Chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, or President of the
American Red Cross, the Press was told. When he came as F.D.R.'s personal lawyer, he
was "off the record". This same yardstick could be applied to hundreds of other friends.

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White House, Frankfurter, Douglas, Murphy and Jackson. First of all, came as friends,
but almost always the President was anxious to discuss a vital problem with him or to
turn to him for advice on a snag he had struck. The arrival of any of these men
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stress the reactions and advice of men of this caliber was most helpful, impartial. These factors aided the President often in deciding the course
he would follow. Particularly did the President hold Frankfurter's advice in great
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Boss remark in speaking of Felix, "He has a brilliant mind and initiates more ideas per
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lating, but his mind clicks so fast it makes my head fairly spin." After a luncheon
visit with Justice Frankfurter, which might last two and a half to seven hours,
the President would slump forward in his chair, his arms in a languid droop and his jaw
relaxed — an exhausted man. I would laughingly remark, "Well, you certainly must have had a lot to talk about — do you know what time it is?" "I haven't the slightest idea. You know, Grace, Felix is grand but he sure keeps me on my toes. He left here looking fresh as a daisy but he's left me limp as a wet rag."

Others from whom the Boss sought advice were Adolph A. Berle, Ben Cohen, Bill Bullitt, Archie MacLeish, Sam Rosenman, Tommy Corcoran, Norman Davis, Leon Henderson, Sidney Hillman, Charles Taussig, and Fiorella La Guardia.

Sometimes Frances Perkins phoned to say she had to see the Boss right away and that it had better be "off the record". Usually this meant that she was in the middle of tough labor negotiations. She might want to report on the progress made or talk over the possibility of settling a strike. The Boss' advice and guidance were welcomed by Miss Perkins. More than once, I know she felt it more discreet not to let the labor representatives know she was conferring with the President.

Anne O'Hare McCormick, the brilliant New York Times' correspondent frequently came down to see the President — and always "off the record". In keeping with the finesse that one busy person uses in dealing with another, she usually asked for "just a bit of time — the usual 15 minutes will suffice". Therefore we arranged a luncheon or tea appointment. These visits either just preceded one of her trips abroad or followed closely upon her arrival from Europe.

Their discussions centered around world affairs, foreign policy and related subjects. She brought the Boss many interesting stories upon her return from a trip, such as
Owen B. H. Brown
Jim Landis
Hanan L. Court
Wayne Coy
Les Amstey
Homer Cummings
Chetw. Davis
Jerome Frank
Mar. Gardiner
Dr. Robert Hutchinson
Tom Ramond
Dane Lilenthal
Bartie Brule
George homi's
CROSSROADS

During the years when it was my privilege to occupy an office adjacent to President Roosevelt's, I was afforded an intimate view of the fascinating cross-section of people, from all over the world, who came and went through the Boss' door.

Out of my storehouse of precious memories, I recall that in the pre-war days, as was natural, most of his visitors were civilians. They came from all walks of life. In a typical day, for instance, on the appointment list, it was likely that a glamorous visitor, possibly with a Hollywood label, would be included. He or she might very well be followed by a practical politician, a distinguished educator, a country school teacher, a foreign diplomat, a boy scout, a factory worker or perhaps a migrant farm hand. The list could go on and on if I had the space to encompass all the categories of his visitors.

The Boss, with his inherent habit of friendliness and deep solicitude for the personal concerns of others, particularly the so-called common man, welcomed every opportunity of meeting a new segment of the cross-section. I realize now, though I didn't then, how these encounters of human interest widened and deepened his scope of feeling.

He endeared himself to people who met him because he could create a sense of equality without condescension -- a rare gift indeed, but one with which he had been happily endowed. A visitor with a problem -- and there were so many -- might perhaps not leave F.D.R.'s presence with all the answers he had come to obtain, but I believe
nearly all of them were inspired.

In peacetime, all manner of people drawn from every level of life made up the President's appointment list. He seemed to learn something from each individual. Trying to understand the diverse viewpoints and the aspirations of his guests was almost a game with F.D.R. With the advent of the war, however, and almost overnight, I beheld from my watch tower outside the Boss' door, the ever changing character of the visiting list.

The war machine demanded this. Most of the visits now had an ominous ring! We quickly resigned ourselves to it, of course. Little could we foresee what a greedy machine the war would become and what a terrific toll it was later to take of all the world, not excepting the Boss!

Rarely now did he have the time to indulge himself the luxury of a visit with an old friend or with the "little men" in whose welfare he was so genuinely interested.

The people who got in now were those whose mission, directly or indirectly, had a definite bearing on the war. True, they were almost always friends, but being a friend was a mere coincidence!

After the declaration of war more working hours were required of the Boss. The long sessions, the trying conferences, the steadily mounting anxieties were bound to draw on his physical reserves and upon his hitherto inexhaustible endurance.

Those who recall the First World War will remember that F.D.R. was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While the burdens he carried during that period were not compar-
able to those he bore as President, he had learned even then the arduous lessons of the meaning of war.

Now, however, his duties were different, and for the first time in his life, he was to come face to face with the reality that the reception of visitors, which in happier days, had been a pleasure, had now become a chore, often tedious and exasperating. We on the office staff were so "close to the picture," that I doubt if we realized how the accelerated tempo of continuous conferences was to draw inevitably on his strength. It eventually made inroads on F.D.R.'s extraordinary reserve energy. The mantle of leadership was one which the Boss wore with as much natural ease as his old Navy cape. His prestige, however, and those dominant qualities of magnetism which had made him a helmsman were to be tested to the extreme in the war years.

It was characteristic of the Boss that even the slightest reference would be likely to stir his memory to a host of interesting recollections. Though I should probably have known it from my history books, I recall that it was he who informed me one day that when 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue was built it was referred to as "The President's House — The Executive Mansion and The Palace". He added that it was President Theodore Roosevelt who started calling the residence, "The White House", and that it must have seemed appropriate because all Theodore Roosevelt's successors had continued to do so.

During my 12 years in the White House, there grew up in the minds of the
public considerable interest in what, for want of a better description, might be termed the three supplementary White Houses. They were the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park, New York, which was the President's birthplace and his favorite spot, the Cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia, and later the war-time camp, Shangri-La, located in the Coctoctin Mountains, Maryland. This last named retreat owed the origin of its name to the absurd questioning of the press. Upon the occasion of General Doolittle's raid on Tokyo, they had asked the Boss to name the base from which the planes had taken off.

A bit of whimsey prompted him to reply, "I'll let you in on a secret - Shangri-La."

He had in mind, of course, the mythical spot depicted in James Hilton's book "Lost Horizon"

The pseudonym stood.

No one of these houses was interchangeable with the real White House in the Capital so far as sentiment or importance went with the American people. Each of the three places in some measure approximated a White House for all had in common the housing of the Chief Executive and the carrying on of Presidential activities.

During those dark days, no matter which one of the places sheltered the Commander-in-Chief, he had, of necessity, to be in constant communication with 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. For reasons of military security, about which I will speak later, no publicity could be given the intricate system of communication which followed him wherever he went. To establish this setup the finest radio consultants and technicians in the Armed Forces had pooled their ingenuity and knowledge. The result was the most
comprehensive transmitting and receiving paraphernalia that modern man had devised up to that time. In simple language, unadorned with scientific description, these technical men made it possible for F.D.R. to keep in touch with the progress of the war. Twenty-four hours a day, even if aboard train or ship or plane, he was taking the pulse of the war effort on every front. The accomplishment of all this, to the average lay mind, such as mine, never failed to intrigue me. In retrospect, it still seems to me as though the extraordinary communication facilities focused not only the news of the world, but captured what we as children called "magic". I suppose though when one dedicates herself to a job such as mine was, each day a sense of wonder would be renewed. From where I sat the world was a most interesting place!

Airplanes usually brought the mail, wherever we were; special telephone facilities installed even on the Presidential train as well as in the respective residences afforded instantaneous connections. F.D.R. was the first President, who in the twinkling of an eye, could be placed in immediate communication with the battlefields, both diplomatic and military.

When he travelled before the war, key members of the President's staff plus Secret Service men and the reporters, regularly assigned to cover the White House press conferences accompanied him wherever he went. After the start of the war, however, the usual office staff and an increased guard of Secret Service men continued the trips, but for security reasons only three newspaper men were included. This trio represented re-
spectively the three major Press Associations. I recall only one exception to this war-
time regulation and that was during the 1944 Campaign for the Presidency. The restriction
was lifted -- the number of reporters was increased but not to the extent of the pre-war
basis. In F.D.R.'s second term as President, a roster of the gentlemen of the press cov-
ering him and going on all the trips, contained, among others such names as George R.
Holmes, Ulric Bell, John Russell Young, Walter Trohan, Edwin D. Canham, Albert L. Warner,
Joseph H. Short, Felix Belair, Jr., Robert S. Allen, Frederick A. Storn, George E. Durno,
Victor A. Sholis, Marquis W. Child, Bascom N. Timmons, Doris Fleeson, Lyle Wilson, Bert

Everywhere F.D.R. went, he worked, even when the trip was ostensibly a vacation.

In pre-war days a weekend at Hyde Park rarely passed without its quota of distinguished
visitors.

All during the President's tenure of office there grew up a great deal of
discussion upon the subject of "on the record" visitors and "off the record" visitors.
The reporters actually assigned to the White House were clear as to this moot question,
but many of the columnists and Mr. and Mrs. Public seemed so often to have misinterpreted
these two categories of visitors. I believe I can clarify the issue.

In any given year the President saw a minimum of 2000 to 3000 people by ap-
pointment -- individually and in groups. This total does not include Cabinet meetings,
Pacific Council, Economic Council, Combined War Labor Board, Budget Seminars, Press Con-
ferences and the myriad of emergency conferences. Of this number, by special appointment, perhaps there would be forty to fifty actual "off the record appointments". The names of these were never included in the regular list issued daily, and in each case there was always a reason why the knowledge of the visit was safeguarded. The Boss saw, in addition, thousands of people during the years, whose names were never announced to the Press. In that particular group were included house guests, family friends and acquaintances, luncheon, dinner, tea, or possibly weekend guests, many of whom were actually Mrs. Roosevelt's visitors. There existed a definite understanding with the Press that there was no obligation to give out the guest list of those whose visits were wholly social or as we called it, on the "house side". This was in the interests of family privacy to which it would seem even a President, in a democracy, is entitled. And last, there were the so-called "bedside appointments" held shortly after F.D.R. awoke and before he arose for the day.

J. Edgar Hoover, on the trail of something "hot" might want to bring the Boss up to date on his findings. If a hint of the purpose of his visit leaked out, it could very well ruin the successful completion of his investigation. Therefore, the status of his calls was pretty generally "off the record".

During the war days foreign diplomats were accorded the protection of the "off the record" visit because the very nature of the business which brought them to the White House was secret. For instance the Soviet Ambassador might be the bearer of a message
from Stalin or Molotov or perhaps the British Ambassador would be relaying one from Churchill or Eden.

There were times when it was necessary, in the opinion of the Boss, for him to convert a legislator or a politician to his way of thinking or at least try to influence him to modify or revamp some idea or other in the cause of good statesmanship. Occasionally there was so much at stake in a piece of legislation or war strategy that the key figure looked to the Boss to share the responsibilities.

Ever conscious of his stewardship, F.D.R. tried to help the person in any momentous decision. I've known him to flatter, curry favor with, remonstrate or reproach a gentleman, to gain his point. Depending on the issue involved, the visitor was either listed on the appointment schedule or his name omitted. There were many times when, if the caller's name had not been withdrawn a piece of legislation or a necessary policy might have been jeopardized. Publicizing the names of certain callers, in advance could cause too much "fly-by-night" speculation with the astute members of the press.

Being on the subject of politicians brings to mind an incident which occurred when F.D.R. was still governor of New York State and Huey Pierce Long was Governor (?) of Louisiana. He controlled the politics of the state absolutely, and was known as "I am the law, Long." His tactics as a demagogue were no secret, and the Boss was aware that alliance with such a power could be dangerous. Roosevelt has been severely criti-
ized for allying himself at various times in his career with this caliber of man. Call it political expediency, or what you will, but when the Boss set out to achieve a principle affecting the ultimate welfare of the people, he could resort to such an alliance or compromise. He often quoted, apropos of that, "you cross the bridge with the devil until you reach the other side."

That particular summer, to get back to the story, was a busy one. Mr. Roosevelt's days were sorely taxed with visitations from Governors, Senators, National Committeemen and women and all sorts of advisors. In addition, he was unable to relax his rapid pace required in the business of running the state.

It is well to bear in mind that the Hyde Park house was presided over by the President's mother. Mr. Roosevelt decided to invite Mr. Long to luncheon. I recall that when the day arrived, F.D.R.'s appointments ran into the luncheon hour. Pressed for time as he was, he asked his mother to seat Mr. Long to his right. His idea was of course to be afforded the opportunity of discussing campaign plans for the areas where he knew Huey could be most useful. He had not, however, made any mention of his intention to Mrs. James. Mr. Long was just another name to her. She was a "stickler" for the conventions and correct table seating was important to her, so ordinarily one of the ladies would have been to the then Governor's right.

We were ten or twelve at table including Mrs. Franklin. On Mrs. James' right sat a gentleman, whose name I can't recall, but of whom she thoroughly approved as one
who possessed all the attributes she admired in the social graces. Secretly, she might have been wondering why her son did not choose to associate more with men of this type than with Mr. Long in his loud suit, orchid color shirt and watermelon pink tie.

Right from the first course, the Governor (presidential nominee) and Huay had embarked on an animated conversation. Their tones were low and it seemed to me that the rest of us were unusually quiet for an informal Roosevelt luncheon. Possibly, all unconsciously, some of us were eavesdropping. Suddenly, for the fraction of a minute, there came a lull, during which Mrs. James placed her hand to her mouth in the motion employed when one wants to be confidential, - "Who is that AWFUL man sitting on my son's right?" she said in a voice, which seemed to me could be heard out on the Post Road. At once everyone began nervously to chatter like the traditional magpie -- the kind of conversation that always follows a moment of embarrassment. Our laughter was forced. We were trying to throw up a smoke screen and make a joke out of it. We happened to know that Mr. Long could be politically important to F.D.R. My eyes were glued to Huay in an effort to detect how much the guest had heard. They still seemed deeply engrossed and oblivious to us. Silently, I thanked the good Lord and hoped that Louisiana would throw its strength into F.D.R.'s campaign. Gathering courage, I glanced at my hostess. I knew her well and loved her dearly! She had somewhat the expression of a willful child who had again raided the jam pot and felt satisfied but guilty. I learned later that she never got the answer to her question till after lunch. The
gentlemen to whom she directed it knew his territory and did not wish to run the risk of having Mrs. James utter further comments on the "Kingfish".

In some instances the "off the record" visit came as the direct result of the visitor's own request. The White House naturally had to comply though perhaps the substance of the meeting did not rate the importance that the guest might attach to it.

Most requests for appointments were made through the regular channels — in other words via the Appointment Secretary, Marvin McIntyre, in the early days or Pa Watson later on. In the event of an emergency arising, and what we termed "an on the minute appointment" became necessary, the operator referred the call to me so that I could check with the President. Such incidents might very well occur when the Appointment Secretary was at lunch or away from the White House on official business. I always had access to the Boss and could get an immediate answer.

An important part of my job was to save the Boss from all unnecessary harassment so that he could husband his time and energy for matters of urgency and gravity. Therefore, keeping people away entered into the daily work but I never considered it my prerogative to sidetrack the people who were vital to the running of the government and the war effort, such as Cabinet members and high ranking men of the Armed Forces.

If in my judgment, the subject might be disposed of by a talk with the Boss over the telephone, I bent every effort to have him take the call rather than make an appointment. If the subject was an involved one, and indicated that a lengthy conversation might ensue, he would instantly say, "Tell Pa I'll see Stimson or Hull or Knox or whomever it
might be, in the morning. Have Pa put him on the list, Grace." Enjoying human contact the way he did, it was always his natural impulse to see the person rather than resort to the 'phone. He liked to watch the expression of his callers. Face to face with them his unusual quality of discernment increased so that he could penetrate more deeply into their thoughts. Over the telephone his perspicacity was not as successful. It was because he got a great deal more out of "the across the desk conversations" than over the tele-
phone that he preferred them.

I could and did arrange appointments for the Boss on what I used to call "my time". These might include family and personal friends who just wanted to run in and shake hands, or late afternoon appointments of official significance.

"My own time" was always the late afternoon. The President had set this period aside for the exclusive purpose of dictating and signing his mail. It was a mov-
able time because it had to follow the last of his visitors, and it depended too on what mood he was in. On the days when he was beset with involved or grim problems, he him-
self became more "wound up" and the ten or fifteen minute time allotted to each call would run overtime. If my mail happened to be very heavy on those days, I became ap-
prehensive as the minutes ticked on, for that was bound to automatically shorten our mail period.

To be more specific, if an unexpected situation arose, let us say, and the Secretaries of State, War or Navy asked if they could run in to see the Boss for a few
minutes, I never hesitated about making the appointment for them, knowing that if no other time were available, there was always "my own time", a slice of which I was always only too glad to give even though it might result in my working till after midnight on subsequent dictation.

After I gave the proposed visitor the assurance of his appointment, I would then notify the Boss that I had checked the appointment list and no available time was there. Regardless of how important a visitor was with him I felt impelled in serious situations to break right in to permit the Boss to decide his preference of time. In order not to interrupt his train of thought I had adopted the system of typing out a memo with the request briefly stated and the reason why the Secretary felt it imperative to come right over. A typical memo might read as follows:

Nell wants to see you 3:30

He has just had answer from our Ambassador in London.

He would either nod agreement and that might mean that the very next appointment would have to be cancelled, or he would jot down a more convenient hour. Sometimes he just impulsively picked up the receiver and made the appointment himself!

All names appearing on the appointment list, so far as the reporters were concerned were the cynosure of all eyes. It is their business to be ever on the alert for a story. Some names warranted more careful scrutiny than others, and I might add that the timing of when these names appeared influenced the reporters in their evaluation of the possible consequences of any visit. To elucidate further, Cabinet members as such
did not create a ripple of curiosity in the Press room unless the particular Cabinet member had been designated by the Boss to handle a very delicate situation as between government and perhaps labor, or industry. It naturally followed that in this crisis, the Cabinet member would want to slip in unobtrusively and just report that he was not ready to make a public announcement about the final outcome. Good examples of these visits that come to my mind offhand, are when Ickes was battling it out with John L. Lewis on an impending coal strike, or the time when Hull was conferring with the Japanese Ambassador along with the special representative of the Japanese Government just prior to Pearl Harbor.

One in a while we fell upon troublous times when two government officials would become openly embroiled over a difference of opinion in policy. These seemed to follow a set pattern. First came the negotiation stage followed by the quarrelsome period — then the open breach, and finally, the undignified climax of a front page story in every newspaper of the blow by blow fight of the two Kilkenny cats.

The Boss was really a patient man, but scrimmages of this type always irritated him. Invariably he would send for the guilty parties, sometimes separately, sometimes together and he would then set about making them see the error of their ways and try to work out a compromise. He was good at this and he had, to my way of thinking, a high score in settling these controversies. Among them were the Hull-Kolay split in 1934, the Ickes-Hopkins rumpus in 1938 (?) and the Wallace-Jones brawl in 1944. In the afore-
mentioned and similar instances, the Boss asked that every precaution be taken to protect
the secrecy of the visitors. Like the leader he was, he realized that nothing was to be
gained by announcing to the world that after an off the record visit, all had been ironed
out and that he had again played the role of peacemaker. In his unselfishness, he was
far more interested in preserving "unity in his camp", rather than posing as the saviour
of the hour. Knowing, however, what energy and time he had exerted in ending the de-
basle, I felt he was an unsung hero!

In lighter vein were the visits of F.D.R.'s personal friends. This list was
a long one. What impressed me most about it was that included in it were not only many
of the so-called elite and well to do but also the names of "the little man", the old
family retainer, the simple neighbor. A roll call of this list would reveal the demo-
ocratic outlook of F.D.R. in the deepest and finest sense.

Then too it was often politically expedient for the President to visit "off
the record" with key men in his party, such as Jim Farley, Frank Hague, Ed Flynn, Frank
Walker, Ed Kelly of Chicago and Bob Hannegan.

Oftener, there were times when the reverse was the order, and the Boss was
eager for the visits of these men to be "very much on the record."

Others who often came "off the record" because they enjoyed the status of
friendship and adviser were Bernard Baruch, H. B. Swopn Vincent Astor, Eddie Dowling,
the actor, and Basil O'Connor. When the last named was invited in his capacity as
Chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, or President of the American Red Cross, the Press was told. When he came as F.D.R.'s personal lawyer, he was "off the record". This same yardstick could be applied to hundreds of other friends.

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relaxed — an exhausted man. I would laughingly remark, "Well, you certainly must have had a lot to talk about — do you know what time it is?" "I haven't the slightest idea. You know, Grace, Felix is grand but he sure keeps me on my toes. He left here looking fresh as a daisy but he's left me limp as a wet rag."

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She brought the Boss many interesting stories upon her return from a trip, and her
reports of conversations with such people as Hitler, Mussolini, and other heads of
government were valuable to him. There were times too when he had been assigned to
write a special feature for her paper, in which case she might request that the Chief
give her a little of the background of the topic. In fairness to her and to the Boss,
I ought to add that she was never looking for an exclusive or a scoop and she never
got one.

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg who advised the President upon certain phases of our labor
problems came to see him "off the record" frequently. As liaison between the White House
and the labor groups, her business was to report progress or snags resulting from the
proposals and policies that had been threshed out at the preceding meeting with the
President.

It is rather obvious that when Andrew Mellon decided to play Santa Claus to
the United States Government, his visit for the purpose of discussing his liberal gift of
the National Gallery of Art, in the Nation's Capital was "off the record". The accept-
ance of such bestowals requires congressional action. The President assembled all his
facts and the conditions attached thereto, and studied them carefully before he even
approached the Congressional leaders for an opinion. When he had satisfied himself that
no obstacles stood in the way, he announced the story of Mr. Mellon's unprecedented
liberality. F.D.R. personally got a big thrill out of the fact that he had been afforded
some small part in its successful accomplishment.
I think I can demonstrate the necessity for some gatherings as well as visits of individuals being "off the record" by the tale of F.D.R.'s endeavor to give a quiet little party to honor the birthday of an old friend — Sam Rayburn, Texas Congressman, and at that time Speaker of the House. Accidentally, I had learned that Congressman Lyndon Johnson, also of Texas, had planned a little celebration at his home for Sam. When the Boss heard of this birthday, he asked me to phone Sam to ascertain whether it would be convenient for him to drop by the White House that afternoon. As I had been studiously casual in extending the invitation, it never occurred to Sam that it had anything to do with his natal day: he just thought the Boss had something special on his mind. Meanwhile, the President imbued with party spirit made an additional request and asked me to call Lyndon to round up, in the Texas venacular, a group of the Speaker's friends both in Senate and House. They were instructed to enter by the East Wing of the White House and assemble in the President's study before Sam was due to arrive. Each one was informed that the gathering was purely social and in honor of the birthday. In spite of that, and as so often happens in political and social Washington, there was a leak! Wires between the press room on Capitol Hill and the correspondents' room at the White House grew hot. All kinds of rumors began rolling in. The boys bombarded Steve Early, insisting that he give them the story. In the first minutes of confusion rumor had it that Rayburn and a dozen other Texans had gone to the White House for a political pow-wow. Before Steve had time to check, he heard that the entire Texas
delegation was marching on the White House, and by the time he reached my office in an
effort to unravel the facts, I think one of the reporters had convinced him that a size-
able portion of the Lone Star State's population was on its way! As Steve opened my
doors, he said trying to exercise a calm he did not feel, "Gracious, has the Boss an
appointment with Congressional leaders that you know of?" Up to that moment, I had
been totally oblivious of the undue importance that the Press had attached to Sam's
party. I told Steve "it isn't a conference of any kind — the Boss just wanted to ask
a few friends to the house to congratulate Rayburn on his birthday." "Well, if that's
all it is", Steve answered, "I see no objection to telling the boys about it. It's a
'sweetheart' of a story", and he added, "if I don't come across, they're liable to
evolve all kinds of stories." House appointments, especially after office hours, as I
have indicated elsewhere, were never given to the Press. This is really a typical il-
lustration of how some of the White House informally planned functions, so innocent in
inception, could have been blown up into a story, entirely out of all proportion to
its importance, had it not been checked in time. Good reporters are always on the
lookout for a new angle to news stories, therefore the staff close to the Boss had to
be eternally vigilant that frenzied "leads" were suppressed at the source.

All denominations of the Church in America were always well represented by
the dignitaries of the various sects. Here again we saw a definite cross-section.

A clerical White House caller who never failed to pay at least an annual visit
was the well known Greek Archbishop, The Right Reverend Athinagoras. His visits might
be called courtesy calls, but almost always thru the years, he brought to the meeting
some minor problem, albeit he was also the bearer of something else, namely, the tra-
ditionally luxuriant beard of his high office. After formally tendering his respects
and presenting the problem, this prince of his church, so like a prophet of old, in
appearance, would rise to take his leave and with the utmost solemnity plant a kiss on
the President's forehead. After one of those visits, F.D.R. turned to me and said,
"You know Grace, The Bishop is such a grand person, but boy, those whiskers of his
sure do tickle!"

The President always referred to Archbishop Spellman as "my favorite Bishop", His visits were usually "off the record" because they took place, as a rule, just prior
or subsequent to trips to the global battlefronts. This extensive travel was done in
his capacity as Chaplain Bishop of the Army and Navy. It was of mutual benefit that the
first-hand reports on what the Bishop had seen and heard be talked over. The Boss was
particularly interested in hearing the evaluation of conditions in all the countries
visited by this Catholic prelate. I recall too that when the President thought it
might be advantageous for him to appoint a special representative to the Vatican he in-
vited Archbishop Spellman to come to Washington to talk the matter over. From a previous
interview with him the Boss had gathered that such an appointment would greatly please
His Holiness. However, the pleasure of the Pope while most desirable was extraneous
to the plan that F.D.R. had in mind. Having given a great deal of thought to the subject, he had concluded that the United States could derive a quicker and better understanding of the entire Italian situation by using the Vatican as a vehicle for obtaining information of special significance.

The Holy See had influence and rapport with groups that could not be reached thru any other medium. This was the basic reason why Hyron Taylor was sent to be special envoy of the President to the State of the Vatican City.

This story evokes memories of another visit which took place at Hyde Park some years ago, namely of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli. I was in Poughkeepsie trying to catch up on an accumulation of work, when the phone rang, and Missy said, "Grace, El Presidente wanted me to call you and tell you His Eminence is here. He thought you'd like to meet him and also say hello to your old friend Bishop Donahue." I had worked with the latter when he was secretary to Cardinal Hayes. Bishop Spellman completed the clerical trio for he too had lunched at Hyde Park. "How nice of the Boss", I said, "of course I'd love to —BUT—". She chuckled and said, "But what?" "Well", I amended, "the reason I'm hesitating is because I have a whole flock of memoranda and important letters which simply have to go back to Washington in the pouch this evening. But, I can manage, I guess." Without further ado, and for fear I would not indulge myself the pleasure of this meeting, Missy quickly said, "Grand, Grace, I'm sending a car to pick you up pronto". I was waiting expectantly for the car to arrive when another phone call came in. It was Missy again and she informed me, "I'm sorry but His Eminence and party are leaving right
this minute, so you can return to your chores with a free mind." Thus did Fate decide for me that I was to be deprived of the honor of being presented to the then Secretary of State at the Vatican, elevated in 1939 to be the Pontiff, Pope Pius XII.

An aftermath observation of this visit came to me the following day when I saw Mrs. James, at Hyde Park. "I'm so sorry, 'Little Tully'" she said, "that you weren't here yesterday to meet His Eminence. He was most interesting and in addition to being a wonderful, he is a REAL ARISTOCRAT!" Mrs. James was always generous in recognizing greatness in the restricted number who appealed to her.

One afternoon when I was working with the President he glanced at the clock and said, "Heaven, Grace, I must ring the bell. I've got to be toddling along. Cardinal Dougherty is coming to tea. I bet he's at the House now." Arthur Prettyman, the President's valet, appeared with the chair along with the usual Secret Service men who always accompanied him even the short distance of less than a city block from the office to the house proper. The Boss asked me, "Grace, do you know His Eminence?" "No Sir, I've met every other Cardinal in the United States at one time or another, with the exception of the Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia." Well, F.D.R. said, "you'd better come over and have tea with us just to maintain an unbroken record." "I'd love to, Mr. President, but I'll follow in a few minutes. I have to freshen up a bit." "You're fine as you are, Grace, remember this doesn't call for lipstick, he's a Cardinal!" I remarked that it might be appropriate to have clean hands, but my laughter savored of indulgence, for
my Boss disliked the use of lipstick by the fair sex, and this was an unconscious protest against what he sometimes called "warpaint". I hurried, but not to the extent of ignoring the ritual of fresh makeup. And why not a dab of lipstick—don't Cardinals wear red?

When I reached the President's study F.D.R. pointed me to the Cardinal. I kissed his ring, which as everyone knows is the custom among Catholics in greeting Bishops or Princes of the Church. The family circle included Mrs. Roosevelt, her daughter Anna, Poettiger, little son, Johnny, and the Under Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius, Jr.

Though I had frequently seen photographs of His Eminence, his corpulence came as a surprise.

It wasn't that he was just stout, but seated beside the President on a sofa, he appeared so relaxed that his chest rose high and his stomach resembled a promontory, much like the pictures of an outline map in our Elementary Geographies. One's attention, however, was not long concentrated on this High Prelate's abdominal, for the recounting of his experiences in the Far East was most interesting. He was a simple man in the finest definition of the term, and in addition, had a great deal of natural charm. Through he conversed, he was partaking of the sober tea and the dainty sandwiches. Who of us is not familiar with the legend of beloved St. Francis of Assisi, dispensing crusts to his feathered friend? Had you seen the Cardinal's vest as the tea progressed, you might have wondered if he was not exalting the Saint instead of enjoying Roosevelt hospitality. In a few minutes the promontory had become dotted with a shower of crumbs resembling...
ling snow-capped hills on the expense of clerical cloth.

We had all been so attentive to the Cardinal's stories that we were hardly conscious of little Johnny's presence. Not so Anna! I noticed a look of apprehension on her usually calm face. When I had arrived Johnny had in true boy fashion been having a game of roughhouse with his dog Dutchess. Now he had abruptly stopped short and was staring from the Cardinal to his mother and back again. Even I divined that the gleam in his eye was asking some sort of explanation of why this gentleman could earn such approval for something he, Johnny, would be reprimanded for. The lad, however, was in no way inhibited and his mother was well aware of it. When everyone had taken leave and Anna, The Boss, and I were left alone, she let cut a big sigh, turned to her father and remarked, "Oh, am I relieved that the Cardinal has gone!" Her father, in great surprise, countered, "Why, Sis, I think the old Cardinal is wonderful." "And so do I," she agreed, "and that's the very reason why I was so afraid that His Mibs (Johnny) would up and say, 'Mummy, that fat man is spilling tea all over his tummy. Shall I tell him? He can't see it.'"

From an Irish American Cardinal, Dennis G. Dougherty, to an (American) English Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, may seem a bit abrupt but it's all part of the cross-section!

So much has been and will be written in the years to come about Britain's great Prime Minister, Winston Churchill from the historical approach that I shall not attempt
to depict him from so formal an angle. His magnificence as the war leader of his nation during their dark years has left a lasting impression on me of the heights to which he rose.

My only attempt, however, to describe him here will be to reveal the human qualities of Churchill. Several incidents, in no way related to one another, occur to me in connection with his various visits, in all, I believe.

My first meeting with Mr. Churchill was completely lacking in the formality that one would expect.

I looked up from my desk one morning and saw a chubby, florid, bald headed gentleman dressed in one-piece blue denim coveralls, slowly coming toward the door of my office which led out on the colonnade connecting the White House and the Executive Offices. I knew, of course, that Mr. Churchill had arrived at the White House, but surely this was not the distinguished Prime Minister! What further threw me "off the track" was that he unaccompanied which was a complete departure from custom. I jumped up, opened the door and said, "May I help you?" He answered, "I'm lunching with the President, but if he's busy, don't disturb him." "I'm Grace Tully, the President's private secretary." "And I'm Mr. Churchill." "How do you do, Mr. Prime Minister. This is indeed a great honor! I shall announce you immediately." Mr. Churchill's name had purposely been omitted from the engagement list, so I announced to the Boss that his luncheon guest had arrived. I ushered the Prime Minister in one door as Fields,
the butler, assisted by Jackson, the President's messenger, rolled in the large "Servidor" containing the victuals. The Boss kept so many luncheon appointments that if that "Servidor" could talk, I'm sure history would be greatly enriched!

There are few experts, either military or civilian, who could stump Churchill on any question connected even remotely with the Civil War. F.D.R. had already informed me what a paragon of information the Prime Minister was on this subject. This was just another demonstration of how many interests these two men had in common, for the Boss also prided himself on his knowledge of the War Between the States. I must digress here to say that love of the Navy and the worship of the sea itself they held in common. Coincident with the Boss being Assistant Secretary of the Navy in World War I, Mr. Churchill had been Lord of the Admiralty and their paths had crossed then in the discharge of their duties.

It was fortunate for both the British and American peoples that these two unselfish leaders had a common meeting ground in so many areas of thought where the war effort and good of mankind was at stake!

Coming from the privileged class their backgrounds had much similarity, but their basic philosophy was always apart.

But to get back to the Civil War! When the Quebec Conference held in 1944 had come to an end after a spell of hard work and anxious moments, there remained the last evening of our stay there. I was included in the invitations to the farewell dinner at
the Citadel, where the President, as host, had invited the respective immediate American and British staffs.

We regathered, a group of 20 possibly, in a spacious room. The tension had been great at the conference - discussions had been grim. Among the other subjects threshed out in the war strategy had been the problem of what to do with Germany after the war with particular emphasis on the Russian-Polish relationship. In the group were Lords Ismay, Mrs. Churchill and their attractive daughter, Mary, "Tommy" Thompson, Churchill's "shadow", Admiral Leahy, Harry Hopkins, Steve Early, and others.

As we sat around with our cocktails, relaxed for the first time in several days, the Boss launched into a story on Churchill's favorite topic - the Civil War.

John Martin, the Prime Minister's secretary, crossed the room at a crucial point in the recounting and handed his employer a very lengthy message. The Prime Minister put on his glasses in characteristic Churchill fashion - on the end of his nose. He seemed not only pre-occupied but deeply engrossed in what I later learned was a decoded message from "Uncle Joe" as Churchill and the Boss referred to their other age, Marshall Stalin.

The Boss talked on about the Battle of Antiean - the Prime Minister seemed to be deeply concentrating on the cable. Even a message of such momentous importance could not permit F.D.R. to get away with an incorrect date. Referring to Antietam he had mentioned the year as 1853. Like the shot out of a cannon Churchill without looking up from his dispatch barked out - 1862! The Boss offered no argument nor did he send for an encyclopedia.
to prove which one was correct. Perhaps it was not the first time he had been eclipsed
by Churchill in his knowledge of the Civil War!

Another rather amusing anecdote during one of Churchill's visits comes to
mind here. I had just been reading in an issue of Life Magazine a section devoted to
the Churchill family. In one of the lifelike illustrations I was marveling at the
striking resemblance between the Prime Minister and his grandchild, Randolph's infant son.
Having the likeness fresh in my mind I said to Mr. Churchill, "Your grandchild/certainly
is a chip of the old block. I've never seen a more striking likeness." He smiled, "Quite",
I recall too that early in the war era it was Churchill who "sold" the Boss on
having the "Scrambler" phone installed as a wartime guard against espionage. This system
had been adopted in England and was considered eminently satisfactory. The Prime Minister
remarked that he could not understand why America had not adopted such a necessary pre-
caution. This special equipment, installed originally by the Telephone Company, derived
its name from the fact that anyone tapping the wires was rewarded for his efforts only
by hearing a jumbled blurr of sounds. To the persons making and receiving the confidential
call, however, the conversation sounded "as usual" and thus it was hoped the enemy would
be deprived of vital information. Our Secret Service and the President himself never
attached to the system the fool-proof powers with which the British endowed it. Then too, it was a very expensive installation, which worried F.D.R.'s frugal streak. After a few months trial, the "Scotch" in him rebelled and the equipment was removed. I mention it here only because at various times during the war there was so much "hush-hush" gossip about the "scrambler".

In June of 1943 considerable publicity was given the Prime Minister's descent on Washington. What was not publicised at the time was that Mr. Churchill had been visiting at Hyde Park for several days before engaged in a special conference. His arrival in the country was unannounced. Just a handful of us knew about it. The only persons present were "Tommy" Thompson, Commander, John Martin, his secretary, Churchill, F.D.R., and myself. Being the only woman present I fell heir to being hostess. I never expect, within my lifetime to play such an enviable role again. During this particular weekend I had in Mr. Churchill a certain note of depression. He appeared downcast. And well he might be. Rommel's Nazi army was racing across the desert - the outlook was ominous for the British unless their battered fronts could be reinforced.

During this exclusive convocation I had been instructed by the Boss not to admit anyone. I was to dispose of any and all callers so that Churchill's whereabouts would not be divulged.

On the first afternoon Robert, the butler, asked me to go to the back door. A very young man in an Army Major's uniform introduced himself as Major Frank McCarthy,
aid to General Marshall. He said he carried a message which is Chief had told him to deliver to the President in person. There we stood near the kitchen door – McCarthy versus Tully – he intent upon carrying out his orders and I equally determined to obey my Boss and not permit access under any circumstances. Major McCarthy appeared definitely troubled. My sympathy went out to him in his dilemma but my one idea was to receive the message for the Boss and speed him on his way before he got any mind of Churchill being in our midst. Partly in desperation I suggested that he step into my office and phone Marshall. I felt sure that if he could be reached the General would feel that I could be entrusted with the papers.

Just as we were about to step across the threshold of my little sanctum, my heart took a landslide for out of a door across the hall stepped the Prime Minister! All my precautions had been in vain! I learned, however, later that Frenk had been in on the secret all along and we'd both been playing "possum".

This particular visit of all the times the Prime Minister came here was the only occasion I remember Mr. Churchill's exuberance being at a low ebb. The Boss remarked, "Grace, I think Winston is terribly worried." He sighed audibly, "And well he might be." These were dark days for us and darker still for England.

I never read about the U.N.O. even today without a smile and Heaven knows it's no laughing matter. However, after the structure of world organization had been conceived but before an official name had been chosen for it, the President had one of his sleep-
less nights. Instead of counting the traditional sheep, he was eagerly trying to evolve a name for the "new baby". He was so pleased with the idea of calling it The United Nations, that when he rose next morning somewhat earlier than usual he decided he'd let Churchill in on his happy thought. Upon reaching the Prime Minister's room he learned that he was in the tub. Mr. Roosevelt was not one to invade another's privacy nor was Mr. Churchill accustomed to "receive" callers, as Napoleon did whilst bathing. But the Boss was preoccupied with his success at hitting upon a name and barged right in to announce it personally.

I must have registered surprise in my expression when he told me a little while later of his unceremonious visit. He chuckled like a small boy, "You know, Grace," he said, "I just happened to think of it now - but he's pink and white all over!"

During the President's terms of office the Prime Minister visited our shores a number of times. After the accomplishment of the business which had brought him here, and just in advance of the time for him to depart on the journey home, the Boss invariably became fidgety. His anxiety for Churchill's safety was noticeable, and did not disappear until he had received the dispatch announcing that the famous traveller had reached his destination. So many problems, such weighty decisions rested solely upon the teamwork of these two leaders, that F.D.R.'s reaction was a normal one, quite aside from the fact that he had for the Prime Minister such real, personal affection.

But the most royal British visitors this country has ever had were King George VI
and Queen Elizabeth. In 1939 when F.D.R. decided to explore the possibilities of their Majesties making a trip to America, he disregarded the conventional channels, including his own Ambassador in England Joseph Kennedy, prescribed by diplomatic protocol, and dictated a letter to me inviting the Royal pair to visit our shores. When they answered in the affirmative, the details of their arrival and appearances were turned over to the the Foreign Office and the State Department. The striped-pants boys immediately started to work to make this historic meeting one which would transcend all others in dignity and greatness. So far as the general public knew, the machinery set up for protecting and entertaining royalty, was well oiled and no hitch seemed to interrupt the gala festivities. But, behind the scenes, in the bosom of the family, the host’s sense of humor saved many an awkward situation from becoming downright embarrassing.

F.D.R. and Mrs. Roosevelt were at all times the perfect host and hostess, so they made discreet inquiries as to the special desires of the King and Queen, in order to make them as comfortable as possible. Among many suggestions given the First Lady and the President was that comforters and hot water bottles should be provided for the royal beds. This greatly amused the Boss who realized that the British had no conception at all of how humid and sultry Washington can be in June. This recommendation, however, inspired another letter to the King in which the Chief, always practical, thoughtfully told him of the Washington climate and advised him to bring along some lightweight uniforms.

The day their Majesties arrived in the Capital City was almost tropical warm
and "sticky". The Boss felt suffocated in his cutaway, striped pants and high hat as he and the King rode slowly through the cheering tremendous crowds. The King was attired in more elaborate uniform than usual for his first appearance, and that fact coupled with the heat to which he was unaccustomed produced in him an ashen pallor. The Boss, watching him out of the corner of his eye realized that George VI could not have been more wretched had he been ensnared in a suit of armor. The King later confided to the Boss that the ceremonies held him spellbound, but that he feared several times on route that he would "pass out" from the heat. Oh, shades of requested hot water bottles!!

I'm convinced that the Boss, above any other President, had a deep comprehension of the compulsions that a rigid schedule places on people in public life. For all I know, he may have recalled those lines from Shelley:

"Kings are like stars — they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but NO REPOSE".

The next thing we heard was that F.D.R. had decided that a few days in the prosaic atmosphere of Hyde Park would serve to repair the ravages of fatigue, that being on such a "merry-go-round" would naturally induce in the King and Queen.

The President and the First Lady planned what they called informal luncheons and dinners along with a typical Roosevelt picnic for their illustrious guests. The affairs were to be sans all glitter and pomp.

First in the order of events came the dinner. To it were invited a group of relatives and Dutchess County friends as well as the customary presidential and royal
aides. The function was geared to be as informal as etiquette permits, when "Mine
Host" is a President and "Ye King", the ranking guest!

The first two courses moved forward with unpretentious precision. Had
Mrs. James desired, she could have at this point indulged in a moment of self-applause
over her well trained domestic staff, supplemented this night with White House servants.
As the third course appeared, however, the tranquility of the dinner table was suddenly
disrupted by a "slam-bang" crash. It came from behind a screen and the clatter of its
reverberations drowned all conversation momentarily. That old quotation:

"And silence like a poultice falls,
To heal the blows of sound."
might very well have been written expressly to describe the following few minutes at the
table. Then the Boss, always trigger-quick to come to the rescue in tragic-comic moments,
picked up the conversation as if to assure his guests, "Oh, this is just an old family
custom. Think nothing of it." The entire family had a flair for that sort of thing. I
really think that F.D.R. was to have been especially complimented "tossing this one off"
with such nonchalance for he had a sentimental attachment for all the household possessions
This crash had been the unmistakable one of china and glass being demolished in quantity.
He had, moreover, a proper respect for the monetary value of his possessions, and unless
I miss my guess, he spent much of the remainder of the evening wondering if there had
been even a cup and saucer left in the set. It later came to light that a rickety table
had collapsed under the weight of too numerous stacks of fragile Limoges china: practically,
every piece had been demolished!

Dinner over, the guests repaired to the library. In due time, one of Mrs. James' English butlers, "Ward" approached the room neatly balancing a high serving tray. It was laden with sparkling crystal decanters of whiskey and rare-vintage liqueurs, siphons of soda, ice and glasses. As the butler started down the few steps leading into the room, he missed his footing; the tray hurtled into space and a split-second later, Ward bounced after it, in the prettiest "belly-flop" ever seen. The position was hardly dignified, but his deadpan expression managed to convey a certain note of confidence as if to proclaim, as Shakespeare did: "That island of England breeds very valiant creatures!

I feel sure that the quotation included butlers too! When the poor man was able to rise out of the sea of broken glass, floating ice cubes and rivulets of alcohol, he quite deliberately gathered up the remains of the wreckage and like the Arab, "silently stole away". When he was out of sight, the Boss roared with laughter. It rang with such good humor that it broke the tension, created by the mishap.

Turning to the King, he said, "Well, there's number two! What next? These things usually come in threes!"

I know also that the Boss speculated as to what had given impetus to the butler's flying entrance -- whether it could be attributed to a shaky nervousness at the honor of serving his King, or whether the choice beverages provided for the royal palate had also appealed to their worshipful subject.
The following day was mild and pleasant and the President asked his famous guests over to Val-Kill Cottage for tea and a "dip" in the pool. After his own swim, the Boss sat for a while on the edge of the pool, and then decided he would be more comfortable further back on the lawn. When he moved in such a gathering, usually Tommy Quarters and another Secret Service man would lift him up and carry him to whatever spot he wanted to be deposited.

That afternoon, he apparently had decided to be independent, so he started to propel himself backward by means of planting his palms downward behind his back, and lifting his own weight to where he wanted to get. On about the fifth self-starting elevation of the Presidential body, he realized that he had run smack of an immovable object. F.D.R. had unceremoniously landed "kerplunk", in the middle of a huge tray of assorted delicacies, cold tea, cracked ice and broken glass. Remember that he was more helpless in a situation of this kind than most of us would be. Nothing daunted, he faced the group and without the slightest note of irritation, he asked, "Say, why didn't somebody yell?" Grinning broadly, he turned to the King, "Didn't I tell you there would be a third. Well, now I can relax; the spell is broken."

I've never seen the Boss get a greater kick out of telling the story of what he dubbed "The Hyde Park Cataclysm". Upon the slightest provocation he would launch forth by announcing, "If Grace can stand to hear it again, I would like to tell you about the time that the King and Queen visited Hyde Park." Then he would add, "Really, it's as
funny as a crutch". In view of his own particular handicap, it often struck me as odd that he used this phrase so often to describe something he considered humorous. It probably stemmed from the sub-conscious.

Before the end of their stay in Hyde Park, the Boss decided to show the British Royal Family what a real picnic was, and he chose for the setting, his own new Hill-Top cottage. Picnics at Val-Kill Cottage were not unusual but this was extra special. Many friends and staff had never even seen the new house for it had just been completed.

At this gathering, the King and Queen, the First Lady and the President, "the gold-braid", and the family and family friends sat on the spacious porch of the fieldstones cottage. A special platform had been built extending from the porch so that the Indian Princess, --- of the Tribe of ---- could perform her snake dances. With this setup, all of us who were there could view to good advantage, the guests of honor. It was, by far, the largest group entertained at Hyde Park in the royal honor and the most typically American. It consisted, not of the people who might be presented at the Court of St. James or dined by our Ambassador in London, but was made up of simple people who worked with or for the Roosevelts or were his neighbors of the countryside. The so-called Four Hundred were conspicuous by their absence.

Typical American food was served at the picnic, such as hot dogs, baked beans, potato salad, rolls, etc. After eating we were all invited to come up on the porch to meet the King and Queen. Because they had gone through a grilling performance of
shaking hands with so many at the World's Fair and the State Dinners in Washington, the Boss wanted to spare them further fatigue and decided to throw this convention to the winds too. He said a nod of the head would be sufficient homage to pay his guests, quite a novelty, no doubt, for Royalty. But, then this was a different party as I indicated previously.

Of course, the group was properly flattered and interested in being present for this occasion, but the tone of formality and solemnity expected usually at such an affair were definitely lacking. That was exactly the way the Boss wanted it. He was always himself and I never heard him offer "apologia" for American customs as such.

As the procession of guests filed by - the press - the office staff - the local farmers and tradesmen, the "hired help", the State troopers and all the others, they were so at ease that the on-locker might be led to believe this unprecedented honor was an every-day happening. Mrs. Vincent Astor among the family friends, was the only one who curtsied, but then, she had been presented at Court.

In view of the feeling of irreconcilable enmity that has always existed between the English and the Irish, a roster of the names of a carefully selected group of Secret Service men - "all tried and true" - charged with the responsibility of guarding the British Crowned Heads in Washington, at the World's Fair in New York City, and at Hyde Park brought a smile to my face. Our Scotland Yard roll call went like this:

Mike Reilly
Joe Murphy
Jim Maloney
Frank Murray
Tommy Qualters
Jim Beary
Bill Simons
Bob Clark
Jim Rowley

I think it was George Meredith who said somewhere:

"Ireland gives England her soldiers and her generals too".

Had the author lived in a later era, he might have added a word about the American Secret Service.

If the Boss, acting more or less in his role as the Squire of Hyde Park, met with drawbacks in entertaining royalty, I also had my bad moments: I refer to one afternoon shortly after the start of the war when the youthful progeny of the Royal Couple of Norway, accompanied by their nurse, came to tea. Tea for this regal trio, because of their tender age, consisted of a cup of hot milk with just enough of the saffron liquid to color it. When I had finished serving the two princesses, Ragnhild about 12 years old, her sister Astrid, possibly ten, and the four year old Prince Harald, I seated myself beside the youthful Heir Apparent. His beauty crowned with long golden curls, was the nearest approach to Little Lord Fauntleroy that I had seen since the era of my own childhood, when ringlets for boys was quite the vogue!

The child asked most politely, "May I have a glass of water?" "Certainly, dear," I assured him, asking Field, the butler to bring it. Field had not been gone more than a minute, I'm certain, when the Prince inquired with no charm at all, "Where's my glass
of water?" I explained that Fields had not had time to get back with it in that short
time. Whereupon the four year old waxed highly indignant, and directing his childish
spleen at both the President and me remarked in unequivocal terms, almost like an ulti-
matum -- "I only asked for a glass of water and I do not see why it should take so long
to get here." In an effort to compose him, for after all he was F.D.R.'s little guest,
I decided to see what was holding up the water these few minutes. Rising, I tried to
slide between the tea table and Harald's special small tea-stand, but, to my mortifica-
tion, I knocked over the tiny table, and the little Prince got a lap full of hot cumbrie
tea. It flitted through my mind that in another day and age, I might have been shot
"at sunrise" as a penalty for such an awkward blunder, but I take it Harald had his
practical side, for he started at once to dry himself off with his tea napkin. The
child really must have been inherently as nice as he appeared and sensed my contrition
for the accident as he said nothing further.

The next time I met my young Royal friend, over the tea cups, though I had
seen something of him in the interim, a period of two years had elapsed. F.D.R. and
I had come over from the office to greet the royal guest, his charming mother and their
entourage. I couldn't resist asking Harald, "You don't remember me, do you?" He flushed
slightly, and as if wise in his own conceit, retorted with considerable pertness, "Oh,
yes I do, you spilt tea all over me a long time ago." It is said that "women and ele-
phants never forget an injury". I should like to add -- and also princes of a tender
age!
CROSSROADS

By Grace E. Tully

During the years when it was my privilege to occupy an office adjacent to President Roosevelt’s, I was afforded an intimate view of the fascinating cross-section of people from all over the world, who came and went through the Boss’ door.

The persons and incidents spotlighted in this chapter are not set down with any attempt at chronological order. The names of people with whom the President had contact, and the occurrences recounted in the following pages, are but tiny pence as against the vast procession of men and events which marched past F.D.R. over the years he occupied public office. During the period of his Presidency his large oval office was truly the Crossroads of the world.

Out of my store of indelible memories, I recall that in pre-war days, as was natural, most of his visitors were civilians. These came from all walks of life. In a typical day, for instance, on the appointment list, it was likely that a glamorous visitor, possibly with a Hollywood label, would be included. He or she might be followed by a practical politician, a distinguished educator, a country school teacher, a foreign diplomat, a boy scout, a factory worker or perhaps a migrant farm hand. The list could go on and on if I had the space to encompass all the categories of his visitors.

The Boss, with his inherent habit of friendliness and solicitude for the personal concerns of others, particularly the so-called common man, welcomed every opportunity of meeting a new segment of the cross-section.

It was characteristic of the Boss that even the slightest reference would be likely to stir his memory to a host of interesting recollections. Though I should probably have known it from my history books, I recall that it was he who informed me one day that when 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue was built it was referred to as "The President’s House" — "The Executive Mansion", and "The Palace". He added that it was President Theodore Roosevelt who started calling the residence, "The White House",
and that it must have seemed appropriate because all T.R.'s successors had continued to
do so. During my twelve years in the White House, there grew up in the minds of the public
considerable interest in what, for want of a better description, might be termed the
three supplementary White Houses. They were the Roosevelt home at Hyde Park, New York,
which was the President's birthplace and his favorite spot, the cottage at Warm Springs,
Georgia, and later the war-time camp, Shangri-La, located in the Costotin Mountains,
Maryland. This last named retreat owed the origin of its name to the assiduous ques-
tioning of the press. Upon the occasion of General Doolittle's raid on Tokyo, they had
so insistently asked the Boss to name the base from which the planes had taken off, that
finally a bit of whimsy prompted him to reply, "I'll let you in on a secret - Shangri-La." He
had in mind, of course, the mythical cloud-enveloped castle-in-the-sky depicted in
James Hilton's book "Lost Horizon". The pseudonym stuck!

No one of these three houses was interchangeable with the real White House in the
Capital, any more than sentiment or importance went in the minds of the American people. Yet
each of the three places, in some measure, approximated a White House, for all had in com-
mon the housing of the Chief Executive and the carrying on of Presidential activities.

During the war era no matter which one of the places sheltered the Commander-
in-Chief, he had, of necessity, to be in constant communication with 1600 Pennsylvania
Avenue. For reasons of military security, of which I will speak later, no publicity
could be given the intricate system of communication which accompanied him wherever he
got. To establish this setup, the finest radio consultants and technicians in the
Armed Forces had pooled their ingenuity and knowledge. The result was the most com-
prehensive transmitting and receiving paraphernalia that modern man had devised up to
that time. In simple language, unadorned with scientific description, these technical
men made it possible for F.D.R. to keep in touch with the progress of the war. Twenty-
four hours a day, even if aboard train or ship or plane, he was taking the pulse of the
war effort on every front. The accomplishment of all this, to the average lay mind, such
as mine, never failed to intrigue me. In retrospect, it still seems to me as though the
extraordinary communication facilities focused not only the news of the world, but cap-
tured what we, as children, called "magic". I suppose though when one dedicates herself
to a job such as mine was, each day a sense of wonder would be renewed. From where I sat the world was a most interesting place.

Airplanes usually brought the mail, wherever we were; special telephone facilities installed even on the Presidential train as well as in the respective residences, afforded instantaneous communications. F.D.R. was the first President who in the twinkling of an eye, could be placed in prompt communication with the battlefronts, both diplomatic and military.

When he travelled before the war, key members of the President's staff plus Secret Service men and the reporters, regularly assigned to cover the White House press conferences, accompanied him wherever he went. After the start of the war, however, the usual office staff and an increased guard of Secret Service men continued the trips, but the press' coverage was limited to three newspaper men. This trio represented respectively the three major Press Associations, Merriam Smith (United Press), Douglas B. Cornell or Harold Oliver (Associated Press), and either Arthur F. Hennes, Howard Fleicher or Robert G. Nixon (International News Service). I recall only a few exceptions to this war-time regulation — the two extensive tours the Boss made to inspect the defense plants, as well as Army camps and Naval bases; his good-will tour to Monterey, Mexico, to meet with President Cansaco, and the 1944 Campaign for the Presidency. The restriction was lifted — the number of reporters was increased but not to the extent of the pre-war basis. In F.D.R.'s second term as President, a roster of the gentlemen of the press covering him and going on all the major trips, contained, among others, such names as George R. Holmes, Uline Bell, John Russell Young, Walter Trohan, Edwin D. Canham, Albert L. Warner, Joseph R. Short, Felix Belair, Jr., Robert S. Allen, Frederick A. Storm, George E. Burns, Victor A. Stakis, Marquis W. Child, Bassam H. Timmons, Doris Fleeson, Lyle Wilson, Bert Andrews, Thomas Reynolds, Richard Hartness, John Henry, and Ernest Lindley.

Everywhere F.D.R. went, he worked, even when the trip was ostensibly a vacation. In pre-war days a weekend at Hyde Park rarely passed without its quota of distinguished visitors.

All during his tenure of office there grew up a great deal of discussion upon the subject of "on the record" visitors and "off the record" visitors. The reporters,
actually assigned to the White House, were clear as to this moot question, but
many of the columnists and Mr. and Mrs. Public seemed so often to have mis-
interpreted these two categories of visitors. I believe I can clarify the
topic.

In any given year the President saw a minimum of 2000 to 3000 people
by appointment — individually and in groups. This total did not include the
weekly Cabinet meetings, Pacific Council, Economic Council, Combined War Labor
Board, Budget Seminars, Press Conferences and a myriad of emergency conferences.
Of this number, by special appointment, perhaps there would be forty to fifty
actual "off the record" appointments. The names of these were never included
in the regular list issued daily, and in each case there was always a reason
why the fact of the visit was kept secret. The Boss, in addition, met, without
appointment, thousands of people during the years, whose White House visits
were never announced to the Press. In that particular group were included
house guests, family friends and acquaintances, luncheon, dinner, tea, or
possibly weekend guests, many of whom were actually Mrs. Roosevelt's visitors.
There existed a definite understanding with the Press that there was no
obligation to give out the guest list of those whose visits were wholly social
or as we called it, on the "house side". This was in the interests of family
privacy to which it would seem even a President, in a democracy, is entitled.
And last, there were the so-called "bedside appointments" held shortly after
F.D.R. awoke and before he arose for the day.

J. Edgar Hoover, on the trail of something "hot" might want to bring
the Boss up to date on his findings. If a hint of the purpose of his visit
leaked out, it could very well ruin the successful completion of his
investigation. Therefore, the status of his calls was pretty generally
"off the record".
During the war days the visits of foreign diplomats were usually accorded the protection of secrecy because the very nature of the business which brought them to the White House was highly confidential. For instance, the Soviet Ambassador might be the bearer of a message from Stalin or Molotov or perhaps the British Ambassador would be relaying one from Churchill or Eden.

And speaking of Ambassadors this seems an appropriate point to recall that FDR's predecessors, during their respective tenures of office, accepted unquestioningly the long prescribed, almost antiquated ritual of the "do and don't" instructions laid in their laps by the very proper, punctilious State Department personnel.

Not so, FDR! For a time after he was elected to the Presidency, he complied with the orthodox procedure in all its starched pompousness. Briefly, the ceremony consisted of much "bowing and scraping" on the part of the visiting Ambassador and the reading from an impressive looking scroll which might state, in effect that "the entire citizenry of his august country dearly loved all Americans and solemnly promised to proclaim this to the end of time."! Thereupon, it was the President's cue to reply in kind that all Americans entertained great love for the nation said Ambassador represented. There followed, of course, remarks of mutual admiration in a somewhat bumptious style. According to the finest dictates of State Department etiquette, the foregoing scene was considered the accepted way to promote better understanding among all nations.

To the Boss such surface-frippery was a flagrant waste of time that might be employed to better advantage.

He changed the whole tone of these meetings, first, by foregoing the usual formal attire and receiving the gentlemen in an ordinary business suit. F. D. R. had his own method of doing things, and breaking precedents never bothered him. He was a past master at it! He felt, moreover, that real progress in this country was achieved not by adherence to worn-out customs
and practices, but by the courage of its people in exploring new paths and seeking better ways of attaining American ideals.

The Boss, due to his World War I duty as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, had come to know well some of the diplomats assigned to Washington. Such a friendship was the one with the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, at the time Roosevelt was elected President. Sir Ronald was a towering man of almost mammoth proportions. One day just after he had left FDR's study, I inquired of the Boss if they had had a pleasant and satisfactory visit. "Yes, fine," he answered, "Ronald and I are old friends and we get along beautifully" adding, "You know, Grace, he always reminds me of a St. Bernard dog!" After that I never saw this fine gentleman without visualizing him in an Alpine setting pushing his bulk through the snowdrifts with the traditional flask of liquor hung 'round his massive neck!

Then there were times when it appeared necessary, to the Boss, to convert a legislator or other politician to his way of thinking, or at least try to influence him to modify or revamp some idea or other in the interest of the Administration's overall objective. Occasionally there was so much at stake in a piece of legislation or war strategy that the key figure looked to the Boss to share the responsibilities.

Ever conscious of his stewardship, FDR tried to help the person in any momentous decision. I've known him to flatter, remonstrate with, or reproach a gentleman, to gain his point. Depending on the issue involved, the visitor was either listed on the appointment schedule or his name omitted. There were many times, when if the caller's name had been published, a piece of legislation or a necessary policy might have been jeopardized. Releasing in advance to the press the names of certain callers, would have caused too much otherwise avoidable speculation.
While on the subject of politicians, there comes to mind an incident which occurred when F. D. R. was still Governor of New York State and Huey Pierce Long was United States Senator from Louisiana. Long controlled the politics of the State absolutely, and was known as "I am the Constitution, Long". His tactics as a demagogue were notorious, and the Boss was aware that alliance with such a political clown and manipulator could be dangerous. Roosevelt has been severely criticized for allying himself at various times in his career with men of uncertain caliber. Call it political expediency, or what you will, but when the Boss set out to achieve an objective affecting the ultimate welfare of the people, he could resort to such an alliance or compromise. He often quoted, apropos of that "you cross the bridge with the devil until you reach the other side."

That summer was a particularly busy one. Mr. Roosevelt's days were sorely taxed with a steady stream of visits from Governors, Senators, National Committeemen and Committeewomen, and all sorts of advisers. In addition, he was unable to relax the rapid pace required in the business of running the State of New York.

It is well to bear in mind that the Hyde Park house was presided over by the President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, during her lifetime. Mr. Roosevelt decided to invite Senator Long to luncheon. I recall that when the day arrived, F.D.R.'s appointments ran into the luncheon hour. Pressed for time as he was, he said "Mummy, would you seat the Senator to my right"? His idea was, of course, to be afforded the opportunity of discussing, during luncheon, campaign plans for the areas where he knew Huey, overlord of the State of Louisiana, could be most useful. He did not, however, make any advance mention of his intention to Mrs. James. Mr. Long was just another name to her! She was a "stickler" for the conventions and correct table seating was important to her, so ordinarily, one of the ladies would have been seated on the Governor's right.
We were ten or twelve at table including Mrs. Franklin D. On Mrs. James' right sat a gentleman, whose name I can't recall, but of whom she thoroughly approved as one who possessed all the social graces she admired. Silently, she may have been wondering why her son did not choose to associate more with men of this type than with Mr. Long in his loud suit, orchid color shirt and watermelon-pink tie.

Right from the first course, the Governor, who by then had been nominated by the Democratic National Convention as their candidate for President, and Huey had embarked on an animated, but entirely private, conversation. Their tones were low and it seemed to me that the rest of us were unusually quiet for an informal Roosevelt luncheon. Possibly, all unconsciously, some of us were eavesdropping. Suddenly, for the fraction of a minute, there came a lull, during which Mrs. James placed her hand to her mouth in the motion employed when one wants to be confidential. "Who is that AWFUL man sitting on my son's right?" she said in a voice, which, it seemed to me, could be heard out on the Post Road. At once everyone began nervously to chatter like the traditional magpie -- the sort of conversation that is caused by a moment of embarrassment. Our laughter was forced. We were trying to throw up a smoke screen and make a joke out of the incident. All present knew that Mr. Long could be politically important to FDR. My eyes were glued to Huey in an effort to detect whether the guest had heard. Both still seemed deeply engrossed and oblivious to us. Silently, I thanked the good Lord and prayed that Louisiana would remain in the Democratic camp. Gathering courage, I glanced at my hostess. I knew her well and loved her dearly! She had somewhat the expression of a wilful child who had been caught raiding the jam pot and felt guilty but satisfied. I learned later that she