

Kathleen Norris Says:

What's Wrong With Daughters, Asks Dad

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



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By KATHLEEN NORRIS

HERE is a letter from the father of three girls. It would make me laugh, with its peppery dissatisfaction, if it did not come nearer to making me cry.

"What the heck is the matter with girls nowadays?" asks Paul McAllister. "My wife and I had three—we wanted a boy, of course, but we got three pretty, active girls, who grew up to keep the place in an uproar with their dates and their clothes and their boy friends. There wasn't a day for five or six years that someone didn't want a new dress, or want to give a party, or was crying over some invitation that didn't come through or some boy who didn't like her.

"That was bad enough. Then all three married; the little one first and the twins at a double wedding a year later. That set me back about five grand, but no matter—the girls were settled.

"Settled! My gosh, they don't know the meaning of the word. Fran, one of the twins, was married two years when she came home with a baby boy, couldn't stand Phil a minute longer. Eight months later Barbara landed back on us; she has no child. We thought she would marry again, but that was five years ago, and she hasn't.

"Now, six years married, with two little girls, Eleanor is home. Well, there's some excuse there. Her husband is lazy, doesn't make any money, says he is tubercular and wants to live out on the desert.

Discordant Household.
"Fran gets a hundred a month alimony and gives her mother 30. Barbara gets 300 and says she'll go on this way forever, partly to spite Ross. Here we all are, mother, father, three daughters, three small children, and a good deal of refined arguing and criticizing goes on—we're too big a family, that's the truth. The girls cry over their marital troubles, blame each other, make up—surely this isn't the way people ought to live, one old man and a lot of detached women who don't have homes or husbands! Eleanor has no money to spend, and talks of a job. Barbara is pretty well pleased with her settlement and her freedom from responsibility, and the contrast makes it hard for the other girls. It's the darndest situation I ever saw. They help, of course, and we all love the kids, but it means that my wife, getting on in years now, is running a family boarding-house.

"Aren't marriages supposed to stick any longer? Barbara hasn't got a thing against Ross; Eleanor might have gone out with her sick husband to Arizona and stayed with him to the end; Fran says now that Phil—who has married again—is one of the finest men she ever knew. I've known folks who weren't married who stuck to each other a lot better than this.

"Rents and housing shortages in our town make it impossible for any of them to find inexpensive apartments anywhere. Our house is roomy and comfortable, and Barbara talks of building on a big room for herself when it is possible. But a house with three young wives in it and no young husbands seems to me pretty queer. The girls ages are only 24, 24 and 22. This could go

PARENTS FAILED TOO

A perplexed father, whose three daughters have all obtained divorces and returned home, asks Miss Norris what has happened to the "old-fashioned" attitude toward marriage. He says the girls are all young—under 25, and that they had no real grounds for divorce. They simply came up against some difficulties and disillusionments, normal enough even in the happiest unions, and they quickly determined to get out of a situation that wasn't entirely satisfactory. Now they are in their father's house, with their babies. While it is a big house, there isn't room for four families. Bickering and criticizing is unavoidable.

He goes on to explain each girl's situation and the history of her marriage. Then he tells Miss Norris that, he isn't exactly asking for advice, but he wants sympathy. If modern girls had a little more endurance and courage, he says, they could stick it out, and make successes of their marriages.

The fault, replies Miss Norris, lies as much with himself and his wife as with the girls. If these daughters had been impressed all along with the seriousness of marriage, its trials and difficulties, they would have been better prepared for the great step that they took, perhaps too young.

on for a long time. I'm not sure that I want your advice," this letter ends, "but I want sympathy, lots of it."

You have it, Paul. But don't forget that much of the responsibility for this situation rests with you and with your wife. These girls were not brought up to a realization of the seriousness of marriage, and the danger of the delusion that divorce is an escape from its inconveniences. They felt, as young wives, that marriage was like a school, or a house, or a hat. If you don't like it, change it. Don't put up with the inevitable disappointments and disillusionments that are part of even the happiest marriage. Just get out, the way you'd get out of a job that suppressed and displeased you.

Can't Get Out Painlessly.
Marriage isn't like that. Its roots go deep—deep into a woman's life. She cannot tear them up and throw them aside without injuring many lives, especially her own.

Years ago I knew a girl named Elsie. She married at 18 with the statement that she didn't care for Herb, but she wanted to be married at 18. At 27 she had been seven years divorced, had grown older, wiser, better. She fell in love, while on an ocean voyage, with the son of a distinguished, conventional, wealthy Baltimore family. They were married and went to his home where she was cordially welcomed. No one knew of her divorce until one night, at a dinner party, her first husband appeared, drunk and truculent. The episode was passed over somehow, but her baby, born too soon as a result of agitation, died. There never has been another child.

Don't blame the girls, Paul. Blame the parents who didn't train them to be strong women and good wives.

Wants Opera Career

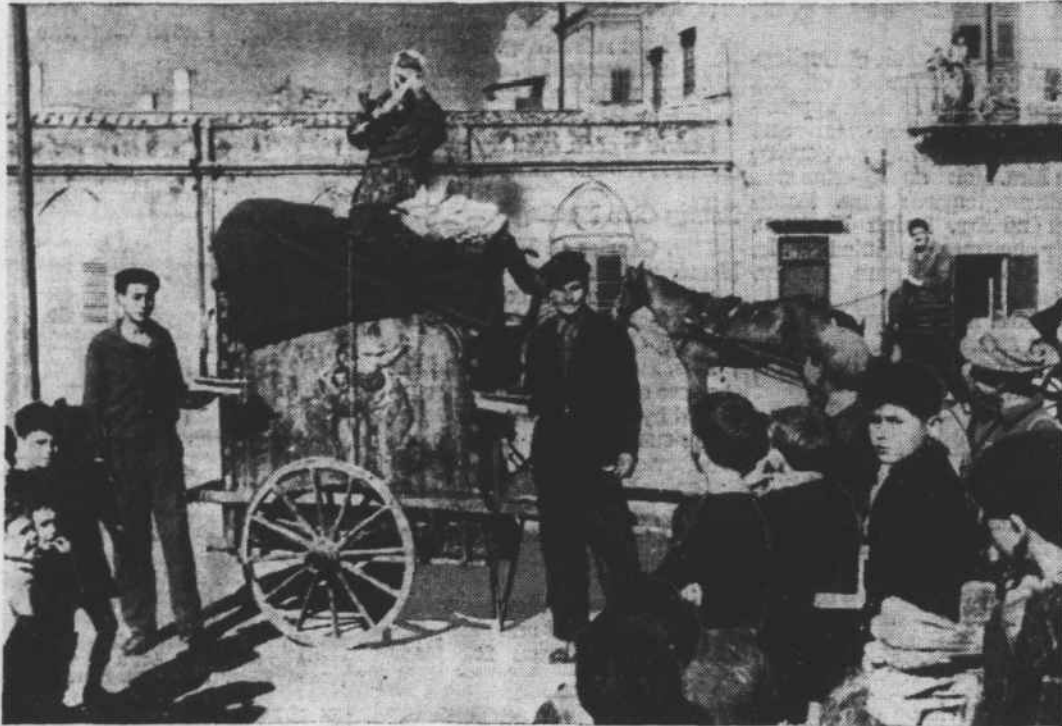
Margaret Truman, daughter of the President, has decided that she wants to make music her profession, and for more than six years during which she has been studying quietly she has not sung in public. She is almost sure to have an operatic and concert career. Margaret has a voice that needs no White House accompaniment and she plans to have her career on her own merits. She intends to sing under the name of Margaret Wallace, her mother's family name.



He thinks to be tubercular . . .



ENLIVENING CHILEAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION . . . Here is shown one of the numerous fights that marked election day in Chile, when the people went to the polls to vote for a new president. Communists and Socialists were rivals in the brawls. The tackler here seems to be trying to haul his opponent into the ditch. Gabriel Gonzalez Videla received a majority of votes over his opponent Eduardo Coke.



ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDER LURES CROWDS . . . Banned from the sidewalks of New York by edict of former Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, now the boss of UNRRA, the hurdy gurdy survives in Italy, and this particular street organ in Palermo, Sicily, was used to attract crowds when the American representative of UNRRA wanted to announce the distribution of relief supplies.



FARM RELIEF HORSES MENACED . . . These government-owned horses bought by the U. S. department of agriculture for European farm relief, faced possible death because they were unable to be transported to their destination as a result of strike-delayed shipping schedules. UNRRA officials say that a death toll of over 10 per cent resulted in shipping yards at Savannah, Ga., due to pneumonia and lack of nourishment. The horses were from the West and could not stand mud.



QUADRUPLETS BORN TO FRENCH MOTHER . . . Four nurses feed the quadruplet daughters born to Mrs. Margaret Walz, 38, of Paris, France. The four little girls, who are thriving in an incubator, are Jacqueline, Danielle, Anne-Marie and Nicole. With food and clothing scarce, Mrs. Walz will have a problem to provide for her new family. Many offers of ration cards and food have been placed at the disposal of the new quadruplet girls.



TOMATOES ARE HIGHER . . . Louis "Corky" Grimes, 2, Chicago, knows that tomatoes are plenty high in the local stores, but finds that they come even higher in his neighbor's yard. This giant tomato plant in the yard of Frank Grimaldi, is 8½ feet tall, believed to be a record.



HEADS V.F.W. . . . Louis E. Starr, Portland, Ore., newly-elected national commander-in-chief of Veterans of Foreign Wars, which held its 1946 convention at Boston. The convention favored extension of draft and universal training.

IN THESE UNITED STATES

Picturesque Wilderness Becomes National Park

City-weary Americans will have an opportunity to step into the past to see the northern forest as it was centuries before Columbus stumbled onto a new world through dedication of forest-green and rugged Isle Royale, "the jewel of Lake Superior," as the nation's newest national park.

The island, jutting boldly from the blue Superior waters, 55 miles from the mainland, stood for centuries before its discovery by the Indians.

French explorers followed the Red Men across the lake to the island, a virtually untouched laboratory of nature where rich mineral deposits lie buried deep beneath the grandeur of the surface.

Mecca for Thousands.
Centuries later the modern sportsman and tourist rediscovered Isle Royale, and now it has become a mecca for several thousand persons each year.

Dubbed the "Lake Superior icebox," Isle Royale is isolated by the ice over Lake Superior for seven months a year—November to May. It is the permanent winter home of only fishermen and trappers. In the summer months the population is increased greatly when more fishermen arrive and when vacationists flock to the picturesque wilderness.

Years ago the state of Michigan took initial steps to save the island from the pulp loggers, already starting their operations there, for a cut-over Isle Royale would have been such a bleak and barren wilderness that probably not even the moose would have liked the place.

Came in 'Big Freeze.'

The famous Isle Royale moose, incidentally, are not native to the island. They have been there only since the very cold winter of 1912 when that part of the big lake froze so solidly that the herds' ancestors migrated from Canada 10 miles across the ice. The island proved a perfect place for the moose, the herd thriving and increasing.

The caribou and white-tailed deer, which were native to the island long before the moose came, are no longer found there. But of other wild life there is a good variety and an abundant amount: mink, beaver, coyote, brush wolves, rabbits.

The island is the home of a great many water birds that fish on its shores and streams. Like every well watered wilderness, Isle Royale is a forested area with groves of white and black birch, sugar, red and mountain maples. Black ash, mountain ash, quaking aspen, alders and willow trees also thrive.

Because the winters are subarctic and the nutriment for trees is meager and the summers short, some trees are more than four centuries old and only five feet tall.

The area abounds in wild flowers, including 30 varieties of orchids.

Starts Campaign.

The man who made the modern discovery of Isle Royale was Dr. William P. Scott, who in 1890 was sent there to look after the miners and their families. He made leisurely explorations over the place, fell in love with the rugged island far out in the cold, cold lake and was the first to campaign for its nationalization.

Fishermen, meantime, built huts, groups of them clustered into tiny shoreline villages, and worked the rich waters around the island, taking out whitefish by the ton. Life

in the summertime there was pleasant and profitable.

But life on Isle Royale in the winter was always rugged, bleak, lonesome and dangerous. Once a winter worker had an eye pecked out by an owl made so desperate by hunger that it dared attack a man.

Formerly there was no communication between the island and the rest of the world from the time the last boat sailed away in November until the next one broke through the ice in May. In late years, of course, there has been radio.

Compared to Battlewagon.

The big island is 46 miles long, contains 205 square miles of area and has a number of small islets around it so that it is sometimes compared to a battleship escorted by a flotilla of destroyers. Transportation around the island is by boat from port to port, or by foot over the moose or old miner trails, some of which were cleared a bit and marked a few years ago by the CCC. There are no railroads, not even any wagon roads on Isle Royale.

In 1931 congress voted to make a national park out of the area, and in 1933 President Roosevelt approved the spending of \$750,000 of federal funds to purchase land of the island in danger of being logged for pulp. By 1939 all claims were cleared and the department of interior took over administration of the area, making it a national park. The war intervened to delay dedication of the new park until this fall.

Doctors Abandoned Hope—But Injured Vet Now Can Talk

JAMESTOWN, N. Y. — "He'll never talk again," doctors agreed after Richard J. Werner, 20, of Jamestown, was wounded in action on a battlefield in Germany March 25, 1945 — but now Werner plans to try out for his school glee club.

Seriously injured by a blast from a German howitzer, Werner had a hole in his throat, severed vocal cords, fractured larynx and severed windpipe. After lying in an army hospital for more than a month, breathing through a silver tube inserted through the wound in his throat, Werner heard a doctor say: "We're going to try to suture your vocal cords, fella. Not much chance it will work, but we may get a squawk or two out of you."

Three months in a hospital in England and another at Fort Devens, Mass., passed before a doctor removed the tube and asked: "How you feeling, boy?"
"Okay," Werner rasped without thinking—and then, in a fever of excitement, he croaked: "Hey! I can talk!"



MOBILE X-RAY ROOM . . . Designed particularly for use in sparsely populated areas, a powerful new weapon against tuberculosis and other chest diseases has been acquired by the U. S. Public Health Service. It is a bus-mounted x-ray room which can be taken to people in their homes, factories, stores and schools to make routine chest examinations as a phase of the program to "nip TB in the bud." The dread disease has no symptoms in its early stage, yet in that stage it is most easily curable.

Even Beavers Occasionally Are too Eager

GREELEY, COLO.—Even beavers occasionally become too eager, county road workmen insist.

Called to repair a flooded section of county road, the workers at first thought some farmer had been careless with irrigation water. Later they discovered that beavers were building a dam across a nearby irrigation ditch, causing water to run onto the road. The road workers pulled out the dam. That night the

beavers put it back in. The battle continued, the roadmen working like beavers taking out the dam during the daytime and the beavers living up to their name at night by putting the dam back.

Finally Sheriff Gus Anderson was called into the case. He refused to take legal action to dispossess the beavers, but he did notify Game Warden W. O. Adkins, who will trap the beavers.