

**In These United States**

**Girls, Here's a Husband—  
If You Can Milk 14 Cows**

GRANTSBURG, WIS.—Arthur Birnstengel, a farmer, made a New Year's resolution to get married in 1946, but he's going to be careful which woman he picks. He insists that she be willing to help milk 14 cows, among the other small chores a woman will find to do on a farm.

The mating matter began last year when Birnstengel, a husky 44-year-old farmer, found he was too busy operating his 610-acre farm to go courting. So he wrote his congressman.

Rep. Alvin E. O'Konski was short on wives but long on advice. "Be sure she's honest," he replied. Artful Arthur advertised, "You must be honest," he said in his ad.

It was a relief, he said, to discover that there are 1,600 honest women in the world. They answered from New York to Chicago, from Georgia to Alaska.

He isn't fussy. All he asks of a wife is that she must:

1. Be between 30 and 42 years old.
2. Not weigh more than his 195 pounds.
3. Be between five feet and five feet, eight inches tall.
4. Be truthful. (His congressman said so.)
5. Not smoke or drink.
6. Be healthy.
7. Be friendly.
8. Not be a gold-digger.
9. Have a sense of humor.
10. Be willing to take good care of Arnie, his six-year-old son by a former marriage.
11. Be willing to help milk 14 cows.

**Grandpa Bags Deer  
With Pocketknife**

DETROIT LAKES, MINN.—John S. ("Grandpa") Pretts, who got two deer last fall with only a pocket knife as a weapon, tops the list of hunters this season, according to L. Benshoof, editor of the Detroit Lakes Record.

Grandpa Pretts' feat happened this way:

He was working inside his house one afternoon when he glanced out and saw three deer strolling leisurely between the house and the barn. Pretts grabbed his shotgun and went after them, but in the meantime the dog had started out after the animals and they broke into a gallop. He fired four shots, but failed to halt them.

A neighbor boy, who had been hunting, got on his bicycle and aided by the dog chased the deer onto the glare ice of the lake. The animals fell down and the ice was so slick they could not get up. Seeing their predicament, Grandpa went after them with his trusty jackknife. artistically cut their throats' right there on the ice.



**BEATING THE HOUSING SHORTAGE . . .** Frank Smith, Harold McLean and Harry Newcomb, left to right, show how they beat the Los Angeles housing shortage. They pitched their canvas atop a bus depot garage. Their traveling job took them to Los Angeles for three weeks, and unable to secure hotel reservations they brought their own tent from San Francisco.



**GRAND CHAMPION BRAHMAN BULL . . .** Blue Director, a Florida-bred Brahman owned by Norris Cattle company, Ocala, Fla., which was judged grand champion at the recent Second Annual Registered Brahman show held at Ocala. The show brought increased interest in Brahmans and proved that the breed is not as rare as many people are inclined to believe.

**Pan Gold from Mud on  
Helena's Main Street**

HELENA, MONT.—"Gold!" The magic word which gave Helena a 16-million dollar boom in the last century rang through the streets again when contractors were excavating for a building. Hopeful spectators lined up three and four deep, but a boom was averted.

Henry Kasman, a placer miner, poked out some of the dirt with his pick and panned it in icy water while Mayor John J. Haytin and others looked on silently.

Pretty soon Kasman straightened up, holding in his hand a tiny bit of black sand.

"By gosh! It's gold all right," exclaimed the mayor.

And everybody agreed—a dozen small pieces of the precious stuff. A dredgemaster estimated the gold would run \$1.75 per square yard.

But even for that much you don't rip up the main street of a state capital. Everybody soon went home, except for contractors who went back to work pouring cement over Helena's new gold strike.

**More War Casualties:  
Oil-Soaked Sea Birds  
Perished by Millions**

Oil and waterfowl don't mix, either. The department of the interior reports that "thousands of auks, murrets, puffins, sea gulls and ducks" perished during the war.

The auks, murrets and others were victims of oil on the sea "which penetrates the feathers and ruins them as waterproof coverings."



**STILL JOHN BULL . . .** Still looking like an animated picture of the cartoonist's "John Bull," former Prime Minister Winston Churchill posed for photographers while he was vacationing in Florida. He smoked cigars, painted, rested and otherwise enjoyed himself.

**'POCKET POOCH'**  
Walter Ward, Philadelphia, who calls himself the vagabond poet, makes a hobby of picking up stray animals and gives them a home until such time as he can find the owner. The dog shown is Fee-Wee, one of the seven owned by Ward, who often travels in the overcoat pocket of the vagabond poet. Once a joint owner of a boiler factory in New Orleans, Ward says he prefers the life of a peddler to that of a tycoon.



**KEN'S IN BUSINESS**  
While he was soldiering in Iceland, Kenneth Wickman of Pittsburgh decided he'd go into business for himself when he got out of the army. He bought an old school bus and turned it into a store, which he takes directly to his customers.

**Filling Station  
Robbed 26 Times;  
A World Record**

BELAIR, MD.—The most burglarized service station in the world—26 times since Pearl Harbor—may get out of the rut after all.

That's the hope, at least, of William H. Holmes who operates it at Stepney, two miles south of Aberdeen, reports the Harford Gazette.

All of the robberies have occurred between the hours of midnight and nine o'clock in the morning when the station was closed. Now that the war is over, Holmes has hired Floyd Pitts, a returned serviceman, to operate the station during those fateful hours.

Altogether, according to Holmes, about \$3,500 in money and goods has been taken. Some 14 arrests have been made by police during that time, with 10 convictions and about \$1,000 in property restored.

Holmes says people stop by to put air in a tire or fill a radiator late at night, and see the untended station. It has been a relatively easy place to pilfer—almost an invitation to burglary.

The worst headache of all has been that Holmes couldn't get burglary insurance after the first robbery. Since that time he has to stand all the loss himself.

**One Language for All**  
Declaring "the language barrier is a severe one to international peace," Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has proposed one internationally understood language to be taught in the schools of the world.



**REVERSE LEND-LEASE WITH ENGLAND . . .** Hundreds of British war brides and their babies are arriving in the United States to join their husbands and fathers. Immediately upon arrival of ships in New York City they are being rushed by special trains to all parts of the United States. First arrivals announced their pleasure of the clothing and food conditions in America, but refused to discuss politics.



**FIREWOOD FOR OPERA TICKETS . . .** Before you can buy a ticket for the opera in Kiel, Germany, you have to produce a pound of firewood in addition to the price of the ticket. The wood is used to heat the building during the performance. The German sailor in uniform, at left, is working in Kiel for the British navy. Places of amusement receive no fuel rations.



**'WINNIE'S DAUGHTER' . . .** Mrs. Sarah Churchill Oliver, eldest daughter of former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, is shown as she arrived by air at New York City, en route to Miami to Cuba to join her parents.



**HOT COSSACK . . .** Dimitri Matvienko, Kuban, Russia, has spent the past seven years showing New Yorkers the art of dagger dancing in which he uses eight blazing daggers. He also does a flame-swallowing act.



**PRINCE TO MARRY IN U. S. . . .** Prince Carl Johan, grandson of King Gustaf of Sweden, has arrived in the U. S. to marry Swedish newspaper woman, Mrs. Kerstin Wijkmark, for whom he forfeited his royal rights.



**HIZZONER CLEANS UP . . .** Mayor Bill Cade, Lakeland, Fla., did not let the labor shortage interfere with keeping the city clean.



**FIRST POSTWAR CHAMP . . .** The first champion to be crowned in the postwar world, Marty Servo, 26, of Schenectady, N. Y., won the welterweight championship of the world from "Red" Cochrane. Marty is an ex-coastguardman.

**Kathleen Norris Says:  
To Work or Not to Work**



"Cozy meals, over which you fuss, plan with him and Patsy for picnics and amusements, intimate talks about him, will do much to mitigate his dissatisfaction."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

WHEN Billy Sears went to war, Patricia, his wife, went to work. Their daughter, Patsy, was 8 years old, there wasn't too much money, and the pay for women in canning plants was good.

Patricia didn't like work, and her letters to Billy were inclined to be a little grim. She got tired and dirty and she hated the long hours and the fatigue of it. She rented three of her rooms to a navy wife who paid part of her rent in care for Patsy; it wasn't an ideal arrangement, but it worked well enough.

But the pay was good, and Patricia was a good worker. She was promoted; she was raised. She was presently made a department superintendent on a salary of \$60 a week. Then Bill came home. This is part of her letter:

"Through the hardest and the dullest days," writes Patricia, "I tried to send Bill cheerful letters. I didn't always like what he said in reply. He said more than once that he was glad I was working, it would keep me out of mischief and not give me any chance to waste money. Well, I wasn't ever in any danger of getting into mischief, and as for money—I make more now than Bill does. I like my work; I like my business associates. He never especially liked his job as salesman in a wholesale mattress company, and I don't think he likes my success—for in a modest way it is success.

"I want him to hold his job, and for me to hold mine with someone coming in in the afternoons to keep an eye on Patsy until we get home. It means we can save money, which we never have done. It means that I don't sink into the drudgery of dishes and dusting, but have something to say at the dinner table.

"It does, of course mean more careful managing and ordering; I have to spend every moment I have at home meeting the various demands of kitchen, bedrooms, laundry, Patsy's clothes, her school work. I like to do it, I'm strong and well; I've got everything organized. Beds aired at seven and breakfast started, beds and dishes finished, my bath and dressing for the day, Patsy and her lunch, off for school—it works like a charm. Or it would, if Bill would co-operate.

"But he simply and flatly won't," the letter finishes, "and the result is a very strained atmosphere in the house and an ugly feeling growing between us. He says he likes to come home and find his wife dainty and rested, waiting for him with his child and his tempting dinner, and I say that's sentimental nonsense. I say that we have to get ahead, and that I'm as capable of succeeding in business as any man; I have a real commercial value and mean to cash in on it. Sometimes I am a little later than he in getting home, sometimes I need the car for a short business trip—never overnight. So what? Has he any real right to make scenes about it, and threaten to divorce me? I very much want your opinion."

Patricia, my opinion is that you are right and Bill is wrong. I'm almost sorry to say so. I know so well the value of those domestic

**THAT EXTRA INCOME**

During the war Patricia, like so many other wives of servicemen, got a job. It was in a canning plant. Patricia didn't like it at first, but she buckled down and eventually became a superintendent at \$60 a week.

Now her husband, Billy, has returned. He has gone back to his work as a salesman, an occupation he does not particularly like. He doesn't earn as much as his wife at present. Patricia has continued working. She has come to enjoy the freedom from domestic drudgery, for she can hire some help. The luxuries her added income brings, and the bank account that is piling up, all seem to Patricia valid reasons for her to keep her job. They have one little girl, who is now in school. It is possible for Patricia to hire someone to look after the child from the time school is out until one parent comes home.

Billy doesn't like this arrangement at all. He wants his wife to stay home, to do the household chores, to care for their little daughter. Especially he wants his wife to look and act feminine when he comes home. The situation is getting tense, and a threat of divorce is in the offing.

ideals that Bill has brought home from lonely years in the service.

But times have changed, and we can't go back. You will never be satisfied with the lessened income, and the daily routine of pans and puddings and beds and school lunches again. You will never again be content to ask him for money and to do without personal luxuries. Nor is there any reason why you should. Marriage, by long custom, does mean dependence and household drudgery for women, but many an old custom has been split as many ways as the atom itself, and there is nothing essentially unwelcome in mutual jobs and separate incomes.

I do advise you to strive, as good naturedly and affectionately as you can, to preserve what Bill loves in a home. I presume you have Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and you can do much in that free time to keep him happy. Cozy meals, over which you fuss enthusiastically, plan with him and Patsy for picnics and amusements, intimate talks about what you hope to do with your money, about your job, about him and everything that concerns him will do much to mitigate his dissatisfaction.

If the worst comes to the worst, suggest that he try living elsewhere for a while, try a club or boarding house, and see if he gets anything like the domestic comfort there that he has with you. Keep even-tempered, sympathetic, understanding. A part of this attitude of Bill's is, of course, innate jealousy—jealousy that he doesn't recognize himself. When his own disrupted business life builds up a little more, much of it will disappear. Wait for that time, and meanwhile keep as sweet and companionable as you can.

**HOMEMADE POLISH**

The simple mixture of two parts boiled linseed oil and one part turpentine makes an excellent polish for furniture. The oil "feeds" the wood, and the turpentine loosens dirt and helps the oil penetrate the wood. This polish removes the dull, foggy appearance that furniture often acquires, and helps conceal fine cracks or checks in the finish. Apply the mixture with a soft cloth. Then with a dry cloth rub off excess polish until the surface is entirely dry.



"Better keep your job. . . ."