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# Kitchen-Klatter

## MAGAZINE

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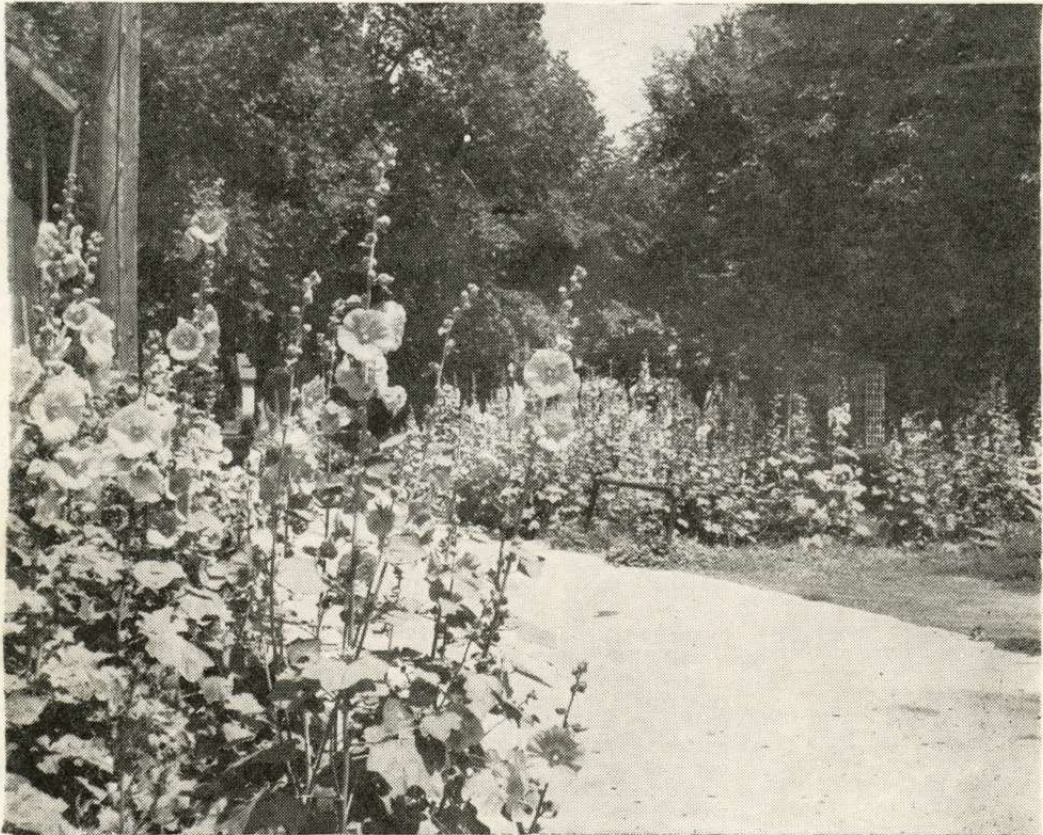


Photo by Burdick

## HOLLYHOCKS

My Mother loved them long ago;  
Beside the fence they used to grow,  
And though the garden changed each year  
And certain blooms would disappear  
To give their places in the ground  
To something new that Mother found,  
Some pretty bloom or rosebush rare—  
The hollyhocks were always there.

—Selected





A LETTER FROM LEANNA

## Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Dear Friends:

June, the month of graduations, weddings, sunshine and flowers! These beautiful days that make June the month we anticipate every year, bring to my mind several lines from Tennyson that I've known since I was a child in school.

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how,

Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving.

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,

As for grass to be green and skies to be blue,

It's the natural way of living."

Our wedding anniversary is June 25, and this year will make our 27th anniversary together. We have had much more joy than sorrow, and we are anticipating many more busy, happy years together. We have always tried to feel that the present, that this very day, is the best time of our lives, and we haven't put off living into the future. I have noticed that people who stake too much on the future and who sacrifice the present for it, are far too often bitterly disappointed.

We have made it a rule not to feel that we should be protected from the misfortunes that come to other people. There isn't a person in the world who doesn't have something to cry over, and often those who wear the brightest smile are those who have the most to make them sad. I guess we all learn that the old story about the mountain of troubles is true. We would all take up our own particular burdens once again if we could see into others' lives and see what they shoulder secretly.

We have had to learn to enjoy the simple things of life, our home, our children, our church, our neighbors, our flowers, good radio programs and our work. These are the things that have brought us happiness and contentment, and that will abide for us as long as we live.

We feel that we have been very fortunate in the most important thing of all: our seven children are all living and well, and we have seen enough tragedy and heartache to appreciate what it means to be able to say that. We are grateful too that we both have good health.

Margery is home from college for her summer vacation and has taken over the housework. She missed out on some of this needed experience because her two older sisters went right ahead with the cooking and cleaning,

and I guess this happens to the youngest daughter in all families. Her brothers like to tease her about the meals she prepares and the way she tucks in the covers on their beds, but it doesn't worry her in the least. She hasn't lived with four brothers all these years without knowing how they like to tease.

Donald has a job in the nursery fields and is glad to have work out of doors. He is a big help in taking care of my garden too, and we are already wondering just how to get along when he goes away to college this September.

I haven't decided yet whether or not to make my usual visit to the lakes in northern Iowa this summer. It is going to be very hard for me to arrange my work so that I can go for any length of time, but I imagine when the times comes nothing can keep me at home. I will announce later whether or not we will have our annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Spirit Lake, and if we do have it I hope all of you in that part of Iowa will be there with a well-filled dinner basket.

Last year it poured, but we had a fine picnic for we all moved inside a shelter house and spread our dinner out on the tables. Later the sun came out and we played games and had a fine time. Frederick and Mrs. Fischer were there too, and I hope that Mrs. Fischer can be there again this year, but Frederick will have to send his good wishes from Egypt.

Lovingly,  
—Leanna.

### A GRACIOUS HOSTESS

Every one of us who entertain guests in our home wish that we could be a truly successful hostess, the kind of a hostess about whom people say, "I love to go to her home because she always makes me feel so welcome." It would be almost impossible to find a person who entertained and didn't feel this way.

But even in this sincere and worthwhile ambition there is some danger, for we may make such an effort to be a gracious hostess that we overdo it and our guests are nervous and ill at ease because they suspect that their presence has caused too much work and anxiety. It is this feeling of having caused someone else trouble and, worst of all, considerable added expense, that spoils a visit or meal in a friend's home. We feel guilty, our hostess picks up this feeling and

thinks that we aren't having a good time and then the affair is a flat failure.

Some homemakers are just naturally good hostesses. They like to entertain, they can manage extra guests without trouble, and they manage to make everyone happy without seeming to halfway try. These are very fortunate women, as all of us know who do not belong in this group. There are countless numbers of homemakers who would rather do a two week's washing and ironing than have two extra people in for dinner—and they are the ones who write and say, "Can you possibly tell me how to become a good hostess?"

The first thing to remember is that your guests are coming to see you, not your furniture, and if food is being served, to break bread with you because they enjoy you, not because this particular food will keep them from starving to death. People who wish to see furniture will be able to go to a furniture store, and there are countless cafes, restaurants, hotels and soda fountains that serve excellent meals. So, keep firmly in mind the idea that these people who are coming to your home are coming because they enjoy you and your family.

Don't half kill yourself preparing for your guests. You certainly can't enjoy them if you feel like a rag, and in no time at all they will begin to feel guilty and unhappy. Clean your house no more than you would to straighten it up at any time; don't try to do your spring housecleaning in three or four hours. Prepare food that doesn't put you into a nervous fit at the last minute wondering if it's going to turn out all right. Cook things that you know how to fix and that don't take hours of fancy preparations. And don't plan to serve food that is beyond your budget. Everyone knows pretty well what various foods cost, and if you have to manage very carefully to make ends meet (and who of us don't!) it is embarrassing to our guests to feel that we will have to live on chipped beef for a week after they have gone.



I had this picture taken particularly for Frederick, because I wanted him to get a glimpse of the beautiful tulips that have bloomed across the west side of the yard this spring.



# Come into the Garden with Helen



Table settings and wall pockets at the Shenandoah Flower Show.

Flower shows are splendid places to learn about new varieties and uses of flowers, but their biggest help is in learning how to give the other person assistance that will allow him to win, and to take the decision of the judges placidly. Unless you can enter into it with this spirit it will do more harm than good.

Let your first show be a very modest one held in your public library or in some large home. There need be no expense for the local paper will be glad to print your premium list as news. You will charge no admission, and the awards may be shown by blue, red, or white strips of paper. Judges may be garden club members from neighboring towns, and it is wise to have two of them—one who specializes in horticulture and one in artistic arrangement.

Your premium list should be varied enough that anyone with any flowers at all can find a place to enter. Even those who have no flowers may buy or borrow them for the flower arrangement classes. The first two prizes are the most desired, of course, but often the winning of a third or fourth placing will start an ambition that will make it easier to get entries the next year.

For the show chairman choose a well poised woman who doesn't mind hard work, and who loves human beings even more than flowers.

The pictures above are from the Shenandoah show and represent the five types of entries: Shadow Boxes, Wall Pockets, Artistic Arrangements, Table Settings, and Best Specimens.

Shadow boxes are merely devices

for showing individual arrangements separately with special overhead lighting and backgrounds. Small clubs often make their own from heavy grocery packing boxes painted black inside, framed, and set on a table or shelf. A popular class for children is the arranging of a shadow box to illustrate some nursery rhyme or fairy story.

Table setting is always done without silver and is especially good to bring out clever color combinations. Often it is limited to the use of "dime store" dishes so that all contestants will have an equal chance. The children enter doll tables set with their toy tea sets.

The class in Artistic Arrangements gives openings to every one by listing best arrangements in pink, red, lavender, etc., and is a wonderful developer of latent talent. Many people rather make fun of the craze for flower arrangement until they get into it, but once started it is a fine gateway to all lines of art study.

In the Horticultural show be sure that every exhibit is labeled with its correct name. If the exhibitor cannot give it call an expert, for nothing exasperates a visitor more than being unable to learn the name of a flower that she sees and likes.

Besides the regularly listed named classes have one for best, rare or unusual specimens.

Space does not permit printing a typical premium list, but they may be secured from any nearby club. The one for this year's Shenandoah Flower Show may be had by writing to the Shenandoah Chamber of Commerce.

Our show is May 31, June 1 and 2. It is a big show now, but we started in a small way and the only thing big about it then was our spirit of working unselfishly together. It was that spirit carried through the years which now makes it possible for our half-dozen competing nurseries to do perfect team work at this time with each striving to give in the fullest measure to the beauty and educational value of our show.

—Helen Field Fischer.

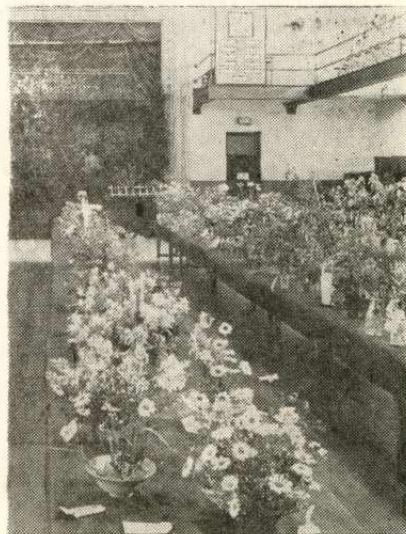
## SUMMER VACATION FOR HOUSE PLANTS

House plants need the benefit of a rest and a change during hot summer months as well as people, and should have their well deserved vacation. If due protection from too hot winds and sun is given them they will outdo themselves for us next winter in payment.

Usually it is best to accustom them gradually to the change in atmosphere before setting them out in the garden or wherever their summer home is to be. This may be done by putting them at first during the day in open windows in the sun, out of a draft. A little later they may be set in a protected porch every day, until at last when no more frost threatens, they are placed in permanent locations for the summer.

Some are left directly in their pots. If these are to be left so, first line the bottom of the hole into which the plant pot sets with sharp ashes to discourage worms from working their way up the drainage hole into the pot. Also sink the pot level with the ground and put a light mulch around the base of the plant to keep the ground cool around it and also to conserve moisture. Lift the pot occasionally during the summer to break off any roots which may grow through the drainage hole of the pot. And above all, don't forget that the plant is practically a prisoner in the close confines of its pot, so keep it watered just as was done when in the house.

(Continued on page 6, column 3)



Shenandoah Flower Show. One table of artistic flower arrangements, and another of fine specimens in bottles or vases.



## THE WELCOME

By Lucile Driftmier

(Reprinted from Woman's Home Companion)

Toward evening Wayne got out the road map again and we looked carefully at the straight red line between Kansas City and Saint Joseph. With his short brown fingers he traced it slowly and when Frederick said, "It's almost six o'clock now," we could see that they must be some place near the end of that red line.

I began walking around the rooms putting on the last finishing touches. We had ordered a dozen red roses from the florist and Marjorie worked all afternoon polishing the beautiful copper vase that mother bought years ago when she was teaching school in California. I had her work at the kitchen table and every time I flew out to look at the chickens she turned it back and forth and showed me the places that gleamed like August suns. The roses were in it now and they stood with their sculptured red heads drooping over the songbook.

"Shall we turn on the lamps and light the candles?" Dorothy asked, "or do you think we should wait until just before they get home?"

"Let's turn them on now," Frederic said going over to the Christmas tree and putting his hand under the prickly green branches to find the connection. Instantly the great golden star sprang into bloom high on the top branch and cascading down in the sweet fragrant pine were the gay red Santa Claus and brilliant flowers that we had found packed carefully away in cotton from the Christmas before.

"Do you think Mother will like this blue light so close to the green one?" he asked. "Do you remember last year she told us to be careful about getting some of those colors too close together?"

"She'll like this very much," Marjorie said patting the tiny round stomach of a Santa Claus, "and she'll think there are some fine branches to tie on suet and bread crusts afterward."

"We'll put the tree just outside her window," I said, "and she can see the birds from her bed."

"She'll like that," Dorothy said and her eyes were bright with tears.

I walked over to the windows and looked down the long white hill. The sun was setting now. There were delicate fans of rosy pink spread across the sky and in all of the little hollows that looked secret and lonely, pale purple shadows were settling. From where I stood I could see the gentle round slope where all of us had coasted last winter. We had run up and down with our old dog prancing and nipping at the sled runners and Mother had wrapped her bright red scarf over her ears and gone down with us.

A car turned the corner and my heart sprang to attention. In an hour they will be here, I said to myself. In an hour the ambulance lights will flash through that long arch of trees and they will be here at last.

"You'd better come and look at these chickens again," Emma said from the kitchen door. "I think we'd better

turn the fire down or those legs will get too brown."

She opened the oven door and we crowded closer around her. There were the plump glistening chickens snuggled up to each other in little piles of white steaming rice, with their wings touching affectionately and their four fat legs crossed modestly. I took a fork and poked one very gently. Shining steams of rich juice poured out of the tight skin and ran down into the pan.

"Um..." we breathed.

"I thought we'd put them on the platter and let your mother see them before they're carved," Emma said proudly. "What time do you reckon they'll come?"

"They should be here in an hour," I said glancing at the kitchen clock. "Dad thought they would leave Saint Joseph by six and then it only takes an hour."

"But they won't drive fast," Frederic put in. "They won't want to joggle her or hit any bumps, so it'll take longer."

"Not much longer, though, because Mother knows we're waiting and she'll want to hurry as fast as she can."

I looked at the table again. Dorothy and Marjorie and I had started fixing it at three o'clock because we wanted everything just right and it had taken us over an hour because all of us were so fussy. Marjorie even got cotton to shine the goblets and Dorothy measured the exact place for every piece of silver with a little ruler.

I flicked the tiniest speck of lint from the side of one goblet and touched the end of a spoon with a napkin to take off the faintest fingerprint. There were short crimson candles on each side of the flaming poinsettia and the place cards that Marjorie had made were standing jauntily in front of every plate.

"What shall I do about Mother's?" she had asked holding the lettering pen above the square of cardboard. "We could give it to her on her tray, couldn't we, even though everyone knows it's her place. She'd think that was fun, wouldn't she?"

"What do you suppose Mother will notice first when they wheel her in?" Dorothy asked. "The tree or the table?"

"She'll notice the tree first of course," Frederic said, who had worked all morning fixing a bucket of sand to stand it in, and bracing the supports just right. "And after the tree she'll see the crèche that Wayne made and then she'll see the table."

I walked around the house anxiously. In some ways this last hour of waiting was harder than all of the hard hours since that Sunday morning in September when it had happened. With that agonized flash of memory I could see again how it must have been, how they must have driven along joyful and happy through the softness of the Indian summer morning, how they must have looked for one shocked moment at the thundering car that struck them.

We had been eating breakfast the next day when Emma brought in the telegram. We wept. Each of us had gone off in desolate sorrow trying to imagine what it would mean if

Mother never walked again. Later I found Frederic lying under the spirea bushes by the pool with his head buried in our old dog's furry coat. "I keep thinking," he sobbed, "how she was going to rake leaves with us for our picnics."

I looked around the big hushed rooms. Wayne had lighted the candles. Their steady yellow flames made little pools of pale gold in the gleaming piano. One drop of water hung in a silver ball at the end of a rose petal. The golden pools and the silver ball were waiting.

"Is there anything left to do?" I asked when Emma came to the dining-room door.

"Nothing," she said. "The pudding is ready and the chickens are done and I've got the fruit cocktail chilling in the icebox. Do you reckon anything's held them up? I hate to think of them chickens waiting much longer." She cocked her head anxiously toward the kitchen and sniffed critically at the indescribably wonderful odor. We all turned and sniffed too.

"It's a good smell to walk into, isn't it?" Marjorie said taking her handkerchief and rubbing the copper vase once again.

"Listen, what do you suppose is in there?" She pointed to the small blue-stained box tied with an impudent blue bow that fairly shouted to be opened.

"No fair peeking," Frederic reminded her when she picked it up and began shaking it hopefully. "The card says, 'For Mother,' and she wouldn't like it if we got into things ahead of time."

"But I don't have anything to do," Marjorie sighed roaming around the room impatiently. "I don't think they'll ever get home."

We had started dressing at noon and for two hours there had been great splashings and running about to find socks and petticoats and neckties.

"This is like it was before Mother got hurt, isn't it?" Dorothy said cheerfully, brushing her teeth in the steamy bathroom. "This is the way we always got ready all together on Sunday morning except that everyone had his clothes in a separate stack before we started. Do you remember the time someone asked Mother if she had us trained to sit in stairsteps at church?"

"That was old Mrs. Burwell," I said. "One time she looked at my front teeth when I was little and said, 'Land, land, child, you're going far away from home! That big space between your front teeth means that you'll go a long ways when you grow up.' And I cried myself to sleep for weeks because I didn't want to leave Mother and the family and go away."

I remembered this now when Dorothy came over to the piano where I sat teetering on the edge of the bench and said, "Why don't we sing some Christmas songs while we're waiting? First let's do It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

I began playing. Only Dorothy sang at the beginning, but before we'd got through the first verse everyone else came over to the piano and began singing too.

I glanced up at their faces. In all their eyes was the steady courage and



hope that each of them had drawn from some deep source to meet this homecoming.

*Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King*

I am the oldest, I thought, and I have less faith than any of them.

We had finished all of the verses of the first song and started on O Little Town of Bethlehem when the lights of a car flashed.

"They're here!" Emma said starting toward the door and then stopping abruptly. "Now listen," she said firmly, "you don't want to go tearing out in the cold and upset your mother, do you? Tell them to set down, Lucile, until they bring her in."

"Sit down," I said quietly.

We all sat down in a row, Dorothy next to me, and then Frederic and Marjorie and Wayne.

*She went away tall and strong, my heart cried. She walked out to the car waving gaily to us.*

They were almost to the steps now. Then we saw the long cot roll into the living-room.

"Mother!" we cried.

She raised her head and smiled. "Merry Christmas!" she cried.

"Mother!" we cried again, smiling at her through our tears.

*"Mother, Mother, Mother ..."*

"You have such a beautiful tree," she said. "I hoped it would look like this."

Then all of us were bending over the cot laughing and crying.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" everyone cried at once, the strangeness and sadness gone like magic.

"Who fixed that?" Mother asked, pointing to her picture framed with sprays of evergreen.

"Dorothy did," someone said. "We put it up to keep from quarreling when we knew that you wouldn't be home for a long time."

"But I'm home now," she said gaily, washing away the terrible weeks at the hospital with a wave of her hand, "and I'm sure with my family to love me I'll get well fast; you can help me learn to walk again too. I won't need crutches long with so many shoulders to lean on. Why don't we sing?"

I sat down at the piano and turned to Silent Night. Every Christmas just before our tree we had turned off all the lights and sung it very softly. "Christmas is love!" Mother exclaimed once as we finished the last "Sleep in heavenly peace."

I struck the first notes. My mother's voice, firm and clear, started, then everybody joined in.

*All is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon Virgin, mother and child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild*

Once again I felt the deep glowing bonds of love between us, felt the ageless triumph of love that breaks down the prisons of death, illness and suffering.

I turned to look at my mother. She smiled at me gravely, tenderly. *Sleep in heavenly peace.*

## A LETTER FROM A 4-H MOTHER

Each of us 4-H fathers and mothers is anxious to give our children the very best possible start in life. Many of us haven't much money, but sometimes that itself can be turned into an asset. At least we cannot pamper them!

So many of the children's needs cannot be bought with money. One is friendship. Our boys and girls in their teens are forming some pretty fine friendships right now with the other 4-H people. Then too most of us have some friends we've loved for years; let's give our children a chance to see them once in a while. We like to meet their friends, and why should they not know ours?

The very best literature is, oddly enough, the least expensive. Even a book the children have looked into and mentally labelled "dull" takes on new life and interest when read aloud.

It is possible to discourage greatly the reading of trashy magazines by being very sure that they don't remain in our homes. Sometimes they creep in! If we provide plenty of clean magazines and good books the youngsters are not so likely to develop an appetite for trash.

We can watch for the best radio programs and tune them in. Few people will get up and dial another program if something good is coming in. If the children hear good music daily they will develop a taste for it. But the surest way to arouse interest in something not so good is to order them to turn the radio off! Most radio programs are fine, although perhaps a few features are a little exciting for smaller or nervous children.

Our children know that they have our love; let's show them also that they have our trust. Too often I have heard women say, "I do wish my mother had had more faith in me. It was humiliating to know that she didn't fully trust me."

We can give honest answers to their questions. If we don't know the answer we won't forfeit their respect if we say, "I don't know. Let's see if we can't find out."

Some of their questions are a bit staggering, I'll admit. Once when Phyllis was not yet three she was taken on a trip during which she met a number of relatives whom she had never seen before. The next Sunday she asked me, "Mother, is God your relative, or Daddy's?" Because of this experience we have tried to teach the others while they are very small that God is the Father, and in the same sense all men are brothers. They understand it better than one would think, and after all that is the basis for all other religious training that they will receive.

It's a busy life but a happy one that we parents lead. And aren't we proud of the children when they are children no longer, but teen-age 4-H boys and girls?

—Helen Loudon, Imogene, Ia.

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter Program at 2:00 p. m. each day over KMA.



The family of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Loudon. Mrs. Loudon is a regular contributor to the columns of Kitchen-Klatter. Phyllis, 15, Gerald 6 mo., Donald Paul, 11, Jean 8, Bobbie 5, and Suzanne 3.

## LITTLE GARDEN

Baby pansy faces  
Lifted for a kiss;  
Mignonette and roses,  
Fragrance that is bliss.

(Lovely little garden  
Weeping tears of dew,  
Why must you remind me  
There is work to do?)

Underneath the lily pad  
The goldfish sleep,  
'Round the lichened boulders  
The rock plants creep.

(Funny little garden,  
Can't you realize  
You cost a pretty penny  
To spray and fertilize?)

Ivy round the white bench  
Where I sit and think,  
Underneath the fern fronds  
Spotted hop-toads blink.

(Naughty little garden  
Winking in the sun,  
Don't you know the garden  
Work is never done?)  
—Helen Loudon

## INVENTORY

by Sudie Stuart Hager

Have I done more to merit peace than they,  
My Sisters, ravaged now in warring lands?

They, too, loved small sweet happenings of the day:

A husband's kiss, the press of children's hands,

A leaf turned gold, a lilac come to flower;

They kept their rooms as neat, their hearths as bright,

Made home a glad some place each daytime hour.

And hallowed it with fervent prayers at night.

No more than I, do they know what it's for,

This holocaust, where Sons are forced to die;

It's true they failed to teach the hate of war,

But so (may God forgive) have I, have I!



## A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Our son Frederick Driftmier is teaching in an American college for young men in Assiut, Egypt. He plans to be gone for three years. I am glad to share his interesting letters with you.

—Leanna.

TRIP TO THE RED SEA  
(Continued)

Right in the middle of the desert between the river and the Red Sea we were driving through a very narrow canyon watching for a shady place to eat lunch, when we came to a gold mine. Two men, an Englishman and an Irishman, had discovered this old mine that had been used at one time by the early kings of Egypt over four thousand years ago.

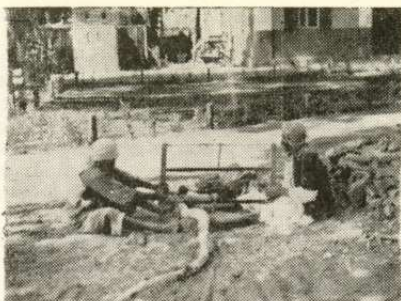
While our drivers were fixing a flat tire these miners showed us their plant from which they hoped to take over \$100,000 worth of gold. They also took us to see one of the most interesting things I have seen since I have been in Egypt.

When the ancient Egyptians were working this mine they used over 1000 employees — only slaves would be a better term, I guess. Back in the canyon was the ancient city in its entirety where these people lived. We walked through block after block of ancient ruins. The houses were built just as they are now of mud and rocks. The mud had long since blown away, but the heaps of rocks marking the walls still remain. I was fascinated with the thought that so many years ago people really lived, worked, and died in this terribly hot canyon so many miles from fertile land.

From this point on to Casair the scenery was very beautiful with ridge after ridge of black granite mountains, red granite mountains, and brown granite mountains. From these mountains the stone was taken for the great temples of the ancient Egyptians.

As we neared Casair at sunset the light on the different colored rock formations made a perfect paradise of beauty. We reached our destination just as it was getting dark and hurried to find a camping place.

We told our drivers we wanted to be on the shore of the Red Sea, so what did they do but drive out on to a narrow strip of sand where the tide had just gone out and all four of our cars sank up to the doors. Well, we were tired and hungry, but here we were all bogged down on the shores of the



Men sawing wood for the college at Assiut, Egypt.

sea. After much hard work we lifted and fairly carried our cars back to the road, and in another hour we had found a good dry, but windy camp site. We had our supper, which the girls cooked on our campfire, and then we walked about two blocks back to the shores of the Red Sea. It was so dark we couldn't see the water, so we decided to sit on the shore until the moon came up. The surf of the Red Sea does not break on the shore itself, but about a quarter of a mile out on the edge of the coral reefs.

Oh, the thrill when the moon rose up out of the sea! A path of molten gold seemed to lead out from our very feet, past the foamy surf, on across the sea. We went back to camp, sang some songs and went to bed.

At the break of dawn I was awakened by the sound of tire pumps and was soon out of bed running to the top of the dune to get my first look at the Red Sea by daylight. Really when I saw that sea I just stood there aghast. I never imagined that any body of water could be as beautiful as that was. It was blue such as I have never seen before. We had camped two miles from Casair, and that little village with its whitewashed walls against the deep blue of the sea was a picture to behold.

While we were having breakfast a very smartly dressed young Italian came riding along the shore on a motorcycle. He greeted us as if we were a part of his long lost family and invited us in to visit the great Italian phosphate works where he was employed. We were required to register at the government headquarters, our cameras were sealed, and they had to remain so until we were back to the Nile.

I spent the afternoon walking along the beach, and trying to wade out into the surf. I say "trying to" because the sharp pieces of coral in the water were pretty hard on my bare feet. The most interesting thing that I picked up was a small octopus. Right here I quit wading because I didn't want to meet the papa of that young one. In my next letter I will tell you of our trip home.

—Lovingly, Ted.

"We like the Magazine so well. When it comes we read it through from front to finish at once. There is not a dull line in the magazine. It has more real value than many of the larger ones."—Mrs. J. S. Linford, Sterling, Nebr.

(Continued from page 3.)

When putting plants outside for the summer, think a little of the conditions in which they thrive best either in the house or in their original native settings. For instance, geraniums, petunias, flowering maple and all such sun-loving plants may be planted in full sun, either in beds or groups. House plants generally look best when combined with their own kind, just as wild flowers also look best together.

Begonias, such as the bedding types or Christmas begonias, are nice for semi-shaded spots and may be taken from their pots, broken up into divisions and thus fill quite a large space. Too much sun burns their rather spongy, delicate leaves, and when watered in full sun their texture is badly injured. However, in hot, muggy weather, do not water at night; rather wait until early morning when mildew will not form on the leaves and when also they will get dry before full mid-day sun.

The rarer begonias should not be set out at all, unless their location is well protected from wind, and even then a hard storm can wreck the whole plant. A sunny window in a basement which is not too dry, preferably a dirt cellar, is a fine place for a rare begonia to take its summer vacation.

African Violets, Achimenes or Gloxinias have no business out in the weather at all. They simply are not constituted to stand it. They do best on a rather shady sun porch where they get fresh air, not too hot sun, and protection from the weather.

Oleanders glory in a summer out of doors. They have already had their rest during the winter and can be set out in their tubs to bloom and blossom the summer through.

The Christmas cactus will rest in its outdoor retreat needing water only occasionally. The poinsettia and amaryllis rest usually from late September until January.

The Cyclamen, having evergreen foliage, likes a cool shady place such as the north side of the house where its pot may be sunk into the soil.

Tender succulents and cacti find convenient places waiting for them in the rock garden. Foliage plants, wandering Jew and German ivy are very good to fill up the window box, since many cuttings may be made from the old plants.

Thus the indoor plants take their summer vacation, helping to beautify our outdoor garden in their own way. —Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

"I received my renewal notice yesterday, and I'm going to send it right back with a dollar bill for a year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter, the best little magazine ever. I enjoy it from cover to cover, pictures, poems, etc., and get them out and read them again. I enjoy Frederick's letters very much and hope he can continue to write more." — Mrs. C. Eaton, Dickens, Iowa.

Subscribe for Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. \$1.00 a year.



A water carrier on the banks of the River Nile.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Mother has asked me to tell you something about our return trip from Arizona, and as usual I find that I could fill pages and pages but must boil it down into less than a page. I love to travel more than anything in the world, and it always seems to me as if I could write 100,000 words when I cover several states.

We left Madera Canyon about five o'clock in the morning and stopped in Tucson only long enough to leave Judy's kitten in a home that we had found for it. Then we turned north and began the long, long trip. We had inquired about the roads before we left and had been assured that there were no mountains until we reached New Mexico, but lo and behold! we found ourselves in a long range of mountains that extended for miles. Fortunately the road was excellent and all drivers were cautious, but there were so many hairpin curves and such steep grades that it cut down our time very badly and delayed us several hours.

About dusk we drove into Prescott, an interesting old mining town in the heart of the mountains. We had expected only to stay overnight there and go on early in the morning, but when we took the car into the garage to have the battery checked we found to our horror that the generator was on its last legs and that the necessary parts would have to be shipped up from Phoenix. I'm afraid that we didn't take this news with calm and smiling faces, for we had hoped desperately to be at the Grand Canyon by ten o'clock the next morning and this car difficulty meant that we would be held up in Prescott indefinitely.

Well, we got through forty-eight hours in Prescott without so much trouble after all, and when Russell and I walked up a steep hill to sit on the steps of the Prescott high school and watch a full moon rise over the mountains I wasn't sorry that we had had to stay over. At four o'clock on Monday morning there was a knock at the door and there was the garage man with our car and the assurance that it was in top notch condition.

We started on immediately and by eleven o'clock we had reached the Grand Canyon. Like everyone else, Russell and I had heard about the Grand Canyon from childhood and had always hoped to see it. We can honestly say that it far exceeded our expectations and was much more beautiful than we had imagined it could possibly be. The English writer, J. B. Priestly said, "People who are disappointed in the Grand Canyon will also be disappointed in the Judgment Day." Mr. Priestly is right. It is difficult to believe that anyone lives who could stand on the rim of that canyon and look into the core of the earth itself without feeling overwhelmed.

The United States Park Service has done a remarkable piece of work in



Lucile's first view of the Grand Canyon.

the Grand Canyon National Park. A number of beautiful towers have been built along the rim, and a series of mounted telescopes with accompanying slides and geological notes gives the visitor an opportunity to see various dramatic phases of the canyon's structure. Russell and I spent the afternoon walking along the canyon, and then when evening came he walked down into it for a short distance and watched the moon rise. We stayed at a log cabin in the Park that night, and the next morning started on towards Santa Fe.

The main highway through northern Arizona takes one directly across many Indian reservations, and all day we passed hogans, the peculiar type of house built by the Navajos, where

lovely silver and turquoise jewelry and beautifully woven blankets were for sale. That night we stayed at Grants City, New Mexico, and the next day we reached Santa Fe at noon.

Santa Fe is a colorful town with a romantic history, and we enjoyed it more than any other town we've gone through. We spent a happy four hours at their unusually fine Art Museum, and at their historic and wonderfully well preserved Palace of the Governors, a building several hundred years old. There we found highly interesting exhibits of Indian history and of early frontier day life, and we could have spent a week there simply looking at the objects in two or three different rooms.

Out of Santa Fe early in the morning, and by noon again we had reached the Raton Pass, one of the most famous mountain passes in the United States. We had lunch there at a roadside cafe with clouds floating past us, and we hated to realize that this was the end of our gorgeous southwestern mountain country. Once out of the Raton Pass we knew that it was only a question of grinding off mile after mile after mile, particularly after we left Denver.

By the time we reached Seward I felt as if every tree were familiar, and when we drove into Lincoln, it was almost like getting home. It was still raining, alas! but the country looked beautiful to us in the first flush of spring and we enjoyed every mile between Nebraska City and Shenandoah.

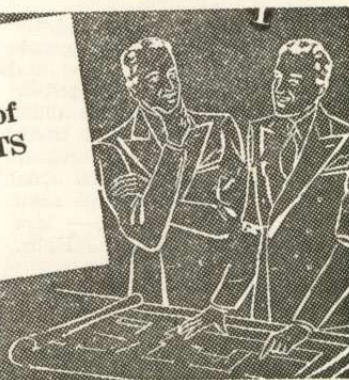
Then down the familiar long hill west of town, and then home again. It seemed almost like a dream to get out of the car and walk into the back door and say "Hello" to mother, for I had anticipated it for so long that when it actually happened I felt as if I were only dreaming it again.

—Lucile.

"Just received my renewal card, so I believe it's high time to get my renewal in, for I wouldn't be without my best little friend in the world, Kitchen-Klatter Magazine."—Mrs. Nettie Bean, 327 Lincoln Ave., Holton, Kans.

## BUILDING A NEW HOME?

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an adequate number of  
**ELECTRIC OUTLETS**  
**BUILD**  
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**Iowa-Nebraska Light & Power Co.**





## RECIPES

To all who would these pages test,  
A whisper in your ear,  
These dishes are the very best  
Your husband's heart to cheer.  
Let none escape, but try them all  
To boil or fry or bake,  
I'll warrant they are just as good  
As Mother used to make.

### PRIZE LEMON PIE

Mix 1 cup of sugar  
3 egg yolks  
3 Tbls. flour or cornstarch  
1½ cups top milk  
Lump of butter size of walnut  
Cook this until thick and add the juice of 1 lemon. Add some of the rind grated if you wish. Let cool and pour the filling into a baked pie shell. Use the 3 egg whites for meringue. Brown slightly.—Mrs. Louis Hanes, 666 West North St., Marshall, Mo.

### LEMON CAKE PIE

1 cup sugar  
2 egg yolks  
1 cup milk  
2 level Tbls. flour  
2 Tbls. butter (melted)  
Juice of 1 lemon

Mix in order given and add the 2 egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Put in an unbaked pie crust and bake in a slow oven.—Mrs. Rose Hildman, Nortonville, Kansas, RFD 2.

### LEMON PIE WITH MARSHMALLOWS

Take the juice of 1 lemon and the grated rind. Measure as much cold water as you have lemon juice and add. Take 30 marshmallows, put in double boiler, and when melted add 3 beaten egg yolks. Cook until thick. Add a pinch of salt and the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff. Cool slightly and pour into baked pie shell. Serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. George Baugh, McCool Jct., Nebr., RFD 1.

### FAVORITE LEMON PIE

1½ cups sugar  
1½ cups boiling water  
3 Tbls. butter  
1½ Tbls. grated lemon rind  
5 Tbls. cornstarch  
3 egg yolks  
4 Tbls. lemon juice

# "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

## Meringue

3 egg whites  
¼ tsp. cream of tartar  
6 Tbls. sugar.

Mix sugar and cornstarch together thoroughly in top of double boiler. Blend in the boiling water and cook over direct flame stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils. Then set over boiling water and cook 10 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks slightly and blend into them some of the hot thickened mixture. Then blend the egg yolk mixture into the cornstarch mixture in the double boiler. Blend in the butter, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Cool and pour into baked pie shell.—Delores Gordon, Northwood, Ia., RFD 2, Box 21.

## TO CAN STRAWBERRIES

Wash berries and put in pan. To one quart of berries add 2 cups of sugar and let stand overnight. In the morning bring to a boil and put in scalded jars and seal. There are very good.—Josie Van Nyhins, Sheldon, Ia., RFD 2.

## STRAWBERRY - PINEAPPLE CONSERVE

2 qts. strawberries  
1 large pineapple  
1 cup hot water  
2½ lbs. sugar

Add water to sugar and boil to a syrup. Drop in wedges of pineapple and cook until tender. To this add the strawberries. Cook ten minutes. Then skim out fruit and fill jars two-thirds full. Continue to boil juice until thick, fill the jars with this and seal with paraffin. Rubbers and lids should be used also.

## STRAWBERRY JAM

4 qts. of strawberries  
2 lbs. of sugar

Hull the berries after they have been washed. Put sugar over them and let them boil until of the right consistency. Test as for jelly. Pour in hot sterilized jars and seal.

## POACHING EGGS

"A teaspoon of vinegar in water in which eggs are poached keeps the whites from spreading and makes whites cook over yolks."—Mrs. D. F. Hummel, Smithland, Iowa.

## SUN PRESERVES

1 qt. sugar  
1 pt. water  
1 qt. strawberries, large and ripe  
Boil sugar and water to a thick syrup. Drop in berries and let them boil for ten minutes. Leave in the kettle overnight. Then skim, pour on large platters, cover with glass and place in the sun for three days. Fill glass jars and store in a cool place.

## PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES

Use equal amounts of berries and sugar. Add a little water to the sugar and let boil until it spins a thread. Add berries and boil hard for eight minutes. Take from the stove and let stand overnight. Place in glasses and cover with paraffin.

## SOME GOOD RHUBARB RECIPES

### RHUBARB CONSERVE

6 lbs rhubarb  
6 lbs sugar  
2 oranges  
1 cup nut meats  
2 cups raisins

Cut rhubarb and oranges into pieces of medium size. Pour sugar over them and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until thick, add nuts and raisins which have been cooked previously. Reheat and seal in sterile jars.

### PINEAPPLE RHUBARB MARMALADE

3 lbs. of rhubarb cut in cubes  
1 can crushed pineapple  
4½ lbs. of sugar  
Let this stand overnight, then boil until thick and seal.

### STRAWBERRY RHUBARB JAM

1 quart of strawberries  
1 quart of rhubarb  
5 cups of sugar  
Cook slowly until thick. Seal.

### RHUBARB JAM

6 lbs. rhubarb  
6 lbs. sugar  
6 large lemons  
Cut rhubarb in small pieces. Slice lemons very thin. Put fruit in bowl, cover with sugar, and let stand 24 hours. Then boil for ¾ hour. Do not stir more than necessary for its great beauty is in not being broken up.

### PINEAPPLE, RHUBARB, STRAWBERRY JAM

½ lb. rhubarb (do not peel)  
1 qt. ripe strawberries  
1 small can crushed pineapple  
½ bottle fruit pectin  
Slice rhubarb fine. Crush the berries, add pineapple, and mix together with 4 cups of sugar. Bring to a rolling boil and boil 1 minute. Remove from fire, add pectin, stir. Let cool 5 minutes. Skim. Pour in hot sterilized glasses or jars and seal at once. This makes 12 medium sized glasses.—Josie Van Nyhins, Sheldon, Ia., RFD 2.



## A VISIT TO THE HOME OF JOHN KELLOGG

By Bess Donaldson

Ed. Note: In the May Kitchen-Klatter magazine Mrs. Donaldson told you of the life and work of Mr. Kellogg. In this issue she describes a visit to his home.

Over the phone we made a date. We found him in a bare and dusty upper room in the old Shaw residence in the Gardens. He was typical of most any middlewestern farmer, grayhaired, tanned, of medium height and carelessness of his appearance. We were seated around a long table and there we visited.

He told us of the Laboratory and Missouri Botanical Gardens which we could visit, but we were more interested in this one man and anxious to ask questions. He knew all the answers.

"How many native plants has Missouri?" I asked, and he said, "We think about 2600; I have found 2400. Next month I will be pensioned and then I can go when I please and where I please. I want to complete my herbarium. We use the car and my wife does the driving," he chuckled. "I gawk around so much that my wife says, 'John, I'll do the driving and you look!'"

I told him of the wild flowers near Trenton and he knew exactly what I meant, for he has been all over the state and can tell you of patches of rare plants to be found near St. Joe and elsewhere. We talked for an hour and he dropped many bits of information. Yes, yucca grow in Missouri, two kinds: Arkansas and glauca. He displayed a specimen of true Hercules Club. "It doesn't grow in Missouri," he said. "It belongs to the prickly ash family. Mistletoe grows in Missouri, and one palm is found in southeast Missouri."

There were more chuckles as he recalled a joke played on a teacher in the public schools. Another man had promised to supply baskets of wild plants for this teacher's botany classes, and he carefully tagged each specimen with its common botanical name. When he found himself unable to fulfill his obligations for a time he asked Mr. Kellogg to supply the plants, which he did.

But soon the teacher complained. "Look here," she said, "you didn't put the names on the flowers and we couldn't tell them apart."

"What are you teaching?" he asked her. "I thought you were teaching botany!"

We talked of Garden Clubs. Then reminiscing he told of experiences with wood ticks and mosquitoes. At one of their picnics these pests bothered him less than anyone else and he told the others that it was because he was a native.

"This is my Bible," he said, as he held up a worn copy of Gray's New Manual of Botany. We realized how seriously he had studied it when we mentioned that we had found it difficult to identify the different oaks.

Without hesitation he replied, "There are two groups, black and white, and 1300 American varieties. Of these 500 are native to North America, and there are 47 oaks in Missouri; 15 of them are hybrids."

"How can you bear to leave the world," we exclaimed, "without writing a book containing all your knowledge?"

"Books!" he cried brusquely. "What are books? Too much trouble!"

"Think of what will be lost!" we urged.

His manner changed. "I'll leave them my herbarium," he said. And we visioned the youthful enthusiasm, human labor and patience that had gone into its making.

"May we see it?" we asked. He rose, opened cupboard doors, and took out a dozen folios which we scanned eagerly. We knew that ten years ago his private collection contained over 1600 specimens of Missouri plants above the mosses. We wanted to go with him on one of those country rambles when he collected his specimens in our woods, along our streams, and in our pastures. We left with pleasant anticipation after we had visited the orchids. There will be other exotic orchids, but never again can we talk with the man so wise in Nature lore, for the friend who accompanied me that day sent notice in May, 1939 of his sudden passing at the age of seventy-seven.

### TO THE NEWLY MARRIED

God bless you both.

Why, it means so much

I almost whisper as I say it!

And unseen fingers seem to touch my hands

In answer, as I pray it.

May all it means to all mankind  
In all its wondrousness possess you

Through sun and cloud

And storm and wind,

God bless you both, God bless you!

—Selected.

### ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES

1. If an argument arises tell your husband he is right, even if he is not.

2. Don't nag. A man learns to avoid a nagging wife.

3. Don't go to sleep with an aching heart. Women ask forgiveness much more easily than men.

4. Arguments bring on trouble. Men have too much of that in business to appreciate it at home.

5. If your husband has money insist upon dressing well; if he hasn't don't complain but do the best you can.

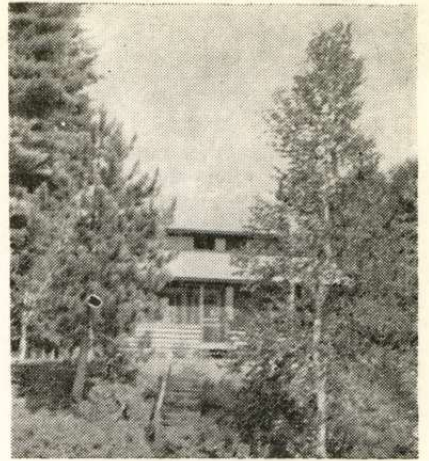
6. Never refuse to go out with your husband. Be a good companion.

7. Don't waste money. Plan a budget and stick to it.

8. Don't bother your husband with petty household annoyances when he comes home at night. He has plenty of them in his own work.

9. Tell him he is the World's Best Husband and he will be.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter Program.  
2:00 P. M., Station KMA.



A view of the summer home of the Earl E. May family at Mercer, Wis. It faces a beautiful lake.

Mrs. C. L. Booheister of Pilot Mound, Iowa, writes how her husband ties ears of corn in the trees during the winter and dozens of red birds come to feed. That's a good idea. Some of the rest of us must remember to do that next winter.

## Do you make this mistake in baking?

When you bake do you make the mistake of thinking that the all important thing is the recipe?

Of course, the recipe is mighty important. But, don't forget that the foundation of all your baking is the flour you use.

In the kitchen, where Mother's Best Flour is carefully tested, we have learned that even with the same recipe a batch of bread, a cake, a pie, or anything else can be spoiled simply by changing the quality of the flour.

That's why it is so important to carefully choose your flour.

No flour leaves the Mother's Best mills until generous samples have been tested both in laboratory and kitchen. It's always kept to uniform, high standards so you can depend on it for all your baking, at all times.

Every sack is guaranteed to please you or you get your money back. Ask your grocer today for a sack of

## Mother's Best Flour



# KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

930 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa  
NBC Blue Network  
Iowa Broadcasting System  
Mutual Broadcasting Company

## KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM MORNING

- 5:00 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies
- 6:00 a. m.—Weather and News
- 6:15 a. m.—The Midlanders
- 6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar
- 7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
- 7:15 a. m.—Farm News (Earl May)
- 7:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins and His Gang (Monday through Friday)
- 7:30 a. m.—Novellers (Sat.)
- 7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sundays)
- 7:45 a. m.—Coffee Pot Inn (Mon. thru Fri.)
- 8:00 a. m.—Mainer's Mountaineers
- 8:00 a. m.—Uncle Bill Reads the Funnies (Sun.)
- 8:15 a. m.—Haden Trio
- 8:30 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
- 8:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins (Mon. thru Fri.)
- 9:00 a. m.—Jessie Young, Homemaker
- 9:30 a. m.—The Haden Trio (Sun.)
- 9:45 p. m.—Western Valley Folks
- 10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
- 10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sundays)
- 10:30 a. m.—Markets and Farm News
- 10:30 a. m.—National Farm & Home Hour (Sat.)
- 10:45 a. m.—Frank Field
- 11:00 a. m.—Tobles Cornuttel Nooz (Mon. thru Fri.)
- 11:15 a. m.—Chick Holstein
- 11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School
- 12:00 Noon—Midday Melodies
- 12:15 p. m.—Earl May, News
- 12:30 p. m.—Novellers
- 12:45 p. m.—Market Time

## AFTERNOON

- 1:00 p. m.—Humorous Squibbs
- 1:00 pp. m.—Semi-Solid Ramblers (Sun.)
- 1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
- 1:45 p. m.—Crazy Radio Gang
- 2:00 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
- 2:30 p. m.—Garden Club
- 2:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game (Sat.)
- 2:45 p. m.—A. L. Stithem
- 3:00 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game (Mon. thru Fri.)
- 4:30 p. m.—Renfrew of the Mounted (Sat.)
- 5:15 p. m.—Frankie Master's Orchestra
- 5:15 p. m.—Youth in the Toils (Mon.)

## EVENING

- 6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
- 6:15 p. m.—Chick Holstein
- 6:30 p. m.—Earl May with the News
- 7:00 p. m.—Homer Rodeheaver (Mon, Wed. and Fri.)
- 7:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of America (Tues.)
- 7:00 p. m.—Alka-Seitzer Nat'l Barn Dance (Sat.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Paul Martin & His Music (Mon.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Fun with the Revuers (Tues.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Roy Shield's Revue (Wed.)
- 7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Fri.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Gallant American Women (Mon.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Encore Music (Tues.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Melody in the Night (Sat.)
- 8:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing Bout (To Be Announced)
- 8:30 p. m.—Brent House (Tues.)
- 8:30 p. m.—Radio Magic (Wed.)
- 8:30 p. m.—Florence Wyman and Conrad Thibault (Thurs.)
- 8:30 p. m.—George Olsen's Orchestra (Fri.)
- 9:00 p. m.—Newstime
- 10:00 p. m.—The Marriage Club (Wed.)
- 9:15 p. m.—12:00 Midnight—Dance Programs (Sleepy Hall, Bernie Cummins, Johnny McGee, Matty Malneck, Shep Fields, Bud Freeman, Sign of the Drum, Ten Disciples of Rhythm, Ben Cutler, Jimmy Dorsey, Larry Kent, Cecil Golly, Lou Breese, Cab Calloway, Jan Savitt, Tommy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Carlos Molina, Ray Kinney, Chuck Foster, Charlie Barnett, Bobby Byrne, and others.)

Send your order at once for a set of the Kitchen-Klatter Books.



## OVER THE FENCE

We are greatly indebted to the editors of "The Woman's Home Companion" for permission to reprint the story "The Welcome." There are several things about this story of Lucile's that I thought you might enjoy hearing. She wrote the story between ten in the morning and five that afternoon one day in March three years ago. It was put in the evening mail on the day it was written, and two weeks later was purchased by the Woman's Home Companion. A year later it was purchased by the Woman's Journal of London and appeared in England sometime last year. It was also included in a collection of short stories for college English students, and now with this edition of Kitchen Klatter it has been printed four times.

Sue Field Conrad is again at home in her Pottery Studio in Clarinda, Iowa since she has completed her spring lecture tour which took her through Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois. Her daughter Frances and baby son David have returned to Detroit where her husband is employed in an airplane factory. We all enjoyed visiting with Frances and seeing her baby.

At last we have the repairing done at our house and it seems wonderful to have the confusion of the past six weeks at an end. We laid new floors in the downstairs, put down new linoleum in the kitchen and downstairs lavatory, and had quite a bit of work done in the basement. There is nothing so hard on my disposition as chaos in the house, so it is a good thing for both you and me that order is once more restored in the Driftmier home.

The most happy news this month is that Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rankin Jr. have a 7½ pound baby girl. Mrs. Rankin was formerly Frances May, and this is Earl May's first grandchild. I remember so vividly it seems only a very few years ago that we received news of Frances' birth. She and Frederick were born the same week, and both Mrs. May and I had bedside telephones and enjoyed visiting over them about our babies. As they grew up they attended the same schools and graduated in the same class. The new baby has been named Elizabeth Jane after Mr. Rankin's two sisters, I think, and will be called Betty Jane until she is old enough to assume the dignified name of Elizabeth. We hear that she has black curly hair and blue eyes, and being the only grandchild in either family I'm sure that her arrival has brought much happiness.

My sister, Helen Fischer, has enjoyed a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Gretchen Harshbarger and her two sons, Fritz and Karl, of Iowa City. Gretchen came down for the Tulip Show where she gave a talk before the Garden Clubs of this district, using as her subject "Wild Flowers For Our Gardens." Her lecture was illustrated with large hand painted pictures she has made of the flowers she told about. Mrs. Fischer and Gretchen were guests at a luncheon given for visiting garden club members, honoring the publication of their new book, "The Flower Family Album."

Mrs. Bill Warner, wife of my announcer, may be asking us for advice on raising chickens or making butter for they are moving to a farm near Shenandoah this month. It is a very lovely country home and I'm sure that the whole family will enjoy rural life.

I'm really going to be very much disappointed if you come to Shenandoah and don't stop to see me. If any of you would like to use my wheelchair while you are here, I'd be glad to loan it. Having such a chair would make it possible for you to see the flower show, so if you need it or if some member of your family needs it, don't hesitate to let me know. It folds into a compact piece of luggage that fits into any car easily, so just let me help make it possible for you to see the lovely flowers when you come to Shenandoah.

Have you ever heard the story about the bride who wanted to make a small batch of cookies? She called her mother on the telephone and she advised her to use just one-half of the recipe. A few hours later she called her mother again. There were tears in her voice as she said. "But mother, you said half of the recipe would be enough for Jack and me, so I used the items down to the baking powder, and the cookies were terrible." I hope none of you Kitchen-Klatter brides will try her plan in cutting down a recipe.

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MAKES 20 GAL. CLEANING FLUID

Ask Your Grocer  
or write

## The Perfex Company

Box 34, Shenandoah, Iowa



WHAT  
SHALLWE  
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian  
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

A number of out of state people have asked to borrow from the Clarinda Public Library. That would be an interesting thing to do, to lend everywhere, but we have rules which forbid lending out of the state or carrying books out. However, within Iowa there is much interlibrary lending. That is, one who has a card in a library and is in good standing, may borrow from other libraries that cooperate in the system by asking his local library to borrow for him according to their rules. The book comes from the distant library to your library where you may get it.

This is a splendid system, and you may find that your own local library can help you to many fine books. At least it would bear investigation.

Last month we mentioned *THE STARGAZER*, by Harsanyi. Having read the book in the meantime, we want to stress again that those of you who are interested in historical fiction may purchase or borrow it, for it will be well worth the time you put on it. It is not hard to read, but neither is it light. For you who are looking for something entirely different for a book review, especially if your audience likes heavier reading, we would recommend it.

During and after the Reformation, as you well know there was a long struggle between Church and State in Southern and Central Europe. Universities taught more or less under dictation from those in control in the state. Venice, Italy seemed to be free from this pressure to greater extent, and there Galileo taught for many years, delighting in the students' appreciation of his genius. Even his fellow workers and the directors of the university favored him. But Galileo had been a Florentine, and that love for his own homeland brought vast changes in his life. All his inventions, compass improvements, practical use of the telescope, etc., which had brought students from all Europe to him at Padua University, and brought him great fame, were discounted when he returned to Florence. How he reacted to these various situations makes a story well worth one's time and effort.

*CHAD HANNA*, by Walter Edmonds, the author of *ERIE WATER* and *DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK*, is a new book you will not want to overlook. Chad's intelligent handling of horses when he was a canal boy got him a circus job and gave him the qualifications needed to carry on and appreciate the life of showmen. This story ran serially in *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*.

Stephen Chase, the leading character in *OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA*

by Alice Tisdale Hobart, was forced to give up his position as a salesman in China when the company cut down its force. Being forty and having been away from America so many years made it difficult for him to adapt himself to stress in American business. One's sympathy goes out to this man who had played so great a part in big business abroad under far different business methods only to find himself entirely out of his element in his own home land. You will want to read *THEIR OWN COUNTRY* by Alice T. Hobart.

*THE POWER AND THE GLORY*, by Phyllis Bentley. This is the story of an English woman living in the days of Charles I and Cromwell, when the weaving trade was hampered seriously by the Civil war, and the weavers found life extremely difficult. This story about a weaver's family brings out the human qualities of both Roundheads and Cavaliers. Well recommended.

From Louisiana comes another story of the "deep South", the story of the Larnes and Upjohns who played such vital parts in earlier stories. The time is just before the World War when "fortunes were made or lost overnight." It is the story of a woman who, against many odds, was successful in her undertaking. If you like tales about the cotton country, you will like *THIS SIDE OF GLORY*, by Gwen Bristow.

For the lovers of Westerns there are several fine ones; Bower's *MAN ON HORSEBACK*, Colt's *HAIR-TRIGGER REALM*, Foster's *THE OWL HOOT TRAIL*, Snow's *OUTLAWS OF RED CANYON*.

Recent and new mysteries: Bonney's *DEATH OVER SUNDAY*, Christie's *AND THEN THERE WERE NONE*, Well's *MURDER PLUS*, Wentworth's *ROLLING STONE*.

As in *RAMONA* when land speculation brought hardship to the Indians of the Southwest, so in *CATHEDRAL IN THE SUN*, by Anne Benson Fish-

er, troubles come to Loreta, the daughter of Juan, a Christian Indian who had helped build a mission at Carmel, California. The reader comes to know the Indians well, and the Padres and the traders, so influential at that time, revive the history of the past.

Here is another Iowa Story by MacKinlay Kantor—*Cuba Libre*, a short novel "about the eternal revolutionary spirit, as epitomized in the life of a Cuban dreamer and patriot—a waif of the 1880's, who is adopted by an Iowa regiment and taken back to the United States. Thirty years later, he acts his last dramatic scenes in Havana," ... "before the eyes of a young man and woman whose childhood hero he was—and he becomes and remains till his violent death the personification of a free Cuba. It is a simple but memorable tale." (Copied from *Hunting's Monthly List*.)

## NOTES FROM MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S COOK BOOK

"By obeying the following rules better health may be expected than from the use of much powerful medicine:

1. Avoid as much as possible living near a grave yard.
2. Keep the head well defended when in bed. Always wear a night-cap.
3. Shun the night air as you would a plague.
4. Avoid too plentiful meals.
5. Go not abroad without breakfast.
6. Tender people should have those about them sound, sweet and healthy.
7. A good quality of old cheese is the best thing to eat when distressed by eating too much fruit or oppressed with any kind of food.
8. For Hydrophobia — wash oyster shells, put them on a bed of live coals and burn powder and sift fine. Take three tablespoons of this powder, add egg whites to make a soft dough and fry in butter. Let the patient eat this cake in the morning and abstain from food and drink for six hours. This dose repeated for three mornings is in all cases sufficient.
9. Gelatin in Grandmothers day; Scrape four feet clean. Boil in a gallon of water until it is reduced to a quart. Strain and cool. Take off the fat. Boiled with an equal quantity of milk it makes a good blanc mange. To make jelly add juice of grapes, sugar, juice of lemons, whites of several eggs. Boil and strain into glasses.

## INTERESTING BOOKS

Choose a book for commencement.

1. *HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY*—Llewellyn \$2.75
2. *BLOW ALL BALLAST* (The Story of the Squalus)—Barrow \$2.75
3. *THUS DOCTOR MALLORY*—Seifert \$2.50
4. *BEHAVE YOURSELF*—(Etiquette)—Allen & Briggs \$1.50
5. *LIVING THOUGHTS OF JEFFERSON*—John Dewey \$1.00
6. *LIVING THOUGHTS OF EMERSON*—Edgar Lee Masters \$1.00

(Send a card naming the book you wish—then when you get the book pay your mail carrier. Postage will be about ten cents more.)

## GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP

Erna Driftmier

310 East Tarkio Street, Clarinda, Iowa





## OUR CHILDREN

### WHAT INSTRUMENT SHALL MY CHILD PLAY?

Music is becoming more a part of our daily lives, and we, as parents wish our children to be able to play some instrument but what one shall we choose.

We must take into consideration the child's physical make up—let me illustrate. Frederick wanted to play a trumpet. I didn't know anything about the instrument and got him a trumpet only to find his lips were not the proper shape to make him a good trumpet player. He would have done better on a violin, for he had what it takes to make a good violin player, a keen sense of pitch, feeling for artistic interpretation and slender, active fingers.

If your child has thin lips, and well shaped teeth, give him a trumpet, cornet or French horn. If he has long arms and medium thick lips he could play a trombone. If his lips are very thick he could probably play a bass horn.

All boys with a feeling for rhythm, have a desire to play the drums, but there is much less chance he can get to play the drums for there is more need for players of wind and reed instruments.

Don't try to fit your child to the instrument, but choose an instrument that fits the child if you want him to succeed in his musical endeavors.

### IMPAIRED HEARING

These are astonishing figures. One out of every twelve children has impaired hearing. This does not mean that they are deaf, but their hearing is below normal.

If you, as a parent, notice that your child's hearing seems poor, and will be a definite handicap to him there is something you can do about it.

Guard ear health by proper treatment of common colds for often the inflammation spreads to the middle ear.

The best treatment for a child with symptoms of a cold, is to put him to bed, and give him plenty of fruit juice and a diet of plain food. If trouble starts with the ears call the family doctor.

Rules for avoidance of colds are a properly balanced diet, regular rest, and avoidance of exposure to colds. This may seem queer but children should be taught to blow their noses correctly, holding the head forward, blowing through each nostril separately, holding the other nostril closed.

This will take only one half as much air pressure.

Sometimes deafness is caused by hard wax forming in the ear. This should be cleaned out carefully. Never use a hair pin or other hard objects for removing the wax.

There are certain symptoms of ear trouble a mother should watch for. Among these are tenderness, moist discharge or a swelling about the ear.

I had a friend who did not find out until her child started to school, that his hearing was badly impaired. When he didn't mind her she thought he was stubborn and dull. He had been very slow starting to talk because he had to practically learn by lip reading. Watch for enlarged tonsils and adenoids. They are one of the common causes of deafness. If you have any doubt about your child's hearing you should take him to a doctor before he starts to school.

A letter from Lincoln, Nebraska was full of helpful suggestions, but there is only space for one thing that all of us should keep in mind.

"I scolded my thirteen year old son because he fell over everything and sometimes seemingly over nothing. I thought he was clumsy and careless and told him sharply to be more careful. Then our Mother's Club leader told us one day that a boy of his age is growing so fast that the brain and body do not work together. This causes the stumbling and awkwardness which we see in children of this age. We should be patient and above all not scold and call their attention to it, for as they grow older they get over it. Girls at this age will sometimes drops dishes without a reason so far as you can see. Remember that there is a physical cause and hold your tongue when you're tempted to speak crossly."

### THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me,  
I cannot choose the colors,  
He worketh steadily.

Ofttimes He weaveth sorrow,  
And I, in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper,  
And I the under side.

Not till the loom is silent,  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God unroll the canvas,  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand,  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.

He knows, He loves, He cares,  
Nothing this truth can dim.  
He gives His very best to those  
Who leave the choice with Him.

—Selected



After a long search I have found just the right sex education books you should have for your children to read. They are published by the American Medical Association and are exactly what you have wished that you could have for your children who have reached the age where such instruction is necessary. If you don't give your youngsters the information they need as they grow from babyhood to adult life they will get it from their school friends and associates—too often in ways you would not approve of. There are three of these books especially recommended for your young folks.

1. The Story of Life, for boys and girls under ten.
2. In Training, for boys of high school age.
3. How Life Goes On and On, for girls of high school age.

Then you can also get The Age of Romance, and Venereal Diseases. The whole set comes in a neat case for \$1.00, or you may get any one of them for 25c p.p.

Mail your orders to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Order a set of the Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books.



## PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

In years past the slogan "swat the rooster" has been about as popular as "swat the fly," and often the produce dealers made quite an event of the day which was called "Rooster Day." This was usually set about June first, but now any day after the hatcheries have stopped taking eggs is a good time to market cockerels, for as soon as they are no longer a necessity they become a detriment to the flock. One cockerel can consume considerable feed which might just as well be fed to a hen to produce eggs.

I remember that one event on "Rooster day" was a guessing contest to determine the number of kernels of corn a hungry Rhode Island cockerel could consume at one time, and if my memory doesn't fail me I believe that one time the count was 1012 grains of corn. You can see that if the same amount were fed to a hen it would not only feed her but it would also produce an egg. If fed to young chicks it would satisfy half a dozen of them. It's plain to see therefore that swatting the rooster should not be just a slogan, but a beneficial business deal.

At this time of the year we are continually confronted with the problems of broody hens. At the first signs of broodiness they should be taken from the nests and confined in some sort of a jail. I have a small pen about 10x16 feet made of poultry wire and partly shaded that I put my broody hens in. I feed and water them just as if they were laying.

This prevents them from getting thin and in a run down condition, for their bodies have already gone through one depleting process while laying, and broodiness simply puts another strain on them. I have known of hens being confined in small coops without feed or water to break them of setting, and I consider such treatment a plain case of cruelty.

Broodiness is only a natural condition and there is no excuse for abusing fowls at this time. I have known of people who ducked hens in a tank of water until they were almost drowned, but I have never known of a case that was cured in this way. It only tends to produce a shock that starts a hen to moult, and then they will not start laying again for some time.

If hens are taken care of in the proper way they will not be putting in time wanting to set when they should be laying. Then too they will go through the moulting season in better condition. If a hen persists in wanting to set in spite of all you can do, it is a pretty good plan to market her.

Some breeds of hens set early and often, while others never want to. Some hens make good mothers and others are worthless. It is only by

close and careful observation that we can tell the good from the bad and cull accordingly.

By placing a celluloid leg band on your broody hen when she wants to set you can count her leg bands when culling and determine if she has spent too much time wanting to set. Remove them all before you sell her, and the bands can be used over again many times.—Olinda Carolyn Wiles, Clarinda, Iowa.

### IN YOUR HOME AND MINE

By Mrs. Cecil Sickels, Mt. Ayr, Ia.

Not many homemakers on the farms and in the small towns of the middle west can turn their decorating problems over to a professional decorator—and not many of us would if we could. But any number of us would enjoy a little help with that annual problem of perking up our color schemes.

Here is a trick that I learned from a real decorator—go to the dry goods store and choose a print in which are your favorite colors or which appeals to you. Take it home and hang it in the room you intend to redecorate. You need not worry about the cost of this small piece. Six inches may be all of it that you will want. If after you look at this piece for a week, you still like the colors, proceed.

Match the rug to the darker colors, the curtains to a more neutral color and the trimmings to one or more of the bright colors for accent. You can match them in prints or even dye muslin and you do not need to worry about your colors belonging—the designer was paid for doing that.

If you have a picture in which the colors appeal to you, use that as a basis. My friend assured me that even the colored advertisements in the magazines are made by people who have had training in the use of color and may be safely used as color guides.

This has been said before but will bear repeating. Out here in the country where any window may look out upon a beauty spot, it is a good idea to use curtains as a frame for a scene keeping them simple and the means to an end and not the end itself.

Want to make some? I have made several using prints or colored tape on scrim or dotted swiss but here is a new wrinkle and one easily fitted to any room. Try band of grosgrain ribbon—darling for small daughter's room.

Do you have a small son who likes to do simple carpentering jobs? Get an orange crate and let him make a couple of window boxes. The six long boards will make the sides and the bottom for two and the ends and center crosspiece can be sawed for the ends of the crate.

"Enclosed you will find a dollar for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I think it's the best little magazine published. I'm no hand to read, but I read the Kitchen-Klatter thro and thro."—Mrs. Lloyd Untiedt, Luverne, Minn.

## BEAUTY HINTS

I read of a famous New York doctor who sent some of his patients for beauty treatments because he thinks that a woman to feel perfectly well must look well, and most of us in middle life—at least—look pretty plain and "mousy" without makeup.

I meet many women who have neglected their complexions, from one cause or another, until they have almost reached the point of losing their self respect. Haven't you heard the remark that some one looks twenty years older than she really is? The next time you hear this just notice if her lack of care of her hair and complexion isn't the difference.

We who work with beauty problems like to get hold of the drab person for makeup, because we can make some very startling transformations in their looks. The glow of personal satisfaction, and the comments of their friends and relatives more than pay us for the very few moments spent in giving free makeups.

Yes, a few minutes each day spent with soap, water, rouge and creme powder will pay many, many complexion dividends. Beauty is not luxury but only self respect.

June is graduation month. We all love the sweet girl graduate with her eyes asparkle, her hair neatly done and her lovely complexion. Don't let her most precious gift to womankind—her complexion—fade. Why not give beauty for graduation?

I will be very glad to answer your beauty problems if possible. Just write to me.

Sincerely, Eva Hopkins,  
Box 13, Shenandoah, Iowa.



Eva Hopkins

## KITCHEN - KLATTER PUBLICATIONS

### LIST OF COOK BOOKS Any 5 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1—Cookies and Candies
  - Vol. 2—Salads and Sandwiches
  - Vol. 3—Vegetables
  - Vol. 4—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings
  - Vol. 5—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery
  - Vol. 6—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams
  - Household Helps Book
- Price:—25c Each, or any 5 of them for \$1.00, Postpaid
- Order From  
**Leanna Field Driftmier**  
Shenandoah, Iowa



# Our Hobby Club

(For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine")

I have been intending to write you again but just put it off. I sure do enjoy Kitchen-Klatter and hope you will be able to continue for many years. First I must tell you, since I wrote you about my Hobby last winter I have received so many lovely Pot Holders and patterns and made so many nice friends. At the time I wrote you I had about one hundred holders. I now have more than two hundred and fifty. I have tried to answer all cards and letters, but due to the fact that there have been so many I may have missed one or two. For I am a very busy person, as I do lots of canning and have a family of four boys to manage. I want a holder from each State. I still need sixteen, including N. D., S. D., Md., R. I., Wyo., Ill., Ga., Fla., N. M., Miss., Nev., Ark., Mich. I also have one from Canada. I want to thank you for making it possible for me to have come in contact with these nice people.

Mrs. C. C. Carlton,  
6010 S 50th St.  
Omaha, Nebr.

"I am a collector of fancy stones and shells and have a great many from many different places."

Mrs. A. A. Tambornino,  
Lecenter, Minn.

Edith Seabury, Plainview, Nebr.  
"I love to grow rare plants from seed. Pottery of all kinds is also my hobby. I especially want pottery vases."

Bertha Adams Johnson, Alden, Ia.  
"I am having lots of fun with your hobby friends. Will you please put my hobby in your paper? It is Iowa post marks. I have all states for exchange or will send a leaf from a Kalanchoe or Bryophillum (the kind Mrs. Fischer tells about where the little plant come all around the edge.)"

Marie Ackerman, Rt. 1 Bx. 32 Filley, Nebr. "I have a lot of hobbies. I collect embroidery patterns, crochet patterns, stamps, flower slips, flower seeds, cacti, post marks and flower pots."

Mrs. Ernest Couch, Stuart, Ia.  
"Leanna I haven't seen anyone in your hobby club with the hobby I have. Mine is taking snapshots. I love to snap people when they aren't looking and pictures of people doing funny things. It's a thrill to send in a film to be developed and then see how they turn out."

Mrs. Peter Anderson of Bendena, Kans. braids rugs as a hobby. They are really beautiful. She made her hobby practical by selling one of her rugs to a friend and using the money to subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

Send your order at once for a set of the Kitchen-Klatter Books.

"My eleven year old boy enjoys Frederick's letters for he is a great geography fan and loves to learn about other countries. His hobby is collecting maps."—Mrs. Ray Fitch, Burlington, Kansas.

"I love my flowers and have always raised lots of them, but the dry years have been hard on things and have started me on a hobby that I enjoy—raising cactus. I have over a hundred varieties now."—Mrs. George Shirley, North Topeka, Kans., R. 3.

"I want to tell you about my little daughter's hobby that was started by my mother three years ago. She gave her an antique slipper and suggested a collection. At the present time she has 86 slippers, all shapes and sizes. We especially like old ones. Our friends have sent them to her from all over the United States, and when Lou is a young lady she will have a priceless and rare collection."—Mrs. Gladys Patterson Stephenson, Nebraska City, Nebr.

"My hobbies are collecting bath towels, houseplants, embroidery patterns, and I would like to have Pen-Pals from all over. I will be glad to exchange my hobby items with others."—Mrs. W. E. Chase, Neola, Iowa.

"I am a collector of miniature vases, little baskets (the smaller the better) and miniature pitchers. I shall gladly exchange with other hobbyists."—Miss Mary K. Frase, 1016 S. 41 Street, Omaha, Nebr.

"Collecting pillow case patterns to embroider is my hobby, and I would be glad to exchange with anyone for I have some very pretty ones."—Miss Anita E. Rohwer, Elkhorn, Nebr.

"China dogs, pot holders, and buttons are my hobby. I will exchange."—Mrs. Robert Hanson, Sleepyeye, Minn.

Pictures of radio entertainers and embroidery patterns. — Miss Arlene Endicott, Ridgeway, Mo.

Odd-shaped pencils and fancy work of all kinds.—Miss Ruth Gustafson, 2606 Lincoln Blvd., Beatrice, Nebr.

Quilt patterns and pot holders.—Mrs. Don Finley, Concordia, Kansas, Box 219.

Novelty salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. F. A. Reasoner, Humboldt, Ia., RFD.

Handkerchiefs—Maxine Hayes, Bogard, Mo.

Stamps of all kinds.—Miss Amelia Johnson, Neuman Grove, Nebr., RFD 1, Box 5.

Paper napkins.—Eula Kenney, Kearney, Nebr., RFD 3.

Nice pencils.—Mrs. Vernon Smith, Flanagan, Ill., RFD 2.

White elephants, Mrs. Ernest Wall, Beaver Crossing, Nebr.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

**WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?**  
Make use of this ad column.

Rate of 5¢ per word. Minimum charge 50¢. Payable in advance.

**WANTED**—Very fine handwoven coverlets and fine old antique quilts. Please write to Mrs. Frank Duncan, St. Joseph, Mo., RFD 5.

**FOR SALE**—Hardy, healthy snails ranging in size from a large walnut to a dime. Live bearing trap door variety. 12 large ones for \$1.00 postpaid, 6 for 60 cents. Mrs. Otto Geu, Wisner, Nebr., RFD 4.

**CLEVER SEWING BAGS.** 50c. Pattern included. A fine gift item. All money to go to Aid Society. Please include 10c for postage and packing. Anna Herr, Ellis, Kans.

**SPECIAL**—One of my 25c "King Corn" recipe books for 10c PP. while they last. Many new ways to serve this healthful vegetable. Order soon. Mrs. M. Zeigler, George, Iowa.

**SOMETHING NEW** in hot pan holders! Hand woven. 11c each, PP. Also lovely woven Davenport and chair sets. Pluma Ray, Lenox, Iowa.

**SCRIPTURE POST CARDS** — High quality, beautiful illustrations, each containing a scripture text and suitable verse for birthdays etc. Package of twelve for 25c postpaid.—Gertrude Hayzett, Shenandoah, Ia.



## ROMANCE IN PRINT

The romantic story of a print hen and rooster, aided and abetted by Cupid in daisy form, is entertainingly told in motifs for a set of tea towels. Any bride, or matron, would welcome clever towels like these; there is one for each day of the week. The two extra motifs are for matching pan-holders to complete the set. C9160 10¢ brings the NUMO hot iron transfer giving these nine designs. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**Hollywood Beauty Soap**  
(Carrotine Oil) ..... 50¢  
**Multi-Purpose Cleansing Creme**.....60¢  
**Eva Hopkins Creme Powder**.....  
with sponge ..... \$1.00  
**Rug Looms and two balls jute**.....  
cord ..... 1.50

**EVA HOPKINS**  
Box 13  
Shenandoah, Iowa



## ◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆

### BUSHY'S PROBLEMS

Do you like a "really-and-truly" story? I am sure you do. That is the reason I am telling you this interesting story about some real, live squirrels who live in my yard.

Perhaps you have noticed that squirrels are like people in some ways. They are not all alike; some are kind and friendly, while others are very shy. If you watch them closely you will notice that they like to play, and that the baby squirrels have to be cared for by their parents just as children are cared for by their fathers and mothers. In this story which I shall tell, you will see how willful and foolish the young squirrels are sometimes. Perhaps you will see similar stories among our little furry friends if you take time to see them at their work and play.

Bushy had tried so hard to teach her baby squirrels the things they needed to know. Oh, there are many things squirrels need to know, and one of those things is to obey quickly if they want to live to be grown up squirrels.

Bushy often wondered what would happen to her young, rollicking "squirrelsters" if danger would really come. Well, she didn't have long to wonder, for the test came very soon. A terrible wind came along one day and it blew their nest, tree and all, flat to the ground. No one was hurt in the crash, but they began to hop around in a very dizzy fashion. Their home was a wreck—there was no doubt about that, and they didn't know what to do. Even Bushy was puzzled.

Now Bushy regained her senses in a hurry, in fact she had to, for a large dog came running through the yard and he seemed to be very interested in

the squirrels. What he wanted to do with them we shall never know, but I don't think he would have treated them very well. He didn't have a chance to harm them, because Bushy quickly found a tree near by with a nice hole in it. She tried to coax her babies into it, but they didn't want to go in. They wanted to play. They had never seen a dog before, and they couldn't believe that Bushy was treating them fair by coaxing them into a strange, black hole in a new tree.

It didn't take Bushy long to take them, one at a time, and simply poke them into the knot hole opening to their new tree home. She stuffed and poked; she scolded with all her might. The young squirrels squeaked and fussed and tried their best to get out, but Bushy kept them hidden until the big dog ran away at last. I don't know what the mother squirrel said nor how she said it, but I am sure the squirrel quintuplets learned a good lesson in obedience that day for they promptly scurried for shelter in a flash if a dog came by after that.

—Mrs. F. A. Zappe

### RIDDLES

What goes up and down and never touches the sky or ground?

Answer: Pump handle.

What goes up when the rain comes down?

Answer: An umbrella.

What can go down the chimney down, and up the chimney down, but can't go down the chimney up?

Answer: An umbrella.

When is a dog not a dog?

Answer: When he runs down the road and turns into an alley.

Do you know what Henry Ford is figuring on now?

Answer: Paper.

When is a dog not a dog?

Answer: When it is a little buggy. Why didn't they play cards on the ark?

Answer: Noah sat on the deck.

I saw a cow slip through the fence,  
A horse fly in the store.

I saw a board walk up the street,  
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,  
A morning break the gloom.

I saw the night fall on the lawn,  
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,  
A sardine box in town.

I saw a bed spring at the gate,  
An ink stand on the ground.

—Selected.

'Tis a gay sort of lion,  
All dressed up in yellow;  
I've pulled the head off  
Of many a fellow.

He stands in the grass,  
But he never prowls 'round;  
When I blow off his hair  
He never makes a sound.

(Dandelion)



John Dowd Smith, Iowa Falls, Ia., grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Smith of Shenandoah, Iowa.

### ANATOMY REVIEW

1. A tropical tree?—Palm.
2. Worn by a king?—Crown.
3. Used by artists?—Palate.
4. Weapon of war?—Arms.
5. Musical instrument?—Drums.
6. Bright garden flowers?—Tulips.
7. A student?—Pupil.
8. Product of the Spruce tree?—Gum.
9. Something carpenters use?—Nails.
10. Part of a clock?—Hands.
11. A large wooden box?—Chest.
12. Edge of a saw?—Teeth.
13. Covering of an apple?—Skin.
14. Part of a stove pipe?—Elbow.
15. Part of a river?—Mouth.
16. Narrow strip of land?—Neck.
17. Weathercock?—Veins.
18. Part of a potato?—Eyes.
19. The name of cabbage?—Head.
20. A young cow?—Calf.
21. A place to worship?—Temple.
22. Timid little animals?—Hare (hair).
23. Male deer?—Hart (heart).
24. A lot of negatives?—Nose.

## FRANK'S SPECIAL HAIR BRUSH

Brushing the hair not only gives it a beautiful natural lustre, but also starts circulation and promotes growth.

Everyone should have one of these fine hair brushes, which has five rows of strong unbleached bristles and slits in back for easy sterilization.

While they last, only 50c postpaid.

**DOROTHY JOHNSON**  
Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa



"When a feller needs a friend." Douglas Williams, Round Lake, Minn.





## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### ANOTHER GOOD IDEA

This year our Baptist church in Shenandoah decided to lay a new cement floor in the basement Sunday school room. The plan they used to obtain the needed money was very successful, especially so because even the very small children could have a part in it.

The space was divided into one-foot squares and the cost of material for laying that much floor was estimated. A large plan of the floor marked off in squares was hung in a conspicuous place. When anyone paid for one of the squares it was painted on the card board and his name written on it. No person was allowed to pay for more than 100 square feet, for it was the plan to have as many people as possible have a chance to share in the project.

A request for a recipe from a Kitchen-Klatter listener at Alma, Mo. brought the following unusual Aid helps:

"Our Aid Society here is trying to raise money for a new church basement, and each member is trying to realize as much profit as possible from a dollar investment. I have been planning to bake and sell small fruit cakes baked in coffee cans, and sold in Xmas-ty containers."

### A RAINBOW LUNCHEON

"I want to tell you about a cafeteria 'Rainbow Luncheon' that our church gave last spring in May. It was such a success, Leanna, that I am sure other women would be justified in trying the idea.

"Our tables were set with the silverware, pastel colored nut cups and napkins. The food was placed at one end of the room, and each table was decorated with flowers, candles, and food of one particular color.

The tables were arranged like this: First table—Red color scheme—to-mato juice.

Second table—Yellow color scheme—egg rolls, scalloped tuna fish and noodles, butter.

Third table—Orange color scheme—diced carrots.

Fourth table—Green color scheme—Pears in lime jello.

Fifth table—Blue color scheme—Grape sherbet, white cake with pastel blue frosting.

We charged thirty-five cents a plate and made a nice profit for our church."—Mrs. H. E. Wickman, Topeka, Kans.

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter Program at 2:00 p. m. each day over KMA.

## A FLORAL LOVE STORY

Pass out paper and pencils and let the players answer the following questions with the names of flowers:

1. Her name and the color of her hair?
2. Her brother's name, and what he wrote it with?
3. Her brother's favorite musical instrument?
4. With what did his father punish him when he made too much noise?
5. What did the boy do?
6. At what time did his father awaken him?
7. What did he say to him?
8. What office did father hold in the church?
9. What did she call her lover?
10. What, being single, did he often lose?
11. What did he do when he proposed?
12. What did he lay at her feet?
13. What did she give him in return?
14. What flower did he cultivate?
15. To whom did she refer him?
16. Who married them?
17. When he went away, what did she say to him?
18. With what did she punish her children?
19. What hallowed their last days?
  1. Marigold.
  2. Jounquil.
  3. Trumpet.
  4. Goldenrod.
  5. Balsam.
  6. Four-o'clock.
  7. Johnny-jump-up.
  8. Elder.
  9. Sweet William.
  10. Bachelor's button.
  11. Aster.
  12. Bleeding Heart.
  13. Heartease.
  14. Tulips.
  15. Poppy.
  16. Jack-in-the-pulpit.
  17. Forget-me-not.
  18. Lady's slipper.
  19. Sweet peas.

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## SEWING BASKET

1. What a farmer does to his sheep?—Shear.
2. Something that is thrown away?—Waste.
3. To pick one's way in and out?—Thread.
4. A blow on the ear?—Cuff.
5. A sign of servitude?—Yoke.
6. An exclamation?—Ahem!
7. A company of musicians?—A band.
8. A grassy yard?—Lawn.
9. Music played by highlanders?—Piping.
10. A portion of armor?—Shield.
11. Part of a door?—Panel.
12. A process in bookmaking?—Binding.
13. To run along the edge?—Skirt.

## WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

|           |                     |
|-----------|---------------------|
| 1st year  | Cotton              |
| 2nd year  | Paper               |
| 3rd year  | Leather             |
| 4th year  | Fruit & Flowers     |
| 5th year  | Wooden              |
| 6th year  | Sugar               |
| 7th year  | Woolen              |
| 8th year  | India Rubber        |
| 9th year  | Willow              |
| 10th year | Tin                 |
| 11th year | Steel               |
| 12th year | Silk and fine linen |
| 13th year | Lace                |
| 14th year | Ivory               |
| 15th year | Crystal             |
| 20th year | China               |
| 25th year | Silver              |
| 30th year | Pearl               |
| 40th year | Ruby                |
| 50th year | Golden              |
| 75th year | Diamond             |

"I heard you say the other day to get the renewals in as the April number was soon to be mailed. My husband was still in the house and I said, I need a dollar for my Magazine." He never hesitated a second, just opened his bill fold and handed it to me. He likes to kid me about the 'Woman's Magazine' but he always reads it just the same."—Mrs. C. W. Biven, Hornick, Iowa.

## VACATION TOURS

CUTTER TOURS announce plans for two interesting Tours for this summer.

CANADIAN ROCKIES, a ten day Tour featuring CALGARY STAMPEDE - BANFF - LAKE LOUISE - COLUMBIA ICE FIELDS (open for the first time except by saddle horse) - EMERALD LAKE - WINNIPEG - TWIN CITIES. First Class in every respect. Leaving Omaha July 7th. \$150.74. NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, via WASHINGTON, D. C. - PHILADELPHIA - ATLANTIC CITY - NIAGARA FALLS. Air Conditioned Steel Coaches, 10 days, leaving Shenandoah, August 10th - \$77.80. Write for descriptive folders on these or other Tours in which you may be interested.

ALASKA - CALIFORNIA - NATIONAL PARKS - MEXICO - SOUTH AMERICA - WEST INDIES - NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR AND BERMUDA CRUISE - CARIBBEAN CRUISE.

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