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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

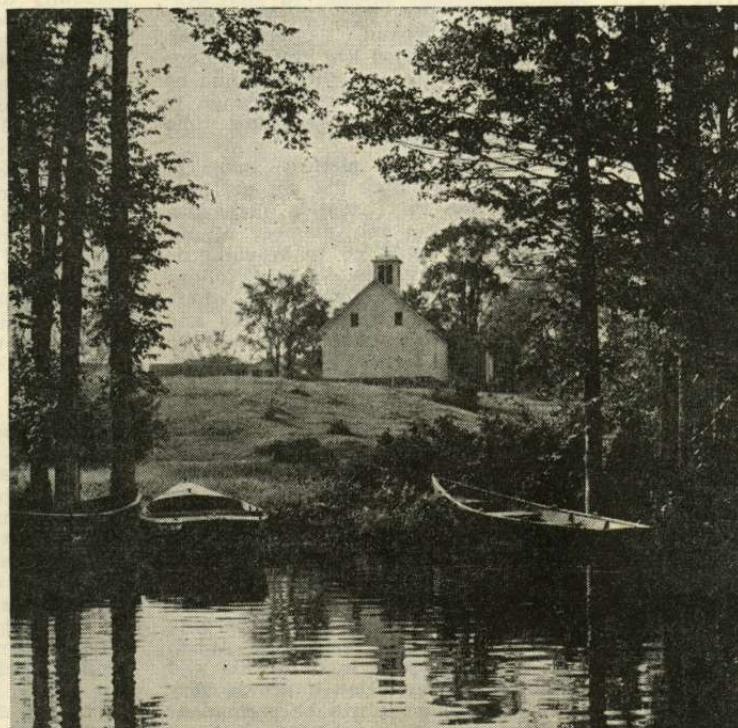
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H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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My Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter to you on the morning of July 4th. It may turn out to be a very hot day but this morning it is nice and cool. The sky is becoming quite overcast with clouds, so we may have rain before the day is over. I have not heard one single firecracker. Quite a contrast to the days when our family was growing up! When I think back on those days, I wonder that the children escaped without losing an eye or at least a finger or two, for what one wouldn't think of to do with a firecracker, another one would. Those days were fun for the children but not so much enjoyed by us older folks.

The very strict laws against the use of firecrackers will no doubt save many lives and much suffering. Then, too, we can all recall many disastrous fires, the result of the use of firecrackers. I am sure patriotism can be better taught in some other way.

Since I last wrote to you, we have had a short vacation. By we, I mean my husband Mart, and I. Mary Ellen Alexander, the high school girl next door went with us and although we were gone from home only a week we returned much rested and refreshed. It had been at least four years since I had been away from home, except for a day once in awhile when you would hear a transcribed program.

This year our two daughters, Lucile and Dorothy, broadcast Kitchen-Klatter for me, so I could have a real rest. I certainly enjoyed the few times it was possible for me to hear them. We spent the week at Spirit Lake in northern Iowa where we met many old friends who also vacation there. My husband doesn't care for fishing but we did enjoy sitting in the shade watching the fishermens' boats idly drifting on the calm still waters of the lake. We had a very restful and quiet time.

As has been the custom in past years, a Kitchen-Klatter picnic was enjoyed at Gilbert Park on the west shore of Spirit Lake. This year there were more than two hundred and fifty friends around the picnic tables. They came from Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Iowa. A bus load of over fifty women came from Hampton, Iowa, 160 miles away. These Hampton women have a Kitchen-Klatter Club and are a loyal group of listeners to the Kitchen-Klatter pro-

gram. There were people from fifty-two towns at the picnic. Following the dinner, we had a short program. I introduced my husband, who gave a short talk. Helen Fischer, my sister, gave some of her helpful gardening experiences and Mrs. Clare Mohler, a friend from Sac City, Iowa, entertained the group with a humorous reading. We hope to have another picnic next summer and perhaps if you couldn't attend this year, you can be with us next year.

We are anticipating a visit from our youngest daughter, Margery, before so very long. We have not seen her for over two years and have never met her husband, Elmer Harms, whom she married last fall. We hope he can come to Iowa with her and he probably will if he can arrange to have his vacation at the same time Margery has hers.

I am sorry the pictures taken at Frederick's wedding did not get here in time for this month's magazine. Wayne was the only member of our family who could go to Washington for the wedding. The weekend following his return to Iowa City, where he is in school, he came home and told us about it. Frederick was so happy Wayne could be there. The wedding took place in the Naval Chapel where he is chaplain and was followed by a reception at the Carlton Hotel. They had a ten-day trip up into the mountains of New Hampshire and returned to Washington where they will live. Frederick is to be given sea duty soon so their home life will be rather unsettled for awhile.

I know you are interested in the reports Edith Hansen, the morning homemaker at KMA gives regarding her son Don's condition. He is still in the Naval Hospital in California and although his condition improves very slowly, we hope it will be permanent and that he can soon be moved closer to Iowa. His father is planning to visit him some time during the summer and Edith hopes to spend Christmas with him. A chair like my new one has been ordered for him and we hope he will soon be able to use it a lot.

There have been many callers at our home this summer, and I enjoy these visits with my Kitchen-Klatter friends very much. Some have written to ask the best time to visit Shenandoah. Well, I would say anytime, for the radio stations are always here.

There are always hundreds of acres of growing plants and trees in the nursery fields, and many plots of flowers blooming. If you have an opportunity to make the trip, I am sure you will enjoy it.

In the meantime, I should be very glad to have a letter from you.

Your friend,  
Leanna

P. S. I knew it would be like this! Since Lucile and I wrote our letters, Juliana has been in the hospital for observation. She has not been really well for some time and has been losing weight. Ted, and his wife, Betty, who have been living in Washington, D. C., made us a short visit before he left for Bermuda where he will be stationed at the Naval Base. Betty will join him in a few weeks.

### WHAT IF IT WERE YOUR CHILD?

One day this past month a letter came to me that left me feeling troubled and disturbed. I couldn't put it out of my mind, and I kept asking myself how I would feel if such an experience had come to me, or, and this is more important: had I ever failed to extend a helping hand at such a time? I don't know that I have, but surely this letter warned me to keep my eyes open in the future, to be ever watchful of the opportunity to help when help is desperately needed.

This is the letter that I refer to.

"I can't tell you how much your daily program has meant to me these past few months when I've been heartbroken and lonely over the loss of our oldest child, a little boy of five years of age. You see, one reason I've been particularly lonely is because we moved here from Oregon in March when my husband bought a business and started out for himself. He was badly wounded in the war and had been dismissed from a veteran's hospital as cured, but after only two months in the store his old ailment recurred and he had to go to the hospital again.

"This left me alone with our three children, the little boy five, a little girl three, and our baby girl a year old. Of course there was the responsibility of the business too, but before I even had time to figure those things out my five-year old became very sick and was rushed to the hospital.

"I longed so to be with him for you can imagine how he cried for me, yet I just couldn't get to the hospital for there was no one to leave the little girls with. I tried to hire a woman to come in, but there wasn't a soul to be found. Then I asked my neighbors even though I'd never met them and hated to impose, but they all were busy. As a result I only got to see my little boy once in the three days he was there before he died, and I went that time leaving my babies alone in the house, something I'd never done in my life and swore that I would never do.

"My husband is back now and his business is prospering, but somehow I just can't seem to be happy again. We'd bought our own home here and I'd thought when we first moved

(Continued on Page 11)

# Come into the Garden

## AUGUST IN THE GARDEN

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Providing we have had usual weather with heat and rain well distributed over the summer, and no disastrous storms, this month should be one of pure enjoyment. For no matter what the disappointments were, caused by the two severe frosts of this year's too-early spring, there will be much to appreciate in our gardens. Annuals are in full bloom and many perennials are getting ready for a second blooming, which is fortunate indeed if the first blooms failed.

Fresh vegetables are indeed a joy and a reward both to the gardeners and their families. Fruit lost by the freeze holds an added glamour this year, so do not neglect the newly-planted strawberry bed. Keep the weeds out and the soil cultivated. The everbearing plants may be allowed to set fruit and should provide berries for future enjoyment.

Of recent years we have often heard the expression "holding the line." Looking over the flower beds this season the meaning of it has been brought home as never before, for that is exactly what many of our old reliable flowering plants have had to do this year. Because many of even the most dependable perennials have been deprived of brightening the garden with their accustomed bloom, other flowers have had to do double duty. Never before was the Sweet Rocket so much appreciated, as it filled the garden to overflowing with its perfumed abundance. It surely "held the line," as did also the columbines. Having them in quantities made the garden seem full of bloom, and with ever-blooming pansies at their feet, one's garden hunger was completely satisfied.

Here is a lesson we should do well to heed as we prepare this month to sow seeds for bloom next season. Hesperis, the Sweet Rocket, is so easy to grow. The seeds may simply be scattered wherever desired and will spring up after the fall rains have washed them into the soil. If they come too thickly and flowers are more in abundance so that they are not needed throughout the summer, it is a very easy matter to pull up the surplus plants after their blooming period is done and fill the space with some other annual. But be sure to leave some to seed back and save yourself a job later on. These are biennials, but often persist for several seasons.

Columbines are started in a cold-frame or in a protected bed in the garden where they may be left undisturbed until spring. They germinate rather slowly so start them early in the month. These perennials are the joy of the busy gardener; I never have to give the established plants any protection whatever over the winter, not even in the extremely cold winters

that we have here. But I plant much seed each year and always have many new plants in all stages of development. There are so many varieties that they will fill any place in a diversified garden such as many of us possess. The long-spurred are the choice of many, while there are an equally large number of flower-lovers who love the short-spurred singles and doubles. Don't fail to start some columbines this month from seed.

We wouldn't think of being without pansies, but how many forget all about starting a supply now in order to have a generous amount of the lusty plants next spring? When other plants were laid low by the cold weather it was very gratifying to see the pansies hold up under both the frost and also the hot dry winds that followed. They held the line until moisture in abundance finally came. Plant this seed in a cold frame, no matter how simply made, cover until up, and then do not let get dry. It is an annoying fact that this very condition of welcome moisture to the successful germination and growth of the young plants is also very welcome to toads, as I have more than once found out. They are fond of burying themselves deep down in the cool moist soil. But if you are a true gardener you must also have a saving sense of humor.

There are many varieties of pansies to choose from; there are also the true Violas and the Johnny-jumps-ups which are sometimes confused with Violas, but which are of smaller bloom and which self-sow very readily. The true Violas sometimes live over from season to season with a little protection, but I had better success treating them as a fall-sown annual such as pansies. Have some fun with these.

## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The long strap-like leaves of each plant of the Hardy Amaryllis had vanished weeks ago but the places where they were planted were watched solicitously in August. If there was sufficient moisture, this was the month that they would be poking their fat noses through the soil and the bare bud stalks would grow by inches daily until they opened clusters of pinky-lavender blossoms. They looked so delicate and fragile but were among the most lasting of all cut flowers. At "The Sticks" the Vesper Iris was planted near them. They bloomed on tall stems but the tiny blossoms looked more like lavender butterflies hovering over the Iris foliage than like Iris blossoms.

Along the byroads, where native vegetation still had a foothold, might occasionally be found plants with bright orange flower clusters. Flora used to look for them on her way to country school, for every year they bloomed at a certain place along the roadside. She called them "Buttercups" in those old days, (although

butter was never such a color), but had long since learned that this plant was correctly called *Asclepias tuberosa* or more commonly, *Butterfly Weed*, for the butterflies loved it.

The individual blossoms in the clusters were most unusual—their pinched waistlines gave them an hourglass appearance; and it looked as though the plant had not been able to decide whether to have its petals turn up or down and as a compromise had them turn sharply down, and then in case this should prove a mistake had five hood-shaped divisions turn just as sharply up.

Indeed it looked like the blossoms were growing both ways at once. Flora liked its vivid color and had brought it into her garden, but she had to resort to seeds to get it to come. Its long tap root was not one that made moving easy but the seeds grew nicely and young plants were not so temperamental. The plants had a long blooming period which made them valuable for the garden borders and they cut well, too.

Another wild flower that bloomed willingly but with far less showy blossoms was the Wild Petunia (*Ruellia ciliosa*) really not a Petunia at all. It was not for vases as the pale lavender blossoms dropped off almost immediately after being picked.

Yellow flowers almost predominated at "The Sticks" in August. There were Marigolds of various kinds—tall ones for background plantings, others quite dwarf for front rows and all kinds of in-between sizes. *Rudbeckia triloba*, the Brown-eyed Susan, bloomed for weeks with sunshine flowers in either sun or shade. Lantanas in bright orange-yellow tolerated the heat on the south side of the house and bloomed profusely to show their happiness. Back of them were the Buddleias in bright purple, and in front of the low Cup Flower, *Nierembergia* Purple Robe. It made a pleasing combination. The humming birds approved of the Lantanas and came regularly to get early morning and late afternoon nectar-tea. Flora was thrilled once to find that when she sat very quietly on the back steps near the bushes and held one of the flowers in her hand, a little hummer came up to her blossom as bravely as those still on the bushes!



A morning in the garden. I can "boss" better than I can hoe.

## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### Chapter Thirty-Seven

Big families and dogs practically go together it seems, yet for a number of reasons (principally that Dad felt our household didn't need any added complications!) we were without one for years. I can't remember any scenes when we pleaded for a dog and the answer was a flat no. It just seems to have been one of those things that are taken entirely for granted—we didn't need a dog.

But one hot summer day in 1926 a medium-sized black-and-white dog came walking up our alley. When he reached our back yard he turned in, looked around at the gang of children playing about him, put his head on his paws and settled himself down. That was the way Trix came to us. And he was something like the famous guests who are invited to dinner and stay for weeks, because he lived with us for a good twelve years and became a pillar of the family.

Trix was an absurd name for him, and no one ever knew just how he happened to be called that, for somehow you associate the name with a little, frisky dog—and Trix was the exact opposite. A more dignified, dependable and less frisky animal never drew the breath of life. He lived with us twelve years, as I've said, and there was never a moment of his time with us that he permitted anyone to make him look ridiculous. As long as he had the power to snap he snapped, and without a second's hesitation, if anyone took advantage of him. There was a dog who meant business!

The tales about old Trix are countless and legendary. Somehow he seemed to be Frederick's particular pet, and when anything went wrong (as it frequently did) it was Frederick who had to do the explaining and apologizing. He was Driftmier's dog nine-tenths of the time, but the tenth time he was Frederick's dog and many were the bitter hours spent by his master making atonement.

What breed of dog was Trix? Well, you would have to name over almost every breed of commonly known dog to arrive at the answer. He had a dash of everything in him. Frederick had moments when he said with wistful pride that he was surely fifty percent Newfoundland, but the rest of us suspected that he was more accurately fifty percent wolf. We felt particularly certain of this when he disappeared at certain times of the moon and stayed away for four and five nights at a time.

The first year that we had him he stayed strictly outside—not one foot did he set inside the house. After every meal Frederick gathered up the scraps and fixed his pan near the garage, and during the summer he spent a lot of time keeping his water pan filled to the brim, but it was understood clearly that he need never show his face in the house. And he didn't until Dad spent two weeks alone while the rest of us were in Minnesota on a vacation. When we drove up in front of the house on the evening of



Old Trix guarding me. This picture shows Howard and me starting to Church

our return we saw Dad sitting in the porch swing with Trix lying at his feet. Nothing was said about it, but from that point on he had the run of the house—and years later Dad did confess that Trix had made the place seem less empty and lonely while we were all away.

Yet if Trix had finally gained entrance to the house and tacit permission to hang around, he also knew that there were boundaries set by Dad which he could not cross. Lying on the davenport was one of them. If Dad were safely down town Trix would come in, stretch out on the davenport and take a good nap. Incidentally, he had the peculiar and very funny habit of lying on his back with all four feet up in the air, and his head on an old cushion that Frederick provided for just such times. Yet he knew our car and could hear it coming a good block away, and just let the sound of that car penetrate the air and he would lift up his head (not turning over, you understand, but just lifting his head as a person would), look out the front door which was in direct line with the davenport, and get off and move briskly away. Of course this was only if Dad were in the car. Otherwise he stayed comfortably where he was.

Trix' great virtue was his loyalty. In his younger days he showed some discretion about it, but as he grew older and more sullen he took issue with everyone and everything that seemed to be hindering us in any way. More than one person had the unhappy experience of having Trix reach out and snap at an ankle for no reason at all that we could see, and no one would dream of coming up on our front porch at night if he were lying anywhere near. As someone once said about him, "Driftmiers never need to lock a door—they've got a combination machine-gun and lion in their yard." I really believe that Trix would have killed anyone who deliberately set out to mol-

est us. His great mission in life was to protect us, and he did a masterful job of it.

Of course he had enemies and they were legion. He was too smart to eat poisoned meat, but he was not fast enough to get beyond the reach of a gun. Someone shot him one night, and the next morning we found him lying near the back steps blood-soaked and obviously dying. We were so appalled that we stood by paralyzed while he summoned his last strength to get into the kitchen and down the basement steps. Then we realized what the whole story was and took action. This meant making a litter and carrying him right back up the steps and outdoors—Howard, Dad and Frederick carried the litter. Then Frederick sat down on the old pump platform and began fanning him. It was a hot day and he fanned and fanned; then he organized shifts to do the fanning, and finally when dinner time came Trix was still alive and Frederick was still fanning.

"You'll have to come in and eat," Dad said. "He won't die while you're in here."

Frederick wiped away his tears (he had cried all morning as he fanned) and came in to eat. And lo! and behold! in fifteen minutes Trix walked right through the back door, seemingly recovered, and indicated that he wanted dinner too. An hour later he was as good as new, and you could never make any of us believe that he hadn't just pretended to be so sick to get a morning's fanning.

While he was still young he went down town every day, and then got on the running board of Dad's car to ride home with him. Once he followed Frederick to town and lay down outside a jewelry store to wait for him. Frederick had forgotten that he was with him and left by the back door, so it was a very irate jeweler who called a half-hour later to ask us to come down and get our dog—he hadn't permitted a single customer to enter the store!

After Mother was hurt he never left her wheel-chair. He stayed right by her side from morning until night, and if any strangers called he growled threateningly until she assured him that it was all right. As long as he was able to move he was beside her. That was why Mother found it so hard to do anything about it when the time came that life was a misery to him and the only kindly thing was to remove him from his suffering. Three different times she went with Dad to deliver him to the veterinarian, and three different times she gave up and went back to get him. The last time, with Frederick's permission written from far away, Don delivered him. We all knew that it was best, but it seemed like betraying the most loyal dog in the world.

After Trix was no longer with us we had Rusty, a cocker spaniel with a fancy pedigree who belonged definitely to Mother. We liked Rusty and he was with us for a good eight years or so, but somewhere in the back of our minds there was always a lonely feeling for old Trix.

(Continued in September)

## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is such a golden, beautiful summer day that I'm tempted to drag a small table out into the backyard and type my letter to you out there, but I know full well that this would be a mistake. And why would it be a mistake? Well, once out there I'd get to thinking how desperately our house needs paint and then start all of the mental calculations on how soon we can afford to get the job done; from the paint I'd progress to noticing the fine collection of trash that Juliana has collected in her sand-box and I'd feel that I just couldn't continue typing until the worst of it was cleared out. And how about Kitty's dish looming up on the back steps with the remains of Kitty's breakfast which should be cleared away? And how about those clothespins on the ground? Oh no, the backyard isn't for me this afternoon. I'd better stick right here at my desk in the bedroom where I have a blank wall to look at. I know my weaknesses only too well.

It seems to me that a thousand months have passed since I last wrote to you the afternoon that I was barbecuing spare-ribs. That was almost my last session at the typewriter for a long time too, since the very next day I came down with a vicious type of flu that finally turned into pneumonia. . . but not until ten days had passed, a ten days that saw both Russell and Juliana laid low with the same thing. Honestly, is there anything more depressing than having everyone in the family down sick at the same time? I can't think of anything more gloomy and upsetting.

All of you mothers know how you just can't get sick when there are so many demands, particularly the demands of a small child. Why, I'd never allowed myself a day in bed since Juliana was born, and when the doctor said that I had to go to the hospital my first panic-stricken thought was that I simply couldn't—it was utterly impossible. Those of you who've been through this experience know exactly what I mean, I'm sure. If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget my sensations when I departed for the hospital leaving Juliana sick in bed with a high temperature. My!

Naturally you'll wonder what happened at the house after I left, so I must tell you that Russell's mother came from Minneapolis to take over all of the problems that I'd left behind me. As soon as I found that she would be at the helm I stopped worrying and started improving. Incidentally, may I tell you right here that you don't need to feel that awful sense of panic if someone in your family falls sick and the doctor says pneumonia? Thanks to penicillin, pneumonia victims can whip right out of it in no time at all—just think, within twenty-four hours after I started getting penicillin I was far along the road to recovery, and you know and I know what it used to mean to battle pneumonia. I hope that my experience will reassure any of you who have this particular illness to combat, so if you hear the diag-

nosis pneumonia just remember penicillin and let your spirits rise.

Well, that's all behind us now, that and another bout of illness with Juliana which had scared us half to death, and once again I can get my head up and look beyond thermometers and laboratory reports and worry. Isn't it a marvelous sensation to have everyone well after a long siege? I feel so relieved all of the time that I can't remember just what I was fretting about before all of this struck us!

For the first time in a number of weeks we are attacking odd corners and odd jobs in the house, and looking ahead to all of the things that must be done come the time and money. Russell's latest project was refinishing the big chest of drawers that stands in our dining room. We thought that this was solid walnut when we bought it, you know, but it turned out to be solid mahogany—and if you think we were disappointed at this discovery you're mistaken.

It had acquired a good many coats of varnish through the years so this all came off first with a good varnish remover. When the soft, beautiful original wood had been reached Russell waxed it thoroughly, and how wonderfully it gleams and glows. The top of the chest had been so badly scarred that no refinishing could eliminate the ravages, and Russell's solution to this is already thought out but must wait until the material is available. He plans to cover the top with a fine leather, studding the front and sides with big handsome brass tacks. I'm sure that it will look stunning. Incidentally, this chest is a necessity and not a luxury since I have no closets or cupboards downstairs and it holds my linens and bath rugs.

Speaking of refinishing furniture reminds me that I hope those of you who followed the steps we used in refinishing our oak dining table had equal success. From the letters that reached me I know that a goodly number of you tackled the job. This month we are trying an experiment on our dining room floor, but since it is a radical experiment unheard of before, and since it may not be successful, I won't tell you about it until next month when we will have had a chance to see the results. If we're pleased with it I'll tell you all about it in the September number. Far be it from me to invite anyone to embark with us on a venture that may prove to be a downright flop.

Taffy has just jumped up on my lap to purr a little song for me as I type. Taffy is Juliana's kitten and she named him herself the moment she set eyes on him. He came from Grandpa's farm, just a little mite about a month old, and at first he was so wild that we despaired; but now he knows his name, stays strictly in his own back yard, and is a much-loved and loving pet. I must tell you that before we had him house-broken we had a little accident one day, and when Juliana saw the results and heard my mutterings she said, "Mama, that cat's no friend of mine anymore." Sometimes she calls him "The Beast" and he is such a tiny thing that it

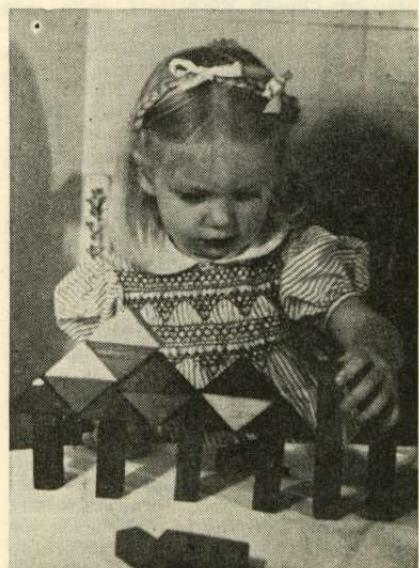
does sound funny.

Our family has simmered down now that Lavonne and Jane have found a place where they can live until their house is done. This leaves just the three of us plus Russell's business partner, but his apartment will be ready for occupancy on September first, and then Mr. and Mrs. Verness and daughter Juliana will be alone again at 116 East Clarinda Avenue, Shenandoah. We love our old house more every day we live in it. I feel so thoroughly at home here that I can't believe we haven't lived here for years and years.

One of the nice things that happened this past month was having Dorothy and Kristin in town for a visit while Mother and Dad were vacationing at Spirit Lake. And how much I enjoyed our daily radio visit with you! If anyone had told me that I'd find it a delightful experience, that I'd look forward to it every afternoon, I might have said that I'd be too anxious to enjoy it—but it didn't turn out that way at all. I found it one of the nicest things that's happened to me for a long time, and the only cloud connected with it is the thought that I haven't the time or strength to answer the huge stack of friendly, warm letters—the friendliest and warmest letters in the world. What is the answer to this? I don't know, except to say right here that you'll never know how much your letters meant to us.

Have you thought about your fall sewing yet? I know that it's only August, but the way time flies we'll be into autumn before we know it. Juliana can wear her good winter coat (the one with beaver-fur) another winter, I think, but there will be pajamas to make, some blouses to put together for the two wool skirts that were given to her, and of course new panties and slips. I'll wait until the weather is a little cooler, I think, and then I'll launch into this and see if I can't get it all done by the time she really needs those things.

Always your friend—Lucile



Just another picture of Juliana



Kristin, Juliana, and their Uncle Ted.

### MEET MARY DUNCOMB

If you can leave your gardens for a moment we want to tell you a few things about your faithful flower correspondent, Mary Duncomb (Mrs. R. J.) of Luverne, Minnesota. She has given all of us so much help with our gardening problems that sometimes it's easy to forget she has many family activities inside the house as well as outside.

Mrs. Duncomb was born in Washington, England sixty years ago. Before she was a year old her father left England to pioneer in the United States, and when Mary was eighteen-months old her mother and aunt made the trip from England to Minnesota. There the family was reunited on the forty-acre farm which they homesteaded; today it is just outside the city limits west of Luverne and has been in the family for nearly sixty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncomb have seven children, six daughters and an only son, Joe, who was recently discharged from the Naval Air Force and will enter college in the fall. He expects to study agriculture at either Ames or the U. of Minnesota for it has always been his chosen work.

In June the Duncombs had their first complete family reunion in three years, for that was the length of time that Joe served in the Naval Air Force. Four of their married daughters with their seven grandchildren were at home again in June, as well as the two youngest daughters who have been accepted as student nurses in Twin City hospitals. Their work will begin in August.

Mrs. Duncomb says that her chief interest in flowers is in growing unusual varieties from seed; among house plants her favorites are begonias, gloxinias, and geraniums. At the present time her garden is showing the results of the severe freeze and in a letter to me she listed the things that were completely ruined, but then went on to say: "However, in the midst of all this I'm not depressed, for we are a united family once more—the war is really over for us now that Joe is home after three years. After all, my family has always meant more to me than my flowers, much as I love them!"

### HOBBY PAGE

"My hobby is collecting old, novel cups, either glass or china (no saucers). I'll give feed sacks, pot holders, or crochet work in exchange for your cups."—Mrs. George Ertel, Greentop, Missouri.

"My hobby is writing letters and I'd love to have some new ones. I am 14 years old, and will be a sophomore in school this fall."—Illa Mae Emerson, c/o F. C. Burkhardt, Marathon, Iowa.

"I collect old tooth-pick holders and have almost 200 now. Will exchange for whatever the other person wants, if possible."—Ann Barber, Coon Rapids, Iowa.

Crocheted holders, doilies and chair sets; also tea towel designs. Will exchange a small doily or crocheted holder for two print feed sacks washed and ready to use for dresses and aprons (need four alike for a dress).—Bessie Dingsley, Rawley, Ia.

Pen-pals and movie star pictures. Age 13.—Beverly Osmundson, Sacred Heart, Minn.

"Will exchange your hobby for unused advertising or novelty pencils."—Miss Mildred Burr, Box 7, Walnut Grove, Minn.

"I will exchange salt and pepper shakers or little animals. Would like them from all states and countries."—Mrs. Clarence Gustafson, Rt. 2, Adair, Ia.

"My hobby is collecting miniature animals. I am twelve years old."—Carolyn Swift, Rt. 2-B, Albia, Ia.

Would like to exchange view cards with others.—Lucille Baker, 4021 Paseo, Kansas City, Mo.

"Since writing to the Hobby Page two months ago I have had grand luck collecting cow bells and old fans. I collect all kinds of bells, also hat pins and buggy whips. Write first, please."—Miss Jessie MacLaren, Massena, Ia.

Mrs. R. O. Hall, Louisburg, Mo., writes: "I just cannot answer all cards and letters so will you please print that my plate was sold—there were over fifty requests and of course only one plate. My hobby is crocheted pot-holders and flowers."

"I have a collection of fifty match books which I would like to exchange for two feed sacks. I still collect buttons and have over 5,000."—Mrs. Philip Kinsey, 312 Leslie St. Carrollton, Mo.

Edwin A. Schmidt, 216 2nd St. S.W., Clarion, Ia. would like to exchange postmarks and advertising pencils.

I found the following letter interesting and thought you might enjoy it too.

"Making quilts seems to be my real hobby. I've made sixteen so far, but am sort of losing out now as I haven't made any for the past five years since my first boy was born. I have made several applique quilts with pieces the size of my little finger, but I'm afraid that there are too many things that are more important on the farm. I'd actually rather sew than eat! I've made lots of little dresses but none for my little girls as you see both of mine are boys, although

I've made practically all their clothes too. It does give one such great satisfaction to make clothing, I think, and at Christmas time I enjoyed making and selling fancy aprons."—Mrs. Leora Neumann, Manilla, Ia.

The reference to making quilts surely reminded me of days gone by when I made several myself. Up until the time I had my accident I was far too busy to tackle anything that took as many hours as a quilt for I did a great deal of sewing for my children and you know how many garments that would mean for seven of them. But after I had to spend my days in a wheelchair I found the time, and I surely enjoyed seeing the first quilt completed (it was the wedding-ring pattern.) Then I made applique quilts for each of my girls, and Lucile liked hers so much that she's used it as a spread for nine years and it is now worn out. The last time I saw it I told her that she ought to throw it away, but she said that she couldn't bear too as long as there was any of it left.

I made a total of seven quilts before my eyes gave me some trouble and I had to stop close work. However, my glasses make it possible for me to do handwork now, and just as soon as nice materials are available again I want to start a new quilt. I haven't decided on my pattern yet or on a color scheme, but I'm really looking forward now to turning the clock back nine or ten years and starting where I left off.

### POEMS

#### "LITTLE BOY"

A little boy with a tattered hat . . .  
Mother calls, "Do this"—"Do that"—  
The Sun's so warm, but he pats along,  
Talks to himself, or hums a song,  
His dog at his heels, nipping his leg  
As the boy carries milk or gathers  
eggs.  
Dear little towthead, so busy all day  
Nailing, or sawing, carefree and gay,  
Don't ever forget, Mother and Dad,  
Heaven is here in this little lad.

#### GOLDEN WEDDING

Oh, no! my mother doesn't have  
Within her wardrobe there  
A little old gray bonnet  
With blue ribbons, she can wear;  
Nor does my Daddy own a "shay"  
That he can drive to town,  
Through fields of clover scented  
grass,  
All up the hills and down.

So many things they do not have,  
But this one thing I know;  
Their little house is full of love,  
And me! I want to go  
To see them both this summer,  
And the other "kids"—why say!  
We'll all be there to celebrate  
Their GOLDEN WEDDING DAY!

(Written by Mrs. Isabelle Haight of David City, Nebraska who plans to attend her parents' golden wedding anniversary on August 30th.)

The school teacher asked, "If Shakespeare were alive today would he be called a remarkable man?" Pupil—"I think so for he would be 380 years old."



## THE BABY

By Lucille Sassaman

Aristotle, the Greek Philosopher once wrote: "The soul of a child is a tablet upon which nothing is written. However, write upon it what you will." What we all want to know is how to write Health and Happiness and we cannot consider one without the other.

We have a lot of figures now to prove that the first year and especially the first few weeks in a child's life are the hardest. Bottle-fed babies will catch a nose and throat infection twenty times easier than the breast-fed baby, and if the breast-fed baby does get an infection he has ten times the chance to recover over the bottle-fed baby.

We also have a lot of figures to prove that only one mother out of twenty cannot nurse her baby if she wants to. But if your baby, like Kira, is one of the unfortunate ones who has to be raised on a formula, you will have to be very careful to keep everything that goes into the baby's mouth free from germs and, just as important, don't forget to use the rocking chair. Your baby has already been deprived of mother's milk—don't take away his chance to be cuddled. Next to food the most important thing in a baby's life is his sense of security and the one place in this strange cold world where he can feel protected is in the old familiar position. Hold him close and warm in your arms while feeding.

You see? Beginning right now we are going to start thinking about Health and Happiness together.

If your baby was born in a hospital he will come home on a 6-10-2-6 schedule. Just remember that this was made for the convenience of the nurses and may not fit into your household routine or necessarily be best for your baby. It's a safe rule that babies are human beings and every single one different. Start right now to think of your baby as an individual and it doesn't make any difference what the child next door is doing.

They all thrive best on a routine and given a chance they will make it themselves. Feed them when they are hungry and don't awaken them from sleep to keep on a schedule, but never feed more often than three hours because it takes that amount of time for food to digest; if you give fresh milk on top of undigested milk you will likely get a "colicky baby".

Some babies like water, but if yours doesn't want it, don't fret and try to force it. You should offer boiled water two or three times a day, especially

in hot weather, and if your baby needs it he will take it. Don't ever add anything to make it more palatable for here is your first chance to teach your child to take all foods just as you offer them, and it is easier to learn to eat the way everybody else does than to develop food fads and poor eating habits. I've known mothers to give their children a permanent dislike for orange juice by mixing their cod-liver oil with the juice. Babies will take cod-liver oil without any trouble if it is started within the first few weeks of birth because at that time a baby has practically no sense of smell.

This is not only the hardest period of life for your baby, but you too are having a difficult time. You still have not fully recovered from your long pregnancy and are not as strong as you were and will be again. Furthermore, most of us have no help to depend upon and must get up at nights, which always means insufficient sleep. But try to keep yourself as calm and rested as possible by cutting out every unnecessary task. It's terribly important both to you and the baby that you stay relaxed and happy. Don't forget your husband at this time. He too needs you and this is the time to let him get acquainted with the baby. If he can help take care of the child he will feel much more like a father, and will get one of the finest experiences of his life.

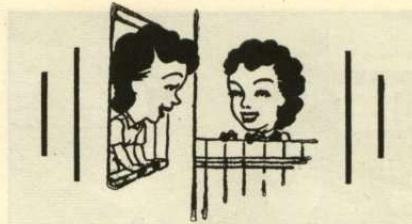
One word of warning now: have your feet measured, both right and left, to be sure that you are not wearing too short shoes. Most women take a size longer after pregnancy, and I've never known a doctor to remember to warn a woman of this. I know several girls who developed bunions, and I suffered a lot of unnecessary foot trouble on this account. We just thought that our feet were tired from having to be on them so much more than usual. Frequently the arch will break down, and that makes the foot longer and may mean an arch support too. My left foot is now a size and a half longer than my right, and you know how usual it is to try on the new shoe on the right foot. One shoe salesman told me that more than sixty percent of all people have a longer left foot.

## USE SUBSTITUTIONS

As home makers, here are specific things each of us can do in the Famine Emergency Relief Committee's program. Substitute more plentiful foods for the vitally necessary wheat products, fats and oils. Serve open face sandwiches instead of regulation or three-deckers. Make pies with one crust instead of two. Use more fresh, canned and frozen fruits instead of pastries.

No more fried foods. Broil, poach or bake instead of frying. Make boiled salad dressings in place of those made with oil. Use spreads such as peanut butter, apple butter and cottage cheese in place of butter.

Take better care of food in the kitchen. Bread should be kept wrapped and placed in the refrigerator or in an immaculately clean bread box.



## OVER THE FENCE

What would you think about observing a Gold Star Mother's Day on the 12th of June? Our good friend, Mrs. Roy Fleming of Randolph, Nebr. writes: "As Mother's Day is the 12th of May, I am going to suggest that we have the 12th of June for Gold Star Mother's Day. We Gold Star mothers have done a lot by giving our young sons to our country, and I think it would be nice to have a day set aside for that purpose." Everything has to get started someplace, so perhaps Mrs. Fleming's idea can grow and develop.

Mrs. H. C. Miller of Grafton, Ia. has a lemon tree that I would like to see. She says that it is 4 1/2 feet tall from the top of the tub, and that the five lemons on it measure twelve inches around and thirteen-and-a-half inches from one end to the other. It even blooms in the basement where it is kept during the winter months, and lemon blossoms for her daughter-in-law's wedding wreath were cut from it ten years ago.

Could you help this friend? Ruth Breunsbach of Beatrice, Nebr. started crocheting a chairback for a friend and then discovered that some of the directions are missing. Her pattern came from the November Needlecraft magazine, 1926, pages 9 and 15. If you have an old file of this magazine perhaps you can supply the needed information for our shut-in friend.

I was interested in a letter from Mrs. Elsie Huffer of Glasco, Kansas who wrote: "My mother-in-law would certainly walk away with the roses on Tom Brenamen's program. Although she is only 76 she is the mother of 15 children, has 40 grandchildren, and 20 or 25 great-grandchildren."

Mrs. Harry G. Rust of Gloucester, Mass. writes that she is one of the Florence club members and that their nice letters have helped her to pass many hours. She also adds: "My friend, Mrs. Earl F. Rice, 5 Stanwood Street, Gloucester, Mass., would like very much to have a pen-pal from Montana or Idaho. She crocheted a lap robe for a service men's hospital and passed it on."

"I received the card telling me my subscription had expired so I'm sending my dollar to renew, for I sure don't want to miss one number. It's just like getting a long letter from a dear friend."—Mrs. E. K. Marshalltown, Iowa.



### GRANDMOTHER'S APPLE PICKLES

6 pounds apples (washed and budged) 4 pounds sugar, 3 small sticks cinnamon. Method: Place apples in a stone jar in layers with sugar until jar is filled. Then pour vinegar 2-3 and water 1-3 over apples until it can be seen coming up through apples. Any extra spices may be used. Bake in a slow oven 3 hours. Do not disturb apples. When cold, cover with a heavy paper and place in a cool place.

### SACCHARINE PICKLES

7 quarts medium-sized cucumbers  
1 teaspoon powdered saccharine  
1 cup dry mustard  
1 cup salt  
1 gallon vinegar

Wash cucumbers and pack into sterilized jars. Mix saccharine, mustard and salt and add to the vinegar. Pour over cucumbers in the jar and seal at once.

### RED PEPPER RELISH

2 dozen sweet peppers (red)  
7 medium onions  
2 tablespoons mustard seeds  
2 tablespoons salt  
3 cups vinegar  
3 cups sugar

Grind peppers and onions, saving the juice. Combine with juice and other ingredients. Boil 30 minutes. Pack in sterilized jars and seal at once.

### CORN CHOWDER

12 ears sweet corn  
1 quart chopped cabbage  
12 onions  
3 green peppers  
1 tablespoon celery seed  
1/4 teaspoon turmeric  
2 cups sugar  
1 quart vinegar  
3 red peppers  
1 tablespoon ground mustard  
Salt to taste

Precook the corn 3 to 5 minutes, cool and cut from the cob. Chop other vegetables fine, mix together and add other ingredients. Cook for 25 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

### Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### SUGARLESS CAKE

2/3 cup white syrup  
3/4 cup sour cream  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons cocoa  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 teaspoon soda  
2 (1/2 grain) saccharine tablets  
1 tablespoon warm water

Method: Beat egg thoroughly, add syrup slowly and beat together well. Add dry ingredients that have been sifted together and add saccharine that has been dissolved in warm water. This cake is very light and good.—Grace M. Jones, Richland, Iowa.

### BANANA DROP COOKIE

3/4 cup shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg well beaten  
1 cup mashed bananas  
1 3/4 cups quick oatmeal  
1 1/2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 cup nuts to sugar mixture

Sift dry ingredients. Cream shortening and sugar, add nuts, beaten egg, and mashed bananas, oatmeal and dry ingredients. Drop on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven as they burn easily. Nuts may be omitted but black walnuts are wonderful.—Mrs. W. S. Van Scyoc, Longford, Kansas.

### HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour  
1 1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup shortening  
2/3 cup water  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 1/4 cups honey  
2 eggs, unbeaten  
3 squares, unsweetened chocolate, melted

Cream shortening, sift in dry ingredients. Combine honey and water. Add 1/2 cup of liquid and the eggs to the first mixture. Mix till all flour is dampened, then beat 1 minute. Add remaining liquid and chocolate. Blend and beat 2 minutes longer. Bake in layers in moderate oven at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.—Mrs. Raymond Deckinger, Reserve, Kansas.

### VEGETABLE SALAD

1 medium head of lettuce chopped fine or 1 head of small cabbage (shredded) not too fine.  
1 green pepper (chopped)  
3 radishes (chopped)  
1 cucumber (chopped)  
1 tomato (chopped)  
2 carrots (chopped)  
1 tablespoon sliced onion

Mix with salad dressing to which 1 tablespoon of peanut butter has been blended. I prefer the lettuce to cabbage. Serve in a clear glass bowl, then it is very pretty to look at.—Mrs. Geo. Wiggans, Atlanta, Mo.

### BARBECUED CHICKEN

Cut chicken up for frying. Roll each piece in salted flour. Brown in skillet in hot fat, using part butter. When each piece is browned, pour prepared sauce over chicken. Cover and place in 350 degree oven for 1 hour or longer, depending upon age of chicken. Uncover the last 10 or 15 minutes of baking period.

#### SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter  
1 medium onion, chopped  
2 tablespoons vinegar  
2 tablespoon sugar (brown)  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
1 10 ounce bottle catsup  
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce  
1/2 tablespoon mustard  
1 cup water  
1 cup celery chopped  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/8 teaspoon red pepper

Saute' onion in butter, add other ingredients. Simmer uncovered for 1 hour before adding to chicken.—Mrs. G. A. Welch, Knoxville, Iowa.

### PRUNE PIE

1/3 cup strained honey  
1/8 cup butter  
1/4 teaspoon lemon extract  
1 cup cooked prunes, pitted and chopped  
1 cup sliced bananas

1 9-inch baked pastry shell  
Cream honey and butter until thick and smooth. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into baked shell, cover with meringue and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 15 minutes.—Lorraine Hess, Cromwell, Iowa.

### TROPICAL PIE

1 envelope Knox Gelatine  
1/4 cup water  
1 cup strong coffee  
1 cup dates cut fine  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1/3 cup sugar  
1 Tablespoon cocoa  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup walnuts chopped  
1 Tablespoon lemon juice  
2 egg whites beaten stiff and dry.

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt, cocoa, hot coffee, and lemon juice and stir until dissolved. Cool and when it begins to stiffen add dates and nuts. Add vanilla and fold in the beaten egg whites, pour into a baked pie shell and chill, serve topped with whipped cream if desired.

**CHOCOLATE MALTED ICING**

2/3 cup powdered chocolate milk  
 1/2 cup powdered sugar  
 1 tablespoon butter or margarine  
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
 2 tablespoons sweet milk or thin cream.

Combine ingredients thoroughly. More butter or cream may be added to make proper consistency. Mix well and spread on cake.

**HONEY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES**

1/2 cup honey  
 1 egg  
 1/2 cup nutmeats  
 1/4 teaspoon soda  
 2 1/2 cups flour  
 1/2 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1 teaspoon baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream honey, sugar, and shortening and egg together. When well blended, add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Finally add nut meats. Shape into long slim roll, wrap in waxed paper. Chill 1 or 2 days to allow ripening of dough. Slice in thin slices and bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.—Mrs. Merlin Kolbe, Nema-ha, Iowa.

**HONEY PECAN ROLLS**

1/2 cup scalded milk  
 1/4 cup shortening  
 1/4 cup light corn syrup  
 1 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup water  
 6 tablespoons honey  
 1 package yeast, dry granular or compressed  
 2 eggs  
 3 cups flour  
 Pecan halves

Pour hot milk over shortening, syrup and salt. Blend until the shortening is melted. Then cool to lukewarm by adding the water. Add yeast and mix. Stir in the eggs. Add 1 cup flour and beat well with rotary beater. Add remaining flour and mix well with a spoon. Grease 18 of the cups in muffin pans that are 2 inches deep and place 4 pecan halves in each. Cover pecans in each cup with a teaspoon of honey. Fill each cup half full of dough. Cover. Let rise to top of pan; this will take about 1 hour. Bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven, 375 degrees. Makes 18 rolls.

**OATMEAL BREAD**

Put four cups of oatmeal in a large bowl. Pour 2 cups of boiling water over it, and add 3 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons molasses, and let stand a few minutes. Dissolve 1 cake of quick yeast in 1/2 cup luke warm water. Over oatmeal mixture add 2 1/2 or 3 cups of cold water, enough to make luke warm. Add yeast and flour to make as other bread dough, adding raisins as desired. Let rise until double. Punch down and let rise again. Make into loaves. Makes four medium sized loaves. Let rise till light and bake 1 hour.—Mrs. Roy Fleming, Randolph, Nebraska.

**CANNING FOR THE SCHOOL LUNCH**

By Mrs. Eli Espe

Colorful foods are so appealing to children that it is well worth the extra time and trouble it takes to add food coloring to fruits and other foods canned for the school lunch. Certainly they are made more attractive by the added color.

Pears, especially, take kindly to added color and may be tinted red, green, or golden yellow. Many fruits and vegetables have been so richly endowed by nature with attractive color that they need no further embellishment and we have only to seek them out, capture their beauty of form and color and imprison them in glass jars for the stimulation of jaded winter appetites.

**PICKLED GRAPES**

Select bunches of grapes of uniform size and ripeness. They should not be over-ripe. Wash and without removing the grapes from the stems, pack the bunches closely into clean jars, being careful not to crush the fruit. Make a syrup in the proportion of 1 1/2 cups white sugar to 1 cup white vinegar and boil for 5 minutes. Fill the jar with hot syrup and seal. Purple, white, and red grapes may be pickled this way. They keep their shape and color and are excellent to add to the school lunch as a relish and a bit of attractive color.

**CANNED BAKED PEARS**

Use the small, sweet, early pears or the Bartlett pear. Peel, cut in half, and place in a baking dish. Pour a little syrup, made of 1 part sugar and 1 part water, over them and bake till tender. Pack quickly into hot jars and cover with more of the boiling syrup. Partly seal and process in hot water bath for 20 minutes. Add food coloring to syrup if desired.

**PICKLED EGGS**

15 to 18 eggs, hard cooked  
 3 cups vinegar  
 1 cup water

Pickling spices may be added if desired, also some sugar. One may also use the liquid drained from pickled beets instead of the above recipe, which will also give them an attractive color. Other colors may be added to the clear vinegar mixture to give an assortment of Easter egg colors. Carefully shell the eggs. Place in hot sterilized jars and cover with boiling liquid. Seal immediately.

**GROUND CANNED MEAT FOR SANDWICHES**

Grind meat, turn into hot skillet and stir until seared but not browned. Add 1 cup boiling water or meat stock and 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Pack into hot jars and process for 60 minutes in pressure cooker at 15 pounds or for 3 hours in hot water bath. Remove from canner and seal immediately. Note: Tomato juice may be substituted for the liquid if desired.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watkins cutting the wedding cake. The bride is my niece, Ruth Shambaugh

**CANNED TONGUE**

The tongues (beef, veal, pork, or lamb) should be cleaned, salted, boiled, skinned, and packed into hot jars with a little soup stock or meat jelly added. Add 2 teaspoons salt to each quart. Partly seal and process for 60 minutes in pressure cooker at 15 pounds or for 3 hours in hot water bath. Remove from canner and seal immediately.

**LIVER CHEESE SANDWICH FILLING**

3 pounds liver (parboil 5 minutes)  
 1 pound fresh fat pork  
 1 1/2 tablespoons salt  
 1 teaspoon pepper  
 1/2 cup sweet milk  
 1 onion, finely chopped  
 3/4 cup cracker crumbs  
 3 eggs well beaten

Grind the parboiled liver with the pork, add beaten eggs and milk, then the mixed dry ingredients and onion. One may add a little bay leaf, allspice or cloves if any of these flavors are liked. Fill pint jars three-fourths full and process in hot water bath 3 hours.

**RED PEPPER RINGS**

Slice bright red bell peppers into rings about 1/4 inch wide, drop into hot water and boil until tender. Pack loosely into glass jars and cover with a pickle syrup made of 1 quart vinegar and 1 pound of white sugar, boil together, add a teaspoon of salt and a pinch of cayenne. These are very decorative to use on salads or in sandwiches.

If you want to feel chipper and look bewitchin'  
 Watch out for that grease on the floor in the kitchen!  
 If you wipe it right up the moment you spill it,  
 Then it won't be able to spill you—will it?


**Practical Poultry  
POINTERS.**

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

It is hard to say which is creating the more excitement, the atomic bomb or the expiration of the OPA. The present removal of price control appears to be leading to a very dramatic situation.

Deep concern is evidenced by ninety percent of the farmers as well as the "Man on the Street." Some predict a ruinous inflation, while others say we will soon return to the old days "with plenty of everything." Let us hope and pray it will be the latter. It is not too late to plan for a fall hatch of chicks. Many people have better luck with late hatched chicks than they do with the spring hatches. It is no greater trick to raise fall chicks than spring chicks, and those hatched in August or September will go into production just as early as spring hatches, and properly handled eight to ten months before going into molt, which should carry them well into high priced fall egg market as yearlings.

I recently had an inquiry as to what kind of chickens produce the most white meat. In my opinion, I believe the dark Cornish or as some call them, "Indian game chickens" is a leader in this special feature. I have twenty Cornish cockerels that I purchased just for their good meat points. They now weigh about a pound apiece and are just one month old. They grow very fast, and have a much larger and heavier breast of white meat with an additional heavy piece of white meat on the first part of the wing.

Recently a contest was sponsored by the A. & P. Food Stores, and some very valuable prizes were offered. The requirements were to produce a greater percentage of meat to bony structure, larger proportion of white meat to dark meat, and brooder breasts. The bird must mature rapidly, and the breeding stock must maintain high egg production. If I were to enter such a contest, I would certainly start out with dark Cornish chickens. Although they would not qualify as such high egg producers, they certainly would in all other requirements.

If you have not had your flock summer culled I would advise it at once. Make room for the pullets and get rid of non-producers. Feed prices will not merit the keeping of one single hen or cockerel that is not paying its own way. Every single cockerel or hen kept about the farm eats about seven pounds of grain a month.

Dear Leanna,

Please tell the ladies not to send any more orders for the pillow cases. I am just swamped with orders. They are still coming and I just have to return their money. Thanks a lot.

Mrs. R. M. Toresdahl,  
Plainfield, Iowa.

## AFTER THE VACATION

By Lois Shull

We are just back from our vacation in the Rockies and home never looked so good to me before! I'm actually ashamed that I ever felt discouraged with our worn furniture after existing for a month in a crude cabin with no modern conveniences. Why, this is heaven!

I've positively reveled in the pleasure of doing the huge washing in my electric washer today. And cooking was never such a thrill as it's been since coming back to my gas stove and electric refrigerator. I know I'd never learn to build fires properly in an ancient wood burning range or to care for foods without even ice! And the electric lights! How could we ever have taken them so for granted before struggling with coal oil lamps on this vacation? I won't even complain of the hot mid-western summers again, for surely cool days and nights cold enough to necessitate blankets for the beds can't be worth the effort of carrying buckets of water, eating half-cooked or burned foods, polishing smoked lamp chimneys and taking baths from a basin.

All day I've sung at my work and I hardly feel tired after all the washing, unpacking, cooking, etc. that I've done. I'm looking forward with real anticipation to the ironing tomorrow—with my electric iron! I think I'd like nothing better than to pitch those flat irons, with which I struggled in our mountain cabin, as far as I could! I shudder as I think of the horrible ironings I turned out with them and all the effort of keeping up the fire, the burned fingers which seem to go with handling those atrocities and the heavy skillet which covered them on the stove. Not to mention doing the ironing on the kitchen table which I covered with a blanket from the bed! No, home was never so much appreciated and I'll be a hard one to pry away from its comforts and conveniences again.

It's about dusk when some of our good friends drop in to greet us after our trip and to hear all about our vacation. Our children regale the youngsters in the group with great tales of how they climbed mountains, swam in icy pools and rode horseback. My husband launches into stories of the fishing he did, not forgetting the ones that "got away"! He gives figures and facts regarding the remarkable performance of our car under the difficulties of mountain climbing, and tells with delight of the trip up "on top" that he and some other men in camp made. It's easy to see that his audience is impressed.

I find myself telling the women about the beautiful scenery and all the lovely friends I made in camp. As I go on it is with real pleasure that I recall the delightful things we did and soon I'm launched on stories of hikes I took with new women friends and of the pleasant times we had sitting beside the beautiful falls and visiting together while we plied our needles or crochet hooks.

And, oh yes, the grand get-togethers

on several evenings when everyone in camp was invited to the large cabin home of the rancher and family who owned the camp. Dressed in our rough out-of-doors clothes, we'd sit in their huge rustic living room where an immense log blazed in the huge fireplace, and there would be piano music furnished by the young people, with perhaps a mouth organ or fiddle added, while those who desired could frolic through square dances. Small children would romp till sleep overtook them and mothers found a bench on which they might rest and a coat to spread over them. Some of the men and boys would gather around the large table to talk fishing or to demonstrate various tricks. And we women would continue to visit—about our families, other trips, recipes and so on—all the little things women never tire of discussing.

By the time our friends leave our home we have them in a state that borders envy. They say they think they'll just have to go to the mountains next summer and we tell them they really shouldn't miss it. It's still pretty warm for bed, but I fix pallets for the youngsters on the floor where they'll have a breeze and get them settled for the night.

Then I join my husband on the porch and we rock gently back and forth in the squeaky porch swing without talking for awhile. But my mind is busy. Frankly, I'm beginning to feel rather mixed up inside and maybe a wee bit guilty. How could I have been so profuse in telling our friends of our vacation joys after the positive relief I'd felt all day at being back home? I'm about to profound this problem to my husband when suddenly he says, "Well, honey, it really seems good to be home again. But didn't we have the best vacation this year! I never saw the children enjoy themselves more."

"Yes," I say, "they really did have a good time. We all did, in fact. But I was just thinking today how good home looks after we've been away."

"That's the nice part of it," my husband says. "All winter we had the fun of anticipating the trip and now that we're home again we can remember the good time we had. And somehow home is all the better for having been away from it for awhile."

Of course! He's hit it right on the head!

"You're right, dear," I say. "It has done us good to get out of our regular routine and away from all the modern conveniences for a short time. We'll appreciate our comfortable home all the more now . . . and we really did have a wonderful vacation. I was just wondering—do you suppose we could arrange to go back to that very same place on our vacation next summer?"

## CHECK ON THIS

This is open-window season, and that's good, isn't it? But it's NOT good if loose curtains blow over stove flames, and NOT if window screens are loose and NOT if children are allowed to hang over window sills. How about a little safety check on those points today?

## AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Maxine Sickels

Would you gather around the table with me at eleven o'clock on a rainy summer night? I have just come across the clover field in a warm summer shower. Mrs. Neighbor called me over to see if I thought her husband's broken arm was really worse or if she only thought it was because it was night. (I am an old hand with broken arms as the two younger sons have had six.) There wasn't much I could do for the arm but walking in the rain and the dark, I had a little time to think.

We all rush from this to that, we hurry so, that time to think is rare.

She turned on her yard light and I left ours on and walked from one to the other in the fresh wet clover. The rain fell gently, warm and quiet. When I looked up thru the rain, the stars were shining.

It seemed to me that the night and the rain were a symbol of these times. There is too much uncertainty, too much worry, too much fear.

When we look up, the stars and God are always there. This whole nation could walk from the light of its past to the light of a glorious future if it walked with faith.

I read an interview in which some visitor to our Middlewest reported there was so much more faith here than there is on the east coast.

I think it is the Faith of our Farmers. Farming is for people who have faith. It is a sort of contract between God and the Land and the Farmer to which a man is bound to give the best he has.

I planted a little variety in my garden this spring, marigolds in the beans, cosmos with the cabbage, and calendulas in the onions. It was successful where I was sure what the small plants should look like. Anyway I like to look up from picking green beans and see a row of marigolds gleaming in the sun.

I tried something else this week. I mulched the cucumbers and tomatoes and part of the cabbage patch. I hope this will keep the weeds down and I won't have to hoe.

I tried starting a strawberry bed with plants dug up from an old bed that had just finished bearing. I knew it was a gamble and a spell of hot dry weather would spoil it. I have been more than lucky. It rained the evening I finished the bed and twice in the next week so the plants are growing nicely. Now I wonder if I will have berries next spring.

Fruit on every farm is a dream we could all dream. We moved here in 1941 and this year we will have lots of grapes, plenty of peaches and raspberries and blackberries to use. One little pear tree has twelve pears. It will have to have props. The cherry trees kept having accidents. The plums didn't get a very good start and rabbits killed the apple trees. That is just part of the gamble. We are going to try again next spring and take better care of them. Every Farm Home and a lot of town ones could have



Frank Field's daughter, Peggy, who is now Mrs. James Bellamy

fresh fruit from rhubarb sauce in April to the last late apple just after Christmas. The starting and caring for it is work but the eating is fun.

This isn't a new idea but it's fun, too. To me August is vacation time. We have taken trips covering many miles but this year our car is old and it looks like we will have to stay here. Our vacation will be a few days fun here and there or maybe a day spent doing something we've been planning to do. Or maybe a day spent in reading, pasting scrap books or any of the things I never get time to do. I intend to plan quick meals for those days and just relax. Try it.

## THE MEANING OF NAMES

*Perhaps Your Name Is Here*

Ada, happy; Adele, noble maiden; Agnes, pure and honorable; Alice, noble and illustrious; Annabel, beautiful Ann.

(Continued from Page 2)  
here that I'd love this town, but the few calls that were made after our boy died couldn't wipe out the awful feeling I had that no one really cared. If just one person had offered to come in and stay with the girls so that I could have gone to the hospital for even one hour once a day it would have meant more to me than any amount of money. I didn't intend to write this when I started, but somehow it just came pouring out."

What is there to say about such a letter? Probably you can understand why I asked myself if I had ever failed anyone in such dire need—it's enough to make any of us uneasy and anxious. Well, letters such as these don't slip out of your mind when you're through reading, and I know that as long as I'm able to lift a hand I will keep my eyes open to be sure that nothing this sad is happening near me without my doing something to help.

—Leanna

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

When I wrote last month I was about to conclude a month's visit in Iowa. That seems a long time ago: almost as if I had dreamed it. A rather interesting thing happened as I waited for my train in the Omaha depot. A lady sitting beside me called a porter to take her bags to the train and gave him her train and seat number and it was almost the same as mine so I spoke to her. Our seats were just across the aisle. For some time I noticed her looking at me and wondered what was the matter. Finally, after the train started, several at our end of the car were introducing ourselves and when I said I was from Shenandoah this lady said, "Could you be Gertrude Haylett?" She had seen my picture in the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. She was Mrs. L. T. Crounse of Omaha and I had addressed many a Klatter to her. Her daughter Shirley was with her. The lady in the seat facing mine was from Sioux City and we four teamed up for the trip. It turned out what had promised to be a dull three days into a pleasant time for all of us, though we were all glad when the train pulled into the Los Angeles station.

I found a big stack of mail waiting for me at home, and many things needing to be done. Mrs. Florence Ferguson, R3 B327, St. Joseph, Mo., would enjoy friendly letters. Mrs. Frank Dalbey, 2339 S Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio also likes letters. She has arthritis and has been bedfast for 12 years, can't even sit up. Her right hand and arm are stiff but she can use one finger on her left hand and you'd be surprised what nice letters she types with that one finger. Mrs. Roy Karl, Slayton, Minn. has been having rheumatic fever and needs a bit of cheer. Winona Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Indiana has been in a wheel chair for 37 years. She is not able to write but likes pretty cards and hankies.

If you have some wool quilt pieces, send them to Myrtle Kline, Centerville, Kansas. She will make them into wheel chair robes for the veterans in hospitals. We need lots more yarn to make into robes. Do you have any to give? It need not be full skeins; small amounts can be used.

I want to thank all who sent money to help get the wheel chair re-tired for the girl I told you about last month. You remember she has the care of her blind mother and is very much handicapped because her own wheel chair tires are almost gone. We do not have enough yet to pay for them entirely but have gone ahead and made arrangements for getting the work done. I felt sure enough would come in to take care of it. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, California.

Here is a small boy who would enjoy cards and small gifts. Loren Hughes, c/o W. E. Hughes, Harrod, Ohio. He had polio two years ago and has had to wear a brace on his leg since. Recently he fractured this leg and is in a hospital.

## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

As I write to you this month, I am sitting in the Kitchen Klatter office on a warm Sunday afternoon, and Kristin is sitting opposite me coloring with her crayons. We have spent the last two weeks here in Shenandoah while Mother and Dad were on their vacation. But they are home now, so Kristin and I must head for home tomorrow. Frank has been lonesome for us and we are anxious to be together again.

This month held a very special day for Kristin, her third birthday being the 24th. I'm sure the poor child thinks that birthdays are most anytime, whenever there is a cake, because she has already had two celebrations and will have a third when we get back to Lucas. Mother wanted to bake her a cake and have a dinner before she left for the lakes, so she baked a big angel food with three lovely candles, and invited Frank's sister and husband, her Aunt Bernie and Uncle Wade Stark in for dinner.

Then on her birthday we invited nine little friends to come from 9:00 to 11:00 in the morning to play in Juliana's back yard. Everyone had such a nice time. With that many children so near the same age we had really expected a few quarrels and a little crying, and were genuinely surprised and happy that everything went along smoothly. We attribute this to the fact that Juliana has a slide which was new to most of the children; then there is a lovely sandbox and swing, plus a wagon, tricycle, and plenty of things to keep them all occupied.

We had made a table in the yard covered with a gay cloth, and about 10:30 we served ice cream and birthday cake, and one chocolate peppermint patty, and gave balloons for favors. Kristin is still talking about it and probably will until next year rolls around.

We were sorry we had to be away from home on her birthday, but will have a big family dinner when we return. So all in all, this birthday has been celebrated in great style.

Now that we are settled in our new home I've had time to do a little sewing the past month. Before we left San Francisco I had made Kristin a lovely dress out of a piece of yellow and white striped gingham, smocked in deeper yellow and brown. There was enough material for a dress for Juliana too, so I finally got that finished. The design isn't the same on both dresses because I had only enough transfer for the one dress, but I used another transfer that I think is equally pretty and used the same colors in smocking it.

Two years ago while we were still in Hollywood I had a chance to pick up a piece of printed balloon cloth in a light blue and white print which I liked very much, but had never made up because we started dressing the girls alike and there wasn't enough material for two dresses. It was down in the bottom of my sewing box and I unearthed it one night when I decided to start a new dress



Kristin Johnson, our youngest granddaughter, loves flowers.

for Kristin. Up until now McCall's have been the only pattern company who have put out smocking transfers, and I had used them all so many times. Just when I was about to give up that there would ever be any new transfers for me to use, the Simplicity company have put out a new needlework book which includes three transfers for smocking. So I used my first one on Kristin's new dress which we call her party dress because we finished it in time for her party and birthday pictures. It is smocked in one color, a darker shade of blue, with a few little red rosebuds scattered through it. The collar, sleeve bindings and sashes are white edged with lace, which adds just the right finishing touch to it.

I still have several things to do to the house, but we had worked so hard on it that once we finally got moved in I just decided to relax for awhile and finish up a little later. Now after being away for two weeks, I'm already to go back and light into it with new vigor. I want to paint our little wash room white and make some gay curtains for it. Then I have to concentrate on curtains for the bedrooms. I have some up now, but am not satisfied with them. We have a couple of chests of drawers that need painting and our kitchen table and two chairs. So, I'm going to get back into those paint cans and start again.

I've had so many lovely letters from you friends who live on farms too, some from girls who, like myself, moved there from the city and knew no more about farm life than I do. Of course I don't even classify with them yet because they started right out with chickens and big gardens, the things I won't have until next year. We had no chicken house or a place for me to raise baby chickens this year, but I hope this fall Frank will have time to get everything ready to go for next spring. Mrs. Johnson always has such fine chickens and I

have learned a great deal from watching her take care of hers this year.

Kristin loves the farm, and I agree whole-heartedly with you other girls who think that the farm is the only place to raise a child. It isn't the only place, for small country towns are nice too. But I have never for one minute regretted leaving the city. My, how I love to see Kristin start out with her Daddy hand in hand, to feed the baby pigs. She picked out one to have for her very own and always takes along a little corn to feed her very own pig. She named it herself after one of her aunts. The baby pig she chose happened to be the only one without a tail. (It got bitten off when tiny). Then she has her pony, which was her Daddy's pony when he was a little boy. Danny Pony is very old and gentle, and she loves to get on in front of her Daddy and take a little ride.

Well, Lucile is calling me to come into the house for something, I don't know what, but I shall go in and see. So until next month,

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

Lucile's note: I only wanted Dorothy to come in and hear the atomic bomb explosion at Bikini—that's all!

The following letter from a town girl who married and went to the farm contained so much of interest to Dorothy that she asked us to include extracts from it on this page.

"Dear Friend:

I couldn't resist writing to tell you that I too lived in town all my life and knew absolutely nothing about the farm, and because of this I'd like to tell you a few things that I did.

I learned many things by experience, of course, but along with this I tried to give myself extra help by making a scrap book that I called my farm scrap book. I indexed it also. In it I pasted clippings, and recipes that I thought I might need which included some of the following: cheese, (as your mother calls it, 'mouse-trap cheese' since you always have plenty of milk on the farm) soap, pork dishes such as headcheese, etc., and rabbit recipes since we have plenty of wild game on our farm. I also subscribed to a good poultry journal too.

The following bulletins helped me so much that I'd like to suggest you send for them too. From the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., Farmer's Bulletins No. 1186 and 1888. From the Kansas State College at Manhattan, Kansas, circular No. 157. This is about chickens and it helped me very very much, for that first summer my husband bought me 400 baby chicks and thought I'd do well if I raised half of them, but the funny thing is that I raised almost all of them and lost very few. My neighbor's said, "Now if you call Bertha and she doesn't come to the door just look in the chicken house and you'll find her there."

This summer I am experimenting a little with turkeys, and if I "come out" all right with them I want to raise several next year. Good luck to you, Dorothy.

Your friend—B. W. C."

## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We have a family of two girls, eight and nine, and a boy five, but this summer we expect our fourth baby and I'm turning to you for advice. My sisters have offered to take the children, one to each family, and keep them for three weeks, or I can get a competent middle-aged woman who will come to our home the ten days I'm in the hospital and stay for two weeks after I return. I realize that I'm fortunate to have a choice, but I can't decide what to do for the best interests of the children. Please give me some suggestions."—Kans.

ANS: Indeed you are fortunate to have a choice, since this is a terrible problem to most women. It seems to me that it would be better to keep the family at home, for it will be upsetting enough to them to have mother in the hospital without being separated from each other and their father. I believe that everyone will be much happier if you have this woman come and take charge.

QUES: "My husband has been overseas for three years and now we've learned that he will return by way of New York in a short time. I'd like to go and meet him (we have friends there who can give us a room) but can't decide whether or not to take our four-year-old boy with me. His grandparents want to keep him and he would be happy with them, I think, but I'm afraid that my husband might be hurt if I left him behind. What would you think it wise to do?"—S. D.

ANS: I don't feel like saying "take him" or "leave him" since only you can make this decision, but I do feel like saying that traveling conditions will be hard during the summer months and I'm afraid a four-year-old would become so worn out that he couldn't enjoy himself or be a joy to his father. Surely your husband will understand when you take the return trip, if not before, for then he can see for himself what a problem it is to travel with small children these days.

QUES: "During the summer months I allow our three children, all under ten, to play outside until after eight o'clock. I've been criticized for this and wonder if you agree that they should be in earlier?"—Mo.

ANS: If they're in their own yard I see no harm in it since most parents are on the porch or out in the yard on summer evenings, but I definitely think that they shouldn't be running the neighborhood after eight. I believe that most mothers prefer to have the neighborhood quiet down after a hard day of play.

1. QUES: "Six weeks ago our daughter was married at a large church wedding and left immediately for North Carolina where they will make their home. She received many beautiful gifts, and because I knew how careless she was about correspondence I begged her to acknowledge these presents at once by note. To date not a single gift has been acknowledged and I am terribly embarrassed about it. I've written and written to her but without results. Now the only thing I can think of to do is to write the notes myself since I have a duplicate list of the gifts, and mail them to her so that she can sign them and they will carry the postmark of her town. Do you think that this would be permissible?"—Ia.

ANS: Permissible or not, it seems that the gifts will go unacknowledged unless you take such a step. Personally, I can scarcely believe that any girl reared to respect consideration and kindly manners could be so careless. I can understand your embarrassment and sympathize with it, and I can only hope that the future will bring a little more thoughtfulness from her.

2. QUES: "Are you in favor of adoption, Leanna? After eight years of marriage without children I am actually heart-hungry for a child, and we can well afford to take one or two into our home, but my husband doesn't agree with me. I'm tempted to go ahead and hope that once the baby is with us he will feel differently. What would you think about this?"—Nebr.

ANS: First let me say that I am heartily in favor of adoption, and that I've known many happy parents and children in such cases. But secondly, let me warn you that you absolutely must get your husband to agree with you before you take any steps. No reputable child-placing agency (and a child should never be adopted any other way) will place a baby where both parents are not equally happy and enthusiastic about adoption. At the present time your big problem is to win your husband's approval, not to begin making contacts with various agencies. All success to you.

3. QUES: "Early this spring our son married a girl in California at a lovely wedding in her parent's home, and since we could not be present because of my husband's illness we will meet his bride for the first time when they come to spend four days with us in September. Although their visit will be short I should like to entertain for them and would appreciate any suggestions that you can make."—III.



This is Frank Field's Home.

ANS: This is a question that strikes home, as the saying goes, for we will be in the same position when Frederick returns with his bride on their first visit at some time in the future. I plan to ask them first if they wish to have any entertaining done outside of the family and relatives, and if they do I would like to have a simple reception in the evening when old friends can call. I feel that in such cases we should be governed by what they themselves prefer.

### A FLOWER CONTEST FOR YOUR PARTY

1. A is for ..... I bloom in the fall.
2. B is for ..... yellow and small.
3. C is for ..... I bloom in September.
4. D stands for ..... I'm sure you'll remember.
5. F is a ..... but won't fit your hand.
6. G is for ..... very stately I stand.
7. H is for ..... I glorify alleys.
8. I is for ..... I look like a lily.
9. J begins ..... I'm related to D.
10. L is for ..... all kinds there be.
11. M stands for ..... I'm up bright and early.
12. N is for ..... I bloom white and pearly.
13. P is for ..... I have a cute little face.
14. R stands for ..... I'm so full of grace.
15. S is for ..... I bloom on a vine.
16. T starts out ..... all colors in my line.
17. V is ..... I'm a rock garden feat.
18. W stands for ..... but my first name is sweet.

Now fill in all blanks and many flowers you'll know.

### Answers

1. Aster.
2. Buttercup.
3. Chrysanthemum.
4. Daffodil.
5. Foxglove.
6. Gladioli.
7. Hollyhock.
8. Iris.
9. Jonquil.
10. Lily.
11. Morning Glory.
12. Narcissus.
13. Pansy.
14. Rose.
15. Sweet pea.
16. Tulip.
17. Verbena.
18. Sweet William.

—Written by Mrs. Clarence Keir, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Dear Leanna,

Please find enclosed my dollar for another year of Kitchen-Klatter. I don't do much reading but I surely do read every page of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, as it is so interesting.

Mrs. Erma Kratz,  
Lake City, Iowa.

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«

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### OUR CAPPY

By Maxine Sickels

We had been looking for a puppy for a long time. We looked at white puppies, at brown puppies, at spotted puppies and at red puppies. They were all cute as a puppy is but not one of them was the right puppy. Joe and Bud had decided there just wasn't any puppy that would be the right one for them and the right one for Mama and Daddy.

That was before they saw Cappy.

We were driving down a country road when we saw a black dog with three puppies playing around her on the grass. Two of them were just puppies but the third was black all over. He even had black eyes.

When we stopped to ask about buying a pup, the two "just puppies" ran around the house but the little black puppy came bouncing out in front of his mother barking and showing his little white teeth. We all talked and petted and agreed that he was the right puppy. He was the one we had been looking for. He was Captain, Cappy for short.

At home, Cappy ran around sticking his busy little nose into everything until he was tired. Then he dragged an old sweater under the studio couch and went to sleep.

Mother gave Joe and Bud a bowl to feed Cappy his warm milk in. They put it on the porch and everytime they had anything to eat they gave him some too. Cappy thought that was nice. He was always there jumping up on their legs and reaching for their bread and butter.

One day the boys were playing in the room with their toys. They were so busy they forgot to ask for anything to eat. Cappy was hungry. He picked up his dish in his teeth and started into the room. That was a long way for a little puppy and the dish was heavy. He dropped it and it broke. Mother heard the noise and went to see. She saw a puzzled little dog looking at three or four pieces of dish where there had been one.

Cappy couldn't understand that but he was still hungry. He carefully took hold of the edge of the largest piece and carried it to the boys.

They laughed and shouted.

Joe said, "Mother, Cappy was hungry. He wanted something to eat in his dish."

Bud said, "He is really our dog. When we are too busy to remember we are hungry, he will remember it for us."

That is how Cappy came to us and he is here with the spotted pony, the white rabbits and the gray pigeons.

### GAMES FOR AUGUST DAYS

#### GATHERING ROSE PETALS

You will need drinking straws and rose petals made from tissue paper. Divide the petals in two equal piles, give each guest a straw, and divide the guests in two groups. The object is for each to take a petal on a straw and carry it to a given place. If it falls off from the straw, the one dropping it has to pick it up with the straw, no matter if it is on the floor. The side getting theirs carried over first wins the game.

#### TRAVELLING

The one chosen to be "It" chooses a town, we will say Chicago and says, "What shall I take on my trip to Chicago?" and points to one of the guests and counts ten while the one pointed to tries to name three things to take beginning with the letter C. The one who cannot name them will be "It." She in turn will name a city where they are going and point to some one to tell what to take, using words starting with the first letter of the city and go the rounds until all have had a chance at guessing.

#### ASK DAD THIS ONE

1. What has two feet, two wings, two eyes, can't see nor walk nor fly? Answer. A dead duck.

2. What has four legs and two arms? Answer. A chair.

3. What runs but never walks? Answer. A clock.

4. What has four eyes but cannot see? Answer. Mississippi. Doris Jean Carlson, Route 1, Madrid, Iowa.

5. Why is the letter U the jolliest letter in the alphabet? Because it is the center of fun.

Harriet Radmaker, Wesley, Iowa.



Kristin says she likes her pony "Danny Boy" better than this wooden horse. The picture was taken at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California.

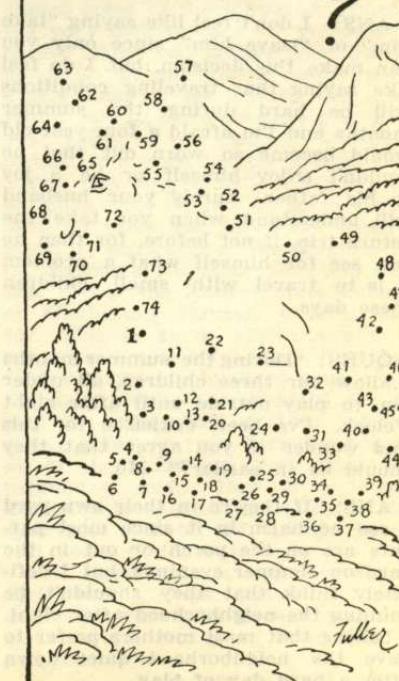


Mr. and Mrs. Zeigler of Laurel, Iowa sent me the picture of their granddaughter, Joan Rae Sudenga.

#### TRY THIS ONE

Did you ever try to tie a knot in a handkerchief without letting go of either end? This is how you do it: Spread the handkerchief out on the table. Then fold your arms and pick up the ends of the handkerchief, one in each hand. Now unfold your arms and you will find that you have tied a knot in the handkerchief. Isn't that easy to do?

WHAT  
Small Animal  
IS NOTED FOR  
ITS Endurance?



## REPRINTS

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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.

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE**  
Shenandoah, Iowa



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**CROCHETED POT HOLDERS,** 2 rose patterns, 50 cents each, others 3 for \$1.00. Also a few more 18 x 18 doilies at \$1.75. Mrs. Bertha Schleif, Klemme, Iowa.

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Dear Leanna,

Thanks a lot for the reminder card, for of course I want to renew, as I look forward to it each month as a letter. It is hard to say which part one likes best, as all the letters and articles are so good.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Henry A. Christiansen  
Denison, Iowa

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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE, AUGUST, 1946

2 JOLLY-TIME LAWN PARTY  
By Mabel Nair Brown

August is a grand month for parties, and lawn parties are such fun that they make an ideal way to entertain the teen-age crowd. There is the feeling at this time that September is just around the corner with its school days, so young people are anxious to "fun-til" every extra minute. Your lawn party may be a Sunday School class party, a 4-H club, a neighborhood gang, or a combination of these joining together for a series of parties honoring those who are leaving for college later. Or perhaps you may want to give a farewell courtesy for an out-of-town guest who has been spending the summer with you.

Out-of-doors parties mean a minimum amount of advance preparation for the hostess, and that's important in hot weather! Then too, it certainly is an ideal solution to the problem of entertaining a large group in a small house—just give them the wide open spaces for fun and frolic!

When the invitations are given, be sure to ask those who play stringed instruments to bring them along for the sing-fest which you'll want to include in your party.

Ask two or three of your especially enthusiastic and peppy friends to help you keep the games going smoothly. They can also help the would-be-sitter-outer to join in the games and have fun. Some groups just seem to think up their own choice of games as the evening progresses, but a wise hostess will have several good games in mind so that there will be no lagging or lull in the fun. Be sure to mix the active games with the quieter ones to allow a breathing spell.

This year our 4-H clubs have been learning many of our country's favorite folk dances and singing games and find them grand entertainment. The State College Extension Service, Ames, Iowa will send directions and even the musical scores for many of these upon request.

In selecting games, avoid complicated ones. Too many guests will prefer not to try for fear they will be awkward and embarrassed. If it is necessary to have teams or groups, number off rather than have captains choose sides, for the last ones chosen often feel uncomfortable about it.

My favorite lunch for such a party is chilled fruit mix, cookies and fruit punch. This is easily served from a table on the lawn. It is a particularly good menu if it's to be a cooperative lunch (such as for a Sunday School class) with guests bringing part of the refreshments. You can solicit different fruits from certain ones and mix them at the beginning of the evening and chill until serving time. Peaches, pears, cherries, apricots and oranges are good fruits to use, and perhaps you can even find a few marshmallows to add. Others can bring fruit juices or citrus fruit for the punch, and others can be asked to bring cookies.

After an evening of active games the guests will enjoy sitting down on the grass with trees for back rests, or you can have folding chairs for

those who prefer them. If you like out-door evenings to close with a sing around a camp fire or lawn fireplace, you might prefer a weiner roast as the basis for your lunch, although this really calls for a reasonably cool night. Of course in the days before sugar rationing gallons of homemade ice-cream was a favorite treat for summer parties, and it's still most boys favorite!

Now for some games.

**OBSTACLE RACE:** Have two teams and a line of obstacles set up for each team. No. 1 of each team starts the race which might be: 1. go through a barrel hoop; 2. sing up the scale loudly; 3. take off shoes and put them on again; 4. walk a string backwards; 5. comb their hair. As soon as No. 1 of each team has finished these things he hurries back, touches No. 2, and he goes through the same performance. The first team through wins the race.

**ONE HAND PASS:** Ask each line to raise left hands and grasp the right hand of neighbor on the left. This takes all left hands out of the game and leaves the right hand free to move. Put a dish containing 20 or 25 clothespins at one end of the line, and place an empty dish at the other end. At a given signal pass the clothespins one at a time down to the dish at the other end. When all are down the line pass them back to the first dish in the same manner. If a clothespin is dropped, it must be placed back in the dish and started over. The first side done is the winner.

**THREE DEEP:** Have couples stand in circle so that one partner stands in front of other. There is an "It" and a "Chaser" and the Chaser tries to tag It who, to avoid being caught, may suddenly stop in front of any couple, thus making it "Three Deep"; then the back person has to be It and runs from the Chaser. When It is caught he becomes the Chaser, and so the game continues with the first Chaser being It and making another couple "Three-Deep." Gradually every guest can be worked in to play this game.

**CLOTHESPIN EARRINGS:** Form two lines, and give the leader of each line two clothespins which he fastens to his ears. At a signal he runs to goal line, returns and gives the clothespin to next in line who does the same thing. The leader goes to back end of line. If clothespins are dropped the runner must return to base and start over. No one may hold on to clothespins with his hands.

**PASS IT ON:** Place the group in a circle and furnish a small bell or ball, and music or whistle. While music is played the bell is passed quickly from hand to hand. When the music stops suddenly (or whistle blows) the holder of the bell must pay a penalty. The leader will impose penalties or stunts.

**HOT POTATO:** Use unfolded handkerchief, and place the guests in a circle either sitting or standing. They will attempt to toss or pass the handkerchief about the circle to keep it away from "It" in the center of the group. If "It" gets possession of the handkerchief he changes places with the last one who had it and the game continues.

AID  
SOCIETY  
HELPS

WHAT IS YOUR GOAL?

There may be some people who don't need any particular goal to spur them on when it comes to doing an extra hump of work or saving money, but I think that most of us everyday-sort-of-people do just a little better when we have a definite object to work towards. Surely this is true in our own homes, and it's just as true of our church groups. That is why I think August is a good time to take inventory, so to speak, and see what needs to be done during the fall and winter months.

What condition is your church kitchen in right now? If you can say "perfect" you're very fortunate, because the majority of us can think of at least a dozen things that need to be added or replaced. If you've been plodding along trying to carry on social functions with primitive and worn-out equipment, why not make it your goal this winter to bring your kitchen up-to-date? That's a worthwhile project that will bring big returns in years to come, and if you itemize what is needed and check it off as it is purchased or accomplished by labor, you'll have an added incentive for working.

Do your Sunday School class rooms need repainting and a general freshening up? Is the church carpet full of treacherous worn spots? Have you been handicapped at various times by the lack of sufficient folding chairs? Are your hymnals tattered and torn? These are all necessary items that do have to be taken care of in every church, and in most cases it's just threshing out the problem to decide upon the most urgent.

As every Aid member knows, there are always a dozen places for every dollar, but if you haven't had the custom of choosing one particular need and working towards it, why not try doing this at your August or September meeting and see what results you get? If you're like most groups you'll find that it's a big boost towards getting work accomplished.

