

President

Funeral To Be Saturday at White House

Capital Stunned at News of Unexpected Death of Executive; Mrs. Roosevelt Plans To Fly to Georgia at Once

WASHINGTON, April 12. (P)—The White House announced late today that President Roosevelt had died of cerebral hemorrhage.

The death occurred this afternoon at Warm Springs, Ga. A White House statement said:

"Vice-President Truman has been notified. He was called to the White House and informed by Mrs. Roosevelt. The secretary of state has been advised. A cabinet meeting has been called.

"The four Roosevelt boys in the service have been sent a message by their mother, which said the President slept away this afternoon. He did his job to the end as he would want to do.

"Bless you all and all our love, added Mrs. Roosevelt." She signed the message, Mother.

"Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon in the East Room of the White House. Internment will be at Hyde Park, Sunday afternoon. No detailed arrangements or exact times have been decided upon as yet."

Harry Truman, former senator, Missouri county judge and one-time Kansas City haberdasher, by Mr. Roosevelt's death moves up to the highest office in the land.

At the capitol, aides of Truman disclosed he had left for the White House only a few minutes before the news was made public.

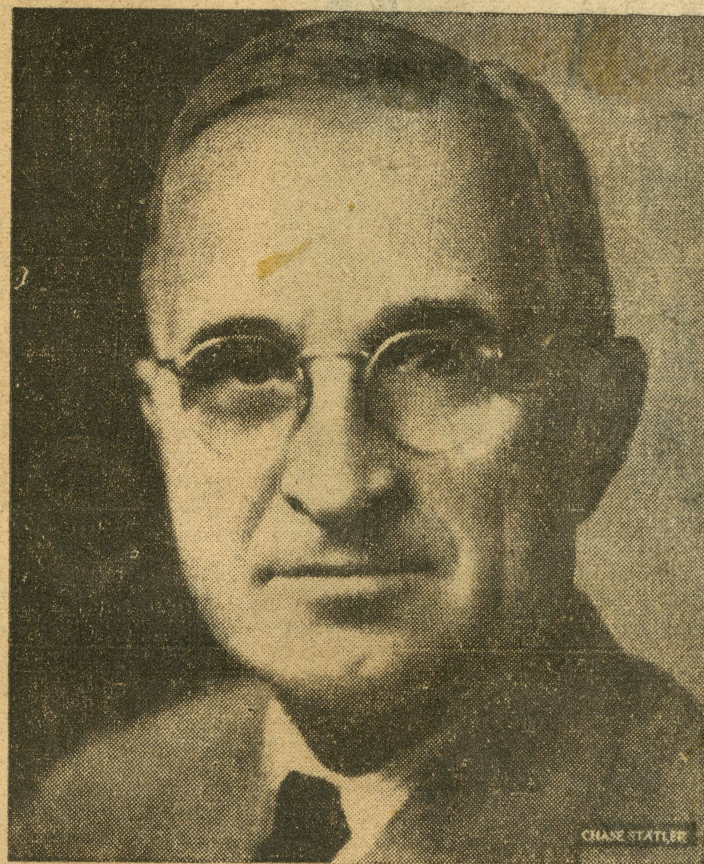
Mr. Roosevelt had been at Warm Springs for more than a week, Stephen Early, presidential secretary informed reporters.

Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral Ross McIntyre, (the Roosevelt physician) and I will leave Washington by air this afternoon for Warm Springs.

Vice-President Truman was to work at his office when the news came. He received a call about 5:25 p. m., (EWT), at few minutes later secret service men came and whisked him away to the White House in an automobile.

Matt Connelly, Truman's executive assistant, said he assumed that the new President would take the oath at once but that he did not know any details.

Truman's vice-presidential staff stood around his offices in the Senate office building, their faces pale as though they had been stunned by the unexpected news which lifted the former Missouri farm boy into the highest office in this nation's giving.



ASSUMES PRESIDENCY — Vice-President Harry S. Truman of Missouri automatically became president of the United States when President Roosevelt died this afternoon.

The death of the President was announced a few short minutes after it was revealed that high Army officials had told senators the war soon would be over in Germany.

Cabinet members began assembling at 6 p. m. (EWT) for an emergency session.

First to arrive were Secretary of Labor Perkins and Secretary of the Interior Ickes, veterans of every month Mr. Roosevelt served in the White House.

The burial of the only man to serve three terms as president—only to die in the third month of his fourth term—is to be at Hyde Park, N. Y.

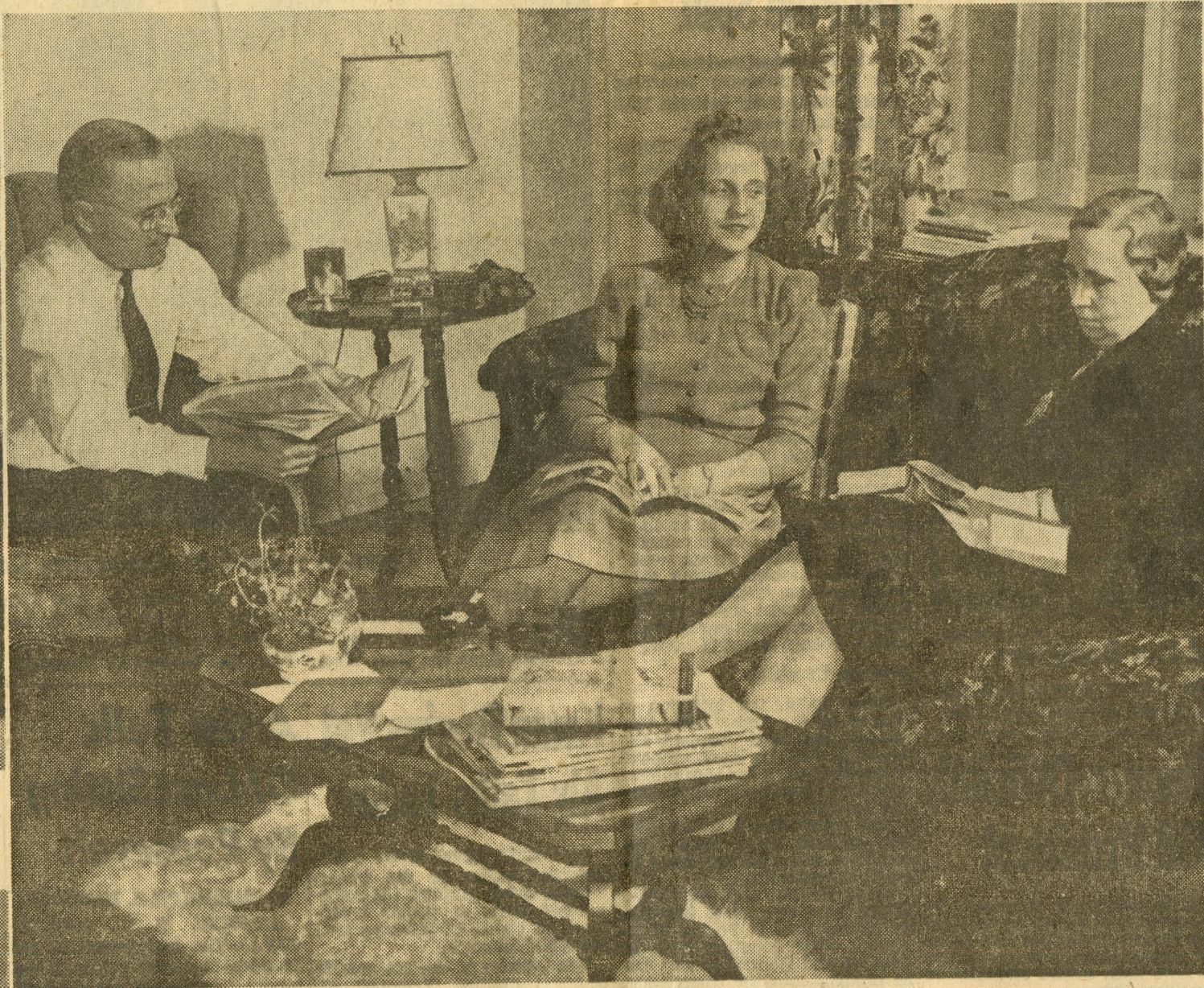
That is the home for which he said last year all that was within him cried out for.

The White House called the three major news services at about 5:45 p. m., (EWT), on a conference call. There was a long pause.

Then Early came on the wire and made the electrifying announcement. His voice sounded fairly calm and measured, but he obviously was laboring under intense emotion.

Truman, the Man

Missouri Farm Boy to President



FIRST FAMILY. The President's favorite pictures are informal poses, like the one above, with wife, Bess, and daughter, Margaret, at home. Mrs. Truman, a childhood sweetheart of the Chief Executive, became his bride immediately after he returned from the First World War.

Acme Photo



WORLD WAR ONE. The future Chief Executive went overseas in World War One as a lieutenant in his National Guard Artillery regiment.

Acme Photo



BOY OF FOUR. President Harry S. Truman, as a child of 4, posing for the family album with his arm about his baby brother, Vivian (left). The Chief Executive was born May 8, 1884, in Lamar, Mo.

I.N.P.



TEEN AGE. Here is the bespectacled young man at 15. Weak eyes kept Truman out of West Point. Appointed to the U. S. Military Academy after leaving high school, he failed to pass the physical examination.

I.N.P.



MOM AND DAD. President Truman's mother and father, Martha and John Anderson Truman, pictured shortly after their marriage. Mrs. Truman, who survives her husband, is now 92 years old.

I.N.P.



MISSOURI HOME. This is the Truman family home back in Independence, Mo. The new President has been identified with the "Show Me" State all of his career. Four generations of Trumans are Missourians.

Times Herald

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1945



PRAYS FOR HIM. The Chief Executive's 92-year-old mother, shown with him when he was a Vice Presidential candidate, called on divine guidance to aid her son when she learned he had become President.

I.N.P.



KEYBOARD DUET. President Truman and his 20-year-old daughter, Margaret, get together over the piano in their Connecticut Avenue living room. The golden-haired, hazel-eyed girl has sung with the George Washington University glee club and a light opera company in Denver.



HANDY ABOUT THE HOUSE. Truman—then Senator as he helped his wife with breakfast. Neighbors of the President know that he's adept at many things about the house—such as the piano and the toastmaker. The Trumans occupied an apartment at 4701 Connecticut Ave.

Acme Photo



PRISONER OF WAR NEXT-OF-KIN MEETING

Arranged by the Army Air Forces in cooperation with the Bexar
County Chapter, American Red Cross

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

March 16, 1945-8:00 P. M.

CHARLES GEORGE, Presiding
Chairman, Bexar County Chapter, American Red Cross

PROGRAM

7:30-8:00 P.M. Band Concert

*San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center Band
under the direction of Mr. C.W.O. Oren N. Barnett*

NATIONAL ANTHEM

San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center Band

Invocation

CHAPLAIN AUSTIN L. HEALY

San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center

CHARLES GEORGE

Chairman, Bexar County Chapter

BAILEY PEYTON

*Chairman, Prisoner of War Committee
Bexar County Chapter*

J. M. CLINTON

*Representative World's Committee
Y.M.C.A. — War Prisoner Aid Service*

CAPTAIN RAGNAR BARHAUG

*Chief of Prisoner of War Section, Personal Affairs Division
Army Air Forces*

THREE REPATRIATED PRISONERS OF WAR

LT. COL. JOSEPH B. KAVANAUGH

*Asst. Director American Prisoner of War Information Bureau
Office of Provost Marshal General, Washington, D.C.*

QUESTION AND ANSWER PERIOD

*Repatriated Officers and Men of the Army Air Forces
The audience with the exception of next-of-kin is
asked to leave the Auditorium.*

PERSONAL DISCUSSION

*Repatriated Officers and Men of the Army Air Forces,
with the next-of-kin*

AUGUST 16, 1943



BICYCLE PARTY LEAVES "FLAKHOUSE" (NICKNAMED BY AIRMEN) FOR PICNIC IN THE WOODS. JEEPS WILL FOLLOW WITH FOOD AND BEER, CUSHIONS AND BASEBALL EQUIPMENT

Life Visits Air Force Rest Home

U. S. fliers relax at British estate

The young people on these pages seem to be having an extraordinarily lazy, carefree time. They have earned it. They are officers of the U. S. Army's 8th Air Force who, during a week at one of the English rest homes maintained by the Service Command, try to forget enough of the strain and horror of bombing missions over the Continent to go out and do it again. Each has 20 missions to his credit. Lieut. Max Judas of Elgin, Ill. (*right, opposite*) was reported missing on first raid after he left the home. These

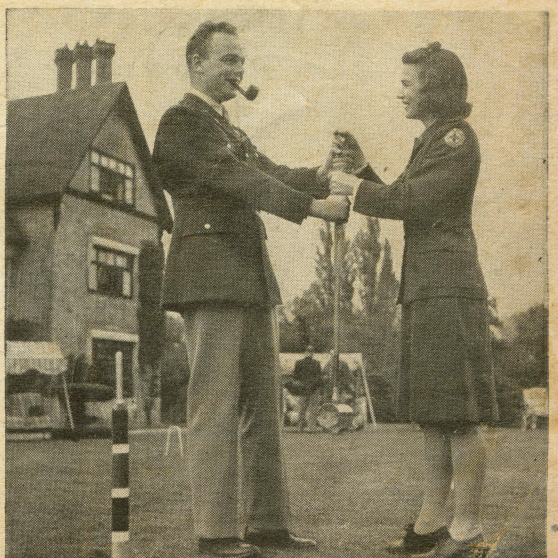
pictures were taken by LIFE Photographer David Scherman at Stanbridge Earls, 1,000-year-old manor house owned by Walter Hutchinson, wealthy British publisher, who lives with his wife in a trailer on the estate. As for their guests, they are awakened at 8:30 each morning by a butler bearing a cup of tea. After breakfast they may sit in the sun and read, play croquet or tennis, fish or skeet-shoot, or go bicycling with Red Cross hostesses. All of these men have the Air Medal, three have the D.F.C., one the Silver Star.



Burmese maiden gets a light from Colonel Harold Smith New York. The former owner imported Burmese pieces.



Dinnertime is only full-dress occasion, when air medals and decorations appear. Diners are fined for talking shop.



Kay Dean, Red Cross hostess, of Hartford and Lieut. Royal Furman, adjutant, get set for evening croquet game.



picnickers relax after lunch of sandwiches, cakes, beer, beans, pickles, cheese and chocolate. In this forest King William Rufus was shot in hunting accident in 1100.



ut. Judas celebrated 23rd birthday at the home. Here Lieut. Brodnax gives him whacks. Said "Judy": "I don't know who you're gonna pick on when I leave."



River Test (Izaak Walton) is well stocked. Anglers are Lieut. Ed Brodnax, Batrop, La.; Captain Jim Bullock, Greensboro, N. C. and Lieut. Jim Baird, Suring, Wis.



Local pub is The Sir John Barleycorn, where picnickers stop for bitters. Many of the men are sole survivors of their squadron, have seen closest friends shot down.



Publisher Hutchinson (left) has the boys stop at trailer for drinks. He published British *Mein Kampf*, turned royalties over to the Red Cross and St. John's Fund.

Salt Water Baths

By ERNIE PYLE

1944

LONDON, June 3 (By Wireless)

There was a knock at my door and two young lieutenants with silver wings and bright medals on their chests walked in. They were in town on leave and had decided to pay a social call.

They are the pilot and navigator of a Flying Fortress. They came to see me because I had known the pilot's mother in San Francisco. She is Mrs. Mary White, and she used to manage the coffee shop at the Hotel Californian, which was my home whenever I was in San Francisco.

Her son, Lt. Bill White, is a likeable young fellow whose blond hair sticks up high from his forehead and whose eyes crinkle when he smiles.

His navigator is Lt. John D. Bowser of Johnstown, Pa. They've been over here whacking at the Germans since February.

The boys were in the midst of an eight-day leave, given them as a sort of reward for having survived a ducking in the cold North Sea. They had had to "ditch," as the expression goes, and after a crew ditches it always gets a leave of absence.

* * *

They had a close call when they ditched. They had been to Berlin—their second mission over the big city. The flak was pretty bad. On the way back Bill White looked out and saw a big hole in the ring wing. It didn't seem to be causing any trouble. Pretty soon he glanced in the other direction and here was a big hole in his left wing.

At first he thought he was crazy and had forgotten which wing he'd seen the hole in. His head went back and forth as though at a tennis match. Actually, there were identical holes in the two wings.

But that wasn't what put them in the drink. Apparently the ignition system had been hit, for every now and then all four motors would stop for about five seconds at a time and then pick up again.

Finally, the engines started going clear out, one by one. They saw for sure that they couldn't make the coast of England. Lt. White had everybody get in "ditching position." The radio man sent his distress signal. They hit the water. The plane broke in two. And yet not a man was scratched or bruised.

When they hit, salt water rushed up over the windshield in gigantic waves. The plane stopped moving and Bill looked up. All he could see was water. He thought they had dived straight into the sea and were going on down head first.

"I thought this was it," he said. "I was so convinced I was going to drown that I almost just sat there and didn't even try to get out."

But actually they came piling out of that plane like rockets. They said that in training they had been taught you would be all right if you could get out in 30 seconds. They were all out in 10 seconds.

The plane sank 40 seconds after hitting the water. They were 25 miles from shore. The men clung to their rubber dinghies, and in less than an hour a rescue boat came alongside and took them aboard.

* * *

Since returning they've had a wonderful time talking about their experience. They call themselves sailors now. Before this happened the crew used to do a lot of joking about "White's little airforce goes to war." Now they've changed it to "White's little navy goes to sea."

Whenever a ditched flyer is fished out of the North Sea or the Channel, the R.A.F. rescuers give him a little felt insignia about an inch high in the form of a half wing, showing a fish skipping over the water. This is his membership badge in the "Goldfish Club." He is to sew it under his lapel, and throw back the lapel to show it when occasion demands. It isn't worn outwardly, I presume, because we don't want German agents to know how many guys have been fished out of the water.

Ernie Pyle Is Killed



ERNIE PYLE

WASHINGTON, April 18 (UP). Ernie Pyle, the greatest front-line reporter of this war, has been killed in action.

The skinny little Scripps-Howard war correspondent—beloved of U.S. fighting men the world over—was killed by a Japanese machine-gun bullet on a little island off Okinawa.

He had come close to death countless times before—in North Africa, Sicily Italy and France.

Death Claims Mrs. R. A. Partain

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Partain, 73, wife of the late R. A. Partain, and long-time resident of Kingsville, died in San Antonio at 1 p. m. Saturday.

Mrs. Partain, nee Sanders, was born in Weimar, Texas, and in her early womanhood moved to Wharton, where she was married to R. A. Partain, of that town. Shortly after their marriage, they moved to Beeville, where Mr. Partain was engaged in the mercantile business for many years. The family moved to Kingsville in 1918 when he accepted employment with the John B. Ragland Mercantile Company, where he was employed until his death in 1927.

Mrs. Partain was a lifetime active member of the Baptist Church, being a member of the First Baptist Church of San Antonio at the time of her death. She was always active in church work while a resident of this city.

Funeral services were conducted at Beeville by Rev. J. Kelly Simons, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Kingsville, assisted by Rev. Billingsley, of the Beeville Church. She was laid to rest in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery in that city last Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. T. A. Simons, Jr., of this city; three sons, Dr. R. A. Partain, Jr., and George Partain, San Antonio, and Capt. Jack Partain, on duty with the military forces in the Pacific; a niece, Mrs. J. Lewis Lawrence, San Antonio; 12 grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Archer Clark of Kingsville, Bruce Partain of Beeville, Frank and Robert Hagan, of San Antonio, Lt. Ira Higginbotham of Camp Hood, and Thomas A. Simons, III, Kingsville.

Among those from Kingsville who attended the funeral were Mrs. Carrie B. Sims, Mrs. Riley Wilson, Mrs. A. H. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tanner.

AROUND the PLAZA

THE LEGION OF MERIT

There can be, of course, no posthumous award of the Legion of Merit to Dr. Robert A. Partain Jr., of San Antonio. Dr. Partain was a civilian and as such is not eligible for a decoration reserved to the armed forces.

Nevertheless, the San Antonio physician was qualified in every other respect for that recognition. The Legion of Merit is not given for gallantry on the battlefield. It is an award intended for those officers and enlisted men who manifest "extraordinary fidelity and essential service" in a position of responsibility.

That he occupied a position of responsibility is manifest. Men, women and children looked to him, as they do to every doctor, for the knowledge and skill to fight their battles against disease and death.

These demands increased as the war progressed. Fewer trained men were left to fight an enemy as strong as ever it was. That meant double duty and often triple duty for those physicians who were left to serve the home front.

Testimony of friends and patients of the San Antonio physician indicate without much room for doubt that he had been carrying a load which overtaxed his strength. And this, at least, was a contributing factor in his sudden death.

Thus literally Dr. Partain could be cited for "extraordinary fidelity and essential service."

THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

The dramatic circumstances attending the death of the San Antonio physician have done much to bring home to San Antonians what every doctor in civilian life who is measuring up to his professional obligations to humanity is facing.

Of course, the public long has known that the needs of the military services have depleted the ranks of civilian doctors. There has been a great amount of publicity urging the public not to make unnecessary demands upon the time and energy of doctors. But there has been no real appreciation of what all this means in terms of actual sacrifice to duty by the family physician.

Dr. Partain died in action. Had death come under less dramatic circumstances, it perhaps would not have served to grip the imagination by illuminating that spirit of service to humanity which is the noblest tradition of the profession.

Dr. Partain died in the white habiliments of the surgery. It was 8 o'clock in the morning and the doctor, who no doubt had left his office the night before long after the average business man had gone home, was preparing to operate.

He scrubbed his hands in the careful and methodical manner of the surgeon and was about to insert them in the surgical gloves, it was reported, when the heart attack struck him down.

LAYMEN CAN HELP.

Had death come in less dramatic fashion, as it might well have to one whose powers of resistance had been weakened by the strain of prolonged high pressure, then perhaps hundreds of San Antonians might not have realized as they do today that there are men on the home front who serve without thought of self to perform, with extraordinary fidelity, an essential service.

Even in time of peace, the family physician can not always follow the advice he gives his patients.

He can not have that pleasant feeling of knowing that his work is over for the day.

The telephone at his bedside does not take note of how weary he is. Every ring is a potential emergency call which may involve a matter of life or death.

He can not organize his work and delegate responsibilities to the extent it is possible and customary in many other lines of endeavor.

He can not send a subordinate to calm the fears of parents, hovering with strained faces over the cradle of a colicky infant at 2 a. m.

Babies are not born, bones are not broken, arteries are not cut, fevers do not come and terror-inspiring symptoms do not appear on schedule that permits a family physician to punch a time clock, to eat his meals regularly and to benefit from the rest of an unbroken sleep.

The very nature of his profession calls for his personal service and attention in every case.

Obviously, with the medical front now greatly undermanned, there has been a tremendous increase in the demand upon the time and energy of the family physician.

Every unnecessary call takes something from him. It robs him of a part of that inadequate store of time and energy which are always on tap for humanity. It must surely grieve him—now that there is not enough to go around—that there is so much waste by thoughtless and selfish persons who demand attention when they are in no real need of it.

The layman can do a lot to help the doctors meet the emergency on the home front.—J. H. M.

Dr. Robert Partain Dies Suddenly of Heart Attack

Dr. Robert A. Partain, 47, prominent San Antonio physician and surgeon, died suddenly about 8 a. m. today of a heart attack as he was preparing to perform an operation at the M. & S. Hospital.

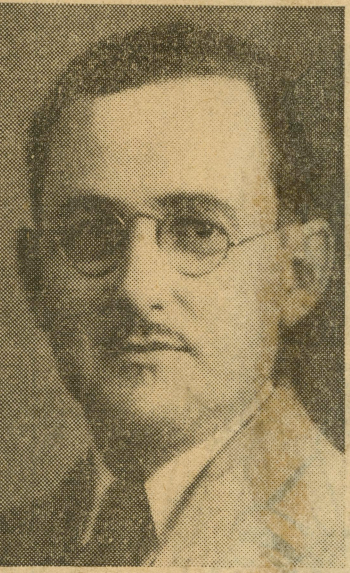
Hospital associates said that Dr. Partain had seemingly been in good health until he was stricken this morning.

Dr. Partain had practiced medicine here approximately 15 years, being graduated from the University of Texas medical school in 1927, and then working as an interne at Tulane. He was a native of Beeville.

He was a member of the Bexar County Medical Society and the American College of Surgeons, and the Alamo Heights Methodist Church.

Dr. Partain was a 33rd degree Mason.

Surviving him are the widow, Mrs. Julia Knopp Partain; three children, Robert, John and Barbara; two brothers, George Partain of this city and Capt. Jack Partain, who returned to San Antonio Wednesday on a 30-day leave from Honolulu, and two



DR. ROBERT A. PARTAIN

sisters, Mrs. J. L. Lawrence of this city, and Mrs. T. A. Simons of Kingsville, and 10 nieces and nephews.

Dr. Partain resided here at 201 Morningside Drive.

Dr. R.A. Partain Dies Suddenly In San Antonio

Dr. Robert A. Partain, 48, prominent San Antonio physician and surgeon, died Thursday morning in the operating room of a hospital of that city as he prepared with other physicians and nurses to operate on a waiting patient, Mrs. T. A. Simons, Jr., his sister was informed by telephone that morning.

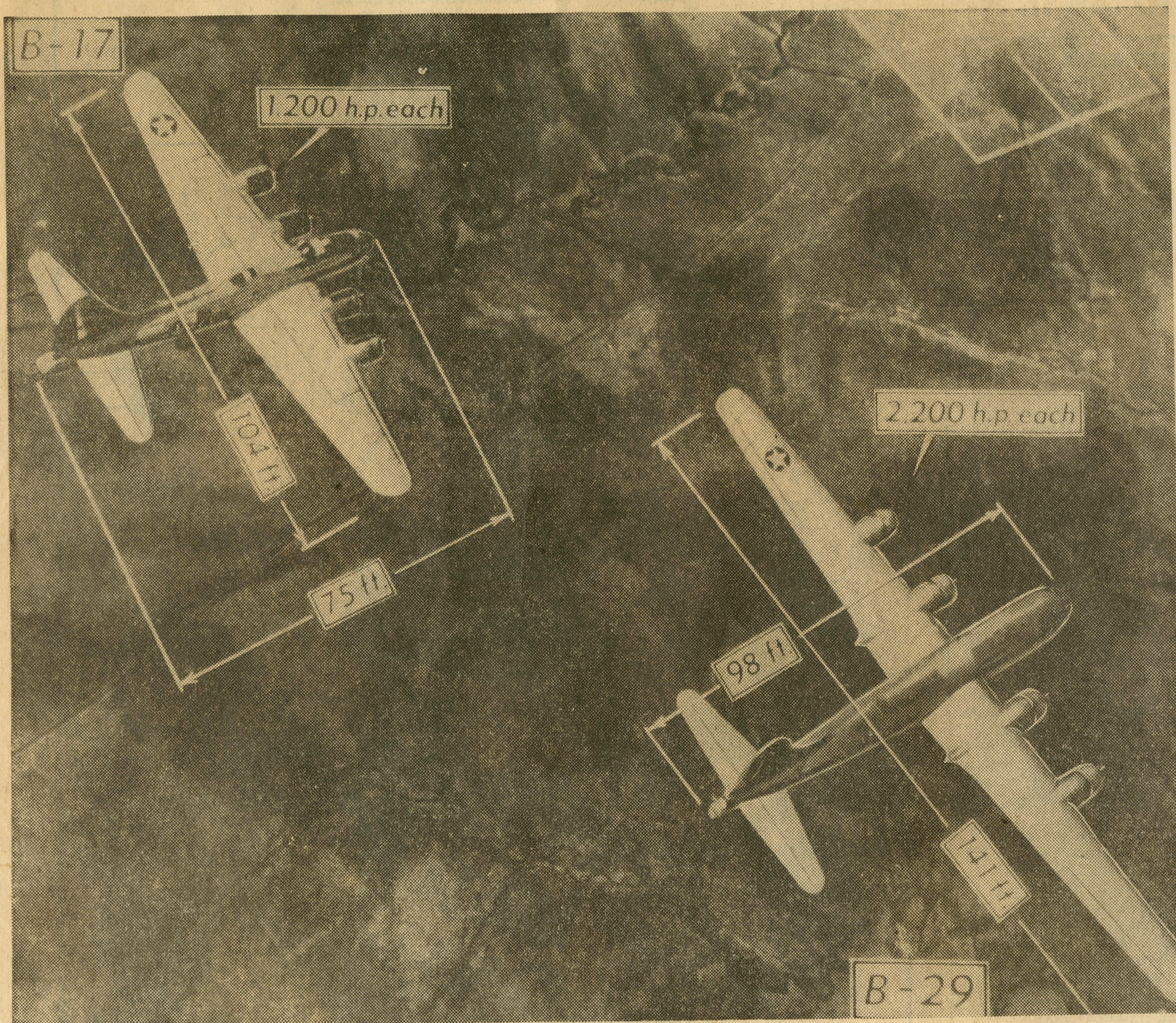
A brother, Captain Jack Partain, USA Medical Corps, had arrived in San Antonio late Wednesday night after 37 months service in the Pacific, and Dr. Robert Partain had not seen him since his return. Those with him at the time he was stricken, said he was talking cheerfully of the coming reunion. When the surgery nurse went to assist him in putting on his gloves, she noted his hands clenching and asked if he was ill. He is said to have nodded and slumped to the floor, dead. He had suffered no previous attacks and his collapse was attributed to long hours of professional duty due to shortage of civilian doctors.

Dr. Partain was a native of Beeville, a graduate of Texas University School of Medicine, class of 1924. He interned at New Orleans and had been practicing in San Antonio since 1927. He was a member of the Bexar County and Texas State Medical Associations, and a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He was a 32 degree Mason, and a member of El Mino Temple at Galveston.

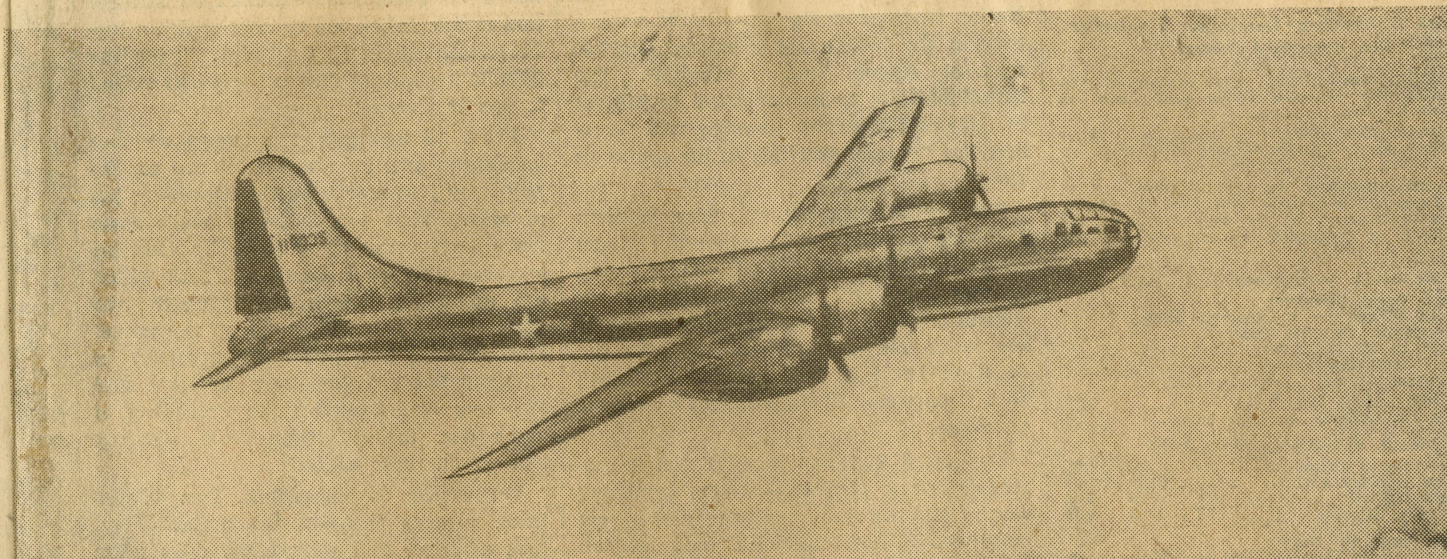
Funeral services at the Methodist Church in San Antonio were conducted Saturday by Rev. Ennis Hill. Burial was in Mission Burial Park.

Besides his wife and the brother and sister already mentioned, survivors include three children, Robert III, age 11 years, John O, age 9, and Barbara Ann, Age 7; and a brother, George Partain of San Antonio.

Queen of Stratosphere Pays Its First Call on Jap Industry



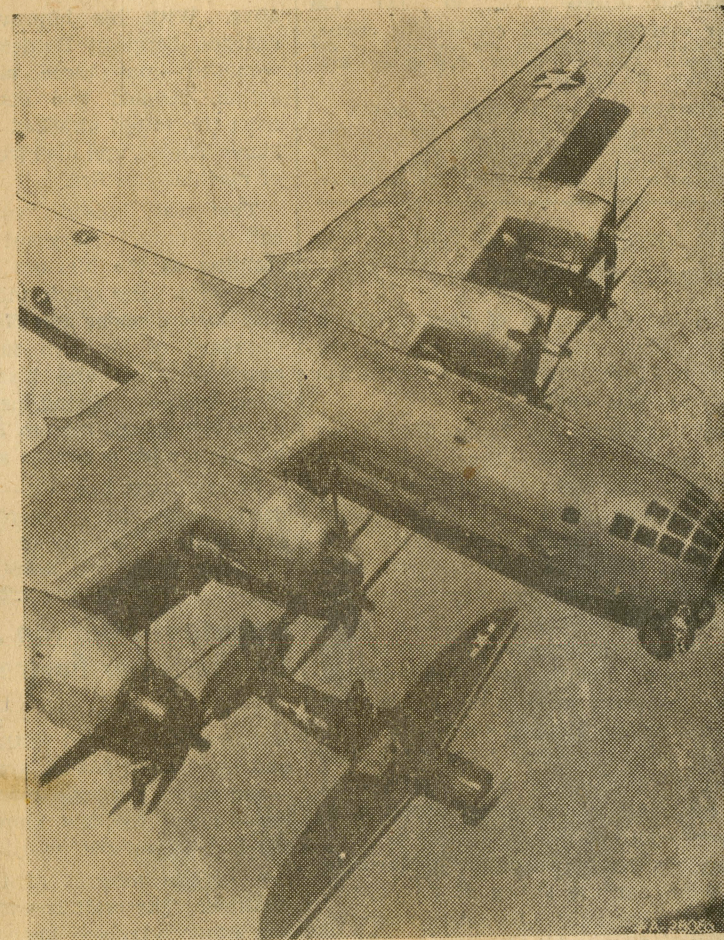
HOW B-29 AND B-17 COMPARE IN DIMENSIONS—How the new Boeing superfortress, the B-29 (right), dwarfs its predecessor, the Flying Fortress B-17, is shown clearly in this diagrammatic picture of the two lethal machines in flight.—AP Wirephoto.



THE B-29, QUEEN OF STRATOSPHERE—The new Superfortress B-29 seems suspended in space as it flies in front of Mount Ranier in Washington.—AP Wirephoto.



SILHOUETTE OF AERIAL MIGHT—The giant rudder of the Boeing B-29 Superfortress is silhouetted in this view of America's new and mighty aerial weapon. Armament had not been put in place when this picture was made.—AP Wirephoto.



HOW B-29 OVERSHADOWS SMALL PLANE—A midget Culver Kaydet target plane stands beside a giant Boeing B-29 superfortress, thereby comparing one of the smallest with the biggest planes used by the U.S. Army Airforces.—AP Wirephoto.