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# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

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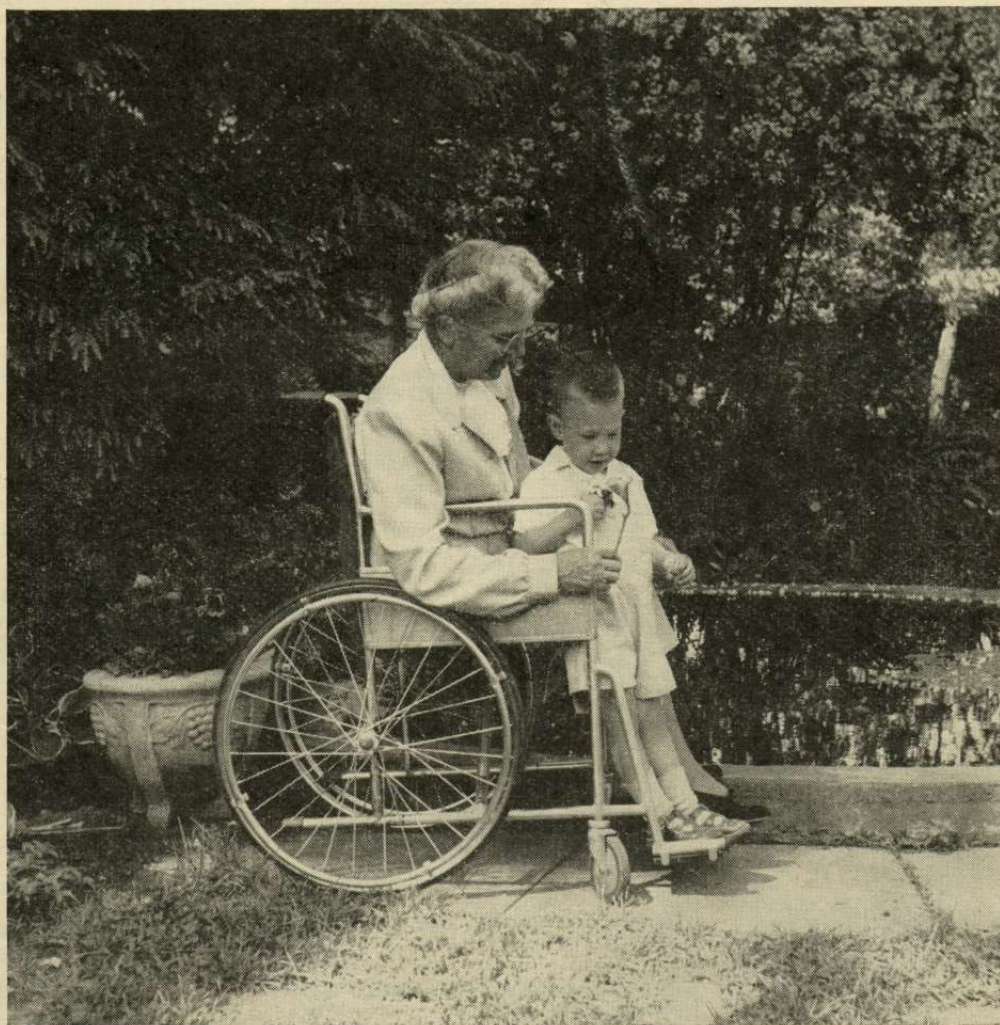


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## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

For the past ten days I've been watching the calendar and the telephone like a hawk for it had been my great hope to write this letter immediately after we received word from Betty and Frederick that our sixth grandchild is safely into the world. This letter is the last thing set into type for the magazine, but even so there must be a final deadline and now, at two o'clock in the afternoon we've reached the deadline and my letter must be written. I've decided to leave room at the end for a P.S. IF we get word about the baby just before those big presses begin to roll, but if you don't find the P.S. at the bottom you'll know that in spite of all our hopes Doctor Stork simply didn't cooperate.

Our house has seemed strangely quiet these past weeks with both Margery and Martin gone. The first few days I simply couldn't adjust myself to getting up and not finding Martin waiting for his breakfast, and every time we took a drive in the evening it seemed queer not to have him come running out to the car. But now they've been gone just long enough for me to halfway accustom myself to their absence, and before you read this letter I imagine they'll be back home again. Certainly this experience has given me a good idea of what you other grandparents went through when you had to part from little children who had made their home with you during the war years. I know you were all so glad that they could be united in their own family circle, but my! it's hard to get used to the change.

Wayne, Abigail and little Emily had a grand vacation—I believe they said they drove 6000 miles, and they got to see a great deal of country that was new to their eyes. Their plans for sight-seeing in Southern California were thrown out of focus when Wayne developed a bad case of food poisoning from something he was served in a restaurant just the night before they drove into Santa Monica, but after he recovered they had a couple of days to get around in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Westwood and the other suburbs.

From Santa Monica they drove up

the Coast and then turned inland and went through Yosemite. Mart and I have never been to Yosemite, but from their description of it we feel that we must take time on one of our trips to California to go north and see it. After they had seen a great deal of Yosemite they drove on to San Francisco, and then started East again. Their only mishap came in Colorado when they had serious car trouble and had to spend several days in a motel while parts were being flown in from Pueblo. Abigail said that she spent most of those days just getting Emily back and forth from their motel to the nearest restaurant, a matter of six long blocks. Emily is at the age where every twig on the sidewalk has to be inspected, and since she much preferred walking to being carried (a preference she expressed in no uncertain terms) you can see why it took hours to get to breakfast, dinner and supper.

Donald has moved recently and now is keeping house with four other boys. They rented a house in Anderson (a very comfortable looking place from the pictures he sent) and have settled down to real home-life. This seems to me quite a good solution to the problem of room and board, and I think they are mighty fortunate to be able to rent such a good house with a nice yard. I had to laugh when I read this in his last letter:

"I think I need some advice on making gravy. As I mentioned in my recent letter, I have been doing most of my own cooking and all of it has been fairly good except the gravy. The first time I tried it I used about 2 cups of flour, and before I could get it thinned down again I had a whole skillet full of thick, pasty stuff. I won't even call it gravy. If I had had a 12 inch skillet and another quart of milk, I might have gotten it thin enough to pour it on my potatoes instead of spreading it like butter. Someone has since told me that I should have used only a heaping tablespoon of flour instead of 2 cups. I wish that you'd send me a good recipe for gravy."

As I write this letter, Kristin is visiting Juliana. I don't think that

any of us really thought our two little girls could actually spend almost the entire summer together, but so far it's worked out so that Kristin is here or Juliana is on the farm. They have wonderful times together and never argue badly unless they're worn out just before bedtime. Dorothy has been too busy to spend more than a couple of days with us thus far this summer, but she's hoping to come down at the end of July so that she can see her cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander. Louise, her husband and two children, Jean and Carter, are coming here on their return to California from New York, and we're all looking forward to seeing them again. When Louise and Dorothy were little girls they spent almost as much time together as Juliana and Kristin do now.

I thought that perhaps you'd enjoy a few extracts from the letter that Margery wrote about her trip to Bristol. She halfway promised to write a letter especially for this issue, but she's been so busy that she didn't get around to it; I told her that I'd quote a few things from her first letter to us.

"Martin behaved like a little gentleman the entire trip. Every time a 'train man' came near him he said, 'I sure do like to ride on your train' or 'You've got a mighty fine train here.' He was easily entertained with the books, cars, crayons, plastic animals, and little bugs to put together.

"At Albany our car was taken from the train and then we were hooked on to the Boston train. We lost a lot of time here, but lost it over the Hudson river, a wonderful spot to be left standing for there were boats to watch and, only a couple of blocks away, a big bridge that carried a heavy load of busses, cars and trucks.

"Martin was exhausted by the time we arrived in Boston two hours behind schedule, but the minute he saw his Uncle Frederick on the platform he ran up to him and gave him a good hugging. The first thing he said was, 'Uncle Frederick, I have a lot of things in my toy bag to show your child.' Needless to say, he was sound asleep as soon as we got on our train and never even awakened when he was carried up to his bed in Bristol."

Russell and Lucile are getting their yard cleaned up after the debris that had to be piled around while their basement was being fixed. They regretted that their garden couldn't be in its usual good condition during the Hemerocallis show on July 15th, but that's just one of those things that couldn't be helped.

We appreciate every single one of your letters. Do write to us and tell us how things are going with you.

Always your friend,  
Leanna

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age.  
—Aristotle



# Come into the Garden

## YOUR GARDEN AND MINE

These are the days when gardeners of all varieties can take a long deep breath and reap the rewards of their efforts. Aside from weeding and watering (two tasks as inevitable as Death and Taxes) there is comparatively little to be done right now. It's true that Oriental poppies should be planted this month, but by and large it's the time when fall activities are still in the offing.

However, no flower lover is really at a standstill in his mental plans for the future. He finds himself looking back at the shrubs and flowers he enjoyed in early spring, and this leads him, sure as fate, to the things he hopes to enjoy next spring. And when he goes to his garden for the makings of lovely bouquets in August his mind hastens back to the plantings that were made earlier, and mentally he calculates what he must be sure to have on hand when that season rolls around next year.

Consequently our page this month is a pot pourri, so to speak, of things that cross a gardener's mind. Here we have compiled some information by Delphia Stubbs that you can tuck away for future reference.

### Try Something New

Every gardener likes to have continuous bloom during the season. Whether your garden is new or old, large or small, your dream garden can turn into reality if you work at it. Many new varieties of annual and perennial flowers are introduced each year, and I like to try some of these in my garden every spring. I've made it a habit to watch for the All America awards given each year and make my selections according to space and location. These prize winners are published in January or February in time for the following spring planting, and although these flowers come from every part of the world, most of them adapt themselves to our climate and will reward us abundantly if we care for them properly.

### Poppies

I always associate poppies with Flanders Field, but I've seen many a waving bed of red poppies that were absolutely beautiful in my own garden. I love the soft velvety texture of poppies. I always plant Shirley poppy seeds as early as the ground permits, as well as the California varieties. Oriental poppies are perennials and time must be allowed for them to prove their magnificent beauty.

Poppies should be cut early in the morning and the ends seared immediately with boiling water or flame about an inch at the base of the stem. Char them thoroughly, then put in fresh cold water and they will last several days without wilting. Don't cut the stems after their first searing.

### Flowers Can Last Longer

The idea of using aspirin, soda, salt and other things to restore flowers or make them last longer has been definitely disproved. However, your florist can supply you with the correct preparation if you want to invest in it, but you can do a lot of this yourself. Harden your cut flowers by putting them in cool water clear up to their necks. Cut the stems at an angle so that the water isn't kept out by the stems standing flat on the bottom of the container. Splitting the stems about two inches at the bottom permits more water to enter such woody plants as roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums, and many others. Scrapping the stems two or three inches from the bottom of zinnias, asters and marigolds helps them stay fresh longer. And it almost goes without saying that at all times all cut flowers should be kept away from heat.

### Flowering Crab

In the language of the Sioux "Hopa" means beautiful, and that is the only word to describe the flowering Hopa Crabapple tree in my front yard. It is a breath-taking sight for several weeks in early Spring when the tree is in full bloom with its rose-pink blossoms. The small red apples make a striking fall picture to behold and the fruit can be made into sparkling jelly.

I attended a "Hollywood Breakfast" last fall and won a prize for the most unusual hat there. I used a large tin funnel turned upside down with ribbons run through the rings on the sides; these tied under my chin. I covered the entire top with red crabapples and leaves by using scotch tape to hold them in place, and it really was different, if I may say so. It was classed as a Jelly hat!

### Pussy Willows

I also am the proud owner of an outstanding pussy willow tree that grows in my front yard. I always had the impression that pussy willows were like cattails and only grew in damp places, but this is not true in my case for the pussy willow tree has to be clipped each spring by the telephone company because the limbs grow higher than the wires and cause line trouble if they are not cut back. I have cut many stems and sold them to florists. Some of these measured four feet long and were covered with gray velvet catkins clear to the top of the stem. It is a very striking sight to see this tree in full bloom before there are leaves or flowers anywhere.

I have started any number of pussy willow trees by clipping the stems about twelve inches long and leaving them in a vase of water until well rooted. When the green leaves appear at the top of the stem I set the cuttings out in loose sandy soil and keep them well watered for a week or more. I never bother them anymore, and the next spring I have a pussy

willow tree to give to someone who is starting a new flower garden.

Last year I sent Ted Malone a box of the choicest blooms and he wrote back that even the pussy willows in Central Park (and they're really nice ones) would be envious of Kansas pussy willows. They are particularly showy in bouquets or even make a unique bouquet by themselves. Bees are certainly lured by these catkins and last year a swarm of them settled right in the center of my tree, much to the disgust of the postman and close neighbors. I finally had to call a bee-keeper to come and get them, and he was as glad to get them as I was to be rid of them.

### THE ROSE JAR

It is the small things one remembers from gracious days of long ago. One of these in particular I remember, is the spicy fragrance of a rose jar.

This spring when I viewed my rose arbor on fire with crimson roses, remembrance sharpened, and I visualized springs of other years. Then and there I decided I would go right in the house and look for my grandmother's formula for preserving rose petals that later offered us such quaint delight.

Among my souvenirs I found it, almost too dim to read but I finally made it out, and will be glad to share it with those who are blessed with a rose garden, and want to keep its fragrance lasting.

While the dew is still on the roses clip the blossoms full blown. Spread on a paper away from dust and drafts to dry. (If you have an attic room, it is the ideal place.) After perfectly dry shatter the petals from the stems and scatter on heavy paper. Discard the stems. Keep the petals separated as much as possible in order that they will all be dry at the same time from one cutting. For three or four days shift the drying petals around on the paper.

When thoroughly dry, store the petals in a metal box. (I use a two pound candy tin.) When you have collected half a peck of dried petals, mix the following ingredients, and with finger tips work the formula all through the petals. Be sure no petals are left untouched, or just half covered as this will cause mold. Place desired amount in each rose jar, and leave for three weeks. When you raise the cover of your rose jar and inhale the incense of the petals you will feel repaid for all your time and effort.

### Rose Jar

1/8 ounce mace  
1/8 ounce ground cloves  
1/8 ounce allspice  
1/4 ounce cinnamon  
1/4 ounce grated whole nutmeg  
1/2 ounce orris powder  
1/2 ounce lavender blossom  
1/2 ounce rose geranium oil  
1 tablet powdered lavender  
2 fluid ounces rose toilet water  
1/2 peck dried rose petals  
Mix thoroughly, store in rose jars and let stand three weeks.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHT

On Mother's Day in 1948 Mother and Dad drove to Des Moines to visit Aunt Martha Eaton and Uncle Harry, and then went on to Ames for dinner with Donald. He had made arrangements to work for a steel company in Chicago as soon as summer vacation began and didn't expect to be home until the job was over. Incidentally, this job turned out to be a hum-dinger! I don't know of any place hotter than a blast furnace in Chicago during the summer months, and that's where Donald spent the bulk of his time.

Word from Betty and Frederick about this date brought the news that they were spending six weeks on the "other side of the island", a phrase that didn't mean too much to any of us, aside from Wayne, since he was the only member of our family who had been in Hawaii. However, the letters that we received from them during the summer began to contain increasingly urgent invitations for Mother and Dad to visit them during the coming winter. At first none of us took them seriously. Hawaii seemed terribly far away as far as mother's traveling abilities were concerned, and we were all unanimous in feeling that it would be "nice" but out of the question. Future events were to prove us 100% wrong.

The first of August brought a number of business changes to our family. At that time we accepted the fact that we'd just plain outgrown the space in which this magazine was handled and were simply compelled to move to bigger quarters. It sounds matter-of-fact stated in this way, but you've no idea how much feeling was involved! We could hardly bring ourselves to the move! And I might say that it took a drastic fact to bring us to it, the fact that Wayne couldn't find room for his desk. When you can't find space for a desk it's time to make a change.

If you're a new reader you may be wondering now where we were handling this magazine so I'll tell you: everything concerned with Kitchen-Klatter took place under the roof of what was intended originally for a garage! This was a nice big double garage that Dad built the summer before they had their disastrous wreck in September. If I recall correctly the work was completed on it only a couple of days before they started on that ill-fated trip.

At first the files that contain your names were kept in the small office in the house where we have always broadcast our program. In no time at all they crowded us out of there and were moved into the garage. At first they fit nicely against one wall out there and since we only had one car there was ample space (where a second car would have stood) to have a couple of desks, one for Dad and one for Gertrude Hayzlett who helped them at that time. So far so good.

But the first thing we knew there had to be more space for files and



The five Field sisters in 1948. Martha Field Eaton and Helen Field Fischer in the foreground; Susan Field Conrad, Leanna Field Driftmier and Jessie Field Shambaugh behind them.

more space for desks, and the upshot of this was that Dad no longer had space for his one car and it had to stand outside. About this time he decided that he'd give up the idea of having a garage and simply convert it into an office. Insulation was put in, the double-doors were sealed into a permanent wall, heating was installed, new windows were cut, and there we were with a very convenient office just a few steps from the back door.

This carried us nicely for a while, but eventually so many names were added to the files that it looked as though they'd have to be suspended from the ceiling, a solution not at all practical or realistic. Consequently a couple of small additions were built and once again the pressure was eased. But none of these expedient measures stopped the dam for long, and by the time Wayne returned to take over many of Dad's duties we were actually in the predicament where not one more living, breathing creature could go into the place. One had to be an acrobat to get around the rows of desks and files. For almost a year we carried on in this crowded fashion and then we broke down and decided to make the change. There was an opportunity to remodel an area that stands adjacent to the printers who get out Kitchen-Klatter, and we took it.

Remodeling was started during August in that year and we had the immense satisfaction of seeing convenient, well-organized offices whipped into shape. Not the least of our satisfactions was the realization that no longer would Dad and Wayne have to carry heavy sacks of magazines from the printers up to the office, a job that Dad had done all alone for years before Wayne came back and one that was definitely too great a strain for a man of his age. Henceforth the magazine could be brought

directly from the printers through a big door and placed on a huge table to be handled. It was a great day when they hauled in that first load! But anyone who has ever had his occupation right under his own roof, so to speak, will understand why we hated to give up the old garage and take advantage of other quarters.

Also in August of 1948 we gave up the afternoon radio program that Mother had carried for so many years and started our present morning program at eleven o'clock. With this, plus moving our offices, it was a very busy time.

On August 17th the Field family circle was broken when Uncle Harry Eaton passed away following a long period of poor health. Mother and Dad had been in Des Moines to see him and Aunt Martha only a short time before, and although he suffered from an heart ailment he didn't seem to be feeling much worse than he had for quite some time; therefore they were shocked when word came that he had passed away in his sleep. Had he lived until October he and Aunt Martha would have observed their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Under the circumstances we all felt great admiration for Aunt Martha when she came to Shenandoah on August 22 in order that the entire Field family could be together for the first time in many years. The occasion for this reunion at such a date was the fact that mother's brother, Sol Field, and his wife Louise, had come from their home in Gerber, California. The trip was a difficult one for them to make because of Uncle Sol's health, but he had a strong feeling that if he were to see all of his sisters and his brother again he should make the effort, and consequently they came back just before Uncle Harry's death.

On the evening of August 22nd a wonderful reunion was held at the home of Aunt Helen Fischer, and for the younger people present it was a great privilege to hear the stories of by-gone days that were recalled. Before the light faded there were pictures taken, the first complete family group pictures that had been taken since Aunt Martha's and Uncle Harry's wedding in 1898. What a blessing it is that everyone could be present that evening for pictures because they were to be the last ones that could ever be taken of all seven brothers and sisters.

Early in September Donald returned to Ames from his job of repairing blast furnaces and entered Iowa State College for his final year. He spent a few days here at home between Chicago and Ames and from his color we decided that he couldn't have been darker if he'd spent five years in the tropics.

By October Mother and Dad had finally capitulated to Frederick's and Betty's insistence that the trip to Hawaii *could* be made. They made all of their plans for going first to California and then on to Honolulu, but I'm sure that Mother didn't really believe that it could actually come to pass.

(To Be Continued)



## OUT OF THE MORNING MAIL

"Dear Leanna and Daughters:

Not long ago my mother celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday, and to mark the occasion I planned a party for her that proved to be far more successful than my brightest hopes. I thought perhaps you'd like to hear about it for almost everything I planned was simple enough to be within reach of anyone. And do let me say right here that I had this party because of the sudden realization that most elderly people, particularly those in poor health (my mother is in this group), take note of their birthdays by a family dinner or gathering of some kind. Such affairs are certainly very pleasant, but it occurred to me that a real party would give mother a thrill and enable her to see her good friends, most of whom are rather closely confined to their homes and don't get out often.

"I sent written invitations to all of the expected guests. For these I used an attractive note paper with a sprig of delicate flowers in the corner, and this is what I wrote: "Mother will celebrate her seventy-fifth birthday on Wednesday, June 7th, and both of us would be happy if you could come to my home at one o'clock for lunch. We'll call for you a few minutes before one and take you home again. so don't worry about transportation." Shopping can be a serious problem to people of this age so I added at the bottom of the note: "P.S. Mother honestly prefers that you don't come bearing gifts." This did away with the worry of trying to find a present and, for those of limited means, the burden of expense.

"One of my good friends volunteered to take her car and call for all seven guests so that I wouldn't have to be gone from the house just before it was time to serve the meal. Incidentally, getting here and there is sometimes such a troublesome problem to elderly people that I would never attempt to entertain them unless I could call for them and return them.

"In the living room and hall I had bowls of garden flowers, but I made no other attempt at decoration. Mother received her guests as they arrived, and after they had had a few minutes to visit we all went into the dining room. I used my finest silver, china and linens, and for a centerpiece I had a bowl of pink sweetpeas, mother's favorite flower. At each place there was a tiny cluster of sweetpeas tied with pale pink ribbon, and for placecards I used flowered note paper cut down to the appropriate size.

"The menu was simple for I considered the fact that most of the guests, if not all, are no longer able to eat the foods that they enjoyed in earlier years. We had creamed chicken in patty shells, small whole beets served Harvard style, peas with mushrooms, hot rolls with some of my fancy peach preserves, pear salad (halves stuffed with cream cheese and a fruit dressing), and for dessert a big decorated birthday cake and strawberry ice cream.

"There was so much to talk about that it was well after two when we left the table. Then we went back into the living room and I told them that mother had a number of letters to read that would interest them. About a month earlier I'd written to friends of the group who now live in other sections of the country, told them about the planned party, and asked them to write a letter that could be read after the luncheon. Everyone responded wonderfully and we had quite a collection of interesting, heart-warming letters to read. I can't tell you how much everyone enjoyed this.

"After the letters had been read I asked my two daughters, aged ten and twelve, to play a piano duet. Following this the available granddaughters of my guests were called upon to play piano solos, give readings, or sing a song. I've discovered that elderly women get a great thrill from this type of thing for it recalls memories of when their own daughters were small and first learning to perform.

"By this time it was almost four o'clock and people were beginning to tire, so after another interval of visiting we lined up our friend and her car for the drive home. As each guest left Mother presented her with a bouquet of pink sweet peas and a little booklet that I'd prepared. This booklet contained twelve mimeographed pages of items that I'd located in the file of our home town paper that is kept at the library. I searched for items that I knew would interest the group such as the write-up of their graduation from high school, trips they'd taken, and for the three whose husbands are still living, the account of their weddings. It took me about five hours to compile these items and I enjoyed doing it. After typing them I arranged to have them mimeographed and folded into a booklet. On the cover I printed: "For Martha (or whatever the name might be) From Mary who shares these memories. June 7th, 1950."

"Words can't begin to tell you how much Mother and her friends enjoyed this birthday party. It was a wonderfully happy time for everyone. I only hope that other women who have elderly mothers in poor health will make the effort to do something of the kind for they won't believe, until they do it, what it means to those whose social activities have become so limited."—Mrs. R.L.A., Iowa.

## THE BUSINESS OF FRIENDSHIP

The happiest business in the world  
Is that of making friends,  
And no "Investment on the Street"  
Pays larger dividends,  
For life is more than stocks and bonds,  
And love than rate-percent,  
And he who gives in friendship's name  
Shall reap as he has spent.  
—Emmerson.

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you are born, and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.  
—George Jessel



This happy little girl is Nina Derr of Forest City, Mo. When photography became a hobby with the Derr family they were more than fortunate to get such good pictures right from the start. Directly underneath is a poem by Nina's mother that calls up all the charm of a little girl and her old, old doll.

## MOTHERS — LARGE OR SMALL

An old doll in a ragged dress.  
Matted hair.  
One-eyed stare.  
A sorry mess, one must confess.  
The new doll lies in tissue nest,  
All dressed up in Sunday Best,  
Neglected and alone.  
Her smile was fleeting as she gazed,  
Upon its beauty not yet faded,  
And turned again to her "Old Joan".  
All mother love's like that above.  
Stubborn braids or curly hair,  
Brown eyes, blue eyes, plain or fair,  
Mothers do not seem to care.

—Eileen Derr

## 'TIS SORROW BUILDS THE SHINING LADDER UP

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,  
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,  
Whereon our firm feet planting,  
nearer God  
The Spirit climbs and hath its eyes unsealed.  
True it is that Death's face seems stern and cold,  
When he is sent to summon those we love,  
But all God's angels come to us disguised.  
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
One after another lift their frowning masks  
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,  
All radiant with the glory and the calm  
Of having looked upon the front of God.  
With every anguish of our earthly part  
The spirit's path grows clearer; this was meant  
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.  
Life is the jailer; Death the angel sent  
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.  
—J. R. Lowell



## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks,

Is it hot where you are? If it is, how about taking a trip down to Bristol, Rhode Island to visit us? Bristol Harbor is just four hundred feet from the front of the house, and Mt. Hope Bay is just ten blocks from the back of the house. Because of the trees and our neighbor's houses we can see very little water from our windows, but a two minute walk to the Bristol Yacht Club puts us right out on the water. However, there is no good place to swim around here. Some of the town people swim at a small beach just a block from here, but we think that the water is a bit dangerous. My sister Margery and her little Martin Eric are visiting us this month, and so every afternoon we take a ride along the waterfront to let the children see the boats. Some day next week we are all going to take a boat ride across the harbor to a little island for a picnic lunch.

It hardly seems possible that two weeks ago we were still living in Wallingford, Connecticut. If you were able to walk into our new home you would think that we had been living here for years; the curtains are up, the rugs are down, the pictures are hung, and even the garden is weeded. We love our new home, and even though it has been very hard work making the change, it has been a lot of fun. After having fifteen boys in our house for the past nine months, this new house seems very quiet despite the fact that we are living on a very busy avenue with lots of bus and truck traffic.

We have no lawn in front of the house, but we have a nice little lawn in back, and it is there that we spend much of our time. Mary Leanna has some swings and a sand box, and her Grandmother Driftmier and her Aunt Margery are giving her a nice wading pool for her birthday. In our last home Mary Leanna had very few children to play with, but here in Bristol there are more than thirty children living within a half-block of us, and since our lawn is the only one with any playground equipment we have the problem of limiting the number of children who can play on it. The other day I looked out the window and counted eleven children all trying to use the swings at once, and what a bedlam they were making!

What is that old saying about "the best plans of mice and men . . ."? My best plans fell to pieces the night that I was to meet Margery and her Martin when they arrived from the West. I had planned to drive to Boston—a distance of sixty miles—and bring them to Bristol in the car, but at the last minute I gave that up because of my uncertainty about finding my way around Boston at night. I have only driven in Boston three times in my life, and each time I have said I would never try it



Russell ran up with his camera just as Margery and Martin departed for their trip to Rhode Island.

again for it is such an old city with so many narrow, one-way streets. I drove to Providence instead and took the train from there to Boston with the intention of getting there just about the time the train arrived from Chicago and then taking a train right back to Providence. My first difficulty that evening was in Providence. I could not find a place to park the car while I went to Boston. I needed a place where I could leave the car for at least two hours, but I ended up by parking it in a twenty minute parking zone. There was nothing else I could do if I were not to miss my train. When I got to Boston I learned that the Chicago train was more than two hours late. We finally caught the last train back to Providence, found the car safe and untagged, and arrived in Bristol at one forty-five in the morning. Believe me, that was a hectic trip.

One of the joys of our moving to Bristol is that here I can have my own flower garden. Some years ago there was a nice flower garden at the side of our house, but when we arrived it was in great need of weeding and re-planting. Yesterday I planted a dozen large pansy plants, a dozen assorted honeysuckle plants, a dozen African daisies, a dozen giant marigolds and a dozen of the midget marigolds. After I had them all in I called Betty out to see how I had the new plants arranged, and she was disappointed when she noticed that I had planted no zinnias, a matter that I must take care of at once.

A few nights ago I was just finishing supper and was about to work in the garden when the phone rang. It was the principal of the

local high school calling to ask if I would be willing to rush down to the high school auditorium and participate in the annual commencement exercises. The clergyman who was to have said the prayers could not be there, and I had just forty-five minutes in which to prepare. I agreed to do it on condition that no special mention would be made of my name, and that the printed programs would be given out just as they had been printed. Because I was so new in the town, most of the people there did not know who I was, and I was entertained by the various guesses I heard being made.

It was an old-fashioned commencement program with the students making speeches, providing special music, etc. I was seated next to the guest speaker, United States Senator Leahy, and it was a particular pleasure to visit with him about activities in Washington, D. C. That evening was the first time in my life I had ever been given precedence over a United States Senator, and I was quite surprised when each speaker began his address by saying: "The reverend member of the clergy, Mr. Driftmier, United States Senator, the Honorable Mr. Leahy, honored guests, and ladies and gentlemen." I was told later that that is the custom here in Bristol. The members of the graduating class did not wear academic gown, but the girls wore lovely white formals and the boys wore white coats and dark trousers. Each boy had a carnation in his lapel, and each girl carried an old-fashioned bouquet. Every seat in the auditorium was filled and hundreds of people were standing outside the building to watch the graduates march in and out. I don't recall having seen anything quite like it since I left Shenandoah fifteen years ago.

The other day I asked one of the old ladies in my church if she belonged to one of the old Bristol families, and she replied, "Oh my goodness no! My family moved to Bristol only seventy-five years ago." Now what do you think of that? If, after one has been in the community seventy-five years he is still considered a new-comer, what does that make us? Several of the houses in our block were built right after or during the Revolutionary War, and the one we are living in was built before the Civil War. Our house is one of the newer houses in the town. Just up the street from us is a beautiful home that was built a few years ago by two of the oldest men in my church. Aged eighty-six and eighty-eight respectively, these two men built their own home from the basement to the attic, a job that took them two years to complete. This town is filled with old people just like that.

Sincerely

Frederick.



## SUMMER REFLECTIONS

By Hallie M. Barrow

### An Iris Breakfast

Do you wait for some special time to do your entertaining? Just after your house has been redecorated, when your frying chicken reach a certain weight, strawberries are at their prime, or watermelons dead ripe? Well, when Dr. Henry Schirmer's iris beds come to full bloom, up and down that steep hillside home in St. Joseph, Missouri, that is the time his wife, Asta, entertains with her famous Danish breakfasts. I was invited this year, and it was really a surprise party for me because I hadn't the slightest idea what to expect.

Whether you care for iris or not, if you love color you would just revel in this hillside iris garden. It is an iridescent tapestry of color and the morning dew brings each flower to its best. Time after time it makes visitors catch their breath and say that such a picture is just out of this world! In this gorgeous setting we were first served fruit juice,—our choice from trays passed among the guests. Then the odor of strong coffee, sizzling bacon and *ableskivers* brought us into her gay kitchen without being urged a second time.

"Golf balls" are what Asta Schirmer's American guests call these delectables. They are made as we make a rich waffle batter with buttermilk and more eggs than usual. Then they are cooked in a Munk's pan, a griddle not made generally in American factories. If you must have a Munk's pan, it's best to look for one in a second hand store and especially around towns which are known to have Danish settlements such as Omaha, Nebraska, Davenport, Iowa and Dubuque. A Munk's pan is a cast iron griddle standing several inches high with seven cup-like depressions in it. The iron is heated, melted shortening is poured in each cup, and then it is half-filled with batter. A crust quickly forms and then it is turned one-fourth over with a fork; the raw batter pours out of the middle and soon makes a rich brown crust. To complete the cooking, two more turns are given.

When taken out they are as round as golf balls, (perhaps just a little larger) and a lovely crusty brown,—light as a feather and bound to please any appetite. If you wish, at the second turn, a teaspoon of jelly or apple sauce is added and this stays right in the center of your hot ball or *ableskiver*. They are eaten with butter and any preferred sweetening such as maple syrup, honey, jelly or preserves.

The long narrow table was set with colored pottery, and the cloth used certainly set it off beautifully. Six yard squares of print, each a different color, were fringed and these were placed one over the other in such a way that a triangular corner was made in the middle of the table; about half of each square showed. If you'll do a little experimenting you'll get the effect, and you'll agree that it makes a highly attractive



Juliana has spent countless contented hours taking care of her very own little garden. This was taken a few minutes after Kristin arrived when she was being shown the forget-me-nots and pansies.

background for pottery of various colors.

Dr. Schirmer is an iris judge and Mrs. Schirmer is a judge of iris arrangements, so you may be sure that in every room there were beautiful bowls and vases of iris. And another thing we enjoyed seeing were the silver creamer and sugar basket; these were brought to this country from Denmark by Mrs. Schirmer's parents.

### Chinchilla Lore

Recently at an extension club meeting some distance from my home, I was very happy to meet Miss Viola McCaig of New Hampton, Missouri. It seems that through first reading my chinchilla article in an issue of Kitchen-Klatter about two years ago she became interested and eventually bought a pair. She has a partner, Mrs. Thankful Rice, and from starting with one of these precious \$1200 pairs some fifteen months ago, they now have four pairs and have sold one pair. The breeder from whom they purchased their stock will take all they can raise.

Chinchillas need a cool house. There is no basement under the McCaig farm house so Miss McCaig had a walk-in cave built to house her valuable fur bearers. She has lost two young ones and said she was to blame for both of these fatalities. With one, she neglected to keep the nest box warm enough and with the other, she fed a too rich diet of hay. She had been told to feed them timothy hay, but they had some nice green alfalfa and knowing how rabbits would appreciate the greener hay, she fed some to this chinchilla youngster. It was too rich. These chinchillas in their native home, high up in the Andes mountains, thrived where anything else would have starved. Just a few sprigs of dry, harsh vegetation was

sufficient to maintain life and a richer hay diet was fatal.

### Clinic Notes

Recently I spent several days at a clinic. However, this was a very pleasant clinic, a writers' clinic which the Missouri Press Women held at Maryville, Missouri at the State Teachers' College. Only rejected manuscripts were given transfusions, tonics, or had their faces lifted. Some were given major operations and didn't even survive. Others were taken out of some writer's morgue, dissected and brought to life again. You'd be amazed at all the things that can be wrong with a manuscript! But if misery loves company, that may be the reason we all had such a good time. We worked hard but hearing other writers' woes made our own seem not as terrible as we had first thought.

Eileen Derr, a Kitchen-Klatter contributor, was there. She was the youngest and one of the most popular. When we realized the conditions under which she came for two days, we didn't wonder that everyone took a particular interest in her. Just before she came she had made her lovely four year old daughter a dream of an organdy dress that was to be worn at an uncle's wedding on Sunday. Eileen left for the rehearsal Saturday night and the big affair was held on Sunday. Then on Monday, two of Eileen's boys were leaving for camp and another batch of clean, fresh clothing had to be ready. Since then, I've heard from her and she said the wedding went off fine except for an hour's delay until someone could drive forty miles and bring the groom's wedding suit which had been left by mistake. I wonder if there ever was a big home wedding that went off without a hitch somewhere? And doesn't everyone get excited when something has been forgotten?

### THE HEARTS OF MEN

I'll hold my candle high, and then  
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men  
Above the sordiness of life—  
Beyond misunderstandings, strife.  
Though many deeds that others do  
Seem foolishness, and sinful, too,  
Were I to take another's place  
I might not fill it with such grace.  
And who am I to criticize  
What I perceive with my dull eyes?  
I'll hold my candle high, and then,  
Perhaps, I'll see the hearts of men.

— Unknown

### COVER PICTURE

Every now and then we get a family picture that makes us exclaim, "Oh, this is the best one we've ever had!" And certainly our cover picture comes close to being at the top of our all time favorites. Mother and Martin went down to Aunt Helen's garden on a beautiful summer morning, and here they are beside the pool where Mother is explaining different points of interest about the flower that her little grandson is holding. This was taken just the day before Martin left for Rhode Island and we were all so glad that we had a good picture to enjoy during his absence.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I've just finished making a big bowl of potato salad and fixing a pan of beans to go into the oven, so now that those two jobs are done I'll let the dishes stand (they've been washed but are drying of their own free will) and get caught up on my correspondence with you.

Since I last wrote we've had quite a collection of happenings at this house. Kristin and Juliana both came down with mumps at the same time, and just when they were feeling better, Russell came down with them too. For a few days we had a regular pest house here.

I must tell you about our initial realization that Kristin was actually a victim of mumps for it has a humorous angle.

In response to a clamorous request from both children I had prepared French toast for breakfast, so when Kristin announced that she couldn't eat any I felt, for a moment, that I'd lost my hand as a cook. Upon investigation it developed that she was hungry enough but that she couldn't chew or swallow.

"I know what the trouble is though," she said. "Two days ago when Alan and I were playing he ran right into me with his head and it hurt my jaw terribly."

"Well," I replied, "heads are hard and I've had that happen and I know how much it can hurt."

There seemed to be nothing more to say on the subject right at the moment, but after she left the table without having consumed a mouthful of her favorite food I began to worry. What if Alan had really cracked her jaw bone? What if there were something dreadful wrong? After all she was in my care and I had visions of what Dorothy and Frank would say if I neglected something that honestly needed attention. One hour of these disquieting reflections made me decide that I'd better take her to the doctor just to be positive that nothing serious was afoot. I went to the telephone to make an appointment, and just as I lifted the receiver it swept over me that only the day before I'd heard the doctor say that there were at least one-hundred cases of mumps in town. Mumps!

I ran to snatch Kristin from the chair where she was reading a book listlessly and got her into the light. Sure enough—there was the tale-tell swelling. "Why Kristin!" I exclaimed. "Alan didn't really hurt you with his head. You have the mumps!"

Juliana spoke up instantly and firmly. "I want them too. If Kristin has them I want them."

And sure enough, an hour later her face began to swell too. I've never seen a child more pleased! And I must say that if they had to be sick it was a great blessing that they could be together for they kept each other entertained beyond my wildest expectations. Dorothy came at once when she heard the news and she had to agree that if ever it were possible to get those two youngsters together

when they were both sick we should waste no time in getting the job done.

Just as the mumps were waning we had the pleasure of seeing Russell's mother and father who drove down from Minneapolis to spend a week with us. This gave me an opportunity to do a lot of cooking for they like to eat and I love to fix meals for them. This statement about getting an opportunity to do a lot of cooking may sound mighty funny to some of you who have a big crowd to keep filled three times a day, but it's not a laughing matter to me. I love to cook and I get a lot of solid satisfaction from testing new recipes, but the fly in the ointment is the fact that there aren't enough people to eat what I test!

Juliana has always been what we call a poor eater. I'm sure that it's my fault for unfortunately she was born just at the tail end of the cycle when all pediatricians believed in rigid schedules and even more rigid eating habits. I began worrying with her first bottle and never stopped until about a year ago when I finally got it through my head that she was a big healthy child who was in no danger of blowing away if she didn't eat what I *thought* she should eat. Now we're on the plane where she eats what she wants without any nagging from me—and what she wants is precious little and practically none of it coming up to my idea of good nourishing vittles!

I have a lifelong battle to wage with the scales and this means that I simply cannot indulge myself in anything more than one small taste when I test recipes, and you've probably noticed too that all good recipes are invariably the kind that hasten you along to a larger dress size, and then another larger size, and then . . . Well, I can't even eat my own cooking so this leaves one lone man to consume the dishes that I prepare with such interest and enthusiasm. And although he loves good food and never fails to express his appreciation for something new and delectable, still there is a limit.

When I bake a batch of cookies and send part of them over to Abigail and Wayne and another part of them up to Mother and still find what is left lurking in the cookie jar ten days later . . . well, at those times I wish that I had six growing boys to cook for plus a husband plus a hired man. Someone once told me that I should buy a restaurant and do all of the cooking just to get it out of my system, and if I were physically able to stand and do that kind of cooking I honestly believe that I'd carry through on the suggestion.

As I write this letter our house seems a lonesome place for Juliana has been gone for a week, and my! how we do miss her. She is spending two weeks with Kristin and from all reports she hasn't once mentioned home or said that she wanted to return. Some mothers might take this as a personal injury, but I always think it's the most reassuring thing that one can hear. After all, it's far enough away that we couldn't just go dashing after her if she wanted to re-

turn, and think how you'd feel if you knew that your child were counting the moments until she could get back? That would be awful. I was terribly homesick once when I was a small child and I know that it's the worst kind of illness. So . . . I'm delighted to have Dorothy say that she hasn't once expressed any interest in getting home.

Another reason things seem sort of lonesome is because Margery and Martin are gone. Juliana actually mourned for Martin before he ever left town! One evening just before they went away he'd been here playing in the yard and after he trotted up the alley she said to me, "Mother, it's an awful thing to realize that Martin will be so far away when I come home from Kristin's. I don't know what to do without him." Time stretches out so endlessly to a child that I believe she thought she'd be an old woman when he finally came home.

Do you remember my telling you that I'd kept my old washboard in plain sight just to remind myself how lucky I am to have an automatic washing machine? Well, that old board had a good workout for many weeks this summer when the machine was disconnected because of a new foundation, plus many basement repairs, that we had done. The plain truth of the matter is that I was glad to see I could still do laundry the hard way; I'd certainly hate to get soft! But once I knew that I still had my old power I'll admit it was a joyful day when the machine was once again connected and I could let that complicated mechanism take over.

I'm not at all sure that I belong to the machine age. Otherwise why would I have such profound distrust of new devices? I'm permanently scared of my pressure pan, apprehensive whenever the phonograph records flip over automatically, and although I know it can't happen, I still expect that washing machine to hurtle itself through a window (taking me with it, of course) when it reaches the maximum pitch of its spin. The only thing I feel really secure about is the refrigerator. I don't think there's an ounce of malice in its bones.

Until September . . . Lucile.

Bernard Shaw was asked if he feared death, to which he replied, "No, I have friends on both sides."

## PHOTOGRAPHIC CHRISTMAS CARDS

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## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### GREEN TOMATO PICKLES

- 1 peck green tomatoes
- 6 large onions
- 6 green peppers
- 2 red peppers
- 2 lbs. brown sugar
- 1 cup salt
- 2 1/2 pints vinegar
- 1/2 package white mustard seed

Chop tomatoes, onions and green peppers. Sprinkle with salt and drain overnight. In the morning pour cold water over and drain. Put in kettle with vinegar and water (half and half) to cover and boil 20 minutes. Discard vinegar and water in which they have been boiled. Put pickle mixture in kettle with vinegar, red peppers, brown sugar and mustard seed. Cook slowly one-half hour. Seal when hot.

### BET BEET PICKLES

Wash beets and leave a little of the tops on them. Cook until done. Then slip off skin and tops. Save out 2 cups of the water they were cooked in. Combine the following ingredients and boil for 10 minutes:

- 4 cups sugar
- 2 cups water beets were cooked in
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 lemon sliced
- In small bag put 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. of pepper

Drop beets in for a few minutes. Then can and seal. These beets retain their brilliant red color and always cause many comments when served.

### SOUR SWEET SPICED CUCUMBER PICKLE

- 20 lbs. very small cucumbers
- 1 cup salt
- 12 cups water
- 1 gallon vinegar
- 11 cups sugar
- 2 ozs. whole mixed spices
- 1 oz. stick cinnamon
- 1 Tbls. cloves
- 1 tsp. alum

Scrub cucumbers and soak them for 24 hours in brine made by combining salt and water. Remove from the brine, pour boiling water over to cover and then drain quickly. Pack tightly while hot and cover at once with a mixture made by combining the remaining ingredients and bringing to the boiling point. Seal jars at once.

### GLAZED CARROTS

Cut carrots into 1 1/2 inch pieces slant-wise down the carrots. Cook in salted water until almost tender and drain. Into the pan add 1/2 cup brown sugar and 1/4 cup butter to 3 cups of cooked carrots. Add 1/4 cup of the liquid in which the carrots have been cooked. Simmer until most of the liquid is gone, just before serving add 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley or chives. Your family will enjoy the attractiveness of this dish also.

### LEMON CREAM SHERBET

- 1 pt. milk
- 1 cup sugar
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- Strained juice of 2 lemons
- 1/2 pt. cream
- 2 egg whites
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Add sugar to milk and allow to dissolve. When thoroughly dissolved, add lemon rind, then juice, stirring constantly while adding lemon juice. Turn into refrigerator tray and freeze for an hour or turn into ice cream freezer and partially freeze to mushy consistency. Beat egg whites, add the 2 Tbls. sugar. Whip the cream to a thick consistency and combine with beaten egg whites. Add to mushy frozen mixture and mix entire thing carefully and lightly. Return to freezing trays or ice cream freezer and freeze until firm.

### FREEZER ICE CREAM

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 pint cream
- 2 1/2 qts. milk
- 1 Tbls. vanilla flavoring

Mix 1 1/2 cups of sugar, flour, egg yolks and 1 quart of milk. Bring to boiling point and then cool. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and add remaining 1/2 cup of sugar and salt. ("I usually pour the cooked mixture over the egg whites while it is still hot for I don't care for uncooked eggs; however, it isn't necessary.") When mixture is cool add remaining milk, the cream and freeze in the usual way.—Mrs. J. N., Council Bluffs, Ia.

### GREEN GAGE PLUM SHERBET

- 12 canned plums drained
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup coffee cream or top cream
- 1/2 cup plum juice (reserved from can)

1 1/2 tsp. lemon juice  
Few drops of green coloring  
Put plums through strainer. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Combine corn syrup, salt and plum juice and add to strained plums and let stand a few minutes. Add cream in a thin stream stirring constantly, using rotary beater if necessary. Add lemon juice and coloring. Pour into freezing tray and stir twice while freezing.

### MRS. VERNESS' COFFEE BREAD

- 1 pkg. dry granular yeast
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 24 cardamon seeds
- 4 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 2 cups water
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 7 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Cinnamon to taste

Soak yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water to which 1 Tbls. sugar has been added. Let stand for 10 minutes. Shell cardamon seeds and crush thoroughly (this is easily done by rolling them on a bread board—use a milk bottle or heavy glass). Melt shortening and then add liquid. If you do not use evaporated milk for cooking, adjust this measurement; there must be a total amount of 3 cups in liquid. Add salt, sugar and heat these ingredients until they are the right temperature for adding the yeast. After yeast has been added beat in the 2 eggs. Then add, 1 cup at a time, 7 cups of flour that have been measured after sifting. Beat vigorously, as long as possible after each addition of flour.

Turn into bowl, rub melted shortening over top to prevent crust forming. Cover with a damp towel and let rise for one hour. Punch down. Let rise again. Then divide into two sections. Put half of dough on bread board and roll as though for pie crust. Spread with half of the sugar and cinnamon mixture. Roll up and form into a loaf or twist into a large swirl. Let rise about an hour and a half and then bake for 45 to 50 minutes in a 400 degree oven. If bread gets too brown at this temperature in your oven, reduce to 375 or 350 for part of the baking time. Recipe makes two very large loaves, or two smaller loaves plus a pan of biscuits.

### EASY ORANGE SHERBET

- 1 pkg. orange gelatine dessert
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup hot water
- Mix and cool
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 cups milk

Combine these last three ingredients; then combine both mixtures and partly freeze. Remove and beat, return to refrigerator and freeze until firm.



## ANNIVERSARY CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup milk
- 3 1/2 cups cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 7 egg whites
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Combine sugar and softened butter (vegetable shortening may be used for half of the total amount of shortening) and blend until mixture is like whipped cream. Sift cake flour, measure, combine with baking powder and salt and sift three times. Add to butter mixture alternately with 1 cup of milk. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and add vanilla and salt. (1/4 tsp. almond extract may be added if you prefer.) Fold lightly into cake batter. Bake in three greased layer pans in a 350 degree oven for approximately 25 minutes.

This makes a large cake that should be as tender and fluffy as the proverbial feather. Ice with your favorite cooked icing.

## TWICE-BAKED ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 5 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 10 cups (about) sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup cooled, melted shortening

Soften yeast in warm water and add 1 tsp. sugar. In separate bowl combine salt, 1/4 cup sugar and the scalded milk. Stir to dissolve, cool to lukewarm and then add yeast mixture. Mix in 6 cups of sifted all-purpose flour. Then add the shortening and about 4 cups more of flour.

Turn out on board and knead until smooth and satiny. Put dough in greased bowl, grease top and cover with clean, damp towel. Let double in bulk in warm place and then punch down.

Knead again on floured board and divide into 4 loaves of bread, or from 4 to 6 dozen rolls. After dough is divided let it rest for 20 minutes before making into loaves or rolls. Let rise in warm place until just 3/4 as high as regular rolls or loaf. Bake pan rolls in a 275 degree oven for 40 minutes; bread, 1 hour and 15 minutes. Let stand 20 minutes in pans. Turn out and cool at room temperature.

When ready to serve place rolls or bread on an ungreased cookie sheet and brown in a 450 degree oven for 7 minutes.

The temperature of the oven is most important. On the first baking these rolls should be as white as snow even though they are completely baked inside. It's the second baking that brings them to the table golden brown and light as a feather. This dough can be kept wrapped in waxed paper and stored in the refrigerator for as long as 2 weeks between bakings, or in the freezer for as long as 3 months.



Mother had just started to make some meringues when this picture was taken. Note the coffee pot standing ready for action at a moment's notice! The north wall (where windows are) contains an electric stove, sink, automatic dish-washer, and counter space with cupboards above. The wall paper is white with baskets of red geraniums and a lacy green ivy; the curtains are white with a red border, and the inlaid linoleum is predominantly blue in color.

## TANGY SUMMER SALAD

- 2 packages lime gelatine
- 3 and 3/4 cups hot water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sliced scored cucumber
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1/4 cup finely diced green pepper
- 1/4 cup finely diced carrot
- 1/4 cup finely diced cucumber

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add vinegar, grated onion and salt. Turn 1 cup of mixture into 10x5x3 inch loaf pan and chill until slightly thickened. Arrange cucumber slices in mixture. Chill until firm. Chill remaining gelatine mixture until slightly thickened. To 1 1/2 cups add cottage cheese and diced vegetables. Turn on to firm gelatine in mold. Chill until firm. Then pour remaining 1 1/4 cups of gelatine over cheese and vegetable layer and chill until firm. Slice and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. This makes a very attractive 3-layer salad.

## CARROT RING WITH GREEN PEAS

- 2 lbs. carrots
- 1 cup light cream
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. onion juice
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Dash of paprika

Cook carrots, mash and add other ingredients. Bake in buttered baking dish or ring mold that has been placed in a pan of hot water at 350 degrees for one hour. Turn out and fill center of mold with hot buttered green peas. If you have used a regulation baking dish turn carrot mixture on to a large chop plate and surround with peas.

## HAM MOUSSE

- (Grand for summer guests)
- 1 1/2 cups finely ground lean boiled ham
- 1/3 cup blanched and shredded almonds
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup hot chicken broth
- 2 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup cream whipped
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix ham with almonds. Beat egg yolks with salt and paprika and put in top of double boiler. Add chicken broth and cook, stirring constantly. When well blended add gelatin that has been dissolved in cold water. Stir well. Remove from heat and add ham. When cool fold in cream that has been whipped with 1/4 tsp. salt. Turn into a mold and chill for several hours. Turn out on platter just before serving and garnish with crisp lettuce.

This is an ideal main dish for hot weather entertaining. It can be prepared far in advance, is tempting to look at, and tastes very good.

## LIMA BEAN-HAM LOAF

- 2 cups cooked lima beans, mashed
- 1 cup cured ham, ground
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk (add more if mixture seems too dry)
- Salt, pepper and paprika to season
- 1 Tbls. minced onion

Combine all ingredients and shape into a loaf. Bake for one hour at 325 degrees. A good, economical dish that fills the bill for a hungry family.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "For the past five years I've had the entire care of my mother who is a helpless invalid. During this time I haven't gone anywhere whatsoever because my sisters and sister-in-laws aren't able to come in and help with her care for even one day. Now my husband wants to go on a two weeks' vacation in August and I want to go with him and feel that I owe it to him since he's been patient and put up with a lot. If my family won't help me with mother's care so that I can go, do you think I'd be justified in telling them that I'll hire a nurse and that we will all divide the expense? This may lead to trouble but in my own mind I think it's worth it? What do you think?"—Mo.

**ANS:** Go right ahead. I agree. Ask them first if they can come and stay, but if they aren't willing to cooperate, tell them that you're getting a nurse and that they can all pitch in and help pay the expenses. They may decide then that between them they can manage your mother's care without getting the nurse!

**QUES:** "We live on a farm four miles from town and it's necessary for us to drive our three school children back and forth daily. Our nearest neighbors also have three children, all in grade school, and last year their parents took turn about with us in driving the youngsters of both families in one car. Early this summer my husband and our neighbor had an unfortunate falling out over some equipment, and as a result we haven't visited back and forth as we once did. Now the problem is this: soon school will be starting and it seems ridiculous for both of us to make that daily drive. Do you think I should make a neighborly call soon and line up the school schedule, or should I wait for them to make the first move? And if they don't come near, should I just go ahead and drive my own children? My husband is indifferent since he never makes the drive, so I can do as I see fit."—Mo.

**ANS:** It's always difficult to take the first steps after a falling out, and the chief reason is because nothing of any importance turns up to make it necessary to repair the broken friendship. In your case I can only agree that it's ridiculous for both cars to be making the daily trip. I would earnestly suggest that you make a neighborly call and sound out the situation. No doubt your neighbor is as anxious to get back on good terms as you are, and if she isn't there is no harm done for you will have behaved only in a sensible, charitable way.

**QUES:** "What can I do about my two first cousins who come here every summer and spend five weeks with us? This was their home until six years ago when they moved to Cali-

fornia, so there are many people they want to see and it keeps me running to get them here and there, have company in for them, etc. If they came every two or three years it wouldn't be so bad, but every summer is too much of a good thing. I expect them in August, so please tell me what can be done—I can't figure out anything."—Kans.

**ANS:** If there are other relatives in your town can't you ask them to help share this responsibility? If not, and your house is the *only* place they can stay, you might do some decorating in August; everyone knows that houseguests are out of the question when painters and paper-hangers are underfoot. If redecorating is out of the question, don't you have relatives or friends whom you haven't seen for a long time who could turn up in August? And if you have the usual two weeks' vacation, can't you plan to take it in August? Here are some ideas—you take your pick.

**QUES:** "How do you discourage morning callers who run in and hold up your work while they sit and chat? I don't know how my neighbors ever get their own work done since they're running around constantly. Sometimes at noon I could weep with exasperation when I see the morning gone and nothing accomplished that I'd hoped to do. Please give me some hints?"—Ill.

**ANS:** This is a common problem and one that seems easily settled to me. If I were you I'd go right ahead with my scheduled work. Tell them to sit down and be friendly, but you forge right ahead with all of the things that are waiting to be done. If they can't talk above the vacuum or washing machine it's just too bad. Busy women must protect themselves if they're to keep abreast of their work.

**QUES:** "Is it correct to send formal announcements when you adopt a baby? We've never told anyone that we had our application in for a baby but after waiting two years we've been advised that we'll get our child in less than three months. Now I'm wondering if we should send announcements or just what the correct procedure is?"—Kans.

**ANS:** I wouldn't use the conventional announcements that are sent to announce the arrival of a baby, but I would get some attractive note paper and write something to this effect: "John and I want you to know that Betty Ann, aged six weeks, has come to live with us. We hope that you can come by soon to see our little daughter." This wording isn't obligatory, of course, but I just wanted you to get the idea that the note should be casual and yet contain facts of interest such as the baby's name and age.



When this picture arrived in the mail we said, "Martin, here's your twin!" Patricia Ray Hosier was also born on July 8, 1947. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale W. Hosier of Aurora, Nebr., and we understand that her dolls are named Betty, Susie and Polly.

### A BABY'S ANATOMY

1. A large box with a lid. Chest
2. A musical instrument. Windpipe.
3. Spring flowers. Tulips
4. Building for worship. Temple
5. Weapons. Arms
6. Twelve inch measure. Foot
7. School boys. Pupils
8. Animal of rabbit family. Hare
9. Tropical tree. Palms
10. Carpenters' safety pin. Nails
11. Young livestock. Calves
12. Shell fish. Mussell

### ARTICLES OF CLOTHING

1. What a dog does after a hard run. Pants.
2. What Joe Louis gave Galento. Sock.
3. A kind of feed for hogs. Shorts.
4. A main part of a railroad track. Tie.
5. A hub covering. Cap.
6. A kind of snake. Garter.
7. A body of land partly surrounded by land and extending into water. Cape.
8. A necessity in a power water pump. Belt.
9. Part of a car that has a lot to do with sound. Muffler.
10. What occurred between James Roosevelt and wife? Suit.
11. What is Chamberlain noted for? Spats.
12. When you paint a thing, what do you give it? Coat.
13. Another word for circle. Girdle.
14. A water carrier. Hose.
15. What does a picnicker do mostly in hot weather. Shoe. (Shoo)
16. Another word for squander. Waist.
17. Another word for city dude. Slicker.



## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful summer day here in Lucas, not too hot and with just enough breeze to make the trees in the timber sing a little. Sitting here at my kitchen table this afternoon, with the door open I can hear the birds singing and the squirrels chattering, and two little girls talking quietly upstairs as they play in Kristin's room.

Juliana came last Tuesday on the train to spend a couple of weeks with Kristin, and to be here for her birthday party. When Margery and Martin went through Chariton on their way to Rhode Island, Juliana rode this far with them and Kristin and I were at the train to meet her. Martin had such a surprised look on his face when the train pulled out leaving Kristin and Juliana standing on the platform waving to him.

The girls have been having a wonderful time. Frank catches Danny pony for him and they both get on and ride all over the barn lot. Danny is so old that he just walks slowly around the barn, over to the well, back to the yard gate, then turns around and does the same thing over again. When he gets tired he simply finds a shady place and stands still. This makes the girls so mad that they call for me to come and make him start up again. They are afraid to switch him a little for fear he will run with them, but I can assure you there is no danger of that.

I had to go to town for a couple of hours the other afternoon and Kristin and Juliana didn't want to go, so I had a neighbor girl who is high school age come over to stay with them. She took them up the ditch behind the house to go wading and hunt for pretty rocks. They would rather do this than anything else because it is so beautiful there and the water is so shallow and clear with a sandy bottom, but I just haven't had the time to take them every time they want to go.

Kristin had a nice birthday party last Saturday. I planned to have it in town so that if it did rain we could go right ahead with our festivities. The children all came to Aunt Edna's at 11:00 o'clock, and about 11:30 we went to a lovely little park where they have all kinds of playground equipment. Edna and Kristin's teacher, Bertha McNeer, helped me serve the picnic lunch and after the children had played a while longer we had the birthday cake and ice cream. Kristin is so happy to be seven at last. Saturday she said, "Now when people ask Juliana and me how old we are, when Juliana says 'seven', I won't have to say 'six'." We had our family dinner last night, so her birthday has really been celebrated in grand style.

Frank is busy cultivating corn. He had to stop last week and put up hay. I really shouldn't say "stop", because our ground has been so wet that he couldn't get into the fields to do any cultivating until the last of the week. It was just a year ago

at this time that Frank was in the hospital and all our good neighbors came with their tractors and cultivated our corn for us.

I suppose you have all been busy canning peas and making strawberry preserves. Bernie and I have put several quarts of strawberries in the locker, and she also made several jars of preserves. So far we have put all the peas in the locker, but we also like to have some canned and in the cave to use if we happen to have unexpected guests and don't have time to go to the locker. We still have some peas to pick and I hope to get that done later this afternoon. Frank's father isn't able to pick peas, but he sits on the front porch in the shade and shells them for us and that certainly helps a lot.

We made a flying trip to Des Moines and back yesterday in the pick-up to get a dining room table and six chairs that had belonged to my Aunt Martha Eaton. Since she is alone now, she has sold her large home and plans to live in an apartment, so she wanted to get rid of some of her furniture. Mother had told her to save her dining room furniture for us and yesterday was the first day we had been able to get away to get it. Our dining room is very small and since our heating stove has to be in there too, I have spent the morning shuffling things around and making room for the table and chairs. Now when the folks come to see us they won't have to eat in the kitchen.

This summer is slipping by much, much too fast to suit me because so far I just haven't gotten all the things accomplished that I had lined up to do. I'm still trying to get my house cleaning done. At night when I go to bed I think surely tomorrow I will be able to get this and that finished, but when tomorrow arrives, there is something else that must be done first, and that is the way it goes. But I'm not going to worry about it, and by just plugging along and doing a little at a time, maybe by the time school starts in the fall I'll have my house all clean and shining.

If it doesn't rain so that the roads will be muddy, we are expecting Mother and Dad on Sunday. I told Juliana and Kristin this morning that they would probably go back to Shenandoah with them and Juliana said, "But I was planning to stay three weeks and that will be only two." But I told her that this was her opportunity to go home while she had a chance to ride and then in a couple of weeks she could come back again with Kristin. We have been so happy that they can go back and forth and visit each other this summer.

I told the girls that if they would rest awhile this afternoon while I wrote my letter to you, I would read them a story, and they are beginning to get impatient. Kristin got several lovely new books for her birthday and they are anxious to hear them. So for this month I will have to say good-bye . . . Sincerely, Dorothy

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

From all over the country shutins are telling me they do not get as much attention in summer as in winter, and they miss it. Let's spend a little more time now, doing something to make up to them for not being able to get out in the wonderful summer outdoors.

Little Jeanne Molder is in the University of Kansas Hospital Kansas City, Kans., for more skin grafting after being badly burned two years ago. She has had several grafts already. She is seven.

Five year old Judy Weiks, c/o Lawrence Weiks, Portsmouth, Iowa, is sick again. She had rheumatic fever early last year and since then has been in bed most of the time. She loves mail.

Would somebody like to send cheer to a shutin who really needs it? She tells me her family does not love her because she is a cripple and she wishes she could die. She writes, but very poorly, and you will probably not be able to read her letters, but she does need someone who will take an interest in her. Ask me for address of Ann.

Word comes that little Gary Wright of Lindale, Texas, isn't doing too well. You remember he was badly hurt when a truck struck him a year ago. He is 10 now. He cannot sit up, but he can chew his food now after it is fed to him. His jaw was fractured and for a long time he had to be fed through tubes. He loves mail.

Shirley Klinetobe will be in the hospital all summer. She had polio when she was 5; she is 15 now and still has to wear braces. The hospital is a long way from her home but her mother will take mail to her once a week. Address 205 Twelfth St., Rapid City, So. Dak.

Winifred Koppes, Hanover, Kansas, has been having a bad time with arthritis in her arms. This is serious since she does handwork to help make her living—and it is lovely work, too, in case you are needing any crochet or embroidery done. She is unable to walk.

Miss Olga Aune, Frazee, Minn., is in the hospital. Send a card. Cards have been asked also for Mrs. Mary Fisher, Rt. 1, Box 13, Flemington, New Jersey, who has been ill for some time. Also for Mrs. George Batie, Cozad, Nebr.; and for Mildred Eveland, c/o County Home and Hospital, Rapid City, S. Dak. Both of these ladies are shutins.

Mrs. A. G. Elander, R2, Pleasant Dale, Nebr., has been shutin quite a while. She is helpless except for her hands. She collects dolls and repairs them, and then gives them to children who need them. If you have old dolls or doll parts, why not send them to her?

Mary Lou Fritz, aged eight, Blackwater, Mo., has rheumatic fever and the days are long. Can you send cards and letters or any playthings that do not require too much movement of her arms?



## A CHAT WITH MILDRED CATHCART

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mildred and I sought the coolest corner of her living room on a hot afternoon and sat down for a good chat. After a few pertinent remarks about Mexico, Kerry Lee, Mildred's soon-to-be-five daughter, disappeared to bang pipes in the basement with her Dad, and we were left to skim every subject from school reorganization to the war hysteria on the West Coast which Mildred observed on her recent trip.

If there's anything one loves to find on an interview assignment, it is a capable conversationalist! I was happy that Lucile had given me this opportunity to tell other Kitchen-Klatter readers a little about Mildred. We who eagerly follow her many articles feel that she is a real and valuable member of the Kitchen-Klatter family. May this chat with her help you to know her more personally!

Mildred lives in a small, square, white frame house in Jerome, Iowa. Surrounded by a white fence and cool green yard, plus abundant shade trees, it seems a typical, quiet midwestern home. Inside the furnishings are not extremely "modern" or conspicuous, but they gleam with loving polish and are simple and in good taste. It is a home such as yours and mine.

So, too, has been Mildred's life. She attended grade school at Jerome as a girl, graduated from Centerville High and Jr. College, and then went to Iowa Wesleyan for further study. She returned to Jerome to teach in the fine school there, married her childhood sweetheart, continued to teach a few years, and then retired to be "just a housewife and mother." Anyone who lives in her community, however . . . as I do . . . knows that the "just a housewife" phrase doesn't apply to Mildred. She lives by a philosophy I have often heard her express.

"Keeping a home is an important job. When I taught school, I saw time and again youngsters who acted belligerent and often delinquent simply because they didn't know how to act differently. Many times this resulted from an undesirable or strained atmosphere in the home . . . and teachers can see that on the children. Those youngsters don't seem to know about gracious living. Most conscientious teachers try to train the children in this respect as well as seeing to it that they complete the general course of study. But teachers' opportunities are limited . . . only in the home can family ties be strengthened, and for this reason, I'd say that being 'just a housewife' is pretty important."

Indeed, writing is a fairly recent hobby for Mildred. In school and college she wrote occasionally, but it wasn't until after her marriage that Mildred turned seriously to writing as a hobby. Her husband, John, broke his back in 1941, a year after their marriage.

"There were a lot of evenings at home then," Mildred reflects, "so I



Mildred Cathcart at the desk where she spends a good many hours turning out the articles that her Kitchen-Klatter friends enjoy so much.

just passed the time by writing a few of my ideas. I was gratified when they sold!" From this beginning, Mildred has gone on to spend a great many hours at her desk, but she still regards writing as no more than an interesting and absorbing pastime.

"I don't expect to be 'big-time,' ever," she asserts with a smile, "but we all have a tendency to bury ourselves in a rut. Writing gives me outside interests and outside contacts—and a good many hours of personal enjoyment. That's why I like it!"

Apparently she likes a good many other things for similar reasons! Her fancy work is lovely, especially her crocheting and the marvelous smocked dresses she makes for Kerry Lee. Particularly interesting, too, is her collection of vases. She is attempting to secure a vase from every state in the U. S., and they are fascinating in the tall maple sideboard in the dining room. Delicate china vases, tall and slim, contrasted with the thick, brilliantly colored pottery make a pleasing assortment. It would be a good corner in which to browse!

How Mildred finds the time to pursue these hobbies is, however, something of a mystery. Her community responsibilities are always extensive, since she works faithfully for such worthy causes as Red Cross and Cancer Drives. She is a member of the Y. W. Study Club of Jerome, past-Chairman of the Appanoose County Federated Clubs, and at present is the American Home Department chairman for the Fourth District of the Iowa Federated Clubs. She is also a member of the Des Moines branch of the National League of American Penwomen and of the Iowa Poetry Association.

In addition to all of this, Mildred does the bookkeeping for her husband, who is co-owner of a near-by coal mine, and confesses that she spends a great deal of time with daughter

Kerry Lee. She points out that the garden and lawn are John's pride and joy, but as I arrived, I noticed that Mildred, too, was on hands and knees pulling weeds from the flower bed. All of this Mildred accomplishes with serenity and grace, and if she's ever hurried or bothered, not many of her friends know it. She has quiet wit and a ready sense of humor.

I asked Mildred just what were her hopes for the future. "Right now," she told me, "it's getting the water system installed in the house! The plumbers are coming in the morning." (This, no doubt, explained John's and Kerry Lee's banging in the basement!) Aside from that, both Mildred and Kerry Lee are looking forward to K.L.'s first year of school which begins this fall. The Jerome school is classified as a rural school, but it is a handsome brick building with two teachers, good musical facilities, and gymnasium. It is the same school which Mildred herself attended and where she later taught.

By now you know that Mildred is an ordinary, personable young woman whose chief interests are her home, family and community associations. The fact that she accomplishes so much is a tribute not only to her talent, but to the wise budgeting of time and effort. Doesn't she remind you of the old adage. "If you want something done well, ask a busy person to do it?"

## HOBBIES

Small pitchers from 3/4 inch to 3 inches. "I have 255 so far."—Mrs. Carl Rath, Armstrong, Iowa.

Household hint booklets and small used doilies. Will trade for these.—Mrs. Marian Cochran, Gen. Del., Hale, Colorado.

Postal Cards.—Mrs. A. H. Smith, 1415 Columbia St., Houston 8, Texas.

"I would like to dispose of my large collection of view cards—around 1,500 to 2000. Also I have "Home Notes", a magazine published in England, years 1944 to 1946, and have almost all the issues published in 1948, 1947 and 1949. Please write for further information."—Mrs. Roger C. Wild, RFD 2, Fremont, Nebr.

Pen Pals. Birthday on April 8.—Mrs. Dean Olsen, RFD 3, Logan, Ia. Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Kenneth Wasson, RFD 2, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

"I have quite a collection of view cards I would like to exchange for feed sacks or print scraps. Please write first."—Mrs. Emily Schumann, Mazomania, Wisc.

"I collect old buttons and old glass or china slippers and tooth-pick holders."—Mrs. F. P. Bergh, Madison, Minnesota.

Note: There is no charge for listing a hobby in this column.

## POTTERY BOWL

Whirled by Sue on Potter's wheel. Lovely glazed bowl, terra cotta brown lined with turquoise blue.—Perfect for flowers. Clever Pottery Gift included. Supply limited. Offer good only until August 15, 1950.

Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

A Very Special Offer

SUE CONRAD, Clarinda, Iowa





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### JIMMY SQUIRREL

By Ethel Bates

One spring vacation a few years ago when Maudie and Stevie were four and five years old, they were overjoyed when their Daddy brought home a tiny red squirrel. Mama squirrel had made her nest in a deserted combine and the babies were just getting brave enough to want to explore a bit.

The first few days we were afraid that Jimmy Squirrel would have to be taken back to his nest. He was frightened to death and just wanted to stay out of sight in his box. However, Daddy made a small screen covered cage for him and soon he was jumping around in it and peering out at us with bright black eyes. He ate corn and nuts from the very first and was especially fond of bananas!

We had had Jimmy Squirrel about a week when one evening we decided to let him out of the cage and see what he would do. Imagine our surprise when he suddenly lost his shyness and began to run and cavort about the kitchen. His tiny feet pattered and slid across the waxed linoleum. We sat very, very quietly and soon he was swinging from the backs of chairs and climbing to our shoulders.

Maudie and Stevie were delighted with the change in Jimmy Squirrel and he soon became a well-loved pet and playmate. He was as tame as a kitten and just as playful. One of his favorite tricks was to sit on Stevie's shoulder and nibble at his ear. He soon moved out of the cage entirely and a high shelf behind a bedroom door became his sleeping place. Promptly at six o'clock each morning we were startled as Jimmy hit the bed with a thump after a flying leap from the shelf. Often in the evenings when he became tired he crawled into Daddy's shirt pocket and slept peacefully there.

The first time we let Jimmy Squirrel loose out of doors we watched anxiously to see if he would try to run away. Promptly he ran up into a tall tree and in spite of all our pleading and coaxing, refused to come down. We finally decided that since he had never been up so high before he might be afraid to come down, so Daddy brought the ladder and soon Jimmy was safe on the ground again.

After that it wasn't long until he was having great fun running up and down the trees and jumping about among the branches. He soon became familiar with the neighborhood and people were surprised to

see a squirrel that would take nuts from their fingers after very little coaxing. They were also startled when he jumped to their shoulders and waited to be fed.

We watched Jimmy grow and enjoyed his antics all summer, but toward fall we noticed that he was beginning to stay away from the house more and more. He built a nest in a tree in the yard and would sit up there and scold us by the hour.

Finally Jimmy was staying outside nearly all of the time, and one day he disappeared for good. Although we knew it was only natural for him to join the other squirrels scampering through the trees we missed his excited chattering and having him swoop down upon us from unexpected high places.

We never forgot Jimmy Squirrel and many times later thought that we caught glimpses of him around the neighborhood, but we were never positive and never could decide, even in our own minds, if we'd seen him—or just another squirrel.

### GUESS THESE

If all the letters of the alphabet were on a mountain, which would get down first? Ans. "D" would begin the descent.

If an electric train were going 60 miles per hour how fast would the smoke go? Ans. There would be no smoke from an electric train.

Who sleeps with his shoes on? Ans. A horse.

Why don't they take pictures of people with monkeys? Ans. It takes a camera to do that.

What has a foot at each end and a foot in the middle? Ans. A yard stick.

What do they call little grey cats in Canada? Ans. Kittens.

Why is a boy's sweater like a banana peel? Ans. It is easy to slip on.

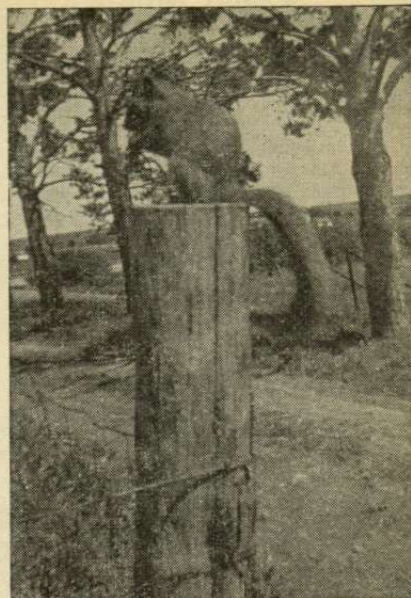
What has four legs and flies in the air? Ans. Two birds.

### LITTLE NURSE

I put on my cap all starched and white,  
I put on my red cross band.  
I put on my watch that does not tick,  
And hold my wee patient's hand.

I give her three bright red candy pills,  
I give her some salts to smell.  
I keep her real warm and quiet, so  
My dolly will soon be well.

—Shirley Bryan Wright



And this, we'll have you know, is Jimmy Squirrel who made life so lively for the Bates family and their neighbors in Tecumseh, Nebraska. Maudie and Stevie Bates don't know, until this very moment, that their mother wrote a story about Jimmy and sent this picture.

### GRANDMA'S KITCHEN

The nicest place I've ever seen  
Is grandma's kitchen, nice and clean.  
She lets me stay out there with her  
And watch her measure, sift and stir  
And roll the pie dough out so thin  
With her long floury rolling pin.  
I guess she like us little chaps  
For then she gives me all the scraps,  
And I make cookies all my own  
With lots of raisins sticking on.  
Or I can eat the batter raw  
I put big wads in either jaw.  
It makes my face look oh, so fat!  
And grandma laughs at things like that.

—Sent by Mrs. Robert Burton,  
Norborne, Mo.

### TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This rooster seems to be afraid  
To stop and have a chatter—  
Let's turn him upside down and see



What seems to be the matter



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 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 preceeding date of issue.

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**HOW YOU CAN HAVE INCOME FOR LIFE.** Church, Bazaars, Son or Daughter. We supply you, nothing to buy, no selling. Write, Mrs. Harry Walters, Mediapolis 18, Iowa.

**SELLING TATTED AND CROCHETED HANDKERCHIEFS,** is my Hobby. Your order solicited, especially Gift Shops. Mrs. Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

**BOSTON TERRIER PUPS,** or grown stock. Also Toy Terrier pups. Mrs. Floyd Watson, Coon Rapids, Iowa.

**PAINTED TEA TOWELS,** 50¢ ea. Print bib apron, \$1; and tie apron 65¢, rick-rack trim, matching pot holder. Mrs. Joe Day, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**HUBBARD'S CHOICEST RECIPES.** A 145 page cookbook, compiled by Band Mothers Club. \$2. Mrs. Will Lennier, Hubbard, Iowa.

**CROCHETED POPPY POTHOLDERS,** with rack. \$1.50 pr.; Wacky Cake 25¢. Emma Jackson, Sanborn, Iowa.

**ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES FOR INFANTS.** 3-pc. sweater sets, fancy, \$3.25 Carriage robes \$5. Booties, 50¢. Bibs 75¢. Write, Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

**FLOWER MAGAZINE,** flowers, gardening, birds, nature notes. Bargain ads. \$1 a year. Sample, dime. Garden Gleanings, Rush Hill 6, Missouri.

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

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

**EASTERN STAR CROCHETED POTHOLDERS,** 50¢. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Virginia.

**GRANDMA'S BABY WOOLIES,** Hand crocheted sweater sets, for the new baby. Boys sets a speciality, \$3.50 and up. Write for information. Ritta Shanafelt, Sigourney, Iowa.

**PERSONALIZED LIPSTICK,** large, name on case, popular brand, dot shade, \$1. Glittery Twinkleton Greeting Cards, verse, 15 for \$1. Complete lessons for DuBarry Success course, your price. Mrs. George Wessendorf, Storm Lake, Iowa.

**LADIES DRESSES,** print or sack, thread, skirt, waist length, bust, waist, measurements. Mrs. T. R. Anderson, Garden Grove, Iowa.

**CROCHETED COFFEE-TABLE DOILIES,** 24x15, 28x15, \$3. 30x15, 33x15, \$4. White. Clusters tablecloths 72x90, white \$45.00. See my ad in May issue, of chair sets. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

**WANTED,** Homemade articles to be sold on consignment. Mrs. Janice Bowman, David City, Nebr.

**"CASH 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.

**THE NUN-LINT POLISHING DUSTING DISH CLOTH.** Wash and use again and again. For car owners, as well as Housewives. It's wonderful. 5 cloths, 1/2 yd., square 50¢. Better send \$1, for 10, give some to your friends. Send to: The Look Nook, Box 345, Montezuma, Iowa.

**QUAINT SUNBONNET CHARMER'S,** applied on part linen tea towels, 70¢, all six \$4. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

**PRETTY CROCHETED CARNATIONS,** three \$1.25. Postpaid. Mary E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

**12-in. cotton-stuffed clowns \$1.** Print suits. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebr.

**FOR SALE,** Rose hot dish mats, \$1. Larene Sparks, Gallatin, Mo.

**EXCHANGE STAMPS,** Scott catalogue basis. Mrs. Alexander P. Austin, RFD. No. 2, Westery, R. I.

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

**HOSTESS APRON,** and clever dustglove, \$1. Mrs. Chalmer Ford, Clarkfield, Minn.

**SMOCKED DRESSES,** blouses. Dolls dressed. Housecoats. Laura Mitchell, St. Paul, Nebraska.

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

**SCISSORS SHARPENED—35¢ each postpaid.** —Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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# KFNF

**SHENANDOAH, IOWA**

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Breakfast Round-up ... 6:00 A.M.  
Weather, News, Markets  
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\*Old Timers ... 10:15 A.M.  
\*Betty and Lyn ... 10:30 A.M.  
Fritos Free-For-All ... 10:45 A.M.  
**KITCHEN KLATTER 11:00 A.M.**  
\*Perfex Pals ... 11:30 A.M.  
Packard Visits ... 11:45 A.M.  
Noon News, Clair Gross 12:00  
\*Harpo, Curly and Merl 12:15 P.M.  
\*Merl Douglas ... 1:15 P.M.  
\*Hymn Time ... 1:45 P.M.  
Regional News &  
Weather Summary ... 10:00 P.M.  
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## THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN!

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

There's no getting around the fact that birthday parties at the end of summer can get to be something of a problem. If your children have gone to parties in May, June and July the chances are that all of the usual games have been played, and most of the expected decorations have been used. You can have the conventional birthday party too, but if your youngster wants something different and if you want to put forth more than the usual effort, perhaps you'd like to utilize some of these suggestions for a circus party. If everything is well organized you'll find that such a birthday celebration is the highlight of summer vacation, and certainly no child could ask for more!

Invitations may be printed on bright colored paper to represent hand bills. Tell your guests that a circus is coming to town! For younger children you might make the admission one pin, or something equally simple. For an older group why not ask each guest to come dressed as a circus performer? You will have a hilarious time when the tall man, the fat lady, the snake charmer, the clowns, and all the others arrive.

A recreation room, a garage, or just plain out of doors is an ideal place to have your circus party. Wherever you have your festivities you must have plenty of color. Balloons, bunting, pennants, colored ribbon, crepe paper and plenty of ballyhoo from the ringmaster will lend a circus air. If possible use long planks for seats and arrange them around the ring in true circus fashion.

You must have a few stunts lined up too. For the sharp-shooter act you will need two performers. The shooter fires a loud sounding toy pistol and a cigarette drops from the mouth of the other performer. Of course the audience does not know that the cigarette was candy and was merely bitten off at the proper time!

Perhaps some one has a trained puppy that will perform. His owner may dress as a clown and put the dog through his paces. Small children will enjoy bringing along their pets and having them show off too.

By all means you must have the sword swallower who will use the specially prepared sword from the Five and Ten.

In most communities there is some one who can perform a few magic tricks, and these are always amusing to a group of children.

It would not be a circus without the clowns throwing eggs at the audience. Have the clowns accidentally drop two uncooked eggs. As they

proceed with their act they will lead up to the climax when they throw eggs toward the audience. These eggs will have been cleaned out and filled with confetti. Or two clowns may have a water fight. When they throw their buckets at the screaming audience, only confetti will pour out, of course.

No one ever thought of going to a circus and not having pop corn and pink lemonade, so you must plan to serve them. You may wish to put up a refreshment stand and serve hot dogs, lemonade, ice cream cones, and so forth. Or you may find it more convenient to arrange decorated tables. Small pipe cleaner clowns and balloons make jolly decorations. Bags of peanuts are a necessary part of any circus, too, so make clown sacks. Paste gay colored seals or color bright circles on a sack for the clown's suit. Draw a clown's face on white construction paper, add features and hat and fasten to a pipe cleaner. Put the cleaner into the peanut bag and twist the top of the sack tightly. Add a crepe paper ruffle around the clown's neck and tie with bright ribbon.

For favors you may make clown faces on suckers, add a neck ruffle of crepe paper, and tie a bright ribbon to hold the ruffle.

If you serve ice cream cones why not make ice cream cone clowns? Turn a large scoop of ice cream on a dish and make features with chocolate bits, red hots, or maraschino cherries. The tall pointed cone will be the clown's hat. Colored cones are especially gay for this.

If you are planning to decorate a table for serving, blow up numerous colored balloons and paint clown's faces on them. A cluster of these may serve as a centerpiece.

"Big Tent" nut cups are easy to make. Use ordinary nut cups for the tent part. To make the top, cut a circle from heavy bright colored paper. Cut the circle to the center in one place, overlap the edges and paste them together. This will make a peaked shaped top. A tiny pennant flying from the tent may bear the guest's name. Thus the nut cup will serve as a place card, too.

Begin your planning now "FOR THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN."

## MY THREE LITTLE CATS

By Juliana

This is a hot afternoon and I don't have anything to do, so my mother said that she'd write on the typewriter exactly what I said if I wanted to think out loud about my three cats.

Everyone has cats. There should always be more than one because then they can keep each other company and play together and have a fine time. I waited a long time for these three cats because they couldn't leave their mother too soon, and then when we finally went to get them we were still too soon and had a bad time. They didn't know how to eat and walked right into the dish of milk. Kristin was here then and we had real trouble trying to keep those cats clean. They were too little to leave their mother so we had to take them back until they were bigger and smarter about eating.

The next time we went to get them they were frisky and had grown very much. They knew how to eat and didn't walk right into the milk. It was late in the day when we got them and they seemed very hungry even after a bowl of milk so I went over to the grocery store and got a can of dog food because they didn't have cat food. Those cats liked the dog food. They growled and shoved each other around to get at it and were greedy.

The yellow cat is named Bawler and he is the most adventurous and makes a lot more noise than the others. His name fits him. The pale looking cat is named Snowball and she seems shy. The black funny looking cat is named Niger (it rhymes with Tiger) and he sticks close to the house and doesn't jump up in the air like Bawler does. Bawler is my favorite.

My daddy says that he will get a picture of me with these cats and if I can get them to stand still long enough we'll try and do that right away. I like cats but they're a lot of work. It's my job to keep them out of the house and see that they have food and everything else. Maybe they won't be so much work when they get bigger.

## FOR THE LITTLE COOK IN AUGUST

Wouldn't it be fun to have a little "tea" party for some playmates and serve refreshments that you made all by yourself?

### LEMONADE

5 cups water  
3/4 cups lemon juice  
1 cup of sugar  
Combine the water, lemon juice and sugar. Serve well iced. Serves 4-5.

### GRAPE DELIGHT

2 cups of grape juice  
4 tablesp. lemon juice  
1 lb. marshmallows  
Heat the grape juice to almost boiling. Then add lemon juice and marshmallows and continue cooking, while stirring, until all marshmallows are dissolved. Pour in 8 sherbet dishes and chill.  
—Mildred Grenier

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Blended and enriched with added Humus, Nitrogen, Phosphorous, Potash, Vitamins B1 and B2 and Rootone to stimulate root growth.

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