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Article Summary: *Nebraska Farmer* magazine was the only outlet most rural Nebraska children had to reach the world outside their schools and farms. For half a century, they voiced their dreams, concerns, and questions in the magazine's youth column.

#### Cataloging Information:

*Nebraska Farmer* Youth Page Titles: "Work and Play Club," "Young People," "Young Folks," "Inky Tales," "Jolly Juniors," "Teen Topics," "Teen Tips"

Photographs / Images: children in front of the Woolman barn on a Platte River island south of Shelton, 1910\*; children at Solomon Butcher's Custer County homestead, 1904\*; title logotype for "Work and Play Club," "Young People" and "Our Young Folks" columns; first page of the article "Nebraska's Young Broiler Industry," October 16, 1919; covers: May 17, 1911; October 11, 1919; June 16, 1923; July 7, 1923; October 27, 1923; December 15, 1923

\*Solomon Butcher photograph

GROWING UP ON THE FARM:  
**NEBRASKA**  
**FARMER** YOUTH  
PAGES  
1904-1965

BY KYLIE KINLEY

In 1910 photographer Solomon Butcher photographed these children standing in front of the Woolman barn on a Platte River island south of Shelton. At the time, the *Nebraska Farmer* magazine was the only outlet most farm children had to reach the world outside their schools and farms.  
NSHS RG2608-3170



The term “farm children” is an oxymoron. Especially in the times before mechanized farming, young people on the farm were expected to work from the time they could walk to the time they left the household. In many ways, they weren’t children in the modern sense, but simply mini-adults—small beings who worked side by side with their parents in the fields, barns, and kitchens of rural America.

And not only did they have to be equal with their parents; they had to be better. Farm children were expected to attend school whenever their work allowed them to and learn to read, write, do math and speak English better than their parents could. However, while children spent a great deal of time working in fields and farmsteads, their hopes and dreams were much bigger. The children of rural Nebraska found a place to voice those dreams in the youth column of the *Nebraska Farmer* magazine.

Over its fifty-year existence, the column gave farm children a place where they did not have to be mini-adults; they could be young people, and share their trials and triumphs with their peers who un-

derstood them, express their creativity with riddle, drawing and story contests, and, in later years, ask for and give advice to their fellow teenagers on everything from acne treatment to asking a girl to go steady.

The *Nebraska Farmer* magazine was the only outlet most farm children had to reach the world outside their schools and farms. Perhaps for this reason, the editors of the magazine apparently did not censor the letters, but published the real, raw emotions of the young people of Nebraska, leaving behind a candid look into their everyday lives.<sup>1</sup>

The youth page debuted as the “Work and Play Club” on March 3, 1904, and encouraged children to send in letters that described their chores, pets, families, and school activities. The editor of the magazine wrote in the first column, “We want it to be the best part of the paper, as well as the best children’s page in the state.”<sup>2</sup> The first column boasted two letters (and one was from the editor’s daughter), but the page soon took off, and the editor received so many letters that only the best could be printed.<sup>3</sup>



Though it never appeared in *Nebraska Farmer*, in 1904, Solomon Butcher shot this photograph at his Custer County homestead. *Nebraska Farmer* began printing its youth column that year. NSHS RG2608-2474



The *Nebraska Farmer* youth column was called "Work and Play Club" from March 3, 1904 to October 6, 1909.

The children's favorite topic was the animals, both domesticated and wild, that they came in contact with. Many of these stories were tragic. One six-year-old told how the family dog had found him when he had gotten lost carrying his father's supper to the field (the boy had been four at the time), and then the very next day the dog ate rat poison and died.<sup>4</sup> Other articles related the stories of countless wild animals dying from the children's well-intended forced captivity, or gave the details of accidents that were constantly depleting the number of their pets; one letter even told how a pet rabbit had died from eating ginger snaps:

One evening when papa came home from the field he brought my sister and I a little rabbit. He told us to give him to the cats, but we couldn't bear to do that so we put him in a box and gave him grass to eat and milk to drink. At first, he was very wild, but he soon got acquainted with us, and when we would bring him into the house he would jump and play around with us like he thought we were

red and yellow roses on the grave."<sup>6</sup>

Other pets were not so cherished. One girl wrote:

We used to have a pet goat named Billy. If we didn't keep him tied he would get into a lot of mischief... one day when some of our friends were here we offered to give Billy to them and they took him home with them. They lived in a basement house and while they were in bed that night, Billy ran all over the roof and kept them awake. The next day they brought him back and said they didn't want a goat. We finally gave him away to some people who lived 40 miles away. It was too far to bring him back.<sup>7</sup>

Both of the previous two letters came after 1909, when the column changed its title to "Our Young People" to encourage children older than twelve to write in.<sup>8</sup> Occasionally, the editor would now join the discussion, once writing a letter entitled "To My Girls," and deploring the evils of face powder.<sup>9</sup> As a result, the stories began to be less uniform (previously, almost every letter had included the size of the child's family and the number of pets) and started to relate events in the children's lives.

Most of these events were fun or exciting, but accounts of horrible accidents were liberally sprinkled among the tales of picnics and trips to the county fair. Falling trees caused almost fatal wounds, one boy dressed as Santa accidentally caught his suit on fire, wagons and buggies tipped,

The column was called "Young People" from July 6, 1910 to December 30, 1922.



rabbits...at first Kitty wanted to eat him, but we whipped her for it and she soon got so she thought he was her own kitten...one time when Mamma came home from town she brought some ginger snaps. He liked them so well that we gave him all he wanted to eat. Two days after that we got up in the morning and found him lying dead on the floor. So that was the end of "poor Bunny."<sup>5</sup>

Death was a common occurrence for these farm children, yet they continued to show that each passing life, no matter how brief or insignificant, still touched them: "My sister, brother and I were very sorry for it," a girl wrote of a bird with a broken wing that she had found in the barn. "After breakfast I buried it. I made a little grave and put some

went out of control, or fell apart, consequently breaking bones and giving concussions, and horses caused dislocated shoulders, road rash and countless close calls.<sup>10</sup> One horse even tripped over a pig:

One day last summer my mother sent me to a country store on horseback about a mile away for groceries. She told me to hurry as she needed them at once. I got on a pony called "Cloud," an old race horse. She had won many a race in her time. She is called "Cloud" because she is white with black spots. We were going full speed when a hog ran out in front of us. Cloud was going so fast she could not stop, so she stumbled over it and I went off head first. I held on to the reins so would not have to walk home, but I had to let go finally as it was

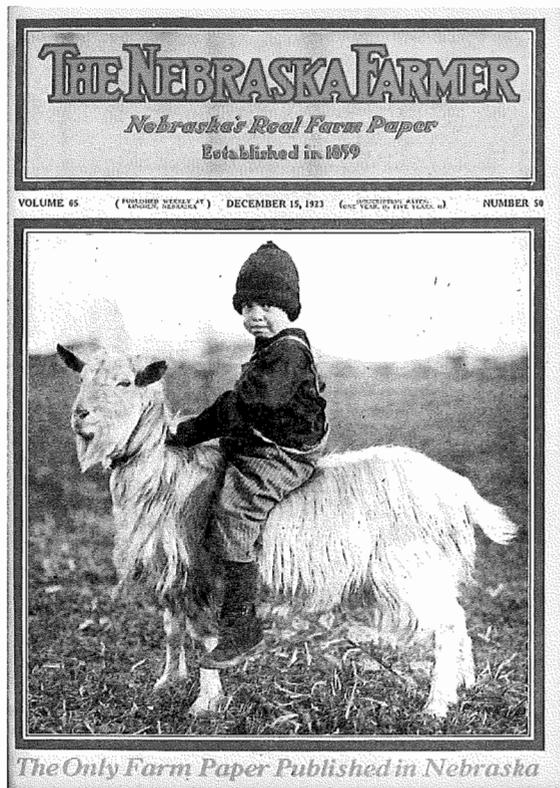
making a sore on my hip. It was so dry and dusty and my mouth got full of dust, so I went to the neighbor's house close by to get a drink. When the lady opened the door I fell on the floor. She took me in and took care of me until my parents came. They took me home and my brother rode the horse back. My parents called the doctor, and when he came he said that he did not know how badly I was hurt, but said he was afraid my kidney was torn loose. In a week I was as well as ever, but I still have a scar. I learned a lesson about riding horseback.<sup>11</sup>

In some instances, the children were proud of the scrapes they had been in. One boy from Blue Springs used his entire letter to give a blow-by-blow account of capturing a "sackful of coyotes." A coyote bit him, but he shrugged the injury off. "One of them bit me on the finger and it was sore for a long time," he wrote. "I suppose that his bite was poisonous."<sup>12</sup>

But even more common than the tales of injuries were the stories of the children's extreme resourcefulness and tenacity. An eleven-year-old related how he pulled two automobiles out of a ditch with a horse while waiting for his father to pull his own wagon out of the mud; a ten-year-old girl raised five hundred baby chicks by herself; a nine-year-old beheaded a rattlesnake in the cellar with a spade and an ax; and a thirteen-year-old killed a twelve-pound skunk with a pitchfork.<sup>13</sup> Children also drove hay wagons, cooked and cleaned for the entire family, milked nine cows before breakfast, or walked two miles to school without being late once the entire year.<sup>14</sup>

But these children also knew how to have a good time. Skating and sledding parties, snowball fights, picnics, field trips, and sugar pulls were common occurrences. And the field trips were a little bit more intensive than the journeys elementary students take today. In one instance, the seventh and eight grade students from Waverly visited several sites in Lincoln, including the College of Agriculture, the state capitol and Antelope Park. They had also planned to go to the state penitentiary, but the warden would not let the students in because some of the inmates had smallpox. The students visited the state asylum instead.<sup>15</sup>

Even fun events had mishaps. A disastrous skating party during which one boy fell through the ice convinced the children of Bennington never to skate in a group of thirteen again.<sup>16</sup> Another girl told of how one day she and her friends were playing by the creek and her three-year-old brother fell in. Their mother put him in a dress, the only clean clothes available, and then the boy "cried more



about putting on girl's clothes than falling into the creek."<sup>17</sup>

Another humorous letter proved that even though the children were isolated on their remote farms and ranches, they still couldn't get away with anything. The letter relates how the writer and his brother decided to play cowboy one day and saddled their bucket calf. The venture was successful until "I twisted its tail and it began to turn and buck. Pretty soon the saddle turned and we both fell off." The boys, who were really not supposed to be riding their calf, put the saddle away and didn't speak of it again, but "soon after that we sold all the calves. Papa said that the man who bought them said one of them was sway backed. We asked him which one and he said it was the one we fed by

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Some of the children were proud of the scrapes they had been in. One boy from Blue Springs used his entire letter to give a blow-by-blow account of capturing a "sackful of coyotes."

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# Nebraska Farmer



Here's Master Billy Donnelley, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Donnelley, Lincoln, admiring month-old New Hampshire Red broilers.

## NEBRASKA'S YOUNG BROILER INDUSTRY

By CARL DEITEMEYER

This broiler business in Nebraska can increase our agricultural income. We have all the natural advantages, greatest of which is the production of grain. Our markets are nearby. Omaha is the world's largest poultry-processing center.

**O**UR broiler industry is out of the shell, and past the peep-peep stage! Over 100,000 chicks in Nebraska this month are rapidly becoming luscious, juicy, three-pound broilers at approximately 12 weeks of age.

Yes, there is a good reason why interest is high in raising broilers. There's money in it!

Profits per bird have been running from 23 to 43 cents, according to J. R. (Jack) Redditt, field representative, American Poultry Industries, who has been getting the information to prospective broiler raisers.

You can find broiler projects in almost every county in the eastern half of the state. Farmers are raising a few. The biggest increase has come from fellows wanting to start a full-time broiler project.

War veterans, Voc Ag students, and 4-H club members have shown interest in the current money-making project.

Raising quality broilers on a commercial all-year basis in Nebraska has these distinct advantages according to Mr. Redditt:

- (1) Profitable use of locally grown feeds.
- (2) Job opportunities.

- (3) No more exporting feeds and importing broilers.
- (4) All-year poultry production and use of processing equipment.
- (5) Establishment of a phase of agriculture adapted to Nebraska.
- (6) Improved standard of living by increasing agricultural income.

### Broiler Profits

The Donnelley brothers, William and Jim, veterans, are raising broilers on a poultry farm west of Lincoln. They raised 2,000 in their first run which showed a profit of approximately 30 cents a bird. Another 4,000 New Hampshire chicks are eating themselves out of house and home. They are now five weeks of age and weigh approximately one pound each. The brothers are preparing their brooder house for another four thousand.

The boys admit their system is far from perfect. They need more room as they find they ought to have at least 10,000 broilers. The brothers tried to get an area out at the Lincoln Air Base for their project. That would have given them plenty of room.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

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I have been dating since I was  
13 and going out alone with a  
couple of boys who were five  
years my senior but nothing  
happened to me yet...

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hand. Then when we asked him who told him we had been riding the calf he said it was one of the neighbors who saw us.<sup>18</sup>

Soon after this letter, the column changed its name once again, this time to "Our Young Folks."<sup>19</sup> With this change, the editor of the column, whose pen name was "Aunt Betty," began writing more, critiquing the current letters and suggesting topics for future ones. The column introduced story contests, and letters with real-life experiences were less frequent.

However, the importance of the column to the children did not change: "I have read this paper for about a year and now would not know how to get along without it," one girl wrote in.<sup>20</sup> Another girl was so moved that she wrote a poem:

Oh, how I long from day to day  
For the *Nebraska Farmer* to come my way!  
Then when it comes I grab it so  
I can find the Young Folks page, you know;  
And then when I have read it through,  
I wish and wish that it was new.<sup>21</sup>

**Then, from 1936 to 1945, except** for a three-month comeback in the summer of 1940, *Nebraska Farmer* did not have a youth column. A puzzle page called "Funland" sometimes appeared from 1941 to 1942, but the page would not be seen in its old format again until May 19, 1945, when the column reappeared with no explanation for its absence and with the new title "Young Folks" and a new editor named "Aunt Alice."<sup>22</sup>

The new column was so popular that the magazine soon split the page, keeping the title "Young Folks" for children under twelve and adding "Teen Topics," for older children. "Young Folks" ran until 1950, and then changed to "Inky Tales."<sup>23</sup> Inky Tales was based on a fictional story about the antics of an "imp" who lived in the *Nebraska Farmer* office and thought up a puzzle for the children to solve each issue. Later, the column morphed into "Jolly Juniors," which infrequently ran letters and simply showcased the children's drawings and riddles.<sup>24</sup>

With the change to "Teen Topics," the purpose of the column altered completely. Letters no longer detailed the readers' lives on the farm; instead, "Teen Topics" became an advice column for teenage girls. The letters discussed what was considered decent skirt length, the right age to wear hose, how much make-up to wear, and even how much a girl should weigh.

The appropriate time for a curfew was also debated, with many deciding that ten was acceptable on weeknights and midnight on weekends. One girl, however, wanted a little more freedom. "A 15-year-old girl should be home by 12:00 or 12:30 on week nights, but allowed to stay out to a reasonable hour on weekends," she said.<sup>25</sup>

Other letters discussed the merits (if any) of drinking and smoking, whether or not to introduce your date to your parents or save yourself the embarrassment and just go out, and proper behavior at dances. Some of these letters went unanswered, but others solicited a few response letters in the following issue. In one instance, the teenagers heard from their peers, not their parents, about the ill effects of smoking. "I have smoked ever since I was 9 years old," one teen wrote. "I am almost 18 years old now, and I smoke in front of my folks. But I wish they would have caught me and given me one of the worst beatings I have ever had in my life. I can feel it now. I am so nervous and shaky I can hardly write."<sup>26</sup>

## Our Young Folks

The column was called "Our Young Folks" from January 6, 1923 to December 5, 1936.



But the girls' favorite topic was to discuss every facet of the awkward rite of passage known as dating. Many of their discussions included their ideas of a perfect date. Of course, boys and girls had different ideas entirely.

"My idea of a boring date is when the boy starts to get mushy. To park and talk is okay—but that's all!" one girl wrote.<sup>27</sup>

"The gals are always telling what makes a boring date," replied a boy, "so I think I'll let the gals know how they can be boring. A girl who won't neck makes a gruesome twosome. . . You gals aren't perfect, you know—there's room for improvement."<sup>28</sup>

Again, a girl thought otherwise: "Here is my ideal boy. One that lives not too close, about 100 miles away, so we wouldn't see each other too much. This way you don't get tired of each other. He could come see me about three or four times in six months and write a couple of times a month."<sup>29</sup>

Another boy didn't see much use in dating at all: "It's hard to concentrate on one person all the time, and it makes you feel good to be in a crowd of people having fun. As to a boyfriend (one of them things)—you know, one of these days some intelligent guy is going to come up with a better word than boyfriend, and may I live to see the day!"<sup>30</sup>

These letters were all very tame, until a response came from "Sally Joe," who wrote:

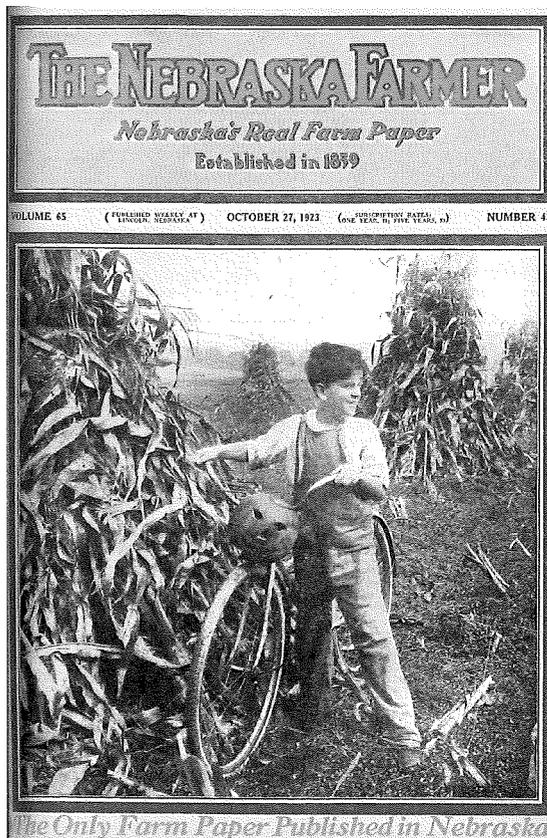
Why are all those 14 and 15 year old girls so afraid to go out alone with boys? It sounds stupid to me. If those girls aren't old enough to take care of themselves then it is high time they were learning. I have been dating since I was 13 and going out alone with a couple of boys who were five years my senior but nothing happened to me yet. . . we have our parties, too, but I suppose those "nicey nice" girls wouldn't think of being seen at our kind of party. And we would be bored to tears at one of their parties, no doubt. But if they like that kind of life they can have it—but not for me.<sup>31</sup>

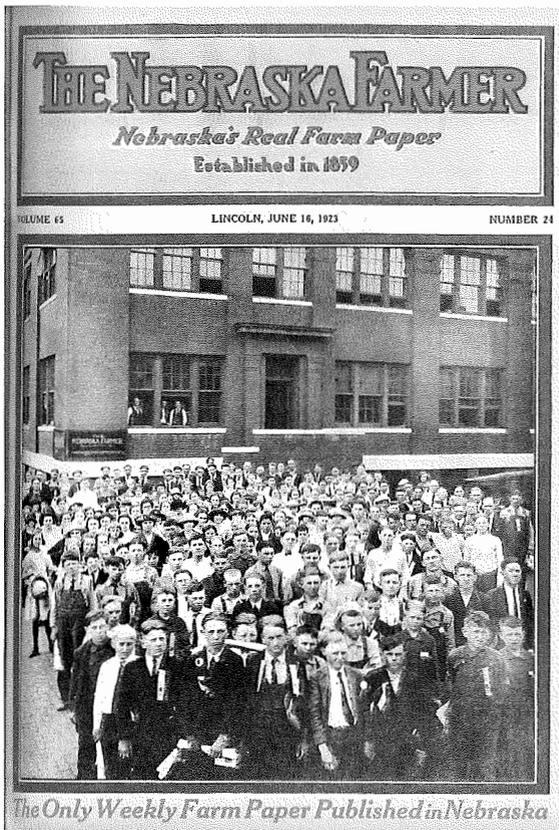
The response was extraordinary. Three-fourths of the column for the next month involved letters chastising Sally Joe, and letters mentioning Sally Joe and her idea of fun were still so numerous that the magazine had "more than we can publish" in May 1948, seven months after the original letter ran.<sup>32</sup> Teens wrote responses such as "Those 'nicey nice' girls are probably sensible, decent girls who know better," and "Don't you think for a minute that we would consider inviting someone that would be simply bored to tears as you said. They would just spoil the life of the party, and every one else's fun, besides the fun they might have had if they would only get interested in the party, and not thinking just of going off alone with some boy."<sup>33</sup>

Teenage boys, who were infrequently involved with the column, sent in so many letters that the editor dedicated an entire page for their responses. "If you think you can show me a good time by getting drunk and acting like a fool running down your reputation and health there is something mentally wrong with you," one boy wrote.<sup>34</sup>

"I believe that the likes of Sally Jo don't have backbone to turn anyone down or back it up if they did," said another.<sup>35</sup>

The response from parents was even greater. Rural parents had encouraged their children to grow up before their time for years, but now that the children actually had, they panicked. These children not only knew the meaning of a hard day's work before they were twelve, but they had also seen the aftermath of world war; they were missing grandparents, uncles, cousins, and brothers. Perhaps even more than their early twentieth century peers who had lived when horrible farm accidents were common, these children understood that life is short, and they were going to live it to the fullest. Sally Joe's letter marked the beginning of more parental involvement (though never censor-





ship) of the youth page. At the time of Sally Joe's letter, the magazine devoted two pages to letters from parents:

"In the *Nebraska Farmer* I usually read the topics which should be of interest to a farmer," one man wrote, "Today I was attracted by the heading of your Teen Topics." "Listen parents," the man went on to say, "Your children must have fun. Why don't you 'get in the buggy' with them and see what they do? . . . The presence of parents does much to keep away the evil elements."<sup>36</sup> Though the expression "get in the buggy" sounds out of touch, still, this man was unique in that he encouraged parents to get involved in their children's lives; others simply decried the evils of alcohol, cigarettes, lack of Christian training or even comic strips. "So young teenagers when you are tempted to smoke or drink, just stop and think. Do you want to be a slave to filth the rest of your life?" demanded one mother.<sup>37</sup>

The parents' concern about their children's habits was shown again when the magazine ran an article called, "What about Teen Marriage?" The article addressed the growing number of teenage marriages and discussed whether or not the practice should be encouraged. The article, which was written by professors from the University of Nebraska, listed the war, Hollywood influence, bad

home lives, and "increased petting," which was the slang term for hugging and kissing, as factors that were encouraging teenagers to tie the knot early. The article then went on to say that the success of early marriages was low, and encouraged parents to expose their children to the real responsibilities of marriage.<sup>38</sup>

Another article, which ran a few years later, reported the results of another University of Nebraska study, which had even worse news for concerned parents. It reported that out of three hundred Nebraska girls who had married before age eighteen, all were, on average, five years younger than their husbands and had no plans to further their educations. A third hadn't even finished high school. In addition, 72 of the couples had children within 16 months of their weddings, 32 of those 72 had been pregnant when they were wed, and divorce rates were higher for couples who married young.<sup>39</sup>

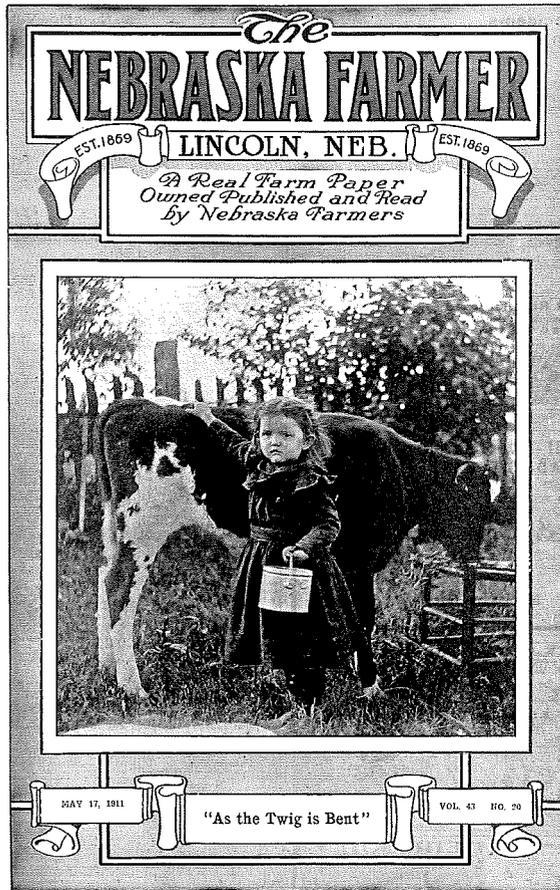
Parents had reason to be concerned, if their teens shared the sentiments of the girls who wrote the following letter:

People here usually call us "wild" because we let boys kiss us a lot. We don't see anything wrong with this as we all know right from wrong. We go to dances a lot in other towns, which is another thing these "old gossipers" disapprove of. If we get in after 11, everyone in town is buzzing about it by the time we get up the next morning. . . are we "wild" just because we want to have a little fun once in a while? . . . Another thing that people criticize us for is going with so many different boys instead of sticking strictly to one guy. Is that wrong? After all, we shouldn't stick with a guy we don't especially care for, should we?<sup>40</sup>

Fortunately for parents, many teens advised their peers against rushing into anything. "In dating different boys I know how easy it is to think you're in love with them, but do you think you are ready to be 'tied' to one man for the remainder of your life?" one girl asked.<sup>41</sup>

"If you really love him," another girl wrote, "I can't see any harm in waiting for him."<sup>42</sup>

**The youth column continued to** remain a place where teens could turn for the answers to the many problems that afflicted them, but as the column neared its tenth anniversary, the topic of discussion turned from dating and cosmetics to more serious things. One of these topics was war. One reader summed up his peers' feelings very well:



Kylie Kinley is an undergraduate English major and honors student at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She grew up on a farm near Bladen, Neb.

All we hear on the radio anymore is what some Legion bigwig says or thinks. Don't the people count at all any more? It isn't the old Legionnaires who are dying in the rice paddies in Korea. It's the young boys. If we kids don't look out for ourselves we won't live long enough to ever have any children, so we don't need to worry about THEM.<sup>43</sup>

The teens were patriotic, but their collective thoughts on this subject were much deeper than their previous obsession with the appropriate dating age had revealed: "I have a brother, 18, who may have to go to war. I don't want him to be killed, but I wouldn't have him sit by while a bunch of devils corrupt the world by overpowering and subjecting people who cannot protect themselves," one teen wrote.<sup>44</sup>

Then, for the first time in a very long while, the topic of agriculture did come up. "What are we going to do without boys on farms and ranches; after all, we need food, etc," "Pretty Ranch Gal" wrote. "All I can say is, why did we put our nose in this war in the first place?"<sup>45</sup>

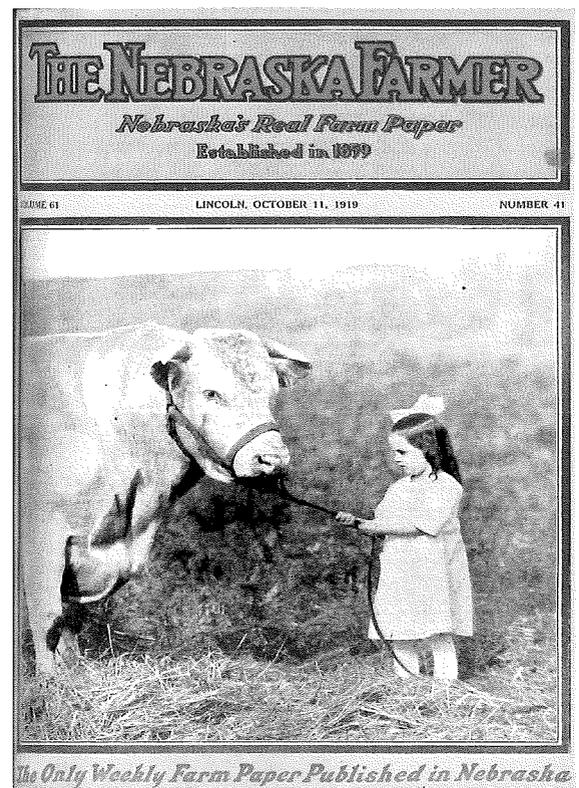
Another reader replied with an idea that still sounds revolutionary today: "About drafting women, I think that is a good idea," "Redhead" responded. "If I were old enough, I would join. I think

freedom is our greatest right. I am willing to fight for our country."<sup>46</sup>

The column even had international readers join in their discussion about war. One teen from Diekmannshausen, Germany, had cousins living in Palmer, Nebraska, who regularly sent her copies of the magazine, and she decided to write Teen Topics herself. Inge Meier's first letter boasted rudimentary English and asked for pen pals from the United States so she could learn English better before she and her family also immigrated to Nebraska.<sup>47</sup>

Inge received 1,400 letters in response.<sup>48</sup>

Later, Inge wrote several other letters to *Nebraska Farmer* to thank its readers for their enthusiasm: "After a few months of writing to my Pen Pals I gradually became more sure of words and translations and after a year of steady writing I was able to write and compose letters as if I were writing them in German," she wrote. In another letter, Inge gave her Nebraska farm friends, many of whom had probably never been out of the Midwest, a crash course in being good ambassadors with other nations: "It may seem too easy to you that just plain talking and discussing between two Pen Pals could minimize the chances of a future war. Don't think so! It is probably the one and only way to better understanding between nations."<sup>49</sup>



Inge's letters appeared during the peak of the column's popularity. As the 1950s faded into the 1960s, fewer letters asking for other teens' input on important issues of the day appeared. A "Teen Tips" column, which was written by a teen editor, offered advice instead. Profiles of different teens who were successful in Future Farmers of America, 4-H or home economics clubs, as well as beauty tips and movie reviews, ran frequently.

Soon, however, even those articles disappeared, and the column was entirely adult-edited and simply listed ideas for parties or new hairstyles. Then, on February 20, 1965, "Jolly Juniors" ran its last drawing. In its eight-year existence it had never seen the popularity with young letter writers as had the "Work and Play Club" of earlier years.<sup>50</sup> Less than a month later, Teen Topics also ran its last column. Its final appearance in the pages of the *Nebraska Farmer* was on March 6.<sup>51</sup>

Throughout its fifty-year existence, the column helped farm (and a couple of city) children improve their handwriting, grammar, punctuation, and ability to tell a decent story, but its biggest accomplishment was that it brought children together with their peers, their parents, and the larger readership of *Nebraska Farmer* magazine. It reflected the changes the children noticed in their world, their country, and even their farmsteads. "It takes a village to raise a child," the saying goes. For the farm children of Nebraska, that "village" was the entire readership of *Nebraska Farmer* magazine. ❏

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> See also Pamela Riney-Kehrberg, "But What Kind of Work Do the Rest of You Do?": Child Labor on Nebraska Farms, 1870-1920," *Nebraska History* 82 (Spring 2001): 2-10.

<sup>2</sup> *Nebraska Farmer* (hereafter NF), March 3, 1904, 240.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, January 6, 1909, 13. This is the first time I found an article that specifically says the best are printed, but from the way the column is formatted, this practice had to have started earlier.

<sup>4</sup> Dagny Jenson, NF, January 6, 1909, 13.

<sup>5</sup> Rebecca R. Beyl, NF, August 3, 1910, 685.

<sup>6</sup> Irene Skoda, NF, December 23, 1916, 1320.

<sup>7</sup> Mary Belle Anderson, NF, May 25, 1929, 970.

<sup>8</sup> NF, October 13, 1909, 895.

<sup>9</sup> Editor, NF, October 25, 1911, 1024.

<sup>10</sup> Vera Edwards, NF, January 8, 1921, 76-77; Irene Wortman, January 22, 1921, 164; Louis Bennett, November 13, 1926, 1534.

<sup>11</sup> Arnold Kensinger, NF, January 15, 1921, 120.

<sup>12</sup> Charles Jenkins, NF, November 19, 1921, 10-11.

<sup>13</sup> Clyde Canada, NF, January 15, 1921, 120; Mary Woods, March 22, 1906; George Snyder, February 19, 1921, 356-57; Walter

Thompson, January 1, 1921, 30.

<sup>14</sup> Mary Rademacher, NF, January 6, 1909, 13.

<sup>15</sup> Anthony Pokorny, NF, November 19, 1921, 10-11.

<sup>16</sup> Frederick V. Grau, NF, January 19, 1918, 116.

<sup>17</sup> Marguerite Ewen, NF, May 14, 1921, 736-37.

<sup>18</sup> Leo Collins, NF, September 22, 1915, 913.

<sup>19</sup> NF, January 6, 1923, 22.

<sup>20</sup> Marie Parmenter, NF, April 2, 1927, 56.

<sup>21</sup> Lula White, NF, July 20, 1929, 1216.

<sup>22</sup> NF, May 19, 1945, 18.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, November 2, 1946, 28; October 21, 1950, 29.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, April 5, 1952, 43.

<sup>25</sup> Speed, NF, April 17, 1954, 44.

<sup>26</sup> A Constant Reader, NF, March 20, 1948, 34-35.

<sup>27</sup> B.L.R., NF, June 16, 1951,

<sup>28</sup> Willie, NF, June 16, 1951, 28.

<sup>29</sup> Ella, NF, October 18, 1947, 26.

<sup>30</sup> Just Another Country Kid, NF, October 18, 1947, 26.

<sup>31</sup> Sally Joe, NF, October 18, 1947, 27.

<sup>32</sup> Editor, NF, May 1, 1948, 40.

<sup>33</sup> Joan and A Teen-Age Girl, NF, November 15, 1947, 36.

<sup>34</sup> A Friend to All, NF, March 20, 1948, 34-35.

<sup>35</sup> Donald Hagemeyer, NF, March 20, 1948, 34-35. Spelling of "Jo" intentional.

<sup>36</sup> Happy Dad, NF, March 6, 1948, 8.

<sup>37</sup> A Wayne County Mother, NF, March 6, 1948, 8.

<sup>38</sup> Kenneth L. Cannon and Ruby Gingles, "What About Teen Marriage?" NF, October 16, 1954, 60.

<sup>39</sup> Ruby Heather Gingles, "Big Problems for Parents: The Teen-Age Marriage," NF, March 5, 1960, 99-100, 103.

<sup>40</sup> "Slugger, Snookie and Shorty," NF, June 16, 1951, 28.

<sup>41</sup> Babs, NF, August 21, 1950, 56.

<sup>42</sup> A Marine's Steady, NF, August 21, 1950, 56.

<sup>43</sup> Good Listener, NF, October 21, 1950, 29.

<sup>44</sup> Temper, NF, October 21, 1950, 29.

<sup>45</sup> Pretty Ranch Gal, NF, October 21, 1950, 29.

<sup>46</sup> Redhead, NF, June 16, 1951, 28.

<sup>47</sup> Inge Meier, NF, May 15, 1948, 16.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, March 6, 1954, 26.

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*, March 20, 1954, 44.

<sup>50</sup> NF, February 20, 1965, 58.

<sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*, March 6, 1965, 105.