

# Rigid Girl Has Two or So

By HELEN DIDMAR

**NEW YORK (WNS)—**Yvettella Johnson MacMillan is a tall, shapely woman with golden skin, a large Tuscan nose, once he ended to a wild form, the small voice of a small girl and a startled, shy manner that suggests hybrid vivaciousness.

To the casual eye, everything about her embodies the great American stereotype of the well born and heavily-conscious flower of fine society—the Elphinstone crest, the line in the Social

Register, the right suburb (Glenhurst Valley, L.I.), the right sport (tennis), the right schools (Oberley, Bryn Mawr).

The first impressions are wildly misleading. That the daughter of a patrician stockbroker should be a student of Soviet affairs is one of those nice paradoxes we are rich in. That she should have been chosen to translate Svetlana Stalina's book is a measure of how well Patricia MacMillan, 38, has succeeded.

## THE WIERD-AM expression

she seems habitually to wear a natural disguise for a fine mind and sensibility, as well as a stubborn talent for getting what she is professionally interested in having.

Martha Hayden, for example, now editor of the Detroit News, must be pleasantly surprised by Mrs. MacMillan's rise in the journalistic world. It was Hayden, then White House correspondent for the Detroit News and North American Newspaper Alliance, who in 1935 gave Patricia her first newspaper experience, translating the proceedings at the Soviet hearings at the Geneva Big Four conference.

And John Orenable, executive vice-president of NANA, is another intrigued observer of Mrs. MacMillan's recent feat. He recalls how in the fall of 1937 she went to Russia and, after much red tape with the Soviet Foreign Office, became secretary of NANA's Moscow correspondent.

"PRISCILLA WAS the kind of correspondent the Russians were wary of in those days," Orenable said. "She knew too much about Soviet history, law and politics to be brains-crushed by propaganda handouts from the Kremlin. And with her expert knowledge of the language she could fire-vent the Russian press for story beats."

She worked in Moscow for two years for the NANA or its successor. She was forced to leave after trying to cable a story on the future of Anastas Mikoyin. The censor blocked it and even though the story never was published, the Foreign Ministry would not renew her accreditation. The late Alvin St. Cyr, who was among several disaffected who unsympathetically

she had talked to her candidly, she had been present almost not using names, but she was well aware that the Russian police knew whom she had been seeing.

MRS. MACMILLAN was one of five Russian-speaking Soviet experts recommended to Harper & Row by former Ambassador George Kennan who helped arrange Mme. Stalina's trip here. Her selection means further delay in the Marine Oswald book. It is half-written, its completion delayed by two personal crises in 1936. She had a serious bout of pneumonia. After her recovery, her mother became gravely ill and died. The year ended on a happier note. Last Dec. 30, she married George MacMillan, a free-lance writer, a stocky, ebullient countenanced to a quiet wife.

When news of Stalina's defection first broke, Mrs. MacMillan, along with her publisher and hundreds of other writers and publishers, began trying to reach her in hopes of preparing a book, unaware that one had already been written.

Then, Harper called her to New York from her Atlanta home without telling her the reason. Life has been chaotic ever since.

SHE SPENT three days in a little office, reading the manuscript. Harper's had gotten, preparing a report on it, as well as a translation of a small segment. About two weeks ago, she flew to Switzerland for a brief conference with Mme. Stalina. Someone will have to ask Mme. Stalina what she thought of the translation. Modest by nature, Mrs. MacMillan told

two daughters, Yvettella and a younger one, and the other day they all sat with the Johnson children were encouraged to "understand" one of them. Yvettella not only passed the test but had positions about which to be proud.

In all ways, Yvettella got to be quite a good tennis player. I don't know how she does it. She is fit, hard and suffers from acute osteoarthritis. But she's remarkably quick at the net and also won the Junior Wimbledon Tennis Cup as a kid.

YVETTELLA ENTERED her first year at the University of Michigan as a way to get government peace. It led her to become an archaeologist and to take no a 4-year start in 1941 for Russian.

As to her mother, whether the rule is to be a tough teacher, she became it only after her American friends who were Russian with a touch of French. She graduated in 1941 and went on to Harvard where a classical course impressed her as "a sort of

she often has not been called by her name since the 1932 trip and misses it. She has been living in Atlanta where her husband, a specialist in civil rights movement, has been teaching journalism at Atlanta University and developing a foundation project to train and bring more Negroes into newspaper work.

## Mrs. MacMillan

Atlanta has no show and no follow Kremlinologists to talk to. The last time she got to the father was in 1935 when she spent some time at Harvard's Russian Research Center. Not long ago, however, a hotel where she'd like to live, and it appears there are only two places in the world that really turn her on. Her answers were "Cambridge and Moscow."

