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LETTER FROM LEANNA

MAGAZINE KITCHEN-KLATTER

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Martha and I have been out in the kitchen all morning long putting up jars of applesauce and chili, and a while ago when we reached the "constant stir" point she insisted that I let her finish the job because she can stand and reach down to stir—I must sit down and reach up to stir. So I told her that I thought I'd just slip in here to my desk and write to you friends while she finished the last small kettle of chili.

Without Martha to urge me on it's doubtful if I would have put up much of anything this late summer and early fall. I'm one of these people who canned in such tremendous quantities for our big family that I can't seem to adjust myself to thinking in terms of a half-dozen pints of this or that. In years gone by we had bushels of tomatoes waiting for my hands, and Dorothy and Margery were kept busy running up and down stairs with jars that Lucile washed and scalded. It never seemed to make much difference how many jars were filled—we always ran out long before I thought we would. So these days when we're such a small family I can hardly work up much enthusiasm for tiny batches of anything. It's a good thing Martha has been with me.

We're looking forward now to Frederick's arrival, although of course he will have been here and gone by the time you read this. His present plans call for flying out here about the 9th of August, and he'll spend a couple of days with us. We plan to have a family dinner on the 11th, and I'm hoping that Dorothy and Kristin will be able to come down for this. You folks on farms know why we so rarely can plan on Frank for any of these occasions—he is tied to morning and night chores that simply must be done. However, with this exception, plus Donald, the rest of us can be together.

Mart and I are letting Frederick chart our course of action beginning on Monday, the 12th, and it's really nice to let someone else plan the route back to Rhode Island and make all arrangements. The minute we get beyond western Illinois I'll be in totally unfamiliar country, so it doesn't make any difference to me what towns we go through or don't go through. Mart has made a number of trips East but they were all made by train, so he too will have many new things to see.

Stairs are such a problem to me that I feel fortunate when I realize that both times we've visited Frederick his house has been such that we could use a downstairs bedroom. When we were with him in Honolulu he turned his study into a bedroom for us, and it seems that his house in Bristol also has a study on the ground floor that can be converted into a temporary bedroom. We'll make our headquarters there for a week or so, and then take off on our own, so to speak, for other points.

I can scarcely wait to see Betty, Mary Leanna and David. It's been more than two years now since we've seen Betty and Mary Leanna, and of course we've never seen David since he was born in July, 1950. We hope to get some good group pictures while we're there, and if we're successful you'll see them in forthcoming issues.

Our house has felt very, very strange and quiet these last few weeks with Margery and Martin gone. We see them often, of course, but it's not the same no matter how you want to look at it. Martin has found a little neighborhood gang and is busy with them from morning to night. Essex is a small town and there is very little traffic on their street, so Margery can let him go without worrying.

Margery is thoroughly enjoying working in her own home. She has always been a great one to change and fix up rooms, so with a big house she has plenty of opportunity to use her skills. She said yesterday when she ran in that she has been making plans for fall planting, so I can see that her large yard will come in for its share of attention.

Donald writes to us as often as he can, but his working day is such a long one that it doesn't leave much time for letters. He can begin to see the end of his stretch in several more months, and of course hopes that affairs won't take a turn that will prevent him from returning eventually to his former job in Anderson, Indiana.

Howard is in and out of town on short business trips, and since some of you have asked from time to time why we don't mention him more I can only say that he is a hard working man whose routine doesn't vary much. He leaves the house for work at 7:45 in the morning and doesn't get back until supper at 6:00, and since he never takes a vacation or goes any-

where except for business purposes, it doesn't leave much to report. He and Martin always spent the early evening together, so they both miss each other very much.

Alison is a darling little baby, and Abigail reports that she is much easier to cope with than Emily was at the same age. Emily had a tendency to colic her first few months and many were the sleepless nights they spent. But Alison has already gotten settled into a fairly dependable routine, and this has helped a lot.

Abigail says that she envies mothers whose babies lunge for their bottles, "burp" easily and then settle down to sleep. It takes an hour to get Alison through this process (Emily was equally slow), so Abigail has to sandwich in all of her work between feedings. She is enjoying her new kitchen tremendously, and finds that the only real complication comes over the laundry. Emily can tag along after her to the basement, but it means a lot of running up and down to be sure that Alison is all right.

I don't see much of Lucile these days even though we live so close to each other for she is busy writing our nursery catalog that you will see in January, 1952. She says that there is always one stage in this job when she wonders if she will ever hold the finished printed catalog in her hands! Juliana is old enough now to cooperate when a big job must be done, and Lucile tells me that she has been very helpful about picking up things, preparing simple food, and running errands cheerfully. Every now and then she walks into our living room and says, "What are you and Aunt Martha fiddling with now, Granny?" And she's happy if we're doing something that she can "fiddle with" too.

Jessie and Sue drive over frequently from Clarinda to visit with Helen, Martha and me, so the five of us are often together. We are all happy that Jessie has decided to remain, at least for a while longer, in the house that she and Sham built when they were married. Sue has her home and pottery shop (you'll notice a picture of it in this issue) only a couple of blocks from Jessie, so if one needs the other it isn't far to go. Martha plans to be with them while Mart and I are in Rhode Island.

The last time we visited Dorothy in Lucas she hadn't yet fully decided what her fall plans will be. As I write this her letter hasn't yet arrived so I still don't know if she plans to teach or not. Kristin kept up her piano lessons through the summer and has really done very well. She has the same piano to practice on that her mother had when she was a little girl, so I'm glad now that we hung on to it even though there was one time when it didn't seem that any of us would ever again need it.

Now that September is here and the children are back in school I hope you'll take time to write to us. I've said before, but will say again, that your letters, each and every one of them, are deeply appreciated and enjoyed.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

THE PEONY—QUEEN OF THE NORTH

By Pansy M. Barnes

Let Southern Florida and Southern California have their palms and exotic flowers! They're welcome to them, for those of us who behold our gardens deep under snow each winter may enjoy something that our southern friends cannot grow successfully. Even as far north as Duluth, Minnesota the peony flourishes, and in Jackson, Wyoming it blooms about August 1st.

There are 25 species in this flower family. Most of them come from Asia and Europe, but America can boast of one. It is Brownie, which has a small bloom and is found in Northern California and points beyond. These various species have been crossed and recrossed, and today's magnificent specimens are truly popular.

The reasons for this are the ease with which they are grown, and their permanence in the garden when once established. They are useful for their beauty in the landscape as well as for cut flowers. By planting early, mid-season and late varieties we get a long season to enjoy their glory. They have a varied fragrance, and approach the rose in this respect as well as in their coloring.

In return for this loveliness they ask very little. They will grow in all kinds of soil, but do best in a deep, rich, rather moist loam. Their location should be well drained and, for best results, in full sunshine.

They are gross feeders and before planting the soil should be spaded well and have *very old, well rotted* cow manure worked into it. Be sure not to use manure that is new, for the results from this will not be good.

Potash insures sturdy stems and buds that will open instead of blighting. An easy way to provide this is to sprinkle wood-ashes along the row each year.

When setting them out, the little red "eyes" should be exactly 2 inches under the surface. If the soil is too loose in the bottom of the hole, it may settle and carry them deeper. If so, you'll have a sulky plant that just won't bloom.

Botrytis is about their wet enemy. It bothers most in very wet seasons (as this past one of ours has been) and when you see it you're likely to forget that it's the only serious pest as far as the peony is concerned! First you will notice that the buds blacken, and after this the stalks blacken. As soon as you see the first signs of this, cut out the affected parts and put them into a paper bag. Burn it immediately. Spraying with bordeaux mixture will help. After killing frosts the tops should be removed and burned.

At Flower Shows a peony bloom that grades 10 is counted perfect. There are many new varieties being introduced each year, but it is interesting to note that Festive Maxima, whose huge white blossoms with a touch of red in the heart, was first presented by M. Mieliez in France 100

years ago, still stands high in public favor. It carries a rating of 9.3. As it is usually in bloom by Decoration Day, it is a favorite for cemetery planting as well as in the home garden.

Mary Brand is a rose type, showing stamens, and is red with a little trace of purple. If cut in the bud it will stay fresh a week, so it is very satisfactory for bouquets.

Longfellow rates 9.0. It is one of the most popular reds because of its distinct, fadeless color and cutting qualities. It is early midseason.

Karl Rosenfield is an early, dependable red and divides easily.

Felix Crousse, 8.4 is a very brilliant red. It is fragrant and a mid-season bloomer.

Sarah Bernhardt, 9.0 is apple blossom pink. An ideal cut flower peony.

Edulis Superba, a high ranking old-timer, is deeper in shade than Sara Bernhardt.

Solange, 9.7, is the ugly duckling that turns out to be a swan. When you first view the buds you are disappointed! But when they open you behold one of the most beautiful peonies in existence! They are large and creamy white, deepening toward the center with shades of orange and golden brown. It is a strong grower and a very late free bloomer.

When it's all said and done, there are few things we can plant that give us more lasting beauty and satisfaction. Do get busy this fall and put out at least three or four of the varieties that I've mentioned here. They'll reward you a thousand times over for the small effort and small amount of money involved.

COVER PICTURE

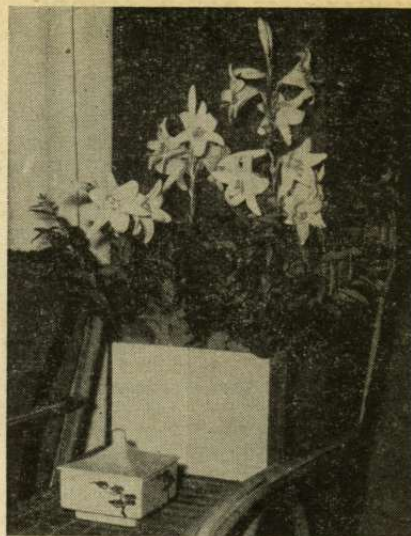
Before this table in Mother's and Dad's library a wedding ceremony was performed on the afternoon of June 30th when Margery was married to Oliver Strom.

We were anxious to have Russell get a picture of it for you because it occurred to us that if you are going to be decorating for a wedding in your family you might get some help by referring to it. No arrangement could be more simple, but it's doubtful that we could have fixed anything more effective.

The flowers are Madonna lilies combined with clusters of pink and white climbing roses. Ferns are the classic foliage to use with such an arrangement, but you'd never suspect the source of the other greenery that added so much unless we told you that it was just plain ordinary privet!

Most of us would never run into much trouble locating pink and white climbing roses for a June wedding, but the really important flowers needed, Madonna lilies, are something else again. We would all hesitate, I'm sure, to strip a friend's garden of these no matter how generously they were offered. That's why we were profoundly happy to have them in our own gardens when they were so badly needed.

I continue to marvel that any flower so beautiful and spectacular can be



grown so easily. It will thrive in practically any soil or location, but, like most other flowers it will appreciate specific things: in this case an area with good drainage and the addition of lime to the earth. Provide these two things and you'll furnish the only requirements needed for magnificent blooms.

Madonna lilies must be planted in the fall. This means that right now you must put your mind to the subject! It's one of the few bulbs that require shallow planting; the top of the bulb should not be over an inch below the surface of the ground. Plant them in groups of three. They will bloom the following June and, once established, will multiply beyond your expectations.

None of us knew when we planted our Madonna lily bulbs last autumn that they would prove the perfect answer to flowers for Margery's wedding, but the heartwarming experience of having exactly what was needed at the moment it was needed made such an impression upon us that henceforth we are going to put out a few more bulbs each year and think of them as our wedding flowers; their blossoms will be available to anyone whom we know who is decorating for a June wedding.

I hope that you too will plan to have these in your garden next summer. If circumstances don't call upon you to help with a wedding when June roll around, you'll have them for your own delight and pleasure. I can't tell you, for instance, how much we enjoyed the arrangement shown on this page. Our living room was full of delicate fragrance throughout the entire ten days these lilies stood on a small table, and when they finally wilted and were carried out I found myself anticipating June of 1952 when we will make such an arrangement once again.

—Lucile.

VIEWPOINT

The two beheld their shattered worlds. One, from her grief, shaped prison bars.

The other caught like threads of pain And wove a mantle for her scars.
—Elizabeth E. Barnes.

THAT FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

By Phyllis J. Pasqualetti

My little boy started to school today.

It seems strange that ordinarily I think he is tall for his age. But this morning, walking down the hill toward school, he looked so small that I felt a catch at my heart and a sudden fear that perhaps I shouldn't send him just yet. After all, he is only five and a half! Then I reprimanded myself for being too protective where my son is concerned, but ever since we came so close to losing him I've been that way. A sudden squeal of brakes or a high pitched scream, brings me to the door, my heart pounding with fear. And it's certainly an anti-climax to be greeted with "What's the matter, Mom?"

I know I shouldn't be like that. I know I should conquer that fear, for I can't always be around to protect him, to shelter him, to stand between him and the world. Yet, even knowing these things I can't seem to help myself.

Now he is going to school. I can't hold him back. He's not a mama's boy. He's as tough as they come. He yells louder, plays harder and gets into every bit as much mischief as any boy his age on the block. But what will his teacher think of him? What will HE think of HER? Will he have to sit in the corner for talking too much as his sister did just two short years ago? Will he understand that teachers just can't take time out to love and comfort him any more than any other child? Will he fight and be sent to the office as another child I know was on his first day at school?

Funny, the house seems awfully big and empty today. I have become so used to the door banging as he goes out to play and the loud noise he and his play-mates make being fire chiefs and cowboys and "Wolfus" eating each other up, that this deadly silence is almost frightening.

He has been in school two hours now. Did he say "Good morning, Teacher?" the way I taught him to? Did he hang up his coat and hat? Did he ask permission to go to the bathroom or did he just announce it as he usually does at home?

He is on the assembly line now. Take one small boy, start him in the front door of the school factory. He must not speak until he is spoken to. He must not be individualistic. He must conform. He must learn social adjustment and cooperation. He must be obedient. He must never, never talk back. He must learn respect for property and feelings. He must learn to be a good American. In between he will learn to read, and write and draw and add and a few short years hence he and I will be arguing politics and religion on an equal basis. He will be turned out of the school factory a nearly grown man, having spent more time under its influence than mine, and what he becomes will be settled in the years between now and then.

These are my thoughts while my little boy spends his first day in



This picture of Kristin and Juliana says goodbye to another wonderful summer. Dorothy and I feel so fortunate that they retain the same interests as they grow older. Reading, playing dolls and paper dolls have been their happiest occupation through these vacation days that are now over.

school. It is nearly time for him to come home—there he is now! No black eyes. No bloody nose. His clothes seem in fairly good condition.

"Well Son, how did you like school?"

"Fine."

"Is that all. Just fine? Did you like your teacher?"

"Sure. She's okay. Say Mom, can I go out to play after I finish my lunch?"

I tell him yes, he may. For a little while. Then he must rest after such a big day. To which he replies, "Aw, I'm not tired." But just the same he is going to have a rest for after all he is only five and a half years old.

A BACK TO SCHOOL PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

What could be more fitting than an ABC Party at the beginning of the new school year? If your child's birthday falls in September, here are suggestions for handling his party.

For your invitations draw a child's building block and letter the sides A, B, C. Your invitation written on the back of the block may read:

A back to school party.

B ecause vacation is over.

C ome to my house (DATE)

When your guests arrive ring the bell to call them to order. Then give each one 5 A's, 5 B's, and 5 C's. Whenever one player can get another to say A (a), B (be), or C (see), he gets to take that particular letter from him. At a certain time, ring the bell and have each count his letters to see who has collected the most.

Next have your guests seated and play "When I Went to School". The first player says, "When I went to school I took an (he names something beginning with A such as apple)." The next player must repeat the first player's words and add something beginning with the letter B. Soon it may sound like this: "When I went to school I took an apple, a book, a candy bar, and a dog." A player who

fails to repeat properly must drop out of the game.

A variation of this suitable for smaller children is simply to play the game without attempting to keep the alphabetical sequence. You'll find that youngsters of seven and eight can play this most successfully and with great pleasure if they're not requested to attempt anything beyond simply remembering what was listed earlier.

Now you are ready for an Alphabet Hunt. Cut the letters from stiff paper and make enough sets that each child will have all 26 letters when he is through. (This means a lot of cutting, but get your husband and children to pitch in and help some evening before the party.) Hide the letters before the guests arrive, and then turn them loose to see who can be the first to complete the alphabet. And for children under ten years of age it is wise to paste a complete alphabet on a big sheet of paper and tack it up where they can refer to it quickly and easily.

Old-Fashioned tag can be given a new twist by having the person who is "It" called the Truant Officer. Children will scurry twice as fast if they are pursued by him!

A collection of old school books will make a fine prop for the ever-popular relay race. Divide the children into two groups. Pile the books at one end. In turn a member of each group runs to the books, brings one back and places it at the other end. The first group through is the winner, of course.

"Pin the Cap on the Duncie" is a variation of "Pin the Tail on the Donkey". Draw a large foolish looking duncie on a piece of old sheeting, blindfold the children, turn them around several times, and then direct them to pin on the duncie cap. This always creates much merriment.

Your refreshments, too, may carry out the ABC idea. Individual cup cakes may be covered with white icing and decorated with colored ABC's on top. You can also buy alphabet crackers similar to animal crackers which you may use to decorate either a large cake or individual ones. If you serve sandwiches you may cut them in fancy shapes and use a soft cream cheese in your cake decorator to form ABC's on top.

Decorate plain white napkins and place cards with gummed alphabet seals.

Perhaps you have a school song that you will have the group sing before you ring the dismissal bell.

GRANDMOTHER'S RAG-BAG

What has become of the rag-bag Common in grandmother's day? A treasure in an attic nook Containing a vast display Of scraps of cloth for dolly clothes Delighting the childish eye. Now down the lane of memory Come scents of calico dye. Some times I see a modern print Bear kinship to calico, I climb the attic stair in dreams Of the blissful long ago.

Elfriede Schutt

LET'S HOPE THAT FREDERICK GETS SOME BIG ONES!

Dear Folks:

I wish that you could see my face tonight; it is as red as a firetruck. Betty and Mary Leanna and I spent the entire day aboard a beautiful cabin cruiser sailing around the islands in Narragansett Bay, and my face shows the whipping effects of wind, salt spray, and sun. Nevertheless we had a wonderful time, and we are very grateful for the pleasure and escape from the heat it provided.

I say heat, but actually I don't mean it. We have been blessed with very mild weather this summer, and even when it is hot, we have a breeze from the water. Today we had to wear jackets on the boat. Of course, we do not own a boat, but two of our friends do, and today the two boats were running side by side. At lunch-time we tied up the boats in a beautiful little cove on Prudence Island, and while the ladies prepared the food, the men and the children dug for clams in the sand along the shore.

We had live clams on the half shell, cold sliced turkey, dressing, hot sugared sweet potatoes, corn on the cob, cranberry sauce, hot buttered squash, a tossed green salad, and for dessert we had strawberry shortcake and coffee. Now how is that for a picnic lunch aboard a boat? Of course the meal was prepared on the stoves in the two boats, but the boats were so securely fastened together that it was just like having one boat with two kitchens.

I wonder if you are as fond of live clams on the half shell as we are? I know that many people do not like them, but out here on the east coast most people do. When my sister Margery came to visit us last summer we thought that she would just love steamed clams dipped in melted butter, and I think that she would have liked them had I not said to her just as she put the first one to her mouth: "Now Margery, remember to bite the clam very hard on the first bite before it gets a chance to bite you!" Margery turned green and pushed the clams to the other side of the table. I don't think that she ever did appreciate the humor in my suggestion.

I don't think that there is any kind of seafood I haven't tried and liked. With the price of meat as high as it is, we eat a great deal of seafood. Just last night we had fried shrimps, and two nights ago we had fresh swordfish. When my mother and father come out here in September we intend to serve them all the seafood they can eat, for we know that out in Iowa it is not as plentiful nor as good as it is back here.

Just after I last wrote to you, Bristol had its big Fourth of July celebration, and it was the 175th time that the Fourth of July has been celebrated here. I was the chaplain of the day and had to march in the parade, the largest Fourth of July parade in the country. Yes, believe it or not, this little seaport town in Rhode Island is said to have the largest Fourth of July Parade in the coun-



Those of you who have been in Aunt Susan Conrad's pottery shop in Clarinda will recognize this instantly, for it is one of her displays. I still think that one of the most interesting experiences anyone can have is to watch the entire process of pottery making, and if your club wants to make a worthwhile out-of-town expedition there could be nothing more stimulating than a trip to Aunt Sue's.

try. It took one hour and forty-five minutes for the parade to pass in front of our house, and it was moving right along all of the time. The only stop made came just at the moment when I was right in front of our house, and so I had the fun of visiting with my family and neighbors for a few minutes.

I think that a good sense of humor is a wonderful thing to have, and fortunately I had one on the Fourth of July, or I would never have lived through the day. When I bought the naval uniform that I wore in the parade, I weighed 160 pounds, but today I weigh 190 pounds, and believe you me we had plenty of trouble finding room for the extra 30 pounds this year.

I say we had plenty of trouble, for without my good wife's assistance I could never have managed to button a single button. Had I taken just one deep breath at any time during the entire day I would have been a goner. Imagine marching for miles under such a strain! But the worst part of it all was that I couldn't sit down. Why, I couldn't so much as wiggle a shoulder without feeling some stitches go, and so of course I didn't dare try to sit down. In that condition imagine my embarrassment when I was offered a seat on the front row of the program platform right beside the governor of this state. I simply had to turn to the Governor and say: "Excuse me sir, I couldn't sit down. My trousers are too tight!" And that was that!

One of the ladies of our church just came in and gave me a financial report on the lobster supper that we had at our church a few weeks ago. The week before the supper we had some rough seas and so the lobster fishermen couldn't get out to tend their lobster pots. The price of lobster rose three times that week and the final cost of the lobster for the 181 dinners served was \$156.00. Some heavy rains hurt the strawberries, and so the final price for the berries was \$16.00. Despite the high prices of everything, the ladies made a net profit of \$124.00. In our church we always charge \$2.00 for a lobster or chicken supper. We simply have to charge that much if we are to make any profit at all. I have always believed that a person should pay more

for a church supper than he would pay at a restaurant, for after all, the profit is for a very worthy cause.

If you were to visit our church next Saturday afternoon, you would have a wonderful time, for that is the day we are holding our annual Summer Bazaar. Under a large tent on the church lawn there will be dozens of tables loaded with beautiful handiwork of all kinds. In the parish house there will be a flower show, and on the parish house lawn there will be a special children's bazaar. In the evening on the church lawn there will be a variety show featuring the finest magician in the United States and several entertainers from New York television shows.

We know that it will be a very successful venture providing we do not have any rain. Good weather we simply must have, for I do not want our church to have the terrible time another church in this neighborhood had a few weeks ago. This other church had an outdoor buffet supper for more than 400 people held on the lawn of a large home on the seashore. Three hundred people had been served and another hundred were standing in line at the buffet tables when down came the rain. There was a mad scramble as everyone grabbed his plate and ran for the shelter of the house. Just imagine what it was like to have 400 people, 300 of them carrying plates of food, all trying to push their way into one living room and dining room. Everyone took it gracefully enough and I don't think that anyone went away hungry, but it was a big disappointment all the same. One of the nice things I remember about the land of Egypt is the dependability of the weather. In Egypt we could always plan on a picnic and know months in advance that we would have good weather. Certainly we never had to worry about rain.

Mary Leanna had her first birthday party this week. Last year on her third birthday we couldn't have a party for her because of the arrival of her brother David Lloyd, and this year she began making plans for her party months in advance. We held most of the party out of doors and on the back porch, but for the last hour of it we brought all the children into the house and let them sit on the floor and watch moving pictures rented specially for the occasion. It was a big week for the children of the neighborhood, for another little child had a birthday on the same day as Mary Leanna. Since both children had been promised a party, one party was held one day and the other on the next. Mary Leanna's party was actually on the day after her birthday, a fact that caused her no end of confusion.

The next time I write to you I shall be sitting on the banks of a little lake nestled back in the forest-covered hills of central Rhode Island. I sincerely hope that I shall be able to tell you of all the big fish I have caught, for the one thing I intend to do on my vacation is fish. I am just going to fish and fish and fish!

Sincerely, Frederick.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PIONEERS

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

In April of 1949, just a century after the famous Forty-Niners of the gold-rush era, we left Iowa to make our future, permanent home in the vicinity of Anaheim, California. Our covered wagon was a modern house-trailer and our oxen a modern car. The trip took five days instead of five months. There were no wild Indians to encounter or hardships to endure, but in spite of such favorable conditions my spirit was truly that of a pioneer.

Surely such a feeling is almost inevitable when one makes a final break from his family and the community in which he has always lived. Perhaps "final" is too strong a word to use in this day and age when a great emergency can put you on a plane and back in the home town within eight or nine hours, but there is no arguing the fact that you have really left a familiar, well known way of life when you pack up your family and move to a distant section of the country with every intention of remaining there permanently.

So many people are constantly weighing the pros and cons of moving to California that they might like to hear about a few of the things that enter into the overall situation. Every case varies in its details, but there are some angles common to all of us.

We didn't suddenly just up and decide to move to California. For a long, long time we contemplated the move, and this process really started during the war years when we spent several months in California while my husband was serving with the Navy. After his discharge from the Navy we made a winter trip to this area where we finally located, so the country was not unfamiliar to us. I think the majority of people who do move to California have visited here at some time or another, and have some idea where they would like to live. If not, they usually know some one living here whom they can consult.

The sharpest exception to this comes when the doctor recommends such a move for reasons of health. It's true that a change of climate isn't prescribed nearly as frequently these days as it once was, but every now and then a case will come along when it seems to be the only hopeful solution. And people who are compelled to move for such a reason usually feel much unhappier about it than the others, for given good health the likelihood is that they would remain in their home community. These are the people for whom the new location is really a pioneering experience.

A house trailer is ideal for most people coming here. They can move from one place to another testing the climate and working possibilities. We have two small youngsters and decided at the outset that a trailer would be our best mode of travel for we figured that it would give us adequate housing for some time after we arrived, thus eliminating the necessity of buying property too hurriedly.

Since a house trailer is anything but private, at its best, we decided to give up the bedroom to the boys; the slid-



Margery prepares to cut the first piece of her wedding cake while Oliver lends the conventional assistance. This cake was so beautiful with its delicate shell-pink icing and rosebuds that we truly regret the picture couldn't be in color. In case you wonder what supports the three tiers I will explain that clear plastic tubes were used.

ing door could be closed and in this way they could continue their regular bed-time habits. (We purchased a very comfortable studio couch for the living room section, and this doubled as our bed.) In the bedroom we took out the large bed and built in two adorable bunk cribs. They were just the size of the springs and mattresses from the children's beds, and had let down sides equipped with slide catches for safety. These beds were finished with clear varnish to match the trailer woodwork, and when they were finished we were delighted to discover that we had enough room left for a six shelf metal cabinet that was badly needed for extra storage.

All in all, from our own experience and the experience of many others with whom we've talked, a house trailer settles a lot of problems. It gives you freedom of action in deciding upon a permanent location, for California climates vary amazingly in even a ten or fifteen mile radius. If you can't stand heat, don't move too near the desert no matter how nice someone else may think it is. If dampness and chilly breezes bother you, don't buy a house with the ocean for your back yard. We are inland about fifteen miles—an hour's drive to the snow of the mountains or the sands of the desert. We didn't make our choice hurriedly and we think that our location is quite ideal—but many disagree.

Older, retired people are most interested in a nice home, a climate to suit their needs, and preferably walking distance from the grocery store. However, younger people with families find that they have more to consider. We were interested in rural living and in running a chicken ranch, but in addition to this we wanted to be near good schools, churches, shopping areas and

hospitals. And there is one thing to be said about California on this subject: most sections are being built up so rapidly that virtually any location will soon be near these essentials.

Chicken ranches are very popular in this section of the state. Many Mid-western people go into this business, and they find out in swift order what a variety of things must be watched! The almost unbelievable growth in population is cutting down tremendously on the amount of agricultural land that is available, and this is most understandable when you pick up the paper and read that three thousand acres have been bought for housing.

Population always controls zoning regulations, and it's entirely possible that your location might change from farm to residential in a short time. We were so long acquiring our chicken permit that I contemplated writing a book to be titled "The Egg and I—Maybe"! I will say that the climatic conditions makes raising chickens a most interesting experience, and when Iowa friends visit us they are astounded at our methods and equipment.

You hear much about the water situation in California. This is certainly one problem that the individual cannot do very much about. It happens that we have a good well on our property and are near irrigation water, but when there are restrictions on the use of water it applies to us too, even though we have our own well. Many people have a supply tank and use irrigation water for all their needs. A good well is a mighty prized possession!

When you have done a great deal of investigating and finally decided upon the community in which you wish to live, then consult the Chamber of Commerce or Better Business Bureau for reliable Real Estate Agents, and for other information. Incidentally, even though your long range plans may call for going into business for yourself, it's often a very wise idea to work for someone else for awhile. After one is more thoroughly acquainted with his new community there is much less risk of getting into a poor business venture.

Letters from old friends sometimes contain this question: have you found it hard to get acquainted? The answer to this is "yes"—we have found it a little hard to get acquainted. But your church is always a good source of friendship, and if you have children in schools you'll learn that the P.T.A. organizations are very active and would welcome your interest. The Farm Bureau is also active, and there are any number of various state societies with people who formerly lived in your own state. No doubt you have heard about the huge Iowa Picnic, or the Nebraska, Kansas, etc., state picnics. If you take the initiative there are many ways to meet new friends, and if you buy or build your home you'll no doubt find, just as we did, that you can cultivate the friendship of your neighbors.

Yes, I like California because my dearest possessions are here, but there are ties reminiscent of the Midwest that will never be forgotten.

AND NOW IT'S BACK TO SCHOOL

Yes, Good Friends, these are the days we are waiting impatiently for the Monday when our long, tree-shaded hill will be full of children starting back to school. Juliana can scarcely wait, and watching her eagerness I can only hope that this will continue for many years to come and that school will remain a happy experience instead of a prison.

In just a few days now she will enter the third grade. And as I write this I don't believe that any decision has been made as yet regarding what we now know as split grades. It seems that the children born in 1943 constitute the dividing line. When she entered kindergarten there were far too many for the customary set-up, so at that time her class was split and it has remained split. In her school there have been two first grades, two second grades, and I presume, although no formal announcement has been made, that soon there will be two third grades. Certainly no mortal could hope to teach very much to fifty-odd eight year olds, and that's what it would be if they didn't divide the class.

Unless your children go to rural schools it's my guess that virtually all of you have this identical problem. School house walls are bulging, and all of the educators who study the subject say that they will continue to bulge. The only answer seems to be new buildings to accommodate the overflow, but this is a lot easier said than done, and it will take a long, long time to thrash out all of the angles involved. In the meantime most of us will just be grateful that our children can still trot down the street on a September day—at least we mothers don't need to wonder at what dire moment the building itself, crowded though it may be, will simply disappear.

I guess that I'm not the first mother who has found out that when little girls start to grow up they continue the process by leaps and bounds! I remember so clearly that when Juliana started to kindergarten she wore many of the dresses that I had made for her as much as two years earlier. They all had deep hems, and I just lengthened them as the need arose. They seemed to fit nicely enough when those hems were let down.

Well, those days are wholly and completely gone. This fall she cannot wear any of the dresses that she wore last fall, and even some of the things I made for spring look skimpy and peculiar. I've decided now that I might just as well make things that fit at the outset and let nature take its course, so at every odd moment I'm taking stitches in some new garment.

The outfit that I'm working on currently is an Alice-In-Wonderland dress. I had nice chartreuse broadcloth on hand and expected to use this, plus a white organdy pinafore, but it seems that the Disney book of Alice shows her in blue—so blue it must be. For a while I thought that Juliana was the only little girl who had such set notions about things, but in talking with the mothers of her play-

mates I've discovered that they all have very clear ideas about everything under the sun.

I'm so glad that we could show you a picture of Alison in this issue for she is a darling baby. Study her as I will, I cannot see the slightest similarity between her and Emily—they are as different as the proverbial day and night. We often marvel, I know, how much difference there can be among children in one family, but what a blessing this is true! After all, it wouldn't be very interesting to have carbon copies.

I always feel good when I see Juliana's bassinet in use once again, and I wish now that we'd taken action on an idea we had when it was first purchased nine years ago this September. (I was so thrilled to be having a baby that I laid in everything months before it was needed!) We said then that it would be nice to carve every baby's name in the heavy crosspiece to which the large wheels are attached, and I guess that this could still be done for I recall (with but one exception) every single name.

It would read: Juliana, Kristin, Jerold, Martin, Emily, Curtis, and Alison. The reason one name is missing from my memory is because Jerold was using the bassinet when we moved from Hollywood to San Francisco, and when he was through with it his parents loaned it to someone else. I never did know what baby slept in it!

Right here I must tell you something that struck me funny at the time, and still strikes me funny, for that matter. I had the bassinet fixed up with dainty but practical trimmings—I sewed pale pink and pale blue (both colors to be on the safe side!) strips of fine batiste together to weave through the large beading in the sides, and also through the hood. Then I made a white quilted sateen lining that looked fine and could be removed easily to launder. I didn't fool around with any skirts on it. Juliana looked pretty good to my eyes as she slept in this bassinet, and Kristin also fared well with the same trimmings and lining.

Then the bassinet went to Jerold four months before his arrival, and since both Jerold's mother and grandmother had their hearts absolutely set on a girl, they really went to work on that bassinet. I should explain also that everyone concerned had completely given up all hope of a baby, boy or girl, some years earlier, and consequently a lot depended upon this child.

When mama and grandma were through with the bassinet they asked me to come and see it, plus the layette. I took one look at that magnificent collection of heavy pink satin ribbon, fine tulle, yards and yards of net, and gorgeous white satin lining, and my heart sank. What if they had a boy? By the time I'd finished inspecting the layette (fit for a royal princess) I was almost speechless. It seemed to me almost like insulting fate to make such elaborate preparations for a girl.

They had a boy, of course, a great big enormous husky boy who was scaling the sides of the bassinet in about

one month. I believe he was the most fierce boy I've ever seen in my life. It was a sad, sad thing to see him smothered in pink satin and fine tulle . . . so, just remember this if you're decorating a bassinet in the future.

I certainly don't mind cooking these days. It seems to me that we fare better at this season than at any other time for there are melons, corn, cucumbers, peppers, cabbage and beets in the vegetable line, plus pears, peaches, grapes and I don't know what all in the fruit line.

Almost every time I go shopping I see something that makes me realize again how drastically our markets have changed in the past few years. Limes, for instance. I saw them today, reasonably priced too, and as I picked out a half-dozen I thought of the time about twenty years ago when I was entertaining some out-of-town school friends and wanted limes to spark up a pitcher of lemonade. Well, I got the limes all right, but do you know where? At the freight office. That's the only place they ever had them, and we had to go down there if we ever had a craving for limes.

Ever since the terrible floods in Kansas and Missouri I haven't been able to run the vacuum over my carpets, dust any furniture, or get food from an electric refrigerator and turn to a gas stove to cook it without thinking of the women who had to stand and see their homes a complete shambles. I look around my house and try to imagine what it would be to see everything ruined by water and silt, but it's one of those things that you cannot really imagine unless you experience it.

Fire is terrible enough, but at least if it's been a fire that destroyed your home, everything is gone and you don't have to be confronted over and over with furniture and possessions that are ruined but still in evidence. Everytime I hear anyone speak disparagingly about human beings I think of the enormous courage and fortitude that men and women summon up when they are confronted with building over again everything that they had worked for years to achieve, and I marvel that anyone can feel that human beings don't amount to much! It's too bad the cynics of the world can't take a quick trip to Kansas and Missouri and see what people can really do when the need arises.

It's time for supper, so until October . . . Lucile.

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PLANNING A CLUB OR AID PROGRAM?

By Mabel Nair Brown

Is yours a garden club or a group that enjoys flower study and arrangements? Then why not plan a program on "The flowers and house plants which women of other countries enjoy"? Try to avoid a dry, factual paper on the subject, and instead make an attempt to find colored pictures of some of their unusual flowers. Following this, have someone demonstrate a few of the ways that homemakers in other lands use flowers. Chinese and Japanese arrangements are exceptionally beautiful, and did you know that in Hawaii certain brilliant blossoms are pinned to the window curtains? It is interesting to learn how the Chinese make the lovely dwarf trees in pots, and what country's homemakers excel in the "floating" table flower centerpieces.

Along this line of trying to know how the rest of the world does things, how about a discussion or lesson on "This is the way they wash their clothes" which would bring out the wide variety of ways used to do home laundering the world around? Wouldn't you, too, be surprised to know that housewives in some countries wash their household linens and clothing but twice a year—just like we do spring and fall housecleaning? Imagine washing bedding for one entire week! And how do they manage enough to last so many months between washing? Do not forget that your local library, as well as The State Traveling Library, is a wonderful source of help for such program material.

In your community may be a war bride or two who would take pride in explaining and showing interesting things about her life in her homeland. Especially at Christmas time these wives might have many intriguing holiday customs to tell about, and the holiday foods of other countries is especially interesting. Your tea table might even feature some of these foods.

For a club luncheon or as a money-making idea, why not try a Smorgasbord? Even if your group does not boast members of Scandinavian descent, you can enjoy the fun of preparing all of the appetizing foods in countless number which one sees at the Smorgasbord—and my! the fun of tasting that marvelous assortment of goodies, from cold meats to hot spicy ones, cookies to doughnuts, rolls to coffee cake, pickles, jellies, jams, relishes, salads, casserole dishes—there is no use trying to name all the mouth watering goodies on a groaning Smorgasbord table—just fall in line and help yourself to all you can eat! This might be served like the Penney Suppers, each food marked 3¢, etc., per serving, much like a cafeteria. The guests could then walk by a cashier who would total up the amount to be paid by each one, according to the amount of



And here is the newest Driftmier ready to make your acquaintance! Alison Virginia was twelve days old when this was taken, and although her nap was interrupted for this picture she cooperated so well that we have great hopes for future pictures.

food on the plate. If possible, have some person, or a group, play some Scandinavian music on an accordion as the guests are being served. If the table hostesses and waitresses wear Scandinavian costumes it would add a great deal to the occasion.

In these days when World Peace is uppermost in all our minds, it is important that every woman know something about the United Nations. Do YOU know how it works, what are some of its activities, or what YOU can do to help make it a success? Do YOU know there is a Peoples Section of the U. N.? That is the way each one of us can make our opinions felt in the discussion of world affairs. Your group can be the one to start a discussion group in your town, perhaps get a number of churches and other groups interested in a United Nations Information Program in your town. For information write to the Peoples Section, American Association for the United Nations, 45 E. 65th St., New York 21, N.Y.

Would your group be interested in church decorations? By this I mean floral arrangements for Sunday services and perhaps for weddings? You might like to have discussions and demonstrations on church arrangements. But had your Aid thought of making it their definite responsibility to see that appropriate flowers are at the church every Sunday, thus avoiding a wealth of flowers one Sunday and then several Sundays without a single blossom!

Once you begin making definite plans, you will soon learn about the people who have flowers in their gardens which they will gladly contribute. And, too, as the winter months come along when garden flowers are not available, folks can loan their blooming house plants, and even share gifts of potted plants with their church friends on Sunday. If the church flower committee feels occasionally that they should buy plants or flowers during the winter months, these could be taken to the sick folks at home or in hospitals—thus doing double duty at spreading cheer! Thus you can see the program taken up for your Aid meeting going on to work throughout the year in your community to spread Good Neighbor cheer.

So often we take it for granted that the floral decorations for a wedding are in charge of the professional florist. But had you thought of the fun

the ladies of your church might have if they undertook to do this as a part of their program? There is usually some woman in the group who has a special knack along this line and who will gladly give a lesson on it and then supervise the carrying out of such a program when the occasion arises.

If you preferred to go at it in earnest, you could perhaps charge a reasonable fee (which would still be less than professional service I'm sure). Study the arrangement of your church and then try to acquire the baskets and vases, candelabra, and pedestals, which are necessary to decorate it to the best effect. Then get organized so that the ladies can be assigned definite duties when the wedding day arrives. Two might do the baskets, others the altar, some will do the aisle bouquets and ribbons, etc. In addition to the knowledge and fun (and work, of course!) gained in such a project, think of the sentimental value from the bride's point of view as she remembers the church lovingly decorated by her own friends with beautiful flowers from the neighborhood gardens.

If your group counts many mothers of small fry and teenagers in its membership, the making of homemade play equipment, games etc., might prove an interesting program to consider. Write to the Extension Service of your State College and ask for leaflets on such equipment and games, also toys. They will include many plans, diagrams and patterns. And they sell well at bazaars, too!

Always there is sewing that is welcomed in various Children's Homes, and if there is a State Institution near you, there are many services the women of your group can do. Just inquire of the Superintendent and you will be surprised at the many services you can do to make life better and brighter for the inmates of these institutions.

No longer should our club, Aid or other groups be content to sit through an afternoon with idle hands just visiting!! There is too much we can be studying and doing to make our homes, our community and our world a better place in which to live!

PATERNITY

I didn't know it would be such fun
To be the dad of a little son,
Nor the joys he would bring me, one
by one,
I never dreamed it would be such
fun!

I didn't know it would be so sweet,
To cuddle a baby's rosy feet
And help him to walk, and talk and
eat,
I never dreamed it would be so
sweet!

I didn't know I could feel so blest
As when I have lured him from
play to rest,
His drowsy head to my shoulder
pressed,
I never dreamed, I couldn't have
guessed.

—Martha Field Eaton.



"BEST EVER" GRAPE JUICE

7 pounds of grapes, weighed after picking from the stems. Sift 3 ounces of tartaric acid over the fruit and let stand overnight. In the morning put in cloth sack and squeeze out all juice (you will have about 3 pints). To this add 7 pounds of sugar. Put in an open kettle where it can be stirred from time to time for about a week. It will keep without sealing. This makes a thick syrup that can be diluted with water for a fine drink.

CANNING PEARS FOR SALAD

Make a syrup of 1 quart water, 2 cups sugar and 1 cup vinegar. Boil to syrup stage. Drop in a few cinnamon drops and a few drops of red cake coloring. Peel nice firm pears that are not too ripe and drop in a few at a time; cook until they will drop off a fork easily. Pack in glass jars, cover with remaining syrup and seal. When using the small pears, can them whole. Cut large pears in half and remove the core for canning. They are a beautiful color and are very tasty for salads or as a relish.

ONION DRESSING

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 3 tsp. onion juice or grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil
- 4 Tbls. vinegar

Mix dry ingredients and dissolve with vinegar. Then add salad oil slowly and blend with rotary beater. Very delicious with fruit.

OLD-FASHIONED PICKLES

- 7 lbs. cucumbers, medium size
- 2 cups hydrated lime
- 2 gallons water

Slice cucumbers very thin; cover and soak 24 hours. Rinse well and soak three hours in clear water. Rinse again and cover with the following solution which has been brought to a boil:

- 2 qts. vinegar
- 4 1/2 pints sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. whole cloves
- 1 tsp. pickling spice

Soak pickles in this solution overnight; then boil for 40 minutes and seal. These pickles are very crisp with a pretty green color. They must be handled carefully as they break up easily.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

MIXED RELISH (Uncooked)

- 2 medium heads cabbage
 - 8 carrots
 - 12 onions
 - 6 green peppers
 - 2 red peppers
 - 1 bunch celery
- Grind above ingredients coarsely and soak overnight with 1/2 cup coarse salt. In the morning squeeze out, add 4 cups sugar, 1 qt. vinegar, 1 Tbls. white mustard seed and 1 tsp. celery seed. Mix thoroughly and seal.

CHILI SAUCE

- 9 large ripe tomatoes
 - 2 onions
 - 1 green pepper
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 cup vinegar
 - 1 Tbls. salt
 - 1 tsp. each of allspice, cinnamon, cloves and mustard
- Chop onions and green pepper. Add tomatoes cut in pieces and sugar and boil until thick. Add vinegar, salt and spices and boil 5 minutes. Seal in glass jars.

VEGETABLE MIXTURE FOR SOUP

- 1 peck ripe tomatoes
- 12 ears corn
- 2 quarts chopped carrots
- 12 large onions
- 2 heads cabbage
- 3 red and 3 green peppers
- 6 bunches celery
- 1 cup salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 5 quarts water

Mix all together and boil in an open kettle for 1 hour. Put in glass jars and seal. It keeps perfectly.

BARBECUE SAUCE

- 8 cups tomato ketchup or strained chili sauce
- 8 cups meat stock
- 1 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- Cayenne pepper to taste
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup vinegar

Mix all ingredients and heat to boiling. Pour into hot jars and process for 2 hours in hot-water bath or 45 minutes at 10 pounds pressure; then complete seal.

This is an excellent way to utilize any ketchup or chili sauce left over from the previous season. Any water in which boiling beef was cooked makes a good meat stock.

SENSATIONAL PICKLES

Slice 2 gallons of cucumbers lengthwise. (Size up to 5 inches long can be used, but do not get them too small.) Soak cukes for 3 days in salt water (2 cups coarse salt to 1 gallon of water). Then soak in fresh water for 2 days, changing water each day.

Put layer of grape leaves, then a layer of cukes alternately in a large kettle and pour over it a solution of 1 pint vinegar to 1 gallon of water. Cook very slowly for one hour. After it starts to boil, place on back of stove. Then pack pickles in jars, throwing away water in which they were boiled. Make a syrup of 1 qt. vinegar and 3 lbs. sugar. Mix whole spices (to taste) and 2 scant tsp. alum. Boil this a few minutes, and then pour over the hot pickles in the jar and seal. This is the original recipe for a famous commercial pickle and was sent by a reader in Blair, Nebraska.

BAKED EGGS WITH PEPPERS

- 8 hard-cooked eggs
- 6 green peppers
- 1 cup milk
- Buttered crumbs
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup soft cheese

Chop eggs coarsely. Cut peppers in halves, and remove seeds. Par-boil 5 minutes. Combine milk, flour, and butter. Season to taste. Cook over low heat until thick. Add cheese. Combine chopped eggs and cheese sauce. Fill pepper shells. Cover with crumbs. Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 20 minutes.

BAKED CELERY LOAF

- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 3 cups sliced and chopped celery
- 3 whole eggs
- Salt and pepper to taste

Add celery (don't chop too fine) to white sauce. Then add well beaten eggs and seasonings and blend. Pour into buttered and lightly floured baking dish, place dish in pan of water, and bake for one hour in a 350 degree oven.

BUTTERSCOTCH SOUR CREAM COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat. Add sour cream and vanilla, and lastly add dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet, and place pecan halves on each. Do not press down as they flatten out as they bake. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 15 minutes.

QUICK AS A WINK NOODLES

3 eggs, beaten
1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt

Stir flour and salt into beaten eggs. Then fill cookie press using the plate which has small holes in it. Mabel Nair Brown says: Just bring the broth to a full rolling boil and then push the batter through press directly into boiling broth. They swell up and make big fluffy noodles, tender and light, with something of the texture of dumplings.

CARROT LOAF

2 cups ground carrots
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup bread crumbs
2 cups milk
2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
4 Tbles. melted butter

Mix all ingredients together. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a 325 degree oven until firm—about 55 minutes. Place the baking dish in a pan of hot water if you don't want crusty sides.

MOTHER-IN-LAW OATMEAL COOKIES

(Fine to start the school lunches)
2 cups raisins
2 cups water
1 cup shortening (butter is good!)
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
3 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. maple flavoring
3 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
4 cups oats
1/2 cup nuts

Boil together the raisins and water for 5 minutes and cool. Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add eggs and flavoring. Then stir in cooled raisins mixture. Sift 1 tsp. soda in 1 cup flour and add. Then add remainder of flour, oats and nuts. If dough does not hold its shape when dropped in teaspoons on greased cookie sheet, add a little more flour and oats. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 12 minutes. This makes a big batch of moist, delicious cookies.

BEEF SUPPER SALAD

(Colorful and delicious)

1 1/2 cupfuls chopped cooked beets
1 1/2 cupfuls diced celery
1 cupful diced tart apple
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
Small amount of French dressing
Mayonnaise
Lettuce

Combine the well drained beets, celery, and apple with enough French dressing barely to moisten. (The ingredients should be thoroughly chilled.) Then add the eggs and enough mayonnaise to blend the mixture. Arrange in a salad bowl lined with lettuce.

BEST EVER CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

1 cup vegetable shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
2 pkgs. chocolate chips
Nuts, if you wish

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift together and add the flour, baking powder and salt. Lastly add chocolate chips and nuts, if you wish. Drop by teaspoons on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

The woman who sent this recipe said that she tried countless variations on chocolate chips and was never satisfied until she located this one.

DIFFERENT METHOD PIE CRUST

1/2 cup cold water
1 cup lard
3 cups flour
Salt to individual taste

Beat the lard with cold water until creamy. Then add salt—about 1 tsp., but individual tastes vary where salt in pie crust is concerned. Stir in 3 cups of flour and blend until it forms a compact ball of dough. Do not handle any more than absolutely necessary.

LEMON DROPS

2 cups sifted flour
3 tsp. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
2 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup sugar
1 beaten egg
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/4 cup cold water

Beat together until light the shortening, grated lemon rind and sugar. Add egg, lemon juice and cold water and beat well. Mixture may curdle but that doesn't hurt it. Then add dry ingredients sifted together, mix well. Drop by rounded teaspoon on greased cookie sheet and bake 8 to 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Mabel Nair Brown says about this cookie: "We think that they're a bite of spring itself—such refreshing lemon flavor. We also think they are tops to serve with ice cream, and they would be fine on a party tray with ice cream this summer."

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER" SALAD

1 pkg. lime gelatin
3/4 cup hot water
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 tsp. onion juice
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup chopped, unpeeled cucumber

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon and onion juice. Chill until partially set. Fold in mayonnaise and cucumbers. Pour into 6 oiled individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with tomato wedges.

SPARK UP THE LUNCH BOX

By Lynda Schlomann

Within a few days we'll be adding a daily chore to our usual routine—school lunches must be packed. And a chore is exactly what it will always be unless we liven it up with touches of delicacies and give it an element of surprise. Too often our children do not eat their school lunches and say they just were not hungry. But if we make them sufficiently attractive they're bound to want to eat.

Put in paper napkins. Children love color, so the brighter the better. Paper cups are wonderful for salads, colored fluted cupcake holders can contain things such as salted nuts or small candies, and small glass jars (with tight fitting screw lids) are fine for stewed fruit.

If your child has a birthday in the school year, don't forget to have the lunch box take note of it. An iced cup cake with colored icing will do nicely, and instead of a candle use a gumdrop in the center or smaller candies, one for each year. They'll be so pretty that your youngster will probably want enough so that they can be passed around to his schoolmates for a treat.

I use these ideas and I know they're successful when my children take their lunch box happily and wonder what's in it today.

1. With a piece of apple pie include a piece of cheese.

2. Tomatoes and celery stalks stuffed with sandwich filling are tasty. Wrap in waxed paper.

3. When sending an orange, make it easier to handle by pulling the skin partly down.

4. Occasionally cut sandwiches into different shapes. A smaller sandwich looks better to some children.

5. Potato chips, salted nuts, popcorn balls, home-made fudge and an occasional candy bar pep up the daily lunch.

6. Bake custards in individual cups. Add a spoonful of chocolate syrup or mixed fruit. Children who say they "hate custard" will eat this.

HAZY HOUSEHOLD HELPS

The best way to make an apple turnover

Is to give it a push, I'd say;

Be sure to keep a bottle of castor oil handy

Might have to oil a castor some day.

To make a delicious Marble Cake

Use marbles that are new and nice;

Make your own Cold Cream to cleanse your skin—

Just put a pint of cream on ice.

Put your gravy out in the hot sun—

'Twill make it nice and brown;

The best time to paper the ceiling is when

The kids have the house turned upside down.

—Mildred Grenier

Please, Lord, fill my mouth with worthwhile stuff, and nudge me when I've said enough!

A LITTLE OF THIS AND THAT FROM HALLIE BARROW

About the time most of us were beset with too much rain and high water, my sister wrote about the problem they faced. She lives on the beach at Harwichport, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

In late May, they had what is locally known as a sheep storm, a hard driving rain with lots of heavy wind. It is called the May sheep storm because the sheep which have been shorn and taken to pastures must be brought back to shelter. My sister has no sheep but one morning they were amazed at the enormous hulk the waves had washed ashore. It was a dead whale and weighed tons. The next problem was getting rid of that whale . . . the whole town had to hold their noses and it was a real health problem.

The firemen thought it could be burned. So gallons of oil were poured over the carcass but the incoming tide soon extinguished the flames. Finally, the Coast Patrol came to the rescue and by using several boats, the whale was hauled out several miles to sea and dynamited.

I think a most acceptable wedding gift is an anniversary candle. I saw my first one at a local June wedding. It was perhaps a foot tall and several inches around. It could be burned an hour on each anniversary and would last until the golden wedding anniversary. It was white, of course, and gave off an odor of lilies-of-the-valley while burning. The bride and groom lighted the candle just before they cut the first piece of wedding cake.

I'm sure every married woman there wished that anniversary candles had been available at the time of her marriage . . . for some of us, the candle would now be getting low.

To me, an anniversary candle would mean more than the traditional wedding cake . . . my, it would be romantic and a rite full of sentiment to be able to get that candle out of its box and burn it for an hour on each anniversary.

Save your wall paper. In many gardens and flower gardens in one town, the ends of rolls were used for mulching. When it rained and rained and ground began to "sod over" between rows, . . . these ingenious gardeners just rolled wall paper along the rows and pegged it down. By the time hoeing could be done again, the paper had decomposed into fertilizer. But it did keep down weeds in the prolonged rainy season.

Do you know any hymns so you could sing them without your hymn book? Chances are there will be a time when you sing them during some crisis and be of great service. This thought struck me right between the eyes when several years ago an airplane crashed in the gulf stream on the Atlantic Coast. Survivors clung for hours to a large rubber raft. Perhaps it was because this was one of the first big ocean wrecks, or, perhaps it was because after many grueling



Time does fly! Many of you will recall seeing pictures of Letty Field, my brother Henry Field's daughter, when she was just a tiny little girl, but now she is the happy young mother whom you see here. Her own little daughter, Jean Ann, was seventeen months old when they came from their home in Marseilles, Ill., to visit relatives here in Shenandoah.

hours most of the people clinging to that raft were saved and could give such dramatic stories of their perils . . . at any rate, much space was given in papers and magazines to their stories.

Several of these survivors vowed that if they lived through this adventure, they would commit to memory some of the better known, inspiring hymns. Why? Because often when their spirits were lowest, it was suggested they all sing together. Time after time they tried to sing to encourage themselves. But no one would know more than a line or two or part of a chorus of any church or patriotic song.

As I said, this was what impressed me most about their story . . . none of them could sing through a single verse. I decided to memorize a half-dozen of my favorite hymns and how many times I've used them! Not in any public crisis to be sure, but they are a help in many a personal hour of trouble . . . it's a lot more comforting when you can't sleep to say over to yourself, "Sweet Hour of Prayer, Lead Kindly Light, He Leadeth Me, My Faith Looks up to Thee", etc., than counting sheep.

Recently I was asked to attend a lecture on Psychology. I told my friend I feared most of it would be "over my head". So imagine my surprise when in talking about the psychology of mobs, the lecturer quoted Dr. George B. Vetter, professor of psychology at New York University who said in a recent lecture to defense workers: "The old hymns are wonderful for calming crowds and it has been proved again and again in times of crisis." The lecturer went on to say that when a crowd needs calming, there's nothing to do it better than a fine strong baritone coming up with "Rock of Ages", or "Abide With Me", or "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." If the same crowd needs stirring up, you can't find a better rouser than, "Onward Christian Soldiers"; or, if it needs mellowing, "Now the Day

is Over." Just have a few ready in case of emergency and then, in the words of John Wesley, "Sing lustily and with good courage."

Did you know there was a time when biologists feared that the English sparrow would decline and almost fade away? Of course their fears were groundless, as we now well know. But when horses were passing out of the picture, some folks said the sparrow would go too.

Well, one of these learned men who predicted this fate for the sparrow can look from his office into a large parking lot and note that sparrows gather there in large numbers. They feed on a variety of insects by hopping onto the front bumpers of cars as they come in and picking out the bugs caught in the radiators! So far, we haven't heard of the sparrows loafing around hangars, but if parking lots should pass out, from the shrewdness and adaptability of sparrows we've known about in the past they'll use planes one way or another to get their food supply.

If you haven't been lured into a vacation trip by some folder, you really should send a quarter (coin, not stamps) to Supt. of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., for their booklet, "National-Forest Vacations." Every page is packed with interest and information and you may find a National Forest much closer at hand than you previously knew about. At least one national forest, and often several, can be reached from practically any locality in the nation within a few hours, or at most a day's driving time. This booklet tells about the 4500 camping and picnic sites in the National forests, the 240 winter sports areas, the resorts and sites for summer homes, wilderness areas, water sports, hunting and fishing information in each forest. A handy chart-guide by states is included which tells how to get to each forest, and its special features and recreation opportunities as well as accommodations. Whether you live in Alabama or Alaska, Pennsylvania or Puerto Rico, Wisconsin or Wyoming, there's a National forest vacation possible near you.

WHEN I EMBARK

Let me go by the wild high hills,
Even though the way be narrow;
Let me linger through one farewell
dawn—
I shall have no tomorrow.

Give me a lantern, neatly trimmed,
To carry through the dark ravine
A tiny yellow flicker,
To light the craigs between.

If this upper road be very hard,
And I tremble some,
Lead, kindly Father; hold my hand—
It is long, the way I come.

—Annie Parish Slankard

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He or she is a radiating force of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.—Robert L. Stevenson.

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS ON THE FARM

Dear Friends:

At last we are having some of that hot dry weather we have been asking for all summer. Since I did so much complaining about the cold wet weather, these days find me cheerful and smiling.

This has been a busy month for everyone, for even if we didn't get many crops in, at least we have had lots of hay to put up. My days in the field this year have certainly been few and far between. One afternoon I drove the tractor and raked a field with the side-delivery rake. After it was baled I drove the tractor while the men loaded the bales, then when they got them to the barn it was my job to drive the jeep back and forth with the hay-rope fastened to it. And that is just about the extent of what I have done this year to help.

Frank has had plenty of help this year, so I just took my stand in the kitchen and cooked the dinners. After the dishes were done I baked something and made a cold drink to take to the field in the middle of the afternoon. Honestly, I think that the men appreciate their afternoon lunch when they are hot and tired, even more than they appreciate the dinners you fix at noon.

When I came home from Shenandoah after Margery's wedding, I left Kristin there to help take care of Martin while Margery and Oliver went on a short wedding trip, so on the following Friday Lucile, Russell, and Juliana drove up to bring Kristin home and stayed a few days with us. They can only spare the time about twice a year to visit with us, so we really enjoy these few days together.

We had our first fresh raspberries while they were here, and ate them fresh with cream and sugar three times a day. What was left after they went home I made up into preserves. We don't care much for the sauce, and there weren't really enough to bother about putting into the locker, and since we do consume a lot of jelly and jam during the year, I thought that was the best thing to do with them.

Two weeks ago Kristin and I had a very enjoyable day in Winterset, Iowa. Our very good friends, Alvin and Ruby Cooper, were supposed to attend a family dinner there at the home of Alvin's mother, Mrs. Ocean Jones, but when the day arrived Frank and Alvin had something that had to be done that day and couldn't wait, so Ruby asked Kristin and me to go with her and her little daughter, Pamela. It was a lovely day for driving, so we had a nice trip. We had a wonderful dinner with all the fried chicken we could eat, and in the afternoon before we started home we had ice cold watermelon which had been in a big tub of ice cold water all day.

Kristin was especially thrilled because she got to meet and play all day with her first little namesake, Kristin Lucas, the three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lucas of Winterset. Mrs. Lucas is a sister of Alvin's so of course they were there for the family dinner. They took some



When we sent a copy of this picture to Dorothy she wrote back and said, "Oh dear, I look as though I'd never done a day's work in my life!" I told her I thought it was fortunate that a girl who could drive a tractor, help pick corn, cook for extra men, teach school and help in an office could still look as though she did nothing more difficult than attend lawn parties.

pictures of the two Kristins but I didn't get the prints to Shenandoah in time for the cut to be made, so maybe in the next issue of Kitchen-Klatter we will have a picture to share with you.

I asked Frank tonight what was on his schedule for tomorrow and his answer was simply "more hay". We got our first field of oats combined last week and there will be some more ripe enough to cut before too many days.

We had a nice day here with Mother and Dad, Margery and Martin a week ago. We see each other often enough that we don't do much corresponding, so it is always nice to get caught up on all the family news when they come. I hadn't seen Margery since the wedding, so I was anxious to hear all about her house and what she had been doing to fix it up.

Kristin has her bicycle now, and has been having lots of fun with it. She rides a half mile up the road to play with two little friends of hers.

We have been having some more work done on our house. On the south side of the house we had a terrible old back porch, and besides being an eyesore, it was absolutely worthless. The cement floor went the full length of the house, but it was very uneven and had great big cracks all over it. Only half of the porch had a roof on it and it was not screened in. Since the first day we moved here we have been going to tear that porch off, but it was just one of those things that we never seemed to find the time to do. Finally, after we had the house painted this Spring, the porch looked worse than ever so we at last took action. The porch has been taken off, and a new level cement floor has been made. Now we are at a standstill again and probably won't get anything more done for awhile, but by next summer when we can really enjoy it, we will have a big screened-in porch that we

will probably just move onto and live in until the first snow flies.

It will soon be time for school to start, and Kristin says every day that she wishes it would start "tomorrow". I know many of you are wondering what my plans are for this year and I haven't told you before because I couldn't make up my mind just what I did want to do. But I have now decided definitely that I will not teach this year, so my plans for the moment are to stay at home.

When I take Kristin to town on Saturday afternoon for her music lesson, I always try to stop in at the County Superintendent's office to say "hello", and last Saturday when I stopped in to tell her I wasn't going to teach, I found her practically buried under papers and books working frantically to get her annual reports finished. She asked me if I could spare a few days, and if Frank could spare me for a few days, and if I would be willing to help her get caught up with her work.

Frank and I talked it over and decided that since Mrs. Kiburz has done so much for me in the past two years, that is would be very ungrateful of me not to return some of that help when she needed it so badly. Kristin loves Mrs. Kiburz and also wanted me to help her, and she was also very happy because now she can spend all day with her Daddy. So if you were to drop into the Lucas County Courthouse to see the Superintendent anytime within the next couple of weeks, you would find me busily working on reports and helping get the teachers' supplies ready for the opening day of school. I am enjoying the work tremendously, not only because it is so interesting but because it is such a pleasure to work with Mrs. Kiburz.

It is late and time all working girls were in bed, so I'll just say goodbye until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

BIRTHSTONES

Does your Ladies' Aid or club sometimes honor members who are celebrating a birthday? Usually it is with a card or a verbal greeting from the president, and although it's nice to follow this with entertainment to fit the occasion, we often run into difficulty finding something suitable. Here is a contest about birthstones that may come in handy. Ask your guests to number a slip of paper from one to fourteen, and then have the leader read the first column; guests will fill in with the corresponding stone. Be sure to give an example.

For architects. The cornerstone
For beauties. The peachstone
For borrowers. The touchstone
For burglars. The keystone
For cooks. The puddingstone
For editors. The grindstone
For laundresses. The soapstone
For motorists. The milestone
For sculptors. The tombstone
For politicians. The blarystone
For policemen. The pavingstone
For soldiers. The bloodstone
For stock brokers. The curbstone
For tourists. The Yellowstone

—Lorraine Bowes Clark.

IS YOUR YOUNGSTER READY FOR SCHOOL?

By Mildred Cathcart

School days will soon be here again and I wonder if your youngster will think of these as the happiest days of his life? Too often teachers find the pathetic case of the maladjusted youngster who makes school days a nightmare for the teacher and parent as well as for himself. Parents can do much to avoid or relieve this experience, so as an ex-teacher as well as a parent, I'd like to list a few pointers.

First, make sure that your child is physically and mentally ready for school. All children should have a medical and dental examination even though it may not be required in a particular school district. Often defective eyesight or hearing makes a problem case of an intelligent student. Good health is a vital factor and a child who has some physical defect should be given medical attention before entering school.

Besides being physically adjusted, a child must be socially adjusted if he is to make satisfactory progress. An only child should be given opportunity to play with other children. Sunday schools and play grounds are excellent means of social contact. Often parents find it more convenient to leave a child with relatives while they shop, visit, or go on a trip. This may be more convenient for the parents, true enough, but it deprives a child of an excellent opportunity to take his place easily in the world where he must live.

Second, a youngster who is starting to school should be fairly self-sufficient. He should be able to wash (fairly well) by himself, go to the toilet and wait on himself and get in and out of his clothes without too much assistance. Provide wraps and overshoes that fit so that the child can manage them by himself. Remember, the teacher may have twenty or thirty pupils and it is a tremendous task to dress and undress so many.

Third, dress the child so that he does not feel conspicuous. He should wear styles that are popular in his school. If all the boys wear overalls a child attired like Little Lord Fauntleroy will no doubt be forced to live down the nickname "Sissy". Little girls like to look nice so add a touch of lace, ruffling, or embroidery to an otherwise plain dress.

Even a new pencil or tablet, a box of crayons, or scissors, are great morale builders among the "small fry."

Fourth, the parents' attitude greatly determines that of the child. Talk of school as if it were a joyous event. How can a five year old look enthusiastically toward school if mother bemoans the fact as if her "little lamb is being led to the slaughter?" Parents, I've observed, have a certain amount of adjusting to do when children start to school, so let's do it willingly.

The first day of school is the big event in a youngster's life—do YOUR part to make it a happy event that he will long remember.

HIS AUTOGRAPH

At dawn I am entranced when I behold
The God of day
Write his name in gold.
I clearly see
His autograph on every flower and tree.
I see His name
Across the page of night
Illumined with
His pen of silver light.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs.

WHEN I REMEMBER THESE THINGS

It seems my heart must weep each time I think
Of precious days that shall not come again,
Of the adoring smile you smiled for me,
Your joyous laugh and happy toothless grin.

To feel your tiny arms around my neck,
Your baby kisses moist upon my cheek,
To watch your play, and hear your bedtime prayer,
No greater joy on earth I'd rather seek.

I knew the days were fleeting as they sped,
And drank their pleasure deeply, day by day.
Each one became an etching on my heart;
Each memory now a heaven-sent bouquet.

But, I am happy, Dear, that you are grown!
Why someday you will be a parent, too;
And I shall hold your child upon my knee
And bask within the love of "two" of you!

—Ethel Broendel.

BLESSINGS

If I had some "ask-its" coming to me,
I wonder what my decision would be?
I have food and clothing; a house nice and warm;
And children to love me and thrill me with charm.
A husband who'll love me, 'till I'm old and bent;
And just enough money to cover the rent.
I've so many gifts to count by the score,
Just what could I ask, that would mean any more?
The blessings I have all seen to increase—
All I could ask is a world filled with peace!

—Phyllis Pasqualetti.

If bitterness has crept into the heart in the friction of the busy day's unguarded moments, be sure it steals away with the setting sun. Twilight is God's interval for peace making.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Oftentimes it makes you better
When you're ill, to get a letter.
Oftentimes when you are sad,
A wee note will make you glad.
Oh, I think we should (don't you?)
Write more letters than we do.
Mrs. Hulda Bakke, Box 167, Matson, Minn., spends her time in a wheel chair. A wee note would make her glad.

Miss Edna M. Berry, Rt. 1, Westbrook, Maine, is unable to walk. She lives entirely alone and mail would help pass the long hours.

Another shutin who is unable to get about at all is Mrs. Dorothy Brasen, P. O. Box 73, Marrs Station, Park Ave., E. 167 St., Bronx 56, New York, N. Y. She can sit up in bed some. Lives alone.

Mrs. Ralph Bundy, 1903 College St., Cedar Falls, Iowa, has arthritis and has been bedfast for 12 years. Her legs are perfectly straight so she cannot sit in a chair. She likes crossword puzzles.

Gene Desjarlais is in Elaine's Nursing Home, 912 Fifth St., Sioux City, Iowa. He is bedfast. And Bill Lakers, of the same address, is also bedfast. Do send cards to them.

Mrs. Stella Dunn, c/o Porter Hospital, Glenwood Springs, Colo., needs cheer. She has been in the hospital a long time and may be there a long time more. Age in the sixties. Her birthday is October 20.

Cheer cards have been asked for Miss Mable Shepler, Cando, North Dakota. She is a long time invalid.

Mr. George Taage, Rt. 1, Pilger, Nebraska, has been an invalid since a scaffold broke under him two years ago. His spine was injured. He is only 30. He is in the hospital this summer.

Mrs. Hattie Wagers, Laura's Nursing Home, 516 N. Sycamore St., Grand Island, Nebraska, has been bedfast most of the last 10 years, with arthritis. She will like to hear from you.

Edward "Buch" Walters, 3137 Ave. F., Council Bluffs, Iowa, is five years old. Something is wrong with his hip bone socket and he is in a cast from waist down. He has to lie flat all the time. He will have to wear this cast for 3 months and then may be able to walk with a brace if all goes well. There are two other smaller children in the home. I imagine their mother has her hands pretty full. Send them some pretty cards and playthings that he can play with in bed.

Bobbie Wafer, 216 Wyche St., Bossier City, Louisiana is a 19 year old spastic girl. She is quite helpless and unable to write but her mother will write for her. She wants to hear especially from other spastics, but will enjoy all mail she receives.

I want to thank all of you who sent yarn for our afghan project. Every bit can be used. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. If you have any leftover yarn you are not using, do send it to me to be made into afghans for invalids.

There are no uninteresting things—there are only uninterested people.—Chesterton.



FOR THE CHILDREN

KING LION SELECTS A REGENT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One day old King Lion, who ruled a great forest of animals, decided to take a vacation.

"I am really tired," he explained, stifling an outsized yawn. "I have settled quarrels and made decisions and kept the peace for many years, and now I need a vacation."

The other animals hated to hear this. King Lion was gentle and wise and sometimes ferocious in protecting them.

"Who will rule us while you're gone?" asked a rabbit.

"Now that is a question," agreed King Lion. "I am going to select the mightiest animal in the forest to be my Regent. He will rule you until I come back."

How the word spread! A blue jay took the message to a herd of elephants at a far water hole. A little rabbit told the small, crouching creatures of the great forest, and the monkeys chattered it to the giraffes and gazelles. Soon all the animals had gathered at King Lion's den to see who would be selected Regent.

"I am the strongest animal in the forest," trumpeted an elephant with legs like tree trunks. "You should select me to be your Regent."

"Not so! Not so!" growled a baboon. "I am the smartest animal in the forest. You should select me to be the Regent."

"You are all wrong," snapped a spinster giraffe. "I am the tallest animal and can see everything that goes on in the kingdom. I am the logical Regent, of course."

"Enough! Enough!" roared King Lion, clapping his great paws over his ears. "No wonder I need a vacation! The Regent I select will not be bickering for the honor, I assure you."

So all the animals fell silent, and King Lion watched them and thought and watched them some more.

"A rabbit is gentle," he mused, "but too many of my subjects would want to eat him! An owl is wise . . . but he sleeps all day, which is the time when a King should be working. Another lion might do . . . except that he might not give my kingdom back to me when I return." As King Lion lay and mused and thought, a small ant scurried here and there gathering food for her family. Once King Lion lay his huge paw playfully in her path. Mrs. Ant took a firmer grip on her morsel of food and climbed up, over, and down the paw and along her way.

Soon she returned for another morsel. "Aren't you afraid of me?" asked the lion. "I could squash you with one flip of my paw."

"Certainly not. If you squashed

your subjects, soon you would have no kingdom," replied the ant, and she hurried away.

"How courageous and wise an ant is!" thought the King.

Mrs. Ant soon came by again, lugging her burden of food.

"Why don't you stop and eat a bit yourself?" asked the lion.

"My children are a lot hungrier than I am," said Mrs. Ant.

"How thoughtful and gentle an ant is!" thought the King.

On the next trip, the King could no longer suppress his curiosity.

"Tell me, why don't you linger with the rest of the animals to see who will be Regent?"

"Nonsense," replied the ant. "You are a wise King, so naturally you will select a wise Regent. Why should I wait here? Besides," she added philosophically, "I have work to do and it is much easier to carry the food while the animals are sitting quietly with you. I am not so apt to be stepped on."

"How practical and ambitious you are!" cried the King. "And such faith in my wisdom! I am going to make you my regent."

Before the animals could utter a grumble, the little ant had put them to work. Soon the beavers were building dams, the elephants were clearing the forest of undergrowth, and all were storing food for winter. They worked so hard they had no time for mischief. The ant was a vastly successful Regent.

As for old King Lion, he snoozed peacefully in the deepest, greenest depths of the forest for six whole weeks, with never a worry to bother his great, shaggy head.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

September time is school time and school time is cooky time!

Butter Cookies

2 cups flour 1 tsp. vanilla
3/4 cup sugar 1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup butter
1 egg

Cream the butter and sugar; beat the egg well and blend together; add the flour gradually. Roll out into little balls on an ungreased cooky tin, then press out flat with a fork or the bottom of a glass dipped in flour. Bake from 10-12 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

—By Mildred Grenier.

How do we know an elephant is always sad? Because of his great size (sighs).

What did the piece of wood say to the brace and bit? You bore me.



This happy little girl is Wendy Watkins, the two year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watkins of Los Angeles, Calif. Her grandmother is Jessie Field Shambaugh of Clarinda, Ia. Wendy was laughing at the antics of a white stuffed rabbit (jerked through the air by Daddy) when this was snapped.

THE DREAM FAIRY

When little children have been good,
And washed their faces, as they
should,
And made themselves all clean and
white
Before they go to bed at night,
A lovely fairy, so 'tis said,
Will stop, that night, beside their
bed,
While earth is wrapped in silence
deep,
And give them kisses while they
sleep.
And folks will wonder, all next day,
What makes their smiles so sweet
and gay,
They will not know a fairy bright
Came by and kissed them in the
night.

—Martha Field Eaton.

ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS

1. Hungry as a -----? Wolf.
2. Meek as a -----? Lamb.
3. Wise as an -----? Owl.
4. Slippery as an -----? Eel.
5. Greedy as a -----? Pig.
6. Smart as a -----? Fox.
7. Gentle as a -----? Dove.
8. Quiet as a -----? Mouse.
9. Faithful as a -----? Dog.
10. Slinky as a -----? Cat.
11. Brave as a -----? Lion.
12. Fierce as a -----? Tiger.
13. Clumsy as a -----? Bear.
14. Slow as a -----? Turtle.
15. Busy as a -----? Beaver.

What kind of a jacket is made of wood? A lumber jacket.

What man shaves 60 or 70 times a day? A barber.

What has a head but no face? A match.

"Little Ads"

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

October Ads due September 1.
November Ads due October 1.
December Ads due November 1.

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

"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.

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

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

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

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

WANTED: Someone capable of doing lovely quilting. Mrs. R. J. Tobola, Jackson, Minn.

"LAPEL GLOVES". Assorted colors. Embroidery, sequins, beads. Price, .50¢. Martha Elwood, Columbia, Iowa

WILL MAKE HOUSE DRESSES, for \$1.25. Send material, pattern, buttons, thread & measurements. Mrs. Vernice Vance, Rt. 3, Paris, Mo.

IF YOU MAKE TORCHON LACE, would you please write and quote price? Lucile Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOBBY? Mine's tatted linen handkerchiefs. Christmas orders taken now. Ida Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

LOVELY HAND CROCHETED CARNATIONS, 3 - \$1.25. Please enclose cash, stamps. Mrs. Mary E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

FOR SALE: Hemmed, hand embroidered pillow cases, \$3.75 per pair. Mrs. Ervin Schnor, Hawkeye, Iowa.

EASTERN STAR APRON KIT, \$1.10. Crocheted Eastern Star hot dish mats, \$1.10 each. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Virginia.

SELL YOUR HANDWORK, through our fast growing exchange. No commission. Quick turn-over. Particulars 10¢. Miss Viven Maxwell, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

REDUCING BOOKLET—(by nurse) Easy to follow 14 day schedule, food charts, gas forming foods, arthritis helps, price, 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

CHARMING, BRIGHT MEXICAN APPLIQUED HALF APRONS, \$2.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W. Canton, Ohio.

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending either print or 3 feed sacks, your measurements, buttons and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

HIGH CLASS BOXES OF ASSORTED OR BIRTHDAY CARDS, \$1.25. Humorous assorted, \$1.15. Dorothy Dalrymple, 1114½ W. 60 St. Los Angeles, 44, Calif

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS WITH 2 INCH CROCHETED BORDER, in knot stitch. White or colors with matching border. \$1.25. Mrs. Glenn Smith, Crete, Nebr.

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THE "BIRTHDAY SHIP" COMES IN

By Mildred B. Grenier

I am sure that your little "skipper" will love to have his birthday party this year built around the theme of the "Birthday Ship". Invitations to this party may be cut in the form of a small sail boat with brown body and white sails. On the inside fold print these words:

My "Birthday Ship" comes in
Next Saturday at three —
Please come to my party
To greet it with me!

To make the "Birthday Ship" cake you will need to bake two loaf cakes in rectangular loaf pans — one smaller than the other. With a sharp knife slice the corners off the larger loaf to give the ends of the ship the pointed effect. Place the smaller loaf on this cake, directly in the middle, and ice all over with a colored icing. A pastel blue would make a "patriotic" combination with the other red and white decorations.

The three sails for this ship may be cut from white construction paper but they will be doubly attractive cut from aluminum foil. These are run through red and white penny sticks of peppermint candy (you will need to stick two together with scotch tape for each sail to get the desired length—taking six sticks of candy in all) and these are anchored across the top of the top loaf. Of course, a small American flag will proudly wave from the center sail!

Now around the outer edge of the lower "deck" stick penny suckers at about two inch intervals and "rope" these together with colored yarn. Yarn is also used to "rig" together the top sails. With a cake decorator you may make "rope" around the lower half of the ship and print these words: "The Happy Birthday Ship". When the children arrive, they may place their presents around the ship which will be in the center of the table. For a really "nautical" effect, have the yarn rope running to each child's place setting. Small sail boat place cards may be made by using a piece of "orange slice" candy and a sucker. Cut the sail from white construction paper, write the child's name on it, run through the sucker stick and anchor in the candy boat.

Here is the way to make white sailor hats for each child. For each hat you will need two 16 inch squares of white paper. These are placed

together, one directly over the other. Fold two corners together to make a large triangle, then fold through the center again to make a smaller triangle. Turn the edges up and the hat is completed. The ends may be stapled together for greater security but this is not necessary. Each child's hat may have his name painted on it with red lacquer.

Along with the birthday cake, let's serve "sail boat" jello and "pop" with ice cream floats. Mix the jello (any flavor) according to directions, pour into serving dishes and chill. Cut sails from white paper or foil, run through a toothpick, and stick in a half of a banana, peach slice or other fruit. When jello is thick but not firm, arrange the sail boat in center of each jello "lake" and chill until firm. If you wish to serve a more substantial lunch, you may add to this "life saver" sandwiches and pickle boats. Make sandwiches of cream cheese or other soft filling and cut out with the doughnut cutter. To make the pickle boats, hollow out a small pickle and fill with cole slaw.

Here are the games your little sailors — and "landlubbers" too — will enjoy playing:

WALK THE GANG PLANK — Place the broom on the floor and let each child have his turn to run the handle. You may give a small prize to the one most nearly successful.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN — Have two strings stretched tightly across the room and on each string place a paper cone. Divide the children into teams and see which team can be the first to blow the cone to the end of the string.

HIT THE DECK — Give each child five clothespins and have him stand a certain distance from the "ship" or chair. He tosses the clothespins at the deck and the one who makes the most clothespins stay on the deck wins a small prize.

SMOOTH SAILING — Give each child a knife with a certain number of navy beans on the blade. They must run a number of feet, holding the knife before them, without "spilling the beans". The one who drops the least number, wins.

STICK TO YOUR GUN — This is a "tag" game in which the "captain" or the one who is "it" must hold on to the spot he has been tagged with one hand while trying to tag another child with the other.

TARGET PRACTICE — Drive six long nails part way into a square board and paint numbers under each nail. Each player, standing 10 feet from the board, throws jar rings at the board trying to encircle the nails. Each jar ring that does encircle a nail scores that number painted below the nail.

RING THE SHIP'S BELL — Have a small dinner bell suspended on a string between two chairs. Each child is given a turn to throw a ball, hit the bell, and ring it.

LIFE SAVER GAME — Have doughnuts tied on the ends of suspended strings. Each child is to eat

his doughnut without touching it (with hands behind his back).

If prizes are awarded to the winners, they may all be along the nautical theme — a book about ships, a small toy sail boat, sand pail or shovel, a "sailor" phonograph record, "ship" puzzle, etc. And what could be more appropriate for take-home favors than sailor "horn pipes" — or just plain hats.

As a fitting climax to the little captain's big day, after the children have "rallied" around and sung the "Happy Birthday" song, let them substitute these words to that tune:

Happy sailing to you,
Happy sailing to you,
Happy sailing, dear _____,
Happy sailing all year through.

TO KEEP THE SMALL FRY QUIET!

By Mabel Nair Brown

If you have tiny tots or pre-schoolers who must accompany you to club or Aid meetings, here are some suggestions for ways and means of keeping them entertained in a quiet fashion while the meeting is going on.

In a small child's purse or an old discarded billfold of Daddy's, place some large buttons, and slips of colored paper for play money along with a short pencil and some slips of paper for writing memos like mamma does.

In a small can or box put an assortment of pretty buttons which the child can string on a heavy cord. Or take scraps of bright print and allow child to "sew" buttons on the material.

A box of modeling clay, crayons and color book, are other ways of amusing the small tot. Or let the child cut out pictures from catalogues and magazines before you leave home (so there won't be all the cutting mess on the hostess' floor); then during the meeting, the child can paste the pictures in a scrap book.

Some toy kept just to be brought out on these occasions will often "do the trick". Just remember to make it a QUIET toy so there will be no noise to distract from the meeting.

If your group has several of these youngsters in attendance, perhaps the mothers might take turns entertaining the whole group in a separate room or out on the lawn (in warm weather, of course!) while the business meeting is in session. If you attempt this, you might make a collection of toys for the club toy box.

My small daughter always liked to "lick and stamp" so I kept a supply of inexpensive seals and gummed labels which I took along to meetings. There I would give her some sheets of wrapping paper and let her "lick and stamp" to her heart's content!

AUTUMN GOLD

Oh, for a garden when autumn's blue haze
Dreamily speaks of the shortening days,
And golden flecked spiders spin webs and compete
In color with 'mums near the old garden seat!
—Ethel Broendel