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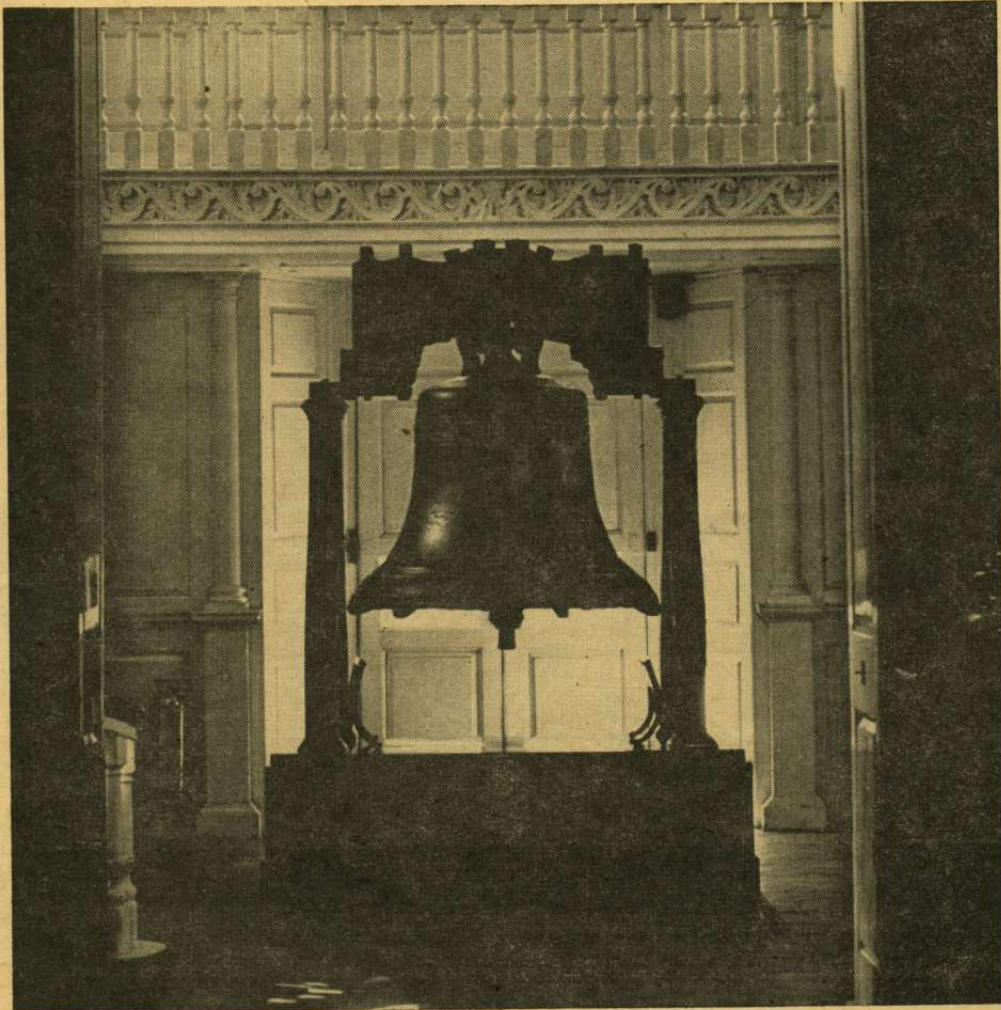
SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents



Vol. 13

JULY, 1948

Number 7



H. Armstrong Roberts



KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.
Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.
Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

We've just come home from a nice summer evening's ride, and while the rest of the family settle down on the front porch I think I'll get off my monthly letter to you.

I wonder if a good many of you also take short rides on hot nights after supper is over and the dishes are done? For years this has just about been our chief summer recreation, and I can't think of anything that I enjoy more. Mart knows every little byway and lane for miles around, and he also knows who lives in a good many of the farm homes that we pass. I'm not too good at hooking up names and places, but sometimes I surprise myself at remembering who lives where!

One of the nice things about these little rides is noting the various changes that take place from summer to summer. We've watched many a newly planted windbreak grow to a heavy, substantial windbreak since it was planted years ago, and we've seen any number of old houses through all the stages of a remodeling job that lasted over a long period of time. That's one of the things we enjoy about being settled in a place—you can get real satisfaction out of seeing people succeed and enjoying the fruits of their success..

As far as family activity is concerned this is a quiet summer for us compared to last year when we had so much coming and going, two new grandchildren, a family reunion and I don't know what all. We're looking for Donald home just any day now to spend a few days with us before he goes to his new job in Chicago. As far as we know that is the only special visit we'll have — although I should hasten to add the we're hoping Dorothy can get away to spend a little time with us during the summer.

Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna are now living on the other side of the island—since I haven't been to Hawaii it is difficult for me to envision exactly what they meant by that phrase in their latest letter. Frederick was asked to serve as a religious counsellor for the YMCA summer camp of six weeks' duration, so they rented their home in Honolulu to someone who was teaching at Punahou School for the length of time they would be out of town. It seems that they have a small room for them-

selves, but will eat their meals at a private table in the main dining hall. This gives Betty a six-weeks' vacation from the stove, and no doubt she'll enjoy it. I imagine that Mary Leanna will have a great deal of attention from the students—probably she'll be the only occupant of a high chair in the dining hall.

Of course we are happy that you enjoyed last month's cover picture of Juliana and Kristin. You'll note that their long dresses just touched the floor in that picture, but the other day when they wanted to play "wedding" and put on those dresses for the first time since the big event, we were shocked to see that they lacked almost two inches of touching the floor! That tells you how fast my little granddaughters are growing.

But Martin seems to be growing even faster. He had his first hair cut the other day, and my! it certainly made him look like a little man. The minute you touch his hands now he rares right up on his feet, and doesn't relish the idea of sitting down again. In spite of the fact that he's big and heavy I rather imagine that he'll be walking not too long after his first birthday. He creeps all over the house like lightning, and can manage his stroller around everything but steps. I guess that he actually tried the steps for he had his first bad fall down the three brick steps that lead from the front porch. But at least he didn't break his nose as Kristin did when she went down a long flight of stairs in her stroller at just about the same age.

My sister Helen Fischer is feeling much stronger these days, and I know that her countless friends will be glad to hear this good news. I try to get down to see her often, and we're so glad that she had that long ramp made up to her back porch a number of years ago for now we're really making good use of it. Her daughter, Gretchen Harshbarger, came from North Liberty, Iowa, for a short visit last month, and we had a good chance to talk at a small family party that we had to celebrate Abigail's birthday.

All of Edith Hansen's many friends who are interested in her son Don will be glad to know that he is expected back from Chicago soon for a long visit. It is remarkable the way he manages to drive back and forth

between Shenandoah and Chicago. He has gotten a world of good out of the car that was presented to him by the Veteran's administration, and I know we are all thankful that these boys who came out of the war with such serious injuries can have such a great degree of freedom and independence. Edith and I are both so busy that we don't get as many opportunities to visit as we'd like to have, but at least we can talk on the telephone almost every day and that fills in the gap.

Both our front porch and back porch have been painted within the past few days, and it's nice to see them looking fresh and clean again. Our house needs a good wash job all over, but somehow I doubt if it gets it this summer. We had workmen around for so long that it's a temptation just to let the outside stay dirty.

It's been almost like old times this summer with so many visitors coming to Shenandoah. During the war years we had very few callers because of gas rationing, but I think that now many people are catching up with some of the trips they wanted to make. I've enjoyed meeting several bus loads of callers, and we hope that in turn you enjoyed your meeting with us.

Our garden has been particularly lovely this summer. We had to cut down our big willow tree that afforded so much shade and gave such a sense of coolness to the back yard, but it simply got away from us and interfered too badly with wires. I don't know just what we'll put in its place, but something will have to go in that corner. A year ago at this time we were having such serious flood difficulties throughout our part of the Middlewest, but this year it's certainly a different story. We have needed a great deal more rain than we've had thus far, and I'm hoping that those of you who need it equally badly will get relief before anymore damage is done.

Wayne and Abigail are hoping to get away for a vacation before too long now. Abigail's brother and his wife are coming to visit them from California the latter part of this month, so I don't imagine they will plan on anything until after that visit. They are still working on the staircase in the hall, but when that is done I really believe that the work they outlined a year ago will all have been accomplished.

This past month I've learned to smock and to date I've made two dresses for little Mary Leanna. I told my girls that if all three of them could learn to smock beautifully I'd certainly have to try my hand at it too. I can see now why they find it hard to put their work down once they've picked it up and started a row. I made one little dress in a pale yellow cotton and smocked it in green; the other one is white smocked in two shades of blue.

Margery has just made some iced-tea and called to me to come and join them on the porch so I must say good-night. Thank you once again for all of your good letters.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

THE GARDEN IN MIDSUMMER

By Mary Duncomb

July seems to be one of those months which, like a border state, partakes a little of the nature of its immediate neighbors. Early July is a ripened June; late July an early imitation of August. But in a way it has its own particular charm — we might compare it to the finished performance of a play which has been well prepared ahead and is now being staged for our benefit.

It is a month of developed beauty. Springs' early flowers are gone, and the later ones of Fall are not yet realized. But those which are with us are many and very lovely. They are usually those which are well adapted to withstand both the heat and the drying winds so prevalent in this section.

Those of us who have no means of supplying water to our plants and must depend upon rainfall have learned to depend upon those perennials which are best able to bear up under adverse conditions. Those are the old standbys, and certainly they don't diminish in our affections just because we do have seasons now and then when everything is in our favor, and there is enough rainfall to bring all our flowers to their ultimate perfection.

Tiger Lilies and perennial White Phlox is a combination hard to beat, and if blue Platycodon, the Chinese Bellflower, is added to the group, nothing is left to be desired. These three seem to be a trio which winter perfectly with no mulching in our severe climate, and yet will give their greatest beauty during our hottest weather.

Petunias of all sorts are among midsummer favorites, and also beds of annual Phlox. How kind Nature has been in giving us annuals whose timing of bloom is somewhat under our control, to fill in the gap between Spring and Fall, especially in less permanent gardens where perennials are out of the question.

If house plants are summering outside under bushes or on the north side of the house in their pots, do not neglect watering them. Their soil will dry out faster than when they are planted directly in the earth. They should not be kept in dense shade, as they will become much too spindly for nice winter bloomers. Geranium cuttings may be started now for winter house plants. When taking cuttings do not select those which are too sappy or, on the other hand, too woody. An hour of two of exposure will help form a heel on the base of the cutting which is necessary for the storage of plant food. Most of the leaves might as well be taken off as they will wilt anyway.

July is a good month in which to gather seed of favorite flowers that

are now ripened. Just one spike may be left to form seed, if one likes to keep the garden tidy by removing the faded flowers. I have always found such seed quite reliable, and in this way one may have more money to buy different varieties.

A good vegetable garden has certainly proved its worth the past few years. It is not hard to prepare a meal with so many varieties to choose from. And it's hardly necessary to point out what a difference it makes in the grocery bill. Sweet corn is especially good when eaten a few hours after gathering, and if one has been wise in making successive plantings, their enjoyment of this wonderful vegetable is greatly prolonged.

Evenings at home during July are more enjoyable if spent in beautiful surroundings. Resting after a hard day's work among our fragrant flowers gives us ample compensation for all the toil spent in perfecting our gardens.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

PART IX

Soils and Sites

Lilies in their natural habitats grow under a wide range of soil and site conditions. It is not at all surprising that some of them are never happy and others absolutely refuse to stay with us when we attempt to grow them in our gardens. The difference in altitude, latitude, length of day and growing season, summer heat, winter cold, rainfall, snow cover and soils is too great.

However, many of them are tolerant of our growing conditions if we select their site with care and prepare a bed according to their specifications, although if the soil and drainage are good no special preparation is necessary.

Good drainage is very essential. They are fastidious ladies and the bulbs soon rot if they have to endure "wet feet". The swamp varieties thrive in very wet soil but they grow where the water is moving continuously so that it does not become stagnant.

Proper drainage is assured if the bed is located on a side hill or slope. If only level ground is available, it is wise to make a raised bed high enough so that water cannot possibly stand on it for any length of time. The ideal bed has a layer of stones, cinders or broken tile 3 or 4 feet below the soil surface, topped with sandy loam containing plenty of humus to hold moisture.

A few Lilies require shade but most of them grow well in full sun. They prefer a cool place sheltered from the heat; a northern exposure is therefore better than a south slope as it is cooler. Sometimes one can locate the



These Regal Lilies are growing on a raised bed, and the tall trellis acts as a "heat break." The little girl is Ina Beth Rolf, Mrs. Tiemann's niece.

Lily garden north of a number of buildings which tends to break the full strength of the heat. They will grow well if they can be planted in the shifting shade of tall trees, especially if they are sheltered thus during the hot noonday hours. One must be careful that the trees are not so close that they rob the soil of the moisture the Lilies require. If there are no heat-breaking barriers of any kind, a tall trellis fence to the south of the Lily beds will make them much more comfortable. Vines such as climbing Roses or Heavenly Blue Morning Glories may be trained to cover the trellis to provide additional protection.

Another method is to plant a row of tall leafy annuals such as Marigolds along the south edge of the bed. Stake the shallow-rooted plants so they will not topple over in a windy rainstorm.

A good sandy loam rich in humus is probably the ideal soil for a Lily bed—one that will grow good potatoes will grow good Lilies we are told. Take care in applying fertilizers. Well-rotted manure may be used but fresh manure is injurious if it touches the bulbs. Bone meal is good and safe to use. A soil that is too light can be given body by the addition of humus and clay. If the soil is too heavy add humus and sand or weathered coal ashes.

BUILD A FENCE OF TRUST

Build a little fence of trust

Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

—Mary F. Butts

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness
CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

After we had heard the initial radio announcement regarding the attack on Pearl Harbor we sat around the living room speculating, wondering and worrying just as millions of other people did. We knew that if the war lasted any length of time at all it would take the four boys from our family—and I can honestly say that none of us thought for one moment that it would be a short war. The handwriting of what lay ahead was clearly on the wall, and we knew that the formal declaration of war would be only a formality—that as of Sunday afternoon, December 7th, we actually were at war.

As I said last month, we were dressing to go to a family gathering at Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope's when the news came through, so we went ahead with our plans. But it was the most subdued family party imaginable. As a rule the Driftmiers are a cheerful and verbose crowd when they get together, but that afternoon and early evening was a radical exception. If any of you friends attended family gatherings on that day you can pretty well imagine what ours was like.

About the middle of December Russell drove back from Hollywood to get me, and we took time for a short trip to Minneapolis. On our return to Shenandoah we picked up Dorothy and started back to California. I guess that none of us will ever forget the details of that particular trip because Russell had to be back in Hollywood at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, and we left Shenandoah about nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st. We drove as far as Gallup, New Mexico without making a single stop except to eat. Furthermore, we ran into a terrible sleet storm just out of Albuquerque, and had to drive mountain roads on a solid sheet of ice. It was awful!

Weather conditions were so bad from Albuquerque west that we didn't reach the California border until midnight of the 23rd. There, for the first time, we noticed evidence of war. Armed soldiers stopped us at the bridge across the Colorado river, and we drove with our lights off at their orders. Giant searchlights swept the river ceaselessly, and the atmosphere felt very much like grim readiness.

I must mention too that all the way across U.S. 66 we met countless cars with California license plates hurrying Eastward. At the border we learned that they were checking out over 1,000 cars daily, and of course the explanation for this is that in the first few months of the war the Pacific Coast expected to be attacked, and thousands of people left while the going was good. Under those conditions it seemed curious to be going to the area from which other people were fleeing.

It was seven o'clock on the morning of the 24th when we left Doro-



This picture of Wayne was taken in Des Moines just before he left for Angel Island.

thy happily with Frank, and turned our tired car toward the other side of Hollywood—and home. The doorway to our house was almost buried in masses of blooming poinsettias, and it was good to be back in California again.

I think that poor Dorothy will never be able to remember that trip without thinking of rain. It poured and poured all day and all night throughout her entire visit. People began to get nervous about the amount of rain, and one reason for their alarm was the fact that an immense dam sits right above Hollywood—should its great curved bow of concrete give 'way, the bulk of Hollywood would find itself in the Pacific ocean. In view of this you can imagine everyone's sensations when the evening paper arrived one night with the huge headline, "Hollywood Dam Holding." I've always thought that was the single most unnecessary headline I've ever read!

At the end of ten days Dorothy left, in a torrential downpour, and Russell, Frank and I were left to represent the family on the Coast. Frank was working at Lockheed, and since he had gone in there before Pearl Harbor he was considered an old veteran at the plant before much more time had passed.

In January Wayne enlisted in the U.S. Army as a Private. He started out to accomplish this on January 2nd, but a severe blizzard swept the State on that date and his bus had to turn back. The next day he made another attempt that ended in failure, so it was actually January 11th when the Army claimed him for its own. Probably there were many men who found themselves shifted about with equal rapidity, but it's doubtful if any of them moved faster than Wayne; he was only at Fort Des Moines from January 11th to February 6th, and he never had the opportunity to see Mother after he left home in early January. When he left for Angel Island on February 6th he telephoned them to say goodbye—they

were not to see him again until May of 1945.

Our story now will take us back and forth at a great rate! With nine people to account for during the war years you can imagine how much coming and going there was.

In early February, 1942 several things happened to those of us who were on the Coast. Frank was busy looking for a nice place that he could be settled in when Dorothy arrived to live in California, and one evening he turned up at our house with astounding news: only a short block down the street from where we were living he had found a handsome four-plex with two vacancies in it—one large apartment upstairs and one downstairs. Didn't we want to go and look at it?

Well, we did, and the upshot of the matter was that before we left we had made arrangements to move in on March 5th—Dorothy and Frank upstairs, Russell and I downstairs. Both apartments were lovely, and we were all thrilled to have separate living quarters so close together. We also decided not to tell Dorothy about it, but to have her arrive at our downstairs apartment, and then when she expressed eagerness to see her home, trot her upstairs!

Also, in early February I went to work in the financial division of the American Red Cross, Los Angeles Chapter. This meant an hour's ride on the streetcar (three transfers!) both morning and night, but it was interesting work and I thoroughly enjoyed it. However, I did regret one thing and that was the fact that we were busy moving (a job made infinitely complicated because I was working) when Dad and Dorothy arrived. They drove out together from Shenandoah because Dorothy wanted their car in California, and of course Mother and Dad didn't want her to make the trip alone. Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter in 1942 will recall Dad's interesting series of articles about this trip that he titled Across the Plains in 1942.

As you can imagine, it was a joyous reunion for all of us when they drove in. Dorothy was properly astounded to find that we had apartments in the same building, and she was also happy to see Boletta, Russell's sister who had come out from Minneapolis to visit us. All in all, we were quite a family when we gathered together for our first meal in the new apartment.

That meal will never be forgotten because just as we were starting to eat the roast and baked potatoes our former landlady came running in breathlessly to tell us that "Mr. Driftmier was wanted, long distance, at once." He hurried up the street to our former home where the call had come through, and when he returned to a cold dinner it was with the news that he was leaving early the next morning for San Francisco to tell Wayne goodbye. The call had been from Wayne—he was leaving Angel Island for points unknown on March 9th (his birthday) and felt that he had to see Dad before he left.

(To be Continued)

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Every child should have materials for drawing as soon as he can hold a crayon. Educators all over the world agree that children feel the need to draw, for they express in "pictures" the things they cannot put into words up until the ages of nine or ten. After that some children drop it entirely, while others with talent or a need to express themselves in forms or designs will continue.

Scientific investigation indicates that drawing may be looked upon as the universal language of all children of all races and cultures. Some parents say that their children are not interested in drawing, but in these cases it is probable that something happened to take their confidence away from this activity. A child's art is not actual art but a form of expression. The enjoyment he gets out of it is much more important than your idea about what art is.

When he first shows you his drawings, be casual about them and make some remark about the nice designs. Don't ask him what they are. Don't draw for him and say this is a man or this is a cat. They are not interested in making anything in particular, but if they get the idea that you expect them to, they will give up and say, "You draw a picture for me."

We are gradually getting away from the idea that certain toys are only for girls and others for boys. It's true that girls will usually prefer more quiet games, but boys will be fathers some day so why shouldn't they learn about babies by playing with dolls? They all would if they didn't get the idea from someone that it was "sissy". Is a love of babies sissy? Is it wrong to learn to be tender and gentle? Ask yourself these things when your little boy shows an interest in dolls.

Girls need certain muscular skills as much as boys, and hammering nails is an excellent way to acquire them; besides it is so satisfying to have something that it is permissible to hit as hard as you can. Every girl is going to want to repair or build something some day, so don't deprive her of learning these skills while it is fun. The precision she develops will be very useful when she wants to learn to type or play the piano.

Almost all of the great chefs and dress designers are men, yet how many boys get an opportunity to play with stoves and cooking utensils, or are taught to run a sewing machine? Boys are very interested in machinery, yet in most city homes the only piece of machinery that can be made to run is a sewing machine and it never occurs to most mothers that her boy would be interested in it. Why not? Forget about your ideas and let the child find the things he wants to do and then help him learn to do those things.

Children need certain tools and, as with all beginners, they need good tools. Nobody can cut decently with a poor pair of scissors, so how in



Margery and Martin take many walks these summer days.

the world do you expect a child to learn something so complicated with a tool you couldn't get good results with yourself? Invest in a really good pair of blunt-nosed scissors before your child is three years old. Then teach him to respect a good tool by taking care of it for him so that all of his life he will have a habit of putting tools where they belong and keeping them in good condition.

Give him a good hammer, large nails and soft wood to pound into. He will be able to use a good small saw much sooner than you dream possible. I have seen four-year olds in Nursery school saw a board easier than I can.

Too many fancy sets in pretty boxes are for sale for children. Unhappily the tools inside are no good, and children don't want just to pretend with things like this—they want really to do something. Get the most out of this tremendous urge that they have to learn, and don't let them be defeated by poor tools.

There are two things that you can do if you made a mistake in buying a toy that is too advanced for your child. You can put it away until he gets older, or you can give it to him to play with as he likes. If it is expensive you had better put it away. Don't ever have a toy in evidence that he can't play with.

If someone gives your small child an expensive, beautifully dressed doll, put it away or prepare to see it wrecked. If you put it someplace for her to look at, but not touch, I hope that sometime you will have to suffer as much as she. Some little girls will be so hurt that they will ignore all dolls, but others will bide their time until they can get the silly, smirking thing and KILL it. Believe me, dolls are meant to be loved and adored, and many of them bring nothing but grief and disappointment. Some parents can make first class snobs out of their children where they do learn to enjoy having something more expensive than anyone else in the neighborhood, but keeping up with or being better than the Joneses never brought anyone real and lasting joy.

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

This July when you start out for a picnic be sure that you take your camera along. Every really good collection of family snapshots has some amusing picnic pictures in it, and as the years go by they become important because they call up such happy memories. Picnics are an informal affair, so have a little fun taking a few pictures that are not posed. You won't achieve masterpieces of photography of adults packing or unpacking food, of someone opening his mouth to eat a dill pickle, etc., but it's always a surprise and gets a good laugh if your subjects don't know that they have been taken.

If you take care and have patience you will probably get some fine pictures of the children by not letting them know when you click the shutter. They are at their best when not posed and camera shy. I have found that the best way to get the natural picture is to sit down and watch them play until they lose interest in your presence; then, when the perfect picture comes along, snap it and don't tell them about it or you will spoil your chances for another.

The greatest hazard in taking group pictures on a picnic is the pattern of light and shade that comes from the leaves of the trees. You have all seen or taken pictures where the expression on everyone's face was perfect, but where the total effect was spoiled by shadows on peoples' figures. Try to get your crowd entirely in the sunshine or in the shade, and you will be sure of an evenly exposed picture.

Be sure to save a few exposures for the fireworks on the fourth of July. Find a good location where the sky is unobstructed and where you can allow the camera to be perfectly still for a few minutes. If you have a tripod that is ideal, but I have gotten fine time-exposed pictures where the camera rested on the car, a tree stump or a fence post that was large enough to support it.

When the first flare goes off, check it in your view finder to be sure that the camera is properly placed. Then set the time exposure and open the shutter. Let quite a few of the fireworks show on the picture and you will be surprised at what an interesting shot it will make. I would suggest allowing eight or ten of the flares to show, although the number will depend upon the size of the fireworks and the distance apart that they burst.

In taking pictures of a carnival at night, try a few of the ferris wheel or any of the moving attractions that have lights on them. Expose the film for about thirty seconds. You should get some very interesting pictures that way. Individuals will not show up if they are moving, but the pattern of lights is very surprising.

A VISIT TO A MINK FARM

By Hallie M. Barrow

Do you find it a chore to take out fresh water to the chickens several times a day in hot weather? Well, how would you like going out every hour and pouring water in small containers in 300 pens? That is what Mrs. Barbara Gordon does all summer, only it isn't chickens she waters, but mink.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmar Gordon have one of the largest mink farms in the state at their farm near Cameron, Missouri. When you drive up it looks more like a bee farm for the 300 boxes are about the size of a small beehive and are placed in rows. But when you walk around to the other side there is a wire pen in front of the box—each mink has its own pen and box. Mrs. Gordon says she thinks she knows why wild mink are scarce—they fight terribly with each other, and the males will kill females at any time except during the breeding season.

We can walk down only the first row in which males are penned. The females now have young kits and must not be disturbed; they pick up the kits by the nape of the neck as cats handle their kittens, and then the mink mothers try to run with the result that in the very small space of their pens the kits are often killed.

Even the owners do not look in the nests until about the first of July when the young must be separated. They go along in back of the pens and if they hear the kits mewling they know, of course, that there is a litter and it is so marked in the book. But the nest boxes are never disturbed unless one of the kits cries constantly; occasionally they get caught in the wire or something happens, and then the top is taken off the nest box and the trouble located. The mink has but one litter a year and from three to five kits is considered good.

The Gordons raised 375 in 1946. Of these, 200 were the natural mink which are almost black or a very dark brown. These pelts brought \$20 each. Mink sold for breeders bring much more, so you can see why the Gordons don't talk much about their other crops on their 140 acre farm. They do point to their farm pond and tell you they plan to make a much larger one and stock it with fish to help feed their mink.

For 80% of the mink's ration must be raw meat, 15% a commercial grain mixture and 5% vegetable. Horse meat and fish serve as the raw meats, and in summer fresh vegetables are used; the meat and vegetables are mixed into a damp mash with the commercial feed. Skim milk is added to the mash fed to the mothers who have kits.

Mrs. Gordon has had one pet mink which she tamed when it was quite small, yet in spite of the fact that minks are raised in captivity they are wild animals that bite every chance they get. That is one reason they are handled as little as possible,



Kristin could almost say that she raised "Abbie the Lambie" for she fed her faithfully from the time she came to the house.

and at all times those who handle them must wear heavy gloves. Bloodthirstiness is simply a characteristic of minks!

Their feed is put on top of the wire cage, and underneath is a wooden shelf where it falls down so that none is wasted. This shelf is also a sunning spot. When they first moved there Mrs. Gordon said that the place was overrun with large rats that were attracted to the cages by the smell of the meat or fish. But the mink, even penned in cages, have about gotten rid of the rats! They are quick as lightning and sometimes even catch sparrows that light on their wire pens.

Gordon's mink yard contains about one and a half acres. Around it is a small mesh wire fence which is topped by a strip of sheet metal. The wire goes down into the ground to prevent any digging under by mink that might get away from their cages. They might climb up the fence, but their claws cannot carry them up that sheet metal. Running water has been piped into this yard so that Mrs. Gordon doesn't have to trudge far with it, but making those rows of pens once an hour is still quite a chore.

The mink pelt is divided into four pieces: back, belly, paws and tail. The most expensive coats are made from the backs; they will retail in stores for as high as \$10,000. Coats made from the underside can be had for less than a thousand dollars. From 85 to 90 skins are required for a full-length coat. Mrs. Gordon doesn't have a mink coat. She did have a very nice scarf made up with tails, but her baby insisted on playing with it and chewed the tails so thoroughly that now it is almost beyond wear! She disposed of that scarf but is planning on another soon for her baby boy is now two years old and soon will be interested only in the live minks. They have a daughter four years of age and another daughter sixteen years of age

who graduated from high school this past spring. If they find the mink crop good when they open the boxes in July, this girl will go on to college.

Besides her garden, Mrs. Gordon has 50 hens. She is too busy as a mink partner to do much beyond taking care of her children, her home, and her part of the business. They have visitors every day and quite a crowd on Sundays. She gladly shows them around and tells them all about raising mink. So far they have had no diseases with their mink—a few have been lost by accident, but no epidemic has swept the cages as so often does when animals are raised in captivity. They seem very hardy and stay out all winter. Wisps of prairie hay are given the females to make their nests, and in winter other hay is given to all of them for bedding.

In answer to the question often asked of Mrs. Gordon, "How many mink should I have to make a living just from pelts?" she says that according to their books it is wise to have 100 females; 200 females would make a very good income. Many people want to buy a pair, but she doesn't advise this, particularly if you are buying from strangers. For they have found that 10% of their females will not mate and another 10% will not produce. She thinks it much better for a beginner to start with bred females and get a male later when he is sure he is going to stay in the business.

Mrs. Gordon not only helps with the feeding and does the watering, but she also handles piles of correspondence. And there is quite a bit of book work connected with the venture over and above making out the income tax!

Mrs. Gordon certainly doesn't say for sure that you will coin money if you can raise your mink. You are up against a market which is not steady; it fluctuates with a woman's whim as to what color of mink she wants in her coat. If you've raised all dark ones and the market turns out to be for lighter skins that fall, you won't do so well. But the years you hit, it's a fine business!

Under any conditions, however, there is not likely to be a glutted market since, dark or light, more mink coats have been sold in the past five years than in any other period in American history. This is what a retail furrier told us. If you are determined to have a mink coat, you might investigate raising the pelts yourself.

RECIPE FOR A PICNIC

- 1 dose of sunburn
- 2 qts. of sand mixed with sandburs
- 6 qts. of ants
- 8 qts. of flies and mosquitoes
- 1 fat man on picnic basket
- 1 peck of car trouble
- Roll in grass and poison ivy
- Bake three hours

then

Call a doctor.

—Sent by Mrs. J. S., Ute, Ia.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

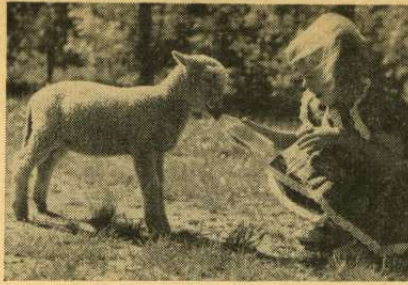
Here in Hawaii it seems rather strange to be saying, "Summer is here," for really it is summer all of the time. There is some difference between winter and summer, but very little. In the winter there is more rain and the nights are cooler, but that is about all. Every night Betty and I listen to a government weather report which gives the temperature all over the mainland. Honolulu has been having much better weather than the middlewest so far this summer. Never has it been as hot here as it has been back in Iowa and Nebraska. As we did in Bermuda, so do we here survive the heat of the day by looking forward to the delightfully cool nights. We always know that no matter how hot it may get during the daytime, the night will bring relief. Such is not always the case back in the Middlewest!

The weather that we dread here is known as *kona* weather. *Kona* is the Hawaiian word for south, and when the *kona* or south winds blow we are most uncomfortable. The prevailing winds are the northern trade winds which are responsible for the islands' moderate temperatures. The *kona* winds are also called the sick winds for whenever there is *kona* weather there is more sickness. When I lived in Egypt I observed that the *khamseen* or south winds there are also called sick winds. When we have dog days back in Iowa don't we have south winds?

Fortunately the *kona* winds have brought this household no sickness, but they brought us something pretty bad just the same. The other night Betty went to a band concert and left me home to write a baccalaureate sermon that I had to deliver on the following Sunday. That night the wind shifted to the south and all of a sudden a swarm of flying termites attacked the house. Every square inch of window screen was covered with them. As they lost their wings—termites only have wings for one-half hour of their life cycle—they crawled through the screen wire and spread out over the floors and furniture.

I battled away with an insecticide gun killing them as fast as I could. In about an hour they stopped attacking from the outside, but I was to have no peace. Millions of termites which had spent their life up to then living quietly inside of our floors and walls began to pour out of every nook and cranny. I sprayed insecticide over every stick of furniture and every foot of the floor and wall space, but still they came. They crawled over our clothes in the closets, climbed into bed with us, and just took over all of the drawer space in things. I worked all of the next morning sweeping up the dead. As soon as the sweeping was finished I went down town and bought an enormous spray gun. That night I sat on the front porch with my gun loaded waiting for the attack, but nothing happened.

As a matter of fact we weren't



Juliana thought it was wonderful sport to feed a baby lamb from the bottle. Left to her own devices she would have fed Snowball every hour!

bothered with termites again until last night. Of all nights to have them, last night was not it. We had gone out to a fresh venison dinner, and when we got home we discovered that the termites had taken over.

Ninety-five per cent of the people here in Hawaii were disappointed that congress failed to do anything about giving the territory statehood. Who are the five per cent who do not want statehood? They are mostly leading businessmen of the community who do not want to pay the additional cost of a state government. Most of the government out here now is paid for by the federal government. Of course a good deal of the money comes from the territory in taxes, but never-the-less state government would cost the taxpayers considerably more than does federal government. All of the big businessmen are by no means opposed to statehood, but many of those opposed to statehood are big businessmen who claim that they would bear the brunt of any additional cost of government. The irony of this whole problem is that Hawaii is twenty times more prepared for the responsibility of statehood than were any of our other forty-eight states when they joined the Union.

As I sit here writing this letter a beautiful little blondheaded girl is singing to herself as she crawls around under the chairs and tables and once in a while pulls herself up to place her head in my lap. Mary Leanna is certainly to us the most precious thing in the world. What a remarkable experience it is to be a parent! It is a great thing to get married and begin living for another person instead of just for one's self, but it is a still greater thing for husband and wife to begin living for the child instead of for themselves. Before I became a parent I thought that I had some idea of the anguish one would feel if he lost a child; I know now that no one could possibly know that anguish except those who have lost children. I cannot conceive of a more terrible anguish than that. I marvel that parents actually survive it.

The older I become and the more I see of life the more I am impressed by the ability of the human organism to survive almost killing physical and mental shock. Man is a very rugged and hardy animal indeed. And, in-

cidentally, to say that life is getting easier for man is not a whole truth. Physically, yes, but not mentally. In order to survive in this age of supersonic speeds and atomic missiles one has to have much stronger nerves than our ancestors needed. I sit here and look at the avenue in front of our house; four lanes of traffic all moving very fast. Believe me, it takes a lot of nerve just to try and walk across that avenue, and yet we do it several times every day. There will soon come the time when I shall have to teach little Mary Leanna how to cross such an avenue, and what a tremendous amount of nerve it will take on my part when first I let her try it alone.

I had a good chance to observe what an air-minded age this is when one of our first grade classes took a two-hour airplane flight the other day. One of the parents chartered a big plane and took the class and some of the teachers and school officials for a ride. Of the 25 six and seven year olds in that class, 22 of them had had airplane rides before. It was a new experience for only two of them. The flight from here to San Francisco is the longest non-stop overwater flight in the world, and yet every year thousands of island people make it without any apparent concern. Nevertheless, the mental tension is there.

Despite the fact that Hawaii is one of America's chief agricultural areas, only seven per cent of the total land area is under cultivation. When you live out here it is easy to get the impression that at least fifty per cent of the land is planted in sugar cane and pineapples, but such is not the case. Few people realize that as much as twenty-six per cent of the land is used for beef cattle and sheep ranges. Four and a half million dollars worth of beef was raised in the islands last year. The Parker Ranch on the Island of Hawaii is the second largest ranch in America, the King Ranch in Texas being the only one that is larger.

Of the land under cultivation, seventy-three per cent is devoted to sugar cane, twenty-two per cent to pineapple, and five per cent to such things as coffee, rice, and macadamia nuts. Just this week the Department of Agriculture forbade all shipment of any fresh fruits and vegetables from here to the mainland. This is because the islands have just been struck by a plague of oriental fruit flies far worse than any fruit fly yet known on the mainland. If this fly should ever get started on the mainland it would be one of the worst things that could happen to the country. Out here this year it seems that every garden product is affected. You can't expect to have any fresh pineapple for a long time to come. The pineapple itself is not bothered by the fly, but there is the possibility of anything fresh having some of the eggs around somewhere. Some special species of insect is being introduced from Indo-China to attack and kill off the fruit fly menace. If it isn't one thing out here it is another!

Sincerely, Frederick.



KITCHEN MINDS

If I could leave the kitchen sink,
I think I might have time to think,
But if I could I think I'd think
Of unwashed dishes in the sink.
—Gina Jones

GINGER ALE FRUIT SALAD

- 2 Tbls. granulated gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/3 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- Few grains of salt
- 1 cup ginger ale
- 1/3 cup white grapes, skinned seed-
ed, and cut in halves
- 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/3 cup apple cut in long, thin
pieces
- 1/4 cup pineapple cubes
- 2 Tbls. chopped candied ginger (if
available)

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes and then dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. When mixture begins to thicken fold in other ingredients. Turn into ring mold and chill. Unmold, garnish, fill center with fruit salad dressing.

ALWAYS PERFECT PIECRUST

- 1/2 cup boiling water
 - 1 cup shortening
 - 3 cups flour
 - 1 tsp salt
 - 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- Pour boiling water over 1 cup shortening. Beat until creamy and then place bowl in a pan of cold water while you sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Stir shortening mixture into flour until blended. Wrap dough in heavy wax paper and put in refrigerator to cool until firm enough to roll. Will make three regular-size pie shells.

MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Select large Oxheart cherries. Wash and remove pits carefully. Let stand for a day or two covered with mild vinegar, then put in jars in alternating layers with granulated sugar, using as much sugar as the weight of cherries. Let stand for a month or longer, then add to each quart jar 1 tsp. cherry flavoring and a drop of almond extract. These cherries will keep without being sealed.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SALAD DRESSINGS

Summer is the time for salads. On hot nights a good salad can serve as the main dish if it is hearty and filling. There are such endless varieties of salads that they can be served twice a day without tiring the family. It's a good idea to take a couple of hours now and then and make up a batch of salad dressings. They can be stored indefinitely in the refrigerator, and with such an assortment on hand you can have great leeway in preparing different salads. It is no more expensive to make several kinds at one time, and it is definitely less time consuming. Plan to follow this plan during the summer months and see if you don't find it a great improvement over the old way of making up just one batch and wearing a family out with it!

RICH BOILED DRESSING

- 2 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. mustard
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/3 cupful mild vinegar
- 1 1/4 cupfuls top milk or undiluted
evaporated milk

Combine the dry ingredients in a double boiler top. Stir in the egg yolks, add the butter melted, and the milk, cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until the mixture begins to thicken, then stir in the vinegar. When thick like custard remove from the heat and cool.

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3 drops onion juice, if desired

Beat eggs until very light, and add gradually, while beating constantly, melted butter, lemon juice, and salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Cool, add cream, beaten until thick but not stiff, and remaining ingredients.

TOMATO SALAD DRESSING

- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. mustard
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. onion juice
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 clove of garlic

Combine all dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Then add soup, vinegar, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and onion juice. Lastly add salad oil, beating vigorously. Store in mason jar in refrigerator and shake well before using.

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

To cream add egg, vinegar and dry ingredients which have been thoroughly mixed. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken.

JELLIED EGG SALAD

- 8 hard-cooked eggs sliced
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. grated onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup pickle relish
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Reserve 1 egg, sliced, to place in bottom of large mold or a slice in the bottom of individual molds. Combine remaining eggs with celery, W. sauce, onion, green pepper, parsley, relish and lemon juice. Soften gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water; place bowl containing it over boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Beat into 2 cups mayonnaise that is at room temperature. Add other ingredients, plus salt and pepper, and turn into one large mold or into individual molds.

BAKED FISH WITH TOMATO SAUCE

- Whole fish—3 or 4 pounds
- Dry bread
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 pint tomato juice
- Salt to season
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder

Wash and wipe the whole dressed fish carefully. Fill with moist bread just to hold the shape. Combine butter, salt and chili powder and rub over the fish. Pour over the tomato juice and bake covered for 30 minutes. Uncover and place under the broiler flame to crisp and brown.

EXTRA SPECIAL COOKIES

These extremely rich cookies are most unusual, and although they are expensive and represent a great amount of labor, the results are wonderful. It is the perfect cooky to serve for an extra special occasion.

- 1 lb. sweet butter
- 2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Enough flour to stiffen (around 4 cups)

Sweet butter must be used and it should be at room temperature when you start. Beat it until it is white—about 20 minutes. Then add, a little at a time, 2 cups sifted powdered sugar. When this has all been added, put in 3 egg yolks. Whip these combined ingredients for thirty minutes. (An electric mixer is perfect for this job, of course, but it can be done by hand—preferably by four hands!) Add lemon juice and vanilla. Then add flour. You will be safe in sifting the baking powder with 3 cups of flour. Then add enough more to make it possible to handle the dough.

Roll out dough and cut with small round cutter. Bake about 15 minutes in 350 degree oven. Turn out on sheet of waxed paper that has been sprinkled lightly with powdered sugar. When almost cool sprinkle each cooky with powdered sugar.

COLESLAW WITH TOMATOES

- 1 1/2 qts. cabbage shredded
- 1 cucumber, cut fine
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream dressing
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Sliced tomatoes

Shred cabbage as fine as possible and cut enough to make 1 1/2 qts. when pressed down. Crisp in ice water for an hour. Add cucumber, chopped fine. Mix with 1 1/2 cups sour cream dressing (one-half cold boiled salad dressing, one-half thick sour cream). Season to taste with salt and pepper, then add sugar, vinegar and, if you like, very finely chopped green onions—one small onion. Mix and chill, and just before serving garnish with chilled tomato slices.

BEETS WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Don't hesitate to try this different sounding recipe. It is delicious and certainly removes a commonplace vegetable from the ranks of the ordinary. A perfect vegetable dish to serve to guests for luncheon or dinner.

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. butter

Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, mixing well. Add orange juice and butter and cook five minutes or until thick in top of double boiler. Add small whole beets (canned or fresh) or shoestring beets. It is wise to allow this dish to stand several hours before serving in order that the beets may absorb the orange flavor. Serve piping hot.

SWEET-SOUR RED CABBAGE

- 1 head red cabbage
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- Few grains of nutmeg
- Few grains cayenne pepper
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 Tbls. sugar

Slice cabbage and soak in cold water. Then cook with very small amount of water until tender—butter, salt, onion, nutmeg and pepper should be added when cabbage is first put on too cook. When cabbage is tender, add vinegar and sugar and cook 5 minutes longer.

EGG CROQUETTES

A delicious, inexpensive dish that might well serve as the main attraction for a luncheon.

- 7 hard-boiled eggs
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 very small onion
- 4 sprigs parsley

Use the finest blade on your food grinder and put through the peeled, hard-boiled eggs, onion and parsley. Make a very thick cream sauce of the butter, flour, salt and milk and beat until smooth. Add the ground eggs and onion and parsley to the hot cream sauce, allow it to cool and then put in the refrigerator and chill until thoroughly cold.

Make into croquette shape with your hands, then return on wax paper to refrigerator and chill again. When ready to fry dip into slightly beaten whole egg, then roll in fine bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat that is almost smoking hot. Do not attempt to fry too many at once. Serve immediately.

COUNTRY SOUP

(A thick, hearty soup that is a meal in itself.)

- 1 cup navy beans
- 2 1/2 quarts water
- 5 or 6 slices of bacon, diced
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, chopped (optional)
- 1 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup chopped tomatoes
- 1 carrot
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper

Soak the beans in cold water overnight. Drain, and boil in fresh water for 2 hours. Fry the diced bacon, remove bacon and in the remaining grease brown the onions, garlic, and green pepper. Pour the water in which the beans have boiled over the browned vegetables, pressing the beans into the liquid through a coarse sieve. Return the pieces of bacon to the soup, add the remaining vegetables and herbs and simmer 2 hours. Take out the carrot, mash with a fork and return to the pot. Season with salt and pepper. Serves 6 to 8.

JULY IS THE TIME TO—

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Get a good case of nostalgia for the Glorious Fourths of yesteryears. Did you ever lay your spanky new ruffled organdy dress and starched petticoats out on the bed the night before and sleep on the floor so as to be up at the crack of dawn for the long buggy ride to the county seat celebration? Or be the first one to arouse the whole neighborhood at daybreak with an ear-splitting firecracker? Or almost make yourself sick on red pickled eggs and devil's food cake? Or have a firecracker spark burn a hole in one of your new long white ribbed stockings? And Mother's major problem of the day was finding some kindly soul who would let her leave the baby's bottle in their tub of ice to keep it sweet? Wonder if any baby ever got a bottle of pop by mistake?

—Try a new way of serving your garden vegetables, not forgetting the value of eye appeal. Relish trays and the "make-your-own" salad platters are wonderful ways to introduce new vegetables and your imaginative ideas to the family. Many of us are just learning that vegetables such as turnips and cauliflower are as good raw as they are cooked.

—A welcome change from fried chicken is creamed chicken in biscuit baskets. To make the baskets roll biscuit dough 1/4 inch thick and cut with a 4 inch cutter. Fit dough over inverted muffin pans and pinch edges to shape baskets. Bake until a delicate brown. If you want to do something extra special to the biscuit mix add 1/2 tsp. of poultry seasoning, or chopped parsley or celery salt. Fill the cups with creamed chicken and garnish with chopped parsley or bits of red pimento.

—Save fruit juices from fruits used in cooking and add other canned juices from your cellar, plus a bit of orange or lemon juice to make your own special brand of iced punch.

—Try surprising your guests with a mixture of fresh fruits served in half a cantaloupe as a delightfully refreshing dessert. Yummy! — and vitamins plus!

—Take the kids to the pool for a swim on hot evenings. You might even join in their water sports yourself—be prepared to take your ducking with a grin.

—Sink down in the hammock for a cool drink after a bout with the pesky weeds in the garden. It helps to wiggle out of your shoes too.

—Remember to sprinkle paprika generously on fried chicken. Another wing, please!

—Remember Dad won't mind a picnic too much (maybe!) if you take along the card table and a camp stool. He does like his feet under a table when he eats.

Earn Money taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details. LEANNA DRIFTMIR, Shenandoah, Ia.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I think that all people who have lived in California, or visited there, are curious about the state of Florida. We wonder in what ways it is similar to the southern Pacific coast, and in what ways it is different. And we discover early in the game that if we question people who are familiar with Florida they invariably have strong feelings one way or another—either Florida is far preferable to California, or California is a vast improvement over Florida; you rarely get a neutral attitude.

Well, we lived in California for a good many years and now we've spent a short time in Florida, so at last we're in a position to say what we think on the subject and it is this: you can put us down on the side of California! Someone is bound to say or think that it is impossible to arrive at a sound opinion without having spent a comparable amount of time in each place, but I've discovered that opinions on places are rarely sound! And it makes no difference anyway, for there are always plenty of people to carry the flag for each section of the country. No one is affected one way or another about our preference for California, so I feel free to express it!

The long narrow strip of Florida that runs north of the Gulf is dull, uninteresting country. I noticed in reading Ernie Pyle's *Home Country* the other evening that he felt the same way. It isn't forbidding, frightening country such as you find in many parts of California; it's just plain desolate and unattractive. And it seems to have nothing to do with the Florida of legend, although here I should add the words "and reality" for one discovers almost immediately that what one has always heard about Florida is true. The State Chamber of Commerce hasn't overstated its case.

We spent the bulk of our time in Florida at a suburb of Orlando. This is in the central section of the state, although Florida is so narrow that it's only a short drive to the Gulf on the west, or to the ocean on the east. We were in the heart of the lake country—and it is beautiful. In the adjoining county we learned that there were over 10,000 named lakes, and goodness only knows how many without names. They are strung together like the proverbial beads on a string; you could almost say that one lake runs into another. This is a great contrast to California where virtually the only lakes are mountain lakes. And certainly the ones in the valleys are not hedged with cypress and palms, nor massive oaks draped with Spanish moss, nor are they the homes of crocodiles and flamingos.

We noticed immediately that the climate of Florida is not like the climate of California. Florida is humid and sultry when the thermometer climbs (I had a bundle of clothes sprinkled for ironing mildew in less than twelve hours), whereas California is dry and rarely humid. Both



Juliana and Virginia Rorby "swimming" in Florida on a March afternoon.

states are cool at night—and that's something!

It seemed good to see oranges and grapefruit hanging from the trees once again. The girlhood friend whom we visited, Kathryn Loonan Rorby, has a large home right in the heart of a big orchard, and the ground was so thickly covered with ripe fruit that it was a problem to walk through the yard. When I thought of the price we'd been paying for citrus fruit just before we left Iowa it gave me a peculiar sensation to see small hills of it heaped up at the edges of the orchards.

The picture on this page was taken at an unusual private resort owned by friends of Kathryn and her husband. They purchased a tract of land that had never before felt the footsteps of Man, and cleared away some of the area surrounding a fabulous spring. This spring bubbles up thousands and thousands of gallons of warm water throughout every twenty-four hours, and it makes a wonderful place to swim. Juliana and Virginia, Kathryn's little three-year old, had a grand time there one afternoon. In this picture you cannot see the heavy wire fence that has been erected to keep alligators out!

When we left Orlando for our homeward trip we drove directly to Daytona Beach through spectacularly beautiful country. At Daytona we drove right down the beach (this is the stretch where the famous auto races are run) and it was our first experience with sand so hard that you could drive on it as though it were cement. We went down far enough that the waves could lap up over our car wheels and that was fun. Russell took kodachromes of Juliana playing in the water, and when we reached home again we showed them on our screen along with Kodachromes taken two years ago at Laguna Beach. It was interesting to see how she had changed in those two years between the Pacific ocean shots and the Atlantic ocean shots.

St. Augustine is not far from Daytona, and we bitterly regretted that we could spend only a few hours there because we thought that it was by far the most interesting and beautiful city we had seen anyplace along the road. It is the oldest city in the United States, you know, and many of the old fortifications are still in evidence.

I wish that I could become enthusiastic about Georgia, but the truth of the matter is that we found such miserable roads that it was hard to be charitable. I've no doubt that there are beautiful sections of country in Georgia, but the route that we traveled from Jacksonville, Florida up to Atlanta certainly didn't embrace any of them. Atlanta is a large city—and the traffic is terrible! When we left our hotel in the morning it was pouring rain, and we had to turn out into a veritable flood of traffic. The streets were narrow and twisting and the traffic jams were so bad that we couldn't turn off to look for our highway until we had driven for a couple of miles. You can imagine our astonishment then to find that we were on our highway! It had been impossible to read any road signs because of the mobs of people waiting for streetcars and buses.

We drove from Atlanta to Nashville the next day, and thanks to an unexpected detour we had an opportunity to go right up into the Tennessee mountains. We had lunch that day at Chattanooga, and of course we took time to drive to the top of famous Lookout mountain. I had assumed that Lookout mountain was simply a bare mountain with a road winding along to the top, but we discovered, to our astonishment, that it is almost entirely built up with expensive and beautiful large homes. Many of them had rear terraces hanging right out over sheer space, so to speak, and the view those fortunate people have is beyond description. We browsed around in the section that is a National Memorial, took photographs, and then turned back down the mountain and headed west to Nashville.

I hesitate to say it again, but my! how much we would have liked to stay in Nashville long enough to explore it! We spent the night there and drove about for a while in the morning, and we saw just enough to whet our curiosity and make us wish that we had at least a week to remain right there. But our schedule called for St. Louis that night, so about noon we had to take to the highway once again.

When we reached St. Louis we felt that we were almost back in home country. It looked very "northern" to our eyes after spending two weeks in the Deep South, and we noticed that our menus had dropped the foods that have a special southern air. We spent the night in St. Louis, and then at eight in the morning left our hotel and started northwest towards home.

It was a shock to see Iowa in early April! We had met Spring on our trip down, spent almost a week in genuine summer weather in Florida, and then returned to the tag end of winter—and our heavy coats. But it was grand to see Spring come to Iowa—and having seen it on the road we were sure it would arrive. Our entire trip was so wonderful that I only wish all of you could plan to go before long.

Lucile

(Editorial Note: This is the third in a series of letters regarding the problem of keeping housework in hand.)

Dear Lucile:

I feel certain I have no business in this contest, as I am a very poor housekeeper. For me there are always too many sudden interests to distract my attention from the dull, necessary work. But I do have a few theories that I know *do* work, if I just have the will power to stick to them.

We live on a farm. There are only two in the family, my mother and myself. The neighbors think our work should be light, with so few, and maybe they are right, but it doesn't seem so. I will stick to my own part of the work, which consists of milking (only two cows but it takes as much preparation as for a dozen), cleaning an eight-room house, part of the cooking, caring for several dozen canaries (unlike children, there is no prospect of ever teaching them to be more tidy), making most of my own clothes, crocheting for "pin money", any painting the inside of the house needs, flower gardening (and I have no green thumb to help me), a vegetable garden, and a thousand odds and ends that interfere with any system.

There are about three rules that, if followed, keep the house looking like a home instead of a sparrow's nest.

First: Give one room a *good* cleaning each day you can devote a little extra time to housework. Dust all the corners, woodwork, walls, underneath everything. This way the other rooms can get by on a lick-and-a-promise, knowing their time will come in a day or two. If you try to spread that extra time over several rooms, none of them will receive a good going over.

Second: Put away everything as soon as you stop working with it. It doesn't matter if you are going to do more sewing in the morning, or after supper, if you are through work on it for the time being, put it away out of sight. Close the sewing machine. Put the chair back where it belongs. Put the papers back in the drawer. Something might happen so you wouldn't get back to it after all. Once you begin breaking this rule it is so easy to go further and leave things out one day, two days, a week, and before long the whole house has that piled look.

(I should know. It's a hard rule for me, even when I can see the difference in the way things look. It will only take a minute to put things away if you *do it now*.)

Third: Those little jobs that get put off—you know, a piece of mending, straightening a drawer, finishing a garment, cleaning off a part of the yard—every so often I make out a list of several of these "put off" jobs, and the next day as soon as the housework is done, I start down the list. Someway, it's easier to force myself to stick to what I know should be done when it's down in black and white and each finished job can be scratched off the list. How wonderful it is to see that list shrink! I can even put down special baking, little carpenter jobs, special cleaning

and waxing—it's a wonderful thing if you just stick to it.

There is one other very important point: if you don't need it, if there is no good reason for keeping it, don't. Your home will look better, and housework will be easier if you don't have a lot of extras around to dodge and dust.

I hope these ideas may be a help. I think they can be adjusted to your own needs no matter what your family. They won't be followed all the time, but if things get too much for you, try them for a few days and I think you will find they do help.

Sincerely,

C. S., Missouri.

SHARPEN YOUR WITS!

The following collection of riddles would make good entertainment for a summer party when your guests are too hot to stir themselves.

1. What is the right kind of timber for castles in the air?
Ans. A sunbeam.
2. Why is it better to lose an arm than a leg?
Ans. Because when you lose a leg you lose something to boot.
3. Why is the letter R indispensable to friendship?
Ans. Because without it your friends would be fiends.
4. When is a man where he is not?
Ans. When he is beside himself.
5. When does a leopard change his spots?
Ans. When he moves from one spot to another.
6. Why should architects make excellent actors?
Ans. Because they are good at drawing houses.
7. State the difference between an auction and sea-sickness.
Ans. One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.
8. What is that which no man wants, but which if any man has he will not part with for untold wealth?
Ans. A bald head.
9. Why was Adam's first day the longest?
Ans. Because it had no Eve.
10. What bird can lift the heaviest weight?
Ans. The crane.
11. What bridge is warranted to support any strain?
Ans. The bridge of a fiddle.
12. Which burns longer, a wax or a tallow candle?
Ans. Neither, both burn shorter.
13. When does a chair dislike you?
Ans. When it can't bear you.
14. When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?
Ans. When it runs down and strikes one.
15. Describe a suit of old clothes in two letters.
Ans. C. D.
16. How do we know that a dentist is unhappy at his work?
Ans. Because he always looks down in the mouth.
17. Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?
Ans. Farthest from the bark.
18. What kind of men are very apt to worship their maker?
Ans. Self-made ones.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Can you spare a little time from your garden and canning to send a bit of cheer to a shut-in? Mrs. William Losh, Moorhead, Iowa fell off a porch and broke her leg. She is seventy years old and will be laid up for some time.

Rachel Sawyer, 1040 W. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Indiana had her left leg amputated four inches below the knee. She has been sick for 26 years and this last misfortune is very discouraging. Do write her.

A card shower has been asked for Lloyd Bosch, Melbourne, Iowa. He had sleeping sickness when he was a child and it left him paralyzed. He is 39 now and nearly helpless. He and his elderly father live together. It is lonely for him and mail would help.

Winifred Koppes, Hanover, Kansas want a Wizard Automatic Thread Guide. It is a gadget that keeps the thread from slipping off the finger when you crochet. She is crippled in her hands and finds it difficult to crochet without this gadget, and she lost hers. She wants some No. 20 or 30 crochet thread, either white or ecru. She does crochet and embroidery on order, when material is furnished.

Betty Reymer, P S H S, Hamburg, Penn. needs cheer. She is bedfast, and has not been getting mail and is so lonely and blue. Stamps will have to be enclosed if you want an answer.

Miss Alice Everett, R4 B110, Great Bend, Kansas wants bright colored warp or store cord. She cannot use white. She wants it for spool weaving. Alice has never walked and is ill a great deal.

David Willson, Veterans Hospital, Ward 2a, Dallas, Texas has been sick since Christmas. He enjoyed the letters you sent him and I suspect he would like to hear from you again tho he is not able to answer now.

Bill Jones asks me to thank you for your letters. He had another doctor examine him recently and got the same report as before — no hope of cure. He is awfully brave about it, but letters help. Address 175 S. Wyoming, Ave., Kingston, Penn.

I wonder if there are some readers near enough the County Home at Spirit Lake, Iowa, who would go and see Evelyn Swearingen and take a personal interest in her? She is not well and is unable to write and misses getting mail so much. It has been her only contact with the outside world. Evelyn has been bedfast for many years, and unable even to turn over in bed. Her bones break so easily that most of the time she has both legs and one arm in casts. Will some of you volunteer? I'll appreciate hearing about her after you see her, please.

Mrs. Herman Zechin, R2, Stanton, Nebr. is laid up with a broken leg in a cast. She is a button collector and would like to get two buttons from each of you.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

June—the month Kristin has been waiting for, has arrived. On the 24th day of this month, Kristin will be five years old. She thinks the space of time between Juliana's birthday and her birthday is far too long, and I suppose to a five-year-old four months does seem like an eternity. So far I haven't made any special plans for that day. We will probably have a few of the neighborhood children in sometime during the day for ice cream and cake (if it doesn't rain), and we will have a family dinner in the evening. I can give you a much better report on that next month.

May was a busy month here at our house. First, and most important, all the corn is in and most of it has been cultivated the first time. Last year at this time we thought the rains and the floods would never end, and this year we would like to see a nice rain now. It is pretty dry here, but so far our corn has not been hurt. It is all on bottom ground and can stand a lot more dry weather than the hill ground.

The last time I wrote to you Margery and Martin were visiting us. The folks came after them on Mother's Day; they had been to Des Moines and Ames and just paused long enough to pick up Margery, because the sky looked very threatening. I was terribly disappointed because I had saved my lovely Mother's Day cake that Kristin had given me (an angelfood her Aunt Bernie had made for her), and had the coffee all made. But Dad is so afraid of muddy roads he wouldn't stay long enough to eat, so I cut cake for them and sent it on in the car. Of course we didn't even get a sprinkle until about five hours later, and then only a thimbleful.

The following Thursday, the 13th, was my birthday. Frank was so busy in the field that we didn't plan anything in the way of a celebration. I had supper all ready, and while we waited for Frank to come in I was reading to Kristin in the living room when three carloads of Johnsons arrived with food and cake, and surprised me on my birthday.

On Saturday Lucile, Russell and Juliana arrived for the week-end. This was the first time they had ever come to spend the night with us, and we had a lovely visit. We persuaded Juliana to stay with us for a few days, and I might add it wasn't nearly as hard to persuade Juliana as it was Lucile! "Abbie the lambie" and Judy and her baby banties were enough to entice Juliana. I might add right here that we don't have any lambs at our house any more. Snowball died with pneumonia after a long lingering illness, and Abbie was so lonesome that we took her down to the farm and put her in the pen with Corky, where they both have a wonderful time playing together.

Needless to say, the girls had a grand time together. Kristin's toys were lugged in and out of the



Dorothy made these matching Mother-Daughter dresses out of pale blue broadcloth trimmed with embroidered eyelet. Their blouses are white, and they look fresh on a summer day.

house several times a day; everything outside such as cars, porches, pump-stands, sandpiles, etc., got a good scrubbing with dirty water several times a day. I had decided that unless I saw them doing something actually dangerous, I was going to say as little as possible to them and let them be as free as birds the few days they were together. We walked through the timber, and went wading in the little ditch which races over stones and has nice clear water in it. We honestly hated to see Wednesday arrive, the day we had promised to go to Shenandoah, to take Juliana home. Kristin was very perturbed because Juliana got to have a ticket on the train and she didn't. I told her the time was coming all too soon when she would get to have one!

We had a lovely time in Shenandoah, as we always do when we go down. I picked up several pieces of material for school dresses and blouses for Kristin for next year, two pieces of plaid gingham and two plain white broadcloth. I don't know when I will ever get them made up, since I haven't had any time to sew for so long, but after school starts maybe I'll have a little more time. I have two items I simply have to get done before I do any more sewing for us, one a dress for Mary Lee, and the other a blouse for a friend. Kristin and I went to Sunday School and church with the folks, then Monday morning early they drove us home and spent the day here.

The last of the week Frank had a couple of days when he could come up for a breathing spell, so we decided to get in the car and run off for a few days. Kristin stayed one day and night with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. She got to do three things she has been wanting to do for months—take a ride in their motor boat, go fishing, and have a weiner roast. Her report was that

she didn't catch any fish but then neither did Aunt Edna. The other two days she spent with Grandma Johnson and Aunt Bernie. Frank and I went to Aplington, Iowa, to visit our friend, Clarence Meyer, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Meyer. We had a very nice time and both came back rested and refreshed, ready to start to work again.

We are looking forward to the 17th of June, when Mother and Dad are coming again to spend the day with us. Dad is supposed to bring his kodachromes and show them that day at the regular meeting of our Sunshine Club.

I washed yesterday, and right now I'm going to light my gas iron and get to work on the big ironing I have waiting for me.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

TREE CONTEST

1. The double tree.
2. The tree left from fire.
3. Tree nearest the sea.
4. The sweetest tree.
5. The chronologist's tree.
6. The languishing tree.
7. The tree most warmly clad.
8. The Eden tree.
9. The tree that caused no lie.
10. The tree where ships come in.
11. Smart and trim.
12. To place in a perpendicular line.
13. An ill-tempered person.
14. Legal declaration and lacking in height.

Answers

1. Pear. 2. Ash. 3. Beach. 4. Maple.
5. Date. 6. Pine. 7. Fir. 8. Apple. 9. Cherry. 10. Bay. 11. Spruce. 12. Plum.
13. Crab. 14. Willow.

WHAT A MAN!

1. A man to be avoided.
2. A traveling man.
3. A musical man.
4. A stableman.
5. A literary man.
6. A married man.
7. An oarsman.
8. A small man.
9. A dangerous man.
10. A Chinese man.

Answers

1. Mansion. 2. Mango. 3. Mandolin.
4. Manger. 5. Manuscript. 6. Herman.
7. Roman. 8. Manikin. 9. Manslaughter.
10. Mandarin.

WITHIN THE HEART

The heart has little room
For many things,
But space is there to hold
A poem that sings,
A memory sweet and clear
Of lovely springs,
A bit of laughter, and the joy
That kindness brings.
The heart has little room,
The wise may say;
Its limits are the dawn
And dusk of day,
But love can fill the room
With treasure gay
That neither time nor tears
Can take away!

Anon.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTION: "In August our daughter is marrying a young man whose parents live in New York. They plan to come for the wedding, and now I'm in a quandry because our home is very plain and ordinary—and his parents are wealthy people who have a beautiful place (our daughter visited there last summer and told us about it). Should I ask them to stay with us, or would it be all right to let them go to our local hotel which has just about the same comforts that our home has! Please let me know about this for if I must invite them the letter should be written soon. Perhaps I should add that our daughter thinks they should stay with us."—Iowa.

ANSWER: Your daughter is right. When parents travel this distance for a wedding it seems most ungracious to have them stay at the hotel if it is at all possible to accommodate them. Since you said elsewhere in your letter that your daughter found them to be charming and thoughtful people I'm certain that they will accept everything without feeling critical. In a case like this it's the spirit that counts and nothing else.

QUESTION: "In July we plan to take a two weeks' vacation in northern Montana with two other couples who are close friends of ours. It so happens that all of the others love to fish and plan on what you might call a rough-and-ready time, but if there's anything I despise it's that kind of a time. I have a sister living not far from the point where our crowd expects to go, so under these circumstances don't you think it would be all right for me to stay there and let the others go on? I haven't mentioned this to anyone for fear it would put a crimp in their plans, and thought I'd wait before saying anything, to see what you think about it."—Mo.

ANSWER: It seems to me that you have a definite obligation to continue with the original plans of the crowd so far as going with them is concerned. However, I can't imagine that any of them would object to your visiting your sister for a few days. Why not enter into the spirit of the thing, for your husband's sake if nothing else, and on the last three or four days when the novelty has worn off for the crowd, go on and visit your sister?

QUESTION: "For two weeks in July I expect to have a large crowd of workmen to feed at noon because we are having extensive building done on our farm. My problem is my mother who insists that she come out from town to help me during that time. She lived on the farm until only three years ago, but she is in poor health and her ways in the kitchen are not my ways—in other words, she would be a hindrance and not a help. Do you think I should find some tactful way

of letting her know that I can manage alone?"—Iowa.

ANSWER: No I don't. To me the great tragedy of growing old, of falling victim to poor health is the feeling of being useless and unwanted. For goodness sake let your mother come out and "help". She can certainly prepare vegetables and look after the baby—do try and make her feel that her assistance is valuable—and you'll lengthen her life considerably.

QUES: "Who should make the first calls when one marries into a family away from his own circle of acquaintances? Perhaps this sounds funny to you, but I don't know how to figure out my husband's people because although they are friendly and cordial when I telephone them (they rarely call me), they haven't been here to call on me. By his people I don't mean his mother, but his sisters and cousins. Do you think I should go and see them, or just what would you suggest?"—Nebraska.

ANS: It seems to me a great shame to be in the frame of mind as a newcomer into the family where you must worry as to who should make the first calls. Many people feel that they should leave newly married couples alone long enough to get thoroughly settled because they appreciate the fact that young brides like to have as attractive a house as possible before callers arrive. Why don't you relax and go right ahead with whatever you want to do without any questions in your own mind? If you feel at ease, they will pick up this feeling also.

QUESTION: "I wish you could give me some advice about this problem, Leanna. My husband's mother is an invalid as a result of arthritis. She lives in Seattle and that's where my problem begins. Our baby is four months old and she has written begging us to come out this summer in order that she may see him—in fact, she enclosed a check for our expenses. I don't want to travel so far with a small baby during the hot summer months, and it's impossible for my husband to get away at any other time. Do you think I am justified in saying that we can't make the trip until next summer?"—Ill.

ANSWER: I'm hesitant to express myself for I'm afraid that all of my sympathies lie with the grandmother—for obvious reasons! Your husband wants to go and can help you. I might point out that during the war years thousands of young mothers traveled great distances without help of any kind and without a fat check to make things easier. You might think about this for a while.

Many wise words are spoken in jest, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones spoken in earnest.

THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD

They say the world is round, and yet, it must be square;
So many little hurts we get from corners here and there.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
we please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow to those we love the best.

—Unknown

THE FAITHFUL FEW

When the meeting's called to order
And you look around the room,
You're sure to see some faces
That from out the shadows loom.
They are always at the meeting
And they'll stay until it's through—
The ones that I would mention
Are the always faithful few.
They fill the many offices
And are always on the spot
No matter what the weather,
Though it may be awful hot.
It may be dark and rainy,
But they are tried and true.
The ones that you rely on
Are the always faithful few.
There are lots of worthy members
Who will come when in the mood.
When everything's convenient
They can do a little good.
They're a factor in the meeting
And are necessary, too,
But the ones who never fail us
Are the always faithful few.
If it were not for these faithful,
Whose shoulders at the wheel
Keep the institution moving
Without a halt or reel,
What would be the fate of meetings,
Where we claim so much to do?
They surely would be failures
If we lacked the faithful few.

—E. C. Watkins.

COMFORT

So if I stoop into a dark,
Tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time,
I press God's lamp close to my breast,
Its splendor soon will pierce the gloom—
I shall emerge one day.

—Robert Browning.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

ROLAND AND THE SERGEANT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mama Mouse was a War Widow—no doubt about it. She had been ever since her husband crawled out of Captain Pansie's desk without looking right or left. Captain Pansie had thrown his shoe at Papa Mouse.

That night in the dark, dark house, Mama Mouse moved her youngsters into a new home behind the sergeant's desk. Even the sergeant didn't know about the hole in the floor there, and if Mama Mouse were cautious she could sneak right past his feet without disturbing him. At night when all the office girls and the sergeant and Captain Pansie were gone, Mama Mouse would allow the four little mice to venture out of their home to play.

Then Squirt, Squeak, Squawk and Roland would scamper around the office playing hide-and-seek in Captain Pansie's desk drawers and running over the keys of the sergeant's typewriter just to hear their sharp clickety-clicks. It was great fun!

One morning Mama Mouse arose early to gather food for the day.

"Children," she said, "I am going outside to gather scraps of popcorn and chocolate bars and maybe even a wee bit of grain for your dinners. Stay inside and don't stick your noses out of the door where Captain Pansie can see you!" Then Mama Mouse scurried away.

Squirt, Squeak and Squawk smoothed their dresses and sat primly in the corner reading a story book. As for Roland, he was very impatient. He squirmed and scratched and wiggled.

Pshaw, he thought, this is sissy stuff, staying inside with these girls all day long. I'm going out to gather food too. Then without a second's delay he hurried out of the door.

Alas! Just at that moment the sergeant arrived. He pulled up his chair, sat down and placed his feet firmly under the desk

right
on

Roland's
tail!

Poor Roland! Try as he would, he could not get away. The sergeant didn't even know that he held the little mouse securely under his shoe by the tip of that long straight tail. Roland tugged and wiggled and pushed and pulled. He braced his feet against that big shoe, grabbed his tail, and pulled so hard that he lifted himself right off the floor. It was no use.

In the meantime his sisters finished their book and looked around for Roland.

"My goodness, he's gone," said Squirt.

"Let's look for him," suggested Squeak. The little mice peeked out of the door and the first thing they saw was Roland tugging and twisting to free his tail. All three sisters grabbed Roland and began to pull.

"Uh!" they grunted, and Roland's tail stretched a little.

"Uh! Uh!" They pulled harder. Roland's tail stretched a little more.

"Uh! Uh! Uh! The three little mice pulled so hard that Roland's tail stretched at least an inch.

Then to the surprise of the four breathless mice, the Sergeant got up so quickly that they all fell over backwards. They tumbled and jumped all in a heap into their home.

Well, the mice still live there, but if you were to visit that office and see a mouse with a

great
big
long
tail

you'd know it was because he didn't mind his mother!

THE GIRAFFE

Tall giraffe, tan and brown,
You've the longest neck in town.
Brushy tail, soulful eyes,
You are quite a monstrous size!

RIDDLES

1. What object weighs less the more it contains? Ans. A board with holes bored in it.
2. What two things are full by day and quite empty at night? Ans. Stockings.
3. Which would win in a race—heat or cold? Ans. Heat. Anyone can catch cold.
4. When do two and two make more than four? Ans. 22.
5. How can you make time fly? Ans. Take your clock a ride in an airplane.
6. What did the big chimney say to the little chimney? Ans. You are too little to smoke.
7. How does the water get in the watermelon? Ans. Because the seeds are planted in the spring.
8. What two animals follow you around? Ans. Two calves.
9. What can run on the floor without legs? Ans. Water.

—Sent by Helen Louise Wohliab,
New Virginia, Iowa.

ROOSTERS!

I love to watch the rooster crow—
He's like so many men I know
Who brag and bluster, rave and shout,
And beat their manly chests without
A single thing to crow about!

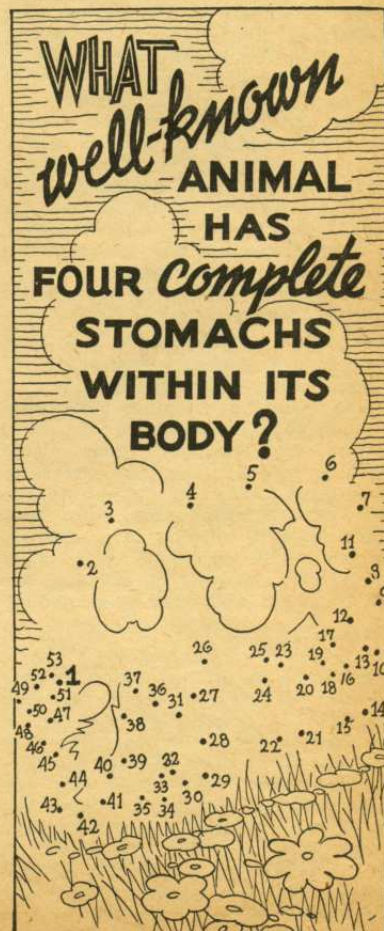
—Old Rhyme



Lynne Meyers spends much time with her grandmother, Mrs. Dave Meyers of Seward, Nebraska. She will be ten years old on July 30th, and has practised her violin lessons so faithfully that now she is able to play well. Her father accompanies her.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

If your nose is close
To the grindstone rough,
And you hold it down
There long enough,
In time you'll say
There's no such thing
As books that babble
And birds that sing.
These three will all
Your world compose—
Just YOU, the STONE
And your silly old NOSE.
—Unknown.



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FOR SALE: Pineapple center pieces 24 in. \$2.50 ea. Also other center pieces, chair sets, dresser scarfs, pot holders, sheet insertion and slip insertion. All made to order. Mrs. J. Williams, 622 No. 14th St., Omaha 2, Neb.

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SALEM COOK BOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes. Spiral binding. Postpaid \$1. Send Orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Ia.

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LADIES, send your sewing scissors to be Hollow Ground, sharpened. We put on a high polish to make them cut, and look good as when new. Postpaid 40¢ ea. by sending two scissors or more at one time. Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS, illustrated booklet, tell's just how. Complete instructions, 35¢ (No stamps). Mayme Gayle, Longmont, Colo.

CARDS, and extraordinary fine everyday assortment, embossed with ribbons, ties, all birthday, all get-well. Gay wrapping paper, and stationery. Write Millie J. De Wild, Eddyville, Ia.

FELT JACKETS, with embroidered Mexican scenes. Sizes, small (10-12) large (14-16). Black, Camel, White, Yellow, Navy, Kelly Green, Grey. Money back guarantee if not satisfied with work. Must have \$15. to cover expenses. Gloria Wendele, Fairfax, Mo.

INFORMATION OF VALUE, may be revealed through the study of handwriting. Send for a Grapho Chart, price 25¢, postpaid. Florence L. Hall, Rising Sun, Maryland.

SEASHELL JEWELRY, makes attractive and unusual gifts. Illustrated price list of 12 designs 5¢. Agents wanted. Morris Her-ring, Norfield, Miss.

"DEPRESSION CAKE", recipe. It's delicious and "different". Men folks like it. 25¢ coin, stamped envelope. Mrs. Francis Briney, Albion, Ia.

PIXIE MANDOLIN PINS, cute pretty, original, three inches long. Colors, red, maple, mahogany. Four silver cord strings. Crocheted gold cord hangers. Safety latch pins. Fifty cents ea. Pearl Beadles, Ellery, Ill.

LOOK: For 20¢ I will send address, patterns, and directions for making lovely woven pot holders. Pluma Ray, Lenox, Ia.

LAYETTES: Kimonas, \$1. 6 for \$5. Slips and toeless slippers the same. Write for prices for complete layette. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Ia.

CARDS, a sensational value. Everyday assortment, with floral lined envelopes, 21 for \$1. Also have Agency for all Magazines. Write, Pluma Ray, Lenox, Ia.

GIRL's brown and white checked coat. Size 12, \$7.50. Mrs. Jack Zentner, Granada, Minn.

WANTED: Typing and mimeographing to do. Also make club books, programs etc. Write for prices. Mrs. W. A. Miller, Bagley, Ia.

WISS PINKING SHEARS, only used few times. Mrs. B. T. Williams, 416 N. Lincoln Ave., Eagle Grove, Ia.

CROCHETED BED SPREAD, made with No. 30 white thread. Bessie Wilcoxson, Center Ky.

BABY SHOES: Cut-out's ready to make, silk plastic 50¢. All yarn kittens, large size \$3. and small \$1. Milk filter bed or davenport pillow. \$2. Bed pillow with doll, \$2.50. Baby shoes, all loops \$1.25. Bessie Schollmeyer, 922 19 st., Boone, Ia.

CROCHETED PINCUSHIONS, pineapple heart shape, laced with ribbons in points. Postpaid. State color ribbon. Mrs. W. J. Miller, 1009 Williams No. 6, Omaha, Nebr.

FOR SALE, three piece pineapple fan chair sets, ecru or white, \$3.75. 8 piece set \$11.00. 9 in. pansy doilies, white with varigated lavender border, \$1.25. Hazel Hegwood, Box 104, Knoxville, Ia.

FOR SALE: Bib aprons \$1.25, embroidered pillow cases \$2. pr. Embroidered tea towels, 35¢. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Ia.

WANTED: Custom weaving 74¢ yd., also hand woven rugs. Write for particulars. Maude Underwood, 106 W. 8 St. Moulton, Ia.

CANARY SINGERS, lovely everyday assorted greeting cards. 16 for \$1. Mrs. Lon Hitchcock, 607 F. St., Carrollton, Mo.

SHELLCRAFT JEWELRY, original designs, each pin different, choice of colors. Matching pins, and ear rings. Other items. Mrs. Roy Bryan, Mt. Ayr, Ia.

FOR SALE: Book ends, in gold bronze, fancy Horse Head, Sailboat and Hummel (Boy in rain) they are six inches to eleven inches high. Plaster Models \$2.29 pair. P.P. Gifts for all seasons, the year round. Geneva C. Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

FOR SALE: White feed sacks (large) 100 lb. size. Price 30¢ plus postage. Mrs. Ernest Kuether, Wells, Minn.

SEWING LADIES DRESSES, \$1.50 child's \$1. sun suits, 75¢. Send pattern, material, thread Addis Young, Rt. 2, Hardyville, Ky.

CROCHETED HOLDERS, sombrero, flag, sunflower, Sunbonnet Sue, strawberry, butterfly, watermelon, tulip 50¢ ea. Bias trimmed holders with painted design 2 for 35¢. Half aprons from print sacks, rick-rack trim, 75¢. 3 piece chair set, pineapple design, ecru \$3. Mrs. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kans.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS, made by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.35. Pretty hobo aprons, \$1.10 ea. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. St., Belleville, Kans.

ASSORTED CROCHETED DOILIES, or will take orders for any kind of crocheting. Reasonable prices. Atlanta Thompson, Klemme, Ia.

FOR SALE, Coverall Aprons made from print feed sacks, bias trimmed \$1.15 ea. This ad good for remainder of the year. Mrs. Maud Bowers, 1707 Q. St., Belleville, Kans.

SPECIAL, 20 sheets, 20 envelopes, 20 Personalized Post-Cards, all printed with your name and address, postpaid, \$1. Midwest Stationery, 5-N., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

CROCHETED APRONS, colored bands, \$2.50. Tablecloths, doilies, other crocheting on order. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Ia.

CROCHETED BIBS, white with pink or blue edge and ribbon trim, 50¢, without ribbon 35¢. Bertha Elsen, Manson, Ia.

WANTED TO BUY, half sized dressmakers model. Mrs. Rose Geller, 1404 S. 18th, Maywood, Ill.

PRETTY SUNBONNETS, 65¢ 2 for \$1.25, also nice apron pattern, 10¢ and 3¢ stamp. Mrs. Marie Kostian, 2864 West Ave., 35, Los Angeles 41, Calif.

SEWING EXPERIENCED: Tailored button holes. Ladies house dresses \$1.50. Better \$2. up. Childs \$1. Send materials, feed sacks, patterns, thread. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL, white pure linen handkerchiefs with two toned tatting or crocheted edgings. \$1. ea. postpaid. Any color. Mrs. F. E. Prall, Mt. Sterling, Ia.

FOR SALE: "King Corn", all corn recipes and good helps. Send 10¢ and 3¢ stamp to, Mrs. Mae Zeigler, 904 W. Nevada, St., Marshalltown, Ia.

FOR SALE: No bar cutwork linen tablecloth, (size 72x90) flower and leaf design around edge and center, worked in light brown. 3 piece buffet set, 6 dinner napkins to match \$130.00. Box 246, Greenfield, Ia.

AFRICAN VIOLETS: Pink Amazon, \$1.50. Double Purple Duchess, \$2. Red Head, wine red, \$2. Ionantha, pale blue, \$1. Sailor Boy, just darker, \$1. Add 25¢ each for postage and packing. Do not order less than two. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

SET OF THREE Acorn Brownies for curio cabinets, etc. About 4 inches tall. 75¢ per set. Add 5¢ postage and packing. Miss Lois Neff, Route 4, Bethany Mo.

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"MAKE IT DO OR—"

By Mabel Nair Brown

Have you too been faced with the problems raised by purchasing a new home? In our case these problems came about because we moved from a small house to a large one, because our growing children needed more suitable furniture for their rooms, and because we all wanted an attractive, comfortable home of which we could be proud. To achieve all of this with constantly rising prices and a limited budget—well, there had to be a great deal of contriving.

Please bear in mind that we're what we call "rankest" amateurs at the decorating business. We started out knowing that our motto must be "Make it do or do without" and that we were in for weeks of hard work (so we'd better try to like it!).

Of first importance to us was that our two youngsters just entering their teens should have rooms which particularly appealed to them in color and arrangement, with consideration given to each child's special interests and hobbies. About all we had to begin with for each room was a bed!

Our daughter loves rose pink and blue, so those colors, plus white, were used in her room. The walls were papered in a soft pink shade with a small wreath design in white. The curtains for the three windows we made of white cushion dot material in the very full tailored Priscilla style. Since this room had a large closet with many shelves, dresser drawers weren't needed, and instead we used our old library table to make her a lovely big dressing table.

The table was given an undercoat and then a coat of white plastic. The shelf underneath makes a fine shoe rack. For the dressing table I made an underskirt of white feed sacks, and the top skirt is a very billowy one of the same white marquisette as the curtains. In the attic we were fortunate to find an old discarded dresser top with a large mirror (20 x 24). We unmounted it, painted the frame white and hung the mirror over the table. On either side we hung small colonial plaques of ivory and rose—and someday a pair of boudoir lamps will make a pretty addition to this arrangement.

For a desk to hold the scrapbooks and photo albums which are her hobbies we used an old commode. The rack on top was removed and we planned to make it a kneehole desk by removing the door section. However, this made a perfect place to stand the books as in a file, so Regina couldn't part with it. This desk too was finished in white.

To give the room a dash of zip we put up what-not shelves made of orange crates (in triangle style) and

painted ²white. Regina has collected a number of items in royal blue glass, and these give a striking note of color when arranged on the corner shelves. In fact, this note of blue is so attractive that we are planning to fasten the embroidered beading around dressing table and mirror frame and run narrow blue velvet ribbon through it. We will also frame a pair of pictures (cut from magazines) in this beading. We think that it will give just that quaint old-fashioned look we want.

For the bed I made a washable quilted spread by appliqueing large pink roses on white muslin in a wreath design. The leaves are embroidered in green. The bed is an old-fashioned one of scroll iron, so we cut down the head and footboards. Future plans, as Regina is older, call for a headboard made of blonde artificial leather, and a white dust ruffle to accent the spread.

When we first began to plan our son's room we were requested to use "No frills, please." And I must say that our use of the sailing ship motif gives the cool, clean-cut look we were after, and it's a room he won't grow out of for many years.

The pale blue wall paper has a design in red, white and black sailing ships. The three windows are quite narrow, so we used white fiber shades which have a ship design on them to match the paper. At the windows we used drapes hung on cranes which swing back against the wall; these drapes are made of striped decorative ticking in blue, black and silver gray. The woodwork is cream enamel and the floor covering is a deep maroon linoleum.

In addition to his large dark oak dresser we needed something for shelves to hold his many books, model planes, games and trinkets. We solved this problem by using a set of oak book shelves made by the Man-of-the-house in manual training days. In addition to this we made an ideal game cupboard by moving in an oak music cabinet (with many shelves) which someone gave me years ago. These shelves are placed on either side of his bed as he wanted it handy to reach a book, puzzle, or just a plane to daydream over.

The big sunny southeast room, opening from our master bedroom with double doors, we all saw at once would make an ideal room for our three-year old. But since small children outgrow nursery furniture quickly we didn't feel we could invest any money in it. However, with the entire family cooperating we finally came up with a very pretty room which we call "the miniature."

The wall paper is a soft blue with a narrow white stripe on which clusters of white daisies are placed at intervals. Her curtains are the white marquisette like her sister's. The small dressing table was made of two orange crates placed on end and a smooth board nailed on top. The center section she uses for her shoes, and the shelves in the crates hold her undies, slippers and anklets. This little table too has the same skirts as in Big Sister's room. We

had a triple-hinged mirror which just seemed to fit over the table.

Somewhere in our moving about we had picked up a battered child's pigeon hole desk. We dug it out, cleaned and renailed it, and then gave it a coat of white plastic to match the crib and dresser. Sharon is mighty proud of her "really truly" desk.

Her nursery pictures were made by the older children. They made plaster of paris plaques in the crinkle paper plate molds and used decal pictures—then shellaced the whole thing.

Another "hand-me-down" that seemed to fit perfectly in this room was a stand-up type blackboard with a folding chair. The chair is the apple of the little owner's eye as it's a perfect fit for dressing table or desk. To hold the odds and ends of toys and plain junk that a small child accumulates, we arranged enameled orange crate cupboards along the wall in back of big doors. This room also has a large closet, and Sharon's daddy put hooks and shelves within her reach and each morning it's a brand new adventure—this deciding what dress to wear!

Right here I do want to say that having a place for everything, and allowing the youngsters to arrange their possessions in their rooms as they wish in the places provided has certainly worked wonders in lessening clutter throughout the house—not to mention the nagging and scolding eliminated. After seeing the work it took to get the rooms ready and having had explained to them the daily pick-up and cleaning necessary to keep them that way, the children have cooperated wonderfully in keeping their rooms orderly.

In the next issue I'd like to tell you how we curtained our living room windows, and how we made a marvelous work-storage area out of an old kitchen safe. Believe me, the latter item is the joy of my life!

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam—
Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles;
Red firelight and deep chairs;
Great talk in little nooks;
Small white beds upstairs;
Dim colors, rows of books;
One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.
God send us a little ground—
Tall trees standing round,
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead Thy stars, O God!
God bless when winds blow
Our home and all we know.

—Author Unknown

Goodbye until next month.

Leanna and Lucile.

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