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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

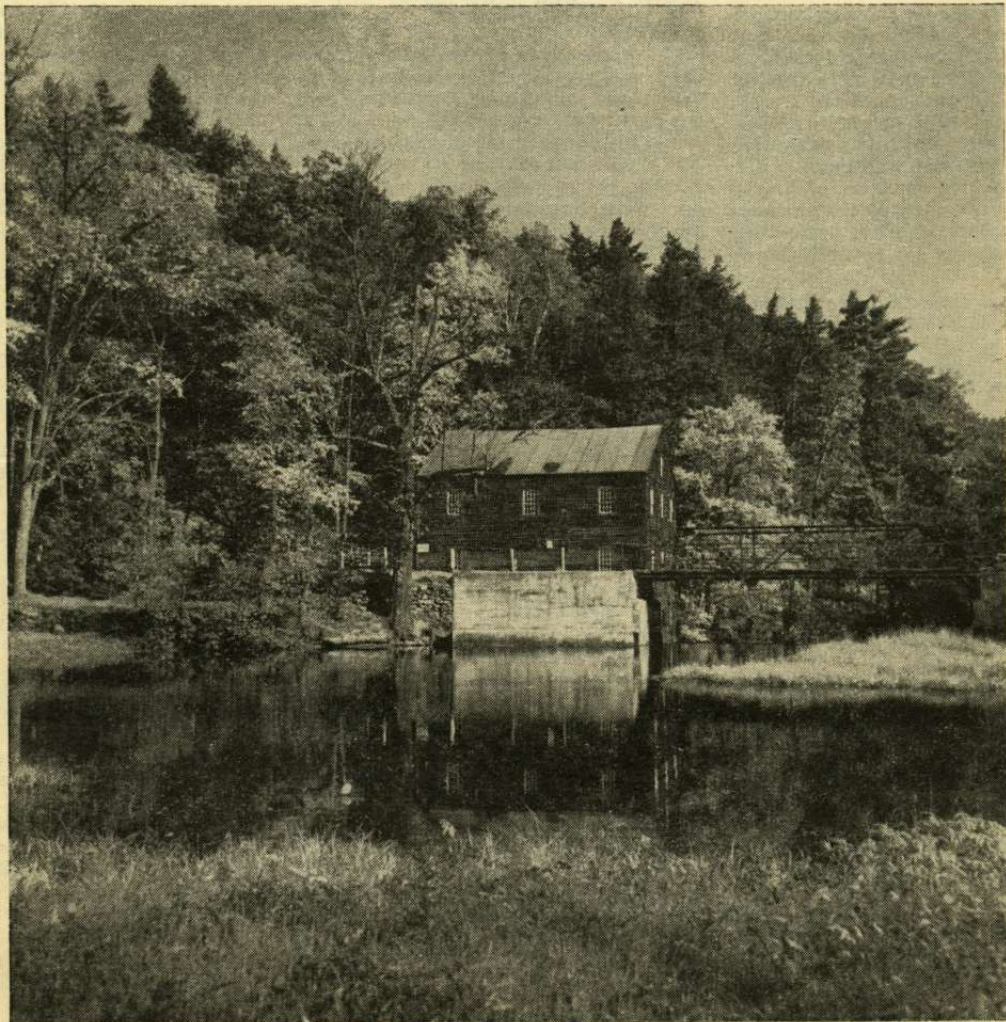
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My Dear Friends:

Well, here I am back in Shenandoah and visiting with you from my own kitchen table. This is a very hot afternoon and since our kitchen is the coolest room in the house, I decided to move out here. It is on the northeast corner with north windows and a big porch on the east.

This morning I defrosted my home freezer that stands on the big porch I just mentioned. Ordinarily it takes a long time to remove all the frost, but today I propped the door of the freezer open after I had packed all the frozen food in cartons and covered them with newspapers, and in thirty minutes every bit of the frost was gone and I could put the food back in. I guess that gives you an idea of the temperature! My main reason for defrosting at this time was to get ready to store spring fryers.

When it was time to leave California we called to see if Dorothy could come out by train and help with the driving on the return trip. She was in California only two days and a half, and we put every minute of that time to good use.

On Monday morning (she arrived in San Bernardino where we met her on a Sunday) we drove her to Claremont to see Louise Fischer Alexander and her family, plus Uncle Fred Fischer who was visiting there. They have a swimming pool, and since Dorothy loves to swim it was a real treat for her to spend almost the entire day in the water.

Louise drove her back to Redlands, and that evening we went up to Crestline, a vacation spot on the top of the San Bernardino Mountains—about 20 miles from Redlands. My niece, Frances Conrad Harndon (Sue's daughter), lives up there the year around in a comfortable rustic cabin, and what a wonderful place it is for her five fine sons. They are very understanding, cooperative boys, and pitch right in to help lighten their mother's duties, for Frances is a nurse in a San Bernardino hospital and makes the long trip every day from her cool mountain home to the hot valley below.

We had a lovely dinner also with Mary Conrad Lombard and saw Sue comfortably settled back there again with her daughter. After her long hospital stay it was mighty good to return to her family—all five Lom-

bard children are extremely thoughtful of her needs.

I am very happy to report that Sue continues to show improvement. She must be quiet, of course, but she loves to read and has many callers. One of her friends who weaves for a hobby brought along a little loom that Sue can handle easily, and since she enjoys all types of creative handwork, this is something she can do with interest.

We knew from the weather reports that we were starting back to Iowa under bad conditions, but hot or cold, we just had to get home. Mart bought a big thermos jug for ice water and also a canvas bag to carry water for the car in case we needed it while we were crossing the desert. All three of us really enjoyed our ice water, but it's a blessing the car didn't need water for all of it leaked out of the canvas bag!

We found it a good plan to be on the road by five o'clock every morning. There is very little traffic at that time, and we made fine mileage while it was cool and we had the highway almost to ourselves. We stopped for breakfast about 10:00 o'clock and then drove until the middle of the afternoon. At that point we called it a day, found an air-conditioned motel and rested before having an early supper.

A few years ago Frederick gave us a very fine book called "The American Guide" and we've never started on a trip without it. This book covers every state—lists all of the towns along the highways and gives a brief report on its early history, notable spots, industries, etc. It is my job to read aloud these interesting facts before we reach the town, and with such information the entire countryside has much more meaning than it could have otherwise.

The scenery through Utah from St. George north is beautiful, and the history of the early settlements is thrilling. Many of the old houses have been left as a monument to the pioneers, and surely no people ever battled more severe hardships than the men and women who settled Utah in its early days.

North of Provo we drove through a most beautiful canyon that reminded us of "Big Thompson" in Colorado. Dorothy told us as we wound along the lovely stream that she and her

cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin, stopped there and went wading when they drove to California together back in 1938.

I'm sure that many of you who are reading this have driven the identical route and have also passed through Como Bluffs in Wyoming; it is near the large fossil beds where petrified bones of dinosaurs have been found. Our guide book told us that in Como Bluffs there is a museum with a room made of fossil bones, but we were so anxious to get out of the heat that we didn't stop to go through it.

The entire trip across Nebraska was hot. And we certainly found it no better when we reached Iowa about 1:30 on Sunday afternoon, for the thermometer went up to 108 that day—the hottest day of the year. But there was a big pitcher of iced tea in the refrigerator, and the children had come in and turned on all the fans, and even if it had been 116 we still wouldn't have suffered too much for we were so relieved just to be home.

Shenandoah has been in such desperate need of rain all summer that we really had to laugh when we finally got our first real moisture since we didn't know if this came about because we planned to drive up to see Dorothy, or because we had just gotten the car washed, or because the professional rainmaker really seeded the clouds successfully. At any rate, it rained! And my, how it was appreciated. We had a good grain and hay crop in our corner of Iowa, but the corn prospects are far from bright. However, it may all turn out better than we now think.

Dorothy is coming home the middle of August to do some sewing before school begins. I help with the hand work. Juliana and Kristin are at the age where they are growing up and out of everything they own. When school opens they will both go into the sixth grade. Emily moves into the first grade and Martin into the second grade. Betty writes that David will enter a nursery school in Bristol this fall, and Mary Leanna will go into the second grade. All of the children seem to love school.

By our back door is a huge soft maple tree where Frederick, Wayne and Margery spent hours with their friends in a tree house years ago. Now Juliana, Kristin, Martin and their friends play in it (just the branches now for the tree house is gone), and so life goes on.

We have had many of you friends call on us this summer. Although our gardens suffered real damage from the drought, we were glad that people could at least see the general arrangement. And I know everyone has enough imagination to visualize what they are like when nature gives us just half a break.

Perhaps when cooler fall days come you can drive over to Shenandoah and stop by to see us. If you can't come, at least keep in touch with us by writing a letter. We're always glad to hear from you.

Sincerely, Leanna.

Renew your subscription to Kitchen-Klatter promptly.

MAKE WAY FOR SPRING!

By
Lucile

Yes, I know exactly how peculiar this sounds! Here it is, the tag-end of August, and at first glance it seems the height of foolishness to have anyone suggest that you put your mind to spring.

But the naked fact remains that only at this season of the year can you take the steps that will lead to glorious bloom when the winter of 1954-1955 is behind us. It seems to me extremely unfortunate that this is true, for you know and I know that it's always a lot easier to take action when the iron is hot — in other words, when spring flowers are actually blooming.

But bulbs cannot be purchased anywhere at that time, and it is only in the autumn when we have only memories of past beauty to go on that we can prepare for the following spring.

It might interest you to know that a big, fancy store in the East took a radical step last May when tulips were in full bloom. They had an immense quantity of them flown over from Holland (a huge fresh load every day), displayed them in the store, and then took orders for fall delivery from people who decided what bulbs they wanted.

This seems to me quite a unique idea, but one that has a catch in it for most of us. Stop and think how much it costs to fly blooming flowers across the Atlantic ocean! You can't go jamming them up as you would stow away sacks of seed for they must arrive in perfect condition. This means they'd take a staggering amount of extremely valuable space, and someone has to pay for that space. Three guesses who it's going to be! Well, we'd find out in a hurry when we paid for our bulbs.

My beat-up budget won't permit these kinds of indulgences and I have a sneaking feeling that quite a few of you friends keep me company, so I guess we're all just going to have to depend upon our memories when it comes to figuring out what we want to order.

There isn't a flower in any spring garden that isn't beautiful in itself, but the thing we discover as the seasons pass is how much more beautiful any flower can be if it is combined with exactly the right thing. It's not an exaggeration to say that you can get more sheer beauty from \$10.00 worth of bulbs that are planted with a definite pattern in mind than you can get from \$20.00 worth that are just planted hit-and-miss.

I'm thinking now, for instance, of something we first saw in Aunt Helen Fischer's garden and then went home to try in our own garden when we saw how gorgeous it was.

Are you familiar with *Eros*, a peony-flowered tulip? Well, it's a perfectly gorgeous thing — an enormous vivid pink that actually looks like a peony. Aunt Helen had planted hers in combination with *Blue Emerald Creeping Phlox*, and as the phlox spread it covered the area where these *Eros* bulbs were planted so that the tulips came up right through it. Imagine



This picture of Uncle Fred Fischer was taken in his garden the day before he went to California.

this combination of sparkling blue and shimmering pink together! You can see for yourself that six bulbs handled in this way would be more effective than a dozen without such a background.

Another combination we marvel at is *King Alfred* daffodils used with *Grape Hyacinths*. They bloom at the same time, you know, and that big golden daffodil looks twice as vivid when you put rich purple around it. Incidentally, if you start with good quality *Grape Hyacinths* you'll find that the spikes of bloom get bigger with every passing year. We had some this past spring that had gotten so big they fooled people — looked like some fancy new variety of hyacinth!

Another combination that makes a lovely sight is *Dwarf Iris* used along a walk with your mixed-color *Darwin* tulips in the same area. These are in full bloom together, and the brilliant colors of the Iris, plus its shiny green foliage close to the ground, makes your big tulips twice as impressive. A collection of colors here is more effective than just one or two colors.

Red Emperor tulips can stand alone in their spectacular, flaming beauty. The only thing we've ever done that improved their total effect in any way was to plant one small clump for Mother with pure white hyacinths encircling it. These lovely hyacinths bloomed right along with the *Red Emperors*, and the combination of fiery crimson and icy white was really something. Aside from this, I can't imagine what you could ever do to enhance the blazing beauty of *Red Emperors*.

(Incidentally, they make a better showing planted in clumps rather than in a straight row. Here in Shenandoah there are countless yards where round beds of them have been planted in front parkings, and it's a mighty cheerful sight to drive up and

down our streets when they're in bloom.)

Blue Parrot tulips and *Bleeding Heart* make a ravishing sight. And right now let me say that in my own personal opinion you should keep *Rembrandt* tulips to themselves. Their colors are so unusual and distinguished that they're never improved by having anything else right against them.

The same thing goes for *Sunshine Parrot* tulips. Keep these in a clump by themselves for their glittering gold increase in intensity if simply massed together. If you have any evergreens that get full sun I hope you'll put your *Sunshine* bulbs directly in front of them, for this is the one perfect place to get the maximum effect.

ODDS AND ENDS

This month I'm going to do something that I've never done before. I'm going to let these notes on spring planting serve as my personal letter to you and hope that you'll bear with me!

There are two good reasons for this. One: I had so much helpful material on hand that I wanted the extra page to get in more than I could have included ordinarily. Two: Since I wrote to you last month I have done nothing but type from morning until night on our next spring's nursery catalog, and frankly, I cannot imagine what I could report that would be of interest to anyone! I've scarcely been out of the house, I haven't talked to anyone and I haven't read anything, so you'd find me very dull if I attempted to write a letter.

I wish you good friends would tell me, when you write, what you find the most helpful in our magazine. I try to cover as broad a field as possible but it's entirely within reason that I am overlooking things you need. I wish you'd tell me what you would like to see changed.

These are the days you're getting underway on monthly, or semi-monthly Garden club meetings. I have had so many requests for colored slides taken in our own gardens that I'm hoping very much to find the time, somehow, to compile this new collection and to write the detailed explanations that must go out with it.

Frankly, I can't promise anything for dead sure at this time, but if I do manage to get this new collection together to send out to you friends who are interested in club programs, I'll announce it right here on the Garden page. We will continue to send out our four sets of kodachromes, of course . . . this new set would just be in addition to the others.

During the fall months I know that many Garden clubs have shows of various kinds to which guests, or the general public, are invited. The other day it occurred to me that we could do something to help with such an event, so if your Garden club is planning some type of "Open-house" activity and if you will write to me: (Mrs. Russell Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa), I certainly will answer your letter promptly and tell you what we have in mind.

Until October . . . Lucile

FREDERICK PASSES ON TO US A WONDERFUL QUOTATION

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter from our summer cottage on the lake. From my typewriter I can look out at a thousand and more water lilies bathed in a soft summer sun. I can also watch Mary Leanna and David playing with their sand buckets at the water's edge. Betty is sorting out the children's swimming togs for in a few minutes we shall go in our little boat over to the beach. How grateful we are for this lovely vacation hide-away! If you could see it, you would understand why we love our little state of Rhode Island.

There are many nice things about our summer cottage, but one of the nicest is its closeness to our church in Bristol. We are only an hour and a half out into the country, and my parish has very strict instructions to call me home whenever I am needed. Like everyone else, a minister needs a vacation, but I never want to be so far away that I cannot be reached in an emergency. Every summer I find it necessary to return to Bristol two or three times during my vacation month, and in a way I am glad, for I would never want my people to have to rely upon some other minister in time of trouble.

All year long our little Mary Leanna looked forward to her birthday party, and then when we learned that we would be at the cottage on her birthday it appeared that a party would be out of the question. You can imagine her surprise and her delight when I made arrangements to have her little friends come out from Bristol to spend the day with her. The whole day was one big birthday party from beginning to end. I don't know when I have seen a group of youngsters have a better time playing in the water than they had that day. Certainly Mary Leanna will never forget her seventh birthday.

The nicest thing that happened to David on his fourth birthday was the thrill of catching his first fish. As a matter of fact, he actually caught six fish on his birthday. He caught another one last week at the very same moment that Mary Leanna caught one, and in the excitement he fell off the stone pier and into the water. I caught him by one leg just as he was going under. I thought that the scare might cure him of his love for fishing, but it didn't, and before this day is over he will have asked me at least a hundred times to take him fishing again.

Have you been feeling sorry for yourself lately? Just in case you are feeling unusually poor, think for a moment how rich you are just to be an American. Even the poor in America are rich according to world standards. Just think of it! The United States has only 6% of the land area of the world, and only 7% of the world's population, yet it has:

- 85% of the world's automobiles.
- 60% of the world's life insurance policies.
- 54% of the world's telephones.
- 48% of the world's radio sets.



Warren, Jr., Steven and Robert are the happy sons of the Reverend and Mrs. W. M. Hile, Winterset, Iowa.

- 46% of the world's electric power capacity.
- 35% of the world's railway mileage.
- 30% of the world's improved highways.
- 92% of the world's modern bathtubs.

If the reading of these figures do not help you to feel prosperous and very, very fortunate to be living in this country, here is something else to consider. The United States with its 7% of the world's population actually consumes:

- 75% of the world's silk.
- 60% of the world's rubber.
- 50% of the world's coffee.
- 40% of the world's salt.

Figures like these not only make me feel rich, they make me feel selfish. When the rest of the world has so little, what have we Americans done to be worthy of so much? Surely God has been very kind to us, and we are greatly in debt to Him.

The older I become the more I understand how hard it is to be a good Christian in this day and age. Because we have so many of the modern comforts of life, it is easy for us to forget the need of sacrifice, and it is simply impossible to be a good Christian without living a life of sacrifice. In so many ways we live extravagantly, but how long has it been since you and I did something really extravagant for God? Too often we are extravagant with everything but our gifts to the church.

While doing some research work in the Yale University Library a few years ago, I came across one of the earliest descriptions of Christian people ever written. Although many clergymen are no doubt familiar with it, I have found that most lay people have never read it.

This description of the early Christians was written by a Greek a little more than a hundred years after the death of Jesus. As you read it, measure your own Christian faith with that of the second century Christians.

"But the Christians, O King, while they went about and made search, have found the truth . . . For they know and trust in God, the Creator of heaven and earth, in whom and through whom are all things, to whom there is no other god as companion, from whom they receive commandments which they engraved upon their minds and observe in expectation of the world which is to come.

"Wherefore they do not commit adultery, nor fornication, nor bear false witness, nor embezzle what is

held in pledge, nor covet what is not theirs. They honor father and mother and show kindness to those near to them; and whenever they are judges they judge uprightly.

"They do not worship idols, made in the image of man; and whatsoever they would not that others should do unto them, they do not to others; and of the food which is consecrated to idols they do not eat, for they are pure. And their oppressors they appease and make them their friends; they do good to their enemies; and their women, O King, are pure as virgins, and their daughters are modest; and their men keep themselves from every unlawful union, and from all uncleanness in the hope of a recompense to come in the other world.

"Further, if one or the other of them have bond-men and bond-women or children, through love toward them they persuade them to become Christians, and when they have done so, they hail them as brethren without distinction. They do not worship strange gods, and they go their way in all modesty and cheerfulness. Falsehood is not found among them, and they love one another; and from widows they do not turn away their esteem; and they deliver the orphan from him who treats him harshly.

"And he who has given to him who has not, without boasting. And when they see a stranger, they take him into their homes and rejoice over him as a very brother; for they do not call them brethren after the flesh, but after the spirit and in God.

"And whenever one of their poor passes from the world, each one of them according to his ability gives heed to him, and carefully sees to his burial. And if they hear that one of their number is imprisoned or afflicted on account of the name of the Messiah, all of them anxiously minister to his necessity, and if it is possible to redeem him they set him free. And if there is among them any that is poor and needy, and if they have no spare food, they fast two or three days in order to supply to the needy their lack of food.

"They observe the precepts of their Messiah with much care, living justly and soberly as the Lord commanded them. Every morning and every hour they give thanks and praise to God for his loving kindness toward them; and for their food and for their drink they offer thanksgiving to him. And if any righteous man among them passes from the world they rejoice and offer thanks to God; and they escort his body as if he were setting out from one place to another near.

"And when a child has been born to one of them they give thanks to God the more, as for one who has passed through the world without sins. And further, if they see that any one of them dies in his ungodliness or in his sins, for him they grieve bitterly and sorrow as for one who goes to meet his doom."

How much of this ancient description of Christian people could be said of you or of me? I am afraid that most of us have a long way to go before our Christian credentials can measure up to theirs.

Sincerely yours, Frederick.

INSPIRATIONAL SERVICE TO OPEN THE NEW CLUB YEAR

By

Mabel Nair Brown

September sees a whole new pattern of activity swing into place. Most clubs and organizations have their first meeting after a summer lull, and it is good to be together again. In fact, all of us know the warm glow of fellowship that marks this first meeting, and the keen enthusiasm for the events that lie ahead.

The following service will help your group to capture the atmosphere of this first fall meeting, and will reaffirm the purposes and beliefs of the organization.

Theme: "I Believe"

President of club reads: "I Know Three Things"

I know three things must always be
To keep a nation strong and free.
One is a hearthstone bright and clear
With busy, happy loved ones near.
One is a ready heart and hand
To love and serve and keep the land.
One is a worn and beaten way
To where the people go to pray.
So long as these are kept alive,
Nation and People will survive.
God keep them always, everywhere:
The heart, the flag, the place of prayer.

Reading of the Scripture: Nehemiah 2:18 and Matthew 6:5-13.

President: "As we open this new club year let us remember that in the swiftly moving days of the present world we cannot feel justified to spend our time at meetings "just sitting" with folded hands and idle chatter.

"I'm certain that uppermost in our hearts is a desire for a better world. And this can be achieved only in a country that is strong, that is free, and is at peace. If we're wise we strengthen our desires with our prayers.

"But prayers and wishes alone are not enough! 'They strengthened their hands for the good work'. How can we strengthen *our* hands for the work that can create for us a better world?

"In this year we are now opening cannot we all strive to *strengthen our hands* by strengthening the bonds of family life, the bulwark of a nation founded upon Christian principles; and in greater spiritual growth and calmness of the spirit through prayer?

"The words of this old familiar poem puts the strengthening of our hands squarely up to each one of us. Listen to this challenge as ----- (name of person here) reads it to us."

Tomorrow The Song

Be strong.
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong.
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?

And fold the hands and acquiesce—
oh, shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely in
God's name.

Be strong.

It matters not how deep entrenched
the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day
how long.

Faint not, fight on. Tomorrow comes
the song.

—By Maltbie D. Babcock.

President: "Yes, it is up to us, to each one of us, to be strong, to speak out, to stand up bravely, to fight on in every way and every day so that for our homes, our community and our nation we can bring about that in which *we believe*."

Soloist: "I Believe".

President: "Isn't it strange that princes and kings, And clowns that caper in sawdust rings, And common folks such as you and me, Are build-ings of eternity? To each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass and a book of rules; And each must make, ere life is flown, A stumbling block or a stepping stone. (Author unknown.)"

"Which shall we build during this coming year when we will meet together? Will it be stumbling blocks or stepping stones? Let us all join in prayer."

(It is to be hoped that some member of the club can assume the responsibility for making enough copies of this prayer to enable each person to have one.)

"Our Father, we thank Thee for those who long before us built the walls of our nation with strong and secure materials of the spirit. May we strengthen our hands so they may not fail to hold fast to all that has been entrusted to us. Not only hold fast, dear Lord, but help us that we may hear a voice like Nehemiah's calling to his people of old, to 'rise up and build'.

"May we realize that through us, with Thy guidance, will come the better homes, the better community, the better world. This is our prayer. Amen."

"I MAKE A MOTION"

By Mildred Cathcart

I make a motion that all of us take a more active part in the organizations of which we are members. Too many of us simply "belong."

Many competent people decline an office or fail to offer worthwhile suggestions because they feel they may not proceed in a correct manner.

Just a few simple rules to remember will see you safely through a meeting, whether you be the chairman or one of the many members.

First, suppose you are elected President of your organization. You merely start your business meeting by saying: "The meeting will please come to order." (You may have to rap several times before you are heard!)

There is no specific rule to follow, but generally the first thing on the program will be your opening prayer or devotional exercise. Next you will

ask the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. After she has finished, you ask if there are any additions or corrections. If so, you direct the secretary to make the corrections. If there are no comments, you state, "The minutes stand approved as read."

Then will follow the Treasurer's report and the reports of your committees. If the committees have some suggestions that they wish adopted, the president will state the proposition before the group and ask for a motion for its acceptance.

Next comes the unfinished or old business and then the question of any new business.

At the conclusion of all matters discussed, the president asks for a motion to adjourn. When it has been seconded, she closes the meeting by stating simply that the meeting is adjourned.

Should you be chosen secretary, you will keep an accurate record of all the meetings of your club. Your record should be copied neatly and accurately. You will find it advisable to write only on the right hand side of your notebook, for then you may make additions or corrections on the left hand side. Be sure the records are kept UP TO DATE.

If you are elected Treasurer you must keep an accurate record of all money received, all money paid out and the balance on hand. You must report all amounts received or spent since the last meeting and give the balance on hand at the time you are reporting.

Perhaps you are not holding an office, but even so you should be ready and willing to participate in the meetings. Before you make a suggestion or motion you address the president or chairman simply by saying, "Madame President—or chairman." Before you proceed, you wait until she recognizes you by stating your name, for example, "Mrs. Jones."

You rise to make a motion but you need not rise to second a motion.

When a motion has been made, the president may ask if there is any further discussion before asking for a vote.

Do take part in your meetings. Make your club a better organization because YOU are an active member. When it comes your time to hold office, feel that it is an honor bestowed upon you instead of a burden you must bear.

Every public library has a copy of Robert's Rules of Order, still the classic authority. Consult this if you feel genuinely uneasy.

Remember that virtually every organization can claim one member who is a rigid stickler for exactly the right step at the right moment. Don't be disturbed or irritated if she corrects you. It isn't *you* that she's correcting—she just wants things exactly perfect! Consult her for advice and thus disarm her.

Follow the basic parliamentary rules and if you make an error just forget about it. We are all imperfect, and remember that being impartial and gracious is far more necessary than being scientifically accurate.

GRETCHEN FISCHER HARSH-BARGER IS A BUSY WOMAN!

Roseberry Farm
North Liberty, Iowa

Dearest Aunt Leanna,

I've just come in from making several "one-last-trip's around the garden. Do you do that? 'Round and 'round? Every time I finish the route, I think of something I forgot to look at, or that I want to see again. So back I go, again and again. And this can go on for hours!

Right now the place is bursting with daylilies; and they're gorgeous. Most of them are planted in long borders, fronted with red petunias. And believe me that's bright! In addition, there are long "nursery rows" full of my seedlings. For I'm one of those nuts who does flower breeding. Every morning I rush out to see what's opened for the first time; to see whether I've developed a masterpiece. Usually I haven't! So I spread some more pollen around, hoping for better luck next season. You just can't stop, once you've started.

It's nine years now since we moved from Iowa City out to this acreage. We still love rural life, and have gotten the place *almost* under control. This year the drouth actually helped, because the grass and weeds grew so slowly that we could keep up with them! There are 10 acres in all; but we don't cultivate all, since six of them serve as pasture for our neighbor's heifers. (We used to have a cow, but when the boys went off to college we couldn't keep up with all the milk and cream, so we returned to the simple life of buying milk in cartons at the grocery.)

The "pretty garden" is up by the house. Then we've a long, long lane, which Clay mows like a parkway. It's truly impressive. He spends most of his weekends keeping that in trim, plus the rest of the lawn and the part of the garden that's in rows. To do it he has a 5 hp. tractor with sulky seat, so he can ride around — but it still takes time. Luckily, he considers this relaxation from his duties at the University. Along the lane, by the way, we've planted a thicket of flowering trees such as crabapples, redbud, and hawthorn. And we're naturalizing daffodils under them, so it ought to be a pretty sight eventually.

I wish I had more time to enjoy our garden and to work in it. But ever since I took over the full time job of Garden Editor of HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, 3 years ago, I've been gone a great deal of the time — especially in garden season. It complicates life. But I love my work! In fact, I sometimes feel guilty that I'm *paid* to do what I like to do best!

Just imagine: I travel from coast to coast searching for beautiful home gardens and photographing them. I visit nurseries, Test Gardens, Botanical Gardens, and experiment stations, seeing the best plant materials and learning how to grow them. I represent the magazine at meetings of nurserymen, plant hobby societies, and other horticultural groups. Then, finally, I share what I've seen and learned, in the pages of the magazine. It's an



Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger waters the plants in her dining room-office. We made this picture large so you could see the detail of the mural she painted right over old wall paper. And isn't that a handsome chest!

opportunity, but also a big responsibility. And I've learned so much I could pop!

I'm extra fortunate that I'm able to work using my home here in Iowa for my office, even though HOUSEHOLD is published 450 miles away in Topeka, Kansas. In fact, that's the only way I could undertake the job. And I couldn't do it if the boys weren't grown and off on their own. As it is, I fly down to Topeka every few months for consultation. And the rest of the time we manage by mail, or by occasional telephone calls.

You'd laugh to watch me out hunting gardens. I drive up and down streets, looking right and left to catch sight of flowers. It's a wonder I don't run over somebody. I've developed what Clay calls my periscope neck: that is, I can see around corners! And into back yards! With just the faintest glimpse of a blossom through a crack in a fence, I can imagine the whole garden. I'm out of the car quick like a detective, and over for a closer look. If it's as good as I thought, I get permission for a photograph.

An amusing thing happened this spring in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. I'd been hunting for tulip plantings,

and finally located a beauty. It was a charming little yellow cottage with red tulips on each side of the front door. I got permission to photograph it the next morning at 10:00, when I figured the sun and shadows would be just right. (I was flying home the following day, so this was my last chance).

Come the morning and the hour, I arrived on the dot. I was loaded with equipment. And I also had a model, a dear little girl. But what met my eyes at the house? Horrors! It was being painted! There were ladders and men all over the place. Half the front was now white, while the other half remained yellow! Bushes were now covered with tarpaulin; the climbing rose lay stretched on the ground. What a mess! And the painters were just as surprised as I was, for no one had told them.

But they were heroes. They all leapt onto that front and painted it fast. They tacked back the climbing rose and whisked off their canvas. Just before the sun edged behind a tree, to cut off my light, I snapped the shutter. And if you'll look in the September issue of HOUSEHOLD,

(Continued on Page 11)

SCHOOLDAYS PARTY

By Myrtle E. Felkner

A "Schooldays Frolic" is a wonderful kick-off party for a club or social group which begins its yearly meetings in the fall. Or it may be fun for a small PTA or a group of school-conscious mothers in your neighborhood.

Invitations may be made of construction paper, cut to fit your envelopes. On the top of the sheet draw a bar of music, writing "School Days" underneath it. Your invitation may then read something like this:

"When you come to my party
Be sure that you wear
Your favorite school dress
With bows in your hair.

The schoolroom is my house;
The bell rings at eight
We'll mark your report card
If you are late!

September 20, 8 p.m.

Teacher (Your name)....."

The hostess should dress as "teacher", greeting each arriving guest at the door with a "report card". These cards may also be fashioned of construction paper and should bear the "pupil's" name and a list of the subjects to be studied. These include reading, spelling, geography, and history. A small gummed star is given to each one who arrives on time to be pasted beside her name.

As an opening exercise, each pupil may model her schooldress, with a prize to be awarded the best schoolday costume.

Other games which may be played are these:

READING: Select portions of a reader or a current magazine. Each student must read his appointed portion *backwards* before the class. The player who succeeds with the least stumbling and the most expression wins a star to be pasted in her report card.

SPELLING: Of course you will want a spelling bee! Choose sides, with each member of the winning team to receive a star. Begin with simple words connected with school, such as *spelling* and *history*, work up to *consolidation* and *superintendent*, then to *trigonometry* and *psychiatry*.

GEOGRAPHY: Attach two large outline maps of the United States to a wall or blackboard. Divide the group into two teams. At a given signal each team begins to draw the states within the outline. One player may be selected to do this, or several players may work at once. The team with the most states correctly placed at the end of five minutes wins. Each team member receives a star.

If desired, you may also cut pictures of a number of U. S. products from magazines. Give an equal number to each team. The team which pastes the most in their correct locations in five minutes wins. Products and locations may be such as these:

Oranges . . . Florida or California
Automobiles . . . Michigan
Corn . . . Iowa



While Mother and Dad were in Redlands this summer they had a happy visit with some Driftmier relatives. Uncle Harry (Dad's brother) is at the back on the left. Next to him is his younger son, Robert, then Aunt Edith, and Betty Driftmier, Robert's wife. In the front row are Kenneth and Susan Driftmier with their Great-Aunt, Leanna Driftmier.

Cotton . . . Southern states
HISTORY. From magazines or old history textbooks cut the faces of historical characters. Mount these on sheets of white paper. Over these paste the "bodies" of contemporary people from newspapers, or even characters from comic books. Players must then identify the "faces in history." The player with the most correct identifications is awarded a star.

These games will carry you along and likely give you other ideas of your own. The winner of each game may be permitted to select a prize from a tray of such items as pencils, sharpeners, erasers, tablets, notebooks, scissors, crayolas, etc. The player with the most winning stars on his report card is awarded the grand prize, which may be a potted plant or a cook book.

Don't forget recess time, when you might adjourn to the yard for lawn games such as run-sheep-run or sardines.

For refreshments, a sack lunch, of course. Your favorite sandwiches, cookies, fruit and punch may be served. Poke a new pencil through the top of the sack for a favor. You may wish to make a concession to the schooldays theme by serving coffee if the weather is cool.

Perhaps after refreshments you will want to visit a while, with each guest recalling an amusing incident which happened during her own schooldays.

THE EXTRA MILE

I put away my trifling cares today
To see my neighbor as a life apart;
I thought the sun was shining on his head
And he had naught but laughter in his heart.
At last I see behind his smiling face,
The shadows flash in momentary guise;
He strives to hide his grief and pain
The while he brings me cheer and helps me rise.

—Gladys N. Templeton

CALL THE ROLL

By

Virginia Thomas

Most clubs call the roll at every meeting—and most club members get pretty tired of simply answering "here" or "present".

To spark up things for your group, why don't you look through this list of suggestions and use some of them during the coming meeting? Announce the subject just before you start to call the roll. Your members will find themselves looking forward to what the subject will be.

1. My favorite quilt pattern —Perhaps this would lead to a display of handmade quilts at your club meeting. 2. A bird I have noticed recently about my home. 3. My favorite embroidery stitch (bring sample and be ready to teach it to others if asked). 4. Where I would locate my Dream House if wishes were to come true. 5. The oldest thing in my house. If an heirloom, tell something about it.

6. What I would do with an extra hour every day. 7. My pet economy trick about the house. 8. The oldest recipe handed down in my family which I still use. 9. My greatest cooking failure. 10. My greatest embarrassment when entertaining guests.

11. A home safety suggestion. 12. The funniest secret I've kept from my husband. 13. Tell about your sixteenth birthday. 14. Describe your mother or your grandmother. Give their pet expression. 15. Tell the thing you would like best to see invented.

16. Name your biggest time-saver trick. 17. What was the prettiest sight you ever saw? 18. Name your favorite hymn (tell something about its history if you can.) 19. The nicest thing I'd have in my dream house. 20. Name something in your kitchen which would not have been found in your great-grandmother's kitchen.

21. What party refreshments do you like to serve? 22. What food do you dislike the most? 23. My favorite of all the dresses I have worn. 24. The nicest thing anyone ever did for me. 25. Name one law you would like to see passed in your state.

26. The best remembered amusing incident of my schooldays. 27. The best Christmas of my early childhood. 28. The favorite Christmas (or Thanksgiving) tradition at our house. 29. The letter I received which brought me the best news. 30. Something I own which came from a foreign country.

31. The best book I have read in the last year. 32. My most extravagant (or silly) purchase. 33. The best bargain I ever bought.

THE CHURCH

The church is never a place, but always a people; never a fold but always a flock; never a sacred building but always a believing assembly. The church is you who pray, not where you pray. A structure of brick or marble can no more be a church than your clothes of serge or satin can be you. There is in this world nothing sacred but man, no sanctuary of God but the soul.

REAL CHURCH SERVICE

By Hallie M. Barrow

(Editor's note: In printing this article we are hopeful that other churches will follow the example of the Maysville Methodist Church, and will honor, while there is still time, the faithful organist who so richly deserves recognition for years of loyal, generous service.)

Preachers come and preachers go in small town churches, but the organist is apt to go on forever.

Our vote for Christian service, year in and year out, goes to the woman on the stool or bench in front of the piano or organ. She receives no salary or special recognition, yet she puts in many more hours than any of the teachers, officers, janitor—or even than the ministers who come one or two Sundays a month just for the preaching hour.

She must be there early for Sunday School. She must be there Sunday night and for Wednesday night prayer meeting. If the young people, intermediates, young marrieds or elderly folks have special meetings or organizations of any kind, it is just taken for granted the organist will be there for the usual songs, and be able (at a moment's notice) to whip up a few special numbers!

She must spend many extra hours practicing with the children or the choir for all the special occasions such as Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, Children's Day, Thanksgiving and Harvest Festivals. She is always "on call" for weddings and funerals.

If your church has depended upon such a loyal member for many years, may I suggest that you honor her as the Methodist Church at Maysville, Missouri recently honored Mrs. Vest Schults Hewitt?

It was a surprise for "Vest", as she is always called. Strange, for the committee had been working on it for two months and had notified the hundreds of former piano and voice pupils, as well as all others who had occasion to be grateful to her.

It was the regular Fellowship Supper, and several times Vest remarked that she didn't know when they had had such a big crowd at this monthly meeting! She was detained downstairs on some pretext, and when she reached the auditorium she was amazed to find it full. Then, of course, she knew that something was afoot, but she was almost overcome when she was told that this gathering was to honor her fifty years as church organist. And she was presented with a corsage, a pin for outstanding church service, and one other thing that I will mention later.

The committee had been afraid she might suspect something if any out-of-the-ordinary preparations for music were made, so they had simply asked her to have the usual program ready. But fifty years as church organist is real preparation for the completely "unexpected", so special numbers delighted the full house. Vest is always in practice. When others are at movies or card parties, you'll probably find her at the church where she will be playing the new electric organ for her own pleas-



Juliana was looking directly into a blazing Arizona sun! Note the giant cacti around her.

ure, or coaching some young person.

During the evening Vest was asked to speak informally about her experiences, and here are some of the highlights from that talk.

"I have played church music ever since I can remember—even when I was too short for my feet to work the pedals of an old parlor organ. I was in my early teens when my family moved to Maysville and my career as church organist started the second week after my arrival.

"The church at that time had one of the largest reed organs I have ever seen, and many shades of expression were possible by using my knees, feet, hands and head. It was my great pleasure to spend many summer afternoons at the church trying for different effects. This old organ had eight full octaves, and because of my long experience with it I found that it was much easier to adjust myself to the electric organ that was installed two years ago. Between these two organs there was a period when a piano was used.

"In looking back over fifty years of church playing I can see that many of the joys of my life are directly connected with this career. I have played for Catholics, Jews and Gentiles, whenever and wherever music was needed.

"If you were to ask me where my music gave the most pleasure, I believe I'd say that it was at what used to be known as the Poor Farm. At Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter our church sent groups there, and how happy those people were to join in singing their old favorites.

"I think I have traveled in just about every kind of a conveyance to get to homes for funerals. In the parlor organ days, of course, there were no cars, no paved roads nor funeral homes. All funerals were held in the home. Many a time I have started out in a spring wagon in the morning to reach some isolated

farm home for an afternoon funeral.

"I can really say that playing for all kinds of funerals, weddings, church services and school affairs gives one a broader view of life. I have seen so many changes in church life . . . the members, the ministers, the heating and lighting system, the building itself, etc., but the hymns stay the same. Congregations, generation after generation, would write almost identical lists of their favorite hymns if they were asked to do so. Folks needing comfort when bereaved, find that comfort in the same age-old songs.

"I prefer to have the piano not too far from the electric organ! Then if the power goes off, the change can be made without much interruption. The first time I saw this tried was when a wedding couple started down the aisle, and about half-way to the altar there was a terrific bolt of lightning followed by a crashing blast of thunder—and then darkening silence. By slipping to the nearby piano, the wedding march continued and the couple was not left waiting!

"I have enjoyed every bit of the opportunity these years have given me for service. It is a very pleasant memory and a very satisfying one to feel that one's efforts through the years have counted for something worth while."

The very few Sundays Mrs. Hewitt has ever been absent were for a few short vacations and when her two children were born.

Another pleasant memory for Mrs. Hewitt is that her daughter, Margaret, followed in her footsteps and was the assistant church pianist all during her school years. After Margaret's marriage she moved away at some distance, but recently she brought her family of three girls back to Maysville for a visit with their grandmother, and to attend the church where their grandmother has given a lifetime of service.

(Incidentally, one doesn't often hear Mrs. Hewitt's given name, so it is interesting to know that she was named for Senator Vest.)

One of the special numbers came at the close of the program when Mrs. Hewitt was presented with a "money tree." Friends and former pupils had clipped dollar bills to a small artificial tree, and it had been hoped that there would be fifty. But everyone was very happy when it was found that the tree held almost a hundred dollars!

Mrs. Hewitt has been a widow for some years and works as a receptionist in a doctor's office. The music she has provided and the hours and hours she has given and continues to give for the comfort, satisfaction and pleasure of others commands no salary—that's just a Christian service.

PRAYER

Dear Father, as I start this day,

Bless all I plan to do, I pray—
Change any plan that does not fill

The Grace and Harmony of Thy will,

Then a true conqueror I would be
When through hard places Thou
guidest me.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

OATMEAL RAISIN BREAD

1 1/2 cups milk
1 cup oatmeal
1 cup raisins
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
1 tsp. salt
1 cake yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
4 1/2 cups flour
1 egg

Scald milk and pour over oatmeal, raisins, sugar, shortening and salt. Cool and add yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup water. Add beaten egg, then flour gradually making a soft dough. Knead on board until smooth. Put in greased bowl and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and divide into two parts; form into loaves and let rise. Bake in 350 degree oven for 1 hour.

PORCUPINES

1 pound ground beef
1/2 pound ground pork
1 medium sized onion, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
5 Tbls. uncooked rice
1 tsp. salt
1 egg
1/4 tsp. pepper
4 Tbls. fat
1 can tomato soup
1/2 cup water
Mix first 8 ingredients together and form into meat balls. Place fat in skillet. When melted add meat balls and brown thoroughly. Add tomato soup and water. Place tight cover on skillet. When steam begins to escape, turn heat lower and cook for 1 hour. Serves 8 to 10.

BUTTERSCOTCH CHOCOLATE CHIP SQUARES

2 3/4 cups sifted flour
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2/3 cup shortening
2 1/4 cups sugar
3 eggs
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 pkg. chocolate chips

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Melt the shortening over low heat and add sugar. Let cool and then add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Then add flour mixture, nuts and chocolate chips. Blend well. Spread in well-greased shallow pan and bake for 30 min. in 350 degree oven. When cool, cut into squares. Makes about 48 squares.

Leanna Says - - GIRLS

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APPLESAUCE CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2/3 cup applesauce
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1/3 cup chopped black walnuts

Melt chocolate and shortening together and cool to lukewarm. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat thoroughly. Beat in applesauce and vanilla. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt and stir into mixture. Beat hard for half a minute. Stir in nuts.

Pour into 8-inch square cake pan which has been well-greased and then floured. Bake in 350 degree oven until done.

(Be sure the applesauce is neither too sweet nor watery.)

NOTE: When I first heard about this cake it simply didn't appeal to me at all; I couldn't imagine the combination of chocolate and applesauce. To my surprise, it turned out to be a delicious cake — moist and just exactly rich enough. Do give it a try.—Lucile.

CREAMED HAM WITH MUSH- ROOMS ON TOAST

(Left over ham? Try this.)

1 cup ground ham
1 1/2 cups white sauce
1 small can mushrooms, chopped
(I usually buy the economy pack of mushrooms containing stems and pieces.)

Combine all ingredients and serve on toasted rolls or toast.

BAKED EGGS IN RICE

3 cups cooked rice
2 cups milk
4 Tbls. butter
4 Tbls. flour
2 tsp. salt
8 eggs
1 cup grated cheese
Paprika and pepper

Make a sauce of milk, butter, flour, salt and cheese. Cook in double boiler until smooth and thick. Add 1/2 cheese sauce to rice. Mix lightly, using fork. Line well-oiled individual baking dishes with rice mixture. Break 1 egg into each. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Place in pan of warm water and bake in 375 degree oven until white of egg is firm. Serve with remaining cheese sauce. Serves 8.

CINNAMON TWISTS

1 cake compressed yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm milk
1 egg, beaten
4 tsp. sugar
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening as for pie crusts. Add beaten egg and dissolved yeast. Beat well. Pour batter into cloth wet with cold water—tie ends loosely—then place in pan of cold water for 1 hour, or until dough begins to float. Remove from water, use a spoon, dip up batter by spoonfuls. Drop onto plate containing 2/3 cup sugar and 1 Tbls. cinnamon—mixed. Pat, turn, stretch and twist into desired shape. Place on lightly greased pan, cover and let raise in warm place for 30 minutes. Bake 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

FRIENDS OVER THE FRIJOLES

By
Edwyna Payton Fenton

Allies may be made over a conference table, but real understanding between nations can be found in a neighborhood sauce pan!

A few years ago pretty Consuelo Hood came from her home in Old Mexico to live in our Midwestern town. I enjoyed the talk she gave before our Womens' Club, and appreciated the lovely examples of Mexican ceramics and handwork that she brought along. But it has been in our intimate discussions of Mexican and American foods where we have found a real foundation of mutual interest.

Consuelo came to our town with an earnest desire to learn the ways and customs of her American husband; and now, three small children later, she still has a wholesome curiosity about all details of life in America.

She has been an avid follower of my newspaper food column, where I feature recipes typical of our Midwest, and she has reciprocated by inviting me to her home to enjoy the foods typical of her former home—and has most generously provided the methods for their preparation.

I have found with using these recipes . . . "Las penas con pan son memos" which means: you worry less if you eat more.

These are some of the foods we have found absolutely delicious.

BEEF TONGUE VINAIGRETTE

- 2 lbs. fresh beef tongue
- Piece of bayleaf
- 8 whole black peppers
- Salt
- 2 stalks of celery and leaves, cut in pieces
- 1 onion, quartered
- Parsley flakes.

Wash off tongue and lay in heavy sauce pan. Add rest of ingredients and more than enough hot water to cover. Cover and cook for 2 3/4 hours. Turn tongue over once during cooking. Cool in liquor. Skin, trim, and slice.

Build up layers in mixing bowl, alternating meat slices with 1 large green pepper, cut into rings, and 1 large white onion, sliced.

Dress each layer with:

- Undiluted garlic vinegar
- French olive oil
- Salt, coarse grind pepper
- Parsley flakes, paprika, and dry mustard

Cover with waxed paper and put in refrigerator to chill. Shift about with fork twice while chilling. Chill overnight. When serving, spoon some of liquid from the bowl over the tongue.

BEANS FROM THE POT (Frijoles De La Olla)

- 1 lb. pinto beans
- 2 heaping Tbls. lard
- 4 slices of bacon, cut in pieces
- 1 average sized onion, chopped fine
- 4 cloves of garlic, minced
- Coarse grind pepper
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Generous amount of fresh parsley, minced

Look over and wash beans. Soak in cold water over night. Drain the next morning and more than cover with cold water. Add rest of ingredients, except the salt. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and cook for 3 1/2 hours, covered. Forty minutes before end of cooking period, add salt and remove cover. Sprinkle servings with M S G (accent) and additional minced parsley.

MEXICAN RICE (Arroz Ala Mexicana)

- 1 cup long grain converted rice
- 2 heaping Tbls. lard
- 1 small white onion, chopped fine
- 2 large cloves of garlic, chopped fine
- 2 average sized unpeeled tomatoes, chopped fine
- 1 4 1/2 ounce can Chicken Broth (1 3/4 cups)
- 1 1/4 cups hot water
- Black pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cumin

Melt lard in heavy sauce pan. When hot, add rice, which has been washed in cold water in sieve and drained well. Brown rice, stirring until it is a nice and even golden color. (Do not let it get too dark.) Add rest of ingredients; stir and mix well. Place the cover on sauce pan and bring to full boil on highest heat. Then lower heat and let simmer for 30 minutes. *Never stir the rice after it starts to simmer.* Sprinkle with parsley flakes when serving. Liquid should be cooked away at end of cooking period. Important: Never use any shortening except lard.

SALSA PIQUANTE (Hot Sauce)

- 2 average sized ripe fresh unpeeled tomatoes, chopped very fine
- 1 small white onion, chopped very fine
- 2 tabasco peppers (largest from the bottle), minced
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon coriander
- 1/4 teaspoon oregano
- 1 tablespoon garlic flavored vinegar
- 1 tablespoon French olive oil

Combine and mix well. Chill in refrigerator. Keep left-over sauce in refrigerator in jar. Especially nice with the Mexican Rice, Tongue Vinaigrette, or many American meat dishes.

CAULIFLOWER MAYONNAISE

- Small head of cauliflower
- 1 cut clove of garlic
- Good quality mayonnaise
- Celery salt, pepper and Accent (M S G)

- Grated Parmesan cheese
- Minced parsley and paprika

Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Boil in salted water until just tender. (Do not over cook.) Drain in colander and keep hot over hot water. Heat small pyrex serving pan in hot oven. Rub with garlic and spread with generous amount of mayonnaise. Turn the cauliflower into pan, adding seasonings and cheese, rolling cauliflower until well coated. Serve quickly sprinkled with parsley and paprika.

DATE WAFERS

- 1 lb. pitted dates
- 1 lb. granulated sugar

Grind the dates to a paste. Sprinkle sugar over bread board, placing the date paste on it. Sprinkle date mixture with sugar, kneading it well. Continue to add sugar over the board surface and over dates and continue kneading until paste can be handled without sticking to the fingers. Divide date dough into 4 parts. Using 1/4 at a time, and sprinkling sugar on the surface of the board, roll it out with rolling pin until *very* thin. Sprinkle sugar as you roll out the dough so it won't stick to the pin. Cut with very small cookie cutters. May be rolled into red or green granulated sugar if you wish. Store in tin container with waxed paper between. This will keep fresh indefinitely.

LOIS DALLING'S WONDERFUL PICKLES

Wash and soak cucumbers (any size). Then make up this brine, bring to a boil and cool. One-fourth part pickling salt to three-fourths parts of water (such as: 1 qt. salt to 3 qts. of water. I add 1/2 cup vinegar as it prevents so much mold. Pour cooled brine over the whole cukes and forget for two weeks.

At the end of that time, cut cukes lengthwise, cover with cold water and 2 Tbls. alum for 24 hours. Then rinse well in cold water.

Now tie in a cloth bag 2 Tbls. chopped stick cinnamon, 1 Tbls. whole cloves and 1 Tbls. mixed pickling spice. Have a heavy string on this bag to move it easily.

Bring to a boil 1 qt. vinegar and 2 qts. of sugar; add the spice bag. Pour over pickles and repeat with the same solution for 4 days. It will be almost a syrup. On the 5th day seal cold without spice bag.

Lucile's Note: I think these are positively the finest pickles I have ever eaten. When we spent a Sunday in Lincoln with Lois and Carl Dalling last summer these pickles were on the table, and I expressed such enthusiasm for them that Lois gave me an enormous jar to take home. Actually, I got into them as we drove along! I couldn't leave them alone—they're that good. If you want to make really superb pickles this year, do follow Lois' recipe as she wrote it out for me.

SPICED PEACHES OR PEARS

- 5 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups vinegar
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 2 Tbls. whole cloves
- 4 quarts peaches or pears

Cook sugar, vinegar, and spices for 20 minutes. Drop in fruits a few at a time. Cook until tender. Pack into hot, sterilized jars, adding syrup to within 1/2 inch of top and seal. This makes 6 pints. Hardly a summer goes by that we don't make some spiced peaches and how good they will taste this winter.

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it.



A BIRTHDAY COOKIE HOUSE

Dear Lucile:

I thought you might be interested in the cookie house that I used as a centerpiece for my daughter's ninth birthday party.

Everything shown in the photograph is edible except for the two potted flowers in the front yard. My husband was certain that the house wouldn't be fit to eat! Masonite Presswood he called it when I asked him to help me hold the pieces together while we glued them in place with melted sugar.

However, a week later when he sampled it he changed his mind! At that time it had become soft enough to be eaten readily in spite of the fact that the pieces were so hard and dry when I removed them from the oven that they rattled against one another.

Since this is not a colored photograph I will try to give you an idea as to how it looked.

The icing on the roof, door and shutters is red. The side walls are natural cookie brown. The grass is made of shredded coconut colored green. All of the stick candy is red and white, while the walk is made of mints in various colors. The animals are cream candies in green and blue. The gum drops are assorted colors, while the little round candies sprinkled over the lawn for flowers and stuck on the door and shutters are red-hots.

It was quite a problem to decide what to do with it when it became evident that something should be done to keep it from wasting, so we finally decided to take it to school and divide it among the children in Joan's room.

There were sixteen youngsters, first, second and third graders in her room, and we let them pass by in line and choose pieces of candy, and pinches of grass. After the candy and grass were all gone we broke the house into pieces and each child had his choice. (Every one wanted the chimney! I think the explanation for this is because it appeared to be well-plastered with red frosting.)

For the party at home we had a real birthday cake, of course, and we also used an idea from a back issue of Kitchen-Klatter and had the girls come dressed in their mothers' clothes and make-up. All in all, it was a happy ninth birthday and the time spent in fixing the cookie house certainly paid big returns.

Mrs. Charles Vaught

NO LOSERS

By
Mabel Weber

If your child is exceptionally bright, adjusting easily to any situation, she has probably never come home from her friend's birthday party in tears because she didn't win one of the beautiful prizes. But if he is shy, a little slow at understanding directions given by strange adults and bewildered by a noisy group of children, then you've had to console a disappointed child and inwardly seethed against the practice of awarding prizes to the two or three lucky winners.

My children have won their share of prizes but it makes me wonder about those little guests who never are so lucky, perhaps because there is usually an age variance of several years among them. Thus we have no prizes at our birthday parties and every one is happy. We have instead bright blue ribbons to pin on the winners to be worn proudly but not gloatingly.

When the guests are about to leave, the birthday child distributes a small gift to each departing child. The first time we tried this, the nature of the surprises was kept secret even from the birthday child. The next time, the birthday child herself helped plan the surprises which was more fun.

For smaller girls, we have successfully made small pin-on felt purses in pig and scottie dog shapes. (When meeting my daughter's friends, I often enjoy seeing my handwork worn to keep lunch money safe.) For the boys, we've bought magic slates. One hot summer day, we thought of packets of rainbow colored scratch pads and a box of crayons for each child; this kept them occupied long after the party was over, their mothers reported.

An older girl may make the surprises herself as did one of my junior Sunday school girls. She knotted short lengths of inch-wide velvet ribbon, then sewed on bird and star shaped sequins to make attractive pin-on decorations for blouse or dress necklines.

Birthday children need to experience that fine, warm feeling they will have when they learn to give on their birthdays as well as get. They also will learn that it is more fun to have all the guests go home happy instead of just the winners of prizes.

MOMMY, WHAT IS GOD?

Darling, He is life and Love,
the Father of us all.
He is our comforter; the Dove
that brings us Hope, withal.
He raised the highest mountains
rooted the smallest tree;
breathed life into each flower
as He did unto me.

There is no day of suffering
There is no night of pain
For He is all encompassing,
His love can never wane.
This is His Word of promise
and waking or asleep
His Love abides, protecting us
and every soul He'll keep.
—Phyllis Pasqualetti

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Gretchen's Letter

(Continued from Page 6)

you'll see that picture! So the story ended happily.

What are our boys doing? Well, you know about Fritz flying his little plane from California to New York City and back, complete with grandfather Fischer on the final leg of the return trip. But you may not know that he's now doing graduate work at the California Institute of Technology, in the field of Rocketry and Jet Propulsion. We think that's pretty impressive, but he takes it very casually and uneventfully. In fact, he says his flying hobby is to keep him from getting bored. The plane is not his own. It belongs to a club in which he is a member. They take turns signing for its use, thus managing very economically.

Karl graduated from the University of Oregon this spring, and I was in the stands to see him. I was mighty proud in general, and in particular because he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated with highest scholastic honors. He also served as Cadet Colonel in the University's R. O. T. C. unit. He'd planned to begin graduate study this fall, and was awarded a Fellowship in history at the University of Wisconsin. But since he's going into the army in September, that won't happen. He'll come through Iowa to visit us, on his way to Camp Eustis in Virginia.

Clay and I will vacation westward, late this summer. We always like to refresh ourselves with a close look at a mountain. And we enjoy stretching our horizons by driving across prairies. But we'll be back at the old hitching post in time for the fall session of the University of Iowa to open. And we'd love it if you ever have a chance to come our way.

Love to all of you,
Gretchen

IT HAS BEEN A FULL MONTH FOR DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

So many things have happened at our house this past month that I hardly know where to begin. The best way I guess it just to start with the first day of July and give you a blow-by-blow account of our goings and comings, and as I look back over this month that is exactly what you can call it—goings and comings.

On the first day of July Kristin made her first train trip to Shenandoah by herself. She was a little scared and looked rather sad when I put her on the train, but she told me later that she didn't feel that way long and really had a very enjoyable trip.

The first ten days of her visit were spent with Margery and Martin, and when Juliana came home from Arizona she moved down the hill to spend a week with the Vernesses. Kristin learned to swim this summer while she was in Shenandoah and was able to go in the pool every day. She was thrilled about this accomplishment because up until this time she had been very afraid of water.

On the day before the 4th of July celebration in Chariton, Frank's sister Edna and her husband came out to the farm and said they would like to take Little Champ into town and let some little boy ride him in the parade. We said we didn't care but we didn't have any way to get him into town. They said they would just take him in the back seat of the car and that is exactly what they did. They drove real slow so he wouldn't lose his balance, and of course a lot of cars went around them. Champ had his nose sticking out the window and every time a car passed them he would nicker. People looked as if they couldn't believe their eyes!

The Chariton Saddle Club finally got to have their picnic and meeting at our house. It clouded up and the sky really looked threatening for the first time in weeks, but it didn't rain.

On the 8th of July I finished my ironing in the morning about 11:00 o'clock and drove down to the farm to see what time Frank would be able to come to dinner, and while I was there I got a phone call from Lucile and she wanted to know if I could go to California right away on the train and help drive the folks home. I left the next afternoon which was on Friday, and Sunday noon found me in San Bernardino, California.

Dad was there to meet me, also Uncle Fred Fischer, his daughter Louise Alexander and her daughter, Jeanne. Louise had hoped to take me home with her, but of course I wanted to see Mother and Aunt Sue Conrad first, so Dad said he would take me to Claremont early the next morning and I could spend the day with the Alexanders.

I was only in California two and a half days, but during that period I got to spend quite a little time with Aunt Sue and her two daughters and their families, and also with Louise and her family, so I did feel that I had a very wonderful visit.



Martin at the big swimming pool in Shenandoah.

We left Redlands at 6:00 o'clock on Wednesday morning and were in Shenandoah about noon on Sunday. The trip home was a very hot trip, but even so it was enjoyable. It was awfully good to see Kristin again, and to find her well and happy. After I had rested a couple of hours I borrowed a bathing suit from Margery and we all went to the pool so Kristin could show me how she could swim. The next day Kristin and I came on home.

On Thursday morning of that week Frank and I drove a pick-up to Wall Lake, Iowa for Mrs. Kiburz, the former Superintendent of Rural Schools in Lucas County with whom I worked. Her son, Kenneth Kiburz, who is teaching in Wall Lake this year, needed the pick-up and when she asked us if we could drive it up for her we said we would.

We met her in Wall Lake and went on to Sac City with her, for she and Mr. Kiburz are moving to Sac City the middle of August and she wanted to find a place to live. We spent the night in Storm Lake and came on home the next day.

In April of this year Mrs. Kiburz resigned her position in Lucas County and this next year she will be the Special Education Supervisor for three counties in Iowa: Buena Vista, Ida and Sac. During the six years that she has been here she has been a very good friend of ours and we hate to see her leave Chariton, but since we know that she is going to be very happy with her new work we are happy for her.

Juliana came a week ago to spend a couple of weeks with us. She and Kristin have been having a wonderful time. They spent a couple of days this week in Chariton as the guests of Lois Jean Hutchison, and Lois Jean is coming out to spend a day or two with the girls this week.

On Friday of this week Emily and Alison are coming to spend a few days

with us while Wayne and Abigail make a business trip to Chicago. It will be their first over-night visit with us and Kristin is looking forward to it eagerly. We are awfully glad that Juliana will be here at the same time because living in the same town the little girls will feel right at home with her since they see her often at home.

Yesterday was the first really cool and pleasant day we have had for a long time so Frank suggested I call the folks and see if they couldn't come up and spend the day with us. Right after we had gone to bed it started to rain. I was bemoaning the fact that I had called and asked them but Frank's comment was that if it only took a call to make it rain we should have thought of it a long time ago. We had a nice little shower but not enough to make the roads muddy. However, it broke the six-weeks drouth in Shenandoah. Mother said it rained gently all night and was still raining when they left this morning. We had a lovely day together.

The next three weeks will find Kristin and I head over heels in 4-H work. Tomorrow we have the regular meeting here. A week from tomorrow we have our Local Achievement Show and the week after that the County Achievement show.

Kristin and I hope to be able to go to Shenandoah for a week before school starts and if Lucile can spare a little time for sewing maybe we can get some school clothes made for the girls. I told Mother today that Kristin had grown so much this past year, both up and around, that all the things I made her last fall are too short and too tight around the waist so they will have to be passed on to Mary Leanna. This leaves Kristin's wardrobe practically bare to start out the coming school year.

In spite of the long drouth our crops look very good and we have nothing to complain about. Our corn is half again taller than I am and the ears are big and well filled out. I'm sorry I can't say the same thing about our garden. The only thing we had out of the garden to can this year was the first crop of peas that I mentioned in my last letter. The only raspberries we had was enough for one meal, and I hunted and picked one berry here and there all morning to get those. We have had just a few tomatoes and they were awfully small, but I don't know when tomatoes have ever tasted so good before. Now that we have had a little rain maybe we will have a few more. The grasshoppers and the dry weather really took care of everything else.

Tomorrow will be a busy day at this house and I had better get to bed and to sleep so I will be ready to face it.

Sincerely, Dorothy,

A PRAYER FOR EACH MORNING

Help me God, in Thine own way

To do Thy will just for today,

Keep me through this day of life

Away from anger and from strife;

May I Thy ten commandments keep

So my reward in Heaven I'll reap,

Help me on this day, Dear Lord,

To understand and live Thy word.

FROM MY DESK

By
Leanna

These are extracts from letters that have come to my desk in recent weeks. In some cases my opinion was asked, and in other cases a problem was discussed and the suggestion made that perhaps I could find space to print it for the help that it might give to other mothers. I am glad to do this because such problems are experienced by many, many mothers

"I do wish that some kind of an understanding could be worked out on this whole issue of school activities, Leanna. I'm sure I'm not the only mother who feels that the town children are favored over rural children when it comes to rehearsals for plays, glee clubs, bands, etc.

"We have two girls in high school, a junior and a senior this year, and of course they want to go in for all these things that mean so much to young people. But my objection is that the early morning time and the noon hour are not turned to good use for these activities. Our girls have a good 45 minutes before their first class in the morning (this is also true of many other students in our particular school) and when a number of us parents asked if rehearsals couldn't be planned for that time, we were told that it was just too early for the town students to get there.

"The noon hour is also lost because the town students must get home, eat, and then return. This means that the bulk of the activities are scheduled for after school and evenings, and I can't begin to tell you how many times we've made the six mile drive into town so our girls could take part in these things.

"I realize that the teachers would have to get to the school house much earlier in the morning if rehearsals were held at that time, but it does seem to me that at least a 50-50 agreement could be worked out so that the rural children might not have to go 100% of the way as they now do. And as for the noon hour: we don't have a cafeteria at our school and all of the students from the country take their lunch, so why would it be unreasonable to expect the town students to bring their lunch, eat it at school, and then gain a good 45 minutes right there for some of these rehearsals? I wouldn't expect this all of the time, of course, but surely it could be done some of the time.

"I imagine that a good many teachers read Kitchen-Klatter, as well as wives of school superintendents, so I'm hopeful that perhaps this will make them stop and think about the problem. I feel that friendly discussion and some concessions on both sides would solve this, and would go a long ways towards eliminating the feeling of dread that many rural families have when September rolls around."—Iowa.

QUES: "Our daughter is to be married in September to a young man whose parents live in Pennsylvania. We have never met them, but they are coming for the big church wedding that is planned. My problem is

that we haven't an extra bedroom that can be turned over to them, so our dear neighbors next door who've lived beside us for thirty years, have offered their lovely spare room. If these people who are coming won't stay there, then it must be the hotel for we don't have any relatives here to turn to in this situation. Now, I will write and explain this whole picture to them (my mother told me that she would also write a cordial note of invitation), and if they accept this hospitality there will be no more complications. But if they say that they prefer the hotel, should we make arrangements with the manager to pay their bill? I think they'll be in town for three days, so you can see that it would be quite an additional expense for us at this time. I'd like to know what you suggest about my problem."—Mo.

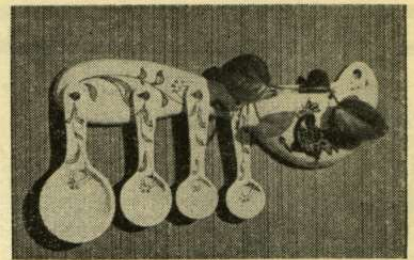
ANS: I think this is a rather touchy situation, but it seems to me that it makes common sense to look at it like this:

If you did not have such a good neighbor and had no choice whatsoever expect to make reservations at the hotel, then I believe you'd just naturally take care of the expense. But since you can offer them a lovely room (and your neighbor's plan to write herself is very good) and therefore have taken the responsibility for their visit, then I believe that if they decline the invitation and go to the hotel, it is not necessary for you to shoulder the expense. I feel quite certain that if you had a chance to discuss it with them, which of course you never will, they would be quite surprised to find that anyone thought they would do other than pay their own expenses.

QUES: "Do you have any ideas about how to cope with one of these bossy, dictatorial women who simply must run the show her way and who keeps our church group in a constant uproar by criticising every single thing that's done if she didn't suggest it? We have about thirty-five women in our group and these last two years there's been so much trouble that our work actually reflects it—I think our best energies go into fighting her rather than into our work. With our fall work beginning so soon we feel at our wit's end. Please give us some help."—Kansas.

ANS: I firmly believe that you have only one course of action: read your Bibles and pray for tolerance and understanding. Such personalities are not going to be changed by the others "ganging up" against her, fighting her, and responding to her attacks. The only important thing is the work you must do. Determine right now that from here on out your work WILL be done and quietly go about it. One quiet, positive personality can influence an entire group towards tolerance and understanding. It is up to you, as a Christian, to use your influence in this way. Any other attitude can lead only to further destruction.

We know more bad things about ourselves than does anybody else; yet no one thinks so highly of us as we do of ourselves.

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Clark Driftmier is undecided as to whether he should laugh or cry!

UNTIL YOUR HOME FREEZER IS DELIVERED . . .

By Margaret E. Wilkes

We felt very progressive that morning in 1942 as we walked into the grocery store where they were installing the first commercial lockers in this vicinity and made a ten dollar deposit for a year's rent on their very first locker box.

Construction of the plant was shortly finished and we began stuffing the interior of our locker with strawberries @ 2.50 per crate. We couldn't sing the praises of this new innovation highly enough as the peas, beans, corn, pork, raspberries and beef wended their way into it. Soon it was necessary for us to maintain two lockers.

During the war when locker boxes were at a premium, we became very popular and actually had friends vying for our favors when we let it be known that we were releasing one of our boxes.

Long lanes finally do bend, and the glad day *did* arrive when World War II was behind us. Then only a few summers turned into autumns before locker plant operators became nervous and alarmed as more and more boxes were released and keys turned in; and as surely as Dobbin had been replaced by the "horseless carriage", so had the seemingly last word in food assistance been supplanted by its streamlined successor, The Home Freezer.

These gleaming beauties have created a caste system among homemakers. Housewives are now definitely divided into two classes; first class, those who have home freezers, second class, those who wish they did.

From the progressive young wife of 1942 I have straggled to the end of class two of this new era. With drouth and grasshoppers on the winning team this year, my hair will

doubtless be grayer than ever before we claim a freezer for our own.

Discouragements and frustrations notwithstanding, "Making Do With What's at Hand" still cannot be surpassed as a model for living.

Our locker plant is three miles from our home and since one of us is in town several times during the week we use our locker in a manner not dissimilar to a home freezer.

Whenever we butcher a beef or hog we always have to rent a second box temporarily; so whether we are using two boxes at the moment, or if the regular one is getting low, we use some of the space in these ways.

It is nearly as easy to make three pies as one, so two go to town to the locker. Weekend bargains at our local supermarket often include a really good grade of ice cream for forty-eight cents per half-gallon. Two packages to a customer is their usual limit, so if two varieties are available, we buy both of them. If it is only vanilla, we buy two packages, and one goes into the refrigerator for immediate use. Then I divide the other package, make two varieties of it by adding orange concentrate to one quart, perhaps mashed bananas to the other, and rush it to town to swell the locker contents.

School days will soon be upon us, so very soon an early morning will find me making four varieties of rolled and drop cookies which will be packaged and frozen as mixed cookies for the school lunches ahead.

Last week, anticipating a visit from my cousin and her family, I baked a chicken which is properly wrapped and is resting in the locker, snuggled beside a container of broth for the gravy. Happy in the knowledge that there are both cherry and apple pies up there besides clover-leaf rolls, frozen fruit salad and baked beans, it is obvious that I'm not going to be spending much of our short visiting time rolling pie crust and peering from the oven to the refrigerator as I endeavor to be a sparkling conversationalist and hostess.

Sour grapes are not in season so I'm not saying that driving three miles to our locker is "just as good" as having to walk only a few feet and raising a lid or opening a door to have access to a miniature food store, but in lieu of the ideal set-up our arrangement truly boosts my food preparation activities. Without it I'd have to manage one day at a time with the assistance of only one servant—A Good Refrigerator!

ODDS AND ENDS

I keep small things, the odds and ends,
And often find a place
To utilize some thread or string
Or a dainty bit of lace.

Who knows! Perhaps some little thing,

A fragment or a thought
Into a work of genius

By some one may be wrought;

So I collect and save these bits,

And may I never scorn

The simple little things of life—

From these great things are born.

—Ethel McMullen

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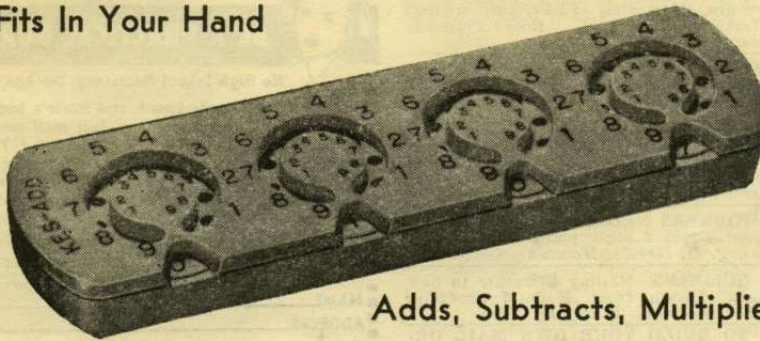
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TIN CAN TREASURES

by

Erma Reynolds

Tin cans can be transformed into useful and lovely articles. Here's the simple magic that turns a tin can into a flower pot.

Open the can with an opener that turns in a smooth edge. Wash off the paper wrapper with hot water, being sure to scrape off all of the glue. Next, punch holes in the bottom of the can so that the flower pot will have drainage. Paint the can with two coats of bright-colored enamel. When the paint is thoroughly dry add a simple design for decoration. Use different colors and different designs for the cans and you will have a lovely array of flower pots.

A tuna fish can makes a splendid ash tray. Wash it out carefully so that all of the oil is removed. Paint the outside and inside of the can with bright-colored enamel. When the enamel is dry add a gay design for trimming.

A waste basket from a motor oil can! Remove the top of the can. Clean the inside of the can thoroughly. Cover the inside and outside of the can with two coats of enamel. Clip an attractive picture from a magazine and glue it to the front of the container. Varnish the entire outside of the wastebasket, covering the picture.

A doorstep can be made from a smaller size motor oil can. This time do not remove the top of the can, and be careful to save the screw cap. Fill the can with sand. Replace the screw cap. Enamel the can with a bright color. From scraps of oilcloth, or felt, cut out flower petals and leaves. Glue these in flower form over the screw cap, hiding it from view. Paint a simple flower design on the can, or paste on the picture of a flower. If a cut-out picture is used protect it with a coat of varnish.

From tin cans to treasures. It can be done and it's lots of fun.

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak out and remove all doubt.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Mrs. Iva Harter has been in different hospitals for a number of years. She recently was allowed to go home for a time, but likely will return for more surgery as soon as she is able. Her home is on Rt. 1, Valders, Wisc. Out in the country, visitors do not come often and she gets so lonely. She collects view cards, both new and used.

Miss Joan Doliska, 649 N. 6th, Lawrence, Kansas, is a little girl who is having a siege of rheumatic fever. She will be shut in for several months.

Mrs. W. H. Sherlock broke her hip a year ago and was in the hospital and then a nursing home for months. Now she is at home, and with the help of her 65 year old son is trying to keep house for the two of them. She uses a chair equipped with rollers. Address her at Burlington Junction, Mo., for she would enjoy mail.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Mo., has been bedfast for many years. She has arthritis and is drawn in such a way that she must lie flat on her back. Her hobby is collecting shakers.

Cordula Mullenbach, Rt. 1, Box 155, Adams, Minn., was in a nursing home for 2 years but is home now. She is alone and would like a companion.

Dorothy Rieser is bedfast with arthritis and lives in a Home for old people. She herself is young and misses the company of younger folks, although she gets good care. She is at 134 N. Washington St, Naperville, Ill. She enjoys mail but is not able to answer, although now and then a friend writes a letter and mimeographs it for her to send to those who write to her.

Miss Elaine Slindee, Rt. 5, Austin, Minn., would like to hear from you. She is a middle-aged shutin.

Mrs. Elizabeth Toal, 1720 West Third St., Sioux City 3, Iowa, has been in a wheel chair for many years. Recently she has been quite ill.

Agnes Vitamvas, age 36, 2221 Downing St., Denver, Colo., would appreciate your letters. She is ill and unable to write.

Miss Mamie White, 202 Peach Orchard St., Jackson 15, Miss., is a long-time shutin and bedfast most of the time with arthritis. She loves mail but is seldom able to answer. Miss White is 55.

Mrs. Maude Chase, Rt. 1, South 3, Room 18, Wallum Lake, R. I., needs your cheer. She has been flat on a Bradford frame for 15 years; her left arm has been amputated and she has cataracts on her eyes. She is not allowed to sit up at all, and how much she would enjoy a letter from you.

Miss Joan McMurray, 796 May St., Akron 11, Ohio, is 23 and has been shutin practically all of her life. She suffers a great deal but always seems cheerful and enjoys mail.

Mrs. Sadie R. White, 104 North 28th, Lincoln, Nebr., is an arthritis invalid who is unable to get out, and the hours are very long for her. She would enjoy receiving cards and letters, but her hands are too badly crippled to permit her to answer.