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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 18

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NUMBER 8



Photo by Verness.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, Calif.

Dear Friends:

It has been a long time since I wrote to you from California, but this morning I'm sitting at a small desk in my hotel room — not the same desk and room that we've had before when we stayed at this hotel during the winter months, but at least on the same floor.

When I finish this letter we'll put an air-mail, special delivery stamp on it and drop it in the mail box in the lobby. Then I'll wheel out to the front entrance while Mart brings the car around, and then we'll drive to San Bernardino to meet Dorothy at the Union Pacific station. Her train is due in at 1:10 this afternoon and we'll be there in plenty of time.

It's going to seem mighty good to see Dorothy and to feel in touch with home again. We will probably stay two days more after she gets here, and then we'll start our long drive back to Shenandoah.

I must be sure to tell you something right now that may be of encouragement to those of you about our age who are wanting to drive to California but feel a little hesitant. We didn't know until this trip that about a year ago a very fine highway patrol system was started. At least once an hour the state police cover every point on the chief highways, and they automatically stop and check any car that has parked at the side of the road. If for any reason you have car trouble or unexpected sickness, etc., there won't be too long a wait before the patrol comes by.

When we found this out we thought that it would be safe for us to start back by ourselves, but when the weather turned excessively hot and Mart didn't feel too well, it seemed wise to have someone along to help with the driving. In a big family you can generally find someone to come to the rescue, so this time it was Dorothy who could get away better than anyone else. They had just finished haying when we talked with her and she said that she could be spared for a few days. I'm sure that when she wrote her letter for this issue she didn't dream that a trip to California was coming up!

Last month, as you may recall, I wrote to you the night before we left Shenandoah. Oliver Strom, Margery's husband, made the trip with us, and since he and Dad took turn about at the wheel, we made better time than we could have made otherwise. We

drove out through Nebraska and Wyoming to Salt Lake City, and then swung down to Las Vegas, Nevada and on in to Redlands. I had my mind so much on Susan that I didn't pay close attention to things as we drove along, so I'm afraid I haven't anything of interest to report about the trip.

As soon as we had gotten our room at this hotel we drove to Loma Linda, about 14 miles from here, to see Susan. She knew that I was coming but she didn't know exactly when I would turn up at the hospital, so as I opened the door to her room I began singing: "She'll be coming 'round the mountains when she comes," and that eased us over the strain of those first few minutes.

Since that afternoon we have followed a routine that varies only slightly from one day to the next. We spend our mornings at the hotel because it is air-conditioned and far more comfortable than to be out in the burning heat we've had this summer in Redlands. After a light lunch at noon we drive the 14 miles to Loma Linda and I spend the afternoon with Susan. Mart takes along a book and sits out on the beautiful grounds and reads. After the supper trays have been distributed, we leave and go back to Redlands.

Loma Linda is an enormous hospital owned and operated by the Seventh Day Adventist church. It is considered an extremely fine medical center, and everyone on the staff has been wonderfully kind and considerate. Several of Susan's grandchildren were born there, and when sister Helen was in California with me seven years ago, she was hospitalized there when she fell ill. During that time I made many trips to see her, so you can see that it was not like going to a strange and forbidding hospital to go and see Susan there.

Susan's old friends from years ago have been so kind to call on her and to keep her room filled with flowers. In addition to this she has had daily calls from the wonderful chaplains of various denominations who have been very faithful in keeping up her morale and courage.

I am certain that their interest and prayers have had much to do with the fact that she now shows genuine improvement, and that we feel we can return to the duties at home that had to be left so abruptly five weeks ago.

During this time it has been a satis-

faction to us to spend many happy hours with Mary Conrad Lombard, Susan's daughter, and her fine family. If you have been reading Kitchen-Klatter for the last two years you may recall the letter that Mary wrote when they lived on a ranch not too far from Hemet. Shortly after that letter was written they decided to move back to Redlands and occupy the Lombard family home, a lovely place with beautiful grounds, and it was there that Susan spent most of the time before she entered the hospital.

Mary has one lovely daughter, Marilyn, and four fine boys, and we have enjoyed being with them frequently. We also had nice trips to Claremont to see Louise Fischer Alexander and her family, so these nieces have kept us from feeling too lonely. Both Mart and I are so accustomed to busy days that it doesn't go easy on us to sit in a hotel!

About two weeks ago we were happily surprised when Fred Fischer came walking in with his daughter Louise. Probably Lucile has mentioned his trip in her letter so I won't go into details about it, but my! we were glad to see him. He spent several days with us and we certainly enjoyed every minute of it. This made us feel right at home, for when we're all back in Shenandoah we spend many evenings together.

I had a peculiar accident not long ago that could have ended with real trouble. Between the patio and the lounge there are very heavy drapes hung from wrought iron traverse rods, and when I wheeled in from the patio to see what was on the television screen, one of the drapes caught in my chair wheel and this brought down the traverse rod. It struck me on the top of my head and made a deep enough cut that a doctor had to be called to take some stitches. Needless to say, I felt pretty badly that night, but by the next morning the worst was over. Now the stitches have been taken out, my hair has been washed and curled, and everything is back to normal.

At this distance I don't know what last minute news could have developed at home, so I think I will only add two more things and then leave a little space for Lucile in case she needs it.

Those of you who enjoy Gertrude Hazlett's work will be glad to know that we had a good visit with her when she drove up from Los Angeles to see us, and we also had a happy time with my niece, Faith Field Stone and her husband who came up from San Diego, and with Mart's brother, Harry and his family who drove up from Los Angeles.

Next month I will write to you from home.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

Lucile's note: Since mother left a little space and my own letter had been set in type several days ago, I'll add here that on Sunday morning, July 11th, at 5:48, Russell and I will be at the Kansas City airport to watch for the big silver plane from the west that brings Juliana home to us. Now that she soon will be home I can say that it has been a long, long five weeks!

FROM ONE FLOWER LOVER TO ANOTHER

By Lucile

Last night as I sat out in our garden and looked at the great white drift of Regal Lilies that made a breathtaking sight in moonlight, I made up my mind to sit down at this typewriter very early the next morning and visit with you about them — and also about other things that occur to me. It is now 5:00 A.M. and I am right here carrying through on my intention.

Regal Lilies are so overpoweringly beautiful and so successful almost anywhere that it intrigues me to remember we have an American to thank for discovering them in China! Furthermore, it was only in 1903 that "Chinese" Wilson came across them and, as Time goes, that is not too long ago. Today you can find magnificent displays of Regal Lilies from one end of the country to the other, and all of this beauty springs from the fact that Professor Wilson glanced up at some bare cliffs in western China and saw, to his astonishment, a huge and different looking Lily growing there.

Most flowers so exotic in appearance take all kinds of nursing and attention, but Regal Lilies have the tremendous advantage of requiring very little. They do prefer full sun. Our Regals are in the west border of the garden and have no idea what shade might be! If you plant them too near a house, wall or shrubbery, they'll lean towards the sun to such an angle that you'll be scouting around for material with which to stake them.

Fancy soil requirements don't even enter into the picture. The area where they grow should be well-drained, of course, and reasonably fertile, but practically any flower asks for these simple assets. Regals seem to grow as well on soils containing lime as on lime-free soils.

Fertilizer can be used mighty sparingly. One application before the plants come up in the spring is enough. We keep animal manures away from them for it seems to be the one thing that may stimulate a basal rot fungus.

We keep weeds down in the area around them by shallow cultivation and by a good cover of peat mulching. Really, I suppose if you added up the total time they require throughout the entire season, 30 minutes would cover it nicely. That's certainly a slim investment of effort to get the marvelous beauty and perfume that they provide.

I hope that you'll start your own Regals this autumn. Since they grow so tall (ours reach 6 feet) you'll want to keep them at the back in any section where you have lower growing plants. Space the bulbs 15-18 inches apart, and plan to do some separation in about 3 to 4 years.

Experience has shown that most people plant them too early. Flower authorities now agree that your success with them is increased almost 100% by planting late. That's why we've decided this year not to ship



I never like to have the camera turned on me, but one evening not long ago, Russell snapped this as I looked over the names signed in our guest book.—Lucile.

any bulbs until November, for by that time you've done away with all of the possibilities for trouble.

Last night as we sat by the pool and looked over at our Lilies in the west border I was practically bewitched by their fragrance! It reminded me of California years ago when we lived near orange trees and felt as though we were really living in a perfume shop when those trees were in full flower.

We've just now pulled down the curtain on our Oriental Poppies, and my! how beautiful they were this year. Every time I looked at them and remembered how Oriental Poppies looked when I was a child, I was amazed at what the propagators have been able to accomplish.

We've found that these gorgeous new varieties need at least a 3-foot space once they're well established, so bear this in mind when you're planting. Full sun is preferred too, but they will put up with half shade.

In case you're going to be planting Oriental Poppies for the first time this late August or early September, you'll be interested to know that the top of the root should be planted about 3-inches below ground surface. Don't spare the water. But keep a sharp eye out to see that you haven't left a depression in the soil around the crown or plant, for if you do you may have your Poppy frozen out in winter. Take a few minutes to hill soil up around the plants before the ground freezes, and after the earth is really frozen, take a few more minutes to spread on a light mulch. You'll feel next summer that those few minutes of effort paid tremendous dividends.

Although every single Poppy in our garden was a brilliant sight, I think if I had to choose just one that *really* beckoned me out to look at it again and again, it would be Salmon Glow. Its big double blooms were fully 8 inches across, and if anyone had tried to describe it to me I'm afraid that I would have looked at them doubtfully!

Of course no one is thinking about planting roses or clematis these days,

but if I don't mention it right now I'm likely to forget in any future visiting.

This summer we've had Jackmani Clematis blooming with our pale pink and white climbing roses, and it has surely been a lovely, lovely sight. I've never seen Jackmani used in such a way and had no idea that it could be so beautiful. If you have any place to write down reminders, I wish you'd jot down enough words to call to mind next spring that you want to combine these two things.

Another combination that you won't plant now, of course, but that you *should* plant next spring is Baby's Breath and Pink Pinnocchio. We have a beautiful spot in our garden these days where the airy white flowers of Baby's Breath rise slightly above a mass of shell pink roses.

I just stand and marvel at this combination! Russell says to tell you friends that the Baby's Breath I mention was planted there two years ago. Last year it didn't make much of a showing. This year it has gotten wonderfully well established and now is a perfectly beautiful sight. (I wish we could have it behind all of our pink Floribundas, but room is always a pressing problem in this garden and I must keep my wishes within reason.)

I hope Mother gets home before all of her Altheas, plus ours, have finished blooming. They really put on a show in August, and surely she will be back by then. When I think how we humans feel on such scorching days as the ones we're having right now, I can't help but respect these shrubs that produce such enormous, tropical looking flowers without benefit of shade or rain. All of the colors are lovely, but my favorite is the Double Purple that comes close to being an intense blue.

(On Highway 71 between St. Joseph and Kansas City there is an incredible hedge of these Altheas, and I wish you'd keep an eye out for them if you drive along there in late August.)

Have you ever seen such roses as we've had in our Midwest this summer? It was simply sheer joy to watch the buds develop and then burst into bloom. Anyone who could remain indifferent to roses after the showing they've made everywhere this year is certainly sitting in a corner by himself!

Come and see our gardens when you can. It gives us real pleasure to share our flowers with others.

COVER PICTURE

Regal Lilies can make quite a dramatic background for pictures that go into the family album. In years to come it will call up many memories when we turn the pages of our own album and look at Alison the summer she was three. In her white dress she reminded us of a white butterfly as she ran down the garden walks on a brilliant July morning, and when she stopped to study the enormous white Lilies it was the perfect moment for a picture.

JOSEPHINE FIELD NELSON HAS HAD A BUSY YEAR!

Clinton, Iowa
June 21, 1954

Dear Aunt Leanna:

Here it is, nine-thirty on a bright Monday morning, and I'm waiting for the washer to signal that it's time to take out another load. Aren't automatic washers wonderful things? I've had mine four years now and I wonder how I managed before!

It has been quite a year for you, Aunt Leanna, becoming Iowa Mother of 1954, acquiring a new daughter-in-law, taking a trip to Florida, and all the other things you did, but you know, it has been quite a year for me too. So many things have happened, and they seem determined to go on happening. For someone who long ago decided to live a quiet, uneventful life, I seem to have gotten slightly off the track.

It all started back on January 14th with a telephone call from our Mary Jo, a junior at Ohio University. Instead of waiting for her graduation, she and the Lieutenant had decided to be married March 14th. "Why don't you say something, Mom? Aren't you pleased? You do like Ron, don't you? Let me talk to Daddy."

And that was that. After I recovered the use of my voice, there was some talk back and forth between the three of us and I hung up to face an incontrovertible fact: our only girl was going to be married, and in eight weeks' time!

When I grew used to the idea that she really was old enough to be married, I still didn't see how it could be accomplished. I knew that some people did organize big weddings in less time than that, but I never had. In fact I had never organized a big wedding in any amount of time, nor even helped with one. No, I couldn't do it.

And just here is where Al was a tower of strength. "Of course you can't", says he, "but you know you are going to, so let's get started."

So we managed. It was a most hectic eight weeks with crises and near crises, help and advice from all sides, but on March 14th, Mom, in her lace dress walked down the aisle on the arm of son Charles, outwardly as carefree as anyone in that church.

"The church looks lovely and what a lot of people. There is Grandma Bertha Field with Letty and Ray and little Jeanie. There is sister Mary Hamilton with her Mary Jane and Dick. Mary Jane is going to play at the reception. There is Aunt Trese representing the Nelsons. Too bad about the storm that kept Grandpa on the other side of the state. What would I have done without Trese and Mary this noon when we had thirty-four for lunch!

"Here come the candlelighters — what a happy thought that was to have those two blonde sisters! Isn't the groom handsome with his brother, so like him. Those five lovely bridesmaids all so tall. None of us realized how gorgeous they'd look in their white princess dresses, carrying the red roses. And here comes the maid of honor, sister of the groom. Her



Josephine and her husband, Al Nelson. (Glance at the next page to place Josephine in the family!) The reason for the "For Sale" sign is explained in her letter.

parents are so proud of her and have reason to be. Wasn't it a miracle the dresses arrived in time, and I guess Mrs. Thompson didn't mind missing church to do the altering.

"Here at last is our bride with her father. No one could guess that not a one of her lipsticks could be found fifteen minutes before the ceremony, and certainly she couldn't be married without her lipstick! She looks calm and happy. That dress we had to choose from stock. It had to be cut down to fit, but the minute she put it on we knew it was hers—lace bodice, tulle and satin skirt and that lace train extending from the waist. It's perfect. Look at her dad. He thinks she's a most beautiful bride, and I agree."

And that was it. A beautiful ceremony. Al didn't stumble over the train. The minister meant what he said and so did those two. Their happiness infected everyone. Everyone, that is, except one very small friend whose tears were the only ones in that church. She explained afterwards that she suddenly realized what it all meant. Mary Jo was going away.

Then there was the rush to the reception — the endless receiving line, the food, the cutting of the cake, the dash home to get the bride dressed and on her way. Sally caught the bouquet and was so thrilled.

It was all wonderful in retrospect, and worth the time and effort, but we couldn't have done it without all the help we received, not only from friends and relatives (what would we have done without them!), but from the professionals who gave far more than routine service. The two men who scrubbed, painted, waxed, washed until the house shone; the cateress, the waitresses, the lady who made the beautiful cake; the seamstress who gave up her other work; the store people who said the time was too short, but managed; the florist who acted as church consultant and ladies' maid; the photographer (who actually got a snap of that florist adjusting a skirt); the widow who looked after the house the last two days and then would only take half her pay because

"one can't take money for having fun". The list could go on and on, but it's enough to say I never knew how good people could be.

And now that wedding is in the past. The gifts and trousseau are packed, awaiting a more auspicious day. The Lieutenant is in Germany and Mom has taken a twenty-four hour train trip to New York to help Mary Jo bring the car and their other belongings back to Clinton.

Mary Jo was at home for a while, but busy as usual, taking correspondence courses, playing the organ at church, doing observation work at the high school. There is one girl who will never be caught with empty hours on her hands and what a blessing that is in these times.

Last week we put her on the train for Ohio, back for the summer session to make up the time she lost. She hopes to go overseas to join her husband eventually, but that depends on the housing and Mary Jo is not one to sit at home and wait.

The day after she left we went to Ames for Al's twenty-fifth class reunion, and what fun that was. Over a hundred of his classmates were there, and with a little help we recognized many of them. They were quite a bit grayer and many a bit heavier. (Wonder if they noticed that about us too?) But the old spirit was there and we enjoyed it.

The following day we took Chuck to Iowa City for summer school, to start his college work. For our Chuck has graduated from high school, twenty-fourth in a class of over two-hundred. A great day indeed, for he started his high school career four years ago on a hospital bed, a victim of arthritis. When he graduated from the eighth grade he was placed in his chair before the class marched up, but this time he marched right down with the rest while his very proud family looked on. To the discovery of Cortisone and a very fine doctor, we give most of the credit, but perhaps the boy who wouldn't give up deserves some credit also. We still have the crutches you lent him, Aunt Leanna, but they haven't been out of the attic in two years, so perhaps I'll bring them back to you this summer.

We found a very nice place for Chuck to stay in the home of a young minister and his wife, near the classrooms and cafeteria, and we think he's going to manage very well. In fact, he must be. It's been a week and we haven't heard from him!

In the fall, if all goes well this summer, we are going to take him to Tucson where he is already enrolled in the University of Arizona. He has wanted to go there for some time and his doctor has advocated it, but I thought it was a little far from home. We had compromised on a year in Iowa and then the emigration to the Southwest, but somehow it has transpired that he is going to Iowa for the summer only and then to Arizona. I suspect that I was out-maneuvered.

Now, with both of the children settled for the time being, we are going to move. Wouldn't you think we would be ready to settle down and live quietly for a while? Actually we are ready.

(Continued on Page 15)

WHO WE ARE

This month I am going to do something that should have been done long ago — I'm going to try to answer countless questions at one fell swoop and straighten out who we are and where we live.

I realize that a big family is very confusing, and unintentionally we've added to this confusion by referring casually to relatives whom we know so well that we forget to explain as we go along. Last week, for instance, I read a letter from a friend who said that she had been taking Kitchen-Klatter for two years and was *still* trying to get people straightened out!

Well, I think it's time we made an effort to get a few branches of the family tree pruned into proper shape, so here is the bare outline in black-and-white. I wish I could have added the names where it has been necessary to use just the words "four children" or "three grandchildren" but as you can see at a glance, this would call for several pages.

* * *

Leanna Field Driftmier (Mother) is one of the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon E. Field, both of whom have been gone now for a good many years. She was the next-to-the-youngest of the seven, and probably the best way to get the record straight is to account for her brothers and sisters in chronological order.

Henry Field was the eldest of the Field children. His entire life was spent in Shenandoah, and he passed away at the family home in October, 1949. His widow, Bertha Field, now lives there alone.

There were eleven children in Henry Field's family, and their present names, locations and other details as follows:

Frank Field, Shenandoah. Four children; six grandchildren.

Faith Field Stone, San Diego, Calif. Seven children; thirteen grandchildren.

Hope Field Pawek, Oakland, Calif. Three children.

Philip Field, Washington, D. C. One child.

Josephine Field Nelson, Clinton, Ia. Two children.

Jessie Field Wasserman, Chicago, Ill.

Mary Field Hamilton, Shenandoah. Three children; two grandchildren.

Ruth Field Seehawer, Appleton, Wisc. Four children.

Georgia Field Talbert, Aurora, Mo.

John Henry Field, Denver, Colo.

Letty Field Bianco, Marseilles, Ill. One child.

(For many years before Uncle Henry Field's death he kept his family, plus all the relatives, in close touch with each other through a long and detailed letter that was mimeographed at least once a month and often more frequently. This project has been carried on faithfully by Aunt Bertha Field and is a priceless means of keeping the family together.)

* * *

Helen Field Fischer was next to Henry in age and spent most of her life in Shenandoah. She passed away in April, 1953. Her husband, Frederick Fischer (whom we refer to so frequently as Uncle Fred) continues to



These are the members of our family who were able to gather in Anderson, Ind. for Donald's and Mary Beth's wedding in April. From left to right are Oliver and Margery Strom, Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier, and Mother and Kristin Johnson. Behind Mother and continuing to the right are Dorothy Johnson, Dad, Wayne Driftmier, and Betty and Frederick Driftmier. This photograph was taken as a quick "candid" shot, for there wasn't time to do any fixing or posing!

live in the family home alone. The three Fischer children are:

Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, Iowa City, Ia. Two children.

Mary Fischer Chapin, Glen Gardner, New Jersey. Two children.

Louise Fischer Alexander, Claremont, Calif. Two children.

* * *

Martha Field Eaton is the next in chronological order. She lived for many, many years in Des Moines, Ia., but after the death of her husband, Harry Eaton in 1948, she moved to Clarinda, Ia. to make her home with her sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh. Aunt Martha's two sons are:

Robert Eaton, Des Moines, Ia. Two children.

Dwight Eaton, Westfield, New Jersey. Two children.

* * *

Jessie Field Shambaugh has made her home in Clarinda for almost 40 years. After the death of her husband, I. W. Shambaugh in 1951, she moved from the house they built and had occupied throughout their entire marriage, and purchased a smaller home where she and Aunt Martha could live together comfortably.

The two Shambaugh children are:

William Shambaugh, Des Moines, Ia. Three children.

Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, Greenwich, Conn. Three children.

* * *

Solomon Field, II is the younger of the two Field brothers. He lives at Gerber, Calif., and has been a resident of that state for almost 50 years. His two children are:

Jean Field Johnson, Proberta, Calif. One child; two grandchildren.

Solomon Field, III, Sacramento, Calif.

* * *

Leanna Field Driftmier is the next to the youngest of the seven Field children. Most of her life has been spent here in Shenandoah, the last 28

years of it in the big white house on Summit Avenue that so many of you know. She and her husband, M. H. Driftmier (whom we children always refer to as Dad) live there together.

In listing the seven Driftmier children I am including the additional names for one reason and one reason only; pictures that appear in this magazine often have captions underneath them that could be very puzzling unless you knew where the various people fit!

Howard Driftmier (Mae Driftmier), Shenandoah. One child, Donna.

Lucile Driftmier Verness (Russell Verness), Shenandoah. One child, Juliana.

Dorothy Driftmier Johnson (Frank Johnson), Lucas, Ia. One child, Kristin.

Frederick Driftmier (Betty Driftmier), Bristol, R. I. Two children, Mary Leanna and David.

Wayne Driftmier (Abigail Driftmier), Shenandoah. Three children, Emily, Alison and Clark.

Margery Driftmier Strom (Oliver Strom), Shenandoah. One child, Martin.

Donald Driftmier (Mary Beth Driftmier), Anderson, Indiana.

* * *

Susan Field Conrad is the youngest of the Field family. She lived in California for many years, returned to Clarinda, Ia. to spend almost 25 years, and now is back in Redlands, Calif. Her three daughters are:

Frances Conrad Harndon, San Bernardino, Calif. Five children.

Mary Conrad Lombard, Redlands, Calif. Five children.

Margery Conrad Sayre, Montclair, New Jersey. Four children.

* * *

You frequently hear us refer to our Driftmier family gatherings too, and by comparison there are so few that it is simple to complete the record!

(Continued on Page 14)

A P.T.A. FAIR

By Mabel Weber

A successful money making project is the result of careful planning and hard work. Of the two, the planning is the more important, as our PTA executive board discovered late this last summer. To take care of a budget of over \$500, we needed a big affair that would attract the entire community and make it possible not to think about raising money the rest of the school year.

Early in August the date was chosen and the board members were alerted to gather good ideas for attractive concessions. Since one of the community's churches was having a fall festival on our preferred date in September, we selected the first Saturday in October. It seemed advisable to have the affair early in the school year while enthusiasm was still high and to avoid the large city-wide fund raising drives, as well as the Thanksgiving and Christmas demands on the family pocketbooks that come along a little later.

The first actual black-and-white planning was done early in September at a meeting of board members and room mothers and their assistants. Each room mother was given a choice of the suggested concessions as her own project. She enlisted any assistants needed, did her own planning as to the physical set-up, and kept accurate figures on her expenditures, profits, amounts of merchandise, etc. There were thirteen concessions in all.

The name of the affair is important, too, since it must have eye and ear appeal and be different from those of other fall festivals within the two week period we would be advertising. We chose the name "PTA Fair" as it was short and described the kind of miscellaneous project we were going to sponsor.

Poster Contest

To get enough posters to put in store windows along a 50 block stretch of main thoroughfare, my husband and I, as unit publicity chairmen, were given permission to formulate rules for a poster contest for the 6th, 7th, and 8th grade classes. A sheet of rules was typed up for posting in each room. These included the basic information such as time, place, suggestions for subject matter, closing date of contest, and the request that the entrants' names be put on the backs of the posters.

Prizes were \$1.50 in cash for the first place in each of the three grades and \$1 and 50¢ worth of fair tickets (at the bargain rate) for the second and third place winners. I also made rosettes of blue, red, and white ribbons to tape to the prize posters. These were left on when the posters went on display.

The judges were very impartial since they had no school connections. They were a retired school teacher, an artist housewife, and a local business man. They spent nearly an hour going over the dozens of posters which were displayed by grades in the auditorium. Some posters were automatically eliminated since all the necessary information was not given, and others



Emily Driftmier and her baby brother, Clark Driftmier. Both Emily and Alison are proud of "their" baby and like to "show him off" to callers.

lost out because of small lettering which cut down on the advertising value.

Immediately after the judging, the posters were put in all of the business places possible. Some of the cleverest were hard to place since they were very large and horizontal in shape. We have made the recommendation that future poster contests be limited to 18 by 24 inch posters, preferably done vertically since these fit shop windows better, and that only one entry be made by each child, although two people may work together if desired.

The benefits of the contest were at least three-fold. It provided plenty of posters with no adult effort expended, it was a practical art project, and it whetted the interest of the contestants — and their parents — in the Fair and exposed them to all the information about it.

Other Publicity Used

All the free publicity channels available were used fully. Several weeks before the Fair, news releases were sent to the free neighborhood newspaper, a news item was sent to the city PTA publicity chairman for her columns in the Sunday Omaha newspaper and another free shopping newspaper that has city wide distribution.

Spot announcements were sent to the five local radio stations that give free time to such items. These were timed for a day or two before the Fair. It was remarkable to see how many free advertising opportunities were available. Probably every community has like possibilities if time is taken to uncover them.

School patrons received three 8 by 11 inch mimeographed publicity sheets at about weekly intervals. The first gave some individual concession information (and chairmen's names and telephone numbers) and requests for specific donations needed for each. To set off the items, small drawings of candy, country store articles, flowers, jewelry, etc., were utilized. The sec-

ond piece of publicity was a poster mimeographed in red and black ink on yellow, pink, and blue paper which was circulated not only to school patrons but to all Omaha principals and their PTA presidents. You have no idea how much interest we aroused and the many "other school" visitors who came to the Fair to see how we were doing things.

The third sheet was called "Fair Facts" and gave in detail just what patrons would find at each concession with the chairman's name again given. The list began with the 2 kindergarten projects which were the popcorn stand (outside by the pony rides) and the candy shop. The fish pond had all new items donated by merchants or purchased in wholesale lots from a novelty company. Then came the cake walk, flower shop, balloon stand (not very profitable), jewelry shop featuring good used items at low prices, the country store, movie room (projection trouble here so not very lucrative), ghost room, downstairs diner, pony rides which began at 10:30 a. m., and a women's style show put on by men. The Fair proper started at 5:30 and closed at 9 o'clock.

Bargain Ticket Sale

Tickets were sold at the school on Wednesday and Thursday morning and afternoon before the Fair at 6 for 25¢. At the Fair, the price was 5¢ straight. These were the roll tickets that are available from carnival supply houses. No money was handled at the concessions as there were two or three cashiers located at strategic spots to sell tickets.

Reports

Each concessionaire made a complete written report of the money (tickets actually) taken in, expenses, persons helping, kinds of merchandise sold, best sellers, non-sellers, and any other facts thought necessary. They were also asked to make specific recommendations for their concession for future Fairs. These reports are all filed together along with copies of all publicity releases and will be invaluable in guiding the next Fair committee.

The report of the Fair chairman, who was also the unit finance chairman, was satisfying to all concerned. With over \$700 taken in, about \$200 paid out for expenses, there was nearly \$500 left to relieve us of money worries for the rest of the year. The two-hundred school families all had an evening of fun and everyone got his money's worth.

ANCIENT BEAUTY

Lord, let me learn from this old tree.

That there is dignity in loneliness,

Beauty in broken branches,

Strength in twisted, storm-beaten torso;

Help me to understand that underneath—

If roots go deep enough

No storm can wreck the life

That from them reaches to the sky.

Help me to remember that the important thing

Is to stand where God has placed me.

—P.E.O. Record

SUMMER NEWS FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends:

Have you ever had sixty persons for a charcoal-broiled steak lunch? What an exhausting experience it is!

Last Thursday we entertained some of my fellow clergymen and their families for a steak luncheon out on our back lawn. One of my very good friends who is an expert at broiling steaks gave us much assistance, and with three portable, charcoal grills in action the two of us together were able to broil twenty hamburgers for the ten children present, and forty-five 1 lb. T-bone steaks for the adults. Betty had prepared a delicious tossed green salad and that, with hot rolls, potato chips, pickles and relishes with ice cream for dessert made up the full menu. Making coffee was something of a problem, for more than 100 cups were consumed.

Our guests began to arrive at about eleven o'clock on a beautiful summer morning with Mary Leanna and David meeting them at the front gate and Betty and I meeting them at the front door. Everyone took a tour of our new parsonage, visiting the playroom in the attic and riding on the elevator, and then we all went out into the back gardens and lawns. The children had a wonderful time playing on the slide, swings, teeter-totter, a gym ladder, and a big sandbox.

When we first moved into our new home we were not at all sure that we would like having so many trees in the yard — we have seventeen inside the fence, and four outside — but now the summer heat is with us and we are mighty happy for the shade. The deep shade and the solid stone walls of the house keep us delightfully cool. When I walk into the house out of the hot sun, I say a little prayer of thanksgiving for the kindness of our parish. Very few clergymen are blessed with such unusually comfortable living quarters.

Two months ago I told you of a rather extraordinary problem that faced the people living along our Rhode Island shores; the problem of dead whales. Never have we had such a year for dead whales, and never have the dead whales been as big as this year. Believe it or not, just last week a ten ton whale was seen swimming slowly and sickly right up our bay. Now a twenty thousand pound fish is quite a fish, and all the shore residents along the way were most anxious that the brute turn about and head for the open sea, but the poor thing couldn't go any further and soon he rolled over and died.

It was hot here last week, and twenty thousand pounds of rotting flesh on a sandy beach was a problem of gigantic proportions. The Coast Guard was called into action. The first boat sent to the scene was not large enough to tow the carcass, so a larger boat was sent to tow the dead whale out to sea. What a job those Coast Guard boys had! First of all they had much difficulty fastening a rope to the body of the whale. They would no sooner get the rope fastened than it would slip off again. Finally, however, with



Only Howard is missing from this picture of the Driftmier men. From left to right are Frederick, Dad, Donald and Wayne.

much delay of all kinds, the whale was taken out of the bay and about forty miles out to sea where it was blown to bits by Coast Guard gunfire.

That dead whale even had an effect upon my church services the following Sunday. You see, the Executive Officer of the large Coast Guard ships is a member of my church, and we had made all the plans to have his baby son christened on that day. When the Coast Guard was given the job of towing the whale, it was necessary for us to change our plans, for the father would not have been able to be with us for the ceremony.

This week we are not having any whale problems, but we are having fish problems. Just as our beaches were all set to open for the summer season (because the water is cold, we don't do much beaching until July) dead fish by the thousands began to litter all of the shores along the bay. The fish are stricken with a germ that affects the brain, and soon they "go crazy" and throw themselves out of the water and onto the rocks where they die by the thousands. It doesn't take long for a few dead fish to ruin an otherwise lovely beach.

Last Saturday was an active one for us. I conducted a wedding in our church at two o'clock and then the family joined me for the reception held in the church social parlors. We left that reception to drive fifteen miles into Providence where we attended a wedding as guests. We drove back to Bristol, changed our clothes for a picnic, and then the four of us went down to the shore where our church was having a lobster bake. Most of the food was cold by the time we got there, but what we had was very good. As usual, I ate so many steamed clams that I caused all present to wonder at my capacity. When all is said and done, there are few foods in this world more succulent than clams steamed in the ground with rockweed.

We had our big church summer bazaar yesterday, and you can well imagine that our whole family is exhausted. You will remember that each

year I have written to you about our bazaar with a particular mention of the wonderful weather that we always have on bazaar day. Well, the weather this year was just what we had hoped for. Although rain was predicted for our part of New England, all we had was a brief shower to cool the air very early in the morning, and another brief shower in the evening to freshen and clear the air. All day long we had just enough of an overcast to keep the sun from being uncomfortable.

This year we had our evening program indoors, and believe it or not this was the first time in the history of our summer bazaars that we have had rain in the evening. Had our evening program been out-of-doors as on previous years, the whole affair would have been ruined.

While the adults shopped at the bazaar on the church lawns, more than 100 children had their own little bazaar under the trees on our front lawn. The local utility company had stretched a strong cable between two trees so that the youngsters could ride on a cable car the entire length of the front lawn. You can be certain that they had much fun looking down from the cable car upon the games and booths below. It was a big day for our David and Mary Leanna with all the children and all the excitement. I don't know how many times David rode on the cable car, but I do know that he sat through the motion pictures in the parish house next door at least three times.

Last night I did something that I had never done before in my life, I was the auctioneer at an auction of antiques held in conjunction with our bazaar. When I was just a boy I know that my father thought someday I might become an auctioneer, but it wasn't until last night that his thoughts became a reality.

One thing that we seem to have plenty of in this old, historic town is antiques. My experience last night taught me that an auctioneer has a hard job and one that demands the vocal powers of a bull. When I had sold the last piece and was ready to quit for the night, I actually thought that it would be impossible for me to conduct a church service today. I had talked and shouted, begged and pleaded, scorned and ridiculed until I was hoarse, but it was fun, and by today my voice was back to normal.

You know what I mean when I refer to a "pig in a poke" — a box of items bid for and bought sight unseen. Well, last night we sold several "pig in a poke" boxes, and in one of them we put two white mice along with dishes, candlesticks, and an odd piece of silver. I wish that you could have heard the shouts and laughter when a very dignified lady in our church opened her purchase and saw the live white mice!

Some of you reading this letter may be a part of that school of thought which does not approve of a church having missionary sales, bazaars, auctions, etc. If you are such, you have much company, for I know that many people feel quite appalled at the thought of a church participating in commercial projects.

(Continued on Page 13)



HOSTESS NOTES

by Gladys N. Templeton

Sometimes I hesitate to ask
My friends to tea, in fear,
To offer tea without a cake,
Slothful, I should appear.

Why hesitate? Oh why so blind,
That I should fail to see,
True friendship is the finest treat
That one can serve with tea.

CHARLESTON SPICE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 1 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, well-beaten
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 cup milk

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening until soft and smooth; gradually add sugar, creaming until fluffy, and beat in eggs. Add flour mixture alternately with combined molasses and milk, beating until smooth. Turn into greased square pan and bake 350 degrees, 40 to 50 min.

DIFFERENT FILLING FOR POPPY SEED CAKE

- 2 egg yolks
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup hot water

Combine sugar and cornstarch. Add water and lemon juice; then add beaten egg yolk. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Fill each layer and sprinkle with nuts.

ABIGAIL'S LEMON SOUFFLE

- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/4 cup lemon juice

Beat yolks until thick; add water gradually and continue beating, add sugar gradually, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add salt and lemon rind and juice, and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 30 to 45 minutes or until firm. Serve at once, with whipped cream. Serve 6.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

PECAN DELIGHT

(No heating or cooking!)

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup pecans, cut fine
- 1/2 lb. vanilla wafers (2 cups, rolled fine)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream butter and sugar together, add the unbeaten egg yolks, one at a time, beating mixture thoroughly after each yolk is added. Add the flavoring and pecans. Fold in carefully the stiffly beaten egg whites. On the bottom of a 4-inch square pan, place 1/2 of the wafer crumbs, then add the creamed mixture. Pile lightly and smoothly the rest of the wafer crumbs on top. Set aside until firm and cool. Serve with whipped cream.

GINGER ALE SALAD

- 1 can Royal Anne cherries (white)
- 1 can crushed pineapple (No. 2 1/2 size)
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 1/2 cups ginger ale
- Juice of 1 orange
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 package orange gelatin
- 1 package lemon gelatin

Drain juice from pineapple, heat and dissolve gelatin in it. Let cool, add ginger ale, orange and lemon juice. When mixture jells slightly, add fruit and mold. When firm, unmold on lettuce.

FAVORITE FRUIT PUNCH

- 3 cups tea
- Juice of 6 lemons
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 cups water
- Juice of 4 oranges
- 2 cups grape juice
- 5 cups ice-water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup blackberry juice
- 1 cup raspberry juice

Make a syrup by combining water and sugar. Boil 5 minutes. Cool. Combine tea, syrup, fruit juices and ice-water. Pour over ice and garnish with mint leaves and slices of oranges and lemons. This is enough for 30 servings.

STUFFED TOMATO SALAD

Wash tomatoes. Peel. Cut a slice from the top of each and remove pulp. Chill. Fill tomato shells with diced cucumbers, celery and chopped nut meats moistened with mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and paprika.

CRISP PICKLE SLICES

(Very easy)

- 4 quarts sliced cucumbers
- 6 medium white onions, sliced
- 2 green peppers, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic
- 1/3 cup salt
- 5 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. tumeric
- 1 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed
- 3 cups vinegar

Do not peel the cucumbers. Slice them thin. Add onions, peppers and whole garlic cloves. Add salt, and cover with cracked ice; mix thoroughly. Let stand for 3 hours, then drain thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over cucumber mixture. Heat just to boiling. Seal in hot, sterilized pars. This is enough for 4 pints.

SIX DAY PICKLES

To 1 gallon cucumbers, add brine of 1 pint of salt and 1 gallon of water. Cover and let stand 2 days. Drain, wash, and split. Cover with clear water. Let stand 1 day. Drain and simmer for 30 minutes using 2 Tbls. alum to 1 gallon water. Drain and rinse. Heat 2 pints sugar, 2 pints vinegar, 2 cups water and 3 Tbls. mixed spice. Pour over hot for 3 mornings. Seal on the 4th day.

MARGERY'S FAVORITE FROZEN SALAD

- 2 three-oz. packages of cream cheese
 - 1 small can crushed pineapple
 - 1 small bottle of maraschino cherries
 - 1/2 cup nut meats
 - 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- Cream the cheese, add fruit and nuts and fold in the whipped cream. I fill baking cups which are set in muffin tins to freeze. Unmold on lettuce cups to serve.

SANDWICH SPREAD

Grind enough green tomatoes or pimiento to make a pint when drained. Grind 2 red and 2 green peppers. Mix. Add 1 tsp. salt, drain. Add 1/2 cup water and cook until tender. When done add 1/2 dozen ground sweet pickles. Keep hot while making dressing.

DRESSING

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls prepared mustard
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 or 3 eggs

Salt and pepper to taste. Boil, stirring all the time, till done; add other mixture. Can while hot. Seal.

DELIGHTS

Have you ever iced crisp wafers with whipped cream — 4 wafers high? Use a generous amount of whipped cream between the wafers and cover with cocoanut. Chill in refrigerator over night. Top with a strawberry or cherry just before serving.

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

1/4 cup chopped walnuts
 1 small can crushed pineapple
 1/2 pint whipping cream
 1 cup mayonnaise
 1 small jar maraschino cherries
 Small amount of juice
 Small amount of powdered sugar
 Drain pineapple, chop up cherries.
 Whip the cream and combine with mayonnaise. Fold in the nuts and fruits. Add enough juice to make it a pretty color and enough powdered sugar to desired taste. Serve over chunks of fruit.

PEACH-NUT CONSERVE

6 cups sliced ripe peaches
 4 cups sugar
 1 orange, quartered
 1 1/2 cups pineapple tidbits, drained
 1 cup broken English Walnuts
 Combine peaches and sugar and let stand until juice forms. Put orange through food chopper. Cut pineapple into small pieces. Combine peaches, orange, and pineapple and cook slowly until thick, which takes about 40 minutes. Remove from heat and add nuts. Seal in hot, sterilized glasses. This recipe makes about 8 glasses. Sometimes we add chopped maraschino cherries to this for color. There is nothing that tastes better with home-made bread fresh from the oven and still warm!

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON PIE

1 Tbls. gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 1/4 cups canned crushed pineapple
 4 eggs, separated
 Cook sugar, lemon juice, salt, pineapple and egg yolks over hot water until of custard consistency. Soak the gelatin in cold water and add to hot mixture; stir until dissolved. Cool. When it begins to thicken fold in the 4 beaten egg whites to which another 1/2 cup sugar has been added. Pour into a baked pie shell. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

CALIFORNIA SALAD MOLD

1/2 cup stuffed olives
 1 package lemon gelatin
 3/4 cup boiling water
 1 8-ounce can tomato soup
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 2 3-ounce packages cream cheese
 2/3 cup mayonnaise
 1 cup chopped celery
 2 Tbls. grated onion
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 Slice olives. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add tomato soup and lemon juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Mash cream cheese with fork and blend with mayonnaise. (It will blend easily if the cheese is at room temperature.) Blend into thickened gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in the bottom of oiled molds. Combine remaining ingredients and spoon carefully into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce to serve.

Leanna Says - - GIRLS

You'll LIKE my flavorings.

VANILLA LEMON MAPLE ALMOND

We chose these four flavors after months of use in cakes, cookies, puddings, pies, frozen desserts, etc. — the only flavors we recommend.

Kitchen-Klatter FLAVORS WILL NOT**BAKE OUT OR FREEZE OUT!**

You can be sure of rich, full flavors every time when you use Kitchen-Klatter Flavor.

3 OZ. BOTTLE — ONLY 39¢

Ask your grocer for Kitchen-Klatter Flavors. Or you may send \$1.00 for any 3 flavors postpaid, to Kitchen-Klatter, Dept. 56, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**WONDERFUL NEW PREMIUM
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Here is your chance to get a cookbook crammed full of extra-fine pie recipes — all tested by Leanna, Lucile, and Margery. Illustrated with new personal pictures of the Driftmiers. The wonderful news about this new pie Cookbook is that you can get your copy without charge. Just send us 3 stars from the back label of Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring and say you would like to receive the Pie Cookbook by return mail.

If your grocer doesn't carry Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, send \$1.00 for any 3 flavors and in the same letter tell us the name of your favorite grocer. We'll send your flavoring to you by return mail and will enclose your copy of the new Kitchen-Klatter Pie Cookbook.

Send all orders for the flavoring and the Pie Cookbook to

KITCHEN-KLATTER, DEPT. 56, SHENANDOAH, IOWA**QUICK AND EASY PICNIC FARE****Cook It On The Spot****MENU I:**

Broiled cheeseburgers
 Squaw corn
 Relish-salad plate (radishes, onions, tomato wedges, pepper rings, carrots etc.)

Ice cream and cookies.

Broiled cheeseburgers: Broil nice fat juicy ground steak patties and when done serve in large round buns. Place a slice of cheese on top the hot meat, (it will melt quickly if lid is put on for a couple of minutes). Then serve on the buns immediately.

Squaw Corn: Cut ten or twelve slices of bacon into small pieces and brown in a skillet. Add a pint of home-canned corn (or a No. 2 1/2 can) and heat. Beat 6 eggs slightly and add to corn mixture, stirring and cooking until eggs are done and mixture has the appearance of scrambled eggs. A bit of diced red or green pepper adds flavor to this dish. Serve hot from the skillet.

MENU II:

Hashed Browned Potatoes
 Barbecued Shortribs
 Garden salad bowl (lettuce, radishes, green onion, tomato, carrot — with a choice of dressings offered).
 Watermelon for dessert
 Iced drink — coffee for those who wish it.

It will take at least an hour to cook the barbecued ribs so be sure to allow plenty of time.

BARBEQUED SHORTRIBS:

About 6 lbs. shortribs
 4 Tbls. fat
 1 to 2 cloves minced garlic (optional)
 1 cup minced onion
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 cup water
 2 8-oz. cans of tomato sauce, or use

your home-canned strained tomatoes

2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. allspice
 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 Pepper to taste
 4 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/2 cup cold water

Method: Have ribs in 2-inch lengths. Put fat in frying pan and brown ribs on all sides; remove from pan. Add onion, celery and garlic to fat and brown lightly, stirring all the while. Add tomato sauce, seasonings, mustard, vinegar and water. Bring to a boil and add ribs, turning in sauce until nicely coated. Cover tightly and cook over low heat (such as open fire-place) for about one hour, or until meat is tender. Turn ribs frequently.

Thicken sauce for serving over ribs by adding paste of cornstarch and cold water.

APRICOT SALAD

2 pkgs. orange gelatin
 2 cups boiling water
 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice, mixed

1 large can apricots (mashed)
 1 large can pineapple (diced)
 10 marshmallows (cut fine)

When firm top with the following:

1 cup pineapple and apricot juice (mixed)

1/2 cup sugar
 2 heaping Tbls. flour
 1 beaten egg
 2 Tbls. butter

Cook until thick and when cool add.
 1 cup cream (whipped)

Spread over the firm gelatin and top with grated cheese. When you drain your cans of fruit you get 2 cups juice. These you combine and use 1 cup in each mixture. This is a big salad.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

It is 5:00 in the morning, a brilliant, beautiful morning with a certain glitter in the sky that says plainly enough the thermometer will soar to real heights before the day is done. I'm glad to get this early a start on everything that must be accomplished before I fall into bed tonight!

I had hoped that in this issue I could have at least a short letter from Juliana, but I think she's far too busy to settle down to more than just the brief notes we've had. Russell and I feel rarely fortunate that Mrs. Bunch, in whose home she is visiting, takes time to give us full reports, for if you've ever had an eleven-year old out of town you know how sketchy their letters can be.

It has been exactly a month to this day on which I write since Russell and I drove down to Rock Port, Missouri to meet Mrs. Bunch for the first lap of her return to Phoenix. It would be hard to say who felt the most peculiar on that day — Russell, Juliana or I! As we drove along I kept thinking that we were just getting sort of a head start on the inevitable time when she would leave for college, because we've taken people seriously when they said that unless you prepared yourself for such an event you would feel that your entire world had fallen to pieces. This is hard on the parents and hard on the young person who must go, so I kept remembering these things I'd heard through the years — and felt that at least we were tackling the problem in good time!

From Rock Port we drove to Langdon, Missouri and there we put Mrs. Bunch and Juliana on the fast train that runs between Omaha and Kansas City. They had a few hours' wait in Kansas City and then picked up a big plane that carried them through the night to Phoenix. (I never closed my eyes that whole night!)

At ten o'clock, our time, that plane arrived in Phoenix, and both Russell and I tried to imagine exactly what was happening at that moment. Kathy Bunch, Juliana's dearest friend, did not know that her mother was bringing Juliana back from Iowa, so you can guess what a surprise it must have been for her to see Juliana step off the plane. The little girls hadn't seen each other for a year and a half, and that can be a dozen eternities when you're still so young.

Phoenix is a desert city, as you know, but at least their heat is a dry heat and consequently not as uncomfortable as our humid Midwestern heat — what I call a jungle heat when the thermometer is up in the nineties and the humidity is right there too. They stay inside during the afternoons, but the rest of the time it's comfortable enough to do anything.

When Juliana left we thought she'd only be gone three weeks for the original plans called for the folks to return at that time and stop in Phoenix to pick her up. All of this has been changed by events in California, so as I write this I don't know when either Juliana or the folks will be back. But it won't be too much longer, I'm sure, and then Russell and I will get to



Uncle Fred, his grandson Fritz Harshbarger, and Ed Pixley of Des Moines are off to California at 6:00 A.M. on June 28th. Details in my letter.

hear about everything that's happened since we drove to Langdon ten centuries ago!

On my desk right now is a little note that reminds me to tell you about something I think is important. If you have young people of your own or work with groups of young people, I believe it will interest you.

One day not too long ago I was literally buried in work, the kind of work that simply must be done on schedule. To be exact, I was writing our fall nursery circular that you'll be getting about two weeks or so after you read this, and there's no nonsense about dates when that kind of a job is on hand. I had every minute of every day accounted for and I didn't see how *anything* in the line of unexpected responsibility could be sandwiched in.

It was under these circumstances that the telephone rang, I answered it, and a young girl asked me if I could bake a cake the following day for an ice cream social to be given by the Youth Group of our Episcopal church. I said "No" and explained why this one time I just couldn't contribute a home-made cake — and then I stopped short for the tone of her voice told me that she had heard a good many excuses.

"Just a minute," I added. "What's the deadline on getting that cake to the church?"

She told me and I said: "All right. It will be there."

And it was. Ten minutes before the deadline I finished icing it and we hurried to deliver it to the church. I put it down on a table in the kitchen, some one called "Thanks" and that was that.

Imagine my astonishment and pleasure to receive only twenty-four hours later a lovely thank-you note written by the Group. Just as soon as all of the debris was cleaned up that night they sat down and wrote to every single person who contributed a cake (about twelve people, I think) and thanked them sincerely for helping to make the ice cream social such a success. You've no idea what that little note meant to me. I thought that they took the cake completely for granted (you know how young people are!) and it warmed my heart to know that they were genuinely appreciative.

I'm sure that most people feel the way I do about any food they prepare for such occasions — it's just a responsibility we must assume and we

don't expect anyone to pay any attention — we're only doing our duty. That's why it touched me to have a written note of thanks; I'll never forget it. So I just pass my reaction on to those of you who work with young people.

Uncle Fred Fischer is in California these days, and I won't soon forget the circumstances under which he departed! He has flown many places for many reasons, but I hope that when I'm his age I can be just half as adventurous!

On this page you can see the picture that Russell snapped at our Shenandoah airport about 6:00 A.M. on the morning of June 28th. You can't really get a good idea of the plane so I'll tell you that it is a one-engine Cessna, and about three minutes after this was snapped the three people in this picture climbed into that plane and started off to California!

There seems to be a variety of opinion about the safest way to fly, but since I've never yet been off the ground (the only member of our family who hasn't — even my daughter flew to Phoenix!) I can only feel that I'd prefer going over the mountains between here and California in a huge four-engine, seventy passenger plane! Uncle Fred made but a single comment as we stood on the field and watched this tiny, tiny little plane come in.

"It looks like a grasshopper," he said. And so it did.

Fritz Harshbarger, Uncle Fred's grandson, had flown this plane from California to New York, stopped to visit his parents in Iowa City, then came by Shenandoah to pick up his grandfather, and then flew back to California. They stayed overnight in Laramie, Wyoming, left Laramie at 8:00 in the morning (Rocky Mountain time) and reached Burbank, California at 5:45 (Pacific Coast time). Uncle Fred called me within 15 minutes from the time they hit the ground, and I've never been happier in my life to get a long-distance call. While he is in California he is spending some time with the folks in Redlands, and with his daughter, Louise Alexander and her family in Claremont.

I haven't done too much cooking this summer. When Juliana is home I put three meals on the table every day as methodically as the rising sun, but I'll confess that when I'm doing a big job at this typewriter (these days it's our 1955 spring nursery catalog) and when only the two of us are here, we have just one meal that could really be called a meal.

Now it's time for a second cup of breakfast coffee, so I must run.

Always . . . Lucile.

A PRAYER

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust;
When thought is tired, and hands up-raise
Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

"AWAY WE'LL GO!" PARTY

By
Mabel Nair Brown

If you are feeling a bit sorry for yourself because you cannot get away for a vacation, the chances are that you have friends who feel the same way. Why not take a trip "by proxy" and give an AWAY WE'LL GO PARTY. You can use much the same idea for a "going-away" party for a friend who is moving, or perhaps you will decide to give such a party to entertain your club and thus forget the extreme summer heat for a few hours in make-believe-land.

INVITATIONS: These may be written on paper cut in the outline shape of the United States. Another idea would be to write them on scenic picture postcards; these can be of views around your home town or better yet, of various vacation spots around the U. S.

The invitation might read something like this: "Are you feeling limp and wilted and on a trip would like to roam; but instead, it seems you're destined to vacation right at home? Then get your travel togs on and come to my house to play. Two o'clock is the time and Tuesday is the day. We'll take a trip by proxy to where cooler breezes blow. Yes, we'll leave our daily cares behind and "Away we'll go!"

If you have a cool basement recreation room, by all means have the party there. Or it may be that a nice shady porch or a cool nook in your garden or backyard will be the best setting for the party. But wherever you decide to have it, provide the real vacation atmosphere by putting up all kinds of maps, travel posters, picture postcards and travel ads.

If the party is out-of-doors (though you could use this idea indoors too) put up little signs such as "This Way to Sun Valley", "Keep Cool In Minnesota's 10,000 Lakes", "Get a Suntan In the Sunshine State", "Palm Beach — Only a Dream Away", "Take the Right Turn to Atlantic City", etc.

More atmosphere might be obtained through putting up colorful beach umbrellas, using large beach balls here and there, or even tossing some large beach towels over backs of chairs, etc. And you could have some of the children's sand buckets and shovels scattered about. Of course, if you need to make the breezes blow, do this with fans; and if your party is out on the lawn or in the garden, turn on the sprinkler occasionally to "cool off" the vacationers!

ENTERTAINMENT: **WISHING ON A STAR** is a game that sets the tempo of the party. As each guest arrives ask her where she would go if she could choose her vacation spot; write this on a slip of paper and pin it on her. Now throughout the party she must make believe she is actually there to the extent that as she talks with others her conversation will take on the "flavor" of her vacationland.

Thus, if someone asks one of the guests what she did this morning, she (if Atlantic City were her choice of destination) would say something like this: "Well, I slept until after 10 o'clock and then went down on the

boardwalk before going in for a swim." Perhaps one might be "vacationing" in Canada and would tell of a fishing trip out on a big lake, etc. If all the guests enter into spirit of this game it can be loads of fun.

MY TRIP IS A SURPRISE is a game that is a slight variation of the one above. As guests arrive pin the name of some vacation spot on their back. The object of the game is for them to find out "where they are going on a trip". This they do by asking the other guests only questions which may be answered "yes" or "no" and they may not ask more than three questions of one person.

WE'RE OFF is simply the old suitcase game that is always a screamingly funny game, except we give it a travel flavor this time. Select two players and provide each with a suitcase. In each suitcase have all kinds of vacation gear. At a signal from leader the two players open suitcases and begin to put on what is inside. Then they race to a designated goal line where they take off these things, put them in the suitcase and carry it back to the starting line. Things in the suitcase might be a bathing suit (funnier the better), suntan powder or lotion, hair curlers and bathing cap, beach shoes, fan, sun glasses, towel, etc. Remember you are after laughs so make your collection funny.

FISHING TRIP: Here are clues to well known fish. Can you guess their names?

1. A struggling fish. Flounder.
2. A cheating fish. Shark.
3. A royal fish. Kingfish.
4. An animal pet. Catfish.
5. Used on the water. Sailfish.
6. Cash on delivery service. Codfish.
7. In every barbershop quartette. Bass.
8. In a bird cage. Perch.
9. A precious fish. Goldfish.
10. To be seen at night. Starfish.
11. Stubborn fish. Bullhead.
12. Famous mountain of the west. Pike.
13. A navy fish. Portugese Man-of-War.
14. A fish that goes with bread. Jelly fish.
15. A sandwich fish. Tuna.
16. A lethal weapon. Swordfish.
17. A found-in-the-sky fish. Rainbow Trout.
18. Fish that climb ladders. Salmon.
19. A trimming for clothing. Scallops.
20. "He's a measly little _____". Shrimp.

VACATION THRILLS: This can be a game and an interesting one too. Have guests write the name of their favorite vacation spot. Then have them make a list of all the interesting things one might see or do while there. Give a prize for the longest list and one for the most interesting list.

EATS: Probably if its a very warm day you will have iced fruit drinks or iced tea or coffee to pass around quite often during the party. Then when it is lunch time serve iced watermelon and more iced beverages, or of course ice cream is always a treat on a hot day. (I like to serve chilled fruit cup with cookies.) Of course, if it isn't too warm, you might very appropri-

ately have a fish fry or an outdoor barbeque. Sometimes I serve various fruits on small plates or on a large tray and let my guests take their choice. If you have chilled grapefruit halves, sliced chilled oranges arranged on individual plates, fresh pineapple slices, grapes, pears, peaches, etc., you have no idea how popular they will prove to be with the guests — and doubly welcomed by calorie counters!

Favors might be construction paper boats with paper sails for nut cups, or how about one of the handkerchiefs one sees nowadays with states painted on them. Or for a fun favor, give a toy plastic car or boat.

A CATTY PUZZLE

Add the necessary letters to these "cats" to make the word defined.

- 1 Cat----- Underground burial galleries.
- 2 Cat----- Upheaval, flood, violence in nature.
- 3 Cat----- Object used in funerals.
- 4 Cat--- Savory sauce for meat.
- 5 Cat---- Blooming tree.
- 6 Cat----- Big wild animal.
- 7 Cat----- Machine to throw rocks.
- 8 Cat----- A waterfall.
- 9 Cat---- Member of a ball team.
- 10 Cat---- Compilation or lists.
- 11 Cat-- To provide food, as for a party.
- 12 Cat----- Class or division.

ANSWERS

1. Catacomb; 2. Cataclysm; 3. Catafalque; 4. Catsup; 5. Catalpa; 6. Catamount; 7. Catapult; 8. Cataract; 9. Catcher; 10. Catalog; 11. Cater; 12. Category.

PRESENTING ARMS

Fill each space with the necessary letter to spell the word defined.

- 1 - arm Food production center.
- 2 - arm --- Melodious sounds.
- 3 -- arm To please.
- 4 ---- arm- A French policeman.
- 5 - arm -- Gentle heat.
- 6 -- arm Warning notice.
- 7 arm --- Storage place for weapons.
- 8 - arm --- A crimson color.
- 9 - arm --- A type of rodent.
- 10 -- arm ---- A druggist.
- 11 - arm --- Something to wear.
- 12 -- arm A large number of insects.

ANSWERS

1. Farm; 2. Harmony; 3. Charm; 4. Gendarme; 5. Warmth; 6. Alarm; 7. Armory; 8. Carmine; 9. Marmot; 10. Pharmacist; 11. Garment; 12. Swarm.
—Grace Stoner Clark

A Pan Does It — Quiz

What pan suggests?

1. A flower? Pansy
2. A food? Pancake
3. To beg? Panhandle
4. A remedy? Panacea
5. An animal? Panther
6. A discussion? Panel
7. Provisions stored? Pantry
8. Great fear? Panic
9. A part of the body? Pancreas
10. A passing scene? Panorama

HAVING VACATION TROUBLES?

By Mildred Cathcart

Are your nerves beginning to wear thin with all the friction and extra hubbub of noisy youngsters underfoot from morning until night?

If so, you will definitely agree that your children are happier and much more contented if you plan a regular daily routine throughout the summer just as the family must follow a schedule during school months. Naturally this set up must allow for vacation time freedom, but any child is much better satisfied if he is required to adhere to certain rules.

In the first place, there is the important and necessary item of chores. Each child may help to set up a work routine and this can be varied and changed from time to time. Just as the old Jamestown standard was "No work — no eat" so ours is "No work — no play." The sooner the children finish their assigned tasks satisfactorily the sooner they are allowed to go out and play.

When planning the day's schedule, there should be an allotted time set aside for some form of learning or study. In the summer time, school work may give way to music, dancing, voice, swimming, or other types of learning which could not receive full attention during school time. The girls may choose to come into the kitchen and learn more about baking or they may try their hand at sewing. Boys may choose to spend their time at the carpenter's bench or working with various other forms of hand-crafts.

It is an unhappy adult who finds himself faced with leisure time and has no interest or activity to occupy his lonely hours. A parent can do much to prevent this from happening to his family if he encourages the children to develop a hobby. Summer months provide an ideal time for pursuing hobbies. There is photography, nature study, handicrafts of all sorts, music, reading, gardening, cooking, sewing, — something to appeal to boys and girls of all ages and with all sorts of varied likes and abilities. This summer could well see the beginning of a hobby that could be carried over into later life and bring pleasant hours when health curtails regular activities.

If you live in a neighborhood where there are many children, you and the other mothers might work out some sort of supervised hour. This can include reading to the children, teaching them some new game, or even working on some type of handcraft. For example, in one locality, the boys and girls built bird houses, put them up throughout the neighborhood, and were then encouraged to observe the daily habits of the various birds. There sprang up such an avid love of bird lore that books were secured from the library, scrapbooks were made, and amateur photography flourished. There were children with bird problems, but the mothers say there were few problem children!

It is advisable to check during the summer and see what facilities the city or various civic minded groups have made available to the children. Bible schools, free swimming lessons,



Emily, Alison and their Aunt Lucile see if they can catch a glimpse of the turtle that lives at the bottom of the pool.

a reading hour at the library, supervised playgrounds, and various other things are maintained for the benefit of children, so take advantage of them, too.

And in spite of all your planned hours, do not be amazed if there are occasional squabbles. But if you find the quarrels are too frequent, you must take action. And you may find my friend's solution most timely: "Feed them or Nap them."

Older children will resent being called in to "REST" but you will not find them adverse to being called in for light refreshments. Then have some new magazines, a game, puzzles, or something on hand that will get them quieted down for half an hour or so. You will find them far more congenial after a quiet session.

The children look forward to vacation so help it be a happy time for them when they can be at home. And I will wager that if you plan a schedule so the children are kept well under control, you will be looking forward eagerly to vacation time too.

FAMILY TRAVEL

By

Gladys N. Templeton

These days many parents are trying to decide if they should take the children with them on a trip, or make arrangements to have them cared for at home. There's certainly something to be said for the latter, but I believe there's more to be said for the first alternative.

After years of traveling over a wide area of our country with children varying in age from three to twelve, I am convinced that the wise decision is to take the children with you. No doubt your activities may be more limited, but coming years will prove that any inconveniences were over-balanced by great rewards. Children are close observers and the memory of unusual places and things stays with them.

I am reminded of the first visit we made to Lincoln's birthplace in Kentucky. The heat was intense and such big crowds everywhere made me regret that we had brought along our thirsty, restless, normal little ones. A few years later when history was a dreaded chore for Junior High students, our children were alert to the meaning of history and were absorbed in its pages. To them the Civil War period was real because they had been to Lincoln's birthplace, his later home and tomb in Springfield, and the battlegrounds where terrible struggles took place.

Observant parents can make the countryside "come to life" as they drive along if they watch with the youngsters to see how many different kinds of trees can be spotted, what kinds of flowers are blooming, if the barns and houses look like the ones "back home" or if the farm animals are of other breeds entirely. Not only does this make the miles fly by, but it impresses details upon their mind in such a way that they'll remember much, much more than you might believe possible.

It pays to stop often for rest periods — 15 minutes spent parked near a city park or roadside picnic area where children can run and stretch, will pay big dividends when they get back in the car.

If you'll make a real effort to stay away from the vicious chain of soft drinks, cookies, candy, more soft drinks, ice cream, etc., you'll have much happier children.

And don't try to cover too much ground in one day. When the back seat crowd begins to bicker, stop before it can turn into real trouble.

We have traveled with four children over much of the United States and have enjoyed the togetherness, the sharing which might never have been possible otherwise. Our children are following the same idea and it is amazing to see how much their small youngsters remember from a trip or vacation.

Yes, from experience I would say: take your children with you and enjoy them every mile of every vacation day.

When you see a good man, think of emulating him; when you see a bad man, examine your own heart.—Confucius.

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hate, may I bring love; Where offense, may I bring pardon; May I bring union in place of discord;

Truth, replacing error; Faith, where once there was doubt; Hope, for despair; Light, where there was darkness; Joy to replace sadness.

Make me not to so crave to be loved as to love.

Help me to learn that in giving I may receive;

In forgetting self, I may find life eternal.

—St. Francis of Assisi

FROM SOME OF THE LETTERS THAT HAVE CROSSED MY DESK

Dear Lucile:

Last year at the end of the summer tourist season I heard you read some very interesting letters from people who had been imposed upon by relatives and friends. I particularly remember the woman who wrote that her own family would never get to take a vacation trip of any kind because their budget was hopelessly shattered every summer by the additional food for company.

A few years ago I might have written that letter myself for it was exactly the situation that we were in. And I suppose we'd still be in it if I hadn't gotten my dander up and taken action. I just made up my mind that my own family was entitled to a little pleasure too, and that they weren't going to lose out while other people had a carefree time at our expense.

Right now I do want to make it clear, Lucile, that it wasn't my own brothers and sisters or Ralph's two sisters who imposed on us — naturally they would always be welcome in our home regardless of any circumstances. But it was distant cousins who kept up no contact with us, and "friends of friends" and that kind of thing. We are just half-way between Omaha and Denver, you see, and it made a convenient place for them to stop. It also seemed to be convenient for people who were headed to the Black Hills and Yellowstone.

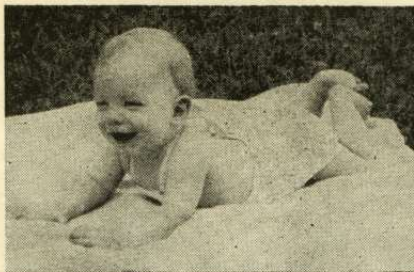
Well, we had had plans of our own for our first family trip to the Black Hills — planned to be gone the last week in August for that was the only time Ralph could get dependable help to take over the filling station and garage that he owns. When the time came for us to go we just had no money left thanks to such huge grocery bills all summer, and since we're just beginning to get on our feet financially we couldn't see our way clear to borrow money for the trip. So we stayed home.

Last year I sat right down when school was out and wrote to all of the people who'd stopped with us (and for as long as five days at a time, mind you) and said that they'd see us again, and told them that I'd been under the doctor's care and couldn't have any extra work or excitement. This was the truth too. I really was worn out and sick after that summer was over and I did consult the doctor.

The result was that we had no uninvited company and my own family did get a chance to have a little freedom and fun. Ralph certainly had it coming to him too for he works long, long hours and never has a chance to fish, which he dearly loves to do.

I don't want to sound un hospitable because I'm not, but if any of those people had made any kind of offer to help with the expense it would have made a lot of difference. There wasn't any help from any of them, and I got to thinking that we were the only ones so hard hit until I heard you read some of those letters. Then I could see that other people had the same problem.

I don't think that very many people



We'd be willing to bet that every baby "going on eight months" is put out on a blanket in the morning before the sun gets too powerful. Clark enjoys watching the many youngsters who play in their yard.

with a growing family have very much extra money to do with, and I think that anyone who wants to have a vacation should manage it on his own and not free wheel across the country. Goodness knows I don't want anyone ever to pay me for the bed that he sleeps in, but I do think that anyone can get to a grocery store and buy some coffee, butter, fruit, meat, etc. It can be put down on the kitchen table with a smile and the words that "I saw these things and thought maybe you could make good use of them."

I don't want to sound like a crab or a lecturer, but I do hope that people will stop and think about this situation and try to lighten what can be a heavy burden.—Nebr.

Dear Lucile:

Any letters you ever read or print about raising money for church activities always interest me because we've been working these past three years to finance a new building that we hope so much to build before 1955.

When our building fund was first started I sat at meetings and wondered what I could do to help because I'm not free to work at church dinners or go out to help serve at sales or things like that. You see, I have my invalid mother in my home, and also a dear old aunt who is blind and needs quite a bit of care and cheer. My children are all married and live in other states, so there is no one to come in and stay while I go out to work on these church affairs. I can manage to slip away for an afternoon meeting, but that's all — otherwise I simply must be here all of the time.

One thing I can do is to sew — I worked with a fine dressmaker before I was married and learned all of the professional tricks. All these years I've kept my hand in, so I'd feel competent to tackle anything. However, with the problems here at home I couldn't undertake to do dressmaking for anyone and turn the money over to the fund, so for a while I was stumped.

Then one day last year I heard some of the younger girls in our Circle saying that they were driving nearly 30 miles once a week to take lessons that were given with their new machines, and this gave me an idea. I asked them if they'd like to save themselves that trip by coming to my house in the evening once a week. They all knew I was a seamstress, of course, and they jumped at the chance.

With these girls who were getting their lessons free of charge with their

machines I said that they should drop into my old white sugar bowl that I keep for church money, what they figured they had saved on car expense, baby-sitters (who of course were there longer because of the time it took to drive both ways), etc., and this was fine with them. Then they brought with them some of their young friends who wanted to learn to sew, and it was mutually agreed that 50¢ per evening was all right.

I was very surprised at the response. In April this year I decided to be better organized so a group could begin lessons together instead of coming in for the basic things after the others were on to more advanced details, and had this announced at all church meetings. We finished up two weeks ago — seven young women who felt that they had learned a great deal. In September I will start again and know right now that nine girls want to come. Those with portable machines bring them along, and we've worked out things so that everyone has a chance to stitch while I move among them.

Naturally I haven't made a great deal for the building fund, but every little bit helps so much. I've enjoyed it more than I can say, and my mother and aunt look forward to our sewing classes as the high point of the week.

If you want to print this letter it's all right with me, for I hope that someone else who is tied down as I am tied down can figure out a talent to use for the Lord's work.—Missouri.

FREDERICK'S LETTER CONCLUDED

Actually, there was a time in my short life when I objected strongly to a church being in competition with local businesses, but I have changed my mind completely. If two people, complete strangers to one another, should both be asked to make a special financial contribution to the work of some worthy cause, there is very little possibility that either one would become devoted to the interests of the other. But when people work together at the same table, wash dishes together in the same kitchen sink, etc. etc. they can't help but become acquainted.

Frankly, I believe that it is too easy for too many people simply to give money out of their pockets to some worthy cause. What we do with our hands we remember, and the more we can do for one another, the better off we are. Then too, there are people in every church who cannot give money, but who can give vegetables from their garden, or needlework from their leisure hours. Every church member needs to know what it means to serve the Lord with the work of one's own hands.

I would like to learn about the bazaars that have been successful in your own church. A year from now we are going to be wanting new ideas for our bazaar, and I certainly do hope that some will be sent to us by you.

Sincerely, Frederick

The worst danger that confronts the younger generation is the example set by the older generation.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM!

Dear Friends:

After the terrific heat wave we have had the past two weeks this lovely cool evening that we are having right now seems wonderful. My long-sleeved blouse really feels good.

Last month when I wrote to you it was raining and we were afraid our creek would come out, but it didn't and we haven't had any rain since. We could stand about an inch of rain right now but so far the crops haven't suffered. I drove into Lucas yesterday evening on an errand and it rained a little while I was in town, just enough to hurry me home, but it didn't even sprinkle here. Chariton had a two-inch rain, hail, and a heavy wind which flattened all the oats and wheat south of town, but we just got about ten drops.

A few days after I last wrote to you the big bulldozers moved in and work started on our new road. We worked frantically for two days getting our fences pulled out where they needed to be. (We were pasturing our ground and didn't want to take down the fences and move our stock until the last minute.) Work started at the same time on the new bridge at the bottom of our big hill, so for several weeks yet we will have pretty rough roads. The engineer told me that we should have gravel on our road by October so we are in hopes that the school bus can pick Kristin up at the door this next school year.

Kristin had her eleventh birthday the 24th of June. She didn't want a big party this year. Ida Louise Stark, Bernie's niece who lives in Lucas, came out to spend a few days with us so at noon on Kristin's birthday Edna and I took Ida Louise, Lois Jean Hutchison and a little girl from Des Moines who was visiting one of Edna's friends, out to Red Haw State Park for a picnic dinner. After we ate the girls went to the movie. We had a family dinner that night and were happy that Frank's sister Ruth was here from Kansas City.

Bernie, Ruth and I picked a little over two bushels of peas last week. While Bernie was at work in the afternoons Ruth and I hulled them and then canned them in the evening. We had 48 pints, and that was a lot more than we had last year, so we were happy. We have some more peas planted and if we get some rain before long we should have quite a few more to can.

I expect next week I will be picking raspberries. In looking over the bushes yesterday I found a ripe one here and there but not enough to start picking yet. The mosquitoes are just terrible here so I'm not looking forward to the berry picking with much enthusiasm.

We put up some hay last week and I was back at my old job of driving the tractor while the men picked up the bales. Frank mowed a field of oats and sweet clover today so we will be picking up those bales in a couple of days. The wheat has ripened fast the last few days and looks awfully good.



This picture of Kristin was taken a year ago when she was ten and somehow it got away from us. In rummaging through a big file of photographs the other day we came across it, and we like it so much that we're going to share it with you even though she has changed quite a bit since then.

I told you in my letter last month that Kristin and I were going to town the next day when Kristin was going to compete with other Lucas County 4-H girls to see who would be chosen to say the Country Girls Creed at the County 4-H Rally Day. Kristin was the girl chosen and she was asked to wear a uniform.

Since this is her first year in club work we hadn't made a uniform yet and when I went to get the material they were out. Then we had to scurry around and see if we could find one to borrow that would fit her. We were very fortunate to be able to buy a uniform from a girl who had outgrown hers and all I had to do was to shorten it.

Last week our club had their first all-day workshop and the girls cooked their own dinner. Kristin and Connie Bescoe were slated to give their team demonstration that day so they made Brunch Muffins. The recipe they used was just a standard muffin recipe, but they were topped with a peanut butter mixture before they were baked. They turned out quite well but the girls are going to have to get together and practice several times before they give their demonstration at the Local Achievement Show in August. Both little girls did very well for the first time but they will do much better at the Achievement Show. I wasn't much help to them since I had never seen a team demonstration, but our leader has seen several demonstrations at the State Fair and was able to give them many helpful suggestions.

Kristin and I went to a 4-H skating party the other night and had lots of fun. Even I put on skates for the first time since my school days. It was Kristin's first experience on a rink and she thought it was so much fun that she is eagerly looking forward to the next party next month.

Margery, Oliver and Martin spent last Sunday with us, arriving about 9:30 in the morning. Martin brought his suitcase and expected to stay for a few days — this is the first summer that Marge has felt he was old enough to stay by himself without getting

homesick. Kristin was thrilled to death and had the whole week planned out as to just what they would do every day. So when Martin woke up from a little nap about three o'clock with a temperature and Margery felt they should start right home, Kristin's heart was just about broken. She wanted to go with them but I didn't have her clothes ready and it was a little hard to get things together on such short notice, so she stayed home with the promise that she could go down a little later this week for a visit.

We have a new spotted colt on the farm that is just beautiful. I don't think there is a cuter baby animal than a little colt. My horse Bonnie had twin colts about two weeks ago but neither one of them lived. They were identical little sorrels with a white spot on the forehead.

Next week the Chariton Saddle Club is going to try again to meet with us for a picnic supper in the timber and their regular monthly meeting. This will be the third time they have tried and each time before it rained and they couldn't get here. We need rain and since we have gone a month without any I'll bet anything it rains. I'll let you know next month, until then...

Sincerely, Dorothy.

TODAY'S VALUES

"I hope this crop will buy a car
And pay the mortgage, long past due;
And maybe Sam can go to school
Come fall . . . may even see him
through."

These acres whisper promises
For every wish the heart has shaped
The sunshine and the rains at last
Insure the hopes of those who wait.

When seas of golden waving grain
Go forth to meet the human need;
No more shall hunger stalk the earth,
But bread replace despair and greed.
—Gladys Templeton

(Continued from Page 5)

M. H. Driftmier (Dad) was also the eldest in a family of seven children. His mother, our Grandmother Driftmier, died in 1900, but we had the privilege of knowing our Grandfather Driftmier for he did not pass away until 1926.

Anna Driftmier, Clarinda, Ia.

Erna Driftmier, Clarinda, Ia.

Bert Driftmier, Clarinda, Ia.

Harry Driftmier, Glendale, Calif.

His two sons are: Harold Driftmier, Chicago, Ill. One child, Robert Driftmier, Los Angeles, Calif. Two children.

Clara Driftmier Otte, Clarinda, Ia. Her only son, Darrell, Clarinda, has two children.

Adelyn Driftmier Rope, Clarinda, Ia. Her two sons are: Merrill Rope, San Diego, Calif. Gene Rope, Clarinda, Ia. Three children.

* * *

These are the relatives, Field and Driftmier, whom you have heard us mention through the years. If this copy doesn't get away from you, it can be picked up in future years so that any arguments as to who-belongs-where can be settled!

"Little Ads"

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

September Ads due August 1.
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The Driftmier Company
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HOME BUSINESS—Mailing literature to new mothers. Details free. K & M Products, 3634-B Homewood, Toledo 12, Ohio.

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KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920

on your dial 9:00 A.M.

(Continued from Page 4)

We swore after the wedding we'd not look at another house . . . we'd be content to stay indefinitely in this old, oversize but comfortable place.

We should have known better. Years ago we fell in love with a flagstone kitchen, a pine panelled den and a yard full of evergreens—atop a high hill. "If ever that house comes on the market, we'll buy it" we promised ourselves. And wouldn't you know it? This had to be the time. It isn't such a wonderful house. It's even rather old. We can't say it hasn't faults, but it has always been ours. We had no alternative. So — we are moving. In fact, we are moving this very weekend.

When you are making one of your trips you must come by and see us. It is a smaller house, but still plenty of room for guests, of which we have many, being here at the gateway to Iowa. I didn't tell you about the five guests we had unexpectedly at the time of Chuck's graduation, three of whom didn't know the other two! It was hysterical, but they all left in a couple of days, devoted friends. It had

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MAKES ANY CLOTH
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rained the whole time they were here too.

Well, half of this eventful year of ours has passed and what do you suppose the rest holds? One thing I know for sure: one of my friends asked me the other day when I was going to have a nervous breakdown. "Not this year", I assured her, "it's not scheduled and I definitely have no time for anything not listed as yet!"

I'll see you, perhaps, in August.

Your loving niece, Josephine

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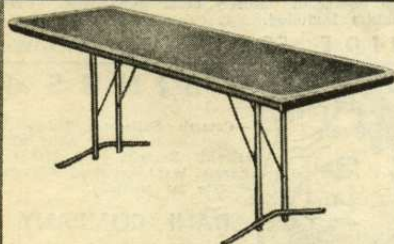
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Assorted Colors. NEW—not Seconds. Supply limited so order NOW for prompt delivery. FREE—4 Wash Cloths with order!

TOWEL SHOP, Dept. A-161 Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

If you want to make your own vacation happier, do something to help someone else have a nice time. Here are some shut-ins who need you.

Miss Virginia Knapp, R1 B17, Holly Springs, Miss., has been shut-in a long time. She must have a serious operation in July. Do send cheer to her.

Mrs. Lora Wolfe, R1 B32, Lincoln 2, Nebr. She fell in her yard and hurt herself quite badly. She would enjoy cards.

Mrs. Alice Flentke, GSI Cot 13-1, Gallipolis, Ohio, is in a Home and is very lonely. Stamps are needed if she is to answer.

Mrs. Adley Dierking, 1307 Dubuque St., Sioux City, Iowa, is a total shut-in. She lives in a wheel chair and needs friends.

Kate Manning, 409 West 7 st., Grand Island, Nebr., hasn't walked since she broke her hip some years ago. She is in a wheelchair and never gets outdoors.

Mrs. Wilfred Mackey, Rt. 2 Irving, N. Y., is badly crippled from polio many years ago. Collects view cards and folders.

Jack Yaryan, 3208 Marcy St., Omaha, Nebr., is in a wheelchair, and unable to help himself at all. He can't write, but enjoys mail.

Mrs. Delia Dudevoir, 3339 Hiawatha St., Baton Rouge 5, La., has been shut-in for 19 years. She loves mail.

Mrs. Peter Cook, Parkview Home, Earlham, Iowa, is 88 and recently lost her husband. She is very poorly but enjoys mail and can answer when she is well enough.

Mrs. Daisy Ballengee, Clayton, W. Va., is not well and has crippled a foot so she cannot get out much. Do write to her. She and her husband live alone on a farm in a very small community and keep the postoffice.

Miss Audrey Fuller, Star Rt., Dawson, Ala., is not well herself but cares for her aged invalid father.

Mrs. Ruby F. Bauer, Box 298, Nebraska City, Nebr., has arthritis and suffers a good deal. She looks forward to mail time.

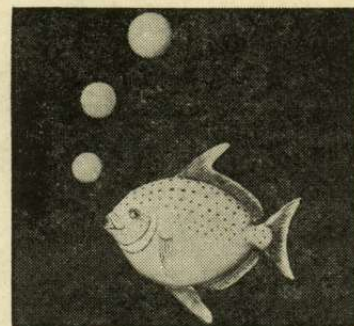
Miss Clara Smith, 29 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, has a serious eye trouble and is not able to write, but does enjoy getting cards.

Mrs. Emma Schoenheide, R1, B136, Clintonville, Wisc., has been sick for quite some time. She is some better but doesn't gain strength and gets very discouraged.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, N. Y., is quite elderly and not well. Her eyesight is so bad she cannot write. Do send cheery cards and say on them that you do not expect an answer.

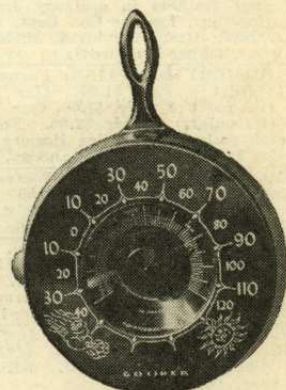
Miss Ethel Ehrenstein, 521 E. 119 St., New York 35, N. Y., has been shut-in for 15 years.

We will have to change education in many respects. Often we are not sure what people want. Their reactions may be similar to the sentiment of the little boy who wrote a book review saying: "This book tells me more about penguins than I am interested in knowing."—Overstreet.



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Fishing for compliments and getting them, this lustrous, white-ceramic fish accented with gold measures 5½" x 5", makes a whimsical wall decoration for your bathroom. Twice as attractive used in pairs — and as a gift, he'll get you an "A" for originality. The iridescent white ceramic bubbles are hollow in back for easy hanging. Largest bubble measures 1½". One fish plus 3 bubbles, \$1.25 postage paid.



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