

MARTHA GELLHORN (HEMINGWAY)

1935 - 1944

Ge-Go
Bx 1339

February 6, 1935

100
✓

Dear Martha:

I do not know when Hick is coming back, because it depends on when Mr. Hopkins has work for her.

I hope I will see you very soon and am glad you had a chance to see your brother.

Affectionately,

S O

Miss Martha Gellhorn
FERA
1734 N.Y. Avenue
Washington

2-10
FEDERAL EMERGENCY RELIEF ADMINISTRATION
WALKER-JOHNSON BUILDING
1734 NEW YORK AVENUE, NW.
WASHINGTON

Dear Mrs Roosevelt -

It was more than kind of you to write me to dine tonight and I can't think that anything but an act of God would keep a prospective guest away. The act of God was my brother who arrived as miraculously as manna - and whom I never normally see. He has to go back to his job tonight and my only chance for a reunion is this evening.

I have no luck with good
fortune: things all happen at
once.

When is Hick returning
to the office? I miss her.

Thank you so much for
asking me.

Grateful,

Martha Zellhorn

6c-60
Bx. 1339

100
v

December 27, 1935.

Dear Martha:

Many thanks for your telegram and
for your holiday greeting. Every good wish
for the New Year, and I hope you will soon be
returning to Washington.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Waterbury
Connecticut

Returned by airtel to
1734 11th Ave. NW
Washington, D.C.



1955 DEC. Created by Norman Rockwell

NA1663 16 SC GTG 25=WATERBURY CONN=
 MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT=
 THE WHITE HOUSE WASHDC=

Filed 12/27/35

I WISH YOU THE HAPPIEST OF CHRISTMASSES AND A GLAD NEW YEAR
 WITH ADMIRATION AND DEVOTION=

Mrs. MARTHA GELLHORN.

*Dear Mrs. Gellhorn - Hope you will
 have a very merry Christmas
 and a very happy New Year
 Love
 E. J.*

GA - Gi
Bx. 1378

February 4, 1938

100

Dear Martha:

I am so sorry to hear of your father's death. It must have been a great shock to both you and your mother and will you please tell her of my very real sympathy.

Hick tells me that you wanted a note of introduction to Mrs. Reed and I am wondering when you are going back to New York. Of course I will be glad to give it to you if you will let me know your plans.

With my deep sympathy to both of you, I am

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

S:DD

4366 MCPHERSON AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

*Call
2-4-36*

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

I asked Mother if I might not write you, knowing that she wanted to thank you for your helpfulness and thank Mr. Roosevelt for his splendid letter on Trained Government Personnel, but that she couldn't herself get around to writing immediately. My father died suddenly last Saturday. It has been very hard, and Mother is deeply involved in personal obligations at this moment. The ^{President's} letter, she feels, was exactly what the League Campaign Committee wanted and needed and it has been of the utmost value to their program to have it. She is tremendously grateful to Mr. Roosevelt and she wanted to thank both of you at once. Of course the Washington League will have sent their thanks already, but she wished to add hers. Will you please thank him?

I got a little note from you here. The incredible way you remember things -- when you must have had a trainload of identical telegrams on New Year's Day -- is one of the wonders of the country. I am staying here now, though I don't know for how long. As long as Mother can use me in any way. We don't any of us know how to behave or be yet, but we will somehow, later.

Thank you and Mr. Roosevelt again, for Mother. The League is certainly on the right track, as no people know better than you.

Affectionately,

Martha Gellhorn

January 30.

TELEGRAM

The White House
Washington

5WU. RA. 45- D. L. 10:45 a.m.

New York, April 22, 1936

Mrs. Malvina T. Scheider.

Bad flying weather prevented plane from making Washington connection yesterday so came directly to New York. Have now made publisher appointment here Thursday and planned to postpone Washington trip. Please explain to Mrs. Roosevelt and thank her. Very disappointed. Hope I will have another chance. Gratefully,
Martha Gellhorn.

GA-Gi
Ex. 1380

GA - Gi
Bx. 1370

100

Miss Martha Bellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis
Missouri

April 21, 1936

Will you lunch White House one o'clock Thursday April 23

Malvina T. Scheider
Secretary to
Mrs. Roosevelt

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 20, 1936

Dear Martha:

I have to go to New York the night of April 23 but would like it so much if you could lunch with me that noon at one o'clock.

Hick will be in Pittsburgh off and on between April 20 and the 29th and will be staying at the Hotel Pittsburgher.

Affectionately,

April 20, 1936

Dear Martha:

I have to go to New York the night of April 23 but would like it so much if you could lunch with me that noon at one o'clock.

Hick will be in Pittsburgh off and on between April 20 and the 29th and will be staying at the Hotel Pittsburgher.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Cellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

DD

Call
4/10/26

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

I am going to be in Washington from April 22 to April 26. If you are in town and have a minute (or even half a minute) it would be grand for me. May I telephone the White House and ask whether you have time for a caller? I hope Hick isn't gallivanting around the country right now; would you use your influence to keep her somewhere that I can find her, and please give her my love.

Devotedly,

Martha Zellhorn

April 14

4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, MO.

Say Hick will be in Pittsburgh
between April 20th & 24th
Hick Pittsburgh
with the book at 7. Lane
Jan 9 that night

May 1, 1936

Dear Miss Gellhorn:

Mrs. Roosevelt asked me to ask you if you would like to have supper with her on Sunday night, the 3d at her apartment in New York, which is 20 East 11th Street. The apartment is in my name in order to elude the general public, so you will find my name in the bell. You can drop Mrs. Roosevelt a note at that address if you are free.

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary to
Mrs. Roosevelt

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
726 Park Avenue
New York
N.Y.

Would she like to see

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

8:30 Sunday night at apt

It was so kind of you to ask me to come to lunch last Thursday and I shall renounce travel by plane in future. I got ~~ys~~ Mrs. Scheider's telegram when I had arrived in New York: the plane simply neglected to stop at Pittsburgh to make the Washington connection because the ceiling was falling or doing whatever ceilings regularly do. By the time the plane finally managed to descend at Newark, I was feeling too uncertain internally to go on to Washington, and so I missed seeing you which is my very great loss. And now someone has told me of a possible job so I am running about like a frightened rabbit trying to get it, and am afraid to leave New York until I know whether I have any chance or not.

A great friend of mine, the American correspondent of Paris Soir, is coming to Washington for Mr. Roosevelt's foreign press conference. ~~He~~ This man, Raoul de Roussy, is responsible for some of the finest articles on the New Deal which have appeared in France. Paris Soir is a paper which seems interested in having thoughtful accurate interpretations of America/has done as wise writing about the government as I've seen ^{and Raoul} anywhere. I'm writing Mrs. Scheider about him because it would be grand if he could come to your press conferences or somehow see ~~by~~ you. I don't mean to be always asking favor and being a nuisance: but it seems to me that anyone who meets you or Mr. Roosevelt gets a much clearer understanding of what is going on in America and why, and I think there is so much unintelligent nonsense printed here and abroad, that anyone ~~xxxxx~~ capable of writing sense and appreciating the magnificent job you and Mr. Roosevelt are doing, should be helped.

Aren't the WPA plays in New York remarkable. I think it's too exciting

to have the government be the leading producer in the country. There will no doubt be vast complaints about government competition in art, next. I watched the audience at "Murder in the Cathedral", and was astonished. It is surely the most demanding play to follow, and the people sat in rapt attention throughout. One of the theatre critics told me he thought it the finest play in town, and the attendance proves that the public is as interested in poetry as in detective thrillers. I think this is something pretty grand to have proved.

Thank you again for having invited me to come and see you. I seem pretty sloppy in the way I manage my plans. I do hope I haven't missed my chance permanently.

Devotedly,

Martha Gellhorn

April 26

726 Park Avenue
New York City



S. E. BONNEVILLE
Vice President and Managing Director



HOTEL WASHINGTON

PENNA. AVE. OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Scheider;

I am growing to be such a burden to you, that probably one more letter will be one too many. I have a problem on my mind: though it is scarcely my problem and comes to me remotely. A friend of mine is correspondent of Paris Soir in America. His newspapers owner, Monsieur Prouvost, is in America for twelve days. This paper is the biggest paper in France and has always been extremely pro-New Deal. I think ^{Paris-Soir} ~~it~~ does a very valuable service in France*American relations; it gets accurate, sympathetic evaluations of the American scene to a tremendous public who usually ^{only} get whatever information is convenient at the time. Mr. Prouvost of course wishes to see Mr. Roosevelt. The French Embassy is the evident way to do it; but the Ambassador is absent and between ourselves I don't think the underlings are very energetic. The Paris-Soir correspondent, Raoul de Roussy de Sales, told me about this. He is terribly distressed because he feels very responsible for his boss and he feels very keenly the advantage it would be to have Mr. Prouvost meet Mr. Roosevelt and so strengthen his own convictions about the New Deal. (My interest is that having lived years in Paris, I know how rare it is to get accurate or friendly news on America; and I think the paper which does that ought to go on and be a little encouraged.)

Is there anything to do? Or does it come under the heading of foreign callers and is there great formality attached to the visits of foreign publishers. I am ignorant and no doubt a nuisance, but I thought it couldn't do any harm at least to tell you about this because if you feel it's as important as I think, you of course could see that it works out alright.

Will you forgive me for bothering you again; after so many letters.

I do hope Mrs. Roosevelt will have an instant in New York; I feel horribly about having missed her the last time. If she doesn't will you please tell her for me how immensely devoted and admiring I am, and how disappointed that I have had no chance in the last months to see her.

Gratefully,

Marty Gellman

Wednesday

5-21-36

May 6, 1936

100

Dear Martha:

I am so sorry that I missed seeing you and also that I will not be able to do so next week. However, I am sure it will be possible some time later on.

Will you let me know whether or not you are working?

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
726 Park Avenue
N.Y.C.

DD

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WESTERN UNION

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HEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

Received at

D5CC 6C 51 NL 6 EXTRA

NEWYORK NY MAY 3 1936

MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT

CARE MRS MALVINA T SCHEIDER 20 EAST 11 ST NYK

JUST RECEIVED MRS SCHEIDERS LETTER THIS MINUTE MIDNIGHT UPON RETURNING FROM WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY AM TOO DISTRESSED AT THIS SECOND MISSED OPPORTUNITY WILL YOU BE IN TOWN LONGER OR IS THERE ANY OTHER TIME I COULD SEE YOU SO GRATEFUL AND SO DISAPPOINTED DEVOTEDLY

MARTHA GELLHORN RHINELANDER 4 8182

1117P

GA-Gi
Ex. 1350

July 7, 1936

100

Dear Martha:

Thank you so much for the book.
I more than enjoyed reading it and think
you were sweet to send it to me. I shall
look forward to the next one.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
c/o Putnam & Co., Ltd.
42 Great Russell Street
London, England

DD

100

November 7, 1936

Dear Martha:

Thank you ever and ever so much for your letter. It is a great help and you have given me some of the best suggestions I have had.

No, I do not think much of myself as a writer, but I always hope to be better and am more than glad to make every effort.

It was grand to see you. Do not get discouraged, because you have the ability to write so that one sees what you are writing about, almost better than anyone I know.

Affectionately,

Gellhorn
St. Louis

November 30, 1936

Dear Martha:

That was funny about the lynching, but you had just enough actual fact to base it on for your rather remarkable imagination to do the trick and make it as realistic as possible. I do not think Walter White will care as long as you do not spread it around that you had not actually seen one.

The lecture trip seems to have gone pretty well.

As a matter of fact, I do not think Hick is at all frantic about the book. She grouses a great deal, but I think she really is much interested, and I am sure she will do a good job. George Bye told her she had done one-third already.

Of course, I do not do anything I don't want to do, and I do want to help this book get all the circulation it possibly can.

Good luck to you on your next one.

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis

GA-Gi
Bx. 1380

4366 MCPHERSON AVE.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

Thank you so much for your note. You are grand to be willing to introduce me to Mrs. Reid. I wrote Hick, very shyly, asking if I dared suggest such a thing to you, when I was in NY before my father died. It seems as if that were another life altogether. I have no idea what my plans will be; each day just gets lived through and we don't worry much about tomorrow. But this is a kind of comma which must pass. I'll have to be earning my ~~living~~ living very soon again and I suppose I'll have to do it in NY as Saint Louis is a town which has not yet realised that women can do more than sell dresses in smart shops.

I'm going to the hospital in a few days to have an ear tinkered with but as soon as I'm neatly remade and hearing things clearly -- whether they're worth it or not -- I shall be busy about jobs. May I write you then, and ask you -- if it's not too great an imposition -- to give me a letter to the omnipotent Mrs. Reid. I'd be vastly grateful. Though I'm pretty ashamed of myself to suggest such a thing. I got fairly anxious about even having a chance to get in to people's offices in NY. And one can't very well make a fine pompous speech about how competent one is, if no one will be on hand to listen.

My book on the unemployed is being brought out in England right off (three months I guess), with an introduction by Wells. It ought to get taken here sometime. Oddly, people don't enjoy nearly as much hearing about their own woes and therefore their own responsibilities as they ~~en~~ enjoy hearing about strangers' messes. Very normal. I'm constantly grateful to the U.S. Government, collectively and individually, for

having had the opportunity to get the material for this book. If no one else learns anything, I certainly consider that my post-graduate course is now completed, and I can start all over with the Kindergarten work.

Thank you for many things. We admire you constantly in this house, and we are continually touched by your kindness.

Sincerely,

Martha Fellhorn

February 7.

Mrs. Scheider

I got this out too late to go over
to you - so I signed it and got it
out

pe

69-61
Bx. 1380

free
33 Nov. 1936

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

Has Hick told you my latest bit of muddle-headedness. It's very funny; and I was going to appeal to you to extricate me, but that seems too much of a good thing and I am going to be a big brave girl and tidy it all up by myself. It concerns that lynching article which you said you liked (your last letter, and thank you for it.) The Living Age pirated that -- simply annexed it without so much as a by-your-leave; and then sold it to Walter White who sent it to you and presumably a lot of other people. He likewise wrote me a long letter and asked me to appear before a Senate Committee on the anti-lynching bill, as a witness. Well. The point is, that article was a story. I am getting a little mixed-up around now and apparently I am a very realistic writer (or liar), because everyone assumed I'd been an eye-witness to a lynching whereas I just made it up. I sent that story to my agent in London who sent it to Wilson Harris of the Spectator who published it. At which point Gellhorn, with \$50 reward, ceased to remember the tale and went on to the next thing. It then appeared in Germany; was stolen by a thing called the Magazine Digest and published -- very much shortened and confused -- somewhere in the U.S.; and likewise was swiped and reprinted by the Living Age. Around now, I feel that I have attended twenty lynchings and I wish I'd never seen fit to while away a morning doing a piece of accurate guessing. The nearest I ever came to a lynching was being picked up late at night, somewhere in North Carolina, by a drunk truck driver, on his way home from a "necktie-party." He made me pretty sick and later I met a negro whose son had been lynched and I got a little sicker. Out of that, years later, appeared this piece. I have a feeling that I am on something of a spot but I can't see why exactly. Anyhow I shall write Walter White and tell him I'm only a hack writer, but not a suitable witness. Though God save and protect his cause, on account of it's a good one.

How was the lecture trip and how are you? Are you rested a little? I don't see how you could be, but you must have magnificent powers of recuperation as well as endurance. I want to hear about it; perhaps Hick will write me.

And how is the book getting on. Poor Hick is quite frantic over the book she's to

writes: not realising that her material is so perfect and so complete that if she can make herself sit still with it, it will get hold of her and run her and write itself, as a tremendous travel story -- the best kind there is. I tried to tell her so. Though I also told her that if she really didn't want to write it (and wasn't just being unduly humble about writing, in itself), she oughtn't to do it. People only do things well which they do with love; or don't you agree. Love or hate or something pretty intense. Not just doing.

I got a little off my chest about democracy, at the Book Fair. Together with every other writer in the Greater New York area, I spoke at that shebang. I was scared and it was a funny night; jammed, with a thousand folk waiting, a bad room, a curious eager audience, and a pulpit affair that wobbled under one's hands.... Margaret Ayer Barnes made me mad by being complacent: sloppy babble about asking her husband what a bank failure was like so she could write one ... awful, when women go feminine publicly, especially about a good trade like writing, a trade that's as sound and practical as plumbing. A wench named Sophie Kerr got to her feet and read authentic letters from her readers; read them as jokes. Each one made me feel more miserable. They were the naive embarrassing letters of very little people, who want something far out of reach. It wasn't funny at all, I felt. A young actor mumbled about blank verse. And I sat and trembled all over with fear and nerves and wishing I were somewhere else. But the chance was seized to talk about dictatorships and democracies; and how we were responsible for democracy, if we wanted it we had to keep making it, and in this job writers had a part and readers an even bigger part, as they are the mass and therefore they are action.... It seemed to make some sense to some people (though it certainly didn't to me at the time; I only heard my voice from a distance ~~which was~~ above the chattering of my teeth.) Meantime, I have not even started the article you gave me; New York was too hectic. I couldn't think straight at all, and didn't want to blubber in print. Saint Louis is very quiet and something in the way of decent work may come out of this.

a terrible (and very great, very wonderful) thing for one man to feel so many millions of people waiting for him to show them a way to safety and sanity. I can understand all the little people I've known who have told me that they prayed for him.

Charles has told me that again he has asked favors of you and again you've granted them. I wouldn't know how to thank you at all. You must just realise by now that there are no adjectives left. I only hope you'll never do anything you don't want to do, out of the great kindness you have for everyone and me included. It always makes me nervous, this business of asking you to do things; because you're too good. And you do know, don't you, that though I'm more grateful than I can ever tell you for all you've done on my book, that doesn't really count. What counts is that you're the kind of person you are, and that I love you for it. Now and always.

Marty

Seecharu

Monday, November 23

4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, MO.

GA-Gi
Bx. 1350

100

June 3, 1936

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Hotel Bedford
118 East 40th Street
New York
N.Y.

Mrs. Roosevelt will see you June 4 at five p.m. at
20 East 11th Street

Malvina T. Scheider
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt

I left on Wed. I'll write you
at Hotel Bedford - 118 E 40 St

4th + 5th also need to come

I told her you need to come
at Hotel



HOTEL WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

May I come to see

you one of these days,

if you have a moment.

I shall be in town until

Friday or Saturday, then

back to New York and

sailing on the Europa June 6.

I've picked up some

odd jobs to do abroad.

and I'd like to see
the continent once more
while there's still relative
peace.

I'd be more than
glad if you could find
a moment when I might
see you. Is it impolite to
bother you this way?
Devotedly

Warty Gellhorn

Monday

June 26, 1936

Dear Martha:

How very sweet of you to write me! I was very much pleased by your letter and your interest in continuing to do something along the lines which we discussed. When you get back we can talk again over what can be done.

I am very much more interested in possible far away developments and steady increase of women's influence, which, I feel, tends to ameliorate bad social conditions, than I am in any immediate political developments.

I loved your description of the landing at Cherbourg. I think you will probably have some interesting experiences during your trip which should make your book well worth while.

Hick is now in Michigan and, according to the most recent advice, intends to remain in the middle west until September, but, of course, her plans may change.

Every good wish to you.

Affectionately,

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Care Putnam and Co.
42 Great Russell Street
London

GA-Gi
Bx. 1370

100
December 28, 1936

Dear Marty:

Thanks very much for your
Christmas greeting. As you probably
saw by the papers, I spent my Christmas
with Franklin, Jr.

What are you doing in Florida?

With every good wish for the New Year,

Affectionately,

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Key West
Florida

HOLIDAY GREETING *by* **Western Union** ⁷⁰²



LDQ97 OX 3SC GTG

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KEYWEST FLO

MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON DC

MERRY XMAS LOVE

MARTY

Rec'd
12/1/56
JWH

address + send

~~Maretha Geescharu -~~

St Louis Mo. It's today
done. but let it go. Mrs. R
said not to recover

GA - Gi
Bx. 1380

100

Original filed in Lorena Hitchcock papers, attached
to Eleanor Roosevelt to Lorena Hitchcock, Jan 2, 1937

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

The conversation has been interrupted: I waited to answer your lovely letter until I had something to say but I still haven't anything to say. Except that you were a lamb to send me a Xmas telegram and a note and I hope the son Franklin is well, or at least not miserable by now.

ISM in Key West: to date it's the best thing I've found in America. It's hot and falling to pieces and people seem happy. Nothing much goes on, languidly a sponge or a turtle gets fished, people live on relief cosily, steal coconuts off the municipal streets, amble out and catch a foul local fish called the grunt, gossip, maunder, sunburn and wait for the lazy easy years to pass. Me, I think all that is very fine indeed and if all the world were sunny I daresay there'd be much less trouble as well as much less of that deplorable thing called officially progress.

I came down with Mother and Alfred to escape a Saint Louis Xmas and they went back and I stayed on, praying to my own Gods (they both look like typewriters) for some wisdom not to say sense. I have thrown everything I've written out again. It is getting me blue as daisies but there seems nothing else to do. ~~Right~~ Either this book must be just right and as alive as five minutes ago, or it won't be a book and I'll sit and nurse a lost year as best I can. Anyhow, a week of steady mulling has produced a new and pretty good detailed plan for the book. The story itself is lovely and terrible and I know it's right: but I lack the technical ability to make it come right. So I just fiddle along, writing and hoping and tearing things up and making myself a nuisance to my peers and betters. Life will be a fine thing when all this is finished.

I see Hemingway, who knows more about writing dialogue (I think) than anyone writing in English at this time. He's an odd bird, very lovable and full of fire and a marvelous story teller, (In a writer this is imagination, in anyone else it's lying. That's where genius comes in.) So I sit about and have just read the mas of his new book and been very smart about it; it's ~~so~~ easy to know about other books but such misery to know about one's own. So Hemingway tells me fine stories about the Cuban revolution and the hurricane and then I come home and sombrely drearily try to make a solid plan

for a book which seems to be a think-book in which everyone sits down all the time and talks and broods and nothing happens. It is enough to drive the strongest one quite bats.

Going home at the end of the week, prepared to sit there and first freeze and then ~~broil~~ broil until this thing gets done. How is your book; from what I read of your activities in the Times (which arrives here so late that the news seems peaceful and forgotten), I do not see how you have time for it. But I'm sure you do. On account of you can do more than the rest of us with twenty four hours.

If the madman Hitler really sends two divisions to Spain my bet is that the war is nearer than even the pessimists thought. It is horrible to think of Germany just this side of food riots and that maniac -- no longer apparently even caring about history or facts, stopped by nothing, and protected by terror -- being able to lead a perfectly good nation into something which will finish them up nicely. If there is a war, then all the things most of us do won't matter any more. I have a feeling that one has to work all day and all night and live too, and swim and get the sun in one's hair and laugh and love as many people as one can find around and do all this terribly fast, because the time is getting shorter and shorter every day.

I love you very much indeed, and I am always glad to know you're alive.

Yours,

Marty

January 5 [1937]

Key West, Florida

Pr-Gi
Bx 1421

Jan 16, 1937

Dear Martha:

Do not be so discouraged. I do think you ought to go right ahead and write the book without rereading all the time. You do get yourself into a state of jitters. It is better to write it all down, and then go back. Mr. Hemingway is right. I think you lose the flow of thought by too much rewriting. It will not be a lifeless story if you feel it, although it may need polishing.

Hick is on a regular job now and I think gets pretty tired. Also, she has had a guest steadily. She promises to go on with her book beginning next week when her guest leaves. Letter writing, I imagine, is a lost art for the moment with her.

My book is going along very slowly just now as life is entirely devoted to social duties - things which I like just about as well as you like St. Louis.

Of course, you may come here at any time you feel like it.

Much love,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4386 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, Mo.

S:DD

1-16-37

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

Nothing as pleasant as stopping off in Washington to see you, is scheduled to happen right now. I have just returned from Key West. Saint Louis is torn between a nice flat rain, sleet ³⁶ storms, coal black snow and its usual carbon monoxide atmosphere. It is therefore even prettier and more livable than usual. I came home because that was what I intended to do with my winter originally, and here I shall continue to sit. Until spring. And then, en route for someplace else, may I come and use the lovely invitation you sent me.

The book is so horribly bad that I have adopted a new system in despair. I now write ten pages a day, whether I have anything to say, any ideas or enthusiasm, or not. I shall be finished in about a month and a half at this rate. Which means that I will have turned out a perfectly lifeless story in which all the details are accurate and who cares. My idea is then to do something else hard for a bit, leaving the book which has become an obsession and therefore no good for me or anyone else. Then I'll return to it, or rather throw that version away and try again. I have to proceed at any cost. Rewriting the same chapter day after day finally makes you a little crazy.

I've had a wonderful time with Hemingway at Key West. He does know the craft beautifully and has a swell feeling for words and is very very careful about them, working slowly and never using anything he doesn't think is accurate. He tells me what is wrong with me now is that I've worried too much and gotten the whole thing dark in my mind, and says the thing to do is simply write it and be brave enough to cancel it out if it's no good. We agreed that anyone writing ought to have time to fail and waste effort and not howl about it; but we also agreed that as the European war came nearer and nearer there seemed terribly little time to do anything. I maunder on terribly don't I. It seems silly to be so frantic over one little idea, one little book, one little life, when things are blowing up so badly everywhere. As a matter of fact, I suffer horribly from living here out of everything. I want to be in Spain desperately, because that's the ~~Balkan~~ Balkans of 1912. And if you're part of a big thing you feel safe; it's only waiting and looking on from the outside that makes one nervous and lost. Spain or Flint Michigan. For the first time in a long while I hate

the way I live. But one has to stick by things until the end.

Thank you for your wire. You are pretty grand to me. I don't deserve anything right now except contempt. However. What is happening to your book and what is Lorena doing. She has become slightly more silent than the tomb, she must be working well.

Love,

Marty

January 13

4366 McPherson Avenue

St. Louis, MO.

Wellborn

February 12, 1937

Dear Marty:

I was glad to get your letter and to know that the book was done. Revision will be easy after you have talked to some of your friends in New York. I am glad you are going on in two or three weeks and I know it will do you lots of good.

Hick is there now working hard, but you and she will certainly have some good times together.

Unfortunately, you are coming on apparently just when I start off on a lecture trip in the southwest. However, I do not leave until midnight the fourth of March. If you should come east before that and care to spend a few days in Washington, do drop in. I would love to see you.

Much love.

Affectionately,

SO

100
G. Wellborn

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

I feel like one of Conan Doyle's best spirits. I follow your doing from a great distance via the daily press, and have not written because -- like other spirits -- I have no life worth mentioning. But it's nice to write anyhow, just to say greetings and renew expressions of devotion. A Mrs. Caspar Whitney who seems to be a friend of Mother's and is the most ardent ~~Rxxxx~~ Roosevelt-ite, came to tea yesterday. I failed to flush with enthusiasm until she spoke of you and then we got together and it was alright.

I'm coming east in three weeks and one would think I was terminating twenty years in Siberia or just about to be led into the Promised Land. I'm that excited. God, how I hate Saint Louis. My mother is still the most heavenly creature I know, and being comfortable and having three regular meals a day is not to be sniffed at. But the town. The ugliness of it, the bleak, dark-gray, smoke sodden ugliness. And the feeling that you have heard everything everyone says before, how many times before, and that it was never wise nor witty and usually not even kind. The thought of seeing my buddies in New York and finding out about the great world outside has me panting with joy.

The book will be done, which is to say that I have written it almost and nothing more. There will be twelve chapters, about 300 pages of typescript, a story which has a beginning, a middle and an end. And that is all. It could not be worse, it is far worse than the first novel I wrote when I was sixteen. Far worse. I am past caring, being too tired. It will be done and that has come to be the main thing in life. A sort of effort of will, the way swedish gymnastics are the most boring effort of muscle. I shall consult with a few hard-hitting friends and literary advisers, and if they can see a glimmer in the gloom, I'll spend another year on it and make it right maybe. Or else burn it. I have no convictions about it anymore. Meantime I have to find work and I want like mad to get abroad once more. Working so hard on a European book has confused the few things I once knew.

I can't write you a decent letter because I haven't done anything for weeks, perhaps forever, except sit on the third floor and write. Take a walk like an old man with

~~raku~~ rheumatism. Get injections of pituitary and thyroid (work doesn't agree with me, I was meant to be a satin lady, too bad). Read the papers with a dim sense of wonder, not knowing what it's all about, the things that are happening in that distant world ~~xxxxx~~ outside. And read books by the dozen and admire the people who practise my trade well. There are plenty of them and they are wenders. It is good to know someone can do it. This is not the material for a letter, it is all a crashing bore. But there is a lovely letter from you sitting in my desk drawer, which I have read several times, and at least I wanted to thank you for it and tell you again that I am yours, as fondly as possible,

Marty

February 9

100

March 1, 1937

Dear Martha:

I do not blame you about the way you feel about your book and I only hope some day you will make a play of it yourself. I think it would be very good and I would make a play out of each story as I do not think plays should be crowded. If you try to put all of the characters in the book into one play, it would be cluttered just as was the Alaska family play "Two-Hundred Were Chosen". Hick will tell you our impressions of that.

I am terribly sorry not to see you before you sail. I am so glad you showed your book to Paul and he was so enthusiastic. All of you real writers need appreciation more than you do criticism for you are such hard critics on yourselves where your own work is concerned. I am not afraid you will do too little work on the book, but that you will do too much.

When you get back early in May, I may still be out in Seattle for I am hoping to go out for Anna's birthday. (This is confidential as I do not want to disappoint her if I can't go.) However, I expect to be back in New York about the 11th or 12th, and back in Washington about the 14th or 15th. Hick can always tell you where I am, and I will tell her to let me know when you sail.

Good luck to you, and, for heaven's sake, if you go to Spain, don't kill yourself, either physically or emotionally.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

S:ID

H. Fr. Gi
BX 1424

June 1, 1937

Dear Marty:

We will not be back in Washington until the evening of Monday, June 28. Do you think it would be possible for Mr. Heeningway and Mr. Ivans to come then? If this is not possible perhaps they could bring it here immediately after July 5, unless they will still be out in Hollywood. After that I will be gone to Hyde Park and I cannot say exactly when the President will be there.

Of course I want very much to see you in New York and I will keep your telephone number and call you up.

I am very happy if I can help. We would all of us like to help the people whom we know have the gift and the sensitiveness to do really good work in the world, and you have both. I am so glad Collier's liked the article. I was sure they would. You are right to be trying to make people realize that what is happening in Spain might happen anywhere. At the moment I am really more troubled by the German situation than I am by what is happening in Spain, because it may be the opening gun of a general involvement.

The air raid on Valencia is terrible, but it is exactly what war seems to do to people. It makes them senseless and cruel and needlessly destructive.

I loved seeing you and was only sorry that the President had to get much of what you told me second hand. Perhaps he will have a chance to see you before you flit back to Spain.

Affectionately,

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
726 Park Avenue
New York

Fr-Gi
Bx 1-124

100
G. H. H. H.

June 14, 1937

Dear Marty:

It was grand to get your letter and of course the sixth of July will be perfectly possible and we look forward to having you and the two gentlemen for dinner and the night.

Now, as to what you have to say about the Spanish children, I think the group that has been trying to have them come over here has not been entirely wise and they have misrepresented the attitude of the Labor Department and of the State Department.

Grace Abbott, when she heard of the movement before, wrote Frances Perkins that she felt it was fairer to the children to provide money to keep them as near home as possible. In the first place, it will be easier for families to find their children, and, in the second place, if children are orphaned it is better to bring them up in surroundings to which they are accustomed. France and even England are nearer than the United States.

I think, without question, that the United States should bear as much of the expense as we possibly can, but it is against all modern ideas of what is good for children to uproot them and bring them to this country, where they are definitely cut off from all that they know and that would make them feel secure because of familiarity.

The e is also quite an element in one group that has been agitating to bring them over which desires to have them brought up as Protestants; so, quite naturally, it has stirred the Catholic group into opposition.

The State Department has obtained from France a promise that any children being taken to safety zones may go unharmed, with those who are looking after them, through the lines; but, because we had no organized group to work through, it has been difficult to have anything done. We are hoping within the next few days that a national organization headed by Allan Wardwell will gather together all these different groups and coordinate their efforts. Norman Davis telephoned me he would see Mr. Wardwell in a day or so.

Emotionally it is very easy to say that we should receive the children in this country, but it requires a little more than emotion sometimes to do the wise thing.

I will be in New York again around the 24th for a few days and will try to see you.

Affectionately,

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
726 Park Avenue
NYC

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I'd have answered your fine letter sooner but we've been waiting to see how the film shapes up. We are now sure that it will be ready to show on July sixth; would it be good for you and Mr. Roosevelt if they brought it down and showed it to you that evening? They have to fly to Hollywood the ninth, and be here during the day of the seventh. The sixth is fine for them if it's allright with you. I am so excited about that picture. Two nights ago we worked with three sound engineers in the lab at the Columbia Broadcasting, and we made the sound of incoming shells with a football bladder and an air hose and fingernails snapping against a screen, all tremendously magnified and it sounds so like a shell that we were scared out of our wits. That was lovely too, working there most of the night on sounds, with these men, everybody doing it for nothing, only because they love the work and care about the film and what it says, and everybody tired but not minding. This goes on every day and people spring from the ground who are eager to give their time and their talent to a good cause. It makes me so proud of people that I now feel I am somehow the mother of a million, and all of them doing well.

Meanwhile, I am a little dead with exhaustion because of the Bilbao refugees. Do you know about this? It seems that 500 kids (those tragic ~~black~~ little dark ones I know so well) are waiting in Saint Jean de Luz to come to America. There is passage money for 100 of them, and countless offers of adoption. As you know, they are welcomed to England and France, the governments there actually do the reception work. Here, it appears, the Labor Department has decreed a \$500 bond per child before they can get in, and also demanded the approval of the Catholic Charities. I find it incomprehensible, a Catholic lobby no doubt, but incomprehensible anyhow. Those children are all Catholics, Basque children, but it is embarrassing to find that they were made homeless and ~~black~~ orphaned by the people who wish to destroy the Godless Reds. That must be the root of it somewhere, but it is pretty terrible. I happen to know (so it hurts more and makes me guiltier) what those children come from, and it seems to me amazing that only America should offer no sanctuary for them. I have been at this since dawn, trying to think of ways to make this clear to the Labor Department. It seems to me that it is two things, an injustice and a sort of backing down on what

America likes to think it stands for kindness to the weak. What do you think about it?

I saw Anna Louise Strong at the Writers' Congress (which was a wonderful show, Carnegie hall jammed -- 3500 and more turned away at the door -- only to hear writers. Ernest was astoundingly good and so simple and honest, and Joris' slices from the film had a great effect, and Browder was absolutely awful; Nye fell through at the last minute which was a great shame, and Muriel Draper was dramatic and we felt (silently) kind of silly, but it was a great meeting anyhow.) Anna Louise wandered up and we met later; she's a great admirer of yours so I forgive her for being the messiest white woman alive and so overworked that she doesn't make any sense after four o'clock in the afternoon. It seems I gave you an erroneous impression: she challenged me on my facts. Apparently you thought I said there were 12-14,000 RUSSIAN troops in Spain, but I said there were 12-14,000 International troops in all. There are no Russian troops that any of us -- the journalists -- ever saw or heard about. I doubt if there are 500 Russians in Spain, not as many Russians as Americans. The Russians, like the Americans, come on private initiative as volunteers, and it's a hard journey. The ones whom I saw (I saw ten in all) are all technicians, engineers and aviators and munitions experts and writers. I didn't want you to think I had been giving you wrong dope, I talked so much that I probably didn't make myself come out straight. But that is the figure; and has been checked by the English Commission from the House of Commons, and by the London Times and New York Times men, and by Brailsford and others, and there is no reason to believe it inexact.

I'm going away in about ten days to Connecticut to write. Here they are eating me alive. I suppose it is very flattering and all the rest but it is killing me and I do not know how to work diffusely, I get addled and upset and I want to do one thing until it gets finished and then another thing, and I hate to speak at meetings more than I can say. If I don't have to work here, could I come with Hemingway and Ivens on July sixth, if that's a good date: I'd love to have another visit and I'd love to see the first finished showing of the film. We've all cared so much about it, and tried so hard to make it right and beautiful that it is kind of terrifying to think how it will seem to other people. Golly, I hope you'll like it.

I did have the loveliest time with you and haven't worked since the way I want to.

What that day of work meant I can't tell you. I read of your doings every day and I think what you ought finally to write is how you do it: a treatise on how to live and accomplish the work of twenty men per day. There'd be a big and eager public.

Oh, and I must tell you a heavenly story. I went to a very expensive beauty establishment the other day in despair because all my skin was peeling off like old wallpaper. I had stopped on the way and bought papers, and had the Daily Worker to get the largest Spain news. The girl came in and asked me if I'd finished with the papers, because the lady in the next booth had nothing to read. Said lady had diamonds from her wrist to her elbow. I sent her the Daily Worker. She was pretty alarmed by it all. The girl asked me what kind of paper that was and I said it's a very interesting paper, which prints some sorts of news you don't get elsewhere and sometimes it is very well written. I went back today for my nails and she said: "I get that paper every morning now, Miss Gellhorn. It's fun to read isn't it. So I took ~~my~~ boy friend down to 14th Street the other night to hear a meeting from a soap box; there's a lot of things to do in New York I never knew about." Which is known as boring from within, with a vengeance.

How I ramble on. I'm so glad I live in this day and age, aren't you, even if it ~~excites~~ gets you in the end, there is never a dull moment. Will you let me know if July sixth is okay. And please know how very much and how very admiringly I love you.

Hearty

Wednesday

726 Park Avenue
New York City

Fr-Gi
Bx. 1424

June 24, 1937

100
Gellhorn

Dear Marty:

How about you three coming to Hyde Park Monday the 5th of July and showing the film there? It would be much more satisfactory than having it down here, because I cannot be here on the night of the 6th or the night of the 8th, and both the President and I will be at Hyde Park on the 5th. However, if you cannot manage it, come down on the 8th. The President will see the film any way and I may be able to change and go on a night train.

I did not mean that one should not feel emotionally about things that are happening in Spain. I should think, with your friends and your knowledge of what is going on, you would feel emotional. I simply meant that in our feelings toward the children we must not let our best judgment be warped by our emotions. The things which happened in England a few days ago show that it is better, if we possibly can, to keep these children in their home environment or as near as it is possible.

I think Allan Wardwell will be successful in raising the money and supplies for us to send both to Spain and to the neighboring countries.

You will be interested to know that Mr. Melchor told me that you had made a perfectly remarkable address to the libraries and had stirred him very deeply. He thinks your book was a remarkable piece of writing, so, if you get discouraged with your own individual achievements,

that we never know where we may
sown the seeds of our own enthusiasms
or of our own knowledge. No individual ever
feels really important, I don't suppose, but I
am glad that you will have to go on because of
the force of heredity, for I really feel that
you are doing a good job.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
726 Park Avenue
NYC

S O

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

On July seventh, Joris Ivens has to show the film in New York to the educational division of the Rockefeller foundation. (He works with them on various things and they are very interested in his films and in the hand angle of this Spanish one.) Some of their people are coming from out of town and it has been arranged for some time, so he can't change it. If the sixth is no good, how about the eighth. I'm awful sorry to bother you with this all the time. They are both very happy to be showing it to you and Mr. Roosevelt and I am happy to be coming back to see you.

I accept your comment on being emotional, and your explanation of the Bilbao children business holds. I still think it is not unsound to take children, briefly, as far away from the source of terror as possible: and from the beginning it was planned that five Catholic Basque priests were to travel with the children, so that religious objection would not be valid. But getting money to them is ~~xxxxx~~ perhaps the most effective thing to do. It is a little harder to collect money than to obtain hospitality, however obviously it can and should be done. The next time I get sore about something I'll wait a week and see if I'm still sore. Emotional women are bad news. Reform will now set in. And thank you for taking the time to tell me the other side. It is hard nowadays not to get emotionally terribly involved in this whole business. The attack on Bilbao is one of the nastiest things I can remember having known about. And a great friend of mine was killed two days ago, a lovely humorous man, and a writer whom I admire is dying of a shell wound, and when I think of those people in Bilbao strafed by low-flying airplanes with machine guns, and think of thirty shells a minute landing in the streets of Madrid, it makes me sick with anger. Anger against two men whom I firmly believe to be dangerous criminals, Hitler and Mussolini, and against the international diplomacy which whitewashes Almeria, and humbly begs for the continued "co-operation" of the Fascists, who at once destroy Spain and are appointed to keep that destruction from spreading. This is emotional, probably. But I don't know how else one can feel. You will agree with me that the role of the Fascists in Spain is something one cannot contemplate very calmly.

It is grand that Allen Wardwell is going to take on the co-ordination job which is so badly needed and I am especially glad that a man of that sort will be doing it. I can't bear having the Spanish war turned into a Left and Right argument, because it is so much more than that, and increasingly it seems to me the future of Europe is bound up in the outcome of that war. It also seems to me that the future of Europe is our future, no matter how much we want to be apart, man is one animal and our civilization is not divisible into water-tight compartments.

Right now, I feel personally terribly helpless about everything. I do not really know how one can serve. I know what I believe, and I would do anything for a certain number of ideals and hopes about the world, and how man can live in it, but I feel very useless and unable in any way to be of help to the people I know need help. I talked on Thursday night to the convention of private librarians, people who run law libraries and libraries for corporations and foundations and such. And all the time (~~making~~ hating public speaking and being frightened) I kept wondering what use it was at all, I don't think one really touches people, they have to feel it themselves before they can understand. In the same way, you begin to doubt whether books or articles, or anything one does in any way explains and by explaining changes the way people look at facts. And if it is useless to work so hard at the different things which trouble me, then it is a poshish life. Because there isn't much time left for fun, for friends, for leisure, for enjoying what is lovely and can't be deformed. I've gone through this set of ideas until they sicken me, and come back to the conclusion that there is no ~~choice~~ choice; it is silly to talk of free will. We are what we are, by heredity and upbringing and because of the way life has hit us, and I suppose I will go on doing humbly and rather badly the kind of thing I do, whether it is purposeful or not, because I don't know what else to do, and because I can never forget about the other people, the people in Madrid or the unemployed or the seven dead strikers in Chicago or the woman who sells pencils in the subway. I wish I could forget, but I don't know the technique for that.

As usual a long aimless letter, you must be pretty tired of getting these volumes from me. Now, I'll stop for awhile and not take up your time via the mails or any other way. Will you just ask Mrs. Scheider to let me know about the final date. We'll come down in the late afternoon, just before dinner of what day you set, if that's convenient. I think the film lasts a little over an hour. I'm so excited

you're going to see it. And I do hope it's as good as I think it is. They've worked so well and so hard that I don't think it can be anything but fine.

There's no need to tell you how very devoted I am to you, but I am.

Always,

W. A. T. G.

Saturday

726 Park Avenue

New York City

11/11/36
By [unclear]

100 J.C.

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

You did really like the film didn't you? Joris and Ernest were very happy about it. They were also impressed that you and Mr. Roosevelt said to make it stronger -- that's what it amounted to -- by underlining the causes of the conflict. I think Mr. Hopkins was very moved by it. You were heavenly to us and I hope you like my two trench buddies, both of whom I adore. And I am so glad you let us come because I did want you to see that film. I can't look at it calmly, it makes it hard for me to breathe afterwards. Those shelling scenes in Madrid get me and the women choking and wiping their eyes and with that dreadful look of helplessness, in the bombing of the village of Morata, and the grave waiting faces of the men walking slowly into the attack at Jarama: it's all very close. I think Joris did a magnificent job and it is a record of personal bravery that you'd get decorated for in any war but this one, which is a good one where they do not give decorations, and men do whatever they do for nothing. And I hope you liked the prose, the comment, despite that awful voice which mangles it. It is very beautiful: a good deal of it reads like poetry. Ernest has borrowed some money (he is now quite broke with paying for film and buying ambulances) and is going to pay to have that voice part done over, with someone who knows how to talk and has enough imagination to feel. I think the film will gain enormously. They are out in Hollywood with it now and I am hoping it works well there.

I am the scribe for that group and so am delegated also to thank you for them, warmly. They were glad to be there, and both so happy to know you and Mr. Roosevelt, and we have seen so many people who had neither understanding nor sympathy for Spain that it made them happy to see you. If I hadn't felt so like a mother with her two infant ~~prodigies~~ prodigies and been so nervous lest anything go wrong with the film, I'd have felt brighter. It was very nervous though, because I so wanted it to be good for you and so wanted you to like it.

Now it is just awful hot and kind of confusing here and I suddenly realize that I am not going to finish my book, that I can't even do it properly because it is really too close to me and I feel it all too hard and can't get away from it and look at it clearly. I think that I must wait which distresses me and I have really wasted me two months

since I left Spain. But I can't seem to get quiet enough to work properly, so I am just going to enjoy Mother when she comes east, and try very hard to get myself a radio job in Madrid, working for one of the big companies here, and I am going to rework on the novel I did last winter. But the Spain book will have to wait. I couldn't have written about the unemployed in a month, after I'd only seen them for six weeks, so I comfort myself saying that later I'll do the book and not be too ashamed of it. Perhaps this is just rationalization.

What a poor letter. It's awful hard to thank you adequately for all the good things you do, only you know how grateful I am don't you. And how much I love seeing you, and the President. I hope you're cool in Hyde Park and getting a rest and I hope I can see you again before I sail. Thank you again, endlessly.

Love,

W. A. G.

Sunday

726 Park Avenue

Pr-Gi
Bx. 1424

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Care F. V. Field
New Hartford
Connecticut

June 30, 1937

Eighth O.K. Will try to be here and perhaps take midnight to New York.
Expecting all three for dinner and the night

Eleanor Roosevelt

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

You will be so wearied of me soon. I am covered with confusion but please do not think I am being unduly inefficient. The point now is that the Monday after July 4th is a holiday, and apparently movie technicians have extra time off and cost a fortune to hire overtime. Joris needs the day of July 8th to finish the last printing of the film. Therefore, may we definitely make the date of showing the film to you, July 8th. I hesitate to do this, but it will cost about \$500 to get men to work on July 5th. Which \$500 is hard to come by suddenly.

I see that you've been in New York so maybe you haven't had my other letter. If the 8th is okay could Mrs. Scheider wire me; care F.V. Field, New Hartford, Connecticut, just to say yes. And my oh my, I am sorry to be such a nuisance to you.

The film is very beautiful though, very very beautiful, and Ernest has written fine words for it and I know when you see it, you will excuse me for writing you at intervals of two minutes to change dates.

I am at last dug into the country and hoping to get serious work done and produce a book I needn't blush for. I loved what you wrote in your column a few days ago about Spain. I also wish more and more that I could get as much done in a day as you can.

Love,

Marty *Goetzman*

wire
Sunday

8th
New Hartford

G-Go
Bx. 1459

100

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4368 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis
Missouri

February 1, 1938

Can you come here for 12th and 13th

Am anxious to see you

Eleanor Roosevelt

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 31, 1938

Dear Martha:

I will be in New York but not until later. Could you dine at my apartment and go to a play, or could you come down here for a week end before the 9th? I am very anxious to see you.

Affectionately,

Wife
Ask her to come here for
12th & 13th & write her.

Can you come here for 12th & 13th?
Am anxious to see you
EP.

Jan 24

4366 Ma Pharon Ave
St Louis, Mo.

Wish I'd sent you a telegram at times to say hello and love

Dearest Mrs. R.
 Haven't written because too
 frantic. Got back Dec 27
 and then ran errands for
 Spain for 10 days + then
 started lecture tour. Most
 awful agony I ever went
 through, lecturing. Feel I must
 explain, convert etc in
 one hour (like Billy Sunday),
 so I've lost 12 lbs + have a
 fever + am 1/2 dead + the
 doctor says I'll have to
 call a lot of it off, which

Called 1-31-38
 I wish I had
 instead let's talk
 if I could the
 about the
 down
 or down
 here for help?
 end before

delights me. I want to
write not talk, Tried of
explaining to good
admirable ignorant semi-
sleepy people about Fascism
+ democracy + war and
peace, Hate being Moses
with the tablets of stone.

Will you be in New York
anytime from Feb 9 to

Feb 15, Could I see
you? Want to find out
about America, Hate our
foreign policy, why is it like
that? Please tell me, Love
Warty

G-60
Bx. 1459

February 7, 1938

Dear Marty:

Many thanks for your letter and I do
hope that you will soon get some rest. Come
whenever you can, as I shall be delighted to
see you at any time.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
Saint Louis
Missouri

0

5

and
2-7

Come when you can. I'll be

Dearest M's. R.

I don't know what is happening. (Thank you for your wire, you're a darling.) It is like this. I have made some 22 lectures in less than a month, on Spain. I am not a lecturer and don't know how to do it, reasonably, saving myself and not getting excited. I see these rows on rows of faces, often women and sometimes men, and think I have one hour to tell them everything I have painfully learned and to shout at them that if they go on sleeping they are lost. So it turns out not to be lecturing but Billy Sunday, and it turns out equally that I have lost 14 pounds in three weeks and am shaking with exhaustion and perfectly ready to depart for a better and more restful world. (Cannot tell you how I loathe lecturing, the listening faces -- I want people to talk back -- the awful "celebrity" angle which I have never met before and makes me sick -- the flattery "Miss Gellhorn you are an inspiration", Good God, I have been a not always admirable character but nothing to justify being called an inspiration -- and the horror of those frightened, lost, uninformed, grateful, faintly slobbering people.)

So now my doctor says either stop it or you will crack up. So my agent says he will sue for damages. Blast him. I am really more busted than I've ever been. I've been tired before, but I was never a celebrity and celebrity I cannot and will not take. So now I am home, and out of bed long enough to write you. Mother is horrified by the turn of events. We do not break contracts in our family but we are also not celebrities. She understands that and then I look so awful, so she thinks I must not go on. But there is Pat, like a spider, threatening suit. (I wanted the money for Spain, but oh what a mistake.) So I don't know where I'll be, maybe in jail. It is all very difficult.

I want to go to Nassau and sleep and get out of this horrible cold, I had enough of that in Spain and am tired to die. But I haven't an idea how it will all come out. If I'm not in Nassau maybe I'll be cast but don't yet know, so will you give me a rain check. I want very much to see you, you know that, I always do. It's just complicated. And then thank you very much for wanting to see me. I am not much these days. Thin and exhausted and worried for that people I seem to have adopted. Also

for my own people. If one is a writer, one should be a writer, and not a lecturer.
That's about all I do know now.

My respects to your husband. And to you my love and ~~gratitude~~^{gratitude} for your
telegram,

Always

Warty G.

Feb 1

Saint Louis

G-60
Bx. 1459

100

February 8, 1938

Dear Marty:

I am glad you are going away and whenever you want to come let me know. I will be gone from here on a lecture trip from March 5 to April 3.

I am glad you are going to write Spain out of your system. Writing is your best vehicle and you ought to do a good piece of work. Dorothy Parker, in the New Yorker this week, I think did a very arresting short piece.

No one can keep calm when they have seen the things you have seen and felt as you feel; but you know that you cannot do anything unless you are well, so, for Heaven's sake, get well and try to forget temporarily the woes of the world, because that is the only way in which you can go on.

Affectionately,

SO

Miss Martha Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

G-Go.
Bx. 1459

100

April 5, 1938

Dear Marty:

I was very sorry to hear you had gone back to Spain and yet I understand your feeling in a case where the Neutrality Act has not made us neutral. We are discovering, I think, that the Neutrality Act is really not a Neutrality Act, but very few people realize it. Of course the trouble is that most people in this country think that we can stay out of wars in other parts of the world. Even if we stay out of it and save our own skins, we cannot escape the conditions which will undoubtedly exist in other parts of the world and which will react against us. That is something which I have preached from coast to coast on deaf ears I fear. We are all of us selfish - note Mr. Hoover's statement on his return from Europe - and if we can save our own skins, the rest of the world can go. The best we can do is to realize nobody can save his own skin alone. We must all hang together.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
c/o N.Y. Times
37 Rue Caumartin
Paris, France

DD

May 23, 1938

100

Dear Marty:

I was very much interested in your letter. You certainly can write, my child, and give one a remarkable picture of what is going on around you. They insist in this country that, through France, as much material is going to the Loyalists as is going to Franco through Germany and Italy. Of course it is very hard to gauge and other people tell us that this is not so.

Paul Willert lunched with me the other day and told me he expected to see you in Paris and that you were on your way to Prague. It seems to me that you have quite a large amount of work cut out for yourself.

Please do not get killed! I should like very much to have you come back, and as you found the White House rather a good place to work, perhaps you will plan to spend a little time with us and really do some of your work here.

The news from Europe looks extremely bad. I wish we did not live under the threat every minute of such senseless war, which seems to have no purpose in the world except to leave Germany stronger than she was before. All one can do is to hope human beings will come to their senses. In the meantime, some of us concentrate more and more on the things that are around us. I rather think that is what people do in storm-tossed times everywhere.

My love to you and do take care of yourself.

Affectionately,

SO

See Paul Willert

G-66
2x. 1459

June 29, 1938

Dear Marty:

You have no idea how happy I was to get your letter and to know that you are safe. This traipsing around Europe at the present time seems to me a highly exciting but a very dangerous proceeding.

Of course, all you write makes me positively ill. Why everybody should want to kill everybody else is just beyond my comprehension. I rather gathered that the French assistance to the Spanish was not very great. And I gather that even our own State Department has people who are not very anxious to do much for the Loyalists. Strange how easily our pockets affect our feeling for democracy!

Let me know when you come home and come home soon. Corsica sounds perfectly lovely and I hope you do swim, lie in the sun and find time for work which you really feel proud of.

Affectionately,

ER:mds

Miss Martha Gellhorn
12 Square du Bois de Boulogne
Paris, France

Malvina:

Here is the letter from Miss
Gellhorn with her address which you
asked for this morning. Miss Lehman
asked me to say that the President
had seen it.

Handwritten scribble

M.

Mrs. R.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

I got your lovely letter, and meant to answer it at once, but between now and then I have flown in and out of Czechoslovakia and had an exhausting if very interesting time. I wanted to write you, straight off, about that France-is-helping-the-Loyalists story. It goes on here, in France, very violently. Doriot, the not very promising Fascist leader, told me most seriously that there were 35,000 French troops, army equipped and officered, fighting with the Spanish government. I told him somewhat sourly that if that were true, the government would have won in Spain long ago. It makes me particularly aggy in view of what is going on now: a massacre. I believe that some ~~xxx~~ airplanes must have got in: but obviously not too many, or else this heavy and general bombing by Franco would be stopped. I know the frontier well, having wasted two weeks of my time hanging about there at the end of the month of May, and having watched it, and asked questions along it at every entry and exit into Spain. And I've asked journalists stationed in Perpignan and all along, and asked homing soldiers, and everyone I can find, as well as authorities here: France is certainly not being the support it is supposed to be, and what does manage to get in is on largely private initiative. I only wish the stories were true, and would be the first to be noisily delighted. But there it is. Anyhow, they are now seriously considering sealing the frontier to what slight traffic crosses it, and in due time a blockade can win any war. But how the government is holding out, and how incredibly determined and courageous the people are. I read about it with great despair: perhaps it's only a sense of justice that makes one so sick, even putting aside any deep distaste one has for Fascism in all its forms.

Czecho was amazing. The country is a fortress, and the atmosphere is of someone waiting in an operating room for the surgeon, who will come to work with a blunt knife and no anesthetic. I do not see how this armed peace can continue. Partly because of the disastrous economic burden and partly because of the wearing and abnormal psychological strain. And yet the Czechs seemed to have called Hitler's bluff with as pretty a mobilization as was ever staged, and quiet now reigns. It's David and Goliath all over again and the Czechs are dancing with pleasure about it. However it gives you a turn to see peasants working in the fields alongside black steel

reinforced concrete pillboxes, to pass a Slovak peasant girl with red skirt and high black boots, peddling along on her bicycle, with a gasmask slung over her shoulder, to see every road barricaded, guarded, and to know that all railway bridges are mined, and all the rest of it. People do not yet realise (because the mind isn't built that way) what war can be. They fear it but surely they fear it the way children fear nightmares, dimly, without definite images in their heads of how it will all work out. Me, it makes me sick, the whole business. By now, Europe knows that the former housepainter holds the lightning in his hands and it is ghastly to think that this one mad man can plunge us all into it again. Yet, Marx is still the sound one, tracing it all right back where it belongs: you can measure the rise of Nazism in Czechoslovakia exactly by the fall in export figures. And I am pretty sure those German minorities, who were 80% Social Democrat before 1935, would still be hardworking quiet reasonable people, if it were not for unemployment and hunger and the craziness that comes with a dole.

What is so distressing is that no one anywhere seems to see any answer to anything: there is only speculation as to who will fight with whom, how long it will last, and when it will start: and then the hopeful ones, the optimists with a faith, who just pray that it won't happen....

Ah well, I think the summer's safe anyhow. Have to go to England next week and ask a lot of questions. I am so depressed and disgusted with English foreign policy that I am beginning (stupidly) to feel the whole nation is a mass of cotton wool. It is very irritating to have them build bomb and gas proof shelters for dogs (of the rich), and to have the more exotic young things have pictures taken with their servants, all in gas masks, on the steps of their homes: and then to have this muddling and hypocrisy to see every morning in the papers. It's not a good world right now is it? I'm going to Corsica to swim, after all this is over, and forget it. I can't do anything, and I am tired of looking at disaster.

I should have congratulated you at the very beginning on the marriage of your son, which I read about in the Paris papers. Your whole family is greatly admired, liked and idolized in Europe; it is great fun to hear a small town lawyer in the village of Troppau on the ~~Austrian~~ Silesian frontier, speaking of all of you with as much affection and admiration as if he knew you personally.

Your invitation to the White House is lovely and I am most grateful for it. And whenever I get back, I'll come at once, if I may. I hope Corsica will prove as good a place to work, for the time being: either I have to do some decent writing or give up the idea that I'm a writer. This business of being a hack is fine for finances and revolting from the point of view of serious accomplishment. I am beginning to think in paragraphs and pretty soon it will be headlines, and when that day comes I shall hire out as a scrubwoman, which will be more suitable and honorable.

My love to you always, and please give my respects to the President.

Devotedly,

Warty

June 17

18 Square du Bois de Boulogne

Paris

G-G-0
Bx. 1459

100

August 31, 1938

Dear Marty:

It was very nice to get your note and I am glad that you are back in Paris and hope that means you are on your way back here. I somehow would like to get you out of the atmosphere of war for a little time. I know just how much of a war rumor there is at the present time and, while I hope if you do stay nothing happens, I think it is just as well to get you away from such things for a while. You are tired and dulled by too much emotion.

I hope when you do come home I shall be somewhere in these parts, for I am doing considerable traveling around this autumn. Some lecturing and a week or so visiting the outlying children in Texas and Seattle and, of course, to Warm Springs at Thanksgiving, and I think a week afterwards with Mrs. Gray in Florida. In between, however, I will be back in Washington and remember that I count on you letting me know when you are to arrive and coming to us for a while at least. You found it a good place to write before - perhaps you will again.

Affectionately yours,

ER;O

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt
Too dull in the head to write a decent
letter, but I wanted to thank you for
your last note. - I left Corsica
which turned out to be a failure.
My last day was spent trying to
keep a semi-drowned man from
suffocating (which he did, finally) and
it was all a horrible inefficient mess,
and to me symbolic of the island.
So it is lovely to be back in Paris,
which is like a village in August.
It is cool and empty and quiet,
and people seem kinder, and there
are no more beautiful trees in the
whole world, and if ever they bomb
Paris, then I think war is
worthy of doom. - Speaking of bombing

there is a very big war rumor
going around: the German manoeuvres
are the cause. People now say: War
between August 15 and September 15.
I have decided not to believe it,
but it is a very gloomy business
altogether. Hitler is mad of course;
he will lose in any case. But the
longer he waits, the quicker his
defeat. And there almost never
was a handsomer summer. If it is
the last one before a war, it has
been very beautiful.

I'm dull and tired and
won't go on writing this dreary
note. It was only to send
greetings and love —

Warty

August 14

original filed in papers of Leonard Hekah, attached
to letter, Eleanor Roosevelt to Leonard Hekah, Nov. 12 (P), 1932

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I am sending you this report that I just wrote. It isn't exactly a literary masterpiece but it has all the facts. I sent one report through the U.S. Legation in Prague and asked that it be given to you. But the press censorship (under German direction) is so strict in Prague that you can't get the story out and I could not cable you directly.

I've seen a certain number of catastrophes in my life, but ~~there~~ nothing that could touch Mr. Chamberlain's Peace. For ~~treachery~~ treachery and resultant human suffering, it beats all. And the record of the diplomatic demarches of that period (which I got from Prague) reads like third degree, like bad gangster blackmailing. Czechoslovakia will of course go Fascist, it has to and it is only a question of weeks. But I am not sure that ~~Chamberlain~~ Chamberlain has not so weakened democracy in Europe, that democracy itself will perish here. And now he is starting on Spain. It has evidently been decided that if high explosive won't destroy the Republic, then hunger will. Chamberlain has clearly put class interest above the interests of democracy in particular and humanity in general; he has even forgotten about the British Empire in his determination to render under to the dictators what is not theirs. I hope that if his government continues in power, if France continues to be ruled by cowards or crooks, America will build a Maginot Line around all its coasts and go into total isolationism. ~~It~~ There may be no hope of saving Europe, but democracy must be kept alive somewhere. Because it is evident that war itself is better than Fascism, and this even for the simple people who do not care about politics or ideologies. Men just can't live under Fascism if they believe any of the decent words. The refugees are plain people -- farmers, mechanics, shopkeepers, housewives -- but they know for instance that there is a great difference between being a man and being an animal who may neither think nor talk nor feel as he desires.

I am so angry and so disgusted that I feel a little dazed. I hate cowardice and I hate brutality and I hate lies. And this is what we see, all the time, all over the place. And of these three, maybe the lies are worst. Now Hitler has set

the standard for the world, and truth is rarer than radium.

Please give my respects to Mr. Roosevelt. Will you tell him that he is almost the only man who continues to be respected by honest people ^{here.} His name shines out of this corruption and disaster, and the helpless people of Czechoslovakia look to him to save the things they were not allowed to fight for. I was again proud to be American.

I send you my love and wish someday I could write you a letter not like this. But what is there to do, if you aren't blind, except burn with anger and disgust. I met a lot of people my own age in Prague, people like me, writers and architects, medical students, young lawyers. I asked them what they were going to do. They looked at me and everyone was quiet and then one of them said: "We have no money and if we had money, where could we go. We will wait here." And another said, "We will wait for the concentration camps." And of course, they were only saying what is true. Well, I can't bear it. I still believe in the fine words, too.

Always,

Warty

care ~~through~~ Guaranty Trust Co.

4 Place de la Concorde

Paris

October 19

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 2, 1938

Memo for E. R.

The President has read.

ANTI-NAZI REFUGEES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Thus far, there is no central Czech government authority handling the Anti-Nazi refugee problem. Refugee homes are run by the Sokol and the Red Cross, and by private charities. The refugees are registered by the Czech police, and ordered to return or allowed to remain in Czechoslovakia on police authority. The funds of the refugee organizations are running low, already in various parts of the country the refugees are inadequately fed. They live in schools, factories, old age homes, private apartments, under conditions of great overcrowding, sleeping on straw, sometimes with blankets, sometimes without, eating when and as possible. They have left their homes in great haste, with empty hands. It is certain that individual charities cannot continue to feed, clothe and house the refugees.

To the refugees, however, physical conditions are of minor importance. The vital matter is safety; they know that they cannot safely return to the German occupied areas. There have been various orders concerning their deportation. At one point the Czech government allowed Anti-Nazi refugees who were in danger of their lives in Germany to remain for 14 days in Czechoslovakia : as these refugees have neither money nor passports, there was no way for them to find another home. A further Czech Government blanket order gave all refugees from German occupied territory 48 hours to return to their homes. The results in persecution of returned refugees were so disastrous that local agencies are not eager to continue carrying this order out. The refugees themselves state simply that they would prefer to

be shot in Czechoslovakia. This blanket order has been temporarily and unofficially suspended. But the Czech government itself is obviously not a free agent in handling the refugee question. There is first of all, Nazi political pressure, demanding the return of anti-Nazis to Germany. (Czechs, living in German occupied territories, are denied by the German authorities the right to migrate into Czechoslovakia. A good case in point is the Czech Skoda workers who now live in Germany and must obtain passes to cross the road to work in Pilsen. These men naturally -- not speaking or reading German and being moreover Democrats -- wish to live in Pilsen. But when they try to get across the new frontier, even without any possession whatsoever, only taking with them their families, they are refused permission. A curious individual system of hostages has developed. A man may cross to Pilsen to work but his wife ^{must} remain in the German territory. His wife may cross to shop in Pilsen but the man must remain in the German territory.)

Besides the Nazi political pressure, the Czech government is faced with a serious economic problem in connection with refugees. Already it has been decided to form labor camps for unemployed. The refugees would swell the alarmingly increased roll of unemployed. With 40% of the metallurgical industry gone, 60% percent of the brown coal lost, 63% of textiles and paper, 35% of chemical manufacture etc. lost, the Czech government is naturally hard put to it to know what to do with the workers from these industries. Originally, it was decided to send Czechs back to the occupied territories, in case of a future plebiscite; and notably there was an effort to return Czechs

to those areas which Germany had seized, over and above the Berchtesgarden proposals. Now however as it is obvious there will be no plebiscite, as also Czech workers are being dismissed from their jobs in German occupied territory, as also Czechs are subject to persecution on the grounds that they are Czechs, the government is not returning its own national~~s~~ wholesale to Germany. The care of the government naturally tends to be directed primarily to its own refugees and those citizens who live in Czech territory and are unemployed as a result of the annexation. The problem of thousands of Anti-Nazi Sudetens, Jews, German and Austrian exiles is a too severe a strain economically to be borne in permanence.

Thirdly, there is a growing tendency towards Fascism in Czechoslovakia, as was only to be expected. There are anti-Jew demonstrations in Prague, people who speak German are insulted on the streets, and a general feeling of hostility to all Germans grows. This reaction is of course artificially fostered by the press and by German agents, but it is obvious that Czechoslovakia can only continue to exist with the compliance of Germany. Therefore refugees are regarded publicly as something of a menace to the welfare of the state. Czechoslovakia very definitely does not want any more minorities at all, and refugees are regarded as a minority. The fact that the great percentage of them are Czech citizens cannot now help them, and they realise this is not the fault of the Czech government.

It is impossible, since there is no central governmental authority caring for refugees and since the refugees are in a

state of flux back and forth across the frontiers, to get any definite figures on the number of human lives involved.

There are at present ten thousand Austrian and Reich German exiles in Czechoslovakia. These people may be said to be in immediate and grievous danger. Such refugees who had been living in Slovakia are already in flight from the local authorities, trying individually to find food and means of escape. In Bohemia, they are still allowed shelter but the funds to care for them are almost worn out and they face hunger as well as the imminent danger of deportation. Many of them have been in concentration camps in Germany. Many are under sentence of death. None of them left Germany except as a last resort, in order to save their lives. There are entire families; there are individuals who have lost their families, being unable to maintain any contact with Germany. They are constantly shuttled from place to place and from home to home and live with the steady terror of being sent back to persecution.

Individual cases may clarify this situation. In Prague there is a four room apartment where eighty young Germans eat and *thirty* sleep. They have soup twice a day and dry bread. They are all in their twenties and early thirties, fully half of them are women. Not one of them would go free on return to Germany. A girl of eighteen, a Sudeten from near Marienbad, escaped with the last train into Czechoslovakia. She was a shopgirl and in her spare time an organizer of the Anti-Nazi Youth movement. In these occupied regions the Henleinists had everywhere prepared black lists, of those people who would be executed immediately the Nazis came into power. Her name is

5.
second on the list. Another girl, a stenographer from Berlin, had been in Prague almost a year. Previous to that she had passed three years in a women's prison in Germany. As she stated in her office, in some argument, that she believed in freedom, it was decided that she was a communist agitator. Having had three years (without trial) in this prison, which is famous because none of the women is allowed to talk at any time and the punishment is solitary confinement in cellar cells, she is now faced with the danger of deportation. Her family was denounced also, for no evident reason, and are also refugees in Czechoslovakia but she has not been able to find them. A young man of twenty-eight who worked on a social democrat newspaper was also there; he had spent two years in prison and said that two years was enough; he had taught himself English in prison and that was fine, he said, but as he had escaped, he would be killed on returning to Germany, and then it wouldn't help much that he had learned English The stories can be multiplied without number. These people are without money or passports, and helpless. There is not one of them who has not some trade and good work habits, they have none of them in any way violated their position as guests of the Czechoslovak Republic, while in exile, Their demand is very simple : they would like to live.

The new refugees are of all kinds : there are Czechs, Anti-Nazi Sudetens, Liberals, Social Democrats, Jews, Catholics, Communists, and people who have privately incurred the wrath of the local Henleinists. Czech state employees are prominent amongst the refugees : anyone who worked on the railroads, in post offices, in the gendarmeries, or foresters, etc. is trying

to get out of the German occupied area. These refugees were being returned to Germany, erratically but steadily. Now there has been time for many who were once deported to escape again into Czechslovakia and tell their stories : moreover the second wave of Czech refugees is coming in, with their stories. There are four new concentration camps in Sudetenland; two near Carlsbad, one near Elbogen and another near Eich. Shops are of course already marked : Here is a Jewish business. Likewise houses are marked : Attention, here lives a Czech enemy. Czech women, for no other reason than that they are Czech, are forced to clean the garrisons, city halls etc., under the inordinately brutal supervision of Henlein women. Non Nazis are afraid to go out in the daytime. Food is already rationed. The persecutions, great and small, are carried out by the Henleinists and the Gestapo agents, and though the Reichswehr does not participate, it does not halt these actions.

Anyone who went to the refugee homes along the Czech-German frontier could collect, from individual stories, the entire picture of the persecution. Since in every small village, the Henleinists know exactly who was non-Nazi, the persecution is very thorough. At the least, it is a question of material hardship (confiscation of live stock, property etc.), at the worst it is physical brutality or death.

These people, the new refugees, also make a simple demand : safety and a chance to work. They have lost everything they had, but they are willing and able to start over again, but what they cannot accept is to be returned to territory where they have no possible security.

The Czech government has no desire to make these innocent people suffer but they are evidently unable to handle the problem alone. Unless the treatment of Czechs in the German occupied areas changes, there will certainly be a continuing large number of Czechs who will escape back into Czechoslovakia. But aside from these (there are 850,000 Czechs now absorbed into Germany), the Anti-Nazi Sudeten Germans and the Jews from the occupied territories present a grave problem. At a rough guess, there will probably be between 150,000 and 250,000 of these. It is not possible to swear to any figures, however, at the present time.

The injustice of this situation and the mass human suffering involved cannot be overemphasized. Moreover, it is not a problem that can be dealt with at leisure. These refugees are for the most part temporarily sheltered in Czechoslovakia, but tomorrow or next week, the expulsion order may be reinstated. Either because Hitler demands it, or because the Czechs cannot materially maintain refugees, or because public opinion will have been directed from despair to hatred of all foreigners. This is also not a question which can be handled by private charity in foreign countries. These refugees will have to be moved from Czechoslovakia and private charities are incapable of obtaining visas, even if they can guarantee some material support for the refugees once they are moved.

Finally, the German inspired press censorship in Prague is such that it is impossible to send the straight story about the refugees out of the country. The censorship grows more rigorous every day, imposing silence on criticism of Germany

and Nazism. This also is not done through the desire of the Czech authorities.

This story has no place probably in a report, but I shall add it nevertheless. I went to a refugee home in Prague; it was poor and crowded, with mattresses piled against the wall, and people sitting about as they do, tragically waiting for nothing. At a table were about fourteen young men and women, they were looking at a map of the world which they had taken from a geography book. They were looking to see where they could go, what country remained where a man could keep his freedom of conscience and live. They were silent. They knew that the great democracies were not opening their frontiers to them, they knew they were welcome no place, though they had committed no crime against society. So they sat and stood around the table looking at the map.

Then one of them put a finger on a tiny colored patch :
Nicaragua.

"Have you ever heard anything about Nicaragua ?" he said.

No one answered but there was a vague murmur of "No."

He said, "Maybe we could go to Nicaragua; maybe we could work there and live and be safe, maybe Nicaragua is a democracy."

~~They were all looking at the map.~~

G-Go
Bx. 1457

100

November 15, 1938

Dear Marty:

I not only read your report but I gave it to the President. I hope the day will come when you can write something that will not make one really feel ashamed to read it. The pity and horror of all these poor people - it is really appalling.

I rather think you should come home before long. You can't go on forever in the atmosphere you have been living in. I saw your mother in Missouri not long ago and she said you were not planning to come home and she was planning to go to you. However, that will not give you the charge of atmosphere that I should think is almost a necessity.

Hick is working very hard but I shall give her your report to read as I know she will be interested.

I am afraid we are a long way from any real security in the world but it is curious that, in spite of that, we all go on from year to year with the hope that some day things will improve.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Cellhorn
c/o Guaranty Trust Co.
4 Place de la Concorde
Paris, France

DD

Miss Martha Beecher

Le Guaranty Trust Co.

4 Place de la Croisade

Paris - France -

Dear Marty -

~~The other night~~ I not
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improve

affec
ER

Martha Fellsborn

DECEMBER 3, 1938

5-50
Bx. 1159

HIGH FINANCE

I SHUFFLED around on the corner for a while and tried to look as if I were waiting for a bus. Then I walked past the door twice, and kind of peeked. I kept wishing I hadn't lost my other glove and that I didn't have four newspapers, squashed up and ruffled under my arm, and that my hair wasn't hanging down in strings, and that it wasn't so cold and raw out. After all, I said to myself, millions of other people do this every day.

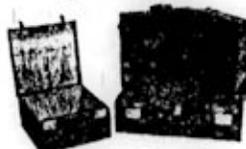
So then I went in. It said "Northern Universal Bank" in discreet bronze on the door. The foyer had a great ship's lantern hanging from the ceiling. Then there were lots of carpets and lots of wide, carved desks, panelled walls, and bowls of flowers. In the next room were some cages marked "Cashier" and this and that, but this ugly commercial aspect was ignored as much as possible. Several people, both uniformed and un-uniformed, ran from different corners to greet me with smiles I could only describe as fishy. What can we do for you, Madam? Well, I said, and longed for my other glove.

I cleared my throat and said shyly that I wanted to open an account. I kept trying to think how much money I had, and I wondered if they would like me or want me in their bank. Oh, they said, our Mr. Beverley... And then I was being introduced to Mr. Beverley and Mr. Beverley to me, as if at any minute Mr. Beverley and I would sail onto the dance floor and do a polka. I sat on the edge of a chair and spilled everything I had in my arms. Minions picked these things up and Mr. Beverley gently attempted to put me at my ease. Who had recommended their little bank? Well, I said desperately, a Mrs. Johnson, who was a friend of mine, had observed that their bank was right around the corner from where I lived. "Mrs. Johnson" was then written on a pad. I hoped I wasn't going to get Mrs. Johnson into any trouble.

What kind of an account would I like, said Mr. Beverley, leaning toward me with confidence and warmth. I didn't know. I had previously assumed that you just went into a bank and gave them some money, and then with great speed you wrote checks and the money disappeared. That was my idea about finance. I had never, of course, dealt with banks which had flowers all over the place.

Would my account be commercial? There's just me, I ventured; I'm not

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very commercial. I mean, I'm not awfully good at commerce. I was willing, however, to be anything Mr. Beverley saw fit. Mr. Beverley told me softly that no doubt I would want a personal. I said yes, with gratitude.

We then branched into a dazzling discussion of the damp, cold winters in St. Louis. St. Louis is where I was born, and this fact had previously crept into our talk, I wouldn't know why. I had not yet told Mr. Beverley about my distinguishing marks, or my height and weight, but I expected that any minute. We spoke very happily about the weather in St. Louis and then wandered on, by easy stages, to the news that I had an oddish account in a bank in St. Louis and I had sort of forgotten about it but I thought there was some money there and how did you get money out of a bank if you didn't live in the town? I became rather breathless trying to handle this enormous transaction, but Mr. Beverley was lordly and said it was a collection item, and we both rested.

I knew it was coming because I could see it, but evidently it was as distasteful to Mr. Beverley as to me. Finally he was forced to ask how much money I wanted to deposit. I began to fish in my bag, which gave forth two pencils, pieces of paper with telephone numbers, a compact, one half of a comb, and a cigarette case. Minions appeared again and began cleaning up after me. I discovered three dirty envelopes which had checks and money in them. I handed these to Mr. Beverley and sat back, trying not to get hysterical. I was terrified to think how lightly Mr. Beverley would consider me, financially.

Mr. Beverley, however, was white. He counted my money respectfully, though by now I knew it was scarcely money at all, and he told me with that kindness you use on erring children that there was a service charge for accounts which fell below five hundred dollars. Then, to cover up my shame, he asked me if I would like to use their silver storage. I thought with excitement that perhaps people now kept their money in silver bars, owing to what they call these troubled times, but it appeared Mr. Beverley meant table silver. I could not tell Mr. Beverley that when left to myself, I ate at the drugstore across the street, where the soda-fountain boy had the most spirited political ideas and the man who sold perfumes was a philosopher of the old school. I waived the table silver.

I was told to write my name on two cards, so they'd have a record, and I felt

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like a criminal who presses down his thumbs on the ink pad for the first time. I did not recognize my handwriting, it had grown so old. Presently my profession came up for passing mention. I allowed, with some doubt, that I was a writer. So of course I wasn't really what you'd call employed or anything; I just wrote. How interesting, Mr. Beverley said, as if I had told him that in my spare time I was a trained seal. Yes, I said, definitely hysterical by now; it's a great little trade. From that moment I entered into silence, and the bank went on breaking over me in waves.

I was given a fine small checkbook and told to drop in any time. Somehow I did not see myself wandering in and out of that bank for an easy morning's gossip, or just to talk over the news of the day. I nodded. I wanted very much to go home, because I did not feel that I would ever live up to my bank. I knew that a long future of trying to earn money to impress Mr. Beverley loomed ahead, and I had never much wanted to do more than was essential about money.

At last it seemed that I could go. It seemed I had signed everything and made at least a fair show of answering questions. But Mr. Beverley wanted to introduce me to Mrs. McIntyre, a sweet-faced woman in natty clothes, who was pattering with her flowers at another desk.

"Mrs. McIntyre," Mr. Beverley said to me, "is the nice one here."

"My, I hope I can live up to that!" Mrs. McIntyre said charmingly, wistfully, and clasped my hand with an entirely undeserved warmth, considering the tiny sum of money I had left there amongst the flowers.

All this time I wagged my head like a somewhat insane cow, and hoped it would be over soon. I knew I was not fit to live in a world with men. I knew finance was for other folk.

Mr. Beverley escorted me to the door. The doorman bowed. The ship's lantern seemed to sway a little in the wind.

"What a raw day," Mr. Beverley observed.

"Yes," I said, "very raw," and fled, completely gloveless now, down the street. —MARTHA GELHORN

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From "Floating Peril," by
E. Phillips Oppenheim]

"We will live for one another and France," she declared fervently, "and if necessary I will do the cooking."

Clifton Fadiman

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December 15, 1938

Dear Marty:

I am so glad you are coming home. I will be in New York City on the 20th and am very anxious to see you.

Can you come to tea at 20 East 11th Street on that day at 5:30? If not, I can meet you somewhere on the 21st for a twelve o'clock lunch.

Affectionately,

Misc Martha Gellhorn
20 Riverside Drive
NYC

0

Send a letter to you the 2nd
I'll be with you - will be
long come to at 5:30 or can you
her conversation

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I got back from Barcelona this morning and found your letter. The report about the refugees in Czechoslovakia was full of terrible things, and I could write you a long letter about the food situation in Spain, with special reference to children, that is quite as tragic. But I won't. Not now. You and the President are much loved in that country. About 80,000 children are eating a half a pound of whole wheat bread, each day, for this month so when I wander about schools seeing them they say to me (any American is a representative of yours in their eyes) "Many thanks, and many greetings for the President and the Senora Roosevelt." They also ~~draw~~ draw pictures, because with some food in them (that's all the food they have to) they feel very lively and happy: so they make wonderful pictures of the Quakers -- who distribute this food -- in their homes, which is called the White House, and the pictures are signed: Para el Presidente Roosevelt, Juanito Menendez, 10 años. There is some confusion as to who is God, whether it is the Quakers, or the Red Cross, or the White House, or the Roosevelts. But all they know is that God sends them bread. The children eating these huge hunks of dry bread was about the only happy thing I saw. I was in various schools during airraids and the children waited patiently and sadly for it to finish, because until the raid finished they would not get their bread. So it goes. I cannot yet understand why there must be so much suffering. I shall never be a good writer, the human animal escapes me. Because evidently, the men in the planes have families too, and the men who sink the food ships have families, and the men who run a war have sons who can also get killed, but none of this seems to have any serious effect upon behavior.

I shall be home December 20 and very glad of it. I am tired in the head. There is no escape from the world and how it runs, at least I don't know of any escape but maybe the Atlantic serves as a buffer and one will not see so much or feel so guilty about it. The dangerous thing is to have eyes. Nowadays, with a pair of eyes you can be pretty sure you will not have much rest of peace. War itself, war in the trenches between armed men, is of course bad enough, but it is a circus compared to

the helpless Jews living in ditches between Czecho and Germany, and the helpless solitary man caught up in the ghastly machinery of the concentration camp, and the seven months old babies with rickets or t.b. in Barcelona. I do not think danger is terrible and I am not sure I think sudden death is terrible -- if at least you are fighting against something that makes living valueless -- but lonely persecution and starvation and the fear of the women alone in their flimsy houses with the children, when the night bombers come over; well, those things are too bad. And so I was not going to write you a grim letter, and enough of it.

If you have time to see me, I would love it, and perhaps you could send me a note to my brother's house at 440 Riverside Drive, if you did have time. By the way, I saw the Goya etchings Luis Quintanilla is bringing over to you and what wonders they are. It is a genuine emotion and not a formal state gesture to give those pictures to you. ~~And now in Europe, all the time, one is very proud to be American. ~~Resisting the... of...~~~~ I do hope I can see you. My plans are vague. What I hope for more than anything is to go back to Connecticut for six months and do a book. It would be wonderful to write again and to sit still, wonderful and fairly necessary. What do you suppose historians will make of this decade, one hundred years from now. I doubt if they will be able to reconstruct it or believe in it, it is too fantastic, and it goes too fast, but I should think the Dark Ages will seem neon-lighted in comparison.

I do look forward to seeing you, if you are not too busy.

Always devotedly,

W. A. R.

Paris

December 3

G-60
Ex. 1457

Miss Martha Gellhorn
440 Riverside Drive
New York
N.Y.

December 19, 1938

Can meet you twelve o'clock Wednesday at Hotel Baltimore—
for lunch if you care to lunch early

Eleanor Roosevelt

Miss Martha Geelhorn

Nov

440 Riverside Dr.

New York City -

Can meet you twelve o'clock ^{Wednesday} at
Hotel Belmont for lunch if ~~\$~~
you care to lunch early

Eleanor Roosevelt

TELEGRAM

The White House

Washington

10 WU JM 115pm 34 DL 3 ex

New York, Dec. 22, 1938.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt:

Terribly disappointed to have missed seeing you Boat was day late. Will you have time later and will you let me know Have saved up nine months conversation. Merry Christmas. Devotedly.

Marty,
440 Riverside Drive.

*I sent
flowers*

100
GELLHORN
Jep

G-60
Bx. 1459

1937

100
 H. T. G. ...
 Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt:

Your letter made me very happy. It was a kind of de coeur avec vous, and what you say about the Neutrality Act is what, for a year seeing it work one-sidedly in Spain, we have ^{all} thought ^{here}. Yesterday, the papers say, the Act was coming up for revision and we do not yet know what happened. We are asked by everyone and we ask each other, and we wait for the news. Right now, the Neutrality Act is of the greatest importance. Because the fight is far from lost here, but material is sadly needed. The much bragged of Italian advance to the sea was done with planes and artillery, against brave men who were inadequately armed. Whole ~~brig~~ divisions (amongst them the American Brigade) were surrounded and cut off, and fought their way through the Fascists, back to Government territory, reformed their lines and fought again, again to be surrounded, again to fight their way through and reform. The military history of the period of the war since Gandessa, on April 2, is a story of men overwhelmed by planes and guns, who never saw enemy infantry, but who have somehow managed now (April 24) to reform and reorganize their lines and calmly, serenely and determinedly carry on. There has been neither panic nor disorder, neither in the rear -- Barcelona -- nor at the front. A retreat before ^{heavy} impossible armaments was carried out with order, and the line now holds. Even the refugees -- and they leave home often with a small bundle wrapped in a handkerchief, abandoning everything to get out -- are quiet and patient on the ~~xx~~ roads, neither hysterical nor dramatic, but only determined not to live where the Fascists rule.

Just before the Fascists reached the sea, I was out on the road and watched for ⁵ fifty minutes twelve black German planes, flying in a perfect circle, not varying their position, flying and bombing and diving to machine gun: and they were working on one company of Government soldiers, who had no planes or anti-aircraft to protect them but who were standing ~~there~~, holding up the advance so as to permit an orderly retreat. That same day we watched thirty three silver Italian bombers fly in wedges over the mountains across the hot clear sky to bomb Tortosa: and anywhere and everywhere is proof of the huge amount of new material sent in for this drive, and everywhere is proof of the unbending resistance of Loyalist Spain. But to penalize

these people, who are our kind of people and believe what we believe and want a kind of society we take for granted, seems unheard of. I am again impressed by the unshakably democratic quality of Loyalist Spain, talking with del Vayo, reading their newspapers, seeing the troops and the officers, watching life as it goes on here. And it goes on. ~~It~~ It goes on in a way to make you very proud of the human animal. Franco will have to do away with about twenty million Spaniards before he could ever rule this country.

Now, for instance, new plans are afoot for children's homes and hospitals, and no one thinks in terms of time ^{of war operations,} but in terms of the future of Spain. The air raids, lately only on the port, go on, and the siren whines over the city. We were in a movie house Sunday morning seeing the Spanish Earth (remember?) It had been running five minutes when it flickered to a stop. A man's voice announced apologetically: "There's an air raid." There were about a thousand people there, and bombs have fallen all over this city and you'd have to see what they can do ~~xxx~~ within a radius of five blocks to know what destruction is like. But no one in that theatre moved, or panicked. Presently the orchestra appeared and played the national anthem and after that a selection of fine ^{brassy} romantic music that sounded very funny indeed and everyone chatted and waited and after an hour the electricity went on again and so did the film. This morning at five there was another siren ^{rising} and falling and wailing over the city, and then against the night sky the searchlights climbing up and bending back against the clouds, and the tracer bullets from the anti aircraft slowly going up like hot red bars. And the searchlights crawled against the clouds and the ^{anti-} ~~anti-~~ aircraft pounded over the city and when it was all over, I heard a man walking down the street, singing to himself, and the city was as quiet as a village before dawn.

I do not see how they can lose, unless the democracies allow Hitler and Mussolini to continue sending unlimited supplies. Neither man power nor ability nor determination are lacking: but it is not a fight between Spaniards, it is a fight between one democracy and three Fascisms. And so we sit here and hope to heaven that a sense of justice and a sense of self protection will guide the House and Senate and that the government of Spain will be allowed to buy with good gold those things its armies need to save its people, its land and that droll thing, the faith in a kind of freedom we still call

democracy.

I am writing this by the light of two candles, uncertainty, after a day out at a quiet part of the front. It has been one of the things to do lately, to go about and find one's old friends. To find them so sure, so unchanging, so excellent and humorous and simple and brave, is a good thing to have known in one's life. I find myself foolishly patriotic about the Americans -- about half of the Lincoln-Washington Brigade is lost since this last push-- I find that I love them immeasurably, am immeasurably proud of them, individually and collectively, and proud of their record and proud of the reasons that brought them here and keep them here. I never saw better men in my life in any country, and what they are willing to die for if need be is what you -- in your way and place -- are willing to live for.

You must read a book by a man named Steer: it is called "The Tree of Gernika." It is about the fight of the Basques -- he's the London Times man -- and no better book has come out of the war and he says well all the things I have tried to say to you the times I saw you, after Spain. It is beautifully written and true, and few books are like that, and fewer still that deal with war. Please get it.

My plans are uncertain. I am staying to see what happens next. Things look fixexax now, ~~and~~ the Fascists are directing their attack on the other half of Spain so it is very quiet here, for the moment. I have a huge job to do in Cheko-Slovakia, England and France for Collier's, and my daily bread may drive me out for a while but then I'll come back. What goes on here seems to me very much the affair of all of us, who do not want a world whose bible is Mein Kampf. I believe now as much as ever that Spain is fighting our battle, and will not forget that night when we brought the film ^{to the White House,} and the President said: Spain is a visarious sacrifice for all of us... But I think Spain is maybe not a sacrifice, but a champion: and hope to God that America at least will not go on letting this country down.

And you know something else, this country is far too beautiful for the Fascists to have it. They have already made Germany and Italy and Austria so loathesome that even the scenery is inadequate, and every time I drive on the roads ^{here} and see the rock mountains and the tough terraced fields, and the umbrella pines above the beaches,

and the dust colored villages and the gravel river beds and the peasant's faces, I think: Save Spain for decent people, it's too beautiful to waste...

This is very hard work, writing in this light, and I've written enough. I only tell you details, and what you think is what I think about this thing, and all along it had made me proud to know that you were always understanding this and always hating (as we all hate more and more) this ruthless invading war. But words are going to do nothing: Fascism has the best technique of words, the daring sustained lie, and it works... Around now, the people of Spain need airplanes. What a world we live in after all: it seems such a ghastly mess that I place blame very heavily right now on two men, and wish I knew one cannot begin to place blame. It is as horrible and senseless as more history. earthquake and flood, and the faces of the people caught in the disaster -- the old women walking on the roads, with heavy bundles, walking away from their homes, and stretching out their opened hands, wearily and desperately, to all cars, wanting only a ride to go some place else, away, though they do not know where and they do not care -- well, one won't forget these faces, ever.

Don't know when I'll be back in America, have three months work over here at the minimum, and always wanting to see how things go, and why. I wish I could have seen you but I left so fast, after reading the papers, and anyhow you were on the west coast I think. But someday I'll hope to see you and tell you about all this and someday write it. There's a curious similarity between the endurance I saw in the unemployed -- a kind of heroism in peacetime disaster -- and this: and I want to write it. ~~xxxx~~ And this letter is now like a book and enough of it. I send you as always my love and admiration, and please give my respects to Mr. Roosevelt.

Always,

Marty

Barcelona

April 24 or 25

and I feel I had to
get back. If it is all
going to hell (thanks to
.600 new German & Italian
planes, 20,000 German
troops, 50,000 Italian
troops & suitable field
artillery) I want to be
there, somehow sticking
with the people who
fight against Fascism.
If there are survivors,
we can then all go to
Czechoslovakia. A fine
life. It makes me helpless

And crazy with
anger to see how the
world goes, to watch
the next great war
hurtling towards us,
and I think the
3 democracies (ours
too, as guilty as the
others) have since 1918
consistently muffed
their role in history.
Lately the behavior
of the English govt

surpasses anything one
could imagine for
criminal, hypocritical
incompetence, but am
not dazzled either
by us or France. It
will work out the
same way: the young
men will die, the
best ones will die
first and the old
powerful men will
survive to mishandle
the peace. Everything in

Cunard White Star
R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

life I care about
is nonsense in case
of war. And all the
people I love will
finish up dead, before
they can have done
their work. I believe
the peoples — in their
ignorance, fear,
superstition — are also
responsible: but the
original fault is not

theirs. They control
nothing: they react
badly to misinformation
+ misdirection + later
they can wipe out
their mistake with
their lives.

I do not manage
to write any more, except
what I must to waste
money to go on living.
And I don't believe
that anything any of us
does now is useful.

We just have to do it;
Articles & speeches
hoping someone will
hear & understand.
And if they do, then
what. The whole
world is accepting
~~the~~ destruction from
the author of
"Mein Kampf", a man
who cannot think
straight for half a
page. Why don't we
lift our embargos to
Spain. What is this

Wonderful system
whereby everyone is
given time to arm
so that the war can be
a real first class
competent massacre
when it comes.

I wish I could see
you. But you wouldn't
like me much. I have
gone angry to the bone,
and hating what I
see, and knowing how
it is in Spain, I can see
it so clearly everywhere else.

Cunard White Star
R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

I think now maybe
the only place at all is
in the front lines, where
you don't have to think,
and can simply
(and uselessly) put your
body up against what
you hate. Not that this
does any good either.

I'm sending you this
clipping someone sent
me. Building a good &
lasting democracy on a

basis of civil service
+ the active participation
of the citizens is
Mother's answer to
catastrophe. Somehow
she can go on doing
it, with faith &
ability, year after year.
When I saw this, I
hoped it meant
something, because if
the others suggested are
like her, there are still
good people left to work
patiently for the future.

shall be over
sometime, Have a
lot of articles — a
series for Collier's —
on the oncoming war,
Five subject. The war
in Spain was one kind
of war, the next
world war will be
the stupidest, lyingest,
cruellest sell-out
in our time,

Forgive this letter.

I can't write any
other post.

Love

Marty

c/o New York Times
37 rue Cammartin
Paris