

Dm - 03m



April 20, 1947

Frank Dobie

702 PARK PLACE  
AUSTIN, TEXAS

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

The enclosed article was written two years ago, for several Texas newspapers. The other day a reader who had clipped it sent it to me with the suggestion that I send it to you. In the light of history, I am sure that Franklin D. Roosevelt will fulfill the old Spanish wish for a friend, "May your shadow never grow less."

With deep appreciation of you yourself, and with many good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

*J. Frank Dobie*





# School of Music

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OFFICE OF THE DEAN

205 EAST 67TH STREET  
(CENTRAL OPERA BUILDING)  
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

February 8, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I thought you might like to have the enclosed photographs which were taken during your visit to our School of Music on the occasion of its official opening on January 10th.

There is also an excellent recording of your talk that evening on file in our school library--I understand that Senator Moritt has promised to send you a copy.

May I again express my sincerest thanks for your encouraging words and for your gracious acceptance of our invitation--and, may we presume to hope that this will not have been the last but the first of several visits to the school.

We are now beginning to plan our second annual Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Concert to be held April 12th, about which we shall communicate with you further.

Most sincerely yours

DMITRY DOBKIN

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

*4 photos filed:*

*ER*

*Jan. 10, 1947*

*PX 63-370 (1-4)*

Thank  
you for  
the  
change  
in  
the  
method.

135 Prospect Park, <sup>Doctory</sup> ~~St~~  
Brooklyn, New York

May 30, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,  
Hyde Park, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In going over some  
old papers, I came across the enclosed  
clipping. I have read it so often, I al-  
most know it by heart.

This is one of the few truthful  
writings of that author. I just thought  
you might like to see it.

Personally I do not think there  
are words enough to praise the wonder-  
ful work you do. If many more people  
had your intolerance and big heart,  
for humanity and for their neighbors,

We would have a better world.

May the good God grant you strength  
and every blessing. Your great work  
is appreciated by many.

A great admirer,

Sincerely  
(Mrs.) Theresa Doctor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1938.

New York

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# Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17.—Mrs. Roosevelt came to San Francisco from Los Angeles by train to deliver her lecture on peace at the very hour when the heads on the bulldog editions were yelling "Hitler Defies the World!" "France Threatens War on Germany!" She arrived at noon and was taken over the usual jumps by the inevitable committee. Her chores included an appearance on the grounds of the 1939 World's Fair, where she sat on a tractor and went through the motions of turning the first gouge of ground for a federal building.



Some time during the day she had to turn out her syndicate copy, and presumably she took a few practice swings before her mirror at the hotel before advancing to the pulpit in the civic auditorium to say her say on a subject which, in the present state of the world, only a brave and honest person would attempt. She spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes to a crowd almost entirely made up of people over the combatant war age and then left by another night train for Fresno.

It had been another routine day in the life of one who is stungly described as the "most remarkable" and "most energetic" woman of her time in this country, but who deserves more than that. I think we can take the wraps off and call her the greatest American woman, because there is no other who works as hard or knows the low-down truth about the people and the troubles in their hearts as well as she does.

And for what reason? Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't give a damn about politics in the partisan sense. Profit? She is one member of the family who will not have a dollar of profit to show for eight or more years of banging around the country in a schedule that would break the body and mind of an old-time circus trouper.

## All Eager for Cheerful News.

There was no style about her audience for the lecture on peace. Undoubtedly there were some mere ans and some more or less deserving Democrats, but the spirit of the gathering—if it is possible to describe spirit—was one of earnest hope for some cheerful news, some discovery of a formula that would touch

the soul of the monster who had just kidnaped a whole country in Europe and threatened to kidnap another as soon as he got his wind.

Of course, the Communists were out, as usual, trying to thumb a ride. Outside the hall they were distributing a tract by Earl Browder advocating co-operation of the peaceful countries.

With the Moscow slaughter house to boycott the Reich and Italy and in the hour of victory leave Russia a great military power and her colleagues push-overs for the Browders, the Soviet Union, he said, is fully prepared to defend herself, but "preparedness" for this country he ridiculed as warlike and reactionary.

## She Gets Her Argument Home.

Mrs. Roosevelt's effort is the more creditable because she works in the straitjacket of diplomatic and political restraints. Many tempting weapons and arguments lie just out of her reach, because, obviously, she cannot mention Hitler or Germany or go into the particulars of international disputes in the situation. Standing before an unsightly and ragged bit of scenery intended to represent either a peacock's fan or an iridescent clamshell, she nevertheless got home her argument that peace now is not the exclusive business of some distant thing called government but the personal concern and duty of every individual who must be affected by war.

How peace, then? Well, by tolerance, by the sacrifice of minor differences, by a sincere effort to know and respect the good in other people, by teaching the kids in the family circle to get on together without resort to fists on the slightest provocation.

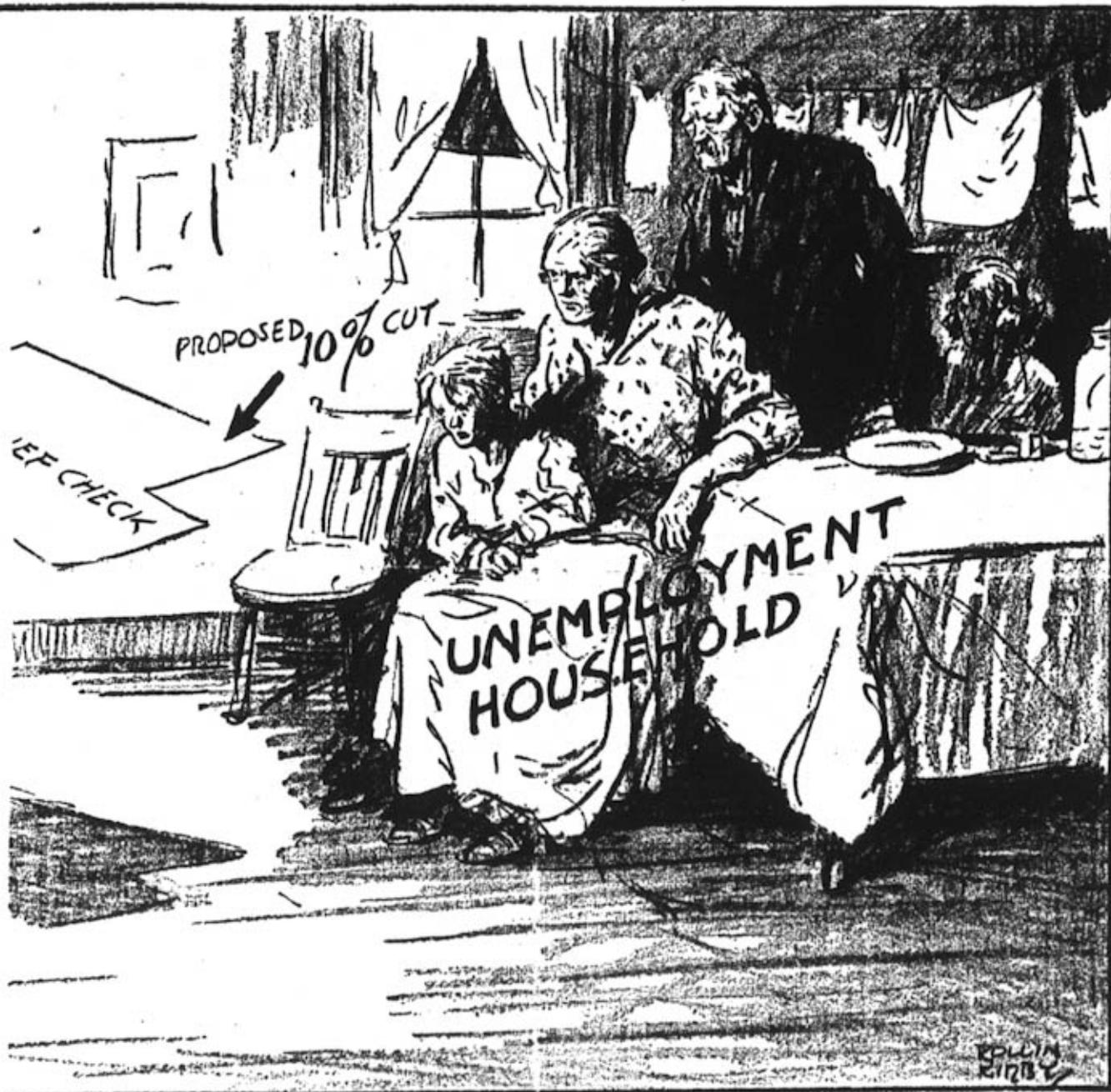
Futile, perhaps, and even silly and pathetic to realists was Mrs. Roosevelt's argument. Nevertheless, it followed the line of truth, for all other formulas think of peace through war, which has never succeeded yet, except Browder's—which is, of course, a trap. She has been taking elocution lessons, for she is inclined to whoop, but her speech is improving and the electrical gimmick doesn't sink and crackle when she speaks as it does for most women orators.

Mrs. Roosevelt has been before us for five years now. We know her better than any other woman, and she knows the country better than any other individual, including her husband, and the profit is all on our side.

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DAY, MARCH 17, 1938.

Saving at the Price of Human Misery.



Public Opinion and the Common Case

[Dodge, A.]

Oct 23, 1947.

Mrs. Roosevelt:

Library

Dear Madam:

Election time is approaching and I seem to sense that political grave diggers are at work.

I hope this "poem" has your approval. I've never written one before.

Sincerely yours

Allen H. Dodge

P.S. This "poem" is yours as a present from me. I have received a present from F. D. R. although I'm sure he never knew it.

AHD.

In Memory of F.D.R.

Unholy Power

Political "license" gives the right  
To set up committees in the night  
To dig for miles through memory lane  
Cloaked by deeds and tearful pain.  
To kindle a fire of hate and lust  
To burn him in hell if needs must,  
To damn him and his ideals  
Not caring for God who all this feels.

Allen H. Dodde

(Allen H. Dodde) Disabled Vet.

944 Thomas Ave.,  
San Diego 9, Calif.