

## CURB REPORTER

—Continued from Page One—

Collins, Fort Benning Ga.; Mose Bradley, Dana, N. C.; Mrs. McDuff Turner, Spartanburg; Pvt. Robert Adams, 89th School Squadron, Barksdale, La.; Dr. C. Arthur Lincoln, 211 Norwood Ave., Deal, N. J.; Clarence Wilson, Valhalla, N. C.; Mrs. W. A. Schilleter, 3600 Monroe St., Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. Peter Call, Denver, Colorado; J. J. Pittman, Tryon; Archie Feagan, Harrington, Delaware; Henry Shankle, Jr., Portland, Oregon; Colbrn, Jackson Hole, Wyoming and Tryon. . . . Some people think Japan and America about to sever diplomatic relations. Ambassador Grew says the Japs will have to recant or they can't get anywhere . . . . The Germans continue their march into Russia, 75 miles from Leningrad in the north and are surrounding Odessa on the Black Sea in the south, but the Russians say the Germans are paying a big price for their victories . . . . Roosevelt signs bill exempting draftees over 28 years of age.

### The President Returns

By L. G. Harkness Smith

Rockland, Me., Aug. 18. (Special).—Your un-inhibited reporter decided today to do as all good newspaper men are doing, and armed with his trusty Tryon Bulletin press card arose betime and in the rain and fog of early morning left Boothbay Harbor for this picturesque maritime village.

Arriving at an early hour, in fact five hours too soon, he was pushed around from one spot to another by secret service men, state troopers and plain ordinary policemen till they got so accustomed to him they didn't notice him any more.

Columbia Broadcasting, Mutual and National were very busy getting their complicated sound machines in operation, but neither they nor any one else knew when the President would arrive.

It was a "misty moisty morning" and everyone had a before breakfast grouch. Now and again

a steamer whistled in the fog and there would be a rush for the pier, where the indomitable secret service invariably said, "We will take care of you boys later" and no one knew if that was a threat or a promise.

Tiring of these excursions which were becoming monotonous we struck up acquaintance with a chap who had a lot of magnificent snake skins and a remarkable collection of high-altitude photos. of most of South America.

He is Captain W. H. ("Bill") Wincapau and he has been flying for 20 years. He has 12,000 hours and many millions of miles behind him. He is the personal pilot of the President of Bolivia, and possibly he was a good-will ambassador from one President to another. He didn't say.

When Lindbergh disappeared on his honeymoon and was "lost", Captain Bill found him.

Every Christmas the Captain travels 6,000 miles from South America in order to continue a 12 year old custom and act as "Flying Santa Claus" to 123 light-houses and outlying stations along the Eastern seaboard. The packages weigh 18 pounds each and are dropped by parachute, and the Captain never misses his mark although he has no bomb sight in his big plane.

\* \* \*

The day wore on, the sun came out, it was hot and sticky, there was nothing to eat, and still no President.

It was 2 p. m., the secret service decided to start taking care of us, so they asked me if I knew Mrs. Coolidge in Tryon and when I said "Certainly" they let me on the pier, which was just as hot and sticky, and ridden with the odors of many a long forgotten cargo.

Bob Trout was doing a fine job at the microphone making talk about nothing at all, and nobody knew anything.

But at 2:45 the Potomac showed up on the horizon and at 3:11 she made fast to the dock and about 150 newspapermen and cameramen trooped aboard.

The President was jovial, but

—Continued on Next Page—