

TX1
K57x
G2

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents



Vol. 16

AUGUST, 1951

Number 8



Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNESSE, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

Copyright 1951, by Driftmier Publishing Company.

Dear Friends:

This past month has brought both sorrow and happiness to our family, and when I thought about the two contradictory things just before I sat down to write on this quiet Sunday evening, it seemed to me that so often in a big family the two experiences go hand in hand.

Perhaps first I should tell you that our daughter Margery was married to Oliver Strom on June 30th here at our family home. Through these last few years many of you have written to express your hopes that she would find real happiness, and consequently I know that this news comes as a pleasant surprise to you.

Had you driven by our home at 3:30 on Saturday afternoon, the 30th, you would have thought from the cars parked up and down the street that it was a big wedding! The explanation for these cars is the fact that Oliver is the youngest of ten children, and all but two of them were here for the ceremony. We Driftmiers have always thought we were a big family, but the Stroms put us in the shade on that afternoon. Frederick and his family could not be here, and Donald could not leave the Air Force Base at Rapid City, so that left just five of our children to be present.

Dorothy let me read her letter this month, and in it she said that she had never seen our house look any nicer than it did for Margery's wedding. Well, we had quantities of flowers and they did mass up effectively. Near the piano there was a large basket of white Shasta daisies (from my own garden) and blue Delphiniums. Some of the dephiniums were from our yard, but Margery's Aunt Helen Fischer offered many of hers.

On the table in the library was a beautiful white cloth, one belonging to Abigail, and the flower arrangement that stood on it was composed of spectacular Madonna lilies (from Russell's and Lucile's garden) and pink and white roses. In the archway between the library and living room was another tall basket of Shasta daisies and delphiniums. Then on every table throughout the house we had low bowls of roses, so all in all the flowers did look beautiful.

Just before the ceremony Jean Strom, a niece of Oliver's sang "O, Promise Me." Following this Lucile played Lohengrin's Wedding March,

and the bridal party entered the room. The minister, Oliver, and his brother, Elmer Strom, came into the library from a side door, and then Dorothy came into the living room and on through to the library, followed by Margery on her father's arm.

We were so glad that Oliver's brother-in-law, the Reverend Elder Anderson, could come from Minneapolis to read the single ring ceremony. I've always felt that it was very nice when a member of the family could perform the marriage ceremony, and from letters I've read recounting marriages in your families I know that this is not an unusual circumstance.

Immediately following the ceremony we had a reception, and I do wish that all of you might have seen the wedding cake—it was perfectly beautiful. The three tiers had been iced in a shell pink, and each tier was beautifully decorated with roses. The picture that we got of it doesn't really do it justice, but I think we'll use it anyway in some issue in the near future. In case any of you are planning a home wedding right now you might be interested to know that we served the wedding cake, ice cream molded into roses, and punch. On the table too were trays of rosebud mints, and dishes of salted nuts.

Margery and Oliver are now settled in their own home in Essex, Iowa. This is six miles northeast of Shenandoah, and since highway No. 48 runs between our two towns, it won't be a problem for her to get back and forth so that she can be here for our radio visit with you. Margery feels very fortunate to have a comfortable eight room house with a big screened-in porch across the front where they will just about live during the summer months. This is the home that Oliver's parents occupied when they retired from the farm, and now that they are gone it has been turned over to this generation. Margery has never enjoyed anything more than fixing up a house, so she's had a wonderful time making curtains and upholstering furniture.

Martin is excited and happy at having a new home. There are little playmates close by, and when he's ready for school he won't have far to walk, so all in all it has worked out wonderfully well for him. Our house seems very empty without him, and I know that those of you who have

had grandchildren living with you who went on to their own homes, know exactly what I mean.

Oh yes, I must not conclude this account without mentioning that Oliver is employed by Central Surveys, a Shenandoah company that does public opinion surveys over the entire United States. He concluded a six-weeks' stay in Vancouver and the Pacific Northwest just a few days before the wedding.

As I said before, we experienced both happiness and sorrow during this past month. My sister Jessie lost her husband, I. W. Shambaugh, on June 22, and all of us were present for services held in his memory at the Presbyterian Church in Clarinda, Iowa, on June 24.

Sham, as we had all called him for many years, was a member of one of the pioneer families of southwestern Iowa. He operated a flour mill in Shambaugh, Iowa (this town was named for his father) from 1881 until 1897, and then in 1898 opened the Clarinda Flour Mills and operated it from that time until 1944. As a matter of fact, had the mill not burned, thus forcing his retirement, he would probably have continued for several more years since he was always a man of great vigor and did not willingly give up.

When his illness became serious, both of his children came home. William, his wife Ella, and their two children, Joseph and Cindy, came from Camp Lee, Virginia. Ruth, her husband Bob Watkins, and their two children, Wendy and Jennifer, came from their home near Pasadena, California. Last month I told you about Jennifer's arrival and said that we expected to see them in October, and little did I know then that her trip was to be made so much sooner.

We are also very happy to announce the arrival of Alison Virginia Driftmier, a little daughter for Wayne and Abigail. Emily is thrilled to have a baby sister. She was born July 9th at the Hand Hospital in Shenandoah. We will surely have a picture of her for you in the September magazine.

Several of my nieces, Brother Henry's daughters, have been here to visit Bertha this summer, and I had an opportunity to see them too. Last night we had a happy evening with my niece Lettie Field Bianco, her husband and daughter. They live in Marseilles, Ill., but have gotten back here to Iowa almost every summer since they have been married.

We're exchanging letters with Frederick these days about definite dates for our trip to visit them. I've never been as far east as Chicago, you know, so every bit of the country will be a new experience for me. As soon as we have definite plans I will tell you about them.

After July 31 there will be a slight change in our program schedule. You who listen to Kitchen-Klatter on KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., will hear us at 9 A. M. every week day morning. KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa, KOWH, Omaha, Nebr., and WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr., will carry our visit at 11 A. M., as usual. Tell your friends about this.

Affectionately yours, Leanna.



Come into the Garden

NOTES FROM OUR GARDEN

By Lucile

In the days before we became vitally interested in a garden it seemed to us that flower lovers lived in an entirely different world as far as time was concerned. Again and again we noticed that they were always thinking ahead to "three months from now when so-and-so blooms" or "next year when I put out so-and-so." We had never been involved in anything that called for that kind of calculations, and we used to wonder if gardeners ever lived in the immediate moment!

We know now that they do—and don't. It's one of those things that you have to understand from the roots up, and you gain that kind of understanding only from doing, never from merely observing. Our garden has now become our single most absorbing interest, and I've found that we too talk constantly about "three months from now" and "next year."

Take the month of August, for instance. There was a time when August was simply August. Whatever bloomed during that month was mighty nice to have and we were pleased, but as for planting anything during that month . . . well, we never looked ahead in such a fashion.

How things have changed! This August means a great deal more than simply looking at the things in bloom, for we know that next spring's Iris and Oriental peonies will reward us many times over if we take action on all the ideas that occurred to us during this past blooming season. When areas of a garden are fulfilling all your expectations it's easy to figure out where you can make improvements, and that's what we did when our Poppies and Iris were in their full glory.

Everytime I looked at our mammoth Poppies this May and June I wished that everyone who loves flowers could see them. It's really beyond my powers as a writer to describe their gorgeous colors, their immense blooms. I once thought of Oriental Poppies as good-sized orange flowers, nothing more and nothing less. I didn't realize until we started growing them in our garden that such a range of rare and vivid colors had been developed.

For ten days, at least, we had a breathtaking spot in our border where **Helen Elizabeth** bloomed, surrounded by **Great Lakes** and **Mis-souri** Iris. The delicate pure pink of the Poppies was shown off to perfect advantage by the sparkling clear blue of the Iris. We did some transplanting to achieve this, and no effort ever brought greater compensa-

tions. This August we will add more of the **Helen Elizabeth** to that area, and about three additional **Great Lakes**.

Another combination we worked out that even surpassed our hopes was the planting of **Crimson Pompon** Poppy and **Wabash** Iris in close proximity. **Crimson Pompon** is a double, blood-red flower, and it appeared twice as vivid blooming next to **Wabash** which is a snow-white Iris with deep violet falls that are edged in white.

Mandarin (a Chinese red) and **Flashy Glow** (a rich yellow) looked better standing alone. We had experimented with a few combinations the year before, but came to the conclusion that their dazzling colors showed off more effectively without Iris near by.

We had a great deal to learn about Iris (and still have, for that matter). We didn't realize how regal and dramatic some of these superb new varieties are, and consequently didn't do them justice in our choice of location the first two years. I will confess that I thought of Iris simply as a lovely flower that could be used effectively in clumps to achieve a colorful drift of yellow and blue! It wasn't until I saw such huge aristocrats as **China Maid**, **Red Douglas** and **Sable**, to mention just a few, that I realized how far astray my thinking was on the subject. Here we'd put them in at random and surrounded them closely by nondescript things, and when they bloomed . . . why, I was just plain unprepared for such magnificent exhibition type flowers!

We wrenched them out of their first carelessly selected spots in a hurry and placed them where their full splendor could be appreciated. If you've grown any of these **Hall of Fame** varieties you know exactly what I mean.

This August when you plant your own Poppies remember that they should go into the ground at a 45 degree angle. This seems to make a great deal of difference in their growth. We're always on the look out for bits of information such as this, for if you're planting the finest varieties available you want to do the best you can by them.

I said before that gardeners are always fixing their sights on some future moment, but right now I want to come back to this night in July and tell you that it's like walking into the most expensive perfume shop in the world to step into our garden. The **Madonna** and **Regal** lilies are in full bloom, and they are incredibly beautiful. Our prolonged rains may

have caused damage to field crops and roses, but it didn't seem to faze the lilies. They have never been more breathtakingly lovely.

This year we are particularly pleased with the background for our **Regal Lilies**, although even as I write "background" and think of the height of those Lilies I realized that it would be more fitting to say "the surrounding areas". There may be more exquisite combinations than the big **Pacific Hybrid Delphiniums** and **Regal Lilies**, but I don't know what it could be.

Another "first" this year was planting **Madonna Lilies** in clusters of three immediately in front of our privet hedge. The green of the privet made a wonderful background, and we wish now that we had put out many more bulbs in this location last fall. Well, that's one of the nice things about a garden—you can always add to it. Our fall planting scheme calls for double the present number of **Madonnas** in front of the privet hedge.

If you were to come into our living room tonight you would see a big arrangement of **Madonna Lilies** with pink and white roses on our large table in front of the windows. Yesterday afternoon it served as the prime point of decoration for Margery's wedding. Russell got a good picture of this arrangement (it was flanked by tall ivory tapers) and next month I want you to see it. If you expect to have a wedding in your family next June I can only urge you to be sure and put out **Madonna** lilies this fall, for you'll never find anything more beautiful to use in your decorations.

Within a short time now another major project in the garden will be completed. Do you recall the picture of our fence, the solid wall portion that I said was to serve as the background for a pool? At long, long last this wall has come into its own for the pool has been put into position. Obviously you don't put a cement pool into position, so the explanation is that Russell excavated a ten-foot area for a stock tank. It is elevated just far enough above the ground to permit the use of bricks around the edges, and small pockets have been left at each end where plants can grow. We haven't yet decided what to try in there—it may take some experimentation to arrive at the one perfect solution.

This summer we are permitting Juliana and Kristin to play in the pool since it is new and has great charms, but next summer it will have water lilies and gold fish. There are other plans afoot for the area around the pool, and as they are completed I will tell you about them. They all involve a great deal of heavy, back-breaking work, and since this kind of physical activity is beyond me, my role will be that of an interested and sympathetic audience.

From all indications our **Chrysanthemums** will be gorgeous this fall, and I hope that you'll have a chance to open the gate and walk in to see them for yourself.

FREDERICK WRITES FROM A FOREST CABIN

Dear Folks,

As I write this letter I am sitting in a large log cabin buried deep in the Rhode Island State Forest. I am teaching a class at a summer religious conference for young people, and I am having a wonderful time doing it. There is no telephone here, no newspapers, no radios, no automobiles; we are really living in another world. Yesterday it was necessary for my church to get in touch with me, and to do that a call was made to the office of the Rhode Island State Police, and one of the policemen drove into the forest to find me.

I am a great believer in summer camps for youngsters. I wish that some of you could have been in this camp last night to have seen the inspiring service that was held around a campfire in the out of doors. After a service in a log cabin church, we all walked quietly through the woods to the site of the campfire. By the light of the blazing logs we sang hymns and said prayers, and then three of the young people stood up and spoke of their own personal religious experience, telling how their religion helped them in their day to day living. No one who was there will ever forget the beauty and simplicity of that campfire service. Young people just do not have experiences like that except in a good summer camp, and they are experiences that broaden and deepen their lives.

Most of the young people in this particular camp have seldom been away from the supervision of their own parents and under the supervision of experienced camp counselors and youth guidance experts. The people who run a summer camp are quick to see little faults and weaknesses in a child that parents have overlooked and sometimes youngsters receive guidance help in a summer camp that they would never receive elsewhere. As a boy I attended several summer camps; as an adult I have worked in summer camps; and as a father I shall see to it that my children have an opportunity to attend a camp.

Perhaps some of you will remember that a few weeks ago I mentioned in one of my letters the terrible damage that a forest fire was causing in part of Rhode Island. Well, I need walk but a short distance from this camp to be able to look out over the countryside and see acres and acres of charred and blackened forest for as far as the eye can see. If you have the same love for the forest and woods that I have, you will understand how easy it was for me to sit down and weep the first time that I saw something of what the fire had done. When I think that those same blackened and gutted hills were once just as lovely and green and lush with vegetation



Emily has now reached the age where she is just right for playing "house" In this set-up she is the baby, of course, and Kristin and Juliana take turns being the mother. Some youngsters never make a very satisfactory "baby" in this game, but Emily is perfect for all the demands they make on her and will laugh, whine, pretend to sleep, etc., on order.

as this campsite is now, I close my eyes and say a little prayer.

We have several inhabitants of this camp whom I would like to move elsewhere. We have skunks! Indeed, we have skunks in the same way that some camps have squirrels, not just one or two of them, but several of them. Everyone in the camp has been warned just to let them have their own way and to do nothing to frighten them. When we see one of the proud and haughty creatures coming down the path, we inferior human beings just turn and go the other way. Certainly we don't intend to argue with them! There is something about skunks that simply infuriates me—they are so stupid and I am so "smart" and yet they win every time.

I have never been in a part of the United States where skunks are more plentiful than right here in little Rhode Island. We even have them in the residential sections of the towns. The other day one of my neighbors saw a skunk in his backyard with a tin can pulled down over its head. It was walking around blindly in a very weakened, half-starved condition. My neighbor ran out and took a hoe and as carefully as possible helped the skunk to get the can off its head, and all of it was done with no scented objection from the skunk. As a matter of fact, the skunk actually seemed grateful for the help and has since come back to visit as if looking for an opportunity to repay the kindness.

This week our church is going to give a Lobster Salad Supper, and since it will be given on the last day of this camp, I am intending to leave camp a few hours early so that I can be at home for the supper. Bristol is right in the heart of the lobster fishing country, and it is quite a big undertaking, for it takes many hours of work to cook the lob-

sters and remove the meat for the salad. Just before I came up here to the camp the chairman of the supper was telling me about some of the problems that had arisen pertaining to it. Because of the fact that we have had several very stormy days in the last couple of weeks, the lobster fishermen have not been able to get out to their pots, and each day that the pots are not attended to, the price of lobster goes up a few cents. If the weather is good this week, the price will drop and we shall make more profit on the supper. The ladies are serving strawberry shortcake for dessert.

The boys and girls in my church are always inviting Betty and me to go sailing with them, for most of our church youngsters have their own sailboats. We do not often have the time to accept their invitations, but when we do accept, we always have a wonderful time. Of course I get to go more often than Betty, for there are occasions when I can combine my work with recreation.

For example, if there is some young person with whom I would like to have a very serious talk, I just drop the hint that I would like to go for a sail, for there is no more favorable opportunity to visit with a person than when out sailing with him. Betty says that she doesn't want me to have my own sailboat until I am a stronger swimmer than I now am, and that means that I shall probably never own one of my own, for my swimming never gets any better. By the time I have swum the distance of fifty feet I am ready to turn the water back to the fishes and call it a day, and no matter how hard I try, fifty feet is my limit.

It is quite different with Betty. Her parents made her learn to swim before she was five years old, and by the time she was ten she could swim long distances. I think that Mary Leanna and David Lloyd will both learn to swim at an early age, for we live right on the water, and there isn't a day in good weather that they don't have access to it.

While I am writing this letter, there are two boys on the other side of the room playing a game of ping pong. One of the boys came to this country two years ago from France as the guest of one of my brother clergymen. He is of Jewish ancestry, and the stories he has to tell of his experiences in Europe during the war are thrilling and blood-chilling. He has attended college in our country for two years, and just last week graduated at the top of his class.

A moment ago I asked him if he would like to send a message to you friends, and this is what he said:

"Tell your Kitchen-Klatter friends never to take for granted the wonderful opportunities that they have as Americans. Here in this country everyone knows what it is to 'get a break', something that few Europeans know. You have more to be thankful for than any other people whom I know."

Sincerely,
Frederick

COME ONE, COME ALL!

By Margaret Lamon

Every summer we have a regular procession of guests through our doors during the month of August, and from what I can observe in all directions we're not alone in this. The home town paper is simply crammed with items of arriving and departing relatives, and there are some Sundays when our church scarcely looks familiar with such a collection of unknown faces.

I've worked out a pretty good routine for coping with this busy month, and not only do I get most of my regular work done fairly close to schedule, but as far as I've ever been able to find out, our guests have a genuinely good time. Perhaps some of these well worn customs will help someone else, particularly a young woman who finds herself up against her first guests this summer.

Sleeping arrangements are the first hurdle to climb. We have a big nine room house—and use every inch of it ourselves when we're alone! Our two girls and two boys all have separate rooms, but when company is coming the two girls take one room and the two boys take one room—this automatically releases two extra bedrooms. I learned long ago that visiting children should not be bedded down with my own children, for if they are we have giggling and running about for hours past their usual bedtime. We've piled up in many strange ways as a family in order to avoid this commotion.

There are many times when the two extra bedrooms don't take care of the overflow, so when this happens my husband and I occupy the davenport in the living room that can be made up into a bed. We have to get up so early that it's better for us to be out in the open rather than for our guests to have activity going on around them at five in the morning.

Right here I would like to say that I'm aware of the fact we have an unusually large house and more room to maneuver in than most people can claim, but this has not always been true and we entertained many visiting relatives when we had the same size family but only three bedrooms. In those days I resorted to putting all four of my children in one room, sleeping on the davenport myself (as did my husband also) and turning over the other two bedrooms. Demands beyond this were solved by setting up army cots on the screened in porch. (We never had this much company in cold weather, so I don't know what I would have done under those conditions!)

We hung on to both cribs when our youngest children outgrew them, and they've come in handy many and many a time. I've borrowed cribs in days gone by and I don't like to do this, but on occasion it is absolutely necessary. It's true that you can put chairs up against a regular bed, but then where will the grown-ups sleep? No, I'd suggest that you keep your crib when your own children are out of it for you'll use it much more fre-



Haven't you often looked at a beautiful piece of pottery and wished that you might have seen it through all the various stages of its construction? Well, we're lucky in our family, for having Aunt Sue Conrad close at hand makes it possible for us to see exactly what happens from the time she first picks up the clay until it finally emerges, a graceful, lovely object. Next month we'll show you another picture taken in her shop.

quently than you may now dream about.

We live on a farm, and consequently I lay down the law, so to speak, about what can and cannot be done. I feel incapable of running out every few minutes to see what some visiting child may be up to, so I say firmly, but pleasantly, where he may go on our farm. As our own children grow older they are helpful about watching these small visitors, but regardless of this I've learned that it pays to outline the limits. And I might add that only once or twice through all the years were they deliberately transgressed.

Most of our relatives visit around a great deal, and I've found that it pays to get together with everyone involved and outline a schedule. Let's say that Cousin Jim and Cousin Grace, plus their three school age children, are arriving from Oregon to spend one week. Well, the clan gets together and figures out something like this:

They'll land at our house and make it their headquarters, so I'll plan a meal just for them when they first arrive. They will also spend the following day with us since this will give Grace a chance to relax and get some laundry done. The next day they will have dinner with us, but will go to Uncle Ed's for supper and to spend the evening. The day following this they will go to Aunt Minnie's for dinner, and directly to Cousin John's for supper. The next day they will be with us. On the fifth day I will have these relatives, plus a few more, come to our home for a picnic supper on the lawn; everyone will bring food—it won't all fall on my shoulders. The sixth day I will have just a few of their old friends in for a meal (this will be served on our big porch and I'll take care of it by myself), and the last day they will have only an early breakfast so they can be on the road by seven.

This type of arrangement does away with endless headaches. I won't prepare a big meal only to have my company announce that they're going to Ed's for supper. And by inviting people in advance for the big picnic supper I won't have the nagging feeling, come every meal, that I should have asked so and so.

I mentioned entertaining a few old friends . . . this is easy to overlook when there are so many relatives to be considered, but I know how much it means to people to have an opportunity to visit with old school friends they've corresponded with through the years. I know this because I was once entertained by relatives in the town where I grew up and never once had a chance to visit with old friends—it was a sharp disappointment.

Cooking isn't the nightmare that it might seem. I always have refrigerator dough on hand for fresh cookies, ice cream in the freezer, pastry made up in quantity and stored in the refrigerator, gelatine salads ready to be served, and an assortment of salad dressings and toppings for quickly made puddings. I always plan to have a big cake on hand when my company arrives, and a ham ready to slice. Although I like to experiment and try new things, I never do this while I'm preparing for guests, or while they're with me.

There was a time when I tried to set a "fancy table" with foods that weren't run of the mill, but I know now that what our company enjoys the most is a meal made up of what we normally enjoy at that season. Platters of chicken, cold watermelon, plates of sliced tomatoes, old-fashioned cole slaw . . . no, you can't beat those things. Incidentally, I always try to have a few special jars of corn relish, beet pickles, a certain type of pickle, etc., on hand for these visiting relatives. In many cases they haven't tasted those things for years, and it always calls up a lot of fond memories.

I let my company help me as much as they will! My own girls set the table because it takes too long to give instructions to people who don't know what dishes you want to use, what napkins, etc. But my guests are glad to help wash and wipe the dishes, and I let them do the entire chore while I make a quick trip to the garden for vegetables, etc.

Virtually every woman wants to get her clothes cleaned up, particularly if your house is but one stop on a long trip. I have them wash everything in the basement laundry, for my sink is such a busy place that it would be too hard to have this confusion going on. By the same token, I put up the ironing board on the screened-in porch. This avoids the nuisance of running around it while trying to get a meal, etc. It really pays to eliminate as much of these potential aggravations as possible—your guests are willing to cooperate if you just look ahead and make the plans for such eventualities.

I'm known as a great economizer in our family, but I've learned too along the years that it doesn't really pay me to tackle the huge mountains of laundry that follow houseguests. Eleven months out of the year I do all of it myself, but in August I patronize the nearest laundry.

Before long now we'll be preparing for the first visitors from California. And if anyone is wondering if this always is a one-way situation, let me say that we return their visits!

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "Two years ago my husband and I were divorced, and since that time I've lived with my parents. One of the terms of our divorce was the fact that our five year old daughter was to spend a month every summer with her father's parents—during that time he would be with her. Now it isn't easy for me to let her go, but my mother makes life almost unbearable by her never-ending complaint and criticism. It doesn't do any good to point out that this is a court order. With August approaching and time for the month's visit, I'm really at my wits end."—Nebr.

ANS: I believe that the thing for you to do is to consult your minister and ask him to talk with your mother. She needs the type of counsel that he can give her, for obviously there is no comfort to be found from man-made laws. Don't spend your strength arguing with her. Save all of it for trying to keep your little girl in a cheerful frame of mind.

QUES: "This may seem like a trifling matter to you, Leanna, but it's a source of great embarrassment to me. My sister came to visit us from Los Angeles last summer, and she was conspicuous because of her very informal clothing. Our community has never gone in for these halter dresses, slacks in the afternoon, etc. I expect her again before long and dread to go through the whole thing again for I realize how people criticize and talk. Do you think I should speak to her frankly about it, or what?"—S. D.

ANS: For some reason people's clothing seems to be one of the touchiest of all subjects. If you are an exceptionally tactful person you might get your viewpoint across without making her angry or hurting her feelings, but unless you're on extremely good terms with her and know exactly the right thing to say, I believe you'd better make the best of it. After all, your good friends understand.

QUES: "Recently my ten year old daughter was rude to a neighbor and I made her go, in tears, to apologize. My husband says that no child should be placed in such a position. Do you agree?"—Mo.

ANS: No, I can't agree with him. Such lessons are bitter, but they're better learned young; she'll think a long time before she is that rude again.

QUES: "Our son is to be married in Cleveland this September, and although we've had a nice letter from the girls' parents they have never suggested that we plan to stay in their home. I feel a little bit strange about this, but now it's getting so close to the time that I wonder if we should make reservations at some hotel? This may not be customary, but I don't know what else to do."—Minn.

ANS: Go ahead and make the hotel

reservation. You must have a place to stay, and if they haven't made arrangements, then it's up to you to make them. If they write later telling you that they'd like to have you stay with them, you can always cancel your hotel reservations.

QUES: "My husband's parents died within two weeks of each other this past spring, and now something has come up that worries me. His only sister and her family have lived in the family home for years, and evidently they'll continue to live there. I'm not a greedy person and wouldn't think of asking for things that are in daily use, but I would like to have a few of the good dishes, an antique desk, etc., for our two girls. I'm on friendly terms with my sister-in-law and sort of suggested this to her recently, but she simply said that they wanted to leave the home as it has been for so many years. I don't think this is quite fair to my husband and our girls, and wonder if you have any advice as to how I can change things?"—Mo.

ANS: Leave this strictly to your husband. It is his old family home and his sister. If he doesn't want to take action of any kind, then you forget it and forget it promptly. This is exactly the type of thing that leads eventually to severed friendships.

QUES: "Can you give me some help on this painful situation that will begin all over again as soon as school starts? Our two boys drive ten miles daily to high school, and their father sees that they have an old but dependable car. We own an expensive new car, and this is where the rub comes in. Whenever the boys want to go back in the evening (which happens so frequently for school affairs) they want to take the good car. Their father says no. I always find myself siding with the boys although I don't say anything, and can see no reason why they shouldn't have the good car for social events. I've never spoken up on this, but I feel that it must be settled before school opens. What would you do?"—Mo.

ANS: I would settle this first in my own mind by realizing that your husband is basically right. Personally I see no reason why young boys should drive a big, expensive car when they have adequate transportation of their own. It simply doesn't seem necessary, nor do I think it is doing the boys a favor. Tell them when school opens that they are to use their own car for everything, and that you don't want to hear any more wrangling on the subject. Furthermore, since you've said that they can pick up a school bus by walking one mile, tell them that's what they'll have to do if they begin arguing.

QUES: "We can never get away on any kind of a vacation until late

November, and until this year we've gotten some of our relatives to come in and stay with our three children during the ten days we were out of town. Our daughter is sixteen, and the boys are fourteen and twelve. They are good, dependable children, and this year since no one is free to come and stay with them, we must remain at home unless we're willing to let them manage things while we're gone. Do you think we should do this?"—Kansas.

ANS: I wouldn't know why not. Since they are reliable, dependable children it seems to me that they can well be trusted to behave and look after things while you are gone. I wouldn't hesitate to go.

QUES: "We are invited to a wedding in a town three-hundred miles from here, and can only get away long enough to go directly to the church for the ceremony. Would it be correct for us to take our gift with us to the church, under these conditions, or should it be mailed? I want to take a crystal vase and mailing it would be a problem."—Iowa.

ANS: It seems to me that you can do one of two things: make enough extra time to stop by the house and leave your gift before going to the church, or mail it. I realize that it would be more convenient to take the gift with you to the church, but this simply isn't done.

QUES: "The first of this year we moved to a town that doesn't have our own church. I've made an attempt to go to other churches but just cannot feel at home. Now my husband and I are puzzled as to our children. He feels that they should be attending some Sunday School, but they don't want to go and I can understand how they feel about it. About once in every two months we get back to our former home, and they attend both Sunday School and church so they're not entirely without religious training."—Kansas.

ANS: If you plan to remain permanently where you now are, it seems to me very important that your children get established in some local church. I believe that your husband is right in this respect. Many of a child's most important experiences center about the church, and they will always feel a little bit alien if they are cut off from church activity. In time I'm sure they'll come to feel at home, and I believe that you would too if you continued to attend.

COVER PICTURE

On Sue's birthday we five Field sisters gathered at Helen's home for a six o'clock dinner—one day late. After all of our original plans were made a severe storm came up, so we had to postpone our party for twenty-four hours. After we had eaten dinner we went into Helen's living room to visit, and about eight o'clock Russell stopped by to take this picture. Martha Field Eaton and Jessie Field Shambaugh are standing. I am at the left, Sue Field Conrad is in the middle, and Helen Field Fischer is at the right.

—Leanna

AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO WRITE TO ME!

Hello, good friends:

This is a rainy Sunday afternoon, and since Juliana and Kristin have settled down to read aloud to each other from "Alice in Wonderland" I think it's a good opportunity to have a visit with you. I don't even have to give a thought to Sunday dinner! We ate at twelve sharp this noon so the folks could take Dorothy to Red Oak to pick up her train, and there was enough fried chicken left over to make a Sunday night lunch—plus home-made rolls, potato salad and apple pie.

The apple pie reminds me to tell you that for the first time I used brown sugar (just a layer on the bottom crust) and it gave a wonderfully good flavor. I'm not too fond of any apples for pie except the first green ones of the summer, and to my way of thinking they simply can't be surpassed. I like to use quite a bit of sugar, and it's always white sugar aside from that one layer of brown sugar on the bottom crust, and I like both fresh grated nutmeg and a little cinnamon, plus some small chunks of butter, for the rest of the pie. It certainly tasted good to us.

Since I last wrote to you I've had a little excursion outside of Shenandoah. In June, Wayne and I went up to Saint Joseph, Michigan, to spend several days with the printers who turn out our nursery catalog. We took an overnight train into Chicago, and decided to stop there until evening and then go on to our final destination. Wayne wanted to see one of the big ball games, so he went there almost as soon as we parted at the Union Station, while I took a cab out to the University neighborhood to visit our good friends, Walter and Lucille Sassaman.

We had agreed to meet at the Randolph station at six o'clock sharp, so at exactly six o'clock I walked up to the entrance and there was Wayne—I said that anyone would know we'd been reared in a house where six o'clock meant six o'clock—not two minutes before or three minutes after. Poor Wayne was absolutely famished because he had been told on every hand that he couldn't get tickets for the game and consequently went to the ball park hours in advance just to see if he couldn't manage a seat. He managed the seat all right, but he didn't dare leave to get a meal, so he had existed on just what the vendors brought around—hot dogs, popcorn, candy bars, etc. It was ten o'clock at night before we sat down to a meal in Saint Joseph, and he was famished. (I'd fared much better during the day and felt guilty!)

We spent a very busy three days in Saint Joseph—not a moment was wasted. However, time must be taken to eat and consequently we did have a chance to go to a number of restaurants where wonderful food was served. I was so pleased to find myself sitting down to meals I hadn't prepared that I had an awful time making up my mind what I wanted to eat! But isn't it strange how close



Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Strom on June 30, 1951. This picture of Margery and her husband was taken immediately following the ceremony—and in case you look at the pictures first and are surprised, turn to page 2 for details!

our families are to us at such a time? I kept thinking how much Russell would enjoy one of the superb Italian chicken dishes that was served, and I couldn't get much pleasure from the dessert for thinking how entranced Juliana would be with the fancy trimmings. Doesn't this have a familiar ring to every wife and mother?

On our return trip I stopped off again with my friends to stay overnight, but Wayne was anxious to go right through so he took a night train out to Red Oak where Abigail was to meet him. I followed the next day on that luxurious Vista Dome train that seems to me the height of comfort while traveling. It reached Red Oak around eleven o'clock, and there on the platform to meet me were Russell, Juliana and Kristin. This was the first time I had ever been gone from Juliana while she was at home, and you would have thought from the way she greeted me that I had been away for ten years. Well, I sort of felt as though I had been gone for ten years. And I was mighty happy to get home.

I returned to find a new floor laid in the kitchen. Russell accomplished this in my absence, and nothing that's ever been done to our house has pleased me as much. This fine new rubber tile floor replaced the most disgraceful floor imaginable, a floor so bad that I could never decide whether to laugh or cry when I looked at it! This crosses off a goal that I mentioned in an earlier letter, and simultaneously another thing was accomplished: our automatic washing machine was moved out of the kitchen and into the basement. As far as I'm concerned it's an enormous relief to get the laundry completely out of the kitchen—this was one angle of the brave new world that had me for a dissatisfied customer.

Emily was in here after Sunday School today, and as she came in I said to Abigail, "My, she looks lovely in the whooping cough dress." After I said it I realized how fantastic that would sound to anyone outside the family, so it proves again how many

phrases we use that sound sane enough to our own ears, but far from sane to other ears. The whooping cough dress was the one I made for Kristin when she was so seriously ill with whooping cough. It's the one that I always considered my masterpiece, and I'll confess that when Emily came in today it still looked pretty nice! This dress is made of shell pink batiste, and has quantities of fine tucks, insertion, and embroidery done in white—satin stitch. Dorothy warned Abigail when she passed it on that no woman living could iron it so that it looked perfect, and now Abigail agrees and wonders what possessed me to make anything so impossible to launder. I sort of wonder myself.

These days Juliana and Kristin are trying to decide just how they feel about Martin's departure. They are both very fond of him and always liked the idea that he was right at hand in Grandpa's house. At first they were stricken when they realized that he would never again be so instantly available for games, but now they've come to the conclusion that it will be more fun to go and visit him in Essex. This gives them the combined pleasure of a trip out of town, and playing with him in new places.

Dorothy and I have never permitted our girls to run about alone, but we've agreed that they can go by themselves on the little branch line train (almost a Toonerville affair) the six or seven miles north to Essex. Once there they can walk the four or five blocks to Margery's new home, and can't you imagine how grown up they'll feel to go through these paces alone?

Margery has such a nice big comfortable house—I told her that she had room to fool around with for years to come. There are four big bedrooms, bath and large open hall upstairs. Downstairs there is a screened-porch across the entire front of the house, a living room, den, dining room, kitchen and back porch. That kitchen! I believe you could put mine in it three times and still have room left over. There is also a wonderful pantry with a big window, built-in cupboards, counters, etc. I offered to trade houses with Marge and she wasn't interested!

Speaking of houses reminds me that Abigail has finally seen the end to the chaos that they lived in for about two months. They did so much to their home that it would take an entire letter to begin to describe it. At this particular time I'll simply make one comment about the living room and dining room. They replaced a cream colored paper on the living room walls with a beautiful dark red burlap. Now the dining room opens right off the living room with a large doorway so one wall of that room was also done in the burlap; the other three walls (and one wall is almost non-existent because of a big east bay window) were done in a dark green Victorian style paper. The combination of colors is absolutely wonderful.

Juliana and Kristin have finished reading and want me to go outdoors with them for a while, so this must be all. Until September . . . Lucile.

HERE COMES THE PARADE!!

By Mabel Nair Brown

With county fairs in full swing and countless towns sponsoring a "Hometown Celebration", August might well be called the month of parades. So if you are in any way connected with Farm Bureau, Grange, 4-H, F.F.A., a lodge or church group or a club, you are very likely to be called upon to help fix a float for the parade. If so, here are a few pointers that might help you.

First, find out if the committee in charge has chosen a theme for the parade. If they have, then you will want your float to point up that theme. "We Work For World Peace", "Building A Better World" and "World-wide Neighbors" are typical of themes in recent years. Also popular have been parades signifying a centennial with the floats showing a century's progress in modes of transportation, household conveniences, etc.

Next, you will need to locate a flat-top wagon (and a driver) or a pick-up truck on which to build your float. If it is a centennial then you may want to locate a horse drawn vehicle.

Decide the particular point about the theme which your float will portray and then a committee can see to the purchasing of crepe paper, paper napkins, poster cardboard, lettering ink, thumb tacks, cellulose tape, and such items as will be needed.

If at all possible, locate a shelter where you can put the float together and where it will be protected in case of rain. I can suggest a corncrib driveway, a machine shed, a lumber yard, or a garage in town. You won't be the only one hunting such space, so I'd advise you to speak for yours weeks in advance!

If your float is to require quite a bit of work—and GOOD floats or PRIZE WINNERS do take work!—do not leave it all to be done the last night before the parade. If possible begin, say three nights before, to avoid that last minute confusion; you will also be able to work out the details more carefully.

Assign different people to definite tasks. For example, one or two might see that the bottom of the wagon is covered with white wrapping paper, others will be responsible for lettering signs, while others will build any props that are needed, etc. In regard to lettering signs, do remember that they must be large enough to be read easily from a distance and they must be short, clever and to the point. After all, there is a limit to what the eye can take in in the few moments it takes for a float to pass by!

A touch of humor is always well received by the onlookers. "Activated" scenes have extra eye appeal (actual people doing something or posing to represent something.) Here are a few examples: Church float—portray a wedding scene with members of wedding party standing before improvised altar flanked by baskets of flowers and candelabra. Or you might prefer a scene with



When we looked at this new picture of Donald that was taken by Russell only three weeks ago we all agreed that it was about the best one we've ever seen of him. And we all agreed too that it was good to see him putting some weight on his 6 ft. 4 inch frame!

children in a Sunday School class, or a scene depicting the christening of a new baby. A 4-H or an F.F.A. float might show a pick-up truck load of well scrubbed pigs with a boy accompanying them, apparently busy grooming them for the fair. Or a group of uniformed 4-H girls could be demonstrating some project they are studying this year or show how they are learning to be better homemakers of tomorrow. Clubs and lodges could portray some of the community projects which they sponsor.

The unusual or the "striking" often hits the eye to better effect. I'm sure it will be a long time before I forget the message of a mortuary establishment in last year's parade. First came a wrecker pulling a badly wrecked car (one recently involved in a fatal accident in our community). On the shiny hearse which followed was this pointed sign "There is no hurry—we can WAIT!"

There seems to be no limit to what one can do with paper napkins and chicken mesh when building a float. One can form a round world with different colored napkins poked through the mesh to fill in the continents and the oceans. One can make a rainbow, a tiered birthday cake, a large football, a cross (white, outlined in gold or purple is very effective on the church float), an open Bible, well—just get someone busy making the form from the mesh and you will see that you can make almost anything you would like to illustrate.

Be sure that everything is well anchored to the floor. If the fruit in the horn of plenty starts to roll about or the flower baskets wobble or tip over, the effect is spoiled.

Aluminum foil, if available, can be

used in a variety of ways for it shapes around any object very easily and also can be easily wrapped around letters in signs. I saw a beautiful cross covered with foil, in front of which was the open Bible (made of napkins) and on a lower level a large World. The sign read "The Light Of The World."

If flowers are to be used on a float, they must be put on at the last possible moment, otherwise they wilt quickly in hot weather. If they can be arranged in concealed containers of water, so much the better. Personally, any float with drooping, wilted flowers spoils that float for me. If the flowers cannot be kept fresh, then I would use something else. But ordinary tin cans can be concealed behind crepe paper or napkins and filled with water to keep flowers fresh.

Lastly, I am going to include a don't for my "pet peeve" in parades of recent years. If you are in charge of managing a parade, DON'T allow a procession of farm machinery longer than the decorated floats, marching band and riding horses combined! I am very much a farm woman but I'll view my machinery and tractors elsewhere, not under a hot August sun, while I'm trying to hold on to a wiggling, impatient first grader!!

Hope you get a prize on your float, but if you do not, rest assured that, if you have done a good job on it, hundreds of people have enjoyed it and appreciated your efforts toward making the parade a success.

IF WE BUT KNEW

Could we but see the suffering and pain
That lies behind a smiling mask,
would we
Look on them with a greater sense
of pride,
And kinder be?

Could we but feel the strength of
their deep faith,
Regardless of the odds they daily
face,
Then, would we try our best to make
this world
A better place?

Delphia M. Stubbs

IF I CAN LIVE

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter and
to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed
eye,
Or e'er impart
One throb of comfort to an aching
heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing
by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious
strain—
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear
and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in
vain.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

**DELICIOUS DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Beat until fluffy. Add beaten eggs and vanilla and beat vigorously. Sift flour; measure and sift again with cocoa and salt. Add alternately with sour milk. Add soda to boiling water, when dissolved add all at once to mixture. Stir only enough to blend ingredients. This makes a VERY thin batter, but do NOT add more flour. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. You should have a cake as light as thistle-down, but not at all crumbly or dry. In fact, this is a wonderfully moist cake.

I like to put this together with a cooked caramel filling, and then cover the top and sides with the following icing.

CHOCOLATE ICING SUPREME

- 1 large egg
- 2 cups confectioner's sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg until very light and fluffy. Sift the sugar and add gradually to the egg. Add salt, soft butter and melted chocolate. Beat until smooth and creamy, add vanilla and spread on cake.

CHOPPED BEEF RING

- 2 lbs. ground lean beef
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 cup grated onion
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. parsley
- 1 Tbls. chives

Few grains of cayenne

Mix well together, moisten with 2/3 cup tomato juice, and pack into a well buttered ring mold. Spread 1/3 cup tomato catsup over the top and bake in a 400 to 425 degree oven for approximately 45 minutes. Unmold on a platter, fill with creamed peas, and serve with plain boiled potatoes. This recipe from Mrs. Hugh Guernsey of Centerville, Ia., makes a ground beef dish elegant enough for company.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By **LEANNA and LUCILE**

FORK COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup ground raisins
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3 1/2 cups flour

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add eggs, ground raisins and milk in which soda has been dissolved. Sift together salt, cream of tartar and flour. Add to first ingredients. Roll into small balls and press down with fork. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 400 degrees.

ORANGE-CABBAGE SALAD

- 2 cups fresh cabbage, chopped fine
- 3 oranges, peeled and diced
(not small ones, but medium sized)
- 1/4 lb. (12) marshmallows, cut fine
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 2 Tbls. salad dressing
- Sugar and salt to taste

Mix all together and serve on a lettuce leaf.

**PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH
HORSE-RADISH SAUCE**

- 3/4 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground mustard
- 1/8 tsp. celery salt
- 3 Tbls. grated horse-radish
- 2 Tbls. vinegar

Whip the cream, add other ingredients and whip again. Chill. This makes a festive dish out of plain boiled beef. Put it in your most attractive small bowl and pass it when the beef is served.

DELICIOUS COLE SLAW

- 1 firm head of cabbage
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Slice cabbage very thin. Then cover with a dressing made by beating the egg yolks, mixing in the butter, sugar, seasonings and vinegar. Put into a double boiler and stir constantly until it thickens. When mixture is cold stir in the cream (heavy cream, if possible) and then pour over the cole slaw. Serve very cold. This is wonderful with fried fish.

SCHNITZEL BEANS

- 4 slices of bacon or
1/4 lb. chopped ham
- 3 medium-sized onions, sliced
- 1 qt. string beans
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/3 cup boiling water

Dice bacon or ham and fry until crisp. Add sliced onions and fry until a light brown. Then add string beans that have been cut into small pieces and brown slightly. Add tomatoes, seasoning and boiling water. Cover and cook until beans are tender.

FRIED EGGPLANT

- 1 large eggplant
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. milk
- Salt and pepper

Peel eggplant and cut into slices about 1/4-inch thick. Cover each slice with seasoned flour, then dip in slightly beaten egg to which milk has been added. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat (temperature of 375 degrees) for 3 to 4 minutes, or until a golden brown.

BANANA CUP CAKES

- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 Tbls. sweet milk
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream shortening with sugar. Add beaten egg. Sift together the flour (measure after sifting), baking powder and salt. Dissolve soda in milk, and add alternately with dry ingredients. Fold in 1 cup of mashed bananas. Turn into cup cake pans and bake for approximately 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

CREAMED BEETS

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup liquid (see below)
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 4 Tbls. sweet or sour cream
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

2 bunches of fresh beets or
1 medium sized can

Melt butter, add flour and 1 cup of liquid (this can be water beets were cooked in, or drain liquid from can). Then add vinegar, cream, sugar, salt and pepper. Bring to a boil and add the beets.

We like this for a change from Harvard beets. It isn't nearly as sharply spiced, and yet has a definite spicy taste. I prefer sour cream to fresh cream. The flour used in the sauce prevents it from having the highly glazed appearance that Harvard beet sauce has when cornstarch is used, but we like it for variety now and then.

PECAN SQUARES

- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups flour

TOPPING

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add egg and beat until fluffy. Add flour. Spread on a greased sheet, 11 x 16 inches. Beat 1 egg and spread over top of mixture. Sprinkle with brown sugar and top with chopped nuts. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

PINEAPPLE FLUFF

- 2 cups crushed pineapple
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups water and pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 lb. marshmallows

Drain juice from pineapple and add enough water to make 2 cups of liquid. Heat 1 1/2 cups of this to boiling point. Combine cornstarch and sugar, add remaining juice to make a smooth paste. Add this to hot liquid and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add beaten egg yolks and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add beaten whites, crushed pineapple and chopped marshmallows. Chill thoroughly.

ORANGE ICE BOX DESSERT

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 3 well beaten egg yolks
- 1/2 cup strained orange juice (strained)
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated orange peel or
- 1 tsp. orange flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 3 egg whites beaten stiff
- 1 cup cream, whipped after measuring
- 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs

Beat egg yolks until thick, gradually add sugar and beat thoroughly. Then add fruit juices, orange peel or flavoring, and salt. Fold in egg whites and whipped cream. Line 1 refrigerator tray with half of the vanilla wafer crumbs. Pour filling over it, and then sprinkle on the remaining half of wafer crumbs. Freeze at least 6 to 8 hours, and cut in slices to serve. Will furnish dessert for 8 to 10 people.

RICE COOKED IN DOUBLE BOILER

- 1 cup rice
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups water

Wash the rice thoroughly and then add to water that is boiling in top part of boiler. Stir and bring to a boil over flame. Then add butter and salt, cover tightly and place over boiling water for 40 minutes.

It takes twice as long to cook rice in this manner, but it is *always* very fluffy and tender and need not be watched at all. Whenever I have rice I allow enough time that it can be prepared in this fashion.

IMPROMPTU MEALS?

By Eileen Derr

The busy summer season is upon us. And I wonder if others, like myself have begun to feel that they are serving meals over a short order lunch counter?

A farmer's life is an unpredictable existence at best. And emergency working conditions typical of all farms during busy summer seasons make for a sporadic mess of meal getting all too familiar to every farm homemaker.

Perhaps different members of the family are working in separate fields of various sizes on jobs of variable lengths. Other members are driving tractors over the noon hour in order to make time against the predicted rain storm, or perhaps are trying to finish up the three or four rounds left on a certain field before coming in for lunch. Night work conducted in relays to catch up with weeds threatening to outgrow the crop mean more meals at untimely hours.

These conditions can make meal preparation a regular nightmare to a farmwife who wants to feed her menfolks well and at the same time keep up her end of the gardening and extra outdoor work which falls to her lot at this time of year.

Our mother's wood and coal range had something on our modern gas and electric stoves, wonderful as they are. With a slow smothered fire keeping her oven and warming closet hot, she could hold a meal for hours in readiness to be served at a minute's notice. But with the right amount of preparation our modern refrigerator can do much to offset this drawback. There is nothing we can do to change working conditions, but there is a lot we can do to make it easier on ourselves and at the same time keep our hungry menfolks well fed without too much of a run-in on our own schedule and tempers.

There is nothing more upsetting than to get a meal ready and then wait — and wait — and — wait. Or on the other swing of the pendulum, have a hungry man come in with "can you get me a bite to eat in a hurry?" — when there is absolutely nothing in sight and you yourself are in the midst of a task that cannot easily be left for long.

In saving time and steps the first thing to do away with is table setting. Table settings for successive servings of one meal means unattractive, warmed-over meals and many extra steps for the cook. Food such as green beans, mashed potatoes, or other similar vegetables can be held for quite some time without loss of quality in the top of double boilers or in pans of hot water over very low heat. Colorful heavy pottery restaurant-type plates divided into serving sections can be filled and refilled with second helpings dished directly from the stove, and the cook can go ahead with her own work as prearranged with only a fifteen or twenty minute break for each meal served. And the meal will be hot and attractive. Of course the table will be used as a relaxing

place to eat but it will not have to be set and cleared for each meal.

Cakes, pies, jello-fruit salads, cookies, cottage cheese, potato salad, all of these can be prepared ahead of time and served when desired. Stemmed strawberries or other seasonal fruit covered with sugar, biscuits, cut, floured and ready to bake, mayonnaise mixed to pouring consistency and ready to go on crisp, washed and cut salad greens — these can find a place of waiting in your refrigerator.

Sliced bacon, pounded, floured steak, pattied hamburger make quick trips from skillet to plate and can be fixed ahead of time. Minced ham ground with pickles, onions, hard-boiled eggs and mixed with mayonnaise, or cheese ground with pimentoes and mixed with cream can be stored ready for a quick sandwich at any time.

In the drink line, mixed cool aid or fruit juices in capped containers, lemon juice or strong sweetened tea ready for dilution with ice-water, chocolate syrup for nourishing milk drinks. Or if it's coffee he likes it might be well to keep some of the powdered type on hand for a quick cup.

Canned meats, pork and beans, and canned soups come in handy on the emergency shelf. These, and many other things, can help in preparing a hurry-up meal.

If you live on a farm or if members of your family have occupations with hours equally as uncertain, beforehand meal preparation can mean time saved for other things. And even if you have just three meals a day and all of them on time it is sometimes nice to be able to get them over in a hurry so that you can have extra hours for projects you are anxious to finish.

TOMATO SURPRISE SALAD

- 1 package lemon gelatine
- 1 1/2 cups tomato juice
- 1/2 pint drained cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup stuffed olives
- Salt and pepper

Dissolve gelatine in hot tomato juice. When beginning to get thick add the remaining ingredients and turn into individual molds, or into one large mold. Even people who claim they can't eat cottage cheese will relish this.

ORANGE BAVARIAN CREAM

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 pint cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. plain gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water

Dissolve gelatine in the cold water. Heat the fruit juice together with the sugar and when dissolved remove from stove. Add the gelatine. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream, mold and chill. The grated rind of the fruit adds flavor. May be served with plain or whipped cream.

THERE IS MORE THAN LIGHT

By Hallie M. Barrow

About 90 percent of our farms are now electrified. The first surveys made among farm people mentioned the relief it was to give up carrying water, milking cows by hand, operating pig and chick brooders, and wrestling with sad irons, carpet sweepers, oil lamps and old fashioned stoves. However, folks are now beginning to take all these uses as a matter of course, so the stories that come into rural electric co-op offices run like this.

The boost electricity has given rural churches. One man in a community commented that when electricity was brought into a district, the folks got so excited about fixing up their homes and barns with new electric equipment that they forgot their country church. But eventually this started a wave of new enthusiasm for remodeling and improving rural churches.

One church which had long been wanting to dig a basement, found it could be managed since electric power was available. Next, they decided since they had electric power, to put running water in their new basement. This church is used for many community meetings, so they decided at this stage simply to go ahead and make a full modern basement with electric lights, refrigerator, stove, etc. Then they bought a movie projector so slides can be shown, and lastly they graveled a parking space and put flood lights there and over the door so that no one need stumble on arriving or leaving at night. All of this came about because of one word: kilowatt.

Several rural churches have reported a new lease on life since they bought an electric organ. In a recent column Inez Robb commented on a school teacher who was retiring and had presented an electric dishwasher to her church.

She went on to say that women's church organizations all over the country met church deficits with a ham, chicken or turkey dinner, or a baked food sale. Then there is a mountain of dirty dishes, and the women dare not spend any of their hard earned money for dishwashers because their margin of profit is so small. We certainly agree with Inez that an electric dishwasher for the women who cook and serve dinners is a most admirable gift. Personally, we feel that one of those mammoth dishwashing jobs after a church dinner (turkey that time!) was the start of broken arches for us.

We could also understand so well the story of another man who said that for the first time since the electric lights were installed he could actually sit through a church service. Formerly he was the caretaker for one of those carbide lighting systems, and always they could be counted on to "act up" and demand tinkering with and coaxing. Many a service or meeting those carbide lights spoiled for the rest of us too.



This happy looking mother is Ruth Shambaugh Watkins. Her little daughter, Jennifer, was six weeks old the day this was taken on the lawn of the Shambaugh home in Clarinda. It's a great blessing that Jennifer is what we call a "good baby" for her parents had to make an emergency trip from Los Angeles to Clarinda, and she stood up under three plane changes very well indeed.

Rural schools have also benefitted, and hot lunches are not difficult to manage with an electric hot plate, stove and refrigerator. In one large consolidated rural school they have just finished building an electric farm shop where farm boys will be taught welding, how to repair farm machinery, install wiring, etc. Furthermore, this school purchased an electric corn popper, and the high school boys sold popped corn at all meetings and games. They expected to use their profits to install an electric score board in their gym, and to make other improvements as well.

Nor were the girls of this school slighted. Hot plates and coffee percolators were purchased for them, and they sold hot dogs, chili, soup and coffee to the large crowds who attended school affairs. With their profits they have bought venetian blinds, china, glassware, etc. for their tables in the Domestic Science kitchen and sewing room when practice meals and banquets were served.

Sorghum makers tell us that one of the worst features of their job is getting up enough soft wood to use for fuel under the vats. One of our sorghum makers put electric burners under his pans of cane juice last year and said that it worked to perfection—the heat could really be controlled better than with wood.

Of course, farmers who raise turkeys by the thousands welcome flood lights near the roosts which are often far away from the house. It prevents stampedes from sudden fright and keeps away some predators. But did you know that turkey growers are adding radios to their turkey equipment? The main trouble is to find an all-night station. The sound of a human voice seems to calm and soothe the turkeys, as well as to make coyotes and dogs keep their distance. Perhaps in days to come we will have turkey bed-time pro-

grams!

Farm women say that electric equipment not only takes away much of the drudgery of farm housework and chores, but that it's much easier to get help from the children and men folks. Children can be taught to cook much younger when an electric stove is used, and they need not be trusted with lighting matches, filling fuel tanks, etc. Children usually love to use a mangle and can be trusted with this rather than with hot irons.

When a farm woman was asked how she liked her new dishwasher she said that she hadn't yet had a chance to try it! Her husband and four boys were so intrigued with this piece of machinery that they had voluntarily taken over her job.

An African violet lover has been experimenting with using fluorescent lights over tables of her violet plants. In this way she can give her plants controlled light for many more hours each day, and when last heard from she felt that her experiments were proving highly successful.

A farm wife may not be surprised at finding her electric sweeper most any place. Not only is it used to clean out the family car, but men have told us of using it on show horses. And reports come from 4-H Club members that it's just the thing for grooming their livestock entries. Between the blowing and suction attachments, lint may be cleaned from the sewing machine bobbin, typewriter keys, and dust from other machinery parts. These attachments can also be used to get rid of flies or spiders on the ceiling.

But the most novel story of all comes from a farmer who got a bug in his ear. All home remedies failed. He hated to get up a doctor in the middle of the night. But as he walked the floor in great pain he spied the vacuum cleaner in the corner. He put the hose close to his ear, had someone turn the switch, and pronto, Mr. Bug was in the sweeper bag! We're not recommending this as standard medical practice, you understand, but at least it worked once in a great emergency.

Not long ago we heard about a farm owner who had extended his electric line down to his farm pond. His duck blind was dug into a bank, near the pond and was roofed over, floored and boarded. He thought he had an unusually comfortable blind with the weather firmly under control, but after electricity reached his farm and he brought the line down to his blind he really had a deluxe set-up. For after all, how many duck hunters can boast a blind that has electric lights, a radio, an electric heater and a hot plate for warming food?

Is it any wonder that more than 400 uses for electric power on the farm have been itemized? It was really left to the farm folks to make full use of the power that most town people now take for granted.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter every day.

THE WEATHER HASN'T BEEN GOOD TO DOROTHY AND FRANK EITHER

Dear Friends:

This month finds me once again at Mother's desk writing my letter to you. Juliana has been spending ten days with us, so Kristin and I came home with her on the train and have been spending a few days with the folks. I'm leaving on the train this noon to go back home, but Kristin is going to stay a few days longer and then we expect a short visit from the Vernesses when they bring her home.

I wish I could tell you that I have spent most of my days this last month in the field helping Frank, but I can only say that I spent one afternoon driving the jeep while Frank loaded some alfalfa bales onto the rack. In fact, I was only there about two hours when it started to rain again and we had to quit.

Have you ever seen such weather? We have had some bad years since we have been back in Iowa, but we can honestly say that this is the worst. I have never seen the farm land in such deplorable condition. We have two small patches of corn in, and it has all been cultivated once, and we have one beautiful field of oats that we were able to get in early, but that is the extent of it. I know we are not alone in this situation, because in coming down on the train I didn't see anything along the way that looked any better.

Can anyone explain what happened to the strawberries this year? Bernie has a lovely big strawberry patch, but the berries were all so small and seedy, and most of the other people I have talked to had the same kind of berries. The only person I know who had lovely big berries and lots of them is Frank's Aunt Delia. Her berries were just lovely. She asked me if I wanted to help her put some in the locker, and of course I jumped at the chance. She put eleven quarts in for herself, and gave me fourteen quarts, and I felt she was being too generous. But she says there are just the two of them and they don't use very many.

The next afternoon I went back and we made twenty-two large glasses of strawberry jam. We just made them up the quick method, nothing fancy about it, but it looked beautiful and tasted wonderful, so we are enjoying it tremendously.

I expect when I get home the raspberries will be about ready to take care of. In days gone by we had many more than we could use and the folks always came up and picked all they wanted. But most of these were from bushes that had been started years ago across the road from our house, and in all the years that no one lived in the house and there was no one to cultivate and care for the bushes they just spread and spread. But this particular spot happened to be in this large tract of land that Frank fenced sheep tight last year, so of course the sheep took care of the berries for us. However, the largest berries, and plenty for



Doesn't this look like a happy trio on a hot summer day? Here we have Kristin, Juliana and Martin enjoying the tank that is explained on the Garden Page. Before it was painted and sunk into the ground they thoroughly enjoyed paddling about with their inflated sea horse and duck.

our own use, is a patch close to the house, so of course they are still in good condition.

Kristin's birthday was June 24th, and she was eight years old. It just doesn't seem possible that she will be in the third grade next year. Where have the years gone? We didn't have a birthday party this year, but instead we just had our big Johnson family dinner on Sunday noon. Juliana was there and one other couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Lesko, who have always been so good to Kristin. Bernie had baked one of her beautiful angel food cakes and made strawberry ice cream, and she had just as much fun as she would have had at a birthday party. She has been wanting a tent for a playhouse for a long, long time, so Frank and I got her one.

The only other thing she wanted was a bicycle and she has been saving her pennies for it for many months. So when all the relatives asked me what they could give her for her birthday, I just told them that she would like the money to put on her bicycle. With what she already had, she received enough cash gifts to get one, so when she gets home from Shenandoah this time, she is going into town and pick it out. Since this is something she has wanted and saved for so long, I'm sure the experience of going in and getting it will be one she will never forget.

If Lucas has had the nice weather there that Shenandoah has had the last four days, I'm in hopes that Frank and I will be able to get something done on the farm when I get home, but just in case we can't, Lucile is sending me home with patterns and three lovely pieces of material to work with on rainy days. Kristin is going to be very short of school dresses when school starts if I don't get busy. And I certainly don't find time for any sewing after school starts, so it must be done this summer.

I have some other rainy day jobs I want to get done first though, and one of these is to paint the kitchen. The walls just would not take another wash job, so I decided to paint it. The other job is to paint the shutters that we are going to put on

our house just as soon as the carpenter gets them finished. We just finished painting the house white, and I am going to paint the shutters a dark green, which we feel will look very nice in our timber setting.

I didn't tell you the principle reason for my coming to Shenandoah at this time, which, of course, was to be here for Margery's wedding. I won't go into detail because you will read all about it in another part of the magazine. I came a few days early so I could help with all the readiness plans. I will say this, however, that I have never seen Mother's house look any more beautiful with all the blue and white delphiniums and pink roses.

The last time we were in Shenandoah, Aunt Helen Fischer gave Kristin a little basket of plants so that she would have a good start for her own small garden. It was several days after she returned before we could get outside to get a little garden spot prepared, and I was so afraid that none of them would live, but I think we saved all but two of them. In fact some of them have already been blooming, and what a happy day it was for Kristin when she went out to her garden and picked me a small bouquet of her own flowers.

It is time to get my suitcase packed and eat a bite of lunch before starting to Red Oak where I take the train to Chariton. So this must be all for this month—

Sincerely,
Dorothy

Off For A Vacation

This is a quiet game that can be educational as well as entertaining. Have players, each in turn, describe some spot where he is vacationing (all in imagination, of course). When he has finished, the rest of the players try to guess where he has been visiting. For example, one person might tell interesting things which he did on a trip to Hawaii, another about a visit to Washington, D. C., or to Mexico, to Black Hills or to Africa. The main idea is to avoid using names of cities, beaches, etc., which would identify your vacation spot, and yet to tell in an interesting way what you did and saw on "your trip".

THREE ROADS TO BEAUTY

Beautiful hands are they that do Deeds that are noble, good and true;
Beautiful faces are they that wear The light of a pleasant spirit there.
Beautiful eyes are they that behold Heavenly visions more precious than gold;

Beautiful tongues are they that speak Words of cheer to the weary and weak;

Beautiful feet are they that go Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

—Author Unknown

ROLL FILM DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

40¢ PER ROLL, PP.
12 REPRINTS 50¢.
VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

LAZY DAY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Comes those hot August days and "dog days" and most of us are ready to just wilt down in some quiet corner and just plain SIT! The best way to get through these warm days is to ignore them and we usually find we can do that best by doing something besides just "sittin' an' thinkin'" about the weather. That is when it is especially nice to spend some happy hours relaxing in the fellowship of congenial friends, without the fuss and bother of formal entertaining.

Picnics (in your own back yard, on the porch or at some public park), cooperative pot luck suppers, weiner roasts or an evening visit topped off with ice cream and cake or just a cold drink are some of the ways friends can get together at this season. And it is such a wonderful way for families to visit since this type of entertainment can be adapted to provide fun for all ages.

And do keep these affairs simple! When it comes to dragging along a camp bed, pillows, camp stove, potatoes to fry, etc.—well, that is not my idea of a simple picnic for relaxing on a hot day! Choose foods that are easy to prepare and by all means let the children lend a hand in mixing salads, slicing cucumbers, making deviled eggs, cutting carrot sticks and any such jobs which they are capable of doing. Even if it isn't done exactly to perfection, it will taste extra special to them because they had a hand in its making, in addition to their pride in helping mother.

If you are fortunate enough to have an outdoor fireplace on your lawn, you can plan wonderful good times around the fireplace. But even though you do not have the regulation fireplace, your children can have loads of fun from one easily made using old bricks or stones to build a little firepot. An old oven grate can be placed across the top, or perhaps you can get hold of some old iron bars. We found that the iron grill lid from the top of an old discarded "parlor furnace" type of coal heater makes a nice grill to place across a rock fire pit. This rough fireplace works fine for making coffee, making hamburger mixes to serve on buns, etc.

Give a child, from pre-school through teen-agers, a barbecued hamburger, pickles and an ice drink and he'll be happy and content — add a pot of coffee for the grown-ups and there you are! Later, if you feel like something sweet as a top-er-offer, what is tastier and easier than ice cold watermelon or chilled fresh fruits? Perhaps you will prepare this meal in the kitchen and serve it on a bridge table near your garden so you can enjoy its beauty to the full.

Most of the time, we are content to enjoy just plain visiting, but occasionally it is nice to have a few games or stunts in mind to pep up

the party. The following games may come in handy for livening up your lazy day parties.

FORFEITS: These can be used as forfeits after you have some fun with some Truth or Consequences questions with the losers paying the forfeits, of course. Or you can write each stunt on a slip of paper and pass around slips so each person may draw one, then take turns performing.

1. Blindfold two persons and have them stand at opposite ends of room or several feet apart on the lawn and at signal they must try to meet and shake hands.

2. Sneeze five different ways.

3. Laugh five different ways.

4. Give a snoring demonstration.

5. Make love to a dust mop.

6. Give Patrick Henry's famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death" five times, each time emphasizing a different word.

7. Kneel and propose to the third lady (or man) on your right.

8. Blindfold a couple and have man feed the lady a bowlful of a prepared cereal.

9. Recite some recitation you gave as a child very dramatically.

10. Give an imitation of your favorite movie actor or actress.

ARMCHAIR VACATION: Cut up picture scenic postcards into puzzles and give one puzzle to each guest and see which one can get his together first to learn his vacation spot.

OBSERVATION HIKE: (especially good for children). The group takes a short walk and each one is told to make a mental note of interesting things seen. After group returns and is seated have each one report on what he has seen.

ANIMAL ANTICS: Players stand or sit in a row. The leader calls the name of an animal and the players must imitate its call and its actions, such as cow, elephant, lion, bear, bee or pig.

HAVE YOU READ THIS? (for adults) Each person takes a turn at describing or imitating an important character in some book he has read and the others try to guess the name of the book.

SAY IT WITH SONG: Singly or in couples, act out the titles of popular songs for others to guess.

LONGWINDED SERIAL: A sheet of paper is passed around with each person writing a paragraph. As each one writes he then folds down the paper so next one to write cannot see what has been written. When all have written, have some one read the story (tell them in advance what subject is to be) in a most dramatic manner.

TRAVELERS QUIZ: Answers are places to which you might travel.

1. The first place we might visit is that for which our forefathers fought. (Independence)

2. A military defense and a Paris dressmaker. (Fort Worth)

3. A city whose beginning is someone most smart and the end is go. (Chicago)

4. Beginning with an explanation, then appeals to the maternal and ends in a laugh. (Omaha)

5. One of the apostles. (St. Paul)

6. What the young man called when his sweetheart was drowning. (Savannah—save Anna)

7. An afflicted stream. (Cripple Creek)

8. A girl's name, a laugh and a tumble. (Minnehaha Falls)

9. A small pebble. (Little Rock)

10. What a band leader uses best and a ladies beauty aid. (Baton Rouge)

Pillowcase Relay: Divide group into two teams. Each team is given a pillow and a pillow case. At signal the first person on each side takes a pillow out of case and then puts the case on the pillow again and hands to next in line who does the same. The first side to finish is the winner.

For us, no family gathering or neighborly picnic is complete without music of some form. It is wonderful to bring an evening or an afternoon of goodtimes to a happy close by singing favorite old songs, hymns or the latest hits—even a collection of all kinds!

KITCHEN-KLATTER CHATTER

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

Some lecturers speak straight from the shoulder when it would be better if it came from a little higher up.

One of the greatest labor-saving inventions for today is tomorrow.

Successful living after retirement depends on wise living before retirement.

Keep a pair of tweezers in the sewing machine drawer to hold material when it gets too close under the machine needle to hold with your fingers.

The other morning our four-year-old called his Daddy to the breakfast table with this remark: "Hurry up Daddy, your grapefruit is getting sour!"

Faith, not fear, should govern life.

Maybe your family will eat beets if you slice them thin and top with a mixture of French dressing and mustard.

The greatest threat to democracy is ignorance.

Keep your blood pressure down. Violent exercise after 40 is especially harmful if you do it with a knife and fork.

A woman doesn't need to add if she can detract.

Many times it would seem that the world was designed for pessimists. So many things happen to make them happy.

Definition of a professor: A man who knows all the questions.

Applied lightly to upholstered furniture, a damp sponge helps to remove dog and cat hairs and particles of lint and dust.

An informed and disciplined mind is the greatest asset a person can have.

Women are unique in that they never give up trying—to improve their husbands.

Hard work is the yeast that raises the dough.



FOR THE CHILDREN

ROSEMARY'S VACATION

By Myrtle E. Felkner

This is the story of Rosemary, the lead cow of a herd of Angus cattle. Usually Rosemary was very proud of her job, but one hot summer day she became very tired of it.

"All I ever do is work," she complained. "I have to find grass when the herd is hungry and water when it is thirsty. I even have to find the coolest hilltops in hot weather, and then I never get to lie in the breeze myself. I am tired of being the lead cow."

So Rosemary began to plot a way to get out of work, which is a foolish thing for a wise old cow to be thinking about.

The next morning when the sun awakened the herd, Rosemary never bothered to get up. She lay under a shade tree and chewed her cud.

"Find us some breakfast," asked the other cows.

"Soon," murmured Rosemary. "Soon." The other cows got tired of waiting and scattered here and there, each searching for patches of extra luscious grass for herself and her calf.

When the farmer arose to do his chores, there were the cattle scattered hither and yon, and old Rosemary could still be seen under the tree.

"Something must be wrong with Rosemary," said the alarmed farmer, so he hustled off to see. Rosemary waited until he was right beside her before she arose, kicked her heels to prove she was still a frisky old cow, and then led the herd into the timber.

"Pure orneriness," said the farmer, scratching his head.

Soon the cows were all following the tinkle of the bell around Rosemary's neck. She led them here and there until finally they came to a deep gulch.

"Aha!" exclaimed Rosemary. She leaped across the wide gulch. Several other cows leaped across the gulch, too. Most of them did not, however, for they knew that their young calves could not make the great jump. They shuddered to think of their calves falling to the rocky bottom of that deep gulch. They began to moo in confusion.

The cows mooed so long that the farmer finally came running into the timber.

"Rosemary," he said sternly when he saw the trouble, "you are not worth your salt today." Then he drove all the other cattle down the gulch until they reached a narrow, shallow place where even the calves could cross safely.

Then Rosemary lay down in the shade and refused to lead the herd. She wouldn't even move when the

farmer nudged her with his toe. Finally he gave up.

"You are getting to be a stubborn old cow," said the farmer. "We will see if Cynthia, the heifer, isn't a better leader." He took the bell from Rosemary's neck and fastened it around Cynthia's.

The next day was a fine one. Cynthia led the herd to the finest grass, the coolest water, and the highest hilltops. As for Rosemary, she rested when she felt like it, galloped about when she felt like it, and ate when she felt like it. It seemed very nice to let someone else do all the work.

Toward evening the herd came upon a very rundown fence. Row upon row of green corn marched down a wide field beyond it.

"I will give the herd an extra-special treat!" cried Cynthia excitedly. She pushed over the remainder of the fence and ran into the corn. The other cows followed, mooing in delight over the feast ahead.

Soon Rosemary came ambling over a hill. She stopped in astonishment when she saw the cows in the corn.

"No! No!" she cried to Cynthia as she galloped down the hill. "Never, never let the cows eat green corn."

"It's very good," remarked Cynthia smugly as she tore another great ear from the stalk.

"Soon it will make you sick," warned Rosemary. "Quick, you must lead the herd back to the timber before the others eat too much."

"Not at all," said Cynthia. "I am the lead cow now, and we like this corn."

"Then I shall pester you so you can't eat," resolved Rosemary. She gave Cynthia a sharp nip with her teeth and dashed to the other cows. She nipped them and trampled the corn under them and teased their calves to bring them running from the corn. She made such a rumpus that the farmer soon came running.

"Cows in the corn!" he cried. He grabbed a stick and helped Rosemary drive them back to the pasture. Then he fixed the fence, and all the time Rosemary ran here and there, nudging the calves out of his way and mooing softly to herself with regret.

"Now," sighed the farmer at last. He went to Cynthia and removed the bell. "You are just a heifer and have a lot to learn. Someday you will make a good lead cow." He patted her gently and turned to Rosemary.

"Besides, Rosemary wants her job back." Rosemary bent her head so the bell would slip on easily. Then she looked all around to see that everything was all right. Finally, she kicked up her heels and led the herd to the coolest hilltop in the timber.



In days gone by you've seen a number of pictures of Kerry Lee Cathcart, Jerome, Iowa, whose mother is one of our most faithful contributors, so this month we want you to meet Kerry Lee's new sister, little Jean Marie. We're sure you'll agree with us when we say that she's certainly a very attractive baby. And on our last report we understood that she was slowly getting the days and nights turned into their proper order.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

This month we are going to learn to make a cool breakfast drink and a healthful luncheon sandwich.

BREAKFAST COCKTAIL

1 egg
Juice of 2 chilled oranges
1 teaspoon honey or sugar
Pinch of salt

Beat together with egg beater and serve at once.

A SALAD SANDWICH

Trim off the corners from slices of bread, toast lightly on the bottom, and arrange on each slice one slice of tomato, an asparagus tip, a slice of hard cooked egg, and a slice of cucumber with a bit of lettuce. You may top this with mayonnaise or salad dressing.

BRAIN TEASER

A says to B: "When you are 15 times the age I was when you were half as old as I am, you will be one-half again as old as I would be were I as much older than you are as you are older than I am." To this B replied: "When you will be as much older than you are as you are younger than I was year before last, our combined ages will be 50." How old are A and B?

Answer

A is 18 and B is 24 years old.
Arlene Endicott
P. O. Box 40
Ridgeway, Missouri

A CAN CONTEST

1. A city in China. Canton.
2. A bright can. Candle.
3. A singing can. Canary.
4. A can in Panama. Canal.
5. A heathen can. Cannibal.
6. A noisy can. Cannon.
7. A shrewd can. Canny.
8. A floating can. Canoe.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

September Ads due August 1.
October Ads due September 1.
November Ads due October 1.

Send Ads Direct To
Driftmier Publishing Co.
Shenandoah, Ia.

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

PURE LINEN HANKIES, with tatted corner and edge, \$1.25 ea. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barborton, Ohio.

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

NEW WOOL QUILT TOPS, \$10. One Velvetreen, \$18. Postpaid. Beatrice Osborn, Lacona, Iowa.

FOR SALE, large linen and crocheted tablecloth, \$45. Pineapple aprons, \$5 ea. (2) Mrs. Dorothy Williams, 1407 Cass St., Omaha, Nebr.

PUPPIES, Pomeranians registered. Toy Manchester, Foxterriers. Spitz. Home Thursdays, no Sunday calls. Harold Van Zante's Kennel, Monroe, Iowa.

LOVELY BOXES OF BIRTHDAY, OR ASSORTED CARDS, \$1 and \$1.25. Children's assorted unique boxes \$1.25. Dorothy Dalrymple, 1114½ W. 60th St., Los Angeles 44, Calif.

AFRICAN VIOLETS, 3 in. pots at \$2.50 ea. Doubles; Dark Beauty, blue and white; Orchid Girl; Sailor's Delight, large, light blue, "girl". New Duponts: Red Chief and Blue Heiress. Lady Girl—large ruffled leaf deep purple fringed bloom, \$3. For September; Double White, double rose and white, Garnet King, and Red Velvet, at \$2.50 ea. Not less than 2 plants to one address. Pansy Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

BEAUTIFUL 11-IN. IRISH ROSE DOILIES, white center, pink or yellow roses, green leaves, \$2. Ad good anytime. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

SALT AND PEPPER COLLECTORS. Chipmunks in natural colors, china sunfish, Swans and Dogs, \$1 per pair, postpaid. **BLACK KNIGHT INDUSTRIES**, Dept. 2, Box 1004, St. Paul 5, Minn. **GIFTS AND NOVELTIES.**

BEAUTIFUL ALL OCCASION CARDS, 21 for \$1. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

BIRTHDAY FLOWER APRONS, state month, \$2. Crocheted Daffodil doily, \$2.50, pot-holders, 25¢, 50¢. M. Fitchett, 412 Russell, Storm Lake, Iowa.

CROCHETED POTHOLDERS, Baby bud, Pansybed, Joseph's Coat colors, many others, \$1.10 pr. Turtle soap holder with quaint verse, 35¢. Print aprons, 75¢, \$1, and \$1.25 ea. See May Magazine for other articles. Practical free gift with \$5 orders. Mrs. Gertrude M. Burton, Rt. 2, Orleans, Ind.

PILLOW CASES, with crocheted medallion trim, tubing \$3, yard wide material \$2.50. Also handkerchiefs lace edge and pineapple doilies. Lola Kille, Browning, Mo.

"DAINTY CRINOLINE LADY", (pineapple skirt) hankies \$1.25. "K", 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

LITTLE GIRLS CROCHETED DRESSES, Ladies orandy and print aprons, Infant wear. Guaranteed. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

WANTED—Presidential spoons of Van Buren, William Harrison, Polk, Lincoln, Garfield, Cleveland, and Taft. Write first. Mrs. Frank De Graaf, Alton, Iowa.

TEN AFRICAN VIOLET LEAVES, one dollar. Clara Ullerich, Manning, Iowa.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR CROCHETING, Tatting, embroidery, plain sewing, panholders, or hot pads, 65¢. Chair sets, \$5. Ruffle or flower doilies, your pattern or mine. Send stamped envelope for information. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Wright, 8106 Rector, Berkeley, Mo.

12" COTTON-STUFFED CLOWNS, \$1. Percale suits. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebr.

PRINTED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS. 50 for \$6.50. Send for samples. PETZ-NICKS, Creston, Iowa.

AFRICAN VIOLETS—60 varieties, 7 small plants for \$3.25 prepaid. Send stamp for list. Grace Hudson, 6911 Minne Lusa Blvd., Omaha 11, Nebr.

SEWING EXPERIENCED: Ladies dresses \$1.50, Child's \$1. Send patterns, thread, etc. Rowena Winters, 4815-55th, Des Moines, Iowa.

Sept 1-16, is Vacation Time! Send your dull sewing or barber scissors to be sharpened to us before that date. 35¢ ea. postpaid.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

IMPRINTED NAPKINS for Weddings, Anniversaries, Showers and Special Occasions, 100 for \$2 postpaid. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

PERSONALIZED STATIONARY—100 sheets 50 envelopes in beautiful pastel colors—rose, emerald or blue. In attractive gift box. Name and address printed on each sheet and envelope in blue or burgundy ink. Postpaid to your door for only \$1.95. Print name and address. State colors preferred. **LAWSON'S JEWELRY & GIFTS, SHENANDOAH, IOWA.**

CANARIES FOR SALE. Hens \$1.50 to \$3.00. Singers \$4.50 to \$10.00. Thelma Sawyer, Knox City, Missouri.

KITCHEN-KLATTER, 6 years, Poetic Geography 1849. S. A. Harkin, Dallas, Iowa. Best Offer—Stamp.

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. Or 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.

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

TRY IT! **DUSORB**
MAKES ANY CLOTH
ABSORB DUST
59¢ and 98¢



MY PET PEEVES

Doughy Dumplings.
Poorly made beds.
Mussy butter dish.
Arguments at the table.
Dirty bird cages.
Dusty floors.
Cluttered refrigerator.
Mouldy bread box.
Fountain pens that scratch.
Radio listener's who don't write.



WHAT A BUY!

**Clever— Colorful— Ceramic
Cream and Sugar**

\$1.00, postpaid

Just the ticket for that social cup of
coffee or bridge table.

Glazed a lovely turquoise

Whirled by Sue

Just for you.

2 inches high.

SUE CONRAD

Clarinda, Iowa

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning we visit
with you on the following stations:

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on

your dial. 11:00 A. M.

KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on

your dial. 9:00 A. M.

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on

your dial. 11:00 A. M.

WJAG—Norfolk, Nebr. — 780 on

your dial. 11:00 A. M.

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 friends.

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 the 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.

NOTICE—Be sure you notice the change of time for our Kitchen-Klatter program on station KFEQ, Saint Joseph, Mo.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136 173
Sigourney Iowa

A WESTERN PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

"Yipppppppppeeeee! Ride 'Em Cowboy!" You will be hearing such Comanche shrieks when the boys get their invitations to an honest to goodness Cowboy Party. And if your dainty little girls can be as much of a tomboy as ours, I expect sister will cast an envious glance at the invitation.

Cut a cowboy boot from folded brown construction paper and slip your invitation inside the boot. Perhaps you will say, "Howdy Pardner, Get on them thar cowboy clothes, tighten up your shooting irons, and come on over to the Big Round Up at my ranch on ----- (date)."

If some of the invited boys do not have cowboy outfits you can provide them with western neckerchiefs you have cut from bright colored pieces of old silk garments or from other material. Sometimes you can find very inexpensive cowboy hats at the dime stores.

When "the gang" arrives, better be prepared. If you can turn them out on the wide open range, so much the better.

Any cowboy has to know how to throw a lariat so this can be the first game. From a large cardboard box, cut a wild looking Longhorn steer. Give each cowboy 5 tries to lasso the critter allowing 20 points for each success.

Being a "crack shot" is a necessity with these fellows so set up a target with the villain's pictures on it—he will wear a narrow black mask over his eyes. By using a dart gun see who can hit the hombre the most times in a designated number of shots. There is bound to be a certain amount of rough and tumble play when these outdoor men get together, so before chow time you had better plan a game to settle them down and cool them off for a while. Give each a sheet of paper and pencil and, if you are entertaining small boys, give a prize to the one who can draw the best picture of a cowboy. A little older group might see who can make the longest list of Western words. Or you might see who could be first to unscramble a dozen words familiar to all cowhands. Words that you might scramble could include:

1. Round-up; 2. Corral; 3. Maverick; 4. Brand; 5. Ranch; 6. Mustang; 7. Lariat; 8. Rodeo; 9. Chuck Wagon; 10. Range; 11. Spurs; 12. Chaps.

Your refreshments will be typical cowboy fare served from the chuckwagon. If possible, build a campfire and let the boys cook weiners, bacon, or slices of lunch meat over the fire. The chuck wagon may be a large express wagon with a wire frame cover-

ed over with canvas, ducking, or even, an old sheet. Baked beans, potato chips, a tossed vegetable salad, hot biscuits or corn bread, may be included on the menu. Use paper plates or tin pie pans and serve their drinks out of tin cups or clean cans. And ice cream served in tin cups will seem a "real" western delight.

As the camp fire embers fade away and the last toasted marshmallow has disappeared, the cowboys may be a little less boisterous but they will all declare it was a swell "Round-up".

FRIENDSHIP GARDEN

By Delphia Stubbs

A friendship garden is mine, through the loving kindness and thoughtfulness of my many friends.

I had to spend the spring months in a hospital, one year, and it seemed every one wanted to share with me the beauty of spring.

They sent potted plants of daffodils, tulips, hyacinths and narcissus. After the blooms had died down, my husband lifted the bulbs from the pots, put them in a cool dry place until fall planting time, and then made a round bed; he put the tulips in the center, daffodils in the second row, and hyacinths and narcissus in the outside row.

He gave this bed special care at planting time, as he knew how dearly I prized the bulbs. They outdid themselves with blooms the next spring, and with added care bloomed for many years.

The next time I was hospitalized it was in the winter. My friends remembered how I had saved the bulbs from the blossoms they sent, so they selected plants that would go into another friendship garden.

This garden is still blooming in due season. It is made up of chrysanthemums, hardy asters, begonias, vining plants and lilies.

Other friends sent seeds and choice bulbs, and I had one of the most unusual gardens one could ask for. The seeds were started in small boxes of dirt in the basement and by spring planting time they were ready to start housekeeping in their own home.

So you can see, all is grist that comes to the mill if you choose to make it so. Most people think that when a flower has quit blooming and died down, its life cycle is ended, but through my love of flowers, all my hospital plants found a suitable home in my friendship garden.

A HOUSE WITH DREAMS

I passed a little faded house
With weed infested lawn,
I saw through windows streaked with soil

Its tenants long had gone.
The tall old trees caressed the roof,
For in the past they shared
The joys, which made this place a home

With folks who really cared.
A shabby beauty still prevails,
Akin to peace and joy;
I think it holds a million dreams
Which time can not destroy.

—Elfriede Schutt.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Many calls are coming for cheer for shut-ins. This is because during the summer months well folks have a tendency to go out and enjoy themselves — often the handicapped ones are left indoors, and they may even be left alone. Summer can be pretty dull under those conditions.

Mrs. Doshia Applegate is in bed most of the time. She can be lifted into a chair for an hour three times a week. Her address is: The Horton Rest Home, 525 Third St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mrs. Howard Dameron, of whom I told you about last month, is home from the hospital but has to wear a steel brace which is very painful. Write to her at 300 Water St., Huntsville, Mo.

Bill Jones has had four operations this past winter. You may recall that he has suffered for many years. He is now in Ward 4 West, Veterans' Hospital, Wilkes Barre, Pa., and cigarettes are permitted but not candy.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Mo., is unable to write anymore and misses getting mail. She has been in bed for five years.

John Burgess, Lawson, Mo., age 70, would appreciate receiving cards for he is bedfast. Both Mr. and Mrs. Felix Florang, 402 Second St., S. W., Cedar Rapids, are ill and would like to hear from you. Mr. Florang has been bedfast for three years. Carl Leonard, Mingo, Iowa, is a young man who is in bed since a spinal operation. Richard Shrunk, 51 Essex St., Gloucester, New Jersey, age 70, has arthritis and is nearly helpless. He asks for mail, although he is not always able to answer.

Frank Banks, Blandinsville, Ill., is in his twenties. He had polio some years ago and hasn't walked since. Cards would be appreciated. Donnie Fish, 3205 First St., Riverton, Wyoming, is 14. Last January he was hurt in a car accident and is now just able to hobble around a little bit. He is pretty blue because he had to miss school.

Mrs. A. G. Elander, Rt. 2, Pleasant Dale, Nebr., needs special cheer right now. She has arthritis and is helpless as a baby except in her hands, and now they are so bad that they must be taped over splints to keep them from setting in a position where they would be useless. Do write to her.

Another arthritis sufferer is Mrs. Lily Ray, 233 N. Franklin, Rushville, Ill. She would enjoy mail. Mrs. Cecil Peterson, Rt. 3, Ottawa, Ia., aged 33, has been bedfast for four years. Mrs. Maud A. Chase, South 3, Room 18, Wallum Lake, R. I., has been in a sanitarium for 12 years. She needs you. Miss Judy Austin, Rt. 2, Box 210, Sullivan, Mo., has to have a brace in order to walk.

Will each of you help at least one of these people? It will make your summer happier.

A man is getting old when he walks around a puddle instead of through it.
—R. C. Ferguson.