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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

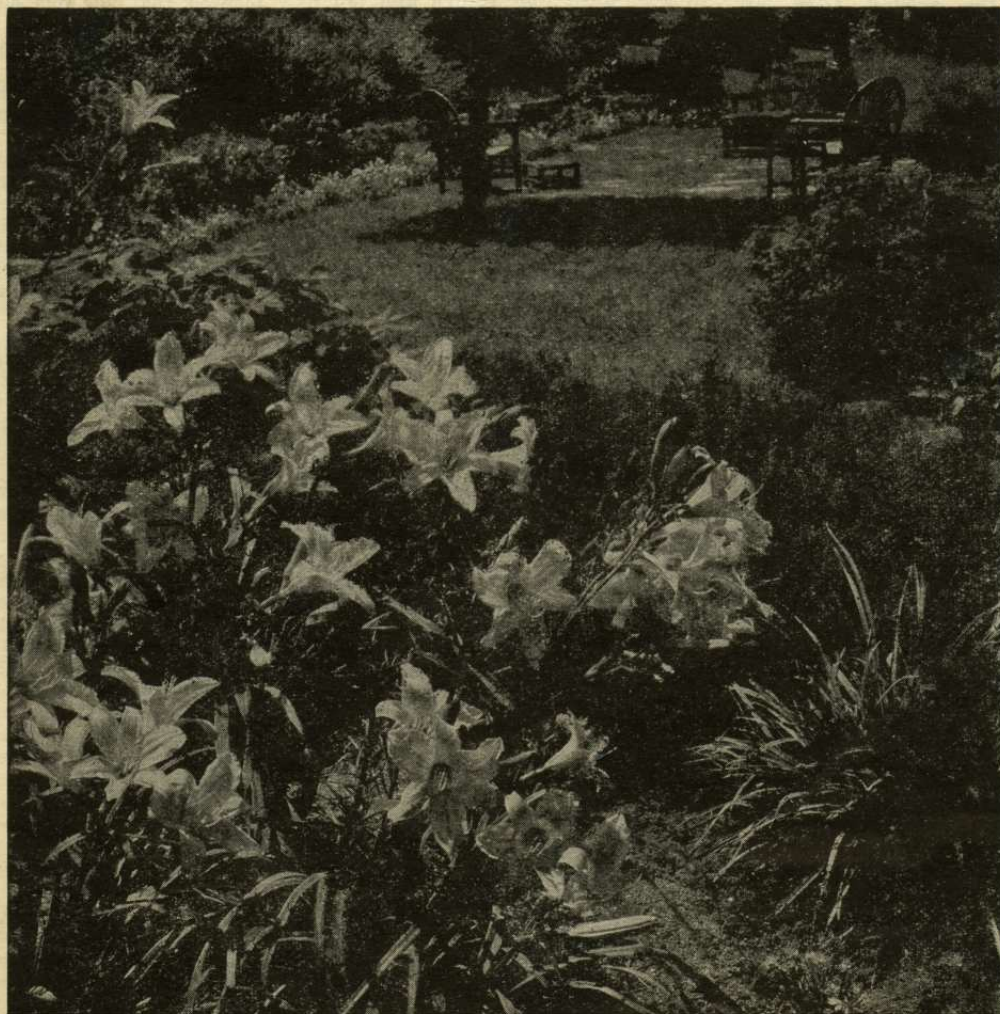
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(Courtesy Hemerocallis Year Book)



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful summer morning and I've spent most of it outside in the garden. Every year I find that I can do just a few more things from my wheelchair, and this summer I've discovered that by going around sort of cat-a-corner, you might say, I can reach back in behind the roses with my extra long-handled hoe and cultivate the ground from all sides. That's what I've been doing this morning, and fortunately I got an early start for it's now gotten hot enough that I want to be inside.

By the time you read this we expect Margery and Martin to be in Rhode Island, and my! I know in advance that the house is going to seem very, very empty. We're so accustomed to having Martin down early in the morning that it's going to seem strange not to go out into the kitchen and find him all ready for breakfast. But all of us were certainly happy that Margery could go and accomplish two things: help Betty and Frederick through a rather upset time, and also see a great deal of the country that she'd never been in before. Next month I'll be able to give you many more details of this trip, I'm sure (unless Dr. Stork disappoints us!), but right now our big concerns are with getting luggage packed for a four or five weeks' stay, working out full details for traveling such a distance with Martin by train, and lining up all the odds and ends that turn up no matter how carefully you plan in advance.

We're into the full swing of summer here and oh! how I enjoy the beautiful mornings and lovely long twilights. California is fine for winters when you get up to our age, but I wouldn't willingly take the summers anyplace but right here in our own midwest. This is the time of year when one can fairly see things grow, and on our evening rides we see a big change in various fields when only a few days pass between rides.

Just about the time you read this Abigail, Wayne and little Emily will come driving in from their trip to California. We were all glad that Abigail could see a section of the country that was completely new to her since the most western point she'd visited before was Estes Park in Colorado. It looked for just a little bit as though they'd have to postpone

this trip or settle on something closer for a vacation, because Emily came down with measles shortly before they were scheduled to leave. But fortunately it turned out to be only the three-day variety, so they were able to get off as they'd planned. Next month I'll tell you something about the route they took, points of interest they visited, etc., but that will have to wait until they return and tell us all about it. Incidentally, this trip gave little Emily a chance to visit her only cousin on her mother's side of the house for in Santa Monica they stayed with Abigail's brother John, his wife Helen and baby daughter, Nancy. I told Wayne to try and get a picture of both youngsters that we could show to you, but it's always a problem to manage a clear snapshot of two babies so I don't know what luck he had.

Dorothy has been very busy since school was out. She gave her house a thorough cleaning the first thing and since then has been helping Frank as much as possible wherever he needs her. There is canning to do, big laundries, and a hundred and one other things, so I know that the days aren't long enough for her. I'm hoping that before summer ends she'll be able to visit a dear friend of hers, but those details will have to wait until she sees how things work out.

Kristin has spent quite a bit of time here in Shenandoah and does very well at not getting homesick. She and Juliana have a wonderful, wonderful time together. They're both getting pretty much grown up now and their spats are few and far between. Everyone in the family agrees that it will be a happy day when their teeth finally come in! I don't think that anything is more pathetic than a little girl without front teeth (unless it's a little boy) and both children lost their baby teeth at the same time so we had two of them to look at. Kristin said that she prayed at night for her teeth to come in before corn-on-the-cob season, and I told her that I felt certain they would.

My sister Susan Conrad is back in Clarinda now with all of her winter's lectures a thing of the past. I asked her if she really meant what she said when she stated that it was her last season traveling all over for the purpose of lecturing on the subject of

making pottery, and she assured me that she meant it. (We sisters have tried to persuade Sue every time she returned to call it her last winter since we felt that it was too great a strain on her health.) I'm sure that she's going to enjoy having a less strenuous life, having time to make pottery and just relaxing in the home that she's never had time to enjoy to the utmost. I think that once in a while she'll want to go and lecture just to keep her hand in, so to speak, and if something along this line comes up and you want her advice just write to her at Clarinda, Iowa.

Edith's Hansen's son, Don, has had his final surgery done and is definitely expecting to be back in Shenandoah soon. This is the best news Edith could ever have and we've been very happy for her. I know how lonely she has gotten these eighteen months that he has been in the Chicago hospital.

Bertha Field's father is feeling much better now and consequently she has more time for the summer jobs that Henry always helped with when he was here. All of us are so pleased that she has continued sending out the letter that Henry wrote so faithfully to all of his widely scattered family and close friends. We always anticipated those letters in which news of everyone was given and when Henry first passed away I'm sure that each and everyone of us thought how strange it would be not to find one of those grand letters in our mailbox frequently. But Bertha has picked right up where Henry left off and we surely appreciate the effort she puts forth to keep the family welded together.

In this issue you will see a picture of the little white house where Mr. and Mrs. James Pearson lived together for so many years. I do wish that all of his countless good friends could have been in Shenandoah for the funeral services that were held. Quotations from his own sermon on Immortality were read, and it would have warmed your heart to see the many, many families who attended because he married the parents and in many cases christened their children. I know that at least a goodly handful of women who see this picture of his home will have many memories of the day they went there to be married, for the marriage ceremonies that Mr. Pearson performed ran into the hundreds. He was a good man, an honest and sincere man, and his passing leaves a void that cannot be filled. It seems to me a curious thing that two of Henry's closest friends passed away so close to the date of his own passing.

Drop by and see us when you come to Shenandoah this summer. I may be hard at work in the kitchen but I'm never too busy to stop and say "hello". And don't let your husband talk you out of your "notion" by telling you that Leanna's too rushed to see you. Husbands have a way of not wanting to stop for "woman talk" so just assure him that you are going to stop for a moment.

Sincerely . . . Leanna

Come into the Garden

I FELL IN LOVE WITH DAYLILIES

By Helen Field Fischer

All lovers spend blissful hours recalling the exact moment when they realized that they had lost their hearts to each other, and I find that most Hemerocallis fans enjoy telling each other how they came to appreciate their beloved flower.

Here is my story, the counterpart of many others.

Of course I knew what a "Lemon Lily" was, a nice little thing but, after all, related to the invasive Fulva whom I had finally succeeded in chasing out of my garden and down the road. I boasted that I was too sensible to lose my head over such a questionable outfit—but now I look back tenderly and happily to the very day and hour that I lost it.

It was a hot day in July and I had experienced one of the sleepless nights of "Corn Weather". It occurred to me that driving might bring relief, so we went to Des Moines where we listlessly sought the garden of Mrs. Jessie Bondy Wright because we had heard it described as a perfect small garden.

Two in the afternoon was a terrible hour to visit a July garden, and we found no one at home. But since the gate was not locked we ventured to open it—and inside we found a bit of Paradise in JULY!

The plot couldn't have been more than 40' wide and 75' long. It was centered by a lawn which was bordered on all sides by a six foot wide strip of perennials.

The tall house shaded it from the west, and on the south high branching elms in a neighbor's yard let only flickering sunlight through. On the north was a tall lattice fence covered with many varieties of large-flowered Clematis, and to the east, with trees and shrubs for a background, lay a quiet pool half circled by a ledge of rock so natural that it seemed but an outcropping from some hill hidden by the background shrubbery. Waterlilies were in bloom.

Beautiful gardens something like this I had seen before, but what glorified this one and stole my heart was the use of at least a dozen varieties of modern Hemerocallis in plants old enough to be at their best. They were as strange and new to me as though imported from some distant country! Of course I know all their names now, as well as I know the names of my own children. Divisions of some of these plants are in my garden for it is good for them to be divided (at least Mrs. Wright makes that an excuse for her great generosity.)

I hope I can help you to see first of all, the clump of High Boy by the gate, the large pale yellow blossoms so tall that they mingled with the rosy orange bells of the trumpet flower over the arch. On the other side,

but much lower, was Margaret Perry repeating the trumpet vine colors, and both clumps were surrounded by their crisp green foliage, and flanked by masses of cool white phlox. Blue flax rambled through all the borders, its bloom protected by the semi-shade.

The bloom stalks of the clumps of Ophir and Golconda on the north side which received full sun, had been spread apart by hidden supports so that they displayed their bloom in golden fans. Each plant was in position to face the visitor in the manner in which we are now being taught to arrange them.

On a ledge overhanging the pool, I caught my first glimpse of WauBun with its quaintly twisted petal tips. Wau-Bun was IN the pool too, in reflections of starry blossoms among which goldfish of exactly the same color swirled, making a tapestry pattern effect that Walt Disney would have loved.

Along the south side in the shade of the elms the Hems neighbored with rare Hostas, *careulea* with robust stalks of lavender bloom, and *fortunei alba-marginata* with more slender sprays of bloom but superlative foliage of great green leaves edged with glistening white. Among them bloomed Moonbeam and Patricia between lavender and pale pink clumps of phlox and white platycodon. There were regal lilies too, and in the background appeared tall blue balls of globe thistle. Lavender tassels of *Thalictrum dipterocarpum* rose above silvery green seed clouds of *Clematis recta*.

One very striking clump of what seemed to be a wide-leaved green-and-white-grass, or a narrow-leaved dracena, proved to be the foliage of *Hemerocallis Kwanso variagata* with bloom stalk removed.

We rested in the comfortable seats in the shade of the house for an hour or more, drinking in the beauty and marvelling that this could be a July garden in Iowa, with its caretakers away.

Obviously its charm was due to the daylilies, and in the glow of my newly developed love for them I made a fervent vow that I would lose no opportunity to tell others of their beauty and ease of culture.

That was five years ago. Reflected blossoms of WauBun now swim in MY pool along with the gold fish, and I am each year adding a few new varieties. Instead of dreading July days I can hardly bear to have each one end, for I know that never again will I see exactly the Hemerocallis pictures that each night erases.

—Reprinted by courtesy of the Hemerocallis Year Book.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—Lowell.



This good picture of my brother, Henry Field, was taken a comparatively short time before his last illness. I have a large framed copy of it hanging on my library wall.

THE TREK OF THE HEMEROCALLIS

Hemerocallis lithe and tall;
Golden stars by the garden wall;
A true aristocrat of flowers
Sought everywhere in this land
of ours;
Once a homely waif from an alien
place
What miracle gave you beauty and
grace?
Because I was filled with zest to
live,
Ready to sacrifice, ready to give,
Lovers of flowers in the pioneer day
Took me along as a stow-away
And in all of their travels—Westward
Ho - -
Wherever they planted me I would
grow.
As the long years passed I caught
the eye
Of a hybridizer passing by
Who dreamed he could add to my
sturdiness
Beauty of color and daintiness.
From year to year, and from day to
day,
He worked in his scientific way
Getting shades of yellow, and peach
and rose,
Bicolors of scarlet and cream—
and those
To lovers of flowers I now freely
give
Still, with my inborn zest to live.
—Elva Giger Angle.

Courtesy of Hemerocallis Year Book.

MARK THIS DATE

On July 15th all flower lovers are invited to Shenandoah where the Midwest Hemerocallis Society will hold its annual meeting. This is a wonderful opportunity to see the test gardens that adjoin the Henry Field building, for growing there are more than three hundred varieties of hemerocallis. All of them are labeled, and consequently interested visitors can study the various plants to their heart's content. There is no admission charge.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVEN

When Dad and Frederick reached Redlands, California, on their trip they stopped for a while to photograph things in color that they thought would interest Mother. At that time too Dad made the rounds of the Redlands hotels to locate a place that would prove to be satisfactory IF he and Mother actually got to make the winter trip that they had long anticipated. He found exactly what he was looking for and told the management that he might return with his wife in January, and I think that when he and Frederick drove out of Redlands that day he was determined that in some fashion he'd get Mother back out there even though she was still convinced that she couldn't travel so far.

In Los Angeles Dad and Frederick said goodbye and Frederick drove on up the coast to San Francisco where he had to pick up his plane reservations for the flight to Hawaii. (His car went over by boat.) After Dad had spent a few days with his brother Harry's family he took a plane for Seattle, Washington, and from there went to Mount Vernon to visit relatives whom he hadn't seen for years. He didn't know, at this time, that his return trip would be a little different than he had planned, but while he was in Mount Vernon he received word from us here at home to go by train to Denver and meet Mother there. Then the two of them, plus Dorothy and Donald, could all drive back to Shenandoah together.

I have to laugh when I recall how we engineered this Denver trip! Mother had gone to visit Dorothy on the farm at Lucas, and while she was there we just plain up and decided that it was time she had a trip, her first honest-to-goodness trip in seventeen years. We knew that if we had everything settled before her return she would be amiable enough about falling in with the plans, so we made the hotel reservations, lined Donald up to do the driving, and even contacted Dorothy on the side to see if she could accompany Mother. In those days it was very hard to get hotel reservations during the tourist season in Colorado, but John Henry Field, Uncle Henry's son, came to our rescue and ran down exactly what was needed.

When Mother returned from Lucas we told her what was scheduled, and after her first shock she agreed that if ever she expected to travel again it was time to get started—certainly she couldn't know what was possible (or impossible) until she gave it a try. So one morning in August we got up early and said goodbye to Mother, Dorothy and Donald; they were actually on their way.

The entire trip was a great success. Mother found that she could drive as far as North Platte, Nebraska, without getting overly tired, and she discovered, as soon as they reached Denver, that a hotel wasn't beyond



Lucile, Margery, Juliana and Martin on a winter day during the folks' first trip to California. It was taken to send to them.

her powers. The day after they arrived in Denver Dad came in on a morning train, so they had the rest of that week together and took some grand drives to Colorado Springs, Seven Falls, Big Thompson Canyon, and other points of interest.

By mid-December plans had been completed for the folks' first trip to California. It was decided that during Donald's Christmas vacation he would drive with Dad to Redlands, and that way they could have the car out there to get around in. As soon as the car was safely there Donald planned to fly back to Ames, and then on January 5th Mother and Aunt Helen Fischer were to go out by train. Aunt Helen hadn't been in California for a number of years and she was most eager to see her daughter Louise Alexander and her two little grandchildren, Jean and Carter, so it seemed as if everything had finally worked out in fine fashion.

However, Dad came down with one of his annual bouts of flu about December 20th, and it looked for a while as though nothing would turn out right! Everybody was at home (aside from Frederick's family) for Christmas, and most of the presents were a little different than customary since they had to do with traveling. We still didn't know Christmas night when we went to bed exactly what would happen, but we *hoped*!

About nine o'clock the day after Christmas Dad and Donald got in the car and headed west. Dad told us later that when they reached Nebraska City he felt so sick that he thought it would be smart to turn around and go back, but Donald urged that they try another fifty miles before they gave up—and at the end of fifty miles there was no doubt—they'd go on to California.

Here at home we were all anxious and excited, waiting for January 5th to roll around. We were simply bound and determined that *nothing* would prevent Mother and Aunt Helen from boarding that west-bound train at ten o'clock, and I think that even Martin,

who was only a few months old, sensed that things were going on! We had a farewell dinner for Mother about six o'clock that evening, and then around seven-thirty Howard and Wayne started up to Omaha with the two travelers. We'd mentioned this impending departure on our program, so a goodly number of our Omaha friends went down to the Union Station and greeted Mother and Aunt Helen as they waited for their train to be called. Mother said later that hearing the well wishes of her friends made the trip seem more real than anything else.

Two days later we had a wire from Mother saying that she had arrived in San Bernadino right on schedule, that Dad was there with his car to meet her, and that she could hardly believe it was all true! They had a wonderfully happy and restful winter in Redlands, and the only shadow on the entire trip was when Aunt Helen became so ill and had to spend several weeks in the hospital. Aside from this their first winter in California was all they had hoped that it might be.

Here at home we pitched in to show the folks that they need have no qualms about anything they'd left behind. Margery and I broadcast the program every day, Wayne kept the office functioning, Howard took over the chores that Dad had done formerly, and even the grandchildren perked up and sailed through the winter without a mishap! Margery and I will never cease to be grateful for the fact that you accepted Mother's absence from the program with such good grace and supported us so loyally through those months.

Towards the end of March the folks prepared to start home, and this time it was Howard who made the trip out to drive back with them. They came the southern route, but even so they ran into heavy snow and were held up for a while. Mother said that she really enjoyed the experience—that henceforth she wouldn't have to feel that all of the exciting misadventures happened to everyone but her. This comment came when she told about half-freezing to death in the tourist cabin where they'd taken shelter from the storm.

A few days after the folks had returned Russell, Juliana and I, with a friend of ours, Grace Loonan, set off for Florida. After we left Saint Joseph it was all new country to us, and we had a wonderful time going through Natchez, New Orleans, Mobile and all of the places I'd had a hankering to see since early childhood when Elsie Dinsmore called up the deep South. Incidentally, by this time many of you have seen some of the kodachromes we took on that trip when you were present for a showing of our colored pictures titled "Hawaii and our Southern States" so it gives you an idea of the country we covered.

We returned to Shenandoah on April 3rd, Mother's birthday, and heard the news that we had a new baby to look forward to in our family (this was to be Emily), so all in all it was a joyful homecoming.

(To Be Continued)

BEAT THE HEAT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

I once heard a famous Methodist Bishop remark that it seems a shame that so few persons have the time to lie down on the grass under an old shade tree and just think away a summer afternoon. Nobody wants to disagree with that statement, least of all a busy housewife with a thousand and one things to do while the Bishop dozes! Yet the picture of coolness, relaxation, and summer happiness that this situation calls to mind is certainly a housewife's just reward, and it can be achieved, whether or not you own a shade tree. The next three months are sure to be warm, and occasionally disagreeably so. Plan now to beat the heat! Here are five pointers that will help you do it.

(1) Avoid excessive fatigue. My friend Ethel stops every day for a half-hour rest period, morning and afternoon. Some of you are saying right now . . . "That's impossible. If she had all the work I have, she couldn't waste an hour a day." Ethel thinks you can. She's a farmwife with gardens to tend, chickens to raise, lawn to mow, youngsters to care for and a multitude of other tasks to be done each day.

"I don't necessarily nap during those periods," she says. "I just relax. That usually takes the form of reading the mail in the morning. In the afternoon I may nap, play with the children, read a chapter in a book, crochet or sew a bit. Anything to provide a change. I go back to my work refreshed and soon catch up that half hour. It really works!"

Whether you agree with Ethel or not (and if you try it, I'm sure you will), remember that excessive fatigue leaves you easy prey for a multitude of diseases from the common cold to polio. You'll lose a lot of time if you contact illness.

(2) Keep as comfortable physically as possible. Wear light, loose clothing. Keep neat and attractive. Your morale is a blow to the heat, too! Save a corner of the refrigerator for cold creams, lipstick and lotions. This is such a refreshing practice! Bathe frequently. A five-minute shower before each of those rest periods is wonderful for your comfort. Be sure the water is tepid. Severe changes of temperature are unwise. Be sure the house is well ventilated and kitchen heat shut off as much as practical from eating and living areas. Plan to be comfortable!

(3) Avoid irritation or anger. It is so easy to become annoyed when you are warm and things go wrong! Anger will only make you more uncomfortable, so cultivate patience and try not to be bothered by little things. Children, too, are inclined to be irritable during hot weather! Give youngsters a tub of water in the shade to play in. All kiddies love to splash in water. Very young ones will need supervision, of course, but it is a way to pacify an uncomfortable and irritable child.

(4) Eat lightly, drink sensibly. During the cold winter months your



Many visitors to Shenandoah have passed this house that is so homey and inviting looking. It is the home of the late James Pearson. Mrs. Pearson's beautiful flowers in front are the wonder of the neighborhood.

body needs extra food to generate heat. Now you have no need for this, and it is safe and desirable to eat lightly. You will naturally need more liquid than usual to replace that lost from the body through perspiration. Avoid too many iced or highly sweetened drinks. Fruit punch, cool milk or ice cream concoctions, tea or coffee are more desirable than excessive amounts of commercial "pop." This is true for the whole family.

(5) Recreation . . . vacation . . . relaxation! Most of us hope to spend a little time traveling or vacationing this summer. A change of scenery and a freedom from everyday responsibilities are certainly A-1 ways to beat the heat. If you must stay at home, however, remember that a change of activity is more beneficial than just plain loafing. Learn a new recreation. Be it swimming or collecting stamps, it will be a new part of you, and as such, vastly beneficial.

Make this summer the most interesting of your life. It is possible, you see, to beat the heat.

SHARING MY FLOWERS

By Delphia Myrl Stubbs

Sharing my flowers with the neighborhood children has solved a problem, as well as created a more friendly and neighborly feeling.

I answered the front door bell recently and found standing before me a young lad, whose face, with dim freckles, took on a look of pride as he told me his mission.

He came straight to the point, as he said, "Lady, I would like one of those big pink peonies to give my mother today."

Naturally, I welcomed the idea of giving this lad his desired blossom. He could so easily have taken it without the asking, as the bush grew close to the sidewalk, and it was so heavy with blossoms I would never have missed this particular flower.

I returned to my morning chores in the kitchen, but the honesty of this little lad kept haunting me.

Then the idea came. I felt I must get busy and do something about it. I wanted to cultivate the friendship of a boy who so appreciated the beauty

of flowers that he would go about it in the right manner to enjoy and share their beauty.

I called around until I found him and, with his help, we soon had all the children on the street doing guard duty for my lawn and flower beds. One little soldier even went so far as to paint a sign for a petunia bed he especially liked (crude of course), but worthy of being held in respect. It read: "Help me grow by leaving me alone."

I never have to worry about my flowers being destroyed or trampled on any more. Neither do I have to watch to prevent the tiny toddlers next door from pulling off the heads of the blossoms before they unfold. Some of my willing helpers are always keeping an eye out for them.

They all know that upon request any flower in the garden is ready to be shared. Three short rings of the door bell is the signal for me to bring the cutting shears and share the beauty which these children have helped preserve. Hurriedly I clip the blooms sometimes, but always with a heart brim-full of gratitude. Busy as I am, I take time to arrange a suitable corsage for a sweetheart, sister or mother, or just a plain mixed table bouquet.

As never before I have been permitted to enjoy my flowers. Planning a garden of flowers not only has its beginning but a fulfillment as well, and I can say with reverence that building a flower friendship on confidence really pays.

I have also found that joy and peace of mind in living, is daily multiplied by giving.

CONTENTMENT

There are so many humble things
That make the world a cheerful place
In which to live: a shaded wood,
A child looking up with laughing face.
The twinkling stars in midnight sky,
Far hills as blue as quiet sea,
The soaring lark with ever-swelling
song,
Vines drooping over fence and fallen
tree.

White lilies blooming in a sun-drenched
pool,
The distant sound of heavy-laden
trains,
The rose perfume borne on a gypsy
breeze,
A garden brought to life with summer's
rains.

The fire-lit room, the easy chair;
The rest that follows wanderings;
The smile and handclasp of a friend—
We thank Thee, Lord, for all these
humble things.

—Sent by Mrs. F. D. B.,
Sigourney, Ia.

"I have made your magazine's acquaintance through the kindness of a friend who has kept her copies on file since 1936. She has allowed me to read them and I feel that I am well acquainted with you and yours, but now I want to be able to build up a file of my own, so please start my subscription to your worthwhile magazine."—Mrs. Ray Phillips, Harvard, Nebr.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

When next I write to you it will be from my new parish in Bristol, Rhode Island. We are so thrilled about this work that we can hardly contain ourselves. The most exciting part of it for me is that I have been called to become the pastor of one of the most historic churches in our country. As I write this letter I have right here on my desk an old history of the church. It tells how during the Revolutionary War a British ship anchored in the harbor right in front of the church manse where we are soon to live and opened fire upon the town. The minister of the church at that time dropped dead from the excitement. Let me quote to you what this old history says about that incident:

"The only person who died during this attack was the Rev. John Burt, who was afterwards found dead lying on his face on a hill of corn. A nine pound shot was dug from the earth at a short distance from him, and in an exact range of him and the ship, but no marks were found upon his body. An inquest was held before Daniel Bradford, Esq., coroner, and the verdict of the Jury was, that 'he, being for sometime past sick and languid, was surprised by a cannon-ading upon the town of Bristol, on the evening before his death, abdicated his house, attended by nobody, either got lost and bewildered, or was seized by some sudden fit and so came to his death.'"

That happened during the summer of 1776 when the church was already 94 years old. One year later the British returned and burned the city. I hope that you are as interested in old bits of history as I am, for I am going to quote to you something more:

"Meanwhile the British entered the town. They continued to make all the men prisoners, but refrained from injuring the houses until they reached the large dwelling house where the Rev. Mr. Burt had lived, which they burnt to the ground. (Note: the house we shall live in was the one built after this fire.) The work of destruction thus commenced soon became general. The houses in which the (American) troops had been quartered were all burnt . . . This attack of the British left the town in a wretched condition. Nearly every house on the principal street was reduced to ashes. It is probable that if the British had not been closely pursued they would have burnt the entire town." In the years to come when I walk down the street in front of our house I shall remember that I am walking where patriots once fought and suffered loss to make our country the United States of America.

The Communion service of my new parish is of solid silver, and includes two cups inscribed: "as the gift of Nathaniel Byfield, 1693;" one cup "the gift of Rev. John Sparhawk, 1718," three cups "to the Bristol Non-Conformist Church, March 29, 1723," the donor of which is not known; two cups "the gift of Hon. Nathaniel Blagrove, 1745;" and two flagons,



Trot, trot, little feet! Mary Leanna is running to meet her daddy on a nippy May morning when her bright red snowsuit still felt mighty good.

presented August, 1855, by Miss Charlotte DeWolf, and Mrs. Maria DeWolf Rogers.

I wish that you could have been here at our school this past weekend. We had here on this boys' school campus 100 very lovely girls. Twice a year our boys are allowed to invite their girl friends to come and spend the weekend at the school. It is always a very festive occasion. Of course elaborate plans are made for the care of the girls who are housed in faculty homes. The boys who ordinarily live with those faculty members are moved elsewhere while the girls are here. On Saturday afternoon there were several athletic events for the entertainment of all. There was a tea party at four o'clock and a grand dinner early in the evening. It was fun having some girls at my table in the dining room for a change.

On Sunday morning there is a big breakfast for all, and at eleven-thirty everyone goes to the chapel for the church service. There is a big dinner served after church, and then the girls are taken to the station to catch the train home or back to their respective girls' schools.

We always receive many nice letters from the girls' parents thanking us all for showing their daughters such a good time. The weather was perfect for the weekend party this past week, and on Saturday night hundreds of Japanese lanterns were strung outdoors from one end of the campus to the other. Of course many of the boys did not have their girl friends attend the party, either because they are too young to be interested in such things, or because their friends live too far away. I noticed, however, that some of the girls came a considerable distance. I think one girl told me that she had come all the way from Ohio. In all the years that the Choate School has been having such weekend parties, it has never had any incident occur that would hurt the reputation of any boy in the school or of any girl attending the party. That is a wonderful record of good discipline. Betty and I

get such a lot of fun out of hearing the boys in our house making plans for the party, discussing the girls they are going to invite, etc. Here at Choate we have one teacher for every seven boys in the school, and so you can see that it is quite easy for us to do a good job of chaperoning.

We have a saying at the school: "You can protect a child from everything except himself." Whenever we have boys injured it is almost always due to some act of extreme carelessness on their part. For example, this past week we have had three different boys seriously cut by sticking their arms through a glass window. Fortunately we have wonderful medical facilities with one of the finest school infirmaries in the country. Our school doctor was formerly on the staff of the Mayo Clinic. As parents you and I may do everything that can be done to protect our children at home and at school, but we might just as well face the fact that there are going to be accidents and our children are going to get hurt in spite of everything we may do to prevent it. After we have done all that can possibly be done, we must trust the Lord for the rest.

Have you ever made this statement: "We don't need to worry anymore about running out of lumber in this country now that so many things are being made out of plastics?" I know I have thought that even if I haven't said it. Well, I learned just how wrong I was the other day. I was taken on a tour of one of the largest plastic manufacturing plants in the world. I noticed that the basic substance that goes to make the most common plastic used for making dishes, radio cabinets, and thousands of other things is paper. That's right, paper. The paper is a fine grade of wood pulp paper which is run through a very complicated process and changed into plastic. The more plastic we use the more timber we are going to need to make the paper that is changed into plastic. Here in the East where we have so much timber we are deathly afraid of forest fires. From June until December the forests must be watched most carefully. We country folk who live in the small towns know how to guard against the fires, but the millions of city folks who visit New England in the summer are the ones who are careless. They think nothing of throwing a lighted cigarette out of a car window. I hope that we get through this coming summer without any serious trouble.

Sincerely, Frederick.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

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

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on your dial.

KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on your dial.

MOTHER—COMPANY'S COMIN'!

By Mabel Nair Brown

When guests drop in unexpectedly during warm summer days do you give them a wholehearted welcome that is as refreshing as a summer breeze itself? Or, is your hand extended in a flustered greeting while one corner of your mind is frantically wondering "what in the world will I give them to eat?" and in the next breath you are wishing you had put on one of your new house dresses to pick peas in, instead of the old "faded relic" you have on?

Do I see you ruefully agreeing that unexpected company usually throws you in a dither? Then let's see if a little foresighted planning, plus a clearer realization of what your guests expect, won't make for happier company time at your house.

It is a wise homemaker who, early in the game, realizes that guests come to see *her* and not her house. This same homemaker will also know that it is the many interesting and varied tasks she performs as she goes about her daily work that contribute an important part to her personality; consequently her friends are always interested in the tasks she may be doing—they are a part of her! No apologies are needed for soiled hands, mussed hair or clothing suitable to some "messy" chore you might be doing—after all the painter makes no mention of paint bespattered apron nor the baker for the flour smudges. They are the "badge" of their profession, so to speak. Be proud if your hands show the marks of honest toil!

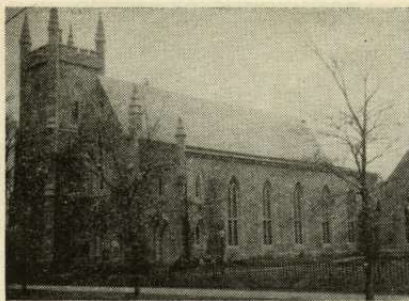
As for your house; far better a lived in look than the chilling forbidding atmosphere of grandma's "plushy" parlor. Who can really relax and visit in a formal, immaculate magazine illustration type living room with no sign of any family living about?

So the first rule of all for the dropped-in-upon hostess is to relax, resolve to thoroughly enjoy this visit, and rest assured your guests will do likewise.

If your company finds you in the garden, gathering eggs, or shelling peas, they might thoroughly enjoy joining you at your task, visiting while you work. If they are staying to eat with you, leave them to pick over berries for a shortcake while you freshen up a bit. Some guests will very much enjoy visiting with you as they give you a hand in the kitchen, while others may delight in an opportunity to wander through the garden or around the farm, while you whip up a bite to eat.

As a rule your feminine visitors—and many of the men folks too, I've found, enjoy visiting along with you as they lend a hand at tossing a salad, making sandwiches or mixing an iced drink. Thus they need not feel they have imposed upon your hospitality by arriving unexpectedly.

Of course there are some plan-ahead preparations you can make that will mean more peace of mind for you where the eats are concerned, for every housewife knows the satisfaction of a larder well stocked for an



This is the Congregational Church of Bristol, Rhode Island where Frederick will begin his service on July 15th. There are interesting details concerned with it in Frederick's letter on the opposite page.

emergency. Here are some of the supplies you might keep on hand ready to get a tasty meal or snack at a moments notice; sandwich spreads, chilled fruits in the refrigerator, various ice-box cookies ready for quick baking, deviled ham and other canned meats, a variety of cheeses, party crackers, crisp greens for salads, packaged desserts and mixes, and salad dressings. Ice cream made in a mechanical refrigerator stores nicely for several days if the tray is slipped inside a plastic bag before it is stored in the freezing compartment after it is frozen. If you are fortunate enough to have a deep freezer then you can have a generous supply of baked cakes, cookies, pies and rolls on hand for company meals. Be sure your emergency shelf has tuna, salmon, noodles, and spaghetti etc., for making casserole dishes since they are especially good for a hot dish for a quick meal.

Keep a jar of cold strong tea or coffee, as well as fruit juices on hand for those iced drinks too.

Very decorative yet tasty ice cubes can be made which will lend a real party air to your iced beverages. Try freezing a maraschino cherry, a bing cherry, a cube of pineapple, a strawberry, a seeded grape, an olive or a sprig of mint in each ice cube.

Unexpected company need not mean a stack of dirty dishes to wash after the guests have gone. There is something homey and friendly about a visit across a dishpan and guests can leave with a clear conscience, knowing they have left a tidy house behind.

Children can be taught from early childhood to join in cooperatively in entertaining guests, and in doing some of the simple tasks in preparing the meal. Thus they not only learn to help mother but also learn at first hand the rudiments of gracious hospitality.

Yes, with a bit of thought and planning, I believe that you, too, can say, "Do drop in!" with wholehearted enthusiasm, knowing that *you*, as well as your guests, will have a wonderful time!

THE SEVEN STAGES OF WOMAN

The infant.
The little girl.
The miss.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Everyone is searching for happiness. Here is the recipe: If you would be happy, make somebody glad. The joy you give away will shine in your own heart. Do something for some of these shutin people and see if this isn't true.

Miss Joelle Brown, Rt. 1, Ellisville, Illinois, is just 12, and is crippled by rheumatic fever. She collects view cards. Gather up the ones you have received and send them to her. Unless you wish to exchange cards, better tell her so or she will send you some.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Missouri, is the lady I told you of in an earlier magazine. She is badly drawn by arthritis, and has to lie flat on her back all the time. She was more than happy over the cards and hankies you sent to her. It is hard for her to write, so you may not have heard from her.

Cheer is asked for Mrs. George Batie, Cozad, Nebraska. She has spent a good deal of time this spring in a hospital taking treatment but is home now. She is still ill and in bed most of the time. Do write to her.

Fourteen year old Margarette Powell of 906 N Oak St., Bloomington, Illinois, will graduate from 8th grade this spring. Margarette has a bone condition that causes fractures and she has never been able to go to school but has had teachers come to her home to oversee her lessons. Lately she has been able to walk a bit about home and to the car.

Miss Hilma Olson of North Front St., Lansing, Iowa, writes that she is in a private Nursing Home now. She loves to get mail but is not able to write much and if you want an answer you will have to enclose a stamp.

Have you heard from Mrs. Allie Simonson lately? She was injured in a car wreck early in 1947 and has not walked since. She uses a wheel chair. It was her back and legs that were hurt, but she can use her hands pretty well so does sewing and crocheting when she is well enough. Her address is 1211 Clay St., N Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. Carolyn Mitchell of Osceola, Iowa, has been in the hospital for treatment for asthma. She is home now but still in bed. Send her a card.

Cheer is asked for Mildred Eveland, County Home and Hospital, Rapid City, South Dakota. She is 28 and has lost both legs as result of being badly burned. She is in a wheel chair.

Mrs. M. J. Shinn, Box 39, Masonville, New Jersey, needs some cheery letters. She is nearing 80 years old and is ill a good deal.

Mrs. Fred Hayen, 9 East Miami St., Paola, Kansas, has been shutin many years. She asks for crochet cotton, the coarser kinds that she can use to make holders.

Doris Wolfe, age 25, Alexandria, Nebraska, always enjoys getting mail. She has been an invalid for a long time and is not able to write.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

If you can pick your way through my living room, dear friends, you can come right in and sit down.

This morning I told Kristin and Juliana that they could bring ALL of the doll stuff downstairs and set up housekeeping on the front porch and in the living room. They accepted this invitation with such alacrity that for twenty minutes it sounded as though professional movers had tackled our furniture. About an hour ago this phase of noise ceased and now they are hard at the big job of being mother to a large and unruly family.

It never ceases to interest me—this thing of eavesdropping on small children who are acting as the seat of all authority. I've noticed that their dolls are invariably naughty, rude and unbearably difficult. There is one domestic catastrophe after another. Great storms blow up with severe thunder and lightning. Friends of the family are killed in automobile accidents, burned to death ("Yes, they were playing with matches!"), drowned, dashed to pieces from second floor windows, and otherwise disposed of with tremendous violence. I wonder frequently why children have such a lust for bloodcurdling trouble, and I suspect that you've wondered too. Just the other day Juliana said firmly as she brought in the morning paper, "Oh, I'll be SO glad when I can read everything myself and keep up with the daily tragedies." You'd think from this that I made it a point of reading every single account that deals with bloodshed, and yet the truth of the matter is that no child has heard less about such things and no child has ever had such thoroughly good wholesome books read aloud to her! You explain it if you can. I can't.

I've been doing some work at my desk this morning and among the jobs was checking and rechecking our kodachrome files. Consequently I'm reminded to tell you that I'm the one you want to write to on this subject; address me at Box 67. From all reports these collections of colored pictures seem to have been the answer to many a despairing prayer that *something* unusual and interesting be turned up for a program. I'm making September bookings right now, so if you don't know what to furnish when you're chairman of an entertainment committee that's looking to you for a program this fall or winter, drop me a note. In case you've forgotten there are four collections: 1. Hawaii and Our Southern States; 2. Midwestern Flowers; 3. The West; 4. California. Each collection (it takes around 45 minutes to show them) has a detailed lecture accompanying it so you can know what you're looking at. And all you need in the line of equipment is a 35 mm. projector and some type of suitable screen. There is a \$1.00 fee per collection for handling and shipping charges.

On June 1st we launched into what we call our summer schedule. This means getting up at 5:30, having



Now what in this world could be nicer than being mother to the little girl at the far right who answers to the name of Juliana, and being aunt to a little boy named Martin Eric and two little girls named Kristin and Emily? Why, I wouldn't trade places with anyone at any point on the earth's surface!

breakfast outside on the new terrace, doing some garden work, and then swinging into the usual activities that every new day brings. We have lunch (and a mighty sketchy meal it is) in the house at 12:00. The afternoons are busy with a continuation of what we were busy at during the morning, but 6:30 and lengthening shadows find us once again on the terrace for our evening meal. Then comes the nicest time of the day, a time devoted to relaxation, to enjoying our flowers, to joining in the play of any and all youngsters who may be playing here, and finally to a tall glass of iced coffee just as day finally slides into night and the soft sounds of darkness begin. With nine o'clock we drift back into the house, I read to Juliana, and then she's off to bed, I'm back at my desk, and Russell is back at his work. It's a summer schedule that fits our own particular needs very well, and after all that's the crucial test of any schedule—it must fit the needs of the certain people who are trying to make it work.

A moment ago both Juliana and Kristin came to ask me what I thought would help Baller. Baller is a turtle, a small, apathetic turtle whose unlikely name is solely a product of Juliana's propensity for something "different". I was tempted to tell them that he'd simply been over-stuffed on angle worms, but when I remembered how earnestly they have grubbed for those worms and how patiently they've searched and searched I didn't have the heart to accuse them of half-killing him. And so I fell back on the moth-eaten suggestion that a little rest would help . . . and they trotted off to bed him down in a match box filled with cotton.

In my mail a few weeks ago I found a letter that contained something I want to quote right here. Shortly before this letter was written I had mentioned, on our program, that the last day of school called up to me the memory of a last day of school I had known many years ago. I said that I could still recall the luxurious feeling of lying for a few moments on the window seat to enjoy the blue sky, the wonderful sounds of summer, and the priceless sensation of being *free*. And evidently there was someone listening who knew what it was that I had felt, for she sat down and wrote what I am about to quote:

"I enjoy your program and the magazine very much. I especially enjoyed your description not long ago of your lying on the window seat the day school was out many years ago. Those "remembered moments" as Dorothy Canfield calls them in *The Deepening Stream* are our most poignant link with the golden days of our childhood. The spicy odor of cookies baking; the feel of the warm earth between tall rows of emerald green onions; the glint of the sun on the white wings of a bird; fleecy clouds against a sapphire sky and tiny blue flowers nestling in the meadow grasses; the heavy, sweet fragrance of locust trees in a moonless night—all these can recapture for a moment the departed days of the past.

"But life has its law of compensation—if we no longer feel things so intensely as we did in those ecstatic moments, likewise the little hurts and disappointments of everyday life are tempered by a growing discrimination between the things that really matter and the things that are transient.

"Like you, I have always been keenly aware of the onward rushing of time. Do you remember Abbie in *A Lantern In Her Hand*, and how she felt that she could actually hear the passage of Time in the sweep of the wind through the tall pines? Maeterlinck believed that the past and the future exists simultaneously with the present, and I have had some enjoyment in speculating upon this fanciful philosophy. Once, in the Southwest, I climbed a high mesa and stood in an old church erected nearly four centuries ago. There I felt that Time had stood still and that I was back in another age. Old cemeteries, deserted house spots, grass-grown, discarded roadways give me the same feeling."

Yes, they give me the same feeling too. As a matter of fact, I've never known anyone who didn't feel a tinge of nostalgia when he looked upon things that he himself had never known but that reflected, so unmistakably, all of the activity of human beings whose once busy lives were stilled long ago.

We've missed Emily very much indeed these past weeks and her parents too. When any pattern in a family is broken you feel strangely dislocated, I think, and we've had quite a bit of that this summer with part of the group in California and now Margery and Martin in Rhode Island. I wish that you might have heard Martin discussing his trip before they departed. Trains are his great love, you know, so he was absolutely ecstatic at the prospect of riding on so many HUGE ones. I told Marge that my only regret was that this particular trip came when he was still too young to retain lasting memories. He'll be in Rhode Island on his third birthday and I won't get to make him a lamb cake.

I like to know what you're doing and what you think about things that are common problems to all of us. Do start a letter today and add to it as you can, and then when it's big and fat get it into the mail to me.

Always . . . Lucile



"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

GINGERALE GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup grapefruit juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup ginger ale
- 2 cups grapefruit sections
- 8 maraschino cherries and mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add sugar, stir until dissolved, cool, add ginger ale and grapefruit juice, chill, pour into mold until partially set, then add grapefruit sections. Chill until firm. Garnish with cherries and mayonnaise over the top.

HAWAIIAN CASSEROLE

- 3 slices bacon
- 3 green onions
- 1 cup canned mushrooms
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups cooked macaroni
- 1 cup canned tuna fish
- 1 can mushroom soup

Brown bacon in saucepan and then drain. Add onions (minced dry onions may be used if green onions are not available) and brown. Add mushrooms and cook together, with seasonings, for about 3 minutes. Arrange macaroni, tuna and mushroom layers in casserole dish. Add the can of mushroom soup to ingredients in sauce pan and then pour this mixture over the layers. Cover and bake in 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes. Remove cover and arrange the crisp bacon slices on top—leave in oven four or five minutes and then serve.

CHEESE FONDUE

- 4 slices of buttered bread cut into squares
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 cups of milk
- 1/2 lb. American type cheese

Beat one egg with salt and mustard. Add 3 more eggs and beat until well mixed but not too long. Add 2 cups of milk. Grate cheese. Place bread and cheese in layers with cheese as the top layer. Pour egg mixture over it and let stand at least 2 hours. Then bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 40 minutes. This dish is fool-proof since it can be made hours before needed and does not fall. Serve with creamed chicken, creamed tuna or creamed chipped beef.

BANANA OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1 and 3/4 cups rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats

Sift together flour, soda, salt and spices. Beat shortening until creamy. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add bananas, rolled oats and nut meats and mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture and blend. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie pans about 1 1/2 inches apart. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for about 15 minutes. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 3 1/2 dozen cookies.

EGG CASSEROLE

- 2 cups crushed potato chips
- 6 hard cooked eggs
- 1 can of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- Salt to taste
- Dash of pepper and paprika

Dilute mushroom soup with milk. Arrange ingredients in layers, pour mushroom soup over them and bake in a moderate oven for 35 minutes. The friend who sent this said that sometimes she sliced almonds and sharp cheese over the top.

MACAROON TORTE

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 8-oz. pkg. macaroon cookies (crushed)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot water and chill until partially set. Line sides and bottom of pan or Pyrex dish 9" square with crushed macaroons (reserve one-fourth of crumbs for top). Add pineapple to gelatine. Fold sugar into cream and then fold cream into gelatine mixture. Pour into pan and cover with crumbs. Chill at least 12 hours. Serve in squares with a maraschino cherry on top. Nine servings.

HOME-MADE LIBRARY PASTE

- 1 cup flour
- 1 quart water
- 1 Tbls. powdered alum
- 10 drops oil of cloves

Bring the water and alum to a boil, add flour to which some of the water has been added to make a smooth paste. Boil for twenty minutes. Then add the oil of cloves and stir in through a sieve and store in glass jars.

COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

- 1 cup soft cottage cheese
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cup sweet milk
- 2 Tbls. flour

Cream cheese, and butter. Add the milk and beaten eggs, and vanilla. Add the flour. Bake in a crust for 30 minutes. This makes 2 small pies and they are very rich.

TUNA DINNER LOAF

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flaked tuna (2, 6 1/2 oz. cans or 1-lb. can of salmon)

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve over hot water. Add remaining ingredients. Mix lightly. Chill in oiled mold until firm.

LEMON ANGEL PIE

- 4 egg whites
- Beat until frothy and add 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- Continue to beat until stiff
- Then add 1 cup sugar slowly
- Beat, Beat, BEAT!

Spread into buttered pie pan. Bake 1 hr. and 15 minutes at 300 degrees. Good meringue should be crisp on outside and very creamy on inside.

FILLING

- 4 egg yolks beaten until lemon colored
- Add 6 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup sugar

Cook in top of double boiler until thick. Dissolve 1 Tbls. gelatine in 1/4 cup water. When dissolved add this to 1st mixture. When cool fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, gently. Turn into meringue. Chill. Cover with whipped cream before serving.

PEPPERMINT CANDY DESSERT

- 1 lb. butter cookies
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1 pound package marshmallows, cut up
- 1/2 pound peppermint stick candy, crushed

Whip the cream and add the marshmallows and candy. Crumble butter cookies and put a layer of the crumbs in a large pan, then the whipped cream mixture, and sprinkle crumbs on top. This is to be cut in squares and served with whipped cream.

BLACK BOTTOM PIE

- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 3/4 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- Additional 1/2 cup sugar

Combine cornstarch and 1/2 cup granulated sugar. Beat 4 egg yolks until thick and lemon colored and then slowly add the 2 cups of scalded milk. Stir in sugar mixture. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until custard coats spoon (don't cook it one second beyond this point). Now to one cup of the custard add the chocolate chips and vanilla, and stir until chocolate is melted. Cool and then pour into bottom of baked 10-inch shell. (Notes on shell will follow.)

Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Add to the remaining custard. (This should be done immediately after 1 cup has been taken out for chocolate portion since the custard will still be very hot and the gelatine must be added to a hot liquid.) Stir custard for a moment after gelatine has been added and then set aside to cool.

Beat 4 egg whites until stiff and gradually add remaining 1/2 cup of sugar. When mixture is shiny and holds its shape fold very gently into the custard-gelatine mixture. Pour over chocolate layer and chill until set. Garnish with remaining 1/4 package of morsels, which have been chipped, or with a few crumbs taken out when shell was made.

The perfect shell for this is made by combining half-and-half crushed vanilla wafers and crushed ginger-snaps. A total of 1 1/2 cups of crumbs will be needed. Add 1/3 cup of melted butter and 1 Tbls. sugar. Mix thoroughly. Press on bottom and sides of 10-inch pie dish and bake for 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Cool before pouring chocolate layer into it.

This pie is a beauty when cut and is absolutely elegant to taste. However, it is very rich and should not be served after a heavy meal. A slice of this, with a cup of coffee, makes a perfect refreshment when only one thing is to be served.

FAVORITE HAM GLAZES

Pineapple Glaze: Mix 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/4 cup pineapple juice and simmer for ten minutes to make a syrup. Spread over ham and finish baking.

Orange Glaze: Mix 1 cup brown sugar, juice and grated rind of one orange; add 1/4 tsp. orange flavoring and spread over ham. After it has finished baking decorate with orange slices.

Honey Glaze: Spread one cup of honey over ham and finish baking.

Spice Glaze: Mix 1 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup juice from spiced peaches. Garnish with the whole spiced peaches when done.

FINE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 2 1/2 cups brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 3 eggs
- 3 1-oz. sq. unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup boiling water

Cream butter and brown sugar until fluffy. Then add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and beat hard after each addition. Melt chocolate and add to batter. Sift all dry ingredients together and add alternately with sour milk. Lastly pour the cup of boiling water in and beat. This batter will be thin. Turn into 3 greased and floured 8-inch cake pans and bake for approximately 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven. A white icing makes a spectacular cake, and the rich, moist texture will make it a sensation. We like this cake!

PERFECT DILL PICKLES

Put a layer of dill in the bottom of jars. Pack jar full of fresh clean cucumbers. Put another layer of dill over top. Bring to a boil 9 cups of water, 1 cup vinegar and 1/2 cup salt. Pour solution over pickles while boiling hot. Seal and place in a dark storage shelf. Ready to use in six weeks.

BISCUIT MIX

- 6 cups flour
- 2 1/2 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 cup shortening

Sift flour, measure and sift with baking powder and salt. Use hands to mix the shortening in until it's a fine even crumb. Store in covered jar. This is a great time-saver and will simplify your daily meals if you keep it on hand, particularly during these summer months.

QUICK, DELICIOUS BANANA BREAD

- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 or 3 bananas (1 cup mashed)

Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder, soda, salt and sift twice again. Add sugar to shortening and cream until fluffy. Add 1 egg, beat, and then add second egg and beat again. Add nuts. Stir in 1 cup of mashed banana alternately with the sifted dry ingredients—stir only enough to moisten flour. Pour into greased loaf pan, push batter up into the corners and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 55 minutes. This should be allowed to stand twenty-four hours to ripen. Slices perfectly and makes delicious sandwiches when cream cheese is used as a filling.

HALIBUT SOUFFLE

Enough filets of halibut to serve family (this dressing is sufficient for 6 people).

Sprinkle halibut with salt and pepper; place in lightly greased shallow baking pan and put about 2 inches from broiler; broil about 5 minutes; then turn and broil another 4 or 5 minutes—time will depend upon thickness of fish. Then remove pan and spread each piece with the following sauce:

Mix together—

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup pickle relish
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of red pepper

Then fold in 2 egg whites that have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Broil 3 to 5 minutes longer or until sauce is puffed and browned. Serve at once. **KEEP A SHARP EYE ON THIS WHEN IN BROILER.**

FRUIT DRESSING

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. mustard
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix all dry ingredients together. Add vinegar. Boil 1 1/2 minutes, cool, add grated onion, celery seed and beat in oil. This makes 2 cups and is delicious for fruit salads.

ORANGE-MARSHMALLOW PIE

- 2 eggs
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 12 marshmallows

Mix cornstarch, sugar, egg yolks and a little of the water together. Then add everything else except the marshmallows. Cook in double boiler until it thickens. Then fold in cut up marshmallows. Put in a baked pie shell and spread meringue over the top. Brown in a 425 degree oven for 7 to 8 minutes.

BARBEQUED WEINERS

- 1 1/2 dozen weiners
- 3 large onions (diced)
- 6 slices chopped bacon
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 clove or pinch of clove powder
- 1 can of tomato soup

Fry bacon and onions until brown. Add remaining ingredients, simmer for a few minutes, and then pour over weiners that have been placed in shallow baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

Renew your subscription to Kitchen-Klatter . . . \$1.00.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

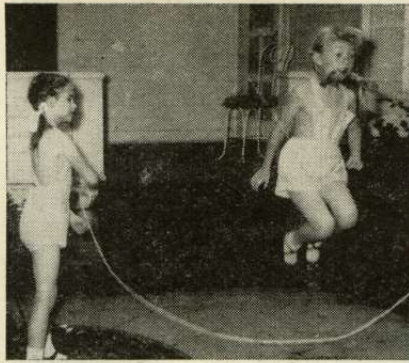
I have written my letter to you at many different hours of the day and night, but this is the first time I have ever written it at six o'clock in the morning. Frank left a few minutes ago to do the chores and then to the field (but from the looks of the sky I don't think he will be in the field very long), and before I start my ironing I thought I would sit down and have my visit with you.

Well, school is out, the last report into the superintendent's office, and I have two rooms and a closet cleaned. I had told you in my last letter that it looked as if I would be home from school in time to help Frank get the corn planted, and that has certainly proven true. Yesterday I disced and harrowed all day while Frank followed me with the planter, and we got one entire field finished. This weather has been so discouraging. Just when the ground would be dry enough to work up nicely and we would make our plans for the next day, that night it would rain again.

The Sunday after school was out Lucile, Russell, Juliana and Kathy Powell came for the week-end and took Kristin home with them. It certainly has been a lonesome house without her, but she is having such a wonderful time that we are happy for her. Mother just called me last night and said they would like to have her stay another week, and it was an awful temptation to say, "No, we will be down to get her Sunday," but after talking it over we decided to let her stay. The reason she went in the first place was so I could feel free to go to the field all day and not have to worry about her, but here the planned two weeks have already gone by and I have just been to the field one day. If it doesn't rain too much today, we will be working day and night for the next week, so she is really better off where she is.

I have been dressing her room up a little while she has been gone. I got some lovely new frilly dotted swiss curtains, and made a bookcase from three orange crates and painted it white. She has never had a good place to keep her books, puzzles, games, blocks, etc., so I have this one bookcase finished and another one in the process; then one whole wall of her room will have shelves for her things.

I'm not going to do any papering or painting this spring, I decided, but will wait until we get electricity in and then do the whole house. The thing that plays havoc with our walls and ceilings is the lamps. No matter how careful we are to watch them, they will run up the minute we leave the room, so maybe with lights they won't get so dirty, anyway I hope they won't. Of course heaven only knows when that will be since we are no farther along with it than we have been since last fall, but I'm still going to hold out a while longer.



All during Kristin's three weeks' visit the air resounded with the thump of jumping ropes being turned. Here you see Juliana's pig-tails flying as she says "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear." This was taken just before both girls came down with the mumps.

Frank finally brought my horse home and I think he is very handsome. In fact he is better looking than Frank's Bonnie, even if I can't get Frank to admit it. I have been trying to decide what to name him. His coat is a beautiful shiny copper color, so I think I shall call him Copper. When Frank first brought him home he was terribly shy of everyone, but he is gradually getting over that.

Frank's sister, Bernice, the one who has been at home for the past two and a half years, started working at the Lucas Post Office the first of June. She has had a beauty shop in the Henry Field building in Shenandoah for several years, but when her mother became ill, she leased the shop and came home to stay with her parents. She has been wanting to get back to work again but hated to be that far away from her father, so when this opportunity came making it possible for her to be at home nights, we were very happy for her. I go down to the farm at noon and get dinner for the men, and she is home by supper time, so everything is working out very well.

When I was cleaning out drawers and boxes the other day, I went through my sewing box and got out the pieces of material I had on hand that I want to get made up this summer, and it made me all the more eager to get at that sewing machine. It is a great temptation to stop housecleaning and stop field work and start right in, but important things must come first.

I have been doing a little mending at night, however. Kristin had an awfully cute sunback dress last year that had the panties attached to it, and she never did wear it very much because she didn't like the idea of having the panties and the dress all in one piece, so I got busy and cut the panties off and put elastic in the top of them and I'm sure she will get a lot of good out of it this summer. Then she has a pinafore that she dearly loves to wear, but I have never liked it too well because it just didn't "do anything" for her. As soon as it got warm enough to go without leggings she asked me every day if she

could wear that pinafore. The fact that it was still much too cold for pinafores didn't make a bit of difference to her. But the fact that it did need some mending, did stall it off. The other day she told her Aunt Bernice that she had this beautiful dress that I wouldn't let her wear because it needed mending, and I just didn't mend it because I didn't like it and didn't want her to wear it. So I got busy and fixed it up and she can wear it every day this summer if she wants to, (except when we are going some place).

Well, I must close now and get busy on this ironing so I can at least get some of it done before time to go down to the farm and get dinner for the men.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

VACATION FUN

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Isn't the the strangest thing? When you were in school you were so anxious for vacation to come so you wouldn't have anything to do. And now that vacation is actually here, you wish there was SOMETHING YOU COULD DO.

I'll tell you what you and your friends can do so you will have a great deal of fun this summer and you can make others happy at the same time. Call in a group of your school chums and form a club. Of course, you will want a name for your organization, and really to be official and business-like you will write a few laws and elect a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. It will be fun to have a secret code or pass word.

You will want to meet about once a week at the homes of the various members. You may plan different entertainment and serve refreshments of not more than two things. It is fun to have some of the group, maybe the boys, make ice cream and let the rest of the members furnish the cake. Some mother might be willing to turn all of you loose in her kitchen and let you bake cookies or make candy. This and cold lemonade will taste very good.

Some time you will want to plan a "Hobo-Hike", a treasure hunt or a nature study trip.

But fun for yourself must not be the only purpose of your club if you are to make others happy too.

Some evening when you are meeting plan to bring along old magazines or cards and make scrap books for orphanages or children's wards of hospitals. You may make bandages or supplies requested by missionaries. Obtain the names of shut-ins and send cards to them. One evening might be spent repairing broken toys or dressing dolls to be used in Christmas boxes.

Once you get your club started you will think of a great many other things to do. You will have many good times and by helping others you will feel that you are sharing your fun with them.

GEESE CAN BE MONEY MAKERS TOO

By Hallie M. Barrow

Hard luck is never easy to take, but it seems a lot harder when you're first starting out and trying to get a toehold. Some ten years ago Mr. and Mrs. George Swink seemed to be in one of those cycles of miserable luck which so often besets a young farm couple who are trying desperately to get started. First there was a drought, then they lost some valuable livestock, and all through that whole summer their first baby was very ill. All in all Mrs. Swink was a little discouraged!

It was during this time that she often visited a neighbor who seemed to be able to buy many nice things for her home. No matter whether it was a rug, a chair or a new cook-stove, always she would add: "My goose money paid for this." And after hearing this frequently enough Mrs. Swink just plain made up her mind that goose money would buy her some nice things too.

Well, they've certainly done exactly this. Fortunately her geese did well from the start, and the income from them grew to be so important that now 150 breeders are kept. It has bought a home movie camera, a tractor, made some payments on their farm, and helps to buy equipment outside as well as the comforts and luxuries that are enjoyed inside. Of all the things "goose money" has bought, Mrs. Swink is partial to that home movie outfit. With it she has taken countless pictures of her three boys at different ages, and she's also gotten some beautiful movies of her 150 white geese.

When you look at "goose money" in detail you find that the eggs alone constitute a nice piece of money for they bring in 60¢ each. The goslings, when any can be spared, bring \$1.00 each, and a market each fall for the mature geese brings around \$5.00 per fowl. All in all, you can see why it pays Mrs. Swink to spend time and energy with her flock.

The Swinks' farm home stands on a hill near Pickering, Missouri and from their house you look down over river bottoms nearby. If you're a stranger and drive in there you'll find that the ganders make quite a hostile reception committee for they stick up their long necks as high as possible and run around in circles hissing and honking at a great rate.

When I visited the Swink farm in the spring I found another event taking place which kept the tame geese in an uproar. The spring migration of wild ducks and geese was on, and the ponds in the bottoms seem to be one of their regular stopping grounds—possibly this is because the tame geese call them down. At any rate, they once called down such a peculiar looking flock that the Swinks walked over to see what kind of a duck or goose the big white birds might be. To their surprise, they found a huge flock of pelicans! But being domesticated makes a world of difference, and it's left to the wild varieties to



Mother and her little granddaughter, Emily. This was snapped on Emily's first trip out of the house after her round with the measles. The magnificent tulips were a clear shining gold and how they took Emily's eye! A second after this was taken she reached over and grabbed one.

fly, for the Swink's tame geese have two private ponds of their own and do not attempt to fly.

Do you love to hear the contented murmuring made by a wedge of wild geese in their flight? If so, you should be at the Swink home when Mrs. Swink opens up her electric incubator on hatching day. The funny green, velvety goslings seem delighted to be alive and they have a sweet gabble going on constantly all over the trays. The moment they are dry they are curious and eager to start. They appear to be full of optimism about the future and are vastly different from baby turkeys who enter and leave this world with pitiful peep-peeps, nagging and whining complaints. All eggs are hatched in the incubator and the goslings raised in brooders; later they are moved to a pasture.

Mrs. Swink thinks that her geese are easier to raise than any other poultry, and her records show that for every dollar spent on her flock, she receives in return two dollars and a half. Her boys and her husband like the geese too and help her, so it is really a family enterprise.

However, one of her helpers is most unwilling! This unhappy character is Queen, a collie that was purchased from a reliable breeder for the express purpose of helping with the flock. Since it is often necessary to move the geese from field to field, Mrs. Swink thought that a good investment would be one of the working collie dogs that herd sheep so successfully. But alas! Queen thinks it is much beneath her dignity to herd geese! She loves to help with the other livestock but has to be urged and begged to cooperate when the geese are moved. She hangs her head and shows plainly that it is a disgrace to be asked to herd those silly geese.

Low sheds house the geese and

nests are made by placing bales of straw in such a way that open nests are formed. It seems that a goose prefers to have her nest outside so she can see what's going on all the time she is nesting.

I asked Mrs. Swink if her family ever eats goose eggs. "Not if we can help it," she replied. The egg white is quite tough and leathery when boiled, so if an egg gets cracked bringing it into the house it is used in a scrambled egg dish—one goose egg to four hen eggs. Great care is used in gathering the eggs because goose eggs are not a delicacy at the Swink table.

Mrs. Swink says there may be something to that saying, "green as a gosling" but that "silly as an old goose" is not true, in her estimation. She thinks a goose is one of the smartest fowls in the barnyard. They live to a ripe old age if given half a chance—and that's more than can be said for some kinds of poultry. When Mrs. Swink looks over her flock and realizes that every gosling will be a \$5 dollar bill before Christmas, we can understand that her hobby is definitely a profitable one.

ROUND ROBINS

A Parody

It is rather wonderful, I think
When friends are made by pen and ink.

Through kindred interest minds unite
And one decides that she will write
To someone she has never seen
Who lives where she has never been.
Not strangers long but soon good friends—

Just look how that last letter ends.
Two souls that live quite far apart
Can gladden much each other's heart,
Can nourish much each other's mind
With letters scholarly and kind.

—Author Unknown.

SOLICITORS

They ring my bell
With silent prayers,
Hoping I will buy
Their tawdry wares.

Expressive eyes
Try to catch my mood,
And plead; before they tell me
Their dire need.

And, so I spend
A silver coin,
For pencils, pins
And shoe laces

My heart could never,
Never stand the look
On pinched old faces.
Except for Thine own blessings, Lord,
From heaven's ample store,
I, too, might peddle
Tawdry wares from door to door.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs.

FAIR, FAT AND FORTY

Woe is me! I'm forced to try it,
To get slim, I'm on a diet.
Dry toast for breakfast, juice or kraut,
Bacon and eggs, alas, are out.

NOW, inbetween meals, I can't munch,
And tho' I'm starving, must skip lunch.
For dinner, rye-crisps and some tea,
Get no pity, . . . except from ME.
—Gertrude Marguerite Robinson.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Drifmiller

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "What do you think about children leaving immediately following the end of the school year to spend the summer months with relatives? My two sisters occupy separate homes on the same farm and they have been at us for the entire winter to allow our three children, boys twelve and thirteen, and a girl nine, to come and stay with them until fall. They live over three-hundred miles from us so we would do well to see the children once while they are gone—probably couldn't get away long enough from our work to do even this (we have a filling station-garage that keeps us tied down). I have two other pre-school children at home. My objection to the plan is that children shouldn't be separated for so long from their parents. Yes, they want to go. Please tell me what I should do?"—Kansas.

ANS: You haven't told me what your husband thinks about this plan, and of course you would both have to stand in complete agreement on the subject. I think that you will have to consider the advantages to the children from all angles and then see if they outweigh your objections. If they do not, then let them go. If they do, then explain to the children as clearly as you can why you want them at home and consider the subject closed.

QUES: "My daughter belongs to a crowd of other sixteen year old girls who have no responsibilities to speak of, and who run around a great deal. Last fall they had a couple of picnics in a park twenty miles from here—no grown-ups along but just the seven girls and seven boys. I permitted my daughter to go, although certainly not willingly, but now I feel that a stand must be taken since the crowd has planned many summer picnics. I think that young people of sixteen need a chaperone, yet other parents seem to think nothing of the fact that they go quite some distance and stay out late without a grown-up along. Can you give me some advice?"—Nebr.

ANS: This is the most difficult summer problem that a mother faces. If this mother takes a firm stand and refuses to allow her daughter to go when all of the others are permitted to go, it will result in hard feelings all summer. I think that the other mothers should be approached to see if an agreement cannot be reached about a chaperone. If the other mothers are indifferent, why not approach your minister, lay the problem before him, and see if he cannot locate a responsible young married couple who could accompany the crowd.

QUES: "How do you ever decide to whom you will give a much prized family heirloom? In my case it is a Chinese vase that was brought to this country many years ago by my great-

grandfather, the captain of a clipper ship that carried on trade with the Orient. My three daughters and my two daughter-in-laws all want it very badly when I have no further use for it. I'd surely appreciate your suggestion."—Mo.

ANS:—If there will be hard feelings in the family if you give it to one of the five people concerned, then I can only suggest that you make it very clear that the vase is to circulate from one home to the next, to be kept a year in each home and then passed on. This relieves you of the final responsibility, something that they'll have to work out in years to come.

QUES: "I moved to the farm from a city just a year ago and haven't gotten well acquainted, so I don't know what to do about this problem. In July when I have my baby I'll get a young girl from my neighbor's family to come and stay for a month. Should she be regarded as a member of the family while she is here? That is unheard of where I come from, but I feel uneasy about treating her as hired help."—Kansas.

ANS: Yes, I can see how you would, for you seem to feel instinctively that she isn't "hired help". And indeed she isn't. I don't doubt but what things are different in the city that you mentioned, but to most of us our neighbors lend a hand and are not considered hired help even though they are paid for lending the hand.

QUES: "Several months ago my great-aunt promised me that she would send on a number of family photographs that mean a great deal to me and are unavailable elsewhere. However, before this was done she passed away. Now I am wondering if it would be all right to send a letter to her daughter asking that they be mailed? I don't like to seem "grabby" but the photographs do mean a great deal to me and I'm afraid that they'll get lost when the estate is closed."—Nebraska.

ANS: I wouldn't hesitate for a moment to write about this. Explain that your great-aunt expected to send them. After all, it isn't as if you were pressing the daughter for something that has monetary value. Go right ahead.

OUR MOTHERS

O magical word, may it never die
From the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting
hearts

That even would break to keep it.
Was there ever a name that lived
like thine?

Will there ever be another?
The angels have reared in heaven a
shrine

To the holy name of Mother.

—Unknown.



This darling little girl wearing her daddy's big hat is Barbara Felkner whose mother writes for us every month. The Paul Felkner farm is outside of Centerville, Iowa.

OUR BOYS LIKE TO COOK

By Lynda Schlomann

The first time I mentioned that my sons like to help with the cooking my remarks were met with tolerant smiles and raised eyebrows, and I, in turn, felt defensive. "No, my boys aren't sissies . . . no, I'm not putting the job off on them, etc." Today we apologize to no one, and I'm proud of their accomplishments.

Probably their interest in cooking dates back to their early years when they were allowed to use the cookie cutters, or to stir egg yolks for me. They didn't do much more than this until last fall when our ten-year old had a siege of illness and was found anemic. After he had his tonsils removed we got pamphlets from the County Nurse and really studied food, vitamins, and all-around nutrition.

After they'd proven that they could be careful around my range they learned the uses of flour, corn starch, various spices, how to make a white sauce, cocoa, simple puddings, gravy, and how to stew fruit and prepare vegetables.

They do most of their cooking on Saturdays and at supper time, since school work and chores that farm boys have keep them busy. Then too, that way the fun doesn't seem to wear thin.

The lessons they've learned about food make things easier for me. They can understand my cooking problems and realize that there's more to preparing a meal than simply getting it on the table. This type of understanding does away with criticism and makes them appreciate the effort that goes into preparing food day after day.

This is a sample meal that they prepared alone the other night: salmon patties, white potatoes, diced carrots and stewed prunes.

I'm proud that my boys like to cook!

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FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL CLEANS THE POTATO BIN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

"Can you imagine it," exclaimed Mrs. Longtail Mouse, who lived in a potato bin. "Here it is, the middle of the summer, and the Baldmans haven't moved these old withered, sprouted potatoes yet."

"Oh, well," murmured Mr. Longtail without even taking his nose from behind the Daily Mouse Gazette, "they are probably busy. I don't see why it should worry you."

"It worries me," fussed Mrs. Longtail, "because next week the Down With Cats Club meets here, and I shall be ashamed of such an untidy home. Withered potatoes all over the place. Imagine!"

"I doubt if anyone will notice 'em," replied Mr. Longtail mildly, which is just like a husband.

"Everyone will notice them, I shall be mortified," Mrs. Longtail shuddered a very mortified shudder. Mr. Longtail laid down the Gazette.

"I will think about it a while then," he said. "Hmhmhmhmhm."

"We might get our cousins to help and carry them out ourselves," offered Mrs. Longtail, who usually did not interrupt when Mr. Longtail was pondering a problem.

"No, we must use brains instead of brawn. I have a plan. We will get our cousins to hide with us behind the biggest pile of potatoes. When Mrs. Baldman comes to the basement, we will run out one by one so she will be sure to notice us. She will think we have a hole back there and will move all the potatoes out in order to patch the hole. When the excitement dies down, we will simply move back."

"My, that's smart," exclaimed Mrs. Longtail. "Let's start right now."

Soon Mrs. Baldman came to the basement to get a jar of beans.

"Watch me," whispered Mr. Longtail to Mrs. Longtail and the cousins, "and do exactly as I do." Then he popped out of the potato bin and ran out of the basement door.

"My goodness," mused Mrs. Baldman. "A mouse! I must set a trap."

The next time Mrs. Baldman came to the basement to test the hot water. One of the cousins popped out of the potato bin and he, too, ran out of the basement door.

"Another mouse," thought Mrs. Baldman. "There must be a hole in the potato bin."

The third time Mrs. Baldman came to the basement, she brought a broom to sweep the floor. Mrs. Longtail popped out of the potato bin and started for the basement door, but she

never made it. Mrs. Baldman lifted the broom and bammed her quite severely over the head. Poor Mrs. Longtail was knocked cold.

"Well," said Mrs. Baldman with satisfaction, "I got that one. Now I'm going to clean out those potatoes and mend that hole." Mrs. Baldman brought all sorts of baskets and pails and filled them full of old potatoes and Mrs. Longtail. Poor Mrs. Longtail! Potatoes on her head and on her feet and pinching her tail. Potatoes above and below and all around. To add to the indignity, Mrs. Baldman carried the potatoes out to the hogs, and when next Mrs. Longtail opened her eyes, all she could see was a pair of enormous teeth getting ready to eat her and two or three potatoes besides.

"My goodness!" squeaked Mrs. Longtail. She was so frightened that she forgot she had been knocked cold. She ran every step of the way back to the basement and slid breathlessly into the nice, clean potato bin. Mr. Longtail looked up from the Gazette.

"Hello, dear," he said. "I believe you were right. Home is much nicer when it is clean. It is worth the trouble, all right."

Mrs. Longtail didn't say a thing. She just rubbed the bump on her head and wondered if it really was.

THE ELEPHANT

I think an elephant is funny
He has such a queer long nose
Mother calls it his trunk
But an elephant has no clothes.

So he doesn't need a trunk—
At least that's what I'd suppose.
But I saw him at the circus
When he used it for a hose!

—Gail Elder James.

RIDDLES

1. What has eyes and can't see? A potato.
2. What runs and doesn't walk, has a tongue and can't talk? A wagon.
3. What has legs and can't walk? A table.
4. What is both a fruit and a time? A date.
5. What has pains and doesn't ache? A window.
6. What is full of holes and still holds water? A sponge.
7. What grows larger the more you take from it? A hole.
8. What is black and white and red (read) all over? A newspaper.
9. What has a face and never washes it? A clock.
10. What tells you how you look without speaking? A mirror.



Last summer Martin Eric would never stand up in a swing and had a regular fit if Juliana and Kristin tried to make him be adventurous. This summer he never sits down and can pump away for dear life.

FONDANT SUPREME

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- 1 1/4 cups sweet cream

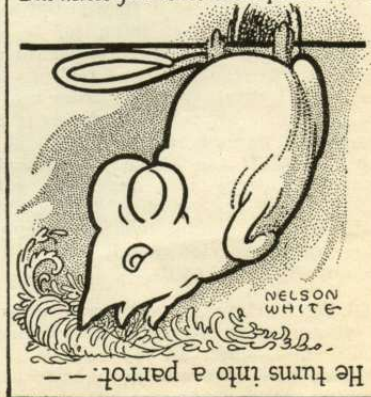
Put in heavy kettle with tight lid and cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from heat, remove lid. Add vanilla and let stand until hand can be held on bottom of pan. Beat until creamy. Work on board for 15 minutes. Roll in waxed paper and let stand a few hours. Mold into small pieces and chill. Dip in favorite chocolate mixture. Other variations may be made with nuts, maraschino cherries, cocoanut, peppermint, maple, black walnut, etc.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

WRITTEN BY NELSON WHITE

Here you see a little mouse
A-nibbling at a carrot—
But when you turn him upside down



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CACHET FIRST DAY COVER SERVICE, 3¢. Issues Aug. 2, Sept. 9, Nov. 22, 7 cents, over stamp. Cash with order. Bee Stamp Co., Box 114, Aurora, Colo.

BEAUTIFUL HAND LOOMED YARN RUGS. 28x48. All Colors. \$4.50 Postpaid. Lou Still, Spillville, Iowa.

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GOOSENECK CLOTHES PIN BAGS, \$1. Plaque from tin pie plates, \$1.25 pr. Mrs. Emma Smith, Malvern, Iowa.

CASES, pretty crocheted dogwood, appliqued \$3.75 pr. R. Kiehl, 2917, Fourth N. W. Canton, Ohio.

CROCHET PINEAPPLE DESIGN TABLE CLOTH, 72x90. No. 30 ecru thread, \$35. Mabel Thesing, Stromsburg, Nebr.

HAND KNITS FOR INFANTS. Write, Dorothy's Hand Knits, Belleville, Kans.

FOR SALE: Two used violins. Write, Mrs. Cora Kloepper, Sabetha, Kans.

BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED ACCESSORIES, gifts, linens. Commercial artist. Amber Morris, Avoca, Nebr.

SEND NOW. Keep 'em on hand, beautiful birthday, get-well or all occasion cards. \$1.35 mailed. Mrs. Herman Porsch, Hamlin, Iowa.

HAND PAINTED PLATES, shell jewelry. Crocheted corner hankies, textile hand painted articles. Inexpensive. Write. Mildred Moseman, South Sioux City, Nebr.

RUG WEAVING, \$1.10 yd. Experienced Sewing. Ladies dresses, \$1.50. Childs \$1. Smocked \$1.75. Prompt service. Rowena Winters, 2920 Dubuque, Des Moines 17, Ia.

CROCHETED HOLDERS, butterfly, scottie, fan, dress, pumpkin, creamer, sugarer, watermelon, dutch boy, dutch girl, 50¢ ea. Linen hankies with crocheted lady, 3 pansies, butterfly or rose in one corner, crocheted edging \$1 ea. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kans.

CROCHETED ROSE, stretched on asbestos pad, 75¢ Postpaid. Jeanette Gossman, Columbus, Nebr.

"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD". Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scrap, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

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

LADIES! Let us sharpen your scissors for only 35¢ ea., postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Ia.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Leftovers hot, leftovers cold, Sneak 'em in wives, don't be too bold; Camouflage beef with celery—grind, Adding tomato if you've a mind.

Spices and herbs, potatoes and such, Give them a flattering, parsley touch; Fricassed chicken, liver saute, Curry of veal or Duchess fillet May have been anything some other day.

Dover, augrautin, emnice of pork, Toughest of foods may be pierced with a fork.

Hash from the neckbones—yummy it's good,

Keep it a secret, your little game, Clean up the cupboard but give it a name!

KOWH

Highlights

Jean Sullivan, News 7:00 A.M.
Kolache Klub 8:00 A.M.
Weather Report 8:25 A.M.
Today's Top Tunes 9:30 A.M.
Back to the Bible 10:00 A.M.
KITCHEN-KLATTER .. 11:00 A.M.
Gaylord Avery, News ... 11:45 A.M.
Make Believe Ballroom .. 1:00 P.M.
Gaylord Avery, News ... 3:00 P.M.
News and Weather 5:00 P.M.

KOWH - OMAHA - DIAL 6 6 0

PALATABLE STEWED OLD ROOSTER!

Prepare chicken as for stewing. Place 2 Tbls. butter in bottom of kettle (preferably pressure pan) and brown; add 2 Tbls. flour and about 1 cup of water. Make a smooth gravy and add chicken. Now add enough more water to cover, plus 2 Tbls. vinegar. Season with salt and pepper. Cook at least four hours in covered kettle, or approximately one hour in pressure pan.

Easy to Use ROSE DUST and BUG DUST



3-Way Action BUG-DUST-O-CIDE

Protects your vegetable garden 3 ways—contact poison, stomach poison, and fungicide. Safe and ready to use.

No. 40BD—2½ lb. Combination Package. (Contains Dust Gun and 1½ lb. bag of Dust). **\$1.00 postpaid.**

No. 50BD—3 lb. Bag of Bug-Dust-O-Cide (without Dust Gun). **\$1.00 postpaid.**

ROSE DUST

For control of Black Spot, Mildew, Aphis, etc. Also fine for use on Mums, Phlox, etc.

Handy Dust Gun. Ready to Use. No Mixing, No Fuss, No Bother.

No. 20RD—2½ lb. Combination Package. (Contains Dust Gun and 1¾ lb. bag of Rose Dust). **\$1.50 Postpaid.**

No. 30RD—3 lb. Bag of Rose Dust (without Dust Gun). **\$1.50 Postpaid.**

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Dept. K4

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

LET A TRAY SAVE YOUR HEELS

By Mabel Nair Brown

How often grandma used to say to me, "Now, child, you will find that your daily chores will go a lot faster if you will just learn to make your head save your heels." Now, years later, I'm using my head when I use trays to save my heels! In fact a tray is my extra pair of hands. "Letting a tray do it" has saved me countless steps and back aches and this summer I intend that the "tray" shall not only make my work easier, but shall give me more time to enjoy the out-of-doors and the companionship of my family. Here are some tips with trays that you might find will add more time for some of the things you do "for fun" as well as making daily chores easier.

1. Do you like to give the foliage of your houseplants an occasional bath in the bathtub or in the sink? Carry several pots at a time on a large tray.

2. Garden flower lovers, take a large tray to the garden with you, not only to carry garden shears, marking tags, etc., but to carry the cut flowers back to the house without danger of crushing them. When arranging cut flowers, use a tray to carry vases from storage shelves to arranging center and thence to the various rooms after bouquets are arranged.

3. Do you pick small fruits and vegetables in small containers to prevent mashing them? Take a tray along and set containers on it as they are filled; this way you can carry several to the house in one trip.

4. Carry dishes, water glasses, silver and bowls of food to and from the dining room on a tray. I have found the pre-schooler can set the table nicely if I carry the correct number of plates, glasses and silver in for her on a tray—and what a "big" girl she feels!

5. Place your dust cloth, polish and other cleaning supplies on a tray to carry up and downstairs or from room to room in one trip.

6. Let the children use a tray to collect scattered small toys to put in the toy box. And a tray on the table in the room you are cleaning means you can collect assorted articles upon it which you want to put away elsewhere—letters, books, games and magazines have a way of getting scattered about the house!

7. As you mend garments which must go to various rooms when finished, stack the mended articles on a tray and distribute them on one "round trip". The same idea goes on ironing day, too.

8. At canning time jars and jar lids can be stacked on trays for easier carrying from table to stove; also, to and from the basement. And if you enjoy moving out of doors to prepare sweet corn, beans, etc., for canning, use a tray to carry the prepared food back to the house.

9. If the dish washing center is several steps away from the storage cupboard, have a tray at the sink and place the clean dishes upon it to be carried to the cupboard all at once.

10. On baking day in the kitchen,

collect all the supplies needed (milk and eggs from the refrigerator, flour, sugar, shortening, and such, in one trip around the kitchen with a large tray.

11. Some homemakers like to place all spices and extracts on a tray to be set on the cupboard shelf. Then when baking, they can just lift the tray to the work table and see at a glance what they want to use.

12. By using trays, the family can enjoy many meals out of doors, with a minimum amount of extra work for mother. Either carry food and dishes on trays to the picnic table or let the members of the family fill up their plates in the kitchen and then carry their tray to a cool spot on the lawn. Your afternoon or evening callers, too, will enjoy a snack served on trays on the porch or in lawn chairs under a shade tree. And if you have some "small fry" who become tired and fretful on warm summer afternoons, try letting them have a "party" snack on the porch on trays. They can probably fix up the lunch themselves and you will find it a fine soother-up-er—take time now and then to make it a special party for them by joining the group on the porch for a refreshing breather yourself.

ENJOY YOUR MEALS

Take time really to enjoy your meal. Do not use the table as the clearing grounds for all the day's troubles. Problems can wait! Keep the conversation pleasant and interesting for all the group, and encourage each child to tell some interesting experience he has had that day or something he has learned. You will be astonished at how quickly even a small child will try to have something to contribute to the conversation.

One family I know has formed the habit of ending the meal by repeating some verse from the Bible. The mother told me that in this way their children had learned the twenty-third Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, and many other texts.

Meal time means more than food for the body. It is an ideal way to strengthen family ties, to combine the child's physical and spiritual life, and to make us truly thankful to live in this great land where our daily blessings are abundant.

POP'S HAPPY DAY

When Pop looks at the calendar
An' finds the Fourth is nigh,
He says, "We'll celebrate in style,"
An' goes downtown to buy
Some fireworks of the loudest kind
That tickles little boys
By 'sploding with nawfullest din
An' makin' scary noise.

An' nen when Fourth of July comes
My Pop says, "Son, you're small,
Too small to shoot these cannons off,
So I'll just shoot them all."
An' nen he has the bestest time
A-turnin' noises loose,
My Pop's the one who celebrates,
An' I'm just his excuse!

—C. M. Andrews

PATCHWORK CONTEST

The answers to these questions are materials used in sewing.

1. What fashionable ladies used to do? Lace.
2. What fishermen use? Net.
3. Two letters of the alphabet? Pique.
4. A prophet and one who plays the stockmarket? Seer-sucker.
5. What happened when the dish was dropped? Crash.
6. As good as money? Check.
7. What is seen in the paper? Print.
8. A talkative person and a head of a department in college? Gabardine.
9. A kind of tobacco men use? Velvet.
10. Contraction for it will? Twill.
11. How a chair is used? Satin.
12. Heard in a clock shop? Ticking.
13. Badge of mourning? Crepe.
14. Part of the American flag? Stripe.
15. A vacation? Outing.
16. Seen on a penny? Indian Head.

MISQUOTATIONS

Our printer has mixed these sayings. Can you correct them?

1. The love of money is the beginning of wisdom.
2. A soft answer stirreth up strife.
3. A merry heart are an abomination unto the Lord.
4. A horse loveth at all times.
5. Righteousness is a vain thing for safety.
6. Wine does good like a medicine.
7. Jealousy is the root of all evil.
8. Lying lips is a very present help in trouble.
9. A friend is rather to be chosen than great riches.
10. Pride is a mocker.
11. A good name maketh a glad father.
12. The fear of the Lord turneth away wrath.
13. God exalteth a nation.
14. An angry man goeth before destruction.
15. A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.
16. A wise son is cruel as the grave.

Answers: 1-7. 2-12. 3-6. 4-5. 5-13. 6-10. 7-16. 8-3. 9-4. 10-14. 11-9. 12-1. 13-8. 14-2. 15-15. 16-11.

WHAT A MAN!

1. A man to be avoided. Mansion.
2. A traveling man. Mango.
3. A musical man. Mandolin.
4. A stable man. Manger.
5. A literary man. Manuscript.
6. A married man. Herman.
7. An oarsman. Roman.
8. A small man. Manikin.
9. A butcher man. Manslaughter.
10. A Chinese man. Mandarin.