

**CALISTHENICS FOR TEACHERS**—Egyptian women students in Cairo's Teachers College go through their calisthenics drill on the field of the National Sporting Club.



**HOUSES BY THE THOUSAND**—One of the world's largest private housing projects is near San Juan, Puerto Rico, where 3,500 homes are occupied and 1,500 more are under way.



**WHERE TOURISTS LIVE IN CASKS**—Visitors to "Cask Villa," outside Vermilion, O., live in cabins made from 6,000-gallon casks sold 25 years ago by a Cleveland winery.

**CAMP FIRE GIRLS**

**Potawatomi Camp Fire**  
Activities of the Potawatomi Camp Fire group recently included a tea May 15 to honor their mothers at the home of their guardian, Mrs. Sidney Domenico. Reports were heard on Spring Festival ticket sales and work on the national birthday honor was discussed.

The group planned a skating party for later in the month. Attending the meetings have been Barbara Brand, Leola Lorenzen, Shirley Pinard, Joan Leach, Sylvia Rand, Sharon Bloom, Beverly DeRoss, Beverly Nickell, and the guardian, Mrs. Domenico.

**Tawanka Camp Fire**  
Tawanka Camp Fire Girls of Umpqua worked at the Red Cross office in the Army recently making favors for hospital patients. The girls prepared a program for a box supper held at Coles Valley Grange hall with proceeds to be used to send members to Camp Tyece this summer.

May 10 the group met with their guardian, Mrs. Ted Roadman and discussed plans for camp sessions. At a recent meeting the group discussed their ceremonial and awarding of beads.

**Wahanka Camp Fire**  
Riddle girls belonging to the Wahanka Camp Fire group, with Mrs. Katherine Townsend as guardian, sold doughnuts and Spring Festival tickets during April to assist the Roseburg council. Aprons were sold by the girls to swell their summer camp fund and the group also helped with a candy sale sponsored by P.T. A. Prior to Mothers Day the girls wrapped gifts for their mothers and learned to construct paraffin stoves.

At the May 19 meeting the group concluded a series of five baseball games with the Taida Camp Fire group of Canyonville with Riddle winning the games. The losers will hold a picnic June 15 for the winning Riddle group.

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**Confesses**



(NEA Television) Diane Allen (above) 13 admitted to authorities that an "overpowering" urge to kill drove her to drown Charles Johnson, 7, by holding his head beneath the surface of a stream near Joliet, Ill. Diane, who now lives in Oak Lawn, a suburb of Chicago, explained she had intended to kill the boy for some time.

**Okiyahapl Camp Fire**  
Members of the Okiyahapl Camp Fire group met with their guardian, Mrs. J. M. Boyler Saturday morning for a hike and inspection of a green house. After the hike they returned for games and a sack lunch.

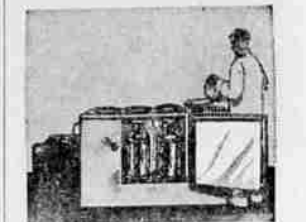
At an earlier meeting at Fullerton school the girls arranged tables for a P.T. A. bazaar and proceeds will be used by the Camp Fire organization. The P.T. A. sponsoring committee served dinner to the group at 5:30 p.m.

**GRADUATION PLANNED**

Graduation exercises will be held June 1 at the Elgarose School. All parents and friends of the students are invited.

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**College Girl 'Grad' Asks Advice; Male Philosopher Wastes Words**

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK.—(AP)—The sweet young thing had a stormy look in her eyes as she marched up to my desk.

"May I be of any assistance to you, ma'am?" I inquired cautiously.

You have to be cautious in a newspaper office these days when pretty girls come up to you. You never know whether they want you to be the last man in their Pyramid Club, or to tell you they just shot down their dear old grandmother for reading too many comic books.

"Yes, you can help me," she said. "You wrote a piece telling college men graduates how to get ahead in life. But how about the girl graduates? Haven't you anything to tell me?"

"Have I? I asked, looking to see which ear she wanted filled first. Sit down, my dear."

The only seat I have for callers is an iron-rimmed wastebasket. She stood and stared at it in careful helplessness. I sat and stared at it, too. Then I got up and sat down on the wastebasket, and she moved over and sat down in my chair.

"I don't think there is anything I can tell you," I said.

"Why?"

"Because you just showed you have already learned woman's most important art—how to get men to do what you want."

"Oh, men?" she said. "I sometimes wish all the men in the world were dead—not that they probably aren't."

"Why are you mad at men?"

"Because they take up so much space. What chance has a woman who wants a career? Men hold the big jobs. If there's a soft touch in life, it's theirs."

She said this—and me sitting there cramped on an iron wastebasket.

**Woman's World—He Says**  
"Look," I said. "You've got life backwards. Men lost out in the struggle to rule the world long ago. It's a woman's world today. The prime aim left to men is to make women happy. Men work, women spend. This isn't just a feminine age we're living in—it's a feminine rampage."

"Well," she said. "I can see why they call you the poor man's

philosopher. You certainly aren't the poor woman's Socrates—or Gable either, for that matter. What about equal rights?"

"What about equal rights—do you want those, too?" I asked.

"Einstein couldn't figure a formula to give women equal rights. And it wouldn't be fair to them if he did."

"How can I have a successful career?"

"Work hard, use your brains, be friendly—just like I told the college boys. And don't try to capitalize on sex in business."

"Is there any way I can avoid it?" She dimpled.

"No, I guess not," I sighed. "Not for another 30 years. Then it won't make any difference. What's your name anyway?"

"Just call me Jane College," she said. "I came to see you on a dare."

As she turned to leave, I said: "Can I give you just one more piece of advice? Few women—or few men either—ever found complete happiness in a career alone. It's better to be queen in a kitchenette than a sub-princess in a 20-room office. Find you a nice healthy man and marry him?"

"Who'd you have in mind?" said the sweet young thing.

I went back to my chair, still feeling like I was sitting in the wastebasket. I suppose this is the way any man feels who ever tries to tell any woman anything.

The Pentagon, the world's largest office building, is only five stories high, but consists of five rings of buildings connected by 10 corridors.

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