

Dan

42 Mount Vernon St.
Boston 8., Mass^{ts.}
January 31, 1947.



Mrs. Eleanor Hall Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:—

I want you to know that
in my inmost heart I consider
the late President Roosevelt to
be a very fine person. He was
living when my own parents
were, and we admired him
then. It is only that we
become bound by our own
personal life and become prejudiced.

DANA, C.

My Aunt, Mrs. Simpson of Rutland, Vermont was killed, when a Delaware and Hudson train unlawfully struck the car. I know my Father did not vote for Ex. Pres. Hoover and my Uncle was ill and did not approve of him - but normally they were Republicans.

We have Franklin among our tomb-stones, and an Eleanor lived in the house where I first saw the light of day. I am so glad that you and Mr. Roosevelt were never divorced and that two of your sons have not been. Guess it is the old New England blood in me. I had such a beautiful, happy life when my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dana were alive, and President Truman reminds me of Father a lot, although my Father was a Phi Beta Kappa in his college. Their birth-dates are

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Having never been married, I am incapable of judgement about the question of divorce and we have one cousin, who is divorced, his second wife is so nice.

I think Bishop Sheen treated that question at the last Tri-ennial Convention marvelously. He is such a wonderful man and they are a beautiful family.

Being an African I became so ~~scared~~ ^{scared} when your husband attempted to "pack the Supreme Court" as they called it then, but only because I was brought up that way -

I do hope all is well with you and that you may obtain your automobile license again.

Very Truly Yours,
Constance Dana

I am sorry to have kept your
material so long but I have been
busy. I read your ~~plan~~ plan carefully
& I am afraid unless W & S Co
would consider it, there is not
much chance of accomplishing
what you wish to do.

Danforth

This just came back
from Elliott - I do not
think it was aurd.

Thank
you for material had
sincerely. Your place of Liberty
Wesco Hill - Corby

Elliott - this is interesting

How could it be used? I put one question
in the margin of the article

Handwritten notes:
Eleanor Roosevelt
should it be called "The Plan"
in the magazine
October

628 W41st Place
Los Angeles 37, Calif.
May 5, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

In your column which appears in the Daily News here, I noted a few days ago your statement concerning the need for planning of all kinds. You may recall that I wrote to you early in the war regarding a plan for a library-laboratory to aid in post-war planning. Perhaps there might still be some use for this idea. I went as far as I was able with it considering my very limited facilities, and the opposition of Mr. MacLeish, then Librarian of Congress. You will find enclosed as much material relating to the plan as I have with me here in Los Angeles. The part relating to use of International Business Machines was compiled with the aid of that company in their Hartford, Connecticut office. They gave quite a bit of time to the project. Please keep this material if it can be useful in any way.

I am also enclosing an article which I wrote last year concerning the Russian situation, and which an editor has assured me would never be printed by any reputable magazine! Since ideas do not seem to alarm you, you may find something of value in it.

Perhaps it would be well to introduce myself a little. I am a New England spinster who spent some years in various phases of library work and teaching. In 1944 I joined the Women's Army Corps and served until October, 1945 at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia. The following month I entered the University of North Carolina to work for my Master's degree in drama with that splendid group, the Carolina Playmakers. However at the end of the school year I decided to transfer to the University of Southern California for extra work in cinema, so I expect to receive my M.A. from here shortly. When in Hartford, Connecticut, I was active as a member of the State Council of the Merit System Association, and am now a member of the American Veterans Committee and of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. I am a member of the Baha'i Faith, which as you doubtless know, stands for the unity of all peoples and all major religious faiths.

America is fortunate that you are continuing the fine public service which characterized your years in the White House, and anything which individuals can do to assist in your various activities for the public good should be attempted, at least. Please use the enclosed material in any way that seems best to you.

Sincerely yours,

Mildred E. Danforth

Said Mr. Danell &

The last sentence
in this article seems
odd to me. I can't
imagine the British
would allow such a
thing sent 4.16.47

Danell

Daniell

The New York Times

85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 3741.

May 5th, 1947

Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square
New York, N.Y.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Your letter, forwarded from New York, has just reached me in London.

You are quite right about that figure of 60,000. It should have been 6,000, which seems to be about the best estimate although I doubt if anyone knows the exact number of those who were slaughtered or left to die of exposure and starvation in the uprising of December 1944.

I am afraid I cannot agree with you when you say "the British would not allow such a thing." The truth is that at that time, much as they abhorred what was happening, the British were almost helpless in Greece. They had a tiny garrison of about 900 men in Athens and were hanging on by their toes against the ELAS rebellion. There was one time when all of Greece and Athens save for half a dozen square blocks around British headquarters, was in the hands of ELAS. Had the ELAS forces not overestimated the strength of British forces, in the view of Americans who were there at the time, they might easily have attained their ends.

I should say further that while the excesses of ELAS at that time colored the political thinking of Greece ever since, I am not sure that those excesses were not originally provoked by the existing Greek government and their British supporters. There are many who believe that the security battalions were the first to seize hostages and it is almost certain that the first shots were fired by these police organized by the Germans, upon a crowd of demonstrators in the public square of Athens. Supporters of the government argue however, that if that had not happened ELAS would have found another excuse for an uprising for which it is said, they had been preparing in advance.

In Greece nothing is black or white and truth is hard to find.

Thank you for your note. Sincerely

Raymond Daniell

3134 W. 16th St.
Chicago, 23, Illinois
January 13, 1947

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Words cannot express the depths of my reverence and admiration for our late president, but words can try---especially when words must be used to tell his story to the young children I teach and to my own small son who first inspired it.

I am a public school teacher, not a professional writer, but may I have your permission to submit the enclosed for use on a local radio program? Any money it may earn will of course be turned over to the March of Dimes.

Very sincerely yours,

David A. Danish

David A. Danish
(Mrs. A. A. Danish)

*Very beautifully told
& of course you may submit
it without payment, I
approve it, however*

A FAIRY TALE FOR JANUARY THIRTIETH

Once upon a time, oh about sixty-five years ago, in the middle of a very cold winter night a baby boy was born to a very happy American mother and father. And just as they come to see all new-born babies, the twelve good fairies came that night to visit the little boy in his cradle after his mother and father and nurse were all sound asleep.

They flew in at the open window with a flutter of rainbow colored wings and made a circle above his head. The baby saw the fairies in the moonlight and waved his tiny hands in delight and made a funny little noise that sounded like a cry but was meant to be a laugh. Then the fairies lighted on his cradle and stood, six on either side, to give him their presents--- beautiful good wishes which would surely come true because they were fairies' wishes.

The first one, in sunshiny yellow spoke, "I wish him a very happy childhood," she said. "He shall have loving parents, relatives and friends, a beautiful home, successful schooldays, holidays full of fun---everything a child could want to make him especially happy!"

The other fairies clapped their tiny hands and fluttered their rainbow wings at this wonderful wish.

Then the second fairy, the one in deep purple said, "I wish him great wisdom. Let him be hungry to learn and eager to try his learning!"

Again the fairies applauded because they knew how very important it is to learn. While they were still clapping, the third fairy smoothed her bright golden dress and spoke, "Great wealth shall be his but he shall also know what it means to have no wealth at all."

All the other fairies grew very thoughtful at this wish and remained so while Blue Fairy--number four-- whispered, "Yes, he must have a great and understanding heart. He shall have so much love for people that he will know just exactly what to say and what to do to lift them from hopelessness."

"For that," Silver Fairy took the fifth turn, "he shall need my best gift---a silver tongue, a beloved voice with which to speak to the hearts of all people."

"Ho ho," laughed a plump fairy in beautiful bright red. "How serious we have become. My gift is laughter! He must laugh much and make others laugh with him!"

The baby began to gurgle as though he had understood the joke and all the fairies began to laugh too at the jolly gift. Then a lively fairy in sparkling green offered the seventh gift. "I shall give him a personality that is like a magnet, to draw more friends than ever a man had in a lifetime before!"

"And not only shall this baby when he has grown to be a man, draw people to him, but he shall also become a very great leader. His leadership shall be a flame to lead people out of darkness and despair!" This wish was spoken by the flame-orange eighth fairy.

"My gift is the helpfulness of a perfect wife and the serenity and peace of the home she makes, " said the quiet gray fairy whom everyone loved especially, because she was so helpful herself.

"And mine," said fairy number ten whose dress was shimmering pink, "is a houseful of bright and beautiful children of his own."

"Why we've almost all given our wish-gifts," said the yellow fairy. "Who has not yet spoken?"

"I haven't," cried the fairy in warm russet brown.

"And neither have I," added the dazzling white fairy.

"Let us hurry," said Yellow Fairy, "the baby is getting sleepy."

"Well," said the russet fairy, "My wish is very important. It is that when he is a man, this baby shall be known and respected by all the world! Isn't that a big gift for such a little baby?"

The baby's tiny mouth opened in a yawn and all the fairies laughed their tinkly laughs. Then something dreadful happened!

A huge gust of wind blew the curtain in and the Black Fairy, the very naughty one, appeared at the side of the crib.

"How dare you fly off to this kind of party and leave me alone at home!" she stormed. "I have just as much power to make gift-wishes as you have!" And before she could be stopped, she made her wish.

"When this baby is a grown man with children of his own, he shall be struck down by a dread disease--never to stand upon his feet again!" And the wicked black fairy turned and flew swiftly out of the window again.

The other fairies were speechless with sadness and fright. Some of them even began to cry softly. But the white fairy, whose gown was so radiant that the baby had to blink his little eyes when he looked at her, cried, "Wait sisters, you've forgotten that I have not had my turn yet! I can't unwish the black fairy's wish for she has the same magic powers we all have, but I can wish that our dear baby here will have hope and courage to overcome any handicap left by the dreadful disease. And I can wish that in spite of the black fairy's evil wish, he will grow to be greater and more beloved than any king in any land!"

Each fairy kissed the baby gently on the forehead; then they joined hands and flew sadly away.

.....

Many years went by and the good fairies' wishes came to pass one by one. The baby grew to be a bright and laughing boy who learned his lessons eagerly and made friends easily. He had a happy and secure childhood, just as the fairies had wished, and was successful in his chosen work when he grew to be a man. His wife was a perfect helpmate and his home was lovely and joyous with the laughter of five jolly children. Because of his understanding heart, men loved and respected him and chose

him to be one of their leaders. And then, the wicked Black fairy's wish came true. One summer day the frightening disease struck and paralyzed this happy man who was so surely becoming great because he loved to help his fellow men. For many long sad days it seemed as though he had truly been struck down forever. He was so sick and so helpless that everyone who knew him despaired.

However, the white fairy had not forgotten. One night she flew to the window of the sick room and whispered, "Don't lose courage and don't lose hope. His future is a radiant one. He shall overcome every difficulty and become a great and beloved leader of men. Remember that---all of you who surround him."

Of course no one could see the fairy. Like all fairies, she was invisible to grown-ups, but surely they must have heard her for it was not long before the sick man was back at his work doing more than ever to help people. True, the black fairy's wish came true and he never walked alone again but no one seemed to notice that because he was so wise and jolly and such a brave fighter for the rights of the poor and unfortunate.

Four times in a row he was chosen to be the highest leader in the land. Never before had such an honor been earned more than twice by any other man--not even by such great men as Washington and Lincoln. And he led his country through the most terrible war that ever was, to the eve of a victorious finish.

Then one sunny day in early spring, while he was hard at work at his desk, the great man of the fairy wish-gifts, died. His work was not quite ended and the whole world wept bitterly at the loss. Not only our own mothers and fathers and teachers and soldiers and children and everyone, but all the people who knew about him across the sea cried unashamed, right in the streets when they heard of his death. It was a very sad time.

But the white fairy was right. No one will ever forget this great man

nor the wonderful things he did for many many people. Every day more and more books are written about him because people want to go on remembering him just as they want to go on remembering George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Other great men will surely come to finish the work which he left unfinished but truly his memory will light the way like a flame. And crippled children all over the world will always remember that his crippled body did not keep him from being one of the greatest and most beloved leaders the world has ever known.

This is the end of the story. It's a true one, you know. And of course you've guessed the name of the baby whom the fairies visited? Yes, it is---Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

David B. Danish
(Mrs. A.A. Danish)
3134 W. 16th St.
Chicago, Illinois