UPTON SINCLAIR
1933 - 1944
December 4, 1933.

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you very much for sending me the book. I deeply appreciate your thought of me, and will read it at the first opportunity.

Very sincerely yours,

---

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Los Angeles West Branch
California
October 31, 1933.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt: I know that you must get hundreds of books, but this is a very small one, and I would like very much to have you look through it.

It was a great pleasure to both my wife and myself to meet you, and our friends gather around eagerly to ask what you are like, and more especially, what you think.

We are living in a great time and I, who have been studying the problem for thirty years and who predicted this situation nearly thirty years ago, naturally feel that I have something to say about it. I will probably not be governor, but at least I hope to put some new ideas at work in this state.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
New York, N.Y. Oct. 21, 1933

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,

The White House.

My wife and I will be in Washington Tuesday and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you. We are old friends of Prestonia Martin whose book is to be published by Farrar and Rinehart immediately as result of your commendation. Reply Algonquin Hotel.

Upton Sinclair.

Signed 5'0cl0r Tucday
Private - not for publication.

January 26, 1934

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I have read your book and I have given it to my husband to read. Some of the things which you advocate I am heartily in favor of, others I do not think are entirely practicable, but then what is impracticable today is sometimes practicable tomorrow. I do not feel, however, that I am sufficiently in accord with your entire idea to make any public statement at present.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Los Angeles West Branch
California
January 15, 1934

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

A friend just told me in strict confidence that he had heard an authentic report that you were going to announce publicly your interest in the EPIC plan to end poverty in California.

I know that a million rumors come out of Washington every day and this may be just one of them, but I take it as the occasion to write you a little note and remind you that you promised to read my book.

I attach here a review that has just appeared in the New York Times and also a brief summary which I have prepared for those who haven't time to read books.

My wife joins in kindest regards.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

US/mh
February 6, 1934

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

The Los Angeles Examiner is under a misapprehension. The chance for a government factory is still possible. The House did say that the Post Office might not buy certain materials from the Reedsville factory because a man in Indiana had 150 men working in a factory which makes lock-box keys which are used by the Post Office, and he felt it would hurt his chances for the Post Office contract. There is reason for feeling, however, that this difficulty may be overcome and I think a great deal has been made of this prematurely.

If the worst comes to the worst, we may have to have some other kind of a factory, but there is no real danger to the project as a whole.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Los Angeles West Branch
California
MRS FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT=
WHITE HOUSE WASHDC=
FRONT PAGE EDITORIAL LOS ANGELES EXAMINER DENOUNCES YOUR PLAN
HAVE UNEMPLOYED MANUFACTURE FURNITURE IN WEST VIRGINIA
FACTORY USING GOVERNMENT RELIEF FUNDS EXAMINER SUPPORTS
ACTION OF CONGRESS FORBIDDING US POST OFFICE TO PURCHASE
FURNITURE FROM THIS FACTORY STOP THREE HUNDRED EPIC CLUBS
PLEDGED TO END POVERTY IN CALIFORNIA BY PUTTING UNEMPLOYED
AT PRODUCTIVE LABOR ARE PREPARED TO GO TO BAT WITH
REACTIONARIES ON THIS ISSUE WE DENOUNCE CONDUCT OF
CONGRESSIONAL TORIES AND BEG YOU PERSUADE PRESIDENT INDUCE
CONGRESS TO REVERSE ITS STAND REGARDS=
UPTON SINCLAIR.
May 1, 1934

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

Press reports and letters have come to me indicating that I "regard your gubernatorial candidacy with favor". I know that you will understand that I could not in my present position permit the use of my name in any way in any state campaign. You may have seen the press statement which says, "The President will strictly adhere to this 'hands off' policy when and wherever attempts are made to involve him in local political party contests". Since this is the stand which the President has taken, obviously I have no alternative.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Los Angeles
California
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In reply to your memorandum of yesterday, may I suggest that you merely advise Upton Sinclair that press reports and letters have come to you and these indicate that you regard his gubernatorial candidacy with "favor."

I suggest also that you make it plain to him that you cannot permit the use of your name in any way in any state campaign. His attention might be invited to the attached memorandum given the press on March 23rd, the last paragraph of which states emphatically that "The President will strictly adhere to this 'hands off' policy when and wherever attempts are made to involve him in local political party contests."

Inasmuch as the President has taken this attitude nationally, obviously you have no alternative—or something to that effect.

This is my best judgment.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

STEPHEN EARLY
MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESS

In answer to newspaper reports that the anti-Curry fight in New York City would be discussed with the President by Postmaster General Farley, it was definitely stated today at the White House that the President will take no part whatever in such discussions nor will he in any way allow himself to be drawn into the political controversy between Curry and anti-Curry factions.

Press reports suggesting that Mr. Farley would outline the situation to President Roosevelt and discuss with him the part the National Administration should take in the anti-Curry movement were categorically denied.

It was emphasized that the President will strictly adhere to this "hands off" policy when and wherever attempts are made to involve him in local political party contests.

*   *   *   *

March 23, 1934
April 25, 1934

Memorandum for Mr. Early.

Dear Steve:

Would it be wise to write Upton Sinclair saying that of course in my present position I could not possibly have anybody use my name in a state campaign and I would be very grateful if he would be very careful?

E.H.
INSIDE OUT
By Jim Bolger

That Rooseveltian Touch:
There is much concern in State political circles over the projected visit of President Roosevelt to the Pacific Coast late this summer.
The President's plans will take him through the Panama Canal and to the Hawaiian Islands. From there he plans to sail directly to San Francisco—just in time to observe first hand the wind-up of this state's campaign for gubernatorial supremacy.
The concern, of course, is felt by Republicans, Democrats and Progressives alike whose respective candidates and their chances for election in November would be materially affected by even the President's presence in this state.

If Roosevelt should be planning to depart from the age-honored custom of silence by the nation's chief executive in state election campaigns then his departure would certainly upset a lot of apple-carts, possibly even the Democratic cart with its nice shiny delicacies.

It would not be unlike him to say a few pointed words to Californians about the qualifications of the various gubernatorial candidates. Roosevelt was the first President to directly take a governor to task when, recently, he commented on the regrettable departure from law and order in the San Jose lynchings and "Sunny Jim" condonation of it.

Sinclair's Coup:
Supporters of Upton Sinclair, who used to gibberish his vocal cords on soap-boxes in Pershing Square and the Plaza in the cause of socialism, claim control over a real political group.
Upton, it is alleged, has the personal favor of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
"The charming first lady of the land, according to Sinclair's intimates, would gladly subscribe to a statement endorsing his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor in California. Better still, the President's wife, it is said, would stump the state for Upton if urged to do so.
If her name is not brought into his campaign, Sinclair people say, it will be because the members of the intelligentsia managing his political affairs decide it would not be the politically smart thing to do."
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
White House,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Enclosed you will find a clipping which I believe you will find most interesting. Our friend Mr. Sinclair is making much capital of his visit with you and by direct and indirect methods, making it appear you are in favor of Sinclair. This is most unfair to you and the President and to all of us who are working so hard to bring this state into line with the President's program.

Of course, we all like "Uppie" and as an author and worker he has been of great benefit to the country. However, his attempt to convert the Democratic Party to a Socialist program in California by giving lip service to the President and at the same time destroying the confidence of the people of California in the President's program is doing untold damage. He even goes so far as to lump the Roosevelt Recovery Program with that of Mr. Hoover.

The linking of your name with his program therefore interferes with efforts of true friends of the President to synchronize this state with the nation.

I am heartily in favor of your subsistence-homestead plan and all of the Administration plans and having had a few ideas accepted as part of the Administration's program I am particularly anxious that their success may not be hampered by such unworkable plans such as Sinclair's which claim your support.

Most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. EVANS

P.S. The column from which the enclosed clipping is taken is widely syndicated among California community newspapers and I believe has been observed by 100,000 readers.
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D.C.
Memorandum to Mrs. Roosevelt:

I do not think there is anything we can do about the situation in California respecting Creel and Sinclair. Both want Administration support and I have no doubts but what both are doing their best to create the impression that they are wanted by the Administration. The President's policy is one of "hands off." Unless you want to write Mr. Sinclair concerning other subjects, I do not think I would comment on the marked paragraph.

I am very curious to know what Mr. Sinclair meant in the last sentence of paragraph three. If what the sentence says is what it means, I do not see how Mr. Sinclair can be a Democrat or a friend.

Stephen Early
Memo. for Mr. Early
Dear Steve:

Please read the paragraph which I have marked.

E.R.
May 8, 1934

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have your letter of May 1st. I perfectly understand your position, and thank you for writing me. Please accept my assurance that I have never at any time, whether in print, or interviews or in speeches, made any statement that you or your husband "regard my gubernatorial candidacy with favor"; neither has any such statement been made under my authority or with my knowledge by any one connected with my campaign. On the contrary, I have very emphatically ordered that this should not be done.

The only statement of the sort that I have seen in print originated from Washington and appeared in the New York "Daily News". This clipping came to me yesterday, and of course I hoped it was true. It was in the Washington correspondence of the Daily News and bore the names of two newspaper persons wholly unknown to me. So far as I know, no statement of this sort has ever been published in California.

I think that to make the record clear I had better tell you exactly what I have been saying in my speeches. First, concerning the President: "My reason for joining the Democratic Party is because it has given us in the White House a man who has not merely a kind heart but an open mind, which is a very rare quality in a statesman. It is much better luck than we deserve. If the American people had known two years ago what Mr. Roosevelt was going to do, they would have elected Hoover."

Second, concerning yourself: "My wife and I had the pleasure of spending an hour in the White House and talking with Mrs. Roosevelt. We found her a gracious and sympathetic person, keenly alive to the problems of the time. She had been reading a book written by a friend of ours which advocates a plan of social reconstruction, and in what she said to us she laid stress upon the importance of security for all classes in our community, and the failure of our system to provide this security."

Third, during the question period I am frequently asked concerning the attitude of the Administration toward the EPIC Plan and I answer: "I do not know this and I would not be free to quote it if I did, but from my talk with many persons in Washington, I can say this with assurance, that nothing would please the Administration more than if the people of some State would get up and do something to solve the problem of unemployment for themselves."
If there is anything in the above which I should not say, please tell me so and your letter will be considered strictly confidential.

I might add that reports are being widely published all over this State that George Creel, who is a candidate, has the backing of the Administration. I am having nothing to say on this subject. All the political observers say that unless the Administration takes a stand, I am going to be the next Governor of California. I enclose a cartoon which will, I am sure, give you some amusement.

Let me add that when the President comes out here, I hope that I may have the privilege of a few minutes to tell him just what this Plan of ours is.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Complaint, Couched in the Current Manner

If there's one intellectual side-show that really needs no Barker,
It's the acrid oral acrobatics of Mrs. Dorothy Parker.
A Congressional investigation could be conducted quite properly
Into the ways and means by which she maintains her wise-cracking monopoly;
For this scintillant lady seems always in the throes
Of producing more than her share of the nation's bone mots
And whether Vassar or Katharine Hepburn is the subject
of her latest Witticism
Manhattan's literary log-rollers see to it that such bald brilliance is beyond criticism:
You and I and our less brittle and more provincial coteries
Can hardly expect to be noticed beside this one-woman renaissance, acclaimed by her votaries;
And even if these affectionate Boswells prove that their idol is epigrammatic from dusk till dawn
Some of us suspect that she might take time off once in a while to sew or sleep or spawn
Or that caught unawares with a headache or an overdrawn account or unfinished chores,
New York's mistress of malice might conceivably say something no more sapient than the rest of us bores.

—Richard Sheridan Ames.
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.
May 17, 1934

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you very much for your letter, which I am very glad to have.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A, Pasadena
California
June 15, 1935

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you very much for your letter. I am afraid that I do not know enough to comment, but I have given your letter to my husband to read.

Very sincerely yours,


Mr. Upton Sinclair
Pasadena
Calif.
June 3, 1935,

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt: A few days ago I sent the enclosed letter to your husband. I know that he was never busier, and so I am taking the liberty of sending you a copy and asking you to read it and use your judgment about putting it before him. I hope you will understand that I am not speaking blindly when I say that I have devoted my whole life to a study of this problem, and I really am offering him here the correct way out from the awful jam in which the supreme court has put him.

Anything you care to write me about the matter, now or at any future time, will be strictly private and confidential.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
June 22, 1935

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you so much for the book you sent to me. I shall surely read it and know that my husband also will be interested.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A, Pasadena, Calif.
June 11 35

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

This is the little book which I ask you to read it to poor before your husband.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
January 12, 1937

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

Mrs. Roosevelt asks me to say, in answer to your letter of the 5th, that she has not had time to read the book which you sent some time ago. She will read it, however, when the Inauguration is over.

Very sincerely yours,

Calvin T. Schelder
Secretary to
Mrs. Roosevelt

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A
Pasadena
California
January 5, 1937

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have refrained from bothering you or your husband during the campaign but now I am taking the liberty of asking whether you read the copy of "Co-op" which I sent you. I think it is a book which would especially appeal to you. The problem has not yet been solved and it will grow more pressing as time passes.

I am asking you to read the enclosed opinions of this book which as you will see are by some of our best people. Anything you may care to write me about it will be strictly confidential if you so desire.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Upton Sinclair

US: KG
July 15, 1937

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I will read your article just as soon as the proof arrives. Thank you very much for sending it to me.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Pasadena
Calif.
July 7th, 1937.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have addressed an open letter to the President, which is to be published in "Liberty", the issue of August 14th. I have not thought it worth while to send a copy of this to the President, because I have some idea of his mail. I have asked Fulton Oursler to send you a proof of the article as soon as he has it ready. It is easier to read in that form, and it is my hope that you will read it and pass it on to your busy husband.

I have waited nearly three years before troubling him since our interview during the California governorship campaign.

As you know, I have given my whole life to studying the particular problems with which he is dealing, and I have a right to say that my comments should be of importance to him.

I do not know just when the proofs will reach you, but I hope that you will instruct your secretary to get them to you when they come.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

P.S. I will read as follows:
[Handwritten notes]
File
M. Magee
I saw the Zephyr
went up to 10塔ps
within 10.
August 18, 1937

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

Mr. Oursler did send me the proofs of the article you enclosed. However, I am glad to have the copy you sent and thank you very much for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A
Pasadena, California
August 4, 1937.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

"Liberty" promised me to send you advance proofs of this article, but I do not know whether they remembered to do so. Therefore I take the liberty of sending you this copy.

Sincerely,

Encl.

Upton Sinclair
An OPEN LETTER to President

For liberals with common sense—A question: Is this outspoken protest liberal without common sense?

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

I ventured to suggest a different course, as follows: "Spend the fifteen billions as a capital investment for the unemployed. Buy land and machinery, so that they may go to work again and produce for themselves the food, clothing, and shelter they will need—not merely for the next three years but from now on. This amount is fifteen hundred dollars per unemployed worker, and our self-help co-operatives in California have proved that with this much capital co-operative groups of men and women can make themselves independent.

I went on to mention the demoralizing effects of charity, whether public or private. I argued that in setting up co-operative groups under government supervision you would be making a start at democracy in industry, training the workers in self-government and preparing a refuge for the larger hosts of unemployed who are bound to be created by the further mechanization of industry.

At the close of our discussion you stated that, not later than October 25 of that year, it was your intention to make a radio talk in favor of production for use for the unemployed. The date was seven weeks distant, and I waited for the time to pass. It did so; and on October 25 you made a radio talk on unemployment—but it was a call for more private charity. What caused you to change your mind I do not know; but I am forced to call it one of the major tragedies of our time.

The fifteen billion has been spent, and the unemployed have had food, clothing, and shelter of a sort. Those who make and sell these things have made profits, and now have them in the Wall Street banks, ready to be lent to you again. But the unemployed have nothing; and there are very nearly as many of them as on the day we talked. Estimates differ—you have not permitted a census to be taken, to give us the exact knowledge. Some say nine millions, some say ten; but for practical purposes the problem remains as it was.

The statement that you have spent five billions a year on the unemployed requires elucidation. Business Week estimates relief expenditures at $10,000,000,000 in three years. Fortune estimates $12,444,000,000 in three years and eight months. This includes PWA, WPA, and the CCC camps. Harry Hopkins' figures on local-relief expenditures show that they run about $600,000,000 a year. In addition, bonus payments, shipping subsidies, silver purchases, various kinds of aid to farmers, loans on homes and to banks, a part of which the government will not get back. For purposes of this discussion it does not matter who got the money; the point is that the government poured it out to individuals who spent it, and this served to revive trade and keep
Ned caught his arm. "She didn't go by train, sir. She went by car. Her cousin, Wolf—"

Vicci's father raised eyes that were suddenly terrible with fear. "Wolfgang? He was here?"

"Yes, he suggested that it would be faster by car."

"Wolfgang! I should rather she were with any wolf than with that horrible boy! We must stop them."

He barked commands. The autogiro must be refueled immediately. And a car must be procured. A fast car. When the manager lumbered away, von Everhardt turned back to Ned.

"The car is for you. Will you follow them by road? I will take the plane. It is me they want. They just want her, to make me go back. I must overtake them. Wolfgang will let her go if he has time."

Ned caught his shoulder. "You'll have to tell me what is the matter, Herr von Everhardt!"

The little man shrugged resignedly. "I am a chemist. Some months ago I made a discovery which would be of incalculable value to my firm—and of incalculable harm to the world. I told my brother of it before I destroyed my notes. He sees only the money it would bring. And now there are others who want it—not for money but for power. I do not think this discovery of mine belongs to any one, not even to the fatherland. It would be horrible in war. In my head is the only formula, and they want it. So I left Germany, because there are ways of making a man tell what he does not want to tell, and I am not a brave man."

Ned felt suddenly sick. "And now—"

"And now they have my daughter to force me back to Germany, and to make me do what they want me to do."

"Call the police. They can be stopped at the border."

The little man shook his head wearily. "You do not know my nephew. He would kill himself and Vicci before he could be stopped now. To fail would hurt his vanity, and he is very vain. That is why I must overtake them alone, and bargain with him to let Vicci go and take me instead."

The manager came up to tell von Everhardt everything was ready. The little man turned to Ned and held out his hand.

"You will do me this favor? Follow in the car, and if my daughter has been released, bring her back here?"

"But you, sir? I—"

Von Everhardt shook his head. "I have spent too long in the service of destruction. But this I promise—they will not have my formula!"

They shook hands and hurried off, von Everhardt to the autogiro and Ned to the car that was waiting for him at the back of the hotel. He was not a first-class driver, and he had a horror of accidents that dated from the days a couple of years back, when three people with whom he was riding were killed in a crash. This time, though, he forgot his caution, and sped recklessly down the twisting mountain road.

FIVE minutes after Ned started, the autogiro passed over him, flying low, and he caught a glimpse of a friendly arm waving to him. He did not dare take his hand off the wheel to wave back.

It was a half hour after he had passed through Interlaken before he saw the big green car halted far below him, where the road twisted into a pass. Beside it, the autogiro was wheeled over in a rutted field. It was just a fleeting glimpse as the Rolls mounted a ridge in the road, but it caused Ned to stamp recklessly on the gas.

He jammed on the brakes when he drew level with the autogiro. There was no sign of Victoria. The autogiro had wrecked its landing gear. The front seat was empty. Despair settled down on him. Herr von Everhardt had not been able to secure Vicci's release.

He was going heavily back to the car when he saw the mark of the high-heeled shoes in the dust of the road, pointing in the direction the green car had taken.

When he drew even with her, Vicci was still running, trying to overtake her cousin and her father. She was so dazed that at first she did not recognize him. He jumped out and lifted her into the car, and then started again. She lay against his shoulder, crying.

"What is the matter, Ned?" she demanded hysterically. "Why did Wolf have a revolver? Why did my father make him leave me behind? Why did he go with him?"

"Hush, darling!" he said. "Everything's going to be all right. We'll overtake them. Don't be afraid."

The road left the gloomy confines of the pass and soared up a hillside, visible for almost a mile in front of them; but there was no sign of the green roadster. When they reached the top of the hill his foot sought the brake instinctively. The highway dropped sheer in front of them, twisting down the side of the mountain in a series of hairpin bends and short straight stretches that were cut into the side of the living cliff. He had just started down when Vicci clutched at his arm.

"Look, Ned! There they are! Look!"

The green car was almost directly below them, not a quarter of a mile away in a straight line, but eight times that distance by road. Ned looked down the terrible line of rock that separated the two cars. As his eyes followed the road, he saw the little sentry box by its side, far down at the bottom of the mountain. The green car was not more than a mile from the border. In a few minutes Paul von Everhardt would be in Germany.

"Look, Ned!" Vicci shrieked suddenly. "Oh, Ned, look!"

The green car was just approaching the last bend in the road, and Paul von Everhardt abruptly got to his feet. They were so near that Ned could almost see the expression on the white face that was his face. Wolf, sparing one hand from his steering, tried to push him back into his seat. Instead, von Everhardt grasped the wheel savagely and swung with the whole force of his body. The car lurched sickeningly as it left the road at the curve. Shapeless little objects were flung from it by the force of the jar—Wolf's small brown dachshunds, dislodged from their seat in the turned-down top of the roadster.

The car leaped into the air. Then it fell, twisting, down, and down, and slowly down. When it hit the rocks at the bottom of the cliff, it seemed to explode in a million bright fragments and shooting flames. It seemed a long time before the sound came to the onlookers, and then it lasted for terrible moments, echoing and re-echoing among the hills.

Vicci was suddenly heavy against his side, and Ned gently set her back against the cushions, glad that she had fainted. He felt close to that point himself as he drove down the corncrew road.

When they reached the curve where the green car had left the road, Vicci's eyes were just beginning to flicker. She whimpered like a child awakening from a nightmare and clutched at Ned as he lifted her to the ground.

He put her down gently on the grass by the side of the road, and going to the edge of the cliff, looked over. The men from the border station had already reached the wreckage and were examining it. On the dark rocks, two shapeless objects were being hastily covered with coats.

Vicci did not ask any questions when Ned went and knelt down by her. She allowed him to hold her firmly against his chest. And suddenly she started to cry, quietly and passionately.

"Hush, darling!" he whispered. "Remember, you've got to try and be like him. He was the bravest man I ever knew. You said he was good and kind. He was great also."

She continued to cry bitterly, and he stroked her hair.

"Listen, Vicci! I've got to go down there. And I'll come back in a minute and I'll take you home!"

She lifted her eyes, and they were bleakly lonely.

"Home? Where is home, now he is dead? I have no one and no place any more, now he is dead!"

"Oh, Vicci, Vicci darling!" he whispered. "You know you've got me, always, as long as you live!"

She looked at him. Through her tears there was the faintest glimmer of a smile. She got unsteadily to her feet.

"Come, then," she said gallantly. "First, we shall go down and do what must be done. And then, please, you shall take me home."

THE END
THE WINCHELL-BERNIE FEUD

Here's the whole inside story of the nation's most successful hate—a gay saga of repartee, ridicule, and riches

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Winchell says Ben Bernie then appeared in a long-haired fiddler act that he hates to think about even in mellow retrospect.

Winchell was born in 1897, Bernie in 1893. Bernie's birthplace was Bayonne, New Jersey, where his father, who had come over from the south of Russia, was a blacksmith with a large family and little money. Ben's real name is Benjamin Anzlevitz. Altogether there were twelve little Anzlevitzes.

Winchell was born in New York City. As a boy he longed to be a song-and-dance man in vaudeville. He quit Grade 6B in Public School No. 184 at the age of thirteen to find a place in the theater for himself. He joined a trio known as the Three Little Boys with the Big Voices. The other little boys were Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor. Next Winchell got a job with Gus Edwards' troupe of performing kids.

Winchell continued as a hoofer and a wisecracker, mostly on the small-time. Then he began getting out, for the mere fun of the thing, a little sheet, the Newsance. This, typed on an old battered machine, he hung up backstage in theaters where he played. It was entirely personal, presenting little items of romance and divorce, of success and failure, told where the best hot dogs could be had and what roominghouses had the best beds and the pleasantest landladies. Right here Walter began to get the knack of relating gossip in vivid fashion.

Then Glenn Condon, who conducted the official variety organ, the Vaudeville News, gave Winchell a chance to

Yowsh I hope you like it

I want you to preach me a sermon. I want you to forgive me.
the profit system going. Later on this
money will have to be taken out of the
pockets of the taxpayers—unless the sys-
tem is to admit bankruptcy.

The fact that you have put so-called
"direct relief" back on the local authori-
ties makes it difficult to estimate the
total amount. Ten million unemployed
workers means, with their families,
twenty-five million persons; and five bil-
lions a year is only two hundred dollars
per person. When any part of this prob-
lem is put off on states, counties, and
cities, the appearance of the federal
budget is helped, but the burden upon
the taxpayer is not reduced by a single
penny.

I do not wish, Mr. President, to lend
aid to your reactionary opponents. I am
convinced of your good intentions, and I
appreciate what has been done in the
Tennessee Valley and other power pro-
jects, and in the labors of the CCC boys.
But, apart from these, your administra-
tion has expended a great deal of money
and effort with very inadequate results.
You have made forward-looking speeches
by which the people have been uplifted.
But they cannot eat speeches, nor wear
them on their
backs; the rain and the cold cannot be kept off
with fine sentiments, nor can taxes and debts be paid with
idealism. We are heading toward another collapse, com-
pared to which that of 1929-33 will seem mild indeed.

There are signs that you now realize this danger. You
have bowed before your conservative critics to the extent
of trying to balance the budget. Our government starts
to economize and retrench—with the certainty that
every reduction of expenditure will throw new persons
on to local relief! In city after city I read
that funds are exhausted and the un-
employed are existing from day to day.
Back to the Hoover era!

But industry is booming, especially
man factures; Wall Street is happy,
having what it calls prosperity a gain.
The basic fact can be stated in one sen-
tence: that under your administration
wages have increased ten per cent, while
the cost of living has increased twenty
or thirty per cent and profits have in-
creased fifty per cent. One need learn no
more in order to write the word failure
across the story of your efforts and to
predict that they must end in disaster.

The Supreme Court has thrown out
many of your favorite measures, and now
you demand the reforming of the Court.
I am one who regards the Supreme
Court's outlawing of measures of Con-
gress as pure usurpation, and nothing
would please me more than to see that power abolished.

But I am only one of fifty million American voters, and
a majority of them have been taught a reverence for the
Supreme Court. Congress is deadlock ed over the issue
and several precious months have been wasted.

I said to you in 1934, and I now say again, that in this
crisis wisdom suggests that you should find some method
of procedure which the Supreme Court cannot outlaw;
and, so far as I know, the only such method is that of
production for use for the unemployed. You have made
many grants to self-help co-operatives, and these have
met with no judicial opposition. I cannot imagine any
ground upon which a court could forbid you to give un-
employed workers the means of producing what they
themselves are going to consume. Why not take this
easy way?

By this method you will establish a new system en-
abling one fifth of our population to free themselves from
dependence upon the fluctuations of the market. This
system will train its workers and leaders; and if, as I
foresee, the profit system continues to freeze out more
and more of its employees, they will have a place to go, a
way to exist without becoming burdens on the backs of
the taxpayers. So, and only so, can we make the transition
to a planned economy without the violence and loss of
liberty which we have seen in other lands.

I do not know how many more years
you have in which to make unsuccessful
experiments. I do not know how much
more of the taxpayers' money you will be
permitted to spend upon blind groping in
a maze. I do know that there is a limit,
set by inexorable economic forces. The
breakdown of the profit economy has
brought the nations of Europe to the edge
of another Armageddon. I do not know
when they will slide in, or how soon there-
after they will drag us in; but I know
that the present system is crumbling, and
is dragging more and more of our people
to ruin and despair. They will not, they
cannot stand it forever. They will revolt,
or attempt to revolt, and you will be
called upon to put them down—a task
which I know you will not relish.

I ask you, Mr. President, for how many
years must a condition of mass unem-
ployment continue before we recognize it
as chronic? The condition is now nearly eight years old.
If we agree that it costs two hundred dollars per year to
keep a destitute American alive, we have spent forty bil-
lions of dollars upon our twenty-five million unemployed
and their dependents. If we assume that a worker, using
American tools and technique, will produce a thousand
dollars of value per year—surely a moderate estimate—
our ten million unemployed workers might have had
eighty billions of wealth. A writer gropes in vain for
words to give any idea of the mass of human misery and
waste represented by such figures. Heavy indeed was
the burden assumed by those persons who persuaded you
to change your mind in 1934.

In the name of the twenty-five million, I ask you, Mr.
President, to change your mind again.

THE END
February 4, 1941

My dear Mr. Sinclair:

I loved your story about the black widow spider. We shall certainly have to take the matter under advisement!

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A
Pasadena, California
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

You have most of the troubles of the United States dumped into your lap, but I don't know whether anyone has yet dumped a Black Widow spider. My wife wrote this amusing letter to our friend, Helen Woodward, and while I was laughing over it, she said: "But it's serious, something has to be done." I said: "All right, I will send a copy of this letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, and maybe she will put the government at work on the problem." After we have got rid of the Nazis we will have something else to keep us busy.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

(Not sure. Washington A. W.)

[Signature]

(W. B. Woodward, the author)
January 31, 1941

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt: The enclosed document I believe will interest you deeply, and I should be very pleased to have your advice about the method of its distribution.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
December 26, 1941

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you for the thoughtfulness which prompted your recent letter. I shall be glad to bring it to the President's attention.

Very sincerely,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Station A, Pasadena
California
December 17, 1941

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt: I trust you will not mind if I add a brief letter to your huge correspondence.

I have an idea for the most besieged man in America, and I think of you as a possible channel to him. Will you consider what the President might accomplish by addressing one of his fireside chats to the people of Germany, Italy, and Japan? I have in mind his giving them a quiet little lecture on the meaning of democracy as freedom, social justice, international order, and good faith; pointing out to them how much happier they would be if they possessed these blessings, and assuring them that the way to get these blessings is to sabotage and ultimately to overthrow their present tyrants. Such an address, sent out by short wave in all languages, would have a resounding effect, and it would continue to spread. The dictators would of course do their best to suppress it; their rage would be such that they would be forced to denounce it, and this procedure would make known the substance of the promises. I think that now is the psychological moment for such a coup.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
October 12, 1942

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you for sending me the letter written by your wife. It is a grand letter and I am glad to have the opportunity to read it.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, Calif.
Oct 4 42

Mrs. Roosevelt:

My wife wrote this letter to a young Ph.D. who volunteered for the army. It pleased his mother so much that I thought you might like to hear it or to a larger audience.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair
August 13, 1943

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Mr. Vanderbilt sent me a copy of "Freestate" and I wrote about it in my column, as I was very much interested. I appreciate your sending it to me.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, Calif.
Eleanor Roosevelt
White House
Washington D.C.

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

An article of mine entitled "Freestate" is to be published in the New York Times Sunday Magazine August 15th. I believe it will interest you, and I should be interested in your reaction to it.

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair

I asked Neil V. to give you this note.
April 26, 1944

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I am glad to hear that your New York Times article was so successful and that you are reprinting it in pamphlet form. I shall look forward to reading your new book.

I will give your message to the President and I know that he will be appreciative.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, Calif.
April 19, 1944

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
White House
Washington D.C.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I thought you might be interested to know that I had so many requests for my New York Times article that I have reprinted it in a little pamphlet, and quoted the endorsement of it from your column. If you would like to have copies of this pamphlet, it would give me great pleasure to send them.

Incidentally, I wish that you would convey to the President one citizen's deep appreciation of the courage and devotion with which he is bearing his heavy burdens in these trying days. Doubtless you both know that all our great Presidents have been bitterly attacked by enemies, and it seems to be especially so in war time. So he doesn't need to worry too much.

The fifth volume of my WORLD'S END series is to be published in a few weeks, and I will take the liberty of sending you a copy, tho I don't know whether you ever find time to read fiction in war time. However, this is war fiction in a way, since it deals with the forces which brought on the present war calamity.

Sincerely

Upton Sinclair

US-hwc
Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt  
The White House  
Washington D.C.  

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

I have your very friendly letter, and I will have a copy of the new book sent to you from New York, which will save a couple of weeks time.

I am working hard on volume six, and maybe you will find yourself in it!

You say that you will take my message to the President, and so I am tempted to add something to it. There is a lot of talk about his not running, and I suppose that is all just nonsense, but it worries me, and so I am casting one vote. He simply has to run, and he simply has to be elected. If there is any doubt about the latter half of this proposition, he can settle it by two or three fire-side talks next October.

Sincerely

[Signature]

US-hwc
Quotations from Westbrook Pegler. June 17/40 decided against Dewey as a Presidential possibility. December 9/41 praising the President for the vast improvement of the military fitness of the United States.

October 31, 1944.

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

Thank you very much for your letter. Your thought in writing is deeply appreciated and I have given your letter and the quotations to the President.

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Monrovia
California.
November 25, 1944

Dear Mr. Sinclair:

I appreciate Mrs. Sinclair’s very kind message and I will give your message to the President. Thank you very much for your letter.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, Calif.
Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt
White House
Washington D.C.

November 10, 1944

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

Just a moment ago I heard over the radio your answer to the reporter's question whether you were glad of the election result. I said to my wife: "What a fine answer!" and she commissioned me to send you this message: "May you live long to prosper him."

We discussed for a while whether or not that was a feminist answer.

Also, I heard the statement of the President's guess as to his total vote. Tell him he should make use of me as a political prognosticator.

The following is a sentence from Neil VanderbilEt's column in the New York Post October 31:

"Lunching with my old friend Upton Sinclair, the author and one-time candidate for Governor of California, he praised President Roosevelt, and predicted that Dewey would not carry 14 states."

US-hwc

Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, California