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H. Armstrong Roberts.





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Dear Friends:

The calendar may say that summer doesn't arrive officially until June 21st, but surely this is a summer night if ever I saw one. We've just come in from the garden, our favorite place these days with all of the roses blooming and everything so fresh and lovely. It's days and nights like these that always make me wonder how I could ever live happily in any other section of the country.

We've had three birthdays since I last wrote to you—I guess that I should say four to be exact, since Lucile and Russell both have the same date to celebrate—May 3rd. I had planned to make a cake for them but one of their old friends, Mrs. Hilda Ross, who is famous for her wonderful angel foods, arrived at their house at eight in the morning with a beautiful cake, so they brought that up the hill with them in the evening to have ice cream and cake with us. Juliana insisted that it was her birthday too, so we let her blow out all of the candles and lead the singing.

Frederick celebrated his 29th birthday on May 8th and we had quite a time figuring out what to send him—you know how it is with men of this age who live far away. It's hard to know just what they want and need. But Dorothy's birthday on the 13th didn't bring up any such problem for it's never hard to buy gifts for a daughter who is just getting settled in a new house. She and Frank and Kristin are very happy in their new home, and I'm getting used to the idea of hearing Dorothy talk about what they plan to do when they sell their first pigs in October. It seems that a tractor, not a car, is their biggest project at present.

We had a lovely visit with Wayne during his spring vacation from the University of Iowa when he drove down with a carload of students who live in this vicinity. There are many, many veterans attending the university, and Wayne seems to spend a good share of his time working on committees to handle the various problems that are always cropping up. He has taken a big interest in his father's business for several years and has spent considerable time working on the books, so all of this is standing him in good stead now in his classes dealing with business subjects.

The past month also brought us a short visit with my sister Sue who was in town only a few days between lecture engagements. She is spending

four more weeks through the Minnesota territory where many of you live, and will then return to her pottery business for the summer months. We also had a pleasant visit with Jim Chapin, Mary Fischer Chapin's husband. He had to spend several weeks in Illinois and St. Louis on business, so stopped over here between the two places. Jessie's daughter, Ruth, went to New York to stay with Mary, Elliott and the new baby Jared, while Jim had to be away from home.

Mother's Day was a happy time at this house. We didn't have a houseful of children to furnish the kind of a day that Lucile wrote about in the May number, but those of us who were in Iowa had a lovely family dinner together, and the children who were far away all sent cards and letters.

I want to thank each and every one of you who wrote to say that the Mother's Day issue was helpful and interesting. We did spend quite a bit of time getting it ready for you, and like everyone else in the world, we appreciated hearing that you enjoyed it. We have quite a few plans in mind for the issues to come and find great pleasure in putting our heads together for decisions on what to include, so I hope that our circle can remain a tightly-knit circle for years to come.

Sincerely your friend,  
Leanna.

P. S. This letter had gone to the printers when we received word that Frederick will be married on June 11th to Elizabeth Jane Crandall of Ashaway, Rhode Island. The ceremony will be performed at his chapel in Washington where several of their close navy friends can be members of the bridal party. Full details will follow in the July number.

### SO YOU'VE TURNED SIXTY!

These last few weeks have brought many, many letters to my desk from friends who have passed their sixtieth birthday, and who want to know if I shared the sensations that they experienced when this particular day rolled around.

I was struck by the two very different attitudes that these friends expressed. There were some who said that they felt most keenly that their best days were behind them and that they had little enthusiasm for whatever the future might hold. One woman said: "I know that it was foolish

ish of me but I just couldn't help myself—I couldn't do a thing but shed tears the entire day." And then there were others who said that they felt as young in spirit and as capable as when they were turning the corner into their thirties, and for them there was genuine curiosity and interest in the days ahead.

Now that I am sixty I can honestly say that I belong in the latter group. For one thing I don't really believe that I am sixty—it seems to me that the calendar has slipped a cog somewhere! When I was a child I thought that anyone who managed to live sixty years was as old as Methusala, but I'm sixty now and I don't feel like Methusala.

I've given a great deal of thought to this question of age, and I always reach the same conclusion in the end: as long as we are needed and are useful we cannot be old in spirit, and it's the spirit that counts, not the flesh that inevitably carries the marks of time. As long as one person in this world needs us we have a reason for carrying on.

Those of us who have grandchildren can enjoy them in a way that we never quite enjoyed our own children, beset as we were with the full responsibility for their welfare. Those of us who enjoy making a nice home can have the little extra things now that were beyond us when we were young. And those of us who are so wonderfully fortunate as to have our husbands with us can have time for the companionship now that was sometimes a little difficult when we were working so hard day in and day out.

No, it isn't hard to be sixty if we have interests and responsibilities that keep us from brooding upon the years that are gone. As long as we look beyond our own four walls and problems to the world that lies about us we will have something to sustain us through our sixties and on into the seventies and then into . . . well, I've known women who were busy and happy at eighty!



On my 60th birthday, Russell snapped this picture just before we cut the cake for our family party in the evening.



# Come into the Garden



Canterbury Bells, as they bloom in Flora's garden.

## FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

June, the month of roses! At "The Sticks" it meant also madonna lilies, canterbury bells, penstemons, delphiniums, hemerocallis, and others "too numerous to mention."

In roses, there were Harrington's yellow which had bloomed much earlier, several climbers, a bed of hybrid teas and the cunning baby ramblers. The hybrid teas and baby ramblers had been a joy for years, blooming not only in June but throughout the summer and fall. Paul's scarlet on the west fence had never seemed happy. In a neighbor's yard on a north fence it was a flaming beauty year after year. Flora had debated moving him to another part of the garden but had not been able to decide where, and this June found him again sulking by the west fence.

The madonnas seemed unusually lusty and opened waxy white trumpets. Other plants were not allowed to crowd them for they seemed to require plenty of fresh air circulating through their leaves in order to stay healthy. They were sprayed with Bordeaux as a further precaution against fungous troubles—their lovely flowers were worth every effort for their comfort. The Canterbury bells were in full bloom—each bush a bouquet in itself. Because they were biennial one had to plant seeds every year to keep them going. Flora preferred the "cup and saucer" type of blossom and bought fresh seeds each year of *campanula calycanthema* in order to get them. Even then there would be plants with single blossoms, others would be "cups within cups" but always there were some of the true "cups and saucers." Seeds were

planted in early spring in a seed frame. As soon as they were large enough to handle easily, they were set in their permanent locations where they made a large crown of leaves the first year. The second year came the great wealth of blossoms—some pure white, others deep purple, various shades of lavender, and more rarely pink ones. One could also buy seeds in the separate colors and nurseries usually had plants to offer in mixed colors if one did not care to bother with planting seeds.

*Lilium michiganense*, the native lily which Flora had found along the creek banks, while not as showy and fragrant as the fair madonnas, had grown willingly and brought a cheery note of color to the garden every June. They were like smaller tiger lilies in blossom but the tall stems held their leaves in whorls. The bulbs were made of fat little scales which were most interesting—each little scale, if planted separately, made a blooming size bulb in the course of a few years. *Hemerocallis* of various varieties brought sunshine to the garden, and the delphiniums brought the sky. *Delphinium chinensis* and *D. bellamosum* bloomed especially well on plants of medium height. Flora had never been able to remember whether she had *D. belladonna* or *D. bellamosum* until a flower friend told her an easy way to remember—the belladonna had light blue flowers and the bellamosum had dark blue, and to remember which was which she said to remember that bellamosum was the dark one of the "mos'est" blue!

## JUNE IN THE GARDEN

Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

There is no question in anyone's mind but that June is one of the favorite months. This is when we have days of sunshine, strawberries in abundance, fresh vegetables, and roses, both cultivated and wild. We are not so jaded and weary from outdoor exertions but what we can enjoy our work in the garden, particularly when it is interspersed by picnics and family gatherings.

The storms of June are often severe. One such storm of hail, wind and rain seemingly ruined a crop of ornamental peppers I had just given a second transplanting into the garden row. They were roughly pruned by the time the storm had spent its fury, but in Nature's healing way this proved to be very beneficial for they branched out much better than would have been possible under my gentle pruning (if any), and produced a wonderful crop of peppers that fall.

Delphiniums grown from English seed (this was in pre-war days) also suffered, but recuperated and gave of their abundance to a family wedding in late summer of that year. However, this should teach us to tie up all plants which require staking before they grow too tall.

One more planting of *gladioli corms* will give us more flowers for autumn. If you have many of one kind, some of this surplus can be set in the border to remain without digging in the fall. There are times at this season when we cannot dig in the border without disturbing some other plant which has crept around among flowering bulbs, and this must be taken into consideration at planting time.

June is the month to sow turnip seed after a good rain in ground that has been prepared. We like to sow ours broadcast. Cabbage sown toward the end of the month will develop into nice heads for later use.

Don't pick or cultivate beans when the foliage is wet. Very often it results in rusty bean pods. Beans seem to be the one vegetable that we overplant, but perhaps that's because they are so easy to plant and we forget how abundantly they produce.

Now is a good time to sow seeds of columbine, sweet williams, forget-me-nots, and many other perennial and biennial seeds. Choose a protected spot for the seed bed (it may be right in open ground, but preferably where it may remain undisturbed all winter if necessary). Work the ground up well, sow thinly and not too deeply, water carefully and cover with burlap or some other porous covering which admits air but shades the ground.

Watch sharply to catch the seedlings as they first come through and remove the covering, but provide partial shade with a lath frame since otherwise they will get too hot during mid-day. This also protects them from beating rain. These seedlings may be left in the seed-bed until the following spring if they are not too thickly planted. Often in the fall it is far too dry to transplant small tender plants, and if left undisturbed they develop a stronger root system.

If a new bed of strawberries was set out in early spring, keep it well cultivated and all the blossoms picked off the June bearers so that runners will develop. However, the everbearing blossoms may retain theirs until the first week of July in our section; then they should be allowed to set fruit. Cultivation must be frequent and shallow to keep the soil fine and level. Early in the season the runners should be worked into the row and all vacancies filled. The early rooting plants are the best bearers. Press the runner into moist soil or place a little dirt over it so that it can quickly send out roots.

Let us enjoy June—it comes only once a year.

## SPRING GARDEN

They say  
God walks in gardens.  
So?  
Ah, yes! I know,  
Else whence the smile on pansy face?  
Where gets the lily throat that grace?  
God touched them, smiled, and left His trace  
In every row.

—Bertha Duguid.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

When mother's Kitchen-Klatter program was still in its first year she began receiving the names of hundreds of invalid children and older shut-ins who needed encouraging letters and remembrances. This big file of names troubled her greatly. She felt that something ought to be done to bring happiness to these people, but where to start was the big problem. There was no organized program for shut-ins, and since mother didn't have secretarial help of any kind and handled every detail herself, the days simply couldn't be stretched long enough to do what she wanted to do for these people, many of whom were acutely lonely and unhappy.

All through the summer and fall of 1926 this problem loomed up larger and larger, and finally in early December she decided to appeal to her radio friends for help in bringing happiness to these shut-ins. Everyone who cared to contribute was asked to send what she could spare, and with these contributions mother intended to pack Christmas boxes for every single person whose name had come to her. This was a tremendous job for it meant buying gifts appropriate for people ranging in age from three or four up to eighty-five or ninety, packing these gifts into separate boxes, and mailing them.

I have forgotten now the total sum that was contributed, but I'm sure that it amounted to several hundreds of dollars, and when you consider the fact that the bulk of it came in nickels, dimes and quarters, you can see how many people responded to this appeal to help all of those who needed cheer at Christmas time.

Mother planned to do her shopping in Omaha for it was the only place where she could get great quantities of things. One of her friends who also broadcast a daily program offered to help her do the buying and packing, and they set a date around the middle of December for this trip.

On the day that they went to Omaha mother's Kitchen-Klatter program was taken by Mrs. Bill Sharp, a wonderful cook who helped around the studio a great deal, and she announced that since mother had spent so much time and energy planning surprises for shut-ins, she would like to have a surprise for her in turn, and that the gifts would be given to her during her broadcast at 1:30 on December 23rd. Mrs. Sharp emphasized that she wanted it kept a secret, and promised that at this end of the line there would be no leak.

As the packages came in the clerks at the post office placed them in big baskets and put them aside where dad could pick them up and take them to the seed-house. There they were sorted by Mrs. Sharp, opened, names and addresses taken off, and little cards attached bearing the names of the friends who had sent them. It was a bigger job than Mrs. Sharp had reck-

oned with when she said casually that she thought a radio shower for mother would be nice. None of us children knew a thing about it, and only dad was in on the secret.

Well, the 21st of December arrived, and on this day mother finished packing and mailing the last box to her shut-in friends and drew a big sigh of relief. So far as she knew not one person had been overlooked, and even five boxes of gifts had been wrapped and were simply waiting for the name of a person whose plight might come to mother's attention at the last minute. She saw the last box go out in the morning mail, and then sat down to read the letters that dad had just brought up from the post-office.

There was an unusually big pile of letters that morning and dad sat down at the dining room table and began opening them for her. When he had finished he idly picked up the last letter in the stack and began reading it. A few moments later he put the letter in his pocket, and right then and there began one of the funniest incidents that we children ever witnessed!

Mother wanted the letter and dad refused to give it to her. She protested that it was her letter and that she had every right to it, but dad flatly insisted that she had no business reading it! You can imagine the fever-pitch that mother's curiosity attained. She simply had to have that letter. But she didn't get it, not until the afternoon of December 23rd, and this is the reason why:

Letters written in an ugly spirit were few and far between in mother's mail, but some particular listener must have felt quite mean and onery for she took time to sit down and write a letter telling mother that her radio friends were planning a big shower of gifts for her. By some happy twist of circumstance this particular letter, the only one that breathed a word about the shower, was the last one on the stack and consequently the one that dad picked up. Mother was always very glad that circumstances combined to keep it from her, but until she knew what it was about she had no peace at all for wondering what was in the letter that dad refused to let her see.

Mother went down to the studio at 1:30 on December 23rd to give her usual program, and she didn't suspect a thing until the doors were opened and people began carrying in big tables heaped high with gifts. It was the only time she ever found herself completely unable to go ahead with her program—she was simply overcome with amazement at the tokens of friendship. How I wish that a recording had been made of that afternoon's surprise party; it would surely be a cherished possession for the family now after twenty years have passed.

We children had all gone to the church to rehearse for a Christmas program and consequently we didn't hear mother broadcast on that afternoon. We returned to the house about four o'clock, and the first inkling we had of the unusual event was when mother and dad arrived right behind



Boxes of gifts prepared to send to shut-ins. In the foreground you see Minor Clites and Don Driftmier. Mother is standing at the back.

a big seedhouse truck that was piled to the top with huge boxes.

When the boxes were brought into the house and opened we were speechless and that is the literal truth. We knew that mother had many good radio friends but we were completely unprepared for anything like her shower. I remember that we stayed up until after midnight going through the boxes and marveling at the many beautiful things.

For a long time dad had a complete list of everything mother received, but it has disappeared now and I must trust to my memory for the fact that there were around four-hundred dish towels, two-hundred bath towels, hundreds of wash cloths, handkerchiefs and pot-holders, fully thirty-five pairs of embroidered pillow cases (many of them are still in use at the house), sixty aprons, twenty-two luncheon sets, and innumerable doilies, dust caps, laundry bags, dresser scarfs and sofa pillow covers. There were also countless boxes of cookies, cakes and candy.

It took mother weeks to get over the shock and thrill of that shower. We had the gifts on display for a long time, and then we children were all permitted to go through them and make a selection of things for our future homes. Dorothy, Margery and I are all using many of these gifts today, and the boys' boxes are waiting for them when they get married. Of course many, many of the things are still in use at mother's house, so you can see that it wasn't a shower that was quickly over and forgotten. And there is no doubt in any of our minds that mother ever had a bigger and happier surprise.

### VACATION

I find it quite impossible  
To hie away and rest,  
Away from cares and troubles  
To a distant mountain crest.

Yes, I shall stay at home this year,  
But I'll send my cares away  
Upon a long vacation—  
While I enjoy each day.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It seems so long since I last sat down to have a good visit with you that I scarcely know where to start in picking up the threads of everything I want to chat about. It reminds me somewhat of Dorothy's visits when we just sit and look at each other a little vacantly for the first half-hour or so, not knowing where to begin on catching up with everything that's happened since we last met. After seeing each other practically every day for several years we find that we miss our daily visits very, very much.

The last time I wrote to you we were still living with the folks and wondering when in the world our furniture would arrive. Well, it finally reached Shenandoah just about the time we'd started congratulating ourselves on having been far-sighted enough to take out ample insurance, and it was surely a joy to see that big van pull up to the front door.

Juliana laughed and cried when she saw our familiar things lifted out and carried into the house—I'm sure that the child never really expected to see any of it again. When the men handed down her slide she actually sobbed with joy, and for fully five minutes she stood there patting it and saying over and over, "It's my slide, daddy, my very own slide in Shenandoah, Iowa!" I felt like shedding a few tears myself when I saw her joy and realized how confused she must have felt between February 4th when she saw the men carry away her slide in San Francisco, and the afternoon in April when it came out of the truck in Shenandoah.

Of course we had a tremendous amount of work to do—everyone who has moved across the country knows how carefully goods must be packed and how long it takes to unearth everything. I must confess that we did have one very funny experience that surely has happened to at least a few of you too. As we packed huge boxes of things in San Francisco Russell carefully labeled them by number and then wrote down in a note-book everything that was in each box. As he said cheerfully, it won't be any trick at all to find exactly what we want when it's time to unpack for all we'll have to do is check the number of the box with a list of things that's numbered one, two, three, and so forth.

You've already guessed what happened, haven't you? The time came to unpack and we looked for the note-book and it wasn't to be found anywhere—not in Russell's briefcase where he was positive he had put it, not in any of the luggage we'd traveled with, not anywhere, simply not anywhere. This meant that we had to unpack haphazardly without any idea of where anything might be, and when we opened the very last box we found the note-book right on top! In the last minute flurry it had been sealed in the box, and naturally it's taken for granted that this would be the very last box we opened!



Kristin and Juliana enjoy their grandmother's birthday and anniversary cards. There were several hundred of them.

So many of you have asked how we refinished our dining room table that right here I want to jot down the various steps that we took in turning it from a most unattractive, dark piece of furniture to a really beautiful, light table. I should say first that we had an unusually good table to work with for it was solid oak, built like a battleship, and trimmed with exquisitely carved beading around the edge. I don't know how many coats of dark varnish it had acquired through the years, but at least five or six, I'd say.

First we applied varnish remover, not just one coat, but three or four coats to get every single trace of varnish out of the carved legs and beading. When the last tiny fleck of varnish had disappeared we went over every inch of it with a steel brush. (It took about a week to get all of this done since we could only work at odd times.) The next step was to rub it down thoroughly with alcohol. Twenty-four hours later we soaked it with water, just plain water—this was to open the pores of the wood. After letting it stand overnight we rubbed white lead into it, and this is a dreadful job. The white lead is as thick as tar, and unless you rub it against the grain it doesn't penetrate sufficiently. Forty-eight hours later we applied two coats of wax and polished it.

Furniture treated in this way is genuinely beautiful for you have the original grain of the wood standing out dramatically. The finished surface isn't dead white—it just has the white cast to it. I think that it makes a truly lovely and expensive looking table, but because so much work is involved I wouldn't recommend it unless the furniture is of excellent quality and well built. There's no use putting that effort into something cheap and shaky. However, old golden oak tables bring almost nothing second-hand, so if you can find one or already own one, the investment in materials doesn't come to much.

We are a family of six these days. Russell's business partner who came from San Francisco to help operate the studio, lives with us, and we are also sharing our home with two friends who were caught in the hous-

ing shortage. LaVonne's little Jane is seven, and the happiest moment of Juliana's day comes when she can stand on the porch and wait for her to come from school. Then they play in the back-yard (Russell fenced it securely to keep our runabout at home) and sometimes we have seven and eight youngsters out there having a wonderful time.

On page ten of this issue you will find an article on stammering by one of my oldest and dearest friends who has promised to write something for us every month. Russell and I first met Lucille and her husband years ago in Minneapolis, and at one time we shared a house together—this was long before we dreamed that some day we'd each have little girls. Then we moved to California and they moved to Washington, and many, many were the days that I wished I could live near them again for Lucille is a nurse with such a fine medical background that she could practically hang out her shingle! She has had years of experience in hospitals and clinics and has been fortunate enough to number some outstanding child specialists among her personal friends. The first year of Juliana's life I bombarded her constantly with letters asking for advice. Her little Kira was then two years old and I felt that since she had just been over the same ground she could tell me exactly what to do. All of those letters from her were so helpful that I wish they could be published, and I remember particularly that once she said something I've always clung to in hard moments. I had written to say that Juliana flatly refused to eat any solid food (this was at six months) and the doctor said that she simply must but she wouldn't and I was half-wild with the spitting and what in the world could I do? Lucille wrote back at once and at the end of the letter she said, "Just remember that when you reach the end of your rope and feel that you can't stand it one more day, you'll suddenly wake up some morning to find that the trouble is past." And it is true. And I know that every mother has also found this to be true.

Recently Juliana has been stammering badly. I worried along with it and finally decided to write to Lucille for advice. Just as I sat down to type the letter I thought: do you suppose that she would write something I could share with all of you friends rather than just keeping it to myself? So I wrote and asked her, and on page ten you will find the answer.

It's time to jump up and fix lunch—bean soup today—so I must close. There is so much I want to tell you about what we did for shelves in the kitchen, etc., but there are many months ahead to cover the ground, and since the clock says twelve and Juliana is shouting to Jane as she comes up the street, this really must be all.

—Lucille.

"Time flies so fast, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and so would you if someone was always trying to kill you."



## A ROOF FOR OUR HEADS

A short time ago one of the big New York newspapers ran an advertisement that read: Wanted, an apartment or house anywhere in the United States."

Surely this sums up everything that has been said and written about our present housing shortage, a shortage that I consider tragic because it has brought so much misery and unhappiness to countless thousands of families. Throughout the past six months there has scarcely been a day when my mail didn't bring me a letter from one of our friends stating that her family must move within thirty days, and they've looked and looked but can't find a thing—and what are they going to do?

When I read these letters I wish that I could wave a magic wand and produce a house out of thin air. But unless a magic wand is really produced, and I doubt if it can be, we are going to be faced with serious housing problems for a long time to come. It means too that in most cases when families find that they must move, the move will be to the homes of relatives or friends, and not into places of their own. This is a difficult situation for everyone concerned, but the difference between having a roof and not having a roof often lies in just such a move, so there is really no choice at all.

A number of letters have reached me from people who have already been through this experience, and they've contained such sensible and realistic suggestions for coping with all of the problems that arise that I'd like to share some of them with you. Perhaps at the present moment it isn't your particular problem, but this world is a mighty uncertain place and no one knows just when he will be confronted with exactly the same situation that his next-door neighbor is in right now. You may own your home lock, stock and barrel, but what if it burned tonight? Yes, the housing problem could come to you without warning.

Everyone who has had his home broken up by the housing shortage agrees that the first and most important problem is the effect that it has upon children. To an adult it is a serious inconvenience; to a child it is stark tragedy. He doesn't understand that is only a temporary situation and that someday, probably soon, the family will be together again. He understands only that everything certain and safe has disappeared, and as far as he is concerned it is the end of the world.

Children reflect this kind of anxiety in a hundred different ways. Some of them begin stammering and stuttering; others behave as if they were possessed of the devil himself and cause endless difficulties; others begin to have nightmares and may even develop physical ailments. At the very best you will have some kind of trouble when you break up your home, but if you're careful you can prevent it from taking serious form.

Once you know that you must move, try and save your discussions about it after the children are in bed. Don't devote every meal to an anx-

ious survey of ways and means, and never, never let your children hear you say, "I'm just wild about it—what are we going to do?" You may feel like shouting this to the housetops, but don't let them suspect that you are worried half to death. Children have a greater capacity for worry than we grown-ups realize.

When you move into your new quarters with relatives or friends be sure that everything is clearly understood at the outset. Sit down and thresh out every detail. It may be more convenient for your hosts to have their meals separately from yours, and if this is the case be sure that you stick to the schedule arranged a hundred times more rigidly than you would in your own home.

If the kitchen and dining room are to be yours at given times, don't drift into the habit of loitering around after the time is up. Prepare your meal promptly, eat promptly, and clear up promptly. Don't touch supplies that are not your own, and if you must borrow, repay it at once.

It may be more convenient for everyone concerned if all meals are taken together. In this case be sure that you have a clear understanding about the work involved, and as the temporary member of the home don't you be the one to come home from town too late to get supper when it's your turn. This isn't the time either to bring out a long list of things that your family won't touch. Aside from youngsters still in high chairs it's possible to have a genuine understanding with your family as to what you expect of them at the table.

Financial pitfalls lurk at every hand for those who must share a home with others. In most cases you will want to carry your full share of the grocery expenses plus a certain amount for rent and utility bills. If circumstances are such that you do not pay rent, be sure that you make it up in other ways. Every housewife and mother knows what these ways are. The big ironing that we haven't had a chance to tackle, the weeds that are choking our favorite flower bed, the fretful baby that needs comforting just when the men come in for dinner . . . oh, there are countless small ways to repay hospitality.

Do your very best to keep your own belongings in the space that you are occupying. This is always hard to do because there is so much that needs to be taken along when a house is broken up and possessions are scattered here and there. But don't become lax and allow your good intentions to evaporate along the way. See that your youngsters' toys are kept out of the living room, and that clothing isn't left from one end of the house to the other, and if you must sleep on a day bed or davenport in the living room, make it up the moment you get dressed in the morning. Nothing produces a feeling of confusion more quickly than a bed left unmade in the living room for half of the day.

If it is at all possible, arrange to take your meals away from the house as frequently as it can be managed. Dinner or supper at some restaurant from time to time can be arranged

between meals at the homes of relatives or good friends, and during warm months picnics are a simple means of getting away by yourselves and giving your hosts a chance to be alone. On Sundays particularly it's well to make outside arrangements for the day if it is at all possible.

In view of the fact that your children have been badly upset by being shifted around, try to be patient and overlook all fractious behavior that doesn't irritate the people with whom you are staying. Service wives who stayed with relatives during the war years said over and over again that their hardest problem came from the children having too many bosses, so don't expect your youngsters to take orders from everyone. It's enough that they should obey the actual heads of the house in which you are staying, plus yourself and their father.

It's a very, very hard thing to break up your home, but there are worse things in this world and as long as your family is well and able to see each other even occasionally, don't despair. This is the time when you will have to smile even though you feel like crying your eyes out; cheerful, happy dispositions can smooth out even the rockiest road.

Hold up your end of every agreement. Don't complain about anything to anyone. Give your children some extra loving. And remember always that makeshift housing won't last forever. The day is bound to come when you will have a home of your own again.

## LET'S BE SURE WE'RE INVITED

During the war years when gas rationing kept all of us pretty close to our own family tables, farm women were relieved of one situation that had plagued many of them for years—the town relatives and friends who decide on a hot summer morning that fried chicken at Fred and Edith's place would taste pretty good.

I couldn't begin to tell you how many times during these past twenty years I have received letters from hard-working farm wives stating that Sunday after Sunday during the summer months they hustle around to put on big meals for uninvited guests. And not one of these letters sounded as though it were written by a mean-spirited woman who begrudged extending hospitality. They simply said that they worked very hard all week long from early morning until late at night, and that with a crowd to feed on Sunday they never had an opportunity to relax and enjoy their own families.

I can sympathize with these women and put myself in their place. I'm sure that all home-makers enjoy entertaining and get real satisfaction out of preparing a good meal and seeing friends eat it with pleasure, but it's one thing to prepare ahead for this and build the day around it, and quite another thing to fly around doing this work without any advance warning.

Fried chicken and ice cream are mighty tasty dishes, but they lose something of their flavor if they're prepared by a tired, anxious woman.



## VACATION ON THE FARM

By Lois Shull

Summer vacation has hardly more than begun, but already I'm at my wit's end with the children at home and underfoot every day. When I want them to help they can't be located, and at times when I'm the busiest they are hanging about asking for suggestions of something to do, or begging to go some place. I'm about frantic with it all.

So when a letter comes from their grandparents asking if we'd let the children visit them on the farm for several weeks I actually feel a sense of relief at the thought. It would be a wonderful experience for them and such a load off me. Town is no place for children during the long summer vacation months, I think, and I do hope the children and their Dad will take to the idea.

No need to worry! The children are jubilant and their Dad thinks it ideal. So there's a great scurrying about and before I realize what has happened the house suddenly becomes very huge and empty.

Letters written in childish scrawls tell us of the wonderful time they are having, and notes from the grandparents assure us our prodigies are well and behaving themselves.

Everything is calm and peaceful at our house. My work goes smoothly. Too smoothly, I might say. When I hear neighbor children cry or call "Mo-ther" I'm at the door before I remember that it can't be one of mine. When I leave home for an afternoon of shopping or visiting I find myself watching the time and suddenly remembering that I don't have to hurry home to my youngsters. Our meals are uninteresting to prepare. We eat in the kitchen, for there seems no object in setting the table for two.

Is this the way it's going to seem when our children are grown up and married, I wonder? One day I mention this thought to my husband, but he says I'm borrowing trouble, instead of enjoying the vacation I'm having. How can he be so calm! Doesn't HE miss the children, too?

I'm a bit surprised, after the way he's taken their absence, to have him suggest on the very first Sunday since we took them to visit their grandparents, that we drive up to the farm to see how they are getting along and whether they are tiring their doting Grandma and Grandpa too much. I don't hesitate in seconding his motion! And for the first time in days (the seven days the children have been gone, in fact) I'm excited and dashing around making arrangements to leave.

How wonderful our children look to us! And they are as happy to see us as though we'd been apart for several years! They shout and dance about, and pull us to every part of the farm to show us all the interesting things they've been doing. They chatter constantly. Grandpa wants them to stay all summer, our son informs us, and he likes to help on the farm so well he may decide to stay all next winter and go to school at the country school. Our daughter, who has al-

ways fussed about washing dishes, must drag us into the kitchen to display the delicious cookies she made yesterday. All by herself! she says. OUR child combined the ingredients her very own self, baked the cookies, washed the dishes and put the kitchen to rights. Grandma verifies the story and assures us we have a fine little cook in this young lady.

She also shows us a nice stack of quilt blocks that Grandma taught her to piece together. Even our littlest one has made a few blocks, though she assures us she hasn't learned to take as small stitches as her sister. This fact is evident, but we praise her efforts highly. Then she must show us Grandma's chickens and explain how she is allowed to feed them and gather the eggs. Our Baby! We can hardly believe our eyes as she shows us her accomplishments.

It's a wonderful day for all of us, though frankly, I'm feeling a bit low at the thought of going back home without our children. I can see that they are having the time of their lives and no doubt going back to town would be very boring for them now. So I say nothing of my secret plan to suggest that they leave with us.

Thus as the time nears for us to start for home, I'm definitely surprised to realize that my offspring are not talking much and are hanging close to their Dad and me. However, it's not 'till we get our hats and announce we must be going, that our baby suddenly bursts into tears, clutches me about the neck and wails that she wants to go home! Bless her heart, of course she may go home with us if she wants to, we tell her. Grandma and Grandpa say, Why sure, and she can come back for another visit later in the summer. So that's settled and we three walk toward the car. There are two very solemn faces among those to whom we are saying goodbye. In fact, as Dad leans over to kiss his young lady of a daughter, she clings to him and says in a choked voice that maybe she will go home to help us take care of her little sister. Dad flashes a look at me and assures her he thinks that's a good idea. Son, though, seems to be staying on as planned.

Soon we are settled in the car with the girls' suitcases. We have difficulty in maintaining a composed expression then, as our son and heir appears without warning with hair slicked down, his best clothes on and suitcase in hand! HE has felt it wouldn't be fair to the girls for him to enjoy all the fun on the farm without them, so he's decided to go home with us and they can all come back together later!

Grandma and Grandpa understand, we know, from their amusedly serious expressions. So off we go, with joy in our hearts. The unusually quiet children have suddenly found their voices and they wave and shout "GOODBYE" to their grandparents as long as they are in sight.

Even if we could see ourselves as others see us, we probably wouldn't believe our own eyes.



Jack Shull, age 14, became an Eagle Scout in March, 1946. Jack is the son of Mrs. Lois Shull who is a regular contributor to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. Their home is in Topeka, Kansas.

## HOUSES OF LONG AGO

Dear Leanna:

I am eighty-six years old and letters from my pen are few and far between these days, but I have just returned from visiting my granddaughter in her lovely modern home and somehow I felt like sitting down to tell you a few of my impressions.

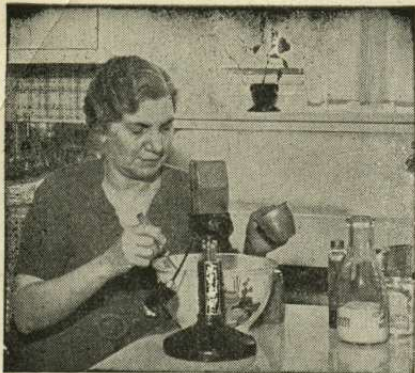
Perhaps I shouldn't have said that my granddaughter's home is modern because it doesn't have electricity and there isn't heat in the upstairs rooms, yet when I contrast it with the house that I went to as a bride sixty-six years ago it seemed like a mansion to me. I can understand why she can hardly wait for the high line to come through there, and why she is determined to get the upstairs heated this fall no matter what happens, but if only she could have kept house in my first home!

When we went to our farm in northwestern Iowa the house was already there and I wish you could have seen it. There were seven tiny rooms strung out in a row, and every room had an outside door. Just think of it! There wasn't a shelf, or a closet, of course, and I had no floor covering at all. For two years I carried every drop of water that we used for a quarter of a mile. I made every stitch that all of us wore by hand because we didn't have a sewing machine, and during the winter months we wore layers and layers of clothing because only the kitchen had heat in it.

I'm in favor of all things that make housework easier and I'd like to see every woman have these things, but if some of them are beyond you I'd say not to worry and fret and grieve about it making everyone feel discontented, but just to stop and think that even the poorest equipment today is much, much better than what we old women knew when we were young and raising our families."

—Mrs. J. D. G., Nebraska.





## SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR PARTIES

### ANGEL FOOD CAKE PUDDING

- 1 large angel food cake
- 2 envelopes gelatine
- 3/4 cup of sugar
- 5 egg yolks
- 5 egg whites
- 2 squares melted chocolate

Cut cake in small pieces the size of marshmallows. Dissolve gelatine in 1/2 cup of cold water; add 1 cup boiling water, and if not dissolved place on stove for a few minutes. Beat egg yolks and mix with the sugar, gelatine mixture and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then mix with the cake pieces. Turn into slightly buttered pan and stand in refrigerator overnight. When ready to use slice and serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. Olive Swain, Omaha, Nebraska.

### PINEAPPLE CHEESE CAKE

- 3 egg yolks slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. gelatine
- 3 slices pineapple cut fine
- Juice and grated rind of one lemon
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup syrup from can of sliced pineapple
- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- 1 cup cream

Cook egg yolks, sugar, salt, pineapple syrup over hot water until thickened. Add gelatine which has been soaked in 1/2 cup cold water, pineapple cut fine, cheese which has been put through a sieve, and lemon. When cool fold in egg whites beaten fairly stiff, and 1 cup of cream, whipped. Pour into 7x11 inch pan which has been lined with a mixture of 2 cups graham cracker crumbs ground fine, 1/2 cup melted butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Allow this to harden before adding filling. Reserve 3/4 cup of graham cracker mixture to sprinkle on top. Decorate cake with slices of pineapple, then add crumb mixture, and chill for several hours.—Lucile's Easter dessert.

Honesty is the best policy, so keep up the premiums on it.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

- 1 cup milk
  - 28 marshmallows
- Heat milk in double boiler. Add marshmallows and stir until dissolved. Cool, and then add

- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 1 bottle maraschino cherries
- 1 cup whipped cream

Roll 8 graham crackers. Sprinkle on bottom of square pan. Add the above mixture, and sprinkle some crumbs on top. Chill. Cut in squares and serve.—Mrs. C. O. Chambers, Decatur, Iowa.

### REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup hot mashed potato
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 cake fresh or 1 package of granular yeast
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 5 to 6 cups of flour

Combine milk, potato, shortening, sugar, and salt in large mixing bowl; let stand until lukewarm. Add yeast softened in water and eggs. Add 1 1/2 cups of flour and beat well. Cover and let stand in warm place until full of bubbles. Stir in 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 cups flour to make fairly stiff dough. Knead until smooth on lightly floured surface. Return to greased mixing bowl; grease top of dough; cover and chill in refrigerator. About 1 1/2 hours before serving time, shape desired number of rolls; place on greased pans; let rise 1 to 1 1/4 hours or until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Punch down unused dough and return to refrigerator. Makes 3 dozen medium-sized rolls.

### LEMON SHERBERT

- 2 eggs well beaten
- 1/2 cup syrup
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup coffee cream

Mix well. Put in refrigerator tray and freeze. When it starts to freeze take out and beat well. Then return to refrigerator and freeze.—Clara Datisman, Inwood, Iowa.

### STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse crumbs. Add combined egg and milk, stirring until just moistened. Turn on slightly floured surface. Divide dough in half; pat out to fit 8-inch round layer cake pan. Brush 1 round with melted butter and top with second round. When baked, spread both sections with butter, add berries between layers and pile on top. Serve with cold, thick cream.—(My mother's recipe—Leanna).

### STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

(For those who can spare sugar enough for six, 6-ounce glasses).

Combine 2 quarts of berries and 7 cups of sugar; let stand overnight. Bring slowly to boiling; cook until berries are clear and sirup is thick. Skim and pour into hot, sterilized glasses.

### RHUBARB PUDDING

- 3 cups rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 cups honey
- 1 tsp. soda

Mix all ingredients together and place in your largest baking dish for batter must be shallow. Grease pan first. Bake in moderate oven until done. Serve with top milk. Makes a large pudding and is delicious.—Mrs. Chester Curtis, Omaha, Nebraska.

### ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 1 pound asparagus
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 4 slices bacon, chopped
- 4 slices toast
- Salt and pepper

Cook asparagus in boiling, salted water 10 minutes. Season white sauce; add cheese and stir until melted. Fry bacon crisp. Arrange drained asparagus on toast; pour over cheese sauce and sprinkle with bacon. Serves four.—Dorothy Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

### OLIVE OIL DRESSING FOR LETTUCE

- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- Dash of salt and pepper

Cut the onions in fine pieces, slice the eggs and let stand in the other ingredients for one hour or more before putting over lettuce just before serving.—Mrs. H. W. Behnke, Whittemore, Iowa.



**MARSHMALLOW CREME**

- 1 cup white corn syrup.
- 1 tsp. plain gelatin
- 1 egg white, beaten
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract

Bring syrup to a boil and cook to firm ball stage. Pour slowly over egg whites, beating as you pour. Soak gelatin in cold water to dissolve it, then add to hot mixture. Add vanilla. Beat until light. This keeps indefinitely and is nice to have on hand to use as a topping for gingerbread, cake, steamed puddings, etc. Dark corn syrup can be used as successfully as the white syrup.—Mrs. Virgil Boynton, Chillicothe, Mo.

**SYRUP FROSTING**

Put 2 Tablespoons sugar into cup and fill to top with syrup (white preferred). Pour into sauce pan, add 2 tablespoons water. Boil until it spins a thread. Pour slowly over 2 beaten egg whites, and continue beating until thick enough to spread.—Mrs. Adolph Codr, Ulysses, Nebr.

**STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE**

- 1 cup sugar
- 6 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 9-inch baked shell
- 1 pt. strawberries, sliced
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt; gradually add milk and cook in double boiler until thick. Add small amount of hot mixture to eggs; stir into remaining hot mixture. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; add butter and vanilla. Chill. Pour into baked shell. Cover with strawberries. Spread with sweetened whipped cream just before serving and garnish with halved berries.—Mrs. J. A. L., Amboy, Minn.

"This little magazine contains more information for its size than any other I know about."—Mrs. Louis S. Ernst, Route 2, Columbus, Nebraska.

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**INDIVIDUAL EGGS IN NESTS**

Allow one egg and one slice of toast for each serving. Separate the egg. Add a little salt and pepper to the white and beat until stiff. Toast the bread on one side only and butter the toasted side. Pile the beaten egg white over the top, making a depression in the center. Slip in the whole egg yolk, sprinkle with paprika and a little grated cheese if desired. Bake in a moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until egg white is slightly browned.—Mrs. Edward Jackson, Vail, Iowa.

**VACATION TIME**

By Mrs. Eli Espe

School days are over for the season and no doubt all of you mothers who have been preparing school lunches for the past nine months or more would prefer to forget all about them until next September.

However, summer has a way of slipping by very quickly and before one realizes it school days are back again. I am sure if you will jot down in a notebook right now while it is all fresh in your memory the school lunch menus that your children especially liked, together with the necessary recipes and notes, that you will find it a great help and be very glad you took the time to do it when again lunch packing time rolls around.

During the summer you may get helpful ideas on school lunches from picnics that you attend, so look for new and different sandwich fillings, new ideas in sandwich making, etc., and put them all down in your notebook. During the canning season keep the school lunch in mind. There are sandwich fillings that may be canned, and also pickles and tasty relishes.

Through the heat of summer try to take a vacation from cooking as often as possible by serving simple meals, picnic style, on the porch or out under the trees. However, if these two places aren't practical you'll find, of course, that the meal will taste quite as good served on the kitchen or dining room table.

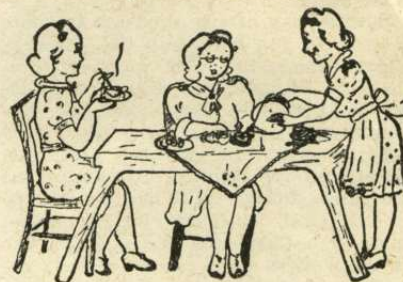
For these summer meals keep in mind the simple one-dish things such as scalloped potatoes with bits of smoked ham, sliced frankfurters, or dried beef added; or place slices of bacon over the top of the potatoes before baking. Macaroni and cheese dishes, potato and vegetable salads with cooked meat added—any of these dishes served with rolls or bread and butter sandwiches, plus a simple dessert such as junket pudding, baked custard, etc., with coffee for adults and milk or hot cocoa for the children, makes an appetizing, well-balanced meal that is sure to please the hard-working man of the family as well as the growing youngsters.

**LOOK AHEAD**

Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Every morn is a day made new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a wonderful hope for you—  
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

**AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE**

By Maxine Sickels



I have just come back to the kitchen from making garden. This is quite the nicest spring we have had for a long time. The soil in the garden is at that delightfully loose, warm stage I remember from the days when Mother first let me help plant beans by placing one carefully in front of each big toe when I put my heel by the last one I had dropped. At this time of year I wonder who could want to live where the season is the same the year around, and miss spring in Iowa!

We were in the woods Sunday and found boy breeches, sweet williams, blue and yellow violets, buttercups and one early May apple blossom looking like a waxy white gardenia. All of these on April 21. This is earlier by a month than they were last year, and nearly six weeks earlier than they were in 1944.

One of the nicest things about June is putting away those four hungry dinner pails far down in the bottom of the cabinet. To me they are four grinning tin ogres who line up each morning on my cabinet and demand thirty or forty minutes right out of the busiest part of my day, and an endless amount of sandwiches, cookies, fruit and vegetables. Two sandwiches each, five days a week, and thirty-six weeks makes 1440 sandwiches—to say nothing of the days someone wanted three.

I read again the other day where someone is all worked up about people needing something to do with their spare time when they get a forty-hour week and all of these new labor-saving devices. But every farmer I know is met on every corner by tasks he needs or wants to do, and for the Farmer's Wife blissful dreams of "Time On My Hands" are only dreams. We were lucky enough to get electricity last spring and I thought that would give me more time. This spring we were able to get a water system too, but so far I've failed to find any extra time at all.

**FRIENDS**

A friend is just a missing part  
That fits in any human heart.  
Without it life is incomplete,  
But when we find it, life is sweet

Some folks won't mind their business,  
The reason is, you'll find,  
They either have no business  
Or else they have no mind.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Mother has often asked me to write a letter to you who read the Kitchen-Klatter magazine, but I never felt that the things I did would be of interest to anyone else. Then too, Lucile and I have practically lived next door to each other for the past four years, and our families always shared the same things. If I had written to you at that time our letters would have been identical, so I just let her do the writing.

Now, for the first time in my life, I live 125 miles from any member of my family. Frank and Kristin and I are living on a farm near Lucas, Iowa. Farm life is nothing new to Frank since he was born and reared on the farm, but a week at one time is the longest period of farm life that I have experienced. So, as you can well understand, I have many, many things to learn, and will doubtless make many mistakes. However, along with this goes the fact that I believe the time has come when my life will be sufficiently different from Lucile's to warrant a separate letter once a month.

Since I haven't had an opportunity to tell you about our trip from California to Iowa, I'm going to return and start from there. Lucile has told you that the Vernesses and Johnsons ended up by leaving San Francisco on the same day. They went by train and we drove. Our car is a station wagon and we had every inch of it packed with our luggage, extra tires in case of trouble, and the bedding, dishes and other things we had to use up until practically the moment we left and couldn't send on ahead of us.

We made a wonderful bed for Kristin between the seats. Her crib mattress fit perfectly—as if it had been made for the car—and we leveled it by packing all our bedding underneath. She sat back there most of the time and played with her toys and books. When she tired of playing she'd lie down, say "please tuck me in" and be sound asleep in five minutes.

We had planned to take our time, stopping often to let Kristin run off steam and exercise her legs. Then too, we didn't know how long it would be before we would be able to spare the time for a leisurely trip west, so we decided to stop and see the things we hadn't seen and wanted to see on this trip, even if it meant going out of our way. As a result we were nine days on the road, and by the time we reached here Kristin was a seasoned traveller.

For the present, the three of us are living with Frank's parents, but by the time you read this we will be in our own home on the adjoining farm. There was much work to be done on the house before we could move in, because it had stood unoccupied for a number of years. We have papered or painted every room, and those of you who have moved into old houses and done this work know what a big job it is.

On dark, chilly days Kristin stays with her grandma while I go to work

on the house, and on rainy days when Frank can't get into the field he works with me. Kristin calls it her "new home in the woods" and she isn't far wrong since it is located on the edge of beautiful timber land. The few warm, sunshiny days we've had she has thoroughly enjoyed going to the "new house" with me to "help".

There is still a lot to be done, but gradually we are getting nearer the end. A great deal of what is left can be done after we move in. We can hardly wait for Mother, Dad and the Vernesses to visit us, and that will be soon since they hope to spend my birthday with me.

Tonight while I have been writing this Frank has been trying to master our two new Aladdin lamps. This is one thing about the farm that he knows no more about than I since his parents have had their Delco light plant ever since he was a tiny baby. It would be nice if one of you could step in right now and tell us what is making it smoke. I'm sure that many of you probably use the same kind of lamps.

Yes, we are glad to be in Iowa after the busy war years in California, and next month I'll tell you more about our house.

Sincerely, Dorothy.



## STAMMERING

By Lucille Sassaman

Did you ever lose your voice? A simple case of laryngitis and you don't feel any pain in your throat, you aren't sick, but you just can't talk above a whisper? That is the body's danger signal saying in plain language that it's time to slow up and take a rest. It's not a disease—just a symptom or a warning.

The same can be said for stammering, only this is a warning to you that the mind is worried or fearful. It happens frequently to children just learning to talk, and fortunately it does not persist in most of them, but when a child of any age begins to stammer it means that he has lost his sense of security.

Have you ever stopped to consider how terrifying this world looks to a child? How many things they cannot understand and how much they have to learn? Every idea and every attitude comes from someone else. They cannot control their world and are dependent upon you for everything they need.

Fortunately, most children grow up in a normal home with both mother and father, and if these two live in harmony and love, the children can go about their business of growing up without interruptions. But those of you who have children know how sensitive they are to any strain or worry

you might have, and how bewildered they are when any change occurs in the routine of their lives.

Two frequent causes of stammering are: First, changing a left-handed child to right-handed. When your baby first begins to pick up objects be careful not to offer it to either hand. For example, place his spoon or toy in the center of the table where it can be reached by either hand, and you will soon discover which one he prefers. A left-hander has troubles enough in a world built for right-handed people without increasing his troubles by trying to change his pattern.

The second most frequent cause of stammering is the intrusion into the family of a new baby, and the way to avoid trouble at this time is to first tell the child about the new baby coming and give him time to get used to the idea. In a later issue I want to discuss in greater detail the various problems that crop up in all families when a new member is added.

Some of the things an intelligent mother can do for her stammerer is to love her child, enough but not too much, for then she can relax unnecessarily rigid standards with plenty of rest and fresh air and no fights at the table. Let him relax and grow without straining to perform.

There are many things she must not do. Never call attention to the speech difficulty, and express no distress or shock. Never tell him to speak more slowly, to stop and think, or to repeat. Do not go in for drill on the sounds of speech as all this only makes him more self-conscious and aggravates the condition. Remember that he can talk easily and well if you can remove the cause of his worry or lack of confidence.

Give him things to do that he can do easily and well and then praise and encourage him. Build his confidence and try to remember that true relaxation comes from within.

Kira began stammering at the age of three, when we were moving from Maryland to Chicago and had the usual difficulty finding a house. I brought her to Minnesota to stay with Grandma while I divided my time between there and house-hunting in Chicago. About a month later I suddenly discovered that Kira was stammering badly. I couldn't understand it because she was well cared for and loved by grandpa and grandma, and from the intelligent questions she asked I knew she understood that we were looking for a house and that soon we would all be together with our own furniture.

Then one evening as I was putting her to bed she said, "I can't see Daddy." Of course she couldn't, but didn't she understand that Daddy was in Chicago? Yes, she understood that, but added, "Mama, I can't see Daddy in the back of my eyes." Bless her, she had forgotten what he looked like and was terrified that she had lost him!

Fortunately, I found some pictures and she carried them around all day. And like magic, from the moment we stepped off the train into Daddy's arms, the stammering ceased.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "My husband and I are puzzled as to what we should do with our little six-year-old girl who always wants to embroider or sew all of the time. She does a very neat job of outline, cross-stitch and French knot, and even gets her smaller sisters to cross-stitch with her. Her teacher says that she does very well in school, so we're not worried about that. Do you think we should permit this constant sewing, or just what would you do?"—Iowa.

**ANS:** I wouldn't discourage her interest in embroidering and sewing, but I would make a big effort to arouse her interest in other things, particularly now that warm weather is here. Why don't you buy some nice piece of stamped goods and tell her that you're proud of her work and want her to spend a half-hour on it every day. In this way she wouldn't be bent over her fancy work too much, and yet she wouldn't feel that you were trying to take her greatest joy from her.

**QUES:** "I've had such a hard time since my husband returned home after more than two years overseas, and now I'm really at my wit's end. Our two little boys, three and five, don't get along with him at all. They refuse to mind him, sulk if he speaks to them the least bit firmly, and hang on me whenever he comes into the room. We're all unhappy at this house, and I've no idea what to do to straighten things out."—Nebr.

**ANS:** This is a problem that practically every mother of small children has had when her soldier husband returned home. Don't forget that the boys have had your full attention, and that they bitterly resent sharing you with a person who is still pretty much a stranger to them. Have your husband go easy on the discipline for quite a while, and let him be the one to suggest things that are fun, to buy the little treats, and to furnish the pleasant things of life. It will take quite a while to iron the situation out, but don't despair—you'll all be happier before long.

**QUES:** "Does Iowa have an old age pension law and what is it? I know of several people who are sick and can't work so of course this would be a great help to them as they could then stay in their own homes—and I think everyone feels more contented in his own home."—Ia.

**ANS:** Yes, Iowa does have an old age pension law, but there are more details to its operation than I can possibly give here, so I would suggest that you call your county attorney for information. He will be able to tell you what you wish to know.

**QUES:** "My husband and I have had a number of discussions about this problem, Leanna. Our eighteen-

year-old son will enter college this fall and my husband thinks that he should do some outside work, but I'm afraid that his grades will suffer as a result. Do you know if studies of working students really do suffer for lack of time, or is my husband right in his viewpoint?"—Nebr.

**ANS:** It is my understanding that some surveys of this problem have shown that the grades of working students are as high as the students who do not work. However, it seems to me that the student in question really answers the question. If his studies have always come easily to him he can probably work several hours a day and maintain a high ranking; if he has had to work hard for his high school grades he will have to work hard in college also, and will probably need all of his time for studying. Some professional courses really demand every bit of a student's time—I'm thinking now of medicine, engineering, etc.

**QUES:** "Do you think that high school girls who stay with children on summer afternoons and evenings should be expected to do any ironing, wash dishes, or tasks of this kind? My fifteen-year-old daughter is willing to help out in such ways, but none of the other girls do and it has led to a little bit of hard feeling since she gets all the jobs that she can handle. I'd appreciate your opinion."—Kans.

**ANS:** This type of question has come to me so many times that I want to answer it in a brief article in the next magazine. Until then I'd prefer not expressing my opinion since several factors enter into it that need further discussion.

**QUES:** "My husband's daughter by his first marriage is being married next month at the home of her grandparents where she has always lived. As a wedding gift her father wants to give her the beautiful silver service that was her mother's and that hasn't been used for these twenty-two years. Should my name be included with his on the card, or since it was her mother's own silver, should only his name appear?"—S. D.

**ANS:** This rather delicate situation leaves me not quite knowing just exactly what the right answer might be. Perhaps it would be perfectly correct for your name to be included, but since you have never used the silver it does seem to be something that belonged wholly to the first home. I believe that I would have the silver accompanied by a card bearing only his name, but if you can afford it, do buy a nice gift that will carry both of your names.

### HOBBIES

Swans of all kinds. Mrs. Meeker is partially paralyzed following a stroke and greatly enjoys her hobby.—Mrs. H. L. Meeker, 403 Waverly Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa.

"I am collecting TB Christmas seals from the very beginning—the first ones appeared in 1916, I believe. Will pay ten cents for '16, '17, '18, '20, '21, '23, '26, '32 and '35.'—Mrs. H. E. Dunlop, Beaver, Iowa.

"I would like to exchange pot-holders and will send lovely view cards or pot-holders in exchange. Am especially interested in hearing from pen pals with the given name of Grace."—Mrs. Grace Fasnacht Arthur, 115 18th Ave., Seattle 22, Wash.

"Will exchange flowered prints for figured, also all shades of plain colored prints suitable for flower garden quilt blocks as small as 2½ inches. Please write first stating amount and size of pieces wanted."—Mrs. H. K. Spaulding, 807 R. Louisiana St., Amarillo, Texas.

"I will exchange 125 candy bar wrappers for something of equal value. There are around 50 different kinds."—Mrs. Henry Ebel, Creighton, Nebraska.

From Sacramento, California, comes an interesting letter written by Hattie Sears, 1708 Berkley Way, a one-time resident of Falls City, Nebraska. She says: "My hobbies are surely growing for I now have 2054 wonderful spoons, and over 10,000 post cards. Included in this number are three very large albums of 1,580 cards, one of them containing nothing but gorgeous flowers; some of them are very old—in fact, most of them are old. Then I also have three albums of Indians, one of Alaska, and five albums of all foreign countries. Besides this there are some from every state in the union, all capitols, and one large album of birds and animals, and one of cats and dogs and horses."

### GOOD WORD FOR DAD

I think it is time to be writing a rhyme, extolling the virtues of Dad. It's gone far enough, and sure does seem tough, to think of the snubs you have had!

We write much of mother, and tell how we love her; we offer our hearts at her shrine! we praise her ornately (she takes it sedately); hereafter it's father for mine!

Of course, I'll admit, she deserves quite a bit of love and affection, no doubt; I always have said it, she gets all the credit, while father's most always left out.

Who does all the plugging, while ma gets the hugging? Who toils in good weather and bad? Whose arms bear the burden—who scarce gets a word in? You can bet your sweet life it's Dad!

How long have you waited for praise long belated? We'll make your poor starved heart feel glad. And while we're about it, let's stand up and shout it: three ripping hot cheers for old Dad!—With thanks to Clara McCulley, in "Sunshine Magazine".



## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

I know that by the time this gets into print, many of you will be debating the same question that I am at present.

Owing to the scarcity of feed, many poultry raisers are out of production and hatcheries are asking their customers to market their eggs for one week; while others are only taking thirty-dozen a week from each customer.

I have twenty-two cockerels and do not see how one can keep that many for no more profit than is to be realized from one case of eggs a week—and the rest have to go at market price. I am planning on having my flock cut down by a very close culling, and also intend to dispose of some cockerels.

The ten percent reduction in poultry production asked by the federal government for 1946 will actually turn out to be a cut of approximately twenty-five percent. Many hatcheries have made their last hatches in May, although usually they do not finish until the last of June.

I've always felt sorry for the baby chicks that have been colored and placed in show windows to be sold for Easter gifts for small children. I feel certain that many of them are squeezed to death before the day is over.

I put a lot of broody hens in jail tonight, and find that it pays big dividends to delouse each hen and give her a worm tablet before jailing her. I feed and water them just the same as the laying hens, and in a short time they are ready to lay the next clutch of eggs. If you confine a hen just as soon as she becomes broody she will soon overcome broodiness.

Slip a leg band on each hen and if she comes back to the jail in a short time again you can know that she doesn't have a very long laying season. I have had hens with as many as three leg bands. These are easily removed when you sell the hens and can be used again.

About a week ago I found a hen sitting on a nest full of eggs that she had hidden 'way back under the barn floor. I had quite a time getting her and her eggs even though I used a long-handled rake. When I counted the collection I found thirty eggs, so I found another hen and divided them with her, and now I am anxiously waiting to see if they will hatch. They will be hybrid chicks, and as a rule they are a pretty husky lot.

I have seven chicks that were hatched about the tenth of March. The hen had made a nest in the straw stack and sat there through a snow storm. The ground was very wet and cold when she decided to look for food, but the chicks are alive and healthy and gaining weight so fast that I'm sure I'll have nice fries by the fourth of July if nothing happens.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Have you remembered that the first Sunday in June is National Shutin Day? And have you planned some special thing to do for at least one shutin? If not, do take a minute right now and do some planning. One of the Neighbors suggests that it is easy to take a shutin for a ride, and that gives a great deal of pleasure. She also tells of a blind man who had to stay indoors all the time because no one could spare a few moments to help him out. A friend who lived next door made a wire handrail along his line fence and by its help the man could go by himself and sit in an easy chair at the end of the handrail. A woman with both legs amputated was so sensitive that she would let no one see her. Someone had a window box made for her, and provided seeds and tools. She loved flowers and cared for the box. Before she realized it, neighbors were talking to her through the window, then were in the house bringing flowers and soon she was enjoying people again. Put your thoughts to work and see what you can do to help someone.

Mrs. Dora Crowell, 472 Scenic Drive, Knoxville 16, Tenn., wrote a lovely poem thanking all of you for the cards you sent her. It is too long to print but she wants you to know she enjoyed them.

Mrs. Lydia Roy, 116 W 3 St., No. Vancouver, B. C., Canada, is a badly handicapped person who makes her living by running a small second-hand shop in her home. She is not able to be out. Recently her shop burned and she lost everything she had to sell. Have you usable things that you would send her? She can sell anything in the line of clothing, house supplies, costume jewelry, and notions of all kinds, as she lives in a community where there are few stores and the people need everything.

Cheer has been requested for little Loren Hughes, c/o W. E. Hughes, Harrod, Ohio. He is 8 years old. Two years ago he had polio and recently he fractured the leg that was in braces. He is in a hospital and time is long. Dempsey Shedrick, Valley View San., Paterson, N. J., is a little colored shutin. He is 13. Loves to get mail. Janice Lee Allen, Box 11, Shell, Wyo., was 3 years old in April. She does not walk well. Likes view cards and cat pictures.

A long-time wheel-chair goer writes that her chair has to have new tires. She says she wheels it ten miles a day doing the work and caring for her mother who is blind and an invalid. The two are alone and have a hard time making ends meet. Would you care to help fix up this chair? It would probably take around fifteen dollars and that would mean dimes and quarters from quite a few people. Let me know if you will help.

Don't forget the wheel chair robes for our soldiers in hospitals and the USO scrapbooks. They are much needed yet and will be for a long time. You will find my address in the Little Ad column.



Gene and Dale Stringer twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Stringer, Farnhamville, Ia.

## TWINS

Double nonsense, double fun,  
Two to scold instead of one,  
Two to beg for apples red,  
Candies, cakes and jelly bread.

Two to track the fresh-cleaned floors,  
Scuff the rugs and slam the doors,  
Two to roam the streets all day,  
Gleaning treasures on the way.

Every evening, quietly,  
Beautiful for God to see,  
Two to ask with double grace  
Blessings on a single place.

Double balls and double bats,  
Double shoes, and coats and hats,  
Double troubles, double joys,  
Double blessings . . . twin boys.  
—Michael Williamson.

## SELF-EXAMINATION

— Isaac Watts —

Let not soft slumber close your eyes  
Before you've recollected thrice  
The train of action through the day!  
Where have my feet chose out their way?

What have I learnt, where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?

What have I more that's worth the knowing?

What have I done that's worth the doing?

What have I sought that I should shun?

What duty have I left undone,  
Or into what new follies run?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That lead to virtue and to God.

"I am renewing my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter again. I should have done it ages ago, but just kept on putting it off. I just couldn't get along without your magazine. It's just like a nice newsy letter from an old friend. I enjoy the letters so much, also the recipes; in fact, the whole magazine is really grand." Mrs. O. J. Engelkes, Parkersburg, Ia.





## OVER THE FENCE

The family of Mrs. Wilhelmina Olson in Garrison, Kansas, has had much to do in rebuilding and repairing buildings on their farm that were badly damaged by a tornado in March. Mrs. Olson wrote a very interesting letter about the freakish things that were done, but although the tornado struck just when they were getting supper, no one was injured, and for this they were all profoundly grateful.

Mrs. M. D. Mills of Pacific Junction, Iowa, has recently returned from five months spent in Idaho and Oregon, and she suggests that people who plan to travel this summer should have every night accounted for in advance. Rooms of any kind are extremely difficult to find, and more than one family has spent the night in a car after a hard day's drive.

A good friend in Jamesport, Missouri, asks for the name of our new theme song which she enjoys so much. Every day just before 3:15 you hear "Home Ties" by Tobias and Pokrass, and I too think that it is a lovely introduction to our program.

Mrs. Dora Crandell of Grand Junction, Iowa, writes to tell me that she uses many of the contests in our magazine for her Sun-Set Club. There are thirteen members, and all of them are over seventy years of age.

Ruth Jessup and Marjorie Call of Lincoln, Nebraska, are a mother-daughter team of daily listeners who are particularly interested in Kitchen-Klatter because Mrs. Jessup too is in a wheel chair. She gets much pleasure from sewing and making lovely things for her home, and a short time ago Mrs. Call was interested in following the progress of Lucile's furniture across the country for she had just finished a three-month's wait for her own belongings that were shipped from western Colorado.

Esther Turner of Bucklin, Missouri, wrote to me about the unique Christmas boxes that she and her mother exchange. Each month they make or buy something, wrap it and label it for that month. At Christmas time they exchange and enjoy the twelve gifts so much. Miss Turner was ordering one of our products for her mother, but I won't say which one it was because her mother might be a reader too!

Mrs. Arnold Reedy, 422 Lincoln, Topeka, Kansas, is turning to us for help. They have just purchased a five acre suburban tract of ground and would appreciate letters from people who have handled this much land with suggestions for using it to the best advantage—what to plant, how much, etc. Mrs. Reedy says that as compensation she can offer children's dress patterns up to five years, or her prize-winning chocolate cake recipe that calls for only one-half cup of sugar and makes a large cake.

People in Topeka surely had early vegetables this year. Miss Mabel R. Schlodder writes that on Easter Sunday they had onions, radishes, lettuce, asparagus and rhubarb from their garden. And on the day she wrote, April 25th, her first roses were in a wall vase in the kitchen.

From Taft, California, came such a nice letter from Mrs. Kylene McClain with a picture of her cub scout group enclosed. These youngsters gathered approximately 18 tons of paper during a two-month drive, and the paper paid them quite a tribute.

Mrs. George Millenbruch of Muscotah, Kansas, wrote to tell Lucile that she had made lovely "cannister" sets from 3-lb. Crisco jars. After painting the outside of the jar with white paint she applied decal transfers with the names such as coffee, rice, sugar, flour, etc. The wide mouth makes them most useful.

During this past month we have greatly enjoyed visiting with Gertrude Hazylett of Los Angeles, California. On a Friday evening three weeks ago Gertrude's father received word that his mother, aged ninety-nine, was in a serious condition following a fall that fractured her hip. The next morning he and Gertrude left Los Angeles together, making the trip by car. He went on to South Dakota but arrived just after his mother had passed away; Gertrude stopped off here to visit her many relatives and friends. Although Gertrude's father is seventy-seven he has gone on to make an extensive visit with friends in the eastern states, but on his return here will join Gertrude for the return trip to Los Angeles by train. In response to many requests, here is her address: Mrs. Gertrude Hazylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24.

My niece, Lettie Field, has just been discharged from the WAVES, and is now concluding a visit with her family. During most of the war she was stationed in Washington and had many pleasant times with Frederick. At the present time she plans to attend a fine secretarial college in Chicago where the training is highly specialized.

Mrs. Edna Fravel of Lake City, Iowa, has had several pleasant weeks here visiting her daughter, Edith Hansen, your KMA morning home-maker, and her husband.

## CONTESTS FOR YOUR JUNE PARTIES

### A SYLVAN ROMANCE

The following contest contains the names of thirty-three trees. It was written by Mrs. Clay Ballantyne of Lamoni, Iowa, for a women's group lesson on trees:

This is the tale of a loving .....  
A thrill their romance gave us.

..... was her name,  
And his was plain .....  
He ..... coming down the lane,  
He'd never seen a ..... so fair,  
He loved her luscious red .....  
He loved her golden .....  
Ben told himself, "I'll ..... myself  
And ask her for a .....  
She can do no worse than say

.....  
And show me to the gate.  
So what can I loose?

..... to ..... and dust to dust,  
If she won't love me,  
Someone must."

He asked her once, he asked her  
twice,

And when she tried to stall some,  
He said, "If you won't be my  
..... girl

I'm certainly going to .....

..... o will ..... please be mine?

You are the ..... of my eye,

..... you alone my heart doth

.....,

....., for you I'd die."

She said, "Now I must know

A thing or two or three:

If my hose were only .....

Wood it ..... your love for me?

And if my ..... chase your cat,

Would you never ..... at that?

If my ..... pies are not de-

licious,

Would you never become vicious?"

"If problems come ten times as

big,"

Ben said, "I'd never even care

a ....."

So from her ..... they got con-

sent,

And then to the ..... away they

went.

And then in an old ..... bark

canoe,

They left the ..... for the ocean

blue.

And into the sunset, ..... and

red,

They sailed away, and I've heard

said

Like the ..... old adage that

fails us never,

There they lived happily forever

and ever.

### Answers

1. Pear.
2. Elberta.
3. Bartlett.
4. Ben Davis.
5. Cedar.
6. Peach.
7. Tulip.
8. Maidenhair.
9. Spruce.
10. Date.
11. Haw.
12. Ash.
13. Pinoak.
14. Balsam.
15. Willow.
16. Yew.
17. Apple.
18. Fir.
19. Pine.
20. Honey Shucks.
21. Cottonwood.
22. Quince.
23. Dogwood.
24. Crab.
25. Cherry.
26. Delicious.
27. Fig.
28. Papaw.
29. Elder.
30. Birch.
31. Beech.
32. Orange.
33. Poplar.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE BLUE JAY PUZZLE

By Maxine Sickels

Marilee was out in the country with her grandpa and grandma to spend the summer on the farm. That is one of the nicest places in the world to spend summer vacation—at least I think so, and Marilee thought so too. She could ride Beauty, the spotted pony, and pet Nicker, the long-legged colt with the soft nose. She could feed the hens and gather the eggs and watch the tiny fluffy baby chicks grow big enough to make skilletts of golden fried chicken. She could also wade in the cool brook that trickled through the corner of the cow pasture.

But best of all, yes, very best of all, she could tag along behind Grandpa and ask questions. There were so many things new and strange and Marilee was full of curiosity about everything.

One morning when she was dropping beans for Grandpa into the little nests he made in the warm loose soil, he said, "Listen! That is a meadow-lark singing. See him on that post?"

Soon he said, "Listen! I hear a cardinal—a redbird. See him on the very tip-top twig in that tree?"

Both times Marilee looked, but she dropped several more beans before she asked, "Grandpa, how can you tell?"

Grandpa said, "Well, I can tell by listening. A long time ago when I was a little boy I listened to the birds. When I heard one singing I would slip quietly around until I could see it, and then I would ask my Grandpa what bird looked like that!"

A few minutes later when Marilee heard a shrill, saucy squawk in the bushes along the garden, she handed Grandpa the sack of beans and went slipping along as quiet as a little Indian.

Pretty soon she came back smiling as if she knew a secret and asked, "Grandpa, what bird is bright blue with black and white trimmings and a peaked cap?"

Grandpa said, "That's a blue jay."

Marilee planted more beans.

Soon she heard a sound like one clear stroke of a bell. She handed Grandpa the sack of beans and slipped away again. This time she came back with a very puzzled look on her face and said, "Grandpa, could that be a blue-jay too?"

Grandpa smiled a little and nodded his head.

Marilee planted some more beans.

A few minutes later when she heard a noise in the bushes like a hen talking to herself, she quickly handed over the sack of beans and slipped away. Then she came back with a

very puzzled look on her face and asked, "Grandpa, could that be a blue-jay too?"

"Yes, Marilee, that was a blue-jay"

"How could he talk so many different ways?" she asked.

Grandpa answered, "I don't know how he does it, but some birds can make many different sounds and the blue-jay is one of them."

Marilee dropped some more beans and then said, "Now I know a blue-jay when I hear him talking, Grandpa!"

Do you?

### THE LESSON OF THE CLOCK

By Mabel Nair Brown

There's a lesson all may learn  
From the little clock,  
Ticking steadily away,  
Telling you the time of day—  
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

"You may think I'm rather small,"  
Says the tiny clock,  
"Yet I tell you when to play,  
When it's time for school I say—  
Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

"If I should tire and shirk my work,"  
Asks the little clock,  
"How would you know when to eat,  
When to work and when to sleep?  
Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

"Do well each task, my little friend,"  
Says the cheery clock,  
"It's not the size or the amount—  
It's how well it's done that counts!  
Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

"Tick-tock, tick-tock," goes the busy clock,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, Hurry!" says the clock,  
"Do the very best you can,  
Little girl and little man,  
Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

### KNOW YOUR STATE

#### Minnesota

Flower—Pink and white moccasin flower.

Nickname—"The Gopher State".

Area—84,682 square miles.

Capital City—St. Paul.

Largest City—Minneapolis.

Bird—American Goldfinch.

### ASK DAD THIS ONE

A man wearing a black tie went into a hotel and asked for a steak, some mashed potatoes, pie and coffee. When he paid the bill the cashier said, "Thanks, sailor." How did he know he was a sailor?

OR SUIT.  
The answer is: HE WORE A SAIL.



Another "Juliana". Juliana Linebaugh, Maryville, Mo. Age 6 months.

### RIDDLES

1. How do you get down off a camel?

Ans. You don't, you get it off a goose.

2. What is it that was yesterday and will be tomorrow?

Ans. Today.

3. Why is a tight shoe like an oak tree?

Ans. It makes a corn.

4. What table has no legs?

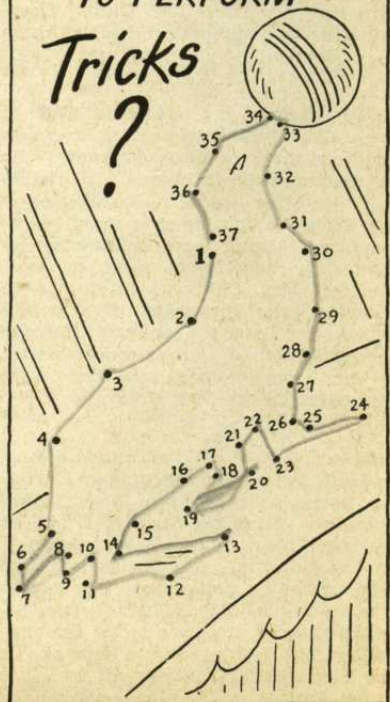
Ans. A time-table.

What Creature  
of the Sea

CAN BE TRAINED  
TO PERFORM

Tricks

?





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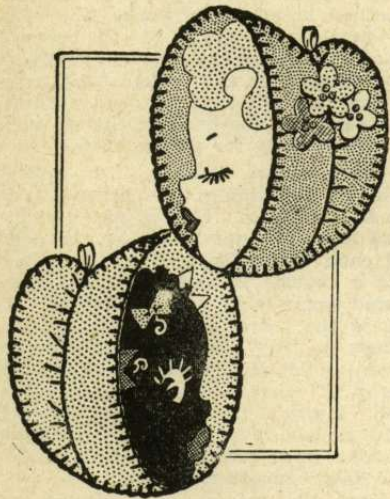
## REPRINTS

### 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  
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Shenandoah, Iowa



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

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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 10th of the month preceding date of issue.

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**RADIO TUBES, BATTERIES, PARTS, and SUPPLIES.** New and used radios. Electric supplies. Orders shipped express, C. O. D. We repair radios, same methods. Radio & Electric Supply, Dept. LD 4, 2120 Burt, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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**FOR SALE:** Star of the East crochet doilies, large and small, 75¢ to \$1.25; rose crochet pot holders, 50¢ each and others 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Bertha Schle, Klemme, Iowa.

**CROCHETED OVAL DOILIES,** (nine by twelve), \$1.00 each; crocheted pot holders with appliqued crocheted rose, 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia.

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**FOR SALE—Beautiful,** beaded, assorted greeting cards. Price, only \$1.00 for a box of 15. Please send 10¢ extra for postage. Address, Mrs. August Epp, Box 283, Seward, Nebraska.

**HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS MADE** by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.10. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, Munden, Kansas.

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## GOOD RESULTS FROM ADS.

Dear Leanna,

Would you please run my ad again in the June issue for Machine Quilting? I have made over 250 quilts from other ads that appeared in Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Z. B. Baughn  
Centralia, Kansas

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## WEDDING BELLS AT HOME

By Mabel Nair Brown

June . . . roses . . . wedding bells! These are words which seem to strike a responsive chord in almost every heart. No one can pay me a nicer compliment than to ask me to help with their wedding plans, and how I love it especially home weddings.

Church weddings have a poetical and sacred loveliness, I agree, but there is something so impressive and touching about a wedding in a

home that it seems to bind our heart-strings all the closer around the family circle, with an especially strong bond reaching out to the new home-to-be. Church weddings follow rather definite rules of procedure, but in home weddings we can be as informally homey as we wish and carry out many little personal and sentimental preferences of the bride.

As it is usually just the immediate relatives and close friends of the bridal pair who come to the home wedding, the couple will probably see them and give them a friendly verbal invitation. Don't forget to give the minister's wife an invitation when arrangements are being made about the ceremony.

The decoration of the house depends somewhat on how the ceremony is planned—whether there will be music sung, a wedding march played, and the number of attendants. An improvised altar can be a lovely thing, and every house offers such backgrounds for it as a fireplace, bay window, french doors, an open stairway, or a corner facing the other rooms.

A pretty corner arrangement is made by putting a long extension curtain rod across the corner near the ceiling, and from it hang long floor length streamers of white baby ribbon upon which stiff paper hearts (in pink, blue, or the bride's favorite color) have been strung. Divide the streamers in the center and drape back to each wall and fasten with a large white bow. Just back of the arch place a pedestal with a potted fern or floral arrangement. Large baskets or pedestals with flowers may be placed at each side of the arch, and it's nice to put down a small fancy rug where the couple will stand.

At one wedding an open staircase was the background. A long rod was concealed at the ceiling along the stair opening, and pink and white fluted streamers were hung from it and draped back with large pink bows. House plants were placed not only on a table back of the arch beneath the stairs, but were also placed on the stair post. As the bride's cousin played the wedding march, the bride and bridesmaid descended the stairs to the altar.

White or silver candleabra work in beautifully if pale blue is the bride's chosen color. June brings roses, and wouldn't masses of white roses be beautiful with this blue setting? If mother has a lovely flower garden the bride might like to utilize it for a delightful outdoor setting, and if one wishes to risk the weather and plan a sunset service, nothing could be more lovely.

I'm a bit partial to my own wedding arrangement. My mother, always a great flower lover, suggested a picket gate with a criss-cross effect in an oval arch canopy. We cut strips of cardboard for the arch, and father made the gate of lath. We covered it all in white and twined pink rose and green leaves up the sides ar over the top; at each side of the gate large white baskets of greenery we placed—a huge pink bow was tied to each basket handle.

Music at a wedding always adds great deal. A friend or relative might play the wedding march, and another might sing preceding the ceremony and even afterwards, if desired. The wedding march may herald the entrance of the bridal pair, or the couple and minister may simply take their places at the appointed hour.

Does the idea of a tiered wedding cake bother you? If you can manage the sugar or white syrup, I'll tell you how easy it is. If possible, find pans in three graduated sizes. Make two layers in each size, preferably each section graduating in depth also—larger at the bottom. If your pans aren't of the right size use a sharp knife and cut around a paper circle pattern to get the right size from a cake baked in a larger pan. A saw-toothed bread knife works fine. Cut a pasteboard circle to fit between each tier section and ice each section beginning with the bottom, then pasteboard, then the next tier, and so forth. This permits the bride to lift off each tier separately for easier cutting.

Seven-minute icing is the perfect one for a wedding cake because it is so snowy white. If you put rosebuds and leaves, or doves, around the edge of each tier with a decorator, then it's a "must" to use a buttery powdered sugar icing. And plenty of butter is the secret of such decorations. Dress up tiny dime store dolls for a bridal pair on top of the cake. A scrap of curtain net will do for the veil. Make a tiny arch of covered wire and hang in its center tiny bells molded from scraps of tinfoil. Stand the dolls beneath the arch.

Keep the refreshments simple—an ice course, cake and fruit punch is excellent. If you prefer, serve sandwiches (cut with bell cookie cutter), cake, a drink, and perhaps a nut cup. If there is no wedding cake, serve dainty white tea cakes that have been decorated in the bride's colors.

Be sure someone has the camera ready. For amateur indoor shots try our practice of using a 200-watt bulb on an extension cord with a large cardboard to "spot" the light on the subjects.

Do enjoy the wedding. Don't let formalities worry you. It's love and sincerity that count!



## AID SOCIETY HELPS

### MONEY MAKING NAPKINS

The young married women who join our Ladies Aid Societies today may find this hard to believe, but I'm sure that those of you who are approximately my age can vouch for the fact that when we were first married we felt as if we were really taking our place as responsible Aid workers when the table committee for the Chicken Pie dinner asked us to furnish a linen tablecloth and a dozen linen napkins! My, this seems long ago, doesn't it? But there was a time when tables for any church doings sponsored by the Aid Society were covered with the finest of snowy white damask, and guests unfolded heavy linen napkins to match. I can't remember exactly when it became the style to use paper napkins, but I do know that it's been many a year since my best tablecloth and napkins went to church.

The chances are that you'll be using a great many paper napkins this winter for first one thing and then another, so why don't you try a scheme that many Societies have found practicable?

Buy a quantity of napkins, as many as you think you will need for a year's activities, and then contact the merchants of your town for advertising space. Probably you will wish to use only the name of his store and his line of merchandise, but this should be set up in attractive printing and you can use the color you prefer—bright red would be nice, or a brilliant green. Arrange with your local printer to get these napkins printed, and be sure that each merchant's name is set off by lines on either side. One church Society used forty different firms on their napkins, and needless to say they made a real sum of money.

After all it's good advertising, so don't be embarrassed about contacting the merchants. Think of the people who will unfold those napkins in the course of a year—no merchant living would turn up his nose at such numbers. It's a simple way to make money, and it benefits everyone concerned.