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Kitchen-Klatter

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HOME

KITCHEN - KLATTER
MAGAZINE*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This morning we were all up bright and early at our house so that we could get some work done in the garden before eight o'clock. Howard gave the grass its first cutting of the season, Mart hoed out the weeds that have started springing up in the rose garden, and I took a long handled rake and got into the corners around our flowering shrubs. This year the flowering crab planted for Juliana shortly after her birth has bloomed beautifully, and the white lilac planted for Kristin has done well too. Next spring we will have two more flowering trees or bushes to plant for our two new grandchildren, and it will be fun to make a little celebration out of it as we did when the crab and mac were planted four years ago.

Everything has gone along smoothly with our family since I last wrote to you—no misfortunes of any kind, not even trifling ones. We are expecting Wayne and Abigail home in a few days, and this will probably be their last visit before they leave the University in June and return to Shenandoah to live. They purchased an old-fashioned house only about three short blocks from us, and will be very busy making necessary repairs, but they are both enthusiastic about the possibilities they can see in the property and will no doubt enjoy the work involved. I'll let you know how things progress from time to time in the months ahead.

Russell, Lucile and Juliana were fortunate enough to make a trip to Lucas, as Lucile told you in her letter, but Mart and I still have our first trip there ahead of us, although by the time you read this we will have had our visit with Dorothy and her family. I imagine that a good many of you with married children living on farms that must be reached by dirt roads haven't been able to see much of them during our extremely wet spring. But with the hot summer months ahead we should all be able to make up for the lack of visits earlier.

Betty has left Bermuda now and returned to her parents' home at Ashaway, Rhode Island. A letter from Frederick brought the news that they had had a wonderful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Crandall, Betty's parents, who flew over to spend a few days with them. Mr. Crandall couldn't

stay long because of his business responsibilities, but Mrs. Crandall remained to make the return trip by air with Betty. Frederick is very busy winding up his work as a Naval chaplain and will soon be going to Rhode Island also. Perhaps by next month I can tell you where they will be making their home after August.

We hope that next month we can give you definite news about Margery's and Elmer's plans. Major changes are in the offing, but at this time they haven't yet crystallized to the point where I can say anything with certainty.

The month of June brings three annual events to our family—on June 24th Kristin will celebrate her fourth birthday, on June 25th Mart and I will observe our thirty-fourth wedding anniversary, and on June 26th we will have our annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic at Gilbert Park, Spirit Lake, Iowa. This picnic is one that we have held now for a number of years, and we all anticipate it and enjoy it a great deal. I hope that you friends within driving distance of Spirit Lake will be able to join us again this year. We eat at one o'clock, so pack your basket, bring all of the family and spend the day in this lovely little park. Mart and I will be there, of course, and we hope that, Lucile, Juliana and my sister, Helen Fischer, will be able to drive up and join us. It will surely be a pleasure to see old friends again and to make new friends.

The morning mail has just arrived so I must say goodbye. I hope that there will be a letter from you in it.

Affectionately, Leanna.



The Kitchen-Klatter picnic last June. Mart, my husband, is giving a talk.

Not long ago one of my friends asked me if we were considering selling our home now that our children are grown and gone the better part of the time, and since she and her husband have a situation very similar to ours we sat and discussed the problem for quite a while. We realized as we talked that we each knew a number of people who found themselves in the same position—and it was interesting to discuss what others had done about it.

I imagine that a good many of you friends know exactly what this problem is. During the years that our children were small we needed every inch of our big houses and if anything we longed for more space, certainly not for less. In a family the size of ours there was a time when two children, or three, shared the same room. Then, as time passed, the younger children found themselves with rooms of their very own, and then as more time passed, they were gone too and the rooms at last stood empty. Suddenly, before you realized it, the big, crowded house was still and there was plenty of room and more to spare day in and day out.

It's at this time that you begin feeling genuinely lonesome, and it occurs to you that if you had a smaller house, five rooms rather than ten, for instance, you wouldn't feel quite so lost. You think to yourself that it's foolish to continue the expense of a big house when you use so little of it, and how much more practical it would be to have only four or five rooms. With these ideas in mind you find yourself driving around on summer evenings to look at various small houses, and sooner or later you see the one that seems just right for your purposes. Of course the yard is small but you remind yourself that this means less work, and just look at those short walks that can be shoveled clear of snow in a few minutes!

You talk about the house, the nice, small house, at the breakfast table, at the dinner table, and at the supper table. Finally the time comes when your husband suggests that you go and look at it when it's convenient—and he adds that he will make inquiries when it's convenient. Both of you feel genuinely enthusiastic when you think of being relieved of the too-big house.

But days come and days go and somehow it's never "convenient" to do anything about it. Then some of the children come home for a visit and you say casually that you're thinking of disposing of the big house. "You mean that you're actually thinking of selling our home?" they say, and their faces are incredulous. You point out to them that they are gone now and that there is no longer a good reason for staying in such a large house, but they brush all reason aside. This is home to them and they cannot imagine not having it there—always. In your own heart you can't imagine it either, and gradually you find that you stop thinking about the nice small house and begin talking once more about improvements on the old one.

(Continued on Page 7)

Come into the Garden

A STRANGE "FLOWER"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The Sacred-Lily-of-India (perhaps you call it Leopard Palm, Snake Palm, Devil's Tongue or something even worse!) is a strange and curious member of the Calla-lily family, native to Cochin-China. The botanists do not seem to agree fully as to whether it is *Amorphophallus riveri* or *Hydrosme riveri*, but if you have gained possession of a tuber, you will probably be more concerned with what to do with it than about its botanical classification.

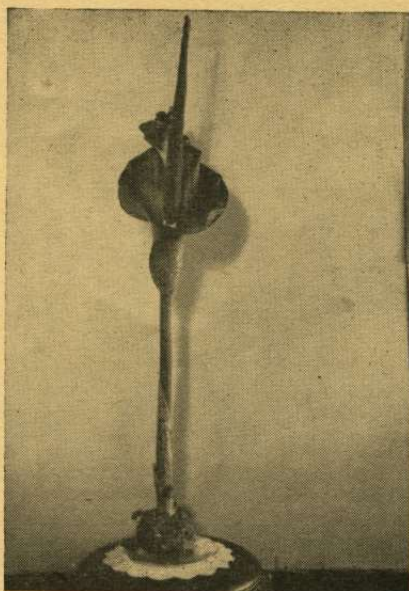
Let it spend the summer outside in a moist, semi-shady location. Be sure to plant the tuber right side up. Like the Calla-lily, the roots grow from the top and droop around the tuber. Cover with an inch or two of soil. A thick stem, marbled and blotched, will emerge after some weeks, and in due time will expand tropical foliage at the top like an umbrella. It makes a spectacular plant with its divided leaves, mottled underneath. The height of the stalk will depend on the size of the tuber and the amount of moisture it receives.

The leaves will probably die towards Fall. At any rate, dig the tuber at the same time as other tender bulbous things. Store dry in a frost-proof place until some time after Christmas. Then commence watching it if the tuber is of blooming size. It takes a fairly good-sized tuber to bloom. When the bud stalk commences to rocket forth, it is time to take it to the living room where its growth may be watched and enjoyed. Place it on a plate or in a shallow bowl on a table or low stand, as it does not have to be potted or be in a window. The size of the tuber will govern the height the flower stalk grows. One five inches in diameter or a little smaller should bloom on a flowering stalk 3 feet or more in height. Older tubers may be more than a foot in diameter and the flowering stem 7 feet or more high.

When the flowering stalk really gets to growing, it will increase several inches in height each day. It seems that there must be some magic involved to see it grow so fast without benefit of soil or water. The tuber shrinks steadily as the stalk gains altitude.

Then comes the day the Calla-like "flower" opens on its tall stem. The wide spathe of mottled green and creamy-green with reddish suffusion toward the top unfurls and falls back from the tall spadix and displays its inner color of rich maroon red. This is called the flower, but in truth, the tiny blossoms are borne on the lower part of the spadix and are mostly hidden by the spathe.

Now comes the worst of the tale—in order to attract carrion-loving insects to pollinate the miniature flowers, it emits a most putrid odor for several days. During the period of disgrace, keep the plant in as cool a



Sacred Lily of India.

place as possible. This will tend to lessen the sickening "fragrance," but even at that you'll think it impossible that anything so strangely beautiful could smell so badly. You'll swear that somewhere is something which should have had decent burial long ago. After three to five days the plant can be brought back and its bizarre beauty enjoyed for a few days before it commences to deteriorate. When its beauty is gone, the tuber should be set aside until danger of frost is past. Then plant it in the garden again to produce its lovely summer foliage.

JUNE IN THE GARDEN

By Mary Duncomb

According to the poets, nothing more can be said about the charms of this lovely month. And although the real dirt gardeners agree with them, yet they have moments of wondering if some of these enthusiasts really know the other side of the picture, if they have ever experienced the back-breaking task of endless hoeing and weeding that is necessary now to produce all this beauty. However, the worker may get a real lift from his toil merely by stopping a few minutes to enjoy his surroundings. This is not possible in all types of work, and it is a privilege for which every gardener should be thankful.

So many demanding tasks clamor for our attention in June that it is sometimes bewildering to know what to do first. Hoeing and weeding is a daily chore if we want to have the garden spic and span by the Fourth of July. To me, at least, this date has always been a highway mark dividing the summer into two parts.

After that date the weeds of late summer, such as pursley and mat-weed, begin to show up, and if the garden is ready to meet this new onslaught, much is gained. Killing all weeds as they come through the soil saves untold work later on, especially as the heat increases and work becomes more difficult.

We have always sown our turnip seed during the latter part of this month in order to have plenty to store for winter use. The ground (usually in a corner of the truck-patch) is prepared carefully and well raked. The seed is scattered over the smooth surface, and it may be raked in if preferred.

At about this season we have our usual June rains, and this means that the seed germinates quickly and the plants grow fast—as they should to make good turnips by autumn. If the seed has been sown thinly and the ground has been well prepared, little other care will be needed. Purple Top White Globe is a good variety for our section of the country.

Rutabaga may be planted at this time also, and in a similar way. However, they seem to need just the right season to reach perfection. Chinese or celery cabbage should also be sown now in rows and spaced far enough apart for the resulting plants to develop properly. This will make a Fall crop, giving tender, well-flavored heads which may be served in tossed salads or cooked like cabbage. There are several good varieties of this vegetable, with maturity dates ranging from 70 to 75 days.

Many seedling plants, started late, now find their way into the flower garden. The permanent placing of the ornamental peppers and Love-Apple plants go into the garden rows in this section. Choose damp, cloudy days to do all transplanting, and protect the plants with some sort of covering such as newspapers or a shading shingle, should the sun decide on making a belated appearance in the hot part of the day.

Large perennial plants can be moved with safety almost any time during the month if a little garden-sense is used. My father, a florist and market-gardener, moved his plants around at will all through the growing season, using good discretion as to a suitable day and not forgetting subsequent waterings. Some annuals may be seeded now for Fall bloom, and of course perennial seeds can be planted in protected beds, or better yet, in a permanent cold-frame kept for just such purposes.

Start a window box now, or if that is not feasible, use some old leaky tubs filled with rich soil and place them by your kitchen door where you may water them conveniently; this is a necessity where plants are not directly in the garden soil. Choose your plants with thought as to the sun or shade-loving qualities, just as you do your house plants in winter quarters. Not many will be needed, as they should not be crowded.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter over KMA every week day at 3:15.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Christmas of that year was an exceptionally happy time for Dorothy came home from Chadron and we were all together for two weeks. I remember that we went to church on Christmas Eve, and that it was the kind of a night we see pictured on Christmas cards and aren't fortunate enough to have very often. A lovely snow had fallen during the day, and when we came out of the church about nine o'clock the flakes were still falling as quietly and gently as in a dream. As a matter of fact, every single thing about that evening was perfect, for when we returned home we found Howard actually waiting for us on the front porch! And to explain this statement I must tell you that it was an unwritten rule in our family that when we returned from church we would all wait on the front porch and go in together, and for a number of years we had stamped back and forth impatiently saying, "Now, why in the world isn't Howard here?"

Right after the first of the year Dorothy returned to Chadron, and this time it wasn't hard for her to leave because she had gotten well acquainted and felt at home in that western Nebraska town. It was a good thing that she felt this way for in February Alexanders returned to Shenandoah and this meant that she had to move into the home of one of her classmates. Her comparatively short residence with this family was a most happy experience, and the friendships established with them have survived through all these years.

In the early part of April Mother went to Iowa City to consult Dr. Arthur Steindler, an orthopedist who certainly needs no introduction to anyone in Iowa. All of us had felt for some time that she needed a different type of brace to enable her to walk with more freedom, and Dr. Steindler understood her problems immediately and made the necessary changes. In a very short time the new braces were delivered and then Mother started walking back and forth down the long halls to get accustomed to them.

It was while Mother was in Iowa City that Frederick became very ill with an ear infection that had all the indications of being genuinely serious. As Mother's substitute at home I worried and worried about him and felt acutely responsible for getting him back on his feet as soon as possible. But all of my attentive nursing didn't seem to help much, and suddenly we were face to face with the fact that he must be hospitalized for a mastoid operation.

This would have been bad enough with Mother at home, but with Mother hospitalized herself it seemed doubly difficult. After Dad and I had returned from the hospital with the understanding that the operation would be performed early the following morning, we decided not to tell Mother until it was all over. It



Here is Mother taking a walk between the two iron pipes in the back yard.

seemed to us that she would be in a much happier frame of mind if she received word that he was convalescing from surgery, rather than to receive a message that he would be operated on before she could arrive.

Early the next morning Dad and I hurried to the hospital all prepared to put in that harrowing siege in the waiting room, so you can imagine our vast relief when we learned that the operation had been delayed until afternoon because Frederick seemed much improved. In the afternoon it was decided to wait until the next morning, and that was the way it went for several days—just when it was decided that the surgery must be performed, his temperature dropped and he picked up amazingly. I don't know if sheer fright did this or not! But at any rate he was dismissed from the hospital several days later without having had a major mastoid operation.

Of course Mother had been notified by this time and she came home at once. We all noticed the improvement in her walking immediately, and in a way she could get almost the same amount of "hall exercise" at home, for Frederick was in the bedroom at the end of our long hall and Mother made countless trips back and forth to the kitchen for water, medicines, tempting food, etc. This sounds as though the rest of us weren't willing to make those trips, but Mother insisted upon it because she had been given instructions to walk as much as possible rather than just sit.

I believe that Frederick had been home about a week when he took a turn for the worse and was returned to the hospital, this time for a mastoid operation and no ifs-and-ands about it. I remember with what sinking hearts Mother, Dad and I all hurried to the hospital early in the morning to be there while he was in surgery, and then what an anti-climax it was to find that the same thing had happened again—he was so much better by morning that they

decided to wait "a couple of hours and see what happens." In the afternoon it was the same story—they'd wait until morning.

And it's at this point of the story that I feel downright hesitant about telling you what happened on the following day, for it really sounds like a positive exaggeration of trouble. It doesn't seem possible that such a battery of misfortune could descend upon one family in such a short space of time, but I can only say that it actually did—and I have the rest of the family to bear me out!

At eight o'clock on that morning we went to the hospital, once again prepared for the mastoid operation, and found that Frederick's condition showed improvement of such a reassuring nature that nothing would be done until two o'clock. He was sleeping quietly so we decided to leave and return later. On the way home we stopped to pick up the mail, and there was a letter from Chadron, not with Dorothy's writing on the envelope but with a typed address and a doctor's return in the corner. We knew that she had been ill with the flu, but her latest letter had said that she felt much better and expected to return to her classes soon, so we were utterly unprepared to learn that x-rays revealed a lung infection and that she must be sent home at once.

At eleven o'clock Dad said that he would go down town and wire the doctor to make arrangements for Dorothy to return immediately in charge of someone who could care for her between Chadron and Omaha where she would be met. He said that he would also stop and discuss the situation with our family doctor who would care for her, and that on his way back home he would also stop and see how Frederick was feeling. This left Mother and me to start making half-hearted preparations for dinner, and we had just sat down to the table with the rest of the family at noon when the quiet spring day was shattered by a resounding crash.

"It sounds as though two cars had smashed into each other at the high school corner," Howard said.

We all jumped up and ran to the door, and even at that distance we could see that one of the cars was Dad's maroon-colored Studebaker.

(To be continued.)

REPRINTS AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

The reprints of Chapters 12 to 24 are ready for you. Send 25¢ and a new subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (\$1.25 for both) if you want them. 50¢ and a new subscription. (\$1.50) will bring you the first 24 chapters of the story, and the magazine for a year.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

Said the young wife, "A tramp is at the door. I think I will give him one of those pies. I feel sorry for him." Young husband. "So do I."

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

As a rule I write to you at home, but this afternoon I'm down at Russell's studio and I'm in a mood to get at my letter right now because I've just been visually eavesdropping through a stack of pictures on the desk, and since these pictures are of some of you friends it makes me feel better acquainted. After all, you know, every issue of Kitchen-Klatter brings you pictures of us, so turn about is fair play! If it's all right with you I'll just keep right on looking through the enlargements every time I come down here—and if it isn't all right just enclose a little note to Russell that reads: "Please keep these out of Lucile's reach." There! I guess that is all settled.

Juliana and I have made quite a ritual of our trips to town on Saturday afternoon. Grandpa Driftmier drives us down about four-thirty, and then at five comes the high point of Juliana's week—she gets to go out and have supper with her daddy at a restaurant. My! how grown up and important she feels when they start down the studio stairs together, and Russell reports that he always returns feeling a little older when he realizes that his daughter has gotten big enough to order her own food, to sit quietly with decorously folded hands until the food comes, and then to eat every bit of it without a word. If only we could have such exemplary behavior at home! Are we the only parents who say to each other quietly in the kitchen just before a meal, "Now, remember, no nagging about eat this and eat that," only to realize that the meal isn't half done before we've slipped and issued a dozen directions for cleaning up potatoes, eating another bite of meat, etc. If I thought that we were the only ones I'd feel even more foolish.

Well, the dance recital is over and Juliana made a creditable teddy-bear in spite of all my forebodings. The performance was given two nights, and the first night I must say that all of the bears cut a fine figure and their dance went off better than any of us mothers had expected. The second night, however, I was appalled to see that someone had slipped Juliana a piece of bubble-gum just before she appeared, and consequently she went through the entire dance chomping with great energy. She also took time to sidle off into the wings, converse with someone for a moment, and then return to the stage casually to finish the dance. Kristin and Dorothy were in the audience that night, and I wish you might have seen Kristin's face when she realized that Juliana was actually up there on the stage. Don't forget how big and impressive a stage with footlights must look to a little girl not yet four. I'm sure she thought that Juliana had taken off to some glamorous planet and would never again be the same!

At long last we actually got to make the trip to Lucas. It was such a wonderful day that we could only conclude part of its satisfaction came from the fact that we had been

thwarted so many times in our effort to get there. As we drove along highway 34 I thought of many of you friends and hoped that you too were enjoying the day equally as much. It was a gorgeous day, brilliantly bright and warm, and the countryside looked like an immense park with its emerald cover and fruit trees in dazzling bloom.

After our chicken dinner we went into the timber and both Kristin and Juliana had a wonderful time picking great clusters of bluebells, violets and sweet williams. The woods were carpeted with them and it really looked like fairyland. As we watched them picking violets near the clear little brook I asked Dorothy, Frank and Russell to close their eyes for a moment and visualize the city streets which all of us left a year ago. And we all decided once again, for the ten-thousandth time, that it seemed a shame to live surrounded by concrete and stone when the world held such places as that incredibly beautiful woods with its flowers and gentle, clear stream where little children could bend over to see their reflections.

We are hoping that some of the pictures Russell took that day will be sharp enough to share with you, but I'm making no promises. About the only thing I can safely guarantee is a picture of Dorothy on the tractor. Tractors do stand still and they don't mind a full sun and there isn't a parent tractor in the background snorting and snarling. That is all a good deal more than I can say for the animals we tried to photograph with the children. I'm ashamed to say that I'm sort of afraid of animals—I like a good stout fence between us. So it was a relief to me when Russell finally gave up getting the "one perfect shot" and put the camera aside. It's fortunate, everything considered, that Dorothy is the one who moved to the farm. I don't like chickens because one pecked me when I was five, and I don't like cows because one chased me when I was six, and I don't like horses because one tried to throw me off when I was nine, so there you have my confession in full and my hankering after a fence.

On our drive back from Lucas that night there was a full moon, and if the day had been enchanted, the night was doubly so. Juliana rode contentedly in the back seat until we were only seven miles out of Shenandoah, and then she asked to come up in front, sit on my lap, and talk about the moon. Did the moon move around us as the sun does or did we move around it? Was there truly a Man-In-The-Moon and how had he found a house? (You'd know that she was a child of this housing shortage age!) Why wasn't it always so big and round? Well, we had the moon taken apart and put together several times in those seven miles, and I found I knew so little that I resolved to go to the library and check out a certain book once again. This book is titled "This Is Our World" and it is exceptionally well written for little children; in addition, the illustrations are charming.



This is the old bookcase that Russell refinished, using the white lead treatment.

If your children are beginning to feel vitally concerned about the world in which they live, I'd suggest that you see if your local library has this unusual book.

Maybaskets are part of the past now, but it was a lovely evening for us. I made Juliana's baskets by baking little cupcakes, covering them with white icing, and then putting a rosebud with green leaves on top. The cake was slipped into a fresh pastel colored cup and then placed on a small lace paper doily which in turn was placed on a large one. I pulled the two sides up, tied them together with pink ribbon, and then underneath the bow placed one fresh bluebell or one big violet. Juliana delivered all eighteen of them by herself, and I was pleased to see that she could figure out her own way of rousing people if the doorbell happened to be above a tiptoe stretch.

Before I forget it I must report that Taffy is no longer with us. She returned to Grandpa's farm last night from whence she sprang, and I can't honestly say that her departure left a yawning hole. Somehow I just never could become very fond of Taffy!

Now we have two orange kittens left; one is named Cherry Tree and the other is just cat. They trot after us when we walk up the alley to Mother's and conspire to get under my feet when I'm the busiest in the kitchen, but Juliana loves them dearly so I can only conclude that it is all a part of what comes with being a housewife and mother.

For all of the lovely birthday cards and letters Russell and I send our warmest thanks and appreciation. I wish so much that I could answer each one as it deserves, but since that lies in the realm of things impossible I can only ask you to accept this letter as my response. I'm sure that you understand. Sincerely, Lucile.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Kira has always had some speech difficulty. She began talking at the usual age but no one could understand a word she said until she was almost three years old. I have always made out what she wanted to say and for a long time I didn't realize how bad she was. I talked with her doctors about it, but they could never find anything wrong so they just said to wait and it would clear up by itself.

When she started to kindergarten last fall she discovered that the children had a hard time understanding her so she asked me to help her talk like other people and I didn't know how to help her. We have done everything we knew how to do. We have been careful to speak clearly to her, and we have talked and read a great deal to her, but we did not know how else to help her speak clearly so I found a speech teacher who was willing to give her private lessons in the afternoon after she got through with her regular classes in the school.

This well-trained teacher was able to teach her to make all the sounds that she had been unable to make, and I was amazed at the number of sounds that she could not make or was making incorrectly. We then discovered that the only sounds that were made correctly were the ones that are made with the lips in the front of the mouth. Stop now and talk out loud and you will see how few of the sounds are made with the lips. Her teacher asked me if Kira had had any trouble with her tonsils and adenoids, and I said no, she had never had a throat infection of any kind. However, I knew that both the tonsils and adenoids were enlarged and I have always asked every doctor if he thought she needed to have them removed, and they have all advised against it.

At one time there was a great fad for removing tonsils, but pediatricians these days do not like to perform any throat surgery on a child unless they consider it absolutely necessary for the child's health, and in the past few years they even hesitate then because of the danger of polio.

A few weeks ago I realized that I was beginning to get very impatient with Kira because she didn't "pay any attention to me." I remembered that children her age very often do that when they don't want to hear what you say, and I began to watch myself and was appalled at how inconsiderately I had been behaving. She would be absorbed in her own work (play) and I would call her away without much warning and expect her to do what I wanted her to do. I found that I was constantly interrupting her with a display of bad manners that I would never exhibit to a grown-up person. This was very good for me and I began to mend my ways, but at the same time I discovered that she didn't pay any attention to me when I said the things that I knew she wanted to hear.

I talked it over with her father and we began to watch her more care-

fully. You know at this age when a child is beginning to get "out from underfoot" and spend most of their time out playing with other children, they are also taking a great deal of responsibility for taking care of themselves. They can dress alone and take care of their own toilet needs and we don't have them under constant observation; as a result, we don't keep up with much of their development because we don't need to do so much for them in a purely physical way.

One night when her father was reading to her he discovered that she was sitting in a very unnatural attitude, craning her neck to look at him. And when he turned his head she would interrupt and ask him to repeat. The very next day we took her to a new doctor, and fortunately for us he was truly interested in children, in more than just their height and weight and what he could hear with his stethoscope.

He found that she was a perfectly healthy child with excellent mental and physical growth who had learned all by herself to read lips. She was almost totally deaf. The tonsils and adenoids were enlarged, but all the tissues in the area of the throat were so swollen that the pressure had closed the Eustachian tube. He recommended X-ray therapy which shrinks the tissues, and she was down at the hospital the next morning to have her first treatment and that evening she heard what I said when I was in another room. She will probably need six or seven more treatments to clear it up and it may be a year before she experiences the full benefit of them, but it is already working.

Kira is on a vacation now with her grandmother, and I have just returned from the Illinois Congress of Parent-Teacher Association convention in Peoria where I listened to a great many speeches and participated in many more discussions, all on the object of this organization which is "to promote the welfare of children—secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, social and spiritual education."

ANIMALS GO TO A CIRCUS

Four animals go to a circus, a rabbit, a toad, a skunk and a duck. The admission was \$1.00, but only three of the animals could go, can you tell me why?

(Continued on Page 7)

UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

I thought that being Mother was mere fun.

Until my daughter came and I was one;

I thought that Mother wanted to be cross

Until I, too, knew weariness and loss; I thought that Mother did not want new clothes,

Disliked the chicken breast, too much repose.

I never knew before how much I owe To you, until I found I loved my daughter so!

— Louise Nicholson Oder

THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

"The explosion took place on the 5th of October, 1947 . . . It was what might be called the last real date in history." Perhaps you read these lines from Stuart Cloete's story, "The Blast," in two of the April issues of Collier's magazine.

Imaginative writers before Mr. Cloete have tried to picture the life of solitary survivors of the total destruction of civilization. But today such a tale seems less imaginative and more probable than ever before.

Your menfolk who were in the Pacific may have given you eye-witness accounts of the devastation left by the atomic bombings of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. A sobering report, the first of several to come, is now available from the Government Printing Office. Its concluding statements offer an alternative to Mr. Cloete's vivid portrayal of the fall of North America, and of world civilization. This alternative is that we must at all costs avoid another war, for there can be no real protection against the destructive use of atomic energy.

Sometimes as we follow the day-by-day accounts of the proceedings of the United Nations, it is pretty difficult to feel that any of us as individuals can have much influence on maintaining a peaceful world. That is why I hope that many people will see a new little book called *YOU AND THE UNITED NATIONS* by Lois Fisher. Her excellent cartoons point out that it took thirteen years to unite just our original thirteen colonies under a constitution, that in only one century the people of the world were suddenly united rather than being separated by distances. There is an explanation in drawings and text of the organization of the United Nations and of the possibility of a real world order. This book was originally done for children of about age ten and up, but it has an effective message for all adults as well.

Another inexpensive aid to our understanding of the nuclear age is *ONE WORLD OR NONE*, written by some of the outstanding scientists associated with the atomic project, as well as several top political and military authorities. The choice expressed in the title is explained in these sentences from the closing article:

"If the terror of the bomb is great, and properly great, the hope for man in the release of nuclear energy is even greater . . . The nations can have atomic energy, and much more. But they cannot have it in a world where war may come.

A HOUSEWIFE

What once I thought was drudgery,
I do now with a song.
I dust and scrub or cook and bake,
I work the whole day long.
For love has chained me to my house,
I am a slave to work,
I love my home and family so
I wouldn't think to shirk.
I do my housework all alone,
Love is my only aid.
(Dear Editor: Please buy this poem.
I WANT TO HIRE A MAID.)
— Thelma Ireland

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Q: "My husband's mother makes her home with us, and six months ago she fell and broke her right leg. I gave her attentive care all of the time she was bedfast, and after she was able to be up I continued this care until the doctors spoke to me privately and told me that she would never learn to do for herself again if I persisted on doing everything for her. I explained this to her, but she resents it and feels that I simply don't want to help her. I can accept this all right, but what worries me is her whispered complaints to her children when they come to call on her. She tells the neighbors as well that I won't do anything for her. Can you give me any suggestions for handling this problem?"—Nebr.

ANS: It seems to me that your attitude towards her will go far towards straightening out any impressions that her whispered complaints may create. Be cheerful, optimistic, and firm in following the doctors' instructions. You can explain the exact situation to all of her callers, but if you see any indication of doubt on the part of her children ask them to go and see the doctors and find out for themselves exactly how much their mother should be expected to do. Don't feel too badly about her complaints. Elderly people grow easily discouraged in the face of physical disability, and often take it out on those the closest to them who do the most for them.

Q: "Not long ago one of the girls in our community found herself in serious difficulties that led to a great deal of speculation and talk. It so happens that her family, and also the family of the young man involved, have been long-time friends of ours, and because of this a good many of the slurring remarks made have been directed at us. We have ignored them, of course, but since the two families concerned are now on very bad terms I haven't really known what to do. Should I continue to call on both of them, making no reference to any trouble, or should I discontinue seeing them until the trouble has finally died down? I would appreciate your opinion."—Mo.

ANS: I realize that in a small community it is difficult not to take sides in cases of such trouble and to remain seemingly indifferent to cutting remarks that are made, but in the long run it is the only course of action that will give you any satisfaction. By all means continue your friendly relationship with both families, after all, it is at such times that our friendship is genuinely needed. Make no reference to the trouble at any time, and discourage, as politely as possible, any attempts on their

part to discuss it. The sooner such things are eliminated as subjects of conversation, the sooner they will die a natural death.

Q: "In July we expect two of my husband's sisters and their families from Alabama for a two weeks' visit, and I am wondering what would be the best way to entertain in their honor. They are former residents of our town but haven't been back for ten years, so a good many distant relatives and old friends will want to see them. I have a large, well-kept garden and had thought something of giving a reception. Have you a better suggestion?"—Minn.

ANS: Well, I don't know if it is a better suggestion, so far as that goes, but my opinion is that two picnics might be more enjoyed. Receptions really afford comparatively little opportunity for visiting—as a rule there are so many people that it is difficult to get in a good chat. Since you have a nice garden, why not entertain at two picnics? The relatives could be asked for one and I certainly wouldn't hesitate to make it a covered dish affair. Old friends could be asked for the other, and if you prefer furnishing the food for this yourself you can keep the menu simple. I believe that the informality of a picnic would give your sister-in-laws more opportunity to have good visits with all the people whom they haven't seen for so long, and that everyone would enjoy it more.

Q: "During the school months my sixteen-year old daughter and her friends behave quite reasonably about the hours they keep. During the week they are all home at ten, and on Saturday and Sunday nights they are in by eleven. This is all right with me, but I dread the summer because they seem to be something like Topsy—they just "grow" without any seeming restrictions or responsibilities. Last summer some of the girls didn't get home from dates until one or two in the morning, and to be perfectly frank, the parents didn't seem greatly concerned. Am I unreasonable in feeling that twelve o'clock should be the absolute deadline for girls of this age?"—Minn.

ANS: Indeed you are not. It is my opinion that girls of sixteen have little business being out half of the night, and I wish very much that all parents would cooperate in requesting that twelve o'clock be the deadline for returning home. If any of you can report measures that you took as a group to insure this kind of responsibility during the summer months, I would be happy to hear from you.



Your new friend, Wilma Ward Taylor of Manhattan, Kansas.

TOO BUSY

Too busy to write a note today,
Or stop to chat as we go our way,
Too busy another's sorrow to share,
Or let them know we really care.
Too busy to help someone in need,
Or do a thoughtful, kindly deed,
Too busy to see how a sick friend fares—

What if God were too busy
To hear my prayers?

—Sent by Mrs. Arthur Vroom,
Prairie City, Iowa

(Continued from Page 2)

And you find too that somehow you feel better—you don't realize just why at the time, but looking back later you figure out that you began feeling better when you stopped thinking about "selling our home."

Does any of this sound familiar to you? Well, it's what happened at our house and what has happened to friends of mine in recent years. We had to decide whether to give up the large house in which we'd reared our family, or keep it—and in our case we kept it. The truth of the matter is that we would never feel quite at home anyplace else, to say nothing of the fact that our dreams of family reunions in years to come could never materialize if we had only a five-room house to take care of our seven children and their families.

Everyone has to settle such problems for himself so far be it from me to say that I think people who've spent many happy years in what has become the family home will always feel a little strange and lost if they dispose of it and move into a much smaller house, but for us, at least, it wasn't the thing to do . . . and we are satisfied with our decision.

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WEDDING CAKE ICING

For 1st coat on the cake.

- 2 egg whites
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 5 Tbls. water
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar

Boil lemon juice and water and sugar until it spins a thread; slowly pour over the beaten egg white and beat until ready to spread. Put a light coat of this over the cake and let stand for an hour. Then cover with the ornamental frosting.

DAFFODIL CAKE

- 1/2 cup sifted cake flour for white part
- 2/3 cup sifted cake flour for yellow part
- 1 1/4 cups egg whites
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla for white part
- 4 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon colored
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup and 2 Tbls. sifted sugar
- 1/2 tsp. lemon extract for yellow part

Sift flour once, measure and sift 4 more times. Beat egg whites and salt; when foamy add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar gradually, 2 Tbls. at a time, until all is used. Divide mixture into 2 parts. Into one part fold 1/2 cup cake flour and vanilla. Into other part fold egg yolks, 2/3 cup of flour and 1/2 tsp. lemon extract. Put by teaspoons into ungreased angel food cake pan alternating white and yellow mixture. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees) 60 to 70 minutes.—Baked in K-K Kitchen.

MERINGUES

- 4 egg whites
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Beat the egg whites in a large bowl until stiff but not dry. Add the cream of tartar just as they become foamy. Add the sugar 2 Tbls. at a time and continue to beat until all is used. Add the vinegar and vanilla and beat the mixture until it is stiff and glazed in appearance. Drop mixture by teaspoons on brown paper. Bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees) for one hour.—Baked in K-K Kitchen.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

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 extract
- 1 9-inch baked pastry shell
- 1 pint 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 extract. Chill. Pour into baked shell. Cover with strawberries. Chill. Spread with sweetened whipped cream just before serving. Garnish with halved berries.—Mrs. L. D. F., Ames, Iowa.

SAVORY EGGS

- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 cup cream
- Pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 6 slightly beaten eggs

Spread cheese in greased, shallow baking dish. Dot with butter. Combine cream, salt, pepper and mustard. Pour half this mixture over cheese. Pour eggs into baking dish. Add remaining cream mixture. Bake in moderately slow oven until set.—Mrs. Roy Baker, Kansas City.

FRUIT SALAD

- 1 cake cream cheese 1 large can fruit cocktail (drained)
- 2 heaping Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 bananas (can be eliminated)
- 1 cup of cream, whipped
- Dash of salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Mash up cheese, stir in mayonnaise or salad dressing and cream thoroughly; then add fruit, sugar and salt. If bananas are used, mash them with the cheese. Serve cold on lettuce leaf.

Note on sugar saver: when I serve whipped cream I sweeten it with two candy bars ground through food chopper. Sprinkled on top of the cream it makes a fine topping for a plain cake.—Mrs. J. W. S., Winterset, Ia.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup grated onion

Cook sugar and water until mixture spins a thread (232 degrees). Cool. Combine remaining ingredients; add sirup and beat thoroughly. Chill. Makes 2 cups.—Lucile.

HONEY DRESSING

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 5 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and grated onion. Pour oil into mixture very slowly, beating constantly with rotary beater. Makes 2 cups.—Made in K-K Kitchen.

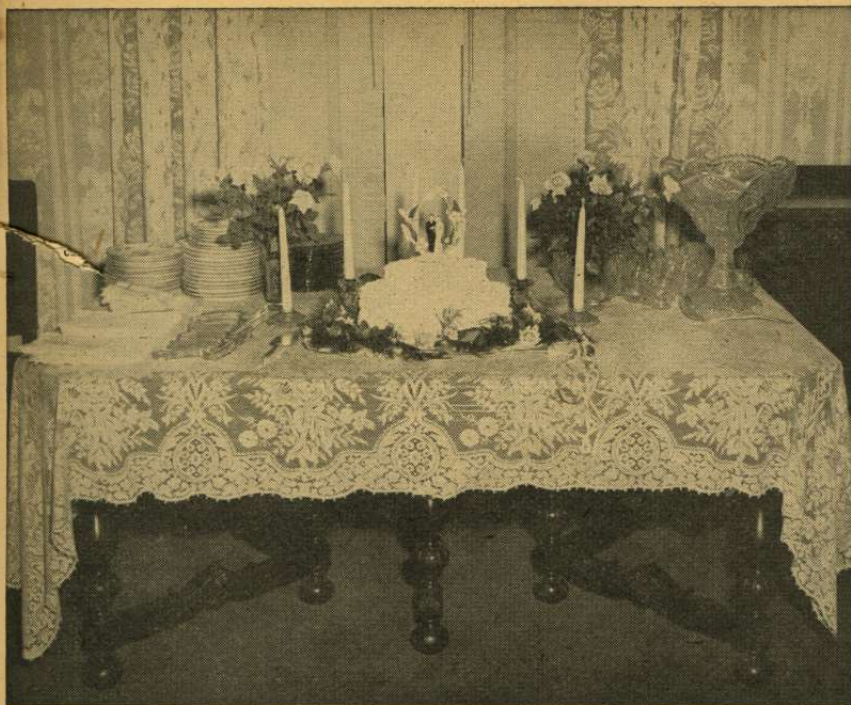
CREAM PUFFS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup flour

Melt butter in water. Add flour and salt all at once and stir vigorously; cook, stirring constantly, until mixture forms ball that doesn't separate. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add eggs one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition until mixture is smooth. Drop from tablespoon 2 inches apart onto greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees) 15 minutes; then in moderate oven (325 degrees) 25 minutes. Remove with spatula and cool on rack. When thoroughly cool, cut side of each puff and fill with any of following fillings:

Cornstarch custard, vanilla pudding mix custard, whipped cream, or the following delicious filling:

Dissolve 1 Tbls. gelatin in 1/4 cup of cold pineapple juice and then add to 1 cup of hot pineapple juice. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/8 tsp. salt. Stir until dissolved. Add 1 tsp. grated rind of lemon and 1 Tbls. lemon juice. Chill until jelly starts to thicken and then fold in 2 beaten egg whites and 1/2 cup whipped cream. Add 1/4 cup maraschino cherries cut in bits, 1/2 cup or more of pineapple bits, 1/4 cup pecan nuts and 1 cup marshmallows. Last four ingredients may be varied in amount or eliminated altogether if not on hand. Allow to congeal. This should fill from 15 to 18 cream puffs unless they are of mammoth size. Maraschino cherry juice diluted with water may be used instead of the pineapple juice.—Mrs. John Bloemker, Nickerson, Nebr.



Our table arrangement for Wayne and Abigail's wedding reception.

THE HOME WEDDING

By Mabel Nair Brown

Aren't weddings fun? Relatives and intimate friends of the happy pair want to do everything possible to make it a memorable occasion. It's the behind-the-scene preparations and planning which makes of weddings and receptions a perfect and unforgettable affair. The reception following the ceremony gives everyone a chance to greet the couple, to visit with each other, and to share a few happy moments with the bridal pair before they slip away for the honeymoon.

The reception should be charming in its informal simplicity. An intimate friend of the bride, her aunts or a married sister should have the management of the reception, leaving the bride and her mother free to greet the guests.

As soon as the greetings are over following the ceremony, everyone should adjourn to the dining room for refreshments. It's nice to have the wedding cake on the buffet or side table. The bride (and often the groom places his hand over hers on the knife) cuts the first piece of cake, and then some friend, designated before hand, cuts and serves the rest of the cake.

Space permitting, it is especially nice to seat the bride and groom, their attendants, parents, the minister and his wife, and grandparents if they are present, at the bridal table. Some prefer to ask dear friends or close relatives to preside over the bridal table, as at a tea table, with the wedding party being served first. Fruit punch, cake and ice cream have become traditional as wedding refreshments. Tiny sandwiches and mints may be added if you wish a more

elaborate lunch, but simplicity is the keynote, remember!

As soon as they've finished their refreshments the newlyweds will probably slip quietly away, but be sure to have them take time before they leave to get a photographic record of this eventful affair.

Wedding gifts are usually on display in a guest bedroom so the guests may have an opportunity to see them during the reception.

If you prefer the wedding cake to be the centerpiece at the bride's table do plan it that way, but I think it works out more smoothly (and doesn't leave a gap in the decorations after the cake is cut) to have it served from the buffet; or, have it at the bride's place so that she can cut the first slice and then it can be taken away to be served.

Here are suggestions for other centerpieces for the table at the reception.

A lovely centerpiece is made by placing two white paper wedding bells, tied with wide white satin bow and streamers, upon a large mirror. Frame the mirror in delicate sprays of greenery, then place tall white tapers in crystal holders at each end of the table. You might like to lay a white bride's Bible by the bells. This makes an exceedingly beautiful "all white" setting.

Another idea is to shape silver color wire (stove-pipe wire is good) into a heart. Form two hearts about eight inches in height—the wire will be bent at the point of the heart so they still stand upright. Cut and sew a double ruffle of cellophane paper about 1½ inches wide and fasten to the heart frames with scotch tape. Tie the hearts together in an interlocking effect at the top with baby ribbon in the bride's colors. Arrange spray flowers around the base. If

you're fortunate enough to have one of the new circular ring-mold type flower bowls, it will work in beautifully in this arrangement.

A second "mirror" suggestion is this: arrange an altar at one end of an oblong mirror, using the tiny novelty brass candleholders, vases, cross, etc., which one sees in many variety stores. Place tiny bride and groom dolls before the altar. Frame the mirror in greenery. Light the tiny birthday candles in the little holders on the altar during the reception.

A DIFFERENT WEDDING CAKE

If you wish something different from the conventional tiered wedding cake, try this: Use four (or eight, to make it two layers high, if you wish) oblong angelfood cakes to form a four-point star effect. A slice is cut from two of the cakes so that all points will be an equal distance from the center. Cover with white icing and decorate as desired. Slip lace paper doilies under the cake so they "peep" out for a lacy look. In each right angle formed by the cake lay sprays of pink or white rosebuds on a bed of green leaves. This is such an easy cake to make and it serves so nicely — just slice it off.

— Mabel Nair Brown

WEDDING CAKE

1 cup vegetable shortening
1/3 cup butter
2 1/2 cups sugar
1 and 1/3 cups milk
4 cups cake flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
8 egg whites
1 tsp. vanilla
Sift flour and measure; add baking powder and sift 3 times. Cream (using your hands) shortening and butter and sugar until it looks like whipped cream. Add 1/2 cup flour to the creamed mixture and then add the flour alternately with milk and beat and beat after each addition. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; add salt and vanilla to whites and fold in. This is enough for a two-tiered cake using an angel food pan 8 and 3/8ths inches wide and 3 inches deep, and a 1 lb. coffee can for the top tier 5 inches wide and 3 inches deep.

ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

3 1/2 cups confectioners sugar
4 egg whites
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
4 Tbls. glycerine
Sift sugar. Beat salted egg whites until frothy; add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar 1/2 cup at a time and beat thoroughly after each addition. Add glycerine and flavoring. You will need more icing for the cake but do not mix more at one time. Use this also in cake tube decorator for final decorations.—Mrs. Clara Tasche, Fairbury, Nebr.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Today has been a lovely balmy spring day with the sun shining practically all day long—such a treat! It has also been a busy one at our house. Frank, of course, was working in the field, and Kristin and I did our Saturday cleaning. I like to clean the house on Saturday so that I won't have to worry much about it on Sunday.

Cleaning Kristin's room is almost a morning's job. She is supposed to keep it neat and orderly, but most of the time it looks as if a tornado had just been through it. This morning when we started in the toy box was completely empty, with the contents all over the floor. She always tells me that there is no point in putting it all back in because then she just has to get it all back out. I prefer to clean her room when she is visiting her grandma or out with her Daddy, because then I can always get rid of one or two things that I consider just junk. Today, for instance, I put into the trash box an old paper-doll book half cut out that has been kicking around in her room for the past four months I'm sure. She spied it and came carrying it back upstairs saying, "Mama, I'm surprised that you would throw this away because it is very precious." See what I mean?

After I had wiped up the floor and she had arranged all her doll furniture just the way she wanted it, her room did look awfully nice. When she awoke from her nap this afternoon she came downstairs and said, "Mama, can I play in my room now?" I said yes, of course, and when I put her to bed tonight the room looked almost like it did when we started in on it this morning, but she was proud of it and thought it looked nice because she had all her toys out where she could see them, and she went to bed happy as a lark.

We can hardly wait for morning to come tomorrow because Lucile, Russell and Juliana are coming to spend the day with us. They had wanted to come to help celebrate Frank's birthday the middle of April but it seemed that every Sunday either the roads were bad or something came up making it impossible for them to come. Well, today was Lucile's and Russell's birthday, so they are coming tomorrow and bringing a cake and this will be a celebration for all four of our birthdays since mine is in ten days. Kristin has been talking all day about their visit because she is so anxious for Juliana to see all the baby lambs, piggies, chicks, and calves. And she told her Daddy tonight he must be sure to bring her pony in from the pasture so she and Juliana could ride him. I'm sure Juliana wouldn't feel she had really been to visit Kristin if she didn't get to have a ride on Danny Pony.

This week held a new experience of farm life for me. One of our neighbor ladies, and a long standing member of our Sunshine Club, recently underwent a serious operation and still isn't able to be up and around very much. So on the day our Club was

to meet we all went to her house and surprised her. We took our aprons with us and told her we had come to do as much of her housecleaning for her as we could in one afternoon. She said she had planned to paper the ceilings only in the living and dining rooms, and clean the walls with wall paper cleaner, so while one girl went to town for the paper and cleaner, three of the women tore the old wall-paper off the living room ceiling.

Everyone had his own job to do. One washed windows, one washed woodwork, one washed and starched the curtains and put them in the sun on curtain stretchers. I was one of the four girls who cleaned the walls. Judging from how long it took me to do my one ceiling, I didn't think we would get one room finished, but we got both rooms done and the walls looked lovely, just as if they had new paper on them. Since I was the tallest, it was my job to do all the upper portions that the other girls couldn't reach. When we had finished, we had a lunch that several of the women had prepared and brought with them.

I was amazed at how much had been accomplished in those three hours. The living room was completely finished, the paper and a new border on, and even the curtains back up at the windows. In the dining room the curtains weren't quite dry enough to put back up and the ceiling wasn't papered, but everything else was done. This is something that farm women do for each other that I think is wonderful, and I am very grateful that I had my small part in helping this woman who really needed help. And even if in reality it was work, it was fun too, because we were all working together, laughing and visiting, and I don't know when three hours has ever gone faster for me.

Since I wrote to you last I have become a member of another little social club that I am going to tell you about because it might give you an idea. This is a birthday club. My sister-in-law, Edna Halls, has been a member for some time, and when she had her birthday party in April she invited me as a guest. Then they asked me if I would like to join and I had had so much fun that I did. They have twenty-four members, and when it is your birthday you have the party and they give you a gift; they try to make it something that you have been wanting for a long time but just haven't felt that you could get for yourself. In Edna's case it was a set of wall vases that she had admired for a long time. For entertainment Edna had a lot of very clever games, which I might add all came from Kitchen-Klatter Magazines. There is only one "must" in the refreshments—you must have cake, but you can serve anything else you want. Since my birthday is May 13th, I have the next party. I'll tell you about it in my next letter.

Before I close I want to add a note about the accompanying picture of Kristin. You will notice that her hair is curled. For a long time we have known that something must be done about those long tresses, but what to do was the question. We



"How do you like my curls?" Kristin.

didn't want her to have a permanent and doing it up in curlers made the curl too tight and kinky. Finally Mary Ellen Alexander, who lives next door to Mother, showed me how she rolled her own hair up on socks and I tried it on Kristin with great success. Her hair is so long that when I roll it just on the ends it hangs down far enough that it doesn't bother her in the least to sleep in them, so I roll it up at night and take it down in the morning and it gives her hair the softest, most natural looking curl I have ever seen. She has enough little socks that she has outgrown to do up her hair, so we keep them in a little box and use them for this purpose.

It's late and I must get up early in the morning and get as much preparation done for our birthday dinner as I can before the Vernesses arrive so I will have most of my day free to enjoy their visit.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

(Ans. to Ques. on Page 6, Col 2)

Answer: The rabbit had four quarters, the toad had a "green back", the duck had a bill, but the poor skunk had only a scent, (cent.)

—Mary Lou Braye, Tama, Ia.

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Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

I am sure that most of you have heard the old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun" but every few months something new develops, so perhaps, on second thought, it has always been in existence and we have only recently discovered it.

Last season every alert poultryman was afraid his flock might have a visit from the new ailment known as the Newcastle disease. Much research was done and several sulfa drugs were found to be very effective in checking the disease. As a result of this work the quarantine has been lifted in many states, and this year poultry shows will be resumed.

The sulfa drug seems to perform almost a miracle. It will control cecal coccidiosis, checks immediate mortality from pullorum disease, and also acute fowl cholera. Fowl cholera is still a problem, however, and in some stages vaccination helps, although to be of any value this must be done when symptoms first develop. There are two types of cholera—acute and chronic. If you have fowl cholera on your place or, for that matter any contagious disease, keep growing chicks away from infected birds and on new ground if possible. Don't put pullets in a house that has held infected birds unless it has been thoroughly disinfected, and for good measure leave it empty for a few months.

This cold damp spring has not been very favorable for chicks, and warm damp weather brings the dread disease of coccidiosis. Keep the chicks warm and have plenty of sour milk available at all times. If you add "flowers of sulphur" to your scratch feed it will also act as a preventative. Use one pound to each one-hundred pounds of feed and mix thoroughly.

Tonight I am very tired and my hands are rough for I have been applying some cement along the foundation of my chicken house where the hens like to dip in the soil and then dust the damp earth. I have even noticed my young chicks doing this in the litter of the brooder house. Ordinarily I would begin to examine them for lice but I know it is impossible for my young chicks to have lice or mites, so I have just about decided that they do it for the exercise.

The last few quarts of cement that I used I thinned down and poured into two holes that go back under the floor of the chicken house; I think it possible that these holes have been made by rats. My chicken house is constructed of hollow-tile and the floor is completely underlaid with hollow-tile with a thick layer of cement on top. If rats make holes under this the water will soon be running under it, and as I have a very dry floor now I want to keep it that way, so I hope that my cement work today was not in vain.

ARE YOU HOUSECLEANING?

Now that the days have come when we want to make everything shiny and clean from top to bottom, the following suggestions from our readers may help to solve some problem that has been baffling you.

"My niece finished the border around her rugs and bedrooms floors, and the finished product was lovely. First, scrub the floors well with sal Soda solution and steel wool, removing as much of the old finish as possible; then try to smooth the floor with either steel wool or sandpaper. (A sanding machine splinters these old floors as we tried it and had to cover with linoleum.)

"After this was done she put on two coats of regular yellowish-tan floor paint (the kind they once used for undercoat on old-fashioned grained woodwork). Then she applied oak varnish stain very thin; she did not try to get a grain effect or entirely uniform results. The finished floor looked like maple furniture and was very attractive after a good waxing."—Amanda Munro, Omaha, Nebr.

"If you must size a rug this spring, try this method: clean the rug and place bottom side up, then fasten down with tacks after you are certain it is perfectly straight. Put on formula with a stiff brush (a scrub brush will do) just as though you were scrubbing it and let it dry. Formula: 1 lb. ground glue, 1 gallon of boiling water, and after it is dissolved add 1 qt. of cold water."—Mrs. Tom Vorre, Eagle Grove, Ia.

"Muriatic acid poured into stool bowl and left overnight will eradicate all stains and leave the bowl as white as when new. Swab out with a cloth on a stick. Do not use on other fixtures as it will ruin enamel on iron. Stool bowls are made of china.

"In my kitchen I cemented linoleum on lower part of walls; the strips were 38 inches deep and were set at the top of the baseboards. Then I painted screen molding in green (the predominating color of my kitchen) and used as a border at the top. This makes an easy to clean permanent finish. The upper part of the walls are painted. The dealer cut the linoleum in the size of pieces I needed; then I had to do a little trimming and fitting around the windows and sink. I made patterns of paper and then marked around them with lead pencil on linoleum and really made a perfect job of it."—Mrs. O. A. Smith, Marysville, Kansas.

"Use one Tbls. each of Perfex and Soilax in a pan of water as hot as the hands can stand. Take a sponge, squeeze out, and rub just a small place at a time. The water must not run down the wall or it will show the streaks after you have finished. Then wring a cloth out of clear water to wipe it. This will leave your walls looking freshly painted. You must always wash the ceiling first and you will learn in a very short time just how much water to leave in the sponge."—Mrs. Frank C. Anderson, Yetter, Ia.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

Life has a way of changing ones plans unexpectedly, and instead of writing you this month from Los Angeles where I have all my files of information about the people you are interested in helping, here I am in Oregon—and how can I write intelligently about Neighboring!

Perhaps you will like to know how this came about. Our son Gordon, who was injured while on Okinawa, finally was returned to the States. He is able to get about quite well now and is to have his discharge soon. When his terminal leave started he suggested that we take a little trip. That was the farthest thing from my mind and it seemed impossible to get away just now, but it worked out as things have a way of doing if you want them to hard enough. We are visiting where I lived and went to school forty years ago.

Have you ever flown? It was an entirely new experience for me and I got a big thrill from it. The world looks different when you see it from 11,000 feet in the air. We left Los Angeles at noon in a Western Air Lines plane. They are huge things, much bigger when you get close to them than they look when they are flitting around the sky and you are on the ground watching them. The cabin looks a lot like the inside of a bus except that there are two seats on one side of the aisle and only one on the other. Our plane seated 21 people. We could hardly tell when we left the ground and riding was smoother than in a bus or train. I loved it.

They served dinner soon after we left. First the stewardess brought a small pillow in a snowy white case, then a tray that looked like a baking pan with a lid, only it was some sort of plastic material and in the lid were holes into which the dishes fit. The food was delicious and we enjoyed it as we flew over the rockiest part of the Rocky Mountains. We came down at Las Vegas, Nevada, and got out to exercise a bit.

After we left there we went through a storm and that was another kind of experience! We changed planes at Salt Lake City. We ate supper as soon as we took off again and had hardly finished when we landed in Boise, Idaho. We were in the air five hours and a half. The trip would have taken thirty-six hours by train. We are having a grand visit, for we have relatives scattered all over this part of the country and it is a joy to renew the old ties.

When I get home I hope the information about the radio for the little girl will be waiting for me. Enough money has come in to buy it and I want to thank every one of you who helped. Next month I expect to be home and I'm sure there will be a great deal of Good Neighboring for all of us to do.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine — One Year for \$1.00. Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

» Our Hobby Club «

Every year so many new readers join our circle that we think it well to jot down a few reminders in regard to our hobby column.

It is impossible for us to serve as a go-between for any items listed from month to month, but it is a tribute to our readers honesty and good-will that all of these years have brought less than a dozen complaints. It is only common sense to write before exchanging hobbies, particularly if the items have genuine value. Breakable objects should be carefully wrapped, and every precaution should be taken to avoid disappointment.

Countless friendships have resulted from correspondence regarding various hobbies, and many collections have had items added that might never have been achieved otherwise. Make it a rule to write first, and if the old and priceless Golden Rule is followed there will be no difficulty.

This past month we had the pleasure of seeing a family tree compiled by Mrs. George Staben of Blair, Nebraska. She did not call this a hobby of hers but after looking at it I thought that no doubt there were many people who would enjoy doing something of this kind. Not only is it of great interest to the person who does it, but all members of the family will enjoy it for many years to come.

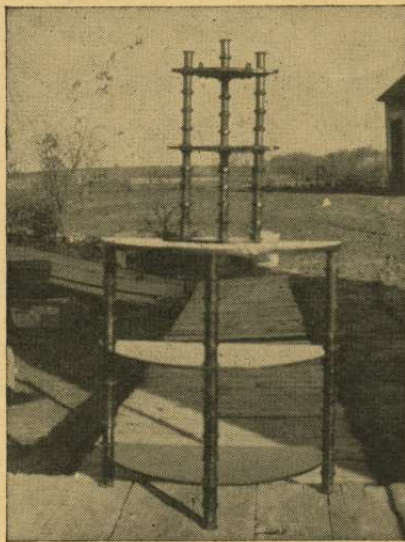
Mrs. Staben listed the 295 descendants of her great-grandfather who was born in 1823. She included the birthdates, death dates of those who have passed on and the place of death, and the marriages, and the addresses occupied by members of the family at the time the record was completed.

I do not know any of these people personally, yet I found it of absorbing interest to trace the various branches of this family and to speculate upon the national changes that are reflected in such a history. It is a pamphlet of 24 pages and is bound in a plain blue cover. A project of this type might well become an absorbing hobby for others.

Mrs. B. E. Donaldson, 1918 Emmet Street, Omaha, Nebraska, would like to hear from anyone who makes rugs out of silk hose. She has a large collection of old hose.

"I, too, collect and save games, stunts and ideas for parties and showers, and would be glad to exchange for new ideas with anyone. I would also appreciate cancelled stamps, and all kinds, the more the better."—Mrs. Fred Imbrock, 503 Tenth St., Hawarden, Iowa.

"I would like to trade with anyone, whatever their hobby may be. My hobby is salt and pepper shakers."—Mrs. Helmer Myre, 311 Johnson St., Albert Lea, Minn.



Stella Golman, Cook, Nebr., made this end table and whatnot of spoons.

Salt and pepper shakers and ash trays.—Mrs. Jewell Kemp, 1102 Arch, Burlington, Iowa.

Crocheted doilies, pot holders, small apron and hankies.—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, Turner, Kansas.

"I collect religious poems and songs, and old time songs such as 'Young Charlotte'."—Mrs. Frank Harris, Rt. 2, Granada, Minnesota.

"I collect different kinds of houseplants and would love to exchange cut flowers and bulbs."—Mrs. Ed Barnett, Rt. 1, Mercer, Missouri.

"My hobby is collecting buttons, potholders, edgings, embroidery work and flowers. I'd like to exchange gladiolus bulbs for crochet patterns of doilies and potholders or for crochet thread."—Mrs. Otis Harkness, Rt. 1, Bonaparte, Iowa.

"My hobby is collecting buttons, songs, poems and shells."—Mrs. George Staben, Blair, Nebr. (Editor's note: Please see item regarding Mrs. Staben elsewhere on this page.)

Mrs. Ray Mertz, 682 Parsells Ave., Rochester 9, N. Y., collects old books, old dishes, old buttons, fancy work and house plants. She is a busy nurse, but would like to exchange hobbies with others.

"Will exchange book matches, view cards, napkins, quilt pieces and patterns, stamps, pot holders, poems, perfume bottles, and pencils for advertising pencils of all kinds."—Florence Neely, Rt. 2, Winterset, Iowa.

Brass candlesticks.—Miss Myrtle French, 722½ N. 6th St., Burlington, Iowa.

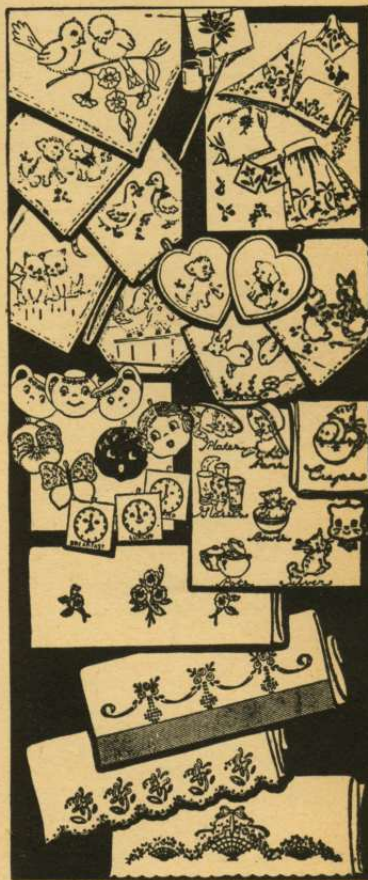
Pitchers.—Mrs. J. D. Fiete, 223 S. Main, Novelty Store, Burlington, Iowa.

Old magazines.—Leanna Driftmire, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Mrs. C. C. Hansberry, Box 126, Ortling, Wash., would like to exchange advertising or souvenir pencils.

"I would like to exchange novelty salt and pepper shakers. I also crochet pot holders for sale, and if anyone has unwanted books of pot holder designs I would be very glad to have them."—Mrs. Lester L. Zoller, Beemer, Nebr. (Editor's note: Mrs. Zoller will send a hand crocheted pot-holder to anyone who can supply her with a copy of the sheet music, "Chimes at Eventide," but please write to her first.)

Mrs. Frances May, 307 Glendale St, Waterloo, Iowa, collects salt and pepper shakers.



COLLECTION FOR SPRING SEWING

Your needlework and handcraft collection for Spring. With designs for tea towels and panholders and pillow slips, all on large, hot iron transfer patterns. And a group of eleven stencil motifs and directions for easy textile painting on scarfs, guest towels, napkins, aprons, luncheon cloths and on many, many other articles.

The fourteen tea towel designs are worked in easy embroidery and there are matching designs for panholders to go with your set of tea towels. Then the set of ten gay little panholders; all of the designs make panholders about 6 inches across. And the four pillow slips designs will make exquisite additions to your linen treasures.

You'll want to order this collection as number C9948, and enclose 50 cents with each order.

Order From
LEANNA DRIFTMIRE
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

Please, please do not take the advertisements in the American magazines seriously when they speak of this "island of paradise". How anyone has the nerve to bring people to Bermuda under the impression that here they can enjoy tropical weather at this time of the year is beyond me. I am told at this time of the year Bermuda can be wonderful, but the chances of its being frightful are very good. We have had so much bad weather this winter that it simply must become better soon. It is simply incredible that it could remain cold and wet much longer.

Last Saturday night we had one of the worst storms of the year. The temperature was down in the fifties, the wind was up in the fifties, and the rain was like a cloudburst. I was in my pajamas and ready for bed when I discovered that the electric water pump was on the blink. I took a flashlight and went out to see if I could fix it, but just as I stuck my head out of the door a big piece of lumber went sailing by missing me by inches. The waves were crashing up over the lawn and branches were breaking off the trees. It was really a wild night. I got the pump started and went to bed. About two in the morning Betty woke me up.

"Quick!" she said. "Quick! Something's gone."

"What's gone?" I asked, leaping out of bed. I am always alarmed whenever Betty starts that "Quick, quick!" business. In my hurry to turn on a light I knocked the lamp off the table and had to grope around for a flashlight.

"Something's gone! Quick!" she shouted. The lamp crashing to the floor had not encouraged her to be calm. "The wind has taken something. I heard an awful banging sound and I know that something is gone."

Always one to jump at conclusions, I jump even faster than usual at two o'clock in the morning. I came to the immediate conclusion that my worst fear was realized—the ceiling had gone off the bedroom. Horrors upon horrors! Feeling a draft across my face didn't help to dispel the thought. Still groping for the flashlight I shouted, "Keep calm! Hold on to the bed."

"There it goes again! Hear it?"

I had found the light. One quick look and I saw that the ceiling was still there. That last "Quick!" of Betty's had brought me fully awake. "Don't get excited, dear. It's still here," I assured her.

"What's still here?"

"The ceiling, dear. It didn't blow off. Look"—I pointed up to the ceiling—"You see. Nothing to worry about."

"My goodness! The ceiling! Don't tell me the ceiling was blowing off! Oh, for goodness sake. Let's get out of here! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Hey, wait a minute. I didn't say the ceiling was blowing off; you said it. You woke me up and said that the ceiling was gone. I'm just telling you that it isn't gone."

"I wasn't talking about the ceiling. I meant the dishpan that you left out on the back step or the garbage can. I heard something blow away."

The situation was finally put together like a jig-saw puzzle. Betty went back to sleep and I stumbled out to see what was gone. Nothing was gone! Finis.

Yet in spite of all this bad weather I went swimming last week. We had a houseguest from the States who was determined to swim, and since Betty couldn't go she was safe in suggesting that we have a fine time in the water. Surprisingly enough, we found a protected beach where it seemed like a perfect summer day, and I must admit that although the water was cold, we did have a thoroughly enjoyable time.

I have seen everything now! The other day I was visiting some friends when their telephone rang. It was a call from a home about ten blocks away telling my friends that their dog was at this home. I was flabbergasted to hear this much of the conversation.

"Did you say that our dog is over at your house? That crazy mut—put him on the phone. I want to speak to him. . . .Hello! Hello! Brownie, what are you doing over there? You are a bad dog! I said a BAD DOG! Now you come home at once. Do you hear me? Come home immediately."

I sat there downright uncomfortable, hardly able to believe my ears. I wasn't aware until then that people talk to their dogs on the telephone, and it gave me the same sensation that floods over one when he is forced to overhear a highly personal conversation. Twenty minutes later there was a banging and scratching at the door, and there was the dog. It was quite obvious that he had understood the conversation.

Bermuda is right in the midst of an automobile craze. A few months ago doors were opened for private autos to enter the island, and what a mad scramble there is to get them. We Americans who have been driving for years are getting a big kick out of watching the antics of the average Bermudian driver. On a Sunday afternoon almost every other car one meets has a large red letter "L" hanging on the front and back of it. This letter "L" signifies that the driver is just learning. That particular custom is one that Americans would do well

to adopt.

Wherever Bermudians get together you will hear complaints about American driving, but the records show that Americans are very rarely arrested for infractions of the traffic law, while every edition of the daily paper lists Bermudians who have been arrested. In all of my driving here only on one or two occasions have I been passed by another American car, but I am constantly being passed by Bermudian cars and trucks. I have yet to ride in a taxi that did not exceed the speed limit.

The other evening a man who owns a fleet of taxis told me that every one of his drivers had been arrested for speeding, but still they speed. It is really something to watch them come down the hill in front of our house. One of these days the drawbridge at the foot of the hill is going to claim a victim, and what a mess that will be.

There was a murder in our neighborhood the other day. The local press described it as a case of a man unlawfully killing his wife. The description leads one to believe that lawful killing of one's wife is accepted here!

I hate to make any further reference to the weather, and yet honesty compels me to admit that this letter must end right here and now because the wind is rising and I have just heard Betty call "Quick!"

As ever,

Frederick

BEFORE

If it's a boy I'll want him to be tall,
Tall like his Dad, and husky, with
bright hair,
And just those same wide shoulders
and strong hands
And the way of laughing, with his
Dad's blue stare.

If it's a girl, I hope she's small and
slim,
(I'd call her "Mary Eleanor" and
make her things),
With velvet eyes and lashes that curl
up,
And hair the color of gold wedding
rings.

"Which would you rather have?" folks
smiling ask,
A girl, a little boy, a daughter,
son. . . .

I think and think and never can decide,
Except I'd rather have who wants
to come.

"The other day a neighbor loaned me five back numbers of Kitchen-Klatter, and after my husband had read several articles he said that he thought I had better send in my subscription, so here it is. I hope I never miss a number in the future."—Mrs. George Simmerman, Rt. 1, Riverton, Iowa.



A street scene in Bermuda near Ted's home.

Roll film developed and
printed, 30¢ per roll, post-
paid.

VERNESS STUDIO
Shenandoah, Iowa



FOR THE CHILDREN

THUMBLETY-BUMBLETY ELF ON A JUNE DAY

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety-Bumblety Elf came hopping out of the door of his hollow log home, his rose petal leaf hat sat cockily on the side of his head. His white daisy shirt and his blue violet pants were spotlessly clean and as bright as the June day.

The Thumblety-Bumblety Elf had had his breakfast and was ready for a romp in the soft green grass, a swing on his old grapevine swing or a ride on his swift butterfly airplanes. He liked to do all of these things but he did not like to do them alone. He wanted someone to play with him.

He stood on his tiny doorstep and whistled a little tune through his teeth while he thought of all his friends. There was Terry Tumble-bug but he had said he was going to the Far Pasture today. There was Jimmy Junebug but he was sure to be sleeping from being out so late last night. Larry Lightningbug would be asleep too.

While he was still wondering if he knew anyone who *did* have time to play, Mr. Robert O. Robin came flying by and stopped on the ground in front of the Thumblety-Bumblety Elf.

"Good morning, Thumblety, what are you doing today?" asked Mr. Robert O. Robin.

"I'm trying to think of someone with time enough to play with me."

"To play with you! Don't you have any work to do?"

"No, I don't. I cleaned my house and washed my dishes and made my bed and I'm ready to play. Are you busy?" the Thumblety-Bumblety Elf asked hopefully.

"Of course I'm busy! Four wide yellow mouths open and squalling every time I fly home! Those babies of mine are growing so fast that Mrs. Robin and I can hardly keep them fed when we work very minute. Why, I never have time to sit on a rail and say 'Cheer-lee, cheer-lee'. I just have to keep hunting bugs and worms."

That was the truth. All of the time Mr. Robert O. Robin was talking he was looking for worms. He hopped this way and he hopped that way with his head cocked first on this side and then on that side. But he hadn't found a single worm.

The Thumblety-Bumblety Elf began to chuckle.

"Right behind you is a big fat cut worm," he said laughing.

Mr. Robin grabbed it up quickly and flew away. It could be that his mother had told him it wasn't nice to talk with his mouth full. And it could be he was afraid he might lose the worm. Anyway he didn't say "Thank you."

Not right then, but in a little bit he flew back and said, "Thank you, Thumblety-Bumblety Elf. I am glad to have a little help with such a big job."

"You are welcome, Mr. Robin. I'm glad that I could help you—that's what friends are for!"

And to prove it, the Thumblety-Bumblety Elf spent the rest of the morning helping Mr. Robert O. Robin hunt food for his babies.

When the sun was nearly overhead Mr. Robin said, "Hop on my back and we will go eat our own dinner."

The Thumblety-Bumblety Elf thought of all the bugs and worms Mr. Robert O. Robin had carried home and was about to say "No, thank you." Mr. Robin saw the look on his face and began to laugh.

"Come on, come on," he said, hopping up closer to the little elf man. "I know where there are trees of cherries and mulberries, a feast just fit for an elf and a robin."

The Thumblety-Bumblety Elf climbed carefully on Mr. Robin's back and away they flew, right to their dinner.

Perhaps if you look they are in your cherry tree!

A GOOD GAME

Choose up sides and give each leader a catsup bottle, or some bottle similar. Pass out five matches to each person in the game. The leaders put one match on the top of the bottle crosswise and then pass it on. The next person puts another match on and passes it on. When it reaches the foot, start back and see how many matches can be laid on without spilling. If you spill some, pass the bottle on with whatever remains, plus your new addition and see which side uses up their matches first.—Sent by Mrs. Alvin Hoppock, Farragut, Iowa.

FIVE LITTLE PONIES

Old Dobbin and Nobbin and Bobbin and Robin and Blue,
Were five little ponies without any shoe.

A little white stocking on each little foot,

But nary a shoe wherever you look.

At first they go fast

And then they go slow,

They carry their master wherever they go,

At last, tired and hungry, they come home to rest,

For that is the place they all love the best.

—Vera Honnold,
Winterset, Ia.

Write to me some time this summer. Tell me what you are doing during vacation.

RIDDLES

1. What is always behind time? Ans. Back of the clock.—Helen Louis Wohllaib, New Virginia, Ia.

2. If a poker, shovel and tongs cost \$5.50, what will a ton of coal come to? Ans. Ashes.

Lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its roots upward? Ans. An icicle.—Mary Ann Ahart, Rt. 3, Ames, Ia.

3. What is the difference between a pie and a pair of pants? Ans. A pie must be made before it is cut, and a pair of pants must be cut before it is made.

A rabbit, a toad, a skunk and a duck wanted to go to the circus, but the admission was a dollar so only three animals could go in. Do you know why? Ans. The rabbit had four quarters, the toad had a "greenback", the duck had a bill, but the poor skunk had only a scent (cent).—Mary Lou Braye, Rt. 1, Tama, Ia.

4. What animal took the most luggage into the ark, and which took the least? Ans. The elephant took his trunk, but the fox and the rooster had only a brush and a comb.—Larry Lee Kerns, Osborn, Mo.

5. Why is a rabbit's nose shiney? Ans. His powder puff is at the end.—Leila Hansen, Rt. 2, Ex.

6. What has a head but can't? Ans. A match. What has teeth cannot bite? Ans. A saw.—Jack Kenneth Neilsen, Newell, Ia.

7. If the alphabet were going to a party when would the last six letters start? Ans. After T.

DADDY

I know a certain Daddy
Who's the best that there can be;
You'll never find a nicer Daddy
On the land or on the sea.

He's the straightest, handsomest Daddy,

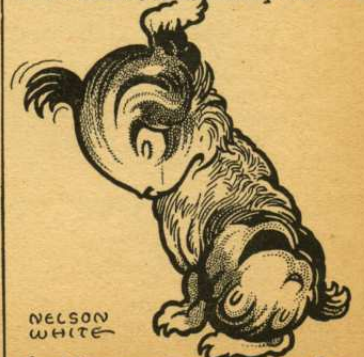
And tall! Well, he's six-foot, three,
Now, here's the best part of all—
This Daddy belongs to me!

—Charlene Wonch,
Edmore, Mich.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES
WRITTEN BY NELSON WHITE

This puppy feels so sad and glum,
His joyful air is lagging—
But when we turn him upside down



NELSON
WHITE

He jumps—with tail a-wagging.

"Little Ads"

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

ONNETS that can't blow off, also bibs. Light or dark print, only \$1.00 each. Ernest Marcum, Center, Kentucky.

CLOTHES: Batiste dresses, \$1.75, slips, kimono, 75¢. Toeless slippers, yarn pearl cotton, \$1.00. Edith Moran, Wood, Iowa.

SALE: American Eskimo (Spitz) Manx Terrier, Pomeranian and Boston Tail pups. Write for prices, state ad and sex wanted. Craven's Kennel on Highway No. 6, Menlo, Iowa.

PAY 10¢ each for any TB Seals of any year prior to 1918. Mrs. H. E. Dunlop, Beaver, Iowa.

WOVEN POT HOLDERS, choice of colors, 3 pair for \$1.00. Mrs. Anna M. He, 2954 Apple Street, Lincoln, Neb.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, flower garden or rick-rack made of Knit-Cro-Sheen, 65¢ each. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, Virginia.

DO LIKE TO HEAR FROM ANYONE who has a Lustré Tea Leaf or old glassware. Grace E. Wilson, 1710 High Street, 2, Nebr.

LE: Fancy bridge or gift aprons; moose heart, diamond, spade shapes. \$2.00 one set of four for \$7.50. Mrs. R. R. R., 1020 Charlotte Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

FEW 15 by 40 embroidered scarfs with hemstitched crocheted edging left, will sell for \$1.50. Dish towels, with design painted in textile paint, 50¢. Crocheted cross bookmarks, 20¢. Mrs. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

SOMETHING NEW: Hand painted lunch cloths with napkins, \$2.25. Pillow tops, shopping bags, \$1.10 each. Print, trimmed, cover aprons, \$1.65. All postpaid. Send self addressed envelope for choice of color and design. Mrs. Howard Spencer, Earlham, Iowa.

WOVEN: Woolen afghan all colors, 48 x 80, \$30.00. Woven in 4 inch blocks. Irene Snedden, 1211 Carroll, Boone, Iowa.

CUNNING BABY BOOTIES, crocheted in pink or blue wool, white trim. Stay on well. \$1.25 each. Mrs. Yale Uridil, 277 18th St., N. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

WENTY-EIGHT CHATTY CHEER NOTES or 36 Little Dear Notes, \$1.00 box. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State Street, Barberton, Ohio.

BUTTONHOLE MAKERS as advertised on radio. Now only 50¢. Postpaid. Complete with directions. Satisfaction or money back. Order from Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FOR ONE DOLLAR I'll send directions for making beautiful rosette pillows, also free gift included. Marvea Johnson, Forest City, Iowa.

HAND KNIT baby soakers in pink, blue, or white, \$2.00. Mrs. Denzel Heise, Box 187, Manson, Iowa.

LET ME TELL sister or brother about the fun our little ones are having up here in the north country, where wild animals live a natural life—no dull moments. \$1.25 brings six weekly letters. Send name, address, and age. Aunt Grace, Box 116, Ponsford, Minnesota.

FOR SALE: "Go to Church" Seals. (Building Fund Project) 100 Seals, \$1.00, (bill) Send to Mrs. Mae Zeigler, Route 2, Gladbrook, Iowa.

HAND CROCHETED BABY SACQUES, in pink, blue, or white, or combination, price \$3.00 each. Baby booties, \$1.25 a pair. Mrs. Alton P. Beach, Route 1, Havensville, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL CHENILLE ORCHID COR-SAGES and chenille flower hair do's for summer. All colors, 65¢ each, two or more, 60¢ each. Freda Poverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Old Coin Collection, 18 pieces, 1833-1732. Write Mrs. W. E. Lance, Mount Airy, Iowa.

CROCHETED AFGHAN: All Wool, different colors, variegated yarn, 54x72, \$35.00. Orders taken for any special color. Rag dolls, \$2.50 and \$4.00. Well made of good material. Doll clothes. Write for prices. Mrs. O. E. McDaniel, Lehigh, Iowa.

FELT LAPEL PIN PATTERNS and special made up kits. Patterns 12 for 25¢. Patty Ann, 2200 Lincoln, Des Moines, Iowa.

PEKINGESE DOGS, (2-ply yarn), pink, blue, white, yellow, red, green, \$1.75 each. Fancy necktie style aprons, \$1.85 each. Mrs. Harry Penland, 427 North Market Street, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

AFRICAN VIOLETS: White Lady, Pink Beauty, Blue Girl, Blue Boy, Ionantha, Orchid Beauty, Neptune, Sailor Boy, \$1.00 each. Blushing Maiden, \$1.50 each. Please do not order less than two plants. Add 25¢ each for packing and postage. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL POMPOM RUGS, 24x36, made of wool yarn, price, \$10.00. Mrs. Elsie Madden, Brighton, Iowa.

PIECED SILK DAVENPORT COVER, 54x72 with decorative stitches, rayon or sateen back, \$12.50. Crib quilt, 36x54 wool filled, one side blue other pink, \$6.00. Request price for any size silk quilt. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. Carl Hartke, Hawley, Minnesota.

PERSONALIZE YOUR CLOTHES with felt applique, 8 South West motifs stamped on felt, Mexican, Cacti, etc., 50¢ set. Wool sweater, 36, black, appliqued with 8 motifs, \$4.00. Other designs and sweaters. Write for information. Baby novelty shoes, stamped on felt, thread and trim, 60¢. Ready made, \$1.10. Size 2, 3, 4. Grace Russell, Route 2, Creswell, Oregon.

FOR SALE: Ladies Jeweled bracelet watch. An old relic. Want \$50.00. Gertrude Custis, 2025 Sixth Street, Perry, Iowa.

LADIES! WRITE YOUR NAME IN RAISED LETTERS in beautiful gold, silver, and copper! Simple instructions. Can be done right in your own home. Ideal for use on Christmas cards and other greeting cards. Now only \$1.00 per kit. First 500 answering this ad each month will receive a free copy of "Advance", a magazine every member of the family will enjoy. Send today to General Mail Service, Box 601, North Platte, Nebraska.

CUTE CLOTHES PIN APRONS, nice for gifts, 85¢ each. Also print pot holders, 25¢ each. Mrs. J. Prewitt, Leroy, Minn.

NEW MENDING TAPE. Just iron it on. Saves hours of tedious mending. Washable, 60¢. Ethel Strayer, 2971 Dudley, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

BEAUTIFUL EVERYDAY ALL OCCASION CARDS, wrapping paper, and correspondence cards, \$1.15 each. Millie J. DeWild, Eddyville, Iowa.

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BOOSTS

"The money enclosed for a year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter was a birthday gift. I was supposed to buy something for myself, but do you suppose I can keep the magazine from the rest of the family? That will be all right, though I will try to read it first!"—Mrs. Joe McMorris, Leon, Ia.

"I am enclosing two dollars for two yearly subscriptions to Kitchen-Klatter, the BEST little magazine in the whole world. I file one copy—am now starting on my 4th book of the magazine. The other copy I send to sick friends in hospitals or otherwise with the Get Well cards I send out, and my, they certainly enjoy them. It seems that every time I look through these books I always find something new even though I have read every one of them from cover to cover when they first came."—Sophia Hass, Galesville, Wisconsin.

THIS IS JUNE TIME

By Wilma Ward Taylor

This month will be full of showers, rice, and weddings. Every girl has dreams and plans for her own wedding, but when it comes to "showers" we can all help. If you are in doubt as to the kind of shower to give, a miscellaneous one always hits the spot, because the bride-to-be will welcome different types of gifts for her new home.

We all like to play games and especially at showers. A nice way to present your games is to make individual booklets containing the games and directions. To make these take half a sheet of 8 to 10 inch pastel construction paper and fold in the center. For the inside sheets fold a sheet of typing paper into fourths and cut, making two double sheets for your games. The games may be typed or written on the typing paper before the booklets are made up. Next staple the booklet together or punch holes near the fold and tie a narrow ribbon through. On the cover the names of the bride and groom may be lettered or paste a wedding sticker in the corner.

Suggested games . . .

These scrambled words all pertain to a wedding. See if you can straighten them out.

1-Issk. 2-Oyheonmon. 3-Ormgo. 4-Igrn. 5-Eloswr. 6-Ktbrafaes. 7-Alart. 8-Cheprae. 9-Iedgwn. 10-Otpeecrin. 11-Celinse. 12-Irdeb.

Answers—

1-Kiss. 2-Honeymoon. 3-Groom. 4-Ring. 5-Flowers. 6-Breakfast. 7-Altar. 8-Preacher. 9-Wedding. 10-Reception. 11-License. 12-Bride.

Identify the following slogans . . .

1—"Pause that Refreshes".
2—"Floods 'O suds for Dishes and Duds".
3—"The Breakfast of Champions".
4—"99&44/100% Pure and it Floats".
5—"Hasn't Scratched Yet".
6—"When It Rains It Pours".
7—"Snap! Crackle! Pop!"
8—"She's Engaged! She's Lovely!"
9—"Look For The Year Mark 1847".
10—"Chases Dirt".

Answers—

1-Coca Cola. 2-Super Suds. 3-Wheaties. 4-Ivory Soap. 5-Bon Ami. 6-Morton Salt. 7-Rice Crispies. 8-Ponds. 9-Roger (silverware). 10-Dutch Cleanser.

Of course you will want to decorate for your party for it always adds so much. For your refreshments it is nice to seat all of your guests at one table so that they may all share the conversation with the bride-to-be. For your center piece, spring flowers and bridal colors will do the trick. Use a medium size crystal bowl filled with pink roses or flowers from your gar-

den and place in the center of your table. Under the bowl place a white scalloped paper napkin. In the corners of the napkin paste small pink hearts cut from construction paper. Follow through with a heart motif on each napkin for the guests. The napkins and construction paper may be purchased at a Variety store, or perhaps you can make use of materials you have on hand.

For the favors, nosegays will prove popular. To make these you will need 4 inch doilies, ribbon, pastel construction paper, and cellophane wrapped candy. Tie the twisted ends of the wrapped candy with white string. Next, cut a circle 1 inch smaller than your doily from the construction paper. Paste this on the back side of your doily. Cut a small hole in the center of the doily and pull the tied ends of the candy through. Pleat the doily up around the candy and tie the end of the nosegay with ribbon. Now you have a replica of the wedding nosegay which will add color to your table and will contain "sweets" as well. Name cards may be tied on with the ribbon if desired.

With our decorations all ready we now need to think about the refreshments. Keeping the occasion and color scheme in mind are important.

Suggested Refreshments . . .

Pink and white heart shaped cakes, ice cream, and coffee.

Strawberry shortcake, mints, nuts, and coffee.

Individual cakes, fruit punch, and assorted candies.

For displaying the gifts, which will be the climax of your party, try this idea. Find that garden sprinkler which may have a leak and isn't ever used and give it a coat of shellac.

Then cover it with gold or silver metallic. You will then have something which can be used for many showers. Hang the sprinkler from the ceiling or from a corner. From the holes of the sprinkler pull through ribbons (made from crepe paper cut in strips) and let each ribbon flow down to the gifts on a table (card table suitable below). The table may be decorated with crepe paper also. This will be a very colorful sight, and I'm sure your guest of honor will be delighted.

TRIBUTE TO FATHER

By Mabel Nair Brown

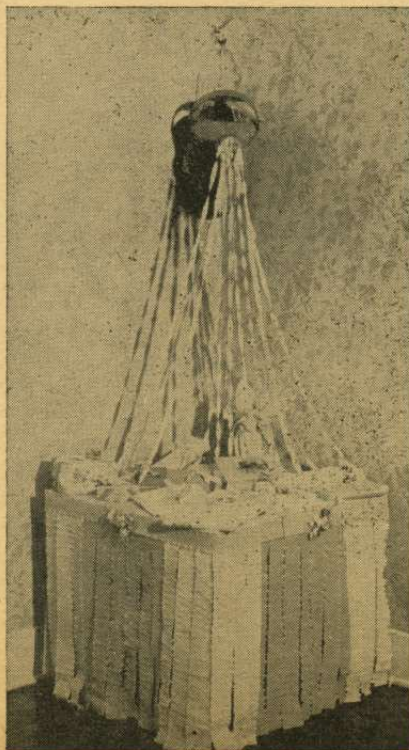
For many years now we have set aside a day in May upon which we pay special tribute to Mother. I thought and word and deed. Recently a Sunday in June has been designated Father's Day, and rightly so. I'm sure many of us were a wee bit embarrassed in our years to have so much attention directed upon them while Dad was so shyly pushed in the background. I knew that she had not created a family life alone; rather, through cooperative teamwork, mutual love that their child has been given a strong sense of security and happiness.

Now she can enjoy her day more knowing when his day comes Father, too, will be showered with the love of his children gathered about him. Perhaps this little prose-poem will be one that your boy will want to copy and give to his Dad with a gift on Father's Day.

Dear Dad, you've often heard a poem or song about the worth of Mother. It seems to me the time has come to talk about another. Not that I don't love my Mom world without end—but say, Dad's right there too 'When a feller needs a friend!' What fun we had, dear Dad and I. Yet I was but a little shaver when he taught me things like right from wrong, and from duty never waver. Dad always had the kindest smile, a special one for me, sort of letting a feller see, you know, on whose side he's going to be! When my boy's world got all 'balled up' and kind of out of hand, he'd smile, suggest, and point the way—like sifting loam from sand.

If I tackled a job and found it too big, and felt I didn't fit, he'd calmly say, "Come on now, Son, what you need is grit! Giving me courage to finish the task I'd started out to do. Later, a friendly shoulder pat meant, "Son, I'm proud of you." I often think how he takes tough things with a smile, seeds the truth through faith and prayer—then walks his rugged mile! Dad's way of life, each day, from morning unto night, is what we mean when oft we quote, 'Justice, truth, and right!'

Then happy day when I go home—say, won't it be just grand to see my Dad's dear smile and clasp his outstretched hand?



For the June bride's shower.

Goodbye until next month.

Leanna and Lucile,