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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

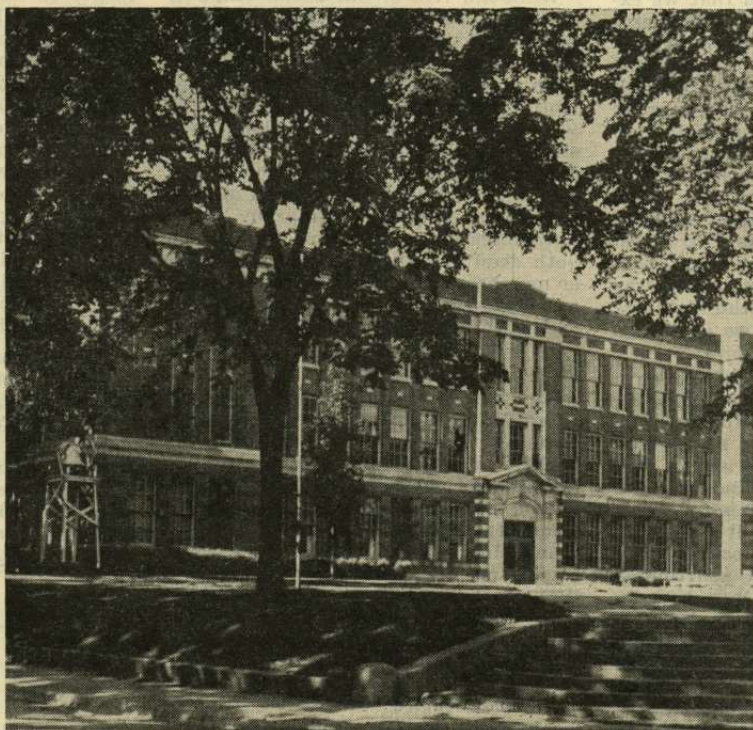
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KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

Sometimes during the years that our four boys were in the service and our three girls were living in California, I often used to sit down at this desk and wonder what I could find to write about, but certainly that isn't my problem right now. Riding home tonight from a lovely day with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin on their farm I thought of all that had happened since I last wrote to you, and it really amounts to a sizeable accumulation of news.

In the post-script to my letter in the August number I told you that we expected Frederick and his wife Betty for a visit. Well, going back to that time I must tell you that they arrived on schedule and spent almost a week with us. It was such a happy week for everyone, and we were delighted to have the opportunity to meet Betty since we had been afraid that a year or more might pass before they could come to Shenandoah. She is a Rhode Island girl who had only traveled through this section of the country on her way to other places, so it was interesting to her to see the big Iowa farms and the way that we do things here.

They flew back to Washington on a Tuesday and then on the following Thursday Frederick flew to Bermuda to take up his work there as a chaplain in the navy. Betty went to visit her family in Ashaway, Rhode Island until he could find housing for them in Bermuda, and at first it looked as though nothing could be located since they seem as pressed for apartments and homes there as we are here in the States. But fortunately he was able to locate a lovely house for them, one with its own private dock and attractive terraces, so just a week ago Betty too boarded a plane and now they are settled in Bermuda together. Navy life is always uncertain at best, but it looks as though they will be there for this coming year.

The only thing we regretted about their visit was the fact that they missed Margery by exactly one week. She couldn't get away any sooner from her work in Glendale and they had to leave when they did, so it was one of those things that just couldn't be helped. Margery hadn't been home for two-and-a-half-years, so you can imagine how much we are enjoying her visit. There is a lot of news to catch

up on and quite a few relatives to visit, so we are hoping that she will be able to stay for a number of weeks. Right now I feel that we haven't even begun to skim the surface.

From where I'm sitting to write this I can look into the living room and see the bowls of tea-roses and gold and white gladiola that are left to remind us of Wayne's wedding last week. Those of you who are able to listen to our program on the air know that this past week was an exciting one for us and we are only now beginning to get back to normal.

Although five of our seven children are now married (all but Howard and Donald, the oldest and the youngest) only Dorothy and Wayne have been able to be married at home, and Dorothy's wedding was almost eight years ago, so it had been a long time since we'd had an event of this nature. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, we wouldn't have been able to see Wayne married from our home, but Abigail's mother and father are both dead and since there are no other members of her family in her hometown of Onawa, Iowa, it seemed the logical thing to come here and we are very happy that they were willing to do so.

Our library was the setting for the ceremony and it was beautifully decorated with white sweet peas, and big baskets of gold and white gladiola. My sister, Helen Fischer, took charge of these decorations and she did a wonderful job. Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison of Nevada, Iowa, gave her in marriage, and Don served as Wayne's best man. A friend of Abigail's from New York who had gone to school with her in Iowa City, was the Maid of Honor, and these five people made up the bridal party. The Episcopal service was read by our local vicar for the double-ring ceremony, and it was very impressive and beautiful.

We had a reception immediately following the service, and most of the members of the Driftmier and Field families were here to greet the bride and groom. A number of Abigail's relatives and intimate family friends were able to drive down from Onawa for the ceremony, and all of us were glad that we had such a lovely day for them to make the trip—the sky was cloudless but it was cool and a nice breeze was blowing.

Wayne and Abigail left the house about five-thirty (the ceremony was performed at four o'clock) for the summer home of one of Abigail's uncles near Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, and they will spend five or six weeks there. Then they will return to Shenandoah for a short visit with us, and after this will go back to Iowa City where Abigail will take some work on her Master's degree and Wayne will finish his college work in the School of Commerce at the University. They were fortunate enough to locate a nice place to live in Iowa City (Wayne said that he scoured the town for weeks looking for a roof), so this coming year will see them comfortably located there.

Frederick and Betty were the only members of our family who could not be present for the wedding. Oh yes, I must add that Frank and Kristin could not be here also. But aside from these four we were all together, and Russell was able to snap a family picture shortly after the service was performed. He also got a number of fine pictures that we would like to share with you, so in some of the fall and winter numbers you will be able to see them.

These things that I've told you about were the high points of this past month, of course, but I mustn't forget to add that the entire month with its little things as well as the big things has been a very happy time for us all the way through. We had two nice days with Dorothy and her family on their farm near Lucas and thoroughly enjoyed our drives there with the opportunity to see the finest crops that we can ever remember. They say that this section of the country is going to produce the biggest crops in history, and we are all hoping that this turns out to be true. From experience we've learned that you can't absolutely bank on it until the last of the harvest is safely in.

Margery has just called to ask my help with something that she is sewing, so this must be all for now. I'll be looking for your letters when the children are back in school and the pressure of summer work has eased, so let's make this fall and winter full of mutual interest and pleasure at your house and at our house.

Sincerely your friend,
Leanna.

THE COVER PICTURE

The building that appears on our cover this month is the Shenandoah High School. It is only a half-block from our home and has many, many associations for us, as does any school where all of your children graduate. A good many years ago the Western Normal College stood on this site, and most of the seven Field children were students there when they were young. The college burned during the First World War, but the same location was chosen for the modern high school building that was erected a couple of years later.

Come into the Garden

SEPTEMBER IN THE GARDEN

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Crisp, cool, sunny days... the air fragrant with the concentrated sweetness of autumn flowers... the wayside colorful with asters, golden-rod and all the other farewell-to-summer flowers—that is September. Or it may be misty days, so helpful in aiding the gardener working among newly transplanted perennials and the frantic rush to get the last of the vegetables harvested before frost comes again... and the spicy odors drifting from open kitchen windows. September seems to wear a crown of stars; it is the youthful queen of the autumn months, decked out in jeweled berries and star-like flowers.

Despite the severe early freeze, the gardens have yielded well in our section. Strangely enough and for some unknown reason, there have been no striped bugs on the vines, and these ramblers have grown apace. The new bush cucumbers have tried hard to live up to their reputation of staying put, but even they have shown signs of wanting to go places. They are, however, just the thing for small gardens as they bear their fruit profusely close to the center of the plants. It is very easy to curb any roving tendencies by snipping off the tip of the vines. We like ours very much. It is well to get out of the rut once in a while and try the newer originations if only for the thrill a new experience gives.

The newer Hems, formerly known as Daylilies, are lovely to grow, and it is fun to start them from hybrid seed which I find very easy to grow in open ground, planting it in autumn. Two such bloomed for me this year, different in shape but with the same golden hue and the texture of heavy silk which stood up well under our strong July sun. They were glad to show their faces even in the evenings as well as in mid-day. Do you wonder that they were named for Helen and Leanna, HONEY and HEART of GOLD? Both are frilled and fragrant, the former more of the lily shape while Leanna's HEART OF GOLD opens wide to the sun. Both are as dependable and lovely as their names indicate. It is a thrill in itself to watch ones own seedlings open, for often very good blooms are obtained in this way. However, there are disappointments too; one of my hybrids proved to have reverted to its parent FULVA.

Sweet Peas have been very reliable this year. The weather must be given the credit for this because other than giving them a good soaking in kerosene before planting, they were simply planted just as the garden peas were and at the same time with no extra fuss or bother. They are also on a wire trellis, which seems to do them no damage. In my garden there must be many of the flowers which may be picked freely to be passed on

to a happy bride, a young mother, a dear shut-in, or little children. There are others which look their best right in their own corner of the garden, secure in the knowledge that there they will remain to beautify some special spot.

We say it is the early bird that gets results but we were fooled this summer. The plants which awakened slowly missed the freeze and are just as beautiful as in former seasons. I am thinking now of Platycodons, the Chinese Bellflower, so often seen in old gardens—a mass of blue or sometimes more rarely, white.

This is the month to be planting bulbs, and now that they are becoming more plentiful let us have a lot of them. Each spring when crocus and scillas greet us we resolve to have more, but by autumn somehow or other we forget to order them. They are always beautiful and children love them dearly. We must have more tulips also to replace our losses during war years; and don't forget the hyacinths and narcissi for winter windows and gifts in bloom.

The house plants are getting more attention now, especially those which have summered outside. These must be lifted carefully and allowed to convalesce before coming back into the house. A cool basement makes a good recovery home for them.

Do not think of these autumn days with regret for the passing of summer, but rather regard them as a fulfillment for the faithful flowers of summer and the commencement of next season's plans. It should be the season of hope and the forward-looking vision.

FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

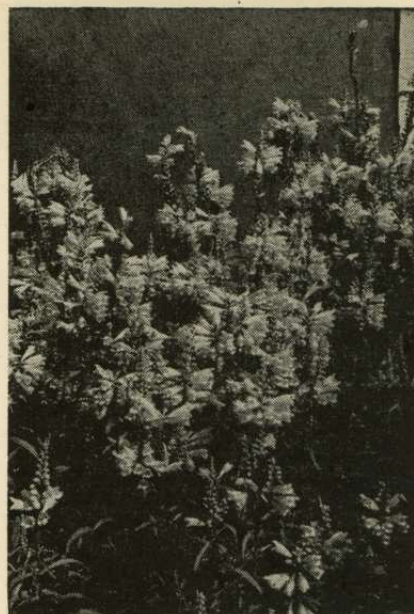
By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The day had been rather warm for September but as the shadows grew longer a breeze from the northeast made it pleasant to walk through the garden. The Physostegia was blooming gloriously—Flora stopped to admire it. There were other flowers at "The Sticks" that excelled it in beauty but not many flowers that were as generous with what they had to offer. The tops of the plants were a solid mass of lavender blossoms, for the white variety had bloomed earlier.

As she looked at it, Flora's thoughts went back to the time when she first became acquainted with it. Many people still considered it foolish to learn the scientific names of plants but it did lead to problems when common names were used—especially plants that had as many "nick names" as Physostegia.

One spring Flora had obtained a Physostegia. A few weeks later a friend asked her if she had False-dragonhead. "No," said Flora, "I don't have that."

The friend was happy to give her a start and Flora was happy to get a new plant. About the same time a



Physostegia grown by Mrs. Olga Tiemann.

neighbor brought her a Lady of the Lake. All grew nicely but as time went on they commenced to look suspiciously alike. When they bloomed there was no doubt about it. Flora knew then that Lady of the Lake and False-dragonhead were simply common names for Physostegia. Had anyone offered her Accommodation plant, Obedient Plant or Lion's Heart at that time she would have taken all three not knowing that they, also, were common names for Physostegia.

Farther on the green bonnets of *Molucca laevis* nodded wisely. The small pale lavender blossoms nestled cozily inside a rather large conspicuous green calyx. Flora pondered on the odd flower arrangement which gave rise to its many common names. To someone this calyx had looked like a shell and it was given the name of Shell-flower. To others it had looked more like a bell which accounted for the names of Irish Green Bellflower and Bells of Ireland. Another fanciful name was Old Maid's Nightcap. Someone probably pricked his fingers on the five thorns at the base of the calyx when it got the name Needles and Thimble. Often it was referred to simply as Molucca-balm.

Whatever name it happened to be called, it was a little annual mint that self-sowed pleasantly. Whether picked green and dried, or left to bleach to a soft gray-white on the bushes, the branches made nice material for winter bouquets.

As Flora went back to the house, she noticed a little yellow and orange Linaria hiding behind a Confederate Violet. She pulled him out carefully so as to get all the roots. It was a lovely little perennial wildling commonly called Butter and Eggs—yes, lovely but one should not be tempted to give it room in the garden for each year it went farther and farther. It would wander all over the yard, then crawl through the fence and start merrily down the road.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

In the late summer of 1927 there was a genuine flurry of excitement at our house for we were going on a vacation, a real out-of-town vacation—and vacations were something that Driftmiers didn't take. One moment of reflection on what it would cost to travel with six or seven children, plus adults, is an adequate explanation for the fact that we sometimes spent a day here or a day there, but that we never actually splurged on something that could be called a vacation.

It was family radio friends who made this particular vacation possible. One day a letter came from the Harris family at Twin Lakes, Minnesota, offering us the use of one of their cabins—they had a nice farm on the edge of a lake, and owned several cabins that were equipped for vacationers. It was too long a drive to make in one day, so the invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Job Francis at Storm Lake was accepted with alacrity—they asked us to have Sunday night supper with them and spend the night. This meant that we could pick up the second lap of the trip on the following day.

Dad couldn't get away to go with us, and although he wanted us to have the trip he surely saw us off in an unhappy frame of mind for Mother was at the wheel and Mother, as we all know, was not the world's best driver. She had never driven that far before and there was no one to alternate spells at the wheel with her, but I'm sure she never doubted for a moment that we'd all return safe and sound.

The sun was shining when we left Shenandoah and everything seemed in perfect order for a wonderful vacation. There was no fighting or quarreling at all for a long, long time in spite of the fact that Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne, Margery and Donald were all cooped up in the back seat together. We had gotten at least one-hundred miles along the road before there were violent differences of opinion, and just about the time the first dissension started the sky clouded over and it began to rain.

This was a catastrophe pure and simple. The highway had not yet been hard-surfaced in any way, and the rain meant that Mother had to grapple with the problem of mud. We were a very nervous and quiet crew when she started down long slick hills, and we were even more nervous and quiet when she started up them. Fortunately the mud didn't last for more than thirty or forty miles, and then we were once again back in a lovely summer day with good dry roads.

We reached the Francis home around three in the afternoon and were royally entertained. I can't remember now just how they accommodated such a crowd, but we all had beds and all slept well even though it did storm during the night. The next morning we left about nine for the last part of the drive, and it must



Mother and Mrs. Anderson who was the mother of Mrs. Hazen Harris.

have been around five o'clock when we reached the Harris farm.

The week that we spent there was truly a pleasant one. The edge of the lake made a wonderful place for the younger children to play, and I had a good time rowing around in a boat. We had one fish dinner after another, and there was so little washing and ironing done that most of the time we were completely free except for getting meals and cleaning up after them. I've often wondered if Mr. and Mrs. Harris realized how much pleasure they gave us that summer—all of us remember that week with joy.

On the return trip we stopped for a couple of days at Okoboji, and it was there that I had a bout of ptomaine poisoning which the rest of the family escaped. This was a lucky thing for I can't imagine a situation more distracting than having everyone down at once with such a violent ailment as ptomaine.

We drove from Okoboji to Shenandoah in one day, and had our only tire trouble only three miles out of town. We were all hot and tired, and it was awfully exasperating to sit there for what seemed an endless time while we waited for the garage-man to come out from Shenandoah and change tires. It was a blessing that the tire went flat right there if it had to go flat at all, for Mother couldn't change it and we might have had to call a garage from quite a distance at some other point of the trip.

It was just sunset when we drove up in front of our house, and Dad was sitting in the porch swing reading the evening paper with Trix lying at his feet. This was the first thing we noticed—that Trix was actually lying near Dad! As I told you in the August number, it was during our absence that Dad became reconciled to old Trix and actually welcomed his presence. Our arrival certainly eased Dad's mind considerably for he said that he'd been sitting there for a couple of hours on the proverbial pins and needles waiting for us.

In reviewing the events of that summer I find only one thing that might

fall under the heading of a catastrophe, although it was a catastrophe of a very mild nature. Frederick and Wayne had a cold-drink stand at Sleepy Hollow that summer and stayed manfully by their job even though the heat was so intense that a section of the highway only a short distance from them actually blew up. Every morning they drove out with Mother to get their supplies, and didn't close the stand until evening. It was one of the hottest days that Wayne somehow managed to drive an ice-pick completely through his right hand. This meant tetanus shots, of course, and he wasn't able to do anything with that hand for quite a while. Yet when I think of things that other summers brought it does seem like a minor accident—with apologies to Wayne!

Things jogged along on a pretty even keel through all of the following fall and winter. We had a fine schedule worked out at home that enabled Mother to carry on her radio work, give considerable time to church work, and go to other towns in the interests of Parent-Teachers associations. In the morning we all jumped out of bed the first time we were called (it sounds saintly but it's true!) and had breakfast and then cleaned the kitchen before we went to school. We always had the kitchen cleaned before we went back to school for the afternoon, and the same thing was true at night. Cooking for the nine of us was such a big job that Mother would never have been able to do anything outside if we hadn't pitched in and cooperated.

On Saturdays, of course, the fur really flew! Everyone had his special job in the morning, and Frederick and Wayne developed such talents for cleaning that they can compete with any housewife today. Mother had three radio programs on Saturday, so our day really began at 7:00 when the entire family broadcast the morning worship; Kitchen-Klatter came at 1:30, and then at 3:30 the Children's Hour was broadcast. Margery was the backbone of this program for a long, long time. She had a very sweet voice and was always willing to sing special request numbers. From time to time we still receive letters from old friends who remember that Margery sang such and such a song for them many years ago.

In the spring of 1928 I graduated from the Shenandoah high school and began looking ahead into the future. My choice of colleges was extremely limited by the fact that I could not get around physically with enough ease to manage a large campus with its building that are sometimes far, far apart. I had to attend a school where everything was under one roof, or virtually so, and the best solution to the situation seemed to be the Creston Junior College. Aunt Erna Driftmier was teaching there that year, and my cousin, Hope Field Pawek, lived only a block and a half from school and offered to give us board and room, so these two facts were the final considerations that were responsible for my going to Creston in September, 1928.

(Continued in October Issue)

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It's gotten almost to the point where I'm afraid to write this monthly letter to you! If I say that we want to do so-and-so, something happens to bring the exact opposite to pass. If I say that we're all well we promptly get sick. If I say that it's been cold and rainy we immediately find ourselves in weather that would put a steam bath to shame, so perhaps I should just tantalize fate by saying flatly that we're all sick (even though we're not) and see what happens!

The first thing I must tell you without fail is that this past month with its burden of anxiety was made a hundred-fold lighter by the countless unseen friends who took time out of their busy days to send Juliana her cheer-up-it-might-be-worse-cards, and to write letters of encouragement and understanding to Russell and me. Just what we would have done without all of it is more than I know. You see, Juliana had to be kept very quiet during the days that she received her cards, and because she insisted upon opening everyone by herself, it kept her lying happily for hours at a time.

After they were all opened she wanted me to read them, and this took another good long spell. And then they had to be sorted and arranged and re-arranged, and I had to read again about the yellow kittens and big brown dogs . . . well, you can see what a boon it was to keep an active three-year old contented. The sticks of gum that some of you tucked in, the coins that tumbled out of some cards with a loving note that read "This is to help get Juliana something that she likes", and the packages that it took her such a blessedly long time to open—all of these things will long be remembered at our house.

To all of you who have written expressing concern and sympathy I would like to say that her illness remains a mystery. We faced a number of grim prospects and there were dreadful hours of waiting for reports that might confirm our worst fears, but in the end it proved to be nothing that had been suspected. I'm almost afraid to say it, everything considered, but at the present time she does seem fully recovered and we are hoping that whatever it was has at last worn itself out. And with this statement I feel like turning to something less gloomy than illness.

All of the interesting things that have happened at the folks' house this past month have sort of rippled out down the alley to us. We don't know just how we got along without Marge now that she runs in and out the back door several times a day, and I'm not even thinking about the help she has been to me! Imagine a sister who walks in and says, "Well, Lucile, I'm here to clean. Where do you want me to start?" I know that this sounds as though my house were in such awful shape that she didn't see how I could stand it, but it really wasn't quite that bad. I say "quite" because there

have been times recently when it could honestly do with Marge's competent handiwork. Goodness knows I'm not the world's best housekeeper, but under normal circumstances I'm not exactly the world's worst.

It was wonderful to have Frederick and Betty come here too, although my contribution to their visit wasn't what I had always envisioned. It was a great thrill to me to have the first of my brothers marry and bring home a new member of the family, and I had always planned to have them in for several well-cooked meals, and to do a little entertaining for them too. As things worked out I could manage none of this at all because of illness and its complications, so if you've ever had a similar experience you know how I felt.

Juliana loved her Aunt Betty right from the start, and imagine a new aunt who cared enough to spend hours reading to her, and who could make wonderful sand-box pies! This was a great treat for mamma too, needless to say, for those were the days when it seemed as though mountains had been overturned when the breakfast dishes were washed.

By the time you read this Juliana will have a new aunt, Aunt Abigail, and I only wish that we could depend upon her (Juliana, that is) to the point where she might be trusted to carry the wedding ring or sprinkle flower petals. Perhaps your child could manage this role without a single anxious thought on your part, but mine can't. I have visions of her trying on the ring herself and refusing to hand it over at the proper moment, or dumping out all of the petals at one crack. We have only two weddings left at our house, so if Uncle Howard and Uncle Don will wait just a little longer perhaps I can yet be a proud mother.

Up until just a few days ago I was sure that I'd have to wait another month before telling you about our dining room floor, but at what seemed like almost the last moment we did get a chance to make our experiment. Before I tell you what we did I must go back just a little ways and say that since we've lived here we have used a make-shift floor covering for our dining room that at least had the virtue of being international if nothing else, since there were three rugs on the floor—two Mexican serapes and a very large rug made in Egypt that Frederick purchased while he was there. This latter rug was so handsome that I insisted Frederick and Betty take it to Bermuda with them—and they agreed that it was a wise idea.

Incidentally, Wayne confessed the last time he was here that he had torn the upstairs of the folks' house to pieces looking for that rug. He had visions of using it in Iowa City this fall, and when he came down to my house and saw it on the floor I told him that we'd both have to make other plans—that rug was halfway on the road to Bermuda right then and there so far as intentions were concerned.)

The dining room floor was of oak, but it's condition was miserable.



Juliana in the dress that her Grandmother Verness made for her to wear on Children's Day.

There was no question of buying a rug at this time, so we had the floor sanded professionally. After this had been done Russell rubbed white lead into it (a hard job) and then applied a coat of clear shellac after the lead had hardened for twenty-four hours. After another twenty-four hours to allow the shellac to harden he applied a coat of clear varnish, and twenty-four hours later, another coat. As a final step it was waxed.

We think that this makes a beautiful floor, and of course it does look well with the oak table that I told you about in an earlier issue. I really believe that it will wear well too for we've used it several days and it doesn't show a trace of soil. Eventually, of course, we want to carpet it, but until that time it does look better than any type of bare floor I can ever remember seeing, and we really will enjoy it until we can afford to carpet it.

I'm hoping very earnestly that next month I can show you two pictures of Juliana's room. Russell has been spending hours up there painting it, and he's turned out what I consider a masterpiece. In her room too there is much that will have to be postponed until a later date, but I would like to have you see some of the pictures that he has painted on the walls. I never quite believed it when people said that stars pasted or painted around a child's crib made for less of a tussle when bedtime approached, but in our case it seems to be true. Now if I could ever find time to make a new bedspread carrying out the general feeling of the room. . . .

Russell has just called that it is iced-tea time, so this must be all for now. I think that some fresh cookies I turned out this morning would go nicely with it, so without a moment's delay I'll run and get it all together.

Always faithfully,
Lucile.



The four sons of Mrs. Maxine Sickels: Mack, 9; Lynn, 11; Glen, 13, and Gene, 16 of age.

MEET MAXINE SICKELS

'Editorial Note: In spite of what Maxine says in her first paragraph we feel that the sketch which she has written really cannot be improved upon in any way, so we are simply printing her letter as it came to us.) "Dear Leanna and Lucile:

I've tried writing an autobiography and it just gets all stiff and stuffy. If I write it, it should be auto-boyography anyway!

I think one reason I've always had so much fun is that I've always known what I wanted from life. I had four ambitions.

I wanted to teach school. I did from 1926 to 1929, and again in 1944-45, and am going to again this fall.

I wanted to marry a farmer. I did in 1928. We own four-hundred acres in Ringgold county, five miles east of Mount Ayr. Besides this we rent about two-hundred and sixty acres. We were lucky enough to get electricity last year, and have put in a water system and a bathroom this year. I try to keep my house simple and easy to clean for there are so many things outside to do.

I also wanted a family—sons preferred. We have Gene 16, Glen 13, Lynn 11, and Mack 9.

And I wanted to write. If there were more hours in the day I would have more time for it. As it is I write articles between jobs and send them off here and there with some success.

Outside of reading and sewing, I had a hobby of collecting miniature birds and animals of china and glass. During the war they were hard to find and I needed my pennies so I put the collection away. However, I do expect to unpack it at some future date.

I like to do things with my hands—sewing, papering, carpentry. I like to read and eat popcorn while it rains. I like people, to teach school, and informal gatherings. I dislike any sort of snobbishness, any useless formality and getting up in the morning—particularly getting up. I don't like to go to bed either.

I do not like to cook and imagine none of my daughters-in-law will ever hear a howl for cooking like mother's. with fieldwork and chores."

LITTLE GIRL GLAMOUR

By Mable Nair Brown

"Janie Jones! You can't wear that organdy to Mary Jo's to play. And get that lipstick off too. The idea! You're only ten years old and you've plenty of time to think about your looks when you're fifteen like Betty. Now upstairs with you. March! Put on your checked gingham."

Is there a familiar echo in those words?

"Ahem! Soap, water and clean clothes are all that's needed for many years on a child," you say. Yes, cleanliness is the essential basic point, but let it be only the beginning of a well thought out program.

If you are a wise mother you will realize that the groundwork for good grooming begins almost in babyhood. By your example, your subtle suggestions, your sympathetic understanding and tact all through the tender, impressionable years of childhood, you can avoid much of the dismay and so-called "growing pains" of adolescence. Try not to let this transition from childhood to adolescence be full of perplexities and misunderstandings, but rather let it be simply like the unfolding of a delicate rosebud into full beauty.

It is the mother's gentle guiding hand which lays the foundation, so let her begin early.

Have you seen a tiny toddler wearing vivid orange or green instead of the snowy white or dainty pastel frocks which bring out the enchanting innocence of babyhood? Haven't you felt sorry for some very chubby ten-year old whose full-skirted, buruffled organdy gave her a "balloonish" appearance? Perhaps you've sighed upon seeing soft blonde hair pulled back severely from a merry little face to give that "peeled onion" effect? Or perhaps you've been shocked to see an exquisitely dressed youngster drop her penny into the collection plate with very grubby fingers?

There is a way . . .

When the child is three she will begin to have her favorite dresses, anklets and hankies. Make it a gay new adventure every morning by allowing her to choose which dress she will wear. Right then is the time to impress upon her mind that we keep our best clothes BEST by wearing them only on special occasions, and that we wear play clothes for play. One can't wear the good batiste and new white shoes in the sandpile today and expect them to look "spanky-best" in Sunday School tomorrow!

Children like names for everything, so give dresses and hats a title as purchased and save future arguments—titles such as "My Party Frock", "Daddy's Favorite color", "Sunday Bouquet Dress", "Playtime Pals", or "Romp-A-Way".

By careful suggestion let the little girl begin to choose hair bows and anklets to match or contrast with her dress. Explain how certain colors harmonize, and make it a game to see if she can put the right ones together.

As the little girl starts to school,

simple remarks you make casually can discipline her taste in grooming without her recognizing it as instruction. (Of course you'll give much thought in secret to the little suggestions you throw out so casually!)

"My! Yellow is your color, Janie. It just makes your hair shine." "Oh, I thought you might want to wear the new hair bow Aunt Bess gave you with that smocked dress—that blue bow isn't quite so pretty with the green dress, is it?" Or, "Would you like your hair waved softly back on each side like Jean Anne does? You both have long oval faces."

You may have to hint broadly—"Oh! You're all ready to go? You look so nice, dear. You clean your nails nicely while I get my new blue hankie for you. It will just match the flowers in your blouse."

I believe that all little girls count it a privilege to be an attentive on-looker while mother finishes dressing for an afternoon tea or evening out. It's an unequalled opportunity to plant the seeds for dainty grooming. She will be all eyes as you do your nails, comb your hair, and choose your earrings or necklace. Her eyes will be questioning big "WHY'S?" as you use a deodorant, a mouth wash, or sprinkle a few drops of perfume on the lobe of your ear.

Be ready with simple answers to questions such as, "Does everybody use a deodorant, mamma?" "Do you brush your teeth when you go away, Mother, just like night and morning—why?" "Why do you just wear long sparkling earrings at night?" "When can I use powder, mamma?"

Chat along as you dress about why you roll your hair high on your head to give you heighth, and why the soft rose nail polish goes better with your pale blue dress than the bright red color.

Make a game of being chums in cleaning your shoes together, washing out white shoe strings, straightening up the dresser drawers and dressing table top. Teach her to keep pins, hair-bows, hankies, etc., neatly in place so they will be ready when needed. All girls love pretty little trinket boxes and will love them to put things in for tidiness.

As your daughter grows old enough for the simple cosmetics, powder, cologne, a powder puff and perhaps a gentle cream and lotion, make it a joint shopping lark, maneuvering it so the choices of brands and shades seem to be her own. Carry this idea on to clothes and accessories. She will grow in good taste and grace as she learns these simple lessons.

Be ready to help her solve the little problems such as freckles, oily skin, or stringy hair. By your example let her feel that her dentist and her doctor are her best friends, the guardians of her health. Such a girl who through the years has grown in grace and love and health will truly be a joy unto her mother's heart, and will some day "rise and call her blessed."

This magazine would make a very acceptable Birthday Gift, a monthly reminder of your thoughtfulness. Price \$1.00 a year.



A FEW ROAD MARKERS FOR YOUR BABY

By Lucille Sassaman

About twenty-five years ago, baby doctors as well as the new progressive teachers decided that child training could be changed completely. The teachers began by letting children do everything they wanted to do when they wanted to do it—and no discipline. The baby doctors went to the opposite extreme. They insisted that every baby should be a machine; eat every four hours, sleep at regular intervals, and if he didn't like it, put him into a room alone and let him "cry it out" with absolutely no kissing, no cuddling and no rocking. I have known dozens of mothers to tear their hearts out following these orders.

However, both of these new theories did some good because they began a new science. For the first time in our history, trained people were seriously studying children, trying to find out by these radically different methods how best to help parents to rear healthy, happy children.

In the years since then the doctors and teachers have both modified their extreme methods and now meet about midway. The teachers know that children want guidance along with their new freedom of expression, and doctors know that babies are individuals who need the security of love and affection as much as a good physical routine.

What was right ten years ago is not necessarily right now, and in another ten years we will know a great deal more and maybe something quite different, but the important thing is that we keep learning. If one system doesn't work we try something else, and in that way we make progress. After all the whole world has been changing pretty rapidly and we will have to change with it.

Certainly Kira has changed greatly from what my mother tells me I was like as a baby. Like the soldier boys of this last war compared to World War I, Kira is taller and bigger than I was. Better diets are making our babies bigger and better. Now we need better ways to train better characters to keep up to those better bodies.

How about your new little baby just home from the hospital? How about his crying, for instance? It will be just about as important to you as it is to the baby himself, for it takes a little while to learn how to interpret that new language. I know that I worried when Kira cried and worried just as much when she didn't! I wonder what mother hasn't suddenly run to the baby's room when it seemed too unnaturally quiet? And how about

those silent trips in the middle of the night just to be sure that he is still breathing? No, we're all alike in this respect, I'm sure.

All babies cry when they are hungry or uncomfortable or lonely or just plain mad at this world in general, and you soon learn to distinguish one cry from the other. When your baby is clean and dry and fed and not wearing too many clothes and he still cries, he might have a stomach ache. If so, his legs will pull up tight and his abdomen will be hard and possibly distended. If he hasn't had a bowel movement, try a small soap suppository. Or give him a little prune juice if he is old enough to have started his Triple O—orange juice, oil and oatmeal.

Kira had the usual trouble being fed on a formula, and the doctor recommended soda water enemas. If the stools are formed and the baby seems to strain and be in pain during a bowel movement he is probably not getting enough sugar in his formula and you might try increasing the sweetening agent.

Now if he cries because he is mad and stops crying as soon as you pick him up, this is the time to begin teaching him his first important lesson—discipline. After all, he is going to have to live in this world and get along with other people or he can't be happy. But like every other lesson you will teach him, take it easy. This is the hardest one that he will ever have to learn because it is the first, and how you manage it will set the pattern for all the rest.

Remember that he is still a helpless, frightened baby and needs to be constantly reassured that his mother is close by and that she loves him. Go into his room frequently and talk to him and turn him or move him out to the room where you are working. But don't pick him up every time he cries or try to hold him all day long, or you will soon have an extremely nervous little Dictator running your entire household.

He will gradually learn to stay awake and be happy without your constant attention, and it is during these times of resting quietly awake that he will have his opportunity to explore his new world and think about it. Kira spent several days at this age studying just one finger, and I'm sure that if we could retain that amount of curiosity and could concentrate that long on any single subject that we would soon be a world authority.

Note on Beans Baked in Pressure Cooker

In the July issue of Kitchen-Klatter you will find a recipe for beans baked in a pressure cooker. There have been a number of questions asked about this recipe, so in explanation I should like to say that the beans are soaked overnight but are not pre-cooked. They go directly from the pan in which they've soaked into the pressure cooker. Use only enough water to cover the beans. Cook 40 minutes. I hope that these two points will clear up the uncertainty about how to proceed.—Lucille.



OVER THE FENCE

In August we printed a suggestion regarding Gold Star Mother's Day, but since then we've received word from a friend in Omaha that before the death of our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, he designated September 30th as the day on which all Gold Star Mothers should be honored. I'm sure that this item will be of great interest to all parents who suffered the heavy loss of children in the armed forces.

From Joimae Lee of Kirwin, Kans., came such an unusual idea for a Golden Wedding party that I want to pass it on here. She said that a family tree had been constructed with branches wrapped in gold paper; the gifts hanging from them were also wrapped in gold paper. The base of the tree had yellow daisies twined around it, and the cake was frosted in yellow and white with a golden bell on it. Those of you who have been wracking your brains to think of something unusual for a Golden Wedding party might make good use of this family tree idea.

Who says that our "Hello Girls" aren't appreciated? Mrs. Vera Taylor of Pattonsburg, Mo., wrote a very glowing tribute to twin sisters, Grace and Esther Coffey, who have served her vicinity at the switchboard since 1909. For their birthday on August 8th Mrs. Taylor expected to take them a cake made from a recipe in an issue of last year's Kitchen-Klatter. She has made thirty of these white syrup cakes for gifts, she says.

A most interesting letter came from Susan Kesselring of Omaha, Nebr., who has come here recently from Australia. She lived for a number of years in the Solomon Islands and was familiar with the language of the Rovinnanna tribe, so this explains why she was attracted to the name "Leanna" when she heard it over the radio. It seems that this word means "Welcome and Farewell" to the Roviannas, just as Aloha means the same thing to the Hawaiians. I can understand why she was surprised to hear this word as part of the name of someone who appears on a middle-western radio program!

One afternoon this past month I had the pleasure of seeing several of my Field nieces for the first time in a good many years. Of the eight sisters, only Faith who lives in California, and Ruth who lives in Wisconsin, could not be present.



ORANGE ICEBOX PUDDING

- 1 cup orange juice
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. lemon extract
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Mix juice and sugar, flour and butter and beaten egg yolks. Cook until thick. Add extracts. Fold in beaten egg whites. Grind 1/2 pound vanilla wafers or graham crackers. Put layer of crumbs in dish, then a layer of pudding, and end with layer of crumbs. Chill.—Mrs. Allan Kinsinger, Mystic, Iowa.

MY LARGE ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 3/4 cups egg whites
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 c. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsps. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add cream of tartar. Gradually fold in sugar, cake flour and salt which have been sifted together several times. Add extracts. Bake in very slow oven until cake shrinks from pan.—Leanna.

(The following comment regarding this recipe came from Margaret Miller of Linden, Iowa. "About twelve years ago you gave an angel food cake recipe, and since then I have had orders for 56 cakes from friends and neighbors".)

HONEY OATMEAL DROP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 2/3 cups oatmeal
- 4 Tbls. sour milk
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins

Cream shortening, add honey and blend. Stir in the egg. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add alternately with the milk to the shortening and honey mixture. Stir in raisins and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Makes around 3 dozen cookies.—Mrs. Frank W. Kasik, Milligan, Nebr.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BEEF SUPPER SALAD

- 1 1/2 cupfuls chopped cooked beets
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 1/2 cupfuls diced celery
- 1 cupful diced tart apple
- Boiled salad dressing or mayonnaise
- Lettuce

Combine the beet, celery, and apple with enough French dressing barely to moisten. Chill thoroughly. Then add the eggs and enough mayonnaise or boiled dressing to blend the mixture. Arrange in a salad bowl lined with lettuce.—Mrs. M. W. A., Monmouth, Ill.

CREAM CHEESE AND HONEY DRESSING

(For Fruit Salads)

- 3 Tbls. clear honey
- 1 package cream cheese
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix cheese with honey. Add lemon juice slowly to make a smooth paste and then add other ingredients.—Margery's favorite.

SPINACH RING WITH NOODLES

- 2 cups chopped cooked spinach
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. onion juice
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 beaten eggs
- Dash of paprika

Combine above ingredients, then make white sauce of:

- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Add to spinach. Pour into oiled 7-inch mold; place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven one hour. Turn out on chop plate and fill center with hot seasoned noodles, creamed sea food or sliced egg.—Mrs. J. F., Storm Lake, Iowa.

BUY FLOUR IN SMALL AMOUNTS

Shoppers conscientiously helping to feed the hungry peoples of the world are buying the new emergency flour in two pound and five pound bags. This is further important in the fact that the emergency flour has more of the wheat shell, is oilier and consequently does not keep as long as the flour to which we have been accustomed.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

- 1 peck green tomatoes
- 1 cup salt
- 12 green peppers
- 12 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. stick cinnamon, broken
- 2 Tbls. powdered ginger
- 12 large onions
- 3 qts. cider vinegar
- 6 sweet red peppers (if desired)
- 2 Tbls. whole cloves
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 4 pounds brown sugar

Wash and cut tomatoes into thin slices. Peel and cut onions into thin slices. Sprinkle them with salt and let stand for 12 hours. Wash them in clear water. Drain them. Heat vinegar, green peppers (sliced thin) red peppers (diced), garlic and brown sugar to the boiling point. Add tomatoes and onions. Then add and cook slowly until the tomatoes are transparent (for about one hour) all of the spices listed.—Mrs. R. S., Marysville, Kans.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

- 1 gallon firm cucumbers
- 8 small onions
- 5 cups vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsps. tumeric
- 2 tsps. mustard seed
- 2 seeded green peppers
- 1/2 cup salt
- 5 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsps. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. celery seed

Slice cucumbers and peppers very thin and add onions which have been skinned. Place these ingredients in layers in a crock alternating layers with crushed ice and salt. Cover with a weighted lid and place in refrigerator for three hours. Drain. Make a sirup of the spices plus vinegar and sugar, and add the vegetables. Heat them slowly with very little stirring. Scald but do not boil them. Place the pickles in sterilized jars and seal at once.—Mrs. J. H. J., Bethany, Mo.

TOMATO CATSUP

- 1 peck tomatoes
- 1 1/2 bay leaves
- 8 medium-sized onions
- 2 long red peppers without seeds
- Boil these ingredients until they are soft. Strain them. Then add:
- 3/4 cup brown sugar closely packed (tie in bag and add)
- 1 Tbls. whole allspice
- 1 Tbls. whole mace
- 1 Tbls. whole cloves
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 2 inches of stick cinnamon

Boil these ingredients quickly until they are reduced to 1/2 the quantity. Then add 2 cups of vinegar, and salt and pepper if desired. Boil the catsup for 10 minutes longer and bottle at once.—Mrs. L. E., Ames, Iowa.

Order a set of Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books. Price \$1.00.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espe

How time flies! Especially vacation time. It seems only yesterday that we were talking about the pleasant summer vacation ahead of us, and now it has come and gone and school days are back again with their various problems, not the least of which is the lunch box and what goes into it. Food plays a very important part in the physical and mental growth of a child, and good results have been noted among school children because of better lunches, particularly those including a warm food. There was less absenteeism because of better health, fewer disciplinary problems, and school work improved because the children were more alert, and many gained in weight.

It will be easier to plan and prepare well balanced school lunches as well as the meals served at home if a typed list of the foods needed daily is tacked up somewhere in the kitchen. With this as a guide one may include in the meals served at home, the required foods which are difficult to send in the school lunch. No doubt many of you have this list but for those of you who may not, I will include it, also a school lunch score card which might be helpful in planning the school lunch menus. The children may enjoy checking their own lunches to see how they score, and it may even induce them to eat some of the foods they formerly turned up their noses at, in order to get a better score.

Most children will eat raw vegetables more readily if a small jar of salad dressing is included. If you thin the dressing with cream or evaporated milk and add a little sugar or honey, the children will like it better and it is better for them. Vegetables should always be crisp and as appetizing and attractive in appearance as possible. Lettuce spread with a little peanut butter is good. Roll it up and fasten with a tooth pick. Don't forget to include those little surprise treats now and then and make it enough for friends too, or perhaps the entire school if it is a rural school.

Foods Needed Daily

Milk—

- 1 quart for children.
- 1 pint for adults.

Eggs—

- 1 each day.
- Meat, cheese or poultry—

- 1 serving.
- 1 serving of sea fish each week.
- 1 serving of liver each week.

Vegetables—

- 2 servings (one raw or leafy)
- 1 serving potatoes.

Fruits—

- 2 servings (one high in Vitamin C—such as tomatoes, oranges, strawberries).

Butter—

- At least 2 tablespoons.

Cereals—

- 2 servings whole grain cereals (including enriched bread).

School Lunch Score Card

Perfect
Score

Lunch box (metal with ventilation preferred)	10
Contents of box—Hearty Sandwich (meat, egg, fish, cheese) ..	15
Something crisp or succulent (sandwich filling, raw vegetable or salad)	15
Sweet (sandwich, simple cake, cookies)	15
Fruit (raw, cooked, fruit juice) ..	15
Milk, milk soup, milk beverage, milk pudding	20
General appearance of lunch—	
Sandwiches wrapped separately, napkin, extra napkin for desk ..	10

Total—100



Enjoying a short vacation at Spirit Lake—Leanna.

MY HOMECOMING. (Anon)

When I unlocked the long closed door and stepped
Across the threshold—no one visible
Was there to give me greeting, but I felt
The unseen presence—(it is always so)
Of those who had been waiting my return.
The silence spoke to me, and in the dusk
I felt the love of family draw close;
Without a word to my receptive sense
The quiet rooms were glad with welcoming.

I wandered through the still place, listening,
And when night came, into its cradle arms
My old home gathered me, and crooned "Sleep well
We have been longing for your homecoming."

Sent especially for Leanna by
a listener, Manhattan, Kans.

Dear Leanna,

This is the fourth time I have given the Kitchen-Klatter magazine to this lady for her birthday. Each year I ask her what she would like to have for her birthday, and she always answers, "Just give me the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and I'll be satisfied."

Sincerely,
Helen Carlson, Essex, Iowa



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

The wind again blows over the stubble of the grain fields and it will soon be fall. This evening I hear the crickets, katy-dids and an occasional owl from a near-by walnut tree, and as it flies through the branches on its departure I hear the thud of a walnut as it drops to the ground.

In the mulberry tree back of the house and in the chicken yard another owl has found a roost and the chickens are not too sure of their safety.

September sometimes brings warm damp days and this, in turn, may bring a recurrence of some of the diseases experienced in early spring, especially coccidiosis, for this disease fairly thrives during humid weather. Feed your chickens preventive foods and avoid the ailment if possible.

One of the best preventive foods is sour milk, and tomatoes are good for this purpose too. Sometimes after the fall rains we have tomatoes that have burst, and the very best place for these are where the chickens can get at them. I always feed all the tomato peelings and tomatoes that aren't fit for the table.

Now is the time to give your pullets special attention. I do not think that the number of chickens kept on farms this year will in any way measure up to the usual number, so the ones we do keep must be producers if we are to get dividends from the feed we are using.

Leave your pullets on growing mash for a time after housing them, and then gradually feed them laying mash. It is also desirable to feed them some whole grain in order to increase their body weight as much as possible before going into heavy production. In this way you increase their ability to lay large sized eggs right from the start.

Several weeks ago a salesman called on me and after his very nicely worded sales talk about his minerals for chickens, etc., he began asking me questions about what I was using. It turned out that practically everything I was using was wrong, and the only way I could possibly right it was to buy some of his preparations.

I asked him how long he had been raising chickens and how many he had raised. Well, he admitted he had never raised a chicken in his life, so I informed him I had been raising on an average of five-hundred a year for a period of thirty-eight years, and had succeeded in bringing them to maturity in spite of my methods! He was most doubtful about what I said, and I know he will always think that I was raising chickens the wrong way!

Johnnie, have you ever seen a grampus or a goophus or a grouse?
No. Teacher, but isn't that a mouse?

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Today it has been hot and sultry and we are afraid that we might get a rain tonight. I say "afraid" because even if we could stand a nice shower to cool things off, we especially want the roads to be dry tomorrow for Mother and Dad are planning to spend the day with us. They were going to come last Sunday, but it rained and they couldn't so we hope that they get to come tomorrow.

July was an especially eventful month for us because it brought two very special visitors to our house. About the middle of July an old friend of ours, Clarence Meyer of Applington, Iowa, came to see us and spent five days here. We met Clarence while we were living in Hollywood, and he and Frank worked at the same place. Then too, he lived in the same apartment house where we lived, so all together he spent a great deal of time with us. We hadn't seen Clarence for two years, and he had been overseas with the air force since we'd last been together, so all in all we had a lot to talk about.

This past week we have enjoyed a visit from my sister Margery whom we hadn't seen for eight months. She was going to help me this week and we had a lot of plans made for what we intended to get done in the house, but the week went by so swiftly that we honestly didn't get a single thing done aside from the daily routine duties. The rest of the time we spent calling on friends and just catching up on all the news we had to tell each other.

This morning while Margery ironed and took care of Kristin, Frank and I picked blackberries for Mother to take home with her. We didn't think we had quite enough at noon, so Margery went with us and helped pick more this afternoon. Tonight my hands and legs are a mass of little scratches, but Margery must have been much more careful than I because she has very few.

Last night when Frank came home he brought two young rabbits for supper, and this was quite a treat for Marge. They tasted so good that I decided we would try and get some for the folks tomorrow, so on Frank's way home tonight he got four more. The folks enjoy rabbit as much as we do, and it's one thing they don't have often at home. Margery said it was surely a far cry from her stay with us in Hollywood—Frank could never go out on Norton Avenue and snare rabbits for dinner!

Kristin has had such a good time with her Aunt Marge. She loves to hear stories about what she did when she was a tiny baby, so Margery has taken over our bedtime story-hour with many such tales. Marge has also accomplished something that none of us had been able to make much headway on. I don't think I've ever mentioned the fact that Kristin is an inveterate thumb-sucker—much to our chagrin. We have done a lot of talking to her recently without any results whatsoever, but Aunt Marge comes to see her, says the same things,



This picture was taken on Kristin's third birthday. Her mother smocked the dress, and Aunt Lucile made it.

and for the past three days that thumb hasn't been in her mouth once during the day—only when she goes to bed. I'm hoping that this will continue even after Marge goes back to Shenandoah tomorrow.

Another nice thing that happened this past month was getting ahold of an icebox. It's just the old-fashioned kind, 100 lb. size, but it looks as good to me as a brand new electric number. We have been without refrigeration all summer, and I literally couldn't keep anything from one meal to the next.

We had tried to find a box without any success, but one late afternoon Edna, Frank's sister, called me to say she had just read the paper and one was advertised for sale. We jumped right in the car and dashed to town, and I kept hoping every foot of the way that it wouldn't be sold before I arrived. Well, it wasn't, and I returned home with the box in the back of the car (one of the joys of having a Station Wagon) with the ice to go in it, and I'm sure that I was one of the happiest people in Lucas County. The lady who sold it to me said that she had already had several calls, but I was the first to get there in person.

I've had several responses to my last request in Kitchen-Klatter for old smocking transfers, and have received several lovely patterns. Although I haven't had much time for sewing this past month, I'm eagerly waiting to try them out.

Next week will be a busy one for the Driftmiers since they will be busy getting ready for Wayne's wedding to Abigail. I'm going to wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, and leave for Shenandoah on Wednesday. I've been undecided as to whether to take Kristin. I would like very much to take her because there will be relatives around who have never seen her, but since this trip must be made by train my better judgment tells me that the best place for her is with Grandma and Grandpa Johnson. I haven't been taking her off the farm much since there has been so much polio around,

and a train isn't a very good place for a little girl who still isn't old enough to sit sedately beside her mother.

It's getting late and tomorrow is a big and busy day for us, so I must stop and get a few things done before I go to bed. Until next month then—

Sincerely,
Dorothy.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

By Marine Sickels

Do you suppose that there is another spot in all the world where September is as delightfully golden as it is in our own Middle West? It is the most satisfying of all the seasons. We can see the results of our summer's toil.

As a result of my experiments of planting flowers in the rows with the vegetables, we have enjoyed flowers with every trip to the garden.

We thought the results from mulching the cucumbers and the tomatoes were worth the trouble many times over. The tall son said, "Next year let's mulch them when we plant them. Saves so much hoeing."

September to me always means schooltime as it does to so many other mothers. I believe that it is easier mothers. I believe it is essential that when our children are ready for school they are able to go. That is able in the sense of being able to see and hear and speak normally. This is important.

I believe that a very small part of a child's education is gained at school. It takes honest cooperation between the parents (do you note that plural?) and the teachers. It takes interest in each other. It takes patience and faith.

If you are giving your child a home where there is real interest in school, in news, in the world, you are giving your child a superior chance at life—and it does not cost one cent. It takes only your own time and energy. That was a nice sermon about education. I did not mean to get so earnest about it but I have always thought that education is the only thing we can give these children that they will be sure to have when they need it. Money and other heritages may be stolen or lost, but not education. It takes time, it takes interest, it takes energy, but it is worth it.

Since I wrote the first part of this, we were visited by a hail-storm that completely ruined 100 acres of corn and 60 acres of clover we were going to cut for seed. It was a severe blow but so long as I set the table and all of my boys are able to eat, I will not worry too much.

Do you have an old-time cookbook that you refer to for recipes and helps? If so, be careful which suggestions you follow, since many of these instructions would destroy all food value if followed. I'm thinking now of such counsel as: "Soak cucumbers in cold water before serving—takes fever out; cut onion and set in water to prevent indigestion." The county museum would be a fitting resting place for such books.

GOOD NEIGHBORS*By Gertrude Hayzlett*

Let's make vacation time happier by doing something for some shut-in. Miss Minnie B. Bailey, 238 S. Hudson Ave., Pasadena 5, Calif., has been flat in bed for more than 2 years. She cannot read much so send a pretty card. Mrs. Amanda Barnard, 6026 Echo St., Los Angeles 42, Calif., is having an operation for cataract on her eye. She likes cards. Mrs. Mary M. Black, 603 E Leverington Ave., Roxborough, Philadelphia 28, Pa., has been bedfast the last 2 of her 78 years. Send her a word of cheer. Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, Culver Rest Home, 120 West B. St., Glendale, Ariz., has a birthday Aug. 1. She says she doesn't get much mail any more and misses it. Marcia Mathews, Pisgah, Iowa, is eight and is bedfast because of rheumatic fever. Linda Lee Seabury, Pisgah, Iowa, is suffering from the same malady. She started school last year. Two other children from the same town, Bobby King age 6 and Barbara Frazier who is not old enough to go to school, both have rheumatic fever. Do something nice for these youngsters who are having to spend their vacation in bed instead of picnicking in the woods.

Mrs. Delia Dudevoir, 3339 Hiawatha St., Baton Rouge 5, La., will be 64, come August 5. She is bedfast, and suffers much. Mrs. C. W. Fink, 617 High St., Petersburg, Va., has spent some months recently with both arms in plaster casts. Mary L. Fleming, Calhoun County Home, Rockwell City, Iowa is ill. She loves letters. Winona E. Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Indiana has been in a wheel chair for 37 years. She is unable to read or write but loves pretty cards and hankies. Mrs. Mary Gentry, R1, Winslow, Indiana has arthritis and is unable to walk. Florence L. Giebler, Erie County Infirmary, Alden, N. Y., age 64, has been in bed many years because of spinal trouble. Marie Greiner, 220 So. 3 St., Jeannette, Pa., who has also been a bed patient for many years, recently went to the hospital for an operation that she hoped might help her to get up. She is pretty blue. Cheerful letters would help, but don't mention her illness.

A girl in Chillicothe, Mo., needs clothing size 34 and 36. She is in a wheel chair and friends would take her to church if she had a dress to wear. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., for her address. Edna A. Jensen, 333 Kansas St., Superior, Nebr., an arthritis sufferer, wants dolly pattern books older than 1943. Can you help her? Mrs. Dent Morrison, 110 W. 4 St., Dover, Ohio, wants letters. She is unable to walk. Ronnie Neville, RR, Everton, Ark., is a little boy who cannot walk. He will be 10 in December. Send him a card. Hans Rhode, Onawa Hospital, Onawa, Iowa, is 11. He was badly burned in March and is having skin grafting operations which are very painful. Donald Shaw, c/o Harold Brown, Rt. 1, Neosho, Wisc., who is 13, jumped off a tractor in front of a hay mower and had his leg badly cut. It will be a year or more before he can walk.

USE MORE POTATOES*By Mrs. Eli Espe*

We have been asked to conserve wheat as much as possible so that our starving neighbors across the sea may be fed. One good way is to use more potatoes in our diet for they are plentiful on the market, and in many cellars and caves are large stores of potatoes that will go to waste unless used in the near future. Old potatoes sometimes turn dark in cooking, but this may be prevented by adding one teaspoon of vinegar to one quart of water while boiling.

Contrary to popular belief, potatoes are no more fattening than bread—one medium-sized potato and a slice of bread rate the same number of calories, 100 each. It is the rich fat gravies usually eaten with potatoes that give them the bad reputation of being fattening.

Try serving them in new and different ways for it is so easy to get into a rut and serve this lowly vegetable just plain boiled, mashed or fried. Baked potatoes would be served more often if it weren't for the length of time it takes to prepare them. However, the baking time can be cut down to one third if the potatoes are scrubbed, cut in half, put in boiling water for ten minutes, and placed cut side down in a greased pan to bake.

Shoe-string potatoes are a universal favorite, but the deep fat frying they require prevents them from being served very often, especially since fats became scarce. There is a mock shoe-string potato that so nearly resembles the genuine article that one can scarcely tell the difference. Prepare as usual, then heat three level tablespoons of fat for each quart of potatoes in a shallow flat pan, put in the strips and stir and turn until they are coated with the fat. Then place in a very hot oven stirring every few minutes so the fat will be well distributed and the potatoes will brown more evenly. The baking will take ten or twelve minutes. While the oven is hot prepare enough for several meals, put into glass jars and store in a cool place.

There is a quick way of preparing both creamed and escalloped potatoes too. For the creamed potatoes, dice and cook in salted water, drain, and add about one-third cup rich milk and two level tablespoons of butter to each quart of potatoes; season to taste with pepper, salt, and a little onion if liked. Stir over low heat until the creamy mixture has covered each potato cube. No thickening is used.

For escalloped potatoes, heat the milk while you are paring and slicing the potatoes, and thicken with a very little corn starch, add seasoning and pour over potatoes; they not only bake quicker, but the milk will not curdle and considerable time is saved as well. To make an excellent lunch or supper dish add bits of smoked ham, frankfurters or weiners cut in inch lengths, or place strips of bacon over the top. The bacon will become crisp in baking, while the bacon fat

will lend a delicious flavor to the potatoes. Creamed baked potatoes with cheese always makes an excellent dish too.

Potato curls are very attractive and excellent for garnishing. To make these pare the potatoes with a parer, and discard the paring. Cover the strips with cold water. Let stand for one hour. Dry between towels being careful not to break the curls. Fry in deep fat until brown, and then drain on crumpled absorbent paper. Sprinkle with salt.

KUMLA**(RAW POTATO DUMPLINGS)**

- 3 cups grated raw potato
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Sift and mix dry ingredients; add to grated raw potatoes, mix thoroughly, and then drop by spoonfuls into the boiling meat broth. Cook about 35 or 40 minutes.

RAW POTATO PANCAKES

- 2½ cups grated raw potato
- 2 egg yolks, beaten light
- 2 egg whites
- 3 Tbls. fine bread crumbs
- ¾ tsp. salt

Combine first four dry ingredients, then add egg whites, stiffly beaten. Drop by tablespoonfuls on greased griddle and fry slowly until browned.

POTATO AND CHEESE MOUNDS

- 4 cups fresh mashed fluffy potatoes
- ¼ lb. dairy cheese
- Plain or pimento cheese spread
- Melted butter
- Salt and pepper

Form the mashed potatoes into four mounds on a shallow oiled baking pan, allowing a cup of mashed potato for each. Make indentations in the mounds with the back of a teaspoon. Cut the cheese in small pieces. Fill the indentations with the cheese, brush with melted butter, and dust with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven until the mounds are brown and the cheese has melted.

THE FARM WIFE'S PRAYER

Dear God, I am too tired tonight to pray,
 With all the duties of a farm wife's day—
 The noise of children, and the ceaseless toil
 Of mouths to feed, and baby clothes to boil.
 Yet I must pause to offer fervent praise
 That I am blessed with little ones to raise.
 Let me more kind, more understanding grow
 To my dear husband—for I love him so.
 I thank Thee for rich blessings manifold,
 And pray that I may worthy be, such wealth to hold.

A QUIET DAY AT HOME

By Lois Shull

This year we have decided to spend Labor Day quietly. It will be such a nice change to stay at home with the family and do whatever our hearts desire. No fixing of picnic lunches, no flat tires as we drive to or from the park, no ants in our lunch, no chigger bites to doctor in the evening. Ah, what a wonderful prospect! The children can play in the yard with neighbor children, or in their rooms. My husband and I will read, sew or listen to the radio, with probably a nap in the afternoon. We are all agreed that this is the way we want it and I, for one, am happier than I can remember as I look forward to the lazy day.

It starts out wonderfully, all sleeping late and enjoying a leisurely breakfast. With the youngsters outside to play I make the beds and do up the kitchen work quickly and settle myself to do some crocheting while my husband scans the morning paper. We won't want lunch till one o'clock at least and I'll have a couple of hours at my favorite occupation.

It's still only eleven o'clock when the children come dashing in and breathlessly ask if they may go on a picnic with the Browns. The Browns are our neighbors whose children are near the same ages as our offspring. It seems they have planned a family picnic and when our dear children announced that we were just staying home today, the Browns asked them to go along. It means I must stir myself and fix picnic food for them to take along, but I can't bring myself to disappoint their radiantly expectant faces, so I assure them it's fine and tell them to run over and tell Mrs. Brown they'll be ready soon.

I fix a salad and some sandwiches in a few minutes, and as the children scamper off with the picnic lunch to accompany the Browns I know it hasn't been too much trouble to make the effort of seeing that they were cleaned up and had food to take along. So I smile after them, then rejoin my husband for another hour of quiet and a simple lunch later. It's the delightfully restful day we'd planned, except for missing the youngsters' chattering voices.

By the middle of the afternoon we are rather bored with reading, with the radio, with puttering in the yard. I am actually glad for the sound of the telephone ringing and dash to answer it. A strange voice asks for my husband. I call him and he holds a mysterious and excited conversation. I'm about to burst with curiosity as to who is at the other end of the line, and nearly pass out completely when I hear him saying to come right on out. It seems an age until he has given them complete directions for finding our house and hangs up the receiver.

To my excited "WHO was that?" he informs me it's an old college chum of his who is just passing through town with his wife and two children. I throw up my hands in horror! LOOK at this house! How

long will it be until they get here? Fifteen minutes! Oh, dear, I'll never in the world get things picked up. Do gather up your papers, dear, and I'll at least run the sweeper on the living room rug. Wouldn't you know company I've never seen would come on the one day of the year I haven't done a thing to the house!

I've hardly breathed from the moment my husband told me we were having company, but thank goodness the rooms are straight and I've even run the comb through my hair by the time they drive up. My husband and his college chum visit like mad, asking about other college friends and trying to catch up on the intervening years since they last met. The college chum's wife turns out to be a lovely person and she and I find a lot in common to talk about, especially our children. The visiting children find pleasure in playing with our children's toys and the next couple of hours pass pleasantly.

Suddenly bedlam breaks out as the Browns drop our brood of wild Indians at home. They make up with their company in short order and show them all over the place. I realize all at once that it's close to dinner time and cast about in my mind for ideas of food I could prepare for this many people. Deciding that I can manage I ask them to stay and eat with us. They feel they should go on for they've written ahead to relatives in a nearby town to look for them tomorrow. But my husband tells them of a short cut they can take which would even allow them to stay overnight with us. By leaving very early in the morning, he assures them, they can easily be at their destination by the appointed time. I gasp a bit to myself, but fortunately I don't believe they notice.

It's rather a hectic evening, but every one pitches in. The children set the table. The men fry hamburgers. We women concoct salads and open a few cans. It's a wonderful meal and we grownups linger at the table for an hour drinking another cup of coffee and talking and talking!

We're a bit crowded for sleeping space but the youngsters like the idea of sleeping on cots and so we manage. Once they are bedded down, we parents retire to the living room for a pleasant evening of visiting and games. Actually we find them such delightful company that we don't mind at all that the night is quite short.

Next morning, after the new friends have driven off at six o'clock, my husband gets ready to leave for work and the children sleepily get into their school clothes. They are all yawning and I feel guilty to see them leave for their first day of school no wiser awake than they are.

I yawn all morning myself, as I go over the house putting it to rights and remembering our visit with the unexpected company. It didn't turn out to be the quiet day we'd planned, but actually it was even nicer. For what is better than making good friends?

SHOPPERS SPOIL STAGGERING AMOUNTS OF FOOD

The other day we noticed a fruit stand sign that read "Do not pinch our fruit. It hurts their peelings." The thing that shoppers do to fruit and vegetables on display, almost staggers the imagination.

Worried over the waste in these days of food shortages, the president of a wholesale produce firm hired people to interview personally the managers of fruit and vegetable stores.

The result is an indictment of U. S. food shoppers... mostly women. They cause the destruction of more than 4 thousand tons of fresh green vegetables annually... enough to feed 2 million, 145 thousand people. Tomatoes and peaches take perhaps the worst beating with women spilling nearly 4½ thousand tons of tomatoes, and 1½ thousand tons of peaches last year just by careless handling.

Here is a way to save food to which every person can be alert. Handle with care.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Not for a single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know—
Who gives the day
Will show the way
So I securely go."

—John Oxenham.

GRACE FOR GARDENS

Lord God in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless our little gardens,
And the good green growing.
Bless the blossom and the fruit
Bless the seed and the root,
Give us sun, give us rain,
Bless the orchards and the grain.
—Amen.

REPRINTS

American Family Story

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

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER
MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "While we have been waiting for a town property to be vacated in order that we may move, our daughter's family has been living with us and both my husband and I are upset at the way they treat their little three-year-old daughter. She is nagged at and punished from morning until night, although the other younger children are never reprimanded regardless of what they do or say. We have shown her extra attention because we've felt that she was abused and this seems to be resented. Can you think of anything we could do that would help this child and clear the atmosphere?"—Ia.

ANS: Isn't it possible that the fact of your moving will clear the atmosphere if it's true that they resent your attention to the youngster? We'll hope that this is the case, but if the situation continues after you move you should enlist your husband's support and have a frank discussion with them. No child should be treated in such a fashion and you are justified in taking any steps within your control to stop it.

QUES: "Our fourteen-year-old boy has surely given us cause for worry recently. He seems so terribly peevish all of the time, doesn't want to do anything to help and is very cross if he doesn't get what he thinks he wants. My husband is exasperated with him because we've tried everything to bring him out of it and nothing helps, yet I keep telling myself that if he felt well he wouldn't behave like this. He seems so sleepy and tired all of the time."—Ia.

ANS: Fourteen-year-old boys are very often just as you describe your boy. I've seen it again and again, and although it's a very trying stage, they do come out of it eventually. At this age they're growing fast and really are tired and sleepy as a result. Build up his health as much as you can and call on a new supply of patience. Try to make your husband see that the boy isn't just naturally ill-tempered, and both work together to get through this period without a lot of scenes and quarrels that will be remembered unhappily in the future.

QUES: "I am a very busy farm wife with twelve children to raise, and since many of them are in school we have wondered frequently what a fair allowance is, particularly for the ones in high school. We don't want them to feel deprived of things just because they're farm children, yet at the same time we can't be lavish. I'll appreciate your answer to this problem."—Ia.

ANS: The question of a fair allowance always depends upon the age of the child, his parents' circumstances, and the community in which he lives. City children need more as a rule be-

cause there are more activities of an expensive nature. If your children carry their lunches it seems to me that 25 cents per week would be ample for the ones in grade school, and 75 cents per week for the ones in high school. This wouldn't cover clothing, of course, but just the small things that all children crave such as tickets to games, treats now and then, and other such items.

QUES: "Recently we have had several weddings in our small town church to which the entire congregation was given an invitation, and the reception in the church basement was included in this. We have not attended these weddings and therefore are puzzled about the problem of gifts. In another near-by town the same thing is done and the couple surely collects a great many expensive gifts. My viewpoint may be wrong, but it seems to me that the reception should be limited to closer friends and that only these friends should be obligated to bring gifts. Can you give me your opinion on this?"—Nebr.

ANS: I am not familiar with this type of wedding so I cannot speak from personal experience, but I'm inclined to share your viewpoint since it does turn what should be a happy and hospitable affair into a financial problem for too many people. We attended a large wedding recently when the bride herself wanted to share the ceremony with all of her old-time friends, but she specifically requested that no gifts be brought. This meant that only the most intimate friends and relatives delivered their gifts before the ceremony, yet everyone felt free to accept the invitation without worry of any kind. I feel that this was a tactful solution to the problem.

QUES: "I'm troubled about my two oldest children, a girl eleven and a boy nine, because they never tell me anything and evade the questions that any mother naturally asks such as what they did at school, did they have a good time at the party, and so forth. In looking back I realize that I didn't always take time to listen when they were younger because I have six children, two farm-hands, and so much, much work all of the time. Should I stop trying to get them to tell me things and hope that this will pass, or just what can I do?"—Missouri.

ANS: It isn't always that you find a mother who can look back and find the explanation, but this particular mother can put her finger on the trouble when she says that she didn't take time to listen when they were younger. Don't expect this to pass for I'm afraid that it won't. Your best course of action now is to stop asking direct questions at the present



Our son Frederick and his wife, Betty. They are now living in Bermuda.

time, and by showing your interest in more round-about ways convince them that you really are concerned in what they do—not to criticize in any way, but just to be interested because you love them and care what happens. When they realize that you aren't critical but that you are friendly in caring what happens, they may slip back into the pattern of talking freely with you. I hope so.

FATE

I made a cake and it was good;
It came out just as good cakes should.
I made some tea, fragrant, strong,
But sadly, no one came along.
I made a cake and it was punk;
It rose—and then it went ker-plunk.
I made some tea, t'was weak and thin—
And all that day my friends dropped in.

LET ME BRING GLADNESS

Lord, Thou has given me an humble place;
I ask that I may serve with smiling face.
Let me bring gladness to the ones I love;
My deeds, my words, my place, their treasure trove.
I would make smooth the path for stumbling childish feet,
Their needs of soul and body fully meet.
In simple things like these, O Lord, I pray,
Help me to glorify Thee day by day.

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



FOR THE CHILDREN

JUMPY RABBIT'S SCHOOL

By Marine Sickels

Mary and Jack were walking along the road to school on an early September morning, carrying their books and lunch pails. I am sorry to say they were grumbling.

"I wish I did not have to go to school," said Jack. "I like vacation and I like to play all day long."

"So do I," agreed Mary. "I wish I was a calf, or a squirrel. They do not have to go to school."

"I'll say they do not. I wish I was a little gray rabbit. I would eat clover and play all day long. I would never, never go to school," said Jack.

Now Jumpy, the little gray rabbit had pricked up his big long ears and heard every word Mary and Jack said. When he heard Jack say he would never go to school if he were a little gray rabbit, it made him very angry.

He ran out into the path and thumped his hind feet loudly.

Jack and Mary stopped in surprise. They were even more surprised to hear Jumpy say in his squeaky little voice, "See here, Jack. You may be going to school but you don't know much about rabbits."

"I-I-I don't?" asked Jack in surprise.

"I'll say you don't. Why I have been going to school all summer. As soon as I could hop, I had to learn to look all directions at once. A hawk might be swooping overhead or a stray house cat hiding in the weeds. Looking was one lesson I had to learn fast and well. Many animals like to have rabbit dinners."

"I never thought of that," said Mary. "What else did you have to learn?"

"I had to learn where there were lots of hiding places. I had to learn where the good fields of clover were—and the way to your mother's garden." Jumpy grinned a little rabbit grin. "You had better run along now. You'll be late for school. By the way, what do you learn over there?"

"Reading and Writing and Spelling and Arithmetic. You know it is really fun," answered Jack as he looked at Mary and laughed.

NIGHT

Night is like a lovely blanket

Used to cover up the day,
And lest there be too much darkness

Stars light up the milky way.

Night is like a song at evening

That can lull a child to rest,
Or like prayers, deep and heartfelt,
Souls find comfort and are blest.

RIDDLES

What is the name of the device that helps people to see through a brick wall? Ans. Window.

Why can't it rain for two nights continuously? Ans. Because there is a day in between.

Why do ducks and geese fly north in the springtime? Ans. Because it's too far to walk.

What did the ocean say to the airplane as it flew by? Ans. Nothing, it just waved.

What is the best and cheapest kind of light? Ans. Daylight.

—Sent by Helen Wohllaib,
New Virginia, Ia.

Why is the nose in the center of the face? Ans. Because it is the *scenter*.

What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? Ans. Nine cents.

Why are fish considered well educated? Ans. They are usually found in schools.

What is the longest word in the English language? Ans. Smiles, because it has a "mile" between s and s.

What is it that goes from New York to Albany without moving? Ans. The road.

—Sent by Bert Carlson,
Detroit, Kansas.

A PARABLE

Once upon a time there was a little boy so furious at his mother that he ran away from home vowing that he would never return, never. He ran and he ran until he came to the very end of the road, where there was a great chasm with a large purple mountain opposite. He was still seething with anger, so he yelled across: "Oh, I hate you!" Imagine his horror when a thousand voices came shouting back at him, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you."

You may be sure that he took to his heels, and he ran and he ran and he ran until he came to the one house and the one person to whom any boy can go when all the world has turned against him. She was very wise, that person! She simply led him by the hand down that long road—they walked and they walked and they walked until they came to the end of it, with the chasm below and the purple mountain still across.

"Now, then," she suggested, "try calling over 'I love you' I love you' and see what happens." So he obeyed and instantly a thousand friendly voices called back: "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

For the thing that we say to our world is the thing our world says back to us.



Tommy Wessling, Battle Creek, Iowa.

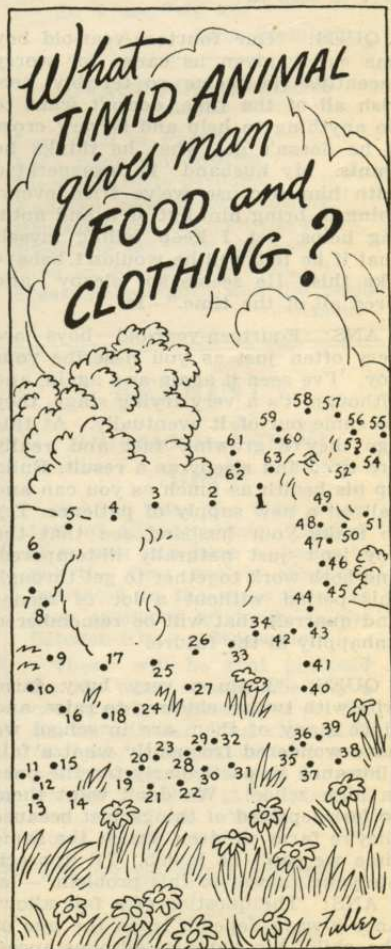
FLOWERS FACES

All the little flowers that

Spring up from the sod,
Have such a lovely habit of
Looking up to God.

I think that is the reason

That through all dust and heat
They can always manage to
Keep their faces sweet.



"Little Ads"

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

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PHOTOS TINTED IN LIFELIKE OIL COLORS, 5x7 or larger, 50¢; smaller, 25¢. Send Photo, money, and color details to: Mrs. Melba Jorgensen, Fiscus, Audubon, Iowa.

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FOR SALE: Crocheted tablecloth, doilies, centerpieces, chair sets, and pot holders. State wants. Please enclose stamps. Miss Elvia M. Christensen, 707 Market Street, Audubon, Iowa.

WILL DO CROCHETING and knitting. Write Marie Murphy, 3933 Harrison Street, Kansas City 4, Missouri.

CROCHETED baby bibs in pineapple design, pink or blue or white with pink or blue ribbon \$1.00 each. Mrs. Bernice L. Johnson, Osage City, Kansas, Rt. 3.

SEED NECKLACES: Beautiful Pastels, autumn colors \$1.50. Rag dolls \$2.00. Marguerite Cutland, 216 E. 2nd Ave., Mesa, Arizona.

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100 PERSONALIZED POST CARDS, white stock only, printed with your name and address, postpaid, \$1.00; or 30 sheets and 30 envelopes and 30 Personalized Post Cards, name and address printed, postpaid \$1.00. Midwest, Service, Dept. R., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

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Shenandoah, Iowa**

Dear Leanna:

Well!! talk about answers to one of my ads run in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. I have just received my 27th inquiry. I wish I'd had a dozen tablecloths. Some of them wanted both of them. Thanks so much and now I want to have the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine sent to a dear friend of mine as a gift.

Sincerely,
Box 295
Mrs. Marion Phipps,
Ogden, Iowa.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136
Sigourney Iowa



AID SOCIETY HELPS

FALL CLEANING BOOSTS THE TREASURY

Just when it seems that surely there can't be any new twist for bringing money into the Ladies Aid treasury, someone writes about a plan that has proved to be a big success. It's true that this particular plan means a lot of hard work, but those of us who've worked for the Aid through the years are used to this and can't be easily frightened at the prospect of honest-to-goodness toil.

This is the letter that I found interesting, and that you too may think about a second time when an urgent need for more money arises.

"In this town a good many houses and apartments change tenants during the fall months, and in recent years it's been all but impossible to hire people who will do a good job of renovating. It was after my husband had spent two months trying to get a house thoroughly cleaned that I told him I'd see if our Ladies Aid group would take on the job. I brought it up at the next meeting more in the spirit of fun than anything else, but my suggestion was met with enthusiasm and we formed a group to tackle the job.

"We had two women who were old-hands at papering, and two other women who painted as well as professionals. Another woman could have hired out when it came to putting down linoleum, but the rest of us were just plain, run-of-the-mill housewives who could get into the corners and clean. We looked over the job, made a flat estimate of \$35.00 for putting the house into good condition, and specified a time to be through so that the property could be occupied.

"This first job led to three more just by word of mouth, and then we ran an ad in the paper stating what we could do and this brought us five more renovating jobs. Of course it's hard work, but it's all profit, and when those who can't actually get down and scrub show their interest by preparing a good hot noon meal for us, it makes us feel that we're all accomplishing something together. And you should see our treasury these days!

PARENT-TEACHERS RECEPTION

By Mable Nair Brown

September brings again the urgent summons of the old school bell. Let it also ring out a welcome to the new teachers! Do begin the school year in a spirit of friendly co-operation in your community by planning an evening reception so the parents and teachers can meet one another in an informal atmosphere of friendliness and fun. I'm sure the men folks will enjoy this type of an evening rather than a formal program.

You will need about three committees for such an affair—invitations and refreshments for one group, the hosts and hostesses committee, and a third for entertainment.

Most of these affairs can best be handled with a cooperative lunch, so it makes it convenient for the ones who issue the invitations (by telephone or postal card) to explain what dishes and silver should be brought, and to solicit the food. The refreshments should be simple. Pie served with coffee is ample, or perhaps sandwiches and cookies or tea cakes served with coffee might work out better for your group. Let each family furnish some specified part of the lunch, and be sure that enough is allowed for the guests.

The hosts and hostesses should be two or three couples who will see that the teachers are introduced to the other guests and made to feel welcome. The teacher will be especially grateful if you will enlighten the introduction a bit by such remarks as, "Miss Smith, I want you to meet Mrs. Hammond. She's Mary Jean's mother—you remember the little girl who likes to sing so well?" Or, "Miss Black, won't you meet Mr. Jones and Mr. Bell? They are neighbors south of town, and their boys are in your class. John and Joe have grown up almost like brothers on adjoining farms." This will help a new teacher immeasurably in knowing the background of each child, and in coupling the parents and child in her memory.

Upon the entertainment group falls the important task of getting everyone to share in the good time. September always means County Fair days for many of us so let's have a "Fair" for all with our program featuring the "Grandstand Performance."

For a master-of-ceremonies choose one of the men who has a good sense of humor and is at ease in a crowd. If he announces each number with much gusto and a fanfare flourish it will add immeasurably to the hilarity.

Let the crowd number off to form three or four groups, instructing the leader of each group to see that all players get a chance to participate in some game.

1. BINGO MIXER. Give each guest a pencil and a sheet of paper which is marked off into sixteen squares. The player must get the autograph of a different guest in each square. The first group that has three players who have "bingo-ed" first will win. It's a fine way for strangers to learn

new names of other guests.

2. MAIN RING BOUT. Choose one man from each group and then blind fold all, a pair for each bout. Furnish newspapers rolled and tied for gloves. Whirl each player enough to let him lose his sense of direction, and then let the couples try to hit each other with the paper to score a point in the bout. Each bout could last two or three minutes, and it might be noted that a jolly referee adds to the fun.

3. MIXED CHORUS. Ask each group to select one person who will join with the others in lining up in a row. Furnish each player with a paper on which the words of some popular song are written. At a signal let all sing at the same time, each singing his own song. At the end see which singer can name the most songs sung by the other contestants.

4. DOG AND PONY TROUPE: Each player receives a card with a letter on it. Choose six players from each group, and each group of six will have these letters—A, B, C, D, E, F. The leader announces a word spelled with these letters, and the first group to form a line with the letters in correct order to spell the word, is the winner. "This," the announcer may say, "is putting the troupe through their paces." Here is a list of words to use: bed, fade, feed, faced, cafe, beef, add, deaf, bee, abed, ace and bead. A double letter is shown by shaking the letter from side to side. This adds to the fun.

5. STYLE PARADE. Give each group a collection of newspapers, old feathers, pins, and bits of bright paper or ribbon and allow them ten minutes to dress a couple for the parade. Let a judge decide the winner. This would be great fun if they were dressed to represent the babies and toddlers in the baby show.

6. FANCY ROPE TYING ACT. Give each player (one from a group) a short rope or string and tell them to tie three knots. The players won't know whether to tie them loosely or tightly and don't tell them if they ask. At the end of a given time have them exchange the ropes or strings and untie the knots. The first one finished wins.

7. THE MAGICIAN. This is a stunt for the community prankster and he can be dressed for the act if desired. Furnish a table and three pieces of candy. He will ask very soberly to borrow three gentlemen's hats, and will then place a hat over each piece of candy going to elaborate lengths to make each hat face the same way in a straight line. (A fluent flow of conversation should accompany this.) Then he will slowly lift each hat and eat the candy. Now he will ask the spectators under which hat they would like to have him find the three pieces of candy. When a hat is chosen he puts it on his head and says, "The three pieces are all under this hat."