Louder! Liberal Senator At Work

A Horse, The Ability to Ride It, A Guitar, And The Ability To Play It, Plus Lots of Common Sense Is Glen Taylor's Formula

By Hart Stilwell

BEFORE Senator Glen Taylor of Idaho reached Austin last week for a little speechmaking, I started studying the newspaper reports about him.

I had previously read news reports of the things Senator Taylor was saying.

They were strong statements. They made the things that Henry Wallace has been saying sound a little tame. Made Wallace look a little timid. Wallace makes a nice, polite plea for cooperation and so on. Taylor says the war sentiment has been built by a lot of generals who want to keep their racket, which expression he amends to "jobs," going, and a lot of corporations who want to get their slice of seventeen billion dollars in building the tools for a new war.

Wallace never came anywhere near saying things like that.

So I studied newspapers.

And, much to my astonishment, I found Senator Taylor being dealt with gently.

Then, to my amazement, I noticed that Governor Beauford Jester, who pointedly refused to see Wallace, and Mayor Tom Miller of Austin, who gingerly sidestepped seeing him, and Dr. T. S. Painter, president of the University of Texas, who in his blundering way declined to see Wallace, were all going to see Taylor.

Governor Jester was going to entertain him at lunch!

Mayor Miller was going to show him a dam, and then attend a dinner in his honor—which, incidentally he never did.

But Dr. Painter attended the dinner, sitting there as big as life in the midst of a gathering which included Frank Dobie, Bob Eckhardt and Everett Looney.

How could such amazing inconsistency be accounted for?

I TALKED it over with Harold Young, the editor of this journal.

I told Young that I had come to the conclusion it was Senator Taylor's horse which was making him respectable—his horse and his guitar.

For some baffling reason, I said, the American people can not think ill of a man who rides a horse and plays a guitar. (I ride a horse and play a guitar, so quit making those slurping remarks about me).

Then I decided I would find out if I was right.

"If that's the situation," I said, "the problem of the liberal in Texas is solved. The road is pointed out for us. All we have to do is take it."

So, after the round of luncheon and dinner and speechmaking was over, I invaded the privacy of Senator Taylor's quarters, and I said, "Senator, how do you get by with it? Wallace has never said the things you say. Yet nobody has warned you to go back to Iowa."

"Oh, they just ignore me," he said.

"They don't all ignore you. In fact, most of them accept you as being a patriotic American. How do you account for it? You and Senator Pepper say about the same things, and he's denounced as a communist..."

"Who ever heard of a communist riding a horse?" the Senator said.

So I knew I was right. It's the horse that saves Senator Taylor. It's the horse that points the way to the Texas liberals.

If the liberals in Texas want to win in the next election, all they've got to do is put on cowboy boots, buy a cowboy hat, and start riding a horse. Get a candidate who can ride a horse and play a guitar and maybe sing, "Coming Around the Mountain."

Who ever heard of a communist riding a horse?

It is a beautiful question. It should solve our troubles.

THERE are many other things about Senator Taylor that are interesting.

There is, first of all, the matter of his mental development. Here is a man who spent his early life in the show business. He had five years of schooling, then hit the boards and spent the next twenty years or so playing in tank towns in the west, singing hillbilly songs and playing the guitar, both of which he does quite poorly.

Yet he was able to sit down before four nationally known newspaper columnists and reporters, including the venomous Dorothy Thompson, and make all of them look a little silly on discussions of world affairs, even though they are all considered past masters at the art of making senators look silly.

How can he do it?

Here is a man with absolutely nothing in his background which would point toward a broad, com-
prehensive world outlook, coupled with a shrewd appraisal of the deficiencies in our own operations which contribute toward making that outlook gloomy.

What made him what he is? As Frank Dobie put it, "I would love to have seen him becoming a Liberal. I would like some day to see a man change."

There are no easy answers to these questions.

Senator Taylor explains it, but his explanation is not entirely satisfactory, for millions of people have been subjected to the same influence and have arrived at different points of view.

The senator told of his own mental growth and political fortune at the luncheon preceding his main address.

He had spent years in the show business and part of those years were extremely lean ones for they were Depression years. He saw food rotting while people stood and looked at it and went hungry. He saw potatoes being discolored and sold for five cents a bushel to feed hogs, when people were not able to pay fifty cents a bushel for them.

This caused him to wonder, but his wondering brought him no answers.

Then he happened to read a book by King C. Gillette, the safety razor man.

It started him thinking. Then he read other books, and as he read each book he got the books mentioned in that one. As a result he got what every American could get, if it were not for the fact that so much reading matter of a different type is more easily available—he got a good education in economics and political science.

He came to a set of conclusions which almost every man who is not violently prejudiced, or greedy or dishonest will arrive at—namely, that greed and ruthless exploitation as a national policy do not lead to the greatest happiness of the greatest number of people.

He applied what he had learned to the conditions in the country and evolved a—practical, political and economic philosophy.

He applied what he had learned in the show business to politics and became a United States Senator.

And that is the apparent inconsistency that fools such people as Jester and Painter.

To them he is just a fellow who rides a horse and plays a guitar and sings, hence he is bound to be a good hundred per cent American and not a dangerous liberal. He couldn't be anything else. These remarks he makes are just a little gag of his—a piece of showmanship. He's solid. He rides a horse.

(Get those horses, you liberals.)

I watched Dr. Painter at the dinner for the senator, in an effort to figure out his reaction to what was going on.

I didn't make much headway. All I could decide was that Dr. Painter is a man who is very well pleased with himself, although a trifle nervous. Perhaps he was the company he was in which caused him to give the impression of being nervous. Or maybe it was the remark of Everett Looney about the man in the ranks (Dobie) who was A.W.O.L., but who was separated from his former general (Painter) by only five chairs.

Dr. Painter blinked his eyes frequently during a large part of the discussion. I don't know whether that's a routine habit or was caused by the special circumstances. While Taylor was speaking, the University president folded and unfolded a little piece of paper, then propped it up on the table in front of him and got another little piece of paper and set it pointing at the first. Then he changed the position of the two pieces of paper. Then he started folding and unfolding again.

Frequently he would look up at the speaker and grin. He grinned a large part of the evening. I decided it was the grin of a self-satisfied man.

In spite of all that horse stuff, I still don't understand why Dr. Painter went to the dinner. Somebody must have told him Senator Taylor is just another Pappy O'Daniel. (Somebody did make that remark—in fact, a lot of people think Senator Taylor is just another Pappy O'Daniel. They both sing, don't they?)

The newspapers, so far as I could find out, gave a pretty full account of the Senator's address. The coverage in the Austin papers was accurate and full—good, straight, honest reporting. The wire stories which I saw were about the same, only more brief.

This fair newspaper coverage in Texas must have surprised the Senator, judging from what has been done to him in other places.

And again I think it is due to the superficial similarity between him and Pappy O'Daniel.

And, strangely, up to this writing I have seen no newspaper outbursts in response to what Senator Taylor said about newspapers. This again proves the value of the horse. (My Kingdom for a horse).

Robert St. John talked in Austin and made the charge that newspapers suppress news. There was a prolonged and pretty violent outburst of denial.

Senator Taylor was much more devastating in his condemnation of the American press, largely because he's got the actual goods on the press. All he has to do is tell the story of what's happened to him.

And that story is worth retelling, in part.

Senator Taylor has a keen insight into the workings of newspapers. And when you listen to him tell his story, you begin to blush a little. You feel ashamed that a man must do the things he has done in order to get results.

But the senator is not at all ashamed of them. He is an old showman. Whatever it takes to

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S. A. Letter

WHEN the Honorable Joseph R. McCarthy of Washington, Vice-Chairman of the Joint Committee on Housing, left San Antonio a few days ago, he had in his briefcase at least one highly illuminating report on housing conditions in San Antonio.

The members of the Gamble Housing Committee of Washington, for whom it was written, and in whose behalf Congressman McCarthy had traveled to San Antonio, might or might not be guided by its findings. Nevertheless, it should interest San Antonians and many Texans.

The report was prepared by the Organized Voters League.

The league is not a new organization, but it has consistently shunned publicity since its foundation two years ago, because its members wanted to keep it in the background until it should have a solid record of achievement.

It was organized two months after the defeat of Homer P. Rainey for Governor, and its purpose was to furnish a means for progressive and liberal groups to coordinate their activities.

PRACTICAL politicians now recognize the league's possibilities, for it tries to accomplish its aims through precinct organization.

(SPECTATOR readers will be interested to know that most of the members of Spectator Associates here are also members of the league.)

The report does not set out to be a statistical one, since, it is pointed out, San Antonio's housing needs have been statistically surveyed with reasonable accuracy by the Bureau of the Census, Housing Characteristics of the San Antonio Metropolitan District dated April, 1947.

It's aim is to call attention to the three types of housing problems existent in San Antonio at the present time.

It is concerned first with the lowest income class:

"A BOUT 40 per cent of our population are engaged in common and semi-skilled trades. Of these one of the best paid groups are the garment workers, who are now earning about 70 cents an hour, or $100 per month.

These people are generally forced to live in the so-called corrals of the West Side."

Descriptions of conditions in the corrals, along with photographs of typical cases were submitted.

One photograph shows a typical family and its home in a corral:

"In this particular, corral 18 families use one privy and two hydrants. There is no provision for disposal of waste water except in the privy. The houses have no sinks."

Another photograph is accompanied by this information:

"The building illustrated contains 8 rooms, 4 families, 18 people. In one of the 4 apartments, James and Mary Etta Pitts live in two rooms. The larger room is 11x14 feet, the smaller, 8x14 feet. In these two rooms, 9 people live, 6 of whom are children, 3 of whom are adults. Eight people sleep in the larger room, the grandfather sleeps in the kitchen. At the end of the porch in the photograph, you will find the one privy which is used by all the families at 418 Live Oak Street. This privy is used as the only means of disposal for waste water, there being no sinks in any of the apartments."

AND for another photograph:

"This corral contains 8 rooms and 7 families. Behind these two buildings, there are three smaller houses containing 2 families and a rooming house with 7 occupants. All 16 families are served by a single outdoor privy; the second privy is locked and out of order."

This sign is reproduced:

**Notice**

To all Concerned—

RENT MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE

No exceptions

Unpaid past due rent must be

Paid up in 3 days

Or Vacate—Final Notice

Mindest.

"Rent for these buildings is $3.00 per month per room, all repairing to be done by the tenant."

A rather extensive report is included on Zipp's Alley, a familiar address to anybody who reads the crime and juvenile delinquency news in the San Antonio daily papers.

"This area was chosen," reads the report, "because one year ago, after considerable publicity and official pressure, the owner of this alley cleaned it up in a manner satisfying the sanitary building requirements of San Antonio. It is fair to say, then, that this represents acceptable standards in San Antonio, and the acceptance of such standards reflects the desperate need which must exist for housing in the low income groups.

In Zipp's Alley the dry wooden shingle roofs which are typical of most of the corrals in the city offer an obvious fire hazard.
The entire court is lighted at night by one small incandescent bulb:

"Unlighted areas like this are an invitation to crime and juvenile delinquency. Any reference to the police records in San Antonio will indicate the expense which the community bears for policing our slum areas. These houses, like those in all the slum areas, are without gas or electricity. Heating is done with wood, lighting is with kerosene lamps."

Photographs submitted indicate that "acceptable" standards in San Antonio allow one common water hydrant to serve nine families, and allow one privy to serve these same nine families.

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get some space in the newspapers, he has. Whatever must be done, he does.

"I knew that if I travelled across the country making speeches against the coming war," he said, "the newspapers would ignore me. But I figured if I rode a horse across the country, they’d at least mention the horse, and maybe in writing about the horse they’d mention something that I said."

It is actually sad that vital opinions on the most pressing problem facing the world today—the problem of devising some means to prevent the destruction of life on the planet—must be tacked onto a horse’s tail before somebody will print them.

But since that’s the case, Senator Taylor spends no time crying about it. He just tacks them on a horse’s tail and starts riding the horse across the continent.

WHAT the senator has to say about the world situation and our part in it is concise, well documented, and terribly frightening.

He says, in brief, that the generals and the huge corporations want to build toward another war. He says they started a campaign of vilification against Russia even before the last war ended. The American newspapers dropped into line.

He says that Russia got out of Iran when the matter was referred to the United Nations, but the United Nations was then wrecked as a potent international force when we flatly refused to turn the problem of Greece over to it.

From that day on our policy has been one of continued insults to the Russians, who have reached the point where they refuse to become a party to any international agreements because we control the United Nations and they are afraid of us.

The Senator claims that if Russia had done one-third the things we have done—such as building ports and roads in Mexico as we have done in Turkey—we would have been at war with them long ago.

He holds no brief for communism, considers that Russians live under a dictatorship, and admits they are now bull-headed and unreasonable and are also expansionist.

But he contends that their expansionism has been confined largely to getting back territory that was once theirs, and that their actions in general can easily be understood if we place ourselves in their position.

THEN the senator points out that no matter what insults have been hurled back and forth and no matter who is wrong about this and that, the world absolutely can not afford another war.

We cannot conquer Russia.

We will merely bring about the end of civilization, and perhaps the end of life on the earth if we enter another war.

Our foreign policy, the senator says, should do one of two things: Either make friends of Russia, which he thinks we could do; or, failing in that, make friends of the rest of the world.

Then he takes the nations of the world one by one, beginning with the Philippines and going on through the list, including Japan, Korea, China, French Indo-China, Greece, and so on and so on, and shows that we are not making friends of other nations.

We are making enemies.

AS I listened to this horse-riding, guitar-playing man talk I realized that there are no satisfactory refutations of what he is saying.

About all anybody can say in answer to his charges is that Russia is expanding and Russia has acted badly. Let us admit Russia has. I do not argue the point.

The thing that interests me today is the thing that interests Senator Taylor. It is the thing that should interest every American, no matter whether it is tacked onto a horse’s tail or not.

Is war inevitable? Can we prevent it? If so, what shall we do to prevent it? Are we doing that? Why not? If war comes, what reason do we have to believe life will be left upon the earth? Is the uncertainty in connection with this probable ominous outcome enough to justify our making at least some minor effort to get back upon the road to peace?

I have no horse on which to hang those questions.

I KNOW that only a few Texans will ever see this. The newspapers of Texas, as I have mentioned, gave a pretty fair report of Senator Taylor’s frightening remarks.

Then the next day they went back to the old, old tirade against Russia—the Dorothy Thompson and Walter Winchell and Kenneth Dixon and Peter Edson line about getting ready to fight.

Forgive them, for they know not what they do.

And they may not live long long enough to find out.

DIDN’T ASK

THE campaign against closed sessions of State Boards—a campaign initiated and pressed by the Capitol Press—has had some tentative results and some embarrassments.

The new Board of Plumbing Examiners, criticized for holding a closed session, simply issued a statement explaining:

"No reporters were admitted to our session, because no reporters asked to be admitted."
Man on Horseback

The Man on Horseback is the old description of the militarists in Europe who formerly plunged countries into bloody wars for aggrandizement. That appellation was applied to Caesar, Napoleon and the Kaiser in the days when wars were won mainly by dashing cavalry fighters.

That was in the so-called horse and buggy days. Today the militarists and war mongers ride on airplanes and dream of atomic destruction.

In America today "the man on horseback is a harbinger of peace." Senator Taylor, Democratic Senator from Idaho, has reached Washington on his famous ride, like that of Paul Revere, from the Pacific to the Atlantic "to dramatize the issue of peace," saying with truth: "A voice for peace must have some device to attract attention. Peace, it seems, does not make headlines."

Senator Taylor says the militarists and war mongers had the center of the stage on the radio and in the press, and that the only chance of peace lovers to get first place was to do a stunt. It is hoped his long ride will help the cause of peace.

If so, there will be a wide-spread cry: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Last year, after horse troops had been outmoded for a generation, the War Department finally got around to demobilizing the cavalry. It was none too soon. If peace lovers can use the horse to un-horse militarists and war mongers, the horse will get back his first place of world dependence.

On his return to Washington, Senator Taylor said he had "not yet fully decided" whether he would vote for the Marshall plan for long-range European recovery, if it seemed likely to get through Congress without the "alteration for the worse" which he predicted.

He added:

I'm willing to help hungry people. That would be worth all the sacrifices, the increased shortages, and the higher taxes this aid program will cost. But, I don't believe food should be used as a political weapon. I don't like this idea of excluding people from our aid—especially when they're planning to give most of our aid to the enemies we just conquered in Germany and Italy, and to withhold it from our friends who helped us win the war.
November 12, 1947

Dear Senator Taylor:

I have received your letter of November 4th and I appreciate your writing. I would like to talk to you sometime. Your approach to publicity is, I fear, not wise.

Some of your ideas seem good to me but some are not based on fact.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I know that your interest in preventing World War III is every bit as intense as mine, and for that reason I would like to tell you just what that "crazy Senator on horseback" is trying to do.

I am in New York today for the Town Hall broadcast and so have a little time to catch up on my correspondence for the first time in several weeks.

After thinking it through ever so many times and questioning myself on all angles, I have come to the conclusion that the present United States foreign policy is one which is rushing us pell mell into the third, and probably final, world war. In arriving at that conclusion I am terribly disturbed at the apparent apathy of the leading statesmen of the nation.

I realize that my lone voice as one of the younger members of the Senate is not one which can command attention of the Nation's press and radio for so prosaic a cause as peace. War and crisis have much more news value. For that reason, I decided that I must in some way attract as much attention as possible not for myself but for the cause I am espousing. For that reason, I determined during the summer to ride a horse from coast to coast. I felt that this project would attract attention and probably ridicule in the nation's press. I was prepared to undergo ridicule on the theory that it would invoke wide-spread curiosity. I felt that eventually they would have to tell people why I was making this horseback ride. Then I would be able to reach a great many people through the media of public meetings, radio, and the press. I care not why they come to hear me, or why they read about me, or why they listen to me on the radio. If I can get to the American people, I know I can convince them of the fallacy of our war-like policy.

The special session of Congress somewhat upset my plans in making it impossible for me to ride every step of the way from coast to coast. Therefore, on October 26 I set out from Seal Beach, near Los Angeles, on the Pacific, and announced that I would ride at least one day in each state on my southern route across the country, I rode for 32 hours marathon for a distance of 95 miles.
So far, I have held meetings in Tucson at the University of Arizona Auditorium, and at El Paso, Texas. I plan to hold meetings at the Will Rogers Memorial Hall at Fort Worth on November 5, at Austin on November 6, at Knoxville on November 12, at Oak Ridge on November 13 and at Washington, D.C. on November 16.

I have been advocating a return to the Golden Rule in foreign policy, and by that I mean this country should refrain from baiting Russia both domestically and abroad at every opportunity. I have asked my audiences to place themselves in the position of the Russians. In other words, how would we feel if the Russians suddenly began dredging the harbors of Mexico, building hard surface roads to the borders of California and Texas, and otherwise making military preparations for an unannounced purpose. I think we would feel upset. That is exactly what the United States has been doing in Turkey, and, to some extent, in Greece.

I have asked my audiences how they would feel if Russia had obtained practically all of the oil concessions in Mexico and of we were a nation which was short on oil. Then suppose we negotiated one agreement with Mexico to obtain some of its oil, and suppose Russia stepped in and told the Mexicans "Don't sign that agreement unless you want to and we will back you to the hilt." That again is exactly what we have done in Iran.

Suppose too that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were frozen and closed to shipping during the winter months. Suppose that our only outlet was through the Gulf of Mexico and that the openings around Cuba were much smaller than they are. Then suppose that Cuba had a government which was weak and ineffectual and on the fence. Then suppose that Russia, by means of military loans and other devices, began to exert strong influence on the government of Cuba, thus placing itself astride our only warm water route to the open ocean. We would be not only upset, we probably would be fighting mad. That is what we have done in the case of the Dardanelles in our unilateral action in Greece and Turkey.

I believe that not only the Dardanelles, but the Suez, Gibraltar, and the Panama Canal should be turned over to the United Nations for the use of all countries.

Suppose, too, that we were starving and blasted and ruined by war and the Russians had ample supplies of food. Suppose, then, that the Russians offered us loans and food supplies, but with the firm cable attached that those loans and that food should be administered...
and distributed by the Communist Party of the United States. We might accept loans and food because we were starving and economically ruined, but certainly at the first opportunity we would rise in our wrath and oust the Communists from the country. That is the way we have handled our relief work in European countries.

How much better to have turned all of these activities over to the United Nations and therefore made of the United Nations a strong organization which could handle the problems. The very fact that we acted unilaterally, that we acted to buy the votes of war-torn peoples has seriously weakened the United Nations.

I believe that Russia is now firmly convinced that we are bent on total destruction of Communism, by war if necessary. I believe that Communism and free enterprise capitalism can exist in the same world. I believe that if we would retreat from our power politics assault and provide both Russia and the world at large with tangible evidence of our good faith that we can avert a war.

We cannot fight an idea with guns. After the First World War one-sixth of the world went Communist, after the Second World War six more nations went Communist, and after the Third World War, if there is anything left of the world, who knows how much of the world will be Communist. Certainly, if our policy is designed to prevent the spread of Communism, we have adopted a program which will yield results exactly in the reverse.

I hope to be able to talk over some of these problems with you personally after the opening of Congress.

Sincerely yours,

Glen H. Taylor, USS.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
Apartment 15-A  
29 Washington Square W.  
New York 11, New York  

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:  

With further reference to our correspondence, I should appreciate your glancing at my views on foreign policy and the United Nations as expressed in the enclosed broadcast transcript.  

I hope that 1946 will bring you much happiness and will offer you many opportunities for further usefulness to the United States and the United Nations.  

Sincerely yours,  

[Signature]

Glen H. Taylor  

Encl.  

Gift: Wh
- Taylor -

Mrs. Lewis told me of the wonderful work you did & showed me the portrait she had. She also told me that you never received any word from me for the lobster painting you asked me while I was in the N.H. I have very many for my seeming neglect. With every good wish, I am
Miss Helen Taylor
of the Administrator of St. Croix - Mr. Taylor
St. Croix
U.S.
DELAWARE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE, INC.
HEADQUARTERS, DOVER, DELAWARE

"OUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE"

"To improve the Educational, Civic, Economic, Religious, Social, Recreational, Agricultural and Welfare Problems and Needs of Our Citizens, through SELF-INTEREST, SELF-HELP, SELF-DIRECTION, and RACIAL UNITY, in cooperation with other institutional, educational, and governmental agencies, whose responsibilities and guides are within the humanitarian sphere of those movements and activities, which should be guided to make pertinent or vital improvements for our people in Delaware (Amended)"

Dover, Delaware
Dupont Blvd.
March 8, 1947

Honorablc Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Ever since I received your last letter, I have been searching for possible flaws in our People's League movement. The conference with you, was the one thing that caused me to check carefully the entire philosophy and course of the movement. This is what made the trip to New York to see you, perhaps the most fruitful, the most inspiring and the most far-reaching out-of-State contact I have ever made. The results of my searching into the entire movement, I believe has revealed to us a weakness, which one of your vast experience, (national and world wide), certainly saw at a glance. We had emphasized in our philosophy "racial unity"—which we should have stressed in no uncertain terms 'inter-racial unity'.

We have learned at this relatively early period in the life of the corporation that inter-racial unity or cooperation is (vital - essentially) absolutely necessary not only in Delaware and in America but throughout the world. Therefore, we have changed this one word—this one course in our philosophy of life. In our league work we have discovered that cliques, group interest, and group consciousness can hinder effectively, the growth of Democracy.

On the other hand we have through actual work and co-operative activities seen that inter-racial cooperation serves as a most wholesome "lubricant" to the growth of democratic process in America.

With a combination of the self-interest, and self-helping program on the part of our people and inter-racial medium upon which to work, we believe that democratic living experiences can best be realized by our people.

I will send you any materials, records and plans of the corporation from time to time.

May, I wish for you all those things which make for happiness, and a fruitful life—no only for your own sake—not only for America's sake, but for humanity's sake.

Always grateful,

Harley F. Taylor

(our)
COMMUNITIES

Delmar.................................................. Mrs. Taylor
Dover................................................... Mrs. O. P. Tilden
Dover................................................... Mrs. Alice Tilden
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ORGANIZATIONS OF STATE ACTION COMMITTEES

DELAWARE:"
ORGANIZATIONS OF STATE ACTION COMMITTEES

DELUDETTTUGS DOCTOR OF THE WRETCHES

CONCENTRIC

Kirkwood
Delmar
Laurel
Seaford
Bridgewater
Greenwood
Harrington
Milford
Lewis
Milton
Milburn, Georgetown
Smyrna
Frankfort
Felton
Frederica
Viola
Wyeosum
Camden
Dover
Choptank
Kenton
Pocomoke
Howard Hill
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Midtown
Odessa
Port Penn
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New Castle
Newark
New Castle
Benton
Marshall
Summit Bridge
Mount Pleasant and Armbrust

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Kent County—Rev. Henry T. Bessellam, Smyrna
Smyrna County—James Stanley, Bridgenville
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Rev. W. E. Stakel, Laurel
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RacialTTTUHGTTTUGS DOCTOR OF THE WRETCHES
DELTAURSE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE, INC.
HEADQUARTERS, DOVER, DELAWARE

"OUR PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE"
"To improve the Educational, Civic, Economic, Religious, Business, Businessmen, Agricultural and
Welfare Problems and Needs of Our Citizens, through SELF-HELP, SELF-DETERMINATION,
and RACIAL UNITY, in cooperation with other institutional, voluntary, and governmental
agencies, whose responsibilities and guidance falls within the functional sphere of their movements
and activities, which should be geared to make pertinent or vital improvement for our people in
Delaware (America)."

P.S. I was in conference with Mr. Lester Granger, of the National Urban League, on February 22; He
thinks that we have a real organization, with a
bright future, if the inter-racial element is
followed through. We are planning to take ad-
vantages of several services which he has offered
through the urban League. Will advise you later
concerning these areas of services.

HFT/
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
 Hyde Park New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am enclosing a poem which my daughter wrote on the occasion of the death of your illustrious husband. At the time, and many times since I have had an urge to send it to you but always persuaded myself that it would be very presumptuous on my part and would not consent. But it keeps coming back to me and since I always try to do the things I am impressed to do, if they seem right, I am following this inclination.

My daughter has written several poems which have been received much, one having been printed in New York Times and read by Miss Helen Hesden on a National Radio program.

At present she is studying at Oklahoma University and reading at 904 Moneymaker, Norman, Oklahoma.

Taylor
I feel that she has talent and will eventually begin to get things printed but at present she is having a struggle.

This letter is not, even to suggest that you assist her in any way but only to satisfy myself that I have done what I was impressed to do.

Hoping that the little poem, even at this late date will bring you a blessing.

yours, very sincerely

Mrs. H. R. Taylor
Let me be silent now;
This is no time for words.
A man has died
Whose very greatness
Is his epitaph.

I would not measure if I could
The worth of him
Who has gone on.
We are too near to judge
The heights to which he
He rose for us.

That is for time to say;
And when the years
Have rolled away
The clouds of discord and of strife
That rose about him,
The mists will clear
And men will know him
As he was:
A great, magnetic,
Kindly, human man
Whose strength of purpose and of soul
Took him so far above the rest of us
We could not see the plane on which he stood.
Then, surely, Time will place him
With the greatest of our great.
It may be—
(Though I dare not claim it for him now;
But let your heart and mind decide—)
It may be,
When the final word is said,
His name will shine the brightest of them all.

But leave that for tomorrow.
Now, today——
Today I would not speak;
For silence is the greater tribute.
There is a depth of feeling
which no tongue can tell;
There is a height of greatness
Which no words can reach;
An elemental thing
Which strips us bare
And leaves us mute
Before its verity.

So——
Shocked to silence,
Stunned to immobility,
We stand
Inactive and afraid,
For just one moment
looking backward
For the man now gone,
Then again, look forward
Where ahead we see
The principles he stood for
And the goal toward which he strove,
The dream for which
He spent himself so freely.

And so I shall not even say farewell.
Things that are elemental do not die.
The man is gone;
But what he dreamed,
And what he dared to do
Because he dreamed,
The fine, brave words,
The courage and the strength
With which he fought
To give life to those words,
The understanding heart,
The integrity of mind,
The fighting spirit
Of him who led us through
The bitter years of hunger and of pain
And through the yet more bitter years
Of war and hate
Shall live tomorrow
In a better world.

Martha Sue Taylor Sp.(S) 3/C

She was with the Navy at the time
of the writing of this poem.
She has perhaps forgotten that she
wrote it and knows nothing about
my sending it to you.