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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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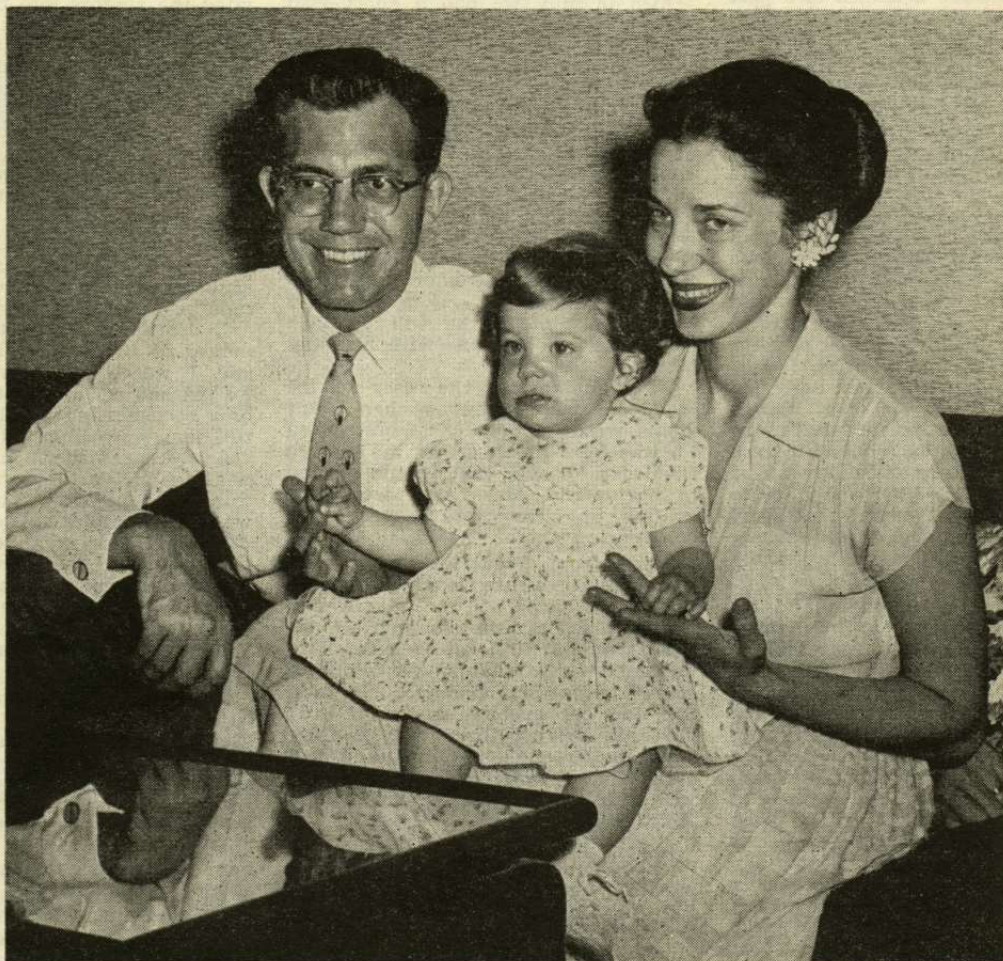


Photo By Burdick.

Our youngest son Don, his wife Mary Beth and daughter Katharine, the youngest Driftmier grandchild. This picture was taken when they visited us in May.

MISS JOSIE PFANNERBECKER
RT 1 BOX 143 MAR 57
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

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My Dear Friends:

Times moves on! The older one gets, the faster it seems to travel.

Perhaps we should do as one of our readers is doing. She decided, when she reached the age of fifty, to start doing a few of the things she had always hoped she would sometime have a chance to do. Instead of feeling that she belonged to a past generation she has added many new and modern interests to her life. So many of my friends are taking lessons in ceramics and painting, and are spending more time on their hobbies.

I feel that in this age of such great tension it is good for all of us to spend a little more time on something completely removed from our daily routine of work. Getting away from home, even for a short time, is good for all of us. Many miles can be covered in two or three days, and I imagine there are places of interest within a few hundred miles of your home that you would enjoy seeing.

I read an article in our daily paper yesterday that was about traveling, and it stressed the fact that many things people take on trips with them are never used. The advice given was TRAVEL LIGHT. Mart and I try to do this, but even so we find that every trip we take some clothes that are never needed. Maybe we'll learn—someday!

Our youngest son, Donald and his wife Mary Beth and baby daughter, Katharine, came early in May and we had a wonderful week together. The trip from Anderson, Ind. was not an unpleasant one for parents or baby because they had one of these wonderful new folding baby beds that can be adjusted in so many different ways. This one permitted two legs to be lowered to the level of the back seat while the two front legs supported it. They also used it as a play pen while they were here, so Grandmother Schneider's gift proved to be very useful.

As you can see by the pictures, Katharine is a very sweet baby. She has a lovely disposition and stood up beautifully under the stress and strain of seeing so many cousins, aunts, uncles and her two grandparents.

And speaking about traveling light—well Donald surely did exactly this. In the confusion of getting all the baby's necessary equipment packed

in the car he left his "dress up" clothes at home—they were on hangers all ready to go! During his entire vacation he had only the pair of slacks that he traveled in and several sport shirts. They discovered this after they had gone several hundred miles, and there was no sense in turning around to go back for them.

Also in May we had a short visit with Frederick when he made a flying trip from Massachusetts to deliver the commencement address at Tarkio College, Tarkio Mo. (He graduated from there in 1939 and then went directly to Assuit, Egypt.) Because of his achievements in the field of education and religion he was awarded a D. D. degree. We had very few hours with him before it was necessary for Howard to take him up to Omaha to catch his plane. They left here at 4:30 in the morning. However, we'll soon have a much better visit with him for he will be back the latter part of June with his family.

I am hoping that the roses will be in bloom while they are here. Our tulips were at their very best when he was here in May, and he enjoyed them for he said that in his garden in Springfield, Mass. they were just coming up. They had a very late, cold spring there.

Aside from Frederick's visit with his family we are looking forward to seeing some of our nieces and nephews during the summer. I believe that the first one scheduled to arrive is Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, sister Jessie Shambaugh's daughter. She and her husband and four little girls are driving through from their home in Greenwich, Conn., and will make their headquarters in Clarinda with side trips to visit their Shenandoah relatives.

Also coming from the East will be sister Martha Eaton's son Dwight, his wife and their two sons—the first time they have been here for a number of years. They would like very much to have Martha finish their vacation with them and then return to New Jersey for a visit, so we are hoping that she will be able to go.

Mary Fischer Chapin and her two sons, Elliott and Jared, will arrive in July for a ten day visit at the Fischer home, and Fred is certainly looking forward to their arrival. The boys have been here only once before in the winter, so they should have

a good time at the swimming pool and at Manti.

(I just now called Bertha Field and asked her for news from that branch of the family tree. She said that Lettie and Jean Ann will be home for a visit this summer, and that Josephine will be home for a short visit too. At this time those were the only ones she was sure were coming, but many things can happen before the summer is over.)

Fred Fischer just walked up the hill to visit us and said that his granddaughter, Jean Alexander, would be here this summer. She is Louise's only daughter. Jean graduated from high school in June and expects to enter Oberlin college in Oberlin, Ohio this fall. We are looking forward to seeing her.

One never knows what pleasant experiences a day may bring (and it usually does). At this point in my letter Margery and my good neighbor across the street came in and we all went out to the kitchen for a cup of coffee and one of the doughnuts that my neighbor had brought over.

The door bell rang and Margery invited the visitors into the living room and called me. It was an old neighbor of ours, Ed Mack, who lived near us in Clarinda over thirty years ago. He was with his sister, Mrs. Allen Blakely who lives near Randolph, Iowa. Ed had come from his home in Bremerton, Wash. for the funeral of his sister's husband, and we so much appreciated his coming to Shenandoah to see us.

The Driftmier and Mack children were near the same ages and inseparable companions through those Clarinda years. Now they are all married and scattered across the country in homes of their own. Florence Mack and I were very good friends, and we wished so much that we could have seen her too. Well, we are hopeful that sometime within the next year we can visit them, for Mart has relatives in Washington whom he has wanted to see for a long time—and we could combine all of these things.

I wonder if you too have been bothered with large gray millers in the house this summer? First we were invaded by box elder bugs, and then the millers. I'll have to call Juliana in with her butterfly net to catch them.

My little grandchildren are in and out during these long summer days. Clark is such a big, husky boy now and loves to tag along behind Emily and Alison. Abigail can't yet trust the girls to get him safely across the busy highway that stands between our two homes, but if he is brought here by a grown-up he is dependable about staying in the yard.

Juliana and Kristin expect to take over and keep all of the small cousins entertained when Mary Leanna and David are here. They are old enough now to be of real help, and both girls are willing helpers to their mothers.

It's time to check on the hen that's cooking, so I must hurry to the kitchen. Do come and see us this summer if you can, and make yourselves right at home in our gardens.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna

GARDEN CLUB PROGRAMS

We are hopeful that among these various programs you will find suggestions of some kind that will be helpful for your group. Through the years we have received so many requests for roll call ideas, in addition to program subjects, that it seems wise to include as many of these as possible . . . plus all other details that might prove inspirational to new organizations.

HIGHLAND PARK GARDEN CLUB

(Organized 1925)
Omaha, Nebraska

Objective of the Club: To stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening; to share the advantages of association through conferences; to aid in the protection of native plants and birds; and to encourage civic planting.

Meetings: Third Friday of each month, except December, which is second Friday. Twelve-thirty Lunch.

January: "Ring in the New" Luncheon. Flower Shows of the Eastern States — Slides.

February: "Hearts & Darts" Luncheon. A tour of South America — Slides.

March: "Wearing O' the Green" Luncheon. Fungi as a Hobby. Talk and Demonstration.

April: "April Showers". Symposium on African Violets.

May: "Fleur de Lis" Luncheon. Spring Flower Show.

June: "Only a Rose" Luncheon. Make your own Accessories.

July: "Vacation Delights" Brunch. Tour of Park with Educational Comments. American Hemerocallis Society Convention.

August: No meeting.

September: "Asters in the Garden Bowers" Luncheon. Floral Arrangements from a Florist's view. Highland Park Fall Flower Show (date and place to be announced.)

October: "Jack-O-Lantern" Luncheon. Slides of Favorite House Plants and Arrangements.

November: "Bountiful Harvest" Luncheon. Putting your Garden to Bed. Round Table Discussion. Annual Election.

December: "White Christmas Luncheon. Annual report of Chairmen; Installation of Officers. The Christmas Story.

There are approximately 46 active members, plus 6 on the reserve list. Their handsome year book is printed, and the 1956 one that was sent to me has a cover of heavy ornamental green paper and is tied with a white silk cord.

PAULLINA WOMAN'S STUDY CLUB

(Organized 1937)
Paullina, Iowa.

These women, approximately 19, are members of the Garden Group organized within the general framework of the Woman's Study Club. They meet the first Tuesday of each month at 7:30 P.M.

In 1953-1954 they used the following subjects for programs:

September: Bulb planting.

October: Flowers and Vegetables of the Nation.

November: Christmas Decorations Inside and Out.

December: Christmas Party.

February: Selecting Vegetable Varieties for Home Garden; Tuberous Begonias.

March: Gloxinias.

April: Romance of a Fruit Basket.

May: May Breakfast.

June: Flower Arrangements.

July: Garden inspection.

August: Picnic.

Their year book is printed and also contains the year's schedule for the Book Group, Expression Group and Home Group.

THE SHOVEL AND HOE

GARDEN CLUB

(Organized 1952)
Portland, Oregon.

Two unusual year books for this far western club were sent to me. In view of the fact that their growing conditions are so different from what we know in the Midwest, I will simply list the various programs they have used without including the month. Incidentally there are approximately 25 members and they meet on the fourth Tuesday of each month at 11:00 A.M. Their yearbooks have a brilliant red cover with a drawing of a shovel and hoe.

Propagation — budding, layering, grafting and slips; What to look for and save for "Dry Arrangements"; Commentary on Birds. Bulb, root, plant storage. Textile painting on Christmas Cards. A film titled "Making Dreams Come True" and a white elephant vase exchange. Pruning. Suitable trees and shrubs for landscaping—a silver tea with a guest speaker. Bulb and seed treatment; mole eradication, plant and dahlia bulb exchange and a tour to a Primrose farm. Spring Flower show. Tour of the Crystal Springs Rhododendron Gardens.

ROVING GARDENERS CLUB

Akron, Iowa

One of the members wrote as follows: "We started a year and a half ago with five members; now we have to limit it to 25 members, plus a waiting list. I'll list some of our programs and also the roll call topics we used.

"African Violets. Wild flowers to look for. Planting a border with annuals. Landscaping—a fine lawn and how to care for it. Rose Culture — rose pests and their cure; rose beads and rose jar. Choosing our glads; glad culture and the new glads. Planning your perennial garden. Chrysanthemums, their care. Flower arrangements and containers. Fall planting for spring pictures. Gardening under fluorescent lights. The fall care of bulbs. Winter bouquets from dried material.

"For roll call we have used the following: A tree or shrub I like. A new flower I am going to try this year. Garden mistakes I've made. My favorite garden catalogue. New aims and projects for the year. How



Our long-time friends have in their files the first picture we ever used of Juliana—taken when she was three weeks old. Now she is thirteen and taller than her mother!

to control garden pests. A flower that gives big returns for the space it takes. Border ideas. Ground covers. Midsummer gardening problem. How to preserve cut flowers. Bringing my garden indoors."

SHELBINA GARDEN CLUB

(Organized 1947)
Shelbina, Mo.

Motto: God Liveth in a Garden.

Purpose: To promote beautification in our town and conservation of our natural resources.

Meetings: Second Monday of Each Month. 2:00 P.M.

Theme for 1956—Conservation in Action.

Projects: 1. Continuation of Lake Project; 2. To add more blue bird houses on our blue bird trail; 3. Establishment of a Road Side Park.

January: Part I — Prize winning flowers and what is new in seed catalogs; Part II — Round Table Discussion — unusual happenings in your garden or with house plants.

February: Part I — Demonstration on Meat Cutting; Part II, Pictures in the home. (Bring your baby picture for a guessing contest.)

March: Conservation. Judging of Year Book Covers.

April: African Violets.

May: "May breakfast and a stroll down Nature's Trail." Report of State Convention. (Wear a hat with living flowers — prize offered.)

June: Program by Palmyra Garden Club.

July: Corsage Making the Modern Way.

August: Family picnic. Flower arrangements by men. Ladies to bring containers and flowers.

September: The story of tea. Traditional arrangements.

October: New ideas in Driftwood. Garden Tour.

November: Gift Wrapping.

(Continued on page 8)

FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE SKY

Dear Friends:

For many years I have been writing to you from many different places. There was the time when I wrote letters while sitting on the deck of an Upper Nile River patrol boat, and I have written to you while seated on the sandy beach at Waikiki in Honolulu. I have written to you while sitting in a sidewalk cafe in Paris, and while sitting on the veranda of a mountain cottage in Puerto Rico. But I am positive that this is the first letter I have written to you while seated in an airplane 22,000 feet in the air. At the very moment of writing this particular sentence I can look down on Lake Erie, but at the rate of 330 miles an hour we shall be over the Hudson River before I finish the letter.

How do I happen to be up here with seventy other people in this comfortable plane? Well, I am on my way back to Massachusetts after having given the commencement address at Tarkio College in Tarkio, Missouri. When the college asked me to make this trip, I knew that I would have to fly, for other engagements made it impossible for me to be away from home more than two days.

I graduated from Tarkio College in 1939, and this was only the second time I had returned to the campus since then. While there I had the great honor of receiving an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and as I sit up here so high above the clouds thinking back over the past two days I am having to pinch myself to be sure I am not dreaming. What a long time it is going to take for me to accustom myself to the new title of Doctor.

It was a good and heart-warming experience to return to the place of my college years. The nicest thing about the whole experience was the pleasure of meeting some of my old professors. As I visited with them again after so many years, I could not help but feel that they had had a big part in the direction of my life. In so many ways the faculty members of a good church college exemplify all that is strong and fine in Christian living. Without exception "the grand old men" of Tarkio College are dedicated men devoted to the youth they serve. Once in a while such men are found on the faculties of the big universities, but they are the very heart of a small church college faculty, and without such men a Christian college like Tarkio could not exist.

Right at this point I had to stop writing for a moment or two while I drank my third cup of coffee on this trip. I am seated very near the galley, and the aroma from the hot pots of coffee is irresistible. As I look up the long aisle at the many other passengers, some of whom appear to be sound asleep with their adjustable chair seats let way down into an almost bed-like position, I find it hard to believe that this is a Tourist Class plane. I am delighted with the accommodations, and about



This informal snap of Frederick was taken on May 25, 1956 as he delivered the commencement address at Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo.

the only difference I can see between this and a first class plane is the absence of meals. For those who wish to eat, the plane stops three times on its way from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and at each stop there are good restaurant facilities. I had lunch in Chicago, and I shall be home long before dinner time. Here on this plane they do serve quantities of coffee, milk, and fruit juices. I have just watched one youngster consume his fourth glass of milk.

I wish that you could see what is happening to this plane right now. We are on our way down, and in a few minutes we shall leave this beautiful sunshine and brilliant blue sky and enter some thick rain clouds ahead. The Captain has just announced over the public address system that it is raining very hard in Springfield, so hard that we will not be able to land for a few minutes, and that probably means that we will be up here in this cloud for awhile. We are in it now, and for the life of me I cannot see the wing of the plane just a few inches from my window. The visibility is absolutely zero-zero, and that means we are now flying on instruments entirely.

For the benefit of anyone who may be wondering if the Captain knows where we are he has just announced our position as fourteen miles north of Springfield, and nine miles west. My, how deep this cloud is! We are still losing altitude every second, and there is no sign of our coming out of it. I know that the Berkshire Mountains are directly beneath us, and I wonder how much further down we can go before we come out from under this "pea soup" for a look at the peaks.

Between the end of that last paragraph and the beginning of this one we came out of the cloud and are now flying in a driving rain very close to the Connecticut River. We seem to be making figure eights in the air as the plane waits for an opportunity to go in for a landing. Do you know what I see growing on all the farms beneath us? I see hundreds and hundreds of acres of tobacco. I have just been explaining something to the lady seated directly ahead of me. She was curious about the large white areas

that look like enormous sheets. Well, that is just about what they are—sheets of cheese cloth. We are looking down on the famous Connecticut shade-grown tobacco, and underneath those many acres of white cheese cloth are young tobacco plants sheltered from the wind and sun.

Now we see it and now we don't! We are back in the clouds and still climbing. Perhaps the Captain has been ordered to take us on to Boston, but I hope not for I have an appointment at the office in a few minutes from now. As I look out the window everything is that thick, white muck again. I note that all conversation in the plane has ceased—people are just wondering what is going to happen next. We should have landed forty minutes ago. And here we go down once more. As we go down we are making another big figure eight, and there are the tobacco fields again. Surely we are going to land now. Yes, I am positive of it. This letter will have to be finished at home.

LATER

What a barrage of questions the children had for me this evening at the dinner table! In three weeks they are going to fly with their mother and me out to Omaha, and they want to know all about my trip today. It was actually a good thing for me to fly the very planes that we shall take on our next trip west, for I had an opportunity to make several helpful observations.

I learned, for example, that on the first class planes the stewardesses begin serving the meals from the rear of the plane forward, and that means I shall want to seat my two hungry children just as far back from the galley as possible. I also learned that the best way to kill time while laying over for an hour in Chicago is to take a long, long walk from one end of the airport to the other. And as much as I hate to do it, for the sake of obtaining good seats on the plane where we can sit together as a family, we simply must get to the airport early enough to stand in line at the loading gate. When I travel alone I am usually the last person on the plane, but that won't do when there are children along.

A few days ago a young man came into my study to tell me his plans to enter the ministry, and in the course of our conversation he asked me what I considered to be the most difficult aspect of my calling. That was an easy question and I had for him a quick answer. On my desk I keep a copy of a little poem that is my constant reminder of my greatest and heaviest responsibility—that of living what I preach. The hardest part of being a clergyman is that of making real in one's own life the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I gave this young man a copy of the poem and suggested that he write it upon his heart. I don't know who wrote it, and so I can't give credit where credit is due, but I want to share it with you.

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one,
any day;

I'd rather one should walk with
(Continued on next page)

me, than merely point the way.
 The eye's a better pupil, and more willing, than the ear;
 Fine counsel oft is confusing — but examples always clear.
 And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds
 For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.
 I can soon learn how to do it, if you'll let me see it done.
 I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run;
 All the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
 But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do,
 For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
 But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.
 Sincerely, Frederick

COOKING FOR THRESHERS

By
Josephine Boring

The coming of the combine, cutting and threshing the grain in practically one operation, has changed the picture of the wheat harvest. The coming of electricity to the farm kitchen has done even more to change the picture of that most challenging day in the farm wife's program—the day she cooked for threshers. Certainly the thresher dinner with the equipment of a generation ago was a triumph of feminine skill and endurance.

Few homes were prepared to serve more than a dozen people. Many could care for even less. Thresher day might mean feeding fifteen or twenty men besides extra kitchen help, some of whom might bring with them one or more children. So feeding the crowd became a neighborhood responsibility.

The men went from farm to farm sharing the arduous outdoor labor. To every home came two or three women to help in the kitchen and dining room. These shared more than labor. With them they brought needed dishes, silver, cooking utensils. Husband, if he was an observing man, might recognize a table cloth or a drinking glass or a pitcher he had seen upon another table last week or even on his own table yesterday!

To the woman of the house it all meant something more than the mere feeding of hungry men. A mild, good natured rivalry made her eager to do a little bit better than her neighbors were doing. If her dinner was not as good as Emma's or Lulu's or Grace's something of self esteem was lost.

Husbands carried comforting—sometimes discomfiting tales home.

"What did you have for dinner?" wife would ask.

"Um, let me see. I believe it was chicken."

"You believe it was chicken? Don't you know chicken when you eat it? What else?"

"Ice cream and apple pie. Yes I'm sure it was apple pie."

"You're not too much help. Was her dinner good?"

"Oh yes, sure. It was all right."

"Didn't you tell me we were to have the crowd next week? You have to help me to plan things." Better was the man who could rattle off the menu with glib assurance.

Of course the number of meals to be served depended upon the number of acres of wheat to be threshed. The hungry crowd might be with you for only a day. More wheat might mean two or three days of cooking.

Meat was the center around which dinners and suppers were planned. (And those were dinners and suppers, not lunches and dinners. What a laugh a lunch for threshers would have called forth!) Generally there were three choices: roast beef, ham or chicken, fried or roasted. One did not serve the same meat at two meals in succession unless she was having two meat dishes. Always there must be mounds of creamy, mashed potatoes dotted with melting butter. With these went bowls of brown gravy.

Pans of fragrant bread were baked in the super-heated kitchen the day before they were to be needed.

The choice of vegetables depended upon what might be at the prime at the moment. She was fortunate if threshing time caught her with corn, green beans and tomatoes at their best. These were staples. Other vegetables helped out. You couldn't have too great a variety. Home-canned fruits and vegetables might be useful but not the store kind. And there were no super markets with their tables piled high with fresh green things.

Cole slaw and sliced tomatoes made popular salads for dinner. More sliced tomatoes and potato salad, tangy with chopped onion and cucumber, went well for supper.

Pie was a safe choice for dinner. Better have two or three kinds, since not all men like the same things. Cake and home-made ice cream made a good finish for supper. Fresh fruits and fruit sauce made from whatever was in season always had their place. There must be plenty of jelly and jam and pickles on the table.

Some men called for coffee, steaming hot even on a hot day. "It makes you sweat," they said, "and that helps to keep you cooler." It seemed beyond belief the quantities of ice water, ice tea and lemonade they could consume. Buttermilk, too, fresh from yesterday's churning had its friends.

Dinner time found the men scattered about in the shade as they took turns at the wash basins set out on the back porch or on the platform around the pump. They splashed the cold water over their glowing faces. They joked one another as they sniffed the aroma coming from the kitchen door.

At the table everything was country style. Sometimes the hostess might watch a little anxiously as the men were being seated. Every available chair had been called into service. Would there be enough? If there was a daughter of suitable age in the family or if one had come with it to mother to help in the kitchen, she or they took places behind the men and saw to it that dishes were passed, drinking glasses filled and platters and bowls were replen-

ished in the kitchen. Only by remembering previous occasions could one have any idea of the amount of food that would disappear in a matter of minutes. If girls were not available, one or two of the flushed perspiring kitchen helpers served as waitresses.

Once the hungry men were fed, they might loaf for a brief time outside in the shade but they were soon back at their hot, dusty stations on the wagons or at the machine or in the field.

When they were gone, the women and children came to the table. Each woman cleared a place for her own plate and cup or glass. She filled the plate in the kitchen and brought it to the table. Everybody was responsible for her own needs and to help see that the children were cared for.

Preparations for supper began as soon as the table was cleared and the dishes washed. Sometimes there might be an hour rest, usually there was not.

With only the old-fashioned ice box, ice could be a problem. Usually some one had to make a trip into town for more in the afternoon. The ice came in a chunk fitted to the size of the family box. Sometimes the chunk had been considerably diminished by the fierce, afternoon heat despite the heavy wrappings of gunny sack that had been provided for it...

With some changes in the menu, supper was a repetition of the dinner program. When it was over, the crowd scattered quickly. There were chores to be done at home and beds were calling weary bodies.

It was good, when they were all gone, to go out and sit for a time on the porch and breath in the cooling, evening air. The smell of chaff that had been heavy on the atmosphere all day was clearing and the soft darkness was soothing. There were stacks of dishes yet unwashed and a hundred things were to be put in place before the day was really over, but the big job was done for this year!

And it was good to hear the chug, chug of the slow moving engine pulling the heavy machine down the driveway. Clumsily it lurched into the road and labored on its way to the place where there would be a thresher dinner to prepare tomorrow.

And it was good indeed if husband, coming wearily up from the barn yard, sat down beside her and said, "That was sure good cooking. The men said everything was just grand. They always like the meals here."

BUDGET MANEUVERING

These tantalizing recipes Can camouflage a dish Beyond all recognition, In moments when you wish; To hide the scraps of this-and-that With crusts or golden fluff, Or dunk the tasteless morsels In sauces, oils and stuff. Regardless of your menu plan, The day or time of year, It's what you do with all those scraps, That keeps the budget clear.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

"WHEN THE FAMILY HITS THE ROAD"

By
Esther Sigsbee

The saying, "He travels fastest, who travels alone", must have been thought up by some parents who had just returned from a summer vacation trip accompanied by their offspring.

An automobile trip by a family which includes young children is a major undertaking whether it's a hundred mile jaunt to a lake cottage or an extended tour of the United States. Either kind of a trip seldom has dull moments. And the amount of equipment that must be taken along is about the same, also.

Though some parents have been known to exclaim fervently, "Never again!" at the end of a trip unusually beset with difficulties, the problems have a tendency to recede in importance between vacations. So the next year when Father gets the crops in or finds somebody to mind the store or when Grandma writes that she simply can't get along another minute without seeing those darling grandchildren, the packing and planning begins and the family hits the road for another automobile trip.

The secret in successful traveling with children lies in careful planning. How to make those careful plans work out the way they are supposed to, is also a secret. Or is it only our family that finds the unexpected persisting in becoming the rule? We always hit our first snag when it comes to stowing all the gear in the car.

Modern cars are nice and roomy. They have trunks with huge capacity and if you pack scientifically, you end up with only two or three dozen large boxes in the passenger part of the car. What about those firm resolutions to travel light? Well, they have a way of wobbling when faced with a tearful sister who can't bear to leave her doll at home, or a two year old who threatens insomnia unless Floppy Dog can share his crib.

Uncertain laundry conditions and variations in the weather make it necessary to include nearly all the clothes in the family wardrobe. Father likes to have his fishing equipment along in case he gets a chance to try for a big one and Mom usually has a favorite frying pan to take along to supplement any lack in cooking facilities on the trip. Wiener, our dog, is part of the family so we can't leave her at home. She's a wonderful traveler as long as we remember to allot the choicest space in the back seat to her. Junior makes a try to get us to include his bike as long as "there's oodles of room". Sometimes I think it would be simpler to phone a moving crew and take the whole house along on the vacation.

A major rule when traveling with youngsters, is Take Along Plenty of Food. Though you eat five meals per day in restaurants, in between stops some little voice will pop up with the plea, "I'm hungry!" A few dozen sandwiches, certain less juicy

fruits and a box of cookies will help stave off starvation. Potato chips are fine, too, but they make you mighty thirsty.

This brings us to another familiar family touring problem—maintaining the bodily liquid balance. Crossing the Sahara on a camel could not bring any more thirst to a young throat than passing a root beer stand in an automobile. Street corners are apt to have water fountains on them and road signs are forever advertising pop. If any child forgets about wanting a drink for a minute or so, he can easily be reminded.

Then when you get all throats watered down, you find you have trouble at the other end of the line. All family trips start with a whispered suggestion to each youngster. When you stop for gas there are more suggestions with the invariable reply, "I don't hafta now." But when you get fifty miles from nowhere out on the highway, they all "hafta" and they can't wait for the next rest room!

Smart parents always have a few tricks up their sleeves to amuse the children when they get bored with traveling. There are lots of games like Count The Road Signs and Five Guesses. These work fine with our youngsters, especially after the littlest one got so she could count over twenty, but when we play Five Guesses she still confuses us by insisting that Potatoes starts with a B. But the game our kids prefer above all others is called, Fighting With Your Brother and Sisters. They use the same rules for it that they do at home.

Smart parents don't let their children read comics while riding in a car. It is hard on the eyesight. Not allowing children to read comics while riding in a car can also be hard on parent's nerves so parents who are not so smart (like the ones we have at our house) sometimes allow children to read comics. The adventures of Beetle Bailey have a way of robbing travel of some of its broadening influence but it sure keeps the youngsters quiet!

Traveling with children may not be the most relaxing way to tour, but I am convinced that it is worth the headaches. When you return you have a whole new compartment filled in your storehouse of memories. These can be taken out and fondly looked at long after the youngsters are grown. If we tend to polish up the good parts, making them look more adventuresome, and tone down the drearier aspects, who's to care? And, as many parents have found, taking the children along saves worrying over what's happening to them if they are left at home. Besides, it is a great deal less expensive and lots less complicated than finding and hiring a competent baby-sitter.

A GOOD TRICK

Lay a bottle on its side and put a loosely fitting cork in the neck. Instead of going back into the bottle as you expect it to do, it will fly in to your face.

CORSAGES THAT ARE UNUSUAL!

By
Mabel Nair Brown

Most of us think of corsages as floral ones, and many are the corsages presented at luncheons to guest speakers, or at Aid or Club Recognition Day. Certainly flowers are very lovely, but sometimes it isn't possible to get the flowers conveniently (I'm thinking of those who live in drouth areas, too!), or perhaps you would like to present a token gift which would be useful and last longer than the flowers.

Hankie Corsage: For each corsage you need, one pretty hankie (The pastel nylon ones are indescribably lovely for this), three and one-half white pipe cleaners, a bow of ribbon and either a silver or a white lace paper doily.

To make the corsage, begin by curling the three pipe cleaners around a large nail and pull slightly—these will resemble the florist's chenille used in professional corsages. Make a pretty bow of ribbon. Now gather the hankie up to form the orchid-like flower by taking hold of the center. Tuck the curled pipe cleaners into the folds. Run the half pipe cleaner through the knot of the ribbon bow and then twist around the center (stem) of the hankie flower and twist tightly. Cut a round hole in center of doily and put "stem" through it. Pull petals (corners of hankie) into shape.

These hankie corsages make a lovely table decoration, too. Either pile them lightly into a large flower basket as a centerpiece and pass them out at the close of the party, or they may be put at each place setting with ribbon streamers running from them to a floral centerpiece, or to a candle arrangement.

Hobby Corsages: Ask each guest to come to the party wearing a corsage representing her hobby. One might have a corsage made of tiny books fastened to pipe cleaners—she would be a teacher or a librarian. Another might have a corsage of sea shells she has collected on trips. Another person might feature recipes in her corsage. These corsages and the "stories" connected with their origin might well provide the topic for the afternoon's entertainment!

Occupational Corsages: Ask guests to make and wear corsages representing their husband's occupation. Or have them make a corsage representing what they would like to be, could they choose some occupation other than what they now have. Imagination can really run wild on this as guests can then try to guess who wants to be a high wire trapeze artist, which one an ambassador, which a nurse, etc.

COVER PICTURE

In years to come this will be a treasured picture in the Driftmier family album. It was taken in May when Mary Beth, Donald and Katharine were with us here at the old home. Katharine's coloring is so beautiful that we can't help but regret that this is in black and white!

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Today as I sit down to write to you I am surrounded by stacks of Kitchen-Klatter magazines on all sides. This morning Juliana offered to put my files in order and I surely grabbed at her offer. It's been about three years now since I took time to put them all in order, and frankly, I was shocked this morning when she started her job because I just plain didn't realize that they'd gotten so badly out of sequence.

(Juliana this very minute looked up in surprise and said: "Can you tell me what the December, 1954 issue is doing next to May, 1946?" No, I couldn't!) Probably your own copies are in much better shape, but what do you want to bet that I turn to mine a little more frequently to answer various requests!

By the time you read this we will be back and buried in our usual busy summer routine, but these days I'm trying to find extra minutes to round up the various items that should be packed for our trip. We plan to leave at 5:00 on the morning of June 6th for a return visit to our friends in the Pennsylvania Dutch country — 100 miles from New York. I can scarcely wait to see again those gorgeous hills and valleys and handsome farms. In some respects I think that it is the most beautiful country I've ever seen. I love the blue mist that hangs above the hills, the charming little streams that rush along at the sides of the road, the massive stands of great old trees.

The home where we visit is located in the hills and the only traffic all day long consists of the small gray mail truck and the milk truck. Otherwise there is never an engine to be heard—on the ground. But it seems a strange comment that traffic *does* exist, only it is traffic overhead. Far, far above us all day and all night are the big airliners moving between Chicago, New York and Washington, and I love to look up at the starry summer sky and see those tiny red and green lights flashing through the heavens. I always wonder who is above me. And I always find myself hoping that no matter who they are, they reach the earth safely at the end of their journey.

I'll be able to tell you next month what highways we took. We understand now it is possible to drive from Chicago to New York on super toll roads or turnpikes without one single traffic light, but we don't want to get "mixed up" with Chicago traffic, so probably we'll swing across Iowa on No. 2, angle northeast through Illinois, and pick up the brand new Indiana toll road at some point.

The Ohio turnpike is now open, you know, and we'll surely enjoy traveling on it. Last year we found our worst traffic conditions in Ohio—other people have agreed with us about this. So it will be a great relief to by-pass those narrow, badly congested roads and to pick up a wonderfully engineered highway. We're not ambitious to break any speed records



Alison and Clark are fascinated by Baby, Juliana's new parakeet. A few minutes later they stood open-mouthed while he danced a little jig as Juliana sang. Next month we'll explain this startling statement!

and plan to take three days to reach our destination. The same thing will be true on our return trip, and although it *would* be nice to vary our route and see different towns and cities, I'm sure that we'll retrace our steps just to have the satisfaction of driving on a comparatively safe road.

Juliana will be on the farm with Kristin while we're gone. When I hear their plans it seems to me that it will take two months rather than two weeks to get all of it done. Both of the girls are old enough now to be of real help to Dorothy and she says that they're very willing about doing all of the dishes, helping to cook, cleaning the porches, etc. After we come back, Kristin will spend some time with us. Those of you who have known us for a long time will probably recall that during the summer months they divide their vacation just about equally between the farm and Shenandoah.

I know that both of them will want to be in town when Elliott and Jared Chapin arrive with their mother for a ten-day visit at Grandfather Fischer's home. Russell and I were surely happy to hear about their prospective visit because we had planned, before we knew they were coming, to take the 120 mile round-trip drive from the home where we visit over to their home at Glen Gardner, New Jersey. We did this last year and we surely had a time fighting that New York turnpike traffic! We were willing to do it again, but it is a hard trip for just a short visit, and now that they'll be here a full ten days we'll have a much better chance to see them.

After all of our lamentable experience with parakeets and cats I am almost ashamed to tell you that we have a new parakeet! Well, this one was a gift—we didn't buy it. Kathy Powell received a perfectly beautiful turquoise colored parakeet for her 13th birthday, and on her 16th birthday she told Juliana that she wished Thirteen (that's what she named her bird) could come and live at our house. Juliana was out the door with it before we knew what had happened. Well, India has gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds and Sacafra has not been permitted in the house since February, so I believe

that Baby (Juliana rechristened him with this name) has a much better chance than the other two.

We think that he is far more interesting than the other parakeets we had. He has any number of fetching tricks and really surpasses TV when it comes to entertaining us! You'll note in the picture on this page that he perches trustingly on Alison's finger—in fact, a few minutes earlier he was sitting on her head and keeping up a running fire of chatter.

Everything seems to come at once, doesn't it! Ten days after Baby arrived to take up residence with us, Juliana was offered, as a gift, a very fine and very expensive pedigreed Siamese cat. We had to say "No"—and we regretted this for we have always thought that we'd enjoy a Siamese. But I told Juliana that Sacafra was the beginning and end of what I could cope with in that department!

Don't you love early summer mornings? I always feel that I can get more done before 7:00 than I can accomplish in the balance of the morning. Today, for instance, I got up at 5:00 and after three cups of coffee out in the garden I came in and baked a big batch of sour cream-pecan cookies. (They are awfully good.) Then I finished an ironing—my own housedresses that I'd put back because they're the thing I dislike the most to put on the board—and did a hand-washing. After this I glanced at the morning paper, and then I came in here to the desk and answered some business letters. I'd never be able to cram that much into two hours later in the day.

I admire people who can sew beautifully, you know, so now I must report that Mary Beth is doing a wonderful job on the new machine that Donald gave her for Christmas. They had supper with us one evening during their visit, and when Katharine arrived in a truly gorgeous blue wool coat and matching bonnet I just concluded automatically that probably her Grandmother Schneider hadn't been able to pass it up for her only granddaughter. You can imagine my surprise, then, when Mary Beth told me that she had made it. I was genuinely impressed with the beautiful detail, and I'm sure that you would have been too if you could have seen it. Last month, you may recall, I told you that Mary Driftmier in Denver had mastered sewing because she was alone so much while Harold traveled. When I told Mary Beth this she said that she had gotten her machine for the very same reason—Donald travels a great deal on his job. Well, it seems to be a real comfort to women whose husbands are gone so much of the time.

Russell has just come in to tell me that he can take me to town now to look for some material for a skirt, so I must run. What I have in mind is pale green chambray and I hope I'll be able to find it.

Next month I'll tell you about our trip.

Always faithfully . . . Lucile



Last month we showed you a picture of the four Sayre children all together on a Sunday afternoon. This month we will share with you a "close-up" of Susan and Carolyn. These pictures were taken on Easter Sunday, and Margery Conrad Sayre, their mother, said that all three of her daughters were dressed in pink and looked like pink ice cream! Next month we'll show you the Easter picture of their small sister, Lucinda.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

By

Muriel R. Razor

Fire Cracker Invitations

Write the invitations on slips of paper about 3 inches wide. Roll them up and wrap in red tissue paper to resemble firecrackers. Tuck ends inside the roll to hold firm and fasten a bit of string at one end to form fuse.

Unique Place Cards and Favors

Fourth of July luncheon or dinner place cards and favors may be made by covering small glass bottles (straight up and down) with red tissue paper or construction paper to resemble firecrackers. Fill the bottles with little candies and run a string through the cork for the fuse. The names of the guests may be written vertically on the bottles.

The Rock-et Game

Give guests slips of paper with the following questions written on them. Or if you don't have time to make so many copies, ask the players to write numbers up to twelve and then fill in the answers (each with the word rock in it) as someone reads the questions.

1. A song for babies. (Rock-a-bye.)
2. An important spot in American history. (Plymouth Rock.)
3. The capitol of one of our states. (Little Rock.)
4. A kind of fowl. (Buff Rock.)
5. A well known American philanthropist. (Rockefeller)
6. A mountain system. (Rockies).
7. The emblem of a foreign country. (Shamrock.)

8. A kind of melon. (Rocky Ford.)
9. A hymn. (Rock of Ages.)
10. An English stronghold. (Rock of Gibraltar.)
11. A railroad system. (Rock Island.)
12. A plaything for children. (Rocking horse.)

A SUMMER PICNIC

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, July, 1941
Fill in with Sewing Terms

A merry party planned a picnic. On the morning appointed the sky was _____ with clouds but it did not _____ as if it would rain, so they _____ at the station. There was such a crowd that they were _____ in and it was with difficulty that they could _____ their way to the car. Seeing it coming they found they must _____ for it. One girl in trying a short _____, _____ down and tore her dress, but the chaperon said she could _____ it when she got home. As they rode along they saw the farmers _____ in the field, and turning the sheep from the _____. At another place an old _____ grind-er got on. When they came to a _____ of wood they got off and _____ their lunches under an overhanging rock, near a quiet lake whose waters were scarcely _____ enough to keep a tiny canoe about. While strolling about they saw a cow with mild _____ and one girl _____ her _____ and cried, "Will she _____?"

A little lad with the cow said, "Sure and she is a quiet _____, and will harm no one, I know cause a _____ up the road told me so." But one girl ran until she got a _____ in her side and lost her _____ and at last sat down under a _____ wood tree to rest. They had no further trouble and returned in the evening with their hats _____ with wild flowers and all declared they enjoyed it more than if they had gone to a park to hear the _____ play.

- Answers. 1. Overcast. 2. Seam. 3. Gathered. 4. Hemmed. 5. Thread. 6. Run. 7. Cut. 8. Fell. 9. Darn. 10. Sewing. 11. Fold. 12. Scissors. 13. Belt. 14. Tucked. 15. Ruffled. 16. Bobbin (g). 17. Eyes. 18. Puckered. 19. Face. 20. Hook. 21. Baste. 22. "Feller." 23. Stitch. 24. Braid. 25. Button. 26. Trimmed. 27. Band.

STATES CONTEST

1. Part of a scale. Ia.
2. One who is confined to his bed. Ill.
3. An article used to write with. Penn.
4. A mineral that is mined. Ore.
5. What most housewives do on Monday. Wash.
6. A young girl. Miss.
7. A president's nickname. Cal.
8. Andy Gump's better half. Minn.
10. An exclamation. O.
11. A number. Tenn.
12. Where some folks go on Sunday. Mass.
13. What Noah used for the flood. Ark.
14. What we say when speaking of ourselves. Me.
15. How we store our fruit and vegetables. Kan.



Carolyn Sayre of Montclair, New Jersey.

Garden Club Programs —

Continued from Page 3

December: Christmas Dinner at Hotel. Gift exchange and installation of officers.

Roll Call Suggestions (over three year period): New Year's resolutions; Name a tree whose seed is scattered with the wind; Hints on making flowers last longer; My Thanksgiving Prayer; A childhood memory of a garden; The State Flowers of Our United States; My favorite flowering tree; An indispensable annual; Name the shrubs in your yard; Prettiest blooming flower in my garden today; Highlights of my summer; What shrubs attract birds; One thing for which I am thankful; A bible verse with reference naming a tree, flower or bird; Name a bird beginning with the first letter of your last name.

There are approximately 36 members. Their year book is mimeographed and most attractive with covers that reflect a great deal of thought and work. Other programs used by this club in 1954 and 1955 are:

Herbs — Culture, History (Fragrant — Medicinal — Kitchen). Blossom-time in the Nation's Capital. Art of Ceramics. Henry Shaw and His Garden. May Baskets. Garden Pilgrimage. Butterflies. Outdoor Living-room. Conservation (Birds). Gourds — Their Culture and Uses; (Bulb Exchange). Story of the Mistletoe. Principles of landscape design. Growing wild flowers and ferns in our garden. Tricks with sticks. Culture and care of shrubs. Handmade containers. Birds as an aid to Horticulture; Birds in the home. Growing of Hemerocallis and judging of specimens. The Compost Story. Making Christmas Candles. Thirty minute round table discussion on Chrysanthemums. Making Corsages. Growing plants for garden therapy; Making favors for garden therapy. Growing of poinsettias and their care. Christmas music.

Much happiness is overlooked because it doesn't cost anything. . .

FROM MY DESK

By
Leanna

QUESTION: "What is your honest opinion about taking children on trips, Leanna? We have two boys, six and eight years old, and in August my husband is going to a convention in Boston. The wives are expected, and a full week of activity is planned. I can leave the boys with my husband's mother, but it seems to me that they'd get so much out of a trip to a historic section of our country that I'd hate to pass up this chance for them. I might add that my husband thinks we should leave them. I'd appreciate your ideas on this."—Mrs. L. L. D. Mo.

ANSWER: My honest opinion is this: don't take them. I think that the type of trip people take is the thing that should govern whether or not you leave small children at home, or let them go with you. If you were going on a leisurely trip to some park it would be another thing entirely. But you are expected to participate in the convention activities planned for the wives, and I fail to see how you could do this and look after two boys only six and eight years old. Hotel life gets very tiresome to active children. When they are older they'll get a great deal more out of a trip to Boston. All in all, I believe that you'd regret it very much if you didn't leave them with their grandmother.

QUESTION: "Do you think that teen-agers should contribute to the family income when they are employed part-time during the summer months? Our two daughters, fourteen and fifteen, do a great deal of baby-sitting all through the summer, and our son, seventeen, works evenings at an ice-cream drive-in. I don't want them to be irresponsible about money, and yet I can't really share my husband's viewpoint that they should pay us for board and room. We can make ends meet without their help, and I feel that it would be a mistake to make this an issue. I'd like to know what you think about it."—Mrs. R. P., Iowa.

ANSWER: I feel that the financial conditions in each family should determine the answers to these problems. In many homes today it is absolutely imperative for all members of the family to pitch in and help if their heads are to be kept above water. If this were the case at your house I would say that your husband is right. But since you say that it isn't, then I would suggest that the two girls use their money for school clothing and school expenses in the year ahead. It seems to take a lot of money for high school these days and I see no reason why they shouldn't save their money for this purpose. Surely it would be a big help to your husband to have no expense for their clothing and other needs.

As far as your son is concerned, why don't you open a savings account for college expenses? Probably next

year he will be graduating, and if he plans to go to college it would be a big lift to have the money he has earned. Under any conditions I think that these three young people have a definite plan in mind for their incomes—even though they earn the money themselves they shouldn't be permitted to fritter it away. This does lead to financial irresponsibility.

QUESTION: "I've been wondering this past month how many other mothers hate to see summer vacation come? We live on a street with about 30 children in this one block, and I am shocked at the total lack of supervision. My yard and house would be running over with children from morning until night if I didn't put my foot down. I keep a close eye on my children and I certainly don't appreciate the complete lack of cooperation that I get from my neighbors. None of these neighborhood children are bad, you understand, but I just get tired of having them underfoot. Can you think of anything that I can do about this?"—Mrs. F. M., Minn.

ANSWER: Well, I believe that the only realistic attitude to take is to be grateful for the fact that there are children in your neighborhood and that they aren't bad children. You may find this hard to believe, but I've known and heard about many mothers who were actually willing to sell their homes and move in order to get into a neighborhood where there would be playmates for their children. Just talk to some farm mothers if you don't believe that the lack of playmates can be a very pressing problem. I don't see that you can do anything much about the situation, and frankly think that you should acquire the viewpoint that your own three children are having a wonderful experience in learning how to get along with other people.

QUESTION: "The phrase 'nosey in-laws' probably doesn't sound very nice, Leanna, but that's exactly what I have—and I'm sick of it. My mother-in-law and my three sisters-in-law, all unmarried, are constantly prying into our affairs. They want to know where we go, what we pay for everything that we buy, why we didn't go to church on such-and-such a day, and so forth without end or let-up. I have always tried to be polite, but my patience is at the breaking point. Incidentally, my husband doesn't think anything of it, and that doesn't help me any."—Mrs. V. C., Nebr.

ANSWER: It would be my guess that you are quite a young wife who hasn't yet had enough experience to weigh things and value them accordingly. Continue to be polite. Evade the things you don't choose to answer, and answer the questions that really don't make any genuine difference. If you "kick over the traces" you are going to end with an unhappy husband and your own peace of mind will be destroyed. If he shared your feelings it would be a different picture. Since he doesn't, accept this fact and remember that your own happiness as husband and wife is more important than any idle curiosity on



Five Driftmiers stop long enough to have their picture taken just before dinner on a day in May. Donald and his father, M. H. Driftmier, are standing at the back. Mary Beth is keeping a firm hand on Katharine, whose grandmother, Leanna Driftmier, is at the right.

the part of his family.

QUESTION: "Recently something happened that hurt me very deeply. I have a cousin with whom I have spent a great deal of time through the years (she lives about 150 miles from me) and I always felt close to her and to her only son and husband. I wonder if you can imagine how shocked I was to discover by sheer accident that her husband died in January of this year—and she didn't let me know, nor did her son contact me or even attempt to do so. I am at a total loss to understand this. Would you advise me to write and ask her point blank why this happened, or would it be better to ignore it? I haven't heard from her since Christmas and feel unable to write under the circumstances, but I will write if you think I should."—Mrs. B. C., Nebr.

ANSWER: I agree that this does seem very strange. I wonder if it isn't entirely possible that the letter went astray? This does happen, you know. I believe that I would write and express sympathy without delay. Don't ask her if she failed to contact you. If she did write and the letter never reached you, your letter to her will clear up the situation immediately. If she ignores it you will know that for reasons of her own she chose to remain silent. But I'd find out for certain before I drew long-lasting conclusions.

FORGIVE ME, GOD

Forgive me, God,
For things I do
That are not kind and good.
Forgive me, God,
And help me try
To do the things I should.

—Elizabeth Mc E. Shields

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

GOOD SUMMER SALADS

RED HOT SALAD FOR COOL EATING

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 cup red hots or red cinnamon candy
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced apples
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Dissolve the gelatin and candies in 1/2 cup boiling water, stirring to dissolve. Add remaining water to mixture. Cool until almost set, then add celery, apples and walnuts. Return dish to refrigerator until mixture is set. Serves 10. This goes well with meat dishes or sandwiches.

EGG SALAD

8 hard-cooked eggs, cut in large pieces and placed in bottom of serving bowl.

Mix:

- 1 cup salad dressing
 - 3/4 cup finely diced celery
 - 1/2 cup red and green pepper
 - 1/2 lb. American cheese, diced fine
- Pour over eggs and sprinkle with paprika and toss lightly.

SALMON, CUCUMBER AND MACARONI SALAD

- 11/3 cup shell macaroni
 - 1 cup salmon
 - 1/2 cup diced cucumber
 - 1 Tbls. chopped onion
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
 - 1/2 cup sour cream
- Cook macaroni in salted water. Drain and rinse in cold water and chill. Mix with remaining ingredients and chill for 1 hour before serving.

MOLDED HAM SALAD

- 2 Tbls. gelatin
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice or vinegar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice and mustard and salt to 2 cups boiling water and add gelatin. Stir well. When thick as honey, add 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 4 cups cooked diced ham, 1 green pepper cut fine, and 1 cup chopped stuffed olives. Pour in ring mold and chill until firm.

MACARONI SALAD

- 1 pkg. macaroni rings
- 1 can peas
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 small onion, slightly chopped
- 1 cup cooked ham
- 3 hard cooked eggs

Cook macaroni rings until tender in boiling water. Plunge into ice water and drain thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients, being sure that the ham is cut into tiny pieces. Mix with mayonnaise and serve in a bowl that has been lined with lettuce leaves.

TUNA SALAD MOLD

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 7-ounce can of tuna, flaked
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 c. finely chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice and seasonings. Chill until partially set and then add the tuna, celery, pepper and fold in the mayonnaise.

BEEF SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 13/4 cups hot water
- 1/4 cup beet juice
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsps. onion juice
- 2 tsps. horseradish
- 3/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup diced cooked beets

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When cool add other ingredients and put in the refrigerator to get firm. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

SPICED WHITE GRAPE SALAD

- 1 No. 2 can spiced seedless grapes
- 1 8-ounce can crushed pineapple
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 13/4 cup liquid
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts.

Drain syrup from grapes and pineapple and add water to make up the 13/4 cup liquid. Heat. Add lemon juice and gelatin. Chill until partially set and then add the grapes, pineapple, celery and nuts. Chill until firm. Serve with salad dressing combined with whipped cream.

MACARONI AND EGG SALAD

- 11/3 cups macaroni
- 3 Tbls. French dressing
- 3/4 cup chopped hard-cooked eggs
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped pimiento
- 1/3 cup pickle relish
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped fine
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise

Cook the macaroni, drain and cool. Combine remaining ingredients and mix. Chill before serving.



We've snapped Margery while she was doing various jobs around the house, so it seemed only sensible to get one more "shot" as she put a frozen dessert into the refrigerator.

ESTHER'S PARTY SALAD

- 1 pint boiling water
 - 1 pkg. lime gelatin
 - 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- Add when cool and starts to thicken:

- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple. DO NOT DRAIN.

In another bowl, mix:

- 1 box cottage cheese
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1 cup chopped nuts

When gelatin has begun to set, add the remaining mixed ingredients and chill.

PEA SALAD

- 1 can drained peas
 - 1 cup grated or diced cheese
 - 1 cup ground salted peanuts
 - 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
 - 6 chopped sweet pickles
- Toss together and mix with salad dressing.

ELEGANT PICNIC SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained
 - 1/2 cup pecans
 - 1 cup cream, whipped
 - 1/2 cup diced celery
 - 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese, softened with fork
 - 1 cup marshmallows, cut fine
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. When starts to set, add remaining ingredients.

ELTORA'S SALAD

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
 - 1/4 cup water
- Soak the gelatin in the water for five minutes. Make a custard of:
- 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1 cup pineapple juice
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - Pinch of salt
 - 1 egg yolk
- Add gelatin, stir and let it start to thicken. Fold in:
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
 - 1/2 cup grated carrot
 - 2 cups grated cabbage
 - 4 slices pineapple, cut up
- Pour into an 8 x 8-inch pan and chill. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

CALIFORNIA SALAD

1/2 cup stuffed olives
 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 3/4 cup boiling water
 1 8-ounce can tomato soup
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 2 3-ounce pkgs. cream cheese
 2/3 cup mayonnaise
 1 cup chopped celery
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 Slice olives. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add tomato soup and lemon juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Mash cream cheese with fork and blend into thickened gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in bottom of oiled mold. Combine ingredients and spoon carefully into mold. Chill until firm and serve on lettuce lined platter.

ELEGANT SHRIMP MOLD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin dissolved in
 3/4 cup boiling water
 Add: 1 8-ounce can condensed tomato soup
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 Cool until thick.
 Beat and beat into above:
 2 pkgs. cream cheese
 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
 Add: 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1/4 cup onion
 1/4 cup green pepper
 1/4 cup chopped green olives
 4 radishes, sliced
 1 can broken shrimp
 Put in mold to chill. Turn out on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

CHICKEN AND FRUIT SALAD

1 orange
 15 large white grapes
 15 salted almonds
 1 banana
 1 apple, diced
 3 cups diced cooked white meat of chicken
 1 cup mayonnaise
 Remove seeds and membrane from orange segments and cut into halves. Cut grapes into halves, removing seeds. Split the almonds, slice the banana and mix all the ingredients lightly. Chill and serve on lettuce. This salad is especially good as party refreshments with small crackers.

24 HOUR SALAD WITH DRESSING

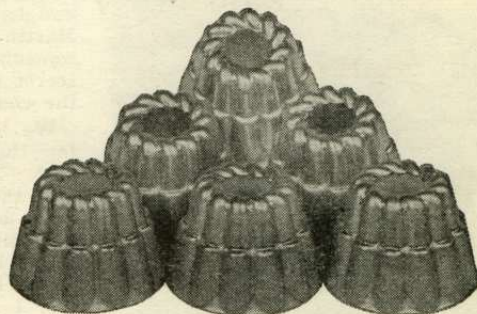
1 large can pineapple, diced
 1 can white cherries, halved
 1 lb. marshmallows, quartered
 1/2 lb. walnuts or pecans
 Any other fruit such as peaches, pears, bananas, etc.

Dressing

2 egg yolks, beaten
 Juice of 1 lemon
 1/4 cup cream
 1 Tbls. butter
 1 Tbls. flour
 1 Tbls. sugar
 Cook to a stiff custard, let cool, and add 1 pint whipped cream. Mix through the fruit and put in a mold. Let stand, refrigerated, for 24 hours. Serve on lettuce.

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The Flavoring With The Quality You Can Taste

LIME GELATIN COMPANY SALAD

1 pkg. lime gelatin
 1 1/2 cup boiling water
 1/2 cup juice of canned pears
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. vinegar
 2 cups diced canned pears
 2 pkgs. (3-ounce size) cream cheese
 1/8 tsp. ginger.
 Dissolve gelatin in water. Add pear juice, salt and vinegar. Pour half of this into loaf pan and chill until firm. Chill remaining gelatin until cold and syrupy. Whip until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Cream the cheese with the ginger and fold in the pears. Add to whipped gelatin and pour over firm first mixture. Chill until firm and serve with mayonnaise on lettuce leaf.

HORSERADISH SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 2 cups boiling water
 Pinch of salt
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1/2 cup grated horseradish
 1 small can pimientos cut fine
 Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the salt and vinegar. When partially set add the horseradish and pimientos.

PINEAPPLE DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

2 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup pineapple juice
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 1 egg or yolks of 2 eggs
 Melt butter, add flour, salt and mustard. Mix well and cook until frothy. Add pineapple juice and lemon juice. Pour over beaten egg, beat well and cool. Add 1/2 cup whipped cream.

TOMATO SALAD DRESSING

1 can condensed tomato soup
 3/4 cup vinegar
 2 Tbls. mustard
 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1 Tbls. onion juice
 1 1/2 cups salad oil
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 clove of garlic
 Combine all dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Then add soup, vinegar, mustard, Worcestershire sauce and onion juice. Lastly add salad oil, beating vigorously. Store in fruit jar in refrigerator and shake well before using.



Mrs. J. C. Rapp, Margery and Mrs. Ivan Wilson leaving Shenandoah Air Port for Mason City, Iowa.

SUMMER NEWS FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Vacation is here and my, how the youngsters are enjoying themselves! Martin and his friends have so many plans for things they are going to do that I'm afraid summer won't be long enough for them. The boys in the neighborhood are out on their roller skates this morning.

Several weeks ago a club I belong to had a picnic at a recreational park which has a fine skating rink. Martin, of course, was eager to try skating and needed a helping hand so I donned skates for the first time in twenty years. We did have so much fun! I found that skating comes back to you just as swimming and most other sports do. As soon as possible after that we bought some skates for Martin and every few days he and some of his friends do some practicing on our front walk. It is fortunate that the boys are all learning together for they are not embarrassed with each other about tumbles. It is quite the thing for the youngsters to celebrate their birthdays with a skating party and Martin has already been invited to his first one. It isn't for several weeks yet, so he has ample time to practice for it.

Do your children play "Follow the Arrow"? I remember so well how much fun we used to have playing that game. You use chalk to mark a secret trail to a hiding place. When I was little our trails covered our entire block. It is a strict rule that you must use very small signs so as not to deface property. This is a wonderful game and if it is new to you you might suggest it some day when the youngsters complain about nothing to do.

Bicycle hikes have been popular too, not only with Martin and his little boy friends, but also with Emily and her friends. Fortunately, Martin's favorite secret picnic spot is

only a block and a half from home so I haven't a worry about them going too far. They will cover several blocks to get there though, in case someone is following them. Aren't children funny at eight and nine years of age? Everything must be secret and have a mystery about it. When Martin wants to write a message to someone he will first make out a secret code and include a copy with the coded message!

We will soon start swimming. So far the water has been a bit too cold. The nights have been so cool that the water doesn't warm up very much by afternoon. A lot of children are going down already and I know I won't be able to stall much longer. When I bought Martin's new bathing suit I used my head this year and chose a brilliant red, so I shouldn't have too much difficulty spotting him in the pool now. We are anxious to see how much he remembers about swimming. Last year, by the end of the summer he was swimming well enough that he was permitted in the deep water. This gave me a chance, after so many years on the side lines watching him, to do some swimming myself. Oliver enjoys the water too, so we have a great time at the pool.

A fresh load of sand for the sandpile helps while we are waiting for the water to warm. There is something so nostalgic about new sand. I let the children know when I had phoned in the order and they stood around with bated breath while we were waiting for it to be delivered. All the old ditched kitchen utensils came out as well as all the cars, trucks and tractors! We looked for old pieces of screen for sifting and then sat on the ground by the sandbox waiting for the truck. It was a great day, believe me. When it finally arrived we wet it down good with the hose until it was perfect for making tunnels and what a good time we had. I say "we" for I put household tasks aside and played with the children. (Do you think I was using an excuse to help them to be out there myself?)

During the past month I was delegate to the State Convention of the P.E.O. Sisterhood held in Mason City, Iowa. I had never been in that city before or, as a matter of fact, had never been in that vicinity. What little riding around I did I found that a lot of building has been going on there for we saw some lovely new sections in the process of being developed with many beautiful new homes. What impressed me about Mason City is the number of new churches.

We flew both ways which was a great thrill to me. This was my second flight so you see it is still quite a new experience. Oliver, who travels a great deal to all parts of the country, thought it was really something to be seeing me off in a plane for it has always been the other way around. He and Martin had a great time while I was gone. They ate most of their meals with Mother and Dad. When I asked Martin what he and Oliver fixed to eat, he informed me that they mostly ate pancakes!

That is where Oliver shines in the kitchen and with Martin's love for pancakes, I wasn't at all surprised that they had a lot of them.

Getting back to the airplane ride, I thought you might like to see a copy of the picture that was taken by the local newspaper representative just before we took off. The other two who made the trip were Mrs. J. C. Rapp and Mrs. Ivan Wilson, also of Shenandoah. We went in Rapp's plane.

The afternoon I left, the carpenter arrived to do the repair work I mentioned in my last letter. Oliver and Martin followed him with their paint brushes so those jobs are now out of the way. The front and back porches have been repaired but haven't been painted yet. Oliver had to make a business trip out of town so when he gets back he will finish the job.

One of Martin's jobs while Oliver is gone is watering the garden. We just planted the last seeds a few weeks ago. At the end of the school year all the Shenandoah Children from kindergarten through sixth grade are given several packages of flower seeds to plant. The object is to help to beautify Shenandoah and for the youngsters to enjoy the thrill of watching the plants grow and bloom. They are to be planted where they can be seen from the street and the parents may help the children.

Early in September there is a big Junior Flower Show at each school with ribbons for winning blooms and flower arrangements. This is the second year this has been done and we think it is a marvelous idea. The children are certainly enthusiastic and have their own flower gardens as an incentive for them to help with the garden work. I noticed this morning as I was walking around the yard that the garden needs weeding so I expect that we will be putting in some time in the yard today.

I know Mother had a great deal to say in her letter about Don, Mary Beth and Katharine's visit so I won't go into much detail myself except to say that we were so happy to have them here and how dear little Katharine is. I never saw anyone pick up the fundamentals of smocking as fast as Mary Beth and how perfect her stitches are. From now on I know how she will be spending her spare time!

We were so thrilled to see brother Frederick even though his visit was such a short one, but it won't be long until he and Betty and the children will be here for a week's visit so we will have more time with him then. The last time I saw Mary Leanna, she and Martin were only three and David was but three days old, so you can know how much this visit means to us.

Until next month,
Margery

I didn't have enough sugar to bake a pumpkin pie, so I made the pie as usual except that I used one package of vanilla pudding mix instead of the sugar. It was delicious. Kirksville, Mo.



This bright-eyed two year old is Lynn Tirro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tirro of Omaha, Nebr. Her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Christianson of Omaha are among our most faithful friends.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY SUMMER

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

These are happy days for children in the country. The rich treasures of the creek and wood, the secret "hideouts", the odds and ends of broken machinery used for all types of imaginary play, old pieces of wood and sticks for building fences or garages or rocket ships are available for searching little eyes.

Add a dog, an expanse of green grass, a hill or two, some sand and gravel and a sturdy climbing tree and boys become contented creatures through the sunny summer days.

Our boys spend much time in the yawning cavern of the barn. As yet no one has devised a better play area than a hay mow. We have enough bales of hay piled high to make it fun to climb as mountains. Deep caves or hideouts can be burrowed back into pockets formed by crooked stacks. It is fun just to jump and roam like fleet-footed goats.

One section of the hay mow is fixed into a camp ground with an old boy scout pack and several scout caps; nothing more is needed for an overnight stay. When all the wild things which peek around the corners are shot; when the blankets are smoothed and placed facing the breeze and all seems well settled; the parade back to the house begins. Various sized little boys come tramping into the kitchen. First it is a jar of water filled with ice cubes please . . . it is hot on the desert. Next it is a pillow . . . the ground is hard on the prairie. Last is a request for a peanut butter sandwich . . . a grub steak for weary prospectors. The only limitation to play in the hay mow is the confines of individual imagination. My guess is that not one of our boys will ever forget the hours they spend happily playing in the deep interior of the barn.

Who has ever lived on a farm without collecting some kind of animal? We had such a particularly exciting day when our niece and three nephews were visiting us. It all began with a call from the back steps.

"Mama, come quick! We found a snake."

When I came out on the porch, there stood Bobby holding, to be sure in the proper manner, a young bull snake at least three feet long. There stood cousin Billy with a pint fruit jar, confident that here was the solution to the housing problem of said snake.

Now I have little fear of snakes. Tiny garter snakes were among my own pets and contributed to games and make believe of my childhood. But coming face to face with a hissing bull snake held in the hands of my own child was a rather unnerving experience. Remembering my desire never to create a fear in my children of things which are really harmless, I collected myself long enough to drag the big stone pickle jar into the yard, get a piece of glass and help put the nearly limp reptile into his "cage." Feeling limp myself I left Bobby and Billy peering into the jar.

"Bull snakes are nice," Bobby was saying, "They eat rats and mice and Daddy says we like to have them on the farm."

Equilibrium had been restored when the door slammed again.

"Mama," Bobby called, "Look what I have." Visions of everything in the line of wild life rushed through my head. Cautiously I said, "What?" "A little rabbit whose mama was killed."

"Oh." Relief was obvious! This time it took only a simple box with a wire rack over the top to house the new arrival. With a bit of warm milk given by eye dropper the tiny bunny curled up to sleep.

Billy and Bobby placed a big sign saying "Zoo" against the tree by the side of the road. They knew myriads of people would soon arrive. Sure enough, a car drove into the lane. A big tall man got out . . . a prospect. A very good prospect . . . a daddy! After paying his penny and showing the proper awe of the wild boa constrictor bull snake and the wild mountain lion bunny rabbit daddy spoke.

"I have something for your zoo." He reached into the car and brought out a sack with five fluffy baby chickens. Oooh, these could be wild hawks or eagles. Five were enough for several varieties of ferocious birds.

Billy's sister and two brothers wandered over to see what was happening. They became interested in helping with the zoo. Silver Dog didn't do his tricks exactly as they had hoped. The little kitten whose name was really Tiger, didn't act enough like one to be very convincing. Finally interest in the Zoo palled. Why not go out into the Jungle and search for more wild animals for their collection?

Into the house came Bobby, Billy Larry, Luanne and Mike. Food and water were needed for this safari. With the addition of a ten cent cow

boy compass all five of them set out. Across the smooth grass and in to the trees. They searched along the creek. They stopped to rest at the pup tent daddy had pitched on the flat pleasant grassy spot under the trees.

When they returned later they were completely defeated. All they had seen was one skinny frog and even that hopped away too rapidly for them to catch. But rhinoceros and lions and tigers had been in the jungle. They had heard them. They just didn't have time to catch any.

"We came back to see if dinner is ready," said Larry.

"I want juice," stated Mike.

Happy with the knowledge that the children were having a perfectly normal, noisy, enjoyable day in the country I got out the juice for Mike and began fixing trays for a porch supper suitable for hungry hunters and tired zoo keepers.

Hazards are also present on the farm for rambunctious youngsters. We can add a bumble bee sting acquired in the cob house play room. A banged nose from rigorous driving of the stage coach (an old wagon bed complete with four wheels) over some imaginary bump, at least enough to joggle a small boy over the side and onto a rough piece of ground. Torn pants from climbing up trees and fences are common. Each bath time turns up assorted black and blue spots. Seemingly children thrive on such activities regardless of the debit side of the ledger.

While Jeffrey enjoys the more advanced activities of Bobby and the big cousins, he often is left behind to his own pursuits. All he needs to bring joy to such a day is water. Small pan, pitchers, buckets and the wading pool filled with water help him to indulge his love of splashing, carrying and dunking. His hours are literally filled to the brim! Jeffrey also loves to "help" in the garden. At two and one half he is by far the most enthusiastic and destructive gardener in the neighborhood. His great urge was satisfied to some extent by helping mama to "skin" the peas and "pull the tails off" the onions.

Craig finds country life exciting also. He sits in his jump chair by the open door or in the play pen on the wide front porch and has a whole new world with which to become acquainted. Every moving object catches his quick eyes. He sees the dancing sunshine; the yellow wings of the oriole, whose bag nest swings in a nearby tree, flicks by; the leaves puff softly back and forth in the July breeze. His hands clutch with equal interest a drifting leaf, Silver dog's long hair, the kitty's twitching tail or an illusive shaft of sunlight. He talks to himself in that wondrous mysterious language of babyhood, gurgling over this and babbling over that and stopping from his interesting pursuits only when weary eyes insist on nap time.

I only wish that all children everywhere could have the delights of the country which our boys are enjoying so much.

GOLDEN WEDDING

The years encompass us
With joys, heartache and pain;
Yet He who guides us through each
day

Gives friends and love . . . Life's
gain.

As we recount the passing time,
The treasures and the tears,
We see our lives not lived in vain . .
But richer, with the years.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

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THESE LETTERS CROSSED

OUR DESKS

Dear Folks:

"Not long ago I heard a friendly argument at club about the impossibility of taking a successful trip with another couple. Both parties said that they'd tried it and it couldn't be done, and a third person spoke up and said that a good way to end a friendship was to try and take a trip. Only one person in the group put any kind of a defense and it didn't carry much weight because she admitted that she'd never tried it.

I decided then and there to tell you that it can be done, and I know what I'm talking about because my husband and I have taken five different trips with other couples. We've never yet had a moment's difficulty and we consider them very dear friends. Right now we're planning a trip to Glacier National Park in August with one couple with whom we've traveled to Kentucky and New Mexico in years gone by.

It is imperative to have a crystal clear financial arrangement before the wheels ever turn. We keep a notebook in the pocket of the car and write down every cent spent for gas, oil parking charges, tire repairs, etc. At the end of each day this is added up and divided equally. Sometimes we drive our car and other times we go in the other person's car. A great deal depends upon the car itself—I think it is only reasonable to take the car that happens to be the newest at the time you're traveling.

All personal expenses are paid by the individuals. This eliminates any reaching for checks at the restaurant, forgetting to pay the other person for the motel, etc.

An agreement should be reached in advance as to how many miles are to be covered each day. If you set 400 miles as the absolute maximum, then don't make 450. You can tell from your road maps exactly where you are going to be when it's time to leave the road. Also determine in advance exactly when you want to get up in the morning. If you're an early riser who wants to get up at 5:00 and grab a cup of coffee, don't wait until you're on the trip to discover that the other couple likes to have a leisurely breakfast and get on the highway at 8:30 or 9:00. Mutual agreements on all of these things should be ironed out before you start.

We have found that it pays to have a turn-about arrangement on where to stop for meals, where to stop to sight-see, etc. One day we decide on the restaurants, motel, etc., and the next day the other couple have their turn. We refrain from comments and suggestions when it isn't our day. And since we all make mistakes sooner or later in our choice of things, we refrain from harping criticism if the restaurant turns out to be poor or the motel is not too comfortable.

This same absence of criticism applies to the other person's driving.

If you decide in advance that you're top speed is going to be 65 miles per hour, then keep it there. Frank conversation and discussion before you start can solve the things that break up friendships.

We would hate to travel alone. We're childless and we've found that just about the nicest time of the whole year is the two weeks we spend with good friends traveling to interesting places. Mutual give and take is the key to taking trips with old friends—and keeping them old friends." Eloise W., Iowa.

Dear Friends:

For a long time I have thought about this problem, and suddenly today it occurred to me that perhaps you could find just a small amount of room for my letter.

I wonder if people realize how badly they hurt others by their thoughtless comments about married couples who are too selfish to have children, or their pointed remarks about not wanting the responsibility of more than one child, that are addressed to the parents of an only child?

It is the greatest sorrow of my life and of my husband's life that we don't have children. Hope was always held out to us by the doctors whom we consulted, for that reason we delayed taking steps to adopt a child. Now it is too late. We are past the accepted age limit.

There may be childless couples who are childless because they were too selfish. There may be parents of only children who didn't want to take the responsibility for more. But I have never seen any of them. We have friends who feel as badly over their childlessness as we do. We have other friends who bitterly regret the fact that they have only one child. In every case it has been for reasons far beyond the individual's control.

I don't think that people are intentionally cruel. I think that they are simply thoughtless. I know too that very few people ever indicate the real reason why they do not have a family. It is a matter too personal and too painful for them to discuss. No doubt in their efforts to conceal the real reason they have gone too far in trying to convey the impression that things are perfectly fine just as they are.

But if only people understood how deeply casual comments can penetrate I believe that they would think twice before they spoke. There have been times when I wanted to drop all of my activities because I didn't think that I could ever again stand to hear someone say banteringly: "Well, let J—do it—she doesn't have any children and was a lot smarter than we are to get herself set up so smoothly." These are the comments that hurt, that we can't forget.

So, if ever you have just a little extra room will you use this letter? I'd like to think that perhaps in writing this I have spared some other woman the kind of hurt that I have experienced."—Mrs. K. L., Mo.



The Cathcart girls are growing up! Here are Jean Marie and Kerry Lee putting fresh water into their bird bath.

LOOKING FOR A HOBBY?

By
Mildred Cathcart

Most of our hobbies are like Topsy—they just grow. But we have found that one of the best ways to be real pals with our children is to share a hobby with them. We have never set up a definite hobby but have drifted into it, so to speak, by letting our children take the initiative.

Last summer when the evenings were so warm, we spent considerable time out of doors. In answer to the query, "What can we do?" I suggested we see who could find the first star. When the first star had been spied, the others appeared so rapidly that Jean Marie said they just looked like corn popping.

This little diversion led on to finding star pictures in the sky. It was just a natural step to find a family hobby—the study of various constellations. The children went to the library for reference books. An aunt, who knows a great deal of science, helped us with our study of the stars.

Since children often need something specific to do during vacation, we suggested a "Star Booklet." Kerry Lee could draw the constellations with considerable accuracy. For our pre-school child, I purchased a box of gummed stars at the dime store and she made the various star pictures with these.

The other day we saw the beginning of another family hobby for this summer. And it is amusing that even our dog, Lady Bird, is in on this family hobby. When we kept hearing a queer bumping sound on the front porch, the children went to investigate. There our bird dog was pointing, and backed up in the corner was a small bird. It was rescued and put up on a branch for safe keeping until its mother came for it.

That was my clue for another family hobby. I suggested we see just how many kinds of birds we have in our yard this summer. As you can see, Kerry Lee and Jean Marie are putting out fresh water. Already a robin comes each day and sits beside this cement cardinal, and tries to strike up a conversation.

Some day when the weather is

gloomy and the children are restless, I shall suggest making a scrap book concerning our bird friends. We will list the birds, what they like to eat, a description of their nests and eggs if possible, and any amusing or interesting observations.

And you may be sure Daddy got into this hobby when the bird houses we made didn't fit together quite properly. He finally had to take over the hammer and nails, but you may be sure we women handled the paint brushes.

Perhaps these may give you an idea for a hobby. Older children could combine photography with bird study.

Or you may prefer a different type of hobby. Whatever your family prefers, just help them get started. It's a happy family that shares a common hobby.

PARENT TALK

(Editorial Note: The Iowa Association for Retarded Children printed this moving editorial in a recent publication. Please see that any parents of your acquaintance who have a retarded child get an opportunity to read this.)

A child begins as a dream in the parents' hearts and becomes a reality in the living world. Between the dream and the reality enter all the unpredictable circumstances of life which may fulfill the dream or may shatter it. We who are parents of retarded children have felt the shock of tragic accident depriving us of the fulfillment of our dreams. We are often tempted to ignore the reality and cling to the now unrealizable dream; or we resign ourselves to the reality and live in bitterness and self-pity; or we smother our children under an overprotective devotion that blindly tries to make up for the loss.

It is not easy to be the kind of parents a retarded child needs—parents who accept the facts but not in passive resignation; parents whose love for the child is not marred by pity for themselves; parents who can find through the child's slow growth to sunlight a new hope and a new fulfillment. For all his limitations, a retarded child is no less a child of God—and no less a child of ours.

These are the questions we should ask ourselves:

NOT why did this happen to me? BUT what can we do now for him?

NOT should I keep him or give him up? BUT what does he need that will give him the greatest opportunity?

NOT can he ever learn anything? BUT what can he learn, and how?

NOT where is there someone to cure him? BUT where is there someone to teach him?

NOT how can I hide this thing from my neighbors? BUT how can we work together in our community to do the best for all our children.

—Dr. Henry V. Cobb, President of the South Dakota Association for Retarded Children

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WALLACE BROWN, Inc., Dept. S-100
11 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Rush sample of "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and FREE Catalog.

Name.....
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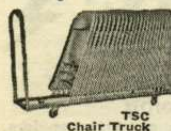


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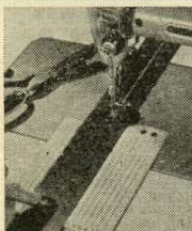
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Western Stationery, Dept. 311, Topeka, Kansas.

DOESN'T KRISTIN'S NEW "PLAY-HOUSE" SOUND WONDERFUL?

Dear Friends:

Do all farm families eat their evening meals in the summer time as late as we do at our house? As soon as the days start getting longer our evening meals get later. Tonight it was after 8:00 before we sat down to eat, and almost 9:30 before the dishes were done and the kitchen straightened up. I'll admit that I'm just as bad as everyone else. It is so cool and nice in the early evening to work in the garden or the yard.

Frank's sister, Ruth, who lives in Kansas City has been spending a week of her vacation with us and she has gotten so much accomplished on our yard during her visit. I told her that I hated to have her spend all of her vacation working so hard, but she loves so to be outside all the time that she has really enjoyed herself and I must say that we have certainly benefitted from her visit.

Another job that we have gotten accomplished while Ruth has been here was cleaning the cave. One morning after a rain when it was too wet to work in the yard Ruth asked me to give her some job that needed doing. I suggested that we might clean the cave. We sorted all the jars and discarded those we didn't think were usable, washed all the others and got them ready for this year's canning. What a joy it is to have all the pints in one place, all the quarts in another and to know that when I go to the cave to get jars for canning I won't have to look over everyone of them to see if there are any chips around the mouth. Now I can just grab up, scald them and they are ready to use.

My old vegetables are all used up now, and all the fruit has been sorted with the apples in one place, pears in another, peaches in another, etc. The potato bins are all cleaned out and ready for the new potatoes. The cave now looks so neat and orderly I can't help but wonder how long it will stay that way. Do your caves ever get in the shape that ours does? Or are you always neat and orderly and when you rush down with a load of empty jars do you put them in their right places right then? I always say I will, but by next Spring it looks pretty bad.

We finally had a break in our drouth. This week we have had two and a half inches of much needed moisture. It came just at the right time for us. Frank finished all of his planting on the 25th of May. The corn was up and looked fine, but the beans were lying in dry dirt and definitely needed a rain to make them sprout. On the 27th we got our first rain and now the beans are all up.

Our garden looks wonderful. Our sweet corn is more than knee high and we have been enjoying lettuce, radishes and onions. Frank sprayed the potatoes yesterday and they look real good.

We had our 4-H Rally day today. Kristin was the campaign speaker for our candidate for County office. I

was sorry I couldn't attend but I worked several days in the office this week while the regular girl is on vacation. I dashed out to the fair grounds at noon and ate dinner with the girls and heard all about the morning session.

At our 4-H meeting this month we had a tea for the Mothers. The girls all participated in a lovely program which included a candle lighting service and several readings and musical numbers. The girls gave each mother a lovely bread basket as a gift.

Now that school is out Kristin is anxious to get at her sewing. We went to town the other day and got the material for her skirt and blouse. Juliana is arriving Wednesday next week to spend several days with us and I sent word to Lucile to send along some material so Juliana can sew with us. As long as Kristin is going to be sewing and I will be supervising her work I thought it would be a wonderful time to help Juliana too. We haven't definitely decided what other things Kristin will make from the list she has to choose from, but it will probably be pajamas and a playsuit. She has to enter five articles in the local achievement show. This is her first year in sewing, also her first year as a senior member and it all looks pretty big and pretty difficult to her but I'm sure she will get along better than she thinks she will.

Kristin and I had a nice trip to Shenandoah for Mother's Day which was also my birthday this year. We were also happy to get to see Mary Beth and Don and to get acquainted with dear little Katharine. It's a good thing we weren't there very long or I'm afraid Kristin would have had Katharine badly spoiled.

Our very dear friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, Iowa spent a Sunday with us this month. They brought with them the two young people that Kristin had such a good time with when we went pheasant hunting in Aplington last fall, John and Betty Cocking. Clarence and Frank fished all day. Kristin and her friends went boating, hiking in the timber, and rode horseback. We had a weiner roast in the evening with friends of ours from Chariton and all in all I think we had a very successful day.

We are expecting Clarence and Sylvia to stop by in the morning on their way to the Ozarks for their vacation. We are going to ride with them as far as Edna's and Raymond's where we will all have dinner and then Edna and Raymond will bring us home in the evening after the chores are done.

Raymond's pond is almost dry and he is afraid the fish are all going to die, so he wants Frank and Clarence to help him seine out some and bring them up here and put them in our lake where there is plenty of water. So many fish have been lost this year in the farm ponds that have dried up. A couple of years ago an old bayou near here began to dry up and Frank and a neighbor happened to go by it one day and saw thousands of baby bullheads flopping in the mud.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett



Two Driftmier cousins get out on the walk in front of their grandparents' home. Katharine looks just a little doubtful about the toy that Clark is handing to her.

They got buckets and scooped them up and put them in ponds and even put hundreds of them in the creek just to save them. That was before we had our lake.

Kristin and her girl friend had built a little shack on the other side of the lake but it was always falling down and they had gotten pretty disgusted with it all. When we came home from town the other day her daddy had put her tent up over there and surprised her. They planted a little garden and their radishes were ready to eat before ours were even if they were planted a few days later, but Kristin had been watering her garden, and was she ever thrilled to bring in the first radishes. Invariably people who come out here and see the tent want to know why it is over there and the answer to that is that you have to take the boat to get to it and that is the fun of it. When I look back at all the play houses Louise Fischer and I used to have when we were that age, what we wouldn't have given for a place like that. Kristin and Evelyn have even built a little dock for the boat. My! Such fun!

It is way past bedtime and everyone else is sound asleep. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded at my will.
I came again when days were past,
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art,
A young child's soft and yielding heart,

I came again when days were gone,
It was a man I looked upon,
He still that early impress bore
And I could change it nevermore.

—Unknown

Vacation, and you are having a wonderful time! Even if you are working, you can get outdoors some. Will you do something to cheer up these folks who cannot get out?

Frances Clinton, County Hospital, Denison, Iowa, is completely helpless. She loves to get mail, but is not able to do any writing. On September 5th she will be 36.

Dr. Rozella Bates, 1526 S. Hope St., Los Angeles 15, Calif., doctored other folks for 52 years. She is almost 89 now, and alone. Please write to her.

Mrs. Dorothy Hancock, 6909 Forest Ave., Des Moines 11, Iowa, was in a car wreck in 1948 and has been paralyzed from the waist down ever since. She lives with her daughter, who works, so is alone all day.

Mrs. Mary Mitchell, 3118 — 15 St., Columbus, Nebr., has been an arthritis invalid for 20 years, and recently has been quite ill.

Mrs. Lucille Becker, 3846 S. Spring St., St. Louis 9, Mo., has a birthday August 15. She had polio ten years ago, is bedfast and unable to write. No family except her 11 year old son. Letters would help.

Mrs. Carolyn Mason, Rt. 2, Winthrop, Maine, has arthritis and heart trouble. Her husband is also an invalid. Age 73.

Louise Marsh, P. O. Box 452, c/o Mrs. Buys, Union Beach, New Jersey, is bedfast as the result of a stroke. She would love to get mail.

Mrs. Ruth Euting, 1630 — 56 St., Kenosha, Wisc., has been ill a long time with a heart condition and has been confined to bed in a hospital since early January. She is not able to write at all. Please send cheery cards.

Mrs. Jean M. Kasper, 139 Water St., Perry, New York, fell from her wheelchair in March and has been bedfast since. She fractured three ribs.

Mrs. Sarah M. Lutz, Laurel, Pa., is bedfast and would appreciate letters.

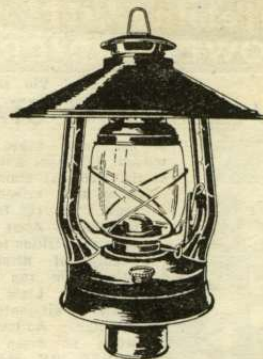
Mrs. Madge Poggenburg, 111 Moore Ave., Mount Kisco 5, N. Y., has been shut in many years following a car accident. She hasn't been out of her apartment in 8 years except on a stretcher going to and from hospital. She can't reply.

Mrs. Emma Schoenheide, Rt. 1, Box 136, Clintonville, Wisc., has been very ill since early February when she had a heart attack and fell, injuring herself. She loves to get mail.

Mrs. Elsie Mae Thompson, County Hospital Ward B-1, 8906 No. 30 St., Tampa 10, Fla., has been bedfast for ten years. She is paralyzed and cannot bend her back nor raise her head. Anything you send to her is enjoyed by the whole ward full of women.

Miss Mamie White, 202 Peach Orchard St., Jackson 15, Miss., has had arthritis for many years and is entirely helpless. Bedfast. She loves mail but is unable to write.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, N. Y., had surgery on her eyes, is beginning to see a little, and is so happy. She will be 80 on June 4.



OUTDOOR POST LANTERN

Burns 45 hours with one filling of kerosene, this durable light is made of steel and fits any standard three inch post . . . available in satin black, red, or dark green. Size across shade it 12½ in. base 7½ in. and over-all height 16½ in. priced at only \$8.95, electrified \$9.95 post paid, sorry no C. O. D.

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You can get my newly patented haircutting guide for the price of one hair cut. With this gauge or guide you can correctly layer the hair and give correct length to each layer. Can also be used to cut ladies hair. I know for I am a barber of 25 years experience. Easy to follow directions. Price postpaid \$1.00. A and K Company, Blue Hill, Nebraska.

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A PURE CONCENTRATE
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DISSOLVE IN HOT
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SOOTHINGLY MILD
TRY IT IN YOUR

ULCER DIET

1½ OZ. JAR\$2.50
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DWARFIES CORPORATION,
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Send me at once:

_____ \$2.50 size jar of Cabbage Juice Powder.
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I will use this according to directions. If I am not pleased with the Powder, after test, I understand my money will be refunded to me.

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A Lifetime Gift for FLOWER LOVERS

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NO TIP
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Sturdy, heavy gauge all-steel welded, 40" high. Will not tilt or tip. Holds 11 plants, 10 on revolving arms extending outward 6" to 12" from center shaft. Arms movable to any position to enhance beauty of display and allow even sun and air exposure. Light weight. Easily dismantled for cleaning. Antique black, white or green enamel.

ORDER BY MAIL TODAY Only \$14.95 each, plus \$1.00 for packing and postage.

Specify color desired. Send check or money order. Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Circular on request.

NEW FLUORESCENT PLANT LAMP

Fits all Vio Holda plant stands. Floods flowers with cool beneficial fluorescent light. Promotes growth. Makes show place of dark corners and sunless rooms. Installed or removed in two minutes without tools. Light shade is 13" sq. at bottom, 9" sq. at top, and 6" deep. Accommodates 22 watt, 8 1/4" Circulone fluorescent light tube. Shade, without tube, only \$14.50. Light tube \$2.95 extra. Please add 7 1/2¢ for postage unless ordering a plant stand, too. Specify color.



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GIVEN TO YOUR CHURCH OR GROUP WITHOUT 1¢ COST!

Amazing! Just add cold water and coffee, turn switch and watch it perk. Brews 48 cups automatically. I'll send this Percolator to your group in advance, with a supply of my famous flavorings. Have 10 members sell only 5 bottles each.

and it is yours to keep! Take up to 60 days; we give credit.

WRITE NOW FOR COMPLETE DETAILS FREE!

Rush name and address for my exciting Plan which gives your group this new Percolator and other valuable equipment or adds many dollars to your treasury.

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Amazing Relief and Comfort With Adjustable AIRFLOW ARCH EASERS

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A blessing for foot sufferers. Relieves weak arches, callous, tired aching feet. Unexcelled cushion-comfort! Adjustable, soft, flexible. No metal. Order today! Give shoe size, width, if for man, woman or child. Money back guarantee if not satisfied.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

For Men,
Women and
Children

Stemmons Mfg. Co., Box 6037 Dept. KK-7 Kansas City, Mo.



Instructions for making this exciting new pouch bag are given to you in time to finish one before your summer vacation.

PRINCESS POUCH

This exclusive design for a smart pouch bag is easily and quickly crocheted, and combines colorful corde with gold trim and imported beads.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Note: Use Size 1 Crochet Hook No. 27-1754.

Row 1 thru 7. 5 sc in each Saucer (160 sc.) Working round and round without joining each row, work 1 sc until 7 rows have been completed. Drop Corde.

Row 8. String beads on tinsel Working from inside of bag, with tinsel join where last sc was made, * 1 sc in next 3 sc, push bead close to work, sc, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead (3 beads.) Repeat from * (20 sections of 3 beads each.) Join with sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop tinsel.

Row 9. Pick up Corde, 1 sc in each sc (160 sc.) Join row with sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Corde.

Row 10. Pick up Tinsel, 1 sc in next 4 sc, * 1 sc with bead (having bead between the two beads below.) 1 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc in the next 5 sc, repeat from *, ending row with 1 sc, sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop tinsel.

Row 11. Pick up Corde, work 1 sc in each sc (160 sc.) Join row with sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Corde.

Row 12. Pick up Tinsel, 1 sc in next 5 sc, 1 sc with bead (between two beads below.) This completes a pyramid. * 1 sc in the next 7 sc, 1 sc with bead, repeat from *, ending row with 1 sc in next 2 sc, sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Tinsel.

Rows 13 thru 22. Pick up Corde, work 1 sc in each sc, working round and round without joining for the 10 rows. Sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Corde.

Row 23. Pick up Tinsel, join * 1 sc in the next 7 sc, 1 sc with bead (bead should be lined up with bead in last row at bottom section of pyramids.) Repeat from * (20 beads in row.) Sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Tinsel.

Row 24. Repeat Row 9

Row 25. Pick up Tinsel, * 1 sc in next 5 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead, repeat from *. Sl st, ch 1, turn. Drop Tinsel.

Row 26. Repeat Row 24.

Row 27. Pick up Tinsel, * 1 sc in the next 3 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead. Repeat from *. Sl st, break off.

Rows 28 thru 40. Pick up Corde,

work 1 sc in each sc, working round and round without joining for 18 rows. Sl st.

Row 41. BEADING. * Work 3 tr cro in 1st st, skip 2 sc, repeat from * being sure you have an even number of tr cro groups so that the drawstrings go in evenly.

Rows 42 thru 49. Working round and round, without joining, work 8 rows of sc, sl st, and break off.

Row 50. FINISHING. Join Tinsel, * work 1 sc in each of next 3 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead, 1 sc, 1 sc with bead (3 beads in group.) Repeat from * until you are all around the top. Sl st and break off.

Insert drawstrings (having put the tips on previously) and knot ends together.

Corde for above bag available in the following colors: Black, Red, Navy White, Dark Brown, Avocado or Pink.

Sufficient corde for above kit . . . \$2.47. Available through the LeeWard Mills, Elgin, Illinois.

Instructions and photograph furnished by LeeWard Mills.

PLASTIC TABLECLOTHES AND CURTAINS!

Before you throw away discarded plastic curtains or tableclothes, check through these suggestions for ways to use the good parts of them. Plastic material is wonderful for:

1. Snow pants for the small fry. Use pattern of their woolen snow pants and cut out plastic ones to put on for snowy or rainy days to protect the woolen ones and keep the child dry.

2. Mitten covers — can be cut mitten shape or even made as a sack to slip over other mittens. A rubber band will hold them snugly around the wrist and the child can play in the snow with dry hands!

3. Bind off a square of plastic with pretty tape and use as a lap robe for fond aunties and grandma when they want to hold the baby. Be sure to take it along when you go visiting to protect a friend's nice sofa or bed.

4. "Boot dripper" for hallway in rainy or snowy weather to protect hall carpeting.

5. "Umbrella dripper" for hallway or office, so umbrella doesn't drip on floor. Carry it in your purse if you go visiting to save your hostess worry!

6. Having company on a rainy day? Spread a piece of plastic on the bed where your guests will lay their wraps.

7. Use the plastic to sew up beach bags to hold the wet swim suits and towels.

8. Make travel bags to hold washcloths and soap, or to carry shoes when traveling; also for carrying cosmetics in a suitcase.

9. Large decorated cakes or large boxes of baked goods (such as you might have for parties, etc.) can be wrapped in a large piece of plastic and kept nice and moist. The same goes for large trays of open-faced sandwiches.

10. When sending food parcels a long way, enclose the whole thing in a piece of plastic before wrapping in paper to mail.

21 TALL CHRISTMAS CARDS \$1.00 with Holly Red Envelopes

The NewRagel Amazing Money Makers! Turn spare hours into Easy Christmas Cash! Show new TALL cards! Exciting 21-card \$1.00 asst. Complete gifts and greetings line. More than 600 items to sell! Up to 100% cash profit. Personal Imprinted Cards in 8 big sections, low as 3¢ each With Sender's Name ON REAL PARCHMENT. Cash Bonus! Extra profits showing gifts, toys, games, gift wraps, Everyday Cards. New 24 kt. gold Lined Scented Ladies' Pen. FREE Personal Card Sample Album: assts. on approval. Organizations: new order cards. Sell now, pay later. Arrow Greetings, 511 A Fourth Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Rush Name!

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

August Ads due July 1.
September Ads due August 1.
October Ads due September 1.

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The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

NEW BATHROOM DEODORIZER. Hangs on wall. Banishes odors bathroom, kitchen. Lightning seller. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE CO., Dept. 100, Akron 8, Ohio.

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"MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS". A book of poems by Martha Field Eaton. An ideal gift for that new mother. Price \$1.00. Send order to Martha Field Eaton, Clarinda, Iowa.

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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ENJOY HEALTHY STONEGROUND Flour, Cornmeal, Cereals. Write Brownville Mills, Brownville, Nebraska.

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LUCKY MIDGET BIBLE, 50¢! Free Catalogs! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, N. Y.

GROW MIRACLE FLOWERS. SIMPLY ADD WATER TO CHOICEST flower seeds planted in special plant food in plastic waterproof bowl. Be fascinated with rapid growth, beauty, fragrance. Guaranteed. \$1.00 each. Yes, we also have those special cotton-rayon all purpose miracle towels. 10 for \$1.00. Associated, Box 1441, Des Moines, Iowa.

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SPECIAL: Baby's Shoes Bronzed \$2.90 a Pair. Bronzekoters. Circleville, Kansas.

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CARD READING (By Mail) your past, present, and future. 10 questions answered \$1.00. George, 3033K, South Homan, Chicago 23, Ill.

NO MORE COSTLY HOLES IN JEANS! Reinforce knees with liquid Protecto! Enough for 8 prs. \$1.00. Guaranteed. Protecto, 1523 Dewey, St. Joseph, Missouri.

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

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Sufferers Try "Leal"

America's Most
Sensational Liniment



If you want relief from all those aches and pains — if you want to feel better than you have in years, then get a bottle of Leal. For sinus trouble, headache, burns, bunions, sore itching feet. Relieves aches and pains of muscle soreness. If your druggist doesn't have it — send \$1.00 for 3 oz. bottle or \$1.89 for large economy size, postpaid.

Dept. 10

Leaf Oil Labs, Sutton, Nebraska

INFANTS HAND MADE FELT SHOES.

Pink, blue, or white. Lovely gifts \$1.35. Mrs. Oma Jordanger, Austin, Minnesota.

DOUGHNUTS: Baked in oven. Lemon Cheese Cake Pie: Velvety smooth, melts in mouth. Majic Lemon Cream Pie: Make this without going near a stove. Mayonnaise: Mix ingredients, shake, chill, serve. Applesauce Sponge Cake: Very light. Recipes: 20¢ each. Three 50¢, plus 'free useful gift'. Agnes Andolino, 210 Portland Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

SPECIAL—WE DO THIS to make friends. If you will send 25¢ to cover handling and postage, I will send you a New Two-Tone Rocket Retractable Pen and another very special offer. Al Hawkins Company, Box 63, Denver 1, Colorado.

FOR SALE: Miniature "Wishing Well" planters. Rosa Romereim, Platte, South Dakota.

HAND KNITTED DISH RAGS, match any kitchen—beautiful to look at—wonderful to use. 35¢ each or 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. French, 2502 Vane St., Omaha, Nebraska.

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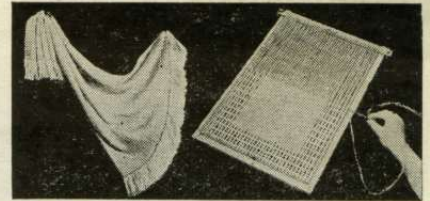
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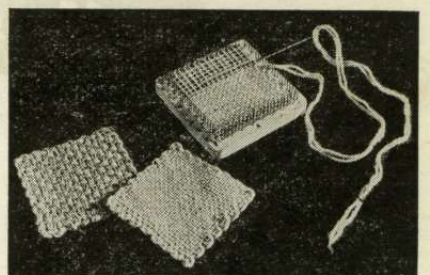
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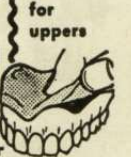
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