

## ALICE'S MISSION

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Picking my way around untended bushes and poison ivy, I reached an intimidating front door with ornamental bars. Several tugs at the old bell-pull brought someone to open the door. At once, I knew it was Joanna and gave her my name. She nodded. "Come in. Grandmother is getting ready for you." I stepped into the foyer and was startled to see big animal skins. Some were hanging on the stairway wall, others were scattered on floors. "We'll take tea upstairs in her living room," Joanna announced.

I was there to interview Joanna's grandmother, Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Her yellow townhouse seemed out of place on Embassy Row in Washington, D.C. From my apartment near Dupont Circle, I walked past her house often and drove past nearly every day against traffic on my way to work. "There's where Alice lives," I would tell visiting friends. "You know, Princess Alice--Teddy Roosevelt's daughter--who married a congressman from Ohio in a White House wedding. She must be well over ninety--still drinks tea at four, goes to parties in flat wide hats and swears like a trooper!"

The congressman Alice married, Nicholas Longworth III from Cincinnati, was Speaker of the House of Representatives when the couple bought the house in 1925. He died six years later from pneumonia contracted on a poker trip with his friends in Aiken, South Carolina. Alice stayed on for nearly a half-century more--first with her daughter Paulina, whose ruined life ended in suicide, and much later with her beloved granddaughter Joanna, a constant companion as she grew old.

My purpose was to find out what part Alice played in the events leading to her father's successful mediation that ended the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05. Scholars at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island, where I had just completed a two year professorship, had uncovered some coded messages suggesting that Alice had played a crucial role during a good will tour to the Far East in 1905. I asked to see Alice--while she was still alive--to interview her about what she remembered and maybe publish my findings.

I gawked as Joanna led me into the parlor. Its walls were covered with photographs, pictures and cartoons: I noticed dark landscapes of Rookwood, the

Longworth's Cincinnati house and a brilliant John Singer Sargent watercolor of the White House. By the stairs was a political cartoon, "The Holy Family of the GOP"--from the 50's. I went back for another look. The Infant Eisenhower was cradled in Virgin Mary Robert Taft's lap, while a swarthy Senator Joe McCarthy hovered as an unlikely St. Joseph.

From the landing above, Alice spotted me. "Good afternoon, my dear," she called down. Her voice was sharp and high pitched. "Don't you just love that cartoon? I put it there to infuriate my conservative friends." There she was, hawk-nosed, thin in a long black dress, a '30's outfit. "Come up, won't you please," she said and looked me over as I stumbled up the stairs. She gave me her hand. Was I supposed to kiss it? She pulled it back and, with a touch of malevolence, asked, "So you're moving to 'Cincinnati', are you?" Alice had lived off and on in Cincinnati for twenty-five years. She moved with a cane across the landing to a doorway. I followed. "That's the only reason I let you in, you know! Not for some damned fool interview for your research project. So what takes you to that dreadful city in the first place?"

"Well," I sputtered--she had caught me completely off-guard, and I tried to recover--"they hired me to be dean of the Cincinnati Law School."

"Why on earth would you want to leave Washington to do a thing like that?" Alice shot back, her blue eyes sparkling. "Come!" she commanded, and we entered her living room, where stacks of books and magazines, some newspapers, were scattered about on tables and piled on chairs. She turned to face me, not coming too close: "It's venerable, that old law school." She lifted her chin. "My very late husband Nick went there--for the family's sake. And you--an outsider--want to do something with it? Hah! No chance! They like their institutions all to themselves."

"Sit!" Alice ordered. "Sit there!" She pointed her cane to a sofa, and I sat down next to the famous velvet cushion. You know the one I mean--with the embroidered legend, "If you can't say something good about someone, sit right here by me."

"Now," Alice nearly shouted as Joanna eased her into an armchair, "I have to tell you about Nick's grandfather. His name was Timothy Walker—you've never heard of him, of course. But he helped start the law school in Cincinnati, was its first dean. He died from a terrible carriage accident a long time before I was born<sup>1</sup>--moved there from

Boston when Jackson was president. I know this because Walker's daughter, Susan, was my mother-in-law--Nick's mother. She and Nick's father, Nicholas Longworth II--who inherited much of the Longworth wealth from property and grapes--grew up together, then married. But Nick's father died quite young. Nick and his two sisters, Nan and Clara were brought up well and educated superbly by their mother. Susan Longworth was, herself, a true blue-stocking. The Walker heritage went back to the Mayflower. She also knew all about the old families in Cincinnati."

Alice settled into her chair. She signaled Joanna for tea and went on: "When Nick and I married, we lived with Mrs. Longworth in Rookwood, their house off Grandin Road, in Cincinnati. It's torn down now and subdivided. God, it was awful. Edith Wharton made fun of it; and I loathed it. At first Nick's mother didn't like me one bit. And I was bored to tears! But we got to know each other and came to enjoy each other's company. One year for fun we charted the genealogy of the Longworths and all the so-called blue blood families--the Grandin Road Gang--I called them. We worked out all their inter-marriages. Mrs. Longworth knew all about their psychoses and quirks and talked quite freely, at least with me, when Nick was away.

A maid in starched dress came with tea and we settled down for what turned out to be the first in a series of interviews. After such a shaky beginning, I needed to move into my topic. As we took a first sip of tea I asked Alice: "Did you always like official Washington,"

"Yes, I did!" she replied. "The one scoundrel I enjoyed most was Joseph McCarthy. He hated socialism and so did I. But he was vulgar and boorish, quite uncultivated. I amused myself by humiliating him at dinner parties."

"I was rather fond of the Johnson's," she went on. "Lyndon was an engaging rogue elephant of a man. He used to complain that he couldn't kiss me under my hat and I told him that was why I wore it. . . . I never thought much of Jimmy Carter . . . loved the Kennedy's."

"We've had a lot of fun in this old house," she reflected. "It is shabby and comfortable and I like it. I also like being close to Dupont Circle with its gays and hippies and pushers and banners saying things like, 'Three Cheers for Jesus.' One Gay Liberation group made me their first Honorary Homosexual! After Watergate, I came to

despise Nixon. He was much too weak. I thought he did just fine in the 50's chasing communists in the State Department--Alger Hiss in particular. Nixon was such a sentimental fool. I was very disappointed that he hadn't burned all those Watergate tapes before he was reelected." At this point, before I could ask even a single question about my topic, she called a halt. "It's time for my nap, now, but come again soon and I'll tell you some more!" She took great delight in my discomfort. Joanna helped her up and showed me out.

I did come back--quite a few more times over the next two months. After moving to Cincinnati in 1979, I never found time to complete my project. By then I had other priorities, such as my new marriage and my new work. Alice died in 1980. Last year, while sorting through old papers, I came upon these notes and decided to finish the project and write this paper on what I learned.

To begin with, Alice often said she loved her family life in New York, but this sentiment was plainly myth; it doesn't add up. Her mother, Alice Lee, died two days after she was born. At the very same time, Teddy Roosevelt's own mother, "Mittie", was mortally ill with typhoid fever. Within twenty-four hours young TR lost both his wife and his mother. He drew a large cross in his diary and wrote, "The light has gone out of my life," and retreated to a ranch in the Dakota Badlands. In his grief, he handed over baby Alice, to his sister Bamie, purging from memory both the little blue-eyed, blond-haired daughter and his dead wife Alice Lee. Three years later he married Edith Carow, a childhood sweetheart and Alice Lee's rival.<sup>2</sup> Edith wanted Alice to be part of their family, and so they reclaimed her from Bamie, whom Alice adored. Alice never fit in. As the family grew, she turned difficult, resisting family life altogether. Alice told one biographer that Bamie "protected me from my father with his guilt fetish and from my stepmother."

The Roosevelt family thought Alice "capable of doing almost anything to anyone at any time." Her manners were atrocious. A friend remarked that she was "like a young wild animal that had been put into good clothes." Alice was once kicked out of Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston for smoking in the lobby. When her puritanical father ordered her not to smoke under his roof, she said "very well" and climbed out on top of the White House roof to light up. She drove wildly around Washington in a two cylinder, bright red

runabout motor car. Alice often carried a revolver. She bet on horses. A newspaper photographer caught her collecting winnings from a bookie. She wore a live green snake next to her skin--called it Emily Spinach. Alice brought into the White House a Mexican yellow-headed parrot she trained to call out Alice . . . Alice . . . Alice . . . and Eli Yale--he was a macaw.

Journalists loved her. She started crowding her father off the front pages of newspapers. The President went apoplectic. His daughter's escapades might cost him the 1904 election! At Tricia Nixon's White House wedding, someone asked Alice whether it brought back any memories for her. "Not a goddamn thing," she snapped. Later on, Alice said she married Nick because she had to get away from the White House and her family.

"How did you meet Nick," I asked during an early interview. "My father introduced us. 'There's a young, new congressman coming in who might amuse you,' father said. 'He's Harvard and the Porc.' So we were introduced."

"What's the 'Porc?'" I asked. Alice thought I was playing dumb to get her to talk. She was right, but still answered. "The Porcellian Club!" she said loudly. It's the oldest and most exclusive "final" social club for Harvard undergraduates--all males, of course. Father was a member. He took it very seriously. They all sang patriotic songs and drank each other under the table. One of my brothers, Kermit got in; another, Archie, did not. Nor did cousin Franklin, which I think caused a lasting wound. They thought he was an effete Hyde Park ninny and turned him down cold. Porcellians used to call each other--rather facetiously but also rather seriously--'Brother' this and that. Brother Roosevelt and Brother Longworth. Oh dear! Father said Nick got in because he was a man's man."

Recently, I checked to see if Nick was ever a member of our Literary Club. He wasn't. But his father, the second Nicholas, was. So was his grandfather, Joseph Longworth. After his election to Congress in 1902, Nick joined the exclusive Alibi Club in Washington--another male club--which describes its function as "providing its members with an alibi." It's still there today near Eye Street and 18<sup>th</sup>.

In the Alibi Club, Nick could retreat to play poker and cook for his guests. Unlike the Porcellian Club, the Alibi Club let members bring guests; and unlike our Literary Club, members could bring female guests. And Nick's guest list at the Alibi Club often

included Alice Roosevelt and two of her closest friends--Cissy Patterson, soon to marry an abusive Polish count, and Marguerite Cassini, daughter of the Czar's first ambassador to the United States. They all flirted with the fastidiously dressed new congressman and he courted all of them, often at the same time. At some point he asked each of them--and others--to marry him.

These exciting young women were all wild and as explosive as fire. Maggie Cassini said her friendship with Alice had the "violence of a bomb . . . a combination of two heedless girls who [imposed] their caprices on everyone--a veritable reign of terror." William Randolph Hearst wrote in 1902 that Alice's suitors were as numerous as the wooers of Penelope."<sup>3</sup>

"What was it about Nick you liked so much?" I asked Alice one afternoon. "Didn't you know he chased women and drank too much?"

"Of course I did. But there were many facets to Nick's personality: He was a very cultivated lawyer, an accomplished musician, a great wine-connoisseur and an effective political leader. I saw all these things. Here was a 36-year-old bachelor politician-playboy. And I was a 20-year-old hellion. The sparks just flew." Nick's membership in the Porcellian Club, she said, impressed her father far more than personal traits or family pedigree. There was this instant bonding and trust. For TR, here was a potential son-in-law, someone strong enough to tame his unruly daughter. But Alice had some serious conflicts.

We were now several weeks into our talks. Alice was telling me about her first visit to Cincinnati. "It was June of 1905," she said, "and Nick invited me to visit Rookwood. I was guest of his sister Nan while their mother was in Europe."

"Right after you got back to Washington," I inquired, "weren't you and Nick invited to join a good will tour to the Far East?"

"Yes we were," she replied, "the one headed by William Howard Taft--he was also from Cincinnati, you know--from late June to October."

Historians place this junket in the context of 19<sup>th</sup> century American imperialism, when the navy projected power to protect American interests around the world, especially in the Pacific and Far East. At the turn of the century, the Boxer Rebellion in China drew American and European troops, as well as Japanese and Russian, to put down the

uprising. When Russian troops refused to leave Manchuria, Japan launched a surprise attack on Port Arthur and a major war was on. In a naval showdown the Japanese navy annihilated the Czar's Baltic fleet in the greatest engagement since Trafalgar, the battle of Tsu Shima.

Teddy Roosevelt wanted this war to end. Continued hostilities threatened his foreign policy and American interests. He coaxed both the Czar and the Emperor of Japan to accept his neutral good offices to bring them together for peace talks. But when the formal invitation arrived, the parties balked. Japan insisted on a victor's pre-conditions: indemnity and control of occupied islands. The Czar's ambassador to the United States tried to exploit popular prejudice against alien orientals by accusing TR and Secretary of State John Hay of harboring pro-Japanese sentiments.

I asked if Alice knew how her father finally got Japan and Russia to the table. "The main thing I remember," Alice replied, "is what Maggie Cassini told me. She was furious that my father was siding with the Japanese, as if they were superior. Maggie's father, the Czar's Ambassador, was going to be recalled. And we all thought that was disgraceful."

I was now ready to test my research hypothesis, which I put to Alice: "Do you know if your father had in mind a mission for you on the good will tour?"

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," Alice snorted. "I was just a bother to him. He wanted me out of the way, not in the middle of his things!"

But my view was that TR planned a ruse to bring the parties together, and she was key to its success. He'd send his Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, on a secret diplomatic mission to Japan in the guise of a good will tour of the Far East. Alice would be sent along, too, as would Nicholas Longworth, TR's favorite son-in-law candidate, to titillate public opinion. That would be extra cover for what he had in mind. He planned to accept Japan as a major power in return for its respect for American interests in the Pacific and Far East. Peace talks would then surely follow. TR was convinced that his lively, impetuous young daughter Alice alongside a purposeful and amiable three-hundred-thirty pound Taft might together beguile Prime Minister Taro Katsura into Roosevelt's approach to peace, without pre-conditions.<sup>4</sup> No one would believe for a moment that the tour was sent only to generate good will. But TR would hint that its true

purpose was to let Taft show members of Congress his recent success in the restive Philippines. Ambitious European powers might accept this deception without further suspicion. Alice would not be told her role, lest it smother her spontaneity and charm.

To continue testing my theory, I asked Alice, “Who invited you to go on the good will tour?” Here she was more positive. “Taft did. Nick and I were just back from Cincinnati and both of us were invited. I was elated. Nick was a member of the House Foreign Relations Committee and we thought that had something to do with his invitation. I had no idea why I was asked. And thirty or so other congressmen and their wives and friends--journalists, too, were invited!”

“What did Taft say was the purpose of the tour?” I inquired.

“He said he wanted us to see first-hand how he subdued the guerilla insurgencies in the Philippines”

“Did he have a job for you to do?”

“He didn’t say.”

Late June 1905, the large party rode out of Washington westbound in special railroad cars. By Independence Day the train rolled beyond the Rockies. To celebrate, Alice set off fireworks and shot her revolver at telegraph poles. In San Francisco she captivated the entire Bay area when reporters followed her into the depths of Chinatown unescorted. Finally, aboard the S.S. Manchuria, they steamed off, heading first to Honolulu then on to the Philippines. We now know that Roosevelt told Taft to visit Japan right after Hawaii.

Imagine Taft and Alice together in public: slender, effervescent Alice with dutiful but enormous Taft. They made quite a splashy odd couple and captivated huge crowds in Honolulu. Pictures showed Alice in a wide white hat on a platform alongside a quite jovial, twinkly-eyed Taft. Then imagine them back on board ship filled with languid parties under moonlit skies and Taft dancing, surprisingly light on his feet, with Alice. And soon she was smitten with her philandering congressman, as an entry in her diary revealed: “Oh my heart, my heart,” she wrote on board, “I can’t bear it, I don’t know what’s the matter with me . . . He will go off and do something with some horrible woman and it will kill me off. . . . Oh my blessed beloved one, my Nick.”<sup>5</sup> When I summoned courage to ask Alice if she felt jilted, she passed it off casually. “I was of two

minds,” she said. “One moment Nick was a bald old man scratching his ear, but the next moment alone with him and I was knocked off my perch.” Alice admitted she was overcome with erotic desire but was even more excited--and surprised--to learn that Tokyo not Manila would be their next port of call.

In Tokyo, they attracted even larger crowds. Alice dazzled the Mikado, according to news reports. She sat in the lotus position, posing with the Japanese princesses as they knelt, at ease with them for long stretches of time. I asked Alice if Taft had any trouble keeping her with him during talks with Prime Minister Katsura. “Not one bit,” she said. “He couldn’t keep me away. I loved being in the middle of things.” Then I asked, “Do you recall being at the formal dinner with Prime Minister Katsura?” That was an easy yes for Alice. I followed up. “Did Katsura notice you?”

“Of course he did! He was Samurai.”

I had read the official account of their formal dinner. Taft seized the initiative, as TR instructed. He gave Katsura solemn assurance that the United States would not interfere with Japan’s interest in Korea despite the American-Korean protection treaty of 1882. I recalled for Alice the precise language of this assurance, then asked her: “Did you notice any difference your presence made in how Katsura responded to Taft’s initiative?”

“Well, yes . . . I think it did.”

“In what way?”

“There I was, the president’s daughter, flirting with my eyes and smiles. At first Katsura was inscrutable; but I could plainly see his mood change. He began to show off in front of me. He answered Taft the only way a warrior could, in those circumstances, with a ritual of dominance and chivalry.”

“Do you recall specifically how?” I probed.

“Well, that was a long time ago. I think he wanted to show Japan’s supreme confidence and strength—as equal if not superior to the United States. So he assured Taft that if the United States had no interest in Korea, then Japan had no imperial interest in Hawaii or the Philippines, either.” No, Alice didn’t know at the time why this kind of reassurance was all that important, for it was common sense. But she recalled the dinner because she got such a kick out of arousing Katsura. “He preened in front of me,” she

said. “He strutted to show Taft how superior men behave.”

“Was this thing planned all along?” I asked. “If you hadn’t been there, would Katsura have been so generous?” Alice smiled and grasped her cane. That interview was soon over without a direct reply. Only recently have I grasped fully why TR’s intuition in sending Alice along was a stroke of genius. Researchers at the University of Leuven in Belgium a few months ago made an amazing discovery: that macho guys will tend to drive a hard bargain – till you expose them to a pretty girl and then they turn to jelly.<sup>6</sup> The research showed that in a high stakes game to split a certain amount of money, men with high testosterone drive the hardest bargain--that is, unless they see sexy, bikini-clad models. In that case they tend to accept a poorer deal. The sight of flesh has less effect on low-testosterone men. At any rate, the great power agreement, which low-testosterone Taft reached with high-testosterone Katsura in front of a seductive Alice, was telegraphed to high-testosterone TR, who approved it with gusto! Now, Japan would be stuck with peace talks.

Back in the United States, the Taft –Katsura understanding worked out as hoped. Japanese diplomats first, then Russian, each met separately with TR on board his yacht off Oyster Bay near Sagamore Hill. And within days formal talks began between the parties in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. These went on for a month, while Taft’s good will tour continued in the Philippines, Korea and into China. The Treaty of Portsmouth ending the war was signed September 5<sup>th</sup>, but only after TR had intervened forcefully at a critical point to squeeze concessions from Japan. The news flashed around the world. The president’s triumph, however, was far from complete. The parties still needed to ratify the Treaty.

Before my next session with Alice, I reread the part in her memoirs where she describes the ecstatic pleasure she felt when Katsura smiled at her with mounting triumph after their dinner with Taft. Alice wrote how overcome she was by a rush of longing to return again to Tokyo. Had TR anticipated this, too? My first question to her was: “Why did you return to Tokyo for a second visit?”

She replied, “In Korea, Taft informed us he was returning home early via Hong Kong. We were all very happy at that turn of events. Nick and I wanted to be alone; and now we could spend more time in China then return home after seeing Tokyo again,

without Taft.” But I didn’t believe her. I thought she just wanted to see Katsura again.

According to my notes, I then asked Alice, “When you and Nick returned to Tokyo, did you find what you expected?”

“Well,” she replied, “as we walked down the gangplank, we encountered angry crowds—the hostility seemed pointed at me personally. This hit me like a fist in my face. They were outraged by the Treaty.”

“Did you blame Katsura or the Japanese people for this anger?”

“No!” she answered. “It was the Emperor who was furious. Too much Japanese honor was sacrificed for the sake of peace.<sup>7</sup> The Emperor had been victorious over the Russians. Yet, under unrelenting pressure from my father, Japanese diplomats gave up half an island and withdrew a claim for Russian indemnity. It was a huge loss of face for the Emperor. The crowd took up the Emperor’s fury and directed it towards me, the president’s daughter, as if I must be humiliated to make up for this breach of great power trust.”

“How did Nick handle the crowd?” I wondered. “Nick was indifferent, unaffected by the hostility, like water off a duck’s back!” she said.

“How did you cope with this anger, aimed as it was at you?” She paused a moment, then said quietly, “It damned near killed me off. But the hostility lifted as we left, rather like a catharsis. And Japan did ratify the Treaty.”

What did I think now? Did Alice soften Katsura into peace talks? Was she then offered up to assuage the Emperor’s loss of honor and secure the Treaty? I mustered nerve enough to ask. “Mrs. L, is it possible you were offered as sacrifice for peace?” Alice scowled with contempt and waived the question aside! I knew then that our interviews were over.

Theodore Roosevelt’s bold statesmanship won him the Nobel Peace Prize. And Alice got her prize, too--Nick.

The famous White House marriage took place February 17, 1906. When stepmother Edith Roosevelt kissed Alice farewell, she said “I want you to know that I’m glad to see you leave. You have never been anything else but trouble.”<sup>8</sup> In Cincinnati the married couple sometimes stayed with Nan Wallingford, Nick's sister, instead of Mrs. Longworth at nearby Rookwood. The Wallingfords lived in the "country farm house"

built in 1825 by the first Nicholas Longworth near Grandin Road on the two-hundred acres he owned, then east of Cincinnati. Club member Stewart Maxwell now owns and lives in that very house, having restored it and its furnishings to museum quality. Stewart tells about a Charley Chaplin film made there showing Alice and Chaplin dancing.

When Alice's daughter, Paulina, was born, Nick doted on her. Sometimes, he brought Paulina with him to the Speaker's chambers. He fondly called her "Kitz". But it was rumored that her biological father was Senator William Borah from Idaho. Paulina's face was round with dark eyes and hair, like Borah's. Alice admitted friendship but not an affair. She treated Paulina cruelly, with loveless indifference, while Nick resumed his affair with Cissy Patterson.

All along, Alice accepted that Nick was a serious violinist. But his musical evenings bored her to the point of "stupefaction" according to Gore Vidal, who described Alice as "an enemy of music (save for 'Hail to the Chief')." In Washington Nick might play his Stradivarius after dinner joined by Fritz Reiner or Efrem Zimbalist. In Cincinnati he drew on members from the Symphony or the Conservatory for musical parties at Rookwood, often two or three times a week.

As I mentioned at the beginning, Nick died in 1931 from pneumonia in Aiken, South Carolina. His so-called poker trip was really just an alibi for a lover's tryst. Alice refused a state funeral. Instead, she went to Aiken and brought his body home directly to Cincinnati by train. After Nick's funeral in Christ Church downtown and burial in Spring Grove Cemetery, Alice went on a mission of her own, in search of Nick's precious Stradivarius. She found it in Rookwood's picture room and carried it into the great room by the fireplace. Taking the violin from its case, she grasped the neck by both hands, lifted it high above her head, and brought it down hard with brutal blows on the stone hearth, until it was smashed into a mangled mess. She bent over, picked up the remains and tossed them into the fire. Alice took Paulina from boarding school and headed for her yellow townhouse in Washington, where she lived another half-century, an icon of irreverence to the very end.

Oh—one last thing. I wanted to make my interview notes with Alice available to those of you interested, but damn, they've disappeared . . . vanished into thin air!

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### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> See my paper, *A Tale of Two Members*, read June 11, 2001, which describes the accident and covers the life of Timothy Walker in Cincinnati. See also, Gordon A. Christenson, *A Tale of Two Lawyers in Antebellum Cincinnati: Timothy Walker's Last Conversation with Salmon P. Chase*, 71 UNIV. OF CIN. L. REV. 457-92 (2002).

<sup>2</sup> EDMUND MORRIS, *THE RISE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT* 335 (1979).

<sup>3</sup> CAROL FELSENTHAL, *ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH* 64-5 (1988).

<sup>4</sup> EDMUND MORRIS, *THEODORE REX* 397 (2001).

<sup>5</sup> *Id.*, at 400.

<sup>6</sup> Van den Bergh B. & Dewitte S., *Proceeding of the Royal Society, London B*, doi:10.1098/rspb.2006.3550 (2006).

<sup>7</sup> According to Edmund Morris, Japan felt that the honest broker United States had misled them since indemnity was a precondition they expected the US to support. Japan also expected that they would retain all of Sakhalin Island, which they fully occupied, but they had to give up half after some Rooseveltian pressure.

<sup>8</sup> MORRIS, *supra* note 4, at 437.

### OTHER SOURCES

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