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Kitchen-Klatter

MAGAZINE

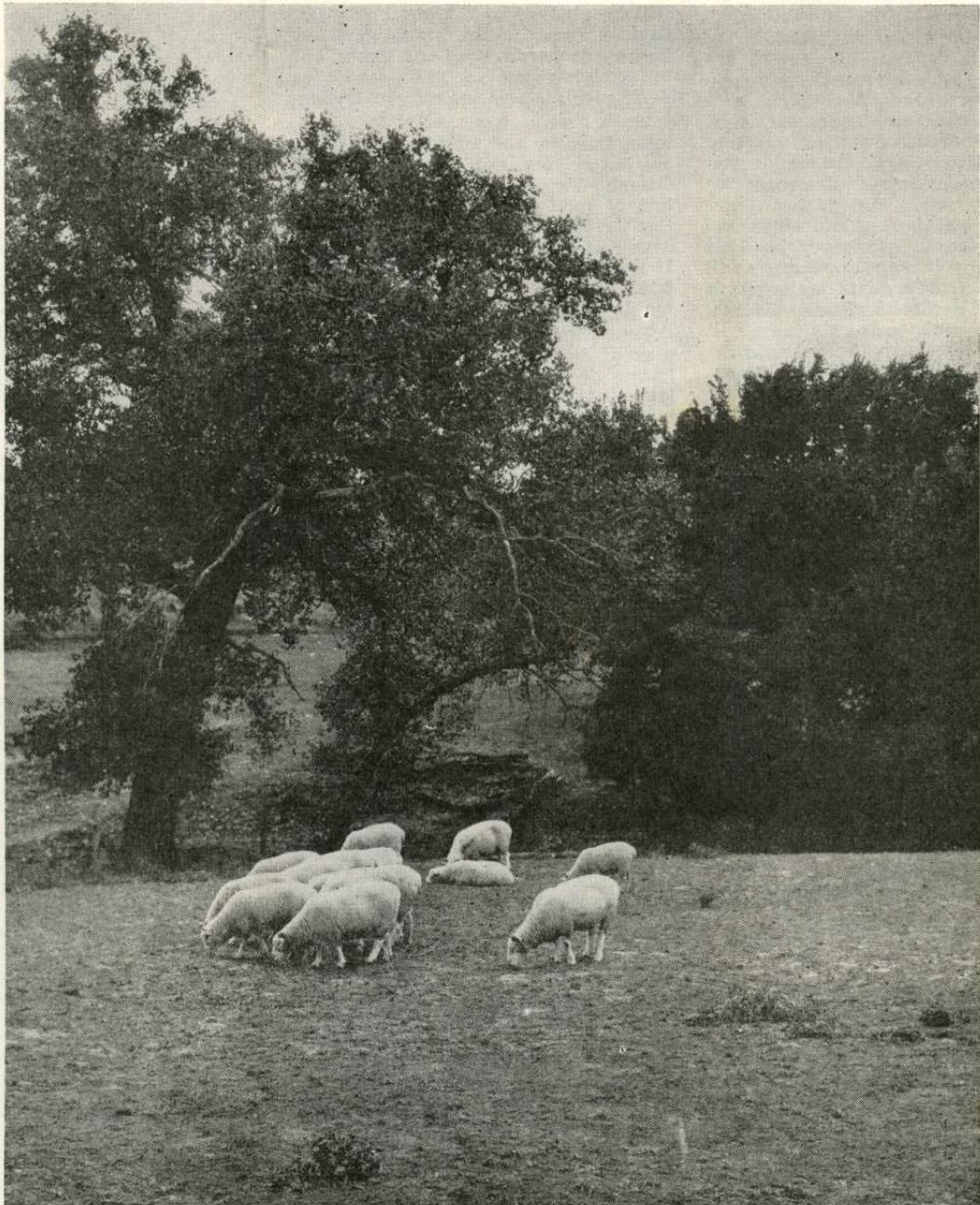
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1941

SHENANDOAH, IOWA



Price 10 cents



Green Pastures



A LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen - Klatter Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends,

School Days! School Days!

Dear old Golden Rule Days!

Well they are almost here again. All over the country there is a note of anticipation as September first draws near. Some of you are starting the "baby" to school. Others of you are getting your young folks ready for college.

It seems no time at all, since our children were in grade school. This year the three youngest Driftmiers will be in college. Wayne is majoring in Economics at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa this year. Margery will be a senior at Maryville State Teacher's College and Don will be a Sophomore at Park College, Parkville, Mo. Because of Wayne's draft number "coming up", he may not get to attend college all year.

I am glad the three don't leave on the same day, for that would leave us very lonely. While I am writing about our children, I will tell you where the other four are living. Howard, our eldest son, is not at home this fall. He is employed in Omaha, Nebr. Lucile (Verness) is in Hollywood where her husband is working as a photographer. Dorothy (Johnson) lives here in Shenandoah and Frederick is teaching in Assiut, Egypt.

We mothers can't keep our children with us always and it is a comfort that every night we can ask God to be with them and guide and protect them, wherever they may be. I like that poem by Julia Baker, "Mizpah". One verse goes like this:

I sigh sometimes to see thy face
But since this cannot be,
I'll leave thee to the care of
Him
Who cares for thee and me
"I'll keep you both beneath my
my wings"—
This comforts, dear,
One wing o'er thee and one
o'er me,
So we are near.

You mothers who have sons in camp will find comfort in this verse, too.

At last we have had a letter from Frederick in Egypt. The last word we had, was three months ago. He has spent the summer at Nasser, a Mission Station, down near the equator. He has gone tiger hunting and had some real thrilling adventures. I will print his letter in a future issue of Kitchen-Klatter. You will enjoy reading it. I

will be glad when I know he is safe back in Assiut again. These stories of hunting leopards, lions and tigers, and of avoiding snakes and crocodiles, don't give me any too calm a feeling!

Since I wrote last month, Mr. Driftmier, Dorothy and I attended a Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Krug Park in St. Joseph, Mo. It was a grand picnic lots of food and fun. We ate in the Shelter House, where I could look out over this beautifully landscaped park. It was nice to meet so many of these friends whose names were familiar to me. It was a day I will long remember.

You Kitchen-Klatter friends mean a great deal to me. I appreciate your letters of encouragement and appreciation of what I am trying to do, in my small way. If you who are reading this letter have never written me, I shall be very glad to hear from you and welcome you into this friendly Kitchen-Klatter Circle. You will enjoy feeling you are one of this big family of sisters, all with the same idea in mind—to be the best wives, mothers and homemakers it is possible for us to be.

And now, Goodbye, and may God bless you every one, you and your dear families.

—Leanna.

AROUND THE TABLE

Three times a day our families meet around the table for refreshment. Most of us allow this repetition to become dull and a mere routine. We take our food and our families for granted. The table may be laden with good food, but the atmosphere dismal. The family hurry through the meal, in anything but an appreciative mood, when no doubt Mother has spent hours in a hot kitchen, baking pies or home made rolls. There are probably arguments about who shall use the family car or whether or not Mary shall go to the picture show twice in one week. No one tries to make cheerful or entertaining conversation. No one is happy, even though they are fuller.

You may realize that this is a true picture of your eating habits and would like to change them. Have a talk with each member of your family, separately, and obtain a promise of cooperation. Ask for suggestions. Instead of neighborhood gossip and remarks about the food, tell stories,

discuss current events or play simple games.

When our children were small and even as they grew up, one of them would say, when leaving the table, "Good dinner, Mother." The rest would echo the same opinion. It was a little thing to say but what mother does not appreciate remarks of this kind!

Whether your meals are eaten in the dining room or the kitchen, from a white table cloth or an oilcloth, the meals can be made refreshing to the soul as well as the body.

GOD'S WILL FOR ME

I am so glad!

It is such a rest to know

That Thou has ordered and appointed all,

And wilt yet order and appoint my lot. For though so much I cannot understand,

And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest, Thou, my Lord,
This is enough for me.

—Anon.

Whatever the days may bring to us, it is a comfort to know it is God's will. Each complaint we make will take us farther from Him. If we could only get a glimpse of what God has in store for us, we would not resent all the trouble and pains He takes with us. It is God's way to work slowly. We must not be afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send us, for with these trials He gives strength to bear them.

We know not what the path may be

As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee
Our Father and our God.

—W. J. Irons

I'M IN FAVOR OF IT

Our local paper carried an editorial by Elsie Robinson on uniform costumes for school children. I am very much in favor of that idea. Where Lucile went to High School in California, the uniform dress consisted of a blue wool, full pleated skirt and a middy blouse. On Friday the girls were allowed to wear some other dress, but very few of them did. Many of you mothers have found it a real problem to dress your high school daughter in clothing she need not feel ashamed of, when sitting in class with a girl whose parents buy her the latest Hollywood creations. Children cannot do their best school work when laboring under an inferiority complex. Uniform dress would solve the problem, but very few schools have courage to endorse it.

CONTEST WINNERS

Those who wrote the best letters on the subject, "How I, a Homemaker, Can Best Serve My Country" were 1. Mrs. Willis Trotter, Maysville, Mo. 2. Mrs. Harley Gould, Decatur, Nebr. 3. Mrs. E. Buchenau, Nemaha, Nebr.

Honorable Mention: Mrs. L. G. Reeves, Wheeling, Mo., Mrs. Arlene Tame, Hopkins, Mo., Mrs. Geo. Lingelbach, Waterloo, Iowa, Mrs. Will Sunbarger, Tarkio, Mo.

Come into the Garden with Helen



GARDEN FURNITURE

Under this heading we include all pergolas and lattices as well as seats and benches of various sorts. The main rule to keep in mind is uniformity. If you like to use rustic furniture, have it in the informal part of your yard enclosed and hidden by naturalistic shrub plantings.

That which shows from the street should harmonize with the house in its architectural treatment and the color of its paint.

The arrangement of seats and benches should be handled just as in a room; a comfortable resting place by each special point of interest and the middle of the lawn kept clear.

Just as the fireplace is the family center in the living room, you will find that your pool attracts most strongly in your garden and seems to call for a number of seats.

No yard is fully furnished unless our guests, the birds, are supplied with houses and feeding stations. The Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., will furnish you free of charge a bulletin on the subject.

The following ten rules were given by a Missouri College of Agriculture expert to DeKalb County, Missouri, Farm Bureau women, as rules for improving the home grounds:

1. The house should be in good repair and well painted.
2. The outbuildings should be in good repair and painted the same color as the house.
3. The yard must be well graded and seeded, free of rubbish and kept well mowed.
4. There should be plenty of shade provided by long-lived trees planted in groups or as single specimens, never in rows.
5. There should be a good, permanent foundation planting along with border and corner plantings.
6. Walks and drives should be where needed.
7. Clothes lines, grindstones and similar equipment should be placed in the rear and partially or wholly screened by plantings.
8. All live stock, including poultry, should be excluded from the yard.
9. All unsightly objects and views should be screened by plantings and all good views framed by plantings.
10. Fences should be in good repair and, if wood, should be painted or white-washed.

Helen Field Fischer



Kitchen Klatter picnic at St. Joseph, Mo. This picture was taken in the Shelter House July 16, 1941.

WORKING WITH BULBS IN SEPTEMBER

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb, Luverne, Minn.

The month of September finds us working with bulbs, some to put into the ground, some to take out of it. Though we usually wait until the latter end of the month to do either job, still it is a very good idea to do our planning and ordering early.

A bulb in the hand is often worth two in the ground. This is true of the tender bulbs and tubers we must lift and store over winter in places having a cool but dry temperature; above freezing, but not warm enough to start any premature growth. Zephyranthes, sometimes called Rain Lilies or Fairy Lilies are very often forgotten and left in the ground to freeze, since their bloom is spasmodic and their foliage scant. At their last blooming, mark well their location. Before frost, dig and store in dry dirt or sand. Climbing Mignonette, the Madeira Vine, is not so easily forgotten, for it is at its best just before frost especially in more northern sections, beloved alike by both butterflies and bees, attracted by its sweet perfume. Its small potato-like tubers may be dug after a slight frost has blackened the vines and may be stored the same as Fairy Lilies. A few might be potted up to make a vine for the window. Its bright clean, glistening greenery grows remarkably fast.

Dahlia tubers are dug after a killing frost. Cut the foliage and allow the tubers to dry a little after digging. Invert the clump so that the moisture will leave the hollow stalk. Gladioli corms are dug in much the same way. Dry them in moderately warm sunshine before storing in paper bags. The Tuberose, Amaryllis, Peruvian Daffodil, Butterfly Lily and Calla—all these must come into the house and join the other potted plants, blooming in early spring.

As for bulbs which are to go into the ground, we still have a great many to choose from, although many foreign grown bulbs have left our markets. Here is a good chance to use some of our own surplus to good advantage. An old tulip bed may be worked over, replanting the larger bulbs in new settings and propagating the smaller ones in an improvised nursery or seed bed. Perhaps a few seeds might be experimented with, although this is usually a long and tedious job. Blank spots in a tulip border may be reinforced by additions from other clumps which have multiplied greatly. However, tulips are still within the reach of everyone and are a good investment. New varieties of lily bulbs may be planted now and will be well established by spring. There are many hardy ones which grow lovelier through the years and give us the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort.

And don't forget to plant quantities of the dainty rock garden bulbs, whether in rockeries or in protected parts of the border near its edge. These include Grape Hyacinths, Scillas, Glory of the Snow and Crocus. Snowdrops also come early.

HOW WE LEARNED TO SPEAK

IN PUBLIC

By Lucile Verness

One of the things that I have been eager to write about on this page is the way in which Mother and Father helped us to accept the responsibilities that came when we were asked to contribute what talent we had to public affairs. The sheltered life of home doesn't last very long in any case, and how individuals meet the big gulf that yawns between home and the world is determined by the kind of direction that they have received. Fortunately, all seven of us had the best possible kind of direction.

I realized this with full force some two years ago when I was asked to speak before an audience of five-hundred people in Minneapolis on the subject of writing. Now I don't like to face five-hundred faces any better than the next person and I must admit that it was a temptation at first to refuse the invitation, but after I had had time to think the whole problem over and to remember what Mother and Father had always said about giving of the abilities that we possessed, well, I couldn't do anything but appear and give a reasonably good speech!

They didn't wait until we were practically grown before they started us on the right path. No, from the very first we were taught by example and by quiet encouragement to accept the things that were asked of us. I was three when I made my first appearance in public. Mother taught me a nice little Christmas song for the church program on Christmas Eve, and I walked up on the platform like a veteran because she had taught me to pretend that I was singing it for her at home. This simple trick worked like magic.

Dorothy's first appearance was something of a disaster! It was Children's Day and I had learned to play the accompaniment for a song titled, "Rose, Sweet Rose." Dorothy knew it backwards and forwards, but for some unexplainable reason she got as far as the chorus and then stalled helplessly. She stood there repeating "Rose, rose, rose" while I thumbed desperately at the piano hoping to lead her on, but it was no use—she couldn't get past those roses. Of course she dissolved into tears. I cried, too, in sympathy. And our particular contribution to that Children's Day was mercifully over.

But did Mother and Father humor Dorothy and say, "There, there, you'll never have to sing at church again?" They did nothing of the kind. When Christmas came around Dorothy appeared once again and this time she came off with flying colors. If they had let another holiday go by without giving Dorothy a chance to prove that she really could sing without forgetting she might very well have gotten such a complex that never again in the future could she have appeared. As it is, Dorothy has enough poise to confront any kind of an audience.

Frederick, the orator of our family, got off to an early start. When he was

only about fifteen months old he stood up in his highchair and delivered long, loud speeches in a tongue that was all his own. He waved his arms about, too, just as though he were a political speaker holding forth at a crowded rally. Naturally it was quite a spectacle and we were all tempted to laugh, but Dad wouldn't permit this for a second.

"Frederick's going to have a real ability for public speaking," Dad said. "Do you want to laugh him out of it by making him self-conscious?"

So we never laughed and hurt his feelings. Instead we listened with real respect because I can assure you that it was truly a sight. If you can imagine William Jennings Bryan in pink rompers standing up in a high chair you can get some idea of the performances that Frederick used to give us.

Dad's wisdom certainly bore fruit. I doubt if anyone has ever spoken in public who felt more genuinely at ease than Frederick. He has addressed large audiences all over the country, and he was successful because he was so wholly and completely natural and unselfconscious. All of his mind was free to devote to the subject on which he spoke; he didn't have to use part of it to fight down feelings of insecurity and embarrassment because those feelings had never had the opportunity to develop.

Wayne, Margery and Donald all had the same kind of training. We listened to them speak their pieces at home and told them how well they performed. And without coming right out and saying it, the family let them know that they could do even better in public. This applied to Wayne's role in a high school play, and Margery's many solos, and Donald's appearances at church.

Along with this kind of direction there was something else of equal importance. Mother and Father always stressed the fact that when you belonged to a community you owed it something. If you belonged to a church—and all of us did—you were expected to contribute the very best of your abilities to it. If you belonged to a social organization of any kind you belonged as an active member, not as the kind of a person about whom it is said, "Oh no, don't ask so-and-so because she won't do a thing aside from getting out to meetings once in a while." If you had experiences that other people were interested in hearing about, then it was your obligation to attempt to satisfy their interest.

This attitude was of the greatest importance, eliminating as it did all temptation that there might be to shirk one's duty. Furthermore, it created a feeling of poise and self-assurance. If you knew that you were meeting your obligations and doing the best that you could do, then no audience held any terrors. These people in front of you were not critical and waiting eagerly for you to make a mistake. Instead they were people who appreciated your efforts and wanted you to do your very best. This was foremost in my mind the night I spoke

before the large audience in Minneapolis. Many writers much better than I were in that audience, but I remembered the things that I had heard at home and launched into my speech believing that the sea of faces in front of me belonged to people who appreciated the discussion of a subject that interested them. And I was right in my belief.

Another thing that gave us courage to appear in public was the certainty that Mother and Father were proud of us. When we arrived home we could be sure that Dad would say, "Well I want to congratulate you on doing very well. It gave me real satisfaction to sit there and listen to your speech." And I remember vividly an occasion when we learned that pride works both ways. One night Mother went to another town to speak to a Parents-Teachers Association meeting, and we were all proud of her as she left the house looking very lovely.

"This is the way I feel about you when you go someplace to speak or sing," she said. "It's nice to be proud of the people you care for, isn't it?" My! what an impression that made on us. It wasn't even a really serious temptation to shirk one's duty after that!

There is nothing more painful than to address an audience with flushed cheeks, trembling knees, and words that simply won't unfreeze. I know because my heart has gone out to men and women who were obviously in a state of anguish. That the seven of us have been spared such misfortune is something that we are very grateful for, and I'm sure that as long as we live we will continue to thank Mother and Dad for such intelligent encouragement and direction.

Thank God for sleep!
And, when you cannot sleep,
Still thank Him that you live

To lie awake.
And pray Him, of His grace
When He sees fit, sweet sleep to give,
That you may rise, with newborn eyes,
To look once more into His shining face.

—Sent by N.M.J., Lincoln, Nebr.

Subscribe for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Price \$1.00 a year. 10¢ single copy.



Leanna Driftmier in the garden.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT

Written by our son who teaches in a Mission College in Assiut, Egypt. —Leanna.
(Letter of January 15, 1941, continued.)

Assiut, Egypt
February 2, 1941

Dear Folks,

A happy birthday to Margery! the old groundhog can certainly see his shadow here in Egypt today. It has been almost twelve months since the last drop of moisture fell here. The sun is quite hot today.

The most exciting thing that has happened to me lately was a bicycle wreck. I have been very lucky to have had no accident in this blackout. I was going very slowly out of the drive here at the college, being very careful to keep on my own side of the road. Suddenly, without any warning, an American boy crashed into me, head on. He was going very fast and we were thrown to the ground with our bicycles on top of us. Neither of us were hurt but both bicycles were damaged badly. The only funny thing about it was that I thought I had been hit by one of our Egyptian boys and started shouting in Arabic; and Morrice, hearing my Arabic, shouted at me in the same language. When each found out the other's identity, we had a good laugh.

As Superintendent of the Sunday School, I am having a series of parties for the different classes. My, but they had good times! They are very appreciative of everything done for them.

One of the pitiful things about our students is the number of cases of poor eyesight. In one class I have four one-eyed boys. I always write on the board in letters four inches high, and even then one-fourth of the class have to walk to the front of the room to read the board. This week I bought a pair of glasses for one poor little kid.

The Nile River and the canal are both 25 feet lower than they were in the fall. I never grow weary of riding my bicycle along the river road. Although the Nile is a very muddy river, there are times when it is a perfect sky blue. Right by me I have a gorgeous bouquet of sweet peas. I usually have violets, pansies and huge American Beauty roses, too. It is impossible to exaggerate about the flowers here.

Every Saturday afternoon I go out to Miss Lillian's orphanage, and teach the children to play games. They always follow me clear to the gate when I leave, crying, "Khatta Kherek, Khatta Kherek!" (Thank you very much.) My eyes are plenty moist, to say the least.

March 9, 1941

Happy birthday to Wayne!

One of the Americans from Cairo was here the other day and he told me that on the President's birthday he was listening to a short wave broadcast from America. He heard the announcer say, "And now we take you to Shenandoah, Iowa. Hello Earl May, Come in Earl May," and then he heard Earl talk. My! I wish I could have heard that.

From my window this morning I



Frederick wrote on the back of this picture. "A little mother and her charge. Mother not more than 12 or 13 yrs. old."

have been watching a very interesting display. There is a government plane flying back and forth, across the valley, looking for fields of opium poppy or fields of "hashish". Both these drugs are illegal, and so the farmers plant small fields of both, in the center of other fields. The planes fly very close to the ground.

Every day I am more and more amazed at the poverty I see about me. Many of our students are small in size because of generations of malnutrition. Most of them live on about ten cents a day. Their food consists mostly of bread, beans and onions. One of our students was living on bread and raw cucumbers. The students who eat at our school get good food. This noon for lunch they had a native salad of something that looks and tastes like green grass, onions, tomatoes, beans in tomato sauce, meat, gravy and bread.

I don't know yet, where I will be this summer. I had hoped to travel to the Holy Land, but the war has prevented that. I then planned to try and get a job in Cairo, but believe that is too near the war zone. I'll let you know what I decide.

Love to all,
—Ted.

APPRECIATE OUR SCHOOLS

By Wayne Driftmier

September has rolled around again, and with it has come the usual hustle and bustle of children and young people getting ready to go back to school. This year, more than any year in the past, I feel that everyone, students and parents alike, should stop for a minute and analyze the origin of our school system and the many benefits we all derive from it.

The idea of organizing schools where rich and poor might obtain efficient free instruction didn't take firm root in the minds of the general public in the United States until the early nineteenth century; however, some of the colonies had passed laws prior to this time. In 1647 a law was passed in Massachusetts requiring every town of fifty householders to maintain a master to teach reading and writing, and every town of one hundred householders to maintain a grammar school. These schools weren't really public schools because they weren't free to

the general public. The laws at that time didn't allow for any state or federal aid to the schools and therefore the salary of the master and the expense of conducting the schools had to be borne by the parents whose children took advantage of the instruction. There were similar laws passed by Connecticut and New Jersey, but most of the states paid comparatively little attention to the problem until the close of the Revolutionary War.

I do not want to put too much of the history of our public schools in this article, but I do want to mention the early start of the schools so you can see the tremendous growth that has been made along these lines. From this meager beginning our public schools have grown into one of the largest institutions in the United States. When we stop to compare the small schools in Massachusetts, where the students had to pay for their instruction, with the modern free schools of today, we can see the wonderful gains made toward educating our young people.

The latest figures show that there are 26,000,000 pupils enrolled in our public schools and that the states spend over \$2,200,000,000 each year to maintain these schools. In addition to the public schools, the Federal Government has allotted funds for vocational education, and every year 2,000,000 students take advantage of the training offered by these schools. Of course, our universities and colleges are not a part of our public school system because they are not free to the general public, but I might mention that an additional 2,000,000 young men and women are taking some form of college work. These figures may seem staggering to you, but from them I hope you can get an idea as to how large our school system is.

As you can see from the above figures, our schools probably touch the lives of more of our young people than any other one force. They are one of the bulwarks of our democracy, and, along with our churches, can do more towards strengthening it than anything else in our country.



Phyllis Louden, oldest daughter of Helen Louden who writes for Kitchen Klatter.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight while I am writing this there is a constant soft mewing going on over in the corner. The source of it is Gigue, our black Persian kitten, and her five new babies. Our livestock is now confined to the cats—six of them. Roman, our little dog that I told you about last month, is no longer with us. We have to sleep until almost noon, you know, because Russell works at night, and it was impossible to keep Roman quiet after the sun came up. Every morning his yapping awakened us, so one day two weeks ago I simply hardened my heart and went in search of a home. Well, I found one, such a grand palatial home that poor Roman will never remember his once humble beginning. At this new place he has five terraces to romp on, a swimming pool in case he wants it, and his food delivered from the Canine Restaurant Service once every day. Goodness, such a home! It's not my idea of the way to treat a dog, but no doubt he'll enjoy every minute of it. And one more thing: in the fall he goes to Honolulu! Russell was so appalled at my account that he suggested we trade places with him.

These are the days that we never go out without wondering if you are the people in the cars that carry licenses from Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. The streets are crowded with tourists. One out of every ten cars has an out-of-state registration. I do hope that sometimes I'm right when I say to myself, "Mother's friends," because California at this time of the year is a wonderful place to vacation.

The ocean is a great source of pleasure to us. When Russell doesn't have to do some darkroom work during the day we often pack a lunch, squeeze our two canvas deck chairs into the trunk, and set out to soak up some sun. It's pleasant to lie there by the water (or I should say "sit" by the water since I prefer staying a few inches off of the sand) and watch all of the activity that goes on up and down the beach. At least once every trip I get furious when I see little children forced out into the waves. They're terrified—anyone can see it—and why they don't die of heart failure when they're held forcibly against the breaking combers is something that I don't quite understand. These are the children who will always dread the beach in later life and it seems such an unnecessary shame.

One night last week we were invited to dinner at the home of friends in Westwood, a suburb lying between Hollywood and the ocean. Our hostess served a big baked ham and when I tasted it I thought that I must be sure to tell you how she fixed it. Instead of pineapple juice she used pickled peach juice to baste it, and then just before serving she poured maras-



Gertrude Hayzlett

Tired of your old vases? Need something different to fill a spot in your gift box? Try your hand at making some vases. Materials are to be found in every home—odd shaped bottles and jars, wax crayons, enamel in various colors, and colorless shellac. Mixed with a little imagination, one can make vases to match any kind of flowers and to fit any niche in the home.

The first step is to thoroughly cleanse the bottles. Then paint the rim around the top with enamel, say brown for instance. After this is dry, fill the bottle with very hot water, then take an orange crayon and color in spots all over the bottle filling the vacant places with brown crayon, until entire surface is covered with a thick layer of the colored wax. The heat from the water melts the crayon, causing the colors to blend in a lovely way. As the water cools, the color seems to be baked on. When thoroughly dry, give entire bottle a coat of shellac. Colors and designs may be varied to suit your taste. Make several vases of different colors and shapes, suitable for different kinds and colors of flowers. Can you imagine anything prettier than a squat vase with palish green background and pink and blue mottlings on it, filled with pastel colored sweet peas? Or a brown and orange one with gay yellow mums nodding about it?

Ordinary enamel, painted all over the outside of a bottle, and then dusted with one of the gold or iridescent powders, makes a lovely combination, and is a little simpler to make than with the crayons. Paint the bottle, then before the enamel dries, put a little of the shiny powder on a paper and gently blow it onto the wet paint. Do not attempt to put it on evenly. It is prettier if some spots are thickly gilded and some hardly gilded at all. Finish with a plain band of enamel, preferably a little darker than the rest of vase, around top.

While you have the paint-pot in use, paint tops of some jars and bottles that will be suitable for keeping preserves or jellies. As you are doing the fall canning, fill some of these and have them ready to send your invalid neighbor when she needs a bit of cheer.

chino cherry juice over it and decorated it with the cherries. Yes, I've never tasted finer ham.

In just a few moments it will be time for the late weather forecast, and since we want to go to the beach tomorrow I'm going to tune in and see if we are doomed to have a heavy fog. Until next month, then, my best to you.

—Lucile.

THE GIFT BOX
By Gertrude Hayzlett

BOOSTS

"Dear Leanna, We thought perhaps we could get along without Kitchen-Klatter for a while, the way things look, but when I think of all the helps I've got out of it I made up my mind we could get along without some other things better."—Mrs. P. M. J., Windom, Minn.

"Dear Leanna, I am enclosing one dollar for my renewal and I hope you receive it O. K. Even my husband can hardly wait till the magazine gets here each month. He gets to read it first as he enjoys reading Frederick's letters."—Mrs. J. E., Jefferson, Ia.

"I always read my magazine from cover to cover and enjoy every page of it. In fact, it is the only one I am taking now, and I am completely satisfied with it."—Mrs. H. J. J., Gilbert, Ia.

"Dear Mrs. Driftmier, Well, I just can't wait any longer to order my Kitchen-Klatter. My subscription ran out with the April number, so please start with the May number. I take lots of different magazines, but I believe I could do without some of the others much better than I can do without yours."—Mrs. A. L. S., Omaha, Nebr.

"Dear Leanna, Am sending one dollar for Kitchen-Klatter and ten cents for the jelly molds. Please send me the June number as I don't want to miss one. It is the best little magazine I have ever had, and better than the big ones, too."—Mrs. J. Y., Hawarden, Ia.

"Dear Friend, Enclosed find 10c for the July issue of the Kitchen-Klatter. They were all new to me when I received the April, May and June issues. I was so surprised to see such a magazine. I surely did enjoy reading it from beginning to end. Now I must have the July number."—Mrs. E. L. H. Sloan, Ia.



Louise Fischer Alexander and daughter Jean, holding the doll she got for her 3rd birthday which she celebrated at the home of her grandmother, Helen Fischer. The Alexanders' home is in Hollywood, Cal.

HEALTH HINTS

By Mrs. Walt Pitzer

"Friendly fat" friends, last month I told you I was taking a dose of my own medicine by following the six-day reducing schedule to remove the vacation bloat and excess baggage from my waist line. All went well, only the scales made a fuss and told me that I had eaten so many starches and sweets and would have to repeat the diet again this month and forget the evening meal until the "Fat" was absorbed.

Good luck to me, this is easier than having the Arthritis tell me some things. Will report next month.

School days are with us again and the town takes on a new life when the children, with bubbling enthusiasm, hustle here and there. To the mother, school days mean added responsibility, especially if lunch boxes must be prepared. If a mother sighs at the thought of the lunch box, the child also may sigh when the lunch is a drab affair.

Often the mother has her hands so full she cannot give the lunch the attention it needs, but careful planning will overcome some draw backs. For example, use ready prepared sweets, thereby saving time and energy for the main part of the lunch.

The school lunch should be considered as part of the education, for a child cannot study when the mind is befogged by indigestible food.

Make it tasty in appearance by using colored paper napkins and oiled paper to keep the food moist. The general appearance of the food if it is dainty will start the digestive juices flowing and the child will receive more nourishment from the food.

When possible the heavier meal should be served soon after the child arrives home from school, then a snack at bedtime. This system will give the child a fine appetite for breakfast. Try a breakfast of cereal, toast, eggs, or meat, fruit, and when possible a vegetable. If dry cereal is preferred use very rich milk or cream.

School lunches should require more careful planning than the preparation of a meal served at home.

Whether the child rushes home with a good report card or hesitantly shows one with just barely passing grades is determined to some extent upon what he eats and digests for breakfast and lunch.

I am preparing some lunch box suggestions. Enclose a stamp and you may have one and I will also slip in the poem "Do not worry little mother" for every mother should read it. These may be attached to your Health Hints Leaflet by unfastening the clip.

You will find a report on the Health Hints Leaflet in the advertising column.



Mrs. Walt Pitzer

From My Letter Basket

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES. My kitchen is on the Northeast corner of the house. What color scheme would you suggest?—G. B., Ia.

ANS. Two or three colors combine to make a pleasing effect. Manufacturers have made kitchen equipment and furniture in every color of the rainbow, so it is easy for you to plan your color scheme to the very smallest detail.

For a kitchen with a north exposure, one of my friends has used this color scheme. Walls—light yellow. Wood work the same. Floors—brown, orange and yellow inlaid linoleum. Cabinet, range, sink and refrigerator of yellow to match the walls, with slight use of orange as trimming. Curtains at north windows are yellow and white, bound in orange. The kitchen table and chairs are pine, unstained, but waxed and rubbed.

Color schemes may be carried even farther by the use of gay pottery bowls and kitchen dishes. Jars for salt, sugar and other staple supplies, come in the colored glass or china.

QUES. Our daughter, 20 years old, buys dresses and hats and charges them to her Dad. We have asked her not to do this, but she pays no attention for she knows her father will pay the bills. What can we do?

ANS. If that were my child, I would ask the merchant not to allow her to have merchandise charged. This is not a pleasant thing to do, but should be done. This would bring the results you want, very quickly.

QUES. I have just had Venetian blinds put up at the windows and can I use the same lace curtains and drapes at these windows? J. B., Nebr.

ANS. You can use the same drapes but I would not use the lace curtains. You can buy rods for the drapes that are only about 12 or 14 inches long. The drapes can hang straight or be tied back. If the windows are quite wide, let the drapes hang straight; if narrow, tie them back.

QUES. Shall I put a Venetian blind at my front door? It has a long glass in it.—M. J., Minn.

ANS. I had that question to solve and decided against the blind on the

door. Instead, I have a sheer net curtain held in place at top and bottom by rods.

QUES. Is it proper to put photographs on the piano?—R. F., Mo.

ANS. No, it is not, but most of us do it.

QUES. I understand your children have helped finance their own college education. Do you think this is always a good idea?—L. B., Iowa.

ANS. Yes. Both my husband and I think that unless a child's health won't permit, it is the best plan. A child's physical and mental make-up have to decide how much outside work they can do, and still keep up a high standard of college work. Sometimes it is better for a boy or girl to stay home a year or two, especially if they are very young, and save their money, toward college expenses.

Many colleges prefer a student to do no outside work during his Freshman year, but many do work all four years. Even though parents can afford to pay all college expenses, we believe it is better for the child to assume part of the responsibility. It develops character and stamina.

Parents sacrifice too much, trying to make life easy for their children. They try to clear all the rocks from the paths their children have to tread, instead of training the children to fight their own battles and make their own way. Especially do we try to solve their financial troubles, provide them with money and the comforts it buys. Money brings the most satisfaction to him who earns it. A boy or girl in college will get much more from this experience if they have helped lift the rocks that lay in the path of their obtaining an education. Of course they often have to have the parent's help, but this very cooperation draws parents and children closer together.

This question came to me, "Should a young man who stays on the farm with his parents receive wages or a percent of the profit?" Those of you who have worked out this problem satisfactorily, please write me an answer to this question. (Not over 300 words.)

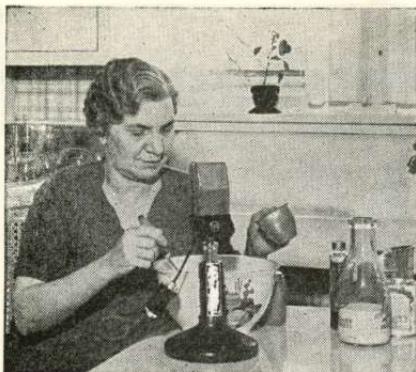
Watto Says:

Electric Living "Takes the Cake". Cheap, Efficient, Dependable.



An Advertisement of The

IOWA-NEBRASKA LIGHT & POWER CO



PARTY FOOD

FRUIT NUT BREAD

½ cup dried apricots
 ½ cup chopped dates
 ½ cup chopped nuts
 3 cups sifted flour
 ½ teaspoon salt
 3 teaspoons baking powder
 ¼ teaspoon soda
 1 ¼ cups brown sugar
 1 egg beaten
 1 ½ cups sweet milk
 2 tablespoons melted butter

Soak apricots for 15 minutes and drain in little pieces. Cut up dates and nuts. Sift together the baking powder, salt, flour and soda. Add brown sugar and mix these ingredients with the fruit and nuts. Melt the butter and combine with the milk and egg, and add to the mixture. Put in loaf pan and let stand 15 minutes. Bake an hour in a 350 degree oven.

CHOCOLATE CHIP PIE
Crust

13 graham crackers rolled fine
 ¼ cup sugar
 4 tablespoons butter
 Mix together. Line your pie dish. Save some graham cracker crumbs for top of pie.

Filling

25 marshmallows
 ½ cup milk
 1/8 teaspoon salt
 2 oz. semi-sweet chocolate, chipped
 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt marshmallows in milk in double boiler, and cool. Add whipped cream, salt, vanilla and chipped chocolate. Pour into graham cracker crust pie-shell. Chill overnight.—Mrs. Arthur Hagerbaumer, Hooper, Nebr.

A HOT LUNCHEON DISH

1 can of asparagus
 4 hard cooked eggs
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 2 cups milk
 1 cup breadcrumbs
 Salt and pepper to taste
 ½ cup buttered crumbs
 ¼ cup grated cheese

Make a cream sauce of butter, flour and milk. Combine ingredients in a casserole, using the buttered crumbs and grated cheese to sprinkle over the top. Bake 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

“Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen Klatter

Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

RED CHERRY SALAD

1 can red cherries
 1 cup sugar
 1 ½ tablespoon granulated gelatine
 1 cup orange juice
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 Shelled pecans
 Whipped cream
 Mayonnaise

Strain the juice from cherries (there should be 1 cup). Add the sugar and let come to a boil. Soak gelatine five minutes in orange and lemon juice. Put half a pecan in each cherry in place of a pit. Add the gelatine and hot juice to the cherries. Chill in individual jelly molds. Serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise combined with whipped cream.

APRICOT ICE BOX CAKE

1 ½ cups apricot pulp, canned or freshly cooked
 Juice of 2 lemons
 4 eggs, separated
 Sugar to taste
 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
 4 tablespoons cold water
 3 dozen lady fingers of graham crackers
 ½ pint whipping cream.

Heat apricots and run through a sieve. Add lemon juice and egg yolks and sweeten to taste. Cook until thick. Then add gelatin that has been soaked in the cold water for 5 minutes. When partly cool, fold in the beaten egg whites. Line a pan with vanilla wafer, graham cracker or lady finger crumbs and pour in the mixture. Let stand eight hours and serve with whipped cream.

PIMENTO CHEESE SANDWICH SPREAD

½ pound cream cheese, grated
 ½ cup sweet milk
 1 tablespoon cornstarch
 ½ teaspoon salt
 lump of butter
 4 oz. can pimentos, chopped fine
 dash of cayenne pepper
 Mix all ingredients together and cook till smooth, stir to keep from sticking.—Mrs. C. J. W., Higginsville, Mo.

Put hot cookies or doughnuts in a crock with the skin of an orange or lemon. It gives them a very delicate flavor.—Mrs. Ed Hennessey, 6138 Kearney St., Lincoln, Nebr.

SANDWICH SPREAD

2 sweet red peppers
 2 sweet green peppers
 1 pint green tomatoes, after grinding
 Mix together and sprinkle with 1 tablespoon salt. Let stand 15 minutes and drain. Cook with ½ cup water until tender. Add ½ dozen ground sweet pickles and keep hot.

Dressing

1 cup sugar
 1 ½ cups vinegar
 2 tablespoons prepared mustard
 2 tablespoons flour
 3 well beaten eggs
 1 cup sour cream

Let boil, stirring constantly, until it is thick like salad dressing. Mix with vegetables and cook together. Put in jars and seal.—Mrs. W. K. Hubbard, Brookfield, Mo.

MEAT LOAF

2 pounds raw ground beef
 ½ pound raw ground pork
 6 level tablespoons minute tapioca
 1 onion
 1 tablespoon butter
 1 egg
 ½ cup sweet milk
 ½ cup tomato catsup
 Salt

Brown chopped onion in butter. Add to other ingredients. Mix very thoroughly. Shape into a firm loaf. Put 1 tablespoonful of catsup on top of loaf and smooth over the entire loaf. Bake in a slow or very moderate oven one and one-half hours. Vegetables may be put around the loaf as with roast. If oven is too hot, loaf will have a tendency to break and fall apart.—Mrs. Carl Massie, Parkville, Mo.

BARBECUED PORK

3 pounds lean pork cut in 3 or 4 pieces to boil. Cook till it falls off bones. Pull apart (shredding), pick out the fat, salt the pork.

Sauce

1 bottle catsup
 1 large green pepper, chopped
 1 large onion, cut fine
 ½ teaspoon dry mustard
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Put 2 tablespoons pickling spices in a bag and drop into the sauce.

Simmer together 20 minutes, remove spices, add pork, simmer slowly about 45 minutes. Serve hot in hot sandwich buns.—Mrs. Geo. W. Jensen, Council Bluffs, Ia.

RELISS

1 peck of ripe tomatoes, chopped fine, peeled (not scalded)
 3 cups chopped onion
 3 cups celery, chopped fine
 3 cups white sugar
 ½ cup salt
 2 red peppers
 2 teaspoons cloves
 2 teaspoons pepper
 2 teaspoons cinnamon
 1 pint vinegar
 Mix all together in an open jar, without sealing.—Miss Marie Johnson, R2, St. Paul, Nebr.

SPECIAL GARDEN RELISH

This relish is easy to make and very inexpensive if you have a garden. Grind fine, 12 onions, 1 large or 2 small cabbages, 8 medium carrots, 4 green mangoes and 4 red mangoes. Mix, salt and let stand 2 hours. Squeeze out all juice and add 1 quart vinegar, 6 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons celery seed and 2 teaspoons mustard seed. Do not cook. Seal in jars. It will keep fresh in color and stay crisp. Makes 6 pints relish.—Mrs. Alfred Bertelsen, Honey Creek, Ia.

DELICIOUS FROZEN PUDDING

In a deep refrigerator tray put a layer of whipped cream, then a layer of crumbed wafers, then sliced bananas, grapenuts, crushed pineapple and nut meats. Over all pour one cup of cream mixed with the juice from a bottle of maraschino cherries. The cherries, chopped, may be added to your pudding. Freeze or merely chill this dessert, and serve with whipped cream.

APPLE FRITTERS

2 1/2 c. flour
1/2 t. salt
4 t. B. P.
1 1/3 c. sweet milk
1 egg well beaten
6 medium sized apples.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add the milk to the well beaten egg and add to flour mixture. Have apples peeled, cored and chopped, stir into batter. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat (about 350 degrees) and fry until nicely browned on both sides about five minutes. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and serve. Best when eaten the day they are made.—Mrs. W. A. Miller, Robinson, Kans.

WHITE CAKE MADE WITH POWDERED SUGAR

1 cup powdered sugar, sifted with 1 cup white sugar. One-half cup butter (thoroughly creamed). Add 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond. 2 1/4 cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Sift three times. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond. 2 1/4 cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Sift three times. Add flour alternately with 1 cup cold water. Let flour be first and last addition. Fold in 4 egg whites, that stand in peaks. Makes three layers. Bake in slow oven 325 degrees to 350 degrees.—Mrs. Morton Woodward, Richland, Kansas.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate. Melt over hot water, in the pan in which candy is to be cooked. Add 2 cups sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons white corn syrup. Mix well. Add 1 cup condensed milk. Cook rapidly till sugar is melted, stirring constantly, then reduce flame and cook slowly to soft ball stage. Cool without beating till hand can be held comfortably on bottom of pan. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat vigorously till thick and creamy. Add 3/4 cup nut meats if desired. Raisins may also be added. Pour into greased pan.

COOKING HELPS

"When making powdered sugar frosting and you have used all the sugar and it is still a little bit soft, put in a little cornstarch. I found this out one evening when making frosting and no stores were open. It doesn't taste of the starch."—Mrs. James C. Daugherty, Ottawa, Kans.

"I have found a good way to get the peppermint candy ready to put in ice cream or desserts—just grate it."—Mrs. Alfred H. Witten, Trenton, Mo.

"When decorating cakes or cookies with colored sugar, put sugar in a salt shaker. It is much easier to put on evenly."—Mrs. Otto Kennett, Scranton, Iowa.

"If the lady that had trouble with her lard will cook it until the cracklings come to the top a nice light brown, then take the fire out from underneath (if she renders out doors), by the time it cools enough to handle she will not have any spoil. I've put away as much as 35 gallons at a time when we were on the farm, and never lost any. When I put lard in the container, I put a white cloth over the top first, then a layer of coarse salt, and tie heavy paper over the tops, if I used jars."—Mrs. F. A. Kunce, Jefferson, Iowa.

Coloring for Gravies, Soups, Sauces etc.

"Burn in a frying pan 1 cup granulated sugar until every grain is black. When it commences to smoke add 1/2 cup boiling water. Cook slowly. Let it cook until the black liquid is a trifle thicker than water. If it gets too thick add water and boil again. When cool, put in a jar or bottle. You can't spoil it. It is tasteless, odorless, has no flavor, but just a little added to gravy brings it to any shade of brown you wish."—Hulda Rewerts, Defiance, Ia.

"In making rhubarb jam, have you ever tried using orange slices (candy) in place of the oranges? Cut in chunks and add about 10 minutes before you take it from the stove. It has the same flavor that oranges give and we like it better."—Mrs. Carl H. Peter-Pierson, Iowa.

"I use my noodle cutter to dice cheese. First slice cheese quite thin, then run cutter over and then across, but before crossing, save out several strips to decorate the top of what you make."—Mrs. E. S. Sewall, Iowa.

"I also have a help that might help someone, when roasting turkeys or meats that are tough. I drop a few nails in the pan alongside of the roast and stick a few of them into the meat. When meat is done, remove the nails right away. I use just ordinary nails, not the galvanized ones. Try this. You will be surprised."—Mrs. P. J. Udelhoven, Newton, Iowa.

SIMPLE SUPPER MENUS

Spaghetti with Tomatoes

Waldorf Salad

Brown Bread	Butter
Sliced Oranges	Cookies
Milk or Tea	

Macaroni and Cheese	
Stewed Tomatoes	Bread
Butter	Jelly
Baked Apple	Cake
Tea or Milk	

Scalloped Salmon	
Hot Muffins	Butter
Jam	
Canned Fruit	Cookies
Milk or Tea	

Cold Meat	Browned Potatoes
Creamed Cabbage	
Bread	Butter
Jam	
Tea or Milk	

Rice with Cheese Sauce	
Cabbage Salad	
Baking Powder Biscuits	
Butter	Honey
Cookies	Fruit
Milk	Tea



1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup creamed butter
5 egg yolks (well beaten)
2 tablespoons baking powder (heaping)
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon lemon extract
3 1/4 cups Mother's Best Flour
1/2 package shredded coconut rolled in
Mother's Best Flour

To creamed butter, slowly add sugar, stirring continually. Add well-beaten yolks of five eggs, add flour, salt, baking powder gradually, adding milk alternately. Roll coconut in flour and add to batter. Add vanilla and lemon extract to batter. Bake in moderate oven (300 degrees) one hour. Use cooked icing.

Mother's Best FLOUR



KMA'S DAILY PROGRAM

960 Kilocycles Shendoah, Iowa
NBC Blue Network
Iowa Broadcasting System

MORNING

5:00 a. m.—The Sun Risers
5:15 a. m.—Blue Ridge Kids & Dorothy
6:00 a. m.—News
6:15 a. m.—Mohawk Trio
6:30 a. m.—Hour of Morning Worship
7:00 a. m.—Clifton M. Utley, News
7:15 a. m.—Frank Field
7:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartet
7:30 a. m.—Hour of Morning Worship (Sun.)
7:45 a. m.—Haden Children (Tues-Thurs-Sat.)
7:45 a. m.—Mary Conrad (Mon-Wed-Fri.)
8:00 a. m.—Morning Headlines
8:15 a. m.—Frank Field
8:30 a. m.—Lem Hawkins
8:45 a. m.—Mid-Morning Devotions
9:00 a. m.—Homemaker's Visit
9:30 a. m.—Stamp's Quartet (Sunday)
9:45 a. m.—Golden River Boys
10:00 a. m.—Earl May, News
10:00 a. m.—Church Services (Sunday)
10:30 a. m.—Lone Journey
10:45 a. m.—Ma Perkins
11:00 a. m.—Chick Holstein
11:15 a. m.—KMA Country School
12:00 Noon—Earl May, News
12:15 p. m.—Market Reports
12:35 p. m.—Midday Melodies
12:45 p. m.—Dorothy & Mary

AFTERNOON

1:00 p. m.—Stamp's Quartet
1:00 p. m.—Back To The Bible (Sun.)
1:15 p. m.—Don Austin
1:30 p. m.—Kitchen Klatter
1:30 p. m.—MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, (Sun.)
2:00 p. m.—Al and Faylon
2:15 p. m.—MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL
4:15 p. m.—The Bartons
4:30 p. m.—News
4:45 p. m.—Scattergood Baines
5:00 p. m.—S. O. S. Program
5:15 p. m.—Faylon Geist—Organ

EVENING

6:00 p. m.—Sports Review
6:00 p. m.—Star Spangled Theater (Sun.)
6:00 p. m.—Auction Quiz (Friday)
6:30 p. m.—Earl May, News
7:00 p. m.—Old Fashioned Revival Hour (Sun.)
7:00 p. m.—Basin St. Chamber Music Society (Mon.)
7:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue (Wed.)
7:00 p. m.—Farm Bureau Program (Thurs.)
7:00 p. m.—Vox Pop (Friday)
7:00 p. m.—Spin and Win With Jimmy Flynn (Sat.)
7:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad
7:45 p. m.—NBC Summer Symphony (Sat.)
7:45 p. m.—Ted Steele's Orchestra
7:55 p. m.—The Nickel Man
8:00 p. m.—Weather and News (Sunday)
8:00 p. m.—Famous Jury Trials (Monday)
8:00 p. m.—Grant Park Concert (Tues.)
8:00 p. m.—Authors' Playhouse (Wed.)
8:00 p. m.—Montreal Symphony (Thurs.)
8:00 p. m.—Romance and Rhythm (Fri.)
8:30 p. m.—National Radio Forum (Mon.)
8:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orchestra (Wed.)
8:30 p. m.—Ahead of the Headlines (Thurs.)
8:30 p. m.—First Piano Quartet (Fri.)
8:30 p. m.—Sweet and Rhythmic (Sat.)
8:45 p. m.—Dramas by Olmsted (Tues-Thurs-Fri.)

9:00 p. m.—Associated Press News (Sun.)
9:00 p. m.—Voice of Hawaii (Mon.)
10:00 p. m.—War News
10:15 p. m.—Newstime
10:30 p. m.—Newstime (Sun.)
10:55 p. m.—Associated Press News
11:50 p. m.—Midnight News
9:00 p. m. to 12:00 Midnight Dance Bands:—
Bob Saunders, Chuck Foster, Skinner
Ennis, Ray Heatherton, Emile Pettit,
Herbie Holmes, Will Bradley, Matty
Malneck, Benny Goodman, Dolly
Dawn, Woody Herman, Beautiful
Music and others.

When I am feeling out of sorts,
And you are feeling fine,
You lend me smiles and laughter
'Til I recover mine.

So, when I'm very happy,
And you are sad and blue,
I'll just return the compliment
And try to cheer up you.
—Ruth Blackwell



OVER THE FENCE

Dust-caps off to Ethel Williams of Keosauqua, Iowa. Although in a wheel chair, she does all the family work but the washing.

Mrs. Frank Bittle of Fowler, Nebr. recently had an interesting trip. She went with her brother (who is a twin), and his wife, to Starved Rock, Ottawa, Ill. to a "Twin Picnic". The brother's twin sister from Chicago met them there. 800 sets of twins met at this picnic.

Is your name Bessie? If it is, you are invited to join the "Bessie Club". This club now has twenty-four members who answer to the name of "Bessie". It does not matter where you live or how old you are, write to Bessie Waltemate, Waverly, Iowa.

Gertrude Hayzlett, one of my assistants, was happily surprised the other day when their son, Lawrence who works in California, came home for a short visit.

Mrs. Charles Kuhlman of Chester, Nebr., never misses a program from KMA. When working in the garden, she drives the car to a place nearby, and turns on the car radio.

In the August number of "Radio Mirror" you will find a little sketch about the life and radio work of your Kitchen-Klatter Editor.

Mr. Driftmier and I had, among our callers this month, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Aasgaard and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bliss of Lake Mills, Iowa. Mr. Aasgaard is publisher of the Lake Mills Graphic. While Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Aasgaard and I visited, Mr. Driftmier showed the men our Kitchen-Klatter office. We appreciated their visit and hope they come to this part of Iowa again.

Earl May spent part of August in Mexico City where Mrs. May and Edward have been attending Summer School at the University of Mexico City.

Every time Mrs. Henry Schuman of Cole Camp, Mo. sold a dozen eggs she put one penny in her piggy bank. When she had one hundred of them her husband changed them to a dollar bill and she subscribed to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

Helen Fischer has been enjoying a visit from her daughter Louise Fischer Alexander, and daughter Jean who is three years old. Their home is in Hollywood, Calif.

Do you remember Gretta Taylor Bellamy, whose rich contralto voice used to be heard over KMA? She is the happy mother of a little baby boy. He has been named Joseph Taylor Bellamy.

If you have any advice on caring for whooping cough, write to Helen Louden of Shenandoah, Iowa. Four of their youngsters have it.

Mrs. Lewis Haldeman of Ceresco, Nebr. has taken the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine since 1927.

The unsolved problem—How to get the husband to eat salads!

The "Jolly Neighbors Club" of Newell, Iowa, is sending the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine to Mrs. Henry Hoberman as a birthday gift. Miss Laura Sievers, who wrote the letter has taken this magazine since 1938.

Wanted—Two medium sized china doll heads, with black china hair. The old fashioned kind. Write to Mrs. Mabel E. Young, Oakland, Nebr.

Mrs. Pauline Shaw of Galt, Mo., is the mother of six sons who, she says, are the best boys in the world except mine. She need make no exceptions. Mrs. Shaw is a widow and I know what six fine boys mean to her.

Mrs. J. C. Hill of Freeport, Ill., says if she had known her picture was to be printed in Kitchen-Klatter she would have "dolled up" a bit. To me, nothing looks any better than a neat house dress.

We just received a copy of the Lake Mills, Iowa Graphic. This is a weekly newspaper published by Mr. M. A. Aasgaard, and is one of the best weekly newspapers that has come to our desk. Mr. Aasgaard has won special recognition several times during the past few years for publishing the best Weekly newspaper in towns under 1500. Congratulations, Mr. Aasgaard.

Mrs. Lida Smith of R1, Brimson Mo., writes that one of her neighbors has named her new baby "Leanna Sue". I send best wishes to mother and baby.

Helen Castle, one of my office assistants, has just returned from a visit to her old home near Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. August Loichelt of Boyd, Minn. finds it much easier, when cleaning kitchen or dining room floors, to sweep or scrub under the table first, then place the chairs around the table and clean the other part of the floor. There will not need to be so much moving of furniture.

Crickets can be used as thermometers: Count the number of chirps a cricket makes in 15 seconds, then add 40, and the result will be within a few degrees of the correct temperature.

THE MOTHER'S ROUND TABLE

Written for Mothers by Mothers

SCHOOL DAYS

By Helen Loudon

It is almost time for school bells to ring again. For weeks, Mothers have been busy replenishing wardrobes; small girls have stood on first one foot and then the other, during fittings; small boys have squirmed into, and out of, countless suits. Labor Day means just one thing to most of us; the end of vacation, and the beginning of school.

Trunks lids are banging all over the United States, as the packing of college clothes goes on. Tearful, doubtful mothers prepare wee tots, "just babies, really!" for kindergarten. But we wouldn't miss one bit of it for the world, would we? Not even the bittersweet partings; because our children have an opportunity given the children of no other country, to obtain a splendid education.

If you feel that you must take Junior to school on the first day, why, go ahead. (Mine always seem to get started better "on their own", so I seldom take them on the first day.) But don't expect the teacher to remember everything you tell her about your child. Remember, she will probably have to listen to many other little "case histories". But if you choose a day, not too far in the future, to talk with the teacher, she will welcome you, indeed, and she will remember what you tell her. She wants to understand the little individual that is your child, and will be glad of your talk.

For a few hours, at most, the teacher sees her new charges as a group. Then she begins to sort them out, to know each as an individual. The most dominant personalities make themselves known, first; it takes longer to get under the surface with the shy child; and there is where the mother's help is so valuable to the teacher. The extrovert child will tell you all about himself and his family as soon as he can get your ear; the introvert child needs drawing out.

Small children are little parrots. My children promptly put up new mannerisms and expressions from each new teacher. Older children absorb new viewpoints and attitudes from their teachers. Is it any wonder that we are fussy about having good teachers? Even people who do not practice restraint themselves insist upon their children's teacher being models of decorum because they know their children will copy those whom they respect and admire.

The days of expecting the teacher to resemble a comic-strip character are definitely out. Our teachers are well-dressed and beautifully groomed, and we like them that way. But they have to be just as good as they ever were! And I am glad. Aren't you?

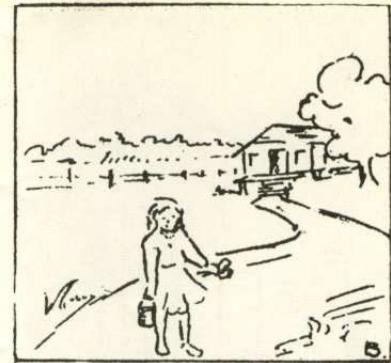
Mothers are invited to contribute to this round table. Tell your problem and how you solved it.

HELPS FOR SCHOOL LUNCHES

Dear Leanna:

I heard you ask for helps for school lunches that did not cost money. This beautiful October day set me to dreaming of another October 35 years ago when I was a child of ten opening my dinner pail in the school yard of a country school. We sat in little groups with our dearest chums on the thick carpet of unmowed bluegrass with the magic of October sunshine and blue skies over our uncovered heads. My parents were not exactly poor but we did not think of buying from the grocery store as we do today. My dinner pail was round, bright and shiny with a circle of nail holes in the tight fitting lid for ventilation. First there was a snowy napkin to keep the food from drying out. Mother had made 2 dozen of these especially for my lunch pail. If it was a lucky day there would be a little pumpkin pie made in a little pie pan which fitted snugly into the top of the pail. Sometimes it would be custard, sugar or squash pie which was almost as good. Then would come out a large piece of golden brown fried chicken, a red ripe tomato, home-made bread and butter sandwiches and fruit. A nice ripe apple, peach, pear or a bunch of purple grapes which father left on the vines especially for my school lunches. A touch of frost made the grapes deliciously sweet. He also insisted that I share the prettiest fruit with "teacher" to which I often objected. Then there were the cake days. Generous slices of dark chocolate and fairy white butter cake, marble cake, squares of gingerbread or unfrosted yellow cake and often black walnut and hickory nut cake. On special occasions Lady Baltimore cake was a treat.

A jelly glass with a tight fitting lid went into the pail, filled with apple, peach, pear, cherry, raspberry or strawberry sauce to go with the cake. Sometimes it held cottage cheese, home baked beans, quince and apple preserves (makes me hungry) creamy rice pudding, baked apples, pickled peaches, apple butter or fresh sorghum molasses blended with butter to spread on bread. Eggs were always welcomed hard cooked and accompanied by salt and pepper in a fold of paper or scrambled in butter between slices of bread. Pressed chicken or slices of roast chicken were used in sandwiches. When butchering time came there were slices of roast tenderloin and roast beef with some of Mother's delicious piccalilli for sandwiches. Not to mention golden roast spareribs, home smoked sausage and slices of beef loaf would be a great oversight. And in the springtime rosy pink slices of ham were cut large enough to show on all sides of delectable brown buns, and often accompanied by horseradish sauce that had been brave enough to push up through snow drifts, and a little later, little round red radishes and delicate primp rhubarb sauce in the jelly glass. We called these "the



first gifts of spring." Occasionally Mother brought groceries home from town. The canned salmon, cheese, raisins, prunes, nuts, candy, crackers and celery hearts, oranges and bananas were luxuries to be enjoyed in small amounts.

It was my duty to keep my pail washed and aired and quite often to assemble my own lunch and later on as I grew older to plan my lunches. I think this is a good opportunity for girls to learn meal planning in a small way and gives them invaluable training in meal planning in later years. Sharing my treats with "teacher" gave me the habit of putting aside some "treats" for guests, who came to call, which has been a source of much pleasure. How true is the old saying "school days are our happiest days."

Yes I must conclude my letter. I hope you will pardon my writing but I will not have time to rewrite it before the mail man arrives. "Home-making days" are also happy days especially when listening to Leanna's Kitchen-Klatter.

—Blue Gentian

Frank's VEGETABLE SHAMPOO



This Vegetable Shampoo is a truly scientific chemically correct, perfect Shampoo.

Human hair has no affinity for this Vegetable Shampoo, because it contains no alkali. Therefore it does not stick to the hair shaft, but rinses out very easily with either hard or soft water. No other shampoo will give you as beautiful highlights and natural sheen as does this perfect Shampoo.

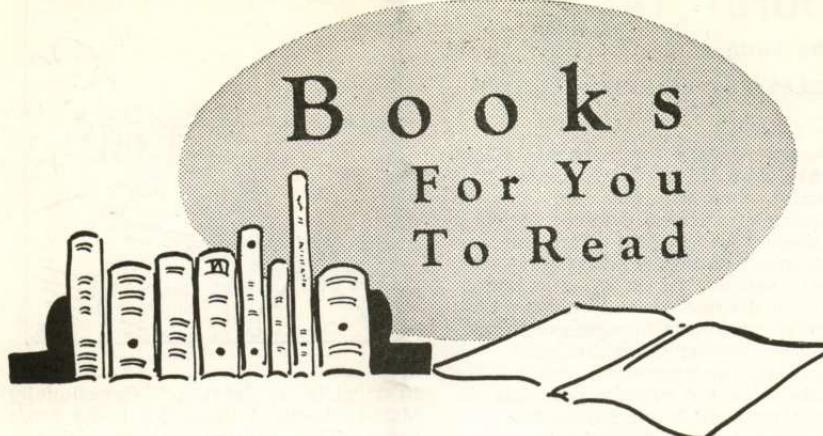
So easily used at home and so economical. Approximately 50 shampoos per jar, which sells for \$1.00 postpaid.

Send Order to—

Dorothy D. Johnson

Box 467, Shenandoah, Ia.

KITCHEN-KLATTER POETS



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

The passing of a favorite author is like the passing of a personal friend. To have read and enjoyed his books is a privilege especially when one knows one is reading the last.

Many will feel just so when they read Hugh Walpole's last novel, "THE BLIND MAN'S HOUSE." In it the author has shown the finer sensibilities and feelings of the blind Julius Cromwell who loved his beautiful wife until gossips poisoned his mind with doubts. His doubts increase and despair seizes him. Then something happens to renew his faith in his wife, and all is well again.

This is an unusually fine book and should be widely read.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE, by Mary Frances Doner, tells about Maggie Killean and her daughter and granddaughter living with their husbands on freighting vessels on the Great Lakes. They find that although their lives are not easy, especially in bad weather, and that they have little contact with land people, they are happy and find life very much worth while.

Two new Cape Cod romances make good summer reading. Joseph Lincoln's THE NEW HOPE, and Edith Holton's ANCHORS TO WINDWARD have those qualities that make for interest and entertainment. Although the latter is modern, the former has its setting in 1812.

WAKEFIELD'S COURSE by Mazo DeLa Roche. This new book in the Jaina series is the story of Renny active in the European War, having enlisted in Canada. He wins honors there in doing his part for England, assuring his family that all will be well in the future, and that he will return safely. The readers of "Jaina" series will enjoy this fine romance.

Howard Fast's THE LAST FRONTIER tells the tragic tale of Cheyenne Indians on the march from Indian Territory to the Black Hills in Wyoming, pursued by thousands of trained Indian fighters. There is wide appeal in this book for those interested in the history of The Great West.

Do you remember the praise and honors given Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings for THE YEARLING? MY FRIEND FLICKA by Mary O'Hara, is compared favorably with it by some critics. The story is that of a boy on a western ranch who wanted badly a colt for his own. His practical father could not appreciate that passionate longing for a pet, but the mother understood, so the boy was allowed to own a colt, which he named Flicka. A charming story of sympathetic appeal.

THE SHY PLUTOCRAT, by E. Phillips Gibbs. A young man of great wealth goes out into the world and finds himself a target for reporters and photographers. Naturally shy and retiring, he dislikes publicity and tries to avoid it at first but—well, that's the story we will leave to you.

Perhaps one of the finest stories of the year is Arthur J. Cronin's THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. Father Francis, a Scots priest, goes to China to spend the greater portion of his working years helping the poor Chinese fight disease, famine and bandits. His alert mind is aware of conditions in which religion only can help. His mind is awakened to renewed faith in religion and its purpose in everyday life. This is considered Dr. Cronin's best work.

William Shirer was Berlin war correspondent for Columbia Broadcasting Company from 1934-1941 during which period he kept a diary of daily events in Germany while watching developments of international affairs. Having left Germany, he published his diary as an authoritative picture of Germany today. "Berlin Diary" is causing much comment from readers and is worth reading.

Other books for warm weather reading: TEMPORARY ADDRESS, Faith Baldwin; ANN CARMENY, Hoffman Birney; ORPHAN ANN, H. C. Bailey; DR. KILDARE TAKES CHARGE, Max Brand; THE AMAZING SUMMER, Philip Gibbs; THE GOLDEN SKYLARK, Elizabeth Goudge; THE VENABLES, Kathleen Norris; BEYOND TOMORROW, Lida Larrimore; I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, Margaret Nichols.

KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME

Time's one-thirty by the clock
Get in your easy chair,
Have your note-book ready
For Leanna's on the air.

Never mind the dishes,
Pack them in the sink,
For when you do them later
You'll have time to think

All about the worth-while things
Leanna tells so true,
Helps, recipes and hobbies
Are just a very few.

Her charm and inspiration
Will help you on your way,
You'll find your load much lighter
As you journey, day by day.
—Mrs. J. S. Anderson, Oneida, Kans.

THE JOURNEY
Mary Duncomb

We do not always climb the mountains
Reaching far to heights sublime;
Nor rest peacefully by fountains
Mellowed by the flight of time.

We must also cross the desert
With its heat and barren waste,
Dry and dusty, worn and weary,
Through its burning sands must haste.

But the desert has its blossoms
If we only care to look,
And beyond lie shining meadows
And the song of running brook.

SAY IT TODAY
If you've a tender message or a loving
word to say
Don't wait till you forget it, but whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories may
haunt you if you wait
So make your loved ones happy, before it is too late.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well
The good, the joy, which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

—J. E. Utterback, Madison, Mo.

"I surely enjoy every word of my Kitchen-Klatter, so does the whole family. I loan it to my neighbors and friends; they love to read it, too. I think Lucile's tribute to Dad is just lovely, also enjoy all of hers and Frederick's letters so much. And the first thing I always look for is the "Over the Fence" gossip, to see who is getting married etc. Well, I can't take time just like it all and read it over and over until the next number arrives, which I am looking forward to now."

—Mrs. W. A. G., Plattsmouth, Nebr.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF

By Maxine Lance Sickels

CHAPTER ONE

Once there was a little girl who had to stay in bed. Her name was Darlene

T. but her Mother and her Daddy and her Grandmas and her Grandpas thought so much of her that they all called her Darling.

She had to stay in bed, I said, didn't I?

That was strange for she was not at all ill. Her little tummy felt good so that she could eat all the ice cream and good salads and cookies that the nurse brought to her. Her little head felt perfectly all right so that she could read and look at pictures and dress her paper dolls all day.

Nevertheless, she had to stay in bed. You see her legs were hurt and she had to stay in bed with them.

One day she tried saying, "Legs, you stay here while I go out to dinner." But the legs set up such an awful fuss and wanted their little pink anklets and their little white shoes so they could go out to dinner too. Darling just said, "Well no matter, dears. I will stay with you and nursie will bring our dinners."

So she had to stay in bed.

Which was bad, for until then she had stayed in bed only at night. It was nice in bed at night, dark and cool with the stars peeking in the windows for company.

Now it was all day and the stars would go away and leave her.

One morning when the last teeny weeny little star was about to leave, it looked in the window and saw Darling in her nice white bed.

On the way to Mother Night's house to spend the day, it stopped to tell The Thumblety Bumblety Elf that Darling was staying in bed with her legs and he simply could not bear to leave her alone all day. He could not stay with her though.

Mother Night does not let the stars stay all day. They must come home every single morning and stay with her.

It was a cloudy damp morning and Teeny Weeny Star was afraid it would be a cloudy night. The kind of a night that little stars are hid behind the clouds. It was bad enough to leave Darling all day. If he could not see her that night, it would be bad indeed.

Would The Thumblety Bumblety Elf go and look in Darling's window and see if he could find something to do to help her pass the time away?

"If you will," said the Teeny Weeny

Star, "I will give you enough of my star dust for a new suit. It would make a pretty suit with dew drop buttons down the front and a piece of a rainbow for a sash."

That sounded mighty pretty to The Thumblety Bumblety Elf. He hopped up off his dandelion fluff pillow and ran into his hollowlog house to pick out a suit to wear today.

It was too late to wear the pussy willow suit. It was too late to wear the appleblossom suit. He had worn the lettuce leaf ruffles yesterday.

He walked down the row of suits hanging there with a pucker in his face and one finger twisted in a lock of his brown hair until he came to the June bug suit. Then he laughed and clapped his hands with delight.

"I'll wear this June bug suit that my friend, Johnnie June Bug gave to me. It is shiny and brown and the wings will come in handy on my way to see Darling."

He wiggled and squiggled into the shiny, brown suit. He pulled on the shiny, brown cap and he never once thought that Darling might be afraid of June Bugs that come zinging into the house like tiny aeroplanes.

To Be Continued

WHAT IS CHALK MADE OF?

I'll bet you write with chalk every day at school but have never stopped to think what it is made of. Well it comes from a far distant land and is a strange story. If you were to look at a lump of chalk before it is made into crayons, you would see thousands of tiny shells. Some are like snail shells; others are round, and still others look like wee needles, and chalk is almost entirely made up of these soft little shells.

Ages and ages ago millions of tiny little creatures of the sea died and left their shells, which finally turned into the soft, white limestone which you call chalk. In France and England are tall white cliffs or hills made of chalk, and there are even large beds of chalk under the city of London. Some chalk is found in our own country.

Most chalk is made into crayons like you use in school. It is ground into a powder, mixed with something to hold it together and molded into sticks. Because it has been ground so finely you can't see the shells in the chalk crayons. The whitewash used to paint fences and chicken houses is made of ground chalk and water. Did you know that?

The next time you write on the blackboard at school with a piece of chalk, remember this story I have told you about it.

To prevent a fountain pen from leaking, rub a little soap on all threaded parts.—Mrs. A. N. J., Dunlap, Ia.



Janice Adel Zerbe, 3605 Vinton St., Omaha, Nebr. Her mother is one of my radio friends.

UNSUNG HEROES

While I was sleeping soundly

This morning in my bed,
A lad of twelve awakened
And shook his tousled head;
Then out of bed he tumbled
And slipped into his clothes,
And was off to do his morning task
An hour before I rose.

This brave young lad fought bravely
Through wind and sleet and snow,
For the mercury had skidded
Down to four or five below.
But this laddie was a paper boy,
And while I slept some more
He fought through bitter cold to lay
The paper at my door.

Let's sing a toast to these brave lads
Who, each morning, rain or shine,
Lay the latest morning paper
At your door and mine.
There never was a better friend,
Or one more tried and true,
Than the lad who throws the paper
On the porch for me and you.

—L. J. Hedgecock.

SOME RIDDLES FOR YOU

Ques: When do stockings resemble dead men?

Ans: When their soles have departed.

Ques: What is it a girl always looks for but doesn't want to find?
Ans: A hole in her stocking.

Ques: Why is a girl deformed when she is mending her stockings?

Ans: Because she has her hands where her feet ought to be.

Ques: When is a pair of stockings like an old man?

Ans: When they are on their last legs.

Ques: Why are the stockings you wear like carpenters' aprons?

Ans: Because they have nails in them.

Why is a rooster on a fence like a penny? Because his head is on one side and tail's on the other.

Why is it that a hen always crosses over the wagon marks in the street? Because it's too long to go around.

PRACTICAL POULTRY POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

I have often heard my mother remark, "When the wind blows over the grain-stubble, it is soon fall," and how true it is. It seems only a short time ago we were wondering if we were going to have a good stand of corn, and today the ears hang heavy from the stalks. The locusts and crickets sing a duet and all nature indicates fall is approaching.



Olinda Wiles

I hope with cooler weather the egg-crop will get back to normal, for continued hot weather not only tells on the quantity of eggs but also on the quality.

During the past month my hens have been laying an unusual number of eggs with poor shells although they have a continuous supply of grit and oyster shell. One cause may be the natural tiring of the shell secreting gland and tests have also shown that the hen is not able to assimilate calcium, which forms the shell, as easily as during a season of lower temperature.

It seems as if there is little can be done about it, for a hen is like a child. You can put it before them but if they have no appetite for it, you can not make them eat it. Some hens eat oyster shell almost as greedily as they eat corn, and others scarcely notice it.

If you wish to preserve a supply of winter eggs during the months when eggs are plentiful, you can do so successfully by using water-glass which may be purchased at most drugstores. Be sure your eggs have good sound shells and are fresh and cool when packing. I have never tried to store eggs for winter use as I always manage to have plenty of pullets doing that job for me long before the snow flies.

It will soon be time to house your range-grown pullets. Leave them on growing mash for a time after they are confined, depending on their state of development, and then gradually feed them the laying mash. It is also desirable to feed them whole grain so as to increase body weight as much as possible before going into heavy production. In this way you increase size of eggs also, as a pullet that is still growing must consume a great deal of nourishing food to build up the body and also produce eggs.

I have had some very interesting letters from people who have tried my way of raising chickens, and some report very good success.

To make paper stick on calcimine walls, make the paste with separated milk. Be sure no cream is in it—just flour and milk. I have used it many times.



This Offer Good During September

Here's your opportunity to get a grand collection of recipes that you can use for almost every occasion.

Think of it ... 80 different cookie recipes; 78 ways to make candy; how to can such things as squash; vegetable salads; tomato soups; what to do with your meat left-overs; how to preserve a husband; more than 50 different cakes; new and different icings, fillings, tempting pies and pie crust recipes.

Yes, these and dozens of other things are in these grand Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books. Every page is full of ideas you can use every day in the year. Don't miss getting at least one of these cook books for your recipe collection. Any ONE may be obtained for only 25 cents. But you can get all six of them for only one dollar, if you send before Oct. 1st, 1941. Put a dollar bill, check, or money order in an envelope and send today while this bargain offer is good. Remember, I pay the postage.

1. Candies and Cookies
2. Salads and Sandwiches
3. Vegetables
4. Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings.
5. Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals, Meat Cookery.
6. Pickles and Preserves.

LEANNA DRIFTMIER, Shenandoah, Iowa

BURNED BY PARAFFIN!

These words should make us stop and think. When heating paraffin, use a slow heat. It is really more safe to set the can of paraffin we wish to heat in a larger pan of water. If it should get on fire, throw flour or salt on it. Water will only spread the flame.

BARE FEET

Mothers, keep close watch on those bare feet during this hot weather. A rusty nail, a splinter, or even a bruise may cause lock-jaw. If the least bit of infection shows up, see a doctor.

THE ROACH PROBLEM

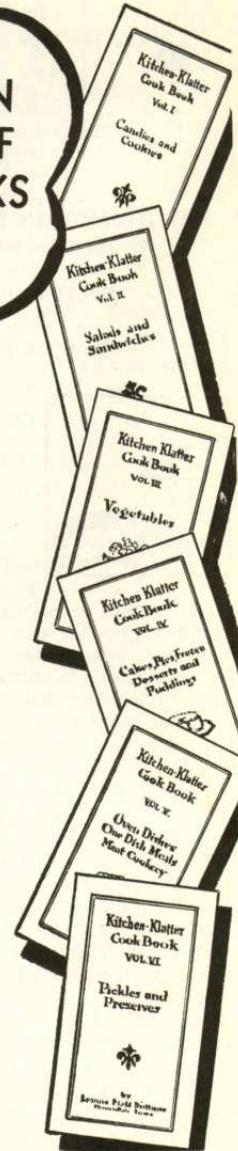
There are many remedies to rid your kitchen of cockroaches, but one of the most effective is just plain borax. Scatter it generously where ever you have seen the roaches. You will not find any dead roaches, but in a few weeks they will have entirely disappeared.

WHAT! NO SOAP! !

I read in our paper where soap is so scarce in Europe it can only be used in very small quantities, and then not frequently. In fact, if a young man wants to give his girl friend a gift that will be really appreciated, he presents her with a bar of soap. In this country a girl would be insulted upon receiving such a gift, for 3,500,000,000 pounds of soap are manufactured every year. Just another reason why we are glad we live in America!

TO IRON CURTAINS

"For ironing sash curtains, spread the curtain out flat on the board, and iron a strip down through the center. Fold the two outside edges over on this center until they just come together, being careful to have the edges straight at the top. Iron down and across, always being careful to keep edges flat. At the bottom they will be even. There will be no rippled edges and the creases can be ironed out if desired." Mrs. C. Meyerhoff, Villisca, Iowa.



**NOW YOU CAN
GET ALL SIX OF
MY COOK BOOKS
FOR ONLY \$1**

Our Hobby Club

For Subscribers to the "Kitchen-Klatter Magazine"

Donna Jean Kissinger, 204 So. Starr Ave., Burlington, Iowa, age 10, collects small dolls, not over 4 inches high. She puts a number on each doll and in a note book she writes the number and the name of person who gave it to her, and their name is the name she gives the dolls.

Mrs. Walter Royall, Severance, Kansas collects pot holders and pretty tea towels.

Mrs. John M. Gates, Ridgeway, Mo., has 341 match folders and 1739 buttons. She will exchange for your hobby.

Mrs. A. A. Tambornino, Le Center, Minnesota is a collector of shells and rocks, also tiny slippers. She has one pair of tiny slippers made out of Jumbo peanuts, shellacked orange and brown, in her slipper collection. They came from Cuba.

Pansy Penner, Desoto, Kans. has several hobbies. She has a big collection of antique dishes, also stamps, vases and handkerchieves.

Mrs. C. Hieneman, Alexandria, So. Dak., has several hundred napkins in her collection.

Mrs. D. L. Raher, Hawarden Iowa says, "My hobbies are novelty shakers, miniature pitchers, cacti, quilt pieces and souvenirs."

Marlys Jean Schuck, B34, Inland, Nebr. is another paper napkins collector. She has 86.

Gene Hoskinson, Corning, Iowa would like to exchange stamps for match books.

Mrs. Ed Kaliva, Table Rock, Nebr. collects handkerchieves and wants one from each state.

Mrs. David P. Smith, 602 Warden Apts. Fort Dodge, Iowa. Hobby used to be flowers, but now she collects buttons and stamps, and snapshot albums.

Miss Helen Hammer, R2, Buffalo, Mo. Postmarks.

Jean Burroughs, Beatrice, Nebr. says kittens are her hobby. She has three sets of kitten tea towels, a pillow top with a kitten on it and several other articles.

Mrs. Berniece L. Porter, 406 West Bellevue Avenue, Topeka, Kansas, Salt and Pepper Shakers.

JOIN THE HOBBY CLUB



Addie F. McSweeney, Henderson, Ia. collects buttons. She has a right to be proud of her button covered shopping bag.

"Dear Friend, I have been a subscriber to Kitchen-Klatter almost a year and I enjoy the paper very much. I want to tell you about my button hobby. I collect all kinds of buttons. I now have 27,000. There are no two alike. I have buttons from every state in U. S. and from 15 foreign countries. I make wall hangings 28 by 36. I have 9 of them finished, each one a different design. I have the American Flag, The Church of Glendale, an urn filled with flowers, State of Iowa, Dutch windmill, butterfly, bird, owl—all made of buttons. Each design is original. I commenced collecting buttons in December 1938. I would like to exchange with other collectors. I have a large assortment of duplicates—a thousand buttons to trade. My guest book has over 100 names of people who came to see my button display."—Addie F. McSweeney, Henderson, Ia.

"Dear Leanna, Enclosed please find \$1.00 for my renewal to the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. I have been a reader of the Kitchen-Klatter for four years and I don't want to miss a single number. I get more good out of Kitchen-Klatter alone than I do out of all the other magazines and daily papers we take."—Mrs. J. H. A., Stromsburg, Nebr.

Eva Hopkins Creme Powder
All shades, 8 oz. net.....\$1.00
Facial Sponge Included.
Summer Special—Our regular dollar bottle of Astringent.. .50
If ordered with the Creme
Powder the two for..... 1.50
Postpaid Prices
EVA HOPKINS
Box 13
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

CLASSIFIED ADS

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?
Make use of this ad column.
Rate of 5c per word. Minimum charge 50c. Payable in advance.

HEALTH HINTS LEAFLET: Six pages—includes health suggestions, vitamins—value and dangers, six day diet for that "excess baggage", food sensitiveness, table of food values, etc. No letter necessary to get the Leaflet. Enclose 15 cents and your name, address, and word "Leaflet" on paper. Mail to Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

HATS, DRESSES, HOSE, LINGERIE, GIFTS at the "Farmer's Wife", 1½ miles North East of Pierson, Iowa. Mail orders filled. Mrs. B. R. DeLambert, Pierson, Iowa.

PILLOWSLIPS — Crocheted edge, \$1.00 pair. Dish towels—some sets \$1.00. Needlework reasonable. Mrs. Mabel Booth, Richmond, Mo.

SPECIAL FOR VIEW CARD COLLECTORS. Post Card Views of ALL State Capitol Buildings, 2 for 5c; 25c a doz. An easy way to get those hard-to-get views. Gertude Hayzlett, Shenandoah, Iowa.

CROCHETED MADALIONS, blue or pink, rose design for use on pillow cases or sheets. Price 15c, 2 for 25c. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kans.

SPECIAL—An exact copy of Leanna's little cocker-spaniel "Rusty". Add it to your collection. Price 35c P.P. Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Ia.

LEARN TO SEW: Doll dress from new material cut to order. Give size of doll. Prices 10c, 15c, and 25c, according to materials used. Trimmings included.—Lillian Miller, R2, North Topeka, Kans.

PASTEL SCENE: 8x10. Price 35c Julia Marker Inavale, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Crocheting and embroidering. Send for "Christmas Gift Suggestions" and prices. Mrs. H. Dorman, 209 W 21 St., Cedar Falls, Ia.



THESE APRONS ARE PRETTY

Apron problems! They are solved here with two exciting new motifs in the Accordion Flare and the Waterlily. Ingenious gores make the fetching style at lower left; an applique cactus is on the waistband, and rickrack trims. The softly flared apron at top is appliqued with huge waterlilies on skirt edge and band, and another lily forms a handy pocket. Complete patterns for the two aprons come as C9364, 10c. They are grand for gifts or party prizes. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.



AID SOCIETY HELPS

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Your Ladies Aid could have a dinner such as the one described by Mrs. H. T. Asbury of King City, Mo., which was for Mothers and Daughters. Mrs. Asbury writes, "At our Mother and Daughter Banquet, we went back 50 years. The table along the banquet room was lit with coal-oil lamps. The plates were turned down over the knives and forks; green onions were in glasses with the napkins folded and stuck in the goblets, and all down the tables were cakes on the old-fashioned cakestands, also huge platters of baked sliced ham and big round bowls of applesauce. There were deviled eggs and radishes and other vegetables arranged in a spring salad, hot biscuits and butter, ice-cream, cake and mints and coffee. The waiters and ones on the program wore old-fashioned costumes. I am not quite sure, but they might have shooed the flies with a newspaper cut in strips on a stick. A prize was given for the oldest Mother with the most Daughters, also a prize to the youngest Mother and baby."

MAKE RUGS

One Aid Society I heard about sewed carpet rags, had rugs woven from them and sold the rugs. This Society gathered in the carpet rags to be sewed, and then sent invitations to friends to come spend the afternoon sewing. A one-act play was given and coffee and cake served. With each invitation was enclosed a yard of carpet rag, and each guest was asked to wrap this in a ball, placing a coin in the center. During the afternoon the little balls were unwound and the money counted.

\$1 A SQUARE FOOT

The church parlors needed a new rug. Members of the church were asked to buy a square foot of the rug. If friends would pay \$1 a square foot, a lovely rug could be purchased.

LUNCHEONS

One plan works the year around in our Aid Society. The membership is divided into three groups. These groups meet once a month, and once a month the three groups meet together. At the meetings of the separate groups committees of four ladies serve two-course lunches. Each of us bring 25c for our contribution. These group meetings are purely social. Games and contests are enjoyed and all have a pleasant time. Each year the group membership is changed, so all the ladies of the church become better acquainted.

A GOLDEN WEDDING PARTY

My Grandparents' Golden Wedding. It was truly a beautiful affair and one long to be remembered and treasured by us who can still look forward to our "50th".

To begin with, the invitations were written upon one side of a white, gold edged, correspondence card. They were written in gold ink. One of the daughters-in-law took a snapshot of the grandparents standing on the steps of their home. One of the snaps was glued to one side of the card. In the corner below, tiny wedding bells were sketched in gold ink. Below the picture was inscribed their names and the dates.

The grandparents being in frail health, the big family dinner at noon was held at a son's home a few blocks away. The daughters, daughters-in-law, and married granddaughters had met, planned an appropriate easy menu and assigned certain things for each among them to furnish. It was served buffet style with Grandparents and their guests of honor (their brothers and sisters) seated at a large dining table where a lovely wedding cake (white, trimmed in yellow) was the centerpiece. The other guests were seated at small card tables. There were seventy-five guests in all.

After the meal we went back to the grandparents' home where they held open house from two until five. My grandmother couldn't stand in a receiving line, so we arranged it otherwise. One daughter greeted the guests at the door. Another daughter (the girls changed about during the afternoon as there are five daughters) escorted the guests to greet the grandparents and then introduced them to other guests. In one corner of the front living room we had arranged a beautiful altar before which the grandparents were seated to receive. We cut hearts from gold cardboard and strung them on two strands of white baby ribbon to make streamers for "drapes" which were fastened to a brass colored curtain rod across corner. These were draped back, and held in drape effect by large yellow bows of florists' ribbon. A large potted Boston

fern was placed in the corner back of the drapes. The chairs were placed just in front for grandparents to sit. Just "waist-high" on either side of them, large gold colored baskets of yellow roses stood on low pedestals. It made a beautiful setting and so much easier than for them to stand so long.

We didn't want to over do the house decorations so we let lovely ferns, ivy etc., do the decorating for other rooms, with a few yellow and white frills of crepe paper thrown over the chandeliers in ceilings. Another large wedding cake was on the center of the dining room table (which was spread with Grandmother's crocheted tablecloth). Four granddaughters (they took turns also—young girls of high school age) served the tea to the guests as they arrived and were seated about the two big living rooms. These girls wore heart shaped yellow crepe paper aprons which we made. They were trimmed with white paper fluting, which we made on the sewing machine. On their heads they wore a small yellow heart edged in the same small edging fastened to a white satin ribbon band and tied in a bow in back.

We served tea and tiny white cakes baked in the paper cups, which we removed before serving. The favors were white mint hearts. We took a cake decorator and put the family initial on each heart in yellow icing. We served the tea in amber glass ware.

The other sons and daughters mingled with the guests and helped everyone have a lovely time. The gifts were displayed on a table in the living room. One granddaughter had written a poem which she had framed for her grandparents. At Grandmother's request she read the poem to the guests during the afternoon. A minister friend of the family gave a little talk. We would have had instrumental music had we not had to be as quiet as possible because of Grandmother's health.

In case anyone is interested about the family dinner, we served creamed chicken, mashed potatoes, perfection salad, creamed peas, celery, olives, cheese, rolls, graham cracker pineapple dessert and wedding cake.—Mrs. Dale L. Brown Scranton, Iowa.



Part of the Kitchen Klatter picnic crowd at Gilbert Park, Spirit Lake, Ia. June 26, 1941.