did not get the answer to her question until after lunch. The gentleman to whom she directed it knew his territory and did not wish to risk having Mrs. James utter further "asides" on the "Kingfish".

This story evokes memories of another and quite different type of visit which also took place at Hyde Park some years ago, namely that of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII. I was in Poughkeepsie trying to catch up with an accumulation of work, when the phone rang, and Missy (Marguerite Le Hand) said, "Grace, El Presidente asked 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 accompanied the then Cardinal to 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 in a few minutes 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 Holy 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 man, he is a REAL ARISTOCRAT!" Mrs. James was always quick to recognize greatness in the restricted number who appealed to her.
In some instances the "off the record" visit came as a 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—that is, via the Appointment Secretary, Marvin McIntire, in the early days, or Pa Watson later on. If an emergency arose, and what we termed "an on the minute appointment" became necessary, the switchboard 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. Having access to the Boss, I could usually 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, shielding him from people unnecessary to see entered into the daily work, but I never considered it proper to sidetrack the people who were admittedly vital to the running of the government and the war, 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 whenever it might be, in the morning. Have Pa put him on the list, Grace". Enjoying human contact as he did, it was always his natural impulse to see the person rather than use the 'phone. He like to watch the facial expressions 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-
I could and did arrange appointments for the Boss on what I used to call "my own time" which was always the late afternoon. The President had set this period aside for the exclusive purpose of dictating and signing his mail. Appointments made for this period might include family and personal friends who just wanted to run in and shake hands, or top-level executives whose missions had official significance. It was a movable time because it had to follow the last of his regularly scheduled visitors, and it depended too upon his mood. On the days when he was beset with involved or grim problems, he himself became more "wound up" and the ten or fifteen minute time allotted to each call ran overtime. If my mail to be dictated or signed happened to be heavy on one of those days, I became apprehensive as the minutes ticked on, for that was bound to shorten automatically our mail period. To be more specific, if an unexpected situation arose, let us say, and one of the Cabinet, such as the Secretary of State, War or Navy asked if he 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 the Boss and myself burning the midnight oil to catch up.

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 that no regular time was available. Regardless of the importance of any particular visitor, I felt impelled, in serious situations, to break right in to permit the Boss to decide his preference of appointment 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:

Hull 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 scheduled appointment would have to be cancelled, or he would jot down a more convenient
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 report progress but he was not ready to make a public announcement about what he thought would be 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 to the United States along with the special representative of the Japanese Government, just prior to Pearl Harbor.

Occasionally, 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-Moley split, the Ickes-Hopkins rumpus, and the Wallace-Jones brawl. In the aforementioned 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 debacle, 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 friendly Dutchess County neighbor. A roll call of this list would reveal the democratic outlook of F.D.R. in the deepest and finest sense.

Then too it was often politically indicated that the President visit privately with key men in his party, such as Jim Farley, Frank Hague, Ed Flynn, Frank Walker, Leo Crowley, Ed Kelly, Ed Crump, Bob Hannegan and others.

Oftener, there were times when the reverse was the order, and the Boss was eager for the visits of these men to be widely publicized.

Others who often came "off the record" because they enjoyed the status of friend and adviser were Bernard Baruch, whose advice and counsel has always been sought by Presidents, regardless of party, Herbert Bayard Swope, Vincent Astor 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.
Four Supreme Court Justices stand out in my memory as frequent guests at the White House, Frankfurter, Douglas, Murphy and Jackson. First of all, any one of them came as friends, but almost always the President was anxious to discuss a vital problem with the visiting Justice or to turn to him for advice on overcoming some snag he had struck. The arrival of any of these men was usually kept in the "off the record" category only because the Press might read meanings that did not exist into the meetings and lend undue importance to conjectures that were all out of proportion to the matters under discussion. In times of national stress the reactions and impartial advice of men of Supreme Court caliber were most helpful. These factors aided the President often in deciding the course he would follow. Particularly did the President hold Frankfurter's advice in great esteem. He sought his counsel and welcomed his opinions. On most things they saw "eye to eye", probably because their basic philosophy was similar. I have heard the Boss remark in speaking of Felix, "He has a brilliant mind and initiates more ideas per minute than any man of my acquaintance. I find him tremendously interesting and stimulating, but his mind clicks so fast that, to keep up with him, makes my head fairly spin". After a luncheon visit with Justice Frankfurter, which might last a couple of 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 rag".

Others from whom the Boss sought advice at various period were Adolph A. Berle, Tommy Corcoran, Ben Cohen, Bill Bullitt, Archie MacLeish, Sam Rosenman, Norman Davis, Leon Henderson, Sidney Hillman, Charles Taussig, Fiorella La Guardia, Rex Tugwell, Louis Brownlow, Jim Landis, Morris L. Cooke, Wayne Coy, Leo Crowley, Homer Cummings, Chester Davis, Jerome Frank, Max Gardiner, Dr. Robert Hutchins, Tom Leamon, Dave Lilienthal, Basil Manly and George Norris.
Sometimes Frances Perkins phoned to say she had to see the Boss right away and that it had better be unannounced. 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 particular 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 about a matter affecting them.

Anne O'Hare McCormick, the brilliant New York Times' correspondent frequently came down to see the President — and always unheralded. In keeping with the finesse that one busy person uses in dealing with another, she usually asked in advance for longer time than the customary 15 minute allotment of time. Therefore, we almost always 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, and prior to December 8, 1941, her reports of conversations with such people as Hitler, Mussolini, and other heads of government were valuable to him.

There were times, too, when she had been assigned to write a special feature for her paper, in which case she might request that FDR give her a little of the Presidential viewpoint and background of the topic. In fairness to her, and to the Boss, I ought to add that she was never obviously seeking an exclusive story or a scoop and, as far as I know, she never got one.

Mrs. Anna Rosenberg who advised the President upon certain phases of our labor problems came to see him frequently. As unofficial liaison between the White House and the labor groups, her business was to report progress or difficulties resulting from the proposals and policies which had been brought into the open 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 as the National Gallery of Art, in the Nation's Capital, was not publicized. The acceptance of such bestowals requires Congressional action. The President assembled all his facts and the conditional attached thereto, and studied them carefully before he even approached the Congressional leaders for an opinion. When he had satisfied himself that no insurmountable obstacles stood in the way, he announced the story of Mr. Mellon's unprecedented proposed liberality. Congress approved and F. D. R. personally got a genuine thrill out of the fact that he had been afforded some small part in the successful accomplishment of the project.

No account of the President's visitors would be complete without giving special mention to the stage and screen. The people of the theatre, as a class, are probably more generous of their time and talent than any other professional group. For one reason or another, as friends or entertainers, actors and actresses came and went at the White House over the years. Among these were Cornelia Otis Skinner, Eddie Dowling, Marian Anderson, Walter Huston, Kate Smith, Ruth Draper and Katherine Hepburn, to mention a few.

It was on special invitation of the District of Columbia Birthday Ball Committee on Entertainment, headed by Carter Barron, that many notable Hollywood stars came year after year to the Capital, contributing their talents to swelling the funds of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Just to recall a few of the names — Joe E. Brown, Myrna Loy, Frederic March, Ginger Rogers, Mickey Rooney, Jimmy Stewart, Dorothy Lamour, Maureen O'Hara, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Melvyn Douglas, Spencer Tracy, Ella Logan, Danny Kaye, and scores of others.

The Boss had definite preferences in music and the theatre. Jazz left him cold but he enjoyed opera, including the light opera of Gilbert and Sullivan. He was especially fond of old ballads, Irish melodies and hymns if well sung. He leaned toward mystery in the legitimate theatre.
and also in the movie; but for out and out relaxation, he wanted unadulterated slap-stick comedy! He was not a bit squeamish about the number of custard pies thrown.

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 through the years, he brought to the meeting some minor problem, albeit he was also the bearer of something else, namely, the traditionally luxuriant beard of his Orthodox high office. After formally tendering his respects and presenting his 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 these visits, F. D. R. turned to me and said, "You know, Grace, the Bishop is a fine person, but boys, those whiskers of his sure 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. The Boss was particularly interested in hearing the evaluation of conditions on the fronts and in all the countries visited by this Catholic prelate. I recall, too, that when the President thought it might be mutually advantageous for him to appoint a special representative to the Vatican he invited Archbishop Spellman to come to Washington to talk the matter over.

From previous talks with him, the Boss had gathered that such an appointment would greatly please His Holiness the Pope. While satisfying the Pope was most desirable, it 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 especial significance. The Holy See had influence and rapport with groups that could not be reached through any other medium. This series of conferences resulted in the appointment of Myron Taylor as Special Representative of the President to the State of the Vatican City. The President announced at the time he appointed Mr. Taylor that he was sending him to Rome "to assist parallel endeavors for peace and the alleviation of suffering".

Standing out in bold relief among hundreds of celebrated visitors during the war years is Mr. Winston Churchill.

So much has been and will be written in the years to come about Britain's great Prime Minister 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 its dark years has left on me a lasting impression 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 to America, during the war years.

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 opened 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 was unaccompanied, which was a complete departure from custom.
I jumped up, opened the door and said, "May I help you?" He answered, "I'm looking with the President, but 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 bodyguard, rolled in the large "Servicers" containing the victuals. The Boss kept so many luncheon appointments that if that "Servicer" could talk, I'm sure history would be greatly enriched.

At this particular luncheon part of the conversation centered about the war between the States. There were few experts, either military or civilian, who could stem Churchill on any question connected even remotely with the American Civil War. F.D.R. had already informed me that encyclopedic knowledge the Prime Minister had on this subject. This was just another demonstration of how much interest those two men had in common, for the Boss also prided himself on his Civil War knowledge. I must digress here to say that love of the Navy and of the sea also were interests they held in common. Coincident with the Boss' service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in World War I, Mr. Churchill had during those same years been Lord of the Admiralty and their paths had crossed then in the discharge of their respective 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 were at stake.

Coming from the privileged classes their backgrounds had much similarity, but their basic philosophy was always worlds apart. Few Americans realize how well informed the Prime Minister was on the subject of 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 Château, where the President, as host, had invited the immediate American and British staffs.

We regathered, a group of twenty possibly, in a spacious room. The tension had been great at the conference—discussions had been grueling. Among the other subjects
thoroughly 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 Lord Ivers, Lord Churchill and their attractive daughter, Mary, "Terry" Thomsen, Churchill's "shadow", Admiral Lecky, 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 Hartin, 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 scanned 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 alter ego, Marshall Stalin. The Boss talked on about the Battle of Antietam -- 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 1862. Like the shot out of a cannon Churchill, without looking up from his dispatch, barked out -- "1863!"! 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 pulled 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 illustrations I was marveling at the striking resemblance between the Prime Minister and his grandson, Randolph's infant son. Having the likeness fresh in my mind I said to Mr. Churchill, "Your grandson is certainly a dead ringer for you. I've never seen a more striking likeness." He smiled, "Quite", he said, "but you know, I look like all baboons and all baboons look like me." He must have heard about this resemblance often for I've since read that he made the identical remark to others. I take it that it was his usual retort to such a bromide comment.

I recall too that early in the war era it was Churchill who "sold" the Boss on having the "Crossthreads" phone installed as a wartime guard against espionage. This system
had been adopted in England and was considered ordinarily satisfactory. The Prime Minis-
ter remarked that he could not understand why America had not adopted such a necessary precaution. This special equipment, installed originally by the Telephone Company, de-
riv ed its name from the fact that anyone tapping the wires was rewarded for his efforts only by hearing a jumbled blur of sounds. To the persons making and receiving the con-
fidential 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 him-
self never attached to the system the fool-proof power 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 "Secret" in this rebellion and the equipment was removed. I
mention it here only because at various times during the war there was so much "Jack-Irish"
gossip about the "scrambler".

In June of 1942 considerable publicity was given the Prime Minister's descent
on Washington. That was not publicized at the time was that Mr. Churchill had been visit-
ing at Hyde Park for several days before, engaged in a special conference. His arrival
in the country was announced. Just a handful of us knew about it. The only persons
present were "Tommy" Thomson, (Commander Ralph Thomson), John Martin, secretary to
Churchill, F.D.R., and myself. Being the only woman present I fell heir to being hostess.
During this particular weekend I detected in Mr. Churchill a certain note of depression.
He appeared downcast. And well he might be. Russell's Head army was racing across the
desert — the outlook for the British was ominous 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 hall. A
very young man in an Army Major's uniform introduced himself as Major Frank McCarthy, aide
to General Marshall. He said he carried a message which his 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 Frank on his way before he obtained any idea that Churchill was 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 paper.

Just as we were about to step across the threshold of my little sanctum, my heart took a lurching, for out of a door across the hall stepped the Prime Minister! All my preparations had been in vain! I learned later, however, that Major McCarthy had been in on the secret all along and we’d both been playing “pussies”.

This particular visit of all the times the Prime Minister came to our shores was the only occasion I remember Mr. Churchill’s conference being at a low ebb. The Boss remarked, “Gosh, I think Winston is terribly worried.” He sighed audibly, “And well he might be.” These were dark days for us and dearer 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 sleepless 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 his guest 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 of that morning. He chuckled like a small boy, “You know, Groce,” he said, “I just happened to think of it now — but he’s pink and white all over!”

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, on the occasion of each of the "Prime Minister"s visits 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 mighty decisions rested solely upon the two men of those two leaders, that F.D.R.'s reaction was a normal one, quite aside from the fact that he entertained for the Prime Minister such real, personal affection.
December 11, 1941 stands out in my memory as the day on which Captain Joe Patterson, owner and publisher of the New York Daily News had come to keep an appointment with the President, which had been suggested by Fred Pasley, a reporter on the News' staff. Let me remind you that this was only four days after Pearl Harbor! Fred had indicated to Steve Early (Press Secretary) that perhaps Mr. Patterson had experienced a change of heart and wanted to tell the President how misguided he, Patterson had been. Steve relayed this information to the Boss and sensed immediately that FDR did not "cotton" to the idea. But, as Steve believed so sincerely that good might be accomplished by such an interview, he persuaded the Boss to say "Yes".

Steve not only accompanied Patterson into the President's office, but by pre-arrangement, remained as a witness to the scathing criticism which the Boss unleashed upon the visitor. FDR launched into a straightforward, hard-hitting talk. In a calm, deliberate manner, vibrant with feeling but lacking in rancor, the Chief Executive recited a long litany of the many editorials written by his visitor. He pointed out that in a time of crisis, such as this, Patterson had done untold harm to his country. The Boss enumerated further the fact that the publisher had been against the Lifting of the Embargo, Lend-Lease, The Selective Service Act, The Destroyer Deal and other major policies. In fact, the Boss couldn't remember "a single instance when Patterson's paper had supported any measure for defense against a potential enemy". FDR even read, in his well modulated voice, several editorials clipped from the Daily News, to prove to the author what a great disservice he had done his country. He actually wondered, he said, if Captain Patterson realized the significance of the harm he was doing. The President had based his argument on the premise that now that we had been attacked, many more American boys might meet their death just because Patterson had seen fit to tell millions of readers, through the medium of his paper, that America was not in any danger of attack. In every way the paper had tried to lull the nation into an inertia from which it might never have awakened.
The newspaper publisher had been listening so intently to the Commander-in-Chief that he had remained standing all during the interview, while the President read the words from the News editorials and upbraided Captain Patterson for his lack of patriotism. Then Joe Patterson broke down and cried like a baby.

As he turned to leave, the President called after him, "One minute, Captain Joe, I want to give you an assignment." Patterson, in a barely audible voice, replied, "Yes, Mr. President, what is it?" "I want you to go back home and read your editorials for the past six months — read every one and then think over what you have done!"

I knew that Steve was visibly moved that day. I doubt if all the years Steve had known the Boss — and they were many — if he had ever heard him "lay it on the line" to anyone as he had to Patterson. Steve, who could, upon occasion, be as hard as lead himself, or as soft as putty, agreed thoroughly with the Boss in every word he had uttered. However, that day he was happy to be the bystander and not the target of Presidential invective.

It is almost like anti-climax for me to go on and admit that this meeting did not produce the change of heart which we had been led to believe was about to be affected in the editorial policy of the Boss. Subsequently an editorial in their paper did say, "Now that we are in the war, let’s win it." That’s about the extent to which "the hatchet was buried". Their policy then shifted to attacks on F.D.R., as a "war-avoider" instead of a "war-enforcer", as they had previously referred to him. They blamed Roosevelt for bringing on the war.

The Boss, who always read his newspapers carefully, paid particular attention to the editorials in the New York Daily News following this episode. After digesting an editorial one morning shortly afterward, he dismissed the "Affair Patterson" by remarking, "Grace, those were crocodile tears!"

After our entrance into war, I beheld from my watchtower, outside the Boss' door the ever changing character of the visiting list from the civilian days. Rarely now could the Commander-in-Chief indulge himself the luxury of a visit with anyone on a purely social basis. The persons who gained access were those, who, directly or indirectly, had
some contribution toward the war effort. More working hours were required of every man and woman in America. F.D.R. was no exception. The mantle of leadership was one which the President always wore with as much natural ease as his old Navy cape, so the transition for him was, I think, not as difficult as for the many less busy people.

We around the Boss had to acclimate ourselves to the stepped-up tempo demanded of us when the influx of "gold-braid" began to come and go by the dozens on their martial rounds.

Arranging to convey a visitor in this class, in and out of Hyde Park, Harr弹簧 or Shangri-La was not fraught with much danger of detection, but taking him past the sharp-eyed reporters at the White House was not so simple. A closed car, however, bearing the human cargo, and speeding through the South Gate of the Executive Mansion's grounds usually solved the problem, the Press, ordinarily preoccupied with covering the regular channels of entrance and exit, were unlikely to spot the unexpected opening of this always closed and guarded gate.

Among the host of top-flight officers of our Armed Forces, who came and went unannounced during the war days, were General George C. Marshall, Admiral Ernest J. King, General H. H. Arnold, General Dwight Eisenhower, Admiral William D. Leahy, Admiral Harold H. Stark, General Joseph F. Stilwell, and Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

It is common knowledge now that General Eisenhower's movements during his rare visits were carefully shielded in secrecy by the newsmen who saw him. The White House correspondents, like every other true American, respected the importance of military security. Their voluntary code of censorship was strictly adhered to all during the hostilities. They have, I believe, an unbroken record for their admirable conduct in this regard.

I would like to add here that this code did not necessarily include the safeguarding of the visits of our scientists. The reporters, however, also refrained from divulging the visits of this eminent group. Chief among those who came were Dr. Vannevar Bush and Dr. James B. Conant.
Those and many other scientific men working on research to perfect the methods and im-
plicants of warfare were not well known to the public, at large, at that time. However,
their names were probably by-words in the laboratories of our enemies. A leak as to
their identities could have spelled national disaster.

During the entire time that F.D.R. was President, beginning with the feverish
days of the Bank Holiday in 1932, up to and including the era of hostile war activity, his
office was truly a Crossroads of the World. Through it came and went figures which were
to have a profound effect on the destiny of our nation—and even of Mankind!

--- End of chapter CROSSROADS ---
CROSSROADS

By Grace G. 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 pantomimes of human interest items silhouetted 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 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 assiduous questioning 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 homes was interchangeable with the real White House in the Capital so far as 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 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, of which I will speak later, no publicity could be given the intricate system of communication which accompanied 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, undorned 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 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. Hermann or Howard Fleiger (International News Service). I recall only a few exceptions to this war-time regulation — the two extensive trips 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 Cazancho, 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 K. 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. Storm, George E. Durno, Victor A. Sholis, Marquis W. Child, Bascom N. Timmons, Doris Fleeson, Lyle Wilson, Bert Andrews, Thomas Reynolds, Richard Harkness, 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 misinterpreted 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.

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, F.D.R. 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 Senator from Louisiana. Long controlled the politics of the state absolutely, and was known as “I am the law, Long.” His tactics as a demagogue were well known, and the Boss was aware that alliance with such a power 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 Committee women, 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 asked his mother to seat Mr. Long to his right. His idea was, of course, to be afforded the opportunity of discussing during luncheon campaign plans for the areas where he knew Huey could be most
useful. He did not, however, make 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 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, 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 F.D.R. 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 on the Democratic column. 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 did not get the answer to her question until after lunch. The gentleman to whom she directed it knew his territory and did not wish to risk having Mrs. James utter further "asides" 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 sub-
stance 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 — that
is, via the Appointment Secretary, Marvin McIntire, in the early days or Pa Watson later
on. If an emergency arose, and what we termed "an on the minute appointment" became
necessary, the switchboard 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. Having access to the Boss,
I could usually get an immediate answer.

An important part of my job was to save the Boss from all unnecessary harass-
ment so that he could husband his time and energy for matters of urgency and gravity.
Therefore, shielding him from people unnecessary to see entered into the daily work, but
I never considered it proper to sidetrack the people who were admittedly vital to the
running of the government and the war, 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 conver-
sation 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 as he did, it was always his natural impulse to see the person rather than
use the 'phone. He liked to watch the facial expressions 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-telephone, that he preferred them.

I could and did arrange appointments for the Boss on what I used to call "my
own time" which was always the late afternoon. The President had set this period aside
for the exclusive purpose of dictating and signing his mail. Appointments made for this
period might include family and personal friends who just wanted to run in and shake hands,
or top-level executives whose missions had official significance. It was a movable time because it had to follow the last of his regularly scheduled visitors, and it depended too upon his mood. On the days when he was beset with involved or grim problems, he himself became more "wound up" and the ten or fifteen minute time allotted to each call ran overtime. If my mail to be dictated or signed happened to be heavy on one of those days, I became apprehensive as the minutes ticked on, for that was bound to shorten automatically our mail period. To be more specific, if an unexpected situation arose, let us say, and one of the Cabinet, such as the Secretary of State, War or Navy asked if he 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 the Boss and I burning the midnight oil to catch up.

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 that no regular time was available. Regardless of the importance of any particular visitor, I felt impelled, in serious situations, to break right in to permit the Boss to decide his preference of appointment 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:

Nill 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 scheduled 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 report progress but he was not ready to make a public announcement about what he thought would be the final outcome. Good examples of these visits that come to my mind offhand, are when Ikeen was battling it out with John L. Lewis on an impending coal strike, or the time when Hull was conferring with the Japanese Ambassador to the United States along with the special representative of the Japanese Government, just prior to Pearl Harbor.

Occasionally, 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 -- the open breach, and finally, the undignified climax of a front page story in every paper of the blow by blow fight of the two Kilkeny 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 get a compromise. He was good at this and he had, to my way of thinking, a high art in settling these controversies. Among them were the Hull-Kohey split, the Ikeen-Loomis, and the Wallace-Jones brawl. In the aforementioned and similar instances, he asked that every precaution be taken to protect the secrecy of the visitors.

Reader he was, he realized that nothing was to be gained by announcing to the world what he had heard in the course of 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 in his camp the secrecy of the hour. Knowing, energy and time he had exerted in ending the debacle, I felt he was an unselfish man.

Rigorous vein were the visits of F.D.R.'s personal friends. This list was a

that impressed me most about it was that included in it were not only many of the elite and well to do but also the names of "the little man", the old family friendly Dutchess County neighbor. A roll call of this list would reveal
the democratic outlook of F.D.R. in the deepest and finest sense.

Then too it was often politically indicated that the President visit privately with key men in his party, such as Jim Farley, Frank Hague, Ed Flynn, Frank Walker, Leo Crowley, Ed Kelly of Chicago, Ed Crump of Tennessee, Bob Hannegan, and others.

Oftener, there were times when the reverse was the order, and the Boss was eager for the visits of these men to be widely publicized.

Others who often came "off the record" because they enjoyed the status of friend and adviser were Bernard Baruch, whose advice and counsel has always been sought by Presidents, regardless of party, Herbert Bayard Swope, Vincent Astor, 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.

Four Supreme Court Justices stand out in my memory as frequent guests at the White House, Frankfurter, Douglas, Murphy and Jackson. First of all, any one of them came as friends, but almost always the President was anxious to discuss a vital problem with the visiting Justice or to turn to him for advice on overcoming some snag he had struck. The arrival of any of these men was usually kept in the "off the record" category only because the Press might read meanings that did not exist into the meetings and lend undue importance to conjectures that were all out of proportion to the matters under discussion. In times of national stress the reactions and impartial advice of men of Supreme Court caliber were most helpful. These factors aided the President often in deciding the course he would follow. Particularly did the President hold Frankfurter's advice in great esteem. He sought his counsel and welcomed his opinions. On most things they saw "eye to eye", probably because their basic philosophy was similar. I have heard the Boss remark in speaking of Felix, "He had a brilliant mind and initiates more ideas per minute than any man of my acquaintance. I find him tremendously interesting and stimulating, but his mind clicks so fast that, to keep up with him, makes my head fairly spin." After a luncheon visit with Justice Frankfurter, which might last a couple of 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 at various periods were Adolph A. Berle, Tommy Corcoran, Ben Cohn, Bill Bullitt, Archie MacLeish, Sam Rosenman, Norman Davis, Leon Henderson, Sidney Hillman, Charles Taussig, Fiorella La Guardia, Rex Trigwell, Louis Brownlow, Jim Landis, Morris L. Cooke, Wayne Coy, Leo Crowley, Homer Cummings, Chester Davis, Jerome Frank, Max Gardner, Dr. Robert Hutchins, Tom Lamont, Dave Lilienthal, Basil Manly, and George Norris.

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 particular strike. The Boss's 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 about a matter affecting them.

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 in advance for longer time than the usual 15 minute appointment. Therefore we almost always 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, and prior to December 8, 1941, her reports of conversations with such people as Hitler, Mussolini, and other heads of government were valuable to him. There were times, too, when she 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 Presidential viewpoint and background of the topic. In fairness to her
and to the Boss, I ought to add that she was never obviously seeking an exclusive story or a scoop and, as far as I know, 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 unofficial liaison between the White House and the labor groups, her business was to report progress or snags resulting from the proposals and policies which had been brought into the open 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 not publicized. The acceptance 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 insurmountable obstacles stood in the way, he announced the story of Mr. Mellon's unprecedented proposed liberality. Congress approved and F.D.R. personally got a genuine thrill out of the fact that he had been afforded some small part in the successful accomplishment of the project.
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 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 traditionally luxuriant beard of his Orthodox high office. After formally tendering his respects and presenting his 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 these 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 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 invited 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 the Pope. However, satisfying 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 a special significance. The Holy See had influence and rapport with groups that could not be reached thru any other medium. This series of conferences resulted in the appointment of Myron Taylor as Special Representative 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 that of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, now Pope Pius XII. I was in Poughkeepsie trying to catch up on an accumulation of work, when the phone rang, and Missy (Margurite Lanhend) 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 man, he is a REAL ARISTOCRAT!" Mrs. James was always quick to recognize 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, "Heavens, 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 the President 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 betokened understanding 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. presented 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 Boettiger, 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 seemed high and his stomach reminded one of 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 avoirdupois, 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. The while he conversed, he was partaking of the amber tea and the dainty sandwiches.

Who of us is not familiar with the legend of beloved St. Francis of Assisi dispensing crumbs to his feathered friends? Had you seen the Cardinal's vest as the tea progressed, you might have wondered if he was not emulating the Saint instead of enjoying Roosevelt hospitality. In a few minutes the promontory had become dotted with a shower of crumbs resembling snow-capped hills on the expanse 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 crumbs on the Cardinal's vest 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 scolded 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 out 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 grand." "And so do I," she agreed, "and that's the very reason why I was so afraid that His Nibs (Johnny) would up and say, 'Mummy, that fat man is spilling tea all over his tummy. Shall I tell him?'"

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 its dark years has left on me a lasting impression 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 to America, during the war years. Four 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 let 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
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest" — (Pope)

The above lines might well have been written of F.D.R. to describe continuous action on his part during so many years in public life! No other President in the history of our country has done more entertaining than he.

The "partying" included not only the formal type, prescribed by protocol on a national and international scale, but all the other kinds of festivity to which a man in public life falls heir, whether he wishes to or not. Add to the fact that F.D.R. was more gregarious than the average man, it is easier to understand how the Roosevelts found themselves practically keeping open house during their White House regime.

Few people realize, I believe, how many occasions arise in course of a year when a Chief Executive is called upon to extend "the glad hand". This might be dictated by sound political acumen or spring from the natural desire to recognize and acknowledge meritorious performance.

The Roosevelt family circle, including just those related by blood or marriage was a wide one. Then there was the official family, many members of which had the privilege of being on intimate terms with FDR. Extending hospitality even to these two categories alone would have taxed the endurance of most couples, but the President and the First Lady had the God-
given gift of natural sociability, and they went out of their way to dispense hospitality. An Inaugural luncheon, a Christmas party for White House staff, an informal tea for upwards of a thousand people might be looked upon with boredom of attending a Field Day, by most of our Presidents, but the Roosevelts not only brought to these affairs a genuine enthusiasm, but always managed to extract pleasure from them. Naturally, the glow they imparted in playing the role of host was infectious!

Part of the work— and I DO mean work — of the Presidency consists of extending hospitality, in all its manifold forms to all manner of people. Entertaining to *** FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt, in many respects, as I have indicated, was really more fun than work. Both loved people— both had the "common touch" and, in addition, the interchange of ideas and even banter, tossed back and forth at their frequent informal gatherings was meat and drink to their sociable natures.

I will hazard the guess, that Mrs. Roosevelt today, like her illustrious husband, during his lifetime, converses with more people in the course of a single year, than many do in a lifetime. 

A few occasions, quite typical of the ease with which the Roosevelts entertained, during their incumbency are touched upon in the following accounts.
The party for Sam Rayburn demonstrates the necessity for some gatherings being unannounced. It was the tale of FDR's endeavor to give a quiet little surprise party to honor the birthday of an old friend, the Texas Congressman, Sam Rayburn, at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives. By chance, I had learned that Congressman Lyndon Johnson, also of Texas, had planned a little celebration at his home for Sam. When the Boss heard about the birthday he asked me to phone the Speaker to ascertain whether it would be convenient for Sam to drop by the White House that afternoon. As I had been studiously casual in extending the request, it naturally never occurred to Sam that anything to do with his natal day: he just supposed the Boss had something of a routine nature on his mind. Meanwhile, the President, imbued with party spirit made an additional suggestion and asked me to have Lyndon round up a group of the Speaker's friends in the House of Representatives. These were instructed to enter by the East Wing of the White House and assemble in the President's study before Sam's arrival. Each one was informed that the gathering was social and in honor of the birthday. Despite the explanation, 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, (the President's Press Secretary) insisting that he give them a 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
I think I can demonstrate the necessity for some gatherings as well as visits of individuals being "unannounced" 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 Congreeman 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 get Lyndon to round up, in the Texas legislature, 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 arrival.

Each one was informed that the gathering was purely social and in honor of the birthday. Despite 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
door, he said trying to exercise a calm he did not feel, "Gracious, has the Boss an appointment with Congress 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 likely to evolve all kinds of stories." House appointments, especially after office hours, as I have indicated elsewhere, were news to the Press. This is really a typical illustration 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 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.

As a matter of fact, what happened at this party, as told to me by one who should know is this. When Sam's colleagues from the House arrived at the President's study, Sam and the majority leader, John McCormick, whom the Boss had also invited to the supposed conference, were already with the President. After greeting all his guests, FDR, in somber tones, began by saying that he had heard some very serious reports concerning the House of Represen-
Concentrating his look directly on Sam, the President continued, "I am sorry to inform you, Sam, that these reports involve you." There was considerable tension among the group. "Therefore, the host's voice went on, I thought it best to invite you, and your friends on both sides of the House aisle here, and lay my cards on the table! Each one present carried his part off well. Sam was the only one, of course, who didn't know what to make of the affair. Before he had any time to analyze the rebuke the Boss said "My report is, Sam, that you're getting too old!" I am told that Sam's expression quickly changed to one of relief and pleasure.

That called for the first drink to toast the "birthday child". FDR then presented Sam with a Stetson hat suggesting that the recipient try it on for size. As Rayburn complied, the Boss added--"I am very sure that 'Old Sam' wears the same size hat today that he wore the day he came to Congress—twenty years ago." The former Speaker was born on January 6th, 1882 and the President on January 30, of the same year. The Boss enjoyed "kidding" Sam about being an old codger!

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-
After our entrance into war, I beheld from my watch-tower, outside the Boss' door the ever changing character of the visiting list from the civilian days. Rarely now could the Commander-in-Chief indulge himself the luxury of a visit with anyone on a purely social basis. The persons who gained access were those, who directly or indirectly, had some contribution toward the war effort. More working hours were required of every man and woman in America. FDR was no exception. The mantle of leadership was one which the President always wore with as much natural ease as his old Navy cape, so the transition, for him was, I think, not as difficult as for the many less busy people.

We around the Boss had to acclimate ourselves to the stepped-up tempo demanded of us when the influx of "gold-braid" began to come and go, by the dozens, on their martial errands.

Arranging to convey a visitor in this class, in and out of Hyde Park, Warm Springs or Shangri-La was not fraught with much danger of detection, but whisking him past the sharp-eyed reporters at the White House was not so simple. A closed car, however, bearing the human cargo, and speeding through the South Gate of the Executive Mansion's grounds usually worked. The Press, ordinarily preoccupied with covering the regular channels of entrance and exit, were unlikely to spot the unexpected opening of this always closed and guarded gate.

Among the host of top-flight officers of our Armed Forces, who came and went, unannounced during the war days, were -- ?

It is common knowledge now that General Eisenhower's movements...
during his rare visits were carefully shrouded in secrecy by the newsmen who saw him. The White House correspondents, like every other true American, respected the importance of military security. Their voluntary code of censorship was strictly adhered to all during hostilities. They have an unbroken record for their admirable conduct in this regard.

I would like to add here that this code did not necessarily include the safeguarding of the visits of our scientists. The reporters, however, refrained from divulging the visits of this eminent group. Chief among those who came were:

These and many other scientific men were working on research to perfect the methods and implements of war. They were not well known to the public, at large, at that time. However, their names were probably by-words in the laboratories of our enemies. A single leak could have spelt national disaster!

During the entire time that FDR was President beginning with the feverish days of the Bank Holiday in 1933, up to and including the era of hectic war activity, his office was truly a Crossroads of the World. Over it came and went figures which were to have a profound effect on the destiny of our nation and even of Mankind!
The newspaper publisher had been listening so intently to the Commander-in-Chief that he had remained standing all during the interview, while the President read the words from the News editorials and upbraided Captain Patterson for his lack of patriotism. Then Joe Patterson broke down and cried like a baby! 

As he turned to leave, the President called after him, 

"One minute, Captain Joe, I want to give you an assignment."

Patterson, in a hardly audible voice, replied, "Yes, Mr. President, what is it?" ---- "I want you to go back home and read your editorials for the past six months---read every one and then think over what you have done!"

I know that Steve was visibly moved that day. I doubt in all the years Steve had known the Boss---and they were many---if he had ever heard him "lay it on the line" to anyone as he had to Patterson. Steve, who could, upon occasion, be as hard as lead himself, or as soft as putty, agreed thoroughly with the Boss in every word he had uttered. However, he was happy to be the bystander and not the target of Presidential invective!

It is almost like anti-climax for me to go on and admit that this meeting did not produce the change of heart which we had been led to believe was about to be effected in the editorial policy of the News. Subsequently an editorial in their paper did say, "Now that we are in the war, Let's win it." That's about the extent to which the hatchet was buried. Their peace-policy then shifted to attacks on FDR as a "war-maker" instead of a "war-monger," as they had previously referred to him. They blamed Roosevelt for bringing on the war!

The Boss, who always read his newspapers carefully, paid particular attention to the editorials in the News right after this episode. After digesting an editorial one morning shortly afterward, he dismissed the "Affair of Patterson" by remarking, "Grace, those were crocodile tears."

might meet their death just because he was to tell millions of readers, thru the medium of his paper, that America was not in any danger of attack. In every way the paper had tried to lull the nation into an inertia from which it might never have awaken-
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 short period 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 from the reading of 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 gentleman 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 had come to know well some of the diplomats assigned to Washington. Such a friendship was the one with the British Ambassador, 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 office, I inquired if they had had a pleasant visit. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "Ronald and I are old friends and get along wonderfully well" 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!
This might be an appropriate point to mention that FDR's predecessors, during their tenure of office, had been literally steeped in red tape and fanfare by the State Department whenever a representative arrived from a foreign country and presented credentials at the White House. The orthodox procedure was after much bowing and scraping, the Ambassador would unwind an impressive looking scroll stating in effect that the entire citizenry of his country dearly loved all Americans. Thereupon the President, would solemnly refer to his parchment, carefully edited by the State Department, and would reel off a great many high-sounding phrases, which boiled down conveyed the idea that "All Americans likewise loved the nation which the said Ambassador represented. Actually, this formality though theoretically sound failed really of promoting better understanding between the two countries. This was the type of surface frippery with which the Boss had no sympathy. He had no patience with such a flagrant waste of time. He changed the whole tone of these meetings by foregoing the formal morning attire and receiving the gentleman in ordinary suit business attire. Being adept in saying a few pertinent words about the Ambassador's country, without State Dept. prompting,
the Boss was able to put his guest at ease. FDR knew that human nature is pretty much the same the world over and he was willing to risk the disapproval of the "striped-pants" boys of the State Department - in an effort to establish better rapport with the representative and his country. 

The Boss had come to know some of the diplomats stationed in Washington. Such a friendship was the one with British Ambassador Ronald Lindsay, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, when Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency. Sir Ronald was a towering man of mammoth proportions, exceptionally tall, big-boned man with a leonine head. 

As he left the Boss' office one day after a lengthy visit, I asked him if he was tired. "No indeed, he answered, "Ronald and I are old friends and always get along wonderfully" adding - "Grace, you know he always reminds me of a St. Bernard dog". After that I never saw this kind gentleman without visualizing him in an Alpine setting, making his massive way through the snowdrifts with the traditional flask of liquor hung round his neck.
Elder Hendricks

1. Reg

A. Edith

Winston Paul

50,000

5.6.2.72

6/7.8.32

A. W. B. C. Edith

MCC

9/11/19
Check the White House and Christmas tree—

Tell an newspaper men's name—

Check apple looks for an average of off the next

Bunch & others, lets change their formation.

Page 15—add one admires—

Page 16—Smithsonian costumes of the first

Check with Lyndon the story about Sam—

Page 17—let Breckley & others

Myron's exact title to the Vatican

Ask him about Churchill's visit to the

Faithfuls of the Smith—

Check whether the dinner was the first night.
Dear Geoponica Cassady,

I have your letter regarding your ideas for the introduction to the book "President Roosevelt's World;"

It would take many more words than my introduction to tell you of President Roosevelt's interest in all those associated with him. Perhaps for your purposes it would be better to confine my comments to his interest in seeing farm foremen find a home in which to settle when they retired.

I recall that I accompanied the President and saw where they had to break an old farm house and I remember which ran through my mind as we drove up to the house. "This certainly wouldn't be far enough to spend his hard earned savings on an old ramshackle place like this." I felt quite sure the President had the same thoughts and turned but even later the thoughts to grapple. Too wrong. We were greeted by the farmer in a room containing almost his furniture and an ascetically fitting.

The President immediately began asking questions about the age of lifetime, the facilities, the water, the land, the
timber, drainage and many more details. He enthused over the fine beaches, the hills, etc., and decided that the house had real possibilities. At that moment he was planning the changes which would turn this miserable place into a comfortable and livable home. He visualized all this as he sat in the dirty lorra. Definitely, he could picture none of this and it took a lot more talking to convince me that this house wasn't more of a great blunder than buying a but I considered a dump.

This experience taught me a good lesson. I had the good fortune to go on another visit to that house and I had a warm feeling and a war for my own self the attractive and comfortable home which FDR had envisioned in the first sight. I learned never again to question the President but to place my feelings upon an old wreck of a place and depressed his opinions regarding its future.

The above are just some remembrances about Gus Remmick's house which may or may not be appropriate for your purpose. If there is such a sentence which fits into the Introduction, you are at liberty to quote it.
Mrs. Roosevelt did have two
friends named Val-Kill pieces, but
which I think would add interest
for your reader. I see no reason why you
should not mention Val-Kill and Mrs.
Roosevelt's association with the project
if you wish to.
I fear I have not given you
anything worth writing. Please feel
free to disregard what I have written.
With all good wishes to you
and to the president of the board,
Always sincerely,