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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



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SEPTEMBER, 1947

Number 9 •



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## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.  
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.  
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

I'm writing this in late afternoon while the locusts are filling the air with their noise. This sound on summer days always takes me back to my childhood on Sunnyside farm, only in those days we were uneasy about locusts for we had heard so many stories of the devastation they wrought in pioneer times. Father lost everything he had one year because of them, and as a result of hearing so much about them we could never just sit back and listen and think that summer was almost done.

I don't know what the rest of the season will bring us in the way of weather, but right now the countryside is beautiful. It seems to me that one would have to travel far and wide to find anything to compare to our rolling fields of ripening corn, our clear summer sunsets, and the country roads lined with goldenrod and brown-eyed Susans. Those of you who were able to take trips this summer have seen some magnificent scenery, I'm sure, but to my own eyes nothing can ever quite take the place of our middlewest at this season.

In just a short time now you'll be getting the children back to school and settling down into the routine that will last for another nine months. For those who have reared families I think that there are two days when we mothers feel really lost: the day when our last baby starts to school, and the day when school opens without a single child leaving from our house. I've been through those days and I know what they mean. I'll never forget how terribly empty the house felt the morning Don, our youngest child, started to school, and I'll never forget too my sensations on the September morning when all of our children had grown and gone and there was not a single child to slam the front door and call back, "Good-bye, Mother." If you're experiencing either one of these days this fall you can know that I sympathize with you.

We've had another very important event since I last wrote to you. At 3:15 on the morning of July 26th, Betty and Frederick became the parents of little Mary Leanna Driftmier. She weighed seven pounds, five ounces at birth, and from all reports it seems that she looks like her daddy. Although Betty's parents live at Ash-

away, Rhode Island and that is where she and Frederick have been staying since Bermuda days, the baby was born at Westerly, Rhode Island—I believe it was the nearest hospital. As you have probably guessed, both grandmothers were honored in the baby's name. Mrs. Crandall may have known this in advance, but I was quite surprised when the telegram arrived and I opened it to read: "Mary Leanna sends her love. Mother and daughter very well. Father recovering slowly."

I know now how you grandmothers feel who must be patient about seeing a new grandchild. At first we hoped that Betty could stop here for a visit on her way to Hawaii, but the last word we have is that she plans to take a plane in New York that will make only one stop between there and San Francisco. In San Francisco she will take another plane that will fly non-stop to Hawaii where Frederick will be waiting. When one can travel that easily with a tiny baby it seems foolish to complicate matters in any way.

However, Frederick will be here shortly for a visit with us and from him we can get a first-hand report of little Mary Leanna. He plans to arrive on August 14th and hopes to stay with us until about the 21st. When he leaves here I think that his Dad will go with him for the trip to San Francisco, and then after Frederick takes his plane, Mart will go on up to Seattle to visit his relatives whom he hasn't seen for so long. We will be able to tell you more about this in the next issue.

Of course we're excited about Frederick's arrival for it means that we'll have a family reunion, our first complete family reunion for about ten years. Russell has promised to get pictures for us, and these will be a wonderful memento of the occasion. I might add that we plan to share these photographs with you in forthcoming issues. There are family dinners planned, we expect to attend our Congregational church in a group when Frederick delivers the sermon on August 17th, and all in all we have many exciting events lined up.

Last month there was time for only a postscript to tell you about Martin Erik's arrival. I had the genuine pleasure of caring for him and my! how it carried me back to the days when my own babies were that age.

However, I'd forgotten a great deal and then too, times have changed, so I found myself calling Lucile for advice quite frequently. This certainly amused her for she said, "You'd think that I had had five and Mother only one!" I guess that all grandmothers will know how I felt—we're so eager to do the right thing and we're not sure just what is the right thing.

Martin is just about the best baby I ever saw in my life. He sleeps and eats and sleeps and eats, only for some reason he is a little mixed-up about night and day and chooses to get most of his exercise at night. It was pretty lonely around here at first after Margery and Elmer moved back to their own apartment and took Martin with them, but fortunately we're not far apart and I get to see him almost every day. Juliana adores him and fairly bursts with pride when she can walk along beside his carriage on trips down town.

Dorothy has been a very busy farm wife this summer. I'm happy to be able to tell you that Frank's mother is gaining ground after her critical illness. She deeply appreciated the cards and letters that you good friends sent to her when she was living through such difficult days in the Omaha hospital. Dorothy and I, as well as the other members of her family, want to thank you so much for your thoughtfulness.

Howard has been out of town quite a bit during these past weeks and has had to let his flying go altogether. In only a short time now Don will be getting ready to go back to his college work at Ames, and then my good dish-washing team will be broken up; he and Howard are very thoughtful about helping me with this in the kitchen at night.

Wayne and Abigail are beginning to see their way through the upheaval they've been in getting their house fixed up. I think that major plastering and painting jobs are bad at any time, but when the thermometer soars it is enough to try a stout heart. I will say that they've taken all of the confusion with very good grace, and even major disappointments in getting certain jobs done at certain times didn't ruffle them too much. You people have a lot of courage to tackle the housing problem in these days.

Lucile, Russell and Juliana had summer wonderfully free from catastrophe and illness such as marked their summer last year. I guess their only misfortune of any consequence was when Lucile fell against the hot-water heater and burned her arm badly, but as she said, "At least it wasn't broken!" Russell has gotten so much enjoyment from his contact with you friends and said just the other night that he understood now why all of us feel such an ever-fresh interest in all of you who write to us.

It's supper time at our house and I must go out and see if there is enough left-over roast for hash. With nice home-grown tomatoes, rolls, and apple-pie for dessert I'll call it a meal.

Your letters are *always* enjoyed. We appreciate them.

Lovingly, Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## SEPTEMBER IN THE GARDEN

By Mary Duncomb

Thinking in terms of beginnings, it is sometimes difficult to determine just what season of the year should be classified as such. It depends upon how we look at it, what our interests are.

There is the New Year, for instance, with its many varied new beginnings. The first of March is always a memorable date in localities where tenants move from farm to farm. And there is September, the greatest of all beginnings, for it is then that the child usually begins a new life within school walls and makes new contacts which often hold through life.

And it is also, many times, the beginning of next year's garden. So many seedlings are started in cold frames, so many plants are divided, and new arrangements of garden pictures planned. We also choose what houseplants to take inside early this month, and perhaps to the window-gardener it is the most important beginning of all, for upon the choices made will depend what our winter windows look like.

Bulbs for indoor forcing and garden blooming are planted during these next two months, and they should be ordered now as soon as possible. There are many varieties of bulbs to choose from for the window. Narcissi are very easily grown either in soil or water, although personally I like hyacinths for this purpose—one to each pot of soil which has ample drainage.

If more bulbs are wanted in a larger pot it would be wise to plant all of the same variety for each variety has its own time of blooming. This extends the period in which we may enjoy these fragrant flowers. The red Victory hyacinth bloomed very appropriately for me on Washington's birthday last winter. Hyacinths come in all colors, have long-lasting blooms, and one may have joy from them all winter long by having a variety of colors. The mammoth bulbs do the best for me; often they throw up a second bloom stalk. The fragrance of hyacinths is heavenly, not too heavy, but unforgettably delightful. You had better plan to order quite an assortment of them, for no one will refuse one as a gift, particularly when it is in bloom.

If you may have only one choice of spring bulbs it is my opinion that tulips comprise the best selection for spring garden loveliness. We had a large round bed this year planted to red and white ones, and as they all bloomed at once the effect was lovely for the flowers were set off by the vivid green of the surrounding lawn.

Last autumn the soil in the bed was well and deeply spaded for it had been used as a flower bed during the summer for Coleus. It was not a raised bed, but the tulip bulbs, which were the mammoth size, were planted

according to height. The inside circle was planted to Advance, a self-red with a long bloom stalk. The middle circle was the pure white Duke of Wellington, immense in bloom but not quite as tall as Advance. The outer circle was planted to Scarlet Bedder, bright red with a blue center. These bloomed on Memorial day and were good and durable for a long time. When ordering your tulip bulbs take time to read over the description, noting height and time of bloom as well as color. Then you too can make a bed which will work out according to plan. Mammoth-sized tulip bulbs also give extra bloom stalks quite frequently.

In our vegetable garden this year we tried a new-to-us variegated popcorn well named Popinjay, and the red-foliaged Kale, seeds of which were supposed to have come from Paris, France. These will be written about in later issues.

It will soon be time to start making our new charm strings and I suppose that you too are trying to think of some new and original combinations. When we tackle this job we know definitely that summer has gone.

## GARDEN FLOWERS FOR BOUQUETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

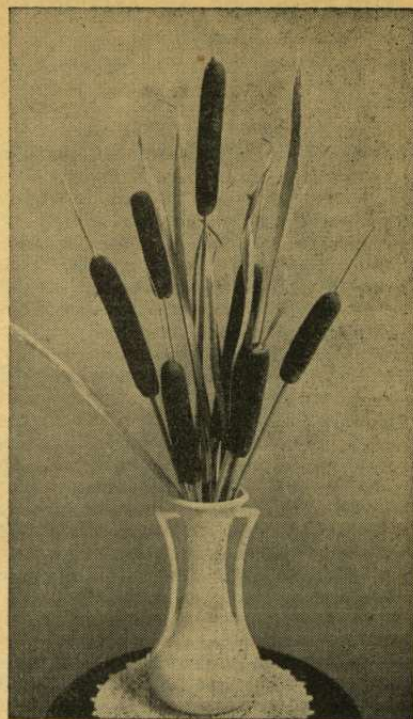
### (Part III)

#### Arranging the Flowers

Fine books are available on the subject of making lovely flower arrangements, so this article will be confined to the simple decorative use of flowers in our homes. In order to enjoy them thoroughly we should not be too concerned about rules. It is our home and if the way we place the flowers pleases us, certainly we need not be supersensitive over what others may think whether we make artistic arrangements, bouquets, or just "put flowers in water."

As we continue over a length of time to work with flowers we find that certain groupings please us entirely while others never "look right." If we are content to leave them as they are, they are probably arranged correctly, but if we constantly want to go to the vase and change them in some way, the chances are that something is definitely wrong. Usually we are at a loss to know what. It might be helpful to consider some of the flower arrangement principles and their practical application.

Never crowd the flowers in the vase, and it should be of a size and color suitable for the flowers at hand. If it's a question of adding or removing, it is almost always a safe bet that some had better be taken out. Colors placed "hit or miss" make a spotty effect—mass each color together. A vase filled with just one or two colors is often much more pleasing than if more colors were used. For evening enjoyment avoid the use of certain shades of blue and



Cat-tails are lovely in a vase when they are dried with their own leaves. Photo by Olga Rolf Tiemann, Westboro, Mo.

lavender for they lose their color qualities under artificial lights. Usually the best effect can be had by grouping the darker and larger flowers at the base of the vase—they give a feeling of weight—and the smaller blossoms and lighter colors toward the top. If the darker flowers are used at the top, use considerably less to make the weight seem to balance.

It does not look well to have flowers "tit-tat-toe, three in a row." Cut the stems in varying lengths so that the blossoms will be at different heights. Oftentimes a more pleasing effect can be had with three stems cut in varying lengths than with a dozen stems practically the same length. The tallest of three is placed in the center of the container, the next tallest one at one side angling out and the shortest one on the opposite side at just the right tilt. This gives a triangular effect that is very satisfying. The voids, the open places tapering down between the stems, are just as much a part of the flower picture as the flowers themselves. Avoid criss-crossing any of the stems.

Flowers for a hall or livingroom table can be much taller than when used as a dining table centerpiece. For desk or window sill you'll be using your smaller vases, and matching figurines add interest.

There are some lovely, soul-satisfying flower combinations: Else Poulsen Roses with pink Silene and delicate blue Chinese Delphiniums; Cat-Tails with own foliage; white trumpet Lilies with or without Babysbreath; Hardy Amaryllis with white Gladiolus; single pink Peonies with white Peach-leaf Campanulas; and yellow Hemerocallis with Variegated-leaved Honey-suckle.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER FIFTY

When I returned from Minneapolis to spend the summer months of 1934 I found that Mother had made really impressive strides in her ability to get around. In the four years since her accident she had progressed from being a completely bedridden invalid to a woman who could manage anything that came along. This progress had been made inch by inch, literally, and sometimes improvement seemed so minute and so slow that it was difficult to see at all; and yet in the end it stacked up to the fact that she could get along wonderfully well on crutches and we almost forgot that she was handicapped. More than once we saw her start to leave the table without remembering for just one split second that she had to reach over and get her crutches.

Perhaps those of you who are compelled to use crutches would be interested in knowing exactly what Mother did during that period. Well, I will tell you for all of us remember most vividly what the routine was in those days.

The woman who helped with the housework didn't arrive until eight o'clock, so Mother got up at six-thirty and prepared breakfast for the family. This wasn't any quick business of coffee and fruit juice either. Breakfast meant that the table was set, a hot cereal was cooked, a huge platter of toast was made, bacon and eggs were fried, and dishes of fruit were served. Everyone got right up (Dad's call at the foot of the stairs always galvanized everyone into instant action!) and sat down at the table and ate—there was never any monkey-business about starting the day at our house.

After breakfast we all helped clear up for it was our goal to have the kitchen cleaned before Helen arrived; we all realized that she needed every bit of help that we could give her. Mother worked right along with Helen, and I remember that we divided the ironing between us—one week I tackled the shirts (sometimes thirty-five of them) and the next week Mother tackled them while I took over the house dresses, table linen, etc. Isn't it funny how little things come back to you? As I write this I remember the dress that Aunt Martha Eaton bought for Margery when she visited her in Des Moines that summer. It had a white linen blouse and a green linen button-on-skirt that had exactly twenty-one pleats in it. I know very well how many pleats it had because Mother and I always argued over who was to iron it—she always tried to spare me and I always tried to spare her! We certainly appreciated the fact that Aunt Martha had given her such a lovely dress, but not one tear was shed when it had to be passed on.

Mother did almost all of the baking for us, and this meant fresh bread and rolls practically every day plus cookies, pies, cakes and so many



The five Field sisters taken in 1935. Jessie Shambaugh is sitting on the arm of the chair; Helen Fischer and Susan Conrad are standing; Martha Eaton, center front, and Leanna Driftmier on her left.

batches of doughnuts that I believe we could have encircled the globe with them. Saturday morning was the time when mother really flew around the kitchen! We would no more have dreamed of facing a Sunday without a big cake than of setting fire to the house. Sometimes it was a handsome angel food, other times it was a big white cake or a devil's food cake, but there was always a cake, make no mistake about that.

At one-fifteen Mother broadcast Kitchen-Klatter, and although she had a microphone at home she frequently went down to the studio. This entailed walking down our front steps and out to the car, and then through a long building and up another flight of steps at the studio. She wasn't the least bit troubled by this, and frequently went on from the studio to do some shopping or to call on friends. Almost every Sunday found her climbing up the long flight of steps that led to the Congregational church, and during that time she very rarely missed a meeting of Aid Society or the Congregational Woman's Club. Moreover, if a movie came to town that she wanted to see it was no trick at all to go to the theater. You can see that aside from the fact all of this activity had to be done with crutches, she was free to do pretty much as she pleased.

In an earlier number I mentioned the two specific exercises that helped Mother to regain her freedom: walking between two long iron pipes that Dad had cemented into the back yard, and riding Wayne's bicycle that had been safely mounted in a stationary frame. Both of these devices played a big part in the unending battle Mother waged to overcome her paralysis. However, to them must be added the benefit that she derived from swimming. As soon as warm weather arrived she went to our local pool every morning and took a plunge. All of

the children were very willing to go with her and to help her try something new every day in the water, and she has always felt that this particular form of exercise helped her considerably.

As I said before, I noticed great improvement in Mother's walking when I returned from Minneapolis in 1934, and it seemed most reasonable to all of us that she should feel able to take a trip with Aunt Helen Fischer at that time. We didn't realize how doubtful she felt in her own mind about the advisability of accepting Aunt Helen's invitation, but even though she had expressed her doubts we wouldn't have given her a chance to do anything but go for we had learned along the way to insist upon Mother's making an extra effort to accomplish the things that meant pleasure.

All of us were excited when we saw her walk out to Aunt Helen's car bright and early on a late May morning. I'll confess too that we were also somewhat nervous and worried because of what had happened the last time she got into a car to turn south on a trip, but at least we had sufficient wits and judgment not to indicate our anxiety in any way!

Mother says that this particular vacation was one of the nicest times she ever had. There were three of them in the car—Mother, Aunt Helen and Irene Swanson who lived with Fischers a good many years and often accompanied Aunt Helen on trips to help with the driving. They have any schedule in mind, and that matter they didn't even have an exact destination mapped out; just intended to drive as far as they felt like going and to take their time about it. We followed their progress by cards that Mother wrote and read every evening, and not until we reached Centerville, Missouri (a town in the Ozarks somewhat southeast of St. Louis) did we hear they were stopping for several days.

I've forgotten now exactly how Mother was gone on that trip but must have been around ten days or two weeks. However, I do know how happy all of us were that she had the opportunity to go away and enjoy herself before the terrific heat that summer descended upon us. Surely no one needs to be reminded of heat we experienced throughout the Midwest in 1934! Those were days we tried to get our heavy work done very early in the morning, for was nothing unusual to see the thermometer start climbing towards the 100 mark by seven o'clock. And those nights! Can anyone ever forget how we took to the yards in search of just one tiny breeze, of prowling about hour after hour in a helpless effort to find something that would pass for comfort? I'm sure that had any traveler from an earthquake area driven through middlewestern towns on those summer nights he would have looked at the people stretching out on lawns and concluded that the vicinity must have been visited by a terrific quake just before he arrived.

(Continued in October)



## YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

Anyone who handles film discovers very early that three classes of subjects far outweigh all others month in and month out. For every nice landscape shot there are at least a hundred pictures of babies and little children. For every snapshot of a pet there are countless snapshots of people. And for every picture of a horse or some building there are stacks of family groups, or groups of one kind or another. In other words, your camera is used chiefly to record pictures of your children, your parents, and groups that include both.

Whenever I process a roll of film in which children appear as their natural selves I am very happy, for those are the pictures that parents will love dearly in years to come. We never remember our children in unnatural and stiff poses, with self-conscious smiles on their faces. I know that in years to come Lucile and I will remember Juliana bending over her mudpies in the sandbox, or dressing her dolls on the backsteps, or running happily up the alley to her grandmother's. Those are the things we remember about our children and those are the things we want to capture in our pictures.

Perhaps you will say, "But my little boy always gets so self-conscious when he sees me come out with the camera." It is true that most children do stiffen and lose their unconscious charm when they see their parents coming choosy and the corner with the camera, so are up to you to use some ingenuity or word this. I've found that it pays to produce a new toy of some kind for each occasion. A five-cent balloon makes a wonderful device for arousing a child's eager interest and enthusiasm. The smallest thing, if it is new or new, affords you a priceless opportunity for getting a good picture. We learned too that it doesn't pay to appear with the camera and say, "Now show me how nicely you can wheel your doll buggy," or "Let's see what a pretty sandcake you can make." Take time to play with the child. Walk right along with the wiggly, if necessary, or stir up a cake of your own. When the youngster has gotten that you have the camera and is going ahead with his own rests, it is time to snap the picture.

**GOOD PICTURES TAKE TIME.** This cannot be emphasized too much. The most relaxed and completely unconscious pictures you'll ever see of children were the result of watching, participating, and waiting for just the right moment.

If all of this is true of children it is equally true of adults. The next time you want to say, "Step out on the front walk, Mother, and let me take a picture of you," stop and remember how you really think of your mother. Do you visualize her standing in one spot on the walk? Are your most vivid memories of her connected with a chair on the front lawn? No, you think of her busily engaged with her work or her hobby.

For instance, if flowers are your mother's hobby, don't pose her stiffly in front of her prize tulips. Make it a point to get your picture while she is working with her flowers, while she is actually busy doing something with them. If carpentry is your father's hobby, take time to bring things from the basement and snap his picture while he is actually working. I once saw a number of pictures of a fine-looking man, and his daughter who was showing them to me said: "This is the one we really love." It was a simple snapshot of him taken in the early morning while he was on his road to the barn. It called up more of his life to them than all of the posed snapshots they had of him.

The next time you take a picture of a group you'll have better results if you keep the following points in mind: 1. Don't line up the crowd in long rows. If it is a family reunion, seat the honored guests in the foreground and group the others in a semi-circle around them. If it is a wedding party, seat the bridal couple in the foreground and ask them to look at the camera. Place the others in a semi-circle and ask them to look at the bridal couple.

Remember that only the important subjects of a group should look directly into the camera. The others should look at the people who form the center of interest. The same thing applies to a child's birthday group. Make the cake and the honored child the most important thing and group the others in a semi-circle and ask them to look at the cake.

## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Last Friday was a big day for our household. Betty and I spent the morning working around the house and gardens. In the afternoon we drove down to one of Rhode Island's many beautiful beaches, and while Betty sunned herself on the sand I had a good swim. From the beach we went to one of our favorite dining-out places and had a huge lobster dinner. We then took a drive along the seashore until we came to the home of friends where we stopped and chatted a while. By the time we reached home both of us were tired. After reading a bit, I slowly dragged myself up the stairs to bed, and on the way up I met Betty coming down.

"Don't go to bed yet," she said. "I think that tonight would be a good night to go to the hospital and have a baby." And so off we went to the hospital. Three hours later we were the proud and happy parents of little Mary Leanna Driftmier—weight seven pounds, five ounces. Yes, it was a big day for the Driftmiers.

As always, Betty had a wonderful time in the hospital. She is so kind and thoughtful herself, that people are just naturally kind to her.

These last few days I have been busy getting airplane tickets for the entire family to fly to Honolulu. I am flying out the end of this month from San Francisco. Betty and the baby will fly from New York in late

October. It is wonderful to think that Betty and the baby will leave New York after breakfast on one day and have lunch in Hawaii the next day. People usually think of a minister's family living a very calm and settled life, but certainly up until now our life has not been that.

As you know, Betty's dad is the manufacturer of the famous Ashaway fishing lines. The other day his office received a call from the Danish Consulate in New York City, for it seems that while fishing in Norway the King of Denmark lost some tackle. Four Ashaway lines were wanted immediately so that they could be flown to Norway to replace the missing ones. A car was sent from New York up here to Rhode Island to get the lines and take them to the plane, so by this time those fishing lines are probably the most valuable lines in the world.

We often hear America referred to as the most powerful nation in the world. For a long time I have been wondering how best to discuss the subject of America's power and make it fully understood. Just what is meant by national power? I have looked and looked for some technical description of America's power, and just today I ran across something that really helps to clear up the matter. Instead of thinking in terms of military power, we should think in terms of productive power, and that means in terms of horsepower. It has been estimated that in 1850 we Americans had developed a half-horsepower per person. By 1900 this had risen to one horsepower. By 1914 it was up to 13 horsepower. Today, although there are no accurate measurements, it is estimated that our potential horsepower per person is 75. Now believe me, that is a terrific amount of power for one country to have. How is America going to use this utterly fantastic amount of power? Will we use it constructively or destructively? The answer lies with each of us. As for me and my 225 horsepower family, the vote is for a better world. The cost can't be too great for that.

Sincerely, Frederick.

## Photographic Christmas Cards

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

While my girls are taking their naps on this scorching August afternoon I'll get off my monthly letter to you. "Taking their naps" is merely a figure of speech, by the way, for every few minutes the silence is punctured with smothered giggles and whispered jokes. Now and then I charge up out of my chair determined to put a stop to it, but by the time I reach the foot of the staircase and feel the frightened, heavy silence that has suddenly descended, all of my impulses to be really "hard-boiled" have melted away.

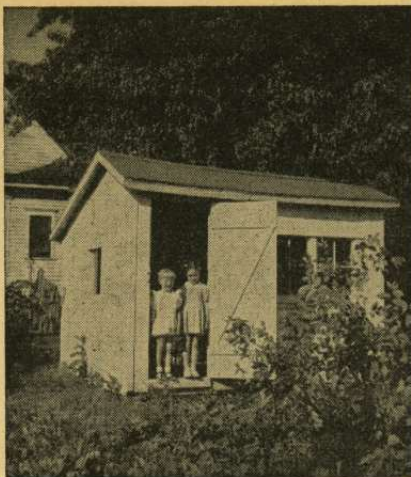
Unfortunately I'm cursed with a vivid memory, and I can recall all too clearly those blistering afternoons of my childhood when grown-ups were so unreasonable and ugly about giggling and whispering!

Sometimes it seems to me a great handicap to remember everything so vividly. It's the same handicap as being able to see both sides of every problem. Life must be very simple and uncomplicated when you aren't torn this way and that by seeing all sides, by sticking to one straight line without slipping here and there. Just about the time I decide that Juliana is really out of hand and that we'll have to crack down, I remember how I felt at that age—and remembering, I'm powerless to become the stern parent. Some people might call this following the line of least resistance, but if so I can only envy those who take the other way without meeting the ghosts of their childhoods at every turn.

This past month has brought us the joy of having a new baby in the family, and I don't know of anything better calculated to lift flagging spirits than a brand new baby. It seems that you get a whole new lease on life! Now that we have little Martin with us I am reliving all of the days when Juliana was that age, and in some ways it's just like having one of my own.

I must say that Martin is beyond all doubt the best baby I've ever seen. He could actually go on display as the perfect infant—he's the living example of what doctors mean when they say with deep feeling, "Well, he's a good baby." We thought that Juliana was good, but she was a handful of trouble compared to Martin. And Kristin . . . well, we were under no illusions about Kristin even at the time! I used to think that if Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I could survive Kristin's first nine months we could survive anything.

It's just now occurred to me that the foregoing remark may be puzzling to those of you who weren't reading our letters when Juliana and Kristin were babies, so I should go back and explain that in those days Russell and I occupied the downstairs apartment of a four-plex in Hollywood, and Dorothy and Frank were upstairs. This meant that all of the pleasures and troubles involved with our babies were mutual experiences. Dorothy went to the hospital to stay with Russell when Juliana was born, and four months later I went to stay with



Juliana and Kathy Powell in the door of their playhouse. It was built for a brooder-house, but made a wonderful summer play spot for little girls.

Frank when Kristin was born. We were just one family—no in-law stuff about it.

Periodically I always feel like telling the story of Kristin to hearten and encourage all young mothers and fathers who are having a terrible time with their first-born and wondering in wild despair if this sickly, crying baby will ever, ever be happy and strong. The pictures you've seen of Kristin in recent issues are certainly the pictures of a husky, contented child, and looking at her you may find it hard to believe that we were all in a chronic state of discouragement during her first year. In fact, now that it's all over we can say that we didn't expect Dorothy and Frank to raise her.

Kristin was a big, healthy looking baby at birth; she weighed eight pounds, ten ounces. We have no way of knowing just how much she cried in the hospital for in those huge city hospitals your baby seems to be existing in a separate planet, but we do know that when she was brought home she was crying and it seemed that she never stopped. My! the memories of those days give me chills on this August afternoon.

Our problem was complicated by the fact that our landlady lived directly across the hall from Dorothy, and in twenty-two years they'd never had a baby in the place until Juliana and Kristin arrived. Now Juliana really did very little crying, but even so our landlady told us at the end of the third week that she'd lost eight pounds from not being able to sleep because of "that baby". With this for a background you can imagine our sensations when we'd stagger out into the hall in the morning almost sick from fatigue, (after all, we'd walked the floor all night!) to meet her face to face, to be cornered while she told us what she thought of such goings-on. We were all so desperate and worried that this encounter was always the last straw.

Kristin's whole difficulty was her inability to digest any food. We tried formula after formula, we switched specialists, we tried everything we ever heard of from any source, pro-

fessional or otherwise, and still she lost weight. At five months she weighed only around twelve pounds—and then whooping cough struck. That was just about the end of the story. I'll omit the details of those dreadful weeks and skip ahead to the day that she was ten months old and finally rounded the corner into the beginning of good health. Even after that it was a long, long pull, but at least we could see that she would make a recovery. I must tell you too that it was the tenth formula (in which goat's milk was the basic ingredient) that turned the trick.

I've told you all of this because I'm sure that someone reading my letter right now is heartsick over a baby—her own child, a grandchild, a little niece or nephew, or a dear friend's child. Please believe me when I say that no "feeding problem" baby could have been in worse condition than Kristin, and no little girl could be stronger and happier today. Take heart. Your baby will be all right.

Juliana had a wonderfully happy time during the three weeks and a half that Kathy was here in our home. They did everything by spells, and I'd forgotten that this is the way children play. For two or three days at a time they'd practically live in their playhouse and at night I'd have the feeling that they'd been gone all day. Then they'd move to the front porch and camp out with their doll family for a spell. When this had lost its flavor they'd all but take up bed and board in the sandbox. From the sandbox they went to Grandmother Driftmier's yard . . . and then it was time for the playhouse again.

I had also forgotten that children love to exchange clothes, and the first morning Juliana came downstairs wearing Kathy's dress and shoes I was so amused that it was all I could do to keep a straight face. Kathy is seven and Juliana is four so you can imagine how she looked. At first I could hardly stand the sound of those too-big shoes clapping around all day, but now I don't even hear it—in fact I'd be sort of lonely without that shuffling clomp.

Most of the time they played together like the angels that they're not, but once in a while (particularly towards supper time) there would be the inevitable scrapping and teasing and crying. That was when I realized what those of you with more than an only child must take in your stride day in and day out. I should think that Mother with her seven would have developed deafness in self-defense! I wonder if anyone has ever written an honest, blood-sweat-and-tears account of what a mother thinks about at six o'clock on a hot summer night when the kitchen is a bake-oven, the washing has to be brought in or the ironing hasn't been put away, the children are fussing, the baby is crying, and you've just heard that the men won't be in to eat for another hour or two? Why, I can feel my nerves beginning to tingle at the thought of it.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

**QUES:** "Our fourteen-year old daughter has a boy friend who wants to come and take her places (which is a distance of eighteen or twenty miles) and bring her home at all hours. We think that she is entirely too young to go alone like this, but would like your opinion on the matter. We are very much opposed to taverns and do not allow our youngsters to go there. I think if parents would let their children have parties in the homes it would be much better."—Mo.

**ANS:** I agree with you all the way through, Mrs. E. S. A girl of fourteen is much too young to be going such distances at night, and I certainly hope that her friends aren't permitted to do this so that she can't say all of the other girls get to go! I also agree with you that taverns are not the place for our children, and that it would be much better for everyone concerned if entertainment could be made right at home. This means extra work and extra expense, of course, but I cannot imagine greater returns from any time or money that could be invested.

**QUES:** "Will you tell me how far you think parents should go in permitting their children to follow current fads in dress? I've always felt that little girls should wear clean, attractive dresses to school, but all last year I struggled with my seven-year old who pleaded to be allowed to wear slacks and sweaters like "all of the others." It's true that most of the other children are allowed to do this, and when I visited school I could see for myself that the others were dressed far more casually. With the opening of school we will have this trouble again, and I'd like to know what you think about it?"—Iowa.

**ANS:** It's too bad that your little girl couldn't have been in grade school when my girls were at that age for in those days your ideas were held by all mothers—a child in slacks would have been conspicuous and not vice versa. However, it is of the greatest importance to all children that they dress exactly like the others and they really suffer when we ask them to be "different" merely because we disapprove of current fads. I feel certain that your little girl will be far happier at school this year if you allow her to dress as the others. It may hurt your eyes, but your eyes don't compare to her hurt feelings.

**QUES:** "Have you ever heard of anyone who was licked by a telephone? If not, you're hearing about one now for I'm at a loss to know what to do. We moved into this neighborhood a year ago last March and although I really do appreciate the kindness and interest that our new neighbors have shown, still I don't know what to do about the telephone. I can't figure out when the other

women get their work done. They think nothing of calling at least once a day (generally in the morning) and hanging on for a half-hour at a time. I just feel wild when I have to stand there with precious time flying by and work stacking up while I listen to what is almost the same conversation day after day. I can't remember ever hearing before what a serious time-waster the party line really is. What can I do about it?"—Minn.

**ANS:** At the end of three minutes you can explain that something urgent is calling you and hang up. You can make it a point to ring back your neighbors at a more opportune time during the day always being sure to ask first if it is convenient for them to talk. The party line may be a time waster, as you say, but would you want to live on your farm without that telephone? Remember this when you get to feeling impatient.

**QUES:** "Do you think that a child should continue taking piano lessons during the school year when there is always so much extra going on to take his time and energies? My husband says "yes" and I say "no" because I see how many things are constantly coming up to disrupt lessons and practise periods."—Missouri.

**ANS:** I would say that this depends upon the child. If your boy or girl has talent, enjoys music and would accomplish something if given a little extra help in ironing out complications, I'd think that it would be a mistake to drop piano lessons during the school year. After all, that leaves only three months in which to make progress and after nine months away from the piano it will take almost the entire summer to catch up again. If the child hasn't any great liking for his piano work and leaps at every opportunity to avoid practising and going to his lesson I'd say that you might as well drop the matter throughout the school year.

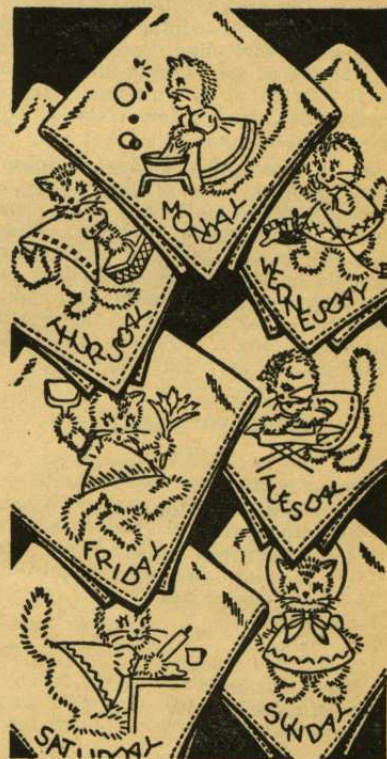
(Continued from page 6, column 3)

I suppose that you've enjoyed your sugar supply as much as I have these past weeks. I wish now that I'd taken off some weight while we were "on syrup" so that I could indulge just a little bit without feeling so terribly guilty. I've made cake after cake—white cakes, lemon-orange cakes, chocolate cakes, spice cakes . . . oh, just all kinds of cakes. And cookies galore. And pies. And fancy desserts. I've simply had a Roman holiday in the kitchen and my figure shows it. What in the world would it be like to have one of those figures that never change regardless of how much rich food you consume? Perhaps you've noticed too that women who must watch every mouthful invariably marry men who actually need the second helping, the extra

dish of dessert! That's another mystery I'd like to see shaken out and aired.

It's been a real pleasure to us to meet some of you friends this summer. Some of you have found us in anything but spic-and-span condition to meet callers, but I've trusted that you understood and overlooked what dust there might have been. Russell and I said the other day that when we met people for the first time in Hollywood or San Francisco we felt that we were really meeting strangers, but those of you who have come to see us here have just seemed like old friends whom we had the good fortune to visit with once again. Next summer we expect to have a car and then we're going to take little trips around the countryside, so I hope to return some of your calls. Right off-hand I can think of at least twenty places where I'm really eager to go.

As soon as this issue of Kitchen-Klatter has gone to press I'm going to start some fall sewing. I wish I were clever enough to sew for myself, but I don't have a dress form and there's no way to get a really good fit. However, I do have some wool sport shirts to make for Russell, and there's quite a stack of material to make up for Juliana so I'll have plenty to do without sewing for myself. Isn't it wonderful to be able to buy good cotton again? Sometimes I open the drawer and look at those materials and marvel! —Lucile.



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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### PICKLES

If you're a beginner at this business of making pickles, it's well to keep in mind the following things for they will make the difference between a product that gives you a thrill of pride, or a product that leaves you in an apologetic frame of mind.

Don't try to save money by investing in cheap vinegar. It's of the greatest importance to use a high-grade cider vinegar. Coarse-medium salt is best, and cucumbers are made firm and crisp by a preliminary soaking in a salt brine—1 cup of salt to 2 quarts of water.

Tough or shriveled pickles may be caused by too much salt, too much sugar, or too strong vinegar. Hurrying the processes of brining or cooking may cause shriveling. Soft pickles are the result of too strong vinegar, too weak a brine, or overcooking. Hollow pickles are due to imperfect or not-fresh cucumbers.

As in most other things, it doesn't pay to hurry at breakneck speed through pickle making. Take your time through every process. There may be times when you have every possible container full of soaking cucumbers and your family may complain that they're "sick of the smell", but they'll sing a different tune when those pickles arrive at the table.

### MUSTARD PICKLES

- 1 head cauliflower
- 1 qt. small green tomatoes
- 3 green peppers
- 2 1/2 cups green limas
- 1 qt. pickling onions
- 24 2-inch cucumbers
- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. turmeric
- 7 cups cider vinegar
- 7 cups water

Break cauliflower in flowerets; combine with tomatoes cut in wedges, peppers cut in strips, limas, onions, and cucumbers. Cover with 1 cup coarse salt and 4 cups water; let stand overnight. Drain; cover with boiling water; let stand 10 minutes. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients; cook until thick. Add vegetables; cook until just tender. Seal in hot, sterilized jars. Makes 8 pints.

### SWEET PICKLES

Soak cucumbers in brine (1 cup coarse salt to 2 qts. of water) for 7 days. On 7th day drain and put in fresh water for 3 days. On the 4th day take out, split, and simmer in a solution made by combining 2 rounded Tbls. alum, 2 Tbls. ginger and 1 cup vinegar to each gallon of water. The ginger gives the pickles the dark green color, the vinegar removes any remaining salt that may not have soaked out and the alum is for crispness.

Bring to a boil in foregoing solution and simmer at least one and one-half hours. Wash off in cold water and pack tightly in jars. Put on to boil 5 cups sugar and 1 qt. vinegar (approximately 1 1/4 cups sugar and 1 cup vinegar are needed to fill a quart jar) along with mixed spices which have been tied in a cloth bag. Remove bag, pour solution over pickles and let stand overnight. On the 2nd and 3rd mornings drain off liquid from jars, reheat liquid and spices and pour over pickles. On 4th morning reheat for last time, pour over pickles and seal the jars.

### WATERMELON RIND PICKLES

- 7 lbs. watermelon rind
- 7 cups sugar
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. oil of cloves
- 1/2 tsp. oil of cinnamon

Trim off dark green and pink parts of watermelon rind; cut in 1-inch cubes or cut with small biscuit cutter. Soak in lime water (1 Tbls. slaked lime to 1 qt. of water) or in salt water—1/4 cup salt to 1 qt. water; drain; rinse and cover with cold water. Cook until tender but not soft; drain. Combine sugar, vinegar, oil of cloves, and oil of cinnamon; bring to boiling; pour over rind. Let stand over night. Repeat. The third morning, heat rind in sirup; seal in hot, sterilized jars. The oil of cinnamon and cloves keep the rind clear and transparent. Makes 8 pints.

"Ordinary fried potatoes taste like something out-of-this-world if a layer of grated American cheese is spread over them just before they are done. People who like cheese will really enjoy this."—Mrs. Ralph Loghry, Omaha, Nebraska.

### FINE CHOCOLATE COOKIES

- 1 cup melted shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups all-purpose flour (measured after sifting)
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup walnut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine melted shortening (use at least one-half butter for the flavor) with beaten eggs and brown sugar. Add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Combine flour (all-purpose) with soda and cream of tartar, and add alternately with milk. Lastly add nuts. This batter is very thin but do not add more flour; it can be handled nicely if chilled in the refrigerator. Then drop by small spoonfuls on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake in 400 degree oven for 10 minutes.

### ICING

Melt 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate. Stir in one well-beaten egg. Add sufficient powdered sugar to thicken and also 1 tsp. vanilla.

This recipe can go into your file for a dependable, extra-delicious chocolate cookie that will become a family tradition. The friend in Falls City, Nebraska, who sent it said that she always sends a box of these cookies to her grandchildren for their birthdays, and that when her own children were small she always made them for their birthdays and little "club" meetings.

### LEMON-ORANGE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Combine grated orange rind, orange juice, lemon juice and water. (If you don't have a fresh lemon in the house you can use 1 tsp. lemon extract). Add to first ingredients alternately with flour (measure after sifting) and baking powder. If butter is not used as shortening be sure to add 1/2 tsp. salt to the flour. Lastly fold in well-beaten egg whites. Bake in two layers in 350 degree oven from 25 to 30 minutes. I use a plain white boiled frosting for it.

This unusually delicious and delicately flavored cake makes a wonderful change for any family that has gotten just a little tired of mother's white cakes, chocolate cakes or spice cakes. If you serve it for guests you're bound to be asked for the recipe.



## PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cake fresh yeast or 1 envelope dry yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 beaten egg
- 3 1/2 cups flour (measured before sifting)

Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast softened in luke warm water. (If dry yeast is used follow directions on envelope for preparing it.) Add egg. Gradually stir in flour to form soft dough. Beat vigorously; cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about two hours. Turn out on lightly floured surface and roll or pat to 1/2 inch thickness. Cut with 2 1/2 inch biscuit cutter; brush with melted fat; crease each round through center with dull edge of knife and fold over. Place on greased, shallow pan or cooky sheet; brush lightly with melted fat and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven. Makes 3 dozen small rolls.

This is a fine, dependable plain roll dough that you can use with endless variations. Sometimes I make orange rolls with this dough as follows, only I double the amount of sugar and shortening. Remember that increased sugar and shortening retards the yeast action, so allow more time for preparing.

## ORANGE ROLLS

Roll one-half of above recipe on lightly floured surface 1/2 inch thick. Combine 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup butter, melted, and grated rind of 1 orange. Spread over dough. Roll; cut 1-inch slices; and place, cut side down, in greased, shallow pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven for 25 minutes. Makes 16 rolls.

## RACHEL'S SPOON BREAD

- 1 cup of white corn-meal
- 1 heaping Tbls. butter and lard mixed
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 heaping tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 cupfuls of milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine corn-meal, shortening and salt. Stir in just enough boiling water to dissolve evenly and then let cool. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Then add baking-powder. Scald milk, add, and then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. This batter should be thin. Pour into a well-greased baking-dish at least two inches deep. Bake 30 minutes in a hot oven. When finished it should be brown and crusty outside but soft inside. As the name indicates, it is to be spooned on to the plate and served with plenty of butter. When your family is tired of biscuits and cornbread why not try this, and although they'll ask "What is it?" you'll find that they will enjoy it and will want it again.



Susan and Bruce Swerkrubbe, Bennington, Nebr., enjoying an afternoon lunch.

## MENUS

Cold boiled ham  
Creamed potatoes  
Platter of sliced tomatoes  
Parkerhouse rolls  
Chilled watermelon  
Iced Tea

As long as I can remember Mother has served the above meal on hot nights in late August and September. The ham is always sliced thin, the potatoes have little pieces of crisp parsley around the edges of the bowl, the tomatoes are cold and a small dish of mayonnaise accompanies them, the rolls are hot and they arrive at the table covered with a linen napkin. Tall glasses of clear iced tea are on the table throughout the meal, and the last thing on, of course, is the chilled watermelon. Whenever any of us run into this combination of food anywhere it surely carries us back to hot evenings at home!

Hot sliced tongue with raisin sauce  
Spinach garnished with hard-boiled egg  
Spoon bread  
Coleslaw  
Lemon-orange cake

I like to serve this menu from time to time. Tongue and spinach go together, the spoon bread compensates for more usual starches, and a nice thick piece of the lemon-orange cake provides a perfect dessert.

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## HOUSEHOLD HELPS

"One of the helps that has meant the most to me is this: 'Run your washing through in cold water before putting in the hot suds.' I fill the machine at the same time I fill the boiler, and by the time the boiler water is hot I have run the clothes through the cold water and have lost no time. It takes the place of soaking the clothes, loosens the stains, and the dirty water shows that the greater part of the soil has been taken out."—Mrs. D. R. Chapman, Beatrice, Nebr.

"I refinished some light fixtures which we like very much. First I used an ivory enamel and left it until thoroughly dry. Then I used glazing liquid to which I had added Vandyke Brown oil color. After putting this on I wiped it off, and it leaves only the pattern filled. With a little practice one can do a very nice job. I used the same method on some old woodwork where we once lived. There I would start at the top and wipe straight down to the bottom using crumpled newspapers. This method is called antiquing."—Mrs. A. Carlton, Omaha, Nebr.

"Please tell your readers that when defrosting electric refrigerators with warm water they should be sure to turn the machine OFF or disconnect it. My cousin always set hers on defrost and used warm water, and at the end of three years she had to have a new unit. The repairman said that she had ruined the unit by not turning the refrigerator OFF when using warm water in it."—Mrs. J. A. Gramenz, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

"For a rusty stove top: dip or wet a cloth with liquid floor wax, and after the stove has been washed (while warm) with soapy water, dip the treated cloth in the soapy water and go over the stove. Presto!—you'll notice a big change."—Vera Clausen, Holstein, Iowa.

"I find that by coating the top part of the key most used with nail polish, I don't have any trouble picking the right one the first time.

"When hemstitching, wrap a piece of colored ribbon around the index finger of your left hand. This makes the threads show up better, thus making it easier on the eyes."—Mrs. R. A. Bemer, LeMars, Iowa.

"A very good way to sharpen your scissors is to cut through sandpaper a number of times.

"A clean window screen is ideal for drying sweaters. It allows air to circulate above and below.

"When castor cups stick to linoleum, pour hot water into them (be careful that it isn't hot enough to break them), and in a minute or two they will loosen without damaging the linoleum.

"Remember always to pour medicine from the side of the bottle opposite the label. The directions then remain clear and unspotted."—Mrs. T. G. Burris, Linneus, Mo.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This has been a busy, busy time for all of us and I have even found it a problem to find this hour to write my letter to you. But this afternoon Dad is visiting us, so while he talks with Father Johnson I'll take time to write so that he can take my letter home with him and get it to the printer in the morning.

It doesn't seem possible that just a month ago when I wrote to you the rain was coming down in sheets outside, and our land was all under water for the fourth time; because this afternoon the thermometer stands at almost 100 in the shade, and the dust is several inches deep in the road. It looks as if we might have a few acres of corn after all! The last that Frank planted about three weeks ago has shot up very fast and looks surprisingly good. I honestly didn't think that we would ever again be asking for rain, but now we could stand a nice shower.

During this past month Frank, Kristin and I have been staying with Father Johnson and looking after his needs such as cooking his meals and keeping house for him. Just one month ago today we took Mother Johnson to Omaha to the hospital, and since that time she has undergone two serious operations. A week ago she was pretty homesick to see Kristin, so we made the trip to Shenandoah with Mother and Dad (they had been here for the day), and then spent the next day in Omaha visiting Grandma. The following weekend Frank and I went to Omaha. My goodness, it sounds as if I have done nothing but run back and forth to Omaha, but in between trips I really have been awfully busy.

The raspberries have come and gone, and my! but there were a lot of them this year. Since Frank and I don't care too much for sauce we put only twenty-three quarts in the locker, and the rest I made up into jam—and raspberry jam is something that all three of us love. I don't know exactly how many pints I did make, but I have one pantry shelf just full and I know that I put up a lot because it made a terrible dent in my sugar sack. But what a blessing to be able to have the sugar! I'm still not accustomed to it, and everytime I took out a cupful I sort of cringed.

For the past two weeks I have baked a cake at least every other day. I don't know of a man who doesn't like a big piece of cake, so it makes a nice thing to serve with coffee to the haymen for their morning and afternoon lunches. I always fix a lunch and take it to the field about nine-thirty in the morning and again about three-thirty in the afternoon. With a big breakfast to prepare, then morning lunch, a substantial meal at noon, then afternoon lunch, and another substantial meal at night I can see for myself what many of you friends have been doing with yourselves for years and years! I guess I hardly need tell you how I meet myself coming and going in the kitchen. But

field work is mighty hard work, and I always feel that anything I can do to make it easier is the way I can help. Frank is always in the field by six-thirty, and since we have breakfast about five o'clock he is simply starved by nine-thirty and tired as well. He says that he doesn't know what he would do without his lunches, and of course this always sends me back to the house trying to think of something even better to put in the next one!

I told you in my last letter that I would report on Kristin's birthday party in this issue, but alas! that party never came to pass. At the time Mother Johnson left us to go to the hospital the roads were still impassable, and it looked as though we would never be able to have the party. Since she was going to be disappointed to miss it (if the roads ever cleared up so we could have it), we just decided to have a family dinner party the night before she left. We plan to have a party later this summer when Grandma is home and strong again, but it won't be a birthday party.

We have had two visits from the folks this past month, both times while the raspberries were ripe. The first trip they made the berries weren't very ripe yet, but even so Don and I got a bucket full of them. However, just a week later they came for the day and brought Abigail with them. After dinner Dad and Abigail, Mr. Johnson and I picked a couple of buckets full while Mother watched Kristin for me. We didn't have much time for visiting, but I was awfully glad they could get the berries. It will soon be blackberry time and I notice that some of them are beginning to turn. All the berries were late this year.

This has been quite an exciting month for the Driftmiers what with two new babies in the family. Of course we haven't any of us seen little Mary Leanna, Frederick's and Betty's new little daughter, but Margery and Elmer have a little darling in Martin Erick. He is without doubt the best baby I have ever known, and it surely would have pleased me if I could have taken him home with me. He was the first tiny baby Kristin had ever seen and she simply marvelled at his fingernails and toenails! And she certainly looked at me doubtfully when I told her that she was once that small too, although to get right down to brass tacks she really wasn't for she weighed over eight-and-one-half pounds at birth, while little Martin weighed six pounds, ten ounces. But of course to the eyes of a four-year old that difference wouldn't register at all.

Kristin has acquired two new pets this month in the form of Judy and Jack, little banty chickens who were given to her as birthday gifts from Billy and Caroline Marker, two little neighbor children she enjoys very much. Judy is the most friendly. She eats out of her hand and follows her around the yard, but Kristin won't let Jack eat out of her hand because she says he pecks too hard. We also have three baby kittens that haven't yet

been named.

There isn't much more news from these acres today so I'll close, and hot as it is I must sprinkle the clothes so I can iron this evening while it is a little cooler, and early in the morning too. And I envy Kristin because I'm going to put some water in the bathtub and let her play in that for an hour or so. This is her favorite occupation these hot afternoons, and she loves it until it is time to scrub.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## HINTS FOR SCHOOL DAYS OR AWAY WITH SCHOOL DAZE!

By Mabel Nair Brown

1. Place a clean hankie in school dress or trousers as you iron.
2. Have a handy tree or hooks downstairs where school coats and hats may be hung, and see that they are hung—not flung down helter-skelter.
3. Have a small table where school books may be handily laid down after school and easily grabbed in the morning.
4. Have all articles used daily in putting up school lunches (waxed paper, small jars, paper cups, etc.) in a special drawer or on a special shelf so that they are all together—saves steps and tempers!
5. Help your small youngsters remember to clean teeth, nails, etc., by tacking up a chart and making a game, sometimes offering a small prize at the end of a month. Small children need their interests in these orderly habits stimulated by little games and contests.
6. We avoid drabness of school lunches and give children their favorites too by occasionally letting the children take turns in making out a list of sandwiches for a week in advance or of desserts, etc. They love it.
7. Train children to lay out clean socks, blouses, undies, dresses, shirts, etc., at night ready to put on quickly in the morning and thus avoid the grand rush.
8. You'll find the children cooperate much better in getting up in the morning if you have "early" and "last" call, say five minutes apart—gives them time to stretch and yawn themselves awake. Do insist, however, that feet must hit the floor at "last call" to make this system effective.
9. Don't forget the thrill a small child gets in a little surprise tucked in the lunch pail occasionally (candy, novelty cookies, etc.)
10. Don't overlook the wonderful opportunity of sharing your child's everyday experiences and building a real friendship by *being home* when the child arrives from school. I call this my "Golden Rule" for all mothers of school children.

"I have received your wonderful little magazine for many years and find it a never-ending source of pleasure and help. Both of my other daughters received your magazine from me as an anniversary gift each year, so this subscription will put all of us on your list."—Mrs. Andrew Schafer, Freemn, S. D.



## THE FIRST AMERICAN PERSIAN LAMB COAT

By Hallie M. Barrow

Precious furs—ermine, sealskin, silver fox or mink—doesn't it bring to your mind trappers in the Arctic regions or men in charge of silver fox or mink farms? Well, farm women now are in increasing numbers raising one of the most costly and luxuriant of furs—Persian lamb.

If you've ever been pestered with a pet lamb on a bottle, after this just be sure it is from the right breed, the Karakul sheep. You won't sell the wool from this pet ewe lamb or use it in a comfort, but you'll keep it to raise you a lamb. True, one lambskin will only make you a small Persian lamb collar and cuffs for a cloth coat, but the chances are that when you see your first Karakul lamb you'll decide to have a small flock of these fur sheep and in time raise yourself a fine Persian lamb fur coat.

The first Persian lamb coat ever made in this country came from a woman's flock, and the story of this homesick French girl is closely interwoven with Karakul history in our country.

Marie Laurencine Sahores was born in the province of Pau, France. For five hundred years the Sahores family had been in possession of this large ancestral holding and as a child she was taught that the large family connection and all their retainers could not live except for the big flocks of sheep which grazed in the hilly pastures. The wool was used to make most all of the clothing and bedding; mutton and lamb were the meats most often on their tables; tallow made their candles; and the milk from the ewes was made into cheese, without which no real French family could live adequately.

Each summer Basque shepherds moved the flocks to fresh mountain pastures where the tender grasses gave the desired flavor to their Gruere and Roquefort cheeses. Here too, were the mountain caves, where cheese could ripen properly.

For her graduation present, Marie Laurencine was given a trip to the United States to make a year's visit to her brothers. At the end of her year she married Alex Albright, a Texas rancher, and went to live at Elm Lodge, a large Texas cattle ranch. She was accustomed to living in the country but she was homesick for the more domestic, intimate farm life of her childhood home.

"Oh Alec", she would comment wistfully "why can't we have sheep? Even though your cowboys would not milk them to make cheese or even eat a sliver of mutton it will never really be 'home' to me without a flock of sheep around. All my life, Alec, the most important thing in existence was the state of the flocks."

The ranchman knew that his French wife, whom he loved very dearly, would never forget those sheep grazing on the Pyrnees mountains in Southern France, so to satisfy her homesick whimsy, Alex Albright

bought a small flock of fine Lincoln ewes. Then her brother, Victor Sahores, came for an extended visit. He would "advise" his sister about the management of her flock which from the start was highly successful. Then in 1909, an event took place on a nearby ranch which completely changed the Albright flock plans. After enormous difficulties their friend, Dr. C. C. Young, had at last succeeded in bringing to Holliday, Texas, the first importation of Karakul sheep—three rams and fifteen ewes.

What? Karakul sheep in America? The sacred sheep of Bokhara which for centuries had never been allowed to leave their native land except in the form of the precious baby lambskins? Dr. Young was a Russo-Bokharan by birth and later engaged in sheep ranching in Montana. His great ambition was to bring the Karakuls to this country. It had to be handled through diplomatic circles and was a slow, discouraging, tedious mission. The slow, red-tape pace changed when the venture reached the ears of President Teddy Roosevelt. He took it up with his customary vim and through his friendship with the Czar, Dr. Young at last sailed with the necessary documents. He made his selections from the flocks near Kara Kul.

But when he arrived with his shipment at New York City the agricultural department refused admittance to his sheep. They feared they might bring some Asiatic sheep disease into this country. So the Karakuls went to sea again and stayed in Cuba until proven free of pests and plagues and then were brought to Dr. Young's parents' home at Holliday, Texas.

The Albrights joined the crowds who came to see the strange fur sheep, valued at the unheard-of-price of a thousand dollars a head. Mrs. Albright was at once intrigued by the money-making possibilities of this breed, but they did not appeal to her husband until weeks later when Mrs. Albright planned another visit to these sheep pens. And this visit was really "planned"—for just a few hours before their arrival a Karakul ewe had given birth to jet black twin lambs with marvelously lustrous curls kinked tighter than any permanent. Mr. Albright was completely won over then and until his death in 1937 he spent the rest of his life developing Karakuls. Elm Lodge at Dundee, Texas, became one of the Karakul centers of the world. The Albrights became importers themselves and made five trips to Europe to attend the large fur shows and to select breeding stock. At one Paris show Mrs. Albright turned to her husband and said, "Alex, if this is their best you have them all beat."

He was satisfied. There wasn't a fur garment in the room as fine as the one his wife wore from their own sheep. That was in 1929. They went on to Halle, Germany, and brought back the last importation of Karakul made to this country—at least up until 1941 when I visited this charming French woman in her home. She carried on at Elm Lodge for several years after that and only recently was the

bulk of her flock finally disposed of to another Texas breeder. Her own Persian lamb coat, made in 1921, is still in almost perfect condition.

A new born Karakul lamb is one of Nature's masterpieces. At birth the black, shining curls are so tight, the fur looks as if the surface had been sheared. A day old lambskin makes the finest coat for immediately the curls start to loosen. At five days it is no longer called Persian lamb fur; and from then until the lamb is ten days old the fur is known as Astrakahn. Caracul is a trade name given to a lustrous open type of fur curl which shows a wavy or moire pattern and is entirely free from close curls. It is good as long as it retains the glowing sheen, and this may be up to two weeks of age. Broadtail may come from a premature lamb and is a more open pattern.

Plan your own fur coat. And if you can't bear to take the pelt from your baby Karakul, you can sell the wool later as with other sheep. It is coarser but makes wonderful rugs—the famous Oriental rugs made in the far East are from Karakul wool. The Albrights sent wool to the Navajo Indians and had lovely Indian rugs woven. Their meat is good but of course not so choice as a mutton breed. After all, you can't have everything and the Karakuls are noted principally for their lambs which have furnished the finest of fur garments for royalty from the days of the Hittite kings.

## COULD THIS BE YOUR TROUBLE?

I wonder if others have had this experience? Sometimes my baking turned out fine, and then again the same recipe would be a complete failure. I found out that one of my measuring cups was all wrong. The markings were all there but it only held three-fourths of a cup. I told a friend about it and she had one exactly like it, although she had purchased hers in another town. I wonder how many of those cups there are around the country, and if other people have been baffled by mysterious baking failures?"—Mrs. Floyd Walter, Rock Port, Mo.



Each one of these purses went to some "Good Neighbor" in our recent radio contest. When this picture was taken I hadn't yet been able to select my favorite style.





## Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

I have just finished reading a very interesting article on the results of experiments conducted with the use of hormones on chickens. They are proving some very interesting things, but it will be a long time before they are commonly used and in the meantime we will have to carry on in the usual way.

Many of you are counting the days until you tie your little girl's ribbons and fasten the last button on the little man's blouse before starting them off to school. September is always sort of a sad month to me. So many little ones are starting out in to the world, and it's a big and strange world to them.

There are still many busy days ahead with canning to finish, and clothes to be assembled before school begins. I hope that all of you have been able to take at least a few days off for a short vacation. I guess I'll have to count my vacation the time when the roads were oiled and I was not able to get the car off of the place for two weeks. No mail carrier and no traffic came by here.

But I took advantage of every day and accomplished a great deal of sewing. I made twenty, yes, *twenty* aprons for our church apron sale. They were all made from sacks that originally held chicken feed. Some were my own and some were donated. They were really very attractive as I used rick-rack trimming or bias tape on all of them. Each apron required one sack and some of the larger sizes took two sacks. At five dollars a sack for chick feed you can judge for yourself that buying commercial feed to raise chickens isn't cheap.

Keep your pullets growing and don't begin to feed laying mash too early. If you force feed pullets you will get a lot of small eggs during her first laying season. If her body is large and well developed before she begins laying she will not only lay larger eggs but will be better able to stand the ordeal of high production later in her laying season.

### KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

Any 6 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1.—Cookies and Candies.
  - Vol. 2.—Salads and Sandwiches.
  - Vol. 3.—Vegetables.
  - Vol. 4.—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings.
  - Vol. 5.—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery.
  - Vol. 6.—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.
  - Vol. 7.—Household Helps Book.
- With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid.
- ORDER FROM LEANNA DRIFTMIER  
Shenandoah, Iowa

### GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

One gentle word that we may speak,  
Or one kind, loving deed,  
May, tho a trifle, poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring

From such a very little thing?

Mrs. Janet Whalen is in need of some loving deeds just now. After years of invalidism, she is again in a hospital many miles from her home, and will have to stay there several months. Will you write to her? Address in care of Hospital, Rt. 6, Auburn, N. Y. She is bedfast and in constant pain, and is not able to write, but mail helps her forget the pain for a little while.

Mrs. Regis Fowler, PawPaw, W. Va., tells us about her son, aged 11, who lately lost part of his left hand when a blasting cap exploded in it. He had picked up the cap, not knowing what it was. Address your cards or gifts for him to her, and mark them for Sonny, as she did not tell me his name.

Little Dickie Otten, son of David Otten, Alcester, S. Dak., had an operation recently. He would enjoy cards. Be sure to put the "Little" before his name as there are three Dickies in the family and that is the way they distinguish him.

Ray Vredenburg, c/o Oscar Vredenburg, Pisgah, Iowa, is bedfast with rheumatic fever. He is about 13. Story books, comics, or something he can handle in bed would be nice to send him.

Mrs. Hallie Rise, 935 E High St., Lima, Ohio, has been very ill for a long time. She is lonely and needs cheer. Evelyn Young, 120-76 132 St., South Ozone Park, N. Y., wants some stamped pieces to embroider. Can you spare one? Betty Reymer, PSHS, Hamburg, Pennsylvania, has just had an operation and is still in the hospital waiting until she is strong enough for another. A word of encouragement would help. Mrs. Flora Springer, 19 Wentworth St., Dorchester 24, Mass., wants some plant slips.

Do you know any little shut-in girl who has a doll and would enjoy having a new dress for it? Not just any little girl, but one who is really shut-in? If so, send me her address and the height of her doll and its waist measure. A very good Neighbor has offered to make several dresses. And do you know any shut-in who would make rugs on shares, preferably someone living not too far from Shenandoah? Tell them to ask me for Mrs. D's address. You can write me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.. A friend near Shenandoah has a lot of rags she wants made up and hasn't time to do it herself.

If you are planning to help with the fund to get eye glasses for Miss Epes, do write me soon. She needs them badly. You will remember her as the girl in the wheel chair who cares for her invalid and blind mother.

"Where is there a brighter, warmer spot than in the sunshine we create for others!"

### THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

If you have small children in your family, you are probably on the lookout for inexpensive, attractive books that will not fall to pieces the first few times they are handled. A real answer to this need can be found in the LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS, which sell for only twenty-five cents each. Bound in stiff cardboard covers, they are small enough for a child to handle easily, and any child would want to handle them, for they are beautifully illustrated in color, as well as in black and white.

The tiniest of children would love the "Three Little Kittens", which has two pages of illustration for every few lines. For reading aloud, those old-time favorite characters, Jack in the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots and Cinderella come to life in the "First Little Golden Book of Fairy Tales. Other well-known tales are included in the books "Nursery Tales" and "Bedtime Stories".

Things that run always have a fascination . . . for adults as well as children. "Tootle" (the train that wanted to grow up to be a flyer), "Scuffy the Tugboat" and "The Taxi That Hurried" are all adventurous tales.

Animals are another constant child interest. "The Saggy Baggy Elephant" is a delightful little story of a baby elephant who was dissatisfied with his appearance. "The Shy Little Kitten" and "The Poky Little Puppy", introduce in picture and story the animals, both tame and wild, that may be found on a farm. "A Day in the Jungle" helps the child to identify the larger wild animals. And for those who enjoy Disney characters, there is "Dumbo", the little circus elephant who learned to fly.

There are stories of the home, too, in "The New House in the Forest", showing how it was built, and in "The Happy Family". And familiar everyday things are pictured in "The Alphabet from A to Z" and in "Toys".

For constant re-reading until the favorites have been learned by heart are the rhymes and verses in "Mother Goose", "Counting Rhymes", "The Little Golden Book of Poetry", "The Little Golden Book of Hymns" and "Prayers for Children". "The Story of Jesus" is simply told and softly illustrated.

If you are not already familiar with the LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS, you will be pleased with their color and text. There are thirty-four different titles to choose from and more to come this winter.

### SO I'M INCLINED

Before I make the beds, I think  
I'll give the potted plants a drink.  
And then, before I wash the dishes,  
I'll feed the turtles and the fishes.  
I've got to scrub the kitchen floor,  
But first I'll hurry to the store.  
I have so many things to do,  
It's clear I never will be through.  
So I'm inclined to leave the worst  
To last and do the soft jobs first.

—Margaret Fishback.



## POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

This is the article that Kira's Daddy has been waiting for me to write for several months now. He doesn't think it is fair for anyone to have this information without passing it on. Most parents sort of look forward to six years old as a milestone where most of the problems of raising a child seem to be over. Consequently they are totally unprepared for this new child who suddenly appears.

Infancy with its sleepless nights and your anxiety about formulas and sudden fevers is long past. You have survived the aggressive and destructive age of two, and watched the negative and rebellious four year old give way to five. Five years old seems to be such a rewarding year for parents because the average child is now competent to take care of himself almost entirely. He seems to have absorbed all the things you have tried to teach, and he is always so anxious to do the right thing—always watching and listening and trying to learn how to do everything the right way.

At five they do begin to have new fears, but they depend upon Mother and Daddy to blow them all away and to accept their word without question. This is the time that you hear all the fussing about Mother and Daddy being the strongest and prettiest and the smartest and best people in the whole world. They become very affectionate and often run in from play just to get a quick kiss. No wonder parents are lulled into a false sense of security!

You have a vision of this nearly perfect child going off to school developing all these virtues, and then comes the evening when you sit down and decide that you have been a complete failure as a parent. You may think that everything you have taught your child about right and wrong has been forgotten, but these lessons have sunk so deep that the child now begins to think of them as his own ideas and to feel that he, as a person, is responsible for his own conduct. In order really to feel this way he has to get out from under his dependence upon his family, and he does this by a series of bad habits and bad manners.

He picks up some tough talk and drops the extra grown-up words from his vocabulary. He wants the same style of clothing or haircut that some other "kid" has. He skips washing and comes to the table dishevelled and dirty, then leans over his plate and shovels food into his mouth or on the tablecloth and it doesn't matter which. He gangs up with kids and forms secret societies with elaborate sets of rules and keeps some other kids on the outside to harrass and tease them, but he never figures out just what the secret is himself!

He becomes very strict about some things that matter a great deal to him such as not stepping on cracks or having to touch every third post. He dreams up lots of new rules which he never tells anyone else and then he is mad if everybody doesn't observe them! He usually has everything in



Little Martin Erik Harms at five days. This is our first grandson, and he carries his Grandfather Driftmier's first name.

a mess and then suddenly gets an urge to straighten everything out and woe betide the person who moves a book a quarter of an inch from where he placed it.

He contradicts almost every statement made by his own family and seems to accept the word of anybody in preference even when he knows it is false. By this process he is really accomplishing three things at once and they are all necessary to the development of an adult with a well integrated personality. He is shifting to his own age for his models of behaviour. He is declaring his right to be more independent of his parents. And he is keeping square with his own conscience because he is not doing anything morally wrong.

What are you going to do about it?

After all, he has to be bathed occasionally and cleaned up as a health measure—if nothing else. His room and belongings cannot remain in utter chaos until he gets one of his unpredictable urges to straighten things out. As usual you will have to compromise. Overlook most of the least important things and when you have to ask him to wash his hands or pick up things, try to be friendly about it. It's the bossy, nagging tone that makes him rebel more than the order.

Remember that this phase of behavior is over as soon as he becomes more sure of himself as an individual. The quickest way to accomplish this is to let him work it out, and the more you interfere the longer it takes. Be careful now not to reject your child because of his uncouth behavior for it is during this period that he is trying to establish a permanent relationship with you. And it is this relationship that will endure as long as both of you live for he is now trying to be a real person, not a toy or a possession. If you can come through this trying period without permanent resentments there will be comparatively smooth sailing ahead until adolescence. My husband thinks that it helps to regard this period as a premature adolescence, and I must say that it resembles the adolescent period more than anything else.

## HOBBIES

Mrs. Don Patrick, Coon Rapids, Ia., would like to trade salt and pepper shakers.

If you would like to trade salt and pepper shakers for a collection of stamps, write to Lelia May Steffen, Burdett, Kans. .

Mrs. Hazel Brewer, Corning, Iowa., wonders if anyone has white or colored feed sacks for sale. She is also eager to find a crocheted bootie pattern.

Perfume lamps is the hobby of Mrs. James C. Daugherty, 926 N. Oak St., Ottawa, Kansas. She has collected forty, plus three lanterns.

"I would like to exchange seals and dress pins."—Mae Wicht, Ashland, Nebraska.

Mrs. Clayton Kent, Stanhope, Iowa., collects hat pin holders.

Refinishing and remaking old furniture is the hobby of Mrs. Oscar Jackson, Eurbank, S. D. She sent us a picture of a most attractive plant table that was made by removing the lid from an old phonograph and mounting it on incubator legs.

I collect Bavarian china dishes with a blue band border and tiny wreaths of roses and small blue flowers. These were sold by a mail order house about twenty years ago. Will pay cash or exchange."—Mrs. Dave Sigg, Soldier, Kansas.

Mrs. Julia Jones, Box 27, Haynesville, Iowa, would appreciate hearing from people who collect salt and pepper shakers in Ohio, Illinois, Florida, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Louisiana.

"I collect the following things and would like to exchange with others: House plants, plant holders, cups small lamps, dolls, feed sacks and fancy work."—Mrs. L. S. Booe, Highland, Kansas.

Mrs. Elmer J. Schnetzer, Box 301, Renwick, Iowa, would like to exchange homemade potholders and colored handkerchiefs.

## PEACE

Within this humble, thatched roof place

Each meal is hallowed by a grace.

"Be present at our table, Lord."

They pray around their frugal board.

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,

God bless our home . . . and make us good."

Before they start each busy day

They meet around the hearth to pray.

At night beside the patch-work bed

"Our Father" is devoutly said.

The ancient Bible's leaves are loose

And shabby from continual use.

They're lowly peasants of the sod,

Yet all day long they walk with God.

Poor little home, and countrified,

But oh, the peace one finds inside!

—Beatrice Plumb.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### BEAKY, THE PET CROW

By Maxine Sickels

One cold spring day the boys came back from their noon exploring trip with the news that they had found a crow's nest. Furthermore, in the nest were four big white eggs with green spots on them. Now most crows are wise enough to build where small boys cannot peak, but these birds were not wise. As a result of their carelessness we had a daily record of four little birds with no feathers but with enormous mouths which were always wide open. The birds behind the mouths did not care when the worms were dropped by small boys, or when they were dropped by Papa and Mamma Crow.

This gave the boys an idea that we might have a pet crow. They watched carefully and the day he was able to hop to the edge of the nest they picked him up and brought him home. His home was an old chicken coop.

He looked like a crow but he was smaller. He was always hungry and his mouth flew open at every little noise at the door of his house. With his mouth wide open and his eyes shut tightly he would sit there saying, "Caw! Caw! Caw!" at the top of a very loud voice. His voice was only stopped with food. He ate bread and milk, any scraps of meat that were left from the table and loads of fish worms. He liked to go along to hunt his own worms, and when the boys started digging his sharp eyes could see many that would have been missed.

Naming this new pet was something of a problem, but when we had lived with him awhile we settled on Beaky—for that was what we saw everytime we looked at him. He was always hungry, and after watching him it isn't hard to believe that a crow eats as much as its own weight every day.

It wasn't long until Beaky learned to fly. He thought we should all get up with the birds as soon as it was light and would fly from window to door cawing as loudly as he could. The only thing that would shut him up at all was food. Someone who could not stand the noise would get up at last and take out a dish of bread and milk. He sat up on a table in the yard to eat this and talked all the time to himself in a grumbling tone of voice.

At any time he did not like anything that was going on he would grumble and complain to himself with mutterings in his throat. He did not talk our language, but the boys would sit and listen and then mock him. He would cock his head on one side as if he were listening, and answer back as soon as they stopped. This led one of the neighbors to remark that the

crow might never learn to talk like a boy, but the boys had certainly learned to talk like a crow.

Sometimes he would find someone in the hammock and would sit on the edge and talk softly as though he wanted to be petted. He would not let us catch him unless he wanted to, but at times it seemed to suit him to be held and petted.

He was very fond of bright colored articles and once stole a little girl's red bracelet from the porch. He flew to the top of the shed with it and pecked at it as if he were trying to see how good it might be to eat. When the boys climbed up there to get it, he picked it up and flew away. At last he dropped it in the barn lot as if he were satisfied.

One of his favorite tricks was to hide bits of food when he was not hungry. He pushed them under boards or behind rocks in the yard. When he was hungry and begged for something to eat without getting it, he would go to his storehouse and come back with a tidbit which he brought as close to us as he could to eat. It seemed that he wanted to show us that he could eat without us if he had to do so.

At one time he made life unhappy for the little kittens who lived under the back doorstep by tweaking their tails everytime they came out for a bit of sunshine. I think he had a small boy heart for he would jump up and down and enjoy their yowls of pain.

His only enemies were the bluejays. They would follow him to the door screeching wildly all the while.

Beaky was only one of a long list of pets that the boys of this house have had, but we all missed him sadly when he was no longer with us.

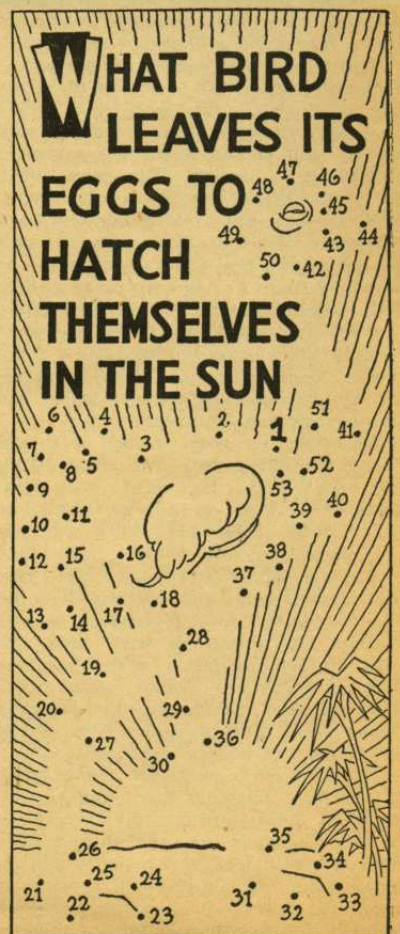
### RIDDLES

1. When is wood like a king? A. When made into a ruler.
2. What do you break when you name it? A. Silence.
3. What is the strongest day? A. Sunday, because the rest are week (weak) days.
4. What is the coldest eaves-dropper? A. An icicle.
5. What little boy is named first in a story book? A. Chap I.
6. What season helps us read the Book of Nature? A. Autumn, which turns the leaves.
7. When is a bad shoe like a good tree? A. When it produces a corn (acorn).
8. What fish ought to be a carpenter? A. The sawfish.
9. What islands ought to be good to eat? A. The Sandwich Islands.
10. Why is a baker foolish? A. Because he sells what he kneads (needs).



An afternoon ride for Kathy Powell and Juliana Verness. Juliana has on her favorite "dancing bear" dress.

For the small child . . .  
**4 Little Golden Books**  
**\$1.00 postpaid**  
 Order by title, or give your child's age  
 ask for an assortment.  
**Kieser's Book Store**  
 205 North 16th Street  
 OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA





## "Little Ads"

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

**HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS MADE** by sending your measurements, three buttons, three feed sacks, and \$1.35. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. Street, Belleville, Kansas.

**"STARS TELL YOUR FUTURE"** and **"A HAPPY TOMORROW."** Two books that you will be glad to own. Sent postpaid for one dollar. Marvea Johnson, Forest City, Iowa.

**SAMPLE AND EASY DIRECTIONS** for making a pretty inexpensive rug, 10¢ and stamped envelope. Mrs. Paul Millsap, Heyedan, Iowa.

**per CROCHETED BOOTIES:** Stay on! ent! shower gifts. State color, \$1.00 per all t! Mrs. W. E. Ockerman, Humeston, and 1

**right HINTS:** Practical ideas on health nurse. Eight-day reducing program, producing foods, Wrinkles and Gray ever Why and when are we old. Child A g problems. Price, 15¢. Mrs. Walt r, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**FTING ORDERS TAKEN:** Handkerchiefs y specialty. Lots of other hobbies too. rs. E. C. Briggs, Smithshire, Illinois.

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

**WANTED:** An old time oil burning parlor lamp with large painted globe and matching base. Write Opal Armstrong, Stanberry, Missouri.

**50 QUILT PIECES,** 3 dimes; 5 inch yarn Christmas trees, 50¢; milk strainer disc doilies, \$3.50; yarn rabbits, \$1.25; toys and fancywork of all kinds. Stamp for list appreciated. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

**FOR 15¢ AND A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE,** I will send two-piece dust cap pattern. Mrs. Joe Day, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**HANDKERCHIEFS** of batiste, linen, hem-stitched hems, 25¢ and 40¢. Kitchen towels, 19x34 inches, designs in end, 30¢. Doilies, white or ecru, all sizes, priced accordingly. Mrs. Fred Simon, Liberty, Illinois.

**SEWING WANTED FOR SCHOOL CLOTHES:** Fast returns. Children's dresses, \$1.00. Send patterns, thread, etc. to Mrs. Alfred Winters, Route 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

**BABY CLOTHES:** Dresses, \$1.75; slips, \$1.00; kimonas, \$1.00; hand decorated. Crocheted jackets, \$2.75; hoods, \$1.00; toe-less slippers, \$1.00, of wool or Sansil. Yarn soakers, \$2.00; diapers, \$4.00 a dozen. Wash cloth, towel, and plastic bib with \$10.00 order. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

**NOVELTY SHAKERS:** Cocker Spaniel dog, 60¢ pair; kitten with ball, 60¢ pair; dancing bear, 60¢ pair; seals, 60¢ pair. Wau-neta Paxson, Box 173, Glenwood, Iowa.

**NYLON HOSE:** Full-fashioned. Sheer. Only \$1.50. Write giving size to Mrs. Etta May Johnson, Wauneta, Nebraska.

**SLIGHTLY USED GREY COAT,** \$20.00. Used red coat, \$6.00. Blue coat, \$5.00. Two black dresses, \$3.00 each. Yellow dress \$3.00. Dark manish suit, \$10.00. All size 14. Green skirt, \$3.00. Also blue suit, \$10.00. 28-inch waist. Mrs. Etta May Johnson, Wauneta, Nebraska.

**NEW BUTTON PICTURES** made and framed or unframed on velvet, any color, \$4.00. Loom woven cotton rag rugs with fringe, size 56x27 inches, \$3.75 each. Hit and miss. Crocheted sachet basket with any crocheted flowers of pastel shades, 50¢ each. Mrs. Alice Winter, Box 341, Maysville, Missouri.

**PERSIANS:** Registered breeding stock and kittens. Blues, creams, reds, and tortoise-shells. Best English and American strains; \$25.00 and up. Crystal Boeger, Salisbury, Missouri.

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

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**PILLOW CASES,** embroidered, lace edge. Good "Hope" muslin, \$2.25 pair. Print aprons, bib style, \$1.00. Cover-all large style, \$1.10. Striped print tea towels, 36x24, 30¢ each. Character figured lunch cloths, 36x42, trimmed, 75¢. Mrs. A. Winters, Route 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

**BLEACHED FEED SACK PILLOW CASES,** print border, with embroidering to match, \$2.00 pair.. Good print aprons, bib style, trimmed, \$1.10 each. Large cover-all style, \$1.10. Rowena Winter, 74th and Mer. Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

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**CROCHETED TABLECLOTH:** White thread, No. 30, size 49x76 inches. Price, \$40.00. For any other information, send stamped envelope. Mary Norton, 420 Elizabeth Ave., Monterey Park, California.

**FOR SALE:** Crocheted baby shoes, white; pink, or blue trim, \$1.00. Cover-all apron, large size, \$1.00. Ora Forman, Indianola, Iowa.

**CHILD'S APPLIQUED FELT SUSPENDERS,** 25 to 36 inches; two inch wide belts, \$1.50. Boleros, \$3.00. Isabel Bennett, Kearney, Nebr.

**BEAUTIFUL SMOCKED DRESSES,** sizes 6 months to 4 years, prices, \$2.00 and \$3.00 postpaid. Write for information, enclosing stamp. Eula Mae Long, 308 N. Cherry Street, Creston, Iowa.

**PERSONALIZE WITH FELT!** Appliques for childrens sweaters. Farmer boy with pumpkin vine, 2 1/2x4 1/2 inches. Rooster and 2 hens; 3 fish; apple tree; all approximately 2 1/2 inches, 25¢ set. Large rooster, 5x8 inches, 30¢. Yellow, green, white, black, and red. Also all wool sweaters, hand appliqued, 10 South West motifs or Boy and Girl flying kite, large design, \$4.50. Black, gray, size 36, 38. Blue, 34, 14. Tan, 34. 2 Navy Blue, 14. \$3.50. Other designs. Write for information. Grace Russell, Route 2, Creswell, Oregon.

**RUFFLED DOILIES:** Colors, white, peach, or green; price \$2.25 each. One crocheted cross bookmark free with each order. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

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**SWAP TIES:** If you are tired of your ties, swap them. Send 3 of your ties, plus \$1.00, and get back in exchange 3 used ties someone else has sent in. Nothing intrigues the girls so much, as a man who has a wide variety of ties. Loretta Grote, 333 Smith Street, Long Beach, California.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS:** Beautiful, name imprinted, 50 for \$1.00 and up. Religious, artists, humorous, oilettes, and mellotones. Winnie Stevens, Eagleville, Missouri.

**COOK BOOK:** Smorgasbord, 192 pages, spiral binding. 570 signed recipes, also additional ones. Many special features, as children's section, quantity cooking, garnishes, appetizers, dinner menus, diagram, hints, etc. Postpaid, \$1.50. Mrs. C. R. Thompson, Worthington, Minnesota.

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**ATTENTION:** I would like someone to make Hook Rugs. State price in first letter. Will furnish material. Luella M. Larson, Laurel, Nebraska.

**16 HANDPAINTED CHRISTMAS GREETINGS,** \$1.00; sunbonnet or silk pin cushions, 50¢ organdy or print tie aprons, 75¢. Carrie Hooper, Early, Iowa.

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**LOVELY, HAND PAINTED BLOUSES** scarfs, and head squares. Please send stamps for information. Elizabeth Fox, 1213 Washington Street, Pella, Iowa.

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## SCAVENGER PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

September is a grand month for a scavenger party because the weather isn't too hot nor too cold but just right for some out-of-door fun. Then, too, it's an ideal way to get the school gang together again after the vacation trips and summer camps. Let's make a "welcoming in" party for the new children who have moved into the neighborhood so that they will feel more at ease with their new friends on the first day of school. In planning this party, try to see that the newcomers are partners with some of the "regulars" who can see that they meet the other guests and in other ways be made to feel at home in the group.

As this is a scavenger hunt, a novel way you might like to try to introduce new children could be to add to your list of things to be brought back a new child in the neighborhood. However, be sure you don't leave out anyone! The whole group might go to escort the newcomers to the party—sort of an initiation ceremony idea.

For your invitation send this rhyme:  
"With Bonnie Martin (use your name here)

You have a date  
On Tuesday, the second  
In the evening at eight.  
When we're all gathered  
A hunt we'll begin,  
So have on your thinker,  
A prize you may win."

This may be written on plain note paper, but why not make it a "hunt" invitation by folding a sheet of white paper to make a folder (in fourths)? On the front paste tiny pictures clipped from catalogues and magazines suggestive of things to be hunted or of treasures (rings, pearls, jewel cases, etc.) Glue a tiny paper pocket to the inside of the folder and inside of it tuck a tiny slip of paper upon which the invitation is written.

When guests have all assembled, divide them into partners or groups. Smaller youngsters will prefer groups and won't care about mixing up boys and girls. Teenagers may prefer drawing the opposite sex for partners, so why not "double date" groups (2 boys, 2 girls in each group) if your party is large enough?

Partners might be chosen by matching "funny-paper" (comic) couples such as Maggie and Jiggs, Blondie and Dagwood, etc. Advertising slogans and names of their products could be matched to decide partners—example: Ivory soap and "It floats", Morton's salt and "When it rains it pours", etc.

When all of the groups have been assembled and they are all waiting impatiently to get out on the hunt,

hand out the list of objects that are to be found—a list for each group. These objects will be governed somewhat by each individual neighborhood. It is wise to warn folks that if they have young callers who request queer objects not to be alarmed, and assure them that the loaned articles will be returned if they wish.

Here is a suggested list from which you could choose ten articles for your hunt.

1. Button hook.
2. Something over fifty years old.
3. An old-fashioned long hair switch.
4. Hair from the tail of a white horse.
5. A left-handed baseball glove.
6. Circular comb such as little girls wore years ago.
7. Man's celluloid collar.
8. Baby's rattle.
9. Santa Claus cookie cutter.
10. Newspaper over one year old.
11. Envelope with foreign stamp.
12. Chicken feather.
13. Picture of governor of your state.
14. Grandmother's fur muff.
15. Discarded radio tube.
16. Old buffalo robe such as was used in cutters and sleighs.
17. Chicken wishbone.
18. String from banjo or fiddle.

As soon as each group has its list set a time limit for their return. As a rule this shouldn't be more than two hours.

When the guests have all returned, check their "loot" and award prizes. Of course first prize will go to the group that comes back first with everything on the list. These prizes can be inexpensive or humorous novelties from the Five and Ten such as toy hunting dogs, balloons, pencils, crayons, or a box of candy to be shared by all; certainly you need not make much of an investment in these prizes for a winning group of children are thrilled by the hunt, not by their reward.

If newcomers haven't yet met, all the crowd, now is a good time for introducing them. One needn't plan other games for this party as the guests will enjoy discussing their adventures and experiences of the evening during that period while they are reassembling at your house and until refreshments are served.

Young folks who have been racing about on this chase will probably bring back hearty appetites too! Most children prefer the ground meat or cheese filling type of sandwiches, so why not serve one of each using brown bread for the cheese? With these serve a pickle, a cold drink (they'll welcome a cooler-offer after the merry hunt) and a big square of chocolate cake or cookies. If you're fortunate enough to have an outdoor fireplace and if the weather permits, the children would love to gather 'round the fireside to visit, relax and eat Coney islands, hamburgers or weiners, cake, cookies or fresh fruit.

One last word: *Do Do* see that all articles collected (aside from such things as chicken feathers, horse hairs, etc.) are returned to their rightful owners.



Grandmother Driftmier holding Martin Erik the day he returned from the hospital.

## BABIES THRIVE ON CUDDLING

Kiss the little baby  
On his fuzzy head.  
Pat his dimpled hands and  
Tuck him into bed.  
Kiss the little baby  
Right behind his ear;  
Babies thrive on cuddling,  
Never, never fear.

Kiss the little baby  
On his chubby neck;  
Kiss him quick and gently  
With a tender peck.  
Kiss the little baby  
On his cunning toes;  
Babies thrive on cuddling,  
Every mother knows.

—Amanda Friesen in  
Pasque Petals.

## FOR MENTAL POISE

If you want mental health, stop worrying! Worry is a complete circle of inefficient thought whirling about on a pivot of fear.

For mental poise and contentment, there must be the right proportions of work, rest and play. Never get too old or too busy to play . . . it eases mental and physical fatigue. Work thoroughly on one thing at a time.

Avoid haste if possible. Try to start each day rested. A well planned life is made up of well planned days. Such a life absorbs emergencies without strain.—Kansas State College.

Goodbye until next month.  
Leanna and Lucile.

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