

CSM
June 29, 1945

Dear Harold:

As my attorney I want you to give the attached a very much more than usual care in reading. Pass over the possibilities of considering the matter a joke or a triviality, as you so often are inclined to do when you consider that I am being fantastic.

What I have written to P is a real contribution toward the pursuit of happiness on the part of two possibly puzzled people. As the author, it is obvious that I am not the judge of whether this letter should be delivered. Though I am the person that in all the world might know what best to say, I am also the one person who may not have the right to say it.

As my friend as well as my attorney, and as one who is about to take on a personal relationship with A and hence with P, I think you are the person most sympathetic to the problem.

Please, then, don't fool with this thing. I have made my own swan song to A. I simply have neglected to do a P.

Sincerely,

June 29, 1945

Dear P:

Out here in Chicago, away from the public welfare of New York and Washington-- by the way, did you know that your initials stand for public welfare--I seem to see more clearly your story as far as it relates to Virginia and your proposed personal set up and its future.

There is a chance for both you and A to reach a firm happiness on what has been built there. What I write from here is solely a final effort to help in the only small way that now is left as I go ahead with other things.

Perhaps, as one manic depressive to another--as one who may have done, and corrected, more exhibitionism, than you--I should confine myself to actual facts and then forecast the future way with A. She is an intense romanticist with a very practical self-preservative base. Her psychosis--her basic motivation--is essentially depressive. She rises always to the appeal of the manic side of a Johnson or myself or you. It pleases her terrifically to be moved around and dominated by an admiring male, but she absolutely refuses control from a realist male grading her papers. Her father told me this. Of course, I have seen it many times. She simply runs away or hides her feelings, which, unexpressed, grow in the unexplored recesses of her mind. Many of her most basic decisions are born after long seed planting. They come out as the acts of a very strong character because the seeds of resentment grow deep roots and strange fruits. She has truthfully stated that from her standpoint I have done a great disservice and that she has found it most difficult to forgive me--that my over-all acts from the time of first meeting her until now, constitute the tragedy of her life. So she is moving on toward you for a place of companionship from a place of resentment. (Later on I shall give you the starting point of this resentment and its basis of continuity. I go on now with your own case history.)

It is banal perhaps, to quote the Bible--or is it Plato or Aristotle--and repeat, "Know thyself," but I believe this service may be done out here in Chicago with a transcriber impersonal and only knowing of P and A.

You remember our first meeting with Johnson and others present. I was busy at

the time and to me you were just another boy in a group. Young was there and I believe, M L. I was out of the room most of the time, doing a "cooler" job. I got back and found that there had been a "row" and that you had told off Johnson, with M L assisting, and that Johnson had left so I had no chance to say goodbye. Actually you attacked and Johnson beat it. The manic beat the depressive. Both were extreme exhibitionists and took over an otherwise quiet business session. It was Johnson's show, but you took it over as you were fresher and more forceful at the moment. Johnson had come to brag to me by innuendo, as having just come from the White House with a message for HAW "to be quiet and wield his gavel and stop making speeches." The message was declared by Johnson as having come directly from the President's arbiter in the Jones affair. The date was approximately July the seventh, 1943. My own opinion is that Johnson had no such directive but was pulling a "manic show-off." But certainly the size of the Jones affair had everybody emotionally on the up and your slashing attack on Johnson, in your mind, was merely that of one serving the public welfare, and from your political level attacking a "tired liberal." It is not important who told the tale to Carr--who told it or wrote it to Pearson's column in the garbled version which reached me in Texas. M L said you did. You said you did not. Certainly Johnson did not. It is hardly conceivable that Young did. I did not as I did not hear it and the above are the only people who were there.

The point of this diversion is that somebody lied and violated a house and moved contrary to broad public welfare through personal venom or braggadocio. There was no real harm done. This is merely reported as an evidence of bad taste somewhere. I personally believe that you were not guilty of this one.

Having been told by M L that you personally were the guilty one and knowing you at that time only as a little dark complexioned boy with short arms and inquiring eyes who had raved a bit, I took M L at her word. I made a mental note not to see you any more, and that was that.

* * * * *

SECOND EPISODE:

You came back into my picture on a pure and worth while message. Over the phone you said you had information on Florida and Dies, and asked to come personally

with the message. I reversed myself and told you to come.

You arrived at the house a steamed up manic, as Johnson often has done when he was "selling something." You took off your coat, swung your arms, and made your speech to a tired and bored oldster. But there was truth in you. The fact that you had not been to Florida or Texas yourself, and that you had picked up all this from Feltus, does not change the truth. Feltus was a correct and good reporter. You came to me to sell a deal in the public welfare. I remember asking you to put on your coat and stay a while and to sit down and quit making so much noise. But your excessive manic exhibitionism did not change the fact that you were telling the truth through Feltus to me. Your drive forced me immediately to the telephone on calls to Port Arthur and Orlando. At the end of the year in grading people, you remember I told you that you and Helen Fuller had done the best work of the year among the juniors in the public welfare who came to the house, and that I valued very much the significance of your drive on me at a critical time when I would have missed both Pepper's danger and the possibility of the Dies removal. If you never do anything than to have been the message carrier, you will have justified your existence in the public welfare for all time. It was a big shot well played. It is truly a critical spot in the history of the United States. It was a double shot which gave the liberals of this country a place to start from after heavy going.

May I pause here to be clear. If a manic depressive has no brain and has merely pure emotion, uncontrolled by intelligence, he goes to the booby hatch. If he has an intelligent control of both his manic and depressive sides, he may rise to very great values. Especially is this true if he is working in the public welfare in purity of spirit, in which case he becomes a super-salesman because his ego is intense and "prints" intensely and convincingly when he is in action, as you were on me in connection with Dies and Pepper. Johnson has "taken" me again and again.

But in the long run, a realistic reporter has to write the story with all points of value in it. This is a long story--perhaps the longest I have ever written. You will pardon its length because of the nature of its content. Nothing is to be left out which is pertinent to the next thirty years. But of course, we can come to the future after we have finished the past and reached the present.

So on with our next experience. My admiration for your Pepper-Dies work caused

me to carry on with you. You said you wanted to go to Charlottesville to see your mother. I took you to Culpeper for the first time. A was in New York. You began at once, before reaching the Potomac bridge, to give me a bit of your life's history from the days of the oyster boat waif to the arrival at the assistant to the Professor of Philosophy at the University of Virginia. When you started you could not stop. And because it was a very good show, for once I was silent for two hours.

My only interruptions were first, to ask you to stop your vulgarities of expression and second, to suggest that your statement regarding your wife was probably both unnecessary and erroneous. You remember that you called her a "150 pound, tough, Jew son-of-a-bitch" and that she could throw you around and curse at you like any man. You spoke of her with great admiration because of these attributes.

The sum-total of your rapid and perhaps most vulgar word exhibition of my personal experience, was that I spent some time with you--some thirty minutes--at the Culpeper house. Briefly I explained to you as a child or a son, that your value to the public welfare was being cut down one half by your nauseous and monotonous use of "fuck" and "shit", etc., etc., where they had no connotation. I said that three-fourths of all the women would not see you twice and one fourth of all the men would not see you twice as long as your language remained conversationally in futile filth. You will remember you replied, "I think you have got something. I never understood that." and then I said, "Why don't you do something about it? Suppose you take the car and go visit your mother and then come back at 6:30 a.m. Monday, as I need to be in town very early."

You arrived back at 6:20 a.m., your language completely pure on the entire trip back to Washington. You were selling me again. You did well. You have an intelligent self-control and it is this that I am truly hopeful about in the relations to come. You can do the same sales job on A certainly if you have done one on me. And certainly there is nothing wrong about selling a clean and forceful part of one's brain. The doubt is whether any manic depressive can carry on a sustained selling job for thirty years.

When you turned your attention to selling A, it was obvious that the job was entirely different. The essential difference is the difference of sex. You can fight a Johnson or take advantage of the stupidity of brother Stanley, or fool a

room of mediocres or morons by putting questions to them which force conversational answers--questions the answer to which you know already or must convict yourself of being a moron--but you don't really fool anybody of fair brain power. You never fooled Young, who as you know, dismisses you with the statement that you simply don't make sense. Of course, you do make very good sense to me. I have often laughed with you after one of your exhibitions. You have laughed with me about them. But you also carefully explained what you were doing and why. You state your reason for asking silly questions whose answers are already known to you, is that it makes them interested and makes them think they are big shots and "builds them up." And you pointed out that after you had "softened them up" you could go ahead influencing people and getting things accomplished in the public welfare.

Of course you did not discover all this yourself. There is nothing original in the formula. It is taught in the American Universities, generally in Psychology Two. It has been popularized in a chapter by Dale Carnegie, who has made over a million dollars rewriting and peddling Psychology II to Morons.

But seriously, I would like to meet your favorite preceptor at the University. He did a good job on an oyster boy on the up. I can see him, and should I meet him, I will not tell him what he failed to do for you. I, myself, tried to carry on in the public welfare with you and having failed a bit should not quarrel with him. He left you vulgar and designing. I cleaned up the vulgarity. I know that the two of us did a very great deal for the public welfare in '44. For instance, it is Senator Pepper who is here today making a very great and important speech--the kick off of the liberal midwest following the Frisco Conference. That could not have occurred except for our joint work. And in a very small way, may I congratulate you in carrying through even in the small way of bringing eighteen hundred dollars in cash, which you undoubtedly collected in New York, to be sent in to the Pepper campaign--taking only your expenses from the total.

The effect of a well controlled manic depressive on women, when selling either on the love call note or on the public welfare note, is terrific. Johnson has been my great joy in watching as he moved from a poor boy through his wife's money into Congress, and immediately moved in to LeHand to reach the great dead leader first

among the baby Congressmen. Psychology II would call it entering through the side door and being in the parlor before the master of the house could do anything about it. You often were on the Cape or in Virginia before I knew anything about it. You remember your hitch-hiking days where you got a sudden notion and called unannounced in a breezy informal uniqueness. No one else ever did it to me. At first it was amusing, but in repetition, annoying, and I told you that I thought you should know that a man's home might not always want you unannounced, and to please, in the interest of the public welfare and your own future usefulness, clean up this social error. You said you would--but of course did not. The final on this one was my return from Texas in mid-week, after a three weeks absence, to find you very comfortable at Culpeper. You simply are a bad boy when you promise something and don't keep your promise. You are not a malicious boy,--you are simply evasive, secretive, cowardly, and intensely greedy, getting your own objective regardless of good taste. You are above good taste. All manic depressives are. Their eyes are always on the ball. A well controlled manic depressive like Johnson or yourself or myself, is always at the right place at the right time, regardless of other people's feelings. The only real difference between you and Johnson and myself is that my objectives are a bit more mature and I don't use distaff women. I shoot straight through the front door.

I do not believe that Johnson knows that he married for money. He has repeatedly told me that he paid back twenty thousand dollars to his wife. I am meeting my greatest woman moneyed friend today. Her son-in-law says she is coming all the way from California to be robbed again. And of course, I know that you only had a curious interest in watching an alleged wealthy man doing an incidental job of freeing his wife from economic dependence. I do not believe that you followed Martin Andersen into the bathroom and asked him "how much". He says you did and he told you one hundred fifty thousand. Beany says that he was there, but I do not remember that either one of you was there.

Here a note on Beany. He is not happy about this whole affair. But Beany's great trouble is the trouble of many well-meaning men near matters of this kind. When a man gets about forty-five and has seen the ceiling close in on him, he has got to have comfort and constant well-wishers as he goes down hill. He is like a

prize fighter that almost won a championship and thinks he can stage a come-back. He has people constantly telling him that he is a great man and that he "can make it." A realist knows that he can 't and that he is washed up. Perhaps he, himself, knows that he has reached his maximum.

But those people such as you and the lady who was in the week-end parties recently, do a function for Beany when his mind is weak or he has been hurt and is trying a come-back. He can't be left alone a minute. You very properly used the woman as relief as you, yourself, could not be with Beany every minute. And your technique in asking me by New York-Washington phone, "whether Beany could bring a very nice woman to Culpeper," was excellent. You never asked whether you could bring yourself in the hitch-hiking days, but you did ask the so-called head of the house about the blind date on a woman and very properly I told you that I could not pass on that and to phone the lady of the house. And the fact that in passing through the corridor at 7 a.m. the next morning and finding that Beany had not been left alone, is merely an incident. All I did was to ask A as to sleeping arrangements and found that you had been placed in the brown room. It is of course, a natural place for a single man to sleep. You, yourself, have a slightly high voice so I wanted to be certain that the two occupants of the middle room were as I judged them to be.

Your operation in using M L was essentially unnecessary. You could have achieved all objectives without dragging her in to it. She, of course, wanted to go to Chicago. You were left behind in New York. A was left behind primarily because she did not belong in Chicago. The actual facts are that I did not know that I was going to Chicago until four hours before train time and went simply to hold HAW's hand--not to take over what Young had undertaken. But I found M L on the train the next morning and made the social error of forgetting her in the mob with only one taxi arranged for by Walls and John. Had I known M L was on the train, I would have arranged another taxi at such an out-of-the-way station and would not have left her two hours on a railroad platform. I even lost all my personal luggage and had to send John back for it. My mind was on HAW and getting him through because the train was very late. But of course this did not start M L off well as

I had promised to watch out for her and had suggested that she get off at the same station. It is not important what M L did in Chicago, but the net effect of the Chicago adventure was decisive in making up A's mind on her private course of action. You had told me that you expected to put in your last licks for Roosevelt until the November election and then try to go to Arizona to save your lungs and life. Of course, this I dismissed as pure manic exhibitionism, but I did not know that A in personal resentment to me for leaving her at home and calling a secretary to Chicago, would result in her invitation to you to spend a week with her following the Chicago Convention.

Well, you have not gone to Arizona. A has done much in giving you good rests and your health is all right as you say you weigh two hundred pounds. I am certain that should you desire, you can get sound insurance against an early death.

Johnson operating similarly, constantly states that his father died young and that he is going to die when he is forty-five. This is rather alarming to Claudia, his wife, and when Johnson feels beaten or he wants to quit something, or when he has caught a wildcat by the tail, he knows what to do to cover up and to get a woman division between himself and his manhood. He gets a sore throat and can't campaign. You need week end rests. All women like to serve, particularly if they are lonesome or feel resentful or neglected. They like to bandage hands, swab out throats, and put the pajamas on the bed. They have always done it for their heroes returning from the war, for the hunters returning with meat, for the worn out fishermen.

So any manic depressive under control, can work this one. I personally call them when they get into the sex zone and beyond the side door distaff entrance business, by a special particular name. I call them slip-in-bed-sideways boys. In the early days I have seen Johnson, in public, have his handsome head in a woman's lap, having his headache stroked as the poor dear, exhausted from his statesman's labors, took over the party. Your technique is a bit better. You always are about to die or have a serious illness far enough away that it never happens. As you say you go home to mother to have your back scratched. You don't make a public exhibition of this sort of thing. The trade mark, of course, with

you is your leg which must be wrapped publicly and often. You know and I know, and we have discussed it, as something you could have corrected and which is of very long standing and unattended to. I am the same way about my teeth. But your ability to play tennis and carry on as a normal two hundred pound man--the evident lack of pain--causes one manic depressive to say to another, that there is trade mark value in uniqueness of a physical disability in reaching the heart and pity of women.

I often used this one up to the time of forty-five, but I merely came home through the front door, said I was exhausted, and beat it upstairs for the horizontal and silence so that I did not have to listen to a marital bore. The woman got hers because she was able then to tell everybody, "Father is very worn out" and then take over by bringing me service. This is a very old one. But you and Beany both have got an advanced position. I saw nothing funnier than you and A carrying on about Beany at Culpeper. Two thermometers in every spot, long distance calls to the "only doctor," tiptoeing. God, it was funny. So when I got you out of the room and had a chance to talk privately to Beany, Beany got a kick out of it. There is no question but what he was indisposed and had a sore throat. He certainly wanted a lot of personal attention. Well, Beany got his, but as I said, he is a bit uneasy in review because he was a spectator in two houses--probably also elsewhere. He simply felt that he could do nothing about it. He was very tired. He wanted a woman. He wanted his boy friend to comfort him and of course he liked intensely a very fine and sympathetic hostess and fellow traveller.

Incidentally, P W, the operating psychology of telling Beany or an A that they are great, strong people who are leading you, is extremely bad practice. It builds up egos that you want to build up, but eventually no psychologist can sustain anything which is untrue over many years. The victims catch up and in irritation you will find yourself sadistic so that you may find the weak and led ones to blame for the initial error. It is truly an "original sin" to attempt to build any serene life on a false premise just as definitely as no true philosophy can be built on a false premise. You know exactly what I mean. I see much trouble for you and those you love unless a more natural and correct balance is soon begun. When you tell me that you will do anything I say, in flat positiveness with no equivocation, and

then within one hour start along the course you have just relinquished, you are not hurting yourself or me because we understand. But how about those who do not understand? How about the Beanys and the As when they do understand?

But the only observation of any value in your relations with Beany is whether you made the best use of his well known and definite talents. They still exist. You should not be wasteful. I remember that you arranged for Hillman and Beany to come to Culpeper while A was elsewhere. I, of course, presumed that you would be in the party. I asked Beany about you. Beany said that it was very difficult for you and Hillman to be together at any time. Beany took a walk in the rose garden, returned and got quite drunk, went upstairs leaving Hillman and me. Feeling that Beany might be ill, I went up to where he was in bed and he told me that he had just told Hillman that "he would not fire Weber and that if Hillman did do it, he (Beany) would quit."

And now we find Beany fired and you employed and very close to Hillman and getting closer every minute.

I understand that you are very concerned about Beany's future and that Beany has certainly told you that you must stay in there and enlarge your activities for the public welfare in the CIO. Now Beany is supposed to be working CIO PAC with Benson, as you expressed it, "only a front." You know that the successor of Beany as you have risen from assistant to in charge of CIO research, is an ignorant old man who must have you (or some other) to direct him. Finding him intensely barren of ideas you have supplied the ideas as you supplied Beany's. I truly admire your CIO progress. I think it is all to the good. But I am merely pausing to see whether you could not have saved him by a more mannerly and constructive policy of operation under Hillman and through the organization. You kept telling Beany that the two of you might "get Hillman"--this in spite of the fact that Hillman has fifteen million dollars which makes him the Jesse Jones of political action. Murray of course, is the Roosevelt, but Roosevelt took a hell of a long time to fire Jones, and Hillman is not a political fool as was Jones. For you to direct Beany into that dead end street was simply butting the poor boy's head against a wall and spattering his remaining brains. The fact that you did not butt your head against a wall does not make you less of a patriot. But the fact that you rose in power and stayed in

CIO certainly shows that you are intelligent. But the fact that Beany is basically a clean and intelligent operator, could tell Hillman and then go get drunk, makes him somewhat of a Virginia gentleman. I ask you to review this case of Beany and improve it in the interest of the public welfare and quit feeling sorry for him and expressing such extreme concern about his future. He has his use somewhere. When I had my last meeting with you and Beany and A and Beany's girl friend, you remember I took you from Culpeper to Washington by way of Sperryville. Beany was seeking direction. Hillman's firing of both of you was discussed--not as an individual firing of one or the other, but as the firing of both of you "if you failed to get Hillman first." And you remember that I said to Beany's question, that I believed that both of you should forget Hillman and the factional New York fight and to get going into organizational work--that your own general public was beginning to laugh and your organization to doubt the two Virginia boys trying to take over labor and the big bad town.

Beany asked what to do and I told him to take a long trip quick out of New York so that the irritation between him and Hillman could die down. Beany asked whether he should take you with him and of course, I said no--that the two of you had been so constantly close together that neither one of you had had an opportunity for individual intake. I said that you should be left in New York to watch the show and to run the organization from the desk angle while Beany travelled and with his fine personality met the field leaders throughout the nation. And you remember that I promised that if you accepted my proposals and they did not work, I certainly had adequate economic employment so that no one should be financially embarrassed. That still holds true for Beany. If he does not make it in CIO PAC behind Benson, I certainly shall do my best to place him respectably in a quiet permanent and constructive job so that he and his daughter and possibly a new wife, may live the peace he craves and needs. The work he did from '32 to '40 deserves this from any American citizen who is sympathetic and knows the score.

But of course, you will not need anything whatsoever from me. We will work together in the public welfare. I will always remember your initials whenever I think of you. It is only in the public welfare that I find you significant. As a fellow manic depressive I do not find you interesting except as a planner and

psychologist of the second level. But you will grow perhaps as you are quite young and you will not make the same major errors twice. We may have many big jobs together. You once said to me, "So help me God, my interest in life is only in the public welfare and if I fail you in that you may cut my throat." Well, there is such a thing as public opinion, P W, The only time that I have talked to you about purely private matters was to give you the score of public opinion as it affected A and P W and CEM in their ability to function. I asked, I believe, that you let public rumors die by six months abstinence. You see the R Street house has been pointed as the home of a cuckold and a love nest. Washington did not know about Culpeper. You replied, "I will do anything you have asked." I then had you drive me on an errand. You immediately returned to spend an hour alone with A who was in bed when I returned. She ~~told me next morning that you had told her that I had spoken to you to "lay off" and more recently, since the acquisition of her divorce, and increased self confidence, she has told me that you said that I took you down into the toilet--or perhaps the cooler--and gave you a long harangue with implied threats. Of course, you remember that I spoke of the matter only in connection with A's reputation, that I did not imply any so-called sexual wrong doing, and that I only spoke collaterally of the possible harm of your ability to function on Capitol Hill unless you were more careful, as some people don't like a young male friend of an older man, operating as a household guest gone wrong. You and I understand this and we know the score. A stiff prick has no conscience. And I believe ^{any} ~~the~~ romanticist will admit that "love is blind."~~

asked me "What did you say to Palmer?"

Whom they might think was.

But I still say that public opinion needs a bit of time to save the most for A and P W. And that certainly two persons urged by the same desire, may benefit by checking what I say with any person they respect. I am out of this. I am just talking to you two as friends and to one particularly as a mother and to another as a public welfare worker. You can not kick people's customary emotions around. Pepper won't like this one, for instance, unless you are daring. I use this merely illustratively because Pepper happens to be here today working with me, and you and I have worked with Pepper. You certainly don't want Pepper's contempt. If you are not careful He will think of you as the ~~seducer~~ seducer of your friend's wife. This

in itself would not be important, but it is a cinch that Young, Pepper, and possibly even Beany, and "since there are no secrets," probably Hillman who is a bit straight-laced as a petty bourgeoisie, may put the finger on you as an undesirable private citizen who is not housebroken either in social or sexual matters.

I repeat, I am out of it except for Diana. We are all in it with her. And for Diana's sake alone, both you and A should remember that her mind will have only one of two courses to take. She will either believe that P W and A were thoroughly justified in all pre-divorce actions at Culpeper, or she will believe that they were not justified. If she believes that they were justified, she will become imitative of her mother's part in the proceedings just as definitely as Antoinette believes at the present time, that A is thoroughly justified. But it is questionable whether A wants her daughter to approve and follow in imitation. After all she will marry and might carry a handicap which might make a successful, happy marriage on the first go, impossible. And she may intensely dislike the substitute father if she does not believe his part in the proceedings correct.

I assume full responsibility to you privately and undoubtedly have to A, for my own neglect of A and my failure to understand you as one not housebroken. I really thought your interest in the public welfare was so paramount that you did not have time off during the war, for love. I knew your statement regarding your wife, and the fact that you so infrequently saw either your wife or children meant that you were estranged. But I thought that your personal life was well handled outside of Culpeper or R Street.

But I did not quite finish the M L situation. It is all right for a lonely girl, whose prospective husband is often away, to have young men such as you and Creekmore in for dinner alone or in company. Certainly M L is in love and can take care of her personal life at the moment. Certainly A did so quite accurately before marriage. But when A tells me that the most likely place for me to reach you is through M L, naturally I presume that you have been using M L as a hang out spot to A. Certainly we all know that A's pre-Florida trip was well worked out from its legal aspects by you. I thought that the job had been done by Hopkins through Mrs. Hopkins urging, but I find only one trip of Welly and wife to Culpeper which I now

know was merely verification of the Florida divorce detail. We both know that you as the man in the case in planning your own divorce to run simultaneously with A's, simply picked two different towns in Florida. And that the only difference is that you sent your wife and stayed at gainful employment, while I, less occupied, went down with A. Of course, there are no secrets. You told people that you were thinking of going to Florida in connection with a discussion that A was taking the children south. That of course, caused a bit of resentment and gossip among those who knew you both. They did not realize that you had planned to go down to get a divorce for yourself and that that was the original plan between you and A. They merely thought that you were going down to Florida following in the wake of a lady with the two children whose man was busy elsewhere. Had all known the facts, the chances are that the private public of our own little community could have been prepared by you and A and me to have the whole business expedited in dignity. Certainly I have done nothing in the past few months to indicate that my original statement to A many years ago, was erroneous. Knowing the difference in our ages, I had repeatedly told her that any time she thought she was in love with anyone she had a right to her freedom, but that the only request I had was that I be told about it so that I might, as one of three in a picture, cooperate intelligently. I could have helped very much, had I been told in January the whole story.

And so again--now that I am out of it and see only you and A and the long picture where you substitute as a father--I say with great seriousness, please, please, take your time. Nothing can be lost. Certainly no one is going to be policed or peeked at. Obviously I would have acted before this if I had intended to act at all. So I am not threatening anyone. I am attempting to cooperate. But I am intensely concerned that the pair of you get started on the best possible basis, and I am very certain that you gain through the time element in a very awkward situation. And remember, regardless of whether this certainly unasked for advice is followed or not, my relations with P W in public welfare can not be disturbed by any private or personal errors of anyone. I, myself, have made so many, both private and public, that it is with understanding that I write. See this thing only as your own future in public welfare. I pray that A sees something of

your problem and does not rush you. I pray also that she sees the personal picture as a mother with many years ahead and a record being now made before a discerning child. For myself, forget it.

Sincerely,

P.S. Very few people know any of us. There is a great new public ahead. If time passes between your Florida divorces and the fact of your marriage, the broad public and possibly even Diana, will accept the basis that a young man, formerly a friend of the family, began courting the divorced woman AFTER divorce. That is as it should be. That is what I seek for you and all concerned.

Handwritten signature: H. J. Ford

May 31, 1945

Charles E. Marsh
Orange Cottage Hotel
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Charles:

Before leaving Dallas I want to send you these notes.

The bank is sending you a new note on the additional loan for you to sign. You may either return it to them or Velma. There will be about \$6000.00 available. Please note that a little job of "operating" was done on the bank and the new interest rate is $2\frac{1}{2}\%$.

Caulkins had confused the insurance company in his request and therefore their refusal to set up the policies as stated in his correspondence in 1943, has now been changed. I refer specifically to the Ashbaugh deal which they will now handle as we desire. There is about \$17,000.00 available on these contracts which we can also get at $2\frac{1}{2}\%$. However, as mentioned on the phone, we will hold this matter up pending our meeting. I noted these policies were being paid for on a monthly basis and you were paying about \$300.00 a year interest which was not being deducted from income tax and which could have paid for an additional \$10,000 worth of insurance. The company will change this at any time, but I have done nothing until we determine what arrangements to make with this \$90,000.

There are two glaring deficiencies that I noted in my analysis. First of all, none of your policies have contingent beneficiaries, which means that in the event of the death of any beneficiaries, the money automatically goes into their estate and must be probated. The second error, is that each of these contracts has income options predicated upon an interest rate of not less than $3\frac{1}{2}\%$, which is practically unheard of at this time. I have never felt that it was wise to leave insurance proceeds in lump sums,

- 2 -

and I am particularly opposed to it when the interest rate is so favorable on the income options. I wish you would give this some thought and when I talk to you we can make this change as you see fit on all the policies.

I have arranged with the bank and the insurance company to go ahead with the assignments that we talked about. The matter can now be handled at any time.

I will be in touch with you from Chicago. Take care of your health.

Respectfully yours,

P. S. Incidentally, you are right about the red-headed women from Utah.

2136 R Street, N.W.
Washington 8, D.C.
May 24, 1945

United Fidelity Life Insurance Co.,
Dallas, Texas.

Gentlemen:

This letter hereby authorizes your company
to give any information requested by Mr. Louis
J. Gordon on Policies Nos. 72772-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-
80.

Mr. Gordon will be making some changes for me
in these contracts and I would appreciate your
preparing any forms that he requests.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

File

Nov 15, 1944

Mrs. Haines:

Mr. Marsh wanted copies of
this correspondence.

M. Eaton

November 7, 1944

Miss Helen Keller
Westport, Connecticut

Dear Helen Keller:

Yours of October 30th is one of the most inspiring letters which I have ever received. The forgotten masses which populate three-fourths of the world — unlettered as they are, undernourished as they are, and uninspired as they are, nevertheless are turning over in their sleep. You and I know that when they have been taught to read and write, that when they have enough to eat, when they are housed so that crime is not rampant, they can be inspired. But you and I also know that the one and a half billion poorest people have available to them such a small quantity of land and such poor land that they can never hope for a really high standard of living according to American standards. But they can hope for a standard of living several times as high as that which they now have.

Seeing the difficulties as I have seen them is the reason I so greatly appreciate the extraordinary way in which your spirit was able to break out of its fleshly encasement. Your example is the best assurance I know in the whole world of our ability to lead the backward peoples into the dignity which is their birthright.

I am hoping to see you and Polly and Jo and Mrs. Jo after the election is over.

With warmest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

HAW:mms

H. A. Wallace

COPY

ARCAN RIDGE
WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

October 30, 1944

Dear Vice President Wallace,

This is the first opportunity I have succeeded in wresting from besieging duties to write the letter you requested with such irresistible benignity.

First I must tell you what a glorious event it was to meet you on an occasion altogether splendid. There was the immense listening concourse at the Madison Square Garden "Rally for Roosevelt." There were the noble music and the voices of the Arts and Sciences proclaiming the Republic of the Mind that alone can raise government to fellowship between the creative and the wise for the mutual advantage of all the people. There were the klieg lights illumining the myriads of faces full of hidden thoughts and choices as Destiny "passed with His back to them." Then came the civic fire of Orson Welles's speech, and he introduced you as one with "a perfect confidence in the capacity of the earth as a provider for all men and in the capacity of man to provide for man in a just abundancy." You rose — a new type of statesman for whom the times cry aloud — one who looks upon government not as politics in the sense of office-hunting but as skilful stewardship for the health and strength of the people, and almost before I knew it we were greeting each other.

Another wonder befell me some days later when Dr. Kingdon sent a copy of your address at the National Citizens' Political Action Committee luncheon. It touched me profoundly that amid world issues, colossal plans and the urge towards spiritual growth more mighty than any material movement you should mention my name, associating me in such beautiful words with the liberation of mankind.

Your understanding appreciation of the Soviet Union is refreshing to me especially because of the obstacles I encounter in persuading people to judge generously a country that has had only twenty-six years in which to achieve a stupendous social and economic renaissance. The stand you take on the all-importance of the Spirit is even stronger since you recognize the value of historic materialism as a science and how well the ideas of society based on it are working in Russia at present. Naturally when the Great Experiment began under Lenin, the people had sunk far down into the dungeon of the flesh through famine, disease, ignorance and oppression. They could not, and perhaps they cannot yet respond to the higher Light until their minds have been washed clean from the warping darknesses of twelve centuries. However, I am confident that the spirituality with which I believe some of them are endowed will increase and at last shed abroad its beauty in the nation's soul completing the triumph of its civilization.

What you say about most of us being "deeply encased in the flesh" brings back to my mind your talk on China at the Astor Hotel, after the rally, and on the imperative need to rehabilitate three-fourths of the race. I cannot but think of the post-war situation in terms of this need, and hope and anxiety alternate as I look futureward.

There is immediate hope such as I have not had before in the sanative agreements at Teheran, Moscow and Dumbarton Oaks and in the many provisions to which they seem likely to lead for sufficient food, employment and physical wellbeing everywhere. My anxiety lies in the fact that three-fourths of mankind still lag behind in the rudiments of schooling they require if they are to lift themselves from a submerged, often animal-like status, exercise their human rights democratically and cooperate with the United Nations' postwar policies. What arrangements, I wonder, will be made to reach them extensively and as rapidly as possible in a campaign against illiteracy and mind-killing drudgery? China, in spite of its appalling misery, has a better

fighting chance now because a large part of its people are literate, but what about India, Africa and the innumerable inhabited isles?

When these forgotten masses have once mastered the printed word and learned to a degree how to protect themselves against exploitation, what international safeguard will there be to put within their range the incalculable educative resources of the spoken word and personal stimulus through radio, motion film and television?

Only by these two basic kindred movements can we be sure that the Spirit will be released enough to overcome slavishness, intolerance and tribalism. Only by this direct viva voce power can a world unity rooted in the dwellers of the earth emerge that will crystalize our postwar ideals into a working friendship of peoples capable of withstanding reaction, trade rivalries and the partisan interests of each nation which still render any league or council of man insecure. The quicker we are in mobilizing our collective good-will towards mankind, the better chance we shall have to equip their minds to keep pace with their own inventions and their power to amass material advantages and the responsibilities they must assume as old institutions and governments crumble over their heads.

It is a bitter comment on the narrow scale of present-day education that the peon in the Latin Americas, the peasant of Europe and Asia's son of the soil contribute by their dumb incomprehension, inertia and fear of losing their livelihood to the continued evils of corrupt politics, war and plutocracy, and that is the truth you drove home so forcibly in your speech on the Century of the Common Man. What you are going to do, Mr. Wallace, is something beyond the limits of traditional or historic statecraft — helping to administer a mighty remedy to a vast suffering. Your premonition of unprecedented difficulties is just, but once the Spirit encased in all flesh breaks its shackles, how wondrous the change will be! Events and problems will be flashed from one end of the earth to the other, impulses to right disaster will not grow cold, and faith born of dynamic effort will multiply the unitive forces which will cement a peace never to be broken by recurring greed and barbarism.

As ~~on~~ the 7th of November approaches I tremble. I will confess one of my heresies. The more I see of political parties competing for rule, the less I believe in them. Why should a national government be held up by the fury and smoke of their unthinking hysteria? And particularly at this time of immeasurable stakes, urgent work and destitution in the greater part of the earth!

Earnestly wishing you the richest happiness that can befall a man — the fulfilment of a faith-inspired mission, I am, with Polly Thomson's cordial greetings, (Apart from her Scots loyalty she admires you tremendously)

Sincerely and affectionately yours

HELEN KELLER

2136 R Street, N.W.
Washington 8, D.C.
January 3, 1945

Dear Henry:

As I retire to the country with anticipation of wood fires and women (plural), I feel that you may have missed the most important item of this morning's Post.

We discussed one Philadelphia Biddle while walking this morning, but I feel that you have not seen Violet-the shrinking bride of the great poet Stinson. The same is attached as exhibit A.

As I study the illustration I am particularly impressed by the Promethean jaw of Violet and the chin slightly reminiscent of last Thanksgiving's turkey, I feel that my trip to the country is justified.

The bride-groom's attire is a bit jaunty. You note that his cap and his overcoat match and that both are in the tradition of a British intellectual.

Evidently the new Mrs. Stinson (nee Biddle) is a conservative. We shall have no dealings with her. She has lived in Washington forty years in the same house on Que Street.

Should you require a detailed report of the first ten days of conservative activity of poet Stinson (former State Department clerk) and the Biddle connection, please call me. I shall not depart for my anticipated country orgy until about noon Thursday.

With great respect,

(copy to his Excellency, Earl Halifax.)

The Honorable Henry A. Wallace,
Washington, D.C.