Dear Malvina:

I ran across these old columns while going through some old papers and could hardly believe my eyes. I had forgotten that Pegler ever said anything nice about anybody, especially the Roosevelt family. I thought they would amuse you and perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt might get a chuckle out of them.

How are things with you? I know you are busy all the time, just as you used to be here. We of the old gang follow everything Mrs. Roosevelt does with deep pride and affection.

With every good wish,

[Signature]
August 16, 1937

**Fair Enough**

*By Westbrooke Pegler*

**Mr. Roosevelt.**

THAT MR. ROOSEVELT has his faults you are entitled to expect. The first thing to admit under very little pressure, but as a social and political liverwashed he has no relative equal in this country. Ornery, tricky, stubborn, wayward, as a bull, he has bucked, wheeled, kicked, and worked on his hind legs to stampede the country into a panic in 1929, and although he did give some indications of unconventional habits, there was nothing in his past to indicate what a cantankerous type he would turn out to be.

THAT BUSINESS about the Forgotten Man and the New Deal was interesting. It was an interesting dodge. We have had the same little catch-phrases, and we have developed a habit of forgetting them in oblivion. In Mr. Roosevelt's obviously political career he never really had a context in which he could build a body of sentiment that could be translated into a hard and positive political body that could be possessed. On record it seems likely that after a little spell of kowtowing and blundering his arrival in the White House would cool off, he would be back into the shafts like Coolidge or Hoover.

Instead, however, he went into his dance of 1933, and before anyone knew what had happened he was washing out his heels and shaking us all over the place. NRA, AAA, BOH, and all sorts and conditions of schemes, new modes and building taller buildings in builders' terms. The people of kneading Federal money to mend a leaky sink or buy a new car, and building taller buildings in builders' terms.

He tells us that one-third of the population is likely to be ill-fed and ill-clothed. He is true or an exaggeration. He wants to dictate wages and hours and wipe out the rights of the States, which are largely selfish or abandoned; he wants to put a roof over every family and a little money in the bank for everyone, and he has lugged the South into a realization at last that the Negro is the white man's enemy only because the white employer uses the Negro to depress the pay and the living conditions of the sluggish laborer in the added overhead. That last one, accomplished without a massacre, is one of the great victories of the age.

Vindictive, a practical ward politician as well as a big-timer, a sulker and a plotter, he is also showing himself to be a tremendously tough, rough-and-tumble fighter, who will use any ill habit comes in mind, and expects to be treated the same way. Anyone who insults Mr. Roosevelt is sure to have a dram of medicine put on himself, for he won't go gently back the fact which is the only one of us some time to learn at the expense of a very severe jousting.

Well, he is still wild in the spring, and in many of his schemes he has used a loose rein for an instant, but in spite of all this he has accomplished some real, much more important, he has crept the whole Nation for once into an appreciation of the real realities of poverty, unequal distribution, unequal opportunities, dictatorship, and the rights and obligations of all men.

Never in our time have people been so conscious of the burden they carry in taxes, of the meaning which a compliant upper class; will practice on the help, and use of the Government and the personal freedom, and any reason for the assistance of those who are as they are is that they have lost their courage.

He needs to be fought all the time, for he has an enormous appreciation of himself and of any idea which he happens to approve, but if the country doesn't go absolutely blank in his time it will be a more intelligent and a better country after him.


March 8, 1938

**Fair Enough**

*By Westbrooke Pegler*

**She Knows The Country Best.**

San Francisco.

MRS. ROOSEVELT came to San Francisco by train to deliver her lecture on peace on the very hour when the heads of the building, where she was to speak, 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 statue and went through the motions of turning the first stone of 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 pulpits in the civic auditorium to say her peace 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 15 minutes to a crowd almost entirely made up of people over the combattant war age and then left by another night train for Fresno.

It had been another routine day in the life of one who is singularly 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 peace and the troubles in their hearts as well as she does.

And for what reason? Mrs. Roosevelt does not give a damn about politics in the partisan sense. Proof? She is one member of the family who will not have a dollar of profit to show for eight or ten years of hanging around the country on a schedule that would break the body and mind of an old-time circus trooper.

THERE WAS no style about her audience for the lecture on peace. Undoubtedly there were some more fans and some more or less deserving Democrats, but the spirit of the gathering—"it is possible to describe a 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 kidnapped 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 Karl Breuer denouncing the operation of the peaceful countries.

With the Moscow slaughterhouse to boycott the Reich and Italy and in the hour of victory leave Russia a great military power and her Eastern pushover for the Bourgeois, the Soviet Union, he said is fully prepared to defend herself, but "preparedness" for this country he ridiculed as "warlike and reactionary.

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 unhappy and ragged bit of scenery intended to represent either a peace CNC or an abandoned claim, 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.

Now 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 along without resort to data on the slightest provocation.

Puttle, perhaps, even silly and pathetic to exalt was Mrs. Roosevelt's argument. Nevertheless, I followed the line of truth, for all other differences, think of peace through war, which has never succeeded yet, except Bourgeois—which is, of course, a man who has been taking elucidation lessons, for she is inclined to whoop, but her speech is improving and her theatrical 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.
Stilwell, August 24, 1947

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Enclosed is a poem that I composed after the death of your husband.

The Negro Citizens highly appreciate the good work that President Roosevelt did for our country.

In advance, I am mailing you a copy of the poem.

I would appreciate it very highly if you would have this poem published in your daily papers.

Respectfully yours,

Kate Marie Stilwell
3318 Pierce Ave,
Houston 2, Texas
I. He died for his country in 1945. No greater man was ever alive than Franklin Delano Roosevelt. These memory we shall keep, though he’s gone forever in a peaceful sleep. His memory we shall never lose. His rank is among the best to be quite sure.

II. Our love for him will ever be shown through our speech for the world to see. Mr. Roosevelt a friend of men did all he could for his native land. He was a soldier of great might—a hero loved by all throughout the nation. He served mankind for twelve long years without any grumbles, but any tears. His work was heavy, his trouble many.
Complaints? Not any.
Our loss is great, our Champion
But he hasn't left us all alone.
For God in Heaven still remains
To keep us free from harm
and pain.

IV. This ends the chapter of a
man so great
His hours were measured
by the hands of Fate.
He left behind both friend
and foe,
And mourned his passing
at every door.
In his heart he yearned to
At his home beside the sea.
His wish was granted, though
it be dark,
Other he is resting at Hyde
Park.