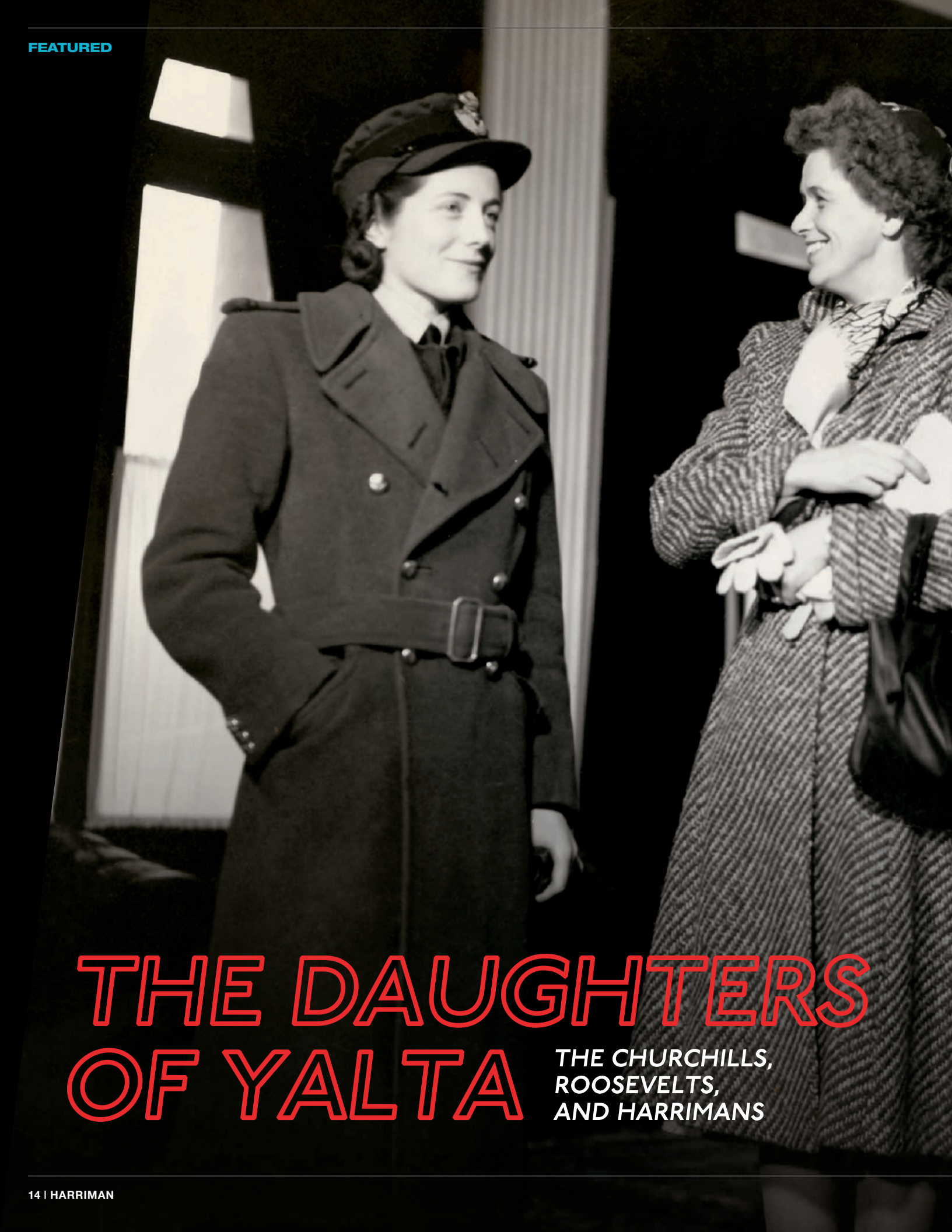


THE DAUGHTERS OF YALTA

THE CHURCHILLS, ROOSEVELTS, AND HARRIMANS

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR

BY CATHERINE GRACE KATZ

In the winter of 1945, Livadia Palace, its once snow-white façade now covered in grime, stood empty on its perch above the Black Sea. The furniture and priceless art were long gone. Sinks, toilets, and lamps had been ripped from their fittings and pulled from the walls. The Nazis had stolen everything, even the brass doorknobs.

Situated less than three miles down the coast from the resort town of Yalta, on the southern tip of the Crimean Peninsula, this palace had once been the summer home of the tsar and tsarina, Nicholas II and Alexandra. They had torn down the old Livadia Palace where Alexander III had died and replaced it with a new 116-room imperial retreat better suited to family life. The Mediterranean climate and black pebble beaches offered the tsar, tsarina, and their five children a respite from the humidity and opulence of Saint Petersburg. Palms and cypress trees filled the lush gardens surrounding the neo-Renaissance Italianate palace constructed from white Crimean stone. The tsar and his children bathed in the sea, played tennis, and rode horses over rocky trails while the tsarina sold her needlework at the bazaar, to raise funds for the local hospital. But amid the relative simplicity, there remained splendor. In the white ballroom, where French doors opened onto a courtyard, the tsar's eldest daughter, Grand Duchess Olga, celebrated her sixteenth birthday with a grand soiree. She swirled through the night in her pink gown, her hair swept high on her head for the first time, while her first jewels—a necklace made of 32 diamonds and pearls—sparkled in the chandeliers' light.

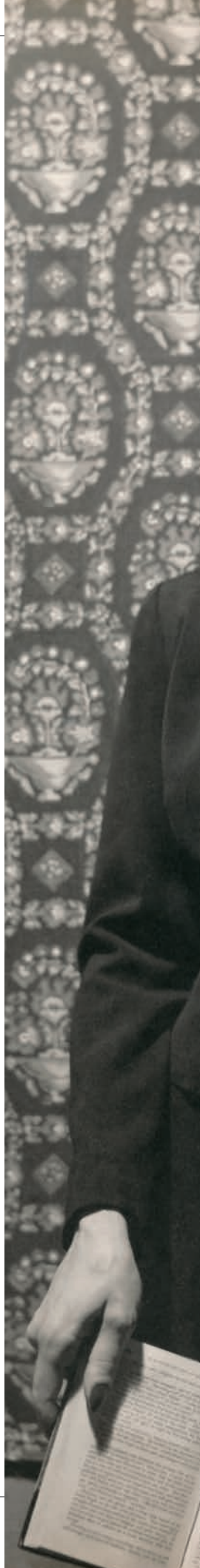
Editor's note: Excerpted from chapter 1 of *The Daughters of Yalta: The Churchills, Roosevelts, and Harrimans: A Story of Love and War* by Catherine Grace Katz.

Pictured from left to right: Sarah Churchill Oliver, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, and Kathleen Harriman at the Yalta Conference (Livadia Palace, February 1945). Photos of Kathleen Harriman courtesy of David H. Mortimer.

The tsar and his family visited Livadia only four times before they were murdered, in 1918, in a basement outside the city of Yekaterinburg. This brutality marked the end of the Romanov dynasty and imperial Russia. The Bolsheviks soon transformed the palace into a sanatorium for favored Soviet workers needing rest, quiet, and treatment for tuberculosis. The comrades sterilized the gleaming white palace and removed or covered all signs of the Romanov family, just as they tore down monuments to royalty across Russia, replacing them with monuments to themselves. Then came the war, the second in a quarter century. In 1942, the Nazis overran the Crimea after a months-long onslaught of the nearby port city of Sevastopol, part of the grisly and ultimately ill-fated Operation Barbarossa, when the Nazis broke their non-aggression pact with the Soviets and charged east across the steppe. Only the tsar's summer palace would do for the Nazis' Crimean headquarters, so the invaders commandeered Livadia. In the spring of 1944, the Soviets finally reclaimed the Crimea and pushed the Nazis out, but not before the retreating enemy plundered Livadia Palace, taking everything they could carry.

It was here, in this despoiled palace in February 1945, that Kathleen Harriman, the glamorous, twenty-seven-year-old daughter of the fourth-richest man in America, now stood. Thousands of workers crowded the palace and the gardens, sawing, hammering, painting, fumigating, polishing, and planting, not to mention installing much-needed plumbing. Cots had been set up for the conscripted laborers and the Romanian POWs the Soviets had brought in to clear the area of the wreckage the war had left behind, but there were still hardly enough places to sleep for everyone toiling away across the once imperial grounds.

Kathy and her father, W. Averell Harriman, the United States ambassador to the Soviet Union, had arrived several days earlier from Moscow, where they had lived for the past fifteen months. They had intended to fly, as they had little more than ten days to oversee final preparations for one of the most crucial conferences of the war, but bad weather had kept them grounded. In the end, their eight-hundred-mile journey by train had taken nearly three days as they crawled past the bombed-out villages and trampled countryside to which Kathy had grown accustomed over these past months. Every train station she saw was in ruins. "The needless destruction is something appalling," Kathy wrote to her childhood



Opposite page: First U.S. food ship in Britain under Lend-Lease. Kathleen Harriman on far right with Lord Woolton and Averell Harriman (1941).

Above: Portrait of Kathleen Harriman by Cecil Beaton.

governess and friend, Elsie Marshall, nicknamed "Mouche," back in New York. (Whether or not this observation would make it to Mouche was up to the censor.) To her older sister, Mary, she wrote, "My God but this country has a job on its hands—just cleaning up."

Though the war was by no means won, by late 1944, British and American forces had liberated Rome, Paris, Brussels, and Athens from German and Italian occupation, while the Red Army marched westward across Poland and Romania. The British prime minister, Winston Churchill; the president of the United States, Franklin Roosevelt; and the Soviet general secretary, Joseph Stalin, realized they had reached a critical juncture in Europe. As their armies raced to Berlin, the three leaders were facing complicated questions about the end of the war on the continent, questions they could resolve only face to face.

It was not the first time they had called such a meeting. In late November 1943, the "Big Three," as they were known, had conferred in Tehran to lay the foundations for the long-awaited second front, which they launched just seven months later, on the beaches of Normandy. At the time, in an effort to appeal to Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill had generously made the arduous journey to Tehran, a location significantly closer to Moscow than to London or Washington. Now it was only fair that Stalin should come to them. [. . .]

The Black Sea coast was as far west as Stalin was willing to travel, and the string of resort towns along the southern coast of the Crimea, a stretch nicknamed the "Romanov Route" for the number of residences that once belonged to the imperial family and their aristocratic friends, still held a certain allure among high-ranking comrades. Though the Soviets decried the corruption of the imperialist age, they apparently had no moral qualms about using these luxurious palaces themselves. After assessing various locations around the Black Sea, from Odessa to Batum, the Soviets and the Americans deemed Yalta and Livadia Palace the best of several options; the other choices were too damaged by war to accommodate large delegations or were less accessible by ship or plane. Harriman and the American embassy in Moscow begrudgingly agreed, even though, as Churchill underscored, the Black Sea was still littered with mines, making it impossible for the leaders to risk traveling to Yalta by ship—though some of their support staff would have to do so. By the New Year of 1945, it was decided: Roosevelt and Churchill would rendezvous on the island of Malta, sixty miles off the southern tip of Italy, and fly the remaining distance to the Crimea to meet Stalin at the former tsar's summer palace.

Though Livadia was an imperial residence, it was smaller than the 100,000-square-foot mansion in the Hudson River Valley where Kathy Harriman had grown up. It was also too small to house all three of the delegations, which seemed to swell exponentially with every passing day. Playing the genial, accommodating host, Stalin had graciously offered Livadia to President Roosevelt. As the largest palace of the several nearby, its ballroom was perfectly suited to hosting the formal meetings of the Big Three and their advisers, and, given that Roosevelt was paralyzed from the waist

down and confined to a wheelchair, Stalin thought the president would be most comfortable if he did not have to travel to the conference sessions each day. Meanwhile, Churchill and his party were to be accommodated at Vorontsov Palace, another Russian aristocrat's home the Soviets had nationalized, which was a thirty-minute drive down the road. Stalin opted for a slightly smaller estate nearby referred to as both the Koriez Villa and Yusupov Palace, which was conveniently situated between the American and British residences. [. . .]

Once it was decided that the three leaders would gather at Yalta, the Soviets had just three weeks to turn the ransacked villas into a site fit for one of the largest and most important international summits in history. Lavrentiy Beria, the forbidding head of the *Narodny komissariat vnutrennikh del*—the dreaded NKVD, the Soviet Union's secret police—and the man Stalin could always rely on to execute his most unpleasant tasks, took charge of the preparations. This encompassed overseeing everything from structural repairs to the transport of provisions to the removal of any "undesirable elements" from the surrounding area—including 835 supposed anti-Soviet individuals discovered over the course of the 74,000 security checks the NKVD had conducted within twenty kilometers of Yalta. Ambassador Harriman was to arrive approximately ten days before the conference to see that the improvements were up to American standards and to ensure that the logistical and protocol-related matters were in order, so that no problem, no matter how small, could hamper the progress of diplomacy.

"My God but this country has a job on its hands—just cleaning up."

In theory, Averell Harriman was responsible for the conference's final arrangements, but in reality, that was not exactly the case. Averell never passed up the chance to be at the center of the day's action. In early 1941, isolationism still ran rampant in the United States and the nation remained neutral. Roosevelt had been eager to support the fight against the Nazis but could do so only while maintaining a position of neutrality. Thinking creatively, he discovered a loophole that accomplished his objectives, and the Lend-Lease program was born: the United States would provide Britain and its allies with food, fuel, ships, airplanes, ammunition, and other war material that Britain would theoretically return after the war. When Roosevelt named Averell the Lend-Lease envoy in February 1941, he moved to London without a moment's hesitation to take up the post, despite the fact that the Blitz raged on. But after the United States entered the war, the action shifted east, and Averell was eager to follow it. Roosevelt offered him the

Above: Kathleen Harriman skiing in Sun Valley, early 1940s.

position of ambassador to the Kremlin in the autumn of 1943, and he left London for Moscow without delay.

This time was no different. Three days after Averell and Kathy arrived in the Crimea, he flew off to Malta to meet Churchill and Roosevelt, eager to take part in any important pre-conference developments. Meanwhile, Averell left his daughter in Yalta to carry out the rest of the preparations at Livadia over the week that remained before the delegates arrived.

While surprising at first glance, it actually made perfect sense for Kathy to supervise this work. She spoke Russian; Averell did not. Realizing that her father would never have time to master the language while also performing his ambassadorial duties in Moscow, Kathy had decided to learn Russian for both of them. As soon as they arrived in Moscow, where she was to serve as the official hostess of Spaso House, the residence of the American ambassador, Kathy hired a tutor. The small number of English-speaking Russian tutors in Moscow were already engaged, so she had to employ a French-speaking tutor and translate from Russian to French to English. Kathy practiced her Russian at every opportunity, listening intently during productions at the renowned Bolshoi and Maly theaters and mumbling Russian phrases to herself as she walked down the street. Sometimes the locals gawked at her, but, as she told her sister, Mary, they tended to stare at her anyway because of her fur coat and silk stockings, scarce luxuries few in Moscow could afford. Her Russian was hardly perfect, but she spoke well enough to act as her father's interpreter at social gatherings. Now she took on the task of communicating with the Russian sentries, bureaucrats, and laborers in the melee at Livadia. Even if she struggled occasionally, she hoped the Russians would forgive her, just as she forgave them as they struggled to properly pronounce her name. [. . .]

It was not the first time Averell—always Averell or Ave, never Father or Daddy—had left Kathy to fend for herself in a remote place. During her four years at Bennington College in Vermont, Kathy spent her winter vacations at Sun Valley, Averell's ski resort in Idaho. It was the first of its kind in the United States. When Americans caught the ski craze following the 1932 Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, Averell realized that an enormous opportunity lay before him. As chairman of Union Pacific Railroad, he was looking to increase business on western railroad lines. People needed a reason to go west, and a glamorous ski destination rivaling the Alpine resorts of Europe would be just the thing. [. . .]

While Averell chased across the world, attending to his various endeavors, first in business, then increasingly in government, he left Kathy as his deputy for weeks at a time to assist with the day-to-day operations of the resort: assessing slope conditions, seeing to publicity, and looking after celebrity guests such as Ernest Hemingway, who soon called Sun Valley home. She even performed the occasional bit of reconnaissance on rival resorts, which had begun to spring up in the west. [. . .]

In many ways, helping to manage Sun Valley was the ideal preparation for the work Kathy now faced. But nothing could truly ready a person for the overwhelming amount of

Though Livadia was an imperial residence, it was smaller than the 100,000-square-foot mansion in the Hudson River Valley where Kathy Harriman had grown up.

labor that had to be done before Roosevelt and his party arrived at Livadia Palace. Under Lavrentiy Beria's direction, the Soviets were frantically restocking the villas with whatever could be spared from Moscow's luxury hotels. More than fifteen hundred railcars, laden with building supplies, tools, furnishings, rugs, light bulbs, art, dishes, cookware, and food, had heaved along on the thousand-mile journey to the Crimea. It seemed as if every movable object within Moscow's renowned Hotel Metropol had been packed up and transported. Even the maids' uniforms for the conference were embroidered with the Metropol's distinctive "M." In addition to the obvious beds, tables, and chairs, the more mundane items of daily life, such as coat hangers, shaving mirrors, and ashtrays, had to be supplied. Kathy presumed some of these things were "just being 'requisitioned' out of homes" from the war-battered towns nearby.

There was also the problem of evicting the current residents, who had moved in when the Nazis moved out: bugs. The palace was infested with lice and bedbugs. As the motley team of Beria's NKVD forces, Red Army soldiers, local peasant laborers, and the Romanian POWs scrambled to put everything in order, the U.S. Navy Medical Corps arrived to delouse the palace. They sprayed the furniture with a 10 percent solution of DDT in kerosene and dusted all the linens with DDT powder, but even that draconian dose did not get rid of the bugs entirely. Kathy herself was all too well acquainted with Russian insects. On the train from Moscow to Yalta, something had bitten her near her eye. Her skin had swollen so badly that for a day or two she could barely see. International wartime diplomacy could be distinctly unglamorous, but Kathy remained unfazed.

It was because of her stalwart and unflappable nature that Kathy had become a fixture in her father's world. Thanks to her fifteen months in Moscow and the two prior years in London, where she had worked as a war reporter, Averell Harriman's attractive, opinionated daughter was well known to the military and civilian leadership of all three Allied nations gathering at Yalta. Her presence at Livadia Palace would come as no surprise to any of them, not even to Roosevelt. "As this is her department, have arranged to take Kathleen along," Averell had informed FDR by wire on January 17. "I will leave her at Yalta to assist in the details of the arrangements there." Roosevelt did not object.

It was ironic that this advance work in living arrangements and hospitality had become Kathy's domain. She had moved to London at the beginning of the war to work as a journalist—not, as she insisted multiple times, to be her father's housekeeper. In fact, one of the last things she had written to her sister, Mary, before moving to Moscow was, "I only hope there'll be no entertaining." Kathy was woefully disappointed. Life in Moscow seemed to be one lavish caviar-and-vodka-fueled banquet after another. By now she knew to expect that supervising an enormous household staff and entertaining guests would be part of her work at Yalta, but over time she had come to realize that her role as her father's hostess and deputy was much more complex than simply organizing parties and managing the house. Though never officially given a title, she was essentially serving as the Americans' protocol officer, a role often overlooked and underappreciated yet vital to international diplomacy. [. . .]

Important as the rituals of protocol were, Kathy was sometimes charmingly oblivious to them. Once, during a night out in London with her best friend, Pamela Churchill, the prime minister's daughter-in-law, she happened upon the king of Greece. Kathy greeted him with a simple American "How do you do!" Pam, by contrast, dropped to a deep curtsy. Kathy also was not inclined to defer to those who considered themselves her superiors. She had once caused a kerfuffle with Adele Astaire, the sister and former dance partner of the American movie star Fred Astaire, who had married Lord Charles Cavendish, after writing a rather sarcastic *Newsweek* article about Adele's contributions to the war effort. As a war reporter, Kathy had met and covered countless women who worked in factories, served as transport pilots, or nursed soldiers just behind the front lines. Adele's efforts as an "amanuensis"—making improvements to the love letters soldiers sent home—could not compare (though Adele did make for good copy). In the article,

Kathy observed that Adele "still [wore] silly bows atop her graying hair." *Newsweek* had also printed Adele's age—a generous forty-four—but Kathy could blame that on her editor. Unsurprisingly, Adele, a friend of Kathy's stepmother, had not taken kindly to this portrayal. When the former starlet next saw the younger woman at a restaurant in SoHo, she shrieked at her, calling Kathy a "bitch to end all bitches" and threatened to "break" her in London. Kathy was visibly amused, which made Adele all the more furious.

Now, much as Kathy might have liked to laugh at the Russian maître d'hôtel as he worked out the optimal arrangements of china and crystal place settings, she refrained from sharing her frank opinions. A war was raging; a diplomatic approach was essential. Among people who cared deeply about protocol, it was imperative that everything was done just right. It was a thankless job. If she executed everything correctly, no one would notice her work; if, however, she made a mistake, her father would take the blame for failing to make every provision for cross-cultural harmony. Helping the myriad challenging personalities in Roosevelt's entourage adapt to Russian customs would be difficult, even without the added complication of the trying physical environment. The Soviets had done their best to ensure the comfort of their guests, but nonetheless, the navy medical team had to warn the American contingent to lower expectations and encouraged "a little good-naturedness" from all parties.

As Kathy went from room to room at Livadia, inspecting the living arrangements, the ever-present NKVD officers in tow, she put her Russian-language skills to use. FDR's suite, once the tsar's private chambers, including his office and private dining room, was one of Kathy's chief concerns. The room now serving as the president's bedroom had an ambiance of overbearing darkness. It was like a Pullman car carved from a heavy block of wood. The walls were paneled in mahogany; paintings in enormous gold-leaf frames lined the walls; orange-fringed silk lampshades abounded; plush green harem cushions were scattered across the floor. And in the middle was a massive wooden bed frame, an imposing style of furnishing the Soviets imagined that a visiting dignitary would desire. In pursuit of perfection, they had several times changed their minds about which Bokhara rug would best suit the room. Each change in opinion surfaced only after workers had moved the behemoth of a bed back into place.

But Kathy could be every bit as demanding and attentive to detail. When she found that painters in FDR's bathroom could not understand her Russian, she was undeterred. Catching their attention, Kathy pointed to the window and the sea beyond and then back at the walls. Back and forth, back and forth. The wall color, she tried to explain yet again, had to match the color of the water. Nearby, a plumber, who was supervising the repairs to the bathroom fixtures the Nazis had ripped from the wall, watched her. He did not seem amused. Perhaps this was because she had ordered the painters to change the color at least six times already.

Kathy had more important issues to worry about than the slighted feelings of the plumbers and painters. A battalion-sized contingent of Cabinet members, State Department officials, and top-ranking military officers—not to mention the president of the United States—was about to arrive on the palace's doorstep. Bathrooms, or the lack thereof, were proving a particular nightmare, and Kathy did what she could to forestall ablution chaos. A mere nine toilets and four bathtubs were available to accommodate several hundred people, and only Roosevelt's suite had a private bath. Everyone else would either have to wait in line or use the latrines that had been hastily constructed in the garden. Even with the added nineteenth-century-style privies, thirty-five officers would be shaving in buckets beside their beds.

Rooming assignments also required strategic thinking. There were not enough private bedrooms in the palace to accommodate everyone whose credentials would have warranted the finest suites in New York's or London's most exclusive hotels. As it was, sixteen colonels would have to share one barrack-like room; junior officers would be stuffed in the eaves. The bedrooms on the first floor, nearest the president, Kathy reserved for his closest government advisers: his special adviser Harry Hopkins, Secretary of State Edward Stettinius, the Soviet expert and Russian interpreter Charles "Chip" Bohlen, the director of the Office of War Mobilization and elder statesman James Byrnes, and Averell. Top-ranking military leaders she assigned to the second floor. As army chief of staff, General George Marshall outranked everyone. Kathy awarded him the tsar's imperial bedroom. Admiral Ernest King, the second-most senior officer in the U.S. Navy, would have to be satisfied with the tsarina's boudoir.

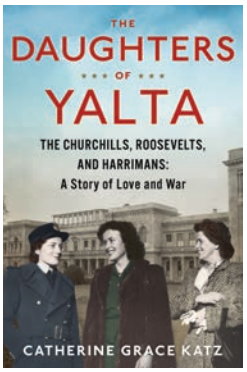
[. . .] Outdoor explorations provided insights and inspiration for an additional assignment Kathy had to complete before the guests arrived. Together with Eddie Page, one of the young Foreign Service officers at the embassy in Moscow, she was writing a pamphlet to assist the Americans with their brief immersion in local culture. As most of the American delegation had never set foot in the Crimea, nor in fact in any other part of the Soviet Union, this pamphlet was meant to be a useful diplomatic instrument, full of information about the geography, history, and significance of this unfamiliar part of the world. The task lacked the journalistic challenge of the hard-hitting reporting about developments on the fighting fronts that Kathy had begun to write for *Newsweek* just before Averell was called to Moscow, but at least it was something.

When Kathy first moved to London, she had no journalistic training beyond a general education in international affairs at Bennington College and experience assisting with public relations for Sun Valley. But journalism had been her ticket to London—and to Averell's world. It was only after her mother died that Kathy had truly come to know her father. Shortly after Kitty's death, Averell had written to his two daughters. In this letter, he told them that he had somewhat radical notions about parenting. He would never be able to replace their mother, as he simply was not the warm, affectionate type who showered his children with outward signs of love. He could, however, offer them something different. [. . .]

When Averell wrote this letter, he could not have foreseen that in addition to working alongside him in Sun Valley, Kathy would spend four years at his side, navigating diplomacy in two European capitals embroiled in war. Averell's second wife, Marie, should have been the one to accompany him, but because of trouble with her eyesight she had elected to remain in New York. Averell encouraged Kathy to go in her place.

Kathy was thrilled by Averell's invitation. But at first, the American government refused to permit Kathy to join her father in London as she was not considered essential personnel. Averell contacted his friend Harry Hopkins, FDR's longtime colleague, adviser, and the person closest to the president. Hopkins secured a visa for Kathy to work in London as a war reporter, despite her lack of experience. Undaunted, Kathy wrote to Hopkins, "Someone opens the door or passes the butter at the table—'thank you' is the polite result . . . But teaming that same 'thank you' with the opportunity you've made possible for me just doesn't make sense . . . I'm extremely grateful & will continue being so for a hellova long time." She flew from New York to Bermuda to Lisbon on a luxury "flying boat," the *Dixie Clipper*, and arrived in London on May 16, 1941, less than a week after the worst air raid of the Blitz. More than five hundred Luftwaffe planes had bombarded London for nearly seven hours, leaving the historic chamber in the House of Commons a smoldering pile of char.

While in London, Kathy worked first for the International News Service and later for *Newsweek*, one of a number of businesses in which Averell had an ownership stake. But moving to the USSR with Averell meant resigning from *Newsweek* just as she was angling for a posting to cover the war in North Africa. "I am thrilled at what you have done—and very proud. Don't worry about your future plans," Ave assured her in a note. Once in Moscow, however, her journalistic endeavors had been largely limited to clipping and mimeographing articles to include in the daily embassy news bulletin, a task she compared to "paper doll cutting." Now, compiling this pamphlet on the Crimea, Kathy found that information about local history, both ancient and from the nineteenth century, was abundant. But she was having much more difficulty learning about the Crimea's more recent past. One afternoon, she decided to pay a call on an elderly local woman, Maria Chekhova, sister of the famed Russian playwright Anton Chekhov. Seeking relief from tuberculosis, Chekhov had moved to Yalta with his mother and sister in 1898, and it was there that he composed two of his most famous works, *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*. The writer had died in 1904, but his eighty-three-year-old sister still lived up the road from Livadia Palace, in his elegant white dacha, with views of the sea; somehow she had managed to save it from Nazi wrath. Kathy's visit with Miss Chekhova seemed to hold potential: who could have a better view of the past half-century of Russian history and culture? But though Miss Chekhova was "charming, full of life and thrilled to be meeting some Americans," as Kathy wrote to Mouche, Kathy was "having a hellova time finding out about the pre-revolutionary history of this part of the coast, as the Soviets seem very reticent on the subject." Chekhova also refused to tell Kathy anything



"about what happened during the year and a half of occupation." As Kathy soon discovered, Maria Chekhova was hardly unique. At the palace, she found the same restraint. "The natives who work around the place here at Livadia don't seem to know anything either," she told her former governess. [. . .]

Kathy found the Soviet citizens with whom she had incidental contact in Moscow or on the ski slopes of the Lenin Hills "friendly and frank," but on an official level, it was nearly impossible to get to know anyone other than the most senior leaders in government, and not in any personal way. Kathy was far from the only person who encountered this difficulty. In the weeks before the Yalta Conference, the State Department had submitted a request to the American embassy, asking for biographical profiles of the Soviet bureaucrats with whom they would be working. George Kennan, Averell's chargé d'affaires at the embassy and one of the few Russian experts in the Foreign Service, responded that the request was impossible to fulfill. The Soviets never shared any kind of personal information about their bureaucrats with outsiders, except in obituaries, when "they can no longer be of use to the foreign world." Friendship, expressions of mutual interest, or acts of kindness counted for nothing. As Kennan explained, if a Soviet bureaucrat "does a kind or obliging act, it is because he finds it in the interests of his government to do so," as "the personal views of a Soviet official have little or no influence on his behavior . . . The views of a Soviet official are manufactured for him." [. . .]

The ablest lieutenant now had just 72 hours left before the American delegation arrived at Livadia, and everything around her was still in an alarming state of extremes. There was more than enough caviar to feed a small city, but scarcely enough lavatories for a large family; bed linens acquired from one of the finest hotels in the world covered hard, thin mattresses riddled with bedbugs.

But that was Russia, a land of extremes and contradictions, a place where perception often had no relation to reality. Where Moscow shops beckoned passersby with tempting displays, yet inside there was nothing to purchase. There were luxuries, such as champagne for breakfast and bouquets of irises and dahlias for Kathy's bedside table, that no American would ever expect in wartime at the embassy residence, yet no glass in the south- and east-facing windows for more than two years after nearby bombings of the Battle of Moscow had shattered them to pieces. And here, in this vestige of empire on the Black Sea, the three most powerful men in the world would gather in a tsar's palace, that, save for some furniture and a coat of paint, otherwise would have been condemned. ■

The Daughters of Yalta: The Churchills, Roosevelts, and Harrimans: A Story of Love and War
Catherine Grace Katz
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company (2020)
ISBN 978-0358117858

Catherine Grace Katz is a writer and historian from Chicago. She holds degrees in history from Harvard and Cambridge and is currently pursuing her J.D. at Harvard Law School.

Above, left: Crimean conference, *left to right*: Secretary of State Edward Stettinus, Maj. Gen. L. S. Kuter, Admiral E. J. King, General George C. Marshall, Ambassador Averell Harriman, Admiral William Leahy, and President F. D. Roosevelt (Livadia Palace, February 4, 1945).