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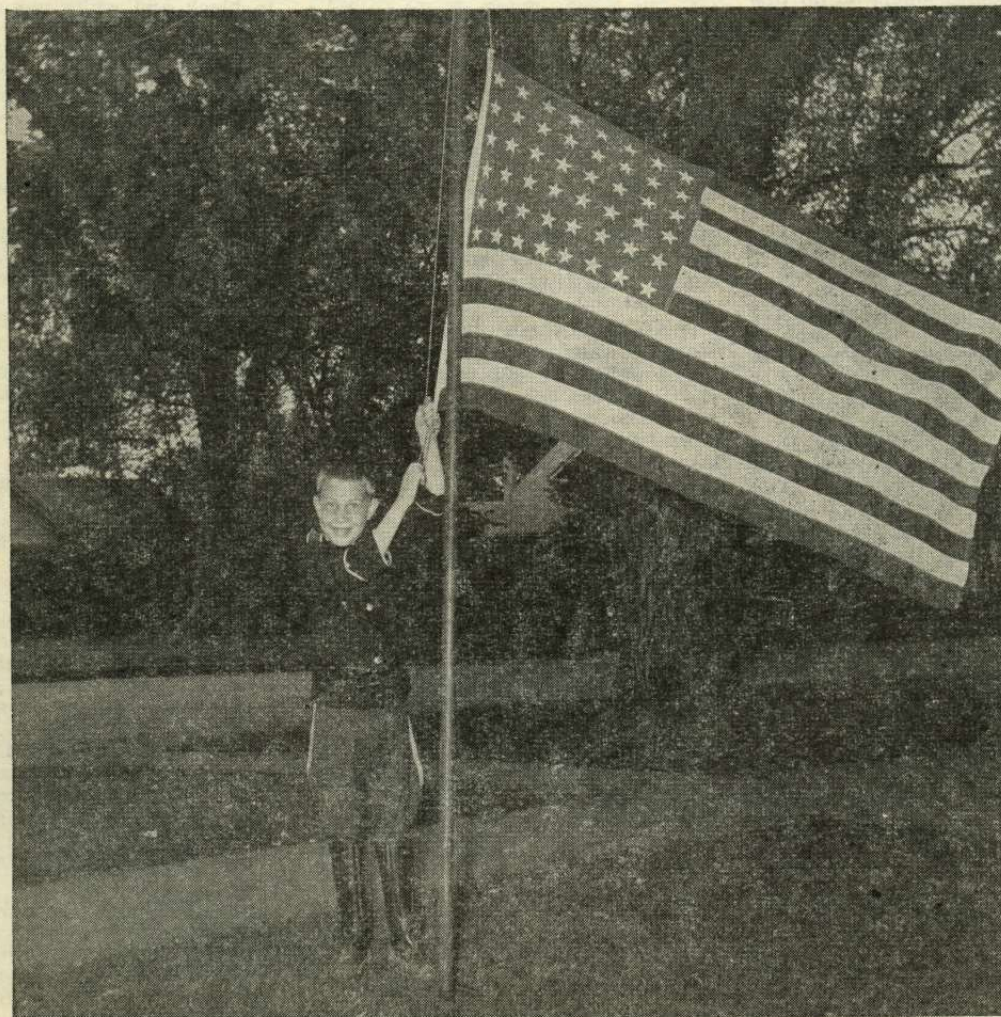


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MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This is a hot summer day and I've tried to beat the heat by getting most of the daily chores done good and early. It's only about 8:00 now, and I can see that I'll have time to sit down and visit with you before our morning broadcast.

Among the jobs I accomplished this morning was defrosting and cleaning the refrigerator, something that certainly can't be called a daily chore. I find that it takes longer to do this during the summer months because there are so many more things to be cleared out and then put back in again. We always have more leftovers too. The same amount of meat or potatoes or vegetables of one kind or another that we'd finish in one meal during the winter months, will carry over for two meals when it's humid and hot.

But I never tackle the refrigerator without being very grateful that I have it. I thought this morning how my mother cooked huge meals on the farm with only a cave and a well to keep things fresh. And for years in my own home I had an ice-box that never seemed half-way large enough to hold the big supply of food that our family consumed every day. How hard it was to remember to turn the ice card to the right amount! And how many times I'd forget to empty the big pan underneath! All in all, I'm not complaining about defrosting and cleaning my modern refrigerator.

Baby Clark is here with me for a while this morning while Abigail is down town buying groceries. She brings along his collapsible play pen for, since he walks now, this makes it possible for me to take care of him without worrying that he'll pick up something and put it into his mouth. He's a very good-natured, easily satisfied little boy, and in many respects he reminds me so much of Frederick as he was at that age.

His refusal to get up and walk at an early age is one thing that calls back Frederick. We've laughed many times about the fact that Frederick flatly refused to budge until he was 22 months old. I wasn't upset by this except for one thing — I surely hoped he would be on his feet by the time Wayne was born, and since there is only two years' difference in their ages you can see why I was anxious for him to walk. But he obliged me by starting out on his own feet two months before Wayne was born, and

certainly in the years that have passed since then he has covered more of the world's surface than any of our other children who walked at a year or fourteen months.

I always feel so sorry for mothers who fret and fuss because their youngsters are "slow" at talking or walking. That's one big advantage in having a large family — by the time the last one is a baby you've seen just about everything there is to see, and you don't get excited when they take their own sweet time about things.

Martha and Jessie have been back and forth frequently this summer, and you can see from the picture of Martha that she was kind enough to turn out a nice batch of home-made bread for us. I don't suppose that many women have baked more bread than Martha has through all of these years. She takes real pride in it, and I'm sure that her loaves and rolls would win a first prize anyplace they were entered.

Jessie had a nice trip to Chicago recently when she went to attend a big flower show. Shortly before this she served as one of the judges at a flower show in Des Moines, so between the two events she has been even busier than usual.

Fred Fischer is back from his trip to visit Mary and her family at Glen Gardner, N. J. and reports that he had a fine time. They had many interesting short trips while he was there, and he enjoyed every minute of his stay. After hearing his account of James Chapin's (Mary's husband) wonderful exhibition of painting at Trenton, we surely wished that we could have seen it too.

We thought that Bertha Field would be home long before this, but the latest news is that she probably won't return until after July 1st. I believe that this time Bertha has spent in Klamath Falls, Oregon is the longest she has ever been away from home for one spell. Her brother is greatly improved, and they have been able to enjoy short trips during these recent weeks.

My niece, Mary Field Hamilton, reports that Philip Field and his wife will be here for a visit sometime after mid-July. She also thinks that both Faith and Hope will come from California sometime during the summer, and that Josephine will be here from Clinton, Ia., and Letty from Marseilles, Ill. Bertha has done such a won-

derful job of maintaining the close ties centered about the family home that all of the children are willing to travel great distances during their vacations.

We have no plans for a summer trip of any kind. Frederick and Betty wrote to ask if we could come East and visit them while they are still living in Bristol, but we've decided to wait and make that trip after they are settled in their new home at Springfield, Mass. this autumn. I surely don't envy them the big job of moving out of the large parsonage they now occupy at Bristol. It seems only a few weeks ago that Frederick wrote about their experiences when they moved into that spacious home.

Mary Beth and Donald are staying right there in Anderson (Ind.) these days, and I doubt if they have plans for a trip of any kind. You'll know why I say this when I tell you that various packages of baby clothes have been sent to their address. Yes, they expect their baby in July, and how anxiously we'll wait for that telephone call when the date draws near.

Donald takes beautiful color pictures and doesn't seem a bit interested in black and white pictures, but I've told him that he simply must get a roll of film and photograph the baby as soon as possible so that all of us can see the newest Driftmier. We said the other day that life certainly perked up when there was a new baby to anticipate in the family!

We haven't had an opportunity to drive up to Dorothy's and Frank's farm recently, but we're sure they are well and very, very busy. It's impossible to get away when summer work is piled high, but perhaps after some of it is over Dorothy will be able to come down for a couple of days.

It's been a real pleasure to have so many of you friends visit our gardens this summer. I couldn't give you as much advance notice on the peak of bloom for tulips, roses, etc., as I'd hoped to do because the season was so far ahead of schedule. Almost overnight everything was in bloom — and almost three weeks earlier than we had anticipated.

If you have not yet visited Shenandoah but are planning to come sometime during this summer, I feel that I should say once again that you mustn't expect to see big, palatial homes and vast gardens. We have houses that look like all of the other houses on the street, and our gardens are just the size of typical small-town lots. But we've tried to utilize the space to the best advantage, and we're happy when you friends tell us that you've gotten ideas for your own gardens.

The back door just now burst open and in came a pack of wild Indians — Martin, Emily and Alison, have all arrived to see what kind of a hand-out they can get from Grandma. They're having a fine time playing out in the back yard, and fortunately Grandma has some fresh cookies for their hide-out. Clark is beginning to want a cookie too, so I must stop now and look after this situation.

Sincerely yours, Leanna

LET'S SIT IN THE SHADE AND VISIT

These are the summer days when I really haven't the heart to pass on any kind of garden material that sounds like work!

We all know that a certain amount of weeding and watering *must* be done, and it doesn't seem tactful to suggest anything else when you sit down to rest and pick up this magazine to enjoy for a few minutes. So, with heat and busy hours firmly in mind, I decided that we'd just sit down in the shade and visit. It's a fine time to share with you some letters that I enjoyed very much indeed.

—Lucile.

Sedro-Woolley, Wash.
May 8, 1955

Dear Lucile:

Since you haven't mentioned primroses in any of your garden pages I thought perhaps you might like to hear my little story about the double lavender primrose.

It came into our family twenty-three years ago this month when I bought a small plant for my beloved sister who passed away the following August. We were on our way home from a Seattle hospital where she had undergone radium treatments, and we stopped when we saw a sign that read: "Primroses for sale—50¢."

At that time 50¢ was a lot of money, but on the other hand the moon was sister's if she so desired. So we got out and walked around, and in a very special shaded corner she discovered a few plants of this beautiful and coveted double lavender primrose plant.

The grower was reluctant to part with even a scrap of his most precious variety, but my sister's winsome and appealing smile won his heart — and we came away proudly carrying his best and biggest plant!

What a family tree that one tiny primrose could boast! We followed sister's strict instructions that it be planted in select leaf mold and rotted manure under the protecting shade of Mother's old hawthorne tree. She enjoyed the blooms that summer, and later we found one dried and pasted in her garden book under the title: "Flowers I've Loved Best".

The following year the little plant bore two crowns which were pulled off and replanted in the same kind of soil. The clarion call from Nature to go forth and replenish had surely been heard by our prized primrose, and it gave heed in a glorious outburst of abundance!

Mother and I guarded every slip with tender care for three or four years, and then things really began to happen. I moved several miles away and among the countless items that had to be moved were several plants of the double lavender primrose.

I soon had a bed of them established, and I've never known a flower to create the ecstasy and admiration they did each spring when the plants were literally covered with dozens of drooping blooms the color of pale lilacs.

The days of depression weren't over at that time, and I hit on the idea of sharing its beauty instead of a gift



Donna graduated from the Shenandoah high school in May. She is Howard's and Mae's daughter.

that cost money. I think its life really began to count for something the first time I carried it in a colored pot to a hospital bedside. Since then its offspring have cheered and gladdened the hearts of many sick people down through the years.

When I reminisce over the past history of this lovely plant I find it would be utterly impossible to know how many gardens it has found its way into. While I was busy dividing and giving away, my mother and sister were also doing the same thing with their slips.

Its blessing could be compared somewhat to the one God bestowed upon Abraham when He said, "I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing."

It traveled in an air-mail envelope by fast plane to my flower lover friend in England. She mistook its unusual beauty for that of an indoor plant and has it growing in her conservatory. It has crossed country here at home several times when I've mailed it in the spring to my various relatives and friends. I know some of them have shared their slips too, so the story goes on and on.

Just yesterday I stopped by to visit my brother's wife for a few minutes, and while I was there I admired her long row of double lavender primroses which had their humble start when Mother presented her with a plant on her entrance into our family.

And again, only yesterday, the boy who has made his home with me and whom I call son, came home from the State University with his wife to tell me that we were going to have a baby in the family. I was so thrilled over the glad news that I potted my biggest and "bloomingest" plant to take back to school with them.

Last week I took up a large boxful and carried them along to the Farmer's Auction which I like to attend occasionally. Among the more common varieties they reposed like a regal queen in a royal robe! As usual,

they created a sensation and I brought back enough profit from the sale to purchase some choice polyanthus seed for myself.

Very soon Memorial day will be here, and then I'll take some to the cemetery in memory of my husband and companion for thirty years who passed away a few months ago. He helped me propagate and take care of the dozens of plants that I have growing in my yard, and I think he would be pleased with my gesture.

Behold the primroses! "I say unto you that not even Solomon in all of his glory was arrayed like one of these!" May they bring joy and happiness for years to come.

—M. S. D.

Omaha, Nebr.
June 9, 1955

Dear Lucile:

Several years ago you had such an interesting letter on the Garden Page from a reader who visited with an elderly woman, a minister's wife, and was told that through all of the many moves they'd made from congregation to congregation, the home they remembered the most fondly was one where a beautiful yard had been developed.

Somehow that letter made a deep impression on my mind, and I found myself looking at parsonages with a new eye. It came as quite a shock to me to notice how many were totally without plantings of any kind. I am a great flower lover, and I wondered how it could be that I had never once stopped to think about the feeling I would have had if it had fallen to my lot to move into any of those houses!

About a year later I went to visit relatives in the Nebraska town where my husband and I lived for a long period before we moved to Omaha, and while I was there I attended a Circle meeting at our former church. There were Kitchen-Klatter readers in that group, and one of them brought up this particular letter that had made such an impression on me.

I thought it interesting that various groups had assumed the responsibility for shrubs, trees and perennials. One woman had donated a dozen hybrid tea roses as a beginning for what she hoped would someday be a really beautiful display. Another woman, who grows roses with great success, had made her contribution by offering to plant and care for the hybrid teas. All in all, they were extremely enthusiastic about their plans for turning what had always been a bleak, barren property into a truly lovely place that future ministers and their families could enjoy.

I should have written to tell you about this long ago, but you know how people put off things — and I just kept putting this off. But now I do want you to know that the letter you published *did* make a difference, and if by any chance you find room to print this someday, it may stir up other groups to look at their parsonage grounds and determine to improve them in the very near future. Can you think of any better place to begin than by planting some tulips and daffodils this fall? I can't! —R. A. C.

FREDERICK WRITES FROM RHODE ISLAND

Dear Folks:

Because it is necessary for me to write my letters to you several days in advance of the time that this magazine goes to press, this letter is being written on the afternoon of Memorial Day.

As usual, our little town of Bristol had its Memorial Day parade with public exercises at the cemetery and then again in front of the Town Hall. Today was the first time that I have not taken the children to see the parade, for I had to march in one at the exercises in a neighboring town. Betty did take them, however, and they said that when they were able to see the parade through the fog, they enjoyed it.

This time of the year we always have a great deal of fog, and where I was speaking today we had so much of it that the people in the audience couldn't see those of us who were seated on the platform. Because the fog was so bad, and because it was beginning to rain a bit, it was decided at the very last minute to hold the services in the local school just across the street from where we had originally intended to hold them.

If you have ever had to speak to an audience many times too large for the seating capacity provided so that many people had to stand in the aisles, and if that audience had at least twenty-five crying babies in it, you know something of the feelings and sensations that I had today. I didn't blame the children any, and I didn't blame the adults for bringing them, but I did blame the weather for making us go inside.

After the service the American Legion had everyone who marched in the parade and all of us who were on the program as its guests, for lunch. I have often been on Memorial Day programs, but today was the first time that I have seen a lunch provided.

Because there are so many veterans' and patriotic organizations of every type and description, most of us do not often enough appreciate their particular contributions to the life of the community. The observance of Memorial Day is a good case in point. How many communities would observe Memorial Day if it were not for the insistence of these organizations? All across America a great many cities and towns no longer pay any attention to Memorial Day whatsoever, and where that is true, you can be sure that it is because there are no active veterans' organizations.

It has been called to my attention that in recent years some members of the clergy have taken out of their church calendar of activities all special patriotic services. I certainly do not approve of their attitude, and I want to tell you why.

I think that the citizens of our country should have several days during the year for the special honoring of America's war dead — not because we glorify war, but because we cherish and revere the truths and the



We like this picture of Dorothy that was taken recently at the folks' home.

principles for which they died. Let us honor them, not because we think there is anything sublime in martial conflict, but because we believe with our Lord that "no greater love hath any man than this — that he lay down his life for his friends."

Even though in the daily course of our lives we may be prone to think that America's greatness today is the product of its scientific and technological skills, the fact is that our nation's greatness is a tower that has risen from a foundation of life consecrated by sacrifice. How easy it is for us to forget that this nation arose from the ashes of an eight-year war of revolution! Are we, even for one moment, to think that that noble effort was of no consequence for our peace and prosperity today? God forbid! When we remember the perils that our nation has faced and the trials it has endured from colonial days until this present hour, to whom are we to give the credit for its salvation? To God, yes, but to God as He has moved in the lives of brave men and women who counted it a holy obligation to lay down their lives in the championship of principles they believed to be right, and of causes they believed to be honorable.

Some of you reading this letter may be asked to help organize and conduct special patriotic services on this Fourth of July, or on Thanksgiving Day, or perhaps on next Memorial Day, and if you are so asked, I do hope that you will accept the challenge. No matter how much cold water someone may throw on the enterprise, you do your bit and help to make it a success.

I believe that it is essential not only for the salvation of the world, but for the salvation of our own souls that each and everyone of us should pray for peace. We should pray for peace with all of our hearts, with our lips and with our lives, but God forbid

that we should ever pray for the destruction of that spirit in man which calls him to fight in the defense of the innocent and the weak, to fight for the protection of his home and family, and to fight for the preservation of his principles and ideals.

There is no greater spiritual power known to humanity than the power of a death for a noble cause. That our Lord laid down his life for us all has moved more souls to love God and to strive for righteousness than any other power mankind has ever known. That men and women will give up everything in this world that they hold dear for the sake of the safety and happiness of others is, when all is said and done, the power that moves the pulse of a nation.

Just remember this, the purpose of a patriotic service must never be to glorify war! The purpose should always be to remind people that they owe a great deal of gratitude to those who have laid down their lives in the service of their country. It should be to remind the people that a tremendous price has been paid for their freedom as citizens of our country, and that each one should rededicate himself to the task of proving himself worthy of the sacrifices that others have made for him.

The reason I am telling you all of this is because I want you to encourage your churches to have patriotic services on occasion. Some of the most beautiful and moving services I have even seen in Bristol, have been held in our churches on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. When they are held in the right spirit and for the right purpose they are truly a blessing.

We are all busy getting ready for our Annual Summer Bazaar. This year we are going to add a special event that we have never had before. We are going to have an old-fashioned style show with men and women modeling clothes 100 years old and older. Won't that be fun? Once again I am going to be in charge of the auction of antiques. We are going to give our auction the official title: Auction of Attic Treasures. Betty is going to be working on the apron table. Our church has just a little over 300 members and yet we make a net profit of around \$1,700 in a single afternoon and evening at our bazaar. I think that it is the one affair of the year that actually has the participation of nearly every man and woman in the church.

I must close this letter for two good reasons: there is no more space, and Betty wants me to help her get ready for the company we are having for dinner tonight. We are using our Hawaiian dinner service tonight with everything on the table being of tropical woods except the silver. On a large wooden tray there will be an enormous fresh lobster salad, and in lovely wooden bowls on either side will be Betty's own style of fried rice and French-cut string beans. As a real Hawaiian dessert we are going to have fresh pineapple sherbet. Doesn't it all sound good?

Sincerely, Frederick

THIS LEADERSHIP BUSINESS

By Mabel Weber

So you too are a youth leader! Let's "chew over" some of our experiences and maybe come up with a new slant on some old problems.

Have you tried relaxing and enjoying your job instead of getting all tense and nervous? You must like children or you wouldn't have taken on the responsibility in the first place. So why not tell yourself that you are going to have fun and pretty soon you will.

If you lack confidence in your ability perhaps you need to spend more time reading books, attending local leadership conferences or just plain studying over your leadership guides, manuals and other materials your national headquarters have available. When you really know your "stuff" you can concentrate on the youngsters instead of program mechanics, be it a scout troop, project club or Sunday School class. You must grow educationally a little faster than the children, so keep studying.

Perhaps your trouble is caused by not following the program policy of your organization. If it is supposed to be an outdoor one, don't make it indoor handcraft. If it is homemaking, make it homemaking. The leadership guides and program fields have been set up by experts, so stick to them. If the program is to be built around the interests of the children don't build it around your own. Even your Sunday School teaching can be adapted to the group. Let the children evaluate each activity to see what you have accomplished.

An interest-centered program doesn't mean that you have to do all the instruction yourself. This is where you call on talented parents, troop committee members or community persons to help you as specialists in areas of the program where you have no ability. Everyone concerned will be richer for the sharing of these learning experiences.

Everything you do on your meeting day is "program". Sunday School begins when the first pupil arrives so the teacher should be there at least 15 minutes earlier to get things ready for this first pupil. Think of all the valuable time you waste if you wait until everyone is there! The day's scout meeting may get off to a bad start if the leader isn't well prepared to keep things in hand and the scouts interested from the moment the first one arrives. The learning process goes on unchecked so make sure the things learned are helpful, not harmful. The program continues until the last child has departed. Whether you are left with a topsy turvy room or an orderly one depends on your teaching of individual responsibility.

If you are perturbed by the lack of gratitude or courtesy shown by your group you have a wonderful chance to impress good manners. Of course you yourself always say "please" and "thank you". These are magic words. Some leaders just "can't hear" requests unless they include a "please". Many leaders are discouraged because no one ever says a word of thanks



We're sorry that you can't see the detail of this quilt block, but it's the pattern Mother used for Abigail's quilt. Mother asks us to be sure and say that the pattern is worn out!

for treats or trips or awards. Somehow this must be changed and it's up to you to do it. One of your greatest thrills will be to hear one of the children say "thank you" and really mean it.

What do you do about those little nuisances whose behaviour — or lack of it — drives you stark, raving mad? No doubt you've threatened all sorts of things such as telling their mothers or putting them out of the group. You've talked and even shouted yourself hoarse and you vow that you are through with the whole mess.

The world calls them "problem children" and dislikes them. Specialists in child behaviour tell us they are really "children with problems". Still more challenging is thinking of them as "opportunity children". Here is an opportunity for you to find out why they act as they do. What are their home conditions? What are their interests? Do they crave attention or affection? Are they lonely or frightened? Maybe you can find something to compliment them about. With time you will find yourself almost liking them and they will become a pleasure instead of thorns in your flesh.

Every group needs to be well disciplined. Lucky you if you've started out your leadership by insisting on order — firmly but with a smile. You are having more trouble keeping your group in hand if you've inherited it from a weak leader who let the group run wild.

Of course you can't keep your own house as neatly shining as the woman who puts "things" ahead of "people" and won't take time off for any kind of community work. Has anyone ever read "She was an immaculate housekeeper" in an obituary? Occasionally there are some "She was active in the Girl Scouts, Sunday School, etc., and will be greatly missed". In a few short years after your children are grown up and beyond needing your guiding companionship, the housework will be there to occupy your days that will be filled with pleasant memories and no regrets.

As a mother you are a leader because you wanted to make it possible for your child to belong to a character building organization and you wanted to do things with her and watch her

grow with other children. You wanted to be friends with her friends and share their interests. With your child in your group, you are likely to discriminate against her in order to avoid Leaders seeming partial, or to expect him to do more than his share of the work detail. It is a temptation for a leader's child to "act important" and reveal plans to the members before you want them to know. She may overhear your conversations with adults about troop difficulties or individual girl's problems. He may act bossy because his mother is a project leader. Many leaders prefer not to have their children in their troops or classes. Often childless people make fine leaders. They are unprejudiced and learn much practical child psychology that comes in handy when they do have families.

You may be taking field trips. Are you careful not to overcrowd your car? Do you always have another adult with you in case of accident? Girl Scout safety rules specify one adult for each 6 Brownies or 8 Intermediates or Seniors or a minimum of 2 adults for a smaller group. This is an excellent rule for others to follow. Does your car insurance cover this chauffeuring or do you need to take out a special policy? Are the other parents who drive for you insured? Are you licensed? Are their cars in good condition? Many times using public carrier facilities is safer and easier. Do you allow the children to push and shove while the auto is in motion or do you stop the car until order is restored?

You aren't being paid for being a leader although many parents and children think so because of the dues collected. Your pay is in a child's "thank you", "I like you", "didn't we have fun today?" or "let's do it again". Parents also might regard you as a "glorified baby sitter" until your leadership changes their child's interest to the better things in life. You'll then feel that all your time, energy, and money has been invested in something wonderful and in middle age you will look and feel younger than you really are.

SILENT PRAYER PARTNER

Alice Hansche Mortenson

Although you do not know 'tis I
Who prays for you each day,
I only hope my prayer will lift
Some burden on your way;
That as I intercede for you,
You'll harder lean on Him;
That as I kneel your heart will feel
A sudden warmth within.
Thus all unknown I'll have a part
In what Christ does through you;
Unknown, unheard, unasked, unsung,
I'll pray—and work—with you.

EVERY MAN'S GOLD

By Gladys Niece Templeton

The wind sings in the willows
And bends the grasses low,
Then skips across the landscape;
I pause, for well I know
These summer days, like swallows,
Are ever on the wing;
Each moment of each fleeting day
Is gold — for slave or king!

DOESN'T THE NEW LAKE SOUND WONDERFUL?

Dear Friends:

This has been such a busy, busy month at our house that I hardly know where to begin. Frank and I working together and with the co-operation of the weather man were able to get all of our corn and beans planted before the end of the month, and yesterday Frank started on his cultivating. That is one thing about farming on bottom ground—the weeds grow so fast! We have some hay that should be put up but Frank is waiting until he hears a good five-day weather forecast before mowing.

Kristin and I went to Shenandoah for the Mother's Day week-end. We made the trip by train and left the car for Frank in hopes that he would be able to get away and drive down on Sunday. He decided at the last minute that he shouldn't leave home because my riding horse, Bonnie, was expecting her colt at any time and since she lost twins last year he wanted to be here. Bonnie now has a beautiful sorrel mare colt with a perfect white diamond in her forehead and both back feet are white.

We are soon going to have so many baby ducks around here that I don't know what we will do with all of them. We have never set any hens since we have been here so Frank decided this year he was going to let Kristin have the fun of setting some. First they set a hen on chicken eggs, which all hatched out yesterday. Then one of our friends asked us if we would like to have some duck eggs, so now Kristin has five hens sitting on duck eggs. If they all hatch we are going to have lot of ducks swimming around on our lake.

I must tell you about our lake, which we think is simply wonderful. When they built the new farm-to-market road and put in a new bridge, they dug a new channel for the creek and straightened it. When they did this, about three-quarters of a mile of the old creek was blocked off by the two new roads. This part of the old creek gets the water which drains off of 250 acres of timberland. The big cement box that they built in the new road to carry the overflow water from this part of the creek is so high that as yet none of the water has run out. It is now about three-fourths bank full and makes a very deep lake which winds around through our land with timber on both sides. It is also very wide so it really looks like a lake.

Last week Edna and Raymond brought out their big aluminum row-boat for us to use, and we are surely thrilled to have it. Raymond also has a wonderful big motor and has put it on a couple of times this week to give us some motor boat rides. The boat is tied up in a little cove close to the house and the children are not permitted to get into the boat unless an adult is along.

Juliana came yesterday for her first visit of the summer. Kristin could hardly wait for her to get here. Our car was in the garage so Edna met the train and brought her out. Edna



Here are some of the Driftmiers taken on the occasion of the birthday dinner in May. Mother is at the left end, and standing behind the table are Howard, Dorothy, Margery, Donna, Russell, Lucile, Mae and Abigail holding Clark. Dad is at the right end of the table, and in front are Martin, Emily, Kristin, Alison and Juliana. If ALL of the Driftmiers were together we don't believe we could get them into the dining room for a picture!

said that all the way out Juliana kept asking her questions and she wouldn't answer any of them because she knew how badly Kristin wanted to tell her all the news herself. Kristin and I ran down to the car to meet them and almost before Juliana could get out of the car Kristin was yelling, "Oh Juliana! Bonnie has had her colt; Taffy has four kittens; I have a new little white pig named Porky; my baby chickens just hatched out today; and we have a boat and maybe Mother will take us for a ride right away." And away they went.

Edna and I got to have a nice quiet cup of coffee before they had finished visiting all the livestock, and after Edna left we had the boat ride.

This Saturday is our Lucas County 4-H Rally Day. Our club members are to be the ushers. Last year Kristin had to have a uniform because she said the Country Girl's Creed on the Rally Day program. That was the only time all year that she wore her uniform. I had her get it out and try it on tonight. The hem will have to be let out to the limit this year and I suppose next year she will have to get a new uniform. We are glad Juliana will be here for Rally Day this year.

Our May 4-H meeting was a Mother-Daughter tea at the home of Joyce Anderson. We had so much business to take care of that the girls just gave a very short program. I had asked Mrs. Thurlow, a member of the Chariton Garden Club, to give a talk on flower arranging because I thought that would be something that the Mothers would also enjoy. She had brought flowers and containers with her so that the girls could try making some arrangements after she had given her talk. It was a very successful meeting, and the girls not only

enjoyed it but also learned a lot.

I made some strawberry jam yesterday. We don't have any strawberries ourselves, but Delia and August Johnson have a nice big patch and are kind enough to bring us some now and then. What tastes better than the first strawberry shortcake of the season? When I stemmed the strawberries for the jam I saved back enough for a shortcake for supper because I thought Juliana might like it. During the afternoon Frank, Kristin and Juliana had dipped into them and consequently there weren't enough left for shortcake, but they probably enjoyed them even more when they ate them when they were really hungry.

We have one early cherry tree and one late tree. I noticed this afternoon that the early cherries are ready to pick but decided to wait until Friday because I have to work at the office tomorrow and wouldn't have time to put them up. I'll get the girls busy picking them Friday. It is a small tree and there aren't very many cherries, so I think I'll just make them up into preserves.

Our garden looks real nice now. I planted a few more rows of corn today, also more radishes. Our peas aren't big enough to eat yet because I got kind of a late start with the garden, but Delia and August have been eating peas out of their garden for a week now.

It is very late and I expect that alarm clock will go off at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, so I must say good-night until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

It isn't the rooster's early rising that makes him unpopular; it's his continual talking about it.

"JIGGED UP" FOR JULY FUN

By
Mabel Nair Brown

FLAG CENTERPIECE: Fill a large oblong shallow pan with wet sand; then make a flower flag. Use red and white flowers to form the stripes, blue flowers to form the blue field, and small white flowers to make the stars.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER: Cut stars from white strayafoam and use as candle holders. Use red candles, add a cluster of white flowers at the base and a bow of blue ribbon (the lace-on ribbon is especially nice for this). You might use a large star and a group of three or five candles in the center of the table and then a smaller star and a single candle at either end. The group arrangement is very pretty on a buffet table where table is placed against a wall.

SPIRIT OF '76: Use toy drum, drum sticks, toy fife and a paper "cocked hat" to carry out the theme of the old fife and drum corps. The nut cups might be tiny drums of construction paper, or perhaps you would prefer to place a paper cocked hat atop a small nut cup.

AMERICANA: For this party you might use candles in wooden or brass holders (or even some old kerosene lamps) old-fashioned spoonholders, checked tablecloth, and as many antique dishes as you can locate among your friends. Try to suit the refreshments to the spirit of the occasion by serving such century old favorites as baked beans and brown bread, pressed chicken, etc.

Entertainment:

LONG, LONG AGO: This is the old game of charades, except that the guests are asked to act out some occupation typical of life in the days of George Washington — (weaving, spinning, chopping logs, etc.)

CLAPP IT OUT RHYTHM: Divide guests into small groups. Each group chooses a song of early American days and claps out the rhythm for others to guess — Yankee Doodle, Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party, etc.

HOW DIFFERENT! Give guests pencil and paper and see who can make the longest list of things we have today which were not in use at the time of the Revolutionary War.

FASHION HIT: Provide plenty of newspaper, string, pins, etc., and see which group of three or four people can dress up one of their members to best resemble a Revolutionary soldier.

JOHNNY WAS A DRUMMER BOY: This is a noisy one, but hilarious! It is played like the old game "Musical chairs". The players stand in a circle. You will need a small drum and drum sticks and someone to play the piano or phonograph. When piano starts, the first player must put string or strap of drum around his neck and tap drum a few times, then pass it to person on his right who does likewise. The person holding drum when music stops must leave the game. Continue game until the last drummer is left. You might make a rule that each player must tap out the first line of "Yankee Doodle" before passing on the drum.



These two little girls, Jean Marie and Kerry Lee Cathcart, are surely growing up fast. We've shown you pictures of them through the years for their parents are John and Mildred Cathcart—and Mildred writes countless helpful articles for you Kitchen-Klatter friends.

Kerry Lee Cathcart won first place in an Iowa poetry contest for 4th grade students, and her mother, Mildred Cathcart, sent us a copy of the poem. We think that it is charming and want to share it with you.

MY TREE'S UMBRELLA

Old Mister Elm Tree
Reached up to the sky,
And laughed at the storm clouds
As they scudded by.

"You cannot wet me,"
He said, smiling sly;
"I'll raise my leaf umbrellas
And keep myself dry!"

FUN WITH FLOWERS

By Mildred Cathcart

If you are one of those fortunate people who win blue ribbons at flower shows for your artistic arrangements, this definitely is NOT for you.

I've never entered so much as one exhibit, but I'll wager I have as much honest-to-goodness fun with my flowers as anybody.

Flower arranging — even as I do it — is a highly satisfying hobby. Once you begin arranging bouquets, you will never again be guilty of bringing pretty flowers into the house and sticking them into a vase.

One expert flower arranger told me to think of your flowers as a picture or a story. And remember that they are YOUR flowers so fix them to suit YOU.

First of all, why not try out various containers? Remember that vases are not the only things to hold flowers. What about a blue bowl for daisies? Or a tiny tumbler for lilies of the valley? You may use shallow baking pans, bean pots, oven ware, even low tin receptacles that are painted in neutral tones. Finding unusual holders for your bouquets is one of the

fascinating features of flower arrangements.

When selecting various containers for your flowers, look for frogs or flower holders. There are a number of types to be purchased or you may find screen wire, molding clay, etc., suitable to experiment with in making your own holders.

After you decide upon your containers and holders, try for an arrangement that produces a pleasing effect. Perhaps for us, who are beginners, the trial and error method will have to be used. Adapt your type of flower to the type of container. A fragile flower is not for your old brown bean pot, although a daisy arrangement would be ideal.

To create a pleasing effect, select colors that blend well or create a contrast. A completed arrangement should look well balanced. Do not have a lop-sided design, one that is top heavy, or one that is too large or too small for the container.

A figurine may add interest to your design if carefully selected. There are frogs, ducks, tiny wild animals, angels, madonnas, or elves to help you create your picture with flowers.

Along with flowers for the home, do not overlook the fun you can have creating corsages for your family and your friends. You may wish to invest in some floral supplies — wire, tape, and so on. But you may conceal the stems in some tin foil or wrapping paper. Use very tiny white or gold paper lace dillies and pull the flowers through the center. Tie with pretty ribbon. These corsages can give a lift to your morale and even add a bit of life to that basic old black dress!

Once you begin having so much fun arranging flowers, you will begin to plan your flower garden so that you will have appropriate flowers with which to work.

Flowers are fun! Enjoy them both indoors and outdoors.

PERENNIAL GARDENS

I am a pent-house dweller,
I have no garden gate—
But I have planted loving thoughts,
Uprooting weeds of hate.
I cultivate the memories
Which set my heart aglow,
And while I have no garden plot,
My love can vine and grow.
The florist offers roses . . .
Soft petaled, fragrant blooms;
My garden must be memories
Within these crowded rooms.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

COVER PICTURE

Martin Strom is now old enough to take over the job of putting up Grandpa Driftmier's big flag on special occasions. As you can well imagine, he is extremely proud of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police Uniform that he is wearing. It was a gift from his father when he returned from a business trip to British Columbia, and you've never seen a more excited boy when that big package was opened!

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS . . .

By Mildred B. Grenier

Save the small frozen fruit juice cans, grease and flour thoroughly and bake your favorite white cake in them for individual Firecracker Cakes for patriotic parties. Place on small serving plates and frost all over with a red frosting. Stick a small white birthday candle in the top of each cake and allow children to light the "fuse" when served.

* * *

For an "at home" Fourth of July dinner, serve Liberty Bell salads. Drain the juice from a can of pear halves. Add a few drops of red food coloring and 1/2 cup sugar and boil about 5 minutes. Pour this over the pear halves and let stand until the desired shade of red is reached, turning frequently for an even color. Drain and chill until ready to use. Arrange two pear halves on salad greens, with the small ends of the pears touching at the top and the pears swinging out. Red maraschino cherries make bell clappers. Serve mayonnaise separately.

* * *

Opportunity knocks—but you won't hear it if you are busy knocking everything else at the time.

* * *

Gelatin Drums will delight the children gathered at your house for Independence Day refreshments. Dissolve two packages of strawberry gelatin in two cups of hot water. Drain juice from a large can of fruit cocktail and add to the gelatin plus water to make two cups. When slightly thick stir in the drained fruit cocktail. Pour into fruit cans and chill until set.

Cut out bottom of can and push out gelatin. Cut gelatin cylinders crosswise to make small drums. Fill cake decorator with softened cream cheese and make "Z" lines up and down the sides of the drum and place a green cherry at the point of each line.

* * *

For those gelatin salads which you may wish to make on the spur of the moment, always keep exactly one cup of water frozen in your home freezer or in refrigerator freezing unit. This may be frozen in the ice cube tray and later kept in a plastic bag. Then when you wish to make a gelatin salad in a hurry, dissolve the gelatin in one cup of hot water, add the cup of frozen water and the salad will set in a jiffy!

* * *

Long faces and short tempers often go together.

* * *

The children can make their own candy firecrackers by using this easy fondant recipe. Blend 2/3 cup of sweetened condensed milk with 1 teaspoon vanilla and mix in 4 cups confectioners sugar until creamy and smooth. Form into rolls 3/4 inch in diameter. Chill. Cut in 3 inch lengths. Roll in cooled melted chocolate. Shredded cocoanut "string" stuck in one end makes the fuse.

Freeze left over tea and coffee into



Russell was photographing roses in the garden when Mother called out and said that Aunt Martha had just taken bread out of the oven. So Russell left the roses and went inside to snap this picture.

cubes to be used later in iced tea or coffee.

If iced tea kept in the refrigerator tends to become cloudy, pour about 1/2 cup boiling water into it to make it crystal clear again.

* * *

Serve "Cannon Cracker" sandwiches at your back yard Fourth of July picnic. Cut the crust from very thin slices of fresh white bread, spread with jelly, roll up and secure with wooden picks. Spread all over with softened cream cheese tinted red.

* * *

The wind won't spoil the pleasure of picnic eating if you will make a tablecloth in this way. Use inexpensive material, hem and then make pockets in each corner into which you may slip stones for weights. It will "stay put" even on very windy evenings.

* * *

One last Fourth of July picnic hint; for a surprisingly colorful touch, roll up red cloth napkins and pin. Secure a short length of white string in one end for the fuse of these decorative "firecrackers" on the picnic table.

TASTE TREATS FOR HOT DAYS

"CHOOSE YOUR OWN" SALAD TRAY: This is especially nice for afternoon lunch when the "girls" get together. Instead of serving one fancy salad or dessert, let each guest choose from an assortment on a large tray. On this tray arrange crisp lettuce cups, and in these have various salad assortments.

Let each guest choose the salad that appeals to her, and then pass a variety of salad dressings. This type of lunch is especially nice if there are dieters in the crowd, for they can choose one of the low calorie salads without any embarrassment or apologies. Crisp crackers or a plate of rolls, and an iced drink will be all that is needed to complete this lunch.

DRUM CAKES: Frost cup cakes to resemble a drum for July refreshments. Pipe cleaners could be used as drum sticks to place in position across the "face of the drum".

CUCUMBER BOATS can be both clever and good eating and fill with a crisp chilled salad (tuna would be good, and be sure to use plenty of the diced cucumber in it!) Then arrange some long slices of sweet or dill pickles along the sides of the boat for the oars.

TEN YEAR TURN OVER

By Gladys Niece Templeton

Ten years ago I cleared the trunks Of capes and hobble skirts, Deep furs and feathered bonnets, Long gloves and mannish shirts, Bead strands and sparkling wristlets, High heels which gave me pain . . . Today I bought these very fads To fill my trunks again.

AFTER PARTY PRIZES

By

Evelyn Witter

The main problem of having parties for the Junior High-ers in our community was to make sure they went right home after the party. Too often they loitered too long to suit the worried, waiting-at-home parents.

This group of growing-ups made it very clear that they resented being taken and called for as they had been in their more "childish" grade school days. But most of the parents felt strongly that the children were still too young to be turned loose after party hours.

How could they let their children have the freedom they demanded and still have them off the streets at a reasonable hour?

The solution came from one mother who thought of awarding prizes *after* the party. She planned the usual boy-girl party for her son with active games like dart throwing and ping-pong. She had the expected session of dance records and dancing. What she added, after refreshment time, was pencil games. One for example was: List as many words with two T's in the middle as you can think of in ten minutes. (Little, sitter, kettle, tattle, cotton, batter, etc.)

Then as she gathered the papers she announced that she would have the lists checked and counted and the winners determined in half an hour.

However, the winners would be announced *after* the guests went home. She would call them by phone and notify each one of his or her score. If a winner was not home to receive the call, the prize would go to the next in line. The prizes would be brought to school the next day.

All the winners were home!

Other mothers have followed the same prize giving technique, and the parents of Junior High-ers in our community are not worried on party nights. Shortly after the party is over their children are home, sitting by the telephone anxiously awaiting the *after* party news that they were winners.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

RAISIN SAUCE

(Serve with baked or boiled ham or tongue.)

- 2/3 cup seedless raisins
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. corn starch
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/3 cup orange juice
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Place raisins in sauce pan with water and boil for 2 minutes. Add sugar and cornstarch, mixed. Cook until thick. Add juices and reheat before serving.

MIXED CHEESE SANDWICH SPREAD

- 1 cup (1/2 pound) cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup processed cheese (or a sharp cheese)
- 1 Tbls. light cream or mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 2 Tbls. onion (chopped)
- 1/4 cup olives or pickle (chopped)

Measure all ingredients into large bowl of electric mixer and turn speed to control low to start and slowly turn to highest speed and beat until creamy, about 3 minutes. This will be lovely for your picnic sandwiches this summer.

SWEET CREAM CORN BREAD

Into bowl: 2 eggs, beat well

3/4 cup yellow corn meal

Into sifter: 1 1/4 cup sifted flour

3 tsp. baking powder

1/4 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup thick sweet cream

Beat ingredients well and pour into greased pan. Bake in a 425 degree oven for 25 minutes or more.

SOFT RAISIN BARS

- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg

Cook raisins for 10 minutes. Dissolve the soda in 1 cup water from raisins. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs and beat. Add raisin liquid alternately with the dry ingredients. Bake in 2 large sheets in 375 degree oven about 30 min. Frost with powdered sugar icing.

HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Melt in double boiler 32 marshmallows with 1/2 cup evaporated milk. Then add 3 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate, a dash of salt and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Blend well until chocolate is melted. Serve hot over vanilla ice cream.

SHRIMP SALAD

- 3 cups shrimp, diced
 - 3 cups celery, diced
 - 3 hard-cooked eggs
 - 1/3 cup chopped sweet pickles
 - 3 Tbls. chopped pimientos
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 cup whipped cream
- Mix and serve on lettuce leaves.

PARTY DESSERT

- 1 pound marshmallows, cut up
 - 1 can shredded pineapple
- Mix and let stand over night. When ready to serve add 1 cup cream, whipped, and 1 cup nut meats. Serve in sherbets with a maraschino cherry on top.

DELICIOUS EGG SALAD

- 9 hard-cooked eggs
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/4 cup celery, chopped
- 2 Tbls. pimento, chopped
- 1 Tbls. parsley, chopped
- 2 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3 ounces cream cheese
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. chili sauce or catsup

Combine eggs, vegetables and seasonings. Blend mayonnaise and chili sauce. Add to egg mixture and mix thoroughly. Pack lightly in molds and chill 4 hours. Unmold on salad greens and serve with extra mayonnaise and chopped olives.

PIZZA ROLLS

- 1/4 pound Old English Cheese, grated
- 1 small bottle stuffed olives, chopped
- 1/4 cup catsup or tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. olive oil
- 1/8 tsp. cayenne or chili powder
- 1/2 green pepper
- 1 small onion

Chop or grind pepper and onion; simmer for about 5 minutes in a little water. Drain well. Add remaining ingredients. Scoop out centers of long, halved, finger rolls. Fill with above mixture. Place in moderate oven until cheese is melted.

VIRGINIA SPICED HAM

- 2 pound ham sliced (1 inch thick) in a 10 x 16 baking pan.
- Combine:
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
 - 1 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
 - 1 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1/2 cup water
- Pour over ham. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour. Baste several times during baking.

WHEAT BREAD

Into a small bowl put 2/3 cup warm water and 2 pkgs. dry yeast. Add 1 tsp. brown sugar. Let stand until it bubbles and rises. In a large bowl put 2 cups warm water. Add 2 Tbls. soft shortening, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 2 cups whole wheat or graham flour and about 2 cups of white flour to make a soft sponge. Cover and let rise in a warm place for 30 minutes. Add about 2 more cups white sifted flour and knead until smooth and elastic. Put in greased bowl, cover and let rise until double in bulk. Shape into 2 loaves. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in 350 degree oven. Oh, so good!

BUTTER BRICKLE CANDY

(Good for use in making butter brickle ice cream)

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup pecans

Stir constantly so will not burn in the skillet. When mixture begins to change color, reduce flame. Cook until it forms a hard ball. Add nuts. Spread out on cookie sheet and when cool break into pieces.

CHEESE WAFERS

(To serve with salads)

- 1 cups flour
- 1 cup butter
- 1 pound American cheese
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Add cheese to flour and blend in butter and salt. Knead well. Roll thin and cut with small cookie cutter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until a very delicate brown. You will need to watch them closely as they will burn quickly.

BUTTER BRICKLE ICE CREAM

- 1/2 pound butter brickle
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1 1/2 cups top milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Scald milk, beat egg yolks and sugar and cook in top of double boiler until it coats the spoon. Freeze until a thin mush, then add the beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Lastly add the crushed butter brickle and proceed to finish freezing.

ESCALLOPED HAM

- 2 cups cooked ham, ground
- 4 eggs, hard cooked and diced
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 Tbls. butter

Alternate layers of ham, eggs and bread crumbs in a buttered baking dish. Pour the medium white sauce over it and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

OUT OF DOORS COOKERY CAN BE EXCITING!

By
Frances R. Williams

Almost every thing tastes good when cooked and eaten out of doors! However, this type of cookery need not be a monotonous round of canned beans, fried potatoes, bacon and eggs or hamburgers and weiners.

It is surprising the variety of food that may be concocted on a two-burner camp stove with a skillet. After all, Great-grandmother managed to feed her hungry brood during the long trip by covered wagon to Kansas by way of a small fire surrounded by flat rocks with an iron pot and a frying pan.

The back-yard barbecue is a wonderful place for hamburgers and picnic meals, but for a vacation camping or motor trip when one expects to cook all or a part of the meals, a gasoline pressure camp stove is a good investment. In the camping areas of National and State parks, concrete fireplaces and grates are furnished, but fuel may not be available. Again, there are areas where fires are prohibited. So to be on the safe side, carry along a camp stove that is quick, easy to operate and folds into a small space.

Cooking equipment may range from an elaborate outfit down to the primitive. A camp neighbor of ours used the wire shelf of an old refrigerator as a rack on which to broil some tasty young tender chicken! A wire bread toaster turns out delicious broiled steaks and, of course, the old wire corn popper comes in handy to cook weiners. From long camping experience, we find a heavy iron skillet with a tight fitting lid an indispensable piece of equipment. Do keep your camp cooking utensils down to the minimum. While great grandma used a Dutch oven to bake her biscuits in the hot ashes, the modern girl will use her chicken fryer.

Just a bit of advice as to the care of the camping utensils: Rub the outside of the kettles, pans and skillets used about the fire-place with a bar of laundry soap. You will be surprised how easily the black washes off.

If the man of the house does the cooking chores on the camping trip or struts his stuff at the back-yard barbecue, there's no law against him trying some of our favorite recipes.

If the vacation is a fishing trip, the fish are biting and one is getting his limit every day, the family may get tired of fried fish (although we cannot imagine such a calamity!) this recipe (which called for bass in the original) can also be used for Yellow-stone Lake cut-throat trout or other fish. Even frozen fish fillets cooked this way on the kitchen range make good eating.

Fish With Cream Sauce

After cleaning and scaling fish, soak in cold water for a time. Dry on paper toweling; sprinkle with salt and pepper; place skin down in a hot greased skillet; cover fish with diluted canned milk. Sprinkle with bits of chopped bacon or ham and 1 cup bread crumbs. Cover skillet and cook



Girl's You'll Like my flavorings

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slowly over glowing coals for 40 minutes. Serve with the sauce which remains in the pan.

Jigg's Favorite

- 1 can corned beef
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 cup rice
- 1 small head cabbage, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Break up corned beef into pieces and cover with water; simmer over glowing coals for a few minutes; add tomato soup and rice; cook until rice is tender; add chopped cabbage, season to taste and cook 10—15 minutes longer.

Western Medley

- 4 large potatoes, peeled and sliced thin
 - 2 large onions, sliced
 - 1 large green pepper, diced
 - 2 Tbls. bacon drippings
 - 1/2 pound bologna, cubed
 - 1 can (No. 2) cream style corn
 - 4—6 eggs
 - Salt and pepper
- Use a heavy, large size skillet or chicken fryer.

Fry potatoes, onion and pepper in bacon fat until tender; season with salt and pepper; add bologna and cook ten minutes; add corn and cook an additional 10 minutes; Break eggs into mixture; cook until eggs set, stirring to prevent scorching.

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Super-Duper Pizza

- 2 cups prepared biscuit mix
 - 1 cup milk (diluted canned or powdered milk liquid)
 - 1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped and well drained. (this should be fairly thick)
 - 1/2 cup cubed cheddar cheese (American)
 - 1/4 cup onion finely chopped
 - 1/4 cup green pepper or pimento chopped fine
 - 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese (or sharp cheese finely grated)
 - 1/4 cup bacon drippings
 - Salt and pepper
- Add milk to biscuit mix and beat vigorously. Spread batter in a large heavy well greased skillet. Cover batter with the tomato, onion, cubed cheddar cheese and green pepper. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle grated cheese and drizzle the bacon fat over the pizza. Cook slowly over glowing coals for about 25 minutes or until the pizza is golden underneath and the

(Continued on page 12)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Good Friends:

A few minutes ago I moved aside a huge stack of papers on my desk so I could wind up the loose ends of personal letters that are to go into this very issue that you are now holding in your hands.

When I say "loose ends of personal letters" I mean being positive that Mother's, Frederick's, Dorothy's and my own letter are all together and ready to go down to the printers in about an hour. These letters are always the very last thing to be put into the printer's hands. And we're always troubled by the feeling that something really important is going to happen ten minutes after the big presses begin to turn! I can sympathize with the editors of large news magazines who must sit helplessly by when earth-shaking events happen exactly one hour too late to get it into their current issue.

We don't think, for one split second, that anything of earth-shaking importance happens to us. But we are always hoping that events out of the ordinary in our family circle will be timed in such a way that we need not wait a full month to report them!

As far as I can see, the children in our family have grown up (or are growing up) exactly like the children in your family aside from one exception: they learn mighty young that they must try to cooperate in getting "good" pictures! This was brought home to me twice one day last week.

When Juliana was packing for her first summer trip to Aunt Dorothy's and Uncle Frank's farm, she looked up from her jam-packed suitcase and said: "Oh, I musn't forget to take a roll of film because I *might* be able to get a good picture of Kristin that you can use in Kitchen-Klatter."

And when Alison (not quite four) was here on that same day, she ran out to her Uncle Russell and said with great excitement: "Come quick, Uncle Russell, because Clark is standing alone and it would make a good picture for Kitchen-Klatter."

I mentioned moving aside a huge stack of papers on this desk: well, those papers will mean something to you in August for they are the sheets of material that will go into our fall nursery circular. These are the days that my mind is focused firmly on tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, and all the other beautiful flowers that *must* be planted in the fall. I enjoy this work very much indeed, but I wish at the end of every day that somehow there could be 30 hours instead of 24. I am constantly appalled at how swiftly the hours fly by when I'm sitting here typing.

Yesterday I took time out to run down town and attend a sale of girls' clothing. Both Dorothy and I know only too well that when school opens this fall we must just about start from scratch where Kristin's and Juliana's clothing is concerned. We struggled through the last few weeks of school this spring, but there are no more hems to let down! Yesterday I was fortunate enough to find some real bargains, so at least we've made a beginning on the problem.



Here are Kristin and Juliana climbing the huge old tree just outside Grandpa Driftmier's back door. It's hard on grown-up nerves to watch them, but they insist that they're very, very cautious.

A few weeks ago I found time to make up some summer playclothes, and if I do say so myself, I was well pleased with the results. If you are looking for a simple pattern (shorts and top) I can recommend Advance Pattern No. 6404. It comes in sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16, and I purchased size 14 for Juliana — aside from making the waistband of the shorts slightly smaller, it fit very nicely.

Mother told me just this morning that the denim outfit I made looked like a professional's job! I purchased a beige colored denim with a gold stripe in it and made the entire outfit from it. Then I also made navy blue gingham and chartreuse colored linen into shorts, plus a red and white striped seersucker top, and a printed chartreuse top. By the time I'd finished the third outfit I'd gained so much speed that it took me longer to make all the buttonholes than to put the things together.

This subject of clothing brings to my mind something that I'd like to mention briefly.

I think it's important to pass on to other children the clothing that your own children outgrow — if there's anything left of it! I've never understood how people can pack away big boxes of clothing and let them stand in an attic or closet year in and year out. Once when we lived in Minneapolis I was genuinely shocked when a friend showed me a huge stack of cartons that contained everything her daughter (then 15) had ever worn. I thought of what those coats, snowsuits, dresses, etc., would have meant to some worried mother, and it seemed to me a genuinely selfish thing to keep on hoarding it year in and year out.

I do think it's nice to save a few special things — I have kept for Juliana a couple of her baby dresses, and two or three other dresses, as she grew older, that had happy memories connected with them. One dress, made

of white handkerchief linen, had so much of my handwork on it that I wanted her to have it when she grew up. In fact, I guess that in the back of my mind I thought that perhaps someday my grandchildren could wear it! But that's been the extent of my hoarding, and if there hadn't been small nieces in our family to pass things on to, you can be sure that I would have found a place for outgrown clothes.

These are the summer nights that Russell and I try to sit for a "spell" in our garden. I love to take my chair out by the small pool and listen to the refreshing sound of water dripping from the big stone leaf down into the water below. When there is a full moon we can catch glimpses of the goldfish, and all of the cares and worries of the day seem to melt away in the tranquility of a summer night.

I guess that one reason I enjoy the garden so much at night is because I can't see how much needs to be done to the house! I don't need to look at our big fence and wonder how in the world we'll *ever* find time to paint it! I don't need to glance at the shelter and wonder when it's *ever* going to get a second coat of paint. And Russell can't see the weeds that he wages battle with constantly! All in all, darkness covers up a multitude of defects.

Juliana is visiting on the farm right now, and we miss her sadly. Yet I could certainly never find it in my heart to keep her at home when I realize what a glorious time she and Kristin have together. We feel very fortunate that she has had all of these wonderful trips to the farm through her childhood, for I remember so vividly how much I enjoyed visiting my Aunt Clara and Aunt Adelyn when I was a little girl.

Things have changed tremendously since my childhood and youngsters growing up in our Midwest today have at least occasional access to swimming pools. But can you remember (if you're about my age) how eager you were to see *any* kind of water? When we grew up in Clarinda we had water in one place and one place only: the bathtub. There wasn't even any question of wading in some sluggish river when we went on picnics because of the danger in stepping into a deep hole.

I had such a longing for water of some kind to play in that one of Aunt Adelyn's favorite stories dates from the summer I was nine years old and went out to visit on her farm. They had an old, dried-up creek on this farm, and by July or August it had precious little water in it — and what little there was didn't look very inviting because it was constantly "muddied up" by cattle.

But the first afternoon I was there I ran into Aunt Adelyn and said: "Oh, Aunt Adelyn, do you mind if I go down and play in the rippling brooklet?" Rippling brooklet! Well, I certainly WANTED it to be a rippling brooklet and for all practical purposes that's what it appeared to my water-starved eyes.

Goodness! It's time to run to the printers right now. Until we meet next month in these pages . . . Lucile.

TREE TOP LAND OF PINK AND BLUE

By
Virginia Thomas

Of course you know the old, old poem of "Rock-a-Bye Baby in the Tree Top". But do you know this makes an ideal theme for a stork shower to welcome a new arrival?

For your invitations, cut out tiny cradles of heavy white paper and decorate them with pink and blue blossoms. Add a tiny pink or blue ribbon bow. You will make the cradle double so it opens allowing you to print the information on the inside. If you wish a little poem to include with the time, date, etc., you may start with this idea:

"The Rock-A-Bye Cradle"

Soon will fall;

It will come to Mary's house—

Leaving baby, cradle, and all."

Summer blossoms make pretty decorations, and at this season of the year perhaps you will find that a wide variety should be available. For a central decoration why not make a "Rock-a-bye" tree? Secure a nicely shaped branch — one with real blossoms would be ideal but if none are available, then you may add real or artificial pink and blue flowers. In the top of the "tree" add a tiny cradle fashioned of heavy paper. Wrap a very light weight, perhaps celluloid doll, in a pink or blue blanket and place it in the cradle..

For a paper and pencil game, play "Who's in the Cradle?" Give each person a sheet of paper shaped like a cradle. The first to unscramble this list and learn the baby names is winner. 1. R yam (Mary). 2. P J Hose (Joseph). 3. Wet ham t (Matthew). 4. Her set (Esther). 5. Pairs cill (Priscilla). 6. Soil (Lois). 7. Zeal bit he (Elizabeth). 8. Shot ma (Thomas). 9. Her beak, (Rebekah). 10. Ram hat (Martha). 11. Pets hen (Stephen). 12. Y mit hot (Timothy).

WHO WILL GET THE PINK AND BLUE BUNDLE? This game is a just-for-fun game. Wrap a small bundle in pink and blue and tell the crowd that whoever holds it when the music stops must unwrap it, find his forfeit, and do whatever he is so instructed. The music may slow down several times so that each person tries desperately to get rid of the pink and blue bundle. The last person to hold it as the music stops, opens it and finds a small envelope with his forfeit which reads — "Now unwrap the next layer and take me home with you." Inside is a suitable prize.

DOWN CAME THE CRADLE. Give each person a certain number of small paper cradles. Then at given signal, each must search about the room for tiny pictures of babies to fit into the cradles. As soon as a baby is found the player runs to the table, gets a straight pin, fastens that baby in a cradle and then searches for the next baby. The first to secure babies in all the cradles is winner.

PUT THE BABY TOGETHER AGAIN. From magazines, calendars or books, find bright colored pictures of babies. Cut them into jig saw



Four Driftmier cousins lunge for the ice cream ladle. Juliana is helping Alison to get the first good lick because she's the smallest, but Martin and Emily are due for their turn soon.

pieces of equal size and see who can assemble her picture first.

BABY'S MAGIC PIN. Hide all size and types of safety pins. There may be large silver pins, medium sized ones, small silver and gold colored ones, and a few of the diaper pins with bright colored plastic heads. Have each type of pin count a certain number of points. When the stop signal is given each person counts up his score. Give the pins to the honoree.

WHAT'S IN THE CRADLE? Give each guest paper and pencil. Use a doll cradle or fashion one from a cardboard box. In the cradle place about two dozen items commonly used in caring for a baby. There could be a safety pin, swab, powder, oil, wash cloth, towel, soap, and so forth. Allow each person to look through the items in the cradle and then see who can write down the most accurate list.

NAME THE BABY. This time the names must be rhyming pairs such as Mary and Larry, Gerald and Harold, Kerry and Terry. See who can think of the most "twin" names in a given time.

PRESENTING THE GIFTS. If you are having the shower before the baby arrives it would be nice to have a gift for the mother-to-be, too. You might present a book, a bed jacket, etc. Or I think a novel idea would be to wrap several small items, each in an individual package, with instructions that the guest of honor is to open one package each day for the time she is in the hospital. There might be a small bottle of perfume, a box of "thank-you" notes that will come in handy, a pretty hanky, some nail polish, and so on.

Then for the new arrival, what could be more appropriate than a pretty bassinet from the group? Or if gifts are given individually, it would be nice to present them in a baby's cradle or perhaps a dolly's cradle. If you can find a musical cradle, have it playing as the gifts are brought into the room. And I would not be surprised if it played, "Rock-a-Bye"! If several of the gifts are very light in weight, you might tie them to a tree branch that you have sprayed white, silver or gold.

REFRESHMENTS:

You may easily carry out the pink and blue idea in your refreshments. By using whipped jello, you can carry out the pink color. For pretty cakes, frost in white, make the outline of a

tree in chocolate, then add tiny pink or blue blossoms. Pink and white ice cream, pink lemonade, colored marshmallows, white mints with pink and blue flowers will all carry out the color scheme. For individual favors or place cards you may buy tiny individual plastic trees at the dime store for ten cents or less, or you may use real branches — tiny ones, of course. In the top of each tree tie small rubber dolls that are sold for about a nickel at many stores. Wrap these very small dolls in bits of pink or blue flannel. On the other limbs place pink and blue and white colored gumdrops. Or if you wish, you may use other candies. Wrap each piece in a bit of blue or pink paper and tie ribbons to the limbs.

When you plan your shower, be sure to schedule it far enough ahead so that you and the stork do not have conflicting dates. Too, most mothers like to know what gifts they will receive to avoid duplication of larger items.

When you select gifts for prizes, look for those to fit in with your "theme". There are clever little flower containers shaped like cradles, bassinets, etc. Vases in pink or blue, hankies of white with pink or blue edging, or other gifts could be wrapped in white paper and tied with large pink and blue bows.

(Continued from page 10)

cheese topping has melted down into the biscuit mixture. Serve in pie shaped wedges.

Travelers Solace

Cook diced potatoes, onions and carrots in a small amount of salted water until tender. Add two cans of condensed chicken soup and 1 pint of diluted canned milk. Cook 5 minutes and serve.

* * *

There are endless combinations using canned meat products and vegetables. Canned stew can be made more tasty if cooked and topped with dumplings made with biscuit mix. Be sure to have plenty of liquid in pan to prevent scorching.

Fruit Pudding Camp Style

Use canned cherries, berries, sliced peaches or any desired fruit. Turn into a heavy 3-4 quart pan with a tight fitting lid. Sweeten fruit; add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and enough water to more than cover. Measure out 1/2 box of white or yellow cake mix and mix according to directions. Drop in to boiling fruit with a teaspoon. Cook covered for 20 minutes over glowing coals or a low fire.

* * *

All of the above recipes are designed to serve 5 or 6 people, depending on the appetite. The ingredients are those that we have found useful to stock when traveling or camping. May your camping vacation be most enjoyable.

If one has plenty of money but no children, he cannot be reckoned rich; if one has children, but no money, he cannot be considered poor.—Chinese Proverb.

FURNITURE REFINISHING

By Gladys Niece Templeton

In these days of high costs, many homemakers are confronted with the problem of furniture refinishing. Most homes have a few pieces of old walnut, cherry, or mahogany which need redoing, but 'how to go about it' is the question.

Some years ago we inherited several pieces of very old rosewood and walnut. They came to us in their original finish and could not be used until they were refinished, which would cost a prohibitive sum to have done professionally. To avoid this we enrolled in a class for furniture refinishing and have now completed the entire job. We wish our grandparents might see these cherished pieces today!

One of our favorites, the black walnut drop-leaf dining table has had an interesting history. Originally it was a thing of beauty, but it had been demoted to the kitchen, from there to an outbuilding where it was used as a utility table, and then relegated to the discard room. During these years it had been temporarily mended with heavy nails, the top deeply scarred and warped, the hand-made legs damaged but still holding their original castors.

While different woods require different treatment, I shall here give only the method for the antique walnut finish. This step-by-step process may encourage you to attempt your own work, for surely no task could be more rewarding in satisfaction. This can also become a fascinating and profitable hobby.

First: Do forget the element of time . . . allow plenty of time because old wood has dried out and needs time to 'oil-cure' if the finished product is smooth and satiny. It is well to have a definite spot, moderately heated, where the article may be protected while such work is in process. (During these summer months we at least don't need to fret about the moderately heated spot!)

Second: Use only good quality brushes, oils and very soft rags.

Third: Keep the finished article in mind, work for perfection. Method for antique black walnut finish:

If the article is in bad condition, take it apart, making note of the construction.

Remove every trace of the old finish with the best quality finish remover that can be had at your local paint shop.

Clean each piece and wipe dry.

While electric sanders are to be had, we found the old wood lends itself to hand sanding and requires much more time. The surface must be absolutely smooth; if there are deep scars the entire surface must be sanded until all traces have disappeared. If any parts have warped one must use metal braces or clamps before sanding, soaking these parts in a water bath until the original shape is achieved.

Reassemble, put together the article of furniture, using furniture glue

or screws in place of nails. Nail holes may be filled with wooden pegs or wax before refinishing.

If stain filler is used, apply with a soft cloth to a small portion at a time with the grain of the wood, rub off quickly, until the desired shade.

Next, apply a light coat of clear shellac.

Rub with the finest steel wool until the surface is satiny. This requires endless hours.

Apply second coat of shellac, followed by a long session of rubbing with steel wool.

Clean article well, making certain to remove every particle of steel wool.

Now for the long hours of rubbing with pumice stone (powder) and linseed oil. This is applied with a felt eraser, being careful to work with the grain. RUB! RUB!

You may stop here, but for utility, we prefer a wax finish. Our method has been to rub the wax into the surface with our hands, but a soft cloth may be used.

When to stop rubbing? The surface will tell you . . . it will be so lovely you'll want to put your treasure on public exhibition.

(Lucile's note: From time to time I've talked with garden callers who live in or near Great Bend, Kansas — Mrs. Templeton's home town. These people have told me about the Templeton's beautiful antique furniture, and they've described it so glowingly that I'm determined to go there someday and see the pieces with my own eyes. You may not have time right now to tackle any refinishing, but be sure you save this article for I can assure you that Mrs. Templeton knows whereof she speaks!)

LEARNING CHRIST

Teach me, my Lord, to be sweet and gentle

In all the events of life—
in disappointments,
in the thoughtlessness of others,
in the insincerity of those I trusted,
in the unfaithfulness of those on whom I relied.

Let me put myself aside,
to think of the happiness of others,
to hide my little pains and heart-aches,
so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes across my path.

Let me so use it that it may mellow me, not harden nor embitter me; that it may make me patient, not irritable,
that it may make me broad in my forgiveness, not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

May no one be less good for having come within my influence.

No one less pure, less true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in our journey toward ETERNAL LIFE.

As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper from time to time a word of love to Thee. May my life be lived in the supernatural, full of power for good, and strong in its purpose of sanctity.



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FILLING THE GIFT CHEST

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Now is a good time to take inventory and see if the contents of your gift chest are becoming depleted.

I find it very helpful to have extra gifts prepared so that I am always ready for those unexpected showers or for a little remembrance I wish to give.

There is something especially friendly about receiving a gift that has been hand made.

Here are a few ideas for welcome gifts that you will find easy and inexpensive to make.

Aprons always come high on the list and perhaps you feel that they are a little too common. You will not feel that they have been "over-used" if you try making them with a new look. Mother-daughter aprons are especially nice and those of you who have young daughters KNOW how much more willing they help with the dishes if they have an apron just like mother's to wear.

Or have you tried making an apron to match your friend's kitchen? Perhaps she has a color scheme easily duplicated. Or there may be a very definite design in her wallpaper such as little flower pots, a shelf with ivy or bright cherries. You could embroider a row of these across the bottom of the apron.

For Christmas I received an apron that is very handy. It has an extra tie snapped on one side where the belt is sewed. From this tie hangs a heavy quilted pot holder that matches the apron. A pot holder at your finger tips saves many a burn.

A sewing apron is different, too. It can be made of a sturdy material, cobbler style. An extra piece across the bottom of the front can be divided into pockets for thread, floss, etc. An extra thick quilted square can hold the needle not in use and a cord can keep the scissors within reach. A similar apron from ticking or heavy material serves for a cleaning apron and will save the housewife many steps.

For inexpensive and most welcome gifts try giving photographs that you have taken secretly. Take a surprise picture of your friend's children, home, flower garden, or pets. These pictures framed or mounted in a small album will be a priceless gift.

If you tat or crochet make doilies suitable for end tables, etc. Then buy a vase, candy dish, or small ornament that goes well with the doily.

Handkerchiefs with crocheted or tatted edges are nice but often we wish to give something a little extra. Why not make a handkerchief case from scraps of silk or other rich looking material. Cut the cloth about 9x12 or a little larger—then it will be folded over book-style. Between the front and back layers add one or two layers of outing flannel for body. Sachet added is delightful. Stitch lace around the edges. You may monogram the holder or decorate it with dainty colored transfer patterns. This gift will be used many, many times. This, I think you will find especially nice for the teen-agers on your list

who always like something a bit fancy. It is also a nice last day of school or Christmas remembrance for the teacher.

For the small fry in the family you can make very pretty little cover-all style aprons from small feed sacks. These sacks are spread out and cut for right length. There is only a draw string through the top that ties in the back and holds it on. Arm holes are cut half moon shaped and bound. The moon shaped part extends over the shoulder making a little cap sleeve. Jean Marie has such an apron of blue and white check, decorated with rick rack. In the summer she wears it like a little sun dress for play. She also wears it like an apron to protect her good dress while she is eating.

A nice gift that Jean Marie received for Christmas was a kind of cobbler play apron. Her aunt made it from a pale green bath towel and bound it in pink tape. Across the front, the bottom of the towel was turned up and rows of pink tape stitched up and down formed pockets for crayons, scissors, and other play things. I have seen these of print material but I heartily recommend the heavier material for youngsters because no paint or paste will soak through readily to soil good clothing.

When you are sewing for little girls it does not take much time to use a scrap of material and make something for her favorite dolly.

Many elderly ladies who live on a small income do not have much money to buy material to keep them busily occupied. For these you might press out all your sewing scraps and give them with thread, a quilt pattern and perhaps enough material to set the quilt together. Dish towels with patterns and floss, or crocheted thread and an instruction book with some new patterns would be most welcome.

Keep a well filled gift chest and holidays and birthdays will cause you no worry.

GALLOPING BREAKFAST IN REVERSE

No one feels like doing elaborate entertaining when the weather gets downright hot, yet we do like to get together with our friends for a good gab-fest now and then.

Why not have a series of surprise breakfasts? Instead of the usual procedure of surprise invitations to guests, reverse the party and take the hostess unaware, with the guests bringing the eats, of course. If you make these surprise breakfasts, you can take along the makings for a cup of coffee and some sweet rolls and that will do the trick — no muss, no fuss. Of course you should make it a rule that house dresses are the required garb, and if you arrive and find your hostess in the midst of a canning session, perhaps you can lend a helping hand as you visit!

One nice thing about these breakfast parties is the fact that the children — and mama's — are fresher and rested then and too, the children's afternoon naps are not interrupted.

—Mabel Nair Brown

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ORDER CUNNING CAMP FIRE GIRL, Brownie, Cub, Girl, or Boy Scout, Davey, Dazey Crocket Puppets \$1.00 each, 10¢ for mailing. Jane Fauquet, Plattsmouth, Nebr.

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PHONOGRAPH RECORDS. Latest hits. 45 and 78 RPM. 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

TATTING ORDERS taken for pillow cases, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, and doilies, Ida Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

BIRTHDAY or Get well Cards 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

BOOKLET—"Tips on Wedding Invitations & Announcements"—25¢ ppd. Only 150 left—first come, first served.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

Ceramic Supplies—Glazes—Kilns—China Paints, etc., Send for catalog. Ceramic Division—Aluminum Art Products, 225 W. 8th, Kansas City 5, Mo.

BOYS SUIT or romper clothespin bag or Towel apron \$1.00 each. Plastic Baby Moccasins pin cushion 75¢ pr. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

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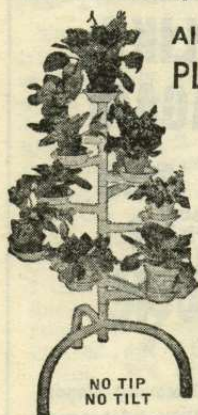
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Our Afghans for Veterans project is coming along very nicely. To date, ten afghans have been finished. Part of them are already in use. Quite a lot of yarn has been received. Some of it has come in small lots, some in large quantities. I want you to know that every bit is being used and I'm sure you will get a thrill from knowing you helped in this project. I thank every one of you who sent yarn, and every one who is doing the knitting — or crocheting or whatever way you are making the afghans. The ones that have been sent to me are really lovely.

Summer is often a bad time for shutin folk. Too many times they have to stay indoors, when the rest of the family can be out, and it is lonely business. Will you do something to help these folks?

Sissie McNary, Rt. 1, Preston Rd., Norwich, Conn., is 6. She has never been well, can go to school only part of the time, and spends most of her time upstairs with her granny. A letter or package is a big event.

Mrs. Louise Bearden, Battery Hospital, Ward 9B, Rome, Ga., has been in the hospital 10 months. She is a widow and her 3 sons stay with her mother.

Roy E. Ewing, Rt. 3, Gloster Rd., Lawrenceville, Ga., is 12. He had polio 6 years ago and has been crippled since. He is now in the hospital for surgery to straighten his feet. He likes to read, and likes things to play with.

Mrs. Hattie Johnson, Rt. 4, c/o Mrs. Donald Friess, Ft. Dodge, Iowa, is a shutin who would enjoy getting mail.

Mrs. Ida Reed, 10007 East 61 St., Rt. 3, Kansas City 29, Mo., is 84. She had a stroke some years ago and is unable to walk alone.

Judy Toyne, Coon Rapids, Iowa, has been bedfast 17 months with rheumatic fever. Her heart is affected. She is 14.

Miss Elta Cox, Rt. 4, Box 92, Paducah, Ky., has a birthday, June 27. She will be 41, has been shutin all her life, and cannot remember ever walking. She gets about the house in a nearly worn-out wheelchair. She gets so lonely and blue. Would like mail and would answer if postage is included.

Merle Smith, Rt. 3, B248, Hemet, Calif., is a young fellow who is spastic. He is unable to get about at all.

Mrs. Mary B. Wilson, 3612 Alpine Drive, Knoxville, Tenn., has been sick many years. She has to be in bed a good deal of the time and gets pretty blue. She enjoys mail.

In answer to a number who have asked for the address of an Indian Mission where you can send used clothing (also new), and bedding and other things, write to Mrs. John Wood, c/o Indian Mission, Stewart, Nevada. Mrs. Ward lived not far from us before she went into this mission work. She tells us the need is great there. They especially need things for young mothers and babies, and bedding of all kinds.

PICNIC FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

THE LION TAMER—a stunt game. Work this in pairs. Give each player a lariat which is a length of clothes-line rope. Place two chairs upside down on the floor. Now each player must balance a paper plate upon his head at the same time lasso one leg of the chair — standing back several feet from the chair. One player from each side competes with an opponent from the other team if your party has been divided into groups.

FAN THE BREEZE: Fill in answers to clues with words beginning with fan or "phan".

1. A young miss. Fanny. 2. A Chinese fan. Fan-tan. 3. A pretty price. Fancy. 4. Out of this world. Fantastic. 5. A pigeon. Fantail. 6. A ghostly illusion. Phantom. 7. The trumpet call. Fanfare. 8. The whimsical touch. Phantasy. 9. It's their idea. Fanatic. 10. A dance. Fandango.

STRING ALONG: Have many short lengths of string hidden over the picnic grounds. The guests choose partners and go hunting strings. As the partners find strings they tie them together. The winner is the couple having the longest string when the game is over.

FREE ACTS: Divide group into couples or small groups. Each couple, or group, must then put on a "free act" for the entertainment of the crowd. If you like you can specify that all of these must have a circus theme; for example, The Bearded Lady and her sideshow barker, or the Trained Monkey Act.

BOTTLE BEAUTIES

When you're cleaning out those kitchen cupboards don't throw away the odds and ends of bottles. Most bottles have a beautiful destiny if you but add a little skill to their transformation.

For example: Some bottles make lovely toilet sets for your own use or as gifts. Collect two or three bottles from your cupboard. Cut out pictures of flowers from magazines or wall-paper and paste on to bottles. Cover the flowers with clear shellac or lacquer. Paint the lids with enamel. And presto! you have a useful and pretty set of toilet bottles to display in kitchen, bathroom, or dressing table.

Or you may find a bottle just perfect for an ivy vine vase. Coat this bottle with glue. Wrap smooth rope around and around allowing each round to fit snugly against the previous one. Tuck ends under with orange stick or sharp knife.

Then shellac with clear or colored shellac, fill the bottle with water and insert a slip of ivy.

—Evelyn Witter

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