# 1935-1938

# THE HOUSEHOLD

**EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.**

## March 30, 1935

### YESTERDAY

Yesterday was a day of days, April weather in March. The sky was so blue and the clouds so white that one needed smoked glasses to look at them, and brisk little showers fell occasionally, right in the midst of sunshine, without benefit of thunderclouds. Wilbert's rye patch showed green and his two lambs stilted around, almost leaping over their mothers' backs. The piglets raced and cavorted in the field beyond. Joey sauntered here and there with his coat open and his cheeks like wild roses from the milk-warm wind. The men worked, not too swiftly, at felling dead trees, trimming up shrubs and raking weed-trash out of the fence rows.

Hope Needham

It was a day to remind one of all the projects mentally stored away during fall and winter for just such a time as this. A neighbor and I conferred about a trip to the timber for sumac and elderberry, and about how soon would be the very earliest we should bring home perennials from that new place we found over by the river. One wouldn't want to be a minute too late! Last year was discouraging, but this is a new year, and everything is bound to grow this time.

How propitious everything looks for a good season, I thought yesterday. Farmers are happier and have more money to spend than they have had for years, with prospects for a better income yet. . . . Time to get that painter on the job that we talked about this winter. Painting is such a satisfying way of cleaning house.

### Time to Plant

Time to plant tomatoes and cabbage indoors, and goodness, something surely could be sowed outdoors tomorrow! . . . Wish we had ordered the chickens a month earlier than usual. It will be impossible to wait till the first of April.

And how the soy bean orders roll in! This is the first year that most of the seed was sold by the middle of March. Large orders, and a check in full with every one. Quite different from the recent years when orders held off till seeding time and most buyers had to ask for time to pay.

And there's hemp. Do any of you live where that is a successful crop? There is considerable stir around here about it. The difficulty is that enough acres must be grown to make it feasible to install necessary machinery to break and handle it. Several hundred acres are signed up; two thousand are wanted. Is it a fool idea, or is it the opening of a new outlet for farm production that will hasten better times? At this time of year it is easy to look at any promise through rose-colored glasses.

I have a theory, I assured myself yesterday, that when we have a false spring in January or February when the buds swell unseasonably, we do not have as good a crop year as we should, but when we have winter in winter-time and spring in due season, all things grow better. Spring at springtime is a good omen. This will be a good year. Spring is here to stay.

But that was yesterday. It snowed again last night.—Hope.

## April 2, 1935

### "WE'SE ALL RIGHT, LAWD!"

A friend of mine from Chicago has just favored me with an editorial clipping from a city daily, pointing out that we are worse off now by some millions or billions of dollars than we were at the beginning of the New Deal. It isn't necessary to quote the editorial at length, but here is my reaction to it. I promised I'd have to "bust loose" on the subject some time. This is just the opening chorus.

Hope Needham

No wonder you are lugubrious, if you read this stuff often! The editorial with all its capitals and its figures didn't impress me a particle. Cause why? Cause it simply doesn't measure up to what is going on in our part of the country. You ought to get hold of a lot of small-town newspapers and read the editorials there, and the ads, and the news items from all the little villages roundabout. You would find altogether a different spirit. These metropolitan papers haven't the real information to go by; and luckily they no longer have any particular influence outside of the city. Down here in the sticks you find unmistakable indications of swelling confidence and cheer. I dare say it is selfish of us to rejoice when we know that parts of the country haven't yet felt an appreciable upturn, but we have been so hard hit, for so much longer than the cities, that we can't help enjoying our good fortune instead of worrying about the world in general. Don't be so gloomy! In a little while this wave of confidence will sweep you off your feet, too.

As to the NRA, I have never felt it was my province to defend it. If we can believe what we read, NRA is the weakest link in the New Deal chain. The trouble may not altogether be in the plan, at that; part may be due to the attitude of business itself. I do know that in one town within 20 miles of us a glass factory is back into operation, now using a force of 900 men. That means a pay roll of well over $20,000 a week—an amount which woud not be noticeable in Chicago but which is decidedly important down here. And that is only one factory in our part of the country. Others are opening all the time. I don't see what can prevent the cumulative effect of all these pay rolls being good. It must have been a satisfaction to Mr. Wallace and the President to have the AAA so overwhelmingly successful, after all the talk about farmers not being co-operative and public-spirited. I know some folks argue that it has not been successful, and a city friend of mine pronounces all three A's with the sound to indicate their complete nausea with the whole performance; but a politician who got such a landslide in an election as the AAA sign-up would be in the seventh heaven.

### Getting the Orders

I don't know just who all you mean by "business men." If clothiers and grocers and dry goods merchants and shoemen and coal dealers had nothing but relief orders, they would have quite a good business. You should see our small-town retailers trying to keep a dignified poker-face in the presence of increasing business. Ever since the first corn-sealing money arrived, the farmers have been cautiously but steadily increasing their expenditures; first for pressing back debts, then for seed and urgent sup-

plies, and now for clothing, paint and repair work, furniture, machinery and so on. The farm implement dealers are in a rush. The low-priced cars are moving easily and steadily. The other day I asked a young salesman friend how things were stacking up, and he replied, "Don't ask! I'm afraid to say, for fear I'm dreaming and talking might wake me up." Business at least tripled in 1934 and is even better now, he admitted. Then the smiles just had to break through, and he went on his way, whistling. That spirit can't help spreading into every line of business before long.

Do you remember in "Green Pastures," where "De Lawd" was strolling through his creation, a little sorrowful about a number of troublesome details, and he said to the wayside flowers, "How is you, my little ones?" And the humble little pickaninny blossoms tilted their beaming faces up at him and carolled, "We'se all right, Lawd!"

I think that would be a good slogan for a great body of corn belt farmers right now—those in the favored areas of plentiful rain. "We'se all right, Lawd!" Yassuh, we'se all right, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Roosevelt. We'se started. Now, how can we help boost the rest of the stuck-in-the-muds, so we'll all get out of the slough of despond?—Hope.

## September 16, 1935

### A TALE OF TWO TRAVELERS

So this is Canada!

Here we are, Jim and I, snugly ensconced in a bit of a tourist cabin just out of Windsor, and night is coming on apace, and we can look back over the road we have just come and see the lights of Ambassador bridge and the glorious skyline of Detroit. This cabin is only big enough to turn around in and it shakes and creaks with every step, but at least it is shelter for the night and we can rest and get our bearings, and accustom ourselves to the idea that we are travelers.

Hope Needham

It was just this morning that we told the children good-bye and left them in charge of the premises for a week. That took courage and firmness of a kind most parents will appreciate. We have not often left our children for long at a time and it is hard even now to be completely sure that they are competent to conduct themselves without us—even though Ruth is nearly 18, Wilbert and Ernest Vail are 14 and 13, and even addendum Jo past six. But here we are, 12 hours from them and in a foreign land.

We hadn't really expected to go "Abroad" in these recent years when we talked of trips and vacations, but when the virus of travel gets you, you are likely to do odd things. Maybe I'd better start at the beginning and tell how all this performance came about.

It was away early in the summer that Jim came home from town one night and remarked at the supper table that a group of the men at the farm bureau office were talking of taking a trip to Washington, primarily to see how the corn-hog business was actually conducted (for in our part of the country the corn-hog program is the biggest part of the AAA, and the AAA is the biggest part of the New Deal). Several days later he remarked that he and I ought to get away somewhere as soon as the rush of work was over—take a week and go wherever we would most like to have a vacation.

#### A Strenuous Year

I said, "M-hm," and went on about my work, because at that moment I could not see where we would ever find time to go away and I doubted strongly if I would do anything but go to bed if I found any spare time hanging heavy on my hands. We have had a strenuous year at our house! Last February, jus after the new semester started, Wilbert came down with red measles. It was three weeks before he was up and around again, and meanwhile the other two boys came down with them. They were scarcely over them before we had a painter installed in the house for a couple of months. Before long (Easter week, in fact) Wilbert broke out again and we thought he was having three-day measles but he grew much worse and all but had pneumonia—just a relapse from the red measles. Ruth spent her vacation as assistant nurse. But as soon as he got able, Wilbert really did take the three-day kind and obligingly passed them to the other two boys. Ruth had gone back to school and finished her year, then came home and, of all things, came down with red measles! After we had almost forgotten there was such a disease; after she had been exposed at least 150 times, and after (as I reminded her) she had her hospital dues paid so that she could have had free and expert care down there! It seemed a rather inconsiderate time to break out with measles just when company had arrived for a several weeks' stay; but luckily both Aunt Grace and the two little girls had already had a turn apiece at all known kinds of measles. Furthermore, after the measles, Ruth came home from camp with a streptococcic sore throat.

All the way through, it seemed that every outbreak of sickness was timed most inopportunely. For instance, Wilbert's first attack came the day we started butchering; his second, during Ruth's Easter vacation, when he and the other children had wanted to have a party for all the young folks of the community. Then all three boys had to be nursed while we were torn up with the painting. Threshing came just at the time of the 4-H fair and while Ruth was sick with sore throat—and the week Jim had secretly selected for our vacation was tied up with girls' 4-H club activities.

These were only some of the most prominent reasons why I merely said "M-hm" when a vacation was mentioned from time to time. Every few days there would be some remark gently impinging on that topic. For instance, one night Jim remarked, "The Cunninghams are just home from a trip to the Wisconsin woods, roughing it." And to that information he appended the inquiry, "If you were taking a vacation, what would be your idea, to go adventuring into the wilderness like that, or to go places and see things?"

#### In Wilderness Anyway

And my reply was, "It seems to me that we have lived most of this year in a wilderness, roughing it, and for a change I'd like to go places and see things; and incidentally be waited on and have a lot of service, just for a novelty." He grinned and answered, "So far we are in complete accord. Now, if you wanted to go places, where would be your first choice of a place to go?"

Well, I pondered a minute; and someway his remarks earlier in the summer must have fallen on fertile ground and influenced me subconsciously, for I answered, "Why not begin at the top and see Washington?"

And then his grin grew very broad indeed, for it seems that is just what he had had in mind all the time and had been adroitly directing me to it from the beginning.

So Washington it is to be. Postponed day after day and week after week by miscellaneous handicaps like delayed threshing and so on, our plans suddenly crystallized and we are at last under way. True, the boys must go to school this week, but their transportation is arranged for. Ruth must go in two more weeks, but her clothes are ready and she is delighted to manage the house, and Jo feels very virtuous and brave indeed to be left at home.

As soon as we set a definite time, we began to plan our route. With a week or eight days to spare we wanted to see as much as we could enjoy, and as big a variety of sights. So we took up the study of geography once more, with more intelligence and more solid enjoyment than we were wont to do in our younger days, and blocked out a tentative itinerary—to Detroit, through a bit of Canada to Niagara Falls, down across New York and Pennsylvania through the Susquehanna valley, perhaps to Gettysburg and so to Washington. As for returning, we'll wait and see how much time we have left, and perhaps we'll swing south a bit, perhaps head for home by the shortest route. I'd love to see the Tennessee valley project but doubt very much if we will have time for that.

We're not running on schedule. We don't have to be any particular place at any particular time; we have not arranged to stop with any friends and relatives on the way, for this is frankly a sight-seeing trip, not a visit, and we neither want to waste time for ourselves and embarrass possible hostesses by dropping in unannounced or at uncertain times.

#### A Flexible Schedule

We can change our route as we desire, shorten or lengthen our sojourn in any place, eat as we please—picnic style by the roadside, lunch counter, or the finest hotel; and I dare say we will try them all. We can stay in cabins or tourist homes or hotels, as our pleasure and opportunity directs; but I really have almost decided already that a little experience with cabins will go a long way. I am somewhat partial to civilized ways myself. In warm weather such a place might be cheerful and interesting, but tonight it is chilly and there is no fuel provided for the tiny stove, and the place seems bare, and rickety, and noisy.

And as I am contributing my full share of the noise with this typewriter, perhaps it would be seemly for me to desist. It may be that the sojourners in the adjacent cabins object to this pattering noise as much as I object to the sounds of their settling down for the night.

Good night, and pleasant dreams! I wish everyone of you could be out on as happy and carefree a trip as this. Many of you need it, after these recent years of stress. It will refresh you more than you realize, and it needn't cost a bit more than you can afford. I can see already that we might have been better off if we had taken vacations oftener, even when times seemed hard and work seemed pressing. We might have carried on more cheerfully for having dropped our burdens for a little while. But no matter whether we should or

shouldn't have gone before, we are going now, and I'm glad. Vacation, we are here!—Hope.

## September 17, 1935

### VACATIONING WITH HOPE AND JIM

Up betimes, we saw the sunrise in Canada—in the northwest, Jim maintained. A far-flung scene of beauty spread before us, and as we looked back toward Detroit we tried dutifully to feel homesick but couldn't; and as we looked about the part of Ontario we could see, we tried to catch the flavor of a foreign land, but frankly it seemed very much like the part of America we had just come through. The first real thrill of difference came when we left Ambassador bridge last night and saw the first road marker, "The King's Highway," surmounted by a crown, and caught a glimpse of a huge building far on a hill which looked like a replica of Windsor castle.

**Hope Needham**

From the little tourist cabin we retraced our route to the city of Windsor for breakfast—and at this point perhaps my story had better retrace our trip of yesterday and discourse on my impressions. A trip is like an operation to a good American—as soon as you have one, you must begin telling everybody about it.

Setting out early Sunday morning, our intention was to get as far as Detroit, swinging cross-country away from congested areas, spend the night there, then cross into Canada for Monday, thereby avoiding the Labor day traffic of the States. (Dear me, I hope that doesn't sound unpatriotic. One has to be so careful these days!) But before we were half a mile from home we saw the worst accident we have ever seen—an early and sad beginning of the holiday traffic. As we came around a curve we could see about half a mile away some congestion, like a group of cars, then we noticed that a train was just coming to a stop beyond them to the left. We pulled up behind the row of five or six cars on our side of the railroad track just in time to hear a woman run back to the car ahead of us to explain what had happened. While the train was slowly backing up to the crossing, she told us that one girl was killed and five other persons badly injured; the front end of the car was stuck fast on the cowcatcher of the engine, the seats and wreckage of the car scattered far and wide on the other side of the track from us. The impact had been so great that the cowcatcher was broken and hanging in such a way that it had to be removed completely before the train could go on. "Going so fast they couldn't stop," was the only explanation we heard. The level view was open in all directions. It was half an hour before the train went on, and meanwhile two more trains had pulled up behind it, and cars in a string almost a mile long had accumulated on each side of the track. We hapened to be spared the sight of most of the gruesome details, but I can never forget the glimpse we got of the hideous mass of stiffening blood.

### More Cautious Driving

Our line of cars went from the scene soberly and at the next track there was more cautious driving than one often sees, but the farther we got from the scene of the accident the more curiously the oncoming cars observed our caution. Of course they were blithely innocent of what had happened. I couldn't help but wonder how startled they would be when they reached that clotted blood. And as our line of cars went farther and parted in different directions here and there, I dare say we annoyed other drivers much of the day by our exceeding caution.

But enough of dreariness. The day was perfect, roads were good, traffic not at all troublesome. When we crossed into Indiana it seemed to us almost at once that the countryside seemed older, longer settled. We began to see many brick houses (they are comparatively rare in our vicinity). The country was rolling and wooded, the soil was sandier and thinner. We saw much more sorghum, buckwheat and sudan grass than we have at home; but lots of soy bean hay was being made, and that was a connecting link, for soy bean hay is very common with us. Two things I noticed especially as being characteristic of Indiana: Their schools looked so fine, so well built, so well cared for, so plentiful; and (don't laugh!) there seemed to be so many fishworms for sale! It took us a little while to get used to the center overhead traffic lights (we're used to the four-corner type, which seems rather uselessly extravagant when you stop to think of it), and we noticed a good many trees that were not quite familiar to us. Jim thinks they were hickory but just to be different I called them sycamores.

We drove around the campus of Valparaiso university because that was my mother's alma mater, and during the trip we hope to see several campuses by way of comparing them with the one we know the best. We should have stopped to see Notre Dame but we clipped along through South Bend without noticing any directing arrows and so didn't take time to hunt the campus up.

### Beautiful Michigan

It didn't take long to go across the part of Indiana we saw and swing into Michigan. They say the sky is bluer and the air clearer in Michigan than anywhere else; and the day we saw it we can appreciate the appropriateness of that saying It is a beautiful state, with a wealth of variety in its beauties. Its highways are not only well kept, but the broad roadsides are beautiful. One of the first admirable points we noticed was that roadside tables are provided for picnics at intervals along the broad grassy areas under the glorious big trees that border the roads. Barrels for refuse are provided, too, so that neatness is maintained. I don't know that I have ever seen grander trees, in greater quantity. Mile after mile the road we traveled was lined with maples and locusts arching over the pavement. At the triangles of road junctions and intersections, too, roadside tables were provided, and in one or two places I even noticed a pump. In Illinois the Federation of Women's clubs are trying to beautifuy the triangles, but so far as I know they have not undertaken to make them available for picnics for travelers. I think it would be a worthwhile project. The tables and refuse barrels seem to me maintained under the state highway department in Michigan. Perhaps some day we can provide a similar service through our Illinois highway department. At one or two places where the topography seemed suitable we noticed a tiny "roadside park"—just a gravel or crushed rock lane curving off of the main road through a bit of shrubbery and trees, with the tables provided for picnics as in the other places.

All the way since we left home, and especially through Michigan, we have seen the loveliest hydranges in full bloom; some of them really huge bushes, almost trees, loaded with the heavy-headed pink and creamy blooms. (We must have hydrangeas on our place some of these days.) Phlox and petunias and cannas are rampant everywhere—at all the farmsteads and through the villages and at the inumerable tourist camps we pass.

### First Stacked Grain

In Michigan we saw our first stacked grain. Stacking is never done in Illinois; the small grain is shocked, then hauled to the machine on racks as soon as possible after harvest. We continued to see fishworms offered for sale and boats for rent and got glimpses of many little blue lakes not far from the highway. We noticed an attractive farmstead with the name painted prominently on the barn, "Seldom Rest Farm."

One of the neatest bits of advertising we have come across was at Sturgis, Mich. It consisted of neat shield-shaped markers at intervals through the village with such information as this: "Sturgis has the commission form of government." "Sturgis pays no city taxes." "Sturgis has a municipal-owned power plant." "Sturgis has five schools." "The high school band—national marching champions." "Stop when you come this way again."

We would have known we were out of our own state by the neat woodpiles if nothing else. Every farmstead had at least one, and as mealtime approached we could smell the delightful wood smoke as housewives started up their fires. Wood is used with us to some extent—that is, if a tree dies or is blown over, we condescend to saw and split it up and use it in the fireplace, but wool-piles in our country are very casual and careless-looking. The sticks are tossed every which-way, not piled evenly near the house as though they were an important part of life.

More and more we noticed the rocky nature of the country. Rocks were turned up even in the fields prepared for seeding—shocking! Piles of rocks were often to be seen in the middle of a field or at the edge; we wondered what kind of machinery was used in plowing and disking that wouldn't be ruined by so many rocks. The corn looked spindly to us, much less luxuriant in foliage than ours, shorter, and with smaller ears. But we saw big fields of potatoes, and that is something we can't raise in our part of Illinois. Sweet potatoes, too, were plentiful—and gladiolus farms! I liked the big bouquets that were set on porches, not to be sold but just as decorative touches. Many roadside stands included cut flowers in their offering of produce.

### The Real "Red School House"

When I heard of "the little red school houses" of early days I had always thought of frame houses painted red like barns, but up through Indiana and Michigan we began to see what must have been the real little red school houses built of red brick some of them were dated and were quite old. One most interesting old mansion of red brick was on our route—it must have been a show place in its prime—was surrounded with a large estate or park, with statues scattered among the trees and shrubs, a woman in classic draperies, a boy, a dog, a deer.

The country became much more rolling as we approached "Bundy Hill the Pike's Peak of Michigan, with a tall observation tower. Unfortunately we went by too fast to read the inscription. Some day I'd like to go back and find out the historical incident or legend connected with the place. But my disappointment at missing that point was somewhat alleviated by a funny scene shortly afterward—a young man in his Sunday best taking his lady friend out for a holiday outing and trying to thumb her a ride.

A bit later we passed Gray Tower, a scenic view of "the Heart of the Irish Hills," a beautiful bit of America of which I had never heard before. And we saw windmills curiously boxed in with lumber, like a little building; I suppose you would call it a well-house. We saw much threshing being done, but in an astounding fashion to us: They put the machine in the barn and blew the straw out. (The right way, our way, is to set the machine just outside the barn and blow the straw in. Parts of the world are curious.)

We digressed from our route to see the campus at Ann Arbor, a beautiful place, but we found the traffic there typically collegiate. Never a college town have I seen yet where more than one traffic rule was needed or observed, and that is, "The fellow with the biggest car coming the fastest has the right of way."

Soon after that we struck that marvelous stretch of drive called the Michigan Super-highway leading into Dearborn and Detroit. Before we realized we were too near the heart of the city to locate any of the tourist cabins that had been so plentiful, so instead of staying over-night in Detroit we sped on over Ambassador bridge and stopped at the first group of cabins we came to. I am afraid hat group was not as high in standard as some I have heard about, but it was an experience new to both of us. No direct comment has been made by either of us, but you can interpret Jim's remark as you will. As we drove away from our little cabin, he said only, "Tonight we will put up at a hotel."—Hope.

## September 18, 1935

### ALL ABOUT CANADA, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE

Getting into Canada was not difficult but rather thrilling. As we told you, we came upon the country suddenly and without time to look up the procedure. Had we stayed in Detroit we could have spent the night poring over the rules, but as it was, here we suddenly were at the imposng end of Ambassador bridge, face to face with the immigration officers. Just ahead of us in line was a car of young men and women, apparently out purely for a pleasure jaunt, but the questioning seemed to be exhaustive and the results somewhat grave. "You come with me," the officer said, and led one of the girls into the building. Through the window we could see him stalk in ahead of her and point to a chair as though saying sternly, "Sit there!" She cowered down, the officer disappeared through some solemn-looking doors, and just then it was our turn. The car the girl got out of was obliged to pull off to one side and wait. An officer asked for our registration card (the one we get in securing an automobile license at home), glanced at it, and called another officer. Of course it was all routine to them, but after what had happened to the girl preceding us, it looked a little like our credentials were not going to be accepted. The second man stuck his head in the window within six inches of Jim's face and inquired firmly, "Where were you born?" Quick as a flash he answered, "Illinois." That seemed to be satisfactory and I got ready to draw a breath of relief, but before I could the man leaned farther in, bored me with his gimlet eyes and demanded, "And where were you born?" It was really terrifying, and I blushed and stammered and searched in my cluttered mind for the information, even debated whether it might not be best diverge from the truth and think up some more impressive sounding birthplace—but at last I blurted out, "Nebraska." He seemed indifferent to that fact, and it was not till then that it occurred to me that all we needed to say was "The States." "Where you going?" was his next question, and when we said "Niagara Falls" it was no use to hope that he would think we were newly married and on our wedding trip; there's no deceiving these immigration men. "What do you have in the car?" was the next inquiry, and both officers leaned in and got an eyeful. What a sight met their eyes! They were stricken silent, as on a peak in Darien, it seemed to me, and yet they must have seen tourists' cars before.

Hope Needham

#### An Eye Full

We had been traveling since early morning, and it was now dusk, and we had only been out of the car long enough to eat some melons by one of the lovely roadsides in Michigan. There in the car was the debris of a day's traveling; blankets and pillows, bags, boxes, some melons we had bought, a paper sack of lunch, a hat-sack, a basket of my Household papers (always optimistic, I take them with me wherever I go, fondly hoping that I will find time and ambition to work with them), my typewriter, and scattered all over upland and lowland the charm of the Sunday paper; what a space a Sunday paper can cover after it is unfolded and looked at by more than one person. It seems to swell like rice in cooking. It has seemed to me at home, sometimes, that if a person would lay the Sunday paper on the floor in the middle of a room and come back to it in 15 minutes, it would carpet the entire room, two deep in some places, as if by spontaneous reproduction or cleavage. Whether the prospect looked discouraging, or whether they really were satisfied, we could not tell, but their order was for us to drive on and pull up at the side and get a permit. By this time I felt pretty foolish and wouldn't have blamed them if they had refused entrance to such slum-looking travelers; but while Jim stepped inside the building to fill out the required blanks, I looked around and saw in the line some cars that looked so much fuller of so much more miscellany that I took heart, and sure enough, the permit was just a matter of form, and in a few minutes we were on our way. Just as we left I heard one of the young men I told you of say to the others in his party, "They're still askin' Mary questions; maybe we ain't goin' to get through." One of the girls looked shocked and said fearfully. "If we don't, will we get our money back?"

(I forgot to say that there is a toll to pay at the entrance to the bridge—55 cents. Jim thought he was being very humorous when he said that 50 was for him and 5 for me, but that is exactly what it was: 50 for the car and driver, 5 cents for each extra passenger.)

So we were through the customs without having our luggage opened and searched for contraband or diamonds or whatever they were afraid we would bring into the country; and I still am ignorant of the system on which they work, unless it is that the ones who blush the most and look most guilty are considered innocent and allowed to go through, while the ones who show too much self-possession are considered guilty and held for investigation. I found later that a typewriter is not listed in the permissibles. Anyway, we had our precious passport which was good for 60 days and could be renewed under certain conditions for 30 more; and we only needed it for 24 hours, and then instead of keeping it, for a souvenir had to turn it in when we left the country.

#### Home of the Dionnes

One of the first things we did after we secured a map of Ontario was to look up the home of the Dionne quintuplets, and we found away up to the northwest, three times as far into Canada as our route along the lake shore. Ontario swings far north to Hudson Bay and farther west than the tip of Lake Superior. It was out of the question for us to take time to travel up there but we paid them the tribute of looking up Callender on the map. Our highway (beg pardon, the King's 'Ighway) led close along the shore of Lake Erie all the way. The homes, the filling stations and the business houses were much like the ones in the states, but the names were British: Imperial gasoline (and by the way the gasoline we bought in Canada came in imperial gallons, a sixth larger than ours) and we paid accordingly. For five gallons we paid $1.25 at Essex and $1.33 at St. Thomas. We paid in American money, but the change was often Canadian; though some places advertised, "American change given here." Dominion was a name often used, and Royal and Windsor—so that it was easy to remember that we were in British territory. We noticed many handsome churches and church establishments; many of them were Anglican or "United Church of Canada." There were Woolworth dime stores (only they were 5, 10 and 15 stores), and Atlantic and Pacific chain groceries (as well as some chains with names new to us); we could send regular U. S. postal cards home without extra postage; we saw an ice-man delivering ice and a milk-man picking up milk, both in trucks just like we have at home. Funny how much alike customs are all over this far-flung continent, and yet how many traces of local difference remain. The cars and the clothing of the people were about the same all over. We are a fluid people, we seem to travel and mingle and be tolerant. Seems to me it would be hard to stir up di[illegible]ratic trouble between countries [illegible] well blended as Canada and the [illegible]nited States.

#### Some Canadian Notes

As we sped along we noted likenesses and differences between our own land and this, and I jotted them down as we rode. Some of the notes are practically undecipherable, but here they are:

A huge political advertisement on a billboard, urging voters to vote for

somebody, said: "Stand by Canada! Amend the Constitution!" By contrast in the States we might have seen. "Stand by America! Don't let anybody amend the Constitution!"

The road markers bear no words whatever—just a diagram of the intersection. If you could see the way little angling lanes happen onto the highway, you would understand that worlds could not express the situation. One diagram was so complicated that it looked like a Chinese character; I think seven lanes or streets met or crossed at that point.

As we went out the old provincial highway we saw the old and the new intermingled. One spacious place, beautifully landscaped was Victoria Memorial park, and we supposed it was a park in memory of Queen Victoria, but after we passed several memorial parks we decided that these lovely places with terraces and clipped hedges of yew were cemeteries, newly developed.

In figuring out our directions we stumbled on the interesting fact that Ambassador bridge runs almost due north and south, and the north end is American.

We saw vineyards, large and small, and a fair sized brick building labelled "wine cellar." The country was as flat as Illinois, and we saw the same weeds with which we are familiar, ragweed and wild lettuce and so on; we saw sweet clover in the shock for seed, and sweet corn being taken to the canning factory. We noticed quite a few farmer's co-operatives, such as Oldcastle Farmers' Co-operative, Essex Farmers' Elevator, and Ontario Onion Pool at Wheatley.

### More British Names

More British names connected with business enterprises and villages: Victoria, Aberdeen, Maidstone, Essex. Traffic was light. This is Labor day in the States, but just another day here. We see both our flag and the British displayed in many places, but all the schools, of course, are marked with the British. Tobacco fields began to be numerous before we had gone very far and there seemed to be several varieties. Some fields were broad leafed and low-growing; others were taller and narrower-leafed. Some were turning yellow. some were still dark green. Some fields were entirely in bloom and some not even sending up buds. Wherever there was much tobacco, of course we saw drying sheds, many of them artificially heated. Neat piles of wood stood ready to be used for fuel. And curiously every place where there was tobacco, there was a greenhouse. We haven't yet discovered the reason for this. Even small farms each had their own extensive glassed greenhouse.

We saw lots of old red brick houses and barns through this province; a good deal of rye, most of it in shocks in the field, some of it stacked, and apparently a heavy and luxuriant crop —it appears to be better small grain land than ours. We began to see occasional buckwheat fields, too. Lots of peach orchards were to be seen through here. Lots of rail fences, the worm type. Farms were mostly smaller than we are used to, more intensively farmed. Villages seemed to be long and sprawling, spread along the road to such an extent that there was not much open space between villages.

In the vicinity of Leamington we came in sight of Erie, blue Erie, and for several miles we could see the placid water.

(More)

—Hope.

## OUT OF CANADA AND INTO NEW YORK

We're home again, and much has happened since we left you up there in Canada. For more reasons than one, the attempt to record our impressions en route was abandoned; and exactly a week and a day after we left home we got back, refreshed and happy, finding that everything had gone just as well at home as if we had been here—and perhaps better. But though it was not practical to type the story as we went, my notes were taken assiduously and here they are before me, practically illegible. It got to be quite a joke, those notes! Jim could hardly open his mouth to comment on any point without my scribbling the words on a pad. As he is nothing, after all, but my better half, I always feel free to appropriate any gems of wisdom that fall from his lips. Just to show you a contrast in temperament, note this: My pencil was flying over a pad most of my waking hours, yet it has taken me all this time to get at the task of transcribing them. Jim (partly because he was driving, but mostly because he wouldn't in any case) took no notes whatever, but each evening he spent a few minutes writing down the news and impressions of the day in a little notebook. His account is complete, concise, accurate and sufficient. I am tempted just to copy it here for you and be done; still, there are some additions I would like to make, so I'll keep to my own row and in emergency fall back on his account to wind up this story.

Hope Needham

Since we have been home we have finished the soy bean hay and filled silo, got a daughter off to her sophomore year in college, got two boys established in high school, made a start at housecleaning, and canned quantities of peaches, tomatoes and grapes. Four little peach trees that never bore before took it into their heads to produce bushels of fruit this year, and that is partly why I am so late continuing the story of our trip. All the time, as the work seethes around, the memory of our journey is with me, amusing and inspiring and satisfying. so that nothing seems tiresome or dreary. When we go to town, I find myself imagining that I am a stranger to this part of the country and wondering what a stranger would find interesting enough to take notes of in our broad monotonous prairies. Would some "Hope" from the east, I wonder, jot down that we have funny little shelters built in the fields and pastures with straw-stacks blown over them for roofs, and that we have some trimmed fences of living hedge; and that many of our roads are built of loose yellow gravel that packs eventually into a smooth firm roadbed?

### Has Its Advantages

In some ways it is better to make a report of a trip like this after it is over, instead of by fragments during the actual travel. The fragments might have more sparkle and enthusiasm of swift impressions, but the after-report has the advantage of summing up and rounding out opinions.

Now, let's see. We hadn't even got to Niagara Falls when the last installment ended. If you look on the map and see how huge Canada is, and how small the area we traversed, you will wonder why I couldn't tell the story in less than one installment. We found Canada not so different from the States except for the names; very British names indeed. As we approached St. Thomas we noticed a Scottish flavor to them—such as Bonnie Heath Cabins. Scotland uber alles! It was Monday, you remember, and it was wash-day even in Canada. Jim thinks he remembers some old story to the effect that the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock established Monday as the American wash-day, because that was the day they landed. I think myself that Monday came to be wash-day because it is the commonsense day to wash; the Pilgrims had no more to do with it than the rest of us housewives. And if they washed as often as they should in Europe, Monday would be wash-day there. We saw many threshing machines at work, but no big crews; we wondered if threshing dinner is as big an affair up here as it is at home. We told you of seeing numerous tobacco fields, but did we mention "the tobacco center of America," at Delhi, where there were tremendous fields of ripening tobacco and more drying sheds than you could count.

At last, early in the afternoon of our only day in Canada, we came to an exceedingly busy, very American-looking crossroads called Turner's Corners. There were filling stations and lunch stands as busy selling hamburgers and pop as any place you ever saw. The traffic, which had been light all day, thickened up suddenly at this point, where our road intersected another main highway. And the reason was that we were approaching the Falls—we thought. A mile or so on we found that Niagara was an old story to these folks, and everybody but us was going to the races. There seemed to be as many coming from the American direction as from the Canadian, and traffic officers were guiding the jam.

### Not Disappointed

Shortly after we left the scene of the races we turned a casual—and there were the Falls. Folks have asked us since we have come home whether we were disappointed. Absolutely not. They are marvelous, they are all that the finest descriptions make them, and we are thoroughly glad we saw them just as we did. And yet the Falls were not the high spot, emotionally, of our trip. It would be gilding the lily to try to tell about them. The first impression is how blue the water is, dark indigo blue, down in the river below the cascade, and how cotton-like and yet how powerful the foam where the masses of water beat on the huge boulders. From the Canadian side you see the full panorama of the Falls; we were glad that our first view was from there. We looked and looked, from the high level of the handsome, huge Queen Victoria Park; then we climbed down many tortuous steps to the river and took the boat, "Maid of the Mist," so that we could approach almost to the foot of the falls. The spray is so dense that mackintoshes and rubber hats are provided for all passengers, so we could imagine we were, in a very mild, safe fashion, sailors riding out a storm. After the boat trip we went back for the car, crossed over to the American side and there approached to the very top of the Falls and saw the rapids boiling and bubbling over rocks as they approached the rim. We spent nearly three hours

in and around the falls marvelling and admiring. It is a sight not to be missed.

Getting out of Canada was not an ordeal at all, I may say in passing. In fact, it looked as though they were quite willing to be rid of us. We turned in our passport, paid 30 cents, answered the fecetious question, "Do you have anything with you you didn't have when you came in, except your breakfast?" and that was all there was to it. Fifty-five cents to get in; 30 cents to get out. What does that indicate?

Niagara Falls is quite a manufacturing city, but we didn't linger long, and would not have lingered as long as we did if we had found the right way to get out. Eventually we struck out over the state of New York and by twilight we reached Batavia, and there put up for the night.

**Tourist Cabins**

We were going to stay at a hotel, you remember, but as it turned out, a hotel was hard to get at and so we compromised on a private home, a so-called tourist home, kept by a typical old Yankee lady; and we appreciated the immaculate quarters and the comforts with which we were provided. We stayed in four tourist homes during our trip, in four different states, and appreciated every one of them. We spent only the first night in a tourist cabin, and would not be tempted to stay in one again unless there was no other shelter available. In Washington, of course, we stayed at a first-class hotel, and that is nicest of all, for privacy and for comfort and for convenience, for everything, in fact, except for the bill coming in.

We passed innumerable groups of tourist cabins, very attractive in appearance and novel enough to attract travelers—from log cabins to candy-striped cubicles—but when we neared Batavia and passed a group of cabins beautifully landscaped and provided each with window-box of geraniums, Jim remarked—and it seemed as the wisdom of Solomon to me:

"I'd rather have a bath than a window box."—Hope.

---

December 23, 1935

## CHRISTMAS PLANS AT OUR HOUSE

Christmas preparations can hardly start in a big way, at least at our house, until there is snow. And at last we have it, big feathery flakes sifting thickly down and filling up the hollows. Jo has already scooped up a little red wagon full and hauled it down the road to school. (He often goes down for recess and noon hour, though he hasn't started classes yet. Thinks he will wait till he is "eight or probably nine.") He reports proudly that the load lasted only a couple of minutes in the first snowball fight of the season, and that all the kids were surprised to have a load of snow brought in for the occasion.

Hope Needham

With that out of the way, he is now building a stock-truck body on the wagon to haul puppies in. He has eight, just at the roly-poly stage. He is considering distributing them as Christmas gifts but is torn between the two desires, to give and to keep. He would consider giving them all to members of the immediate family so that he would still, in a sense, have them; but unfortunately the members of the immediate family don't want them. On the contrary, they are continually suggesting places to bestow Christmas puppies, mostly at quite a distance.

Two of these puppies are white, two black, two tan and two brown. The description gives a hint of the lineage. Not the pure Aryan strain, I am afraid. This is a case where the old precept "It is more blessed to give than to receive" seems singularly apt. The mother of the puppies, herself a little stray out of the nowhere into the here, was impulsively christened Peter Pan when Jo found her at the back door one morning a year ago and he has never felt it necessary to change to a more matronly appellation. Some folks consider it quaint.

**Comparatively Simple**

Aside from the puppies Jo's plans for Christmas are comparatively simple. He clips and saves the Beekins and pastes them into scrapbooks and occasionally adds curious artwork of his own. But with the big boys the situation is different. In our family, during the lean years, we got into the habit of drawing names at Thanksgiving time, so that each person has only one real gift to plan between then and Christmas. It is supposed to be a profound secret as to who got whose name, but oddly enough it works out that the mother of the household, as sort of consulting agency, eventually acquires considerable information along that line, and unless she firmly resists temptation, it is hard to keep from knowing who has her own name.

Last year, for instance, practically every name had been accounted for, in strict confidence, except the one Jo had drawn. And Jo had to make several mysterious trips to Grandma's; so very mysterious that the child almost burst in the effort to divert attention from them; and sure enough, on Christmas morning there was a package handed to mother, obviously wrapped painstakingly and rewrapped numerous times in an effort to reach perfection, plastered all over with Christmas seals, smudged to be sure (you know how seals act when you get them too wet and you have to press and punch and finally use paste on them), but very cheerful indeed, all bright red Santa Clauses and chimneys and toys (none of the reserved blue and silver that adult packages sometimes carry), and, would you believe it? the card inside, lettered very large and crooked, read, "To Mother From Jo."

But the big boys, I started to say, are just now so occupied with a number of things that Christmas hasn't entered their consciences. A few times one or the other has said, "By the way, Mother, I got so-and-so's name for Christmas. You be thinking what I'd better get." And away they go to something more imminent. Just now they are selecting their ten-ear samples of seed corn for the county show on Tuesday. They have their assortment spread out on the living-room rug, one boy on one side of the room and the other opposite. Great shifting and pondering and comparing is going on. Occasionally the boys stand up and whistle and walk about and look at the snow and wish they were through so they could go rabbit-hunting. Occasionally they stop to re-examine their prospective pecks of shelled seed corn, for that is to be entered, too. Then they look at each other's samples and pass a few critical remarks. And finally, with a sigh, they go back to their own problems and shift and substitute some more.

**Not Satisfied**

Neither one is quite satisfied, they wish there had been a few more Saturdays to pick the best—but here come the boys from "down below," rifles in hand, ready for a jaunt across the fields. So away goes the corn, hastily but carefully, into the vestibule, and with astonishing energy and expediency the floor is cleaned (surprising how quickly a positively required task can be finished when something more exciting is at hand). "We can finish this tonight," they assure me, and away they all go whistling across the snow, on the first rabbit trail they find. No, Christmas hasn't got under their skins as yet. Wait a few days, wait till after the corn show, wait until the last possible shopping chance, and they'll suddenly be kindled with the annual fervor and buy up to the very limit of their resources (and very likely will wind up with, "Gotta have a little more money!").

But with the daughter of the house—waht a difference! We at home may feel that we have a multitude of Christmas things to do, what with 16 nieces and nephews to provide for, and all the aunts and uncles, to say nothing of the candies and cookies and fruit cake and plans for Christmas dinner, and the P. T. A. and the Sunday school programs. But she—she has the weight of the season on her shoulders. As for those nieces and nephews, since they have become so numerous, we like to decide on one thing and get the same for all. This year it is to be sweaters, so we're looking at sweaters in all colors and sizes and styles for ages from the cousin which will not even be here until a month after Christmas unless the stork puts on a streamline special, to the boy just entering his teens. The aunts and uncles must be satisfied with assorted handkerchiefs this time, and the two sets of grandparents will be honored with what (though they will never suspect) are really nothing but leftovers. But it will take a new paragraph to explain that.

**Serious Business**

This daughter, I started to say, is taking Christmas seriously. Her concern was already manifest at Thanksgiving time, mainly whether she could stretch her allowance sufficiently, or (delicately hinted) have it supplemented sufficiently to get what seemed to her one of the most momentous gifts on record. It is to be portraits of herself; the expensive ones that come three-for-so-much—when, of course, she only really wants one. The other two are superfluous, though she admits (without meaning in the least to be disrespectful) that they will do for the grandparents. And, dear me, to them the portrait of their first granddaughter will be a precious gift, even though some one else has a copy, too.

Her daddy thinks the price she is paying is outlandish, but he has odd ideas about girls anyway. He is continually astonished, for instance, at the number of shoes a girl requires and at the different kinds. But the mother of this little only daughter can't help but remember that some years ago, when she was almost exactly the same age, she too was buying for Christmas, at a price which seemed absurdly high to every one else, portraits that came at three-for-so-much, when she only wanted one—and that one for a certain young man.—Hope.

# THE HOUSEHOLD

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## June 8, 1936

### ELECTRICITY FROM THE WIND

Whether or not a farm can have sufficient electricity from a wind generator to supply the needs for light and power seems to depend on the location of the farm. Here in Illinois, and in Indiana and Ohio, it seems that there simply is not wind enough the year round to keep the batteries charged, let alone to take off a load. I am told that a certain experiment station tried for three years to achieve a successful wind generator and gave up. But from about the center of Iowa on west there is plenty of wind, and the generators work with much satisfaction.

Hope Needham

In a way, that seems like a fair dispensation of the blessings of Providence, for here in the eastern Mississippi valley we have power plants within workable distance of most of us, while farther west where the ranches are large and the farmsteads widely scattered, the cost of stringing high-lines would be almost prohibitive. In one way or another most rural folks are going to have electricity, and have it soon. The matter is resolving itself into a sort of race between the ingenuity of our American engineers and the business acumen of the present utility companies.

If the engineers can devise a successful wind generator for our windless prairies (windiess in some seasons, at least), we'll all have large wind generators very soon, just as many of us have little ones for charging radio batteries, heating the brooder house, and so on. But if the utilities can see their way clear to provide tempting terms and to make attractive concessions, we'll all hitch on to the high lines. Electricity we are bound to have.

#### Job With a Future

If I were a young man with a flair for selling, I believe I'd go into the electric appliance field right now. Undoubtedly it is on the boom, for as fast as electricity in one way or another is made available to farms, there will be a tremendous demand for large equipment. The farmer will want electricity for power, for heat and for refrigeration as much as for light; he will use it generously enough to offset the fact that farms are farther apart than residences in town. And after all, there is more money in large electrical appliances than in little gadgets for warming the baby's milk bottle, which is as much extra equipment as many town homes have in addition to their lights.

It would be a good idea if we women of this department could take advantage of the experience some of us have had with electric equipment so that we will be prepared to invest wisely as soon as the chance comes our way. Wouldn't it be worth while to have on file here, for the benefit of any inquirers, a sort of summary of experience with different makes of refrigerators, for instance; or irons or stoves, or washing machines? I wish every one who has any experience to share would write a letter, or at least a postal card, telling the name of your equipment, any faults you have found with it and any special advantages.

The trade names, of course, cannot be used in the column but can be filed for reference, and the experiences in using the equipment can probably be printed for the benefit of all. It will be a personal favor to me, for it won't be long till we will be trying to decide between the different makes of the various appliances we shall want to use when our anticipated high-line becomes an actuality.—Hope.

## December 23, 1936

### RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A TRAVELER

Westward ho! It is hard to believe that your editor has lived 40 years without having seen much of her native land, but it is gratifying to realize that her travels are at last beginning. Paradoxically, to go west she starts northeast. Shaking the dust of Hardscrabble from her feet for about three weeks, here she is bright and early on Wednesday morning, on the Santa Fe, headed for a few hours in the fascinating city of Chicago before starting by the northern route for California. To get to Pasadena we go northeast and northwest, and coming back we swing down to New Orleans to get back to Chicago. Nothing like taking a sample of many climates on one expedition.

Hope Needham

By chance, on this first leg of the journey your editor's seat-mate is a good friend and fellow-worker in various community endeavors though we haven't seen each other for several months. The scenery being "old stuff" to us both, we pass the time in desultory conversation. We compare notes on our children—her daughter is at Wellesley, mine at Illinois. We discuss the relative merits of co-education and girls' schools and arrive at the usual conclusion, namely, that one man's meat is another man's poison. Her baby boy is starting to school this fall, and so is mine, and as they both have been less rugged than their older brothers and sisters, we have always had a bond of sympathy. Her boy shows a special aptitude for art and cartooning; mine has an odd facility for numbers.

#### And the Depression

And then some way we get on to the subject of the recent political upheaval and the depression prior to it. She has a brother-in-law in Wall street and I have a cousin of sorts on the Chicago Board of Trade. And we touch on a theory of relativity, namely, that you can't judge how much people suffered in the depression by how much money they lost nor by how much money they had left, but by the degree in which the depression disrupted their lives. These financially-connected relatives of ours who thought they were "fighting for their lives" but who were really only fighting for a certain scale of living were obliged to change their way of life more radically than most of us of the so-called middle classes. Whether they thereby "suffered" more or less, we leave it to you to judge. My friend's sister closed her town house and her country house and took her children abroad for a year. She could live more cheaply in a French pension away from her wonted social circle, and with less nervous strain. She rebelled bitterly against the depression but she did not give up her personal maid in the whole time (though the maid had to take on some additional duties such as part-time housekeeper and nurse). Many of her kind found it unbearably humiliating to curtail their entertaining expenses. In their desperation she and her husband put all the money they could salvage into diamonds, one investment being a stone so large that it had a definite history and personality and reputation among the jewelers of New York (and incidentally so tempting that it was promptly stolen and only retrieved by the insurance company and stowed away in a safe deposit box after considerable extra expense and worry).

This incident led my middle-western friend and me to expatiate a bit on the curious difference between the class of Americans which considers diamonds the last word in security and that class which considers land as the only substantial investment—and how and why of both them can be disappointed.

We approach and pass the great industrial city of Joliet and agree that it is a pity that man must tear the earth to pieces, upturn it and leave ugly heaps of refuse after he has taken away the part he wants. We must admit that the country has profited by many miles of good roads and hansdome buildings and bridges; and after all, perhaps piles of slack and lime rock are no more hideous than the natural rocky formations which we are going west to see. It seems that even in the most picturesque parts of the world, wherever industry has entered, ugliness has come with it. We wonder if this must be so; if we must count this ugliness as part of the price of civilization, or whether sometime we can combine the two. Viaducts and roads, concrete approaches, loading platforms, derricks and trucks, all have a beauty of their own. There are substantial reasons to hope that American ingenuity will find a way to establish a new kind of utilitarian beauty in connection even with the rudest of industrial processes. Most of it will come about as a corollary to efficiency, but it will be beauty all the same.

#### Room for Improvement

Coming into the environs of the big Smokey City, we agree that it will be many a moon before our fondest hopes in this respect come true. There is room for much improvement in the direction of simple cleanliness, to say nothing of godliness.

Alone in the city, luggage safely parked till train-time, your editor is free to choose any activity that strikes her fancy. Shall it be the movies, or the live stock show, or shopping in the festive loop? There isn't a movie but what will come to our own town in its own sweet time. The live stock show is far on the south side and a lonely thing to look at without the

Man of the House to explain and guide. And as for stores—they are glittering and gay, but the very abundance of offerings destroys the craving to buy; and I'd rather do my shopping at my leisure in a homey little place where I know the clerks and where the stock is not so bewilderingly large.

So the few hours will be spent just watching the city. The continuous bustle of a metropolis is always fascinating. If I were a stranger and broke and jobless, it would drive me desperate. But secure in the knowledge of my temporary stay, there is a special pleasure in stepping briskly along in the crisp autumn air, brushing against people, dodging taxis, loitering at windows, hurrying on. This is a refreshing change from the familiar atmosphere of a small town or a rural community where the greatest flaw in our liberty is too much familiarity. The atmosphere is not unfriendly here, just utterly, incredibly indifferent.

**A Magic Cloak**

One might as well be wrapped in a magic cloak of invisibility. It is interesting to speculate on what degree of eccentricity one would have to resort to attract any genuine interest. One might simulate an epileptic fit or walk on one's hands and get only a curious look or two. Most of the passers-by would merely hurry on about their business. A group collects when a water-plug bursts and floods the streets—that holds up traffic and takes on the proportions of a natural phenomenon, comparable to a rainbow or a thunderstorm in the country—but the interest in humanity is very casual. Pleasantly so, to me.

So the few hours pass, the crowd begins to gather, the card "Farm Bureau Special" goes up over the gate to Track 4, there is the pleasant confusion of turning in our tickets and getting identification cards and berth allotments, finding our individual nooks for our five-day sojourn on the 12-car train, and at last, about 4 in the afternoon, after all this wantering palaver—

The trip begins!—Hope.

## February 4, 1937

**A SIT-DOWN STRIKE**

In many ways this Household department of ours is unusual, but one of its latest novelties has just come to our attention. For several weeks the papers have been full of accounts of "sit-down strikes" in industry. But always the leader in whimsy and caprice, our own Household was on "sit-down strike" for months before industry borrowed the idea. However, as is often the fate with originators, most of the publicity has gone to the imitators, and not even the editress was aware of the situation until now.

Hope Needham

Yes; there has been a "sit-down strike" in the Household. Would you have believed it? And who do you suppose is responsible? Correct at the first guess! That old thorn in our flesh—Dippy Dick. It seems that a rumor got started, went the round of the Round Robins and lost nothing in the journey, that Dippy Dick was being paid to keep the department in agitation. And some of the contributors whose feelings had been hurt by his exasperating onslaughts on the female sex, just simply went on silence strike. Not that they wanted their "wages" increased to what they thought he was getting; just that they did not propose to demean themselves to joust in any arena with a mercenary. That, they tell me, is the reason for the prolonged silence of some of the faithful old-time contributors whose letters used to sparkle here.

Well, girls, the rumor was false, and all was a mistake. Dippy Dick happens to be a professional writer who has accepted filthy lucre from some publications for his output, but not from the Household—not even a postage stamp. He made those sallies against womankind out of the pure ebullience of his spirits; and his only recompense was the chuckles he got out of your hot resentment when you rode full tilt against him in retort.

**No Commercial Taint**

In fact, the only contributor who has ever received pay is Pep, and hers was a very modest honorarium indeed, and it was a long time ago—about 1926, when the editress, going to hospital for an appendectomy called on her for a few days' emergency help. There has never been any commercial taint on letters printed in the Household, if it is fair to call paid writing tainted, and to that fact is due much of its appeal to the readers.

So come back home, strikers, whenever you are ready. All is forgiven, and no questions will be asked. Dippy Dick, our own special Don Quixote, has apparently limped away to tilt at other windmills and if he comes back our united stand against him will be a shield to shatter his lance whenever he tries any more wisecracks at this department.

But, to be serious a moment: Such an incident as this has potentialities for great cruelty. In this instance no harm has been done; but often an unfounded story, traveling from person to person, has needlessly wrecked friendships. Gossip, even innocent and well meant gossip, is one of the greatest hazards of friendship. Let us use this incident to point a moral. And let our test, and our sermon, be these two poems that have long been waiting their turn to appear in print.—Hope.

**"I Hear It Said"**

Last night my friend—he says he is my friend—
Came in and questioned me. "I hear it said
You have done this and that. I come to ask
Are these things true?

A glint was in his eye of small distrust,
His words were crisp and hot.
He measured me with anger and flung down
A little heap of facts had come to him.
"I hear it said you have done this and that."

Suppose I have? And are you not my friend?
And are you not my friend enough to say,
"If it were true there would be reason in it,
And if I cannot know the how and why,
Still I can trust you, waiting for a word
Or for no word, if no word ever come!"

Is friendship just a thing of afternoons,
Of pleasure one's friend and one's dear self—
Greed for sedate approval of his pace,
Suspicion if he take one little turn
Unto the road, one flight into the air,
And has not sought you for your yea and nay.

No. Friendship is not so. I am my own.
And howsoever near my friend may draw,
Above my soul there is a legend hung,
Above a certain strait and narrow way
Says, "Dear, my friend, ye may not enter here!"

I would the time had come—as it has not—
When men shall rise and say, "He is my friend.
He has done this? And what is that to me?
Think you I have a check upon his head,

Or cast a guiding rein across his neck?
I am his friend, and for that cause I walk
Not overclose beside him, leaving still
Space for his silences and space for mine."

—Barbara Young.

## July 30, 1937

**SCHOOL-TIME AGAIN!**

Mother is in St. Paul, Minn., this week at a meeting, so I am "playing Hope" for a few days; I'll do my best to answer what I can of your questions, and to fill her shoes for a few days!

Hope Needham

The other day a friend of mine—my room-mate for the past two years at school — came down to spend a week with me; she and I and another of our school friends, who lives here in our town, spent one afternoon at a nearby park, exploring the canyons and watching the herd of deer for which the park is noted. We had a grand and glorious time—we went through every canyon and cave that was there, climbed up into the big stone wishing-chair, drank from the clear, cold springs, and went wading in a little "lake" at the foot of a waterfall, with steep stone walls rising high above us, and caves, covered with vines and moss, all around us.

And then we drove over to another state park, a huge rock overhanging the river, and ate our picnic supper on a rocky ledge right by the water. It was good fun, and we did so enjoy our "reminiscences"—it already seems so long since school was out, that we almost spoke of those times as "the good old days." But it did make us realize that it isn't long now until school will be starting for us. And, even sooner, it will start for the little grade-schoolers around here; Joe is sitting on the couch now, making out a list of things he will need for school!

Because school will be starting soon, and because I am getting all enthusiastic, as usual, about my plans for the year, I thought you might like to hear a few of them. So here goes:

My room-mate and I are planning our room for the year. (I will have the same room as last year, but a different room-mate.) The room presents several very definite problems—perhaps those of you who are planning rooms of your own, either at school or at home, would like to hear how we are trying to solve them.

**A House in One Room**

First, I'll tell you what the chief problems are. For one thing, we have

to do with it as all of us have to do with our rooms at school—make not only a bedroom, but a living-room, and study, and store-room, and in fact a whole house, in one room. That means that the pink ruffled curtains and spreads, the very feminine and dainty dressing tables, that we might like at home, don't fit very well. For another thing, our room presents the problem of light. It is a large room, with a double window facing the east, and a smaller window, about three-fourths the size of an ordinary window, set rather high in the wall, facing the south. This window opens onto a sun-porch, glass-enclosed, rather than directly outdoors but the three walls of the porch are completely lined with windows, so we get a good deal of light and ventilation there. The door, at the west side, opens onto the hall. This should make a very light and cheerful room, but there are two drawbacks: One is that, in the spring and fall, a large tree outside the east window cuts off some of the light; another is that in the afternoon, when we come home from classes, wanting a cheerful place to relax while we read, or clean up, or rest, there is no sunshine in this room. And at night, it is lighted by an excellent indirect-lighting lamp of an approved type—but it needs light surroundings to reflect the light to best advantage.

The third problem is that of space. It is a large room—but even in a large room, when two girls have to keep all of their property in that one room for a year, there are bound to be storage problems. This is what we plan to do with the room this year:

Last year, in an attempt to make the room look tailored and appropriate for a study-room, we used rather dark figured chintz for our drapes, and rust-colored bedspreads. This had the effect of cutting off a good deal of our much-needed light, and of absorbing the light from the lamp at night, making the room always a little gloomy. This year, I think we are solving both those problems. We plan to make glass curtains of ecru mercerized marquisette—very sheer and fine. These curtains will come together at the top, but will be looped back with tie-backs at the sides. Then our drapes will be of peach-colored theatrical gauze. That is, as you know, a heavy tailored, and silky sort of gauze, and when it is made into full, straight drapes, reaching just a little below the sills, I do not think it will be too "bedroomy." And the sunlight, through the ecrue and peach, is so beautiful and cozylooking! Our bedspreads are to be of blue-green jaspe cloth, and our pillows—we like to have lots of them—of different bright colors, especially yellow and green.

We have several plans to make more storage-space. The room already has two day-beds, a double desk, a large double dresser, a double closet with a drawer, three small shelves, and two large shelves in each half, and a built-in lavatory in a little recessed nook behind the door, with a shelf across the top. But we have so many knick-nacks, and so many books, that we need more space, even though we have book-shelves on our desk. So, to fill in a bare wall opposite the east window, we are using a little semi-circular end-table with three shelves. Above this we plan to hang two tiny what-nots, with an unframed mirror between. The table and shelves are dark stained wood, as is the rest of our furniture they will make a very satisfactory place for our books and book-ends, and for our little collections of knick-knacks. Mine is mostly elephants—I have a hobby of collecting pretty little elephants. I also have some wooden Japanese figures that will fit well there.

**Using All Space**

Then, in the lavatory recess, there is some unused space. I am enamelling an orange-crate a warm ivory color, and making a curtain for the front of it of peach oiled-silk (the soft, almost transparent silk, oiled with linseed oil, that is being used for raincapes and so forth). The curtain is to be on a swinging crane, so it will swing open, and the two shelves of the crate will make fine storage-space for our clean towels and sheets. They will be handy there—and they are so bulky to keep in dresser drawers or closet shelves. On the back of the crate I am putting a hook, on which I will hang my laundry bag, also of peach oiled silk.

I am really getting excited about going back to school; but then, I always do about this time of year. So far I haven't had time to do any of my sewing yet, but I hope to start soon, on a school dress of gray wool, very, very sheer, but firm; the dress is to have a ten-gored skirt, and little puffed sleeves, and a zipper up the front—like a rust-colored voile one I make for supper. On it, I will use detachable collars and cuffs of different sorts. One set will be stiff, starched white pique, Peter-Pan style, with a bow of wide plaid taffeta ribbon. Another set will be of pink taffeta, I think—but I haven't decided for sure. That is the main thing I expect to make, except for new slips and undies and pajamas. Oh, yes, and some blouses. I still have my rust-colored flannel suit from last year, and this spring mother got me a new suit at a bargain sale—a soft dark blue wool; the skirt is striped, with sort of grayish blue. The jacket is plain. One of the blouses I want to make for it will be of white chiffon, or some other very sheer material—inspired by the set of blue buttons, shaped like tiny elephants about a quarter of an inch long that my roommate gave me; I want to use them down the front of the blouse!

That is as far as my plans have gone at present; and I can't seem to get them much farther right now—I have just spent a day in bed as a result of three bee stings around my head and face. I haven't had any stings for years, and didn't realize I would be so susceptible—but the silly things not only swelled my face all up and gave me a headache, but made me really sick, with chills, and dizziness, besides, so I stayed in bed for a whole day!

Some of you are probably planning to go back to college this fall; we would all like to hear about your pet projects for making your room more home-like, or more convenient, or your clothes more becoming, for this year. Won't you write and tell us about your plans? And others of you may be starting away for the first time. I would love to give you any suggestions I can, about clothes, or your room, or activities, or getting-acquainted, and so forth. I go to a big state university, and live in a residence hall maintained by it; it might even be that some of you will be living there next year! So let me know if I can help you in any way—I'll try. —Hope's Daughter, Ruth.

**September**

**September days are bright and fair,**
**September skies are blue,**
**September fields and woodlands wear**
**Bright shades of richest hue.**
**The maples and the ivy vines**
**In crimson are arrayed,**
**And gowns of royal purple for the iron weed are made,**
**Most handsome gowns are made!**
**While velvet coated cat-tails stand**
**Like soldiers on parade.**

## August 9, 1937

**LET'S JUST VISIT A WHILE**

Well, the threshers have come and gone—for this time. They'll be back later, to thresh the oats. But there aren't many of them this year, and I gave them a very simple meal: Meat loaf, seasoned with tomato juice and onion; potatoes baked around it, so they were brown and juicy; gravy, peas with hard-boiled eggs, the juice cooked with a bit of butter and flour and then poured back over the peas. These are really most delicious when covered with crumbs and butter and baked, but I didn't do that. Baked beans, and cabbage salad, and sliced cucumbers and onions finished out the main course, with apple pie and cream for dessert, honey and applesauce and bread and butter to go with the meal. And then at supper time the men announced there would be hay-makers the next day, today. But it turns out that some of them aren't staying all day, and there will be only two extras for dinner.

**Hope Needham**

It's beautiful weather for threshing, or for cooking for threshers, or almost anything else, for that matter. I wish you could stand on the back porch with me early in the morning, while I wait for the men to come in for breakfast, and see the bright, slanting sunbeams across the yard and the lily pool! Of course, you all probably have your own pet scenes like that—but that's mine. The grass is still sparkling with the dew, the chickens look so clean and white against it, and there are cool shadows under the trees. Nothing looks hot or wilted or tired yet, at that time, and the sun is just up enough so its rays are nearly parallel to the ground.

And then, this morning, Wilbert completed the scene when he drove in the lane with the tractor. There was something almost dramatic about it—he wore a fresh, clean shirt, the sleeves rolled up, and a jaunty cap. At the very beginning of the day, he wasn't tired or dirty or hot, and it made a perfect picture that might have been called Youth, or A Summer Scene—or something like that. I guess my imagination is running away with me!

**Joe Is Water-Boy**

Oh, yes—there was another big event yesterday; Joe was water-boy, all alone. He and his older cousin had been carrying water to the men in the field, with a horse and little sort of cart. Yesterday the cousin was sick, and Joe was delegated to do it alone—and was he proud when he drove the cart in the lane by himself and swaggered into the house to have me help fill the jugs! He also fixed the bench outside where the men wash—put up a mirror and carried the equipment out by himself. He's getting to be a grand helper and errand-boy. But the summer is so short—I guess he will be going back to school in about a month.

Speaking of school, there are some little things that you college girls will want to remember that I didn't mention the other day. They are things that you may or may not have thought of, and I want to emphasize them—they do help make your new room seem like home.

These are just little unconnected items, and I'll mention them as they come to my mind:

First and foremost is cushions, or pillows—have you plenty? There's nothing that makes a room look more livable, or a bed look more like a studio couch in the daytime, or a place more comfortable for resting or studying than plenty of pillows, in different shapes and sizes. And they need not be at all expensive—you may have some to recover, or you may find an old feather-bed or bed-pillow that can be cut up, or you may buy inexpensive stuffing. But do cover them, in bright print remnants, or in patchwork pieces made up of scraps. I had one in silk and two in wool, from the scraps of the school dresses I had made, besides a square one made of little samples from a cotton sample book, and several covered with the material from our drapes and spreads. They got hard wear, and I will recover them for this fall to harmonize with our new room.

If your room needs more light—and what study-room doesn't?—try using little mirrored objects here and there. A tiny, modernistic, unframed mirror in the wall, between two pictures, or above a table; a mirror-tray on the dresser, for hairpins and odds and ends; mirror-tops and sides to powder boxes, stamp boxes, and so forth; or a flat mirror under a little decorative object, or under your brush and comb. Any of these help do the trick.

### Need Wastebaskets

Don't forget to have an extra wastebasket or two, even if one is furnished in your room. You know they come in handy by the desk and dresser and even in the closet. Make or buy them, painted or covered with cloth or paper to match your room. And a fairly good-sized metal one makes a fine laundry hamper, if there is a place for it in your closet—under a rather low shelf, for instance, where the space is not convenient for anything else, and yet it is easy to toss soiled clothes in. Speaking of soiled clothes—you will want to wash your hose and undies for yourself, each night, and perhaps will be doing your own blouses and accessories, too. It's a fine idea to have one of these little clothes-line sets with rubber suction cups on the ends of the line, and little doll clothespins—you can get them at the dime store, and they are so convenient. And plan some place—we use the shelf above our wash-bowl—to keep soap or soap flakes, a little box of starch, and so forth.

What are you planning to wear on Saturdays, and free mornings, and perhaps on evenings that you spend in straightening your room and doing odds and ends? Of course, your summer sports dresses, or left-over house dresses, do very nicely. But if you can go to the slight expense and take the time, try to have one or more (and by the time you've lived at college awhile, you'll want it to be more) smocks, or such. Some girls like the short tunic ones, that are worn with a skirt— one of their school skirts. The tunic covers enough to protect them. Others wear them full length. Be a little ingenious—use an odd, attractive print, or an unusually becoming style, or some surprising decoration; and be sure they button all the way down the front or back with big, easy-to-work buttons. We slip them on when we have overslept and are too late to dress completely before breakfast, or when we are spending the morning at home. They are much more comfortable to wear for active things like cleaning or washing than pajamas, besides looking so much prettier—I think. This year I'm thinking of trying a coverall dress pattern I saw in a farm magazine—it had a big and straps like farm overalls, and a high, squared princess waistline, and a slightly flared skirt, which buttoned or "zipped" all the way down the back. It was worn over a little blouse with a simple collar and short sleeves. With the dress in a tropical print or a plain colored crash, in, say, burgundy, and the blouse to contrast, I think it would be swell. But it is an experiment—it may not be quite as comfortable for Saturday morning which was "cleaning day" for us, as a regulation smock.

I said pajamas were not so comfortable for daytime wear, but they are nice to get into to study in the evening. Usually we wore lounging pajamas for that, changing to sleeping pajamas later, though the same ones can be worn for both. They should be soft and roomy and fit well, though—the legs just the right length, especially, so that you will neither trip nor freeze your ankles. These cute little knitted bedroom slippers that look like little square bags, when they are off, and a warm flannel bathrobe, preferably in a becoming style, finishes this costume. One girl had a beautiful bathrobe in blue flannel, princess style, and ankle length, with silver buttons all the way down. If your house is like ours, you'll have pajama parties every once in a while after closing hours and you'll want one natty looking pajama set, fairly heavy and sports-like, for those.

### A Few Pictures

It's a good idea not to clutter up your room with pictures, but do take any that you especially like; they often help you seem more at home. And spend a few minutes deciding just where they will look best in your room. If you are a "collector"—so many college girls are—of any small animals or other trinkets, better plan an out-of-the-way what-not shelf or something for them.

When I spoke of smocks, I forget to remind you to take your bright summer anklets or some second-best stockings to wear with them, and a comfortable pair of summer sandals or other shoes, not quite good enough to wear for "best" again, goes nicely with the outfit. Or a pair of plain leather house slippers in brown or black or blue. A few changes of your old underwear, not usable for school, may be used with it—but I don't recommend taking all your old things, "to wear out." They just fill up needed space, and may better be worn out in the vacation times at home. Leave some of your house-dresses and such at home for vacations or week-ends, too, it simplifies packing then.

Of course there are all sorts of kits and boxes that are useful. In general, it is well to have as many things as possible that will keep your things in order and the things that are used together all in one space—your space, in even the biggest room, is limited. These you may make or buy, as many or as few as you desire. Some of them are: A sewing kit, which is almost a necessity, where your darning cotton, thread, needles, patches from the clothes you made yourself, extra buttons, and so forth, may all be found. If your hobby, or one of them, is needlework, you will need some sort of larger box or case, as elaborate as you choose, for knitting, crocheting and embroidery. A finger-nail kit is one of the most valuable things; so often you want to do your nails in someone else's room, while you visit, or are in a hurry. Something mighty handy is a bath kit—soap, bath powder, and all such things, including a nail-brush, may be kept, and in which they may be carried to the bathroom, if it is down the hall a way. A make-up box is not quite so essential, since you don't carry those things around so much, but does keep your dresser drawers neat. Some covered affair for clean sheets and towels keeps the dust out. A stocking-box, divided into three compartments, is the most convenient kind for me; I keep absolutely perfect, best hose in one part, "wearable ones" in another (the ones that may be slightly mended, or not quite first quality, but that do for school), and old ones to be worn only around the house in the third.

Other dresser boxes, for gloves, handkerchiefs and any number of things, are desirable—or one of the tiny sets of drawers that holds all these things. A square, flat box for collars and cuffs, and a long flat box for your knitted dress, if you have one, or for your best sweaters, keeps those two things in order. Perhaps you will have transparent hat boxes or bags—at any rate, have some sort of protectors, as well as at least one long garment bag, for your best dresses. The others may just have little shoulder protectors over them, if you find it more convenient. Shoes take up lots of room, so try to arrange an out-of-the-way place for their bag or rack or drawers. A little ingenuity will devise a bag or rack shaped just to fit some little corner of the closet. And flannel bags with drawstrings are best for silver or gold evening slippers. Silver ones, by the way, should also be wrapped closely in soft black tissue paper, to prevent tarnishing.

Don't forget to take with you, or buy at some little campus specialty shop, some pretty paper with which to line your drawers, a few thumb tacks and metal hangers to fit over the picture molding, if there is one, and some picture wire. A big desk blotter—they only cost a dime, and come in every imaginable color and design—is the most practical desk cover, and you may use whatever you prefer in the way of a scarf, or a glass top, (as they have in the dormitory where I live) or a mirror for the top of the dresser. You need dress hangers and shoe trees, too, and a laundry bag, if you don't use the hamper I suggested. Sometimes I like one better, and sometimes the other—so take your choice!

### And Plenty of Hankies

Probably you either don't need this reminder, or will think I sound just like mother when you were little—but you will need handkerchiefs! And if friends don't happen to give them to you at a going-away party (and that is about the nicest king of a going-away shower, I think), you'll have to buy them. Plenty of plain white, linen if possible, for ordinary use, and as many as possible in bright blocked prints for your sports dresses, and fine applique or lace edges or embroidery for best. And at least one very, very nice one, white, and dainty, for evenings.

And last but not least, don't forget a memory book, a photograph album fi you want pictures separate from the memory book, and a scrap-book or notebook or two for such things as: Poems, if you collect especially pretty ones, as I do; little funny or intereseting events, if you like to try your hand at writing; suggestions about any hobby you may have; clippings of quilt, embroidery, knitting or crochet patterns; and any other things you may think of. A dairy, too—what I did was to write my letters home—and long ones they were, especially the first year!—on loose-leaf notebook paper, unruled, all the same size. I wrote whenever I had time, all the funny and interesting and exciting events of the day. Then every few days I mailed it home. The folks kept all these letters, and I'm putting them together to make my school diary, and a thick one it is, too. I just started to put them together this summer. I hadn't even looked at them for three years, and it's such fun to read all my first impressions of people and places now, and to recall all sorts

of exciting and funny events. Some of my impressions have changed so that I could hardly believe I ever thought the things I said about people in those first few days! But it's a perfect diary, now, and it saved the trouble of writing all the day's events twice—once in a letter and once in a diary—and is far more complete than either would probably have been if I had tried to do both.

That's all the details I think of now. You other college girls—what are your pet bits of advice that you like to give freshmen about what to take with them? Or what little accessories, for your room or yourself, have you found most practical—and just as important, what ones have you found useless, or too much of a nuisance to bother with? Let's hear from all of you, about those things, or other college experiences.—Ruth, Hope's Daughter.

P. S.—A card and letter from mother say that they are having a fine time, and will be home tomorrow—so goodby! She'll be taking her column back again, I fear!

## August 25, 1937

### COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS
(Continued)

This is a continuation of last week's letter to Betty Coed on "College Friendships."

Hope Needham

I forgot to mention — don't be afraid to offer to do things. Try to strike a medium—don't offer to take only the leading parts, and yet it isn't a good plan to always do what no one else will and never take the lead. But if there is decorating to be done for a party—try to plan your Saturday morning to drop in and help a bit; or if some girl calls down the hall, "Does anyone want to go down town with me?" go ahead without waiting for a personal invitation. Unless you are very sure the girl wasn't sincere in the offer. That's the way things are done in a group like that—group invitations include the whole group, and people just may not think to invite you personally, although that's a very nice and thoughtful thing to do if there is a new girl around. And if you are invited to go places or do anything, try to accept the first or second time, at least, even if you're busy; after that, you can refuse often, and gracefully; but if you refuse the first few invitations, people are likely to stop asking you. Remember they are sensitive, too, and may take a refusal as a personal snub.

One more thing—church. My closest friends, after three years, are the ones I met at the dorm and the people I met at a religious foundation, where I have been elected to the student council for this year. That's a real thrill—to have three years of trying to make friends crowned by something like that. It makes the efforts that have been so hard to make seem worth while, to know that you really know people well enough to be chosen for some responsibility in your last year. Really, it's more thrilling to have it come then, after people have worked with you three years and you feel they really know you and have made a sincere choice, than to be elected freshman class president or something of that sort your first year. Maybe that's sour grapes—I never have held a real office or "big" position in my first three years; but I know that I'm mighty proud of the responsibility that has been given me, and so anxious to finish my last year with the feeling that I've accomplished something definite and have made really permanent friends—I know I have made those friends.

#### Five Such Groups

At our university there are about five of these religious groups; they are sponsored by five denominations, but none of them are limited to students of any particular religious creed. Ours has members belonging to 40-some denominations—and the president of our student council last year was not even of the denomination of this foundation! Each group has a building near the church, containing meeting rooms, social centers, study rooms, friendly living rooms and sun parlors, offices, a stage, and a little chapel for vesper services. The groups here are smaller and more intimate than the whole university groups, and you may work in any department that suits you—dramatics, music, debating, food preparation, party planning, devotional services, stenographic work, and so forth. We have parties on Friday nights, vespers every Wednesday afternoon, and supper Sunday evening, besides committee and department meetings all week, teas on Sunday afternoon, and so forth. I don't know whether there is such a group at your college or not, but I advise you to try to find it, if there is. Some of the most fun I've had at school has come when I spent an afternoon addressing envelopes or an hour Sunday evening washing dishes with a bunch of other students, and such fun it is to be in plays, and our vesper services are always inspiring, either to attend or to conduct. This year I am co-chairman of the foods department—we serve supper for about 100 or more each Sunday evening, party refreshments every Friday night, tea Sunday evening, with an occasional picnic or supper or steak fry thrown in. It's fun!

Good luck—the very best—to you. I'm sure you'll be happy. Try to make some close friends, and lots of others not so close. You'll have to make yourself do things that are hard sometimes—but you will be rewarded. Remember, while you should study hard, and will feel much more useful and important if you do—still the friends you make and the meetings you lead and the discussions you plan and even the dishes you wash and the envelopes you address are just as much fun, and fully as valuable. So happy landings—and won't you let me know how you come out?—Ruth, Hope's Daughter.

# THE HOUSEHOLD

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## January 12, 1938

### ANOTHER YEAR!

The holiday season in general was gloomy and wet and icy, weatherly speaking—but Christmas and New Year's days themselves were gorgeous here in Illinois—bright and sunny, almost balmy as to temperature—and the family lingered long, both days, over the turkey dinner and the jests and gossip that make the piquant sauce therefor. Celebrating our first anniversary as users of this marvellous Genius of the Lamp, rural electricity, our mutual gifts were largely of a nature to make use of the magic juice. The men-folks, to be sure, ran largely to car gadgets—defrosters, fans, clocks, thermometers; but the womenfolks are rejoicing in practically a clock for every room, toasters, lamps, and (hold your breath for the very luxury of it!) an electric water-heater, 86 gallon capacity. From now on washing can begin at the crack of dawn, if the fancy so disposes—not at 8:45 or as soon thereafter as a stubborn stove consents to function; and there'll be no more waiting for bath-water and dish-water to heat.

Hope Needham

Perhaps it is worth mentioning that there is also a new milking-machine in the barn. If some members of the family were telling the story, that would have been mentioned first, no doubt, and its praises sung with complete orchestration as to mechanical details. But to us in the house, what is a milking-machine to compare with the glory of having hot water at the turn of a faucet! After all, the milk has always been brought in to us, the same as it is now.

And then we have other blessings than such a material thing as electricity. (Can you call this invisible power "material"?) We have augmented the family—two little girls and an aunt have come to help fill the loneliness that daddy leaves by having to be away from home so much of the time. These two little girls trudge down the road with Joey to school every day, and come romping home with him at night; and it almost seems worth while to enthuse over school lunches when there are once more three to pack. After school, of course, they have chores to do and the puppy to tend. Dear me, I almost forgot to mention the puppy who was another holiday acquisition—Prince Moppet—a brown and fluffy sphere of perpetual motion, so young that he still veers and tacks unsteadily when he tries to progress, yet so precocious that he already turns up his nose at milk and goes growling after a bone. With the daughter away at college and the big boys away at high school, this house had become uncannily quiet and sedate. It is nice to have so much pleasant commotion about housekeeping again.

**January**

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

### New Games

There are new games, too, that intrigue us since the Christmas gifts were opened. A year ago we were awfully keen on monopoly and anagrams; this year it is pick-up sticks and "Star Reporter." They are games that young and old can play together and really enjoy. And then the books —my choice new one is Della Lutes' "Country Kitchen." You would all love it! And the big boys have Maugham's "Travelers' Library," a big volume of choice selections in verse, essay, short story and novel—something like the Woolcott "Reader" which was so loveable. Unfortunately for mother, the boys have suddenly taken to reading and mother hasn't had a fair chance at this tempting volume. Time was, not so long ago, when the boys were so engrossed with outdoor activities that they scorned "extra" reading; but Wilbert especially has developed a commendable interest, and the only chance that the rest of us have with the new book is when the boys go to a basketball game.

Ruth had to spend considerable time during vacation reading Tolstoy's three volumes on "War and Peace." It was odd to see her munching taffy apples and popcorn with the rest of us frivolous mortals while she steadily concentrated on that ponderous assignment. We asked her if there were any quotable bits that we might use in our Household discussion of War and Peace—but she says there is nothing short enough to be quotable; in fact, no philosophizing on the matter except to emphasize the general uselessness, idleness and costliness of the military caste in Europe. She maintains that the only part she was able to enjoy was a detailed description of the Battle of Austerlitz, and she only enjoyed that because she skipped it, knowing that (like the account of Caesar's bridge) it would mean nothing to her anyway.

### A Favorite Professor

We'll append to these rambling remarks a bit of her pre-Christmas letter, because it is probably that many of the Illinois readers knew and loved Professor Jacob Zeitlin of the English department at the university, whose passing just before the holidays laid a solemn hush over Christmas activities on the campus. Dr. Zeitlin was one of the favorite professors when we Needham girls were in college, and incidentally, it happens that Ruth was taken by a proud auntie to visit one of his classes when she was only three. Then this year she was in a course of his and felt the full brunt of his sudden death. It may seem strange to bring such a topic as this into a Christmas letter—but life is like that! After all, he did die at Christmas time, and his going colored the days more somberly for many of us. Strange that we should think of him, a Russian Jew, as a man of the most Christlike attributes of any man we knew. The tributes from his multitudes of friends did not emphasize his brilliant intellect so much (though he was internationally famous as a critic) as his boundless sympathy and kindliness. Born in Russia, they say he actually witnessed the murder of his father and mother during one of the czar's pogroms against the Jews, and came to this country, a mere boy, lonely waif with two little sister moneyless, friendless and unknow It is marvelous that he made of hin self the scholar that he became an that he developed so much of th "sweetness and light" that is our high est ideal of a scholar; and I am gla that his life after the bitter and tur bulent younger days came to have in such an atmosphere of serenity an appreciation as the academic life a the university, that he married happ pily and had a beautiful and satisfying home life after those early cruelties.

One more item should be mentioned here. In the letters to come you may notice references to and thanks for a certain snapshot of my four children. Now, it was our intention to send such a snapshot to each of you who have helped this Household department by contributing any sort of a letter. If by chance you happen to have been missed please mention the fact at the end of your next letter, and one will be sent—if you want one. If you have not written before but feel the picture is worth the effort, why not start the new year right with a contribution to our column? Any letter entitles the writer to a snapshot if she will ask for it; and of course, if any one feels like contributing a snapshot of herself or her family along with the letter, it will be deeply appreciated by Yours Truly.

Here's hoping for a bigger, better and more helpful year for us all in this "different" sort of Household department, which is made up of many personalities woven together, flashing (and even clashing) against one another, setting each othre off by their contrasts and differences, binding us all together by our fundamental likenesses.

A happy new year to you, every one! —Hope.

---

### Excerpts From the Pre-Christmas Letter From the Campus

"This morning we had quite a shock. We went to our 11 o'clock class to find that Professor Zeitlin died last night, very suddenly, of a heart attack. We could hardly believe it; he seemed so young and so very zestful and well when we saw him laughing and enjoying himself at the Star Course program last night. We don't know any details, because it was too late to be in the morning's paper, and no one really knows anything about it, except that all the English faculty men were feeling pretty badly and one of them broke down in his first class and didn't meet any more of his classes today. Every one that had any contact with Dr. Zeitlin at all is quite shocked and amazed. I didn't hear a word until 11 o'clock; three of us were the first ones in the room, and one of the girls asked if we had heard about it. The other two of us, having seen him and all, wouldn't believe it; thought it was just some very surprising rumor, until she said that her professor had told her the hour before. Most of the class hadn't heard when they came into the room; when we were all there, some young man who could hardly control his voice anounced that he supposed we all knew about it by that time, that there would be no class today, but that some arrangement would be made for the class by Friday. It will seem so queer, of course, to go back. I'm wondering who will take the class over. It will be hard to find anyone who can do it as well as he did."

(Later.) "Yesterday morning I went to Prof. Zeitlin's funeral, preached by Rabbi Sachar. It was a very simple and very, very lovely service—no music except the organ, nothing at all but the three parts of Dr. Sachar: First, reading from Psalms, the 23d, the 90th, and one other; then organ music. Then the funeral sermon, more or less conventional, about Zeitlin's life, most beautifully worded; more organ music. And finally a closing reading from the Talmud—a very interesting legend that I had never heard before from it, ending with the reading, first in Hebrew and then in English, of the passage about 'Knowing that he shall live, we give him up with patience and resignation and without murmuring. The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord.'

### In 14 Languages

"After World Friendship meeting, we had our tea at the foundation in front of a big fire, and then supper club. As part of the program the 23d Psalm was read in 14 languages by people from different countries: Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, King James version, modern American revised, Chinese, Spanish, French, German, Italian, Malay, African, and so forth. Including a version translated into the Navajo Indian and back into English, showing how the symbolism had to be changed to be understandable to their particular experience. It was one of the most beautiful versions of all.

"Friday night at our party we made cambric scrapbooks and knitted scarves and mittens and dressed dolls, and some of the boys made doll-houses, for Christmas gifts. We had lots of fun and the way they made the doll-houses was clever; I'll show the little girls how when I'm home.

"Christmas week we have vespers every afternoon. Monday the theme is "Silent Night, Tuesday is "Oh, Come, Let Us Adore Him" and Wednesday (when I am leading the service) the theme is "Joy to the World." Monday night the group from the house here goes carolling, too. Love to you all, and I'll be seeing you soon."—Ruth.

## February 2, 1938

### A Tribute to 4-H Work

This will be a good chance for me to pay tribute to 4-H work, too. That was where Ruth got her start in sewing and clothing designing, as well as her interest in meal planning and problems related to food. The club work is certainly a help to busy mothers, for, as you say, we rarely have time to go into the clothing work so intensively while the girls are so young (being busy, as most of us are, like Martha, with many things). And for boys, too, the 4-H work is vitally important. Our two big boys have been in club work since they were old enough and have built up a nice start in various kinds of live stock; but more important than the property, they have built good sound habits of dependability and work. At this point motherly pride overcomes me, and I simply can't refrain from mentioning some honors they won last summer, "not because they are my boys," as we all say modestly, but because it was rather an unusual thing to happen. At our Illinois State Fair last August on one day they won the state demonstration contest representing their 4-H club, and on the following day they won the state live stock judging contest for their Future Farmers' chapter. Incidentally, Wilbert was high-scoring individual among the 500 contestants and won the Governor's trophy, a silver loving-cup. Ernest Vail was only 12 points behind him. I doubt if it has often happened that a pair of brothers won two state contests in one fair. Another curious feature is that our boys' own 4-H club also won the demonstration contest the year before; and one of the boys on that team, a neighbor of ours about the same age as Ruth, won the trip to Washington as one of the two Illinois boys who went last summer. In Illinois it has never before happened that any club won the state demonstration contest twice—much less, twice in succession.

—Hope.

# 1939-1940

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham. Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

April 25, 1939

### THIS AND THAT

Yes, here I am again, after quite an absence from the Household. And again I'm just substituting for mother, who is a bit under the weather. We don't know just what, but she hasn't been up to par for some time, and can't find just what is the matter—so the family, feeling that the chief trouble is that she has gotten too rundown from a little too much work and worry and varied activity, all together, have prescribed a week's vacation—or rather, an unlimited one, to last until she feels better. We hope that a week in her room, with meals served there and no committee meetings, telephone calls, odd jobs, or letter writing, together with the diet and tonic the doctor has prescribed, will fix her up again.

Hope Needham

So in the meantime I'm asking you to have patience with my poor attempts at substitution. I'm trying to get caught up, answering all your letters that I can, but I know that if I get behind on it you will understand. And I think we can keep the column going for a while with your interesting letters and discussions.

The California trippers, my grandparents, arrived home this morning; such weather to come back to! It has been so cold and gloomy and drizzly all week that I wouldn't blame them a bit for taking the next train back! Of course, we haven't had time yet to hear all the exciting details—but I have a new elephant to add to my collection; he is from Long Beach. The collection is getting to be quite sizable now. The other day one of my friends and I—the only other person around here who collects elephants—pooled our collections for an exhibit at a hobby tea, and we had about a hundred and fifty on display, of all sorts and sizes.

### Her Favorites

My favorites, I think, are my teeny-tiny glass ones from Santa Barbara, Cal., and several Illinois towns; my big blue plush one that was a birthday gift from dad this year; the jointed one, made of wooden beads; the little fat black ebony one made in Ceylon; the bigger fat silver one, sitting up, looking so much like a statue of Buddha; the pearly one, standing jauntily on top of the globe; the modernistic black one on my blotter; the --but I guess it isn't any use to try to pick out favorite ones!

Did you know that it is very bad luck to buy an elephant to keep, but good luck to give or receive one? That good-luck elephants always have the tips of their trunks pointing upward, and that you should never let them face the door of the room? That there are two kinds of elephants—the Asiatic or Indian ones, which we see in circuses, and the African ones, which are quite different in appearance, but which cannot live in this climate? Really, they're awfully interesting, and I get more and more interested in them as time goes on.

In fact, I even have them on tea-towels, now. I've just finished a set of seven, with the days of the week on them, with clever pictures of a large elephant in an apron doing different household tasks. I embroidered all the elephants in yellow, all the aprons in orange, and made the rest of the things in various pastels, with lettering in black. Now I have three of another set done, in a different pattern; this one has two elephants on each, a big one and a baby one; and I am doing all the big ones in deep blue, all the babies in light blue, with the rest in gay colors, one other color to a towel. That is, one towel has yellow for the third color, one pink, one green, and so forth.

### Combine Hobbies

The tea towels combine two hobbies —my elephants and my sewing, which occupies much of my spare time. The lovely walnut finished cedar chest, which was a graduation gift from one grandmother, now has many things in it besides the silverware which was a graduation gift from the other grandmother. Its contents include mostly things I've made myself—two Mexican bridge sets (I made up the designs from Mexican motifs I saw on our western trip last summer), a set of crocheted place-mats with matching napkins of linen, the two sets of tea towels, an embroidered buffet set or two, and so forth. One of my weaknesses is that I can't just stick to one thing until it is finished, but always keep starting new things, so I always have several going at once. My quilt is all pieced now, and the luncheon set finished, but I have a cutwork piece, a set of dish towels, some napkins, and another thing or two, all partly finished. Wish there were more hours to a day! We've all got in the habit of taking handwork along to the meetings of our church guild of girls, aged 18 to 30, to do during the social hour and while we wait for every one to gather, so I've finished several napkins that way.

It seems as though the time always just flies this time of year, when there is so much to do. Lots of little pigs and lambs, of course, with all that means; the little weak lamb that I think mother told you about finally died; but there have been several tiny pigs, chilled during the cold nights, brought in to warm an hour or so. In fact, just yesterday we had six in the kitchen at once; they were so tiny and silky and soft, and so terribly cold, when they first brought them in; but a straw-lined box, a jug of hot water for a "heater" and the warmth of the radiator soon brought them around, and they got very, very noisy and active in a little while. There are several lambs, and I hear some of them crying now. There is a rabbit that seems to have become quite tame, that plays with one of the lambs, too; I have seen it several afternoons, and it's such fun to watch the rabbit hop a little way, and then the lamb skip after it until it catches up.

### Joe Raising Chickens

Chicken time, too, and Joe is to join the 4-H club and raise 50 chickens of his own this year. We can hardly believe that he will be 10 so shortly, and ready to join the club right along with the big boys. In between school and running errands he has been learning to ride his cousin's bicycle, with one of his own promised him for his birthday if he learns to start it by himself by that time. Just now he can ride fine after some one gives him a start, but hasn't quite mastered the trick of getting started alone.

Several of the Household readers have written me such nice letters from time to time, while I was away at school, and I don't think I've ever publicly thanked them, though I think I managed to answer them all. I love to both read and write letters, but there just isn't enough time to work in all I'd like to write. I've started a new system with some of my closest friends, and we are having lots of fun over it. I've been

editing a little "magazine" called "How Time Flies," with a circulation of seven—myself and six girls who lived in the dormitory with me at the university. I've been sending it out every two or three weeks, with the news of that period written up in different sections—"News," "Society," "Letters from Our Readers," and so forth. After collecting all the items of interest, serious and humorous, I type them up in two-column pages, making six carbons, and my letter writing is done. Oh, yes—the last page is headed "Personals," and I leave that blank when typing, then write a personal note to each one on that page before mailing the magazine. That way I don't have the chore of writing all the general news so many times, yet I can include little comments and questions and answers of purely personal interest, too.

All of you who have time to write—I'd like so much to hear from you. And, again, I hope you'll bear with me during this week or so, while I'm pinch-hitting.—Hope's Daughter, Ruth.

## June 8, 1939

### Two Golden Weddings

Dear Grandma Mac: How much we have all enjoyed hearing about your happy celebratoon. I know it must have been a happy one. Has mother told you of our two golden wedding celebrations? There haven't been any 60th anniversaries yet in our immediate family, but both sets of grandparents celebrated their 50th anniversaries within about a year. Mother's parents' anniversary was in September, 1937; they have six living children and 20 grandchildren, living in various places from Michigan to California, and every one was back for the occasion; they and the bride and groom's sisters and brothers with their families had dinner at noon in the big house where my grandparents live, and it's a good thing that it is big. Although it hadn't been especially planned that way, when the tables were set we found there were exactly 50 places—the grown-ups at a long table in the big living room, the children on the porch at another table. In the afternoon there was a friendly open house for neighbors, and after the visiting everyone sang for a while old familiar songs.

Dad's parents had a 50th anniversary in February of this year, so of course there was another celebration. The dinner wasn't so large, because there are only two children and five grandchildren. But the open house was very large—so many, many old friends dropped in, and the house was banked with flowers. At that time of the year the flowers seemed especially attractive. Most of them were yellow, of course—yellow roses, jonquils, acacias, calendulas, and so forth. But there were also snapdragons and sweet peas and red roses, and many more. Some California relatives sent a crate of golden grapefruit and oranges, and the children and grandchildren gave them two little blue spruce trees, which are now set out either side of the front walk, as a memorial of the day.

Of course it was a big day, with lots to do; neighbor women helped out with making sandwiches and cookies and punch, and grandmother's sister poured at the tea table. But there was plenty left for the rest of us to do—receiving and arranging flowers, taking telephone calls and telegrams, meeting and talking to people, running errands. We were all rather tired by evening—but the evening was really the nicest part of the day.

### An Evening of Music

After a pick-up supper we all (that is, the family, since the guests were gone) gathered in the living room, and with my grandfather and Wilbert playing violins, my aunt the piano and the rest of us just listening or singing, we had a regular music-fest. They played all sorts of songs, old and new, but mostly old; then we all left early, ready for bed.

Both couples of grandparents were present for both celebrations, by the way, and we all hope that we may have as lovely a time celebrating their 60th anniversaries as you and your family had at yours, Grandma Mac.

My, but the flowers are nice now. The tulips, which made such a colorful show this year, are all gone, but the iris is in full bloom, and the yellow roses are coming out. I expect we'll have plenty of both for the eighth grade commencement exercises on the 30th, when all the neighbors are called upon to bring baskets of flowers to bank the stage.

There is soon to be another "commenceemnt" in the family, too—Ernest graduates early in June. In fact, he has already brought home his cap and gown, so it seems as though the day is getting pretty close. Last week mother and I went to the junior-senior prom; that is, we went to sit in the balcony, intending to stay only a few minutes. But the floor show was good and the dresses so pretty that we stayed on and on until after the grand march. There have been other community festivities, too; the other night the grade school pupils had a surprise party for their teacher. She was invited to one of the homes for supper, and after the meal all the children hung a May-basket for her at the door, filled with flowers and little gifts. They were all asked in for ice cream and cake, and to play games on the lawn, and both they and the teacher report that it was a lovely party.

Set out tomato and pepper plants yesterday evening and now it looks like rain. I surely hope we do get a good rain before the day is over, and I hope all the rest of you who need it get rain soon, too.

## November 8, 1939

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY

The die is cast, the treaty is signed—and the day is set. Yes, the daughter of the house has formally announced her engagement and her wedding date. After the usual fluctuation, a delay for this reason, a hurry for that, a shift on one account, a push on another, the choice has settled on a home wedding, at 4 in the afternoon, on Sunday, Nov. 12. It happens to be her dad's birthday, and it is in the year of the 50th celebration of his parents' wedding, it is 52 years and two months since my parents were married, and it is exactly 23 years and one month since her father and I set sail together on the sea of matrimony. Of course we have been preparing for the event ever since the youngsters broke the glad news that they had decided to cast their lot together, but now the pleasant commotion mounts, and the parties and packing and planning surge into a great groundswell.

Hope Needham

It is all delightful, but there are terrifying moments for the mother of the bride. In a flash imagination darts back to her babyhood. There was a day when she was just two weeks old and I proudly showed her to a group of callers; but they came to talk of getting up a play, and I couldn't take a part on account of the baby. And there was to be a party—but I couldn't go on account of the baby. And there was a trip offered, but there was no way to manage about the baby. And with a rebellious pang I realized to the full the law of compensation. I had apparently pledged most of my strength and all of my time forever more to this mite of a being whom I so passionately loved, and I couldn't go back and make my choice over.

### Growing Up

That is the real moment of growing up. You become an adult when you accept the bonds of parenthood. In the next instant imagination darts forward and I want so desperately to know what is in store for that same baby now that she is no longer to be exclusively ours. I want to ward off all that is hard or unpleasant; I want to smooth the way for her—and I know I can't. Whatever help we could give her has already been given in the way we have raised her. We hope and believe that she is fortified by temperament and habit to meet whatever comes with poise and resourcefulness and humor. But the years rushed by too fast—it seems too short a time since she was that bright-eyed baby who in her very helplessness controlled every current of our lives.

Why can't we slow down the tempo of those happy years of childhood and adolescence? The little bride walks on clouds—you know how it was yourself! But the mother of the bride—ah, me! They jest a lot about the agonies of expectant fathers, and I believe expectant mothers of brides are more in secret need of comforting. At least this one is.

And now five of the Householders have conceived a novel plan for our Fall Round-Up, combining it with a sort of party for the bride. It will all be a surprise to her for, living in Elysium as she is these days, she is far too busy to notice what is going on in these columns. Today we publish the announcement of plans, and we will think of our Ruth as merely a symbol of all the daughters of the Household who have recently married or who are getting married soon. I dare say many a one will clip the columns when the contributions appear, and I want them all to feel that the 1939 Household shower is for each of them personally just as much as it is for my own daughter.—Hope.

### The Plot

Householders! Householders! Hear ye! Hear ye! There will soon be a new member in the Needham family for Ruth and Phil are to be married at an early date! In recognition of her clever and gracious substitution for Hope who has been trying to build a bit of reserve strength in order to thoroughly regain her health, and for her own sweet, lovely self, a few of us have plotted a party! Every member of the Household (and that means anyone who reads it) who cares to do so may take part in any of the five features or even in all of them! There's only one stipulation: Keep contributions brief!

We have Hope's consent with this characteristic comment: "You understand of course, and will make it clear all the way through, that the idea of your wanting to do something for Ruth is what touches our hearts—not the size of the response. The letters of appreciation and all that are enough, but if the gifts come along, too, that is lovely. But we don't want anybody to feel they are under any obligation to respond!" Of course we are doing it out of the love in our hearts for Ruth (and Hope) and we really should have a penalty for anyone sending gifts to the showers because she

"thought he should," but we just know that not a single one of you will do that! So here we go—headed for Ruth's party!

We thought we would make five parts to this party: Program, recipes, personal gifts, towels and canned goods.

As sponsor of the program feature of the party, I'm only asking that you let your inspiration guide you. Let it be letters, poems, verse or jokes. Just wander in any direction your fancy may lead you, but hurry back to the party!

**Lucky Phil**

From pen contributions and from pictures we can well imagine Ruth and her mother have much in common. Phil, lucky person, needs no other "open sesame" than to have won Ruth's heart. I'm sure Van Dyke's word picture will portray their "home, sweet home" in that love will abide, friendship will be a guest and their hearts may rest there. No doubt Hope and Jim are reliving similar days in their own lives of about a quarter-century ago.

Our party will begin as soon as contributions will allow and please send packages in care of Hope Needham, Streator, Ill. If you take part in more than one of the gift showers, send them all in one package, labeled inside in a manner that labels may be removed and packages be sorted before Ruth sees them. Let the shape of the cans be their identification for group placement and Polly of Iowa will tell you about the "very special" labels they will have. Of course you will probably have tissue or some other wrapping covering these, though. When you take part in only one shower, label your package on the outside and you will save Hope the time of opening that package.

Our beloved Pep (her name is still quite appropriate!) and I have been making party plans for some time and together we've chosen "Polly of Iowa," "Nemo" and "Sally Ann" to help us. Here's hoping you enjoy it all as much as we've enjoyed the preliminaries! We'll be seeing you!—Judith Beauford.

## June 21, 1939

**RUTH'S "FRIENDLY LETTER"**

Dear Household Friends: I'm reading a book; yes, I really am, even a whole year after I've finished school! It's a good book, too, which is why I thought you might be interested in knowing how I happen to be reading it. It's part of a course sponsored by our state home bureau and our state library together. They have made arrangements whereby farm women may enroll in these reading courses, for their pleasure and education.

Hope Needham

Each member of the "class" chooses one subject from this list: Art in home and personal living, child development and guidance, clothing and textiles, family economics, family and social relationships, food and nutrition, health and first aid, the house and its surroundings, music for the home, recreation, rural electrification, and sex education. She receives a list of recommended books on the subject, with short descriptions of each book, from which she is to choose a certain number of titles (usually eight) which she wants to read. The home bureau office then secures the books from the state library, and mails them to the members of the course, one at a time. Each book may be kept two weeks, and the next book will not be sent until it is returned. The only requirement is that the reader write up a brief report and criticism of each book, on a supplied blank, and turn all these in as a report at the end of the course.

Mother and I chose the "family and social relationships" course. I was eager to enroll in that because I regretted all through my college years that I wasn't able to take a course in family relationships; and I do think that's a fine thing to give some study to. When we reecived the first book we were a bit disappointed, because it seemed quite elementary. It was written as a textbook for freshmen in high school, and while good was much simplified and not quite satisfactory; that is, it didn't deal much with the problems of people above high school age. However, the second book came yesterday, and is very interesting to me. It is "Family Behavior," by Bess V. Cunningham, published just last year (1938). Without being academic or heavy or too theoretical, it deals with such problems affecting the family as "neighbors," "the community newspaper," "the community church, "the community movies," "recreation, and so forth. And it deals with them from the point of view of a reasonably intelligent adult or young person, rather than that of a child.

**Still Reading It**

If this sounds over-enthusiastic, remember that I'm still reading the book, and so am thoroughly wrapped up in it. That is, I'm wrapped up in it in between other things—like yesterday's washing, for instance, which included 21 good starched shirts, besides work shirts and short-sleeved sport shirts. That—or rather the ironing ahead—is, I'll admit, taking up quite a bit of my attention.

Perhaps by this time you are wondering why I am substituting for Hope again; in fact, some of you have already asked. The reason is that Hope just had her tonsils removed, and isn't home yet. She went to a hospital in her old "home town," where her parents and three sisters still live, to a specialist there. The operation was performed last week and she is quite all right, but decided to stay down there with her mother and father the rest of this week to get a complete rest before she returns. She will no doubt be back by the time you read this. I'm planning a bit of "vacation" myself—a week-end at the home of Phil's folks (I expect she's told you about Phil!) if mother is feeling all right when she comes back.

Thank you all for the friendly letters and helps you've been sending me during mother's absence. You've all been more than helpful, and I appreciate every one of your personal notes and your nice long letters and your recipes more than I can say!—Ruth.

**A Smile**

A smile is such an easy way
To bid a friend the time of day.
To let him know you're standing by
In case his plans should go awry.
To lend an ever helping hand
So that he again might stand
With renewed faith in human kind,
That bolsters up his peace of mind,
So he is sure that life's worth while
When he sees a friendly smile.
—Harry P. Volk.
—Sent in by Hobby Horse.

## February 20, 1940

**RUTH'S WEDDING**

Zero weather, snow and bad roads keep us house-bound and give us time for retrospect. So what better time, at long last, to pick up the threads of the story of the Household daughter Ruth, her bridal showers and her wedding?

Hope Needham

Quite a contrast are these winter days to the balmy ones of last November. I think we have never had a more beautiful and placid fall than this. Sometimes November weather can be disagreeable, and we had feared we might have to contend with mud and rain or snow, but Sunday, November the 12th, dawned fair and bright, with not a cloud in the sky nor in the hearts of the relatives who gathered for this most touching of family events, the first wedding.

It was to be just a simple home ceremony, with no one but relatives and a very few intimate friends of the bridal couple, but when I tell you that exactly 90 persons were served with the wedding collation you will appreciate that both families are numerous and strongly bound by affectionate ties. On my side Ruth is the oldest of 20 cousins; and when it was first proposed that just the aunts and uncles would attend, the children being too young to care, you should have heard the rebellious outcry! The cousins could not more countenance missing the wedding than missing Christmas. And so they were all here except the youngest one of all, the year-and-a-half-old little "golden wedding baby" in California, and her parents. Their absence was the only flaw in the ointment.

**Many Grandparents**

Phil's parents and brothers and cousins were here, too, of course; and as for grandparents, I doubt if many couples have as many at their wedding. There were three sets, and they had been married 50 and 52 and 62 years, respectively. We had corsages for the mothers and grandmothers, boutonnieres for the fathers and grandfathers, so it made them all seem part of the wedding party. Ruth had only one bridesmaid, a college chum, and Phil had a brother as best man. Ruth's roommate and Wilbert and Ernest provided the music.

Just at 4 o'clock, by candlelight, with a setting of oak leaves and evergreens and chrysanthemums in orange and yellow and wine, the ceremony began. First the music, softly setting the atmosphere, then the opening strains of the wedding march (always touching, but this time almost overwhelming), then the simple processional down the stairway. The groom and best man and minister took their places in the alcove and were joined by the bridesmaid in blue with autumn shades of chrysanthemums in her arm bouquet and in the coronet in her hair; and then came the darling little bride, so sweet and radiant, on her father's arm. She had made her white silk faille gown herself, with its shirred waist, square neck, long full skirt and fingertip veil. She carried an arm bouquet of white chrysanthemums, as lovely a thing as I have ever seen, and wore fresh white flowers in a coronet on her veil. The brief,

powerful lines of the marriage service rang out impressively in the breathless rooms, and before we could realize it we had irrevocably given our only daughter into the keeping of another. In the brief ceremony it seemed to me that I lived over every detail of her 22 years of life. After her father had formally "given her away" and stepped back to my side, the clutch of our hands was like a drowning man's, so tight.

### Congratulations, Pictures

But just when the strain seemed unbearable, it was all over, the bride and groom turned to face us and receive kisses and congratulations; and the brothers, who had spent a good share of the forenoon rigging up floodlights and other paraphernalia, set about taking moving pictures (which seemed to them even more interesting than the ceremony) and the tension eased. Various groups had to pose with the bride and groom, and laughter and joyous commotion filled the rooms where our little girl and her brothers had grown up and had so many happy parties and gay times. The set of grandparents who live just up the road hurried away to be at their door to greet the guests as they trooped in for the wedding supper. They had a little advantage over the rest of us in getting control of their emotions. The help-girls told us afterward that grandmother arrived very weepy-eyed, and when they exclaimed, said it was just the wind that reddened them. (As a matter of fact, there wasn't a mite of a breeze that day.)

We served the collation at the grandparents' home for two reasons: First, there simply wasn't enough room at home—it was all we could do to get the guests and the wedding gifts and flowers in our house; and second, we wanted both houses to be included in the memories of the day. In the big parlor we set the bridal table, all in white and crystal, with a huge wedding cake for centerpiece, and there we seated the immediate families, the minister and his wife, and the bridal couple and attendants. In the living room we set up two long homemade tables on trestles which looked quite presentable by the time they were set forth in white linen. They accommodated 28 guests. The dining room accounted for 20, and the balance of the crowd, the children, were served on the second floor by way of the back stairs. It took quite a bit of planning to serve so many without confusion and the viands had to be simplified, but nobody minded that in the joy of being together.

### In One Course

What we served was all arranged in one course on the plates, and the serving-girls set the plates in position and even poured coffee before the guests sat down. There simply would not have been room for a waitress to squeeze between the tables afterward! We served on each plate chicken salad in a lettuce cup, hot buttered rolls, a half-moon of cranberry sauce, a ball of pineapple ice in a crinkle cup, and a slice of fruit cake. At each place, for a keepsake, we put a "dream-cake" wrapped in cellophane and tied with white baby-ribbon.

As we ate, autograph books went the rounds, one for Ruth and Phil to keep, a gift of the minister, a white-bound book containing their marriage lines, and the other the golden wedding book of the grandparents who, only a few months before, had so happily celebrated their fiftieth anniversary in just such a happy crush of friends and relatives in the same room. Then the brothers got busy with floodlights and movie cameras again and caught some delightful views of the bride cutting her cake. The bride threw her bouquet (her bridesmaid caught it and generously gave every cousin a button mum from it for a keepsake). And then, while the young couple came back home to dress for their trip, the guests milled around and visited and congratulated each other and promised to see each other oftener, as folks always do at a reunion (promises easy to make but seldom kept).

They went away in their own car, Ruth wearing an adorable wool ensemble in crushed-grape color, with a perky hat in blue and grape, with feathers and a veil. There was some rice thrown, and an old mail box firmly tied onto the rear of the car jounced with a dreadful clatter down the road—but all was merry as a marriage-bell.

### The March of Time

And when the last guest had gone, including carloads of laughing cousins clutching their dream-cakes and baby mums, and Phil's mother and I had divided the flowers so that both homes would have mementoes of the day, and the house was empty save for dad and me in the midst of the wedding gifts and evergreens and half-burned candles, we looked at one another with mixed emotions, with a rush of memories fast and furious, with contentment because we know she has chosen well, but with an aching emptiness because we will miss her so—and it seemed like eons had passed since the wedding march began—and we looked at the clock and were startled. We were sure it had stopped, but it hadn't. It was 8 o'clock.

That is life for you. No matter what cataclysmic event occurs, the end of an epoch or the end of life itself, no matter how great the shock, how abrupt the pause—the clock and time flow smoothly on. And someway with surprising swiftness we adapt ourselves to the new order of things and life continues.

The day after the wedding I picked up the gifts and labeled them and stored them in the vestibule. And I cleaned up Ruth's room and packed away the things she had left, including the wedding gown and the crumpled veil sprawled hastily across the bed; and if tears threatened to come, I reminded myself that many a mother has had to pack away a child's belongings with no hope of that child's happy return in just a few short days. We are leaving on her door the wooden cutout of her name which her cousin made for her, for "RUTH" will always be at the heart of this house no matter how far away she may live.

They went to New Orleans for their trip, and though it rained incessantly, they hardly knew the sun wasn't shining. Within less than two weeks they had to hurry back to assist at the wedding of their college chums—then they spent Thanksgiving day with Phil's folks and the Sunday following with us. That was the day we took the pictures that so many of you have seen. The day was as mild and bright as their wedding day had been. Towards evening they loaded up their car with gifts and set off for their own home, 125 miles away. At Christmas time Phil's folks joined us and we ran the movies of the glorious day.

As to whether Ruth is living in country or in town, I'd have to say, "Neither." Her husband is a graduate in mechanical engineering and at present designs refrigerators with a firm in town, but their cottage is five miles out, on the country club grounds on the edge of a lake. She is not in town and she is not on a farm. But I'll let her describe the situation for you in her own words in tomorrow's installment.—Hope.

February 21, 1940

## A LETTER FROM RUTH

Dear Household Friends: The grand showers that you had for me at the time of my wedding were such a surprise, and so much fun, that I don't know how to thank either the "planners" or the "contributors" enough. I've tried to reach each of you who had a part in it with a personal note, but they are still not all written—I must beg your forgiveness for that. I really enjoy writing to each of you, and thinking of your nice letters and wishes and gifts as I do it; but Phil and I have each had a little spell of flu, and I haven't been able to make either my time or strength hold out to write all the letters I've wanted to. However, please don't think I've forgotten any of you, or any of your gifts—some of the most important letters of all I've kept putting off until I had time to write a bit more than "Hello" and "Good-by."

Hope Needham

All the things were so nice to receive, and to use. Our towel closet is surely well stocked, thanks to the Household, and there are so many other things, too.

This week we have been snowbound part of the time; it has been really fun, though. All day Sunday it snowed hard, and by Monday morning the roads to town were all blocked. It kept on blowing so that snowplows did no good until Tuesday afternoon. When we heard the road was open we drove in to town for supplies; the original drifts had been about half as high as the car, and the shoveled snow was piled higher than the car on each side in many places, leaving a narrow, crooked, slippery one-way track. We felt as though we were driving through a canyon.

### Drifted Full Again

The next morning Phil and Art (the man next door, who works in the same office) got through and back all right, but by yesterday the wind had drifted the tracks full again. Our thermometer on the back porch, which is on the southeast corner of the house and out of the wind, registered 16 below zero in the morning and didn't get higher than 15 below all day. The car was so cold that it took them nearly an hour to start it, and then they found the tracks blown full most of the way; that night they told us that they had used the car nearly like a snowplow, had got to work at noon, left a little after three, and didn't get home until six-thirty, because the wind blew all day. They left early because it was so stormy. This morning it was only 10 below and the car started easily; of course I haven't heard yet about the roads.

It is nice that Art and Betty live next door, so that the fellows take turns in driving to work, and we girls always have a car at home. Not that we use it much, this weather! We're very glad to stay home. Last night our neighbors had supper across the lake with a friend; their car wouldn't start, so they walked home straight across the frozen lake. It's just a little narrow neck of the lake, and their whole walk was about a quarter of a mile, I should judge; but they said it was almost too much for them, as I can well imagine. Betty was warmly dressed in a ski suit and such cloth-

ing, but the wind was so cold and so strong that she was simply exhausted when they got home. We stayed cozily at home and had liver and bacon for supper—if I were to choose the one meat dish in the world I like best, I think it would be liver and bacon, yet it is one dish that I wouldn't want to eat every day.

**Beautiful Scenery**

The scenery here is beautiful in weather like this. Although I thought when I saw the place on Labor day with everything still green that it was lovely, I think it is almost more beautiful now, with everything covered with snow. The lake is a rambling one, about six or seven miles long, but winding around in many little necks and lagoons branching off the main part; though there are about a hundred cottages around it, it is so rambling and hilly that you can see only a few from any one place. It is surprisingly hilly for this part of the state, too—the land all around is very level until you get to the lake, where there are many wooded hills and ravines. All of the hundred or so homes are occupied in the summer vacation, but only about twenty are permanent homes, lived in the year round. Ours is on the east side of the lagoon at the very furthest tip of the lake, at the northeast end. The cottage is on a rather steep hillside which runs straight down to the lake, where there is a little dock in front of each house. Behind us is a fairly thick woods. Art and Betty live next door to the north, and to the south there is a gully and beyond it an empty house. The main road runs in front of the house, right around the edge of the lake, and another road runs just back of the house, along the hill.

All in all, it's a lovely spot, about six miles from town. The road is a state-maintained one, so it is well kept. And around the lake are all sorts of places to have fun—a fine golf course, grand places to hike, the clubhouse where there are weekly parties in the summer and occasional things in the winter; in summer we can swim in our lake and in winter skate on it. Now it is frozen solid and covered with snow.

**"Just Right"**

Our cottage itself is "just right," we think. It is small but convenient—a big long living room overlooking the lake, with eight big windows, a huge fireplace, and our dinette set in one end; a bedroom with the bed build solid to the floor and bedding drawers in the space between springs and floor; a tiny bathroom with a shower instead of a tub, but with plenty of hot and cold running water (heated by an electric heater). The kitchen is also tiny, but has room enough for the eelctric stove and refrigerator, built in ironing board and compact built-in cupboards above and below the sink, table space and above the stove and refrigerator. Also, there is a big closet which has a door at each end, one opening into the bedroom and one into the kitchen; we store things in the attic and have an unfinished basement under the house, big enough for fuel, tools and so forth. We have oil heat and keep a fire in the fireplace most of the time, too.

So you see the house is big enough for us to enjoy! We've a nice electric record player attachment for the radio given us by Phil's co-workers, which we enjoy ever so much. This last week or two I've been reading William Lyon Phelps' autobiography; it is long but intensely interesting, and is even more interesting to us because he gave the baccalaureate sermon the year Phil graduated from college and we both thought it was the finest speech for such an occasion we'd ever heard. We've been playing the popular new game called "contack," too; it is much like dominoes in principle, but because it is played with colored triangles it seems newer! And it's a good game for two.

Nearly supper-time now, so I think I'd better end this. Again I want to thank you all for your many good wishes, recipes, letters and gifts, and I hope that sometime I'll be able to meet every one of you and to know your faces as well as your names. Good-by for now.—Ruth.

## June 17, 1940

### A SHOWER FOR THE BRIDE

Our Ruth was married away last November, and you will remember that she was showered with gifts and recipes and good wishes from the Household, all of which she enjoyed and appreciated and which she acknowledged personally. And now in the traditional month of brides we publish an assortment of these inspirational messages that came to her, for we feel that they were not for her alone but for all the daughters of our Household who are growing up and getting married. Nominally they are for Ruth, but Ruth is just a symbol for them all. We hope that these messages and the recipes to follow on succeeding days will be saved and treasured in many a bridal scrap book. And who knows? Maybe 20 years from now the yellowed clippings will be handed on to many a Household granddaughter on her wedding day.—Hope.

Hope Needham

### "Cook Him"

My Dear Ruth: I know you are going to get a lot of advice about managing a husband, but some of it won't be very good, especially Aunt Sally's.

Some folks say, "Manage your husband"; I say, "Cook him."

So many good husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in the cooking and so are not tender and good. It is far better to have none than not to know how to cook him properly.

Some wives keep their husbands too constantly in hot water; others freeze them; some keep them in a stew—while others keep them continually in a pickle. You can't keep your husband, managed in any of these ways, good and tender. I know, for I have tried them all.

Don't keep him in the kettle by force. He will stay there himself if proper care is taken.

If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious. Some husbands do this. It is much easier to just add a little sugar in a form called kisses, but no vinegar or pepper. A little spice will improve him, but it must be used with discretion.

Do not try him with anything sharp to see if he is becoming tender.

If properly treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep so long as you want him.

Best wishes for a happy marriage. —Willa Coldwater.

### A Few Hints

Dear Ruth: I thought I ort to be a givin' you a few hints about bein' a successful wife. Now mebbe you aint thinkin' I'm right, but you'll find that things ain't a gonna be quite as ideal like as you might suppose with the scrubbin' and dish washin' on hand every day.

You better not let these things be a botherin' you, because they hain't worth it. After the newness of it wears off, let Phil get his own breakfast and don't ever be a layin' out his clothes and findin' things for him. Tell him where things are and let him look for 'em himself.

Keep a laughin' every day and when you feel real mean, squash yer hands against a little thorny cactus which ort to be kept in the winder above the kitchen sink. While yore a pickin' out the thorns, you'll fergit some other things you shouldn't be rememberin' anyways.

May yer days be as full of joy as thet little cactus is full of thorns.—Yer Old Aunt Sally.

### Orchids for Ruth

Dear little Ruth—now grown to womanhood! We have watched you grow up the past years and have loved you dearly. Well we remember the first letter sent us when your mother was ill and in the hospital. You wrote: "Dear 'Pep': I am trying to take mother's place in the home while she is in the hospital. Please write to me, for it is lonesome here. I hope to meet you some day. Lovingly yours, Margaret Ruth." And we did meet. Remember that first year you were in high school and I came to see your mother? We brought little Jo with us to your boarding place. You were a tall, shy girl then, with so much reserve, and yet so kind and thoughtful. I loved you more dearly than ever. No wonder Phil sought you out as the "one and only." Then you wrote another time and jokingly signed yourself, M. R. S. and said "my names spell Mrs. before I am married." Now you can truly sign yourself Mrs. and again your last name begins with an S. Fate turns queer tricks!

Hope's Ruth

Again we heard from you, as your mother's substitute, a second time, and this time not only in the home, looking after the boys and getting meals, but taking charge of this very large Household, too, and doing a very efficient job. So efficient that you have won all hearts and merited this huge shower. We congratulate you on this great success.

But no longer shall you be a substitute. Now you are IT! The mistress of your own home and manager of the biggest job in life. We wish for you the greatest happiness possible on earth and God's abundant blessings through the years. May all things merge into that happiness which two human beings share as one. Things may not always be ideal; this is not possible on earth. But strive always to do as the poet said, "If you cannot realize your ideal, try to idealize the real." With this bit of philosophy we leave you and again wish you all the joy and happiness you so richly deserve. Loving your old friend—"Pep."

June 21, 1940

## Hope's Father

Word has just been received of the death of Hope's father. The sympathy of the entire Household family is extended to Hope and her family.—Editor.

August 10, 1940

### Ruth's Mother-in-Law

Dear Hope: I want to commend you for refraining from answering the woman who asked you so bluntly what kind of a mother-in-law Ruth had? I did not think you would reply publicly but if you had you would have had a continuance of mother-in-law letters for some time. Anyway, the mother-in-law subject is ridiculed too often. I have been a mother-in-law more than 25 years and have yet to have trouble, and we had eight children all married. One daughter lived only a few months after her marriage and although he married two years later he still calls me mother. Our youngest son is married 12 years and they have lived with us since. They have two children and we do not have trouble. I am sorry for them for I think every family should have a home of their own.

I enjoy your department very much and would miss it so much if we missed taking the paper. I am enclosing the requested poem, "Prayer for a Very New Angel."—Mrs. T. R. Daniell, Nebraska.

My failure to answer the question about Ruth's mother-in-law was not due to resentment but to the fact that the question seemed purely rhetorical. It is true that in-laws can have a tremendous influence on a young couple's life and there are as many variations of that theme as there are individuals in the world. It happens that Ruth's mother-in-law is one of the sweetest characters it has been our lot to meet, and Phil's father and three brothers are just as congenial with our family as can be. We enjoy the same sort of things and have very pleasant times together. But human nature being what it is, if all three families lived very near together or in the same house, no doubt we would discover unexpected faults in one another. Fortunately, we are just far enough apart to make it a treat to get together, and probably we will continue down the years in the delusion that all of us are just about "the berries." As my grandfather put it years ago, "I never was so much myself, but it always seemed to me as though the Needham blood was just a leetle mite better than most."

Yes, distance lends enchantment and familiarity breeds contempt. But your experience with your son and his wife living in your household all these years is another of the many proofs that in spite of becoming aware of shortcomings in folks we live with, we develop a certain intimacy and affection for them and as the years go on this affection tends to outweigh the irritations. Our young couple has gained a measure of protection against "in-law" trouble by living in complete independence but they have also missed a little of the special intimacy that some families have known when, for one reason or another, they have had to live together and like it.—Hope.

August 30, 1940

### HOPE MAKES ANSWER

At the beginning of Peter Pan's letter you were warned that her ideas were considerably at variance with mine. Of course, we all want and hope for and pray for peace; who in America would exchange our situation for the horrors of war? What would be gained by war? All of us would lose tremendously—but it may be that we cannot avoid war. It may come to the point of yielding all things that our forefathers thought were worth fighting for, or fighting for them again.

Hope Needham

As to the letters and wires to the congressmen saying, "We don't want war!" I think they would be just exactly as effective as to wire all the doctors, "We don't want measles." When you are faced with disaster, it isn't enough to cry out, "We don't believe in this!" We have to take definite steps to forfend calamity.

For a long time we have hoped here in America that the world would outgrow war. But war has come upon the world, nevertheless. It came on Czecho-Slovakia in spite of her democratic constitution, her non-competitive folk-industries and her tolerance of minorities; it came on Poland in spite of her poverty and hard-bitten struggle to maintain herself without infringing on any other country; it came on Norway who had let her guns and forts rust away in 125 years of disuse; it came on Holland and on Belgium and on France.

#### War Is Wrong—But

You say war is wrong. Do you go all the way in your logic and add that you will not fight, no matter what happens? Or do you go only part way and say that a war of self-defense is justifiable? If you mean by your letters and telegrams that you decry all war, then you mean that we should disband army and navy and destroy all armament, preach peace and live peace, and in no way rebel against a nation that attempts to use force against us. If you are an absolute pacifist, you will think that the revolutionary war was wrong—and yet, don't most of us feel that in spite of the dreadfulness of that war, some advantages have accrued therefrom? As a pacifist you will believe that the civil war was wrong—and yet, bloody and wretched as it was, it brought about liberation of the slaves and fixed in all our hearts the belief that we are one nation, indivisible.

You mention the power of Harriet Beecher Stowe—there is an example of the way we poor humans work out our problems: She wanted peace and security for all men, black as well as white, and she wanted these things with such zealous fire that she was instrumental in bringing on a bloody war to accomplish them. Much of the progress of the world has come about through war—not that war is right, but that righteousness must resist evil, and only prevails after it resists.

If you do not go all the way as a pacifist—namely, that you would never resist, you would never kill a living thing, even though the flies and mice brought germs to your child, the mad dog poisoned him, the wolf threatened his very life, the highwayman held a gun on him—if you do not go to that fanatical limit, but believe that self-defense is justifiable—then we face the very realistic question of where and when and how to begin our defense.

#### We Face Danger

As for me, enough has happened to convince me that we are in danger, and it is high time we began defending our property and our principles. In the last world war we did not act until sabotage was well along in our munition factories, until the Dumba and Boy-Ed scandals convinced us that ambassadors themselves were misusing their privileges in our very capital (you remember those things, don't you? You don't really think we entered the war just out of lofty ideals, when all the trouble was still three thousand miles away?). We waited till the last moment, then called up inexperienced boys to use unfamiliar implements of terror, and we shunted them about this country and overseas with an amazing amount of blundering and waste.

To me it seems that the best and fairest way, the safest way, is to pass the Burke-Wadsworth bill without many amendments and get going. Why leave enlistment to volunteers any more than we leave taxes to volunteers? There is an unpleasant job that has to be done—let's spread the burden as evenly as we can and use the talents we have as efficiently as we can. Let's keep the age limit wide: 18 to 64, so that we will have many more to choose from for the tasks that must be done. Let's even include the women and girls—they have many skills that can be used.

#### Training Desirable

A year's training is certainly not too much for any of us to contribute to our country—and if war comes, there will be less slaughter with a trained than with an untrained army. And while we are training our people and planning defenses here, let us send all the mechanical help we can to England. Better to stop the holocaust there than let it spread any farther. That is simply common sense—like plowing a furrow before the prairie fire actually reaches your buildings.

If you think Herr Hitler has no designs on this country, if you think the carnage will soon be over over there and then we will have peace, with Europe for the Germans (the vanquished peoples being "resettled" in wastelands) and America for Americans, living amicably together, better read "Mein Kampf" again.

When you write and wire your congressmen, don't just say, "We want peace." They already know that. But if you have any real plans for maintaining peace or avoiding war, write them down, and be explicit. Tell congressmen specifically what you do not like about any pending defense plans and what you would substitute and why. They have to make definite decisions between this practical detail of action and that—let's not flood their mail with aphorisms.—Hope.

**Memory Gem**

**If you are going to plant for one year, plant grain.**
**If you are going to plant for ten years, plant trees.**
**If you are going to plant for one hundred years, plant men.**
**—Chinese Proverb.**

# 1941-1942

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham. Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

January 8, 1941

### On Becoming a Grandparent

For some time my husband and I were kept informed on matters concerning an important event. At last that event came to pass, and we have sorted out our emotions and tried to decide how it feels to be grandparents. So far we find that what we had expected to be a profound experience is actually just a minor amazement. In fact, it is hard to realize that this grandchild is really ours—for the young couple lived a hundred miles away, and the mother-to-be was healthy and sensible and free of complications, and we were even spared any anxious waiting at the hospital, being simply informed by phone that the ordeal was quickly and safely over, and that Ruth, our only daughter, had now a little daughter of her own. The astonishment and incredibility is something like a friend of ours must have felt when she adopted an infant son after having had two of her own.

On hearing the news both families, ours and Phil's, rushed over to see the new arrival, for the little lady is the first of the new generation—just as Ruth herself was when she arrived. The boys developed a good deal of hilarity by hailing each other by their new titles. "Hiya, Uncle Joe!" "Take a look at my niece!" And so on. Then something happened to be said about the six grandparents who were at the wedding and how they would love to see the baby. "They'd spoil her in short order," one of the boys remarked. "Grandparents always do." "I guess that's natural," I started to say, with indulgence for the old folks, then broke off in startled surprise, and we two sets of parents stared at each other in astonishment. "Why, that's us!" we had to admit. "We're the grandparents now. Those others are great-grandparents!" And will we spoil the baby? I wonder.

### Six Husky Uncles

Then someone pointed out that the little darling has nary an aunt, not even an aunt by marriage (yet), just six husky uncles. And then we found out why she had been given her name, Caroline (and, by the way, there is some talk of calling her Lin for short). That was the name Phil's mother had planned for each of her babies in succession and hadn't ever been able to use because they were all boys. It seems a happy compensation that her first grandchild should be a girl and get to bear this name, her mother's. The baby seems to be going to have brown eyes, and if she does she will be the sixth daughter in line, in my family, to inherit the same brown eyes.

Of course we only saw her through the nursery window at the hospital that first time. They kept the nursery at 80 degrees and the babies slept in their baskets with none of the old-fashioned swaddling-clothes, just band and diaper—so the fond relatives peering through the window could get a fine view of the size and conformation of their own pride and joy. Our baby was a six-pounder and the one in the next basket weighed 12. "Too big by far," we whispered to one another, to call attention to the perfection of our own. But curiously the family that was visiting the 12-pound baby appeared quite delighted by its size.

The first time the baby came home and we grandmothers had a chance to hold the tiny, completely trusting little body to our hearts, my first exclamation was, "She is just like Ruth was!" And almost in the same breath the other grandmother cried, "She looks just like my babies did!" The years rushed back to memory (where and how have they gone so fast?) and it was hard to be sure that this was really a new and different baby—all of them seemed to blend together. But this one seemed just like a bonus, a prize, an unearned increment. There had been no pain connected with her, no worry, no bother, yet all the sweetness was there to enjoy. For the first time we appreciated that old saying that you really enjoy your grandchildren more than you do your children.

### An Extra Dividend

Maybe that is the best way to express how it feels to be a grandparent—like collecting an extra and unexpected dividend on your investment in life. When you have your children, you feel that they are your "second chance.' In them, you feel, you can correct all the mistakes you made, for them you can provide all the chances you missed, in them you can inculcate all the virtues you lacked. The responsibility rests heavily on you, and you put in strenuous work, 24 hours a day, at the job—and the results are not always just what you expected. There are too many surprising, inexplicable reversions to other ancestors—you can't make the child an improved replica of yourself. Then, too, all the first noble impulses tend to fade into the responsibilities of daily living; whether times are hard or easy, family life is strenuous; we use all the time we have and still feel pushed. When the babies aren't having the measles, you are having to make their Christmas costumes for school, and you have to neglect them while you feed harvesters, and you have to share the time and attention you can give them with gardening and canning and chickens, and ladies' aid and home bureau and church. The years speed by, the children grow up—and where has the time gone, and why didn't you make more of the time when they were all little and at home with you?

Just the other day my mother (now a great-grandparent) mentioned a little poem she had seen somewhere. The gist of it was this: "I held my baby to my heart. She slipped from my lap and trotted off to school. She came walking home with a stalwart young man. And now her child brings me a shawl and stool." So fast do the years of motherhood fleet by. We went through a lot for it, missed some pleasures in life because of it, probably wouldn't have had the courage to become parents if we had known all the complications beforehand. But now comes this little rose of a granddaughter, a precious prize from the lottery of life. I wouldn't have missed this experience for the world.

And when Christmas approached, and there is a great stir about the house. We had to get down the baby bed that has been stored in the garage for all the years since Joey outgrew it. There was to be a baby in the house again this year! It was really Christmas!—Hope.

### MEMORY GEM

God, let me live each lovely day
So I may know that, come what may,
I've done my best to live the way
You want me to.
Forgive me if I do not pray
The ultrasanctimonious way
In church on every Sabbath day,
As some folks do.
Just let me know if I should stray,
That I may pause along the way
At any time of night or day,
And talk to You.

—Mrs. L. G. K. of Missouri.

## TRAINING THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

They all sat round in friendly chat,
Discussing mostly this and that,
And a hat.
Until a neighbor's wayward lad
Was seen to act in ways quite bad;
Oh, 'twas sad.
One thought she knew what must be done
With every child beneath the sun—
She had none.
And here her yarn had quite been spun
Another's theories had begun—
She had one.
The third was not so sure she knew
But thus and so she thought she'd do—
She had two.
The next one added: "Let me see;
These things work out so differently"—
She had three.
The fifth drew on her wisdom store,
And said, "I'd like to think it o'er"—
She had four.
And then one sighed: "I don't contrive
Fixed rules for boys; they're too alive"—
She had five.
"I know it leaves one in a fix,
This straightening of crooked sticks"—
She had six.
And one declared: "There's no rule giv'n,
But do your best and trust in heav'n!"
She had seven.

—A. C. H.

## January 13, 1941

### Ruth's Quilt

Did we ever tell you about the family quilt we made for Ruth for a keepsake? We made it of silk remnants of various sentimental sorts—wedding dresses, graduation dresses, the men folks' special ties, and so on. Each grandparent, each parent, each aunt and uncle, and each of the 20 cousins (including Ruth herself) made a block and embroidered the autograph. Since some of the cousins are pretty small yet, the workmanship was far from perfect. But Ruth's grandmother (my mother), who planned the whole thing and kept up interest in the project till the last block was turned in, managed to trim and fit and set the blocks together so that they made an effective quilt. We used the log cabin design, because it is pretty and easy to do, and also has long pieces for the inscriptions. And because some of the rest of you might like to use the same idea for your growing-up daughters who are making hope chests, we'll give you the poem here that we found somewhere and put with Ruth's memory quilt. It seems especially appropriate to give it to you right now, for I, too, am a "grandmother" now, and we hope that in years to come the little new granddaughter will enjoy looking at the quilt and being told about all the pieces of weddjng dresses it contains—it has scraps from her great-great-grandmother's!—Hope.

## July 10, 1941

### See Her Often

We see the little granddaughter about once a fortnight, but just recently we had the blessed privilege of having her and her mother here for a solid week, and what a lot of fun it was! Some new achievement every day. She is an exceptionally good baby and healthy—she has never had even a cold—so she is pure pleasure to have around. Ruth had a round of parties to attend, showers for one of the last of the girlhood group to marry, and so grandmother and great-grandmother had many an hour of tending the baby.

It happened that when the week was up Phil learned that he had to make a trip to New England and various places in the east on business for his firm, traveling by the fast new trains. And, of course, our talk here had been pretty much along the line of our family trip to the west. Ruth and Phil had decided bravely and sensibly enough that they could not make the trip with us because the baby was still too young. But when this new and thrilling prospect opened up, and the trip was to be too rushing and too expensive for her and the baby to undertake, I could read in the instantaneous startled expression that flitted across Ruth's face a certain realization that had never struck home quite so much before—a feeling that you certainly do have to make sacrifices for your child, and that it isn't quite fair that it is the mother that has to do a little the most in that line.

So far she and the baby and Phil have had many a week-end trip, even when Caroline was quite small, many more trips by far than most young mothers get to take, and she was sensible enough to know that she had nothing much to complain of, even though she has always craved to see New England. And when Phil has gone on other shorter business trips she and the baby have stayed happily here—but now we were going away, too!

All the old adages must have flashed through her mind: You can't eat your cake and have it; you've made your bed, now lie in it; it's the woman who pays, and so on. My heart ached for her in that instant when I caught the look on her face, but she didn't say a word about her thoughts and didn't know how much I saw. She isn't the complaining kind; after the first stab of disappointment she lifted her head as if to say, "Well, I won't let it get me down!" and went on with the plans for her to take Caroline to visit the other grandparents while husband went east and mother and dad went west. In such fashion do we grow up. —Hope.

## September 6, 1941

### Hope Comments

Your letter, while written before even a rumor of the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting at sea leaked out, in fact, probably before it was planned, strikes the very note that they struck in their eight points, and I believe all of us will join you in a hearty "yes" to the idea of our country participating in some form of international government to prevent a repetition of the present slaughter. We would have saved twenty-some years of trouble for ourselves if we had given that resounding "yes" to the 14 points of President Wilson in 1918 and then proceeded to do our part in the League of Nations. But then, as now, "a little group of wilful men" obstructs the broader idea that is a natural reaction of the majority of the American people.

You say, what has Britain done since the other war to end war; I think we should add, what have we done? Instead of joining with other nations in an effort to set up an international government, we turned our backs on the whole matter and before long we set up the stiffest trade barriers in history and undermined the economic foundations of the world by choking off world trade. We went into the war not only from sympathy with Britain but to protect ourselves from increasing sabotage, treachery and destruction by aliens within our borders, and if we go in this time, it will be likewise for both selfish and unselfish reasons. Maybe this time we will be wise and understanding enough, as you suggest, to carry our share of the load in setting up a plan to relieve all people of the terrible financial and spiritual burden of war.

Even in this present crisis, we might have done much to avert war if we had acknowledged our place as a member of the family of nations. As long ago as 1932-33 President Hoover (and later President Roosevelt) proposed legislation to embargo shipments of arms to nations who were threatening the peace of the world. These proposals were not adopted. In 1935 there were proposals to discriminate between nations at war and prohibit shipments only to that nation which was considered an aggressor. These proposals were not adopted. Eventually an embargo law was passed, but it treated all nations alike, which was equivalent to helping the aggressor, Germany, which had laid up a goodly store of arms, and hindering the attacked nations, which had made no such plans to upset peace. At long last we did pass the lend-lease bill, which admits a difference in the belligerent actions of nations, a discrimination between those who start wars of conquest and those who defend themselves therefrom, so that we can give active support to those who have the same ideals as we have of democracy and freedom and the worth of individuals.

Along this line of thinking, there has just come out a masterly statement of American aims, written by the national president of the League of Women Voters, Miss Margaret M. Wells. It is well worth reprinting here, for some of you may not have seen it. Think it over!—Hope.

## September 19, 1941

### LATEST REPORT ON THE GRANDCHILD

Caroline thinks up something new every minute, and she progresses so rapidly we can hardly keep up! She now recognizes a number of words and will find and bring to you when asked (without any pointing, gesturing or stage-setting) these things: Her ball, a block, an elephant, Porky, and shoes. The shoe game she started herself, and it's very cute: She brings her daddy his shoes every morning when he dresses, and brings mine whenever I ask her to, and she knows which are which, too! When Ed and Betty were here, Caroline darted into a closet and brought out a pair of Phil's shoes, which she offered to Eddie; Betty reached for them, but Caroline refused to give them to her. So Betty asked for some shoes, and Caroline went back in the closet and came out with some of mine, which she let Betty have. She seems suddenly to have hit upon the fact that everything has a name of its own, and she spends an almost endless amount of time bringing things to me to be named; she

Hope Needham

comes and asks the name of everything she finds, by motions and little syllables of her own, and she tries to say "ball" and "block."

She has also started tucking things away very carefully into out-of-the-way places, so I predict there will soon be a number of lost articles around here. This afternoon while I was sorting laundry she carefully, very quietly, tucked all Phil's socks between the springs and sideboard of the bed. It took her about 20 minutes, and she was so quiet I didn't realize what she was doing until it was all done.—Hope's Daughter Ruth.

## December 22, 1941

### Family News

Boy No. 1, Wilbert, is a senior in college (taking agriculture, with a leaning toward agricultural economics and fond of livestock), just about to turn 21 and become eligible for the next registration for selective service. At present he is undecided whether to take graduate work next year, look for a congenial job, wait for his number to come up, or make a choice of some branch of the service "for the duration."

Just this week at the International, he was a member of the livestock judging team which was first in the college contests.

Boy No. 2, Ernest Vail, 14 months younger, is a junior at the same college, living in the same fraternity house and interested in much the same things, but with a tendency toward radio or journalism work or farm management. He will be 20 in March, so has a year to continue his studies without wondering what fate has in store concerning the draft.

Boy No. 3, Joseph Sidney, is now 12½, attending grade school half a mile from home, our poultry man (and a most successful one), an enthusiastic 4-H member, and now the chief palsy-walsy of his Maw. Some of you may be interested in his little device for saving part of his money: For every dozen eggs he collects he invests a penny in the 10-cent denomination defense savings stamps. He takes care of the hens and pullets so well and gathers so many eggs that he is rapidly accumlating what seems to him a real fortune. Incidentally, my own device for savings stamps is "owe" myself a dollar's worth of stamps whenever I take a trip to town. No feel can afford dollar, figure how to save a trip. Thrifty either way!—Hope.

## July 14, 1942

### Comment on Wages

In regard to the difference in wages between one place and another, you will usually find that there are varying circumstances that prevent any increase being pure gain. Prices are higher for what you buy, in about the same proportion as wages are higher for what you do. If this were not so, you would find a great rush of workers to the place where paradise went right along with higher pay.

For instance, I know of a family that had been living on $30 a month in southern Indiana but couldn't save a bit more when they came here to north central Illinois and got $75 a month, in addition to the usual extras. One difference comes in the temptation to spend a mite more and live a mite better in a lot of different little ways.

If you left Kansas where you are getting $40 and came to a place where you got $75, you would not be likely to have $35 for the savings account every month. Of course you would have some additional satisfactions in life, could afford a few more luxuries, but part of the difference would be taken up in higher prices all along the line.

Men on the farms here, at whom you look with envy, think it is odd that the farmers won't pay up nearer to what they can get in the munitions factories. But the ones who leave the farm and go into the plants don't seem to get ahead much faster. They have to pay quite a bit of the difference in cash income in transportation, higher rent, costlier food, and so on.

As the years go on, when peace is won, we will all look forward to a fairier distribution of the world's goods, to a pleasanter life for every one, to less of that terrific strain of making ends meet. But we won't have Utopia for a long time to come. In these dreary days we think many a time that Burns was right when he said "Man was made to mourn." There's always a fly in the ointment, whether you live in Kansas or Illinois. —Hope.

## December 23, 1942

### WILL IT BE CHRISTMAS?

A year ago the shock of war stabbed deep into the heart of Christmas, and this year the prevalence of grief and misery over the face of the earth burdens us all. Is it, and can it be, Merry Christmas now? True, it will be a white Christmas, but that will only make us the more homesick for the Christmases we used to know, with bells and lights, greetings and gifts, families all together, and the lavish goodwill poured out as at no other time of year. Instead of "Merry Christmas shall we rather cry, "Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish!. . . . Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure."

Hope Needham

But no! Down beneath all the superficial ways that we have come to associate with Christmas lies something stancher and more comforting, something everlasting, that time and circumstances, good times or bad, war or peace, can never alter.

This is the heart of Christmas: A Child was born and became a Man and set in motion forces that were to build a new world. In two thousand years humanity has not yet finished that world, but we know that His kind of a world is the kind we want, though we creep ever so toilfully and painfully toward the goal. The present world struggle, after all, is only a matter of degree; we have never had a Christmas yet on earth when all was well. We have only made it a recurring season when we tried harder to mitigate the evils round about us, a brief, bright time when we were all better, kinder, more generous than we were wont to be.

If futility and discouragement make it too difficult this year to read the old words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men, in whom He is well pleased," try this starker thought:

"God abides in a terrible patience,
Unangered and unworn,
And for every child that was taken
A child is born."

There is something assuring in that concept of the unlimited faithfulness of God. There does abide behind all evil "a terrible patience, unangered and unworn," and Christmas is a reminder of that. Nor is that patience something remote and apart, waiting till the fury of men has spent its force before it turns its genius to a redemptive process. It is always and everywhere at work, bending its unfailing powers toward good. And in spite of war and pestilence, the race goes on.

It is a wise provision of Providence that we are given Christmas once a year, so that we won't lose heart. A little oasis of peace and goodness where we can see what life might be if we kept Christmas all the year. The old familiar carols glow now with more meaning than in easier times; like, "God bless ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay, for Jesus Christ our Savior was born on Christmas day."

Yes, the processes of Americanism, democracy and Christianity are painfully slow. But no matter what cruel mistakes are made, some good remains, and after every bitter struggle there is a tranquil interlude.

"There is one candle that must not go out,
No matter how the screaming winds descend.
Shoulder to shoulder we will close about
And keep the candle burning to the end."

—Hope.

## September 18, 1942

### That Labor Problem

This restlessness prevailing among farm helpers is just one of the signs of the times. It is not surprising when we see the same uneasiness among laborers in factories and plants, with booming wages, striking continually for more money, moving from place to place seeking better or more exciting locations.

Our married man has just pulled out without warning, after working only seven months of his year. We were paying about the highest wages in the county, furnished a new house, completely modern and as much labor-saving equipment as possible. They make no complaint of the situation here,—just heard of another place and decided to move. They are going to an older house with no modern conveniences about the same type of farming, and only expect to stay there till March 1, when they plan to move again (it is doubtful if their new "boss" knows this latter intention).

Moving at this time they are giving up the winter's meat which would be due them, and the year's supply of potatoes, as well as other endowments, —looks like it would take a tremendous increase in wages to make two moves and these sacrifices worth while. But there you are!

Everything and every one seems to be in a ferment. The same week our man quit we heard from three friends whose men had also quit; one had been in the same job ten years, one just a year or two, and one didn't even have a job to go to—just thought he would quit and look around a bit.

All this sort of thing is part of the war of nerves, and we can do nothing but look at the brightest possible side, which is that when we lose a man we stand a fifty-fifty chance of getting a better—Hope.

### Memory Gem

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, they that dwell in the valley of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Bible.

# 1943-1948

February 1, 1943

## THAT GRANDDAUGHTER O. K.!

**"An Adorable Bunch"**
**[Easy, now, Grandma—Cautions Editor!]**

Little Caroline has grown out of the stage where she is just an adorable bunch of sweetness and has become an individual in her own right.

Past two now, she is at that distracting, exasperating, ludicrous, amazing and precious interval when youngsters try everything once and most things twice or more. Here is an extract from Ruth's latest letter:

"Had quite some excitement one day while Phil was in Detroit when I went out to the garbage pail and CL quietly turned the night-latch and locked me out of the house. Front door also was still locked because I hadn't been out there yet that morning. Garage and car also locked, all storm windows carefully hooked from inside and windows locked, and the neighbors away for the week-end! And me, on a nice cold day, with only a light jacket for wraps, no gloves, et cetera.

"Tried for some half hour to get CL to turn one of the night latches enough to open it and she did fiddle around but didn't get either of them completely turned. I finally remembered one kitchen window was unlatched, because we have a thermometer business that keeps that storm window from quite closing. It was one of the little high ones over the sink, and I had nothing to climb on but a couple of garbage pails piled on each other.. Finally managed to get up where I could see in, but not enough to climb in.

"With another 15 minutes or so of painstaking instructions on my part and painfully slow compliance on Caroline's, I managed to induce her to get a chair, climb up on a kitchen counter, open a cupboard door, get my household key ring from the hook and hand it to me through the window!

"She took a sudden and unusual notion to be extremely obedient—to earlier instructions—and kept rebelling, informing me virtuously that she wasn't supposed to climb on the kitchen table, that it would be a bad girl to get into the cupboard and take the keys down, and it was quite a task to convince her that this was an emergency and it would be quite all right, for once! If only her conscience would pick more appropriate times to bother her!

"I must stop now and give her a little lift with the housework. She is dusting industriously and trying to set things to rights. She loves the new vacuum which she calls the 'bapoon cleaner,' so much that I hardly can get my hands on it."—Hope.

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham. Drovers Journal, Chicago Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

May 17, 1943

## 30 YEARS WITH A COMMUNITY CLUB

Here is the story of a rural community club which has weather two world wars and has cleared itself of debt for the second time in 30 years (the first property having burned to the ground during the depths of the depression).

**Hope Needham**

The club has 19 stars on its first service flag, 46 on its present one, and in some cases father and son appear on the respective flags.

We wonder if any other rural clubs of the middle west have a longer continuous history. We imagine that many a community has a similar club, with shining memories of happy gatherings—plays and concerts, minstrel shows and masquerades, showers for brides and charivaris for newlyweds, farewells for soldiers and for departing familes.

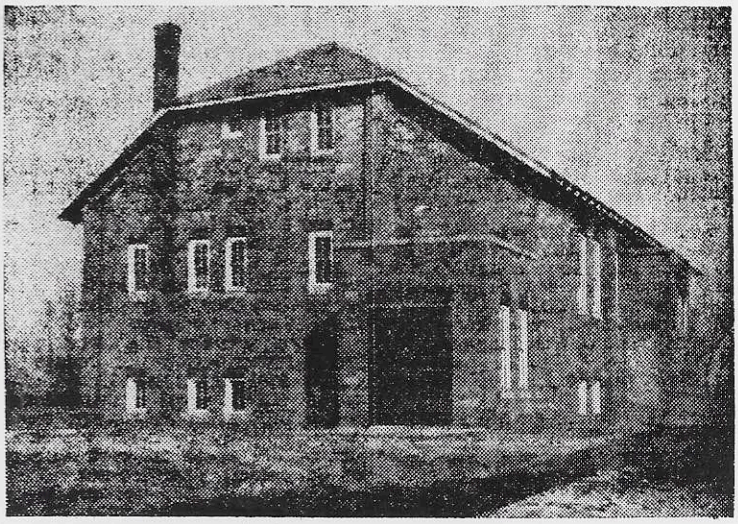
We would be interested in hearing of any such organizations, and their stories may inspire other communities to see their own opportunities for friendship and unity.

As one woman said of the club of which the history is given today, "You don't appreciate what an organization like this means until you have to live a while in a community that hasn't one."—Hope.

### Story of the Community Boosters

In December, 1913, a few of the people of the community around Kernan, Ill., met and organized a community club, known as the "Community Boosters." The purpose of the organization, as set forth in the constitution, was "to work for the betterment of the community." No territorial lines were drawn; men, women and children could join, and the membership fee was placed at 10 cents per year, an amount considered sufficient to provide for the actual running expenses.

During the first winter about the only activities of the club consisted of the regular monthly meetings with



**Present Home of Community Boosters**

programs of a literary nature. The local people contributed most of the numbers, such as papers, readings, music, debates, etc., while occasionally a speaker was secured from outside the community to help out. The attendance at these monthly meetings grew steadily during the winter, and the membership increased also as the people became interested in the club.

The meeting place of the new organization was the town hall, situated in the little village of Kernan—at that time a disreputable building with a low ceiling, poor light and ventilation and straight-backed benches for seats. It was not an inviting place for such activities. The regular meeting in April came on the night of election, and as the election officials were busy counting ballots all evening in the hall, the Boosters obtained permission to hold their meeting in an old abandoned church across the street. It was somewhat better than the hall, but the roof resembled a sieve, and as a result much of the plaster had fallen from the walls. It was roomier than the town hall and more comfortable.

### An Annual Picnic

The old church was used by the Boosters for about a year, during which time a lot of things were accomplished, trivial in themselves apart, but altogether of much importance to the community. First, a custom was started of having a community celebration on the Fourth of July. A big picnic out in the woods, with ball game and other sports, program of music and speaking, and a big dinner at noon, became an annual affair. Practically everybody in the community went to the picnic and many visitors came from surrounding towns. People said they had a lot more real pleasure out there than at the noisy celebrations in town, with none of the evil after-effects.

There was no musical instrument at the church, except an old wheezy organ that had long outlived its usefulness. So in the fall, after the first Fourth of July picnic, the Boosters gave a chicken supper and applied the proceeds toward the purchase of a second-hand piano. This was their first acquisition of property, and they began to have more faith in themselves and more pride in their work.

In the winter the young people worked up a play. It was a three-act farce, a college play, with 22 characters. Most of the young people taking part in the play were complete amateurs, never having done anything of the kind before. It was almost impossible to persuade some of them to take part on account of their natural timidity. For nearly three months they practiced, meeting two or three times a week at the old church. They had to build their own stage, manufacture the scenery, rig up curtain, footlights and all, from the ground up. The play was given two successive nights, and the old church was packed to the doors both times. A week later they went up the road to Ransom and repeated the performance. When the theatrical season closed, the Boosters found themselves with over $100 in the treasury.

This was not, however, the greatest thing that the play accomplished. It was not started as a money-making proposition. Its real benefit to the community came first from the fact that it furnished something clean and wholesome to interest and hold the attention of the young people during the winter, and, second, from the fact that it showed the people that they had in their own community all the elements of amusement and entertainment that they needed or wanted. For these young people who had taken part in the play, who had been so timid and reluctant, surprised their friends and even themselves by the excellence of their performance.

### Helped on Oats

Early the next spring the club found a way to be of financial benefit to the community. The county agricultural adviser, I. S. Brooks, came to one of the meetings and talked on the treatment of seed oats with formaldehyde for the prevention of smut in the crop. Very few of the farmers in the neighborhood had ever done anything in this line. At the close of Mr. Brooks' talk a committee was appointed by the president of the Boosters to canvass the community and find out how much formaldehyde could be disposed of, in the hope of ordering together and getting wholesale rates. The committee would have been pleased to be assured of an order of 10 gallons, but they disposed of 50 gallons, a whole barrel. The treatment cost the farmers about 1 cent per bushel for their seed, and in the fall over 75 farms in the township, where more than 5,400 acres of oats were grown, showed an increased yield of nine bushels per acre where the seed had been treated. The next spring two barrels of formaldehyde were ordered, and our community used more than any other township in the county.

The club had now been using the old church for just about a year, with no mention having been made of rent. The Boosters felt that if they continued to use the building some formal arrangement should be made for paying for its use. So they suggested their willingness to the trustees of the church and both parties agreed that a rental of $25 a year would be fair. The building needed a new roof very badly and it was figured that the material would cost about $100. The Boosters agreed to furnish half of this money, and this was to cover the rental for the year that they had already used the church and also a year in advance. The church authorities were to furnish the other $50 and everybody would help in putting the roof on.

Then it was thought best to have a written lease so that everything would be on a business basis. And this is where the rub came. The church trustees stipulated that the building was not to be used for plays, suppers, auction sales or "anything that would desecrate a church property." The club could not agree to this. Its members felt that they had lived in the community long enough that they need not be bound by such restrictions and they failed to see how any of the forbidden activities could "desecrate" a church that had not been used for purposes of worshhip for several years. So temporarily the Boosters returned to the town hall.

The membership had grown by leaps and bounds and the hall was no longer big enough for the meetings, to say nothing of its inconvenience and lack of furnishings. The Boosters recognized that something must be done to secure a bigger and better meeting place. Failing in the effort to interest the township officials in fixing up the town hall, they began to plan on a building of their own. The church trustees offered to sell the church and, after preliminary dickering, the building and grounds were purchased for $400.

### Incorporation

The foregoing happenings had been spread over a period of about two years. Now that the club had acquired some real property, a more business-like organization was thought necessary. So after much discussion and consultation it was decided to incorporate. And now one of the corporations regularly listed with the secretary of state of Illinois is "Community Boosters of Kernan, Ill., organized to work for the betterment of the community." Stock was issued in the corporation, valued at $1 per share, so that every person who contributed a dollar received a stock certificate and actually owned a part of the Booster property. The purchase of a share of stock took the place of membership for a year, and after that the annual dues were 50 cents. The business is handled by nine directors, three elected each year. These directors organize, and their officers are the officers of the club.

As soon as the transfer of property had been made the work of repairing and remodeling began. The farmers of the community did what part of the work they could, such as shingling, excavating, hauling, etc. As many as 30 men were working there some days, the women serving dinner in the town hall. The old church and its site cost $400; the repairs and alterations and equipment cost about $4,000. A new roof was put on the church, which was a building about 32 by 44.

Two additions were built, one on the rear, the full width of the building and 12 feet deep, to be used for a stage and dressing rooms; one of the same size in front for vestibule, basement stairway and committee room. A basement was dug under the main building and the stage addition, and this was divided into a comfortable kitchen and a spacious dining room. A sloping floor was put in the auditorium, second-hand opera chairs from a "movie" house were installed, and a regular drop curtain was bought for the stage. The building was furnace-heated and acetylene-lighted, attractive in appearance, the exterior being painted white.

On Dec. 7, 1916, three years after the club was organized, the building was dedicated. From then on that winter there was scarcely a week when the hall was not used two or three evenings a week. Parties, suppers, stereopticon lectures, socials, school programs, plays, minstrels—all served to keep the community and the building busy. All organizations and enterprises that used the building were required to pay a fee sufficient to heat it, light it, pay the janitor's bill and provide for the estimated wear and tear on the building for the occasion. In this way the building became practically self-supporting.

In February the young people of the Boosters gave another play. Twenty-two characters were required and many of the people taking part had been in the former play. It was noticeable that they had learned a great deal in the matter of self-pos-

(Continued on page 6)

May 24, 1943

### HER SONS SHINE

Household readers will be interested to learn of the honors won by Hope's sons. Ernest, the second son, this year duplicated the record of his brother, Wilbert, by being chosen the winner of the bronze plaque of Gamma Sigma Delta, honor society in agriculture at the University of Illinois.

Wilbert is at present in the army. Ernest is enlisting in the navy V-5 program and will be a member of the newly formed third wing of the Flying Illini, which reports for duty in June.

The third son, Joey, is busy setting new records in high school, while the daughter, Ruth, mother of Caroline Lucile, well, Grandma Hope might have a further report to make some of these days!

So, there, Householders, and a fig for Hope's modesty.—The Editors.

December 23, 1943

## HOPE'S FAMILY SCATTERED, TOO

At Thanksgiving we had the customary dinner, with home-grown fowl and vegetables, pumpkin and mince pie, cranberry sauce and so on—but at the table were only Daddy and Joe, the neighbor-boy helper, and I.

Hope Needham

The day was spent by the men in the fields finishing the husking. It seemed easier to fill the day that way and we were glad we had plenty of work to do. When we heard from our service boys, we felt that we had all spent a similar wartime holiday and would make up for it at war's end.

Our Navy boy, in pre-flight school, wrote that their celebration consisted of 35 minutes for dinner instead of the usual 15. Our Army Signal Corps lieutenant wrote that "they had quite a turkey dinner all over camp, but it happened I had a special class during the noon hour, so I had a couple of hot dogs and a cup of coffee."

Our nephew in the Armored Forces spent Thanksgiving day en route from maneuvers at one field to a new location in Texas, and the other nephew, studying meteorology in the Army Air Corps in Rhode Island, had a typical Thanksgiving dinner, but strictly with soldiers—and so far from home.

Not even Ruth and her family could be with us, as her husband is in such urgent war work that he can scarcely have any time away. A year ago, Wilbert was the only one who was absent. He spent his first Thanksgiving away from home at Camp Crowder, Mo., and then when Christmas came it was rather touching to have him write that his duty on Christmas day, along with others, was to keep the new arrivals getting homesick—keep them at games or something so they wouldn't brood. The single men had let the married men take their share of this duty the day before Christmas so they could spend the actual holiday with their families. So our boy—and I dare say the others were in exactly the situation—just 21 and away from home on Christmas for the first time in his life, devoted himself to keeping others from getting homesick. Well, that's one way of keeping your mind off your own troubles.

Just before Wilbert left for the service, a year ago the 14th of November, the two college boys managed to get home for a week-end to tell him goodbye, and we took some pictures. It so happened that one group we got of the boys was in their grandfather's yard beside the flagpole, and the flag was flying in the autumn wind. Now, a year later, they are all in uniform, serving under that flag in New Jersey, Georgia and Texas, with two of them likely to ship out overseas by the first of the year. Growing up, as children are bound to do, they would have scattered any way within a year or so, but the war seems to point up the separation so.—Hope.

**MEMORY GEM**

The sun shines after every storm; there is a solution for every problem; and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer.
—Emerson.

December 30, 1943

## REPORT TO THE NATION ON CAROLINE'S THIRD BIRTHDAY

Since it came on Sunday, she had a chance to have a real celebration with her daddy home all day. She had had her usual quota of sleep, so her birthday started out bright and early, when she popped in to ask, "Now is it my birthday?" We put her presents on the breakfast table so she could have them the first thing and enjoy them all day. It turned out she knew a good deal more about such an occasion than we realized. We didn't know that she knew much what to expect, but as soon as she saw the packages, she asked, "Is the cake in one of those?" She also knew she was supposed to get to blow out the candles on the cake.

Hope Needham

We had fixed the breakfast table in festive style and had the packages on it to be viewed and speculated upon during the meal. As soon as all three of us had eaten, she lit in on them and had a great time opening them all by herself. Then she and her daddy enjoyed the morning playing, while I took care of bottles, formula, bath and so on for Richard.

We had dinner at noon, including the guest of honor's preferred foods, such as chicken and frozen peas and, of course, a birthday cake. The latter was a white angel food with pale pink frosting and it had three big pink candles in the middle and 36 tiny blue ones, one for each month, around the edge. No special reason for them except that the only big candles I could get were pink and we thought it would be nice to have some color contrast, and I happened to see these delectable little blue ones, so figured out a way to include them. We fixed the table with a white cloth, pink lace-paper doilies under the plates, pink candles in crystal holders, and pale blue napkins, so it all matched the cake.

After her nap, the afternoon was Caroline's to plan. She was to get to choose what we should do. She decided she'd like to go "out to the country" and enjoy the "swings and sings." The "sings" consist of various other pieces of playground apparatus. There is a lovely playground there, all fenced in, with lots of trees, where the youngsters can play. She quite wore us out teeter-tottering and swinging, and we took a roll of pictures. Then we went home and to bed, after a pretty full day. "This was my happy birthday," she murmured sleepily at bedtime.—Reported by her mother.

**MEMORY GEM**

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you are trudging seems all uphill,
When funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When the care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit! —Selected.

December 31, 1943

## MORE ANTICS OF THE GRANDCHILDREN

Caroline is busy with a set of anagrams. She is quite fascinated now with learning to identify letters. She recognizes R, Q, O, I and L whenever she sees them (capitals only) and she plays half a day at a time matching anagram cards with letters in her ABC books. With some of them she runs descriptive phrases right along with the name of the letter, as "This is Q—has a little tail on it."

Hope Needham

Ruth: R-U-T-H (yes, I am).

She has learned three words in lower-case letters: Baby, boy and mother. She wants me to spend quite a bit of time teaching her to read. That pastime is at least less bothersome than one she experimented with yesterday: I discovered she had poured Richie's $2.50 bottle of cod-liver oil concentrate out into a custard cup (spillling it liberally on her overalls, her little chair, the table, floor and whatnot in the process) and was giving her doll an oil-bath in it! The loss of the oil seems insignificant in comparison with the problem of getting the smell out of the house. . . . Also yesterday I overheard a conversation on her toy telephone. Apparently she's getting tired of always being the one left home with someone to take care of her. At any rate she was saying in businessline tones, "I wonder if I could get a girl to stay with my mommy?"

She has an imaginary play-mate now, "Bob." She and he are now inseparable. I haven't figured out much about "Bob's" exact shape, size and appearance. But he is ever-present and she holds the door open for him, offers him bites of her apple, carries any new discovery for him to see and now and then tells me with horror that I am stepping on him! Or else that I'm stepping in the river—we have an imaginary river winding through the house, not to be stepped in under any circumstances.

Richie is beside me in his basket, squealing and laughing like everything. He gets so tickled sometimes that he laughs loud enough to be heard all over the house. He is such a happy little boy, laughs so much and watches us a lot and takes an interest in the world around him. Sleeps most of the time, of course, but begins to stay awake more and playing during the day. He's growing so fast! His eyes are still dark gray-blue and he's getting more hair of a reddish-brown tint.—Reported by their mother, Ruth.

**MEMORY GEM**

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.
—Selected.

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham. Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

September 6, 1944

## HOPE'S ARMY BOY REPORTS HIS TRAVELS

Dear Folks: Well, here I am settled in my new surroundings somewhere in Egypt and about ready to go to work. Got in yesterday noon with a couple of overnight lay-overs on the way. How's that for traveling?

Hope Needham

It was really a swell trip—an experience worth an awful lot. And after riding that far in a plane I can see why some people go for flying in a big way. It's surely a nice way to travel . . . We stayed at Casablanca overnight. It was our first glimpse of a city that was really foreign. We got in after dark and were back at the airport the next AM before it was very light, so we really didn't get a good look at the city—but we did get our first glimpse of the lower class African natives—going along the road in their little two-wheeled carts hitched to a donkey and wearing ankle length dresses (men, women and children all the same), and turbans around their heads—no shoes on their feet. A few of them had camels—and for the first time we saw camels outside of a zoo.

Just before we hit the coast of Africa, an hour or so out, we had a heavy cloud bank between us and the ocean. It was perfectly clear above but we couldn't see a thing below except once in a while in a break in the clouds we saw the blue of the ocean. Finally as we neared the African coast, the pilot began taking the plane down through the clouds and for several minutes we couldn't see a thing either way, up or down. Then all of a sudden we burst out of the clouds (below) and saw Africa below us. It was quite a sight, especially since we hadn't been able to see it as we approached. There, near Casablanca, the ground was quite flat and desert-looking from the air, and every now and then we'd see a little habitation of some kind, a couple of stone shelters, some kind of animals and a small area fenced off with stone. Probably some native's pride and joy . . . From the air Casablanca looked like quite a city—several large buildings, many as big as our own small skyscrapers, but on the ground it seemed to be much more backwards, quite dirty and quite smelly, as all these North African cities are.

Bengasi was our other overnight stop. Due to a little radio trouble the pilot didn't want to tackle the next leg of the journey at night without it. We didn't get to see the city but did get a good night's sleep and saw one of these beautiful African moonlit nights. It was even nicer than the one we saw at Bermuda.

After we left Casablanca, the terrain became very rough and mountainous and was that way all the way to Tunis. Practically all waste land, and we could readily understand when we saw it how tough it must have been a little over a year ago for the allies to push out the Germans. After Bengasi about all we saw was the desert—and I mean desert. It was a clear day most of the way and as far in any direction as one could see was desert, flat and sandy, with no vegetation, no roads and no sign of habitation except for a native dwelling of some sort once in a great while . . . And then, all of a sudden we saw a very distinct line ahead which looked almost like the shore of a large body of water but which turned out to be the Nile delta. It was surprising how the desert waste could turn so suddenly and completely into a very green, well planted, thickly populated area.

Ahead we could see Cairo and between us and the city the Pyramids. The pilot was very cooperative and circled around the Pyramids completely, giving us an excellent birds-eye view of the whole scene. It was really quite a thrilling sight and surely brought out very well the great size of the Pyramids. We were several thousand feet up and everything else looked very small, but the Pyramids actually seemed to come up to meet us! Very large. The Sphinx, on the other hand, looked very small in comparison, smaller than I had expected. In fact, we had a hard time finding it from the plane.

While in Cairo, we toured what is known as "Old Cairo" and I can't begin to explain or describe it. It's really old and is filled with the dark-skinned Arab type of native. There are buildings there built before Christ—in fact we went in a church, called the St. Sarguis church and supposedly the oldest church in Egypt. In the cellar of it they claim the Holy Family lived during the Flight to Egypt. It's supposed to be in the same form as it was then—and looks it. None of these old buildings are kept up like museums but are merely standing there, still used by the natives and quite dirty and worse for wear . . . But the way these Arabs live is the sight! They sit around in the streets in the old, dirty, torn dresses and turbans, usually not clean shaven, and very dirty. They don't wear shoes (that is, most of them don't)—and what a smell! The whole town has a distinct smell—but Old Cairo is much worse. The stick their food in piles on tables right in the dust and dirt of the street—some kind of pastry stuff and some spoiled looking meat—and sit around on their haunches and eat it. Some of the women are veiled and some not, but all of them wear heavy black clothes when on the street where people can see them. Their diet must be deficient in some way (which I can readily understand!) because practically all of them have very poor eyesight. Lots of them have one eye shriveled up and almost out of sight—and several of the children I saw had one eye all white in the middle. Lots of them, especially the old people, are missing teeth and they surely aren't what you'd call a handsome bunch of human critters.

In the newer part of Cairo one finds the rich Egyptians. In Egypt the people are either very rich or very poor. The rich ones are quite well educated and live in nice looking places, although inside I imagine we would still consider them a little backward.

Saw a caravan of four camels today, and one constantly sees Arabs with a donkey pulling a very ancient looking and quite small two-wheeled cart loaded with rock, or fruit, or baskets of stuff, or maybe his family, walking slowly along the road. I'll bet they could step on glass and not feel it—their feet look that tough.

As far as beauty is concerned, probably the nicest part of the trip was the takeoff and seeing Miami and Miami Beach from the air. And the ocean—I always thought it would be a grayish green. At least it always looks that way along the shore. But from the sky, it's perfectly blue! And I really mean blue. Sometimes light and sometimes very dark, but always blue except where it is very shallow and then it becomes very green. The clouds are very beautiful from the air also. A person could write a book on them alone. We saw so many different kinds, from the thin, very light ones to the big fluffy white thunderheads, with the thick dark rain clouds in between.

We went through rain and sleet part of the trip, and at other times there was hardly a cloud in the sky as we could see.

We spent one night on the plane in the air before we got to the Azores. Just stretched out on the floor or on the seats along the sides wherever we could find room. The seats were the "bucket" type of seats—you sit along the sides facing in—the kind the paratroops use.

I have all my money in Egyptian money now, piastres and pounds. When at Casablanca we used francs. A piastre is four cents, a franc two.

So far the whole trip has been very enjoyable and I think I'll like my stay here quite well.—Love, Wilbert.

### Advice to a Bride
(Especially to Hope's Ruth)

A brand-new husband is like a shoe—
  He must be well "broke in,"
And your future wedded life will be
  Just as you begin.
You must be firm from the very first,
  Though smiles will help along.
But see that he hangs his coat and pants
  On hooks where they belong.

Put onions in his soup, my dear,
  And pepper, too, a lot.
A man's heart is in his stomach,
  So keep it plenty hot.
Make him wipe his shoes off good
  Before you let him in.
These things may not seem important,
  But is just as you begin.

Make him get the breakfast
  And let you "beauty nap,"
And soothe his injured feelings
  With a tender little slap.
Mend his socks with binder twine,
  Patch overalls with tin,
For as I've said before, my dear,
  It's just as you begin.

—Blossom, South Dakota.

**Memory Verse**

Though troubles help to make us strong
  Every time they come,
I find it hard to think of this
  When I am having some.
(From Cheerful Cherubs by Rebecca McCann.)

January 28, 1946

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago 9, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## MY TRIP TO PALESTINE—THE JOURNEY

Dear Folks: Family to the rescue! With flu in Ruth's family, grandma (that's me!) has to go there to care for the three little ones, and son Wilbert comes to my rescue with what, to us, are interesting travel letters. So maybe others will find things of interest in them, too. There are four installments, of which this is the first.—Hope.

Hope Needham

The plane was supposed to take off around noon, but due to a very unusual and quite violent wind and rainstorm, which wrecked a dozen planes on the field and grounded all flights, we didn't leave till the next day.

And so, 6:00 o'clock Wednesday morning found my Val-o-Pac and I on our way to Payne field with a seven-day leave in my pocket. We were supposed to weigh in for the Palestine flight at 7:00 a. m. (which we did), but then, as usual, began a long period of waiting which lasted until 11:00 o'clock when finally we were told to load up. The plane was a C-46, a two-motored army transport. We got into our bucket seats, fastened our safety belts, and were in the air by 11:15.

During the first part of the flight all to be seen from the plane was sand—no vegetation, no civilization . . . real desert, typically Egyptian. Before long we crossed the thin, blue, almost straight line of the Suez canal. This was my first view of it, and it was a very pretty one. We crossed at a point just north of where the canal widened into Bitter lake, the site of President Roosevelt's middle east conference, and as we passed over we saw several surface vessels and one submarine cutting their way smoothly through the water. . . . Then more sand and more of the same nothingness that is so prevalent for miles on either side of the Nile valley.

As we continued on our northeasterly course we came to the eastern shore of the Mediterranean sea and followed it the rest of the way. The Mediterranean has the same very beautiful deep blue that all large bodies of water have as seen from the air, and has the same mysterious way of blending into the blue of the sky, making the horizon indistinguishable.

Finally we began to notice a change, gradual at first though increasing in abruptness every minute. At first the change appeared to be only desert that was being irrigated to some extent, just enough to maintain a small amount of vegetation, but there were no trees, and the color from the air was a sort of greyish one instead of the deep green we saw a little later. Seemingly all of a sudden, as we approached the area of Lydda where we were to land, the landscape changed—and definitely for the better. Below us we saw a very pretty and colorful picture of lush farming country, an even pattern of fields, straight roads lined with trees, the dark clustered green of orchards and groves, the same dark green of grass, and the yellowish green of the ripening wheat and barley fields. We were absorbed in the changing scene below us when the order came to fasten our safety belts for the landing, and a few minutes later, at about 12:45, we were taxiing down the runway of the Lydda allied airport.

G.I. trucks took us and our baggage from the field to the Leave center at Camp Tel Litwinsky, where the enlisted men and women were to stay. While there we exchanged our Egyptian pounds and piastres for Palestinian pounds and mills. (The Egyptian pound is worth $4.13—the Palestinian pound $4.09.) And then a G.I. bus to the city of Tel Aviv and the Yarden hotel.

Tel Aviv is an all-Jewish town of about 200,000, the first such to be developed since the downfall of the Jewish state, and now the largest town in Palestine. It was founded in 1909 when a few Jews decided to build a garden suburb outside the northern boundary of the ancient town of Jaffa. The name Tel Aviv means "The Hill of Spring" and it is rightly named—especially after nine months in Cairo. It was really a pleasant relief with its modern buildings and its clean, broad, uncrowded streets lined with trees of various kinds. Then, too, it is located right on the Mediterranean and has a nice sandy beach for bathing. The Yarden hotel is probably the nicest hotel in town and was taken over some time ago by the United States army for officers on leave in the Holy Land. It is run in a very hospitable manner by Jewish civilians, and the accommodations are very good.

I arrived at the Yarden about 3:00 in the afternoon. The rooms are furnished for two officers, and as yet I had no room-mate. But not for long. I had just gone upstairs and started to clean up and unpack when in walked Lt. Wily H. Shira of New Castle, Pa., an ATC pilot stationed at Payne field near Cairo. We discovered our leaves covered the same period of time, and that we were both interested in seeing the same things, so we proceeded to plan our week. While down in the lobby checking on the various tours available, who should walk in but Major "Sandy" Sundstrom, Lt. Riiso Owre, and Captain "Willy" Wilensky, all three from the Pension Elite, 39 Kasr El Nil, Cairo ( my own happy home in Egypt). They were all on leave, and had been up north to Haifa and Beirut, and were now on their way back, planning to spend their last two days in Tel Aviv.

After introductions and we had taken a 30-minute swim in the Mediterranean, we decided we'd like to try the Jewish kosher dinner that Willy so nobly suggested, and try it we did. First we had chopped herring salad, then "fruit soup," then Hungarian goulash (actually stew) and lastly fruit for dessert. It was all very tasty and we were favorably impressed, though due to being strictly a kosher menu, we had no milk or cream, since we had butter and weren't allowed both.

On Thursday we got up at 6:00 and after a very nice breakfast of bacon and eggs, we found we had been misinformed on the Thursday tour, and instead of going to the Sea of Galilee would have to go to Jerusalem. Since Sundstrom, Owre, and Wilensky had already been there, they decided to spend the day in Tel Aviv, but Wily and I caught the 7:30 bus, went out to Camp Tel Litwinsky to pick up the enlisted men, and then went to Jerusalem in a convoy of about half a dozen G.I. trucks. The trip was an interesting and scenic one. For the first time we got a close look at the Palestinian countryside and it was certainly a sight for sore eyes after the sand and dirt of Egypt and the little garden-plot farms of the Nile valley.

As we left Tel Aviv we first passed through a quite level area, most of which was covered with orchards and groves of lemon, orange, and nut trees, many of which were enclosed by fences of either cactus (of the prickly pear variety) or evergreens of some kind. The smell of the orange blossoms was "something to write home about," and the fruit hanging on the trees looked very tempting. Gradually we moved from the orchards and tomato plots and vineyards to an area of more open and slightly rolling plains, the real agricultural district. Here we saw broad fields of ripening wheat and barley, a few patches of corn and oats, some large bare plowed fields, and no fences. It reminded me some of the wheat plains of South Dakota, though on a smaller scale, of course. It was certainly nice to be able to look off into the distance at fields of good looking grain crops for as far as one could see. We also saw herds of dairy cattle grazing here and there, in this section. From this fertile and slightly rolling agricultural area we proceeded into a much more hilly, almost mountainous, terrain that was quite similar in topography to the hill country of some of our eastern states, except that the hills were not as well covered with trees. There were some trees growing on the hillsides and along the road when we first entered this area. In fact, we saw some beautiful conifers that were straight and slender and green. But soon this "tree" country gave way to hills almost completely bare. The soil here was stony and rocky and all fences and buildings (where there were such things) were made of stone. The native hillside villages were built on the same style as the mud villages of the Nile valley, one-story, flat-topped, little huts, all fastened together, with sheep, goats, and children all running around together in and out of the small doorways, but we noticed right away how much cleaner they must actually have been, as a result of their being built of rock instead of mud.

One interesting thing about these rocky hills that we passed through before reaching Jerusalem was the fact that the rock on the hillsides outcropped in such a way as to form almost perfect natural terraces from the bottom to the top, a regular stair-step appearance when viewed from a distance. In places we could see where the natural terraces had been improved and built-up by neatly stacked small rocks and stones, but mostly the "steps" were natural. Most of the flat surfaces of these terraces were bare except for weeds or a little scrub growth of some kind, but some of them supported small, irregular patches of wheat and barley. We saw lots of flocks of sheep and goats, mostly goats, and a few dairy cattle, grazing on the hillsides of this rough, rocky country. Most of the goats were solid black, with long hair under their bellies, which gave them a very square bodied appearance. From a distance they looked much like a herd of Angus

cattle. In fact, I was fooled more than once in this very way.

I noticed when I first arrived in Palestine, on the trip from the airport to Tel Aviv, and I continued to notice on all of these trips through the countryside, how many of the same weeds that we have at home grow in the Holy Land—wild lettuce, wild mustard, dog fennel (plenty of it), bull thistles, and wild carrots, among others. In fact, we saw many spots that could have been put in Illinois or Indiana—weeds, crops, soil, and all—and would never have been noticed. What a difference from Egypt!

And then into Jerusalem. (To be continued.)—Wilbert.

January 29, 1946

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago 9, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## MY TRIP TO PALESTINE. PART II. JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem is divided into two parts, the Old City and the New City, with a total population of around 147,000. The new part is surprisingly modern, in fact as much so as Tel Aviv. It is very clean, the buildings are new-looking and the streets and sidewalks broad. Old Jerusalem is the part of the city within the old Turkish wall that was built in 1541.

Hope Needham

As we entered Jerusalem we drove through the new portion of the city to the fine new YMCA building and there met the Red Cross girls who were to arrange our tours. Lt. Shira and myself had heard that the best way to get around and see everything in the shortest time was to get together a small group of three or four and hire a private guide. So we began looking for a third person, and our victim was an army chaplain whose home is in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but who was then stationed in Florence, Italy. His name was Major W. R. Phinney. He was a very nice fellow to go around with and didn't mind my stopping now and then to take pictures, since he was a camera fiend himself. In fact he carried two cameras with him at all times, one for black and white and one for color. . . . So about 10:30 a. m., Wily, Chaplin Phinney and myself started out with a private guide to see the town.

We naturally headed for the Old City, and we entered the wall through the Jaffa Gate. This gate is one of the famous eight in the wall, the others being the New, the Damascus, the Herod, the St. Stephens, the Golden (walled up), the Dung, and the Zion.

Practically all of the historic area of the Holy City of Jerusalem is located in the Old City, and though one might be surprised at the "modernness" of the New City, the old portion is all one would expect, and looks just like its pictures. It is a maze of narrow, high-walled, cobbled streets (or alleys) with worn steps every now and then ascending or descending to different levels, and many arches overhead. All except the very main streets are too narrow for any mode of transportation other than donkeys, but of donkeys there are plenty, and also goats and sheep. The sides of many of these narrow passage ways are lined with little native shops or bazaars selling everything from food to bright colored textiles. We saw one section that appeared to be a native slaughter house, because they were cutting up freshly killed goat meat and had piles of fresh entrails and goat heads lying around. In another spot we saw goat skins being scraped, softened and cured, all by hand of course, and in a very primitive way. Practically all of these little shops in Old Jerusalem are run by the Moslems (the Arabs), and I noticed as soon as I saw them how much more colorful and even somewhat cleaner they were than the Arabs in the native section of Cairo. In Cairo practically all of the women wear solid black dresses, hoods and veils, but in the Holy Land, and especially in Jerusalem, the women were brightly dressed in whites, reds, blues and even those in black usually had some red embroidery in their shawls. They wore the same style of dress of course—ankle length with a shawl over their heads and around their shoulders—but they were more picturesque. We say very few of the half-face veils so typical of Egypt, and many more of the type that completely covered the face.

The first thing of historic interest that we visited in Old Jerusalem was the "Wailing Wall." It is a portion of an old wall that once surrounded Solomon's temple, and for hundreds of years Jews have been making pilgrimages there in memory of the destruction of the temple, and the downfall of the Jewish nation. There were several Jewish people "wailing" while we were there. Some young women, some old, several men with beards and wearing long ragged black coats and Mormon style black hats. And they were all leaning up against the wall and chanting or "wailing" as they read from old books written in Hebrew. They surely sounded like they'd lost their last friend. Very interesting.

We then visited what is known as the temple area. It is supposedly the place where Abraham offered his son in sacrifice 2,000 years B. C., and the site of Solomon's temple, built a thousand years later. Then in 590 B. C. Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Solomon's temple and soon after, Zerubbabel's temple was erected. About 20 B. C., the third, or Herod's temple, was begun, and this was the famous one known to Christ, the one from which He chased the money changers. At present the Mosque of Omar, built in 700 A. D., occupies the area, and the dome of this mosque is sometimes called the "dome of the rock" because under it is a large, natural stone that Mohammedan legend claims marks the center of the world and rests on the topmost branches of a palm tree from whose roots flow all the rivers of the world. It is also claimed to be the exact spot upon which Abraham offered his son.

After a look at the temple area, our guide took us along the "Way of the Cross," or the "Via Dolorosa," which is the route that Christ followed as He carried His cross from Pontius Pilate's pretorium to the hill on which He was crucified. The "fourteen stations" were marked along the route, and as we came to each one, the guide pointed it out, and gave us a brief story about it.

As we followed the Via Dolorosa and finally entered the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which now covers the spot of the crucifixtion of Christ and the tomb in which His body laid, I saw what so many people have criticized about Jerusalem. It has been commercialized so much that it is hard for people to actually be moved very much by it. When I say commercialized, I don't mean in the way of advertisements and admissions, etc., but instead I mean that it seems to me they have tried too hard to make it attractive to tourists by building altars and shrines over every little individual spot that is considered important. Everything is built up very beautifully, with many lights, paintings, marble floors, colored glass windows, statues, jeweled crosses, etc., and then in the middle of it all will be a little round piece of glass fastened in the floor about six inches in diameter, through which can be seen a rough portion of the rock under the church, which the guide proceeds to tell us is the spot on which Christ was crucified; and a short distance away, still within the big church, we enter a small shiny marble room along one side of which a very smooth and perfectly turned stone sepulcher. Above it are 13 oil lamps hung by chains, and on the walls around it are colored tapestries. The guide then tells us that Christ's body was removed from the cross and placed in a sepulcher in a nearby garden, and this is the sepulcher . . . Speaking for myself, I would have been more moved had I been able to see the garden.

And yet to some people these individual spots are considered very holy But to me a certain specific spot is not important, because no one knows for sure the specific spot anyway; instead, the general location of Christ's various activities is all that's important and interesting to me, and instead of worshiping a particular spot because that is where He stood at a particular time, I would rather worship Him and what He stood for—and just use the historic locations to refresh in my memory some of the things He did, and approximately where and under what circumstances He did them . . . At any rate, it was very interesting to see it all, because I got an idea of the general layout of the area.

We ate lunch at the YMCA at 12:30, and then had planned to hire a cab for the three of us and our guide for the afternoon tour. Instead the Red Cross girls informed us they had an empty G.I. truck not in use, so we accepted their invitation to use it and started out for the Mount of Olives. . . . This to me was more impressive than the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It lies east of the city, overlooking the old part of Jerusalem to the west, and by looking east from the top of it, one can see the Dead sea. It yields a wonderful view, and the sides of it are dotted with olive trees that actually look old enough to date back to Christ's time. When you get on top you acually can visualize Christ coming up there to pray. It too is covered with small churches and shrines of various faiths, but still, as long as one stays out of them and on the open mountain top itself, he finds it quite impressive. On the highest point (I believe it is the highest), we saw a little Moslem mosque, not fancy, not deco-

rated up at all, and no door, inside of which is the rock from which it is claimed Christ ascended into heaven. And in the middle of the rock is a small depression which some consider to be Christ's footprint; and this particular spot, although covered by a rough little Mohammedan mosque, also seemed more realistic and impressive to me than if it had been covered by a large church and fixed up with heavy large doors and lights and marble and richly decorated altars.

From the Mount of Olives we descended again to the Garden of Gethsemane which is located at the foot of the mount and faces the Golden Gate in the old wall of Jerusalem. As you recall, it was here that Jesus did so much of His praying, and here also He was betrayed and later captured by the Roman soldiers to be taken and tried before Herod and Pilate. They say He was taken by the Romans from the garden through the Golden Gate to Pilate, and after that the gate was sealed and has remained so to this day. I believe the Jewish religion claims that their Messiah will some day come through that gate. The Garden of Gethsemane was also beautiful and impressive to me, although the actual garden area has been cut down to a small plot about 30 yards square, and the rest of the area has been covered by the large Church of Agony. In the garden we saw the old gnarled and twisted olive trees which are supposed to be 2,000 years old, and I believe it. They certainly look it. I took some colored shots of the garden with these old olive trees surrounded by flowers, and if I gave the right exposure, the slides should be very pretty. Inside the church we saw again the fancy paintings, the multi-colored ceiling, the stained windows, the marble floors and the very rich altars. In front of the main altar and surrounded by a railing was a rock about four or five feet square on which they claim Christ was kneeling to pray when He was captured.—Wilbert.

(To be continued.)

January 30, 1946

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago 9, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## MY TRIP TO PALESTINE—BETHLEHEM, THE SEA OF GALILEE, AND NAZARETH—PART III

Our last event of the afternoon was a trip to Bethlehem, a town of about 7,000, located about six or eight miles south of Jerusalem. Bethlehem is a hillside town and all around it are high but smoothly rolling hills, quite stony and rocky but dotted with olive, citrus fruit, and nut groves. Just north of the town we saw the broad deep valley in which the shepherds were herding their flocks when they noticed the Star shining over the inn where Christ was born. And looking at this again was much more impressive to me than the large "Church of Nativity" which now covered the spot where Christ was born. This church has the same characteristics of the other churches I've described, and in the middle of it is a beautiful lighted altar below which is a 10-inch silver star encircled with the words "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A few feet away is a small room in one corner of which is a stone "manger," now all lined with marble and looking more like a fireplace, with oil lamps hanging down in it and a little railing in front of it. Certainly different from what one might expect.

Hope Needham

We spent a few minutes in a couple of souvenir shops outside the Church of Nativity, and then climbed in our truck and drove back to the YMCA in Jerusalem. After fighting off the souvenir salesmen until the rest of the gang arrived, we headed our convoy back toward Camp Tel Litwinsky and the Yarden hotel in Tel Aviv—tired but very glad the opportunity to see it all, even though I didn't quite agree with the way some of the spots are being "preserved for posterity."

This was Thursday evening, and we arrived at the Yarden around 6:30 p. m. Wily and I cleaned up, located the others, and made plans for the evening. It was suggested that we first go down along the beach and watch one of those beautiful Mediterranean sunsets, so I grabbed my color camera with high hopes of a classic sunset slide—but even though we started out while the sun still appeared high enough, it dropped so rapidly that by the time we reached a vantage point it was "down under," so after watching the breakers and listening to the surf for a while, we proceeded to Pills' terrace overlooking the sea, a combination restaurant and night club. We had a tasty fish dinner and listened to the music—and then home and to bed by 11:30.

Friday Wily and I were up again at 6:00 in order to eat breakfast and be ready to leave for the Sea of Galilee by 7:00. The truck took us again to Camp Tel Litwinsky for the enlisted men and enlisted women, and then we headed north. The trip to Galilee was even more scenic from an agricultural point of view than the trip to Jerusalem. Of course it was longer, being approximately 100 miles each way. We saw the same changes of terrain that we saw before but on a more extensive scale. In the level farming country, the fields of wheat and barley were larger; in the rolling country the hills were higher, and the valleys broader; in the rocky country, the ground was more barren. First came the orchard district, and most of it could have been placed in Southern Illinois. Some orchards were enclosed with barbed wire fence (the first I've seen since leaving the states) and others with beautiful rows of tall slender evergreens.

And then, as we passed down our macadamized road (which is the prevalent type all over the Holy Land and is quite good) the orchards were replaced by the large relatively flat wheat and barley fields with now and then a piece of corn or a plowed area mixed in. I noticed as we went along here a very modern looking high-tension line built on towers almost as large as those around home. The interesting thing to note was the fact that in some of the fields we saw the people (mostly women) harvesting with hand sickles and piling it up in little bundles, while in another field we saw a man just finishing up with a combine and tractor; then, too, we saw several smaller fields being plowed with the old-fashioned wooden plow, drawn by oxen, while in another place we saw a John Deere tractor and two-bottom plow standing in the field.

To back-track a bit while on the subject of harvesting, between Camp Tel Litwinsky and the Lydda airport, we saw a large yard in which grain was being threshed in the way you read about in history books. Scattered around the yard were piles of the cut grain in different stages of being threshed. In one spot was a stack of loosely piled grain which as yet hadn't been touched. Next to it another pile had been leveled out into a smooth even layer of about two feet in depth ready to be worked on. And a few feet farther was a third pile, resembling the second, that was actually being threshed by having a sled holding a boy pulled over it by a horse. And there were other places in the yard where the process was completed, and the natives were sifting the grain out of the straw and chaff with pitchforks. It was all very colorful and would have made some interesting pictures but the truck was always full of people in a hurry to get some place else when we passed the yard, so I didn't ask to stop.

Back on the road to Galilee, as we passed by the broad, almost level farming country, we entered more of the very hilly land with the stony, rocky soil similar to what we saw outside Jerusalem. There were very few trees in this part of the country and the hillsides contained very little vegetation except on the flat surfaces of the natural terraces where grass and weeds and an occasional patch of ripening wheat grew. This was more of a grazing district, and we saw many large flocks of sheep and the black, long-eared goats that looked from a distance like Angus cattle. They were usually tended by wandering Arabs, probably Bedouins, who lived in long, very low, black tents that appeared to be made out of gunny sack material. Most of the tents didn't appear to be more than three feet off the ground, but they were quite long and quite broad.

All of a sudden we went through a sort of pass in the hills and entered a long, broad level valley called the "Plains of Esdraelon." These plains are quite historic and are the site of so many famous battles dating back to many years before Christ that they are called the greatest battlefield in the world. Ahead of us we saw Mount Tabor, Mount Carmel, and Mount Moriah. And far off to the left, on a hillside and just barely to be seen, our guide pointed out the town of Nazareth. Soon after entering this area we stopped at the small town of Afula for a 15-minute break and a morning snack of hamburgers and orange juice. I also tried some ice cream, but it had more water than cream in it, so I wasn't too favorably impressed.

We passed through the Plains of Esdraelon and went into rolling hilly country again, but this time the hills although higher were more gently sloping and the valleys much deeper and broader. It was here we found some of the most beautiful long distant views. The valleys were all farmed, and when the road wound up over the top of a hill, we could see the checkerboard layout of the fields below and all of the various colors

from dark green orchards to ripening grain. We found this kind of terrain all the rest of the way to the Sea of Galilee which we saw at last as we passed over the top of a hill. The sea was very pretty, a deep blue, and in the distance about 35 miles to the north, we saw the snow-capped peak of Mt. Hermon.

The Sea of Galilee is actually not a sea but a fresh water lake formed by a widening of the River Jordan as it flows south toward the Dead sea.

We immediately drove down to the home of the retired 80-year-old former Methodist missionary and YMCA worker, Dr. Harte, who acts as a host to all of the Red Cross "tourists" making the trip to the Sea of Galilee (about three groups per week). He gave us a little introductory talk, showed us around his little museum, and then suggested we take a swim in the lake. We had been forewarned and so came prepared with suits. And what a swim it was. We all hated to leave the water, it was so warm and perfectly clear. A warm spring bubbled up right in the center of the area in which we swam, and it kept the temperature of the water just right for swimming.

After the swim we went back to Dr. Harte's terrace overlooking the lake and had a lunch of sandwiches and chocolate milk while Dr. Harte took us on an "eye" tour of the important spots around the lake.

Dr. Harte's home is on the western shore, about one-third of the way from the north end. He pointed out that if we were to run a line from his house almost directly east to the other side, we would have to the left the northern one-third of the lake, and around it practically all of the places made famous by Christ. In other words, the northern shore was the only area around the lake (Sea of Galilee) with which Christ was closely associated.

Looking east directly across the lake from Dr. Harte's home we saw the slopes where authorities believe the multitudes were fed. And to the north, near where the River Jordan flows into the lake, we saw the various spots where the ancient city of Capernaum (the town where Christ did most of his preaching) may have been located, and just behind this area, the slopes where Christ spoke the Beatitudes to his disciples. To our right, also on the western shore of the lake was the city of Tiberius, which seemed to be a thriving city and more modern than some of the others in this vicinity.

As we left Galilee I saw the "best yet" as far as Palestinian agriculture was concerned: A hay baler actually at work in a field along the road.

On the way back to Tel Aviv we traveled a slightly different route, which took us farther west, through Nazareth, Christ's home town. It is a small town and very old looking, built on the side of a hill. The houses are for the most part the single story, flat-topped kind, made of stone. We saw many sheep and goats wandering through the narrow streets, and many native women balancing large water jugs on their heads. Again, the historic site pertaining to Christ and his family was covered with a church. Underneath the church, however, the cave and the connecting tunnels were left almost intact, and we went through these, seeing the big underground water reservoir that had been cut out of rock, and the cave in which Joseph and Mary and Jesus lived after their return from Egypt. Above the cave, in the area where the church now stands, Joseph had his carpenter shop, the one in which Christ worked as a boy.—Wilbert.

**(To be concluded)**

January 31, 1946

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham, Drovers Journal, Chicago 9, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## MY TRIP TO PALESTINE. MODERN PALESTINE, AND THE JOURNEY BACK. PART IV.

After Nazareth our next stop was our half-way point of Afula where we took another 15-minute break. While here a rather interesting thing happened. I walked across the railroad track to get a picture of Mt. Moriah which was off in the distance, and as I went by the station, a Palestinian military policeman with a big black triangular shaped hat and carrying a rifle yelled out, "What part of the States are you from, Buddy?" I told him, and he answered in perfect English, "I'm from Chester, Pa. Just came over here about six years ago. I still have a sister and some other relatives living in Philadelphia." So I stopped and talked with him awhile.

Hope Needham

Saturday was a quiet day. We decided not to take any tours, instead to spend the day in Tel Aviv and on the beach. We walked around the town in the morning, but since Saturday is the Jewish "Sunday," we found no stores open. We did find one place open called the American Milk Bar, and there we indulged in a peach sundae and a banana split. The ice cream didn't measure up to the good old American stuff, but it was the nearest to it that we'd had in a long time, so we really enjoyed it.

Saturday night we ate in the hotel —Wiley, Mrs. Chas. G. Walker (American Red Cross) from Texas, and myself. We had met Mr. Walker a day or two before, and enjoyed his company a lot. He was a very friendly, easy going man, with lots of vitality, and he talked like a Texan. After dinner we listened to some after-dinner music at the hotel for a while, and then made our way to the American Milk Bar again for some ice cream before going to bed.

Sunday morning we spent around town again, buying a few souvenirs, and looking without success for a place to buy film. Then in the afternoon we took a tour to the Jewish Communal Farm (near Tel Aviv), called "Givath Brenner." It was founded in 1928 on the area of land which was actually desert that had on it not even a blade of grass, so they claim. All the water had to be hauled in on donkeys. Finally the soil responded, and by 1933 the settlement was ready to receive refugees from Nazi-persecuted territory. Today the people (numbering 1400) living on the farm come from all European countries. The land is owned by the Jewish National Fund, which buys land with funds provided by Jews all over the world, and thus the land becomes the property of the Jewish people. The Jewish National Fund leases the land to settlers—in this case, to the settlement as a whole. The land, buildings, machinery, livestock, in fact all the property is owned by the settlement. No individual owns anything. It is governed by general meetings of all members, during which committees are appointed to organize every branch of the life of the community. All clothing, housing, food, medical care, schooling, entertainment, etc., is provided at communal expense, and each person is given 20 pounds (approximately $80) spending money each year. There are now 100 of these collective settlements in Palestine, with a total population of 28,000. Membership is voluntary, and also a person may leave when he chooses.

On this particular farm the main crops are citrus fruits, tomatoes, dairy products, and marmalade made in the settlement factory from oranges and lemons. All in all they've done a good job and have come a long way toward changing the land from desert to land that will produce something. And the people seem to thrive on it, especially the children, who are raised by the settlement sort of in the same way that children in the States are sometimes raised "scientifically." The ones we saw on this farm were all very healthy, lively, and well-fed. However, I wouldn't like living that way myself, and I think the rest of the gang on the tour felt the same way. There seemed to be a lack of individual initiative for one thing. There was really no reason for anyone to take any pride in his work, and we noticed around the farm that, although they seemed to be producing quite well, they didn't care much about how the place looked. The buildings looked run down and there were piles of trash lying around here and there, and the roads through the settlement hadn't been improved very much. Their children seemed to be their biggest pride and they really did seem to be doing a fine job in that respect—though again I wouldn't care to be brought up that way myself.

I met an interesting fellow on the way to the farm that day. He was an enlisted man sitting next to me in the truck, and I had noticed that he knew something about the farm. So I struck up an acquaintance with him. When I asked him where he lived, he replied that he had no home in the States, but that his folks were running a dairy farm outside of Fairbanks, Alaska. From then on we had quite a field day discussing the relative merits and demerits of Alaska.

Sunday night a 22-piece army band from Casablanca played at the Garden, and the Red Cross furnished dinner and dancing partners for those who wanted to go. Wily and I accepted, and escorted two of the local belles to the affair. We had an enjoyable evening, and were in bed by midnight. Chaplain Phinney, who was a great lover of classical music but couldn't stand this "modern noise" had rather a hard time of it trying to sleep in his third floor room. The band was outside on the terrace, and "that noise" carried perfectly to the third floor.

Monday morning we were up again bright and early for our second trip to the Holy City, Jerusalem. Again Chaplain Phinney, Wiley and I stuck together. When we arrived in Jerusalem, Phinney, Wiley and I took off by ouselves to see the native sections of the old city, and a very interesting time we had browsing through the narrow streets and looking in the ba-

caars and shops. In one particular shop we saw a curious thing. Right in the middle of a showcase, among some Oriental bracelets and rins, was one bar of American Lux soap. We took several pictures, bought a few souvenirs, and then went back to the YMCA for lunch.

After lunch Wily and I took a cab to Bethlehem. I wanted to get a color shot of the valley of Bethlehem and also one of Rachel's tomb. We drove into the town first and bought some Crusaders' crosses and some miniature Psalm books, and then went back out for the pictures. Rachel's tomb is (I believe) around 3,000 years old. It stands alongside the road running from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and looks just like it's pictures. Inside I bought a Jewish prayer book and a Jewish "Mazuzza" for souvenirs. The Jewish man in charge (may have been a rabbi) autographed the book in Hebrew. . . . Then back to the "Y" to sit around until time for the trucks to go back to Tel Aviv.

Monday night we spent at the Yardem. The next day we packed, paid our bill, caught the bus to camp Tel Litwinsky, and then to the Lydda airport. Again we had that well-known wait, but finally we got off the ground. Wily was riding back as an extra crew member so was sitting with me, and during the trip gave me several interesting pointers about airplanes.

We landed in Cairo about 12:45, and then after checking in at the terminal, another interesting coincidence took place. I went over to the finance building to exchange my Palestinian money for Egyptian money, and was just leaving when a sergeant walked up and asked where he'd seen me before. It was none other than Sgt. Rutledge who used to be with me in Company B of the 30th Battalion at Crowder. I hadn't seen him since early March, '43 when I left Company B for the prep school area in Crowder. He looked just the same.

As far as the leave was concerned, it was about over. Wily happened to be coming into town so we caught a ride with a laundry truck and about 30 minutes later I was again at the Elite Pension, in Cairo. At 4:00 p.m. I went to work.

We both agreed the trip was well worth while, that we felt better on returning that we did when we left, that we had met a lot of swell people, and that we had learned a lot. We also agreed that for the first time we had an idea of relative distances in regard to the Holy Land. We realized for the first time in just how small an area all the stories of the Bible took place.

But to both of us the most impressive thing about Palestine, other than its religious interests, was its cleanliness, its invigorating climate, its fresh air, its cleaner and more colorful natives, and its rich farming country. . . . After Egypt, it was almost like a trip back to the States.

(The end.)

## March 20, 1946

### Appreciation

Dear Hope and Household: It has been quite some time since I've written to you, but I'm telling you that at times a self-condemnation of mind and spirit has come over me, as the Household has been of keen interest. I'm happy to tell you that through it good friends and most interesting pen pals have come to me. Those were most thrilling and interesting travel letters which were written by your son Wilbert. How very, very much we've appreciated and enjoyed them! When Wilbert's letter, written when he flew from Florida to northern Africa, was printed, we considered it very choice. His descriptions were so vivid, in fact, I seemed to be going along with him.

I could hardly wait till the fourth and final letter about the Holy Land was printed, so I could send them all to a dear old lady in our little town of Claypool, Ind., who did visit the Holy Land 15 or 20 years ago. She had for years been a teacher in our town school and also the wife of our town's beloved doctor. She will return the clippings and they will then find a prominent place on the pages of my travel scrap book. I wish I had a copy of the letter describing Wilbert's trip from Florida to Egypt, but I clipped my copy and sent it to my brother and family, who had a son who was a pilot doing duty overseas. On V-E day, May 8, his 21st birthday, a plane crash meant death for him and the entire crew. As yet none of us know any of the details, only they were buried in Holland and the chaplain will tell us more as opportunity allows.

How we thank you, Hope, for your interest and concern for so many of us who are handicapped physically and shut in so much of the time. If your column meant nothing to others, it would be very valuable for us alone. I'd like to tell you by name all those who have been kind and thoughtful of me through the months and years since I've been one of the Household's number. How I'd like to greet personally many of the friends of our group. I hope that you and each of your dear ones may be in health and that your sons may soon be at home, ready to throw their energies with might and main into reconstructing this war-torn world. May God bless and keep us all!—Mrs. Arthur Reece, Claypool, Ind.

## December 23, 1947

### A NOTE FROM HOPE

Dear Hope: The summer is past and autumn far spent and yet not a word of that promised write-up of Hope and her family. We have lost track of her baby boy. Hope, your daughter must now be the same age you were when you started out on this long adventure of keeping peace and happiness among the Household writers. If I'm not mistaken, the new poultry editor must be a neighbor to you. Do all the good people live in one spot? The pictures make me think you are sisters or at least the same age. Thanks for all your untiring efforts and as a reward may have peace of mind and soul happiness.—Claddy, of Illinois.

Hope Needham

There just hasn't been room for that write-up! We have even held back some excellent travel stories for a slack time that has never materialized, and you may have noticed that it takes some weeks to get a letter into print, but—After all, it's Christmas! And whose column is this?

One of your sentences startled me. It hadn't occurred to me before that Ruth is, as you say, almost exactly at the age and stage of life that Hope was when she took the helm of the Household. And she has three children, just the age ours were then: a girl of 7, a boy of 4 and a boy of 3. I wonder, among the several readers whose families corresponded with ours then, how many happened to have grandchildren grouped the same? There were several—one was even another "Jim's Wife"—and in spite of myself, I think of them still with a lapful of babies, even though mine are all grown up. But Ruth's life is considerably different than ours was then, for she lives in town instead of on the farm and she had baby sitters and diaper services and other modern innovations that we never dreamed of. And so far she has never met up with those "seven lean years" that we all faced back there in the early thirties. Remember? We even made "depression flowers" of cinders and iodine.

The two older boys are on their own, having finished college and done their stint in the war; neither one married and neither one farming, though they are both in jobs related to agriculture, one in farm management and one in educational work for a big co-operative. The postscript son, Joe, is off to college for his freshman year, and his course is not even related to farming, in spite of all his 4-H and FFA enthusiasms. He is enamored with chemical engineering.

So our family has waxed and waned, and we are alone again as we were in the fall of 1916, but considerably richer in worldly goods, experience, memories and blessings. The crops this year are with us as with many of you—yields are down but price and quality are up. Farming, as one of you once so wisely stated, is a hard but happy life. Our greatest wish right now is that, somehow, everything could be distributed so that everyone, everywhere, could be as comfortable and contented as we are on this American midwest farm.—Hope.

### CHRISTMAS!

It's Christmastide. Let's clean the slate
Of every year-old grudge or hate.
Let's pin a sprightly sprig of holly
Upon dull care and melancholy.
Let's reach out friendly hands and grip
Each other's in warm comradeship.

This world's a pleasant place. Let's smile
In mellow retrospect awhile.
Let's feign we're young again, elate,
With hearts attuned for any fate.
Let's sing the old songs, ever new,
When we were heroes on review,
Before the fairies yet had brought
The stars and garters that we sought.

Ah, me, some gentles are not here
Who glorified the yesteryear;
Whose jocund jests and merry quips
Were ever ready on their lips.
Let's sing the old songs, ever new,
Then here's remembrance, hale and true,
To those forever passed from view.
Lay wreaths of holly where they sat,
And tender tears, remembering that
It's Christmas time.

—(Author unkown.)

### MEMORY GEM

What e'er the hidden future brings
Is helped by hands divine.
Through all the tangled web of things,
There runs a clear design.
What, though the skies are dark today,
Tomorrow's may be blue,
When every cloud has rolled away,
God's providence shines through.

—Selected.

# The Household

EDITED BY HOPE NEEDHAM. Address communications to Hope Needham. Drovers Journal, Chicago, Ill. Real name and address must be given, but will be withheld on request. Enclose postage for reply by mail.

## February 20, 1948

### OLD TIMES

Dear Hope: Every time some one in the Household comments on how good the column is I wonder what they would say if they knew what it was like back in the days when you not only edited, but wrote for the rest of us. Maybe I enjoyed it so much because our children were small when yours were little, too — and your comments and suggestions fitted in with my problems and meant a lot.

Hope Needham

Once you said you tried to do one permanent thing each day, if it was only to drive a nail, low down, where the children could reach and hang up their coats. I've thought of that so many times, and have taken time to do some small constructive thing.

Another time you spoke of how hard it was to do the regular week-end work when the children came home from school in town on Friday night—and had all their various interests to see to. And how it might pay just to rearrange the week's work so when they were home their needs came first.

It does work better, and I've thought of you often as I dusted and put the house in order and did some special baking before I went to town for the girls.

Do you still have fresh apple sauce for threshers?—though I suppose nowadays it's only a combine—and the excitement of the harvest has dimmed for you as for us—though I honestly like this way best.

Well, anyway, I'm glad I was young when you were. It was a pleasant, helpful association. Good as the Household is now, it's different—or I am.

I've always wondered—did your family make you stop writing about them? I can see how they could object to living in a gold fish bowl, but I'm glad I had a peek before you drew the curtain.

Do you know anyone now who makes blankets, using old wool scraps and wool clothes that have passed the make over stage? If so, could I have the address?—Esther Kay, Nebraska.

**Hope's Comment**

Your letter was really a masterpiece of friendship. It brought tears to my eyes to remember those "dear dead days beyond recall". Those were sweet hours! We really wouldn't have time stand still, or go backward, but a letter like yours brings back for a little while the poignant preciousness of them.

I fill up the time nowadays, as no doubt you do, and all the other mothers who were young along with us, with one thing and another, but oh, how brimming over with busyness we used to be when the children were small! I get a taste of it occasionally now (do you?) when the grandchildren are left in my care, but it isn't the same. Now, we always know the exertion is just temporary—in a few hours, or at most a few days, we know the responsibility will be off of us and back on the mother. But then we were the all-in-all of our little flocks. We knew there was no relief, no second and third shift of workers to take over. The babies were our job 24 hours a day.

Do you remember how desperate we used to feel sometimes, wondering if life would race entirely past us before they grew up? How lucky we were to have such full lives. Even through all the depression and everything, those were happy years, and what tension there was was real and natural and normal. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

Thanks for bringing it all back. Today I'm alone in the house and you have given me a tender hour of retrospect that might have been missed if your letter hadn't touched it off.

And now for your question. Under separate cover a list of wool firms is being mailed you—but whether they are all still in business since the war hasn't been checked. Perhaps the readers will have some newer information to share.—Hope.

## May 20, 1948

### A NOTE TO HOPE AND A NOTE FROM HOPE

Dear Hope: My first baby, a boy, came a few months before your Joey arrived. I had so much trouble getting our baby started. When you wrote about yours, it helped me and I looked forward to that as I would have to my mother's suggestions if she could have offered them daily. And so many things about teaching Ruth to cook—I have the clipping about baking pies and many others.

Hope Needham

When mother suggested the boys wear their mittens to 4-H club meeting (but they did not need them), daddy didn't suggest, "You go back to the house and get your mittens!" Ruth's eighth grade graduation and the drive through the wooded road. Oh! you had a clever way of telling us things that we wanted to know. You have a sense of humor that added just the amount of spice to make me happy.

I shall add this comment of Hope's to my list and the greeting card and group pictures of long ago. I know you briefly commented on the members of your family about holidays, but I want you to write like you used to write.

Frankly, I felt sorry when Ruth married so young and babies kept her from accompanying her husband when he went traveling. How many children have they? I'm sure it is well that way. She will still be young when her children are grown. Do write comments more often. — Missourian.

**Hope's Comment**

Ruth has three children now, a girl and two boys, spaced almost exactly as our first three were, and just about the age now that ours were when you Householders and I first became acquainted. Like you, I feel that young marriages are perhaps best. Of course, Ruth was not overly young as brides go around here—she was 22 and had been through college a year and a half. But since the war disrupted so many lives, my feeling has grown that it is probably better to marry young, even if you have to be separated by war or have to stay home with the babies, than to wait and see opportunities for meeting prospective partners diminish.

College years are best for meeting interesting young people of the opposite sex and choosing a mate. After that—well, a woman teacher, for example, has few chances to meet men socially, and many jobs throw men almost exclusively among men during work hours. Maybe busy, burdensome, strenuous and complicated years are preferable to loneliness later.

As for the traveling, Ruth couldn't have gone with her husband, babies or no babies, for he traveled by air on high war priorities. Maybe it was lucky she had the children to keep her occupied. We seem to hear a lot about war marriages broken either by death or maladjustment, but the bulk of them are going on to success, on a pattern that seems strange and new to us older ones, with the youngsters facing up cheerfully to whatever situations this old world presents to them; just as couples in pioneer days met the particular hardships of their time, or those of the middle ages theirs, or, for that matter, the cave men and women theirs. Youth always seems to have the audacity and resiliency to meet whatever there is, and do what has to be done.—Hope.

### MEMORY GEM

The seed burs all with laughter crack,
On deatherweed and jimson.
And leaves that should be dressed in black
Are all decked out in crimson.

Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays
And these grow slant and slender.

Why, it's the climax of the year,
The highest tide of living,
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into Thanksgiving!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.