

fell into position behind him. When he reached the gate he turned around with a look of glee on his face, thinking he had at last eluded me.

"Good morning, Mr. President," I said.

WHEN we returned from our afternoon walks he would take me to the butler's pantry and make two sandwiches of Vermont cheese, one for himself and one for me. He cut the cheese carefully, measured the sandwiches one against the other, and if they were not equal would shave off a little more cheese to make the balance. Then he would give one to me and we would sit down and eat them. The cheese was as strong as a billygoat. One day he said to me, "I'll bet no other President of the United States ever made cheese sandwiches for you."

"No," I said. "It is a great honour."

He added gloomily: "I have to furnish the cheese too."

ONE day a friend sent me two rock bass, still alive, which he had caught on a fishing trip to Gunston Pass down the Potomac. I sent them up to the President by Brooks, thinking it would stir his interest. I expected him to send them to the kitchen to have them served for supper. The next morning he said to me:

"I put my little fishes in my bathtub and they swam around all night. One of them hopped out while I was asleep and Mrs. Coolidge had to come and pick him up in a newspaper and put him back."

HOOVER was campaigning that summer and came to visit the President. The little fellow was very sour about it . . . He sat on the front porch with Hoover while the photographers took pictures. He made no effort to converse with the nominee, and Hoover, a dreadfully shy and self-conscious man, could not keep things going. Finally the news cameraman asked the President to say something to Hoover.

"Let him talk," the little fellow said surlily. "He's going to be President."

OF HOOVER

AS a fisherman the President knew what he was doing when trolling from a boat or fishing downstream with a wet fly. When it came to casting upstream with a dry fly he was out of his class, but so was every other President I have seen attempt this difficult feat. As the



years went by and the depression came, President Hoover grew nervous. His hands would tremble as he worked with his tackle. I have seen him catch a fishhook in his trousers, his coat, and then his hat. It was odd to see this, for he looked like a man without

a nerve in his body. He was sturdy, pudgy, long-waisted, and short-legged. Almost he seemed an Oriental.

I liked my new boss, but he held himself aloof. He took one walk with me, during the first few days of his administration. After that Mrs. Hoover came

along, and I walked behind them. It has been said that he resented the supervision of the Secret Service. He regarded us, it seemed to me, as a necessary evil. When Ramsay MacDonald came to visit him, the two sat on the banks of the Rapidan discussing international affairs. MacDonald glanced over his shoulder several times, watching me as I leaned against a tree. He seemed uneasy.

"That man can hear what we are saying," he said to the President. "Hadden't you better tell him to go away?"

"He won't go," the President said gloomily.

MacDonald became interested. "Who is he?" he asked.

"He's a Secret Service man," the President said. "They have to watch me."

WHEN his defeat was announced, the President went to Florida to do some sail fishing. After a successful trip the party boarded its special train at West Palm Beach. The President stepped out on the observation platform while waiting for the train to start. Among the crowd which had gathered was a Negro string orchestra, playing for whatever fees its listeners offered. Its leader, a roly-poly fellow, took off his hat and made a sweeping bow. The President, embarrassed by the gesture, reacted in his usual shy manner. He worked his right shoulder up and down and rattled the keys in his left trouser pocket. Just then the train began to move. The orchestra leader turned to the musicians and raised his hand. Instantly they came to attention and broke into the strains of a familiar melody—"Happy Days Are Here Again," the Roosevelt theme song.

Canberra on the Air

AUTHORITY has been given to wire both Houses of the Australian Federal Parliament for regular broadcasts, starting with the session preceding the September election and referendum campaign. The experimental session of Parliamentary broadcasts will not blanket the whole radio network. Regionals will be used only for special periods on the assumption that, however inadequate, the ABC shortwave stations will give continuous country coverage. The Government hopes to reach 60 per cent. of the listeners. The Government is supported by the Opposition parties in the view that the broadcasts must be continuous, and rejected the ABC suggestion of six hours of Parliament a day. Later this year, the whole question of Australian broadcasting is to be re-examined.

Practical Friends

THE sixth annual report of the Friends' Ambulance Unit describes the relief work undertaken by the unit during 1945. The remarkable geographical range of the unit's activities is shown in the statement that on January 1 this year, members were at work in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, the Dodecanese Islands, Syria, Ethiopia, India, China, as well as in Britain. "It is assumed in the present plans of the unit that its work will come to an end by June, 1946." Meanwhile the members "believe that the corporate experience and attitude of the unit have been, however restricted and imperfect, good and right things," and that voluntary humanitarian work of this nature will come to have a growing importance.



Your hair, too, will gleam and sparkle when you use Gly-Sen Tonic Brilliantine

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
A PRODUCT OF SALMOND & SPRAGGON LTD.,
CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

A TREAT OF TREATS!

★ Serve cooked or stewed fruit with delicious Crystal Cereal Dessert. Kiddies love it, and it supplies the rich, full nutriment of selected cereals they need. Easy to make, most economical—penny per helping. Four flavours—coconut, standard, vanilla and lemon. Ask your grocer for Crystal Cereal Dessert to-day.

fruit
WITH DELICIOUS NOURISHING
Crystal
CEREAL DESSERT

CRYSTAL FOODSTUFFS Ltd., Dunedin. Makers of Crystal Coffee Essence. **1/4 PER CARTON**