March 26, 1947

My dear "Doc.,"

I happen to think that Elliott's book is very good. Mr. Tempest is not the only Englishman who agrees. Naturally in both England and America others disagree.

I will be glad to ask Mr. Tempest to Hyde Park on April 12th for the ceremonies which the Roosevelt Memorial Foundation will conduct but only if he accepts Elliott's and my joint hospitality. The Foundation will ask him to the ceremonies.

Very sincerely,
Dear Eleanor:

After much a\textsuperscript{1}coperation with the friends here, I'm done with the letter writing, now. I must cage

as I think, the Yorkshire Policeman. He is much in your column, as is, elsewhere in The "Queen Elizabeth":

(One day after Easter). He is bringing some presents from the City of Leeds to Mayor O'Day and

the B.Y. Historical Society, so he make a "continent" before he returns on the "Dixie Reggae" on May 2.

Among in the 75, I'm just to call him

off to Vermont, as on Tuesday, the

levee, of that State is further in a shindigton. Even Warren Butter

will be recons of him.

On Sunday at 2, 30 P.M., the

Arts Historical Society has arranged the Party with the Mayor. After that,
ne park him on an estate in New Jersey, N.J. entertain him until Sunday, then at 6 P.m. we start him for St Louis - San Diego - Los Angeles - S.F. - Seattle - Milwaukee - Indian Jolts - Gardenier, me - Why all such specific places, is just being because like us, people there, ever the years, have been sending him food and clothing during my stay on May 24th if I lie there... it hope to ship him home in the "Lizzie." As Ted Tempest is an Englishman Mr. Thomas Franklin a "Saint." It is not affected to angers B. Ellett; terrible book - well, you need friends in England to offset that book. Our Yorkshire Micerian being quite a writer, he can be a help. So I'm wonderng, if it won't. It is advisable for me to have your meet here, for a few minutes - say four. Hey at
Yesterday, I read a letter from a woman in Middlesbrough. She related how fuel to burn, in going to queue at 1.30 A.M. on the following morning. For 15 cents, match of coke. The sale of the coke didn't begin until 9.30 A.M. —
Fed at the Arg Hostreds Society? in after the branch of the received FARDIN
or some time in the seventh mum
he east? True, Aunt Edith, wants to
the town at the 2.3 p.m. outside steeple
on the end of his writing. But then,
the she is widow of a President, and
Ted doesn't want as much to bear
Yorshirneman on Francies does.

I'm gone into this at length because, his England, that Freeman
by seeing for a few minutes, can
do a shade of a lot to offset the
damage done by Elliott's books.
And that's that, my dear
Cheerio

P.S. To quote from her latest letter:
"Outside my front door to night, the
great North Road is silent. There
never ending caravans & traffic
The road itself is a stretch of dangerous ice from one end to the other—shining like a green glass bottle, all hard as iron, not frost or snow. It still snows, and it still freezes. Once an odd lorry, yesterday, skidded near to my home, and in doing so, wrecked a telephone kiosk. This, I suppose, had to be repaired at once, and whilst the electricians fiddled their trade, and a red coke brazier glowed there, I watched women queue to cook their buns, or boil the kettle.

"Yesterday, I read a letter from a man in Middlesbrough, who, without fuel to burn, was going to queue at 4.30 a.m. the following morning, for at least 25 cents worth of coke. The sale of the dauce didn't begin until 9.30 a.m."