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Kitchen-Klatter
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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents



• Vol. 17

AUGUST, 1952

Number 8 •

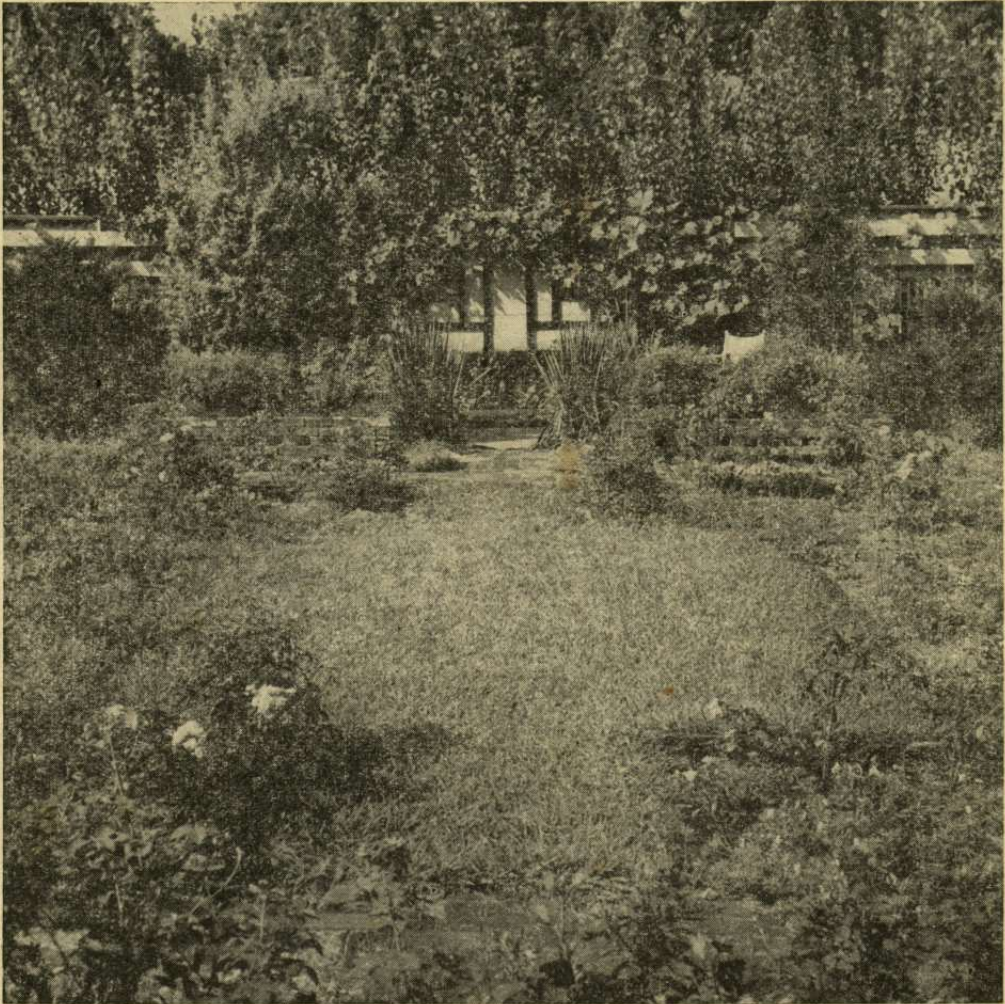


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

This morning when the mail arrived there were so many friendly and interesting letters from you folks that I was glad my plans for the day included writing to you. I always set aside one evening every month for this letter of mine that I almost think of as a "round-robin", and most of the time that is when I write it.

Although we haven't really been much of anyplace since I last wrote, I find that quite a few things have happened in our family circle that you would be interested in hearing about.

Our schedule at the printers didn't permit me to tell you about Frederick's visit in the July issue, so this is the first opportunity I've had to tell you that our plans were carried through right on schedule. Mart and I decided that heavy Sunday night traffic was too much for us to manage so Wayne and Abigail drove to the Omaha airport to get him.

There is a difference in time, of course, but even so I think it's amazing that he could leave his home at Bristol, Rhode Island around five on a Sunday afternoon and get off in Omaha at approximately 10:30 that night. Unfortunately there was an extremely strong and hot wind blowing when he arrived, and the drive down to Shenandoah seemed longer than the entire trip out from the East.

We had so little time together that the family decided not to have a big dinner but simply to visit with Frederick when he could make the rounds. It worked out that he had lunch at Margery's home on Monday, saw Wayne and Abigail at their home on Monday evening, ate breakfast with Lucile and Russell on Tuesday morning . . . and then had a quick lunch with Howard, his Dad and me on Tuesday noon before we drove him back to the airport in Omaha. His letter to you folks hasn't yet arrived, but no doubt in it he will tell you details of his trip, so I won't go into that in my letter.

However, happy as we were to see Frederick, his visit was clouded by the fact that Emily was seriously ill. As all mothers know, children can get desperately sick in just an hour or so, and that was what happened in Emily's case. On Monday evening,

when Frederick was there visiting with Wayne and Abigail, she had a temperature, nothing alarming, and seemed to be coming down with measles. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning, only a few hours later, she was in an oxygen tent at the hospital with a combination of measles and bronchial pneumonia.

But thanks to oxygen, modern drugs and expert care she was over the hump very shortly, and I couldn't help but contrast her illness with what we mothers had to go through before the day of these miracle drugs. I remember that both Howard and Dorothy were sick at the same time with measles and bronchial pneumonia combined, and we had a terrible period when we didn't know if they'd pull through. Many children didn't, you know, and the same story would be true today if science hadn't produced these drugs that are almost miraculous.

Emily's illness was the first time our family circle had been upset for quite a long spell, and I'm happy to report that she is entirely well now—and that everyone else is well too.

Donald was able to get home for a short visit over the Fourth, and we appreciated the fact that he was willing to make that 1200 mile round-trip for just a few hours at home. I asked him if his group of singers still planned to make their trip to New York, but he said that the little matter of funds still stood between them and their excursion. It seems that some of the projects they've sponsored, in an effort to raise money, haven't been too well attended because of such excessively hot weather, so they're going to have to cast around for other ways and means.

On the day that this issue is mailed out, Kristin and Juliana will be going off to camp at Clear Lake. They are both looking forward to it very eagerly and have promised their mothers and fathers that they'll follow all rules and regulations very carefully. Like all mothers whose children haven't grown up around water, Lucile and Dorothy both worried about that factor, but of course the children are closely supervised so there really isn't any need to feel anxious.

This reference to water reminds me that the other day I had such an interesting letter from a young mother

who lives in a small town that doesn't have a swimming pool. She said that friends of hers had a nice pond on their farm and that all of the children in that area were wild to go there and play. Of course they had to be watched closely, so she worked out a plan with her friend where they took turns about supervising the children. And do you know what her friend said? Well, I thought it was quite a comment on how thoughtless it's possible to be, for she said that it was the first time anyone who'd come there had suggested watching her own three children along with the others! Like most busy farm women, she just couldn't take time very often to sit and watch her youngsters, and it hadn't occurred to her friends that they offer to keep an eye on her children while they were watching their own.

I wanted to mention this because it's just one of those things we don't often stop to remember unless it's called to our attention.

All five of us Field sisters had a happy dinner together on Jessie's birthday, and if the pictures we took in Helen's garden turn out well, I'll share one with you next month. Martha is with Jessie in Clarinda these days, and she has made many friends there whom she enjoys very much. Sue is busy getting some pottery made to display at the Iowa State Fair, and on top of this she is helping Jessie organize details for the Hemerocallis meeting on July 19th.

By the time you read this the Hemerocallis meeting will be a thing of the past, but I still want to mention the fact that the growth of the National Hemerocallis Society is astounding. It was organized just five years ago, and now there are more than a thousand members from every state and many foreign countries.

This is the time of year when our gardens look a little the worse for wear. We've had an unusually hot summer in our section and this has taken its toll from our flowers—but fortunately not from our crops. Lucile told me that she was writing about trees on the garden page this month, so I must add my own note on the subject to tell you that we're putting out a white cut-leaf birch in October. It has always been one of our favorite trees and there are such exceptionally fine ones to choose from this year that we decided the time had come to take action.

Little Alison is now walking all over, and Abigail says that she really started out in the classic way. The first day she took one step, the second day two steps, the third day three steps, and after about ten days she was toddling all around. This means that the things on low tables have all been put up in high places and for the next several months that is where they'll stay.

Thank you again for your good letters. Each and every one of them is appreciated and enjoyed more than you can ever know.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

LET'S TALK ABOUT TREES

By Lucile

Once in a while I like to sit down on this page, so to speak, and have a visit with you friends who are interested in gardens. Through the year I read about your experiences with flowers, shrubs and trees, and the only way I can tell you about my experiences, in turn, is to use this page for my share of the conversation.

I am writing this on a scalding summer day, and although our rose garden is in full bloom and not at all discouraged by the heat, I find my thoughts sort of passing over those spectacularly beautiful flowers and coming to rest upon the comparatively commonplace subject of trees. On such a day I can imagine nothing more comforting than shade—and we get shade from trees!

I've noticed in my reading of magazines devoted to gardening that very little is said about plain, ordinary trees. There always seems to be a lot of excitement about rare, exotic trees that I've no hope of growing, but precious few words are spent discussing the kinds of trees that we run-of-the-mill people find within our reach.

I'm thinking now, for instance, about Lombardy Poplars and what they mean to us. If it's possible to be grateful to a tree (and I think it is), then I'm grateful to our Poplars for the beauty and grace they've given to our garden.

As I've mentioned before on this page, our rear property line is marked by an alley, and when we first started developing our garden three years ago we needed desperately to have not only a screen that would close off this alley, but also some shade in an area where the sun beat down in full fury. Moreover, we wanted it in a hurry!

On our drives around town we'd noticed a number of properties that were distinguished by a graceful row of Lombardy Poplars, and they made such an attractive sight that we decided they were the solution to our problem. They were within the reach of our pocketbook too, a fact that we had to consider—and I think we have company in that!

Two years ago this October we planted our trees. As they went into the ground we figured that it surely would be a good four or five years before they could provide us with what we wanted. And there we were mistaken. Last summer they provided a good thick screen, plus lovely shade, and this summer they've reached up to the sky as if they had been in the ground for ten years. Furthermore, they've been sheared back twice!

In addition to the pleasure we've gotten from our own trees, I've noticed how much they do for these new sections of homes that have gone up in almost every city and town. Here in Shenandoah we have such a section, one that was developed about seven or eight years ago. At first those houses looked painfully bleak with not a single shrub or tree to soften the



Here is Juliana with her very own Hopa Crab tree. This was taken in May when her tree was nine years old.

stark slopes on which they were built, but now the entire section has a comfortable, lived-in-look, thanks to the Lombardy Poplars that rise so gracefully about these new houses.

If you're fortunate enough to have a brand new home, do utilize Lombardy Poplars along the back boundary line. In almost no time at all they'll soften the bleak look of a brand new property and give you a beautiful pattern of light and shadow long before you expect it.

Another tree that's given us worlds of pleasure is the Hopa Crab. We now have one of our own, but the particular tree I'm thinking about is the Hopa Crab in Mother's and Dad's yard that they planted for Juliana when she was born in 1943.

At that time we lived in a city apartment with not even a scrap of yard to call our own, and both Russell and I had a hankering for one particular tree that Juliana could watch through the years. We thought then that she could check its growth on the comparatively infrequent trips we'd be making to Iowa from California, but as it turned out she was able to watch it almost daily from her third birthday on.

If anyone had ever told me that a child could love a tree in about the same way a pet is loved, I doubt that

I would have believed it. But this is exactly what has happened. With the very first faint signs of spring she starts making daily trips to check its progress, and when the first frothy pink and white blossoms appear she is rapturously happy. (This past spring that tree was simply one enormous mound of gorgeous bloom.) Many a long hour on summer afternoons she has sat in this tree and day-dreamed. Many are the playhouses that have been made underneath it. In short, that tree represents some of the happiest hours of childhood to her, and she will never go so far, as an adult, that the memory of her very own tree will fade from her mind.

From time to time Mother has mentioned these trees that she has planted for her grandchildren, and consequently a goodly number of people have been moved to do the same thing. Their letters tell us how eagerly the children run to see their own tree when they arrive for a visit, how anxious they are to note its growth and development.

I'm sure that most people regret their tree mistakes as deeply as Russell and I regret the mistakes we've made. When we first moved here six years ago we had only city apartment
(Continued on Page 16)

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Tonight as I write this letter, Frank is sitting out on the porch enjoying a nice cool breeze, and it is certainly a relief from the terribly hot day we have had.

We don't need any rain here, so we are hoping the weather man missed his morning forecast, which called for showers tonight. You can understand why we don't want rain when I tell you that Frank has a big field of hay all raked and ready to put up tomorrow, and we would like very much to get this cutting up before it gets wet. The last hay he cut went down the creek. Oh yes, we have had our June flood which damaged some of the corn, but it could have been a lot worse, so we aren't complaining too much. Most of our corn has been laid by and looks very good.

We finally got our shutters on the house one rainy Sunday, and we think they look very nice. Now I want to get some window boxes made and painted the same dark green. I will fill them with red geraniums and that will add the spot of color that the house needs.

Our little colt is growing awfully fast and is so cute. Every time Kristin rides Silver, the colt runs along behind them. Kristin named him Little Champ. When her friends from town come out to play Silver really gets a good workout for everyone loves her.

When Kristin returned from Shenandoah she was happy to find that she had two baby ducks which were promptly named Quick and Quack. It is really funny to watch them with the old mother hen who hatched the eggs. She gets so mad at them when they splash in the water and scolds and scolds. These little ducks now spend most of their day following the big ducks around.

Juliana just returned home after spending almost two weeks with us. I think in all the time she was here the girls didn't have any quarrels, and I told them that was a sure sign they were growing up. They spent most of the time playing in the little ditch which runs through the timber just behind the house. It rained enough that there was some water in it most of the time. Of course when we had the seven-inch rain in two days, the water in the ditch was above their knees and they had a lot of fun wading and sailing little boats.

While Juliana was with us a small rodeo came to Chariton. Since neither of the girls had ever seen a rodeo we told them that if they would lie down in the afternoon and rest we would take them in that night to see it. They were thrilled to death with the whole show, and since Kristin is just as crazy about horses as her Daddy is, they talked about that show for days afterwards.

I wasn't at all surprised when I came home from work the next night to hear Kristin and Juliana announce that they were putting on a rodeo the following evening. In fact, they had



Do your five-year olds like to read standing up? Martin likes to spread out on his stomach in the middle of the floor, or stand as he is doing here.

worked all day making a pen with binder twine which was supposed to hold the wild horses! We have two brown and white calves that Kristin calls Sugar and Spice, and she wanted her Daddy to get the calves in for them to ride in the show. Frank wasn't at all enthusiastic about this for the calves are in a big timber about a mile and a half from the house. He explained that he just didn't have time to spend half-of-a-day running for them, and since this was to be the main and only act in the show (aside from Silver), they promptly changed the performance to a circus, which we all attended the next night.

This month we celebrated Kristin's ninth birthday. She didn't think she cared to have a big party, so we asked two of her little friends from Chariton to come out for supper. When they rode out with me after work they looked very fresh and shiny in their spotlessly clean play clothes, but they went home so dirty that I'll bet their mothers wondered what in the world they had been doing! However, all four girls had a wonderful time just doing whatever they wanted to do. They rode the pony, played in the hayloft, and really enjoyed an old buggy that we have. This buggy rolls so easily that two girls could pull it without any trouble at all, so they took turns being horses and two rode while the other two pulled them all over the barnyard. After we had had supper and Kristin had opened her gifts, they turned the yard light on and went back out to the buggy. Before they went home we had the ice cream and cake that they had been too full to eat before, and when Kristin went to bed she said that it was the best birthday she had ever had.

Her pigtails are now a thing of the past, and at the moment I am very sorry to say it. She has the kind of hair that is very fine and will not take a satisfactory permanent. In

fact, she has had two oil waves that both washed right out with the first shampoo. This time we decided to try a cold wave and the beauty operator did the best she could, but it just wasn't successful. Now it is too short to braid and not curly enough to hold a curl, so it just looks terrible all the time. We cut her hair at this time because the last of July both she and Juliana are going to camp for ten days and I knew the counsellors wouldn't have time to fool with her hair every morning. We thought that by cutting it she could comb it herself.

Frank's sister Edna and her husband, Raymond, just love to fish, and every week-end during the summer they go fishing somewhere. Last week they got a beautiful big new aluminum boat and Raymond made a trailer to carry it on. This boat will hold seven or eight people and some evening soon Raymond has promised to take us for a boat ride on one of the little lakes near Chariton. The rest of us all benefit from these fishing trips for once a week, all summer long, we have a wonderful big fish dinner with all the fresh catfish we can eat.

Frank's sister Ruth, whose home is in Kansas City, has just been here for a week visiting Father Johnson and the rest of us. She stayed a couple of days longer than she had planned so that she could be here for Kristin's birthday. We always enjoy Ruth's visits and wish she could come more often.

The raspberries are ripe and waiting for me to pick them. What we don't eat while they are fresh I'll make into preserves. Delia Johnson gave me enough strawberries for several jars of preserves. I make my preserves the fast way. They don't look very beautiful, but they taste good, and since I have so little time for things like that the taste is all that matters to us.

It's time for bed, so until next month . . . Sincerely, Dorothy.

THIS DAY

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course
Lie all the verities and realities of
your existence:
The bliss of growth
The glory of action
The splendor of beauty,
For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well lived makes every yesterday
a dream of happiness,
And tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation to the dawn.
—Kalidasa

COVER PICTURE

Those of you who have visited Lucile's and Russell's garden will recognize this immediately. Behind the ornamental wall area are the Lombardy Poplars that Lucile discusses in her article on this month's garden page. They had been in the ground about a year and a half when this picture was taken.

IT'S CHINCHILLAS, ONCE AGAIN

By Hallie M. Barrow

Some four years ago, in the pages of this magazine, I wrote an article about the success that a city woman had experienced in raising chinchillas. One of the people who read this account with much interest was Miss Viola McCaig at New Hampton, Mo. She had never heard of Chinchillas before but the idea of raising such attractive little animals for such high prices intrigued her.

Miss McCaig lived on a farm with her mother and sister, and until that time had always raised sheep for a hobby and a money making project. During these years she often saw a girlhood friend, Mrs. Thankful Rice, and when they met they usually talked about their sheep, for Mrs. Rice also lived on a farm and raised sheep and turkeys.

Then things changed. Mr. Rice became disabled and they retired to a home in New Hampton, Mo., where they had only three acres. Mrs. Rice had always been a very active woman, and she found that there was little she could do on an acreage that was not large enough for her to continue with turkeys, cows or sheep, and was not fixed for any other kind of poultry. It was about then that Mrs. Rice became interested in Chinchillas.

When Mrs. Rice and Miss McCaig next met they discovered, to their surprise, that both of their minds had been working along the same idea, that of raising Chinchillas. However, it takes cash to get started and neither of them alone could venture out, so they formed a partnership and started the Silver Star Chinchilla ranch with a pair that represented an investment of \$1200.

They did not exactly have the blessings of their families when they started! As a matter of fact, they were so sure their families would disapprove that they kept it a secret for many months and the two Chinchillas were housed in a neighbor's basement. That was in April, 1949. Today they have a herd of 57 Chinchillas. They have sold 11 which has paid all expenses thus far and it's hardly necessary to add that their families thoroughly approve!

Our reason for repeating a Chinchilla story is the fact that these two farm women are so enthusiastic about their success that they hope other farm and small town women may get as much pleasure and profit from Chinchillas as they have. The future of this industry does indeed continue to look rosy.

These little animals were native to the peaks of the Andes Mountains in South America and many centuries ago the Indians made soft robes from their pelts. When the Spaniards conquered the Incas they took these Chinchilla robes back to royalty, and in time they even reached Oriental courts. Chinchilla became the luxury fur of kings and emperors, thus displacing ermine which had long been the fur used by the rulers of the world. Inevitably, it wasn't long be-



Lucile says that she wants to speak up and remark that she knows she's not photogenic—and that your attention should be focused on the beautiful Peace roses! Taken in her garden in July.

fore the little animals were on their way to extinction since they were worth their weight in gold.

M. F. Chapman, an American engineer, was so entranced with one which was a pet in their Andean Mountain camp, that he decided to try and save the race. By this time the South American Government prohibited any being taken away, dead or alive, but Mr. Chapman was given special permission to take a few back to the United States. He organized a party of twenty Indians to trap them, and during the three years that they searched they succeeded in capturing eighteen. Some of the Indians never glimpsed as much as one animal during that three year search!

In 1923 Mr. Chapman reached California with eleven of the animals that survived the trip. From that start of eleven in 1923 it is now estimated that there are some 400,000 Chinchillas in the United States. In view of the fact that every animal is tattooed in the ear and registered, this number may be almost correct.

Chinchilla will always be a luxury fur, and consequently the ultimate goal in this business is pelts. Fur dealers are definitely anticipating the time when there will be a million pelts a year. But even with a foundation of 400,000 animals you can understand why the experts figure that it will be five years, at least, before Chinchilla ranches will deal mostly in pelts. Even then it will continue to be profitable, for the pelts are figured to be worth from \$50.00 to \$100. It costs about \$3.00 for the feed to keep a Chinchilla one year, and you can see for yourself that this means a nice margin of profit.

Meantime, those who are building up herds and selling breeding stock, are really in the money. A young pair just mated is perhaps the bargain buy for these may be bought for around \$800. Pairs with offspring may be priced as high as \$1650.

Food is really no problem for Chinchillas eat hay and commercial pellets, and they also enjoy tidbits of carrots, raisins, and other foods relished by rabbits. However, temperature is another matter entirely. It must not go above 90 degrees—which explains why most breeders have their cages in basements. Miss McCaig solved her problem by having a cave built in a bank; the window and door at the front provide enough light.

Chinchillas are certainly one of the cleanest animals known. They actually bathe in talcum powder, and most breeders add white sand to the talcum to keep the powder from flying around in clouds. They love their baths, and whole families will get into the bowl of powder and fine sand, whirling around too rapidly for the eye to follow. It looks as though the bowl is erupting clouds of powder!

Believe it or not, but Chinchillas are completely odorless. Their fur is so dense that vermin cannot penetrate it, and so there isn't any problem of fleas, lice or mites. They mate for life, become very attached to each other, rub noses for kisses, and both care for their young. Because of the long gestation period (111 days), the babies are born full furred, with twenty teeth, and their eyes open. They will jump out of their nest box and start romping on the floor of their cage when only a few hours old. Some pairs will have three litters a year, and a litter runs from one to six, with an average of two. They wash their faces with dry forepaws and are forever preening their whiskers.

These little animals are quite intelligent and make lively pets. Miss McCaig says that the night feeding time of her Chinchillas is often the brightest spot in her very busy day. She looks forward, after her chores are finished, to entering the cave and working there with these small, clean pets which are so appreciative of her attention and require so little from her.

Mrs. Rice thinks that Chinchillas may be the answer for many a farm or small-town woman who would like to have a money-making project. It is at-home work, doesn't require anything like your full time, and is not hard to manage. It does require capital to get started, but she feels that other women might do as she and her friend have done and pool their resources to start a partnership.

The day these women called at my home to tell me how happy they were to have gotten their inspiration from a back number of the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, they were on their way to visit other women Chinchilla breeders at Cameron, Kingston and Hamilton. Most every small town now has at least one Chinchilla fan. They belong to a district organization and attend a monthly meeting in St. Joseph.

As these two happy women drove away I thought: here are two rural women who have found a marvelous new interest in life, made many new friends, and have a constant prospect of stimulating new contacts before them. Don't tell me that all the good chances are in the city!

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Within the past few months I've received a number of letters from people who have distressing "in-law" problems. I decided to combine these in order that I could write a little more than ordinary, for I believe that most of these problems are fairly typical and will be of interest to many readers.—Leanna.

QUES: "I have nice, friendly, in-laws, but they do one thing that simply drives me wild. Both my mother-in-law and her two unmarried daughters always ask me how much anything costs. If I have a new dress or new shoes the first remark is: 'What did it cost?' This goes for new furniture, new kitchen equipment, groceries, doctor bills, dentist bills . . . there isn't anything that they fail to pry into. Perhaps this shouldn't get under my skin so badly, but it really has me at the place where I hate to see them coming (I never go there) and I used to enjoy them when I was first married five years ago. What would you do if you were in my place?"—Minn.

ANS: It seems to me that you have two courses of action. Either you can start a campaign of laughing lightly and saying, "I don't know", (which they won't believe) or you can simply state flatly that your husband pays the bills and you don't know. They will resent either course of action. They will probably get over it in time. At any rate, I'd discuss this with my husband, since it is his family, and be sure of his support and cooperation.

I think that this particular problem stirs up more trouble and resentment than almost anything else. There are not many people in this world sufficiently bold to ask their friends and neighbors how much they paid for something, and yet they'll turn around and subject their relatives to this kind of prying interference.

I once knew one of the sweetest-tempered woman in the world who confessed to me that her greatest battle had been waged in trying to overcome a temptation to scream at her own sister and order her out of the house. The sister had not married well and there were great problems, not all of them financial, by any means. But she subjected her more prosperous sister to the same type of thing that our reader from Missouri wrote about, only she always concluded by replying: "Well, that's more than it's worth," or, "Some people have money to burn," remarks calculated to inflame any sensible person.

This friend told me that she prayed for Christian charity because she knew what disappointments and sorrows her sister had experienced to make her so disagreeable and she said that in time she learned to overlook a great deal of it. She never answered her flatly . . . she simply made some

vague, halfway satisfactory answer. As she said to me in telling me about it, "If I had ever told her sharply that it was none of her business, I would have said a lot more because I'd kept this all down for years. We would have quarrelled bitterly, no doubt, and things wouldn't have been the same again. This would have troubled our children, who were always close friends, and our parents would have been deeply grieved, so I never allowed myself to fly off."

If you can pray earnestly for self-control and charity, you will probably acquire the Christian forbearance that my friend acquired. She rose above the situation. And you can too, if you are beset by such a problem. Certainly it behoves all of us to stop and think twice before we say casually to a relative: "How much did it cost?" We may have said this much more often than we realize and put the other person into a poor frame of mind without knowing it.

QUES: "Leanna, please say something sometime about these young mothers who are so eager and willing to turn over their children to Grandma. I raised five children and four of them are married and live in our home town. I have six grandchildren and love them dearly, but I do wish that my own daughters, as well as my son's wives, would be more thoughtful in their demands. This past month my husband and I have had to stay home from the two little club get-togethers that we enjoy because sitters couldn't turn up at the last minute and we were called upon. We never know what it is to have a weekend free with our friends because we always have grandchildren in the house. My husband gets so upset that I'm always afraid he'll "blow his top" as the children say and cause hurt feelings, but I'm sure I don't know what the answer is."—Ja.

ANS: Well, in a way I feel well qualified to answer this because I too have several grandchildren living nearby. However, I don't have the problem this grandmother has for I am always asked quite some time in advance if it would be convenient for me to have any of the youngsters, and if it isn't, I say so frankly.

Where this grandmother makes a mistake is in not speaking up honestly. I don't wonder that her husband is angry, and he's bound to explode one of these days, with disastrous consequences, if she doesn't take action. She owes companionship to her husband, and since he enjoys their friends and activities (as she told me in her long letter), she should certainly not make him play second-fiddle to the grandchildren.

I'd have a frank, honest talk with all four daughters and daughter-in-laws. I'd tell them plainly that they'll have to make other arrangements

when they want to go out over weekends, etc., and that in the future you don't intend to disappoint their Dad by not going with him because of grandchildren to care for. Tell them that in sickness, in any real emergency, you're right at hand, of course, but that for routine baby-sitting they must find a new solution. I think you're going to run into constantly increasing tension and trouble if you don't take a firm stand on this right now.

QUES: "Four years ago my father died, and since then my mother has made her home with us. Some elderly people really spread sunshine and comfort in a home, but my mother is not one of them. She finds fault with everything and nags at my husband as she used to nag at my father. The two of us could put up with this after a fashion, but we really boil when she picks constantly at the children. Many a time she's had our two girls in tears with her harping criticism, and even our little boy, who's only four years old, has to be urged to show her affection—he tries to keep his distance from her. I don't feel that I can put up with this much longer since it is just ruining our home life, and yet I don't know what to do. My two sisters and two brothers flatly refuse to have her. If we all pitched in we could afford to keep her in a home for aged people, but she refuses to go. Can you give me any direction?"—Minn.

ANS: Whenever I hear that only one member of a family is willing to have an aged parent I have a pretty strong feeling that the situation is about as this friend in Minnesota has described—the parent, not the daughter or son, is the real problem. I think we all feel hesitant to take drastic action because of the realization that we'll be old ourselves someday and would suffer at being forced into living conditions that we didn't want.

On the other hand, I don't see why a once happy home should remain permanently in the condition it's in now. Harping criticism can just about ruin developing personalities—it's a deadly and damaging thing. If the other sisters and brothers flatly refuse to have her, then I honestly believe that the only course of action that is fair to this woman's husband and her children is to put her mother in a home for the aged. She may resent it violently at first, but it's surprising how frequently that type of personality comes around to enjoying her surroundings. She may surprise you by making quite a peaceful and happy adjustment.

Many, many people have this problem to face. If the aged parent or relative is of a cheerful, uncritical personality, life with them can be so happy that their eventual going will leave a real void. But if they are quarrelsome by nature, fault-finding and downright mean, then they should live with people of their own age so that young, developing personalities cannot be blighted by all of the friction that they create.

MOTEL COURTING

By Verna Harris

For more than twenty years our family had hoped to make a trip through the South by car, but it was only a few months ago that we actually saw this dream become a reality.

Our last real long trip, some twenty-eight years before, had taken us to Canada. That time we also went by car and we took along everything except the bird-cage and the kitchen sink; that was just in case we MIGHT need it, you understand.

Well, that trip was a night-mare. It took nearly a half day to pack and unpack that car. When the last folding chair was somehow maneuvered into the trunk, our poor old 'Chevie really groaned—as did we all.

This trip was to be planned more efficiently—or else! Instead of camping as we did on that trip, we wanted to find out all that was to be found out about modern motels along our route. Particularly we wanted to know just what facilities for cooking would be furnished in each place.

I discovered almost immediately that there was very little information to be found locally, so I wrote to a large Oil Company which offers travelers a personal guide called a "TRAVELAIDE". All they need to know is where you want to go. They mark out a detailed map for each day's travel covering the most interesting routes by which you can go and return. Opposite these maps is a page giving specific information on the country through which you are passing, as well as points of special interest near your route.

Included in this guide is an index of towns, mileage sheets, road markings and detours (if any) and, most helpfully, a list of all motels. Usually these are marked if they contain kitchen facilities. In the front of the book is a picture of the U. S. showing your trip as a whole—this is marked with a colored crayon. If you are in need of any information pertaining to a trip by car, be sure to avail yourself of this offer.

There happened to be only three in our party but we found that four could have been served with approximately the same accommodations. In the motels where we stayed the double beds were comfortable and roomy and, but with one exception, the rooms were very clean. We found heat available ranging from gas fireplaces and oil burners, to steam heat and automatic furnaces. This fact will be of special interest to those who wish to travel in cool weather, as we did.

We found that all motels furnished bathroom facilities and showers. Each one was equipped with chairs, tables, and sometimes a radio and reading lamps. We found few fully equipped kitchens with dishes and refrigerator, although probably there are more open with these facilities during the summer months. However, we did find many that furnished two-plate burners for cooking, and all had plugs for the use of electrical appliances.



Juliana asked her dad to take this picture for she wanted to pull down a branch of her blooming Hopa Crab tree so that some of the flowers would show. Her idea was good, but there wasn't enough light to catch the details.

Some motels offer a covered garage adjoining your room. The price we paid for the above accommodations ranged from \$4.50 to \$6.50 per night, and this always included two beds.

Since we planned to visit relatives in Mississippi, we did take one dress-up outfit apiece. The rest of the time we wore comfortable travel clothes that could stand the wear and tear. However, we didn't want our good clothes in the way, so I went to our clothier and got a heavy cardboard box that was large enough to hold our things without wrinkling. This box was placed at the extreme back of the trunk. The space left at one end was saved for our soiled clothing. This was put into paper bags at night, a string tied around the tops of the bags, and then they were stowed away never to bother us again.

Our luggage, car refrigerator, box for canned goods and dishes, and a small box containing utensils, were all placed endwise to front of the trunk so that nothing ever had to be moved to reach something else.

In the car refrigerator we packed concentrated fruit juice, bacon, butter, frozen meat and eggs; everything kept perfectly. In a slender, high, long box we took shoestring potatoes, canned soups, jam, canned meat, catsup, crackers, sugar, spaghetti, baked beans and a shaker of salt.

In addition to this I included my toaster, a small iron skillet, can opener, silver, dishes, big cups, paper plates, napkins, towels and dish cloths. Don't forget a small-sized box of detergent, for hot water is always furnished and you can wash up everything.

I also took the small electric plate from my coffee maker, my enamel drip coffee maker, a jar of coffee and tea balls; this little box contained everything needed for a hot drink... including a very small tea kettle for boiling water.

With this simple equipment I've

listed we could always eat a hot breakfast or evening meal. In case you're wondering why we didn't just purchase food along the way I might explain that the frozen meat came from our own locker at home, and that we didn't want to depend upon finding stores open close to the motel where we were staying. There are times when you want to continue driving, and it's too time consuming to find grocery stores in unknown towns. By carrying these staple items we could always be sure of having a hot meal whenever we liked.

We tried to keep the car itself free from clutter, for on a long trip a cluttered car can get to be downright nerve wracking. All that we kept with us in the back seat of the car was a small pillow and blanket, a zipper bag that contained our toilet articles and first-aid kit, and a little bag which contained our two thermos bottles and lunch box. Each morning I would fill one thermos with hot coffee, the other with a cold fruit drink. Our little tin lunch box held plain cookies and sandwiches. We found it delightful to stop in mid-morning and mid-afternoon for a light snack.

Although we traveled at a time when tourist traffic is comparatively light, I think I should warn those of you about to embark on a trip during the summer months that it is positively risky to drive until after dark and then expect to find a motel. There are many sections of our country where it is necessary to stop by four in the afternoon, at the latest, if good, comfortable accommodations are to be located. More than one family has had to spend a wretched night in the car because nothing could be turned up in line of accommodations. So play safe, in highly popular resort sections, by stopping in ample time to find lodging. This will give you a chance to explore interesting things in the remaining hours of daylight, and you can get an early start in the morning to compensate for the miles you couldn't cover the day before.

If you too plan to go Motel Courting on your vacation and want to have a wonderful, carefree time, visualize your real needs before you start. Take only what you need and have it handy. Eat simply. Divide up the chores and have fun!

THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me,
I cannot choose the colors
He worketh steadily.
 Oft times He weaveth sorrow
And I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.
—Unknown

FREDERICK REPORTS ON HIS TRIP

Dear Friends:

Since last writing to you, I have spent ten days in California where I found the most perfect summer weather I have ever experienced.

I left Bristol on a cool Sunday afternoon expecting to find southern California unbearably hot, but instead I found the nights almost too cool for comfort and returned to find Bristol sweltering in a heat wave. Bristol at its hottest, however, is not as bad as the Middlewest at its hottest. I stopped off at home for thirty-six hours, and when I got off the plane at Omaha the thermometer at the airport was just a few degrees under the one hundred mark.

I actually ate my way to California! As soon as the plane left the Providence airport we were served a full turkey dinner. A few hours later, as we were leaving Cleveland, we were served cookies, candy, and a cool drink. Two hours later, as we were leaving Chicago, we were served a lunch of sandwiches with our choice of drinks. On Tuesday I left Omaha at five in the afternoon, and by the time we had crossed the state of Nebraska I had eaten a roast beef dinner. Three hours later, as we left the airport at Denver, we were served a supper of soup, cold sliced meats, cheese, salad, hot rolls and dessert. I have been using air transportation for many years, but never have I been served so much so often. Of course everyone likes to eat on an airplane. There is something rather exciting about eating a meal while sitting 20,000 feet up in the air.

As often as I have been out West, I had never seen Pikes Peak in Colorado until this trip. Our plane flew south from Denver climbing higher and higher to gain altitude for the flight over the mountains. At Colorado Springs we turned into the setting sun and in just a few minutes we were right over the top of Pike's Peak. It was covered with snow, as were all of the other high mountains, and with the red rays of the setting sun shining on it, it was simply beautiful.

As we were crossing the mountains, I noticed that the three stewardesses on the plane were having trouble with one of the passengers, an elderly lady who had apparently lost her mind. I told the girls that I was a clergyman and that I would do what I could to help them take care of the old lady. I sat down beside her and by holding her hand and talking softly to her, I was able to quiet her considerably. It wasn't until we reached Los Angeles that I dared to leave her for even a few minutes.

I went to Claremont, California as one of the delegates from Rhode Island to the biennial meeting of the General Council of the Congregational Churches. There were nearly 3,000 delegates and visitors at the meeting, and you can imagine what difficulties that presented to a little town of only 6,000 population. All of us were housed and fed on the four college



This picture of Frederick was taken on his recent visit at home. He is standing near a bookcase in the library.

campuses that make up a big portion of the town. My room was in one of the dormitories of Pomona College, the largest of the four colleges, and I ate all of my meals in one of the large college dining rooms. Through the years I have eaten in a great many schools and colleges, and I am being completely honest when I say that I have never eaten better institutional food anywhere than I had at Pomona College.

One of the special treats of the week-long council was the music provided by a large mixed choir from Honolulu. The Hawaiian choir had worked for more than a year to earn money for the trip, and I know that it must have cost them several thousand dollars to fly the round trip. Their singing was all done in the native Hawaiian tongue, and it was magnificent. Very few choirs in this country could have done any better. On two different occasions I had preached in the Honolulu church from which this choir had come, and although I knew none of the singers by name, several of them remembered me. The choir members brought with them several hundred orchid blossoms to be used for decorating the stage of the large auditorium where the meetings were held.

The night that I left Los Angeles to fly back to Rhode Island I had heard that there were severe thunder storms over Nebraska and Iowa, and so I was all set for a rough trip home, but just as we were leaving the ground the loudspeaker system in the plane brought this message to the passengers: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. Because of storms over much of our regular route, and because I want to give you a smooth and comfortable trip, I am going to take you to Chicago over a different route. I shall fly the plane over Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri and then across Illinois to Chicago. Un-

less the storms should change their courses, we shall have perfect flying conditions all night. I hope you have a good sleep." When I woke up the next morning we were just crossing the Mississippi River at the northeast corner of the state of Missouri, and very shortly after that we were on the ground in Chicago. From twenty thousand feet in the air, the Mississippi looked very much like a ribbon of silk stretched across a piece of green velvet.

Today has been a busy day as the final arrangements for our Summer Bazaar have been made. We had hoped to have a merry-go-round for the children, but when we discovered that the cost would be prohibitive it was decided to install an aerial tramway as a substitute. From the base of one tree on the parish house lawn, to a point fifteen feet up on another tree sixty feet away we have strung a sturdy cable. Running on this cable is a two-wheeled attachment from which is suspended a sturdy wooden box strong enough to hold two small children. A rope suspended from the box makes it possible for a person walking along under the cable to pull the box to the high point on one tree, and then to let the children ride safely down the cable to the lower end. The few children who tested the device were thrilled and delighted with it.

One of the big jobs in preparation for our bazaar is putting up the large tent on the front lawn of the church. The tent is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide, and believe me it is no easy task to drive in the forty large stakes necessary to hold the tent ropes and to raise the four large center poles. We have to watch the tent constantly, for a heavy dew or the slightest bit of rain will cause enough shrinkage to break all ropes if they are not given some slack immediately. This afternoon I helped to drive the stakes, and I must confess that my tender hands are covered with blisters tonight.

It took us a long time to decide where we wanted to spend our one month of vacation this year, but today we made up our minds to rent a small apartment on a beach near Betty's home. Just this afternoon we called a real estate agent and rented the apartment sight unseen. We had waited so long that we had to take what we could get at any price. From the cost of this experience we have learned that it is well to rent cottages at least a year in advance. Because of the kindness of relatives, this is the first year that we have ever had to rent a cottage, and we were quite shocked to learn just how expensive they can be.

I hope that all of you are having a good summer. If you should happen to have some very good luck fishing, write and tell me all about it. There is nothing that warms my heart much more than to read a letter telling about the big ones some lucky fisherman has landed. I hope to be able to tell you about my luck before many weeks have passed.

Sincerely, Frederick.



ICEBOX CHEESE CAKE

- 2 cups cornflake crumbs
- 1/4 lb. butter, melted
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon

Roll the cornflakes to fine crumbs. Mix sugar and cinnamon. Combine all ingredients together. Reserve 1/4 cup of crumb mixture for top of cake. With the rest line bottom and sides of torte pan and pour in Cheese filling.

If you don't own a genuine torte pan, you can use a deep cake pan, but it should have a removable bottom to make it easier to handle.

CHEESE FILLING

- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 grated lemon rind
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. almond extract
- 1 lb. dry cottage cheese
- 2/3 cup whipping cream

Soak gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks in top of double boiler, add sugar, salt, and milk, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add juices, lemon rind, extracts, and gelatin. Blend well, press cheese through sieve, and add to above mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and whipped cream.

Pour into cornflake-lined pan and sprinkle reserved crumbs over top. Chill at least overnight.

This is an unusually fine quality cheese cake. It is perfect to serve when entertaining a dozen or so people, for it *must* be made the day before. If you have never eaten a genuine cheese cake but have only *heard* about them, you'll be somewhat surprised at the flavor of this particular cake.

BEEF RELISH

- 1 qt. cooked beets
- 1 small head of cabbage
- 1 cup grated horseradish
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. salt
- 2 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 1 pt. vinegar

Put the beets and cabbage through the food chopper and add the other ingredients in the order given. Let stand at least 24 hours before using.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

BRAISED OXTAILS

- 1 oxtail
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. drippings
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 bay leaves
- 3 whole cloves
- 2 cups celery
- 2 cups carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 clove garlic
- 1 lemon, sliced

Roll pieces of oxtail in flour. Brown in hot drippings. Add salt, pepper, onion, celery and carrots and brown lightly. Add other ingredients, cover and cook until meat is tender. Thicken gravy before serving.

PICCALILI

- 1/2 peck of ripe tomatoes
- 1/2 peck of green tomatoes
(or 1 peck green tomatoes,
and no red)
- 12 red peppers
- 12 green peppers
- 12 small onions
- 4 stalks celery
- 3/4 cupfuls of salt
- 2 qts. vinegar
- 3 lbs. brown sugar (2 extra cupfuls
if sweeter relish is preferred)
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 Tbls. whole cloves
- 1 Tbls. stick cinnamon

Put the peck (or 2 gallons) of tomatoes, the peppers, onions and celery through the meat chopper. Add the salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain. Make a syrup of the vinegar, brown sugar, mustard seed, cloves and stick cinnamon. Scald the syrup and add it to the chopped mixture and simmer, after it has been brought to boiling, for 35 minutes.

SWEET PEACH PICKLES

- 1 pint of vinegar
- 4 cupfuls of sugar
- 7 lbs. of firm, ripe peaches (peeled)
- 2 Tbls. whole cloves
- 1 Tbls. mixed spices

Put the vinegar and sugar on the stove and let them come to boiling. Then scald the peaches in this solution. The peaches should stay in long enough to get hot through and through, and until they can be pricked with a fork. Do not allow to shrivel. Place in sterilized jars and seal.

WATERMELON PICKLES

The comments about these pickles from an Omaha friend interested us, so we figured that you'd be interested too.

"I have used this recipe over twenty years—got it in Duluth, Minn., and I do believe I introduced it here in our city because I have never served them that the recipe wasn't taken down. Not only are they excellent in taste, but so pretty. I make them up in small jars and give as gifts throughout the year. They may sound like extra work, but really are very easy to make."

Pare rind and take off all pink and green. Cover with water and parboil until tender when pierced with a fork. *Do not cook too soft.*

For 7 lbs. of prepared fruit use:

- 3 1/2 lbs. sugar
- 1 pt. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. oil of cloves
- 1/2 tsp. oil of cinnamon

Drain rind well. Bring syrup mixture to boiling point and pour over rind. Let stand overnight. The next morning drain off syrup, reheat and pour back over rind. Do this the following day, and on the 3rd day, heat the syrup and fruit to boiling point, put in jars and seal. These are delicious and clear in color. Oils can be obtained at the drug store. Maraschino cherries added to some jars look most attractive.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

- 4 qts. cucumbers, cut in slices
- 1 qt. onions, sliced
- 1 cup salt
- 1 1/4 lbs. brown sugar
- 1 qt. cider vinegar
- 1 Tbls. broken stick cinnamon
- 1 1/2 Tbls. white mustard seed
- 1/2 Tbls. whole allspice
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper

Wash cucumbers, using about the 6-inch size. Cut in slices from one-fourth to one-third inch in thickness. Peel onions and slice. Put in separate vessels, with a sprinkling of salt between the layers. Let stand overnight.

The next morning drain cucumbers and onions from salt and rinse in several clear waters. Prepare syrup, measure sugar into preserving kettle, add vinegar. Tie spices loosely in a bag, put into kettle. Heat syrup to boiling, boil 5 minutes. Remove spices. Drain vegetables from clear water, add to syrup and heat them just to boiling, but do not boil. Turn into jars and seal.

PEA SALAD

- 1 can tiny peas
- 1 cup diced soft cheese
- 1 cup ground salted peanuts
- 1/4-cup chopped pimiento
- 6 chopped sweet pickles

Toss together and mix with mayonnaise to hold together. Serve very cold.

EDITH'S DELICIOUS PICKLES

Make a weak salt solution using 1/4 cup coarse salt to 1 gallon of water and put whole cucumbers in it. If the cucumbers are small they can be used whole; if good-sized, split and cut in half; if large and unsightly in shape, cut into chunks. Leave them in the salt brine for 48 hours, changing the solution twice.

Then put pickles in kettle and bring to a boil in a mixture of 1/2 cup water to 1 cup of vinegar—combine enough of these proportions to make a solution that will cover them. When the boiling point is reached, remove pickles and pack in sterilized quart jars.

To every quart jar add 1/8 tsp. of powdered alum and 1 tsp. of mixed pickling spice. Then pour over the pickles a solution made by boiling together 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of vinegar—make up enough of this to fill the number of jars you are using. The solution must be boiling hot when poured into the jar. Seal immediately.

CRISP PICKLE SLICES

- 4 qts. sliced cucumbers (medium-sized)
- 6 medium white onions, sliced
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1 green pepper
- 1 sweet red pepper
- 1/3 cup salt
- 3 cups distilled white vinegar
- 5 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsps. turmeric
- 1 1/2 tsps. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed

Slice cucumbers thin. Add sliced onions, garlic, and the peppers cut in narrow strips. Add salt; cover with cracked ice; mix thoroughly. Let stand 3 hours. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over cucumber mixture. Heat to boiling and seal in sterilized jars. Makes 8 pints.

BERTHA FIELD'S CHILI SAUCE

- 4 qts. ground tomatoes
- 1 pt. ground cucumbers
- 1 pt. ground onions
- 4 green peppers ground fine
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 tsps. salt
- 3 pts. strong cider vinegar
- 3 cups sugar

Combine all ingredients, simmer slowly until thickened, put into hot sterilized pint jars and seal.

CABBAGE SALAD

- 4 cups shredded cabbage
 - 4 small onions, sliced
 - 2 small carrots grated
 - 2 small apples diced
 - 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
 - 4 Tbls. sugar
- Mix well and chill before serving.

PICKLED BEETS

Wash tender young beets and boil until tender. Remove skins and slice. Place in a pan, and for 2 1/2 qts. of beets add:

- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups of sugar
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 Tbls. pickling spice

Bring to boil and boil for 5 minutes. Remove beets and pack in sterilized jars. To the first solution add 1/2 cup more vinegar and 1/2 cup more sugar. Bring to rolling boil, then pour over beets in jars and seal.

OLIVE MACARONI

- 1 cup ripe olives
- 1 1/2 cups macaroni
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 cup tomato catsup
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cut olives from pits into large pieces. Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk and cook and stir until thickened. Add 3/4 cup cheese and stir over low heat until cheese is melted. Stir in catsup, olives, macaroni, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into greased baking dish and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F. 20 to 25 min. Serves 4 to 6.

PORK CHOP SKILLET MEAL

- 4 Tbls. fat
- 4 pork chops (1" thick)
- 4 slices Bermuda onion
- 4 rings green pepper
- 4 Tbls. uncooked rice
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 cup diced celery

Brown pork chops on both sides. Place slice of onion and a pepper ring on each chop. Place 1 Tbls. rice on each ring. Pour tomatoes around the meat and add celery. Put tight fitting cover on skillet and simmer for one hour. This can be baked in the oven if you wish.

DIFFERENT GUM DROP COOKIES

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup gumdrops (no black ones)
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Separate eggs and beat yolks until fluffy and lemon colored. Then add brown sugar slowly and beat until fluffy. Whip egg whites until stiff, add vanilla, and add to egg yolk mixture. Then add flour sifted with salt and beat vigorously. Mix in nuts and gumdrops. Spread on 10"x4" wax-paper lined pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes. Cut in squares.

SOLVED—THE SPICE PROBLEM

By Lulu H. Magdefrau

The spices in my kitchen cabinet were in a mess! When I went to use any it took precious time to find the spice that I wanted. In the process boxes were upset and spilled, and I'd finally decide I didn't have that certain spice, or else that there wasn't enough of it for my recipe.

If I actually didn't locate the spice, my next trip to town solved that part and then I had something new to add to the clutter. Later, of course, I'd find I had duplicates of many of the spices. Even Fibber McGee would have turned green with envy at the sight of my kitchen cabinet.

I think I tried everything. I put all of them in a box. This didn't work for the spice I wanted always seemed to be at the bottom of the box—and then the whole box had to be emptied.

Oh yes, I tried buying spice shelves. But they were expensive. Only a certain size box would go in them, and only four such boxes at that.

I was getting desperate when I found the solution in my husband's work shop. I noticed that he had a little dispenser on a revolving frame which held his small nails, screws, etc., in wonderful order. It is a revolving frame, you understand, with 16 glass jars that hold four ounces each. Almost any hardware store stocks them, I've found, and the price is very reasonable.

I now have one of these in my cabinet. Each little jar proudly shows its contents and label, and at a glance I can tell when I must put in a new supply. I'm so proud of it that I'm thinking of moving it to the outside of my cabinet so people who drop into my kitchen can see for themselves what a wonderful solution it is to an old, old problem.

LUCILE'S FAVORITE REFRIGERATOR COOKY

- 2 cups brown sugar (not darkest)
- 1 cup shortening (preferably half butter)
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup chopped nut meats

Cream the shortening and sugar, and add the eggs, and then the flour, soda, salt, cream of tartar and vanilla. Add the nuts and form a loaf. Store in the refrigerator. When ready to bake, slice to the thickness desired, place on a greased cooky sheet, and bake at 350 degrees for about 10 or 12 minutes.

I like to make this amount of dough into three rolls, store two in our Amana Freezer for future reference, and bake one after it has stood in the refrigerator overnight.

Poise is the art of raising the eyebrows instead of the roof.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It is almost midnight on one of the most beautiful summer nights I can ever remember. Poets call such a night "enchanted" and I heartily agree with them.

For these past two hours we've been sitting out on our terrace studying the skies and I think it will interest you to know that some of this "studying" was done with Howard's wonderful binoculars that he has been kind enough to loan to us. Perhaps binoculars is not the correct term for these big glasses since we mount them on a tripod, but at any rate you know what I mean.

Everytime we sit in our peaceful summer garden and look at the tranquil night skies through these glasses I think of the dreadful purpose for which they were designed and once used. These glasses, made in Japan, formerly belonged to a Japanese officer, and I am certain that he stood on many a piece of ground in the Pacific searching for Allied troops. Unquestionably he was sighted in glasses belonging to some American soldier for he no longer had any use for his own equipment when Howard appeared upon the scene. He brought them back when World War II was over and was good enough to let us borrow them. These, then, are the binoculars with which we study our beautiful summer skies.

I don't know of anyone who can look up at the stars, planets and moon without thinking long, long thoughts. Most of these thoughts simply seethe around in our heads without any form or conclusions, and that's why I was very happy to find a new book at our library titled "The Exploration of Space" by Arthur C. Clarke, an Englishman who is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and has been Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society since 1949.

I haven't the kind of a mind that can absorb and make sense of contemporary science, so it was a wonderful experience to find a book written in such a way that I can actually grasp facts! Mr. Clarke came to the sound conclusion that the run-of-the-mill person is in kindergarten as far as astronomy and space are concerned, so he set out to explain things on that level—and he succeeded. Furthermore, he has a sense of humor, something conspicuously lacking in most scientists who try to tell people what they're doing in our particular span of history.

I found so many absorbing facts in this book that I could discuss it for hours, but I'll content myself with saying just a couple of things. It seems to me that I should have known, but somehow didn't, that one of the greatest planets, Pluto, was only discovered in 1930, and that astronomers will have to wait until 2178 before it returns to the part of the sky where it was discovered. We all know that it takes us 365 days to make one revolution around the sun, but it



All of the Driftmiers wonder how they ever got along without these two little girls! Allison was almost a year old when this was taken in July; Emily will be four in November.

takes Pluto 248 years to make one revolution.

Everyone speculates, at one time or another, as to what Man will find on other planets if he ever succeeds in getting there, so I was amused to read this in Mr. Clarke's book: "If ships from Earth ever set out to conquer other worlds they may find themselves, at the end of their journeys, in the position of painted war-canoes drawing slowly into New York Harbour."

Well, if you too would like to have an idea of what Science considers possible in the line of getting to the moon, reaching other planets, etc., you should read this book. In view of the fact that rockets seem to be the most likely tool for this purpose, I was especially interested to hear that Fritz Harshbarger, Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred Fischer's grandson, has just been awarded one of the Guggenheim Fellowships to study jet-propelled rockets. He will be stationed at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena where many of our most brilliant projects have been carried through. Fritz would regard the book that I've mentioned as belonging to the "I see the cat" and "I see the dog" school of reading, but he'd agree, I'm sure, that for us common, ordinary people it does a good job of making complex things very simple.

And now I must wrench myself away from possible other worlds and get back to the one right under my feet.

We had a most happy visit with Russell's parents not long ago, and we still marvel that the first decent weather in a number of weeks fell while they were with us. It's long been a standing complaint of ours that we always have the worst weather of the summer when out-of-town company arrives. Our upstairs is an inferno when the temperature goes above ninety, and for the past six years we've had the temperature right there (if at no other time in the summer) when house-guests are here. We're still trying to figure out

what broke the spell when Russell's parents arrived.

We're going to have Mother Verness very much on our minds at 7:15 A.M. on August 2nd, for on that morning she is taking a plane from the Minneapolis airport with Washington, D. C., her destination. It is her first trip by air and she is anticipating it a great deal. In Washington she will be met by her son-in-law, John Solstad, and he will drive her to Camp LeJuene, North Carolina where he is now stationed with the Marines. Boletta and John are expecting a sister or brother for their Kristin and Paul in September, and Mother Verness will be there to help keep things going while Boletta is in the hospital.

Today I received some samples of material and without any delay I must make my choice for the dress that is to be smocked and entered in the Iowa State Fair. This probably seems pretty late in the day for those of you who finished your entries months ago, but I can smock mighty fast when I once get down to it, so that dress will get to the Fair all right.

In recent weeks I've had a number of letters from people asking me if we've done anything new to our house—that I haven't mentioned anything for a long, long time. Well, I'll confess that we really haven't done much of anything—our garden has claimed most of our time, money and interest. But we did get a lot of insulation poured into some of the second floor and there is more to pour when the weather gets cool enough to permit Russell to work in the rafters.

We've thoroughly enjoyed the shelter that Russell built in our garden early in the summer. For the first time we have a shady place to sit and consequently I've spent many more hours outside. Before winter comes we want to get some pictures of it that we can share with you, and at that time I'll mention dimensions, details of construction, etc., so that you can see how it was put together.

Like most of the things we do, this shelter, in its present state, is comparable to one piece of a jig-saw puzzle. Eventually it will be far different than it is today. However, only now, three years later, is one section of our wall (which is part of the shelter) being used as we originally intended that it should be used when the wall was built, so you can see what I mean when I refer to a jig-saw puzzle.

I've always understood that one reason remodeling jobs cost so much more than was intended is because people undo previously accomplished work to get the end results. In my own experience I've seen this happen, but I honestly don't believe that when Russell and I do some extensive remodeling on this property we'll run into such unnecessary expense. Right now we know what eventually we hope to accomplish, and as we move along, inch by inch, we work toward that end result. Perhaps there are advantages in being compelled to take things very slowly!

Always my good wishes . . . Lucile.

PEACE BEGINS AT HOME

By Mabel Nair Brown

OH, WHEN WILL WE HAVE PEACE?

Around the world these words echo and re-echo today. What is the answer?

"Anything worth praying for is worth *working* for". This might well be the family motto framed and hung in every home today, a constant reminder that the real road to Peace begins with us.

From every side, radio, TV, daily newspaper, church, community meeting we hear the wishful desire for Peace, yet in almost the same breath comes talk of greed, hatred, intrigue, political scandals, international discord and unrest, even the acceptance of World War III as inevitable!

All of this accompanied by such remarks as "When are *they* going to do something about this mess the world is in today?" "Why don't *they* forget about building armies and think about peace?" "Oh, well, what has our youth of today to look forward to?" "Why plan ahead? With the atom bomb we may not be here tomorrow!"

Shame on us if we are allowing ourselves to drift into this defeatist attitude! It is time to arouse ourselves to rise above the pitfalls into which we have fallen. Truly, Peace is *everybody's* job. That means you and me. We cannot wait to see what the "Big Shots" do about it.

We are the ones who must do what we can for the world in which we live today and it is our children who will be running the world tomorrow. The values on which they, our children, rule tomorrow's world depend much on what you and I do today.

So you see how important the part parents, and perhaps the home-maker in particular, play in this plan for "Peace on Earth, good will toward men." The great apostle said "Faith without action is dead." Wishful thinking and "Gimme" prayers will not bring peace.

We must *do* something. Let us begin by saying "WORLD WAR III is *not* inevitable." Instead, let us take Peace for granted. Say instead, "Peace will come." How?

Begin in our own homes. We can see that our children grow up in a home where bickering and strife are over-ruled by kindness, tolerance and understanding.

"That bickering, strife and insecurity is due to the fast pace and the tension with which we live today," you say.

As a homemaker, as a parent, then resolve, if need be, to slow up the pace of your family living. Perhaps you, as the homemaker and naturally the "pace-setter" for your family, need to readjust your set of values. Which is more important for your child and for family harmony and security; love and understanding, or that you have a TV set like the Smiths, the latest fad in clothes and an unsteady perch on the top rung of your local society ladder?

Our children need to grow up in a home where harmony and peace are accepted as the normal state, where discord is the unusual which can be brought into harmony by united effort and understanding. They should see this work out in their homes, to be carried over into community living, so to the nation and to the world.

These words by Edward Everett Hale express the aim and aspiration that should be implanted firmly in the minds of each man, woman and child!

"I am only one,
But I am one,
I cannot do much,
But I can do something.
What I can do, I ought to do,
And what I ought to do,
With God's help, I will do."

Looking back to the past decade, we saw our whole nation joined together in a great united effort, with everyone working — war bonds, food production, war plants, home defense, nurses aid, gathering scrap metal; yes, from school children to Grandparents, no job was too small to help in achieving our common goal. We were "all out" for national defense and war.

Why cannot we work just as hard for Peace? United in one common cause and in one great effort what could we not accomplish?

And where did we begin our great war effort? In the home. We saved, we sacrificed, we worked — and we prayed.

Now it is Peace we want. Then let us go "All out" and work for it. Peace, too, begins at home!

TRAVELTIME TEASERS

By Mabel Nair Brown

If you are planning a trip soon and expect to take the family along, you will be wise to have a few games and contests in mind to "pull out of the hat" when the children begin to get restless and are inclined to bicker and fret after hours of steady riding in the car or train. The adults, too, can find relaxation and fun if they will join in with the children on many of these games.

It is a wonderful way to train children to be more observant of their surroundings and there is no doubt of the opportunity offered for "self-education" on-the-spot. Check over the suggestions below and I'm sure you will see that by doing a little advance planning, plus getting a supply of pencils, papers, etc., you can help your trip to be more pleasant all the way.

When our children were smaller we found that interest in the games was stimulated by offering small inexpensive prizes; we usually saved the prizes for late afternoon when the youngsters were apt to be getting the most tired and restless. You will be surprised at the pleasure they find in such simple prizes as balloons, a new box of crayons, a color book, a simple puzzle, bubble blowing kit or modeling clay. By winning these late in the day, they were something "new" to amuse the children while I was busy

getting our evening meal in our cabin at the motel—so they really served a double purpose!

These first games are WHAT TO LOOK FOR games. Each player has a list which he checks off as he locates the listed object.

SEE IT ON THE LICENSE PLATE

1. License plate with green numerals.
2. License plate in the shape of the state where it is issued.
3. License plate with two zeroes in the number.
4. License plate with a yellow background.
5. License plate bearing information that it is a government official car.
6. License plate from the District of Columbia.
7. First license plate spotted from a state bordering the Atlantic Ocean.
8. First license plate from a state bordering the Gulf of Mexico.
9. First one to find license plates from each state bordering your home state.
10. License plate from Canada.

SEE IT ON THE HIGHWAY

1. A white truck.
2. A green car with a lady driver.
3. A yellow convertible.
4. A truckload of cattle.
5. A semi-trailer with dual wheels.
6. A pick-up truck with a red box or rack.
7. A station wagon with at least five passengers.
8. A grey car with just one person in it.
9. A car with a luggage carrier on top.
10. A red convertible with a lady driver.
11. A team of horses.
12. A tractor painted green.
13. A car with a baby in it.
14. A truck hauling sacks of stock feed.
15. A poultry truck.

SEEN ALONG THE ROADSIDE

1. A blue wildflower.
2. A house with a blue roof.
3. A strawstack.
4. A horse and little colt.
5. A bird house on a lawn.
6. A power lawn mower in use.
7. A cemetery.
8. An outdoor fireplace.
9. A sign of historical interest.
10. A white picket fence on a lawn.
11. A black and white cow.
13. Three rural mailboxes on a corner.
14. A man working in the field with horses.
15. A flock of turkeys.

What small child doesn't like to "dress up" in old clothes? Naturally, you can't pack up a bag of old clothes, but why not go through jewelry boxes and dresser drawers and make up a box of trinkets such as old bracelets, necklaces, earrings, hair ornaments, artificial flowers, etc.? The children will have loads of fun trying these on in various combinations.

A little girl (and maybe a small boy, too!) will enjoy pinning doll clothes, handkerchiefs and other small objects

(Continued on Next Page)

to a small line tied up across the car or pinned to the back of a seat on the train. Provide them with some toy clothespins. They can construct fences, odd animals and characters with these same clothes pins, too—for example, a clothespin doll which can be wrapped in a hankie for a blanket. Or take along a catalogue and blunt scissors and scotch tape. Then they can cut clothes from the catalogue and stick them on the clothespin figures with the tape.

Older children can take along such old favorites as checkers or dominoes to while away tedious hours on the road.

We have had lots of chuckles and laughs when we get going on a relay story as we travel along. I start out making up a story as I go and at some very interesting spot I stop and the person next to me must take up the story and so on until each one has had a turn or two. If you can bring in interesting things and amusing things that you are seeing as you ride along, the story will be more fun. Of course each one tries to leave off his share of the story right at a very crucial moment so the next person must think fast to keep it going successfully.

A CIRCUS PARTY

By Lynda Schlomann

Summer time is circus time, and I can think of no better theme for a birthday party. It takes very little "fixing" and all children between the ages of five and ten seem to love the ideas listed here that we've tried with great success.

Most of us telephone all invitations to adults, I think, but children love to find something in the mail that is addressed just to them, so do mail the invitations. If you don't find something in the stores with balloons on it or an equally suitable idea, you can very easily get the children started on clever ones of their own. Let them paste the picture of some wild animal on a sheet of paper, and underneath it they can write:

"A circus is coming to my house Saturday afternoon. Come along with it. Dress up to be part of the show."

Balloons are a must, both for the children to blow and some already blown up and floating on long strings. Decorate your yard with signs such as: "Pop and Ice Cream"; "See the Monkeys", etc. Hang a couple of old blankets over the clothes line for a tent.

As soon as the guests arrive let them have a parade. You should be sure to have old battered pans and kettles on hand that they can beat as imitation drums. Probably they'll keep marching around indefinitely, (most children do!) but when they're tired, suggest these games.

HUNT FOR WILD BEASTS

Paste pictures of wild animals on cardboard, and then hide them around the yard. The child who brings back the most is the World's Greatest Animal Hunter. A box of Animal Crackers should be awarded as a prize.



The biggest church in Shenandoah is the First Methodist. It stands at the six-street intersection we mentioned before when we showed you pictures of the Christian church and the Baptist church.

TRY YOUR SKILL

Pound a couple of pegs in the ground. Divide the crowd into teams, distribute rubber jars rings, and see which crowd finishes first in throwing the rings over the peg. Pencils (unsharpened) make a good prize for the winners at this.

HUNT FOR PEANUTS

Give each child a paper sack and send the crowd on a peanut hunt. The one who finds the most peanuts receives a small package of salted peanuts as a prize.

Birthday cake, pink lemonade, and ice cream are the classic refreshments for such a party. Circus favors can be made easily and inexpensively by buying small size paper sacks and printing the child's name on with bright red ink. Under his name write: "This popcorn came from Jimmy's circus" (supply the name of your own child, of course). Fill with popcorn and pass out as the guests leave.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Here it is time for my monthly chat with you, and instead of being at my desk in Los Angeles, I am in Shenandoah. We, my husband and I, have been visiting our daughter in Colorado, a son and a daughter here in Iowa, my relatives in South Dakota and my husband's relatives in Missouri. In addition to these stops we made many calls on friends all along the route. It is so good to see them again, and all in all it has been a wonderful trip except that the weather is so hot. Today, however, it is cooler and we do hope it stays that way until we get back home in California.

I have been privileged to visit several shutins these past few days and have happened to be in some homes when the mail was delivered. I wish you could see the joy your letters brought, and the sheer disappointment where no letters came.

You could help little Nancy Falk through this summer. She is five years old, and rheumatic fever left

her with such a weakened heart that she has to stay in bed. Address her in care of Mrs. Harold Falk, Hoskins, Nebr.

Mrs. Chas. S. Bound, Rt. 2, Nevada, Mo. would enjoy letters. She is in a hospital. William King, age 30, confined to a wheel chair, would also appreciate letters. He can be addressed at 1133 Avant St., San Antonio, Texas.

Evelyn Williams, State Hospital, Ward 20, Box 451, Abilene, Texas, likes to receive cards. I do not believe she can answer.

Mrs. John Snyder, Box 3, Sauk Rapids, Minn., has arthritis. Her husband has been in the hospital with pneumonia. Send cards to both of them.

Mrs. Ritchey, 509 N. Victoria Park Road, Fort Lauderdale, Fla., fell and broke her hip nearly a year ago. She had to have several operations but is home now. Mrs. Ritchey will be seventy-six on August 4th. She loves to get mail.

Mrs. Ruby F. Bauer, Box 298, Nebraska City, Nebr., is handicapped by arthritis. She makes novelties and would like to hear from others with the same hobby.

Miss Anna E. Ohlson, Elgin State Hospital, Elgin, Ill., asks me to thank you for the mail you have sent to her. I seldom do this because our column just isn't big enough to do it for all, but Anna is alone and not able to write legibly. She suffers terribly all of the time, so please write to her again.

Mrs. Elizabeth Percial, 25-53 18 St., Astoria 2, New York, is elderly and shutin. She will be 90 on September 7th and would appreciate cards.

Anna M. Randell, Box 4, Cedar, Ia., is a partial shutin who would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Ruth Morin, 15 W. Euclid, Detroit 2, Mich., lost her right leg when she was a child and has been semi-shutin ever since. She likes to read and crochet, and would like to exchange patterns for*crochet edges, particularly narrow ones for handkerchiefs.

Miss Mary Lou Ratliff, 603 Fresno St., San Antonio, Texas, is in a chair. She enjoys mail and would especially like to hear from Texas shutins.

I hope all of you will write to at least two people whose names are on this list. Let's each do our bit to cheer them.

WOMEN ARE GOOD AT THESE THINGS

Women are good at these things: Repairing and mending cuts, tears—In hearts, too. Listening to children's dreams, thoughts,

Yes, and men's too. Being stubborn in their loyalties, Speaking softly and with gentleness, Keeping their courage and their faith. A steady, strong thing inside them. Women are good at these things.

—Mildred Ackland

In prosperity prepare for change; in adversity hope for one.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE STORY OF THE TOYMAKER

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once there was an old toymaker who for many, many years made the balls and skates and dolls for the children of his village. Year after year he worked contentedly in his little shop. His toys were so exquisite and so well made that their fame grew over all the land. People came to the little village from miles around to buy toys for their youngsters.

Now, it wasn't long before a huge factory was built at the edge of the village.

"We are going into mass production," declared the owners. "Our village is famous for its toys. We will make great quantities of toys, and lots of money, too."

No one asked the old toymaker to help, so he stayed in his tiny shop, painting and nailing and shaping.

"You should object," declared his friends. "After all, you are the toymaker who made our village famous."

"Peace, peace," murmured the toymaker. "I am doing my work here."

Soon the factory was sending copies of the toy maker's dolls to every land in the world. People bought many toys, and the village prospered.

All but the toymaker. No one came to his door for toys, and soon the grass grew in the path, and the exquisite dolls were covered with dust. The old toymaker had nothing to eat.

So he closed the door, turned the key, and made his way to the factory.

"I wish a job," he explained humbly. "And what can you do?" inquired a haughty secretary.

"Oh," explained the toymaker eagerly, "anything. I dress dolls, assemble trains, paint balls . . . anything at all!"

"Indeed! we do all of those things with modern, efficient machines. Why would we need an old man for that?"

The old toymaker bowed his head and turned to leave.

"However," relented the secretary, "there is one job which must be done by hand. Perhaps you could handle it."

"Perhaps," murmured the toymaker sadly. "What is the job?"

"You may tie the strings on the yo-yos."

Day after day the kind old toymaker tied yo-yo strings. His old fingers became knotted and twisted, but he worked patiently and diligently.

One day a great box of toys was shipped back to the factory.

"These are not the lovely toys we expect from your village," said the letter. The factory owners could not imagine what was wrong. The dolls were well-made, the trains could blow

smoke, and the tops spun efficiently. But no one would buy the toys.

Soon the warehouses were full of unsold toys, and the modern, efficient machines ground to a halt. The people were out of work. The old toymaker had no yo-yo strings to tie, so he unlocked his little shop again and began to dust his wares.

The factory owners walked the streets, pondering what to do with their great, efficient factory. Then they chanced to pass the little shop, and one glanced within. He stopped and gazed.

"Here," he said, "are the beautiful toys the people love. We must ask this toymaker what is wrong with our toys."

"You are too efficient," explained the old toymaker gently. "You see, all your dolls look alike. They have the same eyes, and the same set smiles. My dolls are each tiny, new personalities, fashioned separately with care and love. It is so with the tops and trains, the jack-in-the-boxes and the dollhouses."

The factory owners were deep in thought.

"We will make you Manager of Toys, if you will come to our factory to give personality to our toys."

"It will cost you money," warned the toymaker. "You must fashion many things by hand, and that takes men and women who love toys. Their wages will cost more than machines."

The factory owners agreed. Soon the people of the village were happy and busy learning the skills of the old toymaker.

Once again the village prospered and became famous, and every day the old toymaker lovingly worked among his toys.

HAMMER HOMILY

Consider the hammer. It keeps its head. It doesn't fly off the handle. It keeps pounding away. It finds the point, then drives it home. It looks at the other side too, and often clinches the matter. It makes mistakes, but when it does it starts all over again. It is the only knocker in the world that does any good. If you are inclined to lose your head and fly off the handle, consider the hammer.

FISHING WEATHER

When the wind is in the East,
Tis neither good for man or beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then it's at the very best.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

I am a giant strong and bold!
Such jokes I play on young and old!
But I work hard from sun to sun
And one must have a little fun.

Sometimes a boy I chance to meet,
I blow his hat across the street;
Then toss his kite up in the sky,
And help his Mother's clothes to dry.

The flags I wave, and mills I turn,
The blacksmith's fire I help to burn,
Then when it rains I frisk about
And turn umbrellas inside out.

I send the leaves in golden showers
To make warm blankets for the flowers;

And then again the drops I sow
Change little raindrops into snow.

I make the miller's wheel go 'round
By which the corn and oats are ground,
And then I go far out to sea
Where many boats still wait for me.

WHAT IS THE NUMBER?

1. His better Half.
2. Wilson's points. 14.
3. At the stroke of 12.
4. years itch. 7.
5. Island Dressing. 1000.
6. House of Gables. 7.
7. The Spirit of 76.
8. The Musketeers. 3.
9. Little Peppers. 5.
10. Varieties. 57.
11. or fight. 54-40.
12. Into the Valley of Death rode the 400.
13. Tale of Cities. 2.
14. Fair, fat and 40.
15. Skidoo. 22.
16. He sailed the seas. 7.
17. Tea for 2.
18. Nights in a Barroom. 10.
19. is company, is a crowd. 2 - 3.
20. Wonders of the World. 7.

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|------------------------|------------------------|--------|
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(Continued from Page 3)

experiences behind us, and we just plain didn't realize that practically everything could be put off except trees. Our dangerous old Maple should have come out at once, for instance, so that other things could be started, but we fooled around for three years before we had it removed. We know now that if ever we move to another property we'll tackle the trees first, not last, as was the case with our present home.

One of the things we expect to set out this fall is a Mountain Ash. Have you ever seen one? Well, if not, then let me tell you that it's one of the loveliest things that grow.

The first Mountain Ash that I ever saw, and the finest specimen too, was in the yard of Russell's parents' home in Minneapolis. That tree was the sensation of the well-kept street on which they live, and for a good reason—it's big clusters of brilliant orange berries simply dazzled the eye. From the time I first saw it I made up my mind that someday I would have one in my own yard, and this fall we're going to have it.

Another tree that we're going to plant this fall is a Pin Oak on our front parking. It grows just as fast as an American Elm, you know, and lasts for generations. There's a reason for our wanting to plant this Pin Oak and I'll tell you what it is.

On hot days such as this I think of the early settlers who founded our town, for it's thanks to them that we have such a magnificent display of great Oaks, Elms and Maples in this year of Our Lord, 1952. As a younger person I took these trees for granted and simply assumed that they'd always been here! But in later years I learned that our grandparents arrived in an area covered only with waving prairie grass, and that not one tree was to be seen for miles around.

One of the first things they did after the streets were laid out was to plant trees, and although most of them never lived to see the noble things they've become today, their descendants can walk under lovely canopies of green rather than under naked, burning skies.

We, in turn, have an obligation to look ahead and plant for those who will come after us. It's one of the great truths by which men live that what one has received of good and comfort from a fellow human being must be passed on to other fellow beings. We now enjoy great and beautiful trees planted many years ago by men and women whom we never knew, so it is only just that we pass this on to others.

And that, good friends, is the explanation for our Pin Oak that will be planted in October.

GRACES FOR FAMILY MEALS

GENERAL

Our Father, we thank Thee. Bless this food to our use and us in Thy service. Amen.

MORNING

We thank Thee, O Father, for this new day for all it is bringing to remind us of Thy love. May this food strengthen us for all duties, and may our lives this day honor Thee. Amen.

NOON

We thank Thee, Lord, for noontide rest and these tokens of Thy loving care. Be with us in all that we have yet to do. Amen.

EVENING

Our Father, bless to us our evening meal. Forgive all that has been amiss in us today. Keep us safely this night. Amen.

A SHELF OF BRIGHT PLATES

By Alice Hoey Shaffer

When my new house was being built, I had the carpenter put a narrow shelf over the low window above the kitchen sink, with a skirt board below to protect the curtains.

A few days after I had moved in, the building contractor came to the house to finish some small job, and noticed my row of bright-colored plates standing on the window shelf.

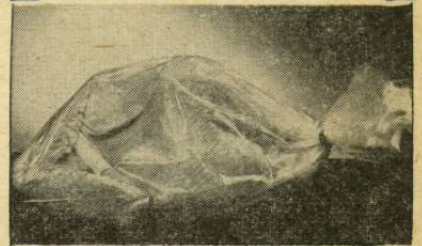
"Would you like me to put a plate-rail there?" he asked, "those plates would be safer that way."

I told him they were safe enough, since they were only paper plates, and he could hardly believe me.

I had taken large, smooth-finished, picnic paper plates, and painted each one a different brilliant color with show-card paint, and later varnished them. They look very bright and colorful, and have earned a great many compliments.

But what most of my friends do not know is that on the back of each plate I have copied a favorite recipe; and I know at a glance, for instance, that on the back of the green plate is a recipe for green apple pie, the gold one has a gold cake recipe, etc. So they are useful as well as supplying a very cheerful note to the kitchen.

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