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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Verness

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

If you had stepped into my kitchen today you would have found me working with strawberries. We prepared quite a few for the freezer, and the others were made into preserves, so it was a busy day and tonight I'm glad enough to relax by writing a letter to you.

However, before I leave the subject of preserves I want to tell you something that always goes through my mind whenever I'm working with fruit.

Years ago when we had all of our family here at home I canned just about the whole summer through. We bought our sugar in 100 lb. sacks during that period, and for the sake of convenience we stored one of these sacks behind the kitchen door. It was one of Frederick's and Wayne's jobs to clean and polish the living room and dining room floors during summer vacation, and one day when they finished they hastily set a bottle of liquid wax behind the kitchen door. It wasn't tightly capped and when someone knocked it over without realizing it, almost the full bottle of wax settled into that big sack of sugar.

No one actually saw any of these things happen, you understand, but we could piece it all together a few days later when we made cherry preserves and also canned some sauce. Lucile and I pitted a bushel of cherries and got them on to cook, sugar and all. A little later when we tasted them to see if they were sweet enough we had the shock of our lives for they tasted exactly like wax!

There was nothing to do but throw them out, and we were sick to think of our wasted work and the wasted money represented by the fruit and sugar. As I say, I've never since canned anything without remembering that unfortunate experience, but perhaps it will save someone else from an equally disastrous happening — if you keep 100 lb. sacks of sugar in the kitchen, be sure nothing is spilled in their vicinity.

We've been very close at home during this past month. Our days seem busy from morning until night, and that's true of most of us, I think, during this season.

Many people are coming to Shenandoah these days, and since we have a town with winding and diagonal streets it's often hard to find our homes where we want you to come

and see our gardens — if you are interested in flowers.

Our family home, plus Lucile's and Wayne's homes, are all quite close together in the southeast section of town. We're easy to locate if you spot the high school, and you can't miss it for it is a very large brick building that occupies a big plot of ground on Summit, Center and University avenues. When you're on the south side of the high school you are on Summit avenue. We live at 201 East Summit Avenue, the fifth house up from the corner. Look for a two-story white house on the north side of the street with big turquoise colored jars on the front steps and a cement ramp leading up to the porch from the side.

Since our garden has been completely rearranged you can now walk around the west side of our house and go straight through to the back. As a matter of fact, on the opposite page is a picture of our property line on the west side and this gives you an idea of what I mean by saying that you can go through to the back.

If you go to the far end of our garden you will find a break in the shrubbery, and if you step through that you will be in the alley that runs diagonally behind the rear of our property. Only a short distance down that alley is Lucile's and Russell's garden — you can't miss it because of the tall poplars and large fence that enclose it.

Lucile's and Russell's street address is 116 East Clarinda Avenue — it's a white house that stands about halfway up in the very long block that runs from Center street up to the intersection with Summit. There aren't jars in front that make it as easy to identify as our house, but I noticed the other day that Juliana's bicycle is generally right by the porch.

Howard and Mae live right next door on the east to Lucile and Russell. They are renting this property until they make up their minds as to whether they'll build a house or buy one already completed, so for the time being they don't have a garden.

Wayne and Abigail are easy to find in relation to the high school. The north side of the school faces University avenue, and their address is 207 University avenue. Their house is on the north side of the street, is painted a light gray with white trim, and at their front entrance are two black jars filled with flowers. Most of the

time there are many children playing on the equipment that stands very close to their front entrance.

Perhaps these directions will help you when you drive into Shenandoah and begin wondering how in the world to go about locating us. But to make it even easier, we have just finished printing a map that gives you complete and accurate directions for finding points of interest in our town. If you will send a large envelope (it must be large, not a tiny little "thank-you note" type envelope) that is self-addressed and stamped, we will be glad to send one of these maps without charge of any kind.

We miss Fred Fischer these days for he is in Glen Gardner, New Jersey visiting his daughter Mary and her family. He took a bus to Kansas City, stayed overnight there, and then boarded a plane to New York. There he picked up another bus to a point where Mary could drive and get him — she is just a short distance from the city. We're glad that he could get away for his house is so empty now that Helen is gone. A little later he plans to visit Louise in Claremont, California.

All of us are pitching in to try and keep up Helen's and Fred's garden as best we can, and you are welcome to go there and walk through it. Just drive two blocks west on Summit Avenue from the high school corner. Fischer's house is on the corner of Summit and West streets; their address is 712 West street.

Wayne and Abigail had a nice trip up to Onawa, Abigail's old home, over Memorial Day. Lucile kept Emily and Margery kept Alison so that Abigail would have a little freedom to enjoy a reunion held by her high school class. They don't expect to take a vacation this summer. Abigail's brother, Clark, is here visiting them at the present time.

Those of you whose husbands are "out on the road" practically all of the time can pretty well visualize Margery's routine. Oliver's work takes him all over the United States and he is gone for several weeks at a stretch. It's always a big moment for Margery and Martin when they drive up to Red Oak to meet his train.

My sister, Sue Conrad, is now established for these summer months at Gull Lake, Minnesota. I wouldn't be surprised but what quite a few of you will meet her, for it's a popular resort and attracts many people who love to fish.

Juliana is staying with me tonight — she took a notion that she wanted to sleep on our south porch upstairs. She gave me an account of her duties a while ago, and I agreed with her that she was really busy. It's her job to clean the porches and terraces, dust, make the beds and keep the upstairs straight, cook at least one dish every day, and take care of Alison several times a week. I think that children who have responsibilities are much happier than those who drift lazily all day long and get so bored.

Summer is a busy time, I know, but if you can take a few minutes to write an answer to my letters, I'll appreciate it more than you know.

Sincerely yours, Leanna

Come into the Garden

BRIGHTEN THE BORDER WITH BALSAM

By Delphia Stubbs

Balsam, or touch-me-not, is now brightening the beds and borders in many gardens. The renewed popularity of this old-fashioned favorite, one of the easiest to grow of all annuals, has certainly added a pioneer look to many new homes of today.

Balsam is a decidedly tender flower and should not be planted until all frost is out of the ground. However, once it gets started it grows very fast, and comparatively little time passes before you have a highly ornamental flower that produces worlds of bright colored blooms. These blooms are white, delicate pink, deep red, crimson, purple and yellow and are borne close to the stems. Best development seems to be assured by spacing the plants two feet apart and keeping the stout central stems clear of side branches.

There are so many places where Balsam can be used effectively. I particularly like to see it used as a hedge on a boundary line, for when grown in a continuous line it makes a dazzling burst of color. One gardener of my acquaintance has a very outstanding border of brilliant red Balsam circling his front lawn, and many drivers have slowed down to admire the striking effect of this easy-to-grow annual border.

It's true that Balsam will grow almost any place you put it, but it does perform best when exposed to the full rays of afternoon sun. It also requires an adequate supply of water, and for that reason does particularly well immediately following a rainy spell.

To start a Balsam border, I plant the seeds in my vegetable garden, and when the plants are three inches high I thin them out and transplant them in another row where they stay until they are stronger. In about two weeks or so, depending upon the weather, I move them to the place where they are to remain all summer.

This may sound like quite a bit of work, but the end results are well worth it. It is also well worth while to feed the plants frequently with cow manure, either liquid or dry.

When the seed pods are allowed to form and ripen, they burst upon touching—and perhaps this is the reason Balsam is commonly known as touch-me-not. The seeds form in capsules and each capsule is seemingly filled to capacity. Those who wish to concentrate on one color can certainly collect their seed with very little trouble by picking the pods from the desired color and keeping them separate.

Keep your eyes open for the new strains that are now on the market. I have been using one of these called Double Bush Balsam, gardenia flowered; it comes in a grand mixture of white, rose and red shades. One

fifteen cent package will furnish a world of beauty.

It's fun to see what you can do with annuals. Last year, I transplanted one plant from my vegetable garden into an old tub and really cultivated it by several feedings of liquid cow manure and much watering in the rainless weeks. Truly, it was unbelievable what this one plant produced in its bounty of bright red flowers! I was most unhappy when it had to go with the first frost.

Perennials are the real backbone of any garden, of course, but sometimes circumstances force one to depend almost entirely upon annuals. If you belong in this group, don't forget to put Balsam on your seed list.

WHAT MY GARDEN MEANS TO ME

By Fern Christian Miller

My flower garden has long been one of my most beloved hobbies. It's true that I'm a very busy woman. I grow a big vegetable garden, raise chickens, and do all of the housework and laundry for the seven of us. I also help my husband out with various farm jobs in a pinch.

But always I come back to that long border by the East side of my yard where I grow rows of perennials interplanted with annuals. For ten years now I have been fortunate enough to garden in one spot, and always my garden has meant to me what Emerson expresses so aptly in his "Musketaquid":

"All my hurts

My garden spade can heal.

A woodland walk,

A quest of river grapes. A mocking thrush.

A wild rose or rock-loving columbine

Salve my worst wounds."

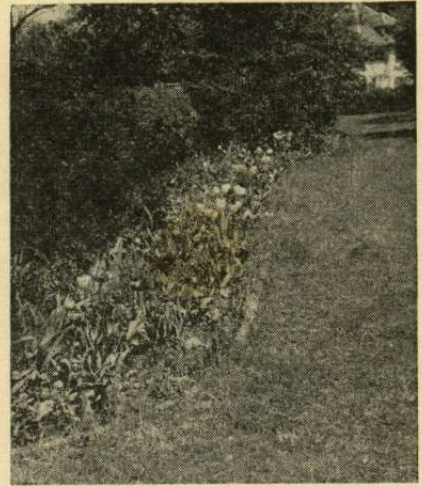
My garden includes all I see within its four wire-fence boundaries.

The miraculous ever-changing sky above! The wonderful growth-producing soil under my feet. The tall old trees, and the gay birds which make their home in vine, shrub and tree. Yes, and the buzzing bee and gaudy butterfly, the friendly toads, and trilling frogs in the little brook at the west edge of my yard. Even the rabbits slyly eating in our vegetable section!

And beyond all of this wealth, the swings and sand box and wagons and tricycles that wear off grass. And the low, rambling farm house in the center of the lawn, a house that has sheltered a family who have gained their livelihood from the soil for over one-hundred years.

Never have we had the wherewithal or time to travel, but our minds have gone the world around, and to the center of the earth, and to the stars and heavens above.

My husband and I are broad-minded people. We have read and studied and talked, listened to speakers, to the radio, to records, and we study the World Atlas to see just where every-



This is the long perennial border on the west side of the folks' home. In mother's letter on the opposite page she tells you about it.

thing happens. Our college son's geology and astronomy have taken us into the depths of the earth, and up into the skies above. His botany and zoology, wildlife conservation and bird study have taken us through the soil, bird and animal life of our "bit of earth".

Our three little children in grade school are forever bringing home some bit of knowledge or idea that we had not thought of before. Even our five-year old baby girl teaches us many things as her personality unfolds. Being parents is the most wonderful adventure life has to offer to men and women. The Bible, son's long shelf of nature guides, magazines, books from the "Bookmobile" and the library have helped us all to discover new knowledge and fresh understanding each day.

All of these things are part of me and my garden. Why? Because I bring all of my problems, grief, or happiness to be solved or rejoiced over as I work in this little plot of Mother Earth. My mother worked in this self-same garden years ago.

The farm stretches out far in three directions. I am interested in everything that happens here — the milk cows and calves, the chickens and pigs, the coon dog, the saddlehorse, the fields of oats and corn and the big stockpond and all the life therein, and the winding brook.

Yes, I am a real country woman as my grandmothers and great-grandmothers were before me. For me my garden produces much, much more than vegetables, fruits and flowers!

COVER PICTURE

After Emily and Martin listened to Granny tell them stories about the way she celebrated the Fourth of July when she was a little girl, they decided to organize their own parade. Martin is a very serious drummer and Emily is an equally grim flag bearer. They tried their best to get Alison to cooperate by holding her flag upright, but she had them both in tears of exasperation by trying to eat it! After repeated attempts they gave up and decided to parade without her.

A SUMMER REPORT FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends:

Summer is really here! The ferry boat which leaves the dock just a short distance from our house is back on its summer schedule and the tourists are streaming past our front door in ever-increasing numbers. Once again the merry-go-round at the beach has a waiting line of eager patrons, and every rock along the shore has its quota of patient fisherman.

There is one special day that always marks the beginning of summer for me, and that is the day of our church Annual Meeting. Like most churches we have an annual meeting when reports are presented, church officers elected, a new budget adopted, and plans for the coming year discussed. Our Annual Meeting held last week was the best-attended Annual Meeting in the memory of our oldest living member. It was a very cordial and happy affair with everyone remaining after the meeting for refreshments and neighborly visiting.

I have been the minister of this church for three years, and not once during that time have I heard a single harsh or sarcastic word spoken in a church meeting. That is not always true of church meetings in other churches. Just this week I received a letter from a lady out in Missouri who told me that the church meetings in her church always left a bad feeling because of the intensity of the discussions and arguments. I am certain that Jesus Christ would be most uncomfortable at such a church meeting.

Two weeks ago we had as our weekend guests some friends from Honolulu. We met them at the station in Providence and drove them down to Bristol. On the way down one friend said: "I thought you told me Bristol was a country town! According to that road sign we just passed we are almost there and I haven't seen any country yet." We laughed and said: "We have been driving through the country for the past ten miles. If you look quickly between these houses you can see the country."

That is one of the strange things about this part of Rhode Island—the country roads are built up solidly with houses because so many people who work in the city like to live in the country. Last summer some friends of ours from Omaha said that what we called a country road actually had more homes on it than some of the nice avenues in Omaha. One friend said: "I don't know how you can call this a country road when it is well-lighted with overhead street lights!" Well, come to think of it that does seem a bit strange, but we must have something we can call a country road. I would hate to think that we just didn't have any country roads at all!

With the hot summer days Christmas will come to some of the children who live in the slums of our great eastern seaboard cities. What I mean is that for many children the most gloriously wonderful day of all the year is the day spent on a floating hospital playground ship. If you were to go down to the waterfront of any of our seaboard cities on any day of

the summer, you would see hundreds of children, black, brown, yellow, off-white, and white, swarming onto one of the big floating wonderlands. For an entire day they will be out on the water away from the steaming heat of their poverty-stricken tenement homes. There will be doctors, dentists, and nurses aboard to care for the sick and crippled children on the upper deck of the boat. There will be recreation specialists playing with other children on the sun decks and sport decks, and somewhere on the boat there is certain to be a motion picture theater. Many times I have seen these boats come slowly up New York harbor in the late afternoon and have heard the sound of hundreds of children singing to the music of an accordion or guitar. To a poor little crippled child in the slums Christmas is never as nice as a bright summer day on the hospital boat.

I suppose that many of you who read this letter will be taking trips this summer. Are you aware of the fact that the best-travelled people in the United States are the people in the Middlewest? I suppose that New England people travel the least. I don't suppose that there is another town in the United States the size of Bristol where so few people have traveled more than a few miles from home. Of course, one reason why Bristol people do not travel is because in the wintertime travel is not pleasant, and in the summertime Bristol is a perfect place to be. As a matter of fact, a great many people travel to Bristol in the summer. I think it is usually true that persons who live in summer resort areas seldom travel.

Did I ever tell you the story of the old lady who told me with great pleasure of her trip out West? If I have told it to you before, forgive me, but it is just too good for me to run the risk of not having told it.

Well, when I asked this old lady if she had ever travelled, her eyes lighted up as she said: "Oh yes! I once made a trip out West." Because I have always been proud of the fact that I am from the West I thought that I would get her to reminisce about her trip and so I asked her to tell me what it was that impressed her the most about the West. You will never guess what she replied! She said: "There were many things I liked about the West, but I was most impressed with New York City."

At first I didn't think that I had heard her correctly, but no, that is exactly what she meant. You see, New York is a considerable distance to the west of Rhode Island, and to an old lady who had made the trip to New York many years ago, the trip was a trip to the West. She had actually been as far west as Philadelphia. Whenever I have made a trip to Iowa, my little Mary Leanna has asked if I ever saw any Indians, and I am sure that many children here in New England think that there are Indians fighting the cowboys everywhere west of the Hudson River.

Today I have been reading about the floods that are rampant in certain sections of the country. As I have been thinking about those floods,

the idea has occurred to me that the river of life sometimes has its floods too. The floods in the stream of life do not come as swiftly or as dramatically as do the bolts of lightning which sometimes flash into our lives, but after the thunder and the lightning is past, then comes the troubled waters of the flood.

Just as real floods are caused not so much by the water that falls in our immediate neighborhood but by the rains on the lands beyond us which drain into ours, so it is with the floods on the stream of life. There are so many lives which drain into our lives, and we are affected by everything which happens to them, and directly or indirectly we are involved in the storms which trouble them. In the same way, what happens to us is bound to affect other people, for our lives drain into the lives of others. One of the profound truths of life is that we cannot suffer anything alone, not even disgrace. One of the great tragedies of life is that we too often forget how many other persons may have to help pay the price of our sins. What humiliates us humiliates all those who love us.

Last Monday I was sitting in my study trying to decide what I would use as the subject of my sermon this coming Sunday when I happened to come across this little story.

It seems that a newspaper correspondent stood on the side of the road watching the battered remains of an infantry battalion retreating from a strategic hill in Korea. For several days and nights they had been under constant attack, and the few survivors were beyond the point of total exhaustion. At the first opportunity they dropped in their tracks, and even though it was pouring rain most of them fell into a fatigue-drugged sleep.

The correspondent saw one soldier younger than the others open his rations and eat a bite or two, lifting the food to his mouth in great weariness, his arm moving painfully and slowly. He moved over to the boy and taking his pencil in hand for a good story he asked: "If you could have anything in the world just for the asking, what would you want?"

Without a sign of expression, just as though he were talking to an empty chair in a far off room the boy said: "Mr., all I want is tomorrow."

The correspondent had his story, and from it I took an idea for my sermon. To thousands of people all over the world, at the battlefield, in prison camps, in refugee centers, in hospitals and on sickbeds at home the one great wish in their hearts is for a tomorrow. Our today is yesterday's tomorrow. Are you and I grateful enough for it?

Sincerely, Frederick

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the cover that
Protective beauty gives.

Love is the golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost. —Unknown

INDEPENDENCE DAY FUN

By Mildred Cathcart

The Liberty Bell seems an appropriate symbol for an Independence Day party just as red, white, and blue are the accepted color scheme. So let us combine the symbol and the colors for an interesting time.

Write your invitations on a folded piece of white paper using red ink. Add a few blue stars. Using red, white and blue ribbon, tie a small bell to the center fold of the sheet. A touch of black paint will add the crack in the bell.

Your invitation may read as follows:

"Our Liberty Bell rings out again
To free men everywhere;
And if you will come to our house
You may help us celebrate here."

Decorate your home so it reflects the real Spirit of '76. If your party is in the daytime be sure and have Old Glory hanging outside. Throughout your home use bunting, red, white and blue streamers and replicas of Liberty Bells. (You may find that some of your Christmas bells can be easily transformed for this.) Or you may fashion Liberty Bells of papier-maché. When these bells are dry you can gilt them or cover them with gold paper. You can also hang blue and white streamers from your ceilings and use red Christmas bells.

Here is a list of suggestions for games. You can use these as a guide and change them to suit your own crowd.

RING THE LIBERTY BELL

Hang a bell in a doorway and give each contestant a sponge rubber ball to toss. Everytime he succeeds in ringing the bell he scores five points. Small children may be allowed to roll a ball at a bell that is placed on the floor.

INDEPENDENCE DAY QUIZ

The answer to each of these is found in the words **Independence Day**. Use the letters only as many times as they are found in the word.

1. To rely upon....depend
2. An act....deed
3. Not shallow....deep
4. Noise....din
5. Money given for work....pay
6. Piece of money....penny
7. Home of an animal....den
8. Girl's nickname....Cindy
9. To total....add
10. Want....need
11. Sweets....candy
12. Something very neat....dandy

STATES AND CAPITOLS

This game is not quite so easy as it sounds. Give each guest a list of states and state capitols. See who can match the most correctly. First to succeed in a given length of time is winner.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Players form a circle and IT stands in the middle. The person that is "it" points to a player and says either "red", "white," or "blue." The person pointed to must name an object of that particular color before IT counts to five. For instance, if "IT" says "red" the player may say "Apple." If "IT" says white the



Here is Juliana with her little charge—cousin Alison. I believe that this is the first picture we've had of Juliana wearing her glasses, and you can see that they make her look much older.

answer may be "snow" or blue may suggest sky.

DING DONG OR POP, POP

This is a silly game and cannot be played by those who wish to remain "dignified." Hide a number of paper bells and an equal number of firecrackers around the room. (Children would enjoy this in the yard.) There must be two teams—one to hunt for the fire crackers and one team to find the bells. As each player finds a bell he stands by it and yells "Ding Dong" and waits for his leader to come and pick it up. The players who find the firecrackers must stand yelling "Pop!Pop!" and wait for their captain to come and pick them up. At a given signal all must stop searching and the captain who has collected the most has the winning team.

A HISTORY QUIZ

This is where the school children may show up the older members of the crowd. Below is a list of famous Americans and the things they are probably best remembered for. The list is given correctly but you must scramble line B so that the players will have to match them with line A.

- | A | B |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Andrew Jackson | a. Old Hickory |
| 2. Samuel Adams | b. Circular letter |
| 3. Alexander Bell | c. Telephone |
| 4. Daniel Boone | d. Wilderness road |
| 5. Thomas Edison | e. Electric light |
| 6. Benjamin Franklin | f. Poor Richard's Almanac |
| 7. Thomas Jefferson | g. Declaration of Independence |
| 8. Francis Marion | h. Swamp Fox |
| 9. Paul Revere | i. Minute men |
| 10. George Washington | j. Valley Forge |
| 11. John Paul Jones | k. "I have not yet begun to fight." |
| 12. De Soto | l. Mississippi River |

When you are ready to serve you might arrange your table under a large bell that hangs from the ceiling. You may place red, white and blue streamers from the bell to mark each place.

Liberty Bell nut cups may be formed by using two small white nut cups. The bottom cup will hold the candies. The top cup is turned upside down (bell fashioned) and covered with gold paper. You can experiment with this until you get it to look like a bell and then place it over the top of the cup that has been filled. Tiny American flags pinned to a folded piece of white paper may serve as a place card. Write the names in red and blue ink.

When you plan your refreshments you may be fortunate enough to have some bell-shaped cake pans to bake and decorate a Liberty Bell cake. If you don't own such pans you can bake a sheet cake and use a cardboard pattern to cut out a bell. But no matter what your menu may be you can easily carry out your color scheme. There may be the three colored ribbon sandwiches, salads, whipped cream with maraschino cherries, bell-shaped cookies, decorated cakes, or ice cream either in colors or with a bell frozen through it.

And do not let your party end without singing "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "God Bless America," "America the Beautiful" or other appropriate tunes. People of all ages enjoy group singing and it's a grand way to conclude the party.

"PRETTIES" FOR JULY PARTIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

If you have wooden cornices across your windows, cut crepe paper cornices of red or blue crepe paper to be scotch-taped over the wooden ones. Decorate with white paper stars. Silver paper stars are very attractive on the blue paper cornices, too.

Or, using the red, white and blue crepe paper, drape it in a valance effect across the top of the windows, fastening a big silver star at each side where paper is caught up; this permits the paper to fall in a cascade at each side of the window.

How about firecracker center pieces for a buffet arrangement? From heavy white poster paper, make tubes of the size you wish for firecrackers. Fasten a circle of this white paper across the top with scotch tape. Slip a length of white twine through the center of the top circle to represent the fuse. Now cover the tube (firecracker) with red construction paper. For a centerpiece, tie a white or blue ribbon around three of these large paper firecrackers; place them on a round mat made by using circles of red, white and blue paper in graduated sizes. Flute the edges of these circles and add a sprinkling of small silver-star seals too, if wished. If you are decorating tables for the July church supper, place one of these large firecrackers on the paper patriotic mats at regular intervals down the length of the tables.

(Continued on Page 13)

FROM MY DESK

By Leanna

QUES: "Recently our twelve-year old boy got involved in one of these situations that are so hard to understand. He and three of his friends broke out windows in an empty house, hauled trash into it, etc. The owner did not threaten court action but talked to the boys and parents, estimated the damages, and it was understood by all of us that our boys were to make good what they had done. It turns out now that our boy is the only one who is taking care of his responsibility, and the other parents refuse to live up to the agreement. We understand that the owner of the property does not intend to take court action on the matter. Our boy is very resentful at us for making him work to pay his part of the bill, and all in all we've had a hard time. What would you do now if this were your situation?"—Ill.

ANS: It seems to me that there is only one thing to do and that is to continue just as you are doing. It's very likely that the other boys will be in trouble again since they got by this time. It is *very* doubtful if your boy is ever again mixed up in such trouble. The parents of the other boys are being almost criminally indulgent in permitting their sons to get by without living up to the agreement. Your boy may feel resentful now, but in later years he'll be grateful to you for teaching him to respect property rights.

QUES: "My next-door neighbor is a nice young woman and I hate to hurt her feelings, BUT I sometimes think I'll explode if she doesn't buy a vacuum cleaner of her own. She has been borrowing mine twice a week for the past year, and sometimes it is highly inconvenient to have it gone. They drive a much better car than we drive and have luxuries we don't have, so I really feel she can buy her own equipment. Can you think of a good way to refuse?"—Mo.

ANS: This may not be a "good" way, but it will work. The next time you see her coming, tell her that you were just getting ready to give the vacuum a thorough cleaning for you were worried about it — didn't think it was performing well, etc. This won't discourage her, of course, so when she returns, tell her that you feel the cleaner is definitely going to need an overhaul job and must not have anymore use than is absolutely necessary. Tell her that you know she'll be able to buy a good one without difficulty since there are so many various brands on the market. This should do the job. If it doesn't, you'll have to tell her point blank that you can no longer lend it.

QUES: "Do you think that a ten-year old child is too young to take a four-hundred mile trip by herself? My sister wants our little girl to come to Chicago and visit her this summer. She won't need to change trains and would be met at the station. My husband thinks she is too young, but I'm simply unable to make up my mind. What do you think?"—Ia.

ANS: I think that it all depends



Leanna and her three girls—Margery, Lucile and Dorothy.

upon the child. Some ten-year olds are so mature and able to look after themselves that they'd welcome such a trip as a great adventure. Other children would be so fearful that the trip would be a torment. If your little girl wants to go and is competent to follow all of your instructions to the conductor, etc., I wouldn't be afraid to let her make the trip.

QUES: "We are taking a three-weeks' trip to Yosemite this summer with good friends and are wondering how expenses should be handled since we have never done this before. We will use their car since it is a newer model than the one we own."—Minn.

ANS: On such a trip it seems to work out better for everyone concerned if each couple takes care of his own meals, own lodging, etc. If meals are eaten in good restaurants or hotels where a substantial tip is expected, this expense should be split. All car expense should be decided to your mutual satisfaction: perhaps you'll want to pay two-thirds of the gas and oil since your car is not being used. But no matter what the arrangement, it is wise to write down all car expenses in black and white in a small notebook kept for this purpose, and to settle accounts at the end of each day.

QUES: "We've heard that it's almost impossible to take a long trip by car with friends and come back on good terms. Frankly, I'm afraid to say "yes" to friends who are urging us to go to northern Wisconsin with them for I value their friendship and don't want trouble. You've traveled a lot and talked with many people, so I'd appreciate your opinion."—Nebr.

ANS: I've deliberately put this question directly next to the foregoing one because money is one of the prime causes of friction on a long trip. If you will follow the suggestions I made on this subject, I don't see why you should have trouble on this score.

The single most important thing to consider is this, I think: are you ex-

tremely congenial with the other people? Do you enjoy the same things? Money affairs can be handled to everyone's complete satisfaction, and yet you'll return on poor terms if you're the kind of people who love to study the country you're passing through, while the others are not at all interested in this.

Are you nervous when driving fast and trying to cover a lot of ground? If so, and your friends *do* drive fast and have the goal of getting over ground as fast as possible, don't go with them. If you are people of similar tastes and dispositions you can probably have a grand time. And if you know these people well enough to value their friendship, then you know the answers to some of these problems that I've suggested.

QUES: "Recently my mother passed away following a long illness, and as her only daughter I had to go to Indiana and help through the last four months. When I returned I heard that my husband's behavior during my absence had been the subject of much talk in our small town. This just about broke my heart, particularly since it was true, and now I feel so embarrassed and ashamed that I don't want to leave the house. Don't you think it would be wise for me to stay strictly at home until the talk has died down?"—Kansas.

ANS: I certainly do not. I would force myself to go about just as normally as you did before this happened. I would also force myself to act as if nothing had ever happened. This will be hard, I know, but you're defeated for a long, long time to come if you give up all of your normal social activities and just stay at home. And no matter what the temptation, never, never discuss this with even your closest friends. Remain absolutely silent about your affairs. If someone has the audacity to bring up the subject, you should say firmly that you are not interested in discussing it. I've seen women come through such predicaments with great success because they behaved with complete dignity.

QUES: "Do you think that children should call their parents by their first names? My son's wife encourages her two small boys to call her and their father by their given names and I think it sounds terrible. Recently they've started calling me and their grandfather by our first names and I think it's time to take action. Do you agree?"—S. D.

ANS: This is exactly the type of thing that leads to hard feelings between a woman and her daughter-in-law. I would not interfere with what she wishes to have her youngsters call her and their father. You can say mildly to the children when they're at your home: "Grandma wants you to do so-and-so" or "Grandpa says to tell you"—emphasizing the words Grandpa or Grandma. If they say: "Lois, will you..." you can say laughingly: "I don't know what Lois would do, but Grandma will do it." Substitute these words you want them to use but stop right there. Smart children catch on quickly. In their own home they are going to do what their mother dictates, so do not comment.

SUMMER ON THE FARM

Dear Friends:

What a beautiful morning we have here! The sky is clear, a cool breeze is blowing, and I am sitting at my kitchen table in front of the window. As I look out into the timber I marvel at how many different shades of green there are. Where the sun hits some of the trees the leaves are a brilliant chartreuse color.

I called Kristin a little early this morning so she could get in a half-hour of practicing before it turns hot. After I had done the dishes and straightened up the house a little bit we decided to walk down through the timber to Grandpa's farm just for a little outing to enjoy the morning. Frank had just come in for a cup of coffee so I had one with him and then we walked back and got home in time to hear the nine o'clock Kitchen-Klatter program. Now as I write, Kristin is back at the piano and says she is going to practice her other half-hour and then she can forget about it for the rest of the day.

Kristin was so pleased to see her poem in print last month she could hardly wait for the magazine to come. She wrote one about Plympton school closing and wanted me to send that in with my letter this month, but I told her we had better wait until Fall and see if it really closes.

All of our corn is in and most of it is up several inches. Frank is busy this morning getting the wheel turned around on the tractor so he can mount his cultivator. I was able to help him quite a bit this Spring, which made me very happy — not to mention how happy it made him. In the middle of the morning and afternoon I would take him a thermos of coffee and sandwiches, and while he sat in the shade and rested and enjoyed the lunch, I climbed on the tractor and took over for a little while.

We had the sheep sheared the other day and I always think they look so funny and naked without their coats on. The lambs always raise such a racket because they have a hard time finding their mothers. I told Frank that while they were at it they ought to shear Little Champ too. He is losing his baby coat and since it has just come off in spots he is very shaggy looking.

I told you last month that my birthday happened to fall on the last day of school. We all enjoyed the picnic even if it was too chilly to eat outside. There was lots of food. Since we have a hot plate at the schoolhouse I took a big bowl of chicken and noodles, green beans in mushroom sauce, and a big chocolate cake.

The folks came up on Mother's Day for the first time since their return from Florida. Aunt Sue came with them and Frank had sawed several thin slabs of walnut wood for her. She was thrilled to get them because she refinishes them and uses them for bases for her pottery. Margery, Martin, Oliver and Juliana also came and we had a wonderful time even if they did get rained out about 2:30. It didn't seem as if they were here very long but we enjoyed every minute of it.



No, we haven't a baby in our family this small! From the expression on Emily's face and the way she is holding her doll, it does look for all the world as if she were proud to be entrusted with an infant about two weeks old.

For my birthday Luther Larson made me two window boxes for my two front windows, something I had been wanting for a long time. I painted them dark green, the same color as my shutters. When the Johnson family had my birthday dinner that week, Bernie presented me with six beautiful red geraniums, three for each box, and now the boxes are up, the geraniums planted and thriving nicely, and we think it is a lovely addition to our house.

Another gift I received for the house was a new glass nine-cup percolator from Edna. The coffee pot that Frank and I use is a standing joke in this family. It is the coffee pot that Frank bought in California when he first rented our apartment before I had gone out to live. It is terribly beat up and a disgrace to use, and not only that, it is downright dangerous. In fact, Frank and I are the only ones who can pour coffee out of it without getting scalded. The handle has come off and been put back on so many times, that the only way it will stay on the pot at all now is with a wire that goes all around the pot. But Frank and I love that old coffee pot and can't bear to part with it.

We have another very nice aluminum percolator that Mother Johnson gave to us after she had seen the one we were using, but we only use that when we have so many guests that we need another pot of coffee. I am very happy to have this new coffee pot, and now will have enough pots to make coffee for any number of people.

Since school is out Kristin has been spending two or three days out of every week with her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls in Chariton. They have no children of their own and they love to have her as much as she loves to stay with them. She is so terribly lonely out here with no

one to play with, especially since Frank and I have been so busy the last few weeks, and she has two very dear little friends who live in the same block that Edna does, and they have such good times together. Kristin got some roller skates for Christmas year before last and has just learned to skate since she has been in where she had sidewalks to skate on, and so she practically lives on them. Since she may have to go to town to school next year we feel it is a good idea for her to get acquainted with some of the children this summer. That way she won't feel so lost if she enters a large school for the first time in September.

She still has her thirty chickens which she plans to make a fortune on this summer. Edna and Bernie told her that if she could talk her mother into dressing them when they are big enough to fry, they would help her sell them to their friends. She is all excited about it and changes her mind every day about what she is going to buy with her money. Yesterday she was going to buy a new bed for her room and move all of her toys into our room and make her room over into a "big girl's" room. This morning she is going to buy a saddle. When she actually has the money in her purse, I'll let you know what she does with it.

Bernie and I decided to plant some broccoli in the garden this year. We have never raised any before and I was down on my hands and knees planting the seed just like the directions said on the back of the package and when I got about half-way down the row I spilled the remainder of the seed in one spot right in between the rows. Since the seeds are so tiny, and just the color of the dirt, there was nothing to do but cover them up and see what would happen. We now have the nicest little clump of broccoli that has to be dug up and separated and set out in the rest of the row. Our garden looks real nice in spite of the fact that we got it in a little late, but it could certainly stand a nice shower. (I say this real quietly because we don't want a cloudburst).

There is work to be done and I must get busy, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

SMALL SOUNDS OF SUMMER

A dog is lapping water at my door;
The chimney swallows chitter to
their young;

Incessantly, the locusts hum! a pure,
Metallic strain floats from a tractor's tongue.

The linden bough gives out a creaky
sigh

When scolding squirrels leap on-
to the grass.

A mocking bird sings to the pale blue
sky,

And children's laughter drifts up,
from the pass.

These are the gentle tones of summer's day:

Accompaniment of life — the
country way.

—Alta Carson

QUEEN FOR A DAY

By Mildred Cathcart

If you are planning a shower for a new mother or a mother-to-be you will find the theme "Queen for a Day" something a bit different. And during Coronation Year what could be more timely?

Invitations are cut from heavy folded paper and are fashioned like a crown. Cover the front sheet with gold paper or gilt it. Make the jewel decorations from tiny bright colored seals. (If you had a package that was purchased at Easter time to decorate eggs you will find these ideal). If you have any old sequins on hand these may be glued on and are pretty, too. The inside of the "crown" will contain the invitation and could be written in gold ink. You might like to use a line similar to this:

"Mary Jones, Mother-to-be,
Will be our Queen on next Tuesday.
Please bring a gift for the Royal
Heir,
Her Majesty commands that you be
there!

And if you desire to add the Royal Seal, pin a tiny gold safety pin in the corner of the invitation.

Decorate an easy chair for your honored guest so that it resembles a throne. Bits of tinsel and tiny garlands of flowers will add a royal touch. You may even present the Mother-to-be with a very light weight crown fashioned of tinsel and bits of showy trimming.

A good sovereign must think of the welfare of her subjects at all times, so this game is a scrambled list of necessities for the Heir.

1. saswb . . . swabs.
2. Oli . . . Oil.
3. Bbay Redpow . . . Baby Powder.
4. Lebstop . . . Bottles.
5. Rizer stile . . . Sterilizer.
6. Pin pels . . . Nipples.
7. Fatsey snap . . . Safety pins.
8. Toc not . . . Cotton.
9. Bomc . . . Comb.
10. Bursh . . . Brush.
11. Opas . . . Soap.
12. Paid ser . . . Diapers.

No true sovereign may condemn a subject of any crime unless she can "PIN IT ON HIM." All these answers begin with PIN.

1. A little girl's dress. (Pinafore); 2. Squeeze. (Pinch); 3. Used for pulling nails. (Pinchers); 4. Tree. (Pine); 5. Fruit. (Pineapple); 6. Wing. (Pinion); 7. Color. (Pink); 8. Kind of shears. (Pinking); 9. Wife's money. (Pin money); 10. High peak. (Pinnacle); 11. Card game (Pinochle); 12. A measure. (Pint); 13. A fast growing tree. (Pin Oak); 14. A child's toy. (Pin wheel); 15. A type of bean. (Pinto); 16. An article in the sewing basket. (Pincushion); 17. A person of small intelligence. (Pinhead); 18. The floral emblem of Maine. (Pine cone).

It is most difficult to choose a name suitable for a Prince or Princess, so the Queen has asked your assistance. To get a list of more unusual names each person must suggest a double name for either boy or girl, but the names must begin with her initials. For example, my initials are M. C. so I might suggest Mary Catherine for



In April the three Fischer girls were all together for the first time in fourteen years. From left to right they are: Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger of Iowa City, Ia., Louise Fischer Alexander of Claremont, Calif., and Mary Fischer Chapin of Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

a girl or Martin Carl for a boy. Provide neatly cut slips of paper, one pink and one blue for each guest. After each has read her suggestions, present the slips to the Queen.

The Queen has asked the help of all subjects in her realm. Provide each guest with a card (a recipe card is fine) and ask each one to write her favorite help or suggestion in keeping the expected heir healthy and happy. These suggestions will be of help to the expectant mother so present these to her. Be sure each guest has signed her name to the slip.

Another game that's a lot of fun is played something like an old-fashioned spelling match.

Divide the crowd into two teams and start with the letter A. Ask the Queen if she is anxious to find a girl's name or a boy's name and be governed by her choice. If a girl's name is wanted, for instance, the first person on one side calls out "Abigail" or "Anne" or whatever she may think of quickly. Immediately the first person on the second team calls out another name beginning with the letter "A". There must be no hesitation, or that person is out.

As soon as someone is eliminated from the game, the next letter in the alphabet is taken up. Keep this game moving swiftly and your crowd will enjoy it very much. Give a big lollipop to the winner.

"Dressing the Baby" is guaranteed to stir up the most lethargic crowd. Divide the crowd into two groups and present to each group a large baby doll (surely any hostess for such a shower can borrow a total of two baby dolls among her acquaintances) with a complete layette of shirt, diaper, booties, slip, dress, bib, jacket and hood.

Present the Queen with a clock and ask her to keep track of the time. Each group selects two people who

are to start dressing the baby at a given signal. The first ones through are the winners. If your crowd isn't too large, everyone can participate.

The entertainment suggested here will take care of most groups, but I'd like to remind you that if a number of elderly women are to be present it is a good idea to have diapers on hand that can be hemmed. Regardless of how many diapers any prospective mother may have purchased, another eight or ten never come amiss, so it's a good idea to have material, needles and thread ready for those who do not enjoy games and much prefer to sit quietly with handwork and visit.

When you are ready to present the gifts why not surprise the honored guest? The first package presented should be wrapped in gold paper, tied with royal purple ribbon and decorated very elaborately. And it should contain a personal gift for the Queen herself. Perhaps you will choose a bed jacket, a new book to read while she is in the hospital, or any other gift you think would suit Her Majesty, such as cosmetics, manicure needs, stationery, and so on.

The Pink and Blue gifts will follow this.

As you plan your refreshments keep the Royal theme in mind. For a few suggestions you might include some of these ideas. Half-rings of pineapple can be decorated to resemble crowns. Open-faced sandwiches may be topped with thin slices of cheese cut into the shape of crowns. Cup cakes or cookies may be iced with gold colored frosting and little silver shot may outline a crown or serve for jewels. Golden colored nut cups and napkins may be used.

And for a centerpiece, why not transform a jewelry chest or an ordinary cigar box into a "chest for royal gems?" Use a bouquet of small flowers in the chest and add a fold of velvet plus strands of pearls, rhinestones, etc.

You will find this type of "Pink and Blue" shower decidedly different and very pleasing.

If the usual "Pink and Blue" shower has been given all too frequently in your community, you will probably find that this "Queen for a Day" baby shower has in it the ingredients for a really successful party.

OH, DO NOT BE A PESSIMIST

Oh do not be a pessimist
For pessimists grow sad.
They wonder—when the baby's good—
If, maybe, that is bad.

When sunshine makes the whole world
bright,
The pessimist feels pain.
He won't enjoy today's fair skies
For some day there'll be rain.

The pessimist is really glum
When he feels fit and fine
For such good luck must just precede
A rapid health decline.

If you must be a pessimist,
Please be it by yourself;
Let others make good use of life
While you crawl on the shelf.

—Grace Stoner Clark



FREEZING CORN

Cut and scrape corn as for table use. Put in heavy sauce pan:

- 1 pint corn
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Enough water so you can see it in corn but not enough to cover.

Put on stove and let come to a boil. Do not boil. Remove from stove and cool quickly by setting pan in cold water. When cool, put in containers and freeze at once.

KAY'S CRYSTAL PICKLES

25 dill size cucumbers.

Put in brine of 1 gallon water to 1 quart salt for 2 weeks. You may add cucumbers as gathered and start counting time when you have 25. Wash, drain and cut in chunks. If too salty soak in clear water. Cover with water in which you have dissolved 2 Tbls. alum and soak for 24 hours. Drain and wash. Make a syrup of 1 quart vinegar, 2 quarts sugar, 2 sticks cinnamon, 1 tsp. mace and 1 tsp. whole cloves. Put spices in bag and crush. Bring to a boil and pour over the pickles. Let stand 4 days and seal.

SWEET DILL PICKLES

2 gallons of pickles. Put a layer of pickles (washed), dill and grape leaves (washed) until all are packed. Add 1 cup salt and 5 quarts of water, and let stand 2 weeks; then wash and cut in pieces and pack into jars. Make a syrup of 2 cups sugar, 1 cup vinegar and spices to suit taste. Boil and pour over pickles hot, and seal at once.

SWEET CHUNK PICKLES

- 7 pounds medium size cucumbers
- 3 pounds brown or white sugar
- 3 pints vinegar
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. whole cloves

About 5 pieces of stick cinnamon

Place cucumbers in a brine made by combining 2 cups salt with 1 gallon of water, and leave them in it for 3 days. Then soak in fresh water for 3 days, changing the water daily. Cut in good sized pieces and boil 2 hours in a solution of 2 parts water to 1 part vinegar. Drain and cover pickles with a syrup made by combining sugar, vinegar and spices — boil this syrup for 10 minutes. For 3 mornings drain off syrup, bring to a boil and then pour over pickles. Put in jars and seal.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

CALIFORNIA SALAD

1/2 cup stuffed olives
1 package lemon gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1 8-ounce can tomato soup
2 Tbls. lemon juice
2 3-ounce packages cream cheese
2/3 cups mayonnaise
1 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
Slice olives. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add tomato soup and lemon juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Mash cream cheese with fork and blend into thickened gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in the bottom of oiled molds. Combine remaining ingredients and spoon carefully into molds. Chill until firm.

ELEGANT SHRIMP MOLD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin dissolved in 3/4 cup boiling water
Add: 1 8-ounce can condensed tomato soup
2 Tbls. lemon juice
Cool until thick.
Beat and beat into above:
2 pkgs. cream cheese
2 Tbls. mayonnaise
Add: 1/2 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup onion
1/4 cup green pepper
1/4 cup chopped green olives
4 radishes, sliced
1 can broken shrimp

Put in mold to chill. Turn out on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

RASPBERRY WHIP

- 1 1/2 cups raspberries
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 egg white

Beat together with an electric beater or wire whisk until stiff enough to hold its shape. Cut pieces of sponge or angel food cake and pour the whip generously over the cake sections. You may vary this with other fruits.

SPANISH SALAD DRESSING

- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. mustard
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. ketchup
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 6 Tbls. olive oil

Mix together all of the above ingredients with an egg beater or electric mixer. This is a good, tasty dressing for any vegetable salad.

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OREGON APPLES

1 cup thick applesauce
2 cups sugar
1 1/2 envelopes Knox gelatin
1/2 pkg. lemon gelatin
1/2 cup walnuts cut fine
1 heaping Tbls. cornstarch
Mix all together and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Pour and let stand over night before cutting. After cutting, roll in powdered sugar. These are simply delicious! Do you remember your mother or grandmother making these?

SOUTHERN BARBEQUED GREEN BEANS

1 medium sized onion
2 cups canned green beans
1 cup canned tomatoes
1/4 tsp. ground cloves
2 Tbls. bacon fat or salad oil
2 level Tbls. sugar
Salt and pepper
Fry onion in bacon fat until golden brown, add the tomatoes, cloves, sugar, salt and pepper. Add the 2 cups green beans, drained, and simmer until well-seasoned. This is one vegetable dish you can prepare in advance.

CHICKEN SUPREME SALAD

2 1/2 cups cold chicken
1 cup white grapes
1/2 cup shredded almonds
2 Tbls. minced parsley
1 cup chopped celery
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 1/4 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
4 Tbls. water
1/2 cup chicken stock
1/2 cup cream, whipped
1 cup mayonnaise
Mix chicken, celery, grapes, almonds, parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add gelatin, cream and chicken stock to mayonnaise and stir until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in chicken mixture. Pack in molds. Serves 8. If desired, place at bottom of the mold first, sliced hard-boiled eggs and sliced stuffed olives. When mold is turned out it is very decorative.

ORANGE SHERBET

1 pkg. orange gelatin
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup hot water
3/4 cup orange juice
Juice of 1 lemon
2 cups top milk or thin cream
Mix gelatin, sugar and hot water. Add juice and milk. Freeze, beat until smooth and then return to trays to freeze again.

BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON PIE**1st Prize Winner in Pie Contest**

- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in the brown sugar, then the milk; add butter and salt and cook over hot (not boiling) water until the mixture coats a spoon. Stir in gelatine. Cool. Add vanilla. Beat the egg whites until quite stiff. Then add the granulated sugar gradually while continuing to beat until stiff. Fold into the cooked custard. Pour into pie shell. Chill until firm.

We like this pie because it has a delicate flavor, is attractive in appearance, and yet is not too rich in calories.

Winner of contest: Mrs. Clarence Rood, Arion, Iowa.

MAIDS OF HONOR

(This delicious old recipe is a wonderful way to use up jam or preserves that the family has gotten tired of during the winter.)

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 unbeaten eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups pastry flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup blanched almonds (optional)
- 1/2 pt. whipping cream
- Jam or preserves

Beat shortening and eggs to a cream and then add sugar. Beat until light and soft. Stir in dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Chill very thoroughly—this dough is extremely hard to handle without chilling, but very easy to work with if chilled. Now line well-greased muffin tins with the pastry and fill the center with jam—nuts can be added if you like. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes; then reduce heat to 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Serve with whipped cream when cold.

JULY AMBROSIA

1 qt. strawberries
1 fresh pineapple
Shredded coconut
Wash and hull berries. Slice and pare pineapple and cut in wedges, removing core. Arrange alternate layers of berries, pineapple and 1 cup moist, shredded coconut in dessert bowl, sprinkling confectioners' sugar over each layer. Pour over 1/2 cup orange juice. Chill and serve from bowl at table.

MILDRED'S CHEESE FILLING

1 pound ground cheddar cheese
1 cup boiled dressing
1 cup cream, whipped
Beat thoroughly. This is especially good for ribbon sandwiches.

WHO'S DIETING?

Most pie is sweet and rich indeed,
Yet I like it.
It has more calories than I need,
But I crave it.
It makes me fat, and my heart weak.
It nips the romance that I seek
And breaks down arches in my feet,
But I'm weak—
I eat it.

By Nellie Bly Middleton

FUDGE CAKE (WESTERN STYLE)

- 3/4 cup butter
- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 3 eggs
- 3 1-oz. sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups ice water

Cream together the butter, sugar and vanilla. Add 3 eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Melt and add 3 1-oz. squares of unsweetened chocolate.

Sift together cake flour, soda and salt and add to creamed mixture alternately with ice water. Grease 3, 8-in. layer pans, line with wax paper and pour in batter. Bake in 350 degree oven from 25 to 30 minutes.

(Note: when I made this I used 3 tsp. of baking powder rather than the soda. It makes a wonderful cake, but when I make it again I intend to use the soda. I wanted to mention this for those of you whose families do not care for soda in a cake. —Lucile)

DATE CREAM FILLING

- 1 cup milk
 - 1/2 cup chopped dates
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1 beaten egg
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- Heat milk and dates in top of double boiler. Combine sugar and flour. Add 1 beaten egg and blend until smooth. Then add slowly to hot milk. Cook, stirring until thick. Remove from fire and stir in nuts and vanilla. This makes enough filling for a 3 layer cake.

The following chocolate icing is wonderful for the sides and to cover the top.

DELUXE CHOCOLATE ICING

- 1 large egg
 - 2 cups confectioner's sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/3 cup butter
 - 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- Beat egg with electric or rotary beater until fluffy. Sift the sugar and add gradually to the egg. Add salt, soft butter and melted chocolate. Lastly add vanilla.

This is very rich and delicious, and has the added virtue of never getting hard and cracking off.

Little boy (ending prayer): "... and please, Lord, put the vitamins in pie and cake instead of in codliver oil and spinach. Amen."

APRICOT-PINEAPPLE DESSERT

- 1 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/3 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 egg whites(beaten)
- 1 cup cream (whipped)
- 1 cup apricots (mashed)
- 1/2 cup pineapple (crushed)
- 16 graham crackers (crushed)
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Cook sugar, milk and egg yolks until thick. Add gelatin and vanilla. Cool, then add egg whites and cream, apricots and pineapple. Melt butter and brown sugar and mix with cracker crumbs. Line bottom of pan with 1/2 of crumbs. Pour mixture over crumbs and sprinkle rest of crumbs over the top. Set in the refrigerator at least 1 hour before serving.

FRESH PEACH PARFAIT

Melt 20 marshmallows in double boiler. Cool. Add 1 cup fresh peach pulp and 2 Tbls. lemon juice. Whip 1 cup heavy cream and fold into mixture. Pour into freezer tray and freeze until firm.

STEAK ROLL-UPS

- 2 1-pound round steaks, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- 5 strips bacon
- 3 or 4 small sweet pickles
- 2 onions
- 3 Tbls. fat
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sour cream

Cut each steak in 5 strips 2 inches wide and 1/4-in. thick. Pound to less than 1/4 inch. Rub with salt and pepper. On each strip put a slice of raw bacon and a few very thin slices of pickle. Roll each strip and fasten with a toothpick or string. Slice onion and brown in fat. Remove onion and place meat in fat. Stir frequently for about 10 or 12 minutes. When rolls are brown, stir in flour and add water and sour cream. Put in uncovered frying pan in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 30 minutes. Baste every 5 minutes. Turn oven down to 325 degrees and put lid on pan. Continue baking for 30 minutes.

EASY ICE CREAM

- 2 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/3 cup sugar

Cook to custard in top of double boiler. Add 10 marshmallows and let them melt. When mixture is cooled, add 1 cup cream, whipped. Put in tray to freeze. Does not need to be stirred. Freezes in a few hours.

ORANGE PUNCH

In punch bowl put 1 1/2 quarts orange ice, 3 quarts gingerale, and 6 Tbls. lemon juice. Top with maraschino cherries or sprigs of mint.

MAKE TRAVEL EASY FOR THE CHILDREN

By Doris Thomas West

The next time friend husband suggests a few days' vacation from the daily routine, cast out any idea of saying "No". You may feel it is next to impossible to manage small children on a long trip but we have found it can be done . . . even with rough and tumble boys such as we have in our family.

My husband's people, even down to the second-cousins, live some nine hundred miles northeast of our Missouri farm. Our yearly visit to the "West" side of the house is made during the few weeks of summer that remain after the grain is harvested and before time to combine soybeans. No matter what two weeks we choose, it ALWAYS seems to be during the rush tourist season. Nevertheless, we feel fortunate to make the trip and we do everything we can think of to make the journey pleasant for the children and ourselves.

A few days before we leave I begin jotting down things we might forget . . . thermos jug, alarm clock, flashlight, etc. Then, when the day comes to pack I use scotch tape to attach a small sheet of paper to the inside lid of each of our four suitcases. On each list I write down each and everything that is put in each suitcase. You can see how in keeping track of belongings for four people it would be easy to arrive home minus a few things. When packing for the return trip home, each item is checked off the list when it is put in the suitcase, right down to the last pair of shoestrings!

Our foremost consideration is the comfort and well-being of our two sons, both pre-school age. And first on our list of comforts for Braddy and Gregory is "their" half of the car. If you have any kind of car at all, you can turn the back seat into practically a roomette, such as we do. We first lay two suitcases (packed with things we won't need along the way) on the floorboard, one on either side of the little "hump" you always find in the middle of the back floorboard. (My husband says the "hump" I'm referring to is where the floorboard curves over the driveshaft.) We lay a pillow over the "hump" and then two or three heavy quilts on top of the entire thing.

Now you have the entire back of your car level and from there on you can make a level bed big enough to accommodate two or three youngsters. You won't have to worry about a sudden stop of the car throwing the children on the floor either! They can use this space to play, take their naps, or just plain "wriggle around".

Our two larger suitcases, with things we need en route, are in the luggage compartment along with the play-pen. If you have the folding-type play-pen with mattress, by all means include this. It will lay perfectly flat on the floor of almost any luggage compartment. Since you can't travel with a regulation crib, this will keep the youngest from taking a good many tumbles out of a strange "grown-up" bed.



For some reason we never hear of very many children named Juliana, but here is one. This is Juliana Chapman, age three, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chapman of Broughton, Kansas.

Before we reach our destination on the first part of our vacation, we are on the road a day, spend the night in a motel and then drive most of the next day. En route home we sometimes spend four or even five days on the road. During this time I plan on two changes of clothing for the children each day, plus night clothes. I plan what these changes will be and then have them in one suitcase where I can get to them without rummaging thru a large stack of clothes.

Each of us has his own plastic bag containing individual washcloth, soap, toothbrush, etc. This takes care of the necessary quick clean-ups before and after meals.

We don't relax the rules concerning proper diet just "because we're on vacation". This is not the time to cram peanuts, soda pop, etc., and I truly KNOW if you'll see that the children (and YOU, too!) forego the knick-knacks, you'll not have an upset stomach to deal with. Why not take some of your own plain cookies to satisfy that "something-to-eat" plea? Pass them out with some easy-to-handle fruit, such as apples, and you'll have something more agreeable than can be found at the candy counter.

Try making your "meal-stops" at least a half-hour before your normal meal time. This allows time to freshen-up (what small child doesn't need a washcloth before going into a restaurant?) and allows for the usual delay in being served. When little folks get truly hungry it doesn't help much to inform them they must be patient. We think this time element has saved us more than one "scene" in a busy restaurant. I carry a dampened washcloth in a plastic bag in my purse. This takes care of any emergency clean-up for our youngest, who is still a bit risky with a spoon in his own hand.

Our children still take naps during the afternoon and Braddy usually sits up in front with us while little Gregory gets to sleep. (I've never had the pleasure of seeing them lay side by side and finally get to sleep.) After

Gregory is asleep, Braddy settles down for his nap on his side of the "bed".

"Grammy" (my mother) always sends a little sack of "entertainment" along with us, small cars, picture books, the type of thing that can be managed in small space. I tuck these away to hand out after the thrill of riding and watching out the window ceases to occupy the boys.

Take time to "get out and stretch" — that's exactly what you feel like doing after riding a while. Sometimes it takes real effort to get the boys back in the car but that's only proof of how relaxing the stop has been for them.

We end our day of travelling when we make our stop for the evening meal. We like to get our accommodations around four-thirty, — no later if you're in a heavily traveled area. After the evening meal comes the same routine the children are used to having at home, — a good bath and then to bed.

Once we have reached our destination, every effort is made to keep the little travelers on the same routine they are used to having at home. It means cutting visits short, and declining some invitations but it takes just that sometimes if the children are to have their naps, etc. How enjoyable is any vacation if the youngsters are tired all of the time or never feeling up to par?

Many, many times motels and hotel operators have complimented us on the way we arrange things for our two sons while traveling, but I do have one (only one, thank goodness!) unforgettable experience to relate.

Homeward bound and driving through a northern state, we were elated to find a "vacancy" sign at one of the most unique places I've ever seen. Cabins arranged in a circle around a tiny park, lovely flowers, benches to rest on and playground equipment for the children, made this place look inviting enough.

"Yes, there is a vacancy", the manager informed my husband, "but, well we really don't have accommodations for small children".

I understood at once that they simply didn't cater to families with small children, but my husband, poor man, thought the lady meant that beds for both children weren't available. He quickly explained about our play-pen and that we carried the mattress, sheets, etc., with which to make a bed for our youngest son.

The reply he received went something like this: "I'm not about to let people bring in bedding — bed bugs you know. You ALWAYS find them in mattresses people carry around from one place to another."

If you take pride in such matters, you'll understand why I stood there with my mouth open! I'm glad I managed to get to the car without my temper giving way to all I felt at that time. We'd still like to know who used the playground equipment!

Tell the man of the house, "we're going on that trip this year and it's going to be fun to have the children along!"

The only bad thing about loafing is that you can't quit it and rest.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is a lazy summer day here in Iowa and I've spent the last half-hour of it looking over my recipe files for something to give me an inspiration.

One of my pet notions is the idea that a lot of our summer "miseries" come from eating too much cold food and drinking too many iced drinks. I've noticed that if we have two days running of cold food (I almost wrote "make-shift" food for that was going through my mind!) we all seem to get snappy at each other and sort of depressed. A good hot meal remedies this in a way that seems sheer magic.

Everyone who knows me at all knows that I'm a firm believer in good, sound, honest food. I've seen people in a dreadful state simply whip back into a condition approaching normality after they've eaten "good, sound, honest food". Whenever anyone within my reach has suffered from some kind of a disaster I hurry to the stove armed with my theory that they're going to feel a sight better after they've sat down to an honest meal. And they always do. I didn't realize I'd impressed Juliana so deeply with this phrase until the other day when she returned from someplace and I said to her, "What did you have to eat?"

"It wasn't good, sound, honest food," she replied. And from her description of the pickles, frankfurters, cookies and iced pop I had to agree that she was right.

If you read my letter last month you'll recall that I was in the throes of washing machine trouble. Well, this month I'm downright happy to tell you that I am now the proud owner of an old-fashioned, non-automatic washing machine, and I've had a wonderful time getting my week's laundry all out of the road by 7:00 A. M. on Monday morning.

No one can understand my state of jubilation over having an old-fashioned washing machine, so I won't expect you to know how I feel!

Our garden has been such a joy these hot summer nights. We call our day's work done about nine o'clock when we fix a tall glass of iced tea or iced coffee and go out to sit on the terrace. On such nights we never sit in the shelter that has now given so many of you a little respite from the morning or afternoon sun. With the roof overhead we cannot see the sky, and so we always sit on the open terrace beside our rose garden.

On particularly brilliant nights I find myself hoping that once again we'll have an opportunity to see another great meteor flash through the sky. It was two years ago this summer that we had such an experience, and it really struck us as funny because of the following reason.

Russell and I have never been "movie goers" to any degree, but on this summer night two years ago we decided to go down and sit in air-conditioned comfort, and it didn't make any difference what was showing—we just wanted to be comfortable.

It turned out to be one of these wild, inter-space pictures done with such an amazing degree of realism



We had unusually beautiful white daisies this year, and during their blooming season mother kept a bowl of them on a small table in her living room.

that when we left the theater and came out to our stolid, safe Main Street we were actually surprised to see it. Still in sort of a daze from the picture we drove on home, got out of the car, and went directly to the terrace to sit down.

We hadn't anymore than pulled the chairs around when all of a sudden the entire sky turned a brilliant green; it was such an intense color that everything in the garden stood out as brilliantly as though it were day. As we said afterwards: it was just as though a giant flash-bulb had been set off right there in the garden.

Instantly we looked up and streaking across the sky was this incredible blaze of light with a long, flaming red tail. I had never seen a meteor before and it scared me to death! For one staggered moment I thought that all of the wild details of the movie were actually coming to pass.

This seems to have been one of the most brilliant meteors observed in recent years for we read many newspaper items about it during the next few days. Everyone who saw it seems to have been greatly impressed — and if any of those people had just returned from the "space" picture that we saw, they would have been even more impressed.

Every summer night brings its quota of falling stars and I think they are beautiful and mysterious. We've spent hours and hours out there during these last seven years and while other people seem to be able to see all manner of unexplainable objects in the sky, all we can claim are falling stars and the one meteor. One night recently I thought for a little bit that perhaps at long last I was seeing something that couldn't be readily explained, but I concluded that it was simply a big plane flying so high that no sound of its motors could reach my ears.

Juliana hasn't yet gotten anyplace on a visit because she has been keenly interested in a six-week's music course that is being held here in conjunction with our public schools. Her choice of instrument was the flute, and consequently she's been tooting away with great enthusiasm.

Our experience with Juliana and the piano makes me wonder if possibly other people have made the mistake that we came so close to making. I had some native ability for the piano and loved every moment that I spent at the keyboard. I was one of these children who never had to be told to practice. The problem was to get me

away from the piano, not to get me to it. Russell was the same kind of a child, and because both of us played the piano with ease it never occurred to us but what Juliana would have equal facility.

Well, she doesn't. As a matter of fact, we were so exasperated after a fruitless, long-drawn-out struggle, that we gave up completely. We accepted the fact that she had no talent for music, and that was that.

But lo! and behold!, in our public schools we have an enterprising music department and when Juliana began working in the division that leads to the band, it developed that she had real facility for a wood wind instrument. Her progress amazed us — and delighted us. Now it appears that she will make genuine headway with the flute, and we are happy about this. If it hadn't been for our public school music we never would have realized that there was anything to consider aside from the piano.

I wanted to mention this just in case you, too, are coming to the conclusion that your little girl, or little boy, will never get to first base on the piano. Perhaps there is another instrument that he'll "take to" with all the interest that you had once hoped he would show for the piano. Surely it's to be hoped that you have a good public school music program where the answer to your own particular problem may be found.

These weeks my typewriter stands uncovered all of the time (I'm never away from it long enough to justify getting out the cover) and this means that my portable sewing machine is in its case and put away. I always want something to pick up, so these days I'm finishing a table cloth that I started longer ago than I'll confess.

When I get this done I want to make some unusual kitchen curtains. My white ones that I was so proud of came to a very untimely end when a kettle of deep fat flamed up and caught one side. We didn't come anywhere near having a fire for both Russell and I were right there and simple tore them down instantly, but it did leave me without the curtains that I'd enjoyed so much.

Before this reaches you I will have made some strawberry sun preserves by the recipe that was in Kitchen-Klatter last month. I don't have to worry about sheets of glass to cover the trays because Dad saves everything, and I know that back on a shelf in our old office (the space we used for our Kitchen-Klatter offices before we moved down town) there are three or four old window glasses that were saved about twenty years ago "just in case". The "just in case" turned out to be strawberry sun preserves, and I'm mighty glad he hung on to them.

Goodbye until August... Lucile

THESE THINGS WE TRUST

Loyalty, peace, integrity,
A decent regard for the Sabbath day,
And whatever other virtues be
Unafraid, and without dismay,
Virtues that steady and satisfy,
Our Fathers trusted them. So do I.
—Anonymous

IT'S MONEY FOR THE AID

By Mabel Nair Brown

Has your Aid ever sold the talents of its members? This is a plan that has proven to be very popular wherever it has been tried.

There are two ways to go about it. One way is for each member to write down upon a slip of paper the particular talent which she wishes to sell.

For example: one lady might write "five angel food cakes"; another, "baby-sitting every night during the basketball tournament in our town" or, if nothing comparable to such an affair is coming up, just "baby-sitting five nights"; another, "will bake home-made bread or rolls on twenty-four hours notice".

These examples give you an idea of what might be offered, and it's hard to believe that anyone could be found in any Aid who wouldn't be able to offer something in the line of talent. Mending, darning, fine ironing, painting, gardening... well, the possibilities are endless.

These slips of paper are read by an auctioneer at your Aid meeting, and each thing goes to the highest bidder. The woman who makes lovely angel food cakes might have her talent bought by a busy young mother who would gladly turn to the cake baker for a cake at five different times during the year. We cite this as an example, for experience has proven that there is always a bidder for each talent sold regardless of how trifling that talent might seem to the one who offered it.

Another way to use the talent idea would be to have each woman use her talent on a certain day and to donate the money earned to the Aid. This is a particularly good way to raise money for the unexpected emergency, and while it operates exactly as is described above, the entire thing is concentrated in one short span of time rather than over a period of several months.

More and more groups are discovering that right among their own members they have possibilities that have been overlooked.

For instance, how would you like to have someone prepare a nice main dish for your supper on the night after you have been at Aid all afternoon? That could happen if your group would decide that each member should bring a dish of food suitable for supper to the next meeting; the committee could put a price on these dishes, and then the members would be allowed to buy them.

Or, at one meeting the group could agree that they bring casserole dishes; for another meeting, desserts; for another meeting, salads, etc.

For a variation on this you could sometimes draw names as you do for a "mystery sister" and provide the supper food for that woman at the next meeting — a main dish, or dessert, etc. You could put a price on whatever you delivered to her home, and then she could put that sum in the treasury. Everyone likes surprises, you know, and wouldn't it be fun to have a surprise for supper after being gone all afternoon?

PROGRAM MATERIAL

By Lucile

In the many months that have passed since we last mentioned our kodachromes, we have acquired such a large number of new readers that it is time to remind you once again that we have sets of colored slides to send out for programs of various kinds.

One set, "Midwestern Flowers" is of primary interest to garden clubs. The three other sets are titled: "Hawaii and Our Southern States"; "The West"; and "California". There are approximately fifty-one or two slides in each collection and it takes around thirty-five or forty minutes to show the set.

These are colored slides, *not* movies. To show them you will need a 35 mm. projector and some type of suitable screen. In most communities there is at least one person who owns this type of equipment and is generous enough to loan it to a club or church group. We also understand that most County Agents have this equipment.

A detailed explanation of the slides goes out with each collection. These colored photographs were all taken by members of our family, and although none of us lay any claim to being great photographers, we have been told that these pictures are interesting and beautiful! They seem to have "filled the bill" for many, many family church evenings, P.T.A. meetings, church organizations, etc.

Because there are always so many requests booked in advance we like to have you give us at least three weeks' warning on the date they will be needed. We've filled emergency requests in less time, but you definitely run the risk of being disappointed if you wait too long to write.

We charge \$1.00 per set rental to help cover the cost of handling them.

If you are responsible for a program and wish to use any of these sets, please write directly to me (Mrs. Russell Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa) regarding the matter. I handle all details connected with them and it's easier to keep the records straight if you send your correspondence to the address given above.

July Parties Con't.

To decorate the candles on the table, use the smallest holders and then make little patriotic "hats" to set over the holders. Cut a rectangle from white paper — use a piece about 4 inches wide and long enough so that when the ends are glued together, the resulting circlet will fit down over the candleholder. Paste on stripes of blue and red paper. Under the candle use a large star cut from silver paper.

The white nut cups can match the candles if they are covered with stripes of red and blue and then placed on a silver star.

If you lack enough candleholders to supply a number of tables, get half-pint round ice cream containers and use them for the holders, covering them as described for the paper ones above. Use some modeling clay in the bottom of each box to hold the candle firmly upright.

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If there are to be children at the July party, they will like an edible firecracker favor. To make these, cover stick candy with red paper, letting the twisted wax paper covering stick out at one end for the fuse.

For an extra special "pretty" for a women's group meeting in July, make the basket type nut cups, using red cups. Add a "tall" handle. Slightly to one side of the handle, at the top, tie a pompom of the clear cellophane drinking straws (cut straws in three inch lengths, tie with blue ribbon through the center and then to the handle). Stick small blue stars to the ends of some of the straws in the pompom, and there you have a very sparkling nut cup in patriotic colors.

Another sure fire hit for children's parties (and the oldsters won't object!) is to make Uncle Sam hats for the ice cream dessert. These are really simply made. For the hats, purchase the little flat bottom cones instead of the pointed ice cream cones. Make a hat band of red and blue construction paper, add a few small stars to the band, and attach around the top of the cone. Now invert the hat over a scoop of ice cream at serving time. If you want the scoop of ice cream really to represent a face, add raisin or clove eyes and a bit of cherry for the mouth.

IN MY ELEMENT

I've hopped about
This live-long day,
Suppose it's quite through habit;
I'm really in my element,
Because I'm just a rabbit!

—Gladys N. Templeton

A "TOOT! TOOT!" PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

Some time during the summer you may be giving a birthday party for your own children or for youngsters who are visiting at your home.

I believe you will find a "Toot, Toot" party a novel idea that adapts itself well to children of various age groups.

Since the "train" is the theme, make your invitations in the shape of a locomotive (if you are artistic) or a box car can be equally effective and more simple to draw. Your invitation will include the necessary information together with this rhyme—

"Here's the train

All aboard everyone!

Ride over to our house

For loads of fun."

When the children arrive supply each one with a whistle and a conductor cap. These caps are easy to make of black construction paper. After the brim is stitched to the crown, make an official looking badge by covering a piece of cardboard with gold paper.

Following is a list of "Railroad" games. From these you will find ideas to suit your particular age group.

"All Aboard" is played like musical chairs only the chairs are arranged like train seats. Let the extra person be the conductor.

"Next Stop" is an alphabet game played in a circle. The first player must name a city beginning with A, the next with B, and so on. Any player who fails to name a city is eliminated.

For "Whistle Stop" choose teams with names such as Engineers, Brakemen, Conductors, etc. Each player runs to a designated goal, blows his whistle, then returns to the end of his line. The first team through is winner.

For "Conductor" form a circle of passengers and the one in the center is blindfolded and is the conductor. The circle moves around and then stops. The "conductor" points to a player and says, "Let me see your ticket, please."

"Here it is, sir," the passenger replies. If the conductor identifies the passenger correctly, they change places.

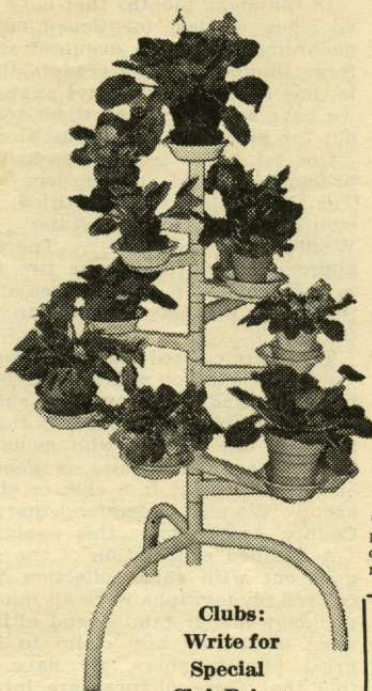
"Train Wreck" means scrambled words so you untangle them. All have something to do with trains.

1. Red in (Diner)
2. His welt (Whistle)
3. Eoo case (Caboose)
4. Woc Crat che (Cow catcher)
5. Cocah (Coach)
6. Te tick (Ticket)
7. Gene in (Engine)
8. Rat K C (Track)
9. Teas (Seat)
10. Br the (Berth)

"Get Your Tickets, Please." Hide tickets made of various colored papers. You may award prizes any way you wish. Perhaps a prize will be given to the child who finds the most tickets; a special prize may go to the finder of a gold star ticket, and so on.

"All Aboard" is an outdoor game and is played like Red Light. The

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TO GIVE AWAY

By Gladys Niece Templeton

While browsing among the cottons in the store one day, the unusual impulse struck me to buy material for an apron. When I left the store I had not one length, but fourteen lengths! They were not all prints, but some were sheer organdies in dainty colors seen only in a tray of party mints. What fun I was going to have, if I ever found a minute to sew.

You are wondering if I have fourteen daughters? No, but I do have a 'gift drawer' for those impulsive moments when I wish I had something to give away.

It was thrilling to make those up in odd moments...that's when the original ideas come to one...using old and stray bits of trim, transfer designs, ric-rac and laces. Then they were pressed and boxed and put aside with the biggest feeling of satisfaction in a long while.

When making an apron, just try making an extra. Then you'll be happy in having something TO GIVE AWAY.

FRIENDSHIP RECIPE

Take four parts of genuine, fresh interest in the other fellow. Strain to remove any bits of idle curiosity. Add one part each of good temper and the best quality of unobtrusive cheerfulness, and put over a low, heart-warming fire. Add what tastes in common you have, and pleasant conversation as it seems to be needed.

Stir at unexpected intervals with a kind act and cook until rich and smooth. This will keep indefinitely, but should not be stored away. Keep it handy and use daily.

child who is it, instead of counting, calls out names of cities and the players advance. Instead of calling Red Light, he calls out "All Aboard" and all the players must halt. Those who move must go back to the starting line. The player who reaches the goal first may become conductor.

"Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" is always an old favorite. This time let the person who is it say "Ticket, Ticket, Who Has the Ticket?"

When it comes time for refreshments, have an appropriately decorated table. Use a white cloth and make railroad tracks of black construction paper. Then make a cake locomotive. This is very simple to fashion by using a long loaf cake for the engine and round cookies for wheels, stick candy for a smoke-stack and tiny candies and frosting to fashion windows, etc. The cow catcher can be made from a cake cut triangular shaped. You may wish to fashion your train from cookies. Four oblong shaped cookies can form the engines, box cars, and caboose. Frosting is used for the outlines and small round cookies form wheels.

Individual favors may be signal lights formed of small red and green suckers held firmly in large gum drops. The "railroad crossing" signs may be fashioned of two long narrow wafer cookies and another cookie is the pole. Put the children's names on these and use instead of place cards.

A "Toot! Toot!" party is fun indeed, and once you have such an affair all the children will be singing "I've been Working on the Railroad" for days to come.

Consider the pin—its head keeps it from going too far.

"Little Ads"

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

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21 EVERYDAY CARDS \$1. Mrs. Ruth Griffith, 2303 Sixth Avenue, Kearney, Nebraska.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

I want to thank those of you who sent donations for the two funds that were mentioned last month. We received enough so we can get Nellie Eppes' glasses fixed at once. Not enough came in for the wheel chair so we will continue to work on that. If you want to help, send your contributions to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. You will be happier for having helped someone. If you can't do that, perhaps you can help some of these other people.

Wade Dunn, Box 199, Peterstown, W. Va., would like some pals. He cannot get out to work and meet people as his parents are both invalids and he takes the entire care of them.

Mrs. Mattie Dunning, Star Rt. Box 179, Brunswick, Maine, is just out of the hospital after having been there for several months. She is still unable to stand alone and needs some cheering letters.

G. R. Minick, 2406 Garden St., Joliet, Ill., has arthritis. He has to spend a lot of time in hospitals and would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Clarice Norgren, 718 West 8 St., Apt. 2, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., has been in a wheel chair nearly 15 years. She suffers a great deal from arthritis but never complains. Collects hankies and small cups and saucers.

Mrs. E. M. Pangle, Stowe, Vermont, is in a Sanitarium for treatment. She is in her seventies and would like mail.

Miss Dorothy Rleser, 107 Spring Ave., Naperville, Ill., is badly drawn by arthritis; she is bedfast and almost entirely helpless. She loves to get mail, and friends answer it for her.

Tony Sasso, 51 Coolidge St., Grand Rapids SW., Mich., is only seven and a half. He has cerebral palsy. Do send something a little boy could play with or would like to look at such as picture books or light toys.

Larry Hicks, 1405 Jones St., Mt. Vernon, Ill., is another small boy who is having troubles. He will be 8 on August 28. He has a heart ailment and has to be kept quiet. There are 4 other children in the family; the oldest is 15, and none of them are well. Beckey, age 10, is partially paralyzed by polio. Donelle, 12, also had it and is somewhat handicapped. Rex Dale is 9, and is also handicapped, but I do not know in what way.

Richard Shrunk, 516 Essex St., Gloucester, N. J., has been shut in for 8 years. He has arthritis and a heart ailment—is lonely and wants mail.

Jack Yaryan, 3208 Marcy St., Omaha, Nebr., is a wheel chair shut in and nearly helpless. He has a little shop in his room where he sells greeting cards, stationery and many novelties. Write for his price list. He needs orders and is glad to send them by mail.

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Some pray for sunshine,
Some pray for both together,
But I pray for sunshine in my heart
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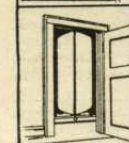
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