

Jack and the Cornstalk
Shinny up, boy! At the end of this magic cornstalk is the jolly Green Giant. He can give you a golden treasure. Bring it back for supper and make your dear mother happy. (Your father, too.)



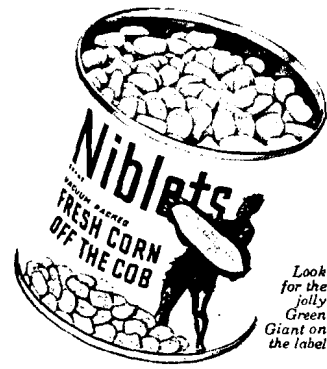
Fresh from flavorland

The man in your life would climb a thousand cornstalks for corn like this. For this is the corn that brings back the boy in him. Corn that lives up to storybook magic . . .

Corn-on-the-cob without the cob.
"Eatin'" gold. Summer in a can.
Fresh-shucked flavor all year round.
That's Niblets Brand whole kernel corn. Plump, full, thin-skinned beauties, each and every one of them.

Don't let your grocer sell all of his Niblets Brand Corn to other people!

Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC on Saturday morning for the Green Giant.



Look for the jolly Green Giant on the label

Niblets Whole Kernel Corn

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.
"Niblets" and "Green Giant" Brands Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © MVCCo.

Best for Youth

Dear Editors: Hope you certainly are again as it was before the war. But everything too expensive. A copy of the JOURNAL costs at least two marks—and the German earns about the same sum in marks as the American in dollars.

The youth of the world could make friends. In my grade, we are 24 girls, there are about twelve girls who correspond with girls or boys either in America or in England. And we are really proud of our good friends. Why are always grown-ups making their wars, those people who say that they want the best for youth?

Sincerely yours,
HANNA FEILINGER.

Nurse Praises Safford Articles

Buckley, Illinois.
Dear Editors: Is there any way I can get a copy of the first of Heery Safford's articles. Tell Me Doctor? As a registered nurse, I've seen a good many on the subject, but never have I read any so frank and comprehensive; the JOURNAL is certainly to be congratulated for publishing it. I want my two children to read it when they're old enough. Nurses are considered general confessors and sources of information. I could never do justice to the subject the way Doctor Safford does.

MRS. DALE KAUFMANN.

No Choices But Bad

Pontiac, Michigan.
Dear Editors: Yesterday I was ambling along the frequency bands of my radio in search of a program. Not any particular program. Just something to enliven the dreary task of ironing. And I could find nothing of interest. The low level of entertainment offered on daytime radio shows has long been recognized, yet nothing seems to be done about it.

I believe that the discontent felt by so many women is not due to the influx of labor-saving devices but to the lack of intellectual challenge in their daily lives. Radio could provide this challenge through stimulating programs. Most of us have a great deal of time to listen to the radio, since many household tasks require only physical actions of a more or less automatic nature. Too bad this listening time can not be utilized more advantageously than current radio fare allows.

Sponsors of the soap operas, of the audience participation give-away shows, of the jazzy record-playing programs may say that if their programs are discontinued, two million people write in protest. And yet I believe an even greater number of people would prefer some other type of entertainment. Often I listen to a poor program rather than none at all. My choice of program is the best available at a given hour. Certainly, it should be wise for sponsors to offer a greater variety.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. KEITH PIERCE.

Color Won't Change

Akron, Ohio.
Dear Editors: We thought your article about the Negro girl (Profile of Youth, March) was well done. Perhaps it would be worth while for a great many people to know what our pastor (an outstanding speaker) said. In substance: If a Negro were to speak out, he might say: "If you segregate me because I am unclean, I can cleanse myself. If you discriminate against me because I am ignorant, I can educate myself. But if you are against me because of my color, I am bitter, helpless and desperate!"
Yours truly,
MRS. C. P. WORK.

Speaks Perfect English

Dear Editors: I am a handicapped child. I can't really say that they could help me. I can cheerfully and perfectly if people would let them. I am large, rosy-cheeked, happy, obliged to wear very heavy glasses because of "myopia."

Many adults—strangers—ask about it in their presence. Am I less, nosy or deliberately one obligingly explain to them. I ask in public? I have been asked to shut them up, but I'd like to know what you think.
Yours truly,
(Name Withheld)

Now They're Cooking

Hendley, Ontario.
Dear Editors: I should like to see your contributors to the JOURNAL for the many years your magazine has afforded during the bleak war years colorful, imaginative and gay of food, interior decorations made up for the drabness of the war helped to liven a lonely in the country after we had been



Young cooks learn from the Journal

in Bath, where I was awaiting the birth of my second child. A year or so after the war broke out, I had made a cookbook from JOURNAL food features. It has enchanted my two daughters, Lillian and Susan Feinella, aged 11 1/2 and 10, especially Lillian, who likes to experiment with me in the kitchen on austere but refined recipes from my American cookbook.
NELLE RISSEL

Milk Bank for Mothers

New York.
Dear Joan Younger: Have you heard of the Mother's Milk Bank in New York? It's a wonderful story that should be told to the whole country—that's what I immediately thought of the Last Home Journal. Just as we gave blood to save lives of wounded soldiers, the Children's Welfare Federation gets sick and premature babies whose mothers can't nurse them. There are banks operating in the United States and Canada, but they far from meet the demand. Often a fairly large bank like New York's has to ship milk by air thousands of miles to save a baby when the local formulas won't work.

Donors come from all walks of life—there's a society matron who drops in daily, and I heard about it through mother who is helping to support her own.
(Continued on Page 6)

94 LHS 6/50