

The American Home

All this
\$6000
—the pool
too!

10¢

15¢
IN
CANADA



Bachelor's House—Cost \$3800

**100%
MASCULINE**

*This issue
edited*

BY and FOR MEN!



August 1941



"I'll say they're bargains!"

If you've a nose for value, follow it straight to the August and September sales of Cannon towels! You'll say they're beauties the second those fresh, radiant colors greet your eye . . . the moment those charming patterns spur your imagination to whole new bathroom vistas!

Feel the luxury of their fluffy, thick loops . . . business-like driers with a baby's touch. Explore the *underlying strength* of a Cannon towel. Its sturdy weave and strong selvage forecast endless happy launderings . . . and promise long-lived service for mere pennies per year!

So if you've a head for figures, you'll buy up Cannon towels in stacks when they're August and September *super-bargains!* . . .

Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.



"And you can match 'em up!" Yes, handsome Cannon designs come in matching bath towels, face towels, wash cloths, tufted bath mats . . . even lid covers. Thrifty thought, match up several sets like this textured rose group at August and September savings!



Cannon Towels

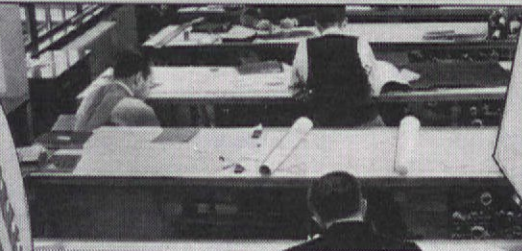
CANNON TOWELS • CANNON SHEETS • CANNON HOS

INSURANCE IS AWAKE TO DEFENSE

ACROSS A COUNTRY of farms and industrial sites, men in insurance support a nationwide program of defense. They are a civilian personnel, trained during peace to wage permanent war against many hazards threatening vital property and industrial progress. Insurance, their calling, is a main-spring of defense, as vital to it as tractors to the soil, as machine tools to metal. To production it is moral solder: assurance that a nation's insurance reserve stands solidly behind the machinist, the millwright, the welder. In this way Insurance fosters teamwork and helps to speed production, thereby strengthening the implements of defense.



The veteran job of Insurance is to reimburse loss and replace when deadly hazards cripple defense machinery.



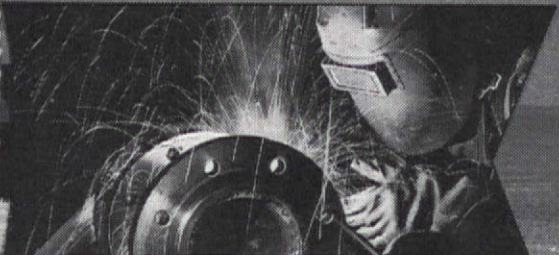
But Insurance wields another weapon—Engineering Knowledge—which eliminates many hazards before they strike.



Periodic inspection of plants frequently turns up harmful conditions in time to avert disaster.



Insurance laboratories pre-test consumer products to prevent civilian danger and distress.



Insurance stiffens family morale by reducing hazard and providing compensation to workmen when injured.



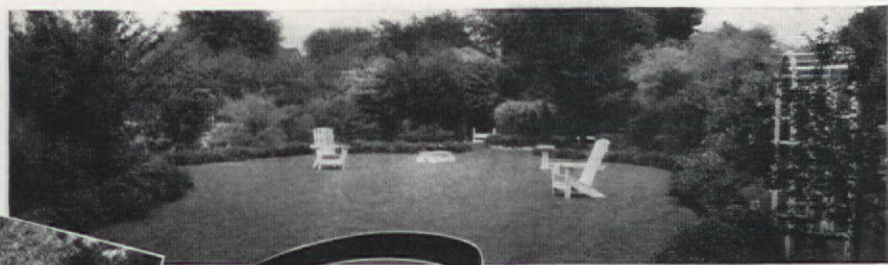
Insurance reserve dollars are widely invested, and become bone and muscle to the ramparts of production.

The HOME INSURANCE COMPANY

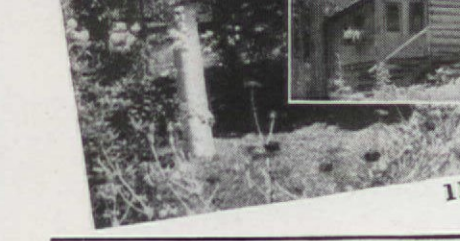
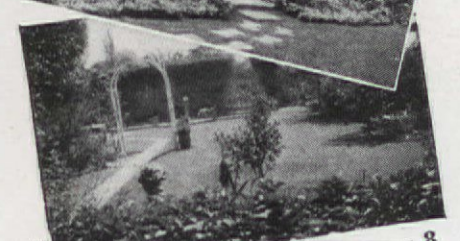
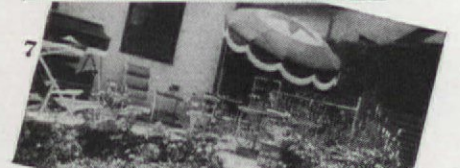
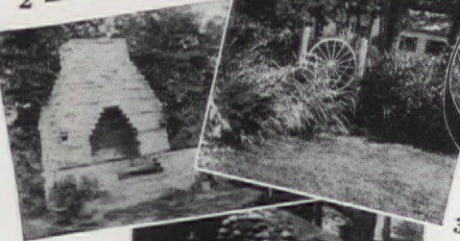
★ ★ ★ NEW YORK ★ ★ ★

The Home, through its agents and brokers, is America's leading insurance protector of American Homes and the Homes of American Industry

FIRE, AUTOMOBILE AND MARINE INSURANCE



1. Garden of Mr. Dick Blick, Galesburg, Ill.
2. Garden of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Lide, Cornith, Miss.
3. Garden of Mrs. Lucille Whitsett Holt, Whitsett, N. C.
4. Grille of Mr. Charles Tigner, Columbus, Ga.
5. Grille of Mrs. J. M. Bruce, Mercer Island, Wash.
6. Home of Mr. H. B. Gates, Indianola, Miss.
7. Terrace of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Lyman, Beverly Hills, Calif.
8. Garden of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Phillips, Hawthorne, Calif.
9. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Griffin, Bradford, Pa.
10. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. F. Randolph, La Jolla, Calif.
11. Garden of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar P. Gumprecht, Cheshire, Conn.



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Summer cottage of Mr. H. L. Bras, Centralia, Wash. Fireplace of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherman Bishop, Chrisman, Ill.

A "Rocking-Chair Issue" this, for August—and for men. Its aim and hope is to interest and entertain, without spurring or challenging them to anything harder than thinking!

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E. L. D. SEYMOUR, Guest Editor
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ANNABEL FISHER, Home Economist . . . E. L. D. SEYMOUR, Horticultural Editor
VIRGINIA FORSYTHE, Feature Editor . . . W. M. MEHLHORN, Architectural Editor
Address decorating inquiries to MARY E. MONZE; entertaining to VIRGINIA FORSYTHE



"Anybody want to pinch me?"

"I THINK I'M DREAMING! It all seems too glamorous to be true—

Me—waking up every morning like a pampered debutante—on ultra-elegant *percale* sheets!

But, glory be to Cannon—this dream is real! For now I can buy *genuine Cannon Percale Sheets*—at *practically what I paid for my heavy-duty muslins!*

Think of it—luxurious Cannon Percale at a muslin price!

So if *you've* ever thrilled your fingers over percale, and felt how super-smooth and petal-soft it is—you'll be doing just what I did. Rushing pell-mell to get Cannon Percale Sheets for every bed in your house!"



Don't buy any sheets—till you know these answers!

What is the difference between muslin and percale? Cannon Percale Sheets are woven with 25% more threads to the square inch than the best-grade muslin. A better grade of cotton is used in Cannon Percale. The threads are finer and more highly twisted. The sheets are lighter, and have a smoother, more luxurious texture than muslin.

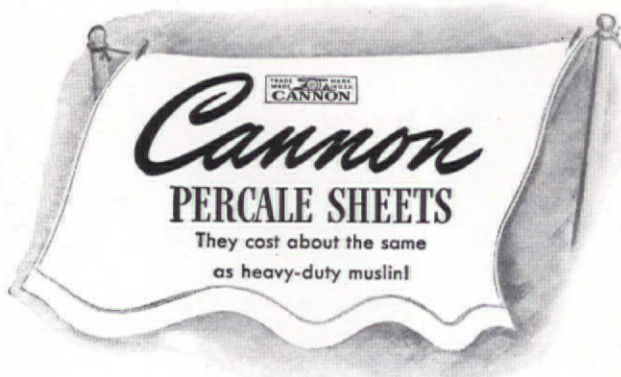
If I do my washing at home, will I find any advantage in Cannon Percale? You'll find these lighter sheets infinitely easier to handle and to iron than muslin. They launder beautifully, and always keep their dazzling whiteness.

Are colored sheets good style? Sheets which repeat one of the bedroom colors can prove a delightful decorative touch. A colored sheet, too, is often used as a blanket cover. Cannon Percale comes in six lovely decorator-approved colors. For extra elegance, get colored or white sheets with a scalloped hem.

Can I save any money with Cannon Percale? If you send your sheets to a laundry, Cannon Percale Sheets, because they're lighter, can actually save you about \$3.25 a year for each bed, at average pound rates.

How does percale wear in comparison to muslin? We talked with a large number of women who had used both muslin and Cannon Percale Sheets. Of these women, 14.2% thought muslin wore better than percale. But 40.5% said Cannon Percale wore better than muslin. The rest were not sure.

How can I identify Cannon Percale Sheets in the store? They are packaged in a dust-proof box with the Cannon name on it. These *packaged* sheets assure you of unhandled, clean merchandise—save you the cost of the first laundering.



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS AND HOSIERY

Your store also has big-value Cannon Muslin Sheets at a low popular price.



"UPSADAISSY... Watch your step!"

Oops—thank you! I'm just trying to run errands for Mother—

Then, bless your heart, sit down and rest—I do that! I'm a telephone, and I came here for just that—to save time and steps for Mother, do her marketing, let her visit friends and go all over town without getting tired a bit.

**Mercy, then I'll relax!
Unless—do you cost a lot?**

Oh my, no! I cost very little! So little, in fact, that Mother says she never has to think about it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Dear Ladies!

WERE any of you startled, puzzled, possibly even shocked, by the explanatory announcement on this month's cover? Did you, we wonder, on reading about the 100 per cent masculinity of the issue, sniff scornfully, toss your pretty heads, stamp your little feet and exclaim, "The idea! A man-made AMERICAN HOME? Ridiculous. It just doesn't make sense!"

Well, perhaps such a reaction would be justified, judging by some popular impressions and deeply-rooted traditions. But, as we have often said in these pages, THE AMERICAN HOME isn't one of your blind tradition worshipers; it is trying to reflect what IS, not merely what has been. Anyway, sense or nonsense, here it is—the Man's Issue, with every article, including those on cooking, decorating, home making and children, contributed by a man. That is, every article except two, and even they tell about things men have done or are doing. Oh yes, we'll admit that it was a woman's idea in the first place—the Editor's, like the many others that you have received so enthusiastically these last half-dozen years. But when she put it up to us, partly as an opportunity and privilege, partly as a challenge, why, we were all for it.

You know, of course, how we men feel about you . . . "To the ladies, God bless 'em! What would we do without them?" and so on. Well, that's what the Editor said: "What *would* you do without them?" And we thought it over and said, "Give us a chance and we'll show you." Then she said, "Go to it." . . . And go to it we did.

But please don't get us wrong. We don't merely acknowledge, we definitely assert that, although woman's place is undoubtedly the home, she is far from out of place in many other surroundings, in fact pretty much anywhere she takes a notion to appear. But, contrariwise, we also have an idea that, in an emergency, maybe we men have a bit of versatility ourselves. And that is what we were supposed to prove in this issue—we masculine members of the editorial staff, aided and abetted by our advertising department colleagues, and with the co-operation of a host of men contributors and the encouraging good wishes of the publishers.

So you see there was no alternative. For this one issue it had to be "Out the window with the feminine touch and influence." But we insisted on one concession: If, on reaching the last page, you honestly feel that you failed to find anything in the issue of real live interest and value to you women, just write and tell us so (address Dept. S.), enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you, with our apologies and compliments, the whole intriguing story of how to put on a Swiss Independence Day party as pictured over there on page 7—decoration suggestions, game suggestions, menus, and all. It's a story by a woman, ELINOR SCOVILLE, primarily for women, and we think you will like it tremendously.

* * *

So that's our editorial message this month—to the ladies. To our men readers (and they're no mere corporal's guard), we say: "Hey there, fellows. How ya doin'? And what do *you* think of this issue and the general proposition that, in the making and enjoyment of the American home, all men—as well as all women—"are created equal" and entitled to share in the responsibilities as well as the opportunities of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" in that home?"

Anyway, we've gone and done it. And, in the language of the so-called Wild West, we're a rip-roarin' pack o' men folks, and it's our month to howl!

Your devoted and admiring servants,

THE EDITORS

Per E. L. D. Seymour

P.S.—On second thought, we have decided that we don't want to put any strings on that Swiss Party story offer. So, even if you *do* think this is a pretty good issue, all things considered, and if you would like a copy of that article, just ask for it, enclose the envelope, and it's yours.

Important! Letters requesting information should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. Manuscripts and illustrations will not be returned unless they are accompanied by the necessary postage. They will be handled with care, but we assume no responsibility for their safety.

How about a Swiss Picnic?

In August comes the Swiss Independence Day, which means as much to that tight little nation as July Fourth means to us. If you give summer parties, what more fitting than a Swiss Picnic—colorful, delicious, hilarious? See opposite page

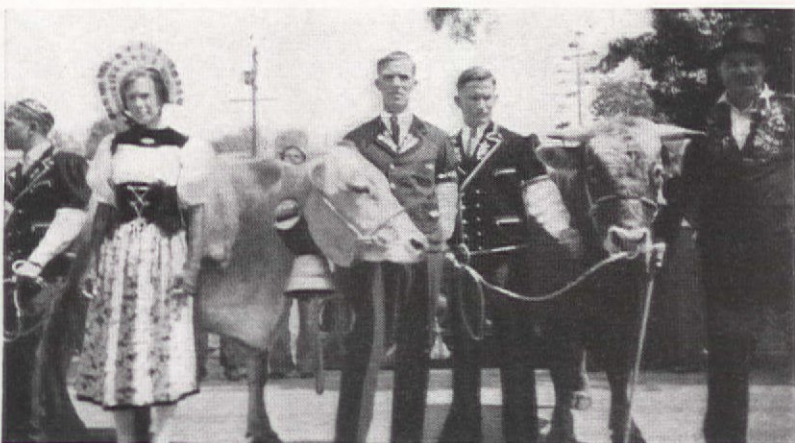


Mardell MacDougall

Photographs from
E. Scoville



You cannot, of course, hope to duplicate such colorful scenes as these, snapped in a Swiss community in California, but they offer some ideas



BABIED?

NOT ME!

But be careful
of my stomach

DOBERMAN PINSCHER*
By Ekman

Common dog ailments are most often caused by hard to digest foods, incorrect feeding VETERINARIANS SAY

BIG DOG or little dog . . . whatever his size or breed, your dog simply can't handle *any* food! A dog's digestive equipment isn't built that way. For sound, permanent health—your pet needs a balanced ration, *easy to digest*. It helps prevent listlessness, excessive shedding, nervousness—all other common diet-caused ailments.

Pard, Swift's nutritionally balanced Dog Food, has proved itself capable of warding off common ailments, keeping dogs fit and full of pep. At Swift's Research Kennels, 5 successive generations of

dogs have never tasted anything but Pard. Not one ever experienced a single diet-caused ailment. Their health, growth, and vitality has been remarkable!

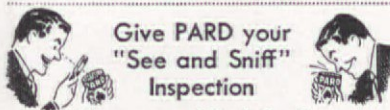
For your own dog's health—feed Pard regularly! Veterinarians recommend Pard for *all* breeds.

**An intelligent working dog, the Doberman Pinscher is a devoted friend and guardian of the family. Also a fine police and war dog. Exceptionally agile.*

A DOG'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM IS SPECIALIZED

That's why care should be exercised in choosing a correct, easily digested diet. 5 generations of Cocker Spaniels, fed Pard exclusively at Swift's Kennels, have escaped *all* diet-caused ailments.

H. E. ROBINSON, Ph. D.
Swift & Company
Nutritional Research
Laboratories

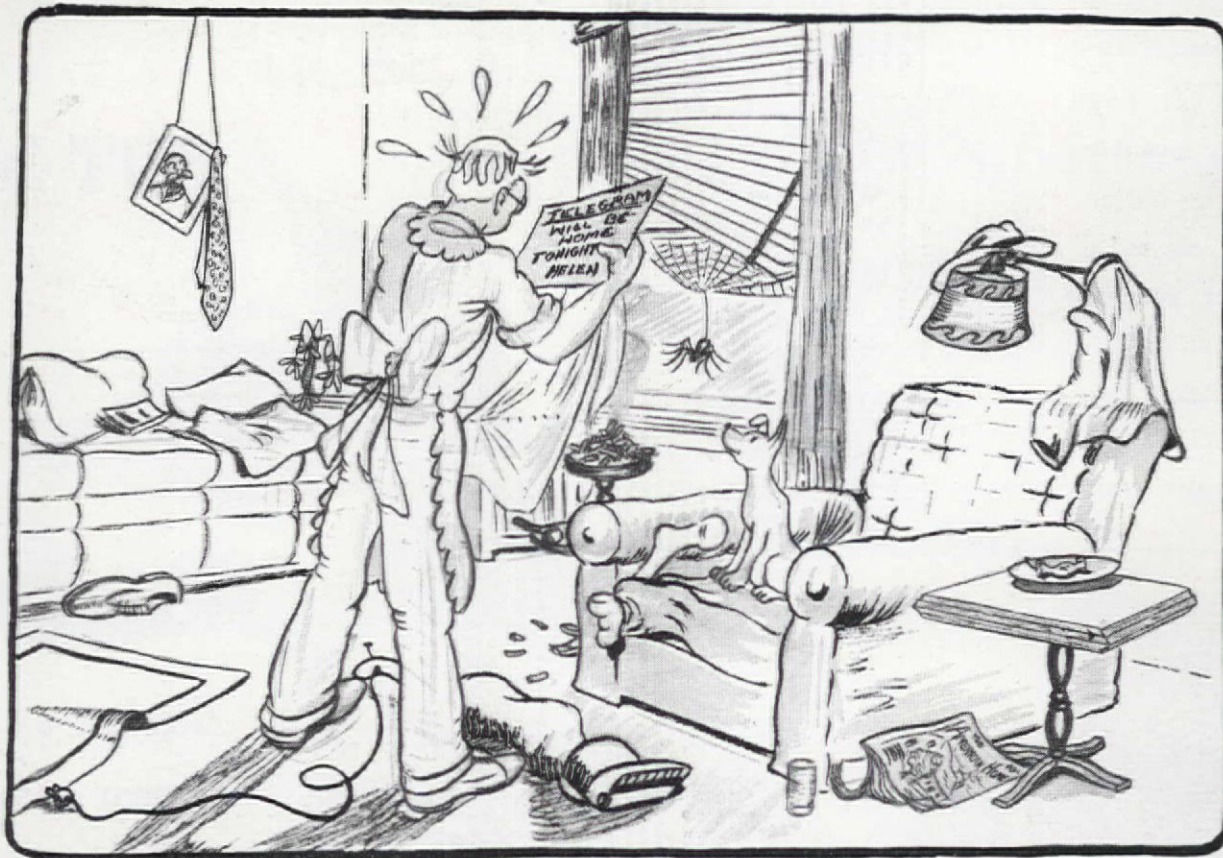


Open a can of Pard. See for yourself how tempting and wholesome Pard looks and smells. If Pard does not come up to your expectations in every way—send the label from the Pard can to Swift & Company, Chicago with your comments. Swift will give you *double* the price you paid for it.

PARD SWIFT & COMPANY'S
NUTRITIONALLY
BALANCED DOG FOOD



It's a man's world?



Ideas,
text,
sketches,
plans—
all by
EDWARD
WATKINS
Flushing, N. Y.



SHOWER CURTAINS MAKE FINE SUBSTITUTES FOR FUZZY DRAPES AND CAN BE "DUSTED" WITH THE GARDEN HOSE.

IF YOU are one of those misguided males who still think this is a "man's world," wait until you're left for a fortnight with a wifely admonition to "keep the house in order"! It all happened to me . . . Listen

IT WAS the second Sunday of my wife's absence (she was due home that night) when I decided that housecleaning in our home was no cinch. I was just about worn to a frazzle and had developed a deep respect for her ability to run what seemed to me a sadly disorganized and poorly arranged establishment. The fault, I could see, lay in its design and furnishing. I decided that, as I went about my "housewifely" duties that day, I'd note what was wrong and work out plans for a house that would practically keep itself clean and tidy. As I believe in planning before starting work on any project, I sat down and smoked a pipe or two while I surveyed the situation. The number of cobwebs where so few had been only a fortnight before was disheartening, and I wondered whether the newspapers and other pieces of floor litter hadn't somehow been reproducing themselves. I reluctantly discarded as a bit too advanced the idea of a concrete house with concrete furniture that could be "gone over" every so often with a stream from a hose. A few generations hence, perhaps . . .

One truth seemed obvious: the way to keep a house clean is to keep dust where it belongs—outside. Now the average house is ventilated mainly by windows. When the occupant wants fresh air, he opens some and allows a gale to blow through. As it goes, it pulls the stale air out with it and soon the delighted fresh-air fiends are taking deep breaths, victims of anemia are looking for blankets and sweaters, and everybody is more or less happy. However, there is something radically wrong here from the housekeeper's point of view. As the atmosphere is being changed, the "nice fresh air," laden with furnace soot (in winter) or dust and pollen (in summer), rushes in, leaves its cargo of grime and muck, and flits out again, purified, ready to load up again. In short, the house is a huge filter and, considering it wasn't designed for that purpose, a highly efficient one! So requisite number one for my easy-to-clean house is sealed windows and a system that will pump fresh, filtered air through it. There, I thought, I really had something.

But I soon discovered that I had barely mopped the surface. Apparently only part of the dust enters through

windows and doors; a lot of it we deliberately bring in ourselves—after paying good money for it! I refer to the textile furnishings. Why, the lint that peels off a deep-napped rug is an astonishing source of dust, and it's the same with woolly blankets and velvety drapes. . . . I pondered this over some coffee and two wedges of pie and finally the answer came: My house would contain as few dust-catching, lint-shedding fabrics as possible. No large rugs and carpets, but heavy linoleum of neutral tone on all the floors. A few colorful scatter rugs might be tolerated if small and durable enough to permit frequent machine washing. Fuzzy drapes would be replaced with curtains such as we now use in the shower bath. When soiled, they could be hung on the clothes-line, rinsed with the hose, allowed to dry and put back without having to be ironed! I'd use the lintless kind of blankets now used by asthma and hay-fever sufferers; if more warmth were needed a large electric heating pad could be placed on each bed.

At this point I started deliberately to look for trouble—and I found it. Beneath my bed I discovered: half a dozen newspapers dating from the day my wife went away; some magazines; two books; my favorite pipe, for which I had searched high and low; a dried-out beef bone (obviously the pup's), and a mass of dust curls that reminded me of the "rats" Great-grandmother Hotchkiss used to wear in her hair. The bed, it seemed, formed a roof over all sorts of stuff; so I lay down on it and, between naps, concentrated on that. Before very long I had formulated my third "must" as follows: Wherever possible the furniture would be built into the walls and, preferably, recessed, thus eliminating dust-hiding projections and havens for roll-away collar buttons. Book shelves would be closed in—to keep out the dust and discourage potential borrowers. Space underneath the built-in beds, etc., would be utilized as drawer and cabinet space. The immovable furniture would be a boon not only to housewives but also to husbands, for no man worthy the name likes to sit with his evening paper while his wife struggles to move heavy furniture, especially if he is sitting in the chair she wants to move.



THE CONCAVE CURVES USED IN MOST HOSPITALS TO ROUND OFF THE JOININGS OF FLOORS, WALLS, AND CEILINGS ARE LABOR SAVERS AND COULD BE WELL ADAPTED TO THE HOME.



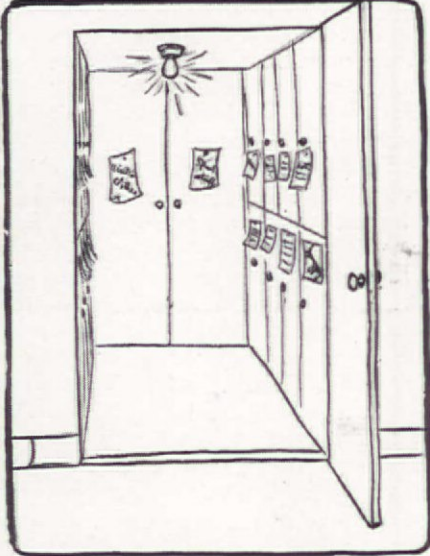
ROOMS OUGHT TO BE SPECIALIZED AS TO FUNCTION. THE AVERAGE BEDROOM SERVES AS EVERYTHING FROM A SEWING-ROOM TO A DEPOSITORY FOR GUESTS' WRAPS.



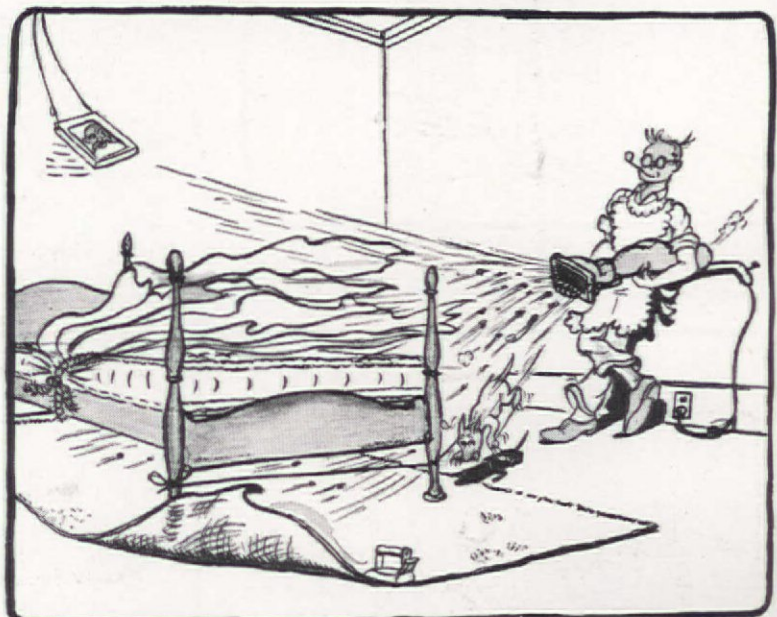
EATING CANNED BEANS (FROM THE CAN) GROWS TIRESOME AND ANY ONE WHO'S HAD TO DO IT LONG ENOUGH WILL AGREE THAT AN ELECTRIC DISHWASHER IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.



FIBBER MCGEE HAS NO MONOPOLY ON CUBICLES OF CRAMPED CUBIC CAPACITY FOR THE CLOSE CONCENTRATION OF CHAOTIC CONGLOMERATIONS!



BUT, "MISCELLANEOUS CLOSETS" COULD BE KEPT IN ORDER AND FILLED WITH EASY-TO-FIND THINGS IF THEY WERE BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE.



A HIGH-POWERED VACUUM CLEANER SUCH AS THEY USE IN THE COMIC STRIPS WOULD BE AN ASSET TO ANY HOME, PROVIDED MOVABLE OBJECTS COULD BE FIRMLY ANCHORED.



BUILT-IN, RECESSED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR MY IMAGINARY DRESSING ROOM. THE WALL ON WHICH THE MIRROR HANGS IS OF GLASS BRICK. CHEST ALLOWS FOR TOE ROOM— IS OTHERWISE SET SOLIDLY ON THE



I DISCARDED AN IDEA FOR A HOUSE OF CONCRETE BLOCKS FULL OF CONCRETE-BLOCK FURNITURE THAT COULD BE CLEANED WITH A HIGH-PRESSURE HOSE.



ORDINARY WINDOW VENTILATION TURNS THE HOME INTO AN EXCELLENT FILTER FOR THE DUST-LADEN AIR OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

ED. WATKINS
153-24 SANFORD AVE
FLUSHING, N.Y.



THE EASIEST WAY TO ELIMINATE DUST ON PICTURE MOLDINGS IS TO ELIMINATE THE MOLDINGS. PAINTED STRIPES GIVE THE SAME LINES AND NAILS HOLD THE PICTURES JUST AS WELL.

While chasing a spider up the wall, I noticed on top of the picture molding as fine a crop of fuzz as I have ever seen on a piece of moldy cheese. Then I found the baseboards and door panelings almost equally downy. Clearly all these work-making dust-catchers are as useless as a hitching post and not nearly so ornamental. Number four on my list, therefore, reads: "Picture moldings shall be yanked down—or not put up in the first place. If a picture is desired, it can be hung on a nail. If the householder thinks that the molding provides a pleasing line, he can easily paint a stripe along the walls instead. Flat-surfaced doors shall replace paneled ones and the usual sharp angles where walls join ceilings and floors shall be rounded off—just as you can see them in most modern hospitals, if you can tear your eyes away from the pretty nurses or good looking internes."

REMINDED by a complaining stomach (whose protests I had mistaken for the pup's playful growls) that mental labor certainly gives one an appetite, I was suddenly brought face to face with the dish-washing problem. There wasn't a place left on sink, table, or stove to put another dirty dish! As I ate cold beans from the can I considered the fact in relation to my dream home. I ruled out a second sink large enough to hold a full week's accumulation of dishes as impracticable though attractive, for when it was finally filled *someone* would be stuck with a gargantuan dishwashing job—and that someone *might be me!* Finally my eye fell on a magazine ad extolling the marvels of the electric dishwasher, which I thereupon determined would be part of my house. I suppose my mind was so weary from thinking about housework that this available gift of the machine age simply hadn't occurred to me. I couldn't afford to risk a mental breakdown, so I didn't attempt to dope out any original labor-savers in the cookery department. But I made a note that my dream kitchen would certainly include one of those non-finger-hacking can openers with crank and lever action. On a nearby shelf would be a couple of dozen cans of beans, soups, etc., and a meal ticket usable at the nearest "bean-wagon."

By this time I felt that I had covered most phases of ordinary housework, yet, as I looked around it seemed as though a million and two things had been left, dropped, or simply put in the wrong places by members of the household (mainly myself and the pup), guests, or delivery boys. Picking up and putting away all this stuff would in itself mean a half day of backbreaking work; and worse still, in most cases I didn't know where to put it. Clearly our house has only about half enough closet space, and what there is, isn't specialized as it should be. For instance, who would think of looking for the vacuum cleaner under the living-room sofa, or that umbrellas belong in the hall linen closet behind Aunt Hortense's portrait? I couldn't figure it out and finally got so tired trying that I simply stuffed everything out of sight, hoping that by some lucky chance a few things would land in their proper places. Mean-

while I formulated my next requirement, namely, that each room would contain at least one closet large enough to hold all accessories and gadgets normally used in that room, and that there would be another, spacious, easily accessible closet for infrequently

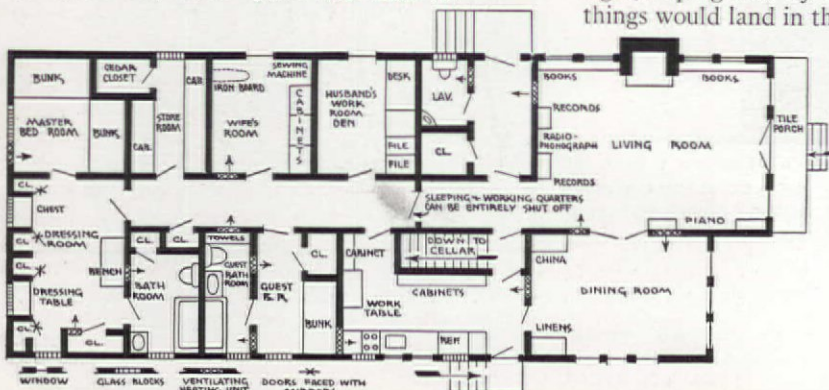
used, but necessary, items such as suit cases, Christmas tree ornaments and the beach umbrella. Hung conspicuously in each closet a list of its contents would save much unnecessary hunting and profanity. Thus, for instance, my chess set would be found in the recreation room closet, *not* at the bottom of my wife's cedar chest, where it is now parked.

That gave me another idea: Why not specialize the rooms themselves as to their activities? You may think yours are already specialized, but are they? In our house, which I guess is average, if it weren't for the bed, you'd never know the bedroom was meant for sleeping. For it's cluttered with a couple of bureaus, a feminine dressing table, two chairs, and a cedar chest, while its only closet is full of all sorts of clothing (of mixed gender) and anything else that my wife and I can crowd into it. It serves as not only sleeping quarters but also dressing room, beauty salon and, in many houses, nursery and playroom, too. It seems to be the accepted place for sewing and, personally, I object to being punctured by stray darning needles inadvertently left on my side of the bed. A bedroom is also a preferred spot for female guests to congregate and gossip and the bed is the favored place to dump the coats of bridge club members when they come in out of a drizzling storm. Well, in my new house this chaotic condition will be at least partly done away with. Several small rooms for limited activities, plus a good-sized living room, should be a lot easier to handle. For instance, a two-bunk-and-radio master bedroom, a dressing room with many closets, a communicating bathroom, a small guest bedroom with its bathroom, a lavatory near the living room for casual visitors, a small room where my wife could write, sew, or visit with friends to her heart's content, and another small room, all mine, in which I could work, keep a desk full of scattered papers, sit in a disreputable but beloved Morris chair, and fearlessly smoke my smelliest pipe. (These two rooms would be sound-proof and recognized as inviolable sanctums.) Incidentally, the house would be a bungalow which, I figure, I could put on a 50 by 115 foot lot and still have room at the back for garage, tool shed and garden. . . .

I WAS just putting the finishing touches on my notes when the doorbell summoned me—and there was my beloved wife returned, so there didn't seem much sense in my floundering with any more unaccustomed household jobs with an expert present. I was naturally delighted to see her, but a bit taken aback when she implied that she would have liked it better if I had "used more elbow grease keeping the place straight and less gray matter trying to think up silly ways of dodging housework!" That's just the way she put it, and there was a sarcastic note in her voice when she said "gray matter" that made me, for the first time, wonder whether she really understands me. Frankly, I believe that if I ever build that ideal house, small home-owners of the world will recognize its ultra fine points and demand homes with similar advantages. Thus I will have revolutionized the building and furniture-designing arts and greatly increased the leisure time of housewives (thereby benefiting hat shops, Bingo clubs and chop suey parlors). Finally, I shall probably be forced to recognize myself a genius and benefactor of mankind. And, what's more to the point, when I am again left temporarily wifeless, I'll have fewer household chores to do and more time in which to bolster up my somewhat shaken belief that maybe, after all, it still is "a man's world."



SPECIALIZED ROOMS NEED NOT BE LARGE. THIS BEDROOM IS ROUGHLY A 9 1/2 FOOT SQUARE MINUS A 3 FOOT SQUARE IN ONE CORNER. UNDER THE TWO BUILT-IN BUNKS, EACH 3 BY 6 1/2 FEET, ARE DRAWERS THAT HOLD ALL BLANKETS AND LINEN FOR THE ROOM. EACH BUNK HAS A READING-LAMP AND A BUILT-IN COMBINATION CABINET (FOR BOOKS, SMOKE, A BOTTLE, FEMININE LOTIONS ETC.) AND HINGED BREAKFAST TRAY. RADIO DIALS ARE WITHIN REACH OF EITHER BUNK, BUT THE ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK IS IN THE FAR CORNER TO PREVENT OVER-SLEEPING. GLASS BLOCKS IN PART OF OUTSIDE WALL PROVIDE DAYLIGHT AND PRIVACY. HEATING AND AIR CONDITIONING UNITS ARE BUILT IN.



"It has possibilities!"

A humorous writer said, "Some day, someone is going to find an old barn—and leave it alone." Here are the trials of a man whose wife gets that remodeling fever

HUGH FULLERTON, Englewood, N. J.

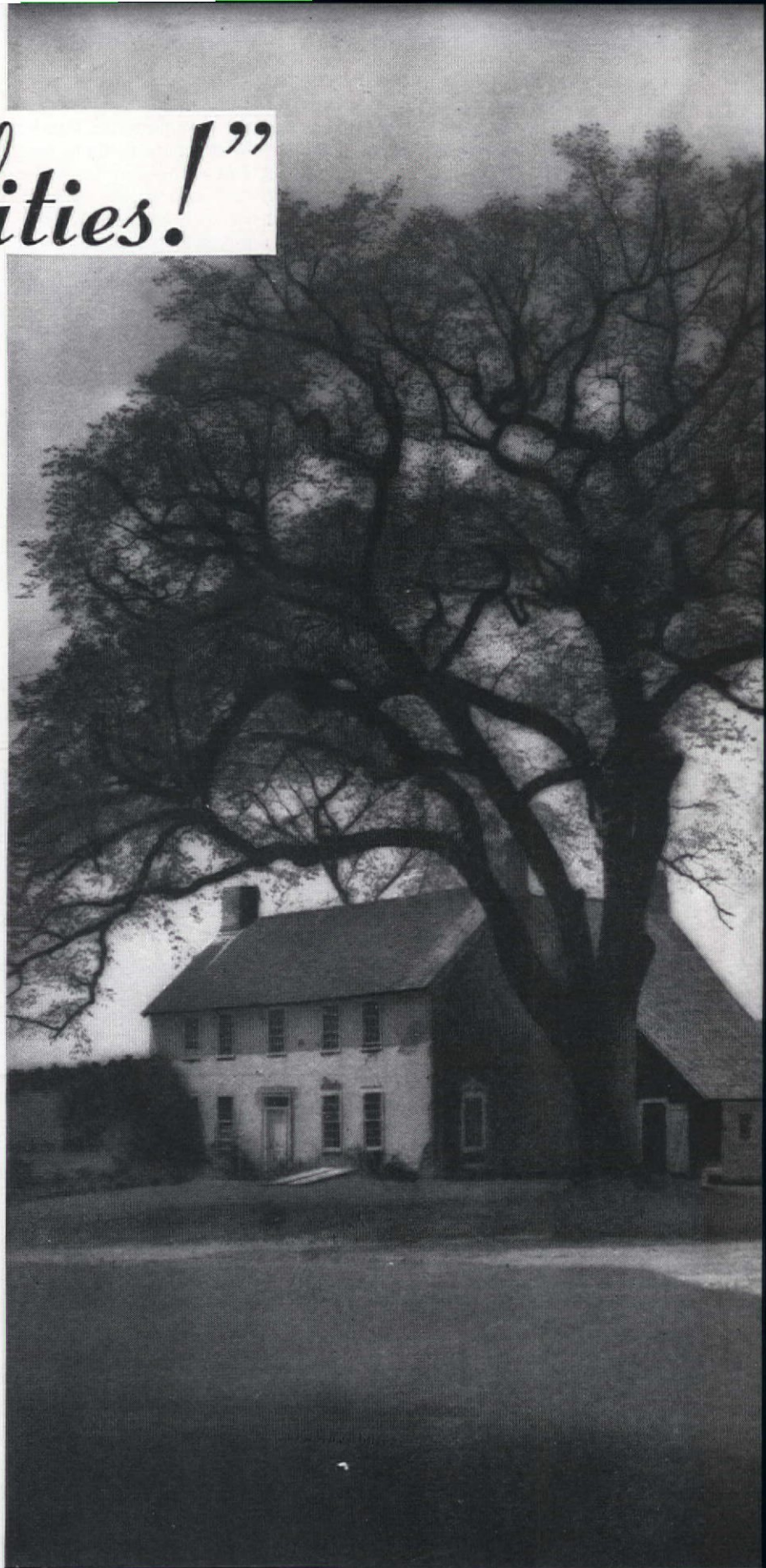
EACh time my wife and I go touring and I hear her exclaim—"Oh! Oh! Look!" I step on the gas and remark—"Uh, huh, I know—it has great possibilities!" Sometimes I get her safely past the tumble-down shacks, decrepit chicken houses, deserted farms, or sway-backed barns which she spies unexpectedly, for I have learned to gauge the exact tone of voice which proclaims her discovery of a remodeling project. But escape hasn't always been possible. We have actually rebuilt or built three houses in and around Chicago, three in Ohio, one on Long Island, one in suburban Philadelphia, and two in New England. But in these ten homes we actually made a profit on three houses and broke even on two others, so we probably haven't fared badly and the excitement and investment in contentment have been prodigious.

Our chief difficulty in remodeling is my wife's severe attacks of "head imaginees" (that's what our daughter used to call them). She can see a rickety barn and visualize a perfect New England Salt Box, see a shabby farm house and imagine a stately Southern Colonial home; her imagination, acute sense of beauty, and eye for line and design seem to lead us inevitably to expense. My job is to see that the roof doesn't leak, the foundations are sound, and the heating plant will work. We always plan to do most of the work ourselves, using carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, and regular craftsmen only for the heavy or technical jobs; but we usually wind up by hiring all the workmen we can to rush the job to completion in our eagerness to see our mental vision of house and garden become a reality while our enthusiasm is at its height.

Our most recent remodeling adventure was the most interesting and satisfactory we have had—in spite of blunders. Last spring, after the usual argument as to where to spend the summer, I put my foot down in my very best head-of-the-family manner saying: "One thing is certain—we will *not* go to New England." So, early in June we headed for New England. I stated firmly as we drove that I would stand for Vermont but never New Hampshire so we drove to New Hampshire as rapidly as possible and wandered around the White Mountains. Then, one day we saw a sign in the window of a Post Office announcing an auction of real estate at Freedom. Now Freedom was something I longed for, freedom from cities, crowds, politics, press, and people. So we drove over to Freedom and found *the* house, a story and a half Colonial of nine rooms, a forty-foot ell and a huge barn all painted white and sitting on the terraced hillside, a stone's throw from Freedom Square. After making a burglarious entry, my wife sighed in her best confirmed-remodeler manner and said, "Yes, it has great possibilities. But it isn't what we are looking for; there's too much to be done to get it into shape." So we drove off toward Conway; but like Lot's wife my wife looked back. Presently she hinted that we might run back to the auction at Freedom just for curiosity.—Well, I *was* warned!

The auction crowd was small but the auctioneer was in good voice and incidental diversion was furnished when the cellar stairs collapsed, dropping a load of humanity which had to be rescued by ladders. The auctioneer beseeched someone to start the bidding at \$2,500, extolling the buildings and the wonderful view from the top of the three-acre lot which he called a meadow. (If it's a meadow it is standing on end!) No one made a move, even when he pleaded for a starting price of \$700. But at \$600 my wife whispered, sotto voce, "Why I'd give that much myself," and before she knew it she was owner of a house set on twelve-foot granite slabs, a 34'-0" x 38'-0" barn and three or more acres of slightly perpendicular land. So we were embarked on another adventure in remodeling and we agreed that we would be VERY SENSIBLE THIS TIME. We would just make the place habitable, paint and paper it as a simple summer place for ourselves and friends. But the gleam in my wife's eye when she began to see "possibilities" in the place warned me to check my bank balance. When a woman starts to study wallpapers and paint color cards, curtain and upholstery materials, the bank balance automatically shudders.

First of all we had the title searched; then we made a careful inventory of essential repairs and changes. A remarkably well-made house, built by



Eleanor Parke Custis

History, romance, charm, are all bound up in New England's eye-snaring old houses, such as the Peasley Garrison house near Haverhill, N. H. To the wary and wise they are idea-stimulating and present real possibilities

a well-known builder, Nelson Lord, ninety-two years ago, it had good architectural lines, well-proportioned windows with most of the old glass in them, two heavy whitewood outside doors with old glass doorknobs and hand-beaten hardware, and front and side porches with exquisitely detailed fanlights to give distinction to the whole house. Living room, parlor, two halls, and two bedrooms were on the first floor, with dining room and kitchen in the forty-foot ell connecting the house with the barn. There were three nice bedrooms upstairs with the large, airy southern one still sporting its sixty-eight-year-old wallpaper in perfect shape. A loft, forty feet long, over the ell, lathed and ready for plaster, made an ideal workroom, play-

room, and theatre for the children and the barn provided a rumpus room, with stalls ripped out, and a loft large enough for a tennis court. House and barn were white with dark green shutters and the pumpkin-pine interior woodwork was finished in white and mahogany. Wide board floors in most rooms were also of rich pumpkin pine painted in onion-skin tints. We decided on a new roof presently since there was a bad leak and we knew too well that thinking, "Well, it'll last a year or two with a little patching," is often rapidly followed by, "It'll have to be reroofed in a year or two so we might just as well do it now." Except for three carrying timbers, sills and underpinning were sound, with outside sills resting directly on granite blocks. There wasn't a bath in the house, however, and running water, pumped from the well, reached the kitchen sink only, although town water was available. For heat, there were stoves and four open fireplaces.

We made a list of all the work to do that first summer and moved to the Inn next door in June. We'd decided on replacing the unsound timbers, repairing plaster damage done by the roof leak, putting in new cellar stairs, adding two baths (my wife had discovered the possibility of tearing out two useless cubbyholes and changing the ell loft entrance to get a second-floor bath) and connecting with the town water supply. Then we'd move in and do the painting, papering, sanding floors, etc., ourselves.

Soon the sounds of hammering, sawing, and scraping filled the peaceful air of Freedom. While the workmen were on the roof we tried to scrape off

him that stool or tub directly in front of a low window isn't desirable and you want the washstand near the window for better light. But they're put in just the opposite and when you "blow up" he looks at you pityingly and explains that it is always done that way. It happened with both our baths.

We had expected to move in by August and by mid-August the roof was actually nearing completion, having been delayed by rain, terrific heat, and by the contractor's getting a job building a \$20,000 chicken house. Just a patch around the chimney remained to be done and each time the workers went up on the roof I asked them to look the chimney over. They said, "It looks all right—on the outside." I'd asked for a chimney inspection on buying the house, since more than fifty per cent of country fires come from old untiled, brick chimneys. One man had said, "Good for another fifty years. Just straighten the top layer," so my heart was light. But my builder's chimney expert hadn't appeared. One morning I found the roof swarming with workers and bricks raining down to earth. The boss shook his head sadly and said, "The further we go the worse it looks. It must come down." So down came one of the finest chimneys reared by man—twelve feet across at the base with three open fireplaces connected with it. Three flues, built stair-step style, met eight feet up in the chimney, forming an arch under which a six-foot man could walk. Well, we put in a new tiled chimney from the basement so we can install a heating plant.

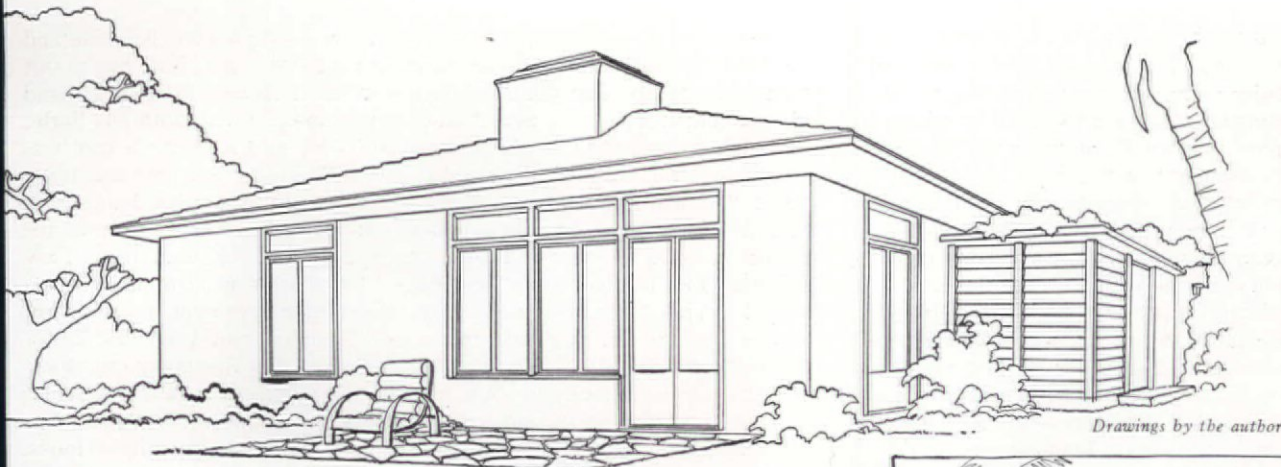
These difficulties delayed progress and in September we were still at the



Old charm in the Exly home, a complete description of which will appear in a future issue; photograph, C. V. D. Hubbard

wallpapers, finding nine layers of wallpaper in some rooms, and presently realized that we needed five new ceilings and several new interior walls. The plasterer who did the work smeared plaster so fast that the open windows erupted white plaster like a geyser; it wasn't safe to come within twenty feet of them. When we came to clean up later we found almost as much on woodwork and floors as on ceilings and we were charged for it by the square yard. The plumber was busy with the baths at this time, working away in the resolute and "sot" New England custom of his trade. You pick the fixtures you like from the catalogue and he selects those he likes. You take chalk and mark the floors saying: "I want the toilet here, the washstand there, the tub over here." He nods agreement and then puts them where the minimum of pipe and labor is necessary. You explain to

Inn. Finally we were in the house but one day the plumber found that because a 3" piece of pipe hadn't come he couldn't finish the job so we were without hot baths for three weeks. Then suddenly, like a ten strike, we found "Russel," who could do anything: remodel house or furniture, do plumbing, painting, carpentry, refinishing, electrical work, glazing, landscaping, and raise tame foxes. In less than two weeks he put that house in order and wound up all the odds and ends which had been driving us mad. Landscaping and furnishing of the house were carried out in agreeable order so that today we are in excellent shape and could show you the nicest six-hundred-dollar summer house in this part of the world, our newest building adventure. Drop in when you're near by for, as Uncle Sizemore used to say, "We have food, feathers, and likker for our friends."



Drawings by the author

By "boiling down" our ideas of what we wanted in our future home, cutting out some fancy bits, some pipe-dream notions, we arrived at our second choice house. Really tailored to our measure, we think it proves that second thoughts are best

Second Choice House

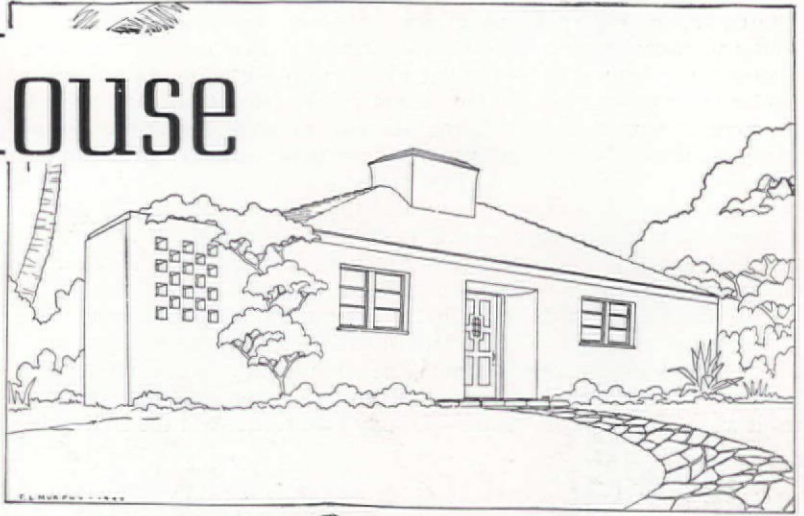
—or "how to get enough house for less than enough money"

THIS little house, which we hope to build before long in Coconut Grove, Florida, is not our ideal of what a house should be. That Perfect House, with everything we want and need, has more rooms and bigger ones; three bedrooms and two baths, a dining room and numerous other items indicated by the present and future of our family and the way we like to live. It's a dream of a house. And likely to remain one. For it is most improbable that we will ever be able to afford it. This, then, is our second-choice house . . . neither the fanciest house we would like to build nor the absolute minimum house in which we could exist, but a compromise between the two. But if we build our second choice house and move into it, it will be quite without regrets. For practical purposes our second choice is first choice, and we like it.

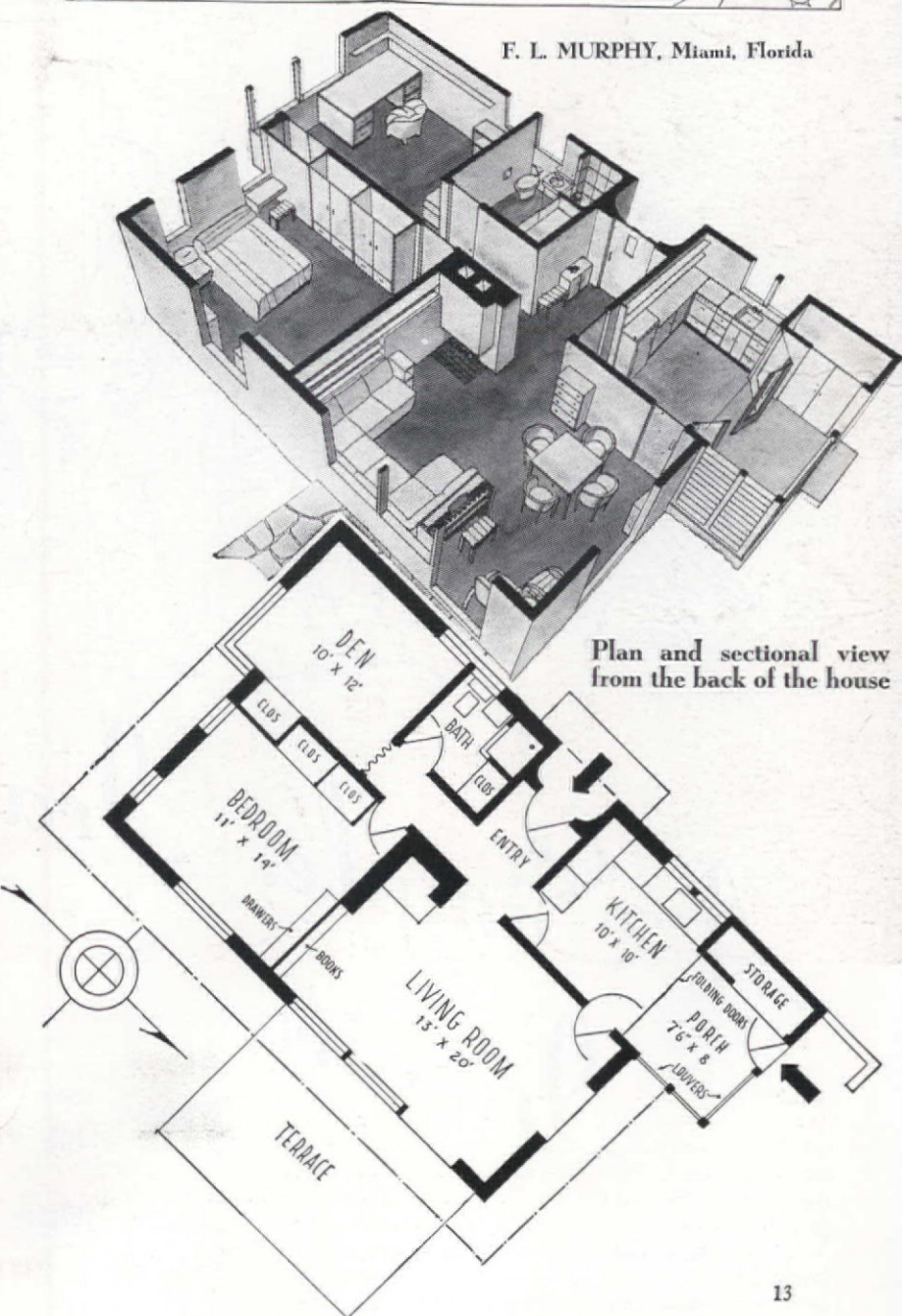
Our requirements were average and simple enough. Family: Papa, Mama, Little Freddie, who is just on the upper side of eighteen months, and Mary, who comes by day to cook, housekeep and spoil the baby as only a very good colored mammy can. Entertaining: Not much in view and that informal Occasional house guests and no desire to impress anyone. Special Requests: an out-of-traffic corner or den with space for a man-sized desk and files; place for a small piano; plenty of book shelves; a living room with plenty of windows and doors so it can literally become a porch, too, because in Miami indoor living is deserted in favor of the porch during most of the year. In fact, windows and doors throughout the house are intended to transform most of it into a sort of roofed-over outdoors in good weather, yet be snug and tight when there's need for a cheerful open fire indoors. To take advantage of the prevailing easterly breeze and to give privacy from the street, the house faces the garden. We don't seem to take to the prevailing goldfish bowl school of home building which prescribes a large picture window facing the street—revealing the intimate details of life in the living room or at the dining table.

The climate of Southeastern Florida was the controlling factor in arrangement and location of rooms. Eaves are broad all around the house so that windows and doors can remain open for ventilation when it rains and also give shade from the midday sun. Since an essential requirement for our rooms was an effect of spaciousness, we didn't pinch on cubic footage anywhere in the house—and we didn't squander it meaninglessly either. The living room is neither too large nor too small; in the course of planning the room the fireplace wandered around from the southeast corner to the east wall, finally getting located in a corner where it will do an efficient job of house heating as well as allow more flexibility in our arrangement of furniture. Rooms should certainly be planned around the furniture to go in them, but it's depressing to be committed irrevocably to only one possible arrangement. It's refreshing to rearrange things now and then, we think. Our ceilings will be nine feet high and brightly painted while walls and woodwork will be white, a notion borrowed from new Florida homes. We've provided a generous entrance hall which cuts down traffic from kitchen through living room to front door and bedrooms but we omitted the customary hall closet because we're not habitual hat and overcoat wearers in Florida and we've provided storage space elsewhere for the raft of things usually jammed in the hall closet.

Our dining space is part of the living room, but we dislike dining arrangements which have to be hauled out for every meal. Since we don't like a conventional dining table in the living room, either, we have a simple



F. L. MURPHY, Miami, Florida



Plan and sectional view from the back of the house

square table which can be extended to dine more than four on occasion. We think our kitchen scheme of a combination kitchen and porch is pretty smart, since we live in more or less perpetual summer. By means of folding glass doors the regular 10'-0" x 10'-0" kitchen can be almost doubled in size, adding the louvered porch whose shutters give privacy without cutting down on light and air. This kitchen-porch arrangement not only meets all regular kitchen needs splendidly but it can be used as a handy eating spot, it provides Mary with a day-time living room, and will become the baby's playroom later. The baby is still small enough to be tucked away in his own corner of our bedroom, with a special place for his bed, and shelves and cabinets built under the living-room book shelves for his belongings. Eventually the den will be his and until then it will double as Papa's corner and guest room; a built-in desk with $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood top and steel filing cabinet drawers is Papa's personal indulgence. Our design for the exterior follows no regular architectural style but has some of the spirit of houses in Bermuda and the Bahama Islands. We vetoed a flat roof, preferring a sloping roof of white flat tile, or shingles, believing it performs the best job of keeping out the elements. With provision for ventilating the space under the peak of the roof through a dummy flue in the chimney, the house should be cool and we could put in an attic fan to insure comfort. For construction we want to try poured concrete walls and a concrete mat floor which we believe will also help to give us a cool house in summer, a warm one on chilly days, a house dry and insect-proof at all times. Over the floor we'll use battleship gray linoleum, which will be laid directly on the concrete with waterproof cement.

Our climate makes the question of later additions quite simple; after due consideration of the possibilities available, we made no compromise in our plans for the sake of adding some addition at a later time. When we need and can afford more space we will probably construct a garage apartment at the north of the house—possibly connected with the living room

by an open porch. The climate controls a great many of our building decisions here and puts the accent on easy relationship with outdoors most of the year. It isn't the climate of the deep tropics nor the deep South but of the Gulf stream and the trade winds. Except during cold snaps in winter when a chill wind blows northwest, there is an almost constant daytime breeze from eastward. In summer—and we prefer Florida's balmy summers to its winters—temperature is rarely high but the humidity is, so ventilation and outdoor living are the secret of comfort. But to tell the whole story, in winter it's often cold enough to require regular heating equipment and in the rainy months rain will come up suddenly and come down quite thoroughly. There may be a change from fine sunny weather to a torrential downpour and back to sunny weather again quick as a wink.

We have no intention of squeezing our house onto a fifty-foot lot, having decided long ago that 100 feet by 150 feet is the minimum amount of elbow room that will satisfy our taste for space and privacy. The upkeep of such a piece of ground is an item, but worth it, and our planting will be of the impromptu, informal kind within the scope and capabilities of a once-a-week yard man. Most of the planting is in the borders, making for large unbroken areas of lawn and easy tending. We want to include a number of palms in our landscaping plan as well as three large and handsome royal poincianas—the flamboyant of the Caribbean. In the northeast corner are two mango trees, with a one-row citrus grove that will keep us supplied with grapefruit and oranges, we hope.

So there you have our second choice house, minus such changes and refinements as the architect may make when we turn him loose on our uninhibited plans. We think it will be a pleasant home in which to live. It seems to be the answer for us to a question that must be bothering many a family from our own corner of Florida to the Pacific Northwest—how to get enough house for less than enough money. The careful planning we've had to do will, we feel, seem well worth while when building time comes.



Sketches by Dorothy Burton Porter

A Simple, Irate Inquiry



H. WORTHINGTON, Stockton, Calif.

WHY should Joe Doakes have to trek through room after room of his home, depositing mud indiscriminately on the carpets and linoleum, as he makes his evening pilgrimage from potato patch to bath and bedroom? Why should his wife be forced to shuttle back and forth all day from the front of the house to the back, upstairs and down? And why should the Doakes kids have to park their twenty-five-buck jalopies out in front, giving strangers the impression that the place is a junk yard?

Sounds like more than one question, I know, but it all boils down to this: Why can't the floor plan of a house be determined simply and entirely for the convenience of the family which is to occupy it, without sacrifice either of economy or of style? It isn't as if the Doakeses were unique.

They're just average folks, living an average kind of life in an average house, and, like a lot of the rest of us, accepting its inconveniences as inevitable. But, as far as I'm concerned, there's no reason why they should be inevitable. There ought to be a law, or something. . . .

The Doakes family, let us say, is composed of Joe and his wife, who have become the parents of four young Doakeses, two girls and two boys. In the morning the family awakens, and I'm sure that the two boys should wake up in a room of their own, the two girls in their room, and the mother and father in a third. Thus their house must have three bedrooms.

Now, out of consideration for the economy mentioned in my question, there of course can't be any Hollywood-like number of bathrooms, though two of same would certainly come in handy. But let's say they have one bathroom. It should be so placed as to be readily accessible from all three bedrooms and it shouldn't be necessary for anyone to go through other rooms to reach it. This may not do away entirely with early-morning congestion, but at least it can eliminate the line in the hall if it's handy and each person can wait his turn in his own room.

LOST:
 in a hot kitchen...happy
 summer hours that
 should belong to you!

FOUND! A delicious lunch—
 a carefree afternoon!

- Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- Bacon and Tomato Sandwiches
- Cantaloupe
- Iced Tea

An out-of-the-ordinary soup—and a nourishing one! It's made of young, hothouse mushrooms and fresh, extra-thick cream, and delicately seasoned. Plenty of mushroom slices, too. A delightful start for a quick summer meal!

Campbell's CREAM of MUSHROOM

FOUND! A cool, nourishing supper—
 an evening ride in the country!

- Campbell's Celery Soup
- Jellied Tomato Ring filled with Tuna Fish Salad
- Iced Coffee

The soup is a smooth purée of crisp, white celery, carefully seasoned and enriched with table butter. There are delicious pieces of celery all through. It makes a fine cream of celery, too, when you add milk instead of water.

Campbell's CELERY SOUP

FOUND! A meal the family go for—
 a half-day for yourself!

- (MENU ILLUSTRATED)
- Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
 - Fruit Salad (Oranges, Apples, Cherries and Walnuts)
 - Cinnamon Toast
 - Iced Tea

Here's a hearty soup!—Egg noodles and tender pieces of chicken in rich, glistening chicken broth. It's nourishing and substantial—and ideal as the one-hot-dish of a cool summer meal. Keep a few cans handy!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



I've plenty of time
 For flowers and sun,
 For Campbell's have made
 My meal planning fun!

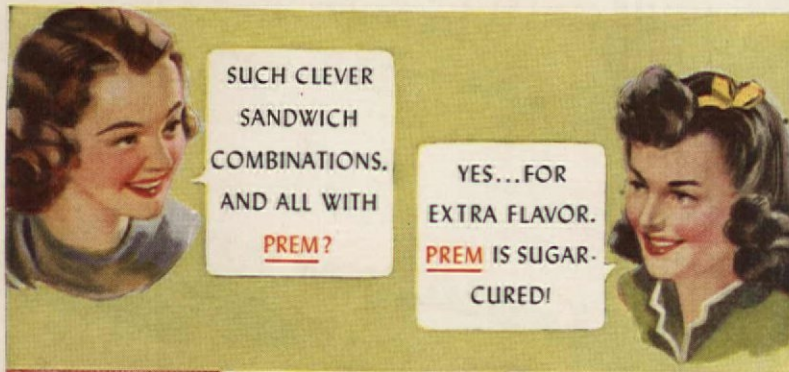
"ONE HOT DISH—and no hot kitchen!"
 That's the mealtime rule of smart women this summer! They've found their families prefer cool, simple meals in warm weather—meals that take them but a few minutes to fix. For the one hot dish that dietitians

insist is necessary, they serve appetizing, sure-to-be-welcome plates of Campbell's Soup. Result? Cool kitchens, happy, well-nourished families, and many extra hours of leisure! Let Campbell's Soups simplify your summer cooking. Keep them handy!



Sugar-cured

by the makers of
Swift's Premium Ham!



SUCH CLEVER
SANDWICH
COMBINATIONS,
AND ALL WITH
PREM?

YES...FOR
EXTRA FLAVOR.
**PREM IS SUGAR-
CURED!**



Why Prem is extra good!

Take only tender, juicy cuts of fresh lean pork... trim them carefully to remove all gristle... sugar-cure the Swift's Premium way... and that's Prem! No spices or heavy seasoning of any kind... just the natural, extra-good flavor of meat selected and prepared with extra care. You'll like Prem! You'll use it dozens of ways!



SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS

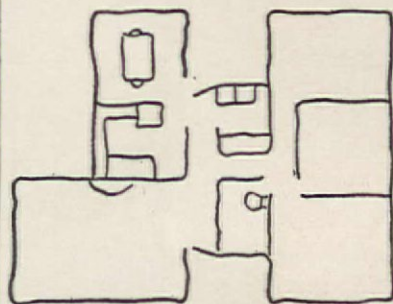
After dressing, Mrs. Doakes heads for the kitchen and, though she isn't a lazy woman and would cheerfully pass through two or three other rooms to get to it, yet, if the house were efficiently designed, the kitchen should practically jump up and hit her as she leaves her bedroom.

As the various members of the family appear for breakfast, where do they go? To a breakfast nook, preferably. But economy steps in again to keep us from duplicating rooms, so they should enter a room adjoining the kitchen, in which there is a long table and a lot of light to aid and abet the waking-up process. A view of shrubs and flowers would be just that much velvet.

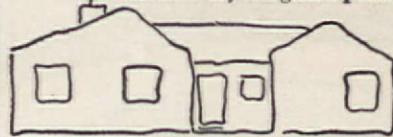
Joe would like the house for work, bringing up the garage and drive problem. The Doakes boys both have jalopies and, though the kids are inordinately proud of them, they are definitely un-decorative and provision should be made for

to build a two-story house than to have all the rooms on one floor, so who cares if Mrs. Doakes gets housemaid's knee, or even a fractured hip, trudging up and down stairs? Well, Mrs. Doakes does, for one. So let's put all six rooms on one floor, if we can squeeze them and the garage and everything else we'd like to have onto one lot.

The oldest daughter has been out the night before, so she doesn't get up for breakfast, but puts in an appearance later, when the younger Doakes gal is talking to some friends in the living room. Big Sister should certainly, then, be able to sneak into the kitchen in her housecoat without modeling it for the younger fry.

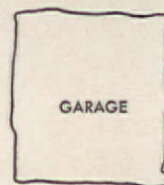


Here's my original plan



for a house designed for living

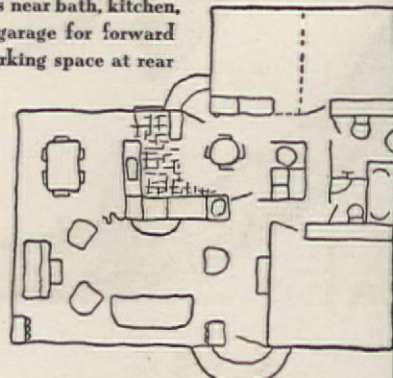
parking them at the back. Joe doesn't own a corner lot or two lots with room for an encircling driveway, but he hates like sin that backing out business every morning. Once he ran over a neighbor's Pekinese, as a result of which relations



Requirements: six rooms (5 bedrooms) on one floor; front hall near bedrooms and living room; living room with garden view, next to kitchen and using same chimney, not far from rear entrance; dining room privacy; kitchen on garden, near front door, living and dining rooms; passage into garden; bedrooms near bath, kitchen, dining room; bath near back door; garage for forward driving to and from street; ample parking space at rear

between the two families have been strained ever since, and, although he stops and looks both ways when he gets to the sidewalk, he lives in constant dread of backing right over some old lady trying vainly to hobble out of his way. So, even though his lot is only fifty or sixty feet wide and his six-room house takes up a good deal of it, Joe should have some provision made whereby he can drive forward both in and out of his driveway.

With breakfast over, Mrs. Doakes proceeds to strip the beds and marches downstairs, armed with mountainous bundles of soiled linen and clothing, or that's what she'd do in the average house. It's cheaper



the kitchen near the front door and with the living room at the back. Come afternoon, and Mrs. Doakes has a caller, or a club meeting, or whatnot. If tea is served, the shorter the march from kitchen to living room, the better. And since there are lots of occasions when refresh-

ments are served in the living room, why not have the kitchen adjoining? That would solve another problem, for fireplace and kitchen stove could utilize the same chimney.

The visitor, whom Joe never did like, is still in the living room when he gets home from work. If he'd known she was there, he'd have sneaked into the house from the rear, but, since he didn't, he boldly enters the front door and finds her parked in his favorite chair, staring at him. Even a welcome guest wouldn't please him at the moment, for he wants to clean up before he sees anyone, but his house has betrayed him. He entered it for protection and was exposed.

When he finally is able to retreat, he works in his garden for an hour before dinner and, when he comes back in, leaves a trail of dirt from his shoes (and an annoyed wife) behind him. Why couldn't he have encountered the bath-

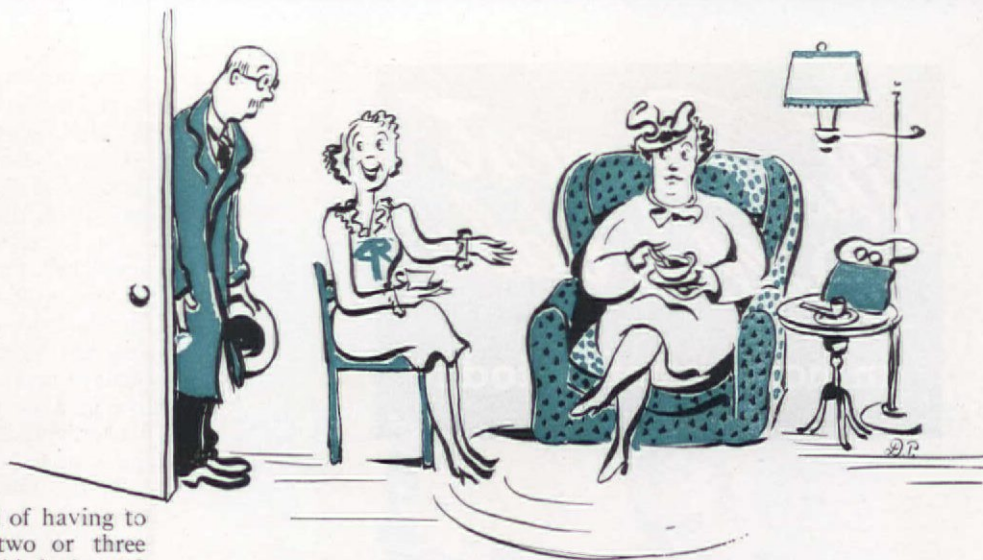
room at once, instead of having to track mud through two or three rooms to reach it and his bedroom?

Meanwhile Mrs. Doakes has gone to the kitchen to get dinner, and, since both the Doakes daughters are masters of the art of disappearing just before mealtime, she has to make a goodly number of trips from the kitchen to the dining room to get things on the table. Of course, if the dining room is at the other end of the



house, Mrs. Doakes will be able to get plenty of exercise and keep her weight down to a fashionable level, but there's always the chance that Mrs. Doakes is already too thin, or that she prefers taking her exercise outdoors, where she can see something besides that stain on the wallpaper, or that she may be in a hurry. So why not have the dining room and kitchen close to each other and let Mrs. Doakes do her hiking elsewhere—or even get fat if she wants to?

After dinner a group of friends come in for the evening, and the bedrooms should be so arranged that the guests can park their hats and coats in them without more tramping through assorted rooms where they have no business. After assembling in the living room, they proceed to the garden, where tables have been arranged for games. Chances are they have to tour the kitchen and cross the back porch to get there, and if they don't trip over a mop or hang themselves on the clothesline, it's just a miracle. Why can't the living room open onto the side and back garden; then the guests could just step out onto the lawn without endangering their lives. When the time for refreshments is at hand, it should be possible to carry



them from the kitchen to the garden without that same dangerous trip, and with as few steps as possible. It's bad enough to have a guest fall down the back porch steps, but when the hostess, armed with cups of coffee, or plates of ice cream, meets with an accident, it's nothing short of disastrous. Even if she navigates the trip safely, well—some people may like good luke-warm coffee, and good luke-warm ice cream, but for some reason they're never the ones whom the Doakes invite to their parties. I'm not asking for an electric range and a refrigerator in the garden, or a telephone in every tree stump, but I think it's only reasonable that a house with a garden should open its services as readily to the garden as to its rooms. The enjoyment should be facilitated, not hindered by difficult back stairs, an unsightly porch, or necessity for going through a maze of dead rooms in order to reach it.



Throughout the house which, in our survey of a day in the life of a typical American family, we feel would serve them effectively, use, the determining factor, has pointed toward style and economy. The answer, then, to my question would be a floor plan which would embody the points brought out above. It would seem, at first, that only an elaborate plan involving costly wings would take care of every function mentioned, so, for the sake of economy, I

have buried these principles at the heart of a house plan (see page 16) and allowed them to expand to the simplest limits of use and style.

This plan is only a suggestion. Fortunately, architects are now striving for new arrangements, to suit the tastes of their clients as well as to exemplify present tendencies, and in time there may grow out of this experimentation a type of house which, by the frequency of its construction and its functional rightness, will establish itself as the new American home.

The House that Loan Built

Why must our American building program countenance hidden expenses to remain in the dark? Certainly, the money lenders will tell you—but only if you ask. And if you have never built a house before, you won't know enough to ask. Take for instance Jack Jones . . .

VICTOR H. LANNING, Madison, Wisconsin

JACK is an intelligent American, has steady employment with a moderate income, is honest, and above all likes to avoid trouble. He trusts his fellow men. Now Jack wanted to build a house for which he allowed \$8,000 maximum. It was the highest economic ratio he could afford for housing, even over a long period of time. He made known his wants to a local banker, found an attractive lot in a good neighborhood, paid for it, and was ready to discuss the loan for the house. For convenience of even figures this amount was \$7,000. Let us follow him through his weary way to become a home owner—or rather, a home occupant.

His final bill should have looked like this:

| | | |
|-------------|---------|------------|
| Lot | \$1,000 | |
| House | 7,000 | (Complete) |
| Total | \$8,000 | |

Jack strongly and repeatedly made known his wish to have *everything* paid up and that the sum expended must not *exceed this amount*. All benevolently understood and promised to abide by these requirements.

Here is what happened:

| | |
|--|---------|
| Lot Payment | \$1,000 |
| Assessment on the lot for sewer, water, etc. (Real estate company did not tell him.) | 165 |
| The bank demanded examination of the mortgage with proper affidavits | 25 |

After the work had progressed for a month or so and things were taking on the rough shape of a house, Jack received a little personal note from the bank that they had levied a fee of \$155.92 and that he could pay directly or they would "drag" that amount on the loan. Jack was puzzled but assumed the sum should be taken from the loan. One day he happened in the bank and was told that this amount was outside of the loan, as a fee for their services. The services were then itemized thus:

| | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| Record mortgage | \$ 2.50 |
| Lot survey | 5.00 |
| Postage | .42 |
| Title policy | 43.00 |
| 1% commission | 70.00 |
| ½% Int. Ins. Guar. | 35.00 |

Total

Jack smiled wanly but paid it, as he figured they could get along without some of the new pieces of furniture they'd planned on, for a while at least.

The Biggest Dollar Value

in home comfort today



IS

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You can have the even, healthful, low-cost heating provided by oil if you select a good oil burner now—completely automatic heat that requires no basement drudgery.

Oil heat is so inexpensive you will not hesitate to use it on chilly days of early spring and fall when only a half-hour of heating is all you need to keep your home comfortable—those in-between-season days when slow burning fuels are apt to over-heat your home.

Choose a Good Oil Burner

The one sure way to secure this satisfactory type of automatic heat is to choose an oil burner equipped with a Webster Electric Fuel Unit and a Webster Electric Ignition Transformer. The Fuel Unit corresponds to the carburetor on your car. It cleans and assures a constant supply of oil to the burner. The Ignition Transformer is like the

ignition system on your automobile. It assures prompt ignition of the oil. These two parts are vital to the efficient performance of any burner. Most good burners are so equipped.

This Free Booklet Tells You How to Choose a Good Oil Burner

To help you choose a good oil burner, this booklet has been made available to you so that you may have complete information.

When you go to your dealer, ask him, "Is this burner equipped with either a Webster Electric Fuel Unit or Ignition Transformer, or both?" If he says, "Yes," you can buy it in full confidence.

While the Webster Electric Company does not actually make an oil burner, it has furnished over 350,000 Fuel Units and over 500,000 Ignition Transformers to oil burner manufacturers.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

The building progressed to the point where the bank had to protect everything with insurance. This amount progressed upward to the sum of \$61, which did not attach itself to the loan, so Jack "shelled out."

Of course, a few changes outside the exact terms of the contract made Jack the recipient of a contractor's bill for \$127.50—plenty, but a legitimate debt, thought Jack, and didn't hesitate to pay it.

The house was at last finished but the grading, and the lawn remained untouched. One day Jack asked about it. The contractor informed him that fine grading and lawn were not in the terms of the contract and therefore Jack would have to do that himself. True, the lawn and fine grade were not mentioned, even though "complete in all details and ready to occupy" appeared in the contract. Apparently the trade thinks one should live in a beautiful new home surrounded by mounds of dirt, cement, plaster, and debris. Jack consequently called all the landscape men in town and settled for a sodding job at 2½¢ per square foot, a total of \$165.

By this time Jack's reserve cash was pretty badly disseminated and so was Jack. However, all were well pleased with the excellent workmanship evinced by the contractor and wounds began to heal.

Jack was in my office the other day and felt all "blued" up again. It seemed that the city had not forgotten him either, for the sewer and water could be attached to the tax bill with no formality. The city had not even informed him of the levy when it was made. They explained that they always waited and "just put it on the tax bill"! Since all the house bills were paid, it only remained for Jack to pay quick-like and try to collect from the contractor in turn—which meant trouble. It seems that around these parts custom has strength and is recognized as law, and the custom in effect was that the contractor did not pay for the water and sewer connections except on the inside of the house, which comes under the plumbing contract. This job cost Jack a mere \$70 extra. To this outside piping job the gas attachment had to be added, to the tune of \$32.

Another job which must be done eventually was the landscaping and the estimate on that was \$100 for the present. Oh yes, before we get down to itemized figures—Jack was "hooked" for downspout stones and to his surprise he received a bill of \$3 for six of them. Then came the straw that should have "broke the camel's back"—a bill for \$6.97 reading "Insurance Adjustment." The house is completed but the \$8,000 total has changed:

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------|----------------------------|------------|
| Lot | \$1,000.00 | ½% Int. Ins. Guar..... | \$ 35.00 |
| Assessments | 165.00 | Insurance | 61.00 |
| Examine mortgage | 25.00 | Extras | 127.50 |
| House contract | 7,000.00 | Yard | 165.00 |
| Record mortgage | 2.50 | Water and sewer | 70.00 |
| Lot survey | 5.00 | Gas line | 32.00 |
| Postage | .42 | Planting | 100.00 |
| Title policy | 43.00 | Downspout stones | 3.00 |
| 1% commission | 70.00 | Insurance adjustment | 6.97 |
| Total | | | \$8,911.39 |

So you see the hidden tax that comes out on the debit side of the ledger makes better than a 10% drag on the desired amount that Jack wanted to pay. Even as we total it we are surprised to see how much it really amounts to. "One should expect to pay extra" seems to be an old adage. Why? How long do you think a bank could exist on such buckshot financing if it could come no closer even with the best experienced in the field to advise it? No, that isn't the answer. Bankers and builders are alike in that they do take advantage of an individual's inexperience and laxity. Unquestionably, before you have finished building and established yourself in your new home the bankers and builders will take up all the slack that you have.

CALIFORNIA MAN INVENTS:



IDEA!

SAWDUST ACCUMULATOR: To rid cellar floor and air of sawdust and chips from home wood-working machine, Mr. D. L. Reynolds, Hillsborough, Calif., uses galvanized-iron garbage can and vacuum cleaner. A connection leads from the saw to the top of the can, into which the cleaner attachment is fitted. Sawdust is sucked into the can and air leaving can is filtered through a cloth filter. When can is full the top, with cleaner and filter, may be removed.—M. A. WILLSON, Berkeley, Calif.



Paul Olsen

In New York and Chicago

Men keep cool!



and vines on the fence partly conceal a large and far from esthetic laundry rack across the alley, which also sends occasional showers of soot that effectively ruined all our former attempts at kitchen gardening. However, the barbecue goes full blast during spring, summer, and fall evenings and, considering the negligible cost, everybody is happy about the whole thing, thanks to THE AMERICAN HOME, which gave us the inspiration in the first place and the help needed to make an idea a reality.

The "living-room" half of the patio is divided from the "dining-room" portion by a trellised garage walk and entrance. The garage itself doubles when called upon as bar, pantry, fuel storage space, and a place to finish consuming barbecued ribs in the event of sudden showers. More discarded W. P. A. brick was used as paving here, and the round table beneath the umbrella seen in the smaller picture was made of half of an old street-car cable reel mounted on 4 by 4's and covered with linoleum. It's not so glamorous around the edges, perhaps, but it's certainly colorful and permanent.

I don't know but that about sums up the whole back-yard project—though perhaps I should mention the fact that the patio won a first prize of twenty-five dollars in the rear-yard division of the annual garden contest of the Southtown Planning Association. How's that for adding income to improvement, not to mention an increased enjoyment of one's property?



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Do you want to win the "battle of the home" — to make the American home the safest place on earth instead of the most dangerous? Then start right now to stop the preventable accidents, fires and burglaries that take more lives and cause more loss, suffering, injury and damage than any other war to date.



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HE SAID, WHEN I PULLED A PACKET OF **KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES** FROM MY PURSE! THEY'RE AS EASY AND CONVENIENT TO CARRY AS A BOOK OF MATCHES., AT THAT!

(from a letter by M. L., Northbrook, Ill.)



Ants in My Plants!

KEEPING HOUSE PLANTS FREE OF BUGS WAS QUITE A CHORE UNTIL I FOUND WHAT SWELL CLEANERS GOOD OLD DISPOSABLE **KLEENEX** MAKES.

(from a letter by S. B., Queens Village, N. Y.)



Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar-

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY... BUT THANKS TO **KLEENEX**, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)



Out of the Red!

SOFT, GENTLE **KLEENEX** IS ALL PROFIT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED ... NO MORE SORE RED NOSES DURING SUMMER COLDS.

(from a letter by M. W., Vail, Iowa)

ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!
KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

**I know—
Delsey is soft like Kleenex!**



DELSEY* TOILET PAPER
soft like Kleenex Tissues
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3 ROLLS FOR 25¢ - 12 ROLLS FOR 97¢

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Here is Solution No. 2 for the keeping-cool-in-the-city problem, as demonstrated by Ralph and Dorothea Fuller—and their baby, Cameron

G. B. LONG
New York City

BRINGING

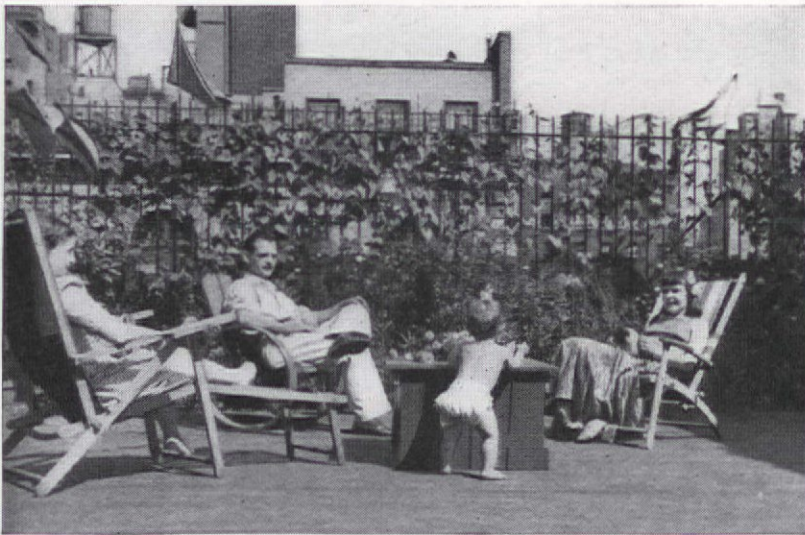
NEW YORK is like an Arab city in this: One never knows what is going on behind the house fronts. Who would imagine, for instance, that on East Fifty-ninth Street, a region of second-hand book shops, bars, sidewalk flower vendors, pitch men, and other such enterprises, there is a roof-top garden, made at practically no expense, that blooms from May to September and later? Here Ralph, Dorothea, and Baby Cameron Fuller, with three Siamese cats, spend full six months of the year in bucolic simplicity and seclusion, after hibernating in their apartment below and living the sort of life more often thought of as typical of New York City for the rest of the time. Ignoring the street noises, dirt and confusion far below, this little family



revels in sunlight and fresh air and definitely proves that if you cannot live in the country, you can, if you know how, bring at least some of the country in to live with you, no matter what your lot may be.

Ralph, who has roamed through distant romantic parts of the world, occupies himself painting portraits of prominent people, while Dorothea plants and tends their garden spot. A true daughter of a botanist father, she developed one spring an uncontrollable nostalgia for the North Carolina garden of her girlhood and grew tired of raising herbs on a fire escape. So she started looking and found, in an old brown-stone front, a top floor apartment plus the use of a 25 by 80 foot roof. Now, early spring finds Ralph relegated to a corner of the studio while flats of germinating seeds occupy the rest of the room. Later they are taken to the roof and the seedlings are transferred to their permanent homes in pots, tubs and boxes. From then on, Dorothea experiences all the problems, thrills, and struggles of the gardener anywhere, finding it necessary to weed, water, spray, and feed with care and promptness. Twice starlings, which nest in a building across the street, stripped the garden of all its foliage until she devised ingenious string traps. One unhappy day a swarm of bees swept down from no one knows where and left some stinging reminders of its visit. But such things are just part of summer life in a garden. Most of the plant containers are ten inches high or less, and none of them is more than twelve inches, so watering becomes an essential chore and is done with a hose attached to the kitchen faucet on the floor below. Frequent feeding with packaged plant food keeps the soil fertile.

The planting is practically continuous around the entire roof; in addition, vines drape iron rods that extend across it, one of which supports the baby's swing. Yet twenty dollars would probably cover the entire cost, partly because Dorothea uses old butter tubs, tin cans, and boxes she makes out of stray boards and paints to match the bright, inviting terrace



the COUNTRY to TOWN



furniture. Much of the soil was brought from the country by her brother; her mother sent some of the plants from North Carolina, but most of the material is raised from seed. Among the plants grown are moon-vine, startling in its nocturnal whiteness; evening primroses; castor beans; many annuals; begonias; kochia with foliage that turns from bright green to flaming red; geraniums; bachelor buttons, and, for late effects, hardy chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies. From the Carolina hills are interesting pitcher-plants, Venus fly-traps and trilliums, and in a little herb garden are the familiar fragrant subjects useful both outdoors and inside. There are trees, too: an ailanthus, a young maple and a lemon that is taken into the apartment over winter. Some of the vines reach the top of the house next door.

Here Dorothea and Ralph go through the summer in the most informal and comfortable of costumes—principally shorts and sandals—while the baby luxuriates in even less. As a result, fall finds them all full of sunshine and health and as able to cope with the rigors of winter as if they had spent the whole vacation period in the mountains or at some seashore resort.



Photographs by the author

Serene and secluded within walls of green and riotous color, these city folk live an outdoor life so casual and free that they don't even have to long for the country



Answer to a maiden's prayer
for her skin
in summer



YOU know from experience that you can't be *too* carefree about your skin in summer. You can't mercilessly expose it to sun, wind and weather without protective care, and hope to escape such logical results as leather-dry, rough skin, oily shine, blackheads, or enlarged pore openings.

A happy answer to this problem of summer care has been found by thousands of outdoor girls and women. In two unique creams which contain the famous Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM. Here's a cream you'll really enjoy using as a night cream. It's dainty and pleasant because greaseless! It

softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings of your skin. In addition it contains cholesterol which retains moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it softer, more pliant, and to relieve excess dryness.

An ideal foundation cream. You'll love the smooth, even way powder and rouge go on over Phillips' Texture Cream. It prepares the skin for make-up by removing excess oiliness and softening roughness and dryness. It also acts as a helpful protection against sunburn and windburn.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. The way this cream cleanses tells you it's different! In addition to loosening and absorbing the surface dirt and make-up, it penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which daily lodge there. It leaves your skin looking and feeling fresh and satisfyingly clean!

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Milk of Magnesia
CREAMS

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How to raise A PARENT!



R. H. Ross

JOCELYN is nearly five and, as far as health is concerned, could pass an army physical exam with flying colors, but by nature she's the last word in rugged individualism. Except when it happened to suit her—which was practically never—she refused to pick up her toys, to hang up her clothes on the hooks provided for them, to dress or undress herself, to help put on or take off her wraps. In short, she just flatly refused to co-operate with her elders in any way at all.

As a result of the daily and nightly struggles we were forced to go through to get our young lady to do anything, my wife and I were slowly losing our poise and good humor and, personally, I was getting desperate. Because I was away most of the day and still wanted to have a part in Jocelyn's life, I had taken over the task of putting her to bed each night—a privilege that, after a few all-too-hectic evenings, I would have given up gladly at the drop of a hat. Our daughter seemed to delight in being a tease. She would run from one room to another, slamming doors in my face; she would throw things about with abandon, and, when it came to taking off her clothes, would adopt all the characteristics of a dyed-in-the-wool Missouri mule. I had tried a few good sound smacks where they would do the most good, but that always depressed me. To have to resort to physical punishment, I felt, was an admission of weakness. (Not to mention the fact that it did no permanent good.) What to do?



Paul Frame, Jr.

Near-zero weather means nothing to our heroine as she joyously licks her first reward (vanilla)

One evening as I sat down, after a particularly nerve-wracking session, to look over some notes I had taken at a teachers' convention a year before, I happened on some remarks made by a psychologist on seven ways of handling a child. He had mentioned: 1. Reward. 2. Punishment. 3. Appeal to conscience. 4. Reason. 5. Appeal to ego ideal. 6. Use of personal relationship to parent. 7. Withdrawal of parent from the child situation. The lecturer had been speaking, of course, of grade and high school children, but as I considered the seven points it occurred to me that perhaps I could use some of them to good advantage with our little minx, Jocelyn.

Punishment we had tried, all sorts of punishment, and its effects faded to last. Numbers 3, 4, 5, and 6 were hardly suitable to so young a child as ours. That left reward, and withdrawal of parent from child situation. These methods, of course, I had heard of many times before, but it takes a lot of hammering to teach us adults anything. As a parent I am coming increasingly to believe that it is we, rather than the children, who are most in need of the training.

First we decided to try the reward method for a while, not a hit-or-miss giving of rewards, but a system, something that would continue for a time until certain habits were ingrained. After some discussion of what we could use as a reward, we came to the conclusion that we should hold out as a prize something that the child liked very much. In our case that happens to be ice cream. For Jocelyn ice cream is a little bit of heaven on earth, and thinking of heaven brought us to stars, I suppose. One Saturday afternoon we explained to our daughter that she would receive a little gold star, which she could paste on the edge of the mirror in her room, for every day that she had been good, and when she had ten stars she could have an ice-cream cone. She apparently thought well of the idea, and we went to the store that day and bought the stars. Not being able to find gold stars, we had to take red ones. That raised a problem, for in spite of long-winded explanations on our part, our daughter still speaks of her gold stars.

And how did this system work? The first ten days, beautifully. Dress in the morning, wash, go to bed quietly and as quickly as any child can, "Yes, Mother," "Okay, Daddy," climb up on the bureau the last thing at night and affix the star with much licking, learn to count, "How many more, Daddy?"

Miss Jocelyn Jenkins, going-on-five and a pushover for ice-cream cones, favors the "reward" method of discipline. So do her parents now, as her father tells you here

PHILIP R. JENKINS, Rochester, N. Y.

When the time came to buy the ice cream we encountered another problem, for the whole city was tied up by a snowstorm. We used point number four, reason, to get through the day, but on Wednesday we reached the ice-cream store, and Jocelyn marched out into near-zero weather placidly licking her reward. We were afraid that the second ten stars would not go so well, but after one day of rest she settled down to the routine. Meanwhile habits are being formed, and if the stars fail to hold her attention, there are other rewards we can figure out. The system, we think, is sound.

We have another problem in our home which is not so easy of solution because it concerns the adults. There are a grandmother, a mother, and a father, each of whom feels wiser than the child and therefore qualified to give instruction. Here's a sample: Mother is lying on the davenport resting, and daughter starts to tease by climbing over her. "Go over there and play with your blocks, darling," says Mother. Grandmother, seeing the situation, tries to help. "Yes, Jocelyn, play with your blocks and leave your mother alone." And father, not to be outdone, adds his bit, "Jocelyn, did you hear what your mother said?"

When I saw that "withdrawal of the parent from child situation," I began to wonder about such scenes, trying to put myself into the place of the child. Extend the scene to all day and increase the number of words—what reaction could a child have to that continuous babble from three mouths every time she moves? The average adult, no doubt, would become hysterical after a few days of it; a child's escape seems to be to close her

ears. Certainly so continuous a stream ceases to have any meaning.

I discussed the situation with Jocelyn's mother and grandmother, and we are now trying to remedy it by means of point number seven. We are trying to keep our directions to Jocelyn down to a minimum and, when one of us tells her to do—or not to do—something, the others do their best to maintain silence, and not cause possible confusion in her young mind by putting in their two cents' worth. I might as well admit, however, that this is tougher than the reward plan, for adults are difficult to train, we speak easily and, often, before we think, particularly to a child. There are times, of course, when a child has to be spoken to, but let us have only one adult at a time doing the talking. And if we think first and talk afterwards, we



“—the traits of a Missouri mule”

find that numberless times a simple withdrawal of ourselves from the child's world will accomplish far more than words.

Students of the mind, such as Fritz Kunkel and Karl A. Menninger, for example, are now insisting that we should try to think less about ourselves, and more about the other person. That, of course, is love, and most of us have always known that love is what keeps the world sweet—not sentimental love for children, which makes us adults picture ourselves as doting, adoring parents being nice to our offspring (that's a form of self-love), but intelligent love, which lets us forget ourselves and see the child's point of view.

Anyone who knows anything at all about children knows that what works with one child may be a failure with another, and these two methods are not in their details a panacea, but the general principles seem to be sound. At any rate, they work for us. Jocelyn likes 'em, too!

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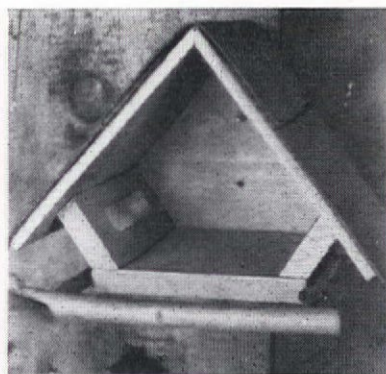
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Wren

BIRDS are my Hobby!

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Bluebird

AND I believe I get more enjoyment from making friends with them than I could from any other activity calling for the same amount of time and energy. A small stream runs through a sizable clump of trees on our place, providing excellent natural shelter. I have added many suitable houses and feeding stations and whereas there was not a single wren here when we came, now we have regular swarms of them that actually come to me with their troubles, often following me about, scolding and apparently trying to tell me something. Investigating, I usually find a cat or a dog prowling about. It is a simple matter to attract birds and win their

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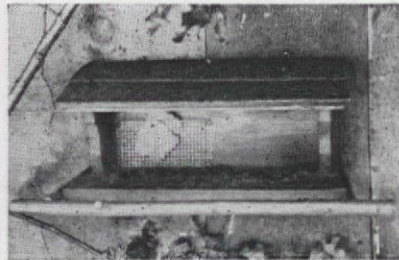
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TREE TANGLEFOOT
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friendship. Set up good houses in sheltered places and feeding shelters well supplied with suet and grit, especially when the ground is frozen. Unless there is a natural supply, provide water at all times.

The robin, first to appear in the spring, immediately starts looking for a good place to nest. A simple shelf with a roof over it is all that is actually needed, but to keep out wind and rain it is well to enclose the back and two sides or else place the shelter against a building away from prevailing winds and storms and 6 to 10 feet above the ground. The wren, one of the smallest of our feathered friends, is as spunky as he is cheerful. Color attracts him more than one might imagine, and he will fight against heavy odds to protect his home. Wrens rear two families each season but will not use the same house twice in succession. Last year I put out several new houses including one for bluebirds, cream-colored with a Chinese red roof.



Feeding shelter

Within an hour a pair of wrens were building in it. But when the nest was finished, they plugged the entrance with twigs and, as we watched them, went back to another house where they were already rearing a family. When they had turned it loose on the world, they returned to the bluebird house, made a little tunnel through the twigs and started raising another family. Obviously they had decided to take an option on it before some other bird tried to! A wren house should have a nesting space not less than 4 inches in diameter and the entrance should not exceed $\frac{7}{8}$ inch or larger birds will invade it.

Bluebirds, also partial to brightly colored houses, need 5 inches of nesting space at least 6 inches below a 1½ inch opening; a shelf or porch in front is better than a dowel perch. Set the house on a post at least 8 feet high in the shelter of trees or shrubbery rather than hang it from a tree, and don't omit a cone-shaped cat guard or 18-inch strip of metal nailed around the post. For both bluebirds and wrens fasten the floor with screws so it can be removed and the house cleaned.

A feeding shelter in a protected place near a window permits you to watch the birds without disturbing them. Fix a wire basket on the back wall to hold suet and keep plenty of sand or fine gravel on the floor. Provide a few holes for easy drainage of rain water and a perch about 3 inches in front of the shelf.



PAUL S. LEEPER, of Denison, Texas, refutes some fallacious theories about building sites in his below-street-level home place

Texas Man LIKES

THE AMERICAN HOME, AUGUST, 1941



Jenkins Studio

“PEOPLE are building on funny lots these days,” said the gentleman seeking the floor-sanding job in the house I had built, thereby giving expression to a local tradition which looks askance at the sunken lot. I suppose the idea goes back to the days when “Injuns” made it expedient to have long open views. Also the notion persists that you must be high to catch the breeze, though actually a ravine usually has a “draw” or stream which helps cool the air. But our largest and best trees are often in the low spots and, while we love the Texas prairies and their cordial sunshine, we have in our blood the memory of green hills, valleys, the storied “cottage in the dell.” So with increasing enthusiasm we are building on—or in—what members of the building trades speak of as “holes.”

A year ago, going once too often to a beautifully wooded ravine, I was ambushed by a developer and sold 150 by nearly 300 feet of unimproved land in a new addition. Sloping from its eastern and western sides to a “dry brook,” it is, except at the rear, lower than the surrounding area. But I sensed that it would be cool in summer and that our notorious winter northers would skip over it. So it proved; and as the house eaves are on a level with the street in front, cars passing slowly at night seem like river boats above a levee. There were restrictions and the ravine practically bisected my land, so we had a choice of cutting down a splendid oak or building toward the center and losing any chance of later selling some building-site property. There was some debate—but I can proudly state that the oak still stands! And as no woodsman will attack the little grove on our western slope, we have on both sides—as do our neighbors—valuable insulating space. The house (a cottage) is architecturally unassuming, outwardly; but it has inward grace. My architect brother provided for a long row of large casement windows at the rear, high above the

ground, overlooking a golf green and the red cliffs.

As to how we used the natural conformations of the sunken lot, actually, we did only what was absolutely necessary. Playing landscape architect, I found that what I really wanted was to preserve the original character of the land; to keep Pan in my woods. Also to me the straight line is for railroad culverts and blitzkriegs; the curve is for the human spirit. (Assuming a quite fantastic dilemma, if I had to choose between Euclid and Louis XIV, I'd take Lillian Russell!) Anyway, the drainage being perfect, I ruled out plows and scrapers and merely ran a low rock wall along the meandering line of the little wet-weather brook. The wide front lawn has charming undulations under great trees, among which stepping stones wind to the street. The driveway, 12 feet wide, rock-walled and heavily gravelled, has the casual character of a country road leading into a meadow as it curves broadly to a lower level and enters the basement garage, thereby creating two oval, grassy terraces. My so-called landscaping is based upon generous pace. The back yard insisted upon becoming an artless little park, but, authors will tell you, some things will get out of hand. Planting is as yet very limited and will never be overweening. There are a rustic outdoor oven, a little rock bridge over the—ahem—brook, and some eating and seating facilities, the latter shameless in bright colors. The whole thing, folks tell me, is come upon with pleasant surprise. Comment has ranged from jocose suggestions about alpenstocks for getting to the street to praise of the “inviting appearance” of the place, which has been called “quaint” and even, alas, “cute.” But, like Ol' Bill of another catastrophic era, I have not seen a “better 'ole” anywhere. I think there is something about it. And I recall with a glowing satisfaction that two little boys—strangers to me and therefore possibly angels—turned confidently from the street one lavender twilight and came blithely down my long driveway. As a property owner, but with due humility, I asked where they were going. Unabashed and very sweetly, one of them pointed down into the glen and said, “We don't know—but it's pretty down there an' we just wanted to follow *this road*.” . . . Thanks, fellers, for those words!

His Sunken Lot!

THE AMERICAN HOME, AUGUST, 1941

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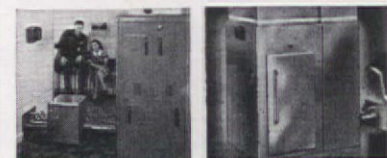
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Charles H.
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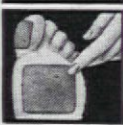
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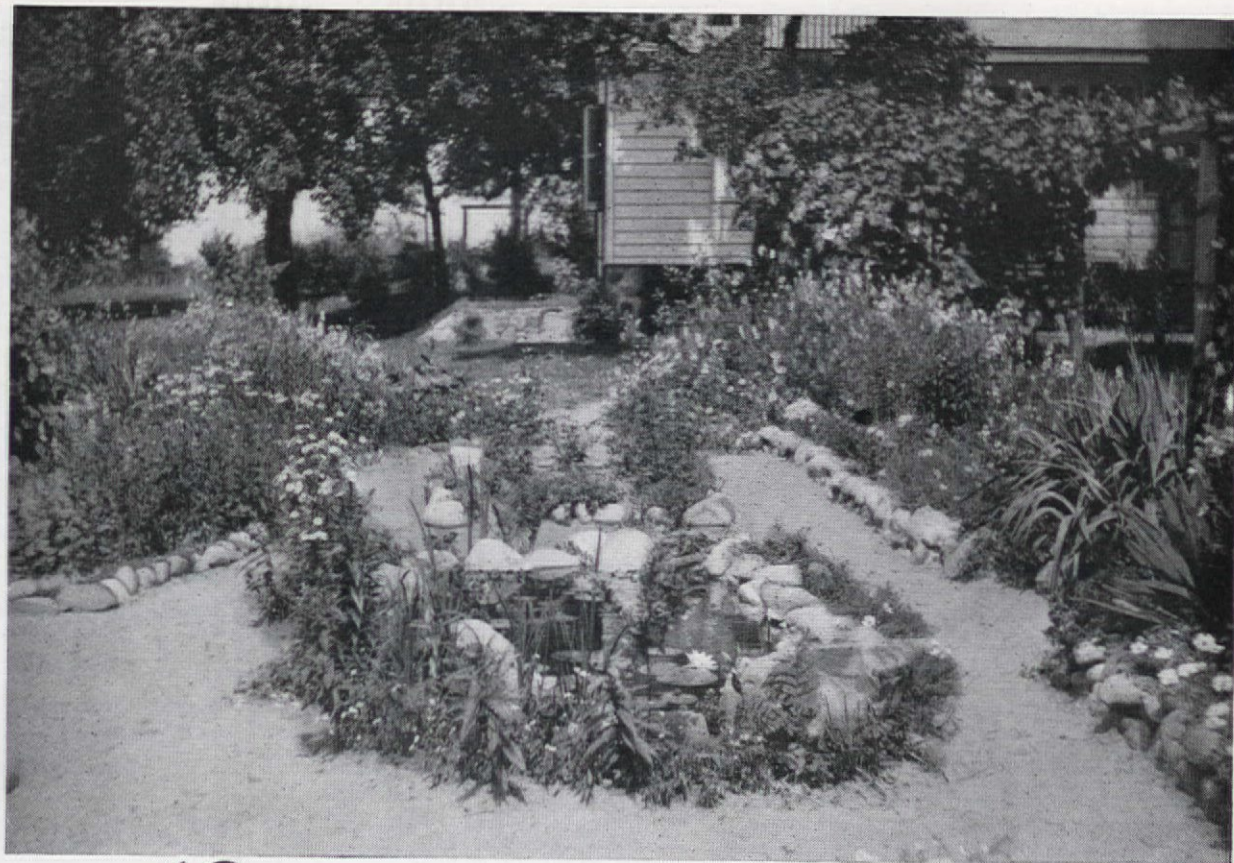


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Pearman spends vacation



American Legionnaire, erstwhile Olympic champion and real he-man, JOSEPH B. PEARMAN of Closter, New Jersey, is a home lover and handy man, too . . . and look at the fun he gets out of it!

WHERE fishes play is a good place to stay, say I, and it can be attractive, too. The first requisite is ample space in the garden for a gold-fish or lily pool. Then, after the fun of planning it and gathering the materials, comes the thrill of actually building it. A small rock-bound pool is really not hard to make, nor is its cost prohibitive. I made one during my vacation a few years ago that has been not only a joy to us, but also an inspiration to many friends. It measures about four feet by nine feet and is two feet deep, inside. I built it for about \$5 cash money (for seven sacks of cement). Gravel and stones came from a near-by hill and some old pipe from a thoughtful neighbor; and I happened to have a few days of spare time. I can say frankly that the resulting pool is one of my most prized possessions.

I began by digging a gaping hole in the middle of my flower garden. I covered the bottom with large stones and spread on and around them a generous layer of a cement-and-gravel mixture until the floor was between

six and eight inches thick. The next day I laid a rough wall with more stones and more of the mix so that it looked as shown in the picture below. The third day I gave the inside surface a generous coating of concrete, carefully pointing out between the stones around the top of the pool.

One precaution that the pool builder must observe to insure permanence and prevent cracking is to reinforce the walls with pieces of iron pipe, old cable, or heavy wire netting. I merely placed piping around the stones and in the mix during construction and my pool has held up with never a leak. To provide a natural appearance (as indicated in the other pictures), place

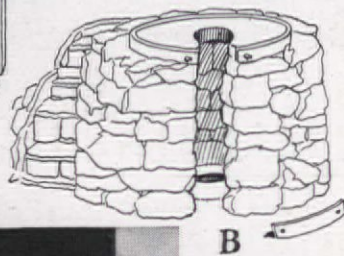


on fish pool!

stones unevenly along the upper edge, then find some ferns in a swamp or get some shrubs, iris, ground ivy that will dip its runners in the water, or sedums to soften the masonry line. To keep the pool "balanced," that is, to prevent its becoming stagnant and cloudy, put in some snails and a few water plants. It can be effectively filled with the garden hose, but if the builder possesses a spark of ingenuity he will run a half-inch iron pipe under ground as I did and then connect it with the water line in the cellar.



ROCK BASE for FLAG POLE



WE did want to display our colors from a 55 foot pine tree staff cut in a neighbor's wood-lot, but the site was solid rock. So we laid a

concrete base, centered a form (A) made of a nail keg, and around it piled big rocks to form a circular tower 5 feet high and 6 feet across. Laying on top a big wagon-wheel tire with a section cut out, we poured concrete between the rocks, making one solid mass even with the tire rim except for an opening at one side through which to slide the pole (B). Then we built steps at one side. Next we removed the center form and, using a 25-foot "scissors" and block and tackle, we hoisted, balanced, swung, and finally stood the

pole in position. (Of course it was well painted in advance, with the pulley, cord, and gold ball in place at the top.) Finally the opening in the side was filled with rocks and concrete, the section of tire was bolted in place, and the top concrete slab was completed and leveled off. The photographs show the result.—CHARLES DE LAND, Brimfield, Massachusetts

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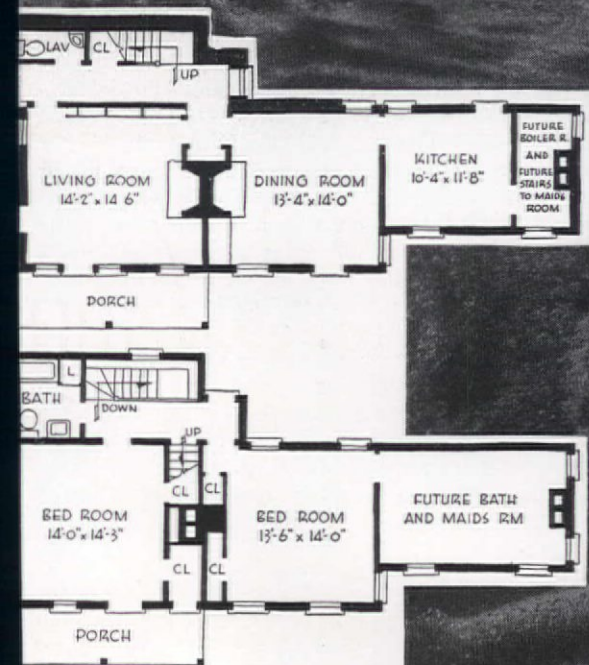
Bought for \$25 —remodeled under \$6,500

ONLY sheer strength of character was holding "Shelby" together when it was picked up for \$25. Located in the Hudson Highlands, the house was so truly tumble-down that its two-story porch side was collapsing and there was an enormous hole in the roof, right over a beam that pinned the middle of the house together. A resident of the neighborhood, Mr. Benjamin West Frazier, was responsible for rehabilitating the place; a dismal looking, box-like, two-story wing on the south side was demolished and a new wing was added which more than doubled the size of the whole house. The old part of the house was ripped apart and practically rebuilt, so that it now contains living room, hall and a newly located stairway, a bedroom and bath above stairs, and two bedrooms in the attic. The addition includes the dining room with a bedroom over it, the kitchen, and furnace room, and has provision for a maid's room and bath. A substantial part of the \$6,500 expenditure went into terraces, grading, landscaping, and construction of the front retaining walls, which were built from stones taken from the original enormous stone foundation of the house, which was dug away. Taking this stonework away made the house look as though it were propped up on stilts at first but grading



HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cortlandt Van Dyke Hubbard



and the effective use of stone-work soon brought it in happy relation with the attractive natural site and made possible the delightful garden. This transformation of an unregenerate wreck has fully justified all the effort involved in restoring an attractive and desirable dwelling.

Personal!

But this month it's for and by men, and no sissy stuff, either. (Though ladies will profit by reading this masculine advice!)



The man likes to do things in a hurry—all at once, if possible. He wants *big* towels and *big* bars of soap and a *neatly* arranged medicine cabinet. Give him an ash tray, too, and a clock so he'll be sure not to miss the 7:55!

Sketches by Burnah Barris

WE LIKE to look as handsome as possible within nature's bounds, dear ladies, *but* we do not like to spend much time at it. If you want to take an hour and six minutes to do up your faces and put on your hats, go ahead, as long as you don't keep us waiting—but we'll take our dressing rooms so thoroughly organized that the whole job can be done in about twenty minutes flat. And, thank you, we'll be glad to report our private opinions about how we think "personal" clothes and closets and toilet accessories and such should be organized. As simple as pigeonholes in a desk, once you get used to the idea, as we hope you will

First, give us a bathroom with a good shower, great big towels, great big bars of soap, and no one to knock on the door and interrupt a perfectly good schedule. (Even if you think the question important, it will keep for fifteen minutes.) And every man should have at least two shelves of his own in the medicine cabinet, so he can keep his shaving paraphernalia, etc., aloof from those beauty creams. Also, we like to buy our few necessities in large sizes, which you are to put in uniform, smaller-size jars and bottles, and stand in a neat row. To finish off the bathroom, add good hand and hair brushes, and a clock, and we'll consider it paradise.

As for drawers and closets, we would like them so well organized that we could dress and pack a bag with both eyes closed. (Yes, we know we

can't afford a valet, dear.) We would like (1) a built-in "closet" of drawers, one each for shirts, pajamas, etc., and, above this, shelves for such seldom-used items as the top hat, and (2) a clothes closet with a rod only about four feet from the floor. On this rod will hang suit coats, and on the inside of the door on a convenient little gadget the trousers, bottoms up; directly above the coat rod we want a shelf for shoes, and above this a shelf for luggage. *Nothing* on the floor and *everything* within easy reach instead of on a way-too-high shelf. That's a real closet for you.

Now, if we can extend our dream down into the recreation room, please give us a well-stocked closet of packaged foods, ready to be whipped up into a late snack for the boys who come home with us on the spur of the minute. This reserve should include lots of different kinds of soups, crackers, jams and jellies, tins of meat and fowl, maybe a box or two of that stuff that makes biscuits. We've cooked on camping trips, and know a few tricks, believe it or not.

Then, the outdoor man in us asks for a big closet in which to keep all fishing and shooting clothes, and the duffle bag, ready for a trip on ten minutes' notice. Fishing rods, by the way, need a high-ceilinged place so they can be hung on the wall, suspended by their tips—only sure way of keeping them straight. Also, we'd like a small garden and tool closet where we know we can always find the pruning shears or crowbar. And a bar of



A well-stocked closet of canned goods for "sudden" parties



Low hangers, shelves, arranged for quick packing



Garden tools all in one place—and a bar of soap, too



A drawer for shirts, pajamas, etc.—organized

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Keep your house hospital-clean.
Help prevent the spread of
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In this effort, home sanitation is important. And that's the job of the American housewife.

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The AMERICAN HOME

Book of

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soap there, to put under nails before digging in the garden, because then you can do a faster wash-up job afterwards.

Well, it sounds as though closets are all a man wants in life. Which, of course, is not exactly true. But we do say that well-organized, *private* closets do more to make life run smoothly than anything else we can think of offhand. If you have any questions we’ll be glad to answer pro or con “fan mail”—if you remember these things next time you’re out buying closet trimmings! After all, we don’t mind good colors and smart decorations, but first of all we want our own closets done according to our own ideas. You know what those are, having let us rave on for this number of words. Much organization; many drawers, each for a specific purpose; shelves at a respectable, reachable height—a place for everything and everything in its place, and all that sort of thing. And most of all, the point is that we love to be secure in the knowledge that our shelves, drawers, and hangers belong to us and nobody else. You and the children will have to look after yourselves, at least as far as the closet and drawer problem goes. We’ll keep on being good husbands, fathers, and providers, and love you forever if you pamper our “personal” tastes.

It began with



AN ORDINARY basement may not be a thing of beauty, but it surely can be a joy forever to a little boy who loves his workshop. Bill Cook’s enthusiasm for carpentry first appeared at the age of five, when he started his outdoor “Whooping-Cough Cabinet Shop.” Now, at twelve, he is making most of the furniture for the family summer cottage and doesn’t like to own up to having made such rudimentary stools between “whoops” as the one he is proudly displaying in the small snapshot on the opposite page.

The toy stove he is sanding in the larger picture was an “order” for a neighbor’s child. The lathe seen above was bought with his own “folding money” earned by executing family and friends’ projects and doing little neighborhood jobs—mending broken high chairs and smashed doll carriages, and all manner of odds and ends. (He is paid about one half the amount an adult would charge for only a slightly better piece of work—to prevent his acquiring any ideas of grandeur!)

He fixed up his own shop in an unused corner of the basement and there he makes burl-top coffee tables that would be a credit to anyone.

A cedar-burl camp table four feet in diameter with hand-adzed legs is his *pièce de résistance* to date. Next summer he is to be apprenticed to a local boat builder on Orcas Island, near his family's summer home, for two hours a day. The following season he plans to build his own sailboat. While his family is most agreeable about buying all materials he uses, it is very firm about forbidding power saws and potentially dangerous electrical equipment, explaining that Hepplewhite, Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale did all right without them—and so can he!



Whooping Cough!

Profit is distinctly secondary to the pleasure Bill receives from a hobby which may well prove a valuable stabilizer in the turbulent future we all face. Children might well be encouraged in handcraft, for any kind leads to resourcefulness. Troubles may come and go but the joy of creating something deepens throughout the years.—
B. COOK, Seattle, Wash.



Answers to the July Quiz

(Illustrated on page 8, July issue)

1. It is a more accepted form to write out the date and the hour. This could be put under Garden party, as *June twentieth at half after six*. R. S. V. P. should be in the bottom left-hand corner.

2. The pans touch each other, which they should never do in an oven because metal conducts heat faster than the surrounding air, and consequently cakes will burn in that spot. Keep air circulating around pans.

3. Flowered wallpaper, striped curtains, flowered upholstery on both chair and sofa—there could be no rest in such a room and the decorative effect is disastrous. Use prints sparingly and vary with solid colors.

4. Draperies should either be sill or floor length, never in between.

5. Complicated roofs with unnecessary little gables increase the cost of your roof excessively. In the chimney avoid "antique" effects—bricks cropping out through stucco. They look spotty.

6. Lamps are too small and low. The light would fall below the face and not, as it should from dressing-table lamps, full upon the face.

7. Snowdrop bulbs are planted, not in spring, but in the fall, and the flowers appear either late in the winter or very early in the spring season.

CORRECTION: In the ceramics article in our June issue the two bowls in the lower left-hand corner of page 62 were the work of Glen Lukens. On page 64, the figurine of the man on the donkey was the work of Marjorie H. Shattuck. We regret that these pieces were incorrectly credited.



Happy ending for your dining-room with the WESTERN PINES*

What more pleasant prospect could there be than this from your dining-table? . . . The end wall of the room worked entirely in Western Pines! Paneling, shelves, doorway, cabinets and valance all show the crisp surety of line and detail so easily achieved with these soft-textured, evenly grained woods; show the lasting and refreshing radiance that the most delicate tints can take when they are applied to the Western Pines!

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*According to a recent survey.

We tired of paying for an ADDRESS!

KENNETH F. DUNCAN
New York City



The front bedroom at present in blue and canary yellow. Three white walls, one blue. We cut off half a door and put in open shelves

THE late depression caught up with us living up to our last dime in a perfectly grand apartment on West Tenth Street just off Fifth Avenue. We loved the apartment and the neighborhood. We were completely spoiled, though it took us some time to recognize the fact.

The first of each month as we drew the rent check for such a disproportionate part of our diminishing income, our misgivings grew. Evenings spent in trying to balance the budget couldn't get around that leering item of rent. Finally we took an infinitely smaller apartment in the same building. The less said about that little cubbyhole the better! It wasn't long before we realized that all the charm and quiet of West Tenth Street could not compensate for the lack of space to breathe.

The fact that an interior decorator's drawing table takes up so much more room than a typewriter became a source of constant irritation to me, though apparently my riding boots and a fishing pole or two seemed, in my wife's eyes, more than to offset the drawing board. We realized all too soon that something must be done if the family were to remain on any kind of speaking terms at all.

As usual it was the feminine element that did something. One evening as we were trying to negotiate a lamb chop and a can of peas on a swaying bridge table my wife sprang her news: "Would you care to look at a place I saw today—eight rooms? And the loveliest roof where we could build a terrace. True, it isn't on Tenth Street, but it's only a bit away on Twentieth; and it isn't just off Fifth Avenue but it isn't far from Eighth Avenue and the new subway. The building hasn't an entrance hall like this one, big enough to park this whole darned apartment in; in fact it hasn't

any entrance hall at all, but it has a trucking company right under it. There's no steam heat but a whole room just for your typewriter and another just for my junk; and it's two whole floors that we could turn into a duplex by building some little stairs. And there's a living room almost as big as the one we used to have," (wistfully) "and a real kitchen, two, in fact, but we can take the stove and water heater out of one and turn it into—well—into something. And a dining room that will overlook the terrace. And then an extra room I can't think what to do with yet and, oh yes, five fireplaces and you can't imagine what lovely windows!"

Well, we signed a lease, with options for long renewals, for a quarter of the old rent we had paid. We took it "as is" and "as is" was something, let me tell you! The last tenant had used it for a rooming house. Need I say more? Why did we get on Twentieth Street for \$50 a month

more living space than could be had on Tenth Street for four times that much? The answer is that rents go up where there are more people who want to live in a town or city—or in a section of a city—than there are available places there for them. In every city there are sections that are considered not very desirable. In them living space may be rented at prices far below that for comparable space in a so-called desirable section. There may be nothing wrong with the neighborhood. It just isn't a "good address." West Twentieth Street happened to be one of those sections. Often the only sacrifice that need be made for halving the rent is the surrender of a "good address" and the pseudo-social prestige that goes with it.

It's all a question of relative values, of making up your mind what you'd rather buy if fate decrees you can't buy everything you want. Would you rather have the "right address" or that week-end shack in the country? Are a canopy and a liveried doorman more to be desired than a summer walking

trip through the lake country or motor jaunts to favorite picnic points?

We now have no doubts. The nocturnal misgivings of the early days soon evaporated as we began to get our roots down into our new environment. The college roommate of my wife who called on that unfortunate afternoon when a dead horse lay for several hours before our door—and who hasn't repeated her slumming—is one of the people we can live happily without. Our landlord has been co-operative. He has installed steam heat and patched, without quibble, the plaster that occasionally will fall in an old house. The trucking company below us has given way to a serious little theatre group. A house or two on the block has had its face lifted. We've redecorated once since we moved in. Our hope is that such progress won't go too far; for then the rents would go up and we would have to start out anew on our own individual slum-clearance project.



F. M. Demarest



The dining room as we first decorated it. We like the way we've changed it. We've taken away some things, added others. There's a step below one window to walk out onto the terrace of our dreams



The back of the living room and the dining room as it is now. Papered walls and draperies with sparkly Cellophane threads that glitter when the lights go on. We've added bookshelves for our beloved books



The back of the living room showing the tiny stairs which we built ourselves and use to reach the second-floor rooms, as in a real house



The stairs again, and a longer view of the dining room. The chest is a Fourteenth-Century Spanish piece, useful as well as ornamental



The living room as we did it the first time. However, we grew tired of the tied-back draperies, striped sofa, chair covers, old pictures



The living room after changing a few details. New chair covers, sofa done in solid brown, and some new pictures to give a different look



The back bedroom in its old dress. We didn't need this as a bedroom so we made it into a sitting room. This room, like all the others, has wide plank flooring, its own fireplace and a pair of splendid windows



This is how we changed the back bedroom into a sitting room. We've decorated it in husky browns and reds and used large chairs and a wide studio couch for our now always-welcome unexpected guest

Foursomes



William J. Jaeger

JUST as most men have their own ideas about the rules of the game, they also have their own ideas about the kind of chairs and tables they like for playing bridge. Wobbly card tables and spindly chairs are out! Here are four sturdy foursomes. The first is a dinette group finished in a buckskin and yellow and trimmed with wrought iron. The round extension table has a top and apron of light natural birch and chrome legs. Two extra leaves come with the table. The chairs have chrome frames and are upholstered in leather. The third set, which may be used for cards or other games, is made of stick reed. The comfortable chairs are form-fitting to the back and the finish is chalk white. The well-built round table is of knotty ponderosa pine and has room for stretched legs below, while the four chairs match in comfort and simplicity.

that appeal
to MEN



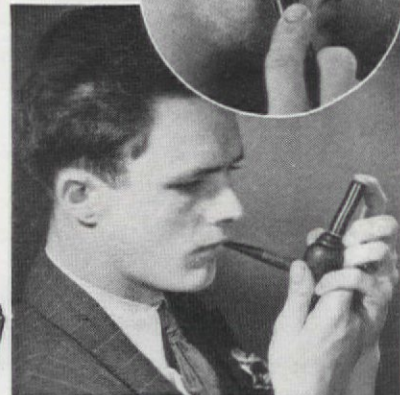
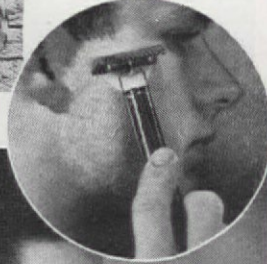
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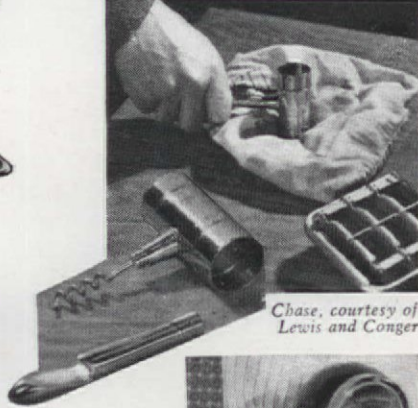
"Carving the Easy Way" by Lily Hazworth Wallace; Barrows Publishing Co. Lewis and Conger



Lewis P. Weil



Lewis and Conger



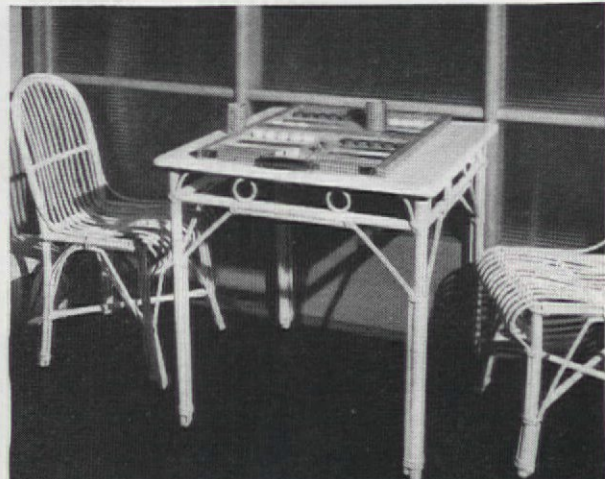
Chase, courtesy of Lewis and Conger



Lewis & Conger



Belcher



Photograph, George H. Davis Studio

Heywood-Wakefield

BRIDGE PRIZES:

Selected by L. T. BARTLETT
H. D. KENNEDY

FOR men who hack away at meat as if they were chopping wood, or even for those who are pretty good carvers, this illustrated book on carving is a natural, with its drawings of different cuts of meat and directions for wielding the knife on them, as well as on poultry and fish. The first shaving suggestion is a bottle of bay rum lotion in a woven straw case; the second, a razor-flashlight combination which lights up the skin just below the blade. A perfect camping trip accessory. For windy or rainy weather, the pipe lighter is a cinch . . . put the rubber suction cap on the bowl of your pipe, push a button at the end of the lighter, and draw. The gadget hammer produces a bottle opener, corkscrew, measuring cup, and ice crusher all in one and the swivel-head flashlight that can be fastened to the belt or hung up by a hook is a long-lasting prize.

No matter how elegant the prize, we know that most men prefer to play for a kitty, and some of them get pretty snooty at the mere mention of prizes. But we think, too, that right now, when there are so many and such worth-while causes in need of funds, even the most rambunctious of them might be willing—or even glad—to donate the contents of the kitty to a charity if the host kicked through with one of these gadgets.

til your way through Summer
 eeping crisp and cool —
 t a bowl of Krispies
 your daily rule.



Ahoy, CRISPNESS!

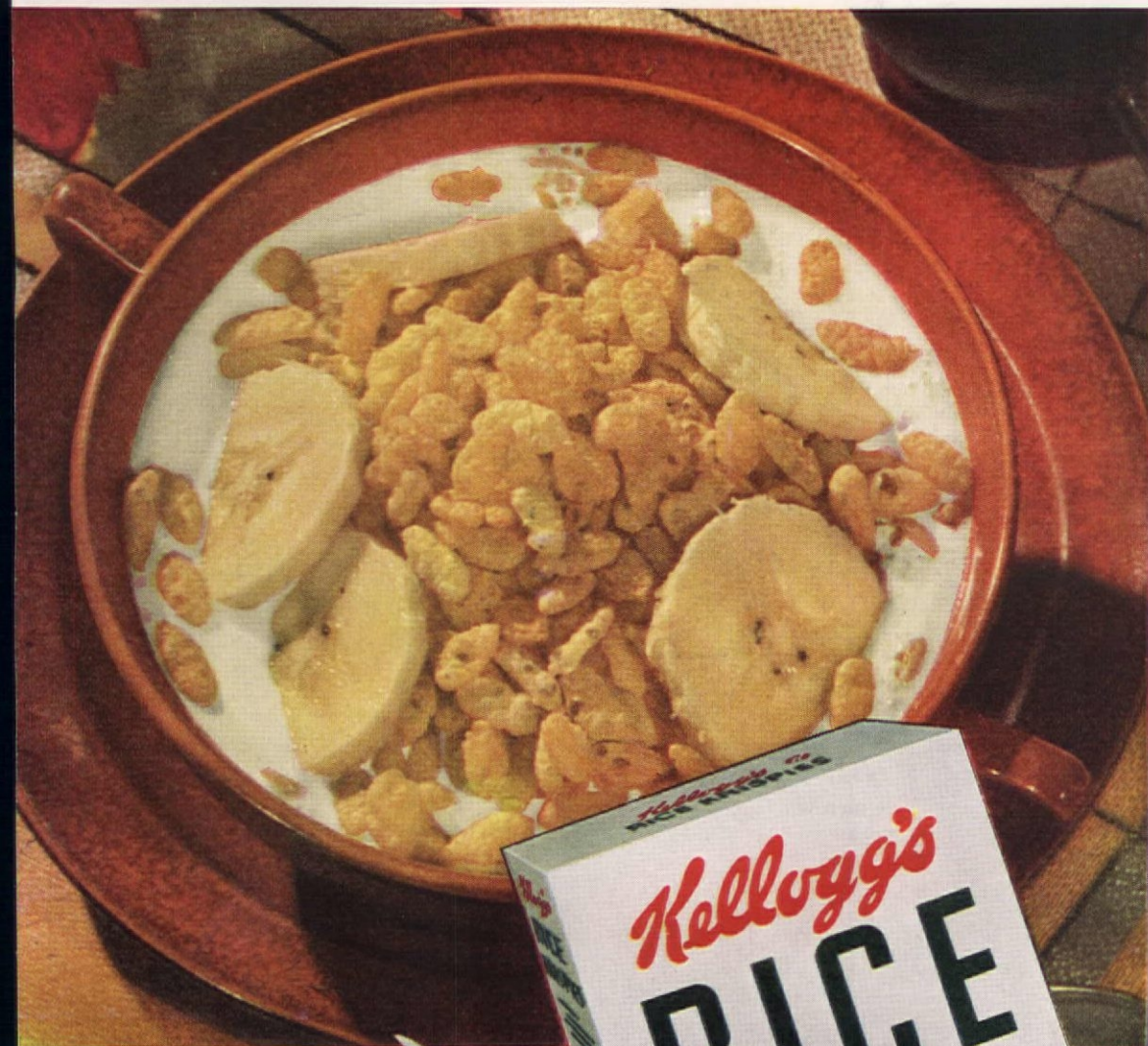
the lasting kind

"Get away from it all!" That's the ticket! And while you're at it, get away from those ho-hum, humdrum breakfasts. Delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies can give you real vacation-time zest *every* morning.

What a picture! Start with a generous heap of these mellow-flavored, golden bubbles. Highlight them with your favorite fruit. Splash in frosty milk or cream. Then listen as Rice Krispies proclaim their crispness—snap! crackle! pop! What's more, you'll find they *hold* that famous crispness to the final mouth-watering spoonful!

Yes, here is *extra* goodness! It's the result of a unique Kellogg flavor recipe, oven-popping, and gentle toasting. Get the Rice Krispies habit. Enjoy them often at home . . . traveling, too. Leading hotels, restaurants, camps and trains feature Kellogg's Rice Krispies in individual packages.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.



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 FROZEN, COOKED OR
 CANNED FRUITS



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 KELLOGG'S 40% BRAN FLAKES • KRUMBLER • KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT



1. "Three's a Crowd"—My painting portrays the action of a beast pursued by a savage in the jungle. You see the animal crouching behind a palm tree with the native in fast pursuit. Before doing this painting I visualized something, perhaps an animal or person, with some object chasing it. I did not know of any way of putting my thoughts on paper, but finally originated this picture. I think that it portrays my thoughts fairly well.

2. "Portrait of Father"—A Portrait of Father is an abstract painting depicting the different ways in which that much-loved character appears to his closest relations. To his wife he is an ordinary husband reading the paper. To his mother he is still a little boy with a love for parades. To his son he is a golden knight able to indulge in any combat. But after all of this, he is just another man to the public. I obtained the idea for this piece of work from an article on views of the ordinary man. In the painting there is a staff with flying colors, a flag, and a newspaper portraying the previously mentioned views of father!

3. "Grief"—My picture tells a very ridiculous story. In the upper right-hand corner is a small green-haired girl who is playing on the piano a song about her pet octopus. It seems the octopus was sick and no medicine in the world could save him so he died. You can see the tears flowing from the little girl onto his head. You see him in the lower left-hand corner holding a lily and with a very woebegone expression. Beside him in the opposite corner are the useless medicines.

All paintings on this page by
GLORIA KLEBER, 14 years, 7 months

1



A Wonderful



2

3

4. After reading of cotton picking in the South, I stood gazing out the window. Some of the clouds were in such formation as to remind you of a cotton pod. I suddenly got the idea which my drawing depicts. (The painting is not finished—the spots were done accidentally by another student.)—E. TOUHEY, 16 yr.

MANY parents look rather ironically and skeptically upon the scribbling and color plotting of their youngsters. Often, however, it also happens that the artistic work a little lad or a little girl brings from the kindergarten, or the first drawing lessons, become objects of excessive parental admiration, dictated by the wish to have a little genius as their offspring—perhaps a future Raphael or Michelangelo. Both viewpoints, that of the under- as well as that of any over-estimation of child art, are similarly wrong.

In the early period of his life, the child's endowment is expressed in his trend to play. The child has first to know the world about him and to form his elementary behavior in it. This is done by means of his play activity, his "play-strive," as educators like to say. But, if we study more closely this play activity, we learn that it is composed of the same attempts that we execute in a more ripened form in our arts. A child imitates. He feels proud only if he moves in rhythm and he prefers before all intellectual influence that of

5. The Greek statue "Galatea" was a very beautiful one which was designed by the famous Greek sculptor Pygmalion. This painting being a portrait of my mother I did not want to choose any old name. I chose one that was connected with beauty and loveliness as I did not want to offend her. The center piece represents gentleness which my mother appears to me. The outside lines are crossness which she sometimes has fits of. —MORTIMER WALZER, 14 years, 3 months

6. In the portrait of myself I have tried to bring out most of my good characters. But in doing this I have brought out my worst bad character, that is my temper. As you look at the picture the first thing that meets your eye are bright yellow floats. I call them floats because they just seem to be floating in the middle of everything. Everybody tells me I have a sunny disposition, therefore the yellow floats represent my sunny disposition, therefore the yellow floats represent my sunny disposition. The three peaks which adorn the top of the paper represent peaks of enjoyment and as you see I have had plenty of that. Just below the rim of each peak is a light, dull tan gray which represents sorrows, it is a thin line which shows my sorrows have been few but those I have had are great ones. I have a blue streak running through the picture and I hate to say I am a coward at times. I will never strike a person back, it may be that I haven't the strength or I am a coward. The rest of the little lines are how much of life I've gone through. —BERNICE LEFKOWITS, 13 yr., 7 mo.



7. A Japanese is hanging to a bar of gold while a cat on a ladder cuts him with a sword. Even the moon is horrified at the sight. The ladder stands up without any support and the cat is well balanced on the fifth rung. His red fingers grip the sword which is twice the size of the cat itself. The horrified moon, the bar of gold which floats through space, and dead Japanese are all a part of the scheme to make it an imaginative drawing. —HANAN GINZBURG, 14 years, 2 months

8. Being I wrote about this twice before, I am all out of words, because they all come to me the same way. I just look up, and it seems to come to me out of the clear sky. Then I put my drawing on paper. I named it Talborainee because for some reason or other it seems to fit the horse's wings. It may sound silly to some one else but to me it sounds good. That is all I can say. P. S.—It sounds like a pretty name, I think, if you pronounce it right. —ELAINE GOSTEL, 14 yr. 2½ mo.

9. This letter is a thanks for making me realize how much I really and truly love my father. The picture itself may not express it, to the outside world, but while I was painting it I got that certain feeling. I can't express it in words, but the circles of love I have for my father are hidden in this picture. —REBA HIRSH, 15 years

World as seen through the eyes of youth

artistic performances for which he has a natural understanding. If we compare the growth of a child's abilities from this angle, we learn that they ripen much earlier in all these artistic activities than in the scientific ones. A child feels that he learns more quickly about the shape, color, and forms of the things around him when he starts to draw or to make his curious color plottings. We do well for the child if we give him the freedom to act and express himself in this way.

The earliest understanding of, or interest in, drawing seldom manifests itself before the fifteenth or the eighteenth month of life and usually a child shows at this time only an interest in paper and pencil to scribble lines. At two, and even after three, a child becomes interested in different colors and later understands how to use them. We still don't understand how a baby reacts to color and what he really expresses while using different crayons. Up to the school age, children use their nearest human relations and animals for models. Impressive objects such as street cars, automobiles, flags, and soldiers also appear. It would be quite wrong for a parent to correct very ugly or curious interpretations; it is better to consider them as natural within the realm of the child's world. Usually, after the age of five a child begins to see the things that belong together and to reproduce them in a sense that conforms to the adult meaning of artistic expression.

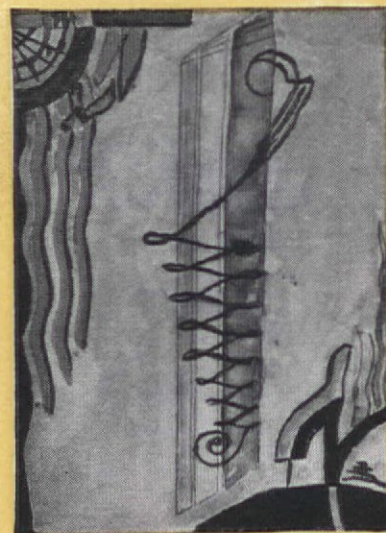
Child drawings help the little mind in the process of self-education and thus have an important task.

What, however, is the permanent value of child drawing and what shall we do to preserve it? What is most amazing about these infantile art products? In the earliest stages of 3 to 7 years, it is doubtless not their technical quality. This is something even the greatest artist has to acquire. But art is not only technical quality; there is the creative side. The finest

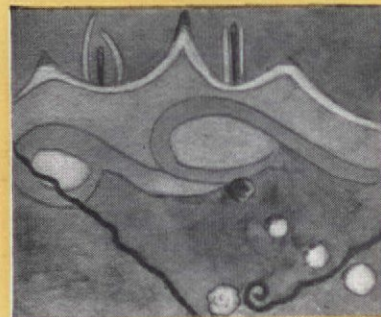
Child art is something quite different from adult art. Things are reproduced not as they are but as they appear to his little mind

DR. ERNST HARMS, Washington, D. C.

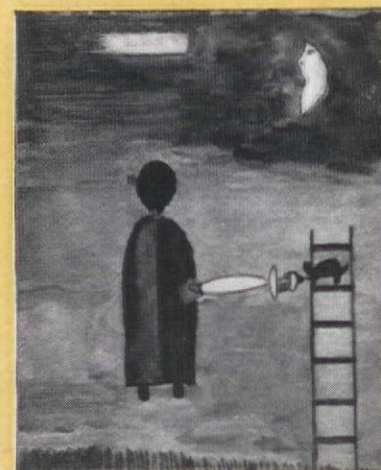
colors are only an abstraction of the infinity of the natural color world and the strongest forms likewise an abstraction of the richness of forms around us. The finest feelings and the highest characters represented by the most ingenious artist are only made from graphite or color. This expressive side of art is most difficult and practically the gift of genius, because it can be learned only to a very small extent. But even here, children amaze us. A three-year-old youngster takes a crayon and draws a circle and three dots, thereby creating a face which expresses joy or fear or something else in the definite will of this little being. Here nature reveals one of its greatest wonders by giving a growing soul the ability to express simply what it wants without any intensive teaching. This phase disappears most easily and earliest, and may be completely lost in the adolescent age. And here is where we can do a lot if we give some encouragement. If children learn to keep this ability, it remains preserved for later life. Here is the great mission of child art. Art is not only a form connected with paper and pencil but is an activity and ability of the human soul, and a trained soul has this ability of expression for other purposes also. We cannot overestimate this quality of esthetic training and we cannot do too much to let our children express themselves.



5



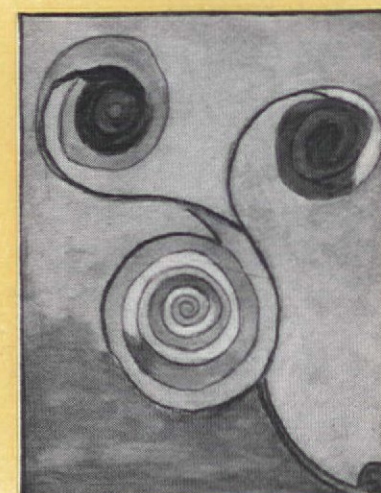
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plumbing, electric lights, and decorating, I managed to finish this shell of a house for under \$200 and, with a well which I dug myself (with a good strong helper to spell me at the sledge hammer), I was ready for my first winter.

Ceiling beams and upright studding in my one big downstairs room are uniform in color and the shiplap siding is covered with regular building paper, rosy tan in shade. The walls are hidden by bookshelves, placed all around the room between the uprights. (It's amazing how much cold books will keep out!) I wanted a bed that didn't look like one, so I used the ends of beams left from the rafters and doweled in side, head, and foot rails, with angle irons to hold box spring and mattress. Hangings (made by one of my friendly neighbors) are of mattress ticking in tan with a dark red stripe.

With my French Empire furniture, oil paintings, and some Early American cupboards, the place was beginning to look so elegant that I became dissatisfied with my unfinished wood-



Bachelor



Domicile

WHEN the doctor delivered his ultimatum, it sounded swell—only impossible. If I went to the country, it meant giving up my business, and I hadn't much money. I did have, however, a few acres of land, uncultivated for thirty years, and covered with young locust, brush, and dead chestnut trees. But these last were tall, straight, and still usable for lumber, the invitation direct to an axe. There was water on the place, a wide, slow-flowing brook with overhanging trees, and a view of rocky, rugged hills stretching out far in the distance.

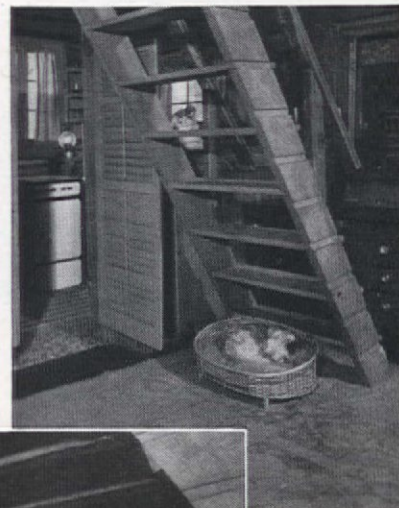
Since I couldn't afford to build a house in the regular way, I drew up plans for the kind I wanted—small, compact, and designed for easy bachelor living. Then I went to the wood lot and cut enough of the chestnuts for the frame. From native stone I laid a foundation and, with a man to help me for five days, I raised the framing. By foregoing plaster,





“Go to the country,
live in the open,’ the
doctor told me . . .”

work and floors, so I painted the former to match my building paper and gave the floor a coat of walnut stain and then oiled it. Two pairs of shutters from an old house solved my closet problem and the wash room and kitchen were given privacy by screens and cupboards. My friends advised against a fireplace, but I insisted and built one single-handed, with instructions furnished by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The chimney is 24 feet high, of common red brick, and the fireplace is lined with firebrick. Fireplace and chimney are supported by a foundation of cement and stone three feet deep and protruding two feet on all sides of the fireplace, to prevent settling. In keeping with the primitive feeling of the room, I did not build a mantel, but used a piece of hewn beam to match the others. Though it has kept me working overtime, I wouldn't do without it. Eventually electricity will be put in, and plumbing, and the house will be finished upstairs and down. Meanwhile, though I've worked hard, I've been having the time of my life!—J. AVENER, New York City



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CEDAR house



on a CEDAR hill!

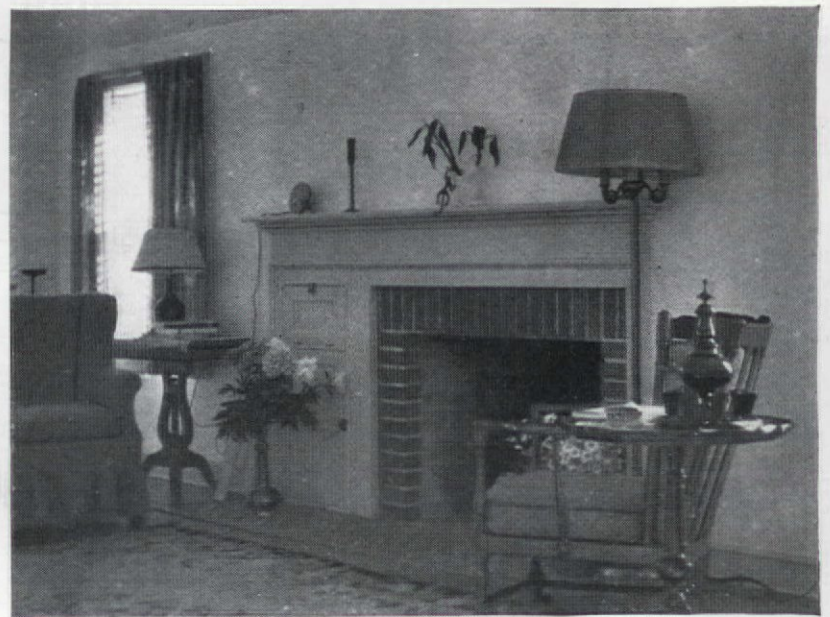


ARTHUR F. MURPHY
 New York City

THIS story of a landscape architect who found a natural home setting which, he felt, did not need landscaping, is offered as a guide for people who want to enjoy the country rather than struggle with the usual problems of suburban gardeners. As the experience is not finished, so far it is a tale without an end.

cotoneaster seedlings along the drive. The time that will not be required to care for the place will be free for hiking, swimming, or "just living."

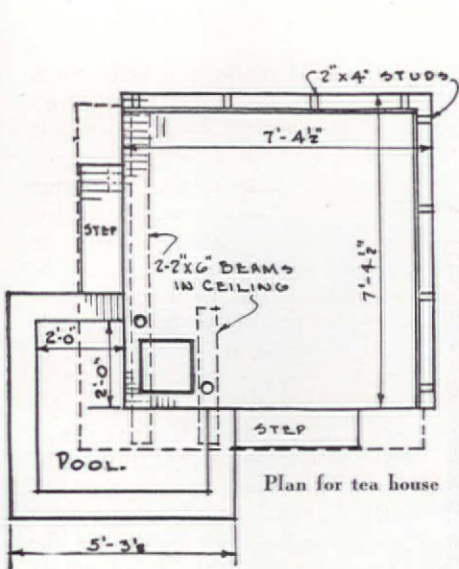
Week-end menus are planned in advance and supplies laid in. A simple first meal is followed by a substantial Saturday dinner of chops and hot vegetables. Sunday starts off about ten o'clock with waffles, bacon and eggs or French toast, fruit, and coffee. Serious cooking begins with the setting of the thermostat on the electric roaster on the back porch for a sunset dinner. Then everyone goes off in search of berries for dessert and, incidentally, a grand appetite. Guests are always encouraged to pick bouquets of wild flowers for their bedrooms and often make interesting plant "finds."



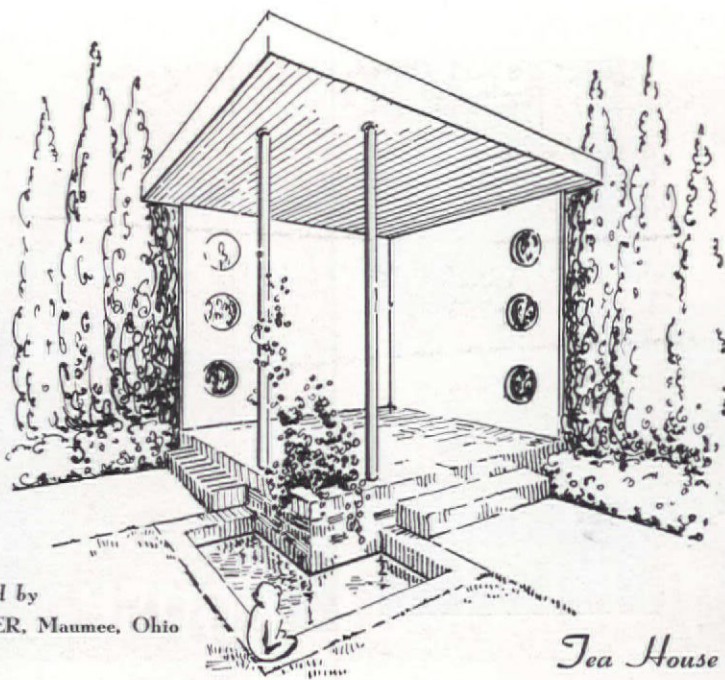
The final result of a long search for the familiar "old Colonial farmhouse in good repair, with a brook, apple trees, open meadow and a patch of woods, within commuting distance of New York and not too close to main highways," was the purchase of a few acres that met the specifications except as to house—there was none. This lack was remedied by building a small one of simple Colonial lines, using native stone and hand-split shingles and incorporating modern conveniences and a few other modifications. The squat "settled" appearance of early Colonial houses was secured by setting the house low on the front side and letting it jut out at the back where existing growth forms a valuable windbreak.

Inside are a large living room, light roomy kitchen, cosy dinette two bedrooms for the family, and six large closets. Tank gas for cooking and hot water; electricity for lighting, refrigeration and the water pump; and a hot-air furnace with automatic humidification for heating are supplemented by a hand pump for emergencies.

A stone terrace on the south side and an open porch for meals on the north make possible real outdoor living and are especially important because there are no mown-grass lawns. The hillside is covered with violets in spring, daisies and black-eyed susans in summer, and wild asters and goldenrod in fall, all of which, without weeding, feeding, or spraying, provide abundant flowers for the picking. The only things planted were a few pink dogwoods in front of the native cedars, a lilac by the kitchen, two wisterias to trail along the terrace and laurel and



Designed by
H. HERBERT HOVER, Maumee, Ohio



Tea House

2 little pools go MODERN

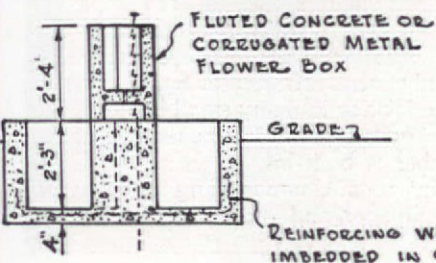
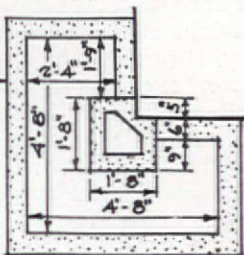
NO BACK-YARD living room, no matter how tiny, is complete without shrubs, trees, or a vine-covered wall for privacy, flowers for color and fragrance, and an ornament or two for interest. One of the most pleasing ornaments is a pool, for its mirror action tends to reflect and increase the brightness and beauty of the spot, and the effect of water is always delightful. Here are two ideas, with sketches and plans, for simple but effective pool designs suitable for small back-yard gardens. Concrete bases and foundations are used because concrete is the most appropriate and easily-used material. Any brick work included is used above the water line so the amateur builder need not worry about water-tight mortar joints or the effect of freezing and thawing.

The little tea house of modern type, with a pool in front, belongs in the farthest corner of a garden space that is really lived in. The shelter is of waterproof plywood on a good, solid, brick floor. The three round holes at each side add interest to an expanse of wall surface that might otherwise become monotonous. The flower bed, with a trailing plant or two to climb one of the supports and droop over the pool, breaks the harshness of the masonry corner that gives so much strength to the pool design, the opposite corner being softened by a small pottery or lead figure. The plan indicates plywood only on the inside of the structure and nothing on the outside of the studs, but if one desired to finish the back it also could be covered with plywood or common wood siding, or even with metal lath and stucco.

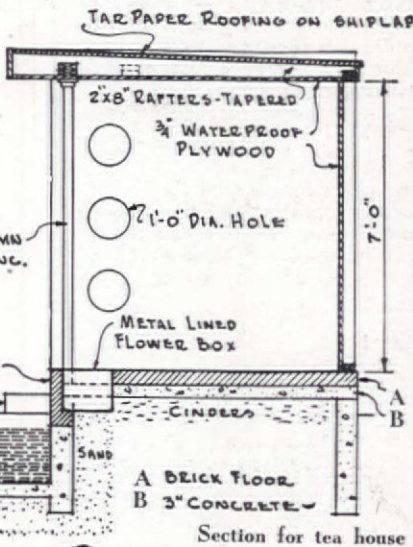
A projecting house corner is always awkward and the landscape architect usually tries to plant it out. The second of these sketches offers a plan for making such a corner a pleasing feature of a garden picture instead of an intrusion. A flower box built against it breaks the sharp vertical line, and the little L-shaped pool, flanked by simple planting, justifies the development and gives the whole detail considerable importance and added dignity.

The dimensions for these two features are intended merely to give the builder some idea of correct proportions. In all cases a pool foundation should extend below the frost line and the sides of the pool should be at least five inches thick and the bottom, four. Sides and bottom should be one solid unit, reinforced where they join with heavy, gal-

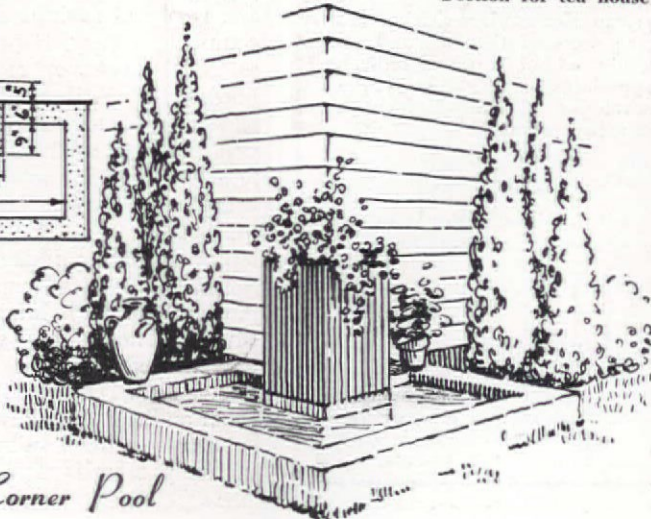
vanized chicken wire well imbedded in the concrete; or, better still, the reinforcement should extend throughout sides and bottom. For water-lilies, a pool should be at least two feet deep; otherwise, one foot is enough. The bottom should rest on well-tamped cinders or coarse sand. Water supply and drain pipes are not indicated because the small pool is often filled with a hose. However, a jet of water could be introduced.



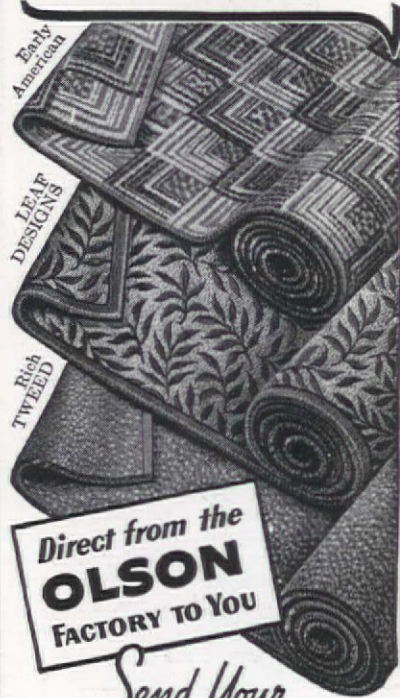
Corner Pool



Section for tea house



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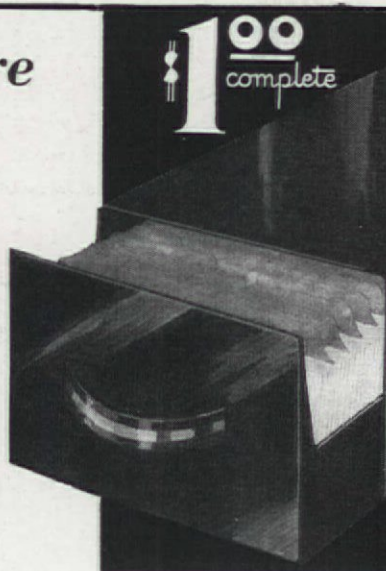
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California home of

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Friede

THIS is the house that six thousand dollars built, shown on the cover of this issue. It caters to no conventional design, but simply rambles about in a rugged-individualist manner to its own liking. Set in the heart of one of Hollywood's several canyons, it extends welcoming arms to anyone who approaches it. The white picket fence and window shutters insure a charming entrance, and the swimming pool and patio in the rear are perfect for California weather. The pool is 20' by 36' and is placed flush against a hill so high that the pool and patio enjoy complete privacy. It's one of those convenient new pools, as modern as tomorrow's newspaper; oval in shape, the bottom is dazzlingly white, and bordered by Arizona flagstone. The peaked-roof garage, with its trellis and small, pottery-shelf window opening onto the patio, behind the diving pool, has one of those overhead roll doors made of stained wood with brass handles. It's good looking as well as convenient.

Inside, the whole house is smoothly planned on one level. And the rooms don't fall over each other; when you're preparing dinner, you don't lap over into the dining room, and when you're eating, you're completely isolated from the living room. Each room is really self-sufficient. The modern kitchen is bright and cheerful with red and white dotted Swiss curtains. The gleaming white stove and electric refrigerator set off expertly the dark red of the tile. A convenience lacking in many small homes is the double sink. Dark red floor linoleum "pulls together" the ensemble of the room and there are a satisfying number of built-ins.

Double corner windows in the dining room command an excellent view of the pool and patio and both wallpaper and draperies have a pre-

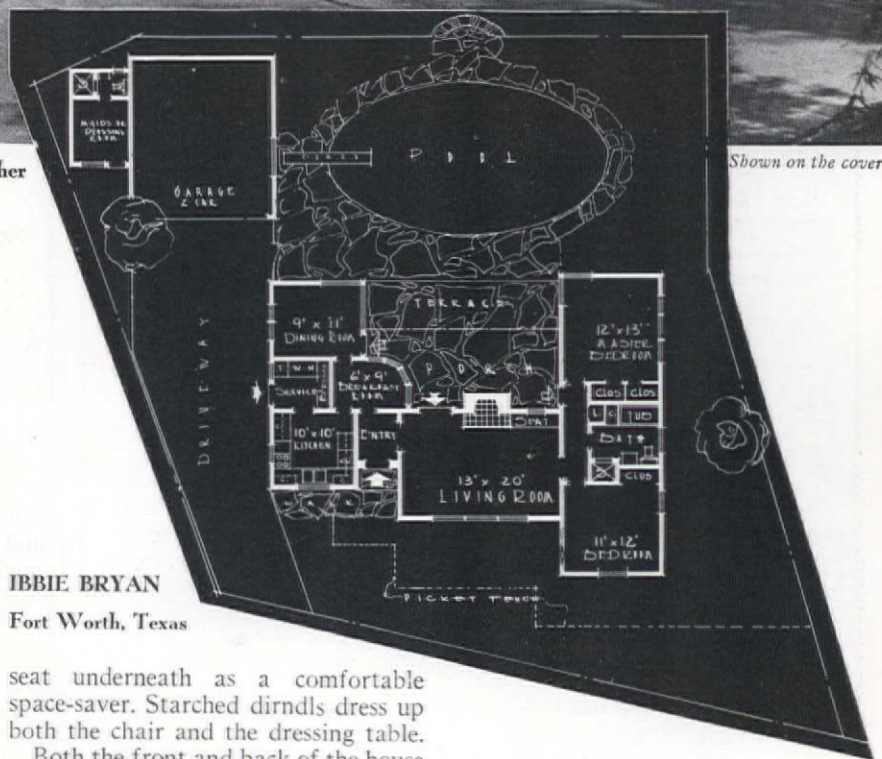


—the pool, too!



Walter Simonds, designer; Harold L. Shaw, builder; W. Cleaves, photographer

Shown on the cover



IBBIE BRYAN
Fort Worth, Texas

seat underneath as a comfortable space-saver. Starched dirndls dress up both the chair and the dressing table.

Both the front and back of the house have an engagingly informal look and seem to sprawl around a bit with wings and varied roof lines creating the picturesque effect. But the plan is really a compact H-shape and quite down-to-earth in its practicality as well as its location. Natural-tone siding and shingles are used for the exterior walls, with white trim as an effective relief. At the front of the

dominant note of red, to blend with the knotty pine walls and the Early California furniture. Between the dining room and the snug little entrance hall is as tricky a breakfast bar as you'll see anywhere. The wallpaper is designed to prevent anyone's seeing pink elephants by furnishing all sorts of other animals, along with farmers pitching hay. This sporty alcove separates the kitchen and dining room from the rest of the house.

While the decorator made no attempt to stick to any particular period, striving rather for a comfortable, livable, house, the living room leans a bit toward Early American. The floor is select oak, and a rag rug gets its two cents' worth. White plaster and wood wainscoting comprise the walls, with solid wainscoting on the long side opposite the fireplace. The chairs are big and "sink-downish," and covered in jolly cretonne to match the cheerful draperies. The knotty-pine wood box stands proudly in its own niche, with books and magazines for ornaments. There is an old spinning wheel, and an old-fashioned yarn container for the modern knitter's convenience. The beamed ceiling lends a final note of coziness to the room's atmosphere and individuality.

The living room opens onto a long, narrow hall, which contains large open closets. Woodwork is white. The two bedrooms and bath are off this hall. Both the master bedroom and the smaller one have double, cedar-lined closets, another unusual feature for a small house, and one which simplifies sharing a bedroom with someone else. White woodwork, wallpaper with a blue background, and curtains crisp as lettuce right off the top, give both bedrooms zip. Like the dining room, the master bedroom enjoys a double window looking onto the patio, with a small window



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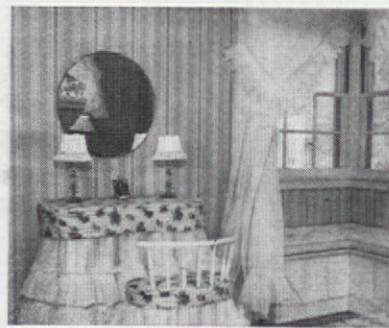
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house, the kitchen wing serves as a sort of ell or offshoot of the main quarters; built of vertical siding and shingles, it is brown and white and has squarish windows with batten shutters. The bedroom wing extends out at the right in a low gable while, at the back, these two side wings enclose a covered porch.

Near enough to Hollywood for convenience, the house is still far enough away to give it a real home-in-the-country feeling. It is a particularly excellent example of what penny watching can accomplish in these days of small budgets and limited resources. Quite convenient and compact, it wastes no space, yet has a genuine air of spaciousness rarely found in small homes. Smart, too, is the adroit use made of the hillside setting and the intelligent giving over of the limited garden space to a man-sized pool and a pleasant outdoor terrace, features which give the occupants real pleasure and enjoyment and bring outdoor fun right to the back door. Building a pleasant rustic house like this, which wastes no time or money on stylishness in its appearance but provides top-notch features for enjoyable living, makes a lot of sense.

Building Data:
Walls: Siding, shingles, and stucco. *Roof:* Shakes. *Flooring:* Select oak. *Trim:* Fancy knotty pine. *Heating:* Central heating and fireplace. *Costs:* House, landscaping, fence, walks, driveway, garage and terrace, \$4,800. Pool with ladders, filtration, diving board, \$1,200.



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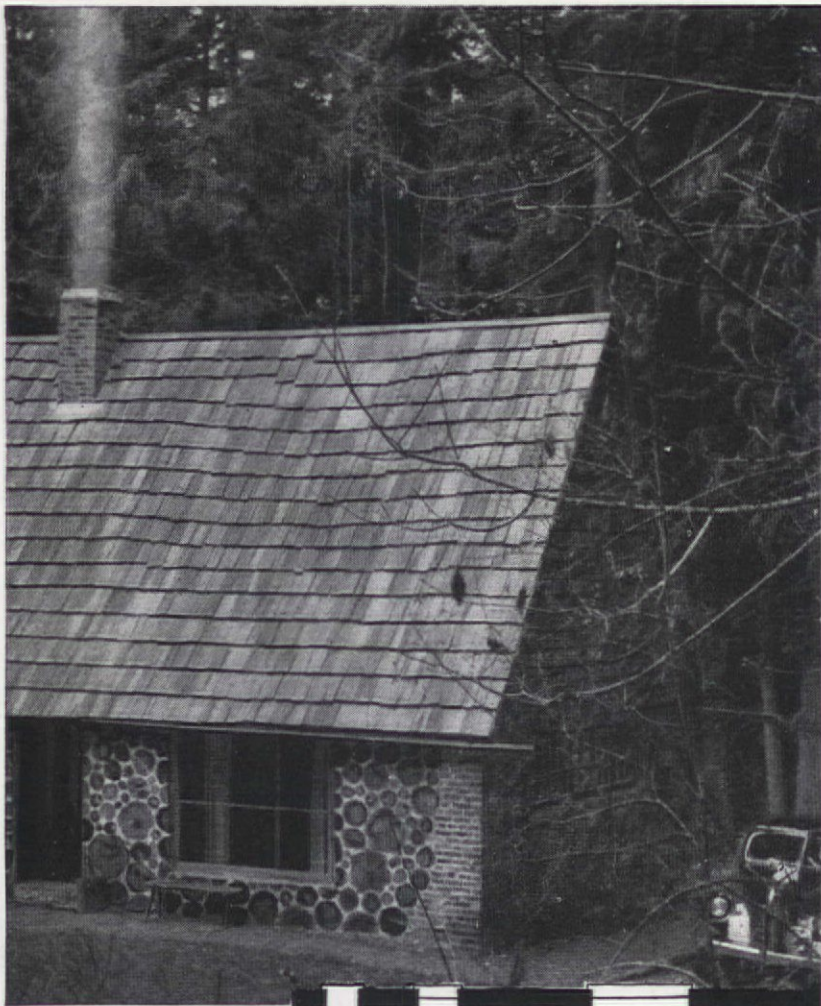


Storybook



MANDUS E. BRIDSTON
Port Blakely, Wash.

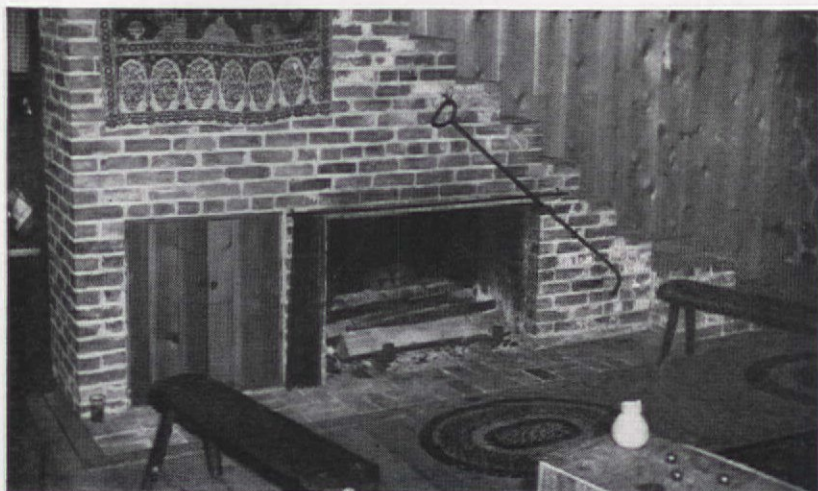
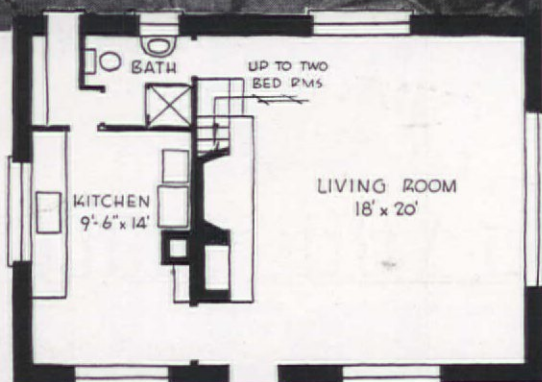
AT FIRST sight, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Quilliam near Seattle, Wash., is surprisingly like a picture in a child's storybook. Some of the house-for-Goldilocks illusion is due to the fact that the roof of hand-split shakes slopes picturesquely low and there's a unique log wall construction. It was the owner's own idea to use five and a half cords of cedar logs cut in fifteen-inch lengths and lay up walls with them, installing them endwise. The round, sawed-off ends of the logs provide an irregular, patterned wall surface on both the inside and the outside of the house. The blocks



House

are set in mortar and are being allowed to darken naturally at each end. They're in varied sizes, some irregularly three or four inches in diameter, others seeming almost

as large and perfectly round as a full moon. The fifteen-inch-thick outside walls provide attractively deep window recesses in the living room as well as usefully deep sills for keeping books, bowls of flowers, sewing baskets, and collections of miniature bottles. There's an ingenious red brick fireplace here which also serves as a stair to upstairs sleeping rooms, stepping up above the low hearth and provided with a two-inch rubbed cedar rail. The fireplace side of the room is done in knotty cedar boarding, including the door at the head of the stair. Corner supports of the house walls are in brick also for contrast and rigidity, along with the uncovered outdoor terrace which extends the full length of the rear of the house and commands a view of sky, sea, and forest. The outdoor fireplace is near by.



THE AMERICAN HOME, AUGUST, 1941

Dear Mom:



Well, here it is another weekend and I'm not a General yet. But give me time.

The nearest village is 5 miles away. All you find there is a general store, a garage and a canning factory—nowhere to go for any good clean fun, unless you drop in at a smoke-filled juke joint on the way.

Well, Mom, there's a big favor you can do me. The U. S. O. is trying to raise \$10,765,000 to run clubs for us, outside of camp. Places with lounge rooms, dance floors, games, writing rooms. Places you can get a bite to eat without paying a king's ransom.

I know you don't have an idle million

lying around, but if you could get the family interested and some of the neighbors, and if that happened all over the country, the U. S. O. could raise \$10,765,000 overnight.

I'd appreciate it a lot, Mom, and so would every other mother's son in the U. S. Army and Navy.

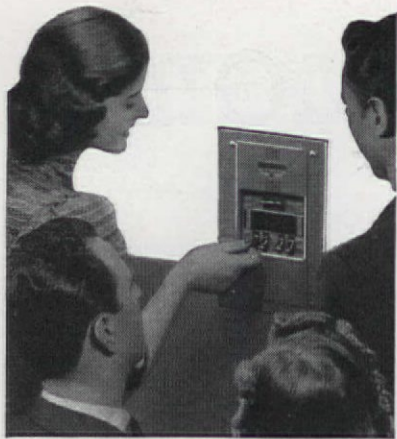
Love,
Bill

They're doing their bit for you. Will you do your bit for them? Send your contribution to your local U.S.O. Committee or to U.S.O. National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

These organizations have joined forces to form the U.S.O.: the Y.M.C.A., National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, National Travelers Aid Association.

**OPEN YOUR HEART
OPEN YOUR PURSE
GIVE TO THE**

U * S * O *



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 749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

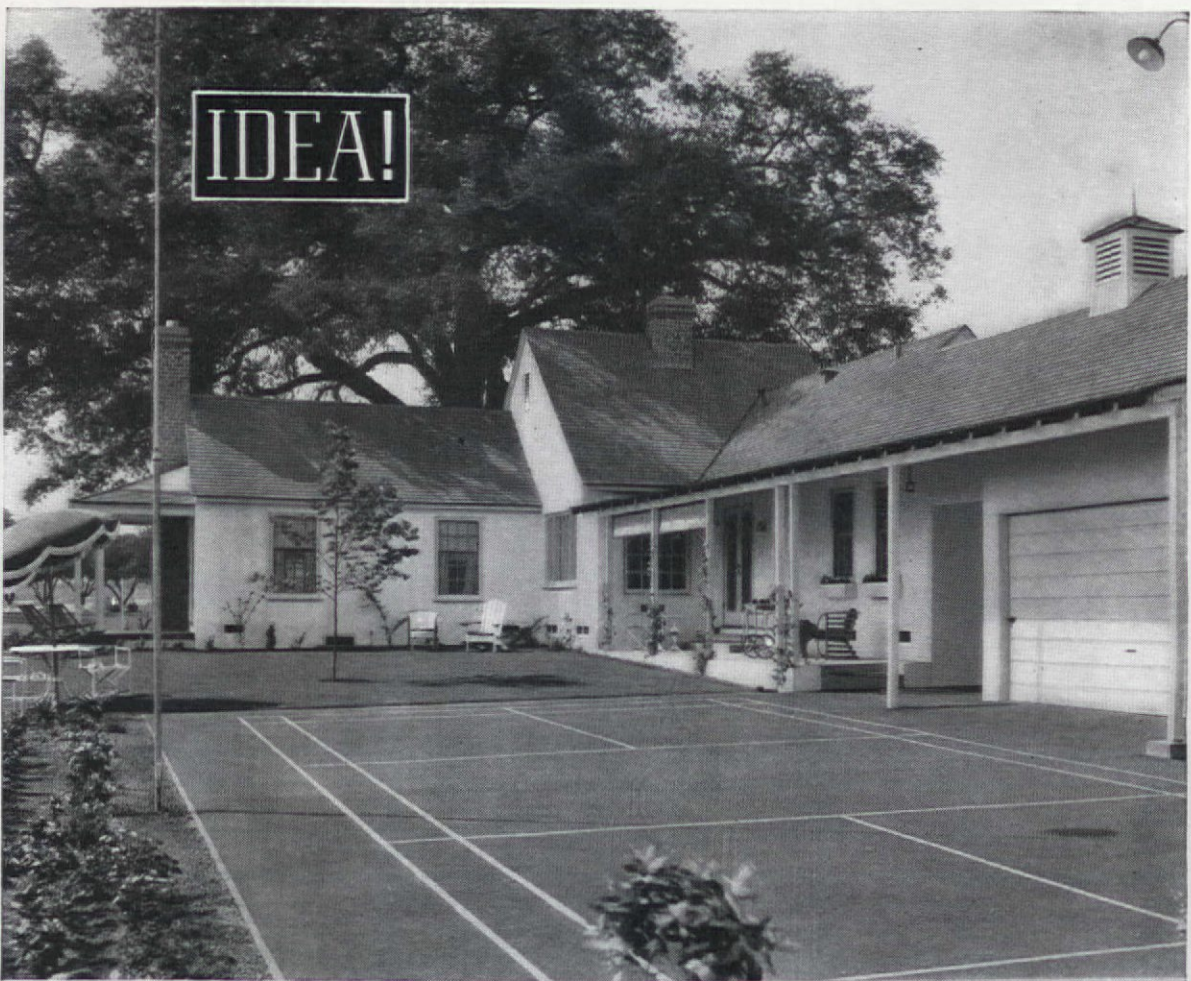
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IDEA!

Max Tatch from Martha Darbyshire

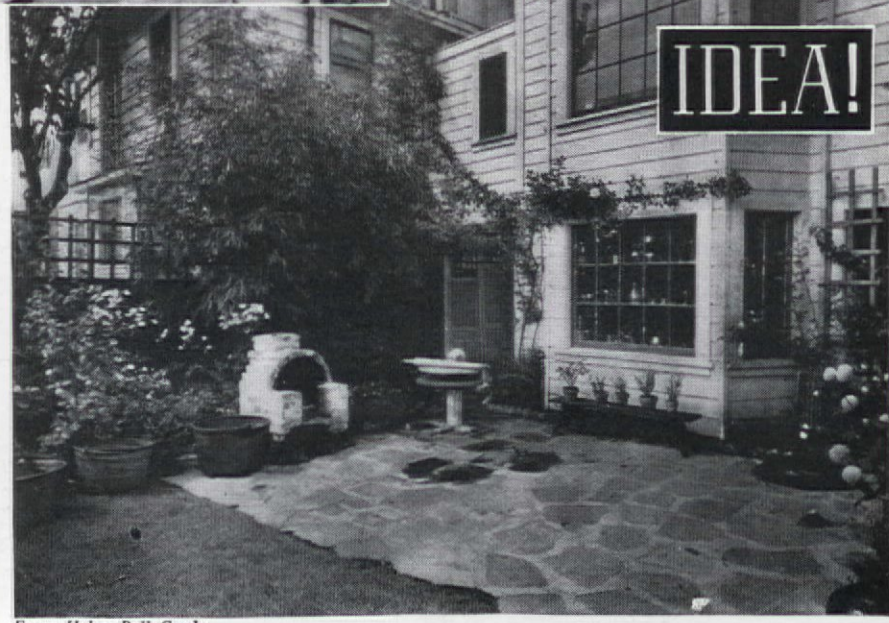
BADMINTON ON DRIVEWAY



IDEA!

GARAGE TOOL HOUSE

IF NOT, WHY NOT? Conservation is important at home no less than as a public policy. The ideas pictured are but three of many that you might adapt to your conditions. The combined drive and badminton court at Aubrey Lyon's San Marino, California, home is a boon day and night. . . Well-used garage wall space can obviate the need of a separate garden tool house. . . Mr. and Mrs. John S. Lavell of Alameda, California, achieved a *multum in parvo* by making their barbecue pit part of an attractive, flag-stone-paved terrace.

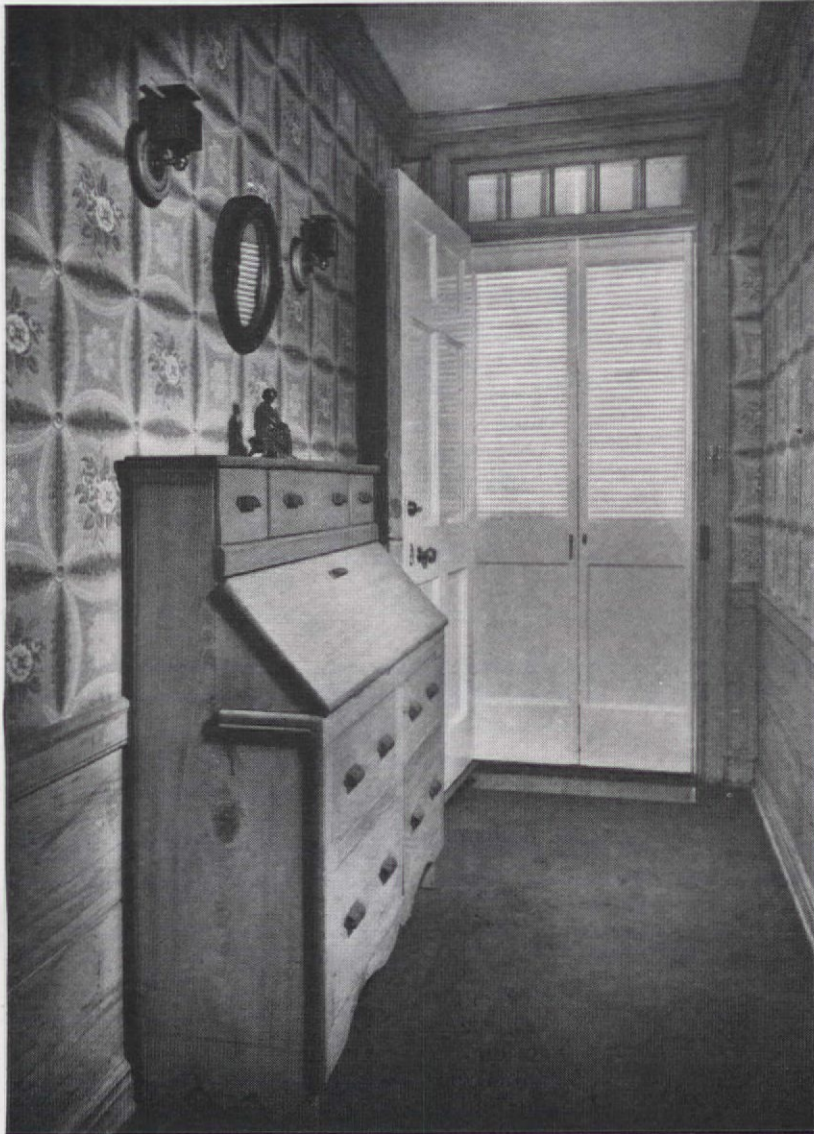


IDEA!

From Helen Bell Grady

BARBECUE ON CITY LOT

Bachelor's House on Our Cover



Home of MR. FRANK HORN
Santa Monica, Calif.

WHEN a single man builds a home, no one seems to believe the poor guy can possibly handle the problems of design and decoration himself unless he's an architect or designer. Well-meaning gals usually want to run up dotted Swiss curtains for him, pick out color schemes, fabrics, furniture, and details, since they're sure he will mess up the furnishing job. But here's a bachelor's home, a smoothly turned-out, five-room, one-story house, brisk and fresh as a sea breeze. It's not merely good, it's definitely superior to average Cape Codders, inside and out, and it's graciously as well as comfortably furnished, bright-eyed looking in its barn-red walls and white trim, distinctive in its floor plan. Which just goes to show you. . . .

Making wise use of its corner lot, one end of the house faces the street. The front entrance and garage are on the long north side fronting a small concrete court, while main rooms are on the south, at the back of the house, where they overlook a pleasant garden and terrace shielded from the street by a white brick wall. The remarkably economical cost of \$3,800 was achieved by shrewd maneuvering, by scaling the house down to tiny size, using the simplest building materials, cutting corners on trim, wood finishing, and other, fairly unimportant, details.

The inside of the house is even smarter evidence that a man can handle this decorating business—thriftyly and effectively, what's more. Mr. Horn really made something out of nothing, using cast-off furniture, simplifying

SHE'S not ashamed of her
FALSE TEETH SMILE

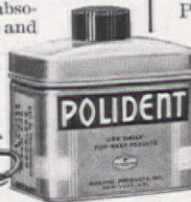
Thanks to
POLIDENT Beauty Bath
Keeps Plates Like New — Without Brushing

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile . . . perhaps your whole charm? Does the very thought of unattractive plates make you self-conscious when you should be well-poised? The thing to do is — get Polident — a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits from plates, removable bridges — *without brushing*, acid or danger! What a difference in the way your plate looks and feels! Polident purifies your plate — leaves it *clean* — attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Leading dentists everywhere advise **POLIDENT**. Only 30c, any drug store; *money back if not delighted*. Hudson Products, Inc., 220 West 19th St., N. Y. C.

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Almost always it results in "denture breath" — probably the most offensive breath odor. You won't know if you have it *but others will!* Yet Polident quickly dissolves all film — leaves plates absolutely odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing!



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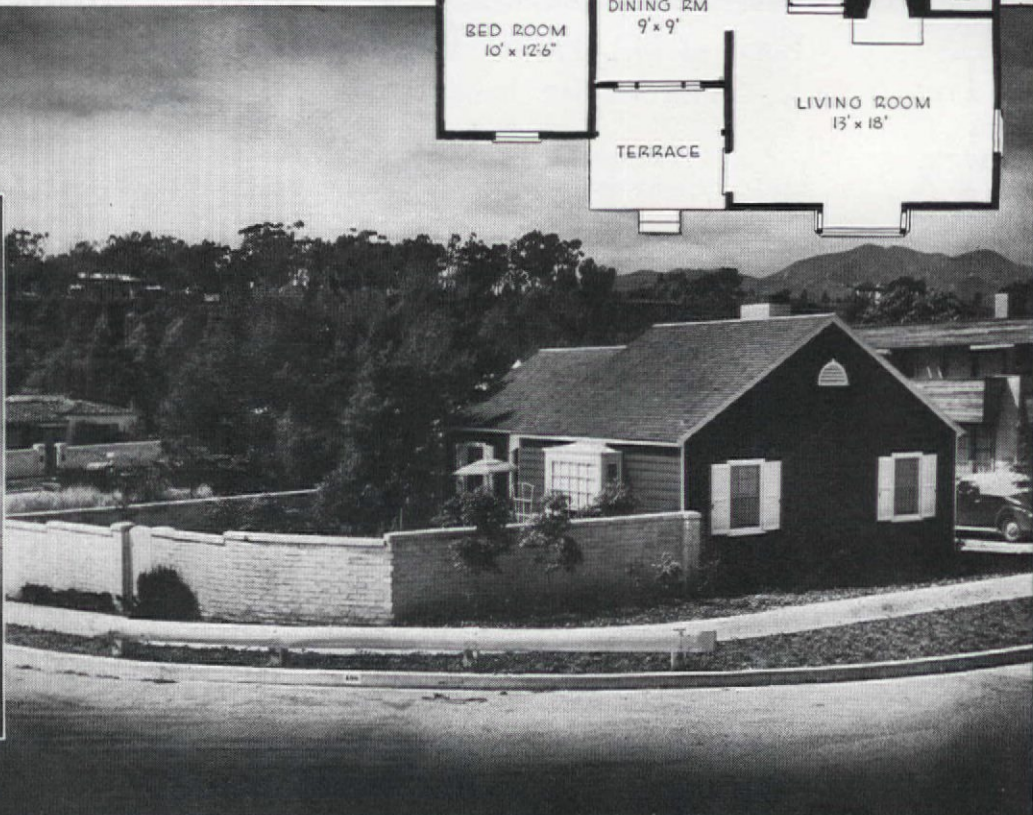
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GARAGE
8'-6" x 16'-6"

Designer, John Wolf; photographer, Maynard L. Parker

usual decorative treatments. Against soft green living room walls, a handsome chintz (acquired for fifty cents a yard as decorator's returned material) is used for draperies and upholstery. There's a handsome, room-size, hooked rug bought for \$32 second hand), a charming over-mantel oil painting (frame \$2—picture thrown in), a fireside rosewood table (\$8 in a junk shop). Victorian arm chairs were purchased in pieces, reassembled and covered in wine-red fabric, while the Swedish looking desk cost \$3 when found (its chair 75¢), and the ex-butcher-shop desk \$3.50, the owner refinishing all pieces himself. The mantel was made up of small stock mouldings and heavier mouldings used together.



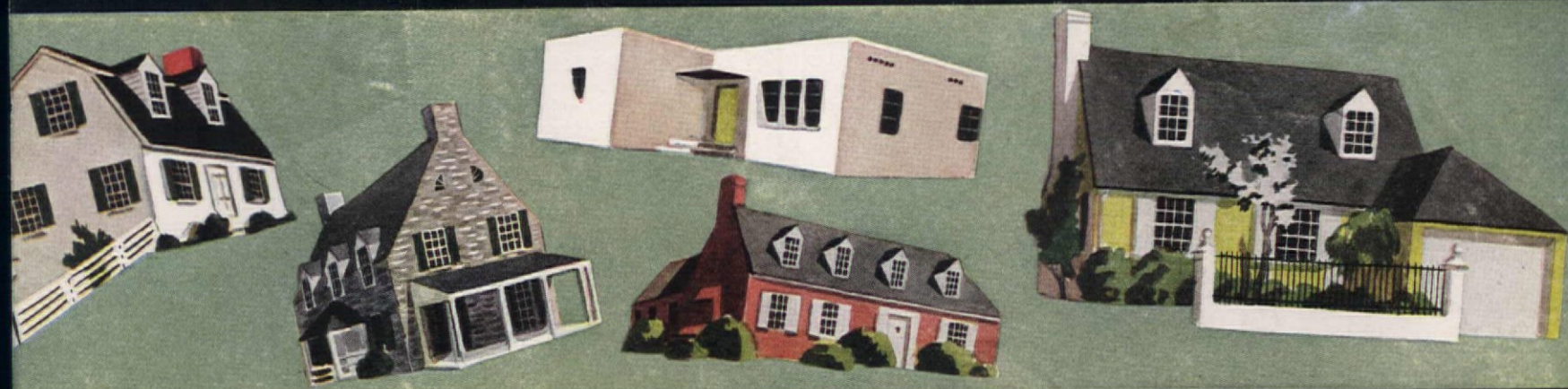
Reclaimed Victorian chairs, a cast-off pedestal table, and Pembroke table, restored glass paintings

Section
1

HOUSE PLANS

from **THE AMERICAN HOME**

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THIS is the most recent HOUSE PLAN book published by The AMERICAN HOME. It contains some of the best work of 102 of the country's leading architects. Every style of architecture is represented—Colonial, English, Dutch, Spanish, Regency, Georgian, Modern—ranging from small weekend cottages to stately five-bedroom showplaces. Many cost as little as \$2500 to build.

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Your newsdealer has this book, or you may order from us direct while the edition lasts. If it isn't just what you want we will gladly refund your money.

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House Plans
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Bold green leaves and a natural straw mat, one hot dish and an iceberg-cold salad for a man's party—that wives would love!

YOU don't have to be the man of the house to give this porch supper, but it is a party that a man can give "alone," sure that the boys will like it. And wives lucky enough to be invited would like it every bit as much, we think.

Instead of fuss and feathers, flowers and fancy trimmings, the table decoration is simply green leaves. We used some greens from our florist—including magnolia and rhododendron for bold effect—but you can do the job with any spare leaves in your yard. For a tropical touch, and also because men like it, use a natural straw mat. The mustard-yellow, leaf-shaped plates add a properly decorative border, with necessary flatware on each plate to make buffet service easier.

In the Dutch oven, where hot food *stays* hot, are lamb chops first marinated in vinegar and fresh mint sauce, then pan broiled. (Note: obliging wives will put the chop in to marinate before disappearing for the evening.) The green salad, topped off by anchovies and a special dressing, is one christened "Green Goddess"—very inspired, you see! (Write us for recipe.) Along with this, serve hot rolls, any vegetable you like, and for dessert have fresh pears, cheese and crackers. Nothing could be easier *and* nothing could be a better party.

Mat, Rice-Bayersdorfer Co.; Dutch oven, Griswold Iron Co.; leaf plates, Steubenville Pottery Co.

This month it's a PORCH SUPPER

TED HATCH, New York City

What Every Bridegroom Should Know!

Don't tie "her" down to the job 365 days of the year. Be really ready to pinch-hit. There will be times aplenty when the ability to prepare a meal easily and expertly will put a hero's halo round your head—and who in the world objects to that!

F. M. Demarest

SO YOU'RE going to get married! Or have you? Either way, when the honeymoon is over and the last kernel of rice has been swept up, the two of you are going to settle down to the business of just living.

The kitchen-shower loot and the wedding presents have to be sorted out, duplicates exchanged and gaps filled in, and the factory part of the home is ready to go into production.

Not so very long ago many brides were inclined to brag a bit over the fact that they had never even boiled water. Not so today. Home girls, working girls, career girls, and debutantes all have opportunities their mothers never had to learn what to do with food. No fooling, they *can* cook, but if you're wise you'll scramble some eggs or toss a salad, or even whip up a whole meal yourself once in a while.

Few of us have the natural ability, to say nothing of the time or opportunity, to excel at athletic sports or artistic pursuits. But any man can get himself a reputation as an outstandingly good cook in a fraction of the time it would take him to master one stroke in golf. And it's an accomplishment that helps much toward matrimonial happiness. Of course, there's a trick to it. Get yourself at the start a limited repertoire of simple dishes that you can do outstandingly well every time. Give as many of them as possible a distinctive personal touch and you are ready to meet any emergency with a certainty of success.

"But I can't even boil an egg"! O. K., then let's start there.

In the first place, an egg should *never* be boiled. In fact, eggs in any form should always be cooked at low heat. There are just four ways of cooking eggs in water—soft cooked, coddled, hard cooked, and poached. For the first you simply put them in enough cold water to cover, and bring to a boil. If you like them soft, take them out right away, or cover and leave them two to five minutes for medium.

To coddle them, again you use just a bit more than enough water to

cover, bring it to a vigorous boil and turn off the heat. Slip in the eggs with a spoon and cover. Leave them there four minutes for soft, six for medium, and eight to ten for slightly hard. Either method assures you of perfect texture all the way through. Tough whites with runny yolks, the way you usually get them in even the best restaurants, are not the mark of a master.



You don't boil eggs even when you want them really hard. The trick is to cook them just below boiling or, as the French say, with the water just "trembling" for 15 to 20 minutes. Add about one tablespoon of salt to each quart of water and dunk them in cold water for half a minute after cooking. These eggs will be firm and delicate in texture, they'll peel easily and that usual dark ring between yolk and white will be almost or entirely absent. [We won't bore you with any more eggs right now, but we'll be glad to supply you with directions for poached and scrambled eggs if you'll send us a stamped, addressed envelope.]

So much for eggs. And while they're suitable for any time of the day, they suggest breakfast. And let's slip in a word about fruit for breakfast. Grapefruit, for example, repays a few minutes of extra attention. Don't just core it and run a knife around the outside edge. That's low-brow. Instead, separate each section carefully with the smallest, sharpest knife you can find. If there is mint in the refrigerator, chop it and sprinkle it on lightly. Try using honey instead of sugar, brown sugar instead of white, and put it under the broiler until it begins to get crusty, then back to the ice box to chill. Do this the night before, of course. A tablespoon or two of wine, any kind, gives a bit of zip.

There's even a right and a wrong way to cook bacon. Broil it or fry it as you prefer—but slowly, slowly. When the last transparent spot has turned white, put it on absorbent paper and let it drain. Follow the same rule for ham but skip the draining. The new tenderized ham which is rapidly replacing the old type requires no preliminary "freshening" and is almost, sometimes entirely, pre-cooked. So don't broil or fry it too long. Any sherry around? Put a tablespoon in the pan.

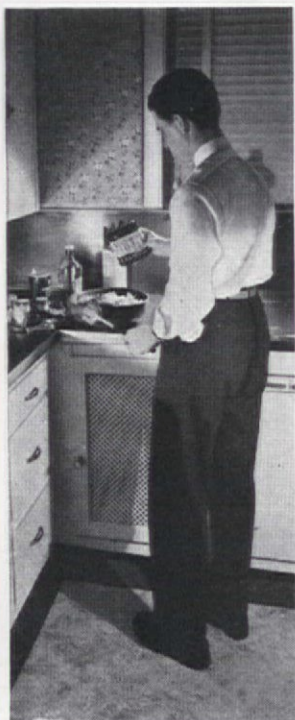
Like hash? You can buy it in cans and any reliable brand is surprisingly good. Half a can is enough for two people. Divide it in two and make it into cakes. Grease a pie tin, put on the patties and make a deep well in the center of each. Careful here. Be sure it's wide enough and deep enough and that there are no cracks to let the egg whites run out. Break an egg carefully in each, salt and pepper. Have your oven control set at moderate (350°F.) and bake about 12 minutes or until egg is set. Serve it with quarters of lemon dusted with paprika.

Time was when the call for salads was almost entirely feminine. Restaurateurs say that the male demand is increasing each year so, whether or not you liked them before, you'd better learn to. What's more, to make them and make them well. Pick a pet and concentrate on it until it calls you "master." Start with a green one and you can't miss. There are just a few rules but they are inflexible.

The first is to have all greens crisp, cold, and dry. Half an hour in ice water makes them crisp and cold. Shake them vigorously to dry them, then wrap them in a cloth and put them in the refrigerator. And remember, tomatoes are peeled by particular people. Dip them in boiling water and the skins slip off at a touch.

If some thoughtful soul includes a salad bowl among the presents, rub it often with oil and garlic, wipe it after using but, on your life, never wash it.

Roquefort dressing—crumble a piece of Roquefort cheese until you have $\frac{1}{4}$ cup. Cream it with a couple of tablespoons of your basic French dressing and add the rest of the dressing a little at a time. *Horseradish dressing*—just add a tablespoon, more or less, of prepared horseradish. *Mint dressing*—add about a tablespoon of minced mint. That's enough to start with. You'll get the knack in a hurry and somebody—guess who—is going to be mighty proud of you.



SENT TO MEN ONLY!

Now, all you kitchen tyros, here's your chance to get some simplified directions for poached and scrambled eggs with variations. Just address our H. Ec. Dept., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope

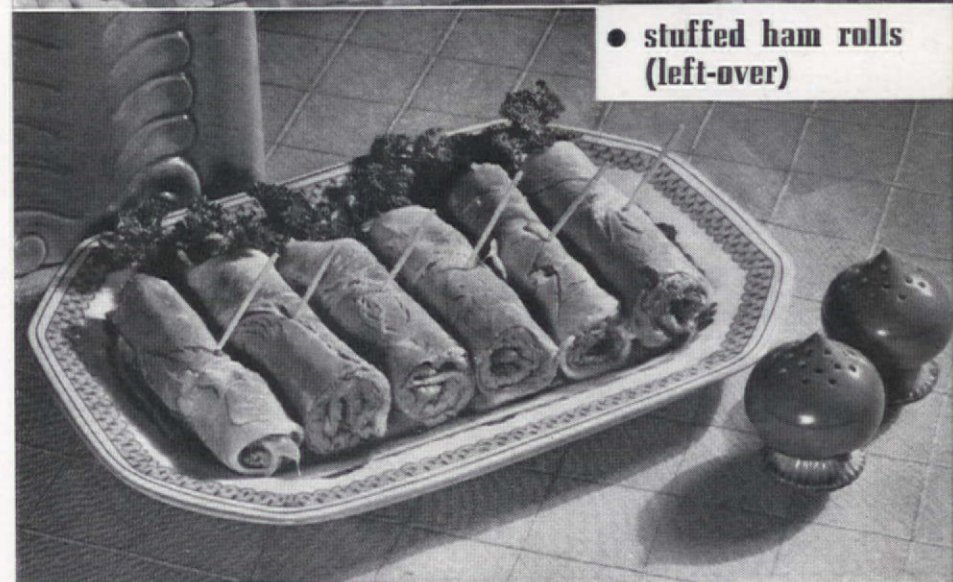
● cheese devils (bridge-"dessert")



● minted lamb chops



● stuffed ham rolls (left-over)



● broccoli with prem, cream sauce ("quickie")



● **cheese devils (bridge-"dessert")** *Over-all time: 20 to 25 min. Cost: 59c*

2 cups grated cheese
1 tbsp. melted butter
1 egg yolk (slightly beaten)
¼ tsp. salt

¼ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire or AI sauce
6 slices of bread
6 slices bacon

264 calories per serving

MIX cheese, butter, and egg yolk. Stir in salt, paprika, mustard, and condiment sauce. Spread thick on bread slices. Meanwhile brown bacon slightly, drain well. Put one strip of bacon on each slice of bread. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 5 to 8 min. Serve hot, accompanied by olives or pickles.



Note: These can be prepared long in advance for baking. If you don't want to take time to grate cheese, you can buy it already grated.
Variation: Put a slice of cheese on a toasted slice of bread spread with mustard and top with slightly cooked bacon strip. Then grill slowly until cheese is melted and slightly brown. Serves 6.

Submitted by S. MAHN
Tested in THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

● **minted lamb chops**

Over-all time: 1 hr. 20 min.

8 rib lamb chops 1" thick
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt
⅔ cup vinegar

½ bunch mint
(or ½ cup chopped mint leaves)
2 tbsp. soft butter
Sprays of mint

WIPE chops and trim off superfluous fat. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Chop mint leaves fine and mix with vinegar. Let chops stand in this for 1 hour. Drain, shake off the herbs. Heat frying pan, rub over with a piece of fat, put in the chops and sear quickly on both sides. Reduce heat and cook about 8 minutes. Turn and cook approximately 5 min. Remove to hot platter, spread with butter, and garnish with mint. These chops are very tender, and delightful flavor is added by the marinating process. Lamb chops cut 3 to the lb. Serves 8.

Approximate New York City cost, \$1.60

225 calories per serving

Tested in THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

● **stuffed ham rolls (left-over)**

Preparation time: 18 min. (without chilling)

½ lb. liver sausage (one piece)
2 tbsp. mayonnaise
1 tbsp. prepared mustard

¼ tsp. nutmeg
¼ tsp. salt
4 slices baked or broiled ham ⅛" thick
2 dill pickles

PLACE liver sausage in warm water for 10 min. Remove skin and put in bowl with mayonnaise, mustard, nutmeg, and salt. Work with fork or fingers till smooth and free from lumps. Spread ham slices with liver paste and place a sliver of dill pickle on each. Roll lengthwise and tie or skewer into shape. Cut in half and chill. Makes 8 rolls. Since they can be eaten with the fingers, they're good either at home or on a picnic.

Approximate New York City cost, 20c—left-over ham not included

Recipe submitted by
HERMAN SMITH

Tested in
THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

● **broccoli with prem, cream sauce ("quickie")** *Preparation time: 17 min. Cost: 49c*

1 pkg. frozen broccoli
½ can Prem, or similar product
2 tbsp. grated American cheese
¼ tsp. dry mustard

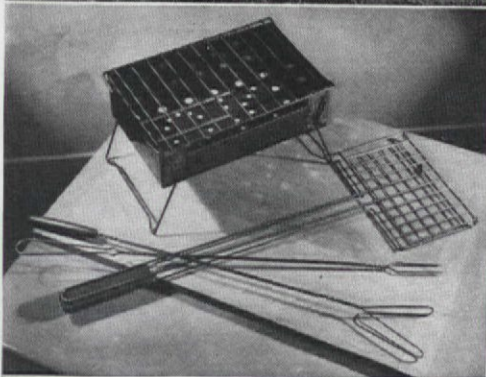
1½ tsp. prepared mustard
½ tsp. celery salt
½ cup cream or evaporated milk
2 hard cooked eggs
Parmesan cheese

COOK broccoli in boiling salted water for about 5 minutes. Arrange in heatproof serving dish. Cut meat into long slivers ⅜" thick and lay on top of broccoli. Make sauce of cheese, dry and prepared mustard, celery salt, and milk. Garnish with sliced, hard-cooked eggs and sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over the top. Place under low temperature broiler for 8 minutes. Serves 4.

225 calories per serving

Tested in THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

Photograph printed on back of each recipe



F. M. Demarest

JUST going out in the woods with a few sandwiches, bananas and hot dogs is definitely not our idea of a good picnic. It takes first rate outdoor food and the proper equipment with which to cook and eat it. You've read about our food ideas, and here is what you need in the way of equipment.

For juicy steaks and other worthy man-styled meats, the RotoRoast shown at top: it is an inexpensive spit device, detachable to any standard grille, that enables you to turn the meat without removing it. Next is a complete and inexpensive camp outfit from Collis grille, steak holder, long handled fork, and hot-dish holder. The Belding picnic baskets are fine little bargains at from 75¢ up. Below them is another picnic basket, from A man's, complete in every detail. It's shown on a bright, flower-patterned waterproof cloth from Koroseal. And lastly, the Union Hi-Lo camp stove that can be had for about a dollar in the small size. Its metal pan may be raised or lowered without the detachable handle thus regulating heat intensity—and making you into a first-rate cook.



For **POISON-FREE PICNICS!**

VIRGINIA CREEPER

DON'T CLAMBER bare-armed and bare-legged over vine-clad stone walls and through leafy tangles, unless you KNOW they are free of poison ivy. The simplest safety key is the leaf arrangement, to wit: A "hand of five, rather slender, pointed leaves identifies the harmless, friendly Virginia creeper. But three-part groups of broadly prominently-veined leaves, glossy green and they take on brilliant fall colors, mean danger—the insidious poison ivy, saying clearly DON'T . . . EVER . . . TOUCH . . . ME! —WALTER BEEBE WILDER, Bronxville, N. Y.

It's Picnic Time Again!

He-man Food Gotta match?

NO SELF-RESPECTING male would be caught dead throwing one of those potato salad, deviled-egg, soggy sandwich, and chocolate cake debauches which masquerade under the name of "picnics." We go for the steak, hot dog, and hot coffee variety. But if the gals demand a change, don't let it get you; there are plenty of things you can serve without losing face.

These variations of the good old stand-bys, for example: Grind cheese and pimiento with your hamburger; split plain, garden-variety wieners and line them with cheese or horseradish before roasting; or sandwich your steak between tomato and onion slices as it sizzles on the griddle.

Or take eggs, roasted over the coals (be sure to break a tiny hole in one end against explosion), or dropped into the center of a hollowed-out slice of bread and browned in a well-buttered frying pan. Or substitute a thick slice of tomato or a country pork sausage ring for the bread. On second thought, maybe we'll just keep 'em ourselves.

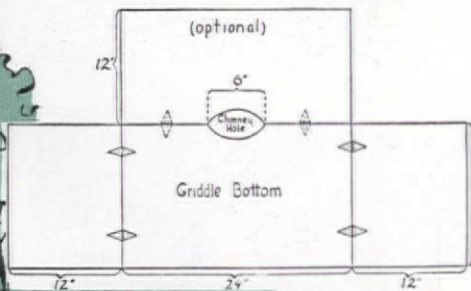
Plain baked potatoes require 40 minutes buried in the coals; for stuffed ones make a hole in the raw spud, using an apple corer, fill it with ground pork sausage, liver, hamburger, cheese or what-have-you, and bake (hole side up).

For good coffee, heat water in a shallow pan and, as it starts to bubble, throw in the coffee—about two teaspoons per cup—remove immediately from fire and let stand until the grounds settle. (There are fancier and more scientific ways, but this one is easy and works.)

Every man has his own theories about fires and grates, but I like the handy portable fireplace shown in the diagrams. It's easy and cheap to make, folds flat, and won't collapse just when you are in the middle of the festivities.—SIDNEY OTTMAN, Madison, Wis.

IF YOU'RE one of those guys who can start a fire by rubbing two sticks together, you need no advice from me, but if you're a run-of-the-mill amateur, don't just stay home and turn on the gas. Practically anyone with a match can make a fire in one of the many well-made fireplaces set up in perfectly swell spots in local, state, or Federal parks, or you can invest in a small, portable, and practically fool-proof charcoal grille. These are convenient for outdoor entertaining at home, as well as ideal for picnics, and with one in your car (together with a 15¢ bag of charcoal) you can picnic practically any place you choose, since you'll have no fuel problem to consider. A few pages from the Daily Blade, crumpled beneath the grille, are sufficient to start a good blaze.

Before you build a fire of any kind, be sure to pick a public place or ask the landowner's permission, and, for an open fire, select a spot away from trees, shrubs, etc. Clear the ground for several feet around the chosen spot and, if possible, build a small semi-circle of stone to help confine the blaze and make a base for your grille. Keep the fire itself small. Last, don't forget to clean up everything before you leave, putting out the fire and soaking it with water.—**J. L. BIDWELL, of the A. H. staff**



Dorothy Burton Porter

MEN: put your kitchen stove on a part-time basis!



J. J. Healy

PICNICS I LIKE

HARRY DAY
Of the A. H. Staff

VERMONT CORN ROAST: Broil corn in the husk over charcoal fire for about two hours. Turn constantly until husk is black. The corn is thereby steamed by its own juices on the inside of the husk.

LEG OF LAMB BARBECUE: Secure a boned leg of lamb, the size desired, and broil this over charcoal coals. Serve with barbecue sauce. (We have one in our AMERICAN HOME basic recipe file.)

BEER ON DRAUGHT: Eighth barrels or larger-size beer kegs can be obtained from most breweries with a pump which gives you iced draught beer served at the picnic grounds. If canned or bottled beer is desired, try to locate your camp spot near a cool stream which would save carrying ice and still keep the beer cool.

Remember to take along a container or two of Coca-Cola and a bottle of lemon or lime juice squeezed at home for convenience with sparkling beverages.

Make your sandwiches at the picnic site—don't wrap them up the night before in a damp towel.



James Bidwell of the A. H. staff cooks individual sirloins on his outdoor grille



Photograph by the author

DOUBLE-PURPOSE BARBECUE UNIT developed in California provides practical barbecue for a small plot, and ledges for potted plants when moving them out-of-doors. Commercially available hardware was used.—EARLE BURKE, Oakland, California

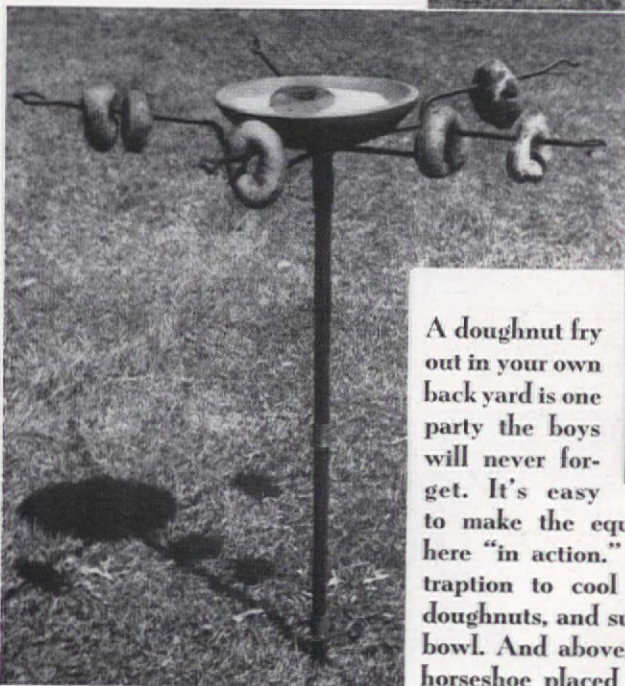
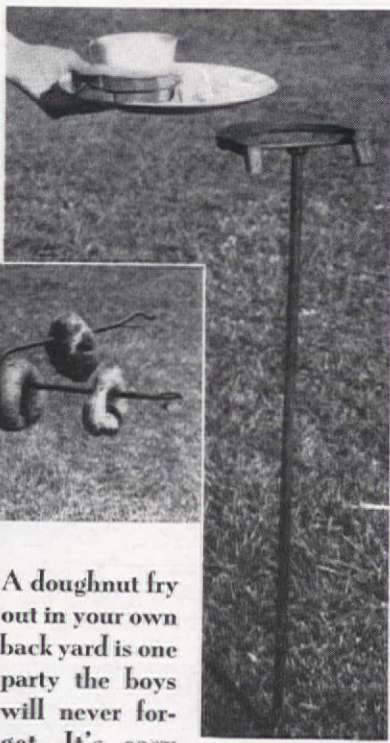
WITH 1800 second-hand brick I constructed the fireplace shown in the picture at the bottom of the page. It is built at the back of a lot approximately 100 feet square and bounded on three sides by a seven-foot fence covered with grape vines, giving the area a cozy effect and opening on the other side toward garden and house. The fireplace unit is 22' wide, 10' deep, about 10' high. I constructed a base 4" deep of sand and 8" solid concrete under the entire proposed structure and on this the 18" x 30" fireplace and two side units. On the right side there is a stove unit with wood and coal grates; at the top an adjustable grate for charcoal and open grille. Each unit has a separate flue within the last chimney and that for the fireplace even contains a smoke shelf. —CLEON F. HOLWAY, Alden, Minn.



How about a Doughnut Fry?

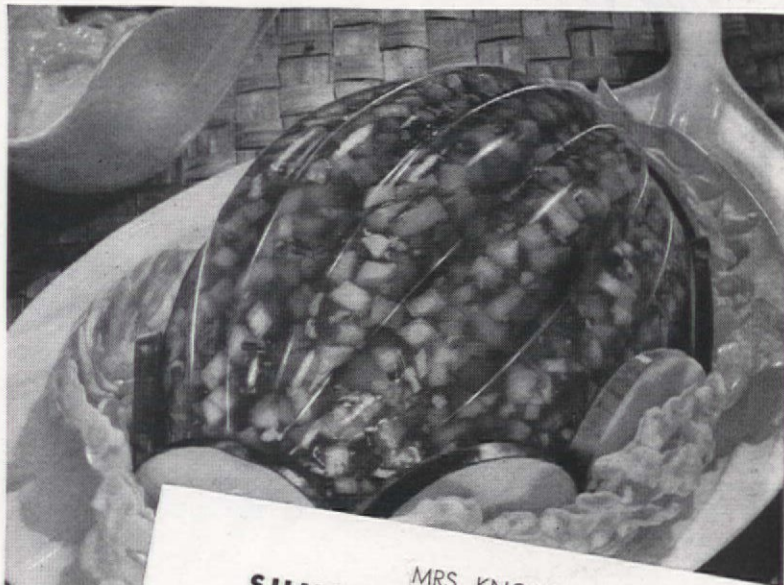
YOU can't beat piping hot doughnuts and coffee made in your own back yard. Hamburgers and steaks and wieners are all right, but they do get tiresome and they do cost more money. So, I'll take a doughnut party. The procedure is simple. First prepare the regular baking powder recipe you always use, then put the stamped-out rounds on cookie sheets (one on top of another, separated by legs soldered to each sheet) and take them out in the yard—along with vegetable fat for frying and sugar for topping. We use an iron rod crane with a hook for the kettle. This and the other equipment are homemade: horseshoe stands for coffee pot and picnic plates; and a "cooler" rack of five rods bound together with wire and bent at angles to support the sugar bowl in the center. We think it's quite a contraption for a homemade, double-duty job. Guests step up and help themselves—without being asked!

L. A. DALLENBACH
Champaign, Ill.



A doughnut fry out in your own back yard is one party the boys will never forget. It's easy to make the equipment, shown here "in action." At left, a contraption to cool and serve the doughnuts, and support the sugar bowl. And above, a plate stand: horseshoe placed on an iron rod

QUICK! COOL! and Extra Good!



MRS. KNOX'S SUMMER WALDORF SALAD

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope Knox Gelatine | ½ cup chopped celery |
| ½ cup cold water | ⅓ cup sugar |
| 1 cup hot water | ½ teaspoonful salt |
| ¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice | 2 tart apples, cut in small pieces |
| | ¼ cup chopped pecans |

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Turn into tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control but do not freeze. (If you do not have an automatic refrigerator, set bowl of gelatine mixture in ice-box to cool.) When it begins to stiffen add apples, celery and chopped pecans. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. Unmold on lettuce. Serve with Knox special recipe low-calorie mayonnaise. Vegetables may be substituted for fruit.

Only 131 calories a helping, but it contributes vitamins and minerals we all need every day. Serve as salad and dessert in one! More low-calorie, good-food-value recipes in Mrs. Knox's "Be Fit—Not Fat" booklet... free with coupon below.

Remember Mrs. Knox's Chocolate Chiffon Pie? Serve it tonight! See recipe in Mrs. Knox's 55-page Recipe Book... also sent free.

HUSBAND FEELING TIRED? Maybe He Should Take More Knox!



MAN: This swell Knox salad makes me forget how tired I am.

WIFE: Perhaps drinking Knox would help you actually feel less tired!



WIFE: This magazine says when men in tough jobs tried drinking Knox regularly, 2 out of 3 noticed they were less tired.

MAN: How come?



WIFE: Lessened stamina often can result when you don't get enough protein. Drinking Knox is an easy way to get supplemental protein.

MAN: I'll try drinking Knox.

DIRECTIONS FOR DRINKING KNOX IN EVERY PACKAGE

KNOX GELATINE

Is Plain, Unflavored Gelatine
... All Protein, No Sugar

FREE OFFER: Check the Knox Booklets you want. Send coupon to Knox Gelatine Co., Box 78, Johnstown, N. Y.

"Be Fit—Not Fat" 30 delicious, low-calorie dessert and salad recipes by Mrs. Knox.
 Mrs. Knox's 55-page Recipe Book.

Name

Address

Try Mrs. Sturman's \$100. prize recipe for Bran Corn-Bread

Teaching youngsters to play the piano keeps Mrs. John R. Sturman mighty busy... but she still finds time to surprise "John and John Jr." with her famous Bran Corn-bread. "It's real 'he-man' bread," she says, so be prepared for compliments when you try this prize-winning recipe.



BRAN CORN-BREAD

To duplicate the prize-winning results with this recipe you must use Royal Baking Powder, as Mrs. Sturman did. Its action is different than other baking powders, and to help get delicious, prize-worthy results every time you bake, rely on Royal—the steady-action baking powder, made with wholesome Cream of Tartar.



- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups cereal bran
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- ½ cup yellow corn-meal
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating in well. Add well beaten eggs and beat until well blended. Add bran and milk and let stand 5 minutes. Sift together flour, corn-meal, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture; mix well. Bake in greased 8-inch square pan in moderate oven at 400° F. about 30 minutes. Cut into squares; serve with butter. Makes 9 squares.

BAKE THE "PRIZE-WINNING" WAY!

Follow recipe carefully, using level measurements! Oven temperature is important, and, above all—remember the important part baking powder plays in cake results. *Steady action* baking powder, like Royal, begins expansion the moment it is stirred into the batter. Royal cakes have a fine, even texture... do not dry out quickly... keep their delicious flavor and moisture longer. For four generations outstanding cooks have relied on dependable Royal for all their baking. They knew what Royal could do. Why not follow their example to help you get delicious prize-winning results, every time!

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW:

Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder made with Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, wholesome grapes. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference per baking between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a fraction of a cent. Use dependable Royal whenever you bake—it's well worth the difference in price.



FREE—COOK BOOK OFFER. If you bake at home you'll want a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins, pies, puddings and main dishes. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. 58.



PICNICS for the whole family

JUST say the word "picnic" at our house, and the whole family is ready to take off in such a happy, hilarious mood! Wives have no dishes to wash, the kids have all kinds of space to play and work off surplus energy, men can have the informal relaxation they're always talking about, and everyone can linger and talk with a wonderfully free feeling. What more could you ask?

Because Kabobs are a specialty in our family and all Boy and Girl Scouts agree that they are tops for a picnic morsel, we suggest you try them if your offspring hasn't already initiated you into the Kabob-Order. For four people you need one pound of beef, four Bermuda onions, 12 slices of bacon, and 12 green stuffed olives. To make them, use toasting forks or 24-inch sticks that have been well sharpened at one end. Cut the meat into one-inch squares, push a piece on the fork or stick, then slide on an onion slice, then an olive, wrapped snugly in bacon. Repeat until you have six inches packed tightly with these foods, then broil over embers until the aroma and appearance tell you they're ready to serve between long, buttered rolls. With this have a raw vegetable salad made ahead of time and well chilled in the refrigerator. Wrap it in paraffin paper or oilskin bags and then in newspapers, and it will stay cold.—L. P. BELL, Tucson, Arizona

MOST men are sensible creatures who know enough to appreciate the handy little gadgets that make life breeze along at a smooth pace. So, we've collected these items with an eye to what a man really will consider useful.

At the right are two items to solve the garden-marking problem. First, a label made of metal alloy that will not rust. Tear one tag from the spool, write the name of the flower or bush with any sharp object, sure that the impression cannot disappear in a storm. Then tack it onto the outside of flat, make it into a ring to go around limb or branch, or attach to a nail which you then push into ground. Beneath it is another good plant marker. It's a green enamel fin-

MAJOR & minor



Eaton

Smithmade

Perm-A-Tag (top)

ished stake with the marker tag at the top having Lumarith "envelope" to keep the name clean and readable through all sorts of weather.

On page 58 is some new stationery for the rookie. There are four different styles: a compact, convenient "kit," two boxes of large single letter sheets, and a very light weight paper for air mail. Both the leatherette boxes, in red, white, and blue color combinations, and the stationery indicate the branch of service—U. S. Army, U. S. Navy, or U. S. Air Corps.

Photograph printed on back of recipe

● deep dish rhubarb pie

Total preparation time: 1 hr., 45 min.
6 cups unpeeled rhubarb, cut in 1" pieces
3 cups sugar
1 tsp. grated orange rind

pie crust
1 lb. lard
1/2 cup boiling water
2 tbsps. cider vinegar
7 cups flour
2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. baking soda

WASH rhubarb, drain well. Add sugar, orange juice, and rind. Mix gently, cook over low heat until rhubarb is tender but holds shape. Drain rhubarb and continue cooking juice until syrupy. Cool to prevent crust from sagging. Pour into a buttered pie dish, 3" deep. Top with pie crust. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 min or until brown.

Cost per pie: 35 cents

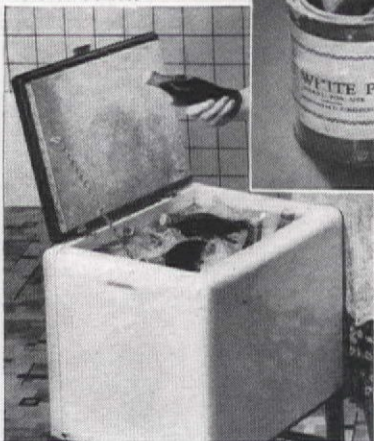
Tested in THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

Submitted by HERMAN SMITH

For those who like to cook we show a sturdy can opener that works like a charm, preventing all bad words and angry glares caused by inefficient ones. Another gem for men who like to cook is a red lacquered tin shelf and five small glass jars filled with your choice of twenty-one different spices—all for about a dollar.

The next neat little trick is the paint can and brush holder to put an end to

De Broche Photo



brushes dripping paint all over you. It clamps on to any paint can and is yours for just one thin dime!



Turner & Seymour

Then there is the ice chest, one of the best known ways to keep bottled drinks cold for a long, summer evening, stag party. It's useful, too, for fishing trips or



Griffith Laboratories

to put in the back of the car for picnics. Between times it will fit conveniently under sink or kitchen table. You'll find these chests in various sizes, reasonably priced, at the local ice company.

May I Come In?

"Good morning! I'm from Hawaii, the land of lovely flowers and gorgeous sunshine. This glass of Dole Pineapple Juice reminded me of home. I'd like to tell you something about it . . . May I?"



"Well, first of all, Dole Pineapple Juice is the true juice of big, ripe, Hawaiian pineapples. When you drink it at breakfast—or any time—it certainly tastes good!"

"Here's something else—Dole Pineapple Juice is a good source of Vitamins B₁ and C, and contains Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus. It's high in quickly available food energy, too."



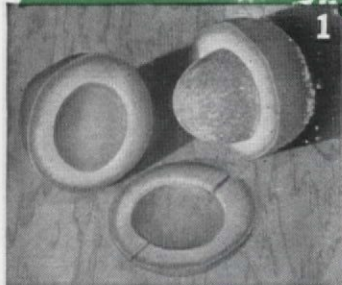
"And you'll find Dole Pineapple Juice is so convenient. Just shake a chilled can—punch—pour—and drink . . . So now I hope you'll enjoy your breakfast . . . Aloha!"



DOLE

Pineapple Juice from Hawaii

3 STEPS TO A GOOD, GOOD-LOOKING SALAD!



1

AVOCADO AND FRUIT SALAD

Peel

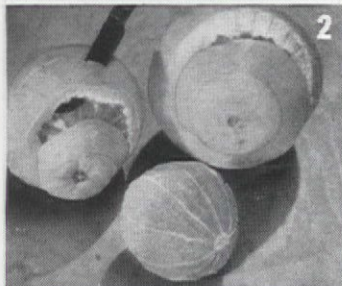
1 avocado, chilled

Cut in halves crosswise, then into thin slices, cutting each slice in half. (Photo 1).

Peel

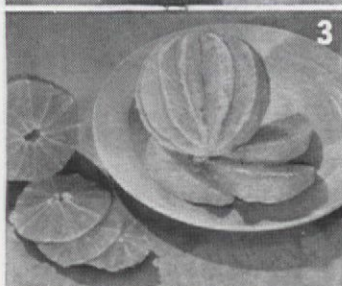
1 to 2 grapefruits, chilled

2 to 3 seedless oranges, chilled with sharp paring knife. (Photo 2).



2

Remove grapefruit segments and slice oranges crosswise (Photo 3). Cut slices of orange in halves. Arrange grapefruit and avocado sections alternately on individual salad plates. Then arrange three half slices of orange as illustrated in photo 4. Garnish with watercress and Heinz Ripe Mission Olives (Photo 4). Serve with French Dressing.



3

YOU'LL FIND THIS and many more exciting recipes in the new **HEINZ RECIPE BOOK**—a cookbook that shows with photographs, step by step, how to cook! Over 200 pages about menus, main dishes, vegetables, salads, salad dressings, sandwiches, sauces, desserts, candies and frostings. Get your copy now! Mail 50¢ to H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. AH-8, Pittsburgh, Pa.



4

Give your salads sparkle with mellow Heinz Vintage Vinegars!

To bring out the best in your salads, the vinegar you use should be the finest money can buy—Heinz Vintage Vinegar! Aged as carefully as fine old wines, Heinz Vinegars have a full-bodied richness and sparkle! That's why you actually use less vinegar—and get more flavor! Select your favorites of four kinds!

HEINZ VINTAGE VINEGARS



57

FREE!

Brand new, fully illustrated folder crammed with salad recipes and suggestions! Write H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. AH-8-A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Golf Dinner

deep dish rhubarb pie



Recipe printed on back of photograph

that will go down in history!

HERMAN SMITH
Ridgfield, Conn.

NO MAN back from a round of golf wants to see anything in the way of what he considers "fancy" food. Just the sight of one marshmallow may send him into more shock-embroidered language than that inspired by the two-foot putt he missed. A small, calory-conscious lamb chop and an overly whipped up and garnished fruit salad will cause real trouble. Those fluffy ideas are fine for the ladies' bridge club, he thinks, but he'll take good solid food. And ever since the first cave man scorched one over a fire, or maybe ate it raw, steak has headed his list of really worthwhile food.

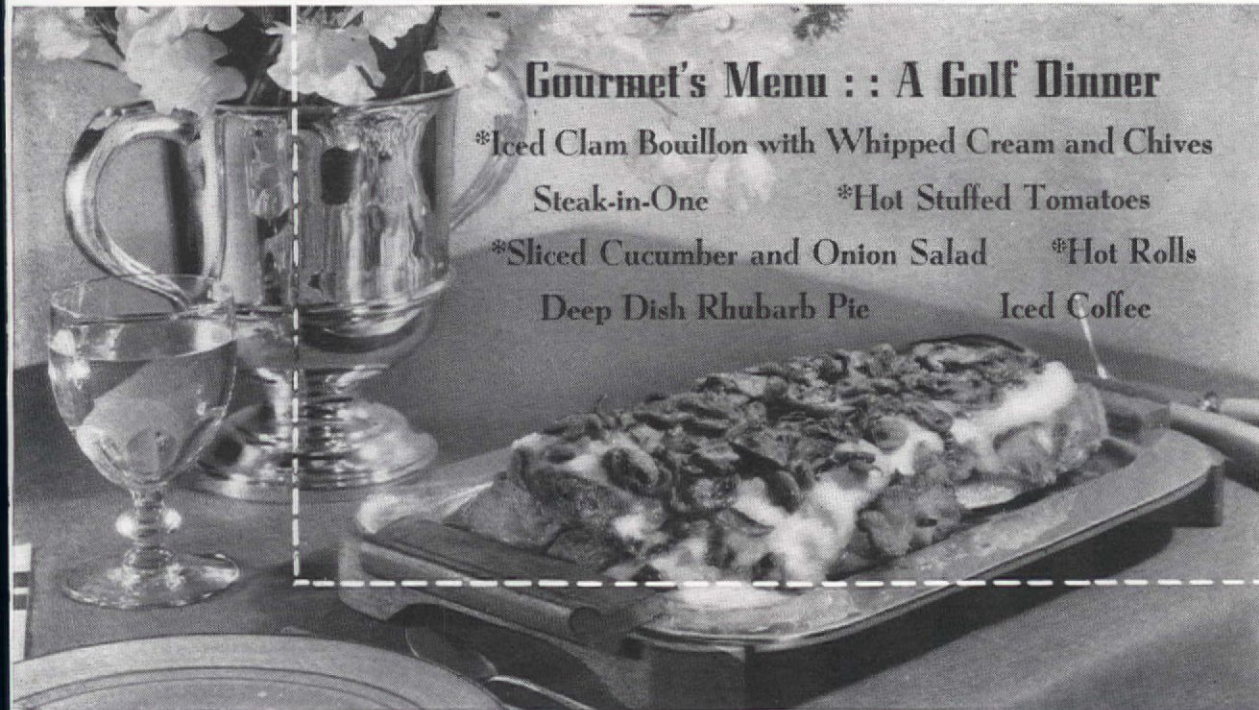
Well, our golf dinner has a noble Epicurean dream called Steak-in-One. This is the best steak you can buy, topped off by delicately fried onions, creamed potatoes flavored with the essence of fresh tomatoes, and fat mushrooms—all blessed under velvety melted cheese and a low flame. A very wonderful combination of favorite foods, all served together on one enormous, gleaming silver platter.

For a starter this gourmet meal has iced clam bouillon, just the right appetizer for already healthy appetites. Along with the steak go hot tomatoes stuffed with tender corn, a crisp sliced cucumber and onion salad, hot rolls dripping with country butter. The ending, guaranteed to make a man as happy as eighteen holes in—or even below—par, is deep dish rhubarb pie, but with a specially flaky golden crust, an extra generous layer of tart rhubarb, and beside it a pitcher of thick cream hiding nuggets of preserved orange peel. Coffee, either hot or iced, ends a meal to make men, even if they're not golfers, thankful and contented.

Given such food, no man in the world is going to quibble about table decorations. But if there's a trophy in the house, won by either father or

Gourmet's Menu :: A Golf Dinner

- *Iced Clam Bouillon with Whipped Cream and Chives
- Steak-in-One
- *Hot Stuffed Tomatoes
- *Sliced Cucumber and Onion Salad
- *Hot Rolls
- Deep Dish Rhubarb Pie
- Iced Coffee



Photographs, F. M. Demarest. Recipe printed on back of photograph

*American Home Basic File

son, by all means use it for lots of greenery and some flowers. The man who won it will glow with well justified pride, and all the men at the party (I hope it is a party) will notice and like the idea. If possible, use deep green or perhaps a sky blue cloth to recall more of a wonderful summer day with the foursome. And, of course, keep the table generally simple and uncluttered—the best silver, china, and glassware, and no “trimmings” to disturb the masculine equilibrium.

It would be nice if this could be a celebration honoring the new club champion, but it would be nicer still if you could repeat it two or three times during the summer, just for pure pleasure. Harry won't care a bit whether he won or lost the dollar and fifteen cents when he's faced with that juicy steak. Two new balls, gone forever in the bottom of the muddy creek that makes the eighth hole sporting, won't matter either. The shots that went in the rough and the one that went out of bounds, the bunker that took all but a broken club to get out of and the five on that easy par three—even these calamities can be forgotten over a gourmet dinner with jovial friends. Life will be perfectly wonderful and the steak one of the best parts of it. (Not to mention that rhubarb pie.)

Which reminds me of the very true and simple fact that there is no reason at all why this elegant steak should not come to the dinner table for anything from gala party for twelve to just an extra good home dinner. At the end of a long hard day at the office, and a great tussle with the commuters' train, it would completely brighten up the philosophy of the head man at your house. Women and children and grandmothers love it just as much, I've found, so there again there's no point in keeping it in your Menu Maker file most of the days in the year. Trot it out any old time when the budget and the urge for something really super in the way of a steak dinner meet on common ground, I say!

You don't, of course, have to have all the rest of our Gourmet's Menu to go with it. For example, many a hungry person would be reasonably

contented to have just the Steak-in-One and your regulation tossed green salad. Steaming hot coffee, and maybe an inexpensive dessert are all you really need to finish it off. Most good but simple meals are built around just *one* super-elegant dish, anyway—and that goes for everything, including the budget-

conscious spaghetti done up in your best special meat or whatever sauce. So, when you have this steak for a starter all the rest really is very easy to accomplish. Just do a super-chef job, on the steak, and you're practically sure of a good dinner. Complete the Gourmet's menu, and you're setting a table for the royal brotherhood of people smart enough to appreciate gourmet food.

Having had this steak dinner, I know it's the perfect ending for a day of most active outdoor sports, golf in particular. But what about you fishermen, for example? There must be something exciting about eating whatever you caught in the way of a sea-food beauty. After eight hours of outwitting the fish, you must have some special ideas about how a prize catch ought to be cooked. And I'd like to know what they are. Will you jot down that recipe and send it to me in care of THE AMERICAN HOME? And what about you barbecue experts, hunters, and football fans? What's your idea of the perfect ending to a perfect day with your favorite sport? After all, a man can't live on steak, even a favorite steak concoction like this one. And you can't always depend on the little woman to be sympathetic and regularly inspired about producing exceptional he-man food. Whatever your sport, you probably know a dinner that “goes with it” as does nothing else. Let's have it!

IDEA!



PICNIC INSULATION: For cold food and drink on hot day picnics, fill basket, box, or suitcase with rock wool (insulation), fluffed lightly rather than packed down. Tuck in everything, and even ice cubes won't melt.—D. B. PORTER, Summit, N. J.

More Cellophane Envelopes for Your Menu Maker

When you need additional cellophane envelopes for your MENU MAKER recipe file, send us your order. We sell them as a service to our readers.

- 100 cellophane envelopes.....\$1.00
- 200 cellophane envelopes..... 1.75
- 300 cellophane envelopes..... 2.50
- 400 cellophane envelopes..... 3.25
- 500 cellophane envelopes..... 4.00

The AMERICAN HOME
251 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

spring action CHOPPER

WITH 3 KNIFE-SHARP BLADES

Foley Chopper shreds or chops cabbage, lettuce, Chops onions, parsley, celery, pickles, peppers. Dices potatoes, carrots. Cuts potatoes for French fries. Cubes fruits. Tenderizes meats. Cuts steak. Blades, stainless steel. Use in wooden bowl or on board. See at department and hardware stores or send coupon.

FOLEY FLOUR SIFTER, 2-cup size, sifts into measuring cup—50c.

FOLEY MFG. CO., 72 Main St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

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I enclose 50c—Chopper, postpaid or 50c—Sifter, postpaid

I enclose \$1.00—both Chopper and Sifter, postpaid.

Name.....
(Write address plainly in margin)

Foley

IT BOUNCES!



There are dozens of ways in which Arm & Hammer, or Cow Brand Baking Soda can aid you in your housework. Used to wash refrigerators, it sweetens as well as cleans.



If you want your glassware to sparkle and glisten crystal clear, just add a bit of Baking Soda to the washing water. Good for mirrors and windows, too.



Or you can quickly remove smudges from white woodwork with a damp cloth on which a bit of our Baking Soda is sprinkled. It's so inexpensive you can use it freely.



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or COW BRAND
BICARBONATE OF SODA
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Please send me Free Book, describing uses of Baking Soda, also a set of Colored Bird Cards. W-27

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America's
Favorite

Perfect seasoning...

really fine

ingredients...

make **KRAFT**

FRENCH DRESSING

America's best-liked

brand. See what

it does for

your tossed

salads!

P. S. Kraft has another brand, too!
MIRACLE FRENCH, for those
who like a touch of onion and garlic.



"It's sabotage!
Somebody swiped my
Sunbrite!"

Sunbrite
The Safe
Speedy Cleanser

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Cleanser

● **steak-in-one**

- 1 large sirloin steak
(1½" thick, 3 to 3½ lbs.)
- 1 cup salad oil
- 2 tbsp. vinegar

- 1 clove garlic,
mashed to paste
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Preparation time after marination: 55 min.—45 min.

- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 small onion, sliced
- ⅛ tsp. black pepper

Mix ingredients and marinate steak in mixture 6 hrs. turning several times. Drain, rub with cut clove of garlic, place in broiler and cook for 8-12 min. per side, according to taste. About 15 min. before steak is to be broiled make the following sauces:

creamed potato sauce

- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. dry mustard

- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 3 cups diced cooked potatoes
- 2 cups grated cheese

Melt butter in double boiler, blend in flour, add other ingredients except cheese and blend well. Keep hot in double boiler.

tomato, onion sauce

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 4 large onions, sliced thin
- 2 large fresh tomatoes

Melt butter in frying pan and lightly brown onions in it. Add chopped tomatoes and cook over low heat for 5 min. Saute ½ lb. sliced mushrooms in 2 tbsp. butter. When steak is broiled, remove to heat-proof dish, spread with tomato, onion sauce and pile creamed potato sauce on top. Sprinkle heavily with grated cheese, place in hot oven or under broiler until cheese is melted and browned slightly. Garnish with mushrooms. Serves 6-8.

Approximate New York City cost: \$2.47

Submitted by HERMAN SMITH

Tested in THE AMERICAN HOME KITCHEN

Photograph printed on back of recipe

I still get my lemon pie!

P.S.—

LEO A. JOSLYN, Oakland, Calif.

"YOU know, some decorative shelves would certainly make this kitchen look better," Cousin Edith said, in her most guileless manner. I looked up from the table, where my third piece of lemon pie was doing a rapid disappearing act. "Yep," I agreed, and then—it must have been the pie—"Want me to make you some?"

Edith was right. The shelves, with a bit of paint and some gay plates, and her kitchen took on a definitely rakish air. No sooner had she seen them than Cousin Mary, who is no slouch with the rolling pin either, put in a bid for a duplicate. "And how about an under-sink cabinet, too, while you're about it?"

But the situation didn't really become menacing until Cousin Nellie, who had been getting by with a "gas plate and cooler," got wind of my activities. Nellie demanded a brand new kitchen, with all shelves within easy reach, vast stretches of working surface which would be easy to clean and durable, a really practicable breakfast nook. All this, and the cost, she stipulated, was to be kept down "or else."

Well, Nellie's lemon pies, in my opinion, are probably the best in the family. . . .

After mulling over a good many old issues of THE AMERICAN HOME, I finally worked out the accompanying plan, trying to create—without changing walls, windows, or doors—a convenient, step-saving kitchen, with definite areas for preparation, cooking, and serving.

The preparation unit includes sink, refrigerator, and

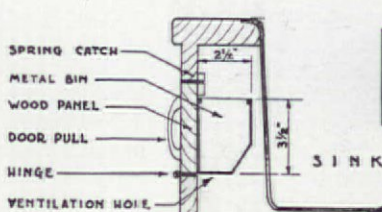
storage compartments, and is separated from the breakfast nook by a base cabinet, which contains three metal-lined drawers for bread, sugar, and flour. Next to them is a compartment for pots and pans, with linoleum-lined shelves and metal-bound edges. There is a special drawer for kitchen knives and gadgets, equipped with removable glass partitions, and the space under the sink is utilized for dish pan, soaps, cleansers, and all the cleaning apparatus the modern housewife needs. Over the refrigerator I put in storage shelves for canned goods, where a man can find a can of beans without tearing the room to pieces.

Across the room is the cooking area, with a tile-topped cabinet smack up against the stove. Here Cousin Nellie keeps her electrical appliances, and there are sliding trays for linens, drawers for sauce pans, pancake turners, and what not. On the other side of the stove I put a corner cabinet, with closed shelves for lids and spices, and open ones for gay-colored pottery and china.

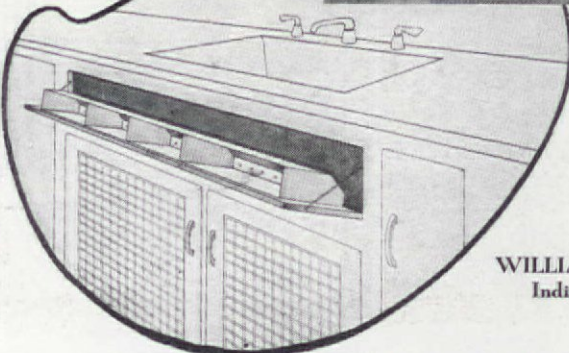
In her original demands, Nellie hadn't mentioned color, but like all women she wanted a "sunny" kitchen, so we finally decided on apricot-colored tile, with border and feature strip in a stronger shade. The apricot was repeated on the ceiling and carried over a zig-zag wooden cornice placed against the ceiling. Walls and cabinets are of ivory and the linoleum is gay with splashes of old rose on a peach background with a fea-

HIDDEN PANTRY BIN FOR SOAPS:

Above the sink-cabinet doors was a plain panel with 3 in. of clearance behind it. Carefully prying it off, I had a tinsmith make a long bin of heavy gauge tin to fit it, with five compartments and holes in the bottom for drainage and ventilation. Before screwing this to the back of the panel, I attached matching hardware to the front—two pulls, two spring catches and three hinges, also a short chain at each side. Then I replaced the whole assembly as shown, so it can be opened and the bin used to keep soap, scrub brushes, wire pads and all such useful things handy, but out of the way.



IDEA!



WILLIAM S. ASPINWALL
Indianapolis, Indiana



Tops off an evening —
as gaily as it starts off a day!

A Cereal So Delicious

IT'S BUSY THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH!

Ideal after school "snack"! This nourishing whole wheat cereal has such a grand flavor that youngsters love to eat it right out of the package. Together with a glass of milk, it makes an excellent "between-meal snack" for them. Digests easily, supplying quick energy for afternoon play.



Grand as appetizers — when prepared like salted nuts! To prepare appetizers and soup croutons that are as delicious as they are different, try Shredded Ralston buttered and toasted. Recipe: Melt ½ cup butter or other shortening in pan. Add package of Shredded Ralston and 1½ teaspoons salt. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly about five minutes. Makes 6 cups.

Just look at all the things Shredded Ralston can do for you. From morning 'til midnight, this busy cereal helps make meals more attractive — menu-planning easier.

But, of course, it's at the breakfast table that you'll meet this distinctively delicious cereal most often. A really glorious breakfast thrill when served with fruit and milk or cream... nourishing whole wheat, shredded and toasted a tempting golden brown... flavored so differently from ordinary cereals that the flavor process earned a U. S. Government patent. Made in a convenient "bite size" that requires no messy crumbling.

Finally, this cereal with so many uses, is one of the *thriftest* you can buy. Pick up a package of Shredded Ralston and feel its weight. You'll know in an instant why it costs less per ounce than most nationally advertised, ready-to-eat cereals — only half as much as some!

Money-back guarantee is printed on every package!

If Shredded Ralston doesn't "hit" with your family, the purchase price will be promptly refunded.



it's *Bite Size* NO MUSS • NO CRUMBLING
SHREDDED RALSTON



YOUNG MRS. CARTER rides...shoots...collects Indian relics...enjoys gardening. Not content with "all play," Mrs. Carter helps her husband with his work. "Every day I spend some time at the typewriter," she says. "It's fun. And so is smoking Camels! Camel is my favorite cigarette. It combines real smoking mildness with honest-to-goodness flavor."

The smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor and

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

A few of the many other distinguished American women who appreciate Camel's special mildness—less nicotine in the smoke:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, Philadelphia
- Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, New York
- Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California
- Mrs. Brooks Howard, Baltimore
- Mrs. Edward M. McIlvain, Jr., New York
- Miss Polly Peabody, New York
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, California
- Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati
- Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, New York

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"I never tire of smoking Camels—
they're milder
and taste simply marvelous!"

M^{rs.} Randolph Carter

OF WARRENTON, VIRGINIA



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*the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos*

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