

Memories Of Eleanor Roosevelt

When and if I ever write that autobiography all good reporters yearn to write — but never have time for — one chapter will be on my memories of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Here are a few: A week after the Roosevelt family moved into the White House early in 1933, I dropped a letter into the mail box near my Akron home.

I had conceived the wild idea that I might be the first woman after the inauguration to interview the country's new First Lady.

"I'm only a reporter from way out in the sticks, but I'd like to come to Washington to talk with you," I told her. "I've heard you want to take flying lessons and I'm interested in aviation, too."

"To my amazement an answer came back that very weekend. Mrs. Roosevelt will grant you an interview for your paper Monday morning at 9 a.m. I went to Mrs. Malvina Scheider, the beloved personal secretary she always called "Tommy."

I received the letter after all Akron stores had closed on a Saturday. A kindly department manager at my biggest store, in answer to my pleadings, opened the shop Sunday so I could buy a fresh blouse for my Monday visit.

I flew to Washington late Sunday night with a palpitating heart. Bright and early, Monday, I reported at the White House front door. "I'm here," I told the surprised doorman.

He read my letter and conferred with someone within who directed me where to go to get my press pass.

I was then escorted to a second floor bedroom where Mrs. Roosevelt sat in her dressing gown. She was gracious, gave me a wonderful interview, made me feel very much at home and laughed the most about her flying lessons.

She even invited me back to the first tea for Cabinet wives she was giving that afternoon. It turned out to be quite a famous tea as Governor Al Smith was calling on President Roosevelt that day and "crashed the party."

Later Mrs. Roosevelt let me stay for her first press conference with the women reporters of Washington in which we all sat on the floor at her feet.

In between my interview and the tea I dashed to the Akron Beacon Journal's office in the Press Building, Radford Mobley, then the bureau chief, was amazed when he heard I'd had an interview with the new First Lady.

"No Washington papers have yet carried one. Get out and offer your story to one of them," he said.

I went immediately to one of the Washington newspaper offices. The editor promptly booked my interview — "but we must have it exclusively in Washington," he said.

Back at the press office I found a bunch of telegrams from other papers Mr. Mobley had contacted for me. All wanted the exclusive rights in their territories. We sent them out. I think I made more money on that story than on any other I ever wrote!

But the "payoff" came later .. at the tea. Mrs. Scheider came over to me and said pleasantly, "Well, did you get your interview all right?"

"Oh yes," I replied. "It's already in one Washington paper," they my goodness! the secretary fairly screamed. "I clear forgot to tell you that the story had been read and passed on by several people first."

It was too late then, writes Helen Waterhouse in the Christmas issue.

tion Science Monitor. Later on a tour I took with Mrs. Roosevelt through the New Deal housing projects in Cleveland, she confided that the Washington press women's noses were a bit out of joint because she allowed a Midwest reporter to have the first interview.

She also presented me at that time with the very first orchid I ever had. I still have it, brown and faded, packed in a scrapbook. I spent nearly two hours in May 1933, touring the interior of the Willow Grove Coal Mine in Bellare, Ohio, riding side-by-side with the First Lady in one of those small mine cars, wearing a miner's cap as she did.

While the rest of us all wore overalls, Mrs. Roosevelt decided it would be more fitting for a President's wife to wear an old black dress and a faded aviator.

When we emerged from the mine she was a dust-covered and disheveled as we all were. And there was to be a tea given for her in the one big house of the town immediately afterwards.

When we entered the house, women were already gathered around the silver teapot. Running up the stairs Mrs. Roosevelt called back to me. "I'm going to take a quick plunge in the tub, you can be second."

In all the adventurous trips she took on this tour of the Midwest, she kept reporters hopping. She hated bodyguards, and would frequently slip out of the hotel on a sight-seeing tour of her own. And I'll never forget how I had to race to keep up to her long-legged stride.

Weather Changes Do Cause Aches

Old people who say they can feel impending weather changes by the aches in their bunions, are not false prophets. Scientific investigation in the United States, conducted by Dr. Joseph H. Lander, Professor of Medicine at Pennsylvania University, has traced a relationship between aches and pains and weather changes.

The doctor and his colleagues designed a controlled climate chamber, called a climatron. Equipped for continuous living, it cost \$150,000.

Sufferers from arthritis and rheumatism acted as guinea pigs. In ones and twos, they occupied the control chamber for a monthly term.

The experimenters exposed them to periodic artificial climate changes, and took note of their reactions.

When the barometer pressure inside the chamber dropped and humidity increased, every patient complained of more severe pains.

Similar conditions, occurring in the outside world, tell of approaching storms.

Official Secrets By The Billion!

How many secrets the United States guard in its storehouses of secrets is still a secret, but the current estimate is that the government holds around 9 billion classified documents. That works out to at least one secret for every person in the world, man woman and babe in arms.

There is something for everybody.

For a moment it looked as though the bandits would kill him on the spot, but after some discussion they made his friend change places and then the painful, harrowing march was resumed.

Five hours after the ambush, the bandits called a halt in a small clearing. As the driver of the car was hauled from his seat, his companion was left momentarily unguarded.

Summoning all his strength he



FLYING CRANES — The U.S. Army's ability to transfer cargo from a moving ship is demonstrated in the James River near Fort Eustis, Va., by two helicopters using new experimental "ship's wings" mounted on the Army ship Hickory Knoll. The portable wings each have a 9,000-pound payload capacity and are being modified to allow direct loading of helicopters for transfer of troops or evacuation of the injured. Helicopters can pick up two tons of cargo every two minutes from the vessel by using both of the wings.

Around the World in A Two-Cylinder Car

The small French car slithered to a halt before the fallen tree which blocked the narrow track through the dense Siamese forest.

With sighs of resignation the driver and his companion wearily got out and walked forward to see if it was possible to lift the obstacle aside, or find some way round it.

The night was dark, the air hot and damp and choked with the foul stench of decaying vegetation. Clouds of insects danced in the beams of light from the headlights and on every side the jungle trembled with strange sounds.

More than ten months earlier, on October 9, 1928, the two young Frenchmen, Jean-Claude Baudot and Jacques Sequella, both in their twenties, had set out from Paris to drive around the world.

They chose a tiny, two-cylinder Citroen with a five-horsepower air-cooled engine. With a distinctive body-work these cars look like speeding, corrugated tin canisters. But they are miracles of engineering design and whatever they may lack in elegance they make up for with reliability and endurance of a tank.

For two years the young men prepared for the adventure. Before they could start they wrote 583 letters and presented 100 photographs, fifty copies of their certificates, twenty baptismal certificates and eight certificates of residence in order to obtain their visas.

Finally, with every formality completed but with the minimum of equipment and very little money, Jacques and Jean-Claude headed south from the capital towards Port Vendres on the Mediterranean coast.

The two Frenchmen had little idea of the adventures that awaited them or of the hazards they and their little car would have to face in the months to come.

Crossing the Sahara, they were guests of honor at an Arab feast which lasted six days. They also witnessed a bitter moonlit death duel between two warriors, the clash of the sword blades ringing in the night air.

In Johannesburg the pair camped on the outskirts of the city and bedded down for the night. In the morning they awoke to find that the canvas hood of the Citroen had been ripped open with a razor and their money and clothes had been stolen.

The reaction of the chief of police, when they reported to him, was one of surprise. "And you are not dead? How lucky!" He explained that it is rare indeed for a thief in that city not to murder his victim! Life is cheap in the like, he ought to be a murderer can be arranged for as little as a shilling.

In Brazil it took Baudot and Sequella twenty days of persuasion, hedgering, form-filling and bribery to clear their car through customs. This was a record they would take some of the large and expensive American cars standing on the quay had been waiting two years for clearance.

From the Mexican border they drove to New York in five days, stopping only to refuel and to eat at roadside cafes. In San Francisco they found themselves penniless again and Jean-Claude took a job as a shoeshine boy.

On the boat from San Francisco to Yokohama, traveling economy class, they invested all the money they had in the world — \$10 — in a game of poker which went on, in shifts, without

respite for seventeen days and nights and at their destination they tottered down the gangway, richer by \$39.

Five miles, country after country the little Citroen ate up the world. In Japan, to earn money, the adventurers posed as models in a shop window; in Hong Kong they camped in a foyer of a luxury cinema . . . and in Thailand there were the bandits.

When the two men regained their senses, they found themselves tied to a tree. Their captors had disappeared. Bitten by ants, stung by mosquitoes and from the blows which had felled them, they soon relapsed back into semi-consciousness.

It was morning when they woke again to find that a down-pour of rain had slackened their bonds and that they could struggle free.

Barely 100 yards away stood their deserted car and scattered around it were a few of their belongings. Taking stock, they found they had been robbed of more than \$750 worth of equipment. Undaunted, they traveled on.

On arrival in India the customs dismantled the Citroen bit by bit, including the tires, searching for smuggled gold and then, finding nothing, charged the infuriated Frenchmen for both the dismantling and the re-assembly.

On November 9, 1929, Baudot and Sequella drove into Sofia, three days later they were in Paris. The long journey was over. For the first time in history a French car had circled the globe.

Gallantly the now-battered two-cylinder Citroen had survived tropic heat and sub-zero cold; roads that were rivers of mud and desert tracks so rutted that after each booting mile it was necessary to stop and tighten nuts and bolts.

The car's gearbox had, in an

Look Around The Farm In Fall

After summer, such as it was, bright golden days of autumn, the farmer's thoughts are turned to the farm in fall. I did reflect a mile about school teachers who face the task of inculcating poetic canons in the minds of their pupils. I had the opportunity to go out and look at trees, and in particular I reflected on the fact that the farmer, just as well as he has made his crop, is just as well as he has made his crop. The young lady said, "It's a pretty tree — feathery."

We pulled up at the sugar house and gave everything a look: the open spring before it was filled with leaves, and we had to clean it and then wait for the water to clear before we could get a drink, and we found some stalwart hunter had succeeded in blowing the deer on the sags. I was actively identified! I must have stood all of ten feet from the deer, but the little pellets peppered the outside before he broke through and shredded the inside all over everything.

This kind of marksmanship is about like a marksman's with a canoe paddle, and we stood there and admired the mental feat of his whistling hunter. He must be a fine addition to his family, and admired by all, but I was a great joy that. We discussed the great joy that must have welled up in him as he stealthily came down the woodland and found a house to shoot at. He had the silvers, and made sure nothing in the camp had any water for freezing, replaced the lath-pen in the battered door and continued on.

We spotted a couple of stately geese, and I was sure they were holiday ornaments, and we found a mushroom as big as a basket on a stump. We saw a hen pheasant run along and jump up on a low limb, and while she sat there and looked at us, we sat there and looked at her. Later we saw something even better. We saw a cock gopher. We had shut the tractor down and had walked through the piles out to the lower line, and I perceived a twitch, somehow, in the peckishness and the way she looked at us. I was sure if she really saw what I was pointing at or not, but she thought she did, and I was sure to be ready for a big surprise but to walk slowly toward the spot. When he took off it was like a bird of some kind, and he didn't hang around to see if we liked the way he did it.

It was past dinner time when we got back to the house. There was a beef stew waiting, and new bread and apple pie, and she said she supposed it would be better if she went home, because her mother might be wondering where she was. We found her mother knew all about this Saturday morning in the woods, she turned to and ate and ate, and I had to go right to it in order to get my fair share. It's a poor farmer that let his hired man get the advantage. She said she had a wonderful time, and as she clapped herself on her bicycle, she said she'd like to do it again some other Saturday.

"And I'm looking forward," by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

can say is this: For sixteen years, ever since the Hiss case, you've had a lot of fun—a lot of fun—in a newspaper. But they are miles apart, and I think I've given as good as I've taken, and was carried right up to the last day . . .

It's time that our great newspapers have at least the same objectivity, the same fullness of coverage, that television has. And I can only say thank God for television and radio for keeping the newspapers a little more honest . . .

The last play, I leave you, gentlemen, now and you will write it. You will interpret it. That's your right. But as I leave you I want you to know — just

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Corse "Identified" Twenty-six Times!

When a girl in her early twenties was found shot dead on a road near Kansas City, identification seemed easy. She had red hair, freckles and unusual birthmarks on her ankles.

Sure enough, more than 150 people "positively identified" the corpse. The police added up this evidence—and found she had been recognized as no fewer than twenty-six different girls.

Each of seven different mothers thought the murdered girl was her daughter. Brothers, sisters and even a "win sister" all claimed the dead girl.

After seven months' investigation, all the twenty-six girls thought to be the corpse were found to be alive. The police still had an unknown corpse on their hands.

They checked the case histories of 13,000 missing girls and sent out more than 5,000 photos of the girl, retouched to show her as she had been when alive.

They compared the clues in 583 other cases of shooting after a year's fruitless investigation, they buried the murder victim as "Nameless."

The other day the case was officially considered closed, after twenty-five years. The identity of the girl whom 150 sorrowing relatives identified remains a mystery.

He Blew His Top For Millions To See

These are excerpts from Richard Nixon's farewell press conference at the Beverly Hilton Hotel the morning after defeat by Gen. Edmund G. Brown.

Good morning, gentlemen . . . Now that all the members of the press are so delighted that I have lost, I'd like to make a statement of my own . . .

I believe Governor Brown has a heart, even though he believes I do not.

I believe he is a good American, even though he feels I am not.

I am proud of the fact that I defended my opponent's patriotism.

You gentlemen didn't report it, but I am proud that I did that.

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THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

Winter—with the snow deep on the ground—is the time to launch the offensive in the annual war against mosquitoes.

An increasing number of communities are demanding action to control the pest. This can be most easily done by treating pools and stagnant water with chemicals to kill mosquitoes in the wriggler stage.

But it doesn't necessarily mean waiting for the spring hatching period, says L. C. Curtis of Canada's Department of Agriculture, says L. C. Curtis of Canada's Department of Agriculture, says L. C. Curtis of Canada's Department of Agriculture.

In rough areas where there is no danger to humans or wildlife, granules can be spread on the snow, permitting treatment of breeding places months in advance of the hatching period. Pools and swamps, mapped out during the previous season, can be reached easily when the ground is frozen.

—Granules, because they do not lodge on leaves or twig like sprays and dust, are safer to use in areas breeding animals might enter.

Over large areas, the treatment is more thorough than when it is confined to the few days when wrigglers are most easily killed.

Yet we know very little about them, according to this popular naturalist. His latest volume, illustrated with his remarkable photographs and with decorative chapter headings by Su Zan N. Swain, introduces us to this strange form of life around us, and the facts are fantastic. Old-est living insect is the silverfish. Discovered in Kansas in 1935 was the fossil of a dragonfly with a wing span of two-and-a-half feet. It lived 20 million years before the age of dinosaurs. Many insects have come down the ages almost unchanged. The Egyptian scarab is the same today, ants in Baltic amber, crickets that chirped for ancient Chinese emperors.

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Love in Today's World

John 3: 11-18; 4: 7-21

Memory Scripture: Blessed, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. 1 John 4: 11.

This Epistle was written by "that disciple whom Jesus loved" to the churches throughout Asia Minor. It is really in the nature of a postscript to the Gospel under his name, applying the seasons of the life of Christ to the needs of the church toward the close of the first century. The term love is mentioned more often than any other in this Epistle.

The first Christians got their clearest idea of divine love through a demonstration. Jesus demonstrated the love which God is. He laid down his life for others. A rough translation for the end of verse 16 would be, "And we ourselves are morally obligated to lay down our lives for our brethren."

In thinking of the exalted moral command that we should love one another, we may envision love and affection. The seat of divine love is not in the emotions but in the will. God loves sinners though their sins are utterly objectionable to His holiness. When divine love functions in our lives, it recognizes in all men their true worth as creatures from the hand of God. When self-giving love motivates us, persons are important because they are persons, not because their way of life is the same as ours. Therefore, we may love someone whose ways we do not like. That is, we may treat an individual with the dignity he deserves as the creature of God even if his way of life is not the same as ours. Love is always kind and merciful for these reasons are under the government of the will and not the emotions. And as love grows, it sees greater worth in all men and thus even personal feelings become increasingly molded by this great love.

Love is more than a respect for the selfhood of another. Love is self-giving and identifies itself with the needs of mankind. It does not compare with the need is apparent. Wherever Christianity goes we find hospitals, homes for the aged, institutions for the care of the down-trodden, and schools. The love of Christ must find expression in service to others. We must share the light and strength we have received from Jesus Christ.

Two of the century's most enduring artists skipped lightly past octogenarian milestones. British trouper Dame Sybil Thorneycroft reached 80 in Bristol, England, where she was performing in a London-bound musical "Vanity Fair". There was no celebration because, as Dame Sybil put it: "We are working too hard and the boys and girls are tired." In the south of France, painter Pablo Picasso turned 81 and commented: "Age only matters when one is ageing. Now that I have arrived at a great age, I might just as well be 20."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

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TRYING TO STEM THE RED TIDE IN INDIA

A Tibetan refugee, her baby lashed to her back, smiles as she digs a road in the East Front Range.

Some 5,000 Tibetan refugees are working in the building and improvement of the only road leading to the "front" from the Indian Plains.

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