Folder #3

Tem-tem
Dear First Lady,

Today is my birthday — my 50th. You gave me one wonderful present when you consented to lunch with Brigitte and me at Lake Success on Tuesday.

I have been granted another — equally wonderful and long-deferred — the miracle of insight into the workings of God’s purpose and the mysterious ways in which he moves. It has all happened within a week. Now it is clear why the gift of tongues has been given me, why I have always been inspired and happy when I was devoting my gifts to interpreting His purpose — whether to help raise funds for Frontier Nurses, Near East Colleges, YWCA, New England Medical Center, etc — or to spreading His message of charity to the parents of children afflicted with cerebral palsy, ghosting Ruth Pasion Shaw’s book on how to teach little children through Finger Painting, and Constance Warren’s book “New Design of College Education for Women”, etc.

Why will an actor sure of his calling go hungry and homeless rather than prostitute his talent? Because he knows that he can, and hopes that one day he will, do what Laurence Olivier has succeeded in doing — produce great drama in such a way as to move millions by its sheer beauty and human understanding and the eternal timeliness of its message. It is given to a rare few to attain that destiny.

The great physicians are always in close touch with divine inspiration too — especially a great surgeon or a great psychiatrist. Often an oldfashioned family doctor knew by intuition how to treat the poor and humble and frightened who turned to him.

Perhaps what we need is a sort of Hippocratic oath for teachers and judges, artists and musicians (not trade unions to hamper and frustrate them), and for all who aspire to serve Him and further His purpose of peace on earth.

Until now I have obeyed the inner voice blindly. It spoke openly at my Radcliffe Commencement in 1917, when Dr. Holmes preached the Baccalaureate sermon on the theme: “Dare to do what you dream to do”. Time and again I have been directly inspired in writing what is known in fundraising parlance as “the major statement”, and millions have flowed into the coffers of worthy institutions which were in harmony with the great symphony.

When inspiration has failed, driving me to the depths of depression, it has been because the cause was unworthy, or once in a while when, although the work was worth doing, someone else was better prepared to do it — as when I left George Hoefft and my job as managing editor for True Comics to start a similar comic magazine "East is West" for Pearl Buck. I had never been to China, and lacked the necessary firsthand understanding.

I do have firsthand knowledge of Europe and the Balkans and the Near East. Day by day it is becoming clearer what I am meant to do. That U.N. experience of listening with my own ear to the Yugoslav Daniel Webster and through the earphone simultaneously hearing his message interpreted in English, proved to me that by the grace of inspired scientists we have the means now of achieving international understanding and intercommunication. Of course the human factor is still fallible at times, but we need no longer be distracted by such side issues as the need of Esperanto or basic English. We are closer to the solution than that.
His work can go on at once. FDR knew and drew on the great source of all inspiration for his heartwarming messages to his people. His great scientific medium was the radio, and his great personality became a world magnet. He used his wonderful voice as Hitler abused his power for fanatical ends of evil.

You have the great gift of understanding people and inspiring their love and devotion. Are you bending superhuman efforts to the unfinished task of world leadership for which so few are inspired and qualified.

Briand saw what was needed after World War I. Once I walked behind him and Stressemann beside Lake Geneva, and overheard them earnestly discussing the pros and cons of Coudenhove’s PAN EUROPA. It was another great moment for me...a lifting of the curtain.

Your time is too valuable to take more of it for my own story—-one of ten years of ups and downs, of inspiration and despondency. I think at last I have found the key. All I need now is rest. You are right. I need to add firsthand knowledge of our own West to my equipment. The door stands wide open. One of my young “wards”--like Brigitte--married Davidson, son of a wonderful Quaker couple. I am going to the Quaker hostel at Los Altos, Calif. It is called Hidden Villa. There are individual guest houses. Everybody helps by give or take in the work and inspiration and harmony. First I must tie up loose ends in New England—over Thanksgiving. I am waiting for word from my great and good friend, Dr. Arthur Pugh, in Providence, to come and tell him that his long-standing patience with me and encouragement have been rewarded.

Tonight another good friend, Mrs. Floyd Black from Bulgaria is dining alone with me at the Holley. Then we shall go up to my apartment at 14 P for a quiet talk. Dr. Black has been appointed President of the two American Colleges in Istanbul. She is a graduate of the Woman’s College. Robert College was founded by the grandfather of Mrs. Bayard Dodge of the University at Beirut. All these people are dedicated to the great purpose, and I am proud to have had the privilege of helping them by my interpretation of their work.

Later this evening, after their evening classes, Brigitte and David Clayton will join us.

If you are too mentally exhausted tonight to read another document or to concentrate any longer on the chess moves of world politics, perhaps a quiet half hour with a serene and witty person like my friend, Mrs. Black, would relax and refresh you. You have only to knock at the door of 14 P, or to leave word (SF 7-3000) if you would rather see her at 29. I will bring her to you. She has great understanding of the Balkans, being Bulgarian-born herself.

If you are otherwise engaged, no answer is necessary. When the time comes and I am fully rested, some news will be found for me to help you otherwise.

Your devoted admirer.

J. Dewey
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

This is not just a bread and butter letter, although its jet propulsion was the desire to express our gratitude and delight over the gracious way in which you accepted our impulsive invitation to lunch at the cafeteria at Lake Success yesterday. Neither Brigitte Clayton nor I can ever forget that experience... I can truthfully say that it was as much of a thrill for me as twice her age as it was for my brilliant sensitive 64-year-old friend.

In you I recognize a powerful catalyst — one of those who bring people and purposes together for constructive ends. What I know about science would go in a thimble, but in this atomic era, even the least scientific-minded are compelled to think in scientific metaphors, it seems.

As you no doubt know, Arthur Packard of the Rockefeller Foundation keeps a confidential card file of likely young men for problematical posts, young men not on trains, on airplanes, at meetings, with notes of their peculiar talents, which may very widely. The common denominator is personal integrity...worth to bear responsibility.

I daresay you, too, have such a file. You destroyed your notes before leaving your desk at the Economic and Social Council meeting yesterday as an orderly executive always does. Doubtless you also keep as carefully notes on people whom you may one day want to put your finger on. In return for your graciousness of yesterday, may I suggest that the enclosed list of exceptionally well-balanced, trustworthy, in most cases brilliant and talented young people deserve to be included in your private file of promising prospects for the type of service indicated, or as reliable sources of firsthand information. It is all I can do for you at the moment, as I have just emerged from a gruelling assignment and am leaving soon for a rest in California.

If there is anything I can do out there of a similar nature, you may always count on me. After December 10, I can be reached at Hidden Villa Ranch, Los Altos, Cal., (care of the Frank Duvenocks) where you have to get some writing done.

David and Brigitte Clayton will keep my apartment here in order for me.

Sincerely yours,

G. G. Telfer
| DAVID CARSON | Former member of Oak Ridge group. Remarkable grasp of significance and implications of atomic energy and ability to convey urgency to audience in graphic simple terms and diagrams. Quoted Einstein letter to FDR 1946, pointed out a contribution of Fermi, Hahn, Strassman, as well as Urey, Oppenheimer, etc. Conveyed trapped feeling of true scientist under Army Control. Recommended: One World or None - $1 A Report on International Control of Atomic Energy - 35% (which he says contains all that any living scientist knows, including the Russians); Modern Man is Obsolete - Norman Cousins Atomic Energy for Military Purposes Henry D. |  
| Federation of Atomic Scientists |  
| New York |  
|  
| from my notes taken at Monday evening meeting in Presbyterian chapel Dr. Meldenhawer's Church, corner 12th and 8th Ave. 10/28/46 |  

I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Carson, but no one present at that meeting could doubt his sincerity and dedication to the mission of making people understand that the word of Democles hung over our heads. The typical audience of the faithful with nothing better to do is exemplified by the Helen Heissinson dowager complaint from the back row when question period came: "What is all this awful talk about another war? Don't people know there can't be one. Haven't we got the Kellogg-Briand pact?"

This speaker deserved a packed hall of intelligent young people - could it be arranged for him to be interviewed by Lyman Bryson or invited to take part in a Town Meeting of the Air?

| T.W. WILLARD | Princeton alumni during depression. Interest: physics of color. Needing job began by taking 16 mm documentary in color of boys' school in Westchester. Made numerous pictures (with me as script writer) for Tamblyn & Brown Inc. fundraisers: Adirondack-Florida School, Near East Colleges (1930) etc. Has built up capable organization. During war made documentary films for Navy. Has own trained crews, studios, cutting, developing and editing studios, projection room and offices. A creative person at the moment cramped by myriad details of executive, including unreasonable demands of union, which forbade him to shoot inaugural of new president of Vassar College for their historical archives, although he would gladly have volunteered his services. Has made Rural Nurse and Woman Voter for U.S. State Dept. |  
| President, Willard Pictures |  
| 45 West 45th Street |  
| New York - BR 9-1470 |  
| Home: 16 East 11 |  
| GR 3-7234 |  

Personal acquaintance dating from early 1930's, as collaborator. Friendship and mutual regard has developed since T.W. incorporated his own business, and O.T. became professional consultant for nonprofit clients.

T.W. happily married to intelligent, charming girl in 20's.

T.W. owns 51% stock of Willard Pictures, needs more capital or better still steady flow of worthwhile contracts such as two recently done for State Department. Highest standards, technically and ethically.

|  |  |
President & Mrs. Floyd Black
Robert College and Women's College
Istanbul, Turkey

Well informed on Balkan and
Turkish affairs and personalities

Well informed on Middle East
and Palestine

Former directors of the American College
in Sofia. Mrs. Black is a Bulgarian and
graduate of the Woman's College in Istanbul.
Visits U.S. infrequently with her husband
on Near East Colleges business. Here now
with him. Dining with me at the Holley
tomorrow evening, Thursday, Nov. 21 at 7:30.
Spending evening with me there, Mr. and Mrs.
T.W. Willard and Mr. and Mrs. David Clayton
(Reuter's). Dave Clayton succeeded T.E.
Lawrence in counter espionage for British
in Middle East, headquarters Jerusalem in
World War II. Married 9 months ago Brigitte,
whom you met at United Nations November 19.

At your service.

Length of Blacks' stay in U.S. uncertain.
Staying at Hotel New Weston. May be reached
through Near East Colleges office 50 West 50
also.

Dave Clayton may be reached through Reuter's
50 West 50th, or will probably become nearer
neighbor after December 5th if he and his
wife decide to take care of my apartment at
the Holley for the next six months or so.