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Photo by Verness

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

It is still quite early in the morning, and I've just come in from the garden where I spent almost an hour drinking in all the beauty of this glorious June day. As I sat there I found some of my favorite lines by James Russell Lowell going through my mind, and I think I'll quote them right here—no doubt many of you learned them in school and possibly haven't run across them in recent times.

"Oh what is so rare as a day in June?

Then if ever come perfect days!

When heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Whether we look or whether we listen

We hear life murmur or see it glisten,

Every clod feels the stir of might . . .

An instinct within it that reaches and towers

And groping blindly above it for light

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers"

It seems to me that the gardens in our section have never been so lovely as they are this June. Regardless of which direction you drive from Shenandoah these days you can see rows and rows of growing perennials, plants, shrubs and trees that eventually will go to the very corners of the earth. Almost any town of comparable size has one chief industry, and I must say that I think we're mighty fortunate people to have as our industry the big nurseries that surround us on every side.

My rose garden has really surpassed itself this summer. Thus far the most beautiful showing has been made by "Crimson Glory" with "Herbert Hoover" running a close second. We've had bowl after bowl filled with lovely blooms for I learned long ago that roses should be picked frequently—that's one of the sure guarantees that your plants will bloom profusely.

I can remember my mother making wonderful smelling rose jars every summer, and I want to start one soon. Roses that are to be used for this purpose should be picked in the morning, allowed to dry out thoroughly and

then placed in a covered jar. A little oil of clove or annis root should be added, or perhaps you may feel like sparing a little perfume for this purpose if you have some of fine quality.

Mart and I feel that this is just about the happiest summer we've ever known. We're in good health, able to take care of our work, and we realize how fortunate we are to have four of our five grandchildren right at hand where we can enjoy them and watch them grow. As I write this I'm looking down into the corner of the garden where Emily is sitting in her little jumper chair in the sunshine, Martin is filling a small bucket with tiny rocks and pebbles, and Juliana and Kristin are playing on the teeter-totter. The youngsters have gotten so much pleasure out of the play equipment that their Grandpa Driftmier purchased for them in late spring. They spend endless happy hours on the swings, teeter-totter and trapeze rings. Next summer Emily will be trying to pull herself up on the bottom rung of the little ladder, but this summer she is contented just to sit in the jumper-chair and watch the others while her mother runs to town for groceries.

Recently we five Field sisters had a happy birthday gathering in honor of Sue. We met at Helen Fischer's house at noon, enjoyed a good meal, and then went out into the garden to have pictures taken. You'll see one of them on another page of this issue. Helen told all of us that we could only "get in" for the birthday luncheon if we brought with us a picture of an old boy friend, and since we're all past sixty now and have been married for many years, you can imagine how far back we had to dig to turn up a picture. It certainly made for a lot of good laughs.

When this reaches you we will be in the midst of our family reunion. It won't be long now until we drive to Omaha to meet Frederick, Betty and little Mary Leanna who are coming from Honolulu. Their present plans call for spending about a week here before they go on to visit Betty's family at Ashaway, Rhode Island.

June 24th will see Kristin celebrating her sixth birthday, and then on the 25th Mart and I will celebrate our thirty-sixth wedding anniversary and all of our children and grand-children

will be here for this occasion. We hope to get pictures that can be shared with you, although we realize that it will be quite a job to get all eighteen people in one group. Next month I'll be able to give you full details on our reunion.

With such a crowd in the house I'll be doubly grateful for my rehabilitated kitchen. Those of you who've called on us in days gone by were no doubt struck by the fact that our kitchen was decidedly inconvenient. We kept putting off major changes, but this spring the time finally arrived when we didn't feel like "putting off" any longer.

Now we have a new sink (equipped with garbage disposer and automatic dishwasher) under the north windows. Flanking this on one side is our electric stove, and then on the other side we had cupboards built in along the north and continuing on around the east wall. To get this space we had to convert a seldom used window into a door. Then by moving the refrigerator flush to the wall on the south side we had sufficient space for more cupboards, so at last there is actually a place to put everything. I've had inadequate cupboards for years and it seems grand to have enough room for dishes, groceries and pots and pans.

Things actually worked out so that Dorothy and Kristin could spend the summer with us. Dorothy works very hard on her various courses so we don't really see much of her except at the table. Kristin has had a fine time playing with Juliana and Martin, and has kept going at such a pace that she doesn't have time to wonder why her mother is always studying.

Donald will be home only on June 25th for he is now winding up his engineering courses at Ames. He expects to get his degree in August, and his plans beyond that haven't been made.

Lucile and Russell are taking their vacation right in their own yard this year. They have a beautiful rose garden that they're enjoying, and spend most evenings working outside. Wayne and Abigail are also busy with their flowers, getting a new foundation under the house, and a dozen other things.

This must be all for it is time to think about getting into the kitchen and making some dessert for dinner. I don't know what it will be today, but there are lemons on hand and I think that an old-fashioned lemon pie would taste good for a change.

Always your friend . . . Leanna.

COVER PICTURE

This picture always makes me feel cool on a hot summer's day, and more than once I've wished I could get in that boat and just have a lazy time. Juliana wanted me to be sure and explain that she is holding her big purple rabbit who has a fitting name—Rabbit Ears. Russell took this in March and the moss tells the story—yes, it is a Florida scene.

Come into the Garden

MIDSUMMER FLOWERS

By Mary Duncomb

During the summer months when we take advantage of the lull in gardening to catch up on other things it is pleasant to be able to cast even a brief look into the yard and get a glimpse of faithful summer flowers.

To me, Tiger Lilies spell summer. Their orange-red, black spotted recurved blooms seem able to withstand any amount of blistering sunshine. This may be due to their waxy appearance, but anyway they seem to defy almost any sort of summer weather—excepting hail. They may be used effectively in arrangements calling for bold displays of bloom where there is ample room to show them off, but don't make the mistake I once made of sending any to a hospital. It seems that the excessive amount of pollen they carry makes them unwelcome in a hospital room.

Tiger Lilies are so much a part of our American gardens that we often forget they are natives of China and Japan. I had come to look upon them as almost fool proof for our northern garden until all of mine were injured in the extreme cold that we suffered in May a few years ago. At that time the soil was chilled to a depth that injured everything, my rugged lilies included. But after missing their cheerful bloom for several summers we are now enjoying them again. *Tigridium splendens* is our tall one, highly colored; *T. Flore-pleno*, semidouble, prolongs the blooming period.

Annuals certainly have a very definite place in the summer garden. They were probably planted when time was not taken up so fully by all the crowding summer tasks, and have gone on developing until now they greet us with seemingly no effort at all.

Not often seen for some reason, I know not why, is the lovely *Salpiglossis* — perhaps its clumsy name stands against it. But you may very correctly call it the Painted Tongue, which still does not seem to fit it as it should. Velvet flower might be better and more descriptive. One almost feels it is a bit of tapestry or a scrap of Grandmother's Paisley shawl, for its velvety blooms are richly veined and subtly blended in rich tones of blues, purples, yellows and reds. Originally these plants came from Chile. The trumpet-shaped flowers are borne on plants almost two feet high, and while they are not inclined to spread much, they may be encouraged to branch out by nipping out the tips of the young plants. They do best in part shade in a sandy soil. They are good to use as cut flowers and make very nice entries at flower shows. The seeds are very fine, but if planted in open soil they need a little special

care. If you enjoy growing annuals as winter house plants, take some up in the Fall and pot them as such.

I like blue in the summer garden. It looks cool and gives a sense of distance and space. Two very good perennials for this purpose are *Delphiniums* and *Platycodons*. The latter, especially, gives an ample spot of blue when grown in groups that are scattered throughout the border. Its bell-like flowers and puffed up buds have given it easily remembered names such as Chinese Bellflower and Balloon flower. It is so easily grown that there is no adequate excuse to be without it. The ones most generally seen in the average garden are *P. grandiflorum*, but there are dwarf varieties as well as white and pink varieties.

Delphiniums and the Golden Marguerite are both wonderful since they can withstand any amount of hot dry weather. And if you are very fortunate perhaps you are also enjoying the blues of midsummer penstemons, and just seeing them may make up to you the loss of a planned trip to the mountains or plains where they grow. Many times our flowers bring to us those far away places with the strange sounding names which we are unable to see because of duties at home. Often we can recapture moments of pleasure by enjoying the companionship of our garden flowers, for surely they have traveled far to bring us pleasure on a hot summer's day.

BEAUTY FOR JULY

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Hemerocallis means "beauty for a day" but it could also mean "beauty for the border", "beauty for difficult places and times", "beauty for vases", "beauty for July" — for there is beauty wherever *Hemerocallis* are planted.

The early-blooming varieties open blossoms in May and the latest fall-blooming kinds may get the tardiest of their buds blackened by a hard freeze. The varieties that are perhaps the most appreciated are the ones that bloom during midsummer when our borders are sadly in need of color, because most flowers are reluctant to bloom then on account of the heat and lack of moisture.

No attempt will be made to give variety names for seasons differ. Kinds that would be in bloom in a July garden in Northwest Missouri might be only in bud farther north or completely out of bloom farther south. Catalogs give good descriptions and we can each find kinds to fill our needs exactly. If we do not care for named ones, we can grow very fine ones from seeds and have dozens for the price of one or two plants.

Hemerocallis, or Daylilies as they are commonly called, may be set out at almost any time of year when the



This photograph of a *Hemerocallis White Lady*, a creamy yellow Daylily, was taken in Olga Tiemann's garden.

ground is in a workable condition, but when the weather is hot and dry, as it usually is in July, it is better to do our planting in a notebook. We can note which varieties are in bloom in our locality and which please us best and then obtain those kinds to plant when the weather turns more favorable for such work. It is difficult to decide whether the pale lemon ones are lovelier than the rich golden orange. Very interesting pink and rose tones are being developed as well as those bordering on purple. There are good red ones, striking bicolors and varieties with darker eye zonings. The width of petals differ. There are dwarf and tall plants, as well as those of medium height.

Plants with white, blue or yellow flowers make good companion plants for Daylilies. Not all of these bloom in July but in yellow the following are good: *Thermopsis*, *Isatis glauca*, *Cassia marilandica*, erect yellow *Buttercup*, *Sundrops*. For white blossoms: *Yucca*, *Babysbreath*, white forms of *Penstemons*, *Gladiolus*, *Phlox* and *Lilies*. In blue: *Peachleaf Campanula*, *Platycodon*, *Campanula americana*, and *Delphinium*.

Few pests bother *Hemerocallis*. They do not require as frequent dividing as some perennials do. They are not particular as to soil and location, growing either in sun or semi-shade. A background of green shrubbery or evergreen trees brings out the full beauty of the lighter colored ones but they grow and bloom just as abundantly without these stage fittings.

Daylilies are useful as cut flowers, too. Since each blossom lasts only a day, one must cut fresh blossoms each morning or cut an entire stem, and let the buds open from day to day. Either way they are a refreshing sight.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY

The spring of 1945 was a momentous time. Everyone's spirits soared immeasurably with the arrival of V-E day for it became plain that the end of the war was in sight. However, all such days are a feverish combination of tremendous joy and tragic grief—it sharpened the hope of countless families that their loved ones would be home before too long—and for other countless families it emphasized the fact that for their loved ones no homecoming could be anticipated. San Francisco was a sobered city on V-E day. All eyes had been turned out into the Pacific for so long that European events seemed remote and unreal.

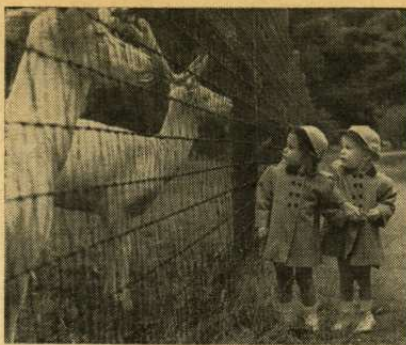
April brought the death of President Roosevelt, and regardless of what one's attitude had been towards his policies, there was no escaping the fact that all people in all places felt a quick, vivid sense of living through an historical event. We saw a great city come to a standstill, something almost unheard of when one considers the complexity of traffic and the chaos that results when the normal pattern is disrupted in any way. It is doubtful if we ever again see anything quite like that in our lifetime.

April also brought the initial meeting of the United Nations, and residents of San Francisco had a wonderful opportunity to "sit in" on history being made. We took Juliana and Kristin to see the magnificent display of flags that were flown in front of the great buildings where the conference was held, and regretted the fact that they were too young to remember what they had seen. Dorothy and I envied Russell his opportunity to see practically all of the distinguished foreign representatives, for he worked at Eastman's Kodak store and sooner or later they all wandered in to buy the two rolls of film allotted to each individual. Even Anthony Eden had to content himself with two rolls!

This reference to the United Nations Conference brings back to my mind an incident that touched us very much.

One Sunday morning just before the Conference was over, Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I took our little girls and drove out to the Redwood forest. We wanted to get pictures of those magnificent trees and we realized that we didn't have too much time left to see a few of the things that were important to us. Both of our families were beginning to make plans to return to Iowa as soon as the war was over, and from the handwriting on the wall it was plain to be seen that there might not be too much time left in California. And thus we made the trip over to the Redwood forest.

After we had spent a couple of hours walking through the forest we decided to stop at a little inn to get coffee (ice cream cones for the youngsters) and rest. While we were



Kristin and Juliana loved nothing more than a trip to Golden Gate Park, but they were sometimes alarmed by the animals and clutched at each other for comfort. This was the period when they looked like twins.

there a group of English women came in. They were delegates to the Conference and this was their only opportunity to see the redwood trees before they returned to England.

Kristin and Juliana made up with them immediately and, as parents do when their children talk to strangers, we joined in the conversation eventually. The English women were homesick, and although they said they had enjoyed every moment in California and were awe-stricken at the things they had seen, nevertheless they could scarcely wait for the next two or three days to pass so they could board a plane and fly eastward towards home. They talked with great animation about the things they were particularly eager to see at home, and they showed us with pride the redwood souvenirs they had purchased to take back to relatives and friends. We wished them a happy trip home, and the children waved goodbye over and over again.

Because of that pleasant encounter we were saddened to pick up the paper a few days later and read that their plane was lost at sea. It was the only plane, carrying Conference delegates, that failed to make home port, and when we remembered how wildly eager they had been to get back when we talked with them at the little inn in the forest, we read that item with deep regret.

June was a happy, happy month for Mother and Dad. Both Frederick and Wayne were with them at that time. The boys hadn't been together since they said goodbye in New York long ago when Frederick left for Egypt. In the intervening years they had each experienced a great deal, and naturally they talked long into the night, night after night. At this time their thoughts were often with Howard for he was on Okinawa, and fairly confident that the next major move would be an invasion of Japan.

On the first of July Frederick received orders to report in Omaha where he was sworn into the navy as a chaplain. He took care of all the business connected with this, returned to Shenandoah for a few days, and then left for Williamsburg, Virginia where he was scheduled to attend a school for chaplains that was held at William and Mary College.

Frederick was so eager to get into

the thick of things that it was hard for him to return to a classroom so shortly after he had finished his work at Yale. With his departure in July, the fourth star went on to the service flag that hung in the living room window at home.

Shortly before Frederick went away, Wayne received orders to report to Denver for duty in the department of finance at Fitzsimons General Hospital. Denver was one of his favorite places, and after three years and a half in the Pacific it wasn't an arduous chore to pack up for that destination. The six months he spent in Denver did him a lot of good, and he improved greatly in health.

Dorothy and I had a couple of nice visits from Margery that summer. She was working as a bookkeeper for a huge Wholesale Drug Company in Los Angeles and enjoyed the work very much for it entailed considerable responsibility. Her visits with us could be only over the weekends, but we anticipated them and had a good time catching up on all the news.

Certainly we were a widely scattered family in the summer of 1945. Howard was on Okinawa, Dorothy and I were in San Francisco, Margery was in Los Angeles, Frederick was in Virginia, Wayne was in Denver, and Donald was in Kansas. The only members who remained completely stationary were Mother and Dad. They weren't outside of Shenandoah for the duration of the war, and simply kept themselves so busy that they didn't have time to brood about their scattered flock.

Donald found his work at the Herrington Army Air Base a considerable relief after his forecasting at Pueblo, Colorado. The heavy responsibility of the work at Pueblo was enough to wear nerves thin, for it was up to the forecasters at that base to provide absolutely dependable weather reports for squadrons of bombers. The great menace to planes in any mountainous area is sudden storms, and the forecasters were in a constant sweat as a result. If they ordered a large flight of bombers to return to base and then the storm didn't develop, they were in trouble. And they were in trouble if they took a chance and didn't call them in. No matter which way they moved they were likely to end in difficulties! At least weather conditions weren't so unpredictable in Herrington, and Donald put a little weight on his six-foot-four-inch frame. This pleased the folks for they reported in letters to us that he had looked like a ghost on his last furlough!

August brought V-J Day, the end of the war, and the opening of a new era. All parts of the world indulged in wild rejoicing on that day, but it was left to San Francisco to celebrate so riotously that a state of emergency had to be declared. Some of the details of things that happened in San Francisco are worth reporting, and next month I'd like to tell you what took place in that area when Japan surrendered and the war came to an end.

(To Be Continued)

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

This will be my last letter to you from Hawaii. I wonder how many of you remember the letters I wrote from Egypt for four years, the letters I wrote from Bermuda, and from other spots around the globe? I don't know where I shall be at this time next year, but wherever I am, I shall be writing to you. I have always enjoyed sharing my experiences with you. I have been out of the country so much that it is very easy for me to forget that some of the things that are no longer of particular interest to me might still be interesting to you. Really, sometimes I wonder just how much of what I write is actually interesting. Some of the problems I have faced in foreign lands are quite different from the problems that most of you have to face in your everyday living, but then again I know that some problems are very similar the world over.

We are facing a problem in Hawaii right now that I hope none of you will ever have to face, and the problem is a shipping strike. Hawaii is completely dependent upon the ships that bring in food, fuel, and building materials from the mainland. In 1948 the stevedores on the west coast of the mainland went on strike and no ship came into the islands from September until the middle of December. Many of the small businesses had to close their doors, and thousands of people were put out of work. Food prices went clear to the sky, many, many things essential to life were completely unobtainable, and everyone suffered.

It takes many months for the island economy to get over a shipping strike, and just as it was getting over this 1948 strike, along came another strike. This time it is the stevedores here in the islands who are striking. The docks are crowded with ships that will not move until the strike is settled. There are only 2,000 stevedores in the islands, but these 2,000 men have brought a complete stop to the wheels of business here. Already after one month of strike the shelves in the grocery stores are thinning out, milk is being rationed to babies, and thousands of people have been laid off from the stores that have had to close their doors. All of us are beginning to feel the pinch of hard times.

The people who are doing the most to try and bring the strike to an end are the housewives of Hawaii. For the past two days hundreds of women, many of them with children, have been parading through the streets begging the stevedores to go back to work. Truck loads of women arrived at the office of the governor to ask for his immediate help. The other afternoon 10,000 citizens of Honolulu held a mass meeting in one of the big parks demanding that something be done to get more food into the islands. Because Hawaii is not one of the forty-eight states it does not get the attention to its problems that it ought to have. These are dark days indeed in sunshiny Hawaii.



Once again the five Fischer sisters had a get-together in Helen Fischer's garden. You can read something about it in my letter. Seated on the ground are Martha Eaton and Helen Fischer. Susan Conrad is on my right and Jessie Shambaugh is standing at my left. None of us will see our 60th birthday again and we feel so fortunate to live close to each other.

To make matters worse the workers on the big sugar plantations are contemplating calling a strike in the very near future. I am afraid that that will be the final blow. Right now the wives of the sugar workers are organizing to try and prevent their husbands from striking, but I really doubt if the wives have much success. The plantation workers in Hawaii are the highest paid farm laborers in the world and many of us cannot understand why they should want to strike at this very critical time. Two years ago there was a sugar strike that put several of the big plantations out of business and that meant that several thousand laborers lost their jobs completely. Some of them have been on relief ever since. Another strike will put still more plantations out of business, and that will mean still more jobless men. I really cannot be optimistic about the outcome.

Because of the strike we will, of course, return to the mainland by air. All of our household effects will be shipped to us when the strike ends. We may not receive them for many months, for I am quite certain that this will be a long strike. We are very grateful that Uncle Sam is keeping the mail going through. All surface mail is being carried on the ships of the United States Navy for the strikers' cannot touch them. Since we can only take sixty pounds of luggage on the plane, we are sending many boxes of clothing via parcel post.

Our plans now are to leave the island on the night of June 18. We shall leave on a double deck stratocruiser airplane at eight o'clock in the evening and arrive in San Francisco at six-thirty the next morning. We are then taking a train to Omaha. We shall spend a few days in Shenandoah and then take a plane from Omaha to New York City. From New York City we shall take a train to Rhode Island where we shall spend the summer.

Now that the time is almost here for us to leave these beautiful islands, we realize just how much we have come to love them. We shall miss the warm, balmy tradewinds, the thousands of flowering trees and

shrubs. We shall miss the white beaches and the pounding, often wild ocean surf. But most of all we shall miss the friendly Hawaiian people. The thing that we really like most about Hawaii is its mixture of races. Here our best friends are from every race.

The other night we gave a farewell party for some of our school friends. Some of our guests were Japanese, some were Chinese, some were pure Hawaiian, and most of them were a mixture of several races. What fun we did have! It is a wonderful thing to live in a place where people are not emotionally strapped with racial antagonisms and prejudices.

A few nights ago I gave an address to a local men's club. Every member of the club was a Japanese except one, and he was Chinese. At the same meeting they had an election of officers and the Japanese men all voted for the Chinese man to be the club president. When you consider the many years of war between the Japanese and the Chinese, I think that it is a high tribute to human intelligence that those men voted the way they did.

I hope that someday we shall return to these islands. Every year more and more Americans are coming out here as tourists, and every year airplane travel is getting faster and more comfortable. I hope that some of you will visit Hawaii in the near future. Surely the time will soon come when shipping strikes, and food shortages will be at an end. I know that if you ever do come out here, you will never regret it. The islands are so different from anything that you could visit on the mainland.

The next time that Betty and I take a trip we shall probably go to Europe. Both of us have travelled in Europe, and we have a great longing to pay another visit to Switzerland. We shall probably not make that trip for several years, but when we do we shall write to you from the top of the highest mountains.

Until then I hope that you will enjoy reading about the things we do back in the good old U.S.A. It is a wonderful thing to travel and see the world, but I believe that the most wonderful thing of all is to have a peaceful home in God's most blessed land. Betty and I hope that someday we shall own a small farm where we can settle down and watch the rest of the world go by. I think that that farm will probably be somewhere in New England. But here I am day dreaming again.

If you are planning to be in Shenandoah the last week in June be sure and look us up.

Aloha, Frederick.

GIVING

God gives joy that we may give;

He gives joy that we may share,
Sometimes He gives loads to lift

That we may learn to bear.

For life is gladder when we give,

And love is sweeter when we share,

And heavy loads rest lightly too

When we have learned to bear.

Unknown

LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN

By Lucille Sassaman

Do you ever wonder if there is something wrong with you, that you are perhaps not quite normal? The story books all say that children are life's greatest adventure, they are "Mother's jewels" and a "comfort to old age"; yet there are so many times that it just doesn't seem so, and then you are ashamed to admit, even to yourself, that you get plain sick and tired of the whole business.

We have all absorbed this lopsided picture of parenthood, and unfortunately the very situations that call for strength and courage and honesty have been drawn behind this rosy curtain and left us ill-equipped to deal with the inevitable problems of family living. We are found without ears to hear with or eyes to see with or hearts that dare to understand, so we assume that we have failed and blame ourselves for the unhappy scenes that rise normally in every family.

All parents have problems. And it is the degree of honesty with which they face their problems that determines whether or not they are going to be the problem parents of problem children. Children absorb all the uneasiness, the anxieties and fears of their parents. Nothing that you say or do to cover up your feelings will make any impression on them for they have an uncanny ability to know what you truly feel. They detect your inner feelings by signs which you cannot control, the expression of your eyes or the unconscious tightening of your muscles, and they are often sorely perplexed and worried when it isn't necessary.

Don't be afraid to live vitally and react openly because this gives your children a chance to understand their own emotions and others they will meet along the way. They need to know that they don't have to be ashamed of the feelings they find within themselves. They shouldn't have to feel guilty about the human emotions that are normal to everyone, and they can never learn to control them unless they are freed from the crushing, overpowering sense of shame and guilt when they feel ugly. The whole range of human emotions from love to hate, fear, anxiety, hope, rage, and the infinite variations of all those can best be understood, and thus controlled, if they learn them from someone whom they love. We can free them from strain and conflict if we help them to see problems with clear-sighted honesty, and set an example by tackling them with courage.

Most anger is dissipated when we get it "off our chest" and trouble shrinks when it is shared. Happy is the child who dares to speak up to his parents occasionally. We're taken aback when our children feel hostile towards us, but they aren't human if they don't express genuine resentment from time to time. They have stored up memories of all the things they were forced to do when they were

too little to fight back effectively, and all the unjust criticism they were forced to take. They aren't growing up emotionally if they don't defy authority, because they have to prove to themselves that they are growing up and are not afraid of sheer bigness any more.

This defiance seems to be the hardest thing that parents have to take. It usually makes us react by feeling a sense of downright failure. Yet we should try to remember that it is only an expression of our child's needs. The very fact that they do show rebellious defiance is proof of a good relationship between parent and child, for the child who dares not express any resentment or hostility will find ways to get even in sly, delinquent acts. It's a hard thing to remember, but the next time you're confronted with an angry, defiant child just hold to the realization that in this way the child is getting it "off his chest" and that nothing harmful will follow.

Try telling the truth the next time you are hurt by this show of hatred. Say to your child, "I am glad to know how you feel because I used to feel that way too and still do sometimes." If you've never spoken this frankly you'll be amazed at the results. Serious studies of teenagers reveal that most of their troubles are due to the fact that they feel they cannot talk with their parents, not because they are afraid of them but because they are afraid of shocking them. It does not occur to most children that their parents are human and subject to the same emotions that they feel.

HURRAH FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE!

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

"Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue

A patriotic party is so easy to do!"

When you plan your Fourth of July party or picnic be sure the stars and stripes predominate. Use a plain white tablecloth to which you have fastened stars of various sizes. For a centerpiece you might choose a bouquet of red, white and blue flowers, or use a blue bowl and stick a "bouquet of flags" in your flower holder.

Nut cups may be plain white decorated with red stars and tied with a blue ribbon. Place cards may be red gumdrops with a tiny flag stuck in each one. Children would like a peppermint stick tied with a blue bow.

You may use a paper drinking cup to make Uncle Sam Hat favors. Turn the cup upside down, cut out the bottom, paste on a cardboard circle and cover with stripes of red and white. Add a blue band and cover it with gold stars. Red, white and blue balloons would make colorful favors for the children.

If you are having an outdoor picnic, you may use paper plates and scatter stars around the edge. Paper drinking cups will look more festive with stars scattered over them.

Refreshments must be "patriotic" too. If you are having sandwiches, make them red, white and blue. Use part of the cream cheese plain for the white and tint part of it red and part blue. Spread a slice of bread with the plain, one with red and one with blue. Stack and cut into strips.

If you are serving ice cream use vanilla and top it with crushed peppermint, red hots, or cinnamon candy. Or you may make white cup cakes, cut them in half and fill with a layer of raspberry or strawberry ice cream. Stick a small flag on the top of each.

If you are planning a picnic away from home, you may want to pack lunches for your guests. Use white boxes with gummed stars to decorate the outside. Wrap sandwiches in waxed paper and put them in red, white, and blue napkins. Stick a few stars on boiled eggs. Potato chips, spread with cream cheese, look more colorful if you add small bits of red pepper or pimento.

If your guests are the younger set, you will find a flag relay good for entertainment. Stand two pop bottles firmly for the goals and have one player on each team carry a flag and place it in the bottle. The second player runs and brings his team's flag back to the line. The third player returns the flag to the bottle and so on.

For a "Sticking Star" game divide the guests into equal numbers. Make as many large paper flags as you have groups and give each group forty-eight gummed stars. At a given signal, each leader takes one star, runs to the flag of his group, sticks the star on the proper section and returns to the back of the line. This continues until all forty-eight stars are on the flag. The group to get all the stars in place first wins this contest.

Making sentences from "United States of America" is a good patriotic game. Use the letter only as many times as it appears in the phrase and see who can write the most complete sentences. You might write—

1. I am tired.
2. It is fun.
3. Untie me.
4. I am sure.

While fireworks are popping you may have your guests finding words beginning with POP. Each of the definitions may be answered with a word that begins with the letters P-O-P.

1. A tree of rapid growth. POPlar.
2. A silk fabric. POPlin.
3. A flower. POPpy.
4. Inhabitants of a place. POPulation.
5. Famous spinach-eater. POP-eye.
6. Well-liked. POPular.
7. Head of a church. POPE.
8. Burst open. POPped.
9. The common people. POPulace.
10. The quality of being popular. POPularity.
11. Kind of corn. POPcorn.
12. Frozen fruit flavors. POPsicles.

When the last fireworks have faded away your guests will be ready to call it a day.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings on a beautiful summer night, good friends one and all:

This is the end of a wonderful summer day when every single thing has gone right! It's been a day filled with simple and gratifying accomplishments and for my money I'll take that kind of a day just any time.

For one thing, I like to hang up clothes on a beautiful summer morning. It was six o'clock when I went out with the first load, and my! what a full orchestra of bird songs greeted me. I enjoyed this, and I also enjoyed looking over at the rose garden and making a mental note of what blossoms I wanted to pick a little later. I also made a note of the fact that Juliana would be pleased to see that her pansies would have to be picked. She claims the pansies as her very own, and every morning she waters them faithfully—and with just a little nudging she keeps them well weeded too.

In addition to these small satisfactions I could look over into the cave in which Juliana and Kristin spend endless happy hours with their doll families. It really isn't a cave, of course, but that's what they call it. Russell nailed up an old army blanket between the house and the fence, and fortunately there's a short flight of unused steps underneath this blanket—and you can imagine the endless possibilities for going upstairs and downstairs. They have a little fireplace in there made of crumbled bricks, and they keep sticks and twigs neatly laid in the event a blizzard arrives. They also have old dishes, worthless spoons, and the other paraphernalia needed for efficient house-keeping.

This cave is but one of their several splendid playhouses. There is another one at Granny's house under the bushes in the backyard. This one is a veritable tunnel, a long, winding passageway under heavy green bushes, and when they sit in there, utterly removed from the outside world, it reminds me of the playhouse we had in the self-same spot years and years ago when Dorothy and I were small. I always liked the secret, mysterious sensation of being hidden, and evidently it's a universal pleasure of childhood for Juliana and Kristin also like to disappear under the bushes for long stretches of time when grown-ups become too demanding and tiresome.

Dorothy and I both agree that if we had drawn up a summer to order for our little girls, we couldn't have improved upon the present scheme in any way. Every morning bright and early they are up and by seven o'clock breakfast is over and the day's play has begun. Around nine o'clock they call for Martin and he comes trudging down the alley after them. Sometimes he cooperates beautifully in playing house and being a good little boy (they are his two mothers in this set-up), but other times he annoys them fearfully and they return him to Margery with the explanation that they can't "do a thing with him". He al-



Three little cousins have a tea party in our backyard. Emily is now able to sit right up for these little affairs, although it's true that Kristin and Juliana must keep their braids away from her little hands.

ways stands and looks at them knowingly while this explanation is made! But by the time his afternoon nap is over they've taken a fresh hope and start out all over again.

I mustn't forget to mention the two white rabbits, Cabbage and Carrot. They came down from Lucas in their cage and have lived in our backyard ever since. I don't know what tremendous will to live keeps those rabbits going in the face of such excessive attention, but every day they get bigger and more powerful and it looks very much as though they'll have long, hale lives.

I mentioned the sandbox problem in a recent letter, I think, so now I must tell you that there is a sandbox under the big old tree in our backyard, but it's a different kind of sandbox and you might like to try something comparable.

Russell dug down about a foot or so in a large semi-circle directly at the base of the tree. He lined this evacuation with bricks and then filled it with sand. In the very middle he made a tiny pool about a foot square, lined it with bricks and then cemented it. This pool is an endless source of pleasure. Doll house children can go boat riding on it, small toes can be dipped in on hot days and, most important of all, the very necessary supply of water that is needed for ambitious sand buildings, is conveniently at hand. If you too are tired of the old wooden-frame sandbox that becomes so unsightly as the boards sag, sand pours out, etc., you might try this idea and see if you don't like it.

Our summer plans do not call for a vacation of any kind. We had one disappointment earlier this season when we made preparations to go to Minneapolis for a few days and then were thwarted at the last minute. Russell and I haven't been at his parents' home together for about ten years, we've never been there as a family of three, so all in all we were most eager to go. We had our suitcases all packed and everything prepared to leave at five in the afternoon. At eight o'clock that morning Juliana awakened with the three day measles! Needless to say, we stayed right at home and haven't even made a single plan since that happened.

I know that many, many of you are getting away this summer and my! I hope that all of you have wonderful

trips. Those of you who go through Santa Fe might take one long look for me because I think it is a beautiful place. And those of you who drive over the Donner Pass might take an extra deep breath for me because I think that is something very special in this world. But all in all, we're very happy right here at home and I can honestly say that there's no other place I'd choose to be. And I think I must be getting considerably older for I can remember a time when I was wild to travel and asked nothing better than to be starting out on a trip of some kind.

Recently Russell and I did some experimenting in our house, and as far as we can tell the results have been most successful. You see, we had some walls in the living room, that were in terrible shape. *Something* had to be done, but what? There was no question of repapering because the plaster was hopelessly cracked, and we couldn't see the point of replastering. In these old houses where nothing is *plumb* it's just a question of time until the new plaster is cracked—and then where are you?

Well, burlap proved to be the answer to our problems. It concealed every bit of the cracks, bulges, depressions and other ailments that afflicted those walls. We got it through a mail-order catalog, and I might tell you that it comes in quite a variety of colors, not just in the old "gunny-sack" tan that I always associated with the word burlap. We chose a lovely blue-green, quite a dark color, but then that's a southwest room and you can have a deeper shade. I might tell you too, in case you seriously consider it as a solution for bad walls in your house, that the total cost was \$11.17—and I don't know where you'd go to beat that for a wall covering.

It is applied by cutting into strips of the right length (be sure that you allow about four-inches extra for shrinkage) and coating one side with wall-paper paste lavishly applied. For extra good measure we covered the wall-paper with paste too. Don't forget that burlap is heavy and you must have a good surface to make it stay put. You mustn't get discouraged if it rolls down when you first apply it—just keep on patting it into place and the first thing you know it's up for good. And don't be discouraged too if it looks awful right at first—it takes about twenty-four hours for it to dry out thoroughly and not show dark spots of any kind.

The big test will come next winter when we have a hot furnace fire. I'll give you a report a year from now, but I can say in all honesty that I *think* it's going to stay on beautifully. And it looks better than you can imagine without actually seeing it.

The clock says midnight and I must get to bed. A happy mid-summer to you and your family . . . Lucile.

15 Reprints from any size negatives, 50c PP. Roll film developed and printed, 30c PP.

VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa



SUPERB STRAWBERRY PIE

This recipe for the most elegant pie our family has ever eaten came from Lucille Sassaman in Chicago. It's been copied exactly as she wrote it, comments and all!

"This morning I made up the strawberry pie carefully measuring everything, for that's a pie that I've done 'off the cuff' and I've never seen a recipe for it. But now I have it down in black and white.

"One baked pie shell (I coat the inside with egg white before baking so it doesn't soak). Then put your prettiest berries in the shell, and if you haven't enough to fill with one layer, use bananas to fill in between the berries. The two flavors complement each other very well and sometimes I prefer it this way. Pour your glaze over the fresh fruit and chill before serving with whipped cream.

To make the glaze mash strawberries through a sieve (about a pint at least) and measure adding sufficient water to make 2 cups of liquid. Mix 1 cup of sugar with 4 level tablespoons of corn starch. Add the strawberry juice and put on flame, stirring constantly until it begins to boil. Then cover and cook over hot water in double boiler for 15 minutes. Add 1 Tbls. butter and pour over fresh fruit in pie shell.

"I usually use one package of frozen berries for the glaze and then I use only 1/2 cup sugar. I think they are usually better than the fresh ones that can be purchased in Chicago, but they are too soupy for anything but the glaze. I think that is the finest pie I've ever turned out, but it's expensive unless you have your own berries."

We certainly hope that you try it for it is wonderful.

PEA SALAD

- 1 can of peas
- 1 cup grated or finely diced cheese
- 1 cup ground, salted peanuts
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 6 chopped sweet pickles

Toss together, mix with salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

CABBAGE SALAD AND DRESSING

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 1 big sweet onion cut into rings
- Green pepper rings

DRESSING

- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil

Combine crisp vegetables with this dressing that is made by shaking all ingredients together, and serve at once.

CREAM CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatine
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- 1 small can crushed pineapple (drained)
- 1 large pimiento cut in strips
- 2 packages Philadelphia cream cheese
- 1 cup walnuts
- 1 pt. boiling water
- 1/2 pt. cream whipped

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes; then add to lemon gelatine that has been dissolved in boiling water. When gelatine begins to set, add drained pineapple. Let stand a few minutes. Then add softened cheese and pimiento. Stir well. When this begins to set, add chopped nuts and fold in whipped cream. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaf.

GINGERALE GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup grapefruit juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup gingerale
- 2 cups grapefruit sections
- 8 maraschino cherries
- Mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add sugar, stir until dissolved. Cool, then add gingerale and grapefruit juice, chill, pour in mold until partially set. Lastly add grapefruit sections and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise and garnish with cherries.

SALAD DRESSING

- Into a bowl put 2 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard or
- 1 rounded tsp. prepared mustard
- Then make a white sauce of
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 cup water

Pour hot over the mixture in the bowl, beat with rotary beater and store in refrigerator when cooled. Simple to make and delicious.

FRIED CHICKEN (PREPARED ON ELECTRIC RANGE)

Many women are using new electric stoves for the first time this summer, and have written to ask for instructions on preparing different things. This recipe for chicken was worked out by an electric testing kitchen.

Place fat in large skillet so that melted fat will be 1/2 inch deep. Use large enough skillet to accommodate the entire chicken. When fat is hot, place the chicken that has been dredged in well-seasoned flour in the skillet with the meat side down. Turn switch to SECOND or THIRD heat and allow to cook undisturbed until a golden brown. When chicken is browned turn the pieces, add 2 tsp. of water and cover skillet. Turn switch to LOW and cook 35 minutes. This timing is ideal for fryers weighing 2 to 2 1/2 pounds. If a heavier fryer is used increase the cooking time on LOW heat accordingly.

DOUBLE CHOCOLATE PUFFS

- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. cocoa

Put water, butter and salt in heavy pan and heat to boiling. Sift together the flour, sugar and cocoa and add to boiling liquid, stirring until mixture leaves sides of pan. Cool for a minute or two; then add 4 whole eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. (Eggs should be at room temperature.) Drop by teaspoons on to a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake them in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 1/2 hour. Reduce the heat to 350 degrees and bake them 5 minutes longer. Cut a little gash in the side of each puff and set back in oven to dry for 5 minutes with the oven door open.

These can be filled with whipped cream, chocolate cream filling or chocolate flavored whipped cream. Top can be decorated with a fluff of whipped cream, sprinkled with crushed green or pink peppermint candy. The chocolate-flavored whipped cream is made by melting 1/4 lb. semi-sweet baking chocolate and 3 Tbls. water over hot water. Stir until melted. Cool. Add 1 tsp. vanilla (or crushed peppermint candy, if desired) and fold into 1 cup of cream, whipped stiff.

VELVET ICE CREAM

This recipe for refrigerator ice cream was put together by Mabel Nair Brown who says that it's the final version of much experimentation.

- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup sugar (according to family taste)

Cook these ingredients together as you would any pudding or filling. Then add 1 tsp. plain gelatin which has been soaked in 1/4 cup cold milk. Stir well. Cool mixture slightly and add 1 1/2 cups of cream and extra flavoring to taste. The Browns prefer half-vanilla and half-lemon. Beat together well and pour in freezer tray and freeze at high speed; then turn refrigerator down to the point where cream will remain frozen. This keeps several days and doesn't form crystals. By the addition of different flavorings, fruits, etc., you can get a wide variety from this basic recipe. These are some variations that Mabel uses:

1. 1 1/4 cups ground chocolate chips—all vanilla as flavoring.
2. 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries, some of the juice, a few nuts and vanilla and almond flavoring.
3. Frozen or fresh strawberries or raspberries crushed and added to ice cream. Locker berries are perfect for this.
4. Crushed pineapple. Melt a few marshmallows in a bit of milk to make sauce for this—pour on top of pineapple and sprinkle a few nuts on top.

SWEDISH BEEF BALLS

- 1 lb. hamburger
 - 1 large onion, minced
 - 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
 - 1/2 cup mashed potatoes
 - Dash of pepper
 - 1 1/4 tsp. salt
 - Dash of nutmeg
 - 3/4 cups sour cream
 - 2 Tbls. fat
 - 3 Tbls. flour
 - 3 cups hot water
- Mix hamburger, onion, parsley, potatoes, salt and pepper and 1/4 cup of sour cream. Roll into 1-inch balls and brown slowly on all sides in fat. Remove from pan; make gravy with fat drippings, flour and water. Add seasonings. Just before serving, stir in 1/2 cup sour cream.

WAYS WITH MINT

Many people have mint in the garden at this time of year, so perhaps these two recipes will come in handy.

Mint Sauce For Lamb

Dissolve 1 Tbls. sugar in 1/3 cup vinegar. Add 1/4 cup chopped fresh mint and a pinch of salt; heat gently and keep warm about 20 minutes. If vinegar is extra strong, dilute with a little water.

Mint Jelly

Use any apple jelly recipe, cooking 1 cup chopped mint leaves with each 1 1/2 lbs. of apple when preparing juice for jelly. Color a delicate green with vegetable coloring.

QUICKIES FOR HARVEST SNACKS

By Mabel Nair Brown

Comes lunch time on a hot summer day and the eyes of the perspiring harvest hands begin to wander toward the house to see if Mother or one of the girls is coming with the eats and a cold drink. The between-meal snacks and the gallons of cold drink are mighty important items on the farm wife's menu plans. Something *filling*, yet easy to handle, something *cold*, and something that can be prepared without shattering the time budget of these busy days—those are the things Mother is thinking.

I wonder, does your family too have certain harvest time favorites handed down from family to family through the years?

Our family thinks nothing hits the spot as a thirst quencher quite like Granny's ginger water. It is refreshing and so easy to make. Here's the way we make it. You might like it a bit more "gingery"—just suit the taste. Whether it goes to the field in the old stone jug or a new thermos bottle, the men folks will go for it!

GRANNY'S GINGER WATER

Mix together 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup vinegar, 1 tsp. of ginger, and add one gallon of very cold or iced water.

Here are other "handed down" standby favorites for quick lunches at our house.

SOUR CREAM SQUARES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 1 cup sour cream
 - 1 beaten egg
 - 4 cups flour
 - 1 1/4 tsp. soda
 - 2 tsp. cream of tartar
 - 1 cup floured raisins or
 - 1 cup coconut
 - 1 tsp vanilla
- Cream together sugar, cream and egg. Then sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Add raisins, coconut or vanilla. Pat the stiff dough out thinly in a large shallow greased pan or on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 25 minutes. Cool slightly. Cut in squares. May be frosted with a thin white icing if desired. These squares can be carried right to the field on the cookie sheet and cut and served on the spot.

EASY SPONGE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 3 eggs
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 - 7/8 cups boiling water
 - 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
- Beat sugar, eggs and salt together until light and foamy; then fold in flour gently. Lastly add the boiling water slowly, baking powder and vanilla. Bake in a 300 degree oven for 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve. Or this cake may be taken from oven, turned out immediately upon a damp cloth, spread with jelly or a lemon filling and rolled. Chill, slice and serve.

The least pain in our little finger gives us more concern and uneasiness than the destruction of millions of our fellow beings.—William Hazlitt.

MOTHER'S OLD ENGLISH COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1 cup shortening
 - 1 cup cold coffee
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 2 beaten eggs
 - 3 1/4 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon
 - 2 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 2 cups cooked raisins (cooked just enough to plump them)
- Cream shortening and sugar; add beaten eggs; then dissolve soda in coffee and add alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly add raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake in 375 degree oven from 10 to 12 minutes. This makes about 3 dozen cookies.

Home canned fruit juices make delicious and refreshing drinks.

CHERRY PUNCH

- 4 cups cherry juice
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 cups sugar
- About 4 cups ice water
- Grape juice may be used instead of cherry

CHEESE CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/3 cup sugar
 - 1/3 cup melted butter
 - 2 lbs. cottage cheese
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1/3 cup milk
 - 4 eggs
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk
- Mix together crumbs, sugar and butter. Distribute mixture over bottom and sides of greased 9" spring form pan; press firmly with back of spoon to form crust. Press cottage cheese through strainer and then stir in sugar. Add milk to eggs and beat well. Add to cheese mixture with lemon juice, lemon rind and nutmeg. Blend thoroughly. Chill cream, beat until it holds soft peaks and fold into cheese mixture. Pour into crust. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Let cool in pan. Serves 8 to 10.
- This is extremely rich and should not be served with heavy meal.

CORN MEAL MUFFINS

- 2 cups corn meal
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. baking soda
 - 1 egg
 - 2 cups buttermilk
 - 1/4 cup melted bacon or ham fat
- Sift together corn meal, salt and baking soda. Beat egg and add buttermilk. Add to dry ingredients, stirring lightly. Stir in ham or bacon fat. Pour into piping hot greased muffin pans. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees) between 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

It seems very strange to me not to be sitting at my own kitchen table in our little house in the timber, because that is where I always write my monthly letter to you. But tonight as I write, I'm sitting at Mother's dining room table. Last month Mother told you in her letter that if nothing unforeseen happened Kristin and I would be spending the summer in Shenandoah, where I planned to enroll in summer school. Well, nothing happened, we are here, and tomorrow morning I go to register for my summer work.

In spite of the fact that I have been looking forward very much to my work this summer, it was hard to get started, but both Frank and I felt that this was an opportunity we should not pass up. I don't know when I would ever again be able to go to school and get my teacher's certificate and still have Kristin with me. We plan to go home every weekend and the week-ends we don't go home Frank plans to come here, so I guess it won't be too bad after all. And of course it isn't as if he had to work in the field all day and cook his own meals too because he will eat at the home of his parents.

We have had a very busy month at our house. I had told you in my last letter that Frank had said no more field work for me this summer because of my ear infection. As soon as my ear was completely well I soon talked him out of that. I love to run the tractor and I know that there are many of you women who feel the same way I do because I've had lots of letters from you. With both of us working together we had all of our corn planted by May 20th. Frank's uncle had to go to the hospital after he had just a little of his corn planted, so Frank and I finished planting his corn for him too. It's a wonderful feeling when the last of it is in the ground, isn't it? When I left, Frank had already cultivated some of it for the first time. I can hardly wait to see how much it has grown by the time I go home for my first week-end.

Kristin and I had an unusual experience the other day, or as Kristin says when she tells the story, "The most unbelievable thing happened right in our own front yard." The two of us were driving home from town on the afternoon after the county eighth grade graduation exercises, and as we rounded the curve and came in sight of our yard, what should be standing a few feet from our house but a beautiful doe. At first I thought it was someone's good sized colt that had wandered away, because it looked a little like that from a distance, but the instant it moved I knew what it was and I was so glad Kristin was with me. She doesn't remember the deer we saw in Griffith Park in Los Angeles where they run loose in the foothills there. Our doe didn't stay long after it saw the car, but ran gracefully across the road north of the house, then stopped and looked back at us, then disappear-



These are the youngsters with whom Kristin spent her first year of school. She couldn't correct any possible errors in spelling, so the names she has given us are as follows: On bottom step, Kristin. First row above her from left to right, Billy German, Evelyn Clothier and Sharon German. Top row, Robert McCauley, her teacher, Ethel Glasscock, and Mary Ann Clothier. Edward Clothier and Larry McCauley were not in school that day.

ed into the timber. We understand that several people around Lucas have seen the deer that are in the forest reserve southwest of Lucas, but that is several miles from our home and as far as I know, Kristin and I are the first ones to see any in the timber around us.

We were very happy that Mother and Dad, and Margery and Martin came to spend Mother's Day with us. We always have dinner as soon after they arrive as we can get it ready, then Dad and Frank leave the house to go look over the stock and the rest of the farm and we don't see anything more of them until Dad thinks it is about time to start home. Of course this gives Mother and me a good chance to have our visit, and after a light lunch late in the afternoon they start home and Frank and Kirstin and I always feel as if we have had a wonderful day.

The following Friday was my birthday, and Frank's sister, Bernie, had a lovely birthday dinner for me with a beautiful angelfood birthday cake. Then on Sunday Wayne, Abigail, Emily and Juliana came to spend the day, and much to my surprise, they brought the entire dinner with them. When I made the statement that I thought it was a fine thing to have guests and have them bring all the food, Wayne said that since I couldn't come down there for a birthday dinner, they just brought the dinner to me, which I thought was very nice.

Since I told you in my last letter that we were going to get the white rabbits, I think I should tell you that we did get them and the girls named them Carrot and Cabbage, which I think are the funniest names I have ever heard for rabbits. In fact, when Kristin and I came for the summer, Carrot and Cabbage preceded us here in their cage in the back of a pick-up truck belonging to a friend of ours who was making the trip to Shenandoah and graciously offered to bring them with him.

This must be all for now, and next month I'll be able to tell you a little about my work, and also how things are doing on the farm. Dorothy.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

They say when you want anything done, ask the busy person and she will do it. That is what happened when I asked you busy homemakers to make doll clothes for our Children's Hospital. So many lovely things are being made, and we all thank you. I know more of you are making things, and I hope you will keep on, for this is a constant project. When a child leaves the hospital she takes her doll along, and when a new child comes she gets a new doll which has to be clothed. Also, the old dolls need new clothes from time to time. You see how it goes.

Would you like to help repair a radio, or even get a new one, for a woman who has been shut in since 1923? She and her aged sister, who is a semi-invalid, live alone out in the country. They are very poor and food and heat have been such problems this winter that they could not get even necessary medicine. They never ask for things but a friend tells me their radio batteries are gone and they cannot get new ones. I have known of these people for nearly 20 years and I am sure it is a case worthy of our help. Send your dollars and dimes to me and when there are enough we will get either batteries or radio, whichever is possible.

Quilt pieces are needed by Mrs. Alice Lung, 229 N. Monroe, Rushville, Ill. She is having to rest after her seventh operation, and would like print pieces to keep her hands busy. Mrs. Lucy Tucker, West Union, Ohio has been ill a long time and you could do some good if you wrote her.

Mrs. Reta Gesford, c/o Mrs. Andrew Larson, RR. Guthrie Center, Iowa would enjoy cards. She has been very ill. So would Amanda Georges, Rt. 1, Oakland City, Ind. She is in a wheel chair since she broke her hip two years ago. Mrs. Margaret Bergfeld, Blue Springs, Nebr. has arthritis. She gets about the house a little but suffers a lot and would enjoy hearing from you, though I doubt if she could answer. She has no radio and gets pretty lonely.

Bonnie Cross, born Nov. 20, 1933, is in Room 309, Bethany Hospital, Kansas City, Kans., and will be until fall at least. She had polio and now has her whole body in a cast. She loves mail. Five year old Lila Moll, R3 B14, Sleepy Eye, Minn. had polio last fall and has been in a hospital most of the time since. Her legs are affected. Send her a pretty card or plaything. Donna Williams is 9 and has been sick four years. She has a teacher at home when she is able to study and is very quick at her studies. The mail carrier is one of her best friends. Her address is 200 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass.

Mrs. Lottie Oswick, Coinjock, N. Car. asks me to thank you for the quilt pieces you sent her. Palsy in her right hand prevents her writing, but she makes lots of quilts and always needs pieces.

THINGS YOU MAY MEET ON THE HIGHWAY

By Hallie M. Barrow

Several times in recent issues of this magazine you've read about some trips that the Barrows enjoyed, but right now I want to mention other tourists on the highways—and they're not people! Perhaps this summer you'll run into some of them, for it's surprising the way they get around.

Take our bees, for instance; they've become virtual globe trotters. Several of our local apiaries have just returned from Florida where they spent a pleasant, warm winter among the orange blossoms. As soon as bloom started farther north, they began their homeward trek, stopping to make honey in each state. They reached here about the time the apple orchards were in bloom. I've learned that orchardists gladly pay as much as \$4.00 per hive to have the bees working in their trees at blooming time. And before the summer is over these bees may be moved farther north—it just depends upon how much bee pasture is available.

Had you always thought of bees as only honey makers? Well, it has been proved that for every dollar's worth of honey taken from the hive, at least \$50.00 worth of service has been given to the world. Our fruits, vegetables and clovers would not yield except for the aid they receive from the bees. And without clovers we would soon be short of meat animals.

Scientists tell us that bees are perhaps the most important and valuable insect creature known to man. And certainly their methods of community life have fascinated observant students for hundreds of years. It is an unbelievably complex and efficiently organized system that the bees have developed. Each bee has its particular duty in the hive—some are comb builders, others act as field workers and housekeepers.

The phrase about working oneself to death is literally true where bees are concerned; they wear out their wings in six weeks when the honey flow is plentiful. They have their own heating system in winter and believe in air-conditioning their homes. Bees also were the first to decide that two families cannot live under the same roof. Each hive has one queen bee, and she puts to death at once any other female who aspires to run the hive.

Nowadays bees have a continual honey flow to work on since they can be moved by truck without difficulty. Should you meet a truckload on your travels this summer, take extra care in passing them. It would be poor judgment indeed to crash into their hives!

Recently a very fine, new trailer arrangement went through our town, and when the driver stopped to ask directions we learned that it carried thousands of baby turkeys.

A baby turkey is one of the most delicate youngsters in the fowl world

and just ordinary train travel is very hard on them. This specially built trailer was devised just for their convenience. It had an air-cooling system, and temperature and humidity were under control. It was a non-stop run for them with two drivers working in relays. They started out from a hatchery in Kentucky, and five-thousand poultts were left at several Missouri farms as this splendid trailer went on South.

But speaking of livestock that travels in luxury—did you ever see one of these horse-hotel affairs that show horses travel in? There's even a covered ramp to lead them into their box stalls in the truck. However, I imagine that so far as sheer happiness is concerned, the common horses which ride in an open truck with their heads out over the top sideboard, taking in the scenery as they roll along, have a more satisfactory time of it than their elegant brothers!

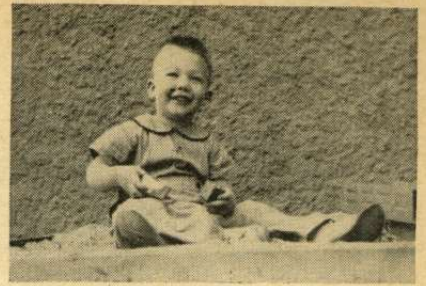
Kansas has provided some interesting horse news recently, and some of it is concerned with valuable animals that ride in the luxurious trucks mentioned above.

At Chanute, a group of riders who wished to impress the world with the beauty of their Palomino mounts, held a meeting and decided to stage a square dance on their horses. Some of the riders had to be trained first, and then it took hours and hours of training to get the horses to do-si-do, allemande left, grab your partners and promenade home. Finally it was accomplished, and now they perform at various entertainments. These twenty golden horses, saddles, costumes, etc., run into an investment of almost fifty-thousand dollars. So if you meet this crowd on the highway you'd better follow them to their next stop and see those beautiful horses lope through their square dance routine.

Farther west in Kansas, at Garden City, in a pasture just outside the town, you may see six mares and one stallion, all snow white—and there's an exciting story behind this statement of fact.

The line from which these horses are descended was first started by the knights of the Middle Ages. In the 16th Century, kings and princes took over the raising of these horses and because they were kept at the Hungarian province, Lipizza, they were named Lippizaners. One of the emperors built a magnificent exhibition hall in Vienna where these horses put on famous displays. And how it happens that they are in Kansas today is due to the late General Patton, a horse lover and a born showman.

He first conceived the idea of importing these horses to the United States for cavalry use, and had he lived there's little doubt but what these seven horses would now be on his farm in the East where there would have been plenty of opportunities for military parades, etc. Instead, the army later decided to make drastic cuts in their cavalry units and all of the horses imported



Martin spends endless happy hours in his little sandbox.

for that purpose originally were ordered to be sold at auction.

It seems that the Austrians tried an elaborate ruse to save their fine horses. They first offered to the Americans what they said were the Lippizaners—and they explained the offer by saying that they feared the victorious Russians would take them and use them for food. But General Patton was not one to be fooled on horse flesh. He felt certain that he'd been offered second string horses, and he had a hunch that the Austrians had hidden their best animals on small farms where it wasn't likely that they'd be detected. So he sent scouts to look for the best. And they found them. It seems incredible, but they actually found one team valued at a hundred-thousand dollars, covered with mud, pulling heavy loads near a peasant's home.

So the first string came to this country after all. No doubt they will be seen at exhibitions, and possibly in the movies too. So, if you should meet trucks with very noble appearing white horses inside, salute the Lippizaners who first were the finest in horsedom in the Orient, later in Europe, and who now reside in Kansas!

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-Made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast—
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

—Unknown

MEASURING AGE

Age is a state of mind,
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is lost, if you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead—
Then you are old.

But if from life you hope the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold—
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

ENJOY YOUR CHILDREN'S VACATION

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

I feel sorry for the many mothers who often say, "I just dread for school to be out."

Certainly we are very busy in the summer. There's the extra work of gardening, canning, washing and numerous other duties. But can you honestly feel that you have accomplished much if you have done all this and felt that your children were a nuisance to have around?

First, try working out a schedule whereby your children have a definite part in contributing something worthwhile to your family's comfort. Let the children help with your plans and they will be less reluctant to do a chore they suggest themselves. This spring when the first dandelions appeared, I assigned my three-year old the task of providing flowers for our table. She spent a great deal of time picking dandelions and arranging them in a special little vase I bought at the Ten cent store. This may sound trivial but she will learn flower arrangement during the summer, she will learn that beauty adds a certain element to gracious living, and she will know that mother appreciates these little favors.

When we plant garden, pick vegetables, can or do other work, we allow her to help. Mothers often say, "I'd much rather do it myself." I'll agree that is the easiest way out but if you will have a sprinkling of patience you will be surprised how many steps even a three-year old is able to save you after a little training.

Secondly, do remember that children must play so why not forget the work once in a while and join in their games? Picnic lunches are fun and are so easy to prepare that you may find the children quite capable of preparing such a meal while you do other necessary work.

Plan a day's outing occasionally even though you cannot go far. There is sure to be some place of interest within a few driving miles, and a change of scenery will be good for the whole family.

If you take a little time at the beginning of vacation and help the children plan a hobby, you will save yourself many gray hairs when a long rainy day keeps them under foot. Most children enjoy collecting — any boy's pocket will prove this. Your children may enjoy collecting various types of leaves or wild flowers, pressing them and arranging them in order when they must stay indoors. Older children will enjoy a session of cooky baking. Get out all the fancy cutters and turn them loose. Keep a scrap book, scissors, paste and old magazines handy and you will find hours of amusement for all ages. A few books from the library will mean quiet fun for the children or, if you wish, you may select one book and have a family reading circle.



Mother had gone down to have a visit with Aunt Helen Fischer when this picture was snapped near one of the beautiful borders that was then in full bloom.

Have a few indoor games in mind, too. A muffin tin may be marked with various numbers in each part and let the youngsters toss pennies and see who has the highest score at the end of a certain number of throws. A coat hanger bent into a circle and hung on a door knob makes a satisfactory basket for the small basket ball players. Clothes pin dolls with printed faces and black floss braids make fine Indian Chiefs; a circular piece of heavy paper with bright designs makes a blanket and, if stiff enough, will allow the chief to stand alone. Paper cone-shaped cups or heavy paper cut into a triangular shape and pasted together will make excellent tepees. With plenty of Indians and an Indian village in the house, the children will be busy a long afternoon.

Perhaps you won't accomplish all the work you have lined up for the summer but you will have accomplished far more if you make your children like to be home and if you can truthfully say you have liked to have them home. And next year I'll venture to say that Mother, too, will be counting the days until vacation.

A HOBO PARTY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Some time during the summer, why not round up the gang for a Hobo Party? Write the invitations on scraps of brown wrapping paper. The invitations might read as follows:

Grab a freight car
and bum your way;
Be here by eight
we'll have no delay.
Wear your hobo clothes
Patches and all —
Beware of cross dogs
when you pay us a call.

If you have a recreation room or garage that can be used, hang burlap sacks over the windows, use logs, old boxes and crates, or bundles of straw for seats. Be sure the lights are not too clean so the whole place has the general appearance of a freight car. Hang out signs that say "No trespassing", — "Cross Dog" — "No tramps allowed."

When your guests arrive, divide them into groups or couples, give

them an empty sack, and start them "On the bum." They are to return in a given length of time. Provide lists of equal length and difficulty for each to find. You may include such items as a baby rattle, a 1947 calendar, a red button, a darning needle, etc. The group who has the most nearly complete list in the given time is the winner.

"Counting the ties" is another appropriate game. Hide a number of toothpicks about the room and as each group finds a toothpick he places it in parallel lines to form ties. The winner is the side who can "count the most ties" when time is called.

"Beware of biting dogs" is a noisy game. Players are seated in a circle and IT stands in the center and is blindfolded. IT points to someone who must bark and growl viciously. If IT identifies the barking dog, they change places.

An honest-to-goodness hobo should be good at getting handouts so give each a paper sack. Have small articles of food hidden about the room — beans, peas, peanuts, chocolate bits, corn and so on — and tell each player to find as many varieties of food as possible. He must take only one of each kind. In a given length of time see who has received the most "Complete Hand out."

"Hop the freight train" is the hobo version of musical chair. Always have one less seat than players and when the music stops the one who has no chair has missed the train and must drop out.

When it comes time to eat, serve your refreshments in true hobo fashion. Line the guests up around the bonfire and give them sandwiches tied up in paper sacks or tied in new bandanas on a stick. Serve coffee or other drinks in tin cups or tin cans. While the weiners are toasting the hobos will enjoy sitting around the camp fire spinning yarns.

Your guests will be reluctant to leave the warm fire so you will have to bring out your badge, blow your police whistle, and say firmly, "Out of town, boys!"

Your guests will depart after an evening of merriment and declare a Hobo Party is "no Bum Idea."

I KNOW

I KNOW that this day will never come again. Therefore I will make it the best day in which I have ever lived.

I KNOW that happiness is a thing within and that it is always in the world and very near to me. I KNOW I have but to search for it, and that as soon as I begin to hunt it out, I have it. Also, I KNOW that as soon as I get happiness and begin to give it away it comes back doubled — and more, to me. I KNOW this.

I KNOW that work is a stimulus and that it keeps the world alive and moving. I KNOW that the people who work with love in their heart and interest in their brains are the real doers and benefactors of mankind. I KNOW that I can be a doer and a benefactor.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "We've been married ten years and have three children ranging in age from six months to eight. Three years ago we bought our own farm and now have it about half paid for. My great problem is my husband's attitude towards everything inside the house. We have old cast-off furniture that our relatives won't have on their premises, mattresses that are a disgrace, and not one piece of furniture in the living room—no rugs, curtains or anything. My husband refuses to spend money for anything inside the house on the grounds that there will be plenty of time for this when the children are older. I'm ashamed and my relatives are certainly ashamed for me too. Should I accept this or go ahead and spend the money (if I can get ahold of it) and take the consequences?"—Kans.

ANS: I thought that this attitude, once far from a rare thing, had just about disappeared from the face of the earth, but evidently it still happens. I believe that if I were this friend I would stop discussing it entirely and not say one word to members of your family. You said in another part of your letter that you had thought of baking home-made bread for sale in town, dressing chickens for regular customers and things of this kind that you've never done before. By all means go ahead and do this, save every cent you can, and then spend it for curtains, rugs, and good durable furniture. Where there's a will, there's a way.

QUES: "We expect to take a trip to Washington in July to visit my brother's two sisters who live there. They each have their own homes and their husbands are employed, but I have reason to know that they have quite a struggle making ends meet for they both have small children. I have told my husband that while we are there with our two children we should make it a point to help with the groceries, but he says that it would hurt their feelings. I can't believe that it would and feel that we should go out and get meat several times, etc. What do you think?"—Nebr.

ANS: I think that you're right. Four houseguests for a week can wreak havoc with a grocery budget. If one is tactful, and your letter makes me believe that you are, things of this kind can always be accomplished in such a way that feelings and pride aren't hurt. I'm sure that your husband's sisters will remember your visit with happier memories if they aren't worried about making ends meet on the grocery bill.

QUESTION: "Our parents will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this summer, and we children would appreciate knowing what it is correct to say when old friends

come to us with suggestions for gifts."—Nebr.

ANSWER: The gracious thing to do under these circumstances is to ask first if they have anything definite in mind that they would like to give. If not, tell them that they should consult with other old family friends and arrive at a group decision. It is always preferable that the children not make specific suggestions except under extraordinary circumstances.

QUESTION: "Our children object violently to continuing with their music lessons during summer vacation. I feel that they'll lose a great deal of ground if they stop working for three months, but is it worth the daily struggle?"—Mo.

ANSWER: The child who must be dragged to the piano against his will, who puts up a daily scene against lessons and practicing, is a child who might just as well have a three month's vacation from his battle with music. Even a talented child who enjoys music needs a little extra push at certain times, but this is a far different story from the child who actively dislikes music.

QUES: "Our niece is to be married this summer, and as a wedding gift my husband and I decided to give her a set of china that we know she wants very badly. A month ago my husband died unexpectedly, so now I'm wondering if the card that goes with the gift should carry only my name or if I should add something to the effect that "your Uncle John and I had much happiness in ordering this gift for you," or something of that kind."—Kansas.

ANS: The face of the card should carry only your name, I think, but on the inside it would be fitting and very nice to add just such a line as you suggested.

QUES: "Our only son is being married to a girl in St. Louis this summer. My husband and I expect to attend the wedding and have been invited by the bride's parents (whom we've never met) to stay at their home. My husband thinks that we should go to a hotel. What do you think would be the sensible course of action?"—Minn.

ANS: I would write to the bride's mother thanking her for the invitation and telling her that you realize many of her relatives will be coming from out of town and that she'll need all of her rooms. Tell her that if it is at all inconvenient for them you will think nothing of going to a hotel. Make it clear that you would like to stay with them if they haven't other guests, but give her leeway of action on the subject.



Our good friend and faithful contributor,
Mabel Nair Brown of Ogden, Iowa.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

- 1st year—Cotton.
- 2nd year—Paper.
- 3rd year—Leather.
- 4th year—Fruit and Flowers.
- 5th year—Wooden.
- 6th year—Sugar.
- 7th year—Woolen.
- 8th year—India rubber.
- 9th year—Willow.
- 10th year—Tin.
- 11th year—Steel.
- 12th year—Silk and Fine Linen.
- 13th year—Lace.
- 14th year—Ivory.
- 15th year—Crystal.
- 20th year—China.
- 25th year—Silver.
- 30th year—Pearl.
- 40th year—Ruby.
- 50th year—Golden.
- 75th year—Diamond.

A FUNNY THING

A smile is quite a funny thing,
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone you never find,
It's secret hiding place.
But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do,
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiled at someone, since you
smiled

And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles until, in truth,
You fail in keeping track!
And since a smile can do such good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and see to it,
That smiles go everywhere.

The good of mankind means the attainment by every man of all the happiness which he can enjoy without diminishing the happiness of his fellow men.—T. H. Huxley.



FOR THE CHILDREN

SQUIGUM VISITS THE FOREST

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One morning while Squigum the mouse was scampering pell-mell to the pantry from his nest in the closet, he spied a book on the floor of Miss Matilda's living room.

"Ha!" thought Squigum, forgetting all about the pie crust in the pantry. "I had better investigate. Who knows, I may learn something that will make me a wiser mouse." Squigum curiously pattered close to the book, then suddenly drew back in alarm. What frightening pictures! There was a massive rhinoceros staring at him from the center of the page, and all about were camels and buffalos, lions, tigers and bears.

"What ferocious animals live in the forest!" gasped Squigum. "I must tell the other mice about them." Hastily Squigum proceeded to the pantry. There sat his friend Squeaky, calmly chewing on a biscuit, and old Grandpa Whiskers himself was nibbling on the piecrust, looking very satisfied and very wise.

"Oh, pshaw," said Squeaky when he heard about the animals. "Those are only make-believe. I'll bet there's nothing in the world bigger than Miss Matilda's cat."

"Hmmm!" said Grandpa Whiskers, and he stopped nibbling long enough to think for a moment. "Squigum, why don't you go to the jungle and see for yourself if these animals are real?"

Now Squigum thought this was the wisest thing Grandpa Whiskers had said in many a day, so once again he slipped out of the pantry window into the big, wide world. He pattered down the street until the sidewalks ended and the town lay behind him. Before him was a vast field of corn. How tall the plants looked to such a very small mouse!

"Well," thought Squigum, "surely here is the forest already. Now I shall look around for a bear or a tiger or an elephant." Quickly he ran down the rows and finally he came to a fence. Leaning over the fence to chew on the corn was a huge beast.

"Moo!" said the beast. Squigum jumped at least a foot.

"Oh, my!" he squeaked. "That must be a buffalo. I do not want to see any more of him." Then he dashed away, still following the fence. He had not gone far before he saw a big fat animal digging his nose into some mud near a pond.

"Oint, oint!" grunted the animal, and Squigum's mouth fell open in amazement. Here, then, was a rhinoceros, just as he had seen in Miss Matilda's picture book. He was still gazing at this queer animal when another beast galloped into sight. He tossed his head in the air and said, "Neigh! Neigh!"

"Oh, my," breathed Squigum. "A camel! I am going right home to tell Squeaky that such animals really do exist." Squigum started down the corn row so fast that he ran right into a little garter snake.

"Yi!" he squeaked, "A python!" Then he began to run so fast that his feet hardly touched the ground at all until he sat safe and breathless on the pantry shelf.

"Well?" asked Grandpa Whiskers, who was still chewing on the piecrust. "What did you find out?"

"Oh, my," panted Squigum, "the forest is a terrifying place, and it is full of camels and rhinoceroses and buffalos. But worst of all, there are huge snakes called pythons who love to eat nice fat mice."

Grandpa Whiskers shook his head wisely for a moment. "You are going to grow up to be a very wise and brave mouse," he said. "Here, have some piecrust." Then Squigum began to eat, and neither he nor Grandpa Whiskers ever knew that all he had seen was a cow, a pig, and a horse.

Even the mean man has his value. You can learn from him how not to live.—Thomas Dreier.

Hearts, like doors, will open with ease

With very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are "Thank you, sir" and "If you please."



Rosie is a fortunate doll for she gets excellent care from her little mother, Mary Lee Roeder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roeder, RFD 3, Creston, Ia. Mary Lee was four years old the day this was taken.

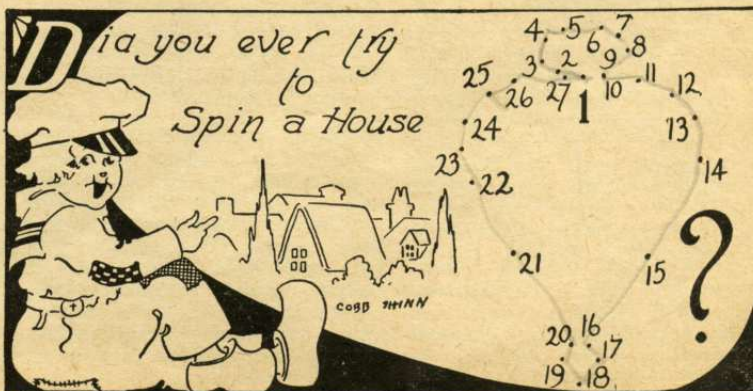
BIBLE QUIZZES FOR CHILDREN

If you do not know the answers to these questions, you will be able to find them in the Book of Genesis, Chapters One through Four.

1. Who were Adam and Eve?
2. How did God make Adam?
3. How did God make Eve?
4. What beautiful place did He prepare for them to live?
5. Why did Adam and Eve have to leave this place?
6. What were the names of the children of Adam and Eve?
7. What did they do for a living?
8. What great sin did Cain commit?
9. How did God punish him?
10. Where did he go?

Answers:

1. The first people on earth
2. From dust
3. From Adam's rib
4. The Garden of Eden
5. They ate of the forbidden fruit
6. Cain and Abel
7. They were farmers and sheep herders
8. He killed his brother
9. He made him leave his home and parents
10. To a land called Nod



"Little Ads"

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

August Ads due July 1.

September Ads due August 1.

October Ads due September 1.

Send Ads direct to

Driftmier Publishing Co.
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LADIES, LOOK: Make 30% profit and receive FREE scissors. Big demand, no selling, money or experience needed. Descriptive circulars, cards. Details free. Keen-Edge Grinders, 274 Main St., Mediapolis, Iowa.

HEALTH BOOKLET (Revised 1949). Nurse's viewpoint. Overweight, arthritis, allergy-food sensitiveness, many health questions answered. Price 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON ALL WATCHES. Send yours for free estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

CROCHETED '49 GOLD RUSH, POTHOLDER, 60¢. Carrie Hooper, 419 E. Church, Santa Maria, California.

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SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS—Illustrated booklet 35¢ (no stamps). Mayme Gale, Longmont, Colorado.

SEWING: Experienced, send pattern, all materials needed with feed sacks, yard goods. Ad good anytime. Mrs. S. S. Warner, Humboldt, So. Dak.

FOR SALE: Young Roller Canary Singers. Lois Podmore, Rt. 4, Jefferson, Iowa.

ANTIQUE HANGING OIL LAMP; finished in gold color. Mrs. Armin Tiemann, Rt. 1, Lincoln, Kansas.

NEW CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, 64x64. Ecu. No. 20 thread, \$35. Delicious buns and chocolate cake recipe, 25¢. Mrs. J. F. Ekstrom, Butterfield, Minn.

HUMOROUS READING WRITTEN, for clubs, anniversaries, showers, \$1. State occasion. Mrs. Earl Bettin, Early, Ia.

SEWING, EXPERIENCED: Ladies dresses, cotton, \$1.50 rayon and cotton, \$2.00, better \$3. Childs \$1, to size 10. Rug weaving \$1.10 yd. Pillow cases, good quality, embroidered, crocheted edge, large, \$3.50 pr. Send orders to: Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines, Iowa.

CROCHET STAR DOILIES, any color, 75¢ ea. or 2 for \$1. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

FOR SALE: Gloxinia leaves, all colors. Mary Long, Box 9, Dayton, Iowa.

HOSIERY MENDING: McKee Hose Shop, 2009 Chicago, Omaha, Nebr.

SCISSORS SHARPENING PRICES REDUCED—next 3 mos., 25¢ ea. plus 10¢ postage.—IDEAL NOVELTY CO., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

CUTE CLOWN BEAN BAG DOLLS: Children love them—\$1. Mrs. J. P. Moore, 413 E. 11th St. So., Newton, Ia.

"DON'T GUESS WHAT'S IN YOUR LOCKER"—Use Frozen Food inventory and daily Record Book. Holds at least one years records. Only 25¢. Moon Publishers, Box 1775, Spokane, Wash.

MAMMY CURTAIN PULLS: two 25¢. Lovely applied cases, pretty aprons. Name lists. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

LOVELY DRESSES MADE. Send print or 3 feed sacks, buttons, measurements and \$1.50 Dilly-Dilly tie around aprons, \$1.25. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Boston male 5 yr. old, reg. in Canada and U. S. Gr. son int. champ, also reg. Pomeranian pups, and purebred Spitz pups. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Iowa.

ANTIQUES WANTED: Old glassware, colored or clear; Silverware, tea and coffee sets, trays, bowls, spoons, and old style jewelry. Advise what you have or, send to Kathryn A. Ross, Henry Field Jewelry Dept., Shenandoah, Ia.

HEMSTITCHING: 10¢ yd., 2 to 24 hr. service, stamped baby dresses. Anna Hinshilwood, 115 E. 17th, Falls City, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Kendex—The world's only nylons guaranteed against runs, snags, excessive wear, regardless of cause. Extra sheer, short, medium, long lengths 3 pr., \$5.50. Medium sheer, short, medium lengths 3 pr. \$4.55, long length 3 pr. \$4.95. Colors: Haze, Tawny, Ginger, Cloudy, and Nubeige. Mrs. T. A. McConkey, Box 199, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

PICNIC DINNERS

By Annie Parish Shankland

How many of you remember the old-fashioned picnic dinners—dinners that we packed in tubs and clothes baskets?

The other day as I wrapped ham and cheese sandwiches in oiled paper, and carried the ice cream freezer, lemonade jug and carefully boxed angel food cake out to the car, I fell to thinking of the Fourth-of-July picnic dinners we used to pack when our family was all at home.

It took several days to prepare those dinners!

The day before a ham was boiled, a big fellow not shorn of all fat, its skin removed and artistically finger-dotted with black pepper, pepper freshly ground and hot. Mother usually made a jar of fresh apple jelly to eat with the ham, but for the life of me I don't know why. We certainly did not need an appetizer or edge-relish! In the early half-light of the big day itself, a half-dozen chickens were fried. And then there were sour cucumber pickles in a little stone jar; another stone jar filled with beet pickles and boiled eggs, all highly colored and delicious; this juice was invariably spilled all over our big white cloth! Always we had a little brown crock of yellow butter swathed in a big wet cloth; several loaves of golden brown homemade light bread, its crust lavishly brushed with ham fryings; deep red Wakefield onions, pickled; and new cabbage cold slaw. Then there was a huge black cake, a big, white cake, June apple pie, huckleberry pie and dewberry pie. Our big brass-hooped cedar water pail was filled at the old Beaver spring and a chunk of ice (bought on the picnic ground) furnished our dinner drink.

Let me tell you how mother made beautiful light bread. She gathered peach tree leaves and wild hops and boiled them together for a few minutes. Then she boiled two large potatoes and crumbled them into this liquid with a cake of yeast left from the last baking; all of this was thickened with corn meal, rolled up in a loaf and then cut into round slices. These were laid out on a table in that often mentioned 'side room' and left there the several days it took to dry the yeast. One cake would make three to four loaves of bread.

One of my happiest recollections is that of helping to prepare one of these big dinners. Everything must be done perfectly for we never knew how many people, or from what station in life, would gather around this spread. My father was a Kentuckian and every old friend whom he met was asked to eat with us. I have seen mother stand in open-mouthed wonder at some of his guests! But regardless of who sat down with us, never did she need to be ashamed of her carefully prepared dishes.

Nobody ever does his best; that is why we all have so good a chance to do better.

PORCH PARTY PLANS

By Mabel Nair Brown

When the thermometer hangs steadily in the high nineties and nary a breeze stirs the green leaves, then the mere thought of preparing a regular dinner for guests (or even tackling the details of an elaborate outdoor picnic) leaves us limp and perspiring. Still, there are many times when something in the line of entertaining is necessary, and this is particularly true when out-of-town relatives and friends arrive; such occasions simply demand a family gathering, or a set time for old neighbors and acquaintances to call. Then too, many Aid circles and clubs continue to meet, or your daughter may be scheduled to entertain her 4-H group, so for these situations an old-fashioned porch party may be the answer.

One thing is certain: your guests will enjoy themselves thoroughly only if you don't seem harried and driven; it's bad enough to be miserably hot without having to feel guilty at the sight of your hostess flushed and anxious. This unhappy state of affairs can be avoided by planning ahead.

Make it a point during the hot summer months to keep your refrigerator (for some of us it will be a cool cave or cellar) and pantry emergency shelf well stocked with such items as potted meats, olives, pickles, cheese crackers, a variety of salad dressings and sandwich spreads, ice box cookie dough, both plain and flavored gelatines, fresh fruits and fruit juices, bread for sandwiches and perhaps some packaged wafers. Also have a jar of cold tea prepared ready for iced tea at a moment's notice. If you have a large refrigerator or home freezer, then ice cream will be on your list, as well as plenty of ice cubes. For variety try freezing cubes of lemon, orange or grape juice to add to the glasses of cool drinks. If you're serving tomato juice, freeze some of the tomato juice, perhaps adding an olive to each cube before freezing. A bright cherry frozen in each ice cube will add color to beverage glasses too.

Hard-cooked eggs will come in handy in various ways and if you have your own garden there will be plenty of lettuce, green peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots and onions for crisp salads. Cantaloupe and watermelon are also easy to serve and very refreshing.

Keep the food simple, eye appealing, cool and crisp. Perhaps if it's a porch supper you'll want one simple hot dish such as escalloped potatoes, chicken, or a noodle casserole. Many times guests enjoy concocting their

own salads if a large tray of "makings" and several kinds of dressing are set out. For fun, mix up your iced drink in a large enamel water-pail or a large kettle and let each guest ladle out his own frosty drink.

To my way of thinking such a supper wouldn't be complete without red pickled eggs (hard-cooked eggs allowed to stand a few days in pickled beet juice). Serve plain or as a garnish for salads.

No one will be wanting any strenuous exercise or deep brain work on such a warm day so try to plan a few armchair games if your guests wish to exert themselves beyond visiting. Here are a few such games and contests that you might try.

A Rest Does It: Fill in the blanks with letters from the word *re-st* to form words. 1. Pa-n- (parents); 2. A- (aster); 3. -am (stream); 4. In- (insert); 5. Po- (poster); 6. -ip- (stripe); 7. B-a- (breast); 8. -n-y (sentry); 9. -nd- (trends); 10. p-i- (priest).

Sandwich Fillings: There are some strange fillings "sandwiched" inside these names of food. With the cue word and the definition can you name the food?

1. A kind of sausage. -log- (bol-og-na).
2. A filling for a pie. -star- (custard).
3. A hot dog. -fur- (frankfurter).
4. A kind of a peach. -tar- (nectarine).
5. A biscuit. -rack- (cracker).
6. A water ice. -herb- (sherbet).
7. A tiny piece of bread. -rum- (crumb).
8. A love apple. -mat- (tomato).

SPOT THE FLOWERS: This is good for a club group. Have a large sign up saying, "Don't pick the flowers—jot them down." The flowers, wild and tame, will be in full view though disguised. Guests will jot down flower and location. For instance, a safety pin dangles from a window shade—jot down "bachelor button on window shade" and then go on to search for other clues. Here are some flowers that bloom in queer places and their correct names.

1. Card bearing rows of buttons (rose); 2. Memo pad or birthday book* (forget-me-not); 3. Picture of a hobo (rambler); 4. A fox fur and a glove (foxglove); 5. A few peas in a saucer of sugar (sweet peas); 6. Picture of lion with monocle and cane sketched on it (dandelion); 7. Can of coffee or package of breakfast food (morning-glories); 8. Drinking cup and picture of cow (buttercup); 9. A girl's house-slipper (lady's slipper); 10. Picture of girl applying lipstick (tulips); 11. A small kitchen pan (pansies); 12. A pair of spectacles safely sewn to card (iris); 13. A sheet of paper tacked to wall on which is written "California" and "LA!" (calla); 14. A football placed on piece of paper that contains a picture of someone touching his fingers to his lips (chrysanthemum); 15. Sheet from a calendar (daisies).

PROGRESSIVE POETRY: Give each guest a sheet of paper and instruct him to write one original line

of poetry. He folds over this line and tells his right hand neighbor the last word. The neighbor then adds a second line to rhyme with first. He folds it over and passes it on to the next in line, tells his neighbor the last word, etc. until when poems have gone around circle, there will be poems with a succession of couplets. Have each guest read the poem he holds last.

Some "lazy" fun for a group of women would be to have a large basket or tray filled with all kinds of flowers, sprigs of greenery, flower wire, cord string, bits of ribbon, and have each woman make a corsage. If your group is at all flower conscious they will thoroughly enjoy this 'game'.

CRICKET STOOLS

By Jane Porter

Making a true reproduction of an antique is both fun and easy when you choose as your project a cricket stool. This is a gay little footstool covered with chintz and a perky ruffle. Colonial women used them while sewing their quilts, embroidering, or just plain working on the family's wardrobes.

Start with a circular board measuring twelve inches in diameter. I collected orange crates and our grocer was glad to have them taken away. Only one end is a solid board and that is the one used. I stained one side with walnut, and although this isn't necessary it does give a nicer finish. Next the legs are screwed in place. Buy three wooden door stops with rubber tips. If they aren't stained give them a coat of walnut stain too when you are working on the bottom of the board.

Use cotton batting to pad the top of the stool if kapok is not available. I found that although the comforter weight was excellent for my purposes, it did contain cotton seed oil that would stain the material. Cut six circles with diameters as follows: 9½", 10", 10½", 11", 11½" and 12". Put the smallest circle on the stool, then the next circle, and so on.

Choose chintz material with a small print. Too large a print would be out of proportion for such a small article. I have used a flowered pattern and even one with small strawberries. It would be nice to make a cricket stool to match a slip-covered or upholstered chair that you have fixed for a bedroom. I have done this for friends as well as for myself, and it makes an expensive looking combination.

Center the material, stretch tightly and tack to the bottom of the padded board. Gather a ruffle that will have a heading and reach to the floor. Tack this on the side of the board with ornamental upholstery tacks that are put on to cover the gathering thread. One made of handmade or woven needlepoint and finished with a fringe would call for a gold or silver braid. The possibilities are endless, and for the amount of material and labor involved the results are highly gratifying.