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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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MISS JOSIE PEANNEDECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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My Dear Friends:

I believe that the best time to write letters on hot August days is early in the morning, so I'm sitting here at the kitchen table while a chicken cooks in the deep well burner on my range, and potatoes in their "jackets" and applesauce simmer away on top of the stove.

If it hadn't been for something that happened last week I'd probably be at my desk while I write to you, but I made the mistake of going into the living room to read while a chicken was cooking. You can guess what happened—no chicken for dinner but a house filled with smoke! From now on I don't trust my memory. I'll stay right here to be sure we have chicken and rice soup for lunch, and chicken salad tonight.

Our biggest bit of family news is that Wayne and his family are moving to Denver this month. In fact, he is already there and has bought a house, so Abigail and the three children will leave quite soon. Of course we will miss them very, very much, but we are happy we could have them near us during these past ten years while the youngsters were little. And certainly we shouldn't complain with three of our children living here in town when so many of you have *all* of your children far away. It's not far to Denver, and this gives us another place to visit—and such a beautiful place too. Colorado is a wonderful state and is increasing tremendously in population, so now five Driftmiers will be among the new residents.

We are expecting Faith Field Stone and her husband, Weldon, to arrive here this weekend. They are making quite an extended trip to visit relatives, a leisurely trip that had been anticipated for a long time because they were both employed and couldn't get away until now. We are glad they can retire while they are still able to enjoy traveling.

While I am on family news, we have just heard from my brother Sol Field and his wife Mary, that their address is now Camp Wallace Alexander, Keddie, California. This change came about because Sol has always been active in Boy Scout work and has often attended their summer mountain camps when his horses were used for the Scouts to ride. He has a never-ending supply of campfire stories of his adventures, for he has captured wild

horses, hunted bear, deer and mountain lions. (None of us will ever forget the time he brought a baby lion back to Shenandoah and staked it in our backyard!)

In addition to his tremendous knowledge of plant and animal life he has a great understanding of boys, so you can see why Scout leaders have found him a very real help in their work. A new house has been built at the big Scout camp near Keddie, so he and Mary will live there and be in charge of activities the year around. Both of them love the mountains, and the entire experience will be a happy one for them.

The mail just now arrived and I received a package that I have been expecting. The other day I saw an ad for a cross-stitched bedspread, something I've wanted for a long time, so I ordered it and now will plan my color scheme and get to work. It is a "Colonial Chintz" design and the pattern suggests shades of pale aqua, yellow, orange and rust with green leaves. When I ordered it I had in the back of my mind that it would make a nice winter's project for me, but now that it's here in the house I can't wait to start.

During the past month I made three little smocked dresses for my small great-nieces, Wendy, Jennifer and Heidi Watkins (sister Jessie's little granddaughters in Conn.). They are all finished aside for putting in the hems, but I believe I'll leave that for their mother to do since any hems I put in would be pretty much guess work. Ruth now has a fourth little daughter, Nancy, so I should get busy and make one more to match the others.

When Lucile was up here one day and saw me putting those smocked dresses together by hand, she asked Russell to carry up her small feather-weight portable machine. This is perfect for my needs, and I've gotten so attached to it that I think I'll ask Santa Claus to bring me one for Christmas. It sews just as well as the big table model machine that I passed on to Margery, and I could take it with me easily for my winter sewing.

Many of you mothers are very busy in August getting the children's school clothes ready, and I hope that you enjoy it as much as I once did years ago. Now I love to make things for

the grandchildren and little grand-nieces.

Autumn is my husband's favorite season of the year. When our seven children were at home he enjoyed filling the fruit and vegetable rooms with all kinds of winter provisions—he never felt just right unless the cellar was well stocked for winter days ahead. And everytime he came home from work and found the spicy smell of mincemeat, chili sauce and apple butter, he commented about how much he liked it. Now that there are only the two of us at home, our preparations for winter are much more simple. I like to put up a few pints of this and that, but one shelf in the pantry will hold all of the canning that I do in late summer.

We've had a very hot summer here in Shenandoah and we lived very quietly as a result. Both Mart and I enjoy reading, and his two favorite subjects are history and biography. I enjoy these subjects too, but prefer them *sugar coated* in fiction form. One book I have enjoyed is "The Lady of Arlington," a story of the life of Mrs. Robert E. Lee by the well-known writer, Harnett T. Kane. I only wish I had read this before we visited the Arlington estate on the Potomac. Another historical novel I enjoyed was "The President's Lady," an account of the life of Mrs. Andrew Jackson.

In my letter last month I got as far as telling about our stop at Glen Gardner, N. J. to visit my niece, Mary Fischer Chapin and her family, so now I'll pick up from there and tell you that after leaving Glen Gardner we picked up the turnpike to Westfield, N. J. where our nephew, Dwight Eaton and his family live. We made reservations for our over-night motel stop, ate dinner at a nearby steak house, and then located Dwight's home.

We had made arrangements earlier to have Margery Conrad Sayre and her husband, Bill, meet us there to save the time it would take us to drive to their home at Montclair, N. J. We enjoyed a lovely visit with them at Dwight's home, and then the next morning got a nice early start for our trip home on the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

We always enjoy the trip across Pennsylvania for it is a beautiful state with its gentle mountains, lovely valleys, red and white barns, rambling farm houses, and grassy meadows where sleek cattle graze near the little streams. That day we went through at least seven big Turnpike tunnels in the mountains and spent that night at Somerset. At 10:30 the following morning we were at the entrance of the Ohio Turnpike; and we left it at Bryan to spend the second night at Paulding.

Before noon the next day we arrived at Donald's home in Anderson. He and Mary Beth were in church, but soon they arrived home, and while we waited for them we had a good time catching up on all the news with Juliana and Kristin who had stayed home to take care of little Katharine.

Since that Sunday happened to be "Father's Day," Donald took us to

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FLOWER THERAPY

A Suggestion for Garden Clubs

By

Hallie M. Barrow

Mrs. R. O. Powelson of St. Joseph, Missouri, garden club organizer and lecturer, firmly believes that garden clubs are now entering a field of wonderful service: that of flower therapy in State Hospitals and similar institutions. She now has such a class each Friday at State Hospital, No. 2 in St. Joseph when she teaches flower culture and arrangements. This experience has been so successful that many garden clubs might consider making it a project, so here is the account of the St. Joseph project that was started and sponsored by the Bu-An-Co Garden Club.

The Bu-An-Cos are a most active garden club organized by Mrs. Powelson and federated while she was serving as State Garden Club President. (Its name is taken from the two northwest Missouri counties where the members live: Buchanan and Andrew.) This club follows through on program ideas promoted by the State Federation and had a department titled "Flower Therapy" with Mrs. Glen Muir as chairman.

Mrs. Muir made a thorough investigation of all the ways her department might function. It wasn't feasible to start a scented garden project for the blind or to sponsor children's school gardens. And as for taking flowers to the sick in hospitals . . . well, this had certainly been done. She felt that the word "therapy" had a much broader meaning than merely routine calls on the sick, so she took her problem to Mrs. Powelson and after several conferences they decided to inquire if they might not do something for the women patients at the State Hospital.

Briefly, they suggested to the head nurse that a class might be organized to teach the making of artificial flowers from old, discarded nylon hose. There was much skepticism as to any success in such a venture. Many different ways had been tried to get these patients to show an interest in group activity, and all had failed. This seemed to be just one more trial of doubtful value.

Imagine, therefore, the pleased surprise everywhere when it turned out to be just about 100% successful!

At the recent St. Joseph Hobby Club Show, this nylon flower display was one of the most attractive exhibits! Not only did many of the women show a lively interest, but for some of them it brought out unsuspected skill and artistry. To others not so talented, it meant happy hours of work sorting and dyeing the hose, preparing the materials and tables, running errands and other helpful tasks. Suddenly Mrs. Muir's garden therapy department was a very active project.

Nylons were needed by the bushel and an appeal was made through the daily paper for donations of discarded hose. Merchants provided containers where customers could drop in their old hose. And at this stage, I don't know whether my account should continue as a "success career" story of



One of the highlights of little Katharine Driftmier's day is seeing the bird bath filled. Here she stands on tiptoe while Juliana and Kristin take charge of that tempting hose!

Mrs. Muir, or whether it should continue along the line of what a garden club may accomplish. I believe we started this as a garden club story!

Anyway, when the Superintendent of that large State Hospital saw the improvement in patients who participated in the nylon class, when he saw women begin using their hands in creative work after years of listlessness and an attitude of non-cooperation, he acted. He asked for a special appropriation that would permit this work to be carried on not as an experiment but on a permanent basis. Mrs. Muir, a most talented woman, has been hired full time and now has classes in ceramics, copper work, candle making, quilt making, embroidery—and all kinds of handwork.

Meantime, Mrs. Powelson (who has had classes in flower arrangements in many states) has one of her most appreciative groups of women in her Friday class at No. 2. Since the hospital has its own greenhouse, there is an abundance of cut flowers to use—but at first there were very few containers. The Bu-An-Cos voted \$5.00 per month, besides asking for individual donations. They appealed to friends and to the public at large for containers—and collected a most miscellaneous variety of vases, bowls and baskets.

Mrs. Powelson especially asked for empty sardine and tuna fish cans. These can be painted, enameled and decorated by the patients and are just the right size to place on window sills in their rooms. A paper doily is crushed into a tuna can so the lacy edge makes a flat collar around the rim, and this is most appropriate for nose-gays. A candy manufacturer donated long shallow trays which the class bronzed. A mortician saved all the papier-mache containers from funeral pieces. With Mrs. Powelson, where there is a will there is certainly a way.

One of the most popular objects the

patients make is a tiny garden in a plastic box. These small plastic boxes were formerly used to hold loose pins and clips. They are filled with soil and then succulents are planted in them. In a box the size of a dollar, a tiny garden will grow for two months.

One of the greatest helps to members of this class is the renewal of the desire to give or to share. They are extremely proud and happy to carry one of these tiny gardens as a gift to a bed patient, and they were especially happy when they were taught to make corsages out of bits of ribbon or flower petals. At first they wore them on their own clothing, but at the next lesson each member of the class wanted to make corsages for friends at the hospital. Even many of the men were pleased to have a bright bit of finery to wear on their Sunday jackets! In only six months, over two thousand pieces were made.

Then one day, Mrs. Powelson took out an armload of garden books. She was warned not to be disappointed if the women ignored them—very few patients ever cared to read anything, she was told. But enough interest was shown that two books, selected by the class, are left each week and the members check them out as is done at a library; the only card is the reader's name which she must enter on the back page.

Both Mrs. Powelson and Mrs. Muir agree that this work has been one of the richest experiences of their lives. And certainly the Bu-An-Cos will never again feel that their "Flower Therapy" department is just a high-sounding name with but little practical value.

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

I think oftimes as the night draws
nigh

Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide and blossom-
starred

Where the children played at will.
And when the night at last came down
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,
And the old house on the hill
No longer echoes to childish feet
And the yard is still, so still.
But I see it all, as the shadows creep
And though many the years have been
Since then, I can hear Mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if when the shadows fall
On our last short, earthly day,
When we say good-bye to the world
outside,

All tired with our childish play,
When we step out into that Other
Land

Where Mother so long has been,
Will we hear her ask, just as of old,
"Are all the children in?"

Florence Jones Hadley
The Pathfinder

The lowest ebb is the turn of the
tide.—Longfellow.

FROM MY DESK

There were so many, many interesting letters received on the problem of visiting grandchildren that we found it extremely hard to make a decision as to which ones to print.

As in so many comparable situations, most of the letter writers seemed to share about the same viewpoints. In the end we selected these particular letters because of the ideas expressed. We only wish we had room for at least a full dozen—certainly these common sense suggestions prove what we firmly believe: many heads are better than one when it comes to figuring out an answer to any baffling problem.

Next month we'll print another letter that calls for an expression of opinion. It poses a situation that is beyond our powers to answer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR VISITING GRANDCHILDREN

"My heart went out to the grandmother who wrote the letter, for I think I know exactly how she feels.

In the first place, I would set aside some room or rooms that will be the guest's territory. If she has an upstairs, fine, or a large bedroom or even an enclosed porch.

Just say in a pleasant way: "I've turned this into a dormitory for you and the children." Then don't go near it to clean up or make beds. If the girls are so relaxed or busy that the beds don't get made, don't worry. After all, your own is made! It's mostly a matter of making up your mind in advance to ignore any mess in that section of the house.

This is something worth trying. Save orange crates or fruit lugs; then paint each a gay color and print the child's name on it in white paint. Line them up in their room and explain to the children that this is their very own "belongings box" while at Grandma's. Most children will appreciate this individuality and adhere to it fairly well. These can be saved from year to year in the attic, and Grandma's boxes will soon become a tradition.

About that Sunday morning rush—I found my trouble was mainly in not getting up early enough. Tell your daughters what time you will call them. Just remind them gayly 'what a scramble we had last year' and then stick to the hour you've set. If you have to call several times it's worth it.

Naturally the food problem is the biggest. Here's how I try to manage. Fix the one big meal at noon. It's easier to get the main cooking done while it's still cool, and then every evening have a very simple meal. I often fix chili with crackers, lettuce wedges, milk and fruit. That's absolutely plenty and only one pan to wash! Quick and easy, but nourishing and good too.

I always fix hamburgers with buns one night and I've never had anyone turn them down. With potato chips, onions and celery and glasses of milk, who could complain? Only one skillet and Grandma has the kitchen all slicked up in record time.

Plan all your menus ahead of time, stick to simple things and don't add



Last summer David Driftmier was a "visiting grandchild" in Iowa, and what a nice cooperative little boy he was in his grandparents' home. This summer the roles were reversed—grandmother and grandfather Driftmier were the visiting grandparents. This picture was taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Crandall (David's maternal grandparents) in Ashaway, Rhode Island.

a thing to them. I believe this will make a wonderful difference if you will just stick with it. Don't apologize. Just explain that you've decided this would be simpler all the way around and will leave you more time to visit and enjoy everyone. This is true.

We all love our relatives and friends and welcome their visits, but sometimes they are thoughtless and do impose on the hostess. By remembering what things can and should be the guests' responsibility, and by limiting the cooking as I have outlined, I'm almost sure that unhappy Grandmother can wave goodbye cheerfully and really mean "Come back soon!"

Mrs. G. P.

"My daughter and her two little children, ages three and five years, have just concluded a five weeks visit with us. It was a wonderful visit, having our daughter at home again and getting acquainted with two cute grandchildren. The children loved us immediately and naturally took to the farm affairs. However, at times the confusion at meals, nap-times, bed-times, the very natural disorder from toys and clothing, was almost more than I could stand. Our daughter realized all this and tried hard to make things easier for us. So, I came to several theories that I want to share.

First, where else—except home to us—could our daughter go on any kind of a vacation with two little folks? I wanted my daughter to feel that she was really getting a vacation. She was never free from the care of the children, but I could keep her from dish-washing and meal planning. At every opportunity we visited over a cup of coffee or learned new crochet patterns.

Second, I didn't stress housework. Oh yes, we did some general cleaning, but meals, dishes, washing and ironing were the only "must" duties.

Third, to allay my daughter's fears that their visit was hard on us, I suggested that someday *her* daughter and children will come home and how she will want to make them welcome and happy. It takes grandchildren to get grandparents out of a rut and to live up the house, although at times, grandchildren must find it hard to understand grandparents!

Four, There is another angle too, which is the sad part. This is a passing moment in the lives of these children. Never again will we see them as they are this summer. We will have to get acquainted all over again next year. — Mrs. J. E. R.

"I've never written to you before about anything, but since you said you overlook poor writing and bad spelling I feel that I'd like to have my little say and tell you how much I enjoy my grandchildren's visits. My daughter and daughter-in-law tell me they always enjoy these visits and that to the grandchildren I am always tops.

In the first place, don't go into a big housecleaning spree when you get the letter they are coming. If you do, you'll be all tired out when they arrive and they'll never notice if the windows are shiny and if every drawer and cupboard is in perfect order. Remember that they are coming for a visit, and not to inspect your housekeeping.

When my small grandchildren are expected I put away all breakable things that little hands might pick up, and furniture that they might damage is moved upstairs. In my case this happens to be a table with a glass top and a chair that I prize. The girls will understand and be glad they don't have to worry about it. Maybe the room will look a little bare and strange to your eyes, but better that than sad memories.

Be sure to keep your meals simple and fix only plain food. My girls always say, "We came to visit and not feast." When they offer to help and their help is needed I certainly let them pitch in, but if I'm not tired I tell them to go ahead and visit friends or just do as they please. When they ask me to baby-sit while they go visiting I say, "Of course, but first you help me get the necessary things done." They are always glad to do this, and then while they are visiting they don't have to worry about Grandma and I just settle down and enjoy my grandchildren.

When meal time comes and they're late getting back . . . well, I don't worry. We just all fly in and have sandwiches and maybe a salad, open up some fruit and have cookies (store cookies, sometimes) and milk or a cold drink. We are happy. I've learned NEVER to try to get a big meal while baby-sitting. It's too nervewracking.

Don't try to keep the house in apple pie order while small children are around. It can't be done. Just do the necessary things and cleaning and

(Continued on page 17)

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Leningrad, Russia

Dear Friends so far away:

It simply doesn't seem possible that I am actually writing to you from Russia, but when I glance out my hotel window I know that it is true.

The city of Leningrad reminds me very much of Venice, Italy. There, too, motorboat busses are constantly moving up and down the many canals. Of course, Leningrad is much larger than Venice. Last night I took one of these motorboat busses on a 45 minute ride out to the huge new stadium where I was one of 35,000 people who watched 200 ballet dancers present a Festival of Russian Ballet. The previous night there had been nearly 100,000 people watching the same performance! It was cold and raining with a strong wind blowing in off the Gulf of Finland, but no one made a move to leave the stadium until the last ballerina had left the stage.

What a strange country this is—a land of peasants and factory workers who cheer for ballet dancers with the same fervor that we reserve for well-known movie stars or politicians!

Here in Leningrad (as in Moscow) there are many, many parks for the amusement and recreation of the people. There are orchestras and band concerts, plays, ballets, operas and lectures every night of the week in the great parks.

This morning I visited a Children's Day Camp, one of 150 free camps for children in the city of Leningrad. I just wish you could have seen me dancing with those little children! Children all over the world are just the same—friendly, fun-loving and generous. All of the youngsters wanted to give me a gift of some kind! The Russians seem to expend much more attention to the needs of children than we do in America, but their children have so little clothing, such plain food and such poor housing that they really ought to be given the very best the government can provide. The Russian people, like people everywhere, love their children, and I have found that the very best way to make friends with people is to admire their children.

I wondered if I would be given freedom to go anywhere and to see anything I wanted to see in Russia, and I can honestly say that I have been free to go all over the cities of Moscow and Leningrad by myself; and I did everything I wanted to do. I was free to take pictures everywhere. I made two trips into the country, going as far as 60 miles into the rural areas, to visit farms, to talk to people, and at no time was I restricted.

I am certain that no American farmer would be happy on one of those big Collective Farms, but most of the Russian farmers seem happy with their system. Some of the Collectives have built fine barns and chicken houses. I saw no cars at all in any of the farm villages.

Here in Russia an American is amazed at the few automobiles on the streets, and the few shops in which to buy. All shops are owned by the government and they all carry the same merchandise at the same price. I have



Abigail's birthday gift to Wayne last year was this outdoor grill, and they've had many a delicious meal on the terrace with Wayne serving as chef.

found the prices in Leningrad to be exactly the same as the prices in Moscow . . . and those prices are very, very high—so high that I have been unable to buy anything at all. A pair of shoes costs \$50.00; a man's suit, \$300.00; a small candy bar, 65¢. The average Russian laboring man makes about \$60.00 per month! Is it any wonder that the Russian people are so poorly dressed? The strange thing is that these people honestly believe they have the best life of any people in the world! They have never been outside of Russia, have never had a chance to learn anything different, and have nothing with which to compare their way of life.

Any American is surprised by the large number of women who are employed at heavy labor. Most of the ditch-digging, bricklaying and other heavy manual work is done by women. This is because Russia lost so many millions of men in World War II. Oh, how these people suffered in that war! Leningrad was surrounded by the Germans for almost three years, and hundreds of thousands of people in this beautiful city died of starvation.

The Russian people want peace just as much as we want it. I believe that the best way for us Americans to win the cold war is to make it possible in some way for thousands of Russian tourists to visit our country. If these people could see what a wonderful life can be had in a western style democracy, I am sure they would come our way. They know absolutely nothing about life outside of Russia. If ever we are to live in peace with Russia, we must help the people to see what a wonderful life modern capitalism can provide.

It would take pages and pages to hit even the high points of this trip, and I must soon begin packing to leave for Finland, so right now I should tuck my paper and pen away and finish this letter later.

Helsinki, Finland

Not long after I completed the first part of this report, I boarded a train in Leningrad early in the morning. It was a comfortable train aside from the awful dirt and soot. There are no air-conditioned trains anywhere in Eastern Europe, and (like most Americans) I had forgotten just how dirty a coal-burning, steam engine can be!

All morning long we poked slowly through rather uninteresting countryside working our way northward toward the Finnish border. At the first stop I tried to get off the train to stretch my legs a bit, but discovered that all of us Americans were locked in! I asked the porter to unlock the door and let us out, but he wouldn't listen. He *did* unlock it to permit a Russian military officer to board the train, but that was the beginning and the end of unlocked doors.

As we neared the border of Finland, an officer came through our car and made us all stand up while he looked under our seats to see if anyone were hiding there to escape from Russia. The customs officer came through and checked our passports. Like so many of the more important government servants, this was a woman and a very pleasant one, too. We had all expected and prepared for a rather difficult time with the Russian custom inspectors, but found them to be most pleasant and agreeable.

We all waited anxiously for that glad moment when we would cross the border into the free world, and all of a sudden I looked out the window and saw a big gate across the tracks. It was the gate to Finland!

On the Russian side, the train stopped once more while soldiers looked under each car to make certain that no one was hiding on the rods underneath the train, and then we moved through the gate.

As the train rolled into the Finnish countryside we could hardly believe our eyes! The difference between Russia and Finland is almost unbelievable! The farmers of Finland have better looking fields and houses and barns. We saw handsome farm animals grazing in beautifully fenced pastures, and more important still, we saw that we were once more in a land where farmers can afford to own automobiles, many of them American automobiles.

In just twenty-four hours I have seen enough of Finland to believe that it is a very fine country populated with some of the most attractive people whom I have ever seen. The shops are filled with beautiful things, and the people are very well dressed—such a shocking contrast to Russia.

We had almost no fresh vegetables in Russia, but here in Helsinki we are having fresh lettuce and tomatoes. The Russians had wonderful meats, very superior soups and pastry, but in the summer months there is nothing quite as good as fresh garden vegetables.

I'd like to think that perhaps someday all of you will have a chance to visit this beautiful country in the free world.

Sincerely,
Frederick

CALLING OUR "GOLDEN GAL'S"

Recognition Service for Senior

Members

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Every Ladies Aid Society or club that has been organized for any length of time is bound to have several older members who have been the mainstay of the organization for years. These are the women who can ALWAYS be depended upon to put over the big church supper, the annual bazaar, the sewing quota for the orphanage, etc.

Now that we're thinking about the new year's program of activities that begin in September, what could be a nicer way of starting out than by honoring these senior members? They deserve recognition for their faithful work, and far too often it is thought about too late.

The Ladies Aid "Old Trusty," the telephone, is one good theme you might use for your recognition dinner or tea. By juggling around some of the ideas suggested to fit your particular event and the women involved, you are sure to come up with an occasion long to be remembered by all who share in it.

A telephone, with the cradle holding an arrangement of autumn flowers, will make an ideal centerpiece. Place the receiver on the table beside the arrangement as a realistic touch! On the tables use lengths of wire "lines" to join these floral centerpieces, and at intervals on the "lines" fasten small gold foil wrapped letters arranged to spell the word "Contact."

Telephone poles can be made from "Tinker Toys" and anchored in modeling clay. If these are used, the "lines" can be fastened to them, and then directed to the telephone centerpiece. Many children have toy telephones, and these can be used to excellent advantage in your decorating scheme.

Place-card nut cup combinations can also feature the telephone. The nut cup, with a round cardboard circle cover on top becomes the dial and base of the telephone. Scripture references which deal with "love, loyalty and friendship" can be printed around the dial, and a guest's name written across the center.

Cut the receiver from construction paper or cardboard, and carry through the modern telephone colors by making these out of several autumn colors. Twist pipe cleaners or chenille covered wire to form a cradle for the receiver and fasten to the nut cup dial.

If room decorations are desired, how about large sketches done in black crayon portraying telephone conversations between Aid members? Anyone with a knack for drawing could dream up all kinds of background confusion that so often goes on during a siege of telephoning!

It's possible also that some of your members will have the old-fashioned wall type telephones stored away in the attic, and these can be brought out for additional decorations and conversation pieces.

Program booklets can be miniature telephone directories which will con-



For some reason we don't often hear the name "Juliana", so we blinked when this picture arrived and we saw that the charming little girl is Juliana Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chapman of Broughton, Kansas. She is wearing the pink dress made by her mother and Grandmother Chapman for a wedding in which she was an attendant.

tain the program and information concerning "The Golden Ladies Telephone Company." Or, for a chuckle you might call it "The Backbone Telephone Line Company" since these honored women have surely been the backbone of the organization through the years.

Program

Introduction by Mistress of Ceremonies:

"Our life is a keyboard. The Master's fingers will sweep over it and a weary world will catch notes of melody as we pass along. The life that is in tune with God is keyed to the note of love.

"We are gathered here today to honor our senior members, our standbys, who have left 'notes of melody' as they passed along the way. Oh, of course they are human! And since we are all human I suspect that once in awhile they struck a sour note now and then (or else our ears weren't in perfect pitch!), but certainly the overall melody has been sweet as it has come to us over the line of "contact" through the years.

"To these faithful women of our society I would like to dedicate some lines by an unknown author that express so aptly what we feel for them.

"When I'm sittin' in the twilight, sort a-dreamin' dreams so fine, And thinkin' of the folks I love for the sake of auld lang syne; Then I see you plain before me, and my courage comes anew . . . I've found the travelin' easier since a-meetin' up with you. And I'm thinkin' that it's better, when you love folks not to wait, But tell 'em so an' let 'em know, friend, before it gets too late. So I say the stars shine brighter and the sky's a lighter blue, And the birds are singin' sweeter since a-meetin' up with you. Yes, I'm glad that God decreed it so together we could see that there's a greater joy in livin' than there otherwise would be; And I'm speakin' to you this way jest to let you know it's true—That we all

have been made happier by a-meetin' up with you."

"To you, our senior members, we offer this program as a tribute to your good works and to show our appreciation for our 'meetin' up with you!' So take down your receiver and listen in on our PARTY LINE, please."

Frequently Called Numbers will be the title of the page in the program directory which lists the names of the women honored. Perhaps someone can be prepared to introduce each one and give a brief thumbnail sketch of her activities in the organization.

The Classified Section might list "The Faithful Flower Shop" with the slogan "Say it with flowers" and corsages presented to the honored guests at this point.

Service Calls: Under the page that carries this heading, write a different Scripture verse in each book. It would be most appropriate if each guest read the one in her booklet.

Information Please will be the title of the page on which the choruses of several old favorite songs have been printed for group singing at various points throughout the program.

Emergency Calls Taken by Mrs. can be the page introducing a clever skit or talk dealing with the humorous embarrassing moments and minor catastrophes that are now the key to much laughter when remembered. If the honored guests are willing, ask them to recall the incident that stands out foremost in their memories of past events in the organization.

Long Distance Service is the title of the page listing the musical numbers on the program.

If you are having a guest speaker for the occasion, let her be listed under the heading "Person to Person" with her talk centering on the theme "Contact." Ask her to stress the importance of becoming better acquainted with fellow members through contact, or working together, and the great joy and benefit that comes through fellowship in serving others.

Close the program with group singing of some friendship chorus followed by the benediction.

IN THE MORNING

I met God in the morning
When my day was at its best,
And His Presence came like sunrise,
Like the glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered,
All day long He stayed with me,
And we sailed in perfect calmness
O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
Other ships were sore distressed;
But the winds that seemed to drive them

Brought to us a peace and rest.
Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way;
You must meet Him in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

—Bishop Ralph S. Cushman

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

First and foremost: thank you, *thank you* from the very bottom of my heart for writing to me in response to my August letter titled *Just Visiting*.

I hoped that at least some of you would take time from your own very busy lives to answer my questions, but I didn't dream that so many of you would sit down and write the most heartwarming letters we have ever received. It made more difference to us than you will ever know, and we pledged ourselves then and there to work out all the problems somehow and to keep our friendship intact through Kitchen-Klatter as long as God gives us strength to do so.

How I wish I could write to each and everyone of you and express my appreciation, but I know you understand that this is beyond me. I *do* want you to know that every single letter has gone into the big deep drawer in the bottom of my desk, and if ever again I feel discouraged I need only open that drawer to get inspiration and lifted spirits.

All of you who know me also know that I'm a great believer in democracy, in abiding by the wish of the majority when the majority has expressed itself so clearly. This means, in turn, that we'll continue with all of our family letters and add to them from time to time as this new generation comes along and wishes to share in Kitchen-Klatter. We'll have Mother's Question and Answer column just as long as she is able to write it, and I'll pray to have acquired enough shreds of wisdom to pick it up in my own turn someday. We'll share with you as many pictures as we can afford (copper cuts are SO expensive!), and will do our very best to find the material you have said you found helpful and inspirational. In short, we'll just try our hardest to carry through on the letters that you were so good to write.

Daily life at our home couldn't be called dull these days for I have three girls in the house, plus a boy at the table for meals. This gives me a pretty good idea of what so many of you friends have all the time! My! It takes a lot of food, doesn't it... a lot of comings and goings... a lot of instructions and suggestions.

Juliana brought Kristin home with her from the farm, and the following day Kathy Bunch arrived from Phoenix, Arizona. (You may recall that Juliana visited Kathy in Phoenix three years ago.) Also from Dorothy's and Frank's farm came Stephen Lombard, so this accounts for the boy at the table. You can see that it's quite a crowd of teen-agers.

The first day they were all here I cooked our Christmas turkey! You probably are thinking that it was pretty late in the year to be cooking a Christmas turkey and you're right, but I was in such poor health last Christmas that I just let our turkey stay in the freezer until some occasion arose when it was needed. This seemed to be the occasion, so out



Juliana already has a lively sense of responsibility for getting pictures that we can use in Kitchen-Klatter. She snapped this in Anderson, Indiana just before the folks left for the Eastern lap of their trip. Her Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier are in front. Mary Beth, Katharine and Donald are behind.

came the turkey and with it all the trimmings for a big, hearty meal.

Kristin is a good cook and Juliana is making headway towards becoming a good cook, so they've pitched in and been a big help. When I see what Kristin has learned from her 4-H work I certainly regret that we have no town organization that can in any way be compared to it. These girls who have 4-H activities surely master important things at an age when it is imperative to learn the *right* way of tackling jobs, and I have a lot of respect for the busy farm mothers who take on 4-H work in addition to everything else.

Almost every letter you Midwestern friends have written expresses a brighter outlook than we saw a year ago, and I certainly share your hopes that nothing stands between you and harvested crops to dash your expectations. People who've been born and reared in other sections of the country can never understand why Midwesterners are such "worriers" and always have a wary eye out when they speak about the future, but believe me, when your daily bread depends upon the weather it's enough to make anyone plan ahead with caution.

Three years running of drought in most of our Midwest made a great deal of difference to my own summer this year. For the first time in many years I haven't devoted these weeks to my typewriter from early morning until late at night, because we decided not to get out an expensive fall circular of nursery stock. We're selling the same superb quality Dutch bulbs, but the only way we could figure out to keep prices down was to forego expensive printing.

I've been so busy this summer *without* working on nursery material that I look back and wonder how I ever managed before! Probably you feel

the same way when you look back on big jobs that you used to do... in addition to all the other work. It's amazing what you can do when you *MUST* do it, but I will say that this is the first summer I've known for years that really seems like summer. And I've been enjoying it.

Juliana enters high school this fall, and last night I suddenly found myself remembering three things she said long ago that have stuck in my mind because they struck me as so funny at the time.

When she first entered kindergarten I asked at the end of the second or third week: "Juliana, have any of the mothers come to visit school yet?"

"Oh yes," she said. "They come all the time with smiles and gashing their teeth."

Somehow this called up to me exactly how she saw visiting mothers! I could see myself with a big smile and *almost* gashing my teeth as I walked through the school room door! I think we're all inclined to feel nervous when we're beginners at visiting school, and I daresay that the facial contortions we go through actually do make us look as if we're gashing our teeth!

Then when she entered the first grade she came home from school the second day and said: "Well, they've changed the law."

"Changed the law!" I echoed in amazement.

"Yes, changed the law," she said firmly. "They're letting little tiny kids go to kindergarten this year."

I thought I'd never heard a better example of how BIG children feel when they enter first grade and look back pityingly on the 'tiny little kids' who are in kindergarten.

The third thing I remember came when she had been in the first grade only a week. When we sat down at the supper table she said: "I have to get some brown oxfords right away. I'm the only one in the room with white shoes."

(I haven't noticed what kind of shoes first-graders wear these days, but if you had a little girl six years old in 1947 she probably wore white shoes most of the time. They were a lot of work to keep up and all of us knew it, yet I'm sure that Dorothy and I weren't the only mothers who liked to see the white shoes that were so popular in the forties.)

Now, I'd made up my mind that Juliana would always wear what the others wore, so when I heard that she was the only one with white shoes I said promptly that we'd go down town the very next day and buy brown oxfords. We did. And she was tremendously happy and proud with those brown shoes.

About a month later I visited the first grade and noticed to my great surprise that fully five or six little girls had on white shoes! I made a mental note of this and when we sat down to supper that night I said: "Juliana, you told me that you were the *only* child in the room with white shoes, but I noticed five or six pairs of them today. How do you account for that?"

She looked thoughtful for a moment
(Continued on next page)

DEDICATION OF A NEW SCHOOL

By

Doris T. West

Are you living in a community where the school bell's clang will beckon your children to the doors of a newly-constructed school? If so, you know how happy we parents were when our handsome new school was completed at Meadville, Missouri. Much as we would like to share a picture of it with you, the building simply cannot be photographed successfully in only one picture since it is almost a block long on one side, a half-block long on the other side, and has extensions on the back side. It cost \$350,000.00 and serves what used to be several country districts.

Final phases of construction were still in progress last September when classes assembled, and it was not until the last details were completed that plans for a Dedication Program were considered. Our PTA-Unit was asked to accept the responsibility for serving the guests at the conclusion of the program, and with the cooperation of "Room Representatives" (two sets of parents from each of the twelve grades) the many details were worked out that would enable us to serve about 750 people.

Perhaps you will be called upon to help with a similar project when your own new school is built and would like to know how other groups have managed, so here are some down-to-earth facts from our experience.

First, this is the general outline of our Dedication Program.

Music by the School Band

Invocation

Presentation of the Building by the Architect

Acceptance of the Building by the President of the School Board

Music by the School Chorus

Address, Superintendent Evans

Pledge of Dedication by Students

Pledge of Dedication by Faculty

A tour of the building followed this program, and then the guests were brought to the cafeteria where refreshments were served.

Color Scheme

Although our program was held in December, we decided to forego red and green in our decorations and use a white background in table covering, napkins, cups and plates. This seemed much more appropriate in a room where the walls are pastel blue. We used two bouquets of tiny pink and white mums, our cake was iced in white with a bit of pink decoration, and the large bowls filled with punch added further color.

Refreshments

White cake was ordered from a commercial bakery. It was baked in large, single layers—each layer yielding about 100, 2-inch squares. The cake was iced in white and latticed with tiny pink lines that proved to be a great time-saver since it permitted us to cut uniform pieces very quickly.

Plain white mints were purchased;

we found that each large package made about 50 servings.

Mrs. Logan Meneely, chairman, and her committee experimented with various punch recipes and finally worked out this one that called forth many compliments. They are happy to pass it on but wisely suggest that each committee have a preliminary "testing forum" just to be on the safe side.

This recipe makes 30 quarts, can be prepared the night before and left to chill in the refrigerators of the cafeteria.

School Punch

10 qts. sweetened orange juice
(see note)

4 qts. Ginger Ale

4 qts. Lemon juice (see note)

12 qts. Hawaiian Punch

(We obtained our orange juice from a local dairy, and used frozen concentrated lemon juice. Hawaiian Punch is commercially canned and sweetened and is widely available.)

Table Service

Three large punch bowls, three crystal plates and three crystal mint dishes were used. The cake plates and mint dishes were available from our own group but we borrowed the punch bowls: one from a local church, one from a local resident and another from the Home Economics class.

(And right here a word of caution. Punch bowls are expensive items! Before borrowing or renting anything of this type, make some agreement as to what will be done in case of breakage. Accidents *will* happen, and although we didn't have any misfortune, we made certain the bowls were not irreplaceable heirlooms and could be replaced at an established price IF the worst happened.)

Our napkins, cups and plates were all white. (These can be purchased in 100-unit packages.) We did consider using a lace-paper doily on each plate, but found that not only were they costly *but* that it was too tedious a job to separate them.

We borrowed three study hall tables from the school. These were arranged to give us a continuous surface 18 feet long, and this was just barely sufficient for our punch bowls, cake plates, etc. We had planned to use white linen tablecloths, but although many lovely ones were offered to us we found such an amazing variety of design, width, etc., that it seemed better to use a white "banquet paper", handsomely embossed, 42 inches wide, that could be purchased for less than 25 cents per yard.

The punch bowls were filled in the kitchen and placed on the serving table, one in the center and one at each end. The base of each bowl was wreathed with pink and white mums, while our two bouquets stood on either side of the center bowl. Each bowl had a small supply of cups placed near it, a crystal cake plate and a supply of plates and napkins. The three mint dishes were on the outside edge of the table where they could be reached easily by our guests.

Three women took care of the cake service. As each guest came by, the napkin and cake were placed on the

plate and then handed to the guest. While helping themselves to the mints, the guest's cup was filled with punch and then served. Six women working together can handle a large crowd most efficiently and in a very short time.

Near the exit of the dining room we had placed two large metal containers of the type used daily in the dining room. As the guests finished their refreshments and left the room, their cups, napkins, etc., were placed in the container.

Unfortunately, we had an unusually severe storm the night before the program and it left the roads in hazardous condition. Even so, nearly 500 people gathered for the dedication. If your dedication program is planned for a time when hazardous roads cannot possibly interfere, it would be well to anticipate the attendance of virtually everyone in the area served by the school!

A beautiful new school is a momentous accomplishment, and many of us still remember these words that were spoken during the service:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this building. It is for You — parents — and, more important, the students of today and the years to come, to be dedicated to the unfinished work of creating a great tomorrow."

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

and then said with real conviction: "I didn't want to clutter up the room with anymore."

As I say, those three things have stuck in my mind and every September when the school doors open I think of them. Those of us with only children feel a tug at our hearts when the freshman year begins. How have these years thundered by so swiftly? How is it possible that seemingly in one short season the little five year old who started out to kindergarten on a golden September morning is now entering high school? The four years ahead seem like four eternities to them, but parents in their forties know that in no time at all the freshman in high school will be the freshman in college, and the closely knit home life will be over forever. We would not have it otherwise for our children must go out into the world and make their own lives, but oh! how clearly we see these swiftly passing years.

I haven't had time to read any books since I last wrote, but if things let up a little bit I'll hope to find something to suggest that you too might enjoy before cold weather sets in.

Now it's high time to check on plans for supper. Not a scrap of turkey is left, of course, so yesterday I bought a nice big pot roast. Earlier today I made a pumpkin pie (something in the air this morning smelled like autumn and called up pumpkin!), and this will make a good finish to a meal of pot roast, mashed potatoes, green beans with bacon, hot rolls and apple butter, and a molded salad that's my favorite: Elaine's molded salad.

Once again, thank you for those wonderful, heartwarming letters, and may we have years and years ahead to keep in touch with each other.

Faithfully always . . . Lucile

KRISTIN'S COOKING "SPREE" SOUNDS GOOD!

Dear Friends:

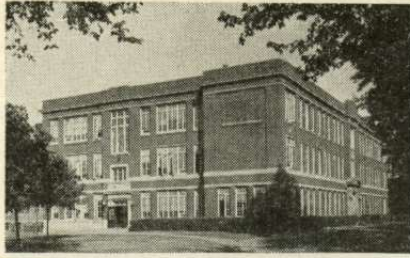
This month has been one of many 4-H activities around our house. Kristin has been doing a lot of baking and canning, getting ready for the local Achievement show our club held last week. We have had so many cookies and cakes during the past two weeks while Kristin practiced on the articles she planned to enter for competition, that we finally started passing it out to all the neighbors so they could help us get rid of it.

In Lucas County it is one of the girl's personal goals to enter at least three things in the local Achievement show. We have 14 members in our club and the competition is pretty keen, so Kristin decided she would enter everything that she possibly could and then maybe she would stand a chance of having at least one thing that would be judged good enough to go on to the County Fair. Here is a list of the things she has been working hard on and entered in the local show: 3 jars of canned vegetables (peas, green beans and carrots); 2 jars of preserves (fresh peach with maraschino cherries, and fresh apricot); 2 glasses of jelly (grape and orange); one loaf of yeast bread; one loaf of quick bread (banana-nut); angel food cake; rolled cookies; drop cookies; clover-leaf rolls; plain one-egg cake. You can see that she has been a busy girl. Except for the drop cookies and the plain cake, she has it all to do over again next week for the County Fair.

We had one 4-H meeting this month when we spent the entire afternoon helping the new members get their expense account books straightened out, and all the girls worked on their record books. Kristin and Karen Trumbo gave a team demonstration at this meeting, "New Tricks for Your Relish Plate." The girls had wanted to go ahead with it and give the demonstration at the County Fair next week, but it just so happened that this week I have to work every day at the County Superintendent's office in town and it was going to be impossible to get them together every day to practice.

Since I have mentioned that I am working this week, I'll tell you what I have been doing. At the end of the school year every rural teacher turns in to the office a list of the number of pupils in each grade who will be attending that school the following year. During July and August it is my job to pack all the text books and workbooks and box them up for each school. Since we have a rental system in the Lucas County schools, all the text books are returned to the office at the close of the school year. By having them returned, we can sort out the books that are not in good enough condition to be used another year, and replace them with new ones.

We have been enjoying a lot of good old-fashioned home made ice cream during this terrific August heat wave. We didn't make ice cream in the freezer at all last summer because we didn't have enough cream for it. We



This is the Chariton, Iowa high school, so typical of Midwestern schools built 30 or 40 years ago. The ultra-modern schools built today are vastly different, but from the viewpoint of economy there is much to be said for the style of building pictured here. Kristin enters this school as a freshman in September.

let Frank's sister, Edna Halls, take the freezer to her house because she had plenty of cream. However, an organization that Kristin belongs to was going to have an ice cream social at the band concert in Chariton and they asked her to bring a freezer of ice cream so we had to make a trip to Allerton to get the freezer. Steve Lombard, who is with us this summer, loves ice cream and is always willing to turn the freezer, so we have had it frequently since we got the freezer home again.

When I wrote to you last month Juliana had just come to spend some time with us. She was supposed to stay a week and go home the following Sunday but it didn't work out that way. She wrote and asked her parents if she could stay until Tuesday so she could attend a picnic with Kristin on Monday night; then she wanted to stay until after Thursday and Friday so she could go to the two ice cream socials on those nights; the Horse Show was on Sunday night and she didn't want to miss that, so she finally ended up by going home on Monday night after a visit of two weeks and one day.

Sunday Mother and Dad drove up to spend the day with us, and guess who came along—Juliana. She brought her suitcase and instructions from her Mother to be on the train headed West on the evening of the 6th. I have already mailed one card to Aunt Lucile from Kristin asking permission for Juliana to stay until the 8th so she can be here for all three days of the County Fair. To make the request a little more persuasive I noticed that Kristin said if Juliana could stay until the 8th then she and Steve would go home with her on the train to stay a week in Shenandoah. Probably Lucile will write back and say "yes."

While Kristin was doing all the cooking last week I was busy making her a new dress that I had been promising to make all summer. I got the material early last Spring for a sunback dress and decided if she was going to get any good out of it this summer I had better be getting it made. The material is a real fine tan and white gingham and is trimmed with rick-rack. The bodice is fitted and has narrow straps that tie in bows on the shoulders. There are two rows of the rick-rack around the top, front and back. She wanted five yards gathered into the skirt so it would be real full, and I certainly had a time

getting five yards gathered into that waist! I tried to get her to settle for four yards but the finished dress has five. Eight inches up from the bottom of the hem there are two rows of rick-rack, and six inches up from this there are two more rows. The narrow belt is pink. By the time she gets four crinolines on underneath there isn't a bit of doubt in anyone's mind that the skirt is full.

One of our shops in Chariton is having a sale on their fabrics right now and I got one piece the other day that will make a nice school dress for this Fall. There is one sheer white cotton with a tiny blue flower that I'm awfully tempted to get now for a dress next summer, while I can buy it so reasonably. I have quite a bit of sewing I would like to get done before school starts if I can just find the time.

We had a rare treat in the food line the other day, and much to Juliana's sorrow we had it after she had gone home. We have known for some time that we must have a lot of big bull frogs in the bayou from the amount of croaking we heard them do at night. One morning after a rain, when it was too muddy for Steve and Frank to hoe weeds, they decided to take the boat out and see if they could get some. They came back with enough frog legs for Sunday dinner! We froze them and decided to wait a week and see if the folks came up the following Sunday so they could enjoy them with us. The folks didn't want to make the drive because of the extreme heat, so the four of us had all we could eat, and were they ever delicious!

It's getting late and I have to be up real early so I can make it into my job by 8:00. So until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

GRASS ALL AROUND US

1. Which grass is a color and a State?
2. Which grass is a bright colored child's toy?
3. Which grass is an essential liquid?
4. Which grass was a companion of St. Paul in Bible days?
5. Which grass might be a member of the fish family?
6. Which grass would you associate with an animal's tail?
7. Which grass would make you think of a fence?
8. Which grass would you use as a cereal?

Answer:

1. Kentucky Blue Grass; 2. Red Top Grass; 3. Water Grass; 4. Timothy Grass; 5. Crab Grass; 6. Fox Tail Grass; 7. Wire Grass; 8. Rye Grass.

—Betty Cooper

Being everlastingly on the job beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck. Success is half won when we acquire the habit of steady work. There are many who can put on a spurt where an immediate reward follows, but the one who gets ahead eventually is the man or woman to whom steady work has become a habit.

RIDE A HOBBY HORSE

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Our family rides many hobby horses. Some are large, some are small, some are informational, and several of them are creative, but most of them we do together and all of them are fun.

Take one of Bobby's summer hobbies, for instance. Just a few minutes ago he returned from a nature hike with a jar full of various insects. This is indeed educational as we identify the varieties and look up the most common in the encyclopedia. By the time we finish with the ants we feel as though we are students in community living.

These excursions into the insect world prove stamina building for me! With gritted teeth I repeat to myself the words of the psychologist: "Help the child to be free of fears for anything harmless." When we read about the little green snake and discover all the helpful services he performs in our garden, I begin to gaze upon him with more appreciation and fewer feminine jitters. Who knows, Bobby could well be a budding naturalist!

This family thoroughly enjoys an interest in nature. A leaf printing set with a fine instruction book was the gift the boys chose to give their dad for Father's day. Now every hike brings new specimens of leaves to be pressed, identified and printed. We also hope to make this kit useful in the creating of Christmas gifts this year since directions are included for making leaf prints on fabrics. If all Bobby's cousins receive handkerchiefs with smudgy leaf prints in the corner they best have a deep understanding of the love and effort that goes into each gift.

Another family hobby is going deep into the far reaches of the universe through the magic of a telescope. This acquisition came as a concentrated long-range project. We put in birthday money, eliminated "bring from town" gifts and cut down on candy bars and chewing gum so we could buy a telescope which really brings the stars near and the moon right down to our front porch. The night we discovered the map of the moon in the encyclopedia and actually identified Clavius we really appreciated our new "eye" and the widened knowledge it was bringing to our family.

Surely we can't list our family hobby horses without mentioning picnics, hikes and camping trips. The pleasures these outings afford this family with its three boys, are priceless. Sleeping, eating and camping in the woods gives family unity that is both character building and fun. Getting away from the comforts of civilization may be rigorous but it gives the family a grand feeling of independence to be able to manage without such mundane things as hot water, bathrooms, gas stoves, electricity, soft beds, radios, TV, daily newspapers and such.

Bob never gets very far from nature in any of his interests. Color photography is his great indulgence on our trips. He takes a camera with him



We've no idea what Mary Fischer Chapin and Betty Driftmier found so amusing, but they're both extremely busy women and probably had just mentioned something in the line of an unexpected emergency that appealed to their sense of humor. (Business women and minister's wives certainly NEED a sense of humor!)

just as many men take a gun and fishing rod. A beautiful mountain scene, a purple shaded valley, a dew-centered flower or a happy little boy feeding peanuts to a chipmunk are carefully preserved for family enjoyment on long winter evenings.

Woodworking is also a hobby he enjoys, but it's definitely limited to the space and tools available. When Christmas draws near, however, he can turn out wonderous barns, sheds for small tractors, tunnels for trucks, small-sized work benches, desks and similar toys for the children. (This hobby never, never carries over into the realm of driving nails into furniture that needs repair or replacing screws in drawers! These bits of drudgery are, undoubtedly, beneath such talent. Besides, repair work does not come under the heading of a hobby, so it doesn't count at all.)

Gardening is another hobby of Bob's and I know how fortunate I am to have a husband who enjoys growing vegetables, fruit trees and flowers. When we all get out to pull weeds, pick ripened food and get involved in its processing we have a project of great magnitude. Besides the compensation of working together, the end product of food for the table certainly cannot be minimized.

Many of the hobbies I enjoy are marking time until the family is a little less demanding. Music, for instance, is shared freely, but time to practice is all too infrequent. My piano playing is primarily for my own enjoyment anyway, for no one else would find it worth the effort to listen. My voice teacher in college informed me long ago that I would never be a good singer but he would try and help me be better so others would find it easier to listen! This statement has now become a family joke. It did bring home to me the fact that it is sometimes difficult to pursue an interest just for fun. Someone is sure to come along with a serious, critical attitude and point out the faults in the performance.

My interest in painting might be classified on the same level as singing

and piano playing. I have fun taking pastels and a sketch book up into the tree filled woods, along a brook or by a rugged mountain cliff and making like Grandma Moses. The mountains may not look much like mountains in my picture. The clouds may unintentionally be surrealist types, but the fun of making the picture absolutely eliminates the necessity of explaining why the finished product didn't turn out better. And you might be surprised at the interesting folks who come by, look at the picture and begin a conversation by saying, "What's that?"

We needn't mention the hobbies which get all confused with home-making: collecting recipes, trying exotic sounding ones when I dare, enjoying an uninterrupted afternoon of sewing "just for fun,"—oh, all of these and many more.

The two smallest members of the family really have hobbies too, although we don't always classify them as such. Reading stories together, painting wild and fanciful pictures with bright colored finger paint, creating and acting out little stories and listening to phonograph records which range from their nursery rhymes to my Nutcracker Suite. Of course these two little ones are collectors. They collect everything and anything which is movable and carriable. (This hobby is a bit disconcerting when it includes measuring spoons and egg beaters.)

Our hobby list is far from finished, and we have many plans for the future. We want to study Spanish together when time and money permit. We hope to buy tonettes and have a family band. The fact that this will also help us learn the musical ability of our boys without getting expensive instruments in no way will detract from the pleasure of playing together. The stamp collection I started many years ago will come out of its wrappings when the boys are old enough to appreciate and understand the connection with other countries. Pen pals from across the sea will come when writing abilities develop. We hope someday to have an aquarium. (Our previous experience with gold fish ended abruptly when one of the children decided to give them a diet of cream.)

Why do we emphasize hobbies so much in our family? Because they are fun and we like to do things that are fun. Because they are relaxation and needed release from the tensions of daily living. They expose the children to a variety of interests while they are still young enough to learn and enjoy them. Who knows but what their final choice of a life work may grow out of an early hobby?

They open new doorways to interesting, creative and developing discoveries. They bring about a closer family unity as shared fellowship comes from time spent together. These moments will be among the cherished memories of years to come. And hobbies give a basis for interesting activities which will carry far into the future, bringing to the retirement years an alert, creative viewpoint toward the joys of more leisure time.

Favorite Recipes

of your

Long Time Friend, Adella Shoemaker

This month we have asked Adella to share some of her favorite recipes with us.

"Please send us a collection of old ones and new ones," we said, "and make any comments you like about them."

She told us that she still gets requests for the Soda Cracker Pie (the most popular dessert recipe she ever gave on her radio program) and for Crystal Pickles, so these two are included and now can be permanently in your own recipe files.

Adella is a busy, busy House Mother at Tarkio College in Tarkio, Missouri and is also doing work towards her degree. We've known few women with so many personality qualifications for this responsible role of being the "mother away from home" for young college students! Certainly Adella is a courageous and gallant woman.

SODA CRACKER PIE

- 3 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 14 soda crackers
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup broken pecans
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- Peaches (fresh or canned)
- Whipping cream

Beat egg whites until stiff and then gradually beat in sugar. Roll soda crackers into very fine crumbs, add baking powder, pecans and vanilla flavoring. Fill a buttered pie plate with this mixture and bake for 30 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Cool.

Top with a thinly sliced layer of fresh peaches or well drained canned peaches. Blanket with a layer of sweetened whipped cream (it will take one cup) and store in refrigerator for several hours or overnight. Be sure the cream is stiffly whipped. This pie is much improved by storing, so don't be afraid to follow these directions.

CABBAGE AND ONION RING SALAD

- 2 cups crisp shredded cabbage
- 1 medium onion, sliced and separated in rings
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil

Combine vegetables. Chill. Combine remaining ingredients and stir to dissolve sugar. Pour over vegetables. Toss lightly. Garnish with additional onion rings. Serves six.

UNIVERSITY CLUB FAMOUS ROLLS

I had a Tea Room for a few months before I decided to go to Tarkio College, and I found that the most popular thing I served were these rolls.

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups water
- 1/3 cup lard
- (Bring these ingredients to a boil—then cool to lukewarm)
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 yeast cakes or
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- (Mix above ingredients until dissolved.)

Put the two mixtures together.

Add 2 well-beaten eggs

4 cups flour

2 additional cups flour

After eggs are added, sift in 4 cups flour and beat well. Then stir in additional 2 cups of flour, adding a little more if necessary to make a soft dough. Put in greased bowl. Grease top of dough and cover with wax paper. Keep in refrigerator for 12 hours before using.

Roll dough to 1/2 inch thickness. Spread with mixture made by combining 1 cup butter, 1 cup shortening, 4 cups brown sugar (mix thoroughly in electric mixer or beat vigorously by hand.) Roll up; slice off and place in greased muffin tins in which about 1 Tbls. of the sugar mixture has been placed.

Let rise. Bake about 20 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

I like to use a greased oblong pan occasionally; dot with the sugar mixture and place the rolls closely together to rise. The sugar mixture will provide enough "goo" for several batches of the rolls.

PUFF BALLS

I took my electric french fryer to Tarkio with me so I could make Puff Balls for the boys in my Hall. These were as popular with them as they used to be with Donnie's and Georgie's friends. It always took from four to six batches, depending upon how many boys were "home" and their appetites!

- Into a bowl sift
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- Add 2 eggs (not beaten)
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Beat all together, hard, until light. Drop by teaspoonful into hot grease—about 385 degrees. Shake in a sack that contains powdered sugar.

It helps to dip the teaspoon in hot grease before you put it in the dough. The dough will slide off faster and make more perfect round balls. But your children will love them if they are odd shapes—snakes, ducks, and so forth! If your dough is not quite stiff enough, add about 2 more tablespoons of flour, but don't add too much or the puff balls will not live up to their name.

CRYSTAL PICKLES

Wash 25 dill size cucumbers and put in brine made with 1 qt. coarse salt and 1 gallon of water. Use stone jar or enamel kettle, cover with a plate and weight down. (I use a 2 qt. jar half-filled with water so all cukes are below the brine.) Cover with clean cloth and skim daily if necessary. Leave for two weeks.

Drain and wash. Cut in slices about 1/2 inch thick, cover with cold water and 2 Tbls. powdered alum. Soak 24 hours. Drain and wash.

Make a syrup of 1 qt. vinegar, 2 qts. sugar, 2 sticks cinnamon, 1 tsp. ground mace, 1 tsp. whole cloves. Put the spices in a bag. Bring to a boil and pour over the pickles. Repeat for four days. This means to drain pickling syrup, repeat to boiling and again pour over pickles. This syrup covers about a gallon of chunks.

Good size cucumbers may be used, but be sure large seeds are not formed. The cucumbers must not be older than 24 hours or they will not make crisp pickles. You may add fresh cucumbers to the brine from time to time, but allow two weeks for the last added. These may be allowed to remain in the brine for a long time, but need more soaking to remove the salt.

Put the pickles in jars when process is completed.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

This is one of my best salad dressings, and has the added advantage of being quick and easy to make.

Put into a quart fruit jar the following ingredients:

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 small onion, finely chopped

Shake and store in refrigerator. This is delicious on plain lettuce or in a tossed salad. It improves as it stands. Always shake before using.

PEANUT BUTTER MACAROONS

These are cookies that I can make for my boys at Thompson Hall because they do not have to be baked. Don Leighton from Mount Ayr, Iowa brought some back one weekend, and I wrote to his mother and asked for the recipe. They are very good and easy to make.

Heat until hot, but do not boil:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 2 cups cornflakes

Combine all ingredients and stir quickly until just well mixed. Then drop by tablespoonful on waxed paper.

This amount makes 24, so I always double the recipe in order to have enough for all my boys. (Note: do not crush the cornflakes before mixing. I find that if I add just a few more than the 2 level cups it makes a little better cookie.)

HOT FRUIT COMPOTE

This recipe came away with me from one of the nicest buffet suppers I ever enjoyed. It's delicious with chicken, turkey or roast pork.

In a large flat baking dish arrange drained halves of canned pears, peaches and apricots. Put a maraschino cherry in center of each half. Scatter pineapple chunks in all empty spaces, and if some gets on top, it doesn't matter!

Melt 4 Tbls. butter in about 1/2 cup canned fruit juice. Pour over the fruit. Then sprinkle plentifully with allspice and nutmeg. Over this scatter 3 Tbls. of flour and a layer of powdered sugar. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

MINUTE COOKIES

- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Beat cream, sugar, egg and vanilla until well blended. Add sifted dry ingredients. Stir until well mixed. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle sugar on top. Bake in 375 degree oven until a delicate brown (straw color, preferably.)

Best eaten fresh—but just try to keep them if you can!

CABBAGE WEDGES

I arrange cooked cabbage wedges on a large chop plate and pour the sauce given here over each wedge. This makes a very attractive looking vegetable dish; it is delicious with roast beef.

Melt 2 Tbls. butter and combine with 2 Tbls. flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1 Tbls. chopped pimento, 1 Tbls. chopped onion, 1 can cream of mushroom soup, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Cook over slow heat until thick.

Cook wedges of cabbage until just tender; pour sauce over top. Sprinkle a few finely rolled bread crumbs over each wedge. Serves six.

LEMON SHERBET

This is an old family favorite. It was originally Grandmother McMichael's ice cream freezer recipe, but when electric refrigerators were invented, Grandmother adapted this recipe to use in them. Now a fourth generation is demanding that we keep this dessert on hand. It is Greg's favorite.

Mix together the juice of 3 lemons and 1 1/2 cups of sugar. Add 1 qt. of whole milk very slowly—almost drop by drop at first. Stir constantly. Freeze until firm. Remove to a bowl, break up with spoon and then beat hard with rotary beater until very smooth. Eat in 1 cup of cream which has been whipped. Return to tray and freeze a while longer, but do not allow it to freeze too firm as it is better slightly soft.

HERE'S A TERRIFIC NEW PREMIUM!

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It took a lot of searching, but we finally located these highly unusual individual tubed cake pans of polished aluminum and bought in such a large quantity that we can send you a set of 6 for only 50¢ and 3 BLACK STARS from the back label of any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring.

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CHEESE FONDUE

This is a four star recipe! One of my Tea Room customers gave it to me to use for my luncheons. I served a square of this, plus chicken salad in a whole tomato in a lettuce cup, and a peach pickle. It is a delightful combination. This is much easier to make than a cheese souffle, and it doesn't fall.

Butter a long casserole (actually, the old-fashioned 8 inch by 6 inch size is exactly right for this). Cut the crusts off 4 slices of bread and butter both sides. Put two slices in the bottom of the pan, not quite touching. Sprinkle 1/2 cup grated cheese on top. Cover with the other two slices of bread and sprinkle an additional 1/2 cup grated cheese on them.

Then pour in the pan this mixture:
2 1/2 cups milk
1 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. dry mustard
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
4 eggs—just beaten until mixed

Store in refrigerator for about 12 hours. I always make this the day before I plan to serve it. When ready to bake, place the casserole in a pan of hot water and bake for one hour in a 350 degree oven. (If the casserole is glass, use a 325 degree oven.) Serves six.

SKY LINE CREAM PIE

This is one of the most popular desserts I served in my Tea Room. It's light and delicate and is equally good for luncheon or for dinner. This recipe was sent to me by a radio listener who moved to Florida where it was served in a famous restaurant. Amount given makes 3 eight or nine inch pies.

- 1 qt. milk
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- Pinch of salt
- 1 pint whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar (to sweeten cream)
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 3 .05¢ sweet chocolate bars

Scald milk; mix cornstarch, salt and sugar. Pour some hot milk over the dry mixture, return to double-boiler or heavy pan and cook until thickened like a sauce.

Remove from fire and add gelatine which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup cold water. Cool. Whip cream, sweeten with the 2 Tbls. sugar and add vanilla. Blend smoothly with the cooked, cooled mixture.

Pour into 3 baked pie shells. Grate sweet chocolate over the top. (I allow one small candy bar for each pie.) Store in refrigerator overnight, or for several hours.

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

This summer has gone so swiftly it hardly seems possible that school is just around the corner. Martin will be entering the 5th grade at the Church Street school. My, how he has grown this summer! Like many of you, I have taken advantage of the "end-of-season" sales for school clothes. Getting them now has helped me in planning vacation clothing too, for Martin will have enough to take him through our vacation with no laundry problems. He is outfitted now for fall and next spring with only heavy flannel and wool shirts needed for the coldest weather. I was amused when I brought my purchases home from town for Martin looked immediately for signs of the Ivy League style—the back buckles on the trousers and the back collar button on the shirts! They had and to him that was what was more important than colors.

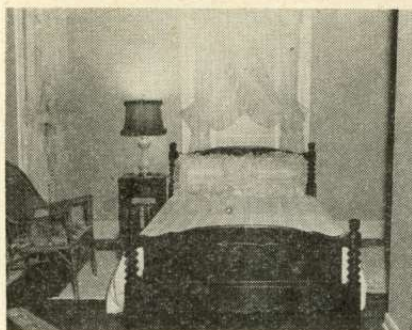
We've taken two nice Sunday drives lately. You know, so frequently we suddenly realize that there are towns nearby that we have never seen. That was our situation. As far as I can recall, I had never gone down highway 59 beyond Tarkio, Missouri, so one Sunday we headed down that way, taking number 59 to Mound City, Missouri where we had a lovely Sunday dinner. I had heard that there was a lake near there so we found Big Lake and Martin, Oliver and I enjoyed watching the motor boats and water skiing. Martin was disappointed that we hadn't thought to take his bathing suit for he would have enjoyed a swim.

We crossed the Missouri River at Rulo and drove to Falls City, Nebraska, then on to Auburn and Nebraska City. We stopped at Steinhart Park for a while and also at the Missouri River to buy some catfish before crossing the bridge and heading for home. Martin wants to make this drive again very soon WITH his bathing suit!

The other Sunday ride was to Bedford, Iowa to the State Park. We took Emily along with us to be company for Martin. As a matter of fact, we had invited Alison and Clark too but they both had a light touch of tonsillitis and Abigail felt it would be better for them to stay home that day. We'll take them another time. Emily and Martin enjoyed swimming in the Lake of Three Fires. (Yes, we did think of bathing suits this time!) They spent most of the time building sand castles and looking for pretty rocks in the water—something a city swimming pool doesn't offer.

These were two nice little outings that will "hold us" until we take our vacation in a couple of weeks.

One job I finished this summer was something that had been working on my conscience for many months. We take a great many pictures for our family photograph albums as well as pictures we share with you friends in the magazine. Perhaps you have the same failing as I—I just hadn't kept the books up to date. I had kept the pictures loosely between pages of magazines in proper sequence but it



Margery had a big siege of dyeing bedspreads, curtains, etc., this spring, and when her bedroom was finally back in apple pie order we had a picture taken. Next month she'll tell you how she dyes things in her automatic washing machine.

was a big job to get them into the books.

One afternoon I decided it was too hot to do anything very strenuous so I sat down at the dining room table with a fan blowing on me and worked on the albums. It gives me a great feeling of satisfaction to have the books up to date. Now the next job waiting for me is to sort all of the negatives and put them behind the corresponding pictures. This is a wonderful way to keep the negatives safe and I'll be forever grateful to the dear friend who sent in the suggestion. Using the little black mounting corners as I do, it is very simple to remove the pictures and negatives when I want reprints made from them.

Speaking of pictures reminds me to tell you that we were so happy with the news clippings and pictures we received recently telling us that Oliver's niece, Devona Anderson, daughter of Emma and Elder Anderson of Minneapolis, ranked first in the homemaking test at the Minnehaha Academy of Minneapolis and second in the state. In addition to her \$500 Betty Crocker scholarship she received one of the 31 National Merit Scholarships awarded in the Upper Midwest. Devona has enrolled this fall at Northwestern University in Chicago. Her brother, Bruce, attends the University of Minnesota.

This has been such a full summer for Martin with his baseball league and band lessons. The summer baseball program concluded with an excursion to Omaha to see the Omaha Cardinals and the St. Paul Saints play a double-header. They left Shenandoah in school buses at five o'clock. Martin had a light lunch before he left and a little spending money for the hot-dogs, pop and peanuts. As he walked out the back door we were shouting all of the DO'S AND DON'TS parents think of before the youngsters embark on such a trip. As he was almost out of sight we called after him to be sure to have a good time. He saw the humor in that statement as an afterthought following the DO'S AND DON'TS and laughed as he went on down the street to meet the school bus. It was the first such outing Martin had ever had and he had a marvelous time.

The Pee Wee League recently held an exhibition when all the teams

played. This was thrilling for the boys for it was the first time they had played in public. It was sponsored by the Shenandoah P-TA. A small admission was charged to start a fund for purchasing uniforms for the boys.

When the students finished their band lessons this summer they gave a concert at our Municipal Park. This was the first public appearance for the beginners' band and it was unbelievable that they could have accomplished so much in six weeks. They played "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "Lightly Row," "The Marine Hymn" and several other numbers. Martin is still very enthusiastic about the clarinet, which is the instrument he chose and plans to continue with this fall when school starts.

Clark has been fascinated with Martin's clarinet. He would love to get his hands on it. Poor little Clark, he is so full of music, sings many little songs in perfect key, plays his phonograph by the hour, has amazing rhythm as he keeps time to the music, and yet he must not touch Martin's horn. He thinks the toy instruments are a poor excuse for the real McCoy now that he has seen them. We feel like heels that we can't let him play with the clarinet but these instruments are too expensive to hand over to a little boy three and a half years old.

Yesterday when I was caring for him he eyed the horn case for some time and then asked if he could play with it. Of course I had to refuse (as I have before) and instead got out the box of toy instruments, the old beat-up cornet, the Tonette—everything else we had that would make some kind of music; but he was not to be turned off so lightly. I put the case with the clarinet on a high shelf in the closet and went about my work without another word. He was very quiet for a long time and then came out to the kitchen and said, "Aunt Margery, did you know that the fire truck is coming to your house tonight and bring the big, tall ladder and climb up and get that horn and bring it over to my house?" I told him that I didn't believe such a thing was going to happen, etc, etc.

"Oh, yes, it is. I've been talking to the fire truck and it's going to do that for me."

Well, the fire truck didn't make the trip for poor little Clark!

But it looks as if the horn will be there for quite some time because I don't think Martin is going to feel like playing it for a while. He had an accident with his bicycle and as I write this is in the hospital with his bumps and bruises. We were so relieved that no car was involved, for that is what usually worries parents with children riding bicycles, and if he had been struck by a car his injuries could very well have been much more severe.

As it happened, he was riding over to Wayne and Abigail's house to play with the children while I had a little visit with Abigail and as he turned the corner of their street he skidded on some loose gravel on the pavement

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"THE GUYS WHO GO TO BLAZES"

By

Esther Grace Sigbee

Many a wife tells her husband to go to blazes. He takes it as a mere figure of speech and hardly ever goes there. It's different at our house. My husband goes to blazes regularly and it never takes a word from me to make him do so. He's a member of the Volunteer Fire Department and when that whistle blows, he really jumps! September is Fire Prevention month and though I know very little about putting out a fire, I can tell quite a bit about Life With a Volunteer Fireman.

Volunteer firemen are on call twenty-four hours of the day, but it often seems to the fireman's wife that the calls come only at mealtime or after the whole family is fast asleep in bed. Then, too, the siren has an aggravating way of sounding when Father is all dressed in his Sunday suit ready to escort Mom on a night out.

Volunteer firemen are equipped with a special sort of radar system, especially tuned to hear fire alarms. They can be totally deaf to a summons from a baby for a 2 a. m. feeding or a cry from the youngsters' bedroom demanding a drink of water. Mom hears these every time, while Father sleeps blissfully on. But the first blast of the fire siren and his feet hit the floor. It'll be a couple of minutes yet before he's fully awake, but he's all geared for action.

One of the most essential pieces of equipment in fighting fires is the volunteer's pants, so he makes a frantic search for them. They are always hanging right where he left them—excepting on nights when there's a fire. So far as I've been able to learn, no member of our local company has shown up trouserless at a blaze, but they've been known to wear some mighty strange outfits. And, according to the talk at the firemen's family picnics, they frequently wear their pajamas under their clothes.

While Father is getting dressed, Mom is listening for the divided ring of the telephone and the voice of the operator answering the question, "Where's the fire?". Toes are stubbed on the way to the phone for we seldom take time to find the light switch.

Sometimes before we can relay the information about the location of the trouble, the fireman is already out of the door, into the car and zooming like a stock car racer toward the station. This extreme haste is motivated by two things—utter devotion to duty and by the fact that the first firemen to arrive get to drive the trucks.

Fire can be a terrible thing. The lives it can take and the property it can destroy are simply appalling. And firemen do get hurt while fighting a fire. My fireman was injured long ago and before we were married but I always think about it when he is out on a call and I always rest much easier when he is safely back home.

Volunteer fire departments are peculiar to the small town. They are



These are two of mother's small great-nieces who will be wearing the smocked dresses that have just been completed. Wendy was in school when this was taken, but standing beside mother are Jennifer and Nancy. Their mother, Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, is holding Heidi. (It's Heidi's dress that must still be made.)

paid, but it's only a small amount per call. And it's the same whether it's a false alarm, a fifteen minute session or a conflagration that lasts a couple of days.

Volunteer fire departments, though not professional, are highly skilled in their work. They put in long hours of training. A volunteer has one incentive for quick flame squelching which I presume the big city Smoke Eater does not have. He has a personal interest in every bit of property he is called upon to save, for when a fire occurs in a small town it's happening to an acquaintance, a friend, a relative or a business associate.

Much time is spent by a volunteer company in preventing fire. Potential hazards are carefully checked and every member must know thoroughly the floor plan of every business establishment in town so that he'll know where to start should a fire occur.

The firemen keep the many thousands of dollars worth of equipment at the fire station in tip-top shape at all times. When the whistle blows there's no time to wonder if the hoses are squirting properly or if the water tanks used for country fires are filled.

The Company is considered a kind of exclusive club. It has a limited number of members and there's always a waiting list. An applicant must receive the full approval of the present members and he must pass a set of rigid qualifications. After ten years on the company a member may retire with his fireman's life insurance still in force. But firemen rarely do this until old age slows them up.

What makes a man volunteer his services as a fireman? Is it the money? It's true that the checks they receive make nice extra spending money in most households, but the majority of the firemen could earn far more if the time were spent on their regular jobs.

Is it the sociability at the fire house? They do have good times playing pool and pinochle after the meetings. And there's a great deal to be said for the way it makes a father

feel when his son brags, "My Dad is a fireman!"

The desire to be of service to the community is another reason and a very commendable one. But I doubt if any of these is the whole reason.

A small boy dreams of being a fireman as naturally as he breathes. The huge red trucks, the screaming sirens, the respectful halt of traffic and the saving of life and property is the twentieth century boy's substitute for knighthood and dragon slaying. This sense of adventure is not lost when the boy grows up, so if he lives in a small town where dragons are scarce, he becomes a volunteer fireman.

And whether or not this diagnosis is correct, our town and thousands of towns like it are glad he does. For the volunteer fireman makes his community a better and safer place to live.

NO SUNDIALS IN OUR FAMILY!

By

Evelyn Witter

When our farm income declined and the children's demands increased, we had a problem. Our fifteen year old Jim and nine year old Louise were at the ages where they needed a constant supply of money for school lunches, bus fares, 4-H materials, Sunday school donations, music lessons, and on and on.

We tried. I mended more, made do, saved here and scrimped there in order to make the budget solvent enough to keep up with the children. One day my husband shook his head and said: "I think we ought to let the children in on our financial affairs. They're not sundials."

"Sundials? Whatever do you mean?" I asked in complete surprise.

"Well," he explained, "In the days before clocks were invented people used sundials. They were made to record only the sunny hours. Now our kids weren't made just to record sunny hours. They're not sundials."

"Oh," I protested immediately. "I don't like to trouble their young minds with our financial business. The farm picture will change. In the meantime there's no use for them to get all upset with adult problems. They have important problems of their own, and need clear minds with which to face them."

"We're trying to educate them to face life as it is," he insisted. "And being part of a family means sharing the downs as well as the ups."

Finally I agreed. Reluctantly.

That night after supper, Bill took out the books and explained the debits and credits to the children.

I waited fearfully for their reactions. Jim was first to speak: "So that's what's been the matter with you and Mom!" he said as if a load had been lifted from his mind.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"We've been wondering what's been making you so . . ."

Louise, the diplomat cut in, "Nervous. You and Dad have been awful nervous lately."

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ONE OF THE CROWD

During the years that our children were small it seemed to me that September really marked the New Year more sharply than January. When the school bells peeled out their 8:30 call on that first morning it always sounded like New Year's bells to me, and there was generally as much excitement around the house at this time as during the winter holidays.

The sewing that had to be done in August was certainly a big job at our house. Once in a while I could find someone to come in for a week or two and help with the girls' dresses and the boys' suits, but most of the time I had to do it alone and my sewing machine ran late into the night.

I learned years ago that clothes are very important to a child—not fancy, different clothes, but clothes like all of the others wear. This meant that when wild woolen plaids were the fad for boys' shirts I had to sew materials that actually hurt my eyes, and more than once I've turned out a dress that didn't meet with my approval simply because the other girls were wearing them.

I'm sure that every conscientious mother wants her children to be happy, completely and genuinely happy. Yet because we want so much for them and are so eager to see them accomplish things, it's easy to lose sight of the fact that in childhood the greatest measure of happiness lies in being "one of the crowd" from clothes to grades. In later years our children find the courage and the necessity to be what they are even though this may mean being very "different" from the others in countless ways. But in childhood they ask only to be indistinguishable from their friends.

All of us can look back at the lonely misfits we knew when we were young. There was the girl who was dressed so beautifully and immaculately that she could never join in the other girls' fun because of what might happen to her clothes—and to her mother's disposition. There was the other spoiled only child who was consistently left out of everything because her mother took it upon herself to engineer all activities. There was the boy who was jeered at and tormented by other boys because his parents prodded and pushed and shoved him into his standing at the head of the class. And there was the other boy who had to spend after-school hours at the piano because his mother was determined to make a pianist of him.

As I say, we can all look back and remember unhappy children of this type. Yet if you have school-age children right now are you sure that in twenty years their class-mates won't be looking back pityingly at them? In our ambition for our children we are too often likely to lose sight of what they really need and force our ideas upon them. We think of this struggle as a "problem" but if our children could express themselves they would use the word tragedy.

TO ALL GARDEN LOVERS

This fall we are not sending out a nursery circular, but we ARE selling the same superb quality imported Dutch bulbs—the very finest available. Only famous name varieties go into all these collections. Complete color range carefully balanced. Shipments begin when bulbs arrive from Holland. Our prices are pared right to the bone. We pay all postage charges.



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BLESS OUR HOUSE

Bless our house Lord, bless the walls,
Bless the ceiling—bless the halls;
Bless the chimney, bless the door,
Bless the carpet on the floor;
Bless our favorite rocking chair —
The food we eat, the clothes we wear;
Bless the honey-suckle vine
The rambler roses that entwine
The garden fence; the walnut tree,
Then bless our family, Lord, that we
May keep it pleasing to our friends
And proudly bid them enter in.

—Nona Ferrel

We learn so much as we grow older that it's a temptation to wish that the years could be rolled back, that we could go through those school-days again. I tried hard to let my children be what they were, but if I had it to do again I'd try even harder to forget my own ambitions and simply let them be the happy average. When you say goodbye to them for the first morning at school, make a pledge to yourself to help them have a happy year.

Written by Leanna for Kitchen-Klatter, October, 1946.

An antique is any object which no one would be seen with if there were more of them, but which everyone wants when no one has any.

Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught.

Mother! Save Your Back!

No Bending
No Stoooping

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BUTTONS & LACES, Dept. 833, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By
Gertrude Hayzlett

In the midst of your summer pleasures, will you take time out to send a bit of cheer to these shutin folk? They need you.

Mrs. Rhoda May Vogel, Climax Springs, Mo. is a widow and lives alone. She broke her hip last fall and was in the hospital three months. Now she can get about in a wheelchair or walker, but her eyes are not good; however, she loves cards and can read them.

Miss Cordula Mullenbach, R1, Box 155, Adams, Minn. had polio as a child and has never since been well. She is 59 now. (Quilt pieces would be appreciated.)

Miss Virginia Doolin, Milan, Mo. is 21 and a polio victim. She gets very lonely, so let's send her lots of mail.

Robert A. Gullion, 7011 Plainview, St. Louis, Mo. is in a wheelchair as the result of meningitis two years ago. He likes good reading. Please ask what kind of books or magazines he cares for, and try to send some. He will enjoy letters, too.

Mrs. Carolyn Mitchell, Osceola, Iowa is a mother in her early thirties. She has been sick very frequently and now they tell her she has leukemia. She is in bed and discouraged, so please write to her.

Mrs. Ella Deardorff, 30 S. 7 St., Kansas City 1, Kansas needs some real cheer. She was 68 in July, is almost blind, lives alone and has no one to care for her. Please get a soft pencil or a coarse pen with real dark ink and write her a letter. If you write large, I think she can read it. She is very discouraged.

Miss Helen Forster, Rt. 2, Salem, S. Dak. is also blind and is bedfast. She has arthritis and is not able to write. She and her sister, who cares for her, need cheer. Candy is not permitted, but she likes nuts.

Mrs. Carl Shaffer, 845 Lake St., Rockwell City, Iowa writes that her husband has been in the hospital again. He has had five operations in less than a year, is not able to sit up, and will always have to wear a brace from shoulders to hips. You can't blame him for being blue. Please send cards, but don't expect an answer.

Mrs. Paul Banks, Fairview, Kansas is another shutin who will not be able to answer your cards but needs cheer very much.

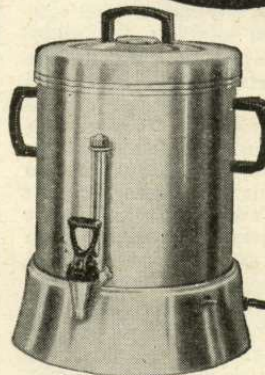
Mrs. Lillian Brown, Blue Springs, Mo. is 75. She lost her husband this spring and is so lonely. Do write to her, please.

Howard Nielsen, 217 Pleasant Ave., St. Paul 2, Minn. is shutin. He used to be a minister and would like to have hymn books and religious papers. He tries to keep up his ministry through writing letters.

Frances Clinton, County Hospital, Denison, Iowa has been bedfast for a long time. She is completely helpless and must even be fed. She loves to get mail but since she is not able to write, she gets none. Won't some of you pledge yourselves to write her a card each month?

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Please ship me the 48-Cup Electric Percolator and 50 bottles of my Double-Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring (\$1.00 size) by Freight Collect. Also include enough extra bottles to cover fully the Freight Charges. We agree to remit the \$50.00 to you within 60 days.

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VISITING GRANDCHILDREN LETTERS—Concluded

let the company help. Life is too short and babies grow up too fast, so enjoy them while they are with you. After they have gone, don't jump in like mad and get the house all cleaned up. I usually take a day or so and go visiting, or just plain be lazy and rest. Then I clean up the house, get my things all out and back in place again, and settle back and wait for the nice thank-you letters telling us how much they all enjoyed their visit. I only wish these children and grandchildren weren't so far away, and that it wasn't such a long, long time between visits."—Mrs. E. K.

"Perhaps if I had a big spacious house and were ten years younger I wouldn't be in a position to speak up about the problem of visiting grandchildren, but the facts are that we have only five rather small rooms and Dad and I are in our late sixties. Two years ago we were both almost sick from nerve-strain and exhaustion after a full month of visitors, and it made us feel badly because we hadn't really been able to enjoy any of that time with our married children and grandchildren. One daughter with her husband and three little girls came from Pennsylvania, and one son with his wife and two boys came from Oregon, so you can see that we had our problems with space.

But afterwards I figured out why things had been such a disappointment and decided to change my ways. Now they have both just left after two weeks with us (their first visit since 1955) and it was such a happy, successful time that I want to pass on things that made a big difference.

Before, I tried to fit in cots, cribs, folding beds, etc. This time Dad and I kept our own bedroom instead of going out to the screened-in porch, and turned over the other bedroom to one family and the living room to the other family. All of the children slept on the floor, and my son and his wife slept on the davenport in the living room that makes out into a bed. The children thought it was a lark to sleep on the floor and they didn't mind in the least. Dad and I slept so much better in our own bed that we didn't get worn out as we had before.

I made no attempt to serve the big meals that were put on two years ago. We had plenty of good food, but it was plain and filling. If we had a freezer I would have done a lot of cooking in advance, but since we don't, I just bought cakes, pies, cookies and ice cream for desserts.

I told the grandchildren and their parents that it would help a lot if they kept their things picked up—that Grandma just couldn't do this, and Grandpa might stumble and fall down on toys because his eyes are poor. They understood and all pitched in to keep things picked up and straight.

We were glad to baby-sit at night, but I told the girls they would have to plan to take the children with them when they went to see old friends during the day. After all, their old friends like to see the children too. This gave Dad and me some quiet times that we needed.

We have two married children and four grandchildren here in town, and part of the trouble before came from the fact that they expected to be here too so much of the time. I spoke to them before this last visit, explained how we felt about things, and told them that we'd have one get-together picnic during the visit. Cousins like to get to know each other, so I suggested that these children here in town take a lot more responsibility for their visiting relatives. This made a tremendous difference to me and eliminated a great deal of confusion.

I made no attempt to keep things in perfect order during the visit. Callers could see that we had a house full of running over and no apologies were made.

I don't think it's fair to anyone to let Grandma do all the work. That's where I made my big mistake before. If you explain carefully about "rules and regulations" in advance, there aren't misunderstandings. Prayer is a great help and should not be forgotten. When I found myself getting excited over the noise and confusion I just went into my room, closed the door and had a little quiet time by myself.

We never know when our children leave if we will ever see them again. That's why I urge other Grandmothers to try and use common sense so that every single visit can be a happy time and will leave happy memories.

—Mrs. K. E.

COVER PICTURE

When you read Margery's letter you will understand why we felt that we had gotten this nice picture of Martin just in the nick of time.

He took full responsibility for getting "fixed up" to go to the photographers at 9:00 in the morning and was proud of the handsome new shirt his father had brought to him a few days earlier when he returned from a business trip. Yes, he even thought to take his clarinet as Aunt Lucile had requested! Had he not been so dependable we certainly would have scurried around at the last minute for a different cover picture because only a very short time later he was in the hospital.

All of us have noticed such a change in Martin this summer! He seems so grown up now and dependable. No one could ever ask for a nicer little nephew and we feel badly that he's having a rough time as this issue goes to press.

—Lucile

His appointment MUST be blessing
Though it MAY come in disguise;
For the end, from the beginning,
Open to His wisdom lies.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

Indianapolis where we had dinner at the Hollyhock Inn, a lovely place with wonderful food served family style. Katharine stayed with her Grandmother Schneider, but Juliana and Kristin accompanied us and enjoyed the nice trip and delicious dinner as much as we did.

Early the next morning we packed up the car with all of our granddaughters' things (including all those fancy petticoats!) and started on the last lap of our trip back home. At Fort Madison we stopped about 5:00 in the late afternoon and found a comfortable place to stay. The next day we dropped Kristin off in Lucas and then came on to Shenandoah, and as we drove up in front of our house the mileage for our trip read 3,734 miles.

Jessie and Martha just now came in the door, and they'll enjoy some of the chicken and applesauce, so I'll put away my pen and paper now and visit with them.

We are always glad to hear from all of you, and when you write we are deeply appreciative.

As always, Leanna

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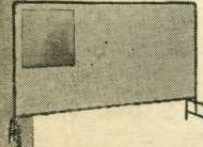
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FAMILY PIE

One handful of forgiveness,
One heaping cupful of love,
A full pound of unselfishness,
Mix together smoothly with complete faith in God.
Add two tablespoonfuls of wisdom,
One teaspoonful of good nature for flavor,
Then sprinkle generously with thoughtfulness.
This makes a wonderful family pie!

NO SUNDIALS—Concluded

I knew they meant, "cross and pre-occupied," but appreciated the tact.

After that things began to happen. Jim began gathering scrap around the farm. "Some of this iron and tin and copper will buy a lot of lunches," he explained. He also sought and made an agreement with a neighbor who has a small acreage and a lumber business. He agreed to plow and disk for the neighbor in exchange for lumber for farrowing stalls and repairs on the out-buildings, whereby eliminating one item we had figured in the budget.

Louise's reaction wasn't quite as spectacular as Jim's. But she was more careful with clothes and almost frugal in the use of school supplies.

Last week when she told me she was going to be in a piano recital I tensed myself for a request for a new dress. But instead of the expected request she said: "I thought maybe I could get a new belt for my red dress."

What a relief that remark was! I had already been trying to frame the words denying a new dress. "A new belt would help that dress," I agreed, "and a pretty white collar would change its whole appearance."

"Could we afford a new collar?" she asked with as much joy as if she were talking about a new outfit.

"Yes."

When the children went to bed one night not long ago Bill looked over at me with a quizzical smile on his face. "No sundials in this family!" he said proudly.

"No sundials," I repeated with a thankful heart.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

and was thrown from his bicycle very forcefully. It knocked him unconscious, and as soon as the doctor arrived he was taken to the hospital. I don't know if you would recognize him at this moment for his face is very swollen and skinned. Our biggest concern is for his teeth, which were quite broken. It will take time to see if they tighten up and "stay put." Of course we are very grateful that it was no worse than it was. Although his first few days in the hospital were quite miserable, he is feeling better now and able to enjoy the visits and kind remembrances of friends.

It is time now for me to go to the hospital. I have been reading an exciting book to him and he can scarcely wait for each new chapter.

Sincerely,
Margery

MY DAILY PRAYER

Lord of my life, henceforth I bear
The name of Christian everywhere;
And all beholding eyes shall see
Such Christ as is revealed in me.
In work or play, my every word
Will shame or glorify my Lord,
Each act, each generosity
Will point to Thee, unwittingly.
Therefore, O Christ, my spirit claim
And make me worthy of Thy Name.
—Unknown



Every time Mary Beth steps outside she hears Katharine ask to be picked up so she can "dabble" in the bird bath.

QUIET THINGS!

A splendor lies in quiet things,
A grandeur may be found
In daily little kindly deeds
That lie so close around;
The little tender helpful tasks
Which everywhere await,
And bring such measure of content—
So small they are—yet great!

A beauty lies in quiet lives
That yet are not apart
From words of comfort, peace and love
That lift and cheer the heart;
The loveliest things are silent ones,
A sunset glow is still—
And yet, the earth and sea and sky
Its glory seems to fill!

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to come by and by.

PRAISE IN THE MORNING

He meets me in the morning when
the eastern skies are grey.
His smile starts spreading o'er the sky
and backs the gloom away.

His smile grows wider and the east
is bright with rosy red;
The wind's the ripple of His laugh
at something Gabriel said.

It's clear to all, the birds are glad;
they're echoing His cheer.
Their homes, exposed to wind and rain . . .
That song: does it show fear?

Why should I then, be fearful of the
elements or pain,
The future, past, of man or beast,
of fire, of wind or rain?

Our Heav'nly Father loves us all.
We are His creatures too.
All nature sings, so why don't we—
His praise?—Eternal! True!
—Samuel H. Cox

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WESTERN STATIONERY CO., Dept. 536 Topeka, Kan.

Someone encountered Diogenes beg-
ging money from a statue. "Why,
friend, do you do that?" he asked.
Diogenes replied, "I am practicing
disappointment."

FOR THE CHILDREN

JAMIE'S LONG DAY

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

After breakfast one morning, Jamie's
father put down his coffee cup and
said to Jamie's mother,

"I am going to a dairy sale at ten
o'clock this morning. If you will have
Jamie ready, he may go along."

"We will see," said Jamie's mother,
and she began to stack the dishes.
Daddy reached for his hat, gave a
broad wink to Jamie and went out to
do the chores.

"Well!" said Jamie when he was
over his surprise. "Well!" He washed
the jam off his face, and the little
mustache of milk. He put on his new
overalls and a red shirt and sat down
on the porch steps. It was seven
o'clock.

Ten o'clock was a long time coming.
Mother Cat bathed all five kittens,
and then it was eight o'clock.

Mother fed the chickens and brought
in the vegetables for dinner and scrub-
bed all the porches, and then it was
nine o'clock.

The mailman stopped to chat a
while, and the milk man gave Jamie
two apples and a stick of gum, and
then it was 9:30.

Pretty soon Daddy drove the pick-
up into the yard. He swept it out and
put a bale of clean straw in it. He
tossed some halters into the pick-up,
too. Then he went to the house. Daddy
put on some clean jeans and a fine
striped shirt and THEN he said,

"Come on, Jamie. It is ten o'clock."
Jamie sighed. He was almost worn
out, waiting for ten o'clock.

It was a long way to the dairy sale.
Jamie had a smallish nap in the pick-
up. When at last they stopped, Daddy
said,

"See here, it is noon. Let's get a
sandwich before the sale starts."

They were parked beside a huge
barn. Beside the barn were pens and
chutes for loading livestock. Inside
was a big sale ring, all nicely covered
with sawdust so it would not be dusty.
There were rows and rows of elevated
seats. Jamie wanted to climb to the
very top to sit.

"All right," said Daddy when they
had had their sandwiches, "Up we go."

Soon the auctioneer began the sale.
He talked so fast that Jamie could not
understand a word he said. So Jamie
watched the cattle. They looked very
small from where Jamie sat.

The sale went on and on and on.
When Jamie got restless, he climbed
down to the bottom row of seats and
then up to the top again.

When it was over, Daddy said,
"Come along. We must load up. We
bought two heifers."

"We did?" asked Jamie in surprise.
"When?"

"When I wagged my left ear," said
Daddy. Jamie laughed. Everytime
Daddy went to a sale, Mother told him
to be careful not to waggle his left ear
or the auctioneer would sell him some-
thing he didn't want.

But Jamie wanted the heifers. Yes,
sir, he did. They were not very large,

just a little past weaning, and they
were gentle and quiet.

"They are Guernseys," said Jamie.
He smoothed their satiny red and
white coats. They had numbers in
their ears, but Daddy said, "We'll
leave the numbers until tomorrow."

Jamie and Daddy had supper be-
fore they started home. "It will be
dark when we get home," explained
Daddy.

"Will Mother do the chores?" asked
Jamie.

"Yes," said Daddy. "She will not
mind doing them this once." Jamie
thought he would help after this. He
would take care of these new heifers,
all right.

Suddenly Daddy stopped. "Of all
the luck!" he exclaimed. "A flat tire.
Well, that's the way it goes."

It was already dark. Daddy pulled
into a driveway. He put the halters
on the heifers and coaxed them out
of the pick-up. Jamie held the lines
so the heifers could not wander off
while Daddy changed the tire. Then
they coaxed them into the pick-up
again.

"Such a time!" said Daddy. Jamie
and Daddy sang a few songs, and
suddenly they were home. Mother
came out of the house.

"Gracious!" she said. "Where have
you been?" Daddy told her about the
flat tire while they unloaded the heif-
ers and took them to the barn.

Jamie was glad to get to bed. "What
time is it?" he asked his mother.

"Listen," she said. "The clock is
striking now." Jamie counted.

"One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, TEN O'CLOCK!"

"Ten o'clock!" said Jamie again.
"Well!"

Just imagine, ten o'clock!

WHAT APPLE?

If you wanted to take your teacher
an apple, which of the following
would you choose? Follow the defini-
tion and decide which you want.

1. The wife of a Duke?
2. A cranky person?
3. Homespun cloth?
4. Pleasing to the taste?
5. To have plenty of money?
6. A dashing young girl?
7. A summer month?
8. A man's name?
9. A Bible character?
10. The Hearth?

Answer:

1. Duchess; 2. Crab; 3. Russet; 4.
Delicious; 5. Wealthy; 6. Pippin; 7.
June; 8. Ben Davis; 9. Jonathan; 10.
Fireside.

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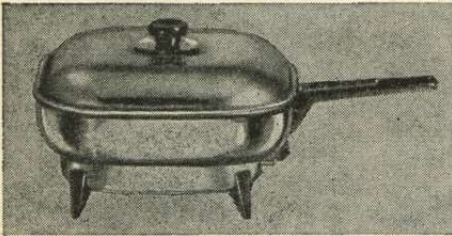
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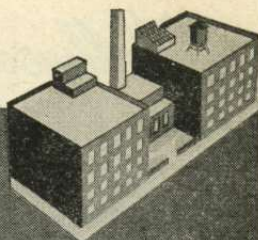
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