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H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

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"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

As a rule I plan to write my letter to you in the evening, but this is such a quiet, restful afternoon that it seems a good time to sit down at my desk and visit. From the window I can look out and see that our garden has been put to bed for the winter, and more than any other one thing is makes me realize how swiftly Time goes. It seems to me that only yesterday I could look out and enjoy the roses and hemerocallis, and now there isn't a single trace of all that beauty. We tried to do a thorough job on our garden this fall, and at the same time we moved a few plants we also divided up bulbs to share with Lucile and Russell and Abigail and Wayne. They are all trying to get their yards fixed up and donations from our garden are always happily received.

A few nights ago we celebrated Mart's birthday, and also the birthday of his sister, Anna, with a family dinner that Lucile served at her home. Juliana made the place-cards all by herself and was so proud of them she could hardly contain herself. She was all dressed up in her pink organdy birthday dress and did a very nice job of acting as assistant hostess. It might interest you to know what Lucile served so I'll tell you that we sat down to a fruit cocktail for the first course, and then went on to a fine roast of beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower with a special sauce, hot rolls, tomato aspic salad, and then for dessert the big decorated birthday cake. There were eleven of us at the table and we had a very happy evening.

Last month I told you about the trip that my sister Jessie Shambaugh took with her husband to visit their daughter Ruth in California. This month I must tell you that my sister Helen Fischer and her husband are in Glen Gardner, New Jersey visiting their daughter, Mary Fischer Chapin and her family. Helen and Fred haven't seen their little grandson Elliott since he was two (he will soon be six) and they have never seen Jared, who is going-on-three, so it will be a happy visit for them. Mary and her husband have purchased an old stone house near Glen Gardner and are fixing it up with some of the modern conveniences. They find it a welcome relief to have so much room for the boys after being cramped up in an

apartment in New York. No doubt many of you will remember the picture of Elliott and Jared that appeared in the August issue.

I can't begin to tell you how much all of us enjoyed the Jubilee that was held here in Shenandoah the latter part of September. It seemed like the good old days to see so many of you friends in town again, and we thoroughly enjoyed the opportunities we had to visit with you. I talked with a number of women who told me that they had been in the studio at KFNF when I came in on my own two feet with Donnie Paul beside me—that's been many, many years ago. Of course they all knew that during this Jubilee I came into the studio in my wheelchair, but if Donnie Paul had been beside me they would have blinked to see that the five-year old had turned into a man six-feet, four-and-a-half inches in height. And naturally you can't call a man that tall "Donnie Paul" so he is Don, or Donald now. We expect him home from his college work at Ames to have a short visit with us before we leave.

Yes, that brings me to the part in my letter where I must tell you that shortly after this reaches you we will be on our road west. We haven't set a definite date for departure, but in the first half of November we expect to start out, hoping that by leaving this early Mart will avoid the heavy sieges of flu that always seem to come with the first cold weather. We are expecting a friend of ours, Mrs. Ethel Wells of Shelburn Falls, Mass., to come to Shenandoah and make the drive with us. We became acquainted with Mrs. Wells last winter when we all lived at the same hotel in Redlands, and since she is returning there we thought that we'd enjoy making the drive together.

As yet we haven't mapped out our route but I imagine that first we will go into some sections of Texas that we've never seen. Then we'll head across the Southwest to California and expect to return to the same hotel in Redlands where we got such a good rest last winter. We'll stay there until the 9th of December, and on that day we'll drive to Los Angeles where we will take a boat on the 10th with Honolulu as our destination.

Neither Mart or I have ever been on a big boat and that will be quite a thrilling experience for us. Frederick

inspected the *Lurline* very carefully when it was docked in Honolulu and found that I could manage to get around all right with my wheelchair . . . we had all been doubtful about this until we had his report. I didn't dream when Frederick went to Honolulu that I'd ever get to visit him there, so you can imagine how happy I am about this. No doubt he and Betty will be there to meet us when the boat docks, and perhaps we'll get some of the leis that he has mentioned in his letters. I guess I hardly need to tell you how much we are anticipating seeing little Mary Leanna for the first time.

This will be the second Thanksgiving that I have spent away from my family. In 1930 I spent Thanksgiving at St. Luke's hospital in Kansas City. Lucile came up from Cottey College to spend the day with me, and the nurses served our dinner on trays in my room. This will be the first Christmas that I have ever been gone from my family, although Mart was absent in 1924 when he was with Lucile in the Iowa City hospital when she was so seriously ill. It gives us a peculiar feeling to think of missing Thanksgiving dinner at home, but Christmas will be another story for then we will be with Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna.

If our present plans work out we will return to California at the end of January and stay in Redlands until the hardest part of the winter is over back here. Then we'll hurry home as fast as we can, for we will have been gone a long time.

Lucile, Margery and Wayne will all work together to bring you our magazine, and the girls are anticipating their winter radio visits with you for they had a good time last winter when I was gone. We are glad to be able to tell you that starting on October 11th our friends in Nebraska can hear our daily Kitchen-Klatter program over radio stations KNEB in Scottsbluff, Nebr., and beginning on Oct. 18th, over KBRL in McCook.

I passed on to Edith Hansen the countless letters of sympathy that you friends sent at the time of her great loss. I was writing to you last month when word reached us of her husband's death, and I can only say that in the difficult days since then she has shown such courage and fortitude that all of us have marveled. Not many people could face such an unexpected tragedy with so brave a spirit.

I hope that you'll write to me before I go away. However, if you can't find time now I know that you'll write to the girls, and they are anticipating hearing from you.

Affectionately always,
Leanna,

TRUE BROTHERHOOD

God, what a world, if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,
Rise to the meaning of true Brotherhood. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Come into the Garden

THE GARDENER GIVES THANKS

By Mary Duncomb

Every nation, every tribe has its festival of thanksgiving, and so we too follow a pattern laid down for us long ago by the founders of our land and have a national day proclaimed as a day of thanks.

The early Pilgrims set their tables with the fruits of their endless toil, toil that went on daily in surroundings far less peaceful than ours. We may all be apprehensive and nervous about the future of this world, but at least we didn't go out to hoe our gardens with guns as part of our equipment! As the Pilgrims did, so do we set our tables with the fruits of our toil and gather together as families to give thanks to the One who has cared for us in both material and spiritual ways during the past year.

To those of us who live on farms with our children around us, perhaps there is a greater urge to give our fervent thanks. Our crops, gardens, orchards, flocks and herds depend on so much uncertainty before maturity! We give them our whole attention at critical moments. Unusual weather, floods or untimely frosts may wreck in a single day the crop we so much depend upon; disease may strike down our finest animals. There is no end to the catastrophes that may suddenly hit farm families, so is it any wonder that we breathe a sigh of thankfulness once the year's efforts are under cover or on the market?

Today with the many advantages of refrigeration in deep freezers or lockers, many families both in cities and towns, as well as in the country, may keep in preservation much perishable food for months ahead. In former years much care and thought was put on the canning and drying of food, and many of us still have to depend upon the old methods today. But in either case we are certain of an abundance of food for our Thanksgiving dinner.

The garden yields so much for our festive table. Forgotten are the days last summer when our backs ached from pulling weeds or wielding a hoe under a scorching sun! Our basements and root cellars hold in their protection the root crops we labored over: potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, cabbage and perhaps parsnips, although they, like salsify, may winter outside where they grew. Apples are wrapped and stored two layers deep in shallow fruit lugs; the shelves are full of jars of canned fruit, vegetables, pickles and relishes. In dry storage, free from frost, pumpkins and squash of all sorts await their turn at the table. There are also (safely protected against moisture) dried beans: navy, kidney, lima and black-eyed peas for tasty dishes with pork. And perhaps summer-dried sweetcorn or earthen crocks of saurkraut. Recently too, hominy may have been made

from newly ripened corn in the crisp days of Autumn.

Home-made sweets are found in upstairs back cupboards—maple syrup, sorghum or honey, and for beverages there are the jars of home-made grape juice, the jugs of tangy sweet cider made from juicy late apples. Dried slices of Wealthy apples make a sugary confection, and some people will have sacks of black walnuts and hickory nuts, to say nothing of popcorn in the ear.

There is quite often a choice of meat in the poultry line. Usually a fowl is preferred at the feast, probably from traditional sentiment a turkey, goose or a duck from the children's own raising. If these are lacking there is usually a chicken or two to fill in the gap! The boy who has been experimenting in growing some unusual vegetable, say celery, is proud of his contribution. It is quite an art to grow celery, properly bleached.

The garden flowers are nearly gone now, but Mother usually has potted up a choice blooming chrysanthemum to brighten up the living room. Truly, in the midst of all this abundance, as we gather together, we must in all gratitude to our Creator, offer up a prayer of thanks.

I KNOW A GARDEN

By Catherine Scott

Sometimes I see a lovely garden
With flowers in row on formal row;
They bow their heads in regal nods,
Even their names I do not know.

But I prefer a friendly garden,
Of zinnia, larkspur, pansy, pink,
With casual beds of brilliant hues,
To welcome me with dancing wink.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Tiemann

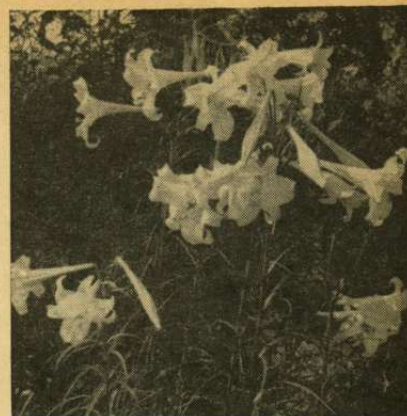
Part XIII

LILIES HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

No plant in the garden is always entirely disease and pest free. The Lily has its share—perhaps a little more than its share, and in most cases it is easier to prevent trouble than to effect a cure.

Perfect drainage and good air circulation around Lily plantings cannot be over-emphasized. This gives the plants a chance to dry quickly after a rain or a heavy dew and prevents the start of fungus troubles.

Botrytis is a fungus disease which may be very troublesome during a wet season and yet not be present at all the following year if weather conditions are more favorable. The first symptoms are small reddish-brown spots on the leaves which gradually increase in size and in some cases spread from the leaves to the stems and flowers. The bulb is usually not permanently injured, but its growth



LILIAM FORMOSANUM is one of the lilies that rarely survives an attack of mosaic.

is checked for a time because the leaves cannot function normally.

The Madonna Lily, *Lilium candidum*, is especially susceptible to botrytis. Frequent spraying with Bordeaux before wet weather will prevent the disease getting a foothold. One should burn all the old stems and leaves each fall after the plants are completely dormant.

Mosaic is more serious as no one has yet found a cure for an infected plant. It is transmitted from plant to plant by aphids. Offsets and scale bulbets from infected bulbs will carry on the disease but bulbs grown from seeds will be clean unless contaminated by aphids bringing the germs from infected Lilies or other hosts of the mosaic virus. Use a contact spray to get rid of the aphids. Diseased plants should be removed, bulbs and all, from the garden and burned. It is not always easy to tell when a plant has mosaic. Sometimes the leaves will be twisted and distorted or perhaps dwarfed. The leaves will have a definite pattern of light and dark green mottling which varies in different species of Lilies. This mottling also occurs with a much less serious trouble, chlorosis, which is believed to be from lack of iron in the soil.

The Lilies that rarely survive when infected with mosaic are *Lilium auratum*, *L. canadense*, *L. formosanum*, *L. japonicum* and *L. superbum*. Some authorities claim that there is no Tiger or Madonna Lily free from mosaic unless it is a seedling. They seem none the worse for being infected but they can be the start of trouble when aphids carry the disease to Lilies less able to "live with" the disease.

Basal rot causes lots of Lily losses each year. It starts either on the roots or at the basal plate causing the scales to drop off or fall away. Any bulbs showing rot should be dusted with a good disinfectant such as semesan before being replanted.

If you do not have the time or the inclination to give extra attention to Lily problems, you cannot expect these aristocrats to thrive and give distinction to your garden. You will have to be satisfied with commoner things such as a row of Zinnias.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness
CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

Dorothy had a wonderful collection of what we've always called "Frederick's stories" when she returned to Hollywood from her short visit in Shenandoah. Some people have the faculty of making a small, trivial event seem momentarily interesting, and Frederick is such a person. He could walk down town right here in Shenandoah and return with something to report that was hilariously funny, so you can imagine what he had to say after three-and-a-half years spent in many places thousands of miles from home. How I envied Dorothy the opportunity to hear those stories first-hand while they were still so fresh in his memory! I had to wait another four years or so before I heard some of them directly from him.

As far as Dorothy and I were concerned the first part of 1943 was given over almost exclusively to the subject of babies. As a matter of fact, it was quite a baby-conscious time for the family because two of our cousins had babies at approximately the same time. Louise Fischer Alexander, who lived in Santa Monica during that period, had her second child, a boy named Carter Frederick, in the previous September and she was right at hand to be consulted. Dorothy and I put so much reliance in Louise's judgment and opinions that you would have thought she was the mother of a good round dozen! Then in New York City Mary Fischer Chapin had her first son, Elliott Field, on December 12th, and how the letters did fly back and forth between New York and Hollywood! We four cousins had a great deal to say to each other on the one all-important subject: BABIES.

From my correspondence with you friends I know that many of you had your children in big cities during the war years, and I guess that none of us can ever forget all of the difficulties involved. Dorothy and I had the same specialist and we learned early in the game that nothing could be done simply and matter-of-factly. Fancy appointment cards were issued to us at each visit to the Medical Building, but the hour specified on the card meant nothing! Any day which called for a trip to the doctor meant that the entire day was given over to it. Not only did we have a long drive through heavy traffic from Hollywood to the heart of Los Angeles, but once we had arrived we could plan to sit from one ice-age to the next ice-age while we waited for our appointment—if you could call any session an "appointment" that fell several hours after the designated time.

We learned too that it was extremely unwise to utter one squeak of complaint about those long waits. The doctors themselves were never present to listen, but their starched and crisp nurses were right on deck to take care of any ungrateful remarks. Dorothy and I were always threatening to pack box lunches for those ex-



This is Juliana's first picture. She hadn't been home from the hospital more than twenty minutes when her Daddy started photographing her. She was eight days old.

peditions, but we never quite summoned up the courage to affront the nurses in such a bold fashion. Those were the days too of terrific shortages in every line. To buy diapers you had to know someone who knew someone whose second cousin was a clerk at such-and-such a store and if you would come down and stand in line on such-and-such a morning she might be able to get you one dozen diapers. Yes, those were hectic days!

Juliana was born at 12:08 on the noon of February 25th at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, and the most important thing seemed to be the fact that my doctor could get right out to lunch before he returned to his offices at one o'clock to take care of the ten o'clock appointments! However, the most important thing in my own mind was the fact that I actually had a girl. Some women in this world are foolish enough to set their hearts on a girl or a boy to the absolute exclusion of the other sex, and I was such a woman. I had told everyone that I wanted a boy because I felt that it was risky business to voice such a strong hope as I felt for a girl! I knew better, of course, but then you sometimes do weakminded things during those nine months. It took me a full week to believe that the single greatest wish of my life had come true—I had a girl!

One reason that it took me a week to get this firmly through my mind was because I was so busy. Now that sounds mighty funny, everything considered, but I look back on the week spent at the Cedars of Lebanon as the busiest week of my life. The day's activities started at 4:00 in the morning in that mammoth institution, and it was always after 11:00 at night before things quieted down. I never even managed to read the daily paper, something I always contrived to get done at home. I can't think, looking back, why in the world things were always in such an uproar, but the fact remains that it was an unforgettably busy week.

And before I close this subject I must tell you one amusing thing from which I derived great satisfaction at the time. It seemed to me that in 1943 all prospective mothers were about sixteen, wore bobby socks, pinned ribbons in their hair and looked as though they belonged in high school, not in a maternity ward. I was thirty-two when Juliana was born and I felt confident that I'd be highly conspicuous sandwiched in between three dewy-cheeked girls. Well, as matters turned out I was conspicuous because of my youth! On one side of me was a woman of forty who took her first-born home on her 16th wedding anniversary. On the other side was a woman in her late thirties also going home with her first, and over in the corner was a mere slip of a girl thirty-seven with her third daughter. Things never turn out as you expect!

In April I had a letter from Wayne telling me about an experience of his that took place on the third of April. That was Mother's birthday, and Wayne wanted to telephone her from Hawaii to wish her a happy birthday. He had to file notice of this quite some time in advance and list the people to whom he expected to talk in order that the censors might investigate and then clear the call. Now at that time only Frederick was at home, so Wayne listed Mother, Dad and Frederick as the people with whom he expected to converse.

Right on schedule the call went through and Wayne was overjoyed to hear Mother's voice. Then, in rapid succession, he talked with Dad and Frederick, and just as Frederick said goodbye a woman's voice said, "Hello, Wayne, this is Aunt Sue." Instantly the line went dead! Wayne was left standing there with the receiver in his hand, positively no one at the other end. Aunt Sue was an unknown quantity to the censors and for all they knew she might be one of Hitler's arch-spies with every seemingly innocent word conveying tons of information.

It was about this time too that Howard started writing a series of remarkably interesting letters regarding his experiences in the Oregon training camp. But if Howard's letters were amusing, his conversation was doubly so. The first time he came to see us in Hollywood (I'm skipping ahead in my story right now) he told us a story that struck me as one of the funniest I'd ever heard. It seems that Howard didn't weather the terrifically heavy training program too well, and one day on a twenty-mile forced march he just naturally decided that he'd rather lie down and die than move one more step. Consequently he sat down on a rock near the road and prepared to sit *ad infinitum*. About that time a careful of officers came up and asked him what he was doing, just sitting there. He replied that he couldn't walk one more step—that was all. They got him into the car and drove him back to camp—they actually felt sorry for him! I know that it doesn't sound funny, but if you could have heard Howard's account of it you would have doubled up with laughter too. To Be Cont.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

I've been traveling around visiting friends with small children and they all seem to be very much concerned with bad behavior. The children are quarrelsome and irritable; they demand lots of attention and seem to spend very little time in happy constructive play. Most of the parents were raised in autocratic households and suffered so many repressions in their own childhood that they are sincerely trying to give their children the kind of free, democratic atmosphere that will help them to grow into well-adjusted people who will get along well with others. I believe that they will accomplish this, but right now they are experiencing difficulties and I have tried to figure out just what it is that seems to be wrong.

One of these friends was born and reared in another country. She said she had observed that American children were reared quite differently than she had been. I pointed out to her that most of us were reared differently than the way we were rearing our children, and I suggested that she might have less trouble with her older child if she relaxed and permitted her more freedom.

She thought that this was a good suggestion and resolved to watch herself and try not to be so bossy. She loves America and admires everything democratic so she wanted to have that kind of a home. Two weeks later I saw her again and asked what results she had gotten from the experiment. She told me that it hadn't worked out at all, that they still did not have a democratic way of living and that the only difference was that the child was now the dictator!

Somehow that seems to be typical of all the homes. The parents don't want to be bossy and control every move that the child makes, practically every breath he draws, but then they bend over so far that they don't give any leadership and the result is that the children are left to make too many decisions. A democratic way of life is not freedom for each individual to behave exactly as he chooses without regard for anyone else, but for all to behave in a manner that works together for the common good—and this requires leadership.

The University of Iowa has done some interesting experiments to observe behavior patterns. One group of students who liked white bread better than whole wheat bread volunteered to change their taste. At the end of the experiment the ones who disliked whole wheat the most had made the least progress in their individual efforts. Then these same students were divided into teams with the remarkable result that those who most disliked whole wheat made the most progress learning to like it. They tried hardest in order to bring their team up in front.

Another interesting experiment had to do with leadership. A group of 5th and 6th graders volunteered to join a club for the purpose of making masks. They were divided into three



This picture of the seven Field sisters and brothers was taken at the time of their family reunion. From left to right: Susan Conrad, Sol Field, Jessie Shambaugh, Martha Eaton, Helen Fischer, and Henry Field. Seated is Leanna Driftmier.

groups. The leader of the first group told everyone what to do and how to do it and when to do it; each child was to make his own mask without consulting anyone else. The leader of the second group showed the youngsters how to use the materials, took a friendly interest in what they did and helped with special problems. The leader of the third group provided the material and then showed no interest in how it was used and gave no direction to the group.

The first *Autocratic* group developed great rivalry at once. Everybody tried to beat everybody else, but they didn't produce many masks because a great deal of their time and energy went into squabbling. Cliques soon developed and then two of the children became the scapegoats for all of them. These two soon dropped out of the club.

The second *Democratic* group fell to working together from the first day. Some tore paper, others dampened it, still others made paste. At the end of the experiment they had produced a number of masks and were all good friends.

The third group that was completely without direction did practically nothing. Chaos and confusion reigned. The children showed no interest in the work or in each other.

The conclusion of the entire experiment is of great interest for it proved this: when these youngsters were shifted about they fell at once into the patterns of the group they worked with. Those who had been great problems in the *Autocratic* group turned out to be successful members of the *Democratic* group, and so forth all the way through. Democracy is the very best and most constructive

way to live, but it needs sound leadership.

One more story illustrates another error that parents make, I think.

Recently we were invited out to dinner and a table for the four of us was set up in front of the fireplace. The two children of the family had been told that they could invite two of their neighborhood friends in to eat with them in the kitchen, and they were pleased at the idea of having their own party.

However, when dinner was ready to be served, Charles, aged six, said in a whiney voice, "I want to eat with you." His busy mother took time to sit down and explain patiently that the grown-ups were going to have a party and grown-up talk, and that the children were going to have their own party and have lots of fun. Charles listened intently, but when she finished he said, "I want to eat with you."

Then his father sat down and Charles gave him his undivided attention while Papa went over the whole story again. At the conclusion Charles whined, "Why can't I eat with you?"

Four year old Jill had been sitting quietly with her chin in her hand, waiting patiently while all of this went on, but suddenly she stood up and said in a very bored tone of voice, "We ain't going to eat with them because we ain't got no manners. Come on Charley." With that she walked to the kitchen and Charles followed her! . . .

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it,
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Soe let the Lord be thankit.—Burns.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It had been my intention to sit down in peace and quiet this afternoon while Juliana was at school and write my letter to you. However, things didn't turn out that way and looking at it from one angle perhaps it's just as well for I suspect that Juliana has had what could fall under the heading of a GOOD LESSON.

If you've ever had a five-year old you know how endlessly slow they are. Oh dear, civilizations rise, flourish and die while they get on their socks and shoes, while they wash their hands, while they eat a meal. I've found myself almost having a cerebral hemorrhage while the clock hands kept moving relentlessly towards 12:45 when she was supposed to be washed, brushed, dressed and out of the door. I pushed our noon meal up to 11:45 in an attempt to simplify some of the endless cries to HURRY. Furthermore, I put her down to the table, all fixed for school as far as clothing was concerned. Yet all of these things didn't seem to help much, so this noon I suddenly realized with a terrible start, plus a shrill cry of surprise, that it was 1:00 o'clock and she hadn't gotten out of the door.

With one quick shove I managed to get her off down the hill, but as she crossed the street she called back half-crying, "Oh mother, the patrol boys and girls have gone." I yelled back, "Go right ahead. Look both ways when you cross the street and HURRY!" (Does any of this sound familiar to mothers who resolve afresh each morning to be patient?)

I watched her out of sight and then dashed back in to wash the dinner dishes so that I could get to my desk, and believe me, I hadn't more than typed "Dear Friends" when I heard a subdued scuffling on the front porch. I got up and went out to find a tearful little girl who sobbed, "Oh mother, not one living soul was in sight and those big doors were closed and I couldn't get in." I wanted to say, "March right back down that hill and go into your kindergarten room," but vivid memories of my childhood came nipping at me and I could remember so clearly how terribly deserted the school grounds looked the one morning I was tardy, how formidable the building appeared with the big doors closed. I weakened and told her to come on in, but we had a good stiff talking-to on the virtues of moving more promptly to get places on time. And now we'll see what happens in the future.

Oh yes, I too have read all of the fine, sound, sensible, reasonable articles about letting the child set his own pace, about keeping a smile on the face when eternities come and go while nothing happens. In theory I think that it's just wonderful. The only trouble is how you're going to get children off to school on time, how you're going to get them to bed at night, and how you're going to prevent having breakfast still standing on the table when it's time to put dinner on the table at 11:45.



When Juliana's two little cousins, Richard and Thomas Verness came from Minneapolis to visit her in September, they all started out to Sunday School together. Richard is five and Thomas is two.

My schedule allows me very little time for reading, but once in a while I manage to get through a book and recently when I concluded "The Autobiography of a Chinese Woman" I thought that I must be sure to tell you about it. This is not the typical autobiography, and certainly it doesn't sound "Chinese". The woman who wrote it, a doctor, sounds very much like an American woman, and I was greatly interested in the way she managed to recount the story of her childhood. It was spent in a great house in a Chinese city before the Boxer Rebellion and yet somehow that background, so unknown and mysterious to us, fades away and you have the feeling that she was the little girl next door in a small Iowa town. If you must give a book review this winter I can think of nothing better, particularly if you have a subject such as: Women and Science, or anything pertaining to China.

Another book that I think would make wonderful program material is a biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe titled "Crusader in Crinoline." This gives you a remarkably complete and vivid picture of pre-Civil War days, and it also gives you a devastatingly honest study of a family (the Beechers, in this case) and what happens to a husband and children when the wife and mother is an ambitious and gifted woman. It isn't a recent book but it hasn't been widely read, so if you want something unusual and absorbing, something thoroughly documented and well put together, get this biography.

A number of you have written and asked me to recommend recent fiction that can be used for book reviews, but the stark truth of the matter is that I don't read fiction. There was a day long ago when I read every new novel that came into our local library, but now best-sellers come and go and I never glimpse their covers.

Not long ago my mail brought me a letter from Mabel Nair Brown with a 4-H club leaflet enclosed; she said she remembered that I wanted to track down information on producing a "pickled" finish, so here it was. I

noted that the first steps (getting off varnish and paint, preparing the surface, etc.) were identical to the steps I gave you for white-leading furniture. After this is done you saturate the surface with a homemade bleach—go to the drugstore and get oxalic acid, sodium hyposulphite and borax. As a starter you can combine equal parts of hyposulphite, oxalic acid and borax and use one Tbls. of the mixture to one quart of water. If this doesn't seem to bleach the wood as thoroughly as you wish, increase the amounts. No doubt your druggist or a competent painter can tell you exactly how much to use—it varies for different woods but I'm dealing with oak right here.

If there are any holes in the furniture you will have to fill them with a water mix putty, and when it is thoroughly dry you can get to the sandpapering (use No. 00 paper) and then rub with fine steel wool. Goodness knows this is a big job, but it seems unavoidable; the beautiful finish produced on fine pieces is the result of endless sandpapering.

The next step is to rub paint across the grain of the wood to produce the pickled effect. Use a small soft cloth and deal with only a small area at one time; rub off the excess paint immediately. You can use semi-gloss paint in an off-white and tint it with a very small amount of any color you wish. When the paint is dry you'll have to apply several coats of paste wax and rub vigorously. If you own a bedroom set of "good solid oak" and you're sick and tired of it as it stands, why not make it a winter's project to bring it up to date with this type of finish?

Do you remember our letter-writing contest of last winter on the subject of managing housework? Well, now that the long, cold evenings are at hand I thought perhaps you'd like to write a letter on another subject. It occurred to me the other day that if we could find out what people remember with the greatest pleasure about their childhood homes, we would have a good measuring stick to use in making our own homes extra-happy ones. Once a friend of mine told me that the nicest thing she had to remember about her childhood was Sunday evenings when they always popped corn, made candy, told stories and enjoyed being together as a family. Another friend told me that when he was a small boy he always looked forward to getting home from school because his mother had a little lunch ready for him and sat down with him to visit about things that had happened during the day. That was the memory that gave him the greatest pleasure.

What do you remember? Write and tell me about it. We'll use the prize-winning letter (and a \$25.00 check will go to the winner) in the February issue, so that means your letter should be here by New Year's Day. And if you're like I am you'd better not put off writing it until the holidays are at hand!

Always your friend . . .
Lucile.

GUINEAS FOR A HOBBY

By Hallie M. Barrow

What's a blaring noise to some folks' ears is just sweet music to others. Time after time I've heard farm folks say the reason they didn't keep guineas was that they could not bear their screeching. Imagine my surprise when I stopped just out of curiosity the other day at a farm house and asked the owner, Mrs. Watkins, just why did she raise so many white guineas?

She told me she had three-hundred and she raised them as sort of a hobby, but mostly because she loved to hear them "talk". She said when they "screeched" they generally had a reason—either there was a hawk, a stray dog or some other strange presence around which they thought she should know about. According to her, guineas even like good music for she said the whole flock generally took a siesta right after dinner in the yard just outside the living room window. When she turned on her radio they settled down, ceased fussing and talking and listened quietly. It really made quite a sight—this unusual radio audience.

Can you imagine several hundred white guineas settled quietly on the ground, their red heads bobbing up and down? And they sat so closely together that it looked just like one big mass of white feathers with red blobs everywhere.

Mrs. Watkins told me about other quaint characteristics of her pets. She had raised large broods of the "keets" (as young guineas are called) with two old white motherly chicken hens. Finally the hens went back to laying their own eggs and the young guineas would wait around the chicken house door until the hens were through laying, join them as they came out the door, and then all would start for the far pasture.

Then too you'd love their little song, Mrs. Watkins said. Have you ever heard a bevy of young guineas talking? They have the most contented little murmurings, she said. And it seems that they also played games! Many an afternoon she had watched them at an old straw stack. First one would run around and around the stack as fast as possible. Then the runner would join the bunch of waiting guineas and another would take up the delay. It seemed pointless to her, she said, but it must have been real sport for them because they often did it.

They also played a variation of "follow the leader" when one would fly over the stack and be followed single file by all the others; then the leader would fly off the highest point and do other stunts followed by the whole flock.

In winter she kept her guineas in the hen house. She said they would not walk in the snow under any conditions. If they came out and there was snow on the ground, they flew into the trees and would sit there and starve rather than venture down into snowdrifts. Mrs. Watkins really loved her white guineas and evidently had studied their ways.



Martin Erik enjoys sitting in his Grandfather Driftmier's big chair with some of his toys around him. He was fifteen months old the day this was taken.

GOOD NEIGHBOR GUIDE

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Cheer has been asked for some children this time. Little Barbara Frazier of Pisgah, Iowa, who has been striving to overcome the results of rheumatic fever which she had more than two years ago, is bedfast again. She has had a teacher at home these two years, two hours a week, and has completed third grade work. She loves to read and has read all her books over and over. Will you send her a book? She is nine.

Donna Williams, 200 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., is eight years old. She has been sick three years and is not able to go to school but has a teacher at home.

Three year old Edwin Zettlemoyer, Rt. 2, c/o Mrs. Henry Zettlemoyer, New Ringgold, Pa., has been in a hospital for several months. Small toys or picture books would be nice to send him.

Some time ago I told you about Virgil Bible of Cabins, W. Va., who was to have the blue baby operation. They took him to the hospital and prepared to do the operation but the last-minute tests showed it could not be done, so it looks as if he would be severely handicapped all his life. He is twelve but very tiny. He and his mother are alone. I am sure you can find some way to help him have a happy life.

Miss Rachel Sawyer, 1834 East Eppler Ave., Indianapolis 3, Ind., has been sick for 26 years. Last spring she had a leg amputation and is pretty much discouraged since.

Bill Jones was to have his operation in September. As I write this I have not heard the outcome. He would like to hear from you. 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

Miss LaVon Hulsbrink, 1026 — 24 Ave. Rock Island, Ill., wants letters. She is sixteen and can get about only by using crutches.

Mrs. Frank H. Kazowski, 505 W Kirkwood St., Fairfield, Iowa, wants

quilt pieces. She has been in a wheel chair several years. Likes mail.

Will you send cards to Miss Ann Otten, Hudson, S. Dakota? She has been sick all her life, is now thirty, and has never been able to go to school. She gets blue and discouraged.

Winona Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Ind., has been ill this summer. She has been an invalid for almost forty years. She enjoys mail. She has a handkerchief collection.

Miss Nina Hawes, Kellyton, Ala., has been an invalid since she had polio fifty years ago. She lives alone, although she is badly crippled. She needs postage if she is to answer letters.

A request has come from the elderly mother of a life-long invalid girl asking for some bedding and nighties. She asked me not to print her name. Will you write me if you can help her?

Phyllis Butcher, Jackson, Minn., age twenty-one, is badly handicapped. She lives in the country and seldom gets away from home. She would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Henry Armbrust, Worthington, Minn., is in the hospital recovering from polio. Letters would help.

In November I will have a leaflet giving names of shutins who have things for sale. In it you will find many things suitable for Christmas gifts. By buying from shutins you help them as well as yourself. Ask for the list. Address me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,

The water pure that bids the thirsty live,

I want to help the fainting day by day;

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,

The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.

Beauty for ashes may I give away;

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,

And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,

I want to do all that the Master saith;

I want to live aright from day to day;

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Unknown.

MAN AND GOD

Whoso draws near to God one step through doubtings dim

God will advance a mile in blazing light to him.

—Author Unknown.



GREEN RICE SQUARES (Served on Market Day)

- 3 cups boiled rice (1 cup uncooked)
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1/4 cup olive oil (do not substitute)
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- Salt to taste

Beat eggs and combine with liquids. Add to other ingredients. If mixture does not look pale green add one drop (only one) of vegetable color. Pour in well-greased dripping pan, set in larger pan of hot water and bake at 325 degrees for one hour and fifteen minutes. Or recipe may be cut in twelve generous squares. Over half of each square and at one side pour a generous spoonful of creamed chicken, creamed tuna fish or creamed dried beef. The last named is especially good and the rosy color is attractive at the holiday season.

Prepare the beef by tearing the thin slices into small pieces and soaking for ten minutes in a generous quantity of cold water. Drain and squeeze out water with hands. Melt butter in a heavy skillet and brown the meat delicately. Sift flour over and mix. Add milk to make of the proper consistency.

BARBECUED LIMA BEANS

- 2 cups dried lima beans
- 1/4 lb. diced salt pork
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1/4 cup fat or drippings
- 1 1/2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 can tomato soup diluted.
- 1/3 cup vinegar

Soak limas overnight, drain, cover with cold water and cook until tender with salt pork. Then drain and reserve 1 1/2 cups of liquid. Brown onion and garlic in the fat or drippings, add mustard, Worcestershire sauce, chili powder, salt, soup and vinegar. Simmer 5 minutes with the liquor from the beans. Then place beans and sauce in a casserole, top with salt pork, and bake in a hot oven until the beans are brown on top.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

TAMALE CASSEROLE (Served on Market Day)

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 qt. canned tomatoes
- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1 onion chopped
- 1 No. 2 can of cream style corn
- 1 small can of pimientos
- 1 small jar of whole stuffed olives
- Salt and pepper

Mix all together and spread in dripping pan. The mixture will probably seem very thin and soupy, but after being baked for one and one-half hours in a 350 degree oven it is of the right texture. However, it should bake until dry enough to cut in squares so a little more time may be needed. This will serve twelve very generously, so eight times the recipe can be counted on for one-hundred people.

CARROT RING WITH GREEN PEAS

- 2 lbs. carrots
- 1 cup light cream
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. onion juice
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Dash of paprika

Cook carrots, mash and add other ingredients. Bake in buttered baking dish or in a ring mold—either one should be set in a pan of hot water. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. Serve with green peas in center of ring if baked in the ring mold, or around the mold if baked in a dish.

THANKSGIVING MENU

- Fruit Cocktail
- Roast Turkey with dressing
- Mashed Potatoes
- Candied Sweet Potatoes
- Cranberry Sauce
- Carrot Ring with Green Peas
- Hot Rolls
- Jelly and Pickles
- Pumpkin Pie
- Coffee

The above menu is considered more or less the classic Thanksgiving dinner, although roast chicken might well be substituted for the turkey and undoubtedly will be in many homes this year; market forecasts indicate that the purchase of a turkey will be a major investment!

Fruit cocktail is not only a good

way to open the meal, but it takes the place of a salad. Furthermore, it can be prepared several hours in advance (even the day before, if necessary) and allowed to stand in the refrigerator until time to dish it out into small sherbet glasses.

The candied sweet potatoes can be prepared and the casserole placed in a cool spot until time to slip it into the oven—another day-before preparation. The same thing is true of the cranberry sauce and carrot ring mold. The latter can be baked on the bottom shelf of the oven if the roaster is at the middle level.

Pumpkin pie is traditional, of course, and as a rule mince pie is offered as well. However, in most cases no one is able to eat and enjoy any type of dessert immediately after such a large meal, so it is wise to give people the privilege of saying that they'd prefer to "wait a while."

CHERRY SNOWBALLS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 6 egg whites
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold into batter. Fill greased custard cups 2/3 full. Steam 30 minutes. Unmold; roll in powdered sugar. Serve warm with following sauce:

CHERRY SAUCE

- 4 cups canned red cherries, drained
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Reserve juice drained from cherries, measure and add water to make 2 cups. Add sugar and corn syrup, cinnamon and lemon juice; simmer 10 minutes. Remove cinnamon. Mix cornstarch with water; add to hot syrup; cook 10 minutes or until slightly thickened. Add cherries; heat. Serve over Snowballs.

ORANGE ICE BOX CAKE

- 1 cup orange juice
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 sponge cake layers

Blend the sugar and cornstarch, add well-beaten egg yolks, butter, orange juice and grated rind, and cook in double boiler until thick. Cool. Beat together the egg whites and the cream and add to the cooled custard. Split the sponge cake layers and spread the mixture between the layer and over the cake. Let stand in refrigerator overnight.

CHERRY DELIGHT CAKE

(This easily put together cake is not only delicious but extraordinarily attractive as well. Try it soon so that you can serve it the next time you entertain.)

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 7/8 cup canned pineapple juice
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 tsp. almond extract
- 3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in vegetable shortening. Add 2/3 of liquid, then flavorings; beat 200 strokes (2 min. by hand or on mixer at low speed). Add egg whites and remaining liquid; beat 200 strokes. Bake in 2 square layer pans, well greased, in moderate oven (350) for 25-30 minutes. Spread Cherry-Almond filling between layers and on top of cake. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving.

CHERRY ALMOND FILLING

Soften 1 Tbls. gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water 5 minutes. Place over boiling water; stir until completely dissolved. Add finely cut Maraschino cherries with juice (contents of 8-oz. jar), 1/2 cup sugar, 1/8 tsp. salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 2 cups heavy cream, whipped; add 1/3 cup blanched almonds, finely cut, 1/4 tsp. vanilla, 1/2 tsp. almond extract. Fold in gelatin mixture.

APPLESAUCE NUT BREAD

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 cup medium-thick smooth applesauce
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening

Sift together dry ingredients. Add walnuts. In mixing bowl beat egg; add applesauce and melted shortening. Add dry ingredients. Stir until just blended. Pour into greased loaf pan and bake in 350 degree oven for one hour. Cool on rack.

SCHOOL-DAY CASSEROLE

- 1/2 of large package prepared noodles
- 1/4 lb. dried beef
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk (more may be needed)
- 1 cup grated American cheese

Cook noodles in boiling water until tender; drain. Butter a casserole and put in layer of noodles, then layer of beef and green pepper. Make a white sauce by combining butter, flour, milk and cheese. Pour over contents of casserole. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake in hot oven (400) until top is browned.

FUDGE PUDDING

- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 3/4 to 1 cup walnut meats

3/4 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup cocoa
1 3/4 cups boiling water
Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, granulated sugar and cocoa. Add milk, vanilla, and melted butter; mix until smooth. Add nut meats. Pour into greased 8-inch square cake pan. Mix brown sugar and cocoa; sprinkle over batter. Pour hot water over entire batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 or 45 minutes. Turn out upside down, letting the sauce pour over the pudding.

This is a fine dessert to serve when you have extra men at the table for it is simple, yet substantial and delicious.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

- 4 halves of Bartlett pears
- 1/2 cup red hot cinnamon candies
- 4 slices of pineapple
- 2 large bananas
- 3 large oranges
- 1/2 cup white grapes, peeled and sliced

Drain juice from can of pears and put on to cook with the cinnamon candies. Boil until candy is dissolved. Add 2 drops of red vegetable coloring. Put pear halves in the juice when it has cooled and allow to stand overnight. If making this cocktail the day before serving, all of the fruits, with the exception of the bananas, can be diced and mixed together. Add sugar at this time, enough to sweeten. Bananas should be added at the last minute. Serve in sherbet glasses with one red cherry on top.

WATCH THEIR EYES GLEAM

Few things in life give greater joy than the laughing eyes of happy children. Youngsters will squeal with delight and dance with joy when they see this perfect cake for all special occasions.

This Lamb Cake mold is made from heavy cast aluminum for easy, fancy baking. The baked cake is 6 1/2 x 9 x 3 1/2 inches. Individual and complete baking instructions are included with each mold.

Price only \$5, postpaid
LEANNA DRIFTMIER
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

**A VISIT TO THE DANISH KITCHEN
NO. III**

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One of the secrets of success as a good hostess, as far as many a good Dane is concerned, is the serving of lunch. Lunch, time honored and iron-clad custom, arrives at nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, plus the little lunches at odd moments. These "little lunches" happen whenever anyone drives into the yard. Whether it be the man who comes to pick up your produce or your Grandmother's second cousin twice removed, you drag him into the kitchen, put on the coffee pot and ply him with sandwiches and pastries.

After my marriage, I found to my infinite surprise that the people in my husband's community don't do that as a regular rule. When in Rome, do as the Romans do," so lunch immediately became a thing of the past so far as I was concerned. Then came a big day. My folks were driving down and were bringing with them my aunt and uncle, who had never seen our new home. Of course I was as excited as a kid at a Sunday School picnic, so I slaved over the house until it was gleaming, planned an enticing menu, and then—just to prove that I was a good hostess—prepared all the extras for the "lunch" I would serve before they left.

Everything went fine and at three o'clock we sat up to the table. My husband looked with glee at the cake and steaming coffee. Then sez he,

"Golly, we never ate in the middle of the afternoon before!" My relatives surveyed him with great amusement, and somehow I can't help but think that they have believed both of us just a bit uncivilized since that day! For after all, what is life without lunch?

This month I am going to give you a couple of cookies recipes, they are a favorite on the "lunch" menu.

Sprut Cookies are another treat from Aunt Alvera's table. Cream one pound of butter with a half pound of sugar. Add one teaspoon of vanilla, one beaten egg and one pound of flour. Mix very thoroughly, then put the mixture through a cookie press, forming the cookies into crooks, curls, wreaths, etc. Bake in a 425 degree oven for eight or ten minutes.

Smaa Frugt Kager (Small fruit cookies) are a little expensive, but they are so delicious that you won't want to pass them up.

- One-half cup butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 cups flour
- One-half teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup brown sugar
- One-fourth teaspoon vanilla
- One-fourth teaspoon almond extract
- One cup mixed nuts, dates and candied pineapple

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolks and flavoring. Mix well. Add flour, baking powder and the chopped fruit. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased pan. Garnish with a candied cherry on each cookie, if you wish, then bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Usually I write my letters home while sitting on our front porch where I can look down across the city to the ocean, but this letter is being written in my office. Right now it is about eight-thirty in the evening. I have all my lectures ready for tomorrow's classes; I have just listened to three short campaign speeches; and now I am ready to spend some time at this typewriter visiting with you.

You will remember that a few weeks ago I wrote about Betty and I anticipating attendance at a typical Hawaiian political rally. Well the other night we attended one that was held just across the street from the main gate of the school. As each candidate stepped forward to speak he was presented with a flower lei while a group of girls did a hula dance in front of him. This was repeated for some seven or eight candidates. The islands are not very concerned with the presidential race back on the mainland for Hawaii is only a territory without federal voting privileges. The biggest race here is for the office of Mayor of the city and county of Honolulu. The second biggest race is for the office of United States Delegate. The Delegate is the man who represents the islands in Washington, but he does not have voting privileges. The governor of the territory is appointed by the president and the present governor is a democrat!

During the past few days I have been giving considerable time and thought to a problem that I believe is becoming increasingly important to all of our schools. It is the problem of fund-raising campaigns of one sort or another. Demands upon the schools to participate in fund-raising campaigns have been increasing in the past few years. While student participation in these community and national philanthropic efforts is highly desirable educationally and socially, they should not be permitted to interrupt the regular program. Last year here on this particular school campus we asked our students (1850 of them) and our teachers (150 of them) to contribute to the following worthy causes: The Community Chest, Christmas Seals, March of Dimes, United Nations Children's Relief, Easter Seals for Crippled Children, The Friendship Train, The American Red Cross, Poppy Day, The Cancer Fund, and a drive for our own school known as the Living Endowment Fund. Other drives sponsored by certain divisions of the school were for the Children's Village in Switzerland, the Humane Society, Christmas Dinner for the Children of Samoa, and Black Stockings for the Children of Korea. It seems that the school would just finish one financial drive only to start another immediately. A committee that I have working with me on this problem is going to recommend that all of these drives be included in a single unified school gift chest campaign. Once during the year we would have a big campaign to raise money for a central gift fund which would in turn allocate the funds to those or-



Betty and Mary Leanna both enjoyed their weeks at summer camp, and they were as brown as berries when they went back to Honolulu. Mary Leanna's hair is shining gold, and her cheeks are as pink as the proverbial roses.

ganizations making appeals for them. Such a plan would only work if the individual gifts to the central fund were generous and numerous. A committee of students and teachers would be responsible for the distribution of the funds so collected.

Last night I was chatting with one of my Hawaiian friends who belongs to a small country church over on the other side of the island. He is quite a missionary and did his best to make me dissatisfied with my own church and anxious to belong to his. He said this to me: "When you dream you will notice that your dreams are in black and white. All the members of our church, the only true church, have dreams in technicolor. A sure test of the righteousness of your church is to investigate the number of people who dream in technicolor." How do you like that for a new approach to the age old problem of how to be saved? That is a good example of what I call going off the deep end for religion.

How would you like to conduct a religious worship service for 450 first and second grade children? That is what I shall have to do each week starting next month. It is one thing to teach first and second grade children when you have them divided into small classes, but it is quite another to have a religious service for them when they are all together in one group. Heretofore I have never conducted chapel services for children below the third grade. A year ago I was terrified at the thought of having to conduct chapel services for children as young as those in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, but after the first few times I found that my fears were needless. Now I shudder at the thought of working with

the first and second graders, but I am sure that I shall discover my present fears are just as needless. It really keeps me jumping to think up enough speaking material to hold the interest of children so young.

Tomorrow I am going to have some real fun. I am going to take Betty to her first football game here in the islands. Last football season the baby was too small to leave with anyone, but this year our friends and neighbors will care for her while we go to the games. I am anxiously waiting to see Betty's reaction to the school song leaders. You see, out here in the islands every school has four or six of its most beautiful girls stand down in front of the cheering section and lead the singing of the school songs. To a stranger like myself the girls appear to be doing more of a chorus girl act than leading songs, but the students do sing better with their dancing than without it. The game tomorrow will be a good one. Three times so far this season the local newspapers have predicted our defeat, but three times we have won with flying colors. I am quite sure that we shall win again tomorrow.

A very good friend of mine has just returned to Honolulu from Europe where he went to attend the World Council of Churches meeting in Amsterdam, Holland. We had lunch together yesterday and he told me of an experience that pleased me greatly. It seems that one day he was standing in line at a postoffice in Holland. Just back of him in the line was a man wearing an Egyptian red fez. He turned to the man and introduced himself. The man was a clergyman from Cairo, Egypt. My friend said: "Well you know, I have a good friend back in Honolulu who used to live in Egypt. Do you by any chance know Frederick Driftmier?" "I certainly do. He used to teach my boy at Assiut College," was the reply. The clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Boullis, and I did teach his son, Moneir Boullis, back in 1940 and 1941. It makes me very happy to think that a father of one of my former students would remember me after all these years. Little did I ever think while a teacher in Egypt that my next teaching position would be in the Hawaiian Islands. It all goes to prove that life can be very interesting indeed.

We are beginning to make plans now for Mother's and Dad's arrival around the middle of December. In all the years that I've been gone from home it's been one of my most wished-for dreams that someday they could come and visit me wherever I might be, and now at long last that dream is coming true. Mary Leanna is too little to understand how excited we are, but she'll certainly realize that something out of the way is happening those last few days before they get here. It's supposed to be the daughters of a family who get the greatest pleasure from showing off a grandchild, but as far as I'm concerned you can put me down right along with Lucile, Dorothy and Margery.

Best regards to all of you.

Frederick.

MAKE MONEY FOR A YEAR IN ONE DAY

By Ruth Long Alghren

When Lucile asked me to write about Christmas bazaars I thought that at least I had had long experience! My first contribution was a crocheted nightgown yoke, then something new and very stylish. In later years I have been unable to be very active on sale days, but so many of my hard working friends have offered their suggestions that I think I may pass on some really helpful ideas.

Many churches hold bazaars together with that great midwest institution, the chicken pie dinner. Others hold sales on well advertised dates when only needlework is offered. One Shenandoah group sells only aprons and another only aprons and tea towels.

A division in another church began early in the fall to sell aprons for gifts. First a quantity of all sizes and kinds was displayed at an Aid Society meeting; some were sold and orders were taken. There was always a stock at the home of the leader where anyone was welcome to call to see them, and members took a collection to any house where a showing was requested. Only about thirty women were concerned with this project, but several hundred aprons were sold and a very tidy sum was realized.

There are groups which are successful at a sort of fair where games are played, light refreshments are sold and home-prepared foods find ready buyers.

The church to which I belong has for several years featured a Market Day early in December. This is a tremendous undertaking since our membership is not large. But it is the only really big effort of the year and the women work hard and happily, and each successive year finds a larger sum added to the treasury. Every woman donates to every department of the sale. In fact, there is a friendly rivalry as to who can provide the most ingenious and attractive articles.

The whole church is used (with the exception of the sanctuary), and while no actual walls are built, tables are arranged in such a way as to create separate rooms or stalls. We have a pantry, a sewing room, a plant room, a wonder shop and a tea shop.

The pantry is a popular place. Here are plump chickens clean as a whistle with their drumsticks stuck through a slit in the skin, big brown and white eggs of unimpeachable freshness, very special salad dressings, mincemeat, jellies, jams and the choicest of pickles. An enormous crock of Mrs. Smith's cottage cheese sells out almost immediately and buyers cluster round Mrs. Thompson's baked beans. Certain specialties have enjoyed a long and favorable reputation. We just can't ever get enough of them.

The rolls and home-baked bread send out their tantalizing aroma. The cakes, cookies and pies make a visitor

wish she had an army to feed. There is an excellent profit in baked goods if the cook does not count the time consumed.

Near the pantry our young people have their own table for home-made candies. These are much sought after and bring in a good amount which the boys and girls set apart for their own activities.

The sewing room draws equal attention with the pantry. This offers its wares right down the alphabet beginning with aprons and ending with zoos of stuffed animals. Perhaps the greatest demand is for aprons, big practical ones which cover the wearer, dainty little tea aprons of organdy and ruffles, pinafores for children and those labeled for "Her" and for "Him"—men who pride themselves on outdoor cookery find them great fun.

The towels sell next best. The sewing room committee takes orders from those who want big squares of muslin hemmed and the family name embroidered to prevent loss. New designs in applique and embroidery always find buyers because they make pretty gifts at a low price. Crocheted holders sell rapidly but never seem to bring as much money as the work on them warrants. Pillow cases are beautiful and practical, but dresser scarfs and doilies are slow moving.

Babies and small children's garments are always wanted. Little smocked dresses in dainty colors appeal to mothers and grandmothers alike. Needless to say, our members make these with deep hems and wide seams, for their wearers in the tricycle set grow very fast. Tiny sweaters, soakers and booties, and bright mittens for older youngsters are always produced by our knitters.

Some of our members dress dolls and get as much fun from the sewing as little mothers get from their new babies. Separate doll clothes do not sell; it seems they are always the wrong size. One plan is popular, however. Women who want dressed dolls buy the dolls and hand them to the committee to be turned into babies, school girls, and even brides, with marvelous wardrobes.

Our Christmas stockings make a desirable novelty. These are cut of white outing flannel in the shape of a child's stocking, perhaps fifteen inches long. At the top is a bright red cuff cut in points, to each of which a bell is sewn; a loop for hanging is added. Little people love to own these in order to hang them for Santa year after year.

It should be borne in mind that in every article up-to-date styles and a new look are most important. Try to display things as prettily as possible, too. The individual items should not be too expensive because most of them are sold for gifts and, in our town at least, many people want to spend two or three dollars (or less) for each name on the list.

The plant room burgeons with Christmas spirit. There are rooted slips in plain pots and in little fancy containers, big well-grown plants too, and bulbs just ready to burst into

bloom; all cultivated by women who boast a green thumb. Many give surplus vases and accessories used in flower arranging. Then there are the home decorations. Best liked are the sprays of pine or juniper dressed with bows of red oilcloth and giant cones. These sell for about a dollar and appear on front doors all over town. Huge pine cones do not grow in our middle section of the country, but there is sure to be a friend in the far west who can send them. Wreaths of evergreen are beautiful but are so much work to make that they must sell for more money than many people are willing to spend. Table centerpieces featuring evergreens with candles are lovely.

We always obtain at wholesale beautiful sprays of holly which we love to buy to fasten on our coats. Little buttonhole bouquets of evergreen with tiny cones make an irresistible display. In fact, everything having to do with flowers and Christmas greens can be found in the plant room.

Do you wonder about the wonder shop? This is filled mostly with used articles, but is in no sense a rummage sale as everything is put in perfect condition, repainted and in every way made good as new. High chairs, cribs, children's swings and chairs, scooters and tricycles, skates, lawn games: in fact, everything that becomes a white elephant in one family will be highly prized by another. Lamps, book ends, bric-a-brac and odd dishes, everything which cannot be otherwise classified becomes stock for the wonder shop.

From eleven until two the shop serves its guests. The meal is a lunch originally planned for business girls but patronized widely by business men, too. The heavy dinners of years ago met with disfavor and were too expensive for many. Now a meal is served daintily on a single plate. Here is last year's menu; meat balls with hot tomato sauce, stuffed baked potato, lettuce with thousand island dressing, rolls, relishes and coffee. Cookies (donated by committee members) were passed for dessert. Needless to say, all foods are prepared by the committee in charge and have that home-cooked flavor which is such a delightful change to young men and women who must otherwise patronize restaurants.

When lunch is over the tea room committee continues to serve tea, coffee and cookies throughout the afternoon for a silver offering.

No one pretends that market day is easy and effortless. A year's planning culminates in one day of hard labor at arranging and another hard day of selling. Still, the fellowship found in working together and the achievement of financial success are ample compensation for the time and energy spent.

Ed. Note: On the recipe page you will find two of the dishes that have proven to be highly popular with the people who patronize the luncheon that Mrs. Alghren discusses. Give them a try in your community this winter.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I have written to you many, many times, but never before under these circumstances. Yesterday was the day I had set aside to write my letter to you, but it was Saturday and Kristin was home, so when she asked me if I could help her make some gingerbread boys to take to school to the children, I couldn't turn her down. This morning Mrs. Johnson and Bernie wanted Kristin and me to go to a family reunion dinner with them, and when I said I couldn't go because I simply had to get my Kitchen-Klatter letter in the mail today, they said I could just shut myself up in a room and write it here, so that is just what I'm doing.

I can't remember when I have ever seen so much food as was on the table this noon here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Crooks near Lacona, Iowa. Mrs. Crooks is a niece of Mother Johnson. Those here for the dinner today were Mrs. Johnson and her three sisters, their children and their families. We have had a beautiful fall day, and I am glad I came along because I met members of the family today for the first time.

I was so happy to get to attend the Harvest Jubilee in Shenandoah and meet so many of our Kitchen-Klatter readers. Kristin and Juliana were terribly disappointed that they didn't get to be in the children's parade, but we have promised them that next year we will plan for it in advance and get them jiggled up in some kind of a costume so that they can march in the parade. Kristin even suggested that we could get her doll buggy all decorated and take it down on the train with us.

The last time I wrote to you I had two baskets of cucumbers waiting for me, so now I'll tell you what I did with them. I made thirty pints of bread and butter pickles, my favorites, using the recipe mother always uses which is in the October 1947 K. K. I had never made pickles before and I think Frank was a little skeptical about the way they would taste, but I really surprised myself almost as much as him when they turned out to be delicious. The others I made into sweet pickles and what a job that is! It seems to me that all I got done for twelve days was fool with those pickles, pouring stuff off and pouring stuff on. But they are awfully good and now I think it was worth it.

I wonder how many of you have started picking corn? Frank has started, and I have never seen such beautiful ears of corn as he has been bringing in. This is the first full crop we have had since moving to the farm, and it looks mighty good to us. The first two years we were flooded out, as you will remember.

You are probably wondering how Kristin likes school by this time, and I am happy to report that she is very enthusiastic about it. We are very fortunate in having a wonderful teacher this year, and she makes school so interesting that a child couldn't help but love it. I'll have to tell you some-



Kristin is wearing the dress that won the blue ribbon at the Iowa State Fair. It is made of blue-dotted swiss and is smocked to the waist in white, both in back and in front. Tiny rosebuds are scattered through the smocking, and all in all it is a beautiful dress.

thing that happened the other day. Kristin is very fond of this strained fruit they have for babies, so I bought a few cans of it and put it in a little jar for her lunch. The first night when I washed out her lunch box things I asked her if she ate all her fruit and she said she ate what was left after she let all the other children taste it. I asked her if they all ate out of her spoon and she said, "OH NO, Mamma, they just stuck their fingers down in the jar and licked them off."

I suppose you have all started your fall house cleaning and most of you probably have it all done by this time, and I haven't even started. I had thought I was going to get so much done when Kristin started to school, but honestly, I can't seem to get organized and get anything done! One of my troubles is that I have so many things that need doing, and so many things I want to do, that I don't know where to start. I think I'll get started in the kitchen tomorrow by washing the kitchen curtains. There is quite a bit of painting that needs doing in the kitchen, and I would like to get that done while I can still have the kitchen door open and the paint smell won't be quite so bad.

I am ashamed to say that the only bit of sewing I have done this month was to get the plaid gingham dress finished and make Mary Jane, the doll, one just like it, and to let down hems in a few old dresses. When I saw how many dresses I took off their hangers this past week and put away in a box to be saved for Mary Leanna, Kristin's closet actually looked bare for the first time and I realized with a shock that I had to get down to action instead of just talking about making her some new dresses.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "This year our big family dinner is to be held at my home on Thanksgiving Day and I would like to have you settle a problem for me. I should make it clear at the outset that this is the first time our family dinner has not been held at my parents' home but they are both past eighty and decided that from now on it should be held at the home of one of the children—there are five of us. My problem is this: as long as I can remember my parents have asked the minister of our church and his family to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us. They've always accepted too and consequently we've never had a dinner without them. During this past year we've changed ministers at our church and both my husband and I feel no interest in this new man and do not wish to have him, with his family, at our home on Thanksgiving Day. Now can I freely go ahead and plan without asking them, or do you feel that the long-standing family tradition should be respected and that the day would be spoiled for my parents if we failed to have the minister? I will appreciate your opinion."—Ill.

ANS: I believe that this is a case where ones own personal feelings should be relegated to the background. When your Mother gave up having Thanksgiving dinner in her own home she probably felt that never again would things be the same. Well, if you break a tradition that is evidently of great importance to them you will be confirming her feeling that the old days are over and gone beyond recall. On the other hand, if you carry on just as she did she will be happy in the realization that nothing has really changed except that it's more convenient for the girls to manage the dinner. There won't be a great many more Thanksgiving dinners when her feelings will need to be considered. Later you can do as you wish about the problem.

QUES: "Do you think that young people should be required to stay at home on Thanksgiving Day? We used to have wonderfully happy times when our three children were small, and with other small cousins they spent a fine afternoon when dinner was over. Now they want to tear off the minute we've finished eating and it just spoils the day for us. Do you think I should forbid them to go to the football game this year, or just what would you do?"—Ia.

ANS: I agree that in the days before football games were played on Thanksgiving we all had much pleasanter times and I'm certain that young people enjoyed themselves without tearing off, as you put it. However, I've learned that if you forbid young people to do what all of the others are doing it only leads to sullen resentment—if they stay at home in that frame of mind the day is spoiled anyway. It seems to me that unless enough pressure is brought to bear by some community groups to schedule the closing football game for another time (and I can't imagine this happening) you'll just have to accept it as something that can't be helped.

IN THE HOLIDAY MOOD

By Mabel Nair Brown

To dress up your mince pies for the holiday table, use a small turkey or chicken cookie cutter to make cut-outs in the top crust before putting it on the pie.

Cunning place favors for the table which will delight both young and old can be made from various fruits, nuts and candies. Try making an elephant orange. With a sharp paring knife carve just through the skin on either side of the orange to form the large ears. With your fingers pull the skin away from the orange so the ears stand out. Just below and between the ears stick two whole cloves to make the eyes. Well below the eyes carve a narrow triangle through the skin so you can pull it out to make the trunk. You can curl it back and roll it around a tiny stick of candy for a more realistic touch. Cut orange gum drops to make the elephant's feet and legs.

Penguin prunes are certainly very attractive too. Slit the prune lengthwise on one side and remove the pit. Insert a piece of fluffy marshmallow to make the white "front" on the penguin. Tiny bits of marshmallows make the eyes at the narrow end of the prune, and pieces of marshmallow make the "flappers" on each side. Dried navy beans make the stubby feet.

A prune also makes the body of a black cat with a black gumdrop head. A bit of powdered sugar icing is used to trace big white eyes, mouth and whiskers. Black gumdrops are cut up to make the feet, ears and the tail, or the tail can be of black paper. Your imagination will suggest many ideas for laugh provoking animals to march around your holiday table in a most festive air.

If the family is coming to your home this year for the Thanksgiving dinner, of course you will want to put your best foot forward.

Polish up the silver, shine up the extra glasses and dishes you will use. Check the guest towels and table linens to be sure they are clean and ready to use. On this big occasion you will really want to glamorize your table, so do get out your best china, silver and linen. By the way, if there are small children why not seat them at small card tables within seeing distance of the adults? That way Mother can keep an eye on them and the children will feel more at ease and have more fun together than at the dining table.

It is wise to do every bit of shopping that you can in advance. If you have a refrigerator and some of the plastic bags, a big share of the food can be prepared, at least partially prepared, from one to four or five days ahead, thus avoiding that last minute confusion. Then you can give your undivided attention to Mr. Turkey on Thanksgiving morning.

Above all be of a happy heart and enjoy every moment of the festivities, take time to enjoy the beautiful fall season and to breathe your own little special prayer of thanksgiving.



This picture was taken during the Jubilee that was held in Shenandoah in September. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Richardson of Maryville, Mo., are standing at the left, Edythe Stirlen is at the right, and Mart and Margery are behind me.

PRAYER AND YOUR CHILD

By Mabel Nair Brown

"God is great and God is good,
We will thank Him for this food.
By his hand we all are fed,
Give us Lord, our daily bread.

Amen."

The Thanksgiving season which is approaching, followed by Christmas within a few weeks, offers an excellent opportunity for enriching the spiritual life of your child.

A child and his religion should grow up together. It is not something to be put off until he grows old enough to understand all of its phases, for our religion grows with our years, taking on new meaning with each added year.

What is the basic principle of our religious life Isn't it love? And the child is aware of love from almost the first day of his life. From earliest infancy he is aware of the love of his parents for him; the love of the members of his family for one another. His first picture cards at Sunday School will carry such memory verses as "God is love" or "Love thy neighbor." The prayers the parents breathe in gratitude for their little ones well-being will give the baby his first impression of his Creator.

From the time the toddler begins to poke inquisitive fingers into his own small universe he can be guided gently into a realization of God's part in his daily life. It is but a step more to simple prayers coached in the baby tongue . . . "Thank you, God, for the pretty flower" and other factors in his everyday world—the shining moon, the soft grass on the lawn, a soft clean bed or a new toy.

Probably the first blessing the child learns to appreciate is food and it should be almost a natural sequence to say a little grace at mealtime as an expression of gratitude for God's goodness. If there is more than one child in the family, they should take turns saying the table grace.

It is wise to have the youngster memorize a brief verse for the mealtime grace, but for the bedtime prayer your child should be encouraged to voice his own individual thoughts. By casual suggestion and

example the parent can guide the child's thoughts along the desired channels and provide a prayer pattern.

It is indeed a wise parent who begins to teach the child at an early age to look for the good in everybody and in the world about him—that a joyful heart is a happy heart—and to offer thanks to his Heavenly Father for his blessings and for his friends.

Surely one of the most cherished memories a parent may have is that of his child with head bowed in prayer.

Evening Prayer

"Jesus, tender Shepherd hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb tonight,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe 'till morning light.
All this day Thy hand hast led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer."
—Amen

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933. Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa, for October, 1948. State of Iowa
County of Page, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared S. W. Driftmier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. That the owner is: Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa; Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa; M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa; Lucille Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa; S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

S. W. Driftmier, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1948.

(Seal) Florence E. Gee, Notary Public.
(My Commission expires July 5, 1951.)



FOR THE CHILDREN

EASY CHEEZY

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One fall morning when the sun was as round and yellow as a bowl of soft butter, Cheezy Fieldmouse met his cousin Bartholemew on the meadow.

"Come on, Bartholemew," he said, "let's go down to the creek to play."

"Oh, no, I can't today," said his cousin. "Don't you know that winter is coming? I must store up enough corn and grain to last me all winter, and you had better do the same."

"Pshaw, Cousin, I'm not going to be bothered like that. When winter comes, I will simply crawl back into the farmer's house like I did last year, and there I shall spend the winter, all snug and full."

"Some day you will get fooled, Cheezy. I thought you said that last spring the farmer's wife started to bait the traps with cheese. You know that you cannot resist cheese. You will probably lose your head before spring comes."

"Oh, well," said Cheezy, "if you do not want to play with me, I will go and visit with Sally Flufftail, the squirrel."

"She will be too busy to talk with you, too," warned Bartholemew. Then he picked up his mouthful of corn and scurried away. Cheezy skipped along the meadow until he came to a big handsome oak at the edge of the timber. There, high up in the tree he could see Sally sweeping her front porch.

"Hi, Sally," he called. "Come on, let's go down to the creek to play".

Sally stopped sweeping for a moment. "Oh, no," she said, "I can't go with you today. My mother is busy storing nuts in the attic, and my father has gone to the corn field to find some grain. I must stay and clean up the house a bit."

"Well," said Cheezy, "I guess I shall just have to play by myself." So that is exactly what he did. All fall while the other mice and squirrels and their little animal folk friends gathered food, Cheezy just played and scampered around the meadow. Then one night Mr. Cold Blast breathed a chilly breeze into his home.

"Brrrrrr!" shivered Cheezy. "Tomorrow I will go into the farmer's house!"

The next morning Cheezy arose bright and early and hurried to the farmer's house. What a surprise he had! His home was no longer there, for the farmer had nailed a board very securely across his doorway.

How Cheezy did work that day! He didn't even stop for lunch, he was so busy. He made twenty-three trips to the corn field, and each time he re-

turned with his mouth tucked as full of corn as he could get it. That night while Cheezy slept, the Sky Fairies danced over the clouds, and the snow fell slowly and silently to the ground. By morning the doorway of Cheezy's home was covered with deep white piles.

Cheezy knew the moment that he awoke that he would gather no more corn that year. Slowly he began to count the grains that he had stored the day before—one, two, three, four. He had exactly 94 grains of corn. If he ate one a day, that would last until the first part of March.

"Surely by then," mused Cheezy, "the snow will be off the ground and I can find something else to eat." Then Cheezy pulled in his belt just a little, for he knew that he was likely to feel pretty hungry by spring.

"Never again," he sighed, "will I try to find the easiest way out of my work. Because sometimes that turns out to be the hardest way, after all."



Pal, the huge St. Bernard, would make several of little Ronald Keith Sack, the small grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sack of South Bend, Nebraska.

MY DOG

I have a dog
—a brown-spotted dog,
He lies on a rug at my feet.
He drinks from a dish
—a blue speckled dish,
His feet and his fur are so neat.

He never says "No!"
When I ask him to move,
My dog will not fuss or complain
And when I must work
He will lie by the door
And await me and playtime again.
—Myrtle E. Felkner.

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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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LADIES: Send us your sewing scissors, we will Hollow Ground, sharpen and put on a high polish. They will cut and look as good as new. One pair 50¢. Two pair or more 40¢ each, postpaid. Clipper blades, 65¢ pair. Electric or hand. Nail nippers 60¢. Cuticle scissors 60¢. Established since 1914. Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Ia.

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FOR SALE: Large sized pieced Dresden Plate circles, ready to put on your quilt. Fast colors. State center color wanted, each circle 25¢ ea. P. P. Order now. G. C. Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

FOR SALE: Plaster Made items with plastic finish. Book-Ends, Wall Plaques, all kinds. Figures, all kind, animal plaques, also Statues for What-Nots. Lovely gifts the year round. Send post card for prices at once. Geneva C. Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

XMAS ORDERS, taken for tatted handkerchiefs and other ladies hobbies. Mrs. Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

FOR SALE: Jersey Loop, Hand-woven pot-holders, and Hot Plate mats. Assorted colors, 6x6 in. 4 for \$1, P. P. By 8 yr. old boy. Billy Lee Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

FOR SALE: Cloth dolls, felt Penguins, stuffed animal toys for all ages of youngsters. Xmas rush on now. Send card for prices etc., at once. Can fill all orders to November 29 for Xmas. Geneva Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

HEALTH BOOKLET, Nurse explains why some food cause trouble, may bring pain to arthritis joints, overweight, many health questions answered, 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS. Illustrated booklet 35¢. (Coin). Mayme Gale, Longmont, Colo.

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE. (Small and med. with peplum or pockets; large with sweetheart neckline) by sending your measurements, 3 buttons, 3 feed sacks and \$1.50. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. St., Belleville, Kans.

A SPECIAL GIFT FOR HER, 2 inch Pin decorated with tiny shells, formed into flowers—pastel colors \$1 ea. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

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WONDERFUL RECIPE: Nut Date cake excellent Christmas Gift. 20¢ coin and stamped envelope. L. Marlow, 922 1st Ave., So., St. James, Minn.

DOLL CLOTHES. Good materials, lace, fur trimmings. Dresses, coats, bonnets, hats, slips, sun suits, pajamas, housecoats, bunnies. Write for prices. Virginia Thomas, Rt. 1, Rockport, Mo.

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

\$100 PRIZE CHOCOLATE CAKE. Delicious apple dumplings. Prize fruit salad dressing. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

WANTED: Franklin School Readers, First, Second, Third years. State price. Ellen Lallman, West Point, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED RUFFLED DOILIES, any color, \$2. Aprons \$4. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

CROCHET ORDERS TAKEN: Chair sets, aprons, linen handkerchiefs, doilies, dresser scarfs. Write for prices. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Mrs. D. E. Clark, 423 Benton, Boone, Ia.

GIFTS: Gorgeous crocheted wool yarn davenport pillows containing 12 different colors. Rare stitch, 16 in. diameter, plus fringe. Lined, ready to stuff. Words cannot describe their beauty. Blue and rose green, and rose; or brown and yellow combinations, \$5 ea. Ladies gored bibless aprons with contrasting plain colored bottoms of blue, rose, green, red, yellow, brown, maroon or lavender. Rick-rack trimmed. Feed sack material \$1.10. Print \$1.35. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Ia.

APRONS: Band 75¢ with bibs, \$1 to \$1.50. Clothes pin like girls dress, \$1.10. Embroidered pillow cases girls dress, \$1.10. Others \$4. Embroidered tea towels, 7 \$3.25. Laura Fuss, 1920 "O" Street, Ord, Nebr.

SEWING EXPERIENCED: Ladies dress, \$1.50 up. Childs \$1. Aprons 50¢. Pajamas \$1. Nightgowns, 75¢. Rug Weaving \$1.10 per yd. Send materials to Mrs. Alfred Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Ia.

HAND CROCHET BABY SETS: \$4 for plain. Fancy set \$6, a \$15 set in Dept. Stores. ea. have 4 pcs. Made to order for color. Mrs. Walter Lile, Waterbury, Nebr.

XMAS ORDERS: Scripture text or Kiddie Stationery, 24 sheets, 12 envelopes, 29¢ package, postpaid. Firestone Velon plastic ruffled tea aprons. Colors: red, yellow, blue, green, peach, 59¢ postpaid. Mrs. Harvey Kruse, Parkersburg, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED DRESSER SCARF, \$2. Two autumn leaf holders 35¢. Six cote holders (each different) \$1. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Ia.

"MOTHER-DAUGHTER" APRONS: Mother's sizes small and medium. Daughter's sizes one to three. Set \$2.25. Clothspin bags resembling girls dress, \$1.25 Excellent gifts. Marcelene Conner, 106 N. Third, Indianola, Iowa.

CROCHETED PINWHEEL BEDSPREAD, \$65. Christmas fancy work list, 8¢. Carriage rattle \$1. Vera Lachlet, Janesville, Minn.

FOR SALE: Hand made shell brooches all shapes, \$2.25. Shell earrings, \$1.50. Mrs. Vernon Tyler, 1418 Grover, Lynden, Wash.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTHES, Holders, Aprons, Chair Sets, Doilies, Pillowcases, etc. Mrs. Delbert Alm, Adams, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED GIFTS: Handkerchiefs, fancy corner and edge, cotton 60¢ linen \$1. State color. Powder puff crocheted top 35¢. Pineapple dish cloth colored trim 75¢. Pineapple doilies round 17 in. \$2.50 11 in. \$1.10 8 in. 65¢. 12 in. pineapple and fan, \$1.25. 18 in. oval \$2. All white. Mrs. E. W. Timmerman Rt. 5, Decatur, Ill.

SEQUIN PINS AND EARRINGS, for Christmas. Write for descriptions and prices. Mrs. Will Spencer, Whiting, Kans.

WHITE CROCHETED LACE, for 42 in. pillow cases, \$2 per pair. Ad good rest of year. Mrs. Harry Parry, Atalissa, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted loopy dolls, \$2, dogs, \$1. Baby boots \$1, 4 piece baby sets \$5. Mrs. G. Page, Box 574, Boone, Ia.

PETTICOAT PLATES: (gaily painted china plate plaques) Two in a set for \$1.98. State color. Mrs. Vanderlinden, 103 1/2 4th Ave., W. Oskaloosa, Ia.

LOVELY DRESSED SOCK DOLLS, \$1. Mrs. Lew Carter, Sergeant Bluff, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, with two toned tatted corner and edge \$1 ea. Any color. Mrs. Earl Prall, Mt. Sterling, Ia.

DO YOU WANT TO RECEIVE WEEKLY LETTERS, from someone living in Alaska? Interesting, Exciting, Adventurous, Informative, Wholesome. Pictorial stationery. 5 for \$1. Mrs. O. R. Haynes, Box 558, Wrangell, Alaska.

ORDERS TAKEN: Basket holders; pansy doilies, 9 to 13 in. book marks; hot pads, buffet sets, table cloth, 56x72, chair sets, pineapple. Jennie Smith, Sully, Ia.

PEKINGESE YARN DOGS, \$1. Sequin bead neck scarf, \$2, head scarf \$2.50, Clothes pin bag to represent little girls dress, \$1. Glida Palmer, Derby, Ia.

CROCHETED WOOL 4 PIECE BABY SETS. \$4.50 Shoulderette and booties set \$2. Nice doilies, \$1.75 and \$2. Nicely embroidered part linen tea towels, 65¢ ea. set of seven week-days \$4.25. Refer to September ad for other articles. Mrs. Gertrude M. Burton, Rt. 2, Orleans, Indiana.

WANT STAY-ON-THE-FOOT COMFORT, with a heel strap scuff? Try these quilted, washable NICKES, trimmed in red, green, or blue. Give shoe size, color, and enclose \$1.50. NICKES, Box 412, Fremont, Nebr.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY CHAIR SETS, \$4. Two sets, \$7, pineapple, in the wings white and ecru. Crocheted coffee table doilies, oval pineapple 22x15, 20x12, white \$3, doilies whirly pineapple 23 inches across, white \$4. Always on hand. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

WANTED: Embroidery work to do, or quilts to piece. Miss Edith D. Travis, Sidney, Ia.

ALL KINDS OF EXTRA HAIR PIECES, made of your own hair. Switches, transformations, puffs, to order or will furnish hair to match. Mrs. N. S. Stewart, 4508 Izard Street, Omaha, Nebr.

CROCHETED RICK-RACK LACE, for pillowcases \$1 pr. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisc.

SPECIAL, 20 sheets, 20 envelopes, 20 personalized post-cards, all printed with your name and address, postpaid \$1. A FREE GIFT given with each order. Midwest Stationery F-7 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

CROCHETED BABY SWEATER SETS, blue, pink, white \$6. Sweaters \$3.50 Crochet edged Hankies, 75¢, \$1. Mrs. L. Lauritsen, 5356 Neva, Chicago, Ill.

SEWING WANTED: Ladies print dress, \$1.50 childrens \$1. Aprons 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1300 E. 28th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

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SEND 25¢ FOR EACH RECIPE, and stamped envelope if you have been looking for truly wonderful recipes for fruitcake, or mince meat. Mrs. Eldon Hauck, Seward, Nebr.

CARDS, and extraordinary fine every-day assortment embossed with ribbons, ties, all birthday, all get well, \$1 a box ea. postpaid. Gay wrapping paper and stationery. Write Melba Hoffschneider, Rt. 2, Box 63, Waco, Nebr.

LIBERTY 24-PIECE SET STAINLESS STEEL TABLEWARE. Consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons. Attractively designed, bright finish, and heavy enough to be substantial. Will look well continuously and last indefinitely. Requires no special care. Made by very large, well known manufacturer of tableware. Every home can use this set, \$7.00 postpaid. Address orders attention, Kathryn A. Ross, Henry Field Jewelry Dept., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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NICE GIFTS: Hand painted tea towels, lunch cloths, table cloths, dresser scarfs, doilies, davenport and chair sets and aprons. Write for new reduced prices and also my variety of new designs. Alvina M. Parker, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

GIRLS SKIRTS, dresses, coats. A-1 condition. Write. Mrs. Stipp, Oakland, Nebr.

WANTED—Tear Drop Drawer Pulls. Cow cream pitchers. Mrs. W. A. Johnson, Kiron, Iowa.

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All of these make wonderful gifts. Price is postpaid. Be sure to mention shade wanted, in ordering Powder Base or Face Powder.

EXTRA SPECIAL—On all orders of \$3.00 or more, we send you FREE a bottle of wonderful Essence of Pine Needle. Put a drop of it on a light bulb or other hot surface and it fills the room with a lovely pine fragrance. It's the real Christmas atmosphere of Frankincense and Myrrh!

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NOVEMBER DECORATIONS

By Wilma Ward Taylor

November is here! This month nature provides us with endless materials for decorating, and with just a little time and originality a delightful decoration may be yours. Fall leaves are just in their fullest array of color, and wouldn't it be fun to keep them this way? Here are three methods of preserving them:

A—Use of Glycerine.

1. Select leaves of brilliant coloring and interesting shapes. 2. Press the leaves with a warm iron to preserve the color. 3. Soak the leaves in a solution of one part glycerine to nine parts water. 4. When the leaves are thoroughly soaked, remove from solution and press between blotters or papers.

This method will not only preserve the color and keep the leaves flexible, but if cared for properly they may be used for a long time.

B—Parafilm Method.

1. Select choice leaves with desired colors wanted. 2. Heat parafilm, then dip leaves in quickly but carefully. 3. Lay on paper or blotters to dry.

This method of preservation will not last as long as the glycerine method, but is very effective.

C—Shellac Method.

This method is effective if you are decorating a large banquet hall or large room where the leaves will not be inspected closely, but an effect is desired. To do this take a branch of leaves or single leaves and give them a light coat of shellac, to which a small amount of rapid-dry enamel (red, green, yellow) has been added. This will give the leaves a brilliant and permanent finish. For table decorations a small amount of gold powder may be used in clear shellac to add a sparkling luster.

November brings us Thanksgiving, and along with their favorite menu every family enjoys a decoration of some kind on their table or buffet. Centerpieces—

1. "Mayflower" centerpiece—Select a Hubbard squash which most resembles a ship. Make white sails from stiff cloth or paper and fasten to an eight to ten-inch stick or dowel. Place the pole in the squash so that the ship will look balanced. Place the "ship" on a round or oblong mirror and it will be ready to sail. Clothes pins, paper cut outs or pipe stem dolls, dressed like Pilgrims will be in place around the mirror, or may be used as favors at each plate. Candles in acorn squash holders add a nice note to your decoration.

2. "Horn of Plenty" centerpiece—A display of fruits and vegetables is always a welcome sight and serves as a center piece and after dinner "eats"

as well. A Horn of Plenty may be made from reed, light weight cardboard, or crepe paper over a wire frame. This decoration is nice on a mirror because the various fruits and vegetables will reflect their brilliant colors and will make a pretty sight. The use of the shellaced gold tinted leaves at the base will add color and comment.

Favors are always appreciated, especially if they are hand made, so in keeping with this decoration and season, acorn nutcup favors will make a sure hit.

Acorn Favors—

1. Select large acorn shells. 2. Wash and brush the shells and cut the bottom off so that they will sit straight. 3. While still damp brush the fringe around the top, leaving the cup clear. 4. Let dry, and add a "kiss" from Jack Frost by tinting the fringe with shellac and gold powder. 5. Glue acorn on to a colorful preserved leaf. 6. Fill the acorn cup with nuts or small candies and place one at each guests plate.

LETTERS WE ENJOYED

"It was during the depression years when jobs were hard to get and poorly paid that most mothers of large families really had to put on their thinking caps and plan ahead for Thanksgiving Day and all the many days of winter which followed. Fortunately gardens yielded abundantly in those years and many little hands were willing to help in their care and harvesting.

"To many such mothers the thought of pioneer parents came to mind. We were living on the same good earth, so why not try to find out what our grandmothers did in times of little money but an abundance of food? We found that they knew how to store vegetables for the winter, keeping them fresh for many months. Fruits were dried, also sweet corn and sometimes pumpkins. Usually there was native fruit along rivers or streams in the woods, and those who had an apple orchard had cider mills and made their own vinegar. And many were the exchanges of food products between friends.

"So in a way we mothers were pioneers for we were adventuring a long strange paths. This was a time when old recipes in old cook books were scanned, and we learned how to save and conserve our food. We learned how to make hominy from our corn, how to sulphur apples, how to preserve eggs in water glass or oats. Smoke houses were in evidence; sometimes beef was dried, and sorghum was boiled down in large kettles.

"We now are fortunate to live in days when modern conveniences help us save food, but in those days there were none, and even had they been on the market there would have been no money with which to buy them. But one thing we know: as long as the harvest is good, means will always be supplied for a Thanksgiving."—Mary Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

15 Reprints from any size negatives, 50¢ pp. Roll film developed and printed, 30¢ pp.

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Box 67

Shenandoah, Iowa

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Includes three popular items, as follows: A regular size jar of GLORI FLUFF Shampoo; An introductory size jar of La Dana Hair Cream; and a full dram of really fine Floral perfume . . . What a Gift! It's all for \$1, postpaid. And if you order THREE or more of these Dollar Offers, you get ONE bottle of wonderful Extract of Pine Needle, FREE (see note below).

SPECIAL \$3 CHRISTMAS OFFER—

A full pound of GLORI FLUFF Shampoo, (\$4 value) packed in a beautiful plastic utility dish (with cover) and in addition a generous size bottle of concentrated Extract of Pine Needle. It's yours, postpaid, for \$3.

A drop or two of La Dana's Extract of Pine Needle, placed on a hot surface, such as a light bulb or stove, gives off the wonderful aromatic fragrance of a pine or spruce forest. It's the real old-time Christmas fragrance of Frankincense and Myrrh . . . makes real holiday atmosphere.

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