
Letter from Everett Marshall to Rose Pastor Stokes in New York, Nov. 27, 1919

Document in the Rose Pastor Stokes papers, Yale University, microfilm reel 2.

November 27th, 1919.

Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes,
88 Grove Street,
New York City.

Madam:—

Ever since your clever but unsavory, and withal typical, personality thrust itself so obnoxiously upon our attention, I in common with many other “Americans in the manor born” have watched your psychological horizon, so to speak, with the result that you have demonstrated clearly to us all the loathsome characteristics that are peculiar in your type and origin, but rarely met with in such completeness in any one individual as in yourself. The inbreeding of centuries of hate, treachery, ingratitude, rebellion, and mental and physical filth have crystallized into your distorted though clever mind and being creating — just you.

You are not actuated by anything but simple hate, rebellion, and egotism, and these dominant traits of your character, true to your type, are bound to assert themselves under any and all circumstances. Altruism, ethics, and the calm ineffable beauty of true benevolence have no abiding place in your character.

It is our sincere wish that after your prison term has been served that some means may be devised whereby you can be sent back to your nativity; if you could be clothed with the poverty, the rags, and the

vermin that you brought here with you when you came it would be simple justice.

I am a “working man” (a word so dear to you red hypocrites), an American printer, and I wish to inform you and your co-criminals that neither you nor they have anything in common with me nor with millions of other true Americans; that you are detested and despised wherever your unsavory character is known.

Destiny, when she rescued you from the mire, was kind to you, and blessed you with a good husband from an honorable family, thus giving you an opportunity to bestow kindness and helpfulness upon your less fortunate brothers, on the country of your refuge, as well as show gratitude toward your benefactors; but no, the taint in the blood is too strong, you are happy only with turmoil!

“Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast yet your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.”

These few lines and moments that I care to spend on your behalf should impress upon you that the spirit of American is alive in the land, and that we Americans will not rest until your whole nest of vipers is exterminated, by either prison terms, or deportation, or worse.

Everett Marshall.

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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