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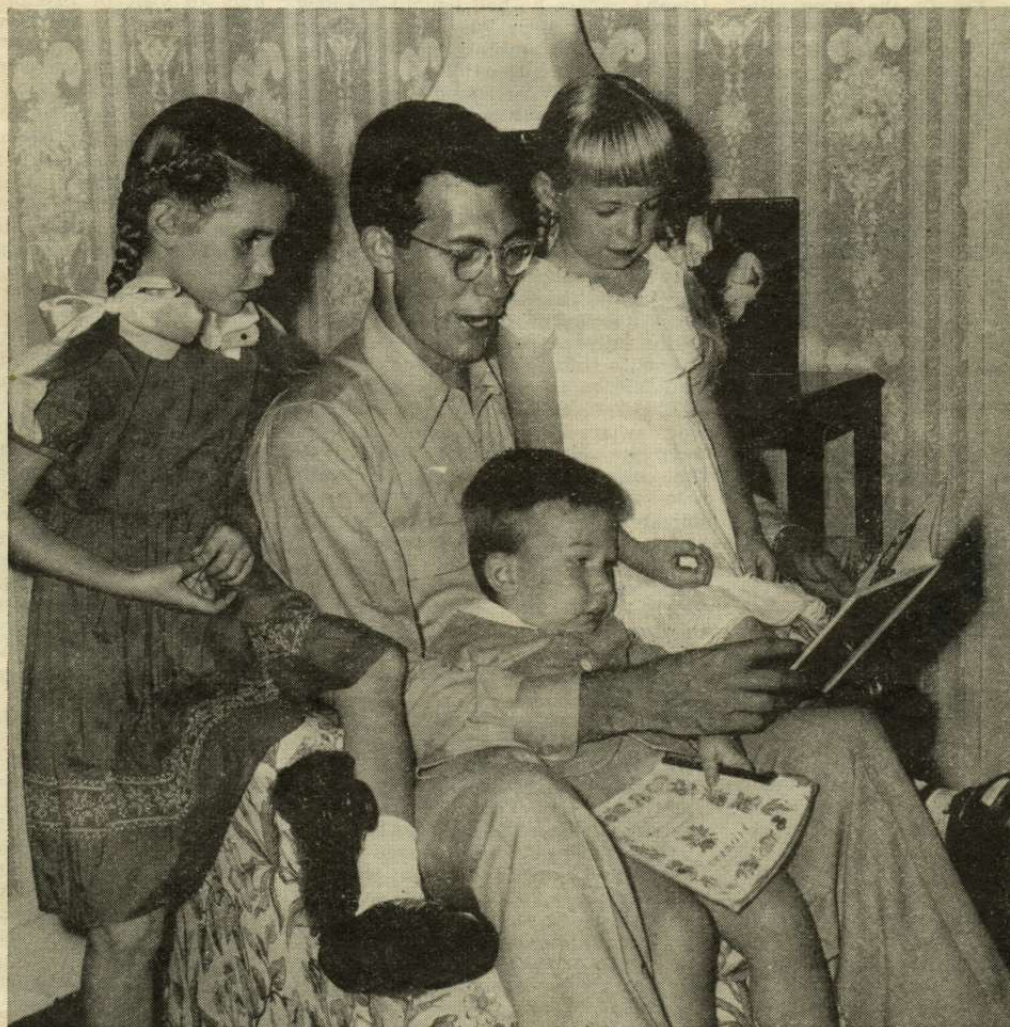


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

When I sit down to write this letter I always wish that things were in order so that I could give definite reports, but it seems to me that lately all of the really important things have had to be added as a hasty P. S. just before the presses started rolling.

Once again I'm in the same situation. We're waiting hourly for word as to where Wayne will be sent when his orders come through. Last month I told you that I didn't know what the future would hold for our boys, but this month I can tell you that already two of them have been called back to the Armed forces. Donald's call came first. He telephoned us from Anderson, Indiana, that he had received orders to report at Chanutte Field in Illinois at the end of nine days, and that he wanted to come home and visit us in the time that was left. However, he couldn't tell us just when he would arrive for he had many things to do before he could leave the house in which he had just gotten settled, to say nothing of winding up his affairs at the plant.

It was almost midnight a couple of days later when we heard a knock at the front door, and when Mart answered it there was Donald, tired but happy. He'd driven through from Indiana in one day and was ready to stretch out and get a good rest.

His visit went by so fast that before we knew it the last night had arrived. We had a family dinner that evening, and then bright and early the next morning we were all up to tell him goodbye. As far as we knew this was to be "goodbye" for goodness knows how long, so we were all very much surprised when he turned up again about four days later. His orders called for going to Rapid City, S. D., and he decided to stop by here on his way for there would be twenty-four hours to spend at home. While he was here that time his trunk and boxes arrived from Anderson, so he had a chance to unpack and get things stored away. Once again our big south closet upstairs is full of the boys' civilian clothes and all of the belongings they set store by but cannot have in the army.

Kristin and Dorothy were visiting us at this time, and I wish you might have heard the questions that Kristin and Juliana fired at their Uncle Don-

ald. He talked until he was hoarse and still they weren't entirely satisfied with his explanation of what a meteorologist does when he is on duty with the air corps. Martin hung around the edges trying to get in on these conversations, and we were all amused when Donald returned from Omaha, where he had bought his new uniforms, to hear his little nephew say, "That's a mighty good looking new suit, Uncle Donald."

Donald is now at Rapid City and we don't know anything about his routine of work nor how long he will be there. Howard would like to go up and see him over a weekend, but it all depends upon how long he is stationed there.

Wayne's orders to report for active duty were expected, and yet when they came it was something of a shock to us for I guess we're never really fully prepared for the finality of such a thing. He took his physical examination in Des Moines and passed it 100%, so now we're waiting to learn where he will be sent. If he is fortunate enough to be stationed in this country where housing is available, Abigail and little Emily will join him as soon as possible. Of course we all hope that this can come to pass for Wayne put in more than three years out in the Pacific in World War II, but men must go where they are needed and if he is assigned overseas we will just know that they had to have him in that particular place.

I realize that our family is just one of thousands of families who are now being broken up again, and I still say that our job is to keep our spirits up and to try and keep the homefront running as smoothly as possible. It's a time when all of us need to be patient and understanding of the other person's problems. But at least none of us is alone in this trouble, and the old phrase about a faint heart still holds true. I know that many mothers are reading this who are now for the first time called upon to say goodbye to their sons, and I know they're thinking that never again can things be right. Well, during the last war I had all four boys in service, and there were months of anxiety, of never knowing when that fateful telegram from the War Department might arrive. But I kept writing to

them constantly and I made those letters just as cheerful as I could for none of the problems that came up at home could be solved in any way by missing children. It helped me to write those letters and it helped the boys to get them. Mart and I tried our best to keep things going just as normally as possible, and I truly believe that it's the only way to manage. We hadn't expected to have to take up this burden again so soon, but it's here now and we must do the best we can. Wayne will be sorely missed at the office, and yet I know that our good friends will be patient if mistakes occur that wouldn't have occurred under normal conditions. We'll just do the best we can.

I had hoped that we might have our first pictures of David by this time, but as yet Frederick hasn't been able to get one sharp enough for a cut. Betty wrote and told us that their new son has been lucky for he is the first baby at the Manse in many years and the kind parish members have remembered him most generously. Mart and I had hoped that we would be able to visit in Bristol this fall for we're anxious to see David, as well as his parents and sister, but with Wayne having to leave we won't be able to make this trip.

My sister Helen Fischer, and her husband have had so much pleasure from a long visit with their only little granddaughter, Jean Alexander. Her parents and brother went on to their home in California by car, but Jean stayed here for a good visit and we've enjoyed her too. Martin and Juliana will certainly miss her when that big plane takes her back to California before long.

In my last letter I mentioned that Edith Hansen was anticipating her son's return, so this month I'm happy to be able to tell you that Donald arrived on schedule and had a wonderfully happy four days at home. A number of circumstances made it necessary for him to return to Chicago for another short stay, but soon he will be back and able to begin making up for the long, long months in the Veteran's hospital.

I'm glad that so many of you were able to get out and take trips this summer and see parts of the country that were new to you. Some of you told me that you left children at home who were finally old enough to keep things running in your absence, and I know what it meant to you to get away for the first time and have a little freedom from the usual routine. We all need fresh scenes from time to time. It isn't always possible to manage them when we need them the most, but that just makes them all the better when the chance comes at last.

I'll try to keep you posted on what is happening at our house and I hope that you'll keep us posted on what is happening at your house. I found years ago that letters do wonders for brightening dark days, so keep yours coming to me and I'll keep mine going out to you.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

THE BEGINNER'S EXPERIENCES WITH FALL PLANTING

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

There seem to be two kinds of people in this world. One division consists of those foreminded souls who keep firmly in their brains the realization that they're not going to enjoy spring bulbs if they don't take action in the fall. The other division consists of those who look enviously at magnificent tulips and other spring flowers in full bloom and promptly forget to do anything about it until the following spring when they're confronted with those beauties again. Until last year we belonged in the second division.

Now surely we must have had a great deal of company through those years that we could never remember to think ahead on tulips. I'd hate to conclude that we were the only ones who loved tulips, resolved earnestly to have some of our own, and then let the planting season slip by without lifting a finger. Oh, surely we weren't alone!

But last fall everything changed. We had had an opportunity to talk with a number of people who know gardening from A to Z and then all the way back again, and we'd also done quite a bit of studying strictly on our own. We were so eager to get our Ten-Year garden plan underway that we couldn't bear to let any possible planting season fall through our fingers. Spring saw a tremendous burst of activity (that's when we put out the rose garden that I wrote about early this year), but during the summer months we simply had to bide our time and wait for September when another planting season could open.

The opening guns were fired with Iris and Oriental Poppies. These plants arrived in mid-afternoon on a mighty hot day, so we had a sketchy supper at 5:00 o'clock and then got to work as soon as the sun had lost its power. Nothing is easier to put into the ground, you know, because these plants occupy shallow depressions just below the surface. (Juliana thought she was being helpful and started remedying what she thought was shiftless planting by digging much deeper holes and burying the plants at a great depth!)

Both the Iris and Oriental Poppies went into our big perennial border, and before I tell you how we grouped the colors I'd like to explain this border. It runs along almost the entire length of the rear half of our property, a distance of some 80 feet. Since we live on a street that runs diagonally so that the sun never seems to rise or set in its proper place, this border runs along our property line at a southwest angle. It is 12 feet wide, and it's one border that will never get a chance to sneak out into the lawn for it is edged with the brick

walk of the rose garden, a paved terrace, and a rocky slope.

At the far end of this border we planted the blue, white and yellow varieties of Iris. (When they were in bloom the following June they created a shimmering, ethereal effect glimpsed at such a distance.) In the foreground of the border we planted vivid red and pink Iris, and some lavenders as well. Then in clumps of three, and all by themselves, we placed the copper, smoky brown and deep purple Iris. They simply cannot stand other colors right up against them. You have to look at them alone to get their full beauty.

Oriental Poppies are such huge, spectacular fellows that genuine caution must be used in placing them. They bloom at the same time the Iris does, and therefore we considered color schemes carefully. It paid. Never have I seen anything more breathtaking than our exquisite shell-pink Cheerios in full bloom with the frosty light blue Anitra Iris, and the snow-white Wabash Iris. A sight like that makes up for bearing with a lot of trouble in this world!

After all of these things were in the ground we had a slight breathing spell, but activity was resumed full blast when our perennials and shrubs arrived. I'll tell you, there was no wasted time around here the days that collection was going into the ground. We knew exactly where everything was to be planted, so we started right in by placing Mock Orange, Forsythia and Lilacs at the far background of the border. Directly in front of these went the Delphiniums and Asters as well as the English and Minnesota Chrysanthemums. We knew, of course, that the Asters and Mums wouldn't bloom until late summer, so we planted Regal and Madonna Lilies in the same area since they bloom in June and July. For the same reason we planted Phlox along with the Iris, for by the end of June the Iris was through blooming and then we had a striking display of Phlox to enjoy in July and August.

The middle of the border contained Peonies, and if I got started telling you what we had in the line of blooms the following June I'd never get around to mentioning anything else. Incidentally, Peonies really need to be camouflaged after their blooming season and a wonderful plant for this purpose is Fall Blooming Clematis for it covers the Peony foliage with bloom during the autumn months.

The foreground of the perennial border was given over to Cushion Mums, and Red Coral Lilies, while Fern-leaved Bleeding Heart and Sedum were used in quantity. I think that the foliage of Fern-leaved Bleeding Heart is one of the loveliest things that grows. It does miracles as a ground covering and is also fine to use with cut flowers. (Here I haven't even mentioned the blooms and they are perfectly charming.)



Tulips and children! This is an ever-charming combination, particularly when there is a little girl named Emily to scamper up and down garden paths. The huge dark blooms are the Darwin variety Campfire, and never was a flower more aptly named.

Now there are other things in that perennial border, of course, but they were planted in the spring and I'm thinking now of what we accomplished last fall.

Our rose garden came in for its share of attention and that was when we edged it entirely with Candytuft. It certainly has a lot to recommend it. The beautiful white flowers were highly effective along with our tulips in early spring, and it made a handsome evergreen edging throughout the year. And speaking of edging . . . I didn't know, until we had it in our own garden, how valuable Creeping Phlox is used for this purpose. If you already know this, don't pay any attention to me, but if you've never planted it to edge a walk or flower bed, take my word for the fact that it's downright handsome used in this way.

Now I don't know what you were doing last year in the closing days of October and the opening days of November, but we were planting bulbs, and planting with a vengeance to make up for all the years we had neglected to take action. The big center rose bed was edged with them, and we had a definite color scheme in mind — red and white. This meant that 3 bulbs labeled Kriemhilde (snow white) went into the ground, and then 3 bulbs labeled Campfire, a red as brilliant as its name. We figured that when they bloomed we'd have a striking pattern of red and white, and we figured right. I just wish that each and every one of you might have seen the total effect when they were all waving in the breeze.

In our perennial border we used the salmon, gold, lavender and pink colors, five bulbs of one shade to a clump, and the darkest shades in the middle of the border. These were all so beautiful that I never could decide upon my favorite, although even as I write this I am recalling the lovely

(Continued on Page 12, Col. 1)

THEY BEAT A PATH TO BAKER'S MILL

By Mabel Nair Brown

As I helped the man from the produce station crate up the old roosters one warm June morning, little did I dream at what far distant spot the incident would be recalled to my mind!

Immediately upon his arrival that morning, the poultry man had proudly shown me his brand new coops. He went on to demonstrate how they were so constructed that they could be folded flat when empty thus taking up a minimum amount of space—a great saving in storage and shipping space. I remember that he told me they were something new on the market and the supply limited so he felt very fortunate to have gotten some and he thought they were so practical that he was anxious to get more.

I received my check for the roosters, the man drove away and I thought no more of the "collapsible" crate until—

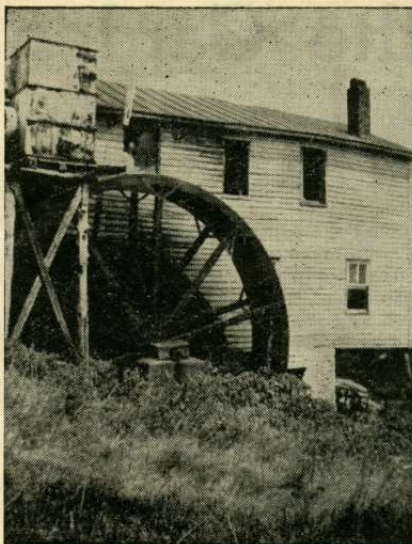
One morning in late August while visiting my father, in Harrisonburg, Virginia, we decided to spend the day on a leisurely drive up the Shenandoah valley to Broadway, Va. and out to the old community where my father spent his boyhood and where Grandfather Nair plied his carpenter trade.

Driving up a winding country road, with low mountain peaks framing the skyline on either side of us, we crossed the wooden plank bridge over Cedar Run. (We soon learned that a creek is always a "run" in Virginia!) There in the bend of the road ahead, just beyond a white board fence stood Baker's Mill! In the background, upon the slope of the hill, stood a lovely old farm house which my grandfather had built years ago. A low picturesque stone wall curved around the slope, separating the lawn from the service yard around the mill.

Mr. A. W. Rosenbarger, who answered father's knock on the kitchen door, proved to be an old acquaintance of his boyhood days and was delighted to see him again. He seemed very pleased at our interest in his mill and invited us to get out of the car and look to our heart's content, an invitation we hastened to accept. Our genial host very kindly showed us over the place and even started up the huge wooden water-wheel so that we could see all the machinery in action. We were utterly fascinated by it all.

The original mill was built about 1810 and was five stories high. Through the years it has undergone various changes and it now has but two stories. Some of this remodeling and also the great water-wheel was built by my grandfather.

In these days of expensive machinery, heavy overhead costs and ever increasing prices, it was something of a miracle to see the "set-up" at Baker's mill. By simply pulling on a long wooden lever, Mr. Rosenbarger released the water flow from the



This is the interesting old mill that Mabel Nair Brown has written about. Think of the power that big wheel has generated through the years!

reservoir fed by Cedar Run, thus starting the great water-wheel. It, in turn, set into motion the huge wooden cog-wheel which we saw inside the mill house on the lower floor. That giant cog wheel is hand-made, entirely of wood (yes, even the cogs are made of wood) and well over 100 years old and still in perfect running order! Of course Mr. Rosenbarger must repair or replace a cog occasionally.

It is this cog-wheel which sets into gear the series of pulleys, drive belts, and other machinery which the mill owner has devised and made himself with which to carry on his trade.

Not content with just the ordinary business connected with a mill, Mr. Rosenbarger kept dreaming of something he could make there in his own mill shop from materials close at hand. At last he hit upon an idea that "took"! He built a model of a collapsible wooden chicken crate which, when folded flat, would take up but a small percent of the space used by the ordinary crate. He showed his plans and model to a large mail-order house, sold them on the idea, and now supplies them with crates which they ship to customers all over the country—yes, eventually to Iowa and to the produce man who bought my roosters!! Small world!

Mr. Rosenbarger makes the crates there in his little mill house factory, sawing, planing and fitting all the parts on his homemade "assembly line" equipment which he rigged up himself and runs with his cheap Cedar Run power. The business has grown to the place where several helpers are employed in rush seasons.

In addition to all the handmade machinery and tools, I marveled at the great homemade wooden tool chest that stood in one corner; the old tin school "dinner buckets", iron kettles and copper pails which hung on nails from the old hand hewn beams in the ceiling and held nails, bolts and small tools.

Turning for a last look at the old mill as we drove away, I thought of the old adage "If you build a bigger and better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door." As we turned the car out the driveway, we met a great van from the city driving up to the mill entrance with a load of wire and nails to be used in more chicken crates.

SO LONG, SON

He didn't make any fuss when his time came to go—
Just came down from his room with a smile.
We sat and had lunch, as we'd had many times—
He even turned on the radio dial.
I tried not to think how his Mother and I
Would miss him when our day was through;
So I thought of the many good times we had had,
Of our plans for his future life, too.
There didn't seem to be any words I could say
That would tell him we loved him a lot—
We finished our meal as we always had done;
He even mentioned a postcard he had got.
A car honked outside—he just picked up his grip
And he said, "Dad, I guess that's for me."
He turned and gave Mother a farewell boy hug,
There was nothing dramatic to see.
I'd thought of the last things I'd say when he left,
But I couldn't remember a one.
He put out his hand, and I shook it goodbye,
Then I said just three words, "So long, Son!"
—American Legion Magazine

COVER PICTURE

The night before Donald went away to report for active duty in the air corps we had a family dinner for a farewell get-together. After the strawberry ice-cream and cake we decided we'd better tackle the big stacks of dishes, but Kristin, Juliana and Martin were playing a wild game of tag that took them all over the house, through the kitchen, out the back door and then to the front again. We just missed a couple of catastrophes when they darted into us without warning, so we asked their Uncle Donald if he would get out a book and read. Donald reads very dramatically, and in a moment there wasn't a sound from the living room aside from his voice. Eventually we glanced in and saw the scene that you noticed on the cover. This was too good to miss—we asked Russell to grab his camera quickly and snap a picture that we could all have to remember. Those three children adore their Uncle Donald and will appreciate this scene in years to come.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Each year I keep thinking that God could not possibly bless me with a happier life, but each passing year proves to be even happier than the last. I think that you are aware of the fact that I am just beginning my first year as the minister of a church. Heretofore I have always been a school or a navy chaplain, and although I have never had a position that I did not like, I really believe that I am happier as the minister of a church than I ever was as a chaplain. I certainly do love my work, and I think that the thing I love most about it is the spiritual care of the sick and the aged. I give a good part of each week to doing any number of little things to bring happiness to shut-ins; for example, today I took two elderly women for a drive about the town; tomorrow evening I am showing some movies in the home of a woman who is quite ill with arthritis. Never before have I been in a position to give so much time to such things as this, and I love it, for it gives me an opportunity to reach the hearts of people who are hungry for spiritual solace.

Our church had an old-fashioned lawn party and bazaar this past week, and it was very successful. The church tried something new this time; it had a childrens' lawn party and bazaar running at the same time as the one for adults. Parents were urged to leave their children in the childrens' section while they attended the adult section, and the results were most satisfactory. For the children we had donkey cart rides, moving pictures, a wishing wheel, lollypops, ice cream, soft drinks, etc. Many parents expressed their appreciation at being able to enjoy the bazaar without having to worry about their children. Following the church supper in the evening we had an auction of antiques and showed moving pictures for the adults.

It is very interesting to me the way eating habits vary from one part of the country to another. We gave our first dinner party the other night—that is, our first dinner party in our new home here in Bristol—and we served what is so very often served in Bristol homes when there are guests for dinner. First of all we had a fresh shrimp cocktail. That was followed by hot clam broth. Next we served each guest with a big bowl of steamed clams with drawn butter. For the main course we had cold lobsters, hot French fried potatoes, and cole slaw. The dessert was one that I like very much, whipped jello with whipped cream. If we were living in Iowa or any other part of the Middlewest, we wouldn't dream of serving a menu like that, but on this little peninsula it was just the thing to serve.

Mary Leanna had the thrill of a lifetime one night last week when we let her stay up late and go for a ride on a large cabin cruiser out on the harbor. Every day all summer long

she has been asking me to take her for a boat ride. She is simply crazy about boats, almost as crazy about them as I am. A few days ago a friend of ours asked us up for supper and then for a ride on his new boat. Once we were well out from shore, our host let Mary Leanna drive the boat, and may I suggest that if you are looking for a new thrill in life, just take a ride on a fast motorboat with a little three year old at the helm. Her idea of driving the thing was to turn the wheel just as far as she could to one side, and then to turn it the other way just as far as could. After I saw the happiness it gave her, I knew for certain that we would have to have some kind of a small boat next year. Betty says that I needed no additional incentive to buy a boat, but I like to think that I shall be buying it for Mary Leanna!

If you had been here in Bristol, Rhode Island today, you would have seen a very rare and very beautiful sight. The local Yacht Club, which is just a block from our house, held a regatta today, and more than a hundred boats took part. Can you imagine a brilliant blue harbor under a bright sky with more than a hundred little sailing boats skimming along! It was a perfect day for sailing, and thousands of people lined the shore to watch the many events. Betty and I sat on the beach watching our little David in his carriage, while Mary Leanna played in the surf. I had my telescope with me and had a lot of fun watching the antics of the young sailors as they struggled to get their craft ahead of all the others. Each week the Yacht Club has small races, but this was the biggest event of the year, and one of the biggest regattas to be held on the east coast this summer.

Next Sunday I am going to talk to my people on the subject of prayer, and there is one story that I am going to tell them that I want to share with you. The most vital experience I ever had with prayer was not an experience in which God answered my prayers, although I could tell of many such experiences, but rather it was an experience in which I was instrumental in answering the prayers of someone else.

While I was studying theology at Yale University I was asked to conduct the morning service in a suburban Congregational Church which had several Yale University professors in its membership. Wanting to make a good impression upon the professors, I prepared a very scholarly, philosophical dissertation, heavy and profound. During the anthem as I sat looking over the congregation I began to wonder if there were any persons in the congregation who had come to church that morning seeking deep spiritual comfort for some particularly grievous problem, and if there were some such persons what solace would they get from my sermon? As I thought about it, I suddenly found myself compelled to put aside the sermon I had prepared and to speak extemporaneously on the simple subject of God's love.

Following the service as I shook hands with people at the door, a lady asked if she could see me for a few minutes in the church study, and of course I consented. Shortly thereafter another lady asked if she could see me in the study, and I told her that as soon as I had spoken to the lady ahead of her I would speak to her. Still a third lady asked to see me, and she too was told to wait until I had spoken to those ahead of her. Now the amazing part of this story is that each of the ladies told me the same thing. Each said that she was convinced that my sermon was the answer to her prayers. I asked each one when it was that she had prayed for this particular help, and each replied that she had prayed *during the anthem*. When they had gone and I was alone in the church, I went down on my knees and thanked God for the power of prayer. We never know how often God uses us to answer someone's prayers!

This morning I talked to my people about taking God's name in vain, and I told them the story of the young sailor who went to his chaplain for help. The sailor was to be tried in a navy court on the charge of using profane language. "Well, did you use profane language?" asked the chaplain. "Well, I am not sure," replied the sailor. "Let me put it this way," the chaplain said. "Did you use any words that I wouldn't use?" "Oh no, sir. I used the very same words that you use, only I just arranged them differently."

I read in the paper this morning that the state of Rhode Island was just about the only state in the country that had a normal summer. Everything about our summer this year was perfectly normal, just enough sun and just enough rain. But from what I read, you folks out in the Middlewest were not so richly blessed with good weather. All of us who live near the ocean are anxious for the crisp fall weather, for that means good fishing and dry nights with little fog. One of these days I am going to tell you about catching a wonderful fish, but I shall have to wait until I have caught it.

Sincerely, Frederick.

LITTLE KISSING BUG

(Aged Nine Months)

He never kicked the table,
And was never known to cry,
For he discovered early
What a hug and kiss would buy.

So all the treasures in the house
Were strewn upon the rug,
And Daddy said, "We'll have to swat
This dreadful kissing bug."

"Perhaps we'd better paddle him,"
Said Mother with a sigh.
"He'll have to learn that there are
things
His kisses will not buy!"

But even the suggestion
Gave their heartstrings such a
tug,
They left to time and chance the case
Of 'Little Kissing Bug'.

—Martha Field Eaton

READ THIS BEFORE YOU SELL!

By Hallie M. Barrow

Have you had a stranger drive up to your farm door lately and ask if you had an old coffee grinder, an old stone churn, or any kind of an old-fashioned lamp you would sell? Making over old lamps into modern electric lamps is a hobby that is sweeping the country. Antique dealers and individual lamp makers are combing the farms for old lamps or other old things that can be used for lamp bases. Now that so many farms have electricity, don't be persuaded to part with any of these things until you are positive you don't want to make a lamp yourself.

And why should you make a lamp? Well, lamps are now considered just about the most important accessory in the decorative scheme of any room. If you can make your own, and highly fashionable ones at that, you'll save yourself a great deal of money; if you don't believe this, just price such lamps the next time you are in any store where they are sold.

In addition to this important consideration is the fact that it may be the means of bringing some old heirloom back to life again—something your family might prize a great deal that has been banished from the living room because it was formerly out of date. Added to these facts is another important one—you need not invest in expensive equipment and it does not require a lot of electrical technical skill. Many of your pieces that will be needed can be purchased at the dime store.

If you visit an antique shop, the dealer will explain to you that the old lamps are divided into four classes. First are the glass lamps, the kind that held coal oil in their bowls. Some of these were very pretty since they were odd shaped and had pressed figures in the glass. If you can find an identical pair of these in your "junk" room, so much the better. Don't discard a bracket glass lamp for these are used too. Also under the glass classification come those miniatures, or a child's night lamp. These were often colored and held just enough oil to last through the night. Your dressing table will be the perfect spot for such lamps. Then, if you are so fortunate as to have one of those old hanging lamps, by all means bring it back to your living room, hunt up enough glass dangles to hang all the way 'round, and then electrify it.

Were you one of that not inconsiderable number of people who was once very ashamed of the big, hand-painted lamp in your parlor? (Often it was amazingly gaudy as to color and design!) Such a lamp may be hidden away out in the smoke house right now, for if you were ashamed of it and insisted that it be put out of sight when your "modern" friends called, the chances are that your mother obliged and carted it out. Well, bring it back now for you have a real treasure. Incidentally, I'm referring to those lamps which had big round shades of china with roses painted on them, and roses as well



No doubt you recognize the young rider, but you may not know that his horse is named Danny Pony. Martin had heard so much about Kristin's Danny Boy that when Santa Claus brought him this horse he decided instantly upon its name. We thought when the shiny birthday tricycle arrived that Danny Pony would be forgotten, but we were mistaken—the tricycle took second place.

on the china bowl which held the oil. Today these cast-outs are called "Gone With the Wind" Lamps and are beautiful with an electric globe inside that bowl.

If you now have electricity you have said goodbye to the gasoline pressure lamps, sometimes called Aladdin or Rayo. These were tin-plated and silver looking as a result. But underneath that plating is a brass foundation. You may have to send your lamp away to have this silver looking finish removed for it requires such a strong, deadly acid that I understand druggists will not sell it for the average person to use.

However, if just the original finish is left, it is attractive after it is wired and has a shade to match other things in your room. It is certainly much easier to find a pair of these as it hasn't been very long ago that they were in use—in fact, still are in use a good many places.

If you have trouble finding shades of just the color you wish, take a couple of hours and make one. You need a frame and if you are using an old one, just remove the silk or parchment. Then use yarn and wind over and over your frame, up and down, until it is covered. This way you can be sure of the color you want.

Now supposing you haven't any kind of an old lamp at all in your attic, shed loft, smoke house or junk room—don't be discouraged for you can still make a lamp. I'm sure there isn't a farm anywhere but what something can be turned up for a lamp base. Nothing is barred. Old toys, old horns or bugles, fancy pitchers, china or metal tea and coffee pots, churns, jugs, bottles, etc. One of the favorite lamp bases is the old coffee grinder. You can take the grinder section out of the middle if you wish,

and the rod bearing the cord, electric globe and shade can come right up out of the center. But if you wish to preserve the old utensil as it was, the light fixture can come out of the side. A checked gingham shade goes well with the coffee grinder. And don't forget the small drawer—it can be pulled out and used for a plant. If you want a growing ivy or philodendron, have the drawer tin lined to hold water. My choice for this drawer is an African violet.

This leads us into another class of lamps, the planter lamps. Briefly, this means having something for the base of your lamp which will hold dirt in order that flowers or vines may be planted there. An old wooden chopping bowl may be used. And another one I saw was made from those old bowl and pitcher sets which once graced the bedroom wash stand. The pitcher was set in the bowl, dirt filled in around and planted. The light fixture came up out of the pitcher! One of the articles most in demand for a planter lamp is, of all things, an old cuspidor, especially those brass ones often seen in county courthouses, etc.

If you think you simply haven't a single old thing to use for a base for your lamp, consider these two ideas that I have seen used with great success. A large gourd served as a base. It had been cured out, the neck cut off and an Indian design painted on the bowl. A cork stopper fitted into the neck and the electric cord passed through the stopper. Then a very clever shade had been painted to match the bowl. These gourd lamps were used in a man's den which held other Indian and Mexican souvenirs and decorations.

The other idea involves a rolling pin and an ash tray. Saw the handles off the rolling pin and for a base use a big ash tray. The rolling pin lamp I saw had been polished and three metal initials were tacked on to it. The result was a very handsome tailored lamp.

There is one important consideration in making a lamp and that is determining in which way is it to be used. If for merely decorative purposes, go ahead and make it to suit your fancy. But if it is to be a lamp by which some one will read, sew or study, you must consider other factors. The over-all height of any table lamp should be 25 inches. The base of the shade should be 16 inches in diameter, which will reflect 60% of the light downward on the object you are using, and 40% upward. The lining of the shade should ALWAYS be white. Be sure to use at least a 100 watt bulb and a reflector or diffusing bowl. This will prevent glare.

In recent months I have seen some unbelievably beautiful lamps in my section of Missouri. I only wish that all of you could have seen the 4-H club exhibit of lamps made from things the members could find in their own farm homes. Those youngsters dug up old pewter pitchers, bean pots, coffee grinders, etc., and honestly, their exhibit of 40 lamps was simply beautiful!! It was enough to make anyone want to get to work immediately.

GOOD NEIGHBORS*By Gertrude Hayzlett*

First thing, I want to thank those of you who asked for the address of Ann, who was so much in need of cheer. If you all wrote to her, I am sure she cannot feel so unwanted. I'm sorry I did not give my own address when I told about her, as many of you had to write to Leanna and she had to forward your letters to me. Here is my address: 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. I am always glad to hear from you in regard to anyone mentioned in this column or about any shutin you know who needs the cheery letters we can send them. Here are some shutins you may be able to help.

Loretta Hess, Mahaska, Kansas, is a 12 year old girl who had polio. She is bedfast now, in a cast. It will be some time before she can be out of the cast, tho it will be changed before long to a shorter one in which she can sit up in a wheel chair. She needs cheery letters.

Beckey Hicks, who used to live at Mt. Vernon, is now at Box 41, Bonnie, Ill. She was 7 in June and has been shutin since she had polio some years ago. Her 5 year old brother Larry is ill with a lung infection. You might remember him, too, when you write her. Small playthings are always a thrill when they come by mail.

Sharon Ann Kaup, Rt. 1, Care Herman Kaup, Atkinson, Nebr., will be 10 come Oct. 17. She had rheumatic fever and was bedfast for a year. She is up part time now, but has a weak heart so must be very quiet.

Paul McClintock, Box 24, Marcus, Iowa, has been in a cast for nearly a year and will have to be in it for that much longer, due to some sort of hip trouble. The cast keeps his feet 18 inches apart so he has to lie either flat on his back or on his stomach all the time. His oldest brother, age 12, helps care for him. He loves to get mail and is making a scrapbook of all the view cards he gets.

David Pottratz is another boy who needs cheer. He has a blood infection, and is in the Mercy Hospital in Clinton, Iowa, at present. He has to be in a private room and gets awfully lonely.

I've had a special request for view-cards, old or new, to be used with a Pictograph that is being sent around to shutins. This Pictograph is a machine that throws the pictures onto a screen on the wall and gives much pleasure to one who is not able to be out. Send cards to C. B. Lillyman, 1269 N W 44 St., Miami 42, Fla.

There is also a request for help in getting a wheel chair for a shutin who has not been able even to see outdoors this summer. She is in a home where the windows are too high for her to see out from a chair, but she is well enough that she could be taken out if she had a wheel chair. If you want to help, send your contributions to me. And thanks from her and me.

The way to love anything is to realize it might be lost.—Chesterton.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTY*By Mildred Dooley Cathcart*

Many people find it difficult to entertain a Sunday school class or a church group and think that the evening is apt to be dull. This need not be the case. At one time when I had a large class of very active teen-agers, we had a party once every two weeks and they were most enjoyable although we maintained a certain amount of dignity as was required.

Here are a few ideas that I am sure you will enjoy.

The invitations may be made in little folders with a piece of black construction paper for the backs. With gold ink print "Sunday school party" on the front of them. On the inside print the following invitation:

"A Sunday school party
There's going to be
On Tuesday evening
At seven thirty.
Games and prizes—
Fun for all—
I'll expect you
One and all."

Bible Arithmetic is a good written game. Give each contestant a paper with these questions written on them and see who can get the most correct answers. Each answer, of course, will be a number.

1. How many sons had Jacob? 12
2. How many kine did Pharaoh see in his dream? 7
3. How many day and nights did it rain during the flood? 40
4. How old was Methuselah when he died? 969 years
5. How many books are in the Old Testament? 39
6. How many books are in the New Testament? 27
7. One day is with the Lord as how many years? 1000.
8. How many sheep did the shepherd leave to find the one that was lost? 99
9. Of the ten lepers healed, how many turned to thank Jesus? Only one.
10. There are how many commandments? 10

In the Bible there are many famous PAIRS. You name one and have the guest name the other. You may use these:

1. Adam and Eve
2. Mary and Martha
3. Paul and Silas
4. David and Jonathan
5. Samson and Delilah
6. Abraham and Sarah
7. Mary and Joseph
8. Isaac and Rebekah
9. Sodom and Gomorrah
10. Jacob and Rachel

Choose two teams for this game. The leader will begin quoting a well known Bible verse and the team who can complete it correctly scores a point. The team with the most points is winner. Use such verses as St. John 3:16, verses from the twenty-third Psalm, the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, and other well known Scriptures.

Below is a scrambled list of famous places mentioned in the Bible. See

who can unscramble them first.

1. Lacyvar—Calvary
2. Tounm fo Veiosl—Mount of Olives
3. Ruseajmel—Jerusalem
4. Heelthmeb—Bethlehem
5. Chiotan—Antioch
6. Naaanc—Canaan
7. Need—Eden
8. LLeeiag—Galilee
9. Naybeth—Bethany
10. Zanareth—Nazareth

When entertaining my Sunday school class I found that they often enjoyed spending part of the evening doing something for others. We cut appropriate pictures from magazines and made a scrap book for a childrens' hospital one evening. With several working on this project it was completed in a fairly short time. On another evening we mounted pretty small pictures on half or fourth sheets of construction paper, pasted a Bible verse on the bottom and had a nice text for the wall. Some of these were sent to missionaries who said they made very nice awards and prizes. And you find that most people like to sing, so get out the Hymnals and sing the songs they choose.

If you wish to give prizes during the evening you will find that many suitable items may be purchased at a very nominal cost. Pocket sized mirrors with Scripture texts on them, pencils with verses, small plaques, Scripture stationery, Bible games,—all these make ideal gifts.

When you serve your refreshments you might like to try this idea. Give each person a capsule with his dish. In each capsule you will have placed a verse from the Bible. Have each one read his verse. Instead of a tray prize, give a prize to the one whose capsule contains the Golden Rule or other verse which you choose to be the lucky one.

With these games planned you will find that children and adults as well will enjoy a Sunday school or church party. And while your guests are doing these games just for fun they will be gaining knowledge too.

GARDEN CLUBS CHURCH GROUPS SELL GROW FAST POTTING SOIL

If there is not a dealer in your town, write for club plan. Buy at wholesale, sell to Friends, and Neighbors, and make money for your club activities. Grow Fast Potting Soil is ideal for all house plants, especially African Violets, Gloxinias, etc. Attractively packaged. Write today.

GROW FAST SOIL CO.

Box 309

Shenandoah, Iowa

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello Good Friends, One and All:

If you want to come in and sit down tonight I can offer you some fresh popcorn, a polished Jonathan and a piece of home-made fudge. It isn't the famous Remarkable Fudge, (which I think is absolute perfection) because I didn't have all the ingredients on hand, but for plain old fudge it isn't so bad. These are the nights with a crisp autumn wind blowing, a magnificent great moon and the nostalgic, lingering smell of smoke in the air, when my thoughts always turn to the things I've said you could have if you called on me this evening. It's a combination of things that always smells like H-O-M-E.

Not long ago Wayne and I had to make a business trip together to Kansas City, and as we drove along smoothly in our best bibs and tuckers I found myself remembering an approach to Kansas City that took place some twenty odd years ago. It was the kind of thing that could happen only when one was young, reckless, utterly unconcerned with appearances, and completely foolhardy.

At that time I was a student at Cottey College in Nevada, Missouri, and at the end of the school year I was supposed to meet Mother and Dad in Kansas City where Mother had gone for a check-up at St. Luke's hospital; less than a year had then elapsed since the accident in which she suffered a broken back.

Well, a few weeks earlier two young members of the faculty had purchased a Model T Ford—I think they paid \$20.00 for it, and it was only by stretching the quality of charity that you could call the thing a car. It had four rickety wheels, something that made enough noise to pass for an engine, and that was all. I recall clearly that there were no doors and no floorboards—we had a plank on which to rest our feet. This dreadful conveyance had gotten us all around the countryside through a beautiful spring, and when the time came to leave college the two owners decided to drive it out to Kansas by way of Kansas City, and this meant, in turn, that I was invited to go along and stop off to meet my parents.

We started out in pouring rain that morning. There were four of us in the car, plus a year's accumulation of junk, so all of that junk was loaded in first (don't ask me how) and then we mounted to great heights and sat on it. Of course there was no top, so this meant that we had to hold umbrellas, four of them, and you can imagine what a problem it was to keep them up in the face of the gales that blew when we reached our top speed of twenty miles per hour.

There was no reason why that car should have run at all, no reason whatsoever, but believe it or not, it actually moved up Highway 71 mile after painful mile. There was always so much smoke pouring out of the engine that we could scarcely tell when it developed a new ailment that meant we had to pour in water every three or four miles! It took us many, many hours to reach Kansas City, but



Goodbye, Summer, goodbye! On our last trip to Lucas we all went down to the creek where Juliana and Kristin had spent such happy hours and were appropriately subdued while they said farewell to their favorite spots.

about five in the afternoon we actually got through the heavy traffic in our miserable condition and pulled up in front of St. Luke's hospital. I'm absolutely convinced that never before or since has anything arrived in that driveway that could begin to compare to our car. And I'm equally convinced that a covered wagon drawn by oxen couldn't have attracted more attention. Let me add in the quietest of whispers that the folks *seemed* glad to see me!

Only once again did I ever have anything to do with a car in a comparable state of delapidation. This happened thirteen years ago in Minneapolis a few months after we were married when some artist friends of ours hurried into our apartment one beautiful spring evening to announce with enormous pride that they had just purchased a car for \$25.00 and it ran like a dream. Wouldn't we (plus our two dinner guests) like to join them for a lovely ride around one of lakes?

We accepted with alacrity. Hurriedly we threw on light coats, walked down three flights of stairs, and out to look at the fine new car. I noticed immediately that it had doors and some kind of floor boards. I also noticed that the top was anchored with ropes, sort of a harness like contraption that didn't exactly add to the appearance of the overall scheme.

Syd and Bunny, the owners of the car, climbed proudly into the front seat, while Russell and I and our two guests piled into the back seat. We straightened ourselves nicely, took a deep breath of anticipation, and prepared to start. Nothing happened. Syd kicked at everything in front, pounded the few gadgets on the wheel and dashboard, and still nothing happened. Then Russell and our guests got out to see if they could help. Nothing happened. Then Bunny and I got out, leaving Syd alone in solitary splendor. Immediately the car started and went chugging off. He drove around the block while we stood waiting, and then came back to get us. We all climbed in and the identical thing happened once again. To make a long story short, that car

would run with one person in it but no more. There was no final doubt about it for we tried every conceivable combination and nothing worked. It was so perilously balanced that it could pull only the weight of one person in a given spot. I recall that its top speed was about 18 miles an hour, so all of the others dog-trotted around the block on the sidewalk while Syd drove around next to the curb, and from time to time one of the crowd would try sneaking out and getting in — and instantly the car stopped! They sold it the next day for Bunny said that she refused to have \$25.00 tied up in a car that would carry only one of them at a time.

In my few spare moments I've been trying to get something accomplished on two table cloths. One was started fully ten years ago when we lived in Hollywood and I was alone a great deal because Russell worked nights. It began as a card table cloth, for in those days we were apartment dwellers and always had to set up card tables when we entertained. The material is tan handkerchief linen, and in the four corners I expected to embroider large figures that I copied from a book on Aztec art. If a straight outline stitch had been used I would have finished the cloth years ago, but I wanted a thicker stitch to show off the design to better advantage and therefore used a solid satin stitch—I think there's a correct name for this but I can't think of it.

Well, two of the big figures were finished years ago and there I stopped (something like the old car!) dead in my tracks. In the meantime we acquired a genuine dining room and I had no further use whatsoever for any card table cloths, so I lost all interest in finishing it. Then, about two months ago, I realized that I could use the cloth as the *center* of a table cloth; by sewing on a brown handkerchief linen band in its full width I'll have a cloth big enough for my table when there are no leaves in it. The minute this occurred to me I started working on the other two figures, and by spring I hope to have it done and in use.

The other cloth I'm working on was a gift from Mother in late summer. It is grey linen with six matching napkins, and I'm embroidering it in a Swedish peasant design. It gives promise of being a beautiful cloth when it's done.

As all of you know who read my letters, I simply love to sew. When I'm tired and my nerves are crackling I find it the most restful thing in the world to sit down and pick up some handwork. (Patching and replacing buttons don't exactly fall in this category although I've turned to even those prosaic things more than once.) There *are* people who have nervous convulsions at the very sight of a needle and they cannot understand how in the world any kind of sewing could be good balm for troubled spirits, but I feel blessed to have such a simple remedy at hand.

Tomorrow I want to get an early start with my morning baking, so this must be all. Do write to me when you can. Sincerely, Lucile.

**END OF THE GARDEN PICKLE**

- 1 qt. ripe tomatoes
- 2 qts. green tomatoes
- 3 large onions
- 1 large cucumber
- 1 qt. cabbage
- 2 cups celery
- 3 green peppers
- 3 red peppers
- 1 pod hot red pepper
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1/2 cup salt
- 4 cups brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 Tbls. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 qts. vinegar

Chop vegetables before measuring. Mix with salt. Let stand overnight. Drain. Add other ingredients. Simmer until there is no excess liquid. Pack into hot jars and seal at once.

GREEN PEPPER SALAD

- 1 Tbls. gelatine
- 4 Tbls. pineapple juice
- 2 pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 2 Tbls. nuts chopped fine
- 1 pimento cut fine

Soak gelatine in the pineapple juice and dissolve over hot water. Combine pineapple, nuts, pimento and cream cheese and then add dissolved gelatine. Clean all seeds and membranes from green peppers (quantity depends upon size of peppers) and fill with this mixture; stand on stem end to harden. When firm cut with a sharp knife making thin crosswise slices. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

HOME MADE MAYONNAISE

- 2 egg yolks
- 2 cups of oil
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. grated onion

Everything that goes into this mayonnaise must be icy cold. I put the bowl, mixer blades, and all ingredients into the refrigerator over night. Beat egg yolks for five minutes. Then slowly begin adding 1 cup of oil. Mixture will become extremely thick. Then add the second cup of oil alternately with lemon juice, grated onion and salt. Store in covered jar.

This is a delicious mayonnaise. It gives a great deal of added flavor to any meat or fish sandwich filling or salad.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By **LEANNA DRIFTMIR****LUNCH BOX DREAMS**

- 2/3 cup shortening
 - 1 cup brown sugar
 - 2 eggs
 - 2/3 cup hot coffee
 - 1 cup seedless raisins
 - 1 1/2 cups of flour
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- Cream sugar and shortening together. Add beaten eggs. Sift all dry ingredients together and add alternately with hot coffee. Lastly add vanilla and raisins. Spread in a greased pan and bake for around 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven. While warm spread with frosting made by combining 1/4 cup coffee, 2 tsp. melted butter, 1/4 tsp. vanilla and 1 cup powdered sugar. Cut into bars. These are very simple to make and taste delicious. The children will enjoy them in the lunch box but they make fine quick refreshments when something must be served unexpectedly.

OLD FASHIONED APPLE BUTTER

- 1 peck apples
 - 1 gallon sweet cider
 - 6 cups sugar
 - 1 Tbls. cinnamon
 - 1/2 Tbls. cloves
- Wash and slice apples. Add cider and cook until soft, then press through a sieve. Boil the strained pulp until it is thick enough to heap on a spoon, then add sugar mixed with spices and continue boiling until so thick that no liquid runs from the butter when tested on a cold plate. Pour while hot into hot jar, process 10 minutes in hot-water bath, and then complete seal.

BAKED CARAMEL CUSTARD

- 1 cup pearl tapioca
 - 6 cups water
 - 2 cups brown sugar
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
 - 1 cup chopped dates
 - 1 cup black walnuts
 - Whipped cream
- Combine tapioca and 3 cups of water and soak overnight. Heat remaining 3 cups of water and dissolve sugar in it. Mix with tapioca and pour into a baking dish well buttered. Bake at 300 degrees for two hours or until mixture is clear. Stir every half hour. Remove from oven and add vanilla, dates and nuts. Put into sherbet glasses and chill. Serve with whipped cream and a cherry.

TOMATO CATSUP**Part I**

- 2 gallons tomato pulp

Part II

- 2 cloves of garlic
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 1/2 cup whole mixed spices
- 2 sweet peppers

PART III

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup salt
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 1/2 tps. dry mustard
- 1 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. red pepper
- 1/2 cup horseradish

Cook tomatoes and press through a sieve. Allow pulp to stand until cold and water rises to top. Then dip this off and measure pulp.

Place ingredients in Part II in cloth bag and put in tomato pulp. Cook rapidly for 30 minutes. Add ingredients in Part III. Mix them together thoroughly before adding, and then cook 30 minutes longer. Remove cloth bag. Seal in clean, hot jars, Yields 16 pints.

The friend who sent this recipe says that the rapid cooking makes it a bright red color, very thick and delicious. If cooked properly, she says, it will look as good and taste better than any of the commercial varieties that we buy.

PINEAPPLE CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring or
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple

Cream 3/4ths of the sugar with the butter. Add 3 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift all dry ingredients together. Combine orange juice and flavoring, add pineapple. Add dry ingredients to the butter mixture alternately with the orange juice. Whip 3 egg whites until stiff and then add remaining 1/4 cup of sugar. Fold egg whites into the batter. Bake in 2 greased 9 inch layer pans in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Put together and cover with 7-Minute Icing.

SPANISH POTATOES

- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
 - 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 - 2 Tbls. chopped pimento
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 2 cups cooked, cubed potatoes
- Melt the butter and add the flour, making a smooth paste. Add the milk and cook until it thickens. Then add onion, green pepper, pimento, salt and pepper. Combine with potatoes, reheat and serve.

CHOCOLATE-CRUSTED PIE

- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 to 3 Tbls. cold water

Sift together the flour, sugar, cocoa and salt. Cut in shortening. Add vanilla. Sprinkle cold water over the mixture and toss lightly until dough is moist enough to hold together. Roll and fit into a 9-inch pie pan. Prick crust with fork. Place dough "trimmings" in second pie pan. Bake in a 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes. Do not overbake. Saved baked "trimmings" for crumb topping.

VANILLA CHIFFON FILLING

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold milk
- 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup heavy cream

Soak gelatine in cold milk until dissolved. Combine slightly beaten egg yolks with milk, sugar and salt and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Remove from heat, add vanilla and dissolved gelatine, and put in refrigerator. When mixture begins to thicken add beaten egg whites to which 1/4 cup sugar has been added. Fold egg whites in gently, then turn mixture into cooled chocolate crust and chill in refrigerator at least 5 hours. Top with heavy cream, whipped and sprinkle the "trimming" crumbs on top.

JOHN BEN GETTY

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground meat (1/2 pork, 1/2 beef)
- 2 medium size onions
- 1 green pepper
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 7 oz. pkg. of noodles
- 3 canned pimientos
- 1 can peas
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 can mushroom soup
- Salt to taste
- Grated cheese

Melt butter in heavy pan and then stir in meat, onions and pepper and sear until brown. Cook noodles in boiling water, being careful not to overcook.

In large mixing bowl place browned meat mixture, noodles, and all remaining ingredients aside from cheese. Turn into a large greased baking dish and bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour. Remove from stove, sprinkle grated cheese on top, and return to brown.

"This is a delicious one dish meal that we were served at a luncheon in Kentucky. I've prepared it many times since and everyone who tastes it wants the recipe. With it I serve hot rolls, butter, jelly, a relish plate, salad, dessert and coffee—"

JUST A MINUTE—

By Lucile

From time to time I get the urge to talk about the importance of cooking, and tonight the notion has taken ahold of me once again and consequently I'll get some of it out of my system.

It so happens that I love to cook. However, if I didn't I still think that I would have drummed up at least a semblance of interest by this time for it seems to me that what we MUST do might as well be enjoyed. Every woman who takes upon herself the responsibility of a home might just as well face the fact that she's going to have to prepare three meals a day for years and years to come. The marriage ceremony doesn't come right out and say this point blank, mind you, but it might as well! The only way you're going to escape your daily sessions with the stove is to have a permanent cook or take all of your meals in a restaurant. The first possibility is so wildly remote to most of us that it simply doesn't exist. The second possibility is equally fantastic. So that leaves us with the three meals and our own pots and pans.

Part of maturity is learning to accept things that aren't going to change, and consequently we might as well accept this fact that we're going to cook. From this fact we might as well progress to the fact that *how* we cook makes an enormous difference, physically and spiritually. I've never been able to see that nourishing food prepared grudgingly did a thing for the unfortunate people who had to eat it. The impatience and resentment of the woman who prepares it seems to cancel out every bit of vitamin content. If you don't believe this, just look around at the nervous stomachs in families you know where the wife and mother made no bones of the fact that she loathed getting a meal on the table.

Food is such a vital and inescapable condition of living that it influences us in a thousand different ways. Whenever I hear women saying that they want to be free of their kitchens I find myself asking (silently) "Free for what?" Most of us aren't such overpowering mental giants that we could turn the world upside down if we were free of our kitchens. There's always been a question in my mind that we would be busying ourselves with anything more important than fixing good, attractive meals for the people who mean more to us than words can say.

I really don't think that women are born with the love for cooking as they're born with blue eyes or brown hair, let us say. I think that our interest and enthusiasm for cooking comes from the kitchen atmosphere that we knew in childhood. If we were blessed with mothers who felt that it was a blessing, in turn, to have us and to have the food with which to feed us, it follows as night follows day that we absorb this atmosphere, and carry on in the same fashion when we are in our own homes with our own children to feed. By the same token, if we sat down

to our childhood dinners and suppers where the meals were hastily and bitterly thrown on, we're going to grow up feeling that cooking is a miserable chore and one to rush through as quickly as possible.

There comes a time for all of us when cooking palls, when we can't think what in the world to fix, when the struggle of trying to keep down the grocery bill seems to sap all the joy and interest right out of the job. Those times come. But they aren't really important unless they go on and on and on and our families come to feel that they're a trying burden with their appetites and unhappy habit of turning up for meals right on schedule.

All of us know these times and all of us have worked out our own little schemes for beating them. The quickest way out of the woods is to go and eat a meal at some restaurant. You find yourself thinking how much more cheaply and, as a rule, how much better you could cook the same food in your own kitchen. These thoughts turn the trick. But it's a method that I can't indulge in and I suspect that very few of you can indulge in it either.

The scheme that I use the most frequently and with the greatest success is as follows: First, I realize that I've gotten woefully careless about the appearance of the table, so I get out a nice table cloth and take pains to see that the dishes match. Then I haul out my cook books and find something new to try. Most of the time I find a recipe that calls for exactly what happens to be in the house—keeping grocery bill down, you see. Then I realize that my family might appreciate seeing me in something different, so I spend a little time fixing my hair, changing my dress, etc. And lastly I remind myself that if I weren't in my own kitchen preparing a meal I'd be eating a meal alone in some restaurant or preparing a meal entirely for myself, and that prospect holds no allure whatsoever for a woman who loves her family. So . . . those three things turn the trick and I find once again that it's a pleasure to cook.

In my very bones I feel that someone who read this was just about to head for the kitchen to throw potatoes into the kettle with their jackets on, to open a can of peas or corn, to sling some meat into the skillet that deserved much better treatment, and to bang the whole thing on to a table that is in desperate need of new oil cloth. All of this doesn't matter if it is not the usual thing, but if it goes on day after day . . . well, stop and think. Stop and think long and hard. These days won't come again. It's in our power to make them happy or unhappy. And the meals to which our families sit down have a lot to do with the story in the end. Yes, it's time to get dinner . . . and let's make it a good one!

For every woman who makes a fool out of a man, there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.—Anon.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Our school year has begun, and this is the end of the third day. I have fifteen pupils again this year, with two little beginners. Two of the boys I had last year were transferred to another school, so it still leaves me with the same number, in all grades but two. I get a big thrill out of watching the children come into the schoolhouse on the first day. They are always so shiny with new clothes on, new shoes, and big smiles on their faces. The little beginners have new lunch pails and a look of excitement and bewilderment. They are so thrilled, and love to show me how far they can count. They are all excited about their new books and terribly anxious to begin exploring them.

Having almost all the same children this year, we just took up where we left off last year and already it seems as if there had been no vacation but just a continuation of what we were doing when school was out last summer.

Last week was a terribly busy one for me, since the painters didn't finish at Kristin's school until the middle of the week, and it still had to be cleaned and the furniture arranged. I had to take one day out to attend an all-day teacher's meeting, but with the help of Aunt Delia Johnson and Kristin's teacher, Bertha McNeer, we managed to get everything done and it really looked very nice when it was finished.

Kristin and I had a very nice week in Shenandoah, several days of which Lucile and I sat at the sewing machine getting the girls' school dresses made. Mother and Margery were a big help with the handwork, so we did manage to get quite a bit done.

Lucile, Russell and Juliana drove us home and stayed a couple of days. We also had a week-end visit from Margery and Martin before we went to Shenandoah, in fact we made the trip back to Shenandoah with them. I was so glad that my visit there coincided with Donald's last visit at home before he went into the service again. We also got to see my cousin Louise Fischer Alexander and her two children, Jean and Carter, who were visiting Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer at the same time.

I must tell you the latest developments on the light situation here since I have been keeping you up on things for the past two years. Yesterday they finished setting the poles within a mile of us, so it really shouldn't be long now. Kristin was all excited because they happened to be working right in front of the schoolhouse at recess time and they all got to watch the big machine dig the holes and put the poles into them. Early tomorrow morning Bernie is leaving for Shenandoah with the big truck that is going to move her beauty shop equipment to Lucas. At the same time they are going to bring the folks' old refrigerator for me, and the family piano that had been loaned to a friend until the time would come



The Driftmiers gather to tell Donald goodbye. In the back row are Margery, Howard, Donald, Dorothy, Wayne and Lucile. In the front row are Juliana next to her Grandfather Driftmier, Kristin, her Grandmother Driftmier, and Martin.

when I should want it. That time has come, since I had always hoped Kristin could start piano lessons when she was seven. Our house is so small that we haven't figured out just where we will squeeze it in, but squeeze we must because she must have something to practice on.

Frank has been busy as usual. While he has been waiting for the weather to be just right for starting our last cutting of alfalfa, he has been fixing fences and other odd jobs that are neglected so badly when the field work starts in the spring.

We had a big family dinner Sunday in honor of Father Johnson's 83rd birthday. All four children were home and we had a very nice time. While we were still at the table and Mr. Johnson had just finished opening his gifts, the telephone rang and the message threw a dark cloud over the rest of the day. It was a telegram from the War Department to Mr. Larson, the man who has been with us a year and half helping Frank, stating that his youngest son had been wounded in action in Korea. They were unable to tell Mr. Larson the nature or extent of his son's wounds at this time, so we are all waiting for further word. Our hearts go out to all of you who are experiencing the same thing at this time.

Kristin loves school and her teacher and can hardly wait in the mornings until it is time to go, but she is just an anxious to get home these evenings because her Daddy waits until she gets home to go after the cows. He rides Bonnie and she goes with him riding Danny pony. She hasn't ridden him very much, and we have never allowed her to ride outside of

the barnlot because she doesn't handle him very well yet, so to be able actually to ride beside Daddy out on the road and into the pasture has been very exciting to her. After they get to the pasture Frank stays in the road and lets her go in and round them up and she feels very big and important.

It is now 10:30 and I still have a stack of schoolwork that has to be done tonight, so I will say good-night for this month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

SUMMER'S DEATH

Softly the silver rain
Polk-a-dots the dusty lane,
Summer is fading.
Flowers bow their heads
Drifting leaves form beds,
Summer is dying.
Autumn breezes bring
Pungent ghosts of spring,
Summer is dead.

—Delphia M. Stubbs.

PHOTOGRAPHIC
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FALL PLANTING—

(Continued from Page 3)

effect created by a group of regal yellows in front of a small evergreen; that was really stunning.

Before I tell you what happened next outdoors I must tell you about planting tulip bulbs for the house. We'd never dreamed of having tulips in the dead of winter, but in our reading we'd found that if you planted bulbs in vermiculite and then followed specific instructions, you'd have gorgeous big flowers while blizzards still raged outside, and we decided to give it a fling.

We used one pound coffee cans for this purpose, filled them with vermiculite, and planted 4 bulbs to a can. It was the first of November when this was done and they went directly to a dark room in our basement where the temperature hovered around 40 degrees all winter. I'll be perfectly frank to say that I never thought a thing would happen! It seemed to me that we'd wasted fine bulbs and might have planted them to much better advantage outside.

But I was 100% wrong. They sprouted on schedule, and shortly after Christmas were moved upstairs to a south window where they could get a lot of sun. In February they bloomed, and my! what huge, magnificent blooms. We put the coffee cans into attractive flower pots and placed them on tables around the house, and I can't tell you what a sensation it was to see those glorious tulips on bitter February days when everything outside looked so hopeless.

This year we're going to plant many more for inside use, and we've been told that dirt does just as well as vermiculite. The important thing is to keep it moist. You won't have any tulips in February if you let the bulbs dry out. I just hope that *everyone* gets at least a dozen bulbs right away for this use alone, for until you've had those huge blossoms in the dead of winter you can't imagine what it does for your spirits.

After every single thing had gone into the ground we watered and watered and watered. It was very, very dry last fall, you may remember, and we had to supply all of the good soaking moisture that Nature didn't provide. The first week in December we picked our last flowers, covered the entire garden with a mulch of straw and leaves, and said goodbye to it until spring.

I'm one who is always anxious to see the last of winter, but never did I feel that I had as much to anticipate as I did last year, and the early months of this year. I used to stand at the kitchen window and look out over the back yard and try to visualize what I would see by April. You've done this too, I'm sure. I'll admit that sometimes the landscape looked so drab and forbidding that my imagination (which isn't exactly feeble) couldn't transport me one inch beyond what I actually saw!

But one morning as I went out the backdoor to go up and broadcast I glanced down, and there at the side of the walk were tiny green jewels.

That's exactly what they looked like—genuine jewels. I could hardly believe my eyes for it was a raw day and my old coat was about as comforting as a gunny sack. But they were the first of our tulips, no doubt about it, and from that time on they simply rushed up to greet the spring.

I'd like to tell you about the various things that happened here in April and May, but I've already used far more room than I intended to use and a line simply must be drawn somewhere. That's the trouble with getting started on gardening—it's like a prairie fire and you can't find a place to stop. But I must take this tiny bit of space to say that you can never believe how exciting spring is until you have your very own flowers to anticipate and enjoy. If you belong to the second division of people that I mentioned in my first paragraph, do jump out of it immediately and join the other camp where we now reside. *You must plant now if you're going to have an exciting spring in 1951.*

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

"A good protection against fire," writes Mrs. Rudolph Svoboda of David City, Nebr., "is to know the value of common baking soda. Four ounces to a gallon of water forms a very satisfactory chemical extinguisher, equal to 80 gallons of plain water. A bucket of baking soda and a tin cup may save a life or a home."

Iva Wilson of Cherokee, Ia., has found a place for coffee grounds. She sprinkles them under the snowball bush. She feels sure they help to get rid of insects that ruin the foliage and blossoms.

From Dawn, Mo., comes this help from Mrs. Walter Jones. "I heard you read a letter from someone asking what to do to keep chrome chairs from making marks on the linoleum. I bought the rubber caps that go on crutches. They fit fine and prevent the chairs from slipping or making dents in the floor covering."

Ethel Sopher, New Providence, Ia., sends this help for keeping tomatoes fresh all winter. "Pick ripe and sound tomatoes. Leave on part of the stem. Do not bruise the skin. Lay them in weak salt water for 48 hours in a cool place; then put in a stone jar and cover with a cold solution—2 parts of water to one part of vinegar. Put a plate over them and keep them under the liquid. They will stay as fresh as when picked from the vine."

Concordia, Mo. "Here is a help for clogged up drain pipes. Remove the nozzle of the garden hose. Place end of hose on pipe to be opened and hold securely. Turn water on full force and the pipe will be opened in a few minutes."

Mrs. Edward Miller of Alta, Ia., writes: "When ironing articles with buttons, fold a bath towel double. Place button side of the garment down on the towel. This method will not ruin the buttons. So many

these days seem to be made of rubber or plastic and a hot iron can ruin them."

From Minneola, Kans. comes this sewing suggestion. "When putting zippers in underwear plackets of house dresses, make the zipper close running down instead of up. Try this and see how much more easily it zips together."

"Perhaps you may know that when making apple salad, the apples can be kept white by washing in salt water." Mrs. Lillie Ferguson, Kansas City, Mo.

"In making an angel food you can substitute 1½ cups of powdered sugar (sifted) for 1 cup of granulated sugar. Sift it with 1 level tsp. of cream of tartar, 1 cup of sifted cake flour and a pinch of salt. Beat 11 egg whites and gradually add the dry ingredients and 1 tsp. of flavoring. Bake 40 minutes." Mrs. Edwin Geade, Fontanelle, Ia.

GRANDMOTHER'S TUMBLEBUG BASKET

Up in the attic today I found
A queer little basket, quaint and round,
Just as it left the loving hand
That fitted its lining and silken band.

Out of its depth, as I raised the lid,
Rose dreams, that for many a year
were hid,
For the dear little basket, worn and old,
Held Grandmother's treasures, dearer
than gold.

Pictures of friends of her girlhood days,
Their hair arranged in such curious ways,
And Grandfather's youthful figure dressed
In a long-tailed coat and a satin vest.

Letters, yellow and dim with age,
With a message of love in each folded page,
The tiny scraps of her wedding clothes,
The fallen leaves from a faded rose.

A velvet ribbon, a bit of lace,
A sketch of a baby's smiling face,
And wrapped and labeled and tied with care,
A lock of the darling's golden hair.

Oh, quaint little basket, worn and old,
With your tear-stained treasures,
dearer than gold,
I call you a poem, a gem of art,
You echo the love in a woman's heart!

—Martha Field Eaton

Some people may not be magicians but they can turn anything into an argument.—R. C. O'Brien.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "I've never heard of anyone else with this problem but it has me so worried and upset that I'm turning to you for advice—perhaps you've heard of similar difficulties. We have four children, one married son, a daughter who has a good job in town, and two little girls here at home with us. Our problem is the daughter who works in town. She has a nice room in town but spends every Saturday night and Sunday with us. This much is fine for we're happy to have her, but every single weekend she brings company with her. They're all nice girls and I'd enjoy them once in a while, but every week is too much. They stay up late Saturday night, sleep late Sunday morning, and go home about ten on Sunday night. We work very hard all week and I'm more than ready for a rest on Sunday, but it means fixing a big dinner, trying to keep the house fit for guests, and so forth. I've spoken to my daughter a number of times but it does no good."—Ia.

ANS: It so happens that I heard about a situation almost exactly identical and I'll pass on to you what was used to remedy the difficulty. This mother spoke to her daughter several times too without getting results, so she finally told her that she positively did not want anyone brought home for two months, and that if she didn't take her seriously but drove up with guests that she'd be forced to tell them it wasn't convenient before they ever got their hats off. She told her that she didn't want to embarrass her in such a way, but that she'd have to do so if the situation continued. This worked. You might try the same tactics.

QUES: "What would you do if this were your problem, Leanna? All of my husband's relatives are living right here in this small town, and every Sunday of the world we're expected to go to his parents for a dinner with the other brothers and sisters. If we could just go and eat it wouldn't be quite so bad, but we're expected to have dinner about one and then spend the rest of the afternoon, eat lunch, and hang around until eight o'clock or so. This is what all of the others do and perhaps they enjoy it, but my husband works long hours all week and our only chance to be together and relax is on Sunday. I don't want hard feelings but I'm just about at the end of my rope."—Nebr.

ANS: It seems to me that every Sunday is too much to expect of anyone. I can understand why you'd like to have that day with your husband. Why don't you announce when you leave this next Sunday that you won't be able to come the following Sunday? Start tapering off every other Sunday, and when they've had a chance to get adjusted to this, bring it down to just one Sunday a month. I doubt that there will be injured feelings for

long. Perhaps your example will give some of the others courage to take a stand and have at least a few Sundays with their own families.

QUES: "My husband and I have had several serious arguments recently about our only son who is fourteen. He wants to drive the tractor, help with field work, etc., but I think he's too young and everytime I read of someone killed by a tractor it worries me half to death for our boy. My husband is careful, it's true, but I don't believe a boy of that age has any business around tractors and other heavy machinery. My husband says too that I have our boy tied to my apron strings and it may be true (although I don't think so) but I can't help worrying about him all of the time."—Ia.

ANS: If your husband is careful, as you say he is, you can be sure that he'll watch the boy sharply and not let him do anything really dangerous. I know that it's hard to see him doing things that seem fraught with such menace, but you have to let him grow up and learn by doing. Trust your husband's judgment since he is careful, put your faith in God, and release the boy to live a normal life.

QUES: "When I see family groups going around together on Saturday evening it always makes me feel resentful because my husband drops me off with the children and never sees us again until it's time to go home. The children and I are left to wander around by ourselves and we never know where he is in case we want to go home early. I don't see why he can't stay with us like other men do and go around together."—Mo.

ANS: I assume that you've discussed this with your husband and gotten no place. If you haven't, ask him to talk it over and see if you can't arrive at an understanding. However, in case he doesn't see things your way just remember that there are worse crosses to bear. I know it must be aggravating to you, but at the same time you said that it's the only time he goes to town and men do like to get around and feel a little freedom when they work by themselves alone on a farm all week.

QUES: "Several years ago we had a tragic family misunderstanding, and as a result our daughter left home and has never returned. She married last year and lives on the West Coast—we heard this in a round-about way. We expect to make a trip to the Coast this autumn and I want to see her, of course, but my husband refuses to see her or go near her home. I long so much to see her and have considered going by myself, yet I don't want to hurt his feelings since he really was treated badly at the time everything happened. I wish you could suggest a reasonable course of action."—Minn.

ANS: It seems so unreasonable for



Dorothy and her cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander of Claremont, Calif. It was the first time they'd been photographed together since they were in high school.

parents and children to be in this condition that it's hard to think of a reasonable course of action. I believe I'd turn to prayer for guidance in such an unhappy situation and do what the inner voice counsels you to do. It's the only counsel that can be trusted implicitly.

QUES: "We moved here from another town this summer and I'm just now getting acquainted. Recently I overheard a conversation between several women at an afternoon meeting when they were accusing a local woman of trying to get her children in good with the teachers by entertaining them constantly. Now it so happens that I've always entertained my children's teachers rather frequently but with only the intention of showing my appreciation for their work by extending hospitality to them. I never heard such comments about anyone in the town where I lived formerly. But now I've been thinking and wondering if I too will be accused unjustly if I continue my entertainment in this new town? Please give me advice in the near future."—Kans.

ANS: It's possible that some women entertain teachers for the reason you overheard, but I don't think that many do. Hospitality is not seen too often in this harried world, so if I were you I'd go right ahead and be your usual cordial, appreciative self. If there is criticism there will just have to be—it shouldn't affect you as long as you're following the dictates of your own conscience.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

MOTHER GOOSE TRAVELS

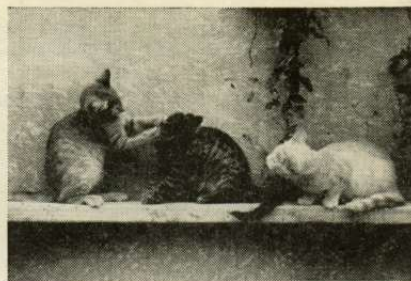
The following contest is a good one for any crowd, but an individual copy must be passed to each guest for the liveliest results. The chances are that you can find someone with a typewriter who can run off as many carbon copies as are needed. Time is an important element in this. As soon as papers and pencils are passed, set the alarm clock to go off in not more than ten minutes. Ask whoever does your typing to turn out sheets that look like this: Old M. G. riding on her G. Each blank must be filled in by the contestant.

Old M. G., riding her G., went on a visit to all of her subjects. She met S. S. with his fishing rod, and she met the P. as he journeyed to the fair. She visited the palace of O. K. C. and heard him call for his P. and his B. and his F. three. After leaving the palace of O. K. C. she saw a boy running with all his might. It was T. the P. S. He had a P. under his arm. Her attention was next attracted by a very peculiar traveler. It was the O. W. W. R. O. a B. She next passed the kitchen as the Q. of H. was finishing making her T., and was just in time to see the K. of H. steal one of them. She then passed by the tuffet where L. M. M. was sitting and saw the S. come up and frighten her away. She next went to the home of the O. W. W. L. U. a H., but she was not at home. She then passed the G. of M. M. Q. C., and asked her how her G. G. She saw little B. returning with her S. She saw H. D. sitting on a W. She also saw H. D. get a G. F. She passed the home of O. M. H. just as she went to the C. to get her P. D. a B. She saw her turn away in despair as she found the C. B. She saw the S. in the M. and the C. in the C. and heard a call for L. B. B. to come and B. his H. She passed the home of the O. W. W. L. I. a S., who H. S. M. C. S. D. K. W. T. D., and went in to dine with J. P. She was amused that J. S. could eat no F., and that his wife could eat no L., but between them both they licked the P. C. She then passed the house of L. T. T. and the lonesome place of the B. who L. B. H. She saw J. and J. go up the H. to fetch a P. of W. She saw J. fall down and break his C. and J. came tumbling after. Shortly after she heard a pitiful sound and gave L. J. G. a stern scolding for being so cruel. She saw some more children at play, and among them was G. P. P. and P., who K. the girls and made them C. L. P. F. was crying too because

of her accident. About the time she saw T. the W. running down the street she decided it was time to go home, so Old M. G. said to her G., "Home, James."

KEY TO THE STORY

Old Mother Goose, riding her Gander, went on a visit to all of her subjects. She met Simple Simon with his fishing rod, and she met the Pieman as he journeyed to the fair. She visited the palace of Old King Cole and heard him call for his Pipe and his Bowl and his Fiddlers three. After leaving the palace of Old King Cole she saw a boy running with all his might. It was Tom the Piper's Son. He had a Pig under his arm. Her attention was next attracted by a very peculiar traveler. It was the Old Woman Who Rode On a Broom. She next passed the kitchen as the Queen of Hearts was finishing making her Tarts, and was just in time to see the King of Hearts steal one of them. She then passed by the tuffet where Little Miss Muffet was sitting and saw the Spider come up and frighten her away. She next went to the home of the Old Woman Who Lived Under a Hill, but she was not at home. She then passed the Garden of Mary, Mary Quite Contrary and asked her how her Garden Grew. She saw little Bopeep returning with her Sheep. She saw Humpty Dumpty sitting on a Wall. She also saw Humpty Dumpty get a Great Fall. She passed the home of Old Mother Hubbard just as she went to the Cupboard to get her Poor Dog a Bone. She saw her turn away in despair as she found the Cupboard Bare. She saw the Sheep in the Meadow and the Cows in the Corn and heard a call for Little Boy Blue to come and Blow his Horn. She passed the home of the Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe, who Had So Many Children She Didn't Know What To Do, and went in to dine with Jack Sprat. She was amused that Jack Sprat could eat no Fat, and that his wife could eat no Lean, but between them both they licked the Platter Clean. She then passed the house of Little Tommy Tucker, and the lonesome place of the Bachelor Who Lived By Himself. She saw Jack and Jill go up the Hill to fetch a Pail of Water. She saw Jack fall down and break his Crown and Jill come tumbling after. Shortly after this she heard a pitiful sound and gave Little Johnny Green a stern scolding for being so cruel. She saw some more children at play, and among them was Georgie Porgie Puddin' and Pie, who Kissed the girls and made them Cry. Little Polly



We promised you a picture of Niger, Snowball and Bawler, so here they are. Bawler is busy combing Niger's hair, and Snowball is an interested onlooker. Three little cats playing together put on as good a show as you'll ever see at the movie.

Flinders was crying too because of her accident. About the time she saw Taffy the Welshman running down the street she decided it was time to go home, so Old Mother Goose said to her Gander, "Home, James."

I AM THE LOOKING GLASS

Am I ready for school?
Is my hair brushed?
Is my face washed?
Are my ears clean?
Are my hands washed?
Are my fingernails clean?
Have I a fresh handkerchief?
Are my clothes neat?
Are my stockings clean?
Are my shoes shined?
Ask me—I am the looking glass.

RIDDLES

What has a mouth and a head, lies in bed but has neither arms nor legs? Ans. A river.

When was beef the highest it has ever been? Ans. When the cow jumped over the moon.

What sings and has eight legs? Ans. A quartet.

Is football a winter or a summer game? Ans. Neither. It is a fall game.

What coat has no buttons? Ans. A coat of paint.

When is the best time to read a book? Ans. When autumn turns the leaves.

What trees do we keep in the closet? Ans. Shoe trees.

ALL OF THEM

These six words contain all the letters of the alphabet: "Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim."

TONGUE TWISTERS

Six slippery snakes sliding slowly southward.

Ten tiny toddling tots trying to train their tongues to trill.

Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nuts.

Slick, strong Stephen Stringer snared six slick, sickly, silky snakes.

Nine floating fly boats full of fruit and flowers.

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"Dear Driftmiers:

I've read your magazine for a long time and made very good use of the entertainment suggestions, but this time I'm writing to tell you about a different kind of stork shower than any I've ever read about or heard you mention.

"My husband and I belong to a club of young married people who meet every two weeks the year around and we have very good times together without spending much money. It's always been our custom to have stork showers for the various babies as they arrive, but recently when one of our members announced her expected third arrival we decided to do away with the usual thing of bringing gifts, playing games, and sitting down to refreshments as a group of women, and do something really unusual by including the men.

"In case you're wondering how this worked out I can only say that every single husband turned up and everyone had a grand time. We decided that since this was the third we'd devote the evening to rehabilitating all of the baby equipment that was pretty well scarred up after serving two youngsters. The day before the party my husband went over and got the high chair, play pen, car seat, stroller, and took the measurements of the crib. Then a group of us purchased enamel (in the colors our friend preferred), canvas for the car seat, unbleached muslin, a big mattress protector, and sheeting.

"When everyone had gathered that night we set to work. The men had been told to bring their own paint brushes so they got busy on the high chair, play pen and stroller. Two men were assigned the job of putting new canvas on the car seat—the job they turned out looked downright professional too. Then we women divided ourselves into groups and got busy making a new mattress cover, two protectors that were cut from the big one, and sheets. At twelve o'clock everything was done and talk about pleased prospective parents — why, nothing we could have given them would have been half so welcome.

"For refreshments we served hamburgers, cherry pie a la mode and coffee. Everyone had big appetites and all in all it was one of the best meetings we ever had. Not only did we have a good time but we accomplished something really worth while."

HALLOWE'EN GAMES

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Hallowe'en is the time for ghosts, witches, black cats, and plenty of good spooky fun. Here are a few ideas for games that you will like.

You must ride the broomstick on Hallowe'en so let's start off with a "Broomstick Relay." Choose two or more teams and line them up behind a certain line. Each team is given a broomstick and the leader begins by riding the broomstick to a given goal, riding it back and then giving it to the next player who repeats the relay. The team who finishes first is winner.

Now for a quiet game give each player paper and pencil and ask him to write five Hallowe'en objects such as pumpkin, ghost, witch, skeleton, cat, owl, jack-o-lantern, bats, broomstick, etc. Now from a sack draw out pictures of the various objects, one at a time. If the player has that particular object, he crosses it out on his paper. The player who gets all his objects crossed out first is winner.

Next is a fortune telling game. On a large sheet of paper draw a huge pumpkin. Divide this into several sections and in each section write a fortune. You may write "You will be married within a year," or "You are going to inherit a fortune next year," "You are going on a journey very soon," and so on. Place the "Fortune pumpkin" on the floor and give each player a pumpkin seed to toss at the pumpkin. The seed will light on his fortune.

Guests of all ages will like a Hallowe'en Hunt. Hide either paper or candy owls, cats, pumpkins, etc. If smaller children are playing they will enjoy searching just for the candy alone. Older players may be allowed to hunt for the objects and count a certain score for each. Perhaps a cat will count one point, a pumpkin two points and so on. A prize may be given to the one having the highest score.

Before the guests arrive prepare fortunes for each. Write them on white paper using lemon juice instead of ink. Place them in a large black kettle to resemble a Witches' Cauldron.

As each guest approaches the cauldron the witch chants,

"Witches' Cauldron
Witches' Brew,
Here's a fortune,
Jane, for you."

Substitute each guest's name and give him his particular fortune. Have a candle or other light nearby for him to hold his fortune over so the writing will appear.

Bobbing for apples is a MUST at a Hallowe'en party and will be fun

for all ages. And tying a candy kiss in the center of a string and seeing who will get a kiss is an old time favorite. Even the bashful chap may be persuaded to try and "get a kiss" from his partner.

Now get your guests quiet again and give them jack-o-lantern jig saw puzzles that you have prepared ahead of time. The first one to complete his jack-o-lantern is winner. If the guests are younger children you must make the parts of the puzzle very large.

The "Goblins Will Get You" is an old game with a Hallowe'en version. Whisper to each player some Hallowe'en name being sure that each is different. Begin by telling a Hallowe'en story and include the various names given the players. You may begin by saying, "Farmer Jones had a large field of pumpkins." The person who is the "pumpkin" gets up and begins to march about the circle. You may continue by saying, "He selected the largest pumpkin and made a magic jack-o-lantern." Now the person who was the "jack-o-lantern" follows the "pumpkin" around the room. This continues until you say, "The Goblins Will Get You." Whereupon each player, including the story teller, races for a chair. The one who fails to be seated becomes the story teller.

One person must be it for "WHO, HOOT ARE YOU?" All the persons go into one room except the one who was it. He stands by the door and says, "Who, Hoot Are You?" One of the players must HOOT three times. If IT guesses correctly they trade places. Otherwise IT must guess until he guesses correctly.

Apple Peel games are old but always fun. Give each an apple and knife and ask him to let the peeling lie as it falls. Whatever initial it most resembles will indicate the initials of the person he is to marry.

Smaller children will like to play "drop the pumpkin" which is merely drop the handkerchief but it will take on a brand new version if you have a tiny dime store pumpkin to drop behind each youngster. It will be SO much fun to be the lucky chosen one who carries the jack-o-lantern around the ring.

For another pencil and paper game, ask each guest to print the word H-A-L-L-O-W-E-E-N on his paper. On four cubes write twenty-four letters of the alphabet omitting Z and Y. Write six letters on the various sides of each cube. Let the first player toss the cubes and mark out any of the letters of HALLOWE'EN he may have turned up. Give the cubes to the next player and let him do likewise. The first player to mark out all the letters in his word wins the game.

Now let your guests try a hand at showing their artistic ability. Give each a large paper sack, pencil, crayolas, and scissors with which to make a mask resembling anything he may choose. When time is called ask each to model his creation. The results will be hilarious. Let the guests' votes choose the winner.

CURING GOURDS

By Delphia M. Stubbs

I have been asked several times to copy a recipe on how to cure gourds. Not having time to spare for each separate request, I thought of passing on the information in this manner.

I saw my first ornamental gourds cured and decorated when I visited in California during the last war. Those of you who traveled by train during those hectic days can imagine the time I had trying to keep in one piece the three large gourds I had decided to bring home with me! It seemed I was always poking someone with them, and by the time I reached Kansas City they were completely bare of all wrappings.

Coming back from the diner late one afternoon I discovered a cute little soldier flourishing my gourd dipper over the head of his buddy who was wearing a large flat one, hat fashion. Of course in those weary and worried days a laugh was a laugh, without a thought of where it came from, and for those crowded into a train it helped to shorten the long hours of riding on that homeward trip. I finally persuaded them to be more careful, and even let them carry the gourds up from the train when we arrived.

Last fall when the long-necked gourds were swinging in the wind from my neighbor's clothesline I laughed to myself, as it did so remind me of that gourd-swinging scene on the train.

The first rule for curing gourds is to pick them at the right time. This varies somewhat, but the small decorative varieties should be picked before frost. The dipper gourds and wash rag types or any large ones can stand a few light frosts. All gourds must be fully ripe before picking if good results are expected. At this stage the skins are very tender and will bruise or scratch easily, so do be careful of their tender surface. Wipe them with a soft cloth barely dampened with alcohol, then place them on a table or board for three or four days, where they will not be in the sun. They will be dry in that length of time.

There are two different ways to preserve them and both are effective. The first is by shellacking with ordinary white shellac. Some people do not care for the glossy appearance this treatment gives, so the other treatment is just as good. Use a good floor wax on a soft cloth and rub well. Old English wax is my preference. This latter treatment gives a natural look to the treated gourds and prevents moisture from affecting them. Gourds should never be kept in a damp place after gathering, for moisture is the enemy of decorative gourds.

I have used decals after the first coat of shellac by placing them where I wanted them, then covering the entire gourd with another coat of shellac. If mouldy spots appear, clean with alcohol and re-wax. Let about one inch of stem remain on the vine when gathering your gourds,