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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I just now finished braiding Kristin's hair so that she could get off to Bible School with Juliana, and before I tackle any of the jobs that are lined up waiting for me in the kitchen, I'll write this letter to all of you good friends who write to me so faithfully.

Most of this visit Kristin has spent the night at her Aunt Lucile's house, but these last couple of nights she's been up here with Juliana since Lucile and Russell have house guests and there aren't enough beds to go around. Both little girls love the shower that we have in our downstairs bathroom, and spending the night here always calls for a good scrubbing and a lot of splashing.

In my letter to you last month I wrote about Sue's birthday on May 25th and told you what our plans were to celebrate it. Well, I didn't look at the calendar as I wrote, so imagine my surprise to find that the 25th fell on a Sunday—and you know about how likely any of us would be to carry through the plans I outlined on a Sunday! As soon as we realized what day of the week Sue's birthday would be on we changed our festivities to Saturday evening, and all of us had a most happy time at Jessie's home in Clarinda.

Jessie's daughter, Ruth, and her two little girls, Wendy and Jennifer, were there to help us eat our steaks and birthday cake. They have been spending a few weeks there while Ruth's husband, Bob, got settled in New York. All of us wondered what kind of housing he could find for them, and we were very fearful that Ruth would find it hard going in an apartment after having a nice big yard and their own home in South Pasadena, California, but good news came from him that very morning.

We still think he was most fortunate to turn up a brand new four room apartment on the ground floor of an apartment house at Tarry-town-on-the-Hudson, north of New York but within commuting distance. There is even a fenced-in yard for the two children and permanent play equipment installed in it. Aside from being so lucky in finding good housing, he also landed the commercial art job for which he has been preparing himself these last four years. All in all, it was a red-letter day to Ruth

to hear such wonderful news. She'll be starting out with the two youngsters about the third week in June.

Donald wrote to tell us that he might possibly get home for a very brief vacation over the 4th of July. It's a long drive to Shenandoah from Anderson and unless he could get an extra day or two it would be quite a strenuous weekend trip. His dad and I have been discussing driving over to Anderson sometime this summer, so if he doesn't make it home in early July we may start out towards Indiana before many more weeks pass.

Abigail and Wayne had a grand visit with Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison, when he came out from Washington, D. C. to spend a couple of weeks with them. Clark went through the European campaign in World War II and was recalled to duty last year. He was first stationed at Camp Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri, but now is in Washington, so his trips to see Abigail can't be too frequent. The third member of Abigail's family, her brother John, lives in California and that is just about too far to go on a brief furlough.

Those of you who have a baby in the family who is just around a year old know as well as I know how closely they must be watched at this age. Alison will be a year old this month and she can climb out of her stroller in the flash of an eye. She doesn't walk yet but she does pull herself up to everything and creeps like greased lightning. Juliana and Kristin have a good time playing house when one of them claims Emily for her own baby and the other one claims Alison. There are many children over on University Avenue and sometimes you can drive down the street and see three or four different "houses" established on the parkings.

I've been busy working with strawberries these last few days. I put up quite a few for the freezer and I also found myself so hungry for strawberry preserves that I put up about twenty-four jars. I never make up preserves that I don't think of the time Lucile took a notion to make strawberry sun preserves. This was many years ago and she had several big flat trays filled—sheets of glass were needed for the top, so she asked her dad if he knew where she could find any. He turned around, climb-

ed up to the rafters above the garage and got down all of the sheets of glass she needed. He said he'd saved them for many years thinking that they might come in handy some day, and sure enough, they did.

I think that sun preserves simply cannot be surpassed, but in recent years we've had such rainy weather just at the peak of the season that it's foolish to depend upon enough sunshine to turn the trick. My mother made the finest preserves I've ever eaten—she was always more proud of those cooked in the sunshine than any of the others.

Juliana and Kristin are looking forward to attending Camp Morrison this summer—their first experience of the kind. This is a camp sponsored by the Episcopal church—it is located at Clear Lake, Iowa. They'll be enrolled for ten days beginning about July 27th, and I'm sure that they'll have a wonderful time.

Wayne, Abigail and the two children are spending several weeks in August at a cabin north of Green Bay, Wisconsin. They spent a month there immediately after they were married and haven't been back since, so they're looking forward to seeing Abigail's relatives who live in that area. I don't envy them that long drive with two extremely active youngsters, but they'll weather it and the pleasure of being where it's cool during August dog days will more than make up for any of the troubles they may have going and returning.

Probably by the time you read this we will have made a couple of trips to Lucas to visit Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. Dorothy doesn't have any plans for a vacation, but one of her oldest and dearest friends will be here from Washington in early August and I'm hoping she can come down to see her. They haven't been together for five years, so it's a reunion that both of them are anticipating.

In this issue you'll notice a couple of articles by Doris Harlan Jones, so I'd like to have you get acquainted with her by hearing that she lives in Brentwood, Missouri. This is a suburb of St. Louis. Her husband is a doctor who is in residency at a St. Louis hospital, and she is the busy mother of three little children, but somehow finds time to do a stint at her typewriter.

Memorial Day is past history now, and yet I want to mention it because I'm hoping that you folks had as many beautiful flowers in your cemeteries as we had here in Shenandoah. Rose Hill, where my parents and brother Henry are at rest, was truly an earthly paradise of flowers—no one can ever recall seeing such a magnificent profusion of bloom. We drove to Clarinda in the afternoon where Mart's parents are at rest, and we noticed that their cemetery was equally beautiful.

We're all hoping for abundant crops this year, and I do send to each of you my most sincere wishes for a good year—we can surely do with it after last year's disappointments.

Always faithfully,
Leanna

Come into the Garden

THE LATEST HOBBY—FLOWER ARRANGING

By Hallie M. Barrow

If you haven't yet joined the ranks of flower arrangers there's an excellent chance that you'll soon be deep into this hobby that is sweeping the country right now. Everyone is either joining a class, taking a course at college or at home by a correspondence set-up, or buying a book on the subject. Just ask any librarian about the circulation of books devoted to flower arrangements!

Of course all garden clubs are "going off the deep end" about arrangements, and their ranks are joined by extension clubs, 4-H clubs, flower clubs for juniors and, believe it or not, there are evening classes in arrangements given for men! At your church this summer, your club meetings, in your friends' homes . . . everywhere you are going to see "arrangements".

The garden club in the small town of Easton, Mo. (population of about 200) places an arrangement each week in the bank window, and the cashier says that folks miss it when it is late in being placed and ask him about it. No longer does anyone go into the garden and cut an armload of everything and then just plump these flowers into a vase and call it a day. Nor does one buy a fern to be used on the dining room table the year around. Instead, you make seasonable table arrangements. And there is no limit as to ingenuity.

Perhaps this ingredient called ingenuity is one of the reasons for its great, universal appeal. After you have mastered the few basic rules of balance, proportion, harmony, etc., then you are on your own. You may use any kind of material from the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdoms, and you may also use any kind of a container.

For instance, one author in order to encourage the women in her arrangement class in table settings, made a table centerpiece of pinkish, brown potatoes on green leaves with strands of pink pearls to repeat the pink shade. And speaking of potatoes. . . have you used potato sprouts yet in arrangements? Well, I'd like to tell you about a beautiful one made by Mrs. Glen Muir of St. Joseph, Mo., for she is a consistent winner of ribbons with her potato sprout arrangements.

One that she made utilized three small rhubarb leaves in the foreground, and behind them she placed a half-dozen or more potato sprouts 5 to 7 inches long that had most artistic shapes; then, low in front, she placed a big dark red tulip. In classes you learn that to get rhythm you repeat a line or color, and this is what Mrs. Muir did so successfully. The potato sprouts were reddish on the tips, and then this reddish shade was repeated in the rhubarb leaves and the tulip. By replacing the tulip oc-

asionally you can have a lovely arrangement for a long time, for the rhubarb leaves hold up and so do the potato sprouts. They finally start sprouting green leaves at their tips which just adds to the overall effectiveness. All in all, it is a beautiful and extremely inexpensive arrangement.

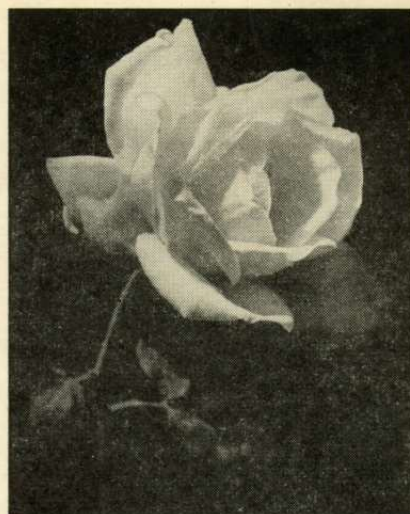
For that's another thing to be said in favor of this hobby — you can do worlds of arrangements with just what you have. If you feel that to be an arranger you must buy beautiful vases of silver or fine china, please change your mind. For the majority of your flower arrangements you will want your containers to have wide mouths, and most of them should be shallow bowls of neutral color with no decoration whatsoever on them. As a matter of fact, you could buy everything you will need at your local dime store!

Often the cleverest containers are from arrangers who have looked over the discarded items around the farm. For instance: one of the most pleasing ways to arrange violets, pansies and other small flowers is to use a long baby chick feeder. It can be bronzed, or painted a soft green, or silvered with aluminum paint. Use the long feeders in pairs for a luncheon table. Round chick feeders are good too.

In arranging small flowers which are difficult to handle, don't pick up each one by itself as you would a rose. Pick up a few, then wrap the stems with yarn or thread and manage them in bunches. In placing a bunch of violets or pansies into each feeder hole, be sure to add some of their foliage. You'll be glad to know that a number of dime stores now sell pottery pansy rings—they're about an inch across and an inch deep. You can also use a ring gelatin mold or the glass butter dish that holds a quarter-pound stick; both of these household items are good for small flowers.

Any old brass or copper articles in your junk room make priceless containers. So also do stone crocks, old churns, bean pots, old sewing baskets, china sugar bowls, pitchers and tea-pots. Don't discard that old castor either. Even if it has lost its individual glass condiment bottles you can put small jelly glasses in the holes. Ancient soup tureens, those old ironstone squarish vegetable bowls, old lamp bowls, moustache cups, casserole dishes, fluted cake pans . . . all of these are "finds" for someone wanting to make unusual or original arrangements. One teacher of arrangements used an old cut glass bonbon dish, placed several daffodils of uneven heights on the needle point holder, and then fitted an old glass lamp chimney over them.

One of the latest fads is using driftwood or pieces of gnarled, twisted dead tree trunks—the kind a wood sawer throws out with disgust! Driftwood is a "natural" for displaying



This exquisite rose is a K. T. Marshall, a deep coral-pink flushed with gold. Keep an eye open for it when you visit Lucile's and Russell's garden.

African Violets. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed a big table featuring driftwood arrangements at a recent African Violet show in St. Joseph. And in case you're wondering how flowers are kept fresh in such an unorthodox container I should explain that various niches or holes are filled with pots. If you are interested in using driftwood and would like to produce a creamy colored base, just soak the pieces overnight in full strength liquid bleach.

Another prize winning container that you may sometime stumble across when you're out in the woods is a large rock with a hole in it big enough to hold a small sized can. Such a rock is an absolute jewel for arrangements. And you'll find other things too in the woods, so read two books titled "Roadside Arrangements" and "Driftwood Arrangements" to give you an idea of what to keep an eye open for when you're walking.

As for winter arrangements . . . well, you can spend the other three seasons raising your material that will go into these! Okra pods, gourds, strawberry popcorn, Chinese Lanterns, Lunaria or Silver Dollar plant . . . all of these combine to make something artistic for winter.

Just as soon as you feel at home with this arranging hobby, the next step is making your own corsages. This, too, can be studied by correspondence, and there are numerous books of instructions on the market.

But we think you should get started this summer on flower arranging. No doubt you will find a hidden talent, and why wait, as Grandma Moses did, until you are eighty years old to start!

COVER PICTURE

This summer Emily is three years old, and she loves to roam around the brick walks in her Aunt Lucile's and Uncle Russell's garden. When the Iris were in full bloom she studied them as appreciatively as any adult and was intrigued with the idea that the one she is touching in this picture was named for Great-Aunt Helen Field Fischer.

NOTE THE PRAYER THAT FREDERICK QUOTES THIS MONTH

Dear Folks:

It is not often that I have completely incredible things happen to me, but the other day I had an experience that I still find hard to believe.

I was eating at a lunch counter in downtown Providence. Immediately in front of me on the other side of the counter was a waiter drying dishes. As I cut a piece of pie with my fork, the pie let out a high-pitched scream. Yes, it was the pie! At first I thought that there was someone on the floor under the counter stool, but there wasn't. The man seated next to me looked at me in a way which revealed that he thought I had uttered the scream. My second thought was that either the waiter or the man beside me was a ventriloquist, but I couldn't decide which one it was. Again I cut into the pie, and this time the pie said: "Help! Help!" By this time I was determined not to show that I had heard anything hoping that I could discover who was playing the trick on me, but it was no use; I began to laugh. With every bite the pie either moaned, screamed, or shouted "Help!" Have you ever heard of an experience like that? Honestly!

One of the nicest public parks in all New England is the Roger Williams Park in Providence, but until today I had never seen it. This morning I took Betty and the two children to the park, and what a wonderful time we had. Mary Leanna was most entranced by the seals, while David Lloyd liked the rabbits. Both children had popcorn to feed to the ducks and geese, but David refused to share anything with anybody. These geese just walked up to him and took what they wanted paying no attention to his screams of protest. If any of you know of a way to let children spend a half day in a public park without becoming completely and utterly exhausted, I wish that you would write and tell me the secret. All the way home Mary and David were cross and cranky and too tired to be reasonable.

A clergyman has so many more things to do than just taking care of his services and special events. This past week I have had to give many hours to the care of an elderly invalided lady. The sudden death of her brother left her alone in the world with no one to care for her. For five days I have been trying to find someone to go in and live with her as a companion, and in the meantime I have had to do all the little things that need to be done around the house.

How grateful I am for such opportunities of service! How glad I am that God can use me to bring His aid and comfort to the needy. It is my constant prayer that I shall always have others who need my help, for I can think of nothing worse in this life than to be without anyone dependent upon me. I think that if I had to spend one entire day without helping some poor unfortunate person, it would just about ruin me. I carry



Visitors to Shenandoah will remember our First Christian Church that stands at the intersection where six busy streets meet. In the foreground you can see our local monument to the Union Soldiers who fought in the Civil War.

with me in my pocket at all times a list of people who need help, and that list is the first thing I look at in the morning. What a blessing it is to be able to help others!

Last night I was the guest speaker at a large banquet being given in one of our local restaurants. As I sat down at the banquet table I was amazed to discover that on the other side of the room there were tables set up for another banquet, and just as our group was sitting down to the table, a wedding party came in and sat down at the other tables. Now imagine the situation I was in! It was perfectly obvious that while I was making my address there would be all kinds of hilarity and confusion at the wedding party on the other side of the room, and I knew that I simply could not make a speech under those conditions.

My first thought was to tell the president of the group I was supposed to address that I refused to speak under such intolerable conditions, but before I could get his attention, I had another idea. I suggested that our group eat dinner in the dining room and then leave the restaurant and go up the road a half-mile to the Rhode Island State Veterans' Home and use their auditorium for our meeting. Everyone thought that that was a good idea, and the necessary arrangements were made. A person who has to speak in public as much as I do has to learn how to meet emergencies comparable to that one.

Our annual "Fire Engine Emergency" is safely over for another season. Do you know what I mean by that? Let me tell you. Each year about this time I have to fight off a compulsion to buy an old beat-up fire engine that is sitting in a used car lot up the road from us a few miles. Every year I have wanted to buy that fire engine and move it into our back yard for the children, because I can't think of anything that would please the neighborhood gang more than that. But each year Betty has a way of sensing what temptations are running through my mind and diverts my attention to other things.

Oh, how I would love to buy that fire engine! I remember that when I was a child we had an old car out in back of the garage, and every child in our neighborhood used to love to play in it. Think how much more fun it would be for children to have a real fire engine! Heavenly days, I can't think of anything that would be more

fun. Even while I am writing this letter I find myself tempted to pay a visit to the used car lot, but just as sure as I do I will weaken and buy the wreck.

On Memorial Day Sunday we had one of the most beautiful patriotic services in our church that I have ever seen. All of the veteran groups in this part of the state formed a parade in front of the church. There were dozens of beautiful flags and many handsome uniforms. As the parade marched into the front of the church the men carrying the flags marched up into the balconies (these run the full length of the church on either side), and then as they were seated they hung their flags so that all of them were suspended from the balcony railings. It was a beautiful sight. Of course the church was filled to capacity for the occasion, and all in all, it was a wonderful service.

In my sermon that morning I read a part of a letter that was written by a boy in the army just after he had visited his hometown on leave. I think that you would like to read part of it, and so I quote it here:

"It still is hard to get used to the American people again. They all seem so self-centered and egotistical that at times it makes me sick. One point which hits me the most is the unwillingness of Joe Civilian to give a pint of blood. Here we all give a pint of blood every other month. . . . Yet the private citizen who sits at home and watches TV or goes to a baseball game or a movie, completely safe and not a bit afraid of an attack on his or her home can't give a pint of blood every two or three months for some poor guy whose blood is running out a hole in his side, trying to protect him."

After I had read this part of the letter I went on to say in my sermon: "This soldier's letter cannot produce shame in those persons who for good reason cannot and must not give blood, but it should produce shame in those persons who can give blood and don't, or who don't know whether they can give blood and have no desire to find out. Just the other day a mutual friend of ours was heard to say: 'I just couldn't give blood! I know that I would faint.' Very, very few people do faint, but what if you should? Go ahead and faint! Faint to the glory of God and your own self respect! If one of us is afraid to give a pint of blood to the Red Cross, how in God's name do we expect any boy to face the possibility of giving all of his blood to the soil of Korea?"

The other day in my reading I came across something that I simply must pass on to you. It was written by one of my old professors and was printed in a religious publication called *The Christian Century*. I am sure that my professor will not object to my quoting it here. It is entitled "A Litany For Any Political Party" (You know that a litany is a prayer.)

"From partisanship that sets votes above truth,

From loud, swelling words that mean nothing,

(Continued on Page 5)

A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

By Mildred Cathcart

The Fourth of July and picnics just seem to go together, and the platters of fried chicken and the freezers of ice cream are a foregone conclusion. You can hardly improve on such a menu—who would want to?

However, there are a few things I have found that will make things run more smoothly—and especially so if there are the usual number of small children present.

If you have planned to serve dinner at noon, then do so. Children are apt to start "piecing" around otherwise and become ill. We always fix the children's plates first at our annual family picnic and then send them to eat in some nice shady spot. Paper plates and cups make it possible for the youngsters to manage quite well by themselves. We went back to the children to see that they had enough to eat so that they did not have to keep bothering their mothers.

After a bountiful meal we found that ice cream and cake are just too much. We keep that part of the food until later in the afternoon and it seems far more delicious. Any mother knows the sad end of a happy day with a group of sick youngsters, and having this dessert later often eliminates the overloading of tiny tummies.

Older folk are content to sit and visit but not so the younger ones. Consequently, we found it advisable to have something special planned for their entertainment. One idea that proved successful was a large swing put up on a tree that was out of the way. One of the older boys had a safe cap gun and he was designated as official time keeper. As each child swung his allotted number of times, Jerry popped the gun and the next child got his turn. This was all very merry and "Fourth of Julyish" as one child expressed it, so no fuss was made over whose turn came next.

We also had some new sand placed under a small shade tree and the tiny tots were provided with buckets, spoons, scoops, and so forth. It kept them well occupied for a long time and when we finally asked them to cover their eyes while we hid small trinkets and let them dig for buried treasure, they were sure the day had been the best ever.

Some of the older children (and parents) chose up sides for relays. Small American flags were used instead of sticks, and with such team names as Independence, Washington, Jefferson, it proved to be a lot of fun.

"Starring the Flag" was so much fun that the parents again "barged" in. We drew flags on large sheets of paper but put in no stars. Each team was given forty-eight heavy cardboard stars and the object was to see which side, by taking equal turns, could be the first to toss all forty-eight stars in the blue field. Of course, the stars did not have to fall



When Abigail saw this picture she wanted us to be sure and explain that what looks like dirt at Alison's feet is really just missing paint! Emily and Martin both used this jumper chair before Alison fell heir to it, and you can imagine what a pounding it has taken. Emily is a patient little sister who will run and get the ball for Alison when she throws it.

in rows.

With such a noisy crowd we found it difficult to give instructions or get attention until we got out the cap gun again. This added to the spirit of the day, or so the children thought.

For a "popping" good time each player blows up a balloon and it is tied to his wrist. Each player tries to burst the other player's balloon but save his own. The one whose balloon lasts longest is winner.

The small children were often reluctant to be so extravagant as to TRY and burst a balloon and they preferred to keep a safe distance. Knowing that some of them were apt to cry over the "busted" toy we told them that one of the balloons had a clue to a treasure inside it. We had written on a tiny slip of paper that a treasure was hidden in a certain spot. When the right balloon finally burst, the children found a box of all day suckers that they were to share.

For a quiet game (and this is good for your club, too) you may try this patriotic quiz. Have each one write the letters "FOURTH OF JULY" down the side of a sheet of paper. The answers to these will begin with those letters.

Wrote Poor Richard's Almanac—Franklin

Nickname of Jackson—Old Hickory
The kind of surrender Grant demanded—Unconditional

Placed his coat for the Queen to walk on—Raleigh

A Pilgrim Holiday—Thanksgiving
Said, "Give me liberty or give me death"—Henry

Settled Georgia—Oglethorpe
Built first successful steamboat—Fulton

Wrote Declaration of Independence

—Jefferson

Nick name for United States—Uncle Sam

Said, "With malice toward none, With charity for all."—Lincoln

Where the British surrendered—Yorktown

No Fourth of July picnic is complete without time for taking pictures. And an impromptu program gives the children a chance to sit down and "cool off." Let the youngsters sing, recite, or repeat some school performance.

In the evening you may have fireworks for the children. They will enjoy sparklers and a few types that are safe, but insist that the parents stay with the children just to keep an eye on them.

We always have a first aid kit handy just to be on the safe side and it is amazing how many times there are skinned knees or scratched fingers that feel so much better with a bit of salve and a bandage.

Yes, The Fourth of July is a grand day for fried chicken and ice cream, for reunions and fire works, but it is also the birthday of our great nation so let us not forget to thank God for our independence and ask His guidance and blessing upon us so that we may remain, "America—the Land of the Free."

(Frederick's Letter Continued)

From vicious appeals to prejudice and hatred,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"From every form of whipping up hysteria,

From the reckless assassination of character,

From dark betrayals of civil liberties,

Good Lord, deliver us.

"From swelling avowals of devotion to 'the people' while selling them down the river,

From the political 'realism' that covenants with crooks and gangsters,

From frenzy for victory even at the risk of endangering the world's peace,

Good Lord, deliver us.

Amen!

Isn't that good? It would be a wonderful thing if all political parties were to adopt that litany as an official prayer. Incidentally, I would like to recommend this magazine *The Christian Century* to all of you. It is a non-denominational, non-sectarian publication of the highest order. The next time you are in your local library ask to see a copy of it.

I love to listen to little children talk among themselves when they are not aware of the presence of any adults. The other day I overheard this conversation out in our back yard:

Little girl: "Does your mama smoke cigarettes?"

Little boy: "Goodness no!"

Little girl: "Why? The lady who lives next to our house smokes."

Little boy: "Well, my mama doesn't smoke 'cause people who smoke eat fishworms too."

Very sincerely yours,
Frederick.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends;

We are just home from a wonderful old-fashioned picnic, and before I go to bed for an honest night's rest I want to write this letter to you.

Every time we return from Waubonsie Park I feel fortunate. To begin with, it's right here in town, just about a mile from our home, and highways are always so jammed on Saturday and Sunday, the great picnic days, that it's a relief not to have to get out on to them and add to the congestion.

For another thing, our local park board has done extensive work on this particular park and it is now well equipped for just such picnics as we had today. If you're of a mind to cook your meal, you'll find a number of new fireplaces, complete with grills and a stack of wood at the side (no charge for this, either). There are quite a few tables, the kind with attached benches, and for children there is a really good collection of playground equipment.

Any child who has access to a genuine lake or halfway decent creek wouldn't be interested in the little stream that ambles through this park, but our land-locked children get great pleasure out of wading in it. The banks, as well as the bottom have been rocked and consequently the water isn't muddy and dirty.

If you plan to drive to Shenandoah and bring along a picnic dinner, you should look into Waubonsie Park. Most people simply stop at McComb Park (on Highway 2), and most of the time it is simply jammed with crowds unable to get tables, fireplaces, or what have you. Ironically enough, while people are uncomfortably crowded at McComb, Waubonsie Park, (which is much larger) stands virtually empty! Those of you who drive into town from the north on Highway 48 will pass Waubonsie right on the outskirts of town (it's opposite the Wabash station), so I hope more of you will discover it this summer.

Speaking of picnics reminds me that both Russell and I realize we're smack in middle-age when we contemplate any kind of a picnic that means sitting on the ground to eat! We like a table and a comfortable bench, a tablecloth in front of us, a china plate, and a decent collection of silverware — none of these paper forks and spoons for us. I didn't realize how middle-aged I'd really gotten until I packed our hamper today and put in the things mentioned above.

We had the usual picnic vittles this late afternoon, and to my way of thinking they cannot be improved upon. On the table were platters of fried chicken, potato salad, potato chips, tuna fish salad, rolls, sandwiches, olives, pickles, chocolate cake, a jug of coffee for the grown-ups, and a tub of iced pop for the kids. In my reading I'm always coming across all kinds of high falutin' stuff to prepare and haul along to picnics, but I'm not about to fix any of it. Iowa picnics and the menu I've mentioned above very definitely go hand in hand.

Those of you who have been listening to our daily program will recall my references to the author, Lois Lenski, some of whose books Dorothy mentioned in her May letter. Mrs. Lenski is extremely interested in doing an Iowa corn book as part of her regional series, and has written some highly informative letters to me describing her method of work, the type of material she wants, etc.

One of the things she made clear is the fact that she doesn't intend to write about the good old corn days of the past — she wants to write about the good old corn days of the present. She's not interested in the biggest crop, the most money that's been made on a given piece of land, and this type of thing. But she is interested in knowing how neighbor's help each other, how corn is handled, and what life on a corn farm is really like from a child's viewpoint. If you are interested, in turn, in helping Mrs. Lenski with this type of information you can write to her at RFD 2, Torrington, Connecticut.

Juliana and Kristin expect to start to Bible School next week and I'm sure that both little girls will enjoy it. I heartily approve of what is officially called Daily Vacation Bible School, but I do wish it fell later in the summer. I feel certain that many mothers must agree with me on this point. Locally we have only a weekend between the final session of public school and the opening of Bible school, and children don't get a taste of freedom and vacation before they must embark on routine once again. By August, however, they're all eager for routine and I believe they'd get a lot more out of the days spent at Bible School.

Juliana is now beginning to take quite an interest in cooking, and I'm continually surprised at how much she has observed without giving any clues that she's noticed a thing. I've found that I can type right up to six o'clock and then go in and sit down at the dining room table to a meal that I haven't done one thing about. Her two stock menus are scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, some kind of a canned vegetable, fruit salad and lemonade. The other menu is sliced cold meat, potato cakes, vegetable salad, canned fruit and cookies.

The first time she ever prepared a meal from scratch and served it I felt terribly self-conscious when I sat down at the table. And with good reason too. She had put on pretty linen table mats, picked a bouquet of flowers and made a lovely arrangement, located nice napkins, and even had bread-and-butter plates, and butter knives at each plate. I didn't realize how hastily careless I'd grown until I sat down that evening! Why, I don't know when I last bothered to put on bread-and-butter plates, to say nothing of putting away the woven Hawaiian table mats and getting out fresh linen mats.

By the time you read this I will have made my one annual business trip and returned home again. Every June Wayne and I go up to St. Joseph, Michigan (one-hundred miles north of

Chicago) where our printers are located. This is an immense plant, and I believe it will interest you to know that their printing is confined to one thing only — nursery catalogs. Our trip is made to lay out (this means accounting for every tiny bit of space on each page) our next spring's catalog, and it's a grinding job that takes from early morning until late at night for almost a solid week.

Wayne made the first few trips up there alone, and I could never understand why he complained so bitterly about his feet when he returned. Then I made a trip — and now I know! You'd think, off-hand, that such work would just naturally be done sitting down, but strange as it sounds, this work is done *standing*.

The explanation for this is the fact that the books containing the color plates are all simply huge—I couldn't begin to lift one. These are all placed on high tables and everyone stands and works at that angle. Now that I stop and think about it I believe you could fool any of these radio or television panel of experts by asking this question: "If you were laying out a nursery catalog would you sit down or stand up?" I'd stake a lot on the absolute certainty they'd say "sit down."

I hope you'll come and see our garden this summer. In the east wall you'll find a gate, and it's locked only at night—never during the day. Come on in and make yourself at home. Russell has labeled most of the roses and you can study them to your heart's content. You'll also find a collection of beat-up chairs and you're welcome to sit down and rest yourselves. By that time we hope that our new terrace shelter will be complete. It was built to give us badly needed shade, and then when we get one of those folding church tables such as Frederick mentioned recently in one of his letters, we'll be all set to eat outdoors in comfort.

I'm just now launching into the busiest time of my year, but I *do* expect to find enough spare minutes to smock a dress and enter it in the Iowa State Fair. I won't get a chance to see it hanging there (I hope with a prize ribbon attached!) but at least I'm entering it.

Sincerely always... Lucile.

RETURN TO MOTHER'S GARDEN

Long I have waited for familiar signs
About the garden, where annuals grew
Before I went away, but on return
I find the years have changed the
garden too.

The rambler rose no longer climbs the
wall,

The grass is sparse where beaten
pathways run

Across the lawn; the crocus blooms
and holds

A dozen purple cups up to the sun.
A row of lilacs, tall as trees remain.

I wonder, will their blossoms scent the
air

As in the years so long ago? Oh,
how

I miss the gentle hand that placed
them there!

—Elfriede Schutt.

A LETTER TO READ—AND REREAD

Dear Lucile:

The last year has done many things to me. It has been rife with frustration because much of the time I've been kept from doing the things I want most to do. But it has been the most vital year of my spiritual life. Not because I was wise enough or strong enough to make a choice but, because there was no alternative, I had time to think and so I grew.

One day I was talking with a friend about a person who used to do quite devastating things to my self-confidence and this friend, whom I greatly admire because of her self-confidence, her poise, her very evident sense of security and well-being, said, "I have not always been like this. Very often, in my younger life I was on the defensive. The secret of my self-confidence, which I do feel, is prayer."

It isn't very many months since we had that conversation but a great deal has happened to me in the months since. It has been a time of great soul-searching, so much so that at times I've said in a sort of whistling-in-the-dark levity that I wondered if I had all my buttons!

But deep in my heart all along I've known that however it might seem to others and however unscientifically I was going about it, I was on the right track and would arrive at the desired destination: an integrated personality that God had intended that I should be.

The thing that surprises me most is that I should have been so slow to use that most potent power that God has given to man . . . prayer. I've known all my life how important it is. I've had some very real experiences with it, but seemingly they hadn't taught me anything.

On Christmas Day the most beautiful thing my husband gave to me was not a material gift. It was just the little thing that a thoughtful, loving person does, but it was to mean a great deal. It was a radio program that he knows I enjoy but don't often take time to hear, but he knew if he found it for me I would listen as I prepared dinner. Mary Margaret McBride was interviewing Catherine Marshall, who has written a best-seller, "A Man Called Peter" the story of her chaplain husband. I knew from the things Mrs. Marshall said during that hour that here was a book I needed. It wasn't in the book store and I found I would have to wait several weeks before I could get it from the library. I felt such a sense of urgency—I couldn't wait . . . but I had to for a week or so. However, I wasn't wrong; it was the book I needed; it had the answers for me. I finished it and sat down to read it again.

The most surprising thing the book gave to me was the realization that one can pray all her life and have many real and wonderful answers and still know practically nothing about prayer. And knowing that the most important thing I had to do right then was to learn HOW to pray, I set about to do it.



Here you see Martin in one of the Chinese rattan chairs that Margery and Oliver purchased for their den.

Help came to me from various and sometimes unexpected sources. One of the things I learned is that prayer is not always the same for us. Sometimes we feel very richly the presence of God as we pray and other times it is more a thinking-to-ourselves process. That was the thing that had hitherto discouraged me and kept me from praying. I felt I wasn't getting through to God.

But now I have learned that there are various ways of escaping this unsatisfying experience. Changes can be made, for instance, in the time one prays. Night-time prayers for me are the least satisfactory. For me just a quiet "Thank you", a petition for rest, and a thinking-over in my mind of the events of the day are enough. But in the morning when all my family are off to work and to school, before I myself begin my day's work, if I go to my devotions in eagerness and with love and forgiveness for my fellows in my heart, I can experience the richest kind of prayer-contact. And I have learned that when I miss this richness I must go on praying and asking and that sense of God's presence will come back. Maybe not today or this week but it will come.

Sincerely yours,—F. R.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY TO REMEMBER

By Doris Harlan Jones

In the last few months my daughters have attended several birthday parties, and they have all been a repetition of the time-worn pattern; pin the tail on the donkey, musical chairs, birthday cake and ice cream. All, that is, with the exception of the one I'm going to tell you about. It was one party that was thoroughly enjoyed and won't be forgotten for days to come.

For invitations the thoughtful moth-

er used small paper dolls. The top of the dress was cut from a paper doily, and the skirt was a piece of red construction paper. Across the skirt was printed with white ink: "Put on your mother's dress and bonnet and come to my party", and also told the time and place. In view of the fact that every little girl likes to play "dress-up" in mother's finery, the little guests were delighted. They arrived complete with hats, high heels, white gloves, and numerous odds and ends of jewelry. One little girl marched in wearing her mother's fur cape, but I must admit that my girls had to be satisfied with their own coats.

The room was decorated in the traditional manner, with balloons stuck to the walls and ceiling with cellophane tape, and crepe paper streamers trailing from light fixtures to curtain rods. A table at one side of the room held the birthday cake, gifts, and the little girl's favorite doll dressed in her Birthday clothes.

The games included a new version of pin the tail on the donkey which the mother invented and called "Put the feather on the hat". On a big sheet of white paper she drew a ladies hat, without decorations, but indicated a place where the feather should be. The little guests were blindfolded and given a brightly colored feather with a piece of sticky tape on the end. Each, in turn, attempted to stick her feather in the proper place. The winner was awarded a dime-store string of pearls.

Another game the children found entertaining was "Pass the Shoe". The girls sat cross-legged on the floor in a circle, with their hands held behind them. One child was chosen to be "It" and took her position in the center of the ring. Then an old shoe was passed quietly around the circle until the signal was given to stop. "It" tried to guess which child was holding the shoe. If she guessed correctly, that child was "it" for the next game. The prize went to the player who was "it" the fewest number of times.

Since these little girls were playing "Mother", it was natural for the refreshments to carry out this theme. So they consisted of cake, ice cream, and "coffee" (punch served in real, grown up cups and saucers, with a spoon for stirring).

After games were played and refreshments served, the balloons were unfastened from the ceiling and given to the children. They were also presented with a clothespin doll which was cleverly made. A piece of bias tape was sewed around the top part of the clothespin to make a blouse. For the skirt, a complete circle of material was cut and a hole made in the center large enough to slip over the pin. Faces were drawn with red and black crayons, and the dolly had yellow hair. Six strands of heavy yarn were glued to the top of the clothespin, three on each side. These were braided to make pigtails and fastened with a narrow ribbon bow. The children adored their dolls, and decided they had never attended a nicer party.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "A short time ago my sister's husband died, and recently she has written to ask if her only boy, aged twelve, can come to our home this fall and live with us during the school year. She wants to take a full time job and doesn't feel able to supervise him. I'd like to help my sister, but I'm afraid that having the boy would complicate life terribly for he has visited here and is such a tease that my own two boys, eight and ten, were constantly in tears. My husband says that we must take him. Can you suggest what I should do?"—Nebr.

ANS: One thing is certain: you and your husband must be in complete agreement on this subject—otherwise you'll never work out a happy arrangement. If your sister agrees that the boy must be disciplined as a member of the family and not just as a visitor, it ought to be possible to get along. I'd suggest giving it a try. If your best efforts fail, then it's time enough to tell your sister that you can't manage it.

QUES: "We've had a very sad family situation that no one seems able to straighten out. I'm one of six children, all married and living within twenty miles of the home place. My youngest sister had a bitter quarrel with two of my other sisters and since that time, four years ago, has never been inside any of our doors nor even inside my parents' home. They feel terrible about it and have tried and tried to get things worked out, but nothing helps. In October they will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary and we want to have a big party for them, but I scarcely see how we can with such a situation. Should we make one last effort to get her to come back to the family? And if she won't, should we go ahead with the party?"—Mo.

ANS: This letter reflects such needless waste and sorrow that I wonder again how any kind of an answer can be given. But one thing is certain: the entire family should join in wiping out hard feelings and getting the sister to rejoin the circle. If she can't be moved I really believe that a celebration should be confined only to the other children. Your parents would feel so embarrassed at having a missing child who lived so close, that it would destroy any pleasure they might feel. I could be wrong, but this is the way it looks to me.

QUES: "My daughter will graduate from high school in June and she has made big plans to go to the lake in July with five of her friends—they've worked part-time this winter and saved enough money for this week's outing. There won't be a chaperone, according to their plans, and I just can't see this even though there are six girls of 17 or 18. None of the other parents object, so what am I to do?"—Ia.

ANS: Are you sure the other parents understand the situation? Per-

haps they've just carelessly assumed that someone older will be with them. If I were you I'd contact them at once and make it clear what the problem is. A little discussion may unite them in sharing your feeling that an older person should at least be in the background.

QUES: "Our daughter is going to college for the first time this fall and I want to go with her since she's never been away before. I thought I could help her get unpacked and settled, meet her teachers, and stay until she felt at home on the campus. My husband says that we can drive her there but that we should turn right around and come home and let her get straightened out by herself. You've sent girls to school so perhaps you can tell me what I should do—only don't forget that she's never been away before."—Mo.

ANS: Most girls who go to college have never before been away to be on their own. My girls tell me that when they went to school they were homesick but that they (the crowd at large) felt sorry for the girls whose mothers clucked around them and stayed on for a few days. Let your daughter get settled by herself. Your husband is right.

QUES: "We live in a college town and during the summer school session I like to rent our two extra bedrooms to students. They're always nice enough girls, but they worry me to death by lingering with their dates on the front porch and talking so loudly that the neighbors are disturbed. I've spoken several times and yet it doesn't seem to change things any. Should I go and speak to the Dean of Women or should I just put my foot down when the rooms are rented? I've had college girls of my own and I don't like to be hard on them."—Nebr.

ANS: No, of course you don't want to be hard on them, but at the same time you don't want your neighbors disturbed, so I'd be very firm at the outset. If there is difficulty after this, you'll simply have to ask the girls to move. After all, they're only with you eight weeks at the most, while you have your neighbors year in and year out.

QUES: "Not long ago my neighbors had a hot-tempered quarrel about their children and since I'm in the middle I've heard both sides and would like to see them on peaceful terms again—it's a misunderstanding that could be worked out, I think. My husband says firmly to stay out of it entirely and not try to be a peace-maker, but I really feel I should make the attempt. Do you agree?"—Minn.

ANS: I'm afraid your husband is right. I'd like to think otherwise, but in most cases it seems that the person who tries to bring about peace just ends with both parties on poor terms with her!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Vacation! Make your's even happier by sparing time to write a letter to a shutin, so their days may be happier.

Vergel Lent is a 14 year old boy who had rheumatic fever two years ago and has been bedfast ever since. He loves to get mail. His address is RR, Rockwell, Iowa, care Claud Lent.

Mrs. Luella Loveless, Rt. 5, c/o W. D. Clark, Knoxville, Tenn., has been bedfast for 25 years, and shutin even longer, with arthritis. She wants pals to write to her.

Mrs. Hetty A. Morgan, 1013 N. College St., Neosho, Mo., also is bedfast with arthritis. She is in a nursing home, but has no relatives to give her any attention and is very lonely.

Mrs. Ethel Mygatt has arthritis. She is in the I.O.O.F. Hospital at Liberty, Mo.

Verna Manke, Malcom, Nebr., is just home after several weeks at the hospital where she had operations on her hip. She has not been able to walk normally for many years and they hope this operation will correct the trouble.

Glenys Tucker, age 14, has not walked since she had polio in 1946. They were in the flood district last year, and their address now is Trailer City 410, Section E, Kansas City, Kansas.

Donna Kriege, Stamford, South Dakota, was 15 in April. In March she had an operation for a bone infection, and had to have a leg amputation. She is home from the hospital and looking forward to being able to go to high school next fall, but fears she can't play basketball, which she had hoped to do. Send her a word of encouragement.

Mrs. P. P. Huneycutt, 2421 Laburnum Ave., Charlotte 5, N. C., would like mail. She herself is not ill, but is pretty much shutin caring for her two invalid daughters.

Mrs. Nels Larsen, Nora, Nebr., will be 73 come July 14. She had one leg amputated below the knee last spring and was in the hospital quite a while, but is home now. Her daughter asks for mail for her.

Miss Hattie Lee Brewster, 908 Burleson St., San Antonio, Texas, has been in a nursing home for years. She needs cheery letters.

Mrs. Dollie Mickie, to whom you wrote when she was in a hospital in Council Bluffs, is now at home at 1624 Second St., Boone, Iowa. She was badly hurt in a car wreck, had to have a leg removed and all sorts of patchwork done but is able to be in a wheel chair now, although she still wears a cast on her arm. Do write her again.

Cheery letters have been asked for Mrs. Nellie Hibbert, Rt. 1, Leon, Iowa. She is bedfast, unable to turn off her back.

Miss Frances Roe, 131 W. Congress St., St. Paul 7, Minn., is a polio invalid.

First relieve the needy; then, if need be, question them.—Rule of the Benedictines.



MINCEMEAT CAKE

(This cake tastes wonderful on a chilly, rainy night such as we sometimes get in summer. Commercial mincemeat is now available the year around, so buy a package and surprise the family — they won't be expecting a mincemeat cake at this season and will enjoy it.)

- 2 cups mincemeat
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Steam raisins in a colander over a pan of boiling water for 10 minutes. Add to mincemeat. Cream together sugar and shortening. Add mincemeat, vanilla, 2 eggs and beat well. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Mix with nuts and then add to the first mixture. Bake in a well-greased 9-inch tube pan in a 325 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Put a pan of hot water in the oven throughout baking period.

This cake can be made unusually effective by glazing and decorating. Simply heat white or dark corn syrup to boiling point and then dribble over the top and sides. As it cools it will develop a high glaze. It will also hold in place tiny pieces of maraschino cherries and almonds that are pressed into it while still warm.

This is a grand cake to take to a picnic for it carries well and doesn't dry out.

TUNA-CHEESE MAIN DISH

- 1 No. 1/2 can tuna
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Mix tuna, oil from can, cheese, seasonings and 1/4 cup bread crumbs into beaten eggs. Turn into oiled 1-quart casserole and top with remaining crumbs, buttered. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 35 minutes, or until mixture is set. Serves 4 to 6. A good hot-weather dish when you want something hot, filling, and yet not starchy and heavy.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

HONEY DRESSING

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

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and grated onion. Lastly add oil and beat vigorously.

This is my favorite fruit dressing and I made it for years without trouble. Then, for some reason, I ran into a spell where the sugar didn't entirely dissolve. If you too have this trouble, try bringing the sugar, vinegar, lemon juice and honey to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Then add the seasonings and, when entirely cold, add the oil.—Lucile.

BILTMORE FRENCH DRESSING

- 1/2 cup oil (olive or cooking)
 - 1/4 cup vinegar
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 2 tsp. paprika
 - 1/3 cup ketchup
 - 1/2 lemon (juice)
 - 2 Tbls. grated onion
 - 1 garlic button
 - 1/3 cup brown sugar
 - 1/3 cup white sugar
- Place all ingredients in jar and shake well.

COLE SLAW DRESSING

- 4 Tbls. sugar
 - 3 Tbls. vinegar
 - 2 Tbls. salad oil
 - Dash of celery seed
 - 1 tsp. salt
- Mix together and stir into crisp finely cut cabbage.

JELLIED CHICKEN

- 4 cups clear broth
- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 3 cups chopped chicken (no skin)
- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1/2 cup sliced olives
- Salt and pepper to taste

Soak gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Add to hot chicken broth and when mixture begins to set, add chicken and remaining ingredients. Pour into mold and chill. Slice and serve. Garnish plate with parsley or hard-cooked eggs, sliced.

DELICIOUS AND DIFFERENT SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1/4 cup red hot candies
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup apple sauce
- 1 pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. thick cream
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise

Dissolve red hot in hot water. While still boiling hot dissolve gelatine. Cool and then add apple sauce. Turn half of this mixture into one large mold or six individual molds and let stand until entirely congealed. Then whip together the cream cheese, cream and mayonnaise and spread over the top of the mixture; return to refrigerator to harden. Then add remaining gelatine mixture and chill. Turn out on to crisp lettuce leaves. This is a beautiful bright red salad with the white layer in between, and the flavor is most unusual and delicious.

DANDY JELLY ROLL

- 3/4 cup sifted cake flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 cup jelly, tart

Grease a 15" x 10" x 1 1/2" jelly-roll pan, or similar size pan. (Correct size is very important.) Grease well with shortening, fit in layer of waxed paper neatly and grease it lightly. Start oven at 400 degrees.

Mix eggs, baking powder and salt in bowl and beat until they begin to thicken. Add sugar, a small amount each time, and beat until mixture is extremely smooth. Add vanilla and flour. Fold this in — just as few strokes as possible to blend. Pour batter into pan and bake 14 minutes.

Sprinkle a clean tea towel with confectioners' sugar. Turn finished cake on to towel, peel off waxed paper quickly and roll towel, sugar and all, tightly. Cool 10 minutes, unroll, spread with jelly, roll again (this time without towel, wrap in towel and cool on a rack.

I've tried many jelly roll recipes and this is the best I've ever found. All details mentioned here are important—don't overlook any of them.—Lucile.

SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE

- 5 cups shredded cabbage
- 4 slices fried bacon, diced
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- Salt and pepper

Cook cabbage in salted water for 7 minutes. Fry bacon and remove from skillet. Add sugar and flour to bacon fat and blend. Add water, vinegar and seasonings. Cook until thick. Add drained cabbage, diced bacon and heat through. Serves six.

PINEAPPLE LEMON PIE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 1/4 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup well drained crushed pineapple

Mix together the sugar, cornstarch and water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil exactly 1 minute and then remove from heat. Stir a small amount of mixture into the 3 egg yolks that have been slightly beaten, and then combine with bulk of mixture. Return to fire and cook 1 minute longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients with exception of crushed pineapple (it must be drained dry). Spread pineapple over bottom of baked 9-inch shell, pour lemon filling over it and cool. Then top with meringue made from 3 egg whites, 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar, 6 Tbls. sugar. Bake about 8 minutes in a 425 degree oven.

DELICIOUS REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup nuts
- 3 cups flour

Cream together shortening and sugar. Half-butter adds much to the flavor, but all vegetable shortening can be used if necessary. Add beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients, mix with chopped nuts, and add. I divided this amount into three rolls—chilled one for several hours in refrigerator, then sliced and baked for 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven. I froze the other two rolls—very successfully.

MARSHMALLOW CREME

- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 1 tsp. plain gelatin
- 1 egg white, beaten
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract

Bring syrup to boil and cook to soft ball stage. Pour slowly over egg white, beating as you pour. Soak gelatin in cold water and add to hot mixture. Add vanilla and beat until light. This keeps indefinitely.

CORN SUCCOTASH

Boil fresh corn for 5 minutes. Cut from cob (do not scrape). Mix with equal amount of lima beans that have been boiled for 5 minutes. Reheat to boiling and pour in hot, sterilized jars. Cover with boiling liquid. Add 1 tsp. salt to each quart. Process 70 minutes at 10 lbs. pressure, or boil 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath.

KITCHEN MUSIC

Some folks like organ music,
Some may prefer a band;
But there's one kind of music
I think is simply grand.
It's to hear a steak a-sputter
As it sizzles in the pan,
And to hear the kettle singing
As a kettle only can;
And to hear the dishes clinking
When the table's being set,
When a fellow's good and hungry,
That's the sweetest music yet.

—Alfred Tooke

DRIED BEANS

If your garden supplied you with a bountiful harvest of beans, and your shelves are groaning with jars, why not store the dried beans that are still on the vines for winter use? They are good and ripe now, so gather the pods and shell out the beans. Then dry them thoroughly in the open Autumn air.

When they are perfectly dry, bring in and put them in the oven for ten minutes, at a temperature of 150 degrees. This will prevent weevils getting into the beans, and does not destroy any vitamin value at all. These beans may also be used for seed beans next planting time. Store in glass fruit jars or tightly closed paper sacks.—Delphia M. Stubbs

PERFECT MERINGUES

- 5 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Beat egg whites (they should be several days old) until frothy. Add cream of tartar. When stiff, begin adding the 1 cup of sugar, about 2 tsp. at a time. Beat, beat and beat. It is impossible to overbeat this. When all sugar has been added, spread in a well buttered pie tin—I use the deep apple glass pie dish, 9", for this. Bake in a 275 degree oven for one hour and 45 minutes.

I have made countless meringues, but this was the one that surpassed all of my expectations. It was a golden brown on the outside, held its shape beautifully when cut, and was like whipped cream on the inside. I lay this to the fact that I added the sugar so gradually that every bit of it dissolved during the beating process, and also to the exceptionally long baking time.

Although I used this as a crust for a lime chiffon pie, it would be equally fine baked in individual meringues.—Lucile.

GRAPE COOLER

- 4 cups grape juice
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup cold water
- Sweeten to taste

Pour over ice cubes. This is easily increased to serve a crowd.

FRENCH FRIED CAULIFLOWER

Boil cauliflower until just tender—do not overcook. When well chilled, dip each floweret into beaten egg and then into fine dry bread crumbs. Cook in very hot deep fat until brown. This takes a very short time—watch closely.

I had heard about this for years but never eaten it or tried to prepare it until just recently. It is perfectly delicious—a highly welcome change from the customary ways of preparing cauliflower.

NEVER FAIL DUMPLINGS

- 1 beaten egg
- 1 Tbls. lard, shortening or cream.
Should be soft
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 Tbls. milk
- 2 1/2 Tbls. water
- 1 cup flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder

Mix the ingredients together using caution not to mix too much. If the batter is overmixed it will raise while mixing. Drop the dumplings from the end of a spoon into boiling broth, beef or vegetable stock, vegetable juice or water.

The dumplings should be boiled briskly for approximately 20 minutes. The first 10 minutes of boiling must be done with the lid tightly sealed.—L. F.

QUICK SUMMER CONFECTION

- 1 pkg. Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1/3 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup packed brown sugar, lump free
- 1/2 cup finely crushed soda crackers

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Remove from boiling water, add milk and blend. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Spread in a buttered 8x8x2-inch pan and bake for 20 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Cool. Cut in squares and remove from pan.

This is a rich confection that couldn't be called exactly a candy or cookie, but it is quickly made and tastes good with a cup of hot coffee.

RICH ORANGE FILLING

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups orange juice
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 Tbls. butter

Mix all together and bring to a rolling boil over a low fire. Boil exactly 1 minute, stirring constantly. Then beat half of this mixture into 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten. When well blended, return this to the rest of the filling and cook again, stirring constantly, exactly 1 minute. Remove from fire. When cool fold in 3 Tbls. grated orange rind and a few drops of lemon and orange flavorings.

This is fine as a filling for a three-layer Lord Baltimore cake, or for a sauce on plain cake.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

By Blanche Neal Shipley

Among the janitors at Graceland College a few years ago was an old grey-haired gentleman whose kindly advice and fatherly counsel has helped many a young student solve the problems of youth. One of his outstanding characteristics which made him conspicuous among his fellow workers was the dignity with which he did the smallest task.

"I'm not just a janitor here, doing dirty work", he once told my sister. "Instead, I like to feel that I am helping to educate from three to five hundred students each year. If I fail to do my best, then I cheat some student of the best. God expects me to fulfill this stewardship with love and dignity of service."

What a noble approach to the day's task!

Parents should teach their children the dignity of labor. Few souls live this life without a portion of the toil and strife involved in earning ones daily bread, and when one early discovers the joy and importance of such an experience, his labor becomes something precious in his sight.

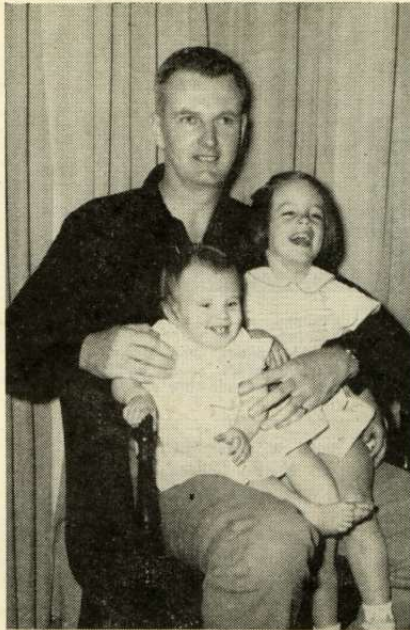
Last summer a beautiful new school building was erected in our county, and as I stood watching the various workmen doing their tasks, I was interested to note the attitudes with which they worked. Some moved sullenly, some dejectedly, some lazily, some slyly. Most anything would do for them. The quality of the finished building meant nothing to them. They were interested only in their pay checks, and no doubt complained because they were not bigger.

Then my heart was thrilled to see the eager, anxious faces, and the careful handling of materials by those workmen who visioned the worth of their labors. They were not merely concerned for their individual profits, but rather they sensed the dignity of their labors. In anticipation of a finished product being a fine piece of architecture and workmanship, they performed their tasks happily and well.

A farm homemaker once hired a robust seventh grade boy to cultivate her vegetable garden with an ordinary small cultivator. Without argument she agreed to pay him the wage he asked. Then she instructed him in the way she wanted it done. "Go through each space between the rows twice, and pull any big weeds you see in the rows, please."

The boy hung lazily on the plow handles, eyed her saucily, and said, "I don't go through but once, and I never pull weeds." And that was that! Because she had already made her agreement, the woman allowed him to do the job, that once. She looked out later to see how he was doing, and he was *running* the cultivator up and down the rows, barely scratching the surface. One old hen could have done better!

That child has never been taught the dignity of labor. The sheer joy that comes only from a task well done will never be a part of his personality.



This is Clark Morrison, Abigail's brother, and we think that he has an armful with Alison and Emily. His third niece, Nancy Morrison, lives in California and he hasn't had nearly as much opportunity to get acquainted with her as with these two little girls who live in Iowa. Emily loved to tag him around while he was here.

Little children can be taught to help in the small household tasks, and in the chores about the home, and they can derive great pleasure from it. A word of praise when praise is due, and a word of encouragement when it is needed, go a long way in establishing the habit of honest, delightful labor. If the child is very small, or new at the job, do not expect perfect workmanship at first.

I am reminded of the first time Sharon Kay made her bed. Seeing one corner of the quilt askew, I began to straighten it. "Mom," she exclaimed in disgust, "stop messing up my work." So Mom stopped messing it up, and tended to her own business for awhile.

Let the child learn by doing, and then keep hands off. The importance of the task grows in the child's mind if he is trusted to do it alone. However, do not allow slovenly done work to pass by unnoticed. If you know your child well, you can tell when he is doing his best. If he is not, do not nag, but draw out his best by developing a love for tidiness and beauty. No matter how small or insignificant the task may be, it should be done properly and a certain amount of pride and satisfaction can come from each lowly experience. There are a multitude of chores, some of them more or less dirty and unadorned, that make up a household routine, but what a difference it makes to ones personality if they are done with a vision in mind — the vision of a home built upon love and understanding and dignified labor. Even a tiny child can feel that vision if he is impressed with the fact that he is a part of it and a most necessary cog in making the wheels move smoothly. A home must be a cooperative affair if it is to fulfill its function in the world.

Labor is God-given, and what a privilege it is to have the health and mental powers to do our tasks well, serving God and our families and our fellowmen in lowly paths of genuine untarnished love! Let's "brighten the corner where we are" by doing our work well, and by teaching our little ones to do likewise.

SUMMER CENTERPIECES

Most of us use flowers for a centerpiece when we entertain during the summer months, but there are occasions when a good idea for something unusual can come in mighty handy. Here are three suggestions that are tested, tried and practical.

An extremely attractive and edible centerpiece can be made by slicing a long green watermelon in half lengthwise; scoop out the inside and use it to make melon balls. Chill this melon shell until it's icy cold, and then just before serving time place it on a tray and heap it high with a colorful mixture of fresh fruits and melon balls. The overall effect is prettier if you do not cut the fruit in too small pieces; use sections of peaches, pears, bananas, grapefruit, tangerines, oranges, whole grapes and cherries.

Another idea for a summertime table is to use one of these shallow, irregular shaped flowers containers as a "pool" by adding a bit of bluing to the water. Surround it with some pretty sea shells or small rocks and small flowers; tiny sedum plants from your rock garden are perfect. If you're lucky enough to own a set of old-fashioned cut glass individual salt dishes, use these in a circle around the pool and fill them with violas or forget-me-nots.

If you're having a luncheon for someone who lives in another part of the country, place a large map of her home state in the center of the table. (You can get this by writing to any state capitol.) Then borrow tiny toy plastic cars from the neighborhood youngsters and place a row of them around the map. You can also, with a minimum of work, cover penny matchboxes with brown paper, attach darker brown strips of paper for handles, turn on end, and there you have miniature suitcases that look clever when scattered here and there on the map.

—Mable Nair Brown.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A ROSE JAR

Gather rose leaves when dry. Spread out in a dark room on paper and sprinkle with salt. When thoroughly dry, put 1 qt. rose petals in a pan and put this mixture over them:

- 1 tsp. oil of cloves
- 1 tsp. cassia buds
- 1 tsp. lavender
- 1 Tbls. Orris root, powdered
- 1 oz. of any good perfume (not Lily of the Valley)

A few drops of oil of sassafras. Keep in covered jar. When you wish to use it, shake well and leave cover off. You can add a few Rose Geranium leaves or dried mint leaves.

DOROTHY REPORTS ON A KITCHEN CATASTROPHE

Dear Friends:

Another month has rolled around and it seems only last week that I sat here at the kitchen table and wrote my letter to you. We are all so busy, that the days and weeks just fly by. All of the Lucas County rural schools are out for the summer now, and while Mrs. Kiburz has been busy checking the teachers' yearly registers, I have been busy checking in library books and text books. Our eighth grade graduation exercises will be June sixth and then this school year will be officially over.

The State Department of Public Instruction held a school of instruction for the Administrative Assistants to the County Superintendents in Des Moines last week, and I attended the two-day meeting. Since there had been nothing planned for the evening I was there, I spent a few enjoyable hours with Bill and Ella Shambaugh and their two children.

They have just moved into a lovely little new house, and Ella is still in the process of looking for new bedroom curtains and all the other things that go with moving.

Although I'm not moving, I, too, am trying to decide just what kind of new curtains to get for my living room and kitchen. I think Frank has come to the conclusion that we are just going to go along forever with bare kitchen windows, but you can put quite a bit of money into curtains these days, so I am very content to keep looking until I find just what I want.

There has been a terrible epidemic of measles everywhere this Spring, and although Kristin has been exposed several times and didn't come down with them, this year she didn't escape. She was a very sick little girl and very unhappy because she couldn't see why, if she had to have them, they couldn't have waited a couple of weeks. Not only did she have to miss the annual school picnic at Red Haw State Park, but also the last day of school family picnic.

Since my last letter to you we have had a nice visit with Lucile, Russell and Juliana, who drove up and spent a week-end with us. Of course it rained all day Sunday and was miserably cold. They only come to see us a couple of times a year and it seems as if it always rains when they come. Lucile said when she went home that if we have a drouth this summer just to call and they would come up. I felt sorry for Juliana because she looks forward to coming to our house so that she can roam around in the timber. Then to top it all off, Kristin started coming down with the measles and was in bed with a temperature from noon on, and they couldn't even play together.

Last Sunday Mother and Dad drove up to spend the day with us. Since I had this meeting to attend in Des Moines, Mother thought it would be a good idea for Kristin to go home with them. She was anxious to go,



Mother dropped in to see Lucile's garden recently and while she was there, Wayne arrived. It so happened that Russell was busy photographing flowers, so he turned the camera towards the terrace and snapped this picture.

but it was a little hard at the last minute to leave Silver and the colt.

(I told you last month that I could probably tell you the name of the new colt in this letter, and I am sorry to report that as yet he is still unnamed). If no one could bring Kristin home this Sunday, I had planned to go after her, but Lucile wanted me to leave her another week so she could go to Bible School with Juliana. When she comes home at the end of week I expect Juliana will come with her to spend a few days with us.

Since the office was closed Friday and I didn't have to work, I spent a part of the day in the field with Frank and helped him get his last piece of corn planted. The rest of the day was spent painting shutters. We had these shutters for our house fixed last summer, but before I had time to get them painted I started to work. They have been stored away all winter and I have been putting off the day when I would have to get them out and get started because I dreaded the thoughts of painting each one of those little slats with a brush.

My vacuum cleaner has a spray attachment that I had never used, and I decided that the shutters would be a good thing to try it out on. I had already painted one of them with a brush and it took me exactly two and a half hours. With the spray I painted the other seven in two hours and they look a lot better than the one done by hand. In fact, they looked so much better, that I did the other one over with the spray. Now that I have learned how fast and easy it is to paint that way, my next project is going to be the pantry.

Kristin has a nice playhouse for this summer. For her last birthday we gave her an umbrella tent and Frank has wanted to put a floor in it a couple of inches off the ground so it wouldn't ever be damp. When we got our new lumber sawed, he put aside several nice wide boards for that purpose. Kristin found the place she wanted to have her house and staked it off. It is a nice shady place in Grandpa's yard since that is where she spends her days during the summer. She has it all furnished now and has kept it nice and clean with her little broom. I am sure she will get many hours of pleasure out of it.

We all have little disasters in the kitchen once in awhile but I have been pretty lucky and haven't had any for a long time, but I must tell you what happened to me today. I caused it, but Bernie was certainly the loser.

We almost always have dinner with Father Johnson and Bernie on Sunday, and it is a standing joke among us girls that every time I go into Bernie's pantry something happens. In fact, I refuse to put the dishes away in there any more because I am jinxed in her pantry and something always get broken.

This noon I was setting the table and went to get a pitcher of cream out of the refrigerator, which is in the pantry. Bernie's cream can had been full this morning so she had put this morning's cream in a big kettle. We were busy talking and I don't know yet how it happened, but I tipped over the kettle of cream and it went all over me, the refrigerator, and the floor! There was just enough left in the kettle to mash the potatoes for dinner.

There must have been three quarts of cream and I was just sick about it. I kept groaning about the loss of the cream, and Bernie kept groaning about the awful mess to clean up. I didn't mind cleaning up the mess, but all the time I was wiping that good rich cream up off the floor I kept thinking about what Lucile would think if she could see it. When she was here we had been talking about how much she had to pay for a quart of cream and she told me how far she made it stretch.

I had to get out and take the school census this afternoon, and now before I go to bed I must get it ready to mail to the school secretary, so until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

MY HAND IN GOD'S

Each morning when I wake I say,
I place my hand in God's today;
I know he'll walk close by my side,
My ever wandering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair,
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to his hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day,
By His great bounty I am fed,
Warmed by His love and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I'm blessed,
My thanks pour out to him—and then
I place my hand in God's again.

—Unknown

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SKIRTS FOR SCHOOL

By Doris Harlan Jones

If you are the mother of a school-age daughter, this is the time of year when your spare time and energy are turned toward sewing dresses, blouses, and skirts for the coming school year. And if that daughter is in the vicinity of nine or ten years old, you probably will know what I mean when I call this the "too big and too little" age. Too big for babyish styles, too little for big-girl ones; too big for skirts with suspenders, and too little to keep one on without.

Last year my oldest daughter received a skirt for Christmas that settled this problem once and for all. It has no suspenders, yet it stays up to perfection. And that's not all! It's easy to sew, easy to iron, and becoming to girls of all ages. Let me tell you about it.

It is made from two straight pieces of material 36 inches wide. To determine the proper length for these pieces, measure your little girl from waistline to hemline, and add 4 inches. That is, if her measure is 23 inches, you will cut two pieces of material 36 inches wide and 27 inches long. Sew up the side seams, and turn up a three inch hem at the bottom edge. At the top, turn down a 1 inch hem and machine stitch in place. Now you are ready for the secret that makes this skirt stay put.

Stitch a piece of bias tape around the skirt, one inch below the top, laying flat against the underneath side. Directly below it, stitch another piece. This forms a casing, through which you draw two pieces of 1/4 inch elastic. Pull the elastic to fit her waistline and hand stitch the two loose ends together. Be sure to leave a couple of extra inches of elastic, and as she grows bigger you can let out the elastic, let down the hem, and it can be worn much longer than a skirt that is sewed to a band.

You will appreciate the fact that this is an easy skirt to iron. The gathers slip over the ironing board with a minimum of tugging and pulling. And no doubt you have already discovered that skirts and blouses are the practical thing for school wear. They can be worn in many different combinations, and often a skirt can go to school two days with the addition of a fresh blouse.

I plan to make several of these skirts from printed material in a variety of colors, and shirt waist blouses from contrasting plain material. You will find any number of fabrics on the market that lend themselves readily to this type of skirt; striped or dotted chambray with a plain chambray blouse, or plaid gingham combined with percale. If it's an "extra special" skirt you have in mind, make it from one of the many beautiful shades of nylon taffeta. Combine this with a be-ruffled, be-ribboned blouse, and you'll have a Sunday dress that any mother would be proud of.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

If you are having difficulty planning entertainment for a Sunday School party here are some ideas that are sure to help you.

Your invitations might be made in the form of a hymnal using black construction paper for the backs and white paper inside. On the front cover print "Sunday School Party" in gold letters and add the person's name in gold on the lower right hand corner. On the first page print a suitable Bible verse. Psalms 95:1 may be used. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."

On the next page of the invitation print your invitation, and it would be well to ask your guests to bring along their Bibles and perhaps their chorus books, if they have them.

From the many inquiries I have received I know that you readers will want entertainment ideas for groups of all ages, so I have tried to include features which you may adapt to your particular age limit.

I think there is no better way to begin a Sunday School party than by doing just what your invitations suggest—"O come, let us sing unto the Lord." Let the group select their favorite hymns and you will find that singing is a good way to take care of the crowd until all the guests have assembled.

For a sitting game, Bible ABC may be played. The first player must name some Biblical person whose name begins with A, the next with B, and so on. Anyone who cannot supply a name must drop out. If several contestants are left at the end of the alphabet begin again and continue until all but one is eliminated.

The ladies and older groups will enjoy the "Biblical Cake" recipe. This recipe was carried in Kitchen-Klatter, but for you new subscribers I shall repeat it. (You should have a few extra Bibles on hand in case some one forgets his). You will give copies of this recipe to each one and the first to get all the ingredients correctly is winner.

BIBLICAL CAKE

- 4 1/2 cups I Kings 4:22
- 1 cup Judges 5:25 (Last named article)
- 2 cups I Samuel 30:12 (last named article)
- 2 cups Jeremiah 6:20
- 2 cups Nahum 3:12
- 2 teaspoons I Samuel 14:25
- 6 Jeremiah 17:11
- 1/2 cup Judges 4:19 (last part)
- 2 teaspoons Amos 4:5
- Season to taste with 2 Chronicles 9:9

Before your guests arrive write several well known Bible verses—half of the verse on one piece of paper and half on another. Hide these and let the guests hunt for them. At the end of a designated time see who has the most completed verses.

Next give each a paper and pencil and see who can make the most complete alphabetical list of names that Jesus is called in the Scriptures. To

start you off — Alpha, Bread of Life, Christ, Door, Everlasting Father, Friend.

For a group of children you may give each a copy of these questions concerning children mentioned in the Bible. Beside each question is a clue as to where to search for the correct answers. See who can get the right answers first.

1. What two things did a small boy give to Jesus? St. John 6.
2. What does God tell children to do? Ephesians 6.
3. Why does John say we love God? I John 4.
4. What baby had his bed in the water? Exodus 2.
5. What does God ask boys and girls to do while they are young? Ecclesiastes 12.
6. What boy was skilful with a sling shot? I Samuel 17.
7. What does Jesus say the children have in heaven? St. Matthew 18.
8. What should every one know from the time he is a small child? 2 Timothy 3.

If you are entertaining very small children you will find they enjoy a Bible story telling hour. They will like to dramatize some of the stories such as those of David, the shepherd boy, or Joseph with the lovely coat. They will also like to color a picture to accompany the story. Small prizes such as inexpensive wall texts, a scripture pin, or book will be well received by the youngsters.

Ladies of today may be surprised and pleased to learn that women in the Bible often had work, interests, and problems similar to those of ours. Give copies of these questions and see who can answer the most correctly. You may let them use their Bibles if you wish.

1. What woman worried about her house work? Martha.
2. What lady had to keep sewing because her child grew so fast from year to year? Hannah.
3. What lady should win the nail driving contest at our local affairs? Jael.
4. What mother-in-law was well liked? Naomi.
5. What lady met her future husband by working in the fields? Ruth.
6. What woman was full of good deeds and sewed for others? Dorcas.
7. What woman was punished for her curiosity? Lot's wife.
8. What woman is mentioned for being a good grandmother? Lois.
9. What woman was the first to see the risen Christ? Mary Magdalene.
10. What woman helped her son deceive her husband? Rebekah.

When you are ready to serve your refreshments you may ask all to repeat the Lord's prayer. Smaller children may say a simple grace such as "God is great, God is good, and we thank Him for our food".

Before your guests depart, you may sing a closing hymn and repeat the benediction from Numbers 6:24-26.

There is no particular relation between what you want and what you actually need, which makes merchandising a fascinating art.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE BALL THAT WOULDN'T BOUNCE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time an old toymaker made a beautiful lavender ball with gold stripes and red stars.

"This is the nicest ball I ever made," thought the old toymaker as he lay down his paint brush. "I can hardly wait until it dries, so that I can bounce it. It must look beautiful when it bounces!"

The next morning the old toymaker hurried early to his shop and eagerly took the beautiful ball from the shelf. He tossed it to the floor, but instead of bouncing, the beautiful ball just went "plop." Then it rolled away.

"This is odd," mused the old toymaker. He picked up the ball and tried it again.

"Plop."

The old toymaker tried again and again.

"Plop. Plop. Plop."

One thing was certain. The beautiful lavender ball with gold stripes and red stars simply would not bounce.

"I must have cooked the rubber too long," sighed the old toymaker regretfully. "No one will want a ball that doesn't bounce." So he put the lovely ball on the top shelf in the toy shop and went back to work making other toys.

Weeks and weeks passed. Ever so often the old toymaker would dust the beautiful lavender ball, and once in a while he even showed it to a customer.

"Here is a nice ball for the baby," he would say. "It doesn't bounce, but see how lovely it is when it rolls!"

"Humph!" The customer would sniff. "Soon the baby will be old enough to chase the ball. Then he will want one that will bounce." Invariably the customer would buy another ball, and the toymaker would sigh as he replaced the lovely lavender ball on the high shelf.

This happened so often that finally he decided the lavender ball was just in the way. He put a wagon on the high shelf instead and threw the lovely lavender ball out the back door with the wood shavings and other trash.

One day a man came with a cart to haul away the junk. He piled the wood shavings and the broken springs and the lop-sided wheels into the cart, and then he put the lovely lavender ball on the very top. He could not imagine why anyone would throw away so nice a ball.

Soon the man and the cart came to his home. He took the beautiful lavender ball into the house and gave it to his little daughter.

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed. "But what will I do with a ball? I have never been out of my wheel chair!"

"This will be fun for you," her father assured her. "See, this ball cannot bounce, so it will not get away from you easily. You may kick it gently to the opposite wall, and it will roll back to you."

The little girl was doubtful, but she tried to kick the ball gently. Sure enough, it rolled to the wall and then rolled back to stop at her feet. For the first time, the little girl was able to play a game. She tried to see how many times she could kick it to the wall and watch it roll back to her feet. Sometimes it would stop too short, and sometimes it would roll too far. Then someone would have to catch the lavender ball for her. The little girl tried to make it come out just right.

She nudged and kicked the lavender ball so often that it became very battered and scarred. The gold stripes were almost worn away, and only a few of the red stars remained.

But a wonderful thing was happening! Every time the little girl kicked the ball, the muscles in her legs and back became stronger. One day when the lavender ball rolled too far, the little girl became so excited she jumped from her wheel chair to follow it. How frightened she was! She grasped her chair and pulled herself into it.

Every day the little girl walked further and further after the beautiful lavender ball. The little ball led her to every part of the small bungalow, and one day he led her through the door and outside.

How lovely it seemed to be outside by herself! Every day the lavender ball led the little girl further and further, until one day they stood before the toy shop.

The old toymaker blinked with surprise when he saw the little girl. He was so delighted to see her walking that he said,

"I want you to have a very special gift. Please select the finest thing in my shop for your very own! There are many fine balls here," he added. "Your old ball is so scarred and shabby."

"It was a very beautiful ball once," the little girl told him, "but it couldn't bounce, and that is why I am walking. So you see, I wouldn't want another ball."

"Was it lavender, with gold stripes and red stars?" asked the toymaker.

"Of course! How did you know?"

The wise old toymaker took down his brushes and his tiny cans of paint. He put the scarred ball on his work



We told you once that we frequently got pictures that were far from flattering, but we figured that you folks had the same experience now and then. This is such a picture. Kristin looks fresh enough as she stopped her pumping long enough to face the camera, but Juliana looks mighty woe begone. Braids are really the only kind of hair-do that stays in place when children are seeing how high they can swing.

bench and painted it as fresh and beautiful as the day it was made.

"This ball would never bounce," declared the old toymaker, "but I am sure it is the best ball I ever made."

I WON'T GIVE IN

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl. One was an optimistic soul, But the other took the gloomy view. "We shall drown," he cried, without more ado,

So, with a last despairing cry He flung up his legs and said, "Good-bye."

Quoth the other frog, with a merry grin,

"I can't get out, but I won't give in, I'll just swim around 'til my strength is spent,

Then I will die with more content." Bravely he swam 'til it would seem His struggles began to churn the cream;

On top of the butter at last he stopped And out of the bowl he gaily hopped. What of the moral? 'Tis easily found: If you can't hop out, keep swimming around.

—Anonymous.

MISTER MULE

A mule that I knew Had a trick he could do; He could waggle his ears up and down. So I thought it would be Very clever to me To waggle my own round the town.

So I practiced a year Till I waggled each ear Exactly according to rule, But I did it so well That now I can't tell Whether I am myself—or the mule!

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 But each of them Aunt Elizabeth knew
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 Their sweet perfume filled the air.
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 The creeping kind among the rocks;
 Delphinium, blue as heaven above,
 Daisies, to tell of your true love;
 Roses climbing over the fence,
 Even petunias, with their evening scents;

Hollyhocks standing tall and straight
 Just inside the garden gate
 Like guard, on duty night and day.
 You roamed at will, but must not stray
 From paths, or tread upon a leaf,
 Or vine, or tender plant.

In such a garden of fragrance rare,
 Each flower cast its magic spell.
 Through the loving gardener, long since gone,

The memories of that garden linger on.

—Blanche Torrey

RAIN

Pitter, patter, hear the rain,
 Splatter on my window pane.
 Seems to whisper, "Go to sleep,
 God his silent watch will keep.
 For my drops on earth below
 Will make vegetation grow.
 Sleep in peace for it's God's will
 This my mission to fulfill."

—Mrs. Loretta Lyons Ross.

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