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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

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1940 NUMBER 2



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Photo by Duane Burdick

GOD'S MIRACLE

Like plumes, the pine tree branches
With snow piled soft and white.
God's miracle of beauty
Came to us in the night.

So softly fell the snowflakes
From out the skies of grey
That none knew of their coming
Until the dawn of day.

So, silently, God's wondrous gifts
He sends to us, if we
Like sturdy pines, reach heavenward,
His blessings to receive.

—Leanna Driftmier

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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Published Monthly by
LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

When mother opens this issue she is going to be greatly surprised—no, "shocked" is the word, for it has taken all kinds of scheming and maneuvering to get this letter down to the printer, and set into type without her discovering what we were up to. You see, she writes every word of this magazine except the things that appear under other names, and then when the proof sheets come home from the printer she reads those too, and pastes them in order, and reads proof again. In other words, she knows every comma and quotation mark that go into each issue, so you can imagine what a time we had getting this printed without her finding out—and stopping us!

But when we were all together last summer, before Frederick went to Egypt we were out in the back yard talking one evening when Dad had taken Mother out riding, and we began discussing how much every one of you mean to us and how grateful we are to you for all that you have done for Mother. We didn't know how we were ever going to express our appreciation so that you would realize how we feel about it, until suddenly Dorothy said, "Well, why don't we write a letter to them and put it in the Kitchen-Klatter magazine."

"You'll never get away with that," Frederick said, throwing cold water on the suggestion. "You know she'd never stand for us paying her compliments in print."

"We can manage it somehow," Dorothy said firmly. "I don't know just how to do it, but I'm positive we can find a way."

Before we left the back yard that night we had decided what to do and how to do it. Now Frederick is thousands of miles away, but he helped write some of it before he left and he's as excited as we are about it. All of us got together one evening when we were alone in the house and put down our ideas. We had some arguments, we'll admit, because Don wanted to tell you a lot more about Mother's courage, and Margery wanted to have her word on another subject that we didn't think we could include, but eventually we got it written to suit us.

What happened after we got it written would fill a book. We had Dad take it to the printer and had it set up in type. Mother had written an editorial on patriotism (because it's February) which was to go in this space, but after Mother had read proof on the copy for the last time, and the

magazine was already to go to press, the printer switched the type and put our letter in place of the editorial Mother had written.

So it worked. We got across the last hump all right. Mother is far too modest to allow anything like this, so we just had to do it without her permission.

As long as we seven Driftmiers can remember we have felt grateful to every one of you. In the old days before Mother's accident we appreciated your friendship because it gave Mother such pleasure to feel that she had been able to help those of you who needed help in household affairs, or to realize that she had brought cheer and comfort to those who knew little but trouble and heartache.

In one way I suppose that we had a much more varied and interesting family experience than most children because there were Mother's radio friends taking every section of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, or Iowa real to us because "Mrs. So-and-So" lived here, or "Mrs. So-and-So" lived there. We came to know countless numbers of you even though we had never met you in person. We thought of you as Mother's close friends, and consequently as our friends too. So, this is what you meant to us before the September morning in 1930 when the Oklahoma car struck our car, and Mother was so terribly injured.

It would take all of us pages and pages to begin to tell you what you have meant to us from that time. Many, many times we have said to each other, "What would Mother do if she didn't have her radio friends? What else could possibly give her so much inspiration to keep going?"

If you hadn't been such faithful friends she might have found it more difficult to come into your kitchens every afternoon for her radio visit. Your letters encourage her more than you will ever know. We are sure that the happiest moment of every day comes when Dad gets home from the post office with your letters. Countless times we have watched her leaf through them looking for the return name in the corner, and making such remarks as, "Well, here's a letter from Mrs. F.—out in Fremont—I wonder how her father is now," or "Mrs. L.—down near Carrolton is writing to me again—maybe she got her baking trouble straightened out. I hope so, because it's disappointing to have things go wrong with a batch of home-made bread."

It has always been a mystery to us how she has remembered so much about so many of you. We have laughed and told her that she should be in charge of the 1940 census for these middlewestern states because she could tell you the number of children, their ages and names, and even what they like to do, in thousands of homes. You're never just "someone" in Cedar Falls, or Lincoln, or Topeka, or any other place you might want to name; you're a very real and close friend to Mother, as much a neighbor to her as though you lived next door.

And so, the seven of us want to say "Thank You" a thousand times over for all you have done for her. We want you to know too that she is the most cheerful person in the entire world (we're sure of this) and the least demanding, and the most grateful for anything, big or little, that is done for her. We who live with her and who know her better than anyone else can honestly say that we have never once heard her complain because she is not physically free. Almost everyone in a similar position "lets down" in the heart of the family now and then, but none of us can ever remember Mother doing this—and this seems to us just about the greatest tribute that we can ever pay to her.—The Seven Driftmier Children. Howard, Lucile, Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne, Margery, and Donald.

WHEEL-CHAIR COURAGE

Your brave eyes say to me:
Pity's a useless thing
And cruelly barbed, when one
Still smiles, and tries to sing.
For in my dreams I go
Through long, dark night or day
Where e'er my fancies please,
To brighter lands away
Where wracking pain is gone,
And wasted hands are strong;
Where once again I walk,
Part of a careless throng.
My heart holds treasured love,
Forever there to be
A prisoner, but blest
In these few hours with thee.

—Mary Lee Justice

(Selected by the seven of us for this page.)

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

"It costs nothing and creates much. It enriches those who receive it without impoverishing those who give. It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None are so rich that they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits. It creates happiness in the home, fosters goodwill in business, and is the countersign of friends. It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and Nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody until it is given away. If I am too troubled or sad or discouraged to give you a smile, will you be kind enough to leave me one of yours, for nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give."—P.E.O. Record.

TIMING OUR BULBS

Have you ever noticed with what skill Nature enables herself to use the same space many times during the same season? We may see evidence of this either in the woods where spring flowers cover the ground before the leaves of the trees exclude the sunlight upon which the flowers depend; or on the prairie where crop after crop of flowers are grown in succession, the smaller, shorter ones appearing first, to be in turn succeeded by ever yet taller ones, until the waving prairie grass hides all but the highest from view.

So may we also fill a limited space on our window sills by observing the rest period and the blooming time of our bulbs, thus controlling their bloom for our own pleasure. Some bulbs have a longer resting period than others, and this must also be taken into consideration.

To have early winter blooms from bulbs, one should plant them in early fall; at this time they are for sale by reliable firms. Easiest to handle and first to bloom come paper white or yellow narcissi. These may be planted at intervals for a succession of bloom in fiber, sand or pebbles with a little charcoal to keep the water sweet.

Hyacinths may all be planted at the same time in the fall, although they will not all bloom at once for some varieties bloom earlier than others. These should be planted in soil with a proper outlet for drainage. They should be kept well watered and in a dark place until the bud is well cleared from the leaves. An inverted flower pot often aids in bringing up the bud. If more than one bulb is to be planted in the same pot, choose those which bloom at the same time.

For a succession of bloom from January until Easter, I like the red La Victorie, King of the Blues, Innocence (white) and Queen of the pinks, for these bloom in the order given. For yellow blossoms one might plant Yellow Hammer, but the large daffodils will provide that color.

A splash of gold on dull February days may be obtained by using King Alfred, Spring Beauty, or Van Scion. All these large daffodils are best planted in a well-drained pot in good soil.

We are all familiar with the resting and blooming periods of the Amaryllis and the Calla Lily. Amaryllis may bloom when desired by controlling its rest period. If a number of bulbs are kept on hand they may be gradually brought into bloom when desired. A window box full of these is a very lovely sight. Tuberous rooted begonias are also fine for winter blooms.

The beauty of growing bulbs for indoor bloom lies in the fact that when resting they may be kept out of sight just as Nature does with them. And still our windows may be kept bright all the year 'round with bulbs in bloom if we learn the secrets of resting and blooming. — Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

Boys and girls can earn money by taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Write for information.

Come into the Garden with Helen



Someone has asked me to write more in detail how to force iris and other perennials in the house.



First of all they must have a good freeze out doors. I dig them with lots of earth in the fall and put them in boxes or pans of a size easily carried.

If you do not do this you may need an axe to dig them from the frozen soil, but it can be done!

Early in February I bring mine into a light cellar and let them slowly thaw. I then remove all dead leaves and as soon as growth starts, divide the plants into clumps suited to different bowls or vases. I use sand rather than earth for it is cleaner and the plants already have their store of food. The

bowls do not require drainage. Keep in cool sunny windows until well budded. Too hot a room will blight them. Not only the dwarf pumila iris in all their lovely colors, but the tall intermediates do well coming on later.

Other flowers that are easily forced are Wild Violets, Timber Phlox, Blood Root and Delphinium.

Questions and Answers

Ed Note.—Mrs. Helen Fischer will be glad to answer any questions on Rock Gardens and early plantings in the March number. Send your questions to her.

Ques.—I have pink, red and white begonias of the common round leafed variety in a sunny window. The white one blooms but the others do not, though my sultanias and geraniums are full of flowers.

Ans.—Begonias of all kinds prefer some shade, coolness and moist air. Some are naturally better bloomers than others and cullings should be taken from these. Blooms come best on new growth, so cut back severely after blooming.

Ques.—When should I start Geranium and Foliage cuttings for my summer window boxes?

Ans.—You should do it at once now. Take fresh new growth, cut away all but the tip leaves and insert in sand that is moist and firm but not sloppy. Cuttings should not be "leggy" but must have at least one joint below soil and one above. If you can find short enough branches which may be pulled from plant with a "heel" they are a little the best. Otherwise make a sharp cut just below a leaf joint, as the biggest store of plant food is always at the joints. Since it is root growth that you desire, and plants grow in the direction of greatest warmth, it helps greatly if you can have heat under the box and the roots can reach toward it.

Ques.—How long should I leave the cuttings in sand before potting in earth.

Ans.—Transplanting should be done as soon as the little roots are $\frac{1}{4}$ inch long.

Ques.—When shall I plant pansy seed for summer bloom?

Ans.—Pansies begin to bloom about eight weeks after they come up. Since they bloom best in cool weather they should be planted no later than February for best results, and do not forget that the very best pansies are obtained by sowing seed outdoors in mid-August and mulching the young plants through the winter.

Ques.—What shall I do with my Poinsettia after it is through blooming?

Ans.—By February your Poinsettia is ready to rest. Put it in a dry, warm cellar after first removing to another pot any Ferns that may have been planted with it. Let the Poinsettia remain bone dry until settled warm weather. June first is about right. Start watering gradually and put in a sunny place. Green shoots will soon start. At this time it should be cut back to place where you would like to have it branch and repotted in good rich soil arranged for good drainage. Set in semi-shaded place and start watering gradually. The tops you cut off will take root in moist sand and will also bloom by Christmas. Bring Poinsettias in ahead of other house plants as they are very sensitive to cold.

Let's have some questions about Landscape Planting for answering in the March number.

The first week in April is none too early to plant shrubs and rose bushes and I am sure you are dreaming garden dreams and making garden plans just as I am!—Helen Field Fischer.

The Story of My Life

(At the request of my friends I am writing this brief story.)

CHAPTER 19

When I look back on the year just before my accident I feel that in many ways it was really the best time of my life. I have always been happy, and I have many sources of gratification now that I didn't have then, but that time before my world turned upside-down was truly a happy time. The children were all well and getting big enough that I didn't feel tied down. My radio work went smoothly, and I had an opportunity to meet countless listeners who made the trip to Shenandoah to see the radio station and flowers, and to meet the entertainers. After much time out of town my husband was at home permanently, and like all big families who normally have heavy expenses we had enjoyed a spell without pressing financial worries.

During the week things went at high speed for I had no help in the house then and all five children were in school. This meant getting up early and getting them through their breakfast, inspecting behind ears, finding clean handkerchiefs and books, and seeing that they were all headed towards school by a quarter of nine.

I drove down to the postoffice to get the mail, picked up my groceries, and hurried home again. We had a big meal at noon for the children arrived home starved (this must sound very familiar to all of you) and cleaned the table as neatly as though they had been a swarm of locusts. After they had gone back to school I straightened the kitchen, and then I went down to the studio to broadcast.

Following my broadcast I usually stayed down at the seedhouse until three-thirty and visited with the out-of-town callers, and then I picked up the mail again at the postoffice and got back home by the time the children came home from school. In the evenings there was homework that needed my help right after supper, and then most of the time there was something that I had to go to—Parent-Teachers meetings, Woman's Club, P.E.O., or church groups. I was still doing a great deal of sewing for my girls and taking care of my own laundry, so you can see that those were busy days—yes, and very happy days too.

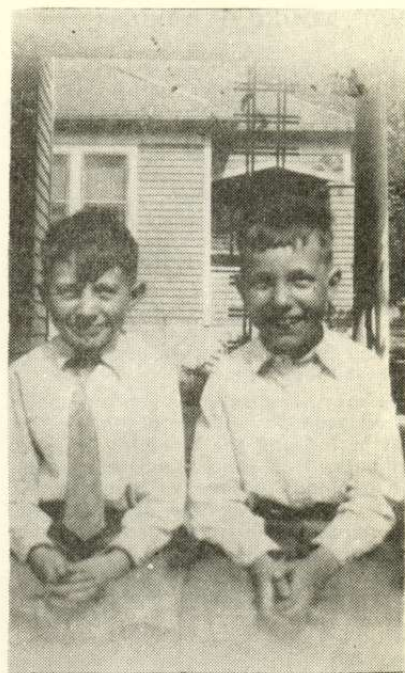
One of Frederick's most embarrassing moments happened during this time. The Fourth of July rolled around again, and since Howard liked firecrackers that raised one end of town, as he put it, he had purchased a giant cannon cracker, and made plans to set it off out in the country. I still remember that it was so big it was supposed to be set off on a tripod arrangement, and all of the children had been anticipating hearing this explosion for he had assured them that they could sit right in their own front yard and enjoy it!

About five o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Driftmier and I went out for a ride with Donnie, Margery and Wayne. For some reason Frederick stayed at home, and after awhile he prowled around and found the can-

non cracker. He looked at it with lively interest, and finally decided just to see what the fuse acted like when it was lighted. So, he took it in the bathroom and put a match to the end. He says that he intended to turn water on it immediately and put it out, but the fuse flared up with such a shower of sparks that he was terrified, and in utter panic he dropped it and ran.

Lucile tells the next part of the story. She says that she was playing the piano when suddenly there was a tremendous roar and the entire house shook. The clouds of smoke poured into the living room, and before she had collected her senses enough to get up and investigate, Frederick came tearing through the room howling at the top of his lungs. He made such a racket that she couldn't find out what had happened to him, but when she got to the back hall she knew. The firecracker was as powerful as Howard had guaranteed, for the plastering had been knocked off of the walls and the bathroom was in terrible condition. We told Frederick that we were glad that if he hadn't had sense enough not to light it, at least he had had sense enough to drop it; but he felt so miserable about the whole thing that he never again took any interest in fireworks.

This was the summer too that Frederick and Wayne came very close to furnishing a newspaper item such as we read every day and shudder thinking: what if that had been my children? The boys of the neighborhood had built a wonderful cave that they used for a clubhouse, and on Saturdays they cooked their dinner on a little brick stove and had a glorious time. Then one of the little boys moved away, and the others decided to give him a farewell party in the cave that he had helped dig. They lugged potatoes and apples and eggs from our kitchen to the cave, and all went well until one youngster was



Wayne and Frederick as they were in the wonderful cave-digging days. Wayne's hair would never stay combed—we wouldn't have recognized him without this lock between his eyes.

sent out to bring in more fuel.

He decided that the stove could be fed much more easily from the top than by crawling through the small winding passage with a load of fuel, so he stuffed quantities of dried grass into the stove-pipe. Instantly such clouds of thick smoke poured into the cave that before all of the children could scramble out Wayne had collapsed. My, such a howling and shrieking—they sounded like fire sirens as they tore home to get me. We had great excitement carrying him out and getting fresh air into his lungs, but in a short time he was all right again.

(Continued in the March Number)



Leanna Driftmier in 1928—her office in her home—where she still broadcasts.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Folks:

This is the last day of 1939, and I am going to mark the passing of the old year by writing to you some of the details of our trip out here to Tucson. There hasn't been any opportunity for this heretofore, since we drove until quite late at night, and after once arriving in Tucson we had to scurry around to find a place to live.

The only tire trouble we had was in Shenandoah! After I told you goodbye at one o'clock we fiddled around down town until after four getting the tire fixed—it seemed like a bad beginning for such a long trip, but fortunately that was the last trouble we had. We made Topeka, Kansas that night, and were the only occupants of a good-sized tourist camp just west of the city. We felt that we were leaving the north in the nick of time, for it turned cold and we fussed around with the little stove for quite awhile before we felt comfortable.

The next morning we packed once again and drove to Carbondale, where we had breakfast. This is a mining town, you know, and Doris, who had never been west of Minnesota before and is pure Vermont to the bone, thought that she was at last in the west! Your Kitchen Klatter friends in and around Carbondale will laugh to hear this, I know. That night we got as far as Mingo, Oklahoma, a little crossroads town just outside of Tulsa. I've always liked the way Tulsa rises on the plains, and it looked like a fairyland at night when we glanced out of our cabin windows.

The next night found us in McKinney, Texas—we had failed in our goal to make Dallas because we poked around so much during the day, taking unheard of time to eat breakfast and lunch and exploring several interesting small towns we passed along the way. It was in McKinney that we saw our first displays of fireworks, and I remember then that in the south they celebrate with Roman candles and firecrackers as we do on the fourth of July in the north.

It was hard to believe that Christmas was coming closer and closer as we drove during the day, but at night every little town and village sprang into bloom with all kinds of decorations. One great star in a small Texas town was visible for over twenty miles.

The next night found us in San Antonio where we got a very little and comfortable house for our two-night stay. I love San Antonio—it seems to me one of the most interesting and colorful cities in the country. Russell and I had great pleasure in driving about to see the sights, even though the streets were jammed with Xmas shoppers. We parked the car about four o'clock and got out to walk along with the crowds, and I've never seen such a festive-minded mob. That night we risked life and limb in the traffic to find the beautiful Mexican

restaurant on the river bank where we had eaten two years ago, and after making the loop with all of its traffic hazards exactly three times we found our restaurant—CLOSED. By this time we were so tired and hungry (it was after eight) that we just walked into a coffee shop and had some prosaic food instead of the Mexican music and gardens that we had hankered after.

We had our car serviced at San Antonio, and the garage attendants didn't know what the frost shield was or how it was used! We left it there with them for the time when San Antonio would see snow—and this time will never come, I guess. We left the city about noon and headed west across the vast plains. Texas is a huge state, we all know, but when you drive across it you come to believe that it will never, never end. By night we had reached a small town at the foot of the mountains called Sanderson, and there we were kept awake half of the night by the fireworks a few blocks away.

Once again we packed the car (this always took about thirty minutes because of our incredible assortment of luggage) and started out for El Paso. This day's drive took us through stretches where we didn't see another car for fifty miles at a time, and in many respects it didn't really seem like the United States at all—such vast areas without any signs of life whatsoever seemed mysterious and alien. We reached El Paso just at dusk on Christmas Eve and found a very pleasant restaurant where everyone was singing carols and having a gay time. Of course it didn't seem much like Christmas Eve to us, but we went back to our tourist court and opened our packages just the same in an attempt to capture the spirit of things. However, it wasn't until we drove back again to the center of town and found the most magnificent tree I have ever seen, and listened to Christmas Carols being broadcast from a large church, that we really believed it was December 24th.

We had hoped to spend Christmas Day in Juarez, but we awakened to sleet, rain and snow—the first time



Lucile Driftmiller Verness and her husband, Russell. A tourist camp enroute to Arizona.



A typical scene along the highway thro Arizona. The tree you see is a huge cactus.

this has happened in El Paso for decades. It was miserable weather to tramp around in, so we abandoned our plans for Mexico and decided to spend the day driving. It was fortunate that we did so, for had we delayed much longer the highway would have been closed through New Mexico.

The scenery we passed on this day was magnificent. The mountains were covered with snow, and they glistened beautifully in the sunlight that lasted until we reached Deming. There it began to rain, so we stopped and had our Christmas dinner in a cafe about two o'clock. I had thought that surely we would be the only ones traveling, for it seemed to me that others must have reached their destinations by the 25th, but from Deming on westwards we passed cars from almost every state in the Union heavily loaded with luggage and driving dangerously fast on the slick mountain roads. Finally the weather got so bad that we had to stop at Lordsburg, New Mexico and put up for the night. We had passed a bad wreck just before we reached Lordsburg, and none of us cared to travel on a strange road in rain after dark. This was mostly mountain driving, you see.

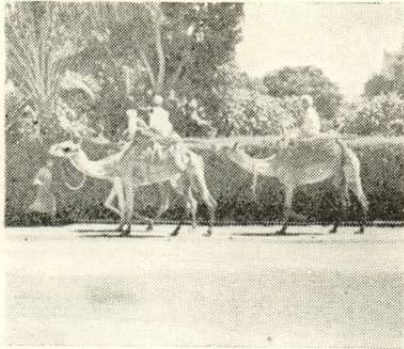
Lordsburg was celebrating Christmas in grand style, so we joined in at a restaurant and then went to see a movie. Several rows of Mexican and Indian youngsters just in front of us howled and stamped and carried on very much as Frederick describes the Egyptian's reactions at the theatre. We missed several lines of dialogue because of their goings-on! When we went to bed a full moon was shining down over the mountains, and we knew then that the next day would be bright and that we could make the final lap without trouble.—Lovingly, Lucile.

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DOROTHY JOHNSON
Box 467, Shenandoah, Iowa



Frederick says this is what he often sees when he looks out of his window toward the street. Native Egyptians on their way to town.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

The first time we had a shower here they told me that it was unusual; the second time they told me that it was very unusual; and the third time they told me that it was extraordinary, but I am beginning to wonder! However, from the conduct of the Egyptians when it does rain, I do really believe that it is not a common occurrence. I wore my rubbers to school because everything is in terrible shape after a shower (the dust is deep here, you see) and my students were dumb-founded. They thought that I had taken off my shoes, but when they saw that I still had my shoes on their eyes simply popped. The only way I could settle their curiosity was to get one of the rubbers and show it to them. They had never seen or even imagined such a thing, and that evening when I wore my rain coat to Christian Endeavor I almost caused a riot. There were only four Egyptians present because it was still sprinkling and they were afraid to get out into it. They have no idea how to act, and when I walked about in the rain without noticing it, seemingly, they were amazed.

Chinese Checkers are popular in Egypt too. I spent one evening playing it at the home of a young dentist. Recently I went to tea at the home of a gentleman whose daughter has just recently returned from studying in America. We think of tea as consisting of tea and small sandwiches or cakes in the United States, but here we had twenty-five different kinds of things to eat. I think that the word "banquet" would better describe it.

The Moslems have been fasting for a month, but today their fastnig was over and they have all been celebrating. I rode down town this morning on my bicycle just to see what was going on, and it was quite a sight to see everyone dressed up and out on the streets. Many of the natives from the neighboring villages were in town on their donkeys, and most of the men had a small child with them. This day is very much like our Christmas for the children, since it is customary to give them presents. It was quite an unique sight to see all of the little children in their gaudy colored robes riding along on the donkeys, behind their fathers.

One day recently we struck out for

Tel el-Amarna to see the ruins of a famous palace that was the capitol of Egypt thirty-three hundred years ago. We had an uneventful but beautiful trip down the valley—our train made the trip in an hour and forty minutes. One of our students was supposed to meet us at the station with donkeys, but we didn't realize that it was our stop so we didn't get off, and when he didn't see us get off he jumped on. By this time we had discovered our mistake and jumped off, so when he looked back and saw us he jumped off too from the then rapidly moving train. Such a time!

He had two other students with him, but no donkeys, and he said that we would have to walk to the village just a few minutes away to get the donkeys. It turned out that we walked for two hours before we reached the village that was supposed to be only a few minutes away. When we reached the village we went to the home of another of our students expecting that he would furnish us with donkeys, but it wasn't until we had sat in the mud-floored reception room of this home for quite a while that we learned our student wasn't around—and he had taken the donkeys with him!

By this time we were very anxious to get on to the ruins, so we decided to go ahead and just hope that we would locate donkeys on the other side of the river. When we got to the bank of the river we discovered that the ferry was delayed on the other side. It was getting so late that we decided to get two little boys to take us across. They had a tub of a boat and were willing to give it a try, so the nine of us climbed into that frail little craft that was never made to accommodate more than three or four, and started out. How we ever got to the other side I don't know, for it was just like crossing the Missouri in a home-made row boat—I'd certainly never try it again.



A Christmas greeting to the home folks. In describing his costume Ted says, "The outer coat is dark blue, the inner coat blue and orange. I have a blue and white band around my waist, and a white silk turban on my head."

When we reached the other shore it took thirty minutes of argument to get the donkeys. When we did get them we had two natives along with each animal, and this meant that our party of nine had now grown to a party of seventeen.

The first ruins that we saw were the ruins of the Palace of Amenophis IV. The palace was once situated within the precincts of a great temple, but about all that is left of the temple are the mud foundations of the walls. It gave me a thrill just the same to walk about the ruins where once a proud king lived in all of his glory.

When we started on to visit the tombs we had all kinds of confusion because all seventeen people insisted on accompanying us. We said that we would take only two donkeys and two guides, so we stood around another thirty minutes while the Egyptians tried to decide who would go. Finally they started to fight, so Jan and I jumped off of our donkeys and started for home. Then the Egyptians saw that they were going to lose us entirely, and believe me it didn't take them long to stop scrapping and come to a settlement.

After riding for about half an hour across the desert we came to the tombs. These are cut back into a solid rock cliff, as are most of the tombs of Egypt. We ate our lunch in the largest and most interesting tomb, that of the high-priest of the sun. After the blinding desert sun it took us fully a quarter of an hour to adjust our eyes to the darkness inside, but I had my flashlight along and it proved to be an invaluable aid. In the most remote room are usually found the mummy shafts. These are often forty or fifty feet deep and are cut out of solid rock—they look much like wells except that they are square instead of round.

After visiting several tombs we started for home, and going back down on the narrow path on the side of the cliff I could hardly stay on my donkey. The path was so steep that I kept sliding forward over the front of the saddle. We reached the river just in time to catch the ferry which was nothing but a big barge with a sail on it. Here we had another first-rate fight when our two guides got into a battle with the men who owned the donkeys over the price that they were to pay for the use of them. It seems to me that nine-tenths of the day was spent in watching such scenes as this.

Finally we got headed towards the train once again, and we reached the station safely in spite of the fact that my donkey fell and threw me clear over its head. Someday I guess I'll have to write a story and call it, "A Happy Day With the Tombs of Egypt."

Love to everyone,
Ted.

BACK NUMBERS

Send \$1.00 for a yearly subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Start your year with March and receive January and February free or ask for a free cook book as offered on page 11.

A LETTER FROM A 4-H MOTHER

February is the most talked about month in the entire year. For one thing, this is Leap Year, when all the leap-year jokes are hunted out for us to chuckle over once more.

I don't believe that any of our club girls are going to avail themselves of the privilege of husband hunting, though. We had one wedding last year and one the year before. The big problem seems to be how to keep the girls at home a few years longer.

This is the month when so many famous people were born, besides a great many who, like me, are not famous at all. Mother expected me to be a Valentine, and here I came on ground-hog day! Probably that is why I am so fond of gardening. Ground-hogs, I believe, are of the earth earthy.

Lincoln didn't have a chance to be a 4-H boy, but wouldn't he have been a fine one! 4-H stands for so many of the things that Lincoln believed in. Our boys of today surely have a great many advantages that boys of Lincoln's time could not possibly have imagined having. Our boys don't have to do everything the hardest possible way. They don't split rails, or study by firelight, or live in log cabins with great cracks through which the snow sifts and the wind howls. They can go to school, and seldom have to walk more than two miles, even in places far from a town. They can go as far in school and college as their ambition and energy will carry them, if they have the necessary good health to enable them to work and study too.

It is simply astonishing the way the 4-H work has grown and the clubs have enlarged during the last half dozen years. Every farm paper, every newspaper, and nearly every magazine, has some news or article about 4-H. The big show at Omaha is a spectacular thing, and people go for miles to see the fine stock exhibited; while the youngsters are realizing unheard of sums from the sale of the prize-winning animals.

Over in Europe, the young folks are being drilled in military tactics; small boys are taught to handle firearms and are given a gas-mask and a gun. Over here, we give them a chance to grow into useful men, who will be so busy trying to live for the glory of their country that they won't have time for national, racial, or class hatreds.—Mrs. Helen Lowden, Imogene, Ia.



A snowy day in Iowa. This is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rupp, R. 1, Cherokee, Ia.

CARE OF BABY'S HAIR

Many a head of weak scrawny unmanageable hair can be laid to the neglect of that head during infancy and childhood. Every mother should face the responsibility of caring for her child's hair—just as she accepts the responsibility of caring for a child's set of teeth, in order to protect and develop it to perfect maturity and beauty. Wise care of a baby's hair is important to prevent infection and disease of the scalp. This care should be continued all through childhood, to encourage the growth of strong, thick, beautiful hair.

Never use a fine tooth comb on a baby's or child's head. Choose a comb with smooth oval teeth rather widely set, so as never to irritate the scalp, or break the hair as a fine or rough-toothed comb does.

Before putting the baby to bed at night, rub a very little vaseline on the scalp (gently of course) especially on the back of the head where the pillow rubs off the hair. Do this every night for the first three months, then every other night for three months, then once a week all during infancy. Never raise or scrape scalp accumulations. Wash the head every day, dry it gently with soft towels. Afterwards comb it up and off the head. Do not comb or brush in such a manner that it will pack down, but lift it away from the scalp.

Wash a baby head with warm water and a mild soap which has been melted in hot water. Use a fine soft sponge to apply the soap liquid. Manipulate the scalp gently with lather. Rinse thoroughly in several warm clear waters. After the age of three months, trim the ends of the hair every month. Between the age of two and fourteen months, keep the hair trimmed to about two inches in length. Shampoo a growing child's hair once a week and remember, it is up to you to see that your child's hair and scalp have the proper care and treatment during those first few years that mean so much to their appearance in later life.—Frank Johnson, Shenandoah, Ia., "Specializes in care of scalp and hair."

PREPARE THEM FOR LIFE

From the time our babies come we start molding their characters, preparing them for the time when they will leave the home nest and take their places in the world.

We wish we knew just what difficulties they may have to face and just what emergencies they will have to meet but this we cannot do. We must train them for life for they will come up against things we never even thought of. If they have been taught honesty, truthfulness, courage, unselfishness, thoughtfulness for others and the ability to work they will probably be able to fill their place, however hard it may be. Just the little every day lessons learned in the home are more valuable than we realize for living as one of a family calls for the use of all the qualities that make a good citizen of a community.

AIDS TO BEAUTY

By Eva Hopkins

What to do for black-heads? Every mail brings that question! A



Eva Hopkins

healthy skin gives forth oil, as well as perspiration, and is one of the sources of elimination from the body. Sometimes improper cleansing of the skin causes the pores to clog and blackheads result. When these fester, we have pimples.

It is very necessary then that we cleanse the face thoroughly at night, and every night. No matter how tired, it pays us in complexion results to give our face this nightly cleansing, so that the pores are free to function properly.

I sometimes have to smile, when some lady tells me that she cannot use soap and water on her face. Perhaps she has tried to use a soap that is too strong, but generally some one has given her too strong a sales talk on some particular cream. So if your skin is normal or oily, use a good facial soap and water at night. Follow if you care to with a good cleansing cream. But if your face is very dry, be sure to use the cleansing cream. Work it well into the pores and remove with a soft tissue. Then apply a little more and leave on all night.

A great many women use loose powder, and then thru the day they keep constantly rubbing more and more of it into the pores. Perhaps they put it on over a sticky cream base. Do you wonder that they have enlarged pores and blackheads?

So I recommend that you do your facial cleansing at night; then in the morning, wash the face in warm water, followed with a dash of real cold water—this is to help close the pores—then apply a creme powder with a sponge that has been dampened in real cold water.

But getting back to the black-heads, there is now a beauty soap that contains carotene, rich in vitamin A, that is proving very successful in helping combat blackheads, common pimples and the like. Wash with it, then make a heavy lather and leave on all night. If you use it, I think you will be very pleasantly surprised with what it does for you. Sincerely—Eva Hopkins, Box 13, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder with sponge	\$1.00
Wht. Nat. Tint, Lt or Dk.	
Bru. and Peach	
Hollywood Beauty Soap for Blackheads	.50
Cleansing Creme	.50
Rug Loom with 2 half-pound balls Jute	1.50
Postpaid Prices	
EVA HOPKINS	
Shenandoah, Iowa	



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

DOUGHNUTS AND SYRUP DIP

1½ cups scalded milk
½ cup sugar (scant)
2 eggs
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 cakes of yeast
1½ cup shortening
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. salt
4½ to 5 cups flour
Make like bread and knead. Let raise until at least double, and punch down once. Roll out and cut. Let raise 20 minutes, or until ready to fry.

SYRUP DIP

1 lb. powdered sugar
Butter size of egg
1 Tbls. cornstarch
1 Tbls. cream
Enough warm water to make a liquid.
Turn doughnuts over in this, and stand on side in a row in a large pan. They will soon dry enough to place in a container, and you will find that they are soft and good.—Mrs. Ernest Clayton, New Hampton, Mo.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN

Cook a large chicken until tender. Remove the bones, and cut the meat into chunks. Then thicken the broth with flour, and add 4 beaten eggs. In the bottom of the roaster place a good layer of sage dressing (or any soft dressing). Over this pour a layer of the sauce and chicken, finishing with the sauce on top. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top dotted with butter, and bake for one hour. This is a change from the usual scalloped chicken, and is delicious.—Mrs. Meier, Persia, Ia.

ORANGE ICE BOX DESSERT

1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar
2 rounded Tbls. flour, 3 egg yolks
3 egg whites, 2 Tbls. butter
1 lb. vanilla wafers
Blend the first four ingredients together and cook until thickened in a double boiler. Take from the fire, add butter and cool. Then fold in the beaten egg whites. Roll wafers. Put half in bottom of pan and pour on filling. Add the rest of crumbs and chill. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. George Allen, Early, Ia.

LOAF CAKE

1 cup sugar
½ cup shortening
2 eggs
¾ cup sweet milk
2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 T. cornstarch
Pinch of salt
2 tsp. vanilla
Use same method as any cake and sift the cornstarch, baking powder and flour together and add alternately with milk. Beat well. Bake about 40 minutes in loaf. Frost with powdered sugar frosting.—Mrs. Alice Macy, Osceola, Iowa.

PUMPKIN PIE MERINGUE

1 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup flour
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. ginger
½ tsp. cloves
1 tsp. cinnamon
3 egg yolks
1½ cups pumpkin
1½ cups rich milk

Blend dry ingredients in top double-boiler. Add egg yolks. Beat. Add pumpkin and milk. Cook over hot water until thick and smooth 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Cool, pour into baked shell. Top with meringue.

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

MEAT LOAF

2 cups chopped beef
1 cup chopped pork
1 chopped onion
2 cupfuls cracker crumbs
1 chopped green pepper
1 beaten egg
Salt to taste
Sweet milk to moisten
Form into loaf and bake one-half hour. —Mrs. Edward Spangler, Sutton, Nebraska.

MINCE MEAT

Clean a hog's head as for head cheese and then boil. When done cut the meat from the bones and grind; weigh out 8¼ or 9 lbs. of ground meat. Heat this slowly on the back of the stove. As the grease rises on the heated meat dip off until you have 1¾ or 2 lbs. Then add 1 qt. of water, 3 lbs. of raisins, 4 qts. of cooked apples or 8 lbs. of raw apples, 1½ pts. of vinegar, 4 level tsps. cinnamon, 2 level tsps. cloves, 1 level tsp. ginger, 2 level tsps. nutmeg, 2 level tsps. allspice, and 4 lbs. of sugar. Cook until thick and well done. When using raw apples use an extra quart of water. —Mrs. Geo. W. Thompson, Creighton, Nebr.

PRUNE CREAM COOKIES

1½ cups brown sugar
1 cup sour cream
1 cup quick oats (or ground rolled oats)
3 cups flour
½ tsp. soda
1/3 cup shortening
2 beaten eggs
4 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. mace

Boil 1½ cups of prunes in water to cover for 20 minutes. Drain, remove pits, and cut in pieces. Cream the sugar and shortening, add the cream and beaten eggs. Combine with the quick oats and flour to which the spices, soda and baking powder have been added. Mix in the prunes and beat thoroughly. Drop in small spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet, and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven. Nuts may be added if you wish.—Mrs. Donald Shafer, Grant, Iowa.

SWEDISH RYE BREAD

3 pints water
1 sifter (or 5 cups) of rye flour
2 cakes compressed yeast
Make sponge with the rye flour. Mix together ½ cup sugar, 1 cup black sorghum molasses, 2 Tbls. salt, 2 large Tbls. shortening, 1 tsp. crushed fennel, and 1 tsp. anise seed. Set to raise, and when light knead in enough white flour to make a nice dough. Let raise again until double in size and then make into loaves. Bake one hour. If sponge is not thick enough add some white flour, but do not use any more rye flour. This makes lovely "Swedish" rye bread.—Mrs. James Beaty, Des Moines, Iowa.

Use the classified "ad" column if you have anything to sell. It costs but little and reaches thousands of people.

WHIPPED CREAM CUP CAKES

- 1 and 1/3 cups all purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup heavy cream
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour before measuring. Sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar together twice. Fold stiffly beaten egg whites into whipped cream. Add water and flavoring. Add flour mixture in small amounts. Place paper baking cups in muffin pans and fill 1/2 full with batter. Bake in moderate oven. Makes 15 cup cakes. — Mrs. John Kubik, Traer, Ia.

BEEF STEAK SALTED DOWN

- 1 cup coarse salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 gallon of soft water

Boil together in a granite kettle until salt and sugar are dissolved and then cool. This makes enough brine for about 12 quarts of beef steak. Cut the steak into slices (not too thick) and pound lightly. Put 1 cup of brine in each sterilized quart jar and add the sliced raw steak until it comes to the neck of the jar. Do not pack solidly. The brine should cover the meat—add more if necessary. Put lids on jars and cold pack in hot water bath for one hour. Remove and tighten lids on jars.

To use meat remove from jars, smooth out the pieces and flour and fry as usual. The brine may be used in the gravy, or make noodles and drop in it. They are very good, for the brine is not too salty or too sweet, and the meat keeps perfectly.—Mrs. Otto Kice, Arbela, Mo.

HOME MADE SOAP RECIPE

- 5 lbs. melted grease
- 1 can of lye
- 1 qt. cold soft water

Dissolve the lye in cold water and let stand until cool, then add melted grease slowly.

Now mix the following:

- 3 Tablespoons borax
- 1 t. salt
- 2 T. sugar
- 1/2 C. cold water

Add to first mixture, stir until thick. Mark before it gets too hard.

Mrs. John Linville,
Norborne, Mo.
Rt. 2

HOUSEHOLD CLEANSER

- 1 bar Fels-Naptha
- 3 c. boiling water
- chip and dissolve
- 1 can Dutch Cleanser
- cool and add
- 1/2 c. washing ammonia

Pour into containers and let stand until solid.—Mrs. Ray Perkins, Red Oak, Iowa.

Our oldest daughter, Lucile Driftmier Verness has a story "Polish the Armor" in the January number of Scribner's Commentator. I believe you would all enjoy reading it.



Susan Field Conrad sitting in the door of her little pottery shop in Clarinda, Ia. The basket is full of her lovely small vases.

SEE IT THROUGH

When you're up against a trouble,
Meet it squarely, face to face;
Lift your chin and set your shoulders,
Plant your feet and take a brace.
When it's vain to try to dodge it,
Do the best that you can do;
You may fail, but you may conquer,
See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you
And your future may seem grim,
But don't let your nerve desert you;
Keep yourself in fighting trim.

Even hope may seem but futile,
When with troubles you're beset,
But remember you are facing
Just what other men have met.
You may fail, but fail still fighting;
Don't give up, whatever you do;
Eyes front, head high to the finish,
See it through!

—Author Unknown

KITCHEN KLATTER KINKS

"I imagine that most housewives like myself have a dozen or two, more or less, standard recipes which they use much more often than any others. I wrote these plainly on white paper (printing or typing would be better) and glued them to the inside of my kitchen cabinet doors. It is a real convenience when one is in a hurry to bake something, for just by opening these doors you have the recipe right in front of you and up out of the way. Covering them with a piece of cellophane which has been glued around the edges would keep them free from dust and soil."—Mrs. Eli Espe, Radcliffe, Iowa.

"I bought a roll of red and white wall paper and used it to cover the shelves in the kitchen. The reverse side makes a nice lining for my dresser drawers as well, and since the roll cost only 12 cents it is a great economy for it will last a long time."—Mrs. Glen Ashley, 2013 Franklin Plaza, Omaha, Nebraska.

"When hanging clothes on the line I like to see things in order. Consequently I have three lines, and I try to put together the clothes that need ironing so that in gathering them I put them in one of the two baskets. This means that they don't need another sorting, so not only do they look nicer on the line but it saves time as well."—Mrs. Vernon Johnson, Pomeroy, Iowa.

"When I have several articles to be starched on wash day I find it wise to divide the starch. Then I keep adding this reserved portion after a number of articles have been starched, and this way all of the starched articles will get an equal amount. I guess we have all had the experience of having the garments at the end much more thinly starched than those at the first, and this method of dividing the starch avoids such trouble."—Mrs. Edward Rathke, Wisner, Nebr., RFD 4.

You'll Enjoy This Program

TUNE IN TO

LEM HAWKINS and His GANG

Each Week Day Morning (except Sat.)

7:30 A. M.

KMA ----- Shenandoah
KRNT ----- Des Moines
WMT ----- Cedar Rapids

MOTHER'S
BEST
Flour



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

MORNING

4:30 a. m.—Haden's Hillbillies
6:00 a. m.—Weather and News
6:15 a. m.—Lonnie
6:30 a. m.—The Family Altar
7:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
7:15 a. m.—The Bachelor Boy
7:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins and His Gang
(Monday through Friday)
7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sundays)
7:45 a. m.—Happy Hank
8:00 a. m.—Coffee Pot Inn
8:15 a. m.—Carl, Jane, and Lonnie
8:30 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
8:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins (Mon. thru Fri.)
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:45 a. m.—Earl May
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sundays)
10:15 a. m.—Young Dr. Malone (Mon through
Fri.)
10:30 a. m.—Markets and Farm News
10:45 a. m.—Old Favorites
11:00 a. m.—Tobie's Courtussel Nooz
(Mon. thru Fri.)
11:30 a. m.—KMA Country School
12:00 Noon—KMA Quintet
12:15 p. m.—Earl May with the News
12:45 p. m.—Market Time

1:00 p. m.—Humorous Squibbs
1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
1:45 p. m.—Hits and Encores
2:00 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
2:30 p. m.—Affairs of Anthony
(Mon. thru Fri.)
2:45 p. m.—Between the Book Ends
(Monday through Friday)
3:00 p. m.—Club Matinee (Mon. thru Fri.)
3:30 p. m.—Shenandoah Frolic (Saturdays)
4:00 p. m.—News
4:15 p. m.—Mainer's Mountaineers
4:30 p. m.—Frank Watanabe & The Hon.
Archie (Mon. thru Fri.)
4:30 p. m.—Met. Opera Auditions of the Air
(Sundays)
4:45 p. m.—Dinning Sisters (Mon. thru Fri.)
5:00 p. m.—Orchestra
5:15 p. m.—Roundup on Rhythm Range
5:30 p. m.—Bud Barton (Mon. thru Fri.)
5:30 p. m.—Renfrew of the Mounted
(Saturday)
5:45 p. m.—The Two Lous (Mon. thru Fri.)

8:00 p. m.—The Carter Family
8:15 p. m.—The Novelers
6:30 p. m.—Earl May with the News
7:00 p. m.—The Aldrich Family (Tuesday)
7:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Don't Forget (Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—Quick Silver (Wednesday)
7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Thurs.)
7:30 p. m.—Carson Robinson and His
Buckaroos (Fridays)
8:00 p. m.—Rochester Civic Orchestra (Mon.)
8:00 p. m.—Cavalcade of America (Tues.)
8:00 p. m.—Radio Guild (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—"The Grocer Speaks" ((Thurs.)
8:00 p. m.—Plantation Party (Fridays)
8:00 p. m.—Alka-Seltzer National Barn
Dance (Saturdays)
8:30 p. m.—Meet Mr. Weeks (Tues.)
8:30 p. m.—Horse and Buggy Days (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the
Air (Thursdays)
8:30 p. m.—"The Grocer Speaks" (Fri.)
8:45 p. m.—Cavalcade of Hits (Fri.)
9:00 p. m.—Little Ol' Hollywood (Mon.)
9:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Encore Music
(Tues.)
9:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing
Bouts (To Be Announced)
9:00 p. m.—NBC Symphony Orchestra (Sat.)
9:30 p. m.—National Radio Forum (Mon.)
9:30 p. m.—Brent House (Tues.)
9:30 p. m.—Adventures in Photography
(Wed.)
9:30 p. m.—Shenandoah Town Meeting
(Thursdays)
10:00—Newstime (Mon. thru Sun.)
10:15 p. m.—to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Pro-
grams (Johnny Messner, Ray Noble,
Freddie Martin, Del Courtney, Lou
Breeze, Erskine Hawkins, Jan Savitt,
Ray Kinney, George Olsen, Art Kassel,
Larry Clinton, Richard Himber, Orrin
Tucker, Woody Herman, Cary Ravazza,
Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Gene
Krupa, Al Donahue, Russ Morgan, Hor-
ace Heidt, and others.)



On the Air Every Weekday at 11:30 a.m.

See if you can pick out your favorite in this picture of The Country School, heard over KMA every weekday at 11:30 a.m. for a full half hour of fun and entertainment. Teacher is Fred Greenlee. At the blackboard, Fiddler Bud Roberts and Announcer Mott Johnson play tic-tac-toe. The bushy-bearded fellow is Ether Hamm Hobbs. Pulling his whiskers is Kenny, the bass fiddle player. Mary Jane sits in the center of the first row smiling up at teacher, while Al Sloev, the silver voiced tenor puts his hat on her head.

Jackie, in the front row, points something out to Lucille, one of the Noveliers, while in the second row, Louise and Stubby are enjoying some diversion caused by Jerry. The Bachelor Boy is watching the cameraman. Right behind him is Carl Haden shooting rubber bands. Faylon Geist is next to him but doesn't seem interested in the goings on. You can tell which one is Lem Hawkins, I am sure, standing in the rear of the class, with the black hat and the big necktie.

Every once in a while, not often, some listener writes she wishes I would not advertise on my Kitchen-Klatter program. They probably think it would be lovely if there were no advertising on the radio at all. Then, probably, in the same mail there will be a hundred letters taking advantage of some special offer I have announced during my program.

Personally, I feel that the advertising that I do, is a service to my listeners. The radio station broadcasting a program is in the same boat with a newspaper. Had they no advertising there would be no revenue to operate the business.

Mr. May has been very generous with the time on the air he has allotted to Kitchen-Klatter. It is worth hundreds of dollars to the station. Therefore there must be some advertising to help cover the cost. Listeners as a rule know very little about the operating expense of a station.

We take the programs too much for granted. They come to us so freely, we forget some one has to foot the bill. The value of a program to the station and also to the listening public is judged by the response it receives. Mail is checked carefully and if the response does not prove the program has listeners it may be taken off the air.

Thus you can see plainly, why there must be a certain per-cent of time on the air used for advertising purposes and why you should write radio letters, answer requests for mail and patronize radio advertisers.

We people in America should feel very happy that our stations are not government owned as they are in many countries, where the people have to have a license to use a radio and then can only hear such programs as those in power wish them to hear.—Again.—“Thank God for America.”

Lord, bless our telephone today,
Bless those who make it work, I
pray;
The men who make the long steel
wire,
Who work in danger, sparks, and fire;
Bless those who climb the poles so
tall,
To string the wires, don't let them
fall:

Bless all the girls who tend the line,
Connecting other homes with mine;
They're so polite, please let them know
We like their voices sweet and low;
Bless me, in every word I say,
Over our telephone, I pray.

—Henry O. Spelman

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, *Librarian*
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

Garden

"The World Is My Garden"—Fairchild—Scribners (\$3.50).

This is the month for seed and nursery catalogues, and libraries display their garden books. Magazines have gorgeous covers, and garden spirit runs high. An attractive display on a library table is composed of a centerpiece of a flowering plant surrounded by garden books like *PARTNER OF NATURE* telling about Luther Burbank's experiments with fruits and flowers; *THE WORLD IS MY GARDEN* by Fairchild; *WHERE DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW*, with geographical maps showing origin of flowering plants, by J. M. Lucas; *THE GARDEN MONTH BY MONTH* by Sedgewick; *BOOK OF FLOWERS*, a special edition put out by the *AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE* a year or so ago. Near the books are arranged the following magazines: *BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS*, *AMERICAN HOME*, *HOUSE BEAUTIFUL*, *HOUSE AND GARDENS*—all of interest to garden lovers.

Science and Religion

Dr. Theodore Graebner of Concordia College in St. Louis, Missouri, wrote a book not so long ago, called *GOD AND THE COSMOS*. It is composed mostly of statements of noted scientists concerning changing opinions about atheism and evolution. The book shows a great amount of research work on the part of the author and is a scholarly work.

Historical Fiction

Judas—Linklater—Farran and Rinehart—(\$2.50).

JUDAS by Erick Linklater is an interesting book. The author has written what he imagines might have been the manner of pressure brought to bear upon Judas to cause him to betray Jesus. Well written, the story is fascinating, covering the last week of Jesus' life before crucifixion, giving a vivid picture of life in that community as it might have been and how it affected Judas.

If Not Victory—Hough — C & E — (\$2.50).

Frank Hough, author of *RENOWN*, an explanation of Benedict Arnold's treason, has a new book called *IF NOT VICTORY*. The setting is in New York, a section where lived many neutrals during the American Revolution, and the story is told by a common farmer revealing the hardships suffered by the average family of that time.

City of Gold—Young—Reynal and Hitchcock—(\$2.75).

CITY OF GOLD, by Francis Brett Young, is the story of development of

the South African Republic in the days of Cecil Rhodes. It is filled with adventure and clamor of wealth-seeking people.

Mystery

Winter Murder Case—Van Dine—Scribners—(\$1.75).

The last book of S. S. Van Dine is *THE WINTER MURDER CASE*, a story involving a theft of valuable jewels and two murders. The suspect is a professional skater.

Other Books of Interest

Happy Harvest—Farnol—Doubleday—(\$2.50).

Stranger Within the Gates—Hill—Lippincott—(\$2.00).

White Magic — Baldwin—Farrar—(\$2.00)

Folly Island — Deeping — Knopf—(\$2.50)

Sown Among Thornes — Dell — Doubleday Doran—(\$2.00)

One Fight More—Ertz—Appleton—(\$2.50)

A story of three daughters who return home to an invalid father. One has distinct social views and is dissatisfied with things as they are; the second married an Englishman and calmly takes the world as it is; the third married a Frenchman and lives a vastly different life from the others. All this disturbs the father who is determined to rectify all their difficulties. This constitutes his one fight more.

Poetry

A librarian is frequently asked for something beautiful in poetry, something that has common interest for common people. Since we are all common people, anything one can list will be satisfactory if it has beauty and heart appeal. Many women like Grace Noll Crowell's poems. E. Randolph Haugan, editor of the Christmas annuals published by the Augsburg Publishing Company, has copied her fine poems called *THE INNKEEPER* (Bethlehem Inn) and *THE OLD AMAZE*. Both were put in artistic setting, making a page of sheer beauty. Her poetry deserves such background. You may get her verse in volumes called *A FLAME IN THE WIND*, *SONGS OF HOPE*, *SONGS OF COURAGE*, and others.

Robert Frost's new volume *COLLECTED POEMS* is much appreciated by readers. Look up the poem called *STOPPING BY A WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING*, and a few days later during a February thaw read his *HILLSIDE THAW*. In it he describes the "silver lizards" running down the hillside in the sunshine. Have you read *THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN*? That is a longer poem a farmer may like.

FUTURE AMERICANS

We would none of us have our children worship our statesmen either living or dead as children are taught to do in foreign countries. I don't believe we utilize the opportunities that come to us—to teach lessons of patriotism and the traits of character that every true American Citizen should strive to possess. When our boys and girls get out into the world, there are forces at work striving to destroy the ideals they have been taught to admire.

We mothers must not lose one opportunity to instill lessons of patriotism while the children are in the home with us.

In order to teach our children lessons of patriotism, we must set them a good example. Display our flag on patriotic occasions. Discuss with them the blessings of living in America. Make them proud of their heritage and ready to protect it from enemies within and without. See that they have a good course in civil government before they are out of high school. Too many grown-ups are ignorant of the fundamental principles our democracy is built upon. Be sure that the teachers whom we trust to give this valuable instruction are real Americans.

The future of America is to be in the hands of the youth of today. Let's do our part as mothers of these young people to see that America is put into good hands.

—Leanna.

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."



Whenever I have my three daughters at home at the same time, I like to have a picture of us taken. Sitting on the arm of my chair is Margery, behind her, Lucile, and at the extreme right, Dorothy.



Mrs. Helen Fischer's little granddaughter, Jeanne, her daughter Louise Fischer Alexander's baby. They live in California now.

LIES VS. IMAGINATION

The other day a letter from Kansas City amused me, and disturbed me too. I was amused because I recognized so clearly the same distress that I experienced when my children were small, and I was disturbed because this mother, just as the rest of us have been, is in danger of losing her sense of humor, and is unaware that what appears to be a mountain is in reality only a molehill.

"What am I going to do with my little four year old boy?" she wrote. "He has always been a truthful child, but recently, and for some reason that I can't understand, he has begun to spin all kinds of tales which he insists are the truth. Now I appreciate honesty and truthfulness more than any other trait, and I'm wondering if I'm ever going to be able to teach my child that lying is cheap and dangerous?"

When I read that my mind flashed back to the time when Wayne was a three-year-old. He had always been a truthful child too, but one day he went to his father and said, "I've just been having a long talk with the Easter Rabbit, daddy. He came and sat in Aunt Jessie's car with me and began smoking a cigarette, and he said that he was going to bring me a million Easter eggs." On and on he went spinning this remarkable story about the Easter Rabbit, and when questioned closely as to what the Easter Rabbit looked like and how he happened to get into Aunt Jessie's car, he had a ready answer.

Now if that had happened to parents a hundred years ago they would have been certain that the child was possessed of the Devil. Probably he would have been spanked severely and warned never to tell such monstrous lies again. But today we know that children who fabricate such stories aren't lying, and certainly they aren't possessed of the Devil.

All small children have vivid imaginations, and it's a pity that they lose some or it as they grow older. The world to them is a wonderful place—a fabulous place, you might say—and they wish for things so hard and so hopefully that they actually have them. The little boy who tells you that he saw elephants in the back yard isn't lying. He has thought about elephants so long and so hard since he saw them in the circus or painted them in his drawing book, that he wants to see them in his own back yard—and he does see them!

Now Wayne had heard a great deal about the Easter Rabbit. Probably he felt disappointed that such a caller made his visits in the night, and wished very much that he could just run into him someplace along the road. By and by he decided that he had run into him, and that he had promised him a million eggs. Thus the wonderful story that he spun to his father about the conversation in Aunt Jessie's car.

The difference between a lie and a fancy whipped up by the imagination should be clear to all of us. The child who stoutly denies having torn a book or broken a vase is telling a genuine lie (probably because he is very much afraid of the consequences), but the child who comes in and tells you that the world is on fire, or that he has just had a fight with a big black bear is still your own truthful child.

An imagination is one of the most important assets in the world. It makes for a great deal of happiness throughout life, and certainly it lends a tremendous amount of interest to everything. The adult who denies all wonder and magic leads a very dull life indeed, and the chances are that he had his imagination thoroughly trounced when he was small.

All of us mothers have had this experience with our children, I know. Howard had an imaginary spider named "Jonathan" (I've no idea where he got this name) that paid him nightly visits over a long period of time. Lucile imagined that she was "Baby

Marie" (the Shirley Temple of that day), and asked us to call her "Baby Marie." (We still tease her about this and now that she is grown, and she agrees too that no child who ever lived was less a "Baby Marie.") Dorothy had one special angel that played with her, and Frederick told us earnestly very frequently that he went down town with President Lincoln! Wayne's Easter Rabbit was only one of many amazing encounters, Margery's dolls all died unexpectedly and were buried, (she actually kept them hidden for weeks), and Donnie's trousers were torn to shreds by a ferocious beast, something much more dangerous and terrible than a tiger and lion combination.

Were these lies? I think that our great-grandparents would say yes, but their father and I said no. Sometimes the border-line was painfully close, to be sure, but even then we gave them the benefit of the doubt because we both realized that the same child who told us that he went down town with President Lincoln and slept with him too, would bravely admit that he lighted the cannon cracker in the house. Life is hard enough for our children as they grow older, and if a lively imagination can make things more interesting and less difficult, let's not squelch our four-year old's imaginations!

—Leanna

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

It used to be a prevailing opinion that every child had to have the mumps and the measles, whooping cough and chicken-pox, and that they were not dangerous diseases. This is no longer the accepted belief. Even tho it may, seem to be only a mild case of any one of the above diseases, damage may be done to the child's health that will not show up for several years and then cause serious trouble.

As far as possible protect your children from being exposed to contagious diseases and where possible have them vaccinated against them.



OUR CHILDREN

◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆



SNOW FUN

Billy and Bonnie had been watching the children in the vacant lot for some time. Their faces were not happy and smiling as they usually were because they didn't feel like joining the game the other children were playing.

"Honest, Bonnie, I'm no sissy, and I like to play snowball, but I don't like to be hit by one of those icy ones. They hurt too much, and someone might get hurt so much they couldn't play at all," said Billy.

"I know it, Billy, and I feel the way you do about it. Before the snow came, I could hardly wait until the day we could get out with our sleds, and throw snowballs at each other," replied Bonnie.

"Yes,—and now look at us! What fun do we have? We try to play a game and some of those 'tough guys' come around and spoil it!"

"Come on, Billy, cheer up. I've an idea that will be lots of fun. Do you have a good imagination? You'll need one to play this game, but it's lots of fun," chirped Bonnie.

"Bonnie, something tells me that your idea isn't too good, but I'll try anything to have something to do. Come on, out with it."

"Well, this is the way we do it. You and I are going to build a house," said Bonnie, her eyes beaming and a dimple in both cheeks.

"A house! Well I'll be—. How are we going to do that?"

"It's easy. Roll up some nice big balls of snow and we'll lift them together and pile them on top of each other. Then we'll get a few long sticks and lay them across the tops of the walls and, last of all, we can cut some big chunks off that snow bank and lay it on top of the sticks. Then we'll have a roof," explained Billy's twin sister.

"Say! That sounds like a lot of work, but it might work."

"Might work! Of course it will. Come on, let's get started."

The twins worked like two little Eskimos for more than an hour. Their cheeks were rosy and every muscle in their ten-year-old bodies had been given wonderful exercise. They were just about ready to put on the top, or roof, as they called it, when they looked across the yard and there was the neighborhood gang. Each one had a pile of snow balls and were ready to fire them at the busy twins.

"Jiggers, Bonnie!" shouted Billy, "Here is the whole 'icy-ball gang!'"

"Oh-oh, what shall we do now? They'll ruin our house!" cried Bonnie.

"Maybe they will, but we'll have to use it for a fort instead of a house. We're pretty lucky to have one. Come quickly, Bonnie, make snow balls faster than you ever did in your life! Now is our chance to give those kids all they are asking for."

Bonnie and Billy manufactured their ammunition in a hurry and fired it like hail stones at the "enemy." They didn't have time to make hard balls, and they wouldn't have made them that way even if they had time. The neighborhood children pelted away, but they missed the twins all of the time because they would fire a snow ball and the twins ducked below their house wall. In fact, the "gang" got more than they wanted, and it wasn't long until a cry went up.

"Please—please stop! We have all had enough out here. Won't you please stop? We are completely plastered with snow, and we would like to come into your fort and be friendly."

"Shall we let them in?" asked Billy.

"Well, I don't know,—," Bonnie hesitated. "I guess we should, but let's make them promise something."

"What shall we make them promise?"

"Make them promise to play snow ball the fun and fair way, and that means no stone-hard balls," said Bonnie, with determination.

"That's a good idea. I'll tell them," responded Billy.

In a few minutes all of the neighborhood children had made the solemn promise and were admiring the fine snow house Billy and Bonnie had started. They couldn't see how it withstood the heavy "artillery" so well, and all agreed that Bonnie and Billy had the right idea of snow fun. Soon they had repaired the damage done to the house that had turned into a fort, and the next day you could have seen funny little snow houses in almost every back yard in the neighborhood.

—Mrs. F. A. Zappe

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter program over radio station KMA at 2 P.M. every day except Sunday.

He likes his bath so very well

He eats his dinner in it.

I say, "Come out and take a walk,"

He won't come for a minute.

I dropped a line to him one day

Inviting him to travel,

And when he came he couldn't walk,

But laid upon the gravel.

(Fish)



Peggy Jane Field, Frank Field's youngest daughter. She is one of my best subscription agents for Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. She has secured 14 yearly subscriptions the past few weeks and sold many single copies.

SOME RIDDLES FOR YOU

Ques.—Why are horses like gossipers?

Ans.—Because they are tail-bearers.

Ques.—When is a horse like a house?

Ans.—When he has the blinds on.

Ques.—Why should a horse never be hungry on a journey?

Ans.—Because he always has a bit in his mouth.

Ques.—How can you show that a horse has six legs?

Ans.—Because he has forelegs in front and two legs behind.

Ques.—Why does a horse always speak in the negative?

Ans.—Because he always neighs.

THINGS TO MAKE

Corn Cob Flyer

This is something you can make that is lots of fun to play with outdoors. But you musn't play with them in the house, or I'm afraid your Mother won't like me a bit for telling you how it's done. Stick three long feathers in one end of a corn cob, then throw it into the air and watch it spin when you throw it.

Vegetable Dolls

You will need toothpicks, or other small pointed sticks to hold the doll together. Use a carrot or parsnip for the body with the large end at the top. Fasten on a potato or an onion for the head. Use sticks with green lima beans at the ends for the arms and legs. If you haven't these particular vegetables you can probably find very good substitutes.

A
FREE
GIFT

WITH EACH YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - \$1.00

I will send you one of the Kitchen-Klatter books listed below. The regular price of each book is 25c. You get one Free with each New or Renewal Yearly Subscription.

Cookies & Candles
Salads & Sandwiches
Vegetables
Cakes, Pies, Desserts

Oven Cookery — One-Dish Meals
Pickles, Jams, Jellies
Household Helps
Parties and Games

LEANNA DRIFTMIER, SHENANDOAH, IA.

Our Hobby Club

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

AN INTERESTING HOBBY

"My hobby is textile painting. By that I mean hand painted pillows, wall hangings, curtains, dresser scarfs and pillow sets, vanity sets and beautiful quilt blocks on satin, or daisybell cloth to set together with blocks of a different color, and panels for floor screens or fire place screens, and many other articles. I use velvet, satin, and other lovely materials, which wear and look nice for years. These paints are fast color, and will wash and dry clean.

I have been working at my hobby now for fourteen years, and each year it grows more beautiful and more interesting. I had art classes in four different towns for several years. I gave all the lessons free. We had all-day classes, and brought covered dish dinners, and all during the winter months everyone said they never had so much fun. I never saw so many lovely things as we made. I don't believe any have carried on the work as I have. It takes a lot of patience and a lot of time. I only work at it during the winter months, when I have to spend my time indoors.

This is my winter sport time hobby. Then for my spare time during the summer, I have a lovely flower garden, and picnic grounds, where we enjoy many meals with our friends. I made a miniature garden and picnic grounds like my own, and entered in the farm women's hobby exhibit at the State Fair last fall. I got 2nd place. Later I was invited to talk over radio station WHO on the Farm and Home program to tell about my hobby."—Mrs. Will Collins, Rt. 2, Minburn, Ia.

"Dear Mrs. Driftmier: My main hobby is piecing quilts. I am sixteen years old and am working on my fourth one. I would like to exchange patterns and fast color pieces with any one. The quilt I am making now requires three pieces alike, 4 by 5 inches. I am also interested in crocheting and would like to hear from anyone who has these things for a hobby."—Ruth Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

"My hobby is collecting candle holders of any kind. Would like to receive some from Kitchen-Klatter friends and I will send something in return."—Mrs. Frank Hughes, Box 272, Clarence, Mo.

"My hobby is a pitcher collection. I have over a hundred, and would like to exchange with anyone who has a hobby."—Mrs. August J. Wilkens, Rt. 1, Lorraine, Kansas.

"My hobby is salt and pepper shakers. I have a collection of over three hundred and would like to get one pair from all the different states. Would be glad to exchange with anyone who has a hobby."—Mrs. Herman B. Schroeder, Box 86, Lorraine, Kans.

OTHER HOBBIES

"My hobby is oil painting and landscapes."—Mrs. Gilbert Woodside, 2503 N. 33rd Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Poems—Mrs. Mary V. Starts, 2303 Olive Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Crocheted hot pan holders — Mrs. Harold Nissly, Dallas Center, Ia.

Stamps and flowers — Mrs. Albert Green, Armstrong, Mo.

Handkerchiefs — Mrs. Lou Jones, Thompson, Mo.

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

Embroidery patterns and scrap books — Mrs. Chris Peterson, Filley, Nebr.

Poems, poetry, making song books and scrap books — Mrs. John Sneed, Albany, Mo.

Novelty salt and pepper shakers, poems, stamps, embroidery patterns and buttons—Miss Dorothy Rochlitz, Humboldt, Ia.

Novelty salt and pepper shakers—would like to exchange with anyone—Mrs. D. L. Raher, Hawarden, Iowa.

Collecting fancy dish towel patterns and pencils—Mrs. Otto I. Graf, Box 175, Onaga, Kans.

Odd salt and pepper shakers—Mrs. D. L. Raher, Hawarden, Iowa.

Exchange of quilt pieces and patterns—Mrs. George Witcofski, Rt. 2, Crab Orchards, Nebr.

Saving "Post Marks" — Mrs. Roy Fitzpatrick, Falls City, Nebr.

Collecting novelty and fancy pitchers—Mrs. Jesse Irwin, 1528 Carroll St., Boone, Iowa.

Handkerchiefs and wash cloths — Rose Mensik, Linwood, Nebr.

Collecting old stamps — Lillian Meduma, Weston, Nebr.

"My daughter's hobby is collecting pictures of radio personalities."—Mrs. Peter Tinklenberg, Rt. 2, Edgerton, Minn.

"My daughter, Miss Mabel Guild, Neligh, Nebr., has a very interesting hobby of hankies. She has 721, all different and many with history attachment. They are a very pretty collection. Would you mention that she would like to exchange with other hobbyists for things of equal value."—Her mother.

"My hobby is collecting vases, cute pictures of children, cats and dogs cut from papers and magazines. I paste them in scrap books and then take them to hospitals for sick children to look at. I will answer all letters."—Mrs. Mary Z. Day, 1817 Easten Blvd., Des Moines, Iowa.

"I have started my second hobby. Cacti is my first, and buttons my second. When I come down next time let me look through your button box."—Mrs. Mike Hand, Sibley, Ia.

"I will exchange dress patterns for modern sheet music. Also will exchange hankies."—Ione Menke, Rt. 2, Lawrence, 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.

KING KORN COOK BOOKS—Recipes telling hundreds of ways to use corn, cornmeal and pop corn. Special reduced price of 10c. Worth three times that much. Order from Mae Zeigler, George, Iowa.

AN ORIGINAL POETRY BOOK written and published by Luellen G. Ross, entitled "Musing and Amusing." Paper binding—35c per copy or three copies for \$1.00 postpaid anywhere in the United States. Send book orders to: (Miss) Luellen G. Ross, 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 Haylett, Shenandoah, Ia.

COLONIAL COCKERELS LOW \$3.00
AS PER 100

CHICKS World's Largest Hatcheries... Day-old males, pullets, straight run in all leading breeds. Lowest prices. Blood tested. Hatches year around. Four weeks' livability guarantee. Catalog FREE. **COLONIAL POULTRY FARMS**, Shenandoah, Ia. Box 157.

BOOK LOVERS—Our stock of old, rare and new books is the largest in the west. If you want to buy or sell books, write us.—Kieser's Book Store, Dept. K-8, 205 No. 16th St., Omaha, Nebr.

SWEET PEAS "New Giant Ruffin ed." 4 big pkts. —25c, including Mayfair—pink, Lady—lavender, Jubilee—purple, Chieftan—red. (Reg. catalog value 40c.) **EARL E. MAY SEED CO.**, Shenandoah, Ia.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT—A hand tinted pamphlet, prepared by Helen Fischer and Gretchen Harshbarger. Fine for use in 4-H projects. Price 25c in silver and 6c in stamps. Send orders to Helen Fischer, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BOYS AND GIRLS—Make money taking subscriptions for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Write for information.

—Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



Mrs. Will Collins of Minburn, Iowa and her three nieces. Mrs. Collins is an enthusiastic hobbyist.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS.

With snow covering the ground over most of the mid-west territory, I take it for granted you are confronted with



the same problems that I am. Your chickens have to be kept off of the snow, and cold damp ground, to keep them in full egg production, and being closely housed often leads to lots of trouble if one is not careful of ventilation, drafts and leaky roofs. Or sometimes snow has a way of drifting in, not much, but enough to make the litter damp in the laying house.

Warm days followed by cold nights, with the fact that the flock is somewhat crowded, tends to increase susceptibility to colds and respiratory diseases. When chickens begin to show signs of cold, check up on drafts and ventilation. Then see that the litter is free from dampness. Give some sort of laxative in the drinking water—I prefer epsom salts—and a balanced diet. The best preventative of a cold is to build up resistance through feed and care.

There are many kinds of vapor-sprays on the market. These do not cure a cold, but merely loosen the phlegm and aid the fowl to breathe more freely. In other words, "relieve that clothes-pin nose." If you do not have a vapor-spray handy, I have found that if you put a few live coals in a fire-proof container, and sprinkle several spoonfuls of sulphur on them, then close the building for a few minutes (do this after they have gone to roost) being very very careful to watch the results as some fowls may be overcome and fall from the roost, but can be revived if brought out into the open air. The sulphur fumes clear out the nasal passage and helps to heal any inflamed membrane.

A short time ago a lady asked me what to do to bring her flock back to producing fertile eggs. She had been selling eggs to a hatchery for a number of months and they had suddenly turned them down because of poor fertility. I found she had a good many more cockerels than was necessary, which is about as bad as not having enough. She kept her chickens confined very closely, was giving them a diet that was very very rich in protein. Some hens were very fat, although all seemed to be healthy and in good laying condition.

I told her I believed if she would dispose of a good many of her cockerels, or divide them into two groups and eliminate all that had a tendency to be bossy, and then alternate the two groups, and by turning the flock out on farm range for an hour of two before roosting time, I believed she would soon have her flock back on the hatchery list.—Olinda Carolyn Wiles, Rt. 3, Clarinda, Iowa.

SEWING HINTS.

"When putting new elastic in a garment, join the new to the old. You can draw in the new as you pull out the old. Then cut off the old elastic, fasten the ends of the new elastic, and your job is done in just about half the time that it would take any other way."—Mrs. R. F. Garms, Lake Park, Ia.

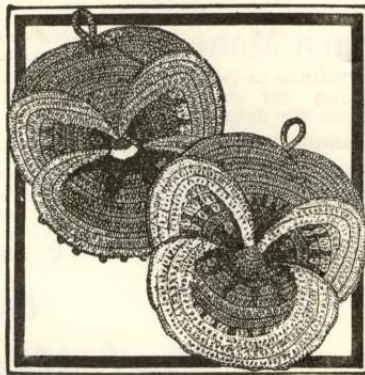
"In making my kitchen print apron I always put large pockets on them, and then make two pot holders of the same material. They are always at hand when I need them, and it's nice to have the holder and apron match."—Mrs. Oscar Lovig, Villisca, Ia.

"Nice little sheep-skin slippers can be made for children from the sheep-skin lining of men's jackets or coats. These are warm, and they save material that we might discard not knowing what could be done with it."—Mrs. Merle Adams, Arapahoe, Nebr.

"When I use a pattern for the first time I mark each piece with a colored pencil, such as: BACK for the back, FRONT SKIRT, or whatever it may be.

"When working with chiffon or thin material try putting an oilcloth (with checks or lines on it) on the cutting table. The material can be pinned along the lines and you can be sure of getting the pattern on straight. Otherwise the material might creep and be ruined in the cutting."—Mrs. A. L. Markley, RFD 1, Luray, Kansas.

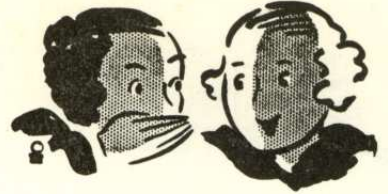
"When buying prints, five cents per yard added to the cost of the three or four yards needed is much better than buying fifteen or twenty cents worth of trimming for a cheaper material."—Mrs. Glen Stroborg, RFD 2, Blockton, Ia.



CROCHET PANSIES FOR HOT HANDLES

It's been a long time, we venture, since you've seen panholders as pretty as this pair of pansies. They would add an unusually gay touch of color to any kitchen, and the nicest thing about them is that they are so easily made. Number C8975, 10c, gives careful directions for working these two pansies.

Should you prefer thread in appropriate colors to complete the set with directions for making, order number C8975M, 35c. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.



OVER THE FENCE

As you will notice at the top of the "Editorial Page", my oldest daughter, Lucile, is to be on the staff of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. She has had experience as an editorial writer and a writer of short stories so can be of real value to this magazine. She will not edit any certain department but will write on various subjects. Lucile is spending the winter in Tuscon, Arizona and other cities of the Southwest and has planned to write you of her travels.

My sister, Sue Conrad, is leaving soon on a lecture tour. She will speak in the high schools and colleges in cities of Wisconsin and Michigan. Her talks are on pottery and she uses her potter's wheel to show how bowls and vases are made. Her lectures have proven very educational as well as entertaining.

Be sure to write to me when you move to another town or change your street address. Not doing this has caused some of you to miss copies of your magazine and it also costs me real money. My postage bill was over \$100.00 this last month. With your co-operation that amount can be cut down substantially. Renew your magazine subscription promptly and be sure your address is plainly written for I have to pay postage on every magazine that comes back because of the wrong address on the wrapper.

It is a good plan to keep a notebook, pencil, and a few post cards on or near your radio. Then when you wish to write a card, or copy down a help, or a recipe, they will be within easy reach.

February is the shortest month in the year, but you will agree with me, it seems pretty long when we are waiting for spring to come.

Many of you have asked me to tell the names of my children, giving their ages. I will list them now, all seven of them. Howard, 30; Lucile, 28; Dorothy, 25; Frederick, 22; Wayne 20; Margery, 18; Donald, 16.

Mrs. V. L. DeTour of McPherson, Kansas has found that her refrigerator can be defrosted in a very short time by filling two of the trays with boiling hot water and placing them in the unit for ten minutes.

Friends of my sister Helen Fischer will be glad to know she is feeling much better after a rest of several months, from radio work, and is now back on the air again with her advice to flower growers.



AID HELPS

One day the mail brought me a letter from Mrs. Arthur Boon, 1705 Lane Street, Topeka, Kansas which contained Ladies Aid news so revolutionary, you might say, that I decided to publish it in its entirety. Contrasted to the scurrying around we do for our chicken pie dinners, sales, and countless other activities for raising money, this Topeka plan sounds remarkably simple. Could it be worked with your group? Frankly, I don't know how it would succeed with my group—but here is the letter.

"Some time ago you asked for help for church and Aid Societies. I said to myself, I wonder what Leanna would think if she knew about our plan? So I decided to write and tell you all about it.

"Our organization is called the Women's Council, and our officers are president, vice-president and secretary (notice that we have no treasurer). We have the following committees: program, service, social and attendance; each one is composed of the chairman and six others. The council is divided into eight groups that are called Guilds. Each one has a leader (I am the leader for Guild Two).

"Our church year begins October 1st. On the first Wednesday of each month we have an all-day meeting at the church. Guild One puts on the first luncheon, just a nice, simple one for which they furnish everything. There is no charge for the luncheon, and this is the last one that the Guild will have to pay for the whole year. They all eat without charge except for the time they get the luncheon, and so on down the line until each Guild has served.

"This first all-day meeting is devoted to business and discussion with a short program. The second Wednesday is devoted to an afternoon of study. On the third Wednesday all of the Guilds meet in different homes either in the afternoon, or for a covered dish dinner—just as they choose. One of the service committee plans to meet with them and lays before them plans for some service that needs to be done.

"Last year the Guild I belonged to made dresses and panties for the little six year old girls in an orphan's home. Some of us bought material, others bought stockings and hair ribbons to match each little dress, so all of the little six-year-olds in the home were made happy with bright new prints.

"Then on the fourth Wednesday we all met at the church for an afternoon of recreation—games, a program, and just good fun. 'Well,' you may be saying, 'where does the money come in?' The truth is that we just open our pocket books and give it. We used to work and do all kinds of things to make money. I can remember getting up at three in the morning to make doughnuts and such things. We used

to have a building at the Kansas State Fair in September and serve meals. What didn't we do!

"As it is we are not one penny behind on the expenses. We haven't as much for our building fund as we would like, but we are sure that this will come out all right in time. The men have their council to belong to also. They meet in the evening once a month, and they do a great deal of work around the church such as fixing doors and windows, and doing a little painting here and there.

"At the present time we are piecing tops for comforters to give to those less fortunate this winter. Now I hope that this letter didn't tire you, and that you can see where we are gaining in our service work."

SERVE LUNCHESES

Several friends have written in saying that they have used the slogan, "GIVE A DOLLAR, GET A DOLLAR," with great success. They say that there is a great deal of friendly competition between families to be the first to secure another dollar outside the organization after they have made their family donation.

For several years we had a MITE BOX on the sideboard in our dining room. It became as automatic to put that little box on the table for each meal as to put the glasses around. Before we left the table we all dropped in something, and it was amazing how much accumulated even if the box contained nothing but pennies. Our church found this a splendid way to raise money, and I know that all of us felt it was as simple a way as any to make part of our contribution.

Tell your friends about the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. You will do them a favor, and help the magazine to grow at the same time.

Earn Money taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details.

Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

FEBRUARY PARTIES

A CORN PARTY

Contest

1. Used as a pipe—corn cob pipe.
2. A flower found in a corn field—corn flower.
3. A small building for storage of corn—corn crib
4. An eastern college—Cornell.
5. A part of the eye—cornea.
6. Meat served with cabbage—corned beef.
7. An angle—corner.
8. A brass valve instrument — cornet.
9. A stone of the corner of a building—corner stone.
10. A bread famous in the south — corn bread.
11. Used as silage—corn fodder.
12. Used as a thickening in cooking — corn starch.
13. A small nut—acorn.
14. A district in the U. S. suitable for raising corn—corn belt.

OTHER CORN GAMES

Put grains of corn into a bottle with a small neck. Anyone who spills a grain is disqualified. Place the bottle several feet across the room. Carry as many grains as you like at one time on a knife across the room and put them into the bottle.

Guess the number of grains of corn in a half-pint milk bottle.

Provide three people with ears of corn of about the same size. Have them shell the ears. The one doing this in the shortest length of time is the winner.

Empty the contents of a sack of corn in the middle of the floor and have the guests scramble for it. The one picking up the most grains wins.

Provide each guest with a sack of 20 grains of corn. Any time he uses a pronoun "I" he forfeits a grain to the person to whom he is talking. At the end of the evening see who has the most grains of corn.

Refreshments could carry out the "corn" idea. A few suggestions are: cornflake macaroons, popcorn balls, cornbread (hot) and link sausages. Of course a good cup of coffee should be served.

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