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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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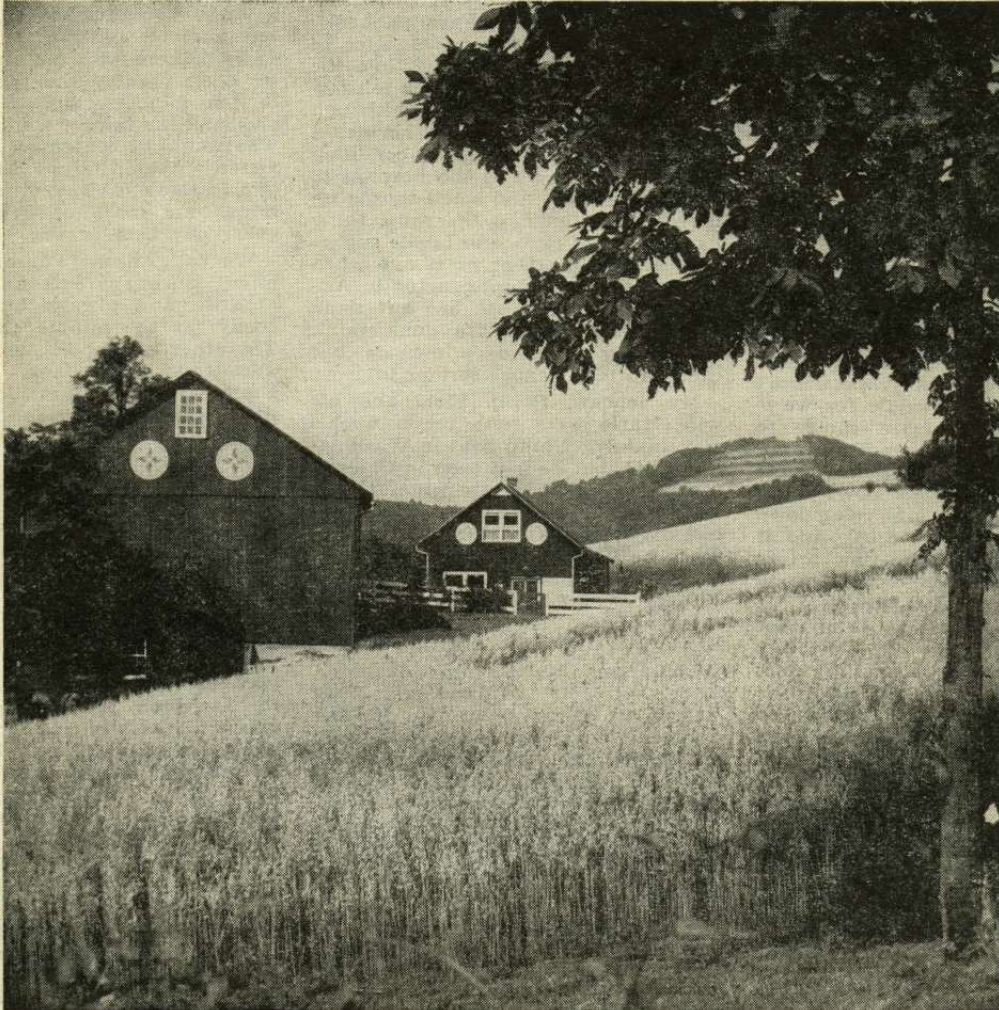


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

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Dear Friends:

If I didn't really feel that by the time you read this we'll be through with the worst heat of the summer, I'd hesitate to say that I'm writing to you on a very, very hot day.

It doesn't do any good to complain about temperatures of 100 degrees and up, but this has surely been a long and excessive heat wave. I believe it is now considered the worst we've had since the never-to-be forgotten summer of 1934, and I guess that none of us will ever forget that particular summer.

We need rain here, but I know in many communities it's needed much worse. At least Shenandoah has had sufficient water through this period, and that's a great deal to be grateful for because I know that many of you are buying and hauling in every drop that you use.

We've started our days early all summer — by 7:00 o'clock Mart is driving out of the garage and on his way down to the office. And right here I do want to ask you friends to be patient with us if everything doesn't go right along on schedule for we've had a great many extra things to cope with at the Kitchen-Klatter office. Almost the entire summer we've been running two shifts down there (that's why Mart has been going down at 7:00 rather than at 8:00), and it will still take quite some time to get all the subscriptions entered and everything straightened out.

I don't want anyone to think that we deliberately ignore or neglect any letters that have problems. It's just that we can't find enough hours or hands to reach everything as promptly as we've always tried to do. As soon as it's humanly possible we'll get back on the usual keel, so please bear with us until we can all take a deep breath once again.

Lucile and Russell were in eastern Pennsylvania this past month, and Juliana stayed with us a couple of days. Then we drove up to spend Sunday with Dorothy and Frank and returned home with Juliana, Kristin, Sue Sayre and Dorothy. Our house was full of happy girls for several days, and the only shadow was the regret that my sister, Sue, couldn't have lived long enough to be here and see her granddaughter and namesake, Sue Sayre.

All of the cousins had a good time at the swimming pool on hot after-

noons, and then we had a lovely picnic in the garden at Jessie's and Martha's home in Clarinda. They served platters and platters of fried chicken, fresh succotash, hot buns with just-made grape jelly, a big tossed salad, and home-made peach ice cream and cake. It all tasted delicious for both of my sisters are fine cooks. Juliana, Kristin and Sue all have big appetites, so they did full justice to the meal.

Bertha Field had a most unusual accident recently. Cacti are her hobby and she has many rare varieties in one corner of the garden. While she was working in that area she fell forward into the cacti bed, and although she protected her face with her arms, she was still in such bad condition that she had to go to the hospital to have many large and small thorns removed. Martha had the same thing happen to her once, and Lucile suffered a similar accident years ago when she fell against a large cactus in Arizona and couldn't use her left hand for several weeks. We don't think of growing plants as a menace, but cacti can really cause serious injuries.

My nephew, Philip Field and his wife Marie were here for a week's visit in July. Philip lives in Washington, D. C., but he had been in Chicago for a very delicate operation to restore his hearing. This was the second major surgery he had undergone; when he lived in Hawaii he returned for the first operation. But modern surgery is simply miraculous, and as a result of this second operation Philip now has good hearing.

Philip and Marie's only daughter, Billie, will enter William and Mary college at Williamsburg, Va. for her freshman year this fall. She stayed in Washington this summer and worked in an office while her parents were in Chicago and Iowa.

We also enjoyed a visit with Lettie Field Bianco, her husband Ray and small daughter, Jean Ann. No doubt many of you will recall one of the "niece" letters written by Lettie in which she told you some of their experiences in building their own home in Marseilles, Ill. I guess that they are pretty well done now and able to relax and enjoy the fruits of their long labors. I admire these young people who are determined to have their own home and who start out, completely inexperienced, to achieve it.

We had a far too short visit with

our nephew, Robert Driftmier and his family of Santa Ana, Calif. We always see them when we're in California and always hope that they can really spend some time with us, but Betty's family live in Missouri, and on a two-weeks' vacation it doesn't leave much leeway after the drive back and forth has been made. They had their two children, Kenneth and Susan, with them, and my! how Juliana envied them because they live so close to Disneyland. Robert is an electrical engineer with the Bell Co., and was transferred to Santa Ana.

All of Adella Shoemaker's many friends will be happy to know that she has opened a tea room in her home at 310 West Summit. This is up the street just three doors from Fred Fischer's home at the intersection of West and Summit streets. Adella says that she can make reservations up to twenty-four, and those of you who come to town can call her when you arrive so she'll know how many to plan on for the noon or evening meals. Adella is a fine cook and she says that she has always wanted to have her own tea room, so we know that she'll be happy and successful.

We've been fortunate not to have any summer illnesses in our family. Clark is here with me quite often for he doesn't enjoy the pool after five or ten minutes, and of course this spoils all the fun for Emily and Alison who would be contented to live in the water. Abigail drops him off here and I've enjoyed having him — he reminds me more of Frederick with every day that passes.

We call Alison "I'm hungry Driftmier" since she has a very hearty appetite and always heads for the cooky jar the minute she comes in. The other afternoon she was playing upstairs with Juliana, Martin and Emily, and all of a sudden I heard a little voice at my side (I was lying down for a short rest) saying: "Granny, could we have just a tiny, tiny, little bit of a tea party?"

I asked her what her idea was of a 'tiny, tiny, little bit of a tea party' and it turned out to be ice cream in a glass with coke poured over it, and two cookies. All of this was in the house, so they had their tea party then and there.

If everything goes well we hope to leave towards the end of September for Anderson, Ind. to see our newest grandchild, Katharine Driftmier. After hearing Lucile's and Russell's description we can scarcely wait to see her. She will be christened the first Sunday in October and we want to be there for the service.

After this we will drive on to Springfield, Mass. to visit Frederick and his family. They will be all settled then in their new home, and we will have an opportunity to hear Frederick conduct a service at the South Congregational church. We will miss not seeing their good friends in Bristol, but we will have a chance to meet their new friends in Springfield.

I think that I hear Emily and Alison coming in right now, so I'll say goodbye for this month. Affectionately yours, Leanna.

GARDEN CHATTER

By Lucile

At least once out of each day's mail I pick up a letter that says: "I'm still hoping that sometime we can get to Shenandoah and visit your gardens. I've studied the pictures and tried to get it all straightened out in my mind's eye, but there are still things about your garden, Lucile, that have me confused."

Well, I can understand this without stretching my imagination a bit, so we decided to ask Russell to draw the basic outline of our garden, and to follow this, in the October and November issues, with outlines of the folks' garden and Wayne and Abigail's garden. Naturally, we couldn't begin to account for all of the plantings, but at least the main points are here and you can get a pretty good idea of the basic plan.

Number 1 indicates roses, both hybrid teas and floribundas. We use both varieties together and are well pleased with the result. There are other roses in the garden at places not indicated here, but these areas number 1 are devoted only to roses. (During early spring these rose beds are filled with tulips.)

Number 2 indicates sections devoted to roses and perennials.

Number 3. Perennials only.

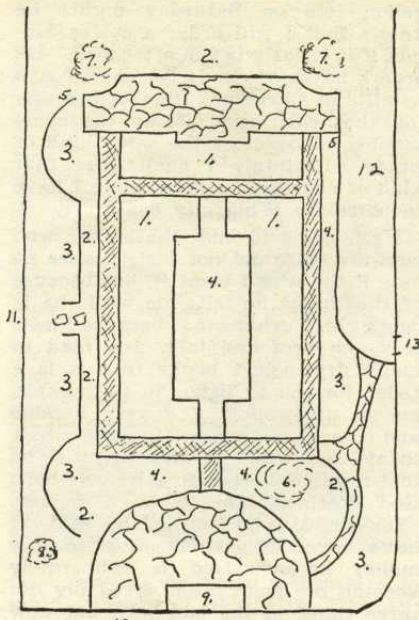
Number 4: Ground cover. (Vinca minor and baltic ivy.)

Number 5: Hedges. Those of you who have been here will remember that we use Amur River North Privet beside the covered shelter, and it is ideal for this purpose since it grows tall enough to serve the intended goal of creating a green wall between the shelter and the remainder of the garden. Two sections are allowed to grow to approximately 5 ft., while the middle section is clipped at a height of 2½ ft. Our big Monroe table stands directly in front of this low section, so we have an unobstructed view into the garden.

The hedge inside the perennial border is one of the things we consider extremely important for several reasons. It is *Truehedge Columberry* and has attracted world's of comments from our visitors. Russell is completely sold on this hedge because it grows perfectly upright, is exceptionally dense, and needs to be sheared not more than once throughout the entire season. It grows into a highly attractive shape and holds it forever.

Although *Truehedge Columberry* is wonderful for any area where a low-growing, beautiful hedge is needed, we feel that it is the one inspired answer for gardeners who are getting on in years and simply haven't the physical strength to keep other hedges neatly trimmed. Russell says that when he gets to the rheumatic age he is going to lean on *Truehedge Columberry* as his life-saving garden crutch! (Incidentally, it's taken us several years to get the job done, but we're mighty happy now because we're going to be able to list it for the first time in our 1956 Spring catalog.)

Number 6: *Russian Olive*. This



See accompanying article by Lucile for explanation.

graceful, silvery tree near our pool is surely a blessing! It casts a soft, romantic shade to help create the illusion of coolness on a blistering summer day, but the foliage is so finely cut that we are able to have flowers directly underneath it. Also, it never gets too big and out of bounds. This is very important in a small garden such as we have.

Number 7: *Flowering Peach (Cardinal)*. These two trees give us constant pleasure. In the spring they are a dazzling bouquet of brilliant red bloom. The rest of the summer they are fresh and vivid looking.

Number 8: *Magnolia (Soulangeana)*. We consider this the great jewel of flowering trees. The enormous blossoms are purple-pink on the outside and white on the inside.

Number 9: Our pool.

Number 10: Lombardy hedge. We've lived with these trees about five years now and are still staggered by the rapidity of their growth. Every spring Russell climbs a ladder and cuts them back just about to the top of the wall! In no time at all their shimmering tops have risen again! We put these out originally to close off a most unsightly alley and to furnish shade in what was a completely naked backyard. They still give us genuine gratification.

Number 11: Evergreen hedge. This forms a screen between our yard and our neighbor's yard. Flowering shrubs are interspersed with the evergreens.

Number 12. Covered shelter.

Number 13: Gate. Through this simple, homemade gate, thousands of you have walked. We have reason to believe, from your letters, that you enjoyed what you found on the other side of this gate. It will always stand open to you.

"It is not a bad thing to have a courageous, quiet man for a friend, even if it has gone out of fashion."—Arthur Miller.

WHEN I HAVE TIME!

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded
now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead his feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer his heart with words of sweetest praise
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill his life with sweet content—
When you had time!

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving deeds and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear.
They may not meet you in the coming year—
Now is the time!

—Unknown

FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S GARDEN

God, bless each funny crooked row,
And give each seed the strength to grow.

And if, in zeal that could not keep,
They're planted everlasting deep,
Or pressed down fiercely hard and tight,

Thou, Master Gardener, make them right.

And make them sturdy to withstand
A too exploring little hand.

Blight or sharp drought that falls
our lot,

We rest will bear, if this one spot
May grow and bloom, Thy grace receiving

For one small child who waits,
believing.

—Janet Pine

(Reprinted from bulletin of the Community Christian Church, Kansas City.)

COVER PICTURE

The huge barns of the Pennsylvania Dutch country are really a sight to behold. They are painted a brilliant red, as a rule, and are highly ornamental with their vivid hex signs. Most of the buildings on Pennsylvania farms are clustered close together. These two buildings where we visited are part of a group that form a courtyard. All of the walls that faced into the courtyard were painted white, (the other walls were red), and it made an extremely ornamental background for beautiful roses, evergreens, and nooks paved with flagstones.



A
LETTER
FROM
FREDERICK

ANOTHER MOVE FOR THE
DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

Some of you will remember that last fall after we had experienced two bad hurricanes here in Rhode Island I wrote and told you about the surprise show that our trees and shrubs put on for us.

In late September shrubs and trees were sending out new leaves, crocuses were in flower, lilacs and forsythias were in bloom and cherry, crabapple, plum and apple trees were blossoming for the second time in the year. The hurricane caused a false spring by upsetting the natural physiological balance of plants. Because they had been thrown off balance, they were growing when they should have been resting. No doubt some of you have wondered just what the effect was on the growing season this summer.

The small flowers like the crocuses showed no ill effects what-so-ever. The forsythia seemed to show no ill effects either, but the lilacs did not do at all well. All of our lilacs were completely broken down by the hurricane, but our neighbors' lilacs which survived the storm and then bloomed in October, did not have a single bloom this year. Some of the trees in our yard have only about fifty per-cent their usual number of leaves, and none of our flowering trees have had any flowers. The experts tell us that by next year the plants and trees should be back on schedule once again.

This month finds us making the big move from Bristol, Rhode Island to Springfield, Massachusetts. Betty and I have been married nine years, and in that time we have had to move large households of furniture three times. Even though we are rather used to moving we do not love it any the more. This move is the hardest one we have ever made, and it is so not only because this one requires the moving of the largest amount of furniture, but primarily because it means moving out of a town that we have come to love very much.

Just today I was thinking of what it means to change a home from one city to another. Of course it means leaving one's friends and church, but it also means leaving behind many little things that do not seem very important until you have to give them up.

For example, it means my giving up my patronage of a drug store where my needs and my likes and my dislikes are so well-known by the druggist that the service I receive there is simply wonderful. When I walk up to the soda fountain, I don't have to ask for what I want; he knows that I buy ice cream in half-

gallon lots on Saturday night; he knows that I will order a coffee cabinet if it is early in the afternoon. He orders boxes of candy for me to give as gifts at Christmas time, remembering that each year I buy the same number of boxes of the same kind of candy. Certainly I shall miss that kind of courteous service when I have to patronize a big city drugstore.

I am going to miss the barber who cuts my hair, and not just because he cuts it the way I want it, but because of the things he tells me while he is cutting it. Perhaps it is because I hear so much profound talk, and read so many dry-as-dust books that it is a relief for me to listen to the simple, honest philosophy of a very humble and a very good man. He cut my hair today, and while he was doing it he told me that long before he was born God destined him to be a barber. "Yes sir, Mr. Driftmier," he said, "I have never been able to save any money because God is deliberately keeping me poor. God saved my life three times in the last war, but now He is making me pay the price for it by not letting me save money." Now just try to argue with a philosopher like that!

The mail man, the milk man, yes, and even the garbage man have done so many nice things for us way beyond their call to duty that we shall miss them very much indeed. How good it is to have people make very special efforts to be of service. Why, I have known our mail man to walk back again along his route several blocks to deliver a postcard that he had previously overlooked, and the milk man and the garbage man have always been so careful not to wake us up in the early morning with unnecessary noise. It is the little courtesies and the little kindnesses and services of people who have come to know you and who want to please you that one misses when he has to move to a new town.

After living for so many years in the tropics where one occasionally has to give some thought to the fact that there are sharks in the ocean, it is a relief to be able to swim anywhere along the coasts of New England without ever giving a thought to sharks. Imagine what a shock we had the other day when our newspapers carried a story about a young boy being attacked and bitten by a small shark while bathing at a beach just a short distance from here. Never before have I heard of such a thing happening. The shark first bit the boy on the ankle, and then when the boy screamed and started to run for the beach the shark bit him again and again on the legs. Fortunately the shark was not more than three feet long and because of the shallowness of the water was not able to get into position to bite off one of the legs, but even as it was the boy had to be rushed to the hospital.

Do you remember my telling you about all the trouble some of the people on this bay had with dead whales last year? Well, we are having the same trouble this year. Just last week a small whale about ten feet long washed up on the beach that we often

use in the summertime. Some of the summer residents pulled the rotting carcass out to sea with a motorboat, but the next day it was back again. The same thing happened with a little larger whale on a beach about ten miles from Bristol. The problem isn't so bad when they are small whales, but oh! what a lot of trouble those giant whales caused last year.

I was driving through the traffic in downtown Providence one day not so long ago when a funny thing happened. I had stopped for a traffic light and while waiting looked casually at the car that had drawn up alongside of me on my right. I could not believe my eyes! There behind the steering wheel was a monkey, and the monkey's face seemed to say: "What's the matter with you, Mr.? Haven't you ever seen a monkey driving a car before?" Actually, I never had seen a monkey under such circumstances, and I was much relieved to see in a second glance that the monkey was sitting on a man's lap.

Betty entertained her garden club at our summer cottage down in the woods last week, and what a perfectly delightful time we had. The ladies arrived about eleven o'clock in the morning and we immediately took them on a hike through the woods. It so happens that the woods around the cottage are really quite rugged with some high precipices and steep cliffs, and even though we had asked the ladies to come prepared for just that sort of thing, there were some who had never been on a hike in the woods and simply did not know the first thing about rock climbing. With some of them I had to reach down from above and pull while Betty stayed behind and pushed. Fortunately they were all good sports and enjoyed the experience tremendously.

Knowing how I love fishing, you can be sure that I was most happy to demonstrate a new reel that had aroused the ladies' curiosity. Believe it or not, with all those women standing right beside me I cast my lure out into the water and in an instant had hooked one of the best fish I have ever caught. The women were so surprised and I was completely dumbfounded! I never fish right in front of the cottage for even a child could look at that water and tell that there were no big fish anywhere near, but there I had a beauty. Never in all my life have I had a fish so cooperative—to take my hook just when I am showing off for the ladies.

Yesterday it was very hot and muggy here in Bristol and I had looked forward all day to a most uncomfortable evening, but imagine my delight when a friend invited me to have supper aboard his yacht out on the harbor, and then to go fishing. A poor clergyman like myself does not often receive such an invitation, and you can be sure that I made the most of it. The sun was low in the sky when the beautiful boat left the pier and started heading out into the open bay. There were several other guests aboard, and after we had had a delicious supper hot off the galley stove we settled back in comfortable deck

(Continued on page 17)

LET SEABREEZES BLOW! (For Late Summer Parties)

By
Mabel Nair Brown

The final days of August and the opening weeks of September only too often bring the hottest weather of the entire summer. Everyone is hunting the coolest, most restful spot he can find, and if this spot can be coupled up with some good visiting and fun, so much the better.

Regardless of how hot the weather, there are always vacationing visitors whom you would like to honor with a party, some old schoolmates to get together for a gabfest before they scatter to various colleges in September, or perhaps it's a group of neighbors who like to get together for a few hours of relaxing. Here are a few suggestions for such an event keyed to an atmosphere straight off an ocean breeze!

Oceanside Background

Provide a real sea breeze flavor by spraying a large dried tree branch with white paint; then anchor firmly in a large pail of sand and stand in a corner of the porch, terrace (or living room, if indoors). To its branches tie on tiny toy birds or other novelties with strings so that they move in the "breeze" (created by an electric fan, if nature fails). Or colorful paper streamers might be tied to the tree for a gala look.

In case it's a baby shower, tie gifts to the tree branch. Other atmosphere makers would be children's sand buckets and shovels, beach balls, beach coats and hats, beach towels, even a gay beach umbrella if you have room for it — and, of course, a few sea shells and small rocks would be most effective. At one such party the hostess placed a huge cake of ice in front of a large fan and there was literally a "cool breeze" blowing across the terrace where her guests were seated!

Table Centerpiece

How about a miniature swimming pool scene? A large shallow bowl — even a pan covered with foil — and filled with water tinted a delicate blue with vegetable coloring or bluing would make the pool. Here and there around it, place small pebbles and shells. Tiny beach umbrellas can be made by cutting circles of striped paper and creasing to umbrella shape. Fasten to pipe cleaner handles and stand upright in a large gumdrop. Add a few tiny flowers among the rocks and complete the scene with pipe cleaner doll "swimmers" or some peanut pixies perched on the pool's edge.

A Watermelon Pool

A Watermelon Pool makes a novel centerpiece. This is simply a large oval melon half which has been scooped out to leave the rind shell (of course the melon can be used in melon balls or cut out in large chunks and chilled to serve later). Fill the melon pool with water and procede to build a scene around it. Cunning little watermelon seed pixies can be made by using pipe cleaners to make the figures and gluing on



Clark Driftmier was caught red-handed as he raided Grandmother Driftmier's cookie jar. watermelon seeds to make the face; use smaller seeds for feet and hands.

Favors:

These could be the small beach umbrellas described above with a peanut or a watermelon pixie climbing the handle or perched on the gumdrop base. Or, a pixie might be perched on the rim of each glass of beverage served.

Some confectionery stores carry candy made up to resemble watermelon slices. These would make such pretty favors for a summer party — how about a little peanut pixie on each slice of candy?

Entertainment:

Where Will You Go? Since we are in the travel season, play up the idea with this game. Have posters made up from pictures cut from magazines or newspapers. Each poster will represent some vacation spot. Number the posters and place on a table or pin up on the wall and then give guests paper and pencil and see who can name the most posters correctly. Here are a few examples of some of the puzzle posters you might make:

1. Picture of tennis racket and picture of the sea. (Tennessee).
2. Large China platter. (China).
3. Winter Scene. (Chile).
4. Salt advertisement and picture of a lake. (Salt Lake City).

As you look for the pictures, you'll think of many ideas for words to illustrate.

Pin A Corsage On The Lady: This is a version of Pin The Tail On The Donkey. Make up a pretty corsage and blindfold the guests in turn and have them pin the corsage on some other guest. Or for real fun, cut "corsages" from flowers in nursery and seed catalogues and have them take turns pinning them on (blindfolded, of course) until every guest has one. What laughs as they will be pinned to front, back, on the sleeve, etc! At a bridal shower party, use a veil and have it pinned to a paper bride hung up on the wall.

Fun With Paper Sacks: 1. Have two teams for a relay. The leader on each side has a stack of paper sacks,

enough for one for each player on his side. At signal, the leader blows up one sack and pops it, then passes the rest of the sacks to next in line. He blows a sack and pops it and passes sack on. The first side to blow up all their sacks and POP them wins.

2. Put Your Little Foot Right Out. Form for a relay race as above, except that the first player pops his balloon by stepping on it with his right foot, the next player must use left foot and so on down the line. If some player uses wrong foot, that team must start over.

See It Now: Give out pencil and paper and see who can make the longest list of objects which they see from where they are sitting — but they must put the words in alphabetical order. Allow a given time for this — such as fifteen minutes.

A Visiting We Will Go: Someone goes around the group and gives each person a name of something taken on a motor trip, (suit case, luggage carrier, pajamas, tent, hairbrush, etc.) Then the guests take turn giving out clues to their identity. (Luggage carrier might say, "I like the open air", I am sure tired at the end of a day's trip", etc.) The other guests try to guess the name. This can be very funny if guests must figure out tricky cues for a garter belt, thermos jug, girdle, necktie, etc.

Lollipop Travelers: Pass out a lollipop to each guest and provide a box of paper, ribbon, pins, scotch tape, etc. Then have guests dress the lollipops to resemble vacationists such as lifeguard, bathing beauty, train conductor, etc. Leader might assign these to each guest, if preferred.

PICTURE POSTER GAME FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL

By
Evelyn Witter

In the Junior Department of our Sunday School our main problem was to keep order before classes took up. Many of the early comers wandered around, some banged on the piano, some damaged equipment.

Consequently, several of us teachers got together and tried to plan an interesting activity for our little early birds, an activity that would teach as well as entertain and maintain order.

We decided on a Picture Game. The church supplied us with large, colorful biblical pictures, and hung these all around the room; then we put pads and pencils on the tables.

As the children arrived they were instructed to take a piece of paper and a pencil and write what they thought would be a suitable title for each picture.

For example: "Suffer the little children to come unto me," "The story of the mustard seed," "The four friends," "David and Jonathan," etc.

The child who correctly identified the most pictures was given the honor of distributing the Sunday School papers.

The Picture Game solved our early comers problem, and helped instruct as well.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Last month when I sat at my desk to visit with you I hadn't the faintest idea that before I wrote again we would have had a perfectly wonderful two weeks' vacation!

It is the first time we have been away on a genuine pleasure trip of more than a weekend since we went to North Carolina and Washington three years ago this fall, and we planned that trip for months in advance. This time we just up and "flew the coop" with only twenty-four hours of preparation, and I can only say that such sudden departure has much to recommend it. I didn't have time to wear myself out with all the endless details that seem absolutely imperative before you leave town, and consequently I felt unburdened and carefree as we climbed into the car at 5:00 A. M. on a Friday morning and headed East.

Our destination was a village in the Blue Hills of Pennsylvania just 100 miles from New York. This was unknown country to us, for although Russell spent a summer in New York twenty years ago, he had never been in eastern Pennsylvania—and certainly I'd never been anywhere near there.

We didn't really expect to get beyond mid-Illinois on our first day out, but there was very little traffic and consequently we skimmed across Iowa on Number 2. We ate an early lunch in Fort Madison (my birthplace) and were actually crossing that huge drawbridge, the largest in the world, at 11:00 o'clock. Traffic was also light in Illinois, so we made it to Monticello, Indiana, about a third of the way across the state, by 5:30 in the afternoon. Of course, we'd gained an hour as we moved East, but even so we clicked off exactly 500 miles from our own back door to the motel in Monticello. We're not fast drivers and we drove through a severe thunderstorm the last 30 minutes on the road, so you can see that traffic really was very light all along the way.

The following morning found us on the road again about 4:30, and we could see right at the outset that we were in for very different driving conditions. Frankly, I was surprised at the number of cars on the road at that hour, and it was certainly an indication of things to come. We ate breakfast in Wabash, Indiana, a very interesting looking old town, and then drove steadily towards the Ohio line. There, for the first time, we noticed a decided difference in the appearance of the country.

I was intrigued with the shuttered barns that meet the eye in every direction when you drive through Ohio. And I was also intrigued with the countless small towns that we passed through because I couldn't figure out how people carried on their daily routine in them.

A typical small town in Eastern Ohio is one long street bordered with immense trees, oaks and elms. Behind these houses you can see open country — sometimes corn fields or rolling green pastures — so the town



The newest Driftmier—Katharine Mary and her mother, Mary Beth, snapped at their home in Anderson, Ind.

is exactly one block in width. The reason I say that I can't see how daily routine is carried on is because we saw no stores of any kind in these towns. Sometimes this one long street was two miles or more in length, but it was made up entirely of homes. I guess that people just drive to the next town to get their supplies—but the next town looked exactly the same! We didn't have time to stop and ask any questions, and we didn't even need to get the car serviced through this area where we could have made a few inquiries, so I guess that it will simply remain one of the many things that we don't know.

Traffic in Ohio was very, very heavy. When we got into the rolling hills near Pennsylvania we found ourselves in long lines of cars stranded behind huge trucks, and in such country it is impossible to try to break out of the line and get ahead. One sharp curve after another cut our visibility down to zero, so we just resigned ourselves to making very little headway.

What an enormous relief it was to reach the Ohio Turnpike about 4:30 in the afternoon. Only 22 miles of it have been opened at this time, but you can't appreciate what a Turnpike means unless you reach one after battling for hours with narrow roads in bad condition, bumper-to-bumper traffic and enormous trucks. It was a happy moment when we drove up to the Toll Gate and were handed our first card. Incidentally, it cost 25¢ to drive the 22 miles. And right here I'd like to explain how tolls are handled on Turnpikes so that you'll know in advance what to expect when you encounter them for the first time.

In the case of the Ohio Turnpike there was no question of doing anything but sticking right on it if you were headed East, for there is no exit at any point — you just stick on the 22 miles and that's that. The Pennsylvania Turnpike, which con-

nects with the Ohio Turnpike, is another matter. As you enter it you are given a card stamped with the point of your entrance. When you leave the Turnpike, you hand over your card at the exit toll gate and the amount you owe is calculated by the miles between the points of entrance and departure.

The Pennsylvania Turnpike runs across the entire state of Pennsylvania and there are exactly 29 places where you can enter it or leave it. Aside from these 29 points there is no earthly way that you can get on or off, so you can see how easy driving is when there is no anxiety about something coming in from the side.

It was about 5:15 or so when we decided to leave the Turnpike for the night, so we turned off at Beaver Falls, located a motel near the exit point and settled down for a good night's rest. Incidentally, there are no motels right on the Turnpike, but at every exit point there are accommodations of all kinds. You have your choice of stopping at something very close to the exit point or of driving into the nearest town. In any event, they're prepared to take care of tourists.

We were eager to see the town of Beaver Falls, so we drove in (about 6 miles from our motel) to have our evening meal. I'm certainly glad that we did, for Beaver Falls is an extremely attractive old town built on the sides of an immense gorge. Russell said that he could spend a week there taking pictures, and he regretted the fact that it was too late in the day to use his camera. We found an interesting looking Italian restaurant and my! how good it seemed to sit down and eat spaghetti that I hadn't cooked myself!

It was our intention to get an early start on Sunday morning, but the alarm clock that we borrowed from the motel owners (our alarm clock was the one thing we forgot!) went off two hours after the time for which it was set. However, this turned out to be a genuine blessing, for we discovered when we started out about 7:00 o'clock that extremely heavy fog made driving very slow and treacherous. It began to lift almost immediately and by 7:30 the road was entirely clear, but you can see that we would have gained very little if we had started out at 5:00 or thereabouts. As a matter of fact, there are numerous road signs on the Turnpike at this point warning of heavy fog, so it must be a year-around occurrence. When we drive over it again we'll not plan to get in the car until 7:00.

Traffic on the Turnpike was very heavy that morning, but it made almost no difference because it is a divided road of two lanes on each side. The speed limit for about the first half of the Turnpike is 60 miles per hour, and the road has been engineered through the mountains in such a way that it is safe to drive at this speed. Later, about mid-Pennsylvania, the country is flatter and 70 miles per hour is the speed limit. We saw no violations of safety regulations at any point. When the folks

(Continued on page 16)

CALLING ALL CHURCH WOMEN

By
Frances R. Williams

Are you interested in raising \$1,100 to apply on the Church debt, provide funds for badly needed Sunday School rooms or modern equipment for the kitchen? Then lend an ear: The Women's Council of the Marysville, Kansas Christian Church cleared that amount last year on two of several projects.

Marysville, a county seat town of 4,000, located in a community where agriculture is the main industry, boasts of nine churches. The Christian Church, with a membership of 422, under the leadership of the pastor, Ralph Hamon, undertook the erection of a new church building which was completed and dedicated in April. The cost of the attractive stone structure totaled exactly \$66,236.35.

Like the majority of churches, the women have taken an active part to pay off the debt. The Women's Council, divided into several groups, has a membership of 120. However, the active membership is much less, probably about 50 percent of the names on the records.

The projects completed last year and currently underway include "The Centennial Plate", "Chicken Barbecue", "Bean Bags", "Hand Creme" and a magazine subscription agency.

The Centennial Plate

The Centennial Plate proved to be the best money maker, netting the Council a nice sum of \$600.

The town celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary last August. Planning for the mammoth celebration began months before with every organization taking part, including most of the churches. Mrs. Todd Thompson, Chairman of the Council, conceived the idea of a souvenir plate and obtained permission from the Centennial Committee for exclusive right to sell it. She then began to realize that she knew nothing about it, nor where to contact firms that catered to the souvenir trade. Fortunately, among the mass of correspondence coming to the Centennial Committee was a letter from a firm which specialized in souvenir china. The letter was placed in Mrs. Thompson's hands and all further dealings were directly with this firm.

"The original idea had been a pair of companion plates, perhaps a Colonial girl and boy, in order to sell more," confessed Mrs. Thompson. But after considerable discussion and correspondence, her committee settled on a historical plate. Centering the plate were the pictures of Frank Marshall (who founded the town and had the county named for him) and of his wife Mary, for whom the town was named. Surrounding these photos were sprays of ripe wheat and sunflowers. Nine scenes, including the court house, high school, historical spots, past and present, occupied the border space. The color chosen was a soft green on a white background. Using the one color on white cut down on the initial cost. On the back of the plate is printed a short his-



The First Christian Church, Marysville, Kansas. This was erected at a cost of \$66,236.35, and dedicated on April 24, 1955. Picture furnished through the courtesy of the Marysville Advocate.

torical sketch of the town, including outstanding events.

Obtaining photos of the scenes used proved interesting. Pictures of Frank and Mary Marshall, enlarged from early day tin-types, hang on the walls of the county court house. With a flash-bulb camera, the photo was taken without removing the portraits from the wall. Other photos were furnished by two townspeople whose hobby is collecting old pictures.

Sixty dozen plates were ordered and at this date the entire lot has been sold with inquiries coming in continually. The plate sold for \$1.50, a price considered reasonable considering the historical value and the quality of the souvenir.

Delay in the delivery caused considerable worry for the church women, but the plates arrived in time for the Centennial. Telephone calls and publicity in the local newspapers created interest. The plates were on display during the Centennial, when thousands of visitors and former residents had the opportunity to buy. Later they were placed on sale at both a variety store and a grocery store; these business places were owned by church members. Because of the continued demand, Mrs. Thompson plans to order a second lot.

Other Churches and organizations have undertaken selling this same type of a souvenir, using a historical theme, church or school. (The writer was informed that a Hebron, Nebraska church is sponsoring the sale of a Church plate.)

Chicken Barbecue

The second largest money making project undertaken by the Women's Council was their Chicken Barbecue. This popular event, which netted \$500, will likely become an annual affair.

The idea as first proposed by K. E. Makalous, one of the local hatcherymen, was to furnish baby chicks at reduced prices to rural women of the congregation who agreed to raise the chickens to the broiler stage for the barbecue. As part of an advertising campaign, a feed company would furnish half of the feed. The poultry raisers were to keep the church broilers separate from the farm flock and keep an accurate feed record. Since this involved considerable extra work, the majority chose to raise the chickens at their own expense as their part in helping the cause. The number of broilers furnished by each of the

several farm women ranged from 25 to 50, or an average of 35.

When the broilers had reached the required weight, Mrs. K. E. Makalous and her committee took over the job of killing, scalding, picking, cleaning and processing the birds for the freezer locker. Donning old clothes and shoes, sometimes the work was done at the farm home, and sometimes the chickens were brought into town and the work done in the basement of one of the church members. A total of 225 broilers were prepared. Working together, a spirit of fellowship developed, hidden qualities were discovered and friendship ties were formed and strengthened.

The Barbecue was scheduled for late October; advance ticket sales numbered 500; Adult tickets sold for \$1.50; children's for 75 cents. Adults were served a half-chicken; children were served a fourth-chicken. This big meal was served in the town's new Armory.

The menu included barbecue chicken, escalloped potatoes, baked beans, cole slaw, bread, butter, choice of coffee or milk, and dessert. The dessert, a specialty of the local ice-cream factory, was an ice-cream sandwich called "brownies".

The barbecuing, in charge of K. E. Makalous, a former county agent, was done in a pit borrowed from the Poultry Dept. of the State College at Manhattan. This pit is one designed by Prof. Tom Avery of the College, and is constructed of metal sheets with iron legs. Wood brought in from the country furnished the heat. Wire mesh racks with extending handles holding 35 broiler halves were used. These are constructed so that when a second rack is placed over the first the whole rack is turned to allow both sides of the fowl to brown.

Instead of brushing or daubing each broiler with the sauce, Mr. Makalous used a new garden spray (sterilized, of course) with a tank capacity of one and one half gallons, thus eliminating a time-consuming job. It was necessary to keep the sauce warm so that the sprayer would not clog.

The barbecue sauce is one concocted by Mr. Makalous, with the help of his wife. He shares it with the readers of this magazine.

Mak's Special Barbecue Sauce

Amounts given sufficient for 250 broilers or 500 halves. (Keep sauce in hot water.)

- 1 1/2 gallons of vegetable oil
- 1 1/2 gallons of vinegar
- 3/4 gallon of water
- 1 1/2 cups of salt
- 1/4 cup of paprika
- 2 lbs of brown sugar
- Pepper to taste

(See page 9 for Additional Project)

Note: Any group interested in souvenir plates may write to Kettle-spring Kilns, RFD 1, Alliance, Ohio.

HE PRAYETH BEST

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

NOTES FROM EVELYN BIRKBY

(We asked Evelyn to write something about her experiences for this issue, and we were particularly eager to share with you the beautiful tribute that she and her husband wrote when their small daughter died two years ago. Surely this will bring comfort to other parents who have lived through comparable sorrow.—Lucile)

Dad had wanted a boy when I was born, but when he saw me he said, "We'll keep her. We might still have a boy and the two girls we have now are just right for me." Dad never did get his boy, but not once did my sister and I feel that he would change us! And little did I know, as I grew up, that the training he gave us in camping, hiking, and in being guinea pigs for his Boy Scout work would someday bear fruit in my activities with my own two boys.

Although I was born in Illinois, our family soon moved to Iowa where I was raised in a succession of Methodist parsonages with all the exciting closeness to the problems and pleasures and tragedies of the communities in which we lived.

College started at seventeen, and since the times were hard it developed into a two-year teacher training course and I was soon launched on the exciting career of leading little minds into the field of learning. But four years of teaching third grade were ended when my beloved father went to be with the Friend with whom he had walked so closely all his life.

The nagging desire to be of greater service and to carry on Dad's work in the field of religion finally crystallized into reality when I was offered the position of Director of Religious Education in the Grace Methodist Church, Waterloo, Iowa. After two years of inspiring experience there I was invited to come to the First Methodist Church of Chicago (called The Chicago Temple) to organize their young adult work. The two and one-half years in Chicago were exciting, filled with new experiences and extremely productive work. The need was great, the fields were fallow, and God's hand was everguiding.

It was while I was in Chicago that I completed my education. It was a happy day indeed when I held in my hand the college diploma that declared I had completed the requisite courses in the field of psychology. With minors in education and sociology and special courses in religious education tucked under my hat I was ready — for what, I wasn't quite sure!

Little did I realize that in reality I was ready to meet once again a tall, good looking lad, Robert Birkby (now a man) who had been a high school classmate. He was an executive with the Boy Scouts, and he swept me off my feet with a two-weeks' courtship — although, to be sure, it was preceded by ten years of acquaintance. Three months later, in the fall of 1946, we were married in the Sidney, Iowa Methodist church which my father had served, and where Bob and I had learned to know each other so many years before.

Following in rapid succession was



Evelyn Birkby and her two sons, Jeffrey and Bobby.

Boy Scout work, the arrival of a baby girl, study at Iowa State College, Ames, and a move to the farm. Writing was farthest from my mind as an avocation when the editor of the Shenandoah Daily Sentinel ran a big ad asking for a farm wife to write a chatty column for his paper.

Bob put my hat on my head and pushed me out the door saying, "You can do it. Go and tell him you'll try." It was his great confidence in me (after all, you can't disappoint your husband!) that kept me going through those first struggling months.

Nine years after the beginning of our marriage we are living in a pretty green and white bungalow two miles south of Sidney, Iowa. Bobby (5½) and Jeffrey (18 months) have plenty of room to run and play and romp with Silver, their big white collie. We have a large garden, sheep, a cow and a calf to keep us in touch with farm living. Bob is now manager of the Fremont County A S C office, and thus is continuing to work with the farmers he knows so well.

Our outside activities are centered in the church where we are co-teachers of the Young Married Peoples' Church School class. I sing in the choir and work in the Women's Society of Christian Service. Bob is studying for his local preacher's license in the church, busily substituting during the summer and fall for vacationing pastors. Writing, canning, fun with the family and getting Bobby started in Kindergarten are filling our days to the brim. Indeed, our cup runneth over.

And we say this even though two years ago in April our oldest child was suddenly taken ill and died within just a few hours. From the fullness of our hearts, Bob and I sat down the next day and wrote of the wonderful life she lived here on earth.

By request we are happy to have Kitchen-Klatter print her story. It seems particularly fitting that it should be chosen for use in this month's issue since September 4th is her eight birthday. So in honor of her birthday we shall just call it—

To Dulcie Jean

Late on a sunny afternoon, September 4, 1947, Dulcie Jean Birkby opened her eyes upon the wonders and beauty of this world. She grew in wisdom—

wise in the ways of caterpillars and butterflies; of baby calves and tiny lambs; of newborn kittens and romping puppies; of the creek and pasture; of the haymow and the garden. She grew wise in the ways of learning in the big brick school in Farragut, learning to read her books, write new words, to count and color and play.

She grew in stature, tall and tomboyish with dark wind-blown hair, a pretty, sweet face, freckles on her nose, and a dimple in her chin. She ran and jumped and played with complete enjoyment. For 5½ years she lived each moment with the same joyous enthusiasm which she transmitted so freely to others.

Her years were filled with the friendship of her neighbors, her classmates and everyone she knew. She developed a deep understanding of the joys of sharing and helpfulness. The bus ride to school, the playtime over of her experiences with her family were special pleasures of each day.

She grew in the love of her family. Her mother and father, Robert and Evelyn Birkby, her brother Bobby, Grandma Corrie, Grandpa and Grandma L. V. Birkby and Great-Grandma Erie Birkby and all the other relatives who were so much a part of her delight in life.

And, oh, how well she learned to know God. Her first trip to His house of worship was made when she was five weeks old. From then on His church became a part of her life. She knew Jesus and His loving care, she knew of the plans God has for all living things, she learned to trust and have faith in Him. Each Sunday she sang in the choir, a joyous song of praise to Him in loving confidence. And when, on April 14, 1953, her physical house was no longer fit to contain her marvelous spirit, she left its limitations behind and found in the plan of God her place in heaven, there to continue to grow in spirit, to bring peace and happiness to all who knew her and to say again, as she has said each morning as she left for school, "Be sure to meet me at the corner, I will have a kiss and a hug for you."

Bob and Evelyn Birkby

DON'TS FOR CHURCHGOERS

- Don't visit. Worship.
- Don't dodge the preacher. Be friendly.
- Don't hurry away. Speak and be spoken to.
- Don't criticize. Remember, you are human, too.
- Don't stop in the end of the pew. Move over.
- Don't wait for introductions. Introduce yourself.
- Don't monopolize your hymnbook. Be neighborly.
- Don't dodge the offering plate. Pay what you are able.
- Don't choose the back seat. Leave it for latecomers.
- Don't stare blankly while others sing, read, pray. Join in.
- Don't leave without praying God's blessing upon all present.
- Don't sit with your hand to your head as if worshipping hurts you.

WE BEGIN A NEW CLUB YEAR

By

Mabel Nair Brown

September means that many clubs, P.T.A.'s and Ladies' Aids will be starting out on a new year's program and for that first meeting a few minutes given over to an inspirational or "goal-promoting" theme might be time well spent. Different members might be asked to present the different poems, meditations, etc.

PRESIDENT: "Our theme for these few moments of inspiration for and dedication to the new year which unfolds ahead of us might well be "Choose These Things". Ideals are like stars, you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them, you reach your destiny."

Scripture Reading: Ecclesiastes 3: 1-8, and also verse 11 (He hath made everything beautiful in His time). Philippians 4:8.

MEDITATION: "This is indeed a strenuous age in which we are living. We are all trying to "keep up with the Joneses". Each one is apt to be struggling to keep one jump ahead of someone else. Everything begins to seem most involved, to be one big whirl, or a never ending merry-go-round ride. We hear brotherly love mentioned repeatedly — but we wonder, "Who does anything about it?"

"We see so much commercialism where our sentiments are involved, see some of our most cherished ideals mocked and scorned. What is the answer?"

"Perhaps the greatest need in the world today is for a little more brotherly love, for more of that old-fashioned neighborliness and kindness, for more human tolerance and understanding, a little more sweetness in our daily living. It is well to remember the quote 'It is later than you think', so reach out a helping hand — lend a listening ear — give a smile and a handshake instead of a poke in the jaw! and do it TODAY!

"Life at its best is a long road beset with countless obstacles, so let us be ever willing and ready to pick up our brothers' load when're and where're we are needed. I like this bit of verse called

Lamp Lighting

Once, in an old New England town,
From on a hill I could look down
And see the street lamps one by one,
Light up the dark. When he was done,
From darkness and a sense of fright,
The old lamp lighter changed the night.

I know some folks who, as they go,
Light little lamps that gleam and glow
In others' lives with rays divine,
That in the darkest nights will shine.

—Sunshine Magazine

Solo: "The Old Lamplighter"

PRESIDENT: Yes, I think we would all like to be considered the "lamplighters" of our homes and our



Another happy family birthday party was held in July when Aunt Jessie Shambaugh's birthday was celebrated. In front are Aunt Martha Eaton and Mother (Leanna Driftmier). In back are Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Aunt Mary Field of Red Bluff, Calif., and Aunt Bertha Field.

communities. That can only be when we are willing to pause and to "choose these things" which are good and beautiful and worthwhile — to look beyond the glitter to the pure gold beneath, to slow our busy pace down to a walk, So that we DO have the time!

"May I close with this verse "Wide Walls" by an anonymous author, taken from an old reader?

Wide Walls

Give me wide walls to build my house of Life —

The North to be of Love, against the winds of fate;

The South of Tolerance, that I may outstretch hate;

The East of Faith, that rises new each day;

The West of Hope, that dies a glorious way.

The threshold beneath my feet shall be Humility;

The roof— the very sky itself— Infinity.

Give me wide walls to build my house of Life!

Anonymous.

Marysville Church Project—

Bean Bags

Another project that added dollars to the Council's treasury is the Clown bean bags. These were made from scraps of bright cotton material and were very gay with hand-embroidered faces, yarn tassels and pointed dunce caps stuffed with cut-up nylon hose and underwear. (Wheat, rather than beans, was used to fill the clowns).

An assembly line method was used to make 120 of these bags. Several sewing machines were set up in a large cool basement and the work was done during the summer months. These were placed on sale for \$1.00 during the Centennial and later at the annual fall bazaar. The amount realized was almost clear profit.

PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ

Questions

1. What was President Coolidge's first name?
2. Identify the three vice presidents who served under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
3. Which of our presidents was once a football coach?
4. Whose picture is on the two dollar bill?
5. Who was the only President to serve two non-consecutive terms?
6. What did President Grant's parents name him?
7. Three of our presidents were assassinated. What were their names?
8. What was Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt's maiden name?
9. Who said, "I do not choose to run"?
10. Which Government official is the presiding officer in the Senate?

Answers

1. John. Calvin was his middle name.
2. John Nance Garner. Henry A. Wallace. Harry S. Truman.
3. Woodrow Wilson.
4. Thomas Jefferson.
5. Grover Cleveland.
6. Hiram Ulysses Grant. He was usually known by his middle name and the congressman who recommended him for West Point assumed it to be his first, adding his mother's maiden name of Simpson. From this time on he was Ulysses Simpson Grant.
7. Abraham Lincoln. James A. Garfield. William S. McKinley.
8. Roosevelt.
9. Calvin Coolidge.
10. The Vice President of the United States.

—Margaret Barnett

"You have to take people as you find them. Not as you'd like to have them on a blueprint."—Willard Motley.



JULY WAS A BUSY MONTH AT THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We all got up early at our house this morning to try to get a few things done before it turned too terribly hot. We have a lot to do but the long spell of hot weather we have been having lately has taken all the pep and ambition out of us. Kristin has had so much company this summer that she has found it hard to work on her 4-H projects and with our local achievement show coming up this Saturday she has been working like a little beaver all week getting her things finished. At this moment she is putting the last coat of paint on the wastebasket that she is making for her room.

Sue Sayre, our cousin from Montclair, New Jersey, who has been with us for five weeks this summer, left last Friday. Juliana went home Monday and since they have both gone Kristin has been too busy to be lonesome, but by the time the achievement show is over and she can let down a little bit I'm afraid she is going to be one lonesome girl. She has had someone to play with since the 31st of May.

Kristin has always wanted a real good treehouse. Shortly after Sue came Frank found a good place to build one not far from the house. He worked on it in the evenings and got it finished just a couple of days before Juliana arrived, so the three girls spent their afternoons reading in the treetops. When you look up at the house from the ground it doesn't seem so high, but when you are up and looking down it seems a long, long way from the ground. He put several boards around the sides so they couldn't fall out, and put a roof over the top to keep out the sun. Then he covered the floor with old linoleum to protect the girls from splinters.

The result — the most wonderful treehouse I have ever seen with the exception of one that Howard and a friend built when they were young. That one was really elaborate with windows that opened and closed and a real door that locked. I was only privileged to get inside of it once, since it was strictly private property, but I have never forgotten it.

We thought this year when we got through the month of June without a flood that we were safe but it didn't work out that way. About the middle of July we had very heavy rains and electrical storms two nights in a row, and since they had even heavier rains a few miles west and south of us, we had our flood. Considering some of the floods we have had in past years, we felt very fortunate because even if it did some damage to our crops we have had floods that were so much worse that we are not complaining.

Even with all the dry weather we have had since then the corn and beans still look good. The corn is in



Six little cousins spend a cool hour at the big swimming pool in Shenandoah. Beginning at the left are Juliana Verness, Emily Driftmier, Kristin Johnson, Alison Driftmier, Sue Sayre of Montclair, N. J., and Martin Strom.

the roasting ear stage and hasn't fired yet. I wish I could say the same for our sweet corn in the garden. We just haven't had the right kind of weather for the second planting and it didn't amount to anything.

The third Saturday in July we had the 4-H all-day workshop here at our house. The girls came at 9:00 and stayed until 5:00. They brought picnic lunches with them and ate outside. Each girl brought with her one or two of her projects to work on, and they really got a lot accomplished.

The next day Mother and Dad and Juliana came for the day, and our good friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer from Aplington, Iowa also came to spend the day with us. Clarence has a new boat and motor he wanted to try out on our lake, so it is needless to say that Kristin, Juliana and Sue had a wonderful day and many thrilling rides. They all stayed until we had had lunch and left about 6:30. Sue, Kristin and I went home with the folks so Sue could get acquainted with her many relatives in Shenandoah and Clarinda. The girls had a good time swimming and playing with their little cousins.

One of the highlights of our trip to Shenandoah was a lovely picnic supper that Aunt Jessie and Aunt Martha had for us in their backyard. We had such a lovely meal with all the fried chicken we could eat, topped off with home-made peach ice cream.

Juliana came back with us on the train and stayed twelve days. We were glad she was here to go with us to take Sue to Des Moines where she boarded the plane to go home. The only difference in having three girls the same age instead of two is that they treated every night as if it were a slumber party and we had quite a time getting them to settle down and go to sleep. It has been so very hot and after playing hard all day they would be so exhausted by supper time they could hardly eat. It is a funny thing how the minute they hit their beds they would be wide awake and have more pep than they had had all day.

I forgot to tell you in my letter last month about the darling new baby we have in our neighborhood. The young couple who live in the house on the hill have two little boys, six and three, and they were so in hopes they would have a little girl this time, and they did. She is just beautiful

with the most black curly hair I have ever seen on a tiny baby, and big blue eyes.

When I went up to see her for the first time Andy, the six year old, took me in to the crib and said, "She's a girl and isn't she pretty!" My, but those little boys are proud of her and just love to show her off.

Kristin's pride and joy are her little banty hens. We haven't had any little rooster for quite some time, so on the day we went to Des Moines to meet Sue when she arrived, Edna had made arrangements to pick up a little rooster on the way home which she gave to Kristin for her birthday. Sue and Kristin held him on their laps all the way home! He is such a beautiful little thing. In a couple of days the girls started saving the eggs until they had seven and then they set one of the little hens. They had it all figured out that they would hatch just before Sue went home, and they did. They got seven of the cutest little chicks you ever did see.

Of course, then Sue wanted to take a couple home with her on the plane. I didn't have any idea that they would allow this, but when I called the day before she left to confirm her reservation Sue wanted me to ask if she could take them. I did, and much to my surprise they said if she wanted to put them in a little box with plenty of air holes she could just hold them on her lap. I reminded them that they would probably peep like mad all the way to New Jersey, but the man laughed and said that if she could stand the stares of the other passengers they didn't care if she took them. So when she got on the plane she had her little box with the two peeping chicks, and in her purse she had a little plastic container filled with oatmeal, and said she could get water for them on the plane. There was only one thing Sue was worried about. She knew the United Airlines didn't care, but when she got to Chicago and changed to American Airlines what would they say? We haven't heard from her since she got home and are anxiously waiting to see how she and the chicks got along.

We had quite a crowd here Sunday. The Saddle Club members were going to ride out for a picnic dinner but decided it was too hot for both the horses and riders to make that long ride, so about noon they came out in their cars for a picnic. We had a lovely time sitting in the shade and visiting. Raymond spent the afternoon taking the gang for motor boat rides on the lake. All afternoon long the boat stopped only long enough to unload and load again. The children loved it and are probably still talking about it.

I had better close and see how Kristin is coming with her painting.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

"If you got something outside the common run that's got to be done and can't wait, don't waste your time on the menfolks; they works on what your uncle calls the rules and the cases. Get the womens and the children at it; they works on the circumstances."—William Faulkner.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

IDA'S RECIPES

Last month I told you in my letter that I had thoroughly enjoyed a meat loaf, wonderfully delicious banana pie and absolutely marvelous pickles at a home in St. Joseph, Michigan. My busy hostess took time to send the recipes, so here they are — and I can strongly recommend all of them.

—Lucile

MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/4 lb. ground pork
- 1 small grated onion
- 2 well beaten eggs
- 4 slices of white bread
- Salt and pepper to taste

Remove crusts from bread and moisten with milk or water. Combine all ingredients, shape into a loaf and bake in a 325 degree oven from 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. Cover during last half hour with aluminum foil. Let stand 10 minutes after removing from oven.

ELEGANT BANANA PIE

- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 bananas
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Scald milk. Mix sugar, flour and salt, small portion of hot milk and slightly beaten egg yolks. Add remainder of hot milk and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add butter and vanilla and pour into a graham cracker pie shell. When cooled, add sliced bananas. Top with meringue made from 2 egg whites and brown slightly.

TWELVE DAY PICKLES

To 1 gallon of water add 1 pint or 2 cups of salt. Cover the pickles and let stand for seven days.

7th Day: Drain and cover with clear boiling water.

8th Day: Drain and cover with boiling water to which you add 1 Tbls. alum to 1 gallon of water.

9th Day: Drain. Split ends of pickles and cover with syrup made by combining these ingredients and bringing to the boiling point: 1 qt. vinegar to 2 cups granulated sugar, 1 Tbls. celery seed, 1 Tbls. cinnamon (cassia buds).

10th Day: Drain and add 1 cup sugar

to each qt. of liquid. Heat and cover pickles.

11th Day: Same as 10th Day.

12th Day: Same as 11th day, only pack pickles in pint jars, pour solution over them and seal.

(Lucile's note: These pickles were so crisp that they snapped, were brilliantly green and had an incomparable flavor.)

HOT DOG RELISH

- 5 cups ground cucumber
- 3 cups ground onion
- 3 cups chopped celery
- 2 hot red peppers, ground
- 2 sweet red or green peppers, ground
- 3/4 cup salt
- 1 1/2 qts. water
- 1 qt. white vinegar
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 Tbls. celery seed

Combine vegetables; add salt and water; let stand overnight; drain. Heat vinegar, sugar, mustard and celery seed to boiling. Cook slowly ten minutes. Seal in hot, sterilized jars. Makes 5 pints.

MIXED CHEESE SANDWICH SPREAD

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 package cream cheese
- 1/2 cup processed cheese (or sharp cheese)
- 1 Tbls. light cream or mayonnaise
- Dash of salt
- Dash of paprika
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 cup olives or pickle, chopped fine

Measure all ingredients into large bowl of electric mixer. Turn speed control slowly to high and beat until creamy (about 3 minutes).

CHILI SAUCE

- 2 quarts peeled, ripe tomatoes
- 2 seeded green peppers
- 2 peeled onions
- 1 pint vinegar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. black pepper

Chop tomatoes, peppers and onions and combine. Add remaining ingredients. Cook until thick. Adjust jar rings on clean, hot jars and fill with hot sauce. Wipe off jar rings. Seal.

VEGETABLE SOUP MIXTURE

- 5 qts. chopped tomatoes
- 2 qts. sliced okra, or
- 2 qts. small green lima beans
- 2 qts. corn
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salt

Cook tomatoes until soft, then press through sieve to remove skin and seed. Add other ingredients and cook until thick. Pour into hot jars. Process 60 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in hot water bath, then complete seal.

GREEN TOMATO RELISH

- 1 1/2 gallons green tomatoes chopped
- 5 Tbls. salt
- 3 large sweet red peppers chopped
- 6 large sweet green peppers chopped
- 1/2 medium sized head cabbage ground or chopped
- 4 1/2 cups strong vinegar
- 3 cups molasses or sugar
- 1 Tbls. each celery seed and mustard seed
- 1 1/2 tsp. whole cloves (tied in a bag)

Mix tomatoes with salt and let stand overnight. Drain. Put onions and cabbage through food chopper, using coarse knife. Mix all vegetables, molasses, vinegar and spices in large kettle. Cook until vegetables are tender and thick, about 35 minutes. Seal airtight in hot sterilized jars. This makes 9 half-pint jars.

PRIZE RED CATSUP

Cook tomatoes in their own juice until soft, then strain. To 1 gallon of tomato pulp, add 1 quart of cider vinegar, 1 pint of granulated sugar and 1 tsp. each of salt and cinnamon. Grind 4 red peppers and 5 large onions in the food chopper and cook these with the tomatoes. Rub through the colander and cook until of the right consistency. It takes 3 or 4 hours of slow cooking. Since ground spices are not used, this catsup has a bright red color.

ORANGE-PEACH MARMALADE

- 2 qts. sliced peaches
- 2 oranges
- 8 cups sugar
- 1 bottle maraschino cherries
- Juice of 2 lemons

Cut oranges first in thin slices, rind and all, then in sections. Combine all ingredients except cherries. Boil until thick and clear. Add chopped cherries and juice. Bring to a boil again. Pour into jars or glasses.

SPICED GRAPE JAM

- 1 gallon grapes
- 9 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground cloves

Pulp the grapes, putting the skins into one dish and the pulp into another. Cook pulp until the seeds come out, put through colander. To this strained pulp add skins, sugar and spice and boil together for 20 min. Pour into glasses and seal as for any jam.

STUFFED SQUASH

Parboil a small squash until tender, then put in cold water to remove skin. Cut a piece off the top, remove the seeds and fill with one finely chopped onion, 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs, 1/4 cup minced celery, 2 Tbls. melted butter, salt and pepper to taste and 1 well-beaten egg. Cover squash and bake until brown.

HAM LOAF WITH HORSERADISH DRESSING

- 1 1/2 pounds ham, ground
- 1 1/2 pounds lean pork, ground
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- A little parsley if desired.

Combine ingredients in order given. Shape into loaf. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until done. Serve hot or cold with following horseradish dressing:

- 2 Tbls. drained horseradish
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup cream

Whip cream until stiff. Just before serving fold in the horseradish and mayonnaise. Delicious with or without the dressing.

MARTHA'S BUNS

- 3 1/2 cups white flour
- 1 pkg. dry yeast dissolved in
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. lard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sweet milk, scalded
- 1 beaten egg

Soak yeast in warm water. Scald and cool milk. Add sugar, salt and yeast and lard. Add some flour and beat. Add rest of flour. Set aside to raise until double in bulk. Then put dough on board and knead about 50 strokes. Cut in half and make out into 12 to 14 buns. Place on greased cooky sheet. When real puffy, bake in a 400 degree oven for about 15 minutes.

BEETS WITH ORANGE SAUCE

(This is one of the most frequently requested recipes so we decided to include it again in this issue of the magazine.)

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. butter

Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, mixing well. Add orange juice and butter and cook 5 minutes or until thick in top of double boiler. Add small whole beets, diced or shoestring beets. It is wise to allow this dish to stand several hours before serving in order that the beets may absorb the orange flavor. Serve piping hot.

SWEET POTATOES

Can potatoes immediately after digging. Select potatoes of uniform size and color and unbroken skins. Wash carefully. Boil or steam slowly until skins can be rubbed off. Do not stick with a fork or other instrument. Slice, quarter, or leave whole, according to size. Pack into hot jars. Add 1 tsp. salt to each quart. Cover with freshly boiling water, or with boiling syrup, or can without liquid. Process 2 hours at 10 pounds pressure or 4 hours in hot water bath.

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BARBECUED LIMA BEANS

- 2 cups dried lima beans
- 1/4 lb diced salt pork.
- 1 sliced onion
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1/4 cup fat or drippings
- 1 1/2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 can tomato soup diluted
- 1/3 cup vinegar

Soak limas overnight, drain, cover with cold water and cook until tender with salt pork. Then drain and reserve 1 1/2 cups of liquid. Brown onion and garlic in the fat or drippings, add mustard, Worcestershire sauce, chili powder, salt, soup and vinegar. Simmer 5 minutes with the liquid from the beans. Then place beans and sauce in a casserole, top with salt pork, and bake in a hot oven until beans are brown on top.

BING CHERRY SALAD

Drain 1 No. 2 can of Bing cherries. Dissolve 1 package of cherry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cherry juice and cool. Mix into small balls: 1 3-ounce package cream cheese, 1/4 cup chopped walnuts. Add these and 1 1/2 cups Bing cherries. Pour into ring mold to chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise and nut meats on top.

Eat with Adella Shoemaker

When you come to Shenandoah plan to eat at my house. I can accommodate up to 24. Please write ahead for reservations. Luncheons are \$1.25, to \$1.75. My address is 310 West Summit Avenue, Shenandoah, Iowa.

GRAHAM CRACKERS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup butter or substitute
- 4 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. soda dissolved in small amount water
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Graham flour to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin and cut in squares. Bake in moderate oven.

NOTHIN' MUCH TO EAT

Spareribs in the oven
All savory and brown,
Kraut and sweet potatoes
With butter drippin' down,
Mince pies, nice and smelly;
Baked beans in a pot,
Honey and quince jelly,
And biscuits pipin' hot.
Soon you'll hear ma callin'
"Supper's ready, take a seat—
Us folks out here in the country
Don't have nothin' much to eat!"

HOW I LOST THIRTY POUNDS IN THREE MONTHS

By Bella Stoll

No wonder I felt so tired and worn out while I was expecting my third child. Although only 5' 2" tall, I had eaten my way from 130 lbs. to 180 lbs. and was still going up!

"Cut out the fats, sweets and starches," ordered my worried doctor. But I paid no attention. I felt that any woman who worked as hard as I did from morning until night at least deserved all she wanted to eat! And too, I was certain that once again my weight would snap right back down to 130 lbs. as soon as the baby was born.

However, a month after my 8 lb. boy arrived my weight was still 160 lbs. And although he and the two girls kept me stepping so fast that I skipped breakfast entirely, grabbed up a cold left-over at noon and only ate a real meal at night, ten months later I hadn't lost an ounce. Folks who hadn't seen me in some time would say tactfully, "My, but you're looking well!"

But I refused to think about the shape (literally) that I was in until I went shopping for some much-needed dresses. True, the stores were crammed with mouth-watering styles, but as far as my size was concerned I was that forgotten woman. At last I had to settle for a grey suit, size 20, whose lines, I hoped, were more flattering to my "mature" figure.

When I put it on at home to show my husband and asked his opinion, he gave me a searching look and then said exactly one word. "Chubby."

I suggested tentatively that perhaps I should go on a strict diet, but at this he laughed and said: "You? I don't think you could ever stick to one."

That did it! I'd get back to 130 lbs. and a size 14 and show him!

I checked with my doctor first and he recommended a "Take Your Choice Diet" as a sensible, safe method of losing weight; any adult in good health could use it, he assured me. The important thing was to eat *three*, honest-to-goodness meals a day, for it was the starving all day and stuffing at night that had done the damage. (In talking with other women I've discovered an amazing number who say that they eat nothing all day, just one big meal at night, and don't understand how they can fail to lose weight. It can't be done this way—you're so hungry at the end of the day that you eat much more than you should eat for all three meals combined.)

At first I dreaded the chore of fixing special foods after the children ate, but I soon discovered that eating three regular, well-balanced meals a day gave me such newly found energy that I didn't mind the extra work. I even discovered that passing up the cold left-overs I'd nibbled on previously wasn't any sacrifice, for hot vegetables and fresh fruit tasted twice as good!

We didn't have a scale in the house, so the burning question was: am I losing any weight? I kept trying on the grey suit, and when it really did seem to fit much better I made a trip



Here are the Stolls of Buffalo, N. Y. Regina is eight, Rosalie is seven, and Donald, on his mother's lap, is now twenty months old.

to the doctor's scales and found that I had really lost 10 pounds!

This gave me so much encouragement that I found myself tempted to slip off my diet and eat the rich desserts, gravy, etc., that I prepared for the family. But when the suit began to fit a little more tightly I called a quick halt to this and made myself nibble on lettuce or cabbage when hunger was acute.

Along with this rigid watching of all food consumed, I spent real energy on stretching exercises when I dusted woodwork, washed windows or cleaned the floors. I found that although all of us busy mothers of young children seem to be moving the whole day long, we don't necessarily do the kind of moving that helps to take off pounds.

When I finished off the third month of diet and the scales actually read the much hoped for 130 lbs., I found that I couldn't celebrate in the grey suit after all! I'd sneaked it out to the dressmaker earlier and she was altering it to my former size of 14!

Friend husband was flabbergasted to see that I made it, and everyone else noticed the difference too. Many of my friends remarked on the fact that I never got that haggard "dieting" look, and I think this was due to the gradual weight loss.

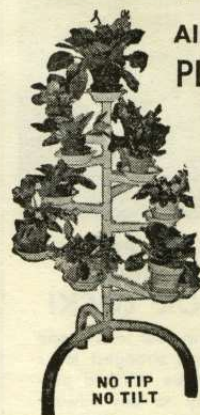
There is always the chance that my weight might zoom upwards again if I slip back to my old "starve all day and stuff at night" eating habits. All women who are kept pretty much at home with small children find it mighty easy to eat when things get dull . . . and it's that kind of eating that does the damage—no doubt about it.

So, no matter how hectic life gets around here I try my best to stick to the basic plan on which I lost weight, and to avoid fats and starches. My reward has been that although a year has now passed, my weight has remained the same.

And my husband still says that he should really get the credit!

"If I hadn't started calling her 'Chubby', she'd weight 160 lbs. right now!" he says.

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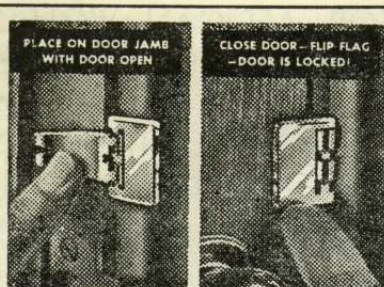
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MARGERY SHARES SOME DECORATING IDEAS WITH US

Dear Friends:

As I sit here and write my letter to you I can't help but mention that, like everyone in the Midwest, we have been concentrating on keeping cool. It is nice to think that by the time this is in print the heat wave will probably be a thing of the past.

Of course, the best way to forget the heat is to lose yourself in some fascinating occupation. I have been hovering over books and articles on interior decorating looking for some simple do-it-yourself ideas that I could put into action. We aren't planning any major changes, but little changes can do a world of good to help the morale. It might be simply making a frame for a lovely print we've cut out of a magazine, decorating an old lamp shade, slip-covering a chair for the bedroom, or making new throw pillows for the davenport.

I have these and several other little jobs I hope to accomplish this year. I'll take them one by one as I have the time. When we do get around to redecorating on a large scale, these efforts won't be wasted for I have a definite color scheme in mind and in the end everything will tie in nicely. You'll hear about these plans from time to time, but this month I want to go into detail on at least two ideas you've heard me mention and for which you have asked for more information.

After my trip to Savannah, Missouri to visit Betty Maughmer I mentioned her two chairs made out of old car seats. I was overwhelmed by the letters that came in regarding them, so I decided that I would tell about this in my letter so that you would have the answers in black and white and could refer to them more easily.

Betty and Norman had found some old car seats from two-door 1934 or 1935 cars. I believe she said they came from cars in an old car dump. They were not the kind that fold down when people get into the rear seat, but the entire seat lifts forward. The seats were then taken home and thoroughly cleaned, mended, patched, and then built up with cotton batting or foam rubber until they were comfortable. A box frame was made using 2x8's and bolted to the bottom of the seat. If the upholstery is in very poor shape, as it well might be, cover it with muslin or an old sheet. The last step is to re-upholster or slip cover in some firm material. Betty's chairs are upholstered in wine colored twill with a six-inch fringe around the bottom, and not only are they very attractive, but they are certainly as comfortable as any chair I ever sat on.

The problem will be to find the old car seats. They are extremely hard

to locate, I understand. If you can't find the single ones, you might run across some double ones and make love seats instead. So now my advice to you is to start visiting all the old car dumps in your vicinity! I'll be anxious to hear what results you have, so don't fail to write to me about your experiences.

We were happy to have such a nice visit with a life long friend this summer. Mona Alexander Overstreet, her husband, Gordon, and baby, Gary were here for several weeks visiting Mona's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander next door. Mona and I practically grew up together and this was the first opportunity we have had to see her little son. They live in Tucson, Arizona where Gordon is a teacher.

Mona brought some pictures of their home, a great many of them indoor pictures. In one of them the unusual bookcases took my eye, and I thought perhaps you would be interested in a description of them. She said that they were quite the rage in Tucson.

These bookcases were made of cement blocks with planks between. Mona said that by far the prettiest ones were made with glass blocks or red wire cut bricks. The planks between could be redwood, cedar, walnut, mahogany or pine. The pine you could oil, varnish or paint to match your color scheme. You build up the bookcases to any height you want. They are nice built up under windows, around the corner of a room, or as a solid wall of shelves. These would be so simple to make, wouldn't they, and you could "throw them together" in just a few minutes. You could make the depth of the shelves vary, of course. Paint the cement blocks the same color as your walls. My! How attractive they would be!

I've just been thinking about something. So many times people will write to us asking us to tell them what colors to use when they redecorate. That is a problem as personal to you as what color your new dress should be. Now, brown, green, and gold are my colors, and yet, if Mother decorated her house in my colors she couldn't be happy. She chooses green and shades of rose and grey. You should decorate your homes in the colors you like to live with. Some people prefer formal brocades and satins for their upholstery. We couldn't be happy with those materials. We like tweeds and prints—materials that "can take it"! Our home shouts out, "People are comfortable here. This house is furnished to suit them." What I want to emphasize is that my colors may not be your colors at all. Decide what colors you like most to have around you and build up your color scheme from there. Perhaps you will run across a picture in a magazine with colors you like and will get your inspiration there.

Aunt Jessie Shambaugh once decorated her kitchen in that way. She found a lovely springtime picture of robin eggs in a blossoming apple tree and said to herself, "That's for me!" She framed the picture and hung it in a prominent place in her kitchen, had

(Continued on next page)



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Martin's eighth birthday on July 8th brought him his first real bicycle. Already he has spent many happy hours on it, and is busy doing odd jobs to make enough money for additional accessories.

the painter match the robin's egg blue for the walls and the pale pink of the apple blossoms for the cupboards. Her kitchen was lovely and *you* could do the same. I used the same method for my living room and dining room. A gorgeous fall picture in a magazine suggested my brown, green and gold. That picture is now framed and hanging in my dining room. I have been looking for a similar picture in a larger print to hang above my davenport, but as yet have not found just the one I want to buy. Someday, I know I will come across it if I just keep looking and in the meantime searching is fun.

We hope before school starts, we will be able to get away for a few days and visit three of Oliver's sisters who live in and near Chicago. There are two places we are eager to visit on this trip—the Planetarium and the Aquarium. We have a little boy who is mighty anxious about the trip, for he is bursting for information about the moon and stars and the depths of the sea. Oliver thinks he is going to be an explorer for sure! The way he loved the bottom of the swimming pool, I feel certain that he is practicing to be a deep-sea diver! But if you asked Martin himself what he plans to be when he grows up he would probably tell you he still plans to be a cowboy.

Like most of you with young children, I'm beginning to look over Martin's clothes deciding what he will need before school starts. With boys that job is quite simple for here, at least, blue jeans and flannel shirts are almost a uniform. We have bought his school shoes, which he will wear for Sunday best until school starts. In looking over his blue jeans I realize how much he has grown during the summer. He will be happy to get back to the school routine.

Perhaps by next month we will have had our little trip to Chicago and a few interesting experiences to report. We hope that we will be able to see Donald and Mary Beth and the new baby also as they are not too far from Chicago. We are hoping to bring Oliver's sister Laura back with us for a little visit.

Until next month,
Margery

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

A good many years ago, when I first became interested in work among the shutins, one of them sent me a handmade greeting card. A tiny bottle of perfume was fastened on a card and carefully lettered beside it were the words "You cannot sprinkle perfume on anyone else without getting a few drops on yourself."

Through the years I have found it to be true. Try it for yourself. Do something for someone, and see if the happiness you give is not more than matched by your own joy and satisfaction in performing the deed. Here are some shutins. Do something for them, and you will find your own life richer and happier.

Mrs. Arden Koch, Box 385, Aurelia, Iowa, has been sick for two years or more. She is too weak to read or crochet. Her little eleven year old daughter Isabelle does the work and cares for the three year old baby brother. She says her mother would like to get some letters.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Missouri, has been bedfast for ten years. She has arthritis and her legs are drawn back against her body. She is not able to write much, if any, and gets so lonely. She would like to hear from you.

Mrs. Anna Olsen, Rt. 1, Adams, Minn., has a birthday coming up Oct. 19. She will be 60. She lives alone, and is not well. She would enjoy mail, and I believe would be able to answer.

Mrs. Lydia M. Rieve, 922 First Ave. South, St. James, Minn., has been in bed since Thanksgiving. She is a widow and lonely. Asks for mail.

Cheer has been asked for Mrs. Herbert Schultz, Route 3, Wisner, Nebraska. She is a shutin, entirely helpless. Do write to her.

Miss Edna I. Sievert, Rt. 2, Alpena, Mich., age 36, is semi-shutin. She is not able to work or get away from home much, is lonely and wants mail.

Miss Jane Swift, Monkton, Maryland, has been in a wheel chair for 35 years. She has arthritis and her joints are bent and stiff.

Mrs. Elizabeth Toal, 1720 West Third St., Sioux City 3, Iowa, is an elderly woman who has been a shutin for a long time because of arthritis. She has been in a hospital for more than a year now, is unable to write at all but I think would enjoy pretty cards. Her eyes are too bad to read letters.

Mrs. J. A. Cherry, 6020 Herzog St., Oakland 8, Calif., whom I told you about last month, has had another setback. She has spinal arthritis, in addition to a serious heart condition, and is not able to write. She loves to get mail and it helps pass the time while her husband is away at work. The postman brings it in to her bed.

You will be interested in the progress of the afghan project. The knitted and crocheted squares are coming in nicely, and they are such nice ones. It is amazing what lovely robes they make, when you consider that people in two dozen states helped in making them.

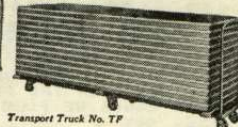


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FULL ADDRESS _____



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LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE
ON THE BANKS OF PLUM CREEK
FARMER BOY
BY THE SHORES OF SILVER LAKE
THE LONG WINTER
THE LITTLE TOWN ON THE PRAIRIE
THESE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS

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LUNCHES THAT WILL BE EATEN

By Mildred Cathcart

Now that school days are here again many of us will be faced with the problem of packing a lunch box each day. And when we figure that our child must get about one-third of his daily food requirements in this lunch, we need to pack one that is nutritious and so attractive that the child WILL eat it.

Sandwiches seem to be one of the first things we think about when tackling the lunch problem. What can we do to keep them from becoming so monotonous? There are a variety of tasty and wholesome fillings we use but too often these go untasted.

Have you tried new "shapes" for the fillings? Use cookie cutters for round sandwiches or cut the bread into stars, moons, animals, or shapes appropriate for various holidays. And be sure the sandwiches are wrapped so that the bread is moist and fresh—not dried out around some edges that worked out of the waxed wrappings.

And try a variety of breads — wheat, raisin, rye, or buns and rolls.

Salads are usually not too easy to pack but you can use saran wrapping for slices of lettuce, cabbage, carrots, turnip slices, or celery strips. I have several small glass jars with tight lids and these are excellent for potato or bean salads, for apple sauce, or for various vegetables.

Potato chips, deviled eggs, cottage cheese, pickles, are a few of the items that most children like to have included quite often.

A good thermos bottle seems a necessity in packing a lunch. Hot soup in the winter, cold milk, orange juice, or lemonade, need to be a part of the daily noon day menu.

New plastic containers and waxed paper or saran wrappings make a lunch box meal keep fresh and look appealing, too. Pretty napkins, plastic fork and spoons, should be included also.

Fresh fruit is a daily requisite but be sure the fruit is "polished" and does not have bruised spots on it. If it does the child is apt to toss it aside without bothering to eat the good part.

When we think of lunches we are apt to think in terms of candy, cake, and cookies. While these are a necessary item, we can also make them be a part of the daily food requirements. If you feel that your child does not eat enough cereal for breakfast then include cookies with cereal added. Fruit bars may increase his daily intake of raisins and fruit. There are apple sauce cookies and other varieties that are highly nutritious.

We have a few favorite stand-bys that are good tasting, they are more than just "sweets", and they pack well, too.

This recipe has been a favorite for a long time and may be varied now and then. It packs well and it can be kept longer than many types of cookies.

Our Favorite Lunch Box Cooky

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon Leanna's vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup cocoanut
- 3 cups oats, uncooked
- 1/2 cup milk, plus (Add by teaspoons as it varies with flour)
- 1/2 cup nuts

Often we substitute chocolate chips for cocoanut, or we use dates, raisins, candied fruit, and so forth. Use these in any combinations that you like. And for variety, we make a divinity candy filling and put this between two of the cookies. (This will take care of part of the eggs necessary in the daily diet). Drop these cookies by teaspoonful on greased sheet. Flatten with bottom of glass. (We use a glass with a fancy design). Bake about 8 to 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

Lucile's Letter—Concluded

drove over it three years ago they saw two bad accidents, but not once did we see anything that looked like even a close shave.

About 12:30 or thereabouts we reached Reading, our final departure point from the Turnpike. Next month I'll tell you about the country where we visited, and also about our return trip.

—Lucile

P. S. I had intended to take up things as they came, but I certainly cannot let this letter go to the printers without telling you that on our return trip we drove through Anderson, Indiana and had the great pleasure of seeing our little niece, Katharine Driftmier and her mother, Mary Beth.

It was 100 degrees in Anderson when we arrived at 9:00 in the morning, but if it had been 120 we wouldn't have minded! Katharine is a beautiful little baby with masses of brown ringlets all over her head, bright blue eyes, and skin the color of pale apple blossoms. She was five weeks old when we saw her and weighed eight pounds. After I had studied her intently I told Mary Beth that she didn't look like a Driftmier, and Mary Beth added instantly that she didn't look like a Schneider—she just looks like herself!

Donald was out of town on business and we regretted not being able to tell him that he has a darling little daughter. He knows it, of course, but we were the first Driftmier relatives to see her and it would have been nice if we could have given this report in person.

ATTENTION

In my reference to the letters regarding twins I neglected to say that September 1st was the deadline. There hasn't been time for you folks to write your letters before this issue went to the printers, so in October we'll use the most interesting letter—or letters—and our check for \$10.00 will go to someone.

MY LOT!

Shall I complain at only bread,
With others hungry and unfed?
Or shall I dare to envy wealth
When God has granted me good health?

Or fret because my house is small,
When others have no home at all?

—Sent by a friend in
Topeka, Kansas.

BE GLAD

Be glad each day for something, it may be hard to find
A cause for real rejoicing, so sordid is the grind.

You may indeed feel bitter and say there's not a thing

For which to just be pleasant, so torturous is the sting;

But somewhere in our being some cheering thought must be,

If we will go a searching for it right honestly.

MY GRANDMA'S APRON

My Grandma's apron is such fun,
It's not a little, frilly one;
It's long and wide enough to be
Of lots more use than folks can
see.
It carries all the eggs we find,
The fruit we pick of every kind,
It carries chips—we hurry so
When Grandma's fire is getting
low
And gather from the old wood pile
Enough to last for quite awhile.
She takes it off when cows get out
And waves it high—they turn
about
And jump back where they ought to
be,
While I just stand and laugh with
glee.
If Grandma sees a fleck of dirt
She puts that apron right to work.
And when I sleep on Grandma's lap
She tucks it round me like a wrap.
But when I need it most of all
Is when I'm hurt, or had a fall;
Grandma picks one corner up
And holds my chin as in a cup;
Then wipes away each tear I cry
On that blue apron—then she'll
sigh
And hug me tight until I smile,
Oh! Grandma's apron is so worth
while!

—Selected

A good housekeeper does not spend
time wondering where the dirt came
from, but showing it where to go.



This happy little boy is Gary Overstreet, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Overstreet of Tucson, Arizona. He came to Shenandoah to pay his first visit to his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Alexander who have lived next door to the Driftmier family home all of the years that have passed since 1926.

"This liberty will look easy by and by, when nobody dies to get it."—Maxwell Anderson (Speech by George Washington in play, VALLEY FORGE.)

Frederick's Letter—Concluded

chairs with our fishing rods in hand to wait for the big fish to strike.

Slowly the yacht moved up one side of the island and down the other side, back and forth across the mouths of coves and inlets where the fish like to feed, but not a fish did we catch. Fish or no fish it was a beautiful trip. On the way home we could see all of the big navy ships with their hundreds of lights reflecting in the water. Near the end of the trip the wind began to come up a little and in just a short time the waves were running pretty high, but we had no reason to be alarmed. As a matter of fact I liked the roughness; I liked to feel the salt spray stinging my face and the wind blowing my hair.

Before the trip was over I had the fun of calling a friend of mine at his home on the telephone. The yacht was equipped with a ship-to-shore radio-telephone. Although we were just a few miles down the bay from the Bristol residence of my friend, the phone message had to be radioed from the yacht to the Boston Marine Radio Center, and from there it was carried long distance to Bristol. We could practically see the lights of my friend's house from the yacht where I was making the call, and yet my voice had to travel sixty miles through the air to Boston and then sixty miles back again over the telephone wire. What an age of scientific miracles this is!

Sincerely, Frederick.

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FOR SALE AT ALL EARL MAY STORES

is the guaranteed Rust Remover

you've been wanting!

No work - No rubbing - No damage
to fabrics or surfaces

Makes rust spots—tarnish, too
disappear like magic

Only \$1.00 postpaid
Satisfaction guaranteed
or your money back



It works like magic! Now you see them, now you don't! deRUSTall quickly dissolves those stubborn rust stains from clothing, bathtubs and sinks. Removes urine stains, too. deRUSTall makes rust stained automobile bumpers look like new . . . so effective it even removes rust from nuts and bolts!

Homemakers will be amazed at the shining results when deRUSTall is used for whisking away tarnish from copper, brass and aluminum.

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DUSORB SALES CORPORATION Box 66 Shenandoah, Iowa

Please send me a bottle of your deRUSTall on money-back guarantee, at \$1.00 postage paid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Use on: Fabrics, bathtubs, sinks,
copper, brass, aluminum, chrome,
Urine stains.

Packed in non-breakable plastic bot-
tle with squirt plug and screw cap.

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A blessing for foot sufferers. Relieves weak arches, callouses, tired, aching feet. Unexcelled cushion-comfort! Adjustable, soft, flexible Metatarsal and longitudinal arch easily adjusted. No metal. ORDER TODAY! Give shoe size and width, if for man or woman. Money back guarantee. Postpaid except CODs.

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EASES PAIN DUE TO:
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Ask for it by name **\$1.00 and \$1.89** at your druggist!

If your Druggist can't supply you, order direct — all orders postpaid.

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End mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe—sure-simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away. \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

HIDE, 55-A 9th Street, Leon, Iowa

10 LARGE NEW 5¢ TOWELS

Most terrific towel value in U. S. When you buy 10 of these wonderful, new, full-size towels made of unwoven rayon and cotton for only \$1.00, we'll send TEN MORE for 50¢ or TWENTY in all for \$1.05! Others charge \$1.00 for FIVE Towels! But order TODAY while supply lasts! Make wonderful gifts. Money-back guarantee. TOWEL SHOP, Dept. 387, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

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Join us for a visit every week-day morning over any of the following stations.

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KIOA—DES MOINES, IA. 940 on your dial 9:00 A.M.
KFNF—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920 on your dial 9:00 A.M.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DOG THAT SOLD BISCUITS

By Myrtle Felkner

Old Sport was no particular kind of a dog. His head looked Terrier and his body looked Bulldog, and nobody had even known a dog with such peculiar legs. He was short and long and very fat. He was also sometimes dirty, because he lived at Pete's Feed and Produce Store, which had many dusty corners. None of this bothered Old Sport. He waddled here and there, chasing the cat until she sought refuge on the highest sacks of feed and occasionally pestering a mouse. One day Jack, the errand boy, said, "Old Sport, I am going to buy you a treat." He went across the street and bought a box of Super-Duper Dog Biscuits for Sport. Sport ate every one of them. They were so good that he refused to eat anything else.

"Well," said Pete after a few days, "we can't let him starve." He went to the cash register to get some money to buy another box of Super-Duper Dog Biscuits.

Old Sport became very independent. Every time he was hungry he went to the cash register and whined. Then Pete and Jack would have to buy another box of biscuits. Sport grew so fat that the customers slapped their knees and laughed when they saw him. He was the most peculiar-looking dog in town.

One day Pete closed his record books with a slam. "We are going to have to cut expenses," he declared. "I am not making enough money to pay the rent. Something will have to give."

Everyone has heard grown-ups talk like that. Everyone, that is, except Sport.

When Jack brought him a pan of corn meal mush for supper, which is much cheaper than Super-Duper Dog Biscuits, Sport simply turned up his Terrier-looking nose and refused to eat.

Sport refused to eat for so many days that Pete finally sighed, "Well, we can't let him starve." He told Jack that he had better not come to work anymore. Pete carried the feed and eggs himself and used Jack's wages to buy more Super-Duper Dog Biscuits.

Sport grew fatter and fatter. The fatter he grew the more biscuits he ate, and the more biscuits he ate, the fatter he grew. He lay in the sun outside the door and wagged his fat Bulldog tail when the customers laughed at him.

Pete grew very exasperated. "You are eating me right out of business!" he declared. "I am going to sell you."

He put an advertisement in the newspapers, "Dog for Sale. Cheap." Then he signed his name.

"Are you really going to sell Sport?" asked a customer. "We buy our feed here because the children like to watch that peculiar-looking dog."

Pete shook his head sadly. "He is greedy as well as peculiar. Besides, he won't eat anything but Super-Duper Dog Biscuits, and they are very expensive."

"Super-Duper Dog Biscuits, eh?" mused the customer. "I believe I will buy some for our dog. The children run and play with him until he has become the *skinniest* dog in the county." The customer hurried across the street to buy the dog biscuits.

"Hummmmm," said Pete, deep in thought. "Hummmmm."

The next day he ordered several huge sacks of Super-Duper Dog Biscuits. He tossed one to Sport as he hustled about putting up a new sign.

"Is your dog skinny, undernourished? Does he refuse to eat? Buy Super-Duper Dog Biscuits here, where you can see the results." Then he put a dozen biscuits in a dish beneath the sign and whistled for Sport.

How the customers chuckled with glee! They bought so many Super-Duper Dog Biscuits that the cash register clanged all day. Pete was so busy that he had to re-hire Jack to carry the feed and eggs.

As for Sport, he is still lying in the sun eating dog biscuits. He is the fattest, funniest, happiest, most peculiar looking dog in the county.

I WILL BE

1. P.l.t.e
2. H..p.y
3. K..d
4. G.n.r.us
5. H.e.l..ul
6. T.r..h..ul
7. H.o..st
8. O.b.d.i..t
9. L.o...g
10. R.e.p.c.t..ul
11. D.p.nd..le
12. F.r.g.v.ng

Answers

1. Polite.
2. Happy.
3. Kind.
4. Generous.
5. Helpful.
6. Truthful.
7. Honest.
8. Obedient.
9. Loving.
10. Respectful.
11. Dependable.
12. Forgiving.

I AM THE LOOKING GLASS

Am I ready for school?
Is my hair brushed?
Is my face washed?
Are my ears clean?
Are my hands washed?
Are my fingernails clean?
Have I a fresh handkerchief?
Are my clothes neat?
Are my socks clean?
Are my shoes shined?
Ask me—I am the looking glass.

"Little Ads"

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.

October Ads due September 1.
November Ads due October 1.
December Ads due November 1.

Send Ads Direct To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

LOOK Before You Leap! See last ad in this column.

12 NEW TOWELS only \$1.00 Large Size! Assorted colors. New! Not seconds. Non-woven cotton and rayon. Money-back guarantee. Supply limited. Order now! R. J. Homemakers Co., Dept. 843-B, Box 264, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

EMBROIDER STAMPED LINENS. Buy direct from Manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. Dept. 790, MERRIBEE, 22 West 21st Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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MISPLACED Confidence Is Costly; See last ad in this column.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD, Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. 6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired).

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I SUFFERED FROM ECZEMA FOR 30 YEARS. Finally found complete relief with simple home remedy. Recipe \$1.00. Mrs. N. F. Hester, R. 1-261, Tusculum, Ala.

FOR SALE: Large tea towels with fancy stitched hems. 60¢. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

2 QUILTS—beautifully quilted. \$18.00 each. Lena Comer, Skidmore, Mo.

POMANDER'S: Make attractive Spice Balls for closet. Receipt 25¢ coin and self addressed envelopes, or order one \$1.50. This is a very exciting item. Louise Haley, 445 Spring St., Apt. 1B, Richmond, California.

AFRICAN VIOLETS, Three Hundred Varieties, Window Grown. Leaves, Cuttings, Small Plants Mailed. 3¢ stamp for descriptive list. Mrs. Tom Hardisty, Corning, Iowa.

ALL OCCASION CARDS 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

SPECIAL—Charming Squaw (half) Aprons \$2.75. R. Kiehl, 2917-4th N. W. Canton, Ohio.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS reveals predominant character traits—even more factually than years of acquaintance. Place your confidence in the right people. Be guided correctly by this amazing science. Any handwriting sample submitted will be analyzed by board of experts. Fee \$2.00. ANALYTICS, Richmondville, New York.

PRESERVE YOUR BABY'S SHOES in China-like beauty. The exquisitely beautiful "Porcelynized" process, secret of our Studio, transforms baby's own shoes into shimmering fine art keepsakes. Our customers are all over the world. Write for free illustrated folder. Baby Shoe Studio, Dept. K, Richmondville, N. Y.

FREE! VALUABLE COUPONS for ordering buttons. Send stamped, addressed envelope to THE BUTTON BOX, Glen Rock 5, New Jersey.

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

CROCHETED DRESSES—1-3 yrs. \$4.95. Fancy Aprons \$1.00-\$1.25. Fancy Hankies 50¢ - \$1.00. Hemstitching, Hosemending, GUARANTEED. BEULAH'S, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

HEALTH BOOK by retired nurse, Arthritis "flare ups" bloated, overweight, food allergy, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

LOVELY HALF-APRONS: Print \$1.00. Organdy \$1.25. Magdalen Altman, Livermore, Iowa.

SPIRITUAL READER, Six month predictions. Lucky number from birthdate. Send \$1.00. 5 questions answered. Send stamped envelope to Ellen Rose, Box 303, Coshocton, Ohio.

BOOK of Childrens Poems 45¢, write Mrs. Frank Clark, Woodward, Iowa.

SCISSOR SHARPENING, 40 ea. Ppd. No stamps, please!—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILY 14 inch \$1.00, Emma Jackson, Harwood, Mo.

PLASTIC DOLL TOASTER COVER, hair, movable arms, crocheted dress combining rickrack. \$3.75. Grape bottlecap table-mats, \$1.00. Mrs. Glenn Smith, Crete, Nebraska.

CONNECTICUT SOUVENIR. Salt and Pepper Shakers. Only \$1.00. Postage Prepaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Order Today. T. Creech, 463 Campfield Ave., Hartford 14, Conn.

SHINE SHOES WITHOUT "POLISH". New invention. Lightning seller. Shoes gleam like mirror. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE 112, AKRON, OHIO.

"MIDGET BIBLE," 50¢! Free Novelties Lists! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, New York City 59.

POPULAR "BUTTONS & BOWS" APRON. Lots of trim \$1.50. Dimity apron, trailing vine trim \$1.25. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

CUNNING CROCHETED COWBOY BOOTS any color, \$1.25. Have those baby shoes Pearlized — \$3.00. Vesta Whitehead, 113 W. 3rd., Washington, Iowa.

HOUSEPLANT SLIPS rooted, labeled. Ten different \$2 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

MAKE MONEY For Your Group

It's easy and fun to make the extra cash your group needs for special purposes the **Peggy Ann** way. Groups all across the country are making hundreds of dollars selling delicious, Kitchen-Fresh **Peggy Ann** candies among friends, neighbors and relatives.

FREE Write today for folder and complete details on our NO-RISK NO-INVESTMENT Plan.

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12 Vitamins in each capsule... Including red blood building Factors B12 and Folic.

100 Capsule bottle... \$3.00
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REGULAR \$4 VALUE
NOW BOTH for ONLY\$3.00

Dwarfies DAILY DOZEN golden vitamin capsules appeal to millions of satisfied customers. Each successive year, for TWELVE years, more families use this TWELVE vitamin capsule—a PROVED all-family vitamin formula. Try it for your family. Now buy a \$3 bottle, and get the \$1 bottle FREE of any cost to you. Limited time.

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Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Mail me at once:

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(number of bottles) \$3.00 bottle (100 capsules to the bottles) Dwarfies "daily dozen" tight-seal vitamin capsules.

For each \$3.00 bottle order I am to receive FREE a \$1.00 bottle of the same vitamins, while this offer lasts.

Offer is good for a limited time only. Close of offer will be announced on the Kitchen-Klatter radio show.

My Name

Street Address

City..... State.....



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EXQUISITE ALL STEEL PLANT STAND



REGULAR
~~\$14.95~~
VALUE

PRICE
SLASHED
TO

\$7.95

- 3 1/2 Feet High
- Revolving Arms
- Will Not Tip or Tilt

Never before at this low price. Revolving arms (for sunning, watering, different room arrangements) extend 5 to 10 in. from center. Holds 10 standard-size pots including one 8-in. pot bottom center. (Plants, pots not included.) Fill totem with moss to root climbing plants. Choice: Wrought Iron Black or Tropical White.

67 PIECE Solid STAINLESS ENGLISHTOWN TABLEWARE

Guaranteed
65 Years

WON'T RUST OR STAIN

NEVER NEEDS POLISHING

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

3 piece HOSTESS SERVING SET

with every set ordered, includes:

- 1 Large Salad Fork
- 1 Large Serving Spoon
- 1 Pie and Cake Server

Here's an amazing offer made only to Nirensk customers in order to introduce this new Englishtown Mayfair Pattern.

FREE!



STERLING
TYPE
OPENWORK



- 67 Piece
SERVICE FOR 8 INCLUDES:
- 8—1-pc. Forged Knives
 - 8—Forks
 - 8—Salad Forks
 - 16—Teaspoons
 - 8—Iced Tea Spoons
 - 8—Soup Spoons
 - 8—Sheffield, Hollow ground, Serrated Steak Knives
 - 3-pc. Hostess Serving Set

REGULAR ~~\$39.50~~ VALUE

PRICE

SLASHED TO

\$14.95

Rich... Ornate... Gleaming... Beautiful
Permanent Mirror Finish Never Needs Polishing
Once in each generation, comes a silver pattern so beautifully proportioned, so exquisitely designed, so perfect in every detail, as this homemaker's dream. Maytime embodies all the flawless characteristics of truly fine tableware from its heavy weight, one-piece forged knives, to its delicately pierced open work and deeply embossed pattern.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NIRENSK INDUSTRIES, Dept. YP-9
4757 Ravenswood, Chicago 40, Ill.

Please rush items checked. Purchase price refunded if not 100% satisfied.

- ☐ Plant Stand \$7.95, color _____
- ☐ 67-piece Tableware, \$14.95
- ☐ Saladmaker, \$7.95
- ☐ Saladmaker Deluxe, \$9.95

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save postage, I enclose \$ _____ ship prepaid.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 deposit, will pay balance C.O.D. plus postage.

PRICE SLASHED! Hollywood All-Purpose SALADMAKER

"Performs MIRACLES with Food"

- ✓ SHREDS
- ✓ CHOPS
- ✓ GRATES
- ✓ PEELS
- ✓ SLICES
- ✓ WAFFLES
- ✓ CRUMBS

Guaranteed to do
anything any food
cutting machine
will do!



NATIONALLY
ADVERTISED AT

~~\$19.95~~

REDUCED TO

\$7.95

3 steel cutters
DELUXE MODEL
5 steel cutters
\$9.95

Cutters never
need sharpening!

GUARANTEE

We absolutely guarantee this machine to be free from defects in material and workmanship. You must be 100% satisfied or your money refunded at once.

PREPARES FOOD OVER 200 DELIGHTFUL WAYS
Now you can prepare the most beautiful, healthful foods with ease, speed, safety, and economy. Makes wonderful waffle-potatoes, tossed salad, golden brown potato chips; chops onions, peels apples, crumbs bread, prepares baby foods, health foods, and vegetable juices. Slices faster than electric machines costing \$200 or more. Easy to clean and easy to operate. Safe enough for a child to use. Recipe book included.