MARThA GELLHORN (Hemingway)

1935 - 1944
January 5, 1939

Dear Martha:

I am perfectly delighted to have your letter and if you can come down here on the 10th, it will be lovely to see you. I am going up to the country early in the morning of the 13th, but will be back again Tuesday, the 17th. If you prefer to wait and come then you will be more than welcome, or if you prefer to stay over, even though I am gone, you know this can be a restful and quiet spot for any one who is not responsible for the running of the house.

I am glad you had such a happy Christmas and that the world looks more peaceful on this side of the water.

Much love,

Miss Martha Cellhorn
Hotel Weylin
54th and Madison Ave.
NYC
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

The flowers were lovely. They decorated out first family Xmas for ten years. We all assembled, the army of brothers, their wives, one small child who equals a regiment, friends for good measure, and Mother. We had a fine time and your roses were the ornament for all this. I ought to thank you for the whole family.

It is very wonderful to be back. I also understand something that has been puzzling me for over a year. There was a great discrepancy between what seemed to me to be going on in Europe, and the reaction to those events here. People here seemed shocked or angered or disgusted; but not afraid. In Europe, people are just afraid. And now I understand that too. All the salt water is a very blessed thing and it is at once absurd and delightful the way Europe melts, once the huge lady with the torch is passed. I had a respectful and intimidated argument with my boss, during which he showed me up for a fool, a morose fool at that, because after all he's an American who stays home, and I am a girl who had just gotten back, and suddenly I saw that it wasn't false optimism here, it was the physical inability to be panicked by something that is happening thousands of watery miles away and will never never really (God willing) happen here. So you see, the answer to gloom is to come back to America. But -- postscript -- I still cannot forget how it is in Europe.

Will you have any time to see me. I do want to come down and call on you, for whatever moments you can spare. Mother returns to Saint Louis on January 10, and around then my odds and ends of errands will be done here, and I plan to set out for the south. The rest of this winter is going to be a rest-and-cheer cure. Much world disaster is hard on the digestion of journalists; it would be nice if that was all it did, wouldn't it, and I want to get myself very hearty again and ready to go back when necessary. There is also writing to be done, stories not articles for a change, and sun to absorb and perspective, whatever that exactly means. If you could see me, I'd like to stop off in Washington on the way to Florida. Would you let me know if that would be possible. I DO hope so.
Thank you again for the lovely flowers. You are a wonderful person. I don’t see how you can remember to be so lovely kind to so many people, and I am a very grateful and admiring recipient of that kindness.

Always devotedly,

[Signature]

Hotel Weylin
54th and Madison
New York City

January 1
Miss Martha Gellhorn  
Hotel Weylin  
New York NY  

January 18

Will you let us know what train you are taking tomorrow

Malvina Thompson  
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt;

I wrote to the Social Secretary, the way it said to, telling her I would be delighted to come to dinner on Thursday the nineteenth. I am very honored to be invited to a formal party at your house (and somewhat intimidated) and thank you very much. That is evidently the date you want to see me, so that's when I will appear, and if I could see you for a few moments either in the afternoon of the nineteenth or the morning of the 20th, I'd love it, but I can find out when I get there if you have any time.

Glad you liked my article. The newspapers give me the jitters, this Catalanian offensive sounds so horrible, like last March only worse, with that overwhelming advantage of planes and artillery that the Rebels have, against just men.

But on the other hand, isn't the snow lovely. The land looked too beautiful and the houses innocent and safe, from the train window, after they hauled us off the plane and sent us east by rail. America's a fine country to look at.

I am thrilled to be seeing you on the nineteenth.

Love,

[Signature]

Jan 14
Hotel Weylin
Madison at 57th St
N.Y.C.

Just got back an hour ago as I would have written sooner.
January 18, 1939

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Hotel Waylin
Madison Avenue at 54th Street
New York
N.Y.

Will you let us know what train you are taking tomorrow

Malvina Thompson
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt
Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I did decide to come out and am very glad of it. Mother was more distressed than I had realized (I am pretty stupid) and not a good enough writer.

Grandmother was 88, but all other people in our family die in our family of late years. So now I shall stay until Friday Jan 13 if then return to New York. Can I come down to you sometime after the 17th, around the 20th perhaps. If you'll let me know
I'll be at the Hotel Weilin, 54 W. Madison, U. S. C. — I'm such a nuisance you'll probably get tired of the whole idea pretty soon.

Am at the moment pretty disgusted with myself. I've done no proper work for my causes (for any of them) for a long time. Just been a hard-working journalist which, in the end, working just for itself, is to my own benefit. I still am to treat myself as if I like to treat myself as if I were a respectable citizen who were a some communal assumed some communal responsibilities and even since responsibilities and even since I've been home. I've been shrugging from those jobs — speeches, collecting money, etc. — which I ought to do, well or badly, but still do them. And I can't do
them or at least can't make myself. And one of the things I always admire about you is your unwaveringness, the way you carry on all the time, without fatigue or doubt or discouragement. My mother has that same quality and I think perhaps women like you are just better quality than women like the rest of us.

Well, so this is enough for now. If you aren't too nervous about my changefulness about dates, I'll make myself a feast (as the saying is) and see you.

Love

Marty
January 24, 1939

Dear Marty:

I am sending you this letter for your information. Will you please return it when you are through with it so that it can be filed?

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
40 East 54th St.
Hotel Weylin
NYC
January 26, 1939

My dear Martha,

I don't wonder you feel as you do. Human beings have never been as fine as they should be except individually in great crises.

I talked to the President last night as to what he thought the Congress would do about lifting the embargo, particularly in view of the Gallup poll. He said he felt that the majority of the Congressmen, because they were not sure that the people really understood what they were voting about, would try to delay any vote on changing the neutrality law or lifting the Spanish embargo, because they did not want to take the responsibility of the stand.

He still feels that it cannot be done by executive order. I grant you that his estimate of Congress is not what you might call one of courageous individuals, and I think there are a few there who might be trusted to speak out as to what they felt was the right thing at the present time.

You might even say that Spain was fighting on the frontier of democracy, but I am terribly afraid that if you actually took a vote of the people they would be pretty confused as to how far they agreed with that conception of what is happening in Spain. Very few of them look far into the future and the possibilities of infiltration from South America if Spain is once conquered by Italy and Germany with the submissive
Spanish government; and you can't blame them, for we have been for years a country that felt secure in isolation and modern inventions don't get across into people's consciousness beyond certain obvious uses. People rise to great crises. That is what the Spanish people are doing too. That is what the Czechs would have done if they had been given a chance. But when people feel safe and comfortable they are apt to feel a way to go, as a good part of the United States feels. They don't even want to do much in the way of sacrificing to help the people who are suffering in other lands or to run the risk of any more suffering here by aiding— even to the same extent as little Holland and Norway and Sweden are doing — the refugees from other lands.

I am afraid it is not human nature to be unselfish except in great crises. People look at things as individuals from an individual point of view, not from the point of view of history or the whole picture of the world.

Don't you and your mother want to spend Wednesday night here and start out from here on Thursday morning? I will be delighted to have you both.

Stop thinking for a little while. It is good for us all at times, and there will come a chance to do all the things for your country that you want to do. I have an idea that your younger generation is perhaps going to be willing to make some sacrifices which will really change much of today's picture.

Affectionately yours,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Care Guaranty Trust Co.
Fifth Avenue
New York
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I just got a wire from Bishop Scarlett, who is the Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, a fine and active and honorable man, and the person who can always be counted on to help those who need it. I wired him about the sharecroppers, because he's sort of handling it. He says: "Think most important move now is thorough investigation. Situation terribly confused by press. Knowledge of real facts now desperately needed." The WPA man is Matthew Murray in Jefferson City.

I wonder if the investigatory agents would be WPA? They never were much good in Missouri, as bad in fact as anywhere I saw. Very limited political people. Anyhow I hope those wretched sharecroppers have tents and something to eat.

Bishop Scarlett knows the facts and they're awful, naturally. The negro preacher who more or less started the movement said they had no program, they just went out on the road "because they'd rather die" than go on as they were.

I've been thinking about all the talks I had in Washington and it gets worse as I think about it. You'll perhaps accuse me of being impatient or unaware of political exigencies, and that's probably true, but there seem to me to be great things at stake and there's no room left in the world for patience or compromise. I wish I could write this properly and am afraid of being too "intense" (a repulsive word as it's now used). But the thing that distresses me the most is this: do you think any people have a right to a moral attitude which they will not back up with action, or have they a right to convictions without courage, or have they a right to speeches and writing and radio the while they complacently eat their national dinners and absolve their consciences with words. I do not believe that Fascism can destroy democracy, I think democracy can only destroy itself. It must have so weakened and cheapened and denied itself that it is no longer a moving or inspiring reality at such a time, this colossal fake that is Fascism can masquerade itself into a commanding historical position. And I think democracy is talking itself off the map.
If one had the comfort of believing in God, one would begin to pray for miracles. Something has got to happen and happen quick. I myself don't give a hoot about empires, trade domination, or political forms. But I care desperately about the dignity of man. And it seems to me the world is almost too black to behold. Half of it is bullied and terrorized and debased by dictators, and half of it is soppy with cowardice and sloth and selfishness. And then there's a tiny fighting percentage that is honestly willing to die for the decent words and what they mean.

If Spain goes, no one can yet know what kind of collective heartbreak and disillusion that is going to bring, or what bitterness or what hate. In our time, there has been no spectacle as tragic, in which the moral issues were clearer. (The last war being a blood bath of the most loathsome and cheap variety, in which everyone was almost equally guilty and equally undesirable in motives. Perhaps America was cleaner in point of view, but the whole thing was too alarmingly stupid to believe in.) But Spain was something else, and if there's anyone left to write history that will be proved. To see Spain go under, and with it those ideals, those few ideals that are worth living and dying for, seems to me a misery that we are not going to get over easily.

And then what will make us all wild with grief and fury is that though we were told it was nonsense to fight for Czechoslovakia, a decent democracy, or for Spain, and useless to help them, we will of course very shortly have to fight for the English trade routes.

The worst thing I ever saw was Czechoslovakia and I suppose that worse than that will be Spain when Franco takes over, leading his allies in. When I think about Negrin sending the International Brigades home, when I think of the way he has run that country despite the war, and how the people have changed and grown and become free, and when I think of what they suffered for what they believed, the guilt of all of us, the three great democracies, is like a sense of personal sin.

I write you this way I suppose, as one would weep aloud. There will be millions like me who will never know what to believe again, or what to do for their beliefs or whom to serve. It is impossible to tell people to believe in
democracy when those who control in democracies will not believe in it themselves. This is not an accusing thing I am saying, not for you I feel a condemnation of everyone, of all of us, the greatest to the smallest. The very smallest, though, can never be condemned; they are only led and later they pay with their lives for the errors of their ruling classes.

The people of Spain are a good people and they have proved during all this time that the spirit of man was very strong indeed. Now when one man, Mussolini, can owed the conscience and the decency of the whole world as he has been doing (backed by that other savior of civilization), and set about destroying a good people, and a way of life they worked towards for decades and fought for several times, then perhaps the individual democrat may justly feel that he is on a losing side. I wouldn't mind losing a war that we all fought because we had to, for what we believed in, honestly. Because the fighting would keep the belief alive somewhere. But to sell out, to give up, to play safe, to stand aside before such injustice, is the worst defeat there is. I just don't think democracy can survive its own immoralities.

In the whole world there is only the President to lead the forces of democracy, and he's the President of the United States with an isolationist middle west and south and west behind him. But don't you think that in this tormented drifting frightened world, one man with honor and a fierce courage of his convictions could rally all the people behind him and make them loyal and brave, and make them know why they lived and what they had to pay to go on living. Don't you think maybe this people and the decent people in the other countries are waiting for that? Or are people no good, is the human race not only muddled but cowardly, don't they want to be saved? I think (and I am nobody and what I think matter less than not at all) that the decent people of the world are desperate for leadership, crying out for courage and direction and something to believe. But they haven't any money or any newspapers or any lobbyists, and what are their names, and how is one to take a census. And besides, maybe I am too hopeful, and want to believe man is better than he is.

Thank you very much for letting me come down to see you. I love you very
much and admire you. I'm picking Mother up in Washington Thursday morning and setting out with her in my car (somewhat dented from the time a train hit me in France) to the south. She sounds terribly tired and I want to see that she gets a rest. I can't do anything evidently for large causes and issues, can help no one, so at least I can be temporarily useful to my own. I try to absolve my conscience and keep from despair by giving my money to the boys of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and helping them write articles, readjust to their parents, get married and find jobs. Small errands, of a service nature, to those people who did fight for what I care about. But I remember the dead all the time, all those I know who are dead, and it is horrible to think their own people let them down, democracy itself didn't want to be fought for, and their dying is made useless. It isn't that dying is so bad, but if you are young what is terrible is not to live. And not to live just because Mussolini and Hitler are willing to take chances and ship airplanes and artillery all over the place, is indeed tragic. Ah well.

Shall I see you again before returning to Europe? I hope so. Thank you again for letting me come down. I don't know how to tell you what I think of you but anyhow I think a great deal and much love,

Quaranty

care Guaranty Trust Co.
Fifth Avenue
New York City

Tuesday
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I see by this morning's paper (The Tampa Morning Tribune, a strange sheet mostly full of local gossip about oranges and grapefruits and their prices) that the Nazi press is calling the President, "Antifascist Number One." As I can think of no greater term of honor, I am hurrying to write and congratulate him via you. I am also thrilled to see that the Italians are in a fury. In these days, unless the Berlin and Rome press are insulting, you cannot be sure where you stand.

After seeing also the howl about those five hundred planes to France, which were quite legally bought and sold, I appreciate further the things the President said about the embargo. The congress is guiltier than the people surely. Having driven through this country these last days, I have again remembered how it is with the majority of the people anywhere. They are too desperately busy simply getting themselves enough money to live, to be able to think, study, reflect or understand. Also, I imagine the enormous difficulties of getting sound continuous and factual information are so great (anywhere practically except the great cities), that the average citizen cannot possibly think for himself. But then the elected representatives are either very sloppy minded or dishonest in their thinking. And this howl about the planes is a sorry job, isn't it? One would not mind the noise if it were clearly made; if the congressmen etc. would say we don't care what happens to democracy anywhere, we don't care what happens to all intents and purposes we believe America is the moon, and nothing outside concerns us. Then maybe, slowly, the electors would begin to think. Though perhaps people won't think, can't think, haven't the equipment, time, inclination or courage. If that should be true, then God help democracy.

The thing about Barcelona is like having a death in the family, only worse. We have all been writing to each other, telephone, thinking, and trying to understand it. I think the hunger had a lot to do with it; I know the inadequate munitions had too much to do with it; but I also think part of it was just the Catalans. The Catalans, to my mind, bear the relation to other Spaniards that a voodoo doctor does to a great scientist; they are sort of fake
Spaniards. I hear now that the fine men, Lister, Paco Mir Calan, Modesto and other divisional commanders, held where they had to, and the Catalans ran away on either side. When I first learned about cowards being shot at the front I was very, how shall I say, distressed maybe. Now I think that is okay. The cowards risk or sacrifice the lives of the brave ones. This time they seem to have lost everything. And I find myself thinking about Negrín all the time. I suppose he will fly to Madrid when it is ended in Catalonia and carry on there. Negrín is a really great man, I believe (and he can't stop being now), and it's so strange and moving to think of that man who surely never wanted to be prime minister of anything being pushed by events and history into a nm position which he has heroically filled, doing better all the time, all the time being finer against greater odds. He is used to be a brilliant, brilliant gay lazy man with strong beliefs and perhaps too much sense of humor. He was it seems never afraid and loved his friends and his ideas about Spain and drinking and eating and just being alive. Now he has grown all the time until you get an impression he's made of some special indestructible kind of stone; he has a twenty hour working day and in Spain you get the nm that he manages alone, that with his two hands every morning he puts every single thing in its place and brings order. Of course, he cannot hold a front. I hope he gets to Madrid. If they are going to be defeated, I still hope they don't surrender.

Thank you for your letter, a lovely letter, and thank you for the sharecropper report which I have with unsilence. It looks fine. The rub would of course be the local people and how they carried out excellent instructions from above. (I remember Arkansas and the sharecroppers there and how everything that came from Washington was absolutely sound and good and decent and how the local gentry, through self interest, corrupted it to their own purposes.) (That's state rights, I imagine.) Thank you very much for sending it to me.

I didn't answer your letter because I only got it here in Naples Florida. Mother and I have been on the road since last Tuesday, driving down here very lazily and resting all the way, and no mail caught up with us until yesterday, February 2. We both thank you for your sweet invitation, maybe you'll invite us sometime again. I would love to have Mother know you and you to know her.
you and she are my two favorite and most admired women.

There's one thing in your letter I don't agree with, and you don't practise it yourself. You say: "Stop thinking for a little while." You don't stop thinking. I'm no use of course, don't accomplish anything, but if I ran away from it, tried not to know or understand, stopped caring (or being hurt or angry at how the world goes), then I'd be guilty not only of ineffectuality but also of cowardice. I hate what happens in these times, but ignoring it won't change it. And someday if I go on trying to know and understand, I may at last get it all in some sort of shape or order, be able really to see how it all works together and why, and then maybe I could write something that would make just a few other people think too. If democracy is good, it must depend on the constant concern of the citizens. God knows I don't recommend concern as it would surely be more comfortable to be a cabbage and the weather is always something to take pleasure in, and scenery remains pretty well unspoiled and there are fine books and sun and music and a lot of things (oh a lifetime full of things) always there to give pleasure. I don't ignore those things or deny them or minimize them. Myself, alone, I have a wonderful and privileged life and am deeply aware every minute of my benefits and good luck. But that doesn't let me out. Or maybe that is what lets me in. If I worked in a ten cent store, from eight until six for about $13 a week and my back ached from standing up and my mind was woozy with fatigue and the dim hatred of my grabbed fellow men, then I could give up thinking. But the only way I can pay back for what fate and society have handed me is to try, in minor totally useless ways, to make an angry sound against injustice, and to see what goes on around me that isn't as good as what happens to me myself. This is a very longwinded and confused statement of faith.

I am so devoted to you. Millions of people are and my added expression of same can't matter. But there it is. You surprise me all the time and fill me with Fascist admiration. Will you please tell the President that I think Anti-Nazi Number One is the proudest title now going, and how honored we must all be that he has earned it.

Love, Marty
February 14, 1939

Dear Marty:

I am sending the enclosed material because I thought you would be interested in seeing it. I asked for a special investigation and, as you will see, it is a bit complicated.

Please return the report to me when you are through with it.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
c/o Walter Gellhorn
440 Riverside Drive
New York, New York
April 22, 1939

Dear Martha:

I have just had this report from the Farm Security Administration on the situation in Southeastern Missouri. I am sending it along so that you will know I have not forgotten.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
440 Riverside Drive
NYC
May 17, 1939

Dear Martha:

I am passing that letter which you sent me on, at the President's direction, to both Farm Security and W.P.A., and I only hope that something may be done.

I do hope your book turns out to be not only all that you may wish, but that it will stir people on the refugee question the way Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" seems to be doing on the migratory workers question.

This spring has been one of the busiest I have ever known. I am glad you are staying in Cuba and I hope getting well and strong. Let me know when you come back this way.

I liked very much your friend, Madame dela Mora. I hope to see her again in New York or Hyde Park. The President was prevented by a bad cold from seeing Señor Negrin, and as this has to be done so secretly I do not know if he will have another opportunity. I hope very much to see him sometime in New York.

Much love.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

We exchange mail about the Missouri sharecroppers and here is my latest contribution, sent to me by Mother, received by her from a very fine woman who works in the League of Women Voters in Saint Louis, and worked at one time on the WPA writer's project, as the local head of it, I believe. I gather that the situation continues to be very bad. It has been very bad for a long time; what is wicked is when people try to make out that it's all a put up job, and the sharecroppers are rolling to work in limousines and are only Red Agitators anyhow. In Missouri, I always found official people had an alarming tendency to bury the news.

Here, on my hilltop (which is as remote as the moon) things go along very quietly from day to day. I am working with a sort of gloomy desperation on my book about refugees. It is hard to write a novel that is not laden with despair, about such a subject, and yet it must be interesting and exciting, and I won't fake any of it, so it goes very slowly, day by day, with endless, painful rewriting, and there will probably be a war long before I'm through and then good God, half the world will be refugees...

What beats me is that they still allow Mr. Chamberlain to show his nose in Europe and I suppose he will appease Poland okay too, and that leaves very little left, except France. I daresay he wouldn't mind carving France either. The one thing Marx certainly had absolutely straight was the whole business of the classes. (You are an exception; all truly good and brave and intelligent people are, but the basic idea holds.) And evidently those loathsome English upper classes can't even read, or they'd know that in destroying freedom they do not save their bank accounts, they only get robbed by their proteges, later. Ah, it makes me sick, makes anybody sick, I daresay. I am opposed to this oncoming war. I do not give a hoot what happens to either England or France. In a truly belligerent mood, I wish they could all be wiped out at once, and leave Europe clean for a new sowing.

How are you? I saw some too heavenly pictures of you looking so resigned and patient, in some spring clothes, and by now you are having royalty on your hands. I don't like kings either. I think Presidents are the best idea.

All love, [illegible]
August 9, 1939
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Marty:

I will be right here in Hyde Park until September 10 and perfectly delighted if you can come up here for a night or so. If not, we will be in New York on the 23rd of August and I will certainly arrange to see you.

You are right I think in your analysis about a crisis coming on. I don't know what might happen now but it looks pretty hopeless to me and our hands, as far as prevention goes, are pretty well tied.

I have much to talk to you about and I enjoyed very much seeing your friend, Constancia de la Mora, once or twice.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I am coming back before the end of this month, about the 25th I think, complete with the manuscript of my novel which is within ten pages of being finished now. It's awful exciting to be nearly through. I never believed it, because somehow sitting down day after day to the white paper is unbearably like carrying water in a sieve, and now that it gets done, and has a shape, I begin to breathe lightly, and to float a few feet above the floor. With joy. I think it's a good book, but am not the one who will judge. (That's not true. When it is all done and gone over and over and over again, in its complete form, not just the endless piecemeal revisions, I will read it and decide and know. And that's what one works for and that's the stiffest and most accurate judgement that comes. And nobody else changes anything much, except that either people read it or do not read it. I hope they will read it.)

And then, I am going abroad again for Collier's but I hope they aren't in too much of a hurry so that I can have two weeks or so to loaf about in the east. And I do want to see you, if it's possible for you, before leaving again. Do you think I could? I'll be at the Hotel Waverly in New York, in case you could write me a note.

It is very hard to know what is going on in the world, from this distance, and working so hard on one thing, but doesn't it look as if we were in for another huge scare and crisis and another burst of travel for Chamberlain, or his appointed man, making a Munich out of some Polish town? Or do you think this is the time the English stick? If you get a certain number of miles away the whole thing seems too fantastic to be true, like the horror plays they put on at the Grand Guignol in Paris. You can't believe real men, millions and millions of them, and their women and children, are concerned in anything so mad. But when you see it in small (like in the waiting room of the U.S. Consulate here, with the people holding out their hands for visas), you can believe it, and fear it and hate it. What we seem to have plenty of in this world is fear and hate, for one thing or another. And I keep thinking that the Lord, or whoever, certainly made us a beautiful world in which to torment ourselves. The view from my terrace raises up the heart.

I will hope hard to see you. Are you well and having some rest this summer?

Devotedly, [Signature]
August 28, 1939

Dear Marty:

Would you like to come up here for a night? I will not be here Wednesday or Thursday, but any other night will be quite convenient.

Or would you rather meet me at my apartment, 20 East 11th Street, on Wednesday at 6:30, and go out to the Fair for dinner?

It will be grand to see you.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
The Weylin
NYC
Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

What a comic world it turns out to be. The next thing is to learn to say Heil Hitler in Russian.

I got here yesterday — and learned that Collier's wants me to go to Russia as soon as I can get a visa. It doesn't seem likely that I'll be able to.
said before September 13
on the campaign at the
earliest. Will you have
a moment that I could
grab? Except for
Labor Day weekend, will be
here at the Weylin. Know
how busy you are especially
now. I would give ten
years to know how this
crisis is being reported
from Europe. The President’s
message was magnificent.

Love, Uncle
Receipt to Mr. McGee,
Official registered mail,

To Miss Martha Gellhorn,
hotel Meylre,
New York, N.Y.

[Postmark: 174256]

[Signature: M. C. McGee]
September 16, 1939

Dear Marty:

I am so glad to hear that you are not going for a while and hope you will take the time to get entirely well.

If on your way through you could stop and see us, you know we would be very happy to see you.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Cellborn
4366 McPherson Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri
The White House
Washington

nbn, New York, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1939

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT:

Can not thank you enough for letters and help and also for loveliest week end. Haven't written you because really pretty sick in bed all week and finally mother doctor urged and Colliers agreed to delay in sailing. Am now somewhat shakily going West to recuperate for few weeks until feel solid receive visa see situation better. Sending letter in next days but meantime more gratitude than can say and all love.

Marty.

436 60th Street
September 27, 1939

Dear Martha:

I gave the letter which you enclosed to Miss LeHand.

I am sorry that you had a relapse. I hope that you will take the time to get really well.

The Departmental letter from Mr. Hull came through Mr. Sumner Welles, the Under Secretary of State, and Mr. George S. Messersmith, Assistant Secretary of State. I think both of them would appreciate a note. They are much overworked at the moment.

The first half of the lecture trip is over and it was uneventful.

Cordially yours,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Challenger Inn
Sun Valley
Idaho
Dear Tommy;

Would you give this letter to Miss LeHand? It's for the President thanking him for that wonderful open letter he gave me, which I may say is about the biggest safeguard anybody ever set off to a war with. I don't know how to address the envelope, which is so stupid, and don't even know whether you start a letter 'Mr. President' or 'Mr. Roosevelt.' But anyhow, he'll know I'm grateful and grateful and then some.

I liked our train visit. And will look forward to seeing you again. It seems that the way to get over coughs is to go to the mountains. I'm just delighted with the prescription.

Yours,

Martha Fellhorn

P.S. Could you find out who I ought to thank for the diplomatic letter from Mr. Hull? Mrs. Roosevelt, of course, but who sent it?

I do not (and never will) deserve all this kindness.
September 27, 1939

Dear Marty:

I hope you are enjoying the sunshine and will not start your trek to Russia until you feel well and strong again. We can face anything if our physical condition is good, but that colors everything else.

I am glad you had a good time with us and hope the next time it can be longer and you can have a little quiet in my cottage.

I will see if the State Department can locate your friend, Dick Howrer, but they are pretty well swamped with trying to find people.

I am glad you stuck out about your book. One cannot write only of pleasant things these days and one must tell the truth as one sees it.

I will be very happy to give you letters to people who might be helpful if I can ever get behind the powers that be with any real plan. Mr. Hoover turned us down, said he probably would be busy organizing an political campaign next year and did not feel he could support the setting up of anything else, but that he would be willing to give his help and advice to the Red Cross. He refused to call on the President.

I was very much afraid that the State Department information was not very good on the Spanish question. I do not happen to have very much confidence in our present Ambassador over there, though I do not say so out loud. It may be that I just do not have any confidence in his wife.
I will go into the question of Spanish relief being included in the Avion conference again. I am glad to know that your brother is in Washington and I will try to see him and his wife sometime, although I do not think it will be before November.

I hope you will be back if I can get off in March. I think the simplest way is to just go to Cuba without any fanfare beforehand and not try to hide. I would probably go ahead by myself and take whatever was coming and let the others follow when the disagreeable part was over. I think I could fly in quite easily.

Get well and let me know when you really go. I think the article which you enclosed does put what most of us are feeling very clearly.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Challenger Inn
Sun Valley
Idaho
October 8, 1939.

Dear Marty:

I am trying to find out this week what really is happening about the Evian conference. Some people want it given up entirely because they feel the governments involved were only interested in German refugees and that now the whole situation has been changed, and they should wait until something wider can be done.

Others think it should go on because it will take such a long time to find places where any refugees can be taken and the surveys will take so long.

Sometimes I want to shake all these gentlemen here in Washington, they seem to me so slow. However, Sun Valley may be the answer for all of us. I am so glad you are happy and having a good time. You need the health, strength and peace of that kind of a life.

Of course, I should love a deerskin jacket. It sounds too wonderful.

I can hardly wait to read Constancia de la Mora's biography myself. Please do not rewrite too much of your book. Sometimes it takes the life out of what one has written and yours sounded to me pretty vivid, just the little you read to me.

Much love to you and keep on getting well.

Affectionately,
COPY for files.

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Hotel Weylin
N. Y. City

Hope you can lunch with Hick and me on Friday at one-thirty. Will let you know place later.

E.R.
Dearest Mrs. R;

I just wrote Mrs. Ralph Friedman, a very attractive young woman, who is an authority on Naples Florida. I asked her to write Tommy anything she knows about houses there. There are some awful fine houses. Mrs. F is from Milwaukee and rich and there are a few Milwaukee families who have put up houses on the beach and maybe you could get one of those. All the houses are nice; it is not a claptrap affair but it is not a de luxe horror the way most of Florida is. And the beach is the best I ever saw that I can remember, anywhere, except one deserted one in Cuba that you can only get to by boat. I hope something good comes of this. I feel very strongly about your vacation. You deserve a wonderful one. And sometime you will come to the house in Cuba, without an army of secret service, and I and the postman will protect you adequately.

You looked lovely and not at all as if you had been entrained without interruption and Tommy told me the audiences were fine though I am not surprised as you are one of the most popular people in this country. But I hope you will get some rest. You and Tommy are certainly about the strongest women anywhere (I'd have died, I may say in passing). Was the pheasant good? I am so possessive about Idaho that I even want the Idaho pheasant to be better than all others.

Thank you again for asking me to the diplomatic reception. I'd really like to come to it -- despite the memory of blank fear inspired by the Justices -- and it's much easier anyhow to get along with people if they are going to talk French as I know, from reading books that all diplomats do. Maybe I'll get back from Europe by then. It's a lovely dream anyhow and I'd give anything to get back. My roof broke in Cuba and I am anxious to get home.

I had always thought that the Right was stupid (if successful and shrewd) but now it seems the Left is stupid too as well as unsuccessful and not shrewd. I can not understand the chief Communist boys, except that they are stupid. They have seen Russia and they must know that materially they have more chance of making a good world here than anywhere else, and spiritually, they must realise an American ideal-state would be at least unattractive and probably easier to breathe in. That declaration of loyalty to a foreign power is really fantastic and wicked and I agree with you: one must define civil liberties. Civil liberties are not the liberty to serve someone else to the detriment of America. I am afraid of all this, because of the Dies witch hunt, and yet
there has to be a division made between wanting to improve America and wanting to advance Russia. It seems to me that the fate of the little Communist all over the world is so pitiful that one could weep to consider it. Utterly abandoned now, and unable to accept abandonment. It is as if a true believer in God were shown that God was against man, and the true believer could not stop believing because he would have nothing left to him. I understand the Communists in the newly acquired Russian protectorates are getting it in the neck. That is just what happened to Nazis in Austria and the Sudetenland. How anyone can still believe in dictatorship is beyond me.

What people have got to do now is not think how they can end the war, the actual war -- mobilization, ship-sinking and what not -- but what they can do to rearrange the world so that we won't have the same causes for war all over. I would not want to see this war stop, if the Nazis and pals can go on as before. What's the use. We'd all wait in agony for it to start all over again. But how are they going to fix the world, so that there are no reasons for dictators? That's the real question. I wonder if we'll ever see it answered.

My book is all rewritten and very sound and now I must try to sell it. I have been having some disappointments in the sales way lately and have to fight them off. It is very silly to get discouraged: after all, I am not starving, I can afford discouragement. But it is a good book and I hope someone will see it. I wrote a story about Spain and was told by the editor that it was excellent but what was going on now in Europe made Spain seem futile and faded. Oh dear. Actually we saw more war in Spain in a week than they have yet had in France. And actually Spain fought clean and first for what these poor wretched people are now unable and afraid to fight. And actually if Spain had ever been understood, there would be no war now. And besides. Oh well. So I just shrugged and sent the story elsewhere and there's nothing important about this little event.

I am devoted to you and it always makes me happy to see you.

Love,

[Signature]
October 31, 1939

My dear Mrs. Gellhorn:

I wonder if you know of any one in Kansas City who could see this boy and perhaps put him in touch with some one who could help him find a job outside of the government. I only know him through correspondence but he seems to be in real need.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. George Gellhorn
4356 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri
Mr. Julian M. Friant,
Special Assistant to the Secretary
Federal Crop Insurance Corporation,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I tender herewith my application for a position in one of the state offices of the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation.

For the past year and two months I have been employed in the Kansas City Branch Office of the Corporation handling warehouse receipts. Also during this time I have handled mail, accounts, files, and many other types of work in the branch office and have thus obtained a background for a wide variety of positions in the state offices in regard to the work of the Corporation or almost any other branch of the Department of Agriculture.

My termination, which is to take place on the fourth day of November was due to the personnel reduction that took place in the branch office a few days ago, not to inefficiency or any lack of ability on my part. I have been informed that for any recommendation as to my work I may refer to Mr. Art Cummings Acting Branch Manager of the Kansas City office, and I therefore suggest that you contact him for further information as to my character and ability.

Hoping you will find it possible to place me in one of the state offices

I remain,

1104 E. Armour Blvd.
Kansas City, Missouri.

Cordially yours,

Gerald E. Toole

Mrs. Eleanor A. Roosevelt.
November 15, 1939

My dear Mrs. Cellhorn:

Thank you so much for your letter and for asking some one to see Gerald Toole. I appreciate your doing this very much indeed.

I am also glad to have the information about the ranch in Arizona.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. George Cellhorn
4366 McPherson Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Your letter about Gerald E. Toole has just come to me and I am asking Mrs. Kemper of Kansas City to see the young man. I am sure she will report.

My sister has told me of a delightful place in Arizona. It is a ranch but not a dude ranch. Mrs. Jessica MacMurry is the owner. She herself has been a person of financial security but now not quite so much so, therefore she does have paying guests. The address is: Mule Shoe Ranch, Willcox, Arizona. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Walter Fischel, believes that you would have a perfectly delightful sojourn with Mrs. MacMurry and you and your friends be the only guests. Perhaps this is not at all what you want, but I pass it on just in case.

Yesterday was a great day for us in St. Louis, and especially for me. I am very grateful to you.

Sincerely yours,

Edna Gellhorn

Mrs. George Gellhorn.
Nov. 7, 1939.

Mrs. C. S. Demaree,
6532 Linden Rd.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Ophelia:

The enclosed from Mrs. Roosevelt has just come and I wonder whether you could have this young man, Gerald E. Toole, come out to see you, and find out if anything can be done to help him solve his problems. Suppose you report to Mrs. Roosevelt direct if you get anywhere with the problem.

My affection to you,

EFG/eh

Mrs. George Gellhorn.
December 12, 1939

My dear Mrs. Gellhorn:

I am delighted to have news of Martha's arrival in Finland. No expense was incurred. I do wish she were safely back here.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Edna Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
St. Louis
Missouri
Had we already
sent fruit wire from
Mrs. Chalmers to state
that a new wire
was able to stop it
then second wire
caused?

Yes, we have
both wires.

Write Mrs. Chalmers
to have
daughter
married.

Refuse
her
reference
not to
write.
TELEGRAM

The White House
Washington

19wumc 10
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 3, 1939.

Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt:

Just received Martha's cable from Helsinki. She is all right.

Edna Gellhorn.

5:17 pm

Tell S. H. not to follow.
St Louis, Missouri, December 2, 1939

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Is there any channel open through which you could learn where Martha is? My last cable received November 26th told of arrival Antwerp. Grand Hotel, Stockholm, is only address I have. Finland was her objective when she sailed. Gratefully,

Edna Gellhorn.
LC GELLHORN =

4366 MC PHERSON SAINT LOUIS MO =

HELSINKI HOTEL KAMP OKAY LEAVING NEXT WEEK ALWAYS =

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.
January

My dear Mrs. Madison,

Praise be upon you! The enclosed Message has this Moment Came to my Hear — I am Very happy and Grateful.

Please, as I can not write Duke nor yet a Draft, I am Alluring to paying for Cables and things, so will you ask Mr. Thompson

[Signature]
to tell me how
much it cost

to do any Cabining
you may have

not in motion?
Yours wholely

Emma Felshare

Of course I do try to
help the poor children.

Girl - maybe the Conductor.
December 29, 1939

My dear Mrs. Gellhorn:

Mrs. Roosevelt was glad to send a wire of Christmas greetings to the boys at Bellefontaine Farm. Thank you for sending a copy of the special issue of their paper.

Thank you also for your good wishes. We are all glad to hear the news about Martha.

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary to
Mrs. Roosevelt

Mrs. George Gellhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
Saint Louis
Missouri
Miss Thompson, Secretary to
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Miss Thompson:

If Mrs. Roosevelt could add one more letter to the
thousands that she sends out, will you ask her to
sign a Christmas greeting to the boys at Bellefontaine
Farm. I hope Mr. Soest sent you some of the
photographs that were taken out there. There are
some charming snapshots of Mrs. Roosevelt surrounded
by the youngsters.

I feel confident that you must have had a "Mrs.
Roosevelt Issue" of Bellefontaine News, but to make
assurance doubly sure, I attach this copy.

With the heartiest of good wishes to you and Mrs.
Roosevelt, I am,

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

Mrs. George Gellhorn

P.S. - I have had thrilling letters from Martha.
She was in Helsinki at the very moment when the
war started. She hopes to sail on the Rex and
will land January 10th.
February 9, 1940

Dear Marty:

I cannot tell you a thing about Finland except that I think the general feeling in Congress is that we were able to lend to China and sell to China because there was no declared war between China and Japan and we sold to both sides. They are desperately afraid if we make a loan to Finland it is going to be called an unneutral act and may, therefore, lead to difficulties. I believe personally that if we simply asked the people of the United States to subscribe personally to a loan without any strings attached we could get it over. However, that is something no one knows. I do not know what will happen in the end as the President still seems to have some idea about the way this loan could be made and still not be unneutral.

We did have some very cold weather here for a while and I understand that Florida suffered even more. I have been so busy that I haven’t had time to think about anything else but appointments. However, I do expect to get to a house on Golden Beach just above Miami Beach somewhere around the 19th of February until March 3. I would love to have you come over for a day and do hope you can manage it. I should like to come over to you but I am told that it is not too safe.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

If you had time could you write me a little note to tell me what is going to be done for Finland, or what seems to be what is going to be done for Finland? I cannot follow this business at all. I have never read nor heard such unanimous loud enthusiasm for anything or cause, as is being generally manifested throughout America for Finland and Finland's war. But then there comes a full pause. After the words, deep silence. I think that as a nation we can, only with difficulty, spit in the English or any other large body of hypocrites. It would not be necessary to make such a vast prayerful noise, if nothing is going to happen. What is up? Could you tell me? Am beginning to feel very ashamed. I was so sort of sturdy and reassuring in Finland, because though I foresaw our national sympathy, I did not think it was going to end up in sending food to a tough little people who are 90% self sufficient, as for food, and are ready to pass up the 10% deficiency without a whimper. Oh Gosh. I never thought anything stupendous would be done for the Spaniards though I loved them and their new, trying, faulty, brave and rather handsome world better than any other I ever saw. The Spaniards did not have the advantage of fighting Red Russia. The Finns are wonderful too, and they have that advantage. But it looks as if it would all drip off into speeches and declarations and some Relief. It is a new thing is history that iodine will heal the conscience of the giver....

Here it is awful cold, same as there. We are anxiously awaiting a return to normal and the Cubans have a general feeling that this is all the fault of the people in the north who started the storms. Nothing however has really happened in Cuba, except this cold weather, since Machado, and possibly the citizenry is pleased with a subject for talk. "Cold, eh?" the say to each other. Thoy say, "That's really a cold which can be called a cold.

When are you coming south? Hope you wait for the sun, and hope hard that I see you.

Love,

Marty
MISS MARTHA GELLHORN
SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA
CUBA

HOPE YOU CAN COME OVER FOR A NIGHT. ADDRESS 365 OCEAN BOULEVARD,
GOLDEN BEACH, FLORIDA, WHICH IS FIFTEEN MILES NORTH OF MIAMI.
HERE UNTIL MARCH SECOND. LOVE.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
Mrs. Muriel Lund.

Please wire Martha Gellhorn in Cuba: "Hope you can come over for a night. Address 365 Ocean Boulevard, Golden Beach, Florida, which is fifteen miles north of Miami. Here until March second. Love. Eleanor Roosevelt."

Malvina.
February 24, 1940

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco De Paula
Cuba

Hope you can come over early Wednesday, 28th, for the day.

Love

Eleanor Roosevelt.
TELEGRAM

The White House
Washington

3wmc 22 1033am

TDH Golden Beach, Fla., Feb. 24, 1940.

Ralph Magee.

Please wire Martha Gellhorn in Cuba as follows:

"Hope you can come over early Wednesday, 28th, for the day. Love. Eleanor Roosevelt."

Malvina Thompson.
March 12, 1940

Dear Marty:

I finished your book several days ago and wrote about it in the column. I have been slow in writing you, not because the impression which the book made was not visit, but perhaps because it was a little too vivid.

It is one of those books you put down every now and then because you can not bear to go on reading, and so my dear, I think you did what you wanted to do. It is beautifully written, and put in novel form, it was possible for you to say certain things that you could not have said if you were simply reporting what you had seen and heard. I hope many people will read it, for we need to realize the fear of the little people all over the world. It will make us more understanding in our attitude toward them and perhaps will save us from bringing about the same conditions in our own country.

It must have been hard to write this book and I now see why when you were through with it, you were completely exhausted physically.

I hope you had a wonderful week with your mother and that she could induce her to neglect some of her many duties and stay on with you a little longer. Let me know when you are coming north, as I should like to see both you and Ernest.

With my love and congratulations,

Affectionately,
address this
to \textit{Helen}
Cuba
\textit{Letter}
3/14/10.
San Francisco de Pavia
Cuba
March 22, 1940

Dear Marty:

I did read the article in Time and I do not think the man meant to be so disagreeable to you but was just trying to hit at me as a critic, and in doing so he was rather hard on you. As a matter of fact, I haven't heard anything very disagreeable and am sorry it has upset you so much. If you had as many cracks made at you as we do, you would soon get so that they made no difference to you.

You have not caused me any trouble and I only hope that nothing in it is making things harder for you. If the article was written by someone who was your friend I can understand your feeling pretty badly about it, but you know sometimes even friends think they are not doing anything very bad and do not realize how much they hurt.

I too would be a little scared if I were a Turk these days. I wish peace could come to the whole continent and perhaps everyone could sit around the table and be sensible.

Franklin Jr.‘s wife, Ethel, has just had a hunting accident which is going to lay her up for quite a while, and luckily she was not killed, but at her age bones mend quickly. The accident was not as bad as the newspapers made it and I am so sorry for the child. Otherwise, everything is serene, though the President has had a nasty kind of intestinal flu which has kept him rather low. He hopes to get off to Wars Springs after we entertain the Costa Rican President Elect on Monday.
I expect to fly across the country to Seattle and then do some lectures, getting back here on the 17th of April.

Much love, my dear, and do not worry about what anyone may say about me.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

Mother has sent me the cuttings where you spoke of my book, and aren't you kind and good and ****** generous and I am very happy that you think it is an okay book.
You are almost the only one who does, except Mother and E., and that's quite enough for me, I want no finer judges and no bigger world.)

You will have seen the TIME write-up of my book I suppose, mainly because it is so spacious and showy that it would be hard to miss. It is a very dirty job indeed and I most deeply regret that you were brought into it (I hate them for that, with passion) and I do not know how to tell you what I feel about it. If you are going to be mentioned every time from now on that people take cracks at me, I will be sorry you ever had to know me. I would not want any trouble ever to come through me, and I am very ashamed about it all.

They certainly did a fine job of destroying everybody in sight, didn't they? One wonders where the malice comes from, and why? But there it is. I am sorry because it is causing a lot of trouble to E., in personal matters. (He has been wanting to write you, but wants to wait until all this nastiness simmers down, because he too doesn't want to spread it anywhere.) TIME did a very neat job of ruining me professionally as a writer, but I intend to outlast TIMES, and far outlast it, so that is not so bad.

You must know that everything in that article is from their own little hearts and heads; none of it came from me, and almost none of it is true. Harry Hopkins knows perfectly well I was no Parisian-looking doll, and if you see him will you tell him I am also sorry his name had to be in such a skimpy piece of work. There is nothing I can do about it, though I would have given anything to keep anyone else's name out. I do not give a damn what people say of me or think of me, and my work will stand by itself in the long run no matter what is said about it; but I hate (and suffer from) the thought of causing trouble to anyone else, my friends, or anyone who has been good to me and should not be rewarded in this way.

I can't write you very much about this, but I could weep about it as if it affects anyone else, and please know that. I have been more careful and more successfully careful than anyone could be, for three years, and the real horror of this is that the TIME story stems directly from a man who has professed to be one of my great friends for
years, and who -- apparently without a backward glance -- felt perfectly all right about selling out me and the people I care about, so that it could hurt me, in order to get a little circulation for his foolish, inaccurate paper.

I love you very much and thank you for everything.

And now the Finns are gone too. Who will England and France manage to abandon next, do you think? If I were a Turk, I would be very scared.

Goodbye and love always.

March 17
June 7, 1940

MEMO FOR MISS THOMPSON:

Mrs. Roosevelt has invited Miss Gellhorn to come down on Thursday, June 13th, and spend the night. Miss Gellhorn will arrive at an early time in the morning.

H.T.L.
June 11, 1940.

MEMO FOR MISS THOMPSON:

Mrs. Roosevelt will go to the airport to meet Miss Martha Gellhorn when she arrives at 10 a.m. on June 15th.

H.T.L.
June 11, 1940

Miss Martha Gellhorn
The Lombardy
111 East 56th Street
New York, New York

Car will meet you Thursday ten a.m. and so will I.

Eleanor Roosevelt
TELEGRAM
12POD252DL

The White House
Washington

MA New York NY 120pm June 7 1940

Mrs. Roosevelt
The White House

Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt: I get in on a plane Thursday morning at 10 o'clock Washington time. I'll just take a taxi to the house, please do not bother about meeting me and I will see you whenever you have time.

I can take care of myself fine until you have a minute when I could see you (know you must be busier than ever) And besides that there is always the beautiful thing, of how quiet the White House is for writing and I find myself (as of old) with some ordered articles of a conspicuous idiocy to do and must do them fast. Is there anything I could do for you in New York before I come? I am very happy to be seeing you.

E. gave me a letter for you. He said he has too much emotion about you, and your letter to him, to write properly. I will have to ask you many questions about the raising and care of children, you ought to see me with my young ones. They think I am pleasantly insane and they regard me as a wonderful new addition to their lives, an official grown-up who has no authority at all and can be counted on to agree with all their plans.

I foresee that the next thing is that they will decide I am a dope and they will bring me up. It makes me happy to be coming down. It is hot and sad here and I am homesick anyhow. Love.

Marty.

250pm/d

With all this, will we meet you

Never mind, so well see.

10 am Thu.
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt,

Are you coming up to NY sometime soon? I could come and see you? I'm here for about two weeks. It's very exciting to be in America again, much more exciting than Tibet. I think, and sort of strange too. I want to ask you one hundred questions but will limit
them as time demands.

The living room ceiling of my house fell in with the first rains. It was not funny (not for me) and everything is in an advanced state of ruin. I managed to write a 20,000 word story (good one), or no house, but still think women have lousy lives.

Love, Morty
June 28, 1940

Marty dear:

Jay Allen has just telegraphed me that Negrin has reached England and I have written to the State Department and to the Red Cross about all political refugees, specifically asking that they help Negrin, if possible, to get back here or to some country where he will be safe.

As to Louis Fisher, you need not worry, as his association with me was purely on a business basis. He came to ask my help in getting his wife and child out of Russia and I was able to do so. I have seen him only once, when he asked if I would see him, and we had lunch in a restaurant with four or five people. We did not have a very long or very intimate conversation. I have no reason to dislike him, but you paint a very unpleasant picture of him, and I must say I am not particularly drawn to him. In any case, I have no intention of making Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fisher my intimate friends.

I wish God would say a few words now and then. It might help a great many of us in the preservation of our faith. As it is, we stumble, and I am not sure that I blame people who stumble rather badly.

I will let you know if I hear anything further about Negrin. I am so glad you are happy in the house. I hope the Nazi articles do not discourage you too much.

Life is still pretty busy for me, but I think we are going to settle down to more or less quiet before long.

Every good wish.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

I hope the next four years will not be the hardest ones yet, and I suppose one ought to pray for miracles for the sake of the country, and all of us, and especially for you and the President who will have the toughest job of all. (We'll have to put off your visit to Cuba for another four years! I wish you could have come down with all these Pan-American gentlemen, to brighten the forthcoming conference.) When will either of you get a real rest, or even a good breathing spell? It doesn't look as if you would at all, but I hope you do.

Mother is here now and has been telling me of seeing you. She is another of your great admirers (our family is full of same.) We are trying to give her a good rest, which she needs. We have been out fishing in the Gulf and yesterday had a terrific day, seeing a whale shark -- which is very rare -- that swam right by the boat. It was as big as the boat, and you can't even believe anything so big is true, it is as if something from the Smithsonian woke up and began plodding around the ocean. Said monster has a mouth twelve feet wide and all it likes to eat is sardines. We also saw a pair of marlin playing in the water, playing as fast as pursuit planes, and diving and racing after the light blue flying fish. We clambered up and down the side of the boat and swam miles in the clear green water near shore, and Mother has already turned a nice salmon color from sun, and looks very cute and fresh and gay. She's a wonderful woman, wonderful company always, and loves to laugh, and right now I am glad of the unreal calm and the great beauty of this place, because she can't think much about the war here. In a way I think this time of history is worse for people who remember the last war clearly; she of course remembers it all (and you know my father was a German, and there was always that delightful angle, of having people be dreadful to him, because of where he was born), I think you can feel as protective about your parents as they felt about you, when you were a child. The only thing is that you can't really take care of anyone, though I wish I could sort of develop great solid wings, and keep them around Mother. She however would enjoy being protected as little as I would, only I am glad I can persuade her to take two weeks off from time to time and at least see that she gets rested and sunburned and takes exercise.
Yesterday we ran into one of the local Gestapo in a bar which we frequent. We've known this man for a long time: he is a German and a Nazi, and a pretty good sample of what they are like. He doesn't surprise either E or me, who know the type, but Mother curiously enough has never met a real Nazi. She has only seen the people who were victims of the Nazis. It was very strange and interesting, because the Nazi gave Mother the horrors. I've never seen her so uncomfortable with anyone: it was the same sort of reaction people have to seeing repellent sights, buzzards eating, or mangled bodies. It proved to me again the difference between seeing with your own eyes, and reading: and it occurs to me that the mentality of the English, up to the war, may also be explained by the fact that they were stay-at-homes by and large, and reading about the Nazis is not the same thing as seeing them.

Speaking of Nazis (and one can scarcely keep them out of any conversation) leads me to another matter. I talked this over with E., telling him how I hated to ask you things but here is another one, of the same category do Negrin, and I have to talk to you about it. I do not know exactly what to ask you but here is the problem. Dr. Aguirre, who was President of the Basques as a refugee and now finds himself in Brussels of all places, I do not know whether you followed the war in the Basque country, or know about the Basques. We think they are the cream of Spain; they had the best run, freest, soundest part of Spain: they were separatist, and democratic, and they fought a magnificent losing fight against the Italians and Franco, trying to defend their state, which was a highly educated, advanced part of Spain. I know a great many Basques and knew the country: Aguirre was their Negrin, and with Negrin, was a fine leader, much loved and altogether trusted, and a fine man. After the fall of Barcelona he went to Belgium. The Basques were catholics, and bourgeois (there was no question of Communism in the Basque country at all: they fought for a democracy which they already had) and in some ways Aguirre was more acceptable to foreign countries than Negrin, partly because he was less important and also partly because the people he represented could not be called Reds, even by the loudest liars.

Then of course Brussels became German, and there is Aguirre who is not safe anymore. Like Negrin, he stands for something which must survive, and will
be reborn if all the leaders are not killed. (It gives one no pleasure anymore to say "I told you so," but it is interesting to see that armed and uniformed Germans are entering Spain, naturally Gibraltar will be their goal, and the English were always so charming about Franco, and the French were so complaisant that they got as their final reward old Pétain who thinks Franco is wonderful and Fascism quite a good idea.) Still, someday there will be another Europe, and people like Negrín and Aguirre can lead it: if they are alive. I do not know whether we still have diplomatic representation on Belgium, and if not I wonder whether the Red Cross can be asked to look out for Aguirre. If it is known that anyone, with authority, is interested in the whereabouts and destiny of a man, he is less likely to be silently picked up and silently destroyed. Aguirre is a kind of person like La Guardia, I don't mean in any real literal way, but in the sort of work he has done and the spirit he represents: though he himself is a very quiet unobtrusive cultivated man, but with that same spirit of liberalism. He is valuable and he does not deserve to be caught by the "estapo. He is the President of the Basques, still, and they regard him as their chief. Do you think it would be possible to make an inquiry through our diplomatic service about him, or through Mr. Davis at the Red Cross?

You know that I do not like to ask you so many things to do, but I do not know any other way and I do not ask you useless things; but only for really good and fine and necessary people. The wastage in human life is going to be terrible, already has been terrible; but whenever these key people can be rescued, it has been a service for defense and a movement toward preparedness. The Negrins and Aguirres are as vital as guns and airplanes: if France had had people like them, it would be a different story now.

*This Fifth Column stuff is a red herring. When you look at France, Norway, Spain, you can see that the real destroyers of a country are natives of that country. I only hope Americans will realize this in time, and recognize their enemies. No redhead hairdresser on the Brenner ruins any country: it takes Quislings, Levals, Juan Marches and people like that to do the trick. The established and respected traitors, who belong to the best clubs, are the ones to fear.*
How about this Burma road business. The English evidently and as usual are bowing to necessity: whether they are appeasing on the Chamberlain basis, or appeasing because they are too busy elsewhere to accept trouble in remote places, the net result is equally devastating. But are we going to go right along too, and sell out the Chinese as a final gesture after their four years of fighting our battle on a distant front? It would seem incredible. No one is ever ready; maybe the enemy is not even ready, but always giving him to him, while awaiting his own readiness, allows him the essential time. I cannot read the papers at all anymore.

If we as a people, follow the English, we deserve no better than what they are getting. I don't hold with those who blame governments entirely: I think a nation gets at least half of what it merits. It may get one half more badness than it bargains for, due to the fact that great numbers of people are not organized or informed enough to act quickly. But half of the badness comes surely from the badness in the minds of the people. If there is no loud clamor to aid China, then we will be like the English who also did not know where Czechoslovakia was located on the map.

Are you going to fly out to see Anna this summer? If you are, and have a few days, maybe you'd stop in at Sun Valley on the way back. It's a beautiful place out of season, when there are no guests to clutter up the scenery. I wish you could. I'll be there from the third week of August for about two months. It's a section of America which rebuilds my faith in Americans. I never need to have my faith in the scenery built up; no matter what else is wrong with us, we certainly have a handsome land.

It would be heavenly if you could stop in; I remember you were out west last fall sometime.

Greetings to Tommy, and Nick if she is still there. If Hitler would only die from being hit by a thunderbolt, the next four years would be easier, wouldn't they?

Love,

[Signature]

July 20
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

Thank you very much for your help about Negrín. Getting to England was the worst problem, and now I hope he can leave there and come here. I refuse to believe that this is the end of the world: there just must be people left alive to pick up the pieces. If there was a third Republic there will be a fourth: and now we can make prayers for the Quatrième République. I also do not believe that Germans can hold Europe forever: they have only this enormous talent for war, but they have never had talent either for government or for peace. I don't think Franco can hold Spain forever either, on a basis of labor camps and executions and scarce food and censorship. War has been going on a long time and there have been Dark Ages before.
I felt terribly to write you about Louis Fischer and am grateful to you for understanding it. I never used to believe there were any really bad people in the world but have considerably revised my opinion in the last years, and think it necessary to fight all of them, and fight before they get well entrenched... The Nazis in Cuba are a joke thus far, but it has been interesting to study how they work, because the whole problem is small and neat and easy to understand. They are like the bibijaguas, a kind of ant we have here which can eat away whole trees overnight.

You are doing a wonderful job on the Youth Congress. I think your patience is as wonderful as your understanding: you seem to be the only one who realises that if you don't understand them someone else gets hold of them, and in too many countries the dissatisfied young have been the unconscious nucleus of the terrible organisations that later result in dictatorship. Though God knows they would try the patience of ten saints. Mr Tunney is
Dear Marty:

I will do what I can about Dr. Aguirre although it seems there is awfully little that one can accomplish in these days. I have asked Mr. Davis of the Red Cross to make special inquiry about him through the International Red Cross if he has any representative in Brussels. I think Dr. Frank Lingdon's committee, which has been formed to help all refugees as much as they can, will be a tremendous help in getting the names to the State Department and the Red Cross.

I am so glad your mother has been with you and you were able to give her a good rest and a holiday. Life sounds perfectly delightful and it may not be four years before I join you as one of your cares! I think you feel protective about me just as you do about your mother. As you know, the President has been nominated but he hasn't been elected yet and Mr. Wilkie has all the best publicity firms in the country working for him and it seems that they are doing a pretty good job.

I agree with you that our fifth column is in the people of one's own country. The English are appeasing on the Burma Road question but the President says that it is only for three months and he hopes and prays by that time something will happen to prevent its closing. Our people are as slow to awaken as the English but they will wake up. They do not clamor yet to aid any other nation but they do begin to think and to say that we cannot live alone in the world.

I haven't any plans yet for going out to see Anna. If you will let me know when you are going to be in Sun Valley and how long, I will let you know if anything takes me out that way. I would love to see that particular spot.

Hick is just moving up to New York for the campaign and I think that will be grand for her as it will give her a chance to use her little house in the country more often.

We have had very hot weather but it is a little better now. We have been very busy but I think on the whole Tommy and
Good luck and much love to you.
I am going to live through the summer without any difficulty.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
November 8, 1940

Marty dear:

There is no discussion whatsoever of any loan or the extension of credit to Franco. There was discussion of Red Cross aid — impartially to starving people — but even this has not been carried through because of Franco's present position in the war.

I am glad this campaign is over. I have never known such a vicious one nor such a bitter one. I am not too excited at the thought of four more years of this existence, but I feel that what I want is not important.

I am going away tomorrow on a lecture trip and will not be back until early December. I will then try to see Mr. Mowrer.

I have just started to read Ernest's book and I find it fascinating. I am glad to hear the movies have bought it and glad to see the divorce was granted and nothing harmful was said.

I hope your book of short stories comes on well. I am looking forward to it.

I am distressed that you are planning to go off to some other end of the world. Somehow I think it is time for you to think a little of what you mean to other people and how important it is to have you safe.

Affectionately,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt;

Is there any way for the citizenry or even the single citizen to protest this loan to Franco, actual or proposed, of one hundred million dollars? I cannot believe such a thing can happen, it is at once too evidently scandalous and too apparently an idiocy. But it is written of and talked of, as if it were truly going to happen.

Is there no place to say something very loud and angry against such a deal?

Today Franco met Hitler, or yesterday, not that it was necessary for them to meet to prove what we have all known since 1936; to wit, that the small fat-faced Spaniard is a pal if not a servant to the not very big man with the moustache. So are we going to give Franco, as a cadeau d'amour (in recognition of his services in destroying democracy, as a token of appreciation for the amount of civilian death he accomplished) one hundred million dollars? He will find a very good use for it: it will pay for the matériel with which to take Gibraltar.

My God, how can such a thing be? Hasn't there been enough appeasing to prove to everyone, everyone (even Sam Hoare or Bullitt or any diplomat) that appeasing will not work. Haven't they done enough futile buying-off? And don't they know at last that the Spaniards fought 38 months because they had something to believe in, and the French did not fight at all because their rulers had destroyed all faith, with this same system of appeasing. What are we supposed to believe in, after a deal like that? We never helped the republic of Spain, but now we will help the open ally of Hitler. We never did one damn thing to spare the people of Spain their misery, to help them save their lives: but we will give money to a man who is still executing republicans at the rate of 30
a day. We give very tardily 25 million dollars to China, supposedly asking for something in return, some raw materials, (what have they got?) and China is fighting our battle. So we give one hundred million to our open enemies: we betray faith and behave like cowards and crooks, and in so doing we put into circulation money which can well be used against us in South America, or against Britain at Gibraltar.

I never thought awfully much of being as repellent as one's enemies, because finally there is so little to choose that the great mass of simple people grow confused. That's a bad, bitter sentence but you see what I mean. But aside from being loathsome and crooked, why also be stupid? Why give weapons? Who is responsible for this suggested, proposed or consummated deal? Can't we, all of us, furiously, protest?

And good Lord, think of the people of Spain, the hungry and driven, who are still getting shot for their beliefs, and are still believing. What a fine thing for them to read in the papers that their tyrant receive from that last great democracy, one hundred million dollars.

I hope it isn't true. It's too damnable to be true. It just can't be true. But what stuns me is that it could even be planned or suggested. What kind of people are responsible for that? They're dangerous: they look like that dreadful band which lived in England and was calm about the betrayal of the world. There are funny things going on anyhow. How is it that practically any royalty can get into this country, and that visas Anti-Fascist refugees, who have proved their good faith in the prison camps of two or three countries, cannot be obtained? What is happening, when such things go on? Who decides it? Who runs such a show? Doesn't it look pretty grim and godawful to you? It scares me. There is a horrid upper-class tone about such reasoning and goings on, perhaps we need some plain people in the state department for a change,
I haven't been in such a rage for a long time, but where can one dump one's rage? What can the citizen do about such matters? It's something we never clearly understood: what the citizen can do.

Things are quiet here. E's book is being a vast success every way. The movies have just bought it, which is nice for him because that way he has financial security for quite a piece. The reviewers know what a fine book it is, which gives me great pleasure. I've been having flu and am trying to finish a book of short stories. When that's done I expect to get started again for Collier's. With luck (saying prayers and doing hex magic), perhaps I could get myself shipped to the Burma Road. If not, something, I don't much care: I want to get back into seeing what goes on. It is always easier to see what is going on in a foreign country: one doesn't feel so bitter and so helpless (because you aren't expected to do anything about foreign countries) and one doesn't feel so personally ashamed. If we lend one hundred million to Franco, I bet there are at least one million people who will feel deadly ashamed, and for a long time: and later one hundred million will be able to regret it, the way the English can regret both Spain and Czecho to their hearts content all during the wakeful bomb-loud nights.

Do you see Edgar Mowrer at all in Washington? He's an absolute wonder, if he turns up and you should see him. He's one of the very best people there is anywhere, with his head screwed on right and his heart clean.

Give greetings to the President and to Tommy, please.

Love always,
November 19, 1940

Dear Martha:

Mrs. Roosevelt asks me to send you this enclosed copy of a letter she has received as she thought you would be interested in seeing it.

Very sincerely yours,

Miss Martha Gellhorn
Sun Valley
Idaho
My dear Mr. President:

I desire to refer to your memorandum of October 26, 1940, regarding the nature of the reply that might be made to the attached telegram addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt on October 25 by Mrs. Howard K. Morse of New York City.

As you will perhaps recall, the reported action of the Spanish authorities in sentencing to death a number of prominent leaders in the former Republican Government in Spain, and the action that it might be possible for us to take under the circumstances, was discussed in my letter to you of October 30, 1940. In accordance with the decision which was thereafter taken by the Spanish Ambassador, who is thoroughly familiar with American public opinion on questions of this kind, was asked to call at the Department and was received by me. I informed him that public opinion in the United States was deeply concerned by the reports of political executions in Spain and with the possibility that distinguished Spaniards who had heldoffice in the former Spanish Government and who had been refugees in France might be turned over to the Spanish Government and then be executed. I made it clear to the Ambassador that we recognized that the treatment of Spanish nationals by the Spanish Government was a matter of domestic concern to Spain in which this Government could not officially intervene. However, acting upon the broader grounds of humanity, I expressed the hope that the Ambassador would let it be known to his Government immediately that the American people earnestly hoped that political executions would not be undertaken and that mercy would be shown in the
disposition of political cases of this kind. A telegram has been sent to our Ambassador in Madrid, acquainting him with the approach which we have made through the Spanish ambassador here and requesting him informally to express the hope that our message might receive favorable consideration on the part of the Spanish Government.

With reference to the nature of the reply that might be made to Mrs. Morse's telegram to Mrs. Roosevelt, I may say that we have been replying to communications of this kind along the following lines:

The Department has received a considerable number of appeals from persons in various walks of life on behalf of leaders of the former Spanish Republican Government who are reported to be in danger of execution in Spain. Inasmuch as these cases involve the treatment of Spanish nationals by the Spanish Government and consequently the matter is one of domestic concern to Spain, this Government cannot, of course, claim to have a direct interest nor can it present any legal justification for action on its part. For your information I may say, however, that acting upon the broader grounds of humanity we have approached the Spanish Government with our views on this matter and have informally expressed the hope that clemency may be exercised in political cases of this kind.

With respect to the reported shipment of foodstuffs to Spain mentioned in Mrs. Morse's telegram, we have merely stated that the Department is informed that in reply to inquiries on this subject the American Red Cross has indicated that it has made no such commitments.

It is noted that Mrs. Morse is under the impression that both Senor de Rivas Cherif and his wife are in danger of execution in Spain. The information which we have received indicates that Senor de Rivas Cherif is one of a number of former Spanish Republican leaders reported to have been sentenced to death in Spain. His wife, however, is understood to be residing in France and we have had no information
to indicate that she might be in any danger of execution by the
Spanish authorities.

I am returning Mrs. Morse's telegram to Mrs. Roosevelt
herewith.

Faithfully yours,

(SGD) SULMER WELLES)
MALVINA:
To show to Mrs. Roosevelt.

F.D.R.
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I have been wanting to write to you ever since last Thursday's luncheon to tell you how much we both love you (which is nothing news-worthy but just an old settled fact) and to thank you for having given us such a grand time. However, since last Thursday I have scarcely had time to bathe and even now I am dictating a letter, which seems a very odd thing to do to you. As honeymoons go, this one seems to me to have been on the hectic side.

I am going to China, the Philippines, the Burma Road and surrounding parts for Collier's. Ernest will catch up with me in a month or so. We are both very pleased with this assignment. I have never been to the East and since the age of sixteen always hoped I would be able to earn my way there and finally, knowing that I am going to go, I have a happy feeling of being a successful earner.

I will be coming down to Washington to get my papers in order about the end of next week or the beginning of the week after. Are you going to be there any of that time or is there any other place I could see you? You know that I know how busy you are, and having already had Thursday, I don't want to be greedy.

We saw Harry Hopkins over the weekend at the Harrimans'. (The weekend was something of an experience for a country girl like myself, being as there were 50 house guests and I had the frightened impression of having landed in a handsome railway station where everybody else knew everybody else!) Harry, I thought, looked much better than last Summer in Washington and he was, as he always is, perfectly grand and he and Ernest are great buddies which makes me very happy. I will tell you more about it if I see you or if not, the first time I can write you one of those long volumes of letters.
We also saw young Franklin at lunch last week and were unable to have dinner one night when he and Ethel very sweetly invited us. He seemed in awfully good shape, entrancing, jolly, and bursting with his usual confidence. I think he has a talent for being happy, which is a very great talent indeed.

Haven't seen Nick, but mean to as soon as things get a little quieter here.

Regards to Tommy.

Love always,

Marty

What a horrible letter.

Love, -M.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D.C.
December 18, 1940.

To All American Foreign Service Officers:

The bearer of this note, Mrs. [Martha Gellhorn] Hemingway, is an old friend of Mrs. Roosevelt and mine. For a period of five months or so, Mrs. Hemingway will visit the Far East. Her purpose is to secure material for publication by one of our weekly magazines.

I will appreciate it if you will kindly give her every assistance.

Very sincerely yours,
Dearest Mrs. R. —

I'm writing as I wait for

Monsieur Henri Haing.

The changes in the enclosed letter are the name (add Hemingway) and the places to which I am going. My passport is validated for Japan, China, Hong Kong, Netherlands East Indies, French Indo-China, Thailand, Borneo, Australia, New Zealand, Straits Settlements, British Malaya & New Guinea.

Perhaps easier for The
President just to put "Far East" which is good for all.

I love you. Well write later. The French are against us (can you believe it) because E is supposed to have signed a manifest against Vichy. Oh boy, it all amuses me.

I love you again

Wasty
Please return to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Send to Ernest Hemingway
Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Hotel Fontana

Both new letters and one

Sent 12/15/110
January 6, 1941

Dear Marty:

I think of you now with your mother getting ready to leave, and I am glad you had the time in Cuba and that all was so perfect. I hope you will find when you get started that you will be happy in your work and get through it so that you will be very glad to have Ernest join you when he can. I confess I think of your with a great many prayers and a good deal of trepidation and will welcome you back with open arms.

I hope the letters will be useful and every best wish of mine will be with you on the way.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway

[Signature]

Mrs. George Gellhorn

4366 McPherson Avenue

St. Louis, Missouri
January 8, 1941

Dear Martha:

Many thanks for your letter enclosing Miss Rawlings' letter. She had already written me.

Mrs. Roosevelt has written Miss Rawlings and, being Mrs. Roosevelt, she would rather rent the cottage. In any case, if we get to Florida at all, I think we will go to Miss Rawlings' cottage. The farm house appeals to me, especially the absence of a telephone, but because I have all the ingredients which make up a hermit, that doesn't necessarily apply to some of our playmates.

Good luck to you.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway

c/o Mrs. George Callhorn
4366 McPherson Avenue
Saint Louis, Missouri
Miss Malvina Thompson,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Tommy:

I don't remember whether I spoke to you about Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and her lovely place on the beach about forty miles above Daytona. It's the most beautiful beach I think I've seen in this country, and she has an angelic house which I did not think would be large enough for you four on your vacation. But I wrote her asking whether she had any suggestions to make for you and I am sending you the letter in reply to my inquiries. Will you write her yourself? She is a grand woman - you know, the author of "The Yearling" and other good and well-known books - and she really means everything she says about wanting to turn over either of her houses to you. If you think from the enclosed plan that her beach cottage is big enough, I cannot recommend the place too highly.

The only thing you ought to know is what the weather would be in March. That's the Atlantic on her beach and it would seem to me it's apt to be colder than the flat sea in front of Miami. Her address is Hawthorn, Florida.

All I hope is that you guys have a wonderful vacation and soon. I think you are the two hardest working women in America.

Devotedly,

[Signature]
About the vacation hide-out for Mrs. Roosevelt, just as a first suggestion, do you suppose she could use my own cottage? I have loaned it to several friends, once to a honeymoon couple, and should be happy just to turn it over to her if there is enough room. I enclose a floor plan of the place, and should like your opinion on it. There is a maid's apartment down below in the garage and I should be glad to lend her my own maid who is a very good cook. I have an old colored woman who lives on the place who cleans up and brings me my coffee at any time I need a substitute. The cottage has only one bathroom (one outside cold-water shower besides) but otherwise has every convenience, telephone and is as comfortable a small place as I know of. If the location appealed to her, it would also be possible for one of the other women to have a room at the very attractive Marine Village Court, 9 miles south at Marineland, just for sleeping purposes. The rooms with private bath are 41.50 to 2.50. The rooms is high on a dune over the ocean, the beach is good, with the water dropping off gradually as to depth, and while March swimming might be on the chilly side, for anyone hardy I think it would be possible. I swam there in late November. The general temperature at that time should be perfect. The cottage has heat.

Can't you stop with me on your way north? If you are not driving,
and drive you this far
I could easily meet you in Miami, as I ought to go down there briefly in any case.

The China plan sounds reckless but fascinating. I know, too, that urge to move, and when it hits there is no alternative but to give in. I have taken care of it lately with the cottage, for the two places are so different that either one more or less satisfies the mental itch by clearing out to it from the other.

Forgot to say about the cottage, that if it will do for size, it would be hard to beat for privacy. That is the principal reason I dare consider offering a place so modest. Locally, I don't believe there would be a single intrusion. With the maid either in the kitchen right by the entrance door, or in her quarters at the foot of the steps, she could shag away anyone in any case. And if my place won't do, then I'll go on the prowl for the right one.

Incidentally, my grove farmhouse has loads of room---four bedrooms and two bathrooms, and one of the bedrooms and bathroom is quite to itself. There is a peace here that is very rare and lovely, and the place is everything comfortable, with all conveniences---but has no telephone. When it is necessary for anyone to contact me long distance, a filling station four miles away sends out for me, and if you thought it would be feasible for Miss Thompson to take calls there, I could easily arrange for that, and the added peace might appeal to Mrs. Roosevelt. I get delivery of telegrams here. Also, there is not the swimming here, though there is a fine pool nine miles away where no one but me goes except in the heat of the summer. I wish you had seen the place here, and the lay-out of the cottage by daylight, so you would know if either would do. I'd go over to the cottage if by any chance the grove place seemed appealing.
January 24, 1941

Marty dear:

There are some slight complications about getting an agreement in exchange for food. I have no idea that anything was being given to Spain except milk for babies and mothers and vitamins and medical supplies, just as is being sent to unoccupied France.

We can not bring any people out on the ships that take over Red Cross supplies without legislation to permit it and there seems to be doubt that we can get that legislation out of Congress.

We are making representations on the subject of prisoners along the lines which Jay Allen has suggested. I do not think any loans are being made to Franco. At least any time I ask about it, I am assured that nothing is being done, nor do I understand that wheat is being sent.

Mexico has made a wonderful offer and I am rather hoping that our representations may be strengthened by that offer.

Your mother wrote me a sweet letter about the two perfect weeks she had had with you in St. Louis. I am so glad that you and Ernest are going together. I would have worried about your going alone.

Best of luck to you both and may you have a happy and safe trip.

Much love,
Dearest Mrs Roosevelt;

I have a note from Ruth Allen (Jay's wife) and a copy of the report and suggestion which he sent, through her, to you. It seems incredibly easy to me: we have no responsibility, it costs nothing, we simply ask for amnesty in exchange for material benefits. I was shocked to see that Jay takes the proposed credit of 100 million dollars to Franco, for granted. That either means that it is commonly accepted as fact abroad, or he has newer information than I have (not surprising.)

I still think it is a straight crime to give that money, as well as an idiocy, only comparable to the idiocies the English so long committed and are apparently still willing to commit, the idiocy of appeasement. If we are going to start trying to buy allies, we surely ought to wait until the to-be-bought allies will realise clearly that our side is going to win, do that they will stay bought. However, I do understand that the Red Cross is going to give Franco wheat: and in exchange for one human gesture we may well demand another human gesture: exit permits and a promise of non molestation for Spanish republican refugees. That seems both a logical and untroublesome demand: if Franco wants to feed his hungry people, he must also be willing to spare lives. "Don't you think that makes sense and isn't it a reasonable demand and could it not be made, privately, through our ambassador. Obviously this government controls the export of wheat to Spain, by the Red Cross or any other agency, and obviously, as a democracy, we have a right to make a moral demand, in exchange for a humanitarian gift. I think that the great public, which supports the Red Cross by direct contribution, would be unwilling to send support and comfort to Franco if this great public realised that he employed and was anxious to
continue employing the garrote vil on people who believed in democracy, and so merited a death by torture. (I get so sick with anger, thinking of this, that I can almost not write. I want to shout from street corners. Do you know what it looks like, garrotting, and you know of course that Company, an old man and no longer really much of a man, could only have been garrotted by a regime that was INNATE insane, cruelly insane, for revenge.)

Jay is evidently concentrating on the Spanish republican refugees, but that is not the whole problem. We have many friends, and notably Germans, who fought in Spain, who are also in those camps. We got a letter today from a woman we knew; her husband had a visa de sortie, which was suddenly revoked and he has disappeared. So like the homeland for them, really. She writes us trying to write calmly, asking for help. God alone knows what we can do. She has a Mexican visa for them both; they need a transit visa across America, which they cannot get. (How I should hate a country which did not even allow me to cross it, in a train, not even looking out of the window if that seemed more suitable, just cross the country to life.)

I do believe this demand for safe conduct for people in danger of their life, can certainly be made; and cannot be refused. What is this war about anyhow: we are fighting brutality, we are fighting against a system which ruthlessly denies the value of individual human life. If that is what we are fighting for, may we not insist on preserving those lives, as we go along. By the way, the Mexicans must be pretty okay. They are profiting from their decency too. I understand that the Spanish colony in Mexico is a wonder, and is bringing great riches of labor and thought to its new country.

I know you will do everything you can: I mm cannot imagine on what basis Jay’s suggestion could be turned down, can you?
Who would want to stop such a plan, which in no way involved us, and is without any money cost? The Catholic Church I suppose and those people in this country who still believe that Franco is a fine Christian gentleman, and all who oppose him are filthy Reds, deserving to die by having a steel collar slowly crushing the sides of their necks while a screw is driven into the base of the skull? As both the church and these domestic Fascists are vocal and strong, I agree with Jay that publicity is not desirable now, don't you? But how could any of us humble citizens help push this idea along?

Ernest arrived here today and we are reunited and it is grand. I'd be perfectly happy, as our own life is so okay, all the time if it were not that you can neither escape nor forget what goes on in the world. But what seems to me horrible is that those of us who abhor cruelty cannot somehow become nearly as strong as those who continuously practice cruelty. Yet there must be more of us, in number.

I found myself talking at my old school in St. Louis, out of gratitude probably for the three good years I spent there. I spoke with immense confidence and startled myself by being so sure of what I thought. I told them nothing was free given away in this life, and you had to work for everything you got, and that work was fine. I told them never to be afraid, and specially not now to be sorry for themselves thinking how they were growing up in a war. Others had grown up in wars, practically everyone, I now think, one way or another. I told them war was pretty bad but not nearly as bad as the destruction of individual human freedom. And I told them to have a good time whenever they could. I was very pleased with myself and felt like Moses delivering the tablets of stone. It is a good deal easier to talk and comfort other people, than it is to be quiet and comfort oneself.
Darling, I love you very much. And I am so glad I don't have your job. A report like Jay's gives me nightmares for days, and you must receive such reports practically daily. I saw you in a newsreel today, with a little girl who had paralysis, and who was making a speech. I thought that what you are inside shows all over your face, and you are beautiful. It is good to know you.

Love,

[Signature]

Sunday
June 19, 1941

Dear Marty:

It was good of you and Ernest to send me that lovely piece of old Chinese jade and to say that I am delighted with it in putting it mildly. I am grateful to you both.

I am so disappointed to have missed you this trip. I am very anxious to see and talk with you and I hope your next visit will not be long delayed.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway,
San Francisco de Paula,
Cuba.
June 3, 1941

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

It's very gloomy not to have seen you this time. Will hope for better luck later in the Summer.

I am sending you a souvenir from China. Ernest found it, having made friends with a jade collector like the smart boy he is. It is a piece of very old buried jade (that's why it looks as if it were stained by tobacco juice) thousands of years old and the only color the Chinese take seriously. I haven't the faintest idea what you can do with it but it is lovely to look at and it feels fine in the hand and in all cases it comes with our love.

I will write you a long letter once I get back to Cuba and catch my breath. There is really too much to talk about, though, for letters.

Always devotedly,

[Signature]

San Francisco de Paula
GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH SERVICE
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
DOMINION OF CANADA

The following message was received by the Government, for transmission, subject to the terms and conditions printed on the blank form No. 1, which terms and conditions have been agreed to by the sender.

F. G. SIMS, General Superintendent.

NO 2

74 GOVT

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON D.C. 10:20 A.M. JULY 11

MRS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, CAMPBELL, N.D.

FOLLOWING CABLE FROM HAVANA, JULY 10TH (QUOTE) "JUST! ALLEN WRITES THERE'S CHANCE GET JAY OUT ON JULY FIFTEENTH WHEN OUR CONSUMER STEAMSHIPS LEAVE. PLEASE DO ANY THING YOU CAN TO LET DEPARTMENT KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT JAY. HE HAS BEEN THERE AVOID LONG AND THE WAY THINGS GO MAY SOON BE TOO LATE TO RESCUE HIM. LETTER FOLLOWS. LOVE, MARTY." (UNQUOTE).  P.S. JAY ALLEN.

JST.

[Handwritten note: "done"]

[Signature: "Handwritten"]
July 19, 1941
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Marty:

I was very glad to get your letter and am happy to tell you that Jay Allen is returning on the West Point. I am enclosing the letter which I received from Sumner Welles about it. I know that you will be as pleased as I am.

I agree with you that there must be something wrong in this whole war situation that Hitler cannot be stopped.

My best love to you and Ernest.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Dearest Mrs R:
I got a letter from Ruth Allen yesterday. She says there is some chance to get Jay out on July 15 when our consular staffs leave. I also read in the local paper something about a trade: Zapp and Tojn for Allen and Hottlet. Darling, tell me what Ernest and I can do (what any of us can do) to make it absolutely imperative that Jay and Hottlet too, get out. I don't know about Hottlet but he can't be left there to not surely. And as for Jay, it is certainly a vital defense of America to save our best citizens. I cannot believe that our government has no ways or means of rescuing him. I cannot believe we are so impotent and in a business which is all dirty, certainly we can take as many reprisals as they can. I think this is all terribly important. People cannot always go on believing in tomorrow. If today we are unable to accomplish something, when the life of only one honorable man is in question, how can we be so wildly powerful tomorrow or next week.

Then I am a little haunted by all the memories I have of our foreign service, functioning on such questions. Getting people out of danger was the greatest extra-curricular activity of the years before the war. Our foreign service was never anything remarkable in this field. Sometimes one almost felt they did not care too much.

But this time, through indifference (or even personal hostility) or inadequacy or any other reason, it just cannot
happen. Jay simply cannot be left there. He's too good, he's too necessary.

I can't write you about the war, because I don't understand it. Either the Germans are the only soldiers on earth (and they may be: it is a very low species of genius, just to know how to destroy effectively.) Or else there is something wrong. Not wrong with intent to be wrong, but just cotton-minded, criminal idiocy wrongness. The English in the Orient are anything but an inspiring show, from the point of view of how to win a war. It seems increasingly apparent that the Spanish were one of the toughest and most enduring people on earth: and that the Chinese people are no mean shakes themselves. They certainly have the laurels thus far. But God help the poor people of England if their military and civil authorities in England are half as dopey as xmx/equivalent in the East.

It's impossible to write letters anymore. One is too unhappy in the head. I feel just about the way people must feel in the Mississippi floods.

They tell me there's going to be trouble down here. The rich are too rich and the poor are too poor. That's been a good set-up for trouble ever since the French "revolution.

I love you all the time. You must be going through a lot, having all the knowledge and all the responsibility.

Always,

Marty
September 15, 1941

Marty dear:

I was glad to get your letter of August 20 and would have written sooner except that life has been busier than usual.

I read "A Thousand Shall Fall" and I gave it to General Fred Osborn. He thinks it more important for civilians than for boys in the armed forces.

As you probably know, the President's mother died September 7th, very peacefully and suddenly. She had not been very well all summer and I think we all feel she would have hated to go on living as an invalid.

At the moment my brother is really seriously ill and I am staying in Washington until I know the outcome.

Three of my boys have all been off on more or less hazardous trips and Johnny is about to leave for San Diego for his Navy duty. At the moment they are all safely in the United States.

You might be interested to know that our confirmed "bachelor" friend, Earl Miller, got married in June to a very lovely girl. He is in the Navy, stationed at Pensacola. All of these boys love their assignments.

I am going to work regularly with the Volunteer Service in National Defense and was appointed by Mayor LaGuardia. I have been in touch
with what is being done and I hope I can give the program a push, as it is not moving very fast and a lot of people are getting impatient.

When are you coming up here? Do let me know ahead, as I surely want to see you.

My kindest regards to Ernest and much love to you.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway  
San Francisco de Paula  
Cuba
Dearest Mrs Roosevelt;

I have just finished reading a book called "A Thousand Shall Fall", by Hans Habe. I do not know who Hans Habe is, nor what is his nationality. He was in the 21st Regiment of Foreign Volunteers in the French Army, and with his unit lived through that awful retreat-without-fighting which was the end of France. He was taken prisoner and also lived through the Germany occupation, and finally escaped. That is the bones of the story. But it does not tell you what a book it is. Oh what a book. The one that had to come. The needed and essential one. Because here at last, (beautifully and desperately excitingly and heart-breakingly and honestly) is the fact. Not the awful dreary general words, but the fact — in terms of life and living and people and the touchable disasters that happen to people — of what this war was, and what it means to lose. The reason that it has been keeping me awake at nights is because it is true, and so little truth has been allowed us. And because I think it is like a textbook (if textbooks were ever written in letters of flame), showing us really where the dangers are, showing us what will happen to us if we do not avoid those dangers.

You see, he really knew (because he was there) what an army must have, if it is to fight. And it does need shoes and food and guns and aircraft and it also needs clean hearts and convinced minds and it needs officers who know these things. (I keep saying this, shouting about it, and my God what danger we are in, with unwilling draftees and a stylized army which is afraid of "politics.") We saw in Spain how the heart can carry you on, superbly, with almost empty hands and empty stomachs. And we saw in France that without the heart, the hands and the stomach are too empty. We have also
seen, if we would only look, how Hitler has learned all this and how he uses it. He has trained a race of fanatics (who believe and believe and believe) and then, on top of that, he has cared for their physical needs and made them feel that they are not alone; they are sustained by a crazy faith and by magnificent material care. But one is not enough: we are so naive, so ignorant, so limited, that we are apparently afraid to unleash the heart. We send actors and pretty girls to the draftees' camps, does anyone think a man will die for these things. Does anyone think that being entertained will take the place, when the time comes, of having been told and retold and clearly made to see what a man can live for or give up life for.

Democracy, they say. Oh darling, it makes me want to scream with rage. **Democracy, again?** What is democracy: all things to all people. W.P.A., no jobs when you get out of college, taxes, a new car, the country club, a tenement. The hell with big words that do not mean the same things to all people, that do not mean simple, passionate, undeniable things to all people. The French (far better Democrats than we are, truly) no longer knew what the word meant. We have got to get a better vocabulary, we have got to speak clearly at last, before it is too late, not in generalizations, but in terms of human life. And Habe has written, for all to see, what it means if you lose. One chapter of that would convince people more than the very noble words, "An end to the tyranny of Hitler." Because what can the tyranny of Hitler mean to a boy from Wyoming, to a mother in Iowa who needs her son on the farm: what can it possibly mean to those who have never seen it and cannot see it, in terms of their own lives.

The President (I see by the papers) has appointed a civilian to head the Army Morale Department. I do not remember his name. You probably know him, don't
you? Can you get this book into his hands? I can think of no one who could learn more from it, or use it to better advantage. I would like to see this book in every draftees camp, hundreds of copies, so they (who will have to do the job) can see how the job must be done, and why. Because they are going to have to be taught: they are going to have to believe. Or they will not fight. This is not like the last war: there have been twenty years of disgust and doubt, between the two. And Americans are not like the English, we are not given to complacency, a kind of (to me, idiot) good-natured, sporting docility. We are a passionate people: we must believe in something. The English would not really fight until England was in danger, and then carry on, referring always to the Nazis as "Jerry", and not particularly hating anything except Hitler and the Luftwaffe. But we are not so dopey, I think. And moreover, we are not in danger of invasion. We are going to have to have clean and determined hearts, and clear and fierce minds. Otherwise.

Please read this book. I don't feel as if I were writing this to you, I feel as if I were begging you. It is so important. It scares me every day to think of how little we have, as yet, of what is needed. And I am not talking about planes and rifles and tanks and machine guns. The other thing. The thing that our intellectually timid army likes to refer to as "morale."

I love you very much, as always. I hope you've has some rest this summer. It is evidently going to be a stinkaroo of a winter.

Always,

[signature]

Aug 20
October 1, 1941

Dear Marty:

I gave your letter to the President and he asked me to tell you how much he appreciated your thinking of him.

We are all constituted differently, and kind messages help some of us to bear sorrow. I think I agree with you that nothing helps in real sorrow except time and pleasant memories.

The President has been remarkably calm about his mother I imagine the poor man has not had much time to think about it.

My brother Hall died last Thursday after a painful three weeks, so we have had an upsetting month. My mother-in-law was eighty-seven and she had a grand life, full of rich experiences. Hall was just fifty-one and could have had much more out of life.

I am starting as Assistant Director for Volunteer Services in Civilian Defense under Mayor LaGuardia. I am to do my best at organizing all the men, women and children who want to volunteer. Thus far I have been seeing people on the staff and trying to get them started. It is under the federal government and the machinery needs speeding up. I expect to have a good time, although a busy one.

If you love me and think of me at any distance I will be happy. Do let me know when you are coming to the United States.

Much love

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
San Francisco de Paula, Cuba
FINCA VIGIA SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA CUBA

Dearest Mrs. R.:

I have been thinking all the time how to write the President and I can't do it. It is an impertinence anyhow to write somebody when their mother or father dies, because there isn't anything you can say that will be comforting and you haven't a right anyhow to try to be comforting. So I don't know, will you just please tell him I am so sorry for him and I can imagine how awful it is and I hope he can get a little rest. And give him my love, please.

You never really believe anyone you love will die. It is a strange thing, considering how long it has been going on, that no one can ever get used to it. I know when my father died, I thought it surely could not be true ever, and I didn't want anybody to talk to me about it.

And you, poor darling, you must be very tired and I wish there were something I could do for you, except love you, which I do, steadily, at this great distance.

Always,

[Signature]

Sept 23
Dear Marty:

Many thanks for your book. I have read it and enjoyed it. One of the stories is perhaps reminiscent of Ernest's style, but three of them are exactly like reading some of your letters. I think perhaps the first one is the one I like the best as far as writing and depicting what happens inside human beings goes.

I have had so much to put into my column I could not mention the book, but will do so. I hope it is going well.

Anna writes me that they have loved being in Sun Valley with you and that you have been so good to them. They are both very nice people, so I am sure you all had a good time together.

I do not feel as though I would ever be doing anything which is not in some way tied up with work. I am planning in January to spend two days with Anna in Seattle, but I will have to do a certain amount of work at the same time for Civilian Defense. I am ridiculously busy and life certainly was never meant to be lived in this way, but then life was never meant to be lived as it is in the world today.

I do not know whether our way of living has made this world situation inevitable or not. Perhaps what we need to do is to adapt all of our new inventions and settle back into a nice old-fashioned way of living, and then the world would settle down.

If you do come into this part of the world, let me know because I want to see you very much indeed.

Much love,
Mrs. Ernest Hemingway

Many thanks for your book. I have read it and enjoyed it. One of the stories is perhaps reminiscent of Ernest’s style, but three of them are exactly like reading some of your letters. I think perhaps the first one is the one I think the best as far as writing and depicting what happens inside of human beings.

I have had so much to put into my column I could not mention the book, but will do so. I hope it is going well.

Anna writes me that they have loved being in Sun Valley with you and that you have been so good to them. They are both very nice people so I am sure you all had a good time together.

I do not feel as though I would ever be doing nothing which is not in some way tied up with work. I am planning in Jan. to spend two days with Anna in Seattle. I will have to do a certain amount of work at the same time for Civilian Defense.

I am ridiculously busy and life certainly was never meant to be lived in this way, but then life was never meant to be as it is in the world today.

I do not know whether our way of living has made this world situation inevitable or not. Perhaps what we need to do is to scrap all of our new inventions and settle back into a nice old fashioned way of living and then the world would settle down.

If you do come into this part of the world let me know because I want to see you very much indeed.

Much love,

E.R.

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO
November 25, 1941.

Marty dear:

I love the pictures of Anna and John and it does sound as though they had a wonderful time. I am so glad that Anna went off looking well and rested. They are young, and both need it. Do not worry about me, I am old and tough and fully expect to get through this emergency and then retire and wear a cap beside the fire. When that day comes, Franklin may perhaps let me come down and visit you in Cuba. I am still looking forward to that with great pleasure.

I haven't read "Pattern for Conquest", but I will soon. I am so swamped with things I should read, I never get around to reading the things I want to read.

I am glad you all had a good time and I hope if you come east that I will surely see you.

Much love,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
SunValley
Idaho.
Mrs. Ernest Hemingway

Marty dear:

I love the pictures of Anna and John and it does sound as though they had a wonderful time. I am so glad that Anna went off looking well and rested. They are young and both need it. Do not worry about me, I am old and tough and fully expect to get through this emergency and then retire and wear a cap beside the fire. When that day comes, Franklin may perhaps let me come down to visit you in Cuba. I am still looking forward to that with great pleasure.

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I am glad you all had a good time and I hope if you come east that I will surely see you.

Much love,

e.r.
Dearest Mrs R;

Your letter came and this morning Anna gave me a copy of your column mentioning The Heart Of Another. Darling, I am very happy if you liked the book and you did pick out the best story in it to like the most. But don't ever get the idea ever ever ever that you have to write about a book of mine in your column. I send it to you because a book's the only real thing of my own that I have to give away, and because I hope you'll read it and like it; but not for any other reason. I'm not a responsibility or an obligation, darling, I'm just your friend who loves you. You must get that awful straight.

I think Anna and John had a fine time and anyhow they left this morning looking very rested and fine and Anna looked wonderfully handsome. I am devoted to her; she's a grand girl and had a lot of what you have (nobody else has got it all) and she adores you and it was very happy-making to talk about you together, just two of your admirers having a fine time telling each other what a woman you are.

But you know, you better not work so much. You better take at least two days rest when you get to Seattle. Nobody can work at the pace you do, all the time. In the end it would just wear you out and it isn't the soundest way to be useful. You aren't made of steel and anyhow even steel has to be cared for. I hate to think of you sitting at your desk there in the White House until those ungodly hours in the morning with your mail, and then getting up at dawn and all the time giving out and giving out. You must give yourself some time to take in, and absorb rest. It sounds very bossy and is very bossy to be lecturing you this way, but even if you won't consider yourself (which apparently you never do or will), you can just consider objectively that your work will suffer from overwork.

I think this war is going to go on for so long that sooner or later it will seem that it is going on forever. The pace in some ways ought to be like running cross country, not like the hundred-yard dash. You're very important to how things go. As a public duty you have to be always around, because of what you can do. But as a public duty people should take a little care of you, and not always urge you into more and more driven and eating-up work. Well, damn, there's nothing I can do except

with feeling and great concern. I would like to kidnap you and take you to the unreal but very lovely peace and quiet of Cuba. You'd have to go slow there. There is no other quiet in the whole country.

I'm sending you some pictures of Anna and John out shooting. You can see how well and jolly they look. Hope the pictures travel all right. I haven't any proper envelope to put them in, but even if they get a little bent you will still get the general idea. They both have a real natural talent for shooting and it is fun and it is grand and healthy exercise and they have big plans for further shooting in Seattle. I hope they'll come to see us someday and we'll take them out on a Cuban dove shoot.

-----

Have you read a book called "Pattern for Conquest" by a man named Harsh who was the Christian Science Monitor correspondent in Berlin during the first year and a half of the war. It's the best sober impersonal book I've read yet about the Nazis at war; it makes excellent and compelling sense. If you have not read it and have time to read I'll get it to you. It seems to me that our own propaganda ought to be definitely orientated into the anti-Nazi rather than pro-British groove. There's too much wrong with the British, before and during the war to make them a wholeproof sales basis. The Nazis on the other hand stink one hundred percent, and a true understanding (not either an hysterical or exaggerated one) of the danger they represent is surely required now. It is curious how little people really know about them; perhaps because everything said about them is said in headlines, not in a clear continuous and concentrated form. That's why I think this book so fine: almost a textbook in its logic and clarity and completeness.

If we get into this war, I hope I can get a good outdoor job, with a sane and uncomitted outfit, the nearer the war the better. It gives me gooseflesh even to consider what they call the "home front". The home front is evidently very necessary but I'd rather be loading trucks somewhere with the boys, where there is no talk and never any of the big words. Also, do you imagine the world will ever be free of war? I was wondering bitterly the other day what nation would rise up, after the Germans, to spoil the earth?

I love you. I wish you'd take a rest. Always,
June 8, 1942.

Dear Martha:

As soon as I received your letter I got in touch with the President's Naval Aide and he tells me Lieutenant Gellhorn is accredited to the Office of Naval Attache, Buenos Aires, as Assistant Naval Attache for shipping duties. He also says that in March, 1942, a request was received from Lieutenant Gellhorn that the travel of his wife to Buenos Aires be authorized by the Navy Department, but under the policy then effective, the request was disapproved. He tells me further that a radio dispatch was sent from the Chief of Naval Operations to Lieutenant Gellhorn on June 2, 1942, advising him that if he desired his wife to join him in Buenos Aires, to submit a request to the Chief of Naval Operations for authorization of her travel, giving reasons why such travel is in the public interest and information as to her language qualifications.

I hope this will lead to permission being granted.

How are you and what are you doing? I am not doing anything particularly exciting at the moment. Are you coming this way? I'll be here until June 15, and back and forth between Hyde Park and Washington through the summer.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Bacon's on the Sea
Fort Walton, Florida
MEMORANDUM FOR

MISS MALVINA THOMPSON

In connection with your memorandum of May 28th, quoting in part a letter received by Mrs. Roosevelt from Martha Gellhorn, the Office of Naval Intelligence advises me as follows:

Lieutenant Gellhorn is accredited to the Office of Naval Attache, Buenos Aires, as Assistant Naval Attache for shipping duties. In March, 1942, a request was received from Lieutenant Gellhorn that the travel of his wife to Buenos Aires be authorized by the Navy Department. Under the policy then effective, the request was disapproved.

No subsequent request has been received. If he should now desire that his wife join him, and so advises through official channels, the matter will receive the full consideration of the Chief of Naval Operations.

JOHN L. McCREA
Captain, U. S. Navy
Naval Aide to the President
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 4, 1942.

MEMORANDUM FOR
MISS MALVINA THOMPSON

In connection with the attached letter, I am advised that a radio despatch was sent from the Chief of Naval Operations to Lieutenant Gellhorn on June 2, 1942, advising him that if he desired his wife to join him in Buenos Aires, to submit a request to the Chief of Naval Operations for authorization of her travel, giving reasons why such travel is in the public interest and information as to her language qualifications.

JOHN L. MCREA
Captain, U. S. Navy
Naval Aide to the President
Dear Tommy;

I wrote Mrs R a couple of days ago about my brother and sister in law and am writing you a few extra points which have arisen. I am sorry as all get-out darling to bother you citizens and would not do so if I could possibly avoid it. As far as I can make out between pals, dear Mrs Shipley has got the bit in her teeth again and is running away, full of righteousness, with any and all passports. Mixed metaphor. Since I wrote Mrs R I got a letter from Eleanor Gellhorn (wife to Lieutenant George Gellhorn, asst Naval Attache at the Embassy in Buenos Aires) saying that she had received word from Mrs Shipley that the Navy "did not approve at this time of issuing passports for the families of Navy personnel." That is no hard and fast rule evidently; and though it may be wise to keep wives out of Australia which can be invaded, or Honolulu which can be bombed, it seems sort of dogmatic to keep them out of the Argentine where they are no doubt safer than on the Atlantic or Pacific Seaboard. Moreover, there is no question of this wife asking any monetary help or favors from the Navy, as she is paying her own way. She has a reservation on the June 15 plane from Brownsville, the poor creature, and had filled herself full of all those vaccines and other horrors which you have to take, and now she sits with this unexpected, unreasonable and unexplained and unclear NO from Mrs Shipley. The Naval attache has his wife and children there, as I explained. Eleanor speaks Spanish. Oh, well, why go on. I mainly wanted to add that there seems to be no real rule against her going and that she won't cost nothing. Dear Tommy excuse me, I try not to be a bother as I daresay most friends are. Good luck,

Walt Gellhorn (Hemingway)
Dearest Mrs R,

I see the buzzards are making circles around you, letting out long shrill cries. I hope it does not hurt you yourself, any more than it can harm the fixed well-loved place you have in the country. (Odd sentence.) I mean dearest that they can hurt your feelings, but they cannot do anything else: and for hurting your feelings, would enjoy going forth and kicking everyone of them hard in the stomach. It is a miserable and fairly inexplicable show. I don't think it is really directed against you, or even against Douglas and that nice young dancer. I think it is just a blowing off of many dissatisfactions: and here was good game. Actually, it is a very misleading show too. If Congress, journalists and what all want to start taking cracks against people who hold jobs in the government, why don't they attack people who hold really important jobs, and who are really harmful. I doubt very much whether Melvyn Douglas could (even if he ever would) wreak much serious damage on the country: idem for the others, whom they are attacking so as to attack you. But whoever is inventing that rare idea in the state department, about building a "Free Spain" around the Duke of Alba and Juan de Bourbon, should be looked into. His (or their) hearts are in a dangerously wrong place. Whoever omitted the statement about Admiral Muselier and his men, describing them as "the so-called Free French", needs an inquiry. Whoever goes on, appearing Vichy in the face of all evidence -- in time, history and fact -- that this is a serious error, should be spoken of. Why don't they look where there is something to look for: there are plenty such places around. Why make a five day circus, howling about perfectly sincere and harmless people, just because of their
I am sure it is making an enormous number of people very very angry, I do not know that Melvyn Douglas, for one, has ever done anything which in any way ever could be regarded as a pro-Fascist act. Sometimes it seems to me that maybe it is not too smart to be a really sound anti-Fascist: it is sounder just to be pro-British. There is a confusion about these things: and the confusion does no good.

The news today, as on most days, is a horror. I wonder how the English command is going to get over the escape of two huge battleships, from Brest, with a loss of 38 English planes to accompany the escape. But what really gives me the horrors today is the news that Wavell is going to abandon the Indies and move to Australia. God help the Dutch, the only besides the Chinese, who were ready and able to fight. And willing to fight, which is another serious point. It is a shame that Mac Arthur cannot be made into an English national hero, so that his model would be a compulsory example for the English command. Are we going to rat out on the Dutch too? If so, it is heartbreaking: not only morally, but practically. If so, are we going to adopt also the English fetiche of retreat (always acting as if retreat were okay, and you could regain at the Peace Conference -- by miracle -- everything that is horribly lost.)

I knew the Van Mooks in Batavia (did you see him much in Washington?) He had done a magnificent job, in negotiations, with the Japs for about eight months: and meantime his whole country had done a whole lot more.
Yesterday, the new copy of TIME came, and the first page is given over to complaints from important people about Americans (the common American) and his indifference to this war. Everyone is worried and angry it seems (even you have said things about it.)

But darling, I should think -- if this state of complacency exists in the public mind -- you would all be wondering why and how it happened: and what to do about it. I do not believe the people can be blamed.

After all, they have very little to do with anything: they are not told very much (I speak as a newspaper reader myself); their opinion is not often sought. If the people think it is a "professional's war", it must be because that impression was given to them. If they do not know what Nazism means, if they do not have a clear flame of conviction, and a real fury against all that Nazism has and can do, it is perhaps because things are not simple enough and straight enough yet. Surely the appeasing that still goes on must cloud the issue.

We have some things to raise up our hearts. We have the memory of Wake Island, the Americans flying from Rangoon up to Lashio, we have Mac Arthur and the men with him.

I think probably the two best places to be in the world today must be with those two outfits. I also think Java must be a fine place, with fine single minded and determined people running it. No American, surely, can be indifferent to such places and such people. The rest is not perhaps as clear and as inspiring. (I speak just like any other ignorant American, a newspaper and radio listener).

The war dept thinks that woman's place is in the home, and they do not wish to transport females around to the areas of conflict, nor will they accredit female correspondents to the "armies in the field."
I guess I can still get accredited to foreigner’s armies alright, so that
part does not matter too much; but how to get anywhere? It is too late
for me to do anything about being a woman, though I would gladly change
my sex to be obliging, if it were feasible. However, I am just waiting
now, hoping things will get shaken down a bit, as time goes on.
It took the English an awful long time to get a reasonable censorship
and we are apparently going on, learning by experience rather than
profiting from the experience of others. Maybe the same thing will
happen about correspondents, in due course. Female ones, also.
Meanwhile, I am studying, so that no time is wasted. I think I will
be covering wars from now on, as I have been since 1936, and I think
I might try at to be a learned war correspondent, not only one who
looks and reports. So I am slowly and painfully studying artillery,
automatic weapons, tanks, planes, tactics and strategy, and working up
promotions to the rank of sergeant. It is very interesting, and later
will be useful. I am not yet a private, first class; but hope to
get there. It is very helpful to have seen war: most of the
artillery I have seen has been the incoming shell, but it is sound to
have a clear idea of the destructiveness of the weapon, even if you
have not had a sound idea of how the weapon works.

Ernest is writing. I wish I could. I feel too upwrought inside
to be able to concentrate properly. He has always been better
disciplined than I, and he is of course a better writer. (Better is a
mild word.) Mother is working doubly hard (if that is possible) on
the League of Women Voters, which is a fine job because they are
the small all-over-the-place instructors of women for democracy, and
it is certainly necessary never to abandon that subject for a moment.
(he graduated from Annapolis and has been working for 7 years in S.A.)

My oldest brother is a naval attaché at Buenos Aires; my second brother is counsel to the Price Administration for New Jersey and New York, my youngest brother (a real wonder, and someday I want to bring him to see you: he is the flower of my family) is adding research in army medicine to his work at Johns Hopkins. And Private Gellhorn is deep in the infantry man’s manual. So there we are. I am homesick for Mother, but she is too busy to come here and I don’t like to leave E, who is my job. Maybe in the end, the only useful thing I will have done with my life is to have helped him (a little) to write.

Ginny Cowles wrote that she had seen you. I am very fond of her. She is a brave girl, a really brave one, and besides that her mind and her heart have gotten clean and sharp and determined, in the six years since she first came to Spain and first started looking at the world. It was very exciting to have her down here, and hear all the news. She has been everywhere, since the war started in 1939, and she has done a fine job of understanding. Besides that, she is great fun. War or peace, it is wonderful to have people like that around.

Darling, this started out as a little letter to say simply that I love you as always, and hate with passion the people who hurt you. But it has gotten into a very long letter. You won’t even have time to read it. How are Anna and John? Please give them my love in your next letter.

Always,

[Signature]

[Note]: Love to Tommy.
June 29, 1942.

Dearest Marty:

I am delighted if things are going through for your sister-in-law, though as a matter of fact they tell you so little, sometimes when you start the ball rolling you do not know what is going to happen in the end.

If you come up to Washington and I am here and you do not come to stay with me at the White House, I shall be very annoyed with you. That is the only way I get a chance to see anyone. If you come to New York City I can come down from Hyde Park, as I do want to see you.

I am glad to hear you are going to do some work in the Caribbean. It does not seem to be the safest spot, particularly if you travel on boats. I hope you do most of your travelling by air.

You are right about the hate that is built up in the world, but I am afraid it cannot be bred out on the scale you are thinking of, but I think there are lots of things that can be done, but whether we have the courage and the perseverance to do them, I do not know. Anna seems to be fine and not in the least worried by the Aleutian Islands. I enjoyed Mrs. Jackson very much. She was so nice to Jimmy in Honolulu. It was grand having Jimmy back for a few days.

Affectionately always,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Pinca Vigia
San Francisco de Paula,
Cuba.
Dearest Marty:

I am delighted if things are going through for your sister in law, though as a matter of fact they tell you so little, sometimes when you start the ball rolling you do not know what is going to happen in the end.

If you come up to Wash. and I am here and you do not come to stay with me at the WH, I shall be very annoyed with you. That is the only way I get a chance to see anyone. If you come to NYC I can come down from Hyde Park as I do want to see you.

I am glad to hear you are going to do some work in the Caribbean. It does not seem to be the safest spot, particularly if you travel on boats. I hope you do most of your travelling by air.

You are right about the hate that is being built up in the world, but I am afraid it can not be bred out on the scale you are thinking of, but I think there are lots of things that can be done, but whether we have the courage and the perseverance to do the I do not know. Anna seems to be fine and not in the least worried by the Aleutian Island. I enjoyed Mrs. Jackson very much. She was so nice to Jimmy in Honolulu. It was grand having Jimmy back for a few days.

affec always

e.r.
Dearest Mrs. R.

Thank you so much for your letter and you are an angel to have helped. We knew something or other had happened (by the way your letter written June 8 reached me here today June 22 having been forwarded from Florida) because Eleanor got a cable from George which was very vague and mysterious but full of hope. I do not know how to thank you for them; they will be more grateful than you can know. How does one thank you anyhow, for all the many things you are and have done. So I will send your letter to Eleanor and bless you.

I thought maybe I was coming up your way and wanted to see you, which was one of the most energetic reasons for coming. But now I think not, at least not now. I am going off to the Caribbean for Colliers, and as I am already in the Caribbean will try to arrange my papers by mail instead of coming all the way up north and then turning around and starting back again. I think it will be possible to do it all by mail since the Caribbean isn't a hot spot and ought to be an area in which the frail female sex (as impersonated by a war correspondent) may be allowed to work without too much argument.

But afterwards, maybe I will get up there to report to Colliers and then I'll take a train and also to the park bench (as I understand Washington is sort of like a gold rush town for accommodations) until you have a few minutes free; then maybe I could meet which you off for an ice-cream soda and you'd tell me about the world and what goes on in it.

The President's appointment of Edward Davis to a unified Information Bureau seems very wonderful to us. Mr. Davis has seemed, for a long time, the soundest and straightest of news understandings.

I wonder all the time what sort of a world is to come out of this. The terrifying thing is the great capital of hate which is being piled up; so that finally it seems to me we have almost nothing which can match it, no other coin as solid. The town of Lidice in Czechoslovakia alone, is enough to poison a whole nation for
decades. Finally, the greatest crime the Nazis have invented is this one of filling the world with hate, because the hate will stay like an infection in the blood, even after the killing is over. And there is no Christian cure, no simple thing like turning the other cheek, and ignoring the hate. It cannot be done. While the other cheek is being turned, they will seize the opportunity to build more hate. Will we have to live in a policed world forever, just so as to keep the Germans locked in and harmless? There ought to be some fairly painless way of diluting their race so that they cannot, regularly, destroy the rest of mankind. Sterilization for the men (painless operation, they say) and extermination of the women with other races. If there were no pure Aryan Germans, but only German-French, German-Italian, German-English etc., maybe they'd be able to sit down and give humanity a rest. They themselves have set out to exterminate a people, the Poles, but their methods are too revolting for the rest of us. I wonder if historically it would be possible to dilute blood, on a national scale, so that the dangerous blood would be bred out. It would be like a scientific experiment in breeding criminals to approved well adjusted law abiding people, which side would win out in such a mating. Probably nothing will be done, nothing that is which really changes Germans. Can you imagine a world, sitting in a million waiter of machines (but no machine that will make anything, only machines for breaking), hating and afraid, just because there are some 80 million loonies on the planet? What is there to do?

The children are down here for the summer. They are very good and lively. Ernest teaches them how to read and think and shoot and fish and I teach them table manners (which is very funny.) They are very happy and honest and not at all afraid of the sort of world they live in.

How's my friend Anna? Vesta Jackson is an awful nice woman, and good fun too. She told me she'd seen Jimmy out there in Honolulu I think and how much she liked him.

Take care of yourself darling and thank you as always for your great helpingness.

Love,

[Signature]
Hyde Park, N.Y.
July 18, 1942

Dearest Marty:

I called Sumner Welles about your visas. He says France simply will not give them and that he wrote you to that effect. I am afraid there is nothing more that we can do about it. I feel as you do that it is a shame not to be able to go there, but what can not be done, can not be done.

I am so glad your sister-in-law has gone. I also had a letter from your mother. It was sweet of her to write for I really did no more than urge the proper authorities on.

I am sure your mother will enjoy having the little girl with her. We have had Diana Hopkins and a friend all summer and while I can not say I spend very many consecutive days here, they have been a pleasure whenever I have been here.

I am sure you will enjoy your trip and that it will be very fruitful. Take care of yourself and do not get into trouble. The children and Ernest will probably miss you terribly but it will be good for them and you will be all the better able to take care of them when you come back.
I would love to meet the boy you speak of, Jack Friedman. Perhaps someday we will all get together and have a chance for a real talk again.

With much love and good luck,
August 9, 1942.

Dearest Marty:

I loved your letter and I read it to the President. He was delighted with it and said he was going to read it to Mr. Ickes if I would have a copy made of the part about Mr. Tugwell, which I have done.

I feel as you do about Haiti, it is lovely, and I shall be anxious to know what you think about the Virgin Islands, because they had some promise of working out when I was there.

Good luck to you and take care of yourself.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Finca Vigia
San Francisco de Paula
Cuba.
Dearest Mrs R;

Thank you for your sweet letter. I've just written Mr Weales, and thank you for trying about Martinique. What cannot be, cannot be and that's that. I wonder what the French are hiding, behind their refused visas. It makes a place both doubtful and interesting, when you are not allowed to see it. Thank you darling as usual, for the help you always give so generously.

I've been having an interesting time. Any place that you have not seen is fascinating. Sometimes it is also lovely and fun, and sometimes just absorbing, so that you get your pleasure only through the mind. I wouldn't live in San Juan for any amount of money; nor in Puerto Rico for that matter. The crowdedness and the poverty seem to me appallingly depressing; you cannot forget them, there is no place to look without seeing the signs. I've been working very hard and if you work hard you don't think much; you just note, without judging. But I am not going to weep when I leave.

The attacks they make on Mr Tugwell in the local press are the most shocking exhibitions of libel and injustice that I have seen since the paid Paris press of before the war. He must be disgusted with it. As far as I can see, his only crime is that he would like to do a few mild things to better the wretched lot of the mass of the people here. Someone told a joke the other day, saying that if Tugwell came out in
favor of motherhood, the opposition would say, "Motherhood! Doesn't
the Governor know the island is overpopulated; and besides what
does he know about motherhood; he never had a baby." I think that if
the poor man sneezed it would be made into a political issue and
his sneeze would be regarded very unfavorably. It's so like the way
a small clique would set out to vilify any public man in France,
who wanted reforms -- even the mildest reforms (take Blum as an example) --
that it looks very familiar to me. But there ought to be some way for
the other side of the picture to be presented locally; or perhaps
all this screaming and lying defeats itself, without any outside help.

I am going out to see the housing project named after you (this is
because I like things named after you), but what can they do here, truly,
to make the place work. There are just too many people; and it seems to
be a sort of selection a l'inverse, the least adequately equipped for
life have the most children. The beauty of being a reporter is that you
can look and move on; it would take either great courage or a huge natural
optimism to live here and try to run the island, I think.

Haiti was lovely; it's the best place I've seen. And what was
nice too was seeing colored people being at home, being their own
masters, running themselves; and the interesting feature of it, psychologi-
cally, is that the whites seem to like them much better there, and like
them because of their dignity and their position as their own bosses.
The President, Monsieur Lescot, is an angelic person who looks like Uncle Tom and talks the loveliest soft French and is the most ardent Roosevelt fan you can imagine. He talked to me for an hour about the President. You probably know him well, so this is not news.

I am going to try to travel by schooner from St. Thomas to Antigua though I haven't the faintest idea how to work it, or whether there are schooners or anything else. It is just an idea. Will probably be seasick and very very tired of the cramped quarters and the general dirtiness, but I think I ought to travel by water for a bit if I possibly can; since everything happens on the water. If it works out, I'll let you know what it was like.

Love always,

August 2
TELEGRAM
OFFICIAL BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT RATES

MRS ERNEST HEMINGWAY
HOTEL LOMBARDY
111 EAST 56th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

DELIGHTED AT THOUGHT OF SEEING YOU CAN YOU DINE WITH ME
AT MY APARTMENT 29 WASHINGTON SQUARE WEST AT SEVEN FIFTEEN
TOMORROW MONDAY NIGHT THE TWELFTH BRING ANY ONE YOU LIKE
AND NO FORMAL DRESS LOVE

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
Dearest Mrs. R.:

I am—actually coming to New York at last. If the plane reservation comes through, I'll be there October 11th and have to be back here October 24th. When during that time do you think I could see you? Will you be in New York or shall I come to Washington, or have you any time? I could come down to Washington on the train and take the sleeper back or anything that's convenient, if you aren't too swamped. There are loads of things to talk about, but mainly I want to hear. Not having been there since December 6th, I feel as if I thought in a foreign language.

Everything's fine here. I just got back from my Caribbean assignment two weeks ago (full of fine stories) and have written three articles and am solvent again, a little weary, but very happy. The trip was marvellous, one of the best yet from my point of view, though from the point of view of exciting wartime journalism it was certainly on the quiet side. I hired a 30-foot sailboat without a motor and with a crew of five colored boys and paid them as if it were the Normandie, because it was hurricane season and no one wanted to move, and set out dimly into an area where submarines were rumored. God knows what I thought I'd do if I saw one, but I was getting conscience-stricken for Colliers and the lack of any firsthand stuff on the only Caribbean warfare there is. The sloop trip, far from being dramatic, turned out to be a study in comic hardship, but it was great fun and very instructive and I got some places that people hadn't been of late.

It's lovely to be home though. We now have five cats; one small refugee dog; two hunting dogs that spend their time pointing lizards, cats and chickens exclusively; six lovebirds; three tree ducks; and forty-two pigeons. We also have a tiny pretty rooster and his wife, who are far too jolly to bother making eggs. The place is more of a menage than a farm, but still very wonderful and someday, somehow, you must come and giggle with me about it.

I cannot wait to see you and do hope you won't be west on a lecture tour or anywhere that I can't connect.

Love, 

[Signature]
Dearest Mrs R;
I got your letter yesterday. Yes, apparently your magic touch fixed everything. My sister in law is going down to be with George, which is so simple and sensible and generally useful a conclusion that I realise only you could have accomplished it. Thank you darling endlessly, for them. Also for Mother, whom naturally is immensely relieved at this outcome. Mother is going to be the caretaker of Eleanor's child, now for the duration I suppose. (A nice little girl at the awkward age, daughter of a previous and very early marriage. Of course, Mother has always been "Gram" to her.) I think your generation and Mother's is a far far nobler thing than mine. This immense ability to welcome people, and have them with you, is what I admire. It's a very special kind of unselfishness. I am willing to do almost anything for people except live with them; so you can see at once that nobility is not inherited in our family.

My passport has been validated. I just got a telegram to that effect.

For once, I was not going to bother you. I bother you enough. This I wasn't going to bother anybody, in a simple minded way, because there are no rules against a journalist (even a female one, that type of outcast) travelling in non-war zones, in the line of duty. But I found out that I could not get a visa to Martinique, unless there was some kind of intercession. That is to say, the French authorities needed a little extra recommending before they'd grant one. I wrote Mr. Welles, whom I do not know, but I have written to him about various things, and asked him if he would give me a letter that I could use, to impress the French visa-giving authorities. It appears (from Collier's cable to me) that Mr. Welles very generously went to work on the primary problem of getting my passport validated. I had not asked any such service and am really touched that he took the trouble. So now, everything is fine; except that my passport is not validated for Martinique and French Guiana — which means that I cannot go there even if the French
authorities decided to shower visas on me.

I do not understand this at all. If they are afraid that I might write something tactless, they need not worry; since every line will be submitted to U.S. censorship obviously. Further, I happen to speak French about as well as English, and have known the French well for a long time and gotten on well with them and have what they call good contacts with all kinds and shades of thought. Even the Vichyssoise. I should think that it would be useful to have an unsuspicious looking journalist, who speaks French, make a tour of those territories.

I should think that things I could see and learn would be useful in reports to the State Department itself and to our intelligence. In principle I am a trained observer (otherwise I don't know what Colliers pays me for) and in fact I lived a large part of my adult life in France, and really with the French, and I have followed their goings-on closely during all those complicated years.

It seems to me further that all clarifying writing, now, about the Caribbean is of great importance because the Caribbean is very close to us (awfully close) and still not ours; moreover when you realize that writing is all censored, so that — from the official point of view — no gaffes can be made, I should think the interests of the public, Colliers and the State Department were identical.

There is little enough that one can do to help, but it makes me sad when it is so hard even to do that little. I suppose it always works the same way, and I am not specially kicking; I am just regretting. The Chinese reprinted my articles on China, in Spanish, for distribution in South America, with many thanks and expressions of esteem from the Chinese minister here. The Dutch think I did them a great service, writing about Java the last trip and are delighted to have me go and see anything of theirs because they believe that the more they are known about and understood, the better. Even the English reprint/Colliers articles, and all English journalists hand on their information for use to their government, and are always asked to do so. I simply feel sad, personally, not to be of service in the ways I can be of service.
Martha Hemingway

FINCA VIGIA SAN FRANCISCO DE PAULA CUBA

If you think it is worthwhile to speak of this (and only if you think it is worthwhile), the State department/validations for Martinique and French Guiana could be wired to the American Consul at Paramaribo, Surinam.

If I had the validations, I would then have to get the French visas, which will be harder to do there than here (where I am known), but can at least be attempted.

If nothing comes of it, okay. If anything I learn during the trip is of use, I will be delighted to give it to anyone who is interested, naturally.

You know, darling, there is a lot of goffiness and duplicated effort and general nonsense about passports anyhow, and some of it is quite funny (providing you are not too hot and hurried and so cross therefore, that nothing seems funny.)

For instance: once you get your passport validated for the countries of the Caribbean, you set off on a plane. The first plane stop is San Juan, Puerto Rico, U.S. territory. There, it being U.S., they instantly confiscate your passport, which has just been validated to allow you to travel in the Caribbean. Isn't it something? You have to get some kind of special thing, which states that your newly granted passport is not to be seized from your hand six hours after you start your journey. Oh well; if that was all that was wrong, everything would be wonderful.

Meantime, I am in a joy to be going. I love the work, really love it. I would rather be a journalist than anything except a first rate writer. You can be a first rate journalist, but no amount of just will, work and love will make you a first rate writer. God has something to do with that. The writing of books is hard and lonely work and you are never sure for a minute that you have done the thing you planned and hoped to do. Journalism is hard and exhausting and marvelously exciting and always rewarding and you know exactly what kind of job you are doing, every minute. If you are lucky, you get to places where the trouble is; and if not, if you will work hard enough, you can make anything interesting because every place is interesting if you dig enough to find out what it is like underneath. I adore to travel too, and life with one suitcase is my idea of life with exactly enough
possessions. And now, the thought of seeing places whose names I have always
known and loved, but never seen, is enough to make me spin like a top with
happiness.

Everything is fine with my family here and I hate housekeeping just about
as much as ever. The children love this place and Ernest is a wonderful father,
(so that they read with taste and remember their reading)
teaching them everything from how to read/to how to shoot, steer a boat by compass
and splice ropes. He is with them all the time and they are very lovely to see
together; two small boys roaring with laughter at Papa's jokes and following him
around like puppies. He is editing a book that I think is going to be a marvel,

a collection of things on war, going as far back as the battles of the crusades and
as far forward as battles in Russia now. It is a long and painstaking labor and
I think it may very well turn out to be a classic sort of text. He rules out all
the lying reports and the fancy stuff usually written by second rate people for
home consumption, and keeps the wonderful things written by men who could not only
see but tell truthfully what they had seen.

I get wonderful letters from people I used to know in Spain; most of the
American boys are now in our army and what marvelous people they are. When
the war is over, and if he's still alive, I'd like you to meet a young Jew named
Jack Friedman, born on a farm in New York state, one of the purest spirits I ever
had anything to do with. He's so ugly and unimpressive looking and I've watched
him growing and growing, inside himself, until he is one of my real admirations in
this life. The first time I ever saw him he was filthy, and trying to get something
fairly cold to drink in a Valencia café. He ran an ammunition truck at
the front, and was on two days leave. He recognized Ernest and all he wanted to
talk about was: is James Joyce really a great writer? God knows where he had ever
heard of James Joyce, but apparently it was a problem that worried him. He had never
been beyond highschool; of course, but he read anything he could find and had found
an Everyman's edition of The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, in Valencia.
He came to lunch one day in New York with me and H.G. Wells, and Wells was so happy,
after the horrors of a lecture tour, to meet an absolutely simple and honest man with
such a good eager mind and such a really generous spirit. We were terribly lucky to have Spain in our lives: I have a sort of capital of fine people whom I rarely see, though they do write (those who are alive, those who are not in concentration camps), and having known them, I can always believe in the dignity of man and have hope for the future, no matter how much lausiness I see besides.

This is a very long letter. I'll send you postcards of the beautiful Caribbean. I wish you were going along.

Love,

Marty

July 10
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 19, 1942

MEMO FOR MR. CRIM:
MR. HELM:
MR. MUSSTITT:
MR. TOLLEY:
MISS THOMPSON:

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway will arrive on October 24 and will be a house guest. She is coming by plane but has not given us the time of arrival.

M.T.L.
TELEGRAM
OFFICIAL BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT RATES

MRS ERNEST HEMINGWAY
HOTEL LOMBARDY
NEW YORK CITY

I AM FINE AND DELIGHTED YOU ARE COMING MONDAY THANKS
BUT HAVE NO ERRANDS IT IS PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT FOR YOU
TO COME TO WASHINGTON ON 24th LOVE

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
MRS FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHDC

MONDAY FINE CAN I DO ANY ERRANDS FOR YOU HERE STOP WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I POSTPONE WASHINGTON TRIP TO OCTOBER TWENTY FOUR STOP HAVING A LITTLE DIFFICULTY WITH PLANE RESERVATIONS PLEASE TELL ME MONDAY HOW ARE YOU GET SOME REST DARLING LOVE MARTY.
December 1, 1942

Dear Marty:

Many thanks for your welcome home. I did not get around very much alone, but I did see an enormous amount and I think, with the training which Tom and I have acquired in the past through traipsing around in our own country, we not a great deal of what was underneath as well as what was on top.

It was deeply interesting and I am very glad I went. Toward the end I was pretty weary and only hope I can accomplish something now that I am home, in the way of bringing about better understanding of the British war effort in this country.

I am glad you had a satisfactory time in the White House and I am sorry the Lincoln bed disturbed you, but I thought you might get some historical interest in feeling the shadow of Lincoln.

I hope Ernest's work comes along well, and I know whatever role you are playing, you will do it satisfactorily.

I hope you do get the adult education started in the camp near you. I am sure that, if you begin in a small way, you will find it will grow. I haven't forgotten that you think I should get around the Caribbean, and some day perhaps I will.
I read your article on Puerto Rico and I liked it immensely. I must get the others so I can catch up.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
San Francisco De Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs R;

Welcome and welcome. You must have had a time indeed. Was it wonderful? I adored the way the newspaper accounts all said the English were open-mouthed over your energy. By that, I gathered that you had gotten around alone and unescorted and seen everything. Gosh, I wish I could hear. Are you very tired now and is poor Tommy worn to the bone and how was it in the palace. Oh, I'd give anything to hear about it.

And on the whole are you happy about the trip, and happy about what you saw?

Alec and I held down the White House in solitary splendor for three days. We had a nice time with the President at dinner the first night and I had a few minutes with him alone in the morning and told him the messages I had and that was enough time because the matter has all been attended to, which is fine, I did not get any chance to talk to him about any of the things we talked about, but somebody will sometime. And the other business was specific and immediate and it is wonderful to have all going through so fast. Then he went away for the weekend and I spent most of the time, sneezing my head off and blowing my nose in Lincoln's bed. At first the bed made me very unhappy; it seemed so lousy and insolent for me to be in it, since once it belonged to Lincoln. But then afterwards I got used to it, or at least nottormented with historical conscience, and Alec anyhow comforted me by saying the bed had been defiled by Edna Ferber (whom he does not like you may remember) long before my advent. Thank you so much for letting me come and stay darling.
Here everything is fine. We had a near cyclone but it changed its mind and blew harmlessly across the middle of the island; it was grand fun and excitement when it seemed to be on its way here.

But better not to have it, obviously. Ernest is working terribly hard and well. I do not see him as much as before, but am just being a good little wife, of the make-the-men-comfortable school. It is not a hard job at all; and as I am evidently going to be here all winter, I must do something a little more serviceable. I am wondering whether I could start, experimentally, on that idea of adult education for soldiers at the San Antonio camp here. I'm going to enquire about very gently and see what happens, and see whether -- on a small scale and modestly -- it would be possible both to try it and to prove its worth. But I do not know how far
will get with it. I wrote out at length and gave to Henry Field a plan for using books (the existent library set-up being the meeting place) and movies, with speakers and discussion leaders, to provide this sort of political education in camps. I talked to a few young men about it in Washington and wrote out this plan but God knows what has happened to it. Unless the authorities can be made to believe that a man's mind must be as well armed as his body (that it is not a luxury but a necessity), then nothing will happen. And the best way to do it would be to start somewhere, and see what results it gave. I'll try anyhow.

Hope you are fine darling and not too exhausted. Take some care of yourself, even just a little care. I love you very much.

It's good to have you back. E. sends love too.

Always,

Love
January 11, 1943

Dear Marty:

Thank you very much for sending me the report for your mother. I sent it on in the hope that the boy will get back to duty with the minimum of punishment.

I am glad you are home. It must be fine for your mother to have you though I realize it must be hard to leave your family in Cuba.

The eighteen-year old boy does seem absurdly young, and I have made a plea to all the people I can in the Selective Service and the Army and Navy to give them special physical and psychiatric examinations so they will not be too much put upon at the start. It is so important, because while I believe that it is a good age, when they haven't begun on a pattern of life and when they have less imagination of what might happen and fewer people dependent on them, to serve in this ghastly business of war, to make sure of their fitness. Some of the impressionable and sensitive youngsters break more easily, and they must be safeguarded.

I can perfectly well understand your feeling when you visited the airport, but I do not think we should let material efficiency drown our sense of importance where other things are concerned.
I hope you can go back with your ideas just as soon as the airport is finished.

I hope you are coming east, but I imagine that you are not on this trip so I will send this letter to Cuba. It takes my best wishes to you and Ernest for a year when you can feel good work has been accomplished, and many thanks for your Christmas telegram.

Much love to you,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
San Francisco De Paula
Cuba
Dearest Mrs R;

Tommy called and I feel very badly because, instead of coming at once when you suggested and when it is probably convenient for you, I said I didn't see how I could. You see, there is a girl who is coming out of the hospital and I promised her two weeks ago, before she had the operation (kind of as a consolation for having it) that I would go with her to the country for four days for her convalescence. There isn't any substitute to take my place and though naturally I would rather see you, it would not be very fair. But if I miss you entirely that will be too grim. I told Tommy I would love to come to Washington Thursday on the night train when I get back from the country if that is all right for you, and I hope it is; but can easily see you may be up to the eyes in work and anyone extra around would only be a strain. Drat. I don't know what to do, so am going ahead as planned and praying that Friday in Washington is convenient.

I saw your pictures in the new life and I think you look very pretty; tireder in some than in others but otherwise wonderfully well and handsome in the uniform. And with the smile like a blessing for the lonely people. I would like to tell you something in writing because I would never say it to you, because of getting shy when one talks though not shy when writing. Yet it is hard to write because it should be exactly written. And anyhow it
is that you are one of the really valuable people in the world because you stand for something, in yourself, in your heart, that is like a symbol of all the decency and generousness that the world longs for, and is sick and hungry for; and you are there like having it in person, and as a model, and as a hope. I do not know whether I write it as clearly as I feel it but it is very true; and you must never change or die or anything because you are necessary. When one gets really discouraged, thinking of how the world works, there is you and then one is not discouraged.

Also I love you.

Right now I have tetanus in my right shoulder and typhoid in my left and small pox on my leg, and I take a personally rather dark view of life. But this ought to improve tomorrow. If I can get passage on something or other, I should be leaving in two weeks. It has been a long wait and I am very homesick for Ernest. I didn't even realise (the fine perceptions of the novelist) that I was after all a very ordinary and average woman who gets a gloomy wandering pointless feeling just because one man isn't near enough to shout at. But I do, and more and more, and if it keeps up like this in a few years I'll never be able to leave the man at all, and will be extremely surprised to find that freedom isn't such hot stuff in the end. On the other hand, I can't see him anyhow and had an odd mainly solitary year behind me, so I guess the thing is to get through the war like the rest of the human race.

How I hope you can see me and how I hope you're not too tired of telling it to tell me somethings about your trip and even if you are too tired I could just give you a big hug and leave you in peace. Love to Tommy. Is Mrs. Morgenthau allright now?

Always, Martha

Friday
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
October 9, 1943

Miss Thompson:

Did you take care of this thing or did you send it down for us to try to get in touch with her?

I took off the address and phone number so we can call if you want us to.

DD
Martha can't come to #2.

Let or Punties-

Would like to come to

West there right there

arriving Friday morning.
Dearest Mrs R

It says in all the papers that you look tired and thin, but the picture in TIME is lovely and happy-looking and I hope that's the right version. You must have had a very hard trip but it sounds, all the way, as if you had carried comfort with you like a great lavish gift to give to everyone who needed it. As you do, anyhow. Please I want to see you and hear how it was; but you must be frightfully busy and obviously weary. Whenever you find time, will you let me know. Or are you perhaps coming up on October 6th for the Van Gogh opening that you are sponsoring? If so, perhaps I could rush in to look at you for a second and give you a huge kiss. Tommy will let me know won't she? I'm waiting around to be securely checked by the War Dept before going to England.
By now I think they must have checked back to my great-great grandparents, it has been such a long wait. And I'm getting worried; since I hear that it is a very louche thing to be a premature anti-Fascist (the fine funny new phrase.) Of course the company amongst all us premature is wonderful; but I am wondering whether that effects my travelling. Ah well.

I long to see you. Love,

Marty

Oct 1
Dear Tommy:

May the Lord Preserve you; may you prosper; may you even have a vacation sometime. I do not know how to thank you. Tommy the Miracle-Worker.

Tommy writes a letter one day, two days later comes the answer, and possibly a week after that cables filled with rapture start pouring out of Brazil from my brother and sister-in-law. Happiness floods the ether; their darling daughter is coming to them, the family is reunited.

They of course do not know how this miracle happened nor who worked it: they will probably get religion, believing that God interceded for them.

But I am not a parent, of course, and I begin to wonder whether I was ever even a child.

Anyway my dear Tommy you are an angel and I have no doubt the whole family will knat you a sampler saying God Bless Tommy instead of God bless our happy home. Mother is very happy and as grateful as you can imagine; and I cannot possibly tell you how I appreciate your kindness in all this. I apologize again for having asked you to do it, since it is an imposition on your time, but am terribly glad you did.

Will you give Mrs R a big kiss when she comes home. Our radio doesn't work and we get no US papers for the moment so I don't know where she is or what she is doing. Please make her a loving and hearty greeting from our family.

I have grippe which is why I did not write you immediately.
You will have to believe that I have been thinking my gratitude to both of you, during all these delightful coughing days. I wish I could do something for you citizens. Are you sure you have no errands you wish to be run for you in Cuba. You don't need cromodile belts to give to nephews, hand-embroidered handkerchiefs for maiden aunts, nor perfume (which has turned a little odd in the heat but once came from France.)?

The publisher thinks my new book is good, which is lucky. I can't find a title and am getting a little gaga from reading the Bible looking for one. I have great confidence in the Bible, though I do not understand it very well and in places I find it startlingly funny (is it supposed to be, do you think?) But I can't find anything so far and will have to begin reading Shakespeare soon. He is pretty well picked over though. I never had such a time with a title; generally they come like revelations, or like guessing the right word in a cross word puzzle. But this time nothing.

Hope to be east early in September. Ernest's oldest boy, Jack, finishes Officer's Training School and has two weeks furlough before he goes off, and will probably come here. If he does, I shall not be up until the middle of September. I'll write and find out where you and Mrs R are, and perhaps be able to squeeze in your schedule and see you.

Thank you again Tommy, very much, very sincerely, very gratefully.

Always,

Martha

Aug 4
December 31, 1945

Dear Martha:

It was grand to get your cable and to know you find London a wonderful place. I hope it means you are keeping warm!

We had a good Christmas with Anna, Frankakin, Jr., and Johnny and their children at Hyde Park. It was a bit hectic, but we all enjoyed being together.

My love and every good wish for 1944.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Care Colliers Magazine
NYC
Merry Xmas Darling this is a wonderful place to be. Miss you best.
Wishes to family and Tommy love=

Martha Hemingway
April 29, 1944

Dearest Marty:

I am distressed that you are delayed and hope you will be able to get off soon. Do let me know.

Much love.

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
The Gladstone
NYC
Dearest Mrs. R;

I don't feel that I saw you at all, except to look at you, and that makes me happy; so there we are. Please don't get too tired. I think you look wonderfully handsome, being so thin (and wondrous elegant in the blue outfit), but very pale. Anna says you always are very pale so maybe that is that, but please darling take care of yourself. You're terribly important to the vast legions who love you, amongst whom me.

Thank you very much for letting me come down. The White House is certainly a fine rest cure place, and I slept more than I have for weeks so returned here freshened up. Am now right back in the frantic stage, of endless errands and what not. Actually I am getting almost sick with fear: the way it looks I am going to lose out on the thing I most care about seeing and writing of in the world, and maybe in my whole life. I was a fool to come back from Europe and I knew it and was miserable about it; but it seemed necessary vis-a-vis Ernest. (It is quite a job being a woman isn't it; you cannot do your work and simply get on with it because that is selfish, you have to be two things at once.) Anyhow, due to Roald Dahl -- who has been angelically helpful -- Ernest will get off to England at the end of next week. But I have been shoved back and back, on the American Export plane passenger list, and we do not know whether the RAF will consent to fly me over (it's different for Ernest) and there I am. In a real despair and a real fear. It's so terribly ironical too, because I had it all worked out, just how to cover the Invasion, and during all the winter I was learning and learning so that when the great time came I would be better able to understand and see it,
and now God knows what happens. It will take an awful lot more humility and
good sense than I now have at my command to make such a great disappointment
bearable, in case it all works out for the worst. However. Anyhow
Ernest will get there and he can always tell me about it, as if that did any
good. Enough of this. You can see that I am not in a jolly state of mind.

Mother is here, perfectly lovely and funny and wise and wonderful
as always. It is heaven to see her. She looks tired but perhaps everyone
does. I keep wishing she'd give up the Missouri League of Women Voters and
take a job with the National League so she could be in the east and near
the boys all the time, but she is such a fervent cultivator of her garden that
she almost never changes when she has once started a job. I think her talents
are far too big for that one limited area, and I don't even think the
the people out there are worthy of her devotion and brain, but she would
never agree to that. She sends you her love; you know how deeply she admires
you anyhow.

It was bad not seeing Tommy, it didn't feel like a proper visit. I'm
going to write her, but meantime please give her my best love. And to Anna
and John and that fine tough little boy Johnny.

Thank you again daring for letting me come down. I'm always happy
just to think of you, and what a person you are, and the good it does simply
tо have you alive and going about being yourself.

Devotedly,

[Signature]

April 28
Dear Tommy;

I missed you very much on the last trip; it did not seem right being there and not seeing you. Have meant to write you all along but was in such a huge and even black despair that I couldn't write. I've been terrified all along that I would not get back to Europe and though I am perfectly aware that the Invasion will get along nicely without me, I did not see how I could get along and not be a minor and useless part of it. But now all is well, or rather all is arranged. I am leaving Tuesday by ship and the perhaps not so good feature of it is that it is a convoy and the trip will take 20 days. That is a good deal of ocean for one trip; but was prepared to walk on the water if that would get me there, and lo it is practically the same speed. Anyhow I'm relieved and happy. I may miss the start but at least am not going to sit over here reading about something that I want to write about.

Will you tell Mrs R how it has worked out and thank her for her note. I won't see either of you again now until many months hence, but always think of you and love you. And now that I know I can send letters via Mr Winant it is going to be possible to write you the things I've wanted to before, but did not dare risk sending through the common mails.

Take care of yourself Tommy and have a fine time. I so wish Mrs R would not work quite so hard but I know she will. I think she does look wonderfully handsome, so thin and all, but always too pale. Please give her a kiss and I send you a big kiss too.

Love,

[Signature]
MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT =
29 WASHINGTON SQ. WEST NYK=

ARRIVING HOTEL GLADSTONE NEW YORK TOMORROW MORNING LEAVING FOR LONDON NEXT WEEK HAVE YOU ANY TIME FOR A VISIT THIS WEEKEND LOVE =

MARTY, GILFORD

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE.
Dear Mrs. P——,

Here we are. Here we have been for 2 days, one day short of 2 weeks. The hotel is very pleasant, though the travel is very slow. It is probably just as well. We feel so gay, but right now, we feel so happy to be back in Portugal. We are very happy to be back in Europe, eager for the next trip. I suppose almost back to work, love, and just bursting with happiness.

There have been lots of funny things and one of the funny ones was to ask the orchestra to play "The Last Time I Saw Paris."
a restaurant full of sinister-looking Hawaiians. Just minor fun as you can see. And then we did land on the highest waves that have ever landed on a wave, which was exciting for a few moments, so I won't be writing you very good letters this trip because good letters aren't personal affairs, but I will remember everything for when I get back. And meantime I thank you again, from the most extreme bottom of my heart, for having made it possible (really it was you) for me to get off, and send you + Tommy two big kisses and miss you very much. Love, Marty
"In my village," the man said, "The people stood in front of the church and cried, 'Is there a God? If there is, He would not allow these things to be.'" That was when the Germans came for the man and boys to send them away as slave labor. They took also what women they wanted; it was known that from these they would pick the girls to use in brothels on the Eastern front. The other women would become work animals. In a nearby village, when the Germans made the Jews dig their own graves, and afterwards shot them, the peasants ran away because they were too frightened to watch. Then the Germans confiscated all farms and gave them to German colonists; some Poles were allowed to remain as servants in their own houses, as serfs on their own land. The man went on speaking of these things slowly, in an ordinary voice.

The man had a good face, with a wide sensible mouth and grey eyes that, before, must have been laughing and kind. He could have been thirty eight or forty eight or more or less; his hair was brownish grey and he wore a new badly fitting suit. He had just come to London and he was ill, with his skin very yellow about the eyes. He had been four months en route from Poland, which is a quick journey these days. In life, that is before the German occupation, he was a farmer who owned some few acres in Silesia and he had stayed to slave for the Germans in his own fields. He became the chief of the underground in his district and now after four years, he had been sent from Poland as a representative to the Polish National Committee in London.

The Germans are very kind to animals, the man went on. They sent commissions to Poland to verify that the dogs and horses were living under good conditions. These same committees then
arranged to send our old people to concentration camps, since the old are useless. The old die in these camps, the man said, as no one thinks it worth while to look after them. The Germans of course took all the young. There were 300,000 people deported from this part of Silesia. The land is not especially good, he said, though the coal mines are very valuable. The Germans sent their own colonists because they intended this part of Poland to remain German forever.

It is very interesting, the man said in his quiet unchanging voice, to see that the exploitation of our coal mines, under German rule, is greater than before the war; in the same way the forests are four times more productive. This is because the Germans conserve nothing; they cut down all the trees, mine all the veins. It is not their own property they are destroying. Then it is so easy with labor, he added, if workers are slaves and all you have to do is give them barely enough food to keep them alive. If a farm laborer is late for work, if a miner is sick a few days, his German boss can always report him to the Gestapo as a saboteur and the penalty for sabotage is death. The Germans do not tolerate labor problems, the man said, and looked up to make sure that he was understood.

In the morning we began work on the farms at four o'clock in the frozen dark and we finished when the Germans decided we had worked enough. They gave us whatever food we had; each Pole depended entirely on the German colonist who owned him. There was not much food. For breakfast we had potatoes and salt, for lunch vegetable soup, potatoes and vegetables, for supper potatoes. The Germans gave us three slices of bread a day and sometimes currant jam. We had no fats of course and no meat. It is not very much
and always the same. The tuberculosis is bad now and especially among the children.

If you were lucky enough to live near forests or coal mines you could steal a little wood or coal, but if not then you would live in a house without heat. The Germans gave us some work clothes. We wore ersatz non-wool suits, wooden shoes, and had no underwear or socks. But people still owned some clothing of their own from the time of peace, and on Sundays these clothes were shared in each family. If the father went out, the son stayed home; there was usually one jacket and one pair of trousers to a family. I don't know how the women dressed, he said thoughtfully. They tried to keep warm.

But we did not complain, the man said, we were happy to stay and work as serfs on our own farms. We would be there then, when the Day came, and we would catch the necessary Germans. We would also prevent the Germans from destroying our mines or burning our villages before they left. We have seen everything, the man said simply, the cattle trains where they killed the Jews, the executions of Jews in the village squares. The Germans never hid any of this; they wanted to terrorize us with their murders. They have killed millions of Jews, he said, and thousands of Polish families have been shot for trying to help Jews. If a man shelters a Jew, the Germans shoot him and his whole family; they published an order that any Pole who gave a piece of bread to a Jew would be killed. We used to leave bread or whatever we had in the forests, where the Jews were hiding. We could do nothing for our own people because they were gone into Germany, and we never knew where the
girls were taken nor where they had our old people. One's parents, you understand, he said, one's daughters.

Just before I left, the man said, the Germans were changing. In the beginning they were so sure of winning the war that they did not even bother to work; the colonists were lazy and incompetent. But lately they tried to bribe us with food and to make friends. The German colonists began to cry on us saying, look at our side of it, if we lose the war we will have no farms to go back to. We said nothing, and we smiled to ourselves, and we are all waiting and ready and the Germans know it and they are afraid.

For an instant his face looked less sotny and tired. The fear of the Germans, who had done nothing but torment others with fear, was a patiently waited-for reward. There had been unimaginable suffering and it would not go unreveengd. Now the man did not wish to talk anymore, having said all he wanted to say. He was not going to talk of himself since clearly he did not care about himself. In a way too it made him uneasy to speak so freely of these things which had been spoken of only in secret for years. London must have seemed very strange to him, with people speaking so much and without danger.

The younger man had been in London longer and he was used to talking by now. He was tall and dark, twenty eight probably, good-looking, too thin and he spoke English with a soft almost singing accent. Before the war he had been a student and he was writing his thesis in Paris when the war started. Like the Silesian
farmer, nothing about his own life seemed to surprise the student, nothing of his own life seemed important. He spoke of the Germans in Poland as if he were describing a deadly disease which must be controlled and eradicated. Obviously it was hard dangerous work. The Poles had not invented the disease; they simply fought it.

It did not seem amazing to him that 85 to 100,000 children in the Warsaw district alone were going to secret schools. The Polish underground State paid the teachers and printed the text books, and carried education through from primary training to the final examinations and awarding of high school diplomas. If the Germans caught them, the teachers were shot; the parents of the students were sent to concentration camps, and the children who studied were deported for forced labor. But naturally the schools continued; the Germans could not be allowed to destroy all education in Poland. There were also technical schools in the country where young boys and girls learned to make grenades, derail trains, ruin motor transport, and — as a sort of academic side-line — studied the organization of the Gestapo so that they could combat it. Yes, there was a corps of specialists whose only job was to teach destruction. The schools were small and could easily change their location: their work was very valuable.

The young man spoke of the organization of the underground state saying that there were four branches of the government: the civil administration, the army, the Parliament, the Judiciary. He himself acted as a liaison officer between the Army and the other three branches of the government. It sounded so orderly and normal that you could make no picture of it, and then he said of course the
officials of the government must always seem to be something else: a shop owner, an advertiser, a bank clerk, a milkman, working for a few hours at these ordinary jobs and equipped with the necessary German identity cards and ration books. We often had meetings inside the German factories, he said as if this were the most usual idea in the world.

He himself had jumped from a train, when the Germans deported him for forced labor to East Prussia. He returned to Warsaw, changed his appearance, his name and his papers and the man who jumped from the train was officially dead. He was a book-keeper in a German barrel factory during these years. The underground government sent him on missions around Poland, to make reports on the German New Order for Poles. He knows nothing about book-keeping or barrel-making but he knows a great deal about the Germans as rulers because he studied them, as that was his job.

Not many civil servants are called upon to report the functioning of German breeding farms where selected Polish girls are kept so as to augment the great Aryan race. Not many civil servants, in their normal course of duty, make eye-witness reports on the German policy of extermination for the Jews. This was perhaps the worst, the young man said, he had nightmares for weeks after that. There were Jewish women and children and old people, as well as men; they were packed 130 to a cattle car, there were 46 carloads of them, and the train was run 12 kilometres outside a town, and it took the Jews seven or eight hours to die. "The whole train was moving with their cries," he said.
Then it was necessary also to perform courier service from Poland to the outside world; it was another part of his job. The Germans caught him on his second trip out of Poland. "The young S.S. officer who questioned me was very nice," the Pole said, "He told me we only want to be friends with you; we wish to know who the leaders of your movement are so that we can co-operate with them?" The S.S. man asked questions and as each question remained unanswered another German, who stood in back of his chair, beat the Pole scientifically with a rubber truncheon on the exposed skull bones behind the ear. One cannot imagine what this pain would be, but after four days the young Pole feared the damage to his brain, so he opened the veins in his wrists. The Germans found him too soon and, scientific always, gave him blood transfusions as they still wanted him alive. Later he escaped from a German prison hospital and went on with his duties as a civil servant.

In his own eyes there is no more to the story than that. He had spoken of himself reluctantly and with the greatest indifference: he spoke of what the Germans were doing to his country very calmly, relating facts, and he spoke without hate. It is possible that disgust can be greater than hate; That disgust can be the strongest emotion of all. The Germans were a disease that had spread over Europe; if one was healthy in spirit one could only feel disgust for this sickness.

In their quiet factual voices, the two Poles had been telling of horrors which to them were the very climate of life. But when the Jew, speaking in the same way, began to talk of the Ghetto in Warsaw even the Poles were appalled. This man wore British battle
dress and is now a private in the army here. Before the war, he was an official of the League of Nations, a lawyer, a travelled cultivated man who had lived the life he wished to lead. He left all this freely and went back to the Ghetto in Warsaw and he lived there until the desperate battle at the end. The Poles helped him to escape to France because his knowledge could serve those of his people who were still alive in Europe. He worked in France as long as he could and then came to England to join the army. He was thirty six years old and he had seen too much and it showed in his eyes.

The Jews fled from other parts of Poland to Warsaw; the Germans rounded up all the Jews in Warsaw and drove them into the Ghetto; then they built a wall ten feet high and sealed off this corner of the city. Inside the wall 350,000 people were herded together. They were denied the right to go outside the wall and work. As no one can grow food from cobble stones they were kept alive by the rations the Germans allowed them. So there was hunger, tightening around them every day. Hunger is a slow torment and can be used to destroy the dignity of man. You can throw bread into a street and watch starved people scrambling for it, and it is a funny sight and young uniformed Germans always had that to laugh about. If there is hunger and people living crowded into unheated houses and no way to maintain the sanitation system of a city, there comes disease. Typhus spread through the Ghetto. The Germans did not allow doctors or medicines to be given the Jews. In the mornings, the Jew said, people went out and covered the corpses in the street with newspapers. It was all they could do for the dead. Later the German trucks would drive through the streets and collect the bodies.
The Germans also organized shooting parties, the Jew said. He spoke of this wryly as if he were ashamed to repeat it. Young German soldiers would prowl through the Ghetto shooting at anyone they saw and the Jews fled from them like hunted animals. They never killed many that way, the Jew said, but it amused them. All the time, the Jews waited in the Ghetto, never knowing what was going to happen to them. All the time they hoped. They could not believe they had been isolated so that it would be easier, more efficient, to destroy them. They could not accept with their minds that every Jew in Warsaw was meant to die.

But they did know this finally, having watched hunger and disease and the execution of hostages and murder in the streets. They looked at the wall around them and they realised exactly what it meant. Then they decided to fight, with what few smuggled arms they could get. It was obvious from the beginning that the battle of the Ghetto was a mass suicide: but it was a beautiful gesture and the last one the Jews could make. The people in the Ghetto never doubted that the Allies would win the war, the Jew said, but they knew it would be too late for them. It is a hard thing to die knowing that help is coming.

He spoke now for the dead, for two and a half million Jews who were killed in Poland alone. He had watched the greatest organized destruction the world has known, and he refused to believe in it. His people could not be destroyed. The Jews are a nation, he said, they must have a country. They must never be driven over the earth again. They must have a home. This colossal suffering could not be wasted. He was thinking of the future; he was thinking of a
world that would be safe and honorable and free. It was amazing that
he never commented on the Germans at all.

Poland seemed dreadfully far away, dark and silent, and
the Germans had tried to make it into a cemetery. But here were
these men, and in Poland there are tens of thousands of others like
them and in four and a half years of organized repression, the Germans
have never been able to stop them. It is almost impossible for us
to imagine life in Poland but these men without names can testify
to that life, and speak for the silenced millions of their own
people. It is not impossible to imagine that the Germans who have
ruled Poland and never conquered it must now be afraid.

(Signed) MARTHA GELLHORN
They were very quiet. There was enough noise going on around
them but they had no part in it. A truck clanked past, with a string of
bomb trolleys behind it. The bomb crew was still working on this plane,
loading in the thousand pound high explosive bombs that look like great
rust-colored sausages. There were five or six of them working, unhurried
and casual seeming, whistling and humming and making jokes to each other,
and doing their work with plenty of care though they were in a bad hurry.
A Waaf appeared from somewhere and you heard the clear high English girl’s
voice speaking to one of the bomb crew. There was a light on the open
bomb bay and it made the darkness around the plane even darker. There
was a moon too, but skimmed over now with cloud and the night was high
all around us and around the field the great black Lancastiers waited and
men finished up the final job of getting them ready. But the crew who
were going to fly seemed to have nothing to do with this action and haste.
They looked huge and top-heavy in their Mae Wests, and the gunners in
their electrically heated flying suits looked like giants. They stood
together quietly.

The Group Captain had been driving fast around the perimeter
track of the field, in a rapid beetle of a car, checking up. Now he
appeared, the way people seem to, quite suddenly out of the flat black
emptiness of the aerodrome and said, come and meet the boys.

The pilot was twenty-one and tall and thin, with a face that
looked far too sensitive for this business. He said, "I was in Texas
for nine months. Smashing place." This would mean that Texas was
wonderful. The others said how do you do. They were very polite and
kind and very far away. There wasn’t anything to talk about. Talk was
nonsense now. Every man went tight and concentrated into himself,
waiting and ready for the job ahead, and the seven of them who were going
together made a solid unit, and anyone who had not done what they did and
would never go where they were going could not understand and had no
right to intrude. One could only stand in the cold darkness and feel how
hard we were all waiting.

Then we drove over to the control station which looks like a
trailer painted in yellow and black checks, and though there was no wind
the cold ate into you. The motors were warming up, humming and heavy,
and now the big black planes wheeled out, and one by one rolled around the
perimeter and got into position on the runway and the green light blinked
and there was, briefly, a roar of the four motors that beat back in an echo
from the sky. Then the plane was gone, black in the blackness, not
seeming to move very fast, and you saw the tail light lifting and presently
the thirteen planes that were taking off from this field floated against
the sky, as if the sky were water, and then they changed into distant and
slow moving stars, with nothing showing except the wing lights. That was
that. The chapel were off. They would be gone all this night. They
were going to fly over France, over cities one had known and loved, cities
they would not see and that did not now concern them. They were going to
the frontier to bomb marshalling yards, to destroy if possible and however
briefly, one of the two rail connections, between France and Italy. If
they succeeded the infantry in Southern Italy would have an easier job for
a little while.

Several hundreds of planes, thousands of bomber boys, were taking,
off into the wavering moon from different fields all over this part of
England. They were out for the night, with the defended coast of France
ahead, and the mountain range where the peaks go up to 10,000 feet and the
winter weather is never a gift; and then of course there would be the
target. This trip however came under the heading of "a piece of cake,"
which means in the wonderful R.A.F. language, a pushover. If you were
taking a pessimistic view of this raid you might have called it "a long
stooge," which means simply, under the circumstances, a damn dreary
unsatisfactory bore. No one would have given the trip more importance
than that. Still they were very quiet, and the airdrome felt bleak when
they were gone and the waiting had simply changed its shape; first you
wait for them to go and then you wait for them to get back.

Perhaps this is a typical bomber station; I do not know.
Perhaps every station is different as every man is different. This was
an R.A.F. station and the crews flying tonight were English and Canadian
mainly, though there was a South African and two Australians and an
American pilot from Chicago. The youngest pilot was twenty-one and the
oldest thirty two, and before the war they had been various things; a
commercial artist, a school teacher, a detective, a civil servant, a
contractor. None of this tells you anything about them. They looked
tired, that is the first thing, and they look older than they are. They
fly by night and sleep somewhat during the day and when they are not flying
there is work to do and probably it is very exhausting to wait to fly,
knowing what the flying is. So they look tired and do not speak of this
and if you mention it, they say they get plenty of rest during the day or
any old time and everyone feels very well.

The land where they live is as flat as Kansas, and cold now and
dun-colored. The land seems unused and almost not lived in, but the air
is always busy. At sunset you see a squadron of Spitfires flying back to
their station against a tan evening sky, looking like little rowboats
and flying home neat and close. In the thin morning, the day bombers roar
over towards the Channel. The air is loud and occupied and the airdrome
is noisy too. But the homelife of the men is quiet.

They say that if you find all the chaps in the mess reading at tea-time you know there are operations scheduled for that night. This afternoon they sat in the big living room of the country house that has become their mess, and they looked like good tidy children doing their homework. No one was speaking and though they were probably reading detective stories or any of the jumbled much-used third rate books that are in their library, they seemed to be studying. Because if you read hard enough you can get away from yourself and everyone else and from thinking about the night ahead. That morning they would have made a night flying test, taking up the planes to see that everything was okay. Between the test and the afternoon briefing is the rumor period, during which someone finds out how much gasoline is being loaded on the planes, and everyone then starts guessing about the target, basing guesses on miles per gallon. The briefing - the instructions about the trip and the target - would normally be finished by late afternoon and then there is an operational meal and then the few bad hours to kill, before take-off time. It is a routine they all know and have learned to handle; they have taken on this orderly, unshaken quietness as a way of living.

Of course there is relaxation in the nearest village on free nights; there is the village dance hall and the local girls to dance with, the pubs where you can drink weak war beer, and the movies where you can see the old films. No one could say this was a flashing romantic existence; it is somewhere between a boarding school and a monastery. There is the job to do and you take this sort of life as it comes and do not think too much about it or about anything. There is only one clear universal thought and that is: finish it. Win the war and get it over with. There's been enough; there's been too much. The thing to do is
win, now, soon, as fast as possible.

The old life that perhaps seemed flat when they had it becomes beautiful and rare when they remember it. No one who flies could make any detailed plans; there is no sense in counting your bridges as well and safely crossed when you know how many tough bridges there are to come. But vaguely each man thinks of that not so distant, almost incredible past, when you didn't do anything much, nothing spectacular, nothing fatal, when a day was quite long and there were an amazing number of agreeable things to do in the day. And they want that again, though they want a life that has grown lovelier in their memories. They want a future that is as good as they now imagine the past to have been.

It is a long night when you are waiting for the planes from Europe to come back and it is cold but it has to end. At four o'clock or around then you go to the control tower. The operations officers walk about a certain amount and smoke pipes and say casual things to each other, and the waiting gets to be a thing you can touch. Then the first plane calls in to the control tower switchboard. Two men who have been up all night, and are still looking wide-awake, wonderfully pink-cheeked, perfectly collected and not frozen stiff, begin to direct the planes in.

The girls' voices, that sound so rare to us (it is hard to decide why, perhaps because they seem so poised, so neat) begin: "Hello George, pancake over." In the glassed-in room you hear the pilot's answer. Then the girl again, "Hello, Queen air-drome, one-thousand over." The night suddenly becomes very weird, with the moon still up and the bright stars, and the great search-lights like leaning trees over the runway, and the wing lights of the plane far off and then nearer, the noise of the motors circling the field, the ambulances rolling out so realistically and so ready, and the girls' voices going on and on, cool,
This means that a plane, U for Uncle, is to circle the field at twelve hundred and fifty feet until told to "pancake" or land. The planes come in slowly at first and then there will be four of them circling and landing. The more planes that come in, and are marked up on the blackboard, the worse the waiting gets. None of this shows. No voice changes, no one makes a movement that is in any way unusual, the routine proceeds as if people were waiting in line to buy theatre tickets. Nothing shows and nothing is said and it is all there.

Finally all the planes were in except P for Peter and J for Jib. They were late. The job was a piece of cake. They should be in. They would of course be in. Obviously. Any minute now. No one mentions the delay. We started to go down to the interrogation room, and the Group Captain remarked without emphasis that he would just stay up here for a bit until the chaps got in.

The crews of the eleven planes that had returned were coming in to the basement operations room for questioning. They all had mugs of tea, huge shaving mugs filled with a sweetish ghastly luke warm drink that seems to mean something to them. They looked tireder around the eyelids and the mouths and the slanting lines under the eyes were deeply marked. The interrogation again gives one this curious feeling of being in school. The crews sit on a wooden bench in front of a wooden table and the intelligence officer behind the table asks questions. Both questions and answers are made in such low ordinary voices that you feel they are discussing something dull and insignificant. No one liked this trip much. It was very long and the weather was terrible; the target was small; there was a lot of smoke; they couldn't see the results well.

The Group Captain in command of three neighbouring fields sat
on a table and spoke to the crew members by name, saying, "Have a good trip?" "Fairly good sir." "Have a good trip?" "Not bad sir." "Have a good trip?" "Quite good sir." That was all there was to that. Then he said, "Anyone get angry with you?" "No sir," they said, smiling, "Didn't see a thing." One is not dreaming, one tells oneself, this is the way it is. This is the way they talk and this is the way they behave. When it was known that all the planes were back, and all undamaged and no one hurt, there was a visible added jovialness. But everyone was tired, anxious to get through the questioning, back to the mess, back to the famous fried operational egg, the fried potatoes, the margarine and marmalade and bread that seems to be partially made of sand, and then to sleep.

They were standing at the mess bar, which is a closet in the wall, drinking beer and waiting for breakfast. They were talking a little now, making private jokes and laughing easily at them. Some of the men had saved their raid rations, a can of American orange juice and a chocolate bar, to eat now. They value them very much. The orange juice was fine, the chocolate bar was a treat. There are those who drink the orange juice and eat the chocolate early on, not wanting to be done out of them at least, no matter what happens. You try to sort it out in your mind, listening and waiting for breakfast, but it all gets a little smeared with fatigue because by now it is after seven in the morning, a dark cold unfriendly hour. And it is hard to get it straight anyhow. The Lancasters looked like enormous deadly black birds, going off into the night; and somehow they looked different when they came back. The planes carried, from this field (117,000 pounds) of high explosives and the crews flew all night to drop the load as ordered. Now the trains would not run between France and Italy for a while, not through that place anyhow. It is all over. Here they are, the men who did it,
with mussed hair and weary faces, dirty sweaters under their flying suits, sleep-bright eyes, making humble comradely little jokes and eating their saved-up chocolate bars.

After it is finished, let them have that lovely life they want. Let those of us, who have never been where they have been, see to it.

Martha Gellhorn.
There is a rare club in London on the first floor of a nondescript grey stone house facing Hyde Park. To be a member of this club you have only to escape from Holland. You might have been lucky, and piloted a small fishing boat without accident past the tight German sea patrol, through the minefields, and over the big water to England, and then you would become a member after only a week’s try. On the other hand, it might take two years to become a member, travelling with uncertain papers and finances from Holland to England via Siberia and Japan. Or perhaps you lied and blurred and sneaked across three European frontiers all right, but practically no one avoids prison in Spain; so you might arrive in England after a nine months’ sojourn in the dirty jail of Miranda. You might have climbed the Alps to Switzerland, recrossed France, and climbed the Pyrenees to Spain, on route for exit from Lisbon. You might have swum from La Linea on the Spanish side, through the mined waters of Gibraltar to reach an English ship. The members – the man and the girls – of this club have done all these things and more.

Any day you can go to this club and find the small living room full of these rare wandering Dutchmen. You will see them wearing Dutch army uniform, RAF uniform, Dutch fleet air arm uniform, striped seamen’s shirts; as well as the whole range of English civilian utility clothes. In this club there is no difference between officers and men or military and civilians. Their journey from Holland has made them equals forever. It is
the most democratic as well as the most distinguished of clubs. Everyone is poor; anyone who cannot pay eats for nothing, but it is agreed that the ranks eat for twenty-five cents whereas anyone else pays fifty cents for meals. Most of the club members are young; for such travel is as hard as it is long, and the young survive it better.

A pretty and enchanting Dutch girl, married to an RAF pilot, runs the club and does the cooking, aided by any and all club members. The food is brought into the living room and everyone helps himself; you eat until there is nothing left. And then you will hear wonderful talk.

You hear about the famous and feared Nazi jail where all suspects in Holland are taken. The Dutch call this "The Orange Hotel". Everyone there is kept in solitary confinement, but they manage to speak to each other along the heating pipes. The girls in this jail, it appears, had a "fine morale". One boy remembers the first morning he was at the Orange Hotel. He heard a girl's voice echoing along the pipes. "Good morning", said the invisible girl, "Welcome to our little community". What do you look like?" He described himself and got her description in return. For days they talked cheerfully back and forth, from their lonely cells, through the mysterious empty pipes, as they waited for trial and sentence. "Goodnight, darling", she would say, "Have you remembered to shut the front door?" Every so often the German jailers would hear these voices, and one day, raiding the cells, they caught a boy talking. The Germans took him out and pierced his ear drums so he would never
hear anyone talking again.

They tell you how it was in Holland before they left. No transportation, they say, not even bicycles, because the Germans confiscated the tires; radios were seized, there were no telephones. One is very alone in a country the Germans occupy. There was no tobacco, no drink because the Germans used the cafes, no books because the books were in German. Obviously, no decent Dutchman would drink in company with Germans, nor read what the Germans published. Barley porridge would be the only course for dinner, and there were never any fats. It was awful about soap, ersatz soap and rationed at that. No one who has not suffered the horrors of living without soap can properly appreciate what a torment it is.

They recall happily how the Germans bought up all the Dutch automobiles just before the invasion of Russia, and how these cars were so neatly fixed with sand in the oil that they never ran more than 100 kilometers. They recall how satisfying it was to switch the road signs at night on the Dutch roads which run on high embankments beside canals; so that night after night in the blackout German transports simply bowled briskly into the water. These are pleasant little memories to laugh about now in London.

They talk of the general strike in Amsterdam when Dutch people paraded in the streets with signs saying, "We want our Jews back," because the Nazis had started deporting the 160,000 Jews from Holland. All decent Dutch shunned the restaurants