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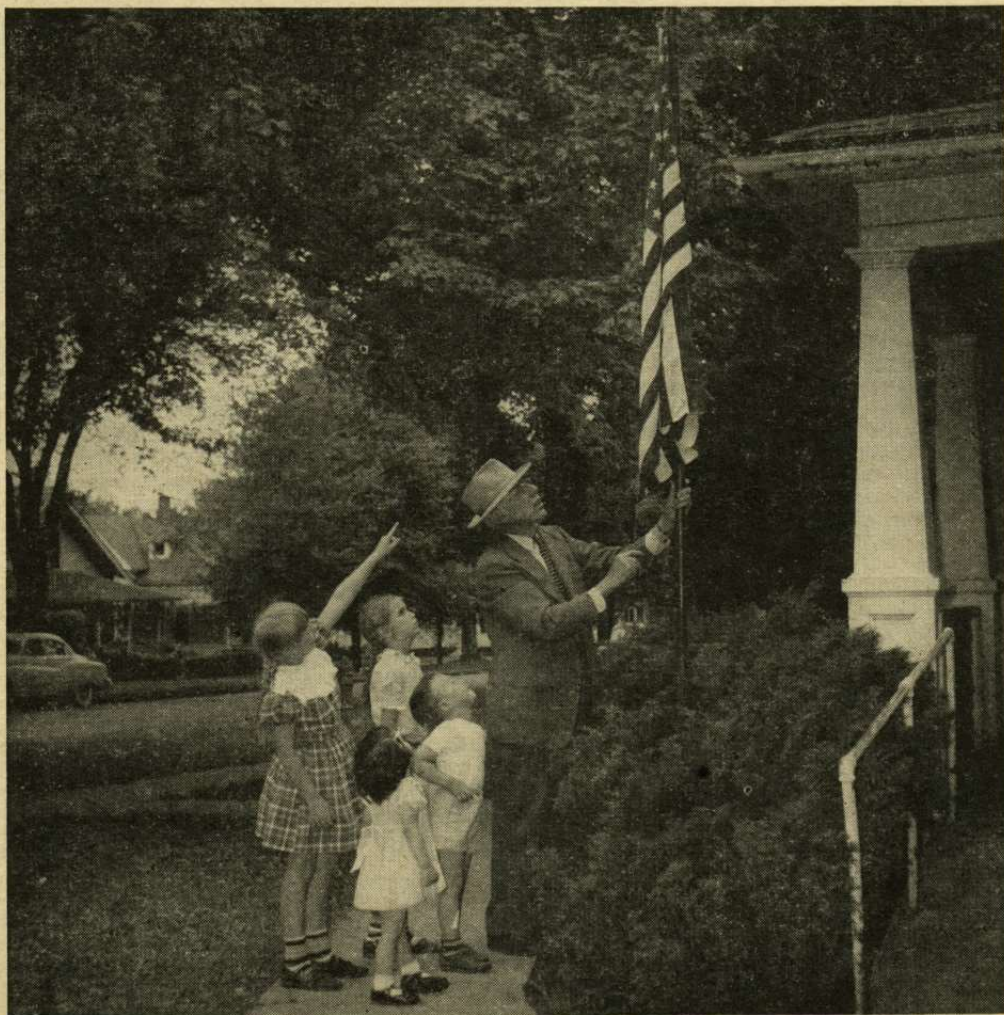


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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

The other evening when I was reading I came across four lines that seemed to me worthy of a great deal of thought. Perhaps you have seen these lines, but if you haven't I'm sure you will agree that anyone might profit from seeing them again.

Our thoughts direct our actions;
Our actions determine our habits;
Our habits develop our attitudes;
And attitudes reap destinies.

I think one reason these lines affected me is because I feel that one of the unfortunate things about our present times is the conviction so many people have that what they think, do and express makes no earthly difference to anyone whatsoever. How wrong they are! Whenever I hear people shuddering about the power of the atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb and all the other bombs that we've seen developed in our short spans, I can't help but feel that if they had just half as much respect for the power of prayer we could transform the world, not tear it to pieces. I still believe that we are bound to return to the reality expressed by those four lines. I intend to put them above my desk where I can be constantly mindful of them, and I hope that you too copy them and put them where you will see them many times each day.

As I write this we are just beginning to enjoy the flowers that ordinarily have been in their full glory long before the opening of June. I don't know that I can ever recall a Memorial Day on which there were so few blooming flowers available. But at the same time I don't know that I've ever before seen a year when Iris were so luxuriant. They were really spectacular this year, so evidently weather conditions that held back peonies, roses, etc., were made to order for the Iris.

Speaking of flowers reminds me that my pansy quilt is ready to put together now. I've decided to use two inch bands between each block, and the edges will be scalloped and bound in green. All of the quilts that I've made in years gone by had just a nice overhang on the sides, but Lucile wants to use this as a bedspread and consequently it will hang almost to the floor. I may decide to applique a pansy in each scallop, but will wait until it's done to see if this final work would enhance it or detract from its appearance.

While Dorothy was visiting us she made a blue and pink sun dress for Kristin to match one that Lucile had already made for Juliana, and both little girls decided that since I was in such good practise on pansies they'd like to have one appliqued on the skirt. I was surprised myself at how much it added to the dress. I also appliqued a big poppy on a red-and-white sundress for Kristin, but I had to draw the line when Juliana asked me to put life-size phlox on a dress for her!

Both Dorothy and Margery have asked me to make cross-stitched tablecloths for them (Lucile already has one that Russell's mother made for her), so it looks as if I'll have enough handwork to keep me going for a long time to come. I never pick up my needle without being grateful that my eyes permit me to do this work, for hardly a day comes and goes without a letter from someone who has had to give up what was once such a pleasure.

We had a happy four days' visit with Donald in early June. He had written to tell us that he expected a leave from his work at the Air Force Base in Rapid City, S. D., but didn't know exactly when. I finished a letter to him on a Sunday evening and turned to see if I could find some pictures that I wanted to enclose when he walked in behind me and said, "Hello, Mom." After he finished his visit with us he went on to visit friends in Anderson, Indiana.

Donald's name calls to my mind Edith Hansen's son, Don, and those of you who have been interested in his whereabouts will be happy to hear that his new home in Fort Worth, Texas is completed and furnished. Edith went down to help him get settled, and she says that he is ideally located. Quite a number of paraplegic veterans from World War II have settled in Fort Worth because the climate is suited to their needs. In our part of the country they're tied in for many weeks during the winter months, but in Fort Worth they're free to come and go as they please the year around.

Abigail and Wayne can see the end to their remodeling now, and before long the last painter will have departed. I think that Abigail's kitchen is a marvel of efficiency—every last inch of space has been planned, and there was even a definite space allotted for

the baby's high chair. They say that once a kitchen is completed you can always find one thing that should have been done otherwise, but I believe that Abigail's kitchen is going to be the exception. When it is all done we'll try to get some pictures for it might be that you're planning to "do over" your own kitchen this winter and could get some ideas for it.

This reference to pictures reminds me that on my sister Sue's birthday we had a dinner at Helen's house and had pictures taken afterwards. It's quite a problem to get something of five people that pleases everyone, but we were lucky . . . and you'll be seeing the picture next month.

Our dinner for Sue was a day late because of a terrible storm that came up just about the time we'd planned to gather. I can remember when it would have been quite a catastrophe to have such a dinner postponed, but thanks to modern refrigerators we could just put things away and get them out twenty-four hours later. We had a big ham loaf, potato salad, hot rolls, strawberry preserves, a relish platter, and for dessert some home-made lime sherbet and angel food cake. Martha made the cake and decorated it beautifully.

May brought a new little grand-niece to us Field sisters. Jessie's daughter, Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, had a second daughter, Jennifer, and we will get to see her in October when Ruth comes to visit her parents.

Martin's little nursery school has closed for the summer, so he is here at home with us in the mornings. He is such a funny little boy. The other day I heard him say to someone who asked him if he could get dressed all by himself, "Yes, unless my shirt is too tight over the head and then mamma has to help me. Grandpa doesn't help me because he leaves everything like that to the women folks."

We don't expect to take any trips this summer, although we're hoping that in the fall we can get to Rhode Island to see Frederick and his family. It's a good thing that we plan to be at home for a number of our California friends are making trips East and expect to stop here and visit with us. We are also waiting for word from my brother Sol and his wife, Louise, who wrote recently that they may be here before July 1st.

Many of you expect to make a trip to Shenandoah this summer, and if you plan to stop at my house I hope that you can make it between three and five in the afternoon. Our mornings are very busy times (as I'm sure all of you know who also do your own work) and I've found that I must lie down from one until three, but from three until five I'm up again and free to visit. You are always welcome to come and walk through our garden and through Lucile's garden too, and there are chairs where you can sit down and rest, but I'm sure you'll understand if our work keeps us in the house and we can't come out and sit down with you.

Faithfully yours,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

GARDEN THOUGHTS IN JULY

By Delphia Stubbs

This is the month that once came in with one loud boom after another as the Fourth of July was celebrated. In many places where fireworks haven't been prohibited it is still the custom, but I've found a better way of recognizing the day. Last year I bought fire-cracker plants from a local nursery for my three-year old grandson, and he enjoyed the red blooms long after sparklers and roman candles were forgotten.

It's always a temptation during July simply to sit and relax in the garden, but I learned long ago that the following spring would be much more satisfactory if I made mental notes for future plantings, and took action then and there on work that would pay off in the fall.

White pansies and tulips in a spring border are wonderfully enchanting. Swiss Giants are my favorite pansy seeds, and I use only the best grade available. Pansies team up well with plants in any flower bed or border, and since they are biennials and thrive best during the cool spring and autumn seasons, July and August are the months to plant the seeds for next spring's showing.

I select a sunny spot, but a cool one, for my pansy beds. They demand rich soil as they are heavy feeders, so I use well-rotted manure, peat moss and compost and work this well into the soil. Bone meal is essential to pansy plants and Vigoro also. I use approximately 3 pounds per 100 square feet.

Sift the soil, then level, and with a fine spray sprinkle the bed well and let stand for three days. Broadcast the seed and cover lightly with fine soil and sand. Resprinkle the bed and keep evenly moist for about 10 days. Keep the weeds out, and thin the plants if they are overcrowded.

I prefer leaving the plants in their own home until next spring when they can be moved into permanent quarters and start housekeeping for themselves. I had such charming huge blooms this spring, and the weather was so bitter when I transplanted my pansy plants that I nearly froze my fingers! But it was worth the move when I wore my first corset at Easter-time.

Surely everyone knows that pansies must be picked often if you want more and gayer blossoms.

Climbing roses need grooming now to discard the heavy canes which are unruly and hard to keep in place. Mulching is advisable during this month to keep moisture around the plants, and also to keep the weeds down. I think that wheat straw is a wonderful mulch; it's worth going to considerable trouble to get some.

Many of our obliging flowers are grouped under the general head of biennials and quite often we fail to get them in the ground when the July

sun is broiling down. But if we want satisfactory blooms next year we must brave the heat and get the planting task done.

Botanically speaking, a biennial is a plant blooming the second season after the seed is planted. Its life cycle is ended after it blooms and sets seed, but they are always worth waiting for that second season.

Foxglove, Hollyhocks, Sweet Williams and many other seeds should be planted now. Be sure to press the soil and seed firmly together when planting biennial seeds, as they are tiny little creatures and a hard rain may wash them up and away. I have a host of transient blooms that have sprung up from seeds washed into my yard from a neighboring lawn, during a pelting rainstorm.

Canterbury Bell is also a favorite of mine. I guess I just possess musical ears as I love anything connected with the word bells. Last year my Canterbury Bells were made up of 15 cup and saucer blooms.

If you want your garden to have personality, then group your plants according to your favorites, and work out a blended color combination with compatible companions. A good perspective and an eye for character go a long way in your garden planning.

I don't advise giving your lawn a crew-cut this month, but I do know the lawn's whiskers help to keep moisture in the flower beds.

Fall blooms, retarded now by the clutching fingers of the sun, will bring disappointment unless given at least a little protection.

Plants cannot be their sparkling selves unless July care is given to them. Asters and Chrysanthemums should not be disbudded until the middle of August if you want larger, and more luxuriant blooms. Disbudding gives a drift effect instead of tall shaggy plants.

Dahlias need much looking after now, and they also must be disbudded. I plan to disbud immediately after a rain as the plants are full of moisture, the buds snap off easily and do not leave a ragged wound. Be careful in staking your Dahlias that you do not bruise the stalks and stems by tying too closely.

Twist-Ems is a very economical buy for this necessity. It is green colored, ties easily, and a ten cent package goes a long way.

Be sure to plant something permanent but unusual in your fall beds.

WANTED: A GARDEN

By Ethel Broendel

I long for the gardens of Springtime and Fall, Of Summer and Winter. How I love them all! Apartments are cozy, but give me the sod Of one tiny garden, and leave me to God!

WHERE TAME FLOWERS ARE WILD

By Sue Conrad

Have you ever had the experience of meeting a friend or acquaintance when you were far from home? I am sure many of you have and, consequently, you know what a surge of pleasurable excitement such a meeting causes. I want to tell you of some of these happy times that have come to me—or rather I went to them.

In my little garden plot the flowers I have planted seem like personal friends. Each morning as soon as the coffee pot is on, I hurry out to say, "Good morning" to them. I want to see how they are feeling, and if any of them are ailing, I try to find the cause and correct it. How happy I am if all are well and strong.

Some years ago, I realized that I had acquired quite a number of friends in my garden who had names denoting the fact that they were from foreign countries. There were the French lilacs, the Chinese delphinium, the Peruvian daffodils, the Siberian iris, the Mexican poppies, the Japanese honeysuckle and all the Dutch bulbs. I looked at the others and wondered if they, too, had come from some far land. How I wished that I might visit them in their "native haunts", where they were wild and free.

Later my work took me into many parts of our own beautiful country and, to my delight, along many of the less travelled roads. Here a most surprising treat awaited me, and I was thoroughly disillusioned (but delightfully so) concerning many of my "foreign" flower friends.

Perhaps, one of the most amazing discoveries was made while I was riding along the road near Cheyenne, Wyoming. I saw some beautiful blue flowers growing among the weeds along the highway. They were such a wonderfully intense blue. I could not think of any wild flower that color, so I decided to investigate. When I reached them, I could hardly believe my eyes. Surely, these could not be my Chinese friends. But they were—Chinese delphiniums by the hundreds as happy there among the weeds as those I was pampering in my garden and they were true Americans—everyone. They may have had Chinese ancestors but they had certainly taken out their "papers" and pledged allegiance.

Many places in the "Deep South" have swampy ditches on either side of the road which, in the Spring, when I was passing along there, were filled with dark, stagnant water. How surprised I was to find these unprepossessing ditches often fairly clogged with profusely growing lily-like plants which I discovered to be my "Peruvian" daffodils. Here they grew so rampant that they were almost a nuisance; although in my garden, they are highly prized and tenderly lifted each fall and taken inside. But they needed no tender care here. My "Peruvian" aristocrats were just American "toughies".

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DUTIFUL FATHERS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

Dear Folks,

A few minutes ago I returned from a four day business trip to Warren, Pennsylvania, a beautiful town of about 15,000 population located in the mountains just a few miles east of the Ohio border.

If you have ever driven across the state of Pennsylvania, there is no need of my telling you what a superlative state it is. Really, it is beautiful beyond description with mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, forests and farms. I have always thought of Pennsylvania as being largely forests and mountains, but on this trip I had an opportunity to see its farms, and what wonderful farms they are. I don't think that I have ever seen better farms anywhere in the Midwest. I was impressed with the farm buildings; the barns are large and rambling, and the homes are often three stories high and made of brick. Unlike most farms here in the East, the Pennsylvania farms are real grain farms with large fields. I did not see too many cattle, but I did see quite a bit of pasture land, all of it well fenced.

My church owns about a mile of land stretching along the Allegheny River. The purpose of our trip was to look over this land and to check the oil production from its wells. We have 19 wells on an island right in the middle of the river, and then we have 13 wells on the hill land running up sharply from the river bank.

I had expected to see large oil wells with derricks towering over them, and therefore was surprised to discover that all of the wells in that part of Pennsylvania are very small, and most of them pump very little oil. It will sometimes take one well several days to pump just one barrel of oil. All of the oil pumped in that section of the state is run through pipes for many miles to the refineries; none of it is carried from the wells in trucks. Most of the wells out there are not owned by the people who own the land, but instead are owned by oil operators who pay the landowner one-eighth of the oil pumped as his share.

Of more interest to me than the oil wells, however, were the wild bears and deer living on our church land. When I suggested a hike through the timber on the farm (and it is all timber) I was warned to be careful of the bears for they are apt to be quite dangerous at this time of the year.

Coming back from the West—and to us out here in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania is the West—we drove along the famous Pennsylvania Turnpike which is considered to be the finest highway in the world. It is a four-lane highway with a parkway down the center stretching clear across the state, and on it automobiles, trucks and busses can go right through the Appalachian Mountain range at an average speed of better than sixty miles an hour. The speed



Last Christmas Santa Claus brought this car to Martin, and he could hardly wait until the snow was gone so that he might ride up and down the walks at Grandpa's house. He calls it his "Green Buick", and if Emily is extra good she gets to sit behind him as a passenger. (Kristin and Juliana are at last resigned to the fact that they're too big for it.)

limit for passenger cars is seventy miles an hour, and only when we were going through a tunnel did the speed of our car drop below seventy. On the Turnpike we went through seven tunnels, most of them nearly a mile long, and we crossed 274 streams and rivers. In the entire distance across the state there are only twenty-four intersections with other roads, which means that there are only twenty-four places at which one could drive his car onto the Turnpike, and along the whole way there is not one stop sign or stop light. When you take your vacation trip to the East be sure to include a drive on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the world's greatest super-highway.

As many times as I have gone in and out of the city of New York, I had not, until this trip, ever driven through one of its great tunnels. This morning we entered New York through the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River. There were not just a few hundred cars going through the tunnel, there were thousands of them. At the entrance of the tunnel, eight lanes of traffic have to be merged into two lanes, one of cars and one of trucks and busses.

When we came out of the tunnel in downtown New York, we drove over to the elevated express highway which runs the full length of the city right along the Hudson River. Just imagine a six-lane highway on a bridge many miles long and you can visualize that elevated highway. It runs up the river beside the big steamship piers, and so we had the thrill of seeing the great British liner, the Queen Elizabeth, just as it began to back out into the river on its way to England. I have always known that the Queen Elizabeth was the world's largest ship, but not until today did I fully understand just what that meant. The top of its funnels were at least as high as a ten-story office building.

As I write this letter tonight, the thousands of passengers on the

Queen Elizabeth are having a very rough time of it, for when it left New York harbor today, it headed out into a whopper of an Atlantic storm. The ocean shores around here tonight are being washed by enormous waves coming in from the storm-swept Atlantic, and that means there are many seasick people holding onto the sides of their berths on the Queen Elizabeth.

The Coast Guard boats which tie up at the dock just below our house are out in this storm looking for survivors of a Navy boat accident. Early today a Navy boat used for carrying the sailors from ship to shore and shore to ship, capsized in the heavy seas dumping some 150 or more sailors out into the cold water. It had just picked up the sailors at the dock and was trying to carry them out to their ships tied up in the harbor, when a large wave washed right over it and took it to the bottom.

We are rejoicing in the good health and good fun of our children, David Lloyd and Mary Leanna. A big moment in Mary Leanna's life came last week when I took her, along with her little boy friend from the house next door, to a carnival. She had been begging me for a week to take her to the carnival so that she could ride on the merry-go-round, and no amount of explaining could convince her that because of the wet weather the carnival was not running.

On the first night that it did run, we made the big trip. We had to wait in line for a half hour to get tickets on the merry-go-round, and then we had to fight to get a place to ride on it, for they sold far more tickets than they had horses. Just as we got on, the engine broke down, and what a time they had trying to start it up. The engine backfired and blew smoke and soot all over us, and then when it sprayed us with a shower of gasoline I decided that it was high time for us to get off the crazy thing. Repeated efforts could not get it to running again, and so we finally gave in and decided to try some other ride.

I put the children in a swing contraption that looked like a miniature airplane, and around and around they went in great order. As a matter of fact, they just kept going around and around because the boy who was running it could not get it to stop. Every time the boy took hold of the switch to stop it, he received a violent shock. The children were in no hurry to have it stop, but I was, and so I finally called out to the boy and told him to jerk the wire loose. He received another shock when he tried to follow that advice, and so I waited and watched the children go around and around until an electrician was found who could stop it. After that experience on top of the merry-go-round episode, I was ready to go home.

On the way back to the house the children noticed that I still had several tickets that we had not used—I had planned to use them on the

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merry-go-round—and then they started to cry. "Daddy, you are not supposed to take the tickets home with you! You are supposed to give them to the man, and if you don't give them to the man he will call the police. If you don't take the tickets back right now, the police will get you." As I dried the tears, I wondered just how much of a good thing a carnival is supposed to be.

We plan to take our vacation the last two weeks of August and the first two weeks of September. Betty's uncle has a nice cottage on a lake surrounded by deep forest just twelve miles from the ocean and a splendid beach. It will be an ideal spot for us, in several ways. In the first place it is just sixty miles from our home; it will give me an opportunity to take the children to the beach each day.

You may wonder why we want to go away for a vacation when we are actually living in a summer resort town right now! Well, a doctor cannot possibly have a vacation when he's within reach of his telephone, and a minister is in the same boat. If Mother and Dad can join us during our month away from Bristol we'll be very happy indeed.

Sincerely,
Frederick

**YOUR ABSENCE FROM
SUNDAY WORSHIP
DISCREDITS YOUR SAVIOUR
WEAKENS YOUR CHURCH
DISHEARTENS YOUR
FELLOWSHIP-MEMBERS
HURTS THOSE OUTSIDE THE
FOLD
DISCOURAGES
YOUR CLERGY
AND DAMAGES YOUR
PERSONALITY
— ALBANY CHURCHMAN**

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LESSON OF THE FLOWERS

There is an interesting story told of George Washington and his father. One morning young George walked in the flower gardens with his father. Suddenly George noticed little green shoots coming up in a new flower bed.

"Why, father, look!" he exclaimed. "They spell out my name. How did it happen? Is it a magic bed?"

Then the wise father explained how he himself had prepared the flower bed and then traced out the letters of George's name in the soft dirt with a stick. Then he had sown the seeds in this little trench made by the stick.

"So you see, my son," the father said, "we must watch our words and actions, for words and deeds are like seeds, they soon show the planting. They respond to the atmosphere of the world just as the seeds do to the sun and the rain. And it is much harder to uproot wrong words and deeds than it is to pull out undesirable plants or weeds here in our garden."
—Mable Nair Brown.



Dishes washed in the kitchen where you visit are never as dull as dishes washed at home! Last summer Myrtle Felkner's cousin, Dorothy Fredericksen of Cedar Falls, Ia., faithfully took her turn at the dish pan, while Ann Koefoed (Myrtle's niece of Waterloo) was equally faithful with the dish towel.

GOOD MANNERS ON THE FARM

By Myrtle E. Felkner

So you're planning to visit on a farm this summer! If you are a metropolitan and haven't much idea of farm routine and farm life, chances are you may pull a boner no matter how chummy you are with the theories of Emily Post. Being an ideal guest on the farm requires a special set of good manners—so brush up on your rural etiquette before you go! Here are ten ways in which you might avoid driving your hostess slightly mad.

1. It is always common courtesy to be punctual at mealtime, but on the farm it is not only courteous, it is *essential*. Most farmers breakfast between five and six a. m. No doubt your hostess will ask you to remain in bed until you awaken, and chances are she'll hope you keep from underfoot until seven or eight. This gives her a chance to do her outside work—feeding chickens, gathering the ripe garden products, etc. When you awaken, she'll probably prepare something special for you and love doing it. BUT—if she does not tell you to remain abed, be a good sport and rise and shine at the first stirring in the house. Your hostess probably wants to polish off the breakfast business in one operation. If you are in doubt, ask when she wishes to serve breakfast, then set your alarm accordingly.

Most farmers eat dinner at noon, supper at night. Remember that your host has possibly allowed himself only a limited time for dinner. This means the meal must be ready to serve at twelve prompt, and *you* must be ready to eat. Supper may be equally on-the-minute since the farmer may have chores to do before dark. Therefore, it is important that you be on time for meals.

2. Keep a distance between yourself and the nearest farm animal until you have been assured that such an animal is safe. Bulls, cows with calves at side, sows with new litters of clean, pink pigs, farm watch dogs—all of them may be dangerous. Even a rooster may inflict painful pecks on an unknown child. Your hostess cannot watch you constantly to warn you which animals are safe and which are not, so take it upon yourself to guard your own safety.

3. Do not fish or swim in farm ponds unless you have been specifically told that you may do so. In many states the Conservation Commission stocks farm ponds with fish if the owner so desires. This obligates the farmer to guard breeding stock and small fish. Do not cause him trouble by inadvertently depleting the pond.

4. If you picnic in woods or timber without your hostess, (she would love to go, but those beans *must* be put into the deep freeze today!) remember that it is your responsibility to leave it as you found it. Put out all fires before you leave. If you run across berries, nuts or other wild fruit ready for harvest, pick and take them to the house. You will be doing your hostess a favor. Do not dig up plants, however, be they berry bushes or wild flowers. The farmer probably wants them *right* where they are!

5. *Shut the gates behind you!* If you don't, some moments hence will undoubtedly find you and the farmers dashing frantically up and down the road, waving red flags and attempting to herd pigs and cows into the yard before a motorist puts an end to their previously ordered and well-fed lives. Everything that goes open must go shut out on the acres!

6. Do not smoke in the buildings. The barn is probably half full of hay. You'll soon be watching one awfully big bonfire if you drop a lighted match or cigarette here. Grind your smoke beneath your heel before entering any building.

7. Don't tinker with the machinery unless you know something about it or unless your host is there to tell you about it. Threshing machines, combines, hay balers, corn pickers, and tractors can be dangerous tools in the hands of an amateur. As a matter of fact, farming is now listed as the most hazardous of all occupations. Remember this and guard against injury to yourself or your hosts.

8. Don't trespass beyond your host's fences. Maybe his neighbor doesn't like city folks galavanting around his place!

9. Help with the day-to-day household duties of your hostess so that she will have more time to spend with you, and

10. Make the best of inconveniences. Many farmers nowadays have modern plumbing, heating and electrical devices, but if your hosts do not, make the best of it. Remember, too, that water may be a precious commodity, so do not waste it. Many farms and ranches, even in the fertile Midwest, have scant water supplies. It will behoove you to be considerate in this respect.

The farmers of America have long been known for their cordiality, their homespun wit, and the hard work and keen intelligence they must apply to their jobs. They're known, too, for open-armed hospitality—so come visit, have fun in the informal, co-operative manner of the farmer. He asks only that *you* co-operate, too. Guard his premises, his property, and his peace of mind by applying courteous thoughtfulness to your every act. Then you'll probably get invited back *next* year!



WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE REUNION!

By Mabel Nair Brown

For me, the highlight of our wonderful Midwest summertime will always be family reunions. They are the memory making occasions and, as I grow older, they become dearer to my heart.

I realize now that these reunions do not just happen. Someone must plan them, select the meeting place, hunt up the big coffee pot, order the ice cream, and notify the clan of the date and place. By taking my turn at some of these details I am carrying on family tradition and helping to preserve closer family ties for my children. And by really putting forth an effort to make these reunions interesting and memorable occasions for the young folk as well as for we older folk (you know the "old people" are quite content just to visit and sit, but not so the small fry and teen-agers!) I feel I am passing a precious heritage to my children which I hope they, in turn, will pass on down the line.

Children always enjoy games, but sometimes it is a bit hard for them to get started, especially if they are a group of little cousins who never see each other except at these annual affairs. If some older person will take these timid little folks under her wing to see that they learn the names of their playmates and to start them off on a few simple games until their shyness wears off, the kiddies will have a far happier day—as well as their mammas!

And of course the children will have an important part in the program during the afternoon. Or don't you have a program? My! that is one of the things I remember best about our reunions. Some "speak a piece", some sing, and some relate interesting bits of family history. That's when we initiate our newlyweds too, if we have had any weddings during the year. We chuckle yet over the mock wedding that introduced my husband to his first reunion on my side of the house—onion tops in a newspaper frill for the bride's bouquet, my Granny's clever little "Ode to the Bride"—you know how funny such a thing can be!

I mustn't forget also to mention the annual reading of the "secretary's report." That's when all the names of the new babies for the year are read. There's the sad note, too, when deaths must be noted in the record. (Often an appropriate poem is read as an "In Memoriam" for those missing from the family circle.) In recent years as our group has grown we have been giving a small prize to the oldest person present, and to the youngest. There is also

a prize to the family that comes from the greatest distance, and another to the member of the original family circle who has the largest percentage of his or her family present; this keeps everyone boosting attendance.

Some years it is a baseball game between the boys and their dads that adds a special note of fun. One year the married women played a kitten ball game with their husbands—there hadn't been as much limbering up or as many laughs for years! Balloon blowing contests and sack races provided the fun for the small youngsters at one picnic, with inexpensive prizes, of course. We "pass the hat" to take care of the few expenses—ice for cold drinks, prizes, and mailing out the invitation cards. When enough accumulates as extra, we have ice cream as a special treat. In fact, the idea went over so good, as one uncle put it, that we aim to have enough extra each year to get the ice cream.

We have found too that our 'teen-agers will attend the picnics more readily if they are held at a park where there are swimming facilities. It gives them something to do when the older folks are ready just to sit and visit.

As a side interest of these reunions, some of us have made quite an intensive study of family history. I now have a large "Family Tree" sketched on poster paper that accounts for each main branch as well as the newest little "twig", and I take this along each year so that other relatives may study it; right then and there we add the new names. In addition to this I always take along a large notebook which I have been filling in with family history and incidents. I note these down as I listen to members of the family reminisce at these reunions—that book is becoming a priceless heirloom!

This year there will be missing the faces of the young men who are in service. It doesn't seem long ago that others were missing for this same reason. So again we will circulate pencil and paper during the reunion and give everyone a chance to write a word of greeting to the absent ones. We will also see that extra prints of snapshots are made to send to our service boys. Be sure that many pictures are taken at each reunion for they become priceless as years pass.

If your family has never enjoyed an annual reunion, do start the ball to rolling this year. You would never believe what powerful ties they cement, how fraught with memory they become, until you, too, have your own family reunion.

SUMMER FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Of Thee I Sing — patriotic game

Have a leader read the first line in various patriotic songs (or have them written out on a sheet of paper). Then allow the guests a few minutes to give the correct title of the song from which each one is taken. For example: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" is from "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic".

Carrying The Colors

Divide group in two teams. At the end of the room (or this can be played very well out of doors) stand a chair upon which is placed a big potato. The first player on each side is given a tiny flag and at a signal these players race to the chair, stick a flag in the potato, and then rush to the back of his line. The next player in front on each side runs up, gets the flag and dashes back to hand it to the player next in line. The players who receive the flags do as the first players, etc. The team which finishes first wins the game.

I Am President — patriotic game

This is fun for out-of-doors. Take as many long strings or heavy cord as you will have players and, starting from a center spot — "the polling place"—wind the strings in and out around trees and with each other. Each player takes hold of one of the strings at the polling place and at leader's signal, tries to untangle his string. The first player to get his "political tangle" all untangled from the other string will win and "be the president", of course.

Silent Quaker

The group is seated in a circle. Each whispers to his neighbor some silly thing to do. When all know what they are to do the leader announces that the meeting is open. From then on no one is to speak while meeting is in session. First, all shake hands with their most solemn expressions. Then, in turn, each person acts out his stunt without speaking or without smiling. All must be done in patomine. Anyone in the crowd who laughs at any time must pay a forfeit. The stunts they might be told to pantomime could be to make a political speech, walk the floor with a colicky baby, or to make love to a movie star.

United Nations Telegram

This is really just a new name for an old game, but it makes a nice game to play as a group relaxes on the lawn or in chairs on the porch. Divide group in couples. Each couple has paper and a pencil. Using the letters of either their combined first or last names, they compose a telegram to the United Nations. For adults, tell them their telegram must deal with some topic of current interest in world affairs. Younger folks will probably have fun making their telegrams as silly as possible!

Unhappiness comes from thinking about oneself, rather than of something outside of oneself. — William Lyon Phelps.



OH! TO SLEEP IN A TENT ONCE AGAIN!

Dear Good Friends:

This is a beautiful summer morning, the kind of a morning you dream about when it's ten below zero and the world looks hopelessly ice-locked. I've been up since five o'clock, and although I'm a hard one to wrench out of bed this early on a December morning, it's no chore at all to get up and at it on a June morning.

Whenever it isn't actually raining we have breakfast on our little back porch. There may be smaller porches but I don't know where they're located! By the time we set up a card table and get four chairs around it, not even our kittens can brush their way through.

The best porch I ever saw for summer meals was the one we had years ago when we lived on the corner of 18th and Garfield in Clarinda. This big screened-in porch opened directly off the kitchen, and the last day of school marked our exit from the dining room (aside from Sunday dinner) and our entrance to the porch. Mother had a big table out there and I can still close my eyes and see clouds of steam raising from a platter of roasting ears. I can also see, in memory, the huge shortcakes, bowls of garden lettuce, and plates of cold sliced summer meats. Three times a day we all sat down together, and it was just as though a cloud of locusts had descended! Donald was our last baby, and all of my memories that center around meal-time on the big porch include a mental picture of him pulled up to the table in his high chair—and doing his level best to keep up with the rest of us.

As a fatter of fact, when Juliana was a baby and under the care of a fancy pediatrician, I used to sit in his office and listen, respectfully, as he laid down the law about her diet. But all the time I heard him outlining his staggering lists of do's and don'ts my thoughts were wandering back to our family table of years ago and the things that our babies put away! Far be it from me to decry the accepted rules that have come into being during the past twenty-five years . . . yet someplace in my brain there are some sharp questions. I can't get away from the lingering suspicion that if Juliana and Kristin had occupied Donald's old high chair, we'd all be better off today.

The picture on this page may be hard to figure out at first glance, but if you study it for a few moments you'll be able to make out two sleeping children, a kitten, and some blankets. There's an explanation behind it, and if you have ever had children of your own you'll be able to read between all the lines.

When Kristin made her first visit of the summer with Juliana, both children decided that they were going to live outdoors until school started. To this end they took out blankets, pillows, sheets, etc., and rigged up a tent on our back terrace. They announced, as soon as it was completed, that I could just forget about the beds inside until school started—they were going to sleep in the tent from then on out.

Now I have to say "NO" so much that after pointing out all the hazards involved without budging them in the least, I just decided to say "yes". I was convinced that when night fell and they looked at their lonely tent in the back yard, it would be a simple matter to get them into their own beds upstairs. I was mistaken.

At nine o'clock they told me that I could stop reading (such a thing had never happened before) because they were anxious to get settled for the night. And what a black night it was! There was no moon whatsoever, and aside from the non-existent starlight that poets talk about, there wasn't a single thing to relieve the impenetrable darkness. Furthermore, it was cold—downright cold. Mother telephoned to say that their gas furnace was working full blast, and if we didn't own a stoker, our furnace would have been going also. I pointed this out (plus the happy threat that they'd awaken with pneumonia), but it didn't make any earthly difference. So they turned in for the night in their tent.

At 10:30 Russell and I went out to investigate. They were sound asleep and surprisingly warm. We looked at them and looked at each other. It seemed shameful to dash their happiness by dragging them in, but at the same time we knew that we'd never get a wink of sleep if we left them out there.

At this point Russell went to get his camera with the flash attachment, and considering the fact that he couldn't see to focus, I think that the picture came out very well. Both children were so dead to the world that they didn't move a muscle when the flash light went off almost in their faces! We took a cue from this and decided to tell them that it was getting ready to rain, so they staggered into the house and upstairs, too dead to the world to look for lightning or listen for thunder. The next morning Juliana said that she did hope they could choose their next night when it didn't storm, and I kept from feeling too guilty by remembering that everyone knows it CAN rain on any summer night in Iowa! The fact that it was brilliantly clear at 10:30 just didn't mean a thing.

We had a happy visit with Russell's parents in late May, and when they returned Russell went back to Minne-

apolis with them so that he could help with the driving. This is the first time that Juliana and I have ever been here without him, and both of us felt most peculiar the entire five days that he was gone. When I think how long some of you are alone with your husband overseas, it made me realize once again how little we have to complain about if we are together as a family.

This is the first summer I haven't made Juliana's "best" dress, and when I saw the beautiful white organdy that Mable Schoff of Stewartville, Missouri, turned out for her, I was glad that I hadn't attempted anything comparable. I would like to get a picture of this dress to show all of you who sew for little girls, but it is so delicate that the details would never show up clearly enough to help you. In fact, I don't know that I can even do too good a job of describing it, but at least I'll try.

Mabel cut the dress with puffed sleeves, a very full skirt, and a waist that opens down the back. Now the thing that makes this dress so exceptionally beautiful is the lovely shadow embroidery used as follows:

At the bottom of the skirt is an appliqued piece that is double in thickness and scalloped. In every scallop is a six-petaled flower in brilliant red with a yellow center and two green leaves. There is a double thickness sash at the waist (only in front) and this too has the flowers embroidered underneath. Then the waist has a scalloped piece appliqued on it, and in every scallop is one of the flowers; it comes down to a point at the waistline. You simply cannot imagine how airy and delicate all of this embroidery is when viewed through the white organdy on top. It is lovely.

The puffed sleeves have lace beading around them so that the edge of the sleeve is ruffled—it has narrow lace whipped on it. The neckline is also edged with this lace, and since about half of the skirt is a flounce, it is joined to the rest of the skirt with the lace beading and whipped on lace edging. White ribbon runs through all of this beading. Mabel also finished the edges of the big butterfly sash with a tiny white crocheted stitch, and she allowed for at least another good year of wear by putting a deep tuck in by hand underneath the sash. This can be taken out next year and there will be no machine stitching to leave a line.

Oh yes, one last detail . . . underneath the flounce of the skirt is a white batiste sham with five rows of insertion and lace on it. Only a very creative person who had a passion for fine handwork could ever turn out such a dress. When I think with what pride I once regarded the "best" dresses that I made I feel very funny indeed!

There is a big ironing waiting for me so I must run. It's so beautiful this morning that I think I'll squeeze the board out on the back porch (after I've removed all four chairs) and tackle the shirts and hard things before the seven o'clock whistle blows.

Until August . . . Lucile.

A VACATION IN NEW ENGLAND

By Frances R. Williams

New England has a great variety of attractions for the people of the middlewest.

First and foremost are the historical spots, cherished by the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. The contrast in scenery of sea coast, mountain and forest as well as sports events draw millions to Maine and other New England states every year.

In grade school days we pictured the "Landing of the Pilgrims", while waves dashed against the rock bound coast and pine trees tossed their heads against a stormy sky; the island in the Hudson river where the "Last of the Mohicans" cunningly saved the heroine from the hostile Indians; we rode with "Paul Revere" to spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm; we thrilled with the tales of the daring men who sailed with the Gloucester fishing fleet; we had seen the news reels of the winter sports at Lake Placid and the sail boat races at Marblehead, Mass.; we had read of the "Flying Santa Claus" who brought Christmas cheer to the lonely isolated lighthouse keepers. You, too, may relive the historical events of the past, just as we have in three different trips to New England, meet interesting people and enjoy exciting adventures.

Aroostook County Maine, the heart of the state's potato growing region, will be of special interest to the farmer. The methods of planting, cultivation, spraying, harvesting and storing are different. The Maine farmer must take careful measures to produce Certified Seed, free from rot, scab and other diseases. It is a beautiful sight to see the potato fields in bloom, interspersed with fields of red clover, the important legume in crop rotation scheme. Our eyes, accustomed to broad fields, enjoy the neat farmsteads in the valley with their huge barns and houses painted gleaming white against the dark green pine forests on the slopes of the mountain.

If one chooses to follow the coastal highway, he will be charmed with quaint villages, where artists' colonies flourish during the summer, or he may find peace and solitude in the deep woods of the interior, far away from civilization, to hunt and fish.

One of the attractions of Portland, Maine's largest city, is the Longfellow House. Located on Concord street, next door to the Historical Library, the house is a three-story brick structure, furnished in the style of the 1840's. The modern housewife would find the task of cooking a hard and exacting one in the old-fashioned gloomy kitchen. On the walls of the study, where "The Rainy Day" was written, hangs a piece of the vine mentioned in the poem. In the garden, shaded by the huge old elms, one may walk along paths, or sit on a bench in the vine covered summer house where Long-

fellow wrote "The Arrow and The Song."

Another attraction of Portland is the famous old lighthouse. Located on Cape Elizabeth and guarding the Portland harbor, the "Portland Light", authorized by President Washington in 1790, is said to be the most photographed lighthouse in New England. It is a rare experience to climb the narrow steep steps to the lamp chamber. Here the guide explained the working of the great electric eye, and then we paused for the magnificent view of the city and the harbor.

If one follows the coastal highway, he will wish to stop at Thomaston, Maine to visit the restored home of General Henry Knox, "Montpelier". The house is a splendid example of the architecture of the Federal period. Kennebecport is a popular resort town where Booth Tarkington lived and wrote. It is also the summer home of Kenneth Roberts, the novelist. Nearby is Cape Porpoise, the scene of our most thrilling experience, a fishing expedition in a small boat out in the Atlantic Ocean.

A visit to Boston is a "must" for the New England tourist. Unless one has a guide well acquainted with the narrow crooked streets of the old city, he had better take the regular sight-seeing bus tours. It is a shock to discover that Paul Revere's house, the oldest in Boston and Old North Church, where the signal lanterns were hung, are located in the most densely populated section of the city. Italian children in swarms play in the narrow dirty streets. At an early age they learn to sing for pennies and beg from the scores of tourists.

We visited Old North Church on a week day and sat in the pew occupied by Paul Revere. Then on our second visit, a few years later, we attended the regular Sunday Episcopal Church service. The silver communion service used that morning was the work of the silversmith, Paul Revere. The old Copps Burying ground is near the church. Many famous people lie buried here; among the most notable of the gravestones we found were those of the two Reverend Mathers, John and Cotton.

From the Copps Burying ground one looks down on Charleston harbor, where "Old Ironsides", famous ship of early America lies at anchor, while across the way, the austere shaft of Bunker Hill Monument rises skyward.

If one is interested in art, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Gardner Museum contain some of the finest collections in America outside of the Metropolitan Museum. The visitor to Harvard University in Cambridge will be attracted by the famous "Glass Flowers". These fragile, exquisite examples of the handicraft of two Austrian scientists can never be replaced or duplicated for the secret of their manufacture died with their makers. The Peabody Institute, housed in an adjoining building on the campus of the University, contains the largest

and finest collection of American Indian culture and life to be found anywhere in America.

There are many famous eating places in Boston. Durgin Park, located near old historic Faneuil Hall, has for more than a century served delicious New England food to its customers for a reasonable price. In an atmosphere of noise, red-checked table cloths, and thick ironstone china, people from every walk of life stand in line to find a vacant chair at one of the long tables. In contrast, the iron gate at No. 14 Carver Street marks the entrance to "Ola's" where in the quiet Norwegian restaurant, one may sample dozens of delicacies at the excellent Smorgasbord table.

Of the several tours to outlying districts, one perhaps will choose to visit Lexington and Concord, and he may drive his car over the same route taken by Paul Revere in his famous ride. In Lexington, where the first blood of the Revolution was shed, one may visit the Clarke-Hancock House, where Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when warned of the British approach.

Another interesting inn is "The Red Horse" at South Sudbury, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn". Restored and refurbished by the late Henry Ford, the Inn serves a delicious noon-day luncheon. Nearby is the little "Red School House" where the lamb followed Mary to school, and adjoining the school house is one of the six beautiful Martha-Mary Chapels erected by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford to honor their mothers.

Plymouth and Cape Cod draw thousands of visitors each summer. One may take the route south from Boston which passes through Duxbury and visit the home of John and Priscilla Alden. A short side trip takes one to the Miles Standish monument, located on a steep slope near the coast. By climbing up many steps and then the circular stairway of the tower, one may enjoy a fine view of the surrounding country and the harbor of Plymouth.

Upon entering Plymouth, one is attracted by the imposing "Spirit of the Fore-Fathers" monument, but the mecca of all visitors is "Plymouth Rock". Protected by a marble pavilion, one looks down upon the famous boulder that bears the date 1620. The rock is so small! There are no rocky shores and no dashing waves, so all in all there is a feeling of disappointment. On the steep slope behind the "Rock", a life-sized statue of Massasoit, the Indian Chief who befriended the Pilgrims, stands near the stone sarcophagus which contains the bones of those who died that first hard winter. A few blocks distant on the main street of the city, Pilgrim Hall contains an impressive collection of articles used in the every day life of the early colonists.

The charm of New England is not easy to picture by mere words, and one might write volumes on the subject, but take my word: New England has much to offer for a summer vacation.



CHERRY JAM

- 4 packed cups of pitted, crushed cherries
- 7 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 bottle fruit pectin

Use only fully ripened fruit that has been crushed thoroughly and measured into a large kettle. Add water. Stir until mixture boils. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Add sugar. Mix well. Heat rapidly to full rolling boil. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 3 minutes, remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Stir and skim alternately for just 5 minutes to cool slightly and to prevent floating fruit.

CHERRY PINEAPPLE JAM

- 4 quarts pitted cherries
- 2 cups crushed pineapple
- Sugar

Combine fruits and add an equal weight of sugar. Heat slowly to boiling. Simmer 3/4 hour. Pour into platters. Cover with glass and set in the sun until the desired consistency is reached.

BAKED CHEESE

- 4 cups boiled rice
- 3/4 grated cheese
- 1 1/2 cups tomato juice
- Salt and Pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped pimento
- 6 strips of bacon

Combine all ingredients aside from bacon and season to taste. Pour into well-buttered baking dish; place bacon across top, and bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. If you want the bacon crisp and brown put it under the boiler for 3 or 4 minutes.

RAISIN SQUARES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 2/3 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs. Beat thoroughly. Sift flour, measure, and sift with salt and cocoa. Add to first mixture. Add nuts, raisins, and flavoring. Mix thoroughly. Pour into shallow, well-oiled baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) about 45 minutes. Cool. Cut in squares.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

MALTED MILK ICE CREAM

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup chocolate malted milk powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cream
- 2/3 cup dark corn syrup

Combine all ingredients except the milk and cream and beat well. Then add milk and cream, beat thoroughly, and freeze until it starts to thicken. Beat again and return to refrigerator. Freeze to stage of heavy mush. Serve in tall glasses with straws, adding more milk or cream as desired.

Children who flatly refuse to drink milk will consume as much of this as you can make. Try it if you're at the end of your rope about this problem of getting milk down them.

DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD

- 3 lbs. potatoes
- 1/4 cup finely diced bacon
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/4 tps. pepper
- 2/3 cup cider vinegar
- 1/3 cup water
- 3 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed

Wash potatoes and cook in jackets until tender. Cool, peel, thinly slice. Fry bacon until crisp, add chopped onion, cook one minute. Blend in flour, salt, sugar and pepper. Stir in cider vinegar and water. Cook 10 minutes stirring well. Pour over sliced potatoes, add chopped parsley and celery seed. Toss gently and serve warm.

A bowl of this served with a platter of cold sliced ham is wonderful eating. The next time you get ready to make potato salad and feel courageous enough to break away from the usual variety, by all means try this. I've had a lot of compliments on it from people with conservative taste in food.

EGG DUMPLINGS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg

Beat combined ingredients. Add more flour as needed until dough molds into a round ball with spoon. Dip spoon into boiling broth, then ladle dumplings into broth and repeat. Cover or leave uncovered. Very light and fluffy.

FIG AND CREAM CHEESE SALAD

- 2 canned figs per person
- Cream cheese
- Nuts and lettuce

Drain the chilled figs, open and fill with cream cheese that has been whipped up with a small amount of cream or milk. Garnish the top with nut meats. Place on lettuce, and pass a bowl of honey fruit dressing. Canned figs are reasonable in price, and this makes a simple, attractive, and tasty salad. I like to prepare the figs in advance—then the salad can be made up in a matter of minutes.

JELLIED CHICKEN CREAM SALAD

- 1 1/2 cupfuls cooked chicken minced, very fine
- 1/2 cupful chopped blanched almonds
- 1/2 cupful minced celery
- 2 Tbls. ground green pepper
- 1/2 cupful mayonnaise
- 1/2 cupful whipped cream
- 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. gelatine
- Dash of salt

Let the gelatine stand in cold water to cover for five minutes; then melt it over steam, add to the mayonnaise, and combine all ingredients. Turn into a lightly oiled mold, or into individual molds.

This recipe is invaluable for several reasons. It's a good way to use chicken that is too tough to prepare in other ways, and it can be made far in advance of when needed and stored in the refrigerator. I like to have it on hand when I'm expecting out-of-town company who don't know, within three or four hours, when they'll arrive.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE

- 3 eggs
- 1 cupful sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
- Pie shell (unbaked)

Scald the milk, add the grated lemon rind, and thicken with the cornstarch blended with a tablespoonful of the milk. Pour this into the eggs, salt and sugar beaten together, and when cold add the lemon juice. Pour into crust and bake at 350 degrees until a knife blade inserted comes out clean.

RASPBERRY JELLY

- 3 lbs. raspberries
- 3 lbs. apples
- Sugar

Wash berries and remove stems. Cover with water and cook until soft. Then drain through jelly bag. Wash apples, remove blossom ends and seeds and cut in quarters. Cover with water. Cook slowly until tender. Drain through jelly bag. Combine raspberry and apple juice in equal proportions. Use 2/3 cup sugar for each cup of juice. Boil rapidly until jelly sheets from spoon.

POPCORN LAMBS

We hadn't thought of making any kind of a lamb but straight cake until we had this picture and an accompanying letter from Mrs. George Kaufman of Atchison, Kans.

Here is her recipe for super popcorn balls. Not only can it be pressed into molds for successful lambs, rabbits, etc., but she says that it is also ideal for molding into a funnel or into pointed paper cups for table Christmas trees. Moreover, she has made many a decorative centerpiece by molding it in a tube pan.

2/3 cup white corn syrup
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/8 tsp. soda
2/3 cup boiling water
1 Tbls. vinegar
2 Tbls. butter

Any vegetable coloring may be used in this, and any flavoring that you prefer.

Boil to thread stage. Pour over 4 quarts of popped corn. Dip hands in cold water to mold balls or to press into molds.

A DIFFERENT BIRTHDAY CAKE

We're always interested in hearing about anything unusual in the line of birthday cakes, so we appreciated a letter from Mrs. George Kaufman, Atchison, Kansas, in which she told us about the "Birthday Book" cakes that she made for her charming little granddaughters, Joan and Lynn.

This is Mrs. Kaufman's explanation, and if you'll read it carefully you can visualize the finished product.

"I use an ordinary sponge cake batter for this birthday cake, although an angel food batter would do nicely if a snow white cake is desired. You may have your favorite sponge cake recipe, but this is the one I use and if you haven't a favorite, you might like to try it.

SPONGE CAKE

6 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup water
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. lemon flavoring
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup sifted enriched flour

I like to beat the yolks with half of the sugar, then add the flavoring, grated rind, water and flour to which the baking powder has been added. Beat egg whites until they form a peak, add salt, cream of tartar, and remainder of sugar. Combine this mixture with the first mixture.

Dip out approximately 5 big tablespoons of the batter and spread over a cookie sheet. Bake in a 325 degree oven until done—probably about 25 minutes. The finished cake will be crisp, and this is to be used for the "book" back. I will cut it down to about a 7 x 9 or 10 inch size, and it may be frosted thinly with a powdered sugar icing.

The remainder I bake in a small bread pan. (Mine is 8 x 12, but a



We've never seen two happier looking little girls. They are Joan and Lynn Trombold, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Trombold of Wichita, Kansas, and at their feet are the popcorn lambs made by their Grandmother Kaufman of Atchison, Kansas.

square pan 9 x 9 and 2 inches in depth would do.) The pan should be about two-thirds full, enough to make a 1 1/2 inch layer (it shrinks some) when done. Bake as nearly in the middle of the oven as possible as it burns easily, and although the baking time is from 35 to 45 minutes at 325 degrees, it may be necessary to reduce the heat to 300 degrees for the last fourth of the time.

When the cake is cool enough to remove from the pan (gauge it by the way you handle a jelly roll) trim the edges and cut a rectangle 6 x 5, and with a sawtooth bread knife carefully slice through the layer to within three-fourths of an inch of the back edge and open like a book. "Hump" the "pages" toward the center slightly after you have laid it on the big "back" that was made on the cookie sheet. Toothpicks stuck in the corners until it cools completely will help to hold it in place.

You may ice it all over, but I left mine plain and just iced the edges of the "book". Then the writing was done with a cake decorator in chocolate or colored powdered sugar icing. On the left-hand side of the book I wrote Volume II and underneath it the name Joan. On the right-hand side I wrote Happy Birthday, February 26, 1943. This date was her second birthday, of course. On her third birthday I wrote Volume III."

We regretted, along with Mrs. Kaufman, that the clever pictures she sent of Joan with the birthday book cake were not sharp enough for a cut. She said that it was a dark, gray day, and bitterly cold too—this she recalls clearly because she hated to see the two little girls rushed outside for birthday pictures to send to their daddy who was then overseas.

NEED SANDWICHES FOR A CROWD?

Are you responsible for sandwiches for a gang sometime in the near future? Then perhaps you would like to know that for 100 sandwiches you will need:

Six loaves of sandwich bread (averaging 34 slices to the loaf)
1 1/2 to 2 pounds of softened butter.
Six quarts of filling

By using an assembly line technique you can do the job in a hurry. First slice all the bread in thin slices (unless it is ready-cut). Have a large working area and lay slices out on this working space. Cover with damp towels to prevent drying. Spread each slice with filling and butter. Next put on the cover slices. Then cut to desired shape.

Stack in shallow baking pans and slide these pans into large plastic food bags until serving time. In this manner sandwiches can be made up hours ahead of time.—Mabel Nair Brown.

MACARONI MAIN DISH

1 cup 7-minute macaroni
1 12-oz. can pork-ham
1/4 cup melted shortening
1 Tbls. chopped onion
2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
1/4 cup flour
2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 1/2 cups grated American cheese
Salt and pepper

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water for 7 minutes and drain. Arrange in greased 2-quart casserole in alternate layers with chopped luncheon meat. Add onion and pimiento to hot fat and then add flour. Gradually add milk and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Add Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, and lastly add cheese; stir until melted. Pour over macaroni-meat mixture and bake for about 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

This is as inexpensive a main dish as you will find these days. Filling and nutritious.

PEPPERMINT REFRIGERATOR CAKE

1/4 lb. peppermint stick candy
1 1/2 cups whipping cream
1/2 cup thin cream
Sponge cake sliced
1 1/2 Tbls. gelatine
1 Tbls. cold water

Crush the candy and place in a double boiler with the thin cream. Heat until dissolved and add the gelatine which has been softened in cold water. Chill but do not allow it to set. Fold in the whipped cream. Arrange the thin slices of cake in a bread pan lined with waxed paper, using 3 layers. Pour the cream mixture over each layer and chill until firm. Decorate the top with whipped cream around the edge if desired before chilling. When firm, loosen the waxed paper from the sides and slice crosswise.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM SHENANDOAH THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

School is out, my records completed and in the County Superintendent's office, and I had spent just one morning in the field with Frank when we had a terrific cloudburst with two inches of rain. When Frank came home for supper he said the rain had stopped field work for several days, and that consequently I had an opportunity to go to Shenandoah for a few days, so this afternoon finds me writing my letter to you from Mother's kitchen table instead of my own.

Margery and Abigail drove to Lucas with Martin and Emily one day last week and took Kristin back with them, and she is having a perfectly lovely time with all the neighborhood children. There is a tent up in Lucile's yard and they play house all day long. Tonight we are all going to have a picnic in the park.

This has been my first opportunity to sew for a long, long time, so I have been busy making Kristin some summer dresses. I cleaned out her closet the other day and when I had taken out all the dresses that she had outgrown in the past few months, the clothes hangers looked awfully bare, so I thought I had better get right down to business and make her a few new dresses. Lucile had made a couple of dresses for Juliana since I was last here, so I made Kristin's just like these because the girls love to dress like twins when they are together.

We had our first visit from the folks last Sunday. Since they returned from California in March there had never been a Sunday that the roads had been good enough for them to get to our house, and that explains why it was a long, long time between visits. Frank and I had decided to have the house painted this summer and we hadn't told the folks because we wanted to surprise them and just let them see for themselves. But it turned out not to be a surprise because little Martin was here just two days before they came and when he returned home he told Granny that the "painter man" who was painting Aunt Dorothy's house wasn't afraid of the bees at all, he just went up there and painted the bees too!

Maybe if Frank and I live in Lucas long enough all the Page County members of my family will get to come and see us eventually. On this last trip the folks brought Aunt Sue for her first visit. Of course the first thing she wanted to do was wander into the timber and see what wild flowers she could find. When she came back in time for dinner she said, "I have picked out just the spot where I would like to have my summer cottage someday." Frank and I laughed and said that Aunt Helen Fischer had picked out her spot, the Vernesses their spot, and Wayne and Abigail theirs, and if and when we got them all built, we would have a real little village which we will call "Johnsonville".

In the afternoon Sue took a big cardboard carton and headed into the



Emily spends countless happy hours on the new play equipment that is in her yard. Wayne and Abigail set it up out in front so that all the children on the street can enjoy it.

woods again. When she came back she had several plants for her garden, and also a lot of leaf mold and rotten and decayed wood that she had dug out of an old tree stump. I asked her what she used that for and she said she would put it on her African Violets because it would just be wonderful for them. The leaf mold she was going to put on some of the special plants in her garden. So I learned something that day. In fact I always learn a lot when any of my "flower" aunts come to see me.

Is there anything on a farm that looks quite as funny as sheep after they have been sheared? We had ours sheared the first of the month, and I am just now getting used to seeing them without their coats. As cold as it was the first part of May I'll bet there were many times when they wished they had their coats on again.

Everyone is so far behind with their field work this year, and after making the drive here Sunday and noticing how many, many fields hadn't been touched yet, I felt very fortunate that Frank has two fields of corn planted, and one of them is up several inches. The alfalfa fields look wonderful everywhere. The trouble is, that when it is dry enough to plant corn, the first cutting of alfalfa is going to be ready to put up and it just won't wait for us to get the corn in.

We were remarking Sunday as we drove along the highway how beautiful and green the countryside looks now with every shade of green imaginable. Aunt Sue has one daughter who hasn't been in the middlewest but once, and then when she was just a tiny child, so the only country she has seen is the golden brown desert country of California, and we were wondering what her thoughts would be if she had been with us Sunday and seen such a green countryside for the first time. I was sorry the wild crabapples were through blooming by last Sunday because it seemed to me they

were especially beautiful this year. And we have so many of them in our part of the country. Every tree was just full of the magnificent pink blossoms.

The wild flowers were a little late in coming out this year, but when they did bloom I have never seen the violets so large and with such nice long stems. Kristin had a lot of fun picking flowers every night after school, and knowing how much Juliana loves to pick them too, I was sorry she couldn't have been with us at that time. We have one spot where the Sweet William are so thick that it looks just like a blue carpet as you drive along the road.

I hope by the time I write to you next month that we all have the corn in and that it is knee high. Until then . . . Sincerely, Dorothy.

(Continued from Page 3)

While I was in that southern country I found more of my garden friends in very unexpected places. There were the little blue flowers frolicking over a deserted cotton field which I discovered to be Grape Hyacinths. They were as happy there as the blue violets in our Iowa woods. Instead of far-away Dutch friends, they were just good "Southern Democrats" and as happy as in my own garden border. I could almost hear them singing Dixie Land.

By this time I was prepared for almost anything, so I just blinked a little to be sure I was seeing correctly, when, hanging thickly from a roadside bramble, there appeared long, lovely pannicles of purple wisteria, seeming far happier than when hanging scantily from a Japanese pergola where I supposed them to be at home. Surely, they looked thoroughly content on this 100% American roadway.

Were all of my foreign friends going to turn out to be just cultivated American gypsies? I became more and more convinced of this possibility as I traveled from state to state. There were the acres of Gaillardias and Coreopsis and Lupines in Texas. The pink, white, blue, purple, red and orange Penstemons on many of the hills and plains from "sea to shining sea."

There were the Iris in the southern swamps where even my precious little friend Fulva, in her rich copper gown, grew in utter abandon, and on the stony banks in Oklahoma, where I found the dainty little Cristata, like a frothy white waterfall and on the mountain tops and along the roadsides of many states, many more members of this great Iris family.

I cannot tell you of all the garden friends I met in their wild homes. I can only hope that, as you travel, either for business or pleasure, you may find the joy that I have known in these meetings, and that when they lift their faces to you, as you walk through your home garden, it may be like opening an album of living pictures that will recall to you all these happy journeyings and that you may feel a little closer to them because they chose to be native American or to adopt our roadsides as their "wild" homes.

BEFORE YOU START TO WRITE

By Lucile Verness

For a good many years I have received letters from people who ask me to send them the magic recipe for writing a story that will sell. If I had such a recipe I would part with it happily (and no charge attached), but there isn't such a thing—nor will there ever be. However, all professions have well mapped out road charts, so to speak, and writing is no exception. If you are one of the many who feels a definite urge to commit your ideas to paper, perhaps these facts will help.

It has been said over and over again, and I can only repeat it now, that one *must* write about what he knows. The moment you tackle a subject or an idea beyond your own experience, you betray this fact in the very first paragraph. None of us would think of picking up a surgeon's knife or of sitting down to an industrial engineer's drawing board for the simple fact that nothing in our background has prepared us for such work. By the same token, we have no business attempting to describe a way of life or personalities completely alien to our own experience.

There are exceptions to this, of course. But those exceptions have been ringed about with such wonderfully unique circumstances that they must be considered in the nature of a myth . . . and not many of us can afford to cling to the fragile substance of a myth. We stand a much better chance of coming out on top if we abide by the tried and proven rules of the game.

Most people who have the urge to write are happily unaware of the competition that they face. Not only are they pitting their story against the story of the well-seasoned, crafty professional writer, but also against the story of their next door neighbor. The flood of manuscripts that arrive by every mail in editorial offices would scare most people half to death if they could see it. It is impossible to imagine unless you have looked at it with your own eyes, but believe me, it's true.

Now, let's skip ahead to your completed story and look at some of the do's and don'ts that will carry your manuscript past the first desk where ninety-nine percent go down to defeat. Its very appearance as it comes out of the envelope will virtually spell success or failure.

The very first thing noted is this: have you enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope for its return? If so, you're past the first big hurdle. If not, you're automatically stamped as an amateur who knows nothing about the cardinal rules and regulations. (The only exception to this is when an agent handles your work. Many times he will deliver your manuscript in person. If he doesn't, the question of postage, etc., is part of his business overhead.)

Is your manuscript typed? If you're aiming at what we call the big markets, it *must* be. Any editor, regardless of the size of the publication, will

give preference to a typed manuscript for it can be read in a fraction of the time that it takes to plough through unfamiliar handwriting. If you don't own a typewriter you can engage a high school student to type what you've written. It may be a chore to run down someone who can do this work for you, but it makes an enormous difference.

Once you've lined up a typewriter of your own or have found someone who can do the job, remember that there are definite road marks to follow. Use only standard typing paper. If you resort to personal stationary or anything else that comes to hand, your manuscript must be retyped for the printer on standard size paper. This means office expense and trouble, and since half of your battle is to eliminate these counts against you, it pays to abide by accepted rules.

The first sheet of the manuscript should contain the title of your story or article—this should appear about half-way down in the middle of the sheet. Directly underneath it should appear your name. In the upper left-hand corner will go your name and full address; in the upper right-hand corner will go the figure "1". On all subsequent pages be sure to type the title and address in the left-hand corner and the page number in the right hand corner.

All manuscripts should be double-spaced. This is imperative. A single-spaced manuscript constitutes almost as much of a psychological barrier in the editor's mind as a hand-written manuscript. Not only is the single-spaced manuscript hard to read, but it allows no room for corrections or notes to the printer and consequently must be retyped before it can go to the composing room.

In short, it's not too much to say that you've gone a long mile down the road towards selling your story or article if it's physical appearance is perfect and eliminates any additional stenographic work in the editorial offices.

If you have any reason to feel uncertain about your grammar, leave no stone unturned to have it checked by someone whose knowledge of the English language is completely dependable. Any grammatical error, particularly in the opening pages of a manuscript, is tantamount to blowing taps. There is no such thing as success in writing if you violate the elemental rules of grammar, and countless people could be spared endless disappointment if they only knew this.

A number of years ago when I taught classes in modern American literature I had the misfortune to encounter a woman who was absolutely determined to write. She had had no encouragement from any source, and yet she persisted in spending a grueling ten-hour day, year in and year out, at her typewriter. Early in our acquaintance she brought me the manuscript of a novel that she had been slaving over for several years. The moment it was returned from a publishing house she set about trying to improve it, perennially hopeful that with these new additions it would sell. I read three pages and put it down

with a sense of shocked pity. Virtually every paragraph was peppered with the most flagrant grammatical errors, and under those conditions she would never, *never* dispose of it, or of anything else she might write, to any editor alive in this world. I told her this (not as bluntly as I've written about it here) and she was offended and hurt. She simply didn't believe it.

Before you send a manuscript anywhere, be sure that you're aiming at the right magazine. Fully fifty percent of the daily arrivals in any editorial office are rejected instantly because they are not suitable for the publication in question. It pays to buy one, or several, of the monthly magazines published for writers and study the market. It also pays to own a copy of the big *Writer's Digest Guide* that is published annually. There you will find a complete listing of all magazines that are interested in seeing a wide variety of manuscripts, their requirements, rates, etc. This is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, but I do not know the price. No doubt an inquiry would bring a prompt reply!

Never ask a professional writer to read your work and give you suggestions. When he makes his bread-and-butter at his own typewriter he hasn't time to ponder over your manuscript. Furthermore, it is confusing for there is always the risk that some idea will lodge in his sub-conscious mind and that he may unwittingly use it in his own work at some time in the future. If this happens it can lead to endless trouble, so save yourself a rebuff by consulting only writing "specialists" who make a business of reading and doctoring manuscripts. You'll find their advertisements in writer's magazines.

Don't fall into the common error of assuming that juvenile stories are simple to sell because they're simple to read. This field is considered one of the most highly specialized in the entire business. Some magazines published for children have a printed pamphlet of requirements, so that gives you an idea of the road you're going to travel if you contemplate selling children's stories.

If I were asked what I considered the one most imperative thing to do if someone asked me how to go about being a writer I would say this: **READ.** Read constantly and endlessly. Read a tremendous variety of material. Inevitably you will absorb a knowledge of how stories are put together, and in due time you will discover, if you have any flair whatsoever for writing, that you have a sharpened awareness of the basic structures involved in expressing your ideas.

BEAUTY

Appreciate beauty. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it who is the fountain of all loveliness; and drink it simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing. —Kingsley.

LET'S FIX A RELISH PLATE

By Mabel Nair Brown

There is nothing quite like a colorful, attractive relish plate to "pick up" lagging appetites on a hot summer day — and it is such a tasty way to get those vitamins! They are so easy to prepare for the everyday family meals, yet they add a festive air to the company table, so let's consider a few tricks with the relish plate.

The prime requisite is that vegetables and pickles on the relish tray be as crisp and fresh as possible. If one has a supply of the plastic bags on hand, the various relishes (carrot sticks, celery curls, radish roses etc.) can be fixed several hours or even a day ahead of time, if it will fit your schedule better.

When you wish a particularly pretty relish plate, make up a number of simpler things for the basic "pattern" and then just enough fancy delicacies to give the plate sparkle and eye-appeal.

Perhaps the following suggestions will help you plan some appetizing relish plates for your family or for guests.

CARROTS: For carrot sticks, cut the carrots in lengthwise sticks as you do shoestring potatoes. Carrot curls are made by cutting very thin lengthwise slices and dropping them into ice water. If the strips do not "curl" satisfactorily, fasten them with a tooth pick and drop into the ice water until serving time. Usually the ice water does the trick for me. For carrot daisies, cut thin rounds of the carrot and then with a sharp paring knife cut out petals. A speck of cottage cheese sprinkled with paprika can be the center of the posy; or a bit of pimento. Tuck a parsley leaf so that it peeps from the edge of the posy as you lay it on the plate.

CELERY: Celery just "as is" is fine on the tray, of course, but to dress it up, try stuffed celery or the celery curls. A soft cheese spread is spread in the hollow of the celery stock for the stuffed celery, and the curls are made by cutting the stalk into, say, two and a half inch lengths, and then slicing down from the top in narrow strips to within a half inch of the bottom. Drop into ice water and the strips will curl back to form a sort of crown. I have also made a carrot-celery combination by cutting a hole in a large round slice of carrot and inserting a short length (celery hearts are best) of celery through the carrot.

BEETS certainly add color to the relish platter. In addition to the tiny baby beet pickles, you can use beet tulips. With sharp paring knife, slice off top of the pickled beet, make a tiny hollow and then "saw tooth" the edge, or cut petals. (The bits you cut from the pickled beet can be used in a salad later).

PEPPER rings are thin slices cut from the red or green pepper. Add glamour to the rings by serving stuffed pepper rings. Make a cheese filling (I like to add a little softened



One Sunday morning not long ago Juliana came home from Sunday School and sat down on the terrace to play with her three new kittens who are named Fluff, Vincent and Rose Of Sharon. Her Daddy thought it would be nice to get a "Sunday looking" picture, so he picked up his camera to record the moment.

dissolved gelatin to the cheese filling so it gets very firm) and fill the green pepper with it. When the filling has set, slice across pepper and there you have the pretty green rim around the cheese filling.

TURNIPS OR RUTABAGAS are nice cut in thin crisp slices. They also make very pretty calla lilies by cutting them in thin slices and then bending them to lily shape. Fasten with a tooth pick and add a slender carrot stick in the throat of the lily for the pistil.

EGGS can be jigged up in any number of ways. Deviled eggs are so good. A sprinkling of paprika or a sprig of parsley dresses them up. Instead of cutting them in the usual way, cut them sawtooth fashion (as we cut the teeth in our jack-o-lanterns, remember?). For extra color, I like to drop the peeled eggs into a cup in which I have water colored with the vegetable colors. I like to use several pastel colors, then cut the eggs sawtooth fashion crosswise and thus have pretty "tulip cup" eggs. Nestle these tulips in sprigs of parsley. To make **butterflies**, simply cut the egg in slices lengthwise and then cut these slices down the center and lay them with the white edge (rounded) together. Dot the "wings" with pimiento or green pepper.

COTTAGE CHEESE CHICKS will delight young and old! For each chick roll small balls of cottage cheese (two of them, one slightly smaller than the others). The large one is the body and the small one is pressed into it for the head (a little experimenting and you'll SEE!) A half a shelled peanut or a bit of carrot is used for the beak, and small celery or parsley leaves are the wings. Our youngsters chuckle over my Rhode Island Red chicks—sprinkle the chicks with paprika. Oh, yes, cut eyes from a raisin.

CUCUMBER pickles, sweet or sour, or dill are always good on the relish

plate. In summer when you use fresh cucumber slices, they look very pretty if you score the peeled cucumbers lengthwise with a fork before cutting the slices. One can make tiny cucumber boats by cutting the cucumber in half lengthwise, hollow each half slightly. Soak in salt water. Then cut in short lengths and fill hollow with a cheese filling.

CAULIFLOWER flowerets are another "pretty" for the plate.

To the above relishes can be added the various kinds of olives plus apple pickles, pickled peaches, pickled beans, or what have you in that line? — Just look around, see what you have on hand, and you will find that you can make that relish tray add a great deal to your meals.

WISDOM

My child, the seeds of wisdom that I sowed
Throughout your tender years, some day will bear
Rich fruit. Life's hand, less gentle, far, than mine
Shall bend and prune the twig with utmost care;
And when mature you will recall my words
As they come winging down the years to you,
To tap upon the door of memory.
How do I know? I once lacked wisdom, too!

—By Elfriede Schutt

THE RAISING OF OUR FLAG

My children, my children, come cease from your play
And look on Old Glory unfurling today!
Look upward and skyward
While music is heard,
Just stand at attention
And speak not a word.
It waves, yes it waves
So that each one may see
Your land and my land, the land of the free.
Yet, never defeated, and still shall it flame,
The red and the white stripes
Forever the same,
The stars in the field
As they shine from the blue
Give courage and strength
To the loyal and true.
So be wide awake, keep democracy sure,
With our flag a-flying, our peace shall endure. —Etta Gruen Dobbie.

COVER PICTURE

It's an exciting moment for Juliana, Kristin, Emily and Martin when their Grandpa Driftmier raises the big flag. They noticed this flag in the garage one day in April and pleaded with him then to put it up, but he explained that they'd have to wait until Memorial Day when it would go up at half-mast. Memorial Day *finally* came, and with it the scene that you see on the cover.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE STOLEN SEED CORN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

There was great excitement in the tents of the Sioux Indians one morning. All was in readiness for a very special celebration. Today they would plant the maize, which is corn in our language. All winter the best and longest ears had been jealously hoarded in special tents, guarded by two of the Chief's own sons. The people had gone hungry toward spring, stretching their own meager supplies to last days on end. No one thought of eating the precious seed corn, which must be planted for next winter's eating.

Now all was ready for the day of planting. The women had dug up the ground and crushed the soil into fine, rich loam. The braves had spent long hours at the river, catching fish to put into each hill of maize for fertilizer, that the crop might be abundant. Tonight, when the planting was done, the drums would beat for hours and the tribe would dance joyously around a great fire. The very thought of it brought a thrill of anticipation to Little River as he lay in his father's tepee awaiting the daylight.

The first streaks of dawn brought an anguished cry that rang through the village. Braves grasped their tomohawks and sprang from their tents, running quickly to the Chief's tepee.

A crowd had already gathered when Little River, who was still a boy, crept stealthily behind the tent to listen.

"The seed corn, it is gone!" jabbered a brave excitedly to the Chief. "There is a big hole—so!—in the tent, and great piles of maize are spilled outside. More than half is gone!" The brave spread his arms wide to show the hugeness of the hole.

"Was it not guarded?" demanded the Chief.

"It was," replied his son. "My brother and I stood at the front of the tent with tomohawks in readiness all night. Surely the Medicine Men of our enemies have caused this to happen! They have stolen the maize with Evil Spirits."

"Ugh!" agreed the other braves.

"Then we will send braves to take it back, for the Good Spirit is with our warriors!" Quickly the Old Chief pointed to two young braves and told them to slip through the forests to the tents of the enemies, there to see where the corn was kept, and if there were many warriors awaiting battle.

All of this Little River heard, and in his excitement he resolved to follow the spies to see the enemy village for himself.

Little River slipped his bow and ar-

rows over his back and crept stealthily into the forest after the spies. For many miles he followed, carefully stopping when they stopped, crouching silently beneath bush or tree and ever cautious lest they hear him and send him back to the village. But Little River was not as skilled as the two spies, and finally they disappeared into the forest. Little River sighed. He could not find the enemy village by himself, nor did he dare. There was nothing to do but return to his father's tent.

As Little River turned reluctantly toward home, he heard a great chattering he had not noticed before.

"How excited the squirrels are!" he thought. "I will investigate. Maybe I can find their nest of nuts to give to my mother." Little River crept to the tree. High up he could see squirrels, their cheeks puffed wide, diving in and out of the hollow tree. Other squirrels came scampering down its trunk and there—! Little River's eyes grew wide with surprise.

At the base of the tree was a great pile of maize. The squirrels were working hard to store every grain of it in the tree.

"Why, the Evil Spirits of our enemy didn't steal the seed at all," said Little River. "The thieves are the forest squirrels!"

Then Little River ran fleetly to the village with his news. Such excitement! The Chief sent many braves and squaws and children to gather the maize again and to bring it to the village to plant. They were so thankful to get it back that they left a little for the squirrels to eat.

It was the most joyous planting the tribe had ever had. And the very happiest boy around the fire was Little River, who sat at the Chief's side listening to the drums and watching the dancers far, far into the night.

WORD PAIRS

Whenever you hear the word "Peach" you automatically think of "cream". See if you can put together the right pairs in the list that follows.

Cats and Robbers
Soap and Sleep
Bread and Paper
Work and Shine
Ice cream and Dogs
Hop and Seek
Pencil and Arrow
Eat and Play
Rain and Water
Bow and Skip
Night and Girls
Boys and Butter
Hide and Day
Cops and Cake



The white streak you see in the air is Juliana's rope. She and Kristin are jumping together and chanting, "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear." Another one of their favorites begins: "Down in the meadow where the cowslips grow"; and we often hear a third one that begins, "Down by the ocean, Down by the sea." Jumping rope is fine in the spring, but hot summer days almost put an end to it.

GUESS THESE

The same 3 letter word is hidden in each of the following words. Can you tell what it is? Gold; Bold; Soldier; Behold.

What do you lose when you stand up? Your lap.

What has only one eye and can't see? A needle.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

I have cities, but no houses, forests but no trees, rivers without water. What am I? I am a map.

Where did Columbus stand when he landed in America? On his feet.

What time is it when a clock strikes thirteen? Time to have it fixed.

What is closed when it's open and open when it's closed? A drawbridge.

When a boy falls in the water what is the first thing he does? He gets wet.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

Most of us associate taffy pulls with cold winter evenings, but taffy you make and pull yourself tastes every bit as good on a rainy July night. Remember this the next time an old-fashioned soaker spoils picnic plans for the friends you've invited to your home.

Molasses Taffy

1 1/2 cups molasses
3/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons cider vinegar
1 teaspoon lemon extract
Combine the molasses, sugar, butter and vinegar. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until mixture boils. Boil slowly, stirring constantly toward end of cooking, until a small quantity dropped in cold water forms a hard ball. Remove from heat; add lemon extract. Pour into greased pan; when cool enough to handle, grease hands; pull taffy until light in color. Stretch in a long rope; cut in small pieces. Wrap each piece in waxed paper. Makes about 1 pound.

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AFTER READING THIS Ad, get your dull sewing or barber scissors sent to us to be sharpened at only 35¢ each postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOSIERY MENDING—Send to Lillian McKee, 3236 Madison, Omaha, Nebraska.

STILL TIME TO ORDER SUE'S POTTERY.

While you have time this summer, look over your back numbers of "Kitchen-Klatter". We can fill orders for any Pottery we have advertised, at the Same Price. If there is any special piece you would like, write me. Better yet, come and visit my shop at Clarinda, Iowa.—Sue Conrad.

TAKE TIME TO READ THIS

Is your name on our mailing list for nursery catalogs and circulars? If not, drop us a card today and ask us to see that it's added to our files. Of if you're writing a letter to us, mention it there and we'll see that your request is put in the right place. Before long we'll be getting out our beautiful fall planting circular in full color and we know that you want to see it. Be sure your name is on our list.

THE DRIFTMIER CO.,
Shenandoah, Iowa.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

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

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

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

WJAG—Norfolk, Nebr. — 780 on your dial.

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

LOOK

Who is your favorite little girl? If it's your daughter, granddaughter, or niece, you'll be inspired to start sewing for her after you read "It's Fun To Sew for Little Girls" by Leanna and Lucile. Illustrated with photographs of Juliana and Kristin. Formerly 50¢. Now reduced to 35¢. 3 for \$1.00.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Do you number among your friends someone who is lonely and hungry for friendly letters? If so, a gift subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter magazine will give her endless pleasure and joy. We've been told time without number that our magazine is a "letter from home" and we're proud that we've been able to bring happiness to people who've felt at times that the world has passed them by.

Send in your gift subscription today. Only \$1.00 will deliver twelve issues of Kitchen-Klatter to your friend.

Send orders to Kitchen-Klatter
Shenandoah, Iowa

HERE IT IS!

Yes, it's ready for you! **The Story Of An American Family** has been made into a book, and now you can read our complete family history as it appeared in this magazine over a period of seven years. You'll enjoy the handsome printing job, the 80 photographs that illustrate it. And the price? Well, we've kept it down to absolute bedrock—50¢ plus a \$1.00 yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter.

Note: Orders for "The Story Of An American Family" cannot be filled unless a subscription to Kitchen-Klatter is included. \$1.50 brings you the magazine for a year, and a copy of the book.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

This time of year the mail that comes from shut-in-the-house people is especially appealing. They try to be brave but it is hard to have to stay inside when everything is so lovely out of doors. Will you join me in helping make life more pleasant for some of them?

Albert David Busby, Rt. 2, Coldwater, Miss., is 8 years old. His left arm and leg are crippled by polio. He is interested in stamps.

D. K. Hendricks, 504 W. Kirkwood St., Fairfield, Iowa, is 9. He has rheumatic fever, is bedfast and needs things to play with in bed or to read.

Carol King, Prairie Home, Nebr., age 10, also has rheumatic fever. She must keep very quiet, so help keep her amused while she is in bed.

Cathy Cerruti, 898 - 54 St., Oakland 8, Calif., has been in bed more than a year with rheumatic fever. She loves mail. Age 13.

James Bathurst, Fontanelle, Iowa, age 16, fell and broke his shoulder badly. He would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Lucy Rossmiller, 312 N. Mill St., Fergus Falls, Minn., needs cheer. She is 80, and has been entirely bedfast since she had her leg amputated some time ago.

Mrs. Kate Rodecker, 702 Hamburg, St. Joseph, Mo., has been bedfast for a long time with arthritis. She is 78, and is alone a good deal as she lives with her daughter who is a school teacher.

Mrs. Alice Lung, Rt. 2, Rushville, Ill., is a long time shutin. She wants discarded neckties to use in making rugs.

Mrs. Bert Sexton, Walnut, Iowa, has had arthritis for many years. She is alone a good deal and would enjoy letters.

Mrs. Howard E. Dameron, 300 Water St., Huntsville, Mo., was shutin and in bed for years. Finally she was able to get about the house. A few weeks ago she fell and fractured a vertebra and is now in a brace. Do write to her.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, N. Y., would like to hear from anyone whose name is Fyler or who knows anyone by that name. She was a Fyler before she married, some fifty-odd years ago.

Mrs. Ed Sherrow, 2504 S. 8 St., Lincoln, Nebr., would enjoy letters. She has had many operations and has been sick most of her life. Is not able even to do fancywork, but likes to write.

H. C. Liepfried, Sr., Box 596, Post, Texas, is about 80 and unable to be out much, if any. He would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Chas. Niss, Rt. 3, Pierz, Minn., has arthritis and is unable to do anything. Her husband is not well, either.

Have you any odds and ends of yarn that you would knit into afghan squares—8 x 8 inches—or would donate for someone else to knit? There is a lot of call for afghans at the hospitals again and they have asked us to help. Write me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif., about it.

A FOURTH OF JULY PARTY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

No doubt you or the children home from school will be doing some entertaining over the Fourth of July. If so, here are a few ideas that are practical for youngsters or oldsters, for a planned party or for a pleasant "happen to get together."

For an Independence Day entertainment you just cannot get away from a red, white, and blue color scheme. But after all, who would want to? With the day set aside to honor our country, let us do just that.

If you are sending out invitations you may color the front of them red, white, and blue and add gummed star seals in the blue corner. Or you may write your invitations on a small card to which you have added a flag seal or to which you have scotch-taped a tiny American flag.

When you are decorating, do not fail to display Old Glory. Red, white, and blue crepe paper streamers or paper chains such as the children like to make will be colorful. For a festive note use balloons—red, white, and blue; you can be certain that eventually they will add noise to the festivities.

If you wish to be quite artistic with your decorating, you may let your floral arrangements carry out your patriotic color scheme. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to have red, white, and blue flowers to arrange in a white pottery container. Red and white blossoms may be arranged in a blue vase, or any variation of this basic idea will be colorful.

Make your table carry out the patriotic theme, too. Bring out your large white table cloth and add a dainty border of paper stars around it. For a centerpiece use a red, white and blue bouquet, a flower holder with red, white and blue balloons, or an arrangement of tiny flags held in a frog. Place your centerpiece on a large star to match those in the border of your table cloth. Fasten a tiny flag on each person's name card. Use matching nut cups and glue each on a star.

You will, of course, plan your dessert to suit your particular type of entertaining. Red, white and blue sandwiches are made by tinting cream cheese, spreading it between slices of bread and cutting the sandwiches crosswise. Open-faced sandwiches may be cut with a star cookie cutter. Then there are always relishes, salads, gelatins, and ice cream to carry out any chosen color scheme.

When you plan your dessert I would suggest that you think about making an American Flag Cake.

Bake your favorite cake in a large oblong loaf pan. Cover it with white icing. Then tint part of the icing red, part blue. Make your red and white stripes and the blue field. Perhaps you are more adept than I at fashioning stars for your flag. I went to the local dime store and bought very tiny yellow decorations intended for birthday cakes and found that they served very well for stars.

And when I think of the Fourth of July, I just cannot think of any thing more strictly American than a good old-fashioned freezer of home made ice cream. I'll wager that if you are entertaining teenagers they will be delighted to "turn the freezer". If they should hesitate, promise them the pleasure of scraping the ladle and you will have no labor-shortage.

If your entertaining calls for a few planned games, let's stay strictly to our patriotic theme. Perhaps your older guests will have forgotten much of the American History they once knew but they will have fun trying this. On a table arrange 10 exhibits to represent important events or characters in American history and see who can identify them correctly.

1. Some tea and a few tacks.—The tea tax, of course.

2. A kite and a key.—Franklin discovers electricity.

3. A clock with only a minute hand and the picture of a gun.—The Minute men.

4. Miniature log and an axe.—Lincoln, the Rail-splitter.

5. The date 1867 and a picture of an ice box.—Purchase of Alaska—often called "Seward's Ice Box."

6. A toy railroad covered over with a black cloth.—Underground Railroad.

7. A tea ball and a tea cup.—The Boston Tea Party.

8. A piece of a hickory stick—Andrew Jackson known as "Old Hickory".

9. Picture of a Plymouth car and a small rock.—Plymouth Rock.

10. A tiny white flower and a compact.—The Mayflower Compact signed by the Pilgrims.

For any large group such as a Sunday School picnic or party, it is fun to match partners for refreshments by pinning a piece of paper on each person—half of the papers will have printed on them the name of states. The other half will have the names of state capitals printed on them. Anyone labeled Kansas, for instance, would have to seek out Topeka. A complete total would be 96, and it is doubtful if anyone is planning entertainment for so large a group; this means that you can select whatever states appeal to you.

Ring the Liberty Bell is an action game suitable for all ages. Cut a piece of cardboard into the shape of a bell, and in the center cut a circle about six inches in diameter. Behind this hole suspend a small bell. Divide the crowd into three groups naming them the Reds,

Whites, and Blues. Furnish a tennis ball and allow each person, team by team, to try ringing the Liberty Bell throwing the tennis ball through the hole. The team that rings the bell the most times should be given a prize.

Parts of the World is a hilarious game that will stir up the most apathetic crowd. Players should be seated in a circle with a vacant chair in the center. Select a person gifted at story telling to go about and whisper the name of a city, state or river to each person. When everyone has been given a name the leader starts telling a story in which he mentions the various cities, states and rivers that he assigned earlier. As he mentions one, the player bearing that name makes a wild scramble for the chair. The leader (known as Mr. World—or Mrs. World) also makes a scramble for the chair. If the leader wins, the person who has lost out must take up the story. Select well known states, rivers, etc. so that anyone could continue with what has been started.

KITCHEN KLATTER CHATTER

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

Your temper is one of the few things that will improve the longer you keep it.

A word of advice: Don't give it. Blood pressure is like a woman's weight. There's no set rule about what it ought to be; and no matter what it is you wish it was different.

Vary green snap beans sometimes by serving them in a tomato sauce to which diced onion has been added.

Needs are more important than wants.

I had no idea my consort missed his calling until friends recently revealed they were infanticipating. Then he revealed he could easily have attained a degree in Pediatrics or Obstetrics.

If it weren't for taxes, dependents, and unnecessary luxuries, many of us would be rich.

Good speeches, like good socks, depend upon the yarns that are used.

A man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she feels like admitting.

Don't ask foolish questions unless you are willing to listen patiently to boring answers.

A good substitute for an ice bag is a rubber glove. Fill with ice, tie top and wrap cloth around it.

An experienced husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday, but forgets which one it is.

When you approach a school bus, give the children a brake.

Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.

My 'Knight in Shining Armor' recently presented me with a very unpretentious gift. The card read "Small as it may be; it's the spirit that counts.—Shakespeare".

A girl's life cycle: safety pins, fraternity pins, clothes pins, rolling pins, safety pins.