

MY DAY

For Clara K. P. Post

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Washington, Friday.

As I haven't time to ride I am trying to train Jack, my setter dog, to walk in the streets, I came down Connecticut Avenue yesterday at a pace which I certainly would not have held had I been entirely on my own steam, but with a large red setter dog at the end of the leash I made very good time.

It was gray and looked liked snow all day Thursday, but Friday was a gorgeous day. Blue sky and not too cold. I drove down to a place about 15 miles this side of Richmond to visit two friends of mine, an American and a Russian who is now an American citizen.

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The American has been studying in Richmond for a degree which will enable her to teach some of the social sciences. She has had all the practical experience necessary, for she worked in Russia eight years for the Quakers, came back for a holiday, found conditions in this country very interesting and settled down to work for the Quakers again in the mining regions of West Virginia. Later she was made welfare commissioner for the county and headed most of the emergency relief work.

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This is where I first knew her, and I think I was attracted to her primarily because of the fact that even though she was a Quaker she could show righteous indignation. Some very charming ladies who had spent a short time in Russia were telling her the virtues of the Russian system one day and, to my keen amusement, she completely lost her temper and practically told them they knew nothing about it.

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She finally resigned her job because of political pressure, but I think of no one I would rather have young people study with, for she could illustrate from personal experience many of the theories which mean so little when taught from books.

There was very little traffic on the road and we made good time. Our directions were so good we found the house without any difficulty. Lunch was ready on our arrival and we had Russian tea—which always seems to me like my own special brand—and those very delicious rolls, filled this time with ham and cabbage, though they can be filled with anything you desire.

MY DAY

By Eleanor Roosevelt (continued)

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They had another Russian friend staying with them who took out her guitar and sang one or two Russian songs which had been favorites of Count Tolstoy. Then we walked along the banks of a charming little river and it was time to start back for Washington.

Here we are again after a really delightful day.

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