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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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H. Armstrong Roberts.

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Just a few minutes ago I told Jessie and Martha goodbye as they started home to Clarinda after spending the night here, and now while it's still early in the day and quite cool, I'll sit down and visit with you.

Last night we had a lovely birthday get-together here at our house. This time it was Jessie's birthday, and we were a little late because she was down at the Lake of the Ozarks during the last week of June when we should have had our family dinner. However, it was a nice trip for her since she went with her son Bill and his family, and they had a most pleasant vacation.

Our table was stretched out last night for in addition to Jessie, Martha, Fred Fischer, Mart, Bertha Field and myself (the usual group) we had the pleasure of seeing Mary Field, brother Sol's wife who has been visiting her children in this part of the country. Both Sol and Mary had hoped to make this trip and we'd planned on it since we visited them last winter, but at the last minute Sol didn't feel that he could get away — so Mary came alone from Gerber, California.

I always like to hear what you people fix when you have company, so I'll go ahead and tell you that I served iced watermelon balls, sliced ham, pimento potatoes, buttered cauliflower, hot rolls with strawberry preserves, pineapple salad, and for dessert a beautiful angel food cake baked by Martha, and vanilla ice cream topped with fresh raspberries. After we had finished our dinner we had a lovely evening visiting until ten o'clock or so . . . and felt that we had had a happy time to celebrate Jessie's birthday.

Our big family news this month is the announcement of the birth of Katherine Mary Driftmier to Mary Beth and Donald in Anderson, Indiana. As I told you last month, we expected this important news in July (the 15th, I believe it was) so we were quite surprised when the telephone rang about 7:30 on the evening of June 20th and Donald was on the other end sounding very excited and happy.

Katherine weighed 7 lbs. 1 oz. when she was born, and according to Donald's report she had quantities of jet black hair and was screaming so loudly that nothing could be wrong with her lungs! Mary Beth stayed in the hospital for a week, and then Don-

ald's two weeks of vacation began and he was to be there to take over some of the night shift. As you know, this is their first baby and we can just imagine what the first few weeks will be like!

We are hoping that we can see Katherine in the autumn when she is christened, for we expect to visit Frederick's family at Springfield and will stop over to visit in Anderson. Next month we expect to have a picture to share with you — as I write this we still haven't had any snapshots from Donald and are getting quite impatient to see the new Driftmier.

Abigail and Wayne had a nice visit with her brother John, his wife Helen, and their two children, Nancy and Tom, in the last part of June. They live in El Segundo, Calif. and try to make the trip back here about every two years. Abigail has just the two brothers, John and Clark, and since there are only the three of them they make a real effort to maintain family ties.

Emily, Alison, Clark, Martin and Juliana are all spending happy hours at the swimming pool this summer. Even though Clark is only about twenty months old he has a good time in the shallow section with his water toys. Martin is still on this side too, but Juliana has progressed to the grown-up section and can now dive from the top board and swim entirely across the pool. Martin had his eighth birthday on July 8th, and Alison was four on July 9th. Both children had a small "cousin" party with ice cream and cake.

Bertha Field has been working very hard since she came home. After her long absence she found all kinds of things stacked up, and now she is busy from morning until night in her garden, and is doing a lot of canning and freezing. As I write this, she doesn't know for sure which of the children will be able to get home for a visit in July and August — several things have come up unexpectedly in their homes and changed their plans.

I've been a little lazy with my handwork on these hot summer days. For one thing, just when I thought I was all through with Abigail's quilt I discovered that I needed five more blocks to make it large enough to hang to the floor. I pitched right in and made three of them, but there are still two left for my needle when I feel like sewing again.

I did make two summer smocks for Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, or I should say that I did the handwork on them — a four-inch band of smocking in front and in back. Jessie put them together. They tie on the shoulders, and we said that when you tired of them as smocks they could be easily converted into aprons by using the shoulder ties for the waist ties. Then I had some hems to fix for Kristin and Juliana, but these things that I've mentioned just about cover my total handwork thus far this summer.

Margery, Oliver and Martin are spending a week at Spirit Lake and enjoying accommodations right on the water. They may go into Chicago a little later for the second week of Oliver's vacation. I miss Martin running in and out for he is very good to go on errands, take out waste paper baskets, and other little chores of this kind.

We have been fortunate in Southwestern Iowa so far since we've had the right amount of moisture in proportion to a hot sun. Our roses are now in their second big burst of bloom and look very beautiful. Russell asks me to be sure to remember to tell you that he hopes you will also stop to see the roses in his garden and in Wayne's garden. Naturally they are more spectacular at some times than at other times, but there is almost always something in bloom.

We are sure that you're glad to see the additional pages in this issue. It's a change that we've wanted to make for a long time, since there just didn't seem to be room for the additional things that you friends had suggested. We want to include church helps every month and hope that you will write and tell us about things that you're doing in your group. With every day that passes our churches grow more important in this troubled world, and we feel that we can really help each other by exchanging ideas and suggestions. Certainly we'll make every effort to pass on as much as we can.

Mae Driftmier, Howard's wife, manages our Kitchen-Klatter office, you know, and she told me yesterday when she dropped by during the noon hour that these are the days our files of far-distant addresses really grow by leaps and bounds. It seems that so many of you take Kitchen-Klatter along when you go on vacations, and when other people see it they want it. About fifty percent of these subscriptions come directly from the new addresses, and the remainder are sent as a "bread-and-butter" gift as appreciation for hospitality.

Mae also says that Donna is very busy sewing and getting her clothes ready for college in the fall. She sews beautifully and turns out dresses and blouses that look as if they had come from an expensive shop. Mae also is a clever seamstress and has become very adept at upholstering the beautiful furniture that Howard makes.

The clock says that it's time for our morning radio visit, so until September I must tell you goodbye.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

BOUQUETS FOR FUN OR PROFIT

By
Mildred D. Cathcart

We have almost reached the time of year when we should begin keeping our eyes "peeled" for a variety of pods, flowers, weeds, leaves and grasses to use in lovely bouquets and flower arrangements.

Interesting and artistic things can be done for an absorbing hobby, but don't overlook the possibility of turning this into a highly profitable department for your bazaar. I heard about a group in Minnesota who cleared over \$300.00 with their winter arrangements!

While you are searching for these things along the roadsides and in gardens, do see if you can acquire by hook or by crook some pieces of driftwood that have a few "flat" places on them. Unfortunately, these aren't likely to be scattered along our Midwestern roadsides, but perhaps an obliging relative or friend can send a few pieces from areas where driftwood is found in profusion.

Kathryn Campbell of Centerville, Iowa who does arrangements for fun, for profit and for group demonstrations, uses a piece of driftwood to add interest to various arrangements. It is astonishing how many things you can do with driftwood to make unusual conversation pieces.

It can be handled in countless ways, of course, but the initial step in preparing driftwood is to clean it with a wire scrub brush and a detergent. Be sure that you let it dry for several days after this treatment.

Next, sand the wood thoroughly and then coat it with a clear varnish (four or five coats to produce a high gloss), or paint it. The driftwood that I thought the most effective in Mrs. Campbell's collection was painted stark white. It took several coats of enamel to produce this striking result.

During the summer months, Mrs. Campbell places a vine around the driftwood and has a couple of lazy looking pixies relaxing at the top. In the autumn months, the wood takes on a new appearance when it is surrounded with bittersweet or a vine; tiny wax pumpkins and tiny witches or goblins are scattered here and there to replace the pixies. At Christmas time, evergreen and holly flank the white driftwood and a pudgy Santa takes over. And very beautiful too is the white driftwood arranged with "angel hair" and topped with the angel choir.

Planters are still extremely popular, and one church group (the Minnesota crowd) sold all they could turn out. They used an oblong two-pound cheese box and painted the outside of it exactly the same shade of soft brown that was used for the driftwood. A local tinsmith cut a metal container that was slipped inside the box. This made it a permanent container and boosted sales tremendously. Small nails were used to anchor the driftwood to the front of the cheese box.

When Mrs. Campbell's church group was responsible for a bazaar, she led



Here is Kathryn Campbell of Centerville, with one of her attractive fall bouquets.

them on a hike along country roads. They gathered bittersweet, cat tails, pods, unusual looking weeds, golden rod, autumn leaves, berries, grasses — just anything that looked promising for a bouquet!

Following this, a session was arranged for sorting and making the most striking looking bouquets they could achieve from their collection.

(Incidentally, they found that one of their best sellers was a combination of dried hydrangea and cat tails. Everyone seemed enthusiastic about the combination of soft brown blended with the pinkish hue.)

Bittersweet is always a favorite, but it makes an even bigger hit if arranged more artistically. A search was made for old bottles, jugs and jars which were painted in neutral colors. Three long tendrils of bittersweet formed the outline, and shorter pieces were used to fill in and finish the design.

Once you begin planning your autumn arrangements you will be on the lookout for many things that are as close as your own garden or yard — or are waiting on country lanes not far away. Pampas or plume grass is feathery and forms a good background, or can be used to fill in. Also easily located will be castor beans, milk weed pods, oak leaves, pussy willows, coxcomb, straw flowers, marigolds, rhubarb seed stalks, kaffir corn and wheat.

Any group or individual who really wants to go into this fascinating work will probably want to plant things for this specific purpose. Silver King and fine old-fashioned coxcomb should almost head the list! But when you study your seed and nursery catalogs during the winter months ahead, you'll find many other perennials and annuals that can be used.

An arrow may fly through the air and leave no trace; but an ill thought leaves a trail like a serpent.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A PROGRAM?

It has been a long time since we mentioned our collections of kodachrome slides, and from the numbers of inquiry we've received recently we think it advisable to give the details once again.

For Garden Clubs we particularly recommend our collection titled *Midwestern Flowers*. There are approximately 53 slides in this group and it makes a good program for those who are interested in flowers.

Aside from the collection *Midwestern Flowers* we can offer three other sets of slides. 1. *Hawaii and Our Southern States*; 2. *The West*; 3. *California*. There are many flower shots in *Hawaii and Our Southern States*, and this makes it highly suitable for Garden Clubs. However, this collection covers so much ground that it is recommended for any groups, regardless of their interests.

Each set contains about 53 or 54 slides and a detailed lecture accompanies them. All of these slides are in natural color, and to show them you will need a 35 mm. projector and a screen suitable for showing any type of film.

We would like to make it very clear too that these are not movies, so don't start searching for a movie projector.

In most communities there is at least one person who has a 35 mm. projector and screen who will lend them to a responsible group. We've also been told that many County Agents have this equipment, as well as schools.

All of the photographs in these four collections were taken by members of our family. We sent our original prints in to have duplicates made, so when you see them you are looking at the same thing you would see if you stepped into any of our homes here in Shenandoah.

There have been so many requests for these collections that we want to emphasize the fact that it is wise to set a date quite some time in advance. We always do our best to sandwich in requests, but you'll run much less risk of being disappointed for a given date if you give us plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements. We ask too that you return the slides within 24 hours after using them.

Any church groups who wish to use these for a Silver Tea type of function have our permission to do so. This also applies to PTA groups who wish to have something different from the routine type program and want to take up a collection. So many people have written to ask about this that we thought it wise to make it clear.

The only charge for using them is \$1.00 per set to cover the cost of handling them and getting them into the mail.

If you have been looking around for a different type of program, perhaps one of these collections would answer your needs. I keep the files on our kodachromes and will try to answer all requests promptly, so address me as follows: Mrs. Russell Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa, if you are interested.—Lucile.



A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

On a hot summer afternoon, not long ago, I walked down the block to Lucile's and Russell's garden to sit for a few moments and enjoy a glass of iced coffee. It was hot, too hot to finish the ironing, and I don't know when I was happier to pull the plug from the iron and accept such an invitation. I had scarcely sat down when she asked me if I would write a letter for Kitchen-Klatter. Well! I argued "What would I write about?" She reminded me that I had interests that were so much like *your* interests that she was certain I would have *something* to say. That was that!

I don't believe I have ever put any of my thoughts in print. The idea was almost frightening until I remembered how many of my friends drop in for a cup of coffee from the pot on the stove that is almost never cold and of the wonderful close companionship I have with these friends and of the warm-hearted conversations we have concerning our homes and our families. I decided that I would imagine that you had dropped in and I'll just visit with you!

One of my friends called recently bemoaning the fact that her Bobby had finally come down with the mumps, and wouldn't you know he would be the last one in the neighborhood to get them? Vacation time and all the other youngsters are out of doors, climbing trees, riding their bikes, playing ball in the park — and poor Bobby on the davenport, completely left out of everything. I had been through the mumps with Martin and how did I keep him entertained when he must stay down and quiet although he wasn't actually sick? It happens to all mothers sometime or other. If it isn't mumps, it is measles or chicken pox and unfortunately for some, longer drawn-out periods of time with rheumatic fever or similar illness. It occurred to me that perhaps some of you would welcome some suggestions too.

The first thing I did was sort over all the old coloring books and reading material which had been over-looked for several months. As Martin finished coloring pictures, he cut them out of the books, mounted them on cardboard, designed the borders and I hung them in his room. I believe that the time I took to help him mount them for hanging prolonged his interest in the coloring. He took greater pains to do a good job and kept at it longer than if he had colored one page after another and left them in the book.

Martin is fortunate in that he has many fond relatives who enjoy giving little books at times of special gifts. He has quite a collection which he tries to keep neatly arranged in the

bookcase along beside his desk in his room. This past year in second grade he was, for the first time, able to read his own books. Of course he had read some of them many times but *now* we decided to keep track of the books he read. We made a train, a new car added for every three books he read by himself. Of course he still needs help with words he is unable to sound out, but in this way we kept up his interest in reading.

Pre-schoolers love to string kindergarten beads, but don't let it stop there. I had several old strings of beads — the long kind. I pulled them all off their strings and let Martin restring them to suit his fancy and imagination. My! This lasted for several days and certainly did help him not only in counting (which could easily get monotonous) but also in his feeling for design and color combinations. One necklace and bracelet in turquoise and white I'm wearing this summer and consider my favorite costume jewelry, which pleases him no end. If you haven't any of your own, perhaps you can scout around and find some among your relatives and friends.

We made scrapbooks galore, wove pot holders, untangled embroidery thread in the sewing box, sorted the jewelry box, matching up the earrings and countless little time-consuming jobs.

He decorated every plain papered napkin we had in the house with flags, flowers, birds, and butterflies. ("So they would serve for any occasion," he said.)

I think it is always wise to have a few ideas to put into action, not only when the children are sick but for those *hard* days — the rainy ones, for instance. (I'm certain every mother knows what I mean!) You grandmothers can use these ideas also when the grandchildren come to visit. That reminds me of something else. Even if there are no youngsters in your home, do have something to entertain them when they *do* come. Everyone should have something for visiting children to play with. I have always felt that many little accidents that occur when children come to visit could have been avoided if there had been some interesting, quiet activity for them. And mothers, if you are wise, you will take along a few crayons and a new color book just to be on the safe side. We usually keep some in the car and then if there are no plans for entertaining the children we can always run to the car for the color book! One home we visit has a ring toss game in the basement. How the youngsters enjoy it and Martin anticipates a visit to that home so he can toss the rings on the nails and keep score.

Well, this is a natural situation. I've dwelled so much on entertaining children, I really haven't told you much about current activities. We have managed to take in some swimming in Shenandoah's fine pool. We are fortunate to have one of the finest, best organized pools in the state of Iowa. I believe it is the second largest in the state. Martin can swim now and spends most of his time un-



After Martin's dog, Wooly, was run over several weeks ago, a new kitten named Buttercup came to be his pet. Better luck to Buttercup!

der water. Now I understand how Mother and Dad felt when we children were small. Mother said that we were under water more than we were on top and sometimes she would almost go so far as calling to the life guard when all of a sudden up we would pop! I guess we were about half fish and do you know that now I am back to the "dog paddle". The other day at the pool some of the mothers were laughing about that very thing. We said that when the children are small we have to sit on the sides and sun and watch the little ones so closely that we never get in water deep enough to swim. Now that our "little ones" are "big ones" we'll have to learn how to swim all over again. Fortunately there also are adult swimming classes and it would be my guess that more than half of the members of those classes are the mothers of eight or nine year olds, learning to swim again.

We had a very pleasant day this summer with one of my college friends, Betty Townsend Maughmer of Savannah, Missouri. I hadn't seen her for over thirteen years. Betty and Norman have three children, Julianne, Barbara and John. We spent most of our day reminiscing about college days and friends. I hope that Betty, Norman and the children can spend a day with us soon. It was interesting to read what I wrote in her year book the last year we were in school together. It went something like this. "The world is smaller than we think and although we will go our separate ways I feel certain that we will meet again." In recent years Betty discovered our radio program and started writing to us. We have shared many of her fine recipes with you.

Abigail's brother John and his family from California are in town and Abigail just called and asked us to run over for a little visit with them so I must say good-bye for this month.

Sincerely, Margery



CHURCH LETTERS

Dear Lucile:

I've heard you say that you liked to have reports on Aid "doings" when someone had time to write, so I want to tell you about a supper that we served recently.

Last year we served a Lion's Club supper at a nearby town, and evidently they were well pleased because they asked us to serve again this year—275 plates at \$1.25 per plate. Believe me, we took it! And I think I should make it clear right now that we have thirty members in our small country church group, plus eight honorary members. Of course, we do not expect our older women to help, and there are always a few more who cannot lend a hand for one reason or another.

Here is the menu (plus amounts) that we planned for the 275 people.

Roast chicken: 45 hens.
Mashed potatoes: 100 lbs.
Frozen green peas: 50 lb. boxes.
Dressing: 25 loaves of bread, 3 doz. eggs, 3 bunches of celery.
Hot rolls: 35 dozen, plus 6 loaves of bread.
Coffee: 8 lbs.
Pickles (any kind): 10 qts.
Jelly or jam: 20 pts.
Gravy: 1 electric roaster nearly full.
Decorated open-face cherry pies: 60.
Butter: 10 lbs.
Milk: 5 gallons.
Cream: 5 qts.

For a salad we served one-half of a banana, cut in fourths, spread with mayonnaise first and sprinkled with peanuts. We also used a half-slice of pineapple to put between the banana slices and topped it with a maraschino cherry. A few sprigs of parsley were used for contrasting color. Our supplies for this were as follows:

150 bananas.
6 small bottles of maraschino cherries.
8 bunches of parsley.
1 gallon of salad dressing.
3 gallons of sliced pineapple.

Our supper was a grand success, and in addition to receiving a check for \$343.75 we heard lots of praise for serving good food so hot and tempting.

We regretted that we ran out of hot rolls, but these were passed and many people with hearty appetites took three or four rolls, so you can understand why we ran short.

Our expenses, other than for donated food, came to \$119.93, so you can see that we cleared a neat sum and felt well pleased.

Our Aid has purchased a number of pieces of new stainless steel silverware, a refrigerator, many dishes, 2

coffee electric drip-o-laters and a new electric roaster, so you can see that we're preparing to do a great deal in the future.

Our little group sends flowers and cards to the sick, memorial flowers to funerals, clothing to Korea and to orphans' homes, pays the insurance and repair bills on our church, and donates to the Red Cross and many other worthy causes. Now! Don't you think we have reason to feel a little proud that we can boast of \$425.00 or better in the bank!

Mrs. L. P.—Iowa.

* * *

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

I've heard you mention church bazaars so frequently that I thought you might be interested in hearing about a project that we used with great success last year.

There are about 52 names on the list of our church group, but our average attendance at meetings is around 35, and as a rule that is approximately the number we can depend upon to pitch in and help with dinners, bazaars and various projects. Most of the others will donate, you understand, but cannot be called upon for work.

Two years ago we had to face the fact that our November bazaar, the one big thing we banked upon for funds, had just about worn itself out. This wasn't really our fault — we were simply competing with too many other bazaars. There were six held within ten days — and ours was the last. We sold every bit of food and our house plant department was practically cleared out, but our fancy work didn't move at all.

After thinking it over and discussing it at several meetings, we decided to give up all sewing activities with the exception of plain dish towels and aprons. (We discovered that neatly hemmed dish towels always moved — they were priced where people could afford them.) We also assigned two of our best seamstresses the job of turning out one dozen plain, practical aprons and priced them at 75¢; they sold fast too. We all hated to give up the fancy aprons and embroidered dish towels, but since the other bazaars offered them in such quantity it just seemed wise to specialize in plain, durable articles.

We also decided to spend more effort on the house plant department and the baked goods department. For instance, out of our treasury we purchased bulbs and two women volunteered to round up pots, paint them attractively, and plant the bulbs in them. These sold like wildfire and we made a good profit on our hyacinths, daffodils and tulips. In fact, this was such a success that we are doubling our order on bulbs for the 1955 bazaar.

We found too that home-made bread and rolls outsold our beautiful cakes about a dozen times over! So we spent less energy on cakes last year and concentrated on the home-made bread and rolls. We also found that small-size pies and cakes moved much better than the big ones. By putting into practice what we learned, we cleared \$49.26 more on the baked food

department last year than we had made the year before.

But the place where we really made a handsome profit was in the section that we called "Mother's Pantry Shelves" — just to give it a name. There we had pint jars of bread and butter pickles, pickle relish, chili sauce and corn relish, and quart jars of various kinds of pickles. We also had strawberry preserves, cherry preserves, peach preserves, and assorted jellies.

You just wouldn't believe how fast these things moved! Two hours after our doors opened those shelves were bare!

All of this preserving, pickling and canning was done at the church. As things came into season our general chairman of the division lined up her committees and they went into action. There were five people on each committee, although on several occasions they had wonderful volunteer help.

The various foods needed were purchased with treasury funds (this included sugar, spices, etc.) and a very careful record was kept of all expenses involved. In preparation for this work all members had saved glasses and jars for several months in advance, and we found too that many people outside of our church were more than happy to clear out their accumulated jars, etc.

People seem to be almost starved, you might say, for home-made canned items of this kind, and we so far exceeded our hopes that we've been working hard all summer to build up a fine supply for the bazaar this autumn.

It may sound like a lot of work, but when a number of women pitch in and work together it is amazing how much can be accomplished. After you once get organized with people responsible for scalded jars, others responsible for preparing fruits or vegetables, and others responsible for the cooking and putting into jars, it just goes like clockwork.

We surely recommend this project as a real money-maker and are eagerly looking forward to our autumn bazaar, for when that is over we will have enough in our treasury to remodel our inadequate kitchen, and to buy badly needed folding church tables. We hope that others will try our plan.

—Mrs. J.L.T., Missouri.

"SPEAK THROUGH OUR DARKNESS, GOD"

But for the night, how had they seen the star,

Those wise men? Could the shepherds mark, at noon,

An angel song? Truth shadowy and far

Becomes reality, shining and soon,
When God speaks through our darkness.

Then we know
With singing hearts the way our feet shall go.

And what we thought a cross, seen blurred by tears,
Proves to have been a star across the years.

—Maude White Hardie.

A FARM WIFE'S HOBBY

By
Hallie M. Barrow

One day not long ago I turned into the driveway of a farm home, and then abruptly slammed on my brakes, for there, just a few feet away stood a Hereford bull exactly like the one in this picture! Instantly I shifted gears, backed out for a safe distance, and stopped to recapture my breath and thank my lucky stars for a narrow escape.

I listened intently to see if I should continue my flight, but I heard not a sound. I stared a good full minute—and the bull didn't move a muscle! It was only then that I realized I was looking at a life-size statue, and immediately I drove back into the driveway and went to the house for I just had to know why my neighbors had bought it, where they had bought it, how much they had paid for it, etc.

In fact, I asked so many questions that they suggested I simply go and visit the woman who had made the statue — Mrs. Walter O'Neill of Manhattan, Kansas. She specialized in making these statues to advertise Hereford farms, they said, and they were certain that I would find the trip well worth my while. They were right.

Not long after this I went out on one of the most pleasant "interviewing" trips that I have ever made. Our road took us through the lovely Kansas Flint Hills, and when we came to a ranch with a small Hereford bull statue on the mail box and a very massive life-sized statue in the yard, I said: "This is the place!"

We were eagerly welcomed by the sculptress, and she was thrilled when she learned that I wanted the story of her hobby for Kitchen-Klatter. It seems that she has been a radio listener for years to the Kitchen-Klatter program.

Before we went in, I stopped to admire the old rock house on the 1100 acre ranch. Mrs. O'Neill said that it was over a hundred years old, and added that her husband had been born there. First settlers often built their homes and miles of fences from this native rock.

"Do you mean to say that those waist-high rock fences were laid by hand?" I asked her.

And then she told me that this was long before the era of barbed-wire fencing when man-power was plentiful and cheap. Thousands of men worked their way through to the Gold Rush or to free Western land, and many of them stopped to lay the O'Neill stone walls for 10¢ per day and board!

The walls of the O'Neill home are three feet thick. The window glass is about flush with the outside of the wall, and this makes a wide shelf inside for flowers, fish bowls or birds. I looked around admiringly, and then asked her: "Have you ever studied art, and how did you happen to start making statues?"

"I have never had any training of any kind," Mrs. O'Neill replied. These old rock walls need re-chinking ever so often, and about ten years ago



Frankly, we can see why Hallie Barrow fled when she found herself face to face with a statue like this. Mrs. O'Neill is standing beside her handiwork.

when I finished I had a handful of plaster left. Just for fun I started molding — and I love the white-faced cattle."

"But why have you always made bulls?" I inquired.

"Well, we have always had a large herd of registered Herefords," Mrs. O'Neill said. "Probably it's very fortunate that I have loved cattle, for coyotes are so thick in this section that we cannot have poultry, sheep or hogs.

"All of these years the scene from my kitchen windows has been the bull lots. One lot is for the young bulls, and next to them the herd bulls are kept. I learned to admire their lines and beautiful coloring. I've studied the antics of the young ones, and heard the high-pitched announcements of the old bulls as they watched the cow and calf herd leave for pasture each morning — and again as they wend their way back in the evening. To my eyes, those bulls are beautiful!"

The first statue Mrs. O'Neill molded was a small one, and no sooner was it bolted to their mail box than every breeder who went there to buy stock, left an order. Some wanted smaller sizes for paper weights, some wanted the mail box size, and eventually some of the breeders wanted a life-size statue. They said that it was a better ad for a Hereford farm than any sign or billboard.

I asked her about her studio.

"It's right here where we're standing — under this shade tree," Mrs. O'Neill laughed. "I now use cement rather than plaster, and my tools are an old pan to mix the cement, a large spoon and butcher knife."

"It took me a month to make that big bull over there. I start on them upside down first. I use scrap iron for the four feet, finish them, and then make a good start on the body before I get help to turn the statue right sideup. I mix the cement a gallon or two at a time. In some of the larger statues I've used about a hundred pounds of iron, twelve sacks of cement and fourteen sacks of sand.

"Marbles serve for the eyes, although in the larger ones I use the small red glass lights off trucks. It really makes them look natural with those red eyes! Once I used real horns, but they don't last as well as cement horns. And if the customer wishes, I put a ring in the nose.

"These finished statues weight up to 2500 pounds. The customer calls for them, and we load them off the bank and into the truck."

Mrs. O'Neill models are always conveniently close at hand. She often is puzzled about how a muscle should be shaped, and at those times she just runs out to the lot and watches her live models. No detail is missing! The horns and hooves are waxed and polished, and the sides are left wavy just as show bulls appear when they are prepared for the ring.

Mrs. O'Neill says that her hobby has developed into a business that is too much for her. She is some forty orders behind and says that there is no way to speed up her assembly line or to hire help. The smaller size bulls cost \$10.00, and the life-size models are over a hundred — it depends upon the amount of cement needed. She permitted one of her models (the smallest) to be used as a pattern for Hereford banks, and these are manufactured by the hundreds.

As we left, she said to me, "You needn't feel ashamed because you were so frightened by that first statue you saw. Once when the old herd bull got out he stood there in front of that one in my yard, challenged and pawed the bank until he was put back in his lot!"

GENERAL INFORMATION QUIZ

Questions

1. How many keys are there on a standard piano keyboard?
2. Enlisted soldiers in World War II were called "G.I.'s". What was the popular name for them during the first World War?
3. How many times may a United States Senator be re-elected?
4. Who invented the fountain pen?
5. Do mice grow into rats if allowed to live long enough?
6. Was Captain Kidd a real or legendary figure?
7. Who is in charge of a railroad train while it is on the road?
8. How old do you have to be to become President of the United States?
9. What is the difference between anthracite and bituminous coal?
10. In what direction does the needle of a compass always point?

Answers

1. Eighty-eight.
2. Doughboys.
3. There is no limit.
4. Waterman.
5. No. They are of a different branch of the rodent family.
6. Real. An American shipmaster, he was hanged in 1701. Many historians now believe he was innocent of the charges.
7. The conductor.
8. Thirty-five.
9. Anthracite is hard and bituminous is soft coal.
10. North.

—Margaret Barnett.

CACTI CAPERS

By Elaine Derendinger

One blistering August afternoon my best girl-friend and I were wandering in the woods after a swim. Like all very young girls, we were trying to think of something new to do, or something old to do in a new way.

On a rocky hill we discovered a sprawling, prickly-pear cactus. We were fascinated by it, since cacti rarely grow wild in Central Missouri. With a pointed stick and numerous pricked fingers, we managed to dig it up. Then we divided our treasure and I headed home, a good two miles away.

I had barely walked half-way when my arms began to resemble a pin-cushion, but I refused to part with my prize. Instead, I wrapped my swimming towel around it and continued on my way.

Mother certainly wasn't thrilled at the sight of "that thorny old thing", as she called it. And I don't like to remember what she said when she started wringing out the towel, not knowing it was covered with prickly-pear spines!

Despite her protests, I planted it in the flower garden where it spread profusely and threatened all the other plants. Mother hoed at it every Fall, trying to get rid of "the pesky thing". It was stubborn and held on until the year she dug it all up and burned it. That was the end of my prickly-pear cactus, and the beginning of my admiration for the cacti family.

Today, I have quite a large collection, and would have a larger one if space permitted. Cacti are ideal for those of us who like to have lovely house plants, but hate to be forever "coddling" them. I have no green thumb, but they grow for me while other plants fold up and die the minute I turn my back.

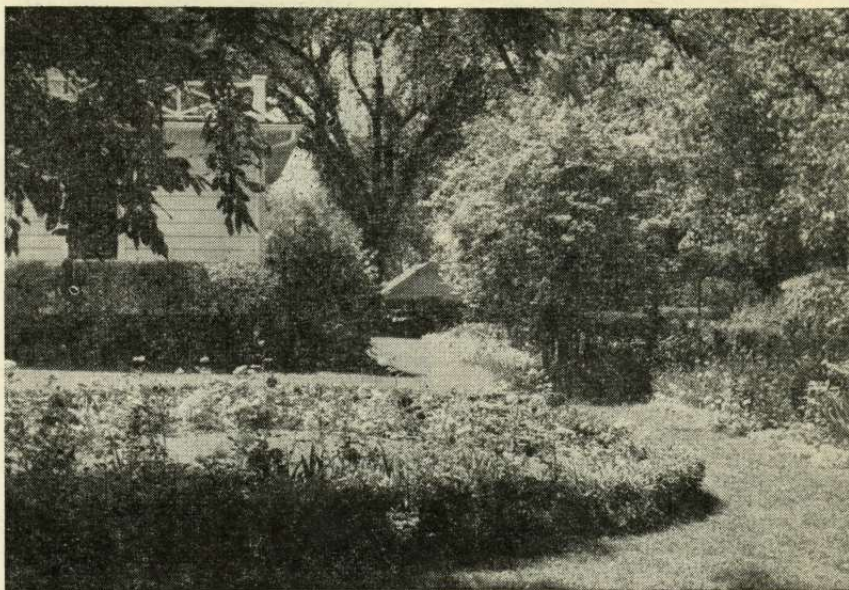
Cacti play no favorites. They thrive in the tiniest cabin or the most pretentious mansion. About all they require is a drink now and then. I find they do best with a good soaking whenever the soil is dry in summer, (their growing season) and less in winter, (their season of rest.) But, if you forget their drink they won't wilt away like a lot of house plants.

They are extremely hardy. Once the neighbor's little boy took a can of machine oil and "watered" my plants for me. It didn't slow their vigorous growth one bit. Also, although it's hard to believe, insects usually ignore cacti.

Cacti like equal parts of sand and soil, and prefer the south and east windows. Put them outside during the summer months if you like, but bring them inside when the weather turns cold.

Most cacti bloom each year when full grown. They take their time about blooming, but believe me, it's worth waiting for. You can feed them a special plant food to hasten blooming, but I prefer to let Nature take its course.

Don't get the idea that all cacti are prickly: they aren't. There are dozens of pretty plants that never sprout a spine. You probably have a member of the cacti family among your plants



This is a view of a portion of Mother's and Dad's garden at the family home. Directly in the foreground is a circular rose bed, and the huge shrub at the right is the Beauty Bush that countless visitors have admired when it's in full bloom.

now and don't realize it. The thornless ones are called succulents.

I used to think that cacti grew only in the desert, but I was wrong. Many specimens are found in cooler regions. One of these is the common Christmas Cactus, which is found in the cool mountains of Brazil where it grows high in the trees.

All cacti have a scientific and common name. The common names are much easier to pronounce — and remember. They have interesting historical backgrounds, that you can study if you have a good cacti guide and a little extra time.

Best of all, cacti are inexpensive, except for rare varieties. Most of the common ones can be bought for less than fifty cents. Order from a place that specializes in cacti, if possible. Many good seed companies offer a beginner's collection at a low price, and don't forget the dime store. Or do as I did, pick them up here and there, and in no time you will have a collection that friends will envy.

There is one sure thing about cacti. You can never be sure just how a plant will turn out. I placed my *Opuntia Mammillata* (Boxing Glove) cactus on the steps one day, and the neighbor's pup took a fancy to it and bit off the top. After this it suddenly grew into the oddest shapes! In fact, just glancing at it you think it's a mass of green worms. Visitors always exclaim over this one!

I have another plant called *Echeveria Gilva*: I call it Green Roses, because the leaves form rosettes. My little girl plucked all the leaves one day, and I was heartsick. But later a new rosette grew where each leaf had been.

My *Opuntia Cylindrica* (Devil's Cane) grew two feet tall. Then it leaned over and grew along the floor, looking for all the world like a long, green snake!

Keep cacti on hand and you have that "unexpected gift" problem licked. You can start numerous new plants from most full grown varieties. Sim-

ply break off a leaf or small section of the plant, let it sprout in water, and then transplant to a pot. Some plants sprout new ones without any help from you. I have a *Gasteria* (Ox Tongue) which resembles a Mother-in-Law's Tongue. It keeps sprouting baby plants around its base faster than I can give them away.

Cacti can be good for a laugh too. A young friend kept a large prickly plant on the front steps. One night her date brought her home from the basketball game and was just about to kiss her good-night — (she hoped). Suddenly he started jumping around, kicking and yelling, "Ouch! What's biting me? Is it a dog?"

She quickly clicked on the porch light, only to discover that her cactus had fastened its spines in his trouser leg. He forgot all about the kiss!

So buy some cacti, and grow yourself some sunshine and entertainment.

REFLECTIONS

"Of what is significant in one's own existence one is hardly aware, and it certainly should not bother the other fellow. What does a fish know about the water in which it swims all its life?"

"The bitter and the sweet come from the outside, the hard from within, from one's own efforts. For the most part I do the thing which my own nature drives me to do. It is shameful to earn so much respect and love for it. Arrows of hate have been shot at me, too; but they never hit me, because somehow they belonged to another world, with which I have no connection whatsoever.

"I live in that solitude which is painful in youth, but delicious in the years of maturity."—Albert Einstein.

COVER PICTURE

Oh, to be a boy again! Good friends, a faithful dog, fishing rods, a gentle stream . . . these are the only ingredients it takes to make a long, perfect August afternoon!



SUMMER BAZAAR NEWS FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

We had a little excitement in our small New England town today, and it all centered around one of our most proud possessions!

The *Prudence Island Ferry* is a small two-deck ferryboat that runs several times a day from our municipal dock down the bay to the popular summer resort of Prudence Island. In wind or rain, snow or sleet she makes the run to and from the island day in and day out on perfect schedule. Last summer when every other boat in the harbor was sunk or damaged by the terrible hurricane the good old *Prudence* survived without a scratch. Through the years we have come to think of her as indestructible, and we know that as surely as the sun rises in the East and sets in the West the *Prudence* will make her daily trips to the island on perfect schedule. But something happened today to change all of that!

The *Prudence*, with about 150 passengers aboard, was sailing proudly up the bay on a return trip from the island this afternoon when its engine stopped. At first there was no excitement among the passengers and no undue alarm, for after all the one thing in this town that can be depended upon is the engine of the *Prudence*, but when it started to drift toward the shoals and a few mournful grunts from the engine room made it painfully obvious that the engine had no intentions of going back to work, things began to look more serious.

A policeman on shore simply couldn't believe his eyes when he noticed the plight of the faithful ferry, but he had the presence of mind to sound an alarm, and soon several small pleasure craft were dashing to the rescue. The boat with all of its passengers was brought safely into port with no damage done to anyone or to anything but our pride. Down along the waterfront tonight the one subject of conversation is the hurt that the *Prudence* has done us. How could that faithful little boat fail us like that? This day will go down in the history of our town as the day the *Prudence* was late!

Last week one of the local fraternal organizations sponsored a large carnival that was set up on the back lawn of the house next door to the parsonage. For six days and nights we had a merry-go-round, two Ferris wheels, and several other assorted pieces of carnival equipment just over the fence from our house. Imagine what it was like to try to get the children to go to sleep with a merry-go-round just 100 feet from their bedroom windows! The worst part of it was that the merry-go-round music

box played just one tune, and it played it at least 200 times a day. It was a hard week for us, but a very happy and exciting one for the children. After all, it isn't every child who can climb over the back fence to ride on a merry-go-round!

This past month our church has had two very successful affairs to raise money for missionary projects. Two weeks ago the ladies held a Style Show of Antique Fashions that proved to be one of the most superlative evening entertainments I have ever seen at a church conduct. Many beautiful costumes, some of them more than 100 years old, were modeled by children and adults.

The program might have been called a Pageant of Fashions, for the modeling was done in historical sequence with one of the ladies, acting as a commentator, describing the changes made in the fashions from decade to decade. During the intermissions we had special music, and during all of the modeling there was a background of soft music. If your church ladies have never tried a program of this nature, and if they are looking for a new way to raise money, suggest something of this kind. Our people loved it.

We held our Annual Summer Bazaar last Saturday, and as usual we had perfect weather. It is almost incredible that for five consecutive years our Summer Bazaars have been held on the loveliest days of the summer! (One of the other churches in the community had to give up its bazaars because year after year they were rained out.)

The day of the bazaar was a most exciting time for our little Mary Leanna and David Lloyd, for right here on our own lawn we held a special Children's Bazaar where the children could be entertained while their parents visited the main bazaar on the church lawn across the street. I was kept busy during the afternoon running my motion picture projector for the benefit of the children, and during the evening I acted as one of the auctioneers for an auction of antiques. Betty was in charge of one of the tables at the bazaar, and all in all this was one busy family on bazaar day. When the whole affair was over we were exhausted but happy for we had made nearly \$1,400 net profit for a very worthy cause.

In our church we have always maintained that the real success of a Summer Bazaar can never be measured in terms of dollars and cents. We feel that a successful bazaar is one that has everyone in the church doing something for it. Of our 340 church members it is probably safe to say that at least 300 of them made or gave or helped to sell something for the bazaar, and strange though it may seem, we had nearly as many men working on the affair as we had women.

The biggest thing the men did was to run a Tea Room, cooking and serving enormous quantities of food of all kinds. The church women did not have to do one single thing for the Tea Room, and if they had tried to

do so the men would have been humiliated. Of course, many men were used on the arrangements committee setting up tents and chairs and tables, and several men were used over at the Children's Bazaar running the various rides, etc.

I wish that you could have been sitting in the library of our home last night listening to the discussion that I was having with some of my neighbors on the subject of juvenile delinquency. We all agreed that the youth of today fail to appreciate and respect the authority of persons superior to them for no other reason than that those superior persons are failing to accept the responsibilities of their superiority. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the home and in the school.

Parents of today complain that their children just don't have the respect for parents that children used to have a generation or so ago, and I think that for the most part this is true. But wouldn't you also agree with me that very often parents of today do not conduct themselves in the some superior way as did parents a generation or two ago?

As a clergyman I have often observed that the modern method of child rearing seems to be to let the children think of their parents as one of them, with the result that mother and father command just about as much respect as the rest of the kids, the only difference being that mother and father are not quite as up-to-date as the rest of the kids. It would be a pretty terrible world if all children had to stand in awe of their parents, but at the same time we have to confess that a mother and father must choose to be superior to the children or to be just one of them, and by so doing the parents will determine the amount of respect they will receive.

Most of you reading this letter can probably remember back to the days when a public school teacher was thought of in terms of considerable esteem. Do you remember when school teachers were superior people and demanded and received superior respect? I'll bet that you do! There was a time when students stood the moment a teacher entered the classroom, and there was a time when teachers were always addressed with dignity. Far, far too often such is not the case today, and in our discussion last night I made it very clear that I did not think we should try to put all of the blame on the young people.

I am an ex-school teacher and my Betty is an ex-school teacher and we both think that few professions have suffered such character deterioration as the teaching profession. Need I remind you of the disgraceful teacher strikes that have taken place in many of our larger cities! And then when the students went on strike how the newspapers shouted that the students had lost all respect for authority? I still maintain that a teacher must choose to be one of them or to be superior to them, and by so doing he will determine the amount of respect his authority will receive.

(Continued on page 15)

SCHOOL DAYS CAN BE HAPPY DAYS

By Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The big yellow school bus stopped by the back drive and Bobby jumped down, a wide grin across his face and the matchless enthusiasm of a five year old radiating from every movement. Bobby had just returned from the Primary Roundup which the school holds each spring for the students who will begin their formal education in the fall.

"Mama," he shouted breathlessly, "How long will it be till I can really go to school?"

"A little over three months," I answered.

"But that's too long," he wailed.

"You waited for five years to be old enough to go, three more months is a short time now and we've lots of happy things to do this summer before school starts." Thankfully I spoke, glad to know his first experience with school had been so enjoyable.

By the time daddy came in Bobby was reconciled completely. "Daddy, do you know it will be *only* three months and I can really go to school?"

As the time has continued to grow near we have tried to hold this enthusiasm, glad that our schools do so well in introducing the little child to the exciting world of learning. We know that the major responsibility of having Bobby well prepared for school is ours as parents. There is much we can and should do to make the first days relaxed and happy ones and eliminate some of the worries and heartaches which might come without such preparation.

We can see that our little Primary youngster is as well physically as possible by a trip to the dentist, a check up by the doctor and those oh so important booster shots which are needed to keep immunity at its highest peak. We can play games with him which involve buttoning and unbuttoning sweaters or unzipping jackets and putting overshoes on and off. We should be sure he can use a handkerchief and go to the toilet unassisted. These small abilities will give him confidence very necessary when he becomes one of a group where a mama isn't convenient for such little details. The simple fact of knowing his full name and address and his father's name is important. If he is to walk to school this is none too soon to go with him and let him be the guide and the one to watch for cars. A little practice now may save mama gray hairs later when the rush of classes begins and time is at a premium.

New clothes are usually needed at the end of a growing and playing summer. It might be well to think of those with easy openings for little fingers to handle. Big buttons go in and out of button holes more easily than little ones. Buckles stay fastened better than ties. Overshoes need to be big enough to go on without much tugging or assistance. If the new clothes seem to have a great deal of sizing, washing them before putting them on will surely make a youngster



When the school doors open next month, Emily Driftmier will enter the second grade at Central School on Clarinda Avenue. Alison has one more year at home, and since her best playmate moved away this summer it will be a lonesome time the first few weeks.

more comfortable. He should wear new shoes a week or two before school starts to get out the first harsh stiffness. In a new, strange situation it is far better for a child to wear easy everyday clothes with which he's familiar than to be all dressed in fancy ruffles or stiff blue jeans which look beautiful but make him feel ill at ease.

Marking removable clothing and a resting rug is usually suggested by the teacher. India ink or the laundry dry marking ink work perfectly on white tape. This can be stitched on quickly and removed to use on another garment when the first is outgrown. A snap clothes pin for holding overshoes together can be marked plainly with the name of the owner. A cigar sized box to hold crayons, scissors and pencils is quite adequate for small belongings.

These have all been physical suggestions for readiness and important as they are the mental and social readiness of the child is far more vital and in some ways more difficult to develop. Getting along well with other children, for instance, just doesn't happen. It takes the give and take of playing with others and a learning to share and tolerate even when it may not be what the child desires most. It is often difficult in the country to find playmates. Trading back and forth with someone who has a five year old is the perfect solution even if it takes driving two or three times a week to fetch or carry. Having a child know a few of the youngsters who will be his classmates can make a strange room a far happier place. Attending church school class with his own age group is a fine experience.

But getting along with children is not enough, a teacher and other adults get involved in this business of growing up. Here again we can help with simple games. I'm company and

Bobby comes to answer the door when I knock. We have a friendly visit. Then he is company and knocks at the door. Sometimes these conversations are carried on as flights of fancy while we dress chickens or bake a cake together. It is helping him know what to say in an adult situation which is important. Answering the telephone, going to meetings where adults are present may be learning situations if we help. Shyness usually comes from not knowing what to do or say.

When the child actually starts to school we can help so much just by listening. A glass of milk, a cookie and mama's undivided attention may be all the encouragement he needs to tell about the activities of the day. A place all his own in which to keep his papers and treasures brought from school and a bulletin board or masking tape to fasten pictures to the wall will give the work proper significance in the eyes of the family. We may not always understand exactly what the school is doing, but we can show our interest and always have an uncritical attitude in front of the child.

The wonder of reading which was started in the child's mind when the very first stories were read to him needs to be continued even after he learns to read for himself. Pouring a wealth of good stories into his little mind is the best way to insure the continuance of that keen urge for learning which we all want our children to maintain.

As simple a suggestion as it may sound, parents should make it a point to get acquainted with the teacher. Visiting school, attending PTA meetings and having the teacher in the home creates opportunities for the growing knowledge of the child and what he is accomplishing. And how much excitement can be contained in preparing for a visit from a child's very own teacher. She is a real friend and should be welcomed as such.

Home approval and an understanding of family love are the two most important gifts to give a little one as he goes off to school for the first time. A few extra minutes in the morning for a calm breakfast, a special visit, a hug and kiss and word of love as he goes out the door, will get him started off in a happy frame of mind. More poor school work can be traced back to tensions in the home than any other single factor. Sending a child to school happy and relaxed is a good guarantee that he will do his work at the highest point of his individual ability.

Education is a long range program which takes all the imagination and love we can give our young one. How rewarding it is to see the mind and social abilities of a little child develop! It should be a time when the parent's lives and the entire home life is enriched and made more enjoyable now that the child has branched out into the fascinating world of learning. Going into this new experience with the sense of wonder and excitement of a five year old will make it a glowing association for everyone. Then with Bobby we can say, "I like school, let's have more of it."

"FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS OF HARMONY"

Church or Club Anniversary Program

By
Mabel Nair Brown

If this is the year your club, church or lodge is to celebrate an important anniversary, no doubt every member will lend a hand in helping to make it a memorable affair. Here are some suggestions for planning such an event. They can as easily be worked up to fit any anniversary other than the Golden, by changing the colors, etc., a bit.

Setting The Stage

Against one wall of hall or dining room make a backdrop of deep purple, blue, or one of your club colors. Across the center of this fasten strips of gold paper to form the lines of the music staff and also a large gold treble clef. Below it in gold letters write the words "Fifty Years of Harmony".

Large notes on the staff may be cut from the gold paper or for a more novel idea, if someone has saved the club yearbooks or Aid Society books through the years, perhaps they could be fastened to the staff to resemble the "square" notes found in many old music books.

Another idea — if corsages are to be given to honored guests, make corsages in the small nosegay fashion with a bit of lacey frill backing and fasten these to the staff as the notes until such time as they are to be presented; then they can be taken from the staff and presented as "giving out with the melody". Or leave notes off staff until such time as indicated in program later.

On either side of the above backdrop, on the floor, stand a large harp made by cutting it from heavy cardboard and then covering with gold paper.

Floral arrangements featuring gold flowers may be used about the room to further carry out the golden theme, as can clusters of golden bells to suggest the idea of "ringing out a golden melody of harmony".

Table Appointments

If you wish to use flowers in the table centerpieces, you can still carry out the theme idea by cutting a large treble clef from the stryfoam and using it in a shallow container with flowers arranged around the base. Golden harps could be used in much the same manner, perhaps with tiny blossoms and greenery woven among the harp strings.

If candles are to be used, very tall white tapers might form the straight "line" through a gold paper clef.

Miniature gold harps could be attached to white place cards or white nut cups.

The program booklets could be made to resemble a church hymnal or a club yearbook.

Another novel idea for a *Bible Centrepiece* would be to make a large cake decorated to resemble an open Bible. On the record pages use a cake decorator to write out the anniversary dates, etc. Or, if a club, this



You can see why we celebrate all of the May Driftmier birthdays with only ONE big dinner! Standing in front are Donna, Lucile and Abigail. In the back row are Dorothy, Russell and Mae. Both of the cakes are angel food . . . baked by Mother.

cake book might be a club program book.

Perhaps there is someone in your community who decorates unusual cakes as a hobby and would make a replica of your church for a cake centerpiece.

Program Tips

Probably you will want to have the history of your club or church read, and it adds much to the interest of this record if different persons participate in accounting for the milestones along the way. A clever variation on this would be to have each person place a large gold note on the big gold staff that is used as a backdrop, when he finishes his part of the program. When completed these notes will form the first measure or two of the song "Memories" which all will join in singing as the program ends.

(Light chalk marks can be made on the staff to indicate where each gold note should be placed.)

Here are four suggested titles for the main speech of the event: "If contentment is the theme, Life's melody is sweet"; "Harmonizing can be fun!"; "Sing A Happy Tune"; "We Make Such Beautiful Music Together!"

Immediately following the Welcome, your crowd can join in singing "Happy Anniversary To You" to the old familiar tune of "Good Morning To You."

Other suggested music for solos or group singing: *Pennies From Heaven*; *Whistle While You Work*; *It's a Grand Night For Singing*; *Sing and Smile and Pray*; *When They Ring the Golden Bells for You And Me*; and *Memories*.

May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You would be an appropriate song to conclude the entire program.

A GIANT BAKE SALE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

The women of Appanoose County have a right to be pleased with the results of a recent money-making project. Particularly they are proud of their leader, Mrs. Clarence Hood of Centerville.

It all began at a kick-off dinner for a group of workers pledged to help in the annual March of Dimes campaign. Mrs. Hood, who merely tagged along with her husband to the dinner, was deeply touched by an appeal made at that meeting.

"No one demanded anything of me,"

she says. "We were inspired. I truly felt that I wanted to help collect funds. So when I was asked to organize some project for the polio drive, there was nothing to say but 'yes.'"

Mrs. Hood's inspiration at that dinner resulted in what has been described as the most successful project sponsored in Iowa this year for the National Polio Foundation. That, at least, was the statement made by Mr. Ben Fogel, state representative for the Foundation.

With the help of her husband, Mrs. Hood directed Appanoose County's first Giant Bake Sale.

Frankly, there were some skeptical persons who wondered how it could succeed; myself, among them. When the smoke had cleared, however, and the reports showed that the Giant Bake Sale had netted \$900.00 in our county, I called Mrs. Hood for an interview. I wanted to tell the women of other counties how such a project is conducted.

Mrs. Hood is as direct as she is enthusiastic. She is a marvel at organization and planning; perhaps being the mother of three lively young sons accounts in part for that! At any rate, it seemed very simple as she said,

"We decided on a bake sale because everyone likes good home-baked food. Then I went to the logical persons for help . . . the women. First of all I enlisted the support of the federated clubs and the women's organizations of the churches. I tried to get at least one group from every small town in the county.

Some of these groups were invited to hold their sales in Centerville on the appointed Saturday; as the county seat, we expected our greatest success to be here. Other groups held simultaneous sales in their own small towns.

"The merchants were asked to donate display room in their stores. The response was wonderful; every participating group in the county had appropriate space in which to sell its baked goods."

Mrs. Hood went on to stress that many other women in addition to the invited groups aided in the project. In many communities the sponsoring club simply acted as a receiving center for donations from all women of the community.

This giant, simultaneous sale brought many a pie and cake lover to the square on Saturday morning. Prices were generally modest. 50-to-60¢ for a pie; \$1.00 to \$1.50 for an angel food cake; 35¢ a dozen for Brownies; fudge, 2 pieces for a nickel.

The Y. W. Club of Jerome, the first group to sell out, had nothing on the shelves by eleven a. m. Other groups followed quickly as shoppers and businessmen bought goodies for the March of Dimes.

Mrs. Hood has only two rules to suggest to anyone who might wish to raise money for a worthy project:

1. Believe in the cause, whatever it is, in order that you may give your best effort to it.

2. Enlist enthusiastic helpers. I chose the women because they are the most vitally interested in any cause.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

LINDBERG RELISH

- 12 medium onions
- 3 medium heads cabbage
- 8 red or green peppers
- 8 medium carrots
- 3 pints vinegar
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. mustard seed
- 1 tsp. celery seed

Put all vegetables through the food chopper and add 1/2 cup salt. Let stand for 2 hours, then drain and mix the vegetables with the rest of the ingredients. This keeps well without sealing. This recipe is a favorite of Mrs. H. W. Baughman, a 91 year old friend from Omaha, Nebraska. We hope that you will try it soon.

9-INCH GINGERSNAP CRUST

- 1 cup finely crushed gingersnap crumbs
 - 2 Tbls. sugar
 - 1/3 cup soft butter or margerine
- Combine crumbs, sugar, butter and mix thoroughly. Press to bottom and sides of 9-inch pie pan. Place in refrigerator until firm. Chiffon type pies are delicious in this crust.

EMERGENCY CHILI SAUCE

- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1/2 green pepper
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar

Cook chopped onion and green pepper in shortening for 5 minutes. Add brown sugar and tomato sauce and simmer for 10 minutes. Very good with hamburgers for a change.

TAPIOCA PUDDING

- 1/3 cup pearl tapioca
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In sauce pan bring 1 quart water to a boil. Add the tapioca and simmer for 1 1/2 hours, then drain. Place in double boiler the milk, salt and drained tapioca. Cook until the tapioca is transparent (about 1 hour), stirring occasionally. Beat the sugar into the egg yolks and slowly stir into the hot milk and tapioca. Cook until the mixture thickens. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla. Chill and serve.

CHRISTMAS PICKLES.

(Last Christmas I received some jars of pickles from a good Kitchen-Klatter friend. They were so delicious that I wrote and asked for the recipes. I've never yet had my fill of wonderful pickles (probably if I did it would kill me!), and I know that I sound extremely enthusiastic about the entire subject, but here are the recipes for the Christmas pickles and I can guarantee that they're absolutely superb.—Lucile.

LIME PICKLES

Cover 7 lbs. of sliced cucumbers with a solution made by combining 1 1/2 cups of slack lime with 2 gallons of cold water. Let soak 12 hours. Rinse, then cover with clear cold water and let stand for 3 hours. Drain and then cover with the following.

- 2 qts. vinegar
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 9 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. whole allspice
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. mixed spices.

Let stand in this mixture overnight, and in the morning bring to a boil and simmer for 35 minutes. Then seal. (If desired, a very small amount of green food coloring may be added to the liquid in which the pickles are simmered, for this will keep them nice and green.)

CRISPIES

Wash 25 dill size cucumbers and put in brine made by combining 1 qt. of coarse salt and 1 gallon of water. Weight down. Leave for two weeks, and skim daily if necessary. Cut in very thin slices or, if preferred, slices 1/2-inch thick. Cover with cold water in which 2 Tbls. alum have been dissolved and soak for 24 hours. Drain and wash. Make a syrup by combining the following ingredients:

- 1 qt. vinegar
- 8 cups of sugar
- 2 sticks of cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground mace
- 1 tsp. cloves

Put spices in bag and bring to a boil. Pour over pickles. Repeat for four days and then put pickles in jars. Can cold. Do not have to be sealed and no cooking is required.

CHILI SAUCE

- 7 or 8 quarts tomatoes, peeled and quartered
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 2 green peppers, chopped
- 2 hot red peppers, chopped
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- 3 medium onions, diced
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 2 Tbls. paprika
- 1 1/2 tsp. each powdered cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, black pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Cook tomatoes with salt, until tender. Skim off 2 cups liquid (for shorter cooking time). Add other ingredients and cook until thick, stirring occasionally. Makes about 4 quarts.

GLAZED HAM LOAF

- 1 3/4 lbs. ground, uncooked ham
- 1 lb. ground pork
- 3/4 cup crushed cracker crumbs
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 5 or 6 slices of pineapple
- 2 Tbls. pineapple juice

Put brown sugar and pineapple juice into loaf pan and place in a 350 degree oven while mixing up meat loaf. Beat eggs and then combine the ground meats, crumbs, mustard and milk. Remove loaf pan from oven and arrange slices of pineapple, cut in halves, on top of brown sugar. Then pack meat mixture into pan and bake for 1 hr. and 15 min. in a 350 degree oven. Serves 8 generously.

DELICIOUS HORSE RADISH SAUCE

- 1/3 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1/3 cup cooked salad dressing
- 1 Tbls. horseradish

Combine ingredients and serve immediately with meat loaf, cold cuts or boiled tongue.

ELEGANT PECAN BARS

- 1 cup flour
 - 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/4 cup butter
 - 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
- Sift together flour and baking powder. Cream butter and brown sugar, and then add the dry ingredients. Stir in pecans and pat firmly into bottom of well-greased 12x8x2-inch pan. Bake in 350 degree oven for 10 minutes. Then spread following topping over bars:

- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Beat eggs, add corn syrup, brown sugar, salt, flour and vanilla. Pour over partially-baked mixture, sprinkle with 3/4 cup chopped pecans, return to 350 degree oven and bake for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into bars.

SPICY AUGUST SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime or lemon gelatine
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup diced, peeled apples
- 3/4 cup seeded red grapes
- 1/2 cup chopped white grapes
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add cold water, mayonnaise, lemon juice and salt. Blend well and chill until almost firm. Then beat until fluffy and fold in apples, grapes and walnuts. Chill until firm. This is attractive made up in one large mold, and then turned out to a glass platter and decorated with red and white grapes.

NO-KNEAD TWISTS

- 1/2 cup shortening
 3 Tbls. sugar
 1 1/2 tsps. salt
 1 tsp. KITCHEN-KLATTER vanilla flavoring
 1/2 cup scalded milk
 2 cakes compressed yeast
 3 cups sifted flour
 3 eggs
 3/4 cup chopped nuts
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine shortening, sugar, salt, vanilla and milk. Be sure mixture is lukewarm. Then add yeast and mix well. (2 pkg. dry granular yeast may be substituted for compressed yeast. Dissolve in 1/4 cup lukewarm water and then decrease milk by 1/4 cup.) Add 1 1/2 cups flour and beat until smooth. Cover bowl with cloth and let rest for 15 minutes. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in remaining flour and mix thoroughly. The dough will be quite soft. Cover bowl and set in warm place for about 1/2 hour. Place dough on board. Divide into small pieces with tablespoon. In the meantime, have nuts, sugar and cinnamon mixed in a low wide-bottomed bowl. Roll each piece of dough in sugar-nut mixture. Stretch to about 8-inch length. Twist into desired shapes. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Let stand for 5 minutes. Bake in 375 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

- 5 or 6 large Bermuda onions
 1 egg, well beaten
 1 cup sweet milk
 Flour (see below)
 Deep hot fat

(Onion slices must be rolled in flour, but since the flour has a tendency to get "pasty" after a number of slices are rolled in it, we suggest using a small shallow pan so that the flour can be changed without much waste when it becomes necessary.)

Cut onions into about 1/4 inch slices and separate into rings. Combine egg and milk. Drop in onion slices a few at a time. Then drain and roll in flour being sure to coat evenly.

Place a small amount in your deep fat frying basket and fry until golden brown, stirring lightly with a fork while frying. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot. I slip mine in the oven if I'm frying a large quantity.

French Fried Onions are delicious—they can lift even hamburgers on to a new plane! And if you've ever ordered them in a good restaurant you know from the price that they are considered a real dish.

Just a note about a deep fat fryer. I was given one for Christmas two years ago and have come to consider it one of my most prized possessions. Nutritionists tell us that foods prepared in a deep fat fryer are much more digestible because they don't become grease soaked as they so often do in a frying pan. Certainly they look more appetizing — and everyone at our house agrees that they taste wonderful.—Leanna.

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HEAVENLY PIE

- 1 3/4 cups of milk
 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/8 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, separated
 1 Tbls. gelatine
 2 Tbls. maraschino cherry juice
 2 Tbls. cold water
 Additional 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Scald milk in top part of double boiler. Blend sugar, salt and cornstarch and add to milk. Place over hot water and cook 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Add 2 beaten egg yolks and cook an additional 3 minutes. Then add gelatine that has been dissolved in the water and maraschino cherry juice that have been combined. Add to custard. Chill until it begins to set.

Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and add the remaining 1/4 cup sugar. Fold egg whites into custard. Turn into a graham cracker crust and chill until firm. When ready to serve, cover with a thin layer of whipped cream and a few slivers of maraschino cherries.

This is a light, good and attractive pie. I got the recipe when it was served to us by friends in the evening.—Lucile.

SOME GOOD THINGS TO KNOW

- | | |
|----------------------|---------|
| 2 cups chopped meat | 1 pound |
| 2 cups raisins | 1 pound |
| 2 cups butter | 1 pound |
| 3 tsp. butter | 1 Tbls. |
| 16 Tbls. butter | 1 cup |
| 1 Tbls. salt | 1 ounce |
| 4 cups flour | 1 pound |
| 1 pint sugar (white) | 1 pound |
| 8 to 10 egg whites | 1 cup |

SIZES OF CANS

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| 8-ounce can | 1 cup |
| No. 1 can | 2 cups |
| No. 2 can | 2 1/2 cups |
| No. 2 1/2 can | 3 1/2 cups |
| No. 3 can | 4 cups |
| No. 10 can | 13 cups |

CHICAGO HOT

- 1 peck ripe tomatoes
 3 red peppers
 2 cups celery
 2 cups onions
 2 cups grated horse-radish
 Chop the tomatoes and drain for 3 hours. Add the other vegetables, chopped fine. Heat 4 cups of vinegar, 2 cups sugar, 2 Tbls. mixed spices, 1/2 cup mustard seed, 1/3 cup salt. Add the other ingredients to the heated liquid. Heat all thoroughly and seal.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

I've accomplished so much already on this hot summer morning that now I can sit down with real peace of mind to write a letter to you.

Each of us is entitled to his own particular quirks (certainly we'd better be entitled to them for we all have them!), and one of mine is the inability to sit here and type if there is clothing strewn around on chairs, or dirty dishes in the sink. I don't like dusty furniture and floors that need a session with the vacuum, but at least I don't actively suffer from those things. I can type right away, hour after hour, without the nagging feeling that I'm surrounded by awful confusion.

But just let clothing pile up on a chair or the sink contain more than one innocent cup and saucer, and I'm fit to be tied! I don't know why I've hit on these two things for my house-keeping quirks, but there they are — and no getting around them. Goodness knows there often *are* clothes on a chair and dishes in the sink; the point is that I'm acutely aware of them and never can really concentrate on what I'm typing until I've remedied the situation.

What are *your* particular quirks? I know a woman who has an absolute passion for sparkling clean windows. She's at them all the time. The rest of her house can fall totally to pieces and she doesn't seem to notice it, but she wages a constant battle, inside and out, with every window in the place. I'm glad that I've been spared this quirk. I like clean windows too, mind you, but it's just about the last thing in this world that gets under my skin. I wish when you write to me you'd compare notes on the situations within your own four walls that constantly rare up and DEMAND your attention.

Since I last wrote to you I've made a business trip up to St. Joseph, Michigan. In St. Joseph is located a big printing firm that specializes in nursery catalogs, and twice a year either Wayne or I make a trip up there to put together our spring catalog and fall circular.

It had been so long since I'd made a train trip that it was a real pleasure to study the Iowa countryside as our Zephyr skimmed along on a hot June afternoon. It seemed to me that everything looked exceptionally fine and hopeful. This was also true of Illinois, I'm glad to report.

I noticed two things from the train window that I found thought provoking. One was an old weather-beaten woodshed over in Eastern Iowa that looked like no other shed I've ever seen because it had two big deer heads nailed up over the door. I wondered if the man of the house had collected so many heads from hunting trips that his wife refused to have even one more added to the interior of their home, or if perhaps at one time these heads HAD been in the house and had become infested with moths, or just what *was* the explanation for seeing them out on the woodshed. It was something to speculate about as the



Although this picture was taken a number of months ago, we hadn't yet shared it with you . . . and we're taking it out now to serve as a substitute for the picture of Katherine Driftmier and her mother, Mary Beth, that didn't arrive in time for this issue. Clark has changed considerably, but we think that it's a very good picture of Abigail and Mary Beth.

train rolled across green country to the Mississippi river.

The other thing that really stirred up my curiosity was noticed in Illinois. Right on the edge of a big cornfield were five well-painted trellises covered with beautiful pink climbing roses. There wasn't a house anywhere in sight — not even a barn — just this big cornfield and the five trellises standing in a row. I don't know how to account for such a thing. I thought for a moment that possibly there might be a tiny private cemetery nearby, but our train was going at a very slow clip and I had time to study the situation carefully . . . and not one thing was in sight except the corn and the roses.

In Chicago I was freshly appalled at the state of traffic. For at least three miles along the Outer Drive that parallels Lake Michigan there was a solid block of cars, bumper-to-bumper that didn't seem to move at all. It took I don't know how many changes of light from red to green to move up and through the intersections. I was told that any number of Chicago residents have simply given up trying to own a car, and while this is undoubtedly true, still it looked as though every man and woman able to get behind a wheel was on the road at one time.

Those of you who know me at all will recall quickly enough that I'm one of these women who put three meals a day on the table with very few breaks in the routine, so you can imagine how much I enjoyed sitting down to meals that I hadn't prepared myself.

It was on this trip that I at last had my fill of shrimp! One evening I went out to dinner with the family of one of the printing executives, and in addition to our usual bill of fare we enjoyed a huge platter of shrimp — to be specific, it was called a Shrimp Tray. On it were mounds of cold boiled shrimp and huge fresh fried shrimp, plus sauces of various kinds. I don't know when I've eaten anything with greater relish!

Another feature of this particular meal was an enormous lazy Susan filled with six different kinds of relishes. If I remember rightly there

were crystal dishes that contained pickled corn, herring marinated in sour cream, a delicious meat concoction, an assortment of pickles, cole slaw, and something in the fish department undecipherable but very delicious. Unfortunately, our service was so slow at this restaurant (we were actually at the table for over two hours!) that we ate too much from the lazy Susan, and when our main course came we were almost too full to enjoy it. (I have the unhappy feeling that perhaps the Management intended it to be this way!)

On another evening I went to the home of another man from the printing firm, and this was a thoroughly delightful experience. For one thing, I was absolutely flabbergasted at the remodeling job they've done all by themselves. It put to shame even the most ambitious projects that we've attempted in our house. I guess that the work has extended over a five-year period, but even so I don't know how they coped with all of the complicated problems and ended with a very large and beautiful home. They even had a new baby during this huge remodeling campaign, and I can imagine how difficult daily life must have been during some spells when everything was totally torn apart.

My hostess served a delicious meal, and I was so taken with the meat loaf, home-made pickles and elegant pie that I asked her if she would send the recipes. She's a very busy mother of four children (in fact, her usual working day never ends until 11:00 at night at the earliest), but I'm hoping that before we put the September number together she'll be able to send these things to me.

St. Joseph is a beautiful town and one that I would much enjoy living in were I to live anywhere outside of Shenandoah. It is right on Lake Michigan and there are beautiful beaches that people can enjoy without driving any distance at all. The only fly in the ointment that I could see is Lake Michigan itself — in recent years it has been cutting into the town, and I don't how many nice big houses were on rollers ready to be moved, and some houses were pointed out to me that have been moved, literally, four times. I was appalled to see one lovely brick home with the entire end gone — I suppose it's just a question of time until the front of the house is gone too. Sooner or later the big highway that runs right through the town (it carries traffic from Chicago up into Michigan) must be relocated, for at one point the lake is coming up dangerously close.

I was told that millions of dollars have been poured into checking this erosion, but that no way has been found to stop it. Really, it does seem that every idyllic location has its drawbacks! Here in Iowa we may groan under corn weather and keep a sharp eye out for tornados, but at least we don't face the prospect of having our homes crumble into Lake Michigan on some fine day.

All in all, whenever I come back from a trip I'm grateful enough to live in an Iowa town. An enormous city such as Chicago has countless

(Continued on page 18)



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL VISITS THE GARDEN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

"Today," said Mrs. Longtail Mouse over her morning potato, "I am going to the garden to get some beans for supper. Your cousin Roscoe tells me that the field mice have them every day. I am tired of these old potatoes."

"Hm-m-m-m-m," said Mr. Longtail. "Did he tell you about Tilly?"

"Oh, that silly Tilly! She is the laziest cat I ever saw. She couldn't catch a mouse."

"Just the same, Roscoe tells me that she sleeps in the berry patch and feasts on irresponsible field mice. You had better stay home, my dear."

"Oh, pooh!" said Mrs. Longtail, and with that she scampered out of the potato bin where she lived with Mr. Longtail and headed for the garden.

Mrs. Longtail was delighted with what she saw at the garden. There were peas, of course, and carrots and cucumbers. Mrs. Longtail soon found the green beans.

"I will look all around," she thought cheerfully, "and stay alert. Mr. Longtail is very foolish to miss such a good dinner."

She peeked under the vines. No Tilly.

She looked to the right and she looked to the left. No Tilly.

So tucking her tail beneath her, Mrs. Longtail sat right down to nibble on a lovely long green bean.

Poor Mrs. Longtail! She had forgotten to look behind her. Tilly had followed her from the basement and now sat behind her with a wide, wide smile on her face.

When Mrs. Longtail got up to reach for a delicious young blossom for desert, Tilly slyly caught her by the tail and tugged it very gently.

"Oh, my goodness," cried Mrs. Longtail. "Oh, my goodness!"

Tilly yawned handsomely. She had eaten so many field mice lately, she really wasn't very hungry.

"I will play with this foolish creature for a while," she decided. Mr. Longtail and the cousins will probably come pretty soon to rescue her. I will show them that Tilly is not so silly after all!"

Sure enough, Mr. Longtail and the cousins were peeking out of the basement windows. They caught a glimpse of Tilly swinging Mrs. Longtail back and forth by the tail.

"Let's all rush out," whispered the first cousin. "Tilly will get so excited trying to catch all of us that she will drop Mrs. Longtail. Then we will all escape and run to the basement."

"Hm-m-m-m-m-m," said Mr. Longtail. "We have done that before. Tilly is not *that* silly. No, we must use brains instead of brawn. Roscoe, you

will have to loan us the ice cream box that you found last week. Run along, now, and hurry."

Soon the mice were ready.

"Remember, now," warned Mr. Longtail, "not a single mouse is supposed to run. Forward, *march!*"

Mr. Longtail went first, looking very stern and dignified.

Then came three of the cousins, carrying the ice cream carton. On the very top of it sat Roscoe, beating it with a sucker stick. It made a fine drum! Behind them marched the rest of the cousins, singing mouse songs and turning cartwheels.

Tum-tum-de-tum! Tum-tum-de-tum! The little parade marched right to the garden and started around Tilly.

That silly Tilly couldn't think fast enough to gobble Mrs. Longtail while she had her! The parade marched around and around and around and around until Tilly was so dreadfully dizzy that she fell right into the bean vines.

"Let's go!" shouted Roscoe. He jumped off the drum and scampered for the basement.

Mr. Longtail looked for Mrs. Longtail, but she was right behind Roscoe. Helter-skelter, away they went, leaving poor Tilly in the bean patch with her head stuck in the ice cream carton.

"See what we did! See what we did!" the cousins shouted gleefully.

"Hm-m-m-m-m-m," replied Mr. Longtail. "A fortunate mistake!"

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Longtail ate their usual potato for supper.

"I wish you had a bean, dear," said Mrs. Longtail wistfully.

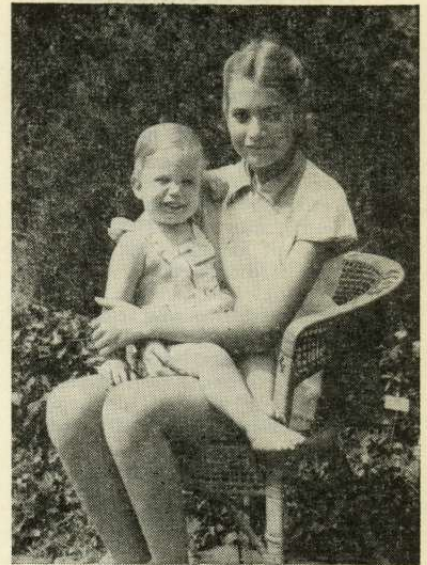
"Never mind," replied Mr. Longtail, tucking his napkin under his chin. "Even a potato tastes delicious to me when you are safely home to share it."

Mrs. Longtail smiled at her husband.

"Oh, pooh," she said.

RIDDLES

1. Why is your nose in the middle of your face?
2. Why is a schoolboy like a postage stamp?
3. Why does a cat look first on one side and then the other, when she enters a room?
4. To what man in town do all the other men take off their hats?
5. What runs and runs and never stops?
6. What is that which never uses its teeth for chewing purposes?
7. What is the best bet ever made?
8. What is the difference between a glass of soda pop and a glass of water?
9. A boy went across a bridge on Sunday, and came back two days later on Sunday; how did he do it?

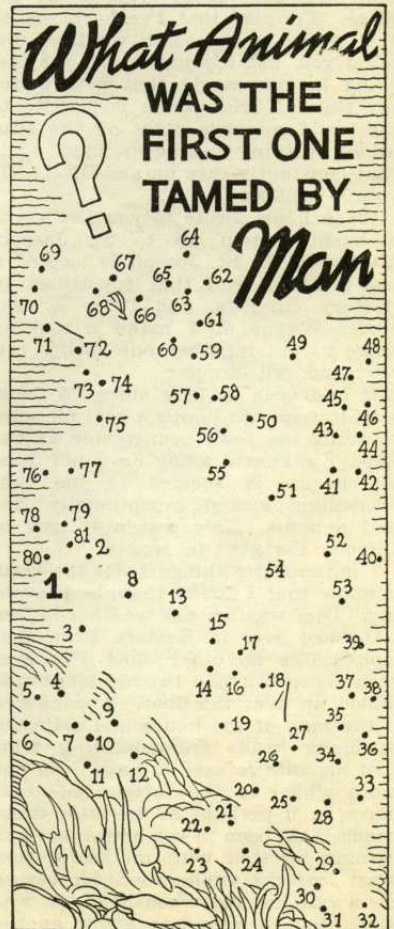


Kristin thoroughly enjoys playing with her little cousin, Clark Driftmier, when she visits in Shenandoah.

10. What has a head and tail, but no body?

Answers

1. Because it is the scenter.
2. Because you lick him and put him in the corner.
3. Because she can't look on both sides at the same time.
4. The barber.
5. A river.
6. A comb.
7. The alphabet.
8. Ten cents.
9. He rode on a horse named "Sunday."
10. A penny.



A TREASURE CHEST PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

There is something magical and exciting about the sound of the word "TREASURE" and there is sure to be an air of suspense when the invitation to our TREASURE CHEST PARTY is received.

The invitations will be in the form of a chest made by folding your paper envelope fashion to resemble a chest. Add gilt, sequins, or any thing you happen to have handy that will make it look mysterious and valuable. You may include a few lines similar to these:

"Beware! Beware! The secret is told; There is buried treasure—it may be gold;

Come and we'll search for the treasure of old."

We need the help of you who are bold."

With the weather so delightful it would be fun to have your party out-of-doors. Or if you have a deserted barn, a recreation room or other indoor place, why not decorate appropriately? Black and orange streamers, jingly coins which may be bits of candy in tin foil or cardboard circles covered with gilt or foil paper may be dangling about. Instead of chairs, you may use wooden boxes or kegs.

Each guest, upon arrival, may be given a treasure chest which is a small decorated box. In it may be a black patch for his eye, a red bandana, earrings, beads, or other pirate accessories. And in each box will be a tag for the guest to pin on and it will be his or her name for the evening. There may be Squint Eye Sam, Dead Eye Dick, Peg Leg Pete, Howling Harriett, Battlin' Bob, Squawking Sal, and so on.

Games

Before the guests arrive hide several small articles — more than one of each. There may be such things as needles, pins, soda straws, bobby pins, pencils, spoons, thread, peanuts, matches, small stones, thimbles, erasers, beans, buttons. Each player is given a small box (CHEST) and a complete list of the hidden objects. Then at a given signal, the hunt is on for the treasures and the person who completely fills his list first or the one who has found the most complete list at a given time is winner.

Skull And Cross Bones. Find a round carton and paint it or cover it with white paper and then draw a skull on it. If this game is played at night it is eerie if the skull is painted with luminous paint and the lights are turned out. Cut two sticks to resemble bones. See who can toss the most bones into the skull in a given number of throws.

Who's Got The Dagger? IT is blindfolded and stands in the center of a circle. One of the players is given a small cardboard dagger. IT is given three guesses. If he guesses correctly, he changes places with the one who had the dagger. If he fails to guess correctly, he must draw a paper slip and do whatever stunt is written there. He then may designate a person to be IT.

Hunt The Coins. Give each person a sack and at a given signal each person is told to hunt for coins that are hidden about. These coins are circles of cardboard with either a 1, a 5, a 10, a 25, or a 50 cent sign on them. When time is called, each person counts his money and the one who has the largest sum of money (not coins) is winner.

Treasure Chest Prizes. If you plan to give small favors or noise makers, have a cardboard box decorated like a treasure chest. Wrap each little favor in a gaudy fashion and then allow each person to select a treasure of his own choice. This is always a hit with the small fry in the crowd.

Prizes

Prizes for the games need not be expensive to be appropriate. Boys might like bandana handkerchiefs, dagger cuff links or tie clips, or key rings. The girls will like costume jewelry, small purses, or sparkling hair clips. Any prizes that seem appropriate for your particular group will be more in keeping with your party theme if you wrap the gifts in gold or silver paper and decorate with play coins, beads, sequins or other "noisy" looking trimmings.

Refreshments

Again you will plan your type of refreshments to suit your own particular guests, but it might be possible to send them out on a hunt for clues. You may give them a first clue which says, "Look under the rock by the front gate." There they will find a skull and cross bone clue written in blood red ink which sends them on to the handle on the garage door, where a second clue is fastened. After a diligent search, the last clue brings the gang back to your place of serving.

It would be fun to have a huge treasure chest filled with weiners and buns, marshmallows, and all the trimmings for an outdoor picnic. You will have all the necessities for a quick bonfire. Or you may prefer to give each guest or couple a treasure chest with his lunch in it.

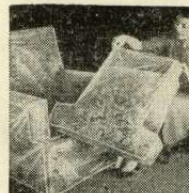
A TREASURE CHEST PARTY is fun for various aged groups and is also a good way to entertain a mixed group of varying ages.

KINDNESS

I often wonder why people do not make more of the marvelous power there is in kindness. It is the greatest lever to move the hearts of men that the world has even known — greater by far than anything that mere ingenuity can devise or subtlety suggest. Kindness is the kingpin of success in life; it is the prime factor in overcoming friction and making the human machinery run smoothly.

You may think there is not much that any one person can do toward achieving world peace. Yet if every person who believed in the ideas in the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments would begin practicing them in his own small sphere, the combined effect would be world-shaking. — Alfred Weinstein.

DOES IT HAPPEN TO YOU?



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Frederick's Letter—Concluded

I give thanks to God for the fact that we still have some superior teachers and that each year some very superior young people enter the teaching profession. They are the strong nails that are holding together many a shaking school system. But the fact remains that where young people fail to acknowledge and respect superiority it is the result of superior people failing to accept the responsibilities of superiority.

I don't think that there is anything I enjoy more than a good discussion of some important and interesting topic. We had lots of fun last night discussing juvenile delinquency, and I think that each of us learned a great deal too.

Sincerely, Frederick

"It is depressing to see someone cast off Youth almost unworn. It usually means they try to dress up in it again much later when it doesn't suit them any more."—Monica Dickens.



KRISTIN AND JULIANA HAD A REAL "PIONEER" DAY!

Dear Friends.

It doesn't seem possible that so much of the school vacation has already slipped by! When I got my typewriter out to write my monthly letter to you I rolled the paper into the machine and then I sat for a few minutes and thought back over the month of June and wondered just what we had done this month that would be of interest to you friends. We haven't done anything spectacular, but it has certainly been a full month with many comings and goings and much activity.

I told you in my last letter that Juliana had arrived. The girls had a very happy three weeks together. They made out a schedule and divided up the chores so that they could get all their jobs done early in the morning and could be free the rest of the day, except for the dishes. I allowed them one meal a week that they didn't have to do the dishes and told them that they could choose any meal they wanted to be free. I heard Kristin say to Juliana, "Let's pick Sunday noon because we always have lots of company on Sunday and there are always scads of dishes. We would be all afternoon getting them done!"

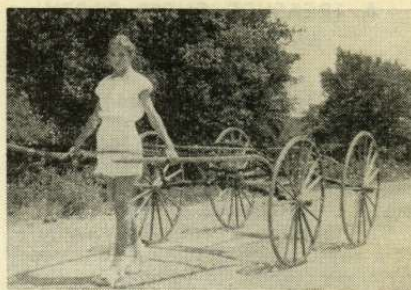
We had our Lucas-County 4-H Rally Day on the first Saturday in June. Our club was represented with a hundred percent attendance. We were very proud and happy that one of our neighbor girls, Mary Ann Clothier, was one of the eight girls in Iowa

nominated to run for a state office in 4-H. Mary Ann attended our little Plympton school until she finished the eighth grade and was graduated from the Chariton High School this spring.

Kristin was one of the delegates from our club to attend the State 4-H camp at Boone. Mrs. Besco took our girls to camp on a Wednesday and I drove after them on Friday. Since they were only gone three days Juliana stayed with us and did Kristin's chores for her while she was away. Another thing Juliana did for me to occupy her time was to paint one of our porch chairs. Our chairs are red and they had become very faded. With a fresh coat of red enamel on them they look like new.

We have an old buggy frame that the girls just love to push and pull around. One evening they asked me if they could pack a lunch in the morning and pretend the old buggy was a covered wagon and go on a trip up the road a ways. I told them they could. Before they got started in the morning the mailman brought a big package from Mother to Kristin for her birthday. There was a package enclosed for Juliana from her mother, so each girl had a lovely white terry cloth shorts and blouse outfit just alike. Of course they had to put them right on to wear on their "trip".

About noon it began to rain and I began to worry about them. Frank kept telling me he was sure they weren't getting wet because they would certainly get under the bridge or go somewhere to keep dry. It wasn't long before he called me to come out on the porch — the girls were just coming through the gate still pulling and pushing the old buggy in the mud. If they weren't a sorry looking sight! You can imagine what those white play clothes looked like and their shoes were covered



Juliana snapped this picture of Kristin pulling the old buggy in which they made their wonderful "Pioneer Day" tour.

with mud, their hair stringing, but they said it was all in the life of a pioneer.

Mother, Dad, Margery and Martin drove up to spend Father's day with us. It was a beautiful day and we enjoyed sitting on the front porch and visiting for several hours. Before they started home the girls, Margery and Martin and I went for a boat ride. Juliana and Kristin went home with them so that the girls could attend the girl scout camp the following week.

Kristin was in Shenandoah for her birthday this year. It is the first time she had ever spent a birthday away from home. She was a little hesitant about going home with them because of this, but we called her that evening to let her know we had been thinking of her and she said she had had a lovely day. Granny had asked all of the little cousins to come in the afternoon for birthday cake and ice cream. We are going to have her Johnson birthday dinner here later this week.

We haven't driven our jeep for several months. There weren't any brakes on it and we didn't seem to need it, so it was just one of those things we didn't do anything about. While Kristin was gone Frank took the top off of it and took it in to be fixed. Kristin came home on the train Sunday and Edna and I were going to drive in to meet her. Frank suggested we take the jeep and surprise her. She had never ridden in it without a top on it and he thought she would think that was a lot of fun. Edna said on the way in that Kristin would probably think it was so much fun she would want to take it to Des Moines the next day when we went up to meet Susan Sayre who was flying in to the Des Moines airport. Sure enough, after we got home Kristin came in and asked me if I thought the jeep was in good enough shape to make a long trip, and I knew what was coming. I could just see us driving all the way to Des Moines in that jeep with no top on it.

Monday morning Edna and Kristin and I drove to Des Moines in the other car. We shopped for a couple of hours in the morning. Susan's plane was due to arrive at 3:00 so we decided to go to the airport about 1:00 and have our lunch in the Sky Room. Kristin had never eaten there before and she enjoyed watching the planes come and go. After Susan had called her mother to let her know she had

(Continued on page 18)

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Shutins are having an additional cross to bear this time of year. Everybody else can go out and play. They have to stay inside. We cannot help that much (although perhaps some of us *could* see that at least one shutin living near us had an outing or two), but we can help brighten the hours they have to stay indoors.

Mrs. Alma Carlson, Rt. 1, Garfield, Kansas, who had her 70th wedding anniversary last November, lost her companion in May. Mrs. Carlson has been in a wheelchair many years, and it must be 15 years since she was off the place. Now she is very lonely. She probably will not be able to answer letters, but do write anyway.

Mrs. J. A. Cherry, 6020 Herzog St., Oakland B, Calif., is another shutin who has been sick for many years. She has spinal arthritis, and although she is usually able to write, she has been quite sick this spring and her writing arm is affected. Her husband wrote me a note. She is alone all day while he is at work and gets very lonely.

Mrs. Ennis Allison, Rt. 1, Chester, W. Va., was in a car accident in March last year. She was in the hospital many months following a hip operation. She is at home now, but must lie on her stomach all the time, and will have to for some weeks to come. Mrs. Allison is 55.

Mrs. Pearl Ross, 4547 Bell, Kansas City, Mo., needs cheer. She is a diabetic, nearly blind, and is alone a lot. In writing people whose sight is defective, be sure to write clearly and heavily.

Mildred Woodbury, 21301 Telegraph Road, Detroit, Mich., Lot 82 Valley Gardens Trailer Court, is a long time shutin. She lives alone and has no one to help her. She likes mail, but even more she needs someone who lives near to go and see her. Surely there are people in Detroit who would go and call on a shutin. If you go, will you write to me about Mildred?

Miss Edna E. Casper, Saint Elizabeth Hospital, Rear 2, Elizabeth 1, N. J., has been bedfast for many years. She has been in this hospital for more than five years. She has arthritis and is so badly drawn that she is not able to do a thing for herself. Besides that, she is unable to see or hear much. Please send pretty cards.

Mrs. Fred Deffke, 134 Trier St., Brillion, Wisc., is another arthritic person. Recently her eyes are affected. She suffers constantly, is alone a lot and mail is her only pleasure.

I hesitate to mention the afghan project, as I know no one likes to work with yarn this sticky, hot weather. However, the project is going along. A few afghans have been turned in. They are lovely and will make some veteran in a wheelchair have a happier time. If you are knitting, plan to get your blocks to me by early October. If you will donate yarn, send it any time. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

By

Mildred B. Grenier

What child isn't fascinated by fairy-like, shimmering soap bubbles of airy rainbow colors? Here is one answer to "What can we do next, Mother?" on some warm, restless August afternoon.

Make up a quart of warm soapy water — the liquid soap detergent works remarkably well. Add a teaspoon of sugar, four tablespoons of glycerine or olive oil and a few drops of vegetable coloring or water colors to make colored bubbles. Give the children bubble pipes or soda straws and a large shade tree in the back yard and do not stir until supper time. This is one recipe that you can mix up and leave unattended with no worries about scorching, burning or falling flat; if the finished products turn out to be a little soggy, that is exactly as it should be.

* * *

"Sunburst Salad" is a salad as pretty and as refreshing as an early summer sunrise. Remove chilled cranberry jelly from the can by cutting out both ends of the can and pushing out the entire cylinder of jelly. Cut into slices; then cut each slice into halves. Place half slice on lettuce leaf, and arrange grapefruit and orange segments sunburst fashion around the upper half of the cranberry "sun". Pass mayonnaise separately.

* * *

Try tinting the water in an ice cube tray with a few drops of green food coloring, freezing and crushing. Just before serving, pile this around the carrot sticks, radishes, celery, etc., on your large relish plate. The effect is refreshingly eye-catching and relishes keep crispy fresh.

* * *

If you or some of your friends visited the beach this summer, you perhaps picked up some very lovely sea shells. You can make decorative vases from some of the larger ones — to use as gifts or to keep on your table as a pleasant daily reminder of a happy experience. All you need to do is to make a plaster base for the shell so it will stand upright. Fill up any holes with plaster that there may be in the bottom. Let dry thoroughly, fill with water and fresh flowers.

* * *

The woman who always keepeth her house as neat as a pin should watch herself closely lest her tongue become as sharp as a needle.

* * *

Teen-age girls will love "Waffle Butterflies" for their summer slumber party breakfast. Alternate pineapple chunks (3/4 inch square) on metal skewers with same size cubes of ham or luncheon meat. Brush with butter. Broil slowly on all sides while the waffles are baking. Place two waffle halves together with the curved sides touching to form the butterfly wings. Lay the broiled meat and fruit skewers between the wings to form the body. Serve with syrup, tomato juice and hot chocolate.



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ABSORB DUST

ASK YOUR

LOCAL GROCER



These darling three-months old twins are Terri Lee and Toni Lynn Wolford of Denver, Colo. Their mother is holding them, but their grandmother, Mrs. Grace Gibson of Greenfield, Ia., sent the picture. We'd like to know how people manage with twins, and will send a check for \$10.00 to the person who writes the most interesting letter on the subject. Address your letters to Lucile Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa.

THE HOMEMAKER

This woman has a special charm

For she can sing a joyous song,
And smile and greet the loved ones home

Although her day was hard and long.

She spreads her snowy table cloth.

And sets her pretty dishes out,
She deftly whips, and stirs and bakes,
While merry children laugh and shout.

A glowing fire, a shining lamp,
The dainty curtains clean and white . . .

Her magic touch is everywhere,
For this is home and all is right.

What greater work is there to do
Than making home a lovely place
For happy children, and to see
Contentment on the father's face?
—Emma Thomas Scoville.

Lucile's Letter—Concluded

exciting attractions to offer to its residents and its visitors, but I, for one, wouldn't care to cope with its traffic, congestion and noise on a permanent basis. I'm sure that if you grow up in it you take it for granted, but to a small-town resident it is almost overpowering!

These days I'm busy writing the 1956 spring nursery catalog that you'll be receiving in January. And I can tell you right now, even though January is a long spell off, that you'll be interested in the many new things that we're going to be offering.

Always sincerely, Lucile

Dear Lord, I'm just an ordinary woman with a mean spirit today. Things haven't gone right from the time I got up.

You know dear Lord, how the children fussed at me because their school lunches weren't the kind they wanted. But dear Lord what else could I give them? It was all I had—

And then my husband complained about the coffee—and the chickens got into the flower beds—and the Woman's Missionary Society is going to meet here this afternoon — and I haven't time to get ready for them when I should be doing the ironing and mending for the children.

Dear Lord, what am I to do

And the Lord said to me—

"Be still—hush thy fretting. Knowest thou not that it is through trial and tribulations that thou growest in grace?"

And I knelt in quiet meditation — and peace and happiness soon filled my soul.—Selected.

Dorothy's Letter—Concluded

arrived safely, we started home. The girls are having a wonderful time. They enjoy doing the same things and playing the same games so they get along very well. They have already built a new shack and are begging to sleep in it tomorrow night. They may start the night there but my guess is that the mosquitoes will send them into the house before very long.

Kristin entertained 4-H for their June meeting and the July meeting is an all-day workshop which will also be here. Instead of having a covered dish dinner at noon as we have had in the past we are letting the girls bring sack lunches and they can walk into the timber a ways and have a picnic. This will not only be fun for them, but will also save a lot of time because we won't have the dishes to do.

Frank has put up hay this month and has been plowing corn and beans. Everything looks very good. The corn has all been laid by now and there will soon be more hay to put up. Most of my time has been spent in the kitchen cooking and baking and canning peas.

Frank's sister Ruth left for her home in Kansas City today after spending a week with us and with Bernie in Lucas.

It is getting late and I have a few more letters to write tonight, so this must be all until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

FAITH

A little child will kneel at night
Beside his bed, in the dim lamp light,
And offer up his trusting prayer
So sure that God is listening there.
A little child, so sweet and pure,
Goes on to bed safe and secure,
Cradled with warmth of God's love—
and this
A Father's big hug and a Mother's kiss.

—Phyllis Pasqualetti

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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 175,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

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ADORABLE HANDMADE—Blue, White, Pink, Red felt baby shoes, \$1.00 postpaid, pair, and stay-on crocheted booties any color. State color 75¢ pr. Mrs. Irma Safley, Rt. 2, Conway, Iowa.

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CHILDREN'S RED OR BLUE DENIM kindergarten aprons. Small, medium, large. \$1.25. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

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WILL PAY 10¢ per sheet for used music, I can use. Please send list first. Rose Stalder, Nodaway, Iowa.

ALL OCCASION, BIBLE TEXT OR GET WELL CARDS, 18 for \$1.00. Letterheads, envelopes, or cards printed. Stamp for list. Bear, 2118 Burt, Omaha, Nebr.

NEW (TICKING) DUCK FEATHER PILLOWS. Mrs. Fred Kubalek, Weston, Nebr.

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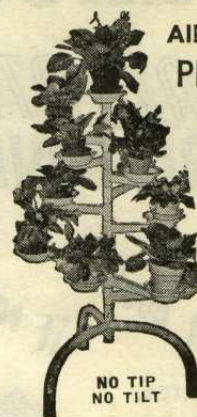
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