Tashkent, Uzbekistan: The author visited this Moslem area of the U.S.S.R. during her long tour last year.

ON MY OWN PART FOUR

My Round-the-World Adventures

"Tito's wife is really beautiful and has a warm personality," says Mrs. R., shown below with Mrs. Tito aboard the dictator's yacht.

One of history's indefatigable travelers reports her visits to global trouble spots. She describes how she finally confronted Khrushchev and her conversation with Yugoslav dictator Tito.

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

When I was a little girl I spent many hours alone with books. I lived so much in one place, or in two places at most, that I read avidly anything I could lay my hands on that told me about the world.

My father often talked of a trip he had made around the world as a young man, and his vivid stories kept alive in my mind some of the things I remembered about a journey I had taken to Europe with my parents when I was five years old. But I did little traveling until I went to school in Europe. After I married, my husband and I frequently talked of traveling abroad, but I took very few trips anywhere because of the children. Even Franklin did not do a great deal of traveling, although he felt he knew whole areas of the world—particularly China—because of his mother's family ties with trade in the Far East. He did have a remarkably detailed knowledge of distant lands even if he had never seen them. Once during a critical time in the war he confounded the prime minister of New Zealand by calling attention to a good natural harbor on a tiny island off that country's coast—an island of which the prime minister had never even heard! Such remote places were only glamorous dreams to me. (Continued on Page 95)

)n My Own (Continued from Page 30)

After Franklin's death, I never really anned to travel alone or purely for easure. Circumstances, however, have ken me on many trips that covered a rge part of the world and enabled me to e at first hand what is being done—or t being done—about some of the tre-endous problems that plague the lead-s of almost every country today. What being done, I might add, is sometimes ghly encouraging and sometimes de-essing. But at still other times, particu-rly in Soviet Russia, it is both astound-g and rather frightening to an American no loves a free and democratic society.

Before taking up a few of the high-ghts of these trips, I would like to men-on an early journey I made in 1948 for e unveiling of a statue of my husband London's Grosvenor Square. Many of e London squares still showed the rav-es of wartime bombardment at that ne, but Grosvenor Square, on which ir embassy is located, had been beauti-lly landscaped in the way the English iow so well.

The occasion was more interesting to e because there had been a warm be-nd-the-scenes controversy over the atue. Sir Campbell Stuart, head of The lgrims of Great Britain, which raised oney for the memorial, and the sculp-r, Sir William Reid Dick, strongly felt ranklin should be depicted standing, cing into the wind. But Winston Church-, who is something of an artist himself, ok issue, arguing that because my hus-and could not walk, the statue should be a sitting position.

The controversy was very much in my ind after King George VI had spoken at e ceremony and then walked with me to e statue for the unveiling. I pulled a rd and, as the covering dropped away, found myself looking at a statue show-g Franklin as he was some years before s death. The figure was standing, with e hand gripping a cane and with his miliar cape flowing back from his shoul-ers. It gave the impression of a young, gorous man, and I think that is the im-ession my husband would have liked to ave with the British people. I have never gretted that it was done as a standing gure. I could not help thinking how sad was that Franklin could not have lived visit England himself, as he had hoped do, and feel the gratitude of these peo-e for his support before our entry into e war. But just as Moses was shown the omised land and could not enter, I nagine there are many men who see their opes and plans developing, but who are ever actually allowed to have on this arth the recognition they might well have njoyed. One can only hope that if they ave labored with the love of God in their earts, they will have a more perfect satis-ction than we can ever experience here.

n the next few years I made a good any trips to Europe and elsewhere in onnection with the United Nations, ut in 1953 I decided to do some traveling n my own. I had several invitations to sit Near and Far Eastern countries and, nce I was in Paris attending the General ssembly in January, I decided to return ome by the long route around the world that I could stop in various countries, cluding Israel. Before I left Paris, how-ver, Charles Malik, the Lebanon repre-entative at the United Nations, told me I iould visit some of the Arab countries as ell as Israel, in order to get a more com-lete picture of the Near East.

"That's true," I replied, "but since the rab states do not recognize Israel as a ation, they won't honor a visa for trav-ers to go on to Israel. And I don't have time to fly back to some non-Arab coun-try from which I could legally proceed to Israel."

Malik assured me he could make spe-cial arrangements permitting me to visit Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, and then go directly to Israel. As a result, my secre-tary, Miss Maureen Corr, and I flew di-rectly to Beirut, Lebanon, from Paris. The next morning I got a real surprise. The Lebanon government had arranged a schedule permitting me to see a great deal in a short time, but when I went to my car to start the day's activities, I discovered they had also arranged for a truckload of soldiers to accompany me—for my "pro-tection" in the event of any incident that might arise from the fact that I had always made clear my approval of crea-tion of the state of Israel.

I said nothing, but I soon became quite unhappy to see the soldiers tumble out of their truck and set up a "line of defense" whenever my car halted. This seemed to me to be intolerable nonsense. Nobody bothered me or even seemed interested. So I insisted that the soldiers be sent away, and they were, but I am sure there was always an armed guard near me.

My visit to the Arab countries was ex-tremely interesting. In some areas—Lebanon, for example—I was fascinated by the way the hills were so carefully cul-tivated in small plots. There were many wonderful places to visit, and I saw some of the workers' homes. I also visited camps for Arab refugees who had left Palestine during the fighting there. In this connection, I vividly recalled that several years previously I had seen the Jewish refugee camps in Germany, where I was much impressed by the yearning of the occupants for a better future. One old woman knelt in a muddy road and threw her arms around my knees and said over and over, "Israel. Israel." I remembered, too, a young boy who had wandered into one camp leading his smaller brother, but who was unable to tell officials where he had come from or what had happened to his parents. He sang for me a "Song of Freedom," although I felt there wasn't much freedom in a refugee camp. These people made me know for the first time what the small land of Israel meant to Jewish refugees in Europe. And now, in the Arab countries, I learned something of the grave problems of refugees from Israel.

The Arab refugee camps were the least hopeful I had ever seen. Nothing had been done to preserve the skills of Arabs dis-placed by warfare in the Near East and they had little to look forward to. The standard of living was low and accommo-dations poor. I saw one hill dotted with tents and slashed by rain that made every-one cold and miserable. In one tent a woman showed me her baby, which had been bitten by a snake. Many babies slept on the ground. Food cost about three cents per day per person, but even this small sum provided more to eat than was available to some of the nomad tribes in the nearby desert. As a result, if any of the Arab refugees were persuaded to resettle permanently—as was possible in Jordan at times—and left the camp, their places did not remain vacant. Overnight, people from the hungry nomadic tribes slipped into the refugee camp to replace those who left, because they could in that way at least get three meals a day, poor as those meals might be.

Although the Arab peoples showed no hostility toward me, some newspapermen and some officials did. One evening we were having dinner with the head of the Syrian Foreign Office at a kind of night club and restaurant. Opposite me at the table was a handsome, uniformed man who seemed to be important. I asked one of my companions who he was. My com-panion looked startled, raised a finger to his lips and whispered: "That is the dic-tator of Syria, General Fawzi Selo."

I paid no further attention, but after dinner the general spoke to me, using the tone of a man accustomed to giving com-mands. "Madam," he said, "you have been very friendly to Israel."

"Yes," I replied, "I am friendly to all—equally to your people."

"But," he persisted with some irrita-tion, "you worked for Israel!"

"That is true," I said. "When I think a thing is good, I also think it should be given help."

Embryo Tycoon

By Pegasus Buchanan

A boy should search through
alleys now and then
To cultivate a careful eye for
treasure;
And be on dealing terms with
junkyard men
To learn which things to weigh
and which to measure.

A boy should learn to bargain
on his own,
Without a wary parent
intervening,
And take his chance with
values yet unknown
To win or lose, but learn a
dollar's meaning.

Though high-walled neighbors
find his methods crude
And maiden aunts declare it
not quite nice
For one of tender age to be so
shrewd,
In twenty years they'll ask for
his advice.

He did not reply, but stared at me with what I thought was great anger. Then he turned on his heel and, without another word, walked away.

Going from the Arab countries into Israel, I felt a remarkable exhilaration at being among people with a purpose and a sense of dedication in carrying out their purpose. I spent seven days in Israel—the same number I had spent in Arab coun-tries. I visited many institutions in all parts of the country and was particularly impressed by the monumental tasks un-dertaken to safeguard the people's health by establishment of hospitals and the pro-motion of national health services. I should mention here that I made another trip to Israel three years later and felt that remarkable progress had been made gen-erally in that time. Obviously many grave problems remain to be solved, and I be-lieve an important one is the question of separation of church and state. At pres-ent, it is difficult to distinguish between the two, and I was surprised, for example, to hear of a young man who had been re-fused the right to marry the girl with whom he was in love because she was a Greek Catholic. Apparently, at present, leaders of the state do not feel their coun-try is strong enough to face up to a solu-tion of this problem, but someday it must be solved. When it is, I am confident there will be a separation of powers of church and state, as in our country.

Perhaps I should mention here that while I was in Israel I was taken to visit the large estate of Sheik Suleiman near Beersheba. He is one of the few Arab sheiks who remain in Israel and he lives in rather feudal fashion, although his land is worked with modern machinery. The sheik, a big, bearded man in late middle age, received us in a large, sparsely fur-nished room of his home. He wore the robes of Arabia, but spoke excellent Eng-lish and made us feel at home. As we en-tered, I had noticed a number of women near a door in the courtyard and, know-ing that the sheik practiced polygamy, I asked him how many children he had.

"I think about seventy-five," he replied thoughtfully, stroking his beard, "but I am not sure."

We had a pleasant visit, and later, when some friends of mine visited Israel, I wrote a note introducing them to Sheik Suleiman. He received them warmly and invited them to an Arab dinner of roast kid. When I learned of this, I wrote him a note of thanks, and some time later re-ceived from him a beautiful silver dagger and a letter saying the dagger had been his own for thirty years. I did not give this series of incidents any special thought, but a year later my son, James, was in Israel and he, too, called on Sheik Sulei-man. In the course of their conversation my name was mentioned and the sheik called James' attention to a photograph that he had of me.

"I have thirty-nine wives," he said, pointing to my picture, "and she should have been the fortieth. I will never under-stand why she did not accept my offer."

I would like to make it very clear that, so far as I know, the sheik had never made me an offer. I believe he must have been joking but when James told me about it, we enjoyed a chuckle over the idea that I might have had a chance to be the fortieth wife of a real sheik.

While I am on the subject of Israel and the Arab states, I want to tell about a trip I made in March of 1957 to Morocco, be-cause Morocco may one day prove to be an important "bridge" for better under-standing between the Western democra-cies and the Arab states associated with Egypt. Soon after Morocco achieved its freedom from French rule, an adviser to the sultan, Mohammed V—who later be-came King Mohammed V—came with several companions to Hyde Park to place flowers on my husband's grave. When we had had tea, the adviser said rather mysteriously that he wished to speak to me alone.

"We never forget a kindness," he said when the others had left the room. "The sultan asked me to say he recalls your husband as one foreign head of state who gave him disinterested advice. He also be-lieves that, if your husband had lived, there would have been no secret treaty be-tween France and the United States in re-gard to establishment of United States air bases in Morocco. Therefore we do not blame the United States and will raise no difficulties now in the negotiations for the bases between your government and ours. The sultan also extends an invitation for you to visit Morocco."

There was no possibility of a visit then. Shortly afterward, however, friends in New York told me a large number of Jews in Morocco had secured French visas to migrate to Israel, but that the Moroccan government had delayed issu-ing them visas and that they were being held in embarkation camps by Moroccan officials. There was considerable Arab hostility toward the Jews and there was

also fear of an epidemic in the camps because of poor sanitary conditions. Upon learning of this, I wrote a letter to the sultan asking him to do something to correct the situation. I received no reply, but later I learned that the necessary permission to depart had been given and the Jews had proceeded to Israel about two weeks after I had written.

In 1957, the crown prince of Morocco and his sister came to this country and the princess came to call on me. She again extended an invitation from the sultan to visit Morocco, and that spring I did make the trip, accompanied by my son, Elliott, and his wife and four friends, and by Dr. David Gurewitsch and his daughter, Grania. I had not always felt welcome in Arab countries, but in Morocco I immediately felt there was a warmth toward Americans. Perhaps I did not fully understand this until we had gone to Rabat and were received by the sultan, a handsome man who wore long white robes and a small cap, and who sat on a raised dais to receive us. Later, Elliott and I spent perhaps an hour alone with him and he had many interesting things to say.

The Moroccan attitude of friendship toward Americans went back to wartime, when my husband and Prime Minister Churchill met in Casablanca. They paid a formal call on the French officials in Morocco, and when they were departing, Franklin said, "Now we must call on the sultan."

Mr. Churchill showed little enthusiasm. "Why?" he asked. "We have called on the French."

"Because this is the sultan's country," Franklin replied.

So they asked to be received by the sultan, who invited them to dinner. He and Franklin talked with great enthusiasm about what might be done to improve conditions in Morocco after the war. Franklin always had a horror of seeing unproductive land anywhere, and he believed that proper methods could restore the fertility of the Moroccan desert.

"You will doubtless find oil in your desert," he told the sultan, "but you must never turn it all over to any foreign concession. I feel sure there are underground rivers under the Sahara. Once this area was the bread basket of the Mediterranean. It can be again if you keep control of your oil and if you arrange to pump the water to the surface."

Franklin's "disinterested advice" and his attitude of friendship became known everywhere in Morocco, and many persons told me that it was a kind of milestone, a turning point in their campaign for independence. The new government faces a difficult future, but the Moroccans are proud of their independence, and everywhere I was conscious of their friendship toward us. At Demnate, a small town we visited, I was touched by a crudely made little American flag that had been raised over the gateway and a sign saying: "We will always remember President Roosevelt."

Another country I enjoyed visiting was Japan, where my hosts were Mr. Shigeharu Matsumoto and Dr. Yasaka Takagi, of the International House. Japanese women were just coming into the responsibility of functioning in a democracy and I was asked to speak to meetings of women, as well as of men and many students, on the meaning of democratic life and our form of government. The Japanese had discovered that merely giving a country a constitution—as we had done in Japan—and telling people they were to live in a democratic country did not automatically change their feudalism into a perfect democracy. Various articles in the new constitution had been taken from the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but in many instances such articles meant nothing or were confusing to the Japanese because of the great differences between their social and economic backgrounds and those of Westerners.

An amusing illustration of these differences arose when I spoke at a meeting of farmers and their wives in rural Japan. My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, accompanied me on this trip. She and Elliott had not been married long, and I think she felt a need to understand the motivations of her new family. She was a delightful companion and very patient in listening over and over to my speeches, without showing boredom. But on this occasion I was asked questions about life in America. One question was unusual to American ears: "What do you do with your mothers-in-law in America?"

I replied that I didn't think there was any set formula. But then I glanced at Minnewa and thought how bored she must have been with my speeches during the past five weeks and, jokingly, I added, "Perhaps my daughter-in-law could answer that question better than I." My joke was taken with great seriousness by the audience, and poor Minnewa was confronted by a battery of Japanese eyes, curious and earnestly anxious for the answer. But she could only blush and shake her head.

Nevertheless, the question was important in Japan, where the mother-in-law is in authority over all members of the household except her husband and her eldest son. She is keeper of the purse, and all earnings of members of the family go to her. She then doles out money as she thinks it is needed.

I met a charming and rather sophisticated Japanese newspaper woman who told me her greatest trial in life was the "system of the pouch." Her mother-in-law was old-fashioned and had a large leather pouch into which went all family earnings. Other members of the family were dependent on her ideas of how they should spend money and, in effect, how they should live their lives. And almost every Japanese woman in the working class looks forward to the day when she will be a mother-in-law and can tyrannize over her daughter-in-law. Slowly, these outdated ideas are changing, but it will be a long time before they are entirely gone.

The Japanese people almost everywhere, even in villages where there was much misery, were hopeful of future improvement. We were taken around a village inhabited by a minority group—the Ettu—in a pouring rain. The water dripped down our necks from our umbrellas and the streets were muddy rivers.

As we left, the headman of the village said, "I suppose you have never seen such misery." I suddenly realized his words were both a touching appeal and a kind of defense of his community.

"Sir," I replied quickly, "misery is the same in any country. Nothing I have seen today is worse than I saw at one time in some mining areas in the United States. I hope you will be able to raise living standards as we have done. One must never give in to discouragement."

I must have said the right thing, because his eyes lit up and he was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said confidently, "The government has just granted me money for better public baths, and that will make a big difference in my community!"

While I was in the Far East I visited Hong Kong, ate ducks' feet and checked up on a bit of family history. For years I had observed that some American political writers opposed to the New Deal often asserted that my husband's family had made money in the opium trade in the days of clipper ships. I never knew whether this was true, so I made no attempt to refute it. But at Hong Kong, a British merchant, Mr. Keswick, whose family had been in the China trade long ago, told me he was familiar with the affairs of Russell & Company, in which Franklin's grandfather, Warren Delano, and his sons-in-law, the Forbeses, and Fred Hitch had been partners. He gave me a history of the China trade which showed that all foreign merchants trading in tea in China had to obtain official permits and that, to get a permit, they had to agree to take a small amount of opium too. So I suppose it is true that the Delanos and the Forbeses, like everybody else, had to include opium in their cargoes in order to do any trading at all.

Earlier in this article, I referred briefly to my travels in Communist-ruled countries. Although I have left them until the last, I believe that my visits to Yugoslavia and Soviet Russia were among the most interesting I ever made, and that it is vital for every American to know and understand what is going on under the rule of Communist dictators. Traveling in Yugoslavia in 1953, I was impressed by the difference between the Russians and the Yugoslavs. The Russians have long accepted despotic rule, but the Yugoslavs have always been quick to fight each other and anybody else who interfered with their individual freedom. Why, then, did Communism develop in Yugoslavia? I was to find important differences in the political systems in the two countries. Although Tito's regime is still Communism and it is still maintained by a police state, he has modified and adapted the system in order to survive. He does not even want the Yugoslav system to be called Communism, because he contends each country must develop according to its own needs.

I called on President Tito—his real name is Josip Broz—while he was on the island of Brioni. His office is a big room in his villa there. He rose from behind his desk to come to meet me and, although not tall, he was a commanding figure. He was friendly and direct, but he has a strongly molded jaw, and when he speaks, it is in the manner of a man who gives orders and expects them to be obeyed. His wife, who is younger, is really beautiful and has a warm personality. She had just come from taking her final high-school examinations and she told me that, having missed completing her education when she was a partisan fighter during the war, she had had to work hard to catch up on her studies so she could attend college and prepare herself to be the wife of the president.

Tito has a good sense of humor and a great love of the land. As a boy, he never owned a suit of clothes. Now that he can afford whatever he wants, he is evidently concerned about his dress, likes handsome uniforms and picks attractive colors for his jackets and slacks. He took me in his own speed boat to a little nearby island—police boats and planes protecting him were never far away—and showed me his vineyard and small wine-tasting cottage. Like any small winegrower, he had samples of the produce stored in the walls of the cottage and he proudly asked us to sample various wines. He also played boyishly with his big German shepherd dog, but when we sat down to talk, he was very serious.

Like other men who have acquired power, Tito evidently loves it, but I believe he recognizes that the people of Yugoslavia must be persuaded to give him this power voluntarily. As a result, I believe, he is concerned with providing a government that benefits the people—or at least enough of the people to maintain his power.

"Do you believe the people are contented under your government?" I asked.

"If you owned property and the government nationalized your property, would you be contented?" he asked in reply. I said I would not be happy.

"Then," Tito went on, "I will say that I don't believe everybody in Yugoslavia is content. But, on the whole, I believe the people realize that we are doing the things that will be best for our country."

I mentioned that I had visited a steel factory which, in theory at least, was run by a workers' council, as are all Yugoslav industries. The council, however, had hired two members of the so-called experts' guild to run the factory, and its main function seemed to be limited to conditions of work and to deciding how surpluses or profits, if any, were to be allocated. Here Tito interposed that he had been rather disappointed that so many of the workers' councils, instead of using surpluses for the good of the community as a whole, divided profits among the workers. This made me smile, for human nature (Continued on Page 98)

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