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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

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1940

NUMBER 8



Copyright 1940 by Leanna Field Driftmier

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Burdick

MY AMERICA

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America, whose fertile fields
Lie still beneath the summer sun,
Your soil by war is not disturbed,
There is no sound of rumbling gun.

America, above whose hills
Far distant in the August heat
The fleecy clouds float lazily—
Nor hear the sound of tramping feet.

America, hold high the torch!
'Tis yours to shed true freedom's light,
That those in other lands may see
And hope on, through this darkest night.

—Leanna Driftmier

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends: I always reserve this first column in my magazine for a personal visit with you. Day after day as your friendly letters come to my desk, I wish I had the time and strength to write each one of you a letter to let you know how much I appreciate your interest in Kitchen-Klatter and your contributions to its radio program and this magazine. You are very kind not to expect personal replies to your letters. When I can, I answer your questions by radio—I can do this if your question is of general interest.

We have had a very pleasant summer in Shenandoah. My flowers have been beautiful, for the rains came just in time to give my new perennial border all the moisture it needed. We have picked many bouquets of beautiful flowers for the house, and one of Margery's jobs has been to go out early in the morning and see that vases are filled for the living room and dining room.

The last week in June I took a short vacation. Mr. Driftmier, Margery and I drove to Spirit Lake where we spent a few days. The weather was very cool while we were there and every evening we sat around a big fireplace fire.

On June 27th the annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic was held at Gilbert's Park in Spirit Lake. There was a big crowd and wonderful Kitchen-Klatter food. I am more convinced than ever that the world's best cooks live in the middle west. After the dinner we had an informal visit and discussed the best way to make strawberry preserves and dill pickles. Mrs. Mohler of Sac City, who was my guest, gave two readings that were enthusiastically enjoyed. During the afternoon there was a sprinkle of rain, but we moved under some big trees and didn't get wet. I was very happy to see the many old friends who were in attendance, and also meet new listeners who were attending their first Kitchen-Klatter picnic. I hope that we can all meet again next year for it was lots of fun.

We left Spirit Lake on Friday, June 28th about noon, and drove across northern Iowa to McGregor where we stayed all night on "The Heights" which is the top of the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi river. I had heard of the wonderful scenery around McGregor and found that the descriptions had not been exaggerated. Saturday morning we visited the state park, Pikes Peak, and about ten o'clock we continued our trip down the Missis-

sippi, reaching Keokuk by night. We followed the river road and enjoyed every bit of the drive.

Saturday morning we visited the historic town of Nauvoo, Ill. I was glad that I had recently read the article in "Reader's Digest" which dealt with the early history of the Mormon church and the very people whose houses were still standing. We could not have enjoyed this visit to Nauvoo so much had it not been for the arrow-shaped signs that guided us past places of historic interest, and the placards that told us who lived where and what positions of importance they had held in the early history of the town. I had never seen so many houses that were more than one hundred years old. In many of them people still live, and the yards were very well cared for.

From Nauvoo we journeyed on, crossing the Mississippi back into Iowa at Ft. Madison. Here we drove by the house where Lucile was born, for Mr. Driftmier was manager of the Bell Telephone Company there at that time.

We reached home Sunday, June 30th, at about seven o'clock in the evening, and I felt once more that the nicest part of a vacation is getting back home again. Lucile had taken care of my mail during my absence so there was not a lot of work piled on my desk waiting for me, but she had stacked up your letters at one side and what a good time I had when I sat down in my office on Monday morning to read them. I had had such a fine rest that I felt like a new person. The old nursery rhyme came to my mind—"If this be I, as I suppose it to be, I've a little dog at home and he'll know me." Well, my little dog knew me all right and seemed as

glad to have me home again as the children were.

While we were gone the hollyhocks had bloomed all up and down our alley. We call them our family flower, and I can't have too many in our yard.

Thanks again that I can number you as one of my friends. In my P.E.O. Record I find this verse:

I may not have wealth,
I may not be great,
But I know I shall always be true,
For in my life
That courage you gave
Through the years I've touched
shoulders with you.

This expresses a thought I have had many times but could not put into words so beautifully.

Write me when you have time, for you know that I am always glad to hear from you.

Sincerely, Leanna

PRAYER FOR EVERY HOUSEWIFE

Dear God, I thank Thee for the mate whose years are ones of toil at hard and disagreeable labor that our children and I may have comfortable clothes, good food, fire, shelter, and the safety of home.

I thank Thee for the joyous cry of Daddy! Daddy! which rings throughout the house whenever Father comes, and which expresses the love and happiness of our little ones.

I thank Thee for that line of red and yellow and blue and pink which I have hung up to dry in the morning sun, and that the joy of washing those small garments has been given to me.

I thank Thee for small arms about my neck at bedtime. I thank Thee for little fumbling hands that always want to help. I thank Thee for childish voices, with their singing and laughter and questions.

"I thank Thee for my home where I may serve those whose health and comfort have been given into my hands.

"Oh, God, make me big enough always to love my job. Give me the patience to bear with childish ways, and may I have wisdom that I may gently lead my children to grow into fine adults, happy because they have found the joy in work and service, and beauty in little things about them every day.

"Oh, God, may I, an humble housewife, never miss a sunset or a rainbow because I am looking down, instead of up." —Just A Homemaker—Selected



Alma Miller of Lake Benton, Minn. snapped this picture of our Kitchen-Klatter picnic crowd at Gilbert Park, Spirit Lake, Iowa in June, 1940. We all felt well-filled and happy, as I think you can see by our faces.

Come into the Garden with Helen



AUGUST IN MY GARDEN

Most of my garden is taking a summer siesta. The thrill and urge of spring growth bursting into a cloud of orchid Pasque flowers, blue forget-me-nots, pink creeping phlox, rainbow-colored dwarf iris, and snow-white hardy candytuft are now a treasured memory.

Like a gleaming dream is the later procession of gorgeous peonies, graceful and stately iris, perfect Canterbury bells, flaming poppies, and exquisite roses.

Yet even now as I forget for a time my trusted trowel and my sharp and shining hoe, the brown-eyes Susans (Rudbeckias) are very gay. The gentle rose-pink of the "ghost lilies" has come like magic from the bare ground where the earlier leaves of the hardy amaryllis had entirely disappeared. The new gladiolas I planted are giving colorful sprays for our living room, and the first chrysanthemums and asters are heralding their later glory.

With all of the August garden tasks attended to, I will still have time to think of things I have noticed about the ways of flowers—how each one has a queer little quirk of its own, like each person I know. And how easy it is to tell when each one is quite happy by the way it thrives and blooms. And when they are unhappy, too—but let's not think about that.

Isn't it strange that the trollius always want wet feet, while the lilies prefer theirs dry? The Ozark violets demand thin, pebbly, poor soil while roses demand clay with the richest of drinks? Yellow violets and primroses just have to have *real* shade, while pinks and creeping-phlox grow anemic and spindly unless they have full sunshine. I wonder why Canterbury bells live two years only, while lilacs bloom freely for a century or more? It is so strange, too, that my giant delphiniums like plenty of room and lime and cultivation, but the pink prairie-phlox blooms best when it is crowded by other plants. Well, all living things are so breathlessly interesting because of their infinite variety.

But one thing they all have in common: *to be happy they must be loved*. If we are to have a lovely garden, we must at least smile at it every day. And anyone who cares enough for flowers to do this, can surely have this beauty for her own home. When I pass a house without trees and shrubbery and flowers, I always think to myself, "I wonder why they don't care?" Often I try to think up excuses for the people who live there.

"Perhaps they are sick or lame..." and then I remember the sweet face of the girl who visited my garden who was so terribly afflicted with rheumatism that she could not bend over and

could hardly walk, yet she had special long-handled tools made and she raised the finest sempervivums I have ever seen.

"Maybe they can't afford to buy anything for the yard..." and then I remember the old man who asked for some of the trimmings from the honeysuckle hedge in Clarinda's park, and made these grow into a beautiful hedge around his little home.

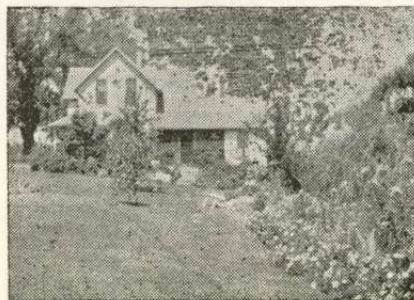
And I think of our Mother, who carried with her to her new Iowa prairie home when a bride, a root of Mertensia Bluebells from the woods along Spoon River in her Illinois homeland. This she tucked with loving, skillful fingers into her back yard under the wild plum trees where she could see it from her kitchen door. I know she must have smiled at it very often, for each of the seven little Fields growing up to watch for its ever-increasing drift of soft pink buds, opening into hosts of bells as clear and blue as Mother's eyes—these children always called this *her* flower and I think she knew it brought a gift of love for home to her family.

When Leanna planned her new garden last spring she had a dozen or more roots of bluebells put in under the tree by her rock garden slope, close to the brick walk that Russell made for her chair to move easily over. How warmly she will welcome them when they coax the blue of the spring skies to earth!

And so beauty lives on and on, in your home and in my home, and in the homes of our children, born through loving appreciation and nurtured through the years by that same quality of Spirit which is ours for the seeking.

—Jessie Field Shambaugh
Sunny Side Gardens,
Clarinda, Ia.

I would be glad to have your comments about the contributed articles appearing in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Tell me which you like best.—Leanna.



I'd like to walk into this inviting garden one of these summer evenings and enjoy the beautiful flowers and sweep of lawn. The home of Mrs. George Price, Alburnett, Ia.

PLANT PANSY SEED IN AUGUST

It may seem strange to think of planting seed for next year's flowers so early, but if we want to get the full benefit from our plants and enjoy a long season of bloom and extra large blossoms, August is the time we must plant seed. Pansies like the cool spring sunshine and it is truly amazing what a large root system these wintered-over pansies do have. Then too, they are ready to use at our convenience just when weather conditions are the most favorable; delay in ordering plants is avoided also.

First of all buy the best seed possible. Then plan to sow it in late August, either in a cold frame or else in a spot in the garden which may be left undisturbed until spring. If the garden location is chosen, dig up the soil thoroughly, and work with it until it is very fine. Sow the seed thinly and cover it lightly with very fine soil or sand. Press the surface lightly with a board, water carefully with a fine spray, and cover with burlap.

The bed may be protected by placing boards or bricks around the sides. Keep watered and covered until the tiny plants appear; then remove the burlap, substituting in its place a covering made of spaced laths. This may be dispensed with when cooler weather arrives. However, the young plants must be protected from the hot sun and beating rains. Be sure too that they never are allowed to suffer from lack of water.

In late fall when the ground is frozen hard, cover lightly with corn stalks, old zinnia or tomato foliage, or some similar material which is free from seed and which will admit air. In the spring uncover gradually, not too early, and when transplanting time comes each plant will have a fibrous network of roots. Transplanting may be done as soon as the ground can be worked.

Place in rich, well-fertilized soil in beds, borders, rock gardens, or over old tulip beds. In the spring they may be planted in the full sun, which is quite the opposite of plants grown from spring sown seed, requiring as they do protection from the hot summer sun.

Keep the flowers picked and you will prolong the season of bloom far into the summer. Pansies are easy to grow by this method, and perhaps give more satisfaction for spring bloom than any other annual flower. Even if the weather conditions are bad you can keep your plants well under control if the seed has been carefully sown in prepared and sheltered beds. Let's all have lots of pansies next spring!

—Mrs. R. J. Duncomb,
Luverne, Minn.

Members of the Avoca Garden Club of Avoca, Nebraska called on me one afternoon and we had a good visit. I was glad that my snapdragons had just burst into wonderful bloom, for they made a good showing to women who know their flowers backwards and forwards.

The Story of My Life

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

CHAPTER 24

After both Lucile and Dorothy had gone away we settled down into our usual routine again. Frederick and Wayne were both in Junior High school that winter, Margery and Donald were in the fifth and third grades, and Howard was working on the farm of his uncle, Paul Otte, north of Clarinda.

Every morning as soon as the children had gotten off to school I practiced walking in the frame that my husband had built for me. This frame had been made in such a way that I couldn't possibly fall, and although my progress seemed very slow to me, other people could see how much I had gained when they dropped in to visit us. By the time Christmas rolled around again I was ready to walk with crutches alone, and Dorothy and Lucile were both so happy to see me up on my two feet again when they came home for the holidays. Lucile stayed home then, but Dorothy went back out to Chadron to her school work.

Looking back on that spring I sometimes feel as if it were the low ebb of our family experiences. We had had trouble of various kinds as all families have, but nothing ever stacked up quite so badly as it did that spring.

It was decided in April that I would be able to walk much more easily if I had a new type of brace, so I went up to Iowa City to consult Dr. Arthur Steindler, a name that must be known to many, many of you because of his wonderful work with crippled children in Iowa. He understood my walking problems immediately, and in just no time I had gotten the braces that he recommended and had begun practicing in the long halls of the hospital.

While I was there in the Iowa City hospital I received word from Shenandoah that Frederick was in the Shenandoah hospital. He had been complaining of an earache for several days, and when an ear specialist was called in by our family doctor he found that a mastoid operation would be necessary. So Frederick was taken to the hospital with the understanding that he would be operated on the next day. When I heard this news I decided that my walking could wait, and I returned home immediately.

When I got back to Shenandoah I found that Frederick had been brought home from the hospital because the specialist found that his condition indicated that the mastoid infection was clearing up, and that an operation could be avoided. He was still in great pain, however, and I sat with him most of the time in the downstairs bedroom where he had been moved. Then in just a few days his temperature rose and this time the two doctors who were taking care of him decided that an operation couldn't be avoided, and he was taken back to the hospital again.

Once more we went through the



In this picture taken in August, 1931 Margery is holding her kitten Mitzi, Frederick is sitting on the arm of the davenport, and Donald is next to me. Mr. Driftmier is at the end of the davenport, Wayne is reading a book, and Dorothy, Lucile, and Howard are standing behind us.

same performance of watching his temperature drop and the worst symptoms disappear just as soon as he got to the hospital. I think those two doctors were worn out from deciding to wait "just a couple more hours to see how things look", because I felt like all mothers do about mastoid—it was something to be avoided if humanly possible.

While Frederick was in the hospital this second time we received word from a doctor in Chadron that Dorothy had been very ill, and that she must be sent home immediately. You can imagine how we felt when this news reached us, and for a while it did seem as if it were the proverbial straw that finally broke the camel's back. Dorothy had been in bed for about two weeks with a severe case of flu, and when she was able to get down to the doctor's office for X-Rays he found a lung infection that demanded immediate care. He had detected the trouble so early that he believed she would make a good recovery right at home and that it wouldn't be necessary to send her to a sanatorium.

Well, this letter reached us about nine o'clock in the morning and we sat around the living room discussing it and trying not to let each other see how badly we felt about Dorothy. Then we called our family doctor, and about noon Mr. Driftmier said that he would go down to wire money for her train ticket and stop around at the hospital on his way home to see Frederick. We were sitting at the table trying to eat dinner when we heard an awful crash that sounded as if it came from the corner by the high school where one of the main highways go through. Then the next thing we knew someone came running in and said, "Oh, Mrs. Driftmier, a car crashed into your husband's car down at the corner."

I couldn't run to see what had happened, but everyone else at the table tore down to the corner. They found that a woman had lost control of her car just as she came up over the hill

by the high school and had run into Mr. Driftmier's car as he paused for the highway stop sign. He wasn't injured, but the car was badly damaged—the second time that Studebaker had taken a terrible licking. We needed our car more than we had ever needed it before, and for several weeks it was in the garage.

In the time that has passed since the noon all of this happened, we have learned to look back on it and see the funny side, for when things get to a certain point they suddenly stop being so tragic and just seem unbelievably crazy. That's the way we feel about those days now that they are safely past.

(Continued in September Number.)

IF FEET HURT

—USE—

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MORAVIA, IOWA

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Dear Friends:

For the past two weeks I haven't known whether I have been coming or going because we have had one long blackout. The only lights in our rooms are so faint that we have to grope about the room like blind men. We can't read or write anything at night because of this, and then in the daytime it's been so hot that we can't do anything! Despite the fact that the walls in my room are 18 inches thick and of solid concrete they are heated through and through, and when I touch my hand to them they are actually hot. Yesterday at ten o'clock in the morning it was 113 in the shade with a strong wind blowing.

During this blackout there has been no moon, and it is certainly an experience to go from here to town on a street so dark you can't even see your hand in front of you. The safety zones which are all along the center of the street are marked with little red lights, and all we could do was to follow them and hope for the best. So far I have run into only one thing—a policeman.

April was a bad month for mail for me. Very little mail came through at all, and what did arrive was for everyone else. But one day in the last week of April my servant came running to me all out of breath and shouting, "Big! Big! Big!". I finally got him calmed down long enough to learn that there was not only some mail for me at the club, but that there was a *stack* of mail for me at the club. When I saw it I was speechless, simply dumbfounded. I couldn't imagine what it all meant. Hurriedly I opened the one on top, and as soon as I saw the birthday card I knew what had happened—radio friends! For many years I have enjoyed the kindness of radio friends, but when I came to Egypt I thought I was bidding all of that goodbye. I see now that I was wrong.

I am very grateful for the many beautiful cards that you sent. I have received over one hundred and ten up until this time, and there will probably be more in the next mail. Many of you sent me newspaper clippings of interest and selections of poetry which I have enjoyed very much. Of all the cards sent there were only two alike. Now isn't it surprising that people can think up designs for so many different kinds of cards? The thing that thrilled me the most was



The first sails ever used were constructed in Egypt. These boats have fishing nets hung on them to dry.

that I recognized many of your names. In several cases I couldn't remember whether I had met you, or if I had just heard Mother speak of you, but either way your name was familiar to me. Even those names which I did not recognize did not seem to be the names of strangers. I had the feeling that every card I received was from an old friend of the family.

At least twenty-five or thirty of you very politely requested that I send you various things for your hobby collections. Well now, there is nothing I'd like better to do. I would love to help out all of you folks with your hobby collections, but I just can't do it. Because of the war it is extremely difficult to send even the smallest article through the post. Everything has to be examined by postal inspectors, censors, and the packages have to go through customs both here and in the U. S. I know you'll understand when I say that all of this confusion and delay would take more of my time than I can afford to spend away from my work here at the college. I haven't even been able to send things home to my parents. A few of you sent dimes. A dime would just pay the postage on a letter to you, so I am sure that you will not be unhappy if I give your dime to some needy student rather than to go to some expense and effort to send you something for your hobby collection.

Please consider that every letter of mine that you hear and read is a personal letter to you. I shall certainly have everyone of you in mind every time I write to the folks back home.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

GOD WILL NOT CHANGE

God will not change; the restless years
may bring
Sunlight and shade, the glories of the
spring,
And silent gloom of sunless winter
hours,
Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns
with fragrant flowers;
Earth-lights may shine awhile, and
then grow dim,
But God is true—there is no change
in Him.

—Selected.

PIN MONEY IDEAS

There are so many ways that a home-maker can add a "wee mite" of money to buy the "extras" that the regular income seems to never quite cover. If you have a knack for growing plants—as Mrs. Helen Fischer would probably say, if you love plants—why not grow vegetables and different flowers, also have potted house plants for sale. Let your friends know that you have these for sale. Do not be afraid to risk a few cents on an advertisement in your local paper. Advertising nearly always pays. Just recently, there is a great deal of comment in poultry columns about the necessity of moisture in the brooder house. As plants require moisture, too, why not make the brooder house serve the double purpose of chick brooder and green house, by suspending your boxes of growing plants from the roof out of the way of chicks and placing a container of water on the brooder stove.

Cottage cheese is another source of pin money and this, too, may be combined with the poultry industry as there is nothing better for keeping baby chicks in healthy growing condition than the whey that is drained from the cheese.

As summer approaches many farm women are wondering how they are going to dispose of their Leghorn hens for more than 30c or 35c. Why not sell them as chickens and noodles? Cook the hen until it will slip from the bones, remove from the broth and cut meat into coarse pieces. There should be enough broth to make approximately one gallon after noodles are added. Divide the meat into four equal parts having some light and some dark meat in each jar. A quart Mason jar is a very good container in which to market your chickens, as you have no added expense for containers. You will have no trouble in disposing of this product at 25¢ per quart.

The lowly dill pickle can also be made to buy "that woolly sweater for the new grandson or a watch for daughter." It is a product that does not require a great amount of cash or labor to prepare and is easily disposed of to restaurants, also to individual customers.

Unless properly managed, marketing products from the farm may easily eat up the profits. A very good plan is to market your products the same day that you go to town to do your weekly marketing. Sell first quality and don't be afraid to ask a reasonable price. A bunch of radishes or some tomatoes delivered with your chickens or even a bouquet with your cheese builds an immense amount of good will, for after all what does the average citizen of the U. S. like better than to get something free? In the case of cooked foods, there is no advertisement equal to a sample with a penny postcard, self-addressed, for ordering more in case the prospective customer is satisfied with what you have left. You do not need to leave many samples as one woman will tell another.—Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.



These are Egyptian boy scouts on parade for the Prime Minister who made a visit to Assuit.

Letters From My Letter Basket

A. TIRED MOTHER

Dear Leanna:

"I am wondering if any of your listeners have a recipe for a combination housewife, mother, laundress, telephone operator, and all the rest of the combined duties in the home to help her find time from her duties to take a little leisure for herself? My life is a never-ending round of duties. I'm actually so tired when night comes that I feel like a rag and can't even read or rest. Surely everyone doesn't go at this rate and I wonder if someone can tell me how to take life easier, live just as well, and be a better companion to my husband and children." A listener in Topeka, Kans.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TIRED MOTHER

"I can't help but think about the lady who was wishing someone would show her how to manage her work. You remember she said, 'This just can't go on etc.' Well, I've wondered if it would help her to do as I used to do, when my five children were little and as I still do when I have a very big day. I make a list of every job I have to do during the day and estimate about how long it will take me to do each job, so that my list reads something like this: Breakfast 6:00-7:00; Dishwashing 7:00-7:30; Separator 7:30-7:45; Bedrooms 7:45-8:30 and so on. Then as I do each job, I strike it off the list. You'd be surprised what a big help this is for you do make every minute count. I allow for interruptions and I take out time in each half day to relax, sit down to read the mail, lie down and relax on the bed or whatever it may be, but I keep right on time and it becomes a sort of a game to see if you can do it in the time you have allowed yourself. I've done this so much that my girls have adopted it and they say they can accomplish much more and are less tired when working this way.

The lady whose letter you read may have had an especially hard day when she wrote. We all have those discouraging days now and then I think, when it seems as if there is no end to it and it is a funny thing, but every one of us can find someone worse off than we are if we just stop to think and if we were given the chance, would not trade our life for any other when it came right down to it, no matter how glamorous theirs may seem. I can think of many who have a much easier life than I, but I can't think of any one I would trade with, if it means trading husband and children too."—White Lake, So. Dak.

"Speaking about work makes me think of that busy mother who felt as though she were on a merry-go-round, so I shall write a little about that. If you should read this, do not read my name as I do not want to set myself up as an authority on work. Like

yourself, it was not so long ago that I was in the same position as the busy mother. However, like yourself, I finally evolved my own philosophy which this mother will also do in the course of time. Sometimes it is just unavoidable that there are so many tasks to be done, that we see no end to them and that they just go on and on. This is the time to sit down and take a little count on the situation. In the first place, one must get into a proper frame of mind and get the right slant on her work. It is important, very important, this job of being a wife, a mother, and a household manager all at once. It is the most important job in the world. Everything else hinges on it, so one should feel the importance of it and the worthwhile-ness of it. That will help a lot when sometimes it seems no one cares. Some one *does* care. Every body cares. A mother holds the destiny of the future of the world in her hands. What she is doing now in molding the lives of children is hidden from the world. She seems to be doing nothing, but in a few short years all that was done in modest retirement will reflect credit on her. Then too, a mother may liken herself to great explorers or scientists. Many times they toil much too hard, and no one knows or cares, but after a while results appear. We only go over the road once when our children are small. Too soon they are gone, the tasks lighten, we are free. Free for what? What pleasures will ever compare to the fun we had with our babies, giving them baths, and yes, I say it in face of modern thought—rocking them to sleep and putting them to bed! We must learn to take pleasure in our work. Also we have to learn what to do and what to leave undone, regardless of what the neighbors say. And to rest when we are tired, even if something is put off till tomorrow. If at all possible, one should try to get out at least one afternoon a week, either a trip to town or to a friend's, or at least to do something at home one likes that is not directly connected with their work. When doing a job, concentrate on it. Don't think of all the other work there is to do. When it is done, forget it. Don't go over your grievances or past troubles. Don't plan work over and over—meet it when it comes.

All this does not tell an overworked mother how to get rid of her work. If one has a large family, especially on a farm with no money to hire help, with extra men to cook for, sewing to be done and a very slim purse, the work is simply there to do and one *must* do it, knowing that no lane is so long that it has no turning, also God watches especially over mothers, for they are His best helpers—bearers of children. And those of us who have traveled this same weary road know there is a definite purpose in everything. So be courageous and of great faith."—Mother of Seven.

BEAUTY HINTS

August is the last month of vacation for the school and college young folks, so I imagine that many of you are busy getting them fitted out for the September term.



Eva Hopkins

Last month, my husband, mother and I made a trip down to our farm in Kansas for the wheat harvest. The crops all seemed to be fine at that time, and the farmers had their hands full taking care of them. The housewives with their canning and chickens were also not wasting any time. This cross-section view of rural America producing and storing food and supplies is a very pleasant contrast to the destruction that is raging elsewhere in the world.

Beauty experts divide the summer beauties into three classes: those who tan, those who stay lily fair, and those who burn or freckle. If you belong to the latter class, let me warn you again to take all possible precautions and keep away from the strong rays of the sun. Many, many of my friends find that a good covering of a creme powder helps to combat the burning sun's rays.

Suntan must be a gradual process and not a quick going-over. Eagerness to acquire that outdoor look is probably responsible for more small disasters of summer vacations than anything else.

A good cleansing creme to use at night to help supply oil to the skin that the sun and wind have dried out during the day, will not be amiss at this time of the year.

If you have any problems, I will be glad to help you to the best of my ability. Just write, and I'll do what I can for you.

Sincerely,

Eva Hopkins

Box 13, Shenandoah, Ia.

GOOD HEAVEN

(Reprinted)

Here lies an old woman who always was tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.

Her last words on earth were:

"Dear friends, I am goin'
Where washin' ain't done nor sweepin'
nor sewin'!

But everything there is exact to my wishes—

For where they don't eat there's no washin' of dishes.

I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringin',

But havin' no voice I'll be clear of the singin'.

Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never—

I'm goin' to do nothin' forever and ever."

4-H CLUB LETTER

It has been said that the ladies of the Old South simply ignored any unpleasant situation that they could not change. I think they had something there, don't you? Since we cannot help the dreadful things that are happening across the two oceans, it seems to many of us that we will do well to ignore them as far as possible. At least we can refrain from talking about the horrors of war, and the latest atrocity propaganda before our children. Does that sound heartless? I do not mean it to be; but after all it won't help our unfortunate neighbors across the sea to talk war and give our children a bad case of "war jitters."

We were getting it! I didn't realize it until Donald Paul said, "Mom, I dream about bombs and bombing planes at night."

I can spare them that. Nearly every night at bedtime I read a story or a chapter of a good book, something quiet but fascinating, and totally unrelated to war. Just now it is "Laddie" by Gene Stratton Porter. Our next book will be "When Life Was Young" by C. A. Stephens. These are good books for country children, and I, too, find much inspiration in them. The youngsters go to sleep with their minds filled with tranquil, wholesome thoughts. Donald doesn't talk in his sleep so much either. Try it, if you don't believe it helps.

And perhaps the next time the highway workers set off a huge charge of dynamite I won't rush around frantically gathering up the children like a Plymouth Rock who has sighted a hawk!

Above all things, American children must not hate. It is, with greed, the most destructive of human emotions.

Phyllis has been ill for a week. Today she is sitting up in bed and sewing on her 4-H things. It will not be long until the Achievement show, and she will have to work steadily in order to finish the garments that she has planned to make.

Rally Day was fine. Phyllis brought home a tiny 4-H pin which she received because she made a perfect score in music recognition. I began to expand visibly, whereupon she said, "There were eighty-three of us who made perfect scores out of one-hundred and twenty-four girls." I think that is even better. I would rather have two-thirds of the girls make perfect scores than to have Phyllis be the only one. It means so much more—and 4-H is like that.

There is lots of exciting news this month. Out in California our 4-H friends, Vivian and Nadine, are to be married. Good luck, girls! You will have it, I'm sure; you are trained for your "new jobs."

And Cousin Dorothy has a new 4-H girl, 1955 model. It is a pretty good world, after all!

—Helen Loudon



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

Dear Kitchen Klatter Friends:

I have written personal letters to many of you when I was radio nurse, broadcasting health and diet helps, so this seems like picking up many familiar threads again. Some time has passed, and probably there have been many changes in all our lives. I have been a grandmother for four months now. Justine, whom many of you once heard when she sang over the radio, has a fine baby girl, Karlene Ardis Epley. Her Grandfather Walt, whom you may have heard on the air, thinks she is the prettiest baby he ever saw. Grandfathers are like that, you know.

We are now living at Shell Rock, Iowa. If you are near, call on us. We stopped and called on Leanna in Shenandoah when we were on our vacation, and she told me how much she enjoyed her radio and Kitchen-Klatter friends—and I told her how much I missed mine. Then when I told her that I was writing health and diet hints for magazines she thought you folks might like to hear some of them.

Here is where I need your help, for I want you to suggest the subjects that you would like to have discussed. Would you like to reorganize the Friendly Fat Society? Those large abdomens should be reduced, you know. Sooner or later they will catch up with us and may cause serious trouble. They are excess baggage and should be disposed of before it is too late.

Then too, nerves usually run riot trying to solve some problem for which there seems to be no solution. If you have a family of children to get off to school and lunch pails to fill while baby is exercising his lungs—well, you are just not normal if you don't feel like blowing up sometimes. That's nerves—whole bundles of them.

Other things that you might be interested in are problems that we all face at one time or another—a balanced diet for the lunch box, why we have trouble sleeping, colds, tonsils, why your child refuses milk, and why he is far too nervous—well, there's no end to the things that we could discuss to advantage in this column.

This is only a How-do-you-do message, and I am expecting you to speak next. Drop me a card or a letter today and let me know what you would like to have me write about. I will be waiting for your suggestions.

Sincerely, Mrs. Walt Pitzer
Shell Rock, Iowa.

The Kitchen-Klatter circle is growing steadily. More than 30,000 read the magazine every month.

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.

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An Advertisement of

Iowa-Nebraska Light & Power Co.

"Dear Leanna: I have had the pleasure of reading your last issue. May I compliment you on your splendid magazine and the continued improvement it shows as time goes on."—Mrs. John Honkomp, Ashton, Iowa.



PICKLING DILEMMA

Pickling time is now at hand,
Cucumber reigns as king,
Jars and lids like armies stand
While vinegar does a fling.

Pickles mixed and pickles dilled;
Mustard, bread and butter—
Some are cooked and some are chilled,
Goodness, such a clutter!

Onions here, and peppers there;
Cabbage over yonder,
Tomatoes, and some to spare—
The housewife stops to ponder.

Picalilli, chutney too;
Chowchow, chowder, relish.
Recipes both old and new
These vegetables embellish.

Sugar, salt and celery seed,
Cinnamon and allspice;
Turmeric's another need,
Peppercorns and cloves are nice.

Winter's coming all too soon,
Frost will get the garden,
Pickles to our meals are boon,
So our speed please pardon.
—Gertrude Park

There are several pointers to keep
firmly in mind when you start thinking
about the jars of pickles that will
soon be on the shelves of your fruit
cellar. Don't forget these things:

1. For best results use vegetables that are not more than 24 hours old.
2. Bleached pickles are caused by using too strong a vinegar, and soft pickles are more than likely caused by using too strong a vinegar.

3. Tough or shriveled pickles may be caused by using too much sugar, too much vinegar, or too much salt.

Sweet and Crisp Tarragon Pickles

Cut enough dill-size cucumbers in 1-inch lengths to fill a 2 gallon jar. Make a brine of 1 gallon of water and 1 cupful of coarse salt. Bring the brine to a boil and pour it over the pickles while hot. Each day for 9 days pour off the brine, make a fresh supply, and add to the cucumbers. On the 10th day rinse the cucumbers in cold water and drain well. Make a syrup of 2½ quarts of vinegar, 1 pound of brown sugar, ½ cupful of whole black pepper, ½ cupful of whole allspice, and 2 sticks of cinnamon which have been broken up. Let this solution come to a boil and get cold, then pour it over the pickles. On the eleventh morning, pour off the vinegar

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

solution and add to it 3 more pounds of brown sugar and boil again. Let it get cold and then add ½ pint of tarragon vinegar, ½ pint of olive oil, and if your family likes garlic, 4 sections cut very fine. Mix well and pour over the pickles cold.—Mrs. J.T.T., Des Moines, Iowa.

DILL PICKLES

Cucumbers
1 cupful salt
2 quarts of water
1 quart of vinegar
1 head of dill for each jar
Wash the cucumbers and pack them in jars with the dill. Mix the water, vinegar and salt, and when boiling pour over the cucumbers and seal.

PICCALILLI

½ peck of ripe tomatoes
½ peck of green tomatoes
(or 1 peck green tomatoes and no red)
12 red peppers
12 green peppers
12 small onions
4 stalks celery
¾ cupful of salt
2 quarts vinegar
3 lbs. brown sugar (2 extra cupfuls if sweeter relish is preferred)
1 Tbls. mustard seed
1 Tbls. whole cloves
1 Tbls. stick cinnamon
Put the peck (2 gallons) of tomatoes, the peppers, onions and celery through the meat chopper. Add the salt and let stand overnight. In the morning, drain. Make a syrup of the vinegar, brown sugar, mustard seed, cloves and stick cinnamon. Scald the syrup and add it to the chopped mixture and simmer, after it has been brought to boiling, for 35 minutes. Mrs. R.D.S., Galatin, Mo.

ORANGE CREAM SHERBET

1 envelope gelatine
1½ cups sugar
1½ cups hot water
Grated rind 2 oranges
1 cup lemon juice
½ cup cold water
1½ cups orange juice
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2 cups cream whipped
2 eggs
Softens gelatine in cold water. Add sugar and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add orange rind, lemon juice

and orange juice. Turn into ice cream freezer and freeze to a mush. Beat cream until stiff and add sugar and salt. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored, and whites until stiff; add to cream. Turn into frozen mixture and continue the freezing. This will serve twelve people and is fine to serve for your club refreshments.

LADIES AID SPECIAL

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
4 egg yolks, beaten
1/3 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup cake flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt

Cream the butter and sugar; add egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Add milk and vanilla, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Spread in two greased and floured layer-cake pans and cover with the following meringue:

4 egg whites
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup sugar
Nuts (if desired)

Beat egg whites until they hold a peak; fold in sugar gradually and add salt. Pile roughly over each layer of cake and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake and let cool in the pan. Turn one layer upside down on a platter and spread with custard filling. Place the other layer meringue-side up on the custard.

1 cup scalding milk
¼ cup sugar
1 Tbls. cornstarch
2 egg yolks beaten
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla
1 Tbls. butter

Mix sugar and cornstarch and add scalding milk. Cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, until a smooth sauce is formed. Add the beaten yolks gradually and stir until thick and smooth. Remove from fire, add salt, vanilla and butter, then cool. Spread between layers.

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These women belong to the Homemaker's Club of Galt, Mo., and this is the bus they chartered to bring them to Shenandoah. We had a lot of fun getting lined up for Frank Field to take our picture.

BARS

- ¾ c. butter
- 1½ c. flour
- 2¼ c. brown sugar
- ¼ c. shredded cocoanut
- Confectioners sugar
- 3 t. granulated sugar
- 3 egg yolks beaten
- 1 c. nuts chopped
- 3 egg whites beaten stiffly

Cream the butter; add sugar; beat well; blend thoroughly with the flour; pat mixture into a greased cake pan, (about 10 inches square) and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for 15 minutes, or till delicately brown. Now add brown sugar to the beaten egg yolks and blend in well. Add chopped nuts and cocoanut, then fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour over the baked mixture, and return to the oven 25 or 30 minutes. Cut into 2-inch squares, and dust with confectioners sugar. Makes 25 squares.—Mabel Paul, Clear Lake, Iowa.

PINEAPPLE DESSERT

- 6 T. butter
- ½ c. sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 t. thin cream
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. shredded pineapple
- ½ c. nuts
- 1 c. cream-whipped
- 9 graham crackers

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolk, thin cream and vanilla. Then add pineapple and nuts. Last fold in whipped cream. Place 9 graham crackers in flat pan and top with pineapple mixture. This should be made at least six hours ahead of serving and kept in ice box.—Anne M. Slobb, Kansas City, Mo.

"Spaghetti. Prepare the usual way, cook and pour cold water thru. Then pour mayonnaise freely thru it. Chop pork pieces very small and mix thru. Salt if needed. Then set in warm oven a few minutes to serve warm. It's good."—Mrs. R. H. Lamis, Chilli-cothe, Iowa.

PEACH CONSERVE

- 3 oranges, juice and rind
- 6 pounds of peaches
- 5 pounds of sugar
- 1 cupful seeded raisins, chopped
- 1 cupful walnut meats, chopped

Cut oranges, without peeling them, in thin slices. Peel peaches and cut in small pieces. Cook peaches, sugar, raisins, and oranges together until thick, stirring often. Just before removing from fire add the nutmeats. Allow to cool, then pour into sterilized glasses.—Mrs. T. H., Grand Island, Nebr.

SWEET PEACH PICKLES

- 1 pint of vinegar
- 4 cupfuls of sugar
- 7 lbs of firm, ripe peaches (peeled)
- 2 Tbls. whole cloves
- 1 Tbls. mixed spices

Put the vinegar and sugar on the stove and let them come to boiling. Then scald the peaches in this solution. The peaches should stay in long enough to get hot through and through, and until they can be pricked with a fork; do not allow to shrivel. Place in sterilized fruit jars and seal.—Lucile Verness, Shenandoah, Ia.

CHOCOLATE ICE BOX CAKE

- 2 cakes sweet chocolate
- 4 eggs
- ½ cup walnut meats
- 1½ Tbls. water
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 cup cream
- Lady Fingers

Melt the chocolate in double boiler. Add the water and blend. Remove from fire and add 4 egg yolks one at a time, beating vigorously until smooth and blended. Add powdered sugar, nuts, and fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Add the cream which has been whipped. Line a deep serving dish with lady fingers, pour in the above mixture and cover with lady fingers. (About 1½ dozen lady fingers will be required.) Place in refrigerator for not less than 12 hours. Serve with more whipped cream if desired.—Mrs. Stella Steckman, Mill Grove, Mo.

KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME

Oh, Father's been to lunch and gone,
The house is very still,
The puppy romps upon the lawn,
The cat naps on the sill.
Unheeded rings the telephone—
My goodness, what's the matter!
Why, this half-hour is mother's own,
It's time for Kitchen-Klatter!

This happy time is always blest
By scores of busy mothers,
It means a bit of quiet rest
Unhindered by the others.
The little folks are out at play,
Hushed is the baby's patter,
The radio says, "K M A,
It's time for Kitchen Klatter!"

—Helen Loudon

USE LARD IN BAKING

"I heard you talking about using lard in baking. I use it in all my baking. I add 2 teaspoons sweet milk to each cup of lard and beat before I add sugar. Makes as good cakes as butter. You know the milk or water is never all worked out of butter. I've made my own butter for 40 years."—Maggie Hutchins, Rippey, Iowa.

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

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KMA PROGRAM SCHEDULE

930 Kilocycles Shenandoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

MORNING

5:00 a. m.—Chick Holstein
6:00 a. m.—Weather & News
6:15 a. m.—Mary Lou & Frances
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 & His Gang
7:30 a. m.—Family Altar (Sun.)
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.—The Bachelor Boy
8:30 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
8:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins (Mon. thru Fri.)
9:00 a. m.—Jessie Young, Homemaker
9:45 a. m.—Western Valley Folks
9:45 a. m.—Frank Field (Sat.)
10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sun.)
10:30 a. m.—Favorites
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.—Mary Lou & Frances
1:00 p. m.—Semi-Solid Ramblers (Sun.)
1:20 p. m.—A. L. Stithem
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 (Mon. thru Fri.)
2:30 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game (Sat.)
3:00 p. m.—Major League Baseball Game (Tues. thru Fri.)

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
6:15 p. m.—Chick Holstein
6:30 p. m.—Earl May, News
6:30 p. m.—Pot O' Gold (Tues.)
7:00 p. m.—The Green Hornet (Mon. & Wed.)
7:00 p. m.—Singin' & Swingin' (Thur.)
7:00 p. m.—This, Our America (Fri.)
7:00 p. m.—Gordon Jenkins & His Music (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—Paul Martin & His Music (Mon.)
7:30 p. m.—Fun With the Revuers (Tues.)
7:30 p. m.—Roy Shield's Encore Music (Wed.)
7:30 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Fri.)
7:30 p. m.—Grant Park Concert (Sat.)
7:45 p. m.—Harry Kogen's Orchestra (Fri.)
8:00 p. m.—Madison Square Garden Boxing Bout (To Be Announced)
8:00 p. m.—T. R. Ybarra, News (Mon. thru Sat.)
8:30 p. m.—Adventure in Reading (Mon.)
8:30 p. m.—Monsieur Le Capitaine (Tues.)
8:30 p. m.—Radio Magic (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.—Melody in the Night (Sat.)
9:00 p. m.—Newstime
10:00 p. m.—Associated Press News
11:50 p. m.—Midnight News
9:15 p. m. to 12:00 Midnight—Dance programs (Matty Malneck, Jimmy Dorsey, Cecil Golly, Lou Breese, Cab Calloway, Jan Savitt, Carlos Molina, Ray Kinney, Charlie Barnet, Bobby Byrne, Enric Madriguera, Gene Krupa, Carl Ravazza, Johnny Messner, Harry Owens, Lou Holden's Disciples of Rhythm, Harry James, Ray Heatherton, Erskine Hawkins, Joe Sudy, Deke Moffitt, Glenn Miller, Vaughn Monroe, Al Donahue, Woody Herman, Eddie Duchin, Bob Chester, Alvina Rey, and others.)



This wide-eyed baby is Mr. and Mrs. Earl May's first grandchild, Betty Jane Rankin. Her mother, Frances May Rankin, is holding her.

SEWING HELPS

The always pressing problem of school handkerchiefs was solved very nicely by this Kitchen-Klatter friend: "With four girls in the family my niece solved the school handkerchief problem by stitching a small triangle of plain-colored material in the corner of each handkerchief. She made four out of each small sugar sack. Each girl selected her own color and, being so individual, lost hankies were more often returned to the owner."

"When sewing kitchen aprons or work aprons, sew two pockets on them. Then when a patch is needed one can be taken for the patch and you will still have a pocket."—Mrs. N. S. Hanson, Audubon, Ia.

"When cutting off a pattern, cut notches out instead of in, as directed. Then there's never the trouble of material pulling at the seam where a notch was cut."—Mrs. Everett Kron, Whiting, Iowa.

"In trying to get a few weeks more wear from old socks, split the sock from the top to the foot with scissors. Now open the sock and sew on your patches with the sewing machine. When you have finished, sew up the sock in a narrow seam. The men say that this never bothers and the mending can be done so much more quickly."—Mrs. Ralph McCray, Genoa, Nebr.

"To make a dust cap for the broom take a 25 lb. sugar sack and sew a double ruffle of outing flannel in the bottom seam. Add two more single ruffles several inches up on the bag and put a draw string in the top. These ruffles can be hemmed or pinked. This dust cap is surely handy to put on the broom to wipe down the walls, and I have given them as gifts with this bit of poetry:

"The old woman who tried by riding high,

To sweep cobwebs from out the sky,
Could have quickly swept them from a room

If she'd just had a dust cap for her broom."

—May Saxton, Burdett, Kans.



OVER THE FENCE

One of the highlights of this summer was the very happy time that we had visiting with members of the Homemakers club of Galt, Mo. They wrote in advance that they were coming in a chartered bus, so we had engaged cabins for them and arranged to have Frank Field take them on a tour of the nursery fields. At noon they had a covered dish luncheon at our house, and shortly after this they went down to Helen Fischer's home to see some beautiful colored photographs of her garden. Approximately twenty-five women came, and I believe that they all had a grand time. If your club wants to come here to visit us, just drop me a line and I know that KMA will be glad to cooperate in giving you a fine trip.

One of your favorite announcers, Mott Johnson, was married to Miss Mary Sullivan recently. They had a beautiful church wedding, and will soon be settled in their own home here in Shenandoah.

August brings us our first reminder that fall days aren't far ahead, so Margery and I have been busy getting clothes ready for school again. She loves to sew, and I'm so glad that she does. This September she will enter her junior year at Maryville, Mo., and Donald will leave home for the first time too. He enters Park College near Kansas City for his freshman year.

When you have a new baby at your house won't you write and tell me about it? The other day a Kitchen-Klatter sister in Missouri wrote to me and said that they were expecting a new boy or girl just any time, and then a postscript dated the next day said, "Dear Leanna, I didn't get to finish my letter yesterday because it's an eight pound boy, our seventh, and we did so want a girl!"

In this issue we have a new contributor, Mrs. Walt Pitzer. To many of you she is an old friend, for a number of years ago her broadcasts on health problems helped countless people. I have felt for some time that we needed good sound advice on questions pertaining to our family's health, so Mrs. Pitzer has generously offered to write such a column. If there is something that you want discussed, won't you please drop me a card, or write directly to Mrs. Pitzer at Shell Rock, Iowa.

The Kitchen-Klatter circle is growing steadily. More than 30,000 read the magazine every month.

—Leanna Driftmiller

FREE with yearly subscription
Beautiful Aluminum Jelly Molds. Set of Six Molds given with every yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter Magazine plus 10c to pay for packing and postage AT \$1.00 PLUS 10c TO PAY FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE.

Holds 3½ oz., 2½ in. across top, 1 16/16 in deep, 26 gauge aluminum. Bright natural finish. Fits electric refrigerator trays.



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LEANNA DRIFTMILLER
Shenandoah, Ia.

Books For You To Read



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

To A. O. G. of Kansas we apologize. It is not because we consider children's literature unworthy of consideration in this column, but because adult reading material has been asked for every month while the other has not. We thought that you were leaving that to your schools. Anyway, here is an assortment we think is the best. We shall give lists of the inexpensive and the more costly books for children and youth. The adults may sit on the sidelines temporarily. For the younger readers, not including the primer age:

Previously we listed an Applemarket Street story by Betsy Hill. There is a newer one called **SURPRISE FOR JUDY JO**. Again there is the map of the little village, showing the homes of the story children, the bridge, the Christmas Tree park, etc. Little girls will like this Apple Market Street story.

The Macmillan Company published a series of readers, filled with delightful pictures, which are ever popular in the library. These pictures, we may add, do not tell the story so completely that the print is neglected. They encourage reading. The books are bound in heavy paper and are very inexpensive, informational and interesting. Titles are:

WE GO AWAY ... travel in trains and ship and airplane.

ALWAYS READY — duty of coast guards and their service.

TRAILS IN THE WOODS .. wild life.

ANIMALS WORK, TOO ... life for animals is hazardous and difficult.

FIFTY WINTERS AGO ... farm life, chores, ice-cutting, fairs, etc.

KURTI AND HARDI ... child life in the Swiss mountains.

LITTLE BEAR ... the Indian boy. There are many more in the series. Public libraries usually have them.

One of the most delightful books for intermediate grades is Hans Christian Andersen's old fairy tale called **LITTLE MERMAID**, dressed in new color. Dorothy Lathrop is the artist and has made a book of rare beauty. This, too, is published by the Macmillan Company. The cost is more than two dollars but is worth it. You

remember the story? A mermaid loved a beautiful prince so much that she bargained with the seawitch to exchange her lovely voice for feet so she might live on earth with humans. Oh, the sorrow of it all! Full-paged pictures are exquisite in color.

Another book of beauty is Mandal's **THE HAPPY FLUTE**, illustrated by the same artist as the one mentioned above. It is less expensive.

Democracy Readers

Let us mention a series of Democracy Readers, new and timely in these days of uncertain future. They are graded from the primary to high school age. Note the objectives:

"Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual human personality. Open opportunity for the individual. Economic and social security. The search for truth.

Free discussion; freedom of speech; freedom of the press.

Universal education.

The rule of the majority; the rights of the minority; the honest ballot.

Justice for the common man; trial by jury; arbitration of disputes; orderly processes; freedom from search; right to petition.

Freedom of religion.

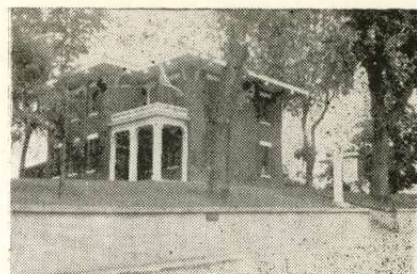
Respect for rights of private property.

The practice of fundamental social virtues.

The responsibility of the individual to participate in the duties of Democracy."

These books are worthy of reading, for the standards of American democracy are upheld and told in ways suitable to each grade. Fair and unselfish play in the elementary grade; enjoying our land in the next; love of country; toward freedom, contrasted with the lack of it in other lands; and finally, for the older child, the way of democracy, how it was established and is carried on today. These books are well worth your examination.

Now for the older boys and girls. **A FRIEND IN THE DARK**, the story of "The Seeing Eye" dog. The value and purpose of the schools established for the training of dogs to direct the blind and for training to be directed by them is set forth in this book. Well worth while.



This fine old mansion was once the home of President Grant when he lived in Galena, Ill. We took this picture on our vacation.

THE KNEELING CAMEL (Author Unknown)

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off
And rest to gain.
My soul thou shouldst to thy knees,
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou, thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at the break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.
So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

TOGETHER

Your way and mine go down life's
beaten track,
So let us make the best of it since
there is no going back.
Your way and mine—with joy to give
and take
And each to help each other, for each
other's sake.
Your way and mine together we will
wend,
Up hill, down dale, right to the jour-
ney's end
And may God grant we travel brave
until
The song of life is ended, and our beat-
ing hearts are still.

—Elizabeth Anne Barrow.

"The magazines are getting better and better and I read them from cover to cover. One ought to be very thankful for such a good paper and for so little money. May your good work continue, is my wish for 1940."—Mrs. Anna Campbell, 313 I St., Fort Dodge, Iowa.



This ferry boat plies between Nauvoo, Ill and Montrose, Iowa. The Mississippi river is over a mile wide at this point.



OUR CHILDREN

TAKE OUT THAT THUMB!

The other day someone in St. Joe wrote to me and said, "Leanna, I'm simply distracted with my four-year old who sucks his thumb constantly. I've tried everything my friends and relatives have suggested, but I'm still saying 'Take that thumb out of your mouth' from morning until night. What in the world would you do?"

What in the world would I do? Well, not knowing what methods she has tried this far along in the battle, I'm somewhat at a loss to know exactly what to suggest. However, I can tell you what I did with the three youngsters in our family who developed the habit, and perhaps from these suggestions you may get an idea that will lead to the solution of your problem. And it is a problem, a real problem; no one will deny that.

I want to say first that there are some children who become thumb-suckers in spite of all your precautions and constant efforts. The tiny baby who pokes his thumb into his mouth may get over the habit in no time if you tie the sleeve of his nightgown down over his fist, but there is a chance too that he'll get his fist up to his mouth again at the very first opportunity. You can tie on the aluminum mitts that are so popular now and leave them on twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, but in the twenty-fourth hour back will go that thumb—sometimes.

In telling you about my first experience I will have to turn back the clock many years. Howard was one of these children who are determined to suck their thumbs no matter what you do. No amount of shaming would do any good, and finally when he got to be five years old we'd tried everything our friends and relatives suggested—and still he sucked his thumb.

Then one day the little boy down the street was given a wonderful Indian suit with all of the trimmings, a feathered head band, a make-believe tomahawk, and moccasins. He was the envy of every other child in the neighborhood, and Howard was beside himself wishing for an Indian suit of his own. This gave us an idea, so we told him that if he went through an entire month without sucking his thumb one single time we'd buy him an Indian suit. We showed him on the calendar how long the month was, and told him that if we ever found him with his thumb in his mouth he'd have to start all over again.

Well, the desire for something won over the habit, and much to our surprise we found that when the month was up we had to get the Indian suit. We set that length of time deliberately, believing that if he went for a month without sucking his thumb he'd

never do it again. And we were right. He never did. If he had back-slid, as the saying goes, we would have taken the suit away until he could prove again that he was "grown-up." Now you might find out what your four-year old wants more than anything else and try the same scheme. The chances are that it will work, only with a four-year old it would be better to set a time limit of two weeks. The difference between a four-year old and a five-year old is just enough that the older child can grasp longer periods of time.

Then there was Dorothy and the struggle I had with her. She sucked her first two fingers, and this looked even worse than if she had sucked her thumb and was harder on the shape of her mouth. I tried putting her arm in loose splints so that she couldn't get her hand to her mouth, I tried tying socks over her hand ... it would be hard to say just what I didn't try. And nothing did any good.

Finally it occurred to me to put adhesive tape on her fingers from top to bottom, and paint the tape with oil of cloves after it was on. This tasted so bitter that she couldn't get past it. She wouldn't stay with it long enough to get any amount that might upset her stomach, and after a while she became so discouraged with the nasty tasting tape on her fingers that she stopped altogether. It took a number of tape treatments, as I remember, but it worked—and she was one of the most stubborn finger-suckers that you can imagine.

When Margery came along and started the same habit I thought that I had the solution all at hand and wouldn't have any trouble. That's where Margery surprised me. She sucked her two fingers just as Dorothy had done, and the adhesive tape was practically useless. I can remember seeing her wrinkle up her face, cry, stop for a while to look at her fingers, and then light into the tape with real determination until she had it off. Here was a child too young to reason with as we had reasoned with Howard, and the trick that cured Dorothy wouldn't work, so what was I to do?

This was the place where new gadgets saved my life; aluminum mitts were just out and I got some. She couldn't pull those off as she had pulled off the different coverings I had tried for her hands, and in about six weeks or so when I tried taking them off I found that she had forgotten the old habit. The rest of my children, fortunately, never did develop the thumb or finger-sucking habit.

Perhaps my experience will give you some clues, and if you try one of these methods and find success I shall be very glad. Just one word about the subject while we're still on it.



SCOTTY TWIN TEA TOWELS

Two mischievous Scotties disastrously inquire into every phase of the household work in forming these entertaining new tea towel motifs. Do the perky cross stitch bows and day names in gay colors for a cheery note. And order these 7 Scotty designs and the matching panholder as C9193, 10¢.

The 7 designs for tea towels may also be had ready-stamped on soft 24x36-inch muslin, as C9193M, \$1.00.

Send orders to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Don't hurt your child's hand when you take it out of his mouth. I've never believed much in this thing of cuffing children about. I don't like to see it because I firmly believe that it does far more harm than good. If you strike your child's hand every time you see his thumb in his mouth you'll make him surly and sly. Don't do it.

WHEN MOTHER STAYS IN BED

When Mother has a real bad cold
Or isn't feeling well,
An' Daddy makes 'er stay in bed,
It certainly is hard t' tell
What we're supposed t' wear t' school,
Or when it's time for us t' go,
Or if we've got our books and things—
Our Daddy doesn't seem to know!

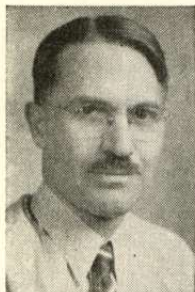
An' when it comes t' breakfast—Gee
There doesn't seem t' be a bite
For us t' eat! But Daddy says
That everything will be all right!
He tells us that he learned to cook
When he was just a little kid,
An' when his mother wasn't well
That's only part o' what he did.

But if he learned, he soon forgot,
'Cause all the toast is hard an' black,
An' every egg busts right in two
When Daddy flops it on its back.
But I feel kind o' sorry then,
Because he does the best he can—
And, anyhow, a cookin' job
Don't look so easy for a man.

No, sir, it ain't a bit o' fun
When Mother isn't well and strong,
An' everything we try t' do
Gets all mixed up an' turns out
wrong;
But when she comes down stairs again
It doesn't take her long t' see
What should be done, an' very soon
She's got things like they oughter
be!

A LETTER FROM FRANK

Well, here it is August again with its cloudless, blistering days, and sweltering breathless nights. Most folks think of August as a slack time, a time when everything's caught up and there's nothing much to do. That's true all right so far as this year's crops are concerned—the corn is laid by, the small grain harvest is over, and the haying is all done except for the last cutting of alfalfa



Frank Field

which will be light. But on the up-to-date, well-managed farm there are a hundred and one things to do in August.

One important job that should be done very soon now is weed cutting. About 95% of the mid-western weeds are annuals and can best be kept under control by mowing them off at this time of year; their seed has already bloomed, but it hasn't yet ripened and shattered off to come up next year. So get out the mower again and go around all the fence rows inside and out. Then go over all the blue grass pastures where the coarse annual weeds are threatening to kill out the blue grass entirely. You will be surprised to see what a new lease on life the grass will take with the coming of the fall rains.

There is still time to sow turnip seed wherever you have a little waste space such as the turn row across the end of the corn field. Just run the cultivator up and down a few times to stir up the ground, and then scatter the seed on top of the ground. Don't bother to cover it. The first rain will do that very nicely. You can safely sow turnips until the middle of August, so don't let any odd pieces of land go to waste. Figure on one pound of seed to the acre.

The most important job of all for this month is the seeding of alfalfa and brome grass. It is true that both can be sown in the spring, but after all fall is better, and of the fall months, August is best of all. Put in an extra day or so working up the seed bed and you will be well repaid. Don't plow unless it is necessary in order to turn under the trash, for plowing loosens up the ground and leaves lumps and air pockets which would all have to be worked out. Several discings would be better. Then harrow a time or two, to level the ground.

When this is done, roll the piece with a cultipacker or corrugated roller, packing the ground down good and solid. Now comes the actual seeding. You can use a horn, a cyclone seeder, an endgate seeder, a broadcast seeder, or a drill with the shoes lifted. Any of these methods will do, but you must use ten or twelve pounds of seed to the acre and broadcast it right on top of the ground. Then go over the piece again with the roller, only cross it this time as that covers the seed better.

If it is brome grass that you want to sow, follow the directions exactly as given above for alfalfa. And remember, your pasture will be better and last longer if you use five pounds of alfalfa along with your ten of brome to the acre. The alfalfa feeds the brome, and the brome takes away from the alfalfa all the danger of bloating. You had better use the Canadian Brome, for it is not only much more pure and weed free, but it is also a heavier, better quality seed.

Well, these are just a very few of the things that should be done in August, and I'm sure that you can easily think of a hundred more. Goodbye for now. See you next month.

Frank Field

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

When I graduated from college, over 40 years ago, dear father took me with him to his old home in Montreal. After a wonderful six weeks visit, meeting scores of relatives, we left for home. There had been a grand get-together earlier in the evening and they all went to the train. We filled a street car. I shall never forget the scene as our train slowly pulled out of the station and they all began singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Next day, in getting out our lunch box (those days folks ate lunches on trains) I decided to open a bottle of catsup. A cousin had been complimented previously on her delicious catsup and we thought it might pep up our roast beef sandwiches. As I loosened the bottle cork, the most awful explosion followed. Catsup shot out, covering father's face and clothes and my light grey suit. Two men on the opposite seat across the aisle, jumped up and left. Some one opened the window and I threw the bottle out. Poor father was in agony with his eyes and a kind lady back of me brought wet towels. My suit was ruined and such a time as we had getting cleaned up. We kept wet towels on father's poor eyes for several hours. Later the two men came back, stopping to ask, "What was that stuff?"—Edith Seabery, Plainview, Nebr.



Mrs. Mary Hart of Battle Lake, Minn. who made the highly original button house pictured on page 14.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

As a general rule if anything has to be neglected during the busy summer months, it is sure to be the chickens. Household duties have a way of piling up along with canning, and extra washing and ironing. Your time simply won't reach to cover everything, so the poultry comes in on the lean end of the deal.



Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I think that chickens suffer the most from lack of water. Quite often this task is left to the small son or daughter, and chickens have a provoking way of quickly emptying their pans and fountains when the sun is hot. The watering pail seems heavier and the distance the water is to be carried seems longer just when Johnnie or Mary are enjoying themselves in the shade, or at some favorite game.

And again when the task is left for the children they neglect to clean out the drinking vessels as thoroughly as they should. As a large portion of an egg is water, good clean fresh water should be where a hen has access to it at all times.

Also provide plenty of shade. I have seen places where chickens have been confined to small bare pens without shade or protection of any kind from the sun. The sun's rays are a necessary element to a hen's life the same as to a child's or any other individual, but when they get great doses of it day after day they too suffer the same as a person from its heat.

Vines may be planted to give quick shade, but you will not have much luck getting them to grow along the fenced enclosure if you do not have any other green feed for your chickens.

I saw just such a bare place a few days ago, and I thought how those hens must suffer for a taste of green food with all the green things growing around them as they scratched in that little bare pen.

The owner of this flock was complaining because the hens were eating eggs! I'm afraid if I were one of those hens I would do worse than "eat eggs." I wouldn't even lay any, for in that pen of about sixty hens there were only three, one-pound coffee cans for water, and although it was mid-afternoon the cans were all empty and very likely wouldn't be filled again before evening. No telling how long they had been empty either.

I do not know of anything that will so quickly repay you for the care shown to a flock, as a hen. Please, please see to it that your flock of chickens, both old and young, have plenty of water and plenty of shade during these hot summer months.

—Olinda Carolyn Wiles

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



A Hobby House is a pleasant place
Where everyone likes to be,
Whether rich and famous as movie
stars,

Or humble like poor little me.

There are hobbies old and hobbies
rare,

Odd, unique, and plain;

And the folks who ride a hobby horse
Are welcome as the rain.

—Reprinted from Hobby House
News

One of the nicest little magazines
that has come to my desk in many a
day is called the Hobby House News.
It is published by Inez Baker, Box 222,
Corning, Iowa and those of you who
are really riding a hobby horse these
days should write to Mrs. Baker and
inquire about the work she is doing.
In the June issue there is an article
on vases that I found highly interest-
ing, and I'm sure that those of you
who collect vases for a hobby would
be interested in it too.

Stamps and postmarks — Robert
Slight, Applington, Ia.

Movie star pictures and pen pals.—
Miss Lilah Mae Linder, Milford, Ia.,
Box 82.

Small elephants—Miss Elsie Bjork,
c/o Blondies Beauty Shoppe, Remsen,
Ia.

Stamps—Geneva Haight, Logan, Ia.
Pictures and biographies of dis-
tinguished people for scrapbook; also
poetry—Mrs. W. R. Wright, Olathe,
Kansas, RFD 4.

Stamps, postmarks and paper nap-
kins—Miss Dorothy May Mueller, Vic-
tor, Ia., RFD 2, Box 117.

Poetry—Mrs. A. Cross, Leon, Ia.

Movie stars, post cards, hankies
from different states, buttons. Would
like to correspond with girls from
other states. Aged 13.—Miriam Wen-
ger, 1015 West First St., Abilene, Kans.

Fancy work patterns — Mrs. O. E.
Steinberg, Charles City, Iowa, RFD 1.
Is a shut-in.

Salt and pepper shakers; also but-
tons.—Mrs. Fred Moore, 1627 N. 57th
St., Lincoln, Nebr.

Post cards—Audrey Jensen, 193 E.
Fremont St., Elmhurst, Ill.

Wash cloths and turkish towels—
Alyce Mensik, North Bend, Nebr.

Crochet patterns and pen pals—Mrs.
Mary Linder, Box 82, Milford, Ia.

Stamps and old issues of T.B. Christ-
mas seals — Sylvia Ginther, RFD 3,
Clay Center, Kansas.

This past month I have received a
card from a friend at Flanagan, Ill.
that contained a justified complaint.
She said that she had spent money for
items that different folks requested,
and in return had received nothing
for her collection and, in some in-
stances, not even a thank-you. It's
not the first time this complaint has
come to me, and I believe you'll agree
that to neglect to send even a thank-
you isn't the spirit that we'd like to
have in our Hobby Club.

Sometimes people say that they will
exchange items—in fact, so many peo-
ple say this when they request that
their names be listed, that I finally had
to conserve space by simply putting
down the hobby. I would make this sug-
gestion: when you wish to send some-
thing for a hobby collection, why not
drop a penny postal card to that per-
son and ask if they would like an ad-
dition, and if they can send something
for your collection in return? If you
don't get a reply you'll know that they
aren't interested, and if they do reply
you can go ahead as you had planned.



This remarkable button house made by Mrs.
Mary Hart of Battle Lake, Minn. has 4,170
buttons inside and outside. Nine shallow
drawers slide into the back and are filled with
loose buttons. At one end is a large window
with a candle in it, and there are two windows
at the other end.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

SCRIPTURE POST CARDS — High quality,
beautiful illustrations, each containing a
scripture text and suitable verse for birth-
days etc. Package of twelve for 25¢ 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-fashion-
ed buttons. Mrs. Raymond Becker, O'Ka-
bena, Minnesota, Box 3.

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

THE GREEN SHUTTER BOOK SHOP at
Clarinda, Iowa can supply you with any
book that you need for club programs,
gifts, or just for your own particular en-
joyment. Write to Erna Driftmier, Clarinda,
Iowa for the solution to your book problems.

LETTERS ARE COMING to Mrs. Helen
Fischer from all over the United States
these days commending her on her fine
book, "The Flower Family Album." This
"Family Album" has taken flower lovers
by storm, so order your copy today from
Mrs. Helen Fischer, Shenandoah, Iowa.
Price \$1.50 P.P.

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

Cook books and old money — Mrs.
Martie Goldsmith, 3304 N. 52nd St.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Handkerchiefs—Mrs. B. Hines, 509
W.C. Street, Hastings, Nebr.

Wash cloths and hot pads — Mrs.
Elmer Mensik, Linwood, Nebr., RFD 1.

Hot pan holders and handkerchiefs—
Agnes Mensik, North Bend, Nebr.

Pot holders—Mrs. A. A. Cowan, 1616
Grand Ave., Omaha, Nebr.

Paper napkins—Mrs. Clara Deaton,
2457 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

Will exchange handkerchiefs, Cacti,
plants and all kinds of fancy work for
view cards from every state.—Mrs. F.
F. Schmedtberger, Gorham, Kansas.

Odd-shaped pencils and ones with
advertisements on which all printed
words show—Mary C. Trumbull, RFD
6, Towanda, Pa.

Handkerchiefs and crochet patterns
—Mrs. Ole Jacobson, RFD 1, Hayfield,
Minn.

Buttons—Mrs. Frederick J. Ahrens,
RFD 2, Brewster, Minn.

Dolls up to eight inches tall—Mrs. M.
Wagner, 323 W. 4th St., Larned, Kans.

China dogs and buttons—Ida Burton,
604 Fifth St., Sibley, Iowa.

Crocheting holders, chair sets,
doilies, edges, and braiding, crocheting
or knitting rugs. — Bessie Dingsley,
Box 44, Rowley, Iowa.



PET STORIES

I have decided to tell you three short stories instead of one longer story, because I want you to hear something about my pet animals. Perhaps you'll be more interested when I tell you that these stories are true.

First I shall tell you about the little deer, a pretty speckled fawn. In the cold days of last winter, deer food was hard to find in Minnesota and many deer became very bold, bold enough to be seen in barn yards and near farm buildings. One little fawn seemed to forget fear entirely. It was glad to eat out of our hands, and in a few days became so tame it followed us into the house. The fawn liked it there, and on the third trip jumped upon the bed and curled up to take a rest in a nice warm, soft spot. After this visit the fawn came back very often and did not disappear until the warmer days of spring arrived. We wonder if the fawn will come back to make a call next winter.

My next story is about Lucky. Now Lucky is a fine looking police dog who could easily run a Lost-And-Found department. How do I know? Well, listen to this: about a week ago we were camped at a lovely lodge on the north shore of big Lake Superior. One morning I went to the car, unlocked it, got some things I wanted, and then locked it again. I put the keys in a pocket of the old coat I was wearing and walked toward our cabin.

After a few minutes I discovered that the key was gone! It had fallen through a hole in my pocket! Then the search began. Soon the owner of the lodge joined us and he suggested that if Lucky had found the key in its little leather case that I would find it on the porch of the lodge where he usually puts things he finds. In a few seconds I was on the porch picking up my key case just where Lucky had dropped it in his Lost-And-Found department. I was lucky that Lucky knew his business.

The last story—it's also true—is about my pet cat whose name is Silly. He earned that name by the things he does. Since he was a small kitten he has enjoyed car riding and crawling into a large paper bag for a nap. I have taught him to jump up on a high kitchen stool, and from there he leaps to my shoulders. He does this last

trick without scratching me. Perhaps his silliest trick is kissing me on the chin. He will do it whenever I pick up his front feet and bend down to meet him.

Do you have pets who do unusual things? If so, I wish you would take a few minutes to tell me about them. I'd love to hear from you. Just send a card or letter to me at Browerville, Minn.

—Mrs. Fred Zappe

HOW THE FORGET-ME-NOT GOT ITS NAME

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
All timidly she came,
And standing at the Father's feet
And gazing in his face,
She said with meek and timid grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on her
And said, "Forget-me-not."

WHEN PAPA WAS A BOY

When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the country 'round about
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And he was always there,
He never made the baby cry
Or pulled his sister's hair.
He never slid down the banisters
Or made the slightest noise,
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed 'till noon,
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.
He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
"But truly, I could never see,"
Said little Dick Mallory,
"How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy."

—Selected.

The Kitchen-Klatter circle is growing steadily. More than 30,000 read the magazine every month.



These two pretty little girls, Genita Cunningham and Phyllis Joan Cunningham, live near Kirksville, Mo. but this picture was taken while they were visiting their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cunningham of Triplett, Mo.

FLOWERS

Did you know you can preserve flowers and leaves with paraffin wax? This is how to do it. Probably mother will let you have some like she uses to seal jelly. Melt the wax. You will soon learn just how hot it should be. If it's too hot it wilts the flowers, or too cool it won't go on evenly. Dip the flower or leaf in the wax. Be sure it is all covered. Hold it by the stem until it is hard enough to lay down. This will make a lovely bouquet to have in your room for a long time, and they will look like fresh flowers.

SOME RIDDLES FOR YOU

Ques.—When is a horse like a good student? Ans.—When he knows his (s)table.

Ques.—How do you make a slow horse fast? Ans.—Stop feeding him.

Ques.—Why should one avoid giving a colt a cold? Ans.—Because he might become a little hoarse.

Ques.—Why is a horse such a queer feeder? Ans.—Because he eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Ques.—Why is a colt like an egg? Ans.—He must be broken before you can use him.

Ques.—Why is a race horse like a boy's nose when he has a cold? Ans.—Because it runs.

Ques.—Why is a horse like a stick of candy? Ans.—The more you lick him the faster he goes.

TRY THESE AT YOUR NEXT PARTY

Ques.—What insect frequents district schools? Ans.—Spelling bees.

Ques.—Just what is the board of education? Ans.—It is nothing but the schoolmaster's shingle.

Ques.—How does a boy feel when he is kept in for poor spelling? Ans.—He feels spellbound, of course.

Ques.—What is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school boy? Ans.—The one baits his hook; the other hates his book.

Ques.—Why is a naughty school boy like a postage stamp? Ans.—Because he is licked and put in a corner to make him stick to his letters.

Ques.—What dances at a ball, yet is nothing at all? Ans.—Shadow.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

Mrs. Julius Manke of Gaylord, Minn. wrote to me about an effective plan that their Ladies Aid uses for making money. She says that several times a year they have what they call the Aid Grab Bag. Each member takes a gift, (most of them take aprons, she adds), and these are all put into a big container of some kind. Then the members draw out their gifts and have a great deal of fun showing what they draw. A chance at the Grab Bag means only twenty-five cents for the members, and needless to say quite a big amount of cash can be raised this way when there is a good-sized membership.

APRON SPECIAL

This neat little apron is sent to you,
And this is what we wish you'd do;
The little pocket you plainly see,
For a special purpose is meant to be.

Now measure your waistline, inch by inch,
And see that the measure does not pinch.
For each small inch you measure 'round,
In the pocket put a penny sound.

The game is fair, you will admit;
You waist your money—we pocket it.
And the money the pockets so freely pay,
Will be used by us in the surest way.

The Ladies Aid Society
of the
Name of Church
Town, State

ANOTHER IDEA

"I do like so much the helps for raising money for aids and party suggestions. Here is the way our aid did: I was chairman of our division for August and in April I gave out a dime to each with this original rhyme written on a card:

Please, for our aid accept this dime
Keep account of its travel thru the time,
Multiply its worth as much as you're able
By sewing, gardening, or something for the table.
Four months we have to scheme so cleverly
The fifth we'll join for a joyous revelry.

In case this dime for you doesn't grow
Bring it back and let us know.
To the one who has the greatest swag
A prize will be given in a paper bag.

Some planted seed and raised and sold cucumbers, tomatoes and melons, some raised chickens, some did baking and sold it, some sewed and some shined shoes, one lady trucked and one crocheted and sold holders."

HELPS FOR STORK SHOWER

"I want to give you a few suggestions for a stork shower. When serving lunch, use an empty baby talc can for sugar and a baby bottle with nipple for cream. Cut the very tip of the nipple off for easier pouring. Use plain white paper napkins folded like a diaper and pinned with a tiny gold safety pin.

One game we played was, take a large white stocking and in it place as many articles as possible pertaining to babies, such as teething ring, bottle, nipple, talcum powder, a string of safety pins, baby comb and brush or anything with shape. Pass this around to the guests allowing each one to feel it for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, then pass out papers and pencils and have everyone try to remember what they felt in the stocking. Give a prize for the most nearly correct list."—Mrs. Elmer Garber, Seward, Nebr.

The Kitchen-Klatter circle is growing steadily. More than 30,000 read the magazine every month.

NAMING THE TWINS

Divide your guests into two groups and ask each to give a baby's name, either boy or girl. To the name given the player opposite must give a "twin" name. Failure to do so puts a player "out". Another way to play this game is to ask guests to make lists of "twins" names. The lists are given to the honor-guest to pick from, and the prize goes to the writer of the longest list.

DRESS THE BABY

For all kinds of fun and excitement, nothing is quite so good as the popular old contest called "Dress the Baby." Get a large baby doll for this game, and see that it has a complete outfit of clothing. Be sure that pins are provided for the diaper, and then turn each guest loose with the doll that has been undressed first. Time the players and see who can get the baby dressed in the fewest minutes; give a prize to the winner. This always provides lots of laughter and gayety, and would be a good way to open your party.



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LEANNA DRIFTMIER, Shenandoah, Iowa

