

**UNITED STATES
MILITARY ACADEMY**
West Point, New York



The 23rd
Sol Feinstone Lecture

on

**THE
MEANING OF FREEDOM**

BY

Dr. Doris Kearns Goodwin

25 October 1995

The United States Military Academy is pleased to sponsor an annual lecture series on the Meaning of Freedom. It is significant that this lecture program has been made possible by the generosity of the late Mr. Sol Feinstone, a dedicated American patriot whose commitment to the ideals of the American Revolution led him to devote many years of effort, as well as considerable personal resources, to the collection of important letters, manuscripts, and books dealing with our heritage of freedom. His donation of these items to libraries and educational institutions ensures that the message which they proclaim will be preserved and transmitted to future generations of Americans.

Mr. Feinstone's abiding faith in a brotherhood of free nations of men has found further expression in several lecture series which he has endowed in order to permit prominent Americans to interpret the Meaning of Freedom.

The U.S. Corps of Cadets and the staff and faculty of the Military Academy are pleased to recognize the generosity and loyalty of this great American for providing a living endowment in the defense of freedom.

THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

Dr. Doris Kearns Goodwin

Thank you. It is a great honor for me to be here tonight. So many times in the course of the last six years that it took me to complete my book about World War II--embarrassingly, it took me longer to write the book about World War II than it took the war to be fought, but it finally was done this last year -- my mind was drawn to this place, West Point. Recognizing the central role it had played in training so many of the leaders in so many of the battle fronts during that War, and yet until today, that picture was simply in my imagination, for I had never been here. So, this is my first visit, and I am absolutely delighted to be here with you tonight.

Let me say, before I begin talking about the meaning of freedom during the Second World War, that it has been my privilege this past year to have two loves of mine come together at exactly the same time. First, my love of history, reflected finally after those six long years in the publication of my book on Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. But, then my love of baseball reflected in an 18 hour documentary that Ken Burns, the film maker, did on the history of baseball, where he interviewed me. Because he ended up deciding that he needed an irrational female fan to go along with all of the male faces, everything I said to him, it seemed, appeared on the television that night. So that everywhere I have gone this last year to talk about Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, people also, perhaps even more so, wanted to talk to me about the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Boston Red Sox, Bill Buckner, Bucky Dent, Bobby Thompson, and all these incredible moments in baseball history. But, I have often thought about the fact that these two loves are not as disparate as they might seem at first. For I often root my deep love of history to the magical days when I was only six years old and my father taught me the mysterious and wonderful art of keeping score, play by play, inning by inning. So that when he went to work during the day, I could record the score of that day's Brooklyn Dodgers game. When he came home at night, we would sit on the porch and I was doing okay, he told me, as a miniature

historian telling him that day's Brooklyn Dodgers game. He made it even more special for me, because he never told me for those early years that all of this was actually reported in the sports pages of the newspapers the next day. So, I thought, without me he wouldn't even know what happened to our beloved Brooklyn Dodgers. And when you start out thinking history has that kind of power with the person who matters most in your life, it stays with you the rest of your life.

But, if my love of history was planted in that childhood experience of keeping score of the baseball games, I think my particular style of writing, love of story telling, and an attempt to fuse history and biography with as much detail as possible, so that the characters can truly come alive for the readers, was fused in the experience of knowing one president, as was mentioned in the introduction, Lyndon B. Johnson, when I was only twenty-three years old.

I worked for him his last year in the White House and helped him on his memoirs the last four years of his life on his ranch. Now it should have been a time in his life when he had everything in the world to be grateful for. His career in politics had after all reached a peak. He had become President of the United States, or as he liked to talk about himself, he would say over and over again, "Do you realize I am the leader of the whole "blank, blank" Western World?" He would say this in amazement. He had all the money he needed in his leisure to do any activity he might have wanted to. But, for so long power, politics, success and ambition had been so much of the center of his life that he had almost no resources left in his retirement to really get through his last years of life. It could have been a time when he travelled the world, but he had no interest in travelling once the powerful reason for travelling was gone. No hobbies, no interest in sports. The only movies he liked were documentaries about Lyndon Johnson travelling through the North or Lady Bird travelling the South.

He had an amazing set of material possessions. Most incredibly, he had this great swimming pool at his ranch that was a working pool. It was filled with floating rafts that come by with floating telephones and floating desks on top of the

rafts. Other rafts would come by with floating sandwiches on them. You could hardly move in the pool, but it allowed him to work at all moments of time. But, when you take that kind of temperament and put it in retirement, the only solace he seemed to take in those last years that I knew him was to recreate on the ranch almost a miniature world of the White House that he had once known. But now, he no longer had meetings with the White House staff to determine which bills were going to go through which committee that day on the Hill. It was simply meeting with his six field hands to determine how many eggs were going to be laid that day or which cows were going to get the itch medicine, or which tractors were going to what fields.

The only way he could go to sleep at night would be to get reports of accomplishment. In particular, he wanted to know how many people, to the person, were going through the Lyndon B. Johnson Library in Austin, Texas. He so wanted more people to go through the Johnson Library in Texas than were going through the Kennedy Library in Boston. That rivalry never ended. After a while he told his librarians, "Serve them free coffee, donuts, anything. Just get them in there." After a while, the librarians, knowing how much it mattered to him, had a clicker, so they would walk in and out, over and over, themselves in the course of the day so that he could get an escalated count at the end of the week.

I think the only time I saw a glimpse of what President Johnson must have been like at the height of his power was when he took me to his favorite spot on the ranch, which was this great warehouse he had on the ranch filled with gifts. Each time you went to visit him, you could choose from a higher and higher shelf as a mark of your increasing intimacy with him. So, when I started off knowing him, I was on the bottom shelf where I got a scarf that had his name printed on it 500 times. I worked my way up to the next shelf, after many months, where I got a watch that had his picture on it. After around eight or nine months, he was so excited and said, "You are now a really close friend of mine, so you are now up to the top shelf." He said, "You are going to love this present so much because you will think of me every morning and every night when you open this wonderful gift." I opened it

up and inside was the largest electric toothbrush I had ever seen in my entire life. On one side it had the official presidential seal and on the other side it had his smiling face. I thought, "Oh my God, this man is right. I will think of him every morning and every night."

But, in a more serious vein, in the vulnerable state that he found himself in, in those last years of his life, he shared with me his sorrows, his nightmares, his losses, his feelings about the war, and his feelings about himself in a way that I recognized he never would have, had I known him at the height of his power. Because of the privilege of that experience, I would like to believe that it created within me the drive to understand the inner man behind the public figure that I brought to the first book on him and the second book on the Kennedys and finally to the book on Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt and the war, which is truly the topic of my talk tonight. I just always feel that before I talk about anybody else, I better mention Lyndon Johnson, because I picture him out there saying, "How come that book on the Roosevelts was twice as long as the book you wrote on me?" So, Lyndon Johnson is now finished and let me turn to the meaning of freedom, particularly, on the American home front during World War II.

No topic, for me as a historian, has held more magic than the story of the American home front during the Second World War. For it is nothing less than a story of the transformation of a nation, a nation whose economy at the start of the war in 1939 was still paralyzed by depression and 17 percent unemployment. Only one of four Americans graduated high school in 1939. The average worker earned less than a thousand dollars a year, and a majority of our citizens lived in small towns, stratified along class and ethnic lines. The story of an army, which in 1940 stood 18th in power, in military power, trailing not only the seemingly unconquerable Germany, but also Russia, France, Belgium, Spain, and even Holland. Yet, with the fall of Western Europe to Germany and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt was able to mobilize the American democracy to work together for a common cause against a common enemy, energizing a massive shift to wartime

economy inspiring a commitment of more than ten million men and women to come join the armed forces, millions more working three shifts, working twenty-four hours a day in the new factories that sprang up all across the land. By 1942, midway through the war, America had not only caught up in production to Nazi Germany, but was out-producing all of the Axis and the Allied powers combined, providing weapons, planes, tanks, and ships to our allies in all corners of the globe. It is this remarkable story I wish to tell you tonight, using as my vehicle the unusual partnership between Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, hoping that this personal narrative will bring the larger story of the home front to life for you.

To begin with, if I have to point to one quality, above all else, that shaped Franklin Roosevelt's leadership of the home front during the war, it would be his absolute confidence in himself, his country, and in the democratic system of government. Even in the grimmest days in 1940, after France fell to Germany and England stood alone, Roosevelt had no doubt that once the dormant energies of democracy were mobilized, the United States would fully meet the German threat, that the uncoerced energies of a free people would inevitably outperform a totalitarian regime. More importantly, he was able to communicate that faith to the American people in his series of remarkable "Fireside Chats" on the radio that commanded audiences as large as the Super Bowl or the World Series would command in our modern day. For in shaping public opinion, Roosevelt understood, instinctively something our modern leaders, I think, have failed to understand, and that was to hold back and ration his appearances before the country. He only delivered these "Fireside Chats" two or three times a year; only thirty in his twelve year office.

I had always thought he was on the radio once a week. I had heard about these "Fireside Chats" all my life. But, he knew that if he limited them, he would make them dramatic and allow the country to coalesce about him, which is exactly what they did. There is a wonderful passage in the novelist Saul Bellows's recent memoir, where he talks about walking down a Chicago street during the war on a hot summer night when Roosevelt was on the radio. He said every single car

had pulled over to the curb to listen to Roosevelt. Every house had it on, and you could see the people sitting in their living rooms and their kitchens by their radios. He said you could actually walk down the street and not miss a word of what he was saying because you could just be carried along by the momentum of everyone listening. What was so special was not simply Roosevelt's voice, but the awareness that everybody else was listening at the same time, which meant you felt connected to your fellow Americans. When a leader is able to make that connection among the people that he is leading, between themselves, it increases his own leadership potential exponentially.

I think my favorite of Roosevelt's "Fireside Chats" took place in February of 1942, when the country was at a very low ebb of morale after Pearl Harbor, after losing battles in the Pacific, he knew it was time to go on the radio. He knew he had to give a sober rendition of the fact that it would take many months before the tide of the war would turn -- still so far behind in weapons reproduction and military training. He asked everyone in the country if they would get a map, so they could spread it before them as he gave his speech that weekend to them, and he would explain what our troops were doing in the far-flung battles of the Pacific. Well it was amazing, there was evidently a run on maps in the country unlike anything our history had ever seen. C.S. Hammond, the man who ran the biggest map store in New York, was quoted as saying that in his twenty-five years in being in the map business, he never sold so many maps as he sold that one single week waiting for people to listen to Roosevelt's address. He added this wonderful side comment, he said, "Even my wife of twenty-five years, who absolutely hates maps, asked me to bring a map home." So, then I started thinking, "Oh my God, what kind of a marriage do these two people have, if he's been in the map business for twenty-five years and she hates maps?" Then I wonder why these books take me so long to write -- I get distracted by all of these things. But, nonetheless, she like everybody else is listening to Roosevelt that night. What he did, very soberly for the first half of his speech, he discussed why we have to have patience and why it would take many months before we would see any kind of real turning of the tide in the war. But then he exuded

his absolute confidence that eventually our nation would win out over the Axis powers, because of the vitality of a free people. He bolstered this belief by a tour through American history. He reminded the country of what it was like for Washington and those winters in Valley Forge when he ran out of supplies and weapons and his men had no boots, and yet they persevered and the Revolution was won. He reminded his people of what it was like for the pioneers going over the Rocky Mountains when it looked like they wouldn't be able to make it, but they persevered and the West was settled. He reminded the people of what it was like in the early days of the Civil War, but eventually freedom was won.

It was so powerful that thousands of telegrams came into the White House that night saying, "You've got to go on the radio every day. It's the only way morale will be sustained." But he answered with knowing insight saying, "If my speeches ever become routine, they will lose their effectiveness." And, thus, he was able to guard the dignity, the majesty, and the stature of the office of the presidency by keeping a distance from his people even though they needed him at these critical moments.

Perhaps no figure understood more importantly the role that Roosevelt's confident leadership played during the war than his friend and ally, Winston Churchill. Winston Churchill once said, "To encounter Franklin Roosevelt for the first time, with all his bland sparkle, his iridescent personality and his sublime confidence was like opening your first bottle of champagne; it had that incredible magnetic impact on you." Now this is an extraordinary comment coming from a man like Churchill, who had long accustomed himself to being in the center of public attention everywhere he went. Churchill had come to know and admire Roosevelt greatly having spent weeks, and, I discovered, even months at a time living in the White House during World War II, in a bedroom diagonally across the hall in the family quarters of the White House on the second floor from Roosevelt. Churchill brought his valets and his stewards and his habits with him, which miraculously included his starting to drink from the moment he awakened in the morning until the time he went to bed at night, and somehow saving England in the process of all of that. He

became a part of an intimate circle of friends that I discovered lived in the White House during the war with Roosevelt, including Franklin's secretary, Missy LeHand, who in many ways was his other wife when Eleanor travelled as frequently as she did, taking care of him when he was sick and being his companion when he needed her to be. Also, included was Franklin's closest advisor, Harry Hopkins, his closest foreign policy advisor, who had a bedroom right next door to Franklin Roosevelt's; Eleanor's closest friend, Lorena Hickok, a former AP reporter, who lived right next door to Eleanor in this setting; Franklin's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, who could come and commandeered the best guest room suite on the floor whenever she wanted to; and a beautiful princess from Norway, who was in exile during the war, living on the weekends in the White House.

All these characters living in such close quarters, and I started thinking, "What in the world was it like to be there at that period in time during the war?" I kept imagining the great conversations that all these people must have had as they walked around and bumped into one another in the middle of the war, talking. And I kept wishing that when I had been there with Lyndon Johnson, when I was twenty-three years old, that I had looked into the rooms on that second floor and asked, "Where did Franklin Roosevelt stay? Where was Eleanor? Where was Harry Hopkins?" But, of course, at twenty-three, I hadn't thought in those terms.

So, I happened to mention this on a radio show last fall, that I wished I could see the second floor of the White House once again, just to place everybody there fifty years ago. It happened that Mrs. Hillary Clinton heard me on the radio show. So, she called up the radio program and immediately invited me to sleep over night in the White House. "So," she said, "we could wander the corridors and figure out where everyone had slept fifty years before." So, a week or so later, my husband and I were invited to a state dinner, and then between midnight and 2:00 A.M., President Clinton and Mrs. Clinton and my husband and I went through every single room there. The second floor of the White House is not that large, there are about eight bedrooms suites, and

you really were able to figure out where everybody had been during the war.

I realized that we were staying in Winston Churchill's bedroom. The whole night I could hardly sleep, because I was certain that Winston Churchill was sitting in a chair in the corner, smoking his cigar and drinking his brandy. In fact, my favorite story of World War II, in a funny way, took place in that very bedroom, which was the bedroom we were staying in. It happened that on January 1, 1942, Roosevelt and Churchill were set to sign a document, putting the Allied Nations against the Axis Powers. The Allied Nations were then calling themselves the Associated Nations. No one was happy with the word "Associated" Nations, because it didn't have a rhythm or ring to it. So, early that morning, Roosevelt awakened with what he thought was the great idea of calling themselves instead the United Nations. He was so excited that he had himself wheeled into Churchill's bedroom to tell him the news. It so happened that Churchill was just coming out of the bathtub and had absolutely nothing on. So, Roosevelt said, "I'm sorry, I'll come back in a few minutes." But, Churchill, always with the ability to speak at the moment, said, "Oh, no, please stay. The Prime Minister of Great Britain has nothing to hide from the President of the United States." So, can you imagine, there he is, somehow, standing there with absolutely nothing on, while Roosevelt tells him the story of the United Nations, and Churchill says, "That's a great idea, let's do it." Then Churchill has the presence of mind to, somehow, quote an entire Tennyson poem where the words United Nations were used. So, that night the whole night, after President Clinton and Mrs. Clinton left, I couldn't wait to get in the bathtub, and then I really felt the ghosts were all around me.

The important thing to understand is that somehow through all the turmoil of the worst days of the war, Roosevelt understood something that I think all great leaders have to understand, and that was that he had to find time to relax with his friends and associates to cast off the worries of the day and somehow enjoy himself through replenishing himself, so the struggles of the following day could be met, because there was so much tension so much of that time.

Every night, he had a ritual of a cocktail hour, where the rule was you were not allowed to talk about politics. You could exchange stories, tell jokes, talk about movies, anything as long as it wasn't about politics. They say that Eleanor, who was always so serious much of the time, when she would arrive, rarely, at these cocktail hours, somehow slum clearance or civil rights would make its way into the conversation. But, most of the time lighter conversations prevailed. And then, he had a means somehow, if the day had been really tough, of having a ritual poker game at night, which he would play for four or five hours with his cabinet so he would not have to think about what had happened that day.

One of my favorite stories had to do with an annual poker game that he held on the night that Congress was set to adjourn. The rule was that whoever was ahead at the exact moment that the Speaker of the House called to say that they were adjourning was supposed to win the poker game. So, the way the story is told, one night Roosevelt was playing poker with his Secretary of the Treasury, Morgenthau and Secretary Ickes from the Interior. At 9:30 P.M. when the Speaker called to say they were adjourning, Roosevelt was way, way behind and Secretary of the Treasury, Morgenthau, was way ahead. So, Roosevelt just took the phone and pretended that somebody else was on the phone, and he said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I'd love to talk to you now, but we are in the middle of a great poker game." He puts the phone down, and they keep playing another hour and another hour, until finally by midnight Roosevelt has pulled ahead. So, he immediately taps an aide, "Bring me the phone. Oh, Mr. Speaker you are adjourning. Well guys, I guess I win the poker game." Everything was fine until the next morning when the Secretary of the Treasury read in the newspaper that the Congress had actually adjourned at 9:30. They said he was so angry that he actually resigned his post as cabinet secretary until, of course, Roosevelt charmed him into staying.

Now Roosevelt somehow was also able to relax by bringing movies to the White House during the war. His favorite movies were adventure movies, mystery movies -- so that he wouldn't have to think about the burdens of the day.

All of this allowed him to have a certain peace in himself that, I believe, freed up the energy that allowed him to be extremely receptive to the needs, the desires and the longings of the people that he was trying to lead.

The Great British Philosopher, Isiah Berlin, said that "Roosevelt had an exceptionally sensitive awareness, conscious or even subconscious, of the desires, the hopes, the fears, the loves, the hatreds of the human beings who composed his democracy, and this is what made him such an effective leader of democracy. This uncanny awareness," Isaiah Berlin argued, "was the source of Roosevelt's genius." Now where this uncanny knowledge comes from is partly a mystery.

As a child, Roosevelt's mother, Sara, claimed Roosevelt was remarkably intuitive, able to anticipate the desires of his parents even before he was told to do something. Then, too, his bout with polio undoubtedly made him more aware of what other people were thinking and feeling. "The polio," one of his friends said, "produced a plowing up of his natures, suddenly this very active, physically, loving sports man at age thirty-nine became a paraplegic." He emerged from this ordeal, people said, more patient, more tolerant, more warm hearted, more empathetic to other people for whom fate had also dealt an unkind hand. Until that moment, a product of a wealthy aristocratic society, schooled in the best schools, never having had to experience sadness in this way, he had not known how to cope. But now, when this big challenge came, he met it brilliantly.

But, I think, Roosevelt would be the first to admit, beyond his own intuition, beyond even his experience with polio, his extraordinary knowledge of the hopes and fears and needs of the American people came as a result of his wife Eleanor's remarkable ramblings around the country. For Eleanor Roosevelt was, as he said over and over again after his polio, his eyes and his ears. Their partnership was unparalleled in our American History.

Eleanor was the first First Lady to travel the country from one end to the other, serving as a voice for people without access to power; poor people, migrant workers, coal miners, blacks, and women. She was the first to testify before a congressional committee, the first to write a syndicated column and the first to hold weekly press conferences. Indeed, she made a simple rule at the start of her press conferences, that only female reporters could cover her, which meant that every newspaper had to scurry around and hire, usually, its first female reporter. In fact, a whole generation of female journalists got their start because of Eleanor Roosevelt's press conferences.

To my mind the partnership is all the more remarkable when one realizes that it was born in the pain of Eleanor's discovery in 1918 that Franklin was having an affair with a young woman named Lucy Mercer. When Eleanor, after being married for twelve years, came upon a packet of love letters Lucy had sent to her husband, she later said the bottom dropped out of her world. She offered him a divorce immediately, but it was really the last thing that he wanted and fortunately for them and the country at large, after much discussion, he promised never to see Lucy again, and she agreed to stay together with him in marriage.

But, this catastrophe in their personal life reconstituted their personal relationship for it gave Eleanor the freedom to go outside the marriage to find her sense of fulfillment. She became involved in teaching and settlement house work. She became close to a whole group of women activists fighting for child labor laws, minimum wage laws, and she learned gradually that she had a whole series of talents she never knew she had before for public speaking, for articulating a cause and for fighting for people. Gradually, a confidence began to grow within her that had been very slow in coming, given the haunted childhood she had experienced being the daughter of an alcoholic father and a mother who was so beautiful that Eleanor always felt her mother was fatally disappointed in her only daughter's lack of a pretty face. Then her activism, her new found activism, became critical when Roosevelt contracted polio three years after this catastrophe and needed her to be his eyes and his ears.

When he became President, her travels on his behalf became multiplied. She was gone 200 or 250 days a year during the depression, visiting southern blacks, migrant workers, NYA Camps, CCC Camps, WPA Camps. And her stories in many ways fed his genius, for she brought him back an unvarnished sense of which of his programs were working and which were failing, which were discriminating, which were not, which leaders sometimes do not get from all too deferential subordinates. Eleanor was brutally honest with him and he appreciated this fully.

But, then what happened, the war came and threatened this partnership that had worked so well through the depression. Because now the president was spending all of his time with conservatives, with businessmen, with military men, and with Southerners, Eleanor felt he no longer had the time to worry about the constituents she cared about, the poor, the blacks, the women, the coal miners. She went into a periodic depression that she cycled into and came out of it only when she recognized there still was a critical fight to be fought during the war and that was somehow to try and make the war itself a vehicle for social reform at home. So that when the soldiers came home at the end of the war, they would find a more socially just society. It meant that she had to become an agitator, often working at cross purposes with her husband, since his major concern was to win the war, and social issues were not at the top of his agenda. But, she was remarkably relentless and even a pest at times in so doing, and as a result was even more effective during the war years than she had been during the depression itself.

Nowhere was her influence during the war greater than on the issue of civil rights. At the start of the war, the factories openly discriminated against blacks, which meant all of the whites were getting the jobs in the new factories building the weapons for the war and the blacks were even worse off than they had been during the depression. The great civil rights leader, A. Philip Randolph, threatened a march on Washington to protest this discrimination. Fearful of the march, Roosevelt asked Eleanor to negotiate with Randolph, which she did, and Randolph agreed that he would call off the

march only if Roosevelt would sign an executive order creating the first Fair Employment Practices Commission which would force industries to open its doors on an equal opportunity basis, to black and whites alike. Roosevelt did so, and as a result, more than two million blacks got jobs during the war that they never would have had before.

In the military, as well, at the start of the war, blacks were confined at the lowest level jobs in the Army and the Navy. By the end, blacks were serving as paratroopers, as pilots, as doctors, in all levels of the Army and the Navy. In fact, the number of black officers went up from only five in 1940 to over 7,000 in 1945.

It took so many memos on Eleanor's part on civil rights. She flooded General Marshall with memos on civil rights so much so that he finally had to appoint a separate general whose main responsibility was to deal with Eleanor Roosevelt's memos. Imagine the criticism Roosevelt received because of his wife's activities on civil rights. "Can't you muzzle that wife of yours?" he was asked in letters, "Do you have lace on your pants for allowing her to speak out so much?" In other words, this old notion somehow if the woman is strong and independent, the man must be, thereby, weak. Roosevelt was so confident, this was never a problem for him.

Now Eleanor was also far ahead of her time in championing the movement of women into the factories during the war. Through her speeches and her columns, she countered the early resistance on the part of the factory workers to employing women. They said that the women would never be able to learn these complicated machines, if they came on the assembly line, the men would be distracted, and productivity would go down. Of course, by the middle of the war, as more and more men went into the armed forces, they had to turn to women. By the middle of the war, women were forming 60 percent of the work in the shipyards and the airplane factories. The great thing was that productivity went way up rather than going down. So these same factory owners decided they better do a study to figure out how could it be that women had learned how to operate these

complicated machines. Well, I love the answer that came back in one of the studies. They said, "It was very simple. When a woman, unlike a man, was asked to operate a new piece of machinery, she would ask directions." I think any of us who have driven endlessly know exactly what that means. Once the women were running these factories in many ways, it was Eleanor's voice that created a whole system of day care centers all around the country, operating three shifts a day, even providing a hot meal for the women to bring home to their family, allowing them to balance family and home life. All of which led to an unmatched productivity that helped us to produce the victory that allowed us to win the war.

To be sure Roosevelt's sensitive antenna with people produced occasional problems to his leadership. So skillful was he in sensing what people wanted him to say that he often made people feel he was agreeing with them by shaking his head in a nodding agreement with them when he really wasn't agreeing at all. People would leave his office thinking they had gotten his agreement or something when they hadn't. "Perhaps in the long run," said one of his aides who was disillusioned, "Fewer friends would have been lost by bluntness than by the misunderstandings that arose from his charming ambiguity."

One must also concede far more serious failures of perception and vision that led to his forcible relocation of the Japanese Americans during the war, and the lack of a more decisive response to the extermination of the European Jews - perhaps his greatest failure in the twelve years in the presidency. In the end, I would argue that most historians would agree that Roosevelt's strengths far outweigh his weaknesses. Despite clashing interests and disparate goals, despite strikes or riots during the war, he kept the American people moving forward together through the most deadly war in human history. At a time when democracy was under attack everywhere in the world, he cast his strength on the side of freedom and his trust in the uncoerced energies of the ordinary citizen. Though Roosevelt did not live to see the end of the war, his goals of making America the arsenal of democracy was abundantly fulfilled before he died.

Between 1940 and 1945, the United States contributed nearly 300,000 war planes to the Allied cause. American factories produced more than two million trucks, 107,000 tanks, 87,000 warships, 20 million rifles, machine guns, pistols, and 44 billion rounds of ammunition. There is little doubt, Army historians conclude, that American outpouring of war materials was a dominant factor in the winning of the war. Roosevelt's leadership was also manifested in his actions as commander in chief. He picked a first class military team, Marshall, King, Arnold, Leahy and gave them latitude to run the war. "Never once," War Secretary Henry Stimson, admiringly remarked, "did Roosevelt overturn his commanders' decisions for personal or political motives." Though the Democrats would have been greatly strengthened in the 1942 bi-elections if the invasion of North Africa had occurred a few days earlier, he'd never have interfered with Eisenhower's decision to begin the landing six days after the election.

Through the worst days of the war, the weeks after Pearl Harbor, the early days of Guadalcanal, the Battle of the Bulge, he remained calm and imperturbable, earning the deep respect of every single one of his commanders. Yet at critical junctures, he had the courage to force action over the protest of his military advisers. Almost all of these actions, even these military advisers later agreed, had a salutary effect on the war.

In 1940, he insisted on giving all aid to Britain short of war, though his military chiefs warned him he was jeopardizing America's security in so doing, thinking that England would never last. He brought Russia under the Lend-Lease umbrella at a time when his military advisors believed Russia had almost no chance of holding out. He encouraged the Doolittle raid on Japan, which inadvertently led to great success at Midway. He personally made the much debated decision to invade North Africa and later granted MacArthur permission to capture the Phillipines.

It was Roosevelt who gambled on the production of the B-29 Super Bomber and decided to spend two billion dollars on an experimental atomic bomb. It was Roosevelt who demanded that the allies commit themselves to a post-

war structure even before the war was over. "More than any other man," military historian Eric Larrabee concludes in his study of Roosevelt's wartime leadership, "Franklin Roosevelt ran the war, ran it well enough to deserve the gratitude of his countrymen then and since and of those from whom he lifted the yoke of Axis tyrannies. His conduct as commander in chief," Larrabee concluded, "bears the mark of greatness."

Indeed, it was Eleanor Roosevelt's abiding love and deep respect for her husband's great strengths as a leader that allowed her, in the months after his death, to come to terms with the deep hurts that occurred during the war in their personal relationship. During the war Roosevelt had suffered a series of losses himself. In 1941, his secretary, Missy LeHand, though she was only in her early forties had suffered a devastating stroke and was never able to speak intelligibly again. So, he lost his secretary and his great companion. Three months after Missy's stroke, his mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, died at Hyde Park. With the loss of these two women, which were so important in balancing his life, he had turned to his wife, Eleanor, and asked her essentially to stay home and stop travelling as much, which she didn't. She was gone so many days a year, 200 to 250 days a year, the Washington Post once had a headline, "Eleanor Spends Night in White House!" Now, he needed her at home. He asked her to stay home and be his wife -- even more than the remarkable political partner she had become. It is one of those moments when, us as biographers, I want to reach back in time and say, "Eleanor, just do it. I know you love him. I know he loves you. And you will never regret this for the rest of your life." But, I understood why she couldn't make that commitment. He had hurt her so deeply so many years before and slowly she had built a sense of identity by being on the road as Eleanor Roosevelt, rather than being a ceremonial first lady in the White House. So, even when she tried to stay home to be with him more often, she found herself almost like a magnet drawn to the road.

Finally, he was so lonely that in 1943, he brought his only daughter, Anna, in to be the hostess in the White House that Missy LeHand had been until her stroke, when Eleanor travelled as often as she did. Eleanor was delighted at first

when Anna came to live in the White House. This was the only child she developed a relationship with. She had a tough time with all of her children, but with Anna she had confided in her daughter the story of Lucy Mercer. Anna had strongly taken her mother's side. The two women had become so close that they wrote letters two or three times a week and visited five or six times a year. So Eleanor was thrilled when Anna moved into the White House. But, after a while, Anna became, in many ways, her father's daughter. She loved the cocktail hour, she loved telling jokes and funny stories, she loved adventure and mystery movies, and she handed him no memos to read late at night on civil rights or slum clearance. She could relax with her father in a way that Eleanor never could relax with her husband.

So then, all these complex relationships were further complicated by Roosevelt's declining health in the last year of his life. In March 1944, he was diagnosed with congestive heart failure and was essentially dying from then until his death in April 1945. He was sent that spring to recuperate for an entire month at the plantation of a wealthy financier, Bernard Baruch, in South Carolina. It was there that he saw Lucy Mercer, essentially for the first time since 1918. She had married a very wealthy older man named Winthrop Rutherford, and he had an estate in South Carolina not far from the plantation where Roosevelt was staying. Rutherford had just died, himself, two months before this. So, the young widow came to see her old friend Roosevelt.

I am absolutely convinced that it was simply a friendship at this point in their life, and that seeing Lucy reminded him of what it was like when he was strong, before his polio and what it was like before his heart was giving way to congestive heart failure that was ebbing vitality from him day by day.

He took a certain comfort in seeing this old friend again and wanted to see her regularly, but didn't trust that Eleanor would understand that it was simply a friendship at this point in his life. He realized that the only way he could see Lucy regularly would be to have her come to the White House when Eleanor was away. The only person he trusted to

make this very delicate task of arrangement was his daughter, Anna. You can imagine the dilemma Anna found herself in when she was asked by her father to do this for him. She finally said that she realized she was caught in a crossfire, but that she could see that her father was dying in a way that Eleanor didn't see in that last year.

Eleanor had seen him through his polio. It was Eleanor's strength that somehow kept him going through all those years. Eleanor thought he would beat the heart failure, just as he had beaten the polio. But Anna saw his vitality and his spirit ebbing day by day and came to the conclusion that if this old friendship could provide him with comfort, as he still faced all the big battles of the war to come--D-Day was still ahead and the Battle of the Bulge was still ahead--who was she to prevent this friendship from coming back to him. So Anna did invite Lucy to come to the White House six different times the last year of Roosevelt's life, and each time she stayed about a week. Each night, she simply had dinner with Roosevelt and was able to talk to him and give him a certain comfort.

What makes it so complex is that Eleanor, each of those nights, I was able to trace, was exactly where she wanted to be. She would be with civil rights leaders when the war department orders came down desegregating the PXs in the army camps. She would be with civil rights leaders when the movie theaters in the army camps would be desegregated. She would be with women when they won awards for excellence in the factories.

So, it all might have worked out with no one being hurt, but for the fact that Lucy happened to be at Warms Springs, Georgia, on April 12th, 1945, when Roosevelt collapsed and died. She knew enough to leave the moment he collapsed. But later that night, when Eleanor flew down from Washington after her husband had died, there was a spinster cousin, who had been around Roosevelt much of that last year, named Laura Delano. Eleanor had asked her, as you would do at the moment of a death, to tell her everything that had happened in the last day or two. And Laura, in my judgment, maliciously, had always been half in love with

Roosevelt herself and jealous of Eleanor, elected to tell her that Lucy Mercer had been there when Roosevelt died. And when pressed, admitted that Lucy had been to the White House many times that last year and that her daughter, Anna, had been the one to make those visits possible.

I can't even imagine the dignity that Eleanor was able to muster within herself that allowed her to accompany her husband's body on that famous train trip from Warm Springs, Georgia, to Washington, DC, never letting the world know the hurt she was feeling inside, as hundreds and thousands of people lined the train tracks to see their fallen leader, singing and holding on to one another, knowing that a great man had passed.

When she came back to the White House, Eleanor immediately went and confronted her daughter, Anna. And Anna later said, her mother was so angry and so cold towards her, she was convinced that their relationship had been destroyed forever. All that Anna could say was, "I didn't know what to do. I loved you both so much." But then what happened -- and this is one of those moments when, as a biographer, you can only feel awe and respect for your subject -- for in the summer of 1945, Eleanor began travelling the country again. Something happened in her heart, because everywhere she went people kept telling her how much they loved her husband. Porters, taxi-cab drivers and elevator operators told her how much better their lives were as a result of his leadership. Blacks shared with her the sense of mastery they developed on their jobs in the factories, the pride they took and the courage that blacks had shown in the battlefield. Women talked of the new independence they had gained in the sociability in the work place and the feelings of accomplishment. And though the factories were firing women as the war was coming to a close and closing down the day care centers unceremoniously, Eleanor could see that the war was a turning point in the history of women, and that a new consciousness had been formed, which would mean no going backwards. She talked to veterans by the hundreds, by the thousands, who were going to college on Roosevelt's GI Bill of Rights, many, many of whom would never have had the opportunity for higher education without this extraordinarily

generous piece of legislation. She had lost sight, until now, of the picture that in fact the war had become a vehicle for social reform in more ways than she ever could have imagined. The country, at home, had been socially transformed by the war.

As she absorbed the extent of all these positive changes, she began to feel, she later said in a somewhat romantic image, as if a giant transference of energy had taken place. At the start of the war her husband was strong, powerful, productive and vital, and the country was weak, isolationist, and unprepared for war. But then, gradually, as he projected his confidence and his vitality to the country, the people got stronger and stronger, while he was drained of energy and got weaker and weaker, until finally he was so weakened and died but, the country had emerged more powerful, productive and more socially just than ever before. With this image in her mind, she was somehow able to reach within herself and forgive him for resuming his friendship with Lucy in that last year of his life. And just as the war came to an end, she was able to go to her daughter, Anna, and forgive her as well, affording reconciliation between mother and daughter that re-established a close relationship between the two women that lasted the rest of their lives.

So, in conclusion, as I look at this complex story of the Roosevelt home front during the war, I can only say that I feel empathy for all the people involved. I am absolutely convinced they never meant to hurt one another. They were simply trying to get through very difficult lives with the best possible mixture of affection and respect through work, love and friendship. Both Eleanor and Franklin had untended needs, given the nature of their marriage, that only other friends and associates could meet and they both understood that.

Sure, it is possible to look from the outside in, as the media might immediately do today, and accuse Roosevelt of infidelity for resuming his friendship with Lucy in that last year of life, accuse him perhaps of harassment for his close relationship with his secretary, Missy LeHand, and accuse Anna of betrayal of her mother. Yet, everyone of those labels, in my judgment, would totally miss the mark of trying to

understand the lives of these complex individuals. For in the end, I believe, the real challenge of history is to somehow resist the tendency that is too sadly prevalent today, the tendency to label, stereotype, expose, and to denigrate. Instead, our task is to bring common sense and empathy to our subjects so that the past can truly come alive, even if just for a few moments, in all of its beauty, glory and sadness. Thank you very much.



ABOUT THE SPEAKER

Doris Kearns Goodwin received her B.A. magna cum laude from Colby College. During her college years she served as an intern with the House of Representatives and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. While completing her Ph.D. in Government from Harvard, she was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow and worked as special assistant to President Lyndon B. Johnson.

Upon completing her degree, Dr. Goodwin taught at Harvard and served as an assistant director of the Institute of Politics. While at Harvard, Dr. Goodwin continued to work for President Johnson as a special consultant. During the time she was working for President Johnson he asked her to write his biography. Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, was published in 1976 and became a best seller. Her second book, The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys, was another best seller and was also a Literary Guild featured selection. Dr. Goodwin received the Pulitzer Prize for her most recent work, No Ordinary Time: Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt: The Home Front in World II.

Dr. Goodwin is a political analyst as well as an author. In addition to being a regular panelist on a local public affairs program in Boston, Dr. Goodwin has appeared on "Today," "Nightline," "Good Morning America," and "CBS Morning News." Dr. Goodwin is a former Fullbright fellow, a White House Fellow, and winner of the Young Woman of the Year Award given by the Phi Beta Kappa Association.



PAST FEINSTONE LECTURES

- 1971 - General Harold K. Johnson
1975 - Rear Admiral Jeremiah A. Denton, Jr.
1976 - Herman Wouk
1977 - Sidney Hook
1978 - Vernon E. Jordan, Jr.
1979 - Barbara W. Tuchman
1980 - Alistair Cook
 Isaac Bashevis Singer
1981 - Carl Sagan
1982 - George F. Will
1983 - Hanna H. Gray
1984 - Milton Friedman
1985 - Daniel Patrick Moynihan
1986 - Tom Wolfe
1987 - Elie Wiesel
1988 - A. Bartlett Giamatti
1989 - Dr. Richard Selzer
1990 - Dr. John Stoessinger
1991 - Fred Friendly
1992 - Dr. Orlando Patterson
1993 - Terry Anderson
1994 - Ambassador Madeleine K. Albright



Dr. Sol Feinstone, (1888 - 1980), Founder and First Director of the David Library of the American Revolution, Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, presenting to Major General J.B. Lampert, Superintendent, USMA, a gift of an original George Washington Letter (24 February 1965).

SOL FEINSTONE'S CREDO

DEDICATED TO

The Judeo-Christian commitment of self-sacrifice for peace on earth, and the brotherhood of free nations of free men;

The Spirit of '76, a struggle of free men to remain free;

The immigrants who came after the revolution and helped build our country in freedom;

The underprivileged of all races who, by uplifting themselves, will raise all mankind to a higher humanity.

MY DEFINITION OF FREEDOM

In the beginning there was the void of sameness; the spark of life made everything different.

The stamp of sameness is the stamp of death.

Freedom to me means a social order based on individual freedom to live differently and to dream differently. I dream of a Brotherhood of Free Nations of Free Men.

SOL FEINSTONE