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# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Vol. 12

JULY, 1947

Number 7



H. Armstrong Roberts

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## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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Shenandoah, Iowa



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

It is a lovely Sunday evening, a June evening, and since it is the first really nice bit of weather we've had for a long time I can think of no better way to take note of it than by writing my letter to you.

These past days with their terrible storms have brought a great deal of hardship to many of you friends, I'm sure. As the papers brought their daily stories of floods I thought of all you whose letters carry postmarks from the towns that were mentioned, and we all wished that we could be of help to you in some way. I've never had the experience of seeing my land under water, of losing livestock and equipment, but I can imagine that it is a very discouraging thing to stand by helplessly and watch it. The things that we can put up a fight against never bring quite that same feeling of discouragement, but Man is still pretty helpless in the face of Nature and we come face to face with that fact when rivers and creeks go on a rampage.

I haven't been able to talk with Dorothy this last week, yet I know that they were in the same predicament that so many of you have been in. I suppose that those of you who have lived a good many years on the farm have learned to take things as they come, but for young people first starting out it comes as a hard blow when hopes and plans are knocked to pieces. I guess it's those blows that make us realize we have to put our faith in something bigger than ourselves.

Things have certainly changed for us since the war years when Mart and I were alone with our children scattered all over the face of the globe. Now we have Howard here at home with us, down the alley just a few doors are Lucile, Russell and Juliana, and just a little further on are Wayne and Abigail. Then not more than a mile away, as the crow flies, are Margery and Elmer. This is a great change from the years when all three of our girls lived in California. Dorothy is a hundred and twenty-five miles away, of course, but we get to see her about once a month so she doesn't seem too removed from the family circle.

Wayne and Abigail are extremely busy these days getting their house fixed up. They bought an old prop-

erty that needed extensive work done on it, so both of them pitched right in with paint and ladders. Right now they are just beginning to get underway with it, but as time goes on and they can see what they're accomplishing I'd like to tell you about it. Russell and Lucile said that they knew only too well what they were in for because a year ago they tackled an old house and they realize what it means to do all the work alone. Wayne graduated from the University of Iowa, School of Commerce, in June and has now taken over in the office to help his Dad. This is the first time that Mart has been able to turn over any of the responsibility to someone else, and we are all happy to see him able to take things a little easier.

Margery too has been busy fixing up her apartment. She doesn't get quite as much done in a day as formerly, so everything takes a little longer. Needless to say, we are all very eager for the first week of August to roll around so that we'll see if we have another little granddaughter or grandson. Frederick's and Betty's baby is due just a week before Margery's and Elmer's baby, but you know how those things sometimes go—it might just be that we'd have two grandchildren on the same day! I don't know what kind of a celebration that would call for, but it would surely be something out of the ordinary.

Don is expected home very shortly for his summer vacation. We would like to drive up and get him if the weather is at all nice, because from much experience we know what a quantity of "stuff" college students have to transport back home when school is over for the summer.

In this issue you have the last letter from Ted, written from Bermuda. Since he wrote this letter he has returned to the United States and is now in Ashaway, Rhode Island, where his wife, Betty's parents live. He is out of the Navy and is just plain "Ted" again. (Perhaps for a minister Frederick would sound more dignified.) They will probably make their home in the East and this fall we hope to visit them.

We have a full fledged flyer in the family now. Howard has passed his tests and is getting in the required hours of solo work. He really likes

to fly but hasn't convinced his father and I, that we would prefer it to the family car.

Those of you in my radio audience who also listen to Edith Hansen on her morning program know that their son Don, who is now being cared for in a hospital in Chicago, was home for two weeks recently and hopes to come back for a more extended visit soon. His health is improving and we are all hoping it continues to do so.

I've been able to meet quite a few of you friends who've visited Shenandoah this summer, and hope that I will be able to meet many more before the summer is done. Our house stands on the north side of the street (the address is 201 East Summit—just a block east of the high school), and you won't have any trouble recognizing it because of the cement ramp at the side of the front porch. It's just a big, old-fashioned looking white house, but the door chimes always call out a welcome when you come to see us.

As ever your friend,  
Leanna

### THE NAVY MAN'S RELIGION

A recent letter from Frederick contained this incident:

"I heard a rather good story this week about our Fleet Chaplain Captain Salisbury. It seems that at one of the boot camps during the war all men who professed religion of any kind were forced to attend a Divine Service of their own choosing. When the boots caught on to the fact that they didn't have to go to church if they had no religion, many of them began to claim that they were atheists.

Chaplain Salisbury was called in for consultation when the situation became critical. He was quick to solve the problem. Instead of simply asking each boot, "What is your religion?" the camp chaplains were instructed to ask the following question: "In case of death, are we to notify a Protestant Chaplain, a Jewish Chaplain, a Catholic Chaplain, or the garbage man?" Confronted with that question, practically all of the boots decided that they did have a religion."

### WHAT IS A FRIEND?

What is a friend?

A friend is one who takes you by the hand,  
Who listens to your troubles and who tries to understand,  
Who comforts you in sickness and rejoices in your health,  
And who is always at your side in poverty and wealth.  
Who does not ask for payment or expect the slightest share,  
And who will keep your secret when entrusted to his care.  
A friend is one who really means the praises he presents,  
And criticizes only to promote your competence.  
Who always serves you faithfully and is sincere and true,  
And who would merely like to have the same respect of you.

—James Metcalfe.



# Come into the Garden

## GARDEN FLOWERS FOR BOUQUETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Part I

### THE CUTTING GARDEN

Flowers from the florists run into money these days, and we can't have many if that is our only source of supply. By growing our own we can have them by the armload and fresh every day if we wish. This is not the time of year to be planting seeds or setting out plants for this year's flowers but we can be looking ahead to another year.

Plants will have to be bought that are not practical from seeds, but fortunately many are. Space won't permit a discussion of how or when or where to plant the seeds of various desirable varieties. However, for easiest management their final location should be in a place where they can be planted in rows and tended with a wheel hoe just as the vegetables are. Since they are to be used primarily for cutting, the plot should be located in a sunny but secluded spot where constant picking of blossoms will not mar the general garden scene.

Some flowers are for garden use only—usually lovely or unique in the border, but either too coarse for vases or refusing to "stand up" when cut. Those kinds should not take up space in the cutting garden, and we soon learn which are the best for this purpose.

Have plenty of white-flowering varieties. When we get into color difficulties white will often settle the quarrels. We can count on single and double Babysbreath (*Gypsophila*), Clematis recta—a bush form, not a vine, Sweet Rocket—keep all off colors pulled out and let the white patch contain only white, Platycodon, Peonies in single and double, Iris both bearded and beardless, Shasta Daisies—different varieties to insure a long season of bloom, Tuberoses, Gladiolus—make several plantings, hardy and annual Sweet Peas, China-asters and Lilies.

Blue flowers are always in demand. Nature has lots of them in addition to the great expanse of blue sky for blending and harmony of color. Platycodon, Sweet Rockets, Delphinium Viola, Iris, Corn Flowers, Larkspur, Ageratum, Peachleaf Campanula and Baptisia will furnish the necessary blue including lavender to purple. If properly "hardened" these will be lovely in vases.

Many of those already mentioned come also in other colors just as desirable. We should have plenty of Painted Daisies, Canterbury Bells, Poppies, Pansies, Mums, Roses, Lily-of-the-Valley, hardy Amaryllis, Zinnias including Mexican, Fantasy and others, Penstemons, Coralbells, Dianthus, Scabiosa and Snapdragons. For sunshine bouquets have Marigolds, Isa-



Glaucim poppy and powdered-pink mums make a lovely summer bouquet.

tis, Calendula, Hemerocallis and Nasturtiums.

If we have room for shrubs, they will offer lots of lovely blossoms for picking and also for forcing. What smells sweeter than Lilacs in the house? We will also be able to use Spiraea, Mock Orange, Flowering Almond, Pussy Willow and others. For the earliest vase material we should put out early flowering bulbs such as Tulips, Narcissi of all kinds, Hyacinths and Crocus.

There is always a need for extra foliage. Some of these will require a shady location for best results. Have Hostas with their decorative leaves, Ferns of different kinds, Solomonseal, Filipendula, Glaucim Poppy, Feverfew and Columbine—many's the time I have stolen her foliage for a vase.

## JULY IN THE GARDEN

By

Mary Duncomb

There are times when our gardens in July seem to be veritable battle grounds! We arm ourselves with hoes, weedeaters and spray-guns to wage war against the weeds and insects that assail our flowers and vegetables. At other times we may stand in helpless dismay before the devastation wrought by a hail storm. Or perhaps, dependent entirely upon the clouds for moisture, we must sit by impatiently watching the hot dry winds take their toll of our labors. Even with an adequate watering system it is impossible to go over the entire garden, although many a pail of water is carried, and often uphill at that, to the choicest flowers of the border.

Yet, all in all, July is a lovely, generous month, and there are many flowers upon which drought and hot winds have little effect. Old fashioned tiger lillies and platycodon are both in this category, and no garden within a possible drought area has any business without them. White perennial phlox is lovely planted in this setting of vivid orange and blue, and I am also partial to the double Kwanso, a Hemerocallis very lovely

and adaptable and within the price reach of all.

A very fine-foliaged feathery Artemisia with a sweet fragrance is called by the old-fashioned gardeners Old Man or Southernwood, or by the more romantic, Lad's love. A flower legend has it that where this fragrant shrub grows there is always sweet accord. Be that as it may, its ferny sweetness is just as appropriate in our gardens of today as it was in Grandmother's garden.

As a child I remember two bushes that grew on either side of my own Grandmother's front door. Since it had long ago disappeared I was eager to have it once again on the old farm where I live, now a grandmother myself. A kind friend secured it for me, and now it grows again on the east side of the house almost in the same spot. A modest little bush with no flowers worth mentioning, it depends on its fragrant aroma for the affection it inspires. Its botanical name is Artemisia abrotanum.

With enough rainfall and no setback of heavy spring frosts, July has an abundance of bloom. It is a joy to walk through the garden in early morning to welcome each new flower opening and to bless the old ones. And to all flower lovers, of course, it is a pleasure to have some new interest in gardening. This is why we are anticipating the Hemerocallis and Penstemon show in Shenandoah, for not only will it give joy to those who have the good fortune to be able to attend, but the rest of us back home will have the satisfaction of reading about it in letters and reports. It is always satisfying to meet those with similar interests, so regardless if this meeting is in person or on the printed page it will be a pleasure to compare notes on growing the new Hems.

The Penstemons have thrown down a definite challenge to many of us, and we are growing them from seed as never before hoping to classify them as well as to enjoy them. They have not been known as well in this section as they have deserved to be, but new interest is awakening fast.

To return to a less fascinating but nonetheless important subject, are the cabbage worms working overtime in your garden? Those white moths are an indication that trouble is ahead, so be vigilant in dusting or spraying all the members of the cabbage family this month. It seems to be a never-ending job best done on dewy mornings before the sun gets on the job. If one uses a dusting powder it may be mixed with flour to insure sticking and tied up in a cheesecloth bag. Repeated dustings are necessary.

## BLESSINGS FOR A LETTER

Dear letter, go upon your way,  
O'er mountain, plain, and sea!  
God bless all those who speed your flight,

Where I wish you to be.  
And bless all those beneath the roof  
Where I would bid you rest,  
But bless e'en more the one to whom  
In love you are addressed.

—Sent by Helen Louise Wohllaib,  
New Virginia, Ia.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness  
CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

As I told you last month, our noon meal was interrupted by the sound of a terrific crash at the corner, and when we rushed out we saw that Dad's car was involved. He had just pulled up for the stop-sign (in those days it was the intersection of Summit Avenue and a highway) when a car coming up the hill on the highway went out of control in some fashion, wavered back and forth for a moment, and then crashed straight into Dad's car. If Dad had been the one who lost control of his car it wouldn't have been surprising, considering what he had on his mind that noon, but he was simply standing there peacefully waiting for the other car to pass. The only fortunate thing about the entire affair was that no one was injured in any way. However, our car had never been needed as badly as it was right then, and we were without it for almost six weeks since it had been badly smashed.

Yes, the rest of that day was gloomy!

Frederick once again weathered another stay at the hospital without having the mastoid operation, and by the day after the automobile had been wrecked it was decided that he could return home after another forty-eight hours. If I remember rightly, however, he was still in the hospital when Dorothy returned. Dad borrowed Uncle Fred Fisher's car to drive to Omaha when she arrived on an early morning train, and never, never will I forget the hours that Mother and I waited for them to come in. We hardly knew what to expect and finally had ourselves imagining that Dad might have to carry her in from the car, so it was a vast relief when they arrived and we saw that Dorothy could walk in on her own two feet. She was terribly thin (the new coat purchased during Christmas vacation hung on her like the proverbial sack), but aside from this she looked well enough to bear out the well known fact that tuberculosis is a treacherous disease because the victim doesn't show any outward symptoms in the early stages.

After careful examinations our two local doctors decided that she would make a more rapid recovery at home than in a sanatorium among strangers, so the upstairs of our house had some remodeling done to accommodate the new demands made upon it. A large sleeping porch was built on the east side with exposures on the south, east and north, and a new bathroom was made by combining two large closets. This meant that new closets were cut for the rooms that had lost their old ones, and at the same time a linen closet was made in the upstairs hall. If such an emergency arose in these days I've no idea just what one would do, but back in those days it was possible to get carpenters and painters and plumbers without delay, so in a very short time the changes had been made and Dorothy

moved on to the sleeping porch.

Of course it seemed to Dorothy that when the doctors said six months in bed she would never, never get up again—six months stretched ahead like a veritable eternity of time. Yet she says today that those months went very swiftly, and so they did, everything considered. A radio was beside her bed, she had books and magazines galore, and all of her friends were wonderfully good about coming to see her. One remarkably faithful friend, a girl who is now chief surgical nurse in one of the largest Chicago hospitals, never missed one single day in visiting her during the entire six months. Of course Mother couldn't go up and down the stairs every time the notion struck her, but she did get up there in the afternoons when her broadcast was completed, and always stayed until supper time.

Fixing appetizing trays was the biggest problem for Mother and me. Dorothy's appetite had never been robust, and it was a struggle for her to consume the quantities of food that are needed in such illness. We racked our brains to think of new ways to prepare eggs, cream and milk, to fix up her tray with different dishes and flowers. Over a period of six months this is a problem to stump the most fertile minds.

In late August of that summer I went to Chicago hoping to enter the University of Chicago as a junior in the English department, but when I arrived at the campus and saw how complicated it would be to try and get to my classes in widely separated buildings, I decided that it would be too difficult and returned to Shenandoah. In just the short time that I was gone I found a great improvement in Dorothy's condition, and it was apparent to everyone that she would be out of bed before much more time passed. The x-rays confirmed our feeling that she was making a rapid recovery, and by October she was permitted to get up and take her first ride. At first she was only up a short time every day, but gradually her doctors increased the time she could be up and by Christmas she was putting in a full day downstairs. For the next year she had to be very careful about getting a great deal of sleep and not exercising too hard, but by the time she was ready to take a newspaper job here in Shenandoah the following summer she looked as healthy as the day was long and had made a complete recovery.

A couple of years later I used the fact that Dorothy had to be bedfast for six months as the basis for a short story titled "For My Sister." Although this story was written in the first person and sounded overwhelmingly authentic, the only factual thing about it was that my sister actually was ill and confined to her bed. I mention this as an example of the way a writer sifts through facts and chooses only those to illumine the story, while his creative imagination supplies the bulk of the details. This story was included in the O'Henry Volume of Prize Stories, 1936, and it gave me a great thrill to see it for

the first time at the Union station in Chicago when I was waiting for a train. However, I didn't realize until then that readers assume any story written in the first person is unquestionably authentic, for I met new acquaintances after that book was published who expressed sympathy because my sister had died! Dorothy was always amused by this, as well she might be.

But to return to the main thread of our story, I must mention the fact that the autumn and winter of 1931-32 was a tranquil time after all of the disaster that had been crammed into a few weeks in 1931. Frederick was a high school student, a sophomore, I believe, and in good health after his long slege in the spring. The only permanent difficulty that he suffered was his inability ever again to play the French horn, an instrument on which he had made considerable progress before his illness. However, this still left Wayne tooting away on a horn, and it wasn't long before Donald blasted many an hour with his piccolo, so from the viewpoint of the family it wasn't a genuine tragedy that Frederick had left the band division.

I was the only person away from home that winter, for I put in the year at the Northwest State Teachers College in Maryville, Missouri. When I enrolled there I thought that I might like to teach, but after my term of practice teaching (8th grade history) I decided that it didn't appeal to me as a permanent profession. Consequently I returned to Shenandoah in May without any definite plans, but by July I had determined to go to Minneapolis to live. Certainly I didn't realize then that the pattern of my future years was stamped by my decision to go to Minneapolis, but that's the way it turned out. The circumstances that sent me to Minnesota were so out of the ordinary that Mother insists I take time to tell you about them, so this is the story of those events.

One afternoon in the late summer of 1931 I had gone to the library to get a fresh collection of books, and while I was there I picked up the current Scribners that had just arrived. This magazine is now extinct, unfortunately, but at that time it was one of the most stimulating and interesting periodicals published, and I always enjoyed it a great deal. In that issue I noticed that the two prize-winning essays in a contest titled "Life in the United States" were included, and one of them was a remarkably brilliant piece of writing under the title, "Corn Village." It was written by Meridel LeSueur, a name I had never heard before.

### REVELATION

Into a dimly lighted church

Today I strayed;

And there, among an unknown throng,

I humbly prayed that I

Might find the strength to carry on;

And lo, the sorrow in my

Heart became a song.

—Alice Whitson Norton.



## YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

Of all the hobbies one can have in this world, it is doubtful if anything gives more lasting satisfaction and pleasure than taking pictures of people and places that are dear to you. Surely the small amount of money involved gives returns far beyond our ability to measure in dollars and cents. People speak of their pictures as being priceless—and they are exactly that. There is scarcely a family that doesn't have a collection of snapshots and photographs that they consider treasured possessions, and when people are unfortunate enough to lose their homes by a disaster of some kind you'll find that they mourn the loss of their pictures long after they've forgotten other things that were destroyed.

It's because we treasure these pictures so highly that it is important to know how to avoid disappointments in taking them. There are a number of tried and true rules that will enable you to turn out good pictures time after time if you follow them, and that is why I want to give you suggestions from month to month. Nothing can give you so much joy as a successful series of snapshots, and by the same token nothing can give you such a sharp sense of disappointment as to see your efforts come to nothing. It's worth a considerable amount of time and energy to avoid the latter, so I'd like to do what I can to help you.

At the present time the market is flooded with surplus film and photographic products turned out by manufacturers who have been unknown until recent months. Now the bulk of this surplus film is satisfactory for high speed press cameras and aerial cameras, but it's no good for box or folding cameras—and that's the kind most people use. I've processed a great of this film and in my experience I've never yet found eight good exposures on a roll. This means that the person who took the pictures is due for a real disappointment when he receives his finished prints.

In my studio I have tried various film—some has cost more and some has cost less than the standard brands, and without exception I have found that all of these brands have proven to be unsatisfactory. Because of this I use only film that carries the standard trade names familiar to everyone, and I strongly advise that you do the same to avoid disappointments.

Not long ago I processed a roll of film taken of a family group, and some of the people in the group had come from far points of the country for that reunion. It was a case where the pictures could not be duplicated, and because of this I felt badly that an obscure film had been used, and that the pictures did not turn out at all well. So, in short, stick to the standard brands always if the pictures you're taking mean something to you.

The same thing is true of post-war cameras. At the present time the



Juliana appeared as a teddy-bear in a spring dance recital—her costume was bright yellow trimmed with red.

market is flooded with so-called candid cameras that use 127 roll film. The genuine candid camera was developed in Europe before the war, and it was called the candid camera because it was small, had a fast shutter and lens, and did excellent work under adverse lighting conditions. These cameras were very expensive, and they have nothing in common with the cameras that are being sold today as candid cameras.

If you need a camera at the present time I would suggest that you borrow one until you can get a good box or folding camera produced by a well known firm. Then you won't have the experience of a woman who called at the studio the other day to see what was the matter with her new camera—she couldn't get any pictures with it. The explanation was simple enough—her camera didn't have a lens!

Next month I want to give you some pointers on handling your film and on keeping your negatives in good condition.

## A FRIEND

"Thy friend will come to thee unsought,

With nothing can his love be bought,  
His soul thine own will know at sight,  
With him thy heart can speak outright.

Greet him nobly, love him well,  
Show him where your best thoughts dwell;

Trust him greatly and for aye;  
A true friend comes but once your way."

—Sent by Verna Harris,  
Spirit Lake, Ia.

ROLL Film developed and printed, 30¢  
per roll, postpaid.

VERNESS STUDIO  
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

## THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

Hot summer afternoons call for a hammock, a cooling drink and a book that almost reads itself without demanding too much concentration from the reader.

If you like love stories, you'll enjoy *MRS. MIKE* by Benedict and Nancy Freedman. Kathy—Mrs. Mike—is the Boston-bred sixteen-year-old who marries Sergeant Mike Flannigan of the Northwest Mounties. Together they go into the Canadian wilderness to experience some terror and much tenderness and delight. The story is full of suspense and a quiet humor; it's a natural for the movies, and it's a tale based on fact.

If you haven't yet read that much-publicized "back-to-the-woods" story, *THE EGG AND I*, it's as entertaining as when it first appeared. People who have seen the movie report that the picture is no substitute for the book since some of the most memorable scenes are omitted.

For those who enjoy adventure, Hartzell Spence spent three and one-half years gathering material that forms the background of *VAIN SHADOW*, the story of the discovery of the Amazon River by Orellana.

This Spanish conquistador braved the hardships of the jungle in his search for gold; he was a man of ambition, of courage, who dreamed of an ideal colony in the new world.

*GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT* by Laura Z. Hobson can be read easily, swiftly, and leave you with much to think about. It's the story of a writer, assigned to do a series of articles on anti-Semitism, who lives for a period of time as a Jew. The reader very quickly identifies himself with the reporter, and the little, as well as the big, cruelties of our society become real and vivid. One closes the book wondering about the attitudes that perfectly "nice" people may be passing on to their children.

You'll also find it difficult to lay aside Lenore McCall's *BETWEEN US AND THE DARK*, which relates one woman's thoughts and reactions during a period of mental illness. You will rejoice when she finds her way out of the "darkness" and will have a new understanding of the modern methods of treating the mentally sick.

A book which can be read in snatches is Homer Croy's *CORN COUNTRY*, of especial interest to this area. It contains a mixture of facts and folklore: how Le Mars and Primghar, Iowa, as well as many other towns, got their names; how Dvorak happened to spend some time in Spillville; where Abraham Lincoln once had an Iowa farm; how Scotty Philip's South Dakota buffalo defeated a Mexican bull; why John Davis built the monuments, so frequently described since his death last spring, in Hiawatha, Kansas; what the farmers think of radio station KMA. The Maryville, Missouri, author has tied together many odds and ends and you will undoubtedly recognize the names of people and places familiar to you...including our friend, Leanna.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I don't know if any of you have ever pushed the breakfast dishes aside to sit down and write a letter at the dining room table, but if you have done that you know how I feel this morning. Ordinarily I have only two eyes, but this morning I have four—the extra two are focussed on the front and back doors because something in my bones warns me that I'm sure to be caught. I learned long ago that you can bustle around and have everything in beautiful order six mornings out of seven, but the seventh morning—oh my! everyone who failed to turn up during the six days takes that exact moment to run in.

It reminds me of what happened when Juliana was a baby five months old. Because she was my first baby and the great pride and joy of my life I spent endless hours dressing her and undressing her—and of course this led to equally endless hours over the laundry tubs and ironing board. Every morning when I had her freshly rigged up in a fancy dress and a lovely sweater with matching booties I used to sigh and wish that someone, just someone (including the milk man) could see her and appreciate her appearance! We didn't have the kind of friends in Hollywood who just dropped in, so for weeks on end she looked simply delectable without anyone else to marvel at such an immaculate infant.

And then what happened? Well, I'll tell you what happened because I've never gotten over it! It was a July afternoon, a Saturday afternoon, and I'd been terribly busy all day cleaning house, preparing food for a picnic, running up and down to see if I could help Dorothy figure out what kept Kristin wailing constantly, and trying to finish an ironing between these different demands. When Juliana awakened from her afternoon nap I decided for the first time that I wouldn't dress her—she could just wear her diaper and shirt. Then I gave her orange juice and it spilled on the shirt and I thought to myself that it could just spill—no one ever saw her anyway. Furthermore, I decided that I wouldn't put a fresh blanket down on the floor for her to lie on—I'd just get one that was waiting to be washed. So there she was, dirty shirt, dirty blanket, stretched out on the floor playing with her toes and looking all in all like a neglected child.

Yes, you're right—the doorbell rang. I thought that probably it was the paper boy coming to collect so I went to the door in a dirty apron and opened it only to find the five women with whom I'd worked in a Los Angeles office the year before. There they stood in their beautiful clothes, gloves in hand, smiles on faces, with the announcement that they'd all had lunch together down town after the office closed at noon so that they could take a cab the fifteen miles to make their formal call on Juliana. MY!

I can begin to feel my temperature soar right now at the memory of it.



This is where Russell, Juliana and I live.

All of those months I had had visions of showing off my baby, of wheeling her into the room in her lovely bassinet, everything snowy white, everything immaculate, myself the fresh-looking mother—and there they found us in the worst possible state. I still do not understand the combination of circumstances that gives rise to such fatal disappointments. Why is it that no human eye but your own ever sees your child, your house or yourself when you're in beautiful condition and prepared to entertain the rulers of an empire? If anyone can answer this I'll be happy.

Since I wrote to you we've had the pleasure of entertaining Russell's family. They drove down from Minneapolis to spend a weekend with us and we had a thoroughly delightful time. On Friday evening we stretched our table out to the limit and Mother and Dad joined us for a real family party. It gave me a great glow of satisfaction to look down that long table with its white linen cloth, small copper bowls filled with pansies, and lighted candles, and see our families seated around it. Russell and I used to say that one of the things we didn't like about rearing Juliana in California was the fact that she couldn't have the experience of family gatherings and would never have the opportunity to know her grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. I remembered that when I looked around the table and realized that she would have an entire storehouse of happy family memories to draw upon when she is grown.

I don't want to take space here to tell you what we had to eat on Friday evening and Saturday evening, but if you will turn to the recipe page you will find the menus. Perhaps I'm just fortunate because I love to cook. However, I don't know of anything that gives me more solid satisfaction than turning out a good meal for a crowd. I think that it's really gratifying to see the table nicely set for company, to take in bowls and platters of food that it's been a joy to prepare. It's funny too how all of the cleaning up and the stacks of dishes doesn't seem quite such a chore when everyone has enjoyed the dinner!

Every morning these past two weeks I've had to scurry around and get Juliana ready for Bible School. Promptly at 8:30 her two friends, Jane and Roger Van Buskirk, stop by

for her, and of course I have to stand on the front porch and watch the three of them start skipping off down our long hill. Juliana is very proud that she is a "student", as she calls herself, and somehow this experience of going to school seemed to make her grow up over night. She cannot start to kindergarten in the fall because she won't be five until February, 1948, and it will be difficult to make her understand why she is old enough for one school but not old enough for another school.

The other morning I came into the room where she was sitting quietly while she carried on a conversation with some imaginary person, and at the questioning look on my face she said, "I'm just talking with God, mother." She has learned a nice little verse of thanks that she likes to say before meals, so you see she is growing up.

It certainly is grand to have other members of the family coming back here to live. Wayne and Abigail are only about two short blocks away (if we take a cut through the alley) but such a busy street lies between us that Juliana cannot go there unaccompanied. Margery and Elmer are down on the other side of town, but of course in a town this size no "other side" can be very distant. One of these days we must get Juliana's bassinet from the attic in Clarinda where it has been stored and start with fresh trimmings for Margery's baby. It will certainly call back winter days in Hollywood when I tackle that bassinet again! Juliana can scarcely wait for us to get at this job—she is always spotting things in stores down town that she thinks Aunt Margery's baby could get "a lot of good" from. And she has assured me at least a hundred times that she'll be very glad to go and take care of the baby when Aunt Margery has to do her shopping. If Margery had remained in California, Juliana would have missed one of the great thrills of her life.

A month ago I realized with panic that I hadn't made a single sun suit or pair of summer pajamas, but unless we have a drastic change of weather overnight I'll have plenty of time to get that sewing done. Outing flannel pajamas still feel good at night, and I'm sure that Juliana hasn't been outdoors without a sweater more than a dozen times all told. This weather reminds us of nothing so much as August in San Francisco!

Well, believe it or not, I've actually gotten this letter written without a single soul turning up at the door. The fates were good to me this morning, and now if they'll just hover near why I reheat the coffee and pour myself a cup . . . goodbye until next month.

—Lucile.

"I am sending my check to cover my renewal. For Kitchen-Klatter is something that I enjoy far too much to do without. It has given me a great deal of help and pleasure."—Mrs. Helen M. Hoyt, Hunstville, Ill.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmire

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. QUES: Please tell me what to do about this, Leanna. In August my brother and his wife and my husband, myself and three-year old boy are going to a lake in Wisconsin for two weeks. Both my husband and brother have told me a number of times that Tommy, our little boy, is going to be taken in the water no matter if he enjoys it or not, and they give as their reason the fact (according to them) that all children should be accustomed to the water at an early age for their own good. He has never enjoyed even splashing in puddles and I actually dread this vacation. Perhaps I'm wrong, so will you please tell me what you think?"—Mo.

ANS: No child should ever, under any circumstances, be forced into the water against his will. Lifelong fear of water results from this—it does not get the child into a frame of mind where he loves to swim or even go boating. I've seen little children screaming in terror on beaches while misguided parents forced them to get into the water, and I've always thought that it was genuine cruelty of the worst kind. Unless you can extract from them a promise to leave the child alone (after a quiet discussion of the matter) you'd be happier to remain at home. Otherwise the vacation will be ruined for you and your little boy.

2. QUES: "I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me what you think about the amount of help that should be expected from children during the summer months. We have a son aged twelve and two daughters, fourteen and ten, and I always dread these vacation months because I feel that they should do certain chores, but it takes endless nagging and reminding to get them to do anything whatsoever. I've noticed that other parents have more or less given up trying to get help from them, and several mothers have told me that it just isn't worth the trouble, but I don't feel that this is doing the child any good."—Iowa.

ANS: This letter is typical of fully twenty-five other letters that have reached my desk the past month, so it is plain to be seen that a good many others are concerned about the same problem. For that reason I think I shall take more space than is customary in expressing my opinion of the subject.

The question of how many duties a child should be held responsible for all comes back to one big fundamental fact: is your home managed on the basis of complete cooperation from the oldest to the youngest, or is it managed on the basis that Mother and Dad give orders and the children march to obey? If it is the latter, you will always and forever have trouble getting any of your children

to work cheerfully and willingly—they will constantly stall and object and devise countless ways for escaping from their duties. The work that they manage to accomplish in such frame of mind is done at such a cost to your own nerves and good nature that it truly is hardly "worth the trouble" as so many mothers say.

We need to remember all of the time that more than anything in the world children want to feel that they are loved and belong completely within the family group. If they know from their earliest days that they are needed and wanted they are pathetically eager to help, to do their share. That is why it is so important to summon the patience that it takes when they are learning and having many accidents in the process. If we don't nip their enthusiastic eagerness in the bud we have fought half of the battle right there—they will continue to be enthusiastic when they are older and can give us genuine assistance.

Let the children manage your home right along at your side. Instead of issuing flat orders for Mary to do so-and-so, for Dick to get such-and-such a task done, take time to sit down with them and go over the different work that is required day in and day out to keep their home and yard in an attractive condition. Don't complain constantly that you have too much to do and that they simply must help you with this mountain of work. Lead them to see clearly for themselves what must be done—if they have normal intelligence it follows that they will also see why you cannot accomplish it alone and why their assistance is invaluable to you.

Making them feel that they are working for the good of every member of the family is your first big step. The second step is to give them as much freedom of choice as possible in the work that they do. Please remember that every human being appreciates variety and change of occupation. Don't ask Margaret to wash the dishes three times a day all summer long. Make her feel that she has other wonderful qualities aside from being a mechanical dishwashing machine. Let her do the cooking one week (I'm talking now about your daughter fourteen, although girls much younger can do a creditable job on plain dishes) and you may take over the dishes yourself. Let Eleanor take over more of the cleaning than just the never-ending dusting she has been doing. Don't put them down at the ironing board with the same old pieces week in and week out. Let them iron what they please on the complicated things—otherwise how will they ever progress beyond the flatwork?

With growing boys it is always a



Juliana and Kristin listening intently to a story.

temptation to give them flat orders to weed the garden and take care of the lawn, but this summer see if you don't get better results by taking turn about—let their Dad mow the grass one week, and let the boy do it the next week. Perhaps you feel that it isn't right to "let the boy off" from this job every other week, but remember that he needs to feel that other members of the family are interested in his mowing and weeding, and what better way to prove this than to take turns with his Dad? In other words, he hasn't been delegated a job that Dad doesn't want to do, but he has been delegated a job that Dad is glad to share with him because the family wants the yard to look nice—other members aren't too busy to give him a hand in his department, to let him know that they realize it is a big job.

Every person who observes human nature knows that we do best what we enjoy doing.

Make it possible for them to enjoy, truly enjoy, the work that they do. Make them feel that their efforts are valuable and appreciated by all members of the family. Establish a goal to work towards in which they will gain pleasure—don't threaten them with punishment unless the work isn't done. Find as much to praise as you possibly can. The old adage about flies, honey and vinegar certainly holds true where children and work are concerned. Avoid finding fault and be sparing of your suggestions once the job is started.

This brings us back once again to the specific question: how much work do you think we should expect of our children? Well, under the conditions that I've just written about I would say that you can expect a great deal of children and in turn you will get a great deal cheerfully and willingly. There is nothing that a child won't be glad to attempt if he feels that his efforts are truly needed and appreciated.





### REFRIGERATOR ICE CREAM

- 2 cups heavy cream
- 2 whole eggs
- 1 cup light corn sirup

Beat cream until stiff. Then beat in the two eggs which have been whipped for a couple of minutes (do not whip whites separately). Lastly beat in corn sirup. Use dark corn sirup if you want a cream with caramel taste. Add 1 tsp. vanilla or any flavoring you prefer. Turn into tray and freeze until mixture has started to thicken. Remove and stir to keep corn sirup from separating; then continue freezing. This is a very rich ice cream and only a small amount should be served with cake or cookies. No trace of crystals in it—just a smooth, rich ice cream.—Lucile.

### LUCILE'S WHITE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites

Cream butter with half of the sugar until mixture is like whipped cream. Sift together flour (measured after sifting), baking powder and salt at least three times. Add about 1/3 cup flour to the creamed butter and sugar, then add small amount of water. Continue alternating flour and water until all is used. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Then add remainder of sugar to the egg whites, and lastly fold egg whites into cake. I bake this batter in two average-sized layer pans in a 350 degree oven for approximately 30 minutes. If these amounts are measured carefully and all instructions followed with care, you should have a beautifully textured white cake.

### SUGARLESS DRIED FRUIT CANDY

- 2 cups fruit (equal parts of any two or more fruits)

- 1 cup nuts
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup dry flake cereal
- 1/4 cup honey

Grind dried fruit. Chop nuts fine. Mix with honey and salt. Pat out in a flat sheet and pack under an iron weight for twenty-four hours. Cut in squares or oblong, and dust with crushed flake cereal. Grated orange or lemon rind may be ground in for variation.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

- 1 rennet tablet
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 1 1/2 cups light cream or top milk
- 1/2 cup light corn sirup
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup crushed strawberries

Dissolve rennet tablet by crushing in the cold water. Combine cream, sirup and sugar. Heat slowly until comfortably warm, not hot (this is important). Remove from heat. Add dissolved rennet tablet; stir quickly for a few seconds only. Pour into refrigerator tray; let stand at room temperature until set, about 10 minutes. Freeze firm. Break in chunks with wooden spoon. Turn into chilled bowl. Beat fluffy-smooth with electric or rotary beater. Stir in strawberries. Return quickly to cold tray and freeze until firm. Turn into chilled bowl once again, beat until smooth and finish freezing.—Mrs. M. J., Minneapolis, Minn.

### PINEAPPLE SALAD DRESSING

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 4 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Juice of 1 orange
- 1 cup pineapple sirup
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 2 3-oz. packages cream cheese

Mix dry ingredients; add fruit juices and sirup; blend. Cook in double boiler 20 minutes; stir constantly. Slowly stir into eggs. Cook 5 minutes; stir constantly. Cool. Soften cream cheese and beat into cooked mixture. Chill. Makes 2 cups.—Mrs. Z. F., Shenandoah, Ia.

### SUMMERTIME PUNCH

(Perfect for that porch party)

- 4 cups boiling water
- 4 tsp. orange pekoe tea
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups orange juice
- 1 qt. mild ginger ale

Pour fresh, boiling water over tea; cover, steep 5 minutes. Strain; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add fruit juices. Chill. Add ginger ale. Pour over ice cubes. Makes 2 quarts.—Mrs. M. R., Seward, Nebr.

Please send us your favorite recipes and kitchen short cuts.

### QUICK CHOP SUEY

- 1 12-oz. can pork-ham luncheon meat
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups bite-sized celery pieces
- 1 cup sliced onion
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup water

Cut meat in thin strips; brown lightly in small amount hot fat. Add 1 cup water, celery, and onions. Cover. Simmer 15 minutes. Season. Blend cornstarch with 3/4 cup water. Gradually stir into hot mixture. Cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Serve over fluffy rice or crisp, hot chow mein noodles. Serves 4 to 5 and is an excellent, quickly prepared main dish for a hot summer night when the family needs one warm dish in contrast to cold food served during the day.—Mrs. J. J., Boone, Ia.

### FLOWER GARDEN CAKE

- 6 beaten egg yolks
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 cup water
- 6 stiff-beaten egg whites
- 3/4 cup sugar

1 large angel food cake  
Make custard of egg yolks, 3/4 cup sugar, lemon juice, and peel. Cook over hot, not boiling, water until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat; add gelatine, softened in cold water. Fold in egg whites beaten with remaining 3/4 cup sugar. Tear angel food cake in bite-sized pieces; place in angel food cake pan, oiled with salad oil. Pour custard over. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 10 to 12. A very elegant dessert and unusual enough to surprise everyone.—Mrs. C. G., Emerson, Ia.

### TOMATO ASPIC RING

- 2 cups fresh-cooked or canned tomatoes
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatine

Combine tomatoes, onion, bay leaf and seasonings. Simmer 10 minutes; strain. Add vinegar and enough water to make 2 cups juice. Add gelatine; stir until dissolved. Chill until firm in oiled individual ring molds, or double this recipe for large ring mold. Unmold on crisp greens. Very nice to serve on hot evening with large bowl of potato salad and cold sliced meat.—Mrs. F. B., St. Mary's, Kans.

"I have filed many copies of Kitchen-Klatter in a loose-leaf notebook, and when some of my friends are ill I send the notebook over to help them pass the time. You know, Leanna, it's just like a scrap book—one never tires of the copies, be they old or new. I read them over and over again."—Mrs. Richard Moorhead, Sabetha, Kansas.



## MY LOT!

Shall I complain at only bread,  
 With others hungry and unfed?  
 Or shall I dare to envy wealth  
 When God has granted me good  
 health?  
 Or fret because my house is small,  
 When others have no home at all?  
 —Sent by a friend in  
 Topeka, Kansas.

## LEMON CUPS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 5 Tbls. lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter (melted)
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine sugar, flour, salt and butter. Add lemon juice and rind and add to beaten yolks and milk. Mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into greased custard cups. Bake in pan of hot water in 325 degree oven for 45 minutes. When baked, each dessert will have a custard on the bottom and sponge cake on top. Remove from cups by running knife around sides and invert on serving plate. Top with whipped cream. Serves 8.—Mrs. M. E. Thurtle, West Des Moines, Iowa.

## CHOCOLATE DESSERT

- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup cream (whipped)
- 1 angel food cake (oblong one)
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar

Melt chocolate chips with water. Separate eggs and beat yolks thoroughly; add powdered sugar to mixture and cook until thick; then add chocolate mixture. Beat egg whites stiff and also whip cream until stiff. Add the egg whites and whipped cream to chocolate mixture. Cut cake into bits and place in pan or dish. Pour layer of chocolate mixture in bottom of dish and alternate with layers of cake. Let stand a few hours in refrigerator. Slice and serve.

## MAGIC MILDEW REMOVER

Dissolve 1 lb. of sal soda washing powder in 1 quart of boiling water, using a granite kettle. Dissolve 1/2 lb. of chloride of lime in 2 quarts of cold water and stir until dissolved; then let settle. Strain through a cloth and pour into soda solution; let settle again. Pour off the clear part into another kettle. Have the garments washed and wet, and then dip into solution for just a minute or so until you see that the mildew is gone. Remove at once and put through two rinses with vinegar; use quite a generous amount of vinegar. Mrs. Frank Spear of Lincoln, Kansas, who sent us this formula said that she had used it on prints, stripes and floral patterns that were black with mildew, and it made all of the clothes look like new again.



Sharon Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown, Lohrville, Ia. Her mother is your friend, Mabel Nair Brown.

## TWO OF LUCILE'S FAVORITE DINNER MENUS

Baked ham with glazed brown sugar surface  
 Candied sweet potatoes  
 Asparagus in mushroom sauce  
 Molded lime and fresh grapefruit salad  
 Hot rolls  
 Peach and cherry jam  
 Home made ice cream and cake

Flank Steak cooked in cream of mushroom soup  
 Mashed potatoes and gravy  
 Cauliflower with cheese sauce  
 Tossed green salad  
 Plate of rye bread and white bread  
 Grape jelly  
 Meringues filled with lemon custard

## EASY FLUFFY FROSTING (No Sugar)

- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites with salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks. Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly from 10 to 15 minutes or until of right consistency to spread. Add vanilla. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 8 or 9 inch layer cakes. Either light or dark syrup may be used, although dark syrup makes a buff colored frosting.—Fern Graybill, Council Bluffs, Ia.

## GRAPE COOLER

- 4 cups grape juice
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup cold water

Combine ingredients; sweeten to taste; mix thoroughly. Pour over ice cubes. Makes 1 1/2 quarts, but can easily be increased to serve in punch bowl for large crowd.

## SUMMER SALAD SECRETS

By Mabel Nair Brown

The most popular vegetables for salads are tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, turnips, celery, onion, radishes, green pepper, cucumbers, beets and salad greens. Other vegetables you may use raw to give variety are chopped spinach, parsley, cauliflower and broccoli.

Those who must count calories will find raw vegetable salads satisfy hunger but do not add extra pounds—if you don't go too heavy on a rich dressing.

Remember that vegetable salads can have wonderful eye appeal if part of the vegetables are used for decorating purposes. Try using raw vegetables to garnish other dishes too—I'm thinking now of radish roses, pepper rings with carrot sticks inserted through them, and turnip calla lilies. The radish roses are made in a jiffy by cutting through the radish down to the narrow end and then dropping into ice water. Cut very thin rings of pepper and place them on the dish with a colorful carrot stick inserted through it. Calla lilies are made by cutting very thin slices of turnip, rolling them to lily cup shape and fastening with a toothpick. Use a carrot for the yellow stamen in the lily throat. Carrots or celery, if cut into thin strips or short pieces slit nearly to the base, will curl beautifully if dropped into ice water for a short time.

Dainty flowers are made of thin slices of cucumber with parsley for leaves. Paprika sprinkled in the center gives a lovely color contrast. Other garnishes for summer salads are hard-cooked eggs and cheese and tiny cooked beets; even large cooked lima beans make nice fat leaves on garnishing designs!

Suggested vegetable salad combinations:

1. Lettuce, salad greens, quartered tomatoes, grated cheese, green pepper.
2. Cauliflower flowerets, green pepper, turnip and carrots diced and water cress.
3. Shredded cabbage, diced celery, cucumber, onion, tomato and green pepper.
4. Chopped onion, carrot, turnip, shredded apple, celery and endive.
5. Lettuce, sliced unpeeled radishes, celery, tomato, onion, green pepper, cooked eggs, water cress.
6. Sliced onion, cooked string beans, radishes, celery, lettuce and water cress.
7. Carrot, green pepper, red sweet pepper, celery, cucumber, bean sprouts and salad greens.

Most children will eat raw vegetables with relish! And raw vegetable platters are becoming increasingly popular as they allow the diner to choose his own combination. It's also nice to allow a choice in dressings provided for the salads, and if you make it a point to keep various dressings on hand it certainly is no trick to offer a variety.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter every afternoon at 3:15 from radio station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

As I write you tonight there is a regular cloud burst going on. Will someone please tell me what is going to happen to all our crops this year if this rain doesn't cease pretty soon? I can never remember such a Spring in Iowa. We have had every "scattered shower" that has been predicted by the Weather Man for Iowa this Spring. All we can do now I guess is just hope for a very late Fall.

Kristin and I spent this past week-end in Shenandoah, going especially to see Russell's family while they were there. I won't go into detail about our trip since I'm sure Lucile will tell you all about that in her letter since they were her guests. But we did have a very nice week-end and were so happy to get pictures of the three little girls together for the first time.

In my last letter I told you I would tell you about my birthday party. It was a good thing I had planned to have it at the home of Frank's sister in Chariton or we wouldn't have had the party because of course the day before it rained all day, making it necessary for Frank to take us with all the things we needed for the party, to the pavement in the wagon, where Edna met us with the car. We spent the morning getting all the refreshments ready so we could spend the afternoon with our guests, taking charge of the games, which, needless to say, came out of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. The refreshments consisted of tuna fish salad and open face sandwiches. I spread the sandwiches with pineapple cheese spread and made little tulips on top of that using pimento for the blossom and green pepper for the stem and leaves. While I was making them I wondered if anyone would be able to tell it was a tulip, but they knew right away. Later on a separate plate I passed angel food cake topped with fresh strawberries and whipped cream, and of course coffee. Mother had made my favors for me and sent them up. They were little peanut pixies, made with the pipe cleaners for legs and arms, and sealing wax for the hands, feet and cap. The girls gave me a beautiful copper bottomed tea kettle, something I have wanted and needed for a long time.

Since writing to you last we have had some company. Lucile and Russell and Juliana spent a day with us, and Mother and Dad came up the day after my birthday, bringing with them my new sewing machine which is the most wonderful birthday gift I can imagine, and a big birthday cake. Our Lucas Aid Society was meeting that day so Mother and I went in to the church for a little while in the afternoon. They had a lovely program and a very nice lunch. I was so glad Mother could be here and go with me because I have been anxious for her to meet some of the ladies who have been so lovely to me.

Now that I have my new sewing machine, at least it's new to me, a pedal Singer in excellent condition,



This is the new tractor that I've mentioned in my letters.

I have just wanted to sit and sew all day long. I have done a lot of mending that has needed doing for a long time, made a dress for Kristin and some panties, a sun suit for Kristin, and a dress for one of Kristin's little friends here in the neighborhood who had a birthday this last month and Kristin was invited to her party. For this little girl who has dark brown curly hair, I made a blue and white checked gingham smocked in turkey red, and it certainly looks lovely on her.

While I was home this last week-end I helped Mary Ellen Alexander get started on a white batiste blouse which she is smocking in brilliant red all around the neck. She wanted to learn how to smock so I told her if she would get the material I would teach her how. Another of my friends came over today for the afternoon, and she brought along a piece of green and white checked gingham and we cut out a dress for her little girl and I gave her her first lesson in smocking.

I told you girls several months ago that one of my ambitions for this summer was to get into the field on that tractor and do a little work. Well, I finally got to. On one of the few lovely days we have had, when I took Frank's afternoon lunch to him he asked me if I would like to get on and disc a little for him while he ate the lunch. I was on the tractor in a flash before he could change his mind, and finished the piece for him. He said I did just fine and could help him again the next day when I brought his lunch to him. Of course it rained the next day and practically every day since, so I haven't had another chance, but at least I know I will have if the fields ever get dry enough to get into them again.

Frank has just called to me that it is time to make our evening cocoa, so I'll close for this time by saying that I hope when I write my next letter I can say that everything that has to be planted is planted and above the ground at last.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## ENLARGEMENTS

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## POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

One of the high spots at the recent P. T. A. convention was a symposium on the subject, "The Needs of Children". Dr. Daniel A. Prescott, University of Chicago, spoke about the growth and development of the child and warned us to study each child as an individual. There is no standard pattern to follow and most of the difficulties which children get into are often the results of parents and teachers attempting to make them all fit one mold.

Dr. Millard Bell, Superintendent of Schools, Wilmette, Ill., told us "What the schools can do about it" and gave a number of examples showing the new methods of teaching and their remarkable results. He said that in the past decade enough research has gone into how a child learns and the results of using new methods have been so well proven that the educators now have a pattern for education which does actually develop each child to the maximum of his ability. Before children will reap the benefits of this "know how" teachers will have to be retrained and parents will have to accept a completely different pattern of education.

Mrs. Hughes, the National President of P. T. A., just released some very frightening figures. Impoverished Britain is about to give 7 percent of her national income to education, Russia plans to spend 17 to 20 percent of her national income on education and we, in the United States, who have always prided ourselves on having the best and greatest educational system in the world will spend only 2 percent of our national income on education.

Dr. Ralph Ojemann, the Director of Child Research Laboratories, Iowa State University, wound up the symposium by talking on the subject "What The Home Can Do About It". Dr. Ojemann has won international acclaim for the work that he has done in child research and inspires unqualified admiration and loyalty in every person I have ever known who has worked with him or has had the privilege of knowing him. I knew him only through his writing, but after seeing him and hearing him speak I understand much better the full force of his personality. He presented his ideas with the simplicity and clarity which is only possible when a man fully understands his subject and really loves it.

I wish I could give you the full text of his speech, but that is impossible so I will try to sum up his ideas. He believes that there is a way of living at peace in this world—a world where people can develop to their full stature and do away with every form of misunderstanding, exploitation and domination. To have this kind of peace in the world we must have it in our own nation, and to have it in our nation we must have it in our own state, in our own county, in our city, in our home and in our hearts.

We can teach ourselves and our children to understand the behaviour



of other people by the factors that produce this behaviour, the motives that lie behind it, the problems that each person is trying to solve. If you operate your home on the principle that your word is law, how damaging it is to your prestige and authority when your law turns out to be neither good nor wise! The really big problems are the ones we all too often think of as little ones.

How many of you have gotten into a "coat-no coat" fight these uncertain spring mornings? I had a lot of them before I heard Dr. Ojemann and went home resolved to use my head for its original purpose. Now each morning I get a report from Kira on the outside thermometer reading and then I read aloud the weather forecast from the morning paper. On the basis of these facts we can discuss the probabilities intelligently and she then makes a decision. As a result she has been suitably dressed for school more often than when I master-minded the routine, and on the days when it doesn't work out well she comes home and announces that "we made a mistake."

Dr. Ojemann cited one example which I am sure we have all experienced. Six-year old Mary came into the house at 5 o'clock and tugged at her mother's dress. "Mother, I want a piece of candy right now." Mother was tired from ironing all afternoon and said "No, it will spoil your dinner". Nevertheless Mary continued whining, begging and nagging—quite unlike her usual, reasonable six-year old attitude. Are you the kind of parent who would have pushed the child away, telling her "We don't eat between meals and you ought to know it by this time?" Would you have scolded and shouted and pushed her outside? Or are you the kind of a parent who would have sensed that something unusual was causing the child to act this way?

Despite her fatigue, Mary's mother did sit down and question her gently and tactfully and this is what she found out. Mary had been playing with several children and one boy came out of his house and gave a piece of candy to all of them with the exception of Mary who was the youngest in the group. The others teased her and bragged that they had candy and she didn't. The only way that Mary could resolve this unpleasant situation was to go and get a piece of candy from her mother.

Something important had happened you see. Do you, in your day-to-day relations, take the time to discover your child's real motives and emotions? If you do, you are one who understands what respect for the personality and the dignity of the individual really means. Genuine respect for others works both ways. Children, too, can learn how helpful it is to look at problems from their parent's or teacher's point of view. One high school boy was on the point of running away from home because his father drank and didn't take care of the family. After learning to study motives for human behaviour he said that he had learned "my father started to drink when he failed in business

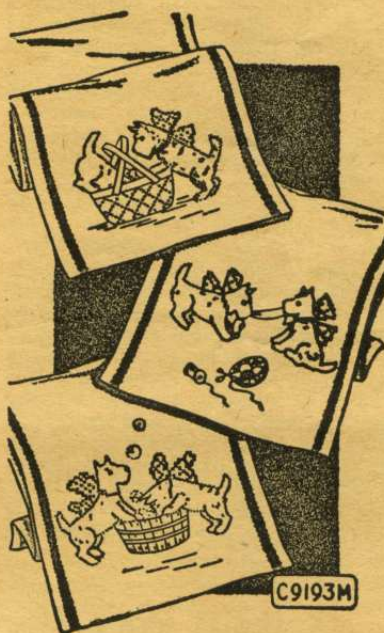
and couldn't stand to face the problems that this failure had created in his family. I had always blamed him but now that I understand why he drinks it has taken much of my bitterness away. We are working together and we are getting on our feet again."

So this boy didn't run away from home.

There are at least four ways to operate human relationships. The First—"We hate you and we will kill you," The Second—"We don't like you but we will use you," The Third—"We don't like you but we will leave you alone," The Fourth—"We know you are different, but we appreciate and like you and will try to understand our differences and help each other to realize our full capacities and abilities."

When we try to live the Fourth way we get a glimpse of The Golden Age.

### STAMPED TEA TOWELS



Excellent quality toweling with neat, red-trim border. Stamped with designs ready to embroider as shown in the illustration. Size about 17x32 inches, unhemmed. Thrifty, high-quality, soft finish, cotton materials. Perfect for gifts and for your own use. Order No. C9193M, 3 towel sets \$1.00—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

### 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



By Olinda Wiles

Isn't it amazing how fast we skip from graduation exercises to showers for June brides? And then before we know it we are wondering if our fries are going to weigh what we hope they will by July Fourth, since that seems to be sort of a record that we strive for in making plans for any kind of a Fourth of July celebration.

Perhaps it is only a middlewestern custom, but since I was a small child fried chicken has always been part of a Fourth of July dinner, and the rest of the meal is planned around that.

Now with our locker and deep freeze systems we can have fried chicken most anytime—in fact, I just used the last fry of some that I dressed last October and it was just as good as it was eight months ago. Needless to say, this provides a very welcome variety in the meat menu.

This morning I found a very beautiful little oriole nest swinging on a branch just outside my upstairs bedroom window. It probably has been there for some time, but I have always been in such a hurry that I always dressed hastily and went downstairs with scarcely a glance out the window. As a matter of fact, that quick glance was only to see what the weather conditions might be for the coming day. But this morning it was different. Rain was simply pouring down, and I dressed a little more leisurely and looked out of the window dreading to go out in the rain to take care of the chickens. And then I saw it—that little nest swinging back and forth with a little black and orange body snuggled inside.

The moment I saw it I wondered why I should dread going out when I could put on a good raincoat and galoshes and get through all my work in a half-hour or so.

Then I began to wonder what an oriole uses in its nest these days to replace the horse hair that they used to find hanging on barbed wire fences. Some day after the baby birds are gone I'm going to satisfy my curiosity and examine it more closely. But I will not touch it for I have read that the oriole will return year after year and repair its nest and use it again if at all possible, and certainly I will enjoy this oriole's company in days to come.

As many hatcheries have closed for the season it is a very good time to have your flock culled and to dispose of all cockerels. Feed is high, so give those pullets every possible chance. Dispose of all cull hens and give the feed they would consume to the pullets.

Keep the pullets growing and separate from cockerels. Provide plenty of water and shade, and also be sure to keep oyster shell and grit within reach of all chickens, old and young.



## FROM A FARM WINDOW

By  
Hallie M. Barrows

Well, you'd think after a nice trip West last summer and another nice trip South this winter I'd be settled right at home for a spell. And I shall be except when folks tell me about some farm woman who's doing something so unusual and interesting that I feel I just have to meet her.

This month let me introduce Mrs. Clifford White who lives near Bigelow, Missouri, a town within twenty miles of my home. Her hobby is one that also engaged the fancy of King Solomon. According to the Biblical account of the sources of the riches of King Solomon we read, "Once in three years came the navy of Tharsish bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks." Can you guess which of these objects is Mrs. White's hobby? Perhaps you used to see them at your grandmother's farm, or at least I'm sure you saw some of the feathers used as ornaments in your grandmother's parlor.

Yes, Mrs. White raises peacocks, not to sell, but just as a hobby; she has a flock of about twenty full grown birds. It is a great distance to Bigelow, Missouri from the Indian peninsula where the peacock originated and where great flocks exist today in the wild state. This most brilliantly colored of all jungle fowls did not migrate, but was carried to all parts of the world and is domesticated except in its first wild jungle home.

Most of the fairy tales with morals and the fables and sayings about vanity come from stories concerning peacocks. "As vain as a peacock" is better understood after you've watched the actions of a peacock for hours during the courting season. His long train is composed of the most gorgeous colored feathers, often four feet or more in length. The shafts of the train feathers are white, finished from either side with vanes in various hues, and each ends at the tip in a flat vane which is decorated with a beautiful colored eye.

The peacock never moves rapidly when his train is elevated. His movements are markedly slow and dignified. He struts in stately majesty. One of them made such peculiar motions that I thought he was doing some kind of a dance. But Mrs. White, who has studied them for years, said that he was turning. This elevated train is very top-heavy and consequently he swayed his head and body in such a way as to bring a constant and ever-changing color pattern of a rich sheen—all this mincing, backing and turning was to keep the light changing the color pattern.

Then I heard such a peculiar rattle that I ask Mrs. White what it might be. The old cock was shaking his elevated train feathers. And for what reason? Well, he worked until those 'eyes' in his train were in perfect alignment. Just imagine such vanity!

Mrs. White told us many of the fables, and perhaps this one is fa-

miliar to you: The peacock, spreading his train, mocked the ashen-hued crane saying, "I am robed like a king in gold and purple and all the colors of the rainbow, while you have not a bit of color in your wings." "True," replied the crane, "but I soar to the heights of heaven and lift my voice to the stars, while you walk below like a cock among the birds of the barnyard. FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS."

The peacock sheds his long train about June. He is so ashamed that he hides out all day in the cornfields and comes in late in the evening, sulks around for a little food and then flies to his tree to roost. At daybreak he returns to the cornfields to have privacy during his molt. The trains come in again in late fall.

The hens are beautifully colored but have no trains. They act very indifferent as the peacocks strut and strut to gain favor. They lay about six eggs, but they are generally low in fertility so at the end of the four weeks it takes to hatch them, three or four peachicks are considered a good brood. When the peachicks are a week old their mother takes them to the trees. They look much like a young turkey and are hatched with strong wing quill feathers. Peafowls live to be very ancient, and there are records of these birds living past the century mark.

Possibly one reason more people do not raise them as ornaments is because of their ungodly screech. Their only call sounds like a human in deep distress and is so harsh and unlovely that most cities have an ordinance banning them from city limits. They have no economic usage and possibly are not raised on farms as much as formerly because so many flowers, shrubs, pools and trees can be had now to keep beauty on a farm. But, all of these considerations aside, the sight of three or four of those peacocks strutting in the late afternoon sun is a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

## A MOTHER SPEAKS

It is not gratitude, my child, I ask; Nor do I seek to make my will your own,

The memory of your babyhood, though you are grown,

Enchants me still; nor ever was a task Performed for you save lovingly; I do Indeed thank you that have brought me days

Of bright felicity in all your ways, And hours of grieving and of tears so few!

No, do not thank me now, but think upon

Your childhood tenderly when I have gone,

And if in sudden sweet remembering You, too, find deepening joy in each small thing

Done for your child or in your ministry

To one beloved, you will be thanking me.

—Mary Ferguson Legler.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

As I promised last month, as soon as I returned from my vacation I ordered the radio for Barbara Frazier, and she will have it by the time you read this. Barbara is the little girl who had rheumatic fever three years ago. She has been ill most of the time since and now has been put to bed with a heart ailment. The doctor says she will have to lie quietly for a long period, perhaps several years. She is only seven. A teacher comes to the house to give her lessons and the radio will be a help, also. Barbara lives at Pisgah, Iowa.

Another child who needs cheer is Celia Wiancho, 2100 Cypress St., Enid, Okla. She is ten and is bedfast. Letters or any small gift that can be handled in bed will be enjoyed. Kenneth Ecker of Elmo, Missouri, cannot see and is paralyzed so he cannot get about. He can open letters and enjoys hearing them read. Story books would be welcome.

Mrs. Frank H. Kasowski, 505 West Kirkwood St., Fairfield, Iowa has been in a wheel chair for two years. She would like to hear from you. So would Mrs. Rose Huber, 2354 Boone St., Apt. 8, Cincinnati 6, Ohio. She broke her hip three years ago and is still confined to a wheel chair. Mrs. John V. Wiley, 6324 S Laverne Ave, Chicago 38, Ill. needs cheer. She is bedfast as a result of heart ailment.

Will you send cards to these four long-time shutins whose birthdays come this month? Maude E. Knecht, R1 B501, Minor Road, Copley, Ohio was born July 3. Mrs. Sarah E. C. Grennell, 15 E State St., Gloversville, N. Y. will be 81, July 5. Lucile Brewer's birthday is July 9. Many of you know her as she used to live in Iowa. Her address now is 871 23rd St., Ogden, Utah. She will not be able to answer. Miss Mabelle Stafford's birthday is July 14 and she lives on Rt. 1, Mediapolis, Iowa. She has spent much time lately in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Skjeie send their thanks for the wheel chair. It is just what they needed. He can be up most every day now, at least part of the time, and if you have ever spent any length of time in bed you know what a wonderful feeling it is to get up. Mr. Skjeie does some leather work, bill folds, etc., now that he can sit up. I do appreciate all the help you have given in getting this chair and Barbara's radio, and I add my thanks to theirs. What shall we do next?

Another appeal has been made from the Veteran's hospitals for cancelled stamps. They want all kinds. Do go through all your old letters and tear off the stamps—be careful not to damage the stamps themselves, but leave a little paper around them. Then if you possibly can, soak them off the paper and lay them on a newspaper to dry. Mail to Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. They want both U. S. and foreign stamps, all kinds, sizes and colors.



## LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

My most pressing problem for the past two weeks has been trying to find a quiet, peaceful place in which to write my sermons. The telephone never stops ringing in the office, and so I long ago gave up the idea of using it for a study. With Betty and her mother busy cleaning and packing our household effects, Crossways (our home) has been a madhouse. Trying to write a sermon at home now is a most impossible task. When I go home at night all I can do is stand around helplessly and watch the women work. One of Betty's favorite sayings is "The Lord save me from a man who tries to be helpful around the house!"

It's a mystery to me how any man who really wants to be helpful can so far miss his goal week in and week out. I try mighty hard to be a good helpful husband, but I just seem to foul things up. Here is an example of what I mean.

Betty is sitting out on the porch sewing and she calls to me, "In the bedroom, in my top drawer, on the right-hand side, is my pink slip that has the torn strap. Will you get it for me please?" Now that sounds like an easy thing to do, doesn't it? But it isn't, not for me it isn't. Whenever I start to get something for Betty, things happen to me—confusing, bewildering things. I get slips confused with shirts, and shirts with girdles, etc., etc. I always form a visual and misleading image of the wrong piece of apparel. Moreover, I always get right and left mixed up, at least I do when I am hunting something for Betty. Somewhere on the way to the drawer a mental shift takes place, and before I know it I'm pawing in the left-hand corner for something I think is a slip—something that women pay a lot of money for and then so few people see it that it isn't worth the cost. I find something flimsy, and holding it up by two little straps, I carry it out to the porch.

"No, no. I said slip, not shirt. Surely you can do better than that!"

"This is all there was in that drawer except for some skimpy little lace affairs—those what-you-may-call-its."

"That's the left side! I said on the right side!"

You see, I can't win. There it is, the same old trouble. The tone of her voice—resignation, frustration, incomprehension, disbelief. I'm not at all pleased with my demonstration of helpfulness. I have never understood how some men can learn all about women's clothes, and how I can learn so little. Furthermore, I don't see how some men are able to find almost immediately the things they are looking for in a drawer. I don't like drawers! I never have liked them. They bewilder me.

"Now please, dear. Look carefully. A pink slip (she holds up her hands) on the very top of the right hand side. You don't have to turn everything upside down to find it."

I go back to the drawer muttering to myself . . . "A pink slip—on the top—pink slip—on right-hand side."

I find it all right. It was exactly where she said it was the first time. If I kept my office drawers as neat as her dresser drawers, I would never be able to find anything at all.

At least when we leave Bermuda I have great hopes of not finding it necessary to fight the cockroach battle again. Some of the houses in Bermuda are infested with cockroaches, special Bermuda cockroaches. When we first moved into our house nearly a year ago there were lots of the Bermuda deluxe model roaches running around all over, but I soon got rid of them. Here are the directions for ridding a house of cockroaches:

1. See that no food is lying around the house, no cracker crumbs in bed, etc. This is important, but not so important that the wife can use it as an excuse for eating all meals out.

2. Buy a ten pound box of roach pills (5,000 pills). Place them end to end around the baseboards and cupboard shelves. Plan to do this on Friday night so that you will have Saturday and Sunday to recuperate, for placing 5,000 pills end to end can be exhausting.

3. Get 3 cans of DDT powder. Place a chair in the middle of each room and then, standing on the chair, shake the powder about the room recklessly.

4. Get five gallons of DDT impregnated kerosene insecticide and spray every inch of floor and wall space on the hour every hour for three days. If this doesn't kill the roaches it will at least have made you so tired that you won't care whether you have roaches or not.

The above mentioned four steps should rid a house of roaches providing that this system is used at least once a month. If, however, the roaches still hang on—if only for sentimental reasons—try lighting a match to the kerosene soaked wall and floor. The house will burn down immediately ending forever that particular roach problem.

Along with being free from cockroaches (I hope) I am also anticipating living where there isn't the great problem of rats. It is a known fact by now here in Bermuda that the motor cars are not running over and killing nearly as many rats as had been expected. The small British auto is not the rat exterminator the people of this island had hoped for. The rats are entirely too large and the autos too small. The trouble is that other than the automobile the Bermuda rats have no natural enemies. The cats aren't big enough to kill them, and the dogs all have a yellow streak down their backs and are afraid of them. There remains but one thing to do. Bermuda must import some good hardworking, hungry snakes. A few pair of Missouri bull snakes would soon have the situation in hand.

You can't imagine what a satisfaction it is to me to be able to say that at least I shan't have to leave Bermuda without having caught a

gray snapper. It took me almost ten months of constant effort to get this done, for the slyest, trickiest, most subtle and most deceitful fish in Bermuda waters is the gray snapper. Beyond all doubt he is the most difficult fish to catch, and one of the best to eat. He rarely ever takes a hook, but when he does he takes it hard and puts up a real scrap. Since he is so difficult to catch, most Bermudians don't try for him, and for the same reason we Americans do try for him.

I won't go into detail on the elaborate precautions it took to land this one gray snapper last week, but I will tell you that for bait I used a very heavy salmon dough with bits of cotton through it to give added strength. And I will also tell you that after spending hours and hours trying for the gray snapper, the one I landed actually grabbed the hook exactly fifteen minutes after I had started! Having caught the first one so quickly, I thought that surely I would get at least one more before the evening was over, but such was not the case. Nevertheless, I was a happy man. My months of effort had been rewarded.

When we leave Bermuda we are leaving wonderfully good friends, a beautiful island, and countless things that have made this past year a truly delightful one for us. Betty and I were both touched when a club in which she has worked surprised her with a baby shower. I've never seen so many small items and can only wonder for what use many of them are intended. Betty assures me that it takes a lot of everything!

This must be all for now. Soon you will hear from us at another address and your letters once directed to the Crossways will go to a new street and town. I could write much, much more but for now I will simply say that Bermuda has been wonderful—hail and farewell!



Wayne Driftmier who graduated from the University of Iowa in June. He and his wife have purchased a home here in Shenandoah, and henceforth Wayne will be part of our Kitchen-Klatter staff. We anticipate many busy, happy years working together to bring this magazine to you.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE THUMBLETY ELF'S FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf stood on a big toadstool at the edge of the Great Forest and watched the Busy Road.

He liked to stand here and watch Busy Road. All sorts of queer things went by roaring and banging, rattling and buzzing. Can you think what a truck and a motorcycle and a car would look like to Thumblety Bumblety Elf?

This morning he had on a wild rose petal hat, a sky blue shirt and his brownie pants and shoes. He was standing quite still, all eyes and ears, watching and listening. Far off he could hear music, peppy, snappy music that tingled in his toes and made him want to go step, step, step!

He watched and waited until the music came around the bend in Busy Road. It was made by a lot of boys and girls together. They were blowing on horns and pounding on drums. They were marching, marching, marching. With their heads up and their backs straight they were following a big boy who was carrying a tall stick. At the top of the stick was a big flower on a small piece of sky.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf could not quite decide what it was. He could see its red and white stripes. He could see its blue field with white stars. But he had never seen a flag before.

While he stood looking the tall boy put the end of the stick on the ground and stood waiting. The boys and girls who were making the music stood near him. Long lines of boys and girls came marching up and gathered around the flag and the band.

Suddenly they were quiet, and then, their hands over their hearts, their eyes on the flag, they began, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States."

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf did not hear the rest of it. He was too busy looking for the first time at the flag of the United States. When they were through with their pledge, the children sat on the grass. A man stood at one side and began to talk to them. Thumblety could not remember all he said but he remembered the part about, "This Fourth of July is the one-hundred and seventy-first birthday of our country."

He went skipping and running back to his hollow log home so full of plans that he was about to burst. He gathered all of his friends around and they helped make plans.

First a flag with red rose petals and white morning glories for stripes, blue spiderwort for the field of blue.

Next a band with Cheerful Cricket to lead it, all the busy Buzzing Bees to play and the June Bug to beat the drum.

Next a speaker. And you can guess who it was—Mr. Thumblety Bumblety Elf! And you may be sure he did not leave out the part that goes, "This Fourth of July is the one-hundred and seventy-first birthday of our country."

If the boys and girls who were having a picnic in the Grassy Meadow beside the Great Forest had stopped their games and crept softly over behind the Big Oak, they might have seen the Fairies and Elves having their own Fourth of July celebration. Yes, they might have done just that.

### CHILDRENS PAGE

1. What did Paul Revere say when he finished his famous ride? (Whoa!)
2. What liquid will not freeze? (Hot Water.)
3. How can you get eggs without hens? (Raise Ducks.)
4. What is the best and cheapest kind of light? (Day Light.)
5. What contains more feet in summer than in winter? (A Swimming Pool.)

### STRANGE

Susie: "Did you know my teacher has never seen a horse?"

Mother: "Why do you think that?"

Susie: "I drew a horse at school today and the teacher didn't know what it was."

### YOUR ANATOMY

By a Boy

Your head is a round ball,  
It is hard, your hair is on it.  
Your brain is in it.  
Your neck is what keeps it out of your collar.

Your shoulders are a shelf  
You sort of hang your suspenders on.  
Your spine is something  
To keep you from folding up.  
Your back is always behind you,  
No matter how quick you turn around.  
Your stomach is something  
That hurts if you don't eat,  
And spinach doesn't help it any.  
Your legs are what, if you don't have,  
You don't get to first base with.  
Your feet are what you walk on,  
Your toes are what you stub.  
Arms are dangling poles you pitch with,

And to reach the butter.  
Fingers stick out of the arms,  
You use them to eat with and work arithmetic with,

This is all there is of you—except  
What's inside, and I never saw that.

—Sent by Ronald Keast,  
Henderson, Iowa.



My little namesake, Leanna Dickey, age five months, of Grant City, Mo.

### LITTLE THINGS

Words are only little things  
But if we make them gay,  
They'll add and multiply the  
Joy we find in every day.

Acts are only little things  
And yet we're sure to find  
The world a better, truer place  
If we but make them kind!

—Alice E. Meany

### WHAT KIND OF CAKE?

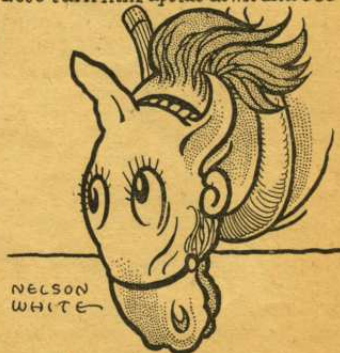
1. The laziest cake? Loaf cake.
2. The cake that is divine? Angel food.
3. The cake that is topsy turvy? Upside-down cake.
4. The cake that is a kitchen utensil? Pancake.
5. The meanest kind of a cake? Devil's food.
6. The cake that's not very long? Shortcake.
7. The most aristocratic cake? Lady Baltimore.
8. The cake that is a crowd? Jam cake.
9. The cake that lives in water? Sponge.

### TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This funny looking horse runs past  
Our windows almost daily—  
Let's turn him upside down and see



His master—Old Man Bailey—



## "Little Ads"

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

**FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED** Apartment or House wanted in Lincoln, Nebraska by opening of fall term for veteran, wife and three-year-old daughter who will be considerate, dependable tenants. Write to Box 265, Farragut, Iowa.

**FOR USEFUL BIRTHDAY**, shower, anniversary, Christmas, or bridge gifts; beautiful washfast hand woven pot holders, color scheme or assorted colors, 3 for \$1.00. A. E. Shanholtzer, Coatsburg, Illinois.

**CLOTHES NEED MENDING?** You send them, I'll mend them. Write for details. Mrs. Cora Isbell, 95 Locust Street, Batavia, Illinois.

**GIRL'S ALL WOOL SUIT.** Size 14. Kelly green, \$6.00. Also sweaters, skirts, dresses, outgrown. Write Mrs. Roscoe Stipp, Oakland, Nebraska.

**TRIMMED APRONS** made from print material. Bib and back straps, small, medium, large, light, dark, price \$1.10. Mae Bugbee, Jamaica, Iowa.

**CROCHETED PANEL CURTAINS.** Rose design, 84 x 43. White, \$10.00 each. Crocheted Butterfly chair set, \$4.00. 2 sets, \$7.00, white. Postpaid Mrs. Edna Sutherland, Craig, Missouri.

**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.

**PERSONAL LABELS.** Your name and address neatly printed on 500 gummed labels, 40¢ postpaid. Order from Gertrude Haylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

**SALEM COOK BOOK**, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes, spiral binding. Postpaid, \$1.00. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Iowa.

**BABY CLOTHES:** Batiste dresses, \$1.75, slips, 75¢, kimonos, 75¢. Toeless slippers, yarn or pearl cotton, \$1.00. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

**SMOCKED DRESSES:** Dainty pastel colors, size 2. I will furnish material, cut out the dress, smock the front and mail, ready for you to finish. Price, \$3.00 postpaid. Margery Driftmier Harms, Shenandoah, Iowa.

**FOR SALE—100 all different good old buttons**, including several types at \$3.00 per 100 postpaid. James Kayser, 321 S. Union Street, Stafford, Kansas.

**HAND MADE SHELL EARRINGS** make beautiful gifts. Made in natural flower designs. Pink, purple, brown, red, blue, yellow, white, and lavender \$1.00 a pair. Postpaid, Verna Graeber, Lytton, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Spitz, Boston Screw Tail and Pomeranian pups. Write for prices. Phone 39. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Iowa.

**TEXTILE PAINTING.** Rayon or linen-like luncheon cloth, \$2.35, feed sack, \$1.25, napkins, 15¢. Painting on your cloth, 10¢ to 50¢ each design. Feed sack dresses, size 2 to 6, \$1.35. Mrs. C. Crouse, Clearfield, Iowa.

**SEWING WANTED: ALL KINDS.** Child's dress, \$1.00, ladies, \$1.50. Ad good any time. Send materials, patterns, etc. Orders taken for pillow cases of good white muslin, embroidered and crocheted edge, \$2.25. Send orders to Mrs. A. Winters, Route 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

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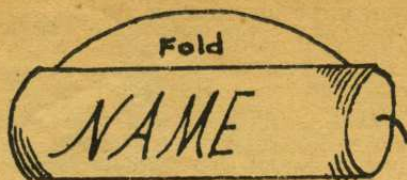
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If you desire a little more formality the following suggestions may be helpful.

**Invitation**—Cut in shape of a firecracker (from red construction paper). These should be about two by five inches. Pipe stem cleaners or heavy cord may be used for the fuses. These may be pasted or stapled to the end of the fire cracker. The same verse as suggested for the first party may be used on this invitation also.

**Placecards**—To continue the fire cracker idea, your place cards may also be cutouts of fire crackers. In making these leave an extension on one side so that it may be folded back and the place card will stand up. The fuse may be added to these also, and the name of each guest lettered in white ink.

**Center pieces**—If you have access to red and white flowers, by all means use them, for they are always lovely in a decoration of this kind. Red and white flowers in a bright blue bowl will be just the thing, with a white table cloth to show them up. To make this decoration complete, cut streamers of red, white, and blue crepe paper and place running down the center of the table. Another idea with your streamers is to run them from the flower bowl out to each guest's plate. A small cellophane sack of fire crackers at the end of each streamer would be fun.

If you have a small number of guests a large replica of a fire cracker placed in the center of the table will create lots of fun and comment. This may be filled with fire crackers or some small remembrance for each guest. Gathered crepe paper or flowers may be used at the base of the fire cracker.

The "Fourth" is the time to have lots of fun, so come on, let's get busy and get it done!

## JULY LAWN PARTIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

Why not plan a progressive lawn party for July? After entertaining in the house all winter and spring it is a joy to "spread out", so to speak, and have the freedom of the lawn for parties where games are to be played. There's something about being out-of-doors that thaws the most difficult crowd, so do plan any entertaining that you expect to do in July for open spaces, grass and flowers and trees. Arrange five or six games or contests, divide the party group into smaller groups and draw for games numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Winners in each game move up to the next game. Here are some games you may want to try:

**OCEAN WAVE**: Seat the players in a circle with one vacant chair. The

person who is "It" stands in the center and calls "Slide left" or "Slide right" and the players must move to the left to fill vacant chair, while "It" tries to get to the vacant seat first. If "It" gets a seat and the call has been "Slide-left", the player to "Its" right must take the place of "It" in the center.

**IN THE POND**: Players stand in a circle and the leader gives directions. If he calls "In the pond" all players jump forward one jump. If he calls "On the bank" they all jump back one jump. The leader tries to confuse the group by jumping contrary to his command. If the group is "in the pond" and leader calls "in the pond", players must remain perfectly still. All players making mistakes drop out.

**LOST SHEEP**: All players except the lost sheep are blindfolded. They are scattered about a limited playing space. Lost sheep carries a bell which he rings continuously as he moves slowly about the area. Players try to catch him; if a player succeeds he becomes "lost sheep". Caution players to move slowly to avoid collisions.

**THE DUMMY LINE**: (Ice-breaker): Pair the guests and then give each pair instructions to carry on a conversation by signs. The conversation topics are called out by a leader, and the boy moves to the right for a new partner each time a new topic is called. Examples: How do you play an accordion? What is your favorite sport? What is your hobby? How do you get a lunch from Mother's pantry? What were you doing an hours ago?

**CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER RACE**: Seat all girls with a boy partner kneeling in front of them. A leader takes a shoe from each girl and piles them all at one end of the room. At a signal the boys all dash to locate his lady's shoe and to see who can be first to get the correct shoe on his partner's foot.

**ACTOR'S REUNION**: Give each couple or a small group a slip of paper with a vocation written on it such as saleslady, barber, teacher, doctor, dentist, lawyer, auto salesman, etc. Each couple acts out the vocation it has picked up on the slip and the rest of the players guess what it is.

**HISTORICAL ART**: Each guest is given a piece of paper, a pencil, and five minutes in which to sketch an original drawing of some historical event such as Paul Revere's Ride, Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Washington Crossing the Delaware, etc. The more ridiculous the better. These drawings are passed to the person at the right who must write a title under the picture. This will produce much merriment.

## TODAY

I heard God's voice upon the wind today,  
I heard him speaking through the song of birds;  
And clearly, plainly, through the silver rain  
I heard His words.

—Sent by Helen Louise Wohllaib,  
New Virginia, Ia.

## "FUN FOR JULY"

By Wilma Ward Taylor

To make this "4th of July" different, Try these ideas on your crowd—They will say, "What fun, and how clever!"

And you can bet that you'll be proud.

Perhaps your family or a group of your friends are planning to be together on the "4th of July" and you have been wondering just what kind of a party or get-together to have. I hope the following suggestions will be of help to you.

An informal party—

**Invitation**—Paste or staple a small fire cracker in the corner of a white correspondence card. Print the invitation in red or blue ink. The invitation could read—

We're having a party

Hope you can come

Bring along your fireworks

For some after supper fun!

Time Place R. S. V. P.

Now let's think about the decorations for the party. How about turning your dining room into a county fair food booth? This can be done in a short amount of time and it will create a lot of fun for all. Preferably use your kitchen doorways, or suitable opening near the kitchen for this decoration. Put crepe paper streamers (red, white, and blue) in the upper corners of the door opening. Transparent tape or thumb tacks will hold these in place. Next make a serving table out of orange crates or a card table could be used. Place this in the door opening and decorate to suit your fancy. To help carry out your theme, a large poster telling about the "prized" foods about to be served could be tacked to the kitchen door. Various signs and pictures about the walls will add to the fair idea. The host and hostess may both work together in serving the food. Colorful aprons, etc., will work in nicely.

Suggestions for menu—

Fried Chicken

Potato Salad

Sliced Tomatoes and other relishes

Rolls Butter

Various kinds of soda pop

Ice cream in dixie cups or cones

Cake

Serve the food, with the exception of the drinks and dessert, in a paper box. If time permits, decorating the boxes in various colors will add a colorful note.

Stunts and games throughout the evening will create a happy atmosphere. When it gets darker, you can continue your fun outside, and spend the rest of the evening with the fireworks and visiting.