Franklin D. Roosevelt Library & Museum

Collection: Grace Tully Archive
Series: Grace Tully Papers
Box 5; Folder = Writings: Unpublished Reminiscences, 1950
Anthony, Students of Columbia,

there was memorize the good and bad, omen in a book and cards and tood your future as shaped by the tea leaves in your cup all fancied F.D.R. as well as medicine.

The people who take these studies seriously, always want to read their findings to highjinx, but of course, they want to be sure that their warnings will be read by the person for whom they are intended. Frequently, we would receive letters asking if the President would be interested in their advice as to what he should or should not do in certain months or years. No part of their prediction would influence decisions.

Mrs. Lenden and I both enjoyed reading those warnings but like the President we didn’t take them too seriously. It was fun to have the newspapers and television say how they came to prediction, even or guess work future happenings.

All Presidents need some form of relaxation and F.D.R. found humor periods when the stars aligned and others were hard as work figured out the future.
It amused me very much to have him even take time out to read the
results of these cards because I knew he had great faith in stars, not planets,
his numbers and turning up the best luck card in the deck as a great moment.

We had anAST office a very knowing, delightful and intelligent girl of 10,
mostly for her own enjoyment and fun liked to tell fortunes with the cards.
And every so often the Boss would say, "Aren't you Roberta? I want my fortune told.
Roberta who told the fortunes of many men, important people — all the associates
in the office — like knowing whether than accepting such an invitation. After
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to be quite different) and just him B. something that he knew was an offer; but the girl no one information from someone who worked in a laundry.

She was secretary to the President's appointment secretary but until a request for an appointment came through she had no idea what might be coming.

The President like most people in current work would ask me or me to check certain dates on which he was told to hold off decisions or possibly to make them. It was fun to be able
wrong or right. They were; but actually when big decisions have to be made, no planter of numbers or cards enter into the formal outcome of the way in which the decisions will be made. The idea was intriguing that it never had any effect on the President's thinking—so I think the people realize the, but it afforded an entertainment to a very busy man!
Writing on this subject takes me back to a party at the Residence Museum in Albany when Mrs. Roosevelt, for the entertainment of the government office staff, wrote an essay titled "She Had forths in the Pink Room and one of a time," and read this or her future state: It was a most pleasant party that the "right day"
when the teaching of mine paper, the "Governorsthe Roosevelt" were blasted all over the front pages for selecting this type of person to give us a good time. A number
lamented enchanted at the White House.

My dear brother was invited to spend a break at Hyde Park — and was she
invited? It wasn't an ordinary weekend, because she had a birthday on the Saturday although we left Washington on Thursday night - what the British call a
lady's week - and a secret party to anyone including my friends about brother's birthday. But I sent it to Roosevelt to know what I
got on, especially when it means bringing
problems of an associate - or a member
of the family - and associate. When the
date-driven Halloween - Horace was
surprised and my brother because 3 times
nothing is the plans to give in a Birthday Party - almost all the furniture, fortune
which was customary allowed a party given by
the Roosevelts for their friends. So myself.
had been a guest of honor on many occasions throughout the years but this was the first time she had been with her family for the first time in years. She and I discussed the Birthday of 1925 at the White House but we were staying away in Washington at the President Ford's residence, as an invitation, for a few days. While I rested up on my way to Houdon Heights, they came to CONVENCE from an illness – harboring to the specific. As always, considerate and kind they wanted to give me a little "pick up" in my work.

Another who was given the honor was the Emancipation Proclamation was signed was the creator of her surroundings! Also, she was deeply appreciative of what the wonderful family was doing to bring me home to good health. I think she continued as usual all through the night, which I couldn't continue because I had to rest. The family, how happy she was. Because I was doing pretty well and also that I was for the birthday, Mrs. Ford, and Malvina Thompson never forgot the date and that tells you a lot about what not to forget. It gives much satisfaction and pleasure, and one wonder how they helped so much an honor."
Evidently Mother had remembered that she was happy in the White House when she became President. A mental note by Mrs. R and Madame was made at that moment and as soon as they got upstairs a note was made in the Birthday Book, which Mrs. Roosevelt always has beside her. Fells was that day arranged to have a really big time for Felters at Hyde Park, and Mother already had every thought of Mother's birthday on her mind—this that made the occasion and she talked to the end of her days about her visit to Hyde Park and the White House. She had quite often been in the White House for functions, tea, luncheon etc., but these parties were her own.
FORTUNE TELLING

July 7, 1950

Grace G. Tully

Astrology, students of palmistry, those who memorize the good and bad omens in a pack of cards and how your future is shaped by the tea leaves in your cup all fascinated F.D.R. — as well as numerology.

The people who take these studies seriously always want to send their findings to bigwigs — but, of course, they want to be sure that their warnings will be read by the person for whom they are intended. Frequently we would receive letters asking if the President would be interested in their advice as to what he should or should not do in certain months, or portions of months, in regard to making important decisions.

Miss LeHand and I both enjoyed reading their warnings but, like the President, we didn't take them too seriously. It was fun, however, to mark passages and see how near they came to predicting — even on guess work — future happenings.

All Presidents need some form of relaxation and F.D.R. found such periods when the star-gazers and others were hard at work figuring out his future.

It amused me very much to have him even take time out to read the results of their work, because I knew he had great faith in God — not planets, nor numbers, nor turning up the best luck card in the deck at a given moment.

We had in the White House a very delightful and intelligent girl, Roberta Barrows, who — mostly for her own enjoyment and fun — liked to tell fortunes with the cards. And every so often the Boss would say, "Get Roberta, I want my fortune told." Roberta, who told the fortunes of many less important people — all her associates in the office — liked nothing better than accepting such an invitation. Sitting beside him as he picked up the various cuts which she instructed him to make, she would be quite definite about whether he was going to be successful in working out his business deals, and then on other combinations of cards she would remark, "I have no way of knowing what this refers to, but you are going to be confronted with a very serious question in the next week or two."

(And then she always said, "Of course, you are constantly faced with problems so it sounds foolish when I even suggest it — but this is going to be quite different."

) and tell him of something that he knew was in the offing but she had no more
information than someone who worked in a laundry. She was Secretary to the President's Appointment Secretary but until a request for an appointment came through she had no idea of what might be "cooking."

The President, like most people with curiosity, would ask Missy or me, after reading the predictions, to remember to check certain dates on which he was told to hold off decisions or possibly to make them. It was fun to see how wrong or how right they were — but actually when big decisions have to be made, no planets or numbers or cards enter into the final outcome of the way in which the decisions were ever made. The idea was intriguing but it never had any effect on the President's thinking, as I think most people realize, but it afforded a few hours of entertainment to a very busy man.

Writing on this subject takes me back to a party at the Executive Mansion in Albany when Mrs. Roosevelt for the entertainment of the Governor's office staff invited a professional fortune teller. She held forth in the Pink Room and one at a time heard his or her fortune fate. It was a most pleasant party but the next day when we picked up our paper the Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt were blasted all over the front pages for selecting this type of person to give us a good time. A similar incident occurred at the White House.

My dear mother was invited to spend a weekend at Hyde Park — and was she excited! It wasn't an ordinary weekend, because she had a birthday on the Saturday, although we left Washington on Thursday night — what the British call a "___". I had said nothing to anyone including my Boss about Mother's birthday. But leave it to the Roosevelts to know what goes on, especially when it means bringing happiness to an associate — or a member of the family of an associate. When the date arrived — Halloween — I was as surprised as my mother because I knew nothing of the plans to give her a birthday party — cake with all the gadgets of fortune which was customary at every natal party given by the Roosevelts for their friends. I myself had been a guest of honor on many such occasions through the years, but this was Mother's first real party. I say real party because she and I spent her birthday in 1933 at the White House but we were staying over in Washington, at the President's and Mrs. Roosevelt's invitation,
for a few days while I rested up on my way to Braddock Heights, Maryland, to convalesce from an illness — tuberculosis, to be specific. As always, considerate and kind, they wanted to give me a little "pick up" on my way.

Mother, who was given the room where the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, was very excited about her surroundings. Also, she was deeply appreciative of what this wonderful family was doing to bring me back to good health. I think she couldn't resist at dinner that night, which I couldn't attend because I had to rest, telling the family how happy she was because I was coming along well and also this was her birthday. Mrs. Roosevelt and Malvina Thompson never forgot the date and that tells you a lot about what not to forget. It gives such surprise and pleasure and one wonders how they kept so much in mind.

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FORTUNE TELLING

July 7, 1950

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Princess Roosevelt was really quite a treat. When war broke out in Europe, the Royal families of England, Belgium and the Netherlands took refuge in this country. The homeguards were the only ones who accepted. Princess Juliana, aunt of Queen of the Netherlands, came to this continent with her two little girls and made her home in Canada.

Count Prince Olaf and Crown Princess Jane had paid an official visit to the United States in the summer of 1939 and were entertained in true Roosevelt style - a "suit dog" affair at the Hilltop College. They both spoke English perfectly, so they could exchange ideas without the services of an interpreter, and the President "took a shine" to this attractive couple.

Soon after they were forced to flee from Norway with the Germans, first on a boat and then by train, they arrived in the U.S. and took up residence in Bethesda, Maryland. As soon as FDR found they were coming, he put his staff to work to find them a suitable home. Here he could keep an eye on them, and make life pleasant in their new surroundings. Since the early 1940s, they were assigned to an office in the State Department and later to a more pleasant one in the Department of State. The President was given the assignment of contacting new residents and introducing them to the new country. He also had a house in Bethesda, Md., known as "Rocky Hill."
Aunt. They were settled and Clara returned to be with her father, King Hartley, in London where they had headquarters for their Government in exile, leaving the house in Belgravia in the hands of the Queen. Meanwhile, in Washington, Counts Olgierd and Their Children under the watchful eye of the Crown Prince, he was his wed found and father — to Princess Juliane, the true Uncle.

The family frequently attended White House functions in the years before we got into the war and we entertained at informal gatherings in Washington and Hyde Park.

I recall especially one of the Royal Highness' visits in Hyde Park, when he arrived and was accompanied by Madame Olgierd. Mrs. Roosevelt was toasts and Tono joined him. As the dinner horn she joined the President in his time. Shortly, when she prepared to the library unless the guests find their dummies.

Robert, the butler, placed the silver tray with the necessary ingredients on the table in front of FDR, as well as a dish of cheese containing crackers spread with mustard. The President was quite a buzz at times and just as Kamala Harris was about to partake of the appetizer, FDR asked Lady the Lord ever eaten pineapple.
snake meat. She rose a terrible face as the thought and wonder for pure vehemence this was to be her initiation. When she hesitated sufficiently to repeat she said "Oh, Mr. President, you are really terrible!" Looking greatly surprised she said "Child, do you mean to tell me you have been eating rattlesnake. Well it's a great delicacy and you are missing something Turning to me The President with an expression I had seen many times before which meant "Help me out" asked me to get a pad and pencil and make a note to remember to get some rattlesnake as I could serve at the next time the Chinese came to tea. I did as instructed but must confess I thought he was kidding and just wanted to make me all confused. He had a good story however and knew how to miss the punch line in such a manner as to compound the deception and keep the subject of the delicious and rare treat hot and he added that it was very difficult.

When I saw Lin alone the next day I laughed about conversation of the agent and reminded him that I was not going on any wild goose chase and that I wanted the truth. He said that was the secret and he noted the point. "I assure me I could find out at any fancy grocer."
The day I got back to the White House
I called in my assistant, Dorothy Bradly,
and said, "While you are out to lunch today,
drop in to the kitchen and get me a cup
of rattle snake punch!" Dorothy's face
immediately lit up with a smile. She
exclaimed, "What? You're kidding!"
will do it."

Just as this exchange was taking
place, someone called from nearby.
The lady
immediately enquired what was wrong.
Dorothy said, "You see, just a little
ting in my stomach."

"How's the punch?"

"It's just fine, thank you."

"Well, then, I'll go back to work."
When war broke out in Europe, President Roosevelt invited the royal families of England, Norway, Belgium and the Netherlands to take refuge in this country. The Norwegians were the only ones who accepted. Princess Juliana, now Queen of the Netherlands, came to this continent with her two little girls but made her home in Canada.

Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha had paid an official visit to the United States in the summer of 1939 and were entertained in true Rooseveltian style -- a "hot dog" affair at the Hilltop Cottage. They both spoke English perfectly so they could exchange ideas without the services of an interpreter, and the President "took a shine" to this attractive young couple.

Soon after they were forced to flee from Norway with the Germans hot on their trail, they arrived in the United States with their three children to take up residence here. As soon as F.D.R. knew they were coming, he set to work to find them a suitable home where he could keep an eye on them and make life pleasant in their new surroundings. Steve Early was given the assignment of contacting real estate agents and friends to see what was available in or near Washington. Merle Thorpe had just the house in Bethesda, Maryland, known as "Pooks Hill."

Soon they were settled and Olav returned to be with his father, King Haakon, in London where they had headquarters for their government-in-exile, leaving his wife, her Lady in Waiting, Countess Ostgaard, Mr. ______, and their children under the watchful eye of F.D.R. To the Crown Princess he was her new found Godfather -- to Princess Juliana he was "Uncle."

The family frequently attended White House functions in the years before we got into the war, and were entertained at informal gatherings in Washington and Hyde Park. I recall especially one of Her Royal Highness' visits to Hyde Park when as usual she was accompanied by Madame Ostgaard. Mrs. Roosevelt was away and I was pinch-hitting as hostess. At the cocktail hour we joined the President in his tiny Study, which he preferred to the Library unless the guests were too numerous.
Robert, the butler, placed the silver tray with the necessary ingredients on the desk in front of F.D.R., as well as a dish of hors d'oeuvres containing crackers spread with sardine. The President was quite a tease at times and just as Princess Marthe was about to partake of the appetizer F.D.R. asked her if she had ever eaten rattlesnake meat. She made a horrible face at the thought and wondered, I'm sure, whether this was to be her initiation. When she had recovered sufficiently to speak she said, "Oh, Mr. President, you are really terrible." Looking greatly surprised, he said, "Child, do you mean to tell me you never heard of eating rattlesnake? Why, it's a great delicacy and you are missing something."

Turning to me the President, with an expression I had seen many times before which meant "Help me out," asked me to get a pad and pencil and make a note to remember to get some rattlesnake as soon as we returned to Washington so he could serve it the next time the Crown Princess came to tea. I did as instructed but must confess I thought he was kidding and just wanted to make us all to squirm. I was a good stooge, however, as I knew he was enjoying their discomfort as he continued to rave about this delicious and rare tidbit -- and he added that it was very expensive.

When I saw him alone the next day I laughed about the conversation of the night before and reminded him that I was not going on any wild-goose chase and, therefore, I wanted the truth -- how about this rattlesnake meat? He assured me I could find it at any "fancy" grocer's.

The day I got back to the White House I called in my assistant, Dorothy Brady, and said, "While you are out to lunch today, drop in to Magruder's and get me a can of rattlesnake meat." Dorothy in a loud and excited voice exclaimed, "Rattlesnake meat! Are you kidding?" I quietly remarked, "You heard me." She looked at me as though she felt that at last the pressure of my job had caught up with me and wasn't it too bad.

Just as this exchange was taking place in walked Mary Eben. The look on Dorothy's face frightened Mary who immediately inquired what was wrong. Dorothy said, "Grace just asked me to get her some rattlesnake meat. What do you make of that?" Mary, whose remarks were blunt and to the point, quickly replied, "Nothing wrong with her except
she has gone nuts." A great deal more conversation ensued concerning my mental state --
and they left my office with a warning ringing in their ears about not "snaking" back
without a rattle of snake in hand.

They reported after lunch wreathed in smiles. They had no trouble at all in
carrying out their mission, and I promptly handed the Chief Executive his can of fun
for the royal tea party.
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Robert, the butler, placed the silver tray with the necessary ingredients on the desk in front of F.D.R., as well as a dish of hors d'oeuvres containing crackers spread with sardine. The President was quite a tease at times and just as Princess Marthe was about to partake of the appetizer F.D.R. asked her if she had ever eaten rattlesnake meat. She made a horrible face at the thought and wondered, I'm sure, whether this was to be her initiation. When she had recovered sufficiently to speak she said, "Oh, Mr. President, you are really terrible." Looking greatly surprised, he said, "Child, do you mean to tell me you never heard of eating rattlesnake? Why, it's a great delicacy and you are missing something."

Turning to me the President, with an expression I had seen many times before which meant "Help me out," asked me to get a pad and pencil and make a note to remember to get some rattlesnake as soon as we returned to Washington so he could serve it the next time the Crown Princess came to tea. I did as instructed but must confess I thought he was kidding and just wanted to make us all to squirm. I was a good stooge, however, as I knew he was enjoying their discomfort as he continued to rave about this delicious and rare tidbit -- and he added that it was very expensive.

When I saw him alone the next day I laughed about the conversation of the night before and reminded him that I was not going on any wild-goose chase and, therefore, I wanted the truth -- how about this rattlesnake meat? He assured me I could find it at any "fancy" grocer's.

The day I got back to the White House I called in my assistant, Dorothy Brady, and said, "While you are out to lunch today, drop in to Magruder's and get me a can of rattlesnake meat." Dorothy in a loud and excited voice exclaimed, "Rattlesnake meat! Are you kidding?" I quietly remarked, "You heard me." She looked at me as though she felt that at last the pressure of my job had caught up with me and wasn't it too bad.

Just as this exchange was taking place in walked Mary Eben. The look on Dorothy's face frightened Mary who immediately inquired what was wrong. Dorothy said, "Grace just asked me to get her some rattlesnake meat. What do you make of that?" Mary, whose remarks were blunt and to the point, quickly replied, "Nothing wrong with her except
she has gone nuts." A great deal more conversation ensued concerning my mental state --
and they left my office with a warning ringing in their ears about not "snakeing" back
without a rattle of snake in hand.

They reported after lunch wreathed in smiles. They had no trouble at all in
carrying out their mission, and I promptly handed the Chief Executive his can of fun
for the royal tea party.
When war broke out in Europe, President Roosevelt invited the royal families of England, Norway, Belgium and the Netherlands to take refuge in this country. The Norwegians were the only ones who accepted. Princess Juliana, now Queen of the Netherlands, came to this continent with her two little girls but made her home in Canada.

Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha had paid an official visit to the United States in the summer of 1939 and were entertained in true Rooseveltian style -- a "hot dog" affair at the Hilltop Cottage. They both spoke English perfectly so they could exchange ideas without the services of an interpreter, and the President "took a shine" to this attractive young couple.

Soon after they were forced to flee from Norway with the Germans hot on their trail, they arrived in the United States with their three children to take up residence here. As soon as F.D.R. knew they were coming, he set to work to find them a suitable home where he could keep an eye on them and make life pleasant in their new surroundings. Steve Early was given the assignment of contacting real estate agents and friends to see what was available in or near Washington. Merle Thorpe had just the house in Bethesda, Maryland, known as "Pooks Hill."

Soon they were settled and Olav returned to be with his father, King Haakon, in London where they had headquarters for their government-in-exile, leaving his wife, her Lady in Waiting, Countess Ostgaard, Mr. , and their children under the watchful eye of F.D.R. To the Crown Princess he was her new found Godfather -- to Princess Juliana he was "Uncle."

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Reminiscences of White House Days

One afternoon, TR and I were sitting in the study and talking of all the hard work in which the President was engaged. He recalled the Chief Executive and the need to pay an occasional visit to the White House. He recalled in great detail the conversations of TR, which made a lasting impression on him. We went from TR to talk about some of his successors. We discussed the difficulties of the job in one respect - that one is no longer a free agent to go where he pleases, often he pleases, as in TR's time. President Wilson of course realized that he was even more confined because of his infirmity and preparations necessary to get him in and out of places.

The President then remarked that it would be nice once more to be able to go places without being stopped by a group of Secret Service men. We reminded him that at one time he was the only man safe. It said President Wilson had once said, "I maintained the 55 boys and 1 then tried one. Of the others I lost Fred and Aphonse Coolidge from Colonel Ed Stanley. It seems Coolidge planned to take a little constitutional and just as he

(continued)
appeared on the street floor it began to rain quite hard. The honor, the lead water suggested it might be a good idea if the President put on his rubber. The President thought no two and turned to the street service man who was to accompany him and said “Will you go upstairs to my room and get my umbrella?” He went on the second and President Coolidge went out the front door. By the time the SS man returned with the umbrellas Coolidge was out on Pennsylvania Avenue Fall alone. Following a Presidential order in this instance might have led them lose because he is assigned to the President to protect him. What would you or I do under the same circumstances? He soon caught up with the presidential guard who was becoming all wild. He had successfully rid himself of a guard for half a block. Perhaps Missy and wondered if FDR thought he could devise a way to get out of the Big House without detection. He knew they went back for a few minutes thinking of a scheme. Finally, he sat on me the thought would work if we left him.
It loved mystery stories and that was a challenge. He decided that the three
women plan an afternoon working in
the library and books that he wanted to
send to some library in Washington. We would
then ask the White House to send up a very large
trunk of books to fetch them and let
the trunk be brought into the adobe. He
would get into it and Nancy would call
the garage and order a station wagon to
come by and pick up the books. Because
there books were considered I value,
Nancy and I would personally see that
they were delivered, as planned and
then never delivered as planned and
they were delivered. As planned and
never never for anyone to the surprise of
no reason for anyone to the station wagon
nor the the White House gate and nobody
any their no. We would only go a
half a distance and then Peter and I
would call the White House and request to
have to ask the President a question to
which we wanted an immediate answer.
Well I think everybody can imagine
what would have happened at that
moment - always such as you never heard
would come out though theraham
It never happened but it was kind of
fear to claim and wonder about.

But don't think he didn't pull a
real get-away. The two accomplices on the
more definite escape route with him on the
real one.

The three of us were driving through
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of unusual dimensions - landed with
a detail of Secret Service men, drivers, and
musketeers. One of the beef men at
which they were hand. The President hit a
dead end... I'll never know whether it was
intentional - and backed up between trees
to reclaim his steps. The "Queen Mary"
couldn't turn on a dime as the old ford
could. So the PS men were sometimes
growing on the trail. In the meantime the
Bear bought it and the screech of an old
steam fire truck filled the woods with
hollers and smokes of cigarettes as they
literally flew past in the woods. The

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We pulled up at the Booth to the left of the "Big House" and the President stopped. He said "Ed (at Sterling) have you seen the Boys?" Ed was obviously pleased to see him as the "Boys" had gone by his water sometime before asking Ed if he had seen the President. Don't think Sterling wasn't warmed at that moment. He "Queen Mary" with its contingent had made its way to the Cottage where they thought FDR might have headed. But no, no! When they finally came back to report, there was the Farm with its occupants. Were they a happy group?

The President looked solemn and said to Mike "What happened to your fellows, we looked all over for you."
I think he would have sounded off in good Irish style if he dared. But soon his big smile and direct humor came to the fore and he said, "The President you certainly fooled me. The President Kerry, I seem to have commented that he wondered what Chief Vrooman, the SS, would say when he heard about the incident. "But until I saw Chief Vrooman again and told him that you fellows had me make a laugh out of it, and I think knew there would never hear about the incident from FDR.

The President certainly never told the Chief of the SS the story. However about three or four years later a columnist came to the office and wrote an article about the incident. The successor to Chief Vrooman, David Walker, called me up to question him as to its accuracy. Mike came to me to find out how it could have gotten out, especially because the incident had happened a year before. I said, "Mike, you know The Boss and..."
he was just as proud to tell stories, and was reminded of the episode by something that came up in the conversation, and the writer repeated it to some interlocutor. That's exactly what happened because I questioned the times and the said he told the story to someone - he couldn't even remember to whom.

Presidents are just like all other human beings who like to play jokes and unfortunately don't realize that games of their kind - to which his a party don't suit well with the people. Whose childhood demands is whether they do as good job of protecting the biggest honor in our country. But is it something that intrigue every President. Can one get along from guards? How someone is more guarded than your President.
"I forgot this."

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The President then remarked that it would be nice once more to be able to go places without being tagged by a group of Secret Service men. We reminded him that it might be fun but not very safe. He said President Wilson had once eluded the Secret Service boys and I then told one of the stories I had heard about Calvin Coolidge from Colonel Ed Starling.

It seems Coolidge planned to take a little constitutional and just as he appeared on the street floor it began to rain quite hard. Ike Hoover, the head usher, suggested it might be a good idea if the President put on his rubbers. The President thought so too and turned to the Secret Service man who was to accompany him and said, "Will you go upstairs to my room and get my rubbers?" He went on the errand and President Coolidge went out the front door. By the time the Secret Service man returned with the rubbers, Coolidge was out on Pennsylvania Avenue — all alone. Following a Presidential order in this instance might have lost him his job because he is assigned to a President to protect him — but what would you or I do under the same circumstances? He soon caught up with the practical joker who was beaming all over because he had successfully rid himself of a guard for half a block perhaps.

Missy and I wondered if F.D.R. thought he could devise a way to get out of the Big House without detection. He threw his head back for a few minutes thinking of a scheme. Finally he hit on one he thought would work if we helped him.
He loved mystery stories and this was a challenge. He decided that we three would plan an afternoon working on pulling out books that he wanted to send to some library in Washington. We would then ask the Usher to send up a very large straw laundry hamper to pack them in -- because he could get air. When the hamper was brought into the Study he would get into it and Missy would call the garage and order a station wagon to come by and pick up the books. Because these books were considered of value, Missy and I would personally see that they were delivered. As planned, and no reason for anyone to be suspicious, we three would be in the station wagon and out of the White House gate -- and nobody any the wiser. We would only go a short distance and then Miss LeHand or I would call the White House and request the Usher to ask the President a question to which we wanted an immediate answer. Well, I think everybody can imagine what would have happened at that moment -- alarms such as you never heard would ring out through the Nation.

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guarded than your President.
I recall an amusing incident during the few years when a portrait painter from Mexico, whose name I have forgotten, requested an appointment for a sitting with President Roosevelt. After he was cleared by the Secret Service, a time was arranged. The portrait stood on an easel in the Cabinet room and one day as the President was being wheeled back to his office after the consultation, he joked, "Roosevelt making a 'friends chat', but the picture seems to be enveloping FDR. He laughed and said, 'I knew a better title for this picture. 'Roosevelt in Hell'.