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MAGAZINE



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Photo By Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I've just finished letters to Dorothy, Donald and Frederick, and while I'm in the letter writing mood I'll go ahead and get one off to you folks too. It's been a grand evening to write letters . . . quiet, rainy, and all around cozy feeling. I always accomplish a lot more on such nights than I do when it's warm and the house is open to all of the pleasant sounds and smells of a spring evening.

We've been going along in our usual routine since I last wrote without major interruptions of any kind. Margery and I got busy and tackled all of our upstairs closets not long ago, and we also overhauled downstairs closets and shelves, but this was just about the extent of our spring housecleaning. While I was in California I had the notion in the back of my mind that I'd like to redecorate our library, living room and dining room since they haven't been done for quite a few years, but after looking at them when I returned I decided that they could wait a little while longer. I enjoy fresh paper and paint very much, but oh! how I do hate the mess that's around when the work is being done.

This spring, however, I did accomplish something that's been a dream of mine for many years—Mart bought me a lovely new china cabinet and the entire family went together and purchased a service of really beautiful dishes. In the thirty-seven years we've been married I don't know how many sets of dishes we've gone through, but when you have a big family and the children must help as soon as they're able, you know what happens to dishes. I knew better than to buy really good ones, so all through these years I've longed for the time when I could have a service that deserved good care and would last. If you've waited too for something of this kind you know how much it means when you finally achieve it. I'll admit that I just like to wheel up to the china cabinet and look!

We don't know if Donald will get home for a vacation or not this summer, but we're hoping to have word that he can make us some kind of a visit. When Margery went to Chicago with Edith Hansen in March she anticipated meeting him over a Saturday and Sunday, but it so happened that

he was scheduled to take charge of a Boy Scout program at that time and couldn't get away, so she missed him. He writes that he is enjoying his apartment very much and likes to get his meals, and I'm still rather surprised at this since he never was one to hang around the kitchen at home.

Dorothy's school year will be over by the time you read this and I want her to get a good rest during the summer. Those of you who have taught and kept house know how fagged out you feel by the end of the school year. She says that she wants to give her house a good cleaning first thing, and then expects to help Frank where she is needed, and to get some sewing done too. Kristin is anticipating spending a lot of time with Juliana, and Juliana, in turn, hopes to spend a lot of time with Kristin, so I imagine that both little girls will be together most of the summer, part of the time here in Shenandoah and part of the time at Lucas. Lucile and Dorothy feel that their little girls are just about as close as sisters and it's been wonderful for them since they are only children.

Now that warm weather is here Mart and I can get out for our favorite recreation—an evening drive in the country. As a rule we take Martin with us for he is always watching eagerly for tractors and farm machinery of all kinds. I think that he inherited his Grandpa's bump of caution, for when we go out to the farm he doesn't dash wildly off but keeps a safe distance from the livestock. Trains are still his great love, however, and when we drive anywhere near the railroad tracks he has all eyes out for engines. The biggest thrill that he ever gets is to go up to Red Oak with us when we meet Dorothy and Kristin, for then he can see the big fast streamliners that look so impressive.

Emily is outdoors most of the time now, and she's fortunate to live on a street where there are lots of youngsters, and consequently a great deal of activity to watch. Some of the little neighbor girls like to get her and pull her around in a wagon, and how she does hate to have them take her home when they get tired. It so happens that a very busy highway runs between Lucile's home and Wayne's home, and this means that only the past few months Juliana has been

permitted to cross it alone, so she is only now getting to play with Emily frequently.

Howard just now came through the room to tell me that he planned to mow the lawn tomorrow night if it had dried up by that time. I told him that I never heard him mention mowing the lawn without thinking back to the times he was eleven or twelve and always waited until after dark on Saturday night to get the job done. That was the deadline, and he knew it, so he used to strap a lantern on to the lawn mower and stumble around in the dark. This was in Clarinda where we had a much bigger yard than the one we now have, and I think Howard would have traded in his bicycle on a power mower if they had been available in those days.

Margery and I've had a good time testing refrigerator desserts these past few weeks. After breakfast we'd get out our cook books and leaf through them to find something that sounded good, or we'd go to the desk for recipes sent by you friends that seemed well worth testing. You'll find some of our favorites in this issue and I do hope that you'll try them and give your family a treat.

Our good friend Edith Hansen says that her son, Don, is doing much better these days and is hoping to get home for a visit this summer. He has been in a big veteran's hospital in Chicago since a year ago this past Christmas, and I can imagine how anxious he is to get home once again.

My sister Helen has been very well all spring and has enjoyed doing a great deal of rearranging in her garden. All of us profit by her garden changes since she generously brings things to our house, to Russell and Lucile, and to Abigail and Wayne. We're all looking forward to our sister Sue's return on May 28th when her lectures are over for this year and she can settle down at her place in Clarinda to make some new pottery. We're expecting Martha down from Des Moines before long, and then the five of us sisters can get together for a real summer picnic. We like to have Bertha Field join us for these things, but since Henry passed away she has been staying constantly with her aged father who has been very ill and it is hard for her to leave.

The clock says bedtime and so I must say goodbye for this month. I know that these months ahead are very busy ones for you, but I do hope you can take time to enjoy your family and to have good times with them, times that they'll always remember in years to come.

Sincerely, Leanna.

COVER PICTURE

On a summer morning not long ago my four little grandchildren went to the park to play. Here you see them on the merry-go-round, and you'll note that both Kristin and Juliana are now minus their front teeth. Martin has gotten to feel very protective towards Emily, and you can see this in the picture.

Come into the Garden

GARDEN CLUB PROGRAMS

By Pansy M. Barnes

A successful garden club must have members who are truly interested in the wonderful things God has provided for us. It must have leaders who are willing to work and a group that will cooperate. The harder one will try on something not already known, the greater the reward—not only for that person, but for the group as a whole.

A good library is essential. This will include at least a one volume encyclopaedia of Horticulture, and special books on begonias, shrubs, trees and house plants. In addition to these things, several good garden magazines are an absolute necessity.

In case you are only now organizing a garden club and wondering about the type of programs that should be lined up, here are some suggestions. Perhaps even some established clubs have not used all of these ideas and can glean helpful ideas from them.

January. Decorative foliage plants for the home. If the weather is too cold to bring plants, then pictures can be shown. The great aroid family comprises many treasures for the home as these will thrive in our warm, dry air. Philodendrons, Chinese evergreens and diffenbachias belong to this group.

I would like to mention a few details on this subject to give you an idea of the information that can be unfolded on any flower that is genuinely studied with garden club programs in mind.

We are all familiar with the small Philodendron that can be found in any dime store. This family has 221 other species. Not all of them are available, but by hunting around we can find a number and all of them are good. A window framed with monstera or dubia is something to remember.

The diffenbachias are aroids too, and will thrive in sun or shade. The foliage itself is as lovely as a flower. If you take good care of them you may be rewarded with a calla-lily like bloom. Should the plant get too tall, cut off the top 8 to 10 inches, stick it in a pot of peat moss and start over. The old stalk will send out sprouts that can be rooted too. You will be amazed at the decorative members of the ficas, dracena and cissus families.

February. A contest on Blooming Bulbs. This is "proof of the pudding" as to how well you managed. A suggested topic for a talk is: Planning a Garden For Bloom From Snow to Snow.

March. A display of nursery and seed catalogs. Talks on trees and berried shrubs. Lawn care. Tips for seed sowers. Evergreen—best kinds for our climate, for sun and shade. How to make a hot bed or cold frame.

April. Arrangements featuring a combination of branches of blooming shrubs and bulbs. Talks on lilies, annuals—how to plant and when.

May. Tulip show. Guest speaker. (State Agricultural Schools, Garden Magazines and Seed Houses can help you get speakers. Many of them will come for expenses only.)

June. Rose contest. Talk on roses.

September. Arrangements of "glads". Talk on peonies and perennials for fall planting.

October. Chrysanthemum arrangements. Demonstration of bulb potting.

November. Thanksgiving tables. Talks on garden books and magazines for Christmas.

December. Contest on wrapping packages for Christmas using plant material such as holly, mistletoe, evergreens, etc. A demonstration of Christmas arrangements featuring candles and evergreens used on the mantel, door and tables.

A contest at each meeting with small cash prizes offered may be as helpful to a club as one large flower show.

Do not forget too that a splendid evening's entertainment can be furnished by securing kodachrome slides.

GARDEN HELPS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Weeds grow like mad in June and soon make a jungle out of a garden if they are not discouraged continuously by hand weeding, hoeing, or smothering with mulches.

June finds us still transplanting seedlings to fill in bare spots and with the hot sun beating down it becomes a problem. Bottoms may be removed from tin cans. Tip them toward the north when setting over each tiny plant. Or set the little plants first individually into paper pots. Leave them in a shady place for a few days or a week. When slipped out of the pots and into their permanent home, they will hardly know they have been moved and require no more shading. Lacking paper pots, set them in a flat or fruit lug, spaced far enough apart that they can be "spooned" out after a few days in the shade.

Moles are destructive and difficult to catch or poison. A simple device that sounds absurd but works is to drive a 3 or 4 foot stake into the ground where they are tunneling. Slip a tin can over the stake—tall juice cans are ideal because the wind cannot blow them off. The vibration is said to frighten the moles. The moles will no doubt become educated in time and know no harm will come but perhaps we will know an unfailing way of exterminating them by then.

June brings a wealth of material for vases. Cut the flowers in the cool of evening or early in the morning—except Roses. We are advised to cut them in the heat of the day. See the



These are Ficus and Diffenbachias, the interesting plants discussed in the article written by Pansy Barnes. Mrs. Barnes has given freely of her time and knowledge to local and out of town garden clubs.

ends of the stems of Penstemons, or set them in hot water for a few moments and they will not wilt. Canterbury Bells sometimes wilt after being cut. Try cutting the stems again under water and placing in a container of cold water set in a cool place over night. Sprinkle the foliage just a little. You can still plant Gladiolus for blossoms for vases this fall.

Do not become alarmed if your Hardy Amaryllis shows every sign of dying this month. It started leaf growth long before most plants and is now ready to rest. Bare bud stalks will pop up in August, but there will be no more leaf growth until another spring. Annual Phlox, Cup Flower or Dusty Miller may be used as ground covers and to conceal the nakedness of the stalks when they appear.

Mums can be pinched back yet this month to make the plants bushier. Take cuttings of Hardy Candytuft and root in a moist, shaded bed for additional plants. Watch *Alyssum saxatile* for seeds. Plant as soon as they ripen. They germinate more easily than if planted later. Gather seeds of Blue-eyed Mary and English Wallflower when ripe to have on hand for August planting for next year's flowers.

FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

She scatters flowers to the living
In love's own lovely ways,
Like violets, her sympathy,
Like a warm red rose, her praise.

With that same fairy magic
That Midas touched to gold,
She touches hearts to gladness
That blossom hundred-fold.

And so each year her pathway
With bloom is more replete,
Yet guilelessly she wonders
Why friendship is so sweet.
—Helen Field Fischer.

A good listener is not only popular everywhere but after a while he knows something.—Mizner.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIX

In most families there is a feeling of let-down after a wedding, (particularly if the marriage ceremony has been performed at home) and our family was no exception. With Abigail's and Wayne's departure we settled back to take what Mother has always called a "good deep breathing spell" before the usual daily routines settled into focus again. And that didn't take long, of course, for when there is a big family the pattern is constantly shifting.

In early fall Donald came for a brief visit before he embarked on his next round of courses in the College of Engineering at Ames. At about the same time Wayne and Abigail returned from Wisconsin and spent a few days here before they returned to their respective classes at the University of Iowa. Housing was a terrible problem in Iowa City at that time, but they'd been fortunate enough to find an apartment and were busy getting things lined up for it. One item, a rug that belonged to Frederick, gave us all a good laugh.

Frederick brought a number of good things with him when he returned from Egypt, and among them was this rug that he had left rolled up in his old room at home. He had no use for it during the intervening years, and on one visit he told me that I could take it and use it until such time that he might want it. I did exactly this—the rug went down on our dining room floor. And there it stayed until a letter came from Frederick in which he said that he could make good use of it in his Bermuda home.

This letter arrived in the morning, and that afternoon Wayne came down and asked me if I had any idea where Frederick's rug could be—he'd spent the morning looking for it, he said, because if it was still rolled up someplace he and Abigail could make good use of it in Iowa City. I took him to the dining room and said, "Well, there's the rug. But it's not going to Iowa City and it's not staying in Shenandoah. By tomorrow it will be at the Cleaner's, and from there it's going right to Bermuda." We were all amused for it seemed as if that rug had just suddenly come to life and demanded attention from every quarter after a long spell of being an almost forgotten object.

Margery was busy about this time making plans to return to California. She had intended to return by train in late August, but then she found out that an acquaintance was driving through in October and since she had never had the experience of crossing the country by car, she decided to wait and ride out. During the time she waited she worked for a couple of doctors and enjoyed it very much. Margery has always gotten a lot of satisfaction from working with people, so a busy doctor's office was practically made to order . . . she really hated to leave it. But at that time her home was still in California, so one morning in October she ran



It was a great day for Kristin and Juliana when they were old enough to ride Danny Boy while he was led around the front yard.

in to tell us goodbye and was on her way.

The winter of 1946-47 was punctuated with visits now and then from Wayne and Abigail, and on one of these trips they purchased their home. It was an old-fashioned house in about the same condition as the house that Russell and I moved into, so we knew what was ahead of them. (And I have the feeling that many of you who are reading this know too exactly what I mean.) But the house they chose was in our neighborhood, and there was room for the garden that headed their list of improvements, so they tackled the job with high spirits as soon as they returned from Iowa City in June of 1947.

By that time too Frederick and Betty were back in Rhode Island with the months in Bermuda behind them. They were expecting their baby in July, and since Frederick wasn't certain where he would next be located, they decided to stay in Rhode Island until after the baby's birth. (Now that Mary Leanna is such a personality in her own right, it seems curious to refer to her as the unknown baby whose arrival was expected!)

June of 1947 brought heavy floods to this part of the country, and Dorothy and Frank had the sad misfortune of seeing their land under water a number of times. It was Dorothy's first experience of seeing a fight put up to save livestock from drowning, and her letters were full of vivid details that we've never forgotten. Day after day it rained heavily during that month, and it was on just about the worst night of the entire period that Margery arrived in Omaha on her return from California to make her home permanently in Shenandoah. Shenandoah was completely isolated from the world at that particular moment, and she had to stay in Omaha until it was possible to get through.

Margery's son, Martin Erik, was born at the local hospital in Shenandoah on July 8th, 1947, and he weighed in at 6 lbs., 10 ozs. When we

wired word of his arrival to Betty and Frederick we knew that they were dumfounded, for all of the scheduled dates had called for the arrival of their baby about a month before Margery's baby. But it didn't turn out that way and Martin got the head start. Incidentally, Juliana's four-year old mind became thoroughly confused as to the status of her new cousin, and for months she referred to him as "our first grandson"; she also said to me when Martin was about three weeks old, "I'm certainly disappointed in him, Mother. He just can't do a thing." I realized then that I'd made the common mistake of drawing too bright a picture of what this new cousin would mean, and he had to get up on his feet before she could play with him as she'd expected to do from the beginning.

On July 26th we received a telegram from Frederick that read: "Mary Leanna sends her love. Mother and daughter very well. Father recovering slowly." None of us had ever been able to extract from Betty and Frederick what they expected to name the baby if she were a girl, so Mother was genuinely surprised and pleased when she found that the names of both grandmothers had been chosen. Westerly, Rhode Island, where Mary Leanna was born, seemed pretty far away to us here in Shenandoah, so we began anticipating Frederick's visit on August 14th when he could give us a first-hand report. His plans called for stopping here a few days enroute to Hawaii since he was due in Honolulu on September 7th where he would take up his work as Chaplain at the Punahou School.

Frederick drove through from Rhode Island and arrived here about noon on a scorching August day. He had stopped for a brief visit with Dorothy and Frank on the way and given them a big surprise for they hadn't known that he would pass through Lucas. However, there wasn't time for much of a visit so they came down later in the week when we could have a genuine family reunion.

Frederick delivered the morning sermon at our Congregational church while he was in town and our entire family was lined up in two pews to hear him. Then we returned to the house for our favorite Sunday dinner and took photographs—it was a happy, happy day. The next morning bright and early he and Dad got into the car and started to California, and my! what an empty feeling we had when they drove away. Dad hadn't been gone on an honest-to-goodness trip for a long, long time and it seemed strange not to have him at home.

The two of them had a wonderful time driving out to California for they didn't hurry particularly and just enjoyed themselves. Those of you who have been readers of our magazine for the last several years may recall the articles Dad wrote about that trip—I know that a good many of you who went over the same roads later told us by letter that you traveled with Dad's articles right at hand in the car so that you could refer to them for advice on various points.

(To Be Continued)

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

These are the days when dates are being set for June weddings, and since this inevitably means many questions regarding "how?" and "what?" in the minds of the women of the family, perhaps these suggestions will iron out some of the perplexities and provide ease of mind.

There are a few rules and customs that are traditional, and it makes for much less confusion on all scores if they are observed.

Invitations to the wedding should be mailed approximately three weeks before the set date. If the wedding is a small informal affair, these invitations may be written by hand; otherwise, if one is to be absolutely correct, they must be engraved. You will want to know how many guests can be present, so in the lower left hand corner have engraved: The favor of a reply is requested. This phrase has largely replaced the letters R.S.V.P.

Although wedding guests are not obligated to bring a gift, most of them prefer to do so. Close friends of the bride may ask what she would particularly like, and in this case it is all right for the bride to make suggestions; perhaps she prefers pieces of silverware or china to add to her set. All gifts should be delivered to the home (preferably in person) at least one day before the ceremony, and frequently they are displayed on card tables set up in one room of the home. If money or checks are given a card may say "Check from Aunt Mary and Uncle Jim". *Never* specify the amount.

The bride is usually attended by a maid or matron of honor. If she has no sister, she may choose another relative or close friend. The number of bridesmaids may vary and may be relatives or close friends. The gowns of these attendants will be in pastel shades that the bride selects to make a harmonious color scheme.

The groom will select his best man and this is usually his brother (if he has one), and if not, he will choose a close friend. Ushers too will be selected by the groom.

Although the white satin gown is traditional it is certainly not compulsory. An afternoon dress in some soft flattering shade, harmonizing accessories, and a small bouquet or corsage are appropriate and pretty. If a bride chooses to be married in a traveling dress she may have a maid or matron of honor, but she does not have bridesmaids.

The church or home decorations may be elaborate or very simple, just as the bride wishes. The usual baskets of flowers and candelabra are customary and not too expensive. Flowers that are in season may be obtained from the bride's parents' garden, and while they will be less expensive, of course, they are just as pretty as flowers grown commercially if artistically arranged.

As the guests arrive at the church they are met at the door by the ushers who seat the friends and relatives of the bride on the left side of the



This picture of my two girls, Margery and Dorothy, was taken on one of Dorothy's few trips to Shenandoah during the past winter. They said they'd spent so much time trying to get their youngsters to cooperate with Russell and his camera that they'd almost forgotten how themselves.

aisle, and the groom's friends on the right. When all guests are seated, the usher escorts the groom's mother to the right front, and lastly he escorts the bride's mother. It is easy to remember that the right hand side of the church is for the groom's family and the left is for the bride's. When the bride's mother is seated it is time for the ceremony to begin and no one else is seated.

Usually the organist plays about a half an hour before the ceremony takes place. Songs often played are "Ave Maria" by Schubert, "Evening Star" by Wagner, "Liebestraum" by Liszt, and "Dreams" by Wagner. The vocal music may include "O Promise Me", "I Love You Truly" and "At Dawning". "Lohengrin's Bridal March" has become traditional.

When the guests are seated and the signal is given, the wedding march is played. The clergyman enters from the chancel followed by the groom and the best man. As the bridal procession enters, the ushers lead, followed by the bridesmaids, the maid or matron of honor, the flower girls and then the ring bearer. The bride follows with her father or the one who is to give her in marriage.

At the altar the bride is met by the groom. The bride's father, after giving his daughter in marriage, takes his place beside his wife. The maid of honor holds the bride's bouquet until the ceremony is ended. The best man takes charge of the ring and makes sure that the groom has it when it is time to place it on the bride's finger.

After the vows are repeated, "The Recessional" is played and the bride and groom lead the way out.

If the vows are to be repeated at home, the groom meets the bride at the point where the service is read, —usually in front of a fireplace or by windows that can be decorated nicely. After the ceremony there is no recessional. The bride and groom turn where they have stood and wait

there to receive congratulations.

The reception that follows may be held at the home of the bride's parents, at a hotel, or at some other appropriate place. In many communities the reception is held in the church. Wherever it is held, the wedding cake will be the center of attraction. The first piece is cut by the bride and usually she is assisted by the bridegroom. Often the knife has dainty streamers of satin ribbon with tiny rose buds or other flowers attached. Another idea that is becoming popular is to have a silver cake knife especially engraved for this occasion. This includes the initials of the bride and the groom and the wedding date. It makes a wonderful heirloom for the following generations who will add their initials and wedding dates.

After the reception and before the bride and groom plan to leave, the bride tosses her bouquet to the bridesmaids. In some communities it is customary for the one who catches the bouquet to give it to the bride's mother. The flowers may be pressed and kept for the bride's book.

Since most of the expense for a wedding is borne by the bride's family, no girl should plan anything far above her family's means.

The bride's family pays for the invitations and announcements, the trousseau, flowers, church expenses, organist's and soloist's fees, reception and portraits.

The bride furnishes gifts for her attendants but these need not be elaborate. Usually the bridesmaids lunch with her the day before the wedding and may receive their presents then. Usually the bridesmaid's present is something personal. A gift the bride has made—a linen handkerchief with hand-made edging, a monogrammed scarf, or other personal gifts would be nice and very much appreciated. The maid of honor may receive the same type of gift as the bridesmaids, or she may receive a more elaborate gift.

The bride who plans and makes her own wedding gown will not only be helping financially but she will have made something to treasure throughout the years. Perhaps she shall be fortunate enough some day to have a daughter who will wear the precious gown "Mother made."

The groom pays for the bride's ring, the marriage license, the clergyman's fee, and the bride's bouquet. He will also provide gifts for the ushers and the best man. No doubt he will give a bride's gift too, and this is most often jewelry.

If a double ring ceremony is performed, the bride pays for the groom's ring.

Whatever type of wedding you plan, remember it is not the amount of money spent that will make it unforgettable. It is the love and care spent in planning it. If you have very little money to spend, you can make the wedding beautiful in its simplicity.

And with all the excitement and work of planning the all-important affair, do not forget that your guests and your beloved will remember YOU when all else is forgotten.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

The chances are that what I have to tell you this month will come as a great surprise to all of you. I am very happy to tell you that I have just accepted a call to become the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Bristol, Rhode Island.

For the past several years I have had a growing desire to serve in the parish ministry, and although I love my present work at the Choate School, I have felt compelled to accept this new and wonderful opportunity. Because of our great fondness for our work with the boys here at Choate you can well imagine that this new opportunity of service is an unusually fine one. We plan to move in the Bristol manse about the middle of June, and I shall begin my work as pastor the first of July.

I hope that by next month I shall be able to show you a picture of the beautiful Bristol church. It is the oldest Congregational church in the state of Rhode Island, since it was organized in the year of 1687. The present church building is called the "new" building although it was constructed ninety-five years ago. Across the street from the church is the parish house where I shall have my office and where various church functions take place. The parish house is also an extremely ancient structure built, as is the church, of pure native granite. The style of architecture is Gothic. My office window overlooks an old English garden surrounded by a typical New England stone wall.

We are thrilled with the prospects of living in the old church manse. It was built long before the Civil War by an old sea captain and is situated just four-hundred feet from the deep Bristol harbor. It is a rambling structure so typical of the old houses to be found all along the New England shores.

Downstairs there is a large entrance hall, a living room, a dining room, a study, a large kitchen, a butler's pantry and a lavatory. On the second floor there are five bedrooms and a large bathroom. On the third floor there are several rooms intended originally for servants, but the only use we'll find for that space is storage. Like all of the old Bristol houses facing the harbor, the front door opens right on to the street, and what little lawn and garden there are lie behind the house. It will be a very exciting day for us when we are finally settled in that historic old manse.

When Betty and I were married I told her that as my wife she would no doubt live in many interesting places, and thus far there haven't been disappointments when you consider Bermuda, Hawaii, the Choate School, and now historic Bristol, Rhode Island.

As soon as you finish reading this letter take a look at a map of Rhode Island and see what an interesting location Bristol has. It is about twenty miles south of Providence on a peninsula jutting out into Narragansett Bay. Its proximity to the water gives the town a mild climate at



What is more thrilling than to be a first-grader and receive an invitation that says "Bring your doll and come to my house . . ." ? These little girls had such an experience when Juliana was seven years old. If your eyes are sharp perhaps you can locate Kristin and Juliana.

all seasons of the year; it is cool in summer and never very cold in the winter. Because Betty and I both love the ocean we are sure that Bristol will prove to be a most satisfactory place to live. You will note on the map that it is very close to Cape Cod, and just to the south of it lies the old island of Newport with its large Naval Base. If any of you should be touring New England at any time during the next few years be sure and come to see us at Bristol.

Until the present time I have always served in a Chapel, and now for the first time I am to serve in a church. I became convinced some time ago that until I had had experience as the minister of a church I could never know the deepest satisfactions of my calling. I do hope and pray that the next few years will be blessed ones in the service of our Lord.

According to all weather reports, we've been cheated of a nice spring the country over. I don't know when I have seen so much foggy, miserable weather as we've had in Connecticut this year. Of course we desperately need the moisture for New England suffered a great drouth last year, but after a long winter a few warm sunny days can bring much happiness. I think that everyone here at school would have their spirits greatly uplifted by a few days of really nice spring weather. You can imagine what it is like to have fifteen adolescent boys cooped up in the house on rainy days! I assure you that it can be, on occasion, a bit trying on the nerves.

This letter isn't as long as the ones I usually write to you friends, but the past weeks have been extremely busy—and as far as I can see we'll continue to be equally busy until we're settled in Bristol and accustomed to a new routine. I hope to be able to tell you more about our present and future activities the next time I write.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick.

DO THESE THINGS BOTHER YOU?

There were several letters in my mail this past month that contained questions as to the proper thing to do under certain circumstances. Perhaps the same things have bothered you, so in this space I will answer a few of the letters.

QUES: "When served ice cream, cake and coffee there was a fork and a spoon on the tray. Should I eat both with the fork, or use the spoon for the ice cream?"

ANS: Ice cream may be eaten with a fork or a spoon. I generally eat brick ice cream with a fork, leaving the spoon to stir the coffee if sugar has been used in it. *Never* leave the spoon in the cup. Place it on the saucer or on the tray. Eat the cake with a fork.

QUES: "If a salad is served on a lettuce leaf should one eat the lettuce?"

ANS: Yes, you may. It can be cut with the fork and eaten with the salad.

QUES: "Please tell me the proper way to eat corn on the cob. I always feel I am not eating it correctly if I take it up in my hands."

ANS: It may be cut from the cob and eaten with the fork, or broken in two and held at the ends with your fingers. It will not be so messy if you butter only two rows of kernels at a time.

QUES: "Is it proper to eat fried chicken with the fingers?"

ANS: Since this is fried chicken time I am not surprised to be asked about the subject. I'm frank to tell you that I looked up this question in Mrs. Oliver Harriman's Book of Etiquette for it is such a common thing to see fried chicken eaten with the fingers. In the privacy of my own family I enjoy a drumstick more when held in my hand, but woe is me! the book says only at picnics is this permissible. However, if your hostess takes the chicken in her fingers you may safely do it too.

HERE'S TO FATHER!

By Mabel Nair Brown

All too often, I fear, we think of June as belonging exclusively to brides, but Dad's own special day comes in there too, and as the social side of family living is usually left up to mother and the girls to plan, let us resolve here and now to give Dad some well deserved attention this Father's Day.

Coming as it does during school vacation, it offers a splendid opportunity for 4-H boys and girls, Campfire girls or Boy Scouts to honor fathers at a Dad's night. The following suggestions are offered with this thought in mind. However, if your family clan is all going home on Father's Day, parts of these ideas can be used for a little family program that will bring a glow to Dad's heart—and to yours too!

Men enjoy hearty refreshments and less formal entertainment, well interspersed with humor, so bear this in mind when planning your party or banquet.

Invitations might be folders cut in the shape of a tie. Glue a piece of print material or bit of silk to the front of the cut out necktie. The note inside might read, "Tie a string on your finger to remind you that you have a date with your son (Jim) for the Father and Son Banquet on June, etc." Another idea: glue a picture of a car to the invitation which reads "No back seat driver at this party—you will be the whole cheese" (follow with date, etc.)

Decorate the tables with miniature fishing reels, little fishing poles of willow twigs, adding a tape measure or a yard stick to measure "the one that got away". Place cards could be miniature cardboard rulers glued to tiny fish poles. At a 4-H banquet the table decorations might very appropriately be toy tractors and other farm machinery.

Toast to Dad:

"Here's our toast to him, your dad and mine;
He keeps our home wheels turning.
We've often forgot', but to him falls the lot
Of keeping the home fires burning.

While we dash around in a stew,
and fret

Cuz some of our plans go wrong,
Dad remains cool, sez, "Leave it to me"—

Yes, he's steadfast, loyal and strong.

When we "ball up" the works! n' git in a mess

We surely need never to doubt,
Dad'll come to the rescue, cheerfully, willing,

And help us to iron all things out.

What a blessing to know he's always there

To offer a helping hand.

Come on boys (girls) let's all join in—

Three rousing cheers for Dad!!—
the best in the land!"

Humorous skits may be worked out in tableaux form dealing with "Father

gets breakfast and gets the kids off to school when Mom is sick", "When father was a boy like me", "Father and I do my Arithmetic", "Father demonstrates how to eat spinach", or "Daddy tells about his fishing trip".

The acrostic for Father's Day found in Kitchen-Klatter for June 1949 would work up well in this program. If it is Daughter-Dads night, how about a parody on the song "I Want A Girl Just Like The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad", going on with the idea to sing "I Want A Man Just Like The Man That Married Dear Ma-Ma", he was a prince, And none like him since, he's the best guy to be had. Dear old precious dad with heart so true, Ma could love nobody else but you, I want a man just like the man that married dear Ma-ma".

Perhaps you could work up a father and son barbershop quartette.

If you do not observe the day any other way, bake father's favorite cake and write the word "Father" on the icing. Then as the family sit down to the table, let the children sing these words to the tune of "Happy Birthday To You". Happy Dad's Day to you, we love you, we do, You're so good, kind and true, That's why we love you."

Yes, Father will blush, but he'll love it just the same!

DAISIES DO TELL

By Mabel Nair Brown

The "Daisies do tell" idea can be used either as an announcement party or for a bride's shower. A center piece bouquet of white daisies makes a lovely arrangement for the table and for the announcement; write the couple's names, and wedding date (if you wish), on a tiny bell cut from white paper and fasten one of these bells to the stem of each daisy with a bit of scotch tape. Then when ready to "spring" the news, allow each guest to take one of the daisies as a favor—of course she will see the "news" bell immediately. Or if the group is a small one of intimate friends, you might like to present each guest with a daisy corsage which has the announcement tucked in the center. I like to make a center arrangement and then place the corsages in a circle around the base, until time to present them.

For entertainment pass out recipe cards along with a slip of paper to each guest. On each paper is the name of the recipe to be written. Instead of the usual recipe, have them write such novel recipes as: Recipe For Keeping The Husband Happy, Recipe For Getting In The Good Graces Of Your Mother-In-Law, Recipe For Keeping Happy When The Bread Won't Rise, and others.

For an amusing stunt try a "Daisies do tell" on the groom shadow show. If your party isn't at night you can work out the idea as a pantomime in the doorway. Just the fact that ladies are dressed in male attire is enough to start the laughs! For the shadow show, fasten a sheet across the doorway, place a light behind the actors and turn out the rest

of the lights to get the shadow pictures on the "screen". If some one in the crowd can do some impromptu humorous descriptions of each picture it will add to the hilarity. Each groom's life is different, of course, so you would need to choose incidents which particularly fit your honoree's fiancé. Here are suggestions of incidents you might dramatize: Boy meets girl in first grade; the rival (another boy walks her home from school); high school days; if Dad would only cooperate on the family car; absence makes the heart grow fonder, first quarrel; making up, the proposal; telling the folks; etc.

If it is to be a shower, fasten a long string to each gift and then twist the strings together after you have hidden the gifts about the house. At the proper time let the bride-to-be untangle the strings and track down the gifts.

Another idea for presenting the gifts is to hide them and then arrange for some person to see that an alarm clock goes off at intervals throughout the afternoon; the honored guest must locate the clock (and gift) before the alarm stops.

OLD SAYINGS CONTEST

1. As busy as a (bee). 2. As dark as a (pall). 3. As green as (grass). 4. As Bitter as (gall). 5. As fine as a (fiddle). 6. As clear as a (bell). 7. As dry as a (bone). 8. As light as a (feather). 9. As firm as a (rock). 10. As stiff as a (poker). 11. As quick as (lightning). 12. As ugly as (sin). 13. As white as a (sheet). 14. As dead as a (door nail). 15. As flat as a (pancake). 16. As red as a (beet). 17. As bright as a (dollar). 18. As proud as a (peacock). 19. As sly as a (fox). 20. As poor as a (church mouse). 21. As thin as a (rail). 22. As fat as a (pig). 23. As cross as a (bear). 24. As neat as a (pin). 25. As crazy as a (loon). 26. As black as your (hat). 27. As brown as a (nut). 28. As blind as a (bat). 29. As mean as a (miser). 30. As full as a (tick). 31. As sharp as a (razor). 32. As strong as an (ox).

HOUSEHOLD HASH

My home is cluttered with many things

I really should throw away,
I'm a dyed-in-the-wool gather-upper
And I just go on each day
Retrieving this, and keeping that,
Collecting tons of things
Like magazines, lace Valentines
Old photographs, ribbons and strings.
I've friendship cards, and cut-out poems

Old programs, and paid-up bills
All kinds of advertisements,
Coupons, and sample pills.
I know I'll never use these things
Should discard them all, I know,
I am a chronic gather-upper,
And I just can't let them go.
I was never classed as thrifty
For I never could save cash,
But I'm really a first prize winner
When it comes to household hash!

—Delphia Stubbs.



RHUBARB SUPREME

- 1 cup rhubarb diced
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 slices hard toasted bread
- 1/3 cup butter

Let sugar stand on rhubarb an hour or so. Cut bread into cubes and mix into first mixture. Chop the butter into this and add salt. Bake in a casserole until golden brown in a 350 degree oven. Serve with meat course as an escalloped dish, or serve as a pudding with cream.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

- 1 qt. strawberries
- 1 egg white
- 1 cup sugar (not if sweetened frozen berries are used)
- 1 2/3 cups evaporated milk, chilled
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Wash berries if fresh, or thaw if frozen. Mash berries and beat with egg white and sugar until stiff (5 minutes with electric mixer or 15 minutes if by hand beater). Put can of milk in refrigerator to chill thoroughly. I do this several hours before I start the dessert (Margery's note!) Then whip until stiff; add lemon juice gradually; fold into berry mixture and add vanilla and salt. Freeze until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses. Makes 20 servings.

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET

- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 2 egg whites
- 1 1/2 cups orange juice
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 cup coffee cream
- 1/16 teaspoon salt

Cook sugar and water slowly for 10 minutes. Add grated rind to syrup and continue cooking for several minutes. Strain. Add syrup to fruit juices. Cool. Pour into freezing tray and freeze firm. Remove mixture to chilled mixing bowl and beat until light. Add coffee cream and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Pour into tray and freeze. If ingredients separate, stir mixture again.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CHERRY FILLING

Cut an angel food cake in half. Soften 1 Tbls. gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. In top part of double boiler put 1/2 cup sugar, dash of salt, and the finely chopped cherries and juice from a small jar. After sugar has dissolved and mixture is hot, add gelatine. Remove from fire and chill until slightly thick. Then fold in 2 cups of heavy cream whipped to which 1/4 tsp. vanilla and 1/2 tsp. almond flavorings have been added. Let stand in refrigerator until slightly set. Spread between layers and on the top and sides of cake. Return to refrigerator to stand overnight.

QUICK STRAWBERRY PIE

- 1 box of fresh berries or 1 pt. of frozen berries
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatine
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 baked pie shell

Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add lemon juice. (The bowl must be hot or gelatine won't dissolve in this small amount of liquid.) Pour hot gelatine over strawberries and let thaw just enough so you can get them out of the container. When slightly thickened (which will be in a few minutes) put in baked pie shell and chill. Serve with whipped cream. The berries thaw in the jello and stay nice and whole.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

- 2 whole eggs
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup prepared chocolate syrup

Beat eggs until light and foamy. Add salt and chocolate syrup and blend well. Whip the cream but be careful not to get it too stiff—it should be of a consistency which will pour when the bowl is tipped. Combine egg and chocolate mixture with cream and turn into refrigerator tray. Turn cold control to highest point and freeze until firm. Store with cold control turned back. Do NOT stir during freezing. This serves six and is delicious and perfectly smooth. (Notice that there is no sugar.)

STRAWBERRY PUFF

Mix 1 1/2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs with 1/4 cup melted butter and 2 Tbls. sugar. Press firmly into 8-inch square pan. Add 1/2 cup sugar gradually to 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until meringue forms peaks. Swirl over crumb mixture. Bake in 325 degree oven for 20 minutes. Cool. Spread 2 cups sweetened strawberries over top. Whip 1 cup heavy cream; add 1 Tbls. sugar and spread over berries. Garnish with a few whole berries. Also very good with raspberries.

FRENCH STRAWBERRY PIE

- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 qt. washed, hulled berries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Few drops of red coloring

Add 1 cup sugar to berries and let stand in refrigerator one hour. Soften gelatine in cold water. Press half the berries and all the juice through sieve. (Add water to make 1 1/2 cups.) Add 1/2 cup sugar and lemon juice and heat to boiling point; add softened gelatine and a few drops of red food coloring. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Arrange remaining whole berries in pie shell, cover with gelatin mixture and chill until firm. Top with sweetened whipped cream.

FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE

- Enough fresh berries to fill baked 10-inch shell
- 1 cup crushed fresh strawberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch

Fill pie shell with fresh whole strawberries that have been washed and hulled. Combine crushed strawberries with sugar and cornstarch and boil until transparent; pour this hot berry syrup over fresh berries in shell. Chill. Serve with whipped cream.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Combine:

- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup salad dressing

Add:

- 2 1/4 cups fruit cocktail, well drained
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/4 cup (or more) chopped marshmallows
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained

Mix well and freeze. If you have sufficient room in your refrigerator or home freezer you can store this in quart round ice cream cartons (might as well make a triple batch while you're at it) and place each carton in a plastic bag. When ready to use just tear the carton off and slice—it makes very attractive round servings.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

- 1 cup berries, mashed
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 cup cream
- 20 marshmallows
- 1/4 cup cold water

Combine the marshmallows with cold water in top of double boiler and melt over hot water. When cool combine with mixture of crushed strawberries, sugar and orange juice. Place in large tray of refrigerator, and when it begins to freeze add the 1 cup of heavy cream which has been whipped until thick. Stir a number of times during freezing process.

CUSTARD ICE CREAM FOR THE FREEZER

- 2 cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups thin cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3/4 cup sugar

Make custard of milk, egg yolks, sugar and salt. Cool. Add cream, flavoring and freeze.

SUPERB SPONGE CAKE

- 1 2/3 cups of cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. cold water
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Sift dry ingredients four or five times. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Then add very gradually 1 cup of the sugar, and the cold water and flavorings. To this mixture add alternately the hot water and the dry ingredients. Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually fold in the remaining 1/2 cup of sugar. Very gently fold egg whites into first mixture. Pour into large ungreased tube pan and bake for about 55 minutes in a 325 degree oven. This makes a very big cake as delicate and light as the proverbial feather.

WILTED HEAD LETTUCE

- About 1 qt. head lettuce shredded fine
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cream or top milk
- 4 strips bacon

After shredding lettuce allow it to stand at room temperature for at least one-half hour before serving. Fry bacon until very crisp. Remove from pan and crumble into bits. Combine egg, sugar, vinegar, salt and cream and add to bacon grease in pan; let bubble until thick. Add bacon and pour boiling hot over lettuce. Serve at once. A few thin slices of green onion may be added to lettuce. Do not toss lettuce in dressing. Serves four.

REFRESHMENTS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

By Ruth Ahlgren

The next month or two will bring so many weddings, wedding anniversaries, teas and receptions that it seems a suitable time for a discussion of simple refreshments which may be prepared in advance and yet prove delicious to eat and positively glamorous in appearance.

Ice cream in molds or slices with individual cakes makes a good choice always, but how about a change to chicken salad, open-faced sandwiches and cakes? This is easily managed for buffet service on a single plate if each portion of salad is placed in its own lettuce cup, and then the cups arranged on large chop plates or trays.

For such a salad I like to cut chicken fine and add almost an equal amount of celery cut in tiny pieces plus about half the amount of diced, hard-boiled egg. A mayonnaise type of dressing is best mixed through this. A little finely cut pickle or sliced olives add interesting flavor too. This salad is delicious too if made of equal parts of chicken and ham. I think no one will be the wiser if the meats are put through the coarse chopper of the food grinder, but do not try to grind any of the other ingredients. This salad can be made far in advance with the exception of the celery; it can be chopped fine and covered with water until just before serving time when it should be thoroughly drained and then added.

For a wedding party a big decorated cake for the bride to cut should center the table or stand at one end, but most of the guests may be served with small cakes baked in paper-lined muffin pans or in large sheets and cut into squares. Ice these on all sides and sprinkle with coconut or decorate with tinted icing from a pastry tube.

Steamed brown bread makes delicious sandwiches and looks attractive combined with the collection of sandwiches made from white bread. Cut even slices and spread each with white cream cheese that is warm and soft. Half of an English walnut meat, a pecan or almond is enough decoration pressed into the center of the cheese. The bread may be made several days in advance and stored in food saver bags in the refrigerator.

Now I am going to explain the method experience has taught me is best for storing the finished sandwiches. Collect a number of large dripping pans. Each will hold three layers of sandwiches. Line each pan with a clean tea towel wrung from cold water. Fit a large waxed paper in the bottom and sides. On this place a layer of sandwiches as close together as possible. Cover lightly with waxed paper, add a layer of sandwiches, a waxed paper and the third layer of sandwiches. Cover with a large waxed paper and fold the towel until it completely covers all. Store in the refrigerator or other

very cold place. A slightly larger dripping pan may be filled and set on the first for a cover; use a cookie sheet to cover the top pan. Be careful not to crush the sandwiches but try not to leave much air space.

You will find that one fancy shape sandwich may be cut from each slice of a commercial sandwich type loaf. Generally I can get two from a slice of the large potato bread; these slices are thicker but do not appear so after the slight pressure which goes with the cutting. At best there is a tremendous waste of bread and your family may be eating bread pudding and stuffing for quite a while.

Now as to cutters. Oblongs, squares, diamonds and triangles may be cut with a knife. A tin cookie cutter with open top will work perfectly for circles. Cut crescents by moving the cutter to one side of a slice after a circle has been cut. If a knife is used, several slices may be stacked and cut together using a cardboard pattern laid on the top.

Several days before the sandwich making day prepare the decorations. Slices of stuffed olive, hard cooked egg yolk run through a potato ricer, and designs cut from sliced cucumber or beet pickles are pretty and tasty. Thin slivers of pimento and thin slivers of pickles can also be cut. I have also pickled slices of cooked carrot exactly as beets are pickled, and their bright color was beautiful for flowers and other designs at a golden wedding. After the designs are cut from any food material store in bowls or jelly glasses covered with the original brine or juice. One design in the center of a sandwich is really enough, though you may place three or four tiny ones on some.

For spreads choose several kinds of the very soft cheeses that come in glasses or cellophane packages. Have them at room temperature and mix with a little mayonnaise if they are still too stiff for easy spreading. Devilled ham is a good choice, or you may put ham or veal two or three times through your food chopper using the finest blade. Do not begin to spread with a separate layer of butter. I simply omit it and no one is the wiser, although you may mix butter with the spread. Handle your sandwiches as little as possible for it is easy to make them look messy.

Procure bread baked the same day the sandwiches are to be made. Chill it in the wrappers for at least two hours in the refrigerator. It will handle easily and forty-eight hours later will seem fresh and good.

To work rapidly and easily press two other people into service. Plan for a sort of assembly line where one may cut, another spread and a third may decorate and pack. Two such assembly lines once prepared six hundred sandwiches in two hours time at my home. You will want to prepare about three sandwiches for each guest expected.

All of these directions may sound a bit complicated, but actually the work goes smoothly and easily if your advance preparations are complete, and it is almost as much fun as the party which is to follow.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is the very tail end of a busy spring day and I want to round it off in good shape by writing a letter to you. If the clock doesn't look too threatening when I finish typing I think that I'll have what I call a cook book session before I go to bed. I've noticed from time to time through the years that nobody ever says a word about cook books when favorite reading is being discussed, but as far as I'm concerned they're hard to beat. I dearly love to get ahold of a brand new cook book and have a fine hour studying all of the recipes that seem within reason. The ones that aren't within reason simply haunt me year in and year out. When I was first married years ago I hadn't a cent to spare for fine cook books so I made my own, four little loose-leaf notebook affairs, and tucked away in one is a recipe for a frozen pudding that periodically charges across my memory. It would bankrupt me to make that pudding, but someday when it comes right down to a choice between new shoes or that pudding, guess what I'm going to do?

We've spent a lot of time in our garden recently and if there's work more rewarding I wouldn't know where to find it. First there were the hyacinths, tulips, daffodils and flowering shrubs to enjoy, and by the time you read this we should be waiting almost hourly for the first roses to bloom. Juliana has her own little spot by one of the big yews, and early this spring I was really touched when I went outside to find that without a word to anyone she had put stakes in the ground around her tulips and then strung up string as a barrier! It's at such times that I'm truly glad she is no longer an apartment house child, but has a garden in which to grow up during the summer months.

Another thing I feel grateful for where Juliana is concerned is the fact that she has a cousin who lives on the farm, and therefore the whole farm world is open to her more than it ever could be otherwise. In April she spent a full week with Kristin and every night since then she has concluded her evening prayers by saying, "And please make it possible for me to get back to Kristin's house right away."

Since Juliana goes to town school and her day is broken up by a full hour for lunch at home, I thought that perhaps she'd find Kristin's school day a long pull without the customary trip home at noon. But she told me that the days just flew by and that there wasn't enough time to get things done. Baseball appealed to her very much and she came home talking a language that sounded like the New York Giants in action. She said too that she enjoyed listening to the older kids recite and that she'd learned a great deal.

Scarcely a day's mail arrives without at least one inquiry concerning my double sink. Do I really like it? Does it have big advantages over the single sink? Etc. Etc. This is a good place to express my opinion on the



Juliana and Kristin have spent a lot of time trying to determine who is the taller, and after standing back to back they sat down to see if we could tell.

subject, so let me say that I'm extremely enthusiastic about that double sink and wouldn't part with it for a mighty handsome penny. The job of dishwashing alone is infinitely less tedious when there are two bowls—basins—tubs—whatever you wish to call them. I always wash the dishes in one side and put them into the other side to be rinsed. Moreover, dishes that have been soaking in water that covers them completely are certainly no chore to wash. Hand laundry is another thing that becomes much less of a job when you can do the scrubbing in one side and rinse them in the other. I should think that anyone who did a lot of gardening and canning would find them simply invaluable. If you're buying a new sink and have the wall space, I'd think it over carefully for a long time before getting a single affair rather than a double one.

The longer we live with our burlap walls the better we like them. I still say that it's the one perfect solution (short of much more expensive modern plywoods and things of this type) for badly cracked walls that won't hold on to paper. Our burlap has now been on for over a year and it shows no signs of dirt, wear or tear. We have a tank type vacuum cleaner and simply go over the walls with a soft brush attachment about once a month.

Recently we covered the baseboards and the door that leads into the bedroom with the same dark blue burlap that is on the walls. I can recommend this too as a perfect solution for badly marred woodwork that was cheap to begin with—fifty or sixty years ago. All in all, burlap is a highly versatile material that lends itself to countless uses, and if you're still thinking of burlap in the old original gunny sack tan you'll have to revise your thoughts to include a lot of soft, lovely colors.

A number of people have asked if we used it on the ceiling and, if not, did we think it would work? Well, I'm afraid the answer to that is "no", although if you have a lot of people to help you might be able to

manage. Plain wall paper paste is used to apply burlap (in fact, it's handled exactly as you would handle wallpaper) but the difference is that saturated burlap becomes terribly heavy and the weight of it would never allow it to adhere to a ceiling UNLESS you had a lot of people equipped with brooms and strong arms who were willing to stand and press against it until it adhered. Russell and I don't have this kind of assistance, and I doubt that many people do.

Do you remember the pitiful old studio couch that I said we wanted to upholster? It's done now, and it turned out better than our expectations. We wanted to use a tweed for the upholstering but simply couldn't find any within our price range, so we ended with a fine wale corduroy. I'd felt very wary about using corduroy because we once upholstered another studio couch in it and had a dreadful time fighting lint, but I realize now that it wasn't the material but the color that gave us such a battle. This new color is so unusual that it's practically impossible to describe; it's an off-shade of turquoise, blue, green, aqua, and all other colors in that part of the spectrum. We've now used that couch for two months and it shows no sign of dust, dirt or lint, so I'm more than satisfied. The corduroy that we used before was a dark maroon, and honestly! regardless of how frequently I brushed it the general effect was that no one had ever gone near it with cleaning equipment.

Taking it all in all, our weather this spring was definitely a disappointment. It really was crazy weather—no getting around it. On one Sunday in April it was 93, and by noon the next day we had a furnace fire and anticipated snow. Juliana never did get out of her jeans and into the pretty cotton dresses I'd looked forward to seeing her wear. I'm old-fashioned, perhaps, but it makes me feel uneasy to see a child with bare legs when the weather is chilly; I want something to cover that expanse between the edge of a thin cotton dress and the top of short cotton socks. The way it looks now she'll go directly from those jeans into sunsuits, so the only consolation is that I missed a lot of ironing!

Last summer I made two "dress-up" things for her that were nice, if I do say so myself. One was a blue dotted swiss dress that mother made the skirt for when she was in California. It had tiny folded white organdy points just above the hem, and then I put a lot of handwork and lace on the blouse. Fortunately I ran four tucks into that skirt when I made it up, so now at least three of the tucks can come out and she can wear it again this summer on Sunday. The other dress was an all-over embroidered batiste in pure white, and I made it up with a deep ruffle around the neck and skirt—it hasn't any sleeves. I also ran tucks in that skirt, so they can be removed and she can wear it again.

Don't get so busy that you forget us. I love your letters be it winter or summer. Always, Lucile.

THE BUSY, BUSY BEES

By Hallie M. Barrow

This housing shortage is really a-cute. And one of the most determined house-hunters may already have had scouts out looking over your property preparatory to settling in your unused half-story without even asking you.

Most any time this spring you may hear a peculiar strident humming and roaring in air, and look up to see thousands of bees milling and rolling in a big whirl through space. You know, it wouldn't be a bad idea to purchase a hive, put it on the roof and let them settle in it. You'd have honey for next winter's biscuits and you'd find that your vegetables, flowers, berries and fruits gave one of the biggest crops ever. Bees offer high rent and pay cash. It is said that for every dollar's worth of honey a farmer sells, the bees will have done \$50 worth of valuable pollenization work for him.

Maybe a colony of bees is just a nuisance to most folks, but the time is coming when every inducement will be made to have them near. Bees are on the decrease because their natural homes, forests with old hollow trees, are being cleared away mighty fast. You can believe it or not, but the contented buzz of the bee in our blooms is one of the most important links between us and starvation.

Of course we could probably live on spinach, potatoes, rice and a few other food items not depending on their bloom being pollenized by the bees; we could copy the Chinese and depend mostly for our meat supply on fish and fowl. But the meat animals which depend on green feed, silage, hay and fodder from the legumes—these would soon disappear from our menus for all of the legume crops mature seed only when the blossoms have been pollenized by the bees. All in all, the bees pollenize some fifty of our crops. Orchardists and legume seed farmers even go to bee keepers and try to rent bees!

The state of Kansas has become so concerned about its alfalfa seed crop that they have set aside a fund for wild bee research. Dr. Michener, one of the few wild bee specialists in our country, heads this project. He says that there are over a thousand varieties of wild bees, and first they will make an inventory of the varieties in Kansas, the blooms they prefer, and their habits in general. You can see why Kansas is sufficiently concerned to take action when you hear that in Canada the alfalfa seed average is eight times more than the Kansas average, and that credit is given to the wild bees.

If you have been very vague about the wonderful life of the bee family, let me recommend that you read *The City of the Bees* by Frank S. Stuart. It is a non-technical, thrilling and beautifully told story of a year's life of this colony of wild bees. You can hardly put the book down as you see them wage wars against their enemies—disease, storms, robbers and adverse weather. Few human queens lead the royal life of the queen of



Emily's great love these days is sticks, just any kind of sticks! She's constantly on the look out for them.

the hive. You'll be fascinated with the details on this subject.

If any of you have ever had bee tree hunters in your family you will enjoy to the utmost a book titled *The Bee Hunter* by George Harold Edgell. Mr. Edgell is the director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the author of books about esthetics. But he started his hobby of looking for bee trees when he was a boy on a New Hampshire farm, and he has hunted successfully for more than fifty years.

Perhaps you think you know honey because each year you buy some from a local beekeeper. But epicures visit specialty shops, sample different flavors, and are as particular as a high school girl buying perfume.

Table honeys may range from the dark, rich-flavored buckwheat honey to the water-white, delicate Fireweed honey of the Northwest. In this part of the country, most of us are partial to the white clover honey . . . years the white clover blankets the grass, we count on real honey. Folks in Michigan think no honey can compare with their raspberry honey and raspberry-milkweed honey. From the Catskill Mountains of New York comes honey from wild thyme, like that which the ancient Greeks called "nectar of the gods" because bees gathered it on Mt. Olympus. Florida offers honey from the orange blossoms and blooms on the tupelo trees and wild thistles. California's varied honeys come from the flowers of the white, purple and black sages, orange, cotton, spikeweed and star-thistle. Illinois has honey from heartsease. One of the highest priced honeys is that made from lima bean blossoms; this is produced in two localized spots in California and Maryland where lima beans are a commercial crop. Honeys of the northwest come not only from the fireweed but also from the Oregon maple and cascara blooms. The wild mesquite of the Southwest is another source of fine honey. One weed honey, considered quite a delicacy, is that made from the blue vine which infests midwest bottom cornfields. This vine is also called climbing milkweed or wild sweet potato.

Taking it all in all, bees are mighty important to our scheme of things.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

First thing, I want to thank those of you who asked for the address of the invalid girl and her mother about whom I told you in the April magazine. I am sure the help you gave will mean a lot to them. (Note: Just before going to press we received a letter from Gertrude telling us that this young girl whom you helped, passed away just a few days ago. This is also true of little Olyn Pelfrey of Huntington, West Virginia.)

Mrs. Wright, mother of 10 year old Gary, of Lindale, Texas, writes that he was so pleased with the mail you sent him. He can sit on the porch now and watch for the postman, but it will be a long time before he can get out to play or go to school.

Will you send cards to Kay and Guy Servies, 7th St., Fulton, Ill.? They are 11 years old, and both suffering from rheumatic fever. Judy Lancaster, Rt. 1, Metamora, Ill., is another 10 year old who has rheumatic fever. So, too, is Janet Stoner, Garden Prairie, Ill., and Sharon Ann Kaup, Atkinson, Nebraska. Sharon Ann has been in bed a year. This disease has struck so many little folks in the last few years, and convalescence presents a serious problem as they have to be kept so quiet. Mrs. J. W. VanBlaricum, Meade, Kansas, would like to hear from mothers whose children have recovered from rheumatic fever. Perhaps your experience will help her.

Adam C. Dolph, 1738 5th St. N. E., Canton, Ohio, is 8. He is bedfast and has casts from waist to toes on both legs. He has a disease which softens the bones of the hips and they have to be kept in casts to keep them from drawing out of shape. Adam is one of a large family of small children. They had the misfortune of losing most of their possessions by fire a couple of years ago, so if you send something to Adam, it will be nice to include something for the others, too. The oldest is 10.

Send cards to Mrs. Mary A. Thomas, 2940 Maple St., Des Moines, Iowa. She is quite ill, had one operation recently and must have another shortly. I doubt if she will be able to answer but it is folks who are unable to answer who often get the most good from your encouraging messages.

Mrs. Bertha Paty, 17 Baxendale Ave., Brockton 13, Mass., is unable to walk but can use her hands fairly well. She makes patchwork aprons for sale and would like to have pieces of percale to make them. Send scraps large enough to cut pieces 4 by 8 inches.

Vernon P. Ewing, R6 B486, Fresno, Calif., who has been semi-shut-in for a long time, is quite ill now. He would enjoy cards. His birthday is June 19. Mrs. Helen Peitsmeyer, 5838 S 19 St., Omaha 7, Nebr., has been shut-in and bedfast for many years. She suffers a great deal with arthritis. She needs extra cheer right now.

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

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT VACATIONING IN CANADA?

By Frances R. Williams

Canada, our neighbor on the north, is not usually considered a foreign country, but Canada has some areas which are similar in language and customs to those of the Old World. For example, the city of Victoria, British Columbia, is a typical English city; Montreal, Quebec and the Gaspé are not unlike France.

It is not hard to enter Canada. Moreover, American tourists and American dollars are most welcome. One must stop at the Office of Immigration established at ports of entry and obtain a Permit to travel in that country; one must also produce the certificate of Ownership for his car. While it is easy to get into Canada, it is harder to get back into the United States. The U. S. Immigration officers ask, "Where were you born?" "How long were you in Canada?" One must have acceptable identification and it is wise to have ones birth certificate, but not absolutely necessary. A foreign born U. S. citizen must show his Naturalization papers. "What did you buy?" is asked by the U. S. Custom officer. He will inspect your car, and may open and inspect your luggage. One is allowed to bring \$100 worth of merchandise duty free into the U. S. after a stay of 48 hours in Canada, but it is wise to have all sales slips ready to show the Custom officer.

We have enjoyed several different trips into Canada. One such trip took us from our home in northeast Kansas to Sioux City, Iowa. Here we took Highway 75 to Luverne, Minn. We camped for the night in the lovely state park near Luverne. The next day we took time to explore the Pipestone National Monument which is rich in historical and Indian legend. Duluth was reached by taking a northeast course across the state of Minnesota. We stopped on the bluff above the city for a view of the shipping on the waterfront and the busy industrial activities. Then taking Highway No. 2 we skirted the south shore of Lake Superior; this highway traverses the upper Michigan peninsula and passes through one of the many scenic areas of the state. This section was the center of the great logging operations of the 1880's. Between Duluth and Sault Ste. Marie a big black mother bear and two cubs crossed the road just ahead of our car. The hindmost cub had to hump himself to get out of our way. We were so astonished to see a bear here, that we forgot our camera and so missed an interesting picture. Although forests were in the background, adjoining the highway were homes on small acreages and children played beside the road.

We were among a great crowd of spectators who watched the operation of the canal locks at Sault Ste Marie. The "Soo" locks, five in number, carry the heaviest traffic in the world. They rank second only to Panama canal in size and make possible the passage of ships between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, in spite of the 22

feet difference in the water level of the two lakes. While we were there we watched a great ore or grain ship being lowered to the level of Lake Huron. Then a huge "whaleback", whose top was completely filled with dozens of new cars and trucks, entered the largest lock. The gates were closed and as the water poured into the huge chamber, this ship was raised to the level of Lake Superior, and a few minutes later she was steaming off to her destination. One marvels that a single man in the control room manipulates the intricate machinery.

Later we crossed to the Canadian shore by way of the ferry. After securing our travel permit at the Immigration office, we visited the Provincial Travel Bureau maintained by the government of Ontario. A pleasant young woman welcomed us to Ontario province, provided us with maps and gave us specific information on road conditions.

Judging from the map, we expected to head into a wild backwoods region. Instead, we found that our route led us through a mining section with the large city of Sudbury the focal point. Sudbury is a busy city with street cars, busses and parks, and this surprised us for we had noticed a woman near the outskirts, who was harvesting a small patch of rye with a hand sickle! The mines around Sudbury produce quantities of copper, nickel and platinum. Where the mining operations had removed the top soil the land was dead, barren and desolate, and nothing grew.

North Bay, "Gateway to the North" was our next stop. Fishing, hunting and mining expeditions into the north woods are outfitted at North Bay. On our first visit the year before we made the side trip to Callendar, the home of the late Dr. Dafoe, and then on toward Corbeil, the birthplace of the famous Dionne quintts. During the early years of those famous five, thousands of people traveled to Callendar. At certain times it was possible to watch the little girls at their play, and it was like a five ring circus. The shabby small house where the girls first saw the light of day, stands on one side of the road. Their present home, a huge stone structure stands on the other side, surrounded by a strong, woven wire fence at least eight feet high. A big St. Bernard slowly patrolling the grounds was the only sign of life. Now that the Dionnes are no longer a tourist attraction, the commercial enterprises are run down. The buildings need paint, and the gift shop operated by the Dionne family contained an assortment of shop worn souvenirs and gifts. Only one of the several refreshment stands was open for business. The pretty petite French girl who served us said that the famous girls, now young women, sometimes come out in the yard of their home in the evenings and visitors may see them from a distance. We did not stay.

We followed the course of the Ottawa river from North Bay to Ottawa. Logs floating down stream, log jams, lumber mills, paper and veneer mills testified to the fact that lumbering is

the most important industry. A year later the trip was made over a new smooth highway, the sharp curves and steep grades had been eliminated; smooth black top had replaced the rough bumpy gravel, but much of the beautiful scenery, the virgin forest was missing. A small roadside park at "The Lookout" invited us to pause and rest. A beautiful valley lay below us, with the twin spires of the church at Mattewa barely visible in the distance. The caretaker said, "My parents came from Scotland. They say that it," he pointed to the valley and surrounding hills, "is like the 'auld' country." A historical marker at Mattewa stated that the Ottawa river was the gateway through which the Indians, early trappers and traders, traveled on their way to the west and north; it was the main canoe route from the St. Lawrence and the Rockies.

A visit to Ottawa, capitol city of Canada, must include a tour of the Houses of Parliament. All of the government buildings are located on a high bluff overlooking the Ottawa river. All are similar in architectural design, and typical of the Victorian age. The Parliament Houses, constructed in 1860, were destroyed by fire in 1916 and rebuilt that same year. The House had adjourned for the day at the time we arrived for a tour of the buildings, but it was our privilege to sit in the visitors' gallery of the Senate and hear the legislative procedure and debate on a certain bill.

The tour included a visit to both houses. Then we ascended the Peace Tower. Both the Tower and Memorial Chamber are memorials to the War Dead of World War I. The Peace Tower also houses the carillon, one of the larger ones in North America. From the top of the Tower one has a magnificent view of Ottawa and her sister city of Hull across the river. Across the street from the Parliament Buildings, the flag of the United States flies over the U. S. Legation, a bit of our own country in a foreign land.

KEEP YOUR NEEDLES SHARP

What is any more trying than sewing with a blunt needle? Here is the way I solved my problem concerning this subject.

Take a three inch square of very fine sand paper, and insert it under the treadle foot of your sewing machine. Stitch back and forth until paper is used up. Remove and discard.

You will find the point of your needle much sharper, and the stitching will look more uniform and neat. Keep a one inch square of fine sand paper beside your pin cushion to keep your best sewing needles sharp, also.—Delphia Stubbs.

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VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Just three more weeks of school, and as I have been sitting here planning our days, I'm wondering how we are going to get everything squeezed in. Our big social events this year have been our birthday parties, and we still have two more of those, besides our school picnic and our big family dinner on the last day. And of course the children are working hard on their lessons, finishing up their work that must be accomplished this year.

At the beginning of the school year a few of the parents asked me if I cared if they had their birthday parties right at school, and I thought that was a nice idea, so after the last recess in the afternoon, on the day of the birthday, their mother's brought a big cake and the rest of the refreshments, we played a game or two, and I gave each child a small gift to make the party complete. Since four of us have birthdays in May, we are having one big party to celebrate all of them this Friday afternoon. Of course those with birthdays in the summer hated to be left out, so on the following Friday, we are celebrating theirs. Our party Friday is going to be a little treasure hunt. My two sixth grade boys have been making up the clues (with my help), which will lead them all around the school yard and in the school house. I'm furnishing the treasure (a box of candy bars).

Kristin's school gets out a week ahead of mine, so she is planning to go to school with me for my last week. She was exposed very thoroughly to the measles at Sunday School yesterday, so I am scared to death she will come down with them just before school is out and won't get to go on their school hike and picnic, and also miss the last day of school.

I can't remember when we have had such a cold miserable spring as we have had this year. Kristin was actually cold yesterday without her leggings on, and a year ago at this time Juliana was here with us for a week, and it was so hot that the children wore shorts to school, and I braided their hair and put it on top of their heads because their necks got so hot. Here I am still building a fire every morning at school, and not just enough to take the chill off either, but a good hot fire and I keep it going all day.

We have had quite a bit of rain here, and it has made us so late with spring work. Our oats are all up, and the alfalfa is just coming through the ground. Of course our land under cultivation is all bottom ground, and Frank has gotten precious little plowing done because it has been so wet. If this weather keeps up much longer, I'm going to get to help get the crop in after all. Frank hasn't worried too much about it yet though, because he has had a lot of new fence to build, so what time he isn't in the field he is busy with that.

We have had very good luck with our lambs this year. At the last count we had 66. I just love to



If this picture were in color you could see that Kristin's dress is a brilliant blue with a white yoke, and outlining the yoke are little flowers in dazzling colors. It was her Christmas gift from Aunt Lucile.

watch them run and jump. I don't think there is anything cuter. In my estimation they are the cutest baby animals we have.

There will be no summer school for me this year. The branch summer school is going to be too far away from home for me. It was hard enough last summer to leave Frank at home and go to Shenandoah, even if we did manage to be together almost every week-end, but I was able to have Kristin with me. This summer the set-up just isn't meant for me. With the number of things I have lined up to get accomplished this summer, those three months will go all too fast. I am planning to go back and teach the same school next year. It will be much nicer next year because they are getting an oil burner for the school.

I had to wash all of Kristin's and my sweaters again this week-end. I was so in hopes that the next time I washed them they could be put in the cedar chest for the summer, but the way this cold weather hangs on they may never see the inside of that chest this year. I don't know why I consider it such a big job to wash and press sweaters, because it really isn't and they always look so nice after they are all done up and put back in the sweater drawer, but it is a job I dislike terribly. Probably the reason is because I can't hang them out on the line to dry, but have to have them all stretched out on papers all over the house.

Kristin told me the other morning when I was putting up our lunches, that nothing I put in them tasted good any more. I told her that was exactly the way I felt about it. After you have eaten your lunch out a lunch box for nine months, nothing looks good or tastes good. I certainly feel sorry for these men who have to carry their lunches day in and day out for years.

We are losing another one of our good neighbors right away. They

had their sale last week and sold the farm and all. I have mentioned this family before so you will probably remember them, Buford and Ethel Glasscock and their two sons. Ethel was Kristin's teacher last year and we have thought so much of them in the time they have been in the neighborhood. Mr Glasscock's health is very poor, so they are moving to town.

Well, I must close for now and correct a few papers before I go to bed.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

TRUST AND OBEY

If we could see beyond today

As God can see;

If all the clouds should roll away,

The shadows flee—

O'er present griefs we would not fret,

Each sorrow we would soon forget,

For many joys are waiting yet

For you and me.

If we could say, if we could know,
We often say!

But God in love a veil doth throw

Across our way;

We cannot see what lies before,

And so we cling to him the more,

He leads us till this life is o'er;

Trust and obey.

—Unknown.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11:00
A. M. we visit with you on the
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KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on
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6:30 A.M.—KFEQ Farm Hour
7:30 A.M.—United Press News
8:30 A.M.—Kentucky Jess
9:00 A.M.—Back To The Bible
11:00 A.M.—KITCHEN KLATTER
11:30 A.M.—Felix Street Reporter
12:30 P.M.—News . . . Weather
1:30 P.M.—Bakers Capers
3:00 P.M.—Memos For Milady
4:00 P.M.—Ladies Fair
4:30 P.M.—Queen For A Day
6:00 P.M.—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

Listen to Lee George broadcast the
play-by-play of the St. Joseph
Cardinals.



FOR THE CHILDREN

ABNER VISITS THE BERRY PATCH

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Abner Bullsnake slithered through the sweet, green grass one early June morning. Every year about this time he journeyed away from the timber creek, through the meadow, across the farmer's barnyard and into the strawberry patch. There lived his cousin Casper Bullsnake, and Abner always timed his yearly visit to his cousin to coincide with the ripening of the berries. Such feasts as they had!

Casper was overjoyed to see Abner again. "Come in!" he said. "I want you to see my lovely little children." Sure enough, Casper and Mrs. Casper had three little bullsnaakes, all curled up in a ball and fast asleep.

"Now, then, how is life in the country?" inquired Casper after Abner had admired the babies.

"It is very pleasant. The grass is green and the rocks are sunny and . . ."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Casper. "You must live a boring life if you have nothing to admire but grass and rocks. Don't you ever *see* anybody or *do* anything?"

"Well, I guess not," murmured Abner politely.

"It's a shame. There you are, *buried* out there in the country. Why, here at the farmstead we never crave excitement. Every day is different. Why don't you move?"

"I think you have a wonderful place to live when the berries are ripe," said Abner frankly. "Maybe I will move someday."

"Fine! Fine!" Casper listened a moment before he continued. "My goodness, I hear the farmer's wife picking berries right now. She is scared to death of snakes. Come on, I'll show you what fun we have *here*."

Abner was a little dubious. "What if she should chase you with a stick or something?" Casper laughed out loud.

"I told you she is afraid of snakes. Come on!" With that, he crawled out of his home with Abner right at his tail. To Abner's surprise, Casper then slithered quietly through the patch until he came to the farmer's wife, when what should he do but crawl lickety-split right over her foot.

"Help! Help! Snakes," cried the lady. She dropped her pan of berries and ran screaming to the house. How Casper and Abner laughed! They laughed until they bent double and big snake tears rolled out of their eyes, and still they laughed. As a matter of fact, they were still chuck-

ling when the farmer came running into the patch brandishing a hoe.

"Scare my wife, will you?" he shouted, and he brought that hoe chop! right down on Casper's tail. Casper and Abner really moved then. They scrambled furiously to the hole and slid in, all in a ball, just as the farmer brought the hoe down again.

"Oh, my tail! My tail!" moaned Casper. "I am surely going to die."

"Nonsense," scolded his good wife as she hurried after the linament and bandages. "It serves you right. You have a family to look after and you shouldn't be taking such foolish chances."

"Yes, dear," sighed Casper. After Mrs. Casper had bandaged the sore tail, she sneaked out and quietly gathered enough berries for dinner. After dinner as Abner prepared to start home, his cousin said,

"Well, anytime you want to move here where life is exciting, just let me know."

"We'll see," promised Abner. He crawled cautiously from the berry patch, through the barnyard, across the sweet, green meadow, and finally came to his favorite flat stone beside the timber creek.

"This is the life for me!" he sighed as he curled up for a nap. Then he wiggled his tail a couple times, because he was so glad it would wiggle and was not bandaged like Cousin Casper's.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK JUNE

Now that the days are getting warmer the whole family will enjoy having this cold dessert often — and you'll have great fun fixing it!

APPLE SNOW

- 1 2/3 cups unsweetened apple sauce
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 teasp. vanilla
- Dash of nutmeg
- Pinch of salt

Add the nutmeg, salt and vanilla to the applesauce. Beat the egg whites until quite stiff, then add the sugar gradually while continuing to beat until stiff. Fold into applesauce. Chill. Serve with cream. — Mildred Grenier.

A man went to town on a Friday, stayed a whole week, and returned on the same Friday. How did he do this?

Ans. He rode on a horse named Friday.



Look who's gotten bold enough to swing from the bar in Grandpa Driftmier's back yard! Martin stood and watched the bigger "kids" last spring, but now he's right out there with them.

THE CLOCK

The little clock upon the wall
Is very, very wise.
It tells me when to go to bed
And tells me when to rise.

Its hands and face are always clean—
Though why I cannot see,
For it never has to wash—
I wish that clock were me!

—Gail Elder James.

RIDDLES

2. Do you know what a diner is?
Answer: It's a chew-chew car.
3. What is the biggest jewel in the world? Answer: Baseball diamond.
4. What is it that runs, yet never gets anywhere? Answer: A clock.
5. What is it that asks no questions and yet requires many answers?
Answer: A doorbell.
6. Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Answer: Because it's the farthest from the bark.

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

Old Hippo has the toothache bad.
It makes him look so tearful.
But turn this picture upside down.



NELSON WHITE

And see him when he's cheerful.

"Little Ads"

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

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"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, Iowa.

"BERRY BOXES", Crates, Baskets, Fruit and vegetable packages. Phillips Basket Company, 2821 Grebe St., Omaha, Nebr.

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

FOR SALE, unwashed large white feed sacks. Easily bleached 20¢ ea., plus postage. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

PRETTIEST CROCHETED CARNATIONS, three \$1.25. Mrs. Mary E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending either print or 3 feed sacks, your measurements, buttons, and \$1.50. An Apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

SEW WOOL FELT BABY SHOES. Samples \$1, and wholesale prices. E. Suchan, —K, Jackson, Minn.

CROCHETED PITCHER AND SIX TUMBLER MATS, \$1.00. Brooch Sachet, 35¢. Carrie Hooper, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, Calif.

HOME-MADE, GOOD CHOCOLATE CANDY FOR SALE, \$1 per pound. Postage paid. Ad good anytime. Loretta Wernimont, Rt. 2, Box 47, Carroll, Ia.

SPECIALIZING IN CROCHETED DRESSES, other gifts, write. Beulah's Hand Made, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

KENDEX NYLON HOSE, 3 pr. \$4.95. Guaranteed. FREE replacement. Mrs. Ed. Ayers, Davenport, Nebr.

PURE LINEN HANKIES, with crochet edge 50¢ ea. Sarah S. Hayden, 69E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

SHADE PULLS, felt yellow beans, 35¢ pr. "K", 2917, Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED AFRICAN VIOLET RUFFLED DOILY. White with pink and lavender flowers. \$3. Ready for mailing. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Iowa.

CROCHETED CRINOLINE LADY, Horsehead, Boot, Sombrero, Pansy and Rose pot-holders, 50¢ ea. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Va.

FELT MINIATURE LAPEL HAT AND PURSE, contains lucky dime. \$1 postpaid. State color. Hatties Gift Shoppe, 444 W. 2nd St., Hastings, Nebr.

SEWING: Ladies dresses \$1.50 childrens, \$1. Aprons 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1800-E. 28th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

MAKE BEAUTIFUL FAVORS, for weddings—showers—anniversaries, children's parties. Original patterns, \$1 ea. State choice. MARWAL, Box 405, Jefferson, Iowa.

HONEY COMB WEAVE CENTERPIECES, 75¢. Lilly Schultz, Rt. 2, LeSueur, Minn.

ALLERGIC TO WHEAT? Send 50¢ for five home tested recipes for bread, cake, cookies to: Mary, 6320 Leighton, Lincoln, Nebr.

CROCHETING: 1 tablecloth 56x56-in., \$20. 1 scarf, 12x36-in. \$3.00. 1 centerpiece 20-in. \$2.50. 4 doilies 16-in. \$2 ea. 4 doilies 13-in. \$1.50 ea. 42 potholders, 50¢ ea. Mrs. Guy Inman, Rt. 3, Box 76, Corning, Iowa.

EMBROIDERING, plain, and childrens' sewing wanted. Reasonable price. Mrs. Orville Ravensborg, Rt. 1, Moorhead, Iowa.

RECIPE: Secret for perfect cream puffs and pie crust, 10¢ ea. or both 15¢. Selma Thun, Springfield, Nebr.

HANDWORK PURCHASED. Particulars 10¢. Miss Vivien Maxwell, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

FLORAL STATIONARY personalized, any name and address, 20 sheets, 20 envelopes 4 everyday cards given with each order. All postpaid, \$1. Midwest Stationery, 2-c., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

HOBBY COLLECTORS, will obtain any article which you might be interested in for a small charge. Mail card for details. Very reliable. Mrs. Estol Kuncie, RR No. 4, Davenport, Iowa.

SEWING: Experienced; machine buttonholes. Ladies dresses, \$1.50, child's \$1. Send materials, patterns, thread to: Rowena Winters, 2920, Dubuque, Des Moines, Iowa.

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BEAUTIFUL NEW LINE WEDDING INVITATIONS, Announcements, Samples 10¢. Also Golden and Silver Wedding Anniversary invitations. Samples free. MOON-CRAFTERS, Box 59, Opportunity, Washington.

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GAMES AND STUNTS FOR BRIDE'S SHOWER

By Mabel Nair Brown

Him And Her

The person who does this stunt folds a lady's hat in half and wears it on one side of his head and folds a man's felt hat to wear on the other side. She doubles a woman's blouse (putting one arm through both sleeves) and doubles a skirt and pins it around one side of her waist. Of course she wears a shirt, coat, and trousers on the other side. Her number can be announced as a dialogue between "him and her". The actress then carries on a lover's quarrel or some humorous dialogue turning "lady's side" when speaking her part and visa versa. Or she can sing a screamingly funny "duet" in like manner. A clever person can make this an extremely funny stunt.

Wedding Music

Eight persons are needed for this stunt. If possible, four should wear white and four wear black to represent black and white keys of the organ. A ninth person will act as organist. Announce that the organist will rehearse the wedding music. Then the organist "plays" the song ("Some Sunday Morning", "I Love You Truly", etc) by pressing on the heads of the various "Keys" as she stands behind them. The person touched bows low, at the same time making the necessary note. This stunt might be worked in with a mock wedding with very funny results, even accompanying a soloist.

Match Makers

Divide the guests in two groups. On small hearts (or bells) cut from construction paper in the bride's colors, write the letters (one to a heart, of course) making up the couples names, as "Margaret and John". Pass out a set of letters helter-skelter to each side. At a signal see which side can assemble the names in the correct order first.

Bride's Kitchen Shower Luncheon

Decorate in "gingham" idea; cover tables with squares of gingham or lengths of toweling which later in the afternoon can be hemmed and presented to the bride as towels for the new home (gingham might be made into lunch cloths, too). Tiny aprons cut from gingham scraps could be glued to the place cards. A recipe card could be used for this, having the guests write recipes on the back—nice keepsake for honoree.

Sometime if you want a really hilarious party, try not wrapping the gifts but instead use as many as possible to serve the luncheon (or it might be a breakfast shower!), kitchen cutlery, bowls, pieplates, cake pans, stew pans and kettles, muffin tin, bread pans, etc. Have table bouquets in kitchen utensils instead of vases.

THE FAMILY TREE IN ACTION

By Eileen Derr

My husband and I belong to three family reunion organizations. And we enjoy them immensely. But just as the lovely petunia is a cousin of the lowly Jimson weed, probably many of our cousins get the shock of their lives when attending their family reunion. In turn, no doubt some of we less fortunates get quite a lift in finding that So & So, who is a big city slicker, or that Certain & Certain Exclusive Country Clubber has the same blood coursing in his veins as Yours Truly. At any rate family reunions in any family can be a great common leveler.

If one is an introvert and doesn't like meeting and talking to strange people of all types, a family reunion is just not the place for him. Likewise, he'd best not attend if he is on a diet. Family reunion food is out of this world. Everyone tries to outdo the other and brings the best goulash out of their favorite cookbook. We have picked up recipes at these reunions tracing back as far as four generations—recipes not to be matched in any modern cookbook.

Family reunions serve to knit one closer to ones own people. One of our organizations has kept a book on family history. This book is compiled of small remembrances turned in by various members— anecdotes, ancestral names, burial places, dates, historic adventures—each a small thing in itself, yet all together they weave a fascinating story of our ancestors. This book has an album section which holds pictures of these same ancestors where we may pick out family resemblances to our own children. Pictures otherwise uninteresting, that would probably have been destroyed at the death of their owners, have a place in this book and will go on down to our posterity, each person identified with his own personal history as an unforgotten part of our family. To me this is the sad part of death: the fact that a person who has lived an adventurous life filled with all the drama that must necessarily be experienced by anyone who is born, who lives, and who dies, must need become but a timeworn name on a tombstone, completely forgotten by those who carry on the genes of his blood in the form of living people. This book also carries the story of our own generation in the form of births, deaths, and unusual happenings and the high spots of each year.

From this book I myself have gleaned a wealth of facts interesting to me. I find that I am of Scotch-Irish descent, that my people settled in Kentucky, came later to Missouri, were involved in the California Gold Rush, ran in the Oklahoma Cherokee Strip, were sailors, and cabinet makers, fought in the Civil War, and Shhhhhhhhh—if you'll lean closer—there are a few black sheep of the family that did some daring things a few generations ago.

Yes, I like family reunions. Besides becoming intimate with family ances-

tors, meeting many nice living people, and having a visiting good time, one is assured of at least one good meal a year.

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