

U. S. Subsistence Homesteads Bring Happiness to 225 Families

New Community Projects Provide Homes, Land For Men Working Part Time

FATHER wanted to plant potatoes; Mother wanted roses—and now, through the recently completed federal subsistence homestead projects in the West, they can have both!

There are 225 families on the Pacific Coast settled and progressing in this new experiment of Uncle Sam's—225 families raising potatoes and healthy children; roses and vegetables. All the men are small wage earners, yet these projects have given them a standard of living on the highest plane!

"Now, Leo, you leave my rose bush room to grow in. You don't need potatoes on every inch of land!" Thus, Mrs. Hautie Nichols, of Longview, Wash., asserts her rights! Maybe she IS right—women have always hankered for beauty, hungered for it, and men have thought of food of a sterner sort. Leo, her husband (along with a few hundred thousand other men and women), has known what it means to tighten his belt and smile in the face of that grinning cheat, adversity. Potatoes mean food for the kiddies to Leo—roses mean food for their souls to Hautie!

After all, thinks Leo, there are the three boys to feed—Baby Wayne; Eugene, age 9; and Raymond, 14. "We want to raise all we eat this year and can a lot of stuff, too," he confides.

THE route from tenements to model homes, with four, five, or six rooms in the center of two acres, has been the route from hunger and want to the land of plenty, with a margin of happy kiddies thrown in.

There are 60 such families in Longview, Wash.; 100 in El Monte, Calif.; 40 in San Fernando, Calif., and 25 in Phoenix, Ariz. On all of them, the husbands work in town while wives and children stay on the ranch!

It makes living possible for the working man earning between \$600 and \$1200 a year—even if he has a family. And all of them have families.

On one of the homesteads, for instance, is Mrs. Homer Wesley Throne, mother of six, who moved from a tiny four-room house in town, to a new, two-story, six-room modern house on the farm. Now Harry, 15, and Homer, 13, can have one upstairs room, and John 12, and Leonard, 10, the other. Shirley, 5, and Helen, the baby, have a downstairs bedroom, and mother and father actually



"Don't plant your potatoes too close to my rose bush," Mrs. Leo C. Nichols cautions her husband. Mrs. Nichols is one of the happy housewives in the new Longview, Washington, suburban homestead project, built by Uncle Sam's Resettlement Administration. There are three other growing communities boasting such homesteads: El Monte, Calif., San Fernando, Calif., and Phoenix, Ariz.

have a room of their own. And, think of it, there's a big living room left over, and a huge kitchen, a bathroom, a work porch and garage!

Mrs. Throne has always dunked her six children in a tin washtub of a Saturday night. Now, for the first time in their lives, they are having the thrill of a real bathtub—and plenty of hot water!

And you thought you knew what a thrill was!

YOU could take the list and go on down the line of the whole 225 families and each would be a human-interest story all its own. Wasn't it Robert Service who wrote something about "A home and all that it means"? This is it!

The government has established these four tailor-made cities. They are splendid examples of town planning. Homes were built with the inside finish, including smooth plaster and sanded floors, with new fixtures and plenty of closet room. A garage was attached to each house.

Two acres, more or less, went with each residence, and a combination cow-poultry house had room for one milker and 25 layers. On many of them even fruit trees were planted.

The man of the family pays around \$14 a month

Craft of Sailmaker, Unchanged Since Days of Columbus, Revived by Yachting

THE tools Tom Doyle uses daily are the same sort that were in use when some unknown craftsman fashioned the sails for Christopher Columbus' "Santa Maria"—yet it's modern yachting that has revived this intriguing business!

Tom Doyle follows a trade so old it's almost like the dodo bird and the clipper ship. It nearly stopped existing, long ago. Then, unexpectedly, it came very much alive.

The Doyle sailmakers were known in the early seventies wherever great ships sought harbor on the Pacific Coast. There were three older brothers and three younger brothers, and the sails they sewed carried many a vessel to far ends of the earth and back again.

Of the six, Tom is the last in the business. He learned to stitch tough sailcloth with palm and twine in his father's Clay Street shop on the San Francisco waterfront. That was back in 1887, when he was 10 and sailing was the life blood of commerce.

STEAMSHIPS came years later to kill his trade. Sailmakers quit and there were no apprentices.

"I used to tell boys to choose some other trade; that sailmaking was dead. Then along came yachting. The yachts needed sails and there were few sailmakers to make them.

"The movies began to make pirate pictures and South Sea pictures. They had to have sails, good sails.

"Now the few real sailmakers left in the game have all they can do. Business? Why, look at this shop!" He waved his stitching hand at the mountains of white cloth, in the big room with its sailcloth window curtains.

"There are lots of men now who try to make sails, who can't even name them. They are awning makers, or tent makers. It's still true, just as it was

rent. If things go right, he will be able to buy the whole set-up for \$3000 on a long-time contract.

Now, most of the men who have been weary and worn at the end of the day come home to happy families—and even the women have learned to plow!

in the old days, that the best sailmakers in the world are on the Pacific Coast."

The best sails are still hand-sewed with roping-palm and twine. The spike, the heaver and the fid are still essential implements of the trade, even as in the days of Spanish conquest.



While he stitches a mainsail for the yacht Corsair, Tom Doyle, last of six Doyles who followed the trade, muses on the history of his craft. Yachts and movies revived the sailmaking business some years ago, Doyle explains, and now it flourishes as it did in the days of the Clippers.

WILLIAM LAVARRE - BATTLES GIANT CONDOR!

A THRILLING ADVENTURE ON THE EXPEDITION OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM LAVARRE IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF BRAZIL

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE DEMANDS QUICK THINKING—QUICK ACTION—PERFECT PHYSICAL CONDITION. Mr. LAVARRE IS A STEADY CAMEL SMOKER. HE SAYS: "I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL—THEY NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES!"

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THAT IS "THE MOUNTAIN THAT CAN'T BE CLIMBED," THE HOME OF THE GIANT CONDOR WHO CARRIES OFF NATIVE CHILDREN. NO ONE HAS EVER CLIMBED THAT MOUNTAIN. I'M GOING TO TRY IT!

IT'S STRAIGHT UP AND DOWN. I'LL GO UP FIRST AND HAVE A LOOK

I'VE FOUND A CAVE THAT LEADS UP INTO THE MOUNTAIN!

NO ONE CAN CLIMB THAT, ZAMBI!

LOOK OUT—THE DEVIL BIRD!

"I WAS KNOCKED DOWN, BUT MANAGED TO SHOOT THE SAVAGE CONDOR. JUST IN TIME. IT WAS THE BIGGEST BIRD I EVER SAW—WEIGHING 100 LBS. THE NATIVES WERE DELIGHTED AND WE WERE SOON READY TO EXPLORE THE CAVE!"

MASTER, I SEE LIGHT

HURRAH—THE TOP! LIGHT A FIRE TO SIGNAL THE CAMP THAT WE'VE CLIMBED "THE MOUNTAIN THAT CAN'T BE CLIMBED"

LOST! THESE PASSAGES ALL LOOK ALIKE

WE WILL FOLLOW YOUR TRACKS!

THE CAVE MUST LEAD TO THE TOP—WHAT A BREAK!

YES, ZAMBI, BUT NOW HOW WE GET DOWN?

WE START BACK

YOU MADE IT! THE NATIVES ARE AMAZED! WE SAW YOUR SIGNAL FIRE

YES, I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET BACK—GOSH, I'M TIRED. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I NEED!

Mr. and Mrs. LAVARRE AGREE:

I ALWAYS TAKE A BIG SUPPLY OF CAMELS ALONG WHEN EXPLORING. I GET A "LIFT"—FRESH VIGOR—SMOKING A CAMEL. CAMELS TASTE BETTER. THEY PUT THE ACCENT ON MILDNESS

IT'S EASY TO AGREE WITH BILL ABOUT CAMELS. CAMELS RENEW MY ENERGY AND THEY HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT APPEALS TO A WOMAN'S TASTE

MADE FROM COSTLIER TOBACCOS! CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINE, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

WALTER O'KEEFE

TUNE IN! WALTER O'KEEFE, DEANE JANIS, TED HUSING, GLEN GAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA

On the CAMEL CARAVAN

FRIDAY AND THURSDAY, 8 P.M. EST, 8 P.M. C.T., 8:30 P.M. M.S.T., 8:30 P.M. M.L.T.

OVER WABC—COLUMBIA NETWORK

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!