Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

just a year has passed since I received your kind letter. Though I am aware that you are the most active and tried Lady in this world, I hope however that your Secretary will hand you my lines attached by a small Eastergreeting for the youngest of your grandchildren - sketched and painted by my sister. I am sorry to mention that I have not yet received the book of your son Elliot "As I saw it", though my Publisher Alfred A. Knopf informed me that my book "Threethousand Years of Rome" is at the time out of print - I had ordered him to send you a copy for your private library. I have however asked my Publisher in Copenhagen (Jesperesen og Fiso-Forlag) to send you my "Biography on Queen Christina of Sweden".

I have almost finished my studies on the Life of your admired husband while a Swiss Publishing Firm is eager to publish the Book in English and German. I should anyway not like to miss the "finishing touches" in the Portrait and you were good enough to write me that I might make use of some private features of which, of course, you have the only right to dispose. I am naturally prepared to send you the original Manuscript of my work and let you decide if you agree with the contents for I do want to act in this matter as delicately as possible. Should you disagree with a publication I will act accordingly and inform the Swiss Publisher of your Nom - Fiat. - I follow with the utmost interest your worldwide activity and read between your articles: If You Ask Me,

We here in freed Austria have to live under very hard conditions owing to the general European misery. Now I should like to help a few deserving families who are to proud to address themselves to public welfare. Though I hardly dare take up your precious time may I ask for one of the famous "careparcels" of the like? - But I rather leave that to your discretion.

Believe me meanwhile yours most devoted

Frederic Lewis Dunbar
June
You well find his letter in the menu I gave you marked streak and -
I think you have done a fine encouraging piece of writing
Send pamphlet to Mr.
January 3, 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Val-Kill Cottage,
Hyde Park, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I enclose herewith a copy of my recent address on "The Postwar World In Which We Now Live, because of your deep interest in the supreme question it discusses. I wrote this address to organize my own thoughts on this question and to add some ideas with respect to it, especially in the concluding part. It is of the greatest importance that we all join in a constructive discussion of this question, in order to develop a maximum public support for the UN.

After you have read this address I would like very much to have a statement of your reaction to it. For I have the highest admiration of your able and sound leadership in UN affairs.

I remain, with esteem and best wishes for the New Year,

Very sincerely yours,
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I have been two years trying to decide whether I should write this letter.

My mother never availed herself of her voting privilege until Franklin Roosevelt ran for President. She voted for him each time.

To her, as well as the rest of our family, he was a marvelous man. She would tell and retell anything he said or did. She never closed her eyes at night without asking God to aid, comfort, and sustain him. It worried her greatly your traveling around so much. She thought you should be close to him to see to his personal comfort and make him as normal a home life as possible. Nothing we could say or explain in your behalf satisfied her.

Two years ago the first of March it was made evident to us she needed medical care. After all examinations were over...
We were told there was no hope and it was just a matter of time. We never told her and if she suspected anything she never mentioned it.

When our good friend and President passed away, we were afraid to tell her.

Someone visiting her told her. It didn’t have quite the effect we feared. She talked all the rest of the day and far into the night about him. She rambled about virtues and good deeds. In fact things that had momentarily slipped our mind. No detail was too small for her to mention.

As the stories appeared in the newspaper she wanted to have them read to her.

In one of our local papers was an article about you being a private enmician of the President. That he was the mind and you were his legs. You had defended yourself to the public from criticism because you or the President didn’t want it to be known. Well someone had or told...
I never had any of that item. When I arrived she told me if she could write a good hand and wasn't so ill she would personally beg your pardon. Now knowing my mother and her strong opinion that was some concession.

My husband had always championed you. So she said, "Perhaps if I admit to my mistake it will in some small way show the apology I intend her."

Two months later on the first of June she passed away. Her sincere apologetic feeling impressed me so much, I made a vow to myself I would write you and acquaint you with the incident. I didn't and it has bothered me very much.

As you see I have kept postponing the deed. Now on the anniversary of Franklin Roosevelt's death and close to her's, the situation is brought strongly to mind again. I feel that she will rest more peacefully and I know I will if I carry...
out something she most sincerely wanted to do.

Apologize to you for the false impression she formed of you and to give credit for the splendid work and help you gave him.

The last task she would have liked to do is accomplished through me.

I hope it may bring you some small comfort and that you have many more such thoughts expressed to you.

It may help to balance the scales of criticism waged against you.

Sincerely

Mrs. Van Duren.