

FROM INDIANA

ERNEST PYLE

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., March 3.—When we left Washington at 11 in the morning, it was cold and snowy. We headed south. It took us two hours and a half to make the 50 miles to Fredericksburg. Some people, on some days, make it in an hour.

First, there was the car. We had just had the motor repaired, which meant that we couldn't drive it more than 30 miles an hour without burning it up.

So we cruised along at 30, with the new motor not making a sound, and the new shock absorbers taking away all the bumps, and other cars whizzing past, and it seemed as if we were just sitting still; as if we had stopped and were waiting for something.

I looked at my riding companion, and she looked at me. Neither of us said anything, but I know what we both thought. It was, "Good Lord, if we have to do this for 500 miles, we'll go crazy and jump out." But the sleet arrived to chase away our boredom.

The first thing we knew, the windshield started to get hazy, like frosted glass. It was worst at the top, and best at the bottom. So I kept getting my head lower and lower, until finally I was clear down looking through the steering wheel. We drove that way for quite a while, until I got a kink in my neck, and had to stop and be pounded on the back to get the knot out.

#### Got Two Razor Blades

So we stopped at a country store, and the man gave us two old safety razor blades and we scraped the ice off the windshield.

We hadn't gone a mile till it was frosted over again, solidly. It was just go a mile, get out and scrape; go a mile, get out and scrape. We had plenty of company. The roadside was lined with cars having their windshields scraped.

Finally we remembered about salt. We stopped at a store and bought a box of salt. We poured salt on a rag and rubbed it on the windshield. The ice came off much quicker than by scraping with the razor blade. Then I poured salt all over the wet windshield, and thought we had the problem licked, but when I got back in the car I couldn't see through the salt, so I had to get out again and wipe it off.

#### Vermont Man Provided Comedy

THE comic relief was the old fellow with the Vermont license. He had a big car, and his wife, and of course they were headed for Florida. I imagined when you've driven from Vermont clear to Virginia, you feel you must be getting pretty close to Florida. And then to find sleet and ice, and have to be stopped every two miles to scrape!

Every time we stopped, he would be right there ahead of us, scraping away. He would step out to the side of the car and glare at us, as though it were our fault. We finally got the giggles over him, and didn't dare look at him when we stopped.

We finally got to Fredericksburg. A mechanic in a garage was rebuilding one of those rectangular things that fits onto the inside of your windshield and has heated wires running through it. We had to wait an hour while he fiddled around finishing it. When he finally got it on, he said "30 cents." I gave him 75. I told a filling station man about it in Richmond later, and he said: "He musta liked you. They cost \$2.25."

And the thing worked too. We didn't have to stop any more. But we still had to poke along at 30 miles an hour. It got dark on us at Richmond. The sleet changed to rain.

## Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK CITY, Tuesday.—It was quite a shock to my husband and me when we received a wire on Sunday telling us of the death of Dr. Wilbur M. Dailey. He had been our dentist for over 20 years and looked after all the children and my mother-in-law, so he was a real family friend.

As the children have grown up and been away at school and college, or have moved to different parts of the country to live, they have naturally lost touch with him, but he never forgot to ask about them when my mother-in-law or I went to see him.

This morning she and I went to the funeral in his house on 90th St. Many people were there. His wife, son, and brothers made a sad little group, and when we were asked to speak to my mother-in-law and me, it was all we could do to tell him how deeply we sympathized with their loss.

Whatever success a man achieves in his profession from the material point of view, the thing which really counts is his character and what he means to those nearest him. It was easy to see that there was real love and companionship in this family and one could but hope that the future will hold some consolation for their present sorrow.

Last night I left gaiety and laughter in Washington—such are the contrasts in life!

The Women's National Press Club held their annual dinner and gave their annual show for the entertainment of their many guests. They draw on much real talent, and it was hard to believe that the three people who did the "Revolution in Rhythm," were not professional dancers. The skits are always filled with good lines and humorous quips on the weaknesses of "those interesting people" the poor press girls are obliged to follow.

There was one good line they might have added had they only known it, but I was the only one privileged to hear it!

On Christmas Eve when all but one of the press girls had dropped out of the day's activities as we were coming from the last of our official engagements, I heard her murmur, "What a way to spend Christmas Eve!"

## New Books

PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS

"If I'm not very careful—something of this kind may happen to me!" To skeptic or believer, THE HAUNTED OMNIBUS, edited by Alexander Laing (Farrar & Rinehart), gives this reaction.

Gorgeous, big and shivery, this collection proves the "shudder producer" to be a varied and delightful literary form. Illuminating critical notes prefacing each story. Lynd Ward's wood-cuts add materially.

Heart-racing escapes from unspeakable "things," stumbling unseen footsteps, long-drawn walls, the pallid dissolution of ancient ghost traditions are here, as well as tales of a more subtle and secretive atmosphere.

From "The Arabian Nights"—to Alexander Woollcott we quake at the "echoing uncertainty" of master craftsmen: Sak's perfect art of the malicious; Jacob's "The Monkey's Paw" (you'll never be quite the same again); Gertrude Atherton's "The Foghorn," a modern story in the stream-of-consciousness technique; John Collier's sinister "Green Thoughts." Here are Stevenson and Poe, Coppard, Bierce, Blackwood, an illustrious company.

The insidious terror of the almost possible lingers. "Could these things be?" From that windy, outer world of the unexplained comes, perhaps, a faint . . .

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APEALING anecdotes of ranch creatures and vivid descriptions of the mountain country of southern California, compose THE RIVER PASTURE, by Judy Van der Veer (Longmans). Forget the city's confusion while you read of Wucky, the white duck who survived capture by a coyote; of Johnny, the author's pony and constant companion; of Cherry Pie, the calf; and William, the cow.

A broken leg, suffered in a fall from a pony, meant long weeks of inactivity for the girl rancher. So, in her introduction, she writes, "If I can't live in the present, at least I can look back." Her glances backward embrace mountain trails, desert dawns, and a horse who played with a coyote. As you read, you will understand why she says, "Calves and colts are lambs—I can never decide which I love the most."

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## MUSSOLINI—EUROPE'S IRON MAN

'Out of My Organism I Have Made an Engine,' Says Dictator

**EDITORS NOTE**—Herewith is a world-famous dictator's own account of how he lives and works, eats, drinks and enjoys recreation with a view to preserving his health at the age of 55 in one of the world's most strenuous jobs.

By WEBB MILLER  
(Copyright, 1937, by United Press)

ROME, March 3.—Premier Benito Mussolini described today the methods of life which permit him to work from 12 to 14 hours a day and maintain his health under the unremitting strain to which he has been subjected as head of the Italian Government for more than 14 years.

"Out of my organism I have made an engine, constantly supervised and controlled, which runs with absolute regularity," he said.

In those words he summarized his series of written answers to my questionnaire regarding his mode of life. Mussolini received me in his office in Venice Palace and chatted freely before handing over his written answers.

Probably no post-war leader has undergone such intense and constant mental and physical activity and responsibility over so long a period. Yet Mussolini today, nearing 55, is bursting with vitality and has not lost a day's work from illness since 1935.

His written answers to the questionnaire follow:

Q—Do you follow a fixed diet and if so what? A—My rules of diet are fixed in the sense that I am almost exclusively vegetarian.

Q—Do you make use of alcohol or tobacco? A—I consider alcohol damaging to the health of individuals and to collective health. I am not against the moderate use of tobacco but as far as I am concerned, I never drink hard liquor. I sometimes drink a little wine at official dinners but since the World War I have never smoked.

Q—What foods do you prefer? A—I eat only simple dishes such as the peasants prefer, and much fruit.

Q—Do you take tea or coffee or any stimulating drink? A—I do not take tea or coffee but sometimes drink an infusion of linden leaves distilled. For those who leave physicians the moderate use of wine is useful.

Q—How much time do you devote to exercises daily, and to what? A—I devote 30 to 45 minutes to exercises daily and practice nearly all sports. I prefer swimming in summer, skiing in winter and horseback riding every day. All mechanized sports are familiar to me—bicycling, motor-



Il Duce looks over his troops.

cycling, automobiling and flying—and I also enjoy napping. Though the jocundity of Rossini. Don't be surprised if I tell you that I hold no antipathy against jazz. I find jazz dance music amusing. I do more reading in summer than in winter. I believe I read about 70 books a year. They include books in French, German and sometimes English.

Q—What are your habits regarding sleeping? A—I sleep between seven and eight hours a night regularly, between 11 p. m. and 7 a. m. I fall asleep at once no matter what I have done or what has happened to me during the day. Siestas are the consequence of overeating at luncheon.

Q—What are your mental relaxations and your preferences in reading? A—In my very few hours of relaxation, I read both ancient and modern books—especially books of political or historical character. But I do not exclude myself if they give rise to public interest. Generally speaking, I like to be up to date on new publications. I have very little time to go to the theater, where I prefer gay, lyric music—the warlike and passionate lyric

form of Verdi and Wagner, and I also enjoy napping. Though the jocundity of Rossini.

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Q—What are your working habits? A—My days have fixed audiences with the heads of administration and occur in the mornings between 8 a. m. and 1 p. m. In the afternoons I grant other audiences which vary from five to 20, between 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. I work between 12 and 14 hours each day. My work is absolutely ordered and methodical. From the point of view of diligence and accuracy, I take pride in considering myself a first class official. I discharge those collaborators of mine who turn out to be disordered, confusing and time wasters.

Q—Have you suffered from ill-

ness lately? A—I was sick in 1925. Since then I have not lost a single day. At the first symptom of any kind of indisposition I fast for at least 24 hours.

Q—Some statesmen have confided that they always have felt, in speaking to large crowds, what is called in English "stage fright."

Have you ever experienced that feeling? A—When I am before large crowds, even hundreds of thousands, I am never hesitant.

The arguments I shall deal with are already clear in my mind. There remains only the words to appropriately express ideas which I am about to expand.

Q—Can you give any other par-

Q—Can you give any other particular of your daily work? A—I have organized my activity from the viewpoint of division of work and a constant struggle against any dispersion of energy or loss of time. This will explain the volume of my work and absence of any fatigue. Out of my organism I have made an engine, constantly supervised and controlled, which runs with absolute regularity.

The audience was held in the late afternoon in Mussolini's office in Venice Palace. His costume of a loose, dark-blue suit and rough skiing shoes contrasted oddly with the splendor of the 60-foot-long, marble-floored office, bare of furniture except his desk in the far corner.

He met me part way down the room and shook hands cordially, explaining laughingly that he had just come in from three hours of skiing in the hills.

Leaning against the window

of established landing fields and adequate weather reports.

From a future development standpoint it is unfortunate that the larger mining areas are in regions where a plane with floats cannot land.

Strangely enough, with adequate weather reports skin appears to be the best landing mechanism for Alaskan planes. In winter such planes can land anywhere that a plane with floats or wheels can "set down" at other times, and in addition the open marshes, swamps and tundras permit the use of skis when both floats and wheels are unsuitable.

hunter, trapper and woodsmen. Game is plentiful and standard equipment for a plane includes a high caliber rifle.

Most helpful to the pilot is the knowledge that on nearly every trip at least one passenger will be a real Alaskan "sourdough" who knows life in the open and can do much to lighten the pilot's responsibility in case of a forced landing.

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