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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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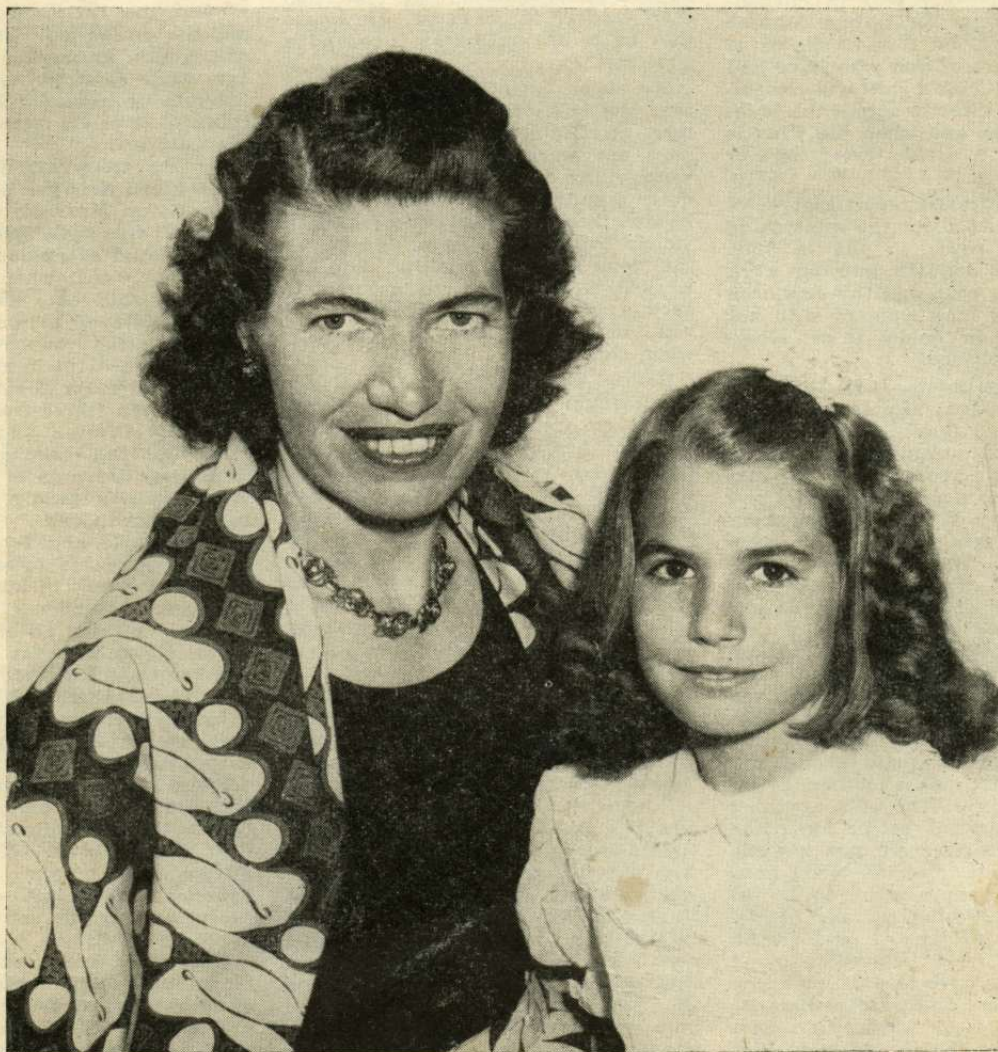


Photo by Burdick

MISS JOSIE PFANNBECKER  
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful summer evening, the kind we like to look back on and remember when cold, rainy days come in late November.

Mart and I have spent most of these summer evenings on our front porch, and one of the things we've enjoyed is hearing the series of band concerts that is given every year in Shenandoah. Mustang Field, our athletic field, is only about four blocks or so from us (those of you who have had picnics at McComb's park will remember seeing it directly across the highway, I'm sure), and when the wind is in the south it carries every note of the music to us.

Once again I must report that we've been doing just about the same thing since last I wrote to you in July. Summer trips don't fit into our work schedule very well, and this has been a particularly busy summer with not enough hours in the day to get everything accomplished.

We feel fortunate that thus far we've been spared any serious bouts of illness in our family, and when you have as large a family as we have that is saying a great deal. Emily and Alison have managed to keep cool and get a lot of fun doing it by splashing in their backyard pool. In this issue you'll see a picture of them doing exactly that. Martin often goes over to play with them, and then they have a high old time.

Alison is talking constantly these days. She was two years old on July 9th, so those of you with children the same age might like to compare notes. I've noticed that she is a very hearty eater and never has gone through the fussy stage that makes mothers downright miserable — she eats anything and everything put before her. She has one long afternoon nap, but the rest of the time is raring to go from 6:30 or 7:00 in the morning until 8:00 or later on these hot summer nights. She can't yet be trusted outdoors by herself, so Abigail says that many household jobs have to wait while she sits on the steps and watches her.

This has been letting-down-hem month for me. Emily starts to kindergarten in September, and many of the dresses Juliana and Kristin wore when they started to kindergarten fit her nicely except that they had to be shortened. These are the only hems I've worked with recently for both

Juliana and Kristin have grown so tall that there's no question of letting down hems — it means brand new dresses.

Fred Fischer is now in Claremont, California visiting his daughter, Louise Alexander, her husband, Roger, and their two children, Jean and Carter. We drove him to Hamburg to pick up a train to Kansas City, and from there he flew to the coast. He writes that he is having a fine time and a good rest.

My sister, Sue Conrad, also writes that she is having a delightful summer at Brainerd, Minnesota. The days are warm but the nights are wonderfully cool, and she is enjoying every minute of her time there. I am keeping her fine collection of African violets while she is gone, and so far they look good and healthy. Sue has worked a long time to accumulate such a big variety of plants, and I want her to find them in fine shape when she returns.

Before too long my sister, Jessie Shambaugh, will be leaving for Long Island to visit her daughter, Ruth Watkins, her husband Bob, and their two little girls, Wendy and Jennifer. Ruth and Bob are in the process of completing a new home in a beautifully wooded section (this is the fourth house they've built so they're real experts), and Jessie wants to be there when the third baby arrives.

Martha, who makes her home with Jessie, is making tentative plans to leave about the same time and visit her son in Des Moines and old friends there. I've seen so much of my sisters all through this summer that I will certainly miss them when they are so widely scattered.

I hope that the article in this issue, "My Son Is Deaf" by Ethel Martin, will be of real help to the parents who are now preparing to send their small children far away to school. I think that so often we simply forget to stop and count our blessings. It's a real wrench for all mothers to send their little children off to school for the first time, even though they're only walking a few blocks down the street or climbing on a bus to ride a few miles. But just think what it must mean to send a little youngster several hundred miles! It seems to me that those of us who've been spared such an experience might well profit from this article along with

those who have real reason to read it.

Recently Howard brought up a beautiful coffee table that he had made for his Dad and me. He used Honduras mahogany in it and left the wood with its natural golden coloring. I marvel at the way his furniture is constructed — every piece is an heirloom. We are getting so much pleasure from this table that I can well imagine how much joy Mae gets from all the wonderful things he has made for her.

Three of my brother Henry's children have been home to visit recently. Letty Field Bianco, her husband and little daughter, Jean, came from Marseilles, Ill. Hope Field Pawek came from Oakland, Calif., and Josephine from Clinton, Ia. Letty and her husband are putting the finishing touches on a house they built entirely by themselves, and since the bulk of the work had to be done in Ray's few spare hours, they really appreciate what they have.

We have finally finished a big painting job here at our house. So many rains held up the workmen far beyond what they had anticipated, but at last the entire house is finished and the garage too. I shouldn't really call this the garage for it hasn't had a car inside of it for many years, but habit is strong and I find that I still think of it as the garage rather than the "old office."

By the time you read this both Juliana and Kristin will have returned from Camp Morrison at Clear Lake, Iowa. It was their second season and they enjoyed every moment of it. Lucile told me that when she wrote her letter for this issue she told you that she and Russell planned to drive up and bring the youngsters home, but things worked out in such a way that it was better for them to deliver all five children (three from Shenandoah, one from Creston and Kristin from Lucas) at the opening of the camp. Then they drove on to Minneapolis to visit Russell's family before returning to Shenandoah.

Both Lucile and I regret that our printing dates so often make it impossible to work in last minute news or changes of plans. With so many things happening all of the time it is a real struggle to get the final word in when the printer says the we MUST go to press. Kitchen-Klatter now goes to so many homes that it takes several days for those big presses to print enough copies.

We're very happy to be in touch with old friends and to make new friends through radio station KIOA in Des Moines, Iowa. You'll find this station at 940 on your radio dial, and I hope that at 9:00 every morning except Sunday you can be with us for our daily visit.

Margery, Oliver and Martin want to get up to Minnesota for a couple of weeks in August, but their plans are not yet definite enough to state as a final fact.

This letter was written to you—and you—and you, and I hope you'll find time to answer it sometime soon and bring me up to date on news at your house.

Sincerely yours, Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## PLANNING FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By Pansy M. Barnes

Although Memorial day of 1953 is now only a memory to us, this seems a good month to stop and reflect about plantings that can be used not only next year, but for years to come.

Anyone can go to the florists and buy flowers to use in decorating the graves of loved ones who have gone before, and circumstances compel many people to do exactly this. But it is true that bouquets we take from our own gardens where we have planned and toiled, do bring a deep sense of satisfaction to our hearts.

Peonies are the flower for the day. In order to have them just right on May 30th, it's a good idea to plant early, medium and late varieties. Unless most exceptional weather conditions arise, you're almost bound to have the needed flowers.

After many years of growing experience I can strongly recommend *Festiva Maxima* for your early variety. This is considered the very finest early white Peony, and it is certainly a magnificent flower. I also feel that *Edulis Superba* cannot be surpassed, and its enormous blossoms of rich, glowing pink can be depended upon for Memorial day.

There are seasons of course, when excessively hot weather early in May means that these early varieties I've mentioned will be past the peak of their beauty by the 30th. That is why I think that everyone should plan to plant both *Felix Crousse* and *Karl Rosenfield*. Both of these spectacular red varieties bloom late and last a long, long time.

Shenandoah is known far and wide as the Peony town. It may interest you to know that many plants around here are over sixty years old and grow more beautiful each year. Each spring when I see them bloom I can't help but feel that few investments made in nursery stock pay such big dividends over so long a time.

Fall is a fine time to plant Peonies. However, we should remember that they like a location in full sunshine, and must also have good soil and good drainage.

Each year mix a tea cup of wood-ashes and a tea cup of bone-meal with 2 gallons of Sheepo; stir well and put a quart of this mixture around each Peony clump. You will be more than repaid for this trouble by the quantity and size of blooms, as well as sturdiness of stems.

Iris are always in bloom for Memorial day. They are particularly appropriate for use at the cemetery because their strong tall stems are not easily twisted by sudden winds. And their height makes them show off to good advantage when their container is sunk at ground level. A combination of *California Gold* and *Missouri* (a shimmering clear blue) is truly breathtaking, and for sheer beauty you cannot surpass an arrangement

of *Lighthouse* (gorgeous tints of delicate rose) and ferns.

The early tulips are almost sure to be gone by the time you need them for Memorial day, but some of the stunning peony flowered varieties, if planted on the north where the snow lingers in the spring, may come out just right. At any rate, don't cheat yourself of the joy that the procession of such beauties can give.

I found that these peony flowered tulips combine magnificently with dictamus. No exotic arrangement of rare and expensive flowers can be more striking. Dictamus is not easy to establish, so it is difficult to obtain. Get a package of seed, sow them in a little cold frame, transplant in the very early fall and when well established they will be with you all of your life time. In fact, they will even be the proud possession of your grandchildren.

The Hostas won't be in bloom by Memorial day, but they will furnish handsome leaves that add distinction to any arrangement. If you're not familiar with Hostas you probably have no idea how varied they are in form and coloring. Some are light green, some are dark green, some are dark green edged with white, while others are a delightful grey-blue.

The old-fashioned Mock Orange is practically sure to be in its glory. *Virginalis*, *Norma*, *Minnesota Snowflake* and *Atlas*, whose flowers are as large as dogwood blooms, are really treasures and should be in every garden.

The *Deutzias* are a "fine family". *Pride of Rochester* and *Gracilis* are inexpensive and long lived.

The High Bush Cranberries and their more humble relatives, the old-fashioned *Snowball*, are valuable for cutting. Here in southwestern Iowa the French hybrid lilacs are usually gone by the end of May, but farther north they might be just right. Certainly the lovely pink *Villosa* lilac, when well established, will provide armsful of fragrance that combine beautifully with Iris and Peonies.

If you don't have Oriental poppies, put a row of them in the cutting garden. They are gorgeous and will last a day when cut if you plunge the ends of their stems in boiling water for a few minutes, or char them over a gas flame.

If you would like to have Oriental poppies as large as breakfast plates, feed them a mixture of Sheepo and bone-meal this summer. Add one tea cup of bone-meal to two gallons of Sheepo.

Last but not least, let us not forget the plant beloved by our grandmothers — Sweet Rocket, *Hesperis* or "Dame's Violet". This comes in white, pale lavender and deep lavender. Throw a handful of seeds in an out-of-the-way corner of the garden. They will come up without further ado, will keep down the weeds and give you loads of bloom at the very time you need it.



This group is typical of the many, many clubs of various kinds that come to visit our gardens during the summer months. Dad's sister, Mrs. Albert Rope (second from left) is a member of this neighborhood garden club from north of Clarinda, Ia.

Although the suggestions I've made here are for your own gardens I would like to remind you that if it is at all possible, do plan to plant some tulips and hyacinths, as well as crocus and daffodils, at the cemetery this fall. They need no attention whatsoever after they are in the ground, and it is a most comforting and reassuring sight to see their beautiful blooms when you go to the cemetery.

Crocus multiply so rapidly that only a handful of bulbs would give you a veritable carpet of bloom in two or three years. Furthermore, the size of the blooms increase with every passing year. The same thing is true of Grape Hyacinths. If all four corners of your lot were accented with clumps of Daffodils and a few Grape Hyacinths sprinkled among them, you'd have a lovely display that would last for quite a long time.

I feel that such plantings are particularly desirable for people who live at a great distance from their original homes and cannot often make the trip to see that their cemetery lots are decorated. Once they have planted any of the bulbs mentioned above they can know that through the weeks of spring there will be lovely flowers blooming in remembrance.

## COVER PICTURE

It's been a long, long time since we had a studio portrait of Dorothy and Kristin together, so this month we decided to use it as our cover picture. If you are a brand new reader we should really add that the full names are Mrs. Frank (Dorothy Driftmier) Johnson and Kristin Johnson. They live on a farm not far from Lucas, Iowa — or about nine miles from Chariton, if that name is more easily placed in your mind. Frank farms land that his father cleared many, many years ago — no other family has ever lived on that land.

## BOUNDARY LINES

Flowers and fruits see no fences:

They scatter wherever they fall.  
Regardless of man's pretences,  
Vines clamber over a wall,  
And apples spill on the highway;

The mint which started as mine  
Tunneled, and grows today

On my Neighbor's side of the line.  
—Alta Carson.



## OUR SON IS DEAF

By Ethel Martin

It is nearly twenty years now since my husband and I sat in the inner waiting room of two well known eye, ear, nose and throat specialists as our small son was undergoing a series of tests.

I remember that in those years I had a constant sense of impending disaster whenever we visited a doctor, but neither of us was in any way prepared to hear their verdict: "Your son is deaf." I've never been able to remember anything more that happened throughout the rest of that day.

We look back and wonder that we had not known our four-year old could not hear. But we had never been around a deaf child, and our boy was always a very bright child and had no difficulty whatsoever in making his wants known to his parents or to his playmates. Like all small children, he had his own pet signs for things. And too, we had no other children with whom to compare stages of development.

However, we were concerned because he did not talk and we had made the rounds of all the doctors in nearby towns. Their brief examinations revealed nothing. We were always told, "He'll talk when he gets ready." Or, "If he were of the opposite sex he would have started talking long ago." They invariably told us of cases where children didn't talk until they were much older than our boy but were perfectly normal.

After hearing these things we always felt better when we left their offices, but in a short time the gnawing worry that *something* must be wrong began again. Yet in thinking about all of the things that *could* be wrong we never once considered the possibility that our son was deaf. That's why the specialists' diagnosis came as such a shock to us. And they held out no hope that any cure could ever be expected. What had seemed to be a minor ear infection when our boy was only six months old had destroyed a necessary part of the hearing mechanism. This type of hearing loss is not benefited by the different mechanical aids that have been tried.

We knew that our son's education must come from some source aside from the public school we had always expected him to attend, so we began a prolonged inquiry into schools for the deaf. We investigated private day schools and boarding schools, but since there were none in our locality and their tuition rates were very high they were not practical for us.

In our investigation we found that the State School for the Deaf at Fulton, Mo., was one of the best in the country. We wrote there for information and the School sent a field representative to our home to acquaint us with details and requirements.

(At this point let me suggest something to anyone who is now facing the problem that we faced. If there is any choice in this matter of selecting a school, be sure that when you visit for the first time you are not misled by the work of the primary classes. All classes of young children



**SUPERMAN!** Martin has taken a great fancy for dressing up in all kinds of wild outfits, and it reminds us of nothing as much as his Uncle Donald when he was about the same age. Family friends have never gotten over some of the rigs Donald put together!

are adorable and capture your heart, but it's in the graduating class where you will see the real progress that has been made. Ask to visit the advanced classes. Certainly any good school will welcome your most minute investigation.)

In many respects the decision we made to send our boy almost 300 miles to a school where he would spend nine months of the year was one of the hardest we have ever had to make. And yet "decision" is not exactly the word to use, because in our state every child of normal mentality *must* attend school and since this indicated the school at Fulton in our case, making up our minds to the fact that he *must* go was the big step.

At first we thought of moving near the school, but a trip there showed us that it was not the type of farming territory we were looking for, and farming was the only work we knew. Those were depression days and any work was hard to find. Then when we learned from the school authorities that children were allowed only given times for trips home, regardless of how near the parents might live, we abandoned the entire idea of moving.

As soon as we knew for certain exactly when he would leave us for the School, we began preparing him for the experience. During the summer we visited the School and showed him where he would live. Then we got pictures to take home with us so he could study these places where he would sleep, eat, play and study.

We also tried to make him independent for we knew he would be happier if he could dress himself without aid and care for his toilet needs. Until this time he had not slept in a separate room, but now we fixed up a room for him so that he could grow accustomed to not having us near him at night.

When the time came to take him to the School we made arrangements to stay in town for a few days until we saw that he was getting along all right. We went out to the School several times a day. But by the second day we could see that he was bored by having us follow him from classroom to playground, etc., and we were not surprised when he showed us with gestures to go home and milk the cows and feed the chickens! He waved goodbye to us happily and ran off to play with two little boys who were to be his best friends throughout all of his school years.

We've always been profoundly grateful for the fact that he had a wonderful Matron during that first year. She was a kind, motherly woman who had reared nine children of her own. She told me once that not long after Billy entered the School he seemed homesick one night, so she took him into bed with her! He was such a little boy to be so far from home.

Twice a year we went to visit him, once between the opening of school and Christmas, and again between the holidays and the closing of school. For those trips we rented a tourist cabin in town so that it would be a change for him. We took food from home and favorite toys that he could not keep with him in School.

We always felt that it was very important to point out to him on the calendar just how many days we would be with him in order that he would be prepared for our leaving. We never did leave at the school and slip off without telling him that we were going. I have seen parents do that many times in the mistaken idea that it would be easier for the child. Could they have seen the frightened, tearful child whom they left behind they never in the world would have done it.

Mail is very important to small children who are away from home. We sent weekly packages the first two years. Perhaps it was only a stick of gum and a couple of balloons in an envelope, and at other times it might be a toy, candy, or something else along this line, but we never failed to send something.

In our community the mother of a young deaf boy who is now away at school sends picture letters showing the doings of the family. She has a decided gift for drawing, but any mother could make crude pictures that could easily be interpreted by a child who has not yet learned to read.

Perhaps some of the things we learned through the years will be of help to other parents who are living in the same situation we experienced.

Never, never pretend to the child that he isn't deaf. He knows it and will feel even more frustrated if he thinks you are ignoring his handicap. Point out to him that some people wear glasses, some people wear braces, others use crutches, etc., and that many people who are all right in those respects simply have ears that are not good. Even very small children can understand the truth.

Always try to substitute something for the thing he is missing. If the

(Continued on Page 13)



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM BRISTOL

Dear Friends:

I have just returned from a week's stay in the wilderness woodlands of central Rhode Island where I was the Camp Chaplain for a church young people's conference. The camp was ten miles from the nearest highway and at least that far from the nearest telephone. I had a good time and a very inspirational time, but I must confess that I am weary from carrying the responsibility for ninety boys and girls away from home and some distance from a doctor. Each member of the camp staff felt that he personally had the responsibility for each youngster there, and that is exactly as it should have been.

Because of the dry weather that we have been having for the past month our one big fear in the camp was the fear of a forest fire. Just two years ago a terrible fire burned many square miles in the vicinity of the camp taking several lives and doing millions of dollars worth of damage. Had there been a fire, all of the youngsters in our camp would have been in great danger.

On the most beautiful night of the entire week at the conference our fear of a forest fire was almost realized. All of the campers had just gone to their cabins from the evening council ring where I had conducted a worship service out-of-doors, and a small group of the camp staff was walking with me through the woods to the administration building when suddenly, several miles up in the sky, there was a brilliant light.

As we glanced quickly upwards through the trees we saw three enormous balls of fire coming directly toward the camp. We stood speechless for a moment and then when we heard the rumble of a distant explosion, we looked at each other in fright. The balls of fire were sweeping toward us and as they came closer we could hear a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind, or perhaps it was more like the sound of an enormous waterfall. We didn't know whether to start running frantically through the woods, to throw ourselves on to the ground hiding behind the boulders and bushes, or to cry out to God for help. Never will I be able to put into words the sensations I felt at that moment.

It was a terrible, blood-chilling experience. The balls of fire swept over our heads and on into the forest some distance away. Immediately some of the men jumped into their cars and raced down the trail to learn what the spectacle was and to learn what the fire danger might be. I stayed behind to help quiet the fears of some of the young people who had witnessed the awful sight. When the men returned in an hour or so, they told us that they had seen the burning wreckage of two jet airplanes which had evidently collided in mid-air. The forest rangers were quickly on the scene and the fires started by the wreckage were extinguished.

It isn't often that we have the pleasure of entertaining guests from

the Middlewest, but just the other day a young sailor with his wife and baby came to our door and introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Lee Lyvers from Shenandoah, Iowa. Of course we were delighted to see someone from Shenandoah, and we were particularly happy to meet the Lyvers because of the fact that Mrs. Lyvers worked for the Driftmier Publishing Company at one time. Their young son was as good as he possibly could be the entire afternoon, and we were sorry when it came time for them to return to their station at Squantum, Massachusetts.

If any of you are coming to visit New England this summer, be sure and stop in to see us here in Bristol, Rhode Island. We live right on the main highway through town, and anyone along the street could direct you to our house.

Many times through the years I have told you of my interest in foreign foods, and so you won't be surprised to learn that Betty and I were guests for dinner in an Armenian home a few nights ago. Actually we were not in the home, but out in the garden where we could watch the food being prepared over an outdoor barbecue grill.

The main course was Shish-Kabab, a favorite dish of all peoples coming from the Near East and one that I had often eaten while living in Egypt. Shish-Kabab is a combination of barbecued lamb, green peppers, tomatoes, and egg-plant. Each is cut into small pieces and placed on a skewer, alternating the pieces of vegetables with pieces of lamb. No doubt many of you have prepared Shish-Kabab in a manner somewhat similar to this.

As an additional meat course we were served broiled beef patties strongly seasoned with mace and onions. The meat was served us on a plate of rice accompanied by a piece of Armenian bread. Believe it or not, each piece of bread was round and very thin and two feet in diameter! Just imagine eating a piece of bread two feet wide, and believe me it was perfectly delicious. I hope that I am invited to that home again for another similar meal.

While we were eating dinner that evening, we were entertained with Armenian music, and that is something I cannot describe to you except to say that it is very similar to the Arabic music that one hears all over the Near East. Personally, I love Arabic music and so of course I liked the Armenian music although there were some in the party who did not.

I suppose that our church has one activity that no other church in the country has, and that is a series of investment classes for women. One of the good ladies in the church is considered to be a leading authority on financial investments, and since a great many women are constantly in need of help on financial matters it was decided to conduct classes of a very elementary nature for them.

At first there was some doubt as to whether an investment class was a worthwhile enterprise for a church, but when we learned how many of our church women and other women

in the community were dependent for their income upon investment funds, and when we learned how little the average woman knows about investments of any kind, it was decided to give the investment classes whole-hearted church support. The classes have been meeting regularly now for nearly two years and the interest in them continues to grow.

Although most men do not like to confess their ignorance of financial matters, several men have been attending the women's classes regularly. A new book published this month entitled "Investors' Road Map" was written by the teacher of the class, and much of the material in the book was first presented as lectures right here in the parish house of our church.

How would you like to have a baby Boa Constrictor as a household pet? There is an animal farm in Massachusetts where you can buy such pets for as low as \$10.00 a snake. A friend of mine bought a baby Boa Constrictor just a week old and twenty inches long and how proud he is of it! If he keeps it long enough it will grow to be fifteen feet long, but how long he will be able to keep it depends upon his mouse supply.

While the snake is small, he will have to feed it one live mouse a week, but as it grows larger he will have to feed it many mice a week, and finally the day will come when he will have to feed it chickens and rabbits. This very night as I sit here writing this letter my friend is out trying to catch a mouse for his snake pet.

The small Boa Constrictors do make wonderful pets if you like that sort of thing. (Lucile's note: I don't!) I am tempted to get one for the children, but I know that Betty will never, never, never stand for it. Don't misunderstand me; I wouldn't want one of them for a pet after it reaches a length of more than two or three feet, but a real small one would be nice to have as a means of teaching the children not to fear harmless snakes.

I am very proud of the fact that neither of our children are afraid of spiders or insects. Last night Mary Leanna saw a spider on the floor and asked me if she should step on it. I picked it up and told her that it was a harmless creature, and immediately she wanted to hold it. She let the spider run around on her hands and arms for some time and finally let it go. Since there are so few insects that could hurt the children, I am glad that they have no fear of them.

A few days ago I took the children to the beach and while there I saw what appeared to be a Horseshoe Crab fastened to a good-sized rock. Closer inspection revealed that the "rock" was not a rock at all, but a giant Horseshoe Crab. I pulled both crabs onto the beach so that the children could inspect them, and several bathers passing by commented that they had never seen such large crabs. I really do believe that the larger of the two crabs broke a record of some kind. Although the Horseshoe Crab is a killer of much good marine life, I let the two of them go for the children's sake. Sincerely, Frederick



## HOW ARE YOUR TRAVEL MANNERS

By Mabel Nair Brown

It's a sad comment to make, but often painfully true that many travelers forget to take along one very important item on their vacation trip — their TRAVEL MANNERS.

Good manners are good manners ANYWHERE. It is not only important that you mind your manners if you would be a welcome guest of a relative or friend or of a motel; but also if you would leave a favorable impression upon fellow travelers you meet and those who serve you along the way. They are your key to a "return engagement"; and we all like to feel we are wanted back for another visit some day, don't we?

Many of us grew up on the old adage, "The way you act at home is the way you act away from home." But, to put the old adage in reverse, I'll bet there are many travelers who *wouldn't dare* to act at home as they do away from home. If they did, they would get their ears clipped down!

The filling station attendant to whom the Loud Mouth blows off must "grin and bear it"; the waitress at the drive-in lunch must manage a smile while accused of everything from serving little Junior sour milk to palming off shoe leather for T-bone steak; the motel owner must stand back and see "precious little Sissy" ruthlessly trample down the flower beds in search of a lost ball — all because the "customer is always right"! And how some customers take advantage of that "right"!

Here are a few DO'S AND DON'TS to help you mind your travel manners on your next trip. You'll be glad you did for you will not only find yourself having a more pleasurable journey, but you will like the warm glow in the heart that comes from knowing you have put your best foot forward and made a good impression upon those you have met.

1. **DO** have a definite time limit on the length of your visit if you are visiting in a home. Pity the poor hostess who must worry, and wonder if she is stuck with a tiresome hanger-on-er who has given her no hint as to the length of his stay. Remember, your hosts might have a few plans of their own!

2. **DO** be as careful of hotel and motel furnishings as you would your own at home. How would you like to have someone come into your home for an overnight stay who carelessly let his cigarette burn a hole in the easy chair, spilled shoe polish on the bedroom rug and then slipped one of your best towels and a couple of bars of toilet soap into his luggage to take home with him? As a traveler, you probably demand attractive, well-kept accommodations for your overnight stops. Help to keep them that way.

3. **DO** practice every courtesy toward the trades people who, after all, make your trip possible — the station attendant, the red cap, the railroad conductor, the waitresses, the motel keeper, the tourist's guides, the soda fountain clerk, to mention only a few.



We doubt if there are many seventeen-year old girls as competent as Regina Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown, Ogden, Ia. When her mother, Mabel Nair Brown, is snowed under with pressing responsibilities, Regina is able to take over and run things beautifully. She has won countless 4-H club honors and enters Iowa State College at Ames this fall with high academic standing.

Like a smile, courtesy will go a long, long way towards getting better service.

4. **DO SHARE THE VIEW!** This means realizing that your fellow travelers are out to see the sights, too. So don't push and shove him away from the rail so you can get a better look at the canyon, or elbow his ribs until he lets you up front for a better look at The Falls. Why not lend him your binoculars instead? Then, after he's had his look at the view, he will graciously step aside so you can have yours.

5. **DON'T MAR THE VIEW!** Why is it some folks can't resist chipping a corner off the old monument for a souvenir, or uprooting the flowers in the park to get a specimen to take home? And how about "fool's names in public places"? Such people are those who have forgotten that they are their hometown's ambassadors. It behooves all of us to pause and think as we travel about the country, "Can we say we are good-will ambassadors for our hometown?"

6. **DON'T LEAVE A TRAIL!** Are you guilty of leaving a trail of cleansing tissues, paper sacks, discarded maps, newspapers and countless other articles in your wake as you travel, so that those in the know can simply look at the clutter you have left behind and say "Kilroy has been here"? As you accumulate such trash when traveling by car, put it all in a paper bag and then put it in the proper trash can when you stop at a hotel or motel at night. Before leaving the next morning, pick up all the clutter you may have made in the room, thus leaving it in order for the next guest.

7. **DON'T BE A BELITTLE!** Maybe you don't think the caverns all they were "cracked up to be" or perhaps you think you have better farms at home; but you don't need to say so. Remember, it would be a pretty dull old world if we all liked

the same thing and did things in the same way. Let the other fellow run his side of the country and you look after yours — you are just here for a look-see, remember?

8. **DON'T TRESPASS!** This means across the city dweller's lawn, or on the courthouse grass as well as into the farmer's woods for a picnic without permission. And it means not to go poking your nose into restricted areas in an industrial plant, in buildings marked "no admittance" on the grounds of public parks or historical estates, etc.

9. **DO FOLLOW THE RULES!** If the sign says "Visiting hours 2 to 5" don't grumble and gripe at the attendant or try to bribe your way in after hours. Those hours have been worked out for the greatest convenience for the most people. Often times there is much clerical work, dusting and rearranging that must be sandwiched in between visiting hours at museums, historical buildings, etc. Rules are made because they are necessary. The same goes for fees charged at such places. If the rules say "No Smoking", "No Cooking" or give any other warning, accept the warning graciously and like a good traveler, abide by it.

10. **DON'T FORGET YOUR P'S AND T'S** — that's Please and Thank You. They are two little words that will certainly go a long way toward opening the door to good fellowship anywhere and are certainly two items you will want to sprinkle very generously all through your TRAVEL MANNERS.

Follow these Ten Tips For Travel Manners and chances are that wherever you go you will meet new friends who will take pleasure in knowing you and urge you to "Come back soon!"

## TO GIVE AWAY

By Gladys Niece Templeton

Recently we learned of a small struggling church nearby which could afford, in the way of literature, only quarterlies for their church-school teachers. No story papers for their children to carry home!

Upon looking about our church (at the close of services) it was surprising to note the quantity of left-over literature lying about the various class rooms. With permission from the superintendent we gathered up all of that surplus and delivered it to the needy church.

It is putting it modestly to say they were pleased!

It goes without saying that a closer bond of fellowship and better understanding will result. What a small thing to gather up such valuable material which we do not need each week, thus enabling us to have something TO GIVE AWAY.

## LITTLE PRAYER

There is tonic found in toil,  
A remedy for many an ill,  
God, keep me searching eagerly  
For little tasks to do until  
The hour You turn the golden key  
And swing the gates of Home to me.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

A few minutes ago I put a freezer can of ice cream in the refrigerator to chill, and while it's getting good and cold I'll sit here at my typewriter and visit with you.

This particular ice cream freezer belongs to Abigail and Wayne, and its great virtue is the fact that my three trays of ice cubes furnish sufficient ice to do the trick. If I had to run to town and buy ice we'd never have any need to turn the crank.

I never fool around with this small freezer that I don't think back to the summer days years ago when our family at home made ice cream. Those were red letter days, believe me. Mother drove down to the ice house and got an enormous chunk that the attendants obligingly dropped into a gunny sack. As soon as she returned home it was Howard's job to take an axe and smash up that ice, a wonderful way for any boy to get rid of his extra energy.

Then the six-quart can was put down into the old wooden container, layers of ice and salt were packed around it, and the family lined up to take turns. Frederick has always been under the impression that he did more grinding than anyone else, but this is a delusion on his part! We all turned for the same amount of time, and when the point came where even two of us together couldn't budge the crank one more round, mother came out and took over.

Oh my! no ice cream since has ever tasted as good as what we scraped from the ladle that had been turned out on an old cooky sheet. We fought over it disgracefully, even those of us who were big enough to know what a spectacle we made! I think those sessions always ended with mother warning us that we wouldn't get any at the table if we persisted in fighting over the last speck on the ladle, but no one ever took this seriously because how could six quarts of ice cream be disposed of if we weren't turned loose with it?

(I mustn't conclude this reference to the old days without adding that our home-made ice cream sessions reached their absolute climax when our three Fischer cousins were visiting us. That was bedlam, pure and simple. I cannot imagine how mother's nerves ever survived the howling and arguing.)

The other day I thought of something as I was washing dishes and I grabbed up a pencil near the sink and actually wrote lightly on the white wall nearby: "Willa Cather". That was to remind me to tell you what I thought of as an interesting and worthwhile series of club programs for the fall and winter months that are ahead.

This is the time of year when committees put their heads together to think of some project that will prove stimulating and informative to their members, so if you have been appointed to such a committee, turn this over in your mind.

Don't you think that any study club



Our pool is so shady that it's hard to get a sharp picture, but here you see Kristin and Juliana enjoying one of their favorite summer occupations — watching the many different kinds of goldfish that we now have. A big frog also lives out there!

would enjoy a series of programs devoted to Willa Cather? I do. She is really one of our comparatively few great writers, and as the years pass her contribution to American literature becomes increasingly important. She was the first truly fine writer to describe our midwest with profound love and understanding—as some critic said of her: "Her books were a violent break with the traditional love story that novelists turned out — she wrote love stories, all right, but her heroine was the land itself." And that is true.

Now if I were working on a committee that had this subject under consideration I would handle it more or less as follows:

There is a most interesting and informative book just out titled "Willa Cather Living" by Edith Lewis, Miss Cather's life-long friend, and it should serve as the backbone of your series. Some member could be assigned the first few chapters that give you an excellent picture of her early, formative years and that would constitute the initial program.

In connection with this first program there are two other sources of interesting material. "The World of Willa Cather" (published about two years ago) has many photographs that should be shown, and an issue of *Life*, also about two years ago, has a section of photographs from this book. With both of these things at hand you'd have something to pass around that would really illuminate the subject matter.

The important books of Miss Cather's that I'd suggest for reviews are: *One of Ours*, *O! Pioneers*, *My Antonia*, *The Lost Lady*, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and *Obscure Destinies*. (The latter is a collection of three short stories — novelettes you might call them.)

In Miss Lewis' book "Willa Cather Living" she tells in detail the circumstances that prevailed at the time each of those books was written, and it gives you a wonderfully intimate picture of how a writer works. Each book review should be preceded by the chapter that discusses the book in question.

Now don't you think that this could be a genuinely interesting series of programs? It seems to me that it would be well worth attending a club meeting to hear something developed along this line, and fortunately all of the books mentioned lend themselves

well to reviews. Miss Cather was a wonderful story teller, and she was an artist at creating living and breathing characters. I've always felt, for instance, that I actually *knew* Marian Forrester whose portrait is drawn with such consummate artistry in *A Lost Lady*.

People who cast many an uneasy glance at the sky when a storm is coming up have certainly had a prolonged session of head twisting this summer. I can never remember a year when there have been so many bad storms. Not long ago we had a sky so evil looking that it really seemed as if the end of the world might be at hand! Russell and I haven't yet actually fled to the basement and crouched under a big table that stands against the southwest wall, but I'll confess that I've calculated how many steps it would take to get there.

I don't really feel too apprehensive about storms if I'm right here at home, but how I hate to be out on the highway when a bad one is rolling up. I know a lot of people who think the best way to beat a tornado is to get into a car and race it, and I guess this course of action is actually recommended, but my nerves would never be worth two cents after I'd engaged in such a race.

Juliana is at camp these days. She and Kristin returned to Camp Morrison at Clear Lake, Iowa — that's not far from the Minnesota line. We haven't yet made definite plans about their return, but if Russell and I can get a strangle-hold on our work around the 14th, we may drive to Minneapolis and pick them up on our way back. I haven't been to Minneapolis for four years, and if too much more time passes I'll never be able to find my way to our old haunts.

Those of you who are beyond the range of our voices on our radio visits will not be surprised to hear that Juliana's much-loved parakeet, Nicholas, had his last round-up with the cats and is no more. When you consider the fact that he survived almost eight months in the same house with two clever cats I think you'll agree that it was a triumph he lasted as long as he did. Had he been willing to live in his cage he might have made it, but he took a violent dislike to that cage and would never go near it after Christmas. He much preferred the freedom of the house, plus a big piece of driftwood to sleep in at night, so when you consider the fact that he was at large all over the downstairs rooms, plus the back porch, I think you'll marvel too that the catastrophe didn't happen long before.

Surely that ice cream can is well chilled now, so I must run and get to work. Do try and write before the last hectic weeks of getting the children back to school. I enjoy each and every one of your letters.

Always sincerely,  
Lucile

"Lift up your heart to Him even at your meals and when you are in company; the least little remembrance will always be acceptable to Him. You need not cry very loud; He is nearer to us than we think."—Brother Lawrence



## FROM MY DESK

By Leanna

QUES: "My husband and I are badly upset about our nineteen year old daughter who works in a large insurance office. During this past year we've had many arguments because she stays out far too late at night, and now she has informed us that she is going to take an apartment with another girl who works at the same office. This seems so foolish to us when we have a good home for her, and we've just about decided to tell her that if she moves out she's out for good. Don't you agree that we are justified?"—Nebr.

ANS: Now this is a problem that I've had no personal experience with whatsoever, but I strongly question the wisdom of your decision. Evidently your daughter feels that she can't live her own life until she gets out from under the home roof, and this often happens in cities the size of yours when girls are on their own financially. I would earnestly suggest that you look ahead into the future and avoid making such a final judgment as you are now considering. It's a great mistake, I feel, for any young person to feel that the home door is closed to him. It could make a terrible difference in the young person's life.

QUES: "I'm sure that no one has ever asked you a question such as this, but I'm troubled about the following situation. My sister-in-law and I have little girls who are just three weeks apart in age — they are now eight. We began having just one birthday party for them when they were babies and have continued to do so until this summer. I have been unhappy about the guest list since my little girl started to school. She wants her school mates included (they are also her cousin's school mates) and isn't interested in children whom she knows very slightly but have always been included at these parties. My sister-in-law feels very strongly on the subject — she intends to cultivate certain people at any price. I can't think what to do in this situation and would appreciate your opinion."—Mo.

ANS: As I read your letter I couldn't help but wonder for whom the parties are given — your children or you grown-ups. I hesitate to advise a course of action that might lead to family friction, but it does seem to me that the time has come when your children should have separate parties. Let your little girl have her school mates and let the other child have whoever her mother dictates. There are worse things in this world to cope with and think about.

QUES: "We've had a very, very hard time at our home the past six months when our daughter was hospitalized because of mental illness. We have kept her two little boys during this time. Within two months she will be released and we plan to have her here until she is able to be back in her own home. Do you think I should try and keep people away after she returns, or should I urge

her old friends to come frequently? Needless to say, the entire thing troubles me."—Kans.

ANS: The doctors who have cared for your daughter are the only ones to consult on this matter. They may want her to resume an active social life at once. They may think that she should not be excited by such activity. Don't ask anyone for advice on this subject except professional people who know her condition.

QUES: "I have two girls, six and four, and two boys, two and eight. They are constantly at me from the time they get up until they go to bed. There's never a moment of the day when one of them isn't hanging on me whining for attention. I don't know how other mothers manage to get their children to play together or just out from under their feet and thought perhaps you could help me."—Minn.

ANS: I've learned that in most cases children who hang on and whine are children who feel that they never really have their mother's full attention. Mothers who have children the ages yours are at this present time are mighty busy people and it's so easy just to keep moving like a machine without really registering the constant whining and hanging on. I believe that if you'd stop right in your tracks for just one week and take time to give each child your complete attention when it begins to whine at your skirts, you'd find quickly that once they realized you really heard them they would be willing to go about their own affairs more readily. Try this and see if it doesn't make a big difference. Also take time during that week to get them started on some play project — stay with them until they're in the swing of it.

QUES: "How far do you think parents should go in permitting their children to make expensive mistakes? I'll tell you what has happened at this house. We have a married son (our only son) who has two small children and a good job as a salesman — straight salary plus commission. He is constantly living far beyond his means and gets into financial jams. A year ago he wanted to build a room on to his house and had just gotten the work done when his baby was seriously ill — medical bills took every cent he had planned to pay on the remodeling, so of course we came to the rescue as we've always done. Now he wants to turn the basement into a recreation room and figures it will come to around a thousand dollars — a sum he expects to make on commissions. We wonder if we shouldn't tell them flatly that no matter what happens they'll have to meet their own bills from here on out and that we're not coming to the rescue again?"—Ia.

ANS: Frankly, this should have been said quite some time ago. What's going to happen to him and his family when you are no longer around to pad the nest? I believe your son had better make some adjustments right now so that he can get his household on a more realistic basis.

QUES: "This isn't a situation where

you can give your advice, Leanna, because it's now a closed subject, but I hope you'll have room to print this for the benefit of other church groups. On January 1st we received a gift of \$350.00 from the son of a life-long member in memory of his parents, and the letter stipulated that it should be used in any way that would give the most benefit. Our minister is much beloved and the hardest working, most faithful man imaginable. I knew that he wanted very badly to attend a church conference this summer, but financially he couldn't afford to do so. I felt that he would get a great deal of inspiration and help from such a conference and therefore suggested that we use the gift to make this possible. I was overruled, although not by a large majority — is was surprising how many people shared my viewpoint. However, the majority wanted to purchase new hymnals and choir robes, plus one or two other items, so that's what the money was used for. I just wanted to tell you about this in case other groups have gifts that *could* be used as I wanted our money used."—Ill.

## IMPORTANT NEWS!

We're very happy to be able to announce this month that our daily Kitchen-Klatter radio visit can now be heard every morning, aside from Sunday, over radio stations KIOA in Des Moines, Iowa and KFAB in Omaha, Nebraska at 9:00 A. M.

You will find KIOA at 940 on your radio dial and KFAB at 1110 on your dial.

The Kitchen-Klatter visit started on KIOA, Des Moines, Iowa last month and we already have received many cards and letters from old friends who are glad to be in close contact with us again, and also from new friends who are hearing us for the first time.

KFAB, Omaha, Nebraska, will start carrying our Kitchen-Klatter visit August 3, so many of you who listen to this station will be able to hear us every weekday morning at 9:00 from August 3 on. If you tune in to one of your old stations on that date and do not find us at our regular time, try one of these new stations the next morning. See page 13 for a complete schedule of stations.

Whenever Kitchen-Klatter goes out over a new station (new to us, that is) we are anxious to know how far away those particular radio waves reach. If you are now part of our morning audience we'd much appreciate hearing about it—Leanna, Lucile and Margery



## NOTES FROM MY SERMONS

By Reverend Frederick Driftmier

**EDITORIAL NOTE:** This month we are printing the first of a series of articles that we feel will be both helpful and inspirational to our readers.

Our son, the Reverend Frederick F. Driftmier, is pastor of The First Congregational Church at Bristol, Rhode Island. It is the custom at his church to print on the back of their program some extracts from the sermon given on the preceding Sunday. These programs are mailed to us every week, and for several years as I've read them I have wished that I could share with you their constructive and thoughtful ideas.

As the result of my wish, Frederick has given us his permission to use some of the quotations from his sermons, and I feel that they will be helpful to those of you who are constantly in search of vital and rich material for your Sunday School classes and organizations.

I wish that you might see one of these entire programs, but since that is impossible I'd like to tell you that on the front cover there is a most beautiful etching of the church with these dates directly above it: 1680—1953. On the inside there is the customary Order Of Divine Worship followed by the Calendar For the Week (a very full one, I might add), and also a long column of notices. On the back cover appears the extracts from the sermon delivered on the previous Sunday, and it is these extracts that we now wish to share with you.

—Leanna

## THE MISSING FACTOR

We Americans are great people to talk about wanting our children to have every advantage. Many times we do give them every advantage except the most important advantage of all, and that remains the missing factor. We give them good food, good clothing, good medical care, good education, — indeed, we give them everything good except good parents.

You and I certainly do not like to admit the fact that we are not good parents, but honestly now, isn't it true that somewhere along the way most of us have failed to meet the highest standards of Christian parenthood?

No one would question our concern for our children's welfare. We are concerned about tonsils, adenoids, the right food, their school work, their playmates, but too often we fail to be concerned about the deep things of the spirit.

When Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University he startled a body of alumni by saying: "Some of you write and ask us why we don't make more of your boys. I will tell you the main reason — because they are your boys."

All of us are the reflection of many influences: the home, the school, the playground, our friends, the church, radio and television, but certainly the most important influence is the home. The fact is that whether we realize it or not, in the deep fundamental qual-



Our many friends who've enjoyed seeing the pictures of Shenandoah churches will be glad to know that this substantial building is St. Mary's Catholic Church. Through its doors pass many devoted communicants.

ities of life, you and I become each day more and more like the people with whom we have lived.

Our children are molded by the home we make for them. If our children have bad attitudes toward certain subjects it is because there is a bad attitude in the home. For most of us parents this is a cruel fact, and we wish that it were not so.

Deep in our hearts is the longing that our children will prove to be better people than you and I are, will have better attitudes than you and I have. We want them to have more faith than you and I have had, more love, more graciousness, and more tolerance, and if they do not surpass us, it will be because they are our children.

We pride ourselves on the material blessings provided for our children. The greatest people the world has even known, had none of these blessings.

Consider Abraham Lincoln, for example. He came out of a log cabin in the wilderness. It would be trite for me to enumerate its disadvantages. Let it suffice to say that it had not one of the advantages of your home — not one, but it did have something else.

In the dark days of the Civil War when the burden upon his mind and heart was often too great to bear, Abraham Lincoln said: "I remember my mother's prayers; they have clung to me all my life."

Our families today can produce individuals with keen minds and sound bodies, but too often there is in their development a missing factor, something that only God-fearing, God-loving parents can give. That missing factor is moral character. If we don't find it in the parents, how can we hope to find it in the children?

No amount of education, no amount of Sunday School, no amount of church ever can make up for the lack of character in the home. An old Spanish proverb says: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy," and it is the truth.

## THE PRICE OF CHARACTER

Character is not a gift; it is bought with a price. Gradually throughout our country's history our citizens have zealously, sacrificially bought and paid for our national character. Each generation has made its contribution to the stream of the ongoing American spirit.

The character of a nation, like the character of a person, is founded on a past, but it exists only upon the contributions from the present. A nation, like a person, cannot continue to drink from the cup of its inheritance without constantly supplying that cup with character-building experience from the present.

Character is much easier kept than it is recovered, and if America is to keep what our honored dead have earned, we must maintain our courage and strength of conviction; we must pursue relentlessly the aims and purposes for which we have already paid far too highly to let them now escape our grasp.

Let it not be said that what we are today is due solely to what others have done before us, but rather let us so live that the whole world will know that what we are is due to the idealism, courage, and moral conduct that we ourselves possess today.

That these men and women who sacrificed so much shall not have died in vain, let us determine now to follow the admonitions of St. Paul: "Therefore put on the complete armour of God, so that you may be able to stand your ground, and having fought to the end, to remain victors on the field."

## STILL MUCH TO GIVE

Depressed, she wept and voiced her discontent,  
"What use am I who can't face life's demands?  
Too old, unwanted by the young, I wait  
For death to come and loose my earthly bands."

The voice of God spoke softly in her ear,  
"So much is yours, these years on earth you live,  
For you to share each day with fellow men,  
Your life can still be useful, if you give."

"But what have I to share now that I'm old?"  
She sighed, "The time for me to give is past."  
"You're wrong", said God, "You have my truth and love  
And these are good to share from first to last."

"Dear God", she said, "Forgive these foolish tears  
That blinded me, improv'ishing my years."  
—Gertrude Marguerite Robinson

One can pay back the loan of gold, but one dies forever in debt to those who are kind.—Malayan Proverb.



## LET'S HAVE A GALLOPING BRUNCH!

By Mabel Nair Brown

Comes those sweltering days in August and we groan at the very thought of getting all dressed up in our best bib and tucker for a party, a shower or luncheon. Still, time and events do not just stand still for a month until cooler breezes blow!

There are bound to be some occasions during the warm days when we want to get together with "the girls", so why not rule out dress up affairs and formal parties? Have your party in the morning when it's cooler and when the small fry (and their mothers) are less irritable from the heat.

Why not a galloping brunch? They are easy to prepare, they are fun and they definitely ARE NOT a dress-up occasion. No indeed! The guests "come as they are" — that is, dressed as when they received the invitation. If not, they must pay a small fine, (this goes into club treasury or for treats for the crowd).

But there will be loads of fun for all, hostesses included, so much fun you won't mind the heat. Here is how it works

Early some morning leave your pin curls pinned up, put on your housecoat and go calling on your guests-to-be. Invite them to your house for brunch in, well, let's say in half an hour. They must come as is — not putting on a clean apron, not removing a curler or bobbie pins, not stopping to put on make-up. You can imagine the laughs that will start as each guest catches sight of another's morning "get-up".

The refreshments you serve will be simple, perhaps iced fruit juice, coffee and coffee cake or sweet rolls. But have a striking centerpiece of some sort. An eggplant offers unusual possibilities. Given slices of stuffed olives for eyes, a slice of prune for a nose and red pimiento for a mouth and hubby's red bandanna for a kerchief, Presto! you have colored Aunt Dinah for your table piece. Or if you are serving a more substantial breakfast-lunch, tiny sausages or appetizers can be stuck on tooth picks and inserted in the egg plant for a "porcupine" effect that lets the guests help themselves.

Or you can use garden flowers in one of your pretty kitchen bowls. How about individual garden flower corsages for each guest? Serve them up on your large pancake griddle as the centerpiece.

For a very pretty and colorful table, use the eggplant Aunt Dinah as the centerpiece and just before guests are seated, place a wedge of watermelon at each place in which you have inserted a paper sail on a wooden skewer (the paper sail being the place card), thus making a sailboat from the melon wedge.

Entertainment will be mostly just lazy visiting but add to the merriment by giving prizes to the one in the funniest outfit, to the one with the longest run in her hose, to the one caught without shoes, to one with a dirty face, etc.



If you remember the picture of Emily and Regal Lilies in our spring nursery catalog you'll be interested to see that her little sister, Alison, is now two years old and big enough to pose in front of the same flowers. Frankly, we think that very few flowers make a more dramatic showing than Regal Lilies — we wish that every yard had some.

If this is also a shower, or a birthday party or any party where gifts are to be given, you might present them in a dishpan, or instruct the honoree to stack the dishwasher and there she finds her gifts stacked in the dishwasher. Another idea is to have her go through all the motions of washing and putting away the dishes and have gifts hidden in places she will open or look at, such as a drawer for teatowels, on shelf with soappowder, in cabinet with dish pan, on top of stack of plates, etc.

## AUGUST COMPANY

By Margaret Miller

We live on a 320 acre farm in Iowa and every August finds us entertaining relatives on both sides of the house for almost the entire month. This has been going on for the past fifteen years, so perhaps I've learned a few things along the way that may help others.

If there's to be any entertaining done at our home for these out-of-town relatives I always plan to get it out of the way immediately. For instance, if the Chicago relatives arrive on Wednesday night I have any family gatherings on the following night. There's a reason for this. I'm better able to cope with a big crowd early in the visit, not towards the end when I'm tired and everyone else is tired.

The best investment we ever made for taking care of extra people was a roll-away bed complete with mattress. This slides into a small closet under the stairs that was never big enough anyway to take care of wraps efficiently. On hot nights (which is the usual August night) we roll this out on our front screened-in porch. That way I don't have to keep the family quiet early in the morning, more than you can say when guests are right in the living room.

I have a large refrigerator with a big freezing unit but not a home

freezer. Before my guests come I make a list of everything that I'll need from the locker in town and check off each item when I make that trip to the locker. I don't trust my memory.

Most city people who visit on a farm want what they think of as farm cooking. I stopped long ago making time consuming desserts, fancy molded salads, etc. My friends who live on farms appreciate these far more than city people who get out to restaurants and good hotels a lot more frequently than we do.

I don't hesitate to ask my company to help me. If they're great talkers and keep up a running flow of comment in the kitchen, I suggest that they dust, run the vacuum, sweep the front porch, or fix fresh flowers for the dining room table. If they are on the quieter side I put them down at the kitchen table to help prepare vegetables, peel fruit, etc. I know women who bitterly resent company, but they never ask for any help from them. Most people actually enjoy lending a hand.

I try and line up a schedule of coming events very shortly after my company arrives. I tell them frankly what work I must do and when it must be done. I let them see for themselves just how much time can be taken to drive them here and there, and then work out with them the best hours to do these extra things.

It so happens that we have many relatives in our vicinity, so I try and find out what the others expect to do. If our company has been invited out for supper on Friday night, for instance, I want to know it at least a day in advance. You'd be surprised at the number of people who start a big meal around 5:00 o'clock, only to learn a half-hour later that their company is going to "Aunt Laura's — and we thought you knew it."

Just a few inquiries in advance can avoid this type of unsettling complication.

It only took me about one August to learn that an extension cord for the iron should be purchased so that all pressing and ironing can be done in the dining room or living room — anywhere but the kitchen. I also make it a practice to tell my company at what times I won't be needing the sink. Most people on a trip want to wash out clothing, and they're willing enough to do it when you're not trying to work in the kitchen if you'll only tell them.

My favorite guests are the ones who disappear on to the front porch with my tired six-year old and read a nice long story while I'm getting on a meal. The youngster is having a happy, restful time and I don't need to feel guilty when I think how little attention I've been able to give him!

People can be placed into three classes: the few who make things happen; the many who watch things happen; and the over-whelming majority who have no idea what has happened!

You can't keep trouble from coming, but you needn't give it a chair to sit on.—Old Proverb.





## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### STUFFED FLANK STEAK

- 1 flank steak
- Salt, pepper, flour
- 4 cups bread crumbs
- 2 small onions, chopped
- 3/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 1/2 tsp. sage
- 3 Tbls. butter

Have flank steak scored lightly crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Pound well. Combine bread crumbs, onion, celery, sage and butter. Moisten with water and season with salt and pepper. Spread the stuffing over the steak and roll up. Tie together with string. Brown well in the skillet, then add about 1/2 cup water, cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about an hour and a half. Take the meat out of the oven and baste occasionally. This is very delicious.

### CHICKEN AND FRUIT SALAD

- 1 orange
- 15 large white grapes
- 15 salted almonds
- 1 banana
- 1 apple, diced
- 3 cups diced cooked white meat of chicken
- 1 cup mayonnaise

Remove seeds and membrane from orange segments and cut into halves. Cut grapes into halves, removing seeds. Split the almonds, slice the banana and mix all the ingredients lightly. Chill and serve on lettuce. This salad is especially good as party refreshments, with small crackers.

### DEVILED GREEN BEANS (A great favorite!)

- 4 cups cooked green beans
  - 4 Tbls. butter
  - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
  - 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - Dash of pepper
  - Dash of cayenne
- Cream the butter with the seasonings and serve on the hot beans. Everyone is sure to call for more!

### BROCCOLI SOUFFLE

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup hot thick white sauce
- 1 cup chopped cooked broccoli
- 2 Tbls. grated cheese

Beat the egg yolks and add to the white sauce. Add broccoli and cheese. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake for about 50 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees.

### FROZEN FRENCH PASTRY

- 1 pound graham cracker or wafer crumbs
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups heavy cream, whipped

Mix butter and sugar in top of double boiler. Add eggs and stir constantly while you cook it until thick. Line bottom of refrigerator tray with crumbs. Over this spread a layer of whipped cream, then layer of custard, then another layer of whipped cream, covered by crumbs. Freeze and then cut in squares to serve. This is a very rich and delicious dessert and never fails to bring comments. You can flavor cream with almond, lemon or vanilla flavoring.

### PEACH NUT PIE (An elegant party pie)

- 1 9-inch Graham cracker crust
- 2 cups fresh sliced peaches
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 10 marshmallows
- 1/4 cup orange juice

Cut the marshmallows into small pieces and let stand in the orange juice. Fill the shell with the peaches. Whip the cream and fold in remaining ingredients, including the marshmallow-mixture. Pour into shell over peaches. Let chill in refrigerator about 2 hours before serving.

### CHEESE PUFFS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 pound grated American cheese
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. garlic salt

Cream butter until light, then add cheese and blend well. Sift flour and garlic salt together and add to creamed mixture. Put through a cookie press, or make into any desired shapes. Bake on a cookie sheet for 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven. These are especially good with party salads, or your family may like them with soup.

### CHICKEN SALAD SPREAD (A man's sandwich)

- 1 cup chopped cooked chicken
  - 1 Tbls. finely chopped green pepper
  - 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
  - 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- Mix the ingredients and spread between layers of bread.

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### CHICKEN CROQUETTES (A way to use those old hens)

- 1 3/4 cups ground cooked chicken
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Few drops onion juice
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup very thick white sauce
- Fine bread crumbs
- 1 egg, beaten

Add chicken, celery salt, lemon, onion juice, parsley, salt and pepper to the white sauce. Cool. Shape and dip in bread crumbs, then into egg, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat (375 degrees) from 2 to 5 minutes, or until a golden brown. Drain and serve.

### FRIED CORN WITH SYRUP

When I was a child we rarely ate a meal in a restaurant. On one of those rare occasions I had some little corn cakes with syrup. The memory had almost completely slipped my mind until I ran across this recipe.—Margery.

- 1 cup corn
- 1/2 cup crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 eggs, (beaten separately)
- 1 tsp. salt

Beat egg yolks and add corn, crumbs, and milk. Add salt to the egg whites, beat until stiff, fold into corn mixture. Drop by teaspoon on greased griddle. Fry slowly, and turn when browned. Serve with syrup made with Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring.

### PEAR PICKLE

- 1 gallon pears
- 6 cups sugar
- 2 cups water
- 4 cups vinegar
- 2 pieces ginger root
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. whole allspice
- 1 Tbls. cloves

Select firm pears. Pare and leave small ones whole. If they are large, quarter or halve them and core them. Boil for 20 minutes in plain water. Boil the sugar, water, vinegar and spices (tied in a bag) for 10 minutes. Add the pears. Let stand overnight. In the morning cook until tender. Pack the pears into hot sterilized jars. Cook the syrup until thick. Pour over pears. Process 5 minutes in hot-water bath, then complete the seal.



**NEW-WAY CABBAGE**

5 cups cooked cabbage (Do not over-cook it!)

Combine: 1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. sugar

2 Tbls. lemon juice

5 Tbls. butter, melted

1 1/2 Tbs. horse-radish

1 tsp. paprika

Pour the sauce over the cabbage.

**DUCHESSE SWEET POTATOES**

(Nice to serve with ham for luncheon)

3 cups cooked sweet potatoes

1/4 tsp. salt

2 tsp. honey

1/4 cup orange juice

2 eggs, separated

3 Tbls. butter

Dice potatoes into a mixing bowl. Add salt, honey, orange juice, egg yolks and butter. Whip thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Heap individual mounds on a well-greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees until brown. Serve each mound with a maraschino cherry on the top.

**BANANA PECAN REFRIGERATOR ICE CREAM**

1 cup mashed ripe bananas

2 tsp. lemon juice

1/4 tsp. salt

1/3 cup milk

2 eggs, separated

1/4 cup sugar

1 cup heavy cream

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

1/2 cup chopped pecan meats

Mix bananas, lemon juice, salt and milk together, stirring until mixed. Beat egg whites, add sugar and beat until stiff. Beat egg yolks until thick. Whip cream until thick enough to hold a soft peak. Combine all ingredients and pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

**CALIFORNIA ORANGE BREAD**

3 cups flour

4 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

1/3 cup sugar

2 Tbls. shortening

2/3 cup milk

1/3 cup orange juice

Grated rind of 1 orange

1/2 cup orange marmalade

1 egg

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Cut in the shortening then add the liquids, marmalade and the egg. Beat well together and pour into greased bread pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 55 minutes. If you invert another bread tin over the top for the first 45 minutes, your loaf will have a nice brown and will not crack.

**LIME WHIP**

Dissolve 1 pkg. lime gelatin in 2 cups hot water. Add 20 diced marshmallows and stir until melted. Chill. When thickened, beat very light and fluffy. Fruit or nuts may be added if desired. Serve with whipped cream. A very refreshing summer dessert!

**STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS**

6 green peppers

2 Tbls. chopped onion

3 Tbls. butter

1 1/2 cups cooked rice

1 1/2 cups chopped cooked ham

3/4 cup tomato soup

1/2 cup grated cheese

1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Parboil the peppers for 2 minutes in salted water. Saute the onion in the butter for a few minutes, then combine with the rice, cheese, soup and ham. Fill the peppers with the mixture and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a greased baking dish for 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees). These may be prepared several hours before baking.

**PEPPERMINT STICK CREAM**

1 egg yolk

2 cups milk

3 Tbls. minute tapioca

Dash of salt

1/3 cup crushed peppermint stick candy

1 egg white

Mix egg yolk with small amount of milk in saucepan. Add remaining milk, tapioca, salt and candy. Bring mixture quickly to a full boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Mixture will be thin — do not overcook. Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold shape. Fold hot tapioca mixture gradually into egg white. Cool. Mixture thickens as it cools. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses with chocolate sauce. Serves 4.

**SANDWICH IDEAS**

Grated carrots, raisins and finely chopped peanuts, moistened with mayonnaise.

\* \* \*

Fried crisp bacon and tomato slices.

\* \* \*

Tuna, salmon, or other cooked fish, flaked and seasoned with finely chopped onion, parsley, or celery and pickle moistened with mayonnaise.

\* \* \*

Peanut butter with sliced bananas.

\* \* \*

Chopped hard cooked eggs, pickle relish, stuffed olives, moistened with mayonnaise.

\* \* \*

Finely chopped chipped beef mixed with nippy cheese and seasoned with Worcestershire sauce.

\* \* \*

Baked beans with catsup, onion slices or mustard pickles.

\* \* \*

Deviled ham, ground peanuts, chopped pickle, moistened with mayonnaise.

\* \* \*

Pimento cheese, apple butter and chopped nuts.

\* \* \*

Boned, flaked sardines, few drops lemon juice, little melted butter and mayonnaise to get spreading consistency.

\* \* \*

Liver sausage and tomato slices.

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**SALMON CASSEROLE**

3 Tbls. butter

6 Tbls. chopped onion

1/4 cup diced celery

1/4 cup chopped green pepper

1/2 cup sliced mushrooms

3 Tbls. flour

1 1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

1 cup milk

1 cup cream

1 pound can salmon, flaked and boned

2 cups frozen fresh peas

2 cups crushed potato chips

Saute onion, celery, green pepper and mushrooms in butter until lightly browned. Add flour, salt and pepper. Gradually stir in milk and cream and cook until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Arrange layers of salmon, peas, cream sauce and crushed potato chips in a buttered 2 quart casserole. Dot with butter. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes. Uncover and bake 10 minutes more or until brown.

**PORK CHOPS AND RICE CASSEROLE**

6 pork chops

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

3/4 cup uncooked rice

3 cups tomato juice

3 Tbls. chopped onion

1 Tbls. chopped parsley

3 Tbls. chopped green pepper

1 1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

Season chops with salt, pepper and paprika and roll in flour. Brown chops in butter. Combine uncooked rice, tomato juice, onion, parsley, green pepper, salt and pepper. Pour over chops. Cover and cook over low heat about 1 hour or until rice is tender.

**MUSHROOMS IN CASSEROLE**

2 thick slices of round steak

Salt, pepper and flour

3 Tbls. fat

2 medium-sized onions, minced fine

2 cans of mushrooms (stems and pieces)

1 15-ounce can of tomato soup

1 pkg. egg noodles

1/4 pound American cheese

Cut meat in inch square pieces, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour and fry. When almost done, put in the onions and brown. Add mushrooms, their liquor and the tomato soup. Boil noodles in salt water till tender. Grease a casserole and add first a layer of noodles, then a layer of the meat mixture, until dish is full. Bake until done. Before serving, sprinkle grated cheese over the top and brown slightly. This would make a good hot dish to take to a church supper.



## SAVE THIS ADDRESS

Recently we received a letter from a friend in Kansas telling us about her experience in sending some stamps to Dr. Acton in response to a request in Gertrude Hayzlett's Good Neighbor column. He acknowledged her collection of stamps immediately, and she felt that part of his letter should be printed in order that others might realize the need.

Here is Dr. Acton's address and a portion of his letter.

Dr. Albert W. Acton, 627 N. Sierra Bonita Avenue, Los Angeles 36, California.

"We can use all kinds of stamps regardless of their value, both U. S. and foreign, the more the better. All of the everyday, common U. S. stamps we send to Spain for foreign exchange which the Veterans need very badly. Send all you can for this worthy cause.

"Also, we can use old greeting and Christmas cards, and both new and used picture postcards. These are made into scrap books for the children's homes and hospitals. We never get enough material of this kind, as well as stamps, so please send all you can to help. Hospitalized veterans who have a hobby of stamp collecting find that it is very interesting and helps to pass a lot of long, idle hours."

## TO MAKE YOUR FLOWERS LAST LONGER

By Virginia Thomas

Cut the flowers in the cool of the morning or late in the evening, never in the heat of the summer sun.

Cut the stems on a slant so that they "drink" water more easily.

Strip all foliage from the part of the stem that will be submerged under the water in the container. If left on, the foliage under the water decays rapidly.

If possible, let the flowers "harden off" several hours or over night before making up into bouquets. To do this, plunge them in cold water (clear up to their "necks"). If you have a cool basement, let them stand there for this period.

Change the water on your bouquets each day, and each time snip a bit off the stems to encourage them to "drink" better. Also pick off drooping flowers and leaves.

To keep blooms brighter longer, try a few of these ingredients in the water:

A little salt in the water for roses, snapdragons or the begonias.

Three cubes of sugar to one quart of water for peonies, cosmos or petunias.

Try three drops of oil of peppermint to a pint of water for iris and daisies.

One-fourth cup of vinegar to a quart of water for glads.

Heavy flowers with juicy stems such as dahlias, hydrangeas and poppies should have tips of stems dipped in boiling water an instant before putting in cold water. Or you can sear ends of the poppy stems by holding them over a match flame for a few seconds.

## OUR SON IS DEAF

(Continued from Page 4)

rest of the family are enjoying the radio, have games or puzzles that he will enjoy. A wise mother can direct the group play along lines where the deaf child can take part without feeling his handicap.

We were blessed by good neighbors whose children accepted our boy as one of them. They understood him as well as my husband and I did. I have "put myself out", so to speak, in many ways so that children would enjoy playing at our house. I have "played" many times, I can assure you, when work was clamoring for my attention, but I never regarded it as wasted time.

I have said a great deal about preparing the child to live away from home, but now I want to say as emphatically as possible that mother and daddy need to prepare themselves for having their child gone. Nothing can possibly take your son's or daughter's place, of course, but it is imperative to find some kind of a fresh interest to help fill up the dull winter days and lonely hours.

First, we wrote many places for information on profitable hobbies of different kinds. Most of them I don't remember now, but the two we considered seriously were raising mushrooms in our cave and plaque making. Plaque making won. We started from scratch making our own plaster shells and rubber molds. It was interesting and time consuming. (I still operate a spare-time plaque business.)

Perhaps this wouldn't appeal to other parents at all, but what I want to impress upon you is the importance of filling your life with something that will occupy your hands and your mind. It will be a great temptation to worry about your child so far away, and those times will come much more frequently if you are not interested in something. When worry *does* become powerful, it's well to remember these few words: "Why worry when you can pray?" Many times it seems as if we really think, "Why pray when we can worry?"

Our own personal experience has truly had a happy ending. My son is now married to a fine girl who lost her hearing when she was two and a half. She is a good cook, a fine housekeeper and a wonderful mother to their perfectly normal, husky baby boy. They've made a rich life for themselves in spite of their handicap, and I am proud of them.

How do you meet deaf people? Just as you do any other people! They may not know what you say to them when you speak, but they will see your smile and friendly look!

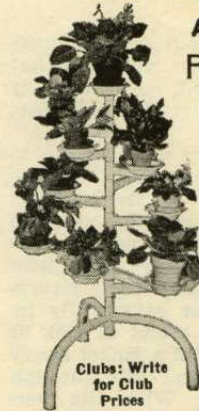
## MUSTARD SEED

The smallest grain of mustard seed Contains the miracle of birth: To sprout, to grow, fulfill its need. The smallest grain of mustard seed Has been compared to faith, decreed To move the very mountains of the earth.

The smallest grain of mustard seed Contains the miracle of birth.

—Anona McConaghy

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KIOA—DES MOINES, IA. — 940 on your dial 9:00 A.M.



## DOROTHY'S RASPBERRIES HAD BETTER TASTE GOOD!

Dear Friends:

I have just been out to look over the raspberry situation, and find that they should be picked, so as soon as I finish writing this letter I have that job waiting for me.

It would be awfully easy for me to just forget they are out there because the mosquitoes are so terrible this year. We have always had a lot of mosquitoes since we live so near the timber, but we have never seen them as bad as they are this year. Everytime we open a door several fly in. The only way I can stand to pick at all is to wear jeans and a jacket heavy enough that they can't bite through it, and a head scarf. When the thermometer stands in the 90's this is far from comfortable attire. But next winter when the mosquitoes are gone and forgotten about the raspberry preserves will taste mighty good so I guess I can stand a little discomfort now.

Juliana just spent a week with us and of course she and Kristin spent every minute outside when it wasn't raining. Both girls are just covered with bites but they had such a good time that I heard very little complaining about it. It was such a joy to have Juliana here that we just wish she could spend the entire summer with us. The girls used to quarrel quite a bit and after a few days together Lucile and I used to think it was best to separate them for a time, but now that they are both older I honestly believe that they could be together every day all summer and get along beautifully. If they had any arguments last week they settled it between themselves because I didn't hear a word about it. We put Juliana on the train for home a couple of days ago and Kristin has been wandering around like a little lost sheep ever since.

Kristin and I spent a few days in Shenandoah this past month. We went down for Peony Day and I was happy for the opportunity to meet so many of you friends. While we were gone from home they had a terrific rain storm here, in fact, two cloudbursts in two days which brought out the Chariton River and our own Whitebreast Creek. I knew it before I saw the flooded lowlands from the train window because the conductor told me that the streamliner that we were on had been stalled in Chariton for 56 minutes the night before because it rained so hard that the engineer couldn't see. So we had one flood in June this year but the damage to the corn wasn't too bad. We replanted one piece and the rest of the corn is laid by.

Kristin's birthday was this month and she celebrated it twice this year. We had our family dinner one week before her birthday because she wanted to have it while her Aunt Ruth was here. (Ruth is Frank's sister who lives in Kansas City and she was spending part of her vacation here at that time.) The only other guest besides the family was Kristin's music teacher, Miss Mary Lockwood.



Alison and Emily have had many and many a happy hour playing in their backyard pool this summer. Their mother dreads the day when nippy weather arrives.

Kristin received several lovely gifts but I will only mention a couple of them. She got a new curry comb and brush which she has wanted for a long time, and I will say that Little Champ really looks beautiful now since Kristin has been using them on him every day.

I don't think anyone in this family ever has a birthday that Kristin doesn't tie a string to one of the gifts and make us follow the string to find the present, so this year Edna handed Kristin a card attached to a string and she had to roll the string up into a ball as she went. This took her from the table, all around outside and back into the back bedroom where we heard her scream of delight. Her gift was a beautiful little parakeet in its cage. She named it Ricky and has been spending some time with it every day trying to teach it to say its name. She has been wanting a parakeet ever since Juliana got hers so she is very happy about it.

The other celebration was a surprise party. Kristin has always wanted a surprise party because she wanted to see how the person felt who was surprised, so this year Edna decided that was what she would do. It was even more of a surprise because we had it two days after her birthday. We wanted Juliana to be here for it and originally she wasn't going to be able to come until Friday. As it turned out Juliana was able to come home with us when we were in Shenandoah for Father's Day but we had already made the plans so we didn't change it. I bake cakes for Edna once in awhile when she is entertaining, so when I baked Kristin's birthday cake that morning and frosted it she thought nothing about it when I told her it was for Aunt Edna. (We put the decorations on it after we got to town).

Juliana, of course, knew all about it and I take my hat off to that little girl. She didn't once let the "cat out of the bag". I told the girls that since Daddy wasn't coming home to dinner that day we would get all dressed up and eat in town since we had to have the cake at Edna's by 1:00 o'clock. On the way to town Juliana held the cake and when we got within two blocks of the house I looked over at her and she looked so excited I thought she was going to explode.

When we got there I told Juliana it would save time if she would just run up with the cake while Kristin and I sat in the car and waited, then we would go on downtown and eat.

Of course Juliana didn't come back and after a little while I said I thought we had better go up and check on her, that maybe the door was locked or something and she couldn't get in. Kristin ran up the stairs and when she opened the door and eight little girls yelled "Happy Birthday", for the first time in my life I saw Kristin speechless. I have seen a lot of people surprised but never anyone any more surprised than Kristin was. I wish someone on the other side of that door had had a flash camera. Kristin just sat down in a chair and said, "Now I know how it feels."

After Edna had served a lovely lunch (and her table looked beautiful — blue and white was the color scheme), we took the girls downtown to the matinee.

We had quite a shower this morning, which we didn't need and didn't want because I think everyone in the neighborhood had hay down. We did manage this year to get our first cutting of alfalfa up without a rain on it.

Our garden is looking good, but we are disappointed that our peas didn't amount to anything. Bernie and I had hoped to be able to can several pints this year, but because the ground stayed wet so long we were late getting them planted — consequently we are lucky to just have enough for a few meals. But everything else has been real good. Oh I forgot, the strawberries were small and not very good. We had hoped to have a lot of those this year too.

But as I said before, there are raspberries and I must get out there and get them picked right now before it gets any later. We must have an early supper tonight because I have to go to a school board meeting. So until next month . . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

## OLD TIME THINGS

I like rooms furnished in old-time things,  
Brass and pewter, and prim-flowered chintz;  
A seasoned fire that whispers and sings,  
Ruffled curtains and Godey prints;  
Soft rag rugs that with loving care Grandmother hooked through, stitch by stitch,  
A gate-leg table, a high-backed chair,  
A sofa with arms of a pleasing pitch;  
Good to the eye, and strong to the touch,  
Dear for their using overmuch.

I like souls furnished in time-tried things,  
Honor and faith and a sense of sin,  
Courage and truth and a hope that brings  
Good cheer without and strength within;  
Oh, cakes and friends, we should choose with care,  
Not always the fanciest cake that's there  
Is the best to eat! And the plainest friend  
Is sometimes the finest one in the end. —Unknown



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**VISIT—ETHEL'S VIOLET HOBBY.** Colors of the rainbow in large and small strong healthy plants, large assortment including seedlings. Visitors welcome anytime. Mrs. Ethel Hobus, 328 Story St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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**CHICKEN APPLIQUES** — 3 part linen tea towels \$2.75; half aprons each \$2.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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**WANTED—TO DO** crocheting and embroidering. Have pretty doilies for sale. Mrs. A. E. Dicks, Rt. 3, Albia, Iowa.

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## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Cheery, helpful letters are needed. Will you send one to some of these people?

Mrs. A. J. Krig, 406 Moro St., Manhattan, Kansas, lost her husband recently and is very lonely. She has not been well for some time.

Mrs. Elsie Mae Thompson, Ward B-1, County Hospital, Tampa, Fla., is bedfast because of partial paralysis and has been for several years. She loves mail, and things she can share with the other 18 shutins in the same ward.

Mrs. Helen Calkins, 1112 West Central, Ponca City, Okla., is blind and sick. She loves mail. Her husband will read it to her but she has no way to get it answered.

Mrs. Regis L. Fowler, PawPaw, W. Va., suffered a stroke recently and may be in bed for a long time. Letters would help.

William J. Jones, 899 Market St., Kingston, Pa., whom many of you have written too, lost his mother in May. He has been bedfast for many years—is a veteran of World War I.

Mrs. Hattie West, 718 W. Pikes Peak, Colorado Springs, Colo., will have her 75th birthday on Sept. 4. She has arthritis and is unable to get out much, but she pieces quilts and could use print pieces.

Miss Lottie Trump, Kahoka, Mo., has been in a wheel chair for years on account of a broken hip. Send cards.

Miss Anna O. Smith, 707 Jenkins St., Marysville, Kansas, is a long time shutin who would enjoy mail.

Miss Sophia Ruta, to whom you sent letters last month, passed away.

Mrs. L. R. Rush, Edgar Springs, Mo., fell and broke her leg and will be in a cast for some time. She is a long-time shutin.

Mrs. Emma E. Rath, Rt. 4, St. Francis, Kansas, would enjoy mail but cannot answer. She broke her arm two years ago and is unable to use it much since then.

Bobby De Shazer c/o C. B. Stovall, Centerview, Mo., will be 12 on Sept. 19. He had an operation recently but will have to be in the hospital for some months. Do send lots of mail.

Tony Sasso, 51 Coolidge St. S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., will be 8 on Sept. 13. He has been handicapped all his life, is not able to walk and cannot use his hands well. He needs toys that will help him learn to use his hands. And he loves to hear records. His 12 year old brother Sandy is similarly handicapped, but has learned to walk this last year. I think both boys would like mail.

Virginia Cain, 935 East 2 St., Maryville, Mo., is 17 and has been shutin a long time. Send cards.

## WHEN I WAS HIS AGE

Some memories are very short  
And parents, rather grim.  
The "When-I-was-his-age" speech  
should end:

"I was a lot like him."

—Alta Carson

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