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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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present time Fred is right here at home trying to keep the garden watered and some of the weeds pulled, an uphill job with the summer we've had. He may go back to visit Mary in New Jersey when it gets a little cooler.

Jessie is now with her daughter, Ruth, not in Long Island, as I wrote last month, but in Greenwich, Conn. I don't know what possessed me to make such a mistake, and when Ruth read that she was living in Long Island she must have been greatly surprised! We expect word any day now that the third baby is safely here, and if it's another girl I will then have three identical smocked dresses to make. You may remember a picture of Wendy and Jennifer this last winter in which they wore the dresses that I smocked and made by hand when we were living in Florida.

On my back porch I have a big collection of African violets. All of Sue's plants are here, as I told you last month, and this past weekend Martha brought over her plants to add to the table. She plans to visit her son in New Jersey, and when I found out that she was worried about her plants I told her to bring them over. I didn't know then that I'd be gone myself for a little while, so Russell has promised to keep an eye on all of them for me.

Margery, Oliver and Martin had a very restful and happy ten days in Minnesota recently. They stopped first at Spirit Lake, Iowa and then went up to Brainerd to visit Sue who is spending this summer at Madden Lodge. While they were there Sue was able to get away from her pottery demonstrations and they all drove up to Itasca State Park. Margery says that it is a beautiful place, and they had a lovely time.

After they left Brainerd they drove to Minneapolis and visited Mr. and Mrs. Elder Anderson—Mrs. Anderson is Oliver's sister. They also went out to see Russell's family and had a good visit there. All in all, it was a successful vacation without any car trouble or narrow shaves to mar the trip.

We hope that Dorothy will be able to come down for a visit before school starts. She has to plan her trips down here at a time when farm work isn't so pressing, and after school starts it is almost impossible to get away. Her letter came today, and as I read it I thought what a wonderful time Juliana and Kristin have had these past days. Juliana loves every inch of that farm and says occasionally that she'd live there permanently if she just had the chance.

Donald hasn't yet gotten this far on any of his business trips, but it is possible that he'll still make it this month when the American Legion Chorus, of which he is a member, goes to St. Louis to compete nationally. Donald's hobby is singing, and he has always belonged to every choral group in any area where he lived. He also still keeps a real interest in Boy Scout work, and assists with troop activities when he can possibly find the time.

I hope you can find time to write to me when the children are back in school and things have simmered down.

Sincerely yours, Leanna

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you I had no idea that we could make time for a short summer trip, but just a few minutes ago I finished packing our suitcases and now they're standing right by the front door where they can be grabbed up early tomorrow morning.

Our plans call for leaving around eight o'clock, and this time four of us will get into the car: Howard, Mae, Mart and I. Mae is having her annual vacation from our Kitchen-Klatter office, and Howard is also taking his vacation at this time, so we decided to get together for a week or ten days in Colorado.

Most of the time Mart and I know almost to the last mile just where we are going and when we will arrive, but this time we're starting out with only one goal: to get someplace in the mountains where it is cool. Mae has never been West, and I'm sure that anywhere we go will be of great interest to her. This is only my second trip to Colorado, so I'll be equally interested.

As I packed tonight I couldn't help but contrast this trip with the one I made six years ago. That was my "trial run", you might call it, for until that time I thought, and every single member of the family agreed, that it was almost impossible for me to travel. I had always felt that all of the complications involved when one must get around in a wheel chair were more than I cared to tackle, and I firmly discouraged any attempts made to get me out of town.

But six years ago my family "ganged up" on me, as the children say, and unknown to me they made complete preparations for my first real trip since I broke my back in our car accident in 1930.

Frederick had been here earlier that summer, and when he left to drive to California, the first stage of his trip out to Hawaii, his father drove with him. They spent a few days together in southern California, and then Frederick took a plane for Hawaii and Mart took a plane up to Seattle to visit relatives whom he hadn't seen for many years.

While he was in Seattle the children wrote to him and asked him to take a train that would permit him to get off in Denver where I would meet him. (I didn't know a thing about this!) When he wired back to them that he

would do this and gave the date, they started things in motion at this end. Dorothy made her plans to accompany me and Donald said that he would spend his time between semesters at Ames, where he was then a student, as driver. Motel reservations in Nebraska were made, and John Henry Field, my brother Henry's son, got reservations for us at a hotel in Denver. When all of these details had been arranged they told me to pack my suitcase—and that was that.

I enjoyed every minute of that first trip to Colorado and it proved to me that I could travel and that there weren't impossible complications. However, I was still sufficiently uncertain about going any great distance that when I made my first trip to California (the first since my accident, that is) four months after the Colorado trip, I took the train with my sister, Helen Fischer. Mart wasn't sure that he could drive the distance, so he had Donald go out with him.

But that was the last time we ever felt any uncertainty about starting out, and since those first two trips we have driven thousands of miles together without anyone to help me or to help Mart with the driving. I've mentioned all of this because it may bring someone else with a serious physical handicap to the realization that traveling is just as possible for him as it is for anyone else. And of course, all of these things are very vivid in my mind tonight as I've packed to make this second trip to Colorado. Next month I'll tell you where we went and what we saw.

My two big projects of handwork these past few weeks have been cross-stitched tablecloths. One of these cloths is for Abigail, and she selected the colors that harmonize with her china and wallpaper . . . a light green, a dark green, bronze and gold, with just a touch of black for accent. The other cloth is in shades of blue, but I can't tell you more about it for it is a gift that won't be sent until after this letter has been received and read.

This past weekend Jessie and Martha were here with us. We had a happy time and they were able to hear all about the trip that our brother-in-law, Fred Fischer, made to California. Aside from the fact that it was unseasonably hot in Claremont, Fred had a wonderful trip and enjoyed every minute that he spent with his daughter, Louise, and her family. At the

## DWARF IRIS

By Lila Duncan

Several years ago I found myself becoming a real Iris enthusiast, and in a way it surprised me for I've always thought of myself as a run-of-the-mill gardener who didn't expect to "go in" for any one flower.

But after I had had the opportunity to visit a number of gardens where beautiful new varieties of Iris were being grown, I decided to concentrate on them. It's been a wonderfully rewarding experience, and I recommend it to anyone who feels that each winter gets longer and harder. When you have something exciting to anticipate, plus winter evenings spent in studying all the articles and catalogs you can lay your hands on, it really doesn't seem long until spring.

At first when my friends-by-correspondence mentioned their Dwarf Iris I wasn't the least bit interested. Somehow the only thing I associated with the name was old-fashioned blue flag, a nice enough flower, it's true, but not one that held much excitement for a person who was bitten hard by the Iris bug.

The thing that changed my mind was receiving a color print from one of these friends. When I saw the brilliant drifts of exquisite, clear colors I realized that I was 'way behind times in my thinking, and that the old-fashioned blue flag had no more in common with these lovely Iris than a dandelion has with an orchid.

Two years ago I ordered my first Dwarf Iris and planted them in September in three different locations. One group I set out at the foot of my rock garden that is on a south slope. Another group I planted around a large Blue Spruce, and the third group I placed along a curving garden path.

At the end of the blooming season the following spring, I could see for myself that the finest display came from the first and third groups where there is sun the entire day on the rock garden, and a good half-day along that path. The ones around the Blue Spruce tried their best, but they simply had too much shade. I took them up in June and moved them to the rock garden slope, and the next spring they performed wonderfully well.

I've worked on my soil continuously and now have it built up to a fine point, but some of my friends who first interested me tell me that they've seen a grand display of Dwarf Iris in soil that they would consider extremely poor. I conclude from this that these plants will tolerate a great deal, certainly an important point to those who haven't had the opportunity to build up rich soil.

I've found that my entire spring garden has gained immeasurably in color and interest by using these lovely Dwarf Iris. They bloom very early when their color is badly needed, and although they are less than 10 inches tall they have the flaring falls and domed standards that we associate with the finer varieties of large Iris.

I am still experimenting with color combinations, of course, and also with



A display of Dwarf Iris in the garden of Lila Duncan.

many varieties, but I doubt if I ever achieve anything lovelier than two combinations I enjoyed this past spring. At the bottom of my rock garden slope I planted only red and white Dwarf Iris in clumps of three each; between them I planted Grape-hyacinths. They all bloomed at the same time, and the effect was enchanting.

Along the curved garden path I used only gold and purple Dwarf Iris, and the clear, glittering gold next to the deep, lustrous purple was as lovely a thing as I've ever seen.

All in all, I'm very happy with Dwarf Iris. They need no special care or winter protection, and the only thing to keep in mind is that transplanting (because of crowding) should be done very soon after they bloom. This gives them a chance to re-establish themselves before winter, and they won't heave out.

## A NOTE FROM OUR GARDEN

By Lucile

From time to time we come across something in our garden that is particularly beautiful, and then I like to share the details with other flower lovers.

This past spring we were absolutely delighted with Perennial Flax; its botanical name is *Linum perenne*. I'd heard about Flax all of my life, but for some reason it didn't hold much interest for me. Little did I know what a difference it can make!

I always find it hard to try to describe a flower, but perhaps you'll use your imagination to fill in here.

There are several varieties, four, to be exact, but the one we grew was *Linum perenne*. It ranged in height from 12 inches to 18 inches, and the delicate foliage gave it the appearance of a small, feathery bush. We often use the phrase "a mass of bloom" and that's exactly what our Flax produced—just a solid, undescribably lovely mass of pearly blue flowers. Furthermore, these lasted for several weeks.

Now, by itself the Flax is beauti-

ful enough to hold its own with anything, but we used it in two different places where it created a breathtaking sight. If you've never seen Flax blooming with *Lighthouse* or *California Gold* Iris, you've truly missed something. In many respects I think this was just about the most beautiful thing we had in our garden.

But even as I write this I think back to another spot where we had Flax in full bloom next to our clump of *Festiva Maxima* Peonies. Now there was something! *Festiva Maxima* is a white Peony with a brilliant red spot on the edge of its center petals, and the pearly blue Flax in contrast was gorgeous.

It's always hard to keep things in mind over a period of several months, but I hope that someplace you can find room in your head to tuck away the reminder that *Linum perenne* should be on your perennial list next spring. Do give it a try. And if you have either of the two Iris I mentioned, or the *Festiva Maxima* Peony, why don't you try the combination that I mentioned? I can't believe but what you'll be surprised and thrilled with the results.

## LATE GARDEN GLEANINGS

Most years we feel that June is the month when our roses put on their most dramatic performance, but this year we had the novel experience of seeing a better display in July. Black Spot stayed away from our door, and this wasn't a happy coincidence. Russell dusted faithfully the entire season through. Sure it's work—but worth it.

Don't forget that Oriental Poppies should be planted in August. They're awfully faithful and sturdy plants, but their roots are brittle and you should handle them with care when you're planting.

Do you still visualize big old gaudy orange blooms when you think of Oriental Poppies? I just wish you could have seen our clear pink (Helen Elizabeth). It's always a shock to people who haven't seen what has been done with Oriental Poppies.

## A TEACHER SPEAKS

Anonymous

This is the first September in almost forty years that I won't be starting off to my duties as a teacher. It's hard for me to realize that I won't be hurrying out of the house at eight o'clock, but the time has come when it is necessary to give up my life-long profession.

Through all of these years I've had endless opportunities to study children and their parents, and it occurred to me that perhaps I could share with mothers some of the things that I've learned. I'd like to speak frankly on several points, and because I don't want anyone to suspect that I'm discussing so-and-so, or so-and-so, it seems best to omit my name.

If you are a mother who has not made it a point to visit school, promise yourself faithfully here and now that *nothing* will prevent you from going at least twice this coming year to visit your child's room. Don't run in for fifteen minutes and feel that you've done your duty. I have always urged the parents of my students to spend a quarter of a day in my room. In this amount of time (which isn't much more than an hour-and-a-half) they have an opportunity to see two different subjects handled, and it gives them a much better idea of what is going on.

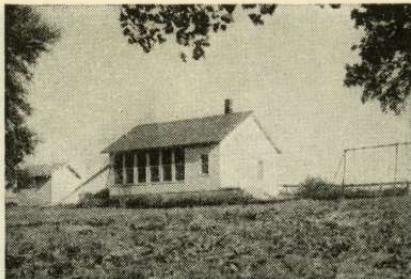
Is your boy having trouble with arithmetic? Then time your visit to coincide with the arithmetic class; in your particular case it doesn't make too much difference what we're doing in geography or reading—it's arithmetic that you need to observe. Time and again I've seen students who were having a terrible time with arithmetic straighten out of their difficulties after their mothers had made it a point to come and see exactly what methods were being used.

In the foregoing sentence I wish that I could have written "their parents" rather than "their mothers", but the sad truth is that fathers almost never visit school. They turn up once a year for some special function, but it's the rarest thing in the world to have one come in the same way that mothers come. I regret this for I've noticed that most boys are very proud of their fathers and long for their approval. I've often thought that many a lazy, indifferent boy would turn to his work with a will and enthusiasm if he knew that his father was watching his progress with genuine interest.

Something else about visiting school is of great importance. It's one thing to sit in a room and listen to the pupils recite, but it's another thing to watch children when they have no idea that they're being observed.

Most boys and girls are on their very best behavior when mother comes to visit. As she sits there she gets no clue whatsoever to the way her child really behaves with other children, how he really gets along at school.

I have often wished that mothers would come to school just at the opening of a recess period, and would stand inconspicuously at a window and watch what goes on during a play



Another rural school in Iowa closes its doors. This is old Plympton, once the center of neighborhood activity in the community where Kristin's father and her aunts grew up, but now just another deserted building.

period. If the boy or girl doesn't see his mother watching he will play in complete freedom, and *how* he plays is often the answer to many troubling problems.

One mother I know was greatly distressed because her eight-year old daughter couldn't get along happily with other girls; she was just about as friendless as a child could be. I knew what the trouble was because I'd been on playground duty every other week, but I couldn't tell this mother that her child was bossy, demanding, unwilling to take turns and generally disagreeable. (No teacher ever tells a mother such facts!)

But this particular mother came to visit school one day just as recess was beginning, and she stood quietly through the fifteen minutes and watched the playground activity. The children were jumping rope on that spring day, and she saw her own child run in to jump and then flatly refuse to leave when she missed. Other youngsters yelled at her, pushed and shoved, but she stood her ground. Eventually they gave up and simply moved on to other games. That one incident was such an eye-opener to the mother that she could talk honestly and frankly with me, so that together we could work out a plan to help this difficult, spoiled child.

If your child is having trouble with other children, you, too, plan to visit school when you can watch the recess period from inside the building. It will probably give you a whole new slant on the problems you're having.

Don't threaten your child with punishment or dark disapproval if he fails to bring home high marks. I've seen children of average intelligence actually turn into nervous wrecks over their fear of what will happen when they get home. It's a temptation to any good-hearted teacher to grade such an unhappy child far above what he is entitled to, but this can't honestly be done. All we can do is suffer with the child.

Whenever a boy or girl begins to slip seriously in his work I know that something is wrong at home. Over and over again I've had mothers tell me there has been suspected serious illness in some member of the family but that John or Susan didn't know a thing about it. John or Susan are failing in their work, you understand, but there must be some other reason because they didn't know a single thing about the terrible anxiety their parents were experiencing!

Children may not know the exact facts, it's true, but they *always* know when something is going seriously wrong. If you have some grave problem at your house, go to your child's teacher and tell her. You need not give any details whatsoever—and she won't pry. Simply tell her that you're having genuine trouble and ask her to be patient with your child, please. She will be. I've worked with countless teachers through these years, and I've never known a one who wouldn't respond to such a simple, honest cry for understanding and help. (Yes, this includes the teachers who have a reputation for being hard and unsympathetic.)

Think a long, long time before you start a campaign of criticism in regard to your child's teacher. This is particularly true when the teacher is young, inexperienced, but oh! so eager to do her best, to be a *good* teacher. When you're my age you've learned to cope with every possible kind of mother, but when you're young it hurts deeply to know that the parents have turned against you without giving you a chance to explain yourself.

If you are genuinely dissatisfied with the teacher, and if you get no happier impression from talking with her, then go to the county superintendent of schools (if you're in a rural district) or to the town superintendent of schools. After you've talked over the entire story with him, he can give the teacher professional advice and constructive help. This is what she needs. Now you'll get somewhere. But idle, hard-bitten, petty criticism to other parents will solve absolutely nothing as far as your child is concerned. Please remember this the next time things go wrong.

The happiest children I've taught all through these years are the children who come to school clean and who are dressed just like the others are dressed. They are children who know that when they go home *someone* who loves them will be there. Preferably this is mother, but many mothers work and cannot be there. In such a situation it should be grandmother, or an aunt, or even the next-door neighbor if she is close to the family and knows the child well. But not an empty house, please. This makes a tremendous difference in the life of your boy or girl.

The happiest children too have always wanted to take all of their work home, even the most seemingly unimportant scraps of paper. Almost without exception I can say that the boys and girls who were indifferent to taking their work home were the ones who were having a bad time, not only with their school subjects but on the playground as well.

Take time to look at this work. Comment about it. Tack up the art work and save the maps, returned tests, etc. If your boy or girl feels that you're interested enough in his school activities to pay careful attention to what he brings home, he will share the other things in his life with you as he grows older.

The subjects we teachers work on with your children are important, but

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## THE STORY OF A BAZAAR

Dear Folks:

In the little town of Bristol, Rhode Island there is one comment on everyone's lips today: "Isn't it wonderful the way the people in the Congregational Church all work together on their Summer Bazaar."

Actually, 95% of the church members were actively engaged in making this summer's bazaar the best ever; and I think that that is a record of some sort. So often in many churches it is the women who carry the major responsibility for the success of a church bazaar, but in our church the men work very hard too. That is one reason why a little church of about 300 members can make a net profit of more than \$1,500 in a single afternoon and evening.

Just in case some of you would like a few ideas for the men of your church, I am going to tell you what our men did.

Of course, the men were in charge of all arrangements—raising the big tent on the church lawn, building platforms, setting up chairs and tables, advertising, running the soft drink stands and the popcorn machine, directing traffic, etc. We had two men mingling with the crowd taking pictures with the new polaroid cameras, the kind that develop the pictures immediately. They would take a snapshot of a person and sell him the picture then and there for twenty-five cents.

But the really big job of the men was running a Chinese Tea Room! A committee of thirty men was responsible for serving Chinese and American food in the church dining room from twelve o'clock noon until late in the evening, and how those men did work! The church rooms were decorated in oriental fashion and all of the men waiters wore Chinese costume. I wish that you could have seen those waiters! I laughed so hard that I had a difficult time eating.

Tea Room customers could order a complete Chinese meal, a variety of sandwiches, cold drinks, and desserts, or an American ham and bean dinner with real beanhole baked beans. The Chinese food was bought at a very great discount from a large Chinese restaurant in the city.

A committee of men active in Boy Scout work was responsible for baking the beanhole beans. The men dug large holes in the ground, and then buried the bean pots surrounded by heated stones. I swear that those beans were the best I have ever eaten.

My Betty was a co-chairman of the Apron Table. All winter long the women in the church were making aprons for the bazaar. We asked every woman in the church to make two aprons for the table, or, if they could not sew, to contribute the material for making two aprons. I think that Betty told me her table made a net profit of something over \$300.00 on aprons alone. That table also sold potholders.

Our church bazaar always has two food tables. The women have a table with baked goods, and the men have a table with garden produce. The two



A little girl and a big door! Emily will go through this door at Central school to start her education.

tables made a combined profit of more than \$350.00. I have never seen so many handsome cakes and pies in my life.

Each summer in the past our church has borrowed a large tent to erect on the church lawn for the bazaar just in case it should rain, but this year we decided to buy a tent of our own. We were able to purchase a re-conditioned United States Army hospital tent for \$200.00, a tent that will last us for many years to come. We have had several other local organizations ask us if they could rent our tent, and we anticipate paying for the tent within two year's time just from the rentals. If your church doesn't have a tent, I suggest that you consider the possibility of doing just what we did.

Sometimes I find myself wondering if a church bazaar is worth all of the effort. I wonder if it wouldn't be better for everyone in the church to contribute a few dollars extra each year and in that way make a bazaar unnecessary. But when I watch a bazaar in action, when I see the wonderful way all of our people work together to make it a success, when I observe the splendid feeling of accomplishment we all have when the affair is over, I know that a church bazaar has real value. Our bazaar this year did more to create an interest in our church than anything we have done for a long time. We had people working that had never done anything for our church before. There is no getting around it—what people do with their hands means more to them than what they do with their pocketbooks.

I am writing this letter from our summer cottage on a beautiful lake just fifteen miles from the ocean on the Rhode Island-Connecticut border. Last year you will remember that we had a cottage on the ocean beach, but this year we are back at our favorite spot on the lake. It is so much easier to have the children playing on their own private beach where they can't bother other people—little David just loves to cover strangers with sand—and here we do not have to worry about a heavy surf. When the children play in the water at the ocean we have to watch them every minute because of the high waves, but on a

lake there are no waves and the water is shallow for some distance.

Every morning right after breakfast I take the children out in the boat to pick water lilies. There is a small lagoon in back of the cottage where thousands of water lilies bloom luxuriantly, and the children feel that they simply must pick a bouquet for their mother every morning. I insist that they wear their little red lifejackets because one of these mornings just as sure as the world one of them is going to fall overboard when reaching for a lily that is just a little too far from the boat. With a lifejacket on a child will bob about in the water like a cork.

My wife tells me that I ought to form an organization called "The Peeve of the Month Club." The purpose of the club would be to have the members get really peeved about some social nuisance each month. She says that I get peeved about something and talk about it for days on end, and then by the time the next month rolls around I am peeved about something else.

This month I have been peeved at all the people who litter our beautiful woodlands with picnic rubbish. Do you have that trouble where you live? Here in the East it is perfectly frightful the way people throw paper bags, tin cans, and all sorts of rubbish along the edge of the highways, in the woods and on the beaches. Every July I get all upset about that but, as I tell Betty, there isn't much use getting peeved about it in January. It is just a good July peeve.

January is the month when we ought to get peeved about the danger of sidewalks that are never cleaned of snow and ice. A good peeve for the month of August would be the terrible hazard of forest fires caused by lighted cigarettes thrown carelessly about. If we could just get enough people peeved about the same thing at the same time we might be able to correct some of these evils. Perhaps a "Peeve of the Month Club" is a good idea.

I had a very interesting experience last week; I was a guest at the 110th anniversary dinner of one of our local volunteer fire departments. It was quite a revelation to me to learn that 85% of all the fire departments in the United States are volunteer departments. How many of us appreciate the wonderful service that these thousands of firemen render? I came away from that dinner with a feeling of great respect for all volunteer firemen everywhere. I listened to speeches telling of the men who had lost their lives in the service of their fellow townsfolk, of men who continually risked their lives with no thought of gain or reward. Our nation is famous for its abundance of so-called "service clubs", but I really and sincerely doubt if there is any organization more dedicated to service than a volunteer fire department. I am humbled to think of my good neighbors who would come to my rescue in case of fire.

Not only does our little town of 12,000 population have four volunteer

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## A "HI, NEIGHBOR" TREASURE

PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

Have you ever moved to a new neighborhood and had to enter a new school where everyone was a stranger? If so, you know how grateful you are for every friendly gesture, every smile that comes your way. Anyone in this predicament would appreciate the party described here, and it is good experience, too, for all youngsters to share in such a project for it helps them to learn the importance of being friendly and neighborly toward newcomers.

A treasure party is an ideal way to welcome new friends since it is an outdoor party, and what youngster wouldn't enjoy one last fling in a lovely autumn setting while the weather is still agreeable? Adventure calls to all young people, so let's be off to seek our fortune!

Your invitations will probably go by word of mouth but if you wish to send them formally, then use the white correspondence cards and glue on a few sequin "jewels" for decoration. An example of a rhyme to use is:

"Make new friends but keep the old; the first are silver, the latter, gold. Come to my house Thursday and you will find you've struck it rich — there'll be friends of each kind! Come dressed in the casuals you like best for we're going hunting for the treasure chest. - - - 8 P.M. signed) Jean Smith."

As the guests arrive let them find EXPEDITION HEADQUARTERS set up under various trees on your lawn. Each guest will be assigned to one of the expeditions for the treasure hunt. On large cardboard signs which you fasten to the trees, you will have given each expedition a humorous name such as UP AND ATOM RANGERS, THE MIGHTY SNOOPERS, or THE NOSEY NINERS. The number of groupings you have will depend on how large a guest list you have. Let each group be identified by paper name badges of different colors which you pin on as they arrive — using first one color and then another until you have them evenly divided; in this way the newcomers will find themselves scattered among the "regulars".

After all are assembled, each group can choose a Captain for their expedition. Beforehand you will have prepared a different set of clues for each expedition. Though each set is different, if followed correctly they will all lead to the treasure chest you have hidden. The object is to see which group can be the first to find the treasure. This treasure might be a box of candy to be divided among the winners.

The number of clues each group gets will depend on how difficult you wish to make the chase. Most teenagers like plenty of action and fun so if you lead them a merry chase lasting an hour, they will love it. To begin the chase, give each leader a slip of paper upon which the first clue is written. One might read "head high Nelson's willow". Another might read "by the shining deep pool water, in the garden of Lou Ann." Thus when the first

group go to the big weeping willow in the Nelson's yard they will find the second clue thumb-tacked in the fork of the tree about head height. The second group will find their second clue under a rock around the pool at Lou Ann Mills' home.

Of course the treasure will be hidden someplace around your home so that the guests are led back there for the rest of the party, unless you would prefer that the end of the trail wind up at a nearby park for a weiner roast.

After the fast and furious chase after the treasure, the group will be ready for some quieter fun. First be sure the new friends have met everyone. Then what could be nicer than a sing around the campfire?

Such old favorites as the games "Pass Along the Story", "I will take on a trip —", "Teakettle" or "Passing the button" are good circle games for around the campfire.

Climax the evening with tasty hot dogs and buns served with bottles of iced pop and toasted marshmallows for the dessert.

Here are other games that can be played around the campfire.

### FINISH IT:

Leader goes around the circle reciting loudly one-half of a famous proverb such as "Make hay while —"; "A rolling stone —"; or "Every cloud has—". Suddenly he pauses before one of the players. That player must recite the rest of the proverb before the leader counts ten or take a turn at being IT. The game can be varied by matching food combinations such as "ham and —"; "pork and —". Or match famous couples such as "Romeo and Juliet", "Franklin and Eleanor"; or Fibber and Mollie".

### MYSTERY TRADES CHARADES:

Divide into couples. Each couple is to act out some trade for the others to guess. Instead of ordinary trades such as blacksmith or dressmaker, use such trades as radio sound effects man, teacher of cosmetology, instructor in floral arrangements, etc. — the more unusual the better.

### MEET YOUR NEIGHBOR:

Blindfold half the guests. Leave a space by each blindfolded player where his new neighbor may sit. At signal the other players quietly go sit by some blindfolded player. Then going around the circle each player asks his new neighbor to perform some stunt (sing, speak a piece etc.) and then tries to identify him. Limit the time to be used by each pair. After each one has tried to guess his neighbor, reverse the blindfolds (put them on other half of group).

**TELL ME A STORY:** (By giving a little thought to the story chosen or perhaps writing a humorous story that will fit your group, this can be an hilarious stunt.)

Slips of paper are passed out upon which are written the names of the characters in the story, any animals that may be in it and, if necessary, even the names of objects such as car, wagon, etc. Now as the reader tells the story the players must get up as his character or name is called and act out his part as the story indicates, or sound effects if an animal, or an object such as the car. If play-

ers enter into the spirit of this with pantomime, sound effects, etc., it will be very funny.

## SEPTEMBER IS THE THEME

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Use miniature CHARM STRINGS as favors during the fall months. You can find small seed pods, tiny gourds, grasses, Indian corn, etc., which you can tie on colored shoe laces. Larger charm strings might prove very effective as table center pieces or as room decorations for fall events.

An appropriate fall-time corsage that would delight the ladies of your club group for a favor is made by using acorns or some attractive fall berries or tiny seed pods (strengthen them with fine florists wire stems if necessary). Tie them with brown, bronze or orange corsage ribbon.

Are you having a small group of ladies meeting at your house this month? Get a chuckle into the meeting by serving lunch in the old "dinner pail" style. Simply pack the individual lunches in half-gallon syrup pails! Of course you will want to serve coffee extra.

An appropriate centerpiece for September tables is the familiar slate. To make one that will stand up easily, use white ink or white pencil to make the diagonal marks around four sides of two sheets of heavy black construction paper; this will make the paper look like a slate with the marked border. Then on one side of each sheet make some addition problems, simple spelling words, or perhaps an "old cat" game so they look like markings on a slate. Fasten the long sides together and thus the slate will stand up resting on two lower edges — writing sides of each slate out, of course. If these are made in miniature they will serve as clever name cards or favors.

If candles are used, what could be more appropriate than the "apple for the teacher" idea? Core the center of bright red apples to make a hole to hold the candle. Each apple holder might rest on a construction paper slate mat.

Or how about school play ground equipment for table decorations? Tiny miniature teeter-totters (seesaws) and swings could be made from things to be found in any home. Little figures from pipe cleaners would add much to these decorations. You could even have a tiny sandpile, plus a merry-go-round and a slide.

All of these items, plus many others equally appropriate, are now made in plastic for doll houses and can be purchased at most any Five and Ten or variety store.

Answer roll call with subjects along the ideas suggested here. The teacher I remember best; the day of school that I remember with the greatest pleasure; my most embarrassing moment at school.

In these autumnal days, when the air is calm and glorious, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

## SUMMER ON AN IOWA FARM

Dear Friends:

This is a very hot, humid and quiet Sunday afternoon. I just came home from Father Johnson's where we had our Sunday dinner. As Bernie and I were getting dinner we remarked that we knew there was no place in the world where you could have as good food as you could in the summer time on the farm. Today everything on the table came from our own place except the lemons—as Kristin reminded us. We had fried chicken, corn on the cob, mashed potatoes and gravy, sliced tomatoes, cabbage salad and ice cream, with lemonade for a cold drink.

But my, how we do need a rain! Everything in the garden is burning up. The corn is beginning to fire too, especially in the low places where the creek was over it in June. However, it has begun to cloud up and maybe we will have a nice shower tonight.

To my way of thinking, the hardest work that a farmer has to do is to put up hay, and it always has to be done during the very hottest part of the year. It is not only hard for the men but hard for the women too because we have to do a lot more cooking than we would ordinarily during the hot weather. I was just thinking this morning that it would have been fun to keep track of the gallons of lemonade I have made the past month and carried to the men in the hay field. Also the dozens of cookies and sandwiches. Every bit of it was appreciated too.

Two weeks ago today we had a big family reunion at Father Johnson's. One of Mother Johnson's sisters whom I had never met, and her husband and their granddaughter were visiting in Chariton for a few days. Their home is in Rochester, Michigan. Everyone came with baskets full of food and the table just groaned. I went down early enough to fry the chickens (I think there were six), and before I went I baked one of the chocolate fudge cakes. Everyone thought it was the best chocolate cake they had ever eaten.

Last Sunday Mother and Dad spent the day with us, and again they were scared away by a big black cloud in the North. Dad had been down visiting with Mr. Johnson and Mother and I were talking away when about 2:30 Dad came tearing in and said that it was thundering and he thought they should get started. We got him to stay another half-hour but then he thought they really should go. That was a week ago and it hasn't rained yet!

The folks brought Juliana with them and she is still here. She spent a week with us before the girls went to camp, but she had to go home before she was ready to leave because of getting her clothes ready for camp. She was home about a week after camp and now she is back finishing up her visit. She was with me yesterday when I told a friend that I thought we would just keep her for the rest of the summer, and the girls are having such a wonderful time that I actually think she would stay. But I expect



This picture was taken about two minutes after Russell and Lucile arrived at Camp Morrison with their five passengers bound for camp. Although it was sprinkling the girls lined up so they would have this picture for the record in years to come. From left to right are Juliana, Glayne White of Shenandoah, Kristin, Linda Cochrane of Shenandoah and Cheryl Blair of Creston.

her folks will have something to say about that.

Kristin and Juliana are always wanting Aunt Bernie to make doughnuts. They asked her if they could stay all night with her last night and Bernie told them that they were welcome to stay anytime they wanted to but it was too hot to make doughnuts so they didn't even need to ask her. When I am around I won't let Kristin beg Bernie to do anything like that because she works all day and I know that by night she is tired, especially in weather like this.

The first thing I saw when I went down there this morning was a big bowl of doughnuts on the table. Bernie said that the minute Frank and I drove out of the yard the girls came in and asked her to make them. She still said "no," so they asked if she cared if they made them by themselves? She said that was all right but to remember that she wasn't going to help them—and she didn't. Kristin and Juliana made the doughnuts all by themselves, and Bernie said that she didn't think they would ask her again very soon in hot weather. By the time they had them all fried they were pretty hot and tired.

For Kristin's birthday Luther Larson gave her two banty hens and one rooster and one of the little hens has been setting on ten eggs. Kristin has been looking several times every day to see if they had hatched yet, and this morning she was rewarded; in the nest were nine little babies. She and Juliana were so excited! Luther helped them build a little pen, and they have been carrying water and feed to them all day.

The girls have been having a wonderful time playing in the hay mow. They have made a playhouse out of the bales and have spent many hours playing there. Personally, I don't know how in the world they can stand it when it is so hot, but they get to playing and forget all about the heat, I guess.

The last few days they have spent the entire afternoon in the creek. Frank went with them the first time and found a wonderful place for them to play. The water is only ankle deep with clear fine sand underneath. In fact, there is a stretch of about two blocks where the water isn't over their knees at any place. They have built bridges, islands and dams, have had

lots of fun and have kept cool.

I went down the other afternoon to watch them play for awhile and they wanted me to take my shoes off and come in so they could show me everything. I did, and while I was in I walked over every inch of that two blocks, as far as their boundaries on each end. In fact the creek is so low right now that I think they could probably go for two miles and not find any deeper water.

Every evening when Frank gets in from the field he puts the saddle on Bonnie and the girls get to ride her until he has finished his chores and we are ready to go home. Kristin has ridden quite a bit and isn't the least bit afraid, but Juliana would prefer that Bonnie just walk. The other night I heard Juliana tell Kristin to get on herself first and run Bonnie real hard for awhile so that when she got on Bonnie would be kind of tired out and would be happy just to walk. Kristin has taught Juliana how to neck rein and just what to do with Bonnie and I expect one of these nights I will look out and see Juliana riding around by herself.

One of these fine days I am going to have to settle down to some fall sewing for Kristin before school starts. School clothes have never been much of a problem out here because as soon as it got cold Kristin started wearing her jeans to school and very seldom wore anything else until it warmed up in the Spring.

But this year Plympton is closed and Kristin will go to Chariton on the school bus. This means that she must have more clothes.

She has gotten so tall in the last few months that she has very few things she can still wear. I think I will make one or two cottons, and then concentrate on skirts, blouses, and jumpers. I want to make her skirts rather than buy them, but even if I didn't want to I would be forced into it because I'm sure I could never find a skirt that would be long enough and still fit around the waist. She hasn't lost any weight this summer, but she has grown *up* instead of *out* and is very tall and thin. I hope to be able to spend a week in Shenandoah before school starts so that Lucile and I can sew together, for we always accomplish so much more than when we sew alone.

This must be all for now. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

## BEAUTY BLOOMS IN IOWA

Violets and columbine, Queen Anne's lace,  
Dandelions butter-bright, which time  
and wind erase;  
Wild roses, golden rod, Susans black  
of eye,  
Pussy willows, bluebells, sweet-Wil-  
liams standing by;  
Sunflowers, bittersweet, fields ram-  
pant with clover . . .  
Beauty blooms in Iowa, the whole  
state over.

Mildred Hoskinson

To be good is noble, but to teach  
others how to be good is nobler—and  
less trouble.—Mark Twain.

## IT'S TIME FOR A NEW TRICK

By Mabel Weber

(Editorial Note: This is the first of a series of articles by a woman who has a most interesting job. Have you ever visited a good department store and wondered who made up the lovely garments that are displayed in the sections where yard goods and patterns are sold? Well, in one particular store it is Mrs. Weber who makes them up. Periodically she receives stacks of material and patterns from the store, and then it is her business to produce the finished garment. We feel that she has suggestions and advise to pass on to any woman who is interested in sewing, so here is the first of a series of articles.)

\* \* \*

A woman can do a fine job of sewing with just a needle and thread, but if she is doing very much of it she will have more fun, to say nothing of saving time and work, if she has a few other tools. A trip through the notions section of any department store, or a perusal of the large mail order catalogs will reveal a wealth of aids for the home sewer at prices well under a dollar.

(Tip for early bird Santas: how about some of these things for the seamstresses in your family?)

Let's begin with needles. Do you know that they come in packages of all one size as well as the assortment packages, and that they are called "sharps", "betweens", and "embroidery"? I keep on hand "sharps", which are the usual kind of needle, in all-of-one-size packages of numbers 7, 8 and 9, the smaller number being the largest size.

Sometimes when my sewing hand gets cramped with the longer needles, I switch to No. 8 or 9 "betweens" which are short and are also known as quilting needles. Then, for those who do embroidery or find the eyes in regular needles too small to thread, there are the "embroidery" needles. These I do buy in the assortments, but also in my pet sizes in all-of-one-size packs.

For specialty purposes there are also "crewel" needles, short, tapered but not sharp pointed, with jumbo eyes for Swedish weaving, sewing together knitted garments and other yarn projects; and "darners" of various sizes. Why not treat yourself to some new needles of just the right size and luxuriate in a bright, smooth, sharp needle that will make your fingers fly?

It is becoming increasingly popular to buy thread in the large quantity spools. Colored thread comes in a nice selection of hues in 400 to 500 yard spools. One of the large mail order houses also stocks white thread of excellent quality in several weights in 800 yard spools. This is an economical way to buy thread when you compare the price of the yardage on the 40 to 50 yard spools with the larger quantity spools.

Don't forget the "heavy duty" threads for heavier fabrics that will have strain in use. It is not wise to buy black thread in the big spools



A print of this picture went to far away Korea so that John Solstad could see his three youngsters: Paul, Kristin and Kira Solstad are Juliana's cousins in Minneapolis.

since the dye rots the thread in a short time—and this is why your "little black dress" comes apart at the seams after so few wearings.

Don't force yourself to go on using coarse, rusty pins and expect to turn out fine sewing. Thin, rust-proof dressmaker or silk pins can now be purchased by the "paper" or in half-pound or pound boxes.

Scissors are another tool of which you should have several kinds. Just as no one screw-driver can do all the jobs for the man of the family, so no one pair of scissors is sufficient for the sewer.

A "bent handle trimmer" enables one to cut a half-dozen garments at one sitting without finger cramps. Then there are "shears" both large and small. "Buttonhole" scissors are back on the market; these are a necessity even for those who have buttonhole makers for their sewing machines. The sharp points of "embroidery" scissors often are the only solution to a ripping or small "slashing" problem.

For closely woven materials, especially those to be dry cleaned, "pinking" shears are wonderful. (I don't recommend them for all fabrics, especially those that are to be washed a lot; for such seams there is nothing like good old-fashioned overcasting.) Pinking shears should be mother's own property and definitely "off limits" for children's paper cutting. They can be resharpened by the manufacturer. For myself, I hope someday to have a pair of electric shears.

There are a number of intriguing measuring devices on the market, most of which cost about twenty-five cents. A good cloth tape line with a metal eyelet for hanging near the sewing machine is a necessity. For marking hems and seam widths and splicing buttonholes, there is a 4-inch metal rule with a sliding indicator that I find priceless.

Of similar design but 6-inches long is the plastic Dritz "Tailorette", also

with a sliding indicator which has, in addition, a metal holder at one end that contains tailor's chalk. Chalk refills are available. For longer measuring jobs there is nothing like a flexible 6-to 8-foot rule that spring-rolls up into a small metal case. Another find is Traum's metal "Dressmaker Guide". One edge is made to mark scallops from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in width. Cut into the center of the rule are triangle, circle, square and crescent shaped holes to use in creating embroidery designs. The unscalloped edge is notched at one-inch intervals.

For marking, tailor's chalk is available in several colors. Since we always mark sewing lines for scallops, collars, cuffs, necklines, etc., tracing paper in yellow and white may be purchased at stationery stores. Black tracing paper (although we use it!) is not recommended since it often leaves an indelible mark where it is not wanted.

When my daughter was five years old she bought at the local variety store a Christmas gift for me that I have cherished and used much. It is a tracing wheel which was packaged with several sheets of tracing paper and stiff cardboard to put under the material being marked for a firm surface. This package costs forty-nine cents and is worth its weight in gold to a seamstress.

Why not browse through the notions department of your stores and pick up a small tool now and then to help you make sewing the pleasure it should be? There are loads more specialty items, hem markers, pin tackers, etc., that are more expensive, but equally effective. You'll find that nearly every old seamstress can use a new trick or two.

## PRETTY WHIRLING FAVORS

Cut a fold of fine grained crepe paper crosswise (so the grain runs the short way) in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch strips. Cut a 2 foot length of heavy string, and 4 inches from one end tie a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch metal nut or washer. Then tie the string-and-nut combination to the crepe paper streamer about 3 inches from one end.

These favors are whirled by the string rapidly in the air with a circular motion and make a beautiful whirring noise, like a lasso rope. After this gets boring, the children may whirl the streamers for a couple of turns, and then let go of the string and see how far they will arc through the air. Precautions should be taken that they don't land in the bird bath, and dewy grass won't help them either!

—M.S.W.

## COVER PICTURE

Those of you who have visited Lulu's and Russell's garden will recognize this instantly. Emily is standing on the path where many of you have walked, and it might interest you to know that only a few days after this picture was taken she came over again and the Prime Minister Phlox at the right was far over her head!



### SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

1 cup very thick sour cream  
 3/4 cup of sugar  
 2 large eggs, or 3 medium-sized ones  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. cloves  
 1/4 tsp. grated nutmeg  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 1 cup plumped raisins (seedless)  
 Put raisins in colander, place over boiling water and allow to steam for about 5 minutes.

Combine cream, sugar, eggs and all spices and flavoring. Beat until well mixed. Add raisins. Turn into a rich, unbaked 9-inch pie shell and bake in a 325 degree oven for approximately 1 hour.

Even people who say flatly that they don't like raisin pie will look wistfully for a second helping of this. Do try it.

### PERFECT SLICED LIME PICKLES

Soak cucumbers for 24 hours in a solution made by adding 1 cup of hydrated lime to 2 gallons of water. (Hydrated lime can be purchased in any lumber yard.) Wash in cold water. Then put the sliced cucumbers into the following syrup that is at the boiling point and cook for 30 minutes. Then place in hot, sterilized jars and seal.

### SYRUP

2 qts. vinegar  
 4 lbs. sugar  
 1 Tbls. salt  
 1 Tbls. allspice  
 1 Tbls. mustard  
 1 Tbls. mixed spices

The friend in Des Moines who sent this recipe said that it should not be changed in any way if you are to get the best results.

### CABBAGE ROLLS

1 pound hamburger  
 1 cup cooked rice  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper  
 2 Tbls. chopped onion  
 10 cabbage leaves

Mix together the hamburger, rice, green pepper, onion and seasonings. Form the mixture into rolls and wrap each one in a cabbage leaf which has been wilted in boiling water. Place the rolls close together in an iron frying pan with enough hot water to cover them, and then cover the skillet with lid. Cook in a slow oven from 45 to 60 minutes.

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

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### BARBECUED CORN

We had to use canned whole kernel corn for this, but fresh corn cut from the cob and cooked until tender in a small amount of liquid would be even more delicious.

1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn (white preferred)  
 Salt and pepper  
 1/4 tsp. Liquid Smoke  
 2 slices bacon  
 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper

Drain liquid from corn, place on fire and simmer until just enough is left that the corn can be thoroughly heated through without sticking. Add liquid smoke to liquid before you start it simmering. (Liquid smoke can be found in most grocery stores.) A bottle of it will last just about forever if kept tightly sealed.

Cut bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Drain off fat. Add bacon and green pepper to corn and serve piping hot. This is a most unusual, simple but perfectly delicious way to serve corn.

### CORNISH PASTRY

Make a recipe of rich pie crust and roll out into an oval about twice as long as wide. Place in a good-sized pie pan.

Peel about 5 or 6 medium sized potatoes. Also peel and slice 1 medium sized onion. Cut about 3/4 lb. round steak into pieces about the size of your little finger.

Start by slicing a couple of potatoes in the bottom of the pie crust. Cover with meat, onion, salt and pepper. Repeat, making two layers. Finish with potatoes. Bring crust together across the top and crimp. Bake for two hours in a 325-350 degree oven.

This is a famous national dish in Wales and is also highly popular in England. We tried it and found it very tasty.

### UNUSUAL BAKED EGGS

1 cup canned tomatoes  
 2 cups soft bread crumbs  
 6 eggs  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. paprika

Pour tomatoes into a greased quart size baking dish. Add 1 cup crumbs and mix well. Break the eggs whole into the dish. Melt the butter and stir it into the remaining crumbs. Sprinkle the buttered crumbs, salt and paprika over the eggs and bake in a slow oven about 20 minutes.

### SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
 1/2 cup boiling water  
 2 cups brown sugar (packed)  
 1/2 cup butter  
 2 eggs, well-beaten  
 2 cups flour  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup heavy sour cream  
 1/4 cup cold coffee  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Dissolve chocolate in boiling water. Cool. Cream sugar and butter. Add eggs and chocolate mixture. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with sour cream and coffee. Add flavoring. Turn into two well-greased layer pans and bake for 20-25 minutes in 350 degree oven.

### CREAMY FROSTING FOR CAKES TO BE STORED IN FREEZER

2 1/2 Tbls. flour  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 egg white  
 1/2 cup white sugar  
 1/2 cup margarine or vegetable shortening  
 1 Tbls. powdered sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cook the flour and milk slowly until thick. Cool until lukewarm. Cream the white sugar, egg white and shortening until well blended and the sugar granules disappear. Add the cooked mixture and beat very thoroughly (preferably with an electric mixer). Gradually combine powdered sugar and vanilla with the first mixture. Beat until firm enough to stand in peaks.

The friend in Shubert, Nebr. who sent this recipe said: "This is the best frosting for freezing that I've ever tried. It's enough for two large cakes. I frosted one large cake, one small cake and 24 cup cakes. If you don't want to use this all at once it can be stored in the refrigerator until you are ready to use it."

### HOME FREEZER ROLLS

1 package yeast  
 1/2 cup lukewarm water  
 1 cup milk  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/3 cup shortening  
 2 eggs  
 5 1/2 cups flour

Pour water over 1 tsp. sugar and yeast and let stand 10 minutes. Scald milk and dissolve sugar in it, let cool, add yeast mixture. Blend in 1/2 of flour and beat. Add the eggs and shortening, softened but not hot. Add more flour. Knead on board until smooth. Separate into two rolls of dough. Place in air-tight container, freeze in home freezer until ready to use. Each of the large rolls of dough make 24 rolls.

When rolls are desired, unfreeze dough, let rise until double in bulk. Knead, make into any kind of rolls desired. Let rise until double in size and bake in a 400 degree oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

**SANDWICH SPREAD**

1 pint green tomatoes  
2 green peppers  
2 red peppers  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup water  
6 ground sweet pickles  
1 cup sugar  
2 Tbls. prepared mustard  
1/2 cup vinegar  
1 cup sour cream  
3 eggs, well beaten

Put tomatoes through the food chopper. Mix with peppers and salt. Let stand few minutes. Drain and put in kettle with water. Boil until tender. Add pickles. Make dressing of remaining ingredients and cook. Mix with tomatoes and peppers. When thoroughly heated, seal in jars.

**GLORIOUS SALAD**

1 pkg. lemon gelatin  
2 cups hot water  
1 cup cream, whipped  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained  
1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives  
1 cup grated American cheese  
1/4 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Let stand until it starts to congeal. Fold in the cream, whipped with the lemon juice. Add pineapple, olives, cheese and pecans. Chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce, garnished with mayonnaise.

**SUPER EGGPLANT CASSEROLE**

1 medium eggplant  
1 tsp. salt  
1 Tbls. chopped onion  
Dash of pepper  
4 Tbls. butter  
1 cup tomatoes  
1 cup grated cheese  
1 cup bread crumbs  
1 Tbls. sugar

Put a layer of sliced eggplant in the bottom of a buttered casserole. Place on top of this layers of tomato, onion, cheese, bread crumbs, seasonings and sugar. Place another layer of sliced eggplant on the top and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven for one hour or until the eggplant is tender.

**BEET RELISH**

1 quart chopped cabbage  
1 quart boiled beets  
2 cups sugar  
1 Tbls. salt  
1 tsp. red pepper  
1 cup grated horseradish  
Vinegar

Chop cabbage and beets fine. Add remaining ingredients. Cover with cold vinegar and seal tight.

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**CANTALOUE AND ORANGE JAM**

5 cups ripe cantaloupe, pared and cubed  
3/4 tsp. finely grated orange rind  
1/2 tsp. finely grated lemon rind  
2 oranges, peeled and sliced  
3 Tbls. lemon juice  
1/8 tsp. salt  
4 cups sugar

Pare cantaloupe and cut into 1/2-inch cubes. Measure out the 5 cups. Grate orange and lemon rind and set aside. Combine cantaloupe, sliced oranges, lemon juice and salt in 3-quart saucepan. Boil vigorously for 15 minutes. Add sugar, lemon and orange rind. Boil rapidly until jam is thick and clear, stirring frequently with wooden spoon to prevent burning. To test thickness, spoon a small amount on a cold saucer. It should hold its shape. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. This makes 2 pints.

**WALNUT CLUSTERS  
(This will be a favorite.)**

1/4 cup butter  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 cup flour  
1/4 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 cups walnut meats

Cream butter, sugar and egg. Add vanilla and then melted chocolate. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add. Add walnuts. Drop by teaspoon on greased cooky sheet and bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Do not overbake as these should be soft when taken out.

**BREADED PARSNIPS**

(Prepared like this, your family will be sure to like them.)

Boil rather large parsnips until tender and scrape off skins. Cut crosswise in slices about 1/4 inch thick. Season with salt and pepper. Dip each slice in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat (350-390 degrees), drain on soft absorbent paper and serve immediately. They may be fried in a skillet if you prefer, turning them so they will brown evenly.

**BAKED HAM SLICES WITH APPLES AND RAISINS**

2 slices ham, cut 1/2 inch thick  
3 tart apples  
1/2 cup raisins  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 cup pineapple

Cut ham slices several places around outside to prevent curling. Place slice of ham in baking dish. Cover with apple rings, about 1/2 inch thick. Fill centers of rings with raisins. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Place other slice of ham over the top. Pour fruit juice over all and bake in moderate oven until ham and apples are done, about 45 minutes. Thicken the remaining juices for sauce to pour over this when you serve it.

**PEANUT BUTTER BARS**

1 cup seedless raisins  
1/2 cup soft peanut butter  
1/4 cup shortening  
1 cup brown sugar, packed  
2 eggs  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
3/4 tsp. salt

Rinse raisins in hot water and drain. Cream peanut butter and shortening. Beat in the sugar. Add eggs one at a time and mix well after each addition. Add vanilla. Sift dry ingredients and add. Lastly, stir in the raisins. Spread batter in a well-greased 9-inch square pan and bake for 25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Cool in pan and cut in squares. Children are especially found of this cooky.

**A RECIPE FOR THE CHILDREN MOLDING CLAY**

1 cup flour  
1/2 cup salt  
3 tsp. alum  
Water enough to hold mixture together  
Vegetable coloring

Mix well together and keep in a covered container. If the surface dries, add more water. This can be rolled out and cut with cooky cutters. If you leave the mixture white, the children can make things to paint with their water colors after the objects have dried.

## NOTES FROM MY SERMONS

By Reverend Frederick Driftmier

## THE HIGH COST OF CHEAP LIVING

Most of us are not burdened with the responsibility of living up to our means when it comes to using our financial resources, but cheap living, that is, living *below* our means, is extremely common in the things of the spirit.

So much of life is in the spiritual realm. And what you and I are, how we feel and what we think, is determined by our use of the spiritual resources at our command. A man's life is never any greater than his spiritual life, no matter what his material resources.

When a person doesn't use the wealth that is available to him, when he is afraid to spend, afraid to invest, afraid to give, we call him a cheap person. The Christian religion speaks of all the wealth that is in Christ, a wealth that is ours for the taking, a wealth of peace, a wealth of comfort. All of this is in Christ for us, and when we don't make use of it, we are not living up to our means; we are misers and cheapskates.

Some people make about as much good use of the unsearchable riches of Christ as a western sheep rancher made of one of his blessings. This sheep rancher found oil on his property, and in the blow of sudden wealth he purchased a fabulous car equipped for chauffeured driving.

One day in the garage the farmer was asked by an admiring mechanic what he liked best about his luxurious car. Without a moment's hesitation the rancher stated that he liked the glass panel behind the front seat because, said he, "The sheep don't lick my neck anymore when I am driving them to market."

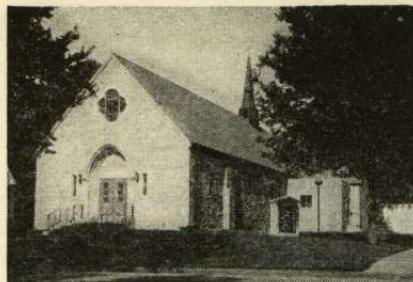
Do you know why church people are so often no better, no happier, no more blessed than people outside the church? I'll tell you why. It is because we are spiritual paupers. We have access to a wealth that a non-religious person does not have, but we don't use the wealth! We don't draw upon the resources that are ours. Oh, what a difference it would make to our lives if we could experience with St. Paul that in all things we are enriched by Christ, that there is no night so dark that His light cannot pierce the gloom, no sorrow so great that His comfort cannot ease, no demands made upon us that His strength in us cannot meet.

The high cost of cheap living is seen in the imperfection of our own lives. We have our loneliness, our anxieties, our disappointments, and our disillusionments all because we don't drink deeply enough of the cup of God's Grace.

So often we wait until some great tragedy or sorrow forces us to our knees in complete despair, and then and then only do we reach out and take His hand and find that in Him there is rest for our souls.

## TREES

Although trees are a very obvious part of a local landscape with their spreading branches and multitudes of



Everyone in Shenandoah is proud of the beautiful new Trinity Lutheran church. It represents years of work and countless hours of hard physical labor by the devoted members who truly believed that anything is possible with God's help.

leaves, the vital parts of the life of a tree we rarely see. The roots fasten the tree to the earth, act as a foundation for the tree, and collect water for the tree. At least 10% of every tree is below ground in the roots, and with some large trees such as the Monterey Pines, it may be as much as 30% in roots.

Just as we cannot understand why a tree is like it is until we know something about the unseen factors in its life, so we cannot understand why people are like they are until we know something about the unseen factors that condition their lives.

It is as simple as this: to judge a fruit tree we must consider not only its production. Taking into consideration the type of soil out of which the roots of a certain tree must draw their vast quantities of water, it may be a miracle that the tree produces any fruit at all. Considering the wonderful, rich soil provided for the roots of another tree, its fruit production, although high, may be a great deal lower than it ought to be. Low output doesn't necessarily prove a fruit tree a failure, and neither does it necessarily prove a person a failure.

Jesus said: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the vinedresser. Every branch of mine that bears no fruit, He takes away, and every branch that does bear fruit He prunes, that it may bear more fruit."

Just because certain natural causes have come together in that nice non-church neighbor of ours to make a pleasant psychological pattern is no reason for us to believe that he has no need of religion and that God is satisfied with him as he is. The better the stuff you are made of, the more this life expects and demands of you. The branch that bears fruit is pruned so that it will bear more fruit.

The person who is fortunate enough to have been blessed with a nice disposition, steady nerves, good digestion, intelligence, and good upbringing is very likely to be quite satisfied with his good character and say: "Why should I drag God into it? I'm doing all right as it is!"

Such people forget that there are the deep unseen factors of life which have done so much to make us what we are, and they forget Jesus Christ and what he expects of a person whose roots were planted deep in a rich soil.

To the nice person for whom virtue comes easily, Jesus Christ says: "Beware!"

Let not the branch take the credit for the health of the vine. If you and I think that God's gifts to us through our good breeding and fine background are actually a result of our own merits, then God pity us, for great will be our fall when it comes!

## LINES FROM ALBERT SCHWEITZER, THE GREAT GERMAN MISSIONARY

"He comes to us as one unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lake-side, he came to those men who knew him not. He speaks to us the same words: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfill our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings, which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is."

## BANKRUPT

One midnight, deep in starlight still, I dreamed that I received this bill: (Cortlandt W. Sayers in account with

Life):

Five thousand breathless dawns all new;  
Five thousand flowers fresh in dew;  
Five thousand sunsets wrapped in gold;  
One million snow-flakes served ice cold;  
Five quiet friends; one baby's love;  
One white-mad sea with clouds above;  
One hundred music-haunted dreams  
Of moon-drenched roads and hurrying streams;  
Of prophesying winds, and trees;  
Of silent stars and browsing bees;  
One June night in a fragrant wood;  
One heart that loved and understood.

I wondered when I waked at day,  
How — How in God's name — I could pay!

—Cortlandt W. Sayers

## AUTUMN GLORY

Today I gathered grapes and elder-berries,  
With beads of bitter-sweet that draped the trees.  
I found some yellow pawpaws and wild cherries  
Beneath the leaves that whispered with the breeze.

I plucked a small bouquet of purple thistle,  
And golden-rod beside a dusty lane;  
Across the years I heard a small boy whistle,  
And saw him hurdle pasture bars again.

Though paths may lead into new fields of duty,  
My heart, sustained, will welcome winter's snow;  
For I have captured once again the beauty  
Of friendly hills in autumn's flaming glow. —Delphia Stubbs

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is an honest-to-goodness "dog day" on which I write to you, and since it follows a whole series of days equally bad, I can honestly say that I don't feel too bright! What I laughingly call my mind seems to have boiled away quite some time ago.

This morning as I washed the dishes I thought of an advertisement that still haunts me on blazing August days, and suddenly I began wondering what in the world it could have advertised. If I describe this it might be that someone could remember back to the same advertisement, and then would write and solve the mystery.

It must have been around 1919 or 1920 (that would make me nine or ten years of age) that I picked up a magazine one day and looked in frozen horror at this picture: standing on a nice front lawn was a group of small children, both little boys and little girls, and on their faces was an expression of shocked terror. Coming towards them was this enormous dog with foam pouring from his mouth, and it was plain to be seen that the children were directly in his path and could in no way escape.

This advertisement made a tremendous impression upon me. I saw it in August, you understand, and I had grown up hearing about August dog-days. But it wasn't until this morning that I suddenly thought: now what product could that advertisement have been selling? It wouldn't be life-insurance; disinfectants wouldn't mean a thing in the face of rabies; and fencing companies weren't likely to be running a full page ad back in those days. What do you suppose it could be? If anyone was equally impressed by this advertisement and can actually tell me what it was all about, I'll be happy to get the point cleared up.

It seems so long ago that we spent two short nights in Minneapolis that I almost hesitate to mention it, but facts are facts so I should like to say briefly that we *did* take five little girls to camp at Clear Lake, Iowa and then drove up to Minneapolis to visit Russell's family.

It was the first opportunity we had had to get acquainted with our little niece, Kira Solstad, the daughter of Russell's only sister, Boletta, and her husband, John Solstad. Kira is a darling. Her coloring is so unusual and delicate that only colors such as pale lime green and very pale daffodil yellow really look well on her. We noticed that her hair just missed being red! It comes the nearest to having copper high-lights of any hair I've ever seen.

She is a very happy, good baby, and although there is not the slightest physical resemblance between her and Julian, still there was something about her that reminded me of Julian at eight months more than any other baby I've ever seen. In fact, as I watched her sitting on a blanket in the living room it really took me back in time to days far away and lost forever when Julian sat on a blanket in our living room in Hollywood.

Elsewhere in this issue you will see



We figure that about a thousand pictures exactly like this must have been taken during the summer months! It is Martin's sixth birthday party held in one of our city parks on July 8th.

a picture of the three Solstad children—Kristin, Paul and Kira. They are living without their father for he is far away in Korea, and has been since the second day of January. It is very hard for all women and children to carry on from day to day under such circumstances, and I know from reading your letters that many of you are in exactly the same predicament. The armistice has been signed since we were there, so at least for the time being Boletta knows that John isn't in hourly danger as he was for many months.

We have another new niece in Minneapolis whom we didn't get to see—little Terrie Jean Verness, the six-months old daughter of Russell's only brother, Richard, and his wife, Arleigh. Richard is an electronics engineer with the Honeywell Corporation, and the entire family had taken off for Florida on a three-weeks' trip just before we arrived. We were disappointed not to see any of them, but of course our trip and their trip were equally unexpected.

Minnesota was beautiful in July. We thought that it looked like a great park stretching out as far as the eye could see. They have had ample rainfall there (too much, I guess, in some sections) and consequently the countless lakes were full and all of the fields and meadows were emerald green. If we could have just one of their lakes down here in southwestern Iowa we'd count ourselves mighty fortunate.

The other day I came across another book that could be a life saver for anyone who has to give a program in an emergency. Most of the time we have ample warning when it comes to presenting a program, but now and then a crisis of some kind finds us trying to assemble something in great haste.

*People, Places and Books* by Gilbert Highet is extremely readable and interesting. In fact, we read several chapters out loud just because they were so well written and entertaining. Off-hand I can think of these three chapters alone that could be read aloud without boring anyone, and the three together would be a program of just the right length. *Science and Humanism*: Sir William Osler (a sketch of one of the greatest doctors of all time); *The West*; and *Books and Cooks*. I think you'll enjoy this book.

We have another book in our library

that is fascinating, and that is a photographic history of the Civil War titled: *Divided We Fought*. It represents many years of research and was truly a monumental undertaking. Many rare, heretofore unpublished photographs of the Confederate armies are included in it, and both the quality of the photography and the reproductions are so brilliant that one might be looking at a book of pictures illustrating World War II.

Now and then I have letters from people who want to purchase a good book as a gift, and they ask me to recommend something more enduring than a contemporary novel. *Divided We Fought* is quite an expensive book, but there isn't anyone who wouldn't enjoy it and be proud to own it, so the next time your committee is searching for something to serve as a token of appreciation for faithful service, you might consider it.

I haven't yet had time to give a thought to Julian's school clothes. All of these past weeks have been given over to writing our 1954 nursery catalog, and during this period I hardly know what anyone wears or is planning to wear! But when my big job at the typewriter is done I'll light in and get everything lined up for September 7th, the day our schools are now scheduled to open.

We go into this 1953-1954 school year with many problems. Here in Shenandoah we succeeded in demolishing two dangerous old buildings and are now in the process of building two fine new schools. Until they are completed it will be quite a puzzle to fit all of these children into some kind of rooms, and as I write this we still don't know for certain where Julian will be enrolled.

But we do know that Emily will be trudging over to start her kindergarten work at Central School, and she seems such a little girl to our fond eyes! This past winter was a hard one because she was wild to go to school with the other kids, and now the great dream of her life is just about to come true.

Martin will enter the first grade at Forest Park (where Howard and I began our school work many years ago) and Julian will enter the fifth grade someplace. Kristin enters the fifth grade at Chariton, and Mary Leanna enters the first grade at Bristol, R. I., so of all the youngsters only David and Alison will still be left at home. These years seem to be flying by terribly fast.

I have some sour cream in the house and want to test a cake, so heat or no heat, I'm off to the kitchen.

As always . . . Lucile

## A PRAYER

Give me the power to labor for man-kind;  
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;  
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;  
A conscience to the base; and to the weak  
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;  
And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

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MAKES ANY CLOTH  
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**59¢ and 98¢**

### FALL HOUSECLEANING

I've boxes and bundles and bales and a trunk,  
And stacks of old clutter the family calls junk;  
There's a mountain of items I can't do without,  
**BUT WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS STUFF ALL ABOUT!**  
These bottles are lovely—one shaped like an urn—  
There's the old coffee grinder and Grandma's old churn—  
There's a gold mine of treasure in these magazines—  
But this jumble stumps and defeats me, it seems.

I HAD worked out a plan  
For this fall cleaning spree,  
But I was defeated—  
And the plan now WORKS ME!  
—Gladys N. Templeton

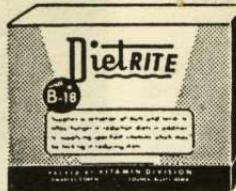
**Frederick's Letter (Concluded)**  
fire departments, but it also has a volunteer rescue squad with a special truck for rescue work of all kinds. Living as we do completely surrounded by water our volunteer rescue squad is often called upon to search the waters for victims of swimming, fishing, and boating accidents. Some time ago I was the guest at a special meeting of the rescue squad when right in the middle of the program the entire squad had to rush out on a mission of mercy. The program had to be continued on another evening.

I heard a good joke at the firemen's dinner the other evening. It seems that over in the state of Connecticut there was a big celebration for an old Indian who was 110 years old. When asked to say a few words the old man said: "I want you all to come to my party at the end of my second 110 years." Someone called out: "You don't really think that you are going to live another 110 years do you?" "Why not? I feel a lot stronger now than I did at the beginning of the first 110."

That's optimism for you!  
Sincerely, Frederick

Sincerely, Frederick

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

## AN "A" FOR THE PARENTS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

With grade card time rolling around again, it might behoove us parents to take inventory and see if we rate an "A" for the share that we must contribute to our child's learning.

First is the problem of arranging our meals, our work, our day's routine to fit into the school's schedule and activities. In many of our rural areas, more and more youngsters are boarding buses for school since so many rural schools are being closed. This means that often children must be ready to board a bus by seven o'clock.

Mother must be up, have a substantial meal ready, lunches packed, and get the children up in time to eat a hearty meal. There is no time to hunt for a lost stocking or a misplaced mitten. Clothing needs to be neatly assembled the night before. In short, the responsibility lies with mother, especially when the children are small, to get them off to a peaceful start rather than a Dagwood departure.

Not only may the morning routine be altered, but the evening schedule may have to be changed if there is basketball, band, or other activities after school. This means serving meals to the younger children and also keeping food warm for the older ones. Here foresight and planning is again a challenge. Casserole dishes, desserts, and other types of food that can be kept "edible" must be prepared.

This brings us right up to the second hurdle—that of preparing tempting lunches. Fortunately, many of the schools are providing wholesome lunches. If this is not your good luck, you must plan meals day after day that are nourishing but tempting, too. If you are tempted to pack the same old foods week after week, better do a little home work or you surely will not rate an "A".

A third problem we parents often face is that of adapting our evenings to the routine of our school-age children. In rural communities like ours where baby sitters just AREN'T, you may have to turn down those invitations that will keep the children up away past their bed time. You cannot expect a pupil who is tired when he enters the class room to compete on an equal footing with those who have had a good night's rest. Fortunately, many clubs, PTA groups, and other organizations hold their family night meetings on Friday so there is no hardship. If your community does not follow this practice perhaps several of you parents could suggest doing so.

A fourth problem is that of finding a suitable place for children to do their home work. You should see to it that there is adequate lighting and desk space, and you must also see that the radio or T.V. are not blaring away. If you have planned to go to the show on the very night Johnny's teacher has planned for him to do an extensive report, you know who must yield if you, the parent, rate the "A".

For your last count, you must



Last month it was Superman. This month it's Roy Rogers. Martin's cowboy outfit was his birthday present and he'd scarcely take it off to go to bed.

SHOW your interest in school work and school activities. Attend programs and PTA meetings. Plan to visit school some time during the year. And if your child has some special problem or difficulty, pay a friendly visit to the teacher. Together you will find it much easier to iron out difficulties so that your child will be happily adjusted at school.

So with another school year getting into full swing, do encourage your child to do his best work. And check yourself to see if you are doing satisfactory work.

Remember that problems can arise from poorly adjusted parents as well as from poorly adjusted pupils.

## A Teacher Speaks (Concluded)

even more important to your children is this whole process of learning to live and to get along with other people. For that reason I would like to see you mothers nip in the bud all tendencies to snobbishness and pretensions.

Encourage your children to know all of the children who sit in their school rooms. Don't invite just the same one or two to your home over and over again. Help your youngsters to branch out and to become friends with boys and girls other than those whom he has known since he was a toddler.

Fortunately, it doesn't take money to do this. An interested, sympathetic, loving woman who simply takes time to be "nice", as children would put it, to the youngsters who come to her home with her own boy or girl, will do more for that boy or girl than all of the fancy homes, playground equipment, cars, clothes, etc., put together. She is giving her child the personality traits that will help him to live successfully through all the days of his life.

An educated man is one who has finally discovered that there are some questions to which nobody has the answers.

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Insert a hanger through the zipper opening in each end of the bag . . . then fold in half to carry easily. Hangers serve as handles. Wrinkles are reduced to a minimum.

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**WANTED:** Hand quilting. Mrs. Emil Fuchs, Gordon, Nebraska.

**LOOPSTITCH DOGS, CATS.** \$2.50 each. 3¢ stamp for lists of other toys made. Lillian Reiter, Route 1, Deerwood, Minnesota.

**HAND PIECED AND QUILTED QUILTS.** Several designs. Mrs. W. Bosch, 725 Gudell, Independence, Missouri.

**SPECIAL SALE!** Rickrack earrings. Rhinestone centers. All Colors. 35¢ pair, 3 pair \$1.00. 7 inch yarn dolls. Crocheted clothes. All colors. 75¢. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Missouri.

**PAINTED STATE FLOWER QUILT TOPS.** joined in blue, green, rose \$10.00 each. Painted pillowcase \$2.00 pair. Beatrice Osborn, Lacona, Iowa.

**HANDMADE BEAUTIFUL QUILTS.** Will take orders. Dora Gehringer, St. Mary's Iowa.

**INVESTORS' ROAD MAP**—Common sense lessons—and not dull! 105 pages, 9 illustrations. \$2. Mrs. Alice Morgan, Box 10, Bristol, R. I.

**CROCHETED RIC-RAC LACE** for pillowcases \$1.00 pair. Embroidered pillowcases \$3.00 pair. Mrs. Helen Burns, 2056 So. 5th Place, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

**HAND LOOMED RAG RUGS.** Practical gifts. 27 x 50. Price \$2.75 postpaid. Mrs. Lewis Vermillion, Route 1, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Quilt tops. Write: Nellie Cline, Edgar, Nebraska.

**RIC RAC EARRINGS.** Any color 75¢. Other crochet work. Ask price. Mrs. Winnon Kirkpatrick, Tyler, Texas.

**LITTLE GIRLS CROCHETED DRESSES.** Infant wear, Hemstitching, Hosenmending, Buttonholes, Get Well, Everyday, Xmas Cards, 10¢ postage. Guaranteed. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

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**HAND-WOVEN POT HOLDERS** 25¢ each. Fluffy woolen animals \$1.00. Marjorie Cosgriff, 1128-7th St. No., Fargo, N. Dak.

**GAY NOVELTY GIFT APRONS.** \$1.25 postpaid. Ada Higbee, Bloomfield, Iowa.

**PENCIL COLLECTOR.** Would like to trade pencils. Mrs. Chas. Halsey, Tilden, Nebr.

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## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

Nellie Eppes asks me to thank each of you who helped get her new glasses. They are such a help and she appreciates all that you did to help.

Mrs. Flora Springer, 19 Wentworth St., Dorchester 24, Mass., is so lonely. She has been shutin for many years.

Edward H. Gillette, 2511 N. 19 St., Philadelphia 32, Pa., is a long-time shutin and recently has been quite ill and had to have major surgery. He enjoys getting mail.

Mrs. Floyd Huth, 116 Pear Walk, San Antonio, Texas, has been a shutin, unable to walk for a long time. This summer she and her husband started on a trip and 30 minutes later were in a car accident. She suffered a broken leg, hip and arm. Do send her a card.

Mrs. Blanche Loveless, 2304 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Calif., is a former Iowan who came to California a few years ago. Many of you will know her. In June she had a serious heart attack and is in the hospital. At last report she was improving slowly. Do write to her.

Gladys Rika, Box 315, Kearney, Nebr., has been in the hospital three years. Her mother died recently. She would like mail and large size jigsaw puzzles. She likes to read.

Patricia Kirchoff, 7556 Sunset Ave., Fair Oaks, Calif., was 15 in July. She wears braces from feet to hips, and is very small for her age. She is in a Home. She collects stamps and would enjoy cards.

Miss Ruby Snow, R1, B77, Ozark, Ark., has been handicapped since birth—she is 29 now. She collects view cards and miniature dogs, likes houseplants, and much enjoys mail.

Ralph Pfeiffer, c/o Sanitarium, Oakdale, Iowa, would like to hear from you. His mother says he is gaining but it will be sometime before he can leave the hospital.

Miss Florence Spangler, Rt. 4, Berlin, Pa., recently lost her father and is alone now. She is totally deaf and has very poor sight. Please write her.

Miss Marie Greiner, Rt. 1, Box 287, Greensburg, Pa., has been bedfast a long time. Her eyes are so bad she cannot write at all, but loves to get mail.

Mrs. Evelyn Swearingen, County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa, has been bedfast for many years. Her bones break so easily that she has to be in splints all the time. She used to enjoy collecting and repairing dolls, but recently has been unable to do anything. She cannot even write but loves to get mail.

A new Good Neighbor Guide is about to be issued. It tells about many more shutins. If you would like a copy, write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. You will be sure to find someone you can help.

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