My Week

by Eleanor Roosevelt

A very delightful day started, for half an hour, with Mrs. Archibald MacLeish singing us charming French and German songs. Then the whole group began to sing them with her. While they have not done much singing as a group, I found they showed signs of getting together and really enjoying it. We have several young people with very nice voices and several who play the piano.

Dr. and Mrs. David Levy lunched with us and after lunch we went back to join the students and listen to Mr. MacLeish, who read a commencement address which he delivered this spring, and his poem: "America Was Promises." To hear him read, either prose or poetry, is an unforgettable experience. It was so beautiful that I think that everyone present felt that, in applauding, they were breaking a spell of beauty which had been cast about them.

At about 3:30 Mr. and Mrs. MacLeish left and then I listened to a discussion between Justice Frankfurter and some of the students on the need for political organizations.

To my joy, when we returned to our own house, I found that our son, Jimmy, and his wife had arrived. Soon after, Mrs. Henry Morgenthau Jr. came, having flown up from New York city under somewhat uncertain weather conditions. The fog here was thick until about five o'clock, when it suddenly began to clear and the setting sun shone through a rift in the clouds on the water, making the mouth of the river look like a pool of gold.

One evening, I read aloud some selections of rather lighter poetry, ending up with one serious group from "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benet, after which the students began to ask for poems which were special favorites. I was interested to find how many young people read poetry for pleasure. One of them asked me to bring some poems by Langston Hughes, another would like me to read Hood's "The Song of the Shirt."

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BOSTON STOP

As soon as I reached Boston one day, I was greeted by Johnny and Anne. We had a very satisfactory visit and were joined a little later by Franklin Jr. I telephoned my husband and we spent some little time catching up on news of all the different members of the family. He had Ruth and her two children in the White House and I wished I could be in two places at once, for I would love to see her and Chandler and Elliott Jr.

All too soon, the message came that Professor Zimmerman was waiting for me downstairs and Mrs. Morgenthau, Miss Thompson and I went out with him to Cambridge. There we had a delightful dinner at the Faculty club and I enjoyed talking to my two neighbors, Mr. Jerome Green and Mr. Mather. At 8:00, we went over to the evening seession of the Institute on the Children of Tomorrow. This was the first of three days of meetings. It seems to be a very well-attended institute. They told me there was probably some one from every state in the Union present.

After speaking, I had a short talk with the reporters and then came back to the Statler hotel, where I spent some time discussing their interests with a group of students, who are planning to go to South America. They have two months at Harvard under the direction of Mr. Louis Quintavilla and then, I believe, six weeks to two months in Mexico.

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STUDENT CONFERENCE

One day during the week I attended another interesting session of the International Students' Service conference in Campobello, N. B. We spent most of the meeting listening to Justice Frankfurter addressing the Summer Student Leadership institute. In the morning, he made a remarkably clear and simple statement of what law means in a civilized society and what the background of our own law is in this country.

He started out by telling us that he could not talk for an hour, since he was trained in the Harvard law school method of making the pupils do the work. Therefore, he would expect the students being trained for leadership here, to behave in the same way and to carry the burden by asking questions after he had talked briefly. This was at 10:30, and at 12:15 he suddenly looked at Dr. William Allen Neilson, president of Smith college, and asked: "What time is it?" He had been as interested as the listeners and I do not think anyone there had taken any account of the passage of time.

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VISIT TO NYA PROJECT

We returned to our seats and spent an hour questioning him immediately after lunch. Then all of us got into a boat and went to Eastport, Maine, to visit the Quoddy village. Many of the young people at our institute had never seen an NYA resident project. I found some of them watching the boys at work in the aviation unit, rather enviously, I thought. Finally, one of them said: "I'd like to be here if I was not at Campobello."

Kathleen Norris Says:

Don't Try to Live Your Husband's Life

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

I resent, at 39, being relegated to the position of a sort of superior servant, a person who must accept Al's careless announcements and goodbyes.

Are you a person or the echo of some other person, Pauline? Manage all quite free from any thought of Al's joining you or any resentment because he does not.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

BUSY HUSBAND

This wife and mother issues an appeal to Miss Norris for advice on the problem of getting her husband back into the family fold. Otherwise a model husband, he spends most of his time with others, socially and in business, asking to be left out of family social life. Kathleen Norris gives the reason and suggests a remedy.

ARE you a person or the echo of some other person? This is an important question, where the happiness of some women is concerned, for unless she can answer it, "I am myself," no woman can be happy.

For each one of us brings with him, or forms and cultivates in the early years, a complicated mass of likes and dislikes, prejudices and inclinations, and it is the encouragement of some of these and the weeding out of others that makes that baffling, fascinating thing called "personality."

No matter how rich and beautiful and socially prominent a girl is, if she chooses to adopt rowdy manners, use vulgar language, show no consideration for the feelings of others, defy the code of dignity and self-control, if not of actual morality, she is not a gentlewoman, even though the wealth and power of her family go back a dozen generations.

Becoming a Lady.

And by the same law, any girl who studies fineness in every way, in what she reads, says, does and is, can raise herself from the humblest or least fortunate of backgrounds, and eventually be recognized for what she is, a lady. Any girl or woman who feels she is dull, uninteresting, left behind by more fascinating rivals, need only face the situation honestly, to find the cure all about her, easily within reach, and costing nothing.

It may take her a few years to accustom herself to the necessity of a daily bath, manicuring, hair-brushing, immaculate dressing, carefully accurate speech, abstention from excesses of all sorts—for the table glutton is an even less pleasant sight than the excessive drinker or smoker. Gentlewomen don't giggle over questionable stories; they don't eagerly retail scandal; they don't laugh loudly when someone falls off his chair or mispronounces a word. Culture and fineness are essential to a lady, but the qualities of heart are just as important as those of mind.

Husband Is Too Popular.

There are problems, however, that come even to a fine and strong and cultured woman, a woman who is her husband's equal, if not superior in intellect and soul, and when they arise the answer comes in the form of a question. Are you a person or the echo of some other person?

A letter from a woman in Augusta, Maine, illustrates what I mean.

"We have been married 17 years," she writes. "We have three fine children; a boy of 15, twin girls of 12. Alf, my husband, is a good, steady, successful man, extremely popular with everyone—perhaps especially with men. I mean that he belongs to golf and town clubs, lunches with associates every day downtown, and always has pleasant adventures in friendship when business, as it frequently does, calls him away for a few days or a week at a time.

Went Through Hard Times.

"When our boy Fred was about four, and the girls tiny babies, hard times came. Al lost his job, and we lost the little home we were buying. We asked my father, who lives in California, for $100 a month, and we five managed on that for nearly three years. We had two rooms; the babies' milk alone came to $10 a month, and if I could have afforded a nervous breakdown believe me I would have had one in those dark days. I did everything at one time washing 70 didies a day as well as the entire family wash, and even Al's collars and cuffs. In 1934 my father died, leaving me a few thousands that I immediately invested in two small houses, living in one, renting the other, and taking two boarders to make ends meet. Al had a job then, but when I broke down and went for 10 weeks to the hospital we had to borrow. From that time however things steadily improved, we sold both houses five years ago at double what we had paid for them in the depression, and Al went from one promotion to another and our hard times were over. Now we have a nice home, two small cars, and I have a good kitchen helper.

Alf a Stranger.

"But far more serious to me than anything that those difficult years brought," the letter goes on, "is the fact that for three years now my husband has not shared our lives at all. He is amiable, appreciative of good meals and home comfort.

"But dines at the club, entertains some customer downtown, works late at the office and afterwards drops in on some bridge game, makes engagements for all day Sunday, often for Saturday night as well, and tells me, if I make any plan for a family affair or picnic, to go ahead by all means, but not to count on him.

Now I resent, at 39, being relegated to the position of a sort of superior servant, a person who must accept Al's careless announcements and good-bys. I am a college graduate, my family is of a higher rating than his, and but for my father's generosity I don't know how we could have weathered our hard times. Yet I can't beg back my husband's affection and company. The situation is changing me into a broodwretched woman and I wish you could give me an answer to it."

Make Self an Interesting Individual.

The answer is, as I said before, is a question. Are you a person or the echo of some other person, Pauline? Al, for all his selfishness and obtuseness, is evidently a person. He has found a great deal in his life to amuse and occupy him; all he asks is that you do the same. With health, home, sufficient income, car, with three fine growing children, you certainly should have no trouble. You don't speak of friends, but certainly you have friends. If you could manage club days, gardening days, hours for reading, walking, plans with the children, all quite free from any thought of Al's joining you or any resentment because he does not, you would find yourself immersed in so full and happy a life that nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand women in the world might well envy you. Keep that son close to you; you won't have a mother's frequent difficulties in paternal jealousy. Join the girl's in their homework and invite a few chums in to study with them.

Your real trouble is that for years you held Al in happy monopoly. You and he were inseparable in interests. But that never lasts unbrokenly. It can be regained. It will be regained as soon as Al realizes that you are just as busy and complete and interesting and individual an entity as he is.

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IT LOOKS as if heroes of the sports world would come into their own on the motion picture screen with a vengeance in the near future. Columbia's already begun production on "Harmon of Michigan," with Tom Harmon himself appearing in the title role. Republic has signed Billy Conn, of the squared circle, to star in one picture. It will be "Kid Tinsel," based on the novel of that name by Octavus Roy Cohen.

Tom Harmon

And David Selznick and Metro want to bring us a picture based on the life of the great Lou Gehrig of the baseball diamond. That one would be a little tougher assignment, of course—imagine finding someone who'd be acceptable as Lou!

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While we're on the subject of hero portrayal, Gary Cooper does a remarkably good job in "Sergeant York." The picture is one of those that you'll have to see, unless you want to sit by and suffer forever after while your friends tell you how good it was.

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Most of the sequences of "Glamour Boy" show backstage scenes on the Paramount lot, so if you want to see what the inside of a motion picture studio really looks like, check this Jackie Cooper-Susanna Foster picture as one that you want to be sure to see. For one sequence, in a producer's office, Walter Abel and Jackie Cooper are doing a scene. Framed on the office wall are portraits of Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert, Mary Martin and Paulette Goddard.

Susanna Foster

"You seem to be nervous, Jackie," Abel commented. "What's the matter?"

"Who wouldn't be nervous doing a scene with all those big stars watching?" Jackie demanded.

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Deanna Durbin certainly is growing up; she's inherited a story that was originally bought for Margaret Sullavan. It's called "They Live Alone," and the Durbin role is that of a girl reporter who lives in New York. At present she's finishing "Almost an Angel," with Charles Laughton. The new picture postpones three others that were scheduled for her, so Universal must think it's good.

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"Navy Blue and Gold" was characterized by the nation's critics as one of the finest service films ever made; naval officers have said that it is the most authentic story of Annapolis ever presented on the screen. So Metro is reissuing it, and we'll all have another chance to see James Stewart as he looked when he was a movie actor instead of a soldier.

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Herbert Marshall has joined the all-star cast of the new Joan Crawford picture, "When Ladies Meet," which already included Greer Garson and Robert Taylor. Even before he joined it, Metro was announcing this as one of the most formidable star combinations of many months.

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Richard Denning was Anne Shirley's West Pointer husband in "West Point Widow"; then he was Susan Hayward's brother-in-law in "Adam Had Four Sons." Paramount thinks so much of him that he's slated now to be Dorothy Lamour's leading man in "Her Jungle Mate." He's a white youth reared in the African jungle, according to the movie story (in reality he's just a home boy from Los Angeles,) and is brought to America by a circus promoter as a rival to Miss Lamour, who's also been discovered in the wilds.

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The members of 18 national fraternities voted Ann Sheridan their sweetheart, but she's a lot more excited over the fact that she has been given the most important role in her career. It's in "Whistling in the Dark." Red Skelton, the comedian, has his first starring role in this one.

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ODDS AND ENDS—Bob Burns will star in "The Wizard of Arkansas"—he'll be a rural sage, fairly bursting with homely wisdom . . . Columbia has acquired world rights to "Five Men," one of the most expensive British pictures ever made—Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier and Raymond Massey are in the cast . . . For some reason Columbia seems to be impressed by the fact that its Edgar Buchanan used to be dentist; in their publicity he's always referred to as the dentist-actor . . . 20th Century-Fox hopes that "Swamp Water" will give Anne Baxter and Dana Andrews a boost toward stardom . . . Bessie Love returns to acting in the English "Atlantic Ferry."

PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE

8968

IT'S the new frock young America loves. You'll see it everywhere this summer in washable prints. Calico, percale, gingham, broadcloth and chambray are ideal for it. The style glorifies feminine charms, with its low cut square neckline, full gathered bodice, tight girdle waistband, girlish puffed sleeves and billowy gathered skirt. Wear it with a choker necklace of bright colored beads!

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Pattern No. 8968 is in sizes 12 to 20. Size 14 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric without nap; 7½ yards ric rac to trim it as sketched. For this attractive pattern, send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
106 Seventh Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
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Name .....
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JUST JESTING

One Qualification

Rufus—I wish I could be a great doctor. I'd like to be a bone specialist.

Goofus—You've got a good head for it.

Women criminals are more dangerous than men, 'tis said. That's when they dress to kill.

A Bell-Ringer

Customer—I wish to buy an appropriate gift for a bride—something timely and striking.

Merchant—How about a nice clock?

Deferred Classification

Helen—Did Nellie reject Johnnie when he proposed?

Mildred—No; she put him in Class 5—to be drawn on only as a last resort.

Doughnut Stones

Doughnut stones are perforated ring-like stone objects of prehistoric significance. They are found on the sites of early Indian settlements throughout North America, particularly in southern California, where many have been unearthed from ancient burial plots.

It is believed that the Indians slipped these stones over heavy sticks for use as hammers, weapons, or as weights for digging implements.

7 FLAVORS Kool-Aid MAKES 10 BIG Drinks 5¢

Volume to Read

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—Channing.

ASK MOTHER

SHE KNOWS . . .

● Fluffy cakes, crisp waffles, tasty muffins . . . ALL your favorite recipes actually come out better when Clabber Girl is used

CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder

Total of Past

The present is the living sum-total of the whole past.—Carlyle.

A Fellow's Got To Eat!

But acid indigestion, heartburn and sour stomach can sure take the joy out of a meal. If you're bothered this way ask your druggist for ADLA Tablets—Bismuth and Carbonates for quick relief.

Source of Revenue

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue. —Seneca.

* IN THE ARMY...NAVY...IT'S CAMELS!

THAT EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK IN CAMELS SUITS ME TO A 'T'

CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS...LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE... AND EXTRA MILD

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THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS