

Ye-Youn

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Library

Williamsport, Pa.
May 3, 1947

Thank
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I should like you to have a copy of a poem which I have composed as a tribute to your husband, a truly great American.

I am sending a copy to the Women's Division, Democratic National Committee, Washington, D. C. for publication in "The Democratic Digest".

If you have any other suggestions for publishing this poem I shall appreciate the information.

Cordially yours,

Dorothy F. Yeagle

Dorothy F. Yeagle

Dorothy F. Yeagle
330 Pine St.
Williamsport, Pa.

Ships At Sea

A ship was sailing out on the sea,
Way out with the stormy tide.
Drifting along nearly lost was she
With need of a strong hand to guide.

The name of the ship was "Uncle Sam"
And the millions aboard it knew
That the ship was sailing off its course
But they knew not what to do.

Hunger and fear had gripped their hearts
And their load was hard to bear;
When out of darkness came a ray of hope
A light shed on their despair.

A new captain to sail their ship
To guide it back on its course,
"We have nothing to fear but fear itself",
And the people raised their heads;
Hope was born in turbulent hearts
Their faith was renewed again.

Oh, he could not walk the stormy deck
And swagger as captains bold
But from his chair he guided the ship
And steered it back toward its goal.

As it sailed on with a lighter load
And met other ships on its way,
Those which were under oppressors' hands
He helped them to find their way.

Then on that "day of infamy"
Forever in history written
By the treacherous hand of an enemy
His own great ship was stricken.

His people stood united
Fighting side by side.
They and their allies had nearly crushed
The foe who had dared to rise.

Their captain had never faltered
While leading his gallant crew;
But trying times had taken their toll
His day of rest was due.

Then quietly one April day
God gently took his hand
Led him out of this troubled world
Into a Peaceful Land.

A cry arose from the ships at sea,
Cries of grief and loss .
It came from the hearts of all mankind
All colors, races and creeds,
For he had loved his fellowmen
And given his life to their needs.

As the ships at sea sail on their way
New regions to explore
The shining light of their captain's faith
Shall guide them forevermore.

A tribute to: Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Written by: Dorothy M. Frey Yeagle

3/30/47

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt

Hyde Park.

New York.

"Dear Madam:

Since Apr. 14, 1947 marks
the second year of the death
in memory of our late President
Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I wish to inclose a Poem -
I had written dated May 14, 45
in which I hope reaches you
safely not knowing your
correct address, &

Very truly yours

Mrs P. J. Geckley..

P. O. #25 Patton Pk.,

(over)

(In A)

P.S.

Please excuse Poor Punctuation
It's the sentiments I felt
in the enclosed Poem.

5/14/41

P.S.
Please excuse the punctuation
in the enclosed poem.

"Our President."

5/14/45

F.D.R.

Sadly missed, tho. God knew best.
When he took him home to Rest.
From the hardships that he bore -
Thro grim worries of this war.
His passing, all the Nation felt
The death of Franklin Roosevelt.
Needed in Peace as well as War,
Need him now, all the more!

But then there came a guiding hand,
A special Call to a better Land,
To reap reward for the good he's done,
The feeble, oppressed and every one.

One thing more I here's to relate,
We hope this Nation appreciates,
To know how much to us he meant,
Since we lost "Our President"

(In memory of F. D. Roosevelt, died Apr. 14 - 45)

Yoakum

6347 Maryland Ave., Apt. 1B
Chicago 37, Illinois
May 4, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
29 Washington Square West
New York 11, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Enclosed you will find eight sample newspaper columns and a short explanation of their purpose.

I feel certain that you will be sympathetic with the idea behind these columns, and I hope that you think as well that this idea has been executed effectively. If this is the case, would you please write me a letter to that effect?

My plan is simple: I have had some newspaper experience, as an Army Correspondent in Europe (P.R.O.), but not enough to get an assignment such as I have outlined on the following pages without some outside assistance. I am, therefore, sending these columns to a few influential people in the hope that they will believe as I do, that this work is most urgent, and will help me to initiate it, either by making suggestions as to how it might be made more effective or by arming me with a few letters saying, in effect, "I think that this is a good idea and that you are capable of handling it."

For I am convinced that some such program as this, which attempts to explain one confused, suspicious culture to another, is badly needed. And I am, of course, equally convinced that I am capable of contributing something in this way.

Writing from an apartment on the south side of Chicago, it is difficult to indicate all that might be accomplished in such a series of columns, and it may be that I shall have to begin, on my own, from Europe. Under such circumstances, however, my stay might be both brief and uncomfortable. I shall struggle mightily to get a sponsor before mid-summer, and any assistance that you can give me will be greatly appreciated.

If you feel the need for more information, I would be glad to provide it at any convenient time during your visit to Chicago later in the month.

Yours truly,

Robert H. Yoakum

Robert H. Yoakum

A large number of the councils, committees, and associations concerned with the Plight of the World, while differing on many issues, agree on one thing. They all are certain that their particular program can be successful only if international suspicion is somehow lessened. It is absolutely necessary, they decide periodically, that the common people in one nation understand the common people of other nations.

It seems to me, however, that in spite of the vast amount of theorizing done by our altruistic political, religious, and educational groups, there has been very little accomplished at a practical level. The people along my street, for example, on the south side of Chicago, may occasionally read of a report on France made in the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations but their understanding of a French move in the U.N. is not greatly increased.

I believe that the greatest insight into the actions of other nations, and into our own, in our relations with them, may be gained from a study of their attitude toward us. Robert Burns had the formula:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion..."

In addition to ridding ourselves of certain blunders and foolish notions, we would come to understand that some of the opinions held about us are based on misinformation and a consequent misunderstanding of our motives, rather than on some kind of innate maliciousness. I cannot think of any other approach that could be so profitable.

I believe, further, that this approach can be made popular. If it reaches only the few who are already aware of the factors contributing to international suspicion and misunderstanding, it will be worth very little.

We want to know the reactions of experts and of the common man, in Europe, for example, to current events involving America, to specific American customs and institutions. What does a London bobby think of American policemen? What does a French Communist Deputy think of the latest American resolution in the U.N.? What does a Belgian waitress think of American eating habits?

It would be both interesting and enlightening to know what impressions of America were left by our soldiers; to know what kind of picture of America is obtained from the letters of relatives living here.

This kind of information is important. It is not now available to the American newspaper or magazine public, except in dribbles. It could be, and should be, personalized in such a way as to make it available to a large audience.

We cannot expect many newspapers to accept the task of providing this information as an educational service alone. To meet their needs, as well as to have any value in the present crisis, it must in itself be capable of winning a large audience.

This is the job I would like to initiate in a newspaper column, or in a series of magazine articles, entitled "As Others See Us". I have tried, in the sample columns, to give a topical cross-section and to indicate the style which I think would be most effective.

AS OTHERS SEE US

There are some Frenchmen who know a great deal about the United States, but among those who know only a little there is probably more misinformation about crime than about any other one subject.

A few days ago I was in a small town in southern France and had a conversation with the local baker. I showed some surprise when he mentioned the death of Al Capone.

"Oh, yes," he said, with some pride, "we read a great deal about Al Capone in our papers before the war. He must have been a very great gangster."

"Yes, I suppose he was," I answered, modestly.

He continued to tell me what he knew about Al Capone. I got the impression that there had been some disappointment when Al was arrested for such an unromantic thing as income-tax evasion. The local reaction to that event was apparently about the same as an American movie audience's would be if Frank Buck tracked down tigers with radar and a walkie-talkie set.

A little later the conversation with the baker became a little more personal. He wanted to know how many people I had known who were shot.

"No!" he exclaimed when I said that I hadn't known any, "how extraordinary!"

When I explained further that neither I nor any of my friends had ever been held up, he just nodded and smiled knowingly. He knew when his leg was being pulled.

Although some of the newspapers here play up crime stories, just as do some American newspapers, the Frenchman's main source of "information" about crime in the U.S. is Hollywood.

The average untraveled Frenchman would probably be quite disappointed if he made a trip to New York City and didn't see at least one long, screaming stream of black police cars and motorcycles chasing a car full of gangsters. Judging from my conversations he would even be disappointed if he didn't see this Hollywood B-movie climax scene on his first night in town.

Another source of "information" about American crime is the cheap, paper-bound novels which, before the war, were so plentiful in the open-air stalls along the Seine. These books are usually based on second-hand information about the Torrid Twenties, and the picture they give of life in the U.S.A. is a weird combination of "Spicy Detective" and LIFE Goes to an Elsa Maxwell Party".

During the war, at a U.S.O. Dance in Troyes, a town about ninety miles southwest of Paris, I met a girl who had really been influenced by American crime movies. I have the feeling that if an American sociologist had met her he would have spent the rest of his life picketing Hollywood studios.

The girl was the daughter of a respectable, middle-class merchant and had lived in quiet Troyes all of her life. I was a little surprised, then, when she became excited over the fact that I was from Chicago.

"Are you a gangster?" she asked, her eyes wide open.

The real surprise came when I saw the expression on her face after I said that I wasn't. It was an expression of deep disappointment. After a little questioning I discovered the reason.

The local boys bore her and she has her heart set on marrying a gangster, preferably from Chicago.

It's a good deal for some hot fugitive from justice back home, and in exchange for a few cartons of American cigarettes I'll be glad to furnish her name and address.

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March 31, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I believe that it would be a great inspiration to the people of the world to hear again the voice of their beloved friend and leader, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

I have inquired of the president of RCA Victor Corporation why there has not been made some albums of the President's speeches and prayers.

Realizing that these words may bring sadness, it is only because of my firm belief that the world is still in great need of the words of your husband that I write this letter and ask your help and support in bringing these albums to being.

The Students' House
2326 Matala St
Honolulu, Hawaii

Yours truly,
Hazel Hochman