

WASHINGTON, April 23 (A. P.)

EVERY Sunday night since she's been married—that's twenty-eight years—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has cooked scrambled eggs, and so a scrambled-egg supper tonight topped off the sail on the Sequoia for Prime Minister MacDonald and his daughter, Ishbel.

Certainly the scrambled eggs had been served on few occasions as important as this Sunday evening, on which the President talked with the Prime Minister and a host of economic experts.

It was fitting, therefore, that the President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, should have been the only other guest, with plenty of opportunity to talk with the wholesome British girl who is house guest at the White House.

Although Ishbel MacDonald sailed down the Potomac River not quite as far as Quantico, Virginia, she had an excellent sample of the sea-going life of this country with a hostess who has learned Navy lore from a husband who collects it, and a crew of Gloucester skippers waiting at the home wharf to give bona fide "atmosphere."

Mrs. Roosevelt herself described the leisurely day that she and Miss MacDonald had spent on the yacht Sequoia, while President and Prime Minister talked international affairs.

"We stayed on the top deck and basked in the sun," said Mrs. Roosevelt, for whom a leisurely day is, in itself, rare enough to be news. "Then we went in to lunch, and came out and basked in the sun some more. We had tea, and some more basking.

"Miss MacDonald sat in one of the little life boats and read and I sat in the one on the other side, and when we felt like it, we went

around and visited each other. I did a little writing, she took some photographs."

When the Sequoia, with the invariable ceremony of Navy boats, passed Mount Vernon, Mrs. Roosevelt shared with Miss MacDonald an interesting item from her husband's historic naval collections.

She said:

"The bell tolls, the flag dips, the sailors man the rail, if there's a bugler aboard, he sounds taps, if a band, it plays, everybody stands—and my husband has the letter that the admiral who started this ceremony, which has been followed ever since, wrote to his wife to describe it.

"He had just come inside the capes, to hear of Washington's death, and when he passed Mount Vernon, he had his crew execute this little ceremony for the first time. It has been done ever since by naval ships that go up and down that river."

There was neither bugler nor band aboard the Sequoia, and so the Roosevelts and the MacDonalds just stood in silence.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss MacDonald plainly enjoyed their visit with the fishermen from Gloucester on their return. In fact, they enjoyed their exploration of the weather-beaten schooner Gertrude L. Thebaud so much that Mrs. Roosevelt has invited them all to the White House tomorrow afternoon—not to have tea, because Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't want to worry them with tea-cups, but to have lemonade.

"I'm very fond of fishing captains," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "I know them well—I've spent so many summers in Maine. They gave us a big halibut, which I shall certainly have cooked."

After they'd inspected the schooner, the Roosevelt-MacDonald party visited the Folger Shakespeare Library because the Prime Minister wished to see it, and then went home to the White House—and the scrambled egg supper.