Homemaking in the Hills

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He reminded me of an English bull dog with his square-built shoulders, his indifferently pugnacious manner. For a prize he took me to the dog with his square-built shoulders, his hard to write a good story about you, when I got him off in a corner by him­ into his suit and a hunted look came it hastily with the command, "I don't like to have lots of strange people around firing ques­ tions at me. It scares me." He looked so bewildered about it all, my heart went out to him. I asked him how he hap­ pened to keep you waiting. Can't take up reporting. "I held all of my demonstrations out­ doors and did the processing in an iron kettle over a big fire. We frequently canned tomatoes and used a modification of the cold pack method, processing them for 18 minutes. The women sat back and smoked their corn cob pipes while I demonstrated, and the men came because they thought it was good entertainment. All of the meetings were started by singing old mountain ballads to liven up the group, then I gave a pep talk on diet and concluded with the canning."

One of their big nutritional problems is that of getting milk and eggs, because most of the people are too poor to keep a cow or some chickens. "They are surprisingly healthy, though, but they must get acclimatized to their diet," she stated.

Esther answered the question, "Do you intend to go back after graduation?" with an emphatic, "Oh yes! You can't keep me away now. Once the hills get in your blood you can't help yourself—they pull you back."

John Dunning, who played the flute for her. In fact, all those who come into contact with the little opera-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet on a profes­ sional or business basis remarked about the manner she has with all people.