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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

It may seem just a little early to be doing fall housecleaning, but I've had such wonderful help this past week that I have already gotten a good deal out of the way.

My good help is Donald who has been spending part of his vacation here. It wasn't my idea that he light into cupboards, medicine chests, the basement and pantry, but he said that he'd enjoy doing it. Some of these days it's been almost too hot to play golf, so he found time hanging a little heavy on his hands.

Donald is almost 6 ft. 5 inches in height and can certainly reach up to shelves that none of the rest of us could begin to manage without hauling in a step ladder or high kitchen stool. Together we really made things fly, and it gave us such a good opportunity to visit as we worked.

This is just about the end of his two weeks' vacation from the Guide Lamp Company at Anderson, Indiana. He spent the first week in the East (I believe Frederick mentions their visit with him in his letter this month) and then came home for the final week. We may possibly drive over to Anderson sometime this fall to have a weekend with him, but our plans are most indefinite.

Recently we five sisters celebrated Martha's birthday with a dinner at Jessie's home in Clarinda. Although we see each other frequently it seems that there is always a fresh accumulation of news to talk over. Jessie had just returned from Des Moines where she helped Sue with her pottery booth at the State Fair, and during the same week she helped her daughter-in-law, Ella Shambaugh, who was just back from the hospital with her new baby, a little girl who has been named Stacey Lee. There are two other children in the family, Joseph and Cindy Lou.

Sue is now in Caldwell, New Jersey visiting her youngest daughter, Margery Conrad Sayre. Margery's husband has been called to San Francisco on business, so while Sue can be in the home and supervise the three children, Margery wants to go to San Francisco for a brief visit.

But to get back to our birthday dinner . . . you'll be interested, I think, in the associations connected with the

centerpiece that Jessie and Sue turned out together.

Martha was born on a scalding hot afternoon when mother had been busy in the kitchen all day canning grapes. At that time Henry and Helen were both small children, so mother had two neighbor girls come in to help her keep an eye on the youngsters and give her a hand with the grapes. Consequently these girls were there when mother realized that she needed the doctor. Of course there was no telephone, so she sent them running to a nearby farm where my father was working that day, with instructions for him to go after the doctor.

When the girls came running back to the Field farm they found that Martha had already been born while mother was there alone. It all happened so fast that nothing woolen was at hand in which the baby could be wrapped, and when mother asked the girls to find something woolen they could produce only an old fannel work shirt of father's.

There's one more funny incident connected with Martha's birth. Both father and the doctor arrived together, and as they drove into the yard in the doctor's buggy those two girls came dashing out to announce that the baby was already here. In all the confusion father understood them to say that he had a boy, so it was a shock when he got into the house and found that in reality he had another daughter.

Well, this story has become a family legend, so for Martha's birthday Jessie baked a big angel food cake that Sue frosted in white. Then with a cake decorator she made clusters of pale lavender grapes all over the cake, and around the edge of the big plate she had clusters of beautiful big purple grapes interspersed with green leaves. It looked most attractive, and of course the grapes had real significance for all of us. The rest of the menu was creamed chicken, rice and mushrooms combined, a platter of sliced tomatoes, hot rolls, fruit salad, and then the birthday cake and ice cream.

There won't be too many more parties in Jessie's present home for she has sold it and gives occupancy in the summer of next year. This house was built for Jessie when she was

married and it isn't easy to leave a place so filled with memories, but it's far too large a home now that her husband is gone and her children live elsewhere. Martha will move with her next summer to a five-room brick house that Jessie owns about two blocks from her present home.

Martin is certainly a very happy little boy these days for he loves going to school. He made a trip to Chicago with his parents just before school opened, and nothing that he saw there during a full and happy ten days could begin to compare with the excitement of starting to kindergarten. He told me yesterday that the Essex school house had a great big bell and that he would be allowed to ring it someday before long.

Abigail, Wayne, Emily and Alison had a successful vacation at Ephraim, Wisconsin. They had much better weather than Frederick and Betty experienced. Emily is trying to get used to the fact that almost all of her friends are in school all day now—she misses them sadly. I really think this last year before children start to school is hard on them and hard on their mothers.

Lucile and Russell have enjoyed a grand visit with an old friend of Lucile's who was her French teacher the first year she went away to college. They hadn't seen each other for sixteen years but had kept up a correspondence, so when Margaret Moore returned from a summer in Japan she stopped off here in Shenandoah enroute to MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Ill., where she teaches.

We've had a lovely day with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin since I last wrote to you. Although it's a drive of 125 miles up there we've found that if we leave here at 8:00 in the morning we can get there around 11:00, and then as a rule we leave their place about 5:00 and are back home by 8:00.

Jeanne Alexander has returned to her home in Claremont, California and has now started her freshman year in high school. She had a very happy visit with her Grandmother and Grandfather Fischer, and I had many pleasant hours with her while we sewed together. Jeanne has real ability as a seamstress, and made herself some school clothes, including a cross-stitched skirt.

My canning is done for the year and I'm proud of the jellies and jams that I turned out. Our home grown peaches were particularly good this year.

These days we're busy getting a lot of fall work done in the garden. Russell has made time to help me make many plans, and when you folks come to Shenandoah next year you'll see big changes in our yard.

Howard has come home since I started this letter and is mowing the lawn. In just a few minutes he'll be done and coming in for supper, so I must close and get out to the kitchen. I hope you'll find time to write to me soon.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

OCTOBER PLANTING

By Pansy M. Barnes

It is a privilege to live in our blessed United States any month in the year, but glorious golden October holds a particularly warm spot in our hearts! Certainly to those of us here in the midwest it seems a wonderfully beautiful time, and people who move to other sections of the country confess that they feel a homesick twinge just at the thought of Indian Summer.

For now the hard work of the garden is past. We can enjoy to the utmost the roses, fall asters and chrysanthemums that thrill us with their exquisite colors. But while we are enjoying this we can plan for the spring show and tuck in bulbs, plant new shrubs, and perhaps set out an extra tree of the non-fruit bearing variety.

Here in Southern Iowa we can plant most anything except magnolias and some of the more tender varieties of nursery stock. Farther North it is necessary to plant with more care. In sections where snows come early and stay all winter without periods of alternate freezing and thawing, fall planted shrubs, perennials, etc., will pull through nicely. But even if this is not true in your locality, you can still order your nursery stock this fall.

For those in such localities, dig a trench in a well-drained spot before your shrubs and trees arrive. When your stock reaches you, unwrap it completely and place in the trench. Be sure that the portion where the roots are to be is deeper than the section where the tops are to rest. Cover with two feet of soil and then mulch.

When spring planting time comes, take this stock out of its trench (you will find it all fresh and nice) and place in its permanent home. This method is grand for roses too.

Perennials would not have time to get established before severe weather comes in such localities so plan a little cold frame for them. Put the cover on just before the ground freezes hard and they will be in fine condition when the robins return.

Peonies and iris delight in getting into their new homes in the fall. Perhaps you already have some tried and true varieties, but there is always room for a few of the fine new ones. And I sincerely feel that all people who garden really need the thrill that comes from trying at least a few new things every year. It adds a lot of zest and excitement.

For planting peonies, select a spot that has full sunshine, good drainage and good soil. The "eyes" should be *exactly* 2 inches under the soil. If planted too deeply, they will show their resentment by not blooming. It does no harm the first fall to put more soil over the top after they are planted, but woe to you if you forget to remove that extra dirt in spring! Be sure to work in some wood ashes (their favorite food) along the rows each year. Don't use too much—just a light sprinkling.

No garden is complete without hem-



One of the most beautiful flowers in Spring is Creeping Phlox with its dense mass of clear, sparkling flowers. Here you see the mounds of Blue Emerald that bloom so brilliantly every year in Lucile's and Russell's garden. It makes a magnificent background for clusters of Darwin tulips.

erocallis and lilies. The old time hardy but homely Fulva Hemerocallis (sometimes known as "corn lily") and that homely "toughie" brought from China by Wilson and known as "Henryi" lily, have some descendants as hardy as themselves but eligible for any beauty contest. They are especially striking against shrubs or evergreens.

The new Aurelian Hybrids (Henry's children) are lovely as an orchid. They are not only treasures in the garden in late August and early September, but are being grown for corsage use. When cut they last a week in a vase.

Our grandmothers loved the Speciosum Rubrum (so do we) and it may interest you to know that in Shenandoah there are clumps more than seventy years old. They were brought here by the pioneer mothers—bless their memory.

One could have only lilies in a garden and still enjoy bloom over a long season. The first to bloom are the Madonna and the dainty Coral lily; then comes the Estate or hardy Easter lily and the Regals. Following them we have the Speciosums white and rubrum and the new hybrids. Hemerocallis likewise could provide colorful beauty from early spring to frost. Their flowers range from almost white through yellows and pinks to deep red.

As all garden lovers know, there has been a trend for some years towards intimate gardens at the back of the property. These have green walls of shrubs or evergreens with a bright border in front of them, and the overall effect has been that of shutting out the world completely.

Within the past year I have noted a growing tendency to reverse this entire plan, and so it interested me

very much to see the new landscape ideas developed to their maximum in Cleveland, Ohio and its suburbs. I went there less than a month ago to visit my only son who practices medicine in Cleveland, and he took me throughout the entire area as he made his calls. This gave me an opportunity to see the latest trends, and I'd like to give you a brief idea of them.

Almost without exception these new homes are built with the garage extending beyond the house in front. A white fence runs from the garage across the front of the property with a gate giving access to the street. Shrubs are planted on both sides of this fence; various annuals and perennials are used in front of the shrubs.

For instance, in one city I saw block after block where only red geraniums and white petunias were used. These were beautiful against the white fence with a white house trimmed in green in the background. But there is a uniformity in such plantings that becomes monotonous, so I found it refreshing to see in one yard the low-growing white-leaved Caladiums against the greenery. I was told that tulips had been used in the spring, and low-growing Cushion Mums gave promise of being most effective this fall.

While we are planting crocus, hyacinths, tulips and daffodils outside, let's not forget to put some in pots to brighten up dull winter days. These pots should always have drainage in the bottom, and bits of broken-flower pots or brick should be directly over them.

The soil mixture should be made of one-half good garden dirt, one-fourth well-rotted leaf-mold and one-fourth very old, well-rotted cow manure. To

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GAMES FOR HALLOWE'EN

By Mildred Cathcart

No Hallowe'en party would be quite complete without the story of departed Mr. X. And with the lights out, it is still a story of horror as parts of his anatomy are passed secretly from one to the next!

In case you have forgotten just what you will need as you proceed with your gruesome tale, here are a few ideas. Corn silk does for the hair, candy corn for teeth, dried apricots for ears, glove stuffed with wet sand for his cold, clammy hand, cold cooked spaghetti for the brains, a carrot does for the nose, and you may wish to add others to fit in with the story you tell.

On Hallowe'en you might try MURDER and get away with it. Choose one to leave the room and appoint another for the killer. When IT leaves the room the killer may choose one person for his victim. The one who is IT comes back into the room and is given three guesses to name the correct victim. If he is successful, the killer becomes IT.

For an old-time favorite, choose a team of Ghosts and one of Witches. Give each team appropriate masks and costumes and then proceed with the dress relay that is always popular. This one will prove hilarious as each dons the comic masks.

If your crowd needs a bit of quieting down, provide paper and pencil and see who can make the longest list of Hallowe'en words.

Smaller children would enjoy playing "Drop the witch's broom." This is merely a Hallowe'en version of Drop the Handkerchief with a small broom used instead of a hanky.

Toss The Skull is a thriller too, especially if you can find some luminous paint. Use a dark ball or paint one black; outline a skull in luminous paint. Turn out the lights and have a ghost take his place in the center of a circle. As weird music is played he tosses the skull to some player who immediately tosses it on to someone else. Whoever is holding the skull when the music stops must drop out of the game. This looks very spooky with lights out.

FORTUNES FOR HALLOWE'EN

No Hallowe'en party would be complete without a fortune telling session. If you can inveigle someone to dress up as a gypsy fortune teller, you can bring on the crystal ball and have a lot of fun.

A fortune wheel might be used. On a large cardboard wheel, write a number of fortunes and, as the person

spins the wheel, he must take the fortune where the wheel stops and read it.

Pumpkin seed fortunes are fun too. Color a large number of seeds in various colors. Explain the meaning of each color — red might denote wealth, purple—marriage, green—a journey, etc. Have each guest blindfolded as he selects five seeds. This will be his fortune.

Apple peeling is always fun and you can make up your fortunes to suit yourself. A whole unbroken peeling might signify an early marriage, three pieces tell of good news from far away, four pieces could tell of wealth to be received in the near future. You will think of others.

For this fortune telling you must not let your players in on the "goings on" at first. From magazines find pictures that will denote certain types of work. For instance, an airplane for an aviator, a pair of scissors for a seamstress, a Bible for a minister, and so on. Hide these pictures about the room and ask each person to find ONE picture. After all are seated, you will tell their fortunes as they hold up their pictures. This will cause a good deal of merriment when the poorest scholar is to be the teacher or the football hero is doomed to be a seamstress.

FOOD FOR HALLOWE'EN

Ordinary party fare must go spooky if it is appropriate for your party. Cookies go well with hot chocolate or your favorite iced beverage, but they must be fixed up a bit special. You can change them into cat's faces by dipping a toothpick or small brush into melted chocolate and outlining the features. Or on a light cookie, you can use a chocolate mint for a cat's body, a small mint for his head, and a slice of mint for his tail. Or you might make dark chocolate cookies cut in the shade of jack-o-lanterns, witches, etc., and the features may be made of orange gumdrops. For a witch's hat, use a large round flat cookie. Fill a pointed chocolate cone full of ice cream and set upside down on the cookie. This makes a realistic witch hat.

Doughnuts are always a favorite and might be served in a little different fashion. If you have a plastic tree, hang them from the branches. If not, find a real tree branch, scrub it, anchor it securely and tie your doughnuts to the limbs with orange or black bows.

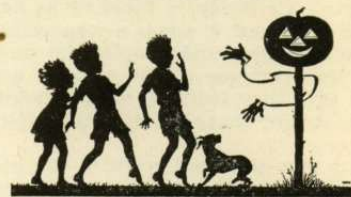
If you serve pop corn balls, why not tint the syrup yellow or orange? Wrap each ball in orange cellophane and tie with a big black bow.

Apples on a stick are good and they are attractive Hallowe'en fare that needs no extra touch.

For a table decoration, nothing would be more appropriate or colorful than a pumpkin filled with autumn leaves. Or if you have a large pumpkin, try cutting it out to resemble a basket leaving the section on top for the handles. Fill with an assortment of leaves and fruit.

For favors, you may take round lollipops and cover with black paper

to form witches head favors; or white paper with gruesome features will change them into ghosts. If you wish to have skeletons make the skull from the lollipops and then use two pipe-stem cleaners for the body and legs and another one for the arms.



A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

By Lynda Schiomann

Invitations written on black paper with white ink add so much to any Hallowe'en party that I hope you can find time to help the children with them. Here are two suggestions for the wording:

"If you wish to make merry with spook and witch,
Just come to my house at half-past six."

Or

"With a ghost and a goblin I've made a date,
So be here at my house right promptly at eight!"

The name and address can go down in the left-hand corner, while the date can be in the right-hand corner.

This year when you use the conventional corn stalks and pumpkin decorations, throw in a few fat spiders and bats for good measure. A horrible old witch swathed in black robes should be near the doorway to greet the guests. Have someone dressed in this fashion, or make a witch by placing a mask over the top of a floor lamp. Drape black clothes around it. This is a very creeping looking thing when the light from the lamp shines through the eyes, nose and mouth.

If the guests are in costume, keep complete silence until the best costume has been judged. We've found that only a few games should be played with masks on, for anyone who has ever gone to a Hallowe'en costume party knows how hot it can get under a mask.

Hand out balloons to each guest. Inside each balloon put a piece of paper on which a stunt has been suggested. As each person in turn blows up his balloon he reads his slip and performs the stunt. Such stunts as these three suggested here can be very funny and make all of the guests wait eagerly for the next performance.

1. Put your right hand on your right ankle, your left hand on your right ear. Walk the length of the room in this manner.

2. Recite "Jack and Jill" as an orator would give it.

3. Say the alphabet backwards.

These few suggestions give you the general idea of what stunts can be used for the balloon slips.

Spinning the Witch's Saucepan is spinning a pie tin done up with a fancier title. Have all guests sit in a circle on the floor around IT. The

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FREDERICK REPORTS ON THEIR VACATION

Dear Folks:

Usually my letters to you are written from the study in our Bristol home, but this one is being written from the main office of my father-in-law's business in Ashaway, Rhode Island.

We have been spending our vacation at a cottage on the beach not far from Ashaway, and while Betty is up at her mother's putting a wash through her mother's washing machine, I am down here at the office getting this letter off to you. I hope that Betty is having more success with the washing machine than I am having with this typewriter.

Some of you may wonder why we go to the beach for a vacation when our home in Bristol is right at the water's edge. The main reason is that we want to get away from the telephone, and the second reason is that our water at home is not good for swimming. Life is so much simpler at the beach, and I don't know of any place where it is easier to entertain little children. When there is a nice warm sun the children will play for hours on end in the surf and the sand.

There is another side to beach life, however. When the weather is bad and the children can't play on the beach, life in a very small cottage can be complicated indeed. Unfortunately for us, at least fifty per cent of our vacation was spent cooped up on the inside of the cottage looking out at the rain and the wind and a raging surf.

To make matters still worse, both children and Betty were sick with frightful summer colds for more than ten days. Poor little David was very sick, and then, as if that were not enough to ruin a vacation, he cut himself badly on a toy shovel and had to be taken to the hospital to have his hand stitched up. A few days later he cut his other hand on a sharp piece of metal on the edge of the car, and so there were several days when he had both hands in bandages.

Mary Leanna gave us a bad scare one day when she fell down a full flight of stairs. Never in my life have I seen anyone fall further or harder, but thanks be to God no bones were broken. If you or I had fallen down those same stairs, we would have been in a hospital for weeks.

One of the high points of our vacation was a visit from my brother Don. He was only with us about forty-eight hours, but in that short a time we really gave him an introduction to New England life. Don had a wonderful time swimming in the ocean and eating seafood. We took him to a little seafood shop right on the water and let him pick out his own lobsters, clams for steaming, and flounder steak for breakfast. I suggested that he might like to have some fried eel, but he would have no part of it.

For dinner the first night he was with us we had the steamed clams, clam broth, broiled lobster and corn-on-the-cob. I wish that you could



We don't know who first called these rocking toys a "shoo-fly", but all babies of Alison's age certainly get great pleasure from them. This big, brightly painted duck was Alison's Christmas gift from her Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier last year.

have seen Mary Leanna eating her steamed clams. There is quite a trick to it, you know—getting the clam out of the shell, pulling the dark skin off the neck, and then dipping them in melted butter and getting them to the mouth without dripping the butter all over everything.

For breakfast the next day I think that Don ate about seven pieces of flounder fried to a crispy brown. For his last meal with us we had raw clams on the half-shell and soft-shell crabs, french fried and served whole on toast. Much to my amusement, Don wouldn't even taste the raw clams, but he did love the crabs.

Have you ever taken a walk along a white beach in the moonlight with a heavy surf booming in with a whirl of spray? When the moon was high and the weather clear, Betty and I took turns doing just that. One night I would stay in the cottage with the children while she walked along the beach, and the next night it would be my turn. There is nothing this side of heaven more relaxing than that. Because there are few cottages in our neighborhood, one could walk for miles without meeting anyone except an occasional fisherman casting for striped bass in the surf.

Speaking of fishing, I am pleased to state that I did catch a few fish this past summer. I only caught one good one in the ocean, but I caught several in a small freshwater pond that was just a short distance from our cottage on the land side of the beach dunes.

The most sport of all was helping two young boys to catch their first fish. For several days I had observed a seven year old boy spending hours casting into the surf with the most inadequate tackle imaginable. One day I asked him if he had ever caught a fish, and when he said that he had

never so much as had a bite, I immediately invited him to bring his brother and go with me to fish on the pond. You should have heard those boys scream with delight as they reeled in their first fish!

There is no finer sport for anyone than fishing, and this is particularly true for boys. The other day I was reading an article by an authority on juvenile delinquency, and this man stated that he had never known a juvenile delinquent who loved to fish. When a boy leaves home with his fishing rod and a can of bait, you don't have to worry about that boy getting into trouble. He will learn to love the out-of-doors, and in fishing he will find an outlet for his craving for excitement and competition.

One night last week I watched a group of boys having the time of their lives putting an 800 feet long net out into the surf. First they loaded the heavy net into a small dory (a high-sided rowboat) which they had drawn out of the water and up onto the beach. Then they pushed and pulled the dory to the water's edge. The plan was for most of the boys to stay on the beach and hold on to one end of the net while two others rowed the dory out from shore about 150 feet and then along the shore to a point about 500 feet down the beach where the other end of the net would be taken by some other boys. Then the boys on the beach would pull in the ends of the net, bringing in with it a great many fish—they hoped.

It was an ill-fated expedition however, for the net made the small dory top-heavy, and in the bouncing surf it soon capsized throwing the net and two of the boys into a scrambled heap in the waves. Of course it was a disappointment, for no fish were caught that night, but how those boys did laugh and shout with glee. They took the mishap in good spirits, and there was lots of kidding and joking with the boys who had been thrown into the water with all of their clothes on. It took them more than an hour to get their net out of the water and back onto the beach where it had to be carefully folded and left to dry.

As the boys left they told me that they would be back the next day with a larger dory, one big enough to hold the net without capsizing. However, because of the changing time of the tides I have noticed that the boys are not going to make another such grand attempt until next week.

In a few days we shall be back in Bristol getting things under way for a full winter's program of church activity. The first week home will be a week of much excitement, for it will be Mary Leanna's first week in school. When we speak of it now, her eyes shine with gleeful anticipation. Isn't it wonderful how little children love to learn?

No doubt many of you are sharing this experience with us as you send your own little ones off to school. May God bless you and yours, and may this fall and winter bring you much for which to be grateful.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick.

ARE YOU A GOOD MEMBER?

By Mabel Nair Brown

The fall season is the signal for most clubs, Ladies Aids, Farm Bureau and other groups to step up the tempo of their activities. Most of us belong to one or more such organizations. It is a good time to pause and ask ourselves this question: "Am I 'just a member' or, am I a GOOD member, a credit to my organization?"

Why not check yourself against the following do's and don'ts to see where you would rate should the president of your group suddenly come up with a report card for members?

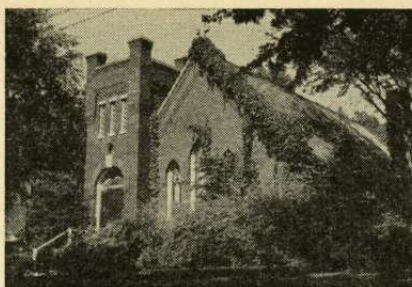
Do you get to meetings *on time*? Not only is it very annoying to the other members to have you arrive late at a meeting, but it is a discourtesy to your hostess and to your president. Besides, you might miss out on some important part of the business discussed. And by all means, if you simply *must* be late, do not try to get "caught up" on previously transacted business by whispering questions to those sitting near you while the meeting is still going on! Why not make a real effort to get to the meetings in time to have a few words of greeting with your hostess, to collect your thoughts, get the youngsters settled (if you are a young mother who must take along a pre-schooler) and thus be ready to give the business of the meeting your full attention once the president calls the meeting to order?

Do you take an active part in the meetings? Interesting meetings are those where each member feels her responsibility in helping to keep the business discussions, etc., "moving" along briskly, is an attentive listener when the occasion demands, and in every way "backs up" the officers of the organization. I'm sure you have all attended a meeting at some time or other and heard the president put a motion before the group or call for discussion on a motion, only to be met with a blank wall of silence—with the president standing there in embarrassment, the members "figgiting" uneasily as each woman waits for someone else to take the initiative!

It is simply a matter of courtesy to your president not to let this happen. This does not mean you must support some motion of which you do not approve, but you can voice an opinion and tactfully urge others to do likewise. Making a motion does not mean that you yourself approve, but rather that you are bringing it up for a vote so you can then move along to other business.

Of course we must not go to the other extreme and become known as "the argumentative member", always finding fault, belittling any ideas other than your own and monopolizing the floor during the business meetings. Say what you have to say tactfully, and make it clear and to-the-point and the president will consider you a real back-er-up-er!

If there is a guest speaker, try to help speed the business meeting along so that the speaker need not come before the group "at the tag end of the afternoon", with some members beginning to worry about getting home to



This red brick, vine covered church is St. John's Episcopal in Shenandoah. It stands at the intersection of Church street and Irwin Court, a very short distance from the Congregational church.

start supper, the youngsters present beginning to get restless, etc.

Do accept graciously, if appointed to a committee. Someone must serve and it is the duty of every member to give of her time and talent to further the work of the club. If you have a special talent or a special interest along some particular line, let the president know so she can have you work where you enjoy it best, or so that you are doing that for which you are especially talented. The important thing is *to do something!*

When you are solicited for food for a community or a church supper, or for clothing for the needy, or for sewing for the bazaar, do you always expect the president to do the "running" and pick up your contribution? Multiply the time and mileage involved by the number of members and you will see what an imposition this can be. Instead, why not make this one way YOU take an active part by offering to collect contributions from other members and deliver them to the proper place on time? If you do not have a car at your disposal, you can still be a helper by taking over the telephoning that is necessary in such circumstances.

Along the same line of thought, do you allow your president or other officers always to be "stuck" with having a meeting in their home whenever circumstances prevent the scheduled hostess from entertaining? Why not become one of those thoughtful women who graciously say, "Why, you can come to my house 'most anytime'". What matter if there isn't time for a thorough housecleaning?, just let your friends come and "take you as is."

Yes, it is important to have good officers in your organization, but we might also say, too, that your club, or your Aid Society will only be as "good" as its members — and that means YOU!

AN AGED FATHER DREAMS

Age confines him to a chair
With a mind alert and deep,
While his days seem doubly long
Night has brought him welcome sleep.
Conscious barriers pass away
For while dreaming he is free.
Then he fills his niche in life
And pursues his work with glee.
Buying food for family needs,
Or with tools he finds delight,
Let him dream of useful years
Through the long and peaceful night.

—Elfriede Schutt.

THE LADIES AID

The old church bell had long been cracked,

Its call was but a groan;
It seemed to sound a funeral knell
With every broken tone.

"We need a bell," the brethren said,
"But taxes must be paid,

We have no money we can spare,
Just ask the Ladies Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old,

The rain came down in rills,
The brethren slowly shook their heads
And spoke of monthly bills.

The chairman of the board arose
And said, "I am afraid

That we shall have to lay

The case before the Ladies Aid."
The carpet had been patched and
patched

Till quite beyond repair,
And through the aisles and on the
steps

The boards showed hard and bare.

"It is too bad," the brethren said,
"An effort must be made

To raise an interest on the part
Of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind,
The poor man blushed to meet

The butcher and the grocer

As they passed him on the street.

But nobly spoke the brethren then,
"Pastor, you shall be paid!

We'll call upon the treasurer
Of our good Ladies Aid."

"Ah," said the men, "the way to
Heaven is

Long and hard and steep,
With slopes of care on either side

The path is hard to keep.

We cannot climb the heights alone,
Our hearts are sore dismayed;

We ne'er shall get to Heaven at all
Without the Ladies Aid!"

—Unknown

(OCTOBER PLANTING Continued)

two gallons of this mixture add a quart of sand and one tea cup of bone meal. Mix together thoroughly. Fill the pots about three-fourths full. Set the bulbs in gently. This is very important, for if you press them in and firm the soil, the bulbs can't get their roots down in it and you'll be unhappy later on. Put soil around the bulbs, but let the tip of each project.

Water well and set in a cool dark spot to let the roots develop. Examine once a week and water at this time.

When the tops are several inches high, bring the pots to a warm, dark place. (Near the furnace would be ideal.) When the tops are six inches high, bring the pots to a light, cool room and enjoy the beauty which you have had a part in bringing into being.

After the flowers have faded, remove them but keep on watering until the foliage has turned yellow. When this happens, set the pots in a cool basement until fall. Then plant the bulbs in the garden and they will pay big dividends for years in the future.

A VISIT WITH DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

We actually have a fire in the kitchen stove this evening. When we came home tonight Frank brought in an armload of kindling and a couple of small logs, put them in the kitchen stove and then remarked that it was all ready to light in the morning to take the chill off the house. I said that I thought it would feel very cozy to light it tonight. He replied that there was plenty more where the first load came from, so we did exactly that.

These early fall evenings are perfect for weiner roasts and steak fries. We were invited to one tonight, but I got away from the office late and Frank had been mowing all day and got in late, so we decided not to go.

Several times during the fall and winter months the people who work in the Court House have covered dish suppers and get-togethers. Our first one in the fall is always a picnic held in the lovely back yard at the County Farm. The couple who operate the farm, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Snyder, have built a very nice outdoor fireplace and the grounds are so beautifully kept up that it is a real pleasure to be able to have our picnic there. We went last year and had such a nice time that I hated to miss it tonight.

The high light of the evening for me last year was when Mrs. Snyder took us into the two big caves and showed us all the fruits and vegetables she had canned. The caves are the largest I have ever seen. One of them was full of bins of potatoes and other vegetables which are just stored and not canned, and the other one had big deep shelves all the way around from floor to ceiling which were completely filled with quarts, half gallon and gallon jars of the most beautiful fruits and vegetables I have ever seen. It truly is a great sight. Mrs. Snyder said she had one woman who helped her and the two of them had done all the canning.

Yesterday was Labor Day and also the first day of school at Plympton. When we got up in the morning it was pouring down rain, something it never seems to fail to do on the first day of school. I told Kristin that even if she didn't have a new dress or a new pair of shoes to wear, she did have a new raincoat and she got to wear that. Since the Court House was closed for the day, I drove Kristin to school in the jeep and lingered long enough to see if there was anything the teacher needed that she didn't have, or anything I could do for her.

When I came home Frank drove me into Chariton where I met Mrs. Kiburz and the two of us drove on to Des Moines in her car to take down our State Fair exhibit and bring it home. Last year our exhibit was an assortment of all types of handwork and art that the Lucas County rural children had done in their daily work throughout the year, but this year those in charge of the educational exhibits had asked that we bring a display of the work the children had



Kristin loves to make cookies, and on this particular morning she turned out a fine batch of her mother's favorite sugar cookies.

done pertaining to Science.

During the year every rural school in Lucas County had made a bulletin board about the conservation units they were studying, and also a scrap book. Since every child had contributed a page of the scrap book, we decided that these bulletin boards and scrap books would be a nice thing to display at the fair. At the close of the school year the teachers brought them into the office and we kept them there until time to take them to the Fair.

I have been working in the County Superintendent's office a little over a year now and it doesn't seem possible. Instead of taking my vacation all at one time I have decided to take a couple of days at a time and that way I can have a few short visits to Shenandoah. Kristin and I spent a couple of days with the folks during the first week in August. It was my first visit there since last February. I was sorry to miss Wayne and Abigail and the children, who were away on their vacation at the time, but they did spend one day with us this summer and we got caught up on all the back news at that time.

Mother and Dad, Juliana and Jeanne Alexander were here for the day about ten days ago. They were supposed to come the week before but when we got up early Sunday morning the sky was very threatening and it was thundering so I called and told them not to come. Then I was terrible aggravated about 10:30 because we hadn't gotten a bit of rain and by that time the sun had come out. In fact, it didn't rain at all that day until about 9:00 o'clock that night. Kristin just begged Granny to leave Juliana and Jeanne here and we would love to have had them stay, but Mother said that Lucile was planning to sew for Juliana that week and we couldn't very well let one stay when the other had to go home. I think all three little girls were terribly disappointed.

We tried to keep Kristin's music lessons up this summer, but she was

gone so much and what little time she was home she had so much fun following her Daddy around that she couldn't settle down long enough to practice. Finally we gave it up. Now that school has started and she will have more of a routine, we are going to get started again right away. I always hate to stop lessons in the summer because it seems to me it takes them so long to get back to where they were when they quit.

The only new clothes I have added to Kristin's school wardrobe this year have been jeans. I don't think she had a dress on more than ten times this summer, so all the clothes she had last Spring for school were still good—a little short but Mother was kind enough to let the hems down for me. She has plenty of dresses to wear until winter sets in and then she goes into jeans until Spring.

Frank's father was eighty-four years old on August 27th and we had a big birthday dinner for him. All four of the children were home. Of course, Edna, Bernice and Frank all live here, and then Ruth came for a few days visit from Kansas City. Kristin had a lot of fun fixing her gift for Grandpa. She spent all day wrapping it in layers and layers of paper, and then tied a long ribbon on it. She didn't ask him to follow the ribbon, but just told him to pull on the ribbon until he pulled the present to his chair. Of course he played the game with her and they had a lot of fun with it.

Frank says it is time for me to quit and make cocoa. On cool evenings we enjoy a cup of hot cocoa before we go to bed. So until next month...

Sincerely, Dorothy

GEOGRAPHY GUESSING GAME

1. What is Noah's state? Ans.—Ark.
2. What state is a physician? Ans.—Md.
3. What state is a church service? Ans.—Mass.
4. What state is a girl's name? Ans.—Minn.
5. What state is Coolidge's. Ans.—Cal.
6. What state is a letter of the alphabet? Ans.—O.
7. What state is a mineral substance containing metal? Ans.—Ore.
8. What state is a personal pronoun? Ans.—Me.
9. What state suggests Monday? Ans.—Wash.
10. What state is a young girl? Ans.—Miss.

—Lynda Schlomann.

FEEDING UNEXPECTED GUESTS

1. A jeweler. Carrots.
2. A traffic policeman. Jam.
3. A teacher. Alphabet noodles.
4. An actor. Ham.
5. Newlyweds. Lettuce alone.
6. Plumber. Leeks.
7. Electrician. Currants.
8. Shoemaker. Sole.
9. Gambler. Steaks.
10. Baseball player. Batter cakes.
11. Wood cutter. Chops.

—Lynda Schlomann.



FAVORITE MEALS AT THE STROM HOME

In this month's issue I want to give you three of my favorite menus. I find these simple and not time consuming. If you are anything like me you can use that extra time to pick up the debris from a child's happy afternoon.—Margery.

Menu Number One

Stuffed Pork Chops
Sunny Green Beans
Assorted Relishes
Quick Refrigerator Rolls
Brownies with Peppermint Ice Cream

Menu Number Two

Broiled Salmon Steaks with Lemon Butter
Buttered Parsley Potatoes
Large Spring Salad
Dinner Rolls
Frozen Apricot Whip
Spritz Cookies

Menu Number Three

Baked Ham
Whipped Marshmallow Sweet Potato Casserole
Buttered Broccoli
Tangy Salad
Hot Rolls
Peppermint Fluff With Chocolate Sauce

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Have your pork chops cut 1 inch thick and ask the butcher to make a pocket, cutting along the outside edge. Fill the pockets with the APPLE-RAISIN STUFFING. Close the openings with toothpicks. Combine 3 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 small onion, sliced, 1/4 cup water. Rub this into both sides of the chops. Save what is left for making pan gravy. Brown the chops well on both sides. Place onion slices on top of chops and add water. Simmer covered for one hour, or until chops are tender. Make a pan gravy to serve over the top. Serves four.

APPLE-RAISIN STUFFING

1 cup coarse bread crumbs
1 cup chopped apple
1/4 cup chopped raisins
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons bacon fat
2 tablespoons chopped onion

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

FROZEN APRICOT WHIP

16 marshmallows
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sieved apricots
1 cup cream, whipped
2 tablespoons sugar

Heat marshmallows until melted in water, using double boiler. Add lemon juice and apricots. Cool and freeze to mush. Fold in cream mixed with sugar. Pour in refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

PEPPERMINT FLUFF WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon peppermint flavoring
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
Few drops red food coloring.

Soften gelatin in cold water. Scald milk. Add gelatin mixture, sugar, and peppermint flavoring. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill until partially set. Tint whipped cream a delicate pink with food coloring. Fold into gelatin mixture. Chill in individual molds. Serve with CHOCOLATE SAUCE.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Combine one 13-ounce can evaporated milk, 1 cup sugar, two 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cook over medium heat until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Chill and serve over Peppermint Fluff.

CHILI-RICE SKILLET DINNER

2 tablespoons salad oil or shortening
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 pound ground beef
1/2 cup uncooked rice
2 1/2 cups tomatoes
1 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon chili powder
1/2 cup water

Heat salad oil or shortening in skillet. Fry the onions and then add meat. Cook until lightly browned, stirring frequently. Wash rice and add to the meat mixture with the tomatoes, salt, pepper, sugar, chili powder, and water. Cover tightly and cook over low heat about 25 minutes or until rice is done. This will serve 4 or 5.

SPAGHETTI DISH

(Most people who've done much cooking make up spaghetti by guess, but for those who are just starting to prepare meals, this recipe with measurements from a friend in Atlantic, Ia., will come in handy.)

Boil 1/2 lb. of long spaghetti. While this is cooking put through a medium fine grinder:

4 slices of bacon
1/4 lb. yellow cooking cheese
1 small onion
1 medium sized green pepper

When spaghetti is tender, but *not soft*, drain and blanch with cold water. Mix in ground ingredients. Turn mixture into a greased baking dish. Mix into this one pint size can of tomatoes from which the seeds and pulp have been strained. Bake in a medium oven for about one hour. More bacon and cheese can be added to suit your own individual taste.

LUCILE'S BAKED BEANS

1 lb. white navy beans
1 huge Bermuda onion

Soak beans overnight. In the morning add a tiny pinch of soda, salt to taste, and the onion that has been cut into pieces. If you have any meat bones around, throw them into the kettle for additional flavor. Boil beans until tender. Try and control the water so that very little liquid must be drained off.

In a heavy skillet fry 3 or 4 slices of bacon that have been chopped fine. Then add 1 medium sized Bermuda, cut fine, and cook four or five minutes. To this bacon and onion add:

1 can condensed tomato soup
1/2 cup of water
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup vinegar

Additional salt and pepper

Let this sauce bubble up and then mix it into the beans. Turn into a large glass baking dish, cover top with strips of bacon and bake for about two hours at 350 degrees.

I've experimented with many bean recipes and believe that this is the best yet. It has a delicious flavor and is just of the right consistency. Plenty good enough to serve to company.

MARY LOMBARD'S CHICKEN

Stew one hen. Remove from broth, and save this to use later. In a heavy skillet or dutch oven, melt 1/4 lb. of butter and in this fry three onions until they are golden brown. (Add two cloves of garlic also if your family is fond of it.)

To the browned onions add three cups of uncooked rice. Stir this until it is evenly browned. Add about six cups of chicken broth and simmer until rice is tender. Now stir in the chicken which has been cubed. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Turn into a large casserole, cover with buttered crumbs and bake for 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

This is a large recipe that will serve ten or twelve people.

WHICH CAKE WILL YOU TACKLE FIRST?

By Mabel Nair Brown

Last month I gave you the basic information for decorating cakes, so this month I would like to describe various kinds that I've made during these last two years.

Drum

Ice a round layer cake with a brown sugar frosting. Make a band at the bottom and top by using chocolate icing; also use this to mark the "lacing effect". Crossed drum sticks on top, as well as any additional decorations, should be made with red icing.

May Pole Centerpiece

(Fine for any shower or party in May.)

Make a small, round two or three layer cake for the center and ice it in white. Decorate with small pastel flowers. In the center stick the May pole which can be a 12 inch length of dowel stick or one of the pieces from a Tinker Toy set. Wrap the pole in several pastel colors and attach six different pastel colored ribbons at the top of the pole. These ribbons will need to be long enough to run out to the handles of the cup cake May baskets which are placed in a circle around the May Pole cake.

These cup cake May baskets should be frosted in pastel colors and then decorated with a "ruffling" of white icing put through the leaf tip of your pastry tube. White pipe cleaners are used for the handles on each basket, and on the top of each cake make tiny candy flowers or, if you prefer, place a sprig of spring blossoms. Tie a streamer from the May pole to each handle.

This is a truly beautiful centerpiece for a luncheon, tea or buffet party. It is not difficult to turn out, and the results are spectacular. I have a large silver Lazy Susan on which I make this May pole cake arrangement.

Train Cake

(Wonderful for a child's birthday)

Use a jelly roll as the engine's foundation, and one thick loaf cake or a two layer cake to make the cars. Make as many cars as the child is years old. If you bake the usual three egg jelly roll, cut it in two and use half of the cake for the engine.

Frost the engine with chocolate icing, and on each side use slices of lemon for two front wheels and slices of orange for two back wheels. Use graham crackers put together with icing to make the cab; two triangles of graham crackers will make the cow catcher. A marshmallow makes the head light. Use a large gum drop or chocolate drop on a tooth pick for the bell, and a peppermint candy stick for the smoke stack.

For each car, cut a rectangle about 4" x 2½" from the loaf cake. Frost with brown, red or yellow icing to resemble box cars. Cut slices of large gumdrops for the wheels. Join the cars with a short piece of stick candy for the "coupler". Be sure that you have one short red car for the ca-

boose! Place a birthday candle on top of each car, and for the track on which your train will roll down the center of the table, cover a long strip of cardboard with aluminum foil.

Wedding Ring

This makes a lovely wedding or anniversary cake, yet is easier to turn out than a cake made in tiers.

Use a white cake batter and bake in a large ring mold. You can use any large round pan and place a jar in the center, if you lack a genuine ring mold. However, put marbles, beans, or something comparable in the jar to give it enough weight to stay in place during baking.

Ice the cake in white and put on swirls and ruffling with a pastry tube, also in white. Cut lace paper doilies in half and carefully insert cut side under the cake to make a lacey frame around the plate as a base for the cake. Place a wreath of roses and leaves about the base, and fill the hole in the center of the cake with a small container that holds fresh flowers and greenery.

Heart Shaped Cakes

These cakes are ideal for birthday, Mother's day, Valentine's day, bridal showers and wedding anniversary celebrations. If you haven't a heart-shaped pan, bake a large flat cake, place a cardboard pattern on top and cut around with a sharp knife.

(a) *Birthday*. Ice in white with white festooning. Write "Happy Birthday" and the person's name at the top and place a corsage of roses or some candy flowers below the inscription. Frame base with lace doilies and more posies. Candles may be placed on outer top edge of cake if desired.

(b) *Mother's Day*. Use pastel spring colors. Ice the cake in yellow. Use white to make ruffling around top edge of the cake, and write the words "To Mother" in pale green icing across the top; add a spray of violets with green leaves.

(d) *Valentine*. Ice in deep pink with frills of white icing. Sketch an arrow in white icing across the top and write an inscription such as "Be Mine" or "Love To My Valentine".

(e) *Bridal shower or anniversary*. Make two heart cakes and cut a curved section from one side so you can slide the hearts together to make an "entwined heart" cake. Then ice in the desired colors and decorate with flowers or bells and any appropriate inscription.

Pasture Cake

(For a small child's birthday)

This will delight the youngsters and is like a breath of spring itself. Ice any large loaf cake with white icing and sprinkle with tinted green cocoanut to simulate grass. Add a few posies here and there by inserting some gum drop flowers on toothpick stems which you can stick into the cake.

For animals in the pasture, use animal crackers or miniature plastic ones. If the children have pieces of white plastic fence you can enclose the pasture cake in a very realistic manner.

Mechanix Illustrated Magazine recently selected it "Prize Gadget of the Month"

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT

Easy to use • Economical • Sanitary

"PUMP-IT" Ketchup Dispenser

Fits any popular brand ketchup bottle. Dispenses ketchup with ease and perfect control. Eliminates grimy tops. Saves its cost. Send \$1.00 cash or M. O. No C. O. D.'s. Money-back guarantee. JOSEPH J. BLAKE, Dept. K-10 150 N. Rosanna, Glroy, Calif.

\$1.00

To color cocoanut green, put a few drops in a pint jar. Add cocoanut, shaking jar vigorously.

Colonial Lady Cake

Here is something different for a young girl's birthday or a bridal shower. Bake the cake in a large bowl—this cake will be the lady's full skirt. By cutting a hole in the center of the cake you can place a small doll so that the cake appears to be the skirt of her dress. Ice the cake in pastel colors, and with a tube decorator put on scallops and rosebuds around the bottom of the skirt. If this cake is for a bridal shower, then make a bridal veil of net for the doll to wear.

Easter Bonnet Cake

This makes a delightful springtime centerpiece for those who are entertaining in the Easter season.

Bake a cake in one layer cake pan and another cake in a small mixing bowl. The layer cake will be the brim while the bowl cake will be the crown, so you can judge the sizes of pans accordingly. Place the bowl cake on top of the layer cake. Then ice in any desired color and trim with flowers; perhaps you'll wish to add a ribbon band and streamers. You can get various shapes in the crown or brim by trimming with a knife.

Football

For the high school boy who would scorn any conventional cake, but would enjoy something this unusual if his mother entertains for him during the fall athletic season.

I use my cone shaped sieve or food press lined with waxed paper for a pan, and I bake two cakes. When they are cold I put them together with icing and round off the ends with a sharp knife to get the football shape. Last year I iced the cake with a brown sugar caramel icing and added white icing "lacings". An appropriate inscription such as "Ogden High, Champions 1952" can be written on the side.

Next month there are two final cakes that I would like to describe for you.

MINT JELLY

1 cup mint leaves, packed tightly
1 cup apple juice
¾ cup of sugar
1 cup boiling water

Pour boiling water over mint leaves and allow to steep one hour. Press the juice from the leaves and add 2 Tbls. of this extract to apple juice and sugar. Boil rapidly to jelly stage. Tint with green vegetable coloring. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses.

PERHAPS YOU SAW THIS SHOW TOO?

By Hallie M. Barrow

When a Dog & Pony Show motored into our town park on a recent Sunday afternoon I was really surprised for I didn't know that such shows existed these days.

A good many years ago we loved a pony show because we were so familiar with Shetlands. It gave us inspiration to go home and try to train our own ponies, for many of us had ponies then that were stabled in a barn at the back of the lot. What a siege of sprains and fractures there'd be after one of these shows hit town and gave us ideas to ride our own ponies over a row of barrels or to ride standing up! It was the same thing here a few years back when Tarzan movies were popular, and the children tried to swing along from tree branch to tree branch — with a wave of broken arms resulting.

These days children beg for bicycles, motorcycles, tricycles, scooters and roller skates, so I think perhaps it was the novelty of the tiny Shetlands that brought so many children to the park to stand in line and wait for nickel rides several times around the square.

Some of our town grandfathers who have told how thrilled they were to be allowed to water the elephants in old-time circus shows, found their grandchildren just as eagerly carrying water to those ponies. There is no water system in our park and with fifty-one head of livestock being unloaded from a hot, dusty road trip the nearby town pumphandles really got a workout.

Every direction you looked there were boys and girls carrying buckets of water to the park. And how those ponies did enjoy our shady park with its knee-deep grass! Children shrieked with delight as the ponies rolled, got up and shook themselves, nickered and then rolled around again.

The trained goat that rode the ponies in one of the acts was tethered out and added his silly tittering to the noise. Tobey, a trained mule, started vocalizing to the merriment of the children. Of course, all local dogs rushed at once to the park to see what on earth this strange yapping, braying and barking could be. They started sniffing and snooping around the cook trailer, but they left abruptly with yelps of fear and pain. They had invaded the private domain of Charley Chaplin, a trained rooster that walks like a penguin, is really a freak, and has a spot in Ripley's Believe It Or Not collection. This rooster is six years old, and although at this advanced age he wants his bread soaked in water, he can still keep town dogs in their place.

There was no show until Monday night, and after all the animals had been fed and bedded down, older people were also privileged to enjoy a rare evening's entertainment. The kindly proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. B. Wood, visited and answered questions all that quiet Sunday evening about their unusual life.



Juliana and her Uncle Donald. This was taken during the days that Donald was home on vacation. All of his nieces and nephews adore him and anticipate his visits very much indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods have had this dog and pony show on the road now for thirty years. Mr. Woods comes from a circus family, and three of his brothers have spent their best years with Ringling Brothers; one of these brothers is an organist with the Big Top.

Mrs. Wood's early life was very different. She was a minister's daughter, but she sang well and evidently had show talent for she was on the vaudeville circuit when she met Mr. Woods. This white-haired woman with beautiful big snapping dark eyes would attract attention anywhere. We were not surprised to learn that she trained most of the animals for evidently they, as well as people, can sense her magnetism, authority and kindness. On the following night when we saw the show we could see that all of the animal actors, from Charley, the rooster, on up to the monkeys and an ordinary big house cat, had full confidence in her as she caught them in their jumping and leaping acts.

In addition to working out these acts she sells tickets, and does all of the buying and cooks the food for a crew of eleven and their families. In this way she knows they get the right kind of a diet, for the irregular, strenuous life of the troupe on tour makes it imperative that meals be well balanced and well prepared.

This show traveled in well-kept trailers and all of the stock looked sleek and well cared for. No one thought to ask Mrs. Wood what she did with her leisure time! Often they make a new town each day and rest only on Sundays. They winter in Texas for two months and then start on a long tour of many states.

In this long and varied experience with life and human nature, Mr. and Mrs. Wood are still optimists and love the show business. When we asked Mrs. Wood which of the animals were the hardest for her to manage, she

laughed and said, "Oh, the people."

It was a good, clean show and we were sorry to see them leave. All of the children loved the ponies and as they waved goodbye the next morning to the Shetlands and the caravan started off, who knows how many of those youngsters stood there dreaming that perhaps some day they too might be the owners of a dog and pony show and travel far and wide.

(A HALLOWE'EN PARTY Con't.)
leader gives each person a name such as a bat, snake, eel, skeleton, and others equally creepy. IT spins the pie tin, saying: BAT, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!" If Bat jumps up and grabs the platter before ten has been counted, he takes the place of IT and the game continues.

Give each person a piece of paper and a pencil. When everyone is ready, turn out the lights and tell them to draw first a moon, then a broom, then to put a witch on the broom, and finally to draw a post with a jack-o'-lantern on it. A prize goes to the most complete drawing.

If you have a large enough room, a Jack-O'-Lantern Relay is loads of fun. Use four jack-o'-lanterns in which are lighted candles. The group is divided into four parts that are to be called Ghosts, Owls, Cats and Bats. They stand in parallel lines and face a goal. At a signal the first one runs to the goal and back, holding the face of the lantern so that the draft will blow through. When the first one returns he hands the lantern to the one in front of the line and takes his place at the back. The leader should provide matches so that the Jack-o'-Lantern can be relighted if necessary.

An Apple Contest can be done by dividing the crowd into groups of four each. Give each No. 1 in all groups an apple and a paring knife. All number 1's are to peel the apple and pass it on to No. 2. No. 2 must quarter it, No. 3 core it and drop it into a bowl of water. No. 4 must take it out of the water and eat it. The quartet that finishes first wins.

Just before refreshments are served place your menu in a conspicuous place so that your guests can read it. Simply write:

Menu

Witches' brew
Cat's tails
Spook's flesh
Devil's delight

While they're trying to figure it out, bring in the food. The first two items depend upon what you wish to serve, but spook's flesh and devil's delight really should be ice cream and devil's food cake.

THE WAY

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

—Henry van Dyke

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Just a moment ago I put my portable sewing machine back into its case and moved my typewriter over on to this desk. Thus you can see that my desk serves a dual purpose, although I'm sure that I use the typewriter ninety-nine hours as against one hour for the sewing machine.

My typewriter is not a portable (I've gone through three of those in the last twenty years!). It's the biggest, heaviest office model that can be purchased with an out-size carriage, and I think twice before I lift it across the room.

Perhaps I've never told you that about a year or so ago I acquired a new desk. If you're an old friend you may recall my former desk that was about eleven feet long and so big in every direction that I often said I could take up bed and board in it. When that desk was built I would have gone to any firing squad on the proposition that no desk could be too big. I learned better. After three years in it I was glad enough to have it dismantled and to move into a mid-ged, by comparison.

Russell built this new desk too and it's a very passable one as far as I'm concerned. The top is covered with fine quality yellow linoleum which makes for a wonderful sewing surface, and all edges are bound with chromium strips. The front and two sides are covered with dark blue bur-lap to match the walls in this room. It fits between built in open shelves and book cases that run from the floor almost to the ceiling. On one side I have my sizable collection of cook books, magazines that I want to hang on to, etc., and on the other side I have quite a complete library of books devoted to gardening, an enormous file of magazines that are extra important, and some of my favorite books. None of this stuff gets dusted as often as it should.

Last month I told you that I hoped to get some sewing done, and since I just now put away the machine, details are fresh in my mind. I'd like to make it clear, once again, that I'm a poor excuse for a seamstress. Sewing doesn't come easily to me, and more than once Russell has told me that the smartest thing I'd ever do would be to forget there was such a thing as material or a pattern. This advice has always come after some great crisis, the kind that leaves you so mad you're ready for a heart attack. People who are clever with their needles just don't run into such a crisis, I might add.

Well, at any rate I love to sew, so I keep at it. First I made Juliana a dozen pairs of white cambric panties, elastic at the waist and eyelet embroidery or lace whipped on around the legs. I've had people tell me that I was crazy for doing this when rayon panties can be purchased for as little as 39¢ per pair, but my answer to such statements is the fact that without exception all of these panties I've made will wear for two years and when they're outgrown they still look as good as new. Furthermore, I like



Mother and Frederick, taken in the library at home when Frederick was here enroute to California.

to make them and she likes to wear them!

I also made five new white slips with an eyelet ruffle around the bottom, and two new outing flannel nightgowns for winter wear to augment the flannel pajamas from last year that are still large enough.

The first dress I tackled was of navy blue broadcloth, and this turned out so successfully that I'd really like to tell you about it in detail. Somehow I didn't happen to have right at hand a dress pattern with a straight skirt gathered on to the waist, but for that type of skirt which is just two pieces the width of the material you certainly don't need a pattern, so I used McCall's number 8771 for the waist. I purchased this originally to make up in brown and white tissue gingham; the scalloped, buttoned on collar is made of white pique. This skirt is very full, cut on the bias, so I just used the waist part, as I've said, for the navy broadcloth and cut a straight skirt.

For the collar and to bind the puffed sleeves I used pale blue broadcloth, and I also used this to pipe the seam where the waist is gathered on to the skirt. But the thing that made this dress unusual and mighty successful was the following detail:

I cut a strip of navy broadcloth 7 inches long and 36 inches wide, the width of the material, in other words. To this piece I stitched stripes made of the narrowest bias tape I could buy, first a stripe of coral, then one of lime, then one of pale blue, and then one of yellow. These were placed just one-half inch apart. Then I left a three inch space of plain broadcloth and made another block of stripes. It meant changing the bobbin and top thread four times, of course, but the finished effect was stunning.

Of course you could do this without cutting your separate strip of material, but I don't think you could finish the ends of the tape too neatly without spending a lot of time. This way I stitched the piece on to the balance of the skirt, which concealed one end, and the other end was gathered and stitched on to the waist.

Aside from this dress, which is Juliana's favorite (Mother is working on one exactly like it right now for Kristin), I made up McCall's Number 8891, View B. I used a beautiful piece of red and green plaid for this, and embroidered white batiste for the yoke and collars.

Now I'm sure that there are at least some people reading this who struggle with their sewing as much as I do, so I want to warn them to avoid a mistake that I made.

This particular dress is cut princess style—which means, in turn, that it was imperative to have all the plaid stripes meet right down to the last fraction of an inch. As I cut these pieces I had a white stripe exactly in the middle of the notches. So far so good. But when I went to put it together I discovered, to my dismay, that what I had thought was a completely uniform check was not at all—the alternating squares formed by the stripes varied about one-eighth of an inch, just enough to prevent those perfectly matched seams that I had been so eager to turn out.

Another dress that I made was Advance Number 5715. I used View 2 for this and the material was a solid green broadcloth with a matching green and white stripe. It made up into a crisp, fresh looking dress, although I'll confess that I had quite a time getting that skirt together with all of the inserted godets.

I have on hand some turquoise colored broadcloth and also some yellow and brown plaid, but I haven't yet chosen the patterns for these.

Right here let me confess, with hanging head, that I did not get a dress smocked for the State Fair. I thought right up to the last week that somehow I'd get it done, but there happen to be only twenty-four hours in the day and through most of the summer about twelve of these were spent working on the nursery catalog, so I just plain didn't get time enough to smock. Mother has made about six smocked dresses this summer and every single one of them is beautiful.

Recently I read a book that touched me very much. It is titled "The Story of My Son" and I think the author's name is John Frank. If you know of anyone who has a severely handicapped child, be sure that you make it possible by any hook or crook for him to read this. I still say that those of us who have been blessed enough to have normal, healthy children are living in such a state of Grace that it is criminal for us ever to grow melancholy and despondent over troubles and disappointments that pale into exactly nothing when compared with genuine tragedy.

I have both beans and bread baking and it's time to run and take them out of the oven. A happy October to you. . . . Lucile.

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TRY A CHUCK WAGON SUPPER

By Frances R. Williams

Last September when the Secretary-Treasurer of our Rachel Circle Memorial Presbyterian Church, Marysville, Kansas, read her financial report, we realized that we had fallen far short of our share of the Women's Association budget.

We had had a food sale in the spring, but the five other circles of church women had much more in their treasuries than we could claim, and it was apparent that we *must* get busy. But what could we do?

At that point our Chairman suggested that we might serve a Chuck Wagon Supper. She went on to explain that it had been a great success in a distant church, and that it would be something entirely new to our town.

As always, there were a few "doubting Thomases" who argued that the number expected to be of help was small; that our Circle had never taken the entire responsibility for serving a large group. Of course, we had all helped with church dinners and suppers, but could we actually, by ourselves, swing the whole affair?

The upshot of these arguments was that the majority of those present felt lukewarm towards the idea, but by the close of the business meeting definite plans had been worked out, a menu selected, and the date set for mid-October.

It was decided to limit the number of plates to 175. When that number of tickets was sold, ticket sales stopped. By this method, we knew several days beforehand the number to plan for, and our purchases were made accordingly. Tickets for adults sold for \$1.25; tickets for children were priced at 75¢. We could have sold many more.

Our chuck wagon was erected in the area of the church dining room that is adjacent to the kitchen serving window. Regular wagon side-boards and end pieces were brought in and fastened together to form a wagon box; this was built over the regular serving table. Wagon bows were fashioned by bending willow limbs and securing them with heavy cord. Two wagon wheels spaced in front, and the entire thing covered with old white sheets sewn together, gave us a very realistic looking covered wagon. It's true that one customer said: "You'd never get your wagon over the Oregon Trail!"

To add to the frontier atmosphere we wired an old shot gun to the side of the wagon, and hanging from the wagon bed we fixed an array of iron pots, a coffee mill, a flat iron and two old kerosene lanterns. A saddle, saddle blankets, and a big iron kettle hung above a campfire completed the stage setting. Such a campfire is easily built by using sticks piled up and hiding in them an electric light bulb covered with red material.

Our dining room was decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins, gourds, and bunches of red and green peppers. We used checkered cloths in red, blue, yellow and green to cover the tables.

Our menu consisted of ham, baked



Emily loves to sweep the new brick steps in front of her home.

beans and au gratin potatoes which were served from the chuck wagon in generous portions. Platters of sliced bread were placed on the tables, and since it was freshly baked bread in long thin loaves, a specialty of a local bakery, we found that it proved to be more popular with the customers than the usual hot rolls.

Also on the tables were plates of butter, bowls of cabbage salad and onion rings, and dishes of jelly and ham. A generous slice of home-made apple pie had been placed in front of each guest also. Coffee cups were filled from old-fashioned coffee pots.

The women who filled the plates at the chuck wagon, and those who helped in the dining room, wore plaid gingham dresses or plaid shirts and denim jeans. During the course of the supper, a young man in cowboy regalia entertained with guitar and cowboy songs.

We began serving promptly at 5:30 and had completed the meal before 7 o'clock. We have heard only praise for the simple, well-seasoned food served piping hot, the novel decorations, and the original (!) idea for our church supper.

Each member of our Circle furnished two apple pies, but the remainder of the food was purchased. Cooked hams were bought from the local butcher who sliced the meat in uniform slices without extra charge. We kept the ham in electric roasters set at a low temperature to keep the meat hot without drying it out.

One member took charge of the baked beans. Starting with 24 pounds of dried beans, she carried them through the whole process of soaking, par-boiling, seasoning and baking in her own home. When the beans were brought to the church kitchen they were kept piping hot at a steam table. The women who prepared the au gratin potatoes managed so that they were properly baked and kept hot without drying out.

By careful purchasing and planning and hard work, our small group of 15 active members actually cleared \$150.00. Already we are making plans for a bigger, better Chuck Wagon.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayslett

Some thirty-odd years ago Lena Springer was thrown from a horse just as she was about to graduate from high school. For many years she was bedfast, suffering all the time. Ten years ago she began to get enough better so she could be up a little, and while she never got well, she did get so she could be up a good deal of the time and do some hand work. She and her mother have lived alone for years. The mother is not well, but has taken care of the home and raised garden and chickens, and somehow they got along. This summer, their home caught fire from an oil cookstove and burned to the ground. It was a total loss. All they saved was the clothes they were wearing. At present they are living in one end of a machinery shed, and expect to stay there till their garden and chickens are gone, then they want to move into a small house in a nearby town. What can you do to help them? At least, send a card of cheer. Address Rt. 1, Box 179, Industry, Ill.

Miss Winifred Bryant, Rt. 2, Box 3, Pueblo, Colo., has been an invalid for 34 years. She is in a Rest Home now. She has suffered from a rare nerve disease since she was 21.

Miss Amy Raabe, 422 E. Bowman St., South Bend, Ind., is confined to a wheel chair and is almost totally helpless. She is interested in contests and would like to hear from others who are.

Mrs. Gilbert Haar, Freeman, S. Dakota, has multiple sclerosis. She is in a wheel chair and loves to get mail, but her hands are so crippled she is not able to write.

Mrs. Edith Allcorn, 4880 Kirk Road, Youngstown, Ohio, has been a shutin for a good many years. Recently she has been so much worse that she has had to go to a hospital where she can have professional care. She would enjoy mail but is not able to answer.

Mrs. Eva Gordon Rhoden, 612 W. 6 St., Atlantic, Iowa, was in the hospital all winter but is at home now. She is still very weak and sick and needs cheery mail.

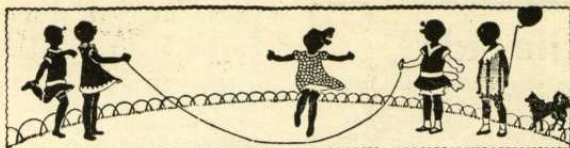
Mrs. Guy O. Dickinson, 236 North 1 St., Grand Junction, Colo., has been shutin more than five years. She has arthritis and heart trouble. Send a pretty card.

Miss Mamie White, 202 Peach Orchard St., Jackson 15, Miss., is a long-time bedfast invalid. She has arthritis. This summer she has not been able to use her hands at all and misses her mail.

Mrs. D. F. Soderstrom, 1114 Hill Ave., Sioux City 19, Iowa, is interested in sending used clothing to Europe. She tells me she will prepare and mail any clothing that is sent her.

COVER PICTURE

The five Field sisters celebrated Aunt Sue's birthday by having a dinner together, and then going out into the garden to enjoy some Regal Lilies that were then in full bloom. Standing are Aunt Martha Eaton, Aunt Susan Conrad, Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Aunt Helen Fischer, and in front of them is mother—Leanna Driftmier.



FOR THE CHILDREN

SAMMY, THE FEROCIOUS CAT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time there was a big black cat named Sammy. He lived with the Baldmans, and he was probably the fiercest-looking cat in the county. At night Sammy slept in a basket in the basement, right behind the furnace, and during the day he sat in the sun on the front steps looking ferocious.

One morning Mrs. Baldman opened the door to let Sammy upstairs for breakfast. Across her foot scurried a busy little gray mouse.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Baldman indignantly. "You surely should have caught that mouse last night, Sammy."

Sammy just blinked his big green eyes and looked fierce.

The next morning Mrs. Baldman opened the door again to let Sammy upstairs for breakfast. A little gray mouse scampered hurriedly down the steps.

"You are the laziest cat I ever saw," declared Mrs. Baldman to Sammy. "See that you catch that mouse tonight, or else."

Sammy blinked his big green eyes and stalked into the kitchen to eat his breakfast.

The next morning when Mrs. Baldman opened the door, Sammy was still snoozing in his basket. The little gray mouse was playing hopscotch beside the water pump.

"I declare!" said Mrs. Baldman. "You are too lazy to catch mice, and now you are too lazy to come for breakfast. I am going to buy a really ferocious cat to take care of things around here. Out you go!" Mrs. Baldman swept Sammy out the door before he could get both eyes open.

Sammy sat on the front step and licked his paws, but somehow he didn't feel comfortable. Suppose Mrs. Baldman *did* buy another cat, particularly a *really ferocious* cat? He would probably eat out of Sammy's own dish in the kitchen, and probably he would take more than his share, too.

Besides that, a *really ferocious* cat would be disagreeable to live with; Sammy thought the Baldmans should realize that. He would demand to sleep in the basket . . . *Sammy's* basket . . . and he would probably take the best place in the sun every morning. The whole idea was so aggravating that Sammy rose on tiptoe, arched his back, and snarled the meanest snarl he could muster.

He walked haughtily around the house, his tail high in the air, and mewed to be let into the basement. When Mrs. Baldman opened the door, Sammy leaped down the basement

steps and disdainfully caught the bothersome mouse with one flip of his paw.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Baldman approvingly. But Sammy stalked past her, refusing to rub against her legs and purr as he usually did. He would show *her* who was the most ferocious cat in the county!

By and by Mrs. Baldman brought a dish of warm milk to the front steps.

"There's plenty for you and a friend, too," she said, and she called the cat next door to share Sammy's milk.

"Humph!" snarled Sammy. He arched his back and chased his friend up the street. Then he drank *all* the milk, growling as he did so.

Mrs. Baldman shook her head and went away.

The next morning Mrs. Baldman took the pillow from Sammy's basket and hung it on the clothesline to air. What a commotion when Sammy missed it! He was sure that Mrs. Baldman planned to give it to another cat. He whined and growled and snarled and hissed all day long. He arched his back and dug at the screens on the windows. He climbed the clothes poles and tried to snatch his pillow. Finally he lay on the grass beneath the line and looked more ferocious than he had ever looked before.

"What a disagreeable cat," said Mrs. Baldman. "I believe I will sell you and buy a gentle little puss."

Poor Sammy! First he wasn't ferocious enough, and now he was too ferocious. It seemed that a mere cat just couldn't please anyone all the time. He guessed he would just quit trying.

Being ferocious all day long had made Sammy very, very hungry. He went to the door and mewed a few times. When Mrs. Baldman let him in, he blinked his big green eyes at her and then he paused to rub against her legs.

"That's more like it," Mrs. Baldman said. She put some hamburger in

Sammy's dish. Sammy ate it all up before he took time to purr a little. Then he lay on the window sill in the sun and licked himself clean.

"You are still the best cat in the county," declared Mrs. Baldman.

Sammy blinked his big green eyes. He thought so, too.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

This fruity, nourishing candy is ideal to serve at a Hallowe'en party or to little "trick or treaters" who may come tapping at your door on that spooky, exciting night!

"Candy Applets"

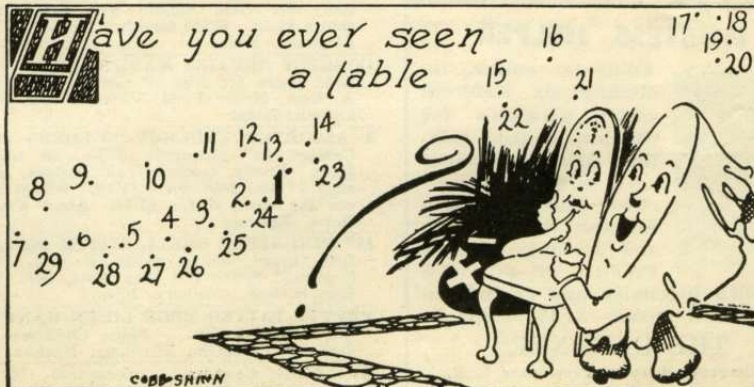
2 cups unsweetened apple sauce
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups nutmeats, broken

Few drops red vegetable coloring.

Sprinkle the gelatin in the cold water to soften. Press the apple sauce through a sieve, add the sugar and cook over low heat until very thick, stirring constantly. Take off the heat, add the gelatin and stir well. Add the nuts and the red vegetable coloring and mix well. Pour into a shallow buttered pan and let chill until firm. Cut into squares, remove each piece from the pan and shape into a small, red apple. Keep chilled until ready to serve.—Mildred Grenier.

RIDDLES

1. Where can one find everything?
Ans. In the dictionary.
2. How many hairs in a rabbit's tail? Ans. None, they are all on the outside.
3. What is something new under the son? Ans. A patch on his pants.
4. How is a bad riddle like a useless pencil? Ans. It has no point.
5. What coat is put on without buttons? Ans. A coat of paint.
6. How does a hen give you more corn than she eats? Ans. To every kernel she gives a peck.
7. What is smaller than an ant's mouth? Ans. Its tongue, of course.
8. Why is autumn the best time for a lazy boy to read a book? Ans. Because autumn turns the leaves.
9. When does a minister sneeze? Ans. When he can't help it.
10. Ask Dad this one: a boy bought a nickel's worth of apples. He gave his sister one-third of the apples he bought, and then gave her one-third of an apple more. The boy had one apple left. How many did he buy for a nickel? Ans. Two.



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14" PINEAPPLE DOILIES—\$1.00. Finer thread. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebraska.

CROCHETED PANTY-BRA SACHETS—35¢. Eastern Star, Rebekah Hankies—75¢. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Box 323, Gassaway, W. Va.

BEAUTIFUL 11" IRISH ROSE DOILIES. White center, green leaves, pink roses—\$2.00. 13" Tulip doilies, chartreuse center, 4 color tulips—\$3.00. 13" Round ruffle doilies, or 18" 8-point ruffle. Any color, \$2.00 each. Fine thread. Order anytime. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

LITTLE GIRLS CROCHETED DRESSES. Infant Wear, Skirts & Blouses for 6-10 yrs., Hemstitching. Hosemending. Buttonholes. **GUARANTEED.** Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

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SOMETHING NEW. Rick-rack earrings—50¢. All colors. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

FOR SALE: GIRLS GOOD CLEAN OUT-GROWN CLOTHES—dresses, coats, size 10-12. Mrs. Fred Kubalek, Weston, Nebr.

"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD". Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scraps, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS. Latest Hits. 5 for \$1. Slightly used. Send for free list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

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

SEWING EXPERIENCED: Dresses—\$1.50. Childs—\$1.00. Rug weaving—\$1.10 yd. Cut, sew, weave—\$2.20 yd. Rowena Winters, 4815 - 55, Des Moines, Iowa.

WALL PLAQUES! Beautiful; religious or kitchen—50¢ each. Luella White, Williston, North Dakota.

ATTRACTIVE BABY SHOE PIN CUSHION. Made from plastic table mats—\$1.00 pr. Past ads good. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

BABY SETS crocheted in hairpin, lovers-knot, or shell stitch. Nylon or wool yarn \$5. State color. Fancy portholders 50¢. Mrs. Shirley Seufferer, Lacona, Iowa.

CROCHETED CHECKERBOARD POT HOLDERS, white with any color trimming. 40¢, two 75¢. Also plastic link belts, most colors \$1.50. State length. Edwin Nielsen, Cleghorn, Iowa.

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

3 ASSORTED CROCHET HOLDERS \$1.00. Crochet 14" pineapple doilie, 20 thread, \$1.00. Pretty crochet fruit baskets, stiffened 8" dia. 2½" deep. \$1.00. Woven holders 25¢ each, 5 for \$1.00. Alma Kracker, Hope, Kansas.

15" PINEAPPLE SHELL STITCH DOILIES, fine thread, white, green or rose, \$1.25. 6 pointed Spoke Hot Dish Mats, 65¢. Mrs. Bert Nielsen, Cleghorn, Iowa.

PRETTY TATTED EDGE LINEN HANKIES. Choice colors 85¢. Place Christmas orders now. Martha Klinehart, Nashua, Ia.

QUILTING—Reasonable, guaranteed. Mrs. C. A. Garrison, Clay Center, Nebr.

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NYLON YARN CROCHETED BABY BIBS, any color \$1.00. Crocheted dish cloth any color, 30¢. Mrs. Leslie Wood, Solomon, Kansas.

"TOY" ELECTRIC STOVES—White-black trim. Extension cord, plug-in, 7 watt bulb. Doesn't get hot. Nice for three year olds. P. P. \$2.25. Ray Wilson, Inavale, Nebr.

LIMITED OFFER: 4 drama Zingari Perfume FREE with purchase of 21 Christmas OR occasional cards for \$1. Barbara Rail, 820 Locust, St. Joseph, Mo.

SALE: Puppies. Spitz-Samoyed, either sex. reasonably priced. Pomeranians registered. Purebred Spitz. Foxterriers. Harold Van Zante Kennel, Monroe, Iowa.

WANTED, red hobnail shade for my old hanging lamp. Mrs. M. Milhorne, 6534 Binney, Omaha, Nebraska.

SEA SHELL PLAQUES, 25¢ and up. Postage 3¢. Carrie Hooper, North Pine, Santa Maria, California.

THREE PIECE ROSETTE CHAIR SET—Heavy thread. White with shaded pink or yellow rosettes—\$3.00. Emma Hagen, Clinton, Wisconsin.

OLD BEADS WANTED, colorful and larger beads preferred, also antique jewelry. Send for estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

NINE PATCH QUILT TOPS, \$8. Wool tops \$7. Rose Garden tops \$12. Fancy half aprons \$1.00 each. Luella Wadle, St. Charles, Iowa.

TEA APRON'S, \$1.25. Shoe Pin Cushion, \$1.00. Crocheted Bed Dolls, \$5.00. Marie Petznick, 1307 E. Howard St., Creston, Ia.

SEWING WANTED. House dresses \$1.25. Children's dresses 75¢. Mrs. Vernice Vance, RR 3, Paris, Mo.

NICE LINEN HANKIES with crocheted edges and corners, \$1. Mrs. Lora Vickery, Route 2, Ballston Spa, New York.

CLEVER POTHOLDERS—35¢ pr. Designed Dishtowels—4 for \$1.00. Aprons—Organdy \$1.25, trimmed post \$1.00. Mrs. Donald Klever, Gray, Iowa.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS \$4.00. Doilies \$2.50 Anything in crocheting, or tatting. Also embroidery. Postage for information. Mrs. Wright, 8106 Rector, Berkeley, Mo.

CROCHETED TOYS and Dolls for Xmas Gifts. Loopstitch Baby Sets \$5.50. Yarns for sale. 3¢ stamp for lists. Lillian Reiter, Deerwood, Minn.

GENEROUS SIZED APPLIQUED HALF APRONS—Mexican \$2.50; flower or fruit \$2.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

HAND PAINTED: Pillow cases \$3.00. "Kansas" pillow top and back \$1.50. Bath towels \$1.00 to \$1.75. Hankies 50¢ to 65¢. Much more. Satisfaction guaranteed. Printed price list. George Ingham, Beverly, Kansas.

WANTED, old fashioned kitchen, kerosene, bracket lamp with reflector. Mrs. Albert Grauer, Marcus, Iowa.

CROCHETING, Xmas orders now. Baby shoes, \$1.25. Sets \$6.50. Dolls 8 in. to 12 in. \$2.00—\$2.50. Handkerchiefs, \$1.00. Earrings, pins \$1.25. Sewing kits \$1.25. Mrs. Cleoffa Green, RR 3, Lockport, Ill.

FOR SALE: Ankle length black velvet evening coat, like new. Size 14. Price \$10. Size 10AA red rubber soled low heeled sport shoe. Price \$5. Mrs. Lyle Choat, Nehawka, Nebr.

EMBROIDERED TEA TOWELS. Set of 7 — \$3.70. Pillow cases \$2.40. Kitchen aprons, clothes pin aprons and bags \$1.00 each. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Iowa.

CROCHETED HAIRPIN LACES 42" \$1.00 pair. Tatting laces 42" \$1.00 pair, 50¢ yard, any colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

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

EXTRA GOOD TOULOUSE GEESE. Mrs. Powers, 4809 Newport Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

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FOR SALE—Spitz Puppies. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Iowa.

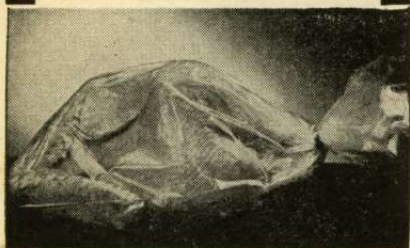
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OCTOBER

O welcome October, you beautiful
one,
Reflecting all loveliness under the
sun,
Consorting with stars in a silvery
fold
You breathed on the maple and
turned her to gold.
You tinselled my window with etch-
ings of lace,
No leaf on my lawn will you leave
in its place.
You scatter the petals of summer's
last posy
And make me remember a fire can
be cozy.

—Viola Gardner

HOPE IN HOMES

So long as there are homes to
Which men turn at close of day;
So long as there are homes
Where children are, where women
stay—

If love and loyalty and faith be
Found across those sills,
A stricken nation can recover
From its gravest ills.

So long as there are homes
Where lamps are lit, and prayers are
said;

Although a people falter through the
Dark and nations grope,
With God Himself back of these
Little homes, we have sure hope.

—Unknown

NEW HOME

She did not see the plain, drab walls,
Unvarnished chairs, the iron bed
That stared at her. He took her hand.
"It's all that I can do," he said.

She did not think of fatter days,
The grazing herds that had been
theirs,
Fleet horses proud in heritage.
No memories— no vacant stares!

Her fingers worked; fresh curtains,
rugs,

Her heart knelt in a woman's
prayer;

A potted plant, a tasty meal—
A home beyond all human dare!

—May Woodworth

LOOSE PLATES Fit Tight!

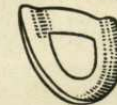


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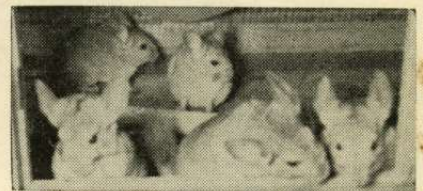


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