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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

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Number 8



Photo By Burdick.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This evening I've been working on quilt blocks and I thought until a few minutes ago that I would reach my goal, but then I could see that I'd fall short of it so I decided to put my work away and write a letter to you. These past four weeks have flown by so swiftly that it seems the June morning I wrote my last letter was only a couple of days ago. I imagine that most of you are finding the summer flying by just as quickly.

In my last letter I told you about our anticipated family reunion, and now it is only a happy, happy memory. With every year that passes we feel more richly blessed to be able to have every member of our family together when it can be managed, although I must admit that when you reach the age Mart and I have reached there is always an undertone of questioning—we cannot help but wonder how long our family circle will be unbroken. That's just common sense, you know, and there's nothing like a little dose of common sense to make you appreciate your blessings.

Frederick, Betty and little Mary Leanna arrived by train at four in the morning on June 21st. They took a stratocruiser plane from Honolulu (sixty-one passengers and twelve crew members) that certainly took them across the Pacific in a jiffy. Almost before they realized it they were in San Francisco. There they picked up a train that left them off in Council Bluffs at the hour I mentioned. Howard and Wayne got up at 2:30 and drove to meet them.

It was a great thrill for Mary Leanna's uncles, aunts and cousins to see her for the first time, and they all agreed that I hadn't exaggerated my reports when I returned home this spring and said that she was a very loveable, attractive little girl. Juliana and Kristin almost came to blows over the privilege of doing things for her, and I must say that Martin Erik didn't do badly at all when he was forced to take a back seat. He's had the undivided attention of the little girls all summer and we really expected him to kick up quite a fuss when they gave all of their attention to Mary Leanna, but he came through it all a lot better than I expected.

On Friday afternoon of that same week (when Frederick and family arrived) we had a little party of cousins to celebrate Kristin's sixth birthday. Not long ago we purchased one of these home tape-recorders and it was brought out for the first time to record the children singing "Happy Birthday" and giving their best wishes. When the youngsters are grown it will certainly be a great pleasure to be able to listen to that again.

Then on Saturday evening we had our dinner to celebrate the thirty-sixth wedding anniversary that Mart and I have shared together. It was the first time we have been unable to seat everyone around the dining room table, so we served our food buffet style. After each person had fixed his plate he found a place at one of the card tables that had been set up. We didn't have a fancy meal, just the fried chicken, escalloped potato supper that our family grew up on for Sunday noon dinner and company meals.

Frederick asked the blessing that evening and then we all joined in singing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds." Kristin, Juliana, Mary Leanna and Martin had their meal in the kitchen, but they all came in to help sing as best they could. Later in the evening Frederick christened little Martin Erik, and this brought to a close one of the happiest family gatherings that I can ever remember.

On the cover this month is the picture that was taken just before we sat down to our supper. We knew, of course, that with so many we couldn't hope to get a first-rate picture of everyone, and then too we had the problem of looking into a blazing sun that was just low enough to make it very difficult. But we have never had a picture of all of us before (only Dorothy's husband Frank was missing for reasons she'll explain in her letter) and we'll just ask you to be charitable.

In the front row, reading from left to right are Juliana, Kristin, Martin Erik leaning against his grandmother's chair, Frederick and Mary Leanna. In the back row are Russell, Howard, Margery, Donald (behind Margery), Mart, Lucile, Dorothy, Abigail and Emily, Wayne and Betty. As I said before, we'll ask you to keep all of the photographic difficul-

ties in mind when you look at it.

Donald was home only two days because of his schedule at Ames. In August he will get his degree in Engineering, and as yet he doesn't know what he will be doing after that time. Those of you with GI students in college, as well as younger boys and girls who are graduating this year, know that the employment picture has changed considerably during these past two years and it takes quite a bit of looking around now to line up something in the professional field.

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh and her husband are enjoying a visit from their daughter Ruth, her husband Bob, and little Wendy who is now around seven months old. They drove through from their home in California and are spending some time in Clarinda. Wendy is a sweet baby and I hope that we can get a picture of her soon to share with you.

Many of you are greatly interested in Don Hansen, Edith's son, so I'll take this way of telling you that he is in a Veteran's hospital in Chicago. He has been there since the first week in January and it has been a long lonely pull for him and for his mother. Edith has been able to go and see him a couple of times, and when Wayne was in Chicago recently he went out to see him. We are hoping that his health will permit him to come home for a visit when it gets a little cooler.

Our remodeled kitchen was surely a comfort during the time that we had our family reunion. As the girls stacked the dishwasher on Saturday evening they remarked that they certainly wished we might have had it back in the old days when we often had two dish-pans going for every meal. Russell plans to come up and get pictures this next month, and then you can see what changes we have made.

Our garden has been a source of unending pleasure this summer. Here in Shenandoah we had more than double the average rainfall during the month of June, and consequently I've never seen things grow so luxuriantly. It's meant a lot of mowing, needless to say, and that's one job I never tackle. I can do a fairly good job of weeding and enjoy it, but that's about the extent of my garden work.

Emily is the best baby imaginable and such a cheerful, happy little girl. The only time she ever fusses is when she's ready for bed, and in spite of hot weather and teething she always has a smile for everyone.

It's been a pleasure to have so many of you stop to see us this summer. I'm afraid that there were many times when things weren't very well picked up, but with small children around a big share of the time and no outside help you understand, I'm sure, why our house isn't always in apple-pie order.

The next time I write we'll be thinking about the opening of school. Do take time to sit down and get off a letter to us before that busy time begins.

Always your friend . . . Leanna.

Come into the Garden

SEED SOWING EXPERIENCES IN AUGUST

By Mary Duncomb

There is no question in any gardener's mind that it would be much pleasanter simply to enjoy the garden picture from a comfortable seat under a shady tree on the lawn than to have to think constructively of preparing a seed bed and planting those perennial and biennial seeds which must be planted if we wish to continue having a beautiful display of flowers in coming seasons.

The work may be done in the cool of the morning, also subsequent waterings and the other protective measures which are usually taken with the tiny seedlings. As long as these seedlings can remain in the seed bed during the winter, it is not such a big job as it sounds. Anyway we should lose no time in ordering our seeds for so many of them should be planted as soon as ripened—it is Nature's way. Perhaps they will lie dormant until spring, but never mind, it may be intended that way. We often see, in the spring, young seedlings coming up around the mother plant, and we know right well they were spilled from ripened seed pods in late summer. Take pansies, for instance. Some years I have very good luck, as I put it, with these August sown seeds. Some years, using the same good varieties of seed and following the same careful procedure of other years, finds me with no pansies worth mentioning. Conditions often vary so much that this can happen through no fault of our own. Just the same, nothing daunted, I try again each August, and often more successfully. So if you are a novice at this seed sowing, do not be discouraged at occasional failures. Remember it is not the failures of experienced gardeners we read of, it is their triumphs. Try, try again is a good motto for a gardener.

Pansies like a well prepared seed bed, thoroughly dug and worked to a fine soil condition. (It does not need any fertilizer at this stage.) Instructions are on every seed packet and should be followed carefully. A frame around the bed is a wonderful help.

Fate must have smiled on me that August some years ago when I planted my choice Pacific Coast Giant Delphiniums in my permanent seed bed. The seed germinated perfectly and gave me a good foundation Delphinium bed. The following spring they were set in permanent places in the garden, and now, for the fourth summer, give beautiful blooms.

There were three packets of seed, Galahad, the enormous dazzling white one; Percival, equally as large as to flowerlet but white with a

black center or bee as it is called; and a mixed one of King Arthur's Knights and Ladies. I know I have mentioned these before, but each season they impress me anew with their beauty. The only trouble I ever have with Delphiniums is that no matter how well they are staked one of those violent June storms is sure to catch some of them and lay them low. So we usually have some bouquets for the house and of course a second blooming in Fall. On such occasions I console myself by saying it makes a stronger plant when the bloom is removed before setting seed.

The Iris seem to know their business well; they ripen their seeds for us to plant, and that is the time to replant their rhizomes if we so wish. The seed will lie dormant until spring, so I am keeping a rather long narrow bed for them. I already have a nice start from previous plantings and have had a few bloom for me. From now on I plan to keep this bed from being disturbed so that no transplanting will be necessary for some years at least.

Being especially interested in the type of Penstemons suitable for the Midwest, I have noticed that their seed is formed profusely after blooming time is over, and is scattered around the old plants. They seem to lie there all winter, germinating in early spring as in their native haunts. I plant mine in colonies, that is the seedlings. Once established, they will seed back. Seeds are planted for the first time in frames dedicated to their use. These Penstemons can stand my dry hot garden, as it depends entirely on rainfall for summer moisture, and is in direct sun. The soil is not overly rich but is well drained. I find these plants of the Plains and the Prairies are well worth while establishing in our gardens. All the Glaber group do well here, also the Grandiflorus, lavender, pink or white, and Cobaea and Digitalis. Do plant their seed this year.

AUGUST IS THE MONTH

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Lantanas are ideal for hot south foundation plantings. Because they are tender one has to winter them in a sunny window. I usually dig and pot the best of the old plants in the fall before a hard freeze, but always root a few cuttings to take the place of worn-out plants. August is the month to start the cuttings.

Select stocky branches with at least two and preferably three joints. Pull off carefully with a heel. Remove all buds and blossoms and place in a pot or cruck of your favorite rooting medium. The first joint or node should have the leaves removed and the stem set so that this part is underground. The rooting medium should be kept just nicely moist—not too wet, not too



Olga Tiemann keeps a careful photographic record of her garden. Over a long period of time she has used her camera to study individual flowers, group plantings and special arrangements. These particular flowers are English Wallflowers; their bright orange-yellow blossoms are delightfully fragrant.

dry—a gardener soon learns the ideal condition. Cover each cutting with a glass jar if they are inclined to wilt at first. Uncover each day for a while to prevent any mold from forming. The pot can be left outside in the shade of a shrub or tree until a hard freeze.

Pansy and Viola seeds must be planted now to provide plenty of plants for spring blossoms. Sow the seeds in a frame where moisture and shade can be regulated most easily. Gently press the seeds in the well-prepared soil and cover with burlap or newspapers. They must not dry out during the period of germination or they will be a total loss. It takes from seven to ten days for this. Even after they are well up, they should be shaded during the hottest part of the day until cooler weather arrives. They can be set in their permanent places as soon as large enough to handle easily.

For an abundance of fragrance and color next spring, plant a row of English Wallflowers this month. They are difficult to reset and should be planted where they are to bloom. The plants grow to a height of over 18 inches and are just a mass of bright orange-yellow blossoms. For a low-growing checkered apron effect, plant seeds of Blue-eyed Mary (*Collinsia verna*) in a semi-shady location if possible, although they will bloom quite good-naturedly also in the sun. The seeds are slow to germinate but you will find them coming up in September and will wonder if the tiny plants will be large enough to go through the winter safely. There is no need for concern—they will thrive and in the spring will cheer you with their extravagant display of little blue and white blossoms.

August is the month to set out Madonna Lilies. Unlike other Lilies they have been dormant for weeks and are now ready to send forth a new crown of leaves. Set them shallow—two inches of soil over the tops of the bulbs is amply sufficient. Pot Freesia and Oxalis wanted for winter blooming. Freesias like cool growing conditions but Oxalis will make only leaf growth if sun and warmth are denied it.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

At four o'clock on the afternoon of V-J Day Dorothy and I sat at the radio in the living room of Dorothy's and Frank's home in San Francisco. We were waiting, as the rest of the world was waiting, for the official White House announcement that Japan had surrendered. Almost exactly at four o'clock it came, and then began the single most overwhelming concentration of sheer noise that we have ever heard.

Juliana and Kristin came running to us in terror, so we picked them up and went to stand in the yard underneath the palm tree. It was impossible for us to hear each other's voices even though we stood side by side, and when I tell you what made up that great roar I think you'll understand.

Every train standing in the city at that time blew its whistle without ceasing. Thirty-seven air raid sirens screamed, every church bell in the city rang, several hundred boats in the Bay blew their foghorns and whistles, car horns blasted by the many thousands, squadron after squadron of heavy bombers flew just above tree top level, and the great guns of the Presidio fired round after round. The Presidio guns alone were sufficient to shake the earth, so when you add to their heavy roar all of the other noises you can begin to imagine what a tumult of sound swept over San Francisco.

I am not ashamed to say that I stood under that palm tree holding Juliana and wept. It seemed incomprehensible that the war was really over, that people need no longer live in fear of having a messenger stop at their door with the worst possible news. We had watched with sinking hearts the great concentration of shipping in San Francisco that could mean only one thing—an eventual invasion of Japan—and to realize that this invasion need never be attempted was too good to be true.

It was almost six o'clock before the tremendous roar began to diminish in any way, and then I realized that I had better get to my own home while it was still possible to drive through the streets. Just as we drove up in front we met Russell—the minute the sirens started blowing he had hurried out the back door of the store and caught the last street car that moved on schedule for many, many hours. San Francisco was a city just as badly dislocated by joy as by a disaster.

We lived approximately five miles from the business district, but at seven o'clock we stepped to the front door and looked out to see something that frightened us for a moment. A solid wall of white was moving rapidly down the street—and it wasn't fog—it was actually paper. Stop and think for a second how much confetti, torn telephone books, etc., it would take to make a wall several feet high that moved over five miles!



All of us children were thrilled when Mother sent us this picture that was taken to mark her 20th anniversary as a radio homemaker. What memories those two decades contained for our family! We realize now what a privilege it was to grow up with an invention that has made such a difference to people—and certainly the radio has done that.

We said then that it would take months to clean up the city—and it did.

We made no attempt to leave our own doorstep for two days. Reports that came constantly over the radio were enough to frighten anyone into keeping off the streets. Hundreds and hundreds of store windows were smashed, a number of people were killed in the mobs, and every hospital in the city was jammed with emergency cases. What started out as a heart-felt expression of great joy turned into a holocaust, and finally, at midnight on the second night, tanks were brought to clear the streets. They lined up in a solid wall on Market Street, the one big main street where the worst rioting took place, and moved inexorably straight through to the harbor. It was the only possible way of bringing the wild disorders to an end.

It is easy to feel critical about behavior that results in the loss of life and in the loss of property that ran into the millions, but you must remember that V-J Day caught thousands of boys in that city who were headed for an invasion of Japan. They knew that once they sailed through Golden Gate their chances of sailing back through it were on the debit side. When people are snatched from such a predicament as that it's understandable that their sense of relief would lead to such rioting.

V-J Day found Howard on an LST headed towards Mindoro from Okinawa. The men on that ship heard President Truman's announcement, but there was no excitement or rejoicing. Howard says that they were all so depressed and "beat-up" after the Okinawa campaign that they couldn't react to anything, and then too, news of such caliber had to be taken gingerly. What if it weren't true? Men who've been under fire for a long time are conditioned to expect the worst, not the best. And no one was going to celebrate until it was proved beyond all conceivable doubt that there was something definite to celebrate.

Eventually, of course, things quieted down and moved in the normal pat-

tern. Yet almost every day brought something out of the ordinary for those of us who lived in San Francisco, and among the things I remember is the morning when one of the wings of the Pacific Air Fleet returned to this country. As far as the eye could see there were planes in the air flying in from the ocean, and the roar that they made shook the ground under our feet exactly as an earthquake does. If you've never seen the entire sky covered with planes you've missed something!

Before long too we began to hear the exciting sound of boat whistles shrieking away in the harbor. Transports began moving in from the Pacific returning soldiers and sailors, and whenever one arrived it was customary to start blowing every whistle in the Harbor area as the ship passed under the Golden Gate Bridge. As many as ten-thousand men came in on a single day, so you can see how often the whistles blew and how much excitement there was.

At the height of this excitement I took Juliana and made a short trip back to see the folks. Mother and I had been working on the sewing book by exchanging letters and papers back and forth, but as the time came to round it all up in its final form we realized that we would have to be side by side to finish it. Obviously it was out of the question for Mother to go to San Francisco, so I went back to Shenandoah. Our train was crowded with soldiers and sailors (all of them happy this time for they were headed homewards) and Juliana made quite a sensation with them because so many men had small children whom they'd never seen, and they were anxious to check up on age, accomplishments, etc. I've never before or since talked to so many strangers about what could be expected of a youngster about two-and-a-half—or a little over.

Mother and I pitched right into our job of winding up "It's Fun To Sew For Little Girls", and when that work was done I went on to Minneapolis so that Grandmother and Grandfather Verness could see Juliana. From there I went to Chicago where I visited a few days with Lucille Sassaman and her family, and then returned to Shenandoah. When I reached Shenandoah I heard that Margery had just been married in Glendale. Dorothy and Kristin flew down from San Francisco to be there for her wedding, although Dorothy just about didn't make the wedding even though she'd made the trip for that purpose, for she turned her ankle as she stepped from the plane and nearly broke it. She hobbled around her entire stay in Glendale.

This is the place to answer questions that many of you have asked through these past two years. Like many, many other marriages made during the excitement of war times, Margery's marriage proved to be a mistake. And, as many other young women with a small child to look out for have done, she is making her home with the folks in order that Martin may have a secure childhood.

(To Be Continued)

LIFE CAN BE LIVED IN THIS WAY!

By Lucille Sassaman

Good personalities and good manners are built in simple ways, and they both boil down to consideration of other people. Children have to be helped to look outward away from themselves, and a lot of grown-ups could make their lives richer by using the same methods. Just as any outdoor hobby such as learning to know the birds in your neighborhood or the names of trees and flowers will open a whole new world of sights and sounds, you can have a hobby of making friends. When you really begin thinking about people and what you can do to make them happier you begin to open your heart to an understanding that will enrich your whole life.

A friend of ours has just returned from a field trip to an Indian tribe in Canada. He lived with them for a year while gathering the material he needed to write his Doctor's thesis in Anthropology.

This tribe had once been the richest and most important tribe in the West. They lived peacefully developing great things in building and government and art, and his study revealed that the success of their whole way of life depended upon their religion.

This required that each youth go into the mountains for period of prayer and contemplation. There they were visited by the Holy Spirit and given power to do certain things. They then returned and met with the council of elders and described the power they felt in themselves. Some were full of a desire to use their power in hunting or fishing, others wanted to build and create, or dance and make music. A few wanted to decide the laws by which people lived together.

The most important thing about this power was that it grew stronger in direct proportion to the amount that they used for the good of others. Those who gave the most became the most powerful, and eventually became the great priests of the council. But if they used any of their power for only their own good, that amount of power drained out of them. Those who allowed all of their power to be drained out had to live apart and were shunned by everyone in the tribe.

The downfall of these Indians began with the horse. Here, for the first time, was property accumulated for private use and self-glorification. After that the young men began to race each other, then went on raiding expeditions to other tribes, and eventually devoted all their time and energy to war. Religion and government were lost, and now for decades this once powerful, happy and healthy tribe has lived in squalor and absolute degradation.

This story impressed me so much because of a coincidence. I had just seen a book in the library titled "Try Giving Yourself Away." I didn't read the book, but for several days I had been speculating as to just what it meant to give yourself away.



Emily's interest in Juliana's newest doll "Baby Coos" never seems to wear out. She plays happily with her by the hour.

I thought about an unusually happy family of eight children. There is never money enough to go around for everybody to give a gift on every birthday, so they have figured out a way of giving themselves away. To keep that size family in order the Mother has worked out a routing of chores for each member. When one has a birthday he often receives, among his other gifts, an envelope containing a note for two days of dishwashing, three days of bathroom floor scrubbing, three days of errands, run, etc.

One of our friends is a young woman who has always suffered from shyness. It was so painful that she couldn't make friends, and as she went from bad to worse it was evident that she wouldn't even be able to hold her job. We knew that she was a gentle, friendly person possessed of an extremely keen mind that was going to seed for lack of stimulation, and even though she was relaxed with us she would stiffen at the approach of any of our friends. She deplored this in herself and wanted desperately to do something about it.

Once while we were discussing a man who was to be at our house for dinner she said that she had heard a great deal about him from a roommate in college. He had been her teacher and she frequently quoted the things that he had said in class that had made an impression on her. We insisted that she tell this man what she had told us, so she took all of her courage and did so. That was the beginning of a new world. Anyone who has ever been a teacher knows that the only reward they ever get is to hear that something they said inspired someone. And no teacher ever hears it very often. This man was so pleased that he spent the evening talking to her almost exclusively. She forgot to be shy when she became interested in what he was saying, and that evening changed her

life. His enthusiasm communicated itself to her, and she is now doing the same kind of work in the same field. She spends her days talking with people and wonders why it took her so long to find out that she could forget herself when she became interested in other people.

We all have something to give away. Last week the newspapers carried a story and pictures of an incredibly dignified and beautiful old lady in a wheel chair, selling papers on a busy New York street corner. One day on an impulse she offered to take care of the stand while the boy went to eat his lunch, and she has continued to do it every day. She had lived for years as a lonely rich old lady dropping further and further from the main stream of life, and now she says that she has never been so happy. She is back in contact with the world and has made hundreds of new friends. That one simple gesture of giving an hour of her time away free has brought her all the things she wanted and that her money couldn't buy.

Make the effort to tell people the things you like about them or some little happiness they have brought you, and, just as important, learn how to receive kindness. If you get a compliment enjoy it and pass it on as quickly as possible. If someone says that your cake is wonderful, thank them and say that your family likes it best of all and you got the recipe from Mrs. Brown or out of Kitchen-Klatter. Which reminds me that the biggest hit I ever made on birthday cakes in our house was the cherry cake and filling in the November issue of 1948.

Remember the Indians and you will find that your power too increases as you give it away.

A PRAYER

Today, my Father, I cannot go
Whither I would;
Then grant that where Thou wouldst
May be my place.
And in Thy grace
Such love extend
That I shall know at evening
It is the place I sought,
But could not comprehend.

Today, my Father, I cannot do
The work I love;
Oh, give me then to labor
At Thy side,
In fields untried.
So shape the task
That I shall know at evening
It is the work I loved,
But knew not how to ask.

—Grace F. Guthrie.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11:00
A.M. we visit with you on the
following stations:

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on
your dial.
KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on
your dial.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on
your dial.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter to you from a little country village in Rhode Island. It seems almost incredible that I wrote my last letter from Honolulu. I wish that you could have seen Betty, Mary Leanna and me at the airport in Honolulu the night we left. We were loaded down with gorgeous flower leis from our shoulders to our eyes and from our wrists to our elbows.

The airplane that flew us to San Francisco carried sixty-one passengers and a crew of ten or twelve. Everything went well with us until bedtime. It was then that Mary Leanna decided to entertain the rest of the passengers by singing. It was quite obvious that they did not want to be entertained at that hour of the night and so finally in desperation I took her down to the lounge on the lower deck of the plane and there she sang her way across the Pacific until the lounge was closed at three o'clock in the morning. The entire ocean crossing took just a little less than nine hours. The first four hours of the flight our altitude was 15,000 feet, but for the last five hours we flew at 23,000 feet. You see, with the new type of pressurized cabins now being used on the big airplanes it is possible to fly at very high altitudes with no discomfort to the passengers. We had a good breakfast aboard the plane just before landing at San Francisco.

At San Francisco we boarded a train for Omaha. Because we were anxious to get caught up on our sleep we had a compartment on the train, and I think that I can say without any exaggeration that we slept our way to Omaha. I was awake long enough to notice that Wyoming and Nebraska are greener this summer than I have ever seen them. I was really amazed at the fresh appearance of the range pasture lands. Once or twice I saw huge herds of antelope fattening themselves on the lush grass.

As I looked across the beautiful countryside I found it hard to believe all the stories I had read about the terrible blizzards of last winter when entire towns were cut off from the rest of civilization. One of the train crewmen entertained me for more than an hour telling about the frightful time the railroads had last winter when hundreds of passengers nearly froze to death.

Our few days at home were most rewarding. It was great fun visiting with Mother and Dad about their trip to Hawaii last winter. And we took a great deal of pride in our little Mary Leanna, for with the exception of Mother and Dad no one out there had ever seen her. As a matter of fact one or two of the family had never met Betty. In the few days that we spent in Iowa it wasn't possible to introduce Betty to all of the relatives—our family has dozens and dozens of relatives—but we did manage to call on several. The time at home went all too quickly and soon we were on our way



Frederick and Mary Leanna—taken in Shenandoah.

again. We took a plane out of Omaha early Monday morning and at three o'clock in the afternoon we were in New York City.

If any of you reading this letter think that the midwestern cornbelt is not beautiful, I hope that someday you have an opportunity to see it from the air. I have flown so much in recent years that I don't pay much attention to scenery anymore. Usually airplanes fly too high for the scenery to be seen well. But when I fly over the cornbelt, my face is pressed against the window. Good farm land from the air is beautiful beyond description. Now that so many farmers are using contour plowing there is no end to the variety of geometric designs visible from the air. Each field seems to have a coloring all its own and the hues and tints are beyond all numbering. How I do wish that I could convince some of you good midwestern people of the satisfaction you would receive from an airplane trip over your own farm and neighborhood. If you have never made such a trip, then by all means make one this summer.

Every time we travel we accumulate a collection of "Isn't this a small world?" stories. While sitting in the airport waiting room in Chicago two of our very dear friends from Honolulu who are now on their way to Vienna came up and spoke to us. They just happened to pass through there at the same time that we did. Also in Chicago we met a family on its way to Honolulu that had had dinner the night before with some very dear friends of ours. On the plane to New York City we met some people who were close friends of our next-door neighbors in Honolulu. When we got out of the plane at New York airport we met some very close friends from Honolulu who were just then taking a plane back to Hawaii. Will you permit me to say it? Thank you. "It is a very

small world indeed!"

We were thrilled with the service we received on the Chicago-New York flight. When lunch time arrived the stewardess served Mary Leanna first of all. She had her own special food brought to her on the sweetest little blue tray equipped with pink and blue dishes and the lunch that Betty and I had was fit for a king. The lunch was so big and the plane was so fast that we crossed over two states between soup and dessert. Have you ever eaten a fine meal at 17,000 feet altitude? It is quite an experience.

From an air conditioned airplane we stepped out into a New York temperature of 89 degrees. To make matters still worse we had to drive in a taxi through several miles of city traffic during the rush hour, and that's an awful experience. As soon as we reached Grand Central Station I took Betty and Mary Leanna to an air-conditioned restaurant while I went off to get tickets for Rhode Island. I had to stand in line with literally hundreds of people, all of them wanting tickets on the same train that we planned to take. All of the torrid heat of the Pacific Islands could not equal the oppressing heat that wrapped itself around those ticket lines.

Just before we boarded the train Betty's father met us quite unexpectedly and went with us on to Rhode Island. I wish that you could have seen the beautiful train that took us from New York to Rhode Island. In all of my life I don't think that I have ever seen a train quite so nice. Two years ago when we were back here in the East there were no such nice trains. All during the war the eastern railroads used broken-down old trains that were a disgrace. But the new trains of today are the most lavish trains that modern design and engineering can turn out. The pity of it is that just as the railroads begin to get new equipment passenger traffic begins to fall off. The old trains during the war were filled until they were actually bursting at the seams, but the comfortable new trains of today run half empty.

All of New England has been suffering from a heat wave during the month of June. There had been not the slightest relief until the night the Driftmier family arrived from Honolulu. Just as our train was crossing the state of Connecticut a strong breeze blew in from the ocean and in fifty minutes the outside temperature dropped twenty degrees. When we got off the train in Rhode Island we were shivering with the cold. Betty and Mary Leanna showed no signs of any ill effects but I caught a cold. The change was just too drastic.

For most of the summer we shall be right here in Ashaway, Rhode Island. I hope to be able to tell you in my next letter just where we shall locate next fall. Both Betty and I have but one strong desire and that is to serve the Lord in the best possible manner. Where He leads us we shall follow.—Frederick.

STRANGERS MAY BE FRIENDS

By Eileen Derr

Any trip is a special something to be put away in a scrapbook or snapshot album, relegated to a closet shelf and dug out on dull days so that we may relive our thrilling experiences throughout the years.

All trippers are collectors. There are rocks, pressed flowers, snapshots and literature, and most of us collect a friend or two along the way.

Someone once said, "He who is blessed with the friendship of humanity, is the possessor of priceless riches." And if you are not afraid to pass the time of day with strangers it is easy to come home with new additions to your friendship list.

Many of these friends are to be found in the most unexpected places and under extraordinary circumstances. Only this last summer, while on a picnic in a mountainous region twenty miles north of Swiss-home, Oregon, we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cauthorn.

On this particular morning we packed our lunch and drove as far as the narrow logging road would take us. Signs along the way told us that we had gone to the end of the Left Fork of Deadwood Road on Misery Creek, and it was here we found the Cauthorns in a paradise of their own. Their home, which they called "Maplewood Place," is nestled down in a little valley walled in by fir covered mountains. They have a modern water system piped from a mountain spring above them, and their irrigated garden was a sight to behold.

We feasted on luscious sun-ripened strawberries, loganberries, raspberries, admired lilies of every size, kind and color, saw dahlias as big as dinner plates and had a crisp head of lettuce (pulled from the middle of a primrose bed) for our lunch.

The Cauthorns insisted that we have our picnic on their own private picnic ground, complete with oven, tables, and singing brook. As we ate, we could watch the mountain trout swimming about and the children waded and caught little red crayfish and sea mussels. Goats and white rabbits nearby completed the pastoral scene.

Mrs. Cauthorn likes to paint and her walls are adorned with her paintings and tapestry work. Her floors are carpeted with skins of bear and lynx cat, killed and tanned by her husband.

Besides all these varied interests, Mrs. Cauthorn is a woodswoman. She gathers sword fern and sphagnum moss for eastern green houses and nurseries. She also gathers chitem bark for cascara and cultivates the wild foxglove for the digitalis found in its tender leaves. There is an avid market for these items at pharmaceutical houses.

Mrs. Cauthorn, a successful poetess, and her husband, a retired contractor, were once residents of Eugene,

Oregon, a city of 20,000. Mrs. Cauthorn established the Pen Women's Club of Eugene (many of its members have published books of their own). She is a member of the Women's Press Club of the State of Oregon and her poems, published under the name of Esther Williamson Cauthorn, are to be found in the "World's Fair Anthology of Verse," "Hear Us America," "Christmas Lyrics of 1940," and others.

Why do they live away from their time-established friends and the city life with which they are familiar? Mrs. Cauthorn volunteers that the ordinary strifes of life take a back seat when one lives close to God's Country, and her lovely face reveals an inward peace of mind experienced by few of us.

A Christmas letter from the Cauthorns gives us a picture of Oregon in winter. Mrs. Cauthorn speaks of the rains and the snow, of the little stream now swollen and angry and filled with spawning salmon. She describes the Thanksgiving centerpiece that she arranged for their little mountain church dinner — a yellow crook-necked squash on a yellow and orange steak plate to represent the goose, a small squash tucked in by its side to represent the gosling. There were tokay grapes around her neck, walnuts, filberts, lemons, oranges, red delicious and striped maiden blush apples. Sprays of red and green autumn leaves, yellow mums, and red pepper pods were placed down the center of the long table, alternating with red and green candles in red apple holders. Isn't that a lovely picture? She also went on to invite the children back for another summer's catch of red crayfish and promises to cook the little lobster-like creatures Oregon style in a kettle of spice and vinegar.

I finished her letter, imagining the good smell of the savory stew they were having for supper and wished that I too might sit by her fire and leaf through her new seed catalogue with her. Such is the essence of friendship, and Swiss-home, Oregon, will nevermore to me be just a place on the map.

BRIDAL CAVE

By Catherine Scott

They opened a new cave in the Missouri Ozarks last October. Known as Bridal cave, it is located four or five miles north of Camdenton, in the heart of the Lake of the Ozarks region. Three miles from town, you turn off highway No. 5 onto one of the Lake roads, and a little later onto the special road to the cave. Here was one of the most beautiful views of the lake I have ever seen, with the sharp drop to the green water below, and the hills, russet and wine at that time, rising from every side. The road, fairly steep, drops down to a few feet above water level, and here, in the side of the hill you have just come down, is the entrance to the cave.

A guide escorts you through the electrically lighted cave, and gives

information on its formation: the whole thing is millions of years old; it has been formed during four separate periods; the stalactites and stalagmites dropping from the ceiling and rising from the floor were formed at the rate of a cubic inch in several hundred years.

On the floor in several of the rooms is another type of formation, at first glance just a heap of cloddy mud, but actually "hard as rock." This was even slower than the other, taking around four hundred years to build up a cubic inch. You don't wonder at the guides' warning not to break off any of the rock, for at that rate, it would take many years to rebuild. In some places, the minerals formed over softer materials which later wore away, leaving shelves and pillars of stone.

In going from one to another of the five rooms open to the public, you crowd past several of the large pillars, formed at this snail's pace. Then you look up at the walls and ceiling, where thousands of little stalactites, smaller than your finger, are just beginning. Now they are white and hollow, but later the center will fill in. Where some of the older ones have been broken off to make room for the path, you can see the different colors, like marrow in a bone.

Some of the lovelier forms are folded and draped from the walls, as cloth might be. In the Angels' Wardrobe they hang in a neat row, the shoulders and tips of the wings together. They do look as if they might be the waiting wings of some large and stately angels! The Pipe Organ extends from floor to ceiling, a round column of narrow ribbons of rock. When the guide strikes them with the heel of his hand, there is a deep boom as if drums were being played.

After bending over and crowding through "fat man's misery," you stand up, the ceiling fifty or sixty feet above the platform you are on. A graceful rock "chandelier" is high above you. Sometime—maybe—they want to put lights up there.

On many of the walls are strange little formations, like coconut scattered on a cake, and not much larger. They grow in any and all directions. Considering that they are of rock, built up by the mineral laden water, they are one of the most puzzling of the things to be seen.

The cave is living, that is, still being formed. Water drips slowly from the stalactites above, and most of the rocks and walls, away from the entrance room, are damp. But it is not enough to be unpleasant, although wearing second best shoes is advisable.

Ahead, in the part closed to the public, is a large underground pool, and more rooms, no one knows yet how many. On the way out, the guide turns out all the lights for a moment. It is darker than the darkest night.

The name, "Bridal Cave"? Oh, that's an Indian myth you'll hear all about if you go there.



"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CRISP PICKLE SLICES

(The friend who sent this recipe said: "I've made pickles for the last 30 years and tried countless recipes, but this is my all-time favorite.")

- 4 qts. sliced cucumbers (medium-sized)
- 6 medium white onions, sliced
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1 green pepper
- 1 sweet red pepper
- 1/3 cup salt
- 3 cups distilled white vinegar
- 5 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed

Slice cucumbers thin. Add sliced onions, garlic, and the peppers cut in narrow strips. Add salt; cover with cracked ice; mix thoroughly. Let stand 3 hours; drain. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over cucumber mixture. Heat to boiling and seal in sterilized jars. Makes 8 pints.

SUNSET SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 4 medium sized carrots ground

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. If desired, drain pineapple and use juice to make a total of 2 cups of liquid. When mixture begins to thicken add pineapple and ground carrots. When firm, cut in squares, place on lettuce leaf and add salad dressing.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING

- 1 cup egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup heavy cream

Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Store in refrigerator. When serving on vegetable salad, use as it is, but when on fruit salad, add whipped cream to it.

RECEPTION PUNCH

- 8 cups sugar
- 2 qts. water
- 1/2 cup crushed mint leaves
- 3 qts. orange juice
- 1 qt. pineapple, grape or berry juice
- 1 qt. lemon juice
- 2 qts. iced tea
- 2 qts. ginger ale
- 2 gallons cold water
- Orange and lemon slices and mint sprigs

Boil sugar with the 2 qts. of water for about 5 minutes. Add crushed mint leaves. Cool and then strain. Add fruit juices, tea and remaining water. Just before serving add ginger ale. Pour over ice in punch bowls. Garnish with fruit slices and sprigs. Serves 100.

PRIME RIB OF BEEF ROAST

I think that a meat thermometer must be very handy to have, but it so happens that I don't own one and I must admit that I get along nicely without it. After roasting many prime ribs I have come to the conclusion that the finest results are obtained by placing the meat in the oven, fat side up, and setting the temperature for 250 degrees. For a roast intended to serve eight people I put the meat in at 250 degrees about three o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock I raise the temperature to 300 degrees. At six-thirty I raise the temperature to 350 degrees. This results in a beautifully tender and juicy roast that shrinks almost not at all, has a brown crust, and is altogether wonderful. I salt it when the temperature goes from 250 to 300 degrees and I never, NEVER cover it in any way.

EGG SPREAD

Combine 4 finely chopped hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 cup broken nuts, 1/4 cup chopped sweet pickles or India relish, 1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives, 2 Tbls. mayonnaise and 1/2 tsp. salt. Makes 1 2/3 cups.

LIME ANGEL PIE

Make the meringue first by beating 4 egg whites until frothy. At that point add 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Then slowly add 1 cup of sugar and beat until the mixture "climbs the blades" (if you are using an electric mixer) or until it's almost impossible to turn the beater if you are using a rotary beater. Spread into a well-buttered 9" pie tin and make a depression in the center—build the edges up quite high. Bake in a 275 degree oven for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

LIME FILLING

(This should be made while meringue is baking.)

- 4 egg yolks
- Grated rind of 1 lime
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 13 tsp. lime juice

Beat egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Then add grated lime rind, sugar and lime juice. Put in top of double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Then add gelatine which has been dissolved in cold water. Put aside to get firm. Then beat vigorously until light and fluffy (it will increase greatly in bulk) and turn into center of meringue. Chill thoroughly. Serve with a layer of whipped cream spread over it.

This is a spectacular dessert and not hard to make. It is always highly successful. If limes are unavailable, 8 tsp. lemon juice can be substituted for the lime juice, and also 1 tsp. of grated lemon rind.

FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

- 2 beaten egg yolks
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. almond extract
- 1 cup mashed fresh peaches
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites

Combine egg yolks, 3/4 cup of sugar and salt; beat well. Add milk, almond extract, peaches and cream. Mix well and freeze until firm. Beat egg whites and gradually add 1/4 cup of sugar. Beat stiff and then turn frozen mixture into chilled bowl. Beat quickly and then gently fold in egg-white mixture. Freeze until firm. Will give six generous servings.

CHEESE SPREAD

Mix 4 3-oz. packages cream cheese with 1/4 cup cream. Add 2 Tbls. each of lemon juice, minced parsley; 1 tsp. each of onion juice, celery salt and 1/2 tsp. savory. Makes about 1 1/2 cups.

HAM SPREAD

Combine 1 cup ground cooked ham or spiced pork, 1/2 cup finely chopped celery, 2 Tbls. cream and 1/4 tsp. each ground cloves and mace. Garnish with parsley. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

CANADIAN PINEAPPLE PIE

- 1 1/4 cups grated canned pineapple
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 egg yolks, beaten light
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour or cornstarch

Mix flour, salt and sugar. Add to beaten egg yolks. Add fruit juices to this mixture and cook until thick in double boiler or over low heat. Remove from fire and add grated pineapple and butter. Cool. Then put into a pie plate lined with raw pastry. Put on a top crust and bake 10 minutes in a 450 degree oven; reduce heat to 350 and bake 25 minutes longer.

This pie is a great favorite at pie socials, says the friend in Nebraska who sent the recipe. She suggests that strawberry ice cream be used when it is served a la mode.

LATTICE CRUST FOR PINEAPPLE PIE

The friend who sent the double-crust pineapple pie recipe also stated that she prefers the lattice top for it. Her instructions are as follows:

Roll out pastry into a round as for a regulation top crust. Then fold the pastry as one does a paper fan; cut triangles in each side of the dough, which is about 1 1/2 to 2 inches wide when finished with the folding. Lay it on one side of the pie plate and gently unfold and ease over the filled pie. Seal edges as usual.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Beat 3 egg yolks with rotary beater until light. (Use electric mixer if you have one.) Add 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper. Melt 1/4 pound of butter and heat 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice. Alternately, a little at a time, add the butter and lemon juice to the egg yolks, beating constantly and very fast. Then, still beating, slowly add 2 Tbls. boiling water.

Before using, let the hollandaise heat to lukewarm by standing on top of a warm oven or in a pan of water. Don't make the mistake I once made of trying to keep it hot in the top part of the double boiler! The vegetable with which it is served is always piping hot, so it doesn't matter if the sauce is only lukewarm.

Hollandaise is wonderful served with asparagus, green beans, broccoli or Brussel's sprouts.

SAUSAGE SKILLET SPECIAL

1 lb. bulk sausage. Put in a cold skillet with 2 Tbls. water, cover and simmer until water is gone. Take lid off and brown. Then add:

- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1/4 cup green pepper
- 1 pt. tomato soup
- 1 to 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 No. 2 can red kidney beans (about 2 cups). Salt and pepper the mixture and simmer about 20 minutes.

GUESTS FOR SUPPER AT SEVEN

By Lucile

Most of the time my guests are the ones to whom I can say "Take what we're eating and let's hope there's enough," but once in an orchid moon I stir myself to a real honest-to-goodness company meal. It's fun to do this if you don't get bogged down by attempting too much, and I know of no better spirit-soother than to have everything go off as if a beautifully oiled mechanism had taken full charge.

Goodness knows I've had my keen disappointments and I suspect that you have too, because it takes down-to-earth-experience to learn perfect timing. But nowadays I've gotten the hang of all the tricks it takes to greet my guests as though I'd just spent a completely carefree day, (I never have such days!) progressed from that, plus at least fifteen minutes of relaxed conversation, to a meal that hits the table with the minimum of confusion, and thence through a happy evening in which it's generally understood that an entire army of Brownies has moved in to clean up the kitchen.

The chances are that you know all of these tricks too if you've been married for quite some spell, but we old-timers are always inclined to forget that some girls may just be starting out, so for them I'm setting down in black-and-white the various items of work that go into serving a company meal.

Situation: Six guests arriving at seven o'clock for supper. Add the two of us and you have eight people at the table. Where's Juliana? She prefers a picnic in the backyard on these occasions if the weather's warm; in the winter she enjoys the picnic in her room—it's the only time she's permitted to do this so it's a great lark.

Menu: Prime rib of beef roast; mashed potatoes; brown gravy; asparagus with Hollandaise sauce; tossed green salad; hot rolls with preserves; lime angel pie; coffee.

Explanations: I never fool around with a first course of soup or fruit or fish; it just complicates things and what people really want to get started on is that roast. You'll notice the absence of relishes; good quality olives, fancy pickles, etc. are expensive and the meat costs enough. Anyway, with a big tossed green salad you don't really need them. Coffee is served with the dessert and as a rule we go to the living room. I'd rather let the table stand as it is than start removing everything—no Brownies at hand to help, you see.

A step-by-step work program: Some people can clean the day before and have it stay that way. I can't. This means that the cleaning must be done on THE DAY itself and I set nine o'clock for the deadline. By the that hour the living room, dining room and bathroom must be in order.

From 9:00 until 10:00 I clean and prepare all vegetables and put them in a Food Saver bag in the refrigerator. In one spot near the sink I place

salt, pepper, paprika, olive oil and a lemon. Make lime angel pie.

From 10:00 until 12:30 I don't think about company. At 12:30 the fun begins to fly. These are the things I do: Set the table and assemble in one spot on my only good-sized counter surface all of the bowls and silverware that will be used in serving the food. Peel potatoes and cover with water. (They lose a lot of their vitamin content this way but I figure that my guests will survive.) Open preserves and put in dish that will go to the table. Cut butter in individual pieces and return to refrigerator. Put roast in oven according to time it will take.

It's 2:30 or 3:00 now and I'm tired. Will snatch a little rest now if phone doesn't ring or someone knocks at door or Juliana wants something.

At 6:00 o'clock I dress (sounds pretty formal for what I do in this line!) and then there are always a lot of things to do that I can't list here—you know what they are. At 6:30 I make Hollandaise sauce, get asparagus out of freezing unit, put rolls in heavy paper sack to heat later, prepare the salad, fill glasses with ice water, take in preserves and butter and admire roast.

7:00 Guests arrive. (Mine are always on time, thank goodness.) Greet them and sit down for small talk. 7:15 Start asparagus; Remove roast for Russell to carve, turn oven up to 450 to heat rolls, make gravy, drain potatoes and mash.

7:25—Carry everything to table.

EAT

Dessert—Definite hour is impossible to state, but everyone moves to living room for dessert and coffee.

Cleaning up is always the same everywhere and needs no comments.

In this issue I'll give you my tips on the roast and recipes for lime angel pie and Hollandaise sauce.

PEACH ANGEL CAKE

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 6 beaten egg yolks
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 6 stiff-beaten egg whites
- 2 cups crushed, fresh peaches
- 1 angel cake

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg yolks. 3/4 cup sugar, and salt. Stir in lemon juice. Cook over hot water until mixture coats the spoon, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add lemon peel and gelatine. Stir into dissolved gelatine. Gradually beat 3/4 cup sugar into egg whites. Fold egg whites and peaches into custard. Break cake into bite-sized pieces. In 9-inch oiled angel-cake pan alternate layers of cake and peach mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with sliced peaches and whipped cream.

In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals. If young, it will eat anything at any hour of the day or night.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

When I was a very, very small child I thought that "Dog Days" meant a dreadful situation in which great packs of dogs went tearing through the streets, all of them frothing at the mouth and snapping left and right as they raced along. It was an immense relief to discover later that no such catastrophe was in the offing. But this afternoon all of those early memories swept through my mind for truly, if the kind of *Dog Days* that I once imagined could really come to pass, this would be the time.

As far as I can see there is only one way to live through heat waves in a reasonably normal and cheerful frame of mind and that is to keep up on both feet. Once you allow yourself to lie down you're done for! Now most of us have precious few moments when we COULD lie down, but to all of us from time to time come a handful of stray minutes when the couch beckons and there is an overpowering urge to take a tiny cat nap. This is the urge that must be resisted with every ounce of strength and courage that we possess, for it seems to be true that it's not the day itself that does us in but the short nap. I've tried to keep myself occupied through every waking moment and for myself, at least, it works. Sometime I wish you'd tell me how you get through heat waves successfully.

There is one thing I must be sure to say right here and I'll get it said quickly. I've discovered that it pays big dividends to help children get cleaned up in late afternoon. You know how it is . . . laundry is an awful chore in summer, fresh dresses stay clean such a short time and no one sees the youngster anyway! It's a big temptation to let them finish the day with dirty feet and hands, soiled play clothes, etc. But I found out (to my surprise) that I was a lot crosser and certainly much more impatient with Juliana when I had to look at her in a derelict condition. For some reason it seems so much more simple to be patient with a fresh, clean child. If you too have wondered why it's hard to be civil to your youngsters from four o'clock onwards, try what I have just suggested and see if it helps.

On Thursday, the 18th of August, I am anticipating meeting all of you who have been dieting for lo! these many months. When all of this diet business first started back in March I had visions of a handful of you gathering in my back yard for a bountiful meal composed of the favorite foods that it was necessary to forego to take off weight. Why, I even had a mental picture of myself mashing a big kettle of potatoes and serving a dozen or so plates! Well, that isn't at all the way it has turned out. It's impossible to say how many people will be on deck because too many things can happen at the last minute, but at least I have wits enough to recognize the fact that it will take more than three card tables in our back yard to accommodate everybody.



This was taken on one of the days when Kristin and Juliana "couldn't do a thing" with Martin. His grin tells you what he thinks about it!

As matters now stand we have decided to have the picnic at McComb's Park here in Shenandoah. There is running water and it's possible to shove together quite a number of tables. Dorothy and Margery are both going to be on deck to help with any children who are present, and since Juliana and Kristin both love to go to McComb's Park to play on the slides, swings, teeter-totters, etc., there is no reason to believe that your children won't love it too.

I can't read your various minds about the most convenient hour, but we're pretty sure to have a good hot day on August the 18th and it would be my idea that the earlier we could eat, the better. Doesn't twelve o'clock sharp sound reasonable? Most of you who are coming any distance at all will get an early start, so if we could have the meal at twelve o'clock there would be time before then to have a good visit and then we could talk afterwards until the sun and flies drive us out.

I'm going to take a pair of portable scales to the Park and we'll hide them behind a tree or a big bush. Then everyone can retire to the tree or bush and get weighed in utter privacy. I'll have the cards that contain your original weight (no one has ever gotten a glimpse of those!) and I can check the figure on August 18th with what the card said long ago. To the person who has taken off the most weight in that period of time will go a crisp \$10.00 bill that I HOPE will be spent for a new piece of clothing, something that will make you feel ten years younger and downright skinny. And with that elegant expression I'll close the subject of our Diet Club picnic.

This is the first summer that Russell and I have ever had the pleasure of enjoying a rose garden, and it more than compensated for the fact that we didn't get out of town in any direction for any kind of a vacation. I had no idea that a rose garden could be such a tremendous and unending source of happiness and gratification. As I've sat out on the terrace in the evening and looked at it, or as I've arranged bowls of blossoms for various tables in the house, I've realized that we couldn't have gone anywhere this summer and had as much relaxation and contentment as

we've found in our own back yard.

I hesitated before I used the word "terrace" a moment ago because it always calls up something sort of fancy to me and what we have isn't the least bit fancy, but it is wonderful for our needs. Until the first of June we had something that looked like this as nearly as I can describe it:

A flight of badly worn wooden steps leading down to an overgrown, sunken wood block walk that led to nowhere; a patch of ground extending from aforesaid steps, down to the big maple tree, that was resistant to all efforts to grow grass or flowers and was a veritable lake every time it rained. Do you get the idea?

Well, now when we go out the back door and walk down the steps we find ourselves on a paved flagstone terrace that extends right down to the curved sandbox that I mentioned in my last letter. Russell made this himself and it was a job that the pyramid builders might have shrunk from attempting because he had no equipment whatsoever beyond his own two arms and back.

Part of the terrace was made by breaking up a good-sized sidewalk that was never used (it ran from the front of our house to a side porch entrance that has been closed permanently). The other part was made by using stepping stones that a neighbor of Mother's took up. These many pieces of concrete were fitted together jig-saw puzzle fashion and then cemented. It was hot, hard work but it has paid off with enormous dividends. We have tables and chairs out there and many mornings at six o'clock we've enjoyed our morning coffee in that spot, and my! the beautiful, beautiful summer nights we've spent on our little terrace! I'm hoping that at least some of you can persuade your husband to fix something comparable outside your back door.

Kristin and Juliana have just come in to ask me if I'll play duets with them, so this must be all. We had a houseguest in July who started them out and I've tried to keep up these daily sessions at the piano. Both Dorothy and I will always be eternally grateful that our friend, a professional pianist, took a busman's holiday and helped our little girls.

I'm off now to "Noisy Cars" and "Tick Tock" and "Helping Mother" . . . Always . . . Lucile.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

Nobody ever added up
The value of a smile;
We know how much a dollar's worth,
And how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun,
The size and weight of earth,
But no one's ever told us yet
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THINGS YOU CAN MEET IN YOUR GARDEN!

By Hallie M. Barrow

Do you like to try out unusual things in your garden? So many of the new varieties I have tried simply haven't been worth the effort, but I am one of those gullible gardeners that makers of seed catalogs must be glad are still being born one a minute!

For years I've been tremendously intrigued by English broad beans which are listed in a few of the catalogues. This year there was a short space left in the parsnip row, and my husband (who abhors experiments) said that I might put my broad beans there. They grew and had a very stylish blossom—white with a black dot on each petal; certainly they come the nearest to being polka-dotted of any flower or plant I've grown thus far.

But when the pods began to form I started worrying because I hadn't the least idea about when or how to cook them. Fortunately I have access to a farm newspaper column, so in it I asked if there were any English readers who knew about broad beans and, if there were, please to let me know. And now it looks as if I have a dozen new garden friends made with one ten-cent package of broad bean seed.

One writer said she knew that an elderly Englishman sang in their church choir and possibly he'd know. When I met this very delightful English choir singer (a very fine gardener too) he said that he'd almost forgotten about broad beans because he had been in this country for over fifty years. He had come to the United States soon after he was of age, but he remembered that broad beans were a very common vegetable over there. He wrote to his relatives who still live there and this is the recipe that his niece in Derbyshire sent to me.

Ingredients: one peck of broad beans, salted water and parsley sauce. Method: this favorite vegetable, to be nice, should be young and freshly gathered. After shelling the beans, put them into the boiling water, salted to taste, and boil rapidly until tender. Drain well in a colander, dish and serve separately with a "boat" of parsley sauce. Boiled bacon often accompanies this vegetable, but it should be cooked separately and served in the center of the platter with the beans around it. Beans also make an excellent garnish for ham, but when used for this purpose they should have the skins removed. Very young beans should be cooked about fifteen minutes and older beans about twice as long. They are seasonable in July and August and a peck is sufficient for six to eight persons.

Thus wrote the woman in Derbyshire.

Doesn't that sound odd about the parsley sauce in a boat and then the other way of serving them around boiled bacon? Last week I was in

St. Joseph and met the Englishman. He told me how to make parsley sauce and it seems that you just use our ordinary cream sauce and then add lots of parsley cut very fine. And now I'm looking 'round for a sauce boat. I'm going to do this thing right!

The beans themselves are as large as butterbeans but round in shape and of a lovely light green color. Of course the pods are round too, and when you open them the beans seem encased in fine white cotton. They are really delicious and this is one experiment I've tried which we probably will repeat. However, I have been warned that it takes a cool, wet season for broad beans and usually in this country they do not mature. Luck was with me on this experiment for it happens that we've had a real broad bean season this year!

I did enjoy so much my visit with the Englishman. He said that in England their bean crop was mostly of two varieties—this broad bean and then the Scarlet Runner bean for a snap bean. As you know, we grow the Scarlet Runner here only for ornamental purposes; in fact, I have been told that the pods were poisonous to eat. But I am sure he meant the same thing for he spoke of the blossoms. Then he added that they do not snap their beans as we do here, but take one of the long pods and with a sharp knife make slantwise cuts along the pod and the beans are in the shape of these slantwise slices rather than our blunt snapped pieces. This idea was not new to me. It is the way I prepare green beans, and if the beans inside the pod are of pretty good size, some way I think the dish is more flavorful if sliced slantwise and then broken into blunt snapped pieces.

I had letters from a half-dozen other English folks scattered over several states, and they all said that my request had made them sort of homesick because broad beans are strictly an English vegetable. Even though my authority on this subject had given up his dish of broad beans in this country, he still kept up one of his old country customs and that was singing in the Episcopal church choir. He said he had started over in Derbyshire in the Church with the Crooked Spire when he was a very small lad, too young yet to read either music or words. He had always sung in that choir and was choirmaster when he left to come over here. He is now almost seventy-five years old but still sings in his beloved choir.

My husband says he thinks that the most satisfactory gardening wives are those who can't read and so don't try out many of the fool ideas on the printed page! He has things like watercress in mind when he makes such comments. This year I have made an attempt to grow watercress and we live miles from any clear, bubbling stream. I think this plant is possibly native to our part of the country—at least I've

been in the Ozarks and seen it covering large spaces of those clear, rock-bottomed streams.

It all started when I asked for an old rain barrel which was about to be destroyed. I first wanted it for a special lotus lily but was talked out of that. Then I sowed the watercress seeds on pieces of inverted sod in a moist, shady spot. When the plants had started their fourth leaf, sod and all was removed to the lower half of the old rain barrel which had been filled with very rich soil to about four inches from the top. It was watered freely until the plants showed good growth and then kept filled with water. (I turn the hose on once a week until it overflows.) A few chunks of charcoal were placed around to keep the water sweet. But my husband's verdict on my watercress experiment is that it is too likely to be a mosquito breeder, and he thinks that I should stick to dry land vegetables! But cress is so nice to add to a tossed salad, and if you've ever eaten watercress sandwiches you know that they are a real delicacy.

And speaking of a tossed salad . . . I have a special bed just for varieties of leafy vegetables which can be used in the tossed salad bowl. This bed surely looks like a confused mixed planting, but it yields great treasures for the salad bowl. For instance: in that strange looking bed are a half-dozen heads of red cabbage and the crumpled Savoy cabbage; several plants of New Zealand spinach which can be tipped all summer for nice greens; several plants of dill (and did you know that fresh dill or dill seed improves potato salad and many cabbage recipes?); a collection of odd-shaped tomatoes (have you ever tried using the whole red and yellow pear tomatoes?); white radishes for summer salads; a clump of chives; a sprinkling of garlic; some endive heads and several varieties of parsley, head and leaf lettuce and pepper plants. There! I think that's just about a complete inventory of the tossed salad bed.

I have never yet succeeded in raising celery, but I still have great hopes of achieving this.

In the meantime I make out very well and to my way of thinking there's nothing more decorative on a summer table than big wooden salad bowls filled with a half-dozen salad vegetables, the big wooden spoon and fork for mixing, the small individual wooden bowls and the containers for the ingredients of the dressing.

TRUE WORTH

True worth is in being, not seeming.

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming

Of great things to do by-and-by;
For whatever men say in blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,

There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Carey

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Here I am again in my own kitchen as I write to you tonight. Tomorrow is the 4th of July and since the summer school classes aren't meeting, it made a nice long week-end for Kristin and me to come home. We came on the train Friday afternoon and have been having a wonderful time.

There has only been one thing to dampen my spirits, and that was to see our beautiful field with only half of a crop left standing after the flood they had here a week ago. Those of you who have followed my letters for the past three years know that all the ground that we cultivate on our farm and Frank's father's farm lies on bottom ground, and two years ago when we had such terrific floods here in the Middlewest our ground was under water five different times. That year we replanted some of the corn and Frank finished getting it into the ground on the 4th of July, and in the end we did have a fairly decent crop, everything considered. But he isn't going to replant any this year because by the time the fields are dry enough to take a tractor into them, it will really be too late.

The oats don't look too bad, except for the field he had cut just the day before the flood, and of course they were all washed away. In fact, you can see oats hanging on the trees and bushes for several miles down the creek.

Now that I have told you the latest news, I'll go back and tell you about our casualty department this month. Frank came to Shenandoah for the week-end with Kristin and me on the 4th of June. On the 8th of June I had a long distance call from his family saying that they had just taken him to a hospital in Des Moines for an emergency appendectomy. Within 15 minutes Mother, Dad and I were on our way to Des Moines. In fact I can't remember when I have ever moved so fast. On our way out of town we stopped at the school house so I could rush in and tell the director of the school that I was leaving, where I was going, and I didn't know when I would be back.

I got to the hospital just before they took him into the operating room, so he knew I was there. Fortunately he got along just fine, and wouldn't even listen to me when I said I wanted to quit summer school and come home. He said there wasn't anything I could do, and it would be a shame for me to quit just after I had gotten well started with my studies. We have a man helping us on the farm this summer, so there was someone here to do the chores.

My! what wonderful neighbors we have! I stayed with Frank until the doctor released him to go home, then on the following Friday, Kristin and I came home for the week-end. That day there had been six neighbors with six tractors all in the field at once cultivating the corn that was ready. It made quite a sight, and we shall always be eternally grateful to them for their help.



We had a grand visit with the Kitchen-Klatter Club of Hampton, Iowa, in June.

We all felt very badly that Frank had to miss our family reunion since he was the only one who wasn't there, but he wasn't feeling up to par yet and that was too much of a trip for him to make.

Kristin has had a birthday this month, on the 24th, and now she is six years old. It just doesn't seem possible. She was a lucky little girl and got to have two celebrations. When we were home that week-end we had all her little school friends in for a party in the afternoon, then on her birthday we were back in Shenandoah, so she had one little friend and her four cousins in for the afternoon. Kristin has been begging to go to school with me to visit. Of course that is impossible, but as a special treat on her birthday, I let her go with me for a little while in the afternoon before her party. I didn't have any classes, and just had to go to the school library to do a little special work, so I let her go along. She got to meet my teachers and she felt pretty big. That seemed to satisfy her curiosity and she hasn't asked since to go with me.

The raspberries this year have been very good. I went out this afternoon to see how they looked, and stopped studying long enough to pick enough for supper. Bernie had made a big freezer of ice cream this afternoon, and the combination was wonderful. She has been doing a lot of canning, and also putting quite a bit in the locker. She put strawberries, raspberries and green beans in the locker, and has canned a lot of the same, plus beets, and made quite a bit of jam.

I am enjoying my summer school work immensely. Our teachers are all very good and I am getting so much out of it. I have had to study awfully hard and have found it a little difficult, having been out of school for so many years. Besides our class work they show sound movies several times a week, all of them educational of course, and many of them show actual classroom procedures, illustrating how to help children with spelling, reading, arithmetic and all other subjects. It is a lot of work and I have no time for my first love, sewing, and Lucile is actually worried

about Kristin's fall and winter wardrobe since she is practically shooting up out of all her clothes this summer. But I'm sure she won't have to go to school ragged because I'll manage to squeeze that in someplace along the line. In spite of everything, my school work is terribly interesting to me since I have a child of my own, and I'm thankful I had the cooperation of everyone who made it possible for me to go to school this summer.

Well, it is late and I must get to bed because I have lots to do tomorrow before Kristin and I take the train back to Shenandoah in the afternoon.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

4-H CLOVER CENTERPIECE

By Mabel Nair Brown

Cut a four-leaf clover pattern from a piece of paper that is sufficiently large to fit a big round tray—an extra large plate will do. I used a hammered aluminum tray which has a one-half inch edge or rim around it so it would hold the water better.

Now, using the paper pattern, cut a clover from a piece of new outing flannel. Soak flannel well and spread it out on the tray. Then sprinkle any lawn grass seed mixture VERY thickly over the flannel. Do put it on thick enough to cover practically every bit of flannel. Set the tray near a lighted window, but not in direct sunlight. Keep the flannel damp at all times but do not have water standing in the tray. Soon you'll have a lovely green grass color. It takes about four weeks to get a very pretty one with a velvety green look. I clipped mine a few times to make it thicker and smoother in appearance.

When you are ready to use it make the letter "H" in each clover petal by using the blossom heads of the small white clover (you could use any tiny white flower if clover is not in season). Then outline around the edge of the big clover with small flowers. Lay a few sprays of white roses and fern around the outside edge of the tray or plate. For some extra special 4-H banquet or party, this centerpiece is well worth the additional effort and planning and will draw much admiring comment.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "I've always been a great believer in buying only the best where furniture is concerned, and getting along without if the best can't be managed. Because of this it distresses me to see my son and his wife buying shoddy furniture, fixing up the entire house with it and not making any attempt to get along without some things in order to have everything of good quality. The only thing left to purchase is a davenport, and since we are furnishing this as a wedding gift I'd like to buy it myself rather than presenting them with the cash as we had agreed to do. Wouldn't it be all right to handle it in this fashion?"—Ill.

ANS: Indeed not. If you agreed to give cash earmarked for a davenport, then that is the way it must be. Probably the davenport that you'd select, with your desire for only the best, wouldn't fit in with anything else. Certainly it would arouse resentment on the part of your son's wife, so remember that it is their home, their life, and do as you originally agreed to do.

QUES: "Our little girl, seven years old, has been invited to spend a week with her aunt and uncle who live about two-hundred miles from us. They can't get away to come for her and we can't get away to take her, so it would be necessary for her to go alone by train. She wants to do this, but her father feels very doubtful. I don't know what I think! Could you tell me if you'd do this if it were your child?"—Ia.

ANS: There was a time when I would have done this, but somehow the world doesn't seem quite as simple and innocent as it once did. I'd think a long time now before I'd allow a child of this age to travel that distance alone. I know that it's done, but I'm afraid I'd feel very uneasy about it if my child were the one to go.

QUES: "My husband and I are perplexed about a rather embarrassing situation. We belong to a young married crowd of five couples who get together often for Sunday trips, picnics, movies in a town ten miles away, and so forth. Two of these couples do not have cars, so we always take them with us. Never once have they offered to help buy gas or oil and they seem totally indifferent to the fact that it is quite an expense for us. We are all in the same financial class, and frankly, after two years of it we're tired. Would you suggest dropping out of the crowd without an explanation, having someone else talk to them, or just what would you do under such circumstances?"—Iowa.

ANS: This is what I'd do. The next time plans are made for any activity that involves the car, I'd simply say flatly: "We'd love to go but we have just been figuring what it

cost us to run the car this past year and we've got to cut down on so much driving." At this point the other couples should certainly do what they should have done long ago. If they don't, I believe I'd begin looking for other friends who are less inclined to "get by" at the other person's expense.

QUES: "Until the past few weeks my husband was one of the most active, hard-working men in our church, and every Sunday, without fail, our entire family attended both Sunday School and church. Then he had a bitter disagreement with several members over something concerned with the church property and now states that he doesn't expect to attend church again. We've talked and argued but he has taken a hard stand on the matter. Should I continue to go to church with the children, or out of loyalty should we also stay at home?"—Nebr.

ANS: This can be one of the most painful situations that a woman has to face. It's hard to go without ones husband, but it's hard to keep the children at home, thereby not only depriving them of Christian training but also making them feel ill at ease with their church associates. However, what solution can there be except to take the children and go? Perhaps your husband's hard feelings will diminish as time passes and he will find it easier to go back if his family has been attending faithfully.

QUES: "What time should young people break up a gathering? My two daughters bring their friends here, thank goodness, but it's midnight and after when their guests leave. Since we must get up early every morning it makes our sleep a sketchy affair, yet when I complain to the girls they say that they would be embarrassed to ask their friends to leave earlier. How can this be managed without hurt feelings?"—Kansas.

ANS: Tell your daughters that the house *must* be quiet by a reasonable hour, and that it's up to them to make it so. If they don't seem cooperatively inclined you can tell them that you'll be forced to come down in your bathrobe and ask the young people to leave. They won't want this to happen and it would be my guess that they'll use their imagination and tact and get their friends to go before you can take action.

QUES: "We have two girls, Leanna, and at our house it has been our practice to make light of bad storms in order that they won't grow up as frightened of wind and lightning as both my husband and I were when we were small. The trouble is that both youngsters spend quite a bit of time with their grandparents, and now they're getting a full dose of what their daddy and I went through. I hate to see this fear developing and



This is the latest picture of our youngest son, Donald. In August he will graduate from the School of Engineering at Iowa State College in Ames. Like many other young people, his college work was interrupted by the war, but he is grateful that he could go back to his studies after three years in the service.

wonder what I can do to prevent it."—Nebr.

ANS: Obviously it wouldn't do any good to talk with the grandparents, so your best course of action is to talk frankly with the youngsters. Tell them that some people have fears that make them unhappy and that they can't help these unfortunate feelings. Reassure them that you and their daddy aren't afraid of storms, that of course they (the youngsters) aren't either, and that it's up to them to help their grandparents not to be fearful when a storm blows up. You'd be surprised how much this attitude can do towards preventing such fears. With a good example set at home, plus the viewpoint that I've just mentioned, they won't develop any lasting terror of wind and lightning.

QUES: "We've had some arguments about this problem, Leanna. Our two daughters have taken quite an interest in selling eggs and cream to a few customers in our nearby town, and since they're only fourteen and sixteen I feel that they should be encouraged by allowing them to keep the proceeds from their sales. My husband says that it's foolish to allow them to pocket the entire amount without figuring the cost of production etc. . . . that they'll learn nothing about business if my way of thinking is followed. I don't want to do the wrong thing, so please give us your viewpoint."—Missouri.

ANS: Let me say first that I know exactly how you feel! When we see our children showing initiative and taking an interest in such things we want to encourage them by allowing them to pocket the entire amount they take in. But from a realistic viewpoint your husband is right. The only way young people ever learn how to manage is to have practical, down-to-earth experience—and no one could call it practical and down-to-earth when the cost of producing eggs and cream is ignored.



FOR THE CHILDREN

FINNY VISITS THE BIG CREEK

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One morning Finny Fish awoke quite early, wiggled his tail energetically a couple of times, and said to his mother,

"I think that today I will go to the Big Creek to play."

"Very well," answered his mother, "but be sure not to go beyond Big Creek Bend. Remember, you are only a wee minnow, and there are monstrous fish in Big Creek who would think you a very tasty dinner."

"I will be careful," promised Finny, and he wiggled happily as he started down Meadow Stream toward the Creek. Finny was having great fun when presently he met his friend, Wiggly.

"Where are you going?" asked Wiggly.

"I am going to play in the Creek," said Finny, "but I cannot go beyond the Big Bend. Would you like to come along?"

"Indeed!" said Wiggly. The only thing is, "he continued as he swam beside Finny, "I see no use in going to the Creek unless you go beyond Big Bend. Only the small fish live in the shallow waters on this side, and I am simply itching to see a shark."

"There are no sharks in the creek!" declared Finny. "My mother says, though, that there are many big fish who would think nothing of gobbling up a couple minnows like us."

"Pshaw!" Wiggly wiggled his tail impatiently. "We can easily out-swim any fish in the world, and I want to see some of the big ones. Come on, here is the creek and Big Bend now. You may stay here if you like, but I am going further."

Finny hesitated a moment, remembering his mother's words. Then, because he really wanted to see the big fish, too, he deliberately disobeyed his mother and swam into the deep waters behind Wiggly.

"Look," said Wiggly, "there are two huge fish now. My, aren't they handsome!" He wriggled in admiration as the sunfish flashed through the water.

"Let's go," said Finny nervously. "Maybe they eat minnows."

"They swam right past us!" exclaimed Wiggly gleefully. "Surely the big fish aren't dangerous. Come on, let's go further." Wiggly darted down the creek, with Finny right at his tail. Presently they spied a great many big fish swimming together.

"Look! A school of fish!" cried

Wiggly. "Let's go over and talk with them."

"Oh, no," said Finny. "Why, I shouldn't be in Big Creek at all, much less talking to the big fish."

"You are a sissy. Do as you like, but I am going to speak to those fish. After all, the others didn't pay any attention to us."

"They were a different kind . . ." began Finny, but he never finished, for Wiggly had darted right into the middle of the group of big fish.

"Hiya, fellows!" he said cheerfully. The big fish turned to look at him, and then such a commotion!

"He's mine!" declared one big fish as he snapped at Wiggly.

"No, I saw him first," said a second fish, and he snapped at his brother before he snapped at Wiggly.

"He's mine! He's mine!" cried all the other fish, and how they snapped! They bit at each other and they bit at Wiggly, and they would have bit at Finny, too, only by now he was 'way upstream, swimming quite furiously toward the Big Bend and its shallow waters. As a matter of fact, he turned to look behind him only once, and there was poor Wiggly coming as fast as he could, with all the big fish going snap! snap! snap! at his tail.

When Finny reached the safe, shallow waters of Big Bend he paused to rest and wait for Wiggly. Wiggly was a very breathless little fish when finally he wiggled around the bend, just out of reach of the big mouths behind him.

Wiggly and Finny did not say much as they swam slowly upstream, but you may be sure they were both thinking a great deal about how wise mothers usually turn out to be.



A boat in the backyard makes a wonderful wading pool for Brenda Gail and Jolene Rae, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gail Cowell of Clay Center, Kansas. Perhaps next summer you can find an old boat too for this purpose.

COTTONWOOD COTTAGE

I saw a small hole in our cottonwood tree,

Quite close to the ground and shaped just like a door,

I stopped and looked closer, I didn't recall

That I'd ever seen it before.

Now I imagined it led into a house, With bedrooms and kitchens and such—

I've read of small people who live in such places,

But never believed it—not much

Anyway, but I like to play make-believe

And pretend there are fairies, don't you?

If there really should be in our Cottonwood Tree

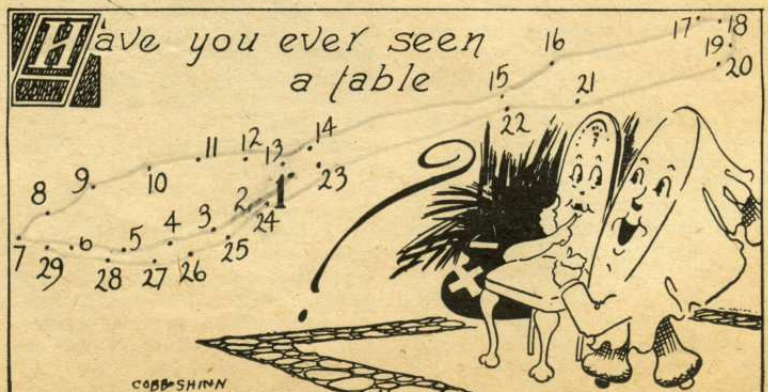
Some pixies or elves or a fairy or two

I wanted to see what they look like. So I peeked into their house—and Instead of a pixie or fairy or elf Out scuttled a little gray mouse!

Written for Mary Elizabeth by her mother, Mrs. Ernest B. Haight, David City, Neb.

Little Charles Stille, Griswold, Iowa, was severely burned recently and must be hospitalized for a long time. Cards or small things to play with would be much enjoyed.

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15 cards \$1.00 for orders placed during August and September. 1 dozen cards \$1.00, regular price, after October 1st. Envelopes included.

Postpaid.

VERNESS STUDIO

Post Office Box 67
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

A MAXIM REVISED

Ladies, to this advice give heed—
In controlling men:
If at first you don't succeed,
Why, cry, cry again.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In some ways these wonderful summer days are harder for the shut-in-the-house person to endure than any others. In cold stormy weather, everyone stays inside more or less but these warm shiny days everyone who possibly can gets outdoors. Those who cannot go are not only deprived of the privilege of being out but also of the company of other members of the family whose duties call them to outdoor work and of friends who don't come in to spend an hour or so. It makes for lonely days and emphasizes the fact that they are shut in, which is apt to cause a lowering of morale and may even bring about a definite backset in health. It is up to those of us who can get about, to remember the shut-ins and do what we can to keep them interested and happy. If we can't drop in for a visit, we can at least write to them.

A radio is a big comfort when one has to stay in the house, and I hope we can soon get the repairs for the radio belonging to the shut-in I told you of last month. She has been bed-fast for 26 years, and lives with a sister who is also semi-invalid. Their battery radio quite working some months ago and they miss it so much. They cannot repair it themselves. If you will help, send your donation to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Send a letter to Mrs. Jack Swartz, 627 23rd St., Ogden, Utah. She has been unable to walk for five years. She spends all her time in bed or wheel chair and recently was in a hospital for a month. She suffers from the disease Lou Gehrig had.

Mrs. Olga Capatanos, Hilltop Circle Court, Chula Vista 83, Calif., has arthritis. She is never free from pain and spends all her time in bed. She lives with her son; he works so she is alone a great deal and gets so lonely. The doctor tells her she must keep her hands working, no matter how they pain, or they will draw and lock as her legs have done. She collects crocheted holders.

Little Virginia Gadberry, Gadberry, Kentucky, is ill with rheumatic fever. She worries because she has to miss school.

Another arthritic is Mrs. Earl Holabaugh, Rt. 1, Fairview, Mo. She has been in a wheel chair for eight years, but is able to use her hands, and does crochet work for sale.

Mrs. Sophie Wolpers, 1401 Bush St., Red Wing, Minn., has been an invalid for many years. She was in a hospital for 8 years and has been in bed at home for 30 years—is not able to be up at all. Her husband, age 84, is deaf. He had a stroke many years ago and has not been able to work since. A visiting nurse comes in to help care for them.

Miss Lula Repp, Rt. 3, West-Salem, Ohio, had polio when she was less than a year old. She has been in a wheel chair for many years, but is able to crochet a little.

Help someone if you can. You may need help yourself sometime.

FUN-MAKERS FOR AUGUST PARTIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

August brings many of the sultry, hot days which my Grandmother called "scorchers." It's the ideal time for ice cream socials, lawn parties, watermelon feasts and spur-of-the-moment picnics, so let's make the most of these lovely summer evenings out of doors.

Here are some games and contests you might use to stimulate the appetite before lunch or supper time, or for relaxation after a bounteous picnic meal.

FREEZER-CHILL

1. What the cold weather is likely to do for you. Ans. (Freesia-freeze-ya).
2. A mighty cold stone. Ans. (Freestone-freeze stone).
3. A cold proposition when it comes to ornamenting a well. Ans. (Frieze).
4. A cold Teutonic country. Ans. (Friesland).
5. A Frenchman's description of a playful, gambling spirit. Ans. (Frees-kee - Frisky).
6. What triplets come in according to the two-year old. Ans. (Threes-"freeze").
7. What the governor's pardon does to certain people. Ans. (Frees-them—freeze-em).

ANIMAL TWISTS

Write these confused letters on cards to which small pencils are attached. These letters, when properly transposed, will spell the names of various animals and birds.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. Shore | Horse |
| 2. Soongome | Mongoose |
| 3. Tassp cuy | Pussy cat |
| 4. Areb | Bear |
| 5. Kendoy | Donkey |
| 6. Sinob | Bison |
| 7. Katsrum | Muskrat |
| 8. Chowdouck | Woodchuck |
| 9. Padrole | Leopard |
| 10. Allam | Llama |
| 11. Talligora | Alligator |
| 12. Hungrydoe | Greyhound |
| 13. Present | Serpent |
| 14. Fullborg | Bullfrog |
| 15. Kacopec | Peacock |
| 16. Gip | Pig |
| 17. Obar | Boar |
| 18. Somue | Mouse |
| 19. Somsoup | Opossum |
| 20. Sumotphippoa | Hippopotamus |

A FLORAL LOVE STORY

This old contest is a perennial favorite with groups, so it can well be added to your collection.

1. Her name and the color of her hair? Ans. Marigold.
2. Her brother's name, and what he wrote it with? Ans. Jonquil.
3. Her brother's favorite musical

instrument? Ans. Trumpet.

4. With what did his father punish him when he made too much noise? Ans. Goldenrod.

5. What did the boy do? Ans. Balsam.

6. At what time did his father awaken him? Ans. Four o'clock.

7. What did he say to him? Ans. Johnny-jump-up.

8. What office did father hold in the church. Ans. Elder.

9. What did she call her lover? Ans. Sweet William.

10. What, being single, did he often lose? Ans. Bachelor's button.

11. What did he do when he proposed? Ans. Aster.

12. What did he lay at her feet? Ans. Bleeding heart.

13. What did she give him in return? Ans. Heartease.

14. What flower did he cultivate? Ans. Tulips.

15. To whom did she refer him? Ans. Poppy.

16. Who married them? Ans. Jack-in-the-pulpit.

17. When he went away, what did she say to him? Ans. Forget-me-not.

18. With what did she punish her children? Ans. Lady's slipper.

19. What hallowed their last days? Ans. Sweet peas.

THE WIFE'S NAME SHOULD BE—
(The answers to these are based on husband's profession.)

1. A civil engineer? Ans. Bridget.

2. A gambler? Ans. Bette.

3. A humorist? Ans. Sally.

4. A shoemaker? Ans. Peggy.

5. A clergyman? Ans. Mary.

7. A porter? Ans. Carrie.

8. A sexton. Ans. Belle.

6. A dancing master? Ans. Grace.

9. An upholsterer? Ans. Sophie.

10. A doctor? Ans. Patience.

11. A fisherman? Ans. Nettie.

12. A lawyer? Ans. Sue.

13. A Pullman conductor? Ans. Bertha.

14. A real estate dealer? Ans. Lottie.

15. A jeweler? Ans. Pearl (or Ruby).

16. A farmer? Ans. Dell.

17. An animal trainer? Ans. Ceil-a.

18. A bird shop owner? Ans. Polly.

19. A geography teacher. Ans. Virginia.

20. A hardware dealer? Ans. Pansy.

FOLDING CHAIR RELAY

The two teams line up with an equal number of contestants on each side. A folding chair is placed on each team's goal line. Each con-

testant, running from the starting point, must dash to the chair, open it, sit on it, close it and then go back to the starting point and touch off the teammate next in line. Each person goes through the same procedure, and the first side through wins.

WHISTLING CONTEST

The boys line up on one side and their girl partners on the opposite side. Each boy is given an envelope containing the name of some well known song. The girls are given a blank slip of paper and a pencil. At a signal the boys open their envelopes, read name of song, run across to partner and whistles the tune in her ear. As soon as she recognizes it she writes the name on the slip of paper which the boy carries back to the starting line. First boy back with correct title is the winner.

LETTERFLY STUNT

Introduce your player group one at a time as the Fly Family. Each person must bow and smile as he is introduced in a very formal manner. For example, there could be Mr. Housefly, Miss Butterfly, Mr. Horsefly, Miss Dragonfly, Mrs. Mayfly, Baby Fly, etc. The last one introduced is Miss Letterfly who has a wet cloth which she tosses in the face of the person who is introducing her. All the "flies" stand with hands behind them and in that way the wet cloth is concealed until the proper moment. Each person in the group whispers his name to the person doing the introducing, and in that way the leader does not know who will be Miss Letterfly until the name is given and simultaneously the cloth is thrown. This is a lot of fun for young people who have high spirits!

RELAY STRING WINDING

Divide the group into two teams. Two balls of string are needed and two sticks, on which to wind the string. These two sticks are handed to the first player on each side. At a signal, each of them begins winding string on stick from the ball of string which is placed on ground beside them. A chosen leader blows a whistle or rings a bell at intervals and then the stick is handed to the next person in line who winds the string feverishly until the signal is given to hand it to the next one in line. No tangles can be wound on the stick but must be untangled before proceeding with the winding.