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# Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo by Verness





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

Last month my letter to you had to be sent out minus the P.S. I'd hoped to write, so this month let me tell you the very first thing that David Lloyd Driftmier is safely here.

We were sitting at the breakfast table on the morning of July 18th when the telephone rang, and since it was the long distance ring I felt certain that at last we were going to hear the news we'd been so impatient to get. Sure enough, it was Frederick and he told us that he had a son, a big, strong healthy boy who weighed in at 11 lbs., 4 oz. Mart, Howard and I all had to talk with him, and then I started calling members of the family here in town who'd gotten so they jumped everytime they heard the telephone.

Margery got to make a trip over to the Lying-In Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island where the baby was born, and she told us on her return that he was a very big boy with strong features, large hands, and lots of energy. We are anxiously awaiting the first pictures, and if any come that are sharp enough for cuts we'll try and have one in the next issue. Frederick said that they chose the name "David" because they like it, and the "Lloyd" is for Betty's father. Betty is at home now, and everything is going along fine.

I wish you might have seen Martin when he got off at the station in Red Oak on his return from the East. He came trotting along the platform with a bright smile on his face, and the minute he saw his Grandpa's car he just went wild—he came rushing towards it as fast as he could run, jumped inside, and smothered me with kisses. Then he lifted his head and pointed to the train and said, with great pride, "That's MY train! See it, Granny, see it, MY train!" When it started to leave the station he waved to it and said "Goodbye, train" over and over. Yes, Martin enjoyed his trip!

I guess that we could almost fill this issue with stories of Margery's experiences in the East. She had a wonderful, wonderful time. Frederick and Betty took her on drives so that she could see the great estates at Newport, and many other points of interest along that section of the Eastern seaboard. They had a happy day with Betty's family at Ashaway,

and good times with members of Frederick's parish who have extended such a warm welcome to the new minister and his family.

When the time came to leave Bristol, Frederick took Margery and Martin by train to New York City. They didn't have much time, but they made very good use of what there was and got to see a great deal. Margery said that Martin was fascinated with Grand Central Station—in fact, he just couldn't get over it and was so keyed up that she had to undress and get into bed with him at seven o'clock to get him to sleep.

In Chicago they stopped off to visit friends for a couple of days, and then picked up the fast train home. My sister, Martha, and Lucile, went with Mart and me to meet them in Red Oak, and it was a very happy homecoming, I can assure you. Our house seems a lot more like home now that they're back.

In recent weeks we've had the pleasure of having Martha with us, and we've enjoyed every moment of it. On her birthday we expect to have a dinner for the five sisters, and at that time there will be pictures taken for us to have as part of our family record. Martha hasn't made definite plans for the future, but she expects to go and spend some time with her son Dwight and his family in New Jersey during the fall months. Her little grandsons, Douglas and Craig Eaton, are hoping for a sister in September, and I'll let you know later if they got their wish.

The last time I talked with Edith Hansen she said that she expected her son Don to be home in the near future. He has been in the Veteran's Hospital in Chicago for almost twenty months now, and is so eager to get back home again. We do hope and pray that nothing will happen to prevent this visit he has anticipated for so long.

I've been doing some sewing recently and accomplishing quite a bit. Both Lucile and Dorothy know that I'm always willing to let down hems, so they've gotten dresses together that had to be lengthened before school starts. Then I cross-stitched matching dresses for them that turned out nicely. These dresses are made of brilliant red Indian Head and the raglan sleeves, blouse front and skirt

band are cross-stitched in black and white. That combination of colors proved to be highly effective. I also cross-stitched a brown dress for Kristin using solid yellow for the embroidery, smocked a lavender dress for Mary Leanna, a blue one for Emily, and now want to get started on other things for both little girls. Martha has always done beautiful handwork, and she's helped on some of these things as we sat and visited.

We expect Dorothy soon for what will prove to be her only real visit of the summer. She's been very, very busy since the day her school was dismissed. After getting her house cleaning all done she tackled the accumulated mending and sewing, and then she's spent a lot of time helping Frank and cooking for extra men. She couldn't get away to visit her friend in Washington—said that she just had too much to do. School will be starting soon now and she has jobs to get done at the school house where she teaches and also the one where Kristin attends; she's a director of that school. All in all, Dorothy has her hands full. But she looks well and is happy, and that's all that really matters.

Howard has been in town most of the summer—just a few business trips here and there to take him away. He was certainly glad to see Martin at home again for they are great pals and spend a lot of time together.

Lucile and Russell have spent what little spare time they have in their garden this summer. They've had a beautiful display of flowers since early spring, and their plantings have been planned so well that they'll have a wealth of blossoms right up to frost. Russell has been busy fencing in their garden these past few weeks. The walled section is to be painted white on the outside and vines will be planted so that eventually it will be a solid mass of green. The inside will be painted a soft turquoise, and shelves have been made on it for potted plants. This wall is to serve as one side of a garden house they hope to build next summer. Since two sides of their property are directly next to alleys it needed fencing badly and they're glad to get started on the job.

Like countless others we're worried and anxious about the world situation. We don't know what the future holds for Wayne, who is an officer in the reserves (army), Donald, who is an officer in the reserves (aircorps), and Frederick, who is in the naval reserve. I think back to the days not very long ago when every mail brought letters from those of you who had the same worries I had, and I realize that once again we're all in the same situation together. Let me hear what happens in your family and I'll keep you posted as to what happens with us.

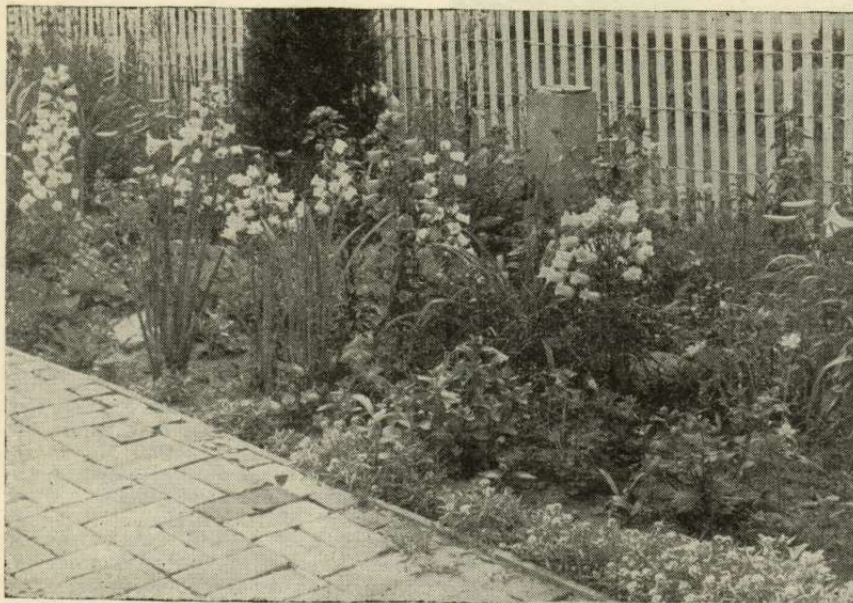
Your letters mean a great deal to me. I hope that you can write soon.

Always affectionately,

Leanna

P.S. Donald has left for active service in the aircorps.





These Canterbury Bells in Russell's and Lucile's garden were a lovely sight for several weeks during the summer.

# Come into the Garden

## FALL PLANTING

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The time is here to make plans for fall planting. With the garden still in active growth one remembers more clearly what is needed, and where. After the ravages of winter have changed the face of things it is difficult to recall clearly exactly where things are unless you have careful diagrams drawn—and few people have time for such drawings.

Perennial plants must be set early enough to get their roots anchored firmly for the winter. This means that they must have some growing weather. Order them early so that they may be sent out as soon as the weather is right for fall planting. On the other hand, shrubs and trees transplant best when resting, or nearly so. They are not sent until they have lost their leaves and are dormant. This is usually after a good freeze makes them drop their foliage.

If you are in doubt about what bulbs, perennials, shrubs, etc., can safely be planted in the fall (or must be) let your local nursery catalog be your guide. Rest assured they want satisfied customers and will not list anything that would winter-kill.

Spring is a busy time. It helps to get as much of the planting finished in the fall as possible. Moreover, some things can be planted at no other time as, for instance, the hardy bulbs such as Tulips, Narcissi (which includes Jonquills and Daffodils), Crocus, Snowdrops, Scillas, Hyacinths and Chionodoxa. Early flowering perennials—Bleeding Heart, Primula, Columbine, Lily-of-the-Valley and others—can be planted. Nurseries carry Peonies and Oriental Poppies over

in cold storage for people who cannot get in fall orders but it is far better to get them planted in the fall. Spring rains can delay planting for weeks. The soil is usually in better working condition in the fall and the plants are settled and ready by spring to start into growth the moment temperature conditions are right.

There was a time when we had no choice in Oriental Poppies—they were all a flaming red. They made a bright spot in the garden (and still do) and were very lovely when toned down with Shasta Daisies and White Sweet Rocket. But now we are happy that other colors are also available—white, pink, golden-orange, as well as different shades of red. Set them in rich loam in a sunny place.

If you want to be sure to have Peonies for Memorial Day, order early, midseason and late flowering plants. Weather is beyond our control. It seems to delight in hurrying the season along or delaying it rather than having it normal. Take the matter of Madonna Lilies. We usually count on them about June 15th but this season was a late one and as we stood over them we fairly ached to help unfold the petals in order to have blossoms for a June 21st wedding.

Wild flowers of many kinds prefer fall planting, especially those that usher in spring—Bluebells, Trilliums, Bloodroot, Jack-in-the-Pulpit and others. Spring just isn't complete if we do not have some of these in our gardens. Many of them are woody things but if our gardens lack such a place, they do wonderfully well planted in the open.

Lilies are dormant in the fall and can be safely planted. Madonna Lilies

make fall leaf growth and they must go into the ground sooner than other kinds; August and early September is the time for planting them. Select a sunny, well-drained location. Plant them shallow—no more than 2 inches of soil over the tops of their bulbs. Give them plenty of room. Do not crowd them in among other perennials or shrubs for they require free air circulation to keep them in the best of health.

Regal Lilies and Regal Hybrids are among the easiest to grow in this section and will reward you with lots of lovely blossoms. They can take the sun along with the smaller flowering varieties such as Coral, Concolor and Cernuum. Henryi and Speciosum will be happier in a location where they will be protected from the full force of the noonday sun. There is an erect flowering Lily which likes our conditions. I always feel confused when I want to name it for it seems to have so many and I am never sure whether it should be called Elegans, Umbellatum, Dauricum or something else. The color varies from pale salmon-yellow to fiery orange-red. The rule for planting Lily bulbs (with the exception of Madonna) is at a depth equal to 3 times the diameter of the bulb. If the bulb has a diameter of 2 inches from top to base, plant it 6 inches deep measuring from the base of the bulb. Lilies will not tolerate soggy conditions. The bulbs will rot quickly and surely if the drainage is not perfect.

We plant our hardy bulbs where we can enjoy them best in the spring. Because the garden may be muddy when they bloom, it is wise to set the bulbs along paths that are traveled frequently. Or in a spot where they can be viewed from windows on days when the weather is too disagreeable to be outside. Snowdrops should have the warmest place in the winter garden for this will encourage them to start growing sooner. Crocus, Scillas and Chionodoxa are low-growing. For this reason we set them along the edges of our borders.

Flowering shrubs are attractive whether in full bloom or in their leafy stage. They add value to any home. They have many uses—specimen plantings, hedges, backgrounds for perennials, foundation plantings, cut flowers and foliage. We can choose from so many, Mockorange, Spirea, Lilacs, Forsythia, to name just a few. The children as well as the grown-ups will enjoy Pussy Willows as they provide the first cutting material in the spring.

In planting shrubs or trees, the hole must be dug large enough so that the roots will have plenty of room to be spread out naturally, and deep enough so that the bush will be at about the same depth as it stood in the nursery row. If the soil is very, very dry, water should be poured in the hole and allowed to soak away before the plant is set. However, if the soil is moist, set the plant carefully and fill the hole halfway with soil. Water thoroughly and when this has soaked away, fill in the remainder of the soil.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE

About nine o'clock on the morning of November 4th, 1948 the telephone rang at the folks' house. When Mother answered it she heard Wayne say, "Emily is here. She weighed seven pounds and everyone is fine."

It so happens that the babies in our family have been named a long time in advance of their arrivals, so when the announcement is made it always sounds as though someone well known to all of us has finally decided to drop in. Certainly they never seem like strangers.

Emily's arrival was the event that Mother and Dad had been waiting for as the keynote of their winter plans. They didn't want to leave town until she was safely here—and babies are notoriously undependable. But Emily made it on the scheduled date and this meant, in turn, that the folks could begin making definite plans to leave.

About a week later their good friend, Ethel Wells of Greenfield, Massachusetts, arrived to spend a few days here; she expected to drive to California with the folks. We all had a pleasant time together, and then bright and early one November morning Dad's car pulled away from the house and they were on their road to Redlands. We regretted that they couldn't stay long enough for a Thanksgiving dinner, but it was cold that fall and it seemed unwise to linger and run the chance of driving into bad storms. They made the trip out safe and sound, and when word came that they were once again located in Redlands we could all take a deep breath and relax.

However, there wasn't a very long time to think of them comfortably situated in Redlands for they had reservations on a Pan-American plane for the Los Angeles-Honolulu flight on December 18th. I don't believe they gave nearly as much thought to this trip as did those of us who were here at home! As the time drew closer we had spells of getting cold feet and wishing that they'd decide to take a boat—or something! We didn't like the idea of the folks in a plane above the Pacific on the longest over-water flight that is scheduled anywhere in the world!

All day on the 18th we had them very much on our minds, and when night came we really thought of them; the next day when we compared notes we found that we'd all spent the night in the sky! It was about noon when a cablegram came telling us that they'd had a grand flight and were both fine—and then we could really relax.

Hawaii was a wonderful experience for them. Frederick's home was on the beautiful campus of Punahou School, and they were surrounded by the kind of tropical beauty that we midwesterners only dream about. During the month they spent there they had many opportunities to get out and see just about all of the sights that Hawaii can offer, and in addi-



This picture of Mother and her little granddaughter, Mary Leanna, was taken on a sunny morning in Honolulu, December, 1948.

tion to these outings they had the pleasure of meeting Frederick's and Betty's many friends. Then too, Christmas spent so far from home didn't seem as curious as it might have been because Mary Leanna was right at hand to take the place of her little cousins.

Here at home everything ran smoothly that winter. Dorothy and Kristin came down for a short visit with us after Christmas, and Donald was here during the holidays, but otherwise we were all busy holding up our respective ends of the family boat. I think the only alarming incident of that winter was when Emily had to be hospitalized with bronchial pneumonia, rather an unusual illness for a baby only three months old. But aside from this worry we were fortunate enough to skim through without real trouble.

On January 15th the folks left Honolulu for their return to California, and it's a blessing that we didn't know under what circumstances they left. That date marked the beginning of the most severe storms the Island of Oahu had known for many years, and the plane that the folks took was the last one out for several days. There was a torrential storm going on when they reached the airport (although this didn't prevent quite a crowd from going to see them off), and when the time came to board the plane they were in the midst of a heavy wind and electrical storm. I'm frank to say that I'd been scared to death to start out in a plane under such conditions! However, the airlines know what they're about, and very shortly after the plane left the ground they had risen above the storm and were flying through a beautifully clear night. It's a shame Frederick couldn't know this at the time for he put in an awful night worrying about them. Shortly after he drove away from the airport the wind reached such a velocity that it damaged buildings on the field, and right on those city streets he ran into such heavy water that he thought for a moment they'd have to swim

for it. You can imagine what his sensations were when he thought of the folks in that plane!

Their return flight was as smooth and uneventful as the trip out, and at two in the afternoon they touched ground once again at the Los Angeles airport. Back here we'd figured the time element so accurately that we telephoned Uncle Harry's home and the phone rang just as the folks walked in the door. We were certainly very, very happy to hear their voices and to know that they were home again. (At that moment California seemed like "home" after thinking of them in Hawaii for so long.)

By the first of April they were back in Shenandoah; Ethel Wells again accompanied them on this return trip and spent a few days here before going on to Massachusetts. Martin remembered them during their absence and was simply beside himself when "Granny" and Grandpa got home. Juliana and Kristin were equally thrilled, so all in all it was an exciting (and noisy) homecoming.

Donald spent the summer of 1949 in Ames where he was completing work for his degree in Engineering, and then in August the folks drove there for his graduation. He was the last of their children to finish his college education, and for the first time in thirty-four years they didn't have a child in school. It wouldn't have been so long, of course, except for the fact that both Donald and Wayne lost several years because of World War II and had to finish after the long interruption. Immediately after Donald's graduation he left for Anderson, Indiana to take a job in the field for which he had prepared himself.

Uncle Henry Field's death in October, 1949 was a sad wrench for all of us. All of us realized that his chances for recovery were very slight, but we hoped against hope that he might make it. This was not to be, however, and we had to accept the fact that Mother's family circle had been broken. The memory of services held for him is still so fresh that it doesn't seem necessary to repeat any of the details here.

And so this brings our American Family up to a night in 1950. Since our story was started we've seen the country change from open prairie to the highly complex farming country that we know today. We've seen the old order change and the new order begin, a new order that even now is the old order, that is slipping away to make room for still another new beginning. As I write these words and conclude these chapters of our Family Story I find myself wondering who will pick up these threads in years to come and record the events that lie ahead? Juliana . . . Kristin . . . Martin . . . Mary Leanna . . . Emily . . . David . . . well, perhaps one of them will decide someday after turning through these pages that it's time to put down what happened after 1950. I wish that I might bequeath them a happier date from which to begin. I trust and pray they'll be able to record events that took place in a world at peace, not torn by war.

The End



## THE OLD CALLIOPE

By Halke M. Barrow

You wouldn't happen to have an old calliope stored away in a deserted barn or loft, would you? If so you'd better get it out and dust it off because there's a demand for them and they're not being made anymore. A calliope never really wears out, you see, and as long as the whistles are there, E. Andrew Barr of St. Joseph, Mo., can restore the felts and leathers and have it "tootin'" in no time at all.

Now the reason Mr. Barr is looking for old calliopes is this; In 1947 he took his own calliope to the Shrine Convention in Atlantic City, and the Aarat Temple of Kansas City, of which Mr. Barr is a member, really carried off the Shrine Parade honors. Since then, some half-dozen Shrine organizations from Maine to California have asked Mr. Barr to locate a calliope for them, rebuild it and repair it and see that it's delivered.

Any Barr is a calliope virtuoso, and from his long experience with them has concluded that there are possibly only about fifty in our country today and very, very few anywhere else. He says that in spite of this modern era of radio and television almost everyone agrees that the most attractive part of any parade is the calliope. He receives calls from everywhere to bring his own calliope and play it during a parade, for calliope music will draw crowds as no other music can. He doesn't have a garage for his calliope—after all, it really is a musical instrument—and since it must often be shipped it is kept at a transfer storage warehouse. He doesn't need to keep up his practice either as he plays mostly by ear and chooses his own selections.

Mr. Barr is perhaps one of the best proofs of that song, "There's No Business Like the Show Business". He has led a very full and active life as a musician in show business since he bought his first violin at fourteen years of age by sawing up a cord of wood with one of those old buck saws and piling the wood neatly in the barn in his home town of Monroe, Iowa. After three lessons on the violin he joined a medicine show, and from then on his life was spent advancing to better jobs.

He played many instruments, directed circus bands and orchestras and, what was really to his liking, played the pipe organ in a large city theater. That was before "sound" when a movie organist was supposed to cut the pictures and play appropriate music . . . "Hearts and Flowers" when little Eva died, a gallop for a horse race, and so forth. Many musicians careers ended when sound arrived and the movies used "canned" music, but Mr. Barr's career lasted long enough for him to fill fifty-two scrap books, to make friends with musicians from Caruso down to Jack Benny and his violin, and to fill his office walls with their pictures and autographs.

His love of pipe organs gave him his present business title: Pipe organ technician; maintenance of church, residence and mortuary organs, early

American harmonicas and reed organs. He still travels quite a bit too filling requests for calliope music. On these trips he is billed as the "maestro of the steam piano".

As a matter of fact though, Mr. Barr says there are but three steam calliopes left . . . one with the Cole Bros. Circus, one with the Ringling Bros. Circus, and the last he heard about it—one on the river steamer, The Washington, at Davenport, Iowa. He is very grateful for the improvements that have been made in calliopes since the first ones operated by steam.

Mr. Barr's own instrument has 43 notes and is played from a keyboard much like a piano keyboard, and air is used rather than steam. While on parade, a gas engine pumps the air, but when stationary it is plugged into an electric outlet much like a pipe organ. A calliope player always wears ear muffs or cotton in his ears, but even this precaution doesn't save the operator's hearing on occasion. The man who played the calliope in the Truman inauguration procession was stone deaf in spite of his precautions at the keyboard. Furthermore, the old steam calliope player always had to wear gloves because some steam was forever escaping and burning his hands!

Mr. Barr calls it CALIOPE (as most people do) and does not accent the second syllable as is given as the preferred pronunciation in the dictionary. In looking this up I saw that the word is derived from the Greek word "Kalliope" (long mark over the e) and the literal meaning was "beautiful voiced". Jumping at conclusions, I assumed that the calliope was an instrument which had come down through the ages and I asked Mr. Barr if it had changed shape, form, etc. I was entirely wrong.

The calliope was invented by Joshua Stoddard of Worcester, Mass., who patented his device in 1855. I doubt if he were a musical genius because his biography reads that he also invented a horse-drawn hayrake, a fire escape, and other things far removed from music. However, he happened to discover the depth of the whistle bell could be varied and pitched to produce a musical note. By developing a special valve for the admission of steam into a whistle and by arranging whistles in a series, he soon had a calliope and formed the American Steam Music Company in Worcester to manufacture them. Evidently he knew something of the Greek language because he selected the name "calliope" for his invention.

Calliopes were not used in parades at first but were heard exclusively on steamboats. Before the Civil War high class traveling was done by steamboat, and competition was very hot between the different boats; having a calliope on deck really drew the trade. The story is told of a boat in New York Harbor whose owners decided to have the largest possible calliope made for it. It was made all right and their trade almost doubled, but unfortunately 150 pounds of steam were required to operate it and it was soon discovered that in bad



For Mary Leanna's birthday in July her Aunt Margery and Grandmother Driftmier went together and bought a little wa'ing pool. After it was delivered she and Martin Erik spent many, many happy hours paddling around.

weather the boat needed all of its steam to navigate. Nothing was left over for the calliope and it was abandoned as impractical.

But the idea spread to steamboats on the Mississippi. The calliope would announce the arrival of the boat and, if it were a showboat, would announce when the performance would begin, etc. One of the largest showboats was the Floating Palace which housed the Spaulding & Rogers North American Circus and carried seats for two-thousand spectators. At the outbreak of the Civil War this boat was siezed by the Confederate forces at New Orleans and made into a hospital ship.

The calliope did not reappear on the Mississippi River until some years after the Civil War. Folks living along the rivers particularly loved the calliope music (most everyone will agree that its main charm is hearing it from a distance), and enjoyed watching the skillful operator at his position just back of the pilot house. Some of Mr. Barr's most colorful memories come from the years he played a calliope on a Mississippi River showboat.

For a time it seemed as if the calliope might pass out with the showboats, but they survived by means of circus parades. Nowadays just any kind of a parade which wishes to draw a crowd tries to have a calliope. The next time you see one let your imagination picture for you the colorful life it has probably led—from a romantic floating palace called a showboat to roaming the country in its old age with a circus.

When I asked Mr. Barr if a woman ever played a calliope he said, "Very seldom. It's too frightening." After hearing his stories I could believe it.

If you happen to be in New York City next Thanksgiving Day and attend the big parade booked for that morning, take note of the calliope artist for it will be Mr. E. Andrew Barr of St. Joseph, Mo., without question the man who knows more about calliopes than 'most anyone else.

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## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter to you as the happy father of David Lloyd Driftmier, our new son. He is a strapping big fellow and the picture of health, and his mother and father and big sister are very proud of him. You can well imagine that he is the center of all activity in this household, and believe me, he is quite a dictator. When he wants something he lets it be known in no uncertain terms. And what volume! I had no idea that a baby could make so much noise. Yes, he is quite a boy.

We had a wonderful visit with my sister Margery and her little Martin Erik, and we regret that their month with us had to go so quickly. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night Mary Leanna wants to know if Martin is coming back to play with her. She misses him greatly. I don't know when I have enjoyed showing someone around New York City as much as I enjoyed showing the sights to Margery and Martin. In one full day we saw more things in New York than the average New Yorker sees in a year. It would never have been possible if Martin had not been such a good boy. Not once all day long did he fuss or whine, and it was a long hard day for him. Isn't it amazing the way some children can rise to the occasion when it is necessary?

For the past month I have had my hands full trying to get organized in my new position. Every time I got in the car Mary and Martin would come running and beg to be taken to the beach, and practically every time I gave in and took them. Next to going to the beach the thing they loved to do most was to go down to the ferry landing and see the ferry boat that runs from our little town of Bristol out to the islands in the bay.

One day Margery and I took the children on the ferry for a ride to the islands and back. What fun we did have! We sat up on the top deck where there were seats but very little in the way of a railing. It would have been quite easy for the children to have fallen overboard from the top deck, and so knowing that that would be the case I had gone prepared. I had with me two old belts. We put one belt around Martin and one around Mary Leanna, and while we held the ends we let them run all over the deck. How they loved it!

Last night I went with three of my friends over to the town of Newport to fish. We left Bristol at seven-thirty in the evening and were on the rocks along the Newport coast by eight o'clock. It was a beautiful night with a full moon shining on the water, but it wasn't such a good night for fishing. I didn't see a single person catch a fish, but one of my friends and I did catch some eels. There are probably people reading this letter who have never seen a good saltwater eel, and the best way I can describe one is to say that an eel is really very similar to a snake. They differ from a snake in that they breathe more like a fish, and they



One of the first things Frederick did when he moved into the Congregational Manse was to fix up a play yard in back for Mary Leanna. While he was busy working on it one of his church members came by and said that in his basement was a big slide his own daughters had played on years ago, and that he'd like to get it out and send it over. It was a very thoughtful thing for him to do, and here are Mary Leanna and Martin taking their first trip down it.

swim instead of crawl.

In case you do not know it, eels of certain varieties are very good to eat. After they are caught the big job is to skin them. To do that we took them down into the basement of my friend's house where he had a large hook hanging from the ceiling. We hung the eel we wanted to eat from the hook and then, starting with the head, we pulled the skin off the body. After skinning it, we cleaned it and cut it up into four inch pieces. All together we had a total of two pounds of eel which we had roasted for lunch today. If you want a good recipe for roasted eel, make a note of this one that my friend uses.

For two pounds of eel make a blend of 6 tbs. olive oil; 1 tbs. chopped parsley; the juice of 1 lemon. Dip the pieces of eel in that blend and then sprinkle each piece with salt and pepper and place in a shallow casserole or baking dish, and put in a pre-heated broiling compartment at 350 degrees. The casserole should be about four inches below the flame. Broil the eel for 10 minutes and then baste it with what remains of the olive oil blend. Broil 5 to 10 more minutes or until the eel is golden brown and flakes when tested with a fork. Serve piping hot on preheated individual plates garnished with lemon wedges. The first time I ever ate roasted eel I couldn't keep my mind off the fact that an eel was so much like a snake, but once I learned to think of each roasted piece as a tender piece of delicious fish, I got along fine.

Bristol, Rhode Island probably consumes more clams than any other town its size in the country. The town is practically surrounded by waters in which clams thrive, so we have lots of them. We eat the small ones

on the half-shell, and make chowder and hot meat sauces of the large ones, and of course we eat lots of steamed clams. My sister Margery had never seen steamed clams until I took her out to dinner one night. I had to laugh at the expression on her face when I told her to be sure and bite the clam very hard the first time so that it would not have a chance to bite her back.

When Betty was in the hospital and Mary Leanna was with her Grandmother Crandall, I was home alone for a few days, and so I decided to make myself some clam chowder. If I do say so, it was the best chowder I have ever eaten. It was so good that I ate four bowls of it for supper. The next morning I overslept and did not have much time for breakfast, and so I just had another bowl of chowder. You ought to try clam chowder for breakfast some time! That noon I was so busy writing my sermon for the Sunday service that I did not notice the time, and before I knew it the hours had passed so quickly that I did not have time to make any lunch before leaving to visit Betty, and so I just had four more bowls of chowder. When I told Betty that I had had nothing but chowder for three meals she was quite concerned, but I told her not to worry because I was going to a church supper that night and would get a square meal there. I got a ticket for the supper out of my pocket to show her, and we both laughed until we cried when we noticed that on the ticket it said that the church supper was to be a clam chowder supper!

Incidentally, I made the mistake of taking some of the chowder over to one of my neighbors, an old resident of these parts. She took one look at that chowder and said: "Huh! That isn't Rhode Island chowder. That is Massachusetts chowder! But thank you anyway." She later confessed that the chowder was very good. You see, although our house is just a couple of miles from the Massachusetts border, we are expected to make chowder the Rhode Island way. The people in Massachusetts put milk in their chowder, and the people in Rhode Island do not. New York clam chowder is still different, but I do not know in what way.

If you have a loved one fighting in Korea or on his way to Korea, I think that you will enjoy this quotation from a sermon preached by an English army chaplain. He said: "The first prayer I want my son to learn to say for me is not 'God keep Daddy safe,' but 'God make Daddy brave, and if he has hard things to do make him strong to do them.' Life and death don't matter, Pat, my son; right and wrong do. Daddy dead is Daddy still, but Daddy dishonored before God is something awful, too bad for words. I suppose you'd like to put in a bit about safety too, old chap, and Mother would. Well, put it in, but afterwards, always afterwards, because it does not really matter nearly so much. Every man, woman, and child should be taught to put first things first in prayer, both in peace and war." Sincerely, Frederick



## A PARTY FOR THE TEACHER

By Mabel Nair Brown

S is for September. S is for school. That reminds us that there will probably be new teachers whom we will be anxious to meet, as well as some of last year's teachers to welcome back. So it is time for us to get our P.T.A. or our church started on a reception.

But let's not call it a *reception*—that sounds so formal and stiff. Let's call it a *party*. A party is lots more fun, and fun is what we want so that everyone, teachers and parents alike, will feel more informal and at ease. Furthermore, a reception seems to call for a more formal program and perhaps a receiving line and so on. The teachers, you may be sure, will be everlastingly grateful if they are allowed to meet the parents as future friends in an atmosphere of fun and good fellowship through games and stunts, and the visiting and laughter that just naturally follows such entertainment.

Here are some games chosen because they will serve as "icebreakers" and crowd mixers and give every one a chance to join in the fun. You might introduce the teachers to a few extra-friendly people as they arrive so they can begin visiting and not be left just to sit in their own little clique until all the guests have arrived. Then announce that you expect everyone to make a special effort to get acquainted as the games progress. If your party is held two or three weeks after school begins, the teachers will have had a chance to get the children somewhat identified and then can better associate parents and child when meeting parents at the party.

**Shake Partner.** At a whistle from the leader everyone must pair off standing back to back with someone. When whistle blows twice these persons standing back to back turn to each other and shake hands in whatever fashion the leader indicates on a large cardboard sign which he holds up, and as they shake hands they introduce themselves. When the whistle blows again, players hunt a new partner and so on until most everyone has met everyone else. Signs the leader holds up might read "Timid soul shake" (they shake hands listlessly), "Pump handle" (vigorously) "Colonial style" (very courtly with deep brow and courtesy) ("High-brow" (finger tips barely touching, nose tilted in the air) "Chinese" (each shakes his own hand).

**Interview.** Each player is given a slip of paper with the following questions on it: Name? Color of eyes? Hobby? Disposition? He must interview ten people and write down their answers to these questions. Then, for fun with these answers, have one person read a name from his paper. That person must stand while the reader tells his disposition, etc.

**Handing Out A Line.** Line players up in two equal rows facing each other. Give head leader of each row a ball of string. At a signal these leaders wind the string once around their waist (hold or tie the end) then pass-

es the ball to the next in line who wraps it once around his waist and so on down the line. When it reaches the end of the line it must start back; this time unwind string from around players and rewind it on the ball without any knots. First side to have string rewound neatly wins.

**Big Blow.** Divide group into two sides at one end of the room. At other end of the room is a sack on a chair (a chair for each side with as many sacks as players on the side). At signal the first player on each side runs to chair, blows up sack, bursts it and returns to touch the next player on his side who runs to blow up his sack, etc. Players on opposite side may try to get their opponents to laugh so they are slow getting sack blown up.

**Happy Birthday.** Divide the group into units according to their birthday. Each group is given five or ten minutes to think of a charade to best represent his month. Each group then takes a turn at acting it out while the others guess the topic. For example: April—buy a new Easter bonnet; February—giving his sweetheart a Valentine; November—carving the turkey, etc.

**Truckin'.** Two truck line companies are formed to see who can haul the biggest shipment of peanuts (in the shell) or candy kisses in a given time. The companies line up on opposite sides of the room. Each group is given a large supply of the peanuts or candy and a small toy truck with a long string to pull it. At a signal one trucker from each side fills his truck as full as possible and hauls his "freight" to a goal at the opposite side of the room. Of course there will be hilarious collisions when the truckers meet in the center of the room. When one player gets a load safely there and emptied, he returns "home" and the player next in line takes a load. The company which gets all its "freight" delivered first wins.

**Red Tape.** Divide crowd into several groups. Provide a pile of red tape (which has been cut into pieces of various lengths, then knotted and tangled together). The groups are to see who can "cut the red tape" first by getting strings all untied and separated and arranged in a pile with all tape arranged lengthwise. Red yarn or bias tape can be used.

**Hometown Newspaper.** There can be a lot of humor in this stunt and yet it is a "sit down" game which will prove relaxing after several active ones. The Leader appoints an Editor-in-chief and the staff. Each member of the staff is assigned a definite part of the paper such as joke column, editorial, open forum, advice to the lovelorn, poetry, hospital notes, court news, sports page, local news, poetry corner, etc. Each one writes his burlesqued article for his department and hands it to the Editor-in-chief who reads the whole paper aloud when it is finished.

**Spelling Class.** Give each one a large card. On this he writes the initial of his last name (write letters big!) and a pencil and paper. Tell them that the letters are to spell



This is the house in Anderson, Indiana where Donald lived. He rented it (furnished) with two other boys, and they had just gotten nicely settled with a good routine for keeping it up when the fateful telegram arrived ordering him back to active service in the air corps.

themselves into words and each player may write on his paper the words he helps spell. For example; Miss T stands beside Mr. O and thus they may write "to" on their paper. Then Mrs. R and Mrs. N come along and make it "torn" which all four may write down. The players tour the room in search of letters to build up their list. The one with the longest list at the end of ten minutes wins.

Of course you will want to include some music in your party. Perhaps you could start off with the familiar "The More We Get Together". But the second time through have them sing "The more we laugh together, together, together, The more we laugh together the happier we'll be. For you'll ha-ha, and we'll ha-ha, and they'll ha-ha, and we'll ha-ha, The more we laugh together the sillier we'll be." Urge them to give a hearty Ha-ha in the right place.

After some group singing, divide the group up for pantomining the old favorite songs.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state . . . in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money and enough to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money we paid for it."

## COVER PICTURE

This picture was taken on a day in early September a couple of miles outside of Shenandoah. The weathered gate and dark green trees against a brilliant sky looked so typically mid-west in the closing days of summer that we felt as though we'd seen it a thousand times over. Whenever we look at our bountiful and beautiful countryside we find a prayer in our hearts that it may endure in peace and tranquility for generations to come.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is a beautiful August evening and I've been enjoying it out on our terrace. At such times when the rose garden looks positively bewitched in the moonlight, and when the very air itself is heavy with the type of perfume that poetry dwells upon, I ask myself in genuine sincerity where I could possibly be on the earth's surface and feel greater contentment. The fact that no place lures me in anyway whatsoever makes me realize that I am indeed forty! There was a time when ANY spot other than the one where I happened to be seemed infinitely more desirable.

It won't be long now until 8:45 sees the skirmish of activity that means Juliana is getting off to school. She will be in the second grade this year and doesn't relish the idea. Just yesterday she told me that she felt she'd been a student long enough and could make out all right with what she now knows. Children aren't as keenly aware of the subtle signs of autumn as we adults, and I'm sure it's hard for them to contemplate returning to the school room when it's still summer, wonderful, blissful summer. No doubt she'll be glad enough to go as soon as we get some nippy air and the days grow perceptibly shorter.

I've made her a few new dresses for this year in the second grade, but in the back of my mind is the lurking fear that she won't want to wear them. Am I the ONLY mother who would like to see her little daughter in pretty, fresh cotton dresses rather than the jeans and shirts that seem to be a regular uniform? I wish that one of you who has a youngster Juliana's age would write and reassure me that I have company. But I made up my mind when she started to school that she would wear exactly what she wanted to wear (this means what all of the other kids wear!) and I won't back down on this promise to myself.

I'm wondering now if I ever mentioned what happened last year when she started to first grade? Well, if I did, just skip over this part.

Up until the time Juliana enrolled as a first grade student she always wore white shoes, high, laced white shoes. I considered this my one foolish indulgence! I had only the one child to dress and I figured that if I were simple enough to spend time cleaning white shoes it was my loss and of no concern to anyone else. Well, we'd gotten through kindergarten without one word being said, so when school opened last year I sent her off wearing the white shoes. She came home after about two days and said "Mother, no other child in my room wears white shoes. I want some brown oxfords right away."

I thought to myself, far be it from me to make the child feel conspicuous and "different" so we went down town that very day and bought serviceable brown oxfords. Nothing more was said about it. But about three weeks later I visited school for the

first time and noticed to my astonishment that four little girls were actually wearing high white shoes. Four! Well, I thought to myself, that's a mighty funny thing. So that night at the supper table I said casually, "I noticed today, Juliana, that four little girls in your room were wearing white shoes. I thought you told me that you were the ONLY one and felt embarrassed."

There was a moment's silence and then she said, "Well, I didn't want to clutter up the room with any more of them." And that was that.

This is the time of year when I begin thinking about all of the study clubs of various kinds that will begin their meetings soon, and consequently I wanted to be sure and tell you about a book that would make a wonderfully interesting program IF you belong to a club that goes in for serious, thoughtful papers that represent quite a bit of reading and care. If you do belong to such a club and if it's fallen to your lot to present a paper, I'd like to suggest that you get a book called "Ancestor's Brocade" by Millicent Todd Bingham. It was published in 1945 but for some reason I never ran across it until recently.

This is a beautifully done, scholarly piece of work on the poetry of Emily Dickinson, the remarkable New England writer who died in 1886. Mrs. Bingham's mother edited all of Miss Dickinson's poetry, and the account of her work and all of the incredible circumstances that surrounded it, make fascinating reading. Few writers have ever lived such a bizarre life as Emily Dickinson. She was the member of a wealthy, arrogant family in Amherst, Massachusetts, and she chose, of her own free will, to live as an utter and complete recluse. I don't believe that the townspeople of Amherst had set eyes upon her for more than twenty years before her death—and she was not an invalid. No one knew that she wrote. It was only after her death that this beautiful and timeless poetry was found. There are so many mysterious and still unexplained facts about her and about her family that it's very much like reading a detective story to try and piece the picture together.

So I repeat that if it's up to you to present a thoughtful paper on an American writer, I can imagine no subject more rewarding than this study of Emily Dickinson's work. (A great deal of material has been published about her. Don't confuse any of it with the specific book that I have mentioned.)

Our garden was a constant source of the most gratifying pleasure all summer long. Now that it's reached even this first stage in what we think of as our Ten-Year plan, we wonder how we'll ever be able to go away for as long as two weeks. Just think what we'd miss while we were out of town! No one ever told us that having a garden would save the expense of a vacation, but that's the way it turned out this year. Sometime this winter I'll write a further article on our experiences with roses, but at

the present moment I'll simply say that we were constantly thrilled and amazed at the blooms we had, and many of you who visited our garden expressed yourselves (to our great delight!) as being astonished at the size of those blossoms.

Margery ran in a little while ago and just before she left she said, "Oh, the funniest thing happened! Martin got his tricycle jammed into a corner in such way that it had to be moved around to get it out. He was pumping away for dear life trying to work himself out when Dad told him to stop a minute—just stop—think—use your head. Martin studied him for a moment, studied the tricycle, and then got off and began pushing it with his head!"

We forget how literally small children interpret what we say. I once heard about a man who was terrified for years in his childhood at the very thought of going to an empty house for any reason. This was because he once accompanied his uncle to see an empty house and the real estate agent said as they departed, "A skeleton will let you in." He had no idea there was such a thing as a skeleton key and simply assumed that an honest-to-goodness skeleton would open the door. My!

Kristin has been with us a great deal this summer and I can't tell you how nice it's seemed to have two little girls. She and Juliana are really like sisters, and I still am grateful that the good Lord let Dorothy and me have our girls only four months apart. I've already started to day dream about the future in which I see them starting off to college together, getting jobs together in the same city, and—well, I guess I've day dreamed far enough, come to think about it.

Martin is now able to come down the alley alone to see us and it's fun to look up and see him trudging along, frequently with something in his hand that he's been instructed to bring down here. I just plain don't know what we'd do without Martin! We missed him terribly when he was gone for so long.

Perhaps this is the week you'll have time to get off the letter to me that you promised yourself to write last February!

Always . . . Lucile

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## "Recipes Tested

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## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

### RED PEPPER JAM

Remove the seeds from 1 dozen large, sweet, red peppers. Grind, mix with 1 Tbls. of salt and let stand 3 hours. Drain. Add 1 pint of vinegar and 3 cupfuls of sugar; then simmer slowly until like jam. This usually takes about 1 hour. Pour into small glasses. This jam is fine for salads and is delicious mixed with cream cheese, potato salads, etc.

### UNCOOKED CHILI SAUCE

- 1 peck of ripe tomatoes
- 1 cupful of salt
- 2 1/2 lbs. of sugar
- 1 cupful grated horse-radish
- 1 quart of vinegar
- 3 bunches of celery
- 3 onions
- 3 sweet peppers
- 2 oz. mustard seed

Peel tomatoes and chop fine instead of putting through food grinder. Add 1 cupful of salt, and let stand overnight. In the morning, drain well. Chop the onions, peppers, and celery; add to the tomato mixture with the sugar, horse-radish, vinegar and mustard seed. Bottle and seal. This is delicious with cold meats, and is quite unusual.

### PRIZE RED CATSUP

Cook tomatoes in their own juice until soft, then strain. To 1 gallon of tomato pulp, add 1 quart of cider vinegar, 1 pint of granulated sugar, and 1 teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon. Grind 4 red peppers and 5 large onions in the food chopper and cook these with the tomatoes. Rub through the colander and then cook until of the right consistency. It takes 3 or 4 hours of slow cooking. Since ground spices are not used, this catsup has a bright red color.

### SPICED THOMPSON SEEDLESS GRAPES

- 5 lbs. of green Thompson seedless grapes
- 3 lbs. of sugar
- 1 lb. of seeded raisins
- 1 Tbls. ground cloves
- 1/2 pint vinegar
- 1 Tbls. of ground allspice
- 1 Tbls. of cinnamon

Wash the grapes, pick off the stems, add sugar and if more convenient let stand overnight. Then add raisins, vinegar and spices and let simmer over a slow fire until done. Stir often and watch closely that it does not stick, as it boils down rapidly. Seal in jars. These grapes will keep indefinitely.



Here is Mother in the Northeast corner of her kitchen. Last month you noticed the corner of the sink, and here you can see the continuation of that unit. The automatic dish-washer is directly behind her chair.

### BLUE RIBBON CORN RELISH

- 2 qts. of corn
- 12 sweet green peppers
- 3 sweet red peppers
- 1 qt. of onions
- 1 qt. of ripe cucumbers
- 2 qts. ripe tomatoes
- 2 qts. of cider vinegar
- 1 qt. of sugar
- 1/2 cupful of salt
- 1 oz. celery seed
- 1/2 oz. mustard seed
- 1/2 oz. of turmeric powder

Chop all the vegetables coarse, then combine and boil for 40 minutes. Very delicious.

### SPICED PINEAPPLE RELISH

- 4 cupfuls of crushed pineapple
- 1 cupful of tarragon vinegar
- 1 cupful granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. powdered cloves

Cook slowly for 30 minutes, then pour the relish into hot, sterilized glasses; when cold cover with paraffin. This is a wonderful sauce with cold meats.

### SWEET DILL PICKLES

For 2 gallons of pickles: Place layer of pickles in a stone jar. Place dill and grape leaves between layers and continue until jar is full. Make a brine of 1 cup salt to 5 qts. of water—enough to cover. Let stand 2 weeks. Then wash and cut in pieces. Fill jars with pickles and cover with syrup made as follows:

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- Spices to suit yourself

Bring to a boil and pour over pickles while hot. Seal at once. "These pickles are a very special treat in our family. We have made them for years, although not during the war years because of sugar shortage."

### GOOD HOME MADE CHEESE

- 3 gallons of clabbered separated milk
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 1 tsp. butter coloring (if desired)

Heat the milk until you can bear your hand in it comfortably. Stir often. Do not let it boil. Set it back on the cool part of the stove for 30 minutes. Then strain through a cloth and squeeze out all of the whey. Put the cheese in a pan and mix in the melted butter and soda. Let stand for 2 hours. Then put the mixture into a flat pan and place it in a larger pan of boiling water. Keep the water boiling and stir the mixture until it is free from lumps and as smooth as taffy. Now put in 1 cup of the sour cream and stir again until smooth. Add the remaining cream into which the salt and coloring have been thoroughly mixed. Stir until it's as smooth as taffy, and have ready a buttered dish to pour it into. It sets very quickly and can be used immediately, or it can be covered with paraffin and used later. Will keep indefinitely in a cool place.

The friend who sent this says: "I have used this recipe many times, and by following directions carefully the cheese can not be told from commercial cheese. I always started it early in the morning and we had cheese for supper."

### ELEGANT CARAMEL FROSTING

Melt 1/2 cup butter. Add 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed and bring to boil for exactly 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1/4 cup of milk and bring back to boil. Then remove from fire and add 2 cups of powdered sugar, beat until smooth, and spread on cake. Enough for between layers, all sides and top of a two-layer cake. This is the finest caramel frosting we have ever found. It doesn't get too hard and has a wonderful flavor.



**CHERRY ICE CREAM**

(I experimented with various combinations until I worked out this recipe for maraschino cherry ice cream. It is smooth, delicious, and a pretty extra dish for finishing a meal. I make this in a 2-quart hand freezer, and if you've given up making freezer ice cream because it's too much of a nuisance to go after ice, let me assure you that two single trays and one double tray of ice cubes will do the job on a 2-quart freezer. Plan to have a fourth tray (single) for packing purposes if you don't expect to use the full amount at one time.—Lucile)

- 3 cups whole milk
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. almond flavoring
- 3 eggs
- Juice drained from 4 oz. bottle Maraschino cherries
- Cherries from 4 oz. bottle

Combine cornstarch, salt and sugar. Beat eggs and combine with milk. Add sugar mixture. Cook until mixture coats a silver spoon—but not one second beyond this. Cool. Add flavorings, finely chopped cherries and cherry juice. Whip cream until thick but not too stiff. Fold into custard. Pour into freezer can and chill. Then freeze as usual.

**WATERMELON PICKLE**

- 1 large watermelon rind
- 1/2 cupful of salt
- 5 pounds of brown sugar
- 1 quart of vinegar
- 1 pint of maraschino cherries and juice
- 1/2 tsp. whole black pepper
- 3 sticks of cinnamon bark
- 1 tsp. of whole cloves

Cut the rind in 1-inch squares, and soak in 4 quarts of cold water in which 1/2 cupful of salt has been dissolved. Let stand overnight. In the morning, drain the rind and cook in clear water until tender. In the meantime, make a sirup of the other ingredients. After draining the rind again, add to sirup and bring to boiling. Again, let stand overnight. The next morning bring to a boil and, while hot, place in jars and seal. By letting the mixture stand overnight, the cherries will give the pickles a very pretty color. Put the spices in a cheesecloth bag and pound before adding them to the sirup.

**SUNDAY MORNING WAFFLES**

- 1 3/4 cups flour
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 2 beaten egg yolks
  - 1 1/4 cups milk
  - 3 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 cup melted shortening
  - 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites
- Sift dry ingredients. Combine egg yolks, milk and shortening; stir into dry ingredients. Fold in egg whites. Don't raise cover during baking. Makes 8 waffles.

**JULIANA'S AND KRISTIN'S FIRST CAKE**

- 1 cup of sugar
  - 1 1/2 cups flour measured after sifting
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/3 cup shortening
  - 2/3 cup of milk
  - 2 tsp. vanilla
  - 2 eggs
- Put sugar, flour, baking powder and salt in sifter. Sift into bowl. Add shortening, milk and vanilla and beat until smooth. Then add 2 eggs and beat again. Turn into greased 8x8x2 cake dish and bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

This is the simple recipe that Juliana and Kristin used for their first cake. They measured everything by themselves and put it together. The cake turned out very nicely, and after they had frosted it with a plain powdered sugar icing they took some up to their Grandmother Driftmier's house since it's Grandpa's favorite type of cake. They had many compliments on it and felt very proud.

**HAM AND CHEESE BAKE**

- 8 slices bread
- 2 cups ground cooked ham
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 3 slightly beaten eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste

Remove crusts from bread. Spread with softened butter and then cut on the diagonal. Arrange 4 slices in buttered 8 inch square baking dish. Mix ham and mustard together and spread over the bread. Sprinkle with cheese. Cover with remaining slices of bread. Combine eggs, milk, seasonings and pour over all. Chill 1 hour. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees) for 1 hour. Chilling improves this dish so be sure to allow time for it. A very attractive dish, and an ideal way to use left over ham. A good menu when this is served might be baked potatoes, lettuce and tomato salad, and for dessert a peach pie.

**CHOCOLATE ICE BOX PUDDING**

- 1 bar of sweet chocolate (German or Liggetts)
  - 2 eggs
  - 1/2 pint cream, whipped
  - 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- Dissolve the chocolate in a small amount of hot water. Add the two egg yolks and mix well; keep warm. Beat the egg whites and cream separately, adding the sugar to the egg whites. Combine the three mixtures, mixing lightly but thoroughly. Place a layer of vanilla wafers in a square Pyrex dish. Then a layer of the chocolate mixture, a layer of wafers, etc., until all is used. Three layers of each will generally be just right. Chill overnight and cut in squares. Serve topped with a little whipped cream and a walnut meat. This is delicious served with coffee.

**HOUSEHOLD HELPS DISCOVERED BY OUR READERS**

"If you wish to open a 'self-sealing' lid easily turn the jar upside down in a small pan holding nearly an inch of boiling water. Let it stand a minute or two and the lid can be removed quite easily."—Mrs. Frank Orton, Griswold, Ia.

"When my frying pans begin to stick I rub them with table salt. It always works for me."—Mrs. Frank Cooper, St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Jennie Fee of Lawrence, Nebr., has found that placing bacon strips in cold water for a few minutes before frying will keep them from curling. She says that they do not cause nearly as much smoke either.

"To remove rust use oxalic acid in a 5% solution."—Mrs. W. E. Wells Stanberry, Mo.

Mable Shelby of Menlo, Iowa, has contributed this help. "After washing the children's boots I turn a kitchen stool upside down and put the boots over the legs. In this way the water is free to drip out and they dry much quicker."

"When fixing macaroni I sometimes use a can of cream of chicken soup instead of the usual white sauce. We like it very much for the flavor is a pleasant change."—Mrs. Orval Cox, Smithland, Ia.

The next time you grind onions for pickles try a suggestion sent by Mrs. S. G. Nuzz of Fremont, Nebr. "Peel onions under water, put in the chopper, cover with a plastic food saver bag and grind right into the bag until you have the desired amount. There will be no tears."

"Since this is chigger season it may help someone to know that if colorless nail polish is put on the bite immediately it does away with that dreadful itching."—Mrs. Don Lane, Des Moines, Ia.

Nellie Palm of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., tells us not to mind if we make mistakes for a minister she knew once said, "We all make mistakes. That is why pencils have erasers on them."

**GARDEN CLUBS  
CHURCH GROUPS  
SELL GROW FAST  
POTTING SOIL**

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## MONEY FOR THE AID

By Mabel Nair Brown

September for many Aid Societies brings the perennial question, "How shall we raise some money this year?" And almost in the same breath someone says, "I wish we could do something different—not just dinners and more dinners!"

Had you ever considered a Circus? It's heaps of fun to turn back the pages of the calendar several months and stage a wintertime circus. The very word *Circus* spells magic for young and old alike, so why not capitalize on that idea to boost the aid treasury?

Start things off with a bang by going all out for spectacular advertising about this "Greatest Show On Earth". Put up gay, gaudy posters in every prominent place in your own town and neighboring towns and be sure that you stress various "freaks" to be seen, the animals and the fine talent on the program, etc.

The entrance to the room or building (it might well be your church dining room or fellowship hall—if it's large enough to hold a big crowd!) should resemble the entrance to a circus tent. Borrow a big canvas for this. Balloons should be used profusely in the decorations and long streamers should be flying from all the booths; huge, colorful posters should decorate the walls.

Just inside the entrance have a ticket stand with a talkative spieler who urges one and all to "step right up, ladeez and gentlemen and buy your general admission ticket right here". Throughout the room there should be booths with all sorts of interesting things to see, novelties to buy (order a variety of such things as confetti, squawkers, balloons, souvenirs, etc., from a novelty supply house) as well as hamburger, Weiner, popcorn and ice cream booths. Pop corn balls should sell well, and home-made candy, of course. Along one side of the room should be the *Side Show* tents (little play tents or improvised tents of some sort). Let each of these have a different freak and charge a few pennies to enter each tent. Have some lively spielers for these freaks for they can make much fun out of it and keep the crowd in a happy, fun-loving mood. Here are some side show suggestions:

Half-black and half-white man—a boy dressed in white shoes and trousers with a black coat.

"For Men Only"—shaving equipment, a tie, etc.

Hairless Dog—Weiner.

Teutonic Terror—a piece of limburg cheese.

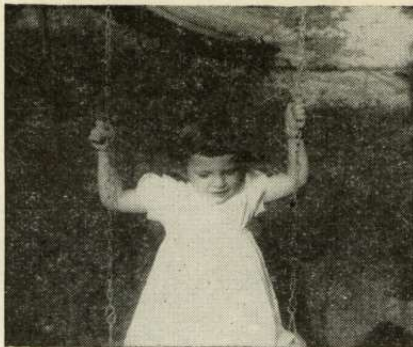
"For Ladies Only"—A bobbie pin, hairnet, and curlers.

A fast trip around the world—walk the visitor around a globe on a table.

Strongest Man On Earth—"Holds two men above his head at one time." (says the spieler)—a boy holding a Smith Brothers cough drop box above his head.

Suspension Bridge—Pair of Man's suspenders.

Remains of Ancient Greece—End of



Mary Leanna really has light fluffy hair, but the shadows around her swing were so dark when Frederick snapped this that she looks like a little brunette.

a burned candle.

Ruins of China—Broken Dish.

Upside Down Man—Man with shoes on his hands.

Animal with tail where his head ought to be—toy cat with tail in a saucer of milk.

Laughing Monkey—Large mirror where visitor sees himself.

Wild Woman From Timbuctoo—Dress up some man in a hideous costume with plenty of "war paint."

Old Mac Donald's Farm—A farm scene made using a little boy's toy farm set.

Music Factory—Old fashioned wringer on a wash tub and a roll of paper towels running through it. Crude notes might be sketched on it.

Lion—Doll "lying" with head on pillow.

Earliest mode of transportation—Baby buggy.

Of course you will want a fortune telling booth and be sure there are a couple of clowns to mingle with the crowd, pulling tricks and making fun in general. A great many laughs can be gotten by some one dressed as a "rube" who asks all sorts of questions of the barkers and spielers.

There should be a main show which will be the program put on in a circus ring with a ringmaster presiding. Tap dancers, amateur puppet show, clown act, animal parade (people dressed in animal costumes capering about and made to do tricks are a scream) trapeze act (soloist who jumps to some high notes) and any funny stunts you can think of are fine for this circus ring performance.

Such an evening as this with plenty of enthusiastic people taking part should mean lots of fun and a tidy sum in the Aid treasury.

## WHAT ABOUT YOU?

If all the others *came* like you,  
Would there seldom be a vacant  
pew?

Or would the opposite be true,  
If all the others came like you?

If all the others *worked* like you,  
Then how much service would  
your church do?

Would the Master's plans be carried  
through,

If all the others worked like you?  
—Selected.

## BIBLICAL ABC

1. The first man—ADAM.
2. A famous Biblical tower—BABEL.
3. A land flowing with milk and honey—CANAAH.
4. The Sweet Psalmist—DAVID.
5. Sold his birthright—ESAU.
6. Destroyed the earth—FLOOD.
7. A giant—GOLIATH.
8. The king who wanted to kill the Baby Jesus—HEROD.
9. Son of Abraham—ISAAC.
10. Saw a ladder ascending to heaven—JACOB.
11. Animals Pharoah saw in his dream—KINE.
12. Beloved physician—LUKE.
13. Woman burdened with much serving—MARTHA.
14. Leper cured by advice of little maid—NAAMAN.
15. A Mount—OLIVES OR OLIVET.
16. Apostle to the Gentiles—Paul.
17. Birds sent for food to Israelites—QUAIL.
18. Isaac's Bride—REBECCA.
19. Noted for great strength—SAMSON.
20. Knew the Scriptures from a child—TIMOTHY.
21. Fabulous animal having one horn in its forehead—UNICORN.
22. The queen who did not obey—VASHTI.
23. Noted men of the East—WISE MEN.
24. Take my — upon you—YOKE.
25. Climbed a tree to see Jesus.—Zaccheus.

—By Mildred D. Cathcart.

## BIBLICAL FOODS

Fill in the blanks from these Bible quotations and you will have the names of various foods.

1. He took (bread) and gave thanks.
2. For the tree is known by his fruit).
3. The (fig) tree putteth forth her green (figs).
4. For our vines have tender (grapes).
5. The hills shall flow with (milk).
6. She became a pillar of (salt).
7. A land that floweth with (milk) and (honey).
8. We remember the (fish), which we did eat in Egypt freely; the (cucumbers) and the (melons) and the (leeks), and the (onions) and the (garlic).
9. Is there any taste in the white of an (egg)?
10. Hast thou not poured me out as (milk) and curdled me like (cheese)?
11. A word fitly spoken is like (apples) of gold in pictures of silver.

## THE GRAVE

It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of any enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?  
—Washington Irving.



## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I suddenly realized today that another month had rolled around, and it was again time for me to get out the typewriter and write my letter to you. Kristin is in bed, Frank is reading the Sunday paper, and the only sound is that of the rain falling. It is a nice easy rain and if we needed it I could appreciate the sound, but since we have had more than enough rain this summer, and with so much work to be done, I would just as soon not hear it tonight.

But as long as it had to rain, I'm awfully glad it held out until tonight because we had a lovely day with Mother, Dad, Margery and Martin. The last time they came to see us they came to get Juliana and Kristin. Juliana had just spent two weeks with us and Kristin went home to spend two weeks with her. Two weeks ago Howard and a friend brought both girls back here again and today the folks came to get Juliana. Kristin wanted to go home with her because Martin was home and she wanted to play with him, but we had decided the girls could stand a short separation for awhile.

A week from today Kristin and I will go to Shenandoah for a week. I have stayed home and helped Frank all summer, so I will call this my vacation. Lucile has gotten a few pieces of material together and we plan to spend the week getting dresses made for school. The last time Kristin was in Shenandoah I managed to get several things made for her—a yellow and white dotted swiss pinafore and a half slip to wear with it; and a light brown dress trimmed with yellow, which has a real full skirt with a band of yellow cross stitch just above the hem line. Mother had done the cross stitch last spring so all I had to do was put it together. A year ago for her birthday Kristin got a lovely piece of fine quality blue plaid gingham from her Grandmother Johnson and I finally got that made up into what I think is a very attractive dress.

I put a white broadcloth dickey in the front which has very fine tucks running crosswise a half inch apart, with a white eyelet embroidered ruffle all around it. It has a very full skirt with two tucked pockets just like the dickey, with the eyelet ruffles around them. She just loves pockets and only has two other dresses with them, so of course this is now one of her favorite dresses. One of her little friends gave her some yellow material for her birthday and Margery took that home with her today and is going to put a little smocking on it in bright colors, so I will make this one up when I go to Shenandoah.

Bernie and I are now the proud possessors of a big new pressure cooker to do our canning in. We initiated it the other night by canning green beans. We didn't can so very many beans this year because we still had some left from last year that we want to use up first, and we also still have some in the locker.



When Wayne and Abigail left on their trip to California this summer we told them to do their very best to get a picture of Emily and her only cousin on the Morrison side of the house. Wayne reported on his return that he kept this firmly in mind, and here is evidence that he did. Little Nancy is the only child of Abigail's brother John, and his wife, Helen. This was taken in Santa Monica.

I have been busy this past month helping Frank put up hay. We managed to have both cuttings of alfalfa down when we would get a week when it rained every day, so he didn't bother to put it in the barn or have it baled, but just stacked it in the field. I have always helped at haying time by hauling the bales for him with the tractor, but this was the first time I ever helped with a hay stack. We had two people down below pitching it on while Frank and I were on the stack. I laughingly told him that I knew why he wanted me on the stack, so that if it fell over he could always say that I helped stack it.

Yesterday Frank came and asked me if I could come out and help him for a little bit; there was a little hay left on the rack from the day before and he wanted me to pitch it to him so he could get the stack finished. His Father saw me working out there and when I came back to the house he asked me when I learned to wield the pitch fork like that, and I told him just one hour ago.

Since I mentioned in one of my letters about the book cases we had made for Kristin's room out of orange crates, I have had several letters asking me how we made them, and since I have been busy with outside work in the daytime and inside work at night, I just haven't had time to answer them all personally, so I'll take care of those letters right now. We just stacked three orange crates on top of each other long ways across, then took pieces of lathe just long enough to reach from the top to the bottom and nailed these to the boxes, two on each side along the edges. This makes it good and solid, easy to move around, and you don't have to be afraid of its coming apart. Then we painted it white. If you want the

shelves to have a solid bottom, you can use the long pieces from another crate and nail them into the middle and fill in the gap. We did this with Kristin's, but it isn't necessary. Of course this doesn't make a handsome piece of furniture, but it is cheap and easy to make and it serves the purpose. Be sure your crates are all the same size. Most grocery stores will just give them to you, but some will charge you a small fee.

This past week I have been busy rounding up an electrician to wire Kristin's schoolhouse, painters to re-decorate, and trying to find a few more seats. This year we will have sixteen children in the school in all grades but the sixth. One day last week the teacher, Bertha McNeer, came to spend the afternoon, and we picked out several of Kristin's toys, doll furniture, etc., and are going to fix up a real nice play corner for the little folks. With their own school money they plan to get a small nursery linoleum for this corner. By the time school starts and we have all our plans carried out, it will be a very nice little country school.

Well, the hands on the clock are slipping around, and Monday is always a busy day, so I will say goodbye for this month.

Sincerely Dorothy

## MOUNTAIN MUSIC

The mountains sang together  
Of the glory of the Lord;  
The wind through tall trees singing  
Set the music sweetly ringing  
In celestial accord.

## Psalm 90

Before the mountains were brought forth

Or e'er the earth was made  
By Him, whose hand created all,  
Was in the song it played.  
The mountains sang together  
Of the glory due His name;  
The birds joined with their singing  
"Til all the hills were ringing.  
To our listening ears there came  
A music, sounding praise of God,  
His majesty and love . . .  
And earth was just an echo  
Of the music from above.

—Isabelle Hooper Haight

(Written last summer following a picnic in Estes Park)

## HER LITTLE PATH

Her little path is hard and bare  
Under her swing, she's worn it there.  
Baby Sheila is only two—  
She loves to swing—and wouldn't you?  
If grass is gone what do I care,  
Or ground is bare—she's happy there.  
From my window I see her smile,  
I hear her voice, and watch her grow.  
She waves and shouts, "Goodmorning,  
Gran."

I am her very fondest fan.  
Her little path from tiny feet  
Leads to my heart, she is so sweet.

—By Nina Phalen

He who has a thousand friends,  
Has not a friend to spare,  
And he who has one enemy  
Shall meet him everywhere.



## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Calls for cheer are more numerous than usual right now. Can I count on you to lend a hand?

Mrs. Katie M. Hallock, Rt. 2, Box 5, Bothell, Wash., has been bedfast for eleven months with a heart ailment. She collects stamps and enjoys corresponding with others, especially stamp collectors.

Mrs. Margaret Stroud, 822 West 4 St., Mount Carmel, Ill., fell and broke her arm in two places. She is unable to write and asks for cheering letters.

Verdell Lachelt, Boyd, Minn., has a birthday September 16. She will be 29. She has been an invalid since she was eight years old. She is not able to write. Her sister asked that others write to her.

Mary L. Sawyers, Rt. 4, Morristown, Tenn., is a long time shutin as result of polio. She is bedfast. The Government gave her a sewing machine which she has placed on a bench across her in bed and makes lovely dolls. Recently she fell and hurt herself quite badly.

Mrs. Leota Walker, 2017 Waldemere Ave., Muncie, Ind., needs cheer. She has arthritis in every joint of her body and has to lie flat on her back in a fracture bed. She can write a little, when someone is there to turn the paper for her, and she loves to get letters.

Mrs. Madge Poggenburg, 111 Moore Ave., Mount Kisco 5, N. Y., was hurt in a car accident several years ago. She is in bed most of the time and unable to do much. She is alone a great deal and letters would help pass the time for her.

Cheer is asked for Mrs. Lester Ray, 3915 Second Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. She has arthritis and is bedfast most of the time. She will not be able to answer you.

Cynthia Huff, 304 South Wilson Ave., Jefferson, Iowa, needs cheery letters. She is past 84 and is shutin all the time. She likes pretty hankies.

Carol Jerret, Little Sioux, Iowa, has rheumatic fever. She is only seven and is quite ill. There are six other small children in the family so I can imagine the mother would appreciate any sort of games or toys that would keep them amused as well as Carol, while she is ill.

Another seven year old who needs cheer is Freda Eckert, c/o Mrs. Joe P. Eckert, University Sta., Gen. Del., Enid, Okla. A car ran into her and her leg was broken and the bone in one arm injured, and her back hurt. She is in a cast and has a weight on the broken leg. She is in a hospital now but mail will reach her if you send it to her home.

Do you know someone who writes Braille? If so, tell them about Nellie Winn, 43 Windsor St., Springfield, Mass. She would get a thrill from Braille letters. Besides being blind, she is not well and is pretty much alone.



Eileen Derr practises what she preaches. This picture of her little son, Noel, was snapped at Yellowstone National Park. His back is graphic proof that it took real courage for a little boy to feed such a wild looking animal!

## TAKE YOUR CHILDREN ALONG

By Eileen Derr

Vacations can be lots of fun. And when taken as a family unit they can be a happy time for remembrance.

Children love to vacation. But too often they are left behind with friends or relatives because we parents feel that tripping with children is too trying an undertaking. Most children are reared by some sort of schedule. They are accustomed to certain meal-time hours and set periods of rest. And most parents feel that to break into this routine as would be necessary on a vacation trip would just be inviting trouble. But children as a rule adjust themselves more readily to adverse situations than the older person who finds himself concerned over change in climate or sleeping facilities.

When we vacation we like to take our children along if at all possible. Away from the daily routine, barriers are let down and children and parents really get to know one another. There is time for the little things too often missing in the parent-child contact of our busy home-life. Along the road while driving there is time for family song, word games, fairy stories. An entire afternoon may be spent in imagining pictures in rolling cloud shapes. There is time for answering questions in detail that are many times glossed over briefly at home.

Vacation trips are educational. After a child has made an intimate acquaintance with a meteor crater, an extinct volcano, a cotton field or a mountain glacier, studying about them in school will just be a meeting of old friends and not the boring grind experienced before. And meeting any animal in his natural habitat makes for much more interesting observation than viewing the same through the bars of a cage. Bears, buffalo, deer, moose, elk, big horned sheep, and if you like, even rattlesnakes, may be seen along the road on vacation.

A vacation can also be an educa-

tion to the soul of a child. Any boy or girl who has viewed the majesty of the mountains or listened to the pounding of the surf cannot doubt God's proximity. One glimpse at the majesty and beauty of the awe inspiring Grand Canyon and "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death" becomes a never-to-be forgotten reality.

Traveling by motor is perhaps the easiest way to trip with children. With extra blankets and pillows in the back seat they can nap at will. A large spill-proof container filled with cracked ice and city approved water, a bag of fruit, crackers, or sandwiches keeps them satisfied as to their ever empty stomachs. Pasteurized milk and canned fruit juices may be chilled in the water container ready for consumption at any minute.

Regular family breakfasts and suppers can be managed at most any motel equipped with cooking facilities, and picnic lunches eaten along the road at vantage points of beauty are lots of fun.

Children are happier dressed in tee shirts, jeans or play suits and comfortable shoes. So are the parents who have no need to worry about the effect of dirt on clothes. An occasional visit to a serve yourself laundry limits luggage to a suitcase or two.

Next time you take a trip take the children. Let them share the fun and responsibility of a journey with Mom and Dad.

## MY GARDEN GATE

My garden gate swings open wide  
Inviting you to come inside  
To tread upon a carpet lush  
As if it were of bright green plush  
Embroidered all around the edge  
With flower bouquets, inside the  
hedge,  
Brocaded here and there with gold  
Of dandelions bright and bold.

The trees above give birds a home  
While blue shines through from God's  
great dome.  
Bright butterflies flit here and there,  
And humming birds seek honey rare.  
Come, rest, on lawn bench painted  
white,  
And watch the children's gay delight  
In sandbox or in wading pool,  
Or swinging high to keep real cool.  
It's good to rest a while from chores,  
And thank God for the out-of-doors.

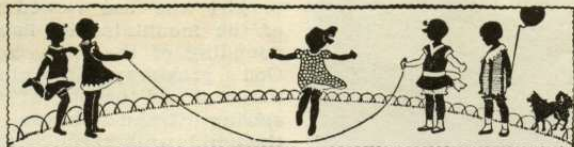
—By Nina Phalen

## A MINUTE

Two or three minutes, two or three  
hours,  
What do they mean in this life of  
ours?  
Not very much if but counted as  
time,  
But minutes of gold and hours sub-  
lime  
If we will use them once in a while  
To make someone happy, someone  
smile.  
A minute may dry a little lad's tears,  
An hour sweep aside the trouble of  
years,  
Minutes of my time may bring to an  
end  
Hopelessness somewhere and give me  
a friend!

—Unknown





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### TWEENY'S WINTER HOME

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Tweeny was usually the most cheerful robin in the whole county, but today there wasn't a song to be had from his tiny red breast.

"It must be because I am lonely," he thought as he flew aimlessly over the fields. Only last week all the other robins had left for the South, and only Tweeny was left behind. When he was a very small bird, Tweeny had fallen from the nest and broke a wing. He had learned to fly a little, but it was a slow, lop-sided sort of flying, and he knew he could never travel as far as Texas or Florida.

As Tweeny flew along, catching a bug now and then, he spied an old acquaintance. There at the edge of the bean patch stood Ol' Man Scarecrow, as fat and fierce as ever. But somehow, with all the beans harvested and nothing particularly to guard, even he looked a little lonely. Tweeny decided to say good-morning.

"Hi," he said bravely, still keeping a distance away.

"Hi, yourself," replied the Scarecrow. "Why aren't you going South?"

"Because of my wing. See?" Then Tweeny flew lop-sided around the Scarecrow twice.

"Hm-mm," said the Scarecrow. "Hm-mm. I am sorry."

"That's nice of you," said Tweeny, and suddenly he wasn't a bit afraid of this old Scarecrow. He flew up and landed on his shoulder.

"Have you been here long?" he asked.

"Years and years," sighed the Scarecrow.

"Well, then, maybe you'll tell me where the birds sleep and how they eat in the wintertime. You see," he explained, "I asked the other robins but none of them knew, since they always go South."

"Hm-mm-mm," murmured the Scarecrow in deep thought. "I don't know about birds, but squirrels and rabbits hide a bit of food in their trees and nests. You might do the same."

"Then I will have to find a nest first," said Tweeny, and he prepared to fly away.

"Hold on! Hold on! I get a little lonely, too. Why don't you nest in my pocket this winter and we'll be friends. See?" He indicated a nice deep pocket, and without a word Tweeny began to hunt worms and bugs for the winter.

When he had made thirteen trips, the Scarecrow sighed deeply.

"My friend," he said, "this will

never work. The bugs fly away and the worms crawl away as fast as you bring them. You will have to eat something else."

"I can't eat anything else," cried Tweeny. "Except maybe seeds, and they are all blown away. The oats is harvested and the timothy and clover are in the barn, and . . . ."

"Ho, ho," laughed the Scarecrow suddenly. "If I weren't so stiff from standing, I'd kick myself for my stupidity. Look! Between the buttons of my coat you can plainly see that I am stuffed to my chin with timothy hay. You can make a nest right where my heart should be! You can sleep in the hay and eat the grain. What could be handier?"

What, indeed? Tweeny's small breast almost burst with song as he scratched and twisted and wiggled out a small nest, just to fit, beneath the Scarecrow's buttons. Then as he settled down for a nap, he heard the Scarecrow chuckle.

"My, my! I never imagined that one little bird could tickle so much!"

### FOR THE LITTLE COOK

#### September

Let's make cookies to put in the school lunch box—and tuck in an extra one for teacher for these are delicious!

#### Peanut Butter Cookies

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 tablesp. peanut butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 1/2 cups sifted all purpose flour
- 1 teasp. baking powder
- 1 teasp. vanilla

Work the shortening, peanut butter, sugar and egg together with a spoon until fluffy and creamy. Add the sifted flour and baking powder, then vanilla, and mix thoroughly. Roll out into little balls on the ungreased cookie tin, then press out flat with a fork or bottom of a glass dipped in flour. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 7-10 minutes.—Mildred Grenier.

### THE PUMPKIN

The pumpkin is in an awful fix, For October's children are up to trix. They remove her seeds For the witches brew, And light a candle to scare the crew. They cut her teeth And paste her eye— And tomorrow they make her into pie.

—By Etta Gruen Dobbie



Martin Erik is holding a beautiful Hemerocallis in his hand, one that his Aunt Helen Fischer allowed him to pick.

### MR. THOMAS CAT

There was a Mr. Thomas Cat Who loved the porch, and there he sat The whole day through and all the night

And not one thing escaped his sight. His coat was slick and shining yellow, His eyes were big and round and mellow,

And not one meow did he let out Till five A. M. or there about, But Oh, such yowls as then were heard—

Enough to frighten man or bird, And none could sleep through such a din

Till some one came and let him in.

—Carolyn Willis Owen

### HOW A THIMBLE GOT ITS NAME

Probably every little girl reader could tell me which finger she puts her thimble on, but if I told her that thimbles were once worn on the thumb I'm sure that she would be very much surprised. The first thimble was made in England over two hundred years ago. It was worn on the thumb and called a thumb-bell because it looked like a little bell. As years went by people found it was more useful worn on the middle finger, and gradually it was called a "thimble".

### FROGGY IN THE MEADOW

Children join hands and stand in a circle. The one who is the froggy is inside the circle. Children close their eyes and go around and around saying "Froggy in the meadow, can't get out. Take a little stick and stir him all about," for about five times. The froggy slips out and runs and hides, while they are saying the verse. The one who finds him gets to be froggy the next game.

### TONGUE TWISTERS

Sarah, in a shabby shawl shoved snow softly. On Sophy's soft sofa, Sophy's sewing, short-sleeved shirts. —Too easy, here is one—Susan shineth shoes and socks, socks and shoes shineth Susan. But she ceaseth shining socks and shoes for shoes and socks shocketh Susan.



## "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 preceding date of issue. October Ads due September 1. November Ads due October 1. December Ads due November 1.

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

**FOR SALE**: Large crocheted tablecloth, \$40. Mrs. Tom Burns, Weston, Mo.

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

**WANTED SEWING**: Prices reasonable, write. Mary Honeyman, Keithsburg, Ill.

**APRONS**: Half styles, percale, \$1.25, P.P. Nellie Wanklyn, Frankfort, Kansas.

**WHITE AND COLORED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS**, butterfly corner, 50¢. Mrs. B. Hutchinson, Ellis, Nebr.

**HOUSE PLANT SLIPS**, rooted, labeled, 10 different, \$1.50 postpaid. Mrs. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

**1,000 QUALITY HIGH GLOSS BUSINESS CARDS**, printed, \$5 postpaid. The Arrow Printers, 2212 Cumming, Omaha, Nebr.

**OLD BEADS WANTED**, large or small, any color, strung or unstrung. Send yours for estimate. Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**5 GORE SACK APRON**, bib and shoulder straps. Neatly trimmed, \$1. Print ones, \$1.25. Mrs. Noel Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**WEAVING**, \$1.10 yd. I'll cut, sew, weave, \$2.20 yd. Sewing ladies dresses, \$1.50 up. Childs \$1. Send materials, patterns, thread. Prompt service. Rowena Winters, Whitten, Iowa.

**EARLY CHRISTMAS GIFTS**, Hand painted tea towels, \$2.50. Pillow slips, \$2. Elva Carstens, Glidden, Iowa.

**PLASTIC DOLL** 8-in. high with movable arms, head. Has hair, stands alone. Crocheted dress, hoop-skirt style, of wool yarn. Panties and bonnet to match. Complete \$4. Colors, pink, blue, green, yellow. Mrs. Glenn Smith, 1028 Juniper, Crete, Nebr.

**PENGUIN CROCHETED APPLIQUE TOWEL SETS**, \$1.85—others. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

**WANTED**: Gold lodge and school emblem pins and rings. Charms. Chains. Pendants, Cuff links. Brooches. Send yours for free estimate; Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**CROCHETED DOILIES**, 12-in. Black-Eyed Susan, \$2. Will crochet anything. Marie Cannon, Jameson, Mo.

**FOR SALE**: Crocheted luncheon cloth, doilies. Hazel Brewer, Corning, Iowa.

**SEWING**: House-dress, \$1.50. Send material, etc., to: Olga Oval, Murdock, Minn.

**SEWING WANTED**: Children's sun-suits, shorts, \$1. Sundresses, sleepers, pajamas, \$1.50. Write for others. Prices. Return postage on package asked. Mrs. John Putz, Lacona, Iowa.

**LADY LOUISE WALL STYLE (CAN & BOTTLE) OPENER**. All metal construction. LIFETIME GUARANTEE. \$1.25 postpaid. Ernest Brinkema, Box P. Kamm, Iowa.

**STENCIL PATTERNS**—ready-cut for your immediate use. Send 10 cents for our catalog. Unusual designs. HOUSE OF CRAFTS, Box 892, Spencer, Iowa.

**MACHINE QUILTING**, write for prices. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kans.

**PRETTY WOVEN POT HOLDERS**, 2 for 25¢. Audrey Kracke, Hope, Kans.

**COMPLETE DINNER MENU**—Roast Goose—main course. Country style cooking — all recipes home tested. Price \$1. Mrs. Charles Mulfinger, Rt. 2, Hornick, Iowa.

**OWN A BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF VERSE**. "Mother's Love Songs" by: Martha Field Eaton. A lovely gift for Mother. Price \$1. Martha Field Eaton, Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

**CROCHETED PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY DAVENPORT SETS**, \$6. Large, chair sets to match, \$4. White, ecru. Coffee-table doilies, oval, lacy pineapple, 22x15, 26x15, \$3. 30x15, 32x15, \$4. White. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

**BIRTHDAY AND ALL OCCASION CARDS**, 75¢. 2 boxes (different) \$1.50. Gift wrappings, \$1. Crocheted potholders, baby-hood, jacket, \$1.25. Bud, Sis, \$1.10. Margaret Fitchett, 412 Russell, Storm Lake, Iowa.

**LADY SLIPPER**. Big hardy Ozark Yellow Lady Slipper ready to bloom next spring, 60¢ ea., or 3 for \$1.50 postage prepaid. Ozark Gardens, Centerville, Mo.

**IDEAS**: Send stamped, self addressed envelope for a folder of crocheted items you can order the year around. A. J. Eltgroth, Rt. 2, Carroll, Iowa.

**VIOLETS**: Red, Blue, White, Yellow. Plant this fall and have lots of bloom early next spring. 19¢ ea., 3 for 55¢ or 6 for \$1. Ozark Gardens, Centerville, Mo.

**FLOWER OF THE MONTH BIRTHDAY APRONS**. Half style, hand painted on good quality organdy, \$1.75 ea. Boudoir yarn cats, and dolls. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mae Gough, Palmer, Iowa.

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

**REDUCING BOOK**, (nurse's viewpoint) 14 day schedule, 6 day diet for bloated abdomens, calorie, mineral, vitamin charts, Gas forming foods, acid & alkaline charts, practical suggestion for weight control. Price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**SCISSORS SHARPENING**: 35¢ ea. postpaid. —Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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Judging others is a dangerous thing; not so much because you may make mistakes about them, but because you may be telling the truth about yourself.—Philemon.

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

## AGE CONTEST

1. A poor immigrant's age. Steer-age.
2. A brave man's age. Courage.
3. A nobleman's age. Peerage.
4. An old man's age. Dotage.
5. The age of slavery. Bondage.
6. The age that bought a birthright. Pottage.
7. The age of Uncle Sam's revenue. Postage.
8. The age for which women are struggling.. Manage.
9. The age for board of health. Garbage.
10. The age of the mint. Coinage.
11. A lonely man's age. Hermitage.
12. A real estate dealer's age. Mortgage.
13. A gardener's age. Cabbage.
14. The President's age. Message.
15. A butcher's age. Sausage.

## THE STAIR STEPS

A boy started to go upstairs to bed. There were ten steps on the stairway. He got half-way up and remembered he had not put the dog out on the back porch so he ran down, two steps at a time. After he put the dog out he ran upstairs three steps at a time. How many steps did he take to get upstairs? Ans: 5 plus 3 plus 4 or 12 steps to get upstairs to bed.



## A GYPSY PARTY

Hallowe'en is an ideal time to plan a Gypsy Party. For invitations to round up the gang, trace the outline of your hand on white paper and then write this message:

"I see by your palm you are going to be

At a Gypsy Party on next Tuesday.

Meet at my house about seven thirty,

Your fortune we'll tell—just come and see."

Telling fortunes is a MUST at a gypsy party and you may think up any number of ways to do it. One way is to draw a number of small hands on white paper. On one hand place a wedding ring which will indicate marriage for the one who draws it out of the crystal bowl. (This may be a fish bowl). On one hand draw a ruler for a teacher, a knife will indicate doctor, gun for soldiers, pill for a nurse, plane for pilot, etc.

To amuse your guests try "FORTUNES—NO SMILES". Have each guest write a comical fortune on a piece of paper and then collect these folded sheets. Distribute them among the crowd and have each read his fortune. If he smiles and breaks the spell he is put out of camp.

"Gypsy Caravan" will require pencil and paper. Each question you ask must be answered with a word beginning with the letters "CAR".

1. A kind of candy—CARamel; 2. To cut or slice—CARve; 3. A rug—CARpet; 4. A vegetable—CARrot; 5. A bird—CARDinal; 6. Christmas song—CARol; 7. A fish—CARp; 8. A celebration—CARnival; 9. A flower—CARnation; 10. Measure for diamonds—CARat.

Next divide the group into two teams—one group is the fortune tellers and the other the victims. One of the palm readers goes to a player on the opposite team and begins reading his palm. The first one to laugh must drop out of the game. The team with the most contestants left is winner.

When it comes time to eat, start the camp fire burning cheerily and serve in real gypsy fashion. Serve lemonade or other drinks in tin cups or cans. Potato chips and buns may be passed around in paper sacks. And while the weiners and marshmallows are toasting, your guests will enjoy telling gypsy yarns.

You will have fun planning your Gypsy Party and your friends will think it great sport to be a gypsy on Hallowe'en night.

## WHAT'S THE WORD?

As poor as a -- (church mouse)  
As thin as a -- (rail)  
As fat as a -- (pig)  
As rough as a -- (gale)  
As brave as a -- (lion)  
As spry as a -- (cat)  
As bright as a -- (dollar)  
As weak as a -- (rat)  
As pure as an -- (angel)  
As neat as a -- (pin)  
As smart as a -- (trap)  
As ugly as -- (sin)

## AFTER THE GAME FUN

By Mildred Cathcart

Crispy Fall weather and exciting football games are a part of American life. And to make this way of life even more pleasant, why not bring the gang in for a snack after the game?

You will have the table decorated and most of the refreshments prepared before time. School colors will be the most appropriate color scheme although sumac leaves, asters, or any Fall flowers will make lovely centerpieces. If you wish to spend more time, why not make a "football field?" Use brown construction paper for the field and fashion the players out of pipe cleaners. Use tiny construction paper pennants above the goal posts. For individual favors you may use almonds, small chocolate or other forms of candy that resemble footballs, and stick a tiny pennant in each. Use plain nut cups and tie on ribbons in the school colors. Napkins may be found in matching colors, too.

The menu may be as varied as you wish and may range from cake and coffee to hamburgers and French fries; the latter will certainly prove tempting to the football squad. Bowls of piping hot chili, brown crispy crackers, and sweet pickles are delicious as are weiners, hot buns, and salad.

The evening snacks provides a pleasant time to get together and the gang will be so busy replaying the game that you will not have to think too much about entertainment. A few good records or a song-fest is a grand way to spend an hour.

Should you feel the need of providing a game or two, a ball game will be most appropriate. Line up various sized cans at one end of the room. Have the cans range in size from a large sized gallon can to a small can such as those that contain baby foods. Allow points for each can, making the lowest score for the large can and the highest score for the smallest can. Choose teams and give each team a Jacks ball. Allow each contestant to toss at any can he chooses. The team with the highest score is winner.

For a pencil and paper game you might list various sports and then list famous players connected with each. See who can match the list correctly. You might also find pictures of fifteen or twenty famous ball players or people famous in various sports and see who can identify the most correctly.

You will find that having friends in after the game is an easy way to entertain and it's a grand finale to an exciting evening.

## VANISHING VANITY

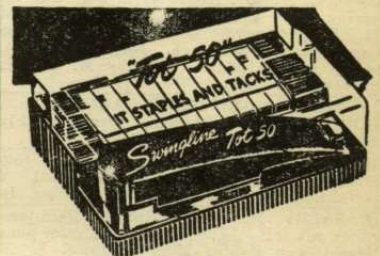
I do not mind the passing years,  
Nor does gray hair bring me to tears;  
Bifocals, false teeth, corrective shoes  
Sometimes do cause my tears to ooze;  
And rear-view mirrors often deride  
My hopes for glamour, quell my pride  
In chic new things I love to wear;  
For youthful charm I do despair.  
But when I hear an eager shout  
And turn to see who is about,  
My soldier son comes rushing in  
with, "Hi yuh, Mom" and boyish grin,  
And takes the steps by threes to greet  
A mother dear to him, and sweet,  
With hug and kiss that quite resound;  
Phooey! who wants to lose a pound!

—Carolyn Willis Owen

The man who has no secrets from his wife either has no secrets or no wife.—Gilbert Wells.

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