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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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—October brings the pageantry of Fall
—Cloaked in her tawny colors rare;
—Trailing flaming reds of every hue
—Over fields and meadows—Autumn fair.
—Be brave, dear heart, and trust anew
—Even as the years slip to their close,
—Rich harvest, our reward, God's promise true.

—Gladys E. Templeton

LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

These lines written by Gladys Templeton of Great Bend, Kansas, appealed to me so much that I wanted to share them with you. They call up October's rich beauty, I think, and say what I would like to say if I were a poet.

Many years ago when our children were small we always looked forward to stocking up our basement in October. On bright afternoons when they came home from school we got into the car and drove out into the country for apples, bushels of them, and then after the supper dishes were washed it was a family job to wrap each apple in paper and store them in bushel baskets. These went down to the fruit room, eight or ten bushels of them, and my, how much we enjoyed them through the winter months.

We also put down big stone crocks of eggs to be used for baking—I don't know if this is done so much anymore. But these jars were also in the fruit room, and of course the shelves were loaded with all of the quarts and half-gallons of cherries, peaches, plums, berries and pears that I had canned. It took a lot of food to keep us going, for as a rule there were ten people at the table every meal, and frequently company for weeks at a time. When I look at the home freezers now so widely used I can't help but think what a difference it would have made to me if they had been available back in the days when I was feeding our big family.

This is being written on a Sunday night, and such a wonderful Sunday it has been for all of us.

Yesterday afternoon we drove to the Omaha airport to meet Frederick. His plane came in from the East at 3:54, and I imagine that most of you who've met your children at airports

feel about the way we did. It seems unbelievable that the big silver streak in the sky can actually be bringing a dearly beloved person towards you—I don't think you ever get that sensation when you meet a train or when a car drives up in front.

Frederick looked so well when he left the plane and walked towards us that I couldn't help but contrast his appearance with the way he looked when he reached home from Egypt a number of years ago. In one of his letters recently you read where he could scarcely wear his naval uniform, and I wondered, when I saw him, how he'd gotten through that parade under any conditions!

This morning we had breakfast right on schedule, and then our entire family went together to the Congregational church where we heard an exceptionally fine sermon. Following this we returned to the house, and Lucile, Margery, Dorothy and Abigail put on the dinner. Margery had set the table before we went to church, and most of the food had been prepared in advance, so it didn't take long to get things on.

We had baked ham, scalloped potatoes, orange beets, hot rolls with preserves, a big cake and ice cream. The girls helped me plan the food and each one took something to prepare so that it would be possible for all of us to go to church and have plenty of time to visit afterwards.

It was a nice enough day that we could set a table on the back porch for Juliana, Kristin, Emily and Martin. They had a great old time out there and yet managed to come back for second helpings, something we couldn't figure out from the laughing and giggling that went on the entire time.

After Alison awakened from her afternoon nap we had family group pictures taken, our first opportunity to have Frederick with us for such pictures since the group taken out in front two years ago this past June. We want to share these pictures with you, so in issues to come you'll be seeing what occupied us for a half-hour on this afternoon.

And right now I'll promise you that while we're in the East we'll get pictures of Frederick's family. I told Frederick that without fail we wanted to get a picture of three generations—M. H. Driftmier, his son Frederick, and his grandson, David,

so we'll hope for good results when this is attempted.

About seven o'clock tonight we made ham sandwiches for ourselves, a couple of pots of coffee and finished the cake, so now it is ten o'clock and we're winding up the day. Our suitcases are all packed and standing by the front door, and tomorrow morning we're off for Rhode Island. Now that departure is so near I can scarcely wait to get started, and even though all of the country will be new to me and I'm interested in every bit of it, I'd happily skip over the miles so that I could see Betty, Mary Leanna and David.

Next month I'll tell you about our trip back there. We don't know exactly how long we'll be gone or where we will go (aside from Bristol), so I can't guarantee that there will be news about our return, but at least I can give you an account of part of the trip.

Not long ago we had a happy family party here when we Field sisters celebrated Martha's birthday. I wanted to surprise the girls by having squabs for dinner because when we were children on the farm we used to have a squab supper after a hard day's work in summer and there are many memories connected with such occasions, but it was impossible to locate any and I had to figure out a substitute.

Helen came up to help me, and together we worked out some steak squabs that were what manufacturers call a "reasonable facsimile". Both of us had been saving chicken bones for quite some time, so we used these as a foundation for round steak that had been pounded thin. By doing a lot of sewing and stuffing we managed to turn out a plate of "squabs" that were quite successful.

After our meal we sat around and enjoyed having Helen read some letters written by our Mother in the 1890's. Helen had saved these letters through the years, and in cleaning out her attic recently she came across them and decided that Martha's birthday dinner would be the perfect time to read them. They called back so many memories to all of us, happy memories and sad memories, that I thought as I listened I wanted to be sure and tell you in this letter that if you're having a family gathering this winter, do make an effort to find old letters and read them to the group. They'll enjoy them more than you can possibly imagine.

Alison is thriving and growing to be such a happy, good-natured baby. She sleeps through the night now, eats well, and is a constant joy to Abigail and Wayne. Emily is missing all of the children on her block with whom she played so happily all summer. They've gone back to school now and she feels lost without a big crowd in her yard.

Well, the clock says almost eleven and we must get up early, so I'll say goodnight to you. Right now it looks as if we'll have a good day to start East.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

YES, IT'S TIME TO PLANT TULIPS AGAIN!

By Lucile

Spring is coming! Don't jump and don't wonder if I've taken leave of my senses. I don't mean that it's coming next week or next month, but I do mean that it's as certain to come as the fact that the sun rose this morning and will go down tonight. And I'm just as certain that when it does come we will once again hear the lament that runs. "Oh, I WISH I had gotten some tulips planted last fall."

It's a funny thing how tulips take us unawares. All of a sudden they're with us—we're dazzled by their incredible brilliance and beauty. We have the impulse then and there to get out and plant some—and we can't. We are compelled to keep on our minds the fact that if we're to have them in the spring, they must be planted in the fall. There's simply no getting around this, and if we don't take stock of the situation in autumn we're going to have spring after spring finding us without a single beautiful tulip. (I should know—I learned it the hard way too!)

We've done quite a bit of experimenting with color combinations, and for the most effective display where a genuine pattern is wanted, you can't surpass All Bright and Themis. All Bright is an enormous glowing red that never fades or gets streaked, regardless of the weather. Themis is a pure, snowy white, precisely what you need for maximum contrast. We've outlined our rose beds with just these two colors, and truly they make a dazzling display when in full bloom.

In the borders we've placed our other colors, and unless you've worked out your own effects and are well pleased, you might like to try what we've done. At the back we've used a pure deep lavender (Scotch Lassie) and on either side of it, a clear, sparkling pink (Prunus) and a deep rose-pink (Marjorie Bowen). These colors blend into each other and make the most subtle picture imaginable.

At another spot we've placed more Scotch Lassie with the rich gold Yellow Emperor and Themis—those three colors are also gorgeous together. We've avoided putting that dramatic Yellow Emperor close to any of the pinks for none of the colors show off to full advantage when they're in too close proximity. But under any conditions don't neglect Themis for you want white tulips and plenty of them to emphasize the glowing colors in other varieties.

Everyone has his favorite spring flower, of course, but to me there is something about tulips that calls up all of the rapturous promise of continuing life. This is why I have sent tulip bulbs in the fall to the immediate families of friends whom I have lost. I first did this about ten years ago when I lost a friend who had a profound love for flowers. She was buried in a small sandy cemetery in a western state, and somehow I

couldn't reconcile myself with the thought that when spring came there wouldn't be one of her favorite flowers blooming in her memory. So I sent two dozen bulbs (red and white) to her family, and in all of the years that have passed since then someone has taken time to send me a little note telling me once again how much it has meant to have them.

The other day someone asked me how to handle the big unusual parrot or peony type tulips. Would I suggest mixing them with the other types, or would I plant them alone? My answer to this is that we have planted them in a clump alone where their brilliant and unusual qualities can be fully appreciated. I believe that you'll want to do this too.

And in case you don't know it, that wonderful new peony flowering tulip called Bonanza is wonderful for potting so that you can have it in the house. Just wait until January or February roll around! We can hardly wait at this house!

THE FLOWER OF AUTUMN—CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By Fern Christian Miller

Chrysanthemums are autumn's jewels! If you plant them you'll have gorgeous mounds of gay color that will turn your autumn garden into a lovely picture from September until a black frost stops all top growth for the season.

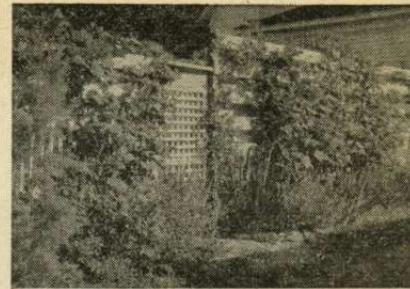
In my central Missouri garden that black frost date was November 2 in 1950. Some years it is much earlier. But I carried in arm loads of great sheafs of mum blooms on that day last year. The local country school and my friends nearby received great bouquets of the last blossoms of autumn, and as I took them around I wondered again what other outdoor flower could give such an abundance of late bloom.

Mums make wonderful flower arrangements, and, in addition to their shaggy beauty, they fill the house with a delightful spicy scent that holds the very spirit of Indian Summer days. Never, never could I have a garden without growing chrysanthemums.

Fall is the time to set out the new plants from the nursery or to divide your old clumps. They should be planted in rich garden soil in a well-drained spot in full sun. They bush out, you know, so about eighteen inches between plants is the right amount of space to allow.

To produce strong bushy plants that don't need staking, plan to snip out the centers about three times before July 15th. If you prefer giant blooms, disbud ruthlessly. My own personal preference is for sheafs of smaller blossoms, but one nice thing about mums is that we can have pretty much what we want since we control the situation.

Mums like a drink of water in which fertilizer has been dissolved as they start making buds. They also like frequent cultivation and weeding. I mulch my mums with well-rotted cow manure just before a hard freeze, and then I bend, or partly break over the tops to catch any snow that we may



Many, many people walked through this gate during the past summer, for it leads into Russell's and Lucile's garden. The unusual lattice effect was gained by using snow-fence both vertically and horizontally.

have. This works fine, especially during a dry winter such as we had last year.

Pests don't usually bother clean, well cultivated mums, but if the foliar nematode is bad in your section, mulch with tobacco dust. If grasshoppers arrive, try D.D.T. dust. Two sprayings with Fermate should prevent the fungus caused by very high temperatures and wet foliage. Also, do remember to water only in the early morning if you find it necessary to water at all. (As I write this in July I shudder at the suggestion of water for we have had floods for weeks!)

There are some extremely beautiful and unusually hardy varieties of mums available these days. It would take many paragraphs to begin to list them, so I'll just mention a few that I've found particularly satisfactory. Charles Nye, King Midas and Butterball are all gorgeous yellows. Bronze Freda, an English Mum, is a rich, vivid gold. In the bronze shadings I like Autumn Lights, Orange Glow, Red Gold and Meditation. Fine reds are Red Velvet, Indiana, Ruby Pom-pom and Bokhara. Violet is an exquisite clear lavender, while Adoration is a glowing pink.

Cushion Mums are unsurpassed for massive bloom. I like to see them arranged so that there is contrast; for instance, a huge mound of red shows off to much better advantage if it is flanked by the white Cushion Mum. All of the colors are truly beautiful, but be sure to order enough white for real contrast.

Visit as many gardens as possible this fall and study the mums. Take notes on varieties that you like, and plan now to start your own fine collection. It won't take more than one year for you to find that you've become a mum fan too!

COVER PICTURE

Mother says she can't begin to spend enough time with her newest grandchild, Alison Driftmier, to satisfy her. She was six weeks old when this was taken, and we have to agree with Mother that she looks very much like her Daddy at the same age. We have a picture of Wayne taken at six weeks to prove it! These are the days that Abigail makes hurried trips to town after groceries when Alison is sleeping between bottles at her Grandmother's house.

A LONG, LONG AGO PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

To those of us who can remember wonderful family good times that centered around grandmother's table with its red checkered cloth, spoon-holder and fancy toothpick holder in the center, nothing could be more pleasant than to spend an evening with friends amid surroundings reminiscent of those "good old days."

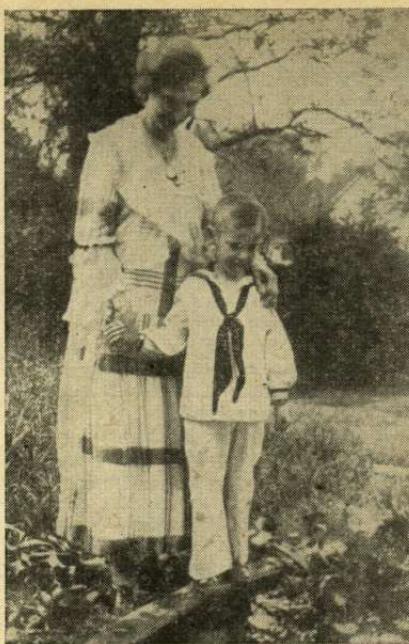
For those too young to remember such things, we think it will be an occasion they will long recall with pleasure as an event when they saw Days of Yore "come to life" before their very eyes. So let us plan such a party or dinner as one of our fall activities. The suggestions offered here can easily be adapted to a family dinner, a club dinner in the home, or a church supper. And somehow such a dinner takes on added significance at the Fall Harvest season —wouldn't it be wonderful as a Harvest Home Dinner?

Let's think first about the table setting. Of course you want a red or blue checked cloth if at all possible. If you cannot find one, do consider the possibility of making one from the large checked percale or gingham. (Later it could be made into a little girl's dress if you did not wish to keep it as a tablecloth.) I have even seen feed bags in these old-fashioned tablecloth checks which would work up beautifully.

In the center of the table what could be more appropriate than a low arrangement of zinnias or the baby "mums"? Or if you can locate an old-fashioned coffee grinder, that would be perfect. Meals in those long ago days were always served family style with all the food placed on the table, so do try to locate one of the spoon holders and a toothpick holder for the center of the table, along with the familiar butter dish. If you have some heirloom dishes now is the time to get them out and show them off! You will want small dishes of pickles and jelly, of course. My! I will always remember the familiar little milk glass pickle dish which was always on my Granny's table filled with my favorite pickles (tiny cucumbers and cauliflower flowerettes in a tumeric dressing.)

And do remember that the plates were always placed on the table upside down to be turned over after Grandpa said grace. For place favors you might use the small decorative gourds; names can be written on them with black lacquer paint. Use the boat-shaped milk weed pod painted on the inside in gold or in autumn colors as the nut cups. I would like to see corn candy used in these as an appropriate candy for this dinner. Another idea would be to make a little sunbonnet of crepe paper which will fit over a regulation nut cup. Still another idea suitable to the fall harvest time would be tiny wheelbarrow nut cups made from heavy brown paper.

Very attractive candle holders, to be used at intervals along the table,



Recently we've been going through a big collection of family pictures and have found quite a few that we want to share with you in coming months. The first in this series is a snapshot taken of my sister, Martha Field Eaton, and her son Dwight. It dates back to the summer of 1917 when they came from Des Moines to pay us a visit. Dwight is standing on the rim of his Aunt Helen Fisher's pool. He is now a chemist with the Standard Oil Company, is the father of two sons, and makes his home in Westfield, New Jersey.

can be made from large ears of corn. Break the ear so that you have about one-third of the ear on the butt end of the ear. You can trim it with a knife if necessary so that it will stand firmly on the table. Make a hole in the center of the cob part to hold the candle. I think the old-fashioned twisted candles about 6 inches in length are the nicest for this.

Plain, but hearty fare was the rule in those days so choose such a menu for your dinner. It might be roast chicken and dressing, mashed potatoes, creamed peas, homemade bread or rolls, cabbage slaw, pickles, jelly, pie and coffee. Or how about baked ham, mashed potatoes, green beans or baked beans, apple salad, rolls, currant jelly, cake and fruit gelatin salad? Have pitchers of water or milk on the table for refills. Use an old-fashioned coffee pot to serve coffee.

If you are planning a church supper or Harvest Home supper, even a family get-together, it might be nice to have a short program. This might take place just before the dessert, or after the conclusion of the meal; or you can have part of it during the meal and some following it.

At a family meal, I can think of nothing more "memory making" than to have one of the corn candle holders at each place (with candles unlighted) and then just before dessert, let each one in turn light his candle and tell some incident or memory of family interest which he cherishes from days that are past. "Bless This House" is a beautiful

song to use on such an occasion.

"Sweet Genevieve"; "Down By The Old Mill Stream"; "Long, Long Ago"; "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" are songs which would be nice to use on the program. Perhaps you could arrange to have a Barbershop Quartette, complete with handlebar mustaches and stiff straw hats! Of course in those days every family, or at least every community group, had its elocutionist to perform on every occasion so it would be fine to have someone give such old favorites as "When The Frost Is On The Punkin'"; "Little Orphan Annie"; "Annie and Willie's Prayer", "Out To Old Aunt Mary's" or "It Takes A Heap O' Livin' In A House To Make It Home." If you do not have a copy of these poems, consult your local librarian or consult the teachers of your school.

In conclusion you might sing the Doxology or "America The Beautiful."

In the event you are dealing with a large crowd such as we expect at a Harvest Home dinner or church supper, you'll never find a better way to warm things up at the outset than by passing a slip of paper to each guest as he arrives. Tell him that the slip contains half of an old familiar proverb, and that he must find the person whose slip contains the other half. They can be dinner partners. Or, if you don't want to utilize this as a means of partners for the meal, use it to divide up the crowd for any old-fashioned games where two sides must participate. Have an even number of completed proverbs and place twenty-five complete proverbs (or a total of 50 people) on each side. Break down the number to suit your purposes.

Here are some familiar proverbs that would be divided in this way. One slip of paper to read—All is not gold—and the second slip to read: that glitters. Break up the following in a comparable way.

A stitch in time saves nine. Honesty is the best policy. A friend in need is a friend indeed. A word to the wise is sufficient. Half a loaf is better than no bread. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. A penny saved is a penny made. Procrastination is the thief of time. Make hay while the sun shines. Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today. Every cloud has a silver lining. Appearances are often deceiving. Never count your chickens before they hatch. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Faint heart never won fair lady. No news is good news. It never rains but it pours. A drowning man will catch at a straw. Never look a gift horse in the mouth. A watched pot never boils. Look before you leap. One good turn deserves another. Out of sight, out of mind. Birds of a feather flock together. A new broom sweeps clean. A fool and his money are soon parted. Waste not, want not. Better late than never. A barking dog never bites. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. It's

(Continued on Page 5)

a long lane that has no turning.

Games for this Old-fashioned Party

Mary — it's an old-fashioned name. (Mary is a part of all the answers to the questions.) 1. Mary on the sea? Mariner. 2. A puppet? Marionette. 3. A kind of a lily or a tulip? Mariposa. 4. Bordering on the ocean? Maritime. 5. One of the forty-eight? Maryland. 6. Member of the mint family? Rosemary. 7. Habitual? Customary. 8. In a desirable age? Marriage. 9. Season with French dressing? Marinate. 10. A worthy Mary? Meritorious.

Old Songs Charade: Divide group into couples or small groups and let each group act out the title of an old-fashioned song for the others to guess.

"Mellardrammer": Have on hand a supply of old style clothes, hats, shoes, canes, false mustaches, etc. and then divide group so that each group may take a turn at pantomiming some old thrillers such as "Wild Nell, The Pet Of The Plains", "Fireman, Save My Child," "The Orphan Child's Lament", etc.

Any crowd would love to choose up sides and have an old-fashioned spelling match. Just try this for real fun.

Bible Quiz: 1. Which of the twelve disciples acted as treasurer? Judas. 2. Moses' rod was turned into what? A serpent. 3. On what world famous road did Paul travel on his way to Rome? The Appian Way. 4. What was Methusaleh's father's name? Enoch. 5. Who is the greatest orator mentioned in the Bible? Samson. He brought the house down even though it was filled with his enemies! 6. What boy had a multicolor coat? Joseph. 7. Who was the "weeping prophet"? Jeremiah. 8. What Old Testament character put up a great wrestling exhibition? Jacob. 9. What famous Queen came to visit Solomon? The Queen of Sheba. 10. What prophet anointed Saul as king of Israel? Samuel.

Another idea for this party entertainment would be to play the old-fashioned games such as Authors, Dominoes, Checkers, Carrom, Piggly Wiggly, in a Progressive Party style. The winners at one game advance to another table for another type of game.

OUR TODAYS

Today is here for you and me;
Our yesterdays are past.
Tomorrow has not yet begun,
But time goes on so fast
That we must do our bit today,
Tomorrow might not come.
The days gone by we can't recall;
Today, as yet is young.
The future may not be for us,
But we can have today
To do a kindly act or deed
As we go on our way.
Tomorrow may bring vain regrets.
For what we've left undone;
The time for us to do is now,
In this day just begun.

G. M. Robinson

Reprinted from WEDNESDAY MAGAZINE



When Mother took the last stitch in the beautiful appliquéd pansy quilt that she made for Lucile, Russell went up to get a picture of it. This quilt is truly a work of art. All of the colors blend together beautifully and create a stunning effect. Right now it is being hand-quilted, and we can hardly wait to get it home and see how it looks on the big double bed for which it was made.

THE 1890 KANSAS RURAL WASHDAY

By Edna Hull Miller

In 1890 one's back ached two days after doing the family wash. Washday lasted from seven o'clock in the morning (or earlier) to the middle of a long afternoon. And dishpan hands? Well, today's variety would look mild compared to the after-washday hands that we knew then. And every woman in the house had helped with the wash.

It was difficult to be the story-book wife, the fresh, sweet young thing who always met him at the door with a kiss, when the old washday was in progress. Even the name has changed. In the days of homemade soap it was never "laundry" but always "wash" day, and Kansas women made dirt-chasing, skin-chasing soap.

Today our daughters-in-law come visiting with sanitary-sealed babies, fresh, sweet and crisp-looking. But in the old days many a tired young mother carried a cross baby. Sometimes too its garments showed "Tell-tale grey", and she had put a hundred times more hard work, backache and lye into the effort!

The memory of my own schoolteacher days with skin off the knuckles after my first married washday, makes me an experienced historian on the subject. At our farm home we had at last reached the stage of the "hand washing machine", the kind that, if your brother or hired man happened to be in a chivalrous mood they would stop and give it a few swings for you. How we wracked our brains to think of a bit of gossip to tell so that our source of power would forget that time was passing!

Kansas pioneer farm wives recall the ash barrel on the well curb. Yes, ashes in the bottom of the barrel to

break the wash water. Washings in that day majored in the word break with variations! Each person who drew a bucket of water for a cold drink would put any amount left over in the ash barrel.

That was a day of scarcity of everything except weather and politics.

And even water was conserved, especially if it had been carried a great distance to the house. After her first washday many a bride used the water to pour on the young trees her husband had set out. The lye killed them all.

Either an iron kettle outside or boiler in the kitchen boiled every white or light-colored garment. The aroma of steam that arose from it, homemade soap and the inevitable washday bean-soup, was the family incense to cleanliness.

The last tub of wash water for the things that "run" rivaled Joseph's coat of many colors. That running was no amateurish affair either. It took on astonishing proportions. By the fourth or fifth washing mother might say, "This dress has run, so I will have to use it for a nightgown." Many were the nightgowns that started out in life otherwise.

Mother's hands were kept surreptitiously under her apron next day if she had callers. (Bless her hands! In memory, they're more beautiful to me than many white work-dodging ones.)

Very often the younger children were commissioned to keep the young calves away from the clothesline after the wash was hung out. Calves loved shirt-tails and dress cuffs, and of course, any family unfortunate enough to have goats on the premises simply kept up a running battle.

Ironing day was not a few hours in the coolest place in the house with a temperature-controlled iron. Ironing meant tightly closed kitchen doors lest a breath of air cool the iron. The old kitchen linoleum had a path worn from the ironing board to the stove where flatirons were heated. If, by eight o'clock in the evening any farm woman listening in on a party line heard that her neighbor had her ironing finished, she indeed thought her very industrious. One usually ironed again after the supper dishes were washed.

Perhaps all of this sounds far fetched to the young woman of today who has never known anything but an electric washing machine, running water, etc. But stop for a moment and remember the pictures you've seen of families in 1890. Remember those billowing dresses? Remember those layers of starched skirts? Well, they all had to be washed and ironed as I've written about here, so you can be sure that it would be difficult to exaggerate!

The automobile has not placed more distance between itself and old Dobbin than time has placed between "washday" and "laundry day" in rural Kansas. How I wish that my mother and all of her contemporaries could tackle their work with the conveniences we know today!

THE CHURCH BAZAAR WAS A BIG SUCCESS

Dear Folks.

I am writing this letter from a rather unusual place—the office of a large engineering firm. It is a Sunday afternoon, and I am the only one in the place. Because we have no typewriter at the cottage where we are spending our vacation, my wife's Uncle Frank gave me permission to drive into town and use his secretary's typewriter. At any moment the local police of this small town will probably see a strange car in front of the office and come in to investigate. Fortunately, the machine I am using is just like the one in my church office at Bristol.

How glad I was to leave the office two weeks ago, and how glad Betty and the children were to move out to the cottage on the lake. I wish that all of you could pay us a visit this week and see the perfectly grand vacation spot that we have here in southern Rhode Island. We are located on a small lake just ten miles from the ocean. Any day that we choose we can go swimming in the ocean surf, swimming or boating on our own lake, or hiking through some of the most beautiful forest land in New England.

When Betty told me that her Uncle Frank had invited us to use his guest cottage this summer, I had visions of a small one-room cabin with few modern conveniences for family living, since most guest cottages I had ever seen were little more than detached bedrooms. I could hardly believe my eyes when we drove off the highway down two miles of a forest lane to what was to be our home for a full month. The cottage itself is amply large for us and is located on a high ledge over one end of the lake, with stone steps leading down to the water's edge. There are trees of all varieties around us—fir, maple, oak, pine, elm, and chestnut just to name a few. We have a rowboat and a sailboat to use whenever we wish, and that is several times a day.

I have always wanted to be able to handle a sailboat, and I have never had the opportunity to learn much about it. I have gone sailing a few times with other people, but never enough to learn much about sailing. Well, when I discovered that Uncle Frank had a sailboat here on the lake, I determined then and there that nothing would stop me from learning everything about sailing this summer. The other day I got up enough nerve to take the boat out by myself, and what a time I had! I didn't even know how to put up the sails, but within an hour I had the boat all rigged and ready to go. Betty and her Aunt Hazel kept a close eye on me from the shore, for in their own minds they were positive that I would end up by crashing into the rocks or by dumping the boat over. They were so concerned that they even had another boat ready to go out and rescue me in case of an accident!

When I had everything set to go, I took a deep breath and cast loose from the mooring. Believe me, that took some nerve, for I didn't have the slightest idea of what to do next. By trial and error I learned and learned fast. Now I am taking the boat out each day, and every day I learn something new. It all goes to prove that you can't learn to swim out of a book, and neither can you learn to sail a boat until you get into one and just take over.

The largest Boy Scout Camp in the world is located just across the lake from our cottage. The other night while we were sitting down on the shore enjoying a full moon, we were thrilled by a full two hours of music coming to us across the water from the camp. Nearly a thousand Boy Scouts were singing their hearts out under the direction of some very capable song leaders. When Mary Leanna's little cousins come to spend the day with her, they always ask their Uncle Frederick to take them in the boat over to the Scout Camp where they wander for hours along the dozens and dozens of trails that lead through the hundreds of acres of forest land. One of their favorite hikes is through the woods to the large out-of-doors Boy Scout church with its pews hewn out of logs and its altar made of rustic materials.

The Scout Camp ended its season this week, and no longer do we hear the music at night and the shouts and laughter of the boys playing on the opposite shore. Some time ago I wrote you a letter about my convictions on the subject of summer camps for children, and what I have seen of the activities in the Boy Scout Camp this summer makes me all the more certain that every parent should make every sacrifice to send his children to an organized summer camp of some kind—Boy Scout, Girl Scout, YMCA, YWCA, or a private camp.

I hope that the bazaars and fairs that your churches held this summer were all as successful as the grand summer bazaar that we had in Bristol. The day of our bazaar was the most beautiful day of the entire summer, clear and cool with a bright sun. In one afternoon and evening we made a net profit of just a little more than \$1,615.00. All of the tables of food and handiwork of various kinds were out on the church lawn under a seventy-five foot tent. Under the shade of a large elm tree the men of the church had a barbecue stand.

The biggest attraction of all was something that no church in this part of Rhode Island had ever attempted before, a flower show. The Sunday School rooms of the church were given over entirely to the flower show, and all afternoon long there was a steady stream of people paying twenty-five cents admission to see more than sixty flower arrangements entered in the show. There was a special division of the show for flower arrangements by men, and the committee insisted that as the minister of the church I simply had to enter an arrangement. Having no

flowers in our own garden worth entering, I had a friend in Honolulu send me via air express a large box of antheriums and orchids which I arranged in a typical Hawaiian calabash bowl. I would have been embarrassed to have won a first prize, and I was more than pleased to receive a third prize. Much to my amusement I discovered that many of the people who saw my arrangement had never seen antheriums before and came to the conclusion that I had dared to enter an arrangement of artificial flowers!

Of all the ladies working at the bazaar, I don't think that anyone was more pleased with the results than my Betty. She was in charge of the apron table, and that table alone made a net profit of more than \$285.00. She told me that the secret of successful apron selling is having the aprons modeled. I think that she told me she had put on and taken off more than fifty aprons that afternoon! As usual, the most popular table was the one with cakes, pies, and cookies. The ladies in charge of that table made \$200.00 and said that they could have made another \$200.00 had they had the food to sell. When you consider that we only have about 150 women in our church, I think that our food table did wonderfully well.

Our evening Variety Show held out doors was a tremendous success, and from it alone we made a profit of \$250.00. The New York magician performed some tricks that were simply out of this world. I have seen many magicians in my time, both in foreign lands and here in America, and I have never seen one who could work a disappearing act quite as well as the one presented at our Variety Show. The magician held a bird cage in his hands and then invited about twenty-five persons from the audience to come to the platform to watch that bird cage disappear. The people put their faces within six inches of the cage and yet the crazy thing disappeared right before their eyes without a one of them being able to guess where it had gone. They even searched the magician looking for it.

The one thing that we have had lots of this summer has been good weather. While so much of the country was suffering from heat, rains, and floods, we in Rhode Island have had just the kind of summer weather most people dream about. Day after day the sun has shone, and night after night we have had to put extra blankets on our beds. The water has been warm enough for comfortable swimming and yet cool enough to provide good fishing. In a few minutes we can be at the seashore or up in the mountains, and everyone has been having the perfect summer holiday. Let me suggest that next summer you make it a point to visit the smallest state in the union and just see what a great big vacation it can offer.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick

SPOOKTIME FUN

When the Spooks Walk: Select several persons who are to represent the ghosts of famous people. Each is to wear an old pillowslip (cut out eyes and mouth) over the head, or to drape a sheet around himself in ghost fashion. By some prop he carries or by some act he performs, each ghost gives a clue as to his identity. The rest of the guests are given paper and pencil and are to write down their guess as to the identity of each famous person as his ghost appears in an open doorway or walks across the room. Absolute silence is part of the fun in this game, so caution your guests that anyone who whispers must drop a penny in a bowl.

Here are some suggestions for your famous persons ghost parade.

1. **Betsy Ross:** sews on small flag.

2. **Thomas Edison:** carries a light bulb or wears bulb on string around his neck.

3. **Alexander Graham Bell:** holds a child's toy telephone.

4. **George Washington:** carries a hatchet and small tree branch.

5. **Theodore Roosevelt:** carries a huge stick for the "Big Stick".

6. **Abraham Lincoln:** strikes characteristic pose on floor as if reading a book before a fireplace.

7. **Amelia Earhart:** carries a small airplane which she "swoops" and then lets fall in a crash landing.

8. **Humpty Dumpty:** (throw this one in for fun as it really is a teaser!) carries several egg shells.

9. **Sir Walter Raleigh:** spreads down large handkerchief, then stands back to gaze proudly as if Queen were walking upon it.

10. **Florence Nightingale:** carries a lamp and hot water bottle, ice bag, or some other sick room supply.

11. **Robert Fulton:** carries a small toy boat.

12. **Benjamin Franklin:** carries a kite and a key.

13. **Paul Revere:** carries a silver teapot or coffee pot and pretends to mount horse as if he were embarking on famous midnight ride.

14. **Man from Boston Tea Party:** ghost carries a carton market "Tea" that he pretends to throw overboard.

15. **Daniel Boone:** carries oldest type of gun you can find and an animal's pelt.

Lucky Scrawl: Contestants are given a sheet of paper and a pencil and are instructed to get the autographs and telephone numbers of those present. The first one to get Thirteen such autographs wins.

Hallowe'en Faces: Each guest is given crayons and a paper sack.

He must draw a face upon the sack and cut or tear out eyes and mouth. Then each player puts on his mask (pulls sack over his head) and all circulate about the room shaking hands. Whenever a person correctly identifies another guest he may put a cross on that guest's mask. Whenever anyone has ten crosses on his mask, he must perform some stunt for the crowd. Note: turn all lights off while guests put on their masks, and ask that each one walk five steps in some direction before lights are turned on again.

—Mabel Nair Brown



This is Margery's new home in Essex, Iowa. Across the front is a big screened-in porch (north exposure). The two windows plus a tiny one in the middle are on the west wall of the living room. The two windows at the rear are in the kitchen. You can't see the back yard in this picture, but the small porch at the rear leads out to it and there are some beautiful trees growing there.

A FAMILY HALLOWEEN PARTY

Hallowe'en is the night when you can have a party that both parents and children will enjoy. Many times our Sunday School parties are limited to children only, but this is a splendid occasion to have the parents invited too for an evening that all age groups can enjoy.

Guests can be greeted by a couple of junior size ghosts who remain perfectly silent no matter what is said to them. These ghosts point to a huge footprint that is on the floor and indicate, by pointing, that the guests are to follow these footprints. Cut out a series of these from cardboard and place them in a path to the room where wraps are to be removed.

From large paper sacks that have holes cut in them for eyes, make false faces by drawing on features with black crayon. Instruct another silent junior size ghost to give each guest one of these masks as soon as he has removed his coat. These are to be worn until the crowd has "warmed up" and identities have been guessed.

Nosey is a good family game for such an occasion. In a doorway hang an old sheet in which two small slits have been cut, one at adult height and the other at a child's height. The women go into a dark room on one side of the sheet, while the men and children remain in a lighted room on the opposite side. Each woman pokes her nose through the slit in the sheet and the crowd tries to identify her. Both the men and the children will be surprised to find how hard it is to tell which is Mama even though they see her nose daily! Next the children take their turns poking their little noses through the slit, and again the dads choose their own offspring. Hardly a dad ever guesses right!

Jack o'-Lantern Relay: Four jack-o'-lanterns with lighted candles in them are needed for this. Divide your crowd into four groups (be sure that the children are equally divided) and call them the Ghosts, Owls, Cats and Bats. They stand in parallel lines

and face a goal. At a given signal one person from each team runs to the end, picks up the Jack-o'-Lantern and carries it to his starting point and then back to the goal. The chances are that the candle will go out in this draft, so the leader must be right there with matches to do a lot of relighting. The first team through wins.

Apple Relay: While your crowd is still divided into Ghosts, Owls, Cats and Bats have them line up for this relay. An apple is started down each of the four lines. The first one to get it must hand it to the person behind him by putting his hands behind his back—he must not turn and look. This second person passes it on in the same fashion, and so forth until the end of the line is reached. Then pass it back up until it reaches the head of the line. Anyone who turns his head to look or who drops the apple must fall out of line. The first team through with the greatest number of players still standing is the winner.

Dangling Doughnuts: String a long wire across the room and from it suspend doughnuts that have string tied through the hole and then up through the wire. (Put one wire down low enough that the smaller children can reach it so that they may participate too.) At a given signal each person must run up and, with his hands behind his back, eat the doughnut. Of course it will swing back and forth wildly, and since no one is permitted to use his hands there will be a lot of fun. The first doughnut to be entirely consumed makes the winner.

After so much hectic activity it is a good idea to have some person who is really gifted at story telling spin a ghost yarn. Turn the lights down low and create a suitable atmosphere. At a suitable spot in the story when everything is extremely quiet, drop a dishpan or make some other sudden noise.

All kinds of scary activities such as shaking hands with a ghost who extends a battery in his hand to greet you, etc., should be eliminated when children under twelve years of age are involved. They have a wonderful time with things that they understand—save the electrifying tricks for older people who aren't disconcerted by the wildest things you can think up.

Salted popcorn and bowls of red apples are a must for refreshments. Nut cups filled with salted nuts and candy corn are simple favors. Individual pumpkin pies create a lot of fun if you add chocolate to the whipped cream and make two eyes, a nose and a mouth by using your cake decorator. Old-fashioned Hallowe'en tarts are always greeted with delight. Make these by cutting two circles of rich thin pastry dough. Leave one circle solid, but with a sharp knife make a face on the second circle. After they are baked put one of the face tarts on the plain tart with brilliant red jelly as the filling. No child has ever taken these tarts for granted!

—Lynda Schliemann

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

We're just back from a trip to Lucas where we delivered Kristin after a two and a half weeks' visit with us, and before I go to bed tonight I want to get off this letter to you.

In our part of the country it's hard to figure out just what this summer's weather really has been good for, but I'll give it credit for one thing at least: it produced an amazingly beautiful countryside. In years gone by we've looked at brown fields, dusty trees, and tattered wayside bushes, but this year there is nothing but rich beautiful green as far as the eye can see. And flowers! Why, never have I seen anything like the great drifts of pure gold that cover the hillsides and meadows. Ordinarily there aren't nearly as many blooms and they don't show up dramatically against their dusty brown backgrounds, but this year I defy any state in any season to produce anything more beautiful. It actually reminded us of California as we drove along, and in all honesty I can't say that Iowa often reminds us of California!

You mothers who live on busy highways certainly have my sympathy. We made our trip up to Lucas in the afternoon, and my! how slowly and carefully we drove in the vicinity of rural schools where the children were just leaving. Our return trip was made in the morning, and again we took it mighty easy whenever we saw youngsters ahead of us. I wish I could say that every car on the highway was being driven with the same sense of caution, but because they weren't I can only imagine how uneasy you mothers feel when you start your children off down any of those highways.

We drum safety into their heads from morning until night and harp and harp and harp on it, and yet you can never depend upon a child. It's one reason we've never allowed Juliana to carry a ball back and forth to school. She is careful about the streets and we've watched her (when she didn't know it) to see just how much caution she used, and yet I know that if her ball were to roll out into the street she might dash right out after it.

I can't get off this subject without mentioning a phrase that has become a classic in our family.

One rainy morning last November Russell saw her off at the front door, and as she stepped down from the porch he said firmly, "Now be extra careful this morning. Cars can't see." Ever since then we've concluded our warnings with: "Cars can't see." (The way some of them are driven forces me to believe that the drivers actually can't see!)

While Kristin was with us I whipped up two dresses for her and one for Juliana. I made both girls Alice-In-Wonderland outfits, and if I do say so myself, they looked fetching. It was really comparable to making four dresses because that white organdy apron called for a lot of work



Off to Essex! Juliana and Kristin were looking out the train window and waiting momentarily to get started when this was taken. Fortunately they didn't know that they'd sit motionless for an hour!

—at least it seemed to me. Then I made Kristin a charming print, very quaint and old-fashioned looking; the material was white and it was covered with sprigs of roses. I trimmed this with an eyelet ruffle around the yoke, and also put a ruffle on the two pockets in the skirt.

One night last week I started to get out the food chopper when I realized for the first time that I no longer had a surface where it could be attached. It ended with my going to the basement where I could fasten it on to the edge of a wooden table. That's why I want to remind you that if you're remodeling a kitchen and using a great deal of steel in surfaces, cupboards, etc., be sure you make one wooden surface for the food grinder. Abigail thought of this when they built their new kitchen. In a small area flush with the range there is a built-in unit that contains several drawers. The top of this unit has a piece of chromium in it so that hot pans can be placed on it directly from the stove. However, this chromium doesn't extend right to the edge, for in that small strip at the end is a piece of maple that overhangs slightly, and it is at this spot that the food grinder is to be attached.

Another thing Abigail thought of was to have a maple chopping board built right in to one counter top—it is flush with the linoleum covering. This is wonderful for pounding meat or cutting vegetables, and if ever I have an "engineered" kitchen, that's something I'm going to allow for.

Every inch of Abigail's kitchen was planned for some specific purpose, and she has wonderful working surfaces. Shortly after the kitchen was finished I stepped into it to look around, and I asked her how it seemed to be able to work at so many different places rather than just one tiny counter such as she had been doing for four years.

She laughed and said that she still found herself huddled up in one small space with everything stacked up around that space. She couldn't adjust herself to the idea of being able to "spread out" when baking pies or cakes. I imagine that many of you who went from an inconvenient, old-fashioned kitchen to one of these new engineered kitchens felt the same way for a while. I know that if I remodeled tomorrow I'd find

myself working in about ten inches near the stove for a long, long time to come.

Juliana and Kristin are still talking about their first expedition by train to visit Marge in Essex. There is a little branch line that runs from Shenandoah to Red Oak with a stop on the road (six miles distant) for Essex, and on one of the hottest days of the summer they got dressed up to take this train. Plans called for having supper with their Aunt Marge and Martin, and going to an ice cream social with them in the evening.

The station agent told us that the train left at four, so just to be sure we wouldn't miss it we went to the station at 3:50. The girls boarded the train at once, each of them holding the big yellow tickets that cost the staggering sum of 8 cents each! At 4:15 the engine arrived from the round house, hooked on to the one car, and started off. We waved and yelled "Goodbye, goodbye!"

Then we went to do an errand, and on the road back home we passed a siding about a block from the station and were appalled to see the girls sitting on the train—and no sign of the engine! We parked the car right beside the train and sat there and talked for 15 minutes, but they finally insisted that we go on and leave them. We did—doubtfully. I thought of Marge sitting at the Essex station, but there was nothing we could do about this, so we went on home. At 4:45 I telephoned the station. No, the train hadn't gone yet! At 5:10 I telephoned again to hear the cheerful news that it had just departed!

When I thought of how frantically we had scurried around to get ready and down to the station "in plenty of time" I felt like sitting down and laughing myself sick.

What have you lined up for your major handwork project this winter? I haven't been able to decide what to start, and the principal reason for my indecision is the realization that I shouldn't tackle a single thing until I finish the tablecloth that was started more years ago than I'll admit. What my winter's project should be is to finish everything I've taken one stitch in and then put aside until I felt "more like it". If you start a major piece of work I'd love to hear about it. And if you too decide to finish everything you ever once began, I'd love to hear about that too!

Always . . . Lucile

**The one perfect
Christmas Gift**

is a lovely new picture made from old family portraits. Look through your pictures today and select some for new prints. I will make a new negative from any that are not torn, badly scratched, or faded beyond recall.

A new negative and 5x7 enlargement, \$1.00

Additional Enlargements

(Fine quality studio paper)

5 x 7 Size 35¢

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All work postpaid

VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67

Shenandoah, Ia.



NEVER FAIL DUMPLINGS

2 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbs. shortening
3/4 cup milk
1 beaten egg

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add shortening, and lastly add milk and egg. Drop on top of chicken or meat, and simmer covered for 20 minutes.

APPLE PUDDING

2 lbs. Winesap apples
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
6 Tbs. butter
1 cup flour

Peel apples and slice thin. Place in bottom of buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with granulated sugar. Cream butter and brown sugar. Stir in flour. Pat this dough out and cut in round cooky shape. Place close together over the top of the apples and bake until golden brown at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes. Serve warm with cream or ice cream.

DATE AND NUT DESSERT

1 cup pitted dates, diced
1/2 cup black walnuts, broken
1 cup granulated sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
Pinch of salt

4 egg whites, beaten

Mix together the dates, walnuts, sugar, baking powder and salt. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in a buttered layer cake pan for 20 minutes at 300 degrees. When cool, serve with whipped cream.

SICILIAN VEAL STEAK

1 pound veal steak cut 1/2 inch thick

2 T. fat

2 T. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. paprika

2 T. brown sugar

1 T. lemon juice

1 T. minced onion

1 cup hot water

1/2 cup chopped pimento olives

Brown steak well. Remove from pan. Add flour, salt and stir until smooth. Then add salt, paprika, brown sugar, lemon juice, onion and hot water. When blended return meat to skillet and cover and simmer in sauce until tender, about 30 minutes. Add olives and cook about 5 minutes longer.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter
Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

HOT CHICKEN LOAF

1 4 to 5 lb. chicken
2 cups fresh bread crumbs
1 cup cooked rice
3/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbs. chopped pimientos
3 cups chicken broth
3 eggs, well beaten

Simmer chicken in water to cover adding 1 carrot, 1 onion and a few celery leaves, 1 whole clove and 3/4 tsp. salt. Remove seasonings and let meat cool in stock. Remove meat from bones, cut up quite fine, combine with remaining ingredients and season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in a greased baking dish so that mixture is about 2 inches deep. It will be quite thin, but is as it should be. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Cut in squares and serve with mushroom sauce.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
1/4 cup flour
1 can mushrooms
2 cups chicken broth
1/4 cup cream
Dash of paprika
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 Tbs. chopped parsley
Salt to taste

Cook mushrooms in butter about 5 minutes. Add flour and stir to blend well. Add stock and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add cream and seasonings. Stir in parsley and lemon juice just before serving.

HOMESTEAD SAUCE

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup cream
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs until extremely light. Add sugar and beat again. Whip cream very stiff and fold into egg mixture. Add vanilla. Chill in refrigerator before serving on gingerbread.

CHOCOLATE-WALNUT FROSTING

3 Tbs. butter
6 oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1/3 cup hot milk
2 1/4 cups sifted powdered sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Melt butter and chocolate together over hot water. Stir hot milk into sugar and salt; add vanilla. Add chocolate mixture, beating until thick. Enough to fill and frost two 8-inch layers.

DELICIOUS GINGERBREAD

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 well beaten egg
1 cup molasses
2 1/2 cups cake flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. cloves
1 cup hot water

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, then molasses and beat well. Sift flour with spices and soda, and add to the creamed mixture, beating until very smooth. Lastly add 1 cup hot water and beat again until well blended. Pour into a well greased paper lined 9 inch square pan. Bake 45 min. at 350 degrees. Cut into squares and serve hot with whipped cream or with cold Homestead Sauce.

PINEAPPLE DROP COOKIES

1/2 cup mixed butter and vegetable shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
1 egg
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt

Cream shortening with sugar. Beat in egg, vanilla, pineapple and dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoons on cooky sheet and bake in a 375 degree oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 30 to 36 cookies.

OLD STYLE COOKIES

1 1/2 cups sugar
3/4 cup shortening
3/4 cup molasses
4 Tbs. hot water
2 eggs
4 tsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
3 1/2 cups flour

Cream sugar and shortening, add molasses, hot water and eggs, and lastly flour to which spices and soda have been added. Roll into small balls and dip into sugar. These raise up and then flatten into cracks and crinkles after they are baked in a 325 degree oven for about 15 minutes.

SUPER HAM LOAF

1 lb. ground veal
1 lb. ground ham
1 cup bread crumbs
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
3 Tbs. minced onion
3 Tbs. minced green pepper
2 eggs, beaten
1/4 cup catsup
1/4 cup water

1 can condensed tomato soup
Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly, and then pack firmly into a greased 9x4x4 loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

MARTHA'S GRAHAM BUNS

1 pkg. dry yeast
 1/2 cup lukewarm water
 1 tsp. sugar
 1 cup lukewarm milk
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. shortening
 2 Tbls. light molasses
 1 Tbls. salt
 1 beaten egg
 2 1/2 cups white flour
 1 cup graham flour
 1/2 cup raisins
 6 plump prunes

Dissolve the yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water to which the 1 tsp. of sugar has been added. Scald the milk. Add sugar, shortening, molasses and salt. When lukewarm combine with the yeast mixture and add 1 well beaten egg. Then add the white flour and graham flour, raisins and prunes that have been cut in small pieces. Let rise. Punch down, and if dough seems too sticky add a little more white flour. Let rise again, punch down, and then make into 2 dozen buns. When light bake in a 400 degree oven for approximately 25 minutes.

PORK CHOPS BAKED WITH RICE

6 pork chops
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. cayenne
 1/4 tsp. black pepper
 2 Tbls. cooking oil
 6 Tbls. raw rice
 1 clove garlic slivered
 1 large onion cut into 6 slices
 1 can condensed tomato soup
 3/4 cup water
 2 cups cooked green beans

Combine spices and rub on chops. Cook in heavy skillet in oil until brown. Remove chops to a baking dish. Place rice, garlic and 1 slice of onion on each soup. Dilute tomato soup with 1 cup of water and pour over chops. Bake covered 1 hour at 375 degrees. Add cooked string beans to pork mixture. Baste liberally with liquid in pan while heating beans. Serves six.

APPLESAUCE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
 3/4 cup white sugar
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup sweetened fresh or canned applesauce
 1 cup chopped walnuts
 2 cups all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. cloves
 1 cup seedless raisins, chopped

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add egg. Sift together the flour and spices and combine with raisins and nuts. Heat applesauce to boiling point. Add to sugar mixture alternately with flour mixture. Turn into a greased and floured loaf pan 9 x 15 x 3 and bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until done. This cake needs no frosting.

BROWN SUGAR BROWNIES

2/3 cup shortening, butter or margarine
 1 lb. brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 eggs
 2 2/3 cups all-purpose flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup walnuts, chopped
 1 pkg. chopped semi-sweet chocolate

Melt shortening in a saucepan and stir in the brown sugar. Cool slightly and then beat in the eggs one at a time. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, and stir into the brown-sugar mixture. Add nuts, chocolate and pour into a greased 10 1/2 x 15 1/2 x 3/4 baking pan. Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Cut into small bars when almost cool. Make some today for the school lunch boxes.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS

Boil 1 quart of navy beans to which 1/4 tsp. soda has been added. At end of 5 minutes remove from stove, drain, and add:

1/2 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 cup chopped bacon
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 2 cups tomato juice or canned tomatoes

Additional water to cover

Bake 3 or 4 hours, tightly covered, in a 350 degree oven. If wished, these may be baked for an hour or so, then put in jars and cold-packed for 3 hours.

DEVILED TUNA

(Fine for a luncheon)

2 small cans tuna
 1 small can mushrooms
 2 cups thick cream sauce
 1 Tbls. dry mustard
 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Bread crumbs—about 1/2 cup
 2 Tbls. butter

Melt butter and brown drained mushrooms in it. Then mix with cream sauce and add seasonings. Put tuna in buttered casserole and pour sauce over it. Cover with a layer of dried bread crumbs. Dot with small pieces of butter, and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Salmon can be substituted for the tuna.

HAMBURGER PIE

Brown 1 medium sized onion, chopped, in hot fat. Add 1 pound ground beef which has been seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown. Add 1 No. 2 can drained green beans and 1 can condensed tomato soup. Pour into greased casserole. Mash 5 medium sized cooked potatoes, season with 1/2 cup hot milk and 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper. Spoon in mounds over meat mixture and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By *Gertrude Hayzlett*

As I write this, I find too many people needing cheer to tell much about each of them in this short column. I'll list as many as possible. Will you send at least a card to several of them?

Billie Brown, age 6, American Legion Hospital, Lakeview Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla. Don Real, age 16, same address. Miss Eva Pickel, Martel, Tenn. Carol Lang, American Legion Hospital, Lakeview Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla., age 15. Miss Frieda Belle Ballington, Rt. 1 Box 377, Gilbert, S. Carolina—in wheelchair. W. C. Buttler, Rocky Face, Ga., age 20, is paralyzed from shoulders down.

Donald Henry Matatics, Ward 4a, Kennedy V. A. Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., is about 26. Lyndal Davis, Rt. 2, Hoschton, Ga., was born Nov. 25, 1924. He is bedfast, and would like pocket-size Western and mystery stories. Maurice Ensley, 271 West Miller Avenue, Akron 11, Ohio, age 17, is very ill. Miss Betty Williams, 1952 N. Bethany, Kansas City 4, Kansas, age 25 is bedfast.

Miss Dorothy E. A. Robison, age 40, 819 West 4 St., Erie, Pa., had a spinal injury as a child. Mrs. Alice Lung, Rt. 2, Rushville, Ill., wants quilt pieces and embroidery thread. Alice's daughter, Gladys, is handicapped and would like mail. Miss Evelyn Tomlin, Rt. 4, Tyler, Texas, shutin, wants quilt print pieces 3 inches square, also Western or mystery stories.

Edna Robbins, Linn Grove, Iowa, is an arthritis sufferer. Miss M. Helen Erickson, 17 Glenwood St., Warren, Pa., also has arthritis. Her age is around 40. She wants letters. Miss Esther Wagner, 4107 Riverside Ave., SE, Cleveland 9, Ohio, age about 50, is bedfast and needs cheer.

Helen Smith, daughter of Mrs. Hester E. Smith, 608 Bunker Ave., Latrobe, Pa., is an invalid and is very tiny and frail. Mrs. Eva Elmore, 1414 Vandalia Road, is badly crippled by arthritis. Mrs. Beatrice McFarland, RR., Clarinda, Iowa, is an invalid and needs cheery letters. Miss Annabell Wagner, Rt. 1, Lake Geneva, Wis., is in the hospital with a broken hip.

Mrs. Hattie M. Henry, 707 E. Lake St., Shenandoah, Iowa, is bedfast. She is in the eighties and suffers continually. Mrs. Etta M. Watts, 280 Pine St., Salem, Oregon, shutin, wants religious reading material. Mrs. Lucy Hammond, 33 Pitman Ave., Greenwood, Mass., is quite handicapped and needs cheer. Mrs. J. L. Keran, Bartlett, Iowa, is 85. She is able to be up but cannot go out at all.

Mrs. G. R. Conger, Sr., 1421 W. 8th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., has arthritis and is pretty discouraged. Some of you who have arthritis, do write to her. Mrs. Amy E. Payne, Rt. 2, Box 116, Glendo, Wyo., has just had a serious operation, and letters would help. Mrs. Jennie A. Snyder, 601 E. Church St., Marshalltown, Ia., would enjoy letters. Miss Mabelle Stafford, 625 S. Garfield Ave., Burlington, Iowa, enjoys mail but is unable to write much.

SINGING GRANDMOTHERS

By Hallie M. Barrow

"Singing grandmothers never die, They just mellow with music."

That is the slogan of the Singing Grandmothers' Chorus, Inc., so their director told me. The director, Mrs. Kathryn Skeffington of Chicago, should know because she organized this grandmothers' chorus in 1941, and largely through her guidance it has achieved national success.

It has never been a money-making venture for Mrs. Skeffington. It started as a solace for grief at the loss of her husband, and the fact that she could not face an inactive existence. She had taught music in public schools before her marriage, her husband was a musician, and they reared a family of ten children. Soon after the children had grown and established homes of their own, her husband died and for a time existence looked very bleak to her.

At this point she turned again to her music. But she had been out of the teaching profession too long to be reinstated as an instructor in the schools. So she turned to giving her time and talents just wherever they might be needed. She played for church services and trained choral groups for special entertainments. Often, doing this work, she noticed that musical talent in older women was more or less ignored, so she conceived the idea of organizing a chorus of singing grandmothers.

You can imagine the predictions for failure that showered in her direction! But she knew by her own experience how woeful it was still to want to enjoy and give of musical talent with no outlet found for such a gift. So she put an ad in the paper and soon there were 17 of the singing grandmothers! The only entrance requirements were that you must be a grandmother and able to sing. The applicant need not have had a musical education. Of course it was better if one could read music, but Mrs. Skeffington says that some of her best singers were just naturals—they could harmonize, carry tunes, and were just born with a perfect sense of time and rhythm.

Do you like to read stories about how some famous actress or singer arrived after a very inauspicious start? Do you thrill to the success stories of self-made women who have reached the top of their profession by overcoming trials and discouragements? Then you would enjoy this success story of the singing grandmothers and their director.

There are now 36 members ranging in age from 39 to 85. They represent 13 nationalities. There is a long waiting list of grandmothers who hope that soon there will be a place for them, but it means a lengthy and patient wait for there have never been any resignations or retirements! They meet once a week at the Chase Park Field House in Chicago for rehearsal, and more frequently than this when working up special programs.

Like their director, their first efforts were given simply because they

loved music and enjoyed sharing any talents they had. As they grew better they were in great demand and received compensation for their concerts and shows. They still sing frequently for charity, old folks and orphans in homes, hospitals, etc., and in addition to charity performances last year they gave 70 shows. They won first prize on the Morris B. Sacs radio program, first prize in a television contest, and have a tentative television contract. They have been written up in papers and magazines, and were the subject of a feature article in the "Interesting People" section of the American magazine in 1950.

You've noticed, I suppose, that I've accounted for their progress from concerts into shows. They do special numbers requiring folk and regular dance routines, and these require special costumes made for them by a regular theater designer and costumer.

Among their specialty acts are talented grandmothers who give imitations in appropriate costume of Sophie Tucker, Adelina Patti, Harry Lauder, Jenny Lind, Blanche Ring and other notables. One of these very peppy grandmothers wears a tuxedo and imitates Al Jolson and sings his songs. Of course they have a hill-billy group with a special trained chorus, (yes, they hired a dance teacher!) and they have many original numbers.

These grandmothers responded with so much enthusiasm and were so ambitious that Mrs. Skeffington added an orchestra and band. Did it just happen that these grandmothers could play instruments? No, only a few of them could at the outset, but they took lessons and learned to play instruments when they found that these new divisions were being organized. For instance, when they needed a marimba player, one of the sixty-five year old grandmothers took lessons and qualified.

Mrs. Skeffington does all of the auditioning herself. She has a harmonica quartette, a harmonica sextette, and a fife and drum corps in addition to the orchestra and band. The organization owns all of its own musical instruments, stage properties and settings, costumes and music. You can readily see that by this time they really needed a very competent business manager, one who could take care of bookings and publicity as well as finances.

They couldn't have found a better prepared person for this role than a member of their own ranks, Mrs. Sue Hanger. Incidentally, she is the one real American of the group! Her tribal name was Princess Sunbeam and she is the daughter of Thunder Cloud of the Oklahoma Cherokees. She and her husband had one of the first rodeo shows on the road and still hold the copyright on the name "Texas Rangers".

Now as to Mrs. Skeffington's compensation . . . she says that she did not wish any salary. It was sufficient joy, she said, to see that these grandmothers had something

to live for, something to keep them from being pushed back into an inactive life. But the grandmothers don't feel this way. They insist that she take a quarter from each of them at rehearsals, and they also insist that she share with them any prizes that are won on various radio and television programs.

Perhaps you would like to know how I happened to meet, Mrs. Skeffington. Well, as I write this we are taking another one of those delightful Mississippi River boat trips; perhaps some of you recall my account of another Mississippi trip we made in 1948 when we embarked at St. Louis and went south. This time we took the same boat and again embarked at St. Louis, but we went north rather than south.

It's been a wonderfully restful trip and we've had great pleasure in finding new friends among the 90 odd passengers. We met Mrs. Skeffington at the outset because the very first night the ship's regular hostess could not be on board, and consequently the entertainment was quietly dying when Mrs. Skeffington offered to act as master of ceremonies. She did a marvelous job, and when we congratulated her at the close of a most interesting evening she commented that we had been a little more difficult to draw out than her singing grandmothers.

"Singing grandmothers?" we exclaimed. "What might that be?"

And then we heard her story.

TAKE TIME

Take time to live—it's one secret of success.

Take time to think—it's the source of power.

Take time to play—it's the secret of youth.

Take time to read—it's the foundation of knowledge.

Take time for friendship—it's the source of happiness.

Take time to laugh—it helps lift life's lot.

Take time to dream—it hitches the soul to the stars.

But, about all, take time to be safe—for without safety we cannot take time for any of the rest.

WHAT IS A BOY?

"Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood, we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair and the Hope of the future with a frog in his pocket."

You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you if you could know how seldom they do.—Olin Miller.

JUST MY OPINION

By Leanna

In recent months quite a few letters have reached me concerning this problem of how much money working children should contribute to the family home. It is a problem that earnest, loving parents do not feel like discussing with their relatives or friends—they are afraid that their attitude will be misunderstood. And so they have asked me to express my opinion on the subject, figuring, I suppose, that with seven children I've had a little experience along this line. I'm glad to do so, but I don't pretend to be an authority on anything pertaining to raising a family and can only express what we've tried along the way.

It seems to me that when our children go out into the world to work and draw a definite income, we do them a grave injustice if we permit them to live at home as casually as they did while they were high school students. If they get their board and room, plus their laundry, completely free of charge, how can they ever know what it costs to maintain a home?

The answer is that they can't, and many a marriage made by such young people has almost gone on the rocks because of the total disillusionment felt by the couple when they came up against the hard realities of rent or house payments, grocery bills, utility bills, coal bills, and the unending list of things that it takes to keep a home going. Such young people are absolutely unprepared for the down-to-earth planning that it takes to make a home. I've heard more than one young woman say, "Oh, I wish that my parents had given me more sense about money."

A sense about money should begin in childhood, and as part of the whole process it means that when children are out on their own, but still living at home, they should make a definite contribution to that home—and a contribution that makes sense. We're not doing a favor to any young man or woman in these times if we allow them to think that \$5.00 per week covers three meals a day (plus unlimited access to the refrigerator and cupboards), the upkeep of the room they occupy, and their laundry.

If we allow them to make such a small contribution they're due for painful shocks when circumstances take them into their own homes, or to another town where they are wholly on their own. In my lifetime I've known a number of promising young people who went blithely from a comfortable home to jobs in distant cities, and the cost of living in those cities seemed such an overwhelming and hopeless problem that they just gave up and returned home to opportunities that couldn't compare to what they left. In later years they actually grieved over the fact that they didn't somehow struggle through . . . but their backgrounds of indulged comfort simply didn't prepare them for learning how to struggle.

Recently I had a letter from a fine mother who said that their son was



Margery and Martin on the front steps of their new home. When we saw this we all exclaimed, "Oh, Martin looks so much older all of a sudden!"

making almost as much as his father, and yet he paid into the home only \$5.00 per week. His father had worked very hard since he was a boy of fourteen, and since there were younger children in the family this mother felt that it wasn't fair to the father to carry the working son on his tiny donation to the home. This mother is right—it isn't fair to his father. And it isn't fair to the son either. In such cases the only reasonable thing to do, hard as it may be, is to sit down with the son (or daughter, as the case may be) and go over the actual figures that it takes to maintain the home. As a rule this is enough to convince the young person that he couldn't get far living anywhere else on \$5.00 per week, and that in our times it isn't right to expect hard-working parents who have but little more than the son or daughter, to carry the whole load.

Now there are exceptions to everything, and off-hand I can think of several connected with this problem.

Let's say that you have a son or daughter who is ambitious to have a college education, or some type of training for a profession. You would give anything to make this possible, but money simply won't stretch to give this young person what he needs and what you so much want him to have. Now under those circumstances you can probably continue to manage the home without his help, and if he saves every cent towards his education it is fair enough that he should not make a financial contribution.

Another situation is where the young person does a really major piece of work to keep up the home. If a son is employed in town but lives at his parent's home in the country, driving back and forth to his job, and does the chores, helps at every available moment with farm work to assist his parents, then this should be taken into consideration.

A young woman who comes home from her job to cook the evening meal, to clean, to do the family laundry at night, etc., should have the same kind of consideration.

But in most cases the employed son or daughter doesn't have this kind of responsibility. He is still in his own comfortable room with Mother putting meals on the table, doing the washing and ironing. Dad paying the bills, etc., and he is free to spend his paycheck as he sees fit after a pittance is removed for board and room. This is the usual case.

I know that the entire subject is a touchy one, and I've no doubt that many people will disagree violently with what I have written here. But I've seen so many disappointments, so many unjust situations develop from the attitude that young people are entitled to a home as long as they want it without paying their own way, that I cannot help but feel the things that I've expressed here.

I know a woman who once said to me wistfully, "I've always longed for a set of beautiful dishes and just a couple of beautiful woolen blankets, but it's never been possible to manage them." Well, they had two daughters who took jobs as soon as they graduated from a business school, and for the next five years they lived at home without paying a cent. Their entire incomes went for two things: clothing and saving for their own hopecheses. Both daughters married and went into their own homes with the beautiful china and blankets for which their mother had always yearned and now would never have since their father's age had reduced his earning power—it would be a struggle from that point on just to make ends meet.

This doesn't seem fair to me. I feel that those two daughters, and all other young women or young men situated in comparable circumstances, should have pitched in and helped to take the load from their parents' shoulders.

Perhaps someone is thinking now: well, how much should we expect from our children? The answer to this is to figure out exactly what it costs to run your home. Then make investigations (and no town is so small but what this can be managed) and find out how much it costs an employed person to live. Between these figures, your own home and living independently elsewhere, you should be able to arrive at a reasonable, common sense figure. If \$20.00 per week for board, room and laundry seems sensible, then don't drift along on \$4.00 or \$5.00 per week.

We love our children and we want to do all we can to help them, but we're not helping them when we allow them to live in such unreality. Nor are we being fair to our husbands who've worked hard and long to provide the necessities and comforts of life, and who deserve some consideration as they grow older and less able to meet the demands. Let's do the best we can by all members of the family. It's the only thing that can bring lasting happiness and satisfaction.

The same defects which we find in-supportable in others seem quite proper in ourselves; they are no burden for we do not feel them.

SCHOOL NEWS FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This has been such a terribly busy month for me, that I hardly know where to begin telling you of all the things that I have done.

Last month in my letter I told you that I had been helping Mrs. Kiburz, the County Superintendent, in her office, and she has finally talked me into staying with her permanently, at least for this year. This job has proved to be a very satisfactory arrangement for us, not only because I have loved every minute of my work there, but Frank and Kristin are happy about it because when I come home at night I don't bring all my work home with me and I have my evenings free with them.

One reason I hesitated about taking it was because I would also have to be in the office on Saturdays, but on Saturday Kristin goes in with me and stays with her Aunt Edna all day. She loves to do this and really looks forward to Saturdays because she has a lot of friends in Chariton and she gets to play with them all day. She will also take her music lessons on Saturday, so everything is really working out beautifully—much better I might say, than when I taught school.

One of my jobs in this office is to take care of our county library. We are very proud of our library which contains approximately eight thousand children's books, and as we get in a new box of books which have just been released, I am going to enjoy looking through them and will probably be telling you about some of them from time to time. Our rural teachers take these books out to their schools and by exchanging them every two or three weeks, our children always have plenty of lovely books on their reading tables to look at and read in their spare time.

In the history of Lucas County rural schools, the children have always had to buy their own text books, but this year the County Board of Education is inaugurating a rental system. One small fee will include all their text books and work books for the year. It really is a wonderful thing, and has been met with great enthusiasm by almost every parent. However, those who still want to buy books for their children are entitled to do so.

The office force has been busy all summer in the office getting everything organized and ready to go. Seventeen of our schools started last Monday; the rest will start in the morning. Kristin starts in the morning, and before she went to bed tonight she got her crayons, pencils, tablet, and I don't know what all in a little box and was so excited she could hardly get to sleep.

Kristin will have a new teacher this year. Bertha McNeer who has taught our school the past two years wanted to teach a school a little closer to home, and since she drove the same distance every day that I did when I taught, I didn't blame her a bit. We feel very fortunate, therefore, in being able to secure the teacher we did to take her place.

Mrs. Edwin Allen (Mary) is not only a wonderful woman, but an excellent teacher. She has been a teacher for years in the Lucas schools in the Junior High and High School. Last year she just stayed at home and did substitute teaching in Lucas, and I will admit that I had to talk long, hard and fast to get her to teach our little school, and one of my happiest days this summer was the day she said "yes" and signed the contract. We are going to do everything we can to make her year with us a happy one.

We had our big teachers' meeting on the 23rd of August, and on the next day Mrs. Kiburz and I took our Lucas County exhibit for the rural schools to the state fair. Early in the morning we went to the courthouse and everything had to be loaded into Mrs. Kiburz car. Of course it was pouring down rain, but I had taken with me a big plastic tablecloth and we wrapped every load up in this to keep it dry while we got it into the car. We drove all the way to Des Moines in the rain, unloaded it all in the rain, spent the rest of the day getting it set up and of course when we came out late in the afternoon to go home, the sun was shining.

We thought we had a very good exhibit and were proud of the work we had on display that the Lucas County rural children had done during the year. Nothing that we had in our booth was made specifically for the fair but was an assortment of all types of handwork and art that the children had done in their daily work throughout the year. I sincerely hope that all of you who take your children to the fair next year will make a special effort to see that they get to see all of these exhibits in the Educational Building.

Mrs. Kiburz and I went to Des Moines today to take down our exhibit and bring it home, so we took Kristin with us. She came home all enthused about some of the things she saw there and is anxious to make some of the things herself this year.

I know that many of our Kitchen-Klatter readers are teachers and I wish that I had the space to tell you in detail about some of the things I saw because I know it would give you a lot of new ideas, and maybe from time to time in other issues I can do that, but right now I am going to tell you about one item we had that really attracted a lot of attention. It was a Hansel and Gretel house made with sugar cubes put together like bricks with pink frosting. The roof had been made of cardboard covered with strips of brown, pink, white and yellow coconut candy, which had been pinned to the cardboard. The children in this rural school had made the house in art period after reading the story of Hansel and Gretel.

Frank has been busy this week mowing the school yard and getting it all cleaned up for the first day of school. Now that we have all of our new playground equipment this is a little harder job than it used to be. He just has to go around the equip-

ment with the mower, then take the scythe and finish up around the edges. I stitched a little every night on the new curtains that had to be made this year. Two of my neighborhood friends, Mrs. August Johnson and Mrs. Ralph Marker, cleaned the inside of the schoolhouse spic and span one day this week, and this was something I appreciated very much.

Frank has some more alfalfa hay to put up but he is waiting until the weather clears up a little and it looks as if we will have several sunny days in a row before he mows it.

Kristin spent two and a half weeks of August in Shenandoah for her last visit with Juliana for the summer. The Vernesses came after her one week-end, coming one day and going home the next. Then they drove here last Wednesday, stayed all night and went home the next day. I was happy and surprised when Kristin came home with two lovely new dresses Aunt Lucile had made her.

The past two years that I have taught, we have had to have a regular morning schedule at this house, and tomorrow we go back on that schedule in full gear, so right now I must get to bed. Until next month—

Sincerely, Dorothy

THE RECORD I KEEP OF MYSELF

It isn't so much what my neighbor may think,

Though I value his friendship a lot;

It isn't some record that's written in ink,

That I want to keep free from blot.

It isn't some tale people whisper about

The way I gather my self—I want to keep evil and crookedness out

Of the record I keep of myself.

It often may happen opinions are wrong,

However men praise or blame; But I know there's a critic who travels along,

Who knows every step that I came.

Whatever my friends or my enemies say

In volumes up there on the shelf, The thing that will count on the ultimate day

Is the record I keep of myself!

—Unknown

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LONESOME GHOST

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time a little ghost lived all alone in an empty house. There were plenty of creaks and groans to make him chuckle and plenty of roomy closets to haunt, but still he was an unhappy ghost. The truth of the matter was, he was lonely.

One day the lonesome little ghost went to visit his relatives in a nearby house. When he returned, something very strange was happening to his house. Several men were hoisting it with jacks onto wheels.

"Tomorrow we'll move it," one of the men declared with satisfaction.

"Oh, no, you won't!" exclaimed the ghost, forgetting that honest-to-goodness people could neither hear nor see him. "Go away! Shoo!" The men paid no attention. They gathered up their tools and departed, and the little ghost heard one of them say,

"We'll be living in it within a week."

"Never!" snapped the little ghost, and then he sat down dejectedly on the front steps. Whoever heard of a ghost being dispossessed by movers? And even more strange, whoever heard of a ghost haunting closets full of dresses and hats and shoes? It was a perplexing situation.

The next morning the movers arrived early with a big tractor to pull the house. The little ghost awoke with a start from his nap in a fine, spooky closet.

"These fellows mean business," he said. "I'll have to scare them out of the notion." So the little ghost opened the door and shouted "Boo!" in his deepest voice. The movers weren't a bit bothered.

"An empty house surely makes some funny noises sometimes," chuckled one.

"Sure does," agreed another, and then they moved on down the road, dragging the little house and the little ghost with them.

The little ghost was certainly provoked. After all, whoever heard, before now, of a house being moved from right under a ghost?

Soon the procession came to a bridge. "Aha!" chuckled the ghost. "This bridge is too narrow for my house! They'll have to leave the house here, and me too." He happily flitted from closet to closet.

Presently he noticed a very odd circumstance. The walls were no longer up and down, and the floor was no longer horizontal. The little ghost rushed to a window and found himself gazing into some sizzling water. The movers had tipped the house on end and were inching carefully across the bridge.

The little ghost was so exasperated, he sat in a corner of a closet and sulked. He sulked while the house was gently shoved onto a new foundation, and he sulked while the repairmen and painters were working. He even sulked while the closet was filled with clothes. Then one night he decided to look around the house again.

The little ghost tiptoed about as silent as a ghost can be. He saw a small girl and a small boy, fast asleep. He touched their faces gently, and although the boy only grunted, the girl smiled sleepily.

He saw a kitchen clock that went tick-tock, tick-tock, filling the long, lonely ghost hours with its talk.

He saw a gray cat purring by the fire, and as cats often do, she recognized the ghost and batted her eyes in a friendly manner.

He saw that the little house was polished and clean and loved.

The little ghost wiggled a few times in relief. Why, this house was full of love, and even a lonesome little ghost had a place. He felt so good, he sat down beside the cat and said "Boo!" only three times before morning.

BALLOONING IN SELF-MADE VEHICLES

Spiders seem to be air-minded, and construct remarkable vehicles to take them ballooning.

The small spiders, especially, seem to have the wander-lust, and they turn their ambitions to spinning silken balloons that take them many places.

The spider finds a fence post, a clothes line, or maybe a flower and with his tiny legs takes a firm foot hold, and begins spinning silken threads.

If the atmospheric conditions are right or favorable, these gossamer threads float upward and then, when the pull is strong enough, the spider grasps hold firmly with his feet and away he goes sailing along with the breeze.

These same spiders are said to have saved the life of Robert Bruce, a king, when enemies were after him, and he hid in a cave or dug-out. With rapidity a spider spun a silken web across the entrance of this cave after Mr. Bruce ran from these enemy followers, and fled to the cave. When the evil doers passed by the cave's entrance and saw the spider's web, they passed on, not knowing their man was safe inside. Thus it was a spider saved a king's life.

So the GREAT PROVIDER, gives even the tiniest creatures the needed substance for support both for himself and others.

—Delphia M. Stubbs



Barbara Felkner and her birthday cake with two candles. Just imagine the stories she'll get to hear from her mother as she grows up!

What are the embers of a dying year? November and December.

Why does an Indian wear feathers? To keep him wig-wam.

What word of six letters contains six words without moving any letters? Herein. (He, her, here, ere, rein and in.)

Why are school children not going to use pencils any longer? Because pencils are long enough already.

Which is larger, Mr. Larger or Mr. Larger's baby? The baby is a little Larger.

What always has an eye open but has never seen anything? A needle.

What is the best thing to put into candy? Your teeth.

What lies in bed all day and never eats, but is always fat? A pillow.

Why should all fish be smart? Because they are always in schools.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

Let's learn to make Orange Jack-o-lanterns this month to serve on Mother's Halloween dinner table. Or perhaps you will want to serve them at a party of your own!

ORANGE JACK-O-LANTERNS

6 oranges

3/4 cup diced apples

3/4 cup diced pineapple, drained

3/4 cup grapes, seeded and halved

6 marshmallows, cut in pieces

1/8 teaspoon salt

Peel each orange, cut a slice from the top and hollow out the pulp with a sharp knife and spoon. With the knife cut small holes in the side of the orange and stick in raisins to form the eyes, nose and mouth. With the orange pulp, mix the rest of the fruits and the marshmallows and fill each orange with this fruit mixture. Lastly, replace the top of the orange.

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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.

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

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WHITE HANKIES. Cotton assorted crocheted edgings, 3 for \$1. Finer cotton, assorted wide edgings, 2 for \$1. Linen, wide edging, white, blue, pink, \$1. ea. Mrs. Anna Mueller, Earling, Iowa.

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BEAUTIFUL EIGHTEEN INCH DOILY, twelve roses, \$2. Eighteen inch doily, nineteen points, nineteen shells around edge, state color trim, \$1.50. Square doily sixteen inch, variegated pink, yellow, blue. \$1.50. Vadyne Allen, Callao, Mo.

SEWING: Experienced. Ladies dresses \$1.50, Child's \$1. Free apron \$4. Orders. Sale bib aprons trimmed \$1. Rowena Winters, 4815 55th, Des Moines, Iowa.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, doilies, holders, pillowcases, aprons, and novelties. Mrs. Delbert Alm, Adams, Nebr.

"LITTLE LULU" appliqued canon tea towels, seven \$5. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W. Canton, Ohio.

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FOLDING WHEEL CHAIR, 1 month old, \$45. Andrew Long, Plainview, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Crocheted tablecloth, \$35. Mrs. Emma C. Peterson, Box 243, Stromsburg, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Now 'til Christmas. Wool yarn Pekingese dogs, White, pink, or yellow. Price \$2. Mrs. Otto Schott, Schuyler, Nebr.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY CHAIR SETS, \$4. Davenport sets to match, \$6. White, ecru. Coffee-table doilies, 26x14, 28x15, white, \$3. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

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CUTE LITTLE CROCHETED DOILIES, 8 in. across. No. 30 thread. 60¢ ea. 3 for \$1.50, alike or assorted. Crocheted rose holders, 3 for \$1. Pretty crocheted hankies painted in one corner, 3 assorted \$1. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

APRONS, clothes pin aprons, \$1 ea. Embroidered pillow cases \$2.25. Tea towels, set of 7 \$3.50. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Iowa.

PINCUSHIONS: Owl, clown, turtle. Pick-aninny, 25¢ ea. CARRIE HOOPER, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, Calif.

DAINTY CROCHETED BABY BIBS. Shell work with ribbon. 75¢ and \$1. Mrs. Vic Blair, Harlan, Iowa.

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APRONS: Beautiful hand-painted sprays of morning glories on white cotton material. Rick-rack trimmed. Zig-zag stitching, \$1.50. **REVERSIBLE PRINT APRONS**, white, with red dots on one side, plain red on other side. Pockets, bias tape. Zig-zag stitching, \$1.50. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

7226—CROCHETED DOILY, flat rose center narrow ruffle, \$1. Useful for favorite vases. All price lists and ads good. Martha's Gifts, 423 Benton, Boone, Iowa.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH: Pineapple design, 72x90 ecru, No. 30 thread, \$40. Mrs. Chriss Thesing, Stromsburg, Nebr.

LOVELY ALL OCCASION ALSO CHRISTMAS CARDS, 35 for \$1.25, also name imprinted Christmas Cards. Send stamp for reply. Ellamae Jones, Speed, Kansas.

XMAS IDEA, half aprons, print with organdy, blanket stitch trim, \$1.40 cash. Mrs. James Hloucal, Ellsworth, Kans.

FOR SALE: Fresh black walnut meats, 75¢ per pint, plus postage. Mrs. Wesley Gore, Logan, Iowa.

LOVELY FELT BABY SHOES, choice of white, blue, pink or yellow. Two dollars, postpaid. Baby Book, free. Bessie Bugh, Cherokee, Iowa.

HOUSEPLANT SLIPS, 10 for \$1.25, assorted. 50 glad bulbs 1.25 assorted. Mrs. Henry Schiffler, Box 17, Tennant, Iowa.

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ALL FOR FUND!

By Mildred Cathcart

Almost every club or organization is faced at one time or another with the problem of raising funds to carry on worthwhile projects.

Most finance committees will agree that Teas are the most popular because of their simplicity and dignity. Birthday teas are always successful, and the one recently held at the Methodist church in Jerome, Iowa, was especially nice. No doubt part of this was due to the artistic ability of Mrs. Gladys Wailes who prepared the "Conversation" centerpiece pictured here. She faithfully reproduced the church—even to the stained glass windows and belfry! While we cannot all be so clever, we could create a replica from cardboard that would at least resemble our church.

Mrs. Wailes placed her replica on a large circle of heavy green paper; light cardboard letters gilded with gold formed the two words, FRIENDSHIP CIRCLE. (You can see the word Friendship in the right foreground but the dolls at the left obscure the other word.) Around a circle marched twelve dainty old-fashioned ladies that represented each month.

These dolls were made from pipe stem cleaners with white crepe paper stuffed heads and cotton hair. Each doll was fashioned carefully to portray her particular month. January, for instance, is clothed all in white; the February doll has tiny red hearts bordering her skirt; March is in emerald green with a large gold shamrock on her skirt; April carries a delicately crocheted umbrella; and the June bride is complete with satin gown, train and a tiny bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley.

The rest of the dolls were dressed in colors appropriate to the month they represented, and you can be sure that such careful attention to the minute details added considerably to the effectiveness of the whole display. Incidentally, it's fun to figure out unusual details, and the exclamations of astonishment and admiration that are heard when guests see the display are reward enough for the person, or committee, who prepares such a centerpiece.

With such an attractive and attention-getting centerpiece you may serve from the one large table, or you may use the centerpiece as a focal point on a small table and then set up twelve card tables—one for each month. Guests are then served from the table that represents the month of her birthday.

It is nice to give each person a tiny corsage with a little card attached so that she may write the month and date of her birth. (The year no doubt will be omitted!) Your guests will enjoy finding a "twin" or will soon notice someone whose birthday is the same as some member of her imme-



A description of this attractive table arrangement made by Gladys Wailes appears in the article All For Fund!

iate family.

Cake, ice cream and coffee are the classic refreshments for such a tea, and they really cannot be improved upon. You may wish to make the cake in sheets that can be cut into squares and iced, but cupcakes are really easier to handle and are equally effective. A small candle should be placed on each individual square or cupcake, and when these are lighted simultaneously the entire crowd can sing "Happy Birthday".

Music throughout the tea is important on such an occasion. You will want soft background music while the guests are being served, but a few special numbers are also needed. We've noticed that everyone enjoys hearing children perform, so you might consider rounding up three or four to sing "Jingle Bells" to honor the winter months, "School Days" to honor the fall months, etc. Readings are also appreciated, and you won't have trouble finding poems that are suitable for the various months.

When this tea is first announced be sure that you ask the guests to bring as many pennies as they are years old. A large decorated jar can be placed on a table near the door, and before the women leave they can drop their pennies into it. No one is going to mind this type of silver offering, and although pennies are bulky, you'll be happily surprised at the total amount in the jar when the afternoon is over.

WILL THIS HELP YOU WITH A PROGRAM?

If you have become a reader of Kitchen-Klatter within the past year you may not know that we have four sets of colored slides that are available to any organized club or group for a program or entertainment.

To show these colored slides (not movies) you will need a 35 mm. projector and some type of suitable screen. Many people who use our slides tell us that they borrowed the projector from their county agent,

and in almost any neighborhood you'll find one that can be borrowed for an evening.

Each set of slides is accompanied by a detailed lecture that explains the pictures. There are approximately 50 slides in each set, and it takes between 30 to 40 minutes to show them.

These are the four sets: 1, Hawaii and Our Southern States; 2, The West; 3, California; 4, Midwestern Flowers. Any of them make good, interesting entertainment for a family night following a church supper, P.T.A. meetings, Aid Societies, Garden Clubs, or comparable organizations. All of the pictures were taken by members of our family.

Please try to inform us as to the date you need them about one month in advance. We ask you to send \$1.00 per set to cover the cost of handling them, mailing charges, etc., and since there are many calls for them we must insist that they be returned the day after they are shown. Please address all letters concerning them to: Lucile Verness, Box 57, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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