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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

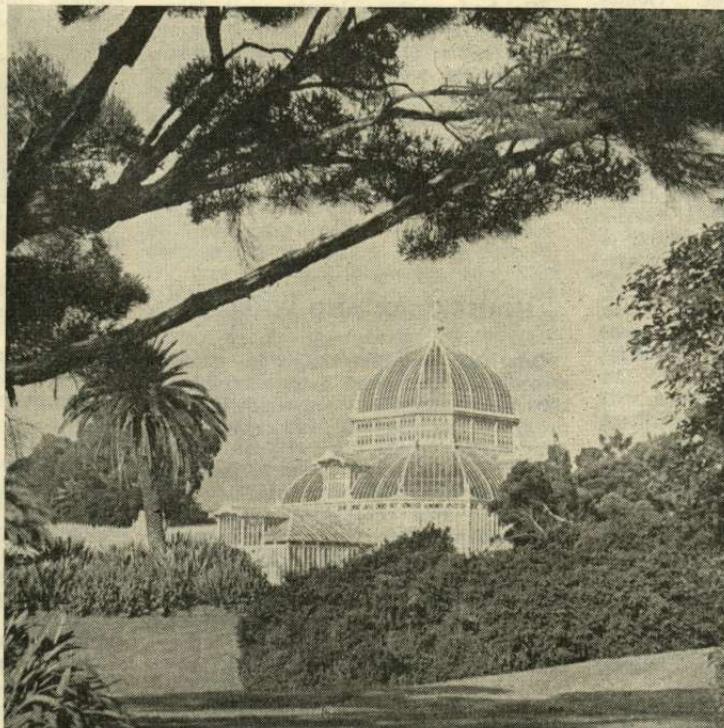
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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• LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa

at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. We surely miss him. He took a special interest in the garden this spring and early summer, keeping the weeds and the bugs under control. That has been a big job this year.

Since I wrote you last, Lucile and her family have had a terrible siege of flu. They were all in bed for a week. Russell and Juliana recovered before Lucile did. She developed pneumonia and had to go to the hospital. Russell's mother came from Minneapolis to take care of Juliana and keep the home fires burning while Lucile was away. I felt so bad that I couldn't be of more help, but such is life.

We had such a lovely visit from Gertrude Hayzlett, who now lives in Los Angeles. She was afraid the railroad strike would delay her return home but it was called off before she had to leave. She surely looked as if California agrees with her.

Thank you for your letters and cards. Please consider this as a letter in reply, for it really is.

Your friend,  
Leanna.

## HOUSEWORK AND WHEELS!

One day not long ago a friend wrote and expressed astonishment at the fact that I'd mentioned in my program the washing and ironing I'd done earlier in the day. "Washing six dresses and ironing them! Leanna, you never cease to amaze me."

Well, I was somewhat amazed in my own turn, for it's been a good many years since I felt any surprise at being able to wash, iron, scrub the kitchen floor, bake, and prepare a big meal with the limited activity that a wheel chair permits. I will admit that at first I was surprised to find that these things could actually be done, for I was never a person to sit down at any job—I guess I figured that I didn't have time to pull up a chair, for I'd been much smarter if I had done a little more sitting. I clipped through my housework at full speed, wishing always that I had six legs rather than two, and a dozen pairs of hands.

After our car accident when I realized that I would never walk again, I wondered over and over how I could do my work from a wheel chair. What I didn't realize was that slowly one progresses from the first most simple things to more and more

complicated things. For instance, at first I only wiped the dishes as one of the girls washed, but from only wiping them I progressed to washing them, then to putting them away, and then to cleaning the stove and refrigerator, and finally to sweeping the floor and scrubbing it. That's a good sample of the way you learn to work from a wheel chair.

If you have talked to anyone who does her own housework from a wheel chair you'll find very quickly that she takes it completely for granted. It doesn't occur to her that there is anything the least amazing or remarkable about it. The work is there, it has to be done, and she does it—that's that.

Not long ago I mentioned in my program that the only thing I found impossible to accomplish was making my own bed. Somehow this was beyond me. Yet not more than two weeks later came a letter from a woman whose mother had been in a wheel chair for years, and she'd worked out a very efficient and clever way for making a bed. It can be done, you see, so I just didn't happen to stumble on the right technique.

We've always been told to let our heads save our feet, and this is even more necessary when we're working from a wheel chair. I can't spend endless time rolling back and forth from the pantry to the kitchen when I'm doing any baking, so I've made it a point to be sure and get everything I need in one trip. If I'm straightening the living room and dining room I can't wheel back and forth constantly, so I stack up all newspapers and things to go out and wheel them to the kitchen in one trip. You can see how necessary it is to think ahead and plan, to make every motion count.

I hope, sincerely hope, that all of you able-bodied friends will remain able-bodied to the end of your days, but if circumstances should ever place you in a wheel chair temporarily or permanently, don't think that it means an end to your household duties. (If you're tired out right now from a heavy day you may think that there could be worse fates!) You'll find a great sense of satisfaction and accomplishment in doing all of the things that you did when you were up on both feet, and believe me, you'll actually hunger for those duties. Nothing in this world is worse than sitting around with idle hands, and you'll be heartily tired of it in no time at all.

Don't try to do too much at first or you'll find yourself exhausted and depressed from working beyond your strength. I think that the secret of adjustment is to attempt some little new thing every day when life in a wheel chair is still a new situation, and gradually going on to harder tasks. Don't make a mental list of things that you can't do. The effect of this is most depressing and discouraging. Tell yourself again and again that you *can* do everything, and lo! and behold! you'll awaken some fine morning to find that you actually can.

My Dear Friends:

It seems only a few days ago that I wrote my letter for the June magazine, and here it is, another magazine ready to go to press. I write this letter the very last thing, just before the presses start the printing, for things happen so fast at our house and I want to give you the latest news. When one belongs to a large family there is never a dull moment. Ours is no exception.

Some of you may not realize it but it takes almost two tons of paper to print an issue of Kitchen-Klatter. There are thirty-five people employed full or part time in the preparation and printing of this magazine. Friends who visit us at the time we are mailing out an issue are surprised at the number of mail sacks it fills. It has been wonderful to have Lucile close by to help get the material ready for each issue and to be with me on my broadcasts. From your letters, I find you enjoy these "Mother and Daughter" programs and I also find there are many mother and daughter teams listening to Kitchen-Klatter which is broadcast from 3:15 to 3:45 every afternoon over KMA.

The last week in June we expect to spend at Spirit Lake, Iowa. This will be the first vacation I have had in years so I will really enjoy it. On June 26th, at one o'clock, there will be a Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Gilbert Park in Spirit Lake. I hope I can meet many of my friends at that time. Load up the family car and come on over. I'll be looking for you.

June has been a month of weddings in our family. June 2, Ruth Shambaugh, my sister Jessie's daughter, was married to Robert Watkins. The ceremony took place in their yard. A reception was held afterward in the Shambaugh home. June 5th, Peggy Field, Frank's youngest daughter, became the wife of James Bellamy, a Shenandoah boy who is a graduate of Annapolis and is now going to Harvard University. Theirs was a home wedding too, followed by a reception at the Bellamy home. June 11th, our son Ted was married in the Chapel at the Naval Research Laboratory School where he is Chaplain. You will have to wait until the August magazine for more about his wedding and pictures which we hope to have by that time. I'm sorry we don't have them now.

Don, our youngest son, is now enrolled in the Engineering department

# Come into the Garden

## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

A tall white trellis fence covered with vines did not keep the sun from the bed of Regal lilies on the north of it but did break the full force of the heat from the south. The lilies appeared entirely happy and bent with the great weight of their blossoms—as cool and refreshing a sight on a hot July morning as anyone could wish for. They had all been grown from seeds, but the hot blistering days of July were not for Regal lily seed planting nor the time to set their bulbs—this was the time to enjoy their lovely white, yellow-throated blossoms. Flora was happy that she had Regal hybrids to prolong the season, but there were not enough. She must obtain more seed to plant early next spring.

Henryi lilies in a shady bed swayed and bent even lower than the Regals. They disliked the direct rays of the hot sun and protested mutely with bleached foliage and flowers when forced to bear it. Tiger lilies did not mind the heat. They stood to the south of the trellis fence—their foliage a deep rich green. Near them Golden Glow looked down from a great height with masses of cheery yellow blossoms. At "The Sticks" two strains of Formosanum lilies were blooming; out in full sun, the Price variety had risen to a height of more than three feet with many white trumpets, and north of the house, in front of the shrubbery, a taller growing strain called "Wonder Lily" was blooming. Both had white trumpets with pale green throats.

Gladoli provided lovely spikes of blossoms for bouquets, and a vase of pure white ones actually seemed to help lower the temperature in a hot room. Along the roadside *Euphorbia corollata* had the same cooling effect—its tiny white blossoms were like Baby's Breath.

These hot days with lack of moisture made a difficult time for the pansies. If they could be encouraged to hang on with extra watering they would take a new lease on life with the event of cooler weather and produce fine blossoms again in the fall. Flora went to investigate them—the soil dried out so quickly. Ah! a pesky Leghorn hen had been at work—they, too, like the moist soil for scratching. After a merry chase it was caught and its wings clipped so that it could not fly into the garden again.

As Flora passed the "Hardy Hens" she surveyed with great satisfaction the "Little Banties" that clung so cunningly on the rocks. Some round ones were tumbling around every which way to start new broods. The "Rhode Island Reds" were certainly growing surprisingly large. They were lovely with gorgeous thick leaves and shimmery rosettes, but Flora knew that when they attained



Mrs. Olga Tiemann's home near Westboro, Missouri. For years, Mrs. Tiemann has made a hobby of raising flowers, especially rare and unusual ones. Aside from spending many hours in her home and garden, she writes about growing flowers for several nationally known magazines.

such size it would soon be the end of them; for they would throw up a flowering stem which meant their death. There were a half-dozen or so now that had sealed their dooms as they had already opened their daisy-shaped blossoms. But there were plenty of little "chicks" to carry on.

## JULY IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

July is usually one of the most enjoyable months in the gardening year. Despite many disappointments due to extraordinary freezing weather during two nights in mid-May, gardeners strive to carry on and make the best of conditions. A good many lilies will not flaunt their red trumpets nor display their purity in many northern gardens this July as formerly, and so the gardener who has hitherto relied on perennials to give the maximum of bloom will have rather a colorless garden. It is here that we have discovered all over again the value of annuals. One might even imagine that Nature had just that trick up her sleeve to replace the damage done to good old reliable perennials, who through no fault of their own had been persuaded by unusual early warm weather to cast off their winter sluggishness and expose tender shoots to the unrelenting cold. For fortunately there was still enough time to plant seed of annuals, and those farsighted ones who started pansies in cold frames last July or other annual seeds indoors have had no dearth of bloom.

Among annuals, those to which I am partial, are the Centaureas. We all know the Bachelor Buttons, those extremely hardy old reliables; there are also the Basket Flowers, not quite so well known but easy to grow. However, they should be started indoors for early bloom. These flowers look like large thistles, but do not be alarmed, they are not of the thistle family nor do they have any of its vicious tendencies. American Basket Flower is really a native in some sections farther south than we are here. It may grow three feet in height and has immense fluffy blooms of a rosy

lavender color. The white one called Star Thistle is nearly as tall, is almost pure white, and makes up beautifully in flower arrangements. These two close as evening comes on for reasons of their own. The Sweet Sultans are also good for flower arranging as they have long strong stems and last in water in good condition for several days. They come in a mixture of colors, but if yellow is desired, one should choose the variety Suaveolens, yellow Grecian cornflower, which is sweetly scented. Jubilee Gemi is a compact dwarf variety covered with double dark blue flowers.

Succession planting in July may still be followed for the further continuation of the vegetable garden. Short rows should be used, so that vegetables in them may be eaten up quickly. Beets, bush beans, lettuce and radishes belong to this class. Mulching the garden when plants have become established will conserve moisture and cut down the number of weeds. Clean off a crop as soon as it is done, work up the ground and re-plant to something else. I set in plants of late-blooming annuals in such places in our vegetable garden.

July is a splendid month for garden visiting. One gets quite an uplift by seeing plants in surroundings quite different to those in the home garden; even though the plants may be familiar, the setting is not the same. It is an inspiration to visit with others who have like interests. Garden people are invariably friendly folk and enjoy sharing the pleasure of their garden with others.

Look to the future this month and order the seeds of plants such as pansies which you may want for early blooming next spring. Don't let another year catch us off guard again without plenty of annuals in reserve.

## MY MOTHER'S YELLOW ROSE

Each spring about this time of year  
The roses start to bloom,  
And while their haunting fragrance  
Eddies into every room,  
I look into some florist's shop  
In vain for one I know,  
A bushy, briery yellow one  
That mother used to grow.

The bush beside the kitchen door  
Reached upward to the eaves,  
And thorns were set along the stems  
More thickly than the leaves;  
But when it blossomed out each spring  
'Twas like a vase of gold,  
The thorns were hidden 'neath the  
flowers  
Whose numbers ne'er were told.

The florist calls them primitive  
And offers me La France,  
Assuring me such specimens  
Are scarcely worth a glance;  
Yet not in all his garden  
A shrub so lovely grows  
As the briery, graceful bush that bore  
My mother's yellow rose.  
—Grace E. Wilson.

## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

It seems to me, in retrospect, that the excitement of Christmas and mother's radio shower hung on longer than any other holiday season we've had since then. Even after we started back to school in January there was still the flavor of something unusual in the air—you couldn't quite put your finger on it, but there was the feeling that a surprise of some kind might be right around the corner. The truth of the matter is that it took us a long, long time to get over the shock of that radio shower. We hadn't truly realized until then that mother had made a big circle of friends who felt as close to her as our next-door neighbors. I suppose that it was this realization which was responsible for the holiday atmosphere lasting so much longer than usual.

As soon as school was out that summer we began making big plans for a trip to Twin Lakes in Minnesota, but before I tell you about this I want to skip ahead just one year to an incident concerning Frederick and the Fourth of July. After all this is the July issue, and if I take the incident in its proper sequence you'll be reading the firecracker story long after the Fourth has passed, so this once I'll jump over a few months and then return to the summer of 1927.

Big, dangerous firecrackers were forbidden at our house back in the years when their sale was permitted everywhere, and our fireworks were limited to innocent little baby 'crackers that mostly sputtered and fumed before they went out, and equally innocent sparklers for after dark. Children on every side of us might shatter the very heavens with their powerful firecrackers, but these were not for the Driftmiers. That is why Howard and his giant firecracker created such a sensation at our house.

It was understood clearly, of course, that this giant 'cracker would be set off in the open country and not anywhere near town. I still remember what it looked like—an enormously long and thick tube with a ten-inch fuse. A sort of tripod arrangement went with it, and I suppose that the general idea was to set the thing up, light it, and then run at a great clip across the field. I can't imagine how it happened that Howard was permitted to fool with this unless it was the fact that he was eighteen and supposed to be competent enough to handle it.

I remembered how we begged him to take us with him when he was ready to explode it around six o'clock on the night of the Fourth, but he said that he couldn't be responsible for seeing that we were far enough away, and anyway it would make such a racket that we could sit right on our own front porch and hear it. All day we kept hearing explosions from the country that sounded very much like Howard's giant 'cracker would sound, so we weren't too disappointed—we could sit right at home and hear it.



Mother and Margery in 1928.

About three in the afternoon the folks went out for a drive, and somehow or other it developed that only Frederick and I were left at home. In those days I spent a good many hours at the piano, so I sat down to do some practicing and Frederick settled himself on the back porch to do some reading. It was as peaceful a scene as anyone could imagine.

Suddenly, without a second's warning, I had the sensation of being lifted bodily from the piano stool! Simultaneously there was a tremendous roar, and then the entire house shook and the piano actually trembled under my hands. A few seconds later clouds of smoke and dust began pouring into the living room from all sides, and I was actually so shocked and frightened that I couldn't get up to investigate.

Just about the time I found strength to move, Frederick came running into the living room screaming and moaning and saying something that I couldn't begin to understand. My first thought was that the house had been struck by lightning even though there wasn't a cloud in the sky, and I assumed that Frederick had been struck too and was dying! It took a long time to get him quieted down to the point where I could understand what had happened, but finally I pieced it together.

Frederick, it seems, was absolutely fascinated by that giant firecracker. He studied it at great length, turned it over and over, and tried to imagine what it would sound like when it exploded. At last he decided to have a little perilous fun by lighting the fuse, allowing it to burn for a second, and dousing it in cold water. Since it was a long fuse we could understand why he thought that he would have ample time to put it out.

The coast was clear for his experiment. I was the only one at home and I was no hampering influence because I was completely absorbed in my music. He slipped up to Howard's

room where the firecracker was placed for sake-keeping and came downstairs with it. He knew that he had to be near water so he took it into the bathroom where he could plunge it under the faucet. Then he struck a match and lighted the fuse.

Probably he thought that the fuse would sputter and sizzle slowly like the ones on our baby firecrackers. At any rate, he was completely unprepared for the quick flame and loud hissing, and before he knew it the fuse had burned almost into the firecracker. There wasn't time to put it under water or to scream for help. He simply dropped it on the floor and ran.

It's a blessing that he did, for if he had been in the room when it exploded he might have lost his hand or his eyesight. As it was, he was safely in the hall when the crash came, too paralyzed to open his mouth and yell. The bathroom was small and the door was closed, so the concussion had no place to go except the window and walls. It broke out the window, of course, and tore great pieces of plaster from the walls. This made the cloud of smoke and dust that poured into the living room and put the finishing touches on me.

Frederick didn't know which he feared the most: to have the folks come home and see the destruction in the bathroom, or to have Howard return and find that his giant firecracker no longer was in existence. I'm ashamed to say that I didn't know much about charity in those days, and I didn't lighten his anguish any by assuring him that everything would be all right. It seems to me that I spent an hour raking him over the coals and saying "Just wait and see what happens when the folks get home!"

Poor Frederick! He was in such a state by the time the folks did return that there was nothing further to be said on the subject. I believe that the main emphasis was on the fact that he had come through it unharmed, and even Howard was unwontedly forgiving when he heard the story. I imagine that Dad had his own sensations when he saw that the bathroom would have to be replastered and the window replaced, but he didn't dwell on this unhappy aspect of the case. After all, it wasn't the type of thing that you can get too fierce about for it had never happened before and when in the world would it ever happen again?

Well, that's the story of Frederick and his run-in with the giant firecracker, and I couldn't resist telling you about it now when the Fourth is so near at hand.

(Con't in August Number)

### RABI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first  
was made;

Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God;  
see all, nor be afraid!"

—Robert Browning.

## A LETTER FROM LUCILLE

Dear Friends:

What do you do when you're cooking something that has to be basted every twenty minutes for a couple of hours or so? I asked myself that just now as I closed the oven door on some barbecued spare-ribs and after turning over several possibilities in my mind that included making five button-holes in a pinafore, picking up things in the living room or writing a letter to you, I settled on the latter. It means that I can kill three birds with one stone for I'll baste the ribs, step out on the back porch to check activity in the sand-box, and visit with you.

When we first moved into our house it seemed to me that this kitchen was the most inconvenient of the eleven kitchens I've worked in since I've been married. Frankly, I was hard-pressed to say one good word for it. There wasn't any question of doing major remodeling because lumber was completely unavailable, so we simply had to jig up makeshifts left and right.

It was the first time I had ever walked into a completely bare kitchen—not a cupboard, not a shelf, just the four walls and a sink against one of them. A stove and refrigerator presented the first most pressing problem for I sold my two gleaming beauties years ago when we left Minneapolis, and in all of the years since then I'd had both items furnished in our various apartments and houses and consequently never had to give it a thought until we moved here. As you know, if you've brushed up against the problem, it is impossible to get them new or second-hand. We would have been in a fine pickle if Lavonne hadn't moved in with us and brought her electric stove and refrigerator. That really saved the day. But even as I write this I know that she is planning to move into her own home very shortly, and then the same old problem will be dumped back in my lap once again.

But to get on with the kitchen itself . . . the next most pressing problem was to make shelf space for dishes and cupboard space for supplies. As I told you back in April, it was a bridge that I crossed many times before I reached it.

But the bridge was reached by Russel shortly after we moved in here. One afternoon he assembled many pieces of crating and made a series of long, deep shelves that stand against the north wall next to the refrigerator and close to the sink. (Everything is close to the sink for that matter since there isn't even room for a breakfast table!) The crating was rough lumber, to put it mildly, so he covered every inch of the surface with red-and-white oil-cloth. This gives me ample shelf space for dishes, and they are good firm shelves too that won't collapse when a truck goes by the house. Furthermore, it looks very attractive, and the only small fly in the ointment is the fact that dishes standing on open shelves have to be washed before they're used if they stay out of

the dish-pan more than two days running. I consider this a VERY small fly, everything considered.

The problem of closed storage space for food supplies was much more grave and could only be solved by a kitchen cabinet. I went to several sales and felt thoroughly disgusted when old, decrepit items went for \$25 and on up—they couldn't have cost nearly that much brand new fifteen or twenty years ago. Then I went to look at brand new cabinets and felt equally disgusted at the flimsy plywood shelves and haphazard construction for which they wanted \$35.00 and on up . . . mostly up.

About this time Frank and Jennie Field came to my rescue when they offered me an ancient old cabinet that had been in their basement for years. In fact, it dates back before the cabinet era and should really be called a "safe". But regardless of its correct name, I've never welcomed any piece of furniture more warmly than that battered old hulk. We haven't finished rehabilitating it by any means, but it's the joy of my life for it gives me fine storage space plus a working surface. Until it arrived I had to use the sink for that purpose!

I know that most people like to have everything concealed behind cupboard doors, but I prefer to have pans, measuring cups and everything of this nature hanging right on the walls where I can grab them in the flash of an eye. In my favorite kitchen, the big one that I had in Minneapolis long ago, everything was hung in this fashion, but in my California apartments I had very gleaming, sterile-looking kitchens that rivaled an operating room for lack of atmosphere. (It would have been worth my life to hang one single thing on those walls!) Now, in our own house, we could pound left and right so we did exactly that and reconstructed the same homely, old-fashioned atmosphere that we once had in Minneapolis.

Above the sink there is a long shelf for my spices and another larger shelf for cannisters, the large, clear-glass ones that are painted with scenes

from different places where we've lived. My rice cannister, for instance, always takes me back to the Santa Rita mountains in Arizona where we lived for a spell because the old black coal stove and broom are painted on one side. These shelves are also made of rough crating and upholstered in oil-cloth.

Now if I just had a stove and refrigerator of my very own I could honestly say that it's the most satisfactory kitchen I've ever had. Two minutes ago when I jumped up to baste the ribs I found it hard to believe that I had once felt so discouraged about it that everything I said practically constituted libel! Not including any amount for stove and refrigerator, of course, the actual expense came to \$9.50. Broken down this reads; \$1.50 for hauling cabinet from Field's to our house, \$3.75 oil cloth, 75c thumb tacks, \$2.00 for linoleum used on cabinet working surface, 50c for plywood (new back for cabinet) and \$1.00 for paint. I maintain that \$9.50 was never better spent.

My sewing for Juliana has surely gone by the boards this past season. Those of you who read the sewing book will remember that I said even five minutes a day would eventually see something finished, and I've concluded that "eventually" is exactly right. It took me any number of five-minute sessions to cross-stitch two fancy roosters on the front of her new white pinafore, and now that I've passed up this opportunity to make buttonholes while basting the ribs, it will take me a few more five-minute sessions to get that done. Yet I did manage to whip up a pair of summer pajamas in a half-day (much time out for interruptions) and right now I'm trying to finish a dress for Kristin's birthday, so I'm hoping that before long I can actually get more accomplished. It doesn't stand to reason that you can get much sewing done when you're moving into a house, adjusting yourself to a whole new life, and spending many hours at a desk.

A number of you have asked me if we are homesick for California. The answer to this is an emphatic "NO". The only time we feel even a twinge is when we sit down to look at kodachromes in the evening. Those of you who have been in California can understand why those pictures of the dazzling skies, tumultuous ocean breakers and great mountains can give us a momentary pang. But the physical countryside itself is all we miss. I can't imagine longing to return to the confusion, noise, difficulties and congestion that life in a big city means.

Juliana has just called in to say: "I'm discouraged about my cakes, mama. I can't do a thing with them because they keep making up their minds to crumble and fall to pieces." I'm hoping she won't discover that a bucket of water poured in the sand would remedy this condition.

The ribs are almost done, so I must run now and make the salad and set the table. Until next month then . . .

—Lucile.



Juliana.

## AND SPEAKING OF SLIPPERS . . .

In a red brick house only a short distance up the street from Driftmier's white house is one of the finest collections of pitchers and slippers in this part of the country. Mrs. Earl Fishbaugh has spent twenty years enjoying her hobby, and although I've been in her home many times and literally feasted my eyes at the sight of such unusual and beautiful pieces, one of the things I've promised myself for less busy days is the opportunity to give them the study that they deserve.

It would take a series of photographs and articles to do justice to Mrs. Fishbaugh's collection. When Russell went up to take some pictures he couldn't decide where in the world to begin, but a start had to be made somewhere so he turned his camera on the slipper collection first.

Anyone who has collected slippers or inspected displays of them would have the time of his life studying Mrs. Fishbaugh's collection. Without exception they are antiques, for new slippers or imitations of old ones do not interest her. It's significant that she hasn't made any additions for the last three years—there seems to be little likelihood now of stumbling upon antiques by chance.

Mrs. Fishbaugh says that she chose slippers for her first hobby because her mother had given her a beautiful one when she was a small girl. It was a treasured possession for years, and when the time came that she wanted to start developing a hobby, slippers seemed the natural place to begin.

It would be impossible to describe even a small portion of the collection, but Mrs. Fishbaugh has her favorite among all of the beauties and it is a very fragile and delicate Dresden slipper in what might be described as an extremely dark aquamarine. Around the top of the slipper and down the sides is an edging of lace as fine and intricate as a spider-web. Her other special favorite is a slipper that looks like the height of Paris fashion at the turn of the century. It too is of blue, much lighter than the other, with a high heel, glass lace trimming, and a sole that has somehow been treated to look like genuine leather although it is not.

One of her most interesting slippers came from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. She says that with her daughter-in-law she simply walked around and knocked at doors, an effort that turned up the beautiful cut-glass slipper that rests upon tiny roller skates and contains a fine specimen of a miniature perfume bottle.

Many cities and states are represented in the collection for Mrs. Fishbaugh is constantly looking for worthwhile additions and she learned long ago that one must simply knock and ask. Her greatest disappointment came in Keokuk, Iowa, when the owner of a remarkably beautiful slipper flatly refused to part with it for any consideration.

Antique shops now and then turn up something that interests her, but the bulk of the collection came from



Slipper Collection of Mrs. Earl Fishbaugh, Shenandoah, Iowa.

private homes where she had the privilege of looking around when household goods were sold. It was on such a hunt that she turned up the valuable purple-slag riding boot that is unique and precious. When she found it, it served as a receptacle for burned matches on an old cook-stove.

These slippers fill a series of walnut shelves in the southwest corner of the dining room. In the adjoining west windows are slippers of amethyst, amber, blue and ruby glass. The sunlight streaming through them is so beautiful that it's hard to decide whether to begin looking there, or to turn to the big collection on the shelves. It's plain to be seen why it would take many, many visits to absorb the full beauty of Mrs. Fishbaugh's hobby.

## OTHER HOBBIES

View cards of all kinds, and pen pals whose names are Kathleen.—Miss Kathleen Kiebkes, Rt. 1, Wellsburg, Ia.

Would like to trade Indian head pennies and pretty small buttons for bottles.—Idah Hennen, Osgood, Mo.

"I would like sea shells or mustache cups. Will exchange for your hobby."—Mrs. Ray Else, Mapleton, Ia.

Collects shrubs, climbing roses, red and white phlox, iris, red and pink honeysuckle.—Miss Colleen Barnes, Rt. 3, Lawrence, Kans.

Collects salt and pepper shakers, stamps and plants. Age 13.—Patricia Have, Rutland, Ia.

"I will exchange other's hobbies for lamps, horses, china or glass hens, pot holders, feed sacks and quilt pieces. Would like to exchange little girl's size 4 patterns for size 6 in dresses and play suits."—Mrs. L. S. Boo, Rt. 1, Bern, Kans.

"My hobby is collecting feed sacks and handkerchiefs. Will exchange.—Mrs. Walter Morrison, Salsburg, Mo.

"My daughter, age 5, collects dogs,

my boy, age 7, collects advertising pencils, and my oldest boy collects match folders. I collect small vases, salt and pepper shakers, and also like crocheted pot-holders and house plants."—Mrs. R. J. Kovarik, 1040 N. Orange St., Wahoo, Nebr.

If you wish to sell any pieces of Royal Ironstone China, white with a brown band and a brown clover-like leaf, write to Mrs. Jim Long, Box 9, Dayton, Ia. She is also interested in getting old-fashioned glass or china hens such as mustard used to come in years ago.

"I am still hopeful of finding smocking transfers more than five years old and will gladly defray any expense involved."—Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, RFD, Lucas, Ia.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LOIS SHULL

Topeka, Kansas, is the home of Lois Shull (Mrs. John J.) whose friendly, entertaining articles have given her a wide circle of Kitchen-Klatter friends. Her husband is a teacher in one of the Junior High Schools in Topeka, and of their two children only Jack, who will be fifteen in July, is now at home; Phyllis has rejoined her husband since his return from overseas.

Mrs. Shull says that her life has been full of children, beginning with caring for younger brothers and sisters in a family of seven, of which she is the eldest. In college she took a Kindergarten course but only put it into practical use for the first time when she organized a private kindergarten in her home the winter her little daughter was five.

For a period of eight years she boarded babies and small children for a Children's home, and later for working mothers. During this time she cared for over thirty children of all ages ranging from ten months to sixteen years. Later she worked in a Nursery School for two years olds. This would seem to be plenty of activity for any woman, but Mrs. Shull added in her notes that "on the side" she worked in the primary department of their Sunday School, maintained a nursery each Sunday morning for the benefit of parents, and did substitute teaching in every grade (including high school) of the Topeka Schools.

A few years ago when her health forced her to slow down she took up several hobbies which have led to a very happy "life at home" for her. Through her hobbies she has made many fine friends with whom she corresponds—and she also writes regular hobby columns for two small publications. She says that one of her hobbies, creative writing, has proved to be the most enjoyable of all, and certainly her Kitchen-Klatter friends are glad that she developed her ability in this field.

"I have taken the little paper for a year now and find I can't do without it. I find many fine helps each month."—Mrs. Richard Larimer, Rt. 2, Russell, Iowa.



## FOR MOTHERS-TO-BE

By Lucille Sassaman

How many people have you heard joke about "all the commotion" that women make when they're going to have a baby? They say that after all, our grandmothers and their great-grandmothers had babies too and they didn't need to run to a doctor to find out how to have them. They just had babies—and a good many more of them than women do now-a-days.

Now all of this is true, but what they neglect to add is the fact that a great many of those babies were still-born and that more died in infancy.

After all my years of training and work in hospitals and clinics I thought that I knew a thing or six about how to have a normal pregnancy and a healthy baby, but when I found out that Kira was coming I forgot most of what I'd ever known. All of my well-meaning friends and relatives had some horror stories to tell (have you ever noticed how all of those stories always begin "Of course I know that nothing like this will happen to you"), and they all gave me advice, most of it conflicting. I did get confused, and in spite of all my medical background I began to have vague fears, so I decided that it was time to go and see a doctor.

This was in the fourth month and I should have gone before and knew it, but I was in a strange city where I didn't know a doctor, so it was easy to put it off. I had forgotten so much that I was even surprised to learn that this Pre-Natal care was all paid for in the regular delivery fee.

The reason I say that I should have gone before the fourth month was not due to the fact that there was anything wrong with me, but it made me so much happier to have the doctor say so! He also settled all of those vague fears that I had had and answered a great many questions that I had wondered about.

I remember one of the first questions I asked him was "When should I give up driving a car?" In the back of my mind I must have had the feeling that he'd tell me to stop right then and there, for I can still recall my sense of surprise when this famous specialist leaned back in his chair and said, "Well, after you've driven yourself to the hospital you probably won't drive again for a couple of weeks." After that I just thoroughly enjoyed those months of waiting and went about my business and let the doctor go about his—and one of his jobs was to do all of my worrying for me.

It's in the months before the baby

is born that we mothers determine what chance he has, not only to be born alive, but the kind of teeth, bones and general health that he will start with. Even more important, we can assure our baby a chance to be raised by a strong and healthy mother.

There isn't much more I can tell you about what to do at this time except to repeat what you already know: to eat good food, drink lots of milk, get plenty of rest, and above all to keep active and busy. Go to a doctor and let him prescribe for you, and if you follow his advice you will not have to give up a tooth for every child or limp along on varicose veins. You can look forward to having a baby as the happiest experience of your life.

I am sitting at the kitchen table writing this and enjoying my after-breakfast cup of coffee. I just turned on the radio to listen to a book review on the biography of Paul Revere. I thought I knew something about this hero of our Revolution who was also a wealthy merchant and silversmith, but what I just now learned was that his wife died in child-birth. With all of his money he couldn't buy medical care to prevent that. The old cemeteries are filled with evidence of what most women had to look forward to in the old days. Almost every family plot has a headstone for father and all the children, and not one stone but two or three or sometimes even four stones for the mothers who wore out or died in child-birth.

I remember looking at a picture of my great-grandmother shortly after Kira was born. It's a tin-type of an old, old woman with kind and tired eyes set in a wrinkled face. Her hands are folded in her lap and she looks as though this was the only time that she had ever sat down just to rest.

I said to my mother, "How did she ever do it? No conveniences and nine children, and she had to card the wool to spin the wool to knit all those stockings. How did she ever do it?"

Mother smiled and brought out the big old Norwegian Bible and asked "How old are you, Lucille?" She knew, of course, but I replied "thirty-nine", and then mother pointed to the faded ink that showed me that great-grandmother Kira was dead before she reached the age of forty.

We are the lucky ones. Let's use all the knowledge we can get and give our children their right to an easy birth, a strong and healthy body and a good chance to live and make this world a better place for all people to live. The Federal Government has many fine pamphlets on this subject, some of them free and others costing no more than 10 cents. You can obtain these by writing to: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Children's Bureau Publications, Washington, D. C.

"If baby is given his cod-liver oil from an eye-dropper or medicine bottle rather than a spoon, many stains on his clothing will be avoided."—Mrs. H. O'Neil, Lincoln, Nebr.



## OVER THE FENCE

I really felt as though the "good old days" were back when the Garden and Homemakers Club of Anita, Iowa, came to call on me. They chartered a bus for the trip, and although this happened frequently before the war I believe that they made up the first bus load to stop and see me for several years.

Do you have the "Noon and Night" quilt pattern? Mrs. Floyd Dolan of Alexandria, South Dakota, has been unable to find it anywhere and is most anxious to get it.

As I read through a letter from Mrs. W. S. Gross, Rt. 2, Lee's Summit, Mo., it gave me quite a surprise to come across this sentence: "I am keeping my little granddaughter, Kristin, while her mother, Dorothy, is in Kansas City today." For a minute I thought that I was 'seeing' things.

May 17th was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hebbert of Scotland, S. D., for at that time they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with an open house at the farm home they have occupied for all fifty years of their life together. Eight of their children were home for this affair, and for the reception given by the church that evening.

On August 12th Mr. and Mrs. Ed Baker of Bethany, Mo., will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary, and in a letter telling me about it Mrs. Baker wrote: "We are an old pioneer family of Missouri. When my father died and his estate was settled we found deeds for land that carried the signature of Abraham Lincoln, Clerk." I thought that this was very interesting.

Mrs. Cleo Cooper of Stahl, Mo., writes that her church Mission has made \$59.00 this spring papering homes for people. "We charged 25c a roll," she writes, "and were making money to help fix our church with a roof, foundation, and perhaps a basement." I have a great deal of respect for women who'll tackle this kind of work outside their own homes.

There are fairies in the forest,  
There are fairies in the fen,  
But I'd like to see a fairy  
In the kitchen now and then.  
And if I found it friendly  
And regardful of my wishes,  
I'd read the morning papers  
While the fairy did the dishes.

—Catherine Brown.



### SPOON CORNBREAD

1 cup yellow cornmeal  
1 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. sugar  
3 cups of milk  
2 Tbls. butter  
2 eggs

Cook 1 cup of yellow cornmeal for about 5 minutes in 2 cups of milk and 1 tsp. of salt. Add 2 Tbls. butter, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 more cup of milk, and 2 egg yolks. Fold this mixture into 2 well-beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered dish and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve at once from the baking dish with a spoon.—Grace Simmons, Novinger, Mo.

### MALTED MILK CAKE

1 1/2 cups sweetened malted milk (chocolate flavor)  
1 egg  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 tsp. soda  
1 cup thick sour cream  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup flour (sifted before measuring)

Beat egg until light and fluffy. Add to malted milk. Sift flour and other dry ingredients together, and then add alternately with sour cream to the egg and malted milk mixture. Add vanilla last and beat well. Bake 30 minutes in 350 degree oven. (I also added a few drops of red coloring, for otherwise the cake is rather drab in color.)—Audre Schneider, Shenandoah, Iowa.

### BAKED BEANS

(For my birthday mother gave me a Presto cooker, and although everything I've fixed in it has tasted delicious, I believe that the baked beans were just about the best. I doubled this recipe and our family of six finished it in one meal.)

2 cups dried beans  
3 Tbls. brown sugar  
3 Tbls. molasses  
2 medium onions, chopped  
2 Tbls. chili sauce  
1 lb. salt pork, diced  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsps. mustard  
4 Tbls. catsup  
Dash of pepper

—Lucile.

## “Recipes Tested

in the

### Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### WHITE CAKE

("Some of my friends thought that this delicious cake was a burnt sugar cake, but there isn't a grain of sugar in it.")

2 cups white syrup (I use medium dark too)  
1/2 cup of shortening (scant)  
1/2 cup cold water  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
3 egg whites  
1 1/2 Tbls. hot water  
3 cups cake flour  
3 tsp. baking powder  
Pinch of salt

Mix syrup, salt, shortening, hot water and vanilla. Beat well.

Then add cold water and flour and mix very well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites (beaten stiff but not dry) and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. (I generally use medium dark syrup flavored with mapleline.)

### FROSTING

1 cup white syrup  
1/4 cup cold water  
1/2 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 tsp. vinegar  
2 egg whites  
1/3 tsp. almond

Cook syrup, vinegar and water until it spins a thread. Then pour over stiffly beaten egg whites, cool a little, and add flavorings. (I added grated coconut after spreading frosting on cake.)—Mrs. Lulu M. Moss, Boone, Ia.

### OATMEAL CRUMB DESSERT

3/4 cup butter  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 7/8 cups quick oats  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 1/2 soda dissolved in 1 tsp. water

#### FILLING

1 package chopped dates  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup water  
A few nuts if desired

Cook and then cool

Divide first mixture in halves. Put half in ungreased pan, add cooked filling, then cover with last half of crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream or vanilla sauce. Very delicious.—Susie Hadfield, Council Bluffs, Ia.

### OUR SUNDAY MORNING WAFFLES

1 3/4 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 beaten egg yolks  
1 1/4 cups milk  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 cup melted shortening  
2 stiffly-beaten egg whites

Sift dry ingredients. Combine egg yolks, milk, and shortening; stir into dry ingredients. Fold in egg whites. Don't raise cover during baking. Makes 8 waffles.—Leanna.

### SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE

5 cups shredded cabbage  
4 slices bacon, diced  
2 Tbls. brown sugar  
2 Tbls. flour  
1/2 cup water  
1/3 cup vinegar  
Salt and pepper  
1 small onion, sliced

Cook cabbage in boiling, salted water for 7 minutes. Fry bacon and remove. Add sugar and flour to bacon fat and blend. Add water, vinegar, and seasonings; cook until thick. Add onion, diced bacon, and cabbage and heat through. Serves 5 to 6.—Mrs. J. R. A., Topeka, Kansas.

### CORNMEAL BISCUITS

3/4 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
3/4 cup shortening  
3/4 cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Blend in shortening until mixture looks like coarse meal. Add milk all at once. Stir only until flour is dampened. Drop by spoonfuls over any meat or vegetable mixture and bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes.—Susie Hadfield, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

### DATE NUT BREAD

1/4 cup butter  
2 eggs, beaten  
2 tsp. soda  
3 1/4 cups flour  
2 cups dark syrup  
1 1/2 cups sour milk  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup chopped nutmeats  
1 cup chopped dates

Soak the dates in the sour milk for several hours. Cream the butter, add the syrup gradually and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add about 1/4 cup of dry ingredients to creamed mixture. Add the well-beaten eggs and beat well. Add the remaining dry ingredients alternately with the date and sour milk mixture. Add the nutmeats with the last portion of flour. Bake in 2 greased bread pans in a moderate oven for about one hour. This is very good for dunch box sandwiches as it keeps moist for several days.—Lenora Fick, Revere, Minn.

## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Do you remember how much fun the Fourth of July used to be? It is too bad our children have to miss the best of it—the long drive in the carriage behind horses, the baseball game, the picnic dinner in the town park with friends we hadn't seen since the year before, the heat, the crowds, the parade led by the Old Soldiers Fife and Drum Corp and followed by home-made floats, ice cream, the long-winded after-dinner speaker, the evening supper from our dinner baskets, the queer feeling of *not* doing our evening chores and the climax of the whole day—THE FIREWORKS! Oh, wonder and delight! Oh, Glorious Childhood Joys! The rockets and pinwheels and shooting stars and, last of all, Old Glory floating against a star-filled sky to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner.

Into the carriage at last, tired in body and thrill-worn, we children were soon asleep and scarcely remembered being washed and tumbled into bed.

Ah me... that was long ago.

From the papers it seems that this year in the Iowa Centennial we are going to have more Fourth of July celebrations, but even without these would it be too much trouble to have a neighborhood supper and perhaps a Sons' and Dads' impromptu ballgame and later a sing around the campfire? It would be something nice for our kids to remember.

It is one of our family jokes that when we came to look at this farm I sat down and visited with the friend who lived here then and didn't even glance at the house. Not that I would have let a house keep us from buying a farm which suited us, you understand. When we did buy it and came back, the house was old and dark and couldn't claim even one clothes closet. However, the four years we've lived here have seen many changes and I thought that you might be interested in them. They are mostly simple things and mainly inexpensive.

We began on the kitchen. It is 6x13 feet with two doors and two windows. There was actually no place for anything. First we shortened the windows by hunting until we found frames the same width as the old ones and had only to raise the sill. Our cabinets are only 21 inches wide—just wide enough for a sink. The top is an old oak table-top varnished and waxed. I like it better than either inlaid linoleum or porcelain and it was rescued from a junk pile. My utensils hang on a narrow shelf, and I have used narrow shelves for small articles, and upright divisions in them for trays, cookie sheets, etc.

One of the best improvements cost almost nothing. The outside door was just a plain four-paneled door. C. L. himself replaced the two upper panels with glass by carving around them, lifting them out, and then putting in glass. It made the room much lighter and gave me a view of the barnyard.

## CANNING FOR THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espé

If a shelf can be reserved in the basement for canned foods to be used exclusively in the preparation of school lunches, it will prove an invaluable aid when that task must be taken up again in September. This shelf could hold a considerable variety of foods, many of which can be prepared in advance during these summer months. You will have many of your own specialties of course, but in the following paragraph I want to list some of the things which I have kept on my school lunch shelf from year to year.

Canned chicken, tongue, head cheese, liver cheese and other meats. Chili Con Carne, various kinds of soups and mixed vegetables which can be used for soup or salad. Fruit cocktail made up of different combinations of fruits such as green gage plums, pears and white grapes; peaches, pears and blue plums; pineapple, apricots and figs; pears, cantaloupe and maraschino cherries; pineapple, peaches and tart apples; pickled or spiced peaches and pears; pickled crab apples, grapes and peaches. Tiny mixed pickles. Baked apples. Plenty of grape juice and tomato juice. The first few weeks of school are often oppressively hot and a refreshing fruit drink will be much appreciated by the youngsters.

## SANDWICH SPREAD

1 pint green tomatoes  
2 green peppers  
1 tablespoon salt  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 dozen sweet pickles  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
2 tablespoons prepared mustard  
1 cup sour cream  
1/2 cup vinegar  
3 eggs

Grind tomatoes, pour off juice, grind peppers and add to tomatoes with the salt, let stand 10 minutes, drain, then add 1/2 cup water and cook till tender, mix sugar and flour together, add to hot mixture. Add pickles, vinegar, sour cream and eggs well beaten. Cook about three minutes, stirring frequently. Seal in hot sterilized jars.

## PICNIC SANDWICH SPREAD

1/4 cup sugar  
2 teaspoons dry mustard  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup rich milk  
2 eggs  
1/4 cup mild vinegar  
2 teaspoons lemon juice  
4 teaspoons butter  
3 ounces cream cheese  
1/4 cup each sweet pickles, pimento, olives and red peppers

Mix sugar, mustard and salt, add milk, place in double boiler, add beaten eggs, and vinegar, stir till thick. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, butter and cream cheese, blend till smooth, then add last four ingredients. Place in jars and seal.

## CANNED CHILI

1 tablespoon fat  
1 lb. hamburger  
1 medium size onion  
2 cups cooked kidney beans  
3 cups tomatoes  
1/2 teaspoon chili powder  
Salt and pepper to taste

Brown hamburger and onion, cut fine, in the fat. Cook over slow fire till slightly browned, add tomatoes. Cook slowly till done, (about 20 minutes) add the beans. Heat through, thoroughly, but be careful not to mash the beans. Pack in quart jars. Process in water bath 2 hours. This chili has a mild flavor. It will be thick when opened. For the school lunch thin with scalded rich milk. Cooked noodles may be added if desired.

This is the time of year when it's a joy to go into the kitchen to start supper—if it doesn't get too hot. None of us enjoy tackling any kind of a meal when the thermometer soars, but I'm thinking now of just-right days, you know the kind with beautifully fresh mornings, enough sun to make crops grow, and then a cooling breeze towards evening. That's the kind I have in mind to go with a big dish of crisp red radishes from the garden with tender onions on the side, a bowl of our own leaf lettuce with sour-cream dressing, new potatoes rolled in butter and a dash of parsley if we have time to snip it up or hot cream sauce if our family prefers it, and for dessert one of the never-to-be-forgotten shortcakes like mother used to make with the rich buttered biscuits swimming with strawberries and cream. Does anyone want to trade this wonderful food from our own middlewestern gardens for the most exotic food that any other corner of the globe can produce? Well, no one can trade with me—I'll take our gardens and our suppers at this time of the year in preference to anything I've ever heard about!



Mrs. Edith Hansen, Morning Homemaker on KMA. Program at 9 o'clock.


**Practical Poultry  
POINTERS**

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

The old question of which came first, the egg or the hen, has often been debated but never settled, and at the present time the poultry question is just about in the same condition—debated aplenty, but never settled.

I have reduced my flock considerably, yet somehow feed still doesn't seem to go as far as it did when grain was more plentiful.

Almost any hen will lay in April and May, but if she is not laying in July and August of the year after she is hatched it is likely that she is a poor layer. Hens that molt in July, and slow developing pullets, should be put on the market. Early molters are usually slow molters.

Keep plenty of fresh water out for the chickens during hot weather and provide shade for them. Careful handling of eggs during the hot months is very necessary. Five percent of all eggs are lost by carelessness. Doesn't that seem like an awful waste of good food in this time of need when there are so many, many hungry people to be fed?

Watch for insect infestation, especially on hens that have been broody. This often causes a loss of flesh and sometimes causes a hen to be out of production for weeks.

My hen that I found setting on thirty eggs managed to hatch fifteen chickens (two were killed in the nest), but thirty eggs were just entirely too much for her. There were several more partly developed chicks, and I imagine in rolling the eggs around in her nest some of them finally worked to the outer edges and were not kept warm enough.

If you have not disposed of your cockerels and are not selling eggs to a hatchery, by all means get rid of them at once. You save feed, and eggs that are not fertile keep much better.

I have a friend who cans her cockerels. She dresses several at a time, cooks them until the meat is easily removed from the bones, then puts the meat in jars, adds the broth and salt and cooks it in the pressure cooker. I visited her at one time when she opened a can of this meat and in short order we had chicken and noodles that tasted very, very good. She also used it for scalloped chicken, creamed chicken, chicken pie and chicken sandwiches.

Here comes a dollar

Which I do not need,  
To exchange for Kitchen-Klatter  
That everyone should read.  
It makes your day much brighter,  
And it drives the blues away,  
It makes your heart grow lighter,  
And you're happy all the day.

—Mrs. George Stanley,  
Lincoln, Nebr.

**MOM GOES ON A DIET**

By Lois Shull

It's a gorgeous June morning! The children are outdoors playing, my housework is done, there are plenty of cookies on hand for lunch, and as far as I can see there's nothing to prevent my getting at some summer clothes that have been waiting all of this time for my attention. Thank goodness it's been a cool spring! I would have found myself in bad straits if it had turned hot a day earlier.

Let's see . . . what's in this collection anyway? I'll try on this polka-dot cotton first and see how it hangs. I pull it over my head and zip the side-placket with difficulty. Why, what in the world's the matter? I can hardly move my arms. I can hardly get it down over my hips. Stepping in front of the mirror, I gasp! It looks for all of the world as if I had been poured into it, and there must be a good inch difference between the length of the skirt in back and the length of the skirt in front. Surely this dress has shrunk or something. I won't believe I could have gained so much weight in one short winter. It simply has to be the dress! But when I try on the other things and get the same results I have to face the fact once and for all that I've really gotten stout.

I walk to the corner drug store and step on the scales there. My eyes nearly pop from their sockets and with good reason—I've put on ten pounds during the winter! Walking sternly past some acquaintances who ask me to join them at the soda fountain for a sundae, I plod back home in a gloomy frame of mind. There's nothing for it but to diet.

I spend the rest of the morning studying calorie charts and when noon rolls around the children get their usual hearty meal but I make my lunch on raw vegetables and an orange. This will hold me nicely until I get to the Tea, I figure, for today is the Tea—and then I remember that's not for me are the rich cakes and sandwiches. The feeling of discouragement hangs over me all afternoon until the moment comes that I can actually turn down the heavily iced cakes and say, "No sugar or cream, please." Yes, it's best this way, I tell myself. All of these heavy women here who are gorging themselves on the rich foods will be envious of me when I'm down to a beautiful slim figure in a few weeks.

It's with difficulty that I abstain from "tasting" as I prepare supper for my famished family. How can they eat cookies like that, then top it off with a huge meal and still stay thin? It isn't fair, I think, as I pass up the potatoes and bread and gravy and dessert!

According to the calorie chart I have been well-nourished today, but as the evening progresses my stomach tries to tell me otherwise. In fact, it's begun to scream "Starving, starving, starving" by the time the youngsters suggest that we drive to the Ice Cream Palace for malts and cones. Every inch of my will power steps

forward now when I say that they are to go on without me.

"I'm on a diet," I say. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, for pete's sake," says their Daddy, "you're not too fat. I like you just the way you are. And anyway you can take sherbert if you think a malt would be too fattening. Come on!"

I hesitate for a moment, but the sight of my family dashing out to the car and the anticipation of food are too much for me.

"Well, all right," I say weakly, and join my husband and the children who are shrieking as though they'd never had ice cream before in their lives.

I feel a bit guilty to have given in this way, but then, I've barely started dieting yet. I'll begin in earnest tomorrow, I promise!



Bob Field and his son William. Bob is Frank's oldest son.

**HAVE YOU A LITTLE RASCAL?**

Have you a little rascal  
Who runs about the house,  
Who gets in every corner,  
Is as nosey as a mouse?  
Does she open all the dresser drawers?  
Does she scatter pots and pans?  
And when you're busy reading,  
Does she tug and pull your hands?

Have you a little rascal  
Who jabbers all the while,  
But when the company comes to call  
Won't even crack a smile?  
Does she play with empty boxes  
In preference to her toys,  
And when you want her quiet,  
Does she make the loudest noise?

Have you a little rascal  
Who's as busy as a bee,  
Agoing every place at once,  
Seeing everything to see?  
A little ragamuffin  
Who thinks she's pretty smart,  
Have you a little rascal?  
We have — bless her heart!

—Lee Krieger.

## FAMILY FUN

## VACATION VARIETIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

Are you promising yourself a vacation during the slack season in work this summer? With farm folk and many others as well, that time just never seems to materialize! Consequently, in view of the fact that we can't get fourteen straight days together for a vacation, why can't we plan our holiday on the installment plan—a day here, a day there, or a week-end at some other favorite spot? My mother always said, "A change is as good as a rest," and I'm sure that she was right. Perhaps we will find new inspiration from eating our own home cooking in new surroundings!

Have you enjoyed the wonderful relaxation of a Sunday afternoon drive along the side roads and byways of your locality? Even small children will enjoy the ride if interesting landscapes, shrubs and farmsteads are pointed out to them, and perhaps an adult in the car will know something of historical significance to relate about places along the way. When you come to some particularly inviting spot, stop the car and let the children out to stretch and romp a bit. Why not invite a neighbor family to share the ride so the children can enjoy pals with whom they can share the fun? Teen-age youngsters particularly like to invite chums to share these summer excursions, and when the drive is climaxed with a weiner-roast supper before chore time their happiness is complete.

This is Iowa's centennial year so we're planning our installment jaunts around the theme, "See More of Iowa." No matter where you live, and regardless of centennials, you'll be pleasantly surprised at all the interesting facts you'll pick up about your state as you begin to study historical guide books and Chamber of Commerce circulars. Our biggest trouble is getting the places sifted down for our available time—there are too many alluring spots beckoning to us.

What with housing and cabin shortages, plus the problem of cafe meals, etc., we want to visit places this summer where we can drive easily within a few hours, and take our meals along. And of course we'll be wearing washable clothes and comfortable walking shoes. Neither mother or the children can enjoy a sight-seeing trip if they are worrying about ruining their best clothes.

And now let's get a little birdseye view of some of Iowa's vacation spots for family enjoyment.

At West Bend, in Palo Alto County, there is a unique Grotto of the Redemption which our whole family is anxious to see since friends have told us about it. It was built by Father Dobberstein who brought materials and precious jewels from all over the world and, working in his spare time, constructed this grotto. The art values of the gifts alone are estimated at over a million dollars. We are certain that our family will see much

beauty and gain much knowledge of Old World art from this trip some fine Sunday.

Dad and the boys love to go fishing and we are within easy driving distance of two state lake parks. We know that several long summer evenings are going to be spent at Swan Lake or Twin Lakes where the men folk can fish while mother and the girls just relax and are on hand for a twilight picnic supper. My! the thrill our youngsters get on hot summer evenings when Dad says, "How many can be ready in ten minutes to leave for a swim at Twin Lakes?" No one bothers to reply—there's just one mad scramble for bathing suits while mother phones the nearby cousins to see if they wouldn't like to make up a car load to go along.

Business is always less of a chore when it can be combined with pleasure. Our children are farm youngsters just at the age where geography and history "come to life" are of absorbing interest. For instance, we can go to Ft. Dodge to shop in the



The Dale Brown's and a neighbor's family enjoyed a Sunday outing at Springbrook State Park.

morning and then visit the famous gypsum mills or manufacturing plants in the afternoon. If we are in Des Moines on business we like to include visits to the State Capitol, the Historical Building (I'd place this first for children), the Register and Tribune Building, and a round-about way home to include the world's largest washing machine center at Newton.

Because music is of such special interest in our family circle we hope to spend some Sunday evening in Grandview Park at Sioux City for a concert of the Monahan Post Band at the Sioux City Bandshell. It is world famous for its structural beauty, and I understand that huge crowds gather there for the Sunday evening concerts throughout the summer.

I hope that our final picnic and sightseeing picnic this fall can be a return visit to the Ledges at Boone.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

I am writing you this time on the last day of my visit in Shenandoah. We had planned to come later and make a longer stay but my grandmother had a bad fall and passed away May 3, so we came at once. Grandma was 99 in April—a long life and a full one—and while we miss her, we have many wonderful memories of her.

Except for the sadness caused by Grandma's death, this month in Iowa has been a happy one for me. I visited all the children and grandchildren and renewed many old friendships. The country is beautiful with its spring green and all the early flowers in bloom. I've enjoyed every minute but now that the time has come to go home I'm anxious to get started. When all is said and done, there just isn't anyplace like home, is there!

Many of you have asked about our boys who were in the army. Three of them are out and pretty well settled in civilian life again. Gordon is on Okinawa and seems contented in his work there. We were so fortunate in having all four of our boys come through the war safely—we are thankful for that and prayerful for those parents who were not so blessed.

Since I have been away from home I haven't had my mail so can't tell you much about our shutins this time. Will probably have lots of them for you to do things for next month. By the way, we have some people who would like to cheer shutin children. Do you know any children who are sick and who would enjoy mail? If so, send their name and address to me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

Have any of you finished wheel chair robes that you have not turned in yet? If so, please get them in soon—send to me at the above address. As soon as I get home, I want to send another bunch of robes down to the hospital and I hope it will be a big bunch.

If you haven't made any scrapbooks for the hospitals, do send me \$1.50 for 10 blank books and get started to filling them with stories, etc., you can clip from magazines. They are fun to make and are much needed. This is a USO project. They use a special kind of book so all will be alike. Full directions come with the blank books.

Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N. Sierra Bonita Avenue, Los Angeles 36, California, writes that the soldiers in hospitals are calling for more stamps for their collections. Everyone can help with this. Go through the letters you have received and tear off the corners of the envelopes that have the stamps on, being careful that the stamp is not damage. Do the same with packages you get. They want all kinds of stamps. If you are a collector, send your duplicates, but don't ask for exchanges as the boys are not able to do this. Put the stamps in an envelope and send to Dr. Acton, please.

## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Since I last wrote to you, we have finally moved into our new home. Actually it is a very old house, but it is new to us. As we sat in our fresh, clean kitchen the other evening, eating our first dinner here, we looked around admiring our efforts and remarked how different it looked from the first time we stepped inside and looked around at the house which was to be our home for the next several years.

You know what a house looks like that has stood empty for years. The paper on the walls was dark and dirty, coming off in spots; the wood-work was a dark grey, chipped from lack of cleaning and care. We stood and pictured in our minds what it could look like with fresh paper, a few cans of paint, and needless to add, lots of time and work. But we have great satisfaction now in all our efforts, both amateurs at that, because it looks better than we even visualized. With the housing shortage the way it is, I know many of you have probably moved into similar places, and done just what we did to make them livable.

Perhaps you would like to hear a little about our house. We have three rooms downstairs, a living room, dining room, a large kitchen, and pantry. The living and dining rooms are quite small, so we papered them alike in a very light paper, just off white, with a faint design, and painted all the wood-work white. It makes the rooms look much larger. The floors were very bad, so we carpeted the two rooms and our stairway from wall to wall, in a burgundy colored carpet. It looks very lovely with the light walls. Our drapes in the living room are a heavy striped material in deep rose and white.

The last time I was in Shenandoah, Lucile and I spent two days dying some old drapes of mine I started out with in Hollywood. I had always liked them so much, the material was good and heavy, chartreuse in color. They were badly sunfaded, so we did our first job of dying. We wanted them to be chartreuse again, but they didn't turn out to be that color; they are more of a jade green, or maybe its nile green, I haven't decided which. However, they do look nice and when I picked out my carpet I didn't think the two colors would go well together, but I was happy to see that they did. So the green drapes now hang in the dining room.

The kitchen walls had always been papered, but I wanted them painted. So we found out how to go about it and started in. First we put on a coat of primer-sealer, then two coats of white semi-lustre paint, doing the pantry the same way. When I tell you the kitchen is 12' x 18' you will know how much painting we did. Our linoleum, which is blue with just a touch of red and yellow, adds color to the room. The curtains are white trimmed in blue, a birthday gift to me from Frank's mother. Then I've used touches of color in my luncheon



Kristin and Juliana taking a ride on Danny Boy, Kristin's pony.

cloths, etc., so the room looks very gay and cheerful. The pantry shelves are all covered with red and white checked oilcloth.

The kitchen is one step down from the dining room. I mention this because when we knew we were going to move into this house, I had never seen it but Frank had been there several times as a child. I was so anxious to know what it looked like, the floor plan and so forth, and the only thing he could remember about it was this step, where he used to sit and eat cookies. Kristin has always used it for the same purpose. She likes to sit there and watch me work.

There are two bedrooms, a large hall, and large closet upstairs. The walls we painted a pale blue, the ceilings a pale peach. One wall in Kristin's room is papered in a darling nursery paper. She loves her room and spends almost all her time there with her toys and books. The floor in her room is to be covered with a cute nursery linoleum which we have been told will be available the first part of June.

We have a lovely big yard, something we all three love. These years we have lived in apartments in crowded cities makes us appreciate it all the more. I've been so busy with the interior of the house this spring, and Frank, of course, has had all he could handle with the field work, so we haven't been able to work in the yard. But we have some lovely flowers, quantities of iris, three red peony bushes, and several rose bushes. Then we have already enjoyed the spirea, lilac bushes, and a flowering almond. We have big plans for beautification we'll work out this summer and fall.

One of the first major jobs is to fence in a section for Kristin's play yard. The big timber begins just a few yards from the house, and Frank and I both have a horror of Kristin wandering off into it and getting lost. The last thing Frank says before he goes out to work in the morning is, "Don't let Kristin out of your sight

today. She might decide to go see Grandma by herself and we never would find her." So I'll be glad when we have a fence and I won't have to keep such an eagle eye on her.

We had been so anxious for the folks to come and see us, so we were awfully happy they could come on Mother's Day. Dad and Mother, Lucile, Russell, and Juliana came from Shenandoah, and Wayne came from Iowa City. The trip was also to help me celebrate my birthday which was the next day. We hadn't actually moved in yet, but they all got here about 11:00 A. M., and after they had looked over the place we had coffee and doughnuts. Then we had dinner with Frank's parents, and we had such a good time and a lovely visit.

It's such a nice feeling for Frank and I both to have our parents so close. Every afternoon after Kristin's nap we go to see Grandma and Grandpa Johnson. Sometimes we drive, and sometimes we walk down through the timber. Of course, my folks aren't quite so close, but at least we can see them once a month, and that is a lot nicer than once a year the way it's been the past few years.

I got fruit in town today for a big fruit bowl for my kitchen table, apples, oranges, and bananas, yes bananas, and right now I'm going out and fix it.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy.

A kitchen is a friendly place,  
Full of living's daily grace;  
And rich in dignity is she  
Who shares its hospitality.

## WORLD FOOD SITUATION

Surely every home maker is aware of the world food situation; aware that there are millions of hungry people in the world right this very minute. Perhaps the most appalling food fact about which every single one of us can do something is this.

A government study revealed that we Americans waste fully 30 percent of our food through spoilage and over-generous portions. That means that 40 million of those hungry people could be well fed on what we waste. What to do about it? Serve smaller portions. Let the family come back for seconds if they are still hungry. This sensible practice alone will amount to a considerable amount as time goes by.

## COVER PICTURE

This month our cover takes you to beautiful Golden Gate Park in San Francisco where Russell spent many hours photographing the magnificent gardens and lakes. In this picture you are looking at the famous conservatory that houses one of the world's most noted collections of rare flowers. It's too bad we can't see through the glass walls and enjoy the display of chrysanthemums that were being shown at the time this picture was taken.

## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We live on a large farm in southern Minnesota and have all of the attractions that appeal to city children, plus a small lake. Every summer my sister in Chicago sends her two boys to spend two months with our two boys, and of course it's the finest time of the entire year for them and they have a wonderful time. I don't resent this, but now that my boys are ten and twelve I think that they're old enough to be thrilled by a trip to Chicago—they've never been in a city. This has never been suggested, yet I really feel that after five summers running I have a right to approach her on the matter, not for a visit during the summer when Chicago is so hot, but during the next Christmas holidays. Do you think it would be all right for me to do this?" —Minn.

ANS: Certainly it's all right, and the sooner the better. Your sister should have done something in the line of hospitality towards your boys long ago, but since she hasn't it surely isn't out of the way for you to make the suggestion. It reminds me again how thoughtless people can be where country children are concerned. I don't know why they can't realize that for a farm child the city is as exciting and wonderful as the farm is for the city child.

QUES: "Will you please tell me if I'm in the wrong about this situation, Leanna? Our little three-year old girl, an only child, doesn't play happily by herself for even five minutes. Unless she has a playmate she hangs on me and whines and cries. I've started putting her outside now that warm weather is here and she does nothing but pound at the door and scream unless another child is with her. My neighbors on both sides think that this is disgraceful and have told me so. They seem to think that I am abusing her. What do you think?" —Ia.

ANS: It's quite apparent that you have an unhappy child, and surely she isn't being made any happier by such tactics. Only children are lonely children, and the fact that she is happy only when other children are with her is proof that she is genuinely lonely, not just cross and spoiled. We can't expect a three-year old to play happily alone for long periods of time. They don't have enough resources at this age. I believe that I would first get her started in the sandbox or with some other activity of this type, and then leave her alone for a short time. Gradually increase the time as she improves. Don't abandon all efforts to have her play alone, but on the other hand, don't put her outside and have her screaming at the door for an hour at a time. No one's nerves can take this day after day.

QUES: "I am a bride of two

months who feels very confused about something that has arisen in my husband's family. I came to them a stranger and expected to call them "Mr. and Mrs." until we are better acquainted, but my mother-in-law always refers to her husband as "Mr." rather than something less formal, and it makes me feel rather shut-out and kept at a distance. I'd always understood that this wasn't correct, but now I'm not sure." —Mo.

ANS: No, it isn't correct. To members of the family or intimate friends a wife never refers to her husband as "Mr." but always by his given name. Evidently your mother-in-law feels as uncertain and confused as you feel, so as soon as the right moment comes why not lighten the atmosphere by referring to him as "Dad Smith"? No doubt she is only waiting for you to behave less formally and will welcome the opportunity to relax.

### MOTHER'S HELPERS OR BABY-SITTERS?

In last month's issue you probably noticed the question on page 11 that was concerned with the problem of high school girls who stay with children on summer afternoons and evenings. This particular mother wanted to know if I thought that her fifteen-year-old daughter should do tasks of any kind while she worked as a baby-sitter, and I stated in reply that this type of question had come to me so many times that I wanted to answer it in greater detail than space in that department would permit.

It seems to me that the whole question is determined by the attitude of the woman who asks a young girl to stay with her children. There are some women so gracious, so appreciative and generous that it would be a pleasure to wash up the supper dishes for them, to do a little ironing, or to sew on some buttons. They don't intend to impose upon anyone, and the last thing in their minds is to wrench out their "money's worth" from the girl.

On the other hand, there are women who actually plan to take advantage of anyone who comes in to stay with the children. They feel that it's ridiculous to spend good money without getting full return, and their idea of full return isn't the satisfying feeling of knowing that the children are safe, but that the kitchen is cleaned, the living room straightened, and a big ironing put away.

Under such circumstances I don't think that a girl should be expected to touch a finger to it. Her job is to be responsible for the children, and where such a woman is concerned, her responsibility should end right there. But the other type of mother . . . that is a different story. She

doesn't expect anything and consequently it's a pleasure to surprise her when she returns with some odd jobs out of the road.

In most cases you will know the families where your daughter goes to take care of children. You can judge for yourself which of these two situations she will run into. But if you don't know the mother, you can depend upon your daughter to size up the situation, for any girl old enough to be responsible for children is old enough to understand the different types of women that I have described here.

There are certain aspects to babysitting that I don't like and have never liked. I feel very strongly that no young girl should be alone in the house with small children after midnight. Just the other day I read a warning to parents about the dangers involved, and surely they are obvious to any mother. When my girls picked up their spending money this way I always insisted that they be home by midnight, and if there weren't close neighbors where they were staying I had one of their brothers go by at ten and remain with them. It's taken for granted, of course, that your daughter will be delivered to her own door regardless of the hour.

I feel too that a definite understanding should be made as to when the parents will return home. If they say that they will be home by eleven they should keep their word. Any mother who has waited anxiously for an hour or two after the time she expected her daughter can sympathize with the anxiety that it means. My girls never returned to houses where the parents came in long after they had said they would be home.

In recent years it's become quite commonplace for girls to take their dates when they sit with children, but I feel that this isn't wise from everyone's viewpoint. Any girl who has her boy-friend with her isn't going to be so alert to the children's needs, and her sense of responsibility for them is likely to diminish. Most mothers would prefer that the girl come without her friend but they hesitate to come right out and say this, so it is your responsibility as the girl's mother to have a clear understanding on this issue.

Nine times out of ten, baby-sitting is a good way for any girl to make her spending money and to develop a sense of capability. I heartily approve of it for many reasons. It's only on rare occasions that a girl runs into situations which are not desirable, and when these occasions arise she should drop the home from her list.

Dear Leanna:

Recently I had you run an ad for me and I was very pleased with the results. The orders came so fast I could not begin to keep up with them. Enclosed find \$1.00 for my renewal to Kitchen-Klatter. I can't get along without it.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Waldo Burns,  
Route 1,  
Lorimor, Iowa.



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### JIMMY JUNE BUG

By Maxine Sickels

Little Jimmy June Bug went zooming through the air and whammed into the window screen like a miniature dive-bomber. Katherine, who was reading just inside the window, jumped with fright and then laughed when she saw who it was. After all she wasn't afraid of a bug!

(Bug is the correct word for Jimmy June Bug, for a bug is an insect with one pair of hard wings which make a shell over his back. If he flies, he has another softer pair of wings hidden away under his hard wings. These soft wings are the ones that help him to fly.)

"Why, Jimmy June Bug, wherever did you come from and what do you mean by frightening me so?" she asked.

Jimmy settled his wings tighter around himself and asked, "Do you mean where did I come from right now, or where did I come from in the first place?"

Katherine thought for a moment and then answered, "Both." It sounded like a good story. So Jimmy settled down more comfortably and said, "This evening I came from under that loose board by the porch. I have to hide in the daytime from my enemies who would like to eat me."

Katherine looked at him and thought, "Even salt and pepper wouldn't make a June Bug taste very good!" But she only asked, "What kind of enemies do you have?"

"Mostly birds and other insect eaters," said Jimmy, "but I lived under the ground as a white grub for two or three years, and I am afraid in the bright sun."

"Where did you live?"

"Out in the pasture or lawn or along the side of the road where the grass grows every year. I hatched from a June Bug egg and grew and grew and grew. After two or three summers I dug a hole into the ground and went into the pupa stage. That is an insect's cocoon. And another thing, that was at the time the ground began to get warm in the spring. Now here I am, ready to build a snug cell in the dirt and lay it full of June Bug eggs if something doesn't eat me before I can get this done!"

Jimmy had been lifting his feet and zinging his wings a little as he talked, and now at the very thought of anything eating him he zoomed away through the trees again. Anyway, he meant to get out and eat his fill while it was dark.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter over KMA at 3:15 daily.

### KNOW YOUR STATE

#### Arkansas

Flower—Apple Blossom.  
Nickname—"The Wonder State".  
Area—53,335 Square Miles.  
Population—2,048,000.  
Capital City—Little Rock.  
Largest City—Little Rock.  
Motto—"Regnat Populus".  
Bird—Mocking Bird.

### BOYS, CAN YOU?

Say, "Good Morning," when you meet the family in the morning?

Smile when things go wrong?

Walk at least two miles a day?

Help around the house without being told?

Be prompt in everything?

Be kind to those around you?

### RIDDLES

1. What is the easiest thing to part with? Ans. A comb.

2. What rooms can't you enter? Ans. A mushroom.

3. What has a mouth and a fork and eats nothing but dirt? Ans. A river.

4. Why is the letter A like a flower? Ans. Because a Bee comes after.

5. Which travels faster, heat or cold? Ans. Heat, because you can catch cold.

6. What is black and white and red all over? Ans. A newspaper.

### TONGUE TWISTERS

I saw six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.

Six thick thistle sticks.

Bobby botts bought a bundle of rubber buggy bumpers.

The old scold sold a school coal scuttle.

### WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

Adolph, noble helper; Alan, he who is fast, majestic and graceful; Albert, noble and bright; Alexander, helper of men; Alfred, all peace; Alvin, completely successful.

### THE LITTLE BROOK

The merry little brook  
Goes singing on its way,  
It sang a song of love  
Into my heart one day.

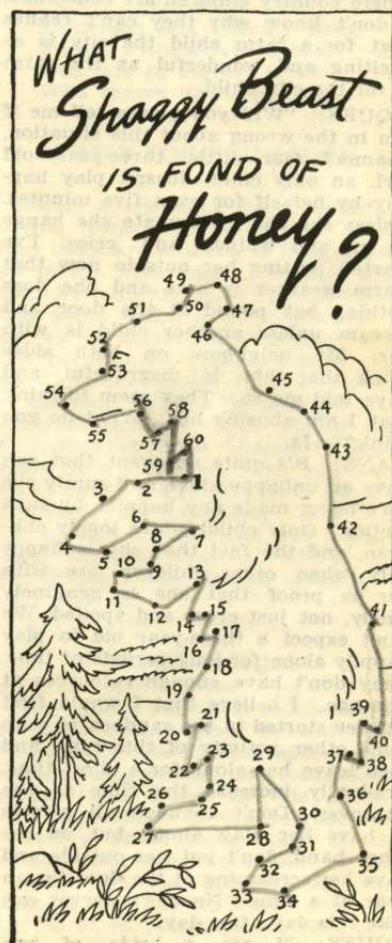
It left a lilting song  
And swept away my care,  
A song within my heart  
With joy and love to share.  
—Emma D. Babcock.



Patricia Kay and Donna Rae Porter, granddaughters of Mrs. Earl Dickson, Hayfield, Iowa.

### ASK DAD THIS ONE

A man and his wife have ten sons and each son has a sister. How many boys and girls are there in the family? The answer is not twenty, for if each boy has a sister, there is only one girl in the family making eleven children in all.



## REPRINTS

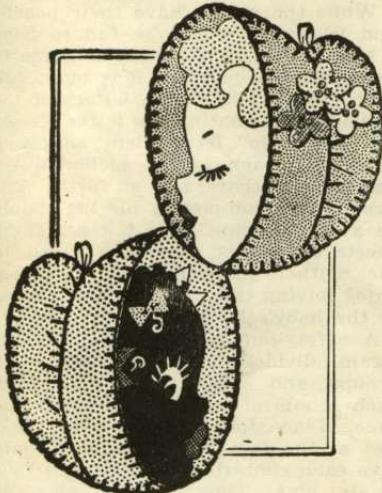
## American Family Story

Did you miss the first chapters of the American Family? If so, you now have a chance to get the first twelve chapters, reprinted in the same form as they appeared originally in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

These will be sent postpaid for 25¢ when accompanied by a new yearly subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. \$1.25 for both. Send \$1.00 for a new yearly subscription and 25¢ extra for the first 12 chapters of the American Family Story. Total, \$1.25.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE  
Shenandoah, Iowa

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for  
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by  
Leanna and Lucile  
PRICE 50c  
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Shenandoah, Iowa



Eva and Topsy are two gay colored felt panholders to help you with those hot pans. Since they are a double thickness of felt, they will slow up the heat. When their work is done, they brighten up any spot in which they may be hung. These are stamped on felt in appropriate colors; floss and directions for embroidery are included. For only 50c you will want this clever panholder set, C9875M. They would also make excellent gifts for friends.

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## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

**THE WORKBASKET Pattern Service.** Each month's issue includes a large sheet of directions for making all sorts of articles suitable for the home, wearing apparel, novelties, etc., also a free transfer pattern. You will be delighted with the Workbasket. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS** on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

**CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES.** 12 by 14, \$1.00; basket chair sets, \$3.00; stiffened baskets, 75 cents. Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Missouri.

**FOR SALE:** Chenille rose corsages, \$1.00; bouquets of tulip or iris, \$2.00; table center, \$2.50. Mrs. Katie Fortune, P. O. Box 735, Storm Lake, Iowa.

**CROCHETED DOILIES**, small 35 cents; medium, \$1.50; large, \$2.50; state color. Mrs. Oris D. Reedy, 422 Lincoln, Topeka, Kans.

**FOR SALE:** Embroidered pillow cases, \$1.00 pair; also embroidered dish towels, size 36x36, 30 cents each. R. M. Toresdahl, Plainfield, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Chair sets, \$4.00; 15 inch doilies, \$2.00; pineapple designs. Mrs. Holger Juhl, 420 West 4th Street, Cedar Falls, Ia.

**QUILT PIECES.** Print and so forth. Colorfast, 50 for 20 cents, 100 for 35 cents. Order from Mrs. Susan Nieland, South Maple Street, Carroll, Iowa.

**WANTED:** Extra nice crocheted table cloth of Queen Anne's Lace pattern and bedspread of Magnolia pattern. Give size, color, and price. Mrs. Bernice L. Johnson, Route 3, Osage City, Kansas.

**MOST BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARDS.** Box of 14, \$1.00 postpaid. Birthday, Get-well, Scripture, or Assorted. Humorous; Box of 12 for 65 cents. Mrs. John Amdahl, Ossian, Iowa.

**FOR SALE** 5, 3-piece buffet sets, \$2.00 set; 4, 3-piece vanity sets, \$1.50 set; 3, 3-piece chair sets, \$2.00 set; 1 pair of guest towels, "his and hers," \$2.00; 8 runners, doilies, different sizes. Write for prices. 1 runner, 4 place mats to match, \$3.00. All are nicely embroidered and have crocheted edges. For sale as long as they last. Mrs. Bernice L. Johnson, Route 3, Osage City, Kansas.

**NEEDLE PUNCH WORK SOFA PILLOW TOPS.** They are made out of wool yarn on black background and are very colorful. Many different designs. Order now. Mrs. Roy Lindblad, Dawson, Minnesota.

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**YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS.** Health, Wealth, Happiness. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self addressed stamped envelope. Sex, complexion, birthdate. One Dollar. I know you will like this unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED BABY SHOES**, white, blue, or pink, \$1.50 pair. Orders taken for knitted mittens, shell or scroll pattern. Choice of color, \$4.00 a pair. Write first, Mrs. Violet Olson, Linn Grove, Iowa.

**CROCHETED APRONS.** Shell pattern, \$2.45; kitchen aprons made from feed sacks, \$1.10; medium. Postpaid. Mary Wirth, Route 4, Newton, Iowa.

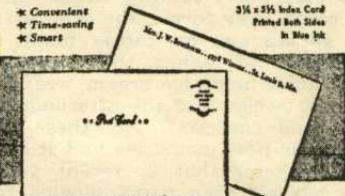
**CROCHETED PILLOW CASE SETS.** Four-circle medallions, white, pastel, or brighter colors, matching edging, \$2.00; Rose medallions, 6 for \$2.00; Basket with flowers, 2, and matching edging, \$2.00. Miscellaneous orders for crocheting, postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Hand crocheted earrings. Screw backs, most all color combinations, state colors desired. Send \$2.00 to Irma Midgaard, Milford, Pennsylvania.

**PHOTOGRAPHS TINTED.** Sizes 5x7 or over, 50¢; sizes under, 25¢. Send color details with photo, slick finished photo's not accepted. Send to: M. F. Twitchell, Danbury, Iowa.

**CROCHETING:** 6 piece chair sets, pineapple design, \$5.00. Buffet sets, \$3.50. Vanity sets, \$2.50. Doilies and center pieces priced according to size and design. I will make anything you want if I can get thread.—Mrs. Charlie Bowman, Dawn, Mo.

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A PICNIC TO REMEMBER

There surely can't be many people of my generation who have forgotten the wonderful church picnics that were held when we were young. It always seemed to be the hottest day of the summer when we set out, but that didn't dampen anyone's enthusiasm for the bumpy ride in big hay racks over dusty country roads. And who could ever forget the wonderful food spread out on tables made of sawhorses and planks, the big freezers of home-made ice cream wrapped in gunny sacks, and the afternoon of games and contests? No, these are among our best memories and it does seem a shame that in recent years there haven't been many picnics for the entire church membership.

If your church is one that has dropped this custom, why not revive it before another summer has passed? Perhaps all of your Sunday School classes have their own separate outings, but these hardly take the place of one big picnic for everyone in the church. There isn't much work involved, and the returns are more than worth the effort.

A committee must be organized to make the arrangements. It's a good idea to ask an officer from each Sunday School class to serve on such a committee for in this way the needs of every age can be arranged. The choice of a picnic site, transportation, food and entertainment are the main items to be considered, and it will probably be more efficient if the committee is divided into groups to take care of these things.

Try to find as central a location as possible since many more people will attend if they don't have to drive too far. Allow people to bring what they like in the line of food, and unless you have members who volunteer to furnish home-made ice cream, plan to buy the amount that will be needed for the crowd.

**Earn Money** taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details. Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

STORK SHOWERS

If my mail is any indication, there are going to be many spring babies fortunate enough to have a "pink-and-blue" shower given in their honor. This means an equal number of happy mothers, and an untold number of well-wishing friends who are pleased to have the opportunity to bring a gift to the new-comer.

Invitations to a stork shower can always be telephoned, of course, but if you have the time it's fun to mail out invitations that are made by folding a piece of white paper into the shape of a triangle diaper. Fasten the ends with a small gold pin (if such pins are still scarce in your town you can slip very narrow pink or blue ribbon through little slashes in the paper and tie a bow.) When the diaper is opened it will contain the name of the hostess, the name of the mother-to-be, and the date and hour of the party. Most parties of this nature are kept a surprise for the honor guest, so if yours is to be a surprise be sure you write "Sh-sh—don't tell anyone" in the invitation.

The hostess should accept the gifts as they arrive, for of course the high point of the party comes when they are presented to the honored guest. You may want to decorate a large basket for this purpose by lining it with pink or blue paper, and tying a large bow on each handle. (Be sure that one bow is pink and one is blue.) This basket can be brought in and presented to the mother-to-be just before refreshments are served.

Another nice way to present the gifts is to pile them in the middle of the dining room table as a centerpiece. Decorate the table by running large strips of pink and blue paper diagonally across it, leaving the ends free until the gifts are piled in the center. Then bring up the ends and tie them in a huge bow over the pile of gifts.

Still another attractive idea is to pin the gifts to a clothesline, and then bring the line into the living room in a decorated basket. This line is to be stretched up across the room, and then the guest of honor is asked to "get the clothes in right away as a shower is coming up."

As soon as all of the guests have arrived it's time to start the entertainment. Perhaps the best ice-breaker ever invented for a successful party is the clothes-pinning contest. Divide the crowd into two equal groups for this. Pin up two clotheslines across the room, provide a sack of clothespins, a collection of baby clothes, and a good-sized baby doll. At the word "Go" one person from each side grabs up the baby doll, holds it in one arm, and begins pinning up clothes. The doll must not be shifted to the other arm or put down, and if the contestant forgets and does this she is automatically out and the next person in line in her group must step up and take over.

The point of the contest is to see which side wins the most times. It's really quite a feat to hold the doll and hang up the clothes with one hand, and the contortions that the contestants go through will produce

hilarious excitement and laughter. This is a sure-fire stunt that guarantees a successful evening with any crowd.

After the physical exertion of this game it would be good to have a contest. Supply each guest with a pencil and a piece of paper on which the following contest has been written just as it appears here. Award a prize to the person who completes it first, and a second and third prize for the follow-ups.

... will be born on Tuesday at ... and draw his first ... then As soon as possible he will be baptized by ... He will blow his ... day and night for attention. He will be given a pretty ... that he can call his mother with. Both mother and daddy will lovingly admire his ... On leaving the house he will always warn his folks to ... When old enough to go to school, his mother will waken him by saying, " ... ."

His playmates will call him a ... . Complaints will come to the fond parents that their precious son has been throwing ... . His first puppy love will be a real ... because she won't tell. When he ventures out in the dark to see his ... he will always carry a ... . He will be distressed by having attended a school picnic and getting too close to a new lady friend, ... . His parents will discourage his love affair, hoping he will ... .

(Flower names to fit the blanks.) Sweet William, Four O'clock, Baby's Breath, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Trumpet, Blue Bell, Tulips, Forget-me-not, Johnny Jump Up, Touch Me Not, Snow Balls, Daisy, Violet, Chinese Lantern, Poison Ivy, Marigold.

While the guests have their pencils and papers it would be fun to have a second contest that can be given to the mother-to-be when it is over. Ask each guest to write the letters of the alphabet, eliminating the letter X. At the word "go" have them supply a name for each letter, such as A—Anna, B—Barbara, and so forth. The first person completing his list should be awarded some little token. These sheets of papers should be given to the mother since she will probably enjoy having them for her scrap book, or the baby's book.

A safety-pin race is lots of fun. Again divide the crowd into two groups, and select two people from each group, or a total of four at one time. Place four empty nursing bottles at the far end of the room, and give each contestant a knife and four safety pins. They are to cross the room and drop the pins into the nursing bottle. Of course some pins will drop along the way, so the side wins that has the greatest number of pins in its two bottles.

Refreshments should use pink and blue in the softest possible shades. Pale pink peppermint or strawberry ice cream, angel food cake with pale pink frosting and a small blue rosebud on each piece, would be delicious and eye-appealing. Since color is important at a stork shower, the refreshments suggested here are considered "classic" and are to be preferred to more elaborate dishes.