FOREWORD BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

ELEANOR: *The* YEARS ALONE

Joseph P. Lash

"A remarkable achievement. . . . as rich as [Lash's] understanding of the remarkable human being he celebrates."
—*THE NEW YORKER*

ELEANOR
THE YEARS ALONE

JOSEPH P. LASH

FOREWORD BY
Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY
NEW YORK LONDON

To Mrs. Roosevelt's grandchildren
and our own

Contents

Foreword Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

Author's Note

Preface

1. CHAMPION OF HER HUSBAND'S IDEALS
2. THE HARDEST-WORKING DELEGATE
3. A MAGNA CARTA FOR MANKIND
4. RELUCTANT COLD-WARRIOR
5. THE UNITED NATIONS AND A JEWISH HOMELAND
6. THE 1948 CAMPAIGN: A NEW PARTY—NOT A THIRD PARTY
7. CARDINAL AND FORMER FIRST LADY
8. AN AMERICAN PHENOMENON
9. AMERICA'S BEST AMBASSADOR
10. RESIGNATION ACCEPTED
11. PRIVATE CITIZEN AGAIN
12. "MADLY FOR ADLAI"
13. TWO BOSSES—KHRUSHCHEV AND DE SAPIO
14. A NEW GENERATION TAKES OVER
15. TO THE END, COURAGE

Illustrations

Appendix A: Eleanor Roosevelt and the Nobel Peace Prize

Appendix B: Mrs. Roosevelt and the Sultan of Morocco

References

Foreword

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.

THERE IS NOT MUCH TO BE ADDED TO THE INTRODUCTION that I wrote for *Eleanor and Franklin*. The reviewers of that book shared my judgment that Mr. Lash had made exemplary use of the private papers that Mother had left to me as her literary executor and that I had asked Mr. Lash to examine with a view to writing a biography.

A surprisingly large number of readers of *Eleanor and Franklin* wrote to express the hope that M Lash would go on to write a sequel to that book covering my mother's years alone. Here is that seque It will be up to the readers to say whether it maintains the high standards of the earlier book; in my view it does. It is the story of my mother alone, but even more, it is the story of those years in which her internal development and her work and experience with my father come to full and creative maturity. We, her children, watched with pride as she won the love and affection as well as respect o people everywhere and truly earned the title of First Lady of the World.

I hope this book will be read by the generation that came to intellectual and political maturity in the sixties and early seventies. They will then better understand their parents. Here in Mr. Lash's careful and detailed documentation of Mother's encounters with the Communists at the United Nations, they will see her moving from the belief that our good will and readiness to compromise would be reciprocated by the Communists to the realization that Stalin's emissaries respected streng alone. Those who speak critically of the West's "cold war" mentality in the years that followed Father's death should examine closely, as Mr. Lash's chronicle enables them to do, my mother's experiences at the United Nations.

Equally illuminating, and singularly moving, is the book's account of Mother's role in helping establish a homeland for the Jewish people. If young people today want to understand why both my mother's generation and mine invested this cause with the passion and faithfulness that liberals in th thirties gave to Republican Spain, they should read Mr. Lash's account of the birth of Israel.

Of course, there is much more in this book. My mother described her work in the years after my father's death as the work that she did on her own. She dealt with the most powerful men of the postwar world—presidents, cardinals, commissars, political bosses, and Wall Street tycoons. She did so with such self-confidence, authority, independence, and astuteness that she demonstrated anew, if needed another demonstration, the rightness of woman's claim to equality with man.

Yet she also led a very private life. Despite her involvement in public affairs, she always attache a larger importance to the personal and private side of life. Her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and a few close friends always had first claim on her time. The importance that she attached to success in private functioning is attested to by a letter she wrote on October 3, 1949, to th wife of George C. Edwards, then a candidate for mayor in Detroit and now a federal judge:

> The cost of being in politics is fine for one's ideals but it is very high in personal sacrifice, I think. No matter what happens, win or lose, I do not think a woman ever feels that the loss in personal relations is compensated for, but when a man makes up his mind to go into politics, I think that is the only thing he can do. It is in his blood and if he is at all successful he will go on all his life and one must make the best of it, and somehow try to have some of the things one wants for oneself, as well as serving the higher purposes which are pretty tough taskmasters.

This book is going to press just as the Eleanor Roosevelt wings of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park are being opened to the public. As visitors enter the library they will be confronted by two busts on either side of the entrance hall, one of my father and the other of my mother. The two figures are symbolic of history's recognition that not only were they a team, but a team of equals. What is made visible in the splendid displays and exhibits at the library is given life here in these pages.

Author’s Note

I MUST AGAIN ACKNOWLEDGE MY INDEBTEDNESS TO THOSE who assisted me with *Eleanor and Franklin* and who also helped with *Eleanor: The Years Alone*. In connection with this book I am particularly grateful to A. David Gurewitsch, who made his files and his splendid collection of photographs available to me. Maureen Corr, who became Mrs. Roosevelt’s private secretary after Malvina Thompson’s death, was generous with her recollections, as was Mrs. Roosevelt’s old friend Esther Lape. I wish also to thank the friends who kindly read these pages, including Dr. John P. Humphrey, and Egon Schwelb and Giorgio Pagnanelli of the Human Rights Division of the United Nations.

I am happy to record my obligation once more to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, whose presen director, Mr. J. C. James, was as cooperative as his predecessors, and to Mr. Jerry Deyo, audio-visual archivist, and William F. Stickle, staff photographer.

My sister Elsie Lash typed this manuscript as she did the earlier one.

It was my editor at W. W. Norton & Company, Evan Thomas, who felt that the first volume shoul end with the death of FDR and that Mrs. Roosevelt’s years alone should be written as another book. He was right about this, as he was about so many other matters connected with the Eleanor Roosevelt volumes.

Finally, I wish again to record my indebtedness to my wife, Trude. How much she has been a companion in this enterprise is suggested by a letter that I wrote in 1967 to Franklin Jr. and to the publisher and placed alongside my will in which I expressed the hope that in the event I was unable t finish this book they would ask her to do so.

Preface

A FEW DAYS AFTER FRANKLIN'S DEATH, A NEWSPAPERWOMAN intercepted Eleanor Roosevelt at the doorway of her Washington Square apartment in New York City, the one which she had selected with an eye to Franklin's using it after the White House years, and asked her for a statement. "The story is over," Mrs. Roosevelt said quietly and hurried on.

If precedent was any guide, the story would be over. Previously, presidential wives, after the deat of their husbands, quickly sank into obscurity and were seldom seen or recalled except on ceremonia occasions. But this presidential wife was different. It was a measure only of Mrs. Roosevelt's lingering insecurity and modesty that after thirteen strenuous years in the White House she could stil believe that she was so widely admired—and hated—not in her own right but because she had been FDR's wife, and could still wonder whether with his death her public career might not be finished.

Yet, the same qualities that had turned this protected daughter of old New York into an uncompromising champion of the poor and oppressed, that had transmuted her beloved but alcoholic father's letters into a primer of youthful virtues and strengths, that had enabled her to remake her marriage after the discovery of her husband's unfaithfulness into a journey of self-discovery and a partnership of immense usefulness to America foretold that Eleanor Roosevelt, now standing alone and speaking for herself, would leave her mark on the times.

She had overcome so much, turned so many difficulties into points of growth. She had emancipated herself from the insular and caste-minded society into which she had been born and, in relentless battle of wills, had freed herself from the domination of a strong-minded mother-in-law who had embodied the values of that society. She had established a unique relationship of independence and partnership with her husband. A homely adolescent with a deep sense of inadequac because of her physical plainness, she had grown into a woman of poise, dignity, and gracious beauty She who had been anti-Semitic and prejudiced against "darkies" had become the epitome of a concer that excluded no one from the circle of its compassion and love. Although she had opposed the woman's suffrage movement, she was now a tough-minded and astute political figure in her own righ She for whom speaking had been an ordeal had become one of the most self-possessed and moving speakers in public life.

She had even learned to cope with the sense of alienation, of being an outsider, that she had acquired in childhood with the death of her parents. Work and loving people no matter what they did were her formulas for transcending loneliness and disappointment.

Could the story be over? She was only sixty-one, full of vitality, at home in the corridors of powe and adept at using power to help others. She had a vast political constituency and felt an obligation to promote her husband's objectives, especially the achievement of peace through the United Nations. Before long the realization would come to her that the story was far from over.

1. CHAMPION OF HER HUSBAND'S IDEALS

SHE HAD NOT QUITE REALIZED HOW MUCH SHE HAD RELIED upon her husband intellectually, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote Walter Nash, New Zealand's minister of finance, adding, "I shall hope to continue to do what I can to be useful, although without my husband's advice and guidance I feel very inadequate."[1]

It was the old ambivalence. She belittled her powers at the very time she was astonishing the world by her stoutness of heart. Franklin Roosevelt's death occasioned an overwhelming sense of personal loss. "I am frightened," wrote Helen Wilmerding, Eleanor's Roser classmate. "Who will take care of us now?" Strong men felt the same. "What a void has been left for the nation and the world," commented Justice Wiley Rutledge, and over in the House office building, a young Texas congressman, Lyndon B. Johnson, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed to a newspaperman, "God—God how he could take it for us all."[2]

She sensed the country's feeling of rudderlessness and loss but instead of yielding to it sought to convert the nation's grief into an instrument for her husband's objectives. "Perhaps in His wisdom," she said in her column "My Day," which she resumed writing the Monday after her husband's burial,

> the Almighty is trying to show us that a leader may chart the way, may point out the road to lasting peace, but that many leaders and many peoples must do the building. It cannot be the work of one man, nor can the responsibility be laid upon his shoulders, and so, when the time comes for people to assume the burden more fully, he is given rest.[3]

Franklin's death seemed to have united the country, she wrote her Aunt Maude:

> We knew of course Franklin had aged & no longer felt very strong but everyone, including himself, felt that with care he could carry through these four years. He wanted to see a good peace made but perhaps a better one will come through his death. The upsurge of love & realization of how much they had depended on him & left to him has I think made many people feel that they want to see his objectives succeed where before they were critical on many points & might have been apathetic or really obstructionist. One feels in the San Francisco conference that a strong hand is missing. I am sad that he could not see the end of his long work which he has carried so magnificently but I am thankful that he had no pain & no long lingering illness in which he would have watched others not doing as he would have done.[4]

Throughout the years in Albany and Washington Eleanor had had to fight Franklin. His very strength and magnetism had required a special effort of will to keep her own ideals and personality from being smothered. Now she presented him in a different perspective. Beneath all the compromises, she wrote, there had been a steadiness of purpose which was to give the average human being "a fairer chance for 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'" His political-spiritual legacy to the nation lay not in particular statutes or appointments, but in an attitude, so she advised John Gilbert Winant, U.S. ambassador to Great Britain, a year later, when he was scheduled to deliver an FDR memorial address in Congress at a time when New Dealers had begun to turn against Truman because he was not Roosevelt. Winant's good friend Belle (Mrs. Kermit) Roosevelt came to Eleanor for suggestions for

his address because “he is now feeling a desperate loneliness which comes inevitably to all those wh
loved Franklin.” “It seems rather late to have this memorial,” she replied immediately,

> and so I think the only thing to do is to point up the fact that as time passes, the perspective of what a man has lived by is probably more important than the actual things he did, because new situations necessitate new answers and one can not apply the same theories or exact methods. The background of a man’s thinking and acting is at all times a living thing.
>
> If you can in some way touch on this, it might help a lot of the progressives who are feeling rather lost and friendless at the present time.[5]

In life she had been, Henry L. Stimson wrote her, her husband’s “worthy helpmate”; in death, she now emerged as the principal champion and interpreter of his ideals, and by the time she wrote her account of the White House years and had dealt with most of the nation’s and world’s leaders as a colleague and co-worker, she could testify about her husband, “I have never known a man who gave one a greater sense of security.”[6]

The first week after the funeral was taken up with the melancholy business of moving out of the White House. Although the amount to pack was “appalling” and President and Mrs. Truman told her to take all the time she needed, she managed it in a few days. “This is the last evening,” she wrote a week after the president’s death, “and I have a great sense of relief.” She held her last press conference, had dinner in the family dining room with Belle Roosevelt, Tommy (Malvina Thompson her personal secretary), and Tommy’s friend, Henry Osthagen, and, before climbing into bed, took a last look at the Washington Monument with its little red light on top which had always seemed to twinkle at her “in friendly fashion.” The next morning she breakfasted on the sun porch, went throug some busy hours of saying good-bys and thank-yous, and then was driven to the train.

The return to Hyde Park was even sadder. For a few days, with trucks disgorging barrels and packing cases and a beginning made in the business of sorting and dividing possessions, with James and Elliott in and out, the loneliness was not so acute. But Hyde Park without Franklin as its center and children about was a different place. She was not only on her own but alone. Tommy helped, but there was a vacuum which time and other people would never fill.

She might write her old friend Esther Lape, as she did, that love for Franklin had died long ago, but that by believing in his objectives she had rendered him a service of love in helping him achieve his purposes; but her melancholy and loneliness belied such protestations. She had been hurt anew by the discovery that Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd had been at Warm Springs at the time of Franklin’s death Lucy’s presence having been kept a secret from her. She had gone to Anna’s room after her return to the White House from Warm Springs, her face and manner as stern as they could get when she was angry, and had asked Anna why she had not been told. Anna assured her she had not known Mrs. Rutherfurd was at Warm Springs. Had Mrs. Rutherfurd also been at the White House? Anna explaine that one morning when she was with her father, taking notes on things that he wanted done, he had asked her if she would object to inviting an old friend, Mrs. Rutherfurd, to dinner. Did Anna know who Mrs. Rutherfurd was? her father had asked. Deadpan, Anna said she did. Had she objected to having her invited? No, she had not. She had thought of her father, immured in the White House, the only women around to amuse him being his cousins Laura Delano and Daisy Suckley, oppressed by world cares, and had quickly decided that it was not her responsibility to object. Never had she discussed with her father or anyone else the relationship that she knew there had been between the tw many years earlier. It was all aboveboard; there were always people around, she assured her mother. That was how it had happened. “Mother was so upset about everything, though so cool on the exterio and now so upset about me. I was upset enough to wonder whether it would make my relationship wi

Mother difficult. It did, for two or three days. That was all. We never spoke about it again." Yet sometimes Anna wondered whether her mother had ever quite forgiven her.[7]

Eleanor was vulnerable, and her sadness at Hyde Park bespoke that vulnerability. But Hyde Park was home for her as no other place would be. The president had often spoken of his rootedness there. She, too, became aware, in the course of a battle with the president's executors, insisting that they no sell off the president's woods and fields, of how deeply she was attached to Hyde Park's rural loveliness and memories. Daily she slipped into the hedge-surrounded rose garden to place a spray of flowers on FDR's grave. Spring, too, had a healing power. When she awoke on her sleeping porch, th birds were twittering, the air fresh, the tree a haze of tender greenness. Her spirits lifted. "Perhaps nature is our best assurance of immortality," she wrote. She even enjoyed listening to the farmer's hour on the radio. She was, at heart, a country woman.[8]

Fala, Franklin's dog, was a great comfort to her. He had originally been taken by Margaret Suckle to live with her because Grace Tully (the president's secretary) had reported that that was what the president had intended, but James Roosevelt asked her to send the dog back to Hyde Park: "In talking to my sister and brother, we all feel very disappointed that Fala is not staying with Mother," he wrote Fala was really "part of the family," and it would make his mother "very happy to have Fala back at Val-Kill." Miss Suckley agreed immediately.[9] Fala and Mrs. Roosevelt became inseparable. He accompanied her on all her walks through the woods, and when he wandered off the path to pursue a scent, a high-pitched "Fala" summoned him back. When he covered himself with mud she bathed him getting as wet as Fala in the process, and when she fed him, she made him do all his tricks—stand up on his hind legs, roll over, beg—as he had done for his master.

On V-E Day the messages and telegrams poured into Hyde Park telling her how much the senders wished that the late president might have been alive to see the end of the European war. When she heard Truman and Churchill proclaiming Germany's unconditional surrender, she could almost hear Franklin's voice making the announcement "for I had heard him repeat it so often." She spoke over WNBC, expressing what she felt would have been the late president's gratitude to the soldiers, war workers, and civilians who had made victory in Europe possible and urging them to go on and "win through to a permanent peace. That was the main objective that my husband fought for. That is the goal which we must never lose sight of." It still was difficult to believe "my husband is not off on a trip," she wrote President Truman.[10]

A photographer caught Eleanor's picture at the WNBC microphone. It showed a face drawn and strained. The black dress and hat, the straying wisps of hair, all contributed to an effect of gauntness. It was the face of a strong woman, but of a woman acquainted with grief.[11]

Old Josephus Daniels came into the *New York Times* building, to see its publisher. The librarian, Freeda Franklin, was asked to bring him a copy of FDR's undelivered speech about the United Nations. "How is she?" Miss Franklin asked Daniels as she handed over the clipping. Daniels immediately understood to whom she was referring. "Bearing up very well," he replied, and added, "she's just as great a woman as he was a man."[12]

Under the president's will Eleanor and her children had a right to live in the Big House during their lifetimes. All agreed, however, with the letter Franklin had left for his wife, urging that it be turned over as soon as possible to the government. He hated to think of them—it amused him to tease them even after death—having to take refuge in the attic or cellar, which they might very well have t do in order to have some privacy.[13]

Disentangling and dividing Franklin's possessions would be "the hard thing," she predicted. She had in mind the difficulty of distributing those possessions in a way satisfactory to all of her five children. But going through her husband's belongings occasioned a renewed stab of anguish about

Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd. There was, she found, a little water color of Franklin that had been painted by ~~Mme. Elizabeth Shumatov, an artist whom Mrs. Rutherfurd had brought along on her visits to~~ Franklin in Warm Springs. With what feelings, one wonders, did Eleanor ask Margaret Suckley to send it on to Mrs. Rutherfurd in Aiken. She had long wanted to tell her, Mrs. Rutherfurd replied gratefully, that she had seen Franklin and how helpful he had been during her husband's illness and how kind he had been to her husband's boys. She could not get Mrs. Roosevelt's grief out of her min Mrs. Roosevelt whom she had always considered to be the most fortunate of women.[14]

After Franklin's executors consulted the government, Eleanor's son James, who was one of the executors, told her that the Big House had to be emptied of everything they wanted by June 15—line china, silver, glassware, jewelry, furs, furniture, books, ship models, paintings—and either shipped t the children or stored. She had the first choice, but decided to take very little. She had never "worke harder physically," she confessed after a few weeks of sorting, unpacking, and packing.

> I took the china and glass as my share and divided it equally among you with the exception of a very small amount which I kept and certain pieces of Dresden china which belonged to me anyway and I have just added a few pieces which Granny had. That you will all have to fight over when I die, but I assure you that there will be much less trouble when I shuffle off this mortal coil, than going through the Big House. I got myself into the eaves today to discover the old swinging cradle Pa used and which I used for all of you and I sent those over to the Library on loan. I also sent his baby clothes in a box and some of his early essays as I did not think they would be considered valuable documents.[15]

A decision that shaped the rest of her life was to use all of her own money to buy Val-Kill and about 825 acres of farm lands, woods, and buildings from the president's estate. She did it on the bas of Elliott's willingness to settle there: "I will be very glad to have you here to supervise some of the men on the place," she wrote him in California. "They are getting me down and I can not keep track what everybody ought to be doing and I know I am not doing the right thing." Elliott and his wife (th former Faye Emerson) arrived the second week in June. They were to live in the president's top cottage.* "We are getting the top cottage in order & I take my hat off to Faye. She works!"[16]

She wanted to rent from the executors, but they told her they had to sell the land and buildings, except for her cottage at Val-Kill, to the highest bidder. "I have to buy the Hyde Park land because when it came to selling it all at once I could not bear not to try to hold it in the hope that some child would want to run it some day. I'm sure that is what Franklin wanted." Franklin Jr. vehemently urge the executors to hold on to the land. He thought his mother unwise to use her own capital to buy the place. He "told me capital was a sacred trust," she wrote this author, "& I said 'Nonsense!' Work wa sacred not money & you can imagine the rest!"†[17]

"How I hate 'things'!" she wrote in midsummer. "When it is all done & the business settled I wil feel as though I might be able to breathe again. Now I walk on eggs!" She vowed to reduce her own possessions while she still lived so that her heirs would not be burdened with so depressing a task.[18]

After the memorabilia and special bequests had been divided there were other violent quarrels among the children over an intangible but weightier inheritance—the movies and books that people clamored to do about their father, and, most important of all, the dividing up of the political legacy— which son was to have precedence in running for political office in New York and California.

Family conferences turned into angry shouting matches among the boys that were more than she could bear. After one particularly uproarious session, all turned to her and begged her to act as arbite She knew her children and doubted that they would be willing to be guided by her views. In any case

she did not want to make decisions for them. But she was willing to serve as a clearing house for the family, she said, adding,

> I want you to agree that you will never say anything derogatory about each other or make any kind of remarks that can be so construed, and you will never allow people in your presence to say anything which will reflect on the integrity and character of the family.[19]

In 1940 Geoffrey T. Hellman had ended his profile of Mrs. Roosevelt in *Life* with the prediction that at the end of the Roosevelt administration the United States was going to face a new problem:

> . . .what to do with an ex-First Lady. This question has not existed before because no President's wife has ever before made a career of the First Ladyship. In any case, Mrs. Roosevelt can be counted on to solve the problem better than most ex-Presidents have solved the problem of what to do with ex-Presidents.[20]

On the funeral train returning to Washington from Hyde Park Henry Morgenthau, Jr., had come into her car and urged her to get her business affairs "rounded up as soon as possible so that she coul speak to the world as Eleanor Roosevelt. . . .She sort of questioned whether now that she was the widow of the President anybody would want to hear her."[21]

Even while she was settling the estate and working out a way of life at Hyde Park without Franklin, her mind was busy with thoughts of what she might do once she returned to public activity. There had been proposals, just before the San Francisco conference, that President Truman appoint h as a special delegate, but she had begged Congresswoman Mary Norton, who was about to make a speech to the House to that effect, not to do so. There were two jobs that she was obligated to do and that she wanted to do, she wrote at the time: her question-and-answer page for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and her daily column. She had always wanted the latter to be considered on its merits. "Because I was the wife of the President certain restrictions were imposed upon me. Now I am on my own and I hope to write as a newspaper-woman."[22]

She was not fooled by the rise in the number of papers buying her column immediately after the president's death. "Of course, it is curiosity as to how I handle this period and will soon wear off." B the end of the year, Lee Wood, editor of the *New York World-Telegram*, the New York outlet of the Scripps-Howard chain, who did not approve of Mrs. Roosevelt, relegated her column to the rear of th paper, except on the occasions that she made news, and that was to be quite often.

One line of activity she ruled out immediately—running for political office. Harold Ickes very seriously urged her to do so. He came up to Hyde Park to look over the Big House, which was to be under his jurisdiction. During the two days that he and his wife, Jane, spent with Mrs. Roosevelt they pressed her to become a candidate for the U.S. Senate in New York State, and Ickes followed up the visit with a letter that forcefully embodied his views. Nothing should be left undone to defeat Governor Dewey in 1946 so as to dispose of him as a possible candidate for the presidency in 1948. A ticket on which Sen. James M. Mead ran for governor and she for senator was the strongest available to New York Democrats, he thought. "You would be unbeatable and you would help greatly to defeat Governor Dewey."[23]

She had not decided what she intended to do in autumn, she replied, but running for office

> is not the way in which I can be most useful. My children have labored for many years under the baffling necessity of considering their business of living as it affected their Father's position and I want them to feel in the future that any running for public office will be done

by them.

Although she wanted to work with the Democrats, she did not want to have to follow "the party line." She intended to help "the liberals in the country and if I can write interesting columns and do a article now and then my voice would not be silent."[24]

Mrs. Roosevelt was already being heard. An intimate, sympathetic correspondence had sprung up between President Truman and herself. During the week that she was still in the White House she had given him her evaluation of the men and women around FDR. "She told me," a friend wrote in April, "that she would tell Truman what she thinks of people (like Byrnes, Hannegan, Pauley, etc.) but that she will tell him only once,—after that the responsibility will be his."[25]

Her column of May 10, 1945, expressed surprise that the Russians had delayed their announceme of the end of the war almost a day after the simultaneous announcements by Truman and Churchill. Truman, upset lest she think he was not keeping U.S. engagements with Russia, promptly sat down and wrote her an eight-page letter in longhand, giving a detailed account of the surrender arrangements and adding that his difficulties with Churchill were almost as irritating as those with th suspicious Russians.[26]

She was touched and somewhat appalled that he should have spent so much time writing her:

> Please if you write again, do have it typed because I feel guilty to take any of your time.
>
> I am typing this because I know my husband always preferred to have things typed so he could read them more quickly and my handwriting is anything but legible.
>
> Your experience with Mr. Churchill is not at all surprising. He is suspicious of the Russians and they know it. If you will remember, he said some pretty rough things about them years ago and they do not forget.
>
> Of course, we will have to be patient, and any lasting peace will have to have the Three Great Powers behind it. I think, however, if you can get on a personal basis with Mr. Churchill you will find it easier. If you talk to him about books and let him quote to you from his marvelous memory everything from Barbara Fritchie to the Nonsense Rhymes and Greek tragedy, you will find him easier to deal with on political subjects. He is a gentleman to whom the personal element means a great deal.
>
> Mr. Churchill does not have the same kind of sense of humor the Russians have. In some ways the Russians are more like us. They enjoy a practical joke, rough housing and play and they will joke about things which Mr. Churchill considers sacred. He takes them deadly seriously and argues about them when what he ought to do is laugh. That was where Franklin usually won out because when you know when to laugh and when to look upon things as too absurd to take seriously, the other person is ashamed to carry through even if he was serious about it.
>
> You are quite right in believing that the Russians will watch with great care to see how we keep our commitments.
>
> A rumor has reached me that the message from Mr. Stalin to you was really received in plenty of time to have changed the hour but it was held back from you. Those little things were done to my husband now and then. I tell you of this rumor simply because while you may have known about it and decided that it was wise just not to receive it in time, you told me in your letter that you did not receive it and I have known of things which just did not reach my husband in time. That is one of the things which your Military and Naval aides ought to watch very carefully. . . .
>
> I will, of course, keep confidential anything which comes to me in any letter from you and

I will never mention, and I would not use, a private letter in any public way at any time.

~~I would not presume to write you this letter only you did say you would like me to give~~ you some personal impressions of these people, gathered from my husband's contacts, before you went to meet them and as I realize that may happen soon, I thought perhaps you would like this letter now. . . .[27]

She had given him much information that would be helpful, he replied. Elliott had been in to see him, as she had urged, as well as Anna, and both had supplied him with information that he thought would come in handy.[28]

In June she went down to Washington for a couple of days. She lunched with the president. It seemed "a little strange to go to the White House as a visitor," but Truman could not have been more gracious. There was some talk about politics. The president expressed his concern about the situation in New York, where Ed Flynn was the Democratic national committeeman; and thus encouraged to express her views, she gave voice to her misgivings about the national party picture under Robert Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. She had sent the president a copy of a three-page letter on the subject that she had just addressed to Hannegan. That blunt missive said that the president himself was doing well from the liberals' point of view, but in Congress, especially in the Senate, if the southern Democrats managed to kill the fair employment practices (FEPC) and the poll tax bills without record votes, large numbers of Democratic supporters would be alienated. The party no longer could rely upon city machines such as Tammany in New York and Pendergast's in Kansas City to swing elections. Program and policy were the keys. She was concerned also about the party's disregard of women: "There will be no woman in the Cabinet and there has been no suggestio so far of any woman or women in comparably important positions."[29]

Frances Perkins had confirmed her fears in regard to Hannegan's reluctance to push women for jobs, and other women who had served the government under Roosevelt wrote nostalgically of the support Mrs. Roosevelt had always given them: "Yes, you *are* missed."[30]

"I have no idea whether you agree with me or not," her letter to President Truman, accompanying the copy of her letter to Hannegan, said, "but all I can do is send you the results of my observations and my conversations with people in the last few days." A few days later the president issued a publi statement in favor of the FEPC. "President Truman did a courageous and wise thing when he came ou in favor of the FEPC Bill," she wrote in her column. And Truman evidently spoke with Hannegan, as she learned from Doris Byrne, the head of the women's division of the New York State Democratic party. Although Hannegan was still afraid of Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Byrne reported, she was the only woman in politics whom he took seriously, and the president thought so highly of her that Hannegan was now trying to mend his ways.[31]

Mrs. Roosevelt reciprocated the president's feelings. "I think President Truman is doing extreme well," she wrote her son James after her visit to Washington. "I also think that Mr. Stettinius brought the San Francisco Conference to a very successful conclusion. I suppose now Jimmy Byrnes will become Secretary of State and Mr. Stettinius will go to London and Heaven knows what will happen to Winant."[32]

While she was in Washington (perhaps Truman mentioned the subject to her) she wrote a column about Earl Browder's demotion by the Communists for "revisionism." Her column was clearly intended to be read in Moscow. Browder, in the interests of Big Three cooperation, had been helpful Roosevelt in preserving domestic unity. Eleanor knew of that helpfulness because Browder's messages to the president had been routed through her. Suddenly, in May, Jacques Duclos, a leader o the French Communists, acting, it was assumed, on directives from Moscow, wrote an article

criticizing Browder's collaborationist policies, calling instead for a Marxist revolutionary program. Within a few weeks the American Communists had repudiated Browder, declared U.S. "imperialism" again to be the enemy, and portrayed Browder's collaboration with the New Deal as collaboration wi capitalism.

The actions of the American Communists, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote in a column datelined Washington,

> have added fire to the general fear of Communism as an international force. Earl Browder has been reprimanded for an attitude which many of us believed had represented the attitude of the Soviet government. . . .The American Communists had been cooperative where they could be, but now, as we understand it, they are out to force communism on our democracy. That we will not tolerate. . . .The sooner we clear up authoritatively the whole situation of Communists outside of the Soviet Union, the better chance we will have for peace in the future. The Russian people should know this, and so should the people of the United States.[33]

In July, Sidney Hillman invited her to head the National Citizens Political Action Committee, the mainstay of which was the CIO. Organized nationally, as it was, it could sway political parties—"and they need to be swayed," she conceded. But she also knew that NCPAC was infiltrated with left-wingers. "The meeting with NCPAC last night left me torn in my mind. I don't know how useful I wi be to them. I have an aversion to take on responsibility except individually and this is a big one. . . ." A week later she turned Hillman down:

> I have decided that if I became chairman instead of being helpful with the Democratic Party it would alienate the Democratic Party and I think it important to keep the Democratic Party close to both the CIO-PAC and the NCPAC.

For the present she intended to confine herself to writing and radio work. Also, she might be doing "a considerable amount of traveling," which was an added reason, she told Hillman, why she did not wa to be tied down by administrative responsibilities.[34]

The traveling related to the long-hoped-for trip to the Soviet Union. After Franklin's death, as Bi Three unity began to founder, she became more eager than ever to see this vast, mysterious, troublesome country with her own eyes. Ed Flynn brought back word from Russia, which he had visited after Yalta on assignment from Roosevelt, of how much the Russians had hoped she and the president would visit their country. He felt she should go on her own. He also reported that he had "told His Holiness the Church should change their tactics and stop attacking the Soviets." George Carlin, the head of United Features Syndicate, suggested that she go as a correspondent. She liked tha idea and thought she would go in March, 1946. But Flynn urged her to go immediately as did Harry Hopkins, who had returned from his mission to Moscow for Truman deeply troubled by the growing division between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Russians would let her see "everything you wanted to see everywhere in the country," Hopkins assured her. She wanted to go "purely as a correspondent" for the syndicate "and not as Franklin's widow," she wrote back a little unrealisticall and she "would not want to do a lot of parties, etc. except of course, for calling on Marshal Stalin." She should go as a correspondent, Harry Hopkins agreed, "although, of course, the Russian Government and the Russian people would receive you as the widow of the President and there is jus no way out of that one."[35]

She consulted Mr. Truman:

> I haven't spoken to the Syndicate about going at any immediate time because I wanted first to make sure that it would meet with your approval to have me go to Russia, either now or in the spring.
>
> I would not want in any way to complicate anything that you may be doing. . . .[36]

It is not clear when Truman, who was about to leave for Potsdam, replied to her, but judging by subsequent letters, when he did, he counseled her to postpone her visit until the spring of 1946.

She still was looking for a job to do, groping for the assignment that would bring all her interests into a single focus. She had been deeply conscious during her White House years of how her energies had been scattered among a thousand enterprises. After Franklin's fourth-term election, Esther Lape had implored her to think over carefully the best ways to make use of the powers and opportunities that were so peculiarly hers. That involved a "selection and decision," Esther had cautioned her.[37]

Now she was determined to do just that, and she was going to do the selecting. When two longtim friends, Maj. Henry S. Hooker and John Golden, the theatrical producer, proposed to appoint themselves a committee to pass on the jobs suitable for her, she interrupted them, Tommy looking aghast, and, scarcely able to suppress her laughter, said, "I love both of you dearly. But you can't run my life."[38]

She agreed, at the request of Mrs. David M. Levy, with whom she had worked closely in the International Student Service, to join the board of the newly formed Citizens Committee for Children In addition, she spent more time helping the Wiltwyck School for delinquent children. When the Union for Democratic Action, spearheading the campaign for the full employment bill, asked her to write Truman, she did so.‡ She became the honorary president of committees for Yugoslavian and Greek relief. She continued her work with Walter White and the NAACP. "When I warn my friends," she wrote on her sixty-first birthday,

> that I am going to sit by the fire with a little lace cap on my head and a shawl about my shoulders and knit baby things for the newest generation, they look at me with some incredulity. The day will come, however, and when it does I think it will be rather pleasant.

She was more realistic when S. J. Woolf, who had interviewed and sketched her regularly since th twenties, came to see her. He recalled that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt had once said to him tha many people did not have to worry about him in retirement. "I can always find something to keep me busy." Mrs. Roosevelt laughed and answered, "I suppose that is true of all the Roosevelts. They can always keep busy."[40] What she really wanted to do was to make some contribution to what had been Franklin's main wartime objective—the establishment of machinery that would help ensure a lasting peace. As long ago as 1939 she had read Clarence Streit's *Union Now* and had had the author dine at the White House in order to explain his plan to Franklin. She had kept Franklin informed of the work of Clark Eichelberger's Commission to Study the Organization of Peace. All through the war she had argued for a "United Nations" rather than an Anglo-American approach to peacekeeping. In July, when the UN Charter was before the Senate, she had pleaded for immediate ratification, saying her husband thought it most important to write the Charter and have it accepted while the exigencies of winning the war still kept the Allies together.[41]

The dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August and the revelation of the awesome force that had been let loose in the world underscored the indispensability of the United Nations. That had been her reaction when, in July, 1943, she had fortuitously learned one of the most closely guarded secrets of the war from a young nuclear physicist working on the project. "He was

convincing and rather frightening and we must have peace in the future."[42]

Although Mrs. Roosevelt did not question the decision to drop the bomb—indeed, welcomed the news of the first bomb as meaning the war must come to an end more speedily and bring the men in the services home sooner—she immediately lent her support to the remarkable movement that developed among the atomic scientists to educate the public so they might see that there could be no national monopoly of the bomb and that U.S. security, therefore, would require international control under adequate safeguards. She saw two of their representatives, Harrison Brown and Eugene Wigner and, according to them, was "very nice" and offered to help them with introductions in Washington. Their visit was reflected in her column. She was disturbed, she wrote, by the talk in the press about keeping the secret of the bomb. The sovereignty the United States would have to renounce to achieve international control would be a small price to pay for the avoidance of a nuclear arms race. In a transatlantic interview with Dr. Lise Meitner, the shy German refugee who had first grasped the significance of nuclear fission, both women said that the bomb posed a challenge to mankind to ensure that this awesome force was used in the future "for the good of all mankind and not for destructive purposes," and that this would require international control.[43]

The United Nations, regardless of its imperfections, now seemed more important than ever. Mrs. Roosevelt considered it her husband's most significant legacy to the world and wanted his name to be associated with it. She enlisted the help of Truman and Hopkins to get the United Nations to consider the possibility of using Hyde Park as the permanent site of the new organization. She even thought that she, too, might be of help in carrying forward her husband's work.[44]

Truman yielded to no one in his admiration of Mrs. Roosevelt, whom he still addressed as "First Lady," just as he still thought of Roosevelt as "*the* President." There were two people, Truman had told James Byrnes sometime in November, that he had to have on his political team—Henry Wallace because of his influence with labor, and Mrs. Roosevelt, because of her influence with the Negro voter. He could "take care of Henry" but wanted Byrnes to find an appointment for Mrs. Roosevelt in the field of foreign affairs. "The following week," Byrnes said, "in recommending a list of delegates for the first meeting of the United Nations Assembly in London, I placed Mrs. Roosevelt's name at the top of the list, expressing the belief that because of her husband's deep interest in the success of the UN she might accept. Truman telephoned to her immediately, while I was still in his office, and she did agree to serve."

Franklin Jr. was at her Washington Square apartment when the president telephoned her in early December. He heard his mother protest she had no experience in foreign affairs; she did not know parliamentary procedure; she could not possibly do it. Truman refused to be put off, she told Franklin Jr. when she came back to the luncheon table.[45]

"You have to do it," her son urged. Tommy agreed, as did her other children and the close friends to whom she mentioned the president's call. She decided finally that she had a duty to accept. Mr. Truman was wise, she said, in thinking that her presence in London, because of her connection with FDR, would remind delegates of his hopes for the new organization and would help to keep the Assembly's sights high.

Truman asked Senate Majority Leader Alben Barkley to sound out his colleagues for their reaction to the appointment. A few days later, her nomination was approved with only one dissenting vote cast by Sen. Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi, who noted that he had been severely critical of her statements on the American Negro.

"She has convictions and does not hesitate to fight for them," wrote Scripps-Howard columnist Thomas L. Stokes. "The New Deal era was richer for her influence in it. That influence was far greater than appeared publicly." Other women could represent American women, but this was a good

appointment because “she, better than perhaps any other person, can represent the little people of this country, indeed of the world.”[46]

In her own response to the appointment she spoke of it as an honor and responsibility that had come to her “largely because my husband laid the foundations for the organization through which we all hope to build world peace.” The novel note here was the word “largely” with its implication that her own merit and point of view had played a part in her selection.

> Some things I can take to the first meeting: A sincere desire to understand the problems of the rest of the world and our relationship to them; a real goodwill for people throughout the world; a hope that I shall be able to build a sense of personal trust and friendship with my co-workers, for without that understanding our work would be doubly difficult.[47]

---

* “Father said several times,” Anna Halsted recalled, “that once he stopped being president he would no longer be afforded privacy through the Secret Service. It would be quite natural for people to come up the driveway to look at the house of an ex-president. He wanted privacy—to be able to go out driving without braces or being watched. He wanted to live in a house of his own, close to Mother’s cottage and really in the woods. It had to be away from any kind of main road and small enough so that a small staff could manage it. So he designed the Top Cottage, probably with the help of Henry Toombs. He also had it in the back of his mind that if he could persuade the family, the Big House would be turned over to the government even before his death. He must have realized that Mother would never be happy living in the Big House.”

† Franklin’s will provided that the income from his estate, which was valued at roughly $1,200,000 at his death, went to Eleanor during her lifetime. At her death the estate was to be divided into five equal parts. Each of his children was to get half of his or her one-fifth share as well as the income from the other half of the one-fifth share, which was to be held in trust during their lives and to go per stirpes to the children of each of the five.

‡ This was an old and overriding objective with her. A few months before Franklin’s death Chester Bowles, administrator of the Office of Price Administration, had come to see her on a Sunday afternoon while Franklin was in Warm Springs. Bowles had helped FDR draft his “economic bill of rights” and was unhappy about Roosevelt’s failure to make plans to fulfill the pledges contained in the bill, including the commitment to “60 million jobs.” He confided his anxieties to Eleanor, who had spoken “of her own frustrations.” Franklin’s mind was focused on the war, and almost all of his visitors were diplomats, generals, and admirals. She considered it her responsibility to bring another point of view to Franklin’s attention and told Bowles that she called the president on the telephone every morning to urge an immediate beginning to postwar planning. “I have learned by experience,” she explained to Bowles, “to recognize the point at which the President’s patience is about to give out and he will begin to scold me. At that moment I hurriedly say, ‘Franklin, my car is waiting. I must be on my way. I shall call you again tomorrow.’”[39]

2. THE HARDEST-WORKING DELEGATE

A FEW DAYS OUT AT SEA ON THE LINER *QUEEN ELIZABETH*, which was carrying the United States delegation to the first session of the United Nations General Assembly in London, Mrs. Roosevelt wa persuaded to hold her first formal press conference since she left the White House. The United Nations might not be "final and perfect," she told the reporters, but

> I think that if the atomic bomb did nothing more, it scared the people to the point where they realized that either they must do something about preventing war or there is a chance that there might be a morning when we would not wake up.

One comment she put off the record, "For the first time in my life I can say just what I want. For your information it is wonderful to feel free."[1]

It was a sign that she was emerging from the shock of April 12. So much had happened since ther—the atom bomb, the growing split with Russia, civil war in China, the Pearl Harbor inquiry, the renewal of domestic bickering. "We have all been plunged into a new world." She would have liked t have drawn upon Franklin's thinking, but she also valued the feeling that she was on her own now, able to speak her own mind in meeting the problems of this new world. And she had an astute appreciation of just how much influence she might be able to wield. "The delegation won't follow m dear," she wrote an overenthusiastic friend, "but I think they won't like to propose anything they thir I would not approve of!"[2]

The delegation was a prestigious one. It consisted of five representatives—Secretary of State James F. Byrnes; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., who was the U.S. representative on the Security Council; Sen. Tom Connally (D-Texas), chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg (R-Michigan), ranking Republican member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; and Mrs. Roosevelt. In addition there were five alternates—Rep. Sol Bloom (D-New York), chairmar of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; the committee's ranking Republican member, Charles A. Eaton of New Jersey; Frank Walker, former postmaster general and former chairman of the Democratic National Committee; the former chairman of the Republican National Committee, John Townsend, Jr., who also was an ex-senator from Delaware. The fifth alternate was John Foster Dulles chief foreign affairs adviser to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey in the 1944 presidential campaign.

Mrs. Roosevelt had boarded the war-gray giant troopship (for the *Queen Elizabeth* was still unreconverted) at 7:30 the night before it sailed, a lonely figure in black who stepped out of a small car, waved the reporters aside, and began to come up the gangplank by herself until someone on boar spotted her. Most of her colleagues had boarded several hours earlier, having come from Washingtor on a special train and having been driven to the pier in a dozen Army limousines and buses preceded by motorcycle outriders, their sirens moaning and red lights blinking.

"I breakfast alone at the Captain's table each morning," she noted on New Year's Day, the seconc day out, in the diary which she sent back to Tommy to circulate among her children and a few friends "as the senatorial families do not arise and shine early." She had decided not to take Tommy. She hac thought the mail would drop off after she left the White House "but I have never had less than 100 a day and frequently 300 and 400 a day," and if Tommy had come along, they would never catch up.

"A curious New Year's Eve!" she had recorded in her diary. "I went to bed at 8:30 and was glad t be oblivious to the ship's roll at midnight. I did think of you all at home before I went to sleep and

wished for each one individually a happier New Year than the last." John Golden, the producer, sensing how lonely she might feel, had sent a collection of gifts with a card that read:

Here's a little game to play
Just because you go away
One to open every day
Keep or give or throw away.[3]

She worked hard on shipboard. Even on the "mammoth" walks, as Dr. Ralph Bunche described them, that she determinedly took around the deck in fog or sunshine, she was usually accompanied by a fellow delegate or adviser. "That was the best way to talk to her," Bunche said. "Mr. Dulles and Mr [Abe] Fortas joined me, and continued a discussion on trusteeship. Mr. Fortas wants us to make the proposal that all territories shall have the right of appeal to the Assembly when difficulties arise." After her breakfast and luncheon walks she settled down to study the massive briefing materials that the State Department had prepared for the members of the delegation. "I read till I had to get ready to go to a party Mr. Stettinius gave for the whole delegation at five o'clock. More reading, dinner, more reading and ten-thirty bed." There were briefing papers and briefing sessions. Alger Hiss, "Principal Adviser," went over the conference agenda with the whole delegation. Dr. Bunche "went over questions of trusteeship with me," and later that day "the State Department boys" discussed questions connected with the United Nations' specialized agencies. Then back to reading "and fell asleep occasionally." She decided that she liked the Vandenbergs better than she did the Connallys, "but I don't like any of them much." She had another session with Hiss, this time together with Leo Pasvolsky, who had been Cordell Hull's principal deputy in the drafting of the UN Charter. Pasvolsky was "a smooth article, but Hiss I am inclined to like."[4]

So the days on shipboard passed. The night before they disembarked she talked with Stettinius, whom Truman had replaced as secretary of state with Byrnes. "The tears came to his eyes when he spoke of Franklin and the ideas which he had talked over with him. I believe it is a sense of loyalty to F.D.R. which keeps him on the job."[5]

As the delegation disembarked at Southampton, James Reston cabled the *New York Times* that Mrs. Roosevelt had impressed her colleagues "by her industry in studying the technical details" of the approaching Assembly. The reporters had noted that not only had she attended all delegation briefings but she had sat in with the reporters during their interviews with State Department officials.[6]

Westbrook Pegler did not think the country was getting its money's worth. Back home he attacked her appointment, calling it "a political job paying $12,000 a year, which is $2,000 more than the salary of a Senator or Representative, plus expenses at the rate of $25 a day and other perquisites." Actually the government only paid for the days she worked. Congress had authorized her to send out her mail under government frank and this she accepted, but she had refused the lifetime pension of $5,000 a year that it had wanted to vote her as it had done with other widows of presidents. "I won't need any money from home," she informed Tommy, "as I find I have some in my account here with Barings. I must have left it since the trip I made with the boys. I can't take it out of the country so I might as well use it."[7]

They disembarked on a Saturday. On the way to London Senator Connally kept repeating to her, "Where is all this destruction I've heard so much about? Things look all right to me." She started to point out the telltale signs "but soon found he just wasn't interested." "Cliveden," she added, referring to an invitation from Lady Astor that she had declined but most of the others had accepted, "probably did nothing to change their point of view." The delegation was lodged at Claridge's. She had scarcely

sample content of Eleanor: The Years Alone

- read online Excel VBA Programming For Dummies (3rd Edition) pdf
- **read online PhÃ©nomÃ©nologie de la religion et hermÃ©neutique thÃ©ologique dans la pensÃ©e du jeune Heidegger**
- The Model Bakery Cookbook: 75 Favorite Recipes from the Beloved Napa Valley Bakery online
- British Imperialism: 1688-2015 (3rd Edition) here
- Nietzsche & the Metaphysics of the Tragic (Athlone Contemporary European Thinkers) online
- The Splendour Falls pdf, azw (kindle), epub, doc, mobi

- http://bestarthritiscare.com/library/Few-Are-Angels--Few-Are-Angels--Book-1-.pdf
- http://paulczajak.com/?library/Top-Secret-Recipes--Sodas--Smoothies--Spirits----Shakes.pdf
- http://betsy.wesleychapelcomputerrepair.com/library/Awakenings.pdf
- http://xn--d1aboelcb1f.xn--p1ai/lib/British-Imperialism--1688-2015--3rd-Edition-.pdf
- http://patrickvincitore.com/?ebooks/Nietzsche---the-Metaphysics-of-the-Tragic--Athlone-Contemporary-European-Thinkers-.pdf
- http://betsy.wesleychapelcomputerrepair.com/library/Bewitched--Bothered--and-Biscotti--A-Magical-Bakery-Mystery--Book-2-.pdf