." I like that, even if I did write it.

Sincerely, and with best wishes,

Lawrence Pohle

I forgot - Merry Christmas!
Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam

Dec. 6, 1946

Dear Sirs:

An item in today's newspapers, dated Seattle, mentions a telegram which you sent, to thunderous applause from the group of which I assume you were chairman, called The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt urging her to correct an "erroneous impression" created by her in her newspaper column "My Day" regarding Pastor Niemoller.

If you had read Mrs. Roosevelt's column consistently neither you or your brothers of the cloth would have made the stomach-sickening move which you have made by inviting that person to address Americans.

I am sure Mrs. Roosevelt will have, by this time, have sent you a copy of her column for August 8, 1945 - get that - 1945 - well over a year ago, but I am appending a copy of it to this letter in case she has not. Here was this column the only place where the facts regarding the man in question, have appeared. And they are equally respectable too.

I am inclined to believe Mrs. Roosevelt in this matter without the slightest hesitation. Hear me sympathize with good, wherever to be found, has not only been constantly expressed but demonstrated for many years. She has been much closer to the sources for true information regarding Niemoller than either you, sir, or your associates. It is, I believe, as impossible for her to condemn without reason, as it is for another type of mind to recognize this quality in her, among which I hope you, sir, may not be numbered.

The enclosed column, by Mrs. Roosevelt, is, of course, quite clear. But it will do no harm to stress that she is not condemning the man, or his right to think as he pleases. She is warning earnestly - against a repetition of American prudensness to excuse the crime of the German nation, which is insuperably the crime also of the German people, willfully as was done after the foot before the last - to everybody's misfortune, and especially the Germans.

It is a great temptation - in a muddled world - to choose someone to endow with every ideal we wish were true, and to ascribe to them Christlike qualities. But it is downright dangerous sentimental twaddle to do this to the unworthy. The German people - I might point out - did this very thing to Hitler, and Niemoller shares the guilt. They were all looking for a messiah, and they clothes the wretched paperhanger in many a seamless robe.
New you, and your brothers, yearning for some strong champion of what you consider the ideas of Jesus, have chosen to exalt this dangerous man. This is no time for "hearts and flowers" psychology. By presenting this man to Americans as a hero you are repeating the mistake that was made following 1918. Because they hear him speak hundreds will say these dear, sweet German people should not be held to blame. And the little children you are baptizing today may have their guts blown out tomorrow.

The American check was turned after the first war. Jesus did not say to keep turning it.

Nevertheless, now he is here, I suppose we shall have to wallow through the sickening publicity he will get in this country while sowing his pernicious seeds and hope that there are enough voices, like those of Mrs. Roosevelt, that will be upraised to counteract the evil. What a pity that it is all being done in the name of a gentle and good Man who has been continually crucified for nearly two thousand years. Afternoon, and to say, by those who fancy they are His friends.

I have meant this, not to be an impertinent letter, but a strong, frank protest, addressed not especially to you, sir, but to the type of thinking that the invitation to Pastor Niemöller, and the placing him in a position which he does not deserve, represents. I am sending a copy of it to Mrs. Roosevelt.

My best wishes to you personally.

Lawrence Pehle

My last name, incidentally, is a very German one.
November 20, 1966

My dear Mr. Polsky:

Thank you for your letter of November 16th. I feel just as you do about the oil well and I will talk to the Secretary-General of the United Nations about it and also write a column.

The Democratic Headquarters in 1932 were in the Biltmore Hotel. It is kind of you to remember the incident of that election evening.

Very sincerely yours,

[Handwritten signature]
1935 N. Highland Ave.  
Hollywood  
Calif.  

Nov. 15, 1946  

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:  

The enclosed clipping from the Saturday Review of Literature for Nov. 9, will, I think, interest you.

It has occurred to me that a United Nations project which would win wide support and contribute a great deal to world solidarity of interests and brotherhood, would be a series of World National Parks. The first of these might well be the area surrounding the Pyramids.  

At least then there would be bits of the world that belonged to "One World" and they would be kept from violation, either by wartime armies, or peacetime greed, the latter, sad to say, often more vicious and subtly destructive than the former. As the years go by, it seems to me, these Shangri-la areas might form the cement that would make the whole United Nations structure become strong and firm.  

Have you suggestions as to how to go about working toward this end? Is there a "fine arts" division of the U.N.? I am quite serious about consolidating a group for action on this matter. May we hope that you will present it to the proper U.N. authority at the proper time?  

I know you are a very busy person (you have been almost as long as I can remember) but perhaps you will let me hear from you regarding this. If you care to mention this idea in your column it would help a great deal to get things moving.  

-----------  

Now just a little personal note.  

Once I spoke to you.  

Let me tell you about it.  

It was on the November night that your husband became President of the United States. A friend of mine - and myself - we were young then, "forgotten" young men - had watched the returns come in over the traveling sign in Times Square. The decision, as you remember, came very quickly.  

I suggested that we walk over to the hotel (the Ritz wasn't it?)  

Vic M. Belzner
where we knew Mr. Roosevelt was listening to the returns. The idea came to us a bit sooner than to others for when we approached the building there were few people around. Before we crossed the street we saw the revolving doors turn and you came out, all alone. You came across the street toward us walking briskly. Your face was glowing and you smiled - a real smile - at us. And you started to pass us. And then happened one of those things where as you tried to pass, we did too, on the same side. Three times we attempted to get by each other. Then I held my friend, "Stand still," I said, "and let the First Lady by," I like to think that I was the first person to call you that. Well - you did go by. "Goodluck, Mrs. Roosevelt," we called, and you called back at us. "Thank you - goodluck to you!"

Soon the streets and sidewalks were crowded. And then we saw the crowds parting to let someone through. If you, coming back, and leaning on your arm was the President's mother. We parted to let you through, and as we did so we cheered.

I have thought of the incident many times since. It seemed - and still seems - very symbolic of your conduct in all the years to come. I think anyone but you, Mrs. Roosevelt, would have sent someone for the older lady, or they would have rolled away in a heated limousine surrounded by guards, or in the excitement of that great night they might not even have thought of anyone else, especially their mother-in-law. But not you. There was something kind to be done. And you did it, Yourself. It seems to me that you followed that policy all the time you were mistress of the White House. And you're still doing it. My thanks to you. And once more across the miles and years I salute a gallant lady, "Goodluck, Mrs. Roosevelt!"

Sincerely,

Lawrence R. Pohle
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Our P.T.A. will have a Country Fair Bazaar this coming September and one of the attractions will be a "Blind Postoffice". For this feature, we hope to have on sale packages donated by well-known people, to be sold unopened by the donor's name on the return address.

Since so many of our members are admirers of both yourself and your late husband, your name would be a great attraction and we would greatly appreciate any item you can send us. Please send to:

Hazeldell P.T.A. Bazaar
O/O 626 E. 118 St.
Cleveland 8, Ohio

Thank you very much for your courtesy and help.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. E. Polacek
Bazaar Committee