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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I'm making some chilli sauce this morning and ordinarily wouldn't stop to write a letter, but I discovered that what I thought were pint jars on the back of the pantry shelf were really quart jars, so now I must wait until Mart gets home at noon and can go to the basement for me.

The smell of chilli sauce reminds me of approaching autumn, and once again I wonder where the summer has gone. We've had a busy summer, but a very happy one, and the chances are that you've been doing just about what we've been doing . . . trying to keep the house clean, canning, entertaining relatives and old friends, and all the other things that go with summer.

From where I am sitting in my little office I can look out over the backyard, and I miss the grandchildren's playground equipment that stood there for so long. Juliana and Kristin have reached the age where ladders and bars haven't much appeal, and Emily has her own set, so we decided that Martin should have it in his own yard. A big truck came to get it one day last week, and now it is up in Essex where Martin's "gang" can enjoy it.

On other pages in this issue you will see pictures of Martin and the school that he will attend. We all know that children grow up fast, but it is hard to believe that Martin will be trotting off to school this month. Essex has different kindergarten hours than we have here in Shenandoah. He will go from 9:00 until 11:00, and then back from 1:00 until 3:00. He is very eager to get started.

All summer long we have met many of our friends who were able to get away on vacations. In some cases people stopped midway on a long trip, and in other cases Shenandoah was the sole destination. This letter will reach you just after the Sidney Rodeo is over, and during that week we always have many callers. Lucile and I were saying the other day that it seemed strange to think we'd never seen the Rodeo when it is only sixteen miles away for we know that some people drive over a thousand miles to be there, but neither of us can climb around on bleachers, so we let others do the looking for us.

We had a lovely visit in late July and early August with Mary Conrad

Lombard. She is my sister Sue's middle daughter, and all of us were happy when she just decided to up and make the trip to visit her mother. Mary has five children, a daughter Marilyn who is seventeen, and then four boys, the youngest of whom is six. They live on a ranch near Hemet, California, and we all felt that Mary had dependable children since they were competent enough to get in the apricot crop during her absence.

Aside from apricots they raise chickens and turkeys, and you can know that corn isn't one of their crops when I tell you that Mary said the one thing she wanted to be sure and see was a corn field and corn crib. She was back here in Iowa when she was only two years of age, but of course she couldn't remember anything and consequently couldn't visualize our big Iowa corn fields.

We took her out to see our farm where the corn looks grand this year, and were also able to show her the three different kinds of cribs that we use. She marveled at the difference between an Iowa farm and a California farm—ranch, I should say, for you never hear anyone in California refer to living on a farm.

Sue's other two daughters also live at a great distance from her. Frances is in San Bernardino with her five sons, and Margery, the youngest daughter, lives in New Jersey with her two little girls and one son. Speaking of Sue reminds me to tell you that when you drive through Clarinda she would love to have you come and visit her at her pottery shop. Turn north on No. 2 at 20th Street and drive just one block; then turn to the right. You can't miss it for there is an enormous weeping willow tree right by her front door.

We are expecting Wayne and Abigail home soon. They spent three weeks in Ephraim, Wisconsin where relatives of Abigail's have a summer home. They also were able to spend some time in Green Bay with Mr. and Mrs. Weldon McGee—they came out from Wisconsin to spend Easter here in Shenandoah with Abigail. Wayne and Abigail spent a month or so at Ephraim right after their marriage, but they had never been back until this trip.

Margery, Oliver and Martin Erik are making plans to visit relatives in Chicago in the near future. Martin

has just one great ambition and it is to visit a coal mine. I imagine that they will have to settle on the coal mine at the Museum of Science and Industry. On their return trip they want to stop in Des Moines and visit the State Fair, an experience Margery has never had.

We are looking for Donald home to spend his 30th birthday on August 16th. His vacation falls at that time and he will spend at least part of it with us.

Mart and I haven't yet made definite plans about going East again this fall. Frederick and Betty are spending the entire month of August at a beach cabin, and when they return to Bristol there will be a great deal stacked up for their attention. Mary Leanna starts to kindergarten this fall, so I can imagine that Betty will be extra busy. We felt that we went too early last year to see the fall coloring in New England, so if we do decide to make the trip it will be later.

My sister Helen Fischer and her husband are eagerly awaiting the arrival of their only granddaughter, Jean Alexander. Jean is coming alone on the train from her home in Claremont, Calif., and will spend a month here visiting her grandparents. It has been almost six years now since she was here for any length of time.

Many of you folks who've been here this summer have been amused by the two big white ducks wandering across the lawn of the home across the street from us. These ducks were the Easter pets of Kathy and Alan Bunch, and much to everyone's surprise, they survived to become large, attractive ducks, really big ones. One day not long ago Mrs. Bunch took some pictures of the children (Kathy, Juliana and Kristin) when they were playing over there, and when we saw the snap of Kathy and her two ducks we wanted to share it with you. I'm sure that many of you will recall seeing these big fellows when you were in Shenandoah.

Russell has been helping me redesign parts of our garden and we have enthusiastic plans underway for a lot of fall planting. I hope that all of you who come here will take time to go down the street just a short distance (or you can take the "alley short-cut") and see Russell's and Lucile's garden. It is really a beautiful place, and they like to have people sit down on the terraces and rest.

Before I forget it—Mary Lombard gave me her favorite chicken recipe and next month I want to include it on the recipe page. I told her that it must be extra good if a family that raised as many as 18,000 chickens at a time could still be interested in eating any! She said that they had never tired of it, so that's recommendation enough.

I must stop writing now and go out to stir that chilli sauce. In another hour I should have it in the jars and can call it quits. I hope you'll find time to write to me as soon as the children get back into school and things quiet down.

Affectionately yours, Leanna

Come into the Garden

RETURN TO SPRING WITH ME!

By Lucile

This past spring when our garden first began to burst into bloom, I actually took time to do something that I'd been promising myself to do for three years. I went out almost daily, notebook in hand, and wrote down the things that I wanted to remember.

Most of us think when we look out over magnificent flowers that we won't forget exactly what the various combinations are that produce such marvelous beauty. It seems impossible that we can't recall instantly, at any time in the future, what was what and where it bloomed. But we do. And that is why I put down in black and white the things that I wanted to be certain and tell you before our "second chance" rolled around.

I always think of the fall planting season as our second chance. Not all of the things that we failed to get into the ground in the spring can be planted in the fall, but enough of them can that we are able to make enormous headway. Russell and I have often looked at our garden and tried to figure how long it would have taken us to make this much progress if we had been limited to only the spring planting season. Seventy percent of our garden is fall planted, so we have really compressed six years into three.

The first note in front of me says "Grape Hyacinths and Daffodils". In my mind's eye I can see them now, those frosty blue spikes of Grape Hyacinths in front of the glittering King Alfred Daffodils. This combination of deep blue and gold is perfectly beautiful together. In our garden we planted the Grape Hyacinths along the edge of one of the brick walks that outline our rose garden, and directly behind them we have the King Alfreds that were planted three years ago.

Daffodil experts express themselves forcefully on planting Daffodils in clumps to achieve a graceful, "growing-in-the-woods" effect, and they are right, of course. We have clumps of King Alfred and Lucienne growing near our evergreens and they are beautiful used in this way, but I still say that when you combine them in a straight row with Grape Hyacinths in front of them along a walk or path, you really have an exceedingly lovely sight.

Crocus are something that I wish more people would plant. To look out and see those first courageous blooms in vivid shades of rich purple, burnished gold and pure white gives you the same sense of cheer that you feel when you see the first robin.

This past spring we used our Crocus in the middle, open section of our rose garden. They bloom very early, you know, and it gave me quite a start to stand at my kitchen window and look out to see those brilliant

splashes of bloom shining above a light snow. (I felt discouraged that day and another snow seemed to be the last straw! I can't tell you what those Crocus did to change my frame of mind.)

This fall we want to plant some in our front lawn. Have you seen them used as jewel like splashes of color scattered here and there throughout the grass? They are charming used in such a fashion. You merely take a sharp trowel, dig a small hole about four inches deep, tuck in the bulb and replace the turf. It's very little work for the unexpected charm that results.

Those of you who have visited our garden will probably recall the gracefully curved path of stepping stones that leads from the gate down to the lower terrace where our pool is located. We edged this path with hyacinths last fall, and I wish you might have seen those great spikes of shimmering color this spring.

Hyacinths are one of my favorite flowers anyway! I love their crisp freshness and incomparable fragrance. If you plant some this fall don't forget to use the pure white close to that rich dark blue, and be sure you combine that pale silvery blue with canary yellow.

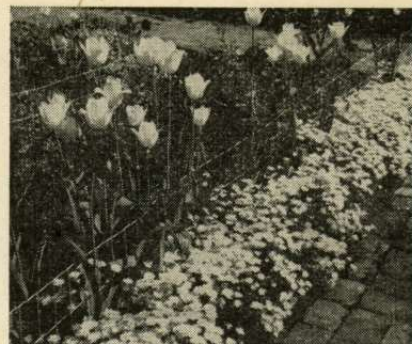
Heavily underlined in my notebook is: HELEN ELIZABETH and GREAT LAKES. Those words call back to me the breathtaking beauty of mammoth Oriental Poppies in clear, glowing pink surrounded by the exquisite perfection of heavenly blue Iris. Even though you have only the tiniest scrap of ground to call a garden, please make room for these two incredibly lovely flowers. And place them in close proximity.

We've had wonderful success with our Poppies and I think one reason is because we get them planted early. They must be handled carefully for the roots are brittle, but they're not fussy about soil—I'll give them credit for that. I don't know how they've developed these spectacular new varieties that are now available, but I'll never forget the evening we went out with a tape measure and found that some of our Salmon Glows were actually nine inches across!

So many people have written to ask us what color combinations we use with our Tulips that I'd like to hit the high spots in referring to them.

Our two rose beds are outlined with red and white. The two red varieties are All Bright and Campfire; the two white varieties are Themis and Kriemhilde. This was the third year for All Bright and Themis, and it's the absolute truth that their blooms were bigger on the third season than they'd ever been before.

Not far from our pool we have clumps of Princess Elizabeth and Scotch Lassie. These shades of soft rose pink and pure deep lavender blend together beautifully. Incidentally, those Princess Elizabeth tulips



This was taken in our garden when the Candytuft and Tulips were in full bloom.

bloomed right in front of our Blue Emerald Creeping Phlox, and it's impossible to describe how gorgeous those colors were. Russell ran for his camera loaded with color film when they were both at the peak of their bloom.

I mustn't forget to tell you that both of our rose beds are edged with Candytuft and it is in full flower at the same time our Tulips bloom. Its mounds of snowy white blossoms are a perfect foundation for the Tulips, and for a full month we enjoyed it. Of course you know that Candytuft is an evergreen, and I can tell you it's a mighty cheerful sight to look out and see it when everything else is covered with snow.

Russell suggests that those of you who want a round tulip bed in which you plant a collection of varied colors, should plan to edge it with Candytuft for this reason: not only does it set off your tulips to the point where they actually show off to far better advantage, but after they are gone you can plant the bed with annuals and have flowers all summer long. With this evergreen edging of Candytuft you'll have a trim, planned effect instead of the hit-and-miss effect that comes from a bed of annuals that aren't edged in any way.

Someone may rise up to disagree with me, but I still feel that two varieties of Tulips should be planted alone. I'm thinking now about the Parrot varieties and the Rembrandt, that spectacular beauty everyone admires so much. Our Sunshine and Therese Parrots were something beyond belief this past spring, and I think the reason they made such a wonderful showing was because there was nothing right beside them in the line of Darwins to detract from their highly unusual form.

I know that Spring is a very busy time for everyone, particularly those of you friends who live on farms, but I do hope you can come and see our garden this coming spring. We enjoy it so much that I told Russell if someone offered to pay all of my expenses to London or Hawaii I wouldn't take advantage of it if I had to go when our Tulips were in bloom! The sight of a Spring garden in full flower is reaffirmation all over again that nothing Man can devise will in any way alter the noble cycle of Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall that God has ordered.

HOW DO YOUR CROP PROSPECTS COMPARE WITH DOROTHY'S AND FRANK'S?

Dear Friends:

We have been enjoying a couple of days of lovely cool weather here, which is certainly a relief from the terribly hot weather we have been having. This summer has gone by so swiftly that it doesn't seem possible that the children will only have one more month before school starts. We have finished our annual reports at the office and are now plunging into the preparations for the opening of school.

We have so few children in our neighborhood now that every summer we go through the same ordeal of wondering if there will be enough when school starts to open Plympton. I am happy to announce that we are assured of being open at least one more year, and we have a teacher hired. We were sorry that Mrs. Edwin Allen, who taught the school last year and whom we all dearly loved, couldn't come back to us, but we are all happy for her because this year she is going to teach English in Lucas High School. Our teacher will be Mrs. Marie Curtis who has taught in Lucas County rural schools for many years. The children all know Mrs. Curtis and are eagerly waiting for school to start.

This past week has been the longest week of the entire summer. Kristin has been away at camp. There have been several times that she has spent two or three weeks at one stretch in Shenandoah without us, but this was her first experience at being away from home among complete strangers except for Juliana. We know that she is well taken care of, and probably watched far more closely than she is here or in Shenandoah, but nevertheless the only time I haven't had her on my mind is when I'm sleeping.

We thought we would never get our first letter from her, which finally arrived yesterday. We had a good laugh when we read it because it was perfectly apparent that she had been told the day after she arrived that she must write to her parents. Kristin is generally so particular about her letter writing. There must not be a misspelled word and the writing must be as neat and perfect as she can make it. This first letter was written in great haste and without a thought as to the spelling. The letter we got today, however, was very neatly done and every word spelled correctly. We know this much, she is having a wonderful time and I'm sure she will always remember her first trip to camp, and so will we.

Frank has been busy the past three weeks putting up hay. He has baled some and stacked some. Last year we didn't get up one bit of hay that hadn't had at least three rains on it first, but this year we have gotten it all up without a rain except for a first cutting on one of the fields which all went down the creek with the flood we had in June. Everything is very dry here, but the corn looks good on the bottom. We could stand a nice



Kristin is all set for a ride on Silver just as soon as the baby colt will let its mother go!

shower very nicely but we are almost afraid to ask for any for fear we will get too much.

The oats around here were not as good as was expected. It turned too hot and dry while they were still in the dough stage.

There weren't very many raspberries this year, but the blackberry crop was heavy. Many of the neighbors have been picking the wild ones and their larders are nicely stocked with quarts and quarts of them. Frank and Kristin and I don't care much for blackberries, so I didn't even pick any.

We are enjoying the roasting ears now. We have it coming along in all different stages by planting it at different times. The real early corn was very wormy, but we never find a worm on what we are picking now.

Something killed Kristin's two little ducks. We don't know what did it because they were pretty good-sized when it happened. But something else new has joined our pet family. Kristin's dog Puddin' presented us with a puppy. He is awfully cute and roly-poly, black and white. I think he has been named "Cooner".

We had a nice visit from Wayne and Abigail and the children this month. Since they only come to see us about once a year, their visits are always very much enjoyed. We took Emily down to the farm to show her Silver and the colt. I asked her if she would like to have a ride on Silver and she said, "I think I'll just ride on the little one because he is more my size." Emily is such a tiny little thing that I couldn't argue with her about the size angle, but after a little explanation and when she found that Kristin was going to ride with her, she was very happy. She said she wished her Daddy had brought his camera along so he could have taken a picture of her. So did we.

We took Kristin to the Chariton Horse Show last week and she certainly enjoyed it. Little Silver used to be in all the horse shows around here, but Kristin just doesn't ride well enough to show her this year.

I finally got my kitchen curtains made and up. They aren't very fancy, but they are colorful and cheerful.

We had a couple of living room chairs that years ago found their way

to the storeroom upstairs, but they took up so much room that I was wanting to get rid of them. Last summer I asked Ruby Cooper, a friend and neighbor, if she could find any use for them. If she could, and wanted to reupholster them I told her that she could have them. She said she would like to have them but we all got busy and nothing was ever done about it.

The other day when I was cleaning around upstairs I brought down one of them that was absolutely falling apart. I had taken it to school when I taught to use in plays at programs and so forth and it really was a wreck. I asked Frank to take it to the dump, but he just got it as far as the back yard where he sat on it these hot evenings. It rained on it, an arm came off, and the kittens had fun pulling the stuffing out of it.

Then one evening Ruby and Alvin came after the chairs! I apologized for this one chair and told her I thought she had decided she didn't want them, and now it was just too far gone and I was sure she wouldn't want it. She laughed when she saw it, but she could see possibilities in it and said she would still take it. Frank was at Coopers for dinner yesterday, and when he came home last night he said Ruby had the chair finished and it was absolutely beautiful. She practically rebuilt it (she had to), fixed the arm on solid, removed all the varnish and upholstered it in aqua blue leather. I can hardly wait to see it myself.

Tomorrow is another day, and a busy one at that, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

COVER PICTURE

Last month we showed you a picture of the Lombardy Poplars that stand behind an ornamental wall at Lucile's and Russell's garden. This month you are looking beyond a "close-up" of the same wall—it is the background for the lily pool where Juliana has spent so many happy summer hours. She went out early on this particular August morning to see if a big fiery-crimson water lily was in bloom, and it seemed like a very good chance to get a picture because she had on a clean dress and her hair was combed! If you have a nine-year old you will understand why this is not always the case.

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IS YOUR CHILD PENNY-WISE?

By Mabel Nair Brown

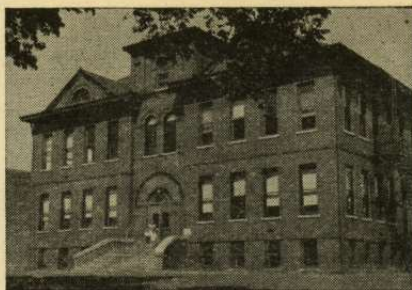
Comes September and the first clear peal of the old school bell, are you one of those parents who feels the urge to grab the family pocket-book and hang tight for dear life? Perhaps that's stretching the point a bit, but we so often hear the comment, "My, but it takes a mint of money to keep a child going now-a-days." Others ask, "Should my child be given an allowance? If so, how much should he get?"

With the school season again at hand (with wardrobes to be replenished, books to buy plus the ever increasing requests for contributions to this cause or that) we are more conscious than ever of the financial side of child rearing. It might be a good time for a little reflection upon your child's training in thriftiness where money is involved. **Is your child penny-wise?**

With each passing year more and more of the family income is being spent on the children. A goodly part of that is for little luxuries which fond parents want to shower on their children. But is it genuinely good for the child? Obviously, the more a small child has lavished upon him the more he will expect to be "dished out" to him as he grows older, say in high school! The question then—how shall we teach our children thrift and the true evaluation of money?

One of the first things even a very small child can learn is to be denied or to make sacrifices for his own good or for the good of his family. Mary cannot have the expensive bathroom set for her dolls because it costs too much money, and Mary already has a small tub to use for dolly's bath and besides Mary needs new shoes to wear to Sunday School. Since she is getting to be such a big girl her old ones are too small. Thus mother explains quietly, but firmly — and sticks to it! Begin early to train the child that he can ask and discuss his wants but he doesn't demand things as his right, just because he wants them.

As soon as you begin giving the child a few pennies to spend, set a definite time for that giving, a certain day each week or twice a week. This teaches the child to wait. After he has had the fun of spending these "very own pennies" a few times, begin to point out to him that "if he saves the five pennies he got today until he gets the five pennies next time, then he will have enough pennies to buy the policeman's whistle he has been wanting so badly." Thus he begins to learn to save. Do not be discouraged if the child yields to temptation and buys an ice cream cone in mid-week. He will do a bit of thinking when the gang plays cops and robbers and he wishes, oh so desperately he had the whistle! Next allowance time he may have won his moral victory and can hold out till the next "pay day" rolls around! It's a hard lesson that many older folks find it hard to learn.



This is the public school in Essex, Iowa where Martin will start to school. It's not a long walk for him, and there are so many youngsters in his neighborhood that he'll have plenty of company.

So he has learned to wait, to save and to spend. Then let him learn to share. Learning to set aside a part of the allowance for Sunday School collection is a way to start. As the child grows older and the allowance larger, point out to him that he can set aside a portion and buy Daddy a gift for his birthday, or Grandma a pair of embroidery scissors. There is nothing like the thrill of buying a gift with his very own money. And do not stint in the praise and thanks for such a gift — a youngster needs this stimulant to greater effort.

Of course all the while these little everyday lessons in thrift are being absorbed, bear in mind there are certain current wants that should come under spending such as popcorn at the movies, a coloring book, etc.

As the youngster grows older his needs will be greater—school supplies, school lunch, school programs, etc. If you are puzzled as to how much the allowance should be, ask the child to cooperate by writing down all the things he buys for a certain period. Then, using that as a guide, you and the child can plan out what money he will need to do the things you both agree are necessary and within the family budget. Here again the "stand pat" policy is necessary. The child needs to learn to get along on the fixed amount and to make it last. And never let him get the idea he can borrow from other youngsters until his next allowance. Learning to "live within his means" is a big step on the road to thriftiness.

If the time comes when the child can make a little money outside the home, well and good. But this, too, should come under the "spend, save and share" plan and not just be squandered to satisfy every whim and fancy. And do not start the habit of paying the child for various jobs he does around the home, since it is every child's right to learn to share home tasks mutually for the good of all the family and not for hire.

With a larger allowance and added years, by the time the child is in high school, he will probably be buying some of his own clothes. Now is the time for the parents to realize that they must begin to allow the youngster more freedom in making his own choice without too much "out and out" advice. Of course he will make some mistakes. Don't we

all? But we learn and profit by them and so will he! The brightly hued rayon sport shirt that turns flimsy, with its colors that "run" in the washing may not seem much of a bargain after the first laundering, even if it is a fad among the fellows. If Mary must spend an hour every week, over a hot ironing board pressing in the pleats on a school dress, she may think twice before she spends her savings again for a full whirl-a-away pleated skirt for school wear.

The Penny-wise child is a more contented child. He learns early that money can be used to do much good and to make his life more comfortable, but that it is not to be used merely to gratify his every wish—in other words that money doesn't grow on trees!

IT'S TIME TO START AN ICE BOX

By Doris Harlan Jones

This morning I made a frilly, organdy apron to put in my ICE box. Does this seem to you like a misstatement? Well, let me tell you about my ICE box and you will understand what I mean.

It is a big, tall cardboard box that I keep in the bedroom closet, and it derived its name from the words "In Case of Emergency."

Whenever I find that I have enough scraps of material suitable for a dainty apron, I make it and put it in my ICE box. There it awaits the arrival of an unexpected birthday or invitation to a bridal shower. A bit of leftover blue yarn I knit into booties to fit the feet of the next "new" relative. The white batiste that is leftover, I smock in pink and make into a dress for a tiny niece for her birthday. Scraps of print or calico make adorable stuffed animals for the younger members of the family.

In the same way I take advantage of mid-summer and mid-winter sales. A pair of special priced pillow cases or a luncheon set is put aside for the next bride; or a lovely sweater set for the next new baby.

Thanks to my ICE box I am always prepared for unexpected announcements and invitations. When the children receive a last minute notice of a birthday party, there's no hurried trip to the department store to locate a gift.

Anything left, come December, gives me a head-start on my Christmas list. This makes short work of what has always been the never-ending job of Christmas shopping. And, incidentally, it gives welcome assistance to my Christmas budget.

I might add that I try to accumulate a few aprons, a jar or two of jelly, or some home canned fruit for those church bazaars that have a way of catching you empty handed.

If you have never tried an arrangement of this kind, I suggest that you do. Now is an excellent time to get one started and under "full sail" before Christmas, and I can assure you that it will be a time, money and temper saver.

COMPANY FARE FOR FAIR COMPANY

By Lorraine Bowes Clark

Remember last spring at club when you were appointed to be on the fall luncheon committee? At that time fall seemed far, far away, didn't it, and you felt you had months and months to make plans? Well, here we are, smack up against the moment that once seemed terribly remote, and action must be taken at once if the luncheon is to go off on schedule. If you too have put off making plans until right now, perhaps these suggestions will help you and your committee.

First, the table decorations. Probably you'll be using the conventional bridge table that seats four, so how about starting with a cloth in one of the new, deep tones that are highly popular? A room filled with tables in dark green, brown, a glorious gold, and perhaps maroon and grey, makes a lovely sight. Paper napkins are on the market in these glowing deep shades, so don't hesitate to use them if you haven't cloth napkins.

Nature is a colorful masterpiece, come fall, so make the most of what she has to offer. For centerpieces you can't miss with bouquets of fall flowers, and be sure to use some of the leaves that are just turning color.

For nut cups, why not half-shells of English walnuts? File a bit on the bottom so they'll be flat, and glue to a gay, colorful leaf-real, or cut from construction paper. If you use the latter, you can write the guest's name on the leaf and have your place card. It's true that these cups hold only the very smallest candies and nuts, but they look so gay and unusual that this is compensation enough for not having a bigger quantity of delicacies in them.

If the committee can round up enough dishes to carry out the darker fall colors, fine. If not, your good china and crystal are always beautiful and certainly in good taste. Incidentally, practically anything in the line of dishes looks extra nice when used with these dark cloths and napkins that I mentioned earlier.

Food is a pressing problem in these days of exorbitant prices, but here is a suggested menu that is thrifty, colorful and tasty. If you don't care to follow it exactly, you can vary it with similar foods. There are often decidedly warm days in the fall, so keep your menu on the light and cool side. Individual servings are a little more work, but they're worth it.

Let's have cocktails and canapes before our guests are seated. This is very sociable and eliminates some of the confusion by cutting down a course at the table. Canapes are a project for the entire committee, and if you'll consult any good modern cook book you'll find a great variety of suggestions.

For the cocktails, let's be a bit different and pass a tray with various juices. May I suggest glasses of tomato, grape and pineapple juice? A choice is always nice, for there are people who do not, or cannot, eat or



Mother and Donald. This was taken when he came home for his brief vacation over the July 4th weekend.

drink certain things. Small cocktail napkins should be passed with these. This little interlude, which takes care of the first course, might also help to ease the embarrassment of a late-comer.

For your main course I'll suggest a chicken or tuna salad in tomato baskets, baked potatoes with cheese sauce, toasted carrots, assorted relishes, sugar and spice puffs. For dessert: fruit tarts and coffee.

Most everyone has a favorite chicken salad recipe, but if you don't have one you might like this:

COMPANY CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups cold chopped cooked chicken
1 cup diced celery
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 cup mayonnaise
Salt - pepper

Here you utilize the nut meats from the walnuts that you are using for nut cups. Pile the salad lightly in the scooped out tomato and top each with a stuffed olive. Use green pepper strips to make the handle for your basket. Serve on lettuce leaf. Using medium sized tomatoes, this will fill eight.

Choose the size of your potatoes carefully. Have them as uniform as possible, not too large and not too small. Serve with cheese sauce and sprinkle with paprika.

For the toasted carrots, select the short, fat, (but not too fat,) ones. Boil until tender, in water to which has been added a teaspoon of sugar. Just before they are tender, salt the water. Then drain; roll in butter to saturate, then dip in corn flakes and brown in oven at 350 degrees. Garnish with parsley.

A suggested relish plate to pass would be: celery curls, radish roses, little, whole pickled beets, stuffed and ripe olives. Consult the July, 1951 Kitchen-Klatter for the article, "Let's Fix A Relish Plate."

Now we come to one of my favorites, the sugar and spice puffs.

SUGAR AND SPICE PUFFS

Mix together thoroughly:

1/3 cup soft shortening (part butter) or cooking (salad) oil
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg

Sift together:

1 1/2 cups sifted enriched flour
1 1/2 tsp. double-action baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Stir in alternately with:

1/2 cup milk

Fill greased muffin cups 2/3 full.

Bake 20 to 25 minutes until light golden brown in moderate oven (350 degrees). Loosen with spatula.

Dip top and sides immediately and very quickly into 6 Tbsp. melted butter. Then roll in mixture of 1/2 cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. This makes 12 medium-sized muffins. These should be served hot; however, they can be made ahead of time, then wrapped in aluminum foil and reheated very successfully.

There now, the plate you set before your guests should be very colorful and attractive with the tomato basket, baked potato, toasted carrot, the sugar and spice puff plus a pat of butter.

For dessert, nothing is nicer than the individual tart. Nothing could be nicer in the tart shells than just thawed or fresh strawberries topped with whipped cream. And of course an endless supply of coffee.

I hope your luncheon is a tremendous success!

TAKE YOUR TIME GOING, BUT HURRY BACK

Ten ways guests have made this hostess happy:

1. By either arising when we do, or getting their own breakfast later on when we are in the midst of morning chores.
2. By going to bed at a fairly early hour so that we can get a little sleep before rising early. We find that those guests who rise when we do at 4:30 or 5 a.m. are much more willing to turn in early that night.
3. By either helping with the chores, if they really knew how, or staying strictly out of the way.
4. By keeping a watchful eye on small children so that we need not worry about city children's ignorance of farm hazards.
5. By getting that wanted suntan while wielding a paint brush for us, or mowing the lawn.
6. By taking for granted the fact that farm life is different. We know you miss a bathroom down the hall, a drugstore around the corner, neighbors next door. We do too, sometimes.
7. By never mentioning the things we don't have, but only the things we do have — rich Jersey cream, lots of fresh eggs and fresh vegetables, a pond in which to fish and swim.
8. By cooperating in the job that has to be done. Guests at haying time last year meant for us an extra hay hand in the field, and an excellent cook to help me in the kitchen.
9. By leaving me, always, new ideas to mull over as my hands and feet fly on the every day routine that I could do in my sleep.
10. By coming, and on leaving, promising to come again.

—Elsie Bailey

DO YOU WANT TO HELP WRITE A BOOK?

Hello Good Friends:

The very first thing this month I want to tell you about a letter that I received from the well known writer, Lois Lenski. She specializes in writing books for children, and perhaps you will recall that Dorothy mentioned several of them and said how wonderful they were. Not only do children enjoy them, but school teachers find them invaluable for conveying to children a sense of daily life in various sections of our country.

Now Mrs. Lenski is acutely interested in doing an Iowa corn book, and it occurred to her that perhaps our friends would be able to pass on to her the authentic type of material on which she bases her writing. All of her books are three years in the "making" so you can see how carefully and painstakingly she works.

I will pass on to you exactly what she wrote to me, and I am hopeful that there will be a number among you who are interested in cooperating. It's not often in this world that our daily experience is considered worthy of an author's attention, is it!

I have also been thinking that this would be a marvelous project for grade school students. I don't believe that any boy or girl would "hate" his English assignments during these school months to come if he knew that what he wrote was of great interest to a woman who is considered one of our foremost writers today in her field. I'm sure that Mrs. Lenski would be delighted if she were to hear from you teachers who see here a wonderful opportunity to give your pupils an unusual contact.

Here is Mrs. Lenski's letter.

Dear Iowa Friends:

Summer is over and September, with the opening of school, is here. The children will be gone all day and you will have, I hope, a little more leisure.

I am sure that all sorts of exciting and interesting events have taken place and are taking place every day right on your farm. It is things like these that I want to write about in my corn book. Can you spare an afternoon or two to sit down and write me a letter and tell me what happened TO YOU?

I could wait until cold weather in the winter when you might have more time for such a letter, but by then you will have forgotten the exact details of that exciting event which took place in July or August—and I'm afraid that you might skip over it lightly. Now, while the experience is real and vivid to you and your family, is the time to write and tell me about it, just the way you would tell it to a friendly neighbor.

Write me about your daily experiences and about special events too. Some will be humdrum, some humorous, some gay and happy and, in the course of human events, some may

be deeply tragic too. That is real life. I want to make my Iowa corn story worth writing and worth reading afterwards. Whether it is good or not depends to a great extent upon the help I get from you. I look forward to the pleasure of hearing from you.

Your friend, Lois Lenski,

RFD 2,

Torrington, Conn.

In case you wonder what type of book Mrs. Lenski writes, I would suggest that you go to your local library. If you aren't fortunate enough to have one in your nearest town, I'm sure that the Traveling Library has a copy of everything she has written, or in your County Superintendent's office you could look at her books.

I just now read Dorothy's letter to you friends and I noted, with amusement, that she and Frank could hardly wait for the first letter Kristin wrote to them from camp. Russell and I were panting at this end of the line for Juliana's first letter, and there's no doubt that she was compelled to write for she said flatly: "We were just now told that we wouldn't get any dinner tonight if we didn't write to our parents, so I am writing."

I'm sure that the camp counsellors learned long ago that children won't take time to write to their parents unless they are driven to it. That was the first and last letter we received from Juliana. She sent two cards, but the entire contents of both dealt with her gold fish and kittens—were they being fed promptly every day? were they in good spirits? did they miss her? I told Russell that when she went away to college I hoped to find out just a little more about her daily life!

Frederick has always been a great believer in camps for boys and girls, and I must say that I agree with him after Juliana's first experience at Bishop Morrison Lodge, Clear Lake, Iowa. She came home simply ecstatic with her ten days spent there, and both Russell and I were impressed with her projects. She made a genuinely attractive burlap belt, an unusual and charming woodcarving, and a truly worthwhile book on "Personal Religion." Bishop Morrison Lodge is operated by the Episcopal church, and they emphasize morning and evening prayers, classes in Bible study, etc. We feel, after talking with Juliana, that they achieve a fine balance between hectic fun and contemplative thought.

Shortly after this reaches you Juliana will be entering the fourth grade at Central School. We are all curious to see what happens this year as far as her teacher is concerned. And this is the reason:

Juliana's class was the first one to be "split" when she started into kindergarten—and it is still "split". It so happens that each year a teacher new to the system has been employed for this second room, and Juliana has fallen into that group. Last year we had a great crisis when school opened, for the entire previous nine months she had anticipated hav-

ing a well-beloved teacher who has been here for many years. I really don't think it ever occurred to her that she wouldn't "get" the teacher she had long wished to have.

But the first day she came home sobbing—once again she had fallen into the second-half of the split and had the brand new teacher! I told her to reserve her judgment until she had an opportunity to become acquainted—but I talked to a pretty blank wall. The upshot of the whole thing was that she fell in love with her "brand new teacher" and simply cherished every moment of the school year under her instruction. The same thing happened the year before, too.

All in all, I'm extremely glad that it's always turned out this way. At the moment it seemed a bitter disappointment, but she has learned very young not to jump at conclusions and not to judge in advance. I felt really happy about her maturing viewpoint when she said to me yesterday.

"I still hope that I'm going to get Mrs. . . . this year because she's been there all the time I've gone to school and I like her, but if I don't it will be all right. I thought that I didn't want Mrs. . . . in the second grade, and Mrs. . . . in the third grade, but they turned out to be just wonderful. I think that I was fortunate to make such good friends."

There's a pretty fair chance that one of your children will have a comparable experience this autumn because in many communities these classes **must** be split, so if you greet a tear-stained face and think to yourself: oh, why couldn't she have had the teacher she wanted? just remember that it's a priceless experience in learning to live.

Just as soon as I've finished working on the nursery catalog I'm going to get busy and sew school clothes. Right now I can't tell you what those things will be for I haven't even had a chance to look at patterns or materials, but next month I hope to be able to describe a few school dresses.

Faithfully yours,
Lucile

HOOR BY HOOR

God broke our years to hours and days, that

Hour by hour

And day by day,

We might be able all along

To keep quite strong.

Should all the weight of life

Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife

With woe and struggle, meet us face to face

At just one place,

We could not go;

Our feet would stop; and so

God lays a little on us every day.

And never, I believe, on all the way,

Will burdens bear so deep

Or pathways lie so steep

But we can go, if by God's power,

We only bear the burden by the hour.

—George Klinge

Fellowship in joy, not sympathy in sorrow, is what makes friends.



MARGERY'S EGGLESS COOKIES

- 6 Tbls. soft butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream butter and brown sugar and add cold water. Sift together flour, soda, salt and cinnamon and add. Mix in 1/2 cup finely chopped nutmeats. Press into a long smooth roll and chill for several hours. Cut in thin slices and bake in a 400 degree oven from 6 to 8 minutes on an ungreased cookie sheet, or until a light brown color.

TUNA SALAD MOLD

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup of hot water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 7 oz. can of tuna, flaked
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice and seasonings. Chill until partially set and then add the tuna, celery, pepper and fold in the mayonnaise. Chill until firm.

This salad tastes so different from the usual run of tuna salads that you'll thoroughly enjoy the change. I like to make it in a ring mold and turn it out on to a brilliant colored chop plate. The center of the ring mold can be filled with potato salad, a fine contrast to the tuna gelatine mixture. This makes an extremely attractive and delicious salad platter for guests. Give it a try.

MACARONI SALAD

- 1 pkg. macaroni rings
- 1 can peas
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 small onion, slightly chopped
- 1 cup cooked ham
- 3 hard boiled eggs

Cook macaroni rings until tender in boiling water. Plunge into ice water and drain thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients, being sure that the ham is cut into tiny pieces—don't allow large hunks. Mix with mayonnaise and serve in a bowl that has been lined with lettuce leaves.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

AUTUMN BEET SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
 - 1 3/4 cup of hot water
 - 1/4 cup beet juice
 - 3 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 tsp. onion juice
 - 2 tsps. horseradish
 - 3/4 cup chopped celery
 - 1 cup diced cooked beets
- Dissolve gelatine in hot water. When cool add other ingredients and put in the refrigerator to get firm. Serve on lettuce with your favorite salad dressing.

CABBAGE FRUIT SALAD

- 1/2 cup drained, shredded pineapple
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 cup marshmallows cut fine
- 1/2 cup blanched almonds, chopped
- 2 cups finely chopped cabbage
- 1 cup salad dressing

GERMAN POTATO BALLS (Very good)

- 2 cups mashed potatoes
 - 4 Tbls. butter
 - 2 Tbls. cream
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 4 Tbls. flour
 - 1 Tbls. grated onion
 - 1 egg yolk
- Make into balls, dip in beaten egg white, roll in toasted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

GRAPE CONSERVE

- 6 lbs. grapes (stemmed)
 - 6 lbs. sugar
 - 1 lb. raisins
 - 3 oranges
 - 1 cup chopped nuts
- Cook grapes until tender and then press through a sieve to remove seeds. Add sugar, raisins, juice and grated rind of oranges. Cook until thick. Add nuts and remove from heat. Pour into hot glasses and seal with parafin.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue, especially in ancestors.

PEAR HONEY

- 8 lbs. pears (Keiffer preferred)
 - 2 cups crushed pineapple
 - 8 lbs. sugar
- Remove peeling and core from pears. Grind in food chopper. Add pineapple and sugar. Bring to a boil and cook until thick (about 20 minutes) and then put into hot glasses and seal. A delicious spread.

PEPPERMINT CHIFFON PIE

- 1 Tbls. Knox gelatin
 - 1/4 cup cold water
 - 3 egg whites beaten stiff and dry
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 cup whipped cream
 - 1/2 cup crushed peppermint candy stick
- A few drops of red coloring
Soften gelatine in the cold water; then dissolve over hot water. Beat egg whites, fold in sugar, whipped cream and candy. Pour into a graham cracker crust and chill before serving. This makes a large 9-inch pie.

SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

- 2 cups tart apples, chopped
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 3 Tbls. flour
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 1 cup sour cream
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Combine sugar, salt and flour. Add sour cream and beat until smooth. Add chopped apples and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture into unbaked 9-inch pie crust. Mix 1 1/2 Tbls. of sugar with cinnamon and sprinkle over top of pie. Bake for 15 minutes at 425 degrees, reduce heat and continue to bake for 40 minutes.

PINEAPPLE RICE

- 1 cup cold boiled rice
 - 1 cup whipping cream
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 6 marshmallows
 - 1 cup crushed pineapple
 - 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- Whip cream and add sugar and rice. Then add diced marshmallows and set aside to chill. Drain pineapple and add just before serving. Fold in chopped nuts.

APPLE OATMEAL BARS

- 1 cup flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 cup brown sugar
 - 1 cup rolled oats
 - 1/2 cup shortening
 - 2 1/2 cups sliced apples
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- Sift flour, measure and add salt, soda, brown sugar and oatmeal. Cut shortening into mixture until it is crumbly. Spread 1/2 of mixture in a greased baking pan 7 x 10 inches. Arrange sliced apples over crumb mixture. Dot with butter, sprinkle with granulated sugar, cover with remaining crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Cut into 18 or 20 squares while still warm.

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A CAKE FOR YOU—WITH LOVE

By Mabel Nair Brown

A cake decorated especially for the occasion always puts a special shine to any event. Birthdays, wedding anniversaries and such are all occasions for a fancy cake at our house, but we also like to recognize all sorts of other family events and achievements; this means that we're apt to have a special cake when Junior makes the school honor roll or when Dad tops the market with a load of fat lambs!

Such cakes, made and decorated by a member of the family or a dear friend, take on an added significance that a "store bought" cake, regardless of how fine, can never have. They help to make of all the special family days a memorable occasion.

Since more and more women are displaying an increasing interest in the subject of decorated cakes, why not get several of your friends together and take it up as a project? You'll have fun and learn a lot by pooling your skills and knowledge at some cake decorating sessions?

But even if your enthusiasm isn't shared by such a group, you can still have a lot of fun by trying your hand at cakes that will mark special events in your family.

You will find that a good deal of practicing can be done on waxed paper. Thus you can scrape the icing from the paper and use it again and again until you get the knack.

It may take a little practice to use the pastry tube efficiently. Once you get on to it, however, there is almost no limit to the different designs you can make. One hint will help! Don't fill the tube too full as better results are obtained if the tube is filled only one-half to three-fourths full.

Also, in making colored icing, remember that the icing becomes darker as it dries. As a rule, delicate colors are to be preferred. However, if for some reason you want to get a clear photograph of a decorated cake, make the decorations deeper in color than usual. (Lucile's note: Take it easy! We have a kodachrome of Juliana's second birthday cake that I decorated to make it photograph well. Alas, the dark rose frosting that I *thought* would photograph a pale pink, came out looking almost black.)

A good test to determine if your decorator's icing is just right to hold its shape after being applied, is to draw a fork through the icing. If marks of the tine remain clear and distinct, the icing is right to use. If not, add powdered sugar until you get the correct consistency.

I find White Ornamental Icing works very well in the pastry tube. This is especially fine for "festooning" on cakes and is especially fine on a wedding cake. For a wedding cake, I usually use the Seven Minute Icing to put together the layers of the cake and to ice the whole thing. After it is "set", I put on the "festooning" (white swirls, loops, wreaths, etc.) around the base and sides of each layer. The Ornamental Icing can also be tinted any color

you desire to use for flowers and rosettes or to write an inscription.

Ornamental Icing

- 3 1/2 cups confectioners sugar
- 4 egg whites
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 4 tablespoons glycerine

Sift sugar. Beat salted egg whites until frothy; add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar 1/2 cup at a time and beat thoroughly after each addition. Add glycerine and flavoring. Add more powdered sugar if necessary after the "fork time" test.

You can use a Butter Cream (Powdered Sugar) Icing through the pastry tube very successfully for decorating many cakes. This is especially practical when only a small amount of decorating is to be done. It can be tinted any color desired.

But do not think you must limit your decorations to those made by using the pastry tube. There are many candy cake decorations one can buy to use in a variety of ways.

Beautiful little tulips can be made by cutting gum drops (red, yellow, pink and white) from point end almost to the bottom to form the petals. Pull petals out to form tulip cup. Add slices of a green gumdrop for stems and leaves.

Dainty violets can be made using the small lavender colored gum drops and cutting into four petals. Press a bit of yellow gum drop in the center of the violet, and use green icing to make stems.

Jelly beans can also be cut into flower designs.

Then if you want to try your hand at something really special, try the large "spoon" roses or violets.

For this you make a very thick Buttercream Icing in the desired color. Use large gumdrops (I use white ones) for base of large flowers or buds. To make a rose, first stick gumdrops (bottom end) on a fork so you can hold it firmly in left hand as you work with teaspoon and icing with the right hand. For each petal, dip teaspoon in icing so "front" half of spoon is filled. Level off smooth with a knife (if I'm making flowers I often use a dozen teaspoons.) Thus I fill and smooth off enough teaspoons at once to do a flower.

Make the petal by pulling the teaspoon with icing down over the gumdrop—you will see that it will "roll off" to form a nicely pointed petal. Let the first three or four petals "hug" the gumdrop closely to form closed center petals. The outer petals can be gently curled outward and the petals alternated in the row as you work outward. As you work at this you will soon see how easily you can shape the petals in a most realistic manner to make lovely roses and buds to use on a cake.

For the leaves use green icing and, in the same way as each petal was made, make one leaf at a time and put it off carefully on a waxed paper to dry slightly before arranging on the cake.

For violets use the small yellow



gumdrops, and with lavender icing form the tiny violet petals about it.

If you have a variety of different shaped cake pans such as heart, bell and tree, well and good, but do not let a lack of them limit your cake making. You can achieve wonderful results by baking the cake in a large loaf pan and then using a paper pattern of the desired shape. Cut around the pattern with a sharp knife. (The left over scraps of cake can be served fresh to the family as a snack or used in one of the cake gelatin desserts.)

Next month I will give you some detailed instructions for decorating different types of cakes. I hope that it will inspire you to try your hand at this fascinating project.

HICKORY NUT CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 2 1/4 tps. baking powder
- 1 cup hickory nut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream together the butter and sugar until fluffy as whipped cream. Sift together the flour and baking powder—reserve 1/4 cup of this to mix with hickory nuts. Add the flour alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk to which the vanilla has been added. Then add the nuts. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 layers in 350° oven for 25 to 30 min.

Note: If other shortening is substituted for the butter, be sure to add 1/4 tsp. salt.

RAISIN BARS

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 cups flour, approximately
- 1 tsp soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine sugar and sour cream. Add vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Add sifted dry ingredients to cream and sugar mixture. Add more flour if necessary to make a dough that can be rolled. Roll very thin and spread with the following filling:

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups chopped raisins
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour

Combine sugar and flour. Add water, raisins and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cut dough in strips 1 1/2 x 3 inches. Spread with filling and cover with another strip. Press edges tightly together, place 1 inch apart on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

GETTING THE "SMALL FRY" READY FOR SCHOOL

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

When Kerry Lee first started to school she came home one or two days—coat a-flying and carrying her scarf. "I didn't have time to get them on any better" was her explanation.

So I found a few ideas that helped speed up the dressing process for she wanted to get ready as quickly as the others.

Snow suits, to me, have been a great boon as far as warmth is concerned, but a real nuisance as far as dressing is concerned. Many of the little girls wore jeans and sweaters that were left on in school, but Kerry Lee found them too warm. Snow suit suspenders wrinkled dresses and made her the last one dressed. So off came the suspenders and we added an elastic band around the waist. These were quicker off and on and the dress skirts could be left on the outside.

The three little kittens probably had no more trouble with their mittens than a small child. Inexpensive mitten holders from the dime store will solve the lost mitten problem because each mitten is securely fastened to the proper sleeve.

Storm hoods on coats sometimes have a way of sliding off and buttons seem difficult to manipulate. We finally sewed on a fairly large button and made a loop of medium sized elastic. This was not too tight under the chin and was easier to fasten than a button hole.

If your child wears a neck scarf you can keep it attached by making a large elastic loop on the back of the coat and running the scarf through it.

Overshoes must be large enough so that there is no tugging on or off. I suggested an enameled snap clothes pin to hold the boots together but since none of the others did this, Kerry Lee turned thumbs down on the idea. However, you may paste a labeled bit of adhesive tape inside the top of each boot or identify them in some other way. This will save time and many arguments over who has the correct overshoe.

If all this seems a bit unnecessary just remember that the teacher has a number of youngsters to help each night. And children are so anxious to get going that they do not take time enough to wrap themselves up properly. By making the "getting ready" easy, the child will come home intact rather than leaving part of his paraphernalia behind.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies.
When love is done.

—Francis Bourdillon



Here is Martin and one of his playmates, Wayne Carlson. Both boys start kindergarten this September. If you'll look closely you can see the words ESSEX PUBLIC SCHOOL behind them.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO GOES TO SCHOOL

God bless a little boy who goes to school,

His shiny primer hugged against his breast,

With cheeks scrubbed clean and in his rounded eyes

A baby wonder of the strange new quest!

September, take him gently. He is small

Whose sturdy frame must battle with the blow

Of morning. Make the red-gold leaves
A carpet where such little feet may go

In safety. Sun, shine tenderly upon
The forehead where his mother laid her kiss;

It was a consecration. See that books
May never rob her little son of this.

Birds, sing him softly; he has only known

A lullaby. And, little brook, run clear

When he is watching; never let him know

A stagnant secret. He is young and dear.

Pray he may find within the strange four walls

An understanding heart, a mind grown wise

In love of simple things, a hand that shields,

And laughter, laughter in the waiting eyes!

He was a baby yesterday; he lived
By just my simple rote and easy rule.

There—he's gone around the curve
Of the road—

God bless a little boy who goes to school.

—Unknown

OUR DAILY BREAD

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat,
and the shower,

And the sun, and the Father's will.

—Maltbie D. Babcock

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

This month I have selected shut-ins who are not able to be out at all, and who specially need cheer these days when everyone else is having fun outdoors.

Mrs. Helen Cassidy, 516 W. Saginaw, Lansing, Mich. had polio and it left her so that she has to wear braces on both legs. She walks some with crutches, and makes her living by doing crochet work for sale.

Mrs. Frank H. Kasowski, 505 W. Kirkwood St., Fairfield, Iowa has been in a wheel chair for several years. She is collecting Catholic view cards.

Miss Mary Sneath, 14 E. Garber St., My Union, Pa. has arthritis. She enjoys getting mail.

Miss Allie May, Knoxville, Ala. had polio when she was a small child and has not walked since, except with two crutches. She is alone all day and gets so lonely. Does crochet work for sale. Loves to read and would like reading material.

Mrs. Harriett Sharpe, 198 Linden Ave., Belleville 9, New Jersey has been bedfast for many years, and suffers a great deal. She adores getting mail. She is 83.

Miss Dorothy Fosco, 700 S. Tripp Ave., Chicago 24, Ill., is bedfast. She has a disease that makes the bones break easily, and is unable to write.

Miss Amy Davis, c/o Nursing Home, Nodaway, Iowa has been crippled from birth. She walks with a cane, but is able to do fancywork.

Mrs. Roe S. Huernring, Chatfield, Minn., is entirely helpless in bed. Her husband cares for her. She loves to get mail.

Miss June Nanney, 1211 Burgis St., Elizabethtown, Tenn., is 18 years old. She has been bedfast since September last year.

Mrs. Alice Morey, Logan, Iowa is shut-in with arthritis. She is in a wheel chair, and wants pocket-size magazines to read.

Mrs. Lucy Rossmiller, 712 S. Union, Fergus Falls, Minn. has been bedfast for many years, and has had two leg amputations. Write to her.

Mrs. Frank Dalbey, 2339 S. Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio is bedfast and has been for years because of arthritis. She suffers all the time.

Miss Mable Shepler, Cando, N. Dak., is flat on her back in bed. She would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Valeria Day, 5709 Fairview, Boise, Idaho is a long time shut-in and this summer is having to spend a good deal of time in bed.

Miss Wanda Smith, 1115 - 13 St. NE, Canton 5, Ohio has been a shut-in all her life. She wants used greeting cards.

THE SIDE UNSEEN

Few rocks so bare but to their heights

The tiny moss plant clings

And round their peaks so desolate

The sea bird sits and sings,

Believe me, too, that rugged souls

Beneath their rudeness hide

Much that is beautiful and good—

We've all our angel side.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

By Hallie M. Barrow

Whenever a poll of favorite hymns is taken, you may be sure that some one will vote for, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." Both words and music are catchy and most of us (in my age bracket), do have deep sentiment for some little rural church in a natural setting way off the paved highways.

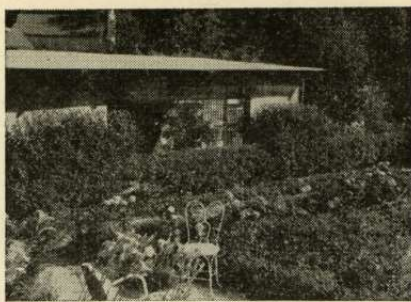
I had always supposed an elderly man wrote this song, possibly with no one special church in mind. Little did I dream that there really was a little Brown Church in the Vale and that it was still a live church. When I did learn these facts, at once this church went into my scrapbook which is entitled, "Places I Want To Go." Last week it was my great pleasure to spend a few hours at this shrine.

It is still a little brown church situated two miles northeast of Nashua, Iowa, in one of the most beautiful vales imaginable near the Cedar River. There has been practically no change in the church itself except that the two large swinging brass lamps have been electrified. The only other modern touch is that fire extinguishers hang between each of the three arched windows along the walls, and at many other spots as well. There is an old-fashioned walnut organ, although it is not the original organ. However, this very small first organ is still there and kept under a plastic cover to keep souvenir hunters from taking away the last sliver. This cover was added when it was discovered that tourists were taking off the ivory keys!!

The present minister, Rev. F. L. Hanscom, who has been there since 1940, lives at Nashua. Services are held each Sunday for the sixty-two surrounding farm families who are members. The ladies have a very active organization known as the "Willing Workers."

The Little Brown Church in the Vale is of Congregational denomination, and was organized November 4, 1855, with Rev. J. K. Nutting as pastor. During their first four years, meetings were held in a vacant log house, etc. Then, with a mighty effort, the pastor started building a church in 1860. The lots were donated and a "bee" was called to quarry rock for the foundation, other "bees" hewed and felled the virgin red oaks donated by another member. Shortly after this the Civil War broke out and all work was discontinued for two years. With supreme faith they started again, and the church was dedicated December 29, 1864.

At that time, the little church was part of a small town named Bradford of some eight hundred population. There was a parlor-organ factory and a square red brick building housed the school known as the Bradford Academy. In 1868 when the railroad started building across the Middle West, they chose the neighboring town of Nashua for its Iowa route and gradually Bradford



It was very difficult to take a picture of the new shelter in Russell's and Lucile's garden that would show any details. Here you can see the roof that is made of hemlock siding—it's pitched just enough to allow for drainage. The shelter is 24 ft. long and 11 ft. wide. Our East terrace was used as the floor, our East wall as the one solid wall, and the open section you see here has supporting posts (sunk in concrete) spaced 6 ft., 10 ft. and 8 ft. apart. Chinese blinds hang between these areas so the western sun can be controlled.

disappeared. The only building left now is the Bradford Academy across the road from the church. This small church, too, might have suffered the fate of many other rural churches when railroads, paved highways and motor cars left them to crumble and decay, had it not been for that immortal song.

Dr. W. S. Pitts wrote both words and music. In 1864 he was conducting a singing school at the Bradford Academy. The dedication day for the church was set and after such a long, hard struggle, it was to be quite a joyous, festive occasion. The pupils of Dr. Pitts' singing school practiced hard and long to provide the music for the day.

Dr. Pitts had really written the song several years before when he first saw the lovely spot where the church was to be built, but he put it away and had almost forgotten writing it. In searching for something very special for the musical program, he remembered his song and it was sung for the first time at the Dedication. It was instantly so popular that it was in the hands of a Chicago publisher and the church took the title of the song for its own name.

There were years when the going was tough after the first members had died or moved away, but religious services were never entirely discontinued, although some winters only a Sunday School was held. However, the motor cars that first took away rural church members started bringing them back to this little church in the vale. In fact, so many came back that in 1900 "The Society for the Preservation of the Little Brown Church" was organized. The Willing Workers repainted, reshingled and redecorated. By 1934 the fame of the church had become so great that a full-time minister was needed and has been ever since. Some days as many as a thousand visitors stop and register! A caretaker, who lives in the old parsonage nearby, opens the church each morning at six o'clock and closes it at ten that evening.

Many of the visitors are there for a special purpose — they have come to be married. It is one of our most

popular marrying churches and Rev. Hanscom says that people come from many states, plus Alaska and Hawaii, just to be married at the Little Brown Church in the Vale. Mrs. Hanscom plays their wedding music on the organ, and the Willing Workers modernized the basement by putting in a furnace and making dressing rooms for the bridal parties. Some of these weddings are quite elaborate with many attendants and the church illuminated only by candles. A charge of \$5.00 for the use of the church is asked. The license must be obtained at the county seat some distance away, and nearly all weddings are arranged for by correspondence with the minister. It most distinctly is not a Gretna-Green type of wedding.

Perhaps one certain rite is what endears it to many couples. After the ceremony, the bridal party and the minister go to the vestibule. The minister places the bride's hands on the bell rope and her husband's hands over hers and then asks them to ring the bell TOGETHER. This is a symbol of how they should plan a successful marriage . . . that all joys, woes, troubles and happiness must be shared together. The bride is told that the longer and louder the bell rings, just so much more chance there is for a happy marriage.

For some years an annual "Brown Church Reunion" day was held near the 15th of June. In 1916 a fund was raised to provide traveling expenses to this reunion for Dr. Pitts, who lived in New York, and Rev. Nutting, who lived in Florida. Rev. Nutting, who built the church, was eighty-four years old and Dr. Pitts, who wrote the song, was eighty-seven. These two men made the main addresses and Dr. Pitts again sang his song.

So after this when you sing, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale", remember that it is a reality. The story goes that the church was painted brown the first time because that was the cheapest paint they could buy. But in its setting in the beautiful grove of fine, big trees and shrubs, the well-kept park around it, you are not conscious of the dull color. Truly there is, "no lovelier spot in the dale."

THEY SOFTLY WALK

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace.
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands,
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths
Of sleep.

They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
and stars and God.

—Hugh Robert Orr

NEWS FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends,

The impossible has happened! Bristol, Rhode Island is running short of water!

Yes, here we are surrounded by water, having survived one of the wettest springs on record, but now we're in the middle of a heat wave that has drained our supply of fresh water. Just tonight the newspaper headlines warned us to use as little water as possible. There is an abundance of water in New England for every mile has its little stream, but most of our water is polluted by industry. The drought is the longest on record out here, and as of the writing of this letter there is no relief in sight. If only the water around us were fresh water instead of salt water!

I am tired tonight. All day long I drove in the heat into the very heart of Cape Cod. Until today I had never seen Cape Cod, and I thought that it was high time for me to see that wonderful little bit of New England. I shall be completely honest with you—I was not very impressed with what I saw. Oh mind you, it is very lovely, but not the paradise that so many New York people think it is. Little Rhode Island has just as much to offer the tourist as Cape Cod.

Our Summer Bazaar is over and it was a great success. We didn't make quite as much profit as we made last summer, but we did make nearly \$1,500 in just one afternoon. Some of you will remember that last summer we made \$1,618 in one afternoon and evening. I think the difference lay in the fact that this year we did not have an evening program.

How glad we all are that the Bazaar is behind us! We had it much earlier this year than last, and I am glad that we did. It takes a great deal of pleasure out of the summer to know that at the end of August there must be a big church bazaar. Now that it is behind us, we have the rest of the summer free of committee meetings and worries.

We had some excitement at our house a few nights ago. About two o'clock in the morning I heard the doorbell ring. I grabbed a robe and rushed downstairs to find a woman on our front doorstep in a great state of excitement. It seemed that she was just passing by the house in her car when she noticed that a big tree by our driveway was on fire. (The tree was actually in the yard of our neighbor.)

I called the police and said that I thought the fire could be put out with one large fire extinguisher. In just a few minutes the police arrived, but we soon discovered that it was a job for the fire department. The tree had caught fire near the ground and, since there was much dry rot inside the trunk, the fire had made considerable headway up into the interior of the tree. There was much more smoke than fire, and in a short time the firemen had done their job well. Of course the tree must now be cut down for in its present state



Alison's favorite game these days is peek-a-boo. She loves to hide behind the drapes in their living room and then pop out.

it is a danger to the heavy traffic passing by.

I suppose that a clergyman hears the word *fear* used in conversation more often than most people. Oh, how often in the course of a day I hear people say: "Mr. Driftmier I am so afraid of -----", and then they go on to name any number of things that frighten them. There are people who are afraid of responsibility. When they are asked to take some little position of leadership in the church or in the community they are afraid that they can't do it. They are afraid of effort; they are afraid of failure; and sometimes they are even afraid of success.

There are people who fear illness. I am sure that you know people whose fear of disease is doing them and their families far more physical and mental damage than the disease itself would ever do. The fear of poverty has kept multitudes of people from most of the really fine satisfactions of life. You know people, and so do I, who never know what it is really to live. They fear unhappiness. They fear danger. They fear sacrifice. There are many people in the world who are afraid of love—afraid of love because of the heartaches that love can bring, afraid to give their love to another. There are people who live in constant fear of criticism, people who torture themselves with doubts, and worries, and anxieties all because they haven't the courage to live their own lives and make their own decisions. Some people are afraid to die, and are much more afraid to live.

Whenever I think of how much fear deprives people of the joy of life, I think of a woman who was one of the fifty-five passengers on the plane that took me to the Hawaiian Islands a few years ago. For twelve hours we winged our way across the blue Pacific nearly four

miles up in the air. A delightful buffet supper was served just at sunset. In the rear of the plane a large table had been set with a variety of fine foods, and as I stood there waiting for an opportunity to serve myself, I saw out of the window one of the most gorgeous scenes ever to meet the eye. The white clouds three miles beneath the plane were bathed in a golden light.

I turned to a lady seated not far from where I was standing and said: "Hasn't this been the most beautiful flight? Have you ever seen anything as beautiful as those clouds?" Tensely she replied: "I have been frightened to death ever since I got into this thing." Needless to say, I was left speechless. I just couldn't imagine a person being frightened in such a luxurious plane, too frightened to look out of the window.

As I thought about the experience later, I wished that I had said to that lady: "Why are you afraid? Don't you love God? Aren't you a Christian?" Right then and there I should have told her the story of Jesus sound asleep on a boat that was being tossed about by a violent storm. When his disciples woke Him, he showed surprise at their panic. "Why are you afraid?" He asked them. "Have you no faith?" His own perfect calm came from His own perfect love of God, and His complete faith in God's love. Perfect love casts out fear, and there is nothing else known to man that will do the same.

Fear is not evil when it acts as a spur to drive us on to correct or remove the conditions that cause the fear, but fear caused by conditions that we cannot change or alter one little bit is a sign written in a language for the whole world to read telling of our lack of faith in the love of God.

I am telling you all this because just yesterday someone was telling me how terrified she is during an electrical storm. Now there is nothing that reveals the shallowness of one's faith in the love of God more than fear of storms. A person whose body and mind is racked with spasms of fear during an electrical storm reveals that he feels himself to be a helpless creature in a world of hostile forces. When a person tells me of his or her fear of storms, I want to say—and sometimes I do say—"You had better make your peace with God and learn to love Him with all your heart and mind and soul!"

If you are one of those persons who has to have someone else in the house during an electrical storm, you are mentally unbalanced. What on earth can the other person do to stop the lightning? What you need is to have Jesus Christ in your home. You need to open your heart to Him and receive from Him the spirit of love which will bring you closer to God than a house filled with people and all of them holding your hand.

Haven't you had experiences just as I have had, when in all honesty

(Continued on Page 16)



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE TREES THAT WEPT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time a group of willows stood beside a wide, quiet river. There were green meadows behind them and cool waters beside them, but they were not content.

"Our leaves are not lustrous and green like the trees in the forest," they complained. "We are so pale."

"It is the sun. So hot!"

"And our feet in water most of the time. No wonder we are pale."

"Hush! Hush!" cautioned the wind. "See how lucky you are! There are no forest fires here to scar you."

But still the willows complained. "We are not beautiful. Every tree in the world is beautiful but us!" They were so miserable that they drooped their leaves and wept.

One day the farmer crossed the meadow with his ax.

"He is going to cut trees in the forest," explained the wind. "See, you are quite lucky. Your lumber is of no use to the farmer, and so your life is spared."

"How sad! How sad!" murmured the willows to each other. "We are not even of any use in the world. We would love to be made into lovely furniture or hand-polished vases, or even into a good, red barn. But no! We are not beautiful and we are not useful, either." Then they drooped their leaves and wept again.

One day the beavers swam up the river and began to build a dam. They cut the biggest and strongest of the other trees by the riverbank, but they did not touch the willows.

"Why were we spared?" the willows asked the wind.

"Because your bark is so tender, and you are so slender. You would be of little use in a dam, but you will make a fine dinner for them when their work is done."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wept the willows.

"Nevertheless," the wind hastened to add, "You will be better off, because if they do not eat too much of your bark, you can grow more. Soon you will be good as new. The trees that were felled will never stand beside the water again. See how lucky you are!"

"We would rather be felled," sighed the willows. "It is such an indignity to be gnawed upon!" Again they drooped their branches, and again they wept.

The wind could not please the willows. They wept because they were not useful and they wept because they did not live in the forest and they wept because they were not beautiful. The wind gave up and went away.

The willows were so busy weeping

that they did not even look into the water. They drooped further and further, until one day their leafy boughs touched the water.

"It is cold," said one, and it leaned to see the cause of such coldness.

"What beautiful trees I see in the water!" exclaimed another. "How wispy and delicate the branches!"

"How gracefully they arch their branches!" remarked another. "I wish we were so lovely." They turned to look at each other.

For a long, long time they looked at each other. And then some curious thoughts came to them. They turned, as best they could, and studied each other carefully. For the first time they stopped thinking complaining thoughts long enough to see themselves, and what they saw delighted them.

They had wept so long and drooped so long that their branches arched beautifully to the water.

"Why, we are beautiful!" one cried.

"We are lovely, too!" another cried.

And in astonishment the third and fourth trees echoed the others.

"You are Weeping Willows", declared the wind who chanced to be passing by and who paused when he heard all of the voices. "All of the world finds you beautiful and I have tried and tried to tell you this, but you would not listen. Now, you see. I spoke only the truth."

And the Weeping Willows, in spite of their name, were happy.

WHERE DO STARS GO?

I wonder what becomes of stars

When morning rays appear.

Do they visit China Seas

When other skies are clear?

I hope that they return again

When nightfall clouds the sky,

For I would miss those twinkling lamps

Which fairies hang so high!

—Everett W. Hill

"Sunshine Magazine"



Kathy Bunch, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Bunch, and her two pet ducks that Mother mentions in her letter.

WAS IT YOU?

Someone sang a little song,
And the day that had been long
Was brightened by a little song.

Someone spoke a little word,
And another heart was stirred
By that little kindly word.

Someone had a little thought,
And some happiness was brought
To another, by that thought.

Someone did a little act
With much patience and much tact.
Blessings on that little act!

—Ivy Train in The Young Soldier

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

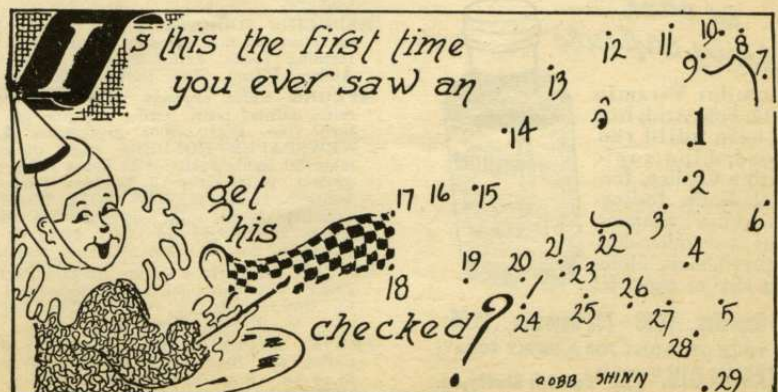
Frozen "Fruitsickles" are as nourishing as they are refreshing on hot September days. You may use frozen red raspberries, frozen strawberries, orange or grape juice for the fruit.

Frozen "Fruitsickles"

- 1 1/2 cups frozen fruit
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup whole milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Put all the ingredients in a mixing bowl and mix well with a spoon. Pour into a partitioned ice tray and place in the refrigerator to freeze. When the cubes are about half frozen, place a sheet of waxed paper over the ice tray and stick lollipop sticks through the paper and down into the center of each cube. When the cubes are frozen firm, the "fruitsickles" are ready for you to enjoy.

—By Mildred Grenier



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

October Ads due September 1.

November Ads due October 1.

December Ads due November 1.

Send Ads Direct To
Driftmier Publishing Co.
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"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD". Mail old Jewelry, watch cases, optical scraps, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FEILD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

NYLON CORSAGES, \$1. Any color. Write. Hazel Dorrell, Winterset, Iowa.

ALL OCCASION CARDS, 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

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BEGONIAS, houseplant slips rooted, labeled ten different. \$2 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON WATCHES. Send yours for free estimate to—Kathryn A. Ross, Henry Field Jewelry Dept., Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH HOBBIES. An interesting book full of plans and ideas. \$1 postpaid. M. J. Molinaro, P. O. Box 218, Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

21 ALL OCCASION CARDS, \$1. Emilie Hrbek, 1511 Berry Ave., Omaha, Nebraska.

BACK COPIES OF KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE beginning 1945. Box 21 fine assorted cards. \$1.00. Embroidered day of week towels. \$4.50. Gladys Valkenburg, 810 Morton, Des Moines, Iowa.

CROCHETED DOILIES—Star pattern, 13 in. \$1.25. Hankies crocheted-wide edge. \$1.25. Ellen Day, 2954 Apple, Lincoln, Nebraska.

14" PINEAPPLE DOILIES \$1. Finer thread. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebraska.

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

APRONS—white organdy with handkerchief trim, dainty, neat. Order one and get pattern free. State color preference. \$1.50. **NEWSPAPER HOLDERS** made of metal material easily fastened to house or porch to protect your daily newspaper from the weather. \$1.25. **MAMMY DOLL TOASTER COVERS** 16 in. tall, neatly dressed, dainty apron, ear rings and cute! \$2.50 or two for \$4.50. Novelty Shop, Ulysses, Nebraska.

SPECIAL OFFER: 4 drams Zingari Perfume FREE with purchase of 21 occasional OR Christmas cards for \$1. B. Ball, 820 Locust, St. Joseph, Missouri.

SEWING EXPERIENCED. Dresses \$1.50 up. Childs \$1. Sportshirts \$1. Rug Weaving \$1.10 yd. Rowena Winters, 4815 55th, Des Moines, Iowa.

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BEAUTIFUL LINEN HANKIES, Hand Embroidered and Crocheted edges. \$1. Crocheted Belts. \$1.50 and up. Mossie Minick, 2406 Garden, Joliet, Illinois.

OCEAN WAVE QUILT TOP size 92 x 80. \$10.00. Clara Greever, Edina, Missouri.

SIAMESE CATS, Kittens \$10.00-\$12.50. Ruth G. Rasmussen, Harlan, Iowa.

AFRICAN VIOLETS: Doubles—Purity, Orchid Girl, Dark Beauty, Sailor's Delight, Fringed White, Rose. Single—Ruffled Queen. 3 in pots—\$2.50 each. Not less than 2 plants to one address. Add 25¢ each toward special delivery. Pansy Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

SEWING print dresses \$1.50. Knitted baby sets \$5.00. Embroidered pillow cases with crocheted edging. \$3.00. Irene Allen, Corydon, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED 11" Irish Rose Doilies. White center, pink roses, green leaves. \$2.00. 15" 4-color Tulip Doilies. Chartreuse center \$3. 13" Round or 18" 8-Point Ruffle Doilies. Any color. \$2.00. Fine thread. Order anytime. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

CROCHETED BED DOLLY with Pajama Pouch, Plastic body. \$3. Lists of other toys available. Special sale prices on yarns. Lillian Reiter, Deerwood, Minnesota.

SEWING EXPERIENCED. Dresses \$1.50. Childs. \$1. Boys shirt. \$1. Send pattern, material, measurements, thread, postage. Mrs. Harley Ringer, Mendon, Missouri.

PASTEL PAINTINGS. Red sunset, snow scenes 8 x 10. \$1. Julia Marker, Invale, Nebr.

WOOD FIBRE & NYLON CORSAGES, \$1. Crocheting & Tatting. Mrs. C. Pierson, 3513 47th, Des Moines 10, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Bedspread, Tulip Filet. White Ruth Boelman, Belmond, Iowa.

AFRICAN VIOLETS Small plants and leaves for sale. Send stamp for list. Grace Hudson, 6911 Minne Lusa Blvd., Omaha, Nebr.

QUILTS ALL NEW MATERIAL Dresden Plate Pattern. Several color combinations besides white. Sizes 90 x 90 to 72 x 90. \$24.50 postpaid. Also childrens quilts. Embroidered nursery rhymes. \$10.00 each. Ad good anytime. Emma Huss, Exira, Iowa.

HAND KNIT yellow nylon yarn twin sweater set. Small blue diamond border at bottom. Age 1-2 yrs. Only one left, \$15.00. Pearl Hofgard, Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

WALL HANGINGS—Decorated 6" paper plates with detachable crocheted edging. Assorted patterns and colors. 75¢ a pair. Emma Hagen, Clinton, Wisconsin.

FOR SALE—Lovely print half-aprons, \$1. Two for \$1.85, Magdalen Altman, Livermore, Iowa.

CUTE PINCUSHIONS. Novelties, pretty corsages. 25¢ each. Postage 3¢ Carrie Hooper, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, California.

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GENEROUS-SIZED MEXICAN APPLIED HALF APRONS \$2.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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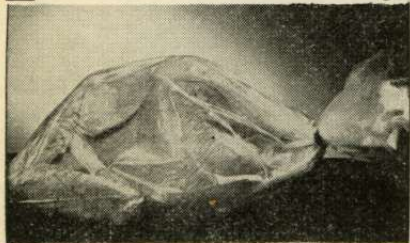
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we must confess that our fears were far greater than our faith in God's love? We have found ourselves in situations completely beyond our faith in God's love? We have found ourselves in situations completely beyond our control when nothing we could say or do could change the situation one bit, and in our distress we have completely lost faith in the fact that we are God's children and that He loves us and that nothing in heaven or on earth can separate us from His love. In times like that we have discovered how cruel, how devastating, how bitter life can be when we lose faith in God.

Mary Leanna had a birthday last week and instead of giving her a large party as we did last year, we let her invite her two best friends to spend the day with her at the beach. It was a wonderful day. Betty and I left David Lloyd with a baby sitter and took the girls to a beach where there are many amusements other than swimming. The three of them had six rides on the merry-go-round, and four rides on the fire truck. This beach has a miniature fire truck to carry children up and down the board walk. When the day was over Betty and I were far more exhausted than the children. Where do they get all their energy?

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