November 15, 1946

My dear Mr. Fleming:

I am very glad to answer the questions submitted by you and Mr. Dillon.

I am afraid I am not very clear as to what our present trends in education are in this country, but I am quite sure that every young American needs to know more history and a great deal more about the actual day by day living of people in other parts of the world. I do not see how we can lead the world, and yet we are the nation which has the strength to do so, unless we have a real understanding of the needs and conditions existing in other parts of the world.

I hope that you young people will strive for exchange professors and an exchange of scholars, and will study history in its application to the present, striving always for better understanding in order that we may develop an atmosphere in which peace can grow.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Economic and Social Committee,

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

We regret that we were unable to remain until the conclusion of your committee meeting. We anxiously desired an interview with you and appreciated your kind offer to meet us at the close of the session.

If it is at all convenient, will you please write us a brief statement on the following questions concerning the college effort in the movement toward international cooperation in cultural advancement:

1. Do you consider the present trends in education a contributing factor in the development of better understanding among peoples?

2. Have you any suggestions regarding this?

In submitting these questions, we do so with a profound respect for your opinion and judgement. Your reply will be of vast interest to the student body of our college.

Sincerely,

Robert Fleming

Robert Fleming

Paul Dillon
October 28, 1918

Dear Miss Fletcher:

Thank you so much for writing us such an interesting letter.

I have forwarded the poems to Mrs. Roosevelt, as promised, and am glad to have been of service to you.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

[Address]
914 N. Edgewood
Dallas, Texas

The Ladies' Home Journal

Dear Sirs:

This is to express my appreciation for the Ladies' Home Journal, that I have long wanted to write, for Mrs. Roosevelt's question and answer page. It would take a letter longer than you would care to read, perhaps, to tell you why

Fletcher
for I should have to take up the book, if you ask me, and I'd have to reminisce about several of the answers as I read them first in your magazine—one on reading for children—her own experience with her children. I am not the mother of one, but the teacher of hundreds—now running into the thousands, and I have
graphs as well as experience and opinions to show how light she is on that one.

I wish you would print and illustrate a series of her travels (which might be shown in "Heleneue") using a poem suggested and enclosed in this letter. In its entirety it mentions many more places than green here.

Two more things
I'd like to say, but this is enough for one letter as there are about other things any way.

How wonderful it is to be able to write a letter freely this way with no regard for military brevity and to say "If you don't like it long, you can leave it alone!" (for twenty-five months)

Sincerely,

[Signature]

[Handwritten]
P.S. The suggested poem is not yet available to send to you so I am sending three which I frequently send to Mrs. Roosevelt.

It was because of a question and answer in your magazine that I wished to share my anthology with her as well as for its history and significance.

The question was about what she would like to do if she should be choosing a different life from her own.
and the answer was that she would like to take up English literature. My major subject for graduate and post graduate work was that, but my major interest is history. I have combined the two in the anthology from which I have taken the first two poems and the last to send to her. (It is called “An Inheritance.”)
EPITAPH ON KING JOHN

John rests below, a man more infamous,  
Never hath held the sceptre of these realms  
And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power  
The oppressed men of England; Englishman

Curse not his memory, murderer as he was  
Coward and slave, yet he it was who signed  
That charter which should make thee day and night  
Be thankful for thy birthplace; Englishman!

That holy charter which shouldst thou permit  
Force to destroy or fraud to undermine,  
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,  
For they must bear the burden of thy crime.¹

Westburg, 1798

¹ The Poetical Works of Robert Southey (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, no date). Southey was Poet Laureate of England during the War of 1812.
IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM

( FROM A MIDDLE ENGLISH POEM *** BARBOUR *** BRUCE )

ALAS! THAT FOOL WHO ONCE WERE FREE
AND WONT IN FREEDOM AYE TO BE
THIRD' THEIR MISCHANCE AND FOLLY GREAT
WERE FALLEN ON SUCH WORTHY STATE
HAD MADE HIM JUDGE WHO FIRST WAS FOE
WHAT GREATER SORROW MIGHT MAN KNOW?
AH, FREEDOM IS A NOBLE THING
FREEDOM A MAN TO JOY BOTH BRING
FREEDOM TO MAN SUCH SOLACE GIVES,
HE LIVES AT ELSE WHO FREELY LIVES!
A NOBLE HEART MAY FIND NO REST,
IN LIFE IS NAUGHT THAT SHALL HIM PLEASE
IF FREEDOM FAILS, FOR TO BE FREE
A BOY... ALL THINGS DESIRED SHALL BE.
ONLY THE MAN WHO LIVED BEFORE
IN FREEDOM, KNOWS THE ANGUISH SORE,
THE WRAITH, THE WRETCHEDNESS AND PAIN
THATS COUPLED WITH FOUL THRILLDOM'S CHAIN.
BUT LET HIM ONCE HAVE TESTED IT
AND THEN I TROW HE WILL SHALL WIT,
AND FREEDOM PRIZE, AND DEARIER HOLD
THAN ALL OF THIS WORLD'S WEALTH IN GOLD;
THUS EVERYMORE THINGS OPPOSITE
THE WORTH OF HIGH DOOTH BRING TO LIGHT.
AND LIGHT THE THRILL HIS OWN MAY CALL
FOR THT HE H.S...R所提供之 ALL
UNTO HIS LORD, WHOEVER HE BE
YET IS HE STILL IN NO WISE FREE
TO LIVE AS PLEASETH HIM, OR DO
THAT WHICH HIS HEART INCLINES HIM TO.

BUT THRILLDOM SHALL BE WORSE THAN DEATH
FOR HILLS A THRILL ALY DRAW HIS BREATH
IT MAKES HIS LIFE IN FLESH AND BONE.
DEATH VEXES HIM BUT ONCE...ALONE.
IN SHORT IT PLEASETH TELLING ALL
THE SORE CONDITION OF A THRILL.
For, O America, our country,—land
hid in the west through centuries, till man
through countless tyrannies could understand
the priceless worth of freedom,—once again
this world was new-created when thy shore
first knew the Pilgrim's keels, that one last test
the race might make of manhood, nor give o'er
the strife with evil till it proved its best.
thy true sons stand as torch-bearers, to hold
a guiding light, here the last stand is made.
if we fall here, what new Columbus bold,
stee ring brave prow through black seas unafraid,
finds out a-fresh land where man may abide
and freedom yet be saved? the whole round earth
has seen the battle fought. where shall men hide
from tyranny and wrong, where life have worth,
if here the cause succumb? if greed of gold
or lust of power or falsehood triumph here,
the race is lost! a globe dispeopled, sold,
rolled down the void a voiceless, lifeless sphere,
were not so stamped by all which hope debar,
as were this earth, plunging along through space
conquered by evil, shamed among the stars,
bearing a base, enslaved, dishonored race!
here has the battle its last vantage ground;
here all is won, or here must all be lost;
here freedom trumpets one last rally sound;
here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
amERICA, last hope of man and truth,
thy name must through all coming ages be
the badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
this is thy destiny; the choice is thine
to lead all nations and outshine them all;
but if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
and none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.¹

¹Hilah Paulmier and Robert Haven Schauffler,
Columbus Day (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1938),
p. 289.