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# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

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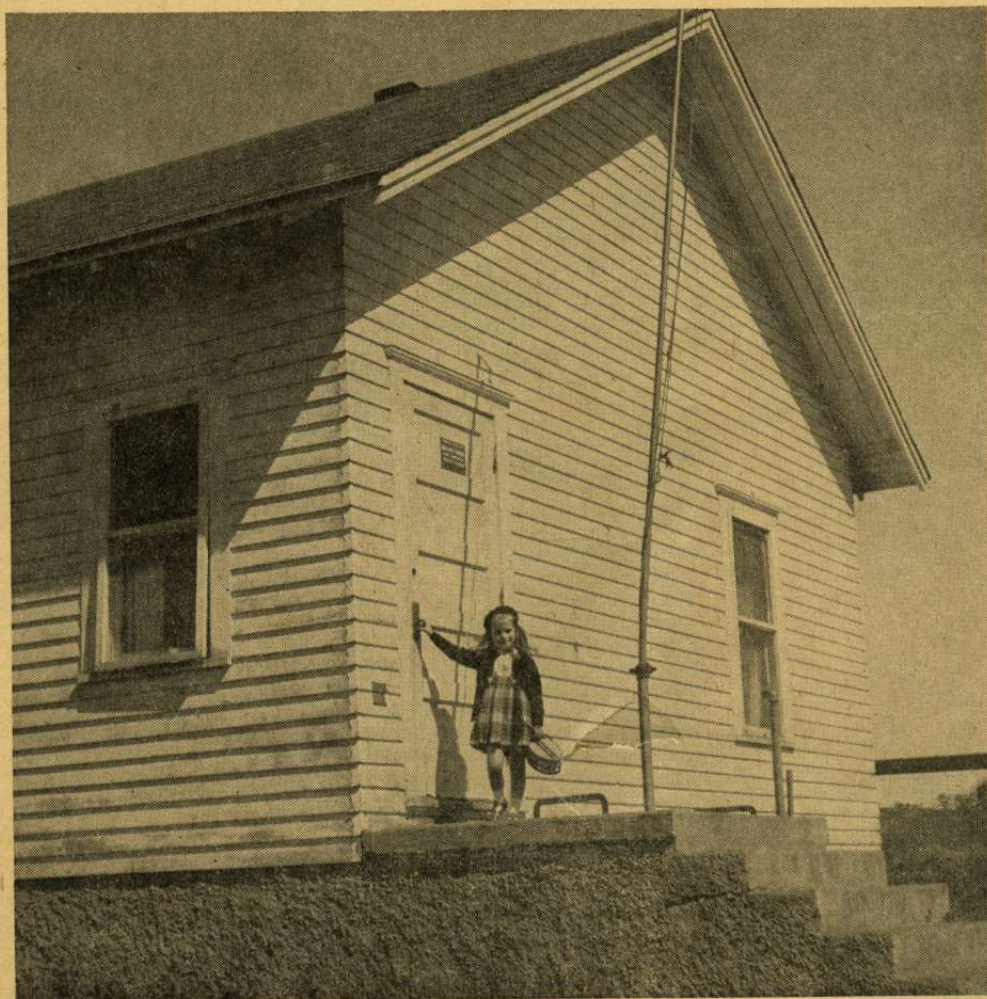


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends.

Since I cannot write to each one of you I must take this means of thanking you, one and all, for the many cards and letters that have arrived regarding our new series of Kitchen-Klatter programs on KOWH in Omaha and KFNF in Shenandoah at 11:00 every weekday morning. Even if I were able to type and didn't have to write everything in long-hand I would still be unable to make any kind of an impression on the letters to be answered if I were to start doing so. That is the blessing of having our Kitchen-Klatter magazine, for this way I can greet each one of you and thank you.

We are all very happy about this morning program and I'm sure that you are too. It means so much to us to be able to attend afternoon meetings, and to be able to entertain when our turn comes, for you realize, I'm sure, that if you had to miss the 3:15 visits because of various activities we, in turn, were never able to do our fair share in church groups and community clubs. I think that most of us homemakers are busy in the house during the morning, and because of this we stand a better chance at getting together for our daily visit.

When cool weather comes we will have better radio reception, so if you have any difficulty in getting KOWH and KFNF right now don't be discouraged—as soon as those frosty days come along it will be much easier to hear the program. Those days will also bring better appetites and we are enthusiastic about our plan for visiting with you from the kitchen on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. At those times we want to cook something and we hope that you'll be right there fixing the same thing with us. We also hope that you will take time to sit down and copy your favorite recipes and send them in to us. When there are three meals to fix every day year in and year out it's just about impossible to have too many ideas for what to prepare.

When Dorothy was here on a short visit with Kristin she and the other girls were laughing about Martin Erik's "radio schedule" and saying that it reminded them of some of their friends during the war years. It seems that some of the new mothers at that time put their babies on

the "swing schedule" to accommodate husbands who worked the swing shift in war industries, and from almost the beginning Martin has been on a radio schedule to accommodate our friends who are with us for our daily visit! When we had our 3:15 program he was put to bed at 3:00, but now that we have our 11:00 A.M. program he is put to bed at 10:45. Some babies might put up an objection, but not Martin Erik. When he's awake he's always laughing and smiling, and when he's asleep he's asleep — no monkey business about it. Good-natured babies are healthy babies, and when you see his first birthday picture in this magazine you'll agree that he looks like a real strapper.

Dorothy's visit seemed very short, but immediately after the State Fair she plans to come back for several days. Kristin will be starting to school in September and this will put an end to the old free days of being able to pick up and go at any time. She will put in a full day right from the beginning, but Juliana will go to kindergarten only in the afternoons throughout this coming year. I can sympathize with the way Dorothy and Lucile feel for I have a pang myself when I see my little granddaughters starting to school.

Since I last wrote to you Mart and I have had a week's trip through the Ozarks. We took some old friends, Dr. and Mrs. LeRoy Lewis, with us, and we all agreed at the outset that we weren't going to travel by schedule but just stop wherever fancy dictated. Our first stop was at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, a beautiful city, where we ate lunch in a park and then drove on to Jefferson City, the capitol of Missouri. We had a nice cabin there (we stayed only in cabins or motels, as they're called now, on the entire trip) and the next morning started out for Bagnall Dam. It had been our plan to spend a day and a night there, but we struck it when it was hot and dusty and no accommodations were available, so we went on to Springfield.

The drive from Bagnall Dam to Springfield is a lovely one for we were in the heart of the "Shepherd of the Hills" country, and as far as the eye could see there were lovely hills covered with green trees. After a night in Springfield we drove on to

Fayetteville, Ark., and retraced our steps over the road that we took in 1930 when I was so severely injured in the automobile accident. I didn't have quite the sensations I had expected to have because everything had changed so much! In fact, nothing looked familiar and it was really hard for me to believe that my whole life had been changed in the flash of an eye in that area.

Fayetteville is the home of the University of Arkansas and it has a beautiful campus. We drove up a winding road to the top of a high hill in the city, and from there we could see miles in every direction. Then we went on to Fort Scott through the Arkansas National Park, a beautiful place with Crepe Myrtle trees in bloom and Hibiscus in different colors.

As we entered Van Buren we saw a sign directing us to the home of Bob Burn's, and like all tourists we followed the right turns and made our way there. We found a white frame house exactly like thousands of other white frame houses, (there is a picture of it elsewhere in this issue) and we also found that his step-mother lives there and she came out and visited with us.

All four of us agreed that the loveliest part of our drive was around Eureka Sprinks, Ark., an area that is known as the Switzerland of America. It is made up of rugged country, and we saw many herds of white long-horn goats, lumber mills, and through every mile of it countless winding roads, blooming wild flowers and clear streams. I wish that everyone could see that section for it is truly lovely.

The fourth night we spent at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and to me it was a striking thing to see the city rising up off the plain almost without warning. There are oil derricks everywhere, and the whole city looks so modern and new that it's hard to believe Mart saw it when there were still mud streets with livestock roaming around.

The next day we drove to Ottawa, Kansas—we saw a great deal of high water around Chanute and Ottawa. However, the crops looked good there, and for that matter they looked good everywhere. I believe that this is going to be one of the finest crop years in the memory of man, and when you see the productive fields it gives you a good feeling. We spent that last night at Ottawa, and drove on in to Shenandoah the next day, arriving here about six in the evening.

Donald is still in Chicago, but we expect him home for a few days before his college work begins at Ames. Several important events are coming up in our family and we'll tell you about them as they occur. Do let us hear from you, and try to be with us for our daily visits.

Always your friend,

Leanna.

Be sure that you tune in at 11:00 11:30 every morning to hear the Kitchen-Klatter program from radio stations KOWH in Omaha and KFNF in Shenandoah.



# Come into the Garden

## GARDEN TASKS FOR SEPTEMBER

By Mary Duncomb

The mere mention of September causes the house-plant lover to turn his attention immediately to getting the pot-plants inside. If the calendar itself did not give ample warning, there is a certain quality in the very air which does. Crisp mornings and shortening days indicate that summer is passing rapidly, and very soon a frost will be due.

If one only knew just when this would happen, one might not be in such haste to bring in plants which might well add their loveliness to the garden for weeks ahead, but as it is often early and a totally unexpected event, it is best to be on the safe side and make no delay in saving tender foliage from destruction.

This is not a difficult task if the plants have simply been sunken in their pots in the soil. But examine them carefully for insects on leaves, and groom them very carefully. Some of the top soil may be removed and fresh soil added, leaving a space for watering. The poinsettias belong to this class; it is folly ever to plant them directly into the soil, for disturbance of their roots will upset the balance between root and leaf and their leaves will wilt and fall. They should come in fairly early too, and be given a warm, sunny window.

To make a pleasant task of what is quite a bit of tedious work, get all of the necessary things together before beginning to pot up the plants. This can be done a day or two ahead of time. Assemble the well-washed clay pots, the fancy pottery and the bright shining tin cans. Yes, the latter are quite in order, as many plants really seem to prefer them. Holes for drainage might as well be made in these now and a supply of broken pots or pebbles put by for drainage material.

I like to do my potting on a rather damp cool morning early in the day. If the ground is dry, give the plants a good watering the night before so that their roots will retain as much soil as possible. Get together a supply of sand, well-rotted manure, bone meal and compost (which has been well sterilized). These materials may all be taken directly into the garden to be mixed with soil to make the desired potting medium.

Different plants need different mixtures. Geraniums like a firm one; begonias and gloxinias rather a porous one; while amaryllis, orchid cacti and billbergia can take a rich, loose mixture. The experienced gardener knows almost by the feel of the soil, plus a knowledge of the plant's individual needs, just what constitutes the proper mixture. Many of these may go into the basement until Christmas or later, which is a blessing to those having limited window space.

Early September is not too late to plant delphinium seed. The seedlings

will get a good start and will probably give first bloom the following season. If you have never planted the choicer kinds, do so this season. They are no harder to grow than the more common ones.

Some imaginative person has named these strains from the characters of King Arthur's Court. The white ones are surpassingly beautiful; Galahad, with enormous white double-blossoms on a crowded spike, runs a close second to Percival, a white with a black bee. And all the shades of blue one can imagine are found among the rest.

September seems to be a good time to plant tree and shrub seed. Of course they will not germinate until spring, but since they must necessarily lie in the ground all winter, it is just as well to plant while the urge to plant is on. I am having the enjoyment of watching a small Ginkgo tree and a Xantherous shrub develop from seed, and although it is a very slow way in which to start them, it is an interesting one.

While the ground is in good condition, before the autumn rains set in, it is a pretty good plan to get under cover some pails of garden soil, for next month we will want to plant our winter-blooming bulbs for the house. And right now is the time to be ordering these, as well as the tulips we want to plant outside.

Truly the days of September are packed full of interesting tasks for the ardent gardener. And what better excuse can we frame for enjoying the last days of summer under blue skies and the final burst of blossoms trying to get in the maximum of bloom? All too soon will come the end of our outdoor labor, although other pleasant tasks will beckon us indoors.

## LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

### PART XI

#### Which Lilies Shall I Plant?

Lily bulbs are not yet dormant but it is time to get the well-drained place prepared (see July 1948 KITCHEN-KLATTER) for any we wish to reset and for any new ones we have ordered which will be arriving during October and November.

Some Lilies grow with much less difficulty than others and those are the ones with which we are more apt to succeed if Lily gardening is a new venture. Those offered in the average nursery catalog can usually be depended upon as doing best in that particular locality which it serves. The specialists' catalogs include all kinds and one must choose wisely or they may not prove hardy or tolerant of our particular garden conditions and climate.

Here in the Middle West we have a wide range of varieties from which to choose. Many gardens already have the tall, sturdy Tiger Lily with its reflexed petals, orange-red in color



*Liliun speciosum Rubrum* is a lovely lily for the garden.

and heavily spotted. It blooms in July. The double form is considered beautiful by some and an unattractive monstrosity by others. The Tiger Lily is an easy Lily and requires little attention, apparently just as happy in sun as in shade.

*Lilium regale* with its large fragrant trumpets is very popular. The yellow-throated blossoms may vary from almost pure white to quite a deep shading of wine on the outside of the segments. The normal blooming period is early July. The younger bulb yielding fewer blossoms to a stem produces a more graceful effect than the old bulb with its many blossoms arranged in cartwheel fashion. The various Regal hybrids are now considered even better than the lovely Regal type. *L. princeps*, *L. sulphur-gale*, the Shelburne Hybrids, Crow's Hybrids and Green Mountain Hybrids all boast of Regal blood. The gardener will have to decide for himself which he considers his choice. They will like the sun.

A delightful quartet of little Lilies blooms in latest May and June. The white Martagon (*Lilium martagon album*) has waxy, reflexed petals. *L. Concolor* is a brilliant red and has upright, star-shaped blossoms. The variety *coridion* is a lovely yellow form. *L. tenuifolium*, the Coral Lily, has brilliant red, reflexed petals. *L. cernuum* is not often seen but perhaps because people do not know about it rather than any difficulty about growing it. Its recurved petals vary from pinkish-lavender to rosy-lilac. The white martagon likes to be planted on the shady side of a building but the others do well in the sun.

The pink Lily often called Rubrum Lily (*Lilium speciosum rubrum*) and the white form, *L. speciosum album*, are both so lovely it fairly takes one's breath away when a bed is in full bloom. The Henryi Lily with its soft orange-yellow blossoms has fleshy papillae on the petals. A hybrid form, the Havemeyer Hybrids, are interesting and different and will surprise one with their varied forms and colorings. These four Lilies require partial shade to prevent the blossoms and foliage from bleaching.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SIXTY

As I said last month, a letter from Mother brought the news that Donald expected to enlist in the Aircorps at the conclusion of his college work in June. Wayne was already in Hawaii, so this left only Frederick and Howard with indefinite plans. Frederick was winding up his third and last year as a member of the American College faculty in Assuit, Egypt, and for many months the folks had been anticipating his return to this country. He was in rather poor health (although not nearly so badly off as he was to be a short time later) and they felt uneasy about him, particularly since he had been in the front lines of the desert campaign the previous summer. Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter back in those days may recall the unusually interesting letters that Frederick wrote about his experiences in Khartoum, Sudan, Cairo, Alexandria and other places.

Those of us on the Coast had one thing after another happening to keep us out of any kind of a rut. Boletta's wedding was one of those things. She is Russell's only sister and had come out to visit us in December from her home in Minneapolis. It was her parents' intention, plus our expectation, that she would stay about three months or so and then return to Minneapolis. But things didn't work out that way! Her boyhood friend, John Solstad, was stationed in San Diego with the marines, and at every possible opportunity he made the trip up to Hollywood to see her. Russell and I, old married people of five-years' standing, looked at them with an indulgent eye and regretted the fact that at any moment he might be shipped out and they would be separated for goodness knows how long. But we didn't reckon correctly with youth and war!

One Sunday afternoon they came to us and told us they intended to be married immediately before John could be sent away. I'll skip over what we said and then what they said and all the rest of it, and come right to the point that they were married in the living room of our home at eight o'clock on a beautiful spring evening. We'd gone out in the mountains the day before and picked a carload of yellow mimosa; the room was transformed into a lovely garden by these exquisite flowers. We had lighted tapers burning on the mantle, a nice wedding cake, and all of the other touches that a home wedding really needs. John was a very serious nineteen-year old in his dress uniform, and Boletta was equally serious although she was only seventeen. After the ceremony Dorothy helped me serve, then we telephoned wires to both sets of parents in Minneapolis, and thus was concluded the only war wedding that Russell and I ever witnessed, and the only wedding ceremony that has ever been performed in



This picture, giving you an idea of Donald's height, was taken when he enlisted in the Aircorps.

our home.

So many families knew similar experiences that I want to skip ahead in time and tell you what happened to this young couple who I always felt could stand as the classic case of marriage and war. In due time our worst fears were realized and John was shipped out. He had been stationed at Guadacanal almost three weeks before he received word that his daughter, Kristin, had been born in Minneapolis. And she was just about three years old before he saw her for the first time. Those three years covered I don't know how many major engagements; I know that he began on Guadacanal and finished at Okinawa—that gives you an idea. But somehow he returned without a scratch, and then for the first time they could really settle down into the marriage that began in Hollywood on a spring night in 1942.

Shortly after Boletta was married Dorothy decided that she wanted to go to work. The prospect of staying quietly at home had appealed to her when she first arrived in California for she had always worked since her marriage to Frank and thought that it would be nice to concentrate on being a housewife. But days in an apartment are long, and I wasn't around for company at all because I left the house at seven every morning and didn't return until six in the evening. It didn't take Dorothy very long to decide that she wanted more to do, so by the end of May or thereabouts she had started working in one of the Lockheed offices.

It's been a long time now since the words "swing shift" were a part of our vocabularies (I know that just the sound of those words must call up a million memories to many people!), but when I look back at it I think that it was a crazy way to live! At the time we took it for granted. I didn't see Dorothy except on Sundays even though we lived within calling distance of each other. At 3.15 every day she and Frank started out for Lockheed—the swing shift ran from

4:00 until 12:00. It's plain to be seen, when you recall the hours of my departures and arrivals back at the house that we would never see each other. Furthermore, I saw Russell only from 6:00 in the evening until 8:00. At that time he left for work, and since he didn't return until around 2:30 I was long since in bed and asleep when he came in—and of course he was in bed and asleep when I left in the morning. Yes, that was a crazy routine now that I look back on it.

The four of us, Russell, Frank, Dorothy and I tried to have Sunday dinner together. Then we caught up on all the news, exchanged letters from home, and, until gas rationing prevented it, took a Sunday drive together.

In July we received word that Donald had enlisted at Fort Crook on July 29th. He had hoped to become a crew member of a bomber, but his eyesight prevented this and he was assigned to the Aircorps as a weather observer. This entailed exacting training and in the process of getting it he was shipped about from Wichita Falls, Texas to Waco, Texas, from Waco up to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and thence to Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois. The rest of us could never keep up with his various moves and simply relied upon the folks to keep us posted as to his whereabouts.

At about the time we heard that Donald had entered the Aircorps we heard that Frederick would be unable to return to this country as he had planned to do for so long. A letter from him dated July 23, 1942 stated that he had gone to Asmara, Eritrea (the Estes Park of Africa) for a short vacation. In that letter he described several battlefields and a number of British victories over the Italians, but he also took time to write that there were great baboon herds in that part of the country, and that whenever he took walks the baboons threw stones at him. He commented that they threw well, too!

Censorship was so rigid throughout the war that it was difficult to figure out just where Frederick was the bulk of the time and what he was doing, but after this particular letter from Eritrea we got the idea that he was serving with the YWCA as a chaplain. His work dealt chiefly with prisoners of war (Italians and Germans taken by the British) and later, when he returned to this country, he had many stories of great interest to tell.

In October of 1942 Howard enlisted in the Army as a Private. He was the last of the four boys to go, and understandably so for he was thirty-three years old and, as he said, pretty ancient material for the Army. He enlisted at Fort Dodge and then was sent to Camp Adair in Oregon for his basic training. This made the third time that Mother had received a box of clothing, civilian clothing, from an army camp, and she always said that it was the one single thing that made her break down and cry. There was something so terribly final about it.

(To Be Continued)



## "OUR MEETING WILL COME TO ORDER!"

By Ruth Ahlgren

More years ago than I like to remember, nine little girls formed a club. No adult helped with our organization, but we modeled it on snatches recalled from mothers' conversation. All our meetings were most formal in spite of the fact we were so young that no one found it funny when our secretary wrote in her minutes: "We opened the meeting by singing our National Anthum and closed with Blessed Be The Tide."

Conducting these meetings was good experience; still, it did not prevent a certain amount of panic when I rose to take charge of my first adult meeting of importance. My knees trembled and my teeth chattered when I faced that large group, as I felt certain I should do something very wrong. Now, a good many years later, I find a few hints which really help.

Any woman is most at ease when she looks well. Be sure that your hair is neatly and becomingly dressed, that your shoes are polished, and that your slip doesn't show! You'll gain great confidence from being certain that there is nothing wrong with your appearance.

The presiding officer gains courage too when she has firmly in mind the order of business. It is so easy to forget when one is nervous that I find it wise to jot it down. Perhaps the most familiar one goes something like this:

Devotions (if any), reading of minutes of the preceding meeting, roll call, reports of officers and committees, appointments and elections, reading of correspondence, unfinished business, new business, program, adjournment.

With these matters off her mind, our president may rise with assurance to tap her gavel and say, "The meeting will please come to order." She should announce each order of business in turn, generally standing to do so, but in a small informal group it is not necessary to rise each time. After the reading of the minutes, she should stand and ask, "You have heard the reading of the minutes. Are there any corrections?" When the group seems to be satisfied, the officer will say, "You have heard the reading of the minutes. If there are no more corrections they will stand approved with two (or whatever number may have been made) corrections." If there are no corrections, they are approved as read.

Elections are conducted in different ways. Frequently, nominations come from the floor. Every person who wishes to place a name in nomination should first address the chair and be recognized. Sometimes only one nomination is made, in which case the presiding officer may ask for a motion to instruct the secretary to cast a unanimous ballot for that candidate.

When two or more names are to be balloted on, the vote should be a secret one, written if no ballot box is provided. In the absence of other rules, the chairman appoints two

or more tellers who distribute slips of paper and pencils to the members and collect and count the ballots as soon as they are written. Generally, a majority elects. If no one has received more than half the votes on the first ballot, another must be taken. Some clubs have a rule that only the three names having the highest number of votes are considered on the second ballot. Voting must continue until someone obtains a majority.

In many organizations, a nominating committee is appointed by the president and presents at the election meeting one or more names for each office, thus shortening the time which would be required for a great number of ballots. The method of procedure is governed by the constitution and by-laws of the group.

On questions other than elections, voting is often done by voice or by a show of hands. If the vote seems close, the president may call for those voting for a measure to stand. She then asks for those who are opposed to stand, after the first group is seated.

A member wishing to introduce a piece of business rises and addresses the chair by saying "Madam President". When she is recognized, she may make her motion immediately, or she may speak to explain what is in her mind. If she does not move to take some definite action, the president may ask if she wishes to do so. She may promptly state her motion, or she may say that she wishes to hear the opinion of other members.

If the latter, others may be recognized to speak as they address the presiding officer.

It is when discussion becomes long and tiresome that the president should show her tact and ability. She should give an opportunity to the one who brought up the matter to introduce the motion, or failing that, any other member of the meeting may do so. The motion should always be positive; such as, "I move that the Garden Club make a pilgrimage to visit Chicago gardens." This is true even though the person making the motion is much opposed to the plan. The president may repeat the motion immediately or wait until others have spoken for or against it. Once the president has stated the motion, it is before the house, so to speak, and takes precedence before all other considerations.

A motion must be seconded. In case a second does not come quickly, the president may call for one. She should see also that the secretary writes down the motion, the name of the person making it, and generally, the name of the person who seconds it. Failing a second, a motion is simply dropped.

Sometimes, members of any organization feel that they do not know enough about a matter to vote on a motion, or do not wish to go on record as being for or against it. In such cases, anyone may move that the motion be tabled until the next meeting, or indefinitely, providing the president has not stated it.

All organized bodies should have a constitution which states the purpose of Order, and in case of dispute, it



Bob Burn's home in Van Buren, Ark.

of the body, and by-laws which define the time and place of meeting for the regular transaction of business. These simple regulations are necessary for keeping a few zealous members from getting together at any old time or any old place and voting in such a way as to commit a large group who know nothing about the action.

Therefore, before a president puts a motion, she should make certain that a quorum is present. After stating a motion, she should ask if there is any discussion, and allow those who wish to speak to do so, recognizing them in order as they address the chair. Finally, she should ask "Are you ready for the question?" If the answer is "Yes" she should then say, "Will those who are in favor of the motion make it known by the usual voting sign?" If this is a show of hands, the president should count them. She should then say, "Will those opposed make it known by the same sign?" After counting again, she must announce that the motion is carried or lost.

Every club should own a copy of the little book called Robert's Rules must be consulted. For the Congress of the United States and for the Friday Sewing Circle alike, Robert is final authority.

Now I can hear Kitchen-Klatter readers, hundreds of them from all over the country, asking why all this is worth bothering about, and wouldn't it be easier just to forget the whole thing? Well, parliamentary procedure brings system and courtesy, fairness and justice to an event which might otherwise become a mad scramble. Good manners at a meeting are just as essential as good manners at table.

This brings us to that last order of business which is adjournment. Some clubs wait for a motion to adjourn, in which case the chairman may call for it if it is not forthcoming. In other groups, it is customary for the officer only to announce that if there is no further business the meeting will be adjourned. Thus, any meeting begins, carries on, and concludes.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I've spent the last ten minutes trying to decide whether to tackle a basket of ironing, finish cutting out a pink linen dress for Juliana, or write a letter to you. It's obvious who won out in this little mental struggle! Sometimes I wonder if I'm the only person who can think of so many good reasons for following any course of action. If an efficiency expert followed me through a day he'd report that I lost the whole battle with the ten minutes here and the ten minutes there that I spend thinking about what I'm going to do!

Well, one reason I lost the aforementioned ten minutes is because I was quietly digesting what must be going on in the mind of a salesman who turned and walked off my front porch about a half-hour ago. I haven't the faintest idea who he was and I'll never know because I didn't get to speak to him, but I'll bet it's a long time before he forgets this particular call. And the reasons are these:

We are having a good old scorcher of a day, and when you consider this wouldn't you reasonably expect to see a child dressed in a sunsuit or something similar? Well, Juliana answered the door wearing her heavy winter leggings, her winter coat, and a hat that is mostly fur. I heard the salesman say (after a long pause), "May I speak to your mother?" And I heard Juliana say, "I'm sorry, but she can't come. She's down on the floor playing with paper dolls." There was another heavy, heavy pause—and then he said goodbye and turned and walked away.

If you ever hear of any salesman who talks about "the crazy people" on Clarinda Avenue in Shenandoah, will you kindly pass on the following facts? Juliana was dressed in that fashion because we were taking pictures for our Christmas cards. Furthermore, to get her cooperation I had promised to "get down on the floor" (a major undertaking) and play paper dolls. She was so afraid that I would stand endlessly at the door and talk, thereby missing out on the paper dolls, that she spoke firmly and authoritatively on my whereabouts. Maybe it's a blessing I don't know the identity of our caller.

Last month I told you that white-lead is again available in small quantities, so no doubt many of you will be tackling old furniture and giving it a new finish. There's only one thing that I want to reiterate again: be positive that the piece you're tackling is well-made and solid. I've always felt that it was a great mistake to pour energy into a decrepit ruin. Furthermore, unless the original lines are good, no amount of refinishing is going to produce a miracle. You have to use real judgment about what's worth fixing and what isn't worth fixing.

There are a number of different



Juliana's Grandma and Grandpa Verness of Minneapolis sent her this wonderful wading pool. She has a fine time in it under our old maple tree.

formulas that can be mixed at home for a varnish remover, but I'm of the opinion that it's more satisfactory to buy a good commercial product. We've used several different brands in our refinishing projects and the only thing we've discovered that's an improvement over the instructions given is to let the remover stay on a shorter time than is recommended. If the furniture you're working on has been given a number of coats of paint or varnish you'll find, by the same token, that it takes a number of coats of remover to get down to the bare wood. A steel brush may help you in the final stages.

Once you get to the bare wood you should wipe the entire thing with denatured alcohol. And right here is the important discovery that I mentioned last month. You are likely to find that dark spots and streaks remain in the wood, and that they're impervious to any amount of remover, scrubbing, etc. The thing to do now is to saturate the wood with a commercial bleach used full strength. We first heard about this from a New York decorator who said that it was standard practice and that it wouldn't hurt the wood in any way. We were doubtful about the latter fact, but when we refinished our dining room table this summer we tried it—and it works.

After the bleach has been removed, take a cloth that is saturated with hot water and wipe off the surface with this. Apply the white lead immediately while the pores of the wood are open. Don't begin on this when you're tired and things are sort of upside-down because it's a hard job and you'll need all your energy and good temper. Be sure that you rub in the lead (and use a soft cloth) against the grain, and plan on doing only one small area at a time. Furthermore, continue to apply the lead until the wood is completely filled with it.

After the lead has hardened (about forty-eight hours) you can apply a coat of clear shellac. After this has hardened you can steel yourself for a big session with the wax can. The number of coats you apply, and then polish down, depends upon your strength, but I'd say that it would take around ten or twelve to give it

the final appearance that you're after.

We have just completed a refinish job on our oak dining room table, and it looks good as new—and by new I mean the job that we turned out two years ago. In addition to this table we have finally gotten the finishing touches put on the huge wardrobe that I wrote about in last December's issue of this magazine. There is an excellent new picture of it too (how I regret that we didn't take a "before" picture), so next month I'll tell you about it in detail and show you the picture as well.

Right now I'm on the trail of authoritative information on producing a "pickled" finish. If I can run it down by next month I will also include that series of instructions. And before I forget it, let me ask this question?—is anyone particularly interested in hearing what can be done about rehabilitating old picture frames? We've put in some work (and had some fun) jiggling up a number of rickety old frames, and if you'd like I'll discuss this in the near future.

The pink linen dress that I mentioned earlier in my letter is my entry for the State Fair. I don't want anyone to get the idea that I think I'm going to Des Moines and walk away with a ribbon of any size or color, but since I've never entered anything (or even attended a state fair, for that matter) I thought that it would be fun to have the experience. This particular dress is smocked to the waist in pale blue and white, and there are little rosebuds scattered through the smocking. It looks pretty good to my eyes, but I'm allowing for the fact that my eyes are prejudiced and that no doubt there'll be old-timers represented who were walking away with ribbons from the needlework division before I was born!

Come to think of it, this issue will arrive at your house just about the time we're getting underway for our trip to the Fair. Dorothy, Kristin, Juliana and I are all making the trip, and I'm hoping that I'll get to meet many of you there. If you see two getting-on-to-middle-aged-women dressed in far from the latest fashions, and two little girls with STRAIGHT hair who don't look the least bit like Shirley Temple of the old days, you just come right up and introduce yourselves. Maybe we can all search together for a place to sit down!

I had hoped that before it was time to write this letter we would have had a wire from Minneapolis telling us of the arrival of a new cousin for Juliana, and a new niece or nephew for us. Boletta and John are looking for Kristin's sister-brother just any moment now and there's nothing like those last days to keep the family on edge. We're so happy that this time they can share the new baby right from the beginning.

Until October . . . Lucile.

P. S. It was a boy!



## GOOD NEIGHBOR GUIDE

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Is life worth the living  
With it's sorrow and care,  
Its sad disappointment,  
It's worry and fear?  
Yes, the touch of a dear one  
And love's tender call,  
Makes life worth the living  
Regardless of all.

These lines were written by Mayme Silver, Clinchfield Rural Sta., Marion, N. Carolina. She is a shutin and has been for a long time, but her philosophy is something we could all profit by. Let's do what we can to make life worth the living for Mayme and some of these other shutin people who need your help.

Betty Reymer, State Branch, Cresson, Pa., wants letters. She has been in one sanitarium or another for several years and is getting rather disappointed with the slowness of her cure. Just recently her boy-friend, who was also a patient at State Branch, passed away.

Mrs. Stella Mae Hunter, R8 B5001, Spokane, Wash., wants pieces of silk and print. She is badly crippled by arthritis but keeps as busy as she can, hoping to keep the joints of her hands from becoming useless.

Clara Smith, Sunset Lodge RR 1, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, will enjoy hearing from you. She will be sixty-seven on August 10 and is bedfast in a room where she cannot even see outdoors. In spite of that she writes a most interesting letter.

Mrs. Margaret Bergfeldt, Blue Springs, Nebr., is a wheelchair goer. She has arthritis and is not able to write much, but would like letters.

Barbara Kelp, Mondamin, Iowa, is eight years old and suffering with polio. At present she spends practically all her time in an iron lung. Send letters or picture books or small toys.

Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, 120 W B St., Glendale, Arizona, is getting no better. Letters mean a lot to her but she is not able to answer. She has been in bed most of the time for forty-one years.

Mrs. Ethel Wilson, Big Springs, W. Va., is having a hard time getting along. She is in a wheelchair, arthritis, and is ill a great deal. She has two daughters, aged 10 and 15. The older has been trying to get work this summer so she can go to school this fall (she will be a sophomore). Everywhere they say they want people with experience, of which she hasn't any. One can't blame her for getting discouraged.

Claudia Lukes, 7906 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles 1, Calif., has had a serious operation recently. She enjoys letters and says they help a lot to keep up her spirits.

Edith Schleicher, Belmont and Conshohocken Ave., Philadelphia 31, Pa., has been bedfast for a long time and is practically helpless. She cannot write letters and misses getting them. She has arthritis.

Margaret Wagner, 323 W 4 St., Larned, Kansas, is another arthritis sufferer, unable to do anything but sit



The Double Purple Duchess in a six-inch pot.

in her chair. She collects buttons for a shutin friend, and bells for a little girl. Perhaps you can help her with this. At least you can write her a letter.

Cards have been asked for Mr. Stuard Greer, WNU San., Black Mountain, N. Carolina. He will be unable to answer.

Bill Jones, 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa., is not so well and is to have an operation at once. Many of you know him, but in case you do not, he is a veteran who has been in a hospital since before the end of the war and has had both legs amputated. He suffers much.

Mrs. Margaret Ledson, Medical Bldg. 227, Rancho Los Amigos, Hondo, Calif., would like to have callers if anyone lives near enough. She also enjoys letters. She has been in the hospital eight years.

## THE DOUBLE DUCHESS AFRICAN VIOLET

By Pansy M. Barnes

African violets are temperamental plants. Every once in a while they seem just naturally to get tired of blooming in the same old color. When this happens our crown of an established plant will decide on another color for its blooms. Or you may start several leaves from one plant and they will not all grow up to look the same.

Sometimes instead of changing color, they may decide to have more petals. Several years ago a Detroit wholesale florist found a double Blue Boy among his bunch of that variety. He began to propagate from it and found that it came 70% double, and that those which were double, stayed so.

It was named Duchess. It has the typical luxuriant Blue Boy foliage and the handsome dark color of Blue Boy.

A well cared for plant is a joy to behold! It blooms profusely and the individual flowers are large, with many petals. It is always wise to purchase a plant that either is in bloom, or that has been known to bloom double.

## ONE DAY VACATION

By Catherine Scott

Sometimes it seems the daily round of housework, gardening, and the same view on all four horizons is just too much to endure. Still, it's not always a housewife can take a real vacation. Even if she can, the thought of dirt accumulating, weeds growing, and goodness knows what else happening, is apt to lend an unpleasant undertone to the trip.

But most of us can take a half-day or a day away from home. Turn the car away from your usual shopping center. Isn't there another town not far away, but one you seldom go to? Try it. The fields along the way can be compared with the more familiar ones. The corn is earlier. Or later. There's some land you wouldn't have as a gift. Someone at that farm is a wonderful gardener. But the house—well!

And when you get to town, you can wander up and down the street. No special business to attend to, no eggs or cream to sell, you feel like a tourist even this close to home. Some of the stores have the same names you are used to, and much of the same stock, but, it's arranged differently. It's fun to go inside and try to find something. The toy counter is in the front instead of the back, as at home (You wonder if that's such a good idea, as the children head toward it.) They have a larger selection of crochet threads, the colors arranged like a crazy quilt against the wall. Someone finds a gadget she has looked for in vain back home.

Maybe there is some point of interest, a building left from the town's early days, a river, a monument. And the people you meet on the streets are unfamiliar. If, by chance, you meet someone you know there is great surprise. "Why, what are you doing over here?" As if you were halfway across the continent.

By evening you head for home. Maybe cows and chickens, and certainly a hurriedly prepared supper, are waiting, but it was worth it. For one day you've taken a vacation, even if it was, figuratively, in your own back yard.

## FRIENDSHIP

A wonderful thing is friendship,

No matter where you go;

Feeling you have a loyal friend

Is a comforting thing to know.

Making the days seem brighter,

Making life worth while—

And our burdens and cares seem lighter far,

As we trudge each weary mile.

For it's great to know there's someone

Who always has faith in you,

With a prayer and a wish for

happiness,

And an interest in what you do.

Someone who trusts you and loves you,

On whom you can always depend;

The most priceless possession on this earth is

A true, good, and trustworthy

friend.

—Selected.





### GRAPE CONSERVE

- 7 lbs. Concord grapes
- Granulated sugar
- 4 oranges
- 2 lbs. seedless white grapes
- 1 lb. English walnuts

Stem the grapes, wash them and place in a large kettle without water. Mash slightly and let boil until well cooked and the juice free (about 15 minutes). Put the grapes through a sieve to remove seeds, then measure the pulp. To every 4 cupfuls, use 3 cupfuls of sugar. Add the stemmed, cleaned white grapes, the oranges sliced very thin, and boil carefully but rapidly to the jelly stage. Remove from fire, add the nutmeats cut in small pieces, pour into glasses, and seal.

### SUPERB RAISIN-NUT PIE

- 1/2 cupful of butter
- 1 cupful of sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 cupful of raisins
- 1 cupful of broken walnut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the butter and the sugar together. Add the unbeaten eggs, 1 at a time, beating each one into the mixture thoroughly. Add the raisins, nutmeats, and vanilla. Pour into a pastry-lined pie pan and bake 40 minutes. Have the oven very hot (450 degrees) for the first 10 minutes, then reduce to a moderate heat (325 degrees) and bake 30 minutes. A meringue may be added if desired in which case use 2 whole eggs and 2 yolks in the filling, reserving the other two egg whites for the meringue.

### GRILLED TOMATOES

- 1 green pepper
- 2 white onions
- 3 large tomatoes
- 6 rounds of toast (or rusks)
- 1 cupful of grated yellow cheese
- 12 slices of bacon
- 12 stuffed olives

Run the pepper and onion through the food chopper. Peel tomatoes, cut in half and place on the bread round or rusk. Salt. Place a heaping tablespoonful of the chopped pepper and onion on each tomato and top with a heaping tablespoonful of the grated cheese. Sprinkle with salt and paprika. Put under broiler flame until the cheese melts and browns. Garnish with crisp bacon and stuffed olives.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### PRUNE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup prunes (cooked, drained, cut fine)
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add 3 egg yolks, well-beaten. Sift together all dry ingredients and add alternately to first mixture with sour milk. Then add prunes and nutmeats, and lastly the stiffly beaten egg whites. This makes 2 rather large square layers. Bake around 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Put together with following filling.

### PRUNE FILLING

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 heaping Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 1 1/4 cups sour cream
- 1 cup cooked prunes cut fine
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Mix together sugar and flour. Then add other ingredients and cook until thick. Cool and put between layers.

The friend in Lineville, Iowa, who sent this recipe says that she ices the cake on top with a sour cream icing using about half and half white sugar and brown sugar mixed with enough sour cream to stir well. Cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water, then beat and spread on cake.

### PINEAPPLE FILLED COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sweet milk

Cream shortening and sugar; add the egg and beat well. Add milk, mixed with vanilla, and then dry ingredients. Mix all well. Roll and cut cookies in rounds. Put pineapple filling between rounds, pinch edges together with floured fork and bake in a 375 degree oven—check at end of 15 minutes to see if they are done.

### PINEAPPLE FILLING

- 1 cup crushed pineapple and juice
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Dash of salt

Mix cornstarch and sugar thoroughly. Add other ingredients and cook until thick. Cool and then use as filling for cookies.

### HAMBURGER "PIN WHEEL" MEATLOAF

- 3/4 lb. hamburger
- 1/4 lb. sausage
- 1 small onion grated
- 1 tsp salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 tsp. sage
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 12 soda crackers rolled fine
- 1 beaten egg

Combine all of these ingredients and mix well. Then spread the mixture on a piece of waxed paper 15 or 16 inches long; place another piece of paper the same size over the meat mixture, and then with a rolling pin roll to 1/4 inch thickness. Remove top paper and spread with following filling:

### CARROT FILLING

Mince one onion and cook in 2 Tbls. fat until onion is soft but not brown. Add 1 1/2 cups chopped cooked carrots and salt and pepper. (The friend who sent this from Clarion, Ia., said that she always used 1 qt. of canned carrots, drained and chopped.)

After spreading filling over rolled out meat, roll it up like a jelly roll and place in a greased bread-loaf pan. I usually place the pan upside down over the finished roll and then the waxed paper it is on helps to ease it into the pan without breaking, by turning it quickly. Bake this around 1 1/2 hours in a 350 degree oven. As it bakes a liquid forms in bottom of pan, and this can be poured off carefully and made into gravy by adding 1 1/2 cups milk and some thickening. Garnish the loaf with sprigs of parsley. Serve with mashed potatoes, a tart salad, oatmeal muffins and pie.

### OATMEAL MUFFINS

- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 1/4 cups sour milk
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 cup rolled oats

Combine the dry ingredients and rolled oats. Combine milk and eggs and add to dry mixture. Then add melted shortening. Stir only until all flour is dampened and do not beat. Bake in muffin pans 20 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Makes 12 large or 16 smaller muffins.



**PEPPER RELISH**

- 1 qt. mild vinegar
- 12 green peppers, seeded
- 12 red peppers, seeded
- 15 large onions
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. salt

Put peppers and onions through chopper. Pour on boiling water. Drain. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, and drain. Bring vinegar, salt, and sugar to boil, and add to chopped mixture. Boil 1 minute. Makes 6 or 7 pints.

**CRUSTY POTATOES**

6 pared potatoes  
1/4 cup melted bacon fat or other shortening  
Crushed cereal crumbs  
Salt, pepper, and paprika  
Dip potatoes in melted fat, then in mixture of cereal crumbs, salt, pepper and paprika. Place in greased baking dish, cover and bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 350 degree oven.

**FRENCH FRIED HOT DOGS**

1 1/2 cups ready-mix for pancakes  
1/2 cup corn meal  
2 Tbls. sugar  
1 1/4 cups milk  
8 wieners  
Combine dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring lightly until fairly smooth. Place wieners on wooden skewers and dip into batter. Cook 30 seconds in hot deep fat (375 degrees). Remove from fat for 30 seconds and then return and continue cooking in deep fat for two or three minutes or until golden brown in color. Serve with mustard.

**PINEAPPLE COLESLAW**

2 cups shredded cabbage  
1 cup shredded pineapple, drained  
2 stalks celery, cut fine  
1 small green pepper, cut fine  
1/2 cup heavy cream  
3 Tbls. vinegar  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
Combine cabbage, pineapple, celery and green pepper and mix well. Beat cream until stiff, add vinegar, salt and pepper slowly, and continue beating until well blended. Combine cabbage mixture and chill.

**JULIANA'S FAVORITE**

Any further identification in the name is purposely omitted because she always says, "I want my favorite" and only her parents know that she means her Grandmother Verness' Peach-and-Nut Conserve which we're lucky to receive from her as a special gift now and then.

6 cups peaches, peeled and cubed  
3 3/4 cups of sugar  
Juice of 2 lemons  
25 maraschino cherries cut into quarters  
1 1/4 cups broken nut meats  
Combine these things and cook until thick. Stir often. Seal while hot.

**WHEN I LIKE THEM**

Walking in the kitchen garden  
Many fancy things I see,  
But the common old potato  
Is about good enough for me.  
Take it, say, for Sunday dinner,  
Or when company comes to eat,  
All mashed up so light and creamy  
It is pretty hard to beat.  
And most any way you fix 'em—  
Boiled or fried, and all the rest—  
I don't know as I could tell you  
When I like potatoes best.  
When you smell the bacon frying,  
Then I think that dinner time  
Is the time to eat potatoes—  
Fixed with gravy they are fine.  
But at night when cold and tired  
Doing chores and cutting wood,  
Then a great big white potato  
Baked for supper is mighty good.  
And I like 'em fried for breakfast  
If I really have my say—  
As to when I like potatoes,  
It's about three times a day.  
—Sent by Mrs. Carl Madsen,  
Coon Rapids, Iowa.

**VANILLA WAFER PUDDING**

1/4 cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
1 small can crushed pineapple  
1 cup nut meats  
2 small boxes vanilla wafers  
Cream butter and sugar, add well beaten egg yolks, put in pineapple and nut meats, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Crush the wafers and put a layer in a pudding dish; then add filling, another layer of wafer crumbs, etc., until mixture is all used in alternate layers. Let stand overnight in refrigerator and serve with whipped cream.

**KRISPY MARSHMALLOW SQUARES**

(Wonderful treat for school lunch box)

1/4 cup butter  
1/2 lb. marshmallows (about 2 1/2 dozen)  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
1 package rice krispies  
Heat butter and marshmallows over hot water until thick and sirupy. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly. Pour rice krispies in greased large bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into shallow greased pan and cut into squares when cool.

**PEAR RELISH  
(Port Gibson, Miss.)**

4 qts. pears  
2 qts. onions  
8 green peppers  
2 cups salt  
1 1/2 pts. vinegar  
4 Tbls. flour  
2 Tbls. turmeric  
3 Tbls. dry mustard  
4 cups sugar  
Grind together the pears, onions and peppers. Combine with other ingredients and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Seal while hot.

**A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN**

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Let's visit a Danish kitchen! It seems to me that there is no phrase in the Danish language spoken so often nor with such enthusiasm as "Tak for Maa." Interpreted, this means, "Thanks for food." How often as a child I stood in Aunt Alvera's sunny kitchen, full to the ears of Sand Kager, Sprut Cookies, and Tvebakker and repeated the only Danish words that I had been taught — "Tak for Maa!" My father came to this country as a young man of seventeen, and my maternal grandmother was also a native of Denmark. We lived in a community of Danes, and although they quickly became Americanized, they never forgot the art of preparing those elegant Danish pastries, nor the even gentler art of serving them graciously.

I have made a hobby of collecting some of these grand old recipes, and don't think it's an easy job! As Mom says, "The Danes put in a pinch of this and a pinch of that, say a silent prayer and hope it turns out to be good. It usually is!" I would like to share some of these recipes with you. Below is the recipe for Sand Kager. (Sand Cake). You will notice that it requires no baking powder, and it is really delicious.

**SAND KAGER**

One pound of butter  
One pound of sugar  
One pound of corn starch  
Six eggs  
Six tablespoons of flour  
Pinch of salt  
Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Stir, stir, and stir! Add corn starch and beat thoroughly. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour sifted with salt. Bake in a pan lined with wax paper for 45-50 minutes or until done, at 350 degrees.

Those of you who have a liver-leary family will want to try Danish Liver Loaf, and those who already enjoy liver will find this one more delicious way to serve it. Mom always served it cold, spread generously on ever-so-thin slices of dark rye bread. However, my husband (it's the Irish in 'im!) prefers it hot, as the main dish of the meal. Add a tossed vegetable salad and it's an energy-giving supper these warm summer evenings.

One pound of liver  
One-fourth to one-half pound of side pork. (Pork sausage)  
One medium-sized onion  
Two slices of dry bread  
One cup cream  
One teaspoon salt  
One-half teaspoon pepper  
One Tablespoon flour  
Put liver, side pork, onion and dry bread through the meat grinder. Add cream, salt, pepper and flour. Bake for one hour in medium oven. (325 degrees). The variation in the amount of side pork depends upon how rich you desire the loaf. We like it plenty rich when we plan to serve it cold, less fatty served hot.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

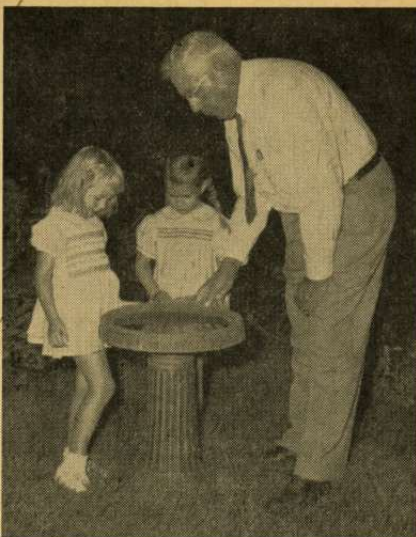
On this beautiful August morning Frank has just gone to the field and Kristin isn't awake yet, so I'm going to take this opportunity to write my letter to you.

Kristin and I have just returned from a very hurried trip to Shenandoah. We went down for two reasons, one to take Margery and Martin home, and the other to pick up a couple of things I had been trying to get all summer. After the folks came home from their trip to the Ozarks, they drove up to see us on Sunday. It looked very threatening early in the morning and was thundering a great deal, so I tried to call them before they left home to tell them they hadn't better make the trip, but of course the circuits were all busy and I couldn't get through. Fortunately they got here before it rained, but while we were eating dinner it just started to pour. I was afraid Dad would pick up and leave with the first sprinkles, but Mother had made him promise before they came that if it did rain he wasn't going to stew around about it because she knew Frank would some way get them back to the paving. It rained quite a great deal, enough to make the roads muddy, but they just stayed a little later than usual and by the time they went home the roads were practically dry.

Margery and Martin stayed with us for a few days and we had a real nice visit. We got to do one thing that Margery had wanted to do when she visited us last Spring, and that was make a trip to Des Moines to spend the day with an old college friend of hers. Our car was in the garage being over-hauled when she was here before so we didn't get to go at that time. We took both Kristin and Martin and had a lovely day.

Once again the Station Wagon came in very handy for us. (It seems long ago that Kristin and Juliana called it a "bus wagon!") Mother had an old single bed on the sleeping porch that she didn't need or want anymore, so she said I could have it for Kristin's room. We brought that home with us, and also an old chest that has a real history.

When Mother left California and came back to marry Dad, Grandfather Field had a great big chest made for her to put all of her things in for shipping. All of these years that chest has been in use; whenever we moved the chest was taken with us, and even made another trip to California and back. When the folks redecorated the upstairs this Spring they decided to get rid of the chest, and had it moved as far as the back porch when I saw it and rescued it. Not only did I need the chest for storing my woolen blankets and our heavy winter clothing, but it also has a sentimental value to me. Last night Frank and I carried it upstairs to our bedroom, and sometime today I'm going to get to work on our closet and get it cleaned up and things transferred to the chest. It is anything but a nice looking piece of furniture, in fact it



Juliana and Kristin made an elaborate rock garden (complete with sticks and leaves!) in the bird bath right after Grandpa Driftmier had cleaned it out. Russell came through the yard with his camera just as Grandpa was explaining to two little girls that the birds appreciated nice clean water.

is very battered up; but by the time I get a gay slip cover on it, you will never recognize it.

I expect most of you have been busy this month, the men putting up hay and the women canning. I have helped to do both. Bernie and I canned 34 quarts of green beans, and several quarts of beets. Several pints of blackberries have also gone to the locker. Sometime this week we will be working with the sweet corn. We want to put several quarts in the locker, and also can as much as possible. The lima beans will soon be ready, so it looks as if we will have enough to keep us busy for the next few weeks.

My job in the hay field this year was to drive the tractor and pull the sled full of bales from the field to the barn. We kept two sleds going all the time. Frank would load the sled with the bales while I drove, and then he would go with me to the barn where we had two men unloading and stacking the bales. We would leave the full sled, pick up the empty one and go right back to the field. In one day we hauled 800 bales from the field to the barn. And that is a lot of hay!

I had a peculiar accident a couple of weeks ago. You couldn't call it an accident either, because I was just stung by a little honey bee one morning while scrubbing the back porch. Since I have been stung before by both bees and wasps, I just pulled the stinger out and thought no more about it until about ten minutes later. Unfortunately this little bee picked a very strategic spot to leave his stinger, the large vein in my hand, so it only took ten minutes for the blood to distribute this poison all over my body. The upshot of it was that I went to the doctor just as fast as I could get there. By that time my face and entire body were so red and swollen,

that the doctor thought when he first looked at me that I had been scalded while canning. Anyway he helped me tremendously, but I was sick with it for four days. If a honey bee ever stings you, I hope he doesn't pick a blood vein.

I have done precious little sewing this month, a two-piece feed-sack dress for myself being the only thing I have made. I hope to have time to make a smocked dress to enter at the State Fair, just for the fun of entering. I have never entered anything at any place, so I think it would be a lot of fun. In fact, I have never even attended a State Fair, so that is something we're planning to do this year without fail.

Our Sunshine Club met the other afternoon and made new curtains for the schoolhouse windows. However, I happened to be in Shenandoah and didn't get to go. Kristin is counting the days until school starts, and is getting so excited about it she can hardly wait. To make it even more real to her, Mother bought her a lunch box while she was in Shenandoah, one with a little thermos bottle in it for milk. She and Juliana played school with it all the time we were down there. As for me, I get kind of a funny feeling in my stomach every time I think about it. Most of you know just what I mean.

Well, I hear Kristin stirring, and as soon as she has her breakfast, we have to run an errand into town for Frank, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## JUMBLED WORDS

Each sentence has a word that confuses the meaning. Replace that word with one that contains the same letters and that fits the meaning of the sentence.

1. The sun *sires* each morning. (rises).
2. The glass *save* is often lovely. (vase).
3. *Honest* men will not *least*. (steal).
4. The fragrance of *sores* is delightful. (roses).
5. The children blew the *shorn* all morning. (horns).
6. They rolled down the *poles* in the snow. (slope).
7. The *melon* has a yellow skin. (lemon).
8. The *pools* rolled far away. (spool).
9. The *words* flashed in the sun. (sword).
10. The *shore* pulls heavy loads. (horse).

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## A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR KIRA

By Lucille Sassaman

This month I am writing on the run, so to speak, for the Sassamans are winding up the last of a packing job that has been in process for several weeks. On the first of June we became just one of the fifteen-million families in this country who cannot claim a roof for themselves. We had sixty days to move ourselves and our belongings into another house, and if you've ever been in this predicament you won't be surprised when I say that we didn't find "another house."

We moved from Washington to Chicago at a time when everyone said that it was absolutely and completely impossible to find anything in which to live. After scouring miles and miles of Chicago and its suburbs I was ready to agree. And then by one of those twists of circumstances that sometimes happen (if only it would happen again!) we found this house that was just being completed. It was typical war-time construction and we didn't want to purchase it, so everything considered we can feel fortunate that we were able to rent it for four years. But now it has been sold—and we are homeless.

Kira and I are going to go to Grandma's house in Minnesota. Walter is going into a single room, and our furniture is going into storage until we can find a house to live in. As we packed we had long discussions about each item. If we put it into storage how long can we get along without it? Books are always a big problem when we move, but this time we solved that by selling nearly three-fourths of our library to the University of Indiana and the Chicago Newberry Library. That's one item out of the road!

In the middle of all this Kira had a birthday. She was seven years old on the 15th of July and she especially wanted a party for all of her friends here. She has lived over half of her life in this house and has school as well as neighborhood friends. I didn't see how I could entertain twenty-five children with our house all torn up, but the substitute attractions that I offered to her just wouldn't do, so I had to put my imagination to work—and as a result we had a party that the whole street is still talking about.

We invited the children to come to our house at six o'clock in the evening and asked them to wear overalls. The big old sandbox in the back yard became a barbecue pit where they roasted hot dogs. This was the first time that these city children had ever been to an old-fashioned "weenie roast" and if we hadn't done anything else it would have been an event. The biggest problem we had was getting twenty-five sticks, but we solved that by using old wire clothes hangers. Straightened out with a pair of pliers, with a loop at one end for a handle, they are just the right size; and it's the first time I ever found a use for that accumulation every time we move.

I made three gallons of pink fruit

punch, opened two big cans of potato chips and had plenty of marshmallows on hand, and that was all I had to do for supper.

We started the party off by giving them each a penny postcard. They wrote their name on the face of it, and on the back I had typed a message which read: "I sent my balloon into the air. When it lands, please tell me where." I punched holes in one corner, and then when each child got a gas balloon he fastened his card to the string. When they were released it made a beautiful sight—and haven't you often wondered what happens to the balloons that escape?

Three cards have been returned, and fortunately one of them was Kira's. The first one came from Hastings, Michigan; the next one from Sandusky, Ohio, and the third one from Guelph, Ontario, Canada. They each came back with a letter telling just how and where the card was found, and the children have replied explaining how they were sent; so you see that part of the party is still providing thrills.

We then had one other balloon game that was a lot of fun. I was fortunate to be able to get a bunch of penny balloons (I didn't know there was anything left that sold for a penny!), and we lined up all the children and gave them each one. At a given signal they all started to blow and the first one to burst the balloon got a prize. Really, some of those balloons got as big as watermelons, and I thought the children would burst before the balloons did; it was quite hilarious. You know that children usually have to worry that their balloon will break, and this time they could just go ahead and blow as hard and long as they could.

After supper we had the big event—a Treasure Hunt. I took all the children indoors where they chose two captains who then chose up teams. One team was the Pirates and the other the Skulls, and I had headbands made out of colored rags. I kept 'he children in long enough for Walter to post the clues, all within our block. I had written them in rhyme so it took a little figuring on each one. Both teams wound up with the same clue which was the treasure chest buried in the sandbox. The first team back dug it out and found a small prize for each member of the team, and enough candy and gum to go around to the losers too. The chest was a big cigar box that I lined with gold Christmas paper, and the outside I covered with black paper on which I pasted Pirate heads and skulls and crossbones.

It was getting dark by this time, so we put more wood on the fire and I brought out the lighted birthday cake and they all sat in the firelight eating cake and toasting marshmallows while Kira opened her presents. One of my friends is a children's librarian and professional story teller, and she wound up the party by telling stories until we had to send the youngsters home to bed, the happiest, sleepiest bunch of kids you ever saw!

## THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

September brings to every family longer indoor evenings, "homework" to be done, more time for reading, more listening to the radio. One of the best ways to insure that your children get the most understanding and the most pleasure from what they are studying, reading or hearing, is to start early the "dictionary habit".

Modern dictionaries have become much more than catalogs of words. They are almost small encyclopedias, containing a Who's Who, a gazeteer and all sorts of miscellaneous and useful information. For basic family use over a period of years' time there are a number of so-called College Dictionaries. They make fine reference works for all members of the family from Junior High School age up. Which is selected is a matter of personal choice; they are all illustrated, have clear type and durable binding, and are about the same in price. The Merriam-Webster, Funk & Wagnall's and Winston College Dictionaries have been in use for many years. The American College Dictionary, published last winter, is the newest of this type.

Funk & Wagnall's also publish a "Standard" Dictionary which is very complete and a little lower in price because printed on a cheaper grade of paper.

There is nothing more frustrating than finding a dictionary definition which cannot be understood. To avoid this difficulty there are collections of the most commonly used words for children in the elementary grades. One of the best of these is the Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary, based on the 23,000 words most commonly used, defined in simple language.

For the very smallest children there are picture dictionaries. These make interesting looking and reading for the four to ten year old. One is called THE GOLDEN DICTIONARY; another, a little larger, is THE RAINBOW DICTIONARY.

If you grew up in a family where the motto was, "If you don't know, look it up", you know that despite the report that curiosity killed a cat, curiosity about persons, places and the meanings of words can make daily reading and conversation mighty interesting . . . and that a good dictionary is the book you can least afford to be without.

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Shenandoah, Iowa



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

The Hawaiian people are wonderfully fine people. It is a shame that there are so few of them left on the islands. The latest population statistics show that in the past year all racial groups increased in number except the pure Hawaiians. Today there are only a little more than 10,000 pure Hawaiians in the entire territory. They have a low birth rate and a high death rate. If conditions continue as they now are, the time will come when a pure Hawaiian will be hard to find.

On the other hand, the number of part-Hawaiian is on the increase. We have just a few pure Hawaiians in our school, but we have many part-Hawaiians who are indistinguishable from other young Americans except perhaps for their superior personalities and gently charming manners. By part-Hawaiian I mean a mixture of any one or several other racial strains with that of the pure Hawaiian. Here in the islands there is a great array of hybrid types, combining in varying proportions and complexities the blood streams of all the continents. We have some very interesting combinations in our student body such as Hawaiian-English, French-Chinese-Hawaiian, Korean-German-Scotch, Portuguese-Indian, Hawaiian-Russian, and Samoan-Tahitian - Hawaiian - Irish - Norwegian-Portuguese.

I like the Hawaiian. I like his tolerance and I like his racial pride. If he has one drop of Hawaiian blood in his veins he calls himself proudly a Hawaiian. But, at the same time, he is extremely tolerant of all other races. It is a good thing that he is tolerant, for Hawaii is no place for racial intolerance. This is the crossroads of the world, and here there is everything. The friendliness of the Hawaiian people is locally called the "aloha-spirit." It is next to the impossible to live for any length of time on the islands without becoming infected with the "Aloha-spirit."

It is impossible to appreciate the Hawaiian without appreciating the significance of the hula dance and its place in Hawaiian culture. Before I lived in the islands I was under the impression that the hula dance was nothing more nor less than the Hawaiian's way of social dancing. Most of you are probably under that same impression. Well, the impression is a false one. While the hula is often a social dance, it is more often a very serious ritual.

In the old days hulas were written for many different occasions. When properly done they could cure illness, put the evil eye on an enemy, secure the blessing of the gods, and bring happiness and good fortune to families and armies. The most important part of the dance lies in the movement of the arms and hands, and every gesture and every movement of the body has some significance. Beginning this summer the University of Hawaii is giving a course in the Hawaiian Hula. Just yesterday the University summer

session closed with the public invited to attend the final examinations in the hula course. The students were required to demonstrate their ability to dance the hula before a large audience. I suppose that it was one of the most unique graduation ceremonies ever to be held in an American university. Both the YWCA and the YMCA have night classes in hula dancing. The only really good teachers of the hula are the pure Hawaiians. Most of the school teachers and missionaries who come out from the mainland are not here very long before the succumb to the desire to learn how to dance the hula.

The great time of the year for the island people is about here—election time. How they love a good political race! Of course they cannot vote in the national elections for this is a territory and not a state, but they can and do have a wonderful time voting for their own local officials. In a short time will come the election of a new mayor of the city of Honolulu, and already the air is becoming thick with the smoke of verbal battle. The Hawaiian people have a genius for politics, and although there are few of them left in the islands, they hold a big percentage of the political plums. Whenever I have dealt with government officials it has appeared to me that seven out of ten of them were of Hawaiian extraction. They love the social aspect of it, kissing babies, slapping people on the back, shaking hands and passing out free cigars. They enjoy the intrigue and slippery maneuvering that politics involves, and they take great delight in converting someone to their point of view. Betty and I are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to attend a local political rally. Old timers here have told us not to miss any of them. After the crowd has gathered in the park the candidate arrives with a native Hawaiian band, a troupe of hula dancers and his own cheer leaders. There is always more singing and dancing than speech making, but what speeches there are drip with eloquence and resound with the dramatic. A great time is had by all.

Now that the summer is almost gone I look back and wonder that I achieved so little. There were books that just had to be read, speeches that needed to be written, and house and yard work to be done. I marvel that vacations can be such busy times. It has been a good summer though. We dreaded going back to the city of Honolulu after such a cool and restful vacation at the YMCA camp, but once we were home how glad we were to be back. Our first surprise was the weather. The climate is actually better in Honolulu than it was at camp. Not once since our return has the house been too warm for comfort, and the nights have been delightfully cool. Incredible though it may seem, we always put a woolen sweater on Mary Leanna for the first hour that she is awake in the morning, and every night we all sleep under a woolen blanket. And this in tropical Hawaii!

We liked being in a summer camp. As children Betty and I both had op-

portunities to attend summer camps and we loved it then just as we love it now. A summer camp, whether it be a church camp, a YMCA camp, a boy or girl scout camp, has so much to offer a child. I believe that a boy or girl who has never had the experience of going to a summer camp has missed something that nothing else in life can supply. I don't know of a better way for children to make new friends, really good friends, the kind of friends that are kept all through life than to make them at a summer camp. For most children a summer camp period is the first time away from home, the first break with home ties, and that means it is a time of adjustment. I just can't think of a better place for that critical adjustment than at a well supervised summer camp. Being away from home and family in new surroundings and with new friends seems to work wonders with children. It opens up new horizons, gives a widened sense of belonging, and best of all, it gives a new appreciation of home and mom's good cooking.

Already I am receiving letters from pleased parents asking: "What did you do for our boy? He is a different person. We had no idea that two weeks at camp could make such a difference. He seems so much older!" Well, I find it hard to say what we did, but I know what the parents mean. I watched dozens of boys improve as if a magic wand had been waved over their mischievous heads. But the credit for the magic does not go to me or to any other member of the camp staff; it goes to the camp itself, to the sun and the surf, to the baseball diamond and the mountains, to the morning chapel and the evening campfire, to the hobby shop and the rifle range, to the good food and the sound sleep. The value of a summer camp can't be explained; it can only be experienced. As soon as our little Mary Leanna is old enough to go away to a summer camp, she is going to go. And how old will that be? Well, that depends upon the camp available. Her little cousin in Stamford, Connecticut, is just five years old and he is having a wonderful time in a very fine summer camp, but camps for children that young are very few. Most likely Mary Leanna will be seven or eight years old before she begins her summer camping.

I could say a lot about camping, but right now my little daughter wants to go for a walk and so this will be all for now.

Sincerely, Frederick.

## COVER PICTURE

Yes, you're right—it's Kristin at the door of the little white schoolhouse where she will begin her education. Our hopes and our prayers are with all little children who go through the schoolhouse door this autumn, the first step in the long, long process of learning how to live with others, of becoming men and women who will be a credit to their homes and to their country. May God bless and keep them all.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "The day that school opens I'll be right up against the same aggravating problem of getting my three children to the corner in time to make the bus. They dawdle endlessly, misplace books, sweaters, etc., and frankly, I'm almost in tears by the time I shove them out the door. It seems to me I've tried everything, but nothing seems to help. What can I do?"—Ja.

**ANS:** It seems to me that children eight, nine and eleven years old will simply have to be put on their own responsibility unless you are to continue this aggravating pattern until they leave home—and then they'll be the kind of people who always keep someone waiting indefinitely. The very first morning have it plainly understood that you're calling them once, and that it's their business to get up, dress, eat breakfast and get out of the house to make the bus. Help them at night by being sure that all necessary clothing is in one certain spot. Call them in ample time. And don't break down and repeat the same old pattern when you watch them loitering; if they miss the bus once or twice they'll get a move on.

**QUES:** "It's always been the custom in our community to entertain all of the teachers at a dinner the second week of the school year. We also include all of the elderly, retired teachers, still living here, who served in our school system. Our difficulty this year is the superintendent and his wife; he worked in our schools for five years, but last spring his contract was not renewed and he left with much bitterness and hard feeling. He has gone into business in our town, so since they are living here the committee wonders what we should do about inviting them?"—Minn.

**ANS:** I have always felt that it never pays to be small and petty about problems of this nature. By all means invite them. It is not likely that they will accept, but if they do I'd surely make it a point to show them as much courtesy as all other former teachers who are in attendance. At least your invitation proves that you are people of good will.

**QUES:** "My husband has made a speciality of pure-bred cattle, and as a result we have many business callers at all hours of the day. A good many times these men bring their wives along in the car with them, and I never know what to do—whether to ask them in, or whether to let them sit. I'm very busy and I certainly can't spend hours just talking and listening to them talk. Yet sometimes I feel terribly guilty by not going out to ask them in. Please give me some advice about this."—Mo.

**ANS:** It's plain to be seen that since this is a daily occurrence you certainly can't give over your busy hours to en-

tertaining these women. I believe that the gracious thing would be to step out to the car, explain that you're washing, ironing, etc., and can't sit down and talk, but that they are welcome to come inside and rest in the living room. If you can keep things reasonably picked up in there and if you have magazines at hand, you can know that they're not uncomfortable in the car and thus won't need to feel guilty.

**QUES:** "Please don't laugh at this, Leanna, even though it may sound trifling to you. My uncle is a dentist and in his younger years he was highly competent, but now he really should be retired. Both the children and I need dental work done this fall and I certainly hesitate to have him work on us, but am afraid there will be a family rumpus if I go elsewhere. Should we just put up with his incompetency, or what?"—Nebr.

**ANS:** It seems to me that where medical and dental judgment are concerned we all need the very best we can get. If it were my own teeth and my children's teeth I'm afraid I'd have to draw the line at sentimentality and go where I could get the most competent care.

**QUES:** "Our two high-school children, a boy and a girl, drive a round trip of eighteen miles into school. The boy is eighteen and has a driver's license, but we've heard again and again that he drives at a high speed and very recklessly. We've talked and talked, we've asked the superintendent to talk, but nothing seems to help. What can we do? I'm telling you that I live in fear from the moment they leave until they return."—Kansas.

**ANS:** When school starts this fall I would do this: talk to your son quietly when you are alone and tell him that you do not intend to spend another year in such anxiety. Establish a speed limit that he is not to exceed, and tell him that the first time you hear he has been driving too fast that you will drive him to school and return for him at the end of the day. Don't say that this is needless expense, that you haven't time, etc., just state firmly that this is exactly what you intend to do.

**QUES:** "My mother is coming to visit me from New York the early part of next month, and I am worried about what I should do to entertain her because we've lived here only a year and aren't well acquainted. In fact, my next-door neighbors are the only people I know."—Nebr.

**ANS:** Invite your neighbors to have coffee and to meet your mother soon after she arrives. Surely she won't expect any kind of genuine entertaining if you yourself haven't gotten acquainted.



Uncle Henry Field came up for Martin's first birthday party and snapped this good picture of Martin admiring his cake. A moment later those little hands had torn out a huge piece!

### HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Do you ever wonder where to keep press-cloths so they'll always be clean and close at hand when you want them? Just make a muslin pocket and tack it on the back of your ironing board. It pays to have two press cloths there, one for dark clothes and one for light clothes.

Commercial bleaches should be measured carefully. Take a paper cup, mark off the inside in measuring-cup fashion, and you'll avoid having strong bleach pit an aluminum or plastic measuring cup. Keep it inverted on the bottle and it will always be at hand.

"I keep a few paper trays such as you buy meat in, in my kitchen cabinet. When sifting dry ingredients for cakes I find these light and handy for use. Saves a few dishes to be washed as these can be brushed out and used over and over."—Mrs. L. W., Hampton, Mo.

"When going on a picnic I have found that if I write our name on the bottom of dishes, also on the back of silverware, and then cover with clear nail polish it really stays on and the things get back home."—Mrs. J. H., Pickrell, Nebr.

Rolled cookies aren't half the job if you use a pastry cloth and a stocking on the rolling pin. Any clean piece of heavy material (canvas really is preferable) will do for the cloth, and a baby's long white stocking with the foot cut out is perfect for the pin.

"After I had refinished a walnut bedstead and an antique bureau I was discouraged to find them turning white. A friend who has had much experience along this line told me to mix 1 Tbls. of burnt umber with ½ pt. of raw linseed oil and paint over them. This did away with the white spots and they've never returned."—Mrs. J. G. B., Union, Mo.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE ADVERTISING PIG

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Curly nuzzled deeper into his cool black mud hole, trying to bury the tears that skidded across his nose. The very sight of Porky in the next pen made him sad.

"You see," Porky was saying, "only this morning Farmer Paul said that I was the best pig in the lot. Next week is the Fair, and he is going to show me. I shall probably win the Grand Championship. Tsk, tsk, Curly, I do hope they don't make you into sausage before you have a chance to see my Blue Ribbon!"

Curly just buried deeper into the mud at the sound of that revolting word, "sausage." How he wished that he could go to the Fair and win a ribbon! Even a little old white ribbon would be better than to stay at home and be made into sausage! Curly heaved such a big sigh that little brown bubbles gurgled along the top of his puddle.

"What's the trouble, Curly?" Curly opened his eyes and saw Jimmy Crow perched on the fence.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "except that I wish I could go to the Fair, too."

"Pshaw!" scoffed Jimmy. "You don't want to go to the Fair. Don't you know that if you won a ribbon, the farmer would just sell you to some big restaurant for pork chops?"

"Oh, no!" protested Curly. "Yesterday I heard the farmer say that the Wiggly Sausage Company is planning to buy the Grand Champion pig."

"There, you see? If the Wiggly Sausage Company bought you, you would be ground up for sausage instead of pork chops. That would be even more humiliating."

"But you don't understand, Jimmy. The Wiggly Sausage Company is trying to buy the best looking pig in the state for their advertising. They are going to build a special house for the Grand Champion pig to live in, right outside their big office with the fine glass windows. Then people will see what a clean, fat pig lives there and they will say, 'Well, if the Wiggly Sausage Company makes their sausage out of pigs like that one, I am going to buy some right away.' And then," sighed Curly, "they will hurry to the market and buy some Wiggly Sausage made out of little pigs like me who had to stay home from the Fair."

"Tsk, tsk," muttered Jimmy Crow, "that is a different story. There is only one thing to do, Curly. You must be fatter and sleeker and cleaner and handsomer than Porky by the time the Fair opens next Saturday. Then the farmer will take you to the Fair and leave that conceited Porky at

home."

Curly sighed. "I can be clean and sleek, but how am I going to get fat unless I eat lots of corn? I'm afraid it's no use, Jimmy, but thank you anyway."

"Pshaw," said Jimmy. "My friends and I are in the Aerial Transport business, and we will fly enough corn to you from the farmer's crib to make you the fattest pig in the country."

How Curly did eat the rest of the week! Jimmy and the other crows swooped in from the crib every few minutes, their beaks full of corn. Curly grew fatter and fatter and fatter.

Finally Saturday arrived, and the Farmer came to get Porky to go to the Fair.

"Oho!" he said when he looked in the pens. "How could Curly have changed so much in one week? Why, I think I'll take him to the Fair instead of Porky." Then he backed his truck to the pen, but he didn't have to chase Curly into it. No, sir, Curly just ran up the ramp as fast as he could go, he was so eager to get to the Fair. My, it was going to be fun, being the Wiggly Sausage Company Advertising Pig!

### THE POSTMAN

The whistling postman swings along,  
His bag is deep and wide,  
And messages from all the world  
Are bundled up inside.

The postman's walking up our street,  
Soon now he'll ring my bell.  
Perhaps there'll be a letter stamped  
In Asia. Who can tell?

—Unknown.

### A LITTLE PRAYER

Dear Lord, we thank You for this day,  
For all our work and all our play,  
For parents dear and loving care,  
And all that makes the world so fair.  
Amen.



The little mechanic is Terry Keith, the two-and-a-half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Swartz, St. Joseph, Mo.

### RIDDLES

1. When is a black dog not a black dog? When it's a greyhound.
2. When is a piece of wood like a king? When it's made into a ruler.
3. What is everyone doing at the same time? Growing older.
4. Why are the western prairies flat? Because the sun sets there every night.
5. What building in your town has the largest number of stories? The library.

—Sent by Helen Wohlaib,  
New Virginia, Ia.

Once upon a time a citizen approached workmen engaged in quarrying stone. He said to one of the men: "What are you doing?"

"Working for \$8.00 a day," replied the man.

Turning to another man he inquired, "What are you doing?"

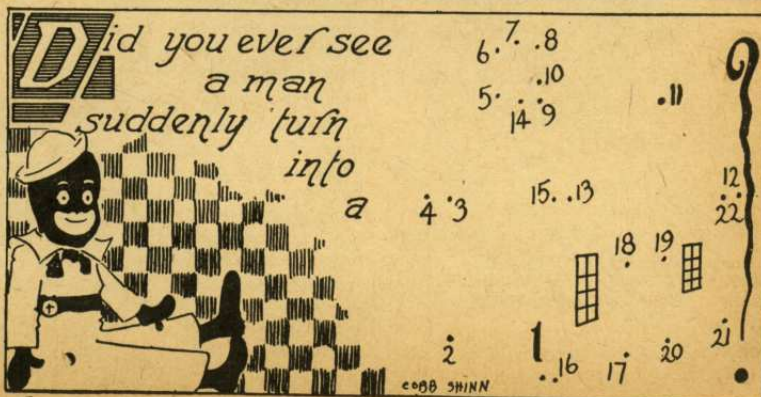
"Quarrying stone," was the reply. "And what are you doing?" he said to the third man.

"Helping to build the cathedral yonder," was the enthusiastic answer.

\* \* \*

Passenger on Pullman finding one black and one tan shoe under his berth in the morning: "Porter, what are these shoes doing here?"

Porter, bewildered: "Well, ef dat don' beat all! Dat's de second time that's happened dis mawnin'."





## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

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**LAYETTES**, complete or individual items, anything in crochet. Write for prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Ia.

**BEAUTIFUL PINE SCENTED**, and other numbers stationery. Scripture, Christmas, and everyday assortments. Christmas and everyday wrapping. Humorous and Correspondence notes and new Plastic cards, \$1.25. Balance \$1.15. Millie J. DeWild, Eddyville, Iowa.

**COMPLETE FLANNELGRAPH**, outfit for Church work in Children's Dept. Mrs. C. D. Isley, 912 No. Pine, Grand Island, Nebr.

**HAVE A PRETTY DRESS**, made (small and medium with new frilly peplum, large with sweetheart neckline) by sending your measurements, three feed sacks, three buttons, and \$1.50. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. St., Belleville, Kans.

**WANTED**—Haviland China, gold rimmed, Limoges, pattern. Odd pieces or whole set. Mrs. Wilbur Bakker, Grundy Center, Ia.

**FOR SALE**—five prewar direct current fans, prices reasonable. Write. Alice C. Klick, Toronto, Kans.

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## FAREWELL TO DULL PROGRAMS!

By Mabel Nair Brown

We should bring our club programs "to life" this year and make of them events long to be remembered. What with the radio, countless women's magazines, the newspapers, and magazine digests on every subject which we homemakers of today enjoy, our interests are broad and varied. Then why be content with the trite old programs of the past (a paper on facts obtained in encyclopedia biographies or a dry book report of a tedious, dull lecture on some far-fetched subject)?

Why not consider the daily interests and hobbies of your particular group and go on from there. Flower arrangements, Christmas package wrapping, decorating fancy cakes and cookies, collecting antique colored glassware—how much more instructive and interesting to the audience if they can actually see the speaker arrange her bouquets, display a card table of interesting and original Christmas wrappings, or demonstrate step by step how to decorate the cakes.

With this "see and do" idea in mind let us consider the club calendar for '48-'49.

**September** is usually given over to getting organized anew and the back-to-school activities (P.T.A., teacher's reception, etc.) In addition could you decide to sponsor a club-day community nursery if yours is a group of young mothers?

One mother might volunteer each month to take a turn at caring for all the pre-schoolers so that the club program could be uninterrupted. If not in the mother's own home then perhaps there will be a suitable room available to rent for this purpose during the club year. Many church groups carry out such a plan using their primary department room. They might rent it to other organizations. If these plans can't be realized, at least the ladies can collect a wide assortment of toys in a box to be taken from one home to another on club day; then children can play with these in some spare room away from the adult group.

**October:** (1) How about a demonstration on fall flower arrangements. (2) Collecting surplus garden vegetables and canned food stuff to take to nearby homes for the aged, orphanages, etc. (3) If yours is a group of farm or urban women they might be interested in having someone who speaks from experience tell how to store various vegetables for winter use. (4) A sewing minded group might enjoy an apron pattern exchange on club day as they will have more time for sewing during the winter months.

**November:** (1) Harvest-home month stressed by doing something special

for over-seas relief. Get the club minded by inviting someone who has recently been abroad (or a foreign war bride) to give an account of her first-hand knowledge of the situation. (2) This is the month to make the holiday fruit cake so perhaps you could have it demonstrated, or recipes exchanged. If cakes were made as a club project they might be sent to orphanages, to boys in the service, or other worthy places. (3) An illustrated discussion of Thanksgiving table centerpieces would be interesting too. (4) Or the making of winter bouquets or charm strings. (5) And how about an exchange of houseplants and bulbs for winter bloom with a discussion of their care?

**December:** Christmas, of course! (1) Could it be a cooperative dessert luncheon with each member bringing her family's favorite Christmas goodie? You're bound to get an assortment of cookies, fruit cake, mince and pumpkin pies, coffee cakes and candies. Here again one could exchange the recipes for the traditional family foods. (2) Perhaps you'd like just a "sampler" talk on the making and decorating of Christmas cookies. (3) Or each guest at the Christmas meeting might bring one homemade decoration or arrangement to display before the group. (4) As I mentioned earlier a committee would find a demonstration of original package wrappings very much appreciated. (5) If there's a gift exchange why not make it all toys? Let the members have a "kiddish" good time seeing them run, etc., and then pack them to send to a children's home.

**January:** (1) Seeing and hearing a collector talk on collecting colored glass, or any other hobby which your group might be interested in, and surely you can find hobby enthusiasts in your neighborhood! Interested in sewing or needlework? (2) Then how about a discussion, and if possible a demonstration of smocking, cutwork, tailoring, children's clothes, sewing shortcuts, mending helps, new gadgets and helps for sewing? (3) Along the same line perhaps there's talent in your club who could show how to trim hats or make unusual accessories such as belts, corsages, earrings, etc. (4) And had you thought of having two members demonstrate giving a home permanent? Many women are very interested, you know! I can remember when I'd have given almost anything to have seen someone put a little girl's hair up on rags!

**February:** (1) One-dish meal auction. Each one bring a favorite one-dish meal to be first described (recipe given if desired) and then auctioned. A nice start for the evening meal and a boost to club treasury. Or the cold winter months find some folks enjoying all-day meetings. You could feature casserole dishes, perhaps hot rolls and dessert salad. Afternoon program might take up phases of bread and roll baking. (2) Would your group enjoy an exchange of homemade Valentines, each member to bring one?

**March:** (1) Exchange of home-grown flower seeds and bulbs and gar-

dening helps. (2) Demonstration of place card favors or children's party table and refreshments. (3) Discussion and demonstration of home care of sick (your county nurse would be glad to share in this project.)

**April:** Spring is here! (1) Outdoor picnic with some demonstrations of various types of outdoor cookery. (2) A good sound discussion on how to build outdoor grills, preferably by someone who has built one. (3) Open discussion on short-cuts through busy summer days. (4) Should you decide to devote your meeting to table settings, concentrate all your energies on making it a fine one. Suggestions for this are a birthday table, bride's table, Golden wedding anniversary table, etc. People really devour such a demonstration.

**May:** (1) Spring flower arrangements can be exciting when the group is divided into three or four sections, each section furnished with a basket of flowers and a bowl and asked to make an arrangement. Get a judge in from outside the group and ask her to explain her decisions. (2) Mother's Day should be recognized with some kind of a tea or dinner. Ask your high school honor students to come with their mothers as your guests. (3) Somehow arouse enthusiasm in your group to plan and carry through one truly worthwhile community service such as providing your town with a public rest room if it lacks one, canning surplus vegetables for school hot lunch programs, or organizing some kind of a Youth Center for your young people. (4) Sponsor a campaign to get more entries from your county in women's division at the State Fair.

Attendance at your club meetings will be good at every meeting if you plan lively programs centered on subjects of interest to your own circle. Such a program as outlined above should work in practically all of your members, and remember that good members are working members!

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