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Kitchen-Klatter

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JULY IN IOWA

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IT IS HARVEST TIME on the farm. Stretching to the blue horizon in every direction lie acres of hay and golden grain ready to be cut, and the tranquil evening is full of its ever-remembered fragrance and the sudden sweet music of meadow larks. Our land has fulfilled its promise again. Our labor has given us security against the coming winter, and will feed not only our own but thousands of those who have not been blessed with the opportunity of living on our beautiful Middlewestern farms.

—Leanna Driftmier

REAL WEALTH

You may have your riches
Of shining coins of gold;
But pour into my greedy hands
A different wealth to hold.

A penny's worth of laughter,
A garden in the sun,
A wild bird's hidden calling
When summer's day is done.

The rush of clouds all silver-tinged
Across a brilliant sky,
The sound of wind in lofty trees,
A rainbow spangled high.

The peace of twilight stealing
Across a rain-wet field—
For these "coins" are a treasure
No mint can ever yield.
—Ina M. Durnil

FOOD SUGGESTIONS

Look back over the menus you have prepared during the past few months and see how much of a sameness there has been. For the most part it has not been because certain foods cost more than others, are more difficult to prepare, or that our family might not care for a more varied menu. No, I'm afraid that these are not often the real reasons.

The real reasons are that we have been too lazy to plan new menus or to look up new ways to prepare the humble potato or the lowly hamburger. We have little interest in food except that it must be something that will satiate our family's appetites.

Radio has done much to stimulate our interest in preparing new and delicious foods. One cannot hear a tempting dish described without wishing to try it in our own kitchens.

Start this very hour to spend more time and thought on your daily menus. Had you planned to have fried potatoes for supper tonight? Instead of frying them, why not cream them and slice some hard-boiled eggs for use as a tempting garnish? Your family will really appreciate an attractive bowl of this rather than the same old hum-drum fried potatoes.

Instead of the peaches you had planned to serve just as they came from the can, make a minute tapioca pudding, add the peaches and serve with whipped cream. Or make an upside-down-cake. You can stir one up in four minutes by the clock, and what a thrill your family will get when this comes on the table rather than the old saucedishes of "the same old peaches."

I could go on and on offering such suggestions for getting variety into your meals without spending more money and time, but only let me make this proposal to you: keep a notebook handy and every meal list exactly what you had. Be sure that each page is dated. Then make a solemn resolution not to repeat yourself more than twice or three times a month on this menu question.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter
KMA at 2 p. m.

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A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

Many times on this page I have said that it is within the power of all of us to be happy, and I have said too that happiness lies so close we can only miss it by making a real effort to miss it. These last few weeks I have felt more keenly than ever before that we must find happiness and tranquility if we are to hold up our end during these distressing times.

There isn't a one of us who doesn't feel dismayed at the things that are happening all about us, but no purpose is served by giving way to anxiety and despair. This came to me with great force the other day when one of my friends said to me, "Why Leanna, it's gotten to the point where I hate to see meal time come at our house. We always listen to the news as we eat, and everyone gets terribly upset. Then the arguments start thick and fast with as many different viewpoints as there are people, and I tell you, by the time we are through with the meal I feel ready for bed. I'm not good for anything."

I was startled when I heard this because I had always thought of my friend as a very happy person, and her home has always been one of the most tranquil that I know. I sympathized with her and I made a resolution when she left that I'd never have to say this about our meal times. We decided as a family that we'd leave the discussion of the news until we had left the table, and we have all made an honest effort to express our various opinions without getting all worked up.

There isn't a one of us who wouldn't do anything we could to straighten out the world, but these are problems that we cannot decide. Everywhere we turn we hear dark news, and our homes are the only places left where we can have hopefulness and cheer. A doctor told my husband the other day that epidemics start and gain great headway at times like this, partly because the morale of people is lowered and they have lost some of their resistance by worrying and brooding.

When I heard this I determined to do my part towards carrying on cheerfully and keeping my home a happy one. We owe it to ourselves, our families and our country to keep life flowing as smoothly as possible. Of course there are anxieties—all of us mothers know them only too well—but let's not cross these perilous bridges a thousand times in anticipation. Let's keep our homes free now as never before

from all of the things that take the heart out of living.

Please write to me this summer as often as you can. I want to hear what you're doing, how many threshers you have to cook for and what you're going to feed them, if you're going to be able to get away for even a one or two day vacation, and the discoveries you make that lighten your work. I'll visit with you every day and at Spirit Lake I hope to meet many of you for a good visit. I can't write to all of you because my hand wouldn't hold out for that many letters, but my daily visit is really a letter for each and every one of you.

Knowing you
Makes the world a little brighter.

Knowing you
Somehow seems to set things righter.

Knowing you
And my days I find completer.
Life itself is surely sweeter,
Since you happened 'cross my path-
way,
And I started
Knowing you.

—Author Unknown.

KITCHEN-KLATTER PICNIC

Unless I announce over the air differently I will spend the last week in June at Spirit Lake, Iowa where we go for our vacation every year. For the last several years we have had a Kitchen Klatter Picnic at Gilbert Park in Spirit Lake sometime during my vacation. This year the day will be June 27th and the dinner about one o'clock. All of you within driving distance are invited to come and bring your families. Let's make it the biggest Kitchen Klatter picnic yet. I shall enjoy having a chance to meet you and have a real visit. I want to meet all of my old friends, and it will be very nice to make new friends.

Remember: the date, June 27th; the place, Gilbert Park in Spirit Lake; the time, one o'clock; admission, a cheerful smile and a picnic basket. I'll be expecting to see you.

When you come to see me this summer I want you to feel free to walk around my garden even though I can't be out there with you. A great deal of it is just getting started, but I'm happy to have you see how my flowers are doing.

Come into the Garden with Helen



This picture of my sister Helen Field Fischer and her daughter, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, was taken in Helen's garden this May when there was a riot of bloom. Gretchen's home is in Iowa City.

This month I told my sister Helen Fischer who generally writes such good flower advice for this column, that I wouldn't ask her to prepare copy for our July number. Her yard was full of you friends who made the trip to Shenandoah to see our nurseries and gardens at the height of their beauty. Not only was she enjoying the privilege of visiting with many of you, but her daughter Gretchen and family were here from Iowa City, and her daughter Mary came from California for a short stay with her family. You can see how full her days have been.

The orders for her "Flower Family Album" that she and Gretchen wrote together are just pouring in. She told me that many 4-H clubs are ordering it for their flower study project. Mr. Fischer mails out all of the books and it keeps him very busy these days.

In the years that Helen and I have lived only a few short blocks apart she has taught me many things about summer gardens, and so I thought that I would pass on some of these hints to you.

It's better to give your garden a good soaking once a week and cultivate it a few times between waterings rather than to sprinkle it every day in hot weather.

Keep all the seed pods picked off if you want strong plants.

It does not pay to save seeds for they very seldom come true to form.

Keep your ever-blooming roses well cultivated and spray with bug dust often. Pick them as fast as they bloom and they will need no other summer pruning.

Pick flowers for the house early in the morning before the sun has dried the moisture from them.

Start geranium cuttings in July for winter blooming. Make slips from best bloomers only.

The proper thing to do with a tulip bed if you want to enjoy that spot in your garden all summer, is to plant annuals of many kinds or sow poppies. Petunias, salvia, snap dragons and verbenas plants can be used in a place of this kind too. Cut off the tops of the tulips, hyacinths and jonquills as soon as they start to turn the least bit brown.

One of the flowers in my garden that I enjoy the most is the row of large Shasta daisies. The plants can be divided every spring and in a few years they will make a beautiful bed. Daisies make lovely bouquets for the house and will stay fresh for several days.

JULY IN THE GARDEN

July may be one of the pleasantest of garden months or it may be one of the most disappointing, depending upon what protection has been given the garden against drought and insects. This is often the month when bloom is scarce, owing perhaps to the mistake of giving the spotlight only to

spring flowers, or else to the devastation which grasshoppers or dry weather can make.

We give our garden sprays for insects and grasshoppers. I have noticed also that if a garden joins a meadow, more 'hoppers are present. There are some flowers which grasshoppers do not like—Harmony Marigolds, for instance. It is always best to plant some such varieties, just in case.

When spraying, use a spray which does not discolor leaves; a good dusting powder is fine. Put it on when the leaves are dewy so that it will stick, and don't forget the undersides of the leaves. Birds in the garden soon make short work of insects, so keep plenty of drinking water on hand for them.

Mulching is another good way to conserve moisture. A dust mulch is good for rows of flowers or where there is ample room to work around individual plants. A good mulch made of peat, dried grass cuttings, or any material not containing weed seed may be placed around the plant. A good time to do this is just after a soaking rain. If the ground has been kept well stirred up, the moisture will be more quickly absorbed and then kept in by the mulch which acts as a porous blanket. This may be put on rows of gladioli and thus enable them to endure a great deal of dry weather.

Frequent and thorough watering is often very necessary during a hot and dry July such as we have had in recent years. This is not an easy job when the water has to be pumped and carried a pail at a time, but we often make great sacrifices to keep our flowers going on from season to season. It is not beneficial to the plant to water it with icy cold water during the hot part of the day. If possible, fill up a tub near the border in the sun and water in the cool of the evening. Early morning watering is best when possible, for then the plant may absorb most of it before the sun gets hot. Quite a few plants scald badly when watered in strong sun. Of course in a hot, muggy season, watering in the evening might cause plants to mildew, but this has not been a source of worry during our past dry summers.

No matter how discouraging conditions may be, keep the weeds pulled. Don't let the garden go after the spring bloom is over, or because the season has been disappointing. Remember that a fall garden is also beautiful, sometimes more so than any other season; but work must be done in July to make it so. Prune back the bloomed-out plants, keep dead flowers picked off, and when the rains do come everything will quicken into new life.

July is a very good month for the annuals to make their showing. These may be freely picked for bouquets, quite a number of which should go to those who for various reasons may not be fortunate enough to enjoy gardens of their own. Midsummer bloom is often the best of all. The most tedious work of the garden is over for a time, and now we may enjoy the fruits of our long weeks of labor. So let us not neglect our gardens in July.

—Mrs. R. J. Duncomb.

The Story of My Life

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

CHAPTER 23

In the June issue of Kitchen-Klatter magazine I reprinted Lucile's story "The Welcome" which first appeared in the Woman's Home Companion and which was all about my return from the Kansas City hospital on Christmas Eve. This was the beginning of a new life for me. I had been spared to live for my family and the work that was mine to do in this world, and I had to readjust myself in every way from the old days when I had been physically free and on the move from morning until night.

My doctor in Shenandoah had recommended a local nurse and she went to Kansas City with Mr. Driftmier to accompany me home. She stayed with us for four or five months, and of course was here on Christmas Eve.

I shall never forget how thrilled I was to be at home again. The children had decorated a beautiful tree, and underneath it they had put the countless boxes that my Kitchen Klatter friends had sent. When I saw those boxes I had to cry again, because the cards and letters from you friends had done so much towards making the hard months in the hospital easier, and then to get home and find all of those Christmas presents from you—well, that touched me more than I will ever be able to say.

After we had had dinner that night I went right to bed because I didn't have much strength and the trip home had been hard for me. The family had decided to have our tree and presents in the morning—the only time I can remember that we have done this, for about nine o'clock on Christmas Eve has generally been the hour that we have for our tree.

The next morning we had a lovely breakfast and then opened our presents. It was Christmas day, and the telephone rang constantly with people wishing us a merry Christmas and telling me "Hello" once again. After dinner the seedhouse called and asked me if I would be able to say just a few words on the Kitchen Klatter program. Gertrude Hayzlett, a faithful friend of mine over many years, had broadcast for me while I was in the hospital and so Kitchen Klatter had been going right on.

About twelve-thirty the engineer came up from the radio department and brought a microphone for me to use. This was the first time that I ever broadcast from my home, and I didn't know then that in the years to come I would broadcast daily from my office. The office had been turned into a bedroom, incidentally, for it was on the ground floor where I could keep an eye and an ear on my family.

When the signal came for me to say a few words to my friends I found that I was able to say "Merry Christmas" and not much more, for the realization of how good you had been to me ever since word of the accident

first spread, made it difficult for me to speak. After the broadcast was through the family brought in several big boxes of Christmas cards and letters that you had sent me. They wanted to save these for me to see when I could go through them one by one and enjoy each and every word.

It took me the rest of the afternoon to read these cards, we had supper, and then Christmas day was done and my first wonderful day at home was over too.

In the weeks that followed I concentrated all of my efforts on trying to regain my strength. Every morning I had massages to strengthen the muscles in my limbs, and every night I tried to go to sleep knowing that I had gained something over the previous day. Every little thing that I did took great effort, for the long months in the hospital—particularly the six weeks on the spinal fracture bed—had left me with so little strength.

The doctor who came to do the massages suggested that I ride a bicycle and you can imagine how I felt when this was first mentioned! I was still in bed a good share of the time and I just couldn't imagine how the bicycle would be managed. But I soon saw how it was to be done, for the bicycle was put into a frame that my husband brought into the kitchen about ten o'clock every morning. The doctor and the nurse helped me get from my wheel chair on to the bicycle, and then my feet were strapped to the pedals.

Goodness, what an effort it was to revolve those bicycle wheels even once at the beginning of this treatment! At first I thought that I couldn't, but every day I found that I had more strength, and then the day finally came when I could sit and spin the wheels indefinitely. It did more to help me than anything else, and the effort it took was worthwhile a million times over when I found that I could stand on my feet with crutches to support me.

All of the time I was working so hard to regain my powers of locomotion I had many things to do for my family that kept me busy and contented. We were a full house during that time, for besides the nurse we had a housekeeper too. It was Dorothy's senior year in high school and she had class activities that I could help her with. I can remember singing over her part in the operetta and helping her with lines from the play. I had hoped to be up and around by the time she graduated, but try as I could it was impossible for me to get up to the third floor of the high school for commencement exercises. Dorothy was my only child whose graduation I missed.

When summer came I was well enough to be without my nurse. I was broadcasting again by this time, and the letters from you friends made up the high spot of my day. I found plenty of time to write letters in return, and it was a great pleasure to me during those summer months to meet many of you who had come to Shenandoah to visit.

In the latter part of May Lucile came home from Cottey College. She had been home only a day or so when

she received word that one of her dear school friends had been in a serious accident near Lincoln, an accident that claimed four lives including the sister of Elizabeth, Lucile's friend. She went to Lincoln at once to see Elizabeth who had been very critically injured and who had to spend most of that summer in the Bryan Memorial hospital. In August she was ready to return to her home out in Lander, Wyo. and her parents asked Lucile to make the trip with her.

Dorothy was planning to go to the Nebraska State Teachers' College in Chadron, Nebraska, so with both of my girls leaving at just about the same time I had a great deal to do helping them get ready. Lucile was planning to stay in Wyoming for awhile and work on a newspaper, so as soon as I got her off I started to help Dorothy. She left one morning in early September, and I told her when she went away that I'd be walking around on crutches when she returned for the Christmas holidays. It was up to me now to show her that my word was good!

(To be continued.)

Dear Lord, I'm just an ordinary woman with a mean spirit today. Things haven't gone right from the time I got up.

You know dear Lord, how the children fussed at me because their school lunches weren't the kind they wanted. But dear Lord, what else could I give them? It was all I had.

And then my husband complained about the coffee, and the chickens got into my flower beds, and the Women's Missionary Society is going to meet here this afternoon and I haven't time to get ready for them when I should be doing the ironing and mending for the children.

Dear Lord, what am I to do?

And the Lord said to me—"Be still—hush thy fretting. Knowest thou not that it is through trial and tribulation that thou growest in Grace?"

And I knelt in quiet meditation—and peace and happiness soon filled my soul.

—Selected

Mayme Laughlin of Imogene, Ia. says "to try something unusual in the way of toast, remove the crust from the bread, butter it on both sides and toast it in the waffle iron. It comes out crisp, with a waffle pattern and is excellent served with creamed dishes as chicken, salmon, or peas."



A group of good Kitchen Klatter friends surrounded me last summer at our annual picnic in Spirit Lake. I hope to see these friends again this summer, and many others too.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Return from the Red Sea

We were up bright and early, and after a good breakfast of bacon and eggs—the first bacon I'd tasted since I left the States—we broke camp and started home. Just as we were leaving our camp site we saw a very picturesque sight. Riding along the shore, single file, came a company of the famous Egyptian Camel Corps. The white camels against the blue of the sea and the red fezes of the riders made a very colorful picture.

On the way back we had several flat tires and lost track of one of the cars. Finally we turned around and went back over our route and found the fourth car fixing a flat tire. I would never want to cross that strip of desert with just one car. If anything should happen there would be no way to get help, and the Arabian desert would be a terrifying thing if one were alone and stranded.

Every so often we passed a lone nomad with two or three goats, and invariably someone would exclaim, "My! what on earth do those people live on?" And it was the truth—what do they live on? These goats seemed just to be nosing about in the sand and rocks, and one wonders where they got water to drink.

We passed several camel caravans. The drivers always walked on the hot sand and pointed rocks, and you wondered how they stood it for the five or six days it takes to cover that stretch of desert with a camel. The nomads of the desert are blacker than the Egyptians, and this is because they are of pure Arabic stock, while the valley Egyptians are a mixed race with the exception of the Copts who are almost pure Egyptian.

Returning home, we went off our route a few miles to the ruins of Abydas. Abydas was one of the most ancient cities in Egypt and played an important role under the first dynasty as the burial place of the kings. The chief place of interest there is the Temple of Sethos I, one of the finest preserved ruins in all Egypt. The reliefs on the walls are particularly well preserved, and it seems almost unbelievable to think that the paint has remained on the reliefs for almost six thousand years.

This temple was erected not for one god but for seven gods, and every god



The Prime Minister was well escorted by these efficient looking motorcycle police.

had his own room of worship. On the walls of a long hall there was engraved a famous list of kings which helped to determine the correct order of the Egyptian Pharaohs.

Just at the rear of the temple is the ruin of the first known Nile-Meter for measuring the rise and fall of the Nile. It consisted of two large pools of water that raised and lowered with the river. The guide told us that the government had attempted to pump the pools dry, but that it could not be done. We had lunch in the shade of a colonnade and then left at once for home.

Just as we reached the college grounds at 6:30 I began to feel very ill, and a pain developed in my stomach that kept me awake all night. The first thing in the morning I went to the hospital for treatment and soon felt better. While I was there I decided I might as well have my tonsils out and so that was done on Saturday morning. Dr. McClanahan did a fine job and I wasn't sick at all. My room was just banked with sweet peas and roses, and I felt as if I were sleeping in a green house.

I got back to my classes on Thursday following my operation on Saturday, but I had to give my students all written work because my throat was so sore. I've known for a long, long time that my tonsils had to come out someday, and I'm glad that it is all over.

My work with the Christian Endeavor has shown results. The attendance is the largest they have had in three years and I am happy about it.

Yesterday the Prime Minister came on a special train to visit our city. We had to march our students down town to line them up along the street so that they could cheer the Minister. The name of the current cinema here is "Five Came Back" or in Arabic "The Journey of Death." All of the cinema posters and advertisements all over town had the Arabic title covered over with heavy paper. This had to be done to keep the superstitious populace from accepting the signs as an evil omen against the Prime Minister.

The Muslim Christmas is now being celebrated. (I mean that it compares with our Christmas.) All of our servants were given a day off to go to the cemetery to worship their ancestors.

Do write to me often and please send lots of pictures.

—Frederick.

NATURE LOVERS

"They were a typical group of nature lovers. When Sunday morning arrived, they packed a fine lunch, and went for a day in the out-of-doors.

Finding a beautiful little grove overlooking an attractive lake, they soon established their picnic headquarters. They hacked and cut the beautiful trees for no understandable reason. One of the boys shot several song birds to try out his new rifle, and they built their fire close to a majestic old tree, scorching the leaves and branches.

After they were gone, their beautiful little camp ground looked like a small city dump. Rubbish was scattered everywhere. Dead birds and a squirrel were lying on the ground, one little robin being still alive, with a broken wing.

So long as people take this attitude, just that long may they expect people to post their farms with "no trespassing" signs." — sent by Mrs. Percy Joines, Peterson, Ia.

MRS. FIXIT PLANS A KITCHEN

Dear Leanna: I want a modern kitchen. How can I have one? — A Renter's Wife.

Begin.—Begin talking about it to everyone that will listen, husband, children and friends. You will be surprised where the help may come from.

Plan. — Plan exactly the kind of movable cupboards, tables, etc. that your present kitchen needs. A scrap book of kitchen ideas is a help. From the plan you can decide which improvement is most needed and work on that one thing. It is easier to do one single thing than it is to start on an entire room at one time. Another thing, it costs less too.

Go see a kitchen that is modern and remember all the things that you can duplicate.

There is a new strong plywood that any handyman can make into cupboards and cabinets that are easily movable. It is lightweight, does not split and will not warp.

Investigate linoleum. It will simplify the cleaning problem in so many ways. A new floor may be out of the question, but several layers of papers and a three dollar linoleum will cover it for two long years. A strip behind the sink or washstand catches all the splashes. It is the surface for work tables. Keep it waxed and it is safe from heat, soap and spills of all kinds.

See that all the working surfaces are the right height for you. They are O.K. if you can stand by them and touch them with the flat of your palms—standing at ease. The low ones can have casters put under them for seven cents per leg, and the high ones can be sawed off for even less.

Keep as many of the things you use every day in the cooking center as you possibly can. If yours is a kitchen cabinet, as most of them are, see that you use every bit of the space that is available. Put in narrow shelves for small cans, divide the drawers into parts that fit the utensils which are stored there. Vertical files make cookie sheets and large cake pans get-at-able.—Mrs. Maxine Sickles, Mt. Ayr, Iowa.



A street scene in Egypt.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

Many poultry raisers set their goal for fried chicken on July Fourth, but I usually set mine two days earlier so that I can have fried chicken on my birthday. However, as a general rule it is time for fried chicken in July, and many people have found ready market for early fries.



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I have never tried the method of selling dressed poultry — mostly because I have plenty of household duties without this extra work—but I have a friend who inserts an advertisement in the local paper and is able to dispose of all her early cockerels as “dressed fryers.”

By disposing of your cockerels early you have more room and more feed for your pullets, and after all this is the main issue for which you are working. Then too, July is not too early to begin culling the flock of mature stock. It should be done at this time for it is easy to distinguish the good from the poor layers.

Hens that molt in July and slow growing pullets should be put on the market. Early molters are usually slow molters. Some of the adult stock will not be valuable enough to carry over for another season and they usually bring less money later in the summer because of the increasing supply of young poultry. Early marketing of nonproducers should bring better returns and also reduce the feed cost.

In order to select good producers it is necessary to be able to distinguish the laying birds. The appearance and size of the comb, wattles, vent, pubic bones, and abdomen are all good indications as to laying conditions. When a hen stops laying the comb and wattles become dull colored, dry and shriveled. The vent undergoes the same change and is really a better indication as to laying conditions than the comb.

Almost any hen will lay during April and May, but if she is not laying in July or August of the year after she is hatched it is likely that she is a poor layer.

—Olinda Carolyn Wiles
Clarinda, Iowa.

Dear Lord, I thank thee for this day and hour,
And all the blessings that they bring,
The trees, the flowers, the glad sunshine,
And that my heart can sing.
But more than all, I thank thee Lord,
For love that can forgive
The sinful selfishness of man
And give him breath to live.

—Julia D. Owen Navasota, Texas.

4-H CLUB LETTER

We had quite an exciting time last Monday. The washing was just half done when the engine began to sputter, and since I am no mechanic, I turned it off and hung out the clean clothes. Just as I hung up the last piece, here came Phyllis and Grandpa to take me to 4-H! (Phyllis is helping her grandmother while she isn't very well.)

Yes, I went. Phyllis and I dressed children frantically and went into town. Then we broke several records getting dinner. The car stopped for us at 12:30, and we went about five miles to the home of our hostess.

In just a short time the rest arrived. There were ten girls, the leader, and two Shenandoah women who were asked to judge the girls for the better grooming contest. From the moment the last girl arrived things happened!

They are getting ready for Rally Day and the music recognition contest, so they played over the ten recordings twice to see how many they could recognize. Then they sang several songs, and while they were singing they went one at a time into the dining room to be inspected by the judges. After the singing was over the judges announced their decision.

I liked the way they explained their method of choosing too. They said, “We judged neatness, cleanliness, the press of your uniform, your hair, your nails, the straightness of seams in your hose. We forgot you had faces!” No one was wearing too much make-up anyway. The girl who won would have been first choice of all of us, I believe. She was exquisitely groomed.

After the contest the hostess played the music for the folk dances and the girls practiced them on the lawn. It was pretty to watch, and the girls all seemed to enjoy it.

I almost forgot to tell you about roll call. Each girl responded by telling what she intended to make for her sewing project, and they discussed the parts of a garment that should be hand-finished. The leader has pinked shears and wants the girls to do all their cutting-out with these so the seams will have a neat finish.

Then we had delicious refreshments and all too soon the afternoon was over and it was time to go home. We rode back to town with the leader and the women who judged the contest. I collected the rest of my children (we had the two babies with us), Daddy collected us, and we went home. And Tuesday was also washday at the Loudon home.

The next time someone comes along and tells you that the young folks are headed straight for ruin, that none of them will ever amount to a row of pins, take him to a 4-H meeting. No one could possibly watch them without being impressed by their enthusiasm, their ability to work together, and their intense concentration on whatever they are doing. Isn't this a wonderful start in life for anyone?

—Helen Loudon

BEAUTY HINTS

July brings the hot sticky months when we all have trouble with our complexions, especially if we perspire freely. Then too, we usually try to acquire a coat of tan—sometimes in one day!—and sunburn results with terrible toll. Remember that sunburn is the same as a fire burn and should be treated as such.



Eva Hopkins

This is vacation time for some of us, but for others it means working long hours in the garden. Our grandmothers wore a sun-bonnet to keep the hot, burning rays of the sun from making her “as black as coal” as she so ably put it. She knew that fairs and dances would be coming along, and how would her white organdie look then if she had a dark brown complexion?

Nowadays we don't use a sun-bonnet as constantly as our grandmothers did, but we do take care of our complexions by using a good cleansing cream at night to help soften and oil the skin, and to remove the soil of the day. It is quite necessary that you remove your makeup every night so that the pores of the skin are opened and cleansed.

As soon as you get up in the morning give your face a good scrubbing with facial soap and water. Follow this with a dash of the coldest water you can get to help close the pores, and then smooth on a covering of creme powder. This treatment will pay you big complexion dividends.

I like a good sea salt soap for oily skin as it seems to keep down the oil to a minimum, and also helps counteract excess perspiration. This type of soap is very good too in combatting the effects of poison oak or ivy. When I was a little girl I could rub poison ivy all over my face without bad results, but my brother looked as if he had the measles in a very short time. In the good old summer time watch out for poison oak and ivy.

If you have any complexion trouble will you please write to me? I shall be glad to give you any information that I have without charge to you.

Sincerely

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

EASY IRONING FOR SUMMER TROUSERS

“Procure an 8-inch board about 1 inch thick and the length of the trousers you will have to iron. The sides of the board are sloped gradually from 8 inches at one end to 4 inches at the other. It should be padded on both sides so that it can be turned over. This takes less time than turning the trousers around on the board.”

HELP YOUR NEIGHBOR

You cannot set the whole world right,
Nor all the people in it;
You cannot do the work of years
In just a single minute.
But keep one little corner straight,
By humble, patient labor,
And do the work that each hour brings
And help your next door neighbor.
Selected.

Those of us who have lived in one house for a long time feel as though we know our neighbors pretty well, and if we live in a small town it doesn't make much difference if we move from one end to the other—we know people and pretty much of the entire town is home. It's hard for us to imagine how strange it would seem to anyone coming in a complete stranger, and even if we ride downtown and look at things with what we think are fresh eyes, we can never feel the same as those who have moved into our midst and don't know one soul from another.

It's a mighty lonely business moving into a new town. I know because I've done it. When radio friends come to visit me from some of the larger cities and tell me how lonely they are even though they may have been there six months or a year, I know how they feel. Small towns are getting almost as bad, if I am not mistaken. I wish you could read some of my letters that say, "I don't know what I'd do without the radio and the chance to hear you, Leanna, for you're the only friend I have now that we've moved. It seems hard to get acquainted here."

Now this very minute I want you to stop and ask yourself a question. Has someone moved into the corner house on your street whom you've not yet met? Did you see a strange face at church last Sunday and leave it to the minister to make that person feel welcome and at home? Did your children say to you last week, "Mother, there are two of the nicest little girls in the house that was empty for so long," and did you vow then and there to go and call on the mother? And have you gone?

I wish you would think this over, and then I wish you would read this

letter from Nebraska that carries such a comradely spirit:

"It seems that everyone here is too busy to call on his neighbor and I guess I got in that rut too, for I realized I had people living beside me who'd been there nearly a year and still I hadn't called. Well, one day when I did go and call on a young woman she complained bitterly that people were so distant and that it was hard to get acquainted.

"When I got home I couldn't get rid of the thought of how little time we do spend with our neighbors, so I started inviting in three women just for a social time on Friday afternoon. I find that this is a good way to become acquainted with one another, and now other women are doing the same thing. I only invited three because I am not well enough to get ready for a larger group, and then I think people are friendlier in small groups. I do not find the lunch a hardship either, for I plan to serve inexpensive things that I can combine with my family's dinner in the evening. It's been very little work and it has paid great dividends in friendship."

If it isn't possible for you to do what this woman did to observe the Golden Rule, at least take time to stop in and call on your new neighbor. Take her a plate of your fresh cookies or rolls. If she has a baby and is trying to take care of it and get settled too, offer to mind the baby for a couple of hours. But whatever you do, do *something*. Make her feel that folks in this new town or new neighborhood, if you live in a city, are no different than the good friends she left behind. Make her wonder why she ever feared moving and trying to make her way in a big group of strangers! Be the kind of a neighbor you'd like to have if *you* were moving tomorrow.

My country OWES me nothing. It gave me, as it does every boy and girl, a chance. It gave me schooling, independence of action, opportunity for service and honor. In no other land could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope.—Herbert Hoover.



Charles and Bobby Lineweber, Mooresville, Mo.

PICNIC FOOD QUANTITIES

10 quarts of baked beans will serve 50 persons.

6 quarts of cabbage salad, or 8 pounds of cabbage will serve 50 persons.

10 pounds of hot ham will serve 20 persons, or 10 pounds of cold ham will serve 40 persons.

8 pounds of ground beef, 2 quarts of tomatoes, and 8 ounces of salt pork will serve 48 persons.

10 pounds of pressed meat will serve 50 persons.

2 quarts of sweet pickles will serve 50 persons.

1 loaf of bread will serve 8 persons.

8 pounds of flour, 2 pounds of shortening and 2½ quarts of milk will make 20 dozen biscuits.

7 quarts of fruit salad will serve 50 persons.

1 quart of brick ice cream will serve 8 persons, or 1½ gallons of ice cream will serve 25 persons.

3 medium sized cakes will serve 50 persons.

10 quarts of lemonade will serve 50 persons.

For coffee: 1 pound of coffee made in an open pot will serve 30 persons (1 Tbls. to the cup); 1 quart of cream unwhipped will be sufficient for 24 cups of coffee.



The fireplace in the back yard at the home of my niece, Hope Field Pawek, in Oakland, Calif. Her three sons in the picture.

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KITCHEN MAGIC

I believe there's something witchin'
Tantalizing in a kitchen;
Something just beyond the fingers
Strange and mystical that lingers;
Treasure hoarded down the ages,
Secrets from old housewives' pages.

I have glimpsed it in the glasses,
Soapy bright, and then it passes
To the shadow on the walls,
Flickers, dances, swiftly calls
From the oven and my baking
To that satisfying waking
Of delight at cake, well rising,
Or that moment quite surprising
When the frosting spreads so well.

I can never, never tell,
Never put my finger on it,
It's a lyric, it's a sonnet
Tripping music, every dawn it
Waits to lure me in my kitchen,
Ancient, lovely and bewitching.
—By Catherine Cate Coblentz.

CANNING RECIPES

STRING BEANS CANNED

String beans should be canned as soon as they are gathered. Cut out any rusted portion, remove strings if there are any, and if preferred, cut the beans into inch strips. Blanch them 10 minutes, cold dip and pack tightly in jars. Add 1 tsp. of salt to each quart, fill the jar with boiling water, adjust the lid and boil 2 hours in water bath, or 60 minutes at 5 lbs. pressure, or 40 minutes at 10 lbs. pressure in a pressure cooker.

CARROTS CANNED

Young parsnips, turnips and carrots are canned in the same way, so we will use carrots as our example.

Cut off the tops and roots and scrub well. Blanch 10 or 15 minutes in boiling water and cold dip. Remove the skins and pack the carrots in a jar. Add 1 tsp. of salt to each jarful and fill the jars with boiling water. Adjust lids and cook 1½ hours in water bath, or 40 minutes at a pressure of 10 pounds in a pressure cooker.

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Set of 5 for \$1.00.

“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

SWEET CORN CANNED

Use only corn that is young and milky. Husk it and remove the silk, blanch it five minutes in boiling water and cold dip quickly. Cut the kernels halfway down on the cob and scrape out what remains. Pack clean, sterilized jars with corn, leaving ½ inch for expansion. Press down until milk of corn fills all spaces. One may add a little boiling water. Put 1 tsp. of salt in each quart of corn, adjust lids, boil 3 hours in water bath, or leave in a pressure cooker one hour at 10 lbs. pressure.

PEAS CANNED

Pick peas early in the morning and remove from pod. Wash them, and then cover with boiling water and cook for 7 or 8 minutes. Drain the hot water off and then put cold water over them until the peas are very cold. Put in jars (do not fill to top) and add 1 tsp. of salt to 1 quart. Fill jar with cold water. Put rubbers and seals on and screw tight. Put in a hot water bath and boil 3 hours. Tighten each jar as you remove it from the water. (The secret of canning peas is that they must be cooked twice in order to keep well.) — Miss Theodora Wortmann, Hartington, Nebr., RFD 4.

GREEN BEANS WITH VINEGAR

- 1 gallon “snapped” beans
- 1 cup vinegar
- 3 Tblsp. sugar
- 1 Tblsp. salt

Just enough water to cook.

Boil for 30 minutes, can and seal.

When opened pour off any liquid that is on the beans and cook for about 3 hours. Season as you like.

PICKLED BEANS

- 4 qt. beans
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. allspice
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 1½ qt. vinegar
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 c. brown sugar

Select large, firm, tender wax or green beans. Cover them with water to which has been added 1 level tsp. of salt to each quart and put them over the fire to cook. Boil the beans until they can be pierced with a fork, remove from the fire, drain, and pack into jars or crocks. To the vinegar

add the sugar, salt, and spices. Bring this mixture to the boiling point and pour it over the beans in the jars or crocks, filling them completely or covering the beans well. Close tight and store.

PICKLED BEETS

- 4 qt. red beets
- 2 c. brown sugar
- 2 qt. vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice

Cut the tops from the beets leaving 1 inch of the stems and the roots attached. Scrub well with a vegetable brush and put to cook in boiling water. Cook until the beets are tender enough to be pierced with a fork. Pour off the hot water and run cold water over them. Remove the roots and stems and cut into slices of any desired thickness, or dice them if preferred. Pack into jars or crocks. Then bring the vinegar to a boil, add sugar, salt and spices. Pour this hot mixture over the beets. Seal the beets while hot, cool and store.

Greens

Have greens fresh and tender. Pick over carefully, throwing out all wilted and spoiled leaves. Wash thoroughly. Blanch for fifteen minutes in boiling hot water, dip quickly in cold water. Pack the greens in jars, add 1 tsp. salt to each quart. Adjust lids and process 2 hours in hot water bath, or 40 minutes in a pressure cooker at ten pounds pressure.

LEMON OR ORANGE MARSH- MALLOW ICE

- 24 marshmallows
- ¼ cup lemon or orange juice
- Pinch of salt
- ½ cup water
- ⅛ tsp. lemon or orange rind
- 2 egg whites beaten stiff

Melt marshmallows in water, add juice and rind and salt. Freeze partially. Fold in egg whites. Stir while freezing.

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LEANNA DRIFTMIER,
Shenandoah, Iowa

LAYER JELLO SALAD.

1 pkg. cherry Jello
1 bottle chopped maraschino cherries
1 pkg. lime Jello
1 c chopped English walnuts
1 pkg. orange Jello
½ lb. marshmallows melted in Jello.
Arrange in layers in a pan about 10x12 inches. Put the Lime Jello in first and allow to set, then the orange and when it is set, put in the cherry. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise and whipped cream.—Mrs. Earl Collins, Bennington, Kans.

CHEESE MOLD

1 c. macaroni (before cooked)
1 c. cream
1 c. soft bread crumbs
1 t. onion chopped fine
¼ c. butter
¼ green pepper
3 eggs beaten separately
1 c. pimento cheese (grated)
Cook macaroni in boiling water (salted) until tender. Heat cream. Add cheese and butter, then egg yolks, macaroni, bread crumbs and seasoning. Fold in egg whites. Bake in moderate oven.

PICKLE BOOK

Vol. 6 Kitchen Klatter Cook Books

How often you have wished you had all of your favorite pickle recipes in a book. Well, I have this book for you. There are many tried recipes for all types of pickles—sweet, sour, mixed, dill, beet, catsups, relishes, kraut, fruit pickles, etc., and recipes for jams, jellies and preserves. Order your copy today. Price 25¢ p.p.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER,
Shenandoah, Iowa

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

1 cup boiling water
1 Tblsp. lemon juice
1 pkg. lime gelatin
1 Tbls. sugar

Make gelatin by adding boiling water to package. When it begins to thicken add a small can of crushed pineapple drained, 1 cup cottage cheese, ½ pt. cream whipped. Serves 8.—Mrs. George W. Jensen, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

ENGLISH COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
1 c. shortening
1 t. nutmeg
1 t. cinnamon
3 c. flour
1 t. soda
1 c. hot coffee
1 c. raisins
½ c. nut meats

Drop by teaspoonfuls and bake in a moderate oven. This makes a large batch.

Asparagus

Select tender asparagus and can within four hours of time taken from the garden. Remove hard portions at the ends of the stems and cut into pieces the length of the jars you are going to use. If preferred it may be cut into small pieces. Cover with boiling water for five minutes, cold dip and pack neatly in jars. Add 1 tsp. of salt and fill the jar full of boiling water. Adjust lids and cold pack for 2 hours or in the pressure cooker 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure.

"Did you ever try this? Slice bananas in the bowl of cream and whip. It's delicious.

"When I fry hamburgers or sausages, I sprinkle a little flour on my board or a plain paper and flatten the meat out and cut with biscuit cutter. Lift them with a spatula."—Mrs. Neva Gibson, R 2, Bondurant, Iowa.



Dennis Duane Lindeman put on his nicest five months old smile for his grandmother, Mrs. Albert Tjebkes of Allison, Ia.



I've never seen a better picture of Frank Field than this one. Frank is associated with the Earl May Seed and Nursery Company, and will be glad to hear from you if you need help with your problems.

Do you make this mistake in baking?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mother's Best Flour

KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

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

**KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM
MORNING**

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

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Humorous Squibbs
 1:00 p. m.—Semi-Solid Ramblers (Sun.)
 1:30 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
 1:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game
 (Sun.)
 1:45 p. m.—Crazy Radio Gang
 2:00 p. m.—Kitchen-Klatter
 2:30 p. m.—Club Matinee
 2:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game
 (Sat.)
 2:45 p. m.—A. L. Stithem
 3:00 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game
 (Mon. thru Fri.)
 5:15 p. m.—Hits & Encores
 5:15 p. m.—Youth Tells Its Story

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
 6:15 p. m.—Chick Holstein
 6:30 p. m.—Earl May with the News
 7:30 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Mon. & Wed.)
 7:30 p. m.—Paul Martin & His Music (Mon.)
 7:30 p. m.—Fun with the Revuers (Tues.)
 7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Fri.)
 8:00 p. m.—Roy Shield's Encore Music
 (Tues.)
 8:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing
 Bout (To Be Announced)
 8:30 p. m.—Gallant American Women (Mon.)
 8:30 p. m.—Brent House (Tues.)
 8:30 p. m.—Radio Magic (Wed.)
 8:30 p. m.—Florence Wyman and Conrad
 Thibault (Thurs.)
 8:30 p. m.—George Olsen's Orchestra (Fri.)
 8:30 p. m.—Melody in the Night (Sat.)
 8:45 p. m.—Vaughn Monroe's Orchestra
 (Wed.)
 9:00 p. m.—Newstime
 10:00 p. m.—The Marriage Club (Wed.)
 10:45 p. m.—Associated Press News
 11:50 p. m.—Midnight News
 9:15 to 12:00 Midnight—Dance Program:
 (Bernie Cummins, Johnny McGee, Mat-
 ty Malneck, Shep Fields, Bud Freeman,
 Ben Cutler, Ten Disciples of Rhythm,
 Jimmy Dorsey, Cecil Golly, Lou Breese,
 Cab Calloway, Jan Savitt, Tommy
 Dorsey, Carlos Molina, Ray Kinney,
 Charlie Barnet, Bobby Byrne, Enric
 Madriguera, Gene Krupa, Joe Reich-
 man, Reggie Childs, Carl Ravazza, and
 others.)

**MOTT JOHNSON**

Have you heard the pleasant voice of the announcer on the Country School program? Well, that fine voice belongs to Mott M. Johnson who joined the staff at KMA about eight months ago.

Mr. Johnson can be heard not only on Country School but on many other programs throughout the day and I'm sure you enjoy the pleasant way in which he visits with you.

Mr. Johnson was the grandson of M. M. Johnson, the inventor of the well-known Old Trusty Incubator, and after the death of his grandfather, Mott's father took over the management of the business and built it up. In addition to managing this business, his father, Mr. H. H. Johnson, has also owned and managed radio station KMMJ at Clay Center, Nebr., until the time of the sale of the station three years ago. At the present time this station is operating at Grand Island, Nebr., having been moved there a little over a year ago.

Before coming to KMA, Mr. Johnson was manager of radio station KVGB at Great Bend, Kansas. He has acted in the capacity of announcer, musician and program director at different times during his radio career, and his friendliness and capability have made him a favorite with all who have worked with him. He attended college at Doane in Crete, Nebr., and also the University of Nebraska.

And now for the big secret! By the latter part of June Mr. Johnson will be married to Miss Mary Sullivan of Shenandoah. His bride has been employed in the offices of the Shenandoah Light & Power Company, and is a very attractive young lady.

So if Mott seems to have more enthusiasm and more thrill in his announcing this month, you will know it is because the wedding bells will be ringing soon.

A little corner whatnot hung against each end of the cabinet would increase the shelf space and could be decorative.—Mrs. Cecil L. Sickels, Mt. Ayr, Ia.

**OVER THE FENCE**

The big Shenandoah Flower Show has come and gone now and the many delightful visits I had with you friends who could come to Shenandoah are only a memory now. There were never more beautiful flowers in the history of our town than we had this year, and the fields of blossoms surrounding Shenandoah were so spectacular that everyone carried away with him the impression of a wonderful garden that stretched out for miles.

The last day of May brought Mary Fischer, Helen's daughter, from her home and work in Claremont, California for a visit with her father and mother. Mary hadn't been here for two years, and we enjoyed seeing her so much. She is doing very well with her dress shop, so well, in fact, that Mademoiselle carried her picture in the May issue.

Sometimes letters come to me with pictures in them, and I have always enjoyed them very much. If you have unusual or interesting pictures that you'd like to share with us, please send them with a note on the back telling me exactly who or what it is in case the picture should get detached from your letter. If I have space enough I'd like to use them, so go through your snapshots and see if you can spare one.

Lucile is going to be with me this winter. Dorothy's husband Frank had so many long talks with Russell, Lucile's husband, that he finally decided to go to Council Bluffs for special training so that he could join forces with Frank at the Beauty Shop. Both Lucile and Dorothy are happy that their husbands will work together in the future, and I'm always so glad when I realize that Lucile won't be going away again. We'll miss her letters about far places, but I'll get her to write something else. Perhaps you'd enjoy hearing her accounts of family happenings in days gone by. Write and tell her if this appeals to you in place of her letters.

In the August number you will have the pleasure of reading a column by Frank Field. He knows more about nursery and seed problems in one minute than most of us know in a lifetime, so I've persuaded him to write for you once a month. Frank is always willing to give you every bit of help that he can. If you're up against it to solve some trouble, write to him at KMA and tell him the story. There's a pretty good chance that he can send you the solution that will end all of your troubles on that score.

WHAT
SHALLWE
READ

By

MISS ANNA DRIFTMIER, Librarian
Clarinda, Iowa, Public Library

An old neighbor said when asked what he had bought at the Woolworth store that he did not go in to buy anything. His only reason for going in was to enjoy his repeated astonishment at the possibilities of a dime. Most of us, we think, are more human and need material satisfaction in actual purchase. But the neighbor was more of a philosopher than we. He looked behind the material object and saw the mind that developed the tiny business into the colossus it is today, a billion-dollar, world-wide business. The real story of Woolworth's life is found in Winkler's book called **FIVE AND TEN**.

One is reminded of John T. Flynn's older book called **GOD'S GOLD**. It, too, is the biography of a shy country boy who became a giant in business, John D. Rockefeller, the "Oil King." Although the time was probably ripe for such a huge growth and spread of business, surely the men must have had an understanding of things and men that they could forge ahead as they did. Both books make very fine reading.

A number of years ago a book entitled **CREATIVE YOUTH**, written by Hughes Mearns, caused a stir among teachers everywhere. Mr. Mearns showed that boys and girls under the leadership of sympathetic and able teachers could develop ability in expressing themselves in verse that had beautiful and poetic qualities. Now he goes further to show the adult that he has inherent powers lying idle because he does nothing with them. The new book is called **CREATIVE ADULT**. One wonders what kind of a world this might become if everyone tried his powers to the limit of his abilities. Is this creative impulse within us the same as faith? What do the Scriptures say about having greater faith so that we may do greater things? See if your local library has this book so that you may borrow it.

Another book for which there has been constant demand is Alice Ross Colvers **IF YOU SHOULD WANT TO WRITE**. She gives examples of short paragraph stories and shows how they are developed into long and still longer stories. She gives advice about writing feature articles and suggests where and how they may be sold. There had been many calls for such material in the library and this book has filled that need. The Writer's Magazine is very good also for this sort of information.

A. Hamilton Gibb's recent book called **HALF INCH OF CANDLE** was published by Little, Brown and Company. The price is \$2.50. Its setting is the mountain region of France

just before the present war began last fall. The inhabitants of the mountain village are interested only in their homes and in the welfare of their people; they are happy so long as they are not molested by outside forces. The story centers about two characters, a young Russian woman whose fortune disappeared during the revolution, and a young Englishman, a veteran of the first world war. He believes that the world's troubles could be settled if the soldiers of the first war could control the land. It is very interesting.

Philip Gibbs has a new book, too. Just today a reader recommended it as very strong and to the point. The name, **BROKEN PLEDGES**, brings to mind vivid pictures of what is happening every day in Europe. It is thought to be his best novel.

A new book that young men and boys will like is Barringer's **FLIGHT WITHOUT POWER**. There are good photographs and charts showing how air currents play their part in soaring and gliding. The principle is the same as in the soaring of a bird that rests on the top of a rising air current without motion of wings. Many times we have watched them apparently resting in the air. The charts show the rising current above cities and fields, topped by a cumulus cloud. Such places are marked as good for soaring. Photographs are included of starting places on high plateaus from which one can soar and glide for many miles before finally landing.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY by Llewellyn is the colorful story of the Morgans, a mining family who lived in South Wales some fifty years ago, and of the valley where they made their home. During two generations the family fortunes declined as the mines played out and the valley gradually succumbed to destruction. The story is told by one of the children who looks back on the old days with longing. It is different and worthwhile.

THE HOUSEWIFE

To her each day was something new,
A gold coin tossed into her hand
To spend however she might choose,
It held a wealth of splendor grand.

Just as we change the coin into
The tiny bits that we may spend,
She broke it into shiny hours—
To her their value had no end.

"Today I'll wash my clothes so clean,
Or iron, perhaps, that little shirt,
It's good to rid ourselves of earth
Which misplaced, always does mean dirt.

"Or else I'll churn my yellow cream
And take the butter to the fair,
Or clean my rooms all spic and span—
The children like to gather there.

"Or bake a toothsome bit for them,
Or sew those dresses up today,
And oh! the fun of filling jars
Our healthy appetites to stay.

The little pennies slide in, too—
"I'll see my newest rose unfold,
"I'll pick a nosegay for the house—"
Oh, lovely coin of shining gold!
—Mary Duncomb

IN OUR GARAGE

A boiler and a kettle lid.
Some plates that Maggie broke and hid;
A chopping block, a knuckle bone,
A phonograph that doesn't phone;
Some lingerie that lingered long,
A mattress with the mat all gone;
A bustle out of grandma's trunk,
A rat trap and some other junk;
A demijohn of faint bouquet,
(Sweet hundred proof of yesterday);
The sticks and tail of Johnnie's kite,
A table lamp I dropped one night;
Tomatoe cans of Auld Lang Syne,
A hundred feet of washing line;
One pair of pants (demobilized),
One garden hose (derubberized);
Gas fittings of a former age,
One rocker, one canary cage;
A niblick and a baseball bat,
A bedstand and a broken slat;
The box in which the rabbit died,
The bike that mother used to ride;
Of many things a sundry crop—
All but the car—that's in the shop.

—Selected.

INTERESTING BOOKS

For the Children's Book Shelf

1. **CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE** (beautifully illustrated) \$.50
By Robert Louis Stevenson
2. **EARLY LIFE OF FRANCES WILLARD** (illustrated) by Judson50
3. **PINOCCHIO** (illustrated) by Tilney75
4. **JIM DAVIS** by John Masefield 1.25
5. **PICTURE TALES OF SCANDINAVIA** by Ruth Bryan Owen 1.25
6. **THE LITTLEST HOUSE** by Coatsworth (On honor list) 1.50

GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP

Erna Driftmier

310 East Tarkio Street, Clarinda, Iowa



OUR CHILDREN

OUR CHILDREN

In the April number I printed a letter from the mother in Abilene, Kansas who didn't know what to do with her little four-year old girl who wouldn't play with other children. Among the Kitchen Klatter sisters who answered this problem I found a letter from Ames, Iowa particularly interesting because I suspect that the mother who wrote such an honest letter came pretty close to finding the difficulty that is responsible nine times out of ten.

"Dear Leanna: When I read about the little girl who wouldn't play with other children I thought to myself right away—that sounds exactly like the experience I had with Beverly. She was four too when I first realized with a shock that she wouldn't play with other children at all. She's an only child, but there are little children on both sides of us who should have made wonderful playmates for her.

At first I thought that the fault must lie with the others—you know how we mothers feel until we make our heads work. I scraped up at least twenty different explanations for the situation, but what good did explanations do when my little girl hung to my skirts all day long and refused to play with the others?

Well, one morning I asked my good neighbor next door to let her two little boys two and five, and her little girl aged four, come over to the fenced-in yard that we had built. Then I simply stopped my work and watched and listened from a convenient bedroom window. Was it the fault of the other children that we heard shrieks and wails within two minutes, that the smallest boy begged to go home? No, Leanna, I have to confess that it was my own little girl who was the neighborhood problem.

Being an only child we'd indulged her far too much (I realized after the harm was done) and we'd never made her share with others and give up her things for the pleasure of neighboring youngsters. I couldn't believe my own eyes when I saw her scramble for just any toy that one of the other children wanted, and hitting and kicking—my, but I was ashamed. Like so many other mothers I simply put her out in her yard to play and went on about my work knowing that she couldn't get out and get hurt. I'd never taken time to watch and discover why it was that I had one of these children "who will never play with other children."

From that morning on we changed things at our house. I took time to stay right there in the play-yard for about three weeks. I saw that Beverly shared happily rather than grudgingly or not at all. I refereed the argu-

ments and spats that came up, made each child share equally, and started Beverly on the right track (even if I was late!) in getting along with people.

Now she's seven years old and has many friends, but I tremble to think how mixed-up and twisted her personality might be by this time if I hadn't made an effort to see what was wrong and then correct it. Every time I hear a mother worry about her little boy or girl who can't play with other children I find myself wanting to say: just eavesdrop to a half-hour of their play some morning and you'll know. Yet people resent such a remark if you say it to their face, so I thought that perhaps in this roundabout way I could pass it on."

And so here is the thing that this wise mother would like to say directly to all of us. Think over what she says and see if this could possibly be the answer to your problem. I'm afraid that most of us are pretty blind to the faults of our own children, and sometimes we could do much towards straightening out their difficulties and making them happier if we'd only take off our blinders and look at them as honestly as other people look at them.

THE BABIES GO TOO.

This summer quite a good many little children have come to see me with their mothers who are Kitchen Klatter sisters, and although some of them have had long trips they all look as fresh as can be and not the least cross or worn-out. When I see them I realize how much travel has changed so far as children are concerned.

The distances that would have exhausted us and our youngsters when they were little, leaves these children as happy as when they started. Fifteen or twenty years ago we didn't take babies and two-year-olds away from home unless it was really necessary, and most of us didn't have anyone to leave them with so we just all stayed home together. I think of this when I see these happy mothers with their little children all getting so much pleasure out of their trip to Shenandoah.

In the old days we carried along every diaper we had in a waterproof bag and hoped long and hard that they'd hold out until we got where we could wash. Now you can buy diapers that are made particularly for traveling and dispose of them at your convenience. I think I'd buy enough of these for a trip if I had to give up something else; you can get them at any drugstore and they're within reason.

In the old days we picked up what toys we could lay our hands on when we were ready to start and stuffed



James Edward Erickson's mother says that he can't be bothered to keep his boots laced when there's a football around. James lives in Storm Lake, Ia.

them into the end of a suitcase if we were traveling by train, or tossed them in the backseat of the car. Children didn't have so many toys then and most of them were more or less bulky because that was in the days before the Five and Dime came to almost every town. Now we can get some small, brand-new toys (this means an extra thrill) for little of nothing, and the novelty will wear for the entire trip. I'd put these in a small box or bag and I'd let the children take out one thing at a time, play with it until they tired of it, and then put it back again.

In the old days we wore ourselves to a frazzle getting fancy clothes ready so that our children would look as fine as possible for the entire trip. (How well I remember the approving looks of the people in the coach of our train when I got on once with Dorothy, Howard and Lucile all in spotless white—and how worn out I was from trying to keep them clean from the moment we started.) Now we let our children wear sun suits that can be washed in the twinkling of an eye and don't need to be ironed. We take along one nice outfit for anything special that may come up, but this is the only real effort we make in the direction of clothing.

In the old days it took so long to drive even a short distance that we plugged right along from the time we started until we got there. Our youngsters might want to curl up with fatigue but we had to keep going. Now we can stop many times along the road and let them run around for a few minutes. If we're traveling by train we can let them run on the platform whenever the train stops for more than three or four minutes. Even one good spell of exercise will sometimes save your trip.

When I see the comfortable new cars I wish that I could have had one when my children were little. What a difference it would have made!

COOKING HELPS

PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM.—Blend sweetened condensed milk with water. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into the chilled mixture. Freeze to a stiff mush. Beat for two minutes and fold in crushed peppermint stick candy. Freeze again.

Dip the ice cream out in round dippers full. A ball of ice cream, two raisins for eyes, a currant for a nose, red cherry for a mouth, a cooky for a hat, and presto! you have a face that will delight the children. Serve on paper doily on a plate.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF NOODLE CUPS? After the noodle dough is rolled out very thin, fit around the outside of muffin tins. Let dry 5 minutes. Place these in a dripping pan and bake in a slow oven. As the shells bake, they curl from the edge. Serve the stew with meat and vegetables in these cups. These are nice to serve for a party or give the family a treat.

"I heard you tell about steaming brown bread in coffee or other nice sized cans set in water, in a covered roaster in the oven. Start in cold water. I most generally steam two-thirds of the time required and set out of roaster and bake the other third."—Mrs. L. C. Corbin, Brooks, Ia.

"Sometimes we forget about all the hot breads made with baking powder and soda. Usually when we make biscuits we just make plain biscuits, but there are so many variations. Cheese biscuits are good. Also the biscuits may be cut in various shapes or dropped or the biscuit dough may be rolled out then spread with butter, cinnamon and sugar and baked as cinnamon rolls, or spread the dough with jam or deviled ham."—Mrs. Bert-ram Frazier, Logan, Iowa.

"In making baked or boiled custard, scald the amount of milk to be used and set aside to cool, then make your custard and bake as usual. It will be perfectly smooth."—Mrs. C. V. McNaughton, Westfield, Iowa.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE IS POPULAR

More than 25,000 people read the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine each month. Every issue contains practical recipes, Ladies Aid helps, hobbies, besides many interesting articles, letters and pictures. Show this copy to your friends and ask them to send for the next issue. Better still, tell them to subscribe for a year (12 issues for \$1.00) and get 2 back numbers free.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER,
Shenandoah, Iowa

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

The mother of this family is dead but the older girl of the home took over the job of home-making. On this particular day she was away and the father got the dinner. He couldn't find lard in the pantry so he went to the basement for some to fry the potatoes in. At the dinner table he remarked those were the best fried potatoes he had ever eaten, if he did cook them himself. Well, when the daughter came home that afternoon she said, "Dad, have you a cold, I see you brought up the skunk grease." He looked stunned, but said, "Skunk grease! Why, I thought that was lard, and cooked potatoes in it." Well, you can imagine the rest, but he still says they were the best fried potatoes he had ever eaten.—Mrs. John Oppedol, R 4, Webster City, Iowa.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

"Just a line to say I enjoy your program and Kitchen-Klatter is very welcome every month. Just like a letter from home."—Mrs. H. Garrison, 2307 N. 65 Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

"Please send me the Kitchen-Klatter for one year. I haven't had the Kitchen-Klatter for a long time. It sure is a good little magazine. When we are going to have a party, I always go to my Kitchen-Klatter for games and help."—Mrs. Will Lutt, R-3, Wayne, Nebr.

"I am returning the card with my renewal for Kitchen-Klatter. I've always taken it, and think it's a wonderful little magazine. I enjoy your broadcasts and listen whenever I can. Hear you better from KMA. I don't want to miss a copy of your magazine."—Dora Straussmyer, R-2, Parnell, Mo.

"Am sending my dollar to renew my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter. I don't want to miss a single copy. It sure is a grand paper. If I could not afford any other magazine but one it would be Kitchen-Klatter. We all read it here at home."—Lettie Fleming, Barclay, Kans.

"I am enclosing \$1 to renew my subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I am glad you are publishing it every month. Needless to tell you I enjoy the magazine. There is no other like it."—Mrs. Martha Korth, 923 Pawnee, Leavenworth, Kans.

SEWING HELPS

(A gift of a Household Helps book to each one whose letter is used in this column.)

When cutting out a dress, fold material inside out, lay the pattern on and mark all perforations and notches with pencil or chalk. This is a big help and time saver.—Mrs. Ray DeReus, Leighton, Iowa.

I wonder how many have thought of turning the backs of mens shirts upside down, just with a plain seam on both sides and across the top and a hem at the bottom. It's patched in a hurry and lasts a long time.—Mrs. Albert O. Hove, Rt. 5, Decorah, Iowa.

For a firmer buttonhole mark the place then stitch on each side of it with sewing machine, then work in usual manner. This is good for flannelette or goods that frays easily.—Mrs. Ernest Arp, Brunswick, Mo.

Keep a nut pick in your machine drawer. The blunt end of it helps in turning a narrow belt. The "pick" end is used in pulling out the corners after the belt is turned.—Miss Arlene Endicott, Ridgeway, Mo.

This is a way I use some of the many little muslin sugar sacks we get. I sew five together the long way and feather stitch up each seam with colored thread and sew up the ends to make slips for the ends of quilts and comforters to keep them clean. They also make nice little table covers for the breakfast table. You can dye them. Use four and put together with ric-rac braid, and also put it around the outside. Can applique or embroider in the corners. Mrs. Frank Corl, Sheldon, Iowa.

"I took an old pair of trousers with the seat out and made my little girl, age 4, a two-piece dress of it. The skirt has six gores and I embroidered the top with yarn. The suit was a gray Palm Beach and made such a sweet dress. My little girl said "Daddy better not leave his pants home again or I'll have another dress."—Mrs. Levi Stockwell, Titonka, Iowa.

"Before shortening a coat with lining, first run a basting thread about ten inches from the bottom all around. This will keep coat and lining all together. Then open the hem and cut off. Now re-hem. This will keep the lining from sagging. If lengthening a coat, this method is easier also.—Mrs. Roy Dye, R 1, Sampsel, Mo.

When I make my house dresses to button down the front I use three threads of six-strand floss for making button holes as it makes a good stout button hole and thread can be matched to color of dress material.—Mrs. Mark Southard, Buckner, Mo.

LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER
2:00 P. M. OVER KMA

Our Hobby Club

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



Photo by Burdick

This wonderful collection of 350 dolls from all over the world is owned by Mrs. C. T. Settle of Rock Port, Mo.

One of the most interesting hobby collections that Shenandoah people have had the pleasure of seeing was the wonderful display of dolls owned by Mrs. C. T. Settle of Rock Port, Missouri that were exhibited at the Methodist church. Mrs. Settle's collection comprises 350 dolls and this certainly makes a big family.

It would take a great deal of space to tell you all about the different members of Mrs. Settle's doll family. One group is made up of coronation dolls that commemorated the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. There were dolls from France, Italy, Peru, Poland, Japan, China, the Riff, Guatemala and Peru.

The Japanese group attracted a great deal of attention. Included in this was a court lady playing with a poodle dog, and a lady riding in a jinrikisha pulled by a coolie. There was a doll made from redwood trees, one made entirely of corn shucks, and several made by Mrs. Settle herself

that are in the likeness of Mexican people whom she saw and knew while in Mexico.

Mrs. Settle says that she doesn't know of any better way to add zest and interest to daily living than by developing a hobby. She especially recommends hobbies to middle-aged people who begin to feel that the zest in living is over, and that they are on the last lap of life. She says that her dolls have brought her something much better than themselves and the fun they represent, and that is the delightful contacts she is making through them.

Everyone in Shenandoah enjoyed this wonderful display so much that I thought perhaps other groups might like the opportunity of seeing it. Mrs. Settle can be contacted at Rock Port, Missouri, and if you are looking for a way to raise money for your club or church organization you might get in touch with her.

Buttons — R. C. Brown, 409 E. Prospect, Cameron, Mo.

War maps and stamps—Mrs. J. C. Evans, Deep River, Ia.

Prints for quilts and handkerchiefs—Mrs. Ollie Sebaugh, Marble Rock, Ia.

Quilt patterns, souvenirs from various places, postcard views, pictures of radio entertainers—Mrs. Geo. Lindstedt, Marquette, Kans., RFD 1, Box 179.

Vases of all kinds—Mrs. E. C. Todd, East Leavenworth, Mo.

Flower seeds, bulbs, houseplants, crochet patterns, poems and recipes—Mrs. Gust Berglund, Stratford, Ia.

Buttons—Miss Signe Johnson, Lynnhurst Farm, Paton, Ia.

Novelty dogs, cats, rabbits, dolls—Cordelia B. Rodgers, Paradise, Ks.

Indian head pennies—Mrs. Ray Lincoln, Malvern, Ia. Box 168.

Match covers and cook books—Mrs. Velma Acton, 2320 S. 4th St., Saint Joseph, Mo.

Crocheting — Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Ia.

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

Scrapbook of people's pictures taken with their hobbies. — Mrs. Ralph Pae, Ames, Kansas.

Poems, flowers, cross-stitch embroidery and crocheting—Mrs. Harry Berrier, Norborne, Mo. RFD 1.

Print quilt scraps and quilt patterns. Will exchange.—Josephine Smetanna, Hanover, Kansas.

Flower vases—Miss Alma Miller, Lake Benson, Minn., RFD 1.

"I have a hobby of refinishing old furniture and collecting old clocks and chinaware. If some of the sisters who have a hobby similar to mine will tell me where I can obtain articles of this kind I should be very grateful."—Anna V. Willert, Eagle Grove, Ia.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE—50 antique buttons, \$1.00. Mary Amman, Volland, Kansas.

I'LL BE GLAD to send everyone a gift who sends me 50 or more fancy and old-fashioned buttons. Mrs. Raymond Becker, O'Kabeana, Minnesota, Box 3.

SALMARINE SOAP

(Sea Salt) \$.50

BEAUTY SOAP

(Carotene Oil)50

EVA HOPKINS CREME

POWDER with sponge 1.00

MULTI-PURPOSE

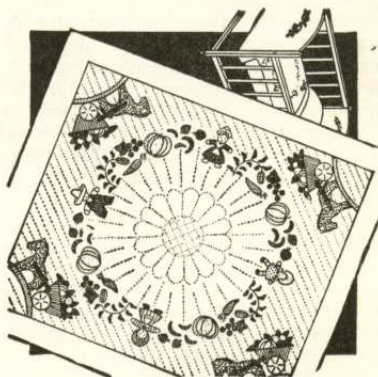
CLEANSING CREME60

All prices p.p.

EVA HOPKINS

Box 13

Shenandoah, Iowa



FAMILIAR CHARACTERS FOR A CUTE SPREAD

Heigh-o, the derry-oh—if it isn't The Farmer in the Dell. This beloved childhood character, his wife, their child, the nurse, the farm produce and a cunning horse and cart appear on a crib spread that is delightfully different. Applique these gay figures from the scrap bag, or if you wish, embroider them. C9172, 10¢, brings the NUMO hot iron transfer for stamping this crib quilt; C9172M, 35¢, is fine white material in 36x42-inch size, stamped ready to work. Send orders to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

◆ THE KIDDIES' CORNER ◆

MR. BLACK RAVEN

Long years ago when the world was new, there lived high up in the mountains of Switzerland, white ravens, for in those days all ravens were white instead of black as they are now.

In a nest high on a rocky cliff overlooking a grassy meadow, lived a father and mother raven and their two snow-white children. They were king and queen of all ravens, and so their two little ravens were princesses.

Each morning the father, who was a large and beautiful bird with sleek white feathers that shone like silver in the sun, flew down into the valley in search of food for his family. Toads and mice, bugs and snakes were his easy prey and considered delicate morsels by the wife and children at home in the nest high up on the rocky cliff.

One morning father Raven left the nest when the first rays of the morning sun spread a golden, misty blanket over the valley. Father Raven was hungry and so was the Mother Raven and so were the two little Princess Ravens.

As he soared over a green field he saw a little white lamb struggling to free itself from a trap which had been set to catch a wolf that had been killing a farmer's chickens. Instead of helping this little lamb as he could easily have done, King Raven sat down on a rock waiting for the lamb to die, so that he might carry juicy bits of its flesh home.

How much easier, he thought, would this be, than hunting all morning in the fields for toads and mice, and snakes and bugs. He was indeed a lucky bird.

As he sat on the rock he oiled his beautiful white coat until it shone, and although the sun rose higher and higher in the sky, and beat down hotter upon the valley, not once did he leave the side of the poor little lamb who lay quiet and still upon the ground, looking at King Raven with pleading eyes. If King Raven would help him escape from this trap, he would ask the good Fairy God-Mother of all animals to give him a long life and happiness. But even this promise did not change the purpose of the wicked raven.

Suddenly, who should be standing beside the little white lamb, but the good Fairy God-Mother of all animals.

"Look!" she said to the raven. "Your lovely white feathers are turning black! You will now have not only a black heart but a black coat as well. From this day on you shall be despised by all creatures. No matter where you may make your home, your life shall be in danger for men will hunt you—to kill you."

The frightened raven flew away to his nest on the rocky cliff. He wept bitterly for not only had his coat of white feathers been changed to black, but also the feathers of his wife and

the beautiful snow white princesses. From that day to this, the raven has had a black coat instead of the lovely white one he had when the world was new.

And what became of the little lamb? The good Fairy God-Mother of all animals freed his wounded foot so that he could once more play in the meadow among the yellow buttercups.

STATE CONTEST

What state is the cleanest?—Wash.
Is the most religious?—Mass.
Never forgets itself?—Me.
Saved Noah and family?—Ark.
Is a physician?—Md.
Is a grain? R. I.
Seems to be in poor health?—Ill.
Is an exclamation?—O.
Is a parent?—Pa.
Is to cut long grass?—Mo.
Is a form of metal?—Ore.
Is a number?—Tenn.

PAPER CONTEST

1. What kind of paper is the most religious?—Sunday school paper.
2. Makes the best impression?—Carbon.
3. Is the most progressive?—Building.
4. A sign of mourning?—Crepe.
5. The most infirm?—Weekly.
6. Name of a famous street in New York?—Wall.
7. The most extravagant?—Waste.
8. Black and white and red all over?—Newspaper.
9. The most inspecting and inquiring?—Examination.
10. Soars in the air?—Fly.
11. The most plucky or gritty?—Sand.
12. A reminder of bees?—Wax.
13. The most weblike?—Tissue.
14. The most absorbing?—Blotting.
15. The most neglected?—Writing.

IF I WERE MY MOTHER

If I were my mother I rarely would make
Omelet, or parsnips, or spinach, or steak,
Or carrots, or onions—for I'd rather bake
Doughnuts and pudding and dumpings and cake.
I'd not take the trouble to cut up a lot
Of turnips—instead I'd make jam in a pot,
And fritters, and cookies, and pies piping hot ...
If I were my mother. Too bad that I'm not!

—Aileen Fisher

THE STORY OF THE PENCIL

Did you ever stop to wonder how we happened to have pencils to write with? Or did you know that school children in past times have used many things with which to write their lessons because they didn't have pencils in those days? Let's go back many years and see what they did use. Some of them wrote on clay with sharp sticks—others carved on stone. Indians painted on skins. I am sure if you stop to think a minute you will remember hearing these things before. But did you know that Japanese children still write their letters with a paint brush and ink? And not so long ago in this country school children wrote on slates with slate pencils. Some of these ways of writing were very hard and slow.

When you know these things, it makes you feel very lucky, doesn't it, that you have such nice pencils to write with in school. The long lead that runs through the pencil is made of graphite. Now this graphite is ground into a deep iron pan which has holes the size of pencil lead all over the bottom of it. The dough is pressed down through these holes, straightened out, and cut into pencil lengths. Then it is dried. The leads are glued between pieces of wood cut the right shape for pencils, and last of all, these are painted, and erasers are put on them. And this is the story of the pencil you use in school every day.

LAZY DAYS ...

In lots of ways
I sort of like them.
Thoughts I never knew I had
Come poking out; and folks seem glad
To say "hello". I gem
The hours with memories to keep.
It's good to lie alone, to sleep
And wake again to talk with God.
Lazy days ...

I like them in just lots of ways ...

—Author Unknown.



Richard Lowell Huff of Marysville, Kansas will be three on July 15th. He looks all ready for hot weather.



OH! MY OPERATION!

A stunt that never fails to create hilarious merriment is an operation performed upon one member of the club with nurses and doctors officiating in the mock surgical work.

A large library table is placed in plain view of the entire audience. Preferably it should be placed near a door. A sheet is draped over it in operating style, making sure that enough hangs down to conceal the under side of the table. This space under the table will be used by the "noise" assistants.

The patient draped in white is assisted to the operating table and one of the nurses applies the anesthetic. Be sure that all nurses and doctors are dressed in regulation hospital uniforms for this adds a great deal to the seriousness of the stunt.

The anesthetic is given by very slowly sifting flour through a flour sifter. As the patient will have a towel over her face the small amount of flour will not annoy her. The doctor or nurse administering the anesthetic should ask her some questions from time to time, and the patient should respond growing more and more drowsy—until finally she fails to answer.

One member of the club will be fully equipped with mask, gloves—all of the surgeon's paraphernalia—and will come in from the side door in a very impressive manner. It is suggested that the chief surgeon and nurses stand between the patient and audience so that no one can be too critical about details.

As the surgeon makes the incision with a saw one of the assistants beneath the sheet will saw on a board. This produces a most harrowing effect, needless to say. As the operation proceeds various other noises will be made from beneath the sheet such as tearing a strip of cloth, hammering on the board when the surgeon uses a hammer at some stage in the operation, and so forth. Clever effects can be worked out by every Ladies Aid.

After the incision is made it is discovered that any number of things are wrong. As the surgeon removes an auto casing he remarks to one of the nurses that this will relieve the patient from going out riding on club day, or Sunday when she should be in church. A deck of cards removed will prevent her from spending so much time at bridge parties the day Missionary society meets. A hammer, which has caused much knocking, was next removed. A pocket book which had grown fast to her heart was torn loose and the Bible put in its place. The pocketbook was inserted near the throat so the patient could cough up easier. A sofa pillow which relieved her of laziness and weak will was removed lastly. A stove poker was in-

serted to stiffen up her back bone.

At the conclusion of the operation the patient is carried from the table groaning heavily, but with the chances for a good recovery as expressed by the surgeons to each other. This is an ideal stunt for any Ladies' Aid, Missionary Club, Lodge meeting, club entertainment—any activity of a similar nature. Other things can be added to make the operation interesting and amusing to the spectators.

A CONTEST

Articles of Clothing

1. What a dog does after a hard run.
2. What Joe Louis gave Galento.
3. A kind of feed for hogs.
4. A main part of a railroad track.
5. A hub covering.
6. A kind of snake
7. A body of land partly surrounded by land and extends into water.
8. A necessity in a power water pump.
9. Part of a car that has a lot to do with sound.
10. What occurred between James Roosevelt and wife?
11. What is Chamberlain noted for?
12. When you paint a thing, what do you give it?
13. Another word for circle.
14. A water carrier.
15. What does a picnicker do mostly in hot summer?
16. Another word for squander.
17. Another word for city dude.

Answers

1. Pants.
 2. Sock.
 3. Shorts.
 4. Tie.
 5. Cap.
 6. Garter.
 7. Cape.
 8. Belt.
 9. Muffler.
 10. Suit.
 11. Spats.
 12. Coat.
 13. Girdle.
 14. Hose.
 15. Shoe. (shoo)
 16. Waist.
 17. Slicker.
- Mrs. Effie Fouard, Brookville, Kans.

Mrs. E. A. Meier of Hardin, Mo., R 2, laughed so hard over the story about Wayne and the skunk, in the January Kitchen-Klatter Magazine that her family asked her what was so funny. She told them that if anyone of them could read it without laughing she would give them a dollar. They all tried, but she still has her dollar.

"So glad to receive the January issue of Kitchen-Klatter this morning. Such a nice home woman's magazine. I wonder how you ever think up so much good information and news. It seems to be getting better and better all the time."—Mrs. J. R. Graham, 421 E. Wabash, Ottumwa, Iowa.



This interesting Dutch mill over six feet high was made by the son of the family for the Peter Buller farm at Mountain Lake, Minn.

HOBO PARTY

Young children will always get a great deal of pleasure out of a Hobo party. It is unconventional, and a simple way to entertain. Arrangements should be made with several other mothers to have part of the "lay-out" served at their individual homes.

Invitations should be written on brown wrapping paper and may read something like this:

"Awl hobos meat in Driftmier's backyard for a convenshun, Frydy nite at seven ocloc.

Signed,
Weary Willie"

Down in Driftmier's back yard have a camp fire burning merrily and old boxes and benches arranged around it for the delegates to sit upon.

After all have arrived ask each one for a report of his past year's activities.

A trusted hobo is asked to go to the door and ask for a hand out. Each is given a sack containing several sandwiches. They will visit houses in various parts of town where they receive salad, pickles and cookies. They return to the campfire where coffee is made and served from tin cups. If you do not think children would enjoy a party of this kind try it once and see.

FRANK'S DARK BROWN COLOR RINSE

A pure harmless vegetable rinse, NOT a dye. Gives a glossy, natural color to dull or faded hair. Just the thing for those first grey streaks at the temples and along the hairline. Colors and blends the grey with your natural shade.

The price is 24 rinses for \$1.00 post paid.

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