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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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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Dear Friends:

We have just come in from a nice long ride — not on the busy highways but along quiet country roads where the wild roses are blooming and meadow larks greeted us from fence posts. Acres of corn stretched as far as we could see, and how wonderful it was to see the benefit our part of Iowa has received from the welcome rains of the past few weeks. We feel assured of a corn crop, grass in the pastures and hay for winter feed. I sincerely hope that you are as fortunate in your locality.

We stopped in Clarinda to see my sister Jessie Shambaugh, and found her busy in her garden. During the month of June she had both her daughter and son with their families spend some time with her, but they are all safely back in their own homes now. Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, her husband Bob and their four little girls drove all the way from Greenwich, Conn., while Bill Shambaugh, his wife Ella, and their three children had a much shorter trip down from Des Moines.

Jessie is alone right now for sister Martha is spending a few weeks in Estes Park, Colorado. She rode out with her son Dwight and his family who made the trip out from their home in Westfield, N. J. Martha hadn't been West for a long time, so we know that she is having a wonderful vacation. We enjoyed Jessie's garden and thought that a new addition was beautiful. She has had a long window box built under the large window on the north side of her house and it was filled with lovely tuberous begonias in full bloom.

We took Bertha Field, my brother Henry's wife, with us on our ride today and much enjoyed hearing her tell of her vacation trip to Denver. Lettie Field Bianco, her husband Ray and little Jean Ann came from their home in Marseilles, Ill., and after spending a week here in Shenandoah with Bertha, they all drove on to Denver to visit John Henry Field and his wife Ethel. They took them on several long drives, and Bertha said that they were really grateful for these personally conducted tours.

We were glad that Lettie could be in town while Frederick and his family were with us for they had not seen each other since he was a Chaplain in the Navy, stationed in

Washington, D. C., while she was a Wave in service there too. Lettie and Ray built every inch of their new home by themselves, and they said this year when Ray's two-week vacation came up that the one thing they were NOT going to do was to lift one finger to work on the house. I'm sure that those of you who have built your house without help know exactly how they felt.

Frederick and his family arrived on the hottest day we have had thus far this summer. We drove up to the Omaha airport to meet their plane, and since it was 104 we were glad we could assure them that at least our downstairs would be cool. The nights were very warm, but they used the coolest rooms upstairs and got along very well.

I was thankful for Shenandoah's wonderful swimming pool for every afternoon Abigail, Margery and Betty took all of the children for a swim. Of course the smaller ones played in the shallow water, but the older ones could dive and enjoy the main section of the pool. Sometimes they ate supper with Margery or had hamburgers from Wayne's grill in his back yard. And still other nights we all sat down to our big dining room table for a full meal.

We were so happy to see all of these Iowa cousins getting acquainted with Mary Leanna and David. Juliana and Kristin helped Emily and Mary Leanna make a doll house out of a large carton, and then they spent many happy hours sewing for the dolls I had found for them. David, Martin, Alison, Clark and Lettie's Jean Ann played in the sand pile or strung beads. They all had a wonderful time.

Frederick conducted services in our church on the Sunday he was in town, and it was a wonderful opportunity for him to introduce his family to many of our friends. Sunday dinner was no problem that day for I had made a big kettle of chicken chow mein early in the morning. With it I had a relish plate, hot rolls, frozen fruit salad and coffee. Dessert came later in the afternoon when we returned from visiting our Driftmier relatives in the Clarinda vicinity.

I have certainly been enjoying the gloxinias that Russell potted for me in the spring. The foliage is so lovely and my! what enormous blooms they've made. On my table today

there is a purple flower that measures at least two inches across.

Our rose garden bloomed very well the first of June, but then the intense heat, dry weather and wind ruined the buds. However, good rains and a boost with fertilizer has worked wonders, and now I see that many more buds are coming out. Our hemerocallis are lovely today, and I'm hoping that they will still be putting on a good display when the National Hemerocallis Society makes their trip down from Omaha.

This week I put some spring fries in my home freezer, and tomorrow I plan to put up 30 lbs. of frozen cherries and 30 lbs. of strawberries into small cartons. It doesn't take very long to repack them in quart sized boxes and it's a good feeling to have them there to turn to.

In my spare time I am making a sampler (12 x 14) and since this is the first one I've ever done I am really enjoying it. The verse on it is:

"Wherever you wander  
Wherever you roam  
Be Happy and Healthy  
And glad to come home"

There is a plane, a ship, a train and a house to be done in cross-stitch. I also have a new tea towel design that I want to use on some towels I will put away for gifts.

I had to laugh at Frederick when he was here. He came out to the kitchen to find me ironing some house dresses and said, "Mother, I can't get used to seeing you work all the time. Can't you get someone in to help you with ironing and things like that?"

I promised him that when I didn't feel like doing my own housework I'd get help, but right now I like the routine we've worked out. Mart is very good to give me a hand when it's needed, and a friend comes in once a week to give the house a thorough cleaning. When we're here alone things stay pretty straight, and I'd get very bored if I couldn't cook and iron and keep things picked up.

As far as we can see we'll just move along in our usual routine for the rest of the summer. Lucile will be busy writing our nursery catalog, Wayne will be at the office, and aside from tentative plans for a few days at some Iowa lake, Margery will be at home and visiting with you on the radio. Mart and I rarely take a summer trip. Howard and Mae haven't made plans of any kind, so it looks as if from now on we'll have our usual summer duties.

It's time to fix a light lunch — too hot for anything hot — so I must go to the kitchen and put it on the table.

Sincerely yours,  
Leanna

### THE FINEST THINGS

The finest things in life are those

We neither sell nor buy;

A bursting bud, a bird that sings,

A glowing western sky;

A friend to love—these are indeed

Well worth their weight in gold;

And may you know the gladness which

Such things forever hold.

—Unknown



## GARDEN CLUB PROGRAMS

This month we are concluding a report on Garden Club activities with additional material taken from year books that various readers were kind enough to send in order that we might share them with you. There hasn't been room to use all of the ones that were sent, by any means, but we appreciate very much your response to our request.

### BETTER GARDENS CLUB

(Organized in 1953)

Ceylon, Minnesota

There are approximately 25 members of this club that meets the second Tuesday of each month at 2:00 P. M.

**January:** Roll Call. Guess What Flower I am; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Flower frostings with guest demonstrator.

**February:** New or interesting flowers; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Plants giving color to northern exposure.

**March:** Roll Call: Spring flowering bulb; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Planting the window box.

**April:** Roll Call: Scents for cents; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Long-eared life for cut flowers.

**May:** Roll Call: Song with a flower title; Flower Arrangement; Topic: 1956 flower show.

**June:** Flower Show.

**July:** Roll Call: Poem including flower or vegetable; Flower Arrangement; Topic: What you should know about dahlias.

**August:** Roll Call: Exhibit a small antique; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Peonies.

**September:** Roll Call: Item for dried arrangement; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Election of officers and double duty flowers.

**October:** Roll Call: Winter bulbs for indoors; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Slides.

**November:** Roll Call: Thanksgiving poem; Flower Arrangement; Topic: Culture of roses.

**December:** Roll Call: A Christmas food; Flower Arrangement—all members participating in Christmas decoration; Christmas party.

In addition to the above features there was "Entertainment" specified for each meeting.

One of the members took time to give me some details about this club that I will pass on.

They meet once a month in the homes and entertain in alphabetical sequence; coffee and one thing is served. They are affiliated with the Minnesota Horticultural Society, the University of Minnesota, and thus get extra material and slides at request. Their dues are \$2.00; \$1.00 goes to the Society and they receive the monthly publication "The Minnesota Horticultural Magazine"; the other \$1.00 remains in the local treasury.

For each meeting one of the members brings an arrangement of flowers or whatever is in season that can be used on the table, buffet, coffee table, or whatever the hostess may prefer. The "Entertainment" mentioned before consists of short guessing contests or games, interesting articles read from magazines, or the

Minnesota Horticultural Monthly Quiz that is much enjoyed by the members.

Last year at the December meeting they "pooled" the money that would have been used for a members' gift exchange and sent plants, flowers, fruit or candy to 14 shut-ins or elderly people.

They also entertained the Lake Fremont Garden Club of Dunnell, Minn. at a tea and had a short program and slides.

### OSCEOLA GARDEN CLUB

Osceola, Nebraska

**March:** Roll Call: A sign of Spring; Topic: A successful garden for a small spot.

**April:** Roll Call: Verse pertaining to Easter and plant exchange; Topic: Planting trees and shrubs.

**May:** (May basket lunch brought by each member); Roll Call: May basket memories; Topic: European trip.

**June:** Picnic.

**July:** Roll Call: Prize for prettiest bouquet of weeds; Topic: Selected.

**August:** Stromsburg Garden Club guests. Film and program.

**September:** Roll Call: Name an interesting summer scene; Topic: Fall planting.

**October:** Roll Call: Bring or name your favorite autumn flower; Topic: Feeding birds in winter.

**November:** Roll Call: Thankful thoughts; Topic: Selected; Election of new officers.

**December:** Christmas party and gift exchange.

On every page of their charming mimeographed year book is a short verse, and on another page of this issue we are printing some of them (plus some from other garden club yearbooks), in case your own club would like to utilize the idea.

### ASHLAND GARDEN CLUB

(Organized and Federated, 1950)

Ashland, Nebraska

This club has a day group membership of 21, a night group membership of 15, with 4 associate members. They have a nice garden center in the basement of the bank, and this is kept open two afternoons every week; on these days they have potting soils, plant food and similar items for sale. They are proud of the fact that they have won three trophies, two citations, and \$50.00 on State clean-up for cities with a population of less than 5,000. All of their year books since they organized were sent to me, and I am sharing with you their 1956 programs. Incidentally, their motto is: "We Sow That We May Grow".

**January:** Program: House plants; Study: Propagation of evergreens.

**February:** Program: Vines; Study: Pruning of flowering shrubs.

**March:** Program: Arrangements and containers; Study: Favorable shade trees. Violet display.

**April:** Program: Slides; Study: Shrubs good for hedges.

**May:** Program: Notes on spring plantings; Study: Flowering trees. Flower show.

**June:** Program: Roses; Study: Shrubs good for screens.

**July:** Program: Garden vegetables;

Study: Best variety fruit trees.

**August:** Picnic.

**September:** Program: Garden pictures; Study: Berry producing shrubs. Election of officers.

**October:** Program: Indoor bulb planting; Study: Native trees.

**November:** Program: The World was My Garden; Study: Native shrubs.

**December:** Christmas party and installation of new officers.

### NEW LONDON GARDEN CLUB

(Organized 1953)

New London, Iowa

This club has a membership of 22, and their year book (mimeographed) is simply filled with verses and quotations. Their programs for last year were as follows:

**April:** Roll Call: A fashion note; Program: Vines and new flowers; Watch your I. Q. and a garden exchange of bulbs or seeds.

**May:** Roll Call: How I relax; Program: Ma Joins the Garden Club, and Dichondra grass and caladiums.

**June:** Program: What is your way with roses?; They are more than birds; and a rose display by members.

**July:** Program: Wall and table flower arrangements.

**August:** Roll Call: How to keep cool; Program: Flowers and grasses that grow best in shade; 4-H demonstration.

**September:** Roll Call: Favorite color; Program: Bulbs and colored slides.

**October:** Roll Call: How I met my husband. Hallowe'en party.

**November:** Roll Call: What I'm most thankful for; Program: Highlights of Des Moines; Spices.

**December:** Roll Call: Hints on gift wrapping; Christmas dinner.

**January:** Roll Call: What I like about housecleaning; Program: Her busy day; Kitchen questions.

**February:** Roll Call: Patriotic poem; Program: Cherry trees; Cake demonstration.

**March:** Roll Call: Current events; Program: Desert flowers; First thing you know it's Spring.

### QUOTATIONS FROM GARDEN CLUB YEARBOOKS

A seed's so very small  
And dirt all looks the same—  
How can they know at all  
The way they ought to aim?  
And so I'm waiting 'round  
In case of any need;  
A farmer ought to do his best  
For every single seed!

From "The Anxious Farmer"  
by Burges Johnson.

\* \* \*

Oh, did you see the snow come  
So softly floating down,  
White in the air, white on the trees,  
And white all over the ground?

\* \* \*

The pleasantest distance between two points

Can be a garden path.

\* \* \*

'Til now no one dreamed  
What could be done  
With a bit of earth  
And a ray of sun!—Lowell.

(Continued on page 15)



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

This is a dark, rainy summer afternoon and a perfect time to wind up the finishing touches on our August issue. I just now put aside all of the mountains of papers that are here on my desk, for these days I'm working on our fall nursery circular and consequently my head is a jumble of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, etc. I'll confess that it took a few minutes for me to stop thinking about the the spring of 1957 and return to the moment at hand!

We've been home from our vacation just long enough to make the whole thing seem like a dream. I *know*, for instance, that exactly at this hour two weeks ago today we were in Gettysburg, Penn., (it was raining then too), but it could have been two years ago. Once you're home and plunged into the familiar routine, distant scenes and incidents seem far, far away.

Those of you who plan to go East this summer or autumn might be interested in highway details, so I'll chart for you the path that we took and fill in other things that might be helpful.

Since we are in Southwestern Iowa we always have virtually our entire state to cover before we reach the Mississippi river. Highway No. 2 seems reasonable to us because we live right on it! We've been over it a number of times now and we truly do believe that it carries much less truck traffic than highway 34, for instance, or U. S. 30. It brings us out at Fort Madison, and once again we were there in time to have an early lunch at 11:00.

After we crossed the river we picked up No. 9 and followed it over to Bloomington, Ill. This is a narrow, two-lane highway and sections of it surely need a great deal of work, but it is as direct a route as you can find and doesn't pass through any cities large enough to give you trouble. At Bloomington we picked up No. 66 and stayed on it until we reached the town of Chenoa where No. 24 intersects with No. 66. Incidentally, No. 66 is a beautiful new divided highway and you'll appreciate every inch of it—and I might as well tell you right now that you had better make the most of it because you only get to enjoy it for 22 miles if your plans call for turning East on No. 24.

Last summer we made Monticello, Ind. at the end of our first day on the road and this year we made it again and exactly in the same length of time with only five minutes difference, give or take. We went back to the same restaurant for our evening meal and really felt almost at home in that nice Indiana town.

We started out the second day with our road map right in hand for we had one goal in mind: to reach the Ohio turnpike. This means that we left Monticello on No. 24 and stayed on it until we reached Van Wert, Ohio. There we picked up No. 224 and started angling northeast. All things can change, I know, but we

found that we had the highway almost to ourselves that morning. In fact, a filling station operator told us as he serviced the car that No. 224 never carried heavy traffic, so this is something to remember if you don't want to battle trucks.

At Findlay, Ohio we picked up No. 12 and this took us directly up to Fremont where we entered the Ohio turnpike. Now if your plans call for going to an Eastern destination I really don't believe that you can improve on the route I've just outlined, but if you're going to Toledo you'll want to study your road map when you reach Findlay because this is the point where you'll swing almost due north rather than angling over to Fremont.

It is impossible to describe a highway as spectacular as the Ohio turnpike. It is considered the world's safest highway, and you cannot imagine what it means to drive with such a feeling of security. For 241 miles it winds through the lovely woodlands and fertile pastures of Ohio with only 15 points in all that distance where any traffic can enter it or leave it.

Throughout its entire length it is engineered for a maximum speed of 65 miles per hour. A huge sign says as you enter: "Speeds above 65 will not be tolerated". And believe me, they mean it. Never have I seen a highway so closely patrolled. Three different times cars roared around us that were doing at least 75 or 80 miles per hour, and sure enough, a few miles more and we came upon those cars parked at the side with an officer writing up a ticket!

(Right here I must tell you something that appealed to our sense of humor. A turnpike map is given to you as you enter and there is a long list of *Don'ts* for the driver. These official statements are always very formal and stern sounding, you know, so we were delighted to see that instead of saying: "Minimum speeds must be maintained" they said: "Don't dillydally".) We didn't!

The Ohio turnpike goes directly into the Pennsylvania turnpike with one or two free miles separating them. The first exit from the Pennsylvania turnpike is at Beaver Falls, so for the second time we turned off there and spent the night at the same motel that we remembered with such gratification from the summer of 1955. Oh yes, we went back to the same restaurant too, and since it was a quiet evening in there we had a long and extremely interesting conversation with the owner who told us how she had started in business and what her experiences had been along the road. I was so absorbed by the account of her ups-and-downs that it was actually after 10:00 when we said goodbye and went back to the motel.

I told you about the Pennsylvania turnpike last year, so this year I'll just tell you that we turned off at the East exit at Harrisburg rather than at Reading, and there we picked up a brand new super-highway that will connect with one of the big New York thruways when it is completed. We made wonderful time on it, and

exactly at 3:00 in the afternoon we had finished about 30 minutes of winding through the Blue mountains and found ourselves back at the beautiful Pennsylvania Dutch farm that we had remembered so fondly since last summer.

How different the countryside looked this year! They have had many heavy rains and much heavy snow since August of 1955, and it made a tremendous difference to a section that had experienced two consecutive years of extreme drouth. Everything was brilliantly green, and flowers . . . why, even in California we never saw more breathtaking displays of roses and lilies. Russell and I spent much time driving around the countryside and we were flabbergasted by the big stone houses that were covered up past the second story with solid masses of climbing roses. We didn't see a single property without roses—everything from spectacular mounds of climbers to hedges of floribundas and incredibly beautiful hybrid teas. I'm sure that our one most vivid memory of the entire trip is of the roses we saw at the climax of their bloom.

As all of you old-time friends know, I like to cook and try to do a good job of it, but my! how wonderful to sit down to meals that you haven't prepared yourself. I offered to help, of course, but we carried through the same routine this year that we followed last year: my friend did all of the cooking, and I did all of the cleaning up. However, this wasn't really an even division of labor because never have I known anyone who kept things washed up as thoroughly as she did while the meal was in progress. When I went out to the kitchen I always found all of the pots and pans done (the worst part of dishes, I think) so it was simply a question of handling the things that had been on the table. Do you wonder I felt that I had had almost a fairy story vacation?

We found tremendous building projects going on all through the East. There are very beautiful, ultra-modern consolidated schools tucked all through the Blue Mountains, and we were interested too in seeing that big corporations are building great new plants and research centers right out in the country, so to speak, with the nearest town several miles away. This makes for much driving on the part of the employees, of course, and we were told that many people actually drive a 120 or 130 mile round-trip daily. A few years ago you could make wonderful time by getting up early in the morning and covering many miles on a trip before the highway became crowded, but this is no longer true. Even at 5:30 we saw car pools being formed and passed many men and women standing in front of their homes with a lunch box in hand. Consequently, the roads are very busy up until eight o'clock, so you might just as well sleep an extra couple of hours and enjoy a leisurely breakfast.

Until September . . .

Lucile



## "YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"

By  
Mabel Nair Brown

### An Inspirational Service to Open the New Church Year

#### PRESIDENT:

"Today we gather together once again for a new year of fellowship and work. Our hopes are high. We feel confident that we can achieve the plans we've made, can accomplish, working together in Christian fellowship, all of the tasks that are waiting for our hands.

"Now that Time has lighted another candle for each of us we must remember that no man's candle burns more brightly than another's. But some are content to let their's gutter in the ugly shadows at their feet. Some, climbing upon the shoulders of their fellows, thrust their candles aloft so all may view with envy and admiration. And still others hold their's high, and pass among men so the timid may be inspired, the doubting assured, the lost guided.

"It is precious beyond imagination, this light of life — too precious to waste, too precious to thrust aside, too precious to display vainly and uselessly, too precious for aught but to illumine a path of service and accomplishment."

*Scripture:* Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden underfoot of men.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

"Let your light so shine before all men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven". (from Matthew 5)

(For this next skit have a very large candle placed upon a small table. Cut large letters from cardboard to spell the word LIGHT. Cover the letters with gold foil. Stand each letter upright in a semi-circle in front of the candle, by placing each letter in a slit in a small block of stryfoam, or in a needlepoint holder. Place a few flowers and greenery around base of letters to hide holder.)

#### PRESIDENT:

#### A Better You

"Your task?—to build a better world," God said.

I answered, "How?"

The world is such a large, vast place,

So complicated now.

And I so small and useless am,  
There's nothing I can do."

But God in all His wisdom said,

"Just build a better YOU." (Dorothy R. Jones in P.E.O. Record.)

President lights the large candle as she finishes poem.

*1st Speaker for Letter "L":* "L must surely stand for LOVE. To build a better YOU in each one of us, and a better world around us, we must each



Clark Morrison (Abigail's brother) and his little namesake, Clark Morrison Driftmier. This was their first meeting for Clark lives in Phoenix, Arizona and doesn't have many opportunities to see his sister's children.

have a great love in our heart — First, love of God, then love of family, of home, of friends; love for brothers of mankind the world around."

"He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." (1 John 2:10.)

*2nd Speaker—"I":* "The 'I' stands for INTEREST. We cannot be building a better YOU unless we take an active interest beyond our own four walls, beyond a selfish interest only in ourselves and our activities. INTEREST in our loved ones certainly, but INTEREST in our friends, in our neighbors, in our church, in our community, in our state, in our nation. We must have "ears to hear", hands to serve, tongues that speak comfort and encouragement to others."

"But whoso seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John 3:17). "We see that we must study together, learn together to build a better YOU in each of us."

*3rd Speaker—"G":* "To grow in GRACE should certainly be an important part of the better YOU. How can we grow "in wisdom, truth and stature" as Jesus did unless we refuse to be caught up in the mad whirl of too fast a modern day pace? Let us grow in GRACE by slowing down enough to enjoy the little things, the simple things that are a part of every day living — time to enjoy our families and our friends, time to refresh our own souls more often through the beauty of nature and in communion with God."

*4th Speaker—"H":* "The 'H' might well stand for Helping Hands—hands that are ever ready to do service for others, Hands that are ever reaching across the sea, around the world, to lift the burdens of mankind. We should "study and prepare ourselves", as the Bible urges us to do, that we may know the needs of those about us, the needs of our community, the needs of our country and then lend our hearts and our hands to the ac-

complishment of those needs. Let us remember with Emerson, "Write it on your hearts that every day is the best of the year"—for using our Helping Hands!"

*5th Speaker—"T":* "TOLERANCE is what our last letter stands for in building a better YOU. How much heartache, how much bitterness, how fewer enemies there would be, if each of us practiced a little more kindness, a little more liking, a little more friendliness, a little more patience as we live each day! Pausing, ere we judge, to give another the benefit of the doubt, taking the time to get the other fellow's point of view — a tolerant heart is a kindlier, friendlier heart. As we go along through this next year working together, let us strive a little harder to be understanding with each other, to be more patient."

Solo, "My Task", or some other appropriate song. Or the entire audience might join in the hymn: "Take My Life And Let It Be". Perhaps a friendship circle might be formed to sing a hymn.

#### PRESIDENT:

Give me wide walls to build my house of Life—

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

The South of Tolerance, that I may outreach hate;

The East of Faith, that rises new each day;

The West of Hope, that dies a glorious way.

The threshold 'neath my feet shall be Humility;

The roof — the very sky itself — Infinity.

Give me wide Walls to build my house of Life!

"How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." (Shakespeare).

"Ye are the light of the world — Let your light so shine before all men that they may see your good works."

### HOUR BY HOUR

God broke our years to hours and days, that

Hour by hour

And day by day,

We might be able all along To keep quite strong.

Should all the weight of life

Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife

With woe and struggle, meet us face to face

At just one place,

We could not go;

Our feet would stop; and so

God lays a little on us every day.

And never, I believe, on all the way

Will burdens bear so deep

Or pathways lie so steep

But we can go, if by God's power,

We only bear the burden by the hour.

—Unknown

### COVER PICTURE

None of us Driftmiers expect to go to any of our great National Parks this summer, but on hot August days we can look at this picture and feel a little cooler.



## FREDERICK'S REFLECTIONS ON FRIENDSHIP

Dear Friends:

You will remember that my last letter to you was written from an airplane while I was flying from Omaha back to Springfield, Mass. Well, this letter is being written just a few hours after Betty and the children and I got off the airplane that brought us from Omaha back once more to Springfield.

Last month I had to make a quick trip to the West, and this month I went back to Omaha to attend a church conference and took the family with me. They had seven wonderful days in Shenandoah, Iowa while I attended the conference.

I want to go on record as saying that the finest way to travel with children of any age is by air. Mary Leanna and David enjoyed every minute of the trip, and the wonderful thing is that we were on the way between Omaha and Springfield just six hours, and that included some time spent on the ground between planes at Chicago. Friends of ours who made the same trip by auto with their children were on the way three hot, hard-driving, long days.

Coming home from Chicago on the last leg of the trip we were in the air just a little more than two hours flying at a ground speed of 425 miles an hour. What fun it was for the four of us to have a delightful roast beef dinner 21,000 feet in the air with all of the comforts of home.

There were many hundreds of delegates from the East attending the meeting in Omaha, and of course I visited with many of them. Without exception all of them were delighted for the opportunity to see the great Plains states, and most of them spoke of the tremendous difference between our part of the country here in New England and that part of the West.

Of course we noted a difference in climate. The morning we left Springfield the temperature was just over 40 degrees, and six hours later we were in Omaha with a temperature of 104 degrees, and six hours later here at home the temperature was 54 degrees. All of us from the East were amazed at the much lower prices we paid for food and housing in Omaha. We were thrilled with the quality and quantity of the food too. I thought that I would drop in a faint the first time a waitress asked me if I would care for another cup of coffee without any extra charge. Such things simply are not done out here.

I can't remember whether I told you about the new member we have in our family! I surely must have mentioned last month that we now have an eighteen year old girl from Iceland living with us. She is a friend of some friends of ours, and when we heard that she wanted to visit this country and have the experience of living in an American home, we immediately invited her to come and live with us. She flew over here just a month ago, and we have been having a grand time getting acquainted and showing her our lovely New England countryside.



Betty and Mother get out the "good" dishes for a fried chicken evening meal.

Do you know what amazes her the most? It is the vast number of trees. In Iceland there are only a few trees, and they are all in two small parks in the two largest cities. Of course she is impressed by the number of people that she sees everywhere. There are more people in the city of Springfield than there are in all of her little country.

Sigge is a lovely girl, and in her first month with us she has made many friends. She is learning to speak English very quickly, and it is a good thing, for I can assure you that none of us will ever learn to speak a word of Icelandic. Sigge spent one entire hour just trying to teach me to pronounce her last name correctly, but finally gave up. The Icelandic people make consonant sounds that I simply cannot make.

We have had no difficulty at all adjusting to the presence of Sigge, but we know that she has had one difficult adjustment to make, and that adjustment concerns food. Our food is quite different from Icelandic food. They have almost no fresh green vegetables, and of course our family eats quantities of salads that are completely foreign to her. She had never tasted celery, or lettuce, or water cress or peas. She loves potatoes, tomatoes, and bread and butter. She is rapidly learning to eat many foods that she had not known even existed. We were surprised to learn that she was accustomed to having oranges on just two days a year — Christmas and Easter. Her favorite meat is beef, the one meat that is seldom had on the island. One day when I asked her what kind of meat she would like to have us get for dinner, she asked if she could have some horse meat. With her limited English she informed me that in Iceland horse meat is a favorite.

Had you been here in our house just an hour ago, you would have heard a lively discussion. One of my close friends had just come in to welcome us back from the West, and while here he made the comment that he thought Western people were much more friendly than Easterners. I took exception to his remark. There is nothing of which I am more convinced than the fact that people everywhere are the same. I have traveled all over this country and a good part of the world, and I am sure that no people anywhere are any more friendly than any other people. I know that many do not agree with

me, but that is the way I believe it to be. Of course people are friendly in the West. Just this week I thought that everyone I met in Omaha — in the shops, in the restaurants, in the hotels, and on the street were exceedingly friendly, but so are the people in Springfield and in Boston and in Providence, and everywhere else.

Friendliness is not a matter of geography; it is a matter of one's own attitude toward other people. Friendliness is found where one looks for friendliness, and if one does not look for it, it will never be found. Haven't you known people who always think that the people in some other place are nicer and friendlier than the people where they are at the moment? They are sometimes bitterly frustrated people who, like the proverbial cow, are always of the opinion that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence.

You will note that I have said, "Friendliness is found where one looks for it!" And where does one look for it? You know it just occurs to me that since I have found friendly people all over this earth, I must be looking for friendliness within myself. Certainly it must be true that only friendly people are aware that other friendly people are near by. I guess that it is just my nature to believe that every man I meet is a friendly one, and because I believe it, I must somehow project that belief into others. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said: "The only way to have a friend is to be a friend."

Whenever someone comes to me complaining about unfriendly neighbors, I immediately am curious to learn just what kind of a person it is who is making the complaint. I once knew a woman so friendly and so pleasant that she could move into a neighborhood notorious for its cold and aloof attitude toward outsiders, and within two days have all of her neighbors accepting her as one of them. The very persons that some had considered to be so unfriendly she found to be some of the nicest people she had ever known. The fact remains that friendly people always find friends wherever they go.

I don't know how many of you are acquainted with the writings of George Santayana; I have read very little of him, but what I have read I have enjoyed. In one of his books there is this little passage that speaks so well on this matter of friendship: "As widowers proverbially marry again, so a man with the habit of friendship always finds new friends. My old age judges more charitably and thinks better of mankind that my youth ever did. I discount idealizations, I forgive one-sidedness, I see that it is essential to perfection of any kind. And in each person I catch the fleeting suggestion of something beautiful, and swear eternal friendship with that."

Isn't that good? All of us need to swear eternal friendship to the nice things in other people, and then we shall find ourselves surrounded by friends wherever we go.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## GRANDMOTHER'S COSMETICS

By

Hallie M. Barrow

Millions of dollars are now spent by sponsors who beg us to buy their cold cream, lipstick, home permanents, deodorants, etc., so that we may look better. Anyone who looks at television programs frequently might be tempted to ask: "Heavens! what did our grandmothers do for beauty culture without beauty parlors, television and radio programs?" For many of our grandmothers were very beautiful indeed—just glance through the family album and take grandfather's word for it.

In the first place, grandmother was this much smarter than her grandchild — she never let her complexion get into a leathery state. She wore bonnets, religiously, to preserve a soft pink and white complexion of rose petal texture. Since she never faced wind or sun with a bare face, her lovely soft skin remained this way until she grew quite old. She would have died of mortification if she had had the deep tan the modern girl wants.

It was a disgrace to have freckles or a sun-tan. Slat bonnets were worn every day while working in the garden and with poultry, and her pride was the stiffly starched, beruffled white bonnet that hung back of the parlor door and was worn only to church. It really was a work of art to launder those precious white bonnets. They were bleached on the grass, cold starched, and often the ruffle was ironed on a fluting iron. It wasn't just a case of wearing a bonnet if you wished; even to small girls it was almost indecent to go outside without that pesky bonnet. It was the badge of womanhood.

Thick sweet cream was often rubbed on the hands, and my own grandmother went beyond this by always wearing "half-hands". She knit them out of twine string, there were no ends in the fingers, and they came well up on the wrist to meet the long-sleeved dresses.

Long hair was the style, and every woman hoped to have a braid as thick as your wrist and long enough to sit on when it was unbraided. She didn't use pincurls, but she did use a steel curling iron. This was hung to heat in the flue of a coal oil lamp, the wooden handles supporting the iron part in the flame. If I see one now, instantly that acrid odor of scorched hair comes to mind. You had to spit on your finger to test the heat of the iron, and woe betide if you let it get too hot!

This mop of hair wasn't washed very frequently. Several times a year grandmother boiled up a soft soap solution and then used a vinegar rinse. During the winter months she gave up soap and water in favor of corn meal. It was heated until hot and then rubbed into the scalp, brushed and shaken out. It really did rid the hair of lots of dirt, oil and dandruff. Later there were kid curlers and a woman with her hair done up on them looked just as unattrac-



Last month we showed you Susan and Carolyn Sayre in their Easter dresses—the ones their mother said made them look like pink ice cream! Here is little sister, Lucinda, in her Easter dress.

tive as women do today with modern curlers.

Now grandmother wasn't dumb at all about this cosmetic business. She knew that buttermilk was one of the best bleaches. She'd spread white of egg on her face and, after it was dried, wash it off with oatmeal water. For "whitening" she used flour or starch. No rouge or lipstick was used except by women of questionable character! However, I remember being advised before entering a roomful of mixed company to pinch my cheeks and bite my lips. For a short time they were rosy!

It was necessary to have a hand lotion on the shelf, especially if the men folks were gathering corn or working in the timber. They came in at night with rough, chapped hands cracked open and almost bleeding. The leaf fat from mutton tallow was carefully rendered and saved for just this need. Mutton tallow contains quite a bit of lanolin, and when we hear the broadcasters dwelling on the merits of lanolin in their cosmetics we can just remember that grandmother knew this long ago.

My own grandmother often "preached" that even the plainest girl could be beautiful if she cultivated good character. If she had a sunny disposition, was kind and always ready to help, obedient and never indulged in temper tantrums and fits of jealousy, her sweet character was bound to show in her face and in time she would be beautiful. She said the glow must come from within. Grandmother told me that when she was a small girl and was given her first hand mirror, it was kept as a real treasure and not used often. She said her mother told her that when she looked into the mirror, if she were smiling and happy, a beautiful face would be reflected back. But if she were scowling or crying with rage, the looking glass would send back the picture of a very ugly person. Many years have passed since

then, but her observations are just as true today.

I can just imagine our grandmothers' attitude towards deodorants! If you used plenty of soap and soft water very frequently you certainly had no worry about offending!

Women of that day also aimed to be dainty, and although they had no bottled perfume, flower petals were dried and scattered among their linens and under clothing. An apple studded with cloves was hung in the closet. (See directions for making a Pomander Ball elsewhere in this issue.) And no female, child or woman, ever complained about being "sweaty"! I can still hear my grandmother saying: "Mercy, child! Horses sweat, men perspire and ladies merely glow."

Nor did the sun ever get a chance at the bathing beach. Grandmother was swathed with some 24 yards of thick blue serge — very full bloomers and over this a very full skirt, ankle length. The top was not a skimpy bra but a sailor blouse with a collar that hung almost to the waist and heavily trimmed with soutache braid. The blouse was high-necked and long-sleeved. Black cotton stockings and swimming shoes that laced up high completed this ensemble. When all that heavy blue serge got wet it was difficult, to say the least, to keep on top!

Shaving didn't bother the men as most of them sported beards, the longer the better. Grandma Moses in her life story reported that her father washed and combed his long beard every evening after coming home from the mill; he didn't want any chaff in his beard. They used homemade grease on their hair and that is why antimacassars first appeared—they were needed to keep the oil off of chairs.

I'm sure that our grandparents were just as vain as we are, but in those days it wasn't commercialized. After all, using cosmetics is as old as the race. Herbs and spices were once the most important products in world commerce, and new countries were discovered in the hope of finding new species. You may remember that when Columbus set out in his three small ships the original purpose was not to discover an unknown continent, but to find a shorter route to India and the Orient for herbs and spices. Grandmother, too, knew many wild herbs, roots and leaves which she gathered for medicines, cosmetics, dyes and other purposes. Perhaps the race that had perfected beauty culture to its highest degree was the American Indian. These first Americans used paint or dyes without stint, feather head dresses, elaborate necklaces of shells, teeth and turquoise, bear grease on their bodies and hair, etc.

So take your choice. I still think that some of the most beautiful faces we ever see are those of older people whose physical powers have diminished, but who have lived such sympathetic, kindly lives that a powerful imprint is left. This is noble beauty and it exists entirely apart from any outward, feverish pursuit of the physical means to surface appeal.



## A GOLDEN WEDDING

By  
Muriel Razor

It hasn't been too long ago that people said with real awe in their voices: "They're going to celebrate their *Golden Wedding* soon." But nowadays the life span has been increased so much that it isn't at all unusual for this event to take place frequently in every community. Receptions and Open House are highly popular, yet many people are looking for something out of the usual routine, so I have put together some directions for making decorations that anyone can manage, and have also included a program that might well be titled "The Pot of Gold at the Foot of the Rainbow".

### Rainbows

These rainbows may be used singly as a centerpiece for your table, or two may be used on either side of the wedding cake, flowers and candles if you are holding the event in a church or hall. Remember, if your plans call for the latter, that a U-shaped table is much "cozier" than one extremely long table or several shorter ones. Furthermore, it requires only one main centerpiece.

Purchase crepe paper in pastel shades in all six rainbow colors: soft yellow, peach, soft green, light blue, lavender and pink. Cut strips of each color one inch wide and gather on the sewing machine (stitching down the center) to make ruffles. Now cut a rainbow of heavy cardboard, making an elongated half-circle about 12 inches high and 20 to 22 inches long and 5 inches wide. Stitch or staple on the ruffles, rainbow color wise, on both sides; extend the two outside ruffles  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to hide the cardboard.

Use your heavy metal flower pinholders, one for each end, to mount the rainbow so it will stand in an upright position. Press the rainbow ends in firmly and cover the pinholder with a ruffle of gold foil or pastel crepe paper. Modeling clay can be used successfully if you don't have flower pinholders, but be sure that you cover the clay and also that paper is placed underneath it for it will stain the tablecloth.

### Pot of Gold

These pots of gold will stand at the foot of the rainbow. Cut circles of gold foil 7 inches in diameter, place a button or bottle cap  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter in the center of the foil; now press foil upward around the button or bottle cap to make the bottom of the pot. Remove the button and shape so the sides are rounded and the top opening is a little larger than the base. Fold the edges under to make a firm rim at the top. Use a flat canning lid covered with gold foil on both sides to make a cover for the pot. Twist narrow strips of the foil 6 inches long to make the handle; punch a small hole on each side of the pot with an ice pick and insert this handle, bending up on the inside to hold it firmly. Place one at each end of the rainbow.

## Candles

Long white dinner tapers should be used, and these can be decorated in many ways. Most attractive is gold rick-rack wrapped diagonally and fastened at both ends with small pins (heat before you insert). Glue on gold sequins either in a pattern or an over-all design. Tie with bows of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch gold ribbon. These candles may be grouped in anyway you like, but if you are using a three or four tiered cake as the center decoration use at least four tapers: one at each corner of the cake. These tapers in their holders may be placed on the 6 inch gold doilies that are now available.

### Cake Decorations

A gorgeous cake can be produced by keeping all of the icing decorations in white, and depending upon a gold wreath at the base, plus a top decoration in gold for the maximum contrast.

Paint pipe cleaners gold and shape into the number 50. If it is a summer affair and natural leaves are available, they may be painted with gold paint. If it is winter and dried leaves must be used, be sure to soak them in a solution of one part water to one part of glycerine overnight to keep them from crumbling before they are painted. Artificial leaves may be purchased and painted gold, or you can make your own leaves of gold from crepe paper or foil, following the directions that are in any crepe paper booklet. You'll need enough leaves to make a wreath around the base of the cake, plus a crescent-shaped wreath to go on top.

For the wreath around the base of the cake, cut a large circle of stove pipe wire long enough to reach around the bottom of the cake and cover it with florist's tape or gold foil. The gold leaves should be wired opposite each other. Where the wires hook together make a large bow of gold ribbon and tie on. If you have little Christmas bells they may be painted with gold and tied into this wreath.

For the crescent-shaped wreath that goes on top of the cake, cut an 18-inch length of stove pipe wire and attach the gold leaves to it with fine wire placing them opposite each other. Cover wire with florist's tape or gold foil. Bend into a crescent circle; let one end extend up 2 inches higher than the other end and open at the top. At the base (where the wreath would rest on your work table) wire on your 50. Next make a base so the decoration will rest on the top layer of cake — usually 6 inches around. Fasten this wire just below your numbers — a little off center to make it balance well. Bring straight down  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches and then bend into a complete circle and fasten.

Cover this wire with a frill of gold foil cut  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and 24 inches long; pleat loosely like a paper fan. Run fine wire through the pleats on one side and draw together around the center upright wire of your topping base. Make a cluster of gold ribbon bows  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide and tie one on each side just above the gold frill and just under the number 50. This will be placed on top of the cake.



Old family friends will remember Letty (Bianco), Uncle Henry's youngest daughter and the "baby" of their family. Here she is having a cup of coffee with Mother—her husband, Ray, is standing behind her. They live in Marseilles, Ill.

### Nut Cups

Cut circles of gold foil and cover small nut cups to make miniature pots of gold. Cover milk bottle caps for lids. Gold covered chocolate coins can fill these nut cups, or flat mints can be wrapped in gold foil.

Additional charm can be provided by purchasing stick candy and wrapping it in gold foil. Tie it with a narrow gold ribbon in which a sprig of fern has been inserted at the bow, and cap each end with tiny gold bells that have been molded over a thimble. Place one of these favors behind each nut cup.

### Entertainment

At the conclusion of the dinner or after refreshments have been served, ask the honored guests to take their places at either end of a table. On this table use a flower arrangement in a gold container and on each side of the arrangement place three candle holders that have been gilded or painted gold.

As soon as the honored guests are seated ask your pastor to read from the Scriptures and then to offer prayer. Following this, a reader should take her place at the side and as she begins her first words a child should step forward and place a candle in one of the holders. It is to be hoped that there will be six grandchildren or great-nieces and nephews who can participate in this. If there are not enough youngsters belonging to the family, ask the grandchildren of old friends — at any rate, six small children will be needed.

*Reader:*

Fifty years of happy marriage—

Their love was a rainbow span  
That was granted to them from God above

As they've traveled hand in hand.  
This journey through life God gave them

Had a rainbow bridge to reach,  
So now on this happy golden day

We light a candle of peach.  
(1st child places lighted peach candle in 1st holder and steps behind the table.)

*Reader:*

They used the rose of devotion and love

To help each other along;  
Though the path was often rough and hard,

In their hearts there was ever a song.

(2nd child places his pink or rose candle and stands behind the table.)

(Continued on page 17)



## AUGUST NEWS FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Martin and I have just returned from a visit with Frank, Dorothy and Kristin on the farm. On the way home yesterday Martin said he thought it was the best time he had ever had there and I can certainly believe it for he and Kristin were busy from morning until night. Since Martin is such a fine swimmer he was allowed in the boat alone with Kristin at the oars. They pretended that they were Lewis and Clark in the great expedition up the Missouri River. We packed lunches for them to take along, and you can imagine what fun they had on the winding lake. We left our little white kitten in Juliana's care while we were gone. This is the only one left of the litter of five and the one we intend to keep. The last two were given away several weeks ago to a radio friend who lives in Omaha.

Speaking of cats, Wayne and Abigail have been having quite a time with their cat. He finally ended up in the animal hospital for a week with an infected cut on his right hind leg. They have no idea how he injured himself but it was quite serious and required surgery. He seems on the mend now and although he isn't very active his appetite has picked up.

Shortly after school was out Martin's Cub Scout Pack held a Hobo picnic at one of the parks here in Shenandoah. The den fathers prepared a big kettle of stew at the chuch and transported it to the park. All the children and the parents were to go in hobo costume and prizes were given for the best costumes. We really had a great time and I never saw such funny looking outfits in my life! Some had their coffee cans to eat out of tied in kerchiefs at the end of poles. We took our own crackers or sandwiches to eat with the stew. Those men made the best stew. (I wondered how Oliver would make out if I turned him loose in the kitchen to make a stew, and I wasn't the only wife wondering that!)

Early this past month we had a visit with Oliver's sister, Viola, and her husband, Dr. Carl Anderson, from Elgin, Illinois. They hadn't visited Iowa for a couple of years. I guess most of the Strom family have visited in their home in that time so it really hadn't been that long since we had seen them. We were so happy that we had nice weather for them and the flowers were at their loveliest for this was before the drouth had done too much damage to gardens. We entertained them one day for lunch and in the afternoon had several people in for coffee.

Dorothy mentions her class reunion in her letter this month and I might mention that Oliver's class held its twenty-fifth reunion also. He graduated from the Essex High School and there were eighteen in his class. Fifteen of those were girls and only three were boys. Oliver was on a business trip in the Southwest but fortunately he was able to make it back in time. They met at the hotel in Essex for dinner and spent the



David Driftmier and Martin Strom. These two cousins had many happy hours in July, and my! how much David enjoyed having Martin read to him.

evening visiting and reminiscing. Oliver presided for he had been president of his class. They read the class will and testament and the class prophecy. I think everyone brought pictures of their children and old forgotten class pictures.

It is amazing the things that come to light at a reunion such as this. I heard many funny stories that I had never heard before and believe me, we were laughing so hard at times that tears were rolling down our cheeks. Do, do have a class reunion sometime and see what fun you have. It might be up to you to get the ball rolling but you will find it well worth the time and effort you put into it. My class is going to have its twentieth anniversary in 1958 and we are already giving some thought to it. Incidentally, Mother was very disappointed that her fiftieth year passed by without a reunion. She was in California with Aunt Sue Conrad and it didn't occur to her until the year was over. She said that they certainly will have something on the fifty-fifth year to make up for it.

After the children had a few weeks of vacation, summer Bible School started. Martin went every morning for two weeks. At the close they had a little graduating service and received diplomas and then a picnic. Soon after that Story Hour at the local library got under way. The children go to the library every Wednesday morning for an hour of story telling. At that time they check out books for the week. Martin almost always brings home books about dinosaurs and space ships! Are your boys in that phase too? We were happy that Mary Leanna and David could be here for two Wednesdays so they could go too.

We are enjoying the swimming pool these hot summer afternoons. Sometimes I look at the children and have to laugh! They look so funny nowadays with all the paraphernalia they wear when they go swimming. Flippers on their feet, eye and nose masks on their faces and snorkle tubes riding along on the surface like little submarines! You really wonder sometimes what they ever did in the water without all of these things. The funniest part of all is trying to figure out which child is yours. I wondered if this was something peculiar to our

vicinity until David and Mary Leanna came to visit with us with similar equipment.

We had a very quiet Fourth of July this year. My, how I remember the activities on the Fourth when I was a child! Things are much different now that we aren't permitted fireworks in Iowa. What I remember most of all are the items in the papers about serious injuries to youngsters due to fireworks. In our family we younger children were only allowed sparklers and lady fingers. Oh, yes, we had what they called Boomerangs too. Those of you who have read the Story of an American Family that Lucile wrote a few years ago will remember the outstanding firecracker incidents. I don't believe I would ever want those repeated around this house. I'm happy with things the way they are now. A lot of cities have firework displays of some kind where professionals put on the show. We have had some of those in Shenandoah but not this year.

Frederick mentions in his letter about the General Council of the Congregational Church held in Omaha this summer. Betty went up to take in several sessions of the meeting. Saturday evening of the conference Wayne, Abigail, Oliver and I drove to Omaha to have dinner with them. It was so close to our wedding anniversary that we considered this dinner our anniversary dinner.

After the dinner we drove to the new auditorium in Omaha for one of the most inspiring evenings I have ever spent. We saw a pageant of the history of Foreign Missions called "Measure of a Moment", written by Helen Kromer and produced by John F. Becker. All the scenes were based on true incidents. One hundred and fifty years ago a small group of freshmen were walking in the fields near Williams College discussing religion when a thunderstorm came up. The students dove into a haystack to be protected from the rain and continued their prayer and conversation. When the storm cleared they had come to the decision that the world needed saving and that they must try to save it. They decided to be America's first foreign missionaries. From that decision in Williamsburg, Massachusetts grew the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, and many phases of home missionary work in this country. The pageant took us all over the world and showed us how the foreign missions were established and the problems they encountered in the various countries. It was beautifully narrated by Raymond Massey. I hope that sometime I will be privileged to see it again.

While I have been writing this I have been watching out the window where I see the children walking barefoot along the curbs in puddles of water in the rain. That brings back a lot of memories too. Soon the children will disperse and head for home and dry clothing so I must stop and lay out Martin's.

Sincerely, Margery



# "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### BAKED BEEF AND RICE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup rice
- 1/3 cup chopped celery
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 cup sliced ripe olives (if wished)
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup grated cheese

Cook ground beef, rice, celery and onion in butter until meat is lightly browned. Add all remaining ingredients except cheese. Place in 1 1/2 qts. casserole, cover and bake at 300 degrees for 1 hour. Uncover, sprinkle with cheese and continue baking about 10 minutes or until cheese is melted.

### FROZEN CHEESECAKE

- 1/2 pound dry cottage cheese
  - 1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 2 eggs, separated
  - 1 cup heavy cream
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 cup graham crackers, rolled fine
- Cream cottage cheese and cream cheese together. Add sugar gradually and beat until creamy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat egg whites until stiff. Whip cream and combine with egg whites and add to first mixture, folding carefully. Add vanilla. Sprinkle half of crumbs in bottom of refrigerator tray. Add cheese mixture and top with remaining crumbs. Freeze in refrigerator. Serves 8.

### PINEAPPLE RICE CREAM (For Club)

- 3 packages lemon gelatin
  - 5 cups hot pineapple juice and water
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 2 1/2 cups heavy cream
  - 5 cups cold cooked rice
  - 2 1-pound cans crushed pineapple, drained
- Dissolve gelatin in hot juice and water, add sugar and salt and chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream that has been whipped. Fold in rice and drained pineapple. Chill until firm. Unmold and slice. Serves 32.

### APPLE COOKIES

- 1/4 cup butter
  - 1/2 cup granulated sugar
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1 egg
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
  - 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. soda
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 cup sour cream
  - 2/3 cup raisins
  - 1 cup finely diced unpeeled apples
- Mix the ingredients in order given and drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in 375 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

### BUTTERSCOTCH NUT BREAD

- Cream together:
- 1 egg
  - 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
  - 1 1/2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- Add:
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
  - 1/2 tsp. baking soda
  - 3/4 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup buttermilk
  - 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- Stir to blend but avoid over-mixing. Bake in greased 8 1/2" x 4 1/2" x 2 1/4" loaf pan 350 degrees for one hour or until done.

### CHEESE CROUTONS (Have a little time?)

- 1/4 lb. American cheese
  - 1/4 cup shortening
  - 1/2 cup flour
  - Few grains cayenne
- Grate the cheese and combine with the shortening. Blend in flour and cayenne. Chill until firm. Pinch off bits of dough; roll into tiny balls about the size of peas. Bake in a very hot oven, about 450 degrees, for 5 minutes. Serve with soups or let the children have them for snacks. They are very nourishing.

### CHOCOLATE DESSERT WAFFLES

- 1 cup sugar
  - 1/2 cup shortening
  - 2 eggs
  - 1/2 cup milk
  - 1 1/2 cups flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 2 squares melted chocolate
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs. Beat well. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Add chocolate, vanilla and nuts if desired. The waffle iron should not be as hot as for plain waffles. Drop one teaspoonful in each section of iron and bake for 2 or 3 minutes. Waffles may be rolled in powdered sugar, served plain, or topped with whipped cream. (Aunt Jessie Shambaugh used to make these when I was a youngster. They were a great treat on Sunday.)

—Margery

### LIME PIE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar (reserve 1/2 cup to blend with egg yolks)
  - 4 Tbls. flour
  - 2 1/4 cups hot water in double boiler
  - 3 egg yolks (save whites for meringue)
  - 1 tsp. grated lime rind
  - 1/3 cup lime juice
  - 5 Tbls. cornstarch
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 3 drops green food coloring
- Sift sugar, cornstarch, flour and salt. Add slowly to hot water and cook for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks slightly with fork and blend reserved 1/2 cup sugar, then pour hot mixture slowly over egg mixture and return to double boiler and cook 5 minutes. Add rind and lime juice. Cool and pour into baked pie shell. Top with meringue. A variation would be to fold beaten egg whites into the lime mixture lastly and shave chocolate over the top. Store in refrigerator.

### GINGER ALE FRUIT SALAD

- 2 Tbls. granulated gelatin
  - 1/4 cup cold water
  - 1/3 cup boiling water
  - 1/4 cup lemon juice
  - 2 Tbls. sugar
  - Pinch of salt
  - 1 cup ginger ale
  - 1/3 cup white grapes, skinned, seeded and cut in halves
  - 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
  - 1/3 cup apple cut in long, thin pieces
  - 1/4 cup pineapple cubes
  - 2 Tbls. chopped candied ginger (if available)
- Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes and then dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in other ingredients. Chill. Unmold and serve on lettuce.

### PINEAPPLE COLESLAW

- 2 cups shredded cabbage
  - 1 cup shredded pineapple, drained
  - 2 stalks celery, cut fine
  - 1 small green pepper, cut fine
  - 1/2 cup heavy cream
  - 3 Tbls. vinegar
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1/8 tsp. pepper
- Combine cabbage, pineapple, celery and green pepper and mix well. Beat cream until stiff, add vinegar, salt and pepper slowly and continue beating until well blended. Combine cabbage mixture and chill.

### ONION SALAD DRESSING

- 1 grated onion
  - 1 cup salad oil
  - 1/3 cup vinegar
  - 5 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 tsp. dry mustard
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. celery seed
- Place all ingredients in mixing bowl and beat for 10 minutes. (If not so thoroughly beaten, the ingredients will separate after standing.)



**DELICIOUS ICE CREAM  
FOR REFRIGERATOR**

(Never gets icy or hard)

Beat 2 eggs in electric mixer until thick and lemon colored. Stir in 3/4 cup white corn syrup and 1/4 cup white sugar. Add 1 cup whole milk and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Beat together and then fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Pour into tray and freeze until frozen an inch around. Remove and beat until smooth. Freeze until firm and cover and return control to normal. Makes large dessert tray full.

**RICH VANILLA FREEZER  
ICE CREAM**

3 cups light cream  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 tsp. salt  
8 egg yolks  
4 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
1 quart heavy cream

Place light cream in a saucepan and scald over boiling water. Stir in sugar and salt. Beat egg yolks slightly. Beat in a little of scalded cream. Add egg yolks to cream and stir constantly while continuing to cook until custard coats the spoon. Pour into bowl and cool. Add vanilla and heavy cream. Freeze in freezer, turning crank slowly for 5 minutes, then turn as fast as you can until ice cream is creamy. Makes 2 quarts. Pack well in ice.

**LIME SHERBET**

1 pkg. lime gelatin dissolved in 1 cup boiling water. Add 11/2 cups sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Let cool. Add slowly 1 quart of whole milk. Freeze until firm. Beat and freeze again. Makes 2 refrigerator trays.

**ORANGE SHERBET**

1 pkg. orange gelatin  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup hot water  
3/4 cup orange juice  
Juice of 1 lemon  
2 cups top milk or thin cream

Dissolve the orange gelatin in the hot water. Add sugar, orange juice and lemon juice. Add the milk or cream. Freeze in trays until mushy. Beat and freeze again.

**PEACH SHERBET**

1 cup sugar  
2 cups water  
1 Tbls. gelatine  
1 Tbls. cold water

Cook sugar and water to a thick syrup. Add gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water. Stir until clear.

Add:

1 cup peach pulp  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1/2 cup orange juice  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Freeze in freezer or refrigerator.

**FROZEN APRICOT WHIP**

16 marshmallows  
2 Tbls. water  
2 Tbls. lemon juice  
1 cup sieved apricots  
1 cup cream, whipped  
2 Tbls. sugar

Heat marshmallows until melted in water, using double boiler. Add lemon juice and apricots. Cool and freeze to mush. Fold in cream mixed with sugar. Pour in refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Serves 6.

**APRICOT TAPIOCA**

1 cup water  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/4 cup quick cooking tapioca  
1/2 cup apricot pulp  
1 Tbls. lemon juice

Combine water, sugar, salt and minute tapioca. Cook over medium heat until mixture is transparent, stirring frequently. Remove from heat and cool. Add apricot pulp and lemon juice and serve with cream. Serves 4. You will surely want to double this recipe, but this is the amount I make for my small family. —Margery.

**KITCHEN MINDED**

If I could leave  
The kitchen sink  
I think I might  
Have time to think.  
But if I could,  
I think I'd think  
Of unwashed dishes  
In the sink.  
—Unknown

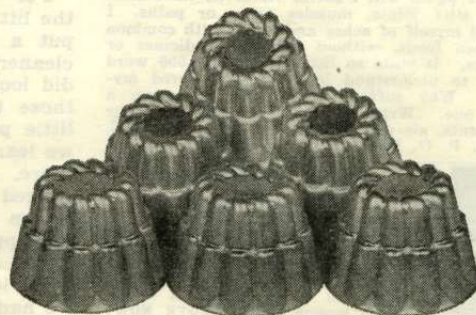
**SPICY PECAN COOKIES**

2 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. baking soda  
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
1/2 cup butter  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
1/2 cup chopped pecans

Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and vanilla. Lastly add the dry ingredients and nuts. Mix well and shape into rolls and chill. Slice thin and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet for 8 to 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven. .

**ANOTHER FINE Kitchen-Klatter  
SPECIAL OFFER**

Are you using Leanna's Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings in your favorite recipes yet? If not, try them and then take advantage of this NEW SPECIAL OFFER—A 6 piece Individual Scalloped Mold Set made of pure lifetime aluminum. You can make delicious, attractive salads in these molds that will please you and your family for years to come. These sets are being offered to you at about half of their regular price.



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kitchen foods, without Doctors, medicines or  
Drugs. It costs so little to get my 500 word  
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self. Why suffer longer? My case was a  
bad one. Write me now and explain your  
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Burt, P. O. Box 369, Santa Rosa, California.

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## A HAWAIIAN LUNCHEON

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Recently we had an Hawaiian  
luncheon and it occurred to me that  
perhaps some of our experiences  
might prove helpful to others who  
are on the committee for such an af-  
fair. Our luncheon was held in early  
Spring, but I can't think of a nicer  
event for the summer months.

First of all, we made palm trees for  
the tables by using candles (some of  
them had been lighted previously, but  
they were all right). We placed some  
of them in a warm oven for a short  
while so we could bend them, as we  
understood that palms never grow  
straight. We cut green crepe paper  
leaves for the top, six to a candle, and  
then wrapped the candle 'round and  
'round with fluted brown crepe paper  
for the trunk. We placed these in  
crystal candle holders and set them  
at intervals on the table. Oh yes, we  
fashioned little chenille monkeys and  
put one on each palm trunk.

Then we made two large size palms  
that stood about six feet high, using  
rolled heavy building paper to fashion  
the trunk. We made these exactly  
like the small ones, cutting the leaves  
proportionately, of course. However,  
on these we tied five brown balloons  
(dyed with shoe polish) just under the  
leaves to look like coconuts. We  
put them in gallon cans and filled  
them with sand so they wouldn't tip  
over. These were placed on either  
side of the entrance door.

For the nut cups we also covered  
the little cup with brown crepe paper,  
put a small 6-leaf palm on a pipe  
cleaner and stapled it on the cup. They  
did look nice marching up and down  
those tables! We also had a dozen  
little plastic ukeleles, all colors, that  
we leaned against the palms here and  
there. On the speakers' table we ar-  
ranged a huge fruit plate using a  
brown wooden tray. On it we had a  
pineapple, several avocados, limes, ba-  
nanas, lemons, a few oranges, and  
then lemon leaf and barberry that  
we had gotten from the florist.

I wasn't on the food committee, but  
will tell you that our menu was ham,  
potato salad served on a lettuce leaf,  
a slice of pineapple, stuffed celery, car-  
rot sticks and a buttered roll; all of  
this was on one plate. Then we con-  
cluded the meal with lemon meringue  
pie and coffee. It all tasted very  
good.

We received much helpful material  
from the Dole Pineapple Co., and they  
were most generous in sending post-  
ers, maps, and huge pineapple cut-outs  
—all very colorful. They also sent  
a lovely book entitled "How You Can  
Give Hawaiian Parties" by Patricia  
Collier, and it was invaluable. If  
others are interested they might write  
to Patricia Collier, Dole Home Econ-  
omist, 215 Market Street, San Fran-  
cisco, Calif.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. O. P., Iowa.

Lucile's Note: If you are looking  
for program help in connection with  
a Hawaiian luncheon or dinner I  
would like to remind you that we  
have a series of kodachromes titled

"Hawaii and Our Southern States"  
that we can send out if you give us  
ample warning. These are colored  
slides (not movies) taken by the folks  
when they were in Hawaii; there are  
about 24 or 25 slides. The balance of  
the set is made up of pictures taken  
in our Deep South. You will need a  
35 mm. projector and screen to show  
these, and we charge \$1.00 to help  
cover the cost of handling them.

Dear Kitchen-Klatter girls:

"I'm sure that I'm not the only  
mother who once found that the hour  
before supper is the most trying of  
the entire day when you have small  
children. I love my children dearly  
(boys five and seven and girls three  
and eight) but they used to have me  
half-wild with their whinning and  
fussing while I was busy getting sup-  
per. A year ago when the youngest  
was two and always clinging to my  
skirts as I rushed around the kitchen,  
I decided to take firm action in mak-  
ing things run more smoothly.

My husband picked up a wooden  
box at one of the local stores (I be-  
lieve that electrical equipment had  
been shipped in it) and gave it two  
coats of red enamel. Then I invested  
about \$2.00 at the Five and Dime in  
what we think of as "quiet games"  
and put these things in the box. I  
added to it some magazines, scissors,  
crayons, etc., and a few special things  
for the two-year old.

This box appeared only at 5:00  
o'clock with the clear understanding  
that if there were any bickering or  
quarreling over the contents the entire  
collection would be put away im-  
mediately — and that the children  
would have to stay in their own  
rooms until supper was on the table.

In the year that we've had this  
special box it has had to be put away  
less than five times. All of the chil-  
dren look forward to it, and I keep it  
interesting by adding new surprises  
from time to time. Promptly at 6:00,  
when we're ready to eat, it is put  
away and never once have I weaken-  
ed and permitted it to be brought out  
at any other time. If I did this it  
would lose all of its charm, of course.

I really can't tell you what a dif-  
ference this has made in my disposi-  
tion and in the children's dispositions.  
I can get supper in a collected frame  
of mind and we can all sit down to  
eat without last minute tears and  
tempers. Nothing that we've ever got-  
ten for our children has paid such  
big dividends as this special before-  
supper toy box.—Mrs. R. G., Omaha.

## A FARMER'S PRAYER

We thank Thee, Father, for this day;  
For trees upon the hill.

For corn stalks tall, that bow and  
sway,

And bees that drink their fill.

For velvet grass beneath our feet,

For fertile fields to till,

For clothing, shelter, bread and meat,  
And strength to do Thy will.

Amen.

—Ruth M. Dirgo



## FOR CHURCH WORKERS

We always welcome letters about church dinners or luncheons, and this one from Ruth Krehnke, Norfolk, Nebraska, contains some down-to-earth facts about a meal that will probably come in handy the next time you're on a committee. Certainly there are few groups as active as the various Lutheran organizations in Norfolk — they serve almost a constant stream of meals!

"The early part of February we served a dinner and I think that perhaps some of your readers might like to try this idea. We made no charge for the dinner — only a free will offering.

"These are the facts: Our menu consisted of Church Meat Loaf, escalloped potatoes, cole slaw, assorted breads, angel food cake with cherry sauce and whipped cream, and coffee. We bought all the food with the exception of the cherries, we served 89 people and we cleared \$41.10.

"We prepared for approximately 100 people, as we did not know the exact number to expect until 10 o'clock the morning of the luncheon. We had 12 working in the kitchen, so we came out even and when I say that, I mean it! We had absolutely no potatoes left over, only the scraps of meat from the ends of the loaves, 1 bowl of cole slaw, about 2 loaves of bread (and that was because we had to have the baskets on a number of tables) and only 3 slices of cake remained.

"We fixed 40 pounds of potatoes, and we have found this an excellent method for making good escalloped potatoes. We pare and slice them into large roasting pans, pour on hot water and a little salt and set on a burner and bring to a good boil; drain and pour on a white sauce made by combining 3½ quarts of milk, ¾ lb. of butter and heat until butter is melted. Add 2½ cups of flour and 1½ pints of water and beat to a smooth paste; add to milk and stir until of consistency of thin cream. Add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Pour over partially cooked potatoes and finish baking in a 350 degree oven.

"We made 4 recipes of the Church Meat Loaf. We used 30 pounds of cabbage and added shredded carrots and green peppers to it. Our dressing was a quart of cream slightly whipped and seasoned with vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper.

"We bought the oblong angel food cakes and served the squares with a sauce made of frozen cherries which had been ground and then cooked and thickened slightly. (4 quarts of cherries will do nicely.) We put white, whole wheat and rye bread slices in baskets, and butter pats on the tables.

"This dinner was served cafeteria style. It worked out very well and I think we will be ready to do it again. The free will offering seemed to work out very well too, especially for this dinner as it was served to a church group attending a Stewardship School of Training Laymen.

"In addition to this meal our Circle has served a number of dinners in the past several months. Last December we served the Public School faculty



In Mother's letter she told you how much fun Kristin, Mary Leanna, Juliana and Emily had sewing for their dolls and making a doll house out of a big cardboard carton. Here they're busily at work.

Christmas dinner, and our menu consisted of roast turkey, dressing, whipped potatoes and gravy, buttered corn, gelatine salad, cranberry sauce, hot rolls and pumpkin pie with whipped cream. There were about 128 people present. In January we served an Educational group for a noon luncheon and at that time our menu was baked ham, escalloped potatoes, golden glow salad, hot rolls, relishes, gingerbread with orange sauce and coffee. I believe that 86 people were present for this."

## CLUB ROLL CALLS

By Muriel R. Razor

Are you on the committee to plan your year books for a club whose meetings begin again in September? If so, perhaps some of these roll call ideas will help you.

### September:

School Day Memories.  
What I Like Best about Fall.  
My First Day of School.  
What I Enjoyed Most at the Fair.

### October:

The Most Unusual Person I've Known.  
A Hallowe'en Decoration Idea.  
What I'd Do With 24 Extra Hours.  
My First Ride in a Car, Train or Airplane.

### November:

Favorite Herbs and How I Use Them.  
Our Family's Thanksgiving Traditions.  
The First Armistice Day at Our House.  
A Thanksgiving Menu.

### December:

Did You Believe in Santa Claus?  
The Woman I Admire Most in the Bible.

Observing Christmas at Our House.  
My First Doll (that I remember).

### January:

19th Century Cookery (oldest recipes — How to make lye, dried peach paste, etc.)

World Leaders I Admire.

An Everyday Menu Our Family Likes.

Tell Something Interesting About Our State.

### February:

When I Was Sweet Sixteen.  
Valentines I Have Received.  
Stories of Famous Men.  
My First Date.

### March:

An Irish Song You Love.  
Safety in the Home.  
Tell Something about Ireland (or St. Patrick).

A Favorite Scripture Verse

### April:

Superstitions I Have Known.  
The Funniest April Fool Trick I Know.

An Easter Centerpiece or Decoration.

Spring Planting Tips.

### May:

My First May Basket.  
Memories of Mother.  
Slick Tricks for Easier Homemaking.  
Favorite May Flower (or Bird).

### June:

Tell About Your Wedding (Show picture if you have one).  
Describe Your Wedding Dress (bring it, if possible).  
The Most Interesting Person I Know.

New Ways With Garden Vegetables.

### July:

My Favorite Cold Drink.  
Heat Reducers (How to Keep Cool).  
Girlhood Cooking Memories.  
The Handsomest Man I Ever Met.

### August:

The Coldest I've Ever Been.  
Favorite Frozen Salad Recipe.  
Where I'd Like to Go for a Vacation.  
If I Won \$1000.

Those who say they will forgive, but can't forget an injury, simply bury the hatchet, while they leave the handle out ready for immediate use.  
—D. L. Moody.



## NEWS FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

We had a lovely gentle rain last night which has brought some relief from the terribly hot weather we have had. Margery and Martin came Saturday morning to spend the weekend with us and we have had such a nice time. Kristin and Martin have spent most of their time in the boat. Yesterday afternoon we drove in to Chariton to try out the new municipal swimming pool which has just been open for a week. We all think the new pool is beautiful and it has several features that are very nice. The wading section for tiny tots is completely separated from the rest of the pool by a high wire fence. In fact, it is a separate pool entirely, rectangular in shape and divided into two parts by a cement wall. One part is very shallow for tiny children, and the other part is about knee deep for those just a little older. There are benches for the mothers.

The other nice feature is the sun deck which is between the bath house and the pool. There are several metal tables and chairs covered with huge beach umbrellas; then you go down a flight of steps to the pool. I know that Kristin and I are going to spend a lot of enjoyable hours at the pool this summer.

I told you in my last letter that we were expecting our friends, the Meyers, from Aplington the next day. They arrived on schedule and we all drove to Allerton and had a lovely picnic dinner with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond, in their yard. The Halls had just gotten a nice new redwood picnic table and benches, with a lounge to match. About the middle of the afternoon Clarence and Sylvia left to continue their trip to the Ozarks. Frank's sister Ruth, who had been visiting us for a week, rode with them as far as her home in Kansas City. We left

Kristin at Allerton to spend a few days with Edna and Raymond.

I had previously made arrangements with Lucile and Russell that when they started on their trip to Pennsylvania I would meet them early in the morning where highway 2 crosses highway 65 and pick up Juliana, who was going to stay with us while her parents were away. This intersection is only about seven miles from Edna's, so Juliana and I drove on to their house to spend the day and to pick up Kristin.

The girls divided their time between sewing and playing. Kristin got her skirt made which she will enter in the 4-H achievement show. She took her time and did a very nice job. We had gotten enough of the material to make a matching blouse, but the pattern was a little too complicated for a beginner so I made this for her and the blouse she makes later will be simpler. Juliana also made a skirt. Her material was turquoise blue squaw cloth and she trimmed it with gold and white braid. Kristin's material was a pale blue and white print with pink flowers.

Frank's father had only two brothers in this country, August who lives on the adjoining farm, and Oscar who is a lawyer and lives in Omaha. Uncle Oscar and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary this month so a carload of us drove to Omaha to spend the day with them. Uncle Oscar hasn't been well for several months, but was able to be up in a chair during the afternoon to greet their many friends who came to call. They had a lovely tea table fixed in the yard and served golden wedding cake and ice cream, mints and coffee. We were happy to meet so many of their friends.

My high school graduating class held their 25th class reunion this month in Shenandoah. The committee in charge had been working on it for a year and they certainly did a wonderful job. There were 92 members in our graduating class and they were able to locate all but two of them. Only two members are deceased.

We met at the high school on a Saturday afternoon for registration, and I can't remember when I have had as much fun. Fifty-three members registered coming from Oregon, California, Colorado, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. It was so much fun watching them come in the door to see if you could recognize them. After everyone had registered, the committee had rented a bus to take all those from out of town around Shenandoah to see what changes had taken place. The conversation was all "do you remember when . . .".

There was open house at the Elks Club on Saturday evening, when parents and friends were all welcome. Punch, coffee and cookies were served. Everyone got into the spirit of the thing and it was a very gala evening. There was a banquet at 2:00 on Sunday for the class members, husbands, wives and children. Several of our teachers were there and our class president was master



Little Katharine and her big cousin, Kristin. Both Kristin and Juliana deeply regret that Katharine lives in Indiana for they'd love to take care of her for hours on end.

of ceremonies. There were silly prizes for the one who came the farthest distance (a pillow); a large cardboard carton marked "aspirin" for the member with the most children; a miniature rocking chair for the member with the most grandchildren. Everyone had such a wonderful time that we planned another reunion in five years.

I came home on Monday but Kristin stayed in Shenandoah to be there the week that Frederick and Betty and the children were at home. She was just as anxious to get acquainted with Mary Leanna and David as I was to have her know them. She and Juliana were a big help to Mother, doing the dishes and taking care of all their younger cousins. I went back to Shenandoah on Saturday morning and stayed until Tuesday, when Kristin returned with me.

While we were in Shenandoah Kristin picked out the material for shorts, blouse and skirt. It is white with dark green four leaf clovers and small H's scattered over it. She wanted to practice making a pair of shorts with other material first, before she made the pair she will enter at the show. She is planning now on all the things she wants to make for school next year.

The crops look wonderful here. The corn has all been laid by for a couple of weeks and the beans look awfully good. We cut the oats for hay and put that up without a rain this past week. As soon as the weather clears up we are going to spray for grasshoppers. They haven't bothered the corn as yet, but how they do love the beans! In this locality the grasshoppers are the worst they have been for years—and we thought they were bad last year.

Margery and Martin are leaving for home right after dinner today. While I have been writing this letter (so Margery can take it home with her), she has been doing the dishes and making the beds. We are going to have catfish for dinner. We have one big fish that a friend of ours caught in one of Chariton's city lakes and it is too much for the three of us, so we froze it until a time when we would have company to help us eat it. Today is the day.

Until next month . . .  
Sincerely, Dorothy

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by Laura Ingalls Wilder

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## DON'T WAIT FOR CHRISTMAS

By Mabel Weber

The spirit of giving is rampant at Christmas time. Everyone is infected, even the most pennypinching souls. The spirit of brotherhood and friendship causes us to shower gifts on unfortunate people in the hospitals and children's homes. We carol and make tray favors for that rest home in our community, and then forget all about the patients until the next Christmas season.

The Salvation Army bell ringers wisely solicit contributions from the generous Christmas shoppers. A large portion of these is earmarked for its summer camp program for underprivileged mothers and children, and other year-round projects.

Some of the people in charge of the children's homes try to hold back some of the mountain of candy and gifts for later use, but Christmas candy does lose some of its glamour when eaten in March.

Our shut-in neighbors never hear from us from one Christmas to the next. True, they may pass momentarily through our minds and we, with guilty consciences, think that we must stop in to see bedfast Mrs. Smith during the hot summer days, but we seldom do. Each Christmas time we send one of the children over with a box of cookies—and so do all the other neighbors. Mrs. Smith can't begin to eat up all the cookies while they are still fresh and tasty.

A fifth grade Sunday School class decided last year to make activity booklets to take to a children's hospital. They spent Sundays copying outline drawings from old coloring books. These were to be colored by the young patients. Pages of riddles, puzzles, and jokes were pasted up from old Sunday School papers. Follow-the-dot pictures were also included. The final step was the making of attractive covers at their teacher's house one Saturday afternoon, climaxed by cake and ice cream sodas. The books were assembled and packed away. They stayed packed away for some months because it was discovered that the hospital did not welcome articles made by children due to the possibility of infection to the patients.

Finally on a hot, hot afternoon, the teacher took the booklets to a children's home. She was greeted with open arms by the matron who was delighted. She said few people send gifts or visit the children during the summer months. There are not many outings and time hangs heavy on the small lonesome hands.

A profuse letter of thanks came from the superintendent. He too mentioned how welcome these "busy work" booklets were during the hot weather when the children needed to be kept inactive and in the shade. The tone of the letter was one of deepest gratitude that someone had cared enough to think of his charges during the summertime.

The teacher, in telling her story to her co-workers, resolved to make her own personal contributions to institutions, etc., during the months

when no one else seemed to be concerned.

Organizations might well adopt this resolution too. Picnics or other outings could be planned for the members of the community's homes for children. The best story tellers of the group could visit the children once a week or month with their finest collection of thrilling tales to delight young listeners. Short plays and other entertainment might be taken to the homes for the aged. The community shut-ins should not be forgotten either. Almost all unfortunate people are remembered liberally at Christmas but the days between find many of them neglected. Maybe a "Christmas" in August or July is the solution for it is such a long time from one December 25 to the next when you are young or old or ill.

## FOR GARDEN CLUB YEARBOOKS

The inner side of every cloud  
Is always bright and shining,  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And always wear them inside out  
To show the silver lining!

\* \* \*

The only Rose without thorns is  
Friendship.

\* \* \*

There are in nature neither rewards  
nor punishments—there are consequences.

\* \* \*

Don't find fault—find a remedy. Anybody can complain.

\* \* \*

If you'd have a mind at peace,  
A heart that cannot harden,  
Go find a door that opens wide  
Upon a little garden

\* \* \*

March tolls the end; plays winter's dirge,  
Its encore, an ode to the spring.  
March is a promise, a wonderful urge  
To dig in the dirt, and to sing.

\* \* \*

Did the flowers give Him solace—  
Did they share His sorrow there,  
Did they nod in deepest reverence  
As he knelt in sacred prayer?  
Did the roses catch His glory,  
Did the lilies grow more fair?  
In each flower there's His reflection  
Since He knelt in sacred prayer.

\* \* \*

For lo, the winter is past;  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of the birds  
'is come.

—Song of Solomon 2:11

\* \* \*

The tulips and jonquils are over  
And green blades are masking their tomb,  
On our lawn are patches of clover,  
And lavender phlox is in bloom.

\* \* \*

Flowers are the alphabet of angels  
whereby they write on hills and  
fields mysterious truths.

Science is teaching man to know  
and reverence truth, and to believe  
that only as far as he knows  
and loves it can he live worthily on earth  
and vindicate the dignity of his spirit.

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(number of bottles) \$4.95 size jar of Cabbage Juice Powder.

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Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





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**AUGUST MUSINGS**

By  
Evelyn Corrie Birkby

What a lovely place to sit and muse a bit, this broad front porch which runs across the east side of our little house. Early in the morning it is best, for then the air is cool and refreshing and it is easy to forget that afternoon will probably bring Iowa's humid heat.

For just a few minutes each morning I enjoy sitting down on this east porch to have a cup of coffee. I listen to the incredible concert of the birds, I talk over the plans of the day with myself and store up just a little corner of quiet before three active, ram-bunctuous, imaginative boys begin their day. It is the perfect time to think back over days long gone, summers of the "olden days" as Bobby terms them.

This morning I found myself thinking back to the days when harvest time meant the most work of the entire year for farmer's wives. The huge threshing crews came early, had a mid-morning lunch, a big dinner, afternoon lunch and then a generous supper before heading for home. In many respects the last day was the most nerve-wracking of all. If the men finished by late afternoon they wanted to get home and eat at their own tables — no sense in starting at the next farm until the following day. If they wound up their work by mid-afternoon they moved all of their machinery and lighted in on a fresh job. This meant that the woman of the place had to be prepared for *anything*—she might have only her own family at the table for supper or she might have 18 men!

Mother has told me about one dinner for threshers that she remembers vividly . . . she was sixteen when it happened. Her father's farm was all set for a big day with the harvest crew when word reached them that great-grandma was very ill and needed her daughter immediately. This left Eva, 18, Mae (my mother) 16 and Lena, 14, to prepare dinner for a big crowd of men. They caught and dressed chickens, peeled dozens of potatoes, opened jars of vegetables and fruit from the cave and finally put an adequate meal on the table for a threshing crew. The men were lavish in their praise of three young girls who had never before cooked an entire meal alone for such a crowd.

The first experience my husband's mother had was on the farm near Knox, Iowa where she lived just after her marriage. When Lucretia knew that a number of hard-working men would be coming for dinner she decided to make some good light rolls. She made up her normal batch of dough and had especially good luck with them. It made a beautiful sight, all those luscious brown rolls heaped high on the serving plate. But in one trip around the table they all disappeared, and then her husband beckoned to her and asked for more. In complete mortification she had to tell him that she had no more — something that was *never* supposed to hap-



Here is the latest picture of the Birkbys — Evelyn holding Craig, Bob holding Jeffrey, and Bobby standing in front.

pen for you should never run out of anything. After that experience, Lucretia always made huge triple batches of light rolls when hands were coming for dinner.

One family I know was preparing a big supper for a threshing crew which was to arrive from a neighboring farm right after dinner. At 11:00, without a second of previous warning, the women of the house heard the clanking of the threshing machine and the noisy arrival of the men. What a scrambling and scratching took place in the kitchen to find enough food for a noon meal without disrupting the carefully planned supper. And what that woman said about the neighbor who would send the workmen away without any dinner has never been completely reported, but we do know that all of the men appreciated her efforts in preparing an unexpected meal.

Thoughts of harvest come easy in the summer. And memories of other occasions come rapidly too. The one last Sunday, for instance. Young Craig, now six months old, added his first incident to the long list of such occurrences which happen when little children go to church. He had to be taken out of the church service, but not for the usual reason—fussiness.

No, Craig was not loudly fussy—he was simply loudly happy! He gurgled and chuckled and squealed. He was having a wonderful time. It finally became too much for this mother who is reporting it. Although the minister seemed to be faring well under the competition, Craig conceded the match and was retired.

Since my family believed in starting children to church at an early age we have many stories filed away in our memories. Certainly we acted normally, but as the daughters of the preacher, the community expected us to be a bit more virtuous or well trained, or in some magic way to put aside childish things as we entered the church interior.

The favorite story told about my sister Ruth happened at the age of  
(Continued on next page)



two and one-half when she attended church well fortified with crackers. Some way she slipped out of mother's grasp and went running down the aisle calling, "Want a bite, daddy?"

Seemingly, my main desire as a young child in church was to get up in the pulpit with Dad. Since my mother was unsympathetic enough to insist that I sit with her instead of mounting the fascinating heights of the podium, I contented myself with mimicking Dad's facial expressions and arm-waving gestures. It must have been somewhat disconcerting to come to the climax of some great spiritual discussion and look down upon a congregation which held in its center a little caricature of oneself!

When Bobby was about two and one-half (that is a good age for such escapades, as you may well know) he was sitting happily with his daddy while I was singing in the choir. Little difficulty was anticipated for he had his beloved tractor with him.

When the time arrived to take the offering, Bob just slipped quietly out of the seat and left Bobby playing contentedly with his toy. As Bob stood at the altar listening to the minister's prayer of thanksgiving we heard a familiar "puta-puta-puta-puta" coming down the aisle. Bob turned, and there at his feet was one tiny boy on hands and knees pushing his tractor and seeing that it had all the necessary sound effects.

Scooping Bobby up in his arms, Bob made a quick retreat back up the aisle and into the pew. After that experience Bobby was always left tightly in the care of a friend when it was Bob's turn to take up the offering.

Summer is synonymous in my mind with canning. When I think back to the days when we first lived on the farm and I was "learning" to can all the fine produce which comes from a farm garden, I can conjure up many a scene!

The first time I canned peaches in the pressure canner I hurriedly removed a jar without a reasonable waiting period for it to cool. BANG went the peaches, POP went the jar, and glass and boiling hot juice sprayed all over the kitchen. How all the members of the family could be in the kitchen at the time and not have at least one hurt is almost beyond comprehension — but it happened.

Bobby said, when calm was restored, "Mama, why did you blow up the kitchen?" I told him that it was truly my own stupidity in not using my canner properly which caused the accident. I have continued to use that canner through the years, but carefully and according to directions instead of my own desire for haste.

Well do I remember the summer I made chopped pickle in huge quantity only to have the family refuse it entirely. We had that pickle for years. In fact, if I looked closely I'd probably find a jar tucked back in the corner right this minute. Fortunately, a good neighbor passed on her recipe to me and since then every jar has been gobbled up. Here is the recipe.

Put through the food grinder 3 lbs. green tomatoes, 3 lbs. red tomatoes, 1 medium head cabbage, 3 sweet red peppers, 3 green peppers, 1 qt. onions and 1½ bunches celery. Add 9 Tbls. salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and add to the mixture: 1½ qts. vinegar, 4½ cups brown sugar and these spices tied in a bag: 4½ inches stick cinnamon, 1½ tsp. cloves, 1½ tsp. dry mustard. Boil for 30 minutes, remove bag of spices, pour boiling hot into sterile jars and seal. This makes a dark chopped pickle because of the brown sugar, but it is exceptionally good.

It is fun to sit on the front porch early in the morning on a hot summer day, but now my three boys are stirring... so memories and musings are all pushed aside. The day has really begun.

### GOLDEN WEDDING—Concluded

Reader:

He gave them rays of happiness  
To brighten each passing day,  
And always after the showers  
Came sunshine to lighten the way.  
(3rd child places yellow candle.)

Reader:

Through the verdant years of a fruitful life

They've toiled from early 'til late.  
Their home was their refuge — and  
welcome were all

Who entered the open front gate.  
(4th child places green candle.)

Reader:

The true blue of their loyalty  
Is seldom seen on this earth;  
Through the storms of life it's  
sparkled

Like a gem of infinite worth.  
(5th child places blue candle.)

Reader:

The violet hues of the constancy  
Shown softly through the years,  
Never faltering, ever faithful  
Through laughter or sorrow or  
tears.

So they come to the end of the rainbow,

There to find treasures untold,  
And we light this candle to commemorate

Fifty beautiful years of gold.  
(6th child places orchid candle.)

Reader and all children together:

God bless them, keep them, love them,  
May their happiness never cease,  
After fifty golden, happy years  
They well deserve their ease.

### UNMARKED BY TIME

He has not promised me a carefree day,

But guidance all along the way  
And love to warm my heart.

He does not shield me from all pain  
And send the sunshine without rain,  
But helps me rise again.

He does not tell me where to go,  
But holds my hand that I may know  
I do not go alone.

He does not measure time by years,  
But tasks well done, replacing fears  
With love unmarked by time.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

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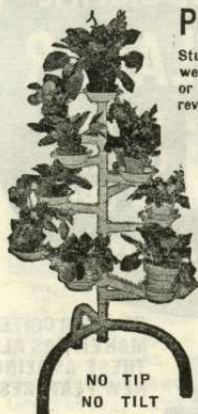
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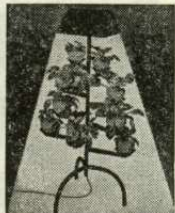
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### GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Add a little spice to your vacation by doing something nice for some of these shutin folk. Why not take their addresses along when you go on your trip and send cards from the interesting places you visit?

Miss May Bonham, 11711 E. Hermosa Drive, Rt. 1, Fullerton, Calif., is slowly getting better after a serious operation. She is 70.

Larry Chilcoat, 1414 E. 4 St., Sedalia, Mo., is 12. He has been handicapped since a tiny baby and has spent a lot of his life in hospitals, including part of this summer.

Mrs. Goldie Conway, Rt. 1, Onawa, Iowa, is a shutin and would enjoy getting mail.

Miss Velva Floyd, 12883 Sussex, Detroit 27, Mich., has been bedfast for many years. She suffers a great deal and gets so tired of bed. Miss Floyd is 50.

Faustena Foster, Rt. 3, Woodward, Okla., was hurt in a cyclone in 1942 and has been in a wheel chair ever since. Please send cards.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie P. Landis, Center, No. Dak., are both in the sixties. He has been shutin since a year ago. She came here from Germany and does not speak or read English. They would like mail, and she would especially like letters and books in German.

Lila Laney, Herman Kiefer Hosp., Room 108, Pav. 4, Detroit 2, Mich., has been in the hospital five years. She gets very lonely for her home and three children and would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Adrian Rettig, Rt. 2, Butler, Ohio, has been an invalid all of her life. She has a heart ailment.

Miss Odella Roderigues, 208 Davis St., New Bedford, Mass., is 36 and has been shutin for about 30 years. She is bedfast and badly in need of old white cloths that could be used for bandages. You helped her this way once before. Will you do so again? She is really needy.

Tony Sasso, 51 Coolidge St. S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., has suffered all his life with cerebral palsy. He is going to be 11 on September 13. This summer he has been in a Chicago hospital for surgery on both legs and arms. His mother asks for mail and will take it to him.

Alan Snodgrass, 716 S. 11 St., Kansas City, Kansas, is 6. He has had several operations on his legs, to straighten them, and is having another this summer. Do send things to amuse him while he is bedfast.

Robert Warrington, c/o Mrs. Clifford Mateer, Star Rt., North Creek, New York, is 8 and is a shutin. (I do not know his trouble.) He would enjoy mail.

Lillian Wienstine, Bird S. Coler Hosp., Ward 53a, Section D., Welfare Island 17, N. Y., has multiple sclerosis and is in a wheel chair all the time. She would enjoy mail. Age 34.

Miss Viola Young, Rt. 3, Bangor, Pa., has been in a wheel chair 25 years or more. Her age is around 40. She probably cannot write but loves to get mail.

### LET'S MAKE A POMANDER BALL

By Mildred Cathcart

There were always exciting things to do when we went to visit our Grandmother Dooley. One of the things she taught us to do was to make pomander balls and we grandchildren, in turn, have amused our children with this useful pastime.

Pomander balls may be made by a small child but grown-ups find these fragrant balls enjoyable too. Various kinds of fruit may be used — oranges, lemons, limes or apples.

Because apples were most abundant, we children selected good firm apples from Grandmother's tree. These apples had to be the very choicest ones free from bruises and worm holes — and that is still the thing to look for when you buy them at the store today!

We washed and polished the apples with great care. Next, we took a large darning needle and punched holes very, very close together through the skin of the apples. After we made a complete row of holes around an apple, we pushed a whole clove into each opening. We continued until the whole fruit was entirely covered with cloves.

"Do not leave any of the skin showing," Grandmother would warn us. "Make sure that every bit of the fruit is covered with cloves."

As we continued poking holes in the fruit, juice ran down our hands and arms. In fact, juice often seeped out of the juiciest apples for several days!

After we had the fruit completely covered so that only the tops of the whole cloves were showing, Grandmother would bring out her favorite talcum powder and sachet. We dusted our pomanders generously and then put them up on the high pantry shelf for safe keeping. It would take several weeks for the ball to shrink in size and dry completely.

When completely dried, these pomander balls are delightfully fragrant and may be stored in linen closets or placed about a tightly closed room in cold weather to give the air a sweet spicy scent. And this fragrance lasts almost indefinitely.

These old-fashioned pomander balls make nice, inexpensive gifts. They look especially pretty if a bright ribbon is tied "four ways" about them and caught up in a large bow on top.

Do not forget that it takes several weeks for the fruit to dry completely so you must make them quite some time before you wish to give them as gifts. And you may wish to try various types of fruits as each one has its own delightful fragrance.

### THINGS YOU JUST CAN'T DO

Sow bad habits and reap good character.

Sow jealousy and hatred and reap love and friendship.

Sow dissipation and reap a healthy body.

Sow deception and reap confidence.

Sow cowardice and reap courage.

Sow neglect of the Bible and reap a well-guided life.



## "Little Ads"

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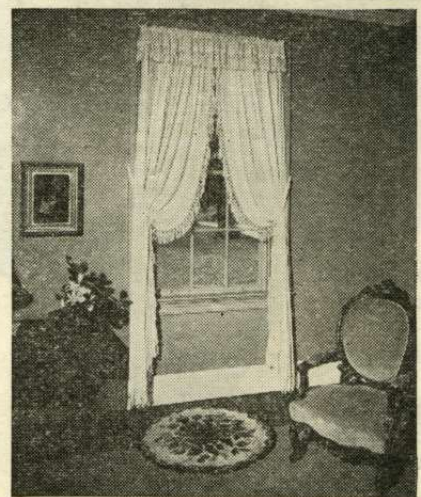
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