Serene Days

Dear Ann Landers: I hate housework and I make no secret of it. My husband is a casual person, too. In fact he encourages me to be relaxed about things. He says he got enough of the perfectionist, nit-pickin' routine when he was in the Army.

So, Ann, we really live in our home and it looks it.

Last week a guest found a stale doughnut under a sofa cushion. It must have been there for a month. I was not the least bit flustered. My adorable husband thought it was the funniest thing that had happened in ages.

So, Ann, please print my letter in support of relaxed, tension-free living. It's great. —MRS. CONTENTMENT

Dear Mrs. Contentment: Happiness is a stale doughnut under the sofa cushion. Well, I've heard everything. But if that's the way it is at

tions and best wishes.

* * *

Marriage Is Teenage Trap

Dear Ann Landers: I am 17, a high school senior, and worried sick. Five months ago I became engaged to a boy I've been going steady with for two years.

Rich is a kind, sweet, wonderful person. I think I love him but as the wedding day draws near I become more unsure and frightened—almost panicky. I have just about decided I am not ready for marriage.

I always dreamed of going to work after high school, saving my money and traveling in Europe. The Orient fascinates me. I want to go there, too. My friends say I am crazy, that I shouldn't give up Rich for a foolish dream that will never

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there is more pith and moment in this little motto than in the entire collected works of Schopenhauer. With Norman Vincent Peale thrown in.

* * *

BOBO, AS THE world well knows, is a hustler and a lover who is in baseball with the utmost reluctance. His prowess at the pool table is so considerable, and his fame so great, that he has trouble finding marks, even in places like Kansas City.

Pitching hurts your pool. Is it not true, too true?

* * *

I LIKE GIRLS and I like the sauce, for example, and these things play the very devil with the old Muse. I would much rather have a couple of Dewar's White Labels with a pretty thing just the right age to be my daughter than spend five

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The Russians have adequate food, of a heavy kind differing from that of the West. Even their wheat purchases are marginal, a small share of their total production. They have rye and bar-

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another, possibly a 20-minute ride, costs about 25 pesetas—a little less than half a dollar.

* * *

BUT FOR SOME strange reason (and in fact this state

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MORNING REPORT

By ABE MELLINKOFF

Our Armed Services are fighting two wars these days. Privates, sergeants and lower-grade officers are at war in South Vietnam. In Washington, however, only the Big Brass is presently in action.

Air Force General LeMay is pushing for a bigger atomic bomb, but has run head-on into Defense Secretary McNamara, while lesser foes harass his flanks. Meanwhile, Admiral Rickover is potshoting Annapolis for courses that are too easy and games that are too exacting.

President Johnson is trying to stay neutral in both conflicts until after November. After all, he has Republican Lodge, in command in Vietnam and Republican McNamara in charge at the Pentagon.

COUNT MARCO TELLS CAREER GIRLS

Working Women Don't Deserve Equality

Would you believe it? Looking at real estate for sale provided finally and without question the truth of my contention that though as a woman you have special privileges, never should you have equal privileges on the job. This means pay and status.

The real estate representative and the individuals selling the properties were so embarrassed they kept apologizing after each amusing experience, but I only smiled. I could have told them so.

I inspected two buildings up for sale, each with four rental units. As a convenience to the tenants, all of whom presumably work, I made the time for my inspection at a late morning hour, 11 o'clock to be exact.

Seven of the eight apartments were occupied by women, the eighth by a couple. In every instance of occupancy by a woman we were greeted at the door by a disheveled, moaning female who complained, "I didn't go to work today. I'm sick."

By the time the sixth had repeated the same wail I was hysterical with laughter. The seventh at least showed a bit of originality. "Oh, dear," she whined, "I'm three hours late for work already, so you'll have to excuse me," and she busied herself for a mad dash to the office.

The only apartment that was not occupied at the moment was the one rented by the couple. Undoubtedly, the man of the house saw to it that his spouse was keeping her end of a business bargain.

Judging from such absenteeism, women on the job not only are no bargain businesswise but absolutely don't deserve any sort of equality in terms of money, hours, or benefits.

If I had time and were in the mood to conduct a door-to-door survey on female absenteeism, I probably would be amazed at just how many of you don't bother to show up for various and unnecessary reasons such as "I have the flu" (hangover, you mean); periods of depression (rejected by latest boyfriend); laziness (called accumulated sick leave), etc.

"I'll phone in sick" seems to be the modern working girl's off-the-job cry.

Because you are a woman, it is absolutely impossible for you to do a man's job—at least in this country. If you were in Russia, that would be another story. Let me tell you, since I've been there, you'd never get away with such excuses.

So, why not relax, take what wages you're lucky to get and go about your business of prettying up the office while realizing that you are not contributing much else in the way of production?

Then you won't get so upset, because you know just where you stand, and your boss won't get so upset when you don't show up. It's a ..... of mutual understanding.....

from a Britannica

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