December 1, 1935.

My dear President Roosevelt,

I do not odd that our papers appear to copy those of England in saying unfriendly things about Mussolini and encouraging negro hopes of ultimate success.

I hope that Italy may annoy all of that Black nation much as England has taken successively Beasts and Zululand and Rhodesia and made them fit for white habitation.
Should the Negro win, it would be the first victory of black over white on a large scale.

There have been several surprises by Bantu natives where many whites have been massacred; but these were exceptional, it can be compared with Custer's massacre on the upper Missouri in 1877, when he lost his whole command (1000 men!)

I've booked for a visit on the Guinea, Slave, and Ivory Coast, having already studied the North, East, South portions of Africa. It is an interesting problem, also one that may become tragical.

Had Lincoln seen what I have in
The west Indies; in the different southern states and above all in the Transvaal and Natal, he would not, methinks, have turned loose every American Kaffir with power to vote away the property of his former master.

The smiling figure in the photo means a young Polish pianiste who took tea with Madame Mère at their elbows - a welcome guest here - as well as at Hyde Park.

I shall see the Kaiser in January and shall presume to hand him your greetings. A letter from him received yesterday announces the good news that Prince Louis Ferdinand has immensely improved by his course of military discipline as an Aviator, that he is now "more manly."
If you need news of Liberia I'll report from that negro mecca, that holy grave of abolitionists 100 years ago!

How little can the mass of a people foretell the folly of what they do in the name of human liberty!

A letter from Macpherson, just received, speaks of a Lunatic Asylum taken on a picnic by their keepers. The keepers all became helplessly drunk, but they were carefully brought home by the Lunatics. If that asylum and much of Congress were put in a cocktail shaker and scattered beneath our capital dome, would you think you'd able to distinguish one from the other?

When I reach the Congo I'll put that question to the first gorilla I meet, or even to a Monrovian senator.

much love to you. I sailed on January 3rd.
My dear President Roosevelt

Is it not odd that our papers appear to copy those of England in saying unfriendly things about Mussolini and encouraging negro hopes of ultimate success? I hope that Italy may annex all of that Black nation much as England has taken successively Basuto and Zululand and Rhodesia and make them fit for white habitation. Should the Negro win, it would be the first victory of black over white on a large scale.

There have been several surprises by Bantu natives where many whites have been massacred; but those were exceptional and can be compared with Custer's massacre on the upper Missouri in 1877, when he lost his whole command thru his imprudent behavior (1000 men!)

I've booked for a visit on the Guinea and Slave and Ivory Coast--having already studied the North and East and South portions of Africa. It is an interesting problem — also one that may become tragic. Had Lincoln seen what I have in the West Indies, in the different southern states and above all in the Transvaal and Natal he would not, methinks, have turned loose every American Kaffir with power to vote away the property of his former master.

The smiling figure of the foto means a young Polish pianiste who took tea with "Madame Mere" at Krum Elbow — a welcome guest here — as well as at Hyde Park.

I shall see the Kaiser in January and shall presume to hand him your greeting. A letter from him received yesterday announces the good news that Prince Louis Ferdinand has immensely improved by his course of military discipline as Aviator — that he is now "more manly!"

If you need news of Liberia I'll report from that negro meccah, that Holy Grail of abolitionists 700 years ago! How little can the mass of a people foretell the folly of what they do in the name of human liberty! A letter from Kipling just received speaks of a lunatic asylum taken on a picnic by their keepers. The keepers all became helplessly drunk but they were carefully brought home by the
Lunatics. If that asylum and much of Congress were put in a cocktail shaker and scattered beneath our capitol dome, would you, think you, be able to distinguish one from the other?

When I reach the Congo I'll put that question to the first Gorilla I meet - or even to a Monrovian Senator!

Much love to you. I sail on January 3rd.

PB
Honored and August Ruler over a devoted majority. Dearest beloved Franklin Roosevelt

Of course I voted for you — but I have but one vote!

My neighbors of Ulster are mostly radical republicans, but they listen when I tell them that your hands are tied by a Constitution that is now rusty and rotten and unrecognizable from patching and propping up — much like

[Signature]

November 9 1936
my venerable Homestead, where I spend the best part of my small earnings in holding the precious thing from tumbling to pieces.

I'm off to Manchuria, to see the miracle of Mikado's administration in a territory that was without population, without roads, without any civilization when first I was there in 1876. Corea was equally barbarous when I travelled there in 1893.

But Japan builds good roads, maintains good schools and hospitals, plants millions of baby trees.
on slopes that had become barren, creates harbors
where the largest ships can take on and unload cargos—and where such a tyranny as our periodical “seamen”'s
promulgators would promptly be stopped by the
firing squad of some patriotic judge who has at heart
the people as a whole rather than a brutal gang such
as terrorized Sicily before Mussolini, or Germany before
Hitler.

This is my sixth deep in on Japan and her Colonies
probably my last.

The Reporters usually meet me on my return and
publish a few silly paragraphs. But the things of importance they blue pencil. And that is why I would place every newspaper under government control because the word "Free Press" has become a joke to those who seek the truth and would keep the U.S. out of needless war.

God Bless you - my dear martyr to duty. Beware of treacherous aliens and theological corporations. It's the great silent vote of protestant Anglo-Saxon Germanic Nordic elements that are behind you and will fight for you when you call upon them. You have done wonders and consequently you have excited jealousy, envy, even hatred - but Washington was not honored in his day. No Reviser in May 1937
My dear None such Neighbor Presidential.

Here's a line at the close of my third and final visit in Philippine waters. My first was of course when Dewey was here and General Merritt. My second during the Bucharisite circus.

And now I'm headed for the Hudson after a refreshing shore leave in the family of the U. S. C. G., and his military family.

A letter signed by your own hand saved my life.

The Sanitary captain vaccinated every other passenger - but spared my venerable carcass. He concluded that there was not enough blood in me to transmit even a microbe!

But this inoculation is a silly survival of superstition. No British fort holds up commerce as we do - Hong Kong and Singapore sail at our feet and so does every port in Tropical Africa - West and West.

Vermis speculentus satis est!

Do you wish any more of my white harvest wisdom?

Of course I called at the Palace of the ginger colored monarch pre teed - had much palaver with valuable deputies who are spending money freely on unnecessary ornaments to official buildings. They will take freely all the money that the U. S. give them - after the manner of Liberia, Hayti, etc.

They are already following the example of Hitler in the matter of creating an army that is under native command and that can soon treat
the U. S. Flag here as a pretty piece of street decoration - of no
practical importance. Therefore, my dearly beloved President, have
no illusions about these little brown brothers. They have been
debouched by my heavy weight classmate Bill Taft and now insult the
U. S. as did the Sultans of Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli until we sent
our warships there, instead of tribute money. Why not put the
Islands up at auction? Let Japan and Germany bid? Or arm the
mamametan minority. They would soon massacre all the politicians
and priests and elect a Kubilai Khan as sultan! You note the analogy
between these Islands and India - both have a many majority and a
war like minority who detest government by gable. I trust that your
beloved Mama is well as also Madame la Presidenta. The Heruit Kaiser
commanded me to convey his kindly greetings - as also did his 2 Grand-
sons.

But I do feel old - to think that I was here when first the Stars
and Stripes were hoisted over the Red and Yellow of Spain.

And yesterday at sunset I stood bereaved on the Parade ground
of Fort McKinley whilst the band played our National Anthem and our
flag slowly and sadly sank and sank and was rolled up and folded away -

And all this in the short span of one generation.

Wouuld that I had the millions wasted here on harbor works and mil-
itary defenses. I could build side walks along the highway to Hyde
Park! - and so on - but you have more to do than encourage the senile
garrulity of

P. O'LEARY BISHOP
Private

To
His Excellency

The President
at the
White House

Washington
U.S.
March 3 1937

D. "GNEISENAU"

My dear Home and Neighbor Presidential,

Here's a line at the close of my third and final visit in Philippine Waters. My first was of course when Dewey was here. General Meade. My second during the Eucharistic crusade. And now I'm headed for the Hudson after a refreshing shore leave in the family of the U.S. C.O., and his...
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A letter signed by your own hand saved my life.

The sanitary strap vaccinated every other passenger— but spared my venerable successor. He concluded that there was not enough blood in me to transmit even a minorbe!

But this inoculation is a silly survival of superstition. No British Port needs us to commence as we do— Hong Kong, Singapore, smile at our felicitation— so does every port in Tropical Africa— East & West. Verbum sapientes Satire est.
Do you wish any more of my white bearded wisdom?

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They will take freely all the money that the U.S. give them — after the manner of Liberia, Haiti, etc.

They are already following the example of Hitler in the matter of creating an army that is under natives command — that can soon treat the U.S. flag here as a pretty piece of street decoration — of no practical importance.
Therefore, my dearly beloved President, have no illusions about these little brown brothers. They have been debauched by my heavy-weight classmate Bill Taft as well as the Sultans of Algiers Tunis & Tripoli until we sent our war-ships there, instead of tribute-money. Why not put the Islands up at Auction & let Japan & Germany bid for the Mahometan minority. They would soon massacre off all the politicians & priests & elect a Khalif than as Ruler! I am not the analogy between these Islands & India - both have a much larger majority than a war little minority who detest Government by Rabble.
I trust that your beloved Mama is well as also Madame la Presidente. The Hermit Kaiser commanded me to convey his kindly greetings — as also did his 2 Grandsons.

But I do feel sad to think that I was here when first the Stars & Stripes were hoisted over the Red & Yellow of Spain.

And yesterday at Sunset I stood bareheaded on the Parade ground of Ford Mc Kinley whilst
the bands played our National Anthem and our flag slowly and sadly sank and sank and was rolled up and folded away. . . . .

And all this in the short span of one generation

would that I had the millions wasted here on harbor works and military defenses. I could build side walks along the highway to Hyde Park and so on, but you have more to do than encourage the senile garrulity of
My dear President Roosevelt:

Thank you ever so much for the spontaneity of your semi-acceptance.

My birthday is on that day, September tenth, and many of my friends persist in coming then — whether invited or not.

What think you of going back to the former date — the first Friday of October?

If you can fit that into your crowded book of dates, then would I rejoice equally.

Either October first or eighth (preferably the eighth) because my sister, Mrs. Tracy, and my niece (Eristoff) would then be home from the Ban in Czechoslovakia.

Each presidential candidate, commencing with Washington, has been target for foul suspicion and accused of sinister purposes.

My honored father voted for Van Buren and my first vote was cast for Tilden. Both were vilified as agents of the Devil for the wreckage of our Constitution.

Half of New England thought of Ben. Franklin as a debauche and atheist — and Republican opinion of Cleveland was couched in much the same language.

History is my trade, and therefore I can put, shrug my shoulders and smile when folks talk politics at me and spit venom at their neighbor who thinks otherwise, on a subject they neither understand.

When I return to earth it should be for the purpose of doing a history of American madness during the periods of electoral delirium. The fact that you survive is evidence that miracles are still possible — or is it your Dutch toughness blended with English amissibility? Luther threw his ink pot — you have none handy — else would you aim it at

Yours faithfully,

/Poulney Bigelow
May 27, 1937

My dear President Roosevelt

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Half of New England thought of Ben Franklin as a
debaucher and atheist — and Republican opinion of Cleveland
was couched in much the same language.

Should you read theological polemics in the days of
Charles V and Leo X — you will find Luther painted as
one who started rebellion against the Christian religion
for the purpose of converting the neighboring nunnery
into a convenient whore house.

History is my trade; and therefore I can but
shrug my shoulders and smile, when folk's talk
politics at me and spit venom at their neighbor who thinks otherwise, on a subject they neither understand.

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[Signature: ours faithfully]

[Signature: Cordially, D. [illegible]]
Mr. Latto

The President's letter has not come to file.
His Excellency

The President

To the White House

WASHINGTON
Return when read attentively to

Kulinary Bigelow

former Professor of Laws

Customs of Native Races.
April 29--38

My dear neighborly Nonesuch I

On September 30th Friday you shall be provided here with a choice audience for I am unveiling a bronze bust of PONTIAC.

Shall have KYRA here, plus her long legged worshiper and husband, Louis Ferdinand.

This time I trust that nothing will prevent your coming--you and your wife and loveliest of mamas.

The course of public life consists largely in the fact that many friends are afraid to wire because all secretaries are not discreet, and your postal bag must be as was the Kaiser's in his days of glory--monstrous in bulk--impossible for any man to handle.

Thank you for your letter of greeting. It cause me to write at once to the prospective honeymooner who will be delighted--I'm sure.

At the dock in New York some 20 reporters asked me to tell them what the Kaiser thought of Hitler. My answer was obvious.

If I answered such a question I would soon have no friend.

I offered them Lindbergh's opinion of Reporters--but they did not regard that as news.

But they noted that I loaded all my 13 pieces of baggage on to a hand wagon which I bought in Hanbaden for $6.00 and that load I conveyed to the West Shore station--4 blocks away without one cent of cost.

Any express truckman would have charged me 5% for that.

Then Capt. Saltien lashed it on to the stern of his motor car and in 5 hours I was on my piazza sharing with him the first shad caught under my windows--this year.

When I am Dictator I shall have 3/4 of all truckmen, Jews and Reporters deputed under pain of castration.

Of course you have my enthusiastic proxy as tentative Protector and Presidential Captain General, but you are far too gentle in many ways.
You would possible pardon those truckmen who charge the whole cost of my peasant cart for merely toting it from the North German Lloyd pier to the nearest rail head.

By same post I send you a book that only you can adequately appreciate— for you and I be sailor men! Commodore AHRENS of the Bremen burst several buttons before laying it down. You will find it a prophylactic against spiritual morbidity in these days of shrinking incomes and overcrowded lunatic asylums.

May I book you for Sept. 30th? If you consent then shall that be a sign that you forgive even so long a letter as this of ever. Yours much the same

/s/ Poultney Bigelow
April 29, 1938

My dear neighborhood housewife:

On September 30th, Friday, you shall be provided here with a choice audience; for I am unveiling a bronze bust ofPontiac.

Shall have Kyra here, plus her long-legged worshipper and husband, Louis Ferdinand.

This time I trust that nothing will prevent your coming— you and your wife and loveliest of Mama's.

The curse of public life consists largely in the fact that many friends are afraid to write because all secretaries are not discreet; and your postal bag must be
as was the Kaiser, in his days of glory - monstroses in bulk - impossible for any one man to handle.

Thank you for your letter of greeting. It caused me to write at once to the prospective honeymooners who will be delighted - I'm sure.

At the last in mid-dark some 20 reporters asked me to tell them what the Kaiser's thought of Hitler. My answer was obvious.

If I answered such a question I would soon have no friends.

I offered them Lindbergh's opinion to reporters - but they did not regard that as news.

But they noted that I loaded all my 13 pieces of baggage on to
a hand wagon which I bought in Wiesbaden for $5.00.

At least I conveyed to the West Shore station—4 blocks away—without one cent of cost!

Any express transcript would have charged me 5% for that.

Then Capt. Ballston lashed it on to the stern of his motor car and in 3 hours I was on my piazza, sharing with him the first shad caught under my windows this year.

When I'm dictator I shall have 1/4 of all transcripts,

Tentative Protector and Presidential Captain General.

but far and few too gentle in many ways.
You would possibly pardon those turnkeys who charge the whole cost of my peasant cart for merely tolerating it from the Nantes German docks pier to the nearest rail head.

By same post I send you a book that only you can adequately appreciate— for you & I be sailor men— Commodore Ahrens of the Bremen burst several buttons before laying it down. You will find it a prophylactic against spiritual morbidity in these days of shrinking incomes and overcrowded lunatic asylum—.

May I book you for Sept. 3rd. If you consent then shall that be a sign that you forgive even so long a letter as this. To even one so much the same

[Signature]

[Signature]
May 10, 1929.

Dear Sailor:-

Perfect! I hope (Congress willing) to spend Sunday, the twenty-ninth, at Hyde Park and I suggest that Louis Ferdinand and the beauteous bride come down, under your experienced chaperonage, on Saturday afternoon, the twenty-eighth, spending Saturday night with us. We will take them to St. James' Church on Sunday morning, for I take it that although theoretically Nazi, they still believe in God. After lunch on Sunday I will drive them around the place. I would ask you all to spend Sunday night as well but I have people coming late Sunday afternoon and I imagine the honeymooners would much prefer a family visit.

Ever so many thanks for that delightful little book which I find on my return. I like it.

I am putting down September thirtieth in the date book. The Lord only knows what part of the world I shall be in on that date, but I hope it is the Hudson River.

Always sincerely,

Poulton Bigelow, Esq.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.
my dear Farmer President,

This moment arrives a radiant letter from Germany's prospective Emperor announcing his honeymoon trip to the U.S.A. — and thus on around the world

He promises me his first visit but your alleged "Off again Finagler" cedes his privilege in your favor. if you insist. He arrives by S.S. BREMEN to the w. 46th St. dr. on May 26th Thursday.

he and his prospective heirs to the
one of a hypothetical Russia — the beautiful Hepsa Vladimirivitch — niece of the recently murdered Nicholas II.

had I a Baghdad wishing ring, I would lasso them at Quarantine and land them at Malden dock by means of a swift hydro plane or other such modern space destroyers,

of course the camera men and press pundits could get all they needed in a few minutes at the Narrows.

Louis Ferdinand has certain sentimental reasons for wishing to spend his first night ashore in the same bed he occupied
I then first he saw the Hudson 10 years or so past - which means the Bigelow Homestead.

Then I would not let him to Hyde Park - the and his Grand Duchesses - and I'm sure that both your wife and your Mama will approve of this match.

But all this depends on your duties to this empire of sovereign states.

Louis Ferdinand owes much to Henry Ford & will of course pay them a visit en route for Frisco. whence he is booked to sail for Honolulu on June 18 the

I'm sending this to you, for, I tremble at the thought of your being far, far away
when he arrives

God bless you - if not the fisher!

Send messages to your mother - wife & co.

[Signature]

Hareness

Anglican
My dear master navigator

Every salt water skipper knows that his ship is doomed if more than one mind control its helm.

Thank you for dating the Kyra - Homer, Saturday May 28th.

Of course I accept for
them, subject, of course, to
their surviving enthusiastic
the gang. Thank!

Your generous Mama has
written me a characteristically
sweet letter. Some Kyra and Co.
in shall invade Hyde park
for Tea cups on Saturday and
have you on Sunday as soon
as lunch as decent and
applicable to four. [May 29]
I'd like to see M. Hoover's face when he learns that you have had the courage that he did not have. It pays to be a "gentleman"—even in politics. A lesson that was never learned by your Falstaffian predecessor. When in Australia 4 years ago, I made frequent inquiry about Hoover's years in their mining world. It was a vacuum—zero—commonplace!
multiply such jera, out pops a Hoover.
my Republican neighbors reviled me for telling the truth about his nothingness; they reviled me also for telling the truth about William II; they even abused me for picking out Louis Ferdinand as a winner some 10 years ago. well, so did you [sic], and therefore have I a right to show pride in signing myself your obedient salt water second mate of the "Surprise", 1876.

[Signature]
Adolph Menzel

König Friedrich der Große - in his old age.
Quaker!

Suppose Washington had made a congressional—
maratirion—suspended
the constitution for a dozen
years or so—sent the
bulk of our legislators back
to their farms!
It would have helped us
but whisper it not loudly!
without Frederick the Great there
would have been no Protestant
United Germany; nor a
Protestant United States of
America in 1789.
Blessed are the nations who
have such a dictator as the
Sage of Sans Souci!
Moral: Don Altes Trutz
died peacefully in his chair.

Louis XVI died on the
Gillotine.

Frederic based his prestige
on Justice and Preparedness.

Louis XVI was fat and
soft minded and parleyed
with a blood thirsty mob
instead of strengthening
his police reserves.
March 23, 1939.

My dear Dr. Bigelow:

My warm congratulations on your magnificent midwifery achievement! I had not heard of it before and I am writing to Louis Ferdinand and Kyra to tell them how happy I am.

You must have had a grand trip and I hope to hear all about it this Spring — but, in relation to the overlordship of Europe, don't forget that (a) pride cometh before a fall, and (b) what happened to General N. Bonsaparte.

See you over the tea cups at Hyde Park soon.

Always sincerely,

Poultney Bigelow, M.D.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.
My dear President Franklin:

You are much in my thoughts these latter days, for wherever I go I meet with problems almost as pressing as yours or those of England.

One person, only, has not torn his hair in lamentation over the rumblings of War drums — and for a good reason — the KYRA boy babe has no hair. But he's an angel child and Louis Ferdinand is radiantly happy. As to Mama KYRA she's the ideal wife and mother, and, of course she suckles her heaven sent son.

I was permitted to hold that precious treasure in my arms and invent an apostolic benediction that should not frighten him, nor undermine the Greek Church, and Lutheran feelings, of Papa and Mama Hohenzollern Gottorp Romanooff.

The parents wore the smile of polite but anxious hosts — for they were but half convinced of my baby handling technique, even after being assured that I was not merely great grandfather, but that as mere grandfather, I required a card catalogue for the census of my far flung descendants.

The physiologically speculative bridegroom tells me that this divine child was conceived in the ancestral bed on which was born my illustrious father in 1817. The royal bride balances between "Springwood" and my old "Homestead." All that I can do in a most case of such delicacy is to give myself the benefit of any doubt and have a brass plaque made, and inscribed: "In this bed was conceived the future Hope of PAX GERMANICA — the Boy Babe of KYRA — sent on earth to save the world from that horrible NEXT War."

"No Holy ghost" meddled in that glorious conception, nor did any impotent Joseph insult the sacred occasion by parading as a masqueraded husband.

Each night at Malden I tucked the loving honeymooners, each into the other's arms, and each morning I disentangled them — and therefore I speak as a Professor on conjugal beatitude!

But I only started this midwifery sermon by way of letting you know the glad tidings.

Also please remember me to Mrs. Franklin and your ever young and beautiful Mama.

And also please, please, think of me when you reach Hyde Park and when the tea urn is bubbling and you want a connoisseur on that fragrant beverage — which means

Faithfully yours

(Signed) Foultony Bigelow

P.S. Am due in Malden March 23d — for good!!
HAUS DOORN.

March 10, 29
Holland.

My dear President Franklin,

You are much in my thoughts these latter days, for wherever I go I meet with problems almost as pressing as yours or those of England.

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No "Holy ghost" meddled in that glorious conception; nor did any impatient Joseph insult the sacred occasion by parading as a masqueraded husband.

Each night at Maldon I tucked the loving honeymooners, each into the other's arms, and each morning I disentangled them — and therefore I speak as a profession on conjugal truства.

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Know the glad tidings.

Also please remember me to Mrs. Franklin
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And also please, please, think of me
when you reach Hyde Park & when the tea
enm is bubbling & you want a connoisseur
on that fragrant beverage - this man-

Faithfully Yours.

[Signature]

P.S. Am due in Malden March 23rd for good.
March 11, 1939
Haus Doorn

My dear Emperor in at and of Krum Elbow!

His majesty of DOORN sends you by these unworthy, yet highly Democratic, hands, his warm thanks for your kind reception of his grandson Louis Ferdinand and radiant KIRA, now mother of a lusty BOY 5 weeks old! The happy couple live in a wooded suburb of Berlin, half way to Potsdam. Their next door neighbor is the now desolate wife of your Ambassador Wilson.

She received me with hospitable smiles, but feels her desolation like another Penelope, or shall I say Ariadne?

Germany is in good fighting trim, for while our 10 million of unemployed are highly paid for doing little more than smoking cigarettes, every German is converted into a useful citizen and soldier who handles pick and shovel alternately with "School of the Soldier," at scarce any expense to the tax payer.

Its new "manifest destiny" for Germany to include Warsaw and St. Petersburg, no less than Prague and Vienna, as interesting provincial Capitals. In ten years Europe will be grateful for that act, much as the world accepted our absorption of California and Texas in 1848 — or Alaska in 1867.

Pray give my love to your lovely Mama and Madame La Presidente. I hope you will serve a third term and add a paragraph to the Constitution making the Presidential term 12 years, and reelection optional for another 12 years — optional with said incumbent, without reference to politics! I charge nothing for that chunk of wisdom for I am, as ever, Yours much as ever.

(Signed) Poulteny Bigelow
HAUS DOORN.

My dear Emperor in at of Vienna Ebers:

His majesty of DOORN sends you by these unworthy, yet highly Democratic, hands, his warm thanks for your kind reception of his grandson Louis Ferdinand and radiant KPIRA, now mother of a lusty BOY 5 weeks old.

The happy couple live in a wooded suburb of Berlin, half way to Potsdam. Their next door neighbor is the now desolate wife of your Ambassador Wilson.

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paragraph to the constitution making the presidential term 12
years, re-election optional for another 12 years—optional
with said income best, without reference to politics! I shall
nothing for that much of wisdom for I am, as ever, yours
much as ever

[Signature]
January 18, 1940.

My dear Neighbor:—

That was a slip of the pen but, at the same time, I cannot confess that Nazi minds are wholly lacking in magnetism. Perhaps it would have been better to have said "mesmerism".

Your suggestion about the message to the delightful Kyra meets my most enthusiastic approval. And when you see her and Louis Ferdinand tell them I hope they will come back to Malden and Hyde Park the very minute travel is safe again.

As ever yours,

Poulney Bigelow, Esq.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.

POULTNEY BIGELOW
WALDEN ON HUDSON

Dear Kind neighbor:

Here's a quotation from your benevolent bomb shell of a letter just read. - signed P. D. R.

"At your age you ought to know better than to risk contact with those magnetic MINDS (etc) which are being broadcasted by the Nazis!" Never was more fragrant flattery wafted from Washington to Berlin!

Should it ever be my good fortune to press the hand of him who saved his country from communist missile in 1917, may that letter of yours be in my pocket.

Hitler would be delighted at reading your words of praise.

He doubtless agrees with you in thinking that Germany is a nursery of "magnetic minds", and you surely would not be so cruel as to correct that venial slip of the pen.

My ship is the Conte di Savoia sailing February 3d for Naples, en route for Reichenau. Your letter shall be my Voodoo Amulet guardian angel, at the Bavarian Frontiers. There may be sardonic frontier guards at the Brenner, but when they learn your high opinion of NAAI mentality, however magnetic or explosive, they will embrace with fervor your amiable legate of Good will.

Thank you again! Shakespeare was a poor speller - so was Mark Twain - why should you turn your back on them?

Ever yours,

(Signed) POULTNEY BIGELOW

P.S. Small kiss Kyra on both cheeks in your name.
Dear Kind Neighbor

Here's a quotation from your benedict bomb shell of a letter just now - signed F. D. R. !

"At your age you ought to know better than to risk contact with those magnetic MINDS [sic!] which are being broadcast by the Nazis !"
never was more fragrant 
flattery wafted from Washington 
to Berlin!

Should it ever be my 
good fortune to press the 
hand of him who saved his 
country from communist 
mischief in 1933, may that 
latter of yours be in my 
pocket.

Hitler would be delighted 
at reading your words of 
praise.

He doubtless agrees with
You in thinking that Germany is a
museum of "magnetic minds," and you
surely would not be so cruel as to correct
that Serious * slip of the pen* !

My ship is the Conte di Savoia-
sailing February 3 for Naples, en route for
Wiesbaden. Your letter was by my
voodoo Amulet guardian angel, at the
Bavarian Frontier. There may be ferocious
frontier guards at the Brenner, but
Then they learn your high opinion of Nazi mentality, however magnetic or explosive, they will embrace with favor your amateur legate of good will.

Thank you again! Shakespeare was a poor speller - so was Mark Twain - why should you turn your back on them?

Even yours,

[Signature]

P.S. Shall I kiss Kypa on both cheeks in your name.
January 10, 1940.

My dear Neighbor:—

Whether you like it or not the State Department has more regard for your continued existence than you have -- and they tell me that they simply will not let you try to go to Germany via The Netherlands. In their wisdom they say you can go abroad via Italy, and I suppose they have no objection to your going to The Netherlands via Belgium or via Germany itself. At your age you ought to know better than to risk contact with those magnetic minds which are being broadcasted by the Nazis.

I have some little hope, however, that your discretion is increasing because my Aunt Dora, who is years older than you are, would still like to travel back and forth to Paris on a French ship.

What can a mere President do!

As ever yours,

Poultenay Bigelow, Esq.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.
My dear Mr. President:

Thank you for letting me see Mr. Bigelow's letter, which I am returning herewith. I don't know of anything that has amused me as much.

With regard to his passport application, I find that the Department wrote him on the third of January that it would be glad to give consideration to the validation of his passport for travel to Germany provided that he felt that he could go by the southern route, that is by way of Italy. He was asked to inform the Department of the exact date of his intended departure and the name of the steamship upon which he intended to sail.

He was further told, however, since it seemed from his application that he intended to proceed to Germany through the Netherlands, that the Department would not be able to validate his passport for travel to the Netherlands since his travel through the combat

The President,

The White House.
zone would be counter to existing law.

Believe me

Faithfully yours,

[Signature]
MEMORANDUM FOR
HON. SUMNER WELLES

The enclosed from old Poultnay Bigelow is a joy but don't show it to anybody.

Let me know, however, what I can tell him about his passport. He is, as you know, schoolmate of the Kaiser, admirer of Naziism, etc., etc., but he is a loyal American and not a spy.

F. D. R.

Enclosure
My honored neighbor and much tormented friend

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

New Year's Day causes me joy in reflecting on the multiplicitous misery that oppresses an American President, compared with what I suffer -- merely GOUT.

At 85 one must die of something; and gout is tolerable, if you will order me to WIESBADEN for my annual hot spring cure.

I would carry your New Year's greeting to Grand Duchess Kyra; the fortunate Prince Louis Ferdinand and also the beautiful angel boy who was conceived, I hope, on the ancestral bed at Malden on Hudson -- without assistance of the Holy Ghost.

More than a week ago I clamored for a passport; pleading my moribund extraordinary reasons for crossing the ocean.

Mr. Hull is a warm hearted man, but so far I've received no acknowledgment of my appeal, nor of my $10.00 enclosed.

Do you know Mr. Hull well enough to tell him that I am honorary Chaplain of the New York State Police; and, therefore, my halo should serve by way of Identification card, as did that of the holy Saint NEREMUK, who floated all the way from Prague to Hamburg with no other escort than a flight of angels.

The N. Y. State Troopers were first paraded by Colonel
Geo. F. Chandler in 1917; and on that occasion he proposed me, 
& I was elected by unanimous vote - certified by the trooper 
commandant, and countersigned by the then Secretary of State. 
That's the proudest honor so far - and the next to be permitted 
to sign myself, after 40 years,

Your friend as ever

(Signed) POULTNEY BIGELOW

P. S. I shall continue to vote for you as the Greeks voted 
annually for Pericles when he made Athens the World's greatest 
city.
The White House.
Jan 4, 12 01 PM '40
RECEIVED

My honored neighbor and much tormented friend,

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

New Years Day causes me joy in reflecting on the multiplicity of misery that oppresses an American President, compared with what I suffer—merely COVT.

At 85 one must die of something and gout is tolerable, if you will order me to Wiesbaden for my annual hot spring cure.
I would carry your new year's greeting to Grand Duchess Kyra; the fortunate Prince Louis Ferdinand, and also the beautiful angel boy who was conceived. I hope, on that ancestral bed at Malden on Hudson without assistance of the Holy Ghost.

More than a week ago I clamored for a passport, pleading my inarticulate, extraordinary reasons for crossing the ocean.

Mr. Hull is a warm-hearted man, but so far I've received no acknowledgment of my appeal.
man of my $10 co enclosed.

Do you know Mr. Hall well enough to
tell him that I am honorary chaplain of
the new State Police; and, therefore, my
shoes should serve identification card, as did
that of the holy Saint Nepomuk, who
floated all the way from Prague to Hamburg
with no other escort than a flight of
angels!

The m.r. State Troopers were first paraded
by Colonel Geo. F. Chandler in 1917; and on
that occasion he proposed me, and I was
elected by unanimous vote—certified by
the troops commandant, and countersigned by the then
Secretary of State. That's the proudest honor
so far—and the next is to be permitted to sign myself, after 40 years,

Your friend as ever

(Enclosure)

[Signature]

P.S. I shall continue to vote for you as the Greeks voted annually
for Pericles when he made Athens the world's greatest city.
January 29, 1940

Dear Neighbor:

The following from Breck Long is disappointing but it will amuse you. The comforting thought is that Penelope got her man back in the end.

"Pe" is an appealing figure in poetry, but this is a practical, hard, realistic world at war. Her warrior’s chief has been denied the right to have his own wife there, and his own recommendation was against her going. Under those circumstances it hardly would seem possible to give his junior officer the right to have his wife join him.

"It has been thought doubly wise to withhold all passports for persons in these categories until we see what is going to happen in the spring. If the situation continues, it may seem advisable to change policy, but all hands agree that we ought to hold this line until the spring discloses whether or not England is to be subjected to serious attack."

As ever yours,

Poultney Bigelow, Esq.,
Nalden on Hudson,
New York.
MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

My dear Mr. President:

Penelope is an appealing figure in poetry, but this is a practical, hard, realistic world at war. Her warrior's chief has been denied the right to have his own wife there, and his own recommendation was against her going. Under those circumstances it hardly would seem possible to give his junior officer the right to have his wife join him.

It has been thought doubly wise to withhold all passports for persons in these categories until we see what is going to happen in the spring. If the stalemate continues, it may seem advisable to change policy, but all hands agree that we ought to hold this line until the spring discloses whether or not England is to be subjected to serious attack.

Breckinridge Long

SD:LONG:WA
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 23, 1940.

MEMORANDUM FOR
HON. BRECKINRIDGE LONG

What can I say in reply
to this letter from Poulney
Bigelow?

F. D. R.
January 11, 1940

PULITZER RIGOLON

WALDEN ON HUDSON

My dear President:

Then let my West Point Penelope sweeten the Hudson with her tears!

I bored you with a futile request - for I knew that there must have been good reason for separating Ulysses Conrad and Penelope Charlotte of Highland Falls. Yet I am weak when women weep and am sure of a person at such hands as yours.

Prophecy is inexpensive, unless accompanied by heavy stakes previously deposited. Yes?

Politicians and Press men should be bonded when they shoot off cocksure predictions, liable to make war or financial disaster.

One must have carefully studied the past before venturing to forecast the probabilities of the day after.

Last night I looked up Harper's magazine of July 1892, with my article on "The Carl's Western Frontier". Prophetic!

In that article I foreshadowed the collapse of Russian ships and armies when they should meet real fighters: Japan in 1904; Hindenburg in 1914; and now Finland 1939. John Paul Jones was victim of Russian political rotteness when he vainly strove to improve the Naval administration of the Empress Catherine after the close of our war of Independence.

The Russian Secret Police expelled me from Russia for having published a few obvious truths - and the world does persist in believing that Russia is mighty merely because we are impressed by multiplicity of square miles and - semiiks.
Breckenridge Long is by right of ancestry a kid after my own heart - I have inherited admiration for his father & grandfather - Kentucky annals would be poor indeed were those of that name eliminated. And I recall many long talks of my father and Postmaster General Blair, in those happy days when our elders talked; and youngsters learned much by listening. My education once much less to Yale than to a father whose intimates were contemporaries of Mr. Cullin Bryant and Henry Watterson - Blair & Breckenridge - and, in my case, Jefferson Davis also, whom I visited in 1889 - in Mississippi before Breck Long was born.

God bless you! England is not frightened by her own shadow. She seeks to frighten Germany by spitting at her over the fence. She has but to cease bullying and boasting and robbing mail bags - for Hitler has no intention of hurting London - his enemy is Moscow Communism.

An Revoir. My address is Palace Hotel, Wiesbaden, if you want more of

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) WILTON F. HUGEL.
January 31, 1940

my dear President

Then let my West Point
Penelope sweeten the Hudson
with her tears

I bored you with a futile
request — for I knew that there
must have been good reason for
separating Ulysses Conrad and
Penelope Charlotte of Highland Falls.
Yet I am weak when woman
weeps, and am sure of a pardon
at such hands as yours.
Prophecy is inexpensive, unless accompanied by heavy stakes previously deposited. Yes?

Politicians and Press men should be bonded when they shoot off cock-sure predictions liable to make war or financial disaster.

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Last night I looked up Harper's Magazine of July 1892, with my article on: "The Czar's Western Frontier." Propertie.

In that article I foreshadowed the collapse of Russian ships and armies when they should meet real fighters: Japan in 1904; Hindenburg in 1914; and
now Finland—1939! John Paul Jones was
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strives to improve the naval administration of
Empress Catherine after the close of our war of Independence.

The Russian secret Police expelled me from Russia
for having published a few obvious truths—and the
world does persist in believing that Russia is mighty
merely because we are impressed by multiplicity
of square miles and—manjiks.

Three kinships Long is by right of ancestry a third after
my own heart—I have inherited admiration for his
father & grandfather—Kentucky annals would be poor
indeed were those of that name eliminated. And
I recall many long talks of my father and Postmaster General Blair, in those happy days when our elders talked, and younger ones learned much by listening. My education owes much less to Fate than to a father whose intimates were contemporaries of W. Allen Bryant and Henry Waterson—Blair & Breckinridge—and, in my case, Jefferson Davis also, whom I visited in 1886 in Mississippi before Breck Long was born.

God bless you! England is now frightened by her own shadow. She seeks to frighten Germany by spilling at her own fence. She has but to cease bullying and boasting and respectable mail bags—far better has no intention of hunting London—his enemy in Moscow. Communism in Russia. My address is Palast Hotel Wiesbaden. If you want more of my faithful fellow.
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 26, 1940.

MEMORANDUM FOR

HON. BRECKINRIDGE LONG

What can I say in reply
to this letter from Poultnay
Bigelow?

F. D. R.

Letter from Poultnay Bigelow, Melden on
Hudson, 1/24/40; copy retained for our
files.
January 24, 1940

My dear Excellency,

Thank you immensely for the hope you express, that I may survive NAZI minds or mines! At my age, the difference is almost imperceptible!

But your letter may work wonders should officials prove unkind.

Kublai Khan provided such a
piece of identification to Marco Polo, and it served him well.

In the glorious days of William II, I had a magical card that gave my coachman right of way, almost as rapid as that of an Irish Cardinal in the traffic of an American metropolis.

Your letters shall be displayed only in case the firing squad of Hitler has been ordered to take aim at me.

My ship is the Conte di Savoia, sailing for Naples on Saturday, February 3rd at noon.

Can you let me have the company of my niece Charlotte, wife of him whom you have...
ordered to LONDON as assistant U.S. military Attaché.

Captain Bryan CONRAD — U.S. Field Artillery — a first-rate Polo Player; and much married husband.

Charlotte is in her home — the "Squirrels" — at Highland Falls [just below West Point].

She pines like a Yankee Penelope for her beloved Bryan warrior! She cannot secure a passport!

Is there no clause in our constitution that restores a wife to her husband — a clause in the interests of commercial morality & domestic security?
Your kind message to Kypri, her babe and the long-legged Louis Ferdinand shall be delivered so soon as I was the Alps from Rome.

But please dry the eyes of my beautiful niece who cannot endure life without her Captain Conrad! She can give bonds for exemplary good behaviors—no time limit for she is very much at home "over there!" She has inherited my father's library and boorish taste.

From happy maribund

P.S. The Camras have no children!
To: His Excellency

The President

The "WHITE HOUSE"

WASHINGTON.
January 24, 1940

POULTNEY BIGELOW,
MALLORY ON HUNGRY.

My dear Excellency -

Thank you immensely for the hope you express, that I may survive Nazi miasms - or - Minded At my age, the difference is almost imperceptible!

But your letter may prove wondrous should officials prove unkind.

Robert W. Wood provided such a piece of identification to Marco Polo, and it served him well.

In the glorious days of William II, I had a magical card that gave my coachman right of way almost as wide as that of an Irish Cardinal in the traffic of an American metropolis.

Your letter shall be displayed only in case the firing squad of Hitler has been ordered to take him at me.

My ship is the Conta da SAVOIA sailing for Naples on Saturday, February 3d - at NOON.

Can you let me have the company of my niece Charlotte? - wife of a man than you have ordered to LONDON as Assistant U.S. Military Attaché - Captain Bryan CONRAD - U.S. Field Artillery - a first rate Polo Player; and she married husband.

Charlotte is in her home - the "Squirrels" - at Highland Falls (just above West Point).

She finds like a Yankee Penelope for her beloved Bryan no critic. She cannot secure a passport! Is there no clause in our Constitution
that restores a wife to her husband - a clause in the interests of conjugal morality & domestic security?

Your kind message to Kyra, her babe and the longlegged Louis Ferdinand shall be delivered so soon as I cross the Alps from Rome.

But please dry the eyes of my beautiful niece who cannot endure life without her Captain Conrad! She can give bonds for exemplary good behavior - no time limit - for she is very much at home "over there!" She has inherited my father's library and bookish taste.

Your happy moribund

(Signed) POULTNEY NICHOLSON

P.S. The Conrads have no children
my dear Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Here is my ultima Thule - for these waters help my soul. The little children are on their way to school as usual, very well fed; many soldier boys are strolling about on short leave from the front - the theaters - cafes function as usual, and my friends keep asking me why England should continue this needless war? I give it up!
I go every night—opera, concert or play; and find through preparation for possible bombardment, in the play bill is notice to follow the theater janitors to "refuge," and the janitors here are not pretty flappers, but grizzled warriors retired from active service.

Germany is leaving nothing to haphazard, but—in the spirit of Moltke and Clausewitz—preparing for the worst whilst hoping for the best.
Before the conductor waved his baton, a huge white curtain displayed the same warning that I found on my play bill — to follow each his grizzled janitor to the safety dungeon on the first alarm, then return to our seats when danger had ceased.

I note no change from normal until the opera house prepares for the home journey. Then most of the ladies pull
from their sacks little chinese lanterns lighted by a bit of christmas candle; and thus armed they start for home without fear — for all Germans are good at footing it. The men, myself included, step the path with walking stick, pretend they're blind until they bump up against their own hotel. Of accidents I hear none, for taxis are few & cautiously slow whilst women & children are in great majority.
From the Italian frontier—Brenner to Wiesbaden—my train was crowded with soldiers on furlough—mostly handsome young fellows—cheerful and helpful to me.

Some of my home friends assured me that I should be insulted or beaten if I uttered a word of English or exposed my Legion d'Honneur—

bit of ribbon at my button hole. On the contrary!

I was helped at Munich, at Nuremberg, at Würzburg and at Wiesbaden, where my 3
heavy valises had to be "lifted" from the rack and "evacuated" to the platform.

I am sailing from Trieste on March 18 via Gib. Lisbon + Agores to the Hudson - due at Meden Homestead April 1st. S.S. VULCANIA.

If Summer Wells spends his Harvard years + knows how to draw out his fellow passengers he will corroborate this plain tale from Yale, + thank God, as I do, for an F.D. Roosevelt strong enough to keep us out of this war - at least partially.
of course our ship was
halted by a British cruiser at
Gibraltar and will probably be also
halted in our home journey.

In 1812 such behavior would have been excusable: "Today we forget HISTORY, substitute HYS T E R I A."

No more until you be
settled with your beloved Mama
in Springwood.

In Trieste I shall visit
the Palace that was the last
real home of Mexican Maximilian
and his beautiful Carlotta —
MIRAMAR.
The U. S. had a glorious, 1848, and while, while, war that gave us California Texas etc.
It was also an act of statesmanship to order Napoleon III to retire from Mexico unless he desired his backside perforated with U. S. bayonets. 1866.
There were "giants" in those days! John Bigelow was in Paris! Napoleon hated him with good reason.

Foursith of July Love

Pauling Bigelow
To His Excellency

The President

The White House

WASHINGTON
March 17, 1940
Excelsior Savoia Palace
Trieste
P.S. Bigelow

My dear President Roosevelt,

This morning I strolled miles and miles amid the beautiful woods of Miramare.

It was a "sentimental journey" yet no woman crossed my path; and the one man who did might have proved wearisome to Laurence Sterne.
That man was also strolling leisurely - an obvious gentleman of scholarly manner - elderly - dignified.

Him I accosted in French, inquiring my way to Maximilian's Palace - for I was lost in the labyrinth of artfully planned paths.

He gave me his card - Count Michel. His uncle, as he said, was the adjutant of the
would be "Emperor" of Mexico.

I shall refer this to the beautiful
Bertha Harding – author of Shadow Crown –
as soon as I reach home.

The Count shared with me warm
sympathy for both Carlotta and her "Max"
both victims of Jesuit mendacity and
Napoleonic political chicanery.

But this Count carried my thoughts to
Springwood, not merely by the
mileage of this estate, but the multiplicity of tree life. I saw many pine—hob nobbing with Singapore bamboo; and olives close to oaks. Count Micheli told me that maximum planned and superintended every bit of landscape gardening here and also the buildings + interior fittings.

Doubtless, like many another such, his joy was in making the place.
But once made, he turned for conquest else where—and the devil tempted him: as was it his Carlotta?—the glamer of an Imperial iron—amid the volcanos of Mexico.

The Park of Miramar is open to the Public, save only to that portion protecting the palace from publicity. Just now it shelters the King’s Canine, Duke of Aosta—er, rather, that
Duchess, whose husband is momentarily in Abyssinia.

When you turn your back on the White House worries, then pull down from your Springwood shelves the 5 volumes of John Bigelow's "Retrospections"—his fascinating pages telling in great detail the rascally behavior of the third Napoleon in his efforts to help the slave states while outwardly observing neutrality.
Count Michelel being Austrian, wasted little of his breath in praise of Mussolini, much less did he eulogize Juarez who ordered Maximilian shot. As to Pius IX, who caused Carleton to become a mad-house wreck, he could not comment save to his "Father" Confessor.

And so ends my last day in Europe, at least for 1940.

I went no further than Wiesbaden, thence to Munich & so, over the Brenner,
to catch the *Vulcania* on March 18
in Trieste.

Germany is invulnerable and irresistible.
She is relatively as capable of a
long struggle as she was under Frederick
the Great who made head against
an alliance of all Catholic Europe
from 1740 until 1763—[having
short interruptions].

She is relatively stronger than when
She rose as one man in 1813 and chased Napoleon across the Rhine in January of 1814, and won the battle of Waterloo in 1815. She is now carefully doing what other threatened nations of old attempted, what Pericles did in the 5th century B.C., enlisting every man, woman, and child for service in the common cause — not wait until the enemy is at our gates.
The British Press gives much space to whatever can injure Hitler; so called massacres of Poles; nasty to Poles; misery in concentration camps. You can relegate such things to the same limbo which contains account of Southern cruelty to Northern prisoners in our civil war.

The German is normally a family man - good husband, good father - law abiding.
hating cruelty and the Inquisition, averse to conspiracies, assassination and all such tools dear to Papists. Whenever you hear in the papers any charges of abnormal behavior on the part of Germans, you can rest some comfort in reading any every war since Moses broke into the land of Canaan: glorified by Joshua and his band, Germany is today carelessly "rationed."
but her school children look very well fed; one sees universal poverty but no tramps or mendicants. Life goes on as in peace times, but one feels that at any moment the supreme struggle may commence and one also feels that nothing has been left to chance! The spirit of mottier still rules and also that of the Great Frederic.

And now for Malden on Hudson! Best messages to your mama now, even and speed non stop from your latest—pilgrim.

Hallows
His Excellency
Franklin Roosevelt
White House
WASHINGTON
My dear President Roosevelt,

It is not alone your special mouth piece WELLES whose ship was practically boarded at Gib. This Royal Italian mail craft was also stopped and forcibly held for ten hours in contravention of International treaties, notably the one signed in 1785 by

PSF
Bigelow

Frederic the Great and Ben Franklin, that humane treaty protected neutral shipping from interference during fish such a barbarous war as England is now seeking to make even more injurious to innocent Christians. Summer Welles was only once held up.

This ship twice! We were forcibly stopped off PATRAS, within Greek territorial waters,
almost within sight of the spot where Byron died for the liberty of Hellas—at Missolonghi in 1821—when my father was a student at Union—Schenectady.

Now is the moment for feeling the proud pulse of General Franco as once I felt that of a great Spaniard in 1898—Castelar, who was President of the first Spanish Republic in 1870 and CANOVAS the last great Prime Minister of Spain—who paid with his life, when compelled to fight the American Army—a navy of that unhappy year.

I've never met Franco, but I feel that every time American would vote for any President—who insisted upon our treaty rights—and especially those for which our navy fought with glory in 1812, 1813, 1814. [especially Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans!]

England treats with respect only such
as have given her a good pounding.
She searched our ships between 1783
and 1812 and we searched her in 1862
when Wilkes took two Confederates agents
out of the Royal mails s.s. "Trent."
Palmeston blustered and every Jingo plus
Punch & the TIMES clamored for war; but
Seward accepted the London challenge &
John Bull backed down.

Today England is equally blusterous-
measurably boastful - insolent because
neutralists are not united.

Feel the pulse of General Franco— but
first concentrate our best battle craft—at Tangiers or some such handy port;
and then send round a kindly circular
invitation to Italy & all Scandinavian Courts
pledging our support to the humane—
treaty signed by the Great Frederic only one
year before he died.

Our fleet should be a match for that
of John Bull. It not call upon Japan
and Franco.

Frederic the Great was only 28 when he
became King of a nation without prestige.
within one year thereafter he had beaten Austria and
won the decisive battle of MOLLWITZ. From then on to the close
of the Seven Years War he kept the field victoriously, fought an
enemy that was usually much superior numerically, yet he made
up by better strategy, better discipline and complete confidence
in his leaders.

France needs Gibraltar and we need Bermuda to say nothing
of other agreeable resorts on the way to Panama.

France is young and needs the prestige that her country lost in 1898.
Some enemies are the money changers who are growing rich by
watching the stock market where war material fluctuates.

Good by my dear President: Kira and her Louis Ferdinand
send you loving messages in return for yours conveyed to them
by even your honorary and unpaid malden Pundit—

[Signature]

Life in Germany was just what I anticipated when I sought a passport.
His Excellency The President
Springwood
HIDE PARK

N. Y.
Warm Springs, Ga.,
April 20, 1940.

My dear Neighbor:

I am certainly glad that you are safely back and I hope the cure at Wiesbaden did its usual good.

I hope to see you this summer but my visits to Hyde Park cannot well be planned ahead. There is always the danger that Germany will overnight extend her "protective occupation" to several more nations which have rather gloried in their right to self-government through a number of centuries.

It seems to me that I remember some rather admirable efforts by my Dutch ancestors to throw off the yoke of the Inquisition and of the so-called German Emperor — also certain valiant attempts of Serbs and even Bulgarians to get rid of their allegiance to the Mohammedan caliphs. However, as long as Germany has invented "protective occupation", I suppose the theory could very readily be extended to Canada, Mexico and the Canal Zone.

Always sincerely,

Poulton Bigelow, Esq.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.
Putney Rigdon has not received an acknowledgment of a letter posted to you from Wiesbaden on the 7th. It has been probably illegally withheld on Borden.
appropriated by a British war vessel at Gimbal.
Here I spent a whole day exploring the last happy home of Carlotta and Maximilian—a magnificent park—a labor of love—all created by their own sense of botanical and artistic fitness. No wonder that my meditations were a bit gloomy.
COPY

April 14, 1940
Poultnan Bigelow
Malden on Hudson

My dear neighbor & honored friend:

The NAZI Mines have spared me] their "MINDS" also --

thanks to your Visa for Wiesbaden. In gratitude, I quote here from

George Bancroft's 10 Volume History of the United States, (p. 230

of the 3d Vol.) some words that should cause the British rulers
to reconsider their piratical regulations in regard to stopping,
searching and seizing American mail bags -- of which I was

witness both in Greek and Gibraltar waters.

"To the Tory ministry of Queen Anne belongs the honor
of having inserted in the treaties of Peace -- (Utrecht 1713) a

principle which, but for England, would, have wanted a Vindicator"

"What Holland asserted, England kept alive and Prussia
received, till it was safe against any possible combination."

"The IDEA which GROTIUS promulgated, Bolingbroke
fostered, till the Great Frederico could become its champion, and
all the Continent of Europe invoke America to secure its triumph: --

"FREE SHIPS SHALL ALSO GIVE a FREEDOM TO GOODS"

"The name of Contraband was narrowly defined and the
right of blockade severely limited" . . . . .

Bancroft gave his whole time up to the year of his
death in the writing of that great History -- it absorbed him as "Roman decline" monopolized GIBBON, or as Ben Franklin did
my father.
He and Banoroff were warm friends -- both of them old time DEMOCRATS in days when our political banners carried such slogans as: "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!"

The more I read Banorofit the more do I marvel at his industry, persistence and political courage. He always called me "Poultney" -- commencing in 1870, when he was "Ambassador" to William I and Bismark and lasting until he could no longer mount his horse for the customary exercise in Washington, 1891. A grand old man! -- over 90 when he left this earth.

And what a stimulus & warning to ambitious would be historians, like yourself. What interminable digging in worm eaten, frequently misleading pamphlets, or digging even manuscript reports! My "History of Germany" covers only 40 years & cost me 10 hard years of research and much money outlay. To which I hear you explain: "Could to God Bigelow had ceased to write altogether! Yet I want much to run down to that Library of yours and keep hoping that you'll drop all frivolous ambition on the Potomac in favor of some "History of my own time" written on the Hudson.

Much love to Madame Votre Mere adorable & Mrs. Franklin from always the same

POULTNEY BIGELOW
My dear neighbor & honored friend:

The NAZI Mines have spared me, their "MINDS!" also — thanks to your Visa for Wiesbaden. In gratitude, I quote here from George Bancroft's 10 Volume History of the United States, (p. 230 of the 3d Vol.) some words that should cause the British rulers to reconsider their piratical regulations in regard to stopping, searching and seizing American mail bags — of which I was witness both in Greek and Gibraltar waters.

"To the Tory ministry of Queen Anne belongs the honor of having inserted in the treaties of Peace — (Utrecht 1713) a principle which, but for England, would, have wanted a Vindicator."

"What Holland asserted, England kept alive and Prussia received, till it was safe against any possible combination."

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POULTNEY BIGELOW
April 14, 40.

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writing of that great history. It absorbed him as "Roman decline" monopolized Gibbon, as Ben Franklin did my father.

He and Bancroft were warm friends—both of them old time Democrats in days when our political banners carried such slogans as: "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!"

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[Signature]
To His Excellency

The President

WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON
Good Health

To you and a Life Sentence as

"Protector"

to these U.S. A.
In Munich the Burgomaster's term is 10 years.

But in case he is not re-elected, the City must pay him his full salary any way!

Consequently his term is usually 20 years - the best years of his life! It works well in Germany. Why not also for a President in Washington?
My dear farmer neighbor

"Protective occupation" is a good word - borrowed from us, I hope. England gradually and benevolently occupied the whole of India; although in the 16 hundreds [or about the time that the first Bigelow took "protective occupation" of a good slice near Boston] England had but a few modest factories in Trading Posts: Madras, Calcutta, and finally Bombay - about 1639.

"Protective occupation" gave us Texas + California / Cuba + the Panama Canal. Seward made the
slogan: "manifest destiny," his excuse for annexing Alaska. But his real reason was deep seated resentment because of Downing street's bullying attitude - first over the TREATY affair of 1862, then the offensive attitude with which she flaunted her delight when American clipper ships were burned or sunk by the Alabama— one of them was the sister ship of our SURPRISE. Seward conspired secretly with Russia and a majority of the Senate to choose the right moment at the close of a wound session to hurry the bill through, when John Bull was dozing and Russia still smarting from the Crimean war. Our "Protective occupation" has been benificent as a rule; and
the same can be said of England's and Holland's, now Germany's.

Prussia did much "protective occupation" under Frederick the Great, annexing all of Silesia and giving religious freedom to Protestant minorities.

In 1870 she took back the German province of Alsace, which Louis XIV had stolen, and from which he drove out all Protestants. Thereafter Germany gave protective occupation to the German section of Denmark in 1864, and in 1866 annexed Hannover, Bavaria, etc. creating an Empire in which all enjoyed liberty of conscience.

She is now occupying "protectively" territory that was formerly part of the old, very backward and Catholic Double Eagle Empire, and, she is determined to "protect" her smaller and weaker neighbors from the common enemy of good government. The Moscow Communist, I'm telling you, what I would "protect and occupy" had I the power!
we made a great mistake in withdrawing our flag from
Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1848, for France put 40,000 soldiers there
in 1864; and Japan may put 400,000 in 1944. A wall and
picketed, hidden neighbor is ever a source of danger—as Poland
has been to Europe, and Ireland to Great Britain.

I don't worry about Canada—yet so soon as you have
a free moment I hope you may order all custom houses
abolished, and all navigation restrictions also, the whole 3,000
miles between Vancouver and Louisburg.

I should have stayed 3 weeks at Wiesbaden—but I sped
home, sick after my second one, for not one single letter reached
me from home—all stolen by the Piratical British who forgot
that we helped them in the war of 1812—and—but you

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
COPY

June 18, 40

POULTNEY BIGLOW
Malden On Hudson

Anniversary of Waterloo

My dear President in Partibus:

You have deserved my gratitude for letting me make the run to Wiesbaden and thus fight my gout. Pray, add to your kindnesses, by letting me have a cup of tea on some day when your angel Mama is at the Tea Urn and yourself not suffocated by volunteer advisers in search of something with a salary.

Of course, I agree with you on your time honored political maxim that weak neighbors are a source of danger. We of the U. S. would probably occupy Canada rather than have her protected by any "Great Power" distasteful to us.

Mexico would of course be added to our southern states were the new and greatly stronger Japan to demand a naval base in lower California. We took Alaska from Canada because Mr. Seward wished to get even with England for her insolence to us during our Civil War.

Why not anticipate events and proclaim absolute Free Trade in the spirit of Cobden and Bright — Ben Franklin and Mr. Graham Sumner — between every square mile north of the Panama Canal.

Already Canada and the U. S. are almost interchangeable terms. I had almost said that we could outvote Canada at her own polls, and each year come thousands to us who are welcomed as teachers, nurses, doctors, clergymen. We cannot say which is which and are glad to have them. Free Trade would abolish lots of sinecure hindrances to good understanding along our frontier and lead unobtrusively, to such a good understanding that henceforth we would speak of Canadian as now we do of a Texan or Californian.

Yes! It's my "invention"! I give you the patent. Germany has used the words: "Protective occupation" such as G-om-ow called himself "Protector". It's nothing new. Frederick The Great, a very enlightened and humane ruler, laid stress on the need of "protecting" small or weak states. He helped in the partition of Poland for the same reason that we annexed California and intervening territory in 1846. Frederick had other reasons. He needed a buffer between himself and Russia, to say nothing of Austria. Moreover, Poland was a land of chronic revolution — a continental Ireland — a very explosive and therefore very costly neighbor — priest ridden — grossly ignorant — credulous — always open to some crafty enemy. Priests have kept Poland and Ireland in perpetual turmoil. They dread Hitler because Germany insists on tolerance and good education and not mere mumbling of hagiological humbuggery.

On the 22nd, I must attend the wedding of Joanna Elliott, lovely grandchild of my, now dead, brother John: Colonel, former captain in the 10th negro cavalry who was 4 times wounded on San Juan
Hill - a true West Pointer!

Otherwise, I am always here, hoping for your command to kiss once more the gracious finger tips of Madame Merer and ever with respectful compliments to Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt -

Poultney Bigelow

P. S. Last night I reread an excellent account of the Waterloo Campaign, when Germany saved England from disaster, when Blucher hurried to the help of worn out Wellington, altho all the previous day had been one of battle for the Prussians - at Ligny.

Blucher urged Wellington to join him in making the victory complete, by a pursuit of the retreating Napoleon. Wellington refused. His reasons were that his men were weary and his regiments needed reorganization.

Yet the English had not had as much fighting and marching as had the plucky Prussian Allies! Blucher, over 70 years old, went on alone - also HACHEMAW. Drummer boys were mounted on spare horses and all the way from the battle field to the French frontier, from 11 pm to the following dawn, the French fled in panic across fields with no rear guard, no leaders, no military formation, a mere military rabble scared by pursuing drums.

Napoleon forebode his travelling carriage and baggage train - mounted a horse and slipped away in the dark - much as he slipped away from Russia in 1812. He lost his hat and sword - both of them I saw in Berlin.
June 18, 40

Annie was of Waterloo!

My dear President in Paris,

You have deserved my gratitude for letting me make the run to Wiesbaden and thus fight my point. Pray, add to your kindnesses, by letting me have a cup of tea on some day when your angel Mama is at the tea urn — yourself not suffocated by volunteer advisers in search of something with a salary.

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August 16, 1949.

My dear Neighbors:

What happened to my letter to you on April twentieth of this year I do not know, as I congratulated you upon your return from Wiesbaden and sent the letter to Malden.

I don't think there is a chance for Prince Frederick. He is not under my jurisdiction!

Very sincerely yours,

Poultney Bigelow, Esq.,
Malden-on-Hudson,
New York.
THE PRESIDENT WANTED A PICK UP TO
FIND OUT WHEN HE LAST WROTE POULTNEY
BIGELOW. ATTACHED IS THE LAST
LETTER HE WROTE HIM AND ALSO MR.
BIGELOW'S LAST LETTER TO THE
PRESIDENT.

101
My dear neighbor, farmer, friend, and lover of trees:

Prince Louis Ferdinand has lost a couple of brothers, killed at the front; but the beautiful Kyra and her two splendid babes are well, so far as I learn from Doorn, but my latest from that quarter is dated June 7th received here June 28.

Today, however, comes a letter from the younger Prince Frederick, "Fritzi," whom you doubtless remember at Springwood. He is now a prisoner in Canada - Aliens - Internment "L" --

But under an assumed name, to avoid, I presume, the curiosity of Press and Kodak Paul Pryse!

He writes cheerfully, as one who is occupied - but says that he has no news of his family in 5 months.

You may have acknowledged my letters, but so far I have no trace of any. I sailed on Feb. 3d and returned here middle of April, having obeyed your orders, which were to go straight via Messolini mail steamer, cure my Gout at Wiesbaden and so home again by the same route and flag.

Since Feb. 3 my letters were forwarded to me, but not one reached me whilst I was in Europe. All were piratically seized at Gibraltar in defiance of our Treaty with John Bull 1783 and our War of 1812.

Your health concerns me more than my letter bag; and I want much to come and have a cup of tea with Madame la Maman du President if the way opens providentially. Your brother-in-law of Algonac sent me his precious little paper on the family, but he says that your mother sailed on the Surprise in 1862 to China; whereas I was under the impression that 1866 was the year - 10 years ahead of

Yours faithfully,

POULTNEY BIGELOW
Malden on Hudson
August 11, 1940

PG: Could I have Prince Fritz handed out by the Canadian Government? I would care for him here - make him do lumbering with me. My nephew, Colonel John Bigelow Dodge, is prisoner in Germany. Could you not arrange an exchange. He is grandson of Wm. H. Dodge, the famous cold water Y.M.C.A. - my youngest sister Flora is his mother - now turned British - widow of Lionel Guest (Wimborne)
My dear neighbor—farmer, friend and lover of trees.

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P.S. Could I have Prince Emily handed out by the Canadian
Government? I would care for him here — make
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you not arrange an exchange? He is grandson of Wm. E. Dodge — the
famous cold water Y. M. C. A. — my youngest sister Flora is his mother — now
turned British — under the name of Lionel Guest [Wimborne].
My dear President:

Your laconic but perfectly lucid message makes me pause in the midst of a chapter of my new book.

The theme is DICTATORS and I am not sure whether I should include Lincoln or even Nero. I started with Pierpont the "Corsair" but confused him with Morgan the Jamaica Buccaneer, who bought himself a title subsequently, and closed his life as a public benefactor, like Astor, Vanderbilt, Carnegie and other such philanthropists. Of course you belong in that series, especially if you do for the U.S. what Pericles did for the Empire of Hellas — conscript every man, woman, child, and make them work each in the manner best suited to his age, sex and bent of mind.

On second thought maybe I'd better wait until after Election day before taking so much risk! Pericles was much abused when he ran for office in Athens; but, when the world flocked soon afterwards to marvel at the AKROPOLIS and other creations of Phidias, Praxiteles, MYRON and their like, the democratic majority forgave him his extravagances to say nothing of one or two extra vigations out of Conjugal bounds!

Thank you for giving me hope as to Prince FRITZI. He is a good sport and complains of nothing. When you shall have annexed all the Islands between the St. Lawrence and the Essequibo, why not simplify our world position by abolishing that costly line of Customs between Canada and the
U.S.A., and thus create the happy union of the whole western continent from Behring Straits to Cape Bretons and from Panama to the North Pole. That would make Prince Frederic automatically your prisoner, and if you need an internment camp - my cow pasture is at your service!

Pity the poor Historian. He is compelled to speak the truth and therefore must verify every statement he advances and sift conflicting evidence.

I'm glad your letter interrupted me, for the world is shifting about so recklessly that I should pause until the storm abates before saying more than that I wish to remain as ever your hermit neighbor and personal friend.

(Signed) POUltney Bigelow

P.S. If that work on DICTATORS ever gets done, maybe that prudence, or the police, may recommend posthumous publication - after the example of Boswell, his DIARY.
August 20, 1910

my dear [illegible]

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[Signature]

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His Excellency
The President
Springwood

Hyde Park

N.Y.
The following is a letter signed by Poulney Bigelow of Malden on Hudson, dated October 10th, and which appeared in last Saturday's issue of THE HERALD TRIBUNE:

To the New York Herald Tribune:

Hitherto I have supported my honored neighbor and friend, Franklyn D. Roosevelt, for many reasons — not the least of which is his incomparable mother.

But that support, unimportant as it may seem, I now am forced to withdraw, because he deceived me by pretending neutrality whilst acting as though he desired war against Japan, Germany and Italy.

I wish to cast my vote for one who declares war at once upon any power who has the insolence to stop and search and plunder an American mail steamer when on her legitimate errand, with no war materials on board.

And now hand me a Wilkie button, and remember Commodore Wilkes and the Trent affair in 1861.

There were giants in those days; one was Seward, of New York.

POULTNEY BIGELOW