

Kathleen Norris Says:

They Come Back Changed

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Each of us could see that he comes home to a real welcome, a plan, an understanding analysis of his problem.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

AS I write these words on a hot, still June morning, the biggest city is fuming and roaring away below my windows, and complete strangers are greeting each other in the streets with the three incredible words: "Cherbourg is ours."

Yes, those sweating, powder-grimed, homesick, exhausted boys of ours pushed, unit by unit, through bitter long days up the Normandy peninsula until they opened that vital gateway through which other men and supplies could pour to their aid and that of their fellow fighters all over France.

Let's hope they know—these soldiers of America—how truly we appreciate what they have done. Let's hope they know that our prayers and thoughts and love have followed them through every agonizing step of the way, and that we are glorying now in their courage and persistence.

This is a long step toward Berlin, and toward the end. And this brings us to thoughts of the days to come, when the war is over. It brings one to serious thoughts of the army at home—the women's army of mothers, daughters, sisters, wives. The army that will welcome home that other army of tired, bewildered, disillusioned and often disabled fighters.

Tired? Yes, deadly tired of the disturbed and disorganized state of things at home, after the months of sharply-organized war.

Bewildered? Certainly. Not knowing quite what to do, where to take hold, what work to look for, at what point to begin.

Disillusioned? Disillusioned not perhaps with the war, or even with the peace, but suffering from a deep puzzled disillusionment with life: life that can so generously feed and clothe a man in war time, give him railway tickets and theater tickets, hospitalization, education, blankets, cigarettes, chocolate—and in peace time leave him to struggle with job-finding, unemployment, high rents, high cost of living.

And perhaps disabled. Perhaps obliged to face all these things lacking a hand, lacking eyes, needing a crutch, or suffering from those far worse disorders of nerves and mind that cannot be reached by the cheerful kindness and sympathy of Mom and the girls.

A Place For Him to Fit. Are you ready to face these conditions for your soldier? If two million women would face them for just one soldier each, how greatly would the postwar problem be solved at home, how immeasurably lessened the burden we must all help to carry after the war! No one of us can do it for them all, but each one could do it for one, could see that he comes home to a real welcome, a plan, an understanding analysis of his problem, a small bank-account that will save his self-respect for a few months at least, a place ready, into which he can fit.

For—make up your minds, you mothers and sisters and wives everywhere—the boys are coming home cross, vague, restless, critical, dissatisfied. The bedroom all in order, the friends gathered to cry

Sweating, powder-grimed soldiers...

Shortage of Teachers Threatens Country Schools. More than 50,000 emergency teachers' certificates were issued in the United States for rural schools during the spring term. In Illinois, which is a typical state, there were 2,344 such certificates given. The situation is likely to be more acute by fall, according to the Illinois Rural Education committee. Reports from Teachers' colleges indicate that there are no teachers enrolled in preparing for rural school teaching.

THE ROAD BACK

When our soldiers come home—tired, disillusioned, somewhat embittered with life, they will be at loose ends for a while, trying to get readjusted to a world they had almost forgotten. After the rigid order of military living, with everything provided, and every move planned, the problems and decisions of civilian life will be difficult for many veterans to face.

It is during these trying days that mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives must somehow give that spiritually exhausted man the thing he wants most. It may be a trip to the mountains, or a chance to complete his college course, or a voyage to South America. Whatever it is, his relatives and friends should try to provide it. A tidy sum in the bank, saved from war plant wages, makes it a lot easier to gratify his wishes. But in any case, his struggle back to normal living should get everyone's assistance.

and kiss him, the admiration of medals, the royal feast—the glamour of these things will last about 24 hours.

Then the change will come; get ready for it. Then the boy will begin to show the effects of the long strain. Body, mind and soul will let go all at once. He'll not be interested in Mom's hospital work or the surprising success of Sis in the chemical lab. He'll want to loaf about the house reading comics, loaf downtown to a movie. He'll start up, to answer your questions, from some dark dream.

"What? What'd you say, Mom? Yep, we had pretty good chow at Guadalcanal. Nope, it was kind of rotten—oh, I guess it was pretty good." His voice will be uninterested; he will turn back to his little pocket murder story again. You'll feel, for bitter months, as if you had lost him.

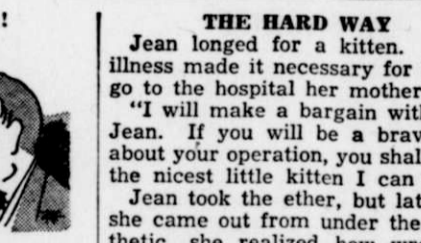
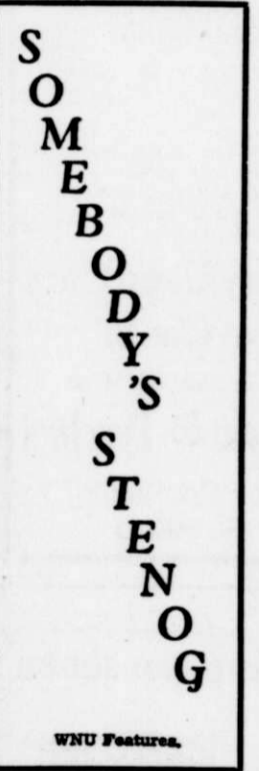
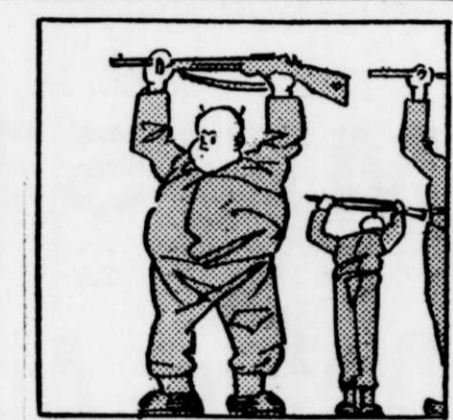
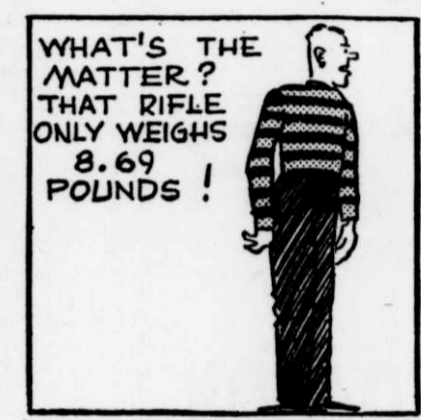
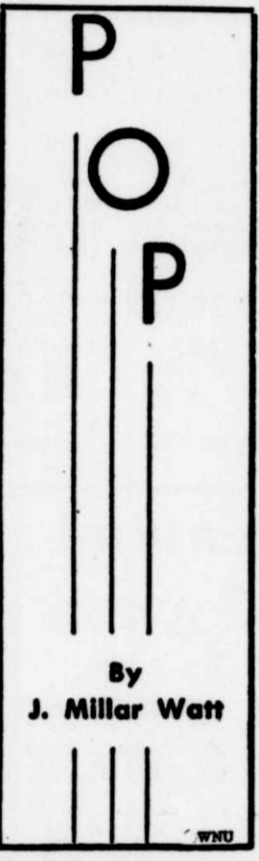
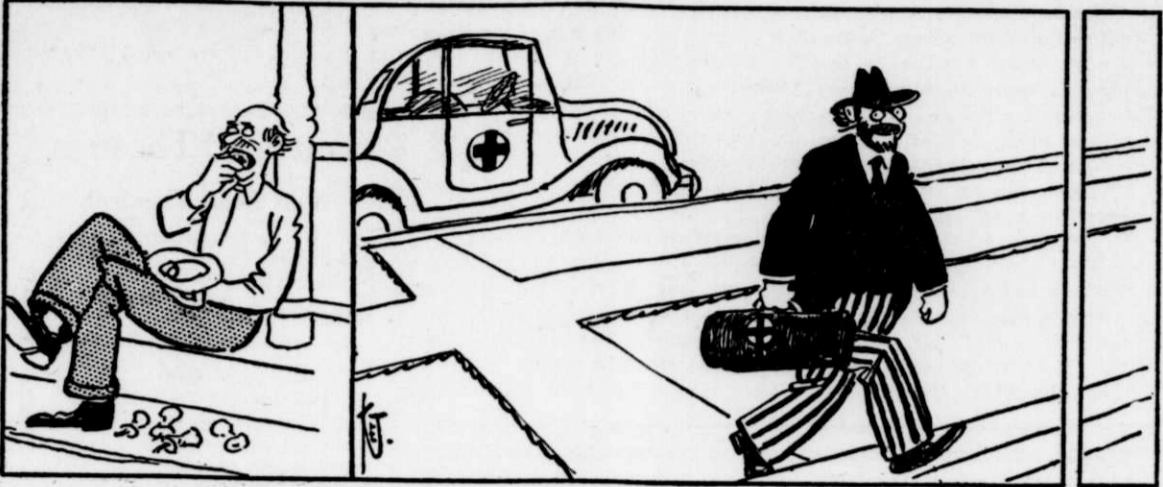
Give him those months generously and tenderly. Let him get away into the mountains with a dog and an old horse, if you can. Get him off to a cattle ranch; or find out exactly what it has been his dream to do—ship to China on a freighter, live alone in the old cabin up by the lake and write a book, finish his medical course—and help him to do it.

The months of a great war—and ours is years old now—are hard for the older men and for all the women at home. But the months that follow the war are harder still. Your splendid ambitious Jim, always so full of courage and spirit and fun, may come back to you silent and bitter, perfectly willing to take a real from Dad and a dollar from Betty Lou, perfectly willing to idle through his days drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, talking movies and ball games.

He's got long memories to live down. Give him plenty of time. He'll come back. It isn't his fault the world was plunged into the war that scarred him so deeply. It was ours. Pay for it by helping him back to sanity and peace.

Cost of Living Advances. The cost of living in the United States rose in May to a new high level for the war period, according to the Alexander Hamilton institute. Nevertheless, the cost of living was only slightly higher than a year ago, with the national industrial conference board's index, which is based on 1923 as 100, standing at 104.4 in May this year as against 104.2 in the same month last year. The rise during the past year was due entirely to increases in clothing, fuel, light and miscellaneous.

OUR COMIC SECTION



Reporter—How long do you think the war will last?
Famous Man—I'm not sure, but I'd say for the duration anyway!

Highest Honors. Smith—My great grandfather was made a duke by the king who's on this coin.
Jones—That's nothing! My great grandfather was made an angel by the guy on this Indian head penny.

There's the Rub! Jones—I'm neither a Democrat nor a Republican. I always vote for the best man.
Smith—But how do you tell who the best man is until after the election?

Extremely Careful Banker—For this kind of a job we want a man who doesn't take the slightest risks.
Job Seeker—I'm your man. Can I have my salary in advance?

Operatic Delusion. Joe—Have I got a wonderful voice! You know I could be with the Metropolitan!
Bill—Anyone with a voice like yours needs insurance!

More Fun! Mrs. Brown—I always tell my husband everything that happens.
Mrs. Blue—I find it's more fun to tell mine lots of things that never happen.

Breakfast Joke. Waiter One—So I asked him if his grapefruit was juicy.
Waiter Two—And what did he say?
Waiter One—Nothing. He just looked at me and I read the answer in his eye!

Faint Praise. Artist—This is one of the best paintings I've done.
Critic—Well, don't let it discourage you!

Slight Flush. Jane—I told him his face was too red.
Joan—But don't you think that was just a little rash?

Along for the Ride. He—I don't understand why this tandem bike is so hard to pedal.
She—And what I can't understand is why these foot rests keep moving up and down!

No Argument. Mother—Now if you two won't agree, I'll just take the pie away.
Sonny—But we do agree. Tommy wants the biggest piece and so do I.

Ask Me Again! Investigator—And who was your wife before you were married?
Investigatee—I didn't have a wife then!
Sunday Rest. Bill—Did you hear Brown snoring in church this morning?
Joe—I'll say. He woke me up, too!

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8642 12-42 Crisp House Frock. THE youthful capped sleeves with their romantic little ruffled trim—the slim, sleek lines of the front—the trim buttoned back and the big tie-bow all add up to as neat a bit of house dress charm as you've ever encountered!

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Useless Fear. "Your mother," said the sergeant to the very awkward recruit, "is rather upset because you left home to become a soldier!" "Yes, sir, she is," replied the awkward one. "Well, just write and tell her not to fret any more," continued the sergeant. "Unless the war lasts 50 years you'll never be a soldier!"

For a Match. "I think I'll get a pair of red shoes—those flaties with wedge heels," said the tall blonde. "Why low heels?" asked her friend, in surprise. "I want them to go with a short lieutenant."

Supreme Proof. "See that man across the road?" asked Smith as they lingered chatting at the corner. Jones nodded wearily in reply. "He's the best friend I ever had," went on Smith fervently. "When the clouds were dark and threatening, he showed a wonderful faith in me." "How?" Jones was interested, for once. "He lent me an umbrella."

Hit 72,491 Flying Targets; Record of 1907 Unbroken. Still unbroken is the record for shooting at and hitting the largest number of flying targets, which was made by Adolph Topperwein in San Antonio, Texas, in December, 1907, says Collier's. Firing a .22-caliber repeating rifle continuously eight hours a day for 10 days, he hit all but nine of 72,500 2 1/2-inch wood blocks tossed in the air 25 feet from him, his longest run without a miss being 14,560 targets.

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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER. A recent report of the War Department showed that Army requirements of crude or synthetic rubber for combat material included 810 pounds for a medium tank; 105 pounds for a fighter plane; 404 pounds for a 77 mm. gun carriage, down to 1 1/2 pounds for a gas mask, and 19 pounds for a mile of field wire.

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