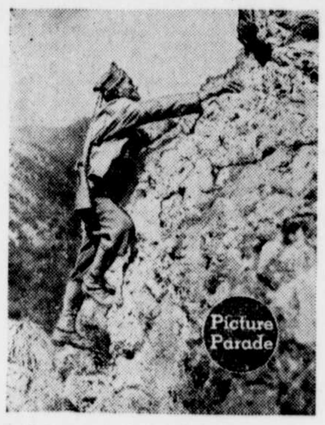
Famed Indian Scouts of Arizona Share Memory of Glorious Past

These famous Indian scouts stationed at Ft. Huachuca, Arizona, were originally mustered into army units shortly after the Civil war. The government no longer recruits these scouts as there are only seven left. When they retire and are discharged this once famous organization will be only a memory. Today the members of the detachment are performing valuable service as reservation range and fire guards. Many tales have been told of the bravery of Indian scouts attached to regular army units.

Corporal Jim Lane, U. S. army scout, second from right, shakes hands with John Rope (Black Larriet) retired U. S. army scout, who tells of the many battles in which he has fought.



Private Andrew Paxson is shown scaling a dangerous peak for a better look-out.

Sgt. Sinew L. Riley typifies the eyes and ears of Indian scouts in this century.

These grizzled Indian features make a very interesting picture. Left to right: Corporal Jim Lane, John Rope and Kassey Y-32.

These Indian scouts are filing up the mountainside looking for anything that looks like trouble—for brush fires, and so on.

Privates William Major and Andrew Paxson look for suspicious movements from lofty peak of Huachuca mountains.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Parents Should Use Common Sense

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Jean brings young people to the house, and they never refuse a second cut of beef or pie. And the wreckage they can cause in a case of soft drinks is unbelievable.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE Whites live in Philadelphia and they have a daughter, Jean, 17, and a son, Robert, two years younger. Their lives have run along a familiar groove until now; they have lived exactly as have millions of American families, owning their home and their car, having part-time help, going away for two weeks of summer vacation, putting Jean and Rob through public school with plenty of luxury on the side.

Now the Whites have come to a difficult crossroads, and they can't agree. Father White is a man of strong will, and he needs it at this moment, for Mother, Jean and Rob junior are leagued against him.

Father, flatly and simply wants to go on as they are. That is his entire platform. Jean and Mother, somewhat indifferently abetted by Rob, want to rent the house, move to a smart apartment, go in modestly for entertaining, and give Jean the chance her friends will have of meeting the right people and going the right places.

Doesn't Like Their Home.

Robert White's income is $4,000 a year. Olive, his wife, began a budget when it was little more than half that, and they bought the house nine years ago. It is a square house with trees and a front garden, a double garage, four bedrooms and two baths, living-room, study, dining-room, kitchen, two fireplaces and a small, sunny dining-ingle off the kitchen.

To ninety-nine women out of every hundred it would represent luxury. But to Jean White it is just perfectly horrible and commonplace and she wishes it would burn down.

The Whites pay $62.50 a month for interest on a $5,000 mortgage, home insurance and amortization. Robert White pays $40 a month for life insurance. The table costs an even hundred a month, and the four-day-a-week services of Amanda Johnson, about $35 more.

Young Rob comes home ravenous every day, and makes incredible inroads on bread, jam and butter, drinking exactly a quart of chocolate milk as he does so. Jean brings nice hoarse boys to dinner, and they never refuse a second cut of beef or pie. The wreckage these young persons can cause in a case of soft bottled drinks is unbelievable; Jean calls upstairs, "Mother, may we open this can of ham and have these eggs?" And what can Olive call back but "Of course, darling, what else are they there for?"

Costly Incidentals.

Home, food and insurance and service therefore consume half the income. Above and beyond these are the incidentals that all budget keepers abhor because they sound so insignificantly small and add up so brutally big. Incidentals mean telephone and long distance calls, tailor, laundry, cleaner, clothes, shoes, dentist, doctor, church, movies, theater, clubs, newspapers, magazines, gasoline and cleaning of the car, flowers, stamps—no one of them terrifying, but the whole mass unspeakably depressing.

The Whites owe various small bills now, for the first time in their lives; Jean belongs to a ski club, and that costs money, and Rob had to have an emergency apendectomy. These bills fret the man of the house; he and his wife both thought them "somewhere around two hundred" until they added them up the other night and found they came to exactly $516.22. This caused a sort of family panic, in which Jean expressed her ideas.

> ***SPOILED CHILD***
>
> *The spoiled child is a problem, not only to her parents but to herself. She has never learned to think of others, and that is one of the first lessons she must learn before she can hope to achieve the happiness she takes for granted as her share in life. The "Jean" whose father wrote this letter is a spoiled child. She wants more than her father can provide. But he himself has helped to create the problem he asks Kathleen Norris to solve.*

Jean and her mother think the time has come to borrow a good round sum, rent the house, and move to one of the beautiful new apartments just finished in the smartest part of town. The square, all-window corner of the big drawing-room in these apartments, its white-brick fireplace and indirect lighting more than reconcile Jean to the fact that she would have to take for her own what was designed for a servant's room, and that none of the White's furniture would be suitable in the place. Only chromium pipe, white leather and crystal furnishings would fit there.

The rent is $175 but Jean argues that the old house would rent for a hundred anyway. And she does so want—with tears and smiles and kisses how she wants!—to entertain in the new place, to have that address on her writing paper, to have "fun" with the others of her crowd until she gets married.

Both Parents Are Wrong.

"I'll be darned," writes Rob senior, "if I want to go in for more expense now. I want to stay where we are and see if we can't cut down expenses. Just tips in the new place would stand me in about twenty a month; the whole thing would be done on borrowed money, and I don't like it! Answer us honestly," his letter concludes, "which of us is right?"

My opinion. Robert, is that neither side is right. I think you and Olive have been wrong all along, and I think it's your fault that at 17 Jean has such completely false ideas. Years ago you should have been saving a thousand a year out of that handsome salary; years ago Jean should have realized that that last expensive year of private schooling, with its inevitable friendships and comparisons, was not for her. Years ago Olive should have lifted the heaviest of your burden by bringing that admirable budget of hers not just within the narrowest possible margin of income, but far below it.

Since you have so spoiled Jean that debt and pretense seem to her the natural steps toward finding her husband and place in life, you may be very sure that when she does step socially above you and her mother, and needs you no longer, no consideration may be expected from Jean, should your old age be dependent and helpless.

Needs to Be Awakened.

So my advice to you now is to move, indeed, but to some small place whose rent won't be more than $50. Rent your present home indeed, but only to cover overhead expenses there, and to invest the rest. Beside that, put $100 into government bonds every month before you turn one cent over to the family.

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(Prepared exclusively for WNU.)

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