Of course your draft of an Int., Bill of Human Rights will be considered and if you or any one of your choice, would like to talk to any of us on the Commission about it, please let me know.
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I enclose a copy of the draft of an International Bill of Human Rights prepared by the Committee on Human Rights of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace and adopted by some forty-two organizations, the list of which is attached to the document.

In the prefatory note which I have written in this connection, I have indicated the origins and the relationships of these bodies to the document. It was the hope and expectation of all of us that it would receive attention by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, not with any thought of anticipating the final text, but as a preparatory document to be used in connection with the work of your Commission.

I realize that in view of the many communications which have been sent to your Commission there is a technical problem in the implied request of this letter that our document be considered. Above all we should not want to add to your difficulties in this regard, and yet this draft is the product of long discussion by serious and thoughtful students of the question. They have asked me to bring the matter to your attention, and hope that the way will be found for me or someone else to lay it personally before the Committee which has been appointed to deal with this problem.

Sincerely yours,

James T. Shotwell

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square
New York, New York
Mrs. Roosevelt,

It was such a pleasure to hear you speak on your Margaret's program this morning. Debt to your late husband as I am of my favorite person in public life. Though I have never had the joy of seeing either one of you, I have been privileged to hear you speak many times. In our beloved late President's last campaign I heard his every speech. I have never knowingly missed an opportunity to hear him since I first heard him in 1932. What a brave kind
example of brotherhood his life is to all of us. I was run over by an auto almost twenty-six years ago and as a result was completely paralyzed from my waist down so I could sympathize with him and admire the courage he manifested in working so unceasingly for the forgotten man and in so doing worked for every man, a person not afflicted could not do. I am enclosing a poem which I have dedicated to our beloved late President. It is applicable to all great men of the world past, present, and future. That you have contributed no small influence to his achievement is a fact which we who love you both are conscious of. You would necessarily be called upon to be very patient and understanding. If I had anyone on whom to depend I would have found life easier and perhaps I could lead a useful life through tending, exercising and massage I have, for the past eighteen years been able to move about by holding to furniture and pushing a chair in front of me at first three feet
and now as much as fifty feet from my kitchenette out to the little porch. I am very grateful that I was never put into a cast and never have worn those dread full braces that tortured your dear husband. Dear Sister Kenny's treatment had been known sooner; fortunately for me I hadn't enough money to have the cast treatment. Santa Shet-in-to, my radio is a wonderful comfort and inspiration. With admiration and best wishes

February 27th, 1947

Emma Warren Shovers
115 Mt. Vernon Ave., Ocean Grove, N.J.
MISUNDERSTOOD!

Dedicated to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Sense of Greatness

Have you ever been misunderstood, my friend,
Has gossip ever attacked you?
Do you know 'twas because in the end, you must wield
A weapon of might; no wrong may you shield!
That the truth which you witness downs tyranny rife
In a world filled with ignorance, bigotry, strife;
Without care for, or thought of the wretched and lowly
The lives that through love might reach heights that are holy.

Was there ever a prophet, a teacher, a master,
Woe aught from this world has received but disaster;
Either fagot or rope, or cross-crucifixion
Has been the foul method of their quick extinction;
But their love of the truth, which is error's destruction,
Has held them above thought or care of their woe;
Open blind eyes, to heal ignorance, deception
Has made their hearts strong with the strength of steel.

Socrates, galileo, Savonarola and Jesus
Are some of the lights which this world would have darkened
But the truth which they taught, and the love which they practiced
Arose like an incense, to bless those who harkened.

So friends, if your neighbors all misunderstand you
Don't let for a moment your courage abate;
Just know 'tis the sign of your worth and your measure
And gladly accept, with all great men, your fate.

Emma W. Showers
March third, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

I was delayed in finding this copy
to send to you.