

JACKSON - JACKSONVILLE

— San Pedro, Calif., Aug 26/46 Jackson E

Dear Mrs Roosevelt: -

No doubt you have been, for a long time, a subscriber to many clipping bureaus. On the chance that this item has escaped your notice, I send it to you.

It was my intention to send it five years ago, but family cares & ill & etc, kept me occupied & it was forgotten. I found it again, while cleaning away years of accumulations in my desk.

I enjoyed reading it again, as I did when it was first printed. Have also enjoyed, so very much, your newspaper column & magazine articles.

My son's class, Aimapolis 1938, was honored by having you head the "Pine Dance" reception, and I heard much of you then. My son was further honored by receiving his diploma from the hand of President Roosevelt himself, and that was indeed a proud day for our family.

So we, among countless others, feel a very friendly interest in the Roosevelt family.

Hoping that you have fully recovered from the effects of your recent accident

I am,

Very Sincerely Yours
Elin L. Jackson

WHAT ABOUT A THIRD TERM FOR THE MRS.?

The Editor, Sir: Watching the newsreels of the recent visit of their majesties, the King and Queen of England, I was impressed with the gracious unselfish hospitality extended by our First Lady. In every camera-shot Mrs. Roosevelt subordinated herself so that we might center our attention on the queen. It was the queen that Mrs. Roosevelt was interested in, just as she knew all America was interested and although, in the jargon of the theater, she could have "stolen" the show, she stepped back and the stage belonged to our visitors.

On the steps of the Hyde Park residence I have never seen Mrs. Roosevelt look quite so lovely. At long last the cameramen have given her a break photographically. And she is a charming woman . . . she is not a homely woman. Her pictures have disturbed me for some years. However, during a visit to the San Francisco fair I was fortunate enough to meet her on the day she was the guest of honor. I was prepared, as one woman to the other, to think my own thoughts. I was keyed up to a very critical pitch. I actually gasped when I met Mrs. Roosevelt. She is lovely. Soft, silver gray hair (and it takes black in pictures) is smartly groomed. A very chic hat, perched becomingly on the silver gray hair. A large blue flower, exactly the color of her eyes, gave it swank. Her skin is soft and satiny, like a young girl's. Her smile is spontaneous and genuine. It is not a prop smile. She is very graceful and simply shouts good health in every move she makes and every step she takes. Her voice is cultured and unaffected. She uses makeup and she uses it smartly. Her teeth, that are so amplified in pictures, are, in fact, simply strong, very well cared for, and very white—part of a flashing smile. But her hands! Slim, long, tapering fingers. Young, capable hands. The hands of an appreciative woman.

Even if Mrs. Roosevelt were not the president's wife she would still make many friends and be loved by all who have been fortunate enough to know her or meet

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MURRAY HILL 8-0676

Elinor JACKSON

QUAKER HOUSE

450 EAST 52ND STREET

NEW YORK 22

August 16th

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt -

Several of those who worked with me in the preparation of the book on mediation thought you might be interested in seeing it. It will be published on September 8th.

I am off today to Geneva where our negotiations on Kashmir will be resumed on Aug. 25th. I know how fully the efforts to get this conflict settled have your

earnest support. As the British
say, we are now "flat out" in
the effort.

Sincerely,
St. Lawrence Jackson