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Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo by Verness.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This is chilli sauce morning at our house, and from the odors that are coming out of the kitchen I can almost believe that you must smell them where you live. I don't think that there is anything that smells better than pickles or chilli sauce in the process of being made, and it makes me wish that we could bottle up the odors and use it as sort of an incense through the winter months.

Our canning has become a pretty feeble affair these days compared to what it once was. I used to have my fruit shelves groaning with hundreds of jars because it took so much food for our family of seven growing children and two adults. All summer long I worked at this canning job and very few days went by that we weren't scalding jars, peeling fruit, or stirring something on the stove. But these years it's a different story. Now we just put up a few jars of preserves, a few jars of chilli sauce and a fairly complete collection of pickles but it's plenty for our needs.

By the time you read this Dorothy and Kristin will be back in their own home and our household will once again consist of just Mart and I, Howard, Margery and Martin. Dorothy's school work will be over on August 19th, and she'll have just a few days to get her own house into shape for fall before she starts teaching. If Kristin weren't in school it would probably be out of the question for Dorothy to take a rural school, but as matters stand it can be managed for Dorothy will drop Kristin off at her own school and pick her up when the day is over.

I don't know who will be the hardest hit by separation, Juliana or Kristin. They've had a wonderful, wonderful summer together and all of us hate to see it come to an end. Martin will miss Kristin too for he has tagged around after her week in and week out, and he still isn't old enough to understand why it is that people just suddenly disappear.

All of us have stayed fairly close to home this summer. No long trips for any of us. Russell, Lucile and Juliana had a short trip to Minneapolis, (probably in her letter she will tell you about it) and at the time I'm writing this Abigail, Wayne and little Emily are at the cottage in Colorado that they occupied last summer. This

is to be a much shorter trip, however, for everything is different when you have a small baby to consider.

From your letters, and also from the callers we've had this summer, I know that many of you have broken the usual routine by getting away for a few days. I think that it does us all worlds of good to have a change, even a short change. For one thing, if nothing else, we doubly appreciate our own homes when we get back to them! I love to hear about trips you've had, so when you write to us this fall be sure to include those details. Two of our contributors, Hallie Barrow and Mabel Nair Brown, are both in the East right now and I'm looking forward to their reports when they return.

Speaking of our contributors, you'll be interested to know that Myrtle Felkner now has her own little critic, as she put it. Barbara Dianne, 7 lbs. 8½ oz., arrived on July 21st to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felkner on a farm not far from Centerville. We hope to get a picture of her before long, but even better yet would be a chance to see her, and since both of her parents fly it may not be out of the question for them to come circling into our Shenandoah airport some fine fall day.

At this report Donald has not yet signed a contract on any job. He has made a number of trips and had many interviews, but hasn't yet come to a definite decision. His classmates in the School of Engineering at Ames are going through the same process, and I certainly hope that all of them are successful in getting what they really want in the line of a job.

Frederick will take up his duties at Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, when the fall term begins. He thoroughly enjoys working with young people in the religious field, and we are happy that he could find exactly what he expressed the wish of finding when he was with us in June. Betty too enjoys young people, so all in all they should have a satisfactory year at Choate.

Mart and I are hoping that in October we can drive East and have a short visit with them. For almost twenty-five years Mart has wanted to get me back to New England to see their Indian summer, but I never thought I could make the trip and it took the experience of going to Cali-

fornia and Hawaii to convince me that I could. I don't know when we will go or where (beyond Wallingford), but it will all be new country to me for I've never been any point east beyond Toulon, Illinois and that surely couldn't be called east when you consider what lies between it and the Atlantic ocean.

One night recently the Driftmier clan had a happy get-together at our house. We put all of the food on our big picnic table in the back yard and then had everyone take a tray, serve himself, and get seated at small tables scattered here and there. For a long time there just weren't any little children when the Driftmiers gathered, so it seemed good to have Juliana, Kristin, Martin, Emily, John Rope and Curtis Otte take in the picnic with us. Family gatherings are important, I think, for at the pace we live today it's easy to drift into the habit of not seeing each other and I, for one, like to see family ties constantly built up and strengthened.

As a matter of fact, I'd like to think that in some small way I might be responsible for you, who are reading this letter, to get your own clan together for a basket supper or picnic before cold weather. If it's been a long time since you've sat down with all members of your family, why not pledge to yourself right now that you'll engineer a get-together in the near future? Children who are growing up today may have countless advantages that my generation didn't know, but I'm sure that all too many of them are missing out on something that we knew and loved when we were young—big family gatherings.

Not long ago I came across a poem that I thought unusually beautiful. I have copied it off twice and sent to old friends who had suffered a grievous loss, and it occurred to me that you too might like to have this for just such a purpose.

I hope that you save this and remember it when next you wish to send a message to one who has lost a beloved member of the family, or friend.

THERE IS NO FEAR

I have no fear of death since you have gone.

You always went ahead to give me strength,

You climbed the cliffs before you called me on,

And tested grapevines for their swinging length,

You crossed the stream to see how deep it ran,

And beckoned laughing from the other side.

Whatever the unknown, you were the span,

I had no dread of that which you had tried,

And now you have but opened first death's door

To wait for me as you have done before. —Mary V. Farnum.

I enjoy every letter and card that comes my way. Please write to me when you can for I appreciate your thoughtfulness in answering these letters that I write to you every month.

Affectionately always . . . Leanna.

Come into the Garden

HOME FLOWER SHOWS

By Ruth Ahlgren

Through a long spring and summer we have planted and cultivated, watered and sprayed in our gardens. Rewards were great when we rested there during warm evenings, decorated our homes with perfect blossoms and carried them as handfuls of cheer to the sick and shut-in. But now when cooler nights make us realize that the growing season cannot last forever, who among us wouldn't enjoy showing, in a special place at a special time, the finest we have been able to achieve? It is a polite way of saying, "See what I have done!" to others whose interests are the same within your garden club. You will claim for yourself a world of approbation and perhaps a prize or two as well.

To many the idea of a home flower show is a novel one. It is quite easily carried out if some member can offer the use of a spacious home. In preparation let her, with the help of a committee, put out of sight every single ornament she usually keeps on each surface that might serve to display flowers. There are the tables (both large and small), the piano, desk, mantel, bookcases, any wide window sills, tea carts, buffet, dressers, chests of drawers, and even the top of the refrigerator. A few extra occasional tables and end tables should be borrowed and placed wherever room can be made. Let another committee prepare more than enough circles, squares and oblongs of waterproof material such as table oil cloth in unobtrusive colors to place under flower containers.

Now comes the second change from the old ideas about flower shows. This one offers no classes for specimens. Only arrangements or vases of flowers are permitted. Pledge each of your members to make two to four according to the number of members and the space available. Remember that arrangements cannot show to advantage when crowded, but bridge tables on porches may be pressed into service.

Broadly speaking, there are two main types of flower composition: that which must be equally beautiful from all sides because it is intended for use on a dining table, end table or some other place which people will walk all around and that which will be seen only from the front or front and sides, and may therefore be one-sided. It is wise to offer first, second and third prizes in each of these classes with perhaps an honorable mention or two. If your treasury doesn't permit buying prizes, most gardeners are just as thrilled with a ribbon for an award.

If you wish to divide the entries into more classes, try discriminating according to size of container. For instance: those with no dimension more than six inches and those with

one dimension of eleven inches or greater. A class for buxom bouquets is interesting. There are the huge compositions of tall flowers and shrub branches placed in vases so large that they can stand only on the floor beside the fireplace, by steps or on stair landings. In contrast, miniature bouquets have their devotees.

Set a specific time by which entries must be made. Then let your judge go to work in order that awards may be made before the main part of your meeting when all may see the flowers and discuss their points. Your judge may also furnish your program by analyzing the prize winners and mentioning the things which make them best. If members can accept adverse criticism, ask the judge to name the faults as well and suggest ways to remedy them.

Possibly all of your members might enjoy acting as judges. In this case give each a slip of paper when the meeting opens and have on it a simple scale with the number of points to be awarded to perfection under each item. As an example: Quality of bloom 20, color harmony 10, balance and proportion 10, rhythm 10, relation between flowers and container 20, distinction 30. Let your scale be as you wish, but make clear the fact that each should use it for considering the entry she thinks best in each class. Tellers should collect the slips, add the scores and announce results before the end of the meeting.

You will note that much emphasis is given to distinction, which is hard to define. Briefly it is that quality which makes a thing stand out from others of its kind; that which gives it special appeal.

At the end of your meeting the hostess may wish to serve icy punch from a shady nook in her garden. Needless to say, such a show makes a wonderful guest day to which each member is privileged to bring a friend or two. In a small community you may be able to invite everyone who is interested.

Should you decide to serve the larger needs of your community, hold a show in a building which can accommodate entries brought by anyone in town and the surrounding area. You must plan to issue a premium list well in advance of the date of the show which may last one or two days. Think hard when making out the list. This time there should be classes for specimens of all kinds of flowers likely to be in bloom. Roses, chrysanthemums and dahlias may make up the bulk of the exhibits, but everyone who has fall blooming iris, a fairy lily or any of the great host of annuals should be made welcome. Distribute your premium list from groceries and drug stores. Perhaps if it is printed by your local paper the type may be kept and used to print the list in one issue of the paper.

Be sure to provide dining tables to be set for four or six. These should

have cloths, china and floral centerpieces, but never silver or napkins. Two bridge tables of the same size may be placed together to make an excellent table which will accommodate a large cloth.

By all means emphasize flower arrangements and plan to display them with backgrounds. The easiest to make are simply large sheets of dark cardboard hinged together at the edges and placed folding screen fashion down the center of long tables. Alternate niches are thus supplied on both sides. No one can enjoy a bouquet seen against a dozen others which serve to scramble lines and colors.

Modern methods of classification might call for a catalog of this type;

Best arrangement dramatizing water. (This means an arrangement featuring low flat bowls which actually show an expanse of water.) Best in a globe-shaped container. Best in a novelty container (figurines, animals, boats, bird houses, watering pots, etc.). Best vertical arrangement. Best horizontal arrangement. Best done in the Victorian manner. Best done in the Georgian manner. Best showing formal balance. Best for dining table. Best for altar in church. Best showing color balance. Best featuring foliage. Best buxom bouquet.

When featuring foliage, think of the cannas, shrubs with red or yellow leaves, the funkia or hosta with great green leaves and delicate white bells. Do not scorn the vegetables. Rhubarb and horseradish have foliage full of lovely wrinkles. Carrot tops and parsley are truly charming. Put them in bowls or jars that are coarse in texture when the quality of plant material calls for such treatment.

Never be at a loss for containers for any arrangements. You will see gorgeous things to add to your collection from time to time as means permit, but none of them may have the charm of grandmother's fragile teapot filled with roses, or your pewter pitcher massed with rubrum lilies.

Be sure to include classes for children under fourteen in your premium list. A market basket of scrubbed vegetables can be a handsome thing that boys will love to enter in competition. There should be doll tables for the girls to set as well as a class for bouquets for the family table, and a class for bouquets for teacher's desk.

Whether or not you enter a flower show, try some of the styles described when you cut blooms for your home. If you have never done anything beyond sticking a bouquet of flowers into any vase that is handy, you've no idea how much fun it can be to use your imagination and wits to create beautiful arrangements.

GARDEN MOTTO

With the kiss of the sun for pardon,
And the song of the birds for mirth,
You are nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO

Just before Juliana and I returned to San Francisco from Shenandoah in late November of 1945, Wayne had a brief furlough from Fitzsimmon's Hospital in Denver and came home. I hadn't seen him since he turned up at our house on his return from the Pacific, and it was a pleasure to find him looking much improved in health. Donald too had a short furlough from his work at Herrington, Kansas, so for a couple of days we made quite a houseful for Mother and Dad.

By this time Donald had been made a Master Sergeant, and since the war was over he at long last was forced to resign himself to the fact that he would not get overseas. I'm sure that men who put in overseas service will always find it hard to understand why any man stationed in the United States would be impatient to get across, but nevertheless many of them felt that way, and Donald was among them.

At this date Frederick was living in Washington, D. C. After completing his special navy assignment at Williamsburg, Virginia, he was sent to Washington to serve as a Chaplain for the Navy Materiel School. However, this title doesn't really encompass all of the duties that he had, for during the week he acted as Educational Officer and counseled men about their future educational work. I believe it was about this time that his letters home began to contain many references to Betty; she too was doing Navy work and for professional reasons they saw quite a bit of each other.

Before I left Shenandoah to return to San Francisco, there was a letter from Howard containing the news that he expected to be returned to the United States in December. Of course he didn't know exactly what boat he would travel on but he stated that possibly it might be the *General Aultman*. I stored this name away in my head for future reference, and after I returned to San Francisco I began studying the long list of boat arrivals that were published daily. One evening about eight o'clock I found the *General Aultman* listed as due to dock the following morning at Pier 15, 8:00 A. M. And then began twenty-four hours of frenzied activity for I was bound and determined to find Howard.

Everything stood against me because the civilian public had been urged repeatedly not to make any attempt to locate men until they actually reached their own home towns. No one was permitted at the docks and you can readily see why when you stop to realize that as many as 10,000 men came into the San Francisco harbor every day. All Dorothy and I could hope to do was to take up our stand at some point where we could see the men come down the gang plank and thus determine if Howard had actually made the *General Aultman*.

For a variety of unusual circum-



This picture of Dorothy and Kristin was taken just before Christmas, 1945. It isn't very good of Kristin, but it's always been one of our favorite pictures of Dorothy.

stances it was around noon before Dorothy could be located. Then she came over immediately and we started out for Fort Mason to see if any information could be given to us regarding the personnel aboard the *General Aultman*. Fortunately we found a most obliging captain in charge of information, and he simply turned over to us a huge folder containing the names of the men who had come in aboard the *Aultman*. These names were not listed alphabetically or geographically so it was simply a question of going through sheet after sheet. We had looked at countless sheets when our eyes hit IOWA, SHENANDOAH, H. H. DRIFTMIER, and we nearly cried with joy for until that moment we hadn't actually believed that Howard was aboard a boat that had docked a few hours earlier.

Our next problem was to locate him and this was a big one. The same captain told us that in all probability he had been sent up the Sacramento River to Camp Stoneman, and that if we drove up there (about forty miles distant) we could see him if he could be found. He warned us that our chances were against it for Camp Stoneman was huge, thousands and thousands of men were there, and that in all reality it would be like looking for a needle in the proverbial haystack. From the viewpoint of common sense Dorothy and I should have been properly discouraged, but we weren't. In the face of all obstacles we were determined to find Howard!

Immediately we set out for Camp Stoneman and it was an endless trip because of such extremely heavy traffic that we could move at only a snail's pace every inch of the road. When we finally reached the Camp our hearts sank for we had no idea that it could possibly be so large. It stretched out for miles and miles and miles and it seemed to us that almost every inch of it was covered with

barracks. Eventually we found our way to General Headquarters and Dorothy went in to inquire. She returned with disheartening news. The officer in charge told her that so many men had poured in and were still pouring in that he had no up-to-the-minutes lists whatsoever. He said that the only thing to do was to start out and go from barrack to barrack! And he said too that he thought it was useless to start!

Dorothy came back to the car, we talked it over, and then decided to make the attempt. A nice young soldier offered to help Dorothy, so I sat in the car while she started out. I've never forgotten that time because we were parked directly opposite the point where big trucks pulled in to discharge men who had just returned. They came in convoys of twenty or thirty, and my! the wild shouting and back-clapping and whistling that took place when the men jumped from the trucks . . . it was something one could never forget. I kept straining my eyes to see if Howard might appear, but he didn't . . . and then after a couple of hours it was so dark that I couldn't see clearly.

Around 6:30 Dorothy returned to the car in real despair. She had gone to barrack after barrack and waited outside while the soldier with her stepped inside and called out the name Driftmier. No reply. Now she was willing to admit defeat. It was dark, we had a long trip home, and the entire thing seemed hopeless. But somehow we just couldn't give up. The soldier suggested going to just one more barrack, so Dorothy went along, and this last attempt was the one that ended in success. Howard was there.

When he came out and saw us he was almost too overcome for speech. He marveled over and over that we had been able to find him—we arrived at Camp Stoneman at four o'clock and he didn't arrive until five—and the last thing in the world he ever expected to see was his two sisters. Incidentally, I thought it interesting that we were the only civilians searching for anyone. Other people had more sense, I guess.

Well, Dorothy, Howard and I sat in the car and talked and talked. There were a thousand and one things to catch up on and time flew so swiftly that we couldn't begin to cover even the highest of the high points. Of course we wanted to take him in to San Francisco with us, but that was out of the question so we tore ourselves away and started home after what I have always felt was an unbelievable experience. Howard left Camp Stoneman a few days later, went to his separation center at Leavenworth, and arrived home in Shenandoah the day after Christmas. His presents had been left under the tree for him and it was a mighty happy reunion.

That was to be our last Christmas in California and we made the most of it. The four of us had plans for returning to Iowa in the early part of 1946 and the atmosphere of impending change hung over our holiday season.

(To Be Continued.)

CHILDREN WORRY TOO

By Blanche Neal Shipley

When Daddy went to the hospital for an operation a few weeks ago, our small daughters were so vitally concerned that home life underwent some strange, but necessary, changes.

To them, Daddy had been the pillar of strength and fortitude, their evening pal and the fixer-up for all their broken toys. Always, when I was not able to answer their questions about wild animals, or machinery, or mechanical toys, I would say, "We'll ask Daddy about it. He will know." And he always did. We baked special treats for Daddy, and figured out surprises for him. We related all the funny or interesting happenings of the day to Daddy, and tried in every way to make him happy and comfortable. When I went to the hospital for a week's stay following an operation, it was Daddy who assured them that Mama was being cared for properly and would soon be home. And so it was that the girls came to feel in him a dependable security, without which they had never experienced one day's activities.

Then came the startling news that Daddy must go to the hospital and be gone for a week. Although we discussed it freely without tension and anxiety, and made arrangements for adequate hired help in as casual a manner as possible, the children developed unnecessary fear and concern. With continuous and detailed explanation of hospital life as Daddy would no doubt experience it, Sharon, the five year old, came to accept the situation quite normally, and made plans for writing letters and sending cards. However, Madelyn, the three-year old, continued to be restless and nervous, especially at night. The bottom had fallen out of her little world, and she felt adrift with fright. The fear she felt was not so much for Daddy, for she was too young really to understand the seriousness of an operation, but it was more a fear of insecurity for herself.

Over and over, while he was gone, she asked me, "Mama, will you take care of me? Will anything hurt me?" The little chores she had been so happy and eager to perform became too big for her to do. She was afraid to go to the porch alone, or to go upstairs alone, even when the lights were on. She began sucking her thumb more often, and begged to sit on my lap while she ate her meals. She cried pitifully when tucked into her own little bed, and wailed, "Something will get me, Mama. I want to sleep with you." I really believe she would have become hysterical had I forced her to sleep alone.

It was apparent that something must be done to relieve her anxiety and fear, something, that would give her confidence in herself again and security in her home life. I thought upon the matter a great deal, realizing that the experience she was going through might be sufficiently significant to affect her seriously, even the remainder of her life. In the light of this truth, I worked



I'm sure that every family photograph album contains just such a picture of two little cousins. Mary Leanna and Martin enjoyed the swing together.

carefully, talked carefully, and acted carefully. Sharon Kay has always had such a maternal attitude that it was not hard to explain to her a few of the necessary details which she and I must carry out together if Madelyn were to overcome her fear and be normally happy again.

We did no scolding, ridiculing, or jesting about it. We did no spanking or threatening. If Madelyn wanted to sit on my lap to eat, then that is where she sat. If she needed an escort to go to the basement, one of us went with her. At night she slept with me, cuddled up so closely she could hardly breathe. We talked of pleasant things, we read funny, delightful little stories, we listened to good music, some of it the lively "fiddle" tunes of which Madelyn is so fond.

Then we got ready for Daddy's return from the hospital. We made special treats for Uncle Herbie who was helping us with the chores, and who proved to be very satisfying and comforting to restless little girls. They both adore him, and in the absence of Daddy he was their source of masculine strength. We worked together in cleaning and baking for Aunt Wilberta's week-end visits, and the joy she brought to the girls as she rehearsed the kindergarten happenings of the week did much to lighten the spirit of our home. When objects looked frightening at night in the dimness of the moonlight, I turned on a light to reveal the real thing. The cause for various noises was discussed and a logical reason for each one was given. Always, if there came a time of questioning fear, I took time to give an extra hug or kiss, or grasped a little hand securely in mine.

In all this re-conditioning, Sharon Kay was my staunch little helper. Because she was only five, and also needed extra-loving and reassuring, I included her without reservation in everything. Oftentimes in solving the psychological problem of one child, well-meaning parents give rise

to a more serious one in another child. I did not want that to happen in our family. Madelyn was in dire need of security against fear. It was our responsibility to solve that need to the best of our ability, but in so doing we did not want to develop a shunned, left-out attitude in Sharon Kay. Such attitudes can prove very serious and complicated, and may become the seeds for a warped emotional life.

So it was that when Daddy returned home, I gave him the details of the case as I viewed it, and my method of proceeding towards a solution, to all of which he heartily agreed. Madelyn continued to sleep with me, for as yet she could not reconcile herself to being alone in the dark. Over and over she told Daddy how glad she was to have him home, and each time he assured her of his joy at being home, and at having such fine, big girls who could do so many helpful things. The little chores of carrying water, food, napkins, house-slippers, combs, papers, cards, and the many other essentials of the sick room, were divided between the girls, and each one felt proud to do her best. If Madelyn's errand required going into a dark room, or upstairs, and if she showed signs of nervousness about it, I remarked very casually that I, too, had to make a trip to that very same place and we could go together.

Before many days had passed, Daddy and I could plainly see a remarkable change taking place. Slow, to be sure, but sure nonetheless. How happy we were when she made a trip upstairs after the flashlight, turning on the light by herself and asking no odds of anyone. Gradually, she was refraining from so much thumb sucking, and the remark, "Will something hurt me, Mama?" was seldom heard.

Then, one day, came the unsolicited news, "Mama, if my little bed was closer to yours, I would sleep in it tonight." I almost fell backwards! To be sure, it did not take long to roll the bed closer to mine, and that night a very proud and happy little girl climbed over the side to be tucked in by a very proud and happy Mother and Daddy.

We think our battle against this particular insecurity and fear is being successfully won. Naturally, there will be occasions that will require tactful and honest handling but we are confident we can come out winners over them. We feel that such a case must be handled with love, patient understanding, honesty, and fair play.

Parents must work together co-operatively in all such problems, else they defeat each others' efforts from the first. Moreover, the children soon discern the disagreement involved, and the family's homelife suffers acutely therefrom. And the problem grows and grows in the meantime. With the consistent and mutual love of Mother and Dad combined in an effort to assist little children in their business of growing up emotionally stable, wonderful and amazing results can happen.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends.

This is an ideal morning to sit down at my kitchen table and write my letter to you. It is cool here and that's such a relief after the very hot days we've been having. There is a brisk cool breeze blowing and the timber seems to be singing.

Kristin and I came home yesterday afternoon for the week-end. Margery took us to Red Oak to catch our train and we drove through heavy rain all the way, but by the time we reached Red Oak the rain had stopped and the sun was trying to shine. We talked all the way home about how we would probably have to walk all the way from the school house, but Frank was at the station to meet us and said it hadn't rained here since morning and by the time we had picked up our groceries and done a little other shopping the roads would probably be dry enough so we could drive out. That is just what happened.

Just three more weeks of school, ten days at home, and then Kristin and I will begin our nine months of school work again. Kristin will go to her own school, and I am going to teach the rural school just four miles north of hers. So many people have asked me if Kristin is going to go to the school I teach, and the answer is NO. It would be much handier for all of us if she did, but I feel that until she is a little older she needs both a teacher and a Mother. At first she didn't like the idea, but now she thinks it will be more fun to be with her own little friends of the neighborhood, and also she feels she can be a big help to me with my teaching by keeping me informed about the things they do in their school. She thinks it will be fun to visit my school once in awhile, and she can make the refreshments for their school parties and I can make the ones for our school parties.

The very first thing we did when we got home yesterday was to drive down to Kristin's school to see how nice the schoolyard looked. Frank and Bob Harrington had been working on the yard, mowing it and picking up all the brush around it. The children have a wonderful big shady yard to play in, and right now it looks lovely.

My school work has been a real pleasure to me this summer, and especially so since I am so fond of my instructors. I want to mention who they are because they have been in the teaching profession for many years and no doubt many of you Kitchen-Klatter readers have known them sometime along the line. Their names are: Miss Lucile Anderson, Miss Alma Wilmarth and Miss Emma Opfer. If you have ever gone to school to any one of them I wish you would drop me a line in Lucas and tell me when and where. I'm just curious.

Kristin and I were home just two weeks ago for the week-end. We came on Friday afternoon and then Mother and Dad drove up on Sunday and spent the day and took us back



It happens in every family! These are the same three youngsters who look so tranquil in the cover picture.

to Shenandoah with them. Frank was very busy at that time putting up hay. One more day would see all the bales stacked under cover. That Saturday one of the men who was going to help was unable to come over, so I asked Frank if he would like to have me go to the field with him and drive the tractor while he loaded the bales. He was thrilled to death that I offered, and I was glad to forget the pile of books I had brought home with me to study and go with him because we have so much fun working together. It was the first time I had been in the field since corn-planting time and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

We saw another deer that day. Very early in the morning just as we were getting ready to eat breakfast we saw this big four-point buck walking right down the middle of the road; then he turned off and went into the timber north of the house. Kristin and I had seen a little doe in our front yard last Spring, but this was the first deer Frank had seen.

Kristin has enjoyed her summer in Shenandoah, and I might add that it has done her a lot of good. There are a lot of children in Mother's block and she has been free to run and play with them, which has given her a certain amount of independence she lacked. Except for this last year in school when she had to learn to play with other children, she has been alone practically all the time. The nearest child lives two miles away, so they didn't get to play together too often.

Frank and Kristin have just come home to announce that the three of us are going to have a weiner roast out in the timber, so while they are gathering the weiner sticks and getting the fire started I'll have to get the food into the basket. So until next month, when we will be back home to stay. . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

ROLL FILM DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

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VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67

Shenandoah, Iowa

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Another wonderful summer month full of vacations and outdoor work and play for those who are able to be outdoors. The same summer months full of loneliness and frustration for those who are not able to be out. If you could see the mail that comes to my desk, with letter after letter saying how dull life is in the summer, when even the home folks are not at hand to help pass the long tedious hours, I'm sure it would touch your heart as it does mine. I write miles of letters but I can't begin to reach all the shutin people. Will you help?

Bill Jones (Wm. J. Jones) has been taken to another hospital. He has not been so well since his experience with the burning house in the spring and they are giving him tests and X-rays and treatments now at Ward 10AB, Valley Forge Gen. Hosp., Phoenixville, Pa. This is another large army hospital and Bill is hoping they can find some way to help him.

Mrs. Pless Hall, R1 B46, Terrebonne, Oregon, could do with a bit of cheer. She is only 26, but has spent the last three years in bed or wheel chair as she is paralyzed from chest to toes. She has three small children, ages five, six and seven. She loves to read so perhaps if you write her you can find out what kind of things she likes and be able to send her a book or magazine.

Louise Hanan, 10525 S Santa Gertrude, Whittier, Calif., is a sufferer from arthritis. She is in a wheel chair. She can use her hands some, can knit and crochet but cannot hold a needle right for sewing.

Mrs. Iva Harter, Maple Crest San., Whitelaw, Wisc., is bedfast. She is a widow and very lonely. She would love letters but cannot afford materials to answer. Stationery and stamps are quite often a problem to a shutin person. They make very acceptable gifts.

I wonder if some of the Chicago readers could (or would) look up a shutin for us? Mildred Woodbury has been bedfast for many years. She had a friend who helped care for her for a long time. Not long ago this friend died and Mildred had to be moved to a strange place. She is now at 627 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago 7, Ill. She needs cheer. I wish some of you would go see her, and write me about her.

We have received money enough to repair the radio for the sisters in Kentucky. They are most happy about it and want to thank all of you who helped get it for them. There is a little money left, which I had sort of planned to use to get a radio for another shutin, but very recently an urgent call for a wheel chair came in and I wonder if it might not be better to use it for that. We do not have enough to get it, but perhaps some more of you would like to help. Write to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. Also ask for a new Good Neighbor Guide if you would like to see one. I'll send a sample, free.

THESE DOGS REALLY WORK!

By Hallie M. Barrow

We often hear of a wonderful dog named "Lassie" who delights movie audiences, but with all due credit to this collie's showmanship, we think that his country cousin, a working collie, puts on a much better show at a sheep dog trial.

In late summer when lambing is well over, the sheep are at their strongest and the dogs can best be spared, England, Scotland and Wales start their sheep dog trials. Nowadays we can see a few of these events in our own country. Often, at a state fair or livestock show, you will see just one dog go through an act of putting a small bunch of sheep in places where they originally had no idea of going, but in the British Isles a sheep dog trial is one of the most important of their sporting events.

Each country first holds its own trials and then through competition the twelve best dogs are selected to enter the international trial. The winners are chosen on a basis of points. The total number is 55, and generally divided as follows: 15 for gathering, 10 for bringing in, 5 for shedding, 5 for style, 10 for driving, 5 for holding and 5 for best command of dog. Each dog is allowed but 15 minutes to put his bunch of sheep through all their maneuvers. The shepherd must stand in one position the whole time and he controls the dog almost entirely by whistling. Each of the shepherds has his own inflections and, as the whistle is shrill, quick, clear cutting or long and drawn out, so acts the dog by clapping down, going at a gallop, trot, walk, prowl, or "serpentine" along on his belly.

First, the shepherd whistles the dog out after a band of 5 sheep some 400 yards away. This is called the out-run, out-gather, or lift, and there is a great difference in the quickness and decision of this out-run. Probably on those Scottish moors the dog does not even see his sheep at first. He catches the direction from his master's out-waved arm or crook, and at the whistle shoots off instantly, never straight to the sheep but always in a wide circle which lets him sweep in behind the sheep, start them off gently and ease them toward the hurdles. Rashness here at the start would stampede the sheep beyond further control.

It is fascinating to see a good shepherd and a good dog "persuading" the sheep, as it were, that through those hurdles is precisely where they wanted to go. A sheep dog never barks. If the sheep move to the right or the left of the hurdles the shepherd whistles a short zipp which lashes the dog like a whip. Instantly he streaks out to head them back into the straight and right through that small opening. He is behind them and a low, cooing whistle says, "They're going straight. Steady, steady." So the dog drops on his belly and, wriggling forward with infinite tact, ears cocked for further orders, keeps his sheep moving slowly in the right direction. Then suddenly, as quick as a streak

of lightning, the dog ceases being a slow moving snake and becomes a flash of motion. The leader is moving to the left of the gate and a swift warning note tells the dog this. The erring sheep is aware only of a black flash on his left and avoids it by swerving to the right—right through the gates. It is a marvelous exhibition of alternating restraint and action.

Now, having brought his sheep through the hurdles and holding them in front of his master, the dog is ordered to drive them away, through another set of hurdles and then in a straight line across the base of this triangle through still other hurdles, and thence back to his master. This is one of the most difficult feats for the dog. It is instinct for him to head off sheep and bring them in, but it is sheer training that teaches him to drive the sheep away from his master at an angle.

It is when the hurdles are safely passed and the flock brought in a second time to the shepherd that the work begins in which the sheep will betray the basic truth that some can be more sheepish than others, and in which a dog must reveal what is called his "eye"—that is, the power of magnetizing the sheep.

The sheep must be driven within a large circle marked out in sawdust. None of these sheep must be marked in any way. The shepherd and dog now separate and it is left to the dog alone to bring them together again to be penned. It is usually at the pen that the sheep exhibit their worst sheepishness, their maddening indecision, their inertia. The shepherd is called on for all his patience, and the dog goes through an astounding display of activity. He crouches like a cat, crawls on his belly, stands up and bares his teeth (although he never barks or bites), moves 6 inches this way, a foot that way, dashes around the pen to head off a rogue, and is always precisely where he should be and playing the game.

But perhaps what the dog most enjoys is his last duty. The sheep are turned out of the pen and this time he must shed one marked sheep from the four others. The marked sheep is determined that he won't be separated from his companions. This is once that he exhibits genuine determination—he doesn't intend to be separated! Then by what magic is it done? Well, the answer lies in centuries of training and striving towards but one goal—the ability of a working collie to get that job done. The collie may have no pedigree; he may be long-haired or short-haired, any color or combination of colors; he may be bob-tailed or wave a bushy plume; nor does it make any difference about his ears—they may be pointed or rounded, drooping or erect. For hundreds of years the shepherds have bred these dogs with just one improvement in mind: he must have brains. And it is brains that enables him to achieve his last duty mentioned above.

After one of these working collies had put on his act at a big fair I

went around to look up his master, a Scotch shepherd. I found him at the bench show which was held in conjunction with the fair. He was looking at our showy American collies (the Lassie type) with pure disgust on his face! His idea was that our bench collie had been changed into a fashion plate by the fanciers—from the short full face of the working collie, the bench collie must have that long, narrow face and sunken eyes.

The Scotchman turned to me and with his r's just burring said, "Aye, and don't forget, beauty is only skin deep. A wor-r-king collie must have a br-r-rod head, for if he has brains, he must have a place to put them. Why, in any animal a large, full eye denotes intelligence and kindness. And these ridiculous long names your bench collies have! Over in Scotland the collies always have short names and frequently are named for the rivers. Meg, Haig, Hemp, Sweep, Tweed, Birk, Tyen, Moss and Toss are common names. And if a Scotchman gets sentimental about his dog he doesn't stick on a lot of titles before its name, but adds "ie" to the end!"

I wanted a picture of this shepherd from the auld countree, his dog and the bunch of sheep, but it was necessary to take the sheep several blocks distant to find a vacant lot where we could get the picture. The dog bunched his sheep and held them motionless until the camera clicked. Then on the return trip a big flock of sheep appeared suddenly from around the corner of the stock yard barns, and instantly all was confusion. The two flocks mixed beyond identification, or so the irate drivers thought. But the Scotchman waved his cane for silence, then whistled to his dog, and in just a few moments had his own bunch of sheep neatly gathered before him. Is it any wonder that the photographer, drivers, myself and other on-lookers applauded? And although the dog seemed utterly indifferent and did not even glance in our direction as he crouched and held his sheep, just for a second his tail waved proudly and we were sure that this indifference was only a pose.

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

I have said goodbye to my little boy
With his trustful eyes of blue,
And he's gone, with a gay and glad
farewell

To a world that is big and new.
And the out-swung gate, and a whirl
of dust

Beyond the hill top there,
Are all I see, and my eyes grow dim...
And the stillness is hard to bear.

But I would not call him back. An
no,
That little lad of mine,
Thank God he can play and learn and
grow

To be big and broad and fine.
And so I go to my daily tasks
In my little world, called home,
And I pray, "God, keep my laddie.
Wherever he may roam."

—Addie L. Jones.



"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

ORANGE BLOSSOM COOKIES

- 1/4 cup shortening plus 2 Tbls.
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. orange rind grated
- 1/4 cup sour milk
- 1/4 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup nut meats

Mix thoroughly the shortening, brown sugar, egg and orange rind. Stir in the sour milk and vanilla. Sift together and stir in the dry ingredients, adding nut meats last. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake for 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven. When done glaze immediately.

ORANGE GLAZE

Mix and let stand while baking the cookies.

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 tsp. grated orange rind.

COCOANUT CARAMEL CHEWS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups flour

Mix these ingredients and press into bottom of a flat pan. Then beat 2 egg whites stiff and add 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup cocoanut. Spread over first mixture and bak 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. When done cut into little squares.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 whole egg
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar well. Add 1 egg, slightly beaten and the peanut butter. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Lastly add the vanilla. Roll the dough into small balls and place on greased cooky sheet. Press flat with a fork. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees, about 15 minutes.

DATE FILLED BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla. Add dry ingredients. Form in good-sized roll and chill. Slice and put the following date filling between 2 slices. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

DATE FILLING

- 1 pound dates, pitted and chopped
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Cook until thick and then lastly add 1/2 cup broken nut meats and cool before placing between the slices for baking.

LUCILE'S SUGAR COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 whole egg
- 1 Tbls. cream of milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 2/3 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add beaten egg, cream and vanilla. Sift together and add the dry ingredients. Roll thin and cut with cooky cutters. Bake at 375 degrees for about 8 minutes. Watch them closely so they don't get too brown.

KRISPIE KOOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups Rice Krispies
- 1 cup cocoanut

Cream shortening and sugar well, add eggs and vanilla and beat thoroughly. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together and add. Then mix in the rest of the dry ingredients. Use your hands at this point to do a thorough job. Roll into small balls and press down on greased cooky sheet with fork. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes.

LEMON CRACKLE

Cake part:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup cocoanut
- 10 soda crackers

Roll soda crackers fine. Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour and soda and add to creamed mixture. Put 3/4 of mixture into shallow pan. Spread with filling and then put the rest of mixture on top. Bake in a 350 degree oven until slightly brown.

Filling:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 eggs
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 Tbls. corn starch dissolved in water

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring occasionally.

READ THIS CAREFULLY! ATTENTION! KITCHEN-KLATTER READERS!

Here is an opportunity to get a wonderful bargain!

We scoured the market to find the best possible buy in kitchen brushes and now we have it. This is your chance to get five splendid quality brushes at a price far below their usual retail cost.

When you order a year's subscription to the magazine, or when you send in a renewal, enclose \$1.00 for the magazine and 35¢ for the brushes. They will be sent immediately postpaid. Those who want to order gifts can get *two gifts* for only \$1.35—a year's subscription to KITCHEN-KLATTER and a set of five fine brushes.

Each one of these brushes can get right to work in your kitchen. You can hang them up by their twisted steel loops, and the quality of construction throughout guarantees years of service.

Take action right now on this opportunity. Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the friendliest, most practical magazine published, and include 35¢ for these fine brushes.

ORANGE NUT CRISPS

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1 cup sifted all purpose flour
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream sugar and butter. Work in the flour, orange rind, lemon rind and egg yolk. Use your hands to work together thoroughly. Roll into small balls. Roll each in slightly beaten egg white and then into chopped nuts. Place on greased baking sheet and flatten out with a fork until about 1/4 inch in thickness. Bake in moderate oven 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CHIP OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups raw oatmeal
- 1 1/4 cups chocolate chips

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, water and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients and add. Lastly add the oatmeal and chocolate chips. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

ICE BOX COOKIES

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup walnuts
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream sugar and butter thoroughly. Then add beaten eggs, soda that has been dissolved in warm water, and flour. Save 1/4 cup flour to dredge the chopped walnuts. Make into a loaf, let stand in the refrigerator overnight, and in the morning slice thin and bake in a 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

GINGER SNAPS

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 cup dark molasses
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 4 cups bread flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves

Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg, molasses and vinegar. Stir together well and then add the sifted dry ingredients. Roll out quite thin and cut with cookie cutters. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 8 minutes.

MOTHER VERNESS' GINGER COOKIES

- 2 cups molasses
- 2 cups shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 well beaten eggs
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 5 to 6 cups of flour

Mix together the molasses, shortening and sugar and bring to a hard boil. Remove from fire and add soda. Let mixture cool. When cool add the eggs and 5 cups of flour in which the spices have been sifted. More flour will no doubt be needed since the dough must be very stiff. Roll on floured board, cut and bake in a 400 degree oven for approximately 12 to 15 minutes.

Mother Verness says that she has made these cookies for 30 years and considers them the best ginger cookie she's ever eaten. They are rich and full of flavor. During the Christmas holidays she ices them with a boiled icing and scatters small candies on them.

SWEET CHUNK PICKLES

- 7 pounds medium size cucumbers
- 3 pounds brown or white sugar
- 3 pints vinegar
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. whole cloves

About 5 pieces of stick cinnamon. Place cucumbers in a brine made by combining 2 cups of salt with 1 gallon of water, and leave them in it for three days. Then soak in fresh water for three days, changing the water daily. Cut in good sized pieces and boil two hours in a solution of two parts water to one part vinegar. Drain and cover pickles with a syrup made by combining sugar, vinegar and spices—boil this syrup for 10 minutes. For three mornings drain off syrup, bring to a boil and then pour over pickles. Put in jars and seal.

BAKED FISH WITH NUTS

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 pint hot milk
- Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste
- 1 cup flaked fish (any kind)
- 1 cup finely chopped peanuts
- 3 hard-boiled eggs chopped fine
- 1/4 cup fine cracker crumbs.

Cream melted butter with the flour. Add seasonings and hot milk. Stir constantly while it thickens. When thick add the flaked fish, finely chopped peanuts and eggs. Put in a buttered baking dish, cover with cracker crumbs, dot with butter and bake at 400 degrees for approximately 20 minutes.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE DRESSING

Equal amounts of salad dressing or mayonnaise and softened cream cheese (the type that comes in glasses and is labeled "Pineapple Cream Cheese") makes a delicious dressing for molded fruit salads.

LEMON PIE DESSERT

- 5 Tbls. cornstarch
- Pinch of salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup boiling water
- 6 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Combine cornstarch with salt and sugar. Beat egg yolks and add dry ingredients. Pour in boiling water, add lemon juice and rind and butter. Cook over slow heat, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into mold that has been lined with split lady fingers and chill overnight. Serve with whipped cream.

This pudding is almost equally delicious if poured into sherbert glasses and chilled overnight. Lady fingers add to it, of course, but may be hard to buy in your community.

PARADISE SALAD

- 1 No. 2 can sliced pineapple
 - 32 marshmallows
 - 1 envelope plain gelatin
 - 1/2 cup cold milk
 - 3/4 cup scalded milk
 - 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 - 1 cup blanched almonds, chopped
- Cut pineapple and marshmallows into small pieces and soak overnight in the pineapple juice from can. Soften gelatin in cold milk and dissolve in hot milk. Pour into pineapple mixture and cool. Fold in whipped cream, add nuts and turn into mold. Chill. Unmold on bed of greens.

This salad is wonderful with ham, and if you are entertaining it is nice to bring it in on a large plate with lettuce leaves under it and around it. Cut and serve at the table. No dressing is necessary with it.

DELICIOUS SUNDAE

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, drained

Combine sugar, cornstarch, and salt; mix thoroughly. Stir in orange and lemon juice and the pineapple syrup. Cook in double boiler until smooth and clear, about 10 minutes; stir occasionally. Remove from heat; add drained pineapple. Chill. Serve on ice cream and garnish with maraschino cherries.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

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

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

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Last month I told you that we didn't get out of town in any direction for any kind of a vacation. Well, that just goes to show that I didn't know what I was talking about, for tonight I'm sitting at this desk for the first time after a full week's vacation that was spent in Minneapolis.

You know, I've developed almost a fatalistic attitude about making flat statements in my letters to you. It seems that as soon as I say we're going to do thus-and-so, circumstances combine to bring the direct opposite into action. If this goes on long enough I'll be tempted to try Fate on something that I want very badly and stand no chance of getting, for really, my statement about not taking any kind of a vacation, and then getting one unexpectedly, is about the final proof that I need on this business of having things turn out in the opposite direction. I'm going to mull this over in my mind a while longer, and then when I feel sufficiently adventurous I'm going to tempt Fate by coming right out and saying that I never expect to have so-and-so or that I'll never get an opportunity to do so-and-so. It's a temptation to say it this very minute!

After our disappointment about the Minneapolis trip when Juliana came down with the three-day measles on the very morning of our expected departure, we abandoned all idea of getting there this year. The fact that we did is explained when I tell you that Russell's father and mother came to spend a few days with us and then suggested that we return home with them. It took no urging whatsoever. We simply dropped everything in mid-air and took off.

Russell and I hadn't been in Minneapolis together for eight years (or is it nine?) and we'd never been there as a family with Juliana. Thus you can see why it all added up to a very happy time. I am positive that we hadn't seen Minneapolis in the summer for ten years and I'd forgotten what a beautiful city it is. That wonderful chain of big lakes extending through the residential sections is truly a unique thing, and it made me wonder once again why one city should be blessed with so much water when other cities cannot claim even a duck pond.

The one thing that Juliana anticipated more than anything else was going to Lake Nokomis to see where her Daddy collected his turtles many years ago. She is now at the age where the best stories are the ones concerned with her mother's and father's childhood experiences, and for some reason she has long been fascinated with Russell's account of his big turtle collection (around fifty) that he acquired from Lake Nokomis.

Now things have a way of changing, you know, and Russell tried his best to make it clear to her that when he was a small boy the section in which his parents live was almost undeveloped and that Lake Nokomis was in a swampy area where no roads



Little Paul was taken outside so that Kristin and Juliana could wheel him, but in my letter you can see how his ride ended. Paul lacked just two weeks of being one year old when this was snapped by his Uncle Russell, and he certainly doesn't show that he was critically ill at times during that first year.

or homes had been built. This was too much for her to comprehend, however, and we knew that she would expect to see a lake simply covered with turtles. We weren't mistaken. She looked it over carefully, then her face fell and she said regretfully, "Well, there's not a turtle in sight." And there wasn't.

But if beautifully kept up Lake Nokomis was a disappointment to her, the airport wasn't and she had a wonderful afternoon out there with her Uncle Richard, small cousin Richard, and her Daddy. Since Richard works at the airport he has full run of the place, and this means that Juliana was able to go out on the runways and see everything to her heart's content. A big formation of jet planes was taking off and landing that afternoon, and it was a genuine thrill for her when one of the pilots leaned over and waved. She expressed doubt that it was a real human being, and if you could see the uniforms and equipment that jet pilots wear you wouldn't wonder at her doubt.

She also had the thrill of watching a big stratocruiser plane land and take off a number of times, and since it was the same type of plane that Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna flew in from Hawaii, she was greatly interested. Russell said that when the stratocruiser was about a hundred feet over their heads it looked exactly as though an apartment house were passing by! I didn't see all of this, but I can tell you that when that plane makes a landing you can hear it for almost two miles. Richard explained that approximately five seconds after it touches the runway the propeller's are reversed, and this produces a roar and sense of concussion that is impossible to describe.

This trip was our first opportunity to get acquainted with our little nephew, Paul Solstad. He is a year old now and certainly looks like no other

member of the family since he has red hair and brown eyes. Juliana called him "The Little Gremlin" and I must say that he is a very good natured baby for he didn't put up a howl when his sister, Kristin, and Juliana almost tore him limb from limb in their attempts to win out on helping him walk. He didn't need their help at all for he was tearing all around the house, but when all other subjects for controversy were exhausted, they could always fall back on Paul.

If you have a baby at your house and older children as well you will no doubt recognize this picture. Here we have two little girls who are wildly eager to take the baby riding. They jump impatiently, argue over who will be first and almost come to blows about the distance they will go. "You just get to take him down as far as that tree." "No, I get to take him to the driveway." No you don't. Yes I do. And so forth and so forth.

All right, you finally settle all of this as impartially as possible, get baby into his stroller and breathe a deep sigh. Two minutes later you look out. Baby is sitting in stroller alone studying the landscape. Little girls are swinging. The wild argument is completely forgotten. Now I ask you—doesn't this sound terribly familiar?

Kristin Solstad had grown up since we'd last seen her. She goes into first grade this fall and is bound to make a good student. We only regret that these two little cousins, only three weeks apart in age, live at such a distance that they see each other on rare occasions. If this Kristin lived as close as our Kristin Johnson, the three girls could have a happy, happy time. Yet our Minneapolis Kristin doesn't lack for playmates because she lives in a block that is swarming with little girls and boys. This was a revelation to Juliana for we don't have small children in our block and she couldn't imagine that any back yard could be so full!

Russell and I both said as we drove up to Minneapolis that we never could remember when the countryside looked so rapturously beautiful. In years gone by I've met people in far distant cities who thought that Iowa was a pretty dull state—nothing to look at, they said. Well, I wish that the entire pack could be put down right now at any point between here and Minneapolis, for truly it is a beautiful, beautiful section. It is like looking at a magnificent landscape to drive through any part of it.

I brought home some good recipes and have quite an urge to try them out. I also brought home wonderful memories of grand visits with old-time friends whom I hadn't seen for years, the happy realization that Mother Verness could celebrate her birthday with her entire family about her on the Sunday that we were there, and the sense of having been gone long enough to take up a brand new lease on life.

I love to get your letters. Nothing would please me more than an answer to this one I've written to you.

Always . . . Lucile.

YES, SCHOOL LUNCHES AGAIN!

By Mabel Nair Brown

Here we are in September again and right back to the five-day-a-week problem of packing good appetizing lunches every morning. Any mother who has had to pack these lunches will agree that it is *some* job. It takes more than a few minutes of haphazard slinging together to achieve a well-balanced, attractive school lunch, and since the old bugbear of monotony is forever lurking in the background we must remember that it's the little extra touches and unexpected surprises that put zip in the dinner pail and revives lagging appetites.

Much of the so-called drudgery in lunch packing and the confusion of the before school rush can be eliminated by getting more order in the lunch box packing center. Perhaps these hints and suggestions will aid you in being a more efficient packer-upper. The slicked-up-to-the-last crumb lunch box carried home by a happy, bright-eyed, rosy cheeked youngster will be your reward.

1. Have a small cabinet or a drawer set aside especially for the supplies used in packing lunches. Here you will have wax paper, sandwich bag envelopes, paper cups, small paper plates, food saver bags, small jars, sipping straws, napkins, string, colored paper cake cups, small salt and pepper shakers and the silverware used especially in the lunch pail.

2. Sandwiches can be "glamorized" and still be the backbone of the lunch. Vary the bread used each day, and even in one day's lunch use two different kinds of bread or rolls for variety. For instance, a meat loaf sandwich of white bread and one of a nut or fruit bread; or a roll or sweet roll bun. For a change roll sandwiches jelly roll fashion using deviled ham, chopped egg filling or dried beef as the spread. On special days (Hallowe'en, St. Patrick's, etc.) make pretty decorated open-faced sandwiches, pack carefully on a paper plate and slide into a food saver bag for the trip to school.

3. For a variation from regular sandwiches send slices of meat loaf, salmon patties, frankfurters, cold spiced ham or chicken wrapped in lettuce leaves to be eaten with potato chips or potato salad. Cheese can add variety here, also.

4. Deviled eggs are a favorite too. Try adding a bit of potted meat, cheese or peppers (chopped fine) to the regular egg filling. And I have yet to see a child who didn't get a thrill from the hard-cooked eggs pickled in spiced beet juice until they took on the color of a brilliant ruby. Remember how grandma always fixed them for a picnic?

5. Many children who protest at eating cooked vegetables or vegetable salads will be enthusiastic over crisp, raw vegetables in the lunch. A food saver bag comes in handy for these. Try sending lettuce or cabbage wedges, carrot curls or sticks, celery, turnip slices, pepper rings, or tiny yellow pear tomatoes. Some days in-



Emily is now at the age where she can prance all around in Martin's outgrown stroller.

clude a small jar of salad dressing into which the lettuce or cabbage may be dunked, and for an occasional treat stuff the celery with cheese.

6. Milk should go into the lunch pail in some form, either as cold milk or as cocoa in the thermos bottle. Now and then you can send pudding or custard in which the usual amount of milk has been used. Don't forget to dress up these puddings or custards with bright cherries, marshmallows or bits of bright red jelly to give them that special eye appeal.

7. Nothing quite hits the spot like a bowl of steaming soup on a cold winter day, so if it's possible have a thermos bottle in order that your child may enjoy this hot food. Lacking a thermos bottle, some schools have facilities (such as a pan of hot water) for heating up the soup if it is brought in a jar.

And right here let me say that in many rural schools where a regular hot lunch program is not carried out, the mothers take turns furnishing a hot main dish for the entire school on winter days.

8. Fresh fruits in season may be diced and sent as a mixed fruit compote, topping it off with a marshmallow, walnut meats or a maraschino cherry. This makes a variation from the plain fresh apple, orange, banana, etc. By the way, baked apples with cinnamon red hots for added flavor are a real treat.

9. The extras which add appeal to the lunch might be popcorn (plain or in balls, and do try tinting the syrup with vegetable food coloring), stuffed prunes or dates, peanuts, a fat little marshmallow man, cookies cut with your fancy cutters, jelly pie crust tarts (cut a face in the top circle and let jelly peep through), homemade candy, or ice cream from the refrigerator put in the thermos as a surprise.

As you plan your home meals keep one eye out for the next day's lunch box. Take out a bit of salad or pud-

ding and store in a small jar in a cool place. When making a pie, stir up a little extra filling to become a pudding for the next day, and extra cake batter can certainly go into paper cake cups for easier carrying. Cook or roast extra meat with an eye on the sandwiches it will make. Extra icing can go on plain cookies, graham crackers or sweet crackers to dress them up for school.

Once you begin keeping your eyes open for the different or unusual to include in the lunch box you'll find that it's actually possible to have fun at this job—and certainly your boy or girl will have better meals.

(Note: When I read this I found myself remembering something that happened over forty years ago when I was teaching country school. There were two little girls that winter who brought the same thing every day without fail for the full school term—their lunch pail always contained two bread-and-jelly sandwiches and one apple. I felt so sorry for them that I tried to sneak little surprises as often as I could. I do hope that in this day and age there aren't children who carry two bread-and-jelly sandwiches and one apple for a straight nine months.—Leanna).

RIISING SMOKE

I saw the slowly rising smoke
From the kitchen flue with its fire of oak,
So light and thin and faintly blue,
With its message of peace for me and you.

It quietly moved without a sound,
The great maple tree its green back-ground,
And I knew inside, on the old cook stove,
Our breakfast was done with hands of love.

And as from the sagging barn I walked,
The curling smoke both sang and talked
Of the better things of life that be
To everyone so full and free.

And the restless worry, that was within,
Was chased away by the picture thin,
As I watched the slowly rising smoke
From the kitchen flue with its fire of oak.

—Uncle Harry.

COVER PICTURE

Three little cousins dressed in plaid start out for a walk on a hot summer day. These walks were a daily occurrence week in and week out and most of the time they were pleasant, unruffled affairs. Both Kristin and Juliana developed quite a sense of the fitness of things this summer, and in the mornings when they wore playclothes and ran around barefooted they always "took the alley" when they went to Grandmother's house. These trips by way of the sidewalk were left for afternoon, clean clothes and a parasol. On page 6 you can see what happened when Martin balked!

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Please do not read this letter if you have just eaten and are not hungry! To really enjoy what I am about to describe you ought to have a hearty appetite.

Last night Betty's father gave an old-fashioned New England clambake for thirty-two guests. It was the first clambake I had ever attended, and I was greatly impressed. I had heard about New England clambakes all my life, but until last night I had never attended one. I don't know of anything in our American life to which I can compare a clambake. About the most I can say is that the clambake is to New England what the luau (meaning feast) is to Hawaii, and yet the luau and the clambake are very different.

The clambake was held out on the Crandalls' back lawn. Over a roaring log fire was placed an empty metal barrel with the top off. In the bottom of the barrel was placed a collection of rocks about the size of grapefruits which had been previously heated in the log fire. Over and around the rocks was laid a thick layer of rock weed which is a type of seaweed found growing in abundance along the Rhode Island shore. Then on top of the rock weed was placed a wire basket containing large onions, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes and carrots. These vegetables were whole with their jackets left on. On top of the vegetables was placed a wire basket containing seventeen large lobsters (about thirty pounds of lobster), and on top of the lobster basket was a basket of chicken.

The chicken was prepared in a most interesting way. Two large pieces of chicken, with a link sausage between the two pieces, were wrapped tightly together in brown wrapping paper. Since there were thirty-two guests, the chicken basket contained thirty-two of these little paper packets of chicken and sausage. Just above the chicken basket was another basket containing thirty-two little paper packets of fish. Blue fish had been cut into quarters, each quarter had been dipped into a sauce and then wrapped in paper and put into the basket. In the very top of the barrel were three baskets of large clams, a bushel of clams in all. The barrel was then properly covered and the whole business was left to cook in its own steam for about an hour and a half. The hot rocks in the bottom of the barrel seared the rock weed which gave a delightful sea flavor to the food.

When all was in readiness the guests seated themselves at long tables abundantly spread with pickles, olives, and relishes of all types. Every guest was first given a very large serving of the steamed clams taken from the top of the barrel. We broke the clamshells open with our bare hands, and then dipped the clam meat into a cup of hot melted butter which had been placed at each plate. After we had eaten the bushel of clams we were each given a plate con-

taining one half of a lobster, a large piece of fish, two pieces of chicken with sausage, an ear of sweet corn (the corn had been prepared over a separate fire) and potatoes, carrots, and onions. It was all accompanied by steamed brown bread and fresh rolls. For dessert we had watermelon. Now how is that for a feast? Honest to goodness, I don't know when I have seen so much food so wonderfully prepared.

Betty, Mary Leanna, and I have been spending a great deal of time on the beach this summer. We are living just ten miles from the beautiful Watch Hill beach, and it is a very easy thing to drive down for a short time each day. Perhaps some of you will remember that Watch Hill, Rhode Island suffered the most terrible losses during the New England hurricane of 1938. The horribleness of that hurricane was made very vivid for me the other day when I was visiting on the beach with a person who survived as terrible an experience as one could possibly imagine. The story she told me was so horrible that I almost wished that I had not asked her to tell me about the hurricane. For a half an hour I listened so intently that I believe the sky could have fallen and I would not have noticed.

"You see that long finger of land jutting out into the bay over there?" she began, pointing to a barren stretch of sand. "Well, before the hurricane there were many beautiful homes, all of them two stories and some of them three stories high on that bit of land. Every single one of those homes was completely demolished, ours included.

"On that ill-fated day the wind had been blowing quite hard from early morning, but we did not think much about it. We had often experienced strong winds. In front of the house the waves were crashing up against the sea wall, and in back of the house the water in the bay was quite choppy. We did a washing that morning and had to pin the clothes doubly on the line to hold them there.

"After lunch the wind became still stronger and none of us were venturing outside. When I say "we" I mean my husband, our son and three daughters ranging from age 12 to 4, an aunt who was visiting us, and our three servants. The children were getting a great kick out of the storm, with much talking and running around, so I suggested sending them to the third floor. My husband, however, thought that the best place for them would be in the car down in the garage, and so in the car they went along with their seven cats and kittens. I dashed around getting some food supplies and candles and matches on each floor, in case we should be marooned all night on any one of the floors.

"By this time the waves were beginning to crash against our second floor windows and we were kept frantically busy trying to board up the broken windows and doors. When the houses on either side of us blew away we grabbed up the children and climbed up to the second floor. The water was rolling down the stairs

knee deep, just like a waterfall, and it took all of our strength to climb the stairs against it. We had not been on the second floor very long when we felt the house begin to collapse beneath us. All of us dashed up the stairs to the maid's room on the third floor, and just in time, for the whole second floor went down into the raging sea that by then was rolling right through the house.

"The next thing we knew the roof blew off of the maid's room and we found ourselves on a raft, that is, the floor of the room, being tossed out onto the waves. The huge waves washed over us and we had to cling for dear life. The prayers never stopped, and oh, how much our prayers did mean to us! Our little raft was tossed about unmercifully and wreckage was all around us. At first we thought that we were being washed out into the ocean, and we were much relieved to learn, after what seemed like an eternity of time, that we were being carried across the bay toward land on the other side. When we were close into the shore we all made a jump for it like deer jumping over a wall. The storm was still raging and it was all we could do to stand up against it, but we made our way through heaps of wreckage and broken trees to a little haystack where we spent the night covered with hay and clinging to each other for warmth.

"We were rescued the next morning after the storm had passed on. During that whole terrible time we were all calm. The first thing we did when we reached the haystack was to thank God, who in such a miraculous manner had saved our lives."

As she finished telling me the story we both sat silently looking out across the strip of land where once stood thirty-two beautiful summer homes. There is nothing there now but sand and driftwood and a little green grass. The water was so blue and calm, so peaceful and hospitable in appearance. I turned and looked across the bay, and way off in the distance I could see the old haystack still standing. "How utterly incredible", I thought to myself, "and how terribly and cruelly true."

The first of September Betty, Mary Leanna and I are moving to our new home at Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut. I shall be the chaplain of the school, and we shall have a home right on the campus. We are going to live in a large old colonial home. We shall only have the downstairs. On the second floor will be living seven students, and on the third floor seven more. Our little Mary Leanna is going to have 14 big brothers for the next few years. The big job ahead of us right now is the furnishing of our new home. Betty's family has given us some beautiful rugs, and next week we shall go to Hartford, Connecticut to buy the furniture. All of our silver, china, crystal, pictures, and cooking utensils are still in a Honolulu warehouse waiting for the shipping strike to end.

Sincerely, Frederick.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Drifmiller

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We have a two-bedroom house, Leanna—my husband and I use one bedroom and our baby has the other room. In early Sept. we are going to have company for three days—some of my relatives who are coming up from Oklahoma. I can borrow a double bed from my mother and put it up in the baby's room for two of the adults, but the only way I can accommodate the other two relatives is to move an old studio couch into the living room. It isn't the least bit comfortable to sleep on. My very good neighbor right next door has offered to take care of two relatives in a nice extra bedroom that she has, but I don't know if my husband and I should take it and turn our house over to the guests, or if I should ask them to go there. I'd appreciate your advice."—Minn.

ANS: In my opinion it would be a mistake for you and your husband to go next door, not only because of the complication of the baby but because your relatives would feel that they'd seriously inconvenienced you—and would be unhappy about it, as a result. I think I'd put the situation up to them frankly and let them make the decision. They may prefer an uncomfortable studio couch to going next door. They may prefer the comfortable bed even if it means leaving your home. Let them decide.

QUES: "My daughter is being married this fall and has asked me to write for information about this problem. There will be four little girls in the wedding party—two will serve as flower girls and two will serve as ring bearers. They are all under six years of age. What would be a suitable gift for these youngsters?"—Mo.

ANS: When Kristin and Juliana served as ring bearers for their cousin's wedding they were presented with gold lockets. They treasure these and have taken great pride in them. I cannot imagine a nicer gift for a little girl who has served as a ring bearer or a flower girl for a wedding.

QUES: "I wish you'd tell me what to do about this situation, Leanna. For three months this spring I had as many as eight and nine men for meals while we did extensive work on our farm. I have four small children and it was a mighty hard load to carry. My husband's family live on the adjoining farm and not once did his two sisters or mother offer to give me a hand in any way. They've always felt free to ask me to come and help cook for extra men and I've always gone, so it was quite a blow to me when I really needed them for the first time and they didn't offer to help. Now in about a month they're starting some remodeling and I know they'll expect me to come, as usual, and help with the extra cooking. Should I go?"—Nebr.

ANS: People resent being taken advantage of and this is what has happened to you. It may give you fleeting satisfaction to take the stand now that you won't give them any help, but in the long run I'm certain that Christian charity brings its own comforts and gratifications. You have many years ahead of you on adjoining farms and small children growing up who need to feel at home in their grandparents' home. If you start nursing a grudge now it will grow and grow. I hold with Christian charity.

QUES: "In Sept. I expect my mother to arrive from California to spend a month with us. She has never been in our home in this town and doesn't know anyone, of course. I'd like to introduce her to some of our friends and wonder if I should have a luncheon, an afternoon party, or an evening affair when she can meet both the husbands and wives?"—Iowa.

ANS: It seems to me that if your mother's health isn't too good that you should avoid an evening party when she would be forced to visit with quite a crowd of men and women. Under such circumstances I believe that I'd have an afternoon party the first week that she is in town. This will give her an opportunity to meet people early enough that she can enjoy them through the rest of her visit.

QUES: "This past year I haven't been well and we've had full-time help in our home. On Thanksgiving Day I expect to entertain several brothers and their families and really need my help very badly, but my husband thinks that we shouldn't expect her to give up the day with her own family of children. I told him that I'd let you settle it."—Nebr.

ANS: Your husband and I see eye-to-eye on this. I'm sure that the women who are coming will pitch in and help, and if most of the preparation is done the day before you'll manage all right. It isn't fair to ask women who help us to give up Thanksgiving and Christmas with their own families.

QUES: "What can be done about a teacher who is consistently rude and ill-mannered to her students? We parents in this community hear stories from our children that make us realize this teacher is not a fit person to teach, yet we hesitate to go to her for fear she will take it out on the children. What would you suggest?"—Mo.

ANS: More than one teacher has had her career unjustly wrecked by just such a situation as you have reported and therefore I would check and double-check the stories these children tell before doing anything.



Just before Mary Leanna left Hawaii she played with the "neighborhood kids" in a home-made soap box wagon. Her big hat was woven of palm fronds—they are for sale on every street in Honolulu.

GOOD GAMES FOR FALL PARTIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

Football Tackle—answers are in musical terms.

1. What does the line do when hard pressed? (Brace)
2. What decides the game? (Score)
3. What does a player need who has been punched in the stomach? (Air)
4. With the score a tie, for what does the better team wish? (Time)
5. What does each team want to do? (Beat)
6. What do players do when tackled on a muddy field. (Slide)
7. What do players do between quarters? (Rest)
8. What is the coaching squad called? (Staff)
9. What is often done to determine whether a team has made a first down? (Measure)
10. What kind of a head often spoils a good player? (Swell)

Balloon Throwing: Divide the group into sides. In turn have each contestant throw a balloon. Measure distances and see who has thrown the most successfully, or make it relay by the first player throwing straight ahead as far as possible, second player picks it up from there and throws, and so on until everyone has thrown. Then see which line has gotten the greatest distance.

Heel Toe Race: Have an equal number of players on each side. There is a starter player for each line who stands facing a goal line. They race to goal line and back to touch the player next in line who runs next, etc. But the fun and difficulties come in that they are to run thus. Place right foot on ground with heel of left foot directly in front of the toes of right foot and touching them. Then the right foot is carefully placed directly in front of the left, and in this fashion they race to the goal and back. First line through wins.

To put the world in order, we must first put the nation in order; to put the nation in order, we must put the family in order; to put the family in order, we must cultivate our personal life; and to cultivate our personal life, we must first set our hearts right.

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

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WANTED: Old China doll heads. Write description. Mildred Holt, Marquette, Kans.

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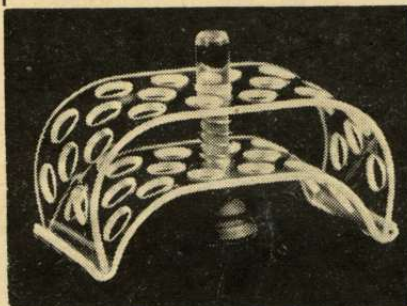
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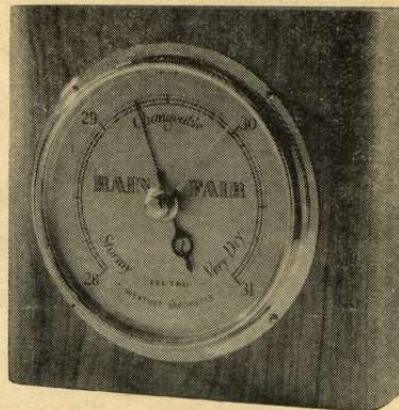
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The wise man has his follies no less than the fool, but it has been said that herein lies the difference: the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—Colton.

SCHOOL DAY PARTY

By Wilma Ward Taylor

School bells will be ringing soon and whether we are young or old we all look forward to this time of year. To start off the school year why not treat your teachers and friends to a "Back To School" party? Keep the school motif in mind for your invitations by making them in the form of miniature school books. For your pattern draw a rectangle about 3 by 4 inches and cut on the fold from various colors of construction paper. On the outside either print a person's name or a school subject such as Spelling, Reading, Math, etc. Inside write your invitation in white ink. To finish your invitation—take a piece of seam tape or narrow strips of brown material and fasten around the book to make it look like a strap. A small buckle made from construction paper and pasted to the strap will add color and comment to your invitations.

If you have a jolly person in your group who enjoys taking part in things, let her play the role of a school teacher. Of course the more "dressed up" she is the more fun it will be for all. Have her wear a long dress, do her hair in a knot on top of her head, and by all means have a "ruler" in her hand. Fix a table near your door for the "teacher" so that all of the guests will meet her as they come in. If you have access to a blackboard place it on the teacher's desk and have each guest sign his name with chalk when he arrives. If you don't have a blackboard a large sheet of black cardboard will work just as well. After all of the guests have signed their names the teacher may call the "roll", to be sure she hasn't missed anyone. If someone arrives late have him give his "excuse" to the teacher.

You will want to plan games in keeping with your party theme. If you think your guests would enjoy it, have the "teacher" lead the games and give the game winners their prizes. If you can obtain a big bell, it will be nice to ring to end the games and to call your "school" together.

SUGGESTIONS FOR GAMES—

Art Game—Cut pictures, using magazine covers, in half. Paste half of the pictures on pieces of paper and pass one paper and pencil to each guest. Explain that they are to use their artistic ability and draw what they think the rest of the picture should be. The results will be amusing and everyone will have ideas of their own which they will want to exhibit. Set a given time for their drawings and ring the school bell when their time is up.

Geography Class—Have players sit in a circle and one person be "it".

The person who is "it" points to someone and gives the name of a capital and the person being spoken to is to reply with the name of the state that capital is in. This will require some quick thinking while the leader is counting to ten. The leader or person who is "it" may be provided with a list of capitals.

Speech (tongue twisters). Give each guest slips of paper and pencils and give them each a different letter of the alphabet to work with. Explain that each one is to compose a ten word tongue twister, starting each word with the letter they were given. This will create some deep thought and you will be surprised at the funny concoctions your guests will think up.

English—Divide your guests into two teams having one side the "Single" and the other side the "Plural". The leader calls out a word and if the word is single the "singles" are to raise their hands. If the word is plural then the side who are "Plurals" should raise their hands. If a single should raise his hand when a plural word is called, he must fall out of the game. The side having the most standing at the end of a given time will be the winners. In this game suckers or peppermint sticks could be given as prizes.

Other games may be added to these to make your party last as long as you desire.

After all of the prizes have been awarded the "teacher" may ring the bell and tell everyone it is time for recess and lunch. Box lunches are fun for a party like this, or it could be served buffet style from the "teachers" desk.

SUGGESTION FOR BOX LUNCHES

Sandwiches, cookies, apples, and chocolate milk.

Fried chicken, potato chips, bread and butter sandwiches, pickles and ice cream bars. If the weather permits it would be fun to have your recess outside.

Another kind of an entertainment to have in September is a "breakfast", carrying out the "back to school" theme. For your table decoration make miniature slates for placecards. To do this cut rectangles 3x4 inches of black construction paper. Paint one-fourth inch border in red show card paint around the slate. Then make holes with a paper punch or ice pick about one-half inch apart on the red border. Lace white yarn or cord through the holes and fasten at the back. Print the name of each guest on the slates and place them in front of each guest. In the center of your table you could use a large dinner pail filled with flowers or make a large slate like the small ones using black cardboard in place of the construction paper. On this draw figures and numbers etc., in white ink. This slate may be supported by a small piece of wood tacked to the bottom. Around this, place bright shiny apples, rulers, erasers and the little school bell. If you like, a dunce cap would add fun to your decoration, and could be used as a center piece.



Mart and I spent a lot of time in our garden this summer. We enjoyed beautiful flowers throughout the entire season and got much satisfaction from working with them.

NOW IN SEPTEMBER

By Catherine Scott

Inside is hustle and bustle
And Sis wears a martyred air,
While Mom checks on hands and ears
And carefully combs her baby's hair.

And maybe she even sheds a tear
(Tho it really isn't her rule),
But you see, today her youngest
Starts off for his first day at school.

A LETTER IN RHYME

HELLO THERE!

Have you been looking for a letter from me?

Well, I've been intending to write,
But the work on the farm is so heavy
these days,

And my house is really a sight!
The beds are unmade, the dishes not washed,

The floors need cleaning up too,
But they'll just have to wait a bit longer, I guess

While I'm writing this letter to you.
Your daily visits I certainly enjoy,

And I hope you will stay on the air,
Our cards and letters and orders, you say,

Are the means of keeping you there
Now that I've written, my work I will do,

But the clock I'll be watching, don't fear,
When Kitchen-Klatter time comes on the air,

I'll lend you both of my ears.
—The Old Missourian.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CHRISTMAS CARDS

Nothing can compare to this type of card for a Christmas greeting. Choose only one greeting per order from the following:

1. Season's Greetings.
2. Season's Greetings From Our Home to Your Home.
3. Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas.

SEND ONLY ONE GOOD SHARP NEGATIVE—NO RED PROOFS OR FINISHED PICTURES.

PRICES

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

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