

In These United States

Kaw River Has Stolen 145 of 175-Acre Farm

ST. MARYS, KANS.—When Ferdinand Wild renewed his subscription recently to the St. Marys Star, he remarked wistfully that he would be a lucky fellow if he could renew his land so easily. A retired farmer, now in his mid-seventies, Mr. Wild is certain he stands first in the business of surrendering high-priced soil to the Kaw river.

Back in 1918, when he bought the farm where he lives south of the river, Mr. Wild held title to 170 acres of fertile bottom land on the Wabausee county side of the river south of St. Marys. Since that time, however, the cave-ins and erosion have frisked him of all but 25 acres of the farm.

Up and down the ungovernable stream he has neighbors who can recall losing 20 acres here and 40 acres over yonder as the swollen Kaw has taken its toll each spring and fall. But Ferdinand believes he is in a class by himself. His finest land has vanished during the last quarter of a century—land that observers valued at more than \$20,000.

Across the river on this side, he still has a hundred acres of good soil that has rarely been clipped by cave-ins. But the record was almost as disastrous in 1945. Overflows that came often during the high water last spring played another trick on philosophical Ferdinand. From the hundred good acres on the north side he raised a crop that looked like the fag-end of a drouth season in the mid-thirties—600 bushels of corn.

Ferdinand has heard that the war years were great years for the farmer.

"Maybe so, maybe so," he mutters, "but which year and which farmer?"

Air Force Vets Are Organized

WASHINGTON.—A new national veterans organization, for members of the air forces of World Wars I and II, has been set up, with former Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle as temporary president.

The organization is designed to perpetuate AAF traditions. Doolittle told reporters here that the organization is non-profit and "has no ax to grind of a commercial nature." It will be known as the AFA, the Air Force association.

Key figures of the organization called on President Truman to inform him of the AFA and its aims. The organizers include such former air force men as Col. Willis S. Fitch, its executive director; Sgt. Forest Vossler, Syracuse university, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor; Lt. Col. Thomas G. Lanphier, who shot down the plane carrying Admiral Yamamoto, now of Boise, Idaho; Sgt. Merryl Forst, captain of the 1945 Dartmouth football team; and Col. James M. Stewart, former 8th air force squadron commander and now back in Hollywood.

Whew! What a Day for Rancher in California!

KERMAN, CALIF.—Roy Bowers, Kerman rancher, will never forget January 16, 1946, for on that day:

He had to get out of a warm bed very early.

Ice formed on the windshield of his car.

The motor stopped and wouldn't start again.

He lost a race with the stork.

And his house caught fire while he was away.

"It all started when Bowers was forced to get up from a warm bed because the stork couldn't wait," the Kerman News reported. "He had to rush his daughter, Mrs. Lola Stewart, to a Fresno hospital.

"All went well until ice formed on the windshield of the car and Bowers had to get out and start scraping. Then the motor refused to run. After a few grinds from the starter Bowers went to a nearby farm house to seek assistance. When he returned to his car Bowers found that the stork had proven too much of a match and he was now a proud grandfather; the baby had arrived."

While in Kerman that day his ranch house caught fire, with no one at home to fight it. Fortunately, Bowers knew nothing about that part of the day until he returned home—to find that his good neighbors had formed a bucket brigade and extinguished the blaze with little damage done.

"I have only two conditions," General Eisenhower explained. "First, you want to be certain it is a bald-headed peak, and then I want to be certain there is good fishing nearby where I can get a priority."



May Name 'Bald' Peak for General

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sen. Edwin F. Johnson of Colorado told Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, army chief of staff, that the state hoped to name a mountain in the general's honor.

"You have Pike's Peak now and you want Ike's Peak?" the general shot back quickly.

The senator agreed.

Cattle Rustlers Busy in Illinois

MANTENO, ILL.—Shades of the Wild West! Farmers in the Manteno area may organize a vigilante committee to hunt cattle rustlers, according to the Manteno News.

In the meantime, there has been no trace of the thieves who recently stole nine head of cattle from the Sylvester Thilmony farm, nor of those who took four head from the Roy D. Piper farm.

Farm Advisor George Tupper has stated that the directors of the farm bureau in five townships around Manteno may organize a vigilante committee to combat cattle stealing.

Plan to Withhold Food to End Strikes

EDGAR, NEB.—A nation-wide farmers' "strike against strikes" is the object of Clay county farmers.

They voted to withhold their products from market until industrial disputes are settled.

V. Hubert Johnson, who helped organize a meeting at which 271 farmers voted the action, explained the objective.



KNITTING . . . While the Pearl Harbor investigation went on, Pfc. Annette Hatcher of Gaffney, S. C., chauffeur assigned to Gen. Walter C. Short, sat on the sidelines deeply engrossed in her knit one, puri one.

machinery, bathtubs and refrigerators.

Although a resolution adopted at the meeting said "we are not taking sides in the industrial battles," Johnson said that most farmers here blame labor rather than management.

"When we shut off sources of food," he declared, "strikers will work or starve."

Similar action was taken by farmers at Chickasha, Okla.



VETERANS MAKE KNOWN THEIR BONUS DEMANDS . . . A shouting but orderly crowd march upon the Ohio capital at Columbus, to demand special legislation for soldier bonus, unemployment compensation for strikers and homes for veterans. Marches on other state capitals is also in progress, while the nation's capital is receiving attention of Chicago veterans demanding the right to operate taxis in the Windy City. The marches have been more orderly than those following World War I, with final outcome still in doubt.



DREAM OF SHANGRI-LA WAC COMES TRUE . . . When a C-47 army transport plane crashed in Shangri-La, hidden valley in Dutch New Guinea, last spring, WAC Cpl. Margaret Hastings, Oswego, N. Y., one of the three survivors, captured the imagination of the world. At left, she is shown shortly after her rescue. Other photographs indicate the extent of her reconversion job, after a few shopping days spent in New York City. Her Shangri-La dream came true.



PAPER DOLL . . . Ericka Hanka Gorecka, New York City, makes paper dolls for department stores. They are life size and usually represent some modern personality or character of the gay nineties or "bicycle built for two" era. This is all done with paper and scissors by Miss Gorecka.



JAPANESE IMPERIAL FAMILY RAISES CHICKENS . . . This rare photo shows members of the Japanese Imperial family as they feed some of the palace chickens, maintained on the grounds during the war for family use. They are, left to right, Princess Takamimiya, 18; Princess Suganomiya, 8; Princess Yorinomiya, 18, and Empress Nagako, 43.



TALL BOXER . . . Trainer Mickey Woods, former lightweight wrestling champ, looks up at Ted Evans, 7 feet, 5 inches, Britain's newest hope of winning the world's heavyweight boxing title. Evans weighs 260 pounds.



SWEDISH LAWMAKERS KEEP IN TRIM . . . By way of keeping themselves in good physical condition, members of the Swedish Riksdag (Parliament) have started their own gymnastic club. Above you see some of the members going through their paces. The oldest, Gustaf Hillbacken, second from left, is 61 years old. They hope their training will aid them in winning four arguments.

Kathleen Norris Says: You Can't Get Back What You Never Had



"Clay is safe from trouble; he will have—or has had—no difficulty in explaining to his wife that one of the office girls is cracked about him."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

LOVE does not last; not all by itself. Love all by itself is like a bottle of pure, rich milk. Leave it alone for a few days and what have you? A bottle half-filled with sour curds, and half of evil-smelling water. But mix milk with flour, yeast, butter, salt, and you have the fine bread that is indispensable to the growing bodies of boys and girls.

Unless you mix love with service, companionship, mutual interests, mutual ambitions, honor, honesty and common sense, you have the bitterest draught in life to drink. It won't stand alone, no matter how deliciously exciting and satisfying it is in the beginning.

Nothing is so hard on a woman as the grand passion that peters out into loneliness, bewilderment, shame, crushed pride and vanished illusion. Especially if that grand passion is illicit, and it usually is. The sweeping, breath-taking, absorbing, dizzying type of loving rarely comes into your life by the pleasant, well-worn trail of friendship, engagement, marriage. There again a great many elements enter to stabilize matters.

Getting clothes, kitchen showers, house-hunting, acknowledging presents, calling on Jim's people, making arrangements for bridesmaids, church, music, reception—all these things are delightful in themselves, and they help make a girl feel that she really is getting married. But they don't go hand-in-hand with the mad sweetness, the agony and joy, of love completely unsupported by material, everyday, practical commonsense.

Loves Her Boss.

Take Evelyn Peters' affair, for example. Evelyn is an office worker of 28; she writes me that she has loved Clay for seven years. Clay is 40; he is her office boss.

"How shall I know if he no longer cares?" writes Evelyn.

"There is no question of this being the real thing, for it has survived every possible difficulty and handicap. In the first place, Clay is married, and although he no longer loves—or even likes his wife, they have a daughter of 12 whom he adores.

"Four years ago Clay went to officers camp, emerging a captain; I was intensely proud of him, even though the long separation was hard on us both.

"Up to this time I had held our friendship to strictly platonic lines, but the pressure of war tragedies and partings made me feel I could refuse him nothing, and during the first war year, when he was in various American camps, we managed to meet very often. Far from being ashamed of having surrendered, I was proud of his love. When he finally sailed for South Seas duty it was with the implicit promise that when he returned he would make our relationship legitimate.

"He has now been home seven weeks, and I count the days in growing uneasiness. I don't doubt his love, but what is keeping us apart? It may be that he is going to surprise me by arriving suddenly to announce his freedom, but so far I have had only one unsatisfactory telephone call, which terminated with his casual promise 'see you soon' but on that occasion his wife may have been within hearing. During the war I took a much

STRIVE TO FORGET

Evelyn is in love with her boss. She is 28; he is 40. The trouble is, he is already married. He has lost all affection for his wife, but he continues in the marital relationship because of his 12-year-old daughter.

This affair has been going along for several years. It has survived a long separation, while Clay was serving as an army officer. Now he has returned, and the time has come for him to make good on his promise. Clay told Evelyn when he left that he "would make their relationship legitimate." Now he has been back for two months, and has called only once. He spoke vaguely of "seeing her soon."

Evelyn is worried. She doesn't know what to do. This is "the real thing," she insists. "Without this prospect (marriage with Clay) life would be insupportable to me." Should she tell his wife about the situation? Evelyn is desperately looking for a solution.

Miss Norris points out that Clay probably has changed his mind, if he ever intended to obtain a divorce so as to marry Evelyn. He very possibly has met another woman who interests him now more than Evelyn does. There is no sensible course, says Miss Norris, but to forget him.

finer position in a nearby town, which I still hold. This, of course, makes me less accessible.

"Mutual Trust."

"Our affair was by no means trivial. It was entered upon with a deep sense of mutual trust. But it was not supported, naturally, by any recognition from my family or his, or our friends, nor any normal opportunity for meeting; it was only when he could get away for brief leave, often then to discover that between his family's claims and mine we had but a few stolen hours together. Now I want it openly admitted; I want to take my place beside him; without this prospect, life would be insupportable to me.

"Shall I call on him in his office, write requesting a talk, or go see his wife—who is six years older than he—and tell her frankly how matters are? That he is as wretched as I am under this arrangement I am as sure as I am of my own feeling."

You mean "as you wish you were of your own feeling, Evelyn." You know very well, in your heart, that this affair is cold—cold as the Iceland snows. Clay is safe from trouble; he will have—or has had—no difficulty in explaining to his elderly wife that one of the office girls is cracked about him. I would bet even money, although far from a betting woman, that there is another woman—not in the wife's place, but in yours. He and his wife may have had their upset times, but she will prove a fine buffer between him and any disturbance you can create.

There is only one piece of advice for you. It is contained in two forceful words. "Forget it."



He becomes a captain.

Gelatin Stiffens Rayon

When rayon dresses become limp from washing they may be given a lift by dipping in a gelatin and water solution. Two tablespoons should be enough. Soak the gelatin a few minutes in a little cold water, then dissolve with boiling water. Pour the solution in a bowl large enough to hold the dress and add cold water. After the dress is washed and rinsed, dip in the gelatin solution and squeeze gently. Then roll the dress in a thick towel until dry enough to iron.