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Photo by Verness

The happy gardeners are Martin Strom and Emily Driftmier.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

There are times when it is impossible to find words that express how one really feels, and that is what has happened to me tonight when I look at the stacks of letters and cards on my desk and realize that I will never be able to tell you what your expressions of sympathy have meant to me.

It has been a wonderfully comforting experience to read these messages. I knew that through the years Helen had brought an untold amount of happiness and pleasures to countless people, but it wasn't until you wrote to me after her death that I understood what she had truly meant to you. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your goodness and understanding.

These days I am trying to adjust myself to the realization that we are to go on without her physical presence. Habits of many years standing are hard to break, and with Helen I had such a close friendship that never a day passed that I didn't talk with her or see her. When we were out of town she was very much on my mind—as I told my children, I didn't worry about them for they were all in good health and able to manage all the emergencies that crop up in everyday life, but I did worry about Helen as she grew more frail. Although I didn't let her suspect it, I was greatly relieved to get back from Florida this early spring so I could spend as much time as possible with her. We spent many hours together before her final illness, and all of us sisters were so grateful that we could be right here to help.

Those of you who are within range of our voices know that Helen's three daughters all came home to be with their father, but for those who are just now learning of our sorrow I will go ahead and say that Gretchen was located in Amsterdam, Holland and flew home immediately. You may recall that in last month's letter I told you about this trip—when I wrote that I didn't dream that she would be called home so abruptly.

Mary came from her home in New Jersey, and Louise came from California. Both of them have small children and couldn't be gone for long, but it was the first time that all three girls had been home at the same time in fourteen years and it meant so much to them to be together.

Fred plans to visit each of them this summer. Mary's two little boys, Elliott and Jared, are at the age where they can have a fine time with their grandfather. And Louise's little boy, Carter who is just the same age as Elliott, is also looking forward to his trip to visit them.

The services arranged in Helen's memory by Fred and the girls expressed so clearly what all of us felt for her. Her garden was just coming into its spring bloom and from it they picked the flowers that covered her casket. One of Mary's girlhood friends, Carolyn Cooper Wilson, read the two poems that appear on the opposite page. I felt that you, too, would appreciate this opportunity to see them.

And so, we pick up the threads of daily life again and go on. I haven't been able to say to you what I wanted to say, but just know and remember that every single word you sent was appreciated more than you will ever know.

May is the birthday month at our house and I have baked quite a few big angel food cakes. On Lucile's and Russell's birthday, May 3rd, we asked Fred and Louise to join us for dinner, and that was the beginning of our family meals.

Frederick's birthday is May 8th and he couldn't be with us, of course, but I baked a cake just the same! Dorothy's birthday is May 13th, and I know that she always fares well because Frank's sister, Bernie, makes wonderful angel food cakes. Mae's birthday is May 15th, Donna's is the 16th and Abigail's is the 19th, so you can see why we had many family dinners.

We didn't do any major housecleaning this spring due to the fact that the house was redecorated just last fall. I'm glad now that we went ahead then and got it all done at once instead of tackling it piece meal as I was first tempted to do. I hate so to be torn up that I can hardly bring myself to start major projects.

We do have the back porch to paint on the inside and I've gotten ready for the painters several times only to have the date postponed because of such damp weather that paint would be forever drying. I wish I could figure out how other people keep their back porches completely free of "stuff". We have so many things that

need to be saved for one reason or another that it's a losing battle to try and keep our back porch in perfect order. I don't know what other people do!

All of my girls seem to have taken a whole new lease on sewing this spring. Abigail has been taking a series of lessons that are offered to those who purchase new machines, and Margery is so enthusiastic about the success she's had with her housedresses that she's now making an outfit for her Aunt Sue. Dorothy is thoroughly enjoying a chance to get back to her sewing again, and Lucile always has something underway. Mae sews very well too, but right now her small amount of spare time has been spent on upholstering.

Before too long we want to get some pictures of the furniture that Howard has made. Everything that he turns out has the most beautiful finish imaginable, the result of hours and hours of hand rubbing. Mae has now upholstered two lovely chairs that are made of cherry, and one big arm chair that is made of mahogany. Howard's furniture has become his hobby, and he certainly has a great deal to show for the time he spends on it.

Emily and Alison came in to see me this afternoon, and I just wish you could see the picture they make in their navy blue spring coats and bonnets. Abigail washes and irons so beautifully that they always look as if they had just stepped out of a French laundry when she gets them ready to take out.

Those of you who stop by to see Wayne's and Abigail's garden this summer won't have any trouble identifying their house because there is playground equipment in the front yard—and a big crowd of children on it, as a rule. Emily simply lives outdoors in the summer time, and since she looks exactly like the pictures that you've seen of her, you won't have any trouble spotting her in that collection of children. Martin is close enough that he can join in the fun, and you'll probably see Juliana there too since she is officially Alison's "sitter" these days. I just wish that we didn't have such a busy highway between Wayne's house and our house so that the children could come here safely by themselves.

I imagine that we will have made a trip up to see Dorothy, Frank and Kristin by the time this reaches you. We had planned to get there long before this, but during Helen's illness we didn't want to leave town. I hope we can make it up there while the spring flowers are still in bloom.

Donald is doing some traveling on his job and may be able to get here in the not too-distant future. He enjoys his work very much and has made some good friends, so we know that he is happy and getting along fine.

Our grandfather's clock is chiming eleven and that's far past my bedtime, so I must say goodbye for this month. Thank you again, each and everyone of you, for your cards and letters.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna

IN REMEMBRANCE

In the early morning hours of April 24, 1953 our beloved aunt, Helen Field Fischer, slept quietly away into Eternal Life.

This is a fact that is difficult to state for those of us who were privileged to know her. It does not yet seem possible that we will stop by her garden on future days of spring as beautiful as this day on which I write—and not find her there.

Yet her radiant spirit is so translatable into every flower, shrub and tree that sheds its beauty on our springtime world that we know, in our troubled, human perceptions, how much of the personality we respected and loved will be always with us.

I doubt that anyone ever lived who had a greater faculty for opening others' eyes to the beauty of God's world. Anyone fortunate enough to look at but one flower with her could never again see it merely as a flower. Through her eyes she had transformed it into a miracle of life, . . . and beauty.

I doubt too if anyone ever lived who was more generous in giving of her immense storehouse of experience and knowledge. No question pertaining to gardening was too trivial to answer. No question, regardless of how simple and seemingly obvious the answer might be, was brushed aside. She was willing, enthusiastically and eagerly, to give of her vast knowledge to anyone at any time. And because of this the full measure of the lives she touched and enriched will never be known.

In our own garden there is evidence of Aunt Helen in every direction we turn.

When we were first getting started and needed worlds of advice and encouragement, she came here constantly to give of her wisdom. How many were the early summer mornings we went out and found her walking along the paths! And how many of the flowers blooming there today were brought by her and placed in the earth! She understood all of the hopes and dreams we had for our garden.

There are many who can feel a passionate interest in something when they are young and the flesh is strong enough to bear the demands that this interest makes upon it. But as the years pass and their strength diminishes, they find that their interest has diminished too . . . and slowly it fades altogether.

But Aunt Helen's life was never shadowed in such a way. Not only did she retain her great love for all growing things, but every passing year found her even more profoundly a part of the natural world. Increasingly frail health and advancing age never touched her spirit.

The last autumn of her life was a season of complete fulfillment. We stopped by her garden towards dusk on a beautiful October day and found her looking about with an expression of happy serenity.

"This is the best year I have ever had in my garden," she said. "All of the things I've planted through the years have finally reached what I



Helen Field Fischer, March 13, 1876—April 24, 1953.

had in mind when they were set out. Now it's the way I have always wanted it." And then, after a moment, she added, "It has been such a *good year*."

Yes, it was a *good year* for her. And there are good years ahead for countless people who love flowers because she opened their eyes to the most wonderful experience this world holds — the experience of watching the miracle of growth.—Lucile.

On this page we wish to include two of her own poems that were read at the services held in her memory. The first was written in 1905 when she lost a much loved friend, Clara Bicknell Hodgkin.

Life seemed so good a thing to her.
Each coming day gave promise of
such joy,
Such chance for loving and new ways
to serve,
That all too eagerly along its paths
she walked.

When we would have her loiter on the
way,
Spare, for our sakes, the body that we
loved,
She hurried on to help the blind to
see,
Inspire tired spirits with life's noble
truths—
Assure the sorrowing that life was
good,
And plant the love of truth in childish
minds;
Forgiving thorns that tore her serving
hands
She loved her life into a thousand
lives.

She cannot die, for when those lives
awake
And know that never more along
Earth's ways
Will pass that eager step and helping
hand,
A thousand lives will rise to consum-
mate
The purposes her flesh had failed to
reach.

THE BORDERLAND

There is a mystic borderland that lies
Just past the limits of our work-day
world,
And it is peopled with the friends we
met
And loved a year, a month, a week or
day,
And parted from with aching hearts,
yet knew
That through the distance we must
loose the hold
Of hand with hand, and only clasp the
thread
Of memory. But still so close we feel
this land,
So sure we are that these same hearts
are true,
That when in waking dreams there
comes a call
That sets the thread of memory aglow,
We know that just by stretching out
the hand
In written word of love, or book, or
flower,
The waiting hand will clasp our own
once more
Across the distance, in the same old
way.

FOR ONE ALONE

And yet, dear heart, remembering
thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality
What change can reach the wealth
I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and
gold
Thy love hath left in trust with
me?
And while in life's late afternoon
Where cool and long the shadows
grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow.
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
The welcome of thy beckoning
hand?

—John Greenleaf Whittier

A WEDDING IN THE FAMILY

By Margaret Meyer

At this season of the year many people are perplexed about details that crop up concerning weddings, and it isn't always the easiest thing to find all of the answers. Although most libraries have a copy of some standard book on etiquette, it isn't possible for everyone to consult such a reference, so here are some of the most frequently met with problems and answers.

WHO PAYS FOR WHAT? The bride's family assumes *all* expenses concerned with the wedding and any type of reception that is held. The groom pays for the marriage license and also takes care of the clergyman's fee. This amount should be enclosed in an envelope and given to the clergyman immediately after the ceremony. If a Best Man is included in the wedding party, he should give the envelope to the clergyman.

INVITATIONS. All invitations should be mailed about two weeks before the wedding. The groom should furnish a list of his relatives and friends in order that the bride's family may address and mail these invitations at the same time the others go out.

Every member of a family should receive an invitation. When there are children in the family an envelope marked with their names should be enclosed within the envelope carrying their parents' names.

Invitations to a church wedding do not include the words R.S.V.P. If the ceremony is to be held at home, it is correct to include R.S.V.P. Invitations for a small home wedding can be written by the bride herself on note paper.

Wedding announcements are sent after the wedding to all of those who did not receive an invitation to the ceremony itself. Gifts are not required in this case.

PRESENTS. All who receive invitations to a church wedding, the reception or home wedding must send a gift addressed to the bride as soon as possible, regardless of whether or not they are actually in attendance.

Any gift that is marked with the bride's initials should carry the type of engraving that she has selected. In many cases there are duplicates of gifts such as toasters, waffle irons, etc., and under such circumstances the bride should not feel any embarrassment at making an exchange—nor should the friend who gave the gift feel hurt.

BRIDAL ATTENDANTS. The bride may want several attendants—or none. Her sister, if she has one, is usually maid of honor. If the groom has a sister, she is included among the bridesmaids. All bridesmaids or maid and matron of honor pay for their own clothes, but the bride pays for their flowers.

If the groom has a brother, he serves as best man. Should he not have a brother, it is correct for his father, his most intimate friend, or the bride's brother to act as best man. His only duty in the ceremony itself is to hand the ring to the clergyman, who returns it to the groom, who



We didn't have a June wedding in our family this year, but we did have a February wedding when Mae Lair became Mrs. Howard Driftmier on the last day of the month. Here are the bride and groom in a corner of Russell's and Lucile's garden.

finally puts it on the bride's finger. This may sound needlessly complex, but it is traditional.

At a double-ring ceremony, the maid of honor hands the groom's ring to the bride at the same time that the best man delivers her ring to the groom. The bride places the groom's ring on his finger as soon as her own ring has been put on.

SEATING ARRANGEMENTS. At church weddings the left side of the room is the bride's side, and the right side is the groom's. The first few pews on both sides are marked by white ribbon and occupied by members of the two families.

If ushers are in attendance (and for most church weddings they are needed) the head usher escorts the groom's mother to her pew. The groom's father, walking alone, follows behind her. The head usher then escorts the bride's mother to her seat—and no one is ever seated after she has taken her place.

WEDDING PROCESSION. With the first note of the wedding march the clergyman enters from a side door and is followed by the groom and best man. As soon as they have taken their places, the ushers march down the main aisle, two by two. They are followed by the bridesmaids in the same order. The maid or matron of honor walks alone, and if flower girls are in the party, they follow. The procession should be timed in such a way that all attendants have almost covered the distance down the aisle before the bride enters on the arm of her father.

RECEPTION. Receptions held at home are somehow more meaningful than those held anyplace else. All people who attended the ceremony are expected to be in attendance, and it is correct to invite people *only* to the reception. The receiving line stands in the living room, but the mothers

of the bride and groom should stand slightly apart from the actual line and nearer the entrance door.

Guests who approach the receiving line will first meet the groom, then the bride, then the maid of honor and lastly the bridesmaids. Immediately following this they go to wherever the refreshments are being served. The bride and groom, with their attendants, do not go to their table until the last guest has been greeted.

TABLE ARRANGEMENTS. At the bridal table the bride sits on the groom's right side, the best man on the bride's right and the maid of honor on the groom's left. The bridesmaids and ushers sit alternately around the rest of the table, and it is correct to ask the wives and husbands of the attendants to be seated also at the bridal table.

At another table the groom's father sits on the right of the bride's mother, and the groom's mother on the right of the bride's father. Other guests include close relatives, intimate friends, the clergyman, who sits on the hostess' left, and his wife, who sit on the host's left.

HOME WEDDING. All guests are received by the bride's mother. The same order as for a church wedding is observed for the home wedding, and it is customary for the groom's family to stand near the altar on the right side, while the bride's family stands opposite them.

As soon as the service is over, the groom kisses the bride and they then turn to receive congratulations. If they have attendants they form a receiving line as described before.

If there are not too many guests a single table may be used when refreshments are served. This same order would be observed if a full wedding luncheon or dinner is served to the immediate families.

The bride and groom sit at one end of the table; the bride's father and the groom's mother sit at the opposite end. On the right of the groom's mother is the clergyman, and next to him on the right is the bride's mother. The father of the groom sits on her right. To the left of the bride's father sits the clergyman's wife.

CLOTHING. For a large church wedding it is customary for the bride to wear a long, formal dress, a veil and, if she wishes, a bridal train. Gloves are not necessary.

For a small home wedding the bride may wear either the type of dress mentioned above, or an afternoon dress, street length or full length. She does not need to wear a hat unless she prefers it.

• • •

A small, home wedding can be as beautiful as any large church wedding. It is perfectly proper to read the service in the garden if you are fortunate enough to have a lovely one and aren't afraid to risk the uncertainty of our summer weather.

But above all, remember not to indulge in display or ostentation. Your memory of the wedding will always be much happier if there was no anxiety about spending too much money or attempting something beyond your means.

LET'S HOPE THE REDECORATING IS DONE NOW!

Dear Folks:

A few days ago I was making a pastoral call when a rather amusing thing happened to me. A seven year old boy came into the living room where I was seated and studied me carefully from head to toe. I was dressed in my black clerical suit and was wearing a clerical collar. On the sofa beside me was the family's black cat whose presence there prompted the boy to say! "You know what, Mr. Driftmier? You and my cat are just alike!"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well," said the boy, "you are all in black with a little white under your chin, and that cat is all in black with a little white under its chin."

I laughed at that observation, and then told him that some people thought I looked like a doctor, for it is true that I am often stopped on the street by people who think that I am the doctor. Just today one of the doctor's patients stopped me in the post office and asked me for a prescription, but the person had talked to me only a few seconds when the error was obvious.

Although all of us often make mistakes identifying people, we practically always become aware of our errors, for there is something about the innermost being of a person, something about his nature, that makes a person what he is, an individual different from all other individuals.

I have often wondered what are the characteristics which distinguish me from everyone else alive today? What is it that betrays my presence and convinces others that it is really me, and not the local doctor or anyone else in the whole world?

You know, we are usually quick to learn the characteristic marks of another's personality, and slow to learn our own. Have you ever asked yourself what it is that proves your identity? Is it your good humor, your willingness to shrug off a slight to your self-esteem, a hurt to your ego with a quick laugh and an understanding twinkle of the eye, or is it your bad disposition, your biting, bitter conversation, your constant grouch and complaining tone?

When somebody says: "Oh, I knew it was you all right!", what does he mean? Are you known for the kindly things you say about other people, for the little deeds of unexpected goodness that brighten the dark days of others, for the way you avoid credit for yourself but always seek to let others get the glory, or are you known for the venom in your tongue, for the little scars you make in other's reputations, for the way you fight for every word of credit and every sound of praise?

Are you known for the way you serve others, or for the way you use others to swell your little reservoir of self-love? Something there is about you that makes others certain it is you. Is it your courage, or is it your constant whine of grievance and complaint? Is it your refinement, your



Aunt Martha Eaton and her little great-niece, Alison Driftmier. Aunt Martha is Alison's godmother and was proud to participate in the christening service last year.

carefully-cultured good taste, or is it your cheapness, your vulgarity which no amount of position, wealth, or fame can ever cover up for good?

I wonder if you and I could stand the shock of learning what proves our identity?

Twice this week I have had persons say to me: "Oh I feel so sorry for you and Mrs. Driftmier! It must be hard to be a minister or a minister's wife and have to live like a bird in a cage with your every action a subject for local gossip and general conversation."

I don't know of anything that disgusts me much more than having to listen to talk like that. Don't any of you ever feel sorry for your clergyman. We live a glorious life, a wonderful life, and a blessed life. Oh, I must admit that sometimes there are little inconveniences to a clergyman's way of life, but taking everything into consideration, no one need ever to feel sorry for me or any of my family. We love our work, we love the people in our parish, we love the town in which we live — why should anyone feel sorry for us?

Yes, it is hard to be a good minister, but it is not hard to be a bad one. Isn't that true of any profession or vocation? It is mighty hard to be a good farmer, too, but it is not at all hard to be a bad farmer. To be good at anything one does requires sacrifice. Certainly it is no harder to be a good clergyman than it is to be a good parent!

When I first became a clergyman I used to worry about my ability to preach the gospel. How, I wondered, could I ever get other people to understand the teachings of the New Testament in the way that I understood them?

I stopped worrying about that the day I remembered something told to me when I first went to work in Egypt. On my way out to Egypt an old friend of mine said to me: "It will take you years and years to speak Arabic well enough to convince the Egyptians that you have no other purpose in their country than to help

them to become better, happier people, but from the day you first step foot on the shores of their country, the language of love will be understood by all. The people will read in your life all the proof they need of your identity, and nothing that you will ever say, nothing that you will ever write, will speak to them more eloquently of your purposes than your character."

Now isn't that the way it is with any job? There is nothing that any of us — whatever our station in life — can speak or write that will make a bigger impression upon the people with whom we live and work, than our character. What we do, the way we live, speaks so much louder than what we say.

For two years we have been living in the hopes that this year would find us nicely settled in a new parsonage, but the house the church wants to buy has not yet come up for sale. As a result, much work is now being done on our present parsonage in the way of papering and painting.

All of last week and half of this week our house has had five men working in it with plaster dust and the smell of fresh paint everywhere. You know from your own experience what confusion exists under such conditions, but now add to that three cases of violent intestinal flu on the inside of the house, and nothing but cold, wet, miserable weather on the outside of the house and you can get something of the picture of things as they have been here. I was sick for just one day and a night, but Betty and little David have been sick for more than a week. They can't stay in their beds as the doctor ordered, because the painters are working in their bedrooms. Mary Leanna can't go out of doors because of the rain, and yet since there is work going on in the house, there is little room for her to play inside. I certainly do not recommend intestinal flu and papering and painting the house for the same week.

Last night we had an illustrated lecture in our church on the subject: "Our National Parks". The pictures shown of the famous Crater Lake showed the water of the lake to be a brilliant blue, so brilliant in fact that several people at the lecture questioned that any water in the world could possibly be so blue. After the lecture several of us discussed the color of the water in Crater Lake and came to the conclusion that the pictures did show the water to be just a little more blue than it actually is.

But today those of us who questioned the pictures last night have been put to shame. The water in the harbor right here at my front door was every bit as blue this morning as the pictures showed Crater Lake to be. Never in all my life have I seen water a more brilliant blue than the water I saw this morning. It was so blue that the sky looked white in comparison. I have never seen our harbor look like that before, and it will probably be a long time before I see it quite so blue again. The whole affair seems to be the Lord's way of chastening us who question the great wonders of the world of nature!

Sincerely, Frederick

TO FATHER ON HIS DAY

By Mabel Nair Brown

Are you planning a Father-Son banquet? If so, you are one of many who are working on committees right now. Your arrangements may call for a complete meal and program, or you may want to do something just a little out of the ordinary at your June family night church supper; but under any circumstances we hope that perhaps these ideas will help.

Why not use the familiar red bandana (blue ones too, if you wish) in your decorative scheme? They can be used under the centerpiece arrangements as well as beside each place setting, and the guests can take them home as souvenirs.

Flowers used on the table should be given a masculine air by setting the containers in the crowns of inverted straw hats. If you want something completely masculine, consider using a baseball placed in the palm of a baseball glove as a centerpiece. Or you might borrow some of the play tool boxes and tools from boys in your community.

Along with this last idea, small rulers or measuring sticks might be at each place for favors. If the table committee has time, they can make miniature carpenter's aprons from canvas and fill the pockets with nuts and candies. These will do double duty as nut cups and favors.

One last decorating suggestion: if a good many of the men are farmers, do borrow a collection of toy tractors and machinery to scatter up and down the table.

Simple, hearty food and plenty of it is the rule if a meal is to be served. A satisfying and typical menu would include ham loaf, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamed peas or baked beans, cole slaw, pickles, jelly, hot rolls and apple pie a la mode.

If only light refreshments are to be served, remember that men like a man-sized sandwich and no fancy salads, please! How about ground meat (with pickle and mayonnaise), sandwiches with potato salad, and pie or gelatine fruit salad with devil's food cake?

Decorations and eats off the planning list, your next thought is the program. If your plan calls for a speaker, I'd suggest you try to get some well known athlete or athletic coach in your general area, one who will be familiar to the younger lads in the group as well as the older men. Also, if some man in the group is an especially talented speaker with lots of humor, he might give a talk on a subject such as "Bringing Up Father."

Of course you will want a welcome by one of the sons, a response from one of the fathers, and perhaps some appropriate music. Many people can get up and "give" a short speech if they only know what to say, so here is a welcome and a response all down in black and white.

WELCOME: "I certainly feel that it is a great honor to be the one chosen to extend our welcome to our Dads. I feel humble too because mere words cannot begin to express all the love, the gratitude and the ad-



Here's a real boy, Martin Eric Strom, on the play equipment that is in Emily's front yard. Martin went down town by himself this year and picked out a Father's Day gift for his Dad. He was torn between a bright red tie and a blue tie, but finally settled on the blue.

miration we feel in our hearts for—shall I say "Old Blocks"—from which we are very proud to be a chip!

"I wonder if you Dad's realize what it means to us to have the sense of security that comes from having a father who is always there "standing by" if we need help, advice, encouragement, love and understanding? And we are grateful too, to the man who has the courage to stand by his convictions and to keep us on the right track even if it meant slapping down our egos (even a good hearty smack elsewhere, if we needed it!) The older we grow, the more we realize the important part that discipline has in the upbringing of a boy. The youngest members of our crowd are probably questioning this very forcefully, but it won't be long before they agree!

"Some of us here tonight may be fortunate enough to have grandfathers as well as our own fathers. They lend a friendly ear to our dreams and let us know by the twinkle in their eyes that they remember what it was to be a boy. We're grateful that these three generations can gather here tonight to mark this special day."

RESPONSE: "I'm sure I speak for all fathers—yes, and grandfathers too—when I say that we appreciate all the praise you have given us, and we thank you for honoring us on this occasion.

"However, I am sure that we agree we do not want to be placed on a pedestal. We want you to remember us best as a real pal and a friend, and not as just the fellow who made the rules in your life—along with your mother, of course. But remember, too that we have walked the same boyhood trail as you. And that our memories of the days we've spent with you are the happier because they bring back the days of our own youth so vividly.

"Even if we do not always admit it, the truth is that we weren't ex-

emplary patterns! No, indeed, we were just boys! And secretly, we still like to be just boys with you.

"What is a boy? Well, here are some quotes that will help to answer the question.

"After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss him between meals, he becomes a boy."

"A boy is nature's answer to the false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to."

"A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull and eat like a pig; has the enthusiasm of a fire-cracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand."

"Nobody else can cram into a pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, two gum drops, four marbles, a nail, half a cork, six cents and half a dozen bottle caps."

"Boys faithfully imitate their dads in spite of all efforts to teach them better manners."

"He is a freckle-faced, pint-sized, cat-chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with two magic words—Hi, Dad!"

No doubt you will want to have a musical number or two after the welcome and response. All crowds of this kind enjoy a Barbershop quartette that sings some of the old favorites, and of course it will add to the hilarity if they wear handlebar mustaches and derby hats.

If yours is a church group, the final number might be group singing of "Faith of Our Fathers" with all present joining hands for a friendship circle as they sing.

SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and heartily; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved machine, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who looked for the best in others and has given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

OUR TASK

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

I answered, "How?"

This world is such a large, vast place, So complicated now;

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

But God in all His wisdom said,

"Just build a better you."

—Unknown

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It isn't often that I sit down to write when the clock in front of me is set to ring in fifteen minutes, but that's the situation today. There is a turkey in the oven and I'm preparing to baste it at fifteen minute intervals. That's why the clock is set.

Perhaps it sounds peculiar to talk about basting a turkey at this season of the year, but thanks to modern freezers we seem to have by-passed strict dates when it comes to eating. This was our Christmas turkey; it has been snugly packed in heavy foil and waiting for an opportune moment since last December. The moment came when I could ask Uncle Fred and my cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, to share it with us. And in case anyone reading this thinks it mighty strange that we'd leave a Christmas turkey for so long, I should go ahead and explain that we had a big family dinner on December 25th and cooked the turkey that mother would have prepared had she been in town.

Before I write another word I must apologize for two errors that appeared in my May letter. Both were due to sheer absent-mindedness on my part — nothing else.

When I picked up the May issue and read that we were enjoying the beautiful sight made by our white tulips in the moonlight, I dropped the magazine and groaned! What I meant to say was white narcissi — not tulips. We had a magnificent display of pure white narcissi this early spring, and what possessed me to write the word "tulip" is more than I know.

The other error came to me when I was ironing. As I put Juliana's blue-and-white checked gingham dress on the board I looked at it and thought with dismay — why I didn't describe it correctly at all! The trimming that I used was this: first I stitched down a band of red bias tape exactly the width of the rick-rack. On top of the bias tape I tacked down the white rick-rack with black French knots. This is really a small matter, as the world goes, but I simply had to get it straight for my own peace of mind.

In reading our mail and in talking with people I've found that ironing seems to be the one biggest chore that all of us housewives face. Over and over again I read this phrase: "Well, I must close for there is a big basket of ironing waiting for me." And the date on the letter doesn't click with Tuesday, that was once the classic ironing day.

When we were growing up at home we had monstrously huge ironings. I can still see those baskets lined up waiting for mother, Dorothy and me. On summer mornings that promised to produce scalding hot days I used to get up at 4:30 and start in on as many as thirty-five white shirts! That collection turned up every week during warm weather. Add to these shirts all of the clothing worn by the four females of our family, plus household linens, and you get an idea of what the laundry meant at our



Juliana is sitting near a clump of King Alfred daffodils that bloomed in our garden this spring. We had about fifteen varieties of daffodils this year, but came to the conclusion after watching all of them perform that nothing could surpass King Alfred for glittering color and immense size.

house.

Now the single biggest difference between those ironings and the ironings I hear about today is this: we never stopped until the last piece had been done. When the board went up and the iron was plugged in, there was someone at the job until the last article had been taken out of the basket.

I'm sure there are many homes where such a schedule is still carried through, but I know for a fact that in countless homes every day of the week (aside from Sunday) is ironing day, and the goal is to get all of last week's ironing done before this week's batch crops up. I've said in complete honesty that there's never a time I can't go to the kitchen, put up the board — and iron some pieces. And believe me, I have a lot of company in this situation.

Recently I've thought about it at great length as I pushed the iron, and it seemed to me that two things were responsible for such a change in work habits.

The first is the difference in materials. When we had the knock-down-drag-out ironing days at home there were only cottons in use. Winter clothing was dry cleaned, woolen sweaters were washed by hand, but aside from this every single article of clothing and household linen could be thrown into the washing machine.

This meant that everything could be washed at one fell swoop. It could be taken off the line, sprinkled, rolled up and put in the basket. We didn't have heat-controlled irons in those days and they really weren't needed, for nothing but cottons of various kinds came into contact with them.

In recent years so many synthetic fabrics have been developed that in one session at the ironing board we may be handling rayons of a dozen different types, nylon, orlon and goodness knows what all. This means, in turn, that we haven't just thrown things helter-skelter in the washing machine. We've had a big collection of hand laundry to cope with, and you know as well as I know that we don't do huge piles of hand laundry. We do a few pieces at a time, and there they are ready to iron, a few pieces at a time.

The other explanation is automatic washing machines. Monday is no longer wash day for people who own automatic machines — they throw in

a load whenever one has accumulated. This is particularly true for people with only twenty gallon water heaters who can't do more than two loads at one crack without running out of hot water.

I've had two automatic washing machines in the past five years. At the moment I have no machine whatsoever, and I have not yet decided if I'm going to buy a non-automatic machine or an automatic. But there is one thing I have a hankering for that may determine what I buy: I'd like powerfully well to do the week's laundry on Monday morning and get it over with once and for all. This prospect is almost enough to make me forego the convenience that comes from turning a switch and walking away! When I make a final decision I'll let you know what it is.

(Time out to baste turkey.)

It was so good to see Gretchen, Mary and Louise this past month. My memories of Aunt Helen, Uncle Fred and the Fischer girls go back to the time I was three years old and we lived directly across the street from them. They are part of the very fabric of my childhood.

I told Uncle Fred the other day that I'd never been able to step into a cab in any city at any time without thinking about him, and when he asked me why this was true I told him that it dated back to 1918 when I was eight years old. At that time we were living in Clarinda and I'd been permitted to take the train (even its tracks are gone now!) over to Shenandoah all by myself to spend a weekend with the Fischers.

There was some kind of a misunderstanding as to when I would arrive; consequently I got out at the old depot about nine at night and no one to meet me. When a "nice man" offered to drive me to Judge Fischer's house I stepped right into what he said was his taxi.

Well, when Uncle Fred found that I had done this instead of calling him, he gave me a lecture that still rings in my ears. He made so clear to me that one should ALWAYS be sure he was actually getting into a bona fide taxi that I've never since been able to step into one without thinking about him! As I said to Louise yesterday in telling her about this: why, I even wonder if perhaps a Yellow Cab hasn't just been freshly painted yellow for the sole purpose of trapping me! We laughed about it until we were weak. And Uncle Fred is amused too.

These days we're back to our summer routine and enjoying it. Before long I'll be starting to write our nursery catalog, and then you can think of me as being chained to this typewriter. Isn't it fortunate that I enjoy every moment I spend on our catalog!

Until July ... Lucile

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here! The robins sing, Crickets chirp and Bluebells ring, Lakes are blue and skies are clear, Grass is green and flowers appear. Spring's the season I hold dear— When robins sing glad Spring is here.

—Kristin Johnson

JUNE TIME TIPS

By
Virginia Thomas

To be assured that the wedding candles will light quickly, try this: about one-half hour before candlelighting time, light the wick of each candle and then snuff it out immediately. Now dip each wick lightly into cigarette lighter fluid. When it comes time to light the candles, they will light instantly and remain burning brightly.

Use the lovely ribbons from the bride's shower gifts to decorate the tablecloth on the tea table at her shower or reception. Remove the bows carefully from the package and then pin to the cloth on all sides where it hangs over the table edge.

The bride will cherish no gift more than an "Heirloom Recipe" booklet. To make this, purchase a small loose-leaf notebook. Pass the pages around among the women relatives and ask them to write out their choicest family recipes along with any interesting bit about its significance to the family, important family occasions when it was served, etc. Make a pretty cover for the book and collect the recipe pages and there you have a real treasure chest of recipes for your bride. If possible it would be nice to have each contributor include a snapshot of herself.

Why not a "BOTTLE SHOWER" for the bride? Let all the gifts be something that comes in bottles. Anything from olives or liquid shampoo to flavorings, (Leanna's flavorings, of course!) will be useful gifts, and by wrapping the bottles in unusual ways you can provide some good laughs. One bottle might be dressed as the bride herself, another might be the minister, still another could be dressed as a colored Mammy. And how about dressing one as a baby in a bunting? And some very amusing animals can be contrived with the bottle as the body, using heads cut from construction paper and some raveled rope for a tail.

If you want a good laugh at your shower, make up a "dummy" groom. Secretly borrow a suit, tie, hat and shoes from the groom-to-be. Using pillows etc. as padding and stuffing, dress up a dummy man in the groom's clothing. Then set him in an easy chair in a conspicuous spot in the living room to surprise your guests as they arrive for the shower. You can imagine the look on the honoree's face when she first spots him!

For a pretty "Wedding Ring" arrangement, fill your ring mold with small white flowers and greenery, set a large white candle in the center.

For wedding ring decorations or favors, do not forget how easily small wire rings, embroidery hoops, rings made from pipe cleaners, etc., can be covered with aluminum foil.

Pretty little bells to use as cake decorations, or as favors or as package decorations can be made quickly by molding the aluminum foil over a thimble. Carefully string them on ribbon, yarn or wire, as desired.

WHAT'S IN A CAKE?

These ingredients which are used in making a cake may stump your guests at a bridal shower.

- 1—A kind of bear. (Cinnamon.)
- 2—A kind of bread. (Ginger.)
- 3—A breakfast food. (Egg.)
- 4—A product of sap. (Maple Sugar.)
- 5—An animal product. (Butter.)
- 6—Chloride of sodium. (Salt.)
- 7—A shredded product. (Coconut.)
- 8—Times of any event. (Dates.)
- 9—Past tense of cleave. (Clove.)
- 10—Made from brown seeds. (Flour.)
- 11—Bicarbonate of sodium. (Soda.)
- 12—A color or a beverage. (Chocolate.)
- 13—What did the cook whip? (Cream.)
- 14—A granulated substance. (Sugar.)
- 15—Fruit resembling a small melon. (Citron.)
- 16—Two products reported to be abundant in the land of Canaan. (Milk and honey.)
- 17—Small blocks of metal used to screw onto the ends of bolts. (Nuts.)
- 18—The aromatic kernel of an East Indian tree, much used as a seasoning. (Nutmeg.)
- 19—Found by the brook of Eschol, borne on a staff between two men. When dried what are they? (Raisins.)
- 20—During the reign of Solomon every man of Judah and Israel was said to dwell safely under what kind of a tree. (Fig.) (1 Kings, 4, 25.)

—Nellie Howard

HAPPY MEMORY CANDLES

By Virginia Thomas

Have you often wondered what to do with the candles after the wedding is over? Let me suggest that you make a Memory Candle for the wedding pair.

Choose a large container to use as a mold. A big oatmeal carton, frozen food containers or ice cream containers are some of the things you might have available.

Melt all of the wedding candles and pour the melted wax (reserving about a cup or possibly more, depending on the size of your candle) into the mold. Let harden and then slip from the mold. Now remelt the small portion you have reserved and then allow it to cool until it begins to "film" across the top. Then whip it with a rotary egg beater until very white and fluffy. Quickly spatter this whipped wax over the candle to get a rough textured surface. Do this with a light touch for best results.

Give this large candle to the newlyweds suggesting that they light it each year on their anniversary. As the years go by, this Memory candle will become a treasured part of the anniversary. How lovely if it might still be on hand to be lighted on the twenty-fifth and then the fiftieth anniversaries!

When she pays out cash for a cleaning woman, the average housewife expects the lady to do in one day what has been skipped for six months!

A TOAST TO THE BRIDE

Bride's Nectar Punch

- 2 46-oz. cans apricot nectar
 - 2 46-oz. cans unsweetened pineapple juice
 - 2 small cans quick frozen lemon concentrate for lemonade
 - 4 cups cold water
- Pour all the fruit juices and water over ice in punch bowl.

Float thin slices of fresh pineapple and mint sprigs in the punch.

For an "extra special" glamour punch, stick the tiny birthday candles in orange slices and float on top the punch bowl (Candles lighted just as serving begins).

Bouquet Wedding Punch

- 8 cans quick frozen concentrated grape juice
 - 4 cans quick frozen concentrated orange juice
 - 5 cups cold water
 - 4 large bottles carbonated water
 - Flowers and grape leaves
- Mix fruit juices and cold water. When ready to serve, pour over ice in punch bowl and add carbonated water. Arrange flowers and the washed grape leaves in a corsage on top of a piece of ice and float on top the punch.

A MOTHER GOOSE PICNIC

See if you can help Mother Goose arrange for a picnic at the home of Old Mother Hubbard.

1. Why would it be a good idea to have it at Mother Hubbard's house?
2. How will Little Boy Blue let the guests know when the dinner is ready?
3. What foods will the Queen bring?
4. What will Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt bring?
5. What will Jack and Jill be sent for?
6. Miss Muffet will bring what favorite foods?
7. Why can't Tom the Piper's son come?
8. Why can't Simple Simon bring a pie?
9. What kind of a pie will Jack Horner bring?
10. Who will bring the most children to the picnic?
11. What will Mother Hubbard hope will be left over for her dog?

Answers

1. Because her cupboard was bare.
 2. He will blow his horn.
 3. Bread and honey.
 4. Lean meat and fat meat.
 5. Water.
 6. Curds and whey.
 7. Because he is in jail for stealing a pig.
 8. He hasn't a penny to buy any.
 9. Plum.
 10. The Old Lady that lives in a shoe.
 11. A bone.
- Mrs. Grace Stoner Clark.

It is never too soon to be kind, for we never know how soon it will be too late.



LET'S PAUSE A MOMENT

Can you think of any one food that people feel more violently about than strawberry shortcake? I can't!

There are two great schools of thought on this subject — and never the twain shall meet. To some people, strawberry shortcake is a piece of sponge cake with the center hollowed out (an individual, cup-cake type of thing, to be exact) and some strawberries arranged in this hollow. Whipped cream goes on top — and perhaps more strawberries. This is good eating, no argument about it, but it *isn't* strawberry shortcake to those of us in the second school of thought.

Do you know what strawberry shortcake is as far as I'm concerned? Well, it's a big platter arriving at the table with an eye-dazzling picture of rich biscuit dough (recipe in this issue) simply drowning and smothering with berries. This reaches the table in one tempting mountain, you understand — not in individual portions.

Dishes are passed for each lucky person who is happily destined to share this shortcake. After everyone has his own helping of shortcake right smack in front of him, a pitcher of cream is passed. It's a big pitcher too, and no egg-beater ever got within ten feet of that cream.

Surely at some place along the road there *must* have been at least a little left-over shortcake when the meal was done, but shake and rattle memory as I will, I can never recall such a situation. If this, too, is *your* idea of strawberry shortcake, I feel that you know what I'm talking about.

—Lucile

REFRESHING LEMON FILLING FOR MERINGUE SHELLS

- 3/4 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 3 egg yolks
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 Tbls. grated lemon rind

Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add boiling water gradually and cook until thick in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks until very light and fluffy and to them add small amount of hot cornstarch mixture. Mix well and add lemon juice and grated lemon rind. Return entire amount to double boiler and cook until thick (about 10 minutes) stirring constantly. Cool and then fill individual meringue shells.

We've given fine meringue recipes in a number of preceding issues so won't repeat them at this time.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

RICH SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse crumbs. Add combined eggs and milk and stir until just moistened. Turn out on slightly floured surface and divide dough in half; pat out to fit 8-inch round layer cake pan. Brush 1 round with melted butter and top with second round. Bake in 425 degree oven for 20 minutes. Spread berries between layers and over top. Serve with cream.

DELICIOUS CRUSTY ROLLS

- 1 cake of fresh yeast
(or use dry yeast and follow instructions)
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 2 egg whites
- Small amount of corn meal

Soften yeast in 1/2 cup of lukewarm water. Put another 1/2 cup lukewarm water into a bowl and add sugar, salt and shortening. Add 1 cup of flour, beating well. Add softened yeast. Add another 1/2 cup of flour, beat well, and then fold in 2 beaten egg whites. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough (a total of 3 1/2 cups flour altogether) and knead on a floured board until smooth, satiny and very elastic. Put in a greased bowl and let rise until doubled in bulk.

Punch down and let rise until doubled again. Knead down lightly. Cover and let rest for 10 minutes. Then roll out and cut into rectangular pieces about 1 1/2 inches wide and 2 1/4 inches long. Pat each rectangle flat. Fold long edges under so they meet. Snip off short ends with a sharp knife to seal dough and make nice, smooth shapes. Place on greased pans that have been sprinkled lightly with corn meal. Slash top of each roll with sharp knife. Brush the rolls with melted butter and then cover with a towel and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) for 20 minutes.

If a pan of hot water is put in the oven under the racks it helps to make a nice crusty roll.

SUN-COOKED PRESERVES

Only the finest, firmest strawberries should be used. Measure fruit by the quart and use an equal amount of sugar. To each cup of sugar add 1/4 cup water and cook until it almost threads, or at 230 on thermometer. (1 Tbls. light corn sirup can be added to help prevent crystallization.) Add berries to sirup; bring to boiling and cook 10 minutes. Pour into shallow platters, cover with glass and let stand in sunshine 2 or 3 days, or until sirup begins to jell and fruit is plump. Stir carefully several times. Seal in hot, sterilized glasses.

(Lucile's note: I honestly don't think that *any* recipe can beat sun-cooked preserves. The only trouble is that so often in June at the height of the berry season we get a long string of damp, rainy days. It's wise to work with only a small amount at a time unless you have unlimited shallow platters and sheets of glass.)

SPRINGTIME CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 4 cups cooked chicken
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 slightly beaten eggs
- 2 cups chicken stock

Cut chicken in large pieces. Alternate layers of chicken, celery, crumbs, and parsley in greased casserole. Add salt and eggs to chicken stock; mix carefully and pour over chicken. Place casserole in pan containing 1 inch of hot water and bake in a 350 degree oven until a knife put in the center comes out clean.

This is a different and delicious chicken dish, another good way to utilize heavy chickens in this period just before fryers come into the market. It will serve eight people with "polite appetites" or six hearty eaters!

We can't think of a better luncheon menu at this time of year than the Springtime Chicken Casserole served with piping hot biscuits, preserves, a big tossed salad, and for dessert, individual meringue shells filled with the Lemon Filling that appears in this issue, and garnished with strawberries and whipped cream.

BRAN MOLASSES MUFFINS

- 1 cup bran
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup melted shortening

Combine bran and milk and let stand 5 min. Add molasses and beaten egg. Sift together dry ingredients; add to bran mixture. Add melted shortening; quickly stir in. Fill greased muffin pans 2/3 full. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, for 25 min. Makes 12 delicious muffins.

BREAD PUDDING

(For the June bride who doesn't know just how to make this old favorite!)

- 2 cups dry bread cubes
- 4 cups milk, scalded
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 4 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Soak bread in milk 5 minutes. Add butter, salt and sugar. Pour slowly over eggs; add vanilla and mix well. Pour into greased baking dish and bake in pan of water in a 350 degree oven until firm — about 50 minutes. Serve warm with cream or lemon sauce.

SCALLOPED EGGPLANT

- 1 medium-sized eggplant
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup buttered bread or cracker crumbs

Pare eggplant; cut in 1 inch cubes. Cook in boiling, salted water 8 minutes; drain. Add egg, milk, butter, onion, and bread crumbs. Place in greased baking dish and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH SPINACH

- 4 slices bacon, diced
- 3 cups chopped raw spinach
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 hard-cooked eggs

Fry bacon until crisp; add bacon to spinach. Add flour to drippings and blend thoroughly. Add hot water and cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Add sugar, vinegar, and seasonings. Pour over spinach. Stir well until wilted and garnish with sliced, hard-cooked eggs.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

- 3 large egg yolks
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 1/4 cups crushed strawberries
- 2 Tbls. hot strawberry juice
- 5 Tbls. strawberry-flavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 3 large egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 6 Tbls. sugar

Mix first 5 ingredients together and cook, stirring constantly, until it boils. Stir in strawberry juice and gelatin. Cool. When partially set, beat for 5 minutes and then blend in whipped cream. Beat egg whites until frothy, add cream of tartar, and when peaks are formed add the sugar, one tablespoon at a time. Fold this into mixture. Turn into rich baked 9" pie shell and chill until firm.

ORANGE DELIGHT CAKE

(This cake placed first in the huge National Orange Show Bake-off held recently in San Bernardino, Calif. A California reader sent us the recipe.)

MARILYN'S ORANGE DELIGHT CAKE

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Grated rind of one orange
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- Juice of one orange
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Water

Combine shortening, salt and orange rind. Add sugar and cream well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Sift flour and baking powder together 3 times. Combine orange and lemon juice and add water to make one cup. Add flour alternately with liquids to creamed mixture. Pour batter into two nine-inch greased layer pans. Bake at 350 degrees between 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and put layers together with the following filling:

ORANGE FILLING

- 1 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. butter

Combine sugar and cornstarch and mix thoroughly. Then add remaining ingredients and bring to rolling boil. Boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Chill before using.

SEVEN-MINUTE ORANGE FROSTING

- 2 egg whites
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup orange juice
- Dash of salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. light corn syrup
- 2 tsp. grated orange peel

Put egg whites, sugar, corn syrup, orange juice and dash of salt in top of double boiler. Beat 1 minute with rotary or electric mixer. Place over boiling water and beat constantly until frosting forms peaks, or about 7 minutes. Remove from fire. Add 2 tsp. grated orange peel and beat two minutes. Spread on sides and top of the cream-filled cake.

COMPANY SCALLOPED POTATOES

- 2 quarts potatoes, sliced
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 10 1/2 oz. can condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup milk

Alternate layers of potatoes, green pepper, and onion in greased baking dish; season each layer with salt and pepper. Mix mushroom soup and milk; pour over potatoes. Cover and bake in 350 oven for 1 1/2 hours.

GIVE AND TAKE

When I visit my daughters They keep me modishly fair; We lunch on wisps of salad— Not many calories there; But when they come home to visit, There's pork roast, hot breads, pie! Then they fall to with gusto, And never bat an eye.

By Nellie Bly Middleton

HONEY DRESSING

(We've given this recipe before, but we want EVERYONE to have it now that hot summer days and fruit salads are coming up.)

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 5 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice, and onion. Pour oil into mixture very slowly, beating constantly. Makes 2 cups. Absolutely delicious used over any fruit combination salad.

CRAB-APPLE SALAD

8 whole spiced crab-apples (commercially prepared, tinted red and spiced). Leave whole and let them lay on paper towel to absorb all syrup.

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 heaping Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/4 cup finely diced celery
- 1/4 cup grated sharp cheese

Prepare lemon gelatine with 1 cup boiling water and pineapple juice. When thick and jelly-like, add all remaining ingredients. Arrange crab-apples around bottom of mold and spoon gelatine mixture over apples. When very firm, unmold and cut into individual portions (one crab-apple to each portion), or serve in one large mold. Crisp lettuce should be used as a garnish.

SALMON-TUNA SALAD

- 2 cups salmon
- 1 cup tuna
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup stuffed olives
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 6 hard-boiled eggs

Salt and pepper to taste
Blend together all ingredients, tossing thoroughly. Serve on lettuce. Very good for supper on a hot night.

FRIED EGGPLANT

Pare and cut eggplant in 1/2 inch slices, dip into mixture of flour, salt, and pepper, or into 1 beaten egg mixed with 1 Tbls. water; then into dry bread crumbs. Fry slowly in hot fat until both sides are crisp and brown.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends.

When Kristin came home from school tonight she brought me a big bouquet of wild flowers she had picked and said that they were my May basket. She had wanted to deliver baskets to her little friends this year, but as has been the case every year since we moved to the farm, the roads are muddy.

As a child I loved the first day of May. For days we worked making our baskets from the time we got home from school until bed time. On the last day of April Mother would take us in the car to the timber where we would pick all the wild flowers we could carry. On the evening of May 1st we would fill the baskets with candy and popcorn, put the flowers over the top, and carry them to all our friends. Because of our roads, Kristin has never had the fun of May baskets.

Kristin has only eight more days of school. Where has this year gone? We have a big neighborhood covered dish dinner at the school house on the last day, and this year it just happens to fall on my birthday.

Last month I told you about Taffy, our cat. About two weeks ago she had kittens. She had them back in under the house and so we didn't know how many there were. A couple of days ago I heard a terrific racket at the back door which sounded like someone banging the screen, and went to investigate. Here stood Taffy with a little black kitten in her mouth. I opened the door and she immediately started upstairs to Kristin's room with it. I lined a big box with rags and put it next to the stove, and Taffy was very happy to leave her baby there. For two days she would come and take care of the kitten and then go out again.

Finally, just before dark this evening, she banged the screen door and there she stood with a little yellow kitten. We put it in the box and she got in and stayed awhile; then she wanted out again. In about five minutes she banged again, this time with a black and white one. She stayed quite a while this time so we decided that was all. But no, she made one more trip with another black and white one!

Kristin decided she was going into the chicken business this year. She said all she had to do to get ten baby chickens free was to go into a feed store in Lucas and sign her name, and if she would buy a half a sack of chicken feed they would give her twenty more. So she brought her thirty chickens home in a big box. We have no brooder house and since she insisted on keeping them at home, we left them in the box in the kitchen and when she got home from school she would spread papers all over the kitchen floor and let them out to run around a little while. Needless to say, her job was to keep them on the papers. At the end of three days they had been saved three times from Taffy and once from Frisky the pup, and it was then that she decided they would be better off in the brooder



Emily has such a mischievous look on her face that it's a wonder her Uncle Russell could get her to sit still long enough to take a picture. Big families have such blessings when it comes to hand-me-down clothing! The checked jacket was passed on from cousin Martin.

house down at Grandpa's, with the rest of the chickens. Some one else cares for them during the day, and it is her duty to feed and water them when she comes home from school.

I hope that you all have more field work done than we have. We have all of our corn ground disced once, and a small portion of it plowed. It just rains and rains, and about the time it dries up enough to work it rains again. The weather report for the next five days sounds like more of the same. Frank says if this keeps up he may be able to get the rest of his posts made!

This rainy weather gives me a chance to get some sewing done. I made a dress for Juliana and mailed it to her. When I was in Shenandoah the first of this week I got to see it on her and was amazed that it fit so well. It was a fitted dress with no belt, and since Kristin is quite a bit smaller around than Juliana, it was impossible to fit it to Kristin. I had the dress on Kristin once to get the length, but the rest of it was guess work and I was glad to find that I had guessed just about right.

At the moment I am making Kristin a pale blue dotted swiss. The sleeves, collar and yoke are white dotted swiss. The yoke is round with tiny pin tucks all the way across. Where the yoke joins the rest of the waist is a row of lace. The collar and sleeves are also edged in lace. The skirt is full and will have a deep hem. There will be tie sashes. It is just about finished and I'm very pleased with the results. I had told Lucile that if I had good luck with it I would make one like it for Juliana, so that will be my next project.

Right now before I forget it I want to correct an error I made in the recipe for Sand Tarts that was in the April issue. I failed to tell you how much milk to put in. Correct your recipe as follows: 1 Tablespoon of milk, and 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla. I'm sorry about this and will try to be more careful in the future. Kristin tried out a recipe for chocolate drop cookies the other day but we neither one liked it well enough to pass the recipe along.

Frank has moved his cattle to their summer pasture and once a week he rides his horse all around this timberland and checks up on things. A couple of weeks ago when he was making his tour he found a den of five little foxes. They were so cute it seemed almost a shame to kill them. The fox haven't been as prevalent in our section of the county this year as they have been the past few years. Frank has caught a few in his traps, but he reports that he hasn't even seen very many tracks.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

TO GIVE AWAY

By Gladys Niece Templeton

Remember when your mother baked pans of bread...fragrant loaves with golden crusts fit for a king? True, she had to 'set sponge' the night before, wrapping the precious manna in a blanket, then making sure of a bit of extra heat in the kitchen during the night; just a common process of every few days.

Fresh home-made loaves have not lost their fragrance, nor have we lost our delight at seeing hot, crusty loaves awaiting the knife...and butter dish.

Have you ever thought about giving yourself this thrill right in your shiny modern kitchen? When you turn out a batch of bread you will resolve right there to repeat the satisfying procedure. You shall bring extra happiness if you remember to add a tiny bit more, allowing that extra loaf for the little old lady down the street who hasn't seen a loaf of warm bread in years; or the lonely old man who would be unspeakably delighted with such a treat!

We may not be able to make costly gifts but we can share 'a crust' of home-made bread: make an extra loaf and have something TO GIVE AWAY.

PEANUTS ARE PEOPLE

Did you ever try dressing up a peanut-in-the-shell?

Gather up some toothpicks or pipe-cleaners for legs and arms. Add some bits of string, ribbons, bright paper, or what you can think of for decorations and a ballpoint pen or pencil to mark the features. Don't forget some kind of paste.

Empty a sack of peanuts-in-the-shell on the table before you and start using your imagination. You will find all sorts of people, animals and birds, also a few that you have never seen before.

The animals with four legs will stand alone and those with two legs can be made to stand by curling some flat feet on the ends of their pipe-cleaner legs.

Making these is entertaining for one, two or ten. It is a game that can be used at a party as a guessing game, guessing what each has made. The finished figures may be used as table decorations or to hold place cards on your St. Patrick's Day dinner table.

—Maxine Sickels

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

(Editorial Note: This article appeared in April, 1949, but we are reprinting it now because it is on a subject that is extremely close to every mother's heart. I don't think there's a one of us who doesn't know some young mother who is worrying herself sick right now because her baby seems "slow". This article will relieve her mind, so do pass it on to her.—Lucille)

Are you worried because your Susie doesn't walk as soon or talk as soon or teeth as soon as the little girl next door? Are you anxious and wondering why your baby doesn't sit up or turn over at the time that some of the books say that she should? If you are, it means that you are following the normal pattern of behavior for young or new mothers in this generation.

There has been more nonsense written about "normal" rates of development and more misconceptions accepted as fact on this subject than on any other phase of child upbringing. And your very anxiety in this regard is the single greatest threat to your child's developing his full capabilities. Somehow the word has gotten around that the child who walks or talks or teeth at a very early age is a superior child and very bright. He might be, but so also might be the child who develops more slowly. Nobody worries about a child who is bald. You might like to have a baby with golden ringlets but you aren't worried about a bald baby because you know that hair will come when it comes—and I think you might keep this in mind regarding the other things that you wait for your child to develop.

The first time that I was struck with the full absurdity of this misconception was when I worked in a very poor neighborhood and noticed that the children were almost all walking at the age of seven or eight months. My friends' children didn't walk until around the age of one year or later, and yet I knew that they were certainly just as bright as these slum children, so I began to look around for reasons that might make for early walkers.

The reason was obvious as soon as I looked for it. These families were living six to seven in a room and there was never enough space for more than one bed, so the children slept on the floor and even during the day babies were left on the floor because of the danger of them falling off a high bed. This gave the baby considerable freedom, particularly because the mother was too busy to restrict his movements. However, I also noticed another thing. Never have I seen so many infants with broken limbs. Any seven-months old baby who can walk will get into situations that are dangerous because his judgment and coordination haven't kept pace with his leg and back muscles, and a busy, distracted mother cannot protect him always.



The chubby little girl in overalls is Alison. She will swing just as long as anyone will push her.

The clinic where we helped mal-adjusted children frequently saw mothers who boasted during the interview: "I just can't understand why my kid behaves like this because she was so smart when she was a baby—why she has been talking since she was nine months old." At that point I was always tempted to say that probably the child was tired by this time and ought to stop talking and take a rest. Many children talk early, and many others talk late. Einstein, the greatest mathematical genius of our time, didn't say a word until he was three years old. I don't know what he said then, but probably he came out with a new problem in algebra. According to reports about his childhood, his parents considered him almost slow-witted. There are many children who have been considered dumb until that time.

There is no way for you to judge your child by comparing him with any other child because there have never been two of anything that followed the same growth pattern. If you show your anxiety by comparing or pushing your child you will make him feel like a failure and destroy the confidence that he needs to develop his full potentialities.

I knew one child who couldn't sit up. At an age when other children were sitting bolt upright in their highchairs he slumped and sagged all over his. The doctor said that there was nothing wrong with him, so his intelligent mother simply put away his highchair. He crawled when he was nine months old, walked when he was ten months old, and then, for the first time, he sat up. Today he is one of the sturdiest little five-year olds you ever saw, and nobody knows why he didn't sit up when he ought to. And nobody cares.

Every child has the right to be appreciated for what he is, and loved

and respected for the dignity of his own being. If he is homely or clumsy or slow, give him affection and appreciation and he will have a spirit so confident and happy that he will make light of his handicaps and make the best of what capacities he has. The child who has been made to feel in some obscure and subtle way that he isn't quite up to par will never be able to make full use of what brains or skills or physical attractiveness he has.

In testing skills we find out many things about people. Some have great skill with words and do their best work in fields where words are important such as teaching, salesmanship or journalism. We usually judge people too superficially and assume that a person with word skill is very bright, but words must have meaning or they are just words. Often a bright child is handicapped by his ability to speak quickly and well. He gets by so easily on the strength of this ability that he often never learns to discipline his mind to work, and never learns how to think and use his full potentialities.

Some children have great difficulty expressing themselves and yet feel completely at home with numbers. In big stores I've noticed people standing in line ahead of me who can call out the total of their purchase before the cashier rings up the amounts on the register. I've known other people who have a perfect eye for measurement. They can estimate size or weight almost exactly; any really good cook or seamstress has this particular ability, and it goes without saying that engineers or mechanics have it. Most people have a smattering of various skills, but when a person happens to be working in a field where he has an oversupply of the needed skill, there you usually find a happy person.

Many people are just plain smart enough or determined enough to do a good job in anything they set out to do, but if it isn't natural to them their personality suffers so much that, although they may be considered successful, they are never genuinely happy.

Once in a great while you find a baby who is generally slow in everything. He doesn't recognize people; he doesn't respond to familiar objects; he doesn't attempt to hold his head upright; he seems apathetic and uninterested in everything. Some babies are born this way and there is no magic cure for them. But another baby who behaves in this way may have only a deficiency disease which could and should be treated early. And that's one good reason for having a competent doctor check your baby regularly.

A careless word may kindle strife;
A cruel word may wreck a life.
A bitter word may hate instill;
A brutal word may smite and kill.
A gracious word may smooth the way,
A joyous word may light the day,
A timely word may lessen stress,
A loving word may heal and bless.

IT'S FUN TO SEW FOR BOYS TOO

By Roberta Kalen Price

Recently a copy of Leanna and Lucile's book, "It's Fun to Sew for Little Girls" was given to me and I've greatly enjoyed reading it.

When Juliana and Kristin were past two, their mothers had never bought dresses for them because they had done all the sewing. Right now my little girl is two and I've neither bought nor made a dress for her because she's been given so many sweet ones, both new and hand-me-downs. Of course, I know this won't last and am acquiring pieces of material and ideas for the future when she will need just the dresses that I can make. Until that time comes, however, I'll go on sewing for our boys and having fun with that.

Clothes for boys can't be fussy or frilly, but that need not keep them from being well-made, economical, and genuinely attractive. Here are a few of the things I've learned while making most of the play-clothes the boys wore as tots. Now that they're older, jeans are the standard play and school togs and I buy the best ones I can find to save mending, and don't try to compete with the manufacturers of that item.

When you make sunsuits, cut the straps long enough to tie around the neck but don't bother to cross them in back or anchor them there. This plan has three advantages: No buttons and buttonholes will be needed; no letting-down the second and third years (yes, we have several such suits that have been worn three years by each boy); and the entire back is exposed to the sun so there is no "checkerboard" tan caused by different styles of straps.

Rather than making plackets at the sides, run a casing with elastic across the back. This is a real "self-help" for the child. Choose stripes, plaids, geometric patterns, etc., for the boys and spice them up with plain trim in straps, bib and pocket.

The most satisfactory pattern for overalls for small children is one that has a yoke across the back and the so-called ladder back instead of the crossed suspenders. I prefer to use buttons and button-holes instead of grippers because it is much easier to move the buttons. Be sure that the button-hole is in the overall and the button on the suspender. If you feel you would rather have grippers, leave extra suspender length in the back so you can lengthen from there the next year. Of course, you will make the overall legs long enough to be let down also.

When the boys were younger (they're nine and five now), they wore the knit tee shirts, but this summer I tried my hand at sewing shirts and got along so well that I've made eleven of them (some even for gifts). I found that the pattern I used had a collar that was too wide and the collar lay much more smoothly when I cut it narrower. The next pattern I get is going to be the slipover style with a collar as the boys feel they will like that better than the button-down-the-front type.

This next idea is my own for allowing for lengthening the sleeves of the long-sleeved gingham shirts and I won't know for a year whether or not it is practical. I made the sleeves longer than the pattern showed, then made square corners on the cuff instead of rounded, and put in two buttonholes instead of the customary one. This year we plan to fold the cuff in half, buttoning both button-holes on one button. Next year we shall open the cuff to its full width and add the second button.

When the boys were smaller, they wore the usual one-piece pajamas, and the only thing I'd do differently about them is make the pants-legs even longer for letting-down purposes. In the two-piece style, we prefer the slip-over neck — no buttons to pop off! Elastic around the waist is easier for the lad to manage than the draw-string tie suggested by most of the patterns. Just make the casing and fly-front but use elastic.

One item that I've sewed for the boys that particularly pleased them was their carpenter aprons. I made a straight type of apron with ties and turned up a deep pocket along the bottom, in which I sewed dividers for their nails, small tools, etc. Be sure to put a loop for the hammer on the right-hand side as this is the real finishing touch! Since I happened to have olive drab twill on hand, that's what I used, but denim or something similar would also be suitable. Guess why it is wise to use dark colored material!

By all means, when you sew for boys use sturdy materials and fasten everything as securely as you are able. If you're fortunate enough to have a supply of the print feed-sacks in appropriate patterns, use them as they give excellent service. Seersuckers are very practical for busy mothers. I believe that the use of crease-resistant fabrics pays dividends for school shirts, etc., because the garments will look nice for several days.

My boys have especially enjoyed choosing their own materials and they are so happy with whatever I have made for them. Small wonder that I say, "It's fun to sew for boys too!"

A STARLIGHT PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

This is an ideal time to entertain your friends at a "Star Light" party and they will thank their lucky stars that they received an invitation to such a party.

Of course your invitations must be written on paper stars and will carry the old favorite verse:

"Star light, star bright,

Come to my house Friday night.

Beneath the stars you'll lucky be,

Come along and you shall see."

When you decorate your room you will use blue crepe paper streamers overhead for the blue sky. Many silver stars may be attached and you can even have the jolly old Man-in-the-Moon peeping down at you. Streamers of stars may hang from the archways, too.

A good beginning game is "Count-

ing our Lucky Stars." Hide various colored stars before your guests arrive. Choose two teams and let each select a captain. When any person finds a star he must wait for his captain to pick it up. The finder stands by the star and chants, "Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight." After the captains have picked up all the stars found by his team, the scores must be totaled. Different colored stars may count different points. Perhaps a red star might count one, a blue star two, a silver star three points, and so on. Hide only a few gold stars and let each of them count ten points.

Next you will surely wish to have a less boisterous game so let's play "Naming the Stars." Find about twenty-five pictures of movie stars and number each one. Give each guest paper and pencil and see who can name the most "stars" correctly.

This game is "Star Bright" and if you are really star-bright you will find that the answer to each of these begins with STAR.

1. To be hungry—STARved. 2. A bird—STARling. 3. To gaze—STARe. 4. Having many stars—STARry. 5. Wash day necessity—STARch. 6. Right hand side of a ship—STARboard. 7. To begin—STARt. 8. To frighten—STARtle. 9. Kind of sapphire—STARstone. 10. Weak animal or plant—STARveling.

If you wish to do a little star-gazing you may secure an almanac or other book with the signs of Zodiac in it and tell fortunes by signs. These horoscopes are always fun.

Your table decorations must be "starry", too. A blue tablecloth (either cloth or paper)—will have stars sprinkled over it. For the centerpiece you may use a bouquet placed on a large silver star. To make the star just cut a star out of cardboard and cover it with tin foil or silver paint.

Your place cards and nut cups will be formed by "hitching your wagon to a star." Make a star from folded construction paper so it will stand. This star will bear the guest's name. Now make a wagon from a tiny match box. The wheels may be mints fastened with cake icing. A toothpick will serve as the tongue. Fasten the wagon to the star with bright ribbon. The wagon will be filled with mints, candy, or nuts.

You may use plain napkins and add a design in the corner of gummed stars.

Your refreshments may easily carry out the star theme. Dainty open-faced sandwiches may be cut with a star-shaped cookie cutter. Gelatin salads may be made in star molds or thin gelatin can be cut with star cutters to top your dessert. Cakes might be frosted in pink and a white star formed in the center.

If you are giving prizes during the evening, wrap each in blue paper and decorate liberally with gummed stars.

It was said of a man who was always conjuring up the dark side of everything: "He builds dungeons in Spain."

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ARE YOU READY FOR VACATION?

By Mildred Cathcart

With vacation here and the children home all day, you are going to need something new in the way of entertainment to keep the youngsters busy.

Undoubtedly you have a sandpile, but what about some new sieves, molds, a dump truck, pie tins, or buckets and shovels? Some new play equipment adds considerable charm to an old sandpile.

An inflated wading pool is a fine investment — one of the play things we would like to add this summer. But our children have spent many pleasant hours with a tub partially filled with water. Toy pumps, sponges, floating toys, cardboard ducks pinned to corks, and sail boats provide hours of fun.

A swing just naturally goes with childhood. Perhaps you can add an extra swing this summer so there are not such long intervals while taking turns.

If you have small girls (and boys, too) you will find a box of old clothes for dressing up, for shows and so on, most amusing.

An old blanket provides hours of fun. Spread under a shade tree, the blanket serves for anything from a playhouse to a fine "sewing center." Stretched across a clothesline, a blanket makes a playhouse, tepee, igloo, hide out, or many other things.

At our house we have found that large cardboard boxes provide hours of amusement. Four or five large cartons make a four or five room house. Stacked on top of each other they make a tower for a princess or a lookout for Indians. With catalogs, paste, and scissors, a large box is readily transformed into a doll house.

On rainy days when the children have exhausted all supplies of fun material, I bring out the "Trinket" box. This box holds odds and ends of things that I have discarded. There is old jewelry, sewing scraps including bits of lace, rickrack and so on, perhaps an egg beater that doesn't work properly, decorations, favors saved from club and so forth. This box never fails to set the children off on a something-to-do tangent that lasts several hours.

One of the most satisfying of all amusements to children is a garden. Besides the hours spent in planting, hoeing, and caring for the garden, the boys and girls gain a real sense of satisfaction as they have something in the way of vegetables or flowers to contribute to the family table. On a rainy day you might let your children saw and paint decorative markers for their gardens. There could be a bright orange carrot marker, a bright red beet, green lettuce, et cetera. These also makes the garden look very attractive.

With vacation upon us, we can give a little forethought to something to do on those days when the children seem unable to provide ideas for themselves. When they are well entertained and happy, we parents are sure to find vacation much more enjoyable.

Start planning now and let's have fun this summer!

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PUPPIES: Registered; unregistered, Spitz (toy; standard) \$15, up. Toy Foxterriers (registered; unregistered). Pomeranians registered. Send stamp. Zante's Kennel, Monroe, Iowa.

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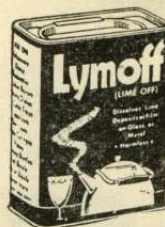
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Before you go on your vacation, write a few of these shut-in's names in your address book, and send them a card now and then while you are gone. If you are not vacationing, why not write letters to them?

Miss June Nanney, 1211 Burgie St., Elizabethton, Tenn., has been shut-in nearly two years, bedfast most of the time, and must return to the hospital soon. She will be 19 on August 16th.

John W. McNabb, aged 36, 216 W. Gay St., Lebanon, Tenn., has been sick quite a while and would love to get mail.

Lucille Varns, 364 W. Liberty St., Wooster, Ohio, has arthritis, heart trouble and some other difficulties. She is so helpless, and yet uncomplaining. She loves mail but is unable to write.

Miss Florence Spangler, Rt. 4, Berlin, Pa., will have her 52nd birthday on August 9th. She is totally deaf and almost blind — can see to read only when her paper is in direct sunlight. She writes some and is anxious to hear from some of you.

Mrs. Anna Richie, Grey Eagle, Minn., is ill a good deal of the time and needs cheery letters.

Miss Cyrilla Foltz, 5009 Western Ave., Omaha, Nebr., has arthritis, but gets about on crutches fairly well in the house. She needs orders for her beautiful crocheted articles, rose medallion pillow cases, holders, doilies, chair sets, aprons and hankies with edges. Send a card and ask for prices on what you need.

Mrs. Edith Allcorn, 4880 Kirk Rd., Youngstown, Ohio, has been ill a long time and has spent all the last year in the hospital. She enjoys mail but probably cannot answer.

Mrs. Martha Skjele, Rt. 3, Forest City Iowa, is sick again. She has been working whenever she could since her husband's death but recently had to give up and stay with her daughter. She can answer if she has stamps. (She needs some old-fashioned bone hairpins.)

Miss Mia Piontkovsky, age 39, 22-43-128 St., College Point 56, N. Y., had polio sometime ago and now has to wear braces and use crutches to get about at all. She collects stamps, fancy seals and hankies.

Mrs. Sallie Kellams, Rt. 1, Huntingburg, Ind., is 83. She lives alone and is far from well. She needs friends.

Mrs. Victor Haney, Rt. 2, Box 293, Connellsville, Pa., would like to hear from you. She has arthritis, is unable to go out much and gets so lonely.

Mrs. Crist Iverson, Oona River, B. C., Canada, does not get about well and is just out of the hospital where she had a series of treatments. She writes grand letters.

Mrs. Estella Thompson, Upton, Ky., has been very ill this spring. She loves to get mail but is seldom able to answer.

Mrs. Caddie Faith, Rt. 1, Glen Haven, Wisc., has been quite ill again and would like to hear from you.

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