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MAGAZINE

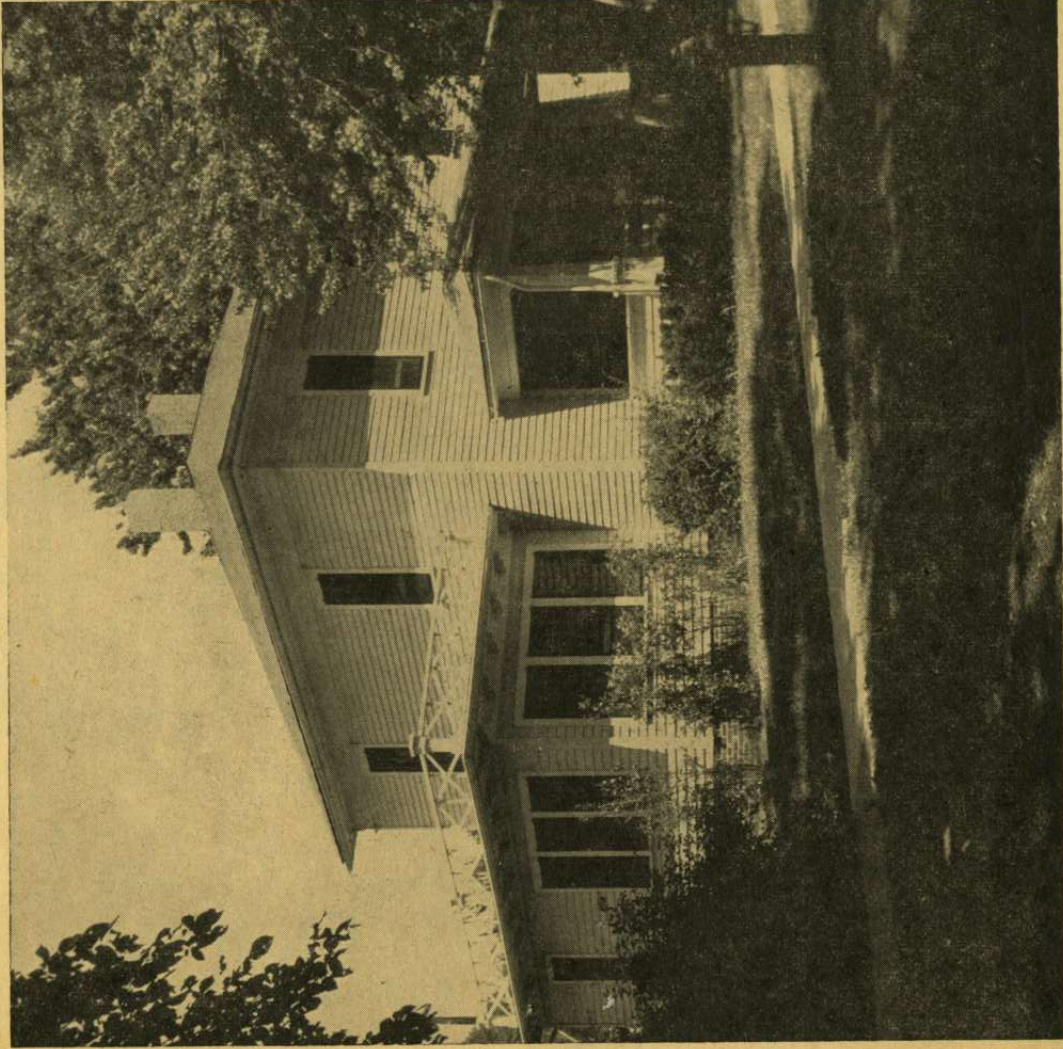


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KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

In all the years that we've been writing back and forth to each other I'm sure that this is the first time I've sat down for my monthly visit with you when my little office was filled with suitcases and luggage of various kinds. Tomorrow morning we will be getting up bright and early to start on our trip to Denver, and I'm really thrilled about it for this is the first honest-to-goodness trip I've made since we started south seventeen years ago—and I guess all of you friends know how that trip ended!

Well, even though it was seventeen years ago this week I feel no hesitancy about starting out again. Denver is a city that I've never visited, and I'm certainly anticipating going there. Donald and Dorothy are traveling with me, and the only thing we know for certain is that the first night out will see us stopping in North Platte, and the second night we expect to be at the hotel in Denver where we have reservations.

Left to my own devices I'm not sure that I'd be going on this little trip, but while I was in Lucas visiting Dorothy the children here at home put their heads together, made the reservations, and then quietly informed me that I was leaving! Perhaps some of you have had experiences similar to this—it does take poking and prodding to get Mother out to enjoy herself from time to time. We've planned side trips out of Denver and have a list of things that we want to see, so all in all I'm sure that next month I'll have much to tell you in my letter.

This past month has surely been a busy one at our house. Our family reunion came off on schedule and it was a very happy time for all of us. There wasn't a cloud to dim our enjoyment, although I will confess that when we all gathered around the table for our first meal together I felt close to tears. Only those who have been through this experience can understand. I was happy and grateful that all of my children could be at the family table once again after years of separation and many times of great danger, but I was sad too at the realization that there is never any returning to the days when they were just our children. We wouldn't still the hand of Time if we could, but what has happened to those years in which

our children grew up? It is hard to express—I guess it's just one of those things that only parents can understand when they look about at their sons and daughters after they have become adults.

Frederick was able to be with us for several days, and we were surprised and pleased to see him brown from the Bermuda sun and almost twenty pounds heavier. His account of little Mary Lee made us all long to see her and her mother, but as yet their plans are not final and we don't know if we will see them on their road to Hawaii. Frederick had the floor plan of their new home with him, and for the first time he packed up many of the things that he brought with him when he returned to Egypt. This will be their first opportunity to fix up a real home, and I know that both of them will enjoy it.

Frederick was here over one Sunday, and on that day he delivered the sermon at our Congregational church. All of us were present to hear him, and even Juliana and Kristin listened intently throughout the service. Immediately following the morning worship we returned to our house for a family dinner, and just before we sat down to the table a group picture was taken. You will find this on another page, and when you look at it please remember that it wasn't a carefully posed portrait but just an informal picture snapped by Russell a moment before we were seated.

On Monday morning Frederick and his Dad left for the West Coast. We had cards from them all along the way, and when I returned from my visit at Dorothy's home I found that they had sent several boxes of Kodachromes to give us an idea of the country through which they'd driven. They said goodbye to each other in Los Angeles, for Frederick had to go on to San Francisco where he caught his plane for Hawaii. Mart spent several days visiting his brother Harry and family in Burbank, and then took a plane for Seattle. This was his first airplane trip and we are all eager to hear the details. As I write to you tonight I know that he is in Mount Vernon, Washington, and we are hoping that he will join us in Denver next week. We are hoping also that we can get him to write something about his trip for the next issue of our magazine, although I

guess that you wives know what it means to get a husband down with pen and ink.

In Dorothy's letter she told you something about my visit with her, I believe, so I won't repeat that here. However, I must mention the fact that I had a wonderful rest, and an opportunity for the first time to see Dorothy through her daily routine of work. She is certainly one busy farm wife, but such a happy one that she says she wouldn't ever live in town again unless it were absolutely necessary. Right now they are eagerly anticipating the time when Mother Johnson can come home again. After eight weeks in the Omaha hospital she was able to be brought to her daughter's home in Chariton, and I imagine that not long after Dorothy returns from Denver, Kristin will have her Grandma near again.

Speaking of Kristin reminds me that she will stay with Juliana while we are gone. I thought that she looked so cute when she trotted down the alley with her suitcase all excited because she was going to visit Aunt Lucile, Uncle Russell and Juliana for a week.

Howard has been gone a great deal this summer, but is now back for at least a few weeks. Donald will return to his college work in Ames shortly after we get back from Colorado, and then we won't see him again for a while.

Next month we will try to have a brand new picture of little Martin Erik for you. At the present time they are living with us for Margery's husband is undergoing treatment at a Veteran's hospital. I've gotten a great deal of pleasure out of helping to care for little Martin, and can still say that he is surely a good baby. He is getting so big these days that Margery realizes she will have to make his rompers size one instead of six months, for all indications point to the fact that he will be a husky boy. Right now he is smiling at us and beginning to coo and talk his own baby language, and hearing this takes me back to the days when my own babies were the same age. Margery is a mother who takes great pride in snowy white diapers on the line, everything properly sterilized, and all of the diet regulations that modern science has advanced, but she is also a mother who believes that babies should be loved and comforted and she doesn't object when Martin's grandmother rocks him and plays with him.

Autumn is at hand now and in many respects it is my favorite season of the year. We are looking forward to some nice fall drives in the country, and of course there will be a family dinner when Mart celebrates his birthday on October 7th. I feel that I have much to be grateful for as this winter approaches, and I don't mind the thought of being closed in through the stormy months. As long as I have my afternoon visits with you and your letters to anticipate I always think of myself as being right out in the world.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna.

Come into the Garden

GARDENING IN OCTOBER

By Mary Duncomb

In our section of the country any active work that we accomplish in the garden is done largely for the good of next year. There is the rubbish to be cleaned off and burned on crisp, sunny days when we want to be outdoors anyway and are glad of an excuse to do so.

This month we are likely to be picking our cherished ornamental popcorn, be it red, black or variegated. And right here let it be said that if you planted more than one variety in the same garden you are quite apt to be harvesting speckled popcorn. For best results plant one variety only because all corn will cross if given half a chance. Tie the ears together by their husks and hang up until thoroughly dry. A coat of clear varnish will bring out the colors and will also protect the ears from the weather if they are used as an outside decoration.

Speaking of decorative material for fall use, I like to add new items to my assortment each year, and so this season for the first time I tried out the Chestnut Bean, hoping to get something with a decorative seed pod. I was not disappointed, for a spray of this is very decorative indeed, and is just the right contrast for use with black Baptisia pods, English or Chinese Beans, or Martynia Pods (one might also use the seed-heads of the Blackberry Lily).

All of the above mentioned are black and set off the sprays of the Chestnut Bean which are a delicate buff shade, and are inflated bladder-like pods containing two oddly shaped beans. In spite of the extremely dry weather these beans ripened very well, and since the pods do not shatter they are a fine addition to the rest of the distinctive decorative material which now grows in this Minnesota garden.

Other years I have grown the biennial Lunaria, Silver Pennies, but this year I have it in the perennial form. Some plants bear the purple blooms, some the white. Coming early in spring, their blooms are doubly welcome. It matters little whether or not we strip off the outer layer of the papery pod for the results will be equally interesting.

Save your milkweed floss and cat-tail down; you have no idea, unless you have already tried it, what beautiful backgrounds may be made from them in a small framed picture in which pressed flowers are featured.

If any of you were among those of us fortunate enough to find seaweed or algae along the beach, you probably secured some of the more beautiful specimens to press. These will stick to the paper without glue if used when fresh, first washing off the salt water. It is not too late to find many items right now even in our own vicinity to use for the fun in arrangements, or for a gift later on.

Don't let another day go by without planting some pots of Hyacinth bulbs. There are many other bulbs one may plant too; if there are children in the home or a shutin, what is more intriguing to watch than the crocus blooms as they come bubbling out of the soil in a small pot?

There are very few of us who as gardeners can class the past summer as a successful one. But to all who have suffered loss and great disappointment in having your gardens drowned, hailed out or parched out by a relentless series of circumstances, let me say—take hope, there is always another spring.

DRIED MATERIAL FOR WINTER BOUQUETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

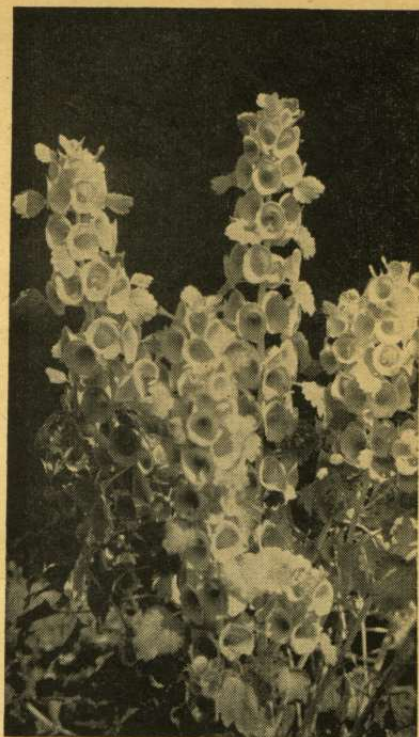
When the garden flowers are gone, we can use dried plant material in our vases. These may come from our gardens, the roadside and woods.

In preparation for this time of year, we can have gathered and dried from our garden, colorful strawflowers (*Helichrysum*), dainty *Acroclium*, single and double *Babysbreath*, *Globe-amaranth* with its clover-like heads, and *Coxcomb*.

Another interesting and lovely garden plant is *Eryngium leavenworthii*. If someone does not hoe out every spiny plant for thistles, you will find its dress is green throughout the summer. The time to cut and dry it for winter bouquets is when the plants—leaves, stems, burs and all—turn to rich purple. Leave a few bushes to ripen and drop seeds. Carefully planted seeds often fail to germinate while those that volunteer to grow provide enough plants for our use. If they are not in the right place, they may be successfully and easily transplanted.

Molucca-balm (*Molucalla laevis*) is another interesting source of dried material. The rather inconspicuous blossom is borne inside of a large, green calyx, many on a single stem. The unusual calyx is the explanation for many of its common names—Shell-flower, Old Maid's Nightcap, Needles and Thimble, Bells of Ireland. If stems of this plant are cut while the calyxes are still a rich green, they will dry nicely and retain the green coloring. Or they may be left to dry and bleach before cutting. Some of each is desirable. Usually enough seeds fall to provide volunteer plants for another year or the seeds may be gathered and planted in late fall or very early spring.

Honesty (*Lunaria*) has unusual seed pods. After the ripe seeds are removed, a satiny transparent oblong disk remains. A stem of these is very effective in vases. Basket-flower (*Centaurea americana*) develops its seeds in low, round "baskets" lined with softest silky cotton. After the seeds have dropped out, the dried sepals with their fuzzy centers look like soft brown flowers and can be used



Molucca-balm, an unusual annual called "Bells of Ireland" or "Old Maid's Nightcap." Flower lovers in mountain areas grow this in pots and sell it to tourists for 50¢ per pot. —Photo by Olga Tiemann.

in the same manner as one would Daisies, Asters or any other round flat flower.

There will be black seed pods to pick on *Cassia marilandica*, *Baptisia australis* and Blackberry-lily. If you planted *Martynia* you will have unusual material to use. The Okra-like fruits ripen and become quite woody with long curved sharp-pointed beaks. One can see then why it is commonly called Devils-claw. Gourds are fine to use in low bowls. Another garden subject is the Love Apple with its bright red satiny fruits. Combine them with Gourds for bowls and with *Arborvitae* for taller vases.

The pond will furnish us with Cat-tails. Bring some of their leaves, too, as they dry to a nice tan and look well with the dark brown of the Cat-tails. There will be pine cones to use with evergreen branches.

The woods and the roadsides will have many interesting seed pods and perhaps ornamental grasses. You may be fortunate enough to find *Smilax* for two varieties, Cat-brier and Car-rion-flower, have black seeds in clusters that may be used. Bittersweet is always a happy "find" and always in demand. Your sharp eyes will spy other fall treasures that will aid in shortening the time which must elapse before we can hope to find the first daring Snowdrop in bloom.

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

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

After the long drouth of 1934 it was a tremendous relief to have autumn arrive, to swing into the school activities that were uppermost in those days when so many of us were at home. Even so, however, the passing years had eliminated one Driftmier after another from the Shenandoah schools, and by the September of which I write there were only three left to start down the hill every morning. Wayne was a junior in high school, Margery was a freshman, and Donald entered the 7th grade. Frederick entered Tarkio college as a freshman that fall and drove back and forth the twenty-odd miles every day with a carload of Shenandoah students. Dorothy trekked the streets in search of news (she enjoyed her job on the paper so much that the folks could hardly get her to take time to eat), Howard continued to run the flour mill, and I returned to Minneapolis for another winter with the LeSueurs. This accounts for all of us in the autumn of 1934.

I don't recall that anything of earth-shaking proportions happened during the winter months. When the Christmas holidays arrived I went home for a short visit and discovered that Donald had given up the piccolo in favor of some deep snoring-sounding horn—I've forgotten just which one. Perhaps the family nerves had worn pretty thin by this time, or perhaps it was merely a precautionary measure for continued sanity, but at any rate Donald was consigned to the basement or a room upstairs for his long, dirge-like sessions with that horn. He had finally mastered the number titled "Break the News to Mother" and, like the fiddle with only one string, he played it over and over, hour after hour. I don't believe that anyone came into the house during Christmas vacation without hearing that mournful croak directly under his feet or floating down from above. It was a very trying time!

I think that the winter of 1934-35 was a reasonably happy period for all of us, and certainly it was for me because I had started writing in earnest. Perhaps at this point I should go back a few months and tell you about something that happened during the previous summer for it was the beginning of a new period in my life.

On one scalding August afternoon when everyone else had retired to the basement in search of relief from the heat, I went up to the sleeping porch where my typewriter stood on a small table and sat down to write an article about the effects of the depression upon young people who found that there was no place for them to use their professional training. Surely it isn't necessary to remind anyone that 1934 was one of the rock-bottom depression years! I wrote the article in about three hours, revised it the next day, and then wondered what to do with it. Suddenly the name of a literary agent in New York flashed



This family photograph was taken in 1933, shortly before Frederick's departure for Egypt. It was the last time our entire family was together until we met for our reunion in August of this year. Margery, Mother and Dad are in the front row. In the back row, from left to right, are Frederick, Lucile, Wayne, Donald, Dorothy and Howard.

into my memory, so I bundled up the article and mailed it to him, confident that he'd find immediate use for the return postage that was enclosed. Much to my surprise it didn't come back to me, and the first thing I heard was a letter in late September saying that he had sold the article to *The Woman's Home Companion*.

This letter reached me in Minneapolis, and of course it seemed to me the most remarkable thing that had ever happened! In fact, I actually sent a wire to Mother and Dad giving them the news! To one who wants to write there is no thrill comparable to the thrill that comes with selling your first piece of work, although of course I didn't know this at the time and assumed that if I were fortunate enough to sell more things I would be equally excited. Alas, I was mistaken. Never again is there that same breathless moment of disbelief and wonder. By the time I'd sold a few more things I was taking for granted the fact that someone would buy what I'd written, and wondering only how editors arrived at the amount of the check they sent. That first great thrill is also the last one, but believe me when I say that it's one of the big moments of a lifetime.

In the summer of 1935 several things happened that were out of the ordinary. Two of them can be put down on the credit side of our family life, and one must be put down on the debit side in very large letters for it was catastrophic.

The first pleasant thing concerns Dorothy and Frederick and the fine trip they were able to take with their father's sisters, Anna and Erna Driftmier. We first heard about this trip when Mother and Dad returned from spending a day in Des Moines, and as they drove up in front of the house that night both Dorothy and Fred-

erick ran out to meet them with a telegram in their hands. This telegram asked them to leave immediately for Oberlin, Ohio, where they would join Aunt Erna and Aunt Anna for an extensive trip through the Eastern states and up into Canada. Both of our aunts were teaching in Oberlin at that time and had decided to spend part of their vacation traveling, preferably with Dorothy and Frederick.

This caused great excitement, as you can well imagine. Even in those days Frederick was strong for traveling, and the prospect of such a trip was exactly what he wanted. There wasn't much time to get them ready, but Mother hurriedly fixed their clothes, bought a few new things, and packed their suitcases. I've been told that Dorothy opened her penny bank the night before they left, and by way of explanation I must say that she had been saving pennies for a long, long time, and everytime she added more we asked her what she intended to do when the bank (a Japanese box with a trick opening) was full. She always said that she didn't know for certain, but that something out-of-the-way could be done with them. Of course this was the perfect moment to open the box, and if I'm not mistaken I believe that it contained around fifteen-hundred pennies or more.

About twenty-four hours after the telegram had been received, Dorothy and Frederick were on their way. They had to take a bus to Chicago, change there for a bus to Cleveland, and then change again for the bus to Oberlin. Mother said that she felt just a little apprehensive when they waved goodbye—it seemed like a pretty complex piece of traveling for two young people who hadn't been out on their own before.

(Con't. on Page 7, Col. 3)



Just before we sat down to the dinner table on the Sunday when Frederick delivered the sermon at our Congregational church, Russell took this informal picture. Dorothy, Mother, Dad and Margery are in the front row. Frederick, Wayne, Lucile, Howard and Donald are in the back row.

Dear Friends:

With this issue of our magazine we have come to a milestone in our family life, and we seven Driftmier children (we still think of ourselves in that fashion even though middle-age has overtaken some of us!) want to pause for a moment and take note of many different things that have led up to this time when we are all together.

One of the compensations that comes with growing older is the ability to appreciate profoundly and fervently all of the things that we took for granted when we were young. Nine years ago when we were last together we children took it as the natural course of events that our family circle should be unbroken. We didn't know then that so many years would lie between us and our next meeting. We didn't know that the war would scatter us to the far corners of the earth. But probably even if we had known we would have taken for granted the fact that when it was all over we would be reunited once again.

Now, during this reunion, we realize that we are wonderfully blessed to be able to gather under the roof of our family home. We realize too that we are rarely fortunate to have both parents with us and in good health, enjoying daily life, enjoying their children and grandchildren. No longer do we take these things for granted. We know now that not many families are so fortunate, and this knowledge makes us doubly aware of the fact that Providence has touched us kindly.

As you can well imagine, we've had countless things to discuss during the short time that we are together. "Do you remember?" is heard time without number—and it's hardly necessary to add that there are many different versions of the same incident! Of course there are a great many things to tell about our separate homes because nine years ago only one of us was married; today five of us have established our own homes. You can be sure too that we've heard many war experiences related, many references to Alexandria, Brisbane, Min-

danao, Okinawa, and other dots on the globe that people remember only too well.

But along with all these stories of far places and old times were some conversations that concern you, our unseen but well-known family friends. We grew up with you, so to speak, and therefore you are as much a part of our lives as the people whom we saw throughout those years. We know now, because we are older and just a little bit wiser, that your faithful friendship with Mother removes her from what might be the prison of a wheelchair, into a world in which she has the priceless joy of feeling needed and of help to others. There is no happiness in this life as great as the happiness that comes from being of service. And this happiness you give to her.

It seems so difficult in our present world to stop and express what we really feel. All of us know the unspoken words that we regret not having said. All of us long for an opportunity, never to be recaptured, to return and speak of the gratitude that is in our hearts. It is because of this that we decided to stop tonight, in August of 1947, to tell you how much we appreciate what your friendship means to all of us. We do not know what lies between us and our next meeting, and we have learned not to take for granted the fact that there will be another opportunity to talk together and "think about" writing this to you.

It is hard to sift through a thousand different things and find just the one thing that tells you more clearly than anything else what you mean in our lives, but after much discussion (yes, and argument!) we have finally decided upon the one incident that seems to sum up completely what we want to say. And it is this:

When we were all much younger and just beginning to go out into the world in various ways, Mother would always say to us the night before we started, "Now go out into the office and get down the boxes of names for

all of the towns you'll be passing through. Copy off at least one name for each town, and then if you get into trouble of any kind all you'll have to do is get in touch with them and they'll help you out."

Because we were young we didn't think that anything could really happen, but to ease Mother's mind we always went out to the office and dutifully traced out our route on the road-map, consulted the files for each town we expected to pass through, and copied down the names. Then we took it back in to Mother and she studied it thoughtfully.

"Now, let's see, in Creston you can call Mrs. A. L., in Greenfield, Mrs. J. F., in Des Moines, Mrs. J. J., or Mrs. S. C., in Marshalltown, Miss A. M., in Grundy Center, Mrs. H. F. . . ." and so forth through the entire trip. At the time we thought that it was just a "notion" of Mother's. Now that we have children of our own we understand the limitless trust and faith she placed in family friends who would not fail us if we were in need. You didn't know this, of course. You had no way of knowing that some car on the highway carried young people who had your name tucked into a coat pocket.

We grew up on stories of pioneer days when covered wagons stopped for help at our grandparents' farm, and the friendliness of Midwestern people became very real to us. Perhaps that is why we started out on our journeys with the feeling that we could turn to family friends, that they stood ready to help us if we were in need.

There are no balance sheets kept in friendship of this kind. Occasionally opportunities arise when we can be of help to you, and we are grateful for them. Certainly Frederick felt that it was a privilege to visit the graves in distant lands of the boys who went from your homes never to return. In his letters to us he expressed the happiness that he felt in being able to take photographs and write letters to the old friends who had turned to him for help. And we understood how he felt.

The loyalty and friendship that goes from your family to our family can never be wiped out. To those of us who live here, the chain has been reformed and we have taken up once again the pattern that was broken temporarily when we lived far away. To those of us who return for visits, old names and old memories come to life again. We realize now what a unique and wonderful experience your friendship has been, and before we separate, before this reunion is only a memory, we want you to know what is in our hearts tonight.

Howard
Paul
Dorothy
Frederick
Wayne
Margery
Donald

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Tonight as I write to you from my kitchen table, Mother is sitting in her chair close by reading a magazine. Yes, we finally persuaded her to spend a few days with us. Dad is in California, so we thought this was a good time for her to spend a little of her vacation with us. What a wonderful time we have had! Wayne, Abigail and Juliana brought her Sunday, and were going to come after her today, Wednesday, but she is having such a good time and good rest that we called and told them not to come until Friday.

I told her she should have come several weeks ago because the first night she was here we had a nice rain. My, I never thought I would ever say that again after all the water we had this Spring, but the garden and what crops we do have left did need a nice shower, and I actually think she brought it with her. Of course the heat wave was broken too, so we have had nice cool weather for her visit.

On Monday we accomplished something we have been wanting to do for a long time. Right after dinner Frank hitched the team up to our little low wheeled wagon and we put Mother, chair and all, into the wagon and took her for a ride all over the farm, places she had never seen before because you can't get there by car. For instance, behind our house and back quite a ways is a hill, and from the top of the hill you can see all over this section. Frank and I love to go up there because we enjoy the view so much. To get there we go through a little section of the timber, and Mother loves the woods so much that she certainly enjoyed this little trip.

Tuesday afternoon we went into Chariton and did a little shopping. When it was time to listen to Kitchen-Klatter we went to the home of a friend of ours, a former Shenandoah girl, Mrs. Bob Ruth, and listened to Lucile and Margery. After the program was over Elaine made a pot of coffee and served us some delicious chocolate cake she had just iced, and it all tasted so good.

Today we have just rested and visited, and the plans haven't been completed for tomorrow. But all in all we have had a wonderful time and I don't know when we have enjoyed anything so much as this little visit from Mother.

This past month has brought me a lot of letters from you friends, and over 350 good sour cream recipes, many of which I have tried and liked. I couldn't begin to include all of them in my letters, but I think from time to time as I do try them out, I will include one now and then in my letter to you, and perhaps you will enjoy them too. Mother Johnson and I were talking about the recipes the last time I went to Omaha to see her in the hospital, and I told her that when she came home I would bake something for her every day and she could pick out the recipe she wanted me to try that day, and in a year's



Juliana and Kristin are smiling in anticipation of going to the park to play on the slide.

time we will have tried them all. I think our men will enjoy that too. It was quite a surprise to me the first day I went to the mailbox and found 68 letters and cards, and what fun. I want to take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you for the lovely letters as well as the recipes.

Monday while Mother and I were visiting I made this chocolate cake which we all liked very much. The recipe was sent to me by Mrs. Fred Johnson, Cuba, Kansas.

Johnson's Favorite Sour Cream Chocolate Cake:

Sift together—

- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 4 tbs. cocoa
- 1/4 tsp. salt

To the dry ingredients add:

- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 2 tbs. melted shortening
- 2 eggs well beaten

Beat until smooth, then add 2 tsp. soda which has been dissolved in 4 tbs. boiling water. Lastly add a tsp. of vanilla. Bake in layers, or any pan, in a slow oven, 350 degrees.

Mother Johnson also wants me to thank all of you who have sent her cards, many of which included letters and handkerchiefs. The Doctor happened to be in her room at the time they were delivered and he laughed and said he didn't receive that many letters in a year's time. They have helped her pass the long hours, and she wants all of you to know how much she appreciated them.

Kristin and I had a few days' visit in Shenandoah this past month, going to attend our family reunion. It certainly seemed wonderful to have us all around that dining room table again. We got some new pictures of Kristin and Juliana this trip that you will probably be seeing from time to time. Little Martin Erik will soon be big enough to sit up and be in the pictures too. I noticed such a change in him in just two weeks.

Frank is getting the ice cold watermelon out of the icebox, and it is so tempting that I can't resist. Until next month I'll say goodnight.

Sincerely, Dorothy.



By Olinda Wiles

How many of you have watched a mower go 'round and 'round a field of clover and seen the rabbits dash into the uncut portion of the field for shelter? Gradually their shelter becomes smaller and smaller, and as the last swath goes down before the sickle-bar they find themselves out in the open completely unprotected.

Well, the predicament that we're in today reminds me very much of the rabbits and their loss of security. Last spring we were given every reason to believe that poultry and eggs would be high—or in other words, we were going to have a nice big clover field in which to feed. Everyone decided to raise and feed as many chicks as possible in spite of the cold wet spring.

Disease and rats took their toll, but we kept on hoping that the rest would bring us a profit. Hot dry weather brought the cost of feed up very high—and our last patch of shelter had become very small. Then suddenly we found ourselves out in the open field and we were forced to do something.

With prices such as they are we had to make a decision, and I imagine that most of you did what I have done—take twenty-two cents per pound for young cockerels and grin and bear it. Eggs are also taking a nose-dive and no explanation for that either. Oh yes, I know we hear all about eggs climbing to a dollar a dozen next winter, but will they?

Personally I hope not! Even if I do have eggs to sell that will be the last straw for people who cannot afford meat, and there will be many such people.

I have received two letters the past week from people who wanted to know what I could suggest about keeping pullets. One of these women said that she believed she would sell every chicken on the place. Now I wouldn't do anything that drastic, but I would cull very closely and have it done by a professional. With feed so high we should keep only the cream of the flock. I think a farmer owes it to his family to keep at least enough chickens to keep the home well supplied with fresh eggs. If you deny yourself and family these necessities you will be dashing yourself against the sickle-bar—and you are the ones who will be hurt.

THE COVER PICTURE

This month the cover picture is of our family home. We first moved to this house in 1916, left it in 1917, and then returned in 1926 and have occupied it ever since. There isn't anything the least bit fancy about our home for it's plain inside and out, but to us it means everything in the world. Russell snapped this picture during our family reunion.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "I do hope that you can give me some help about this problem, Leanna, for both my husband and I are very much upset about it. We have an only daughter twenty-two years of age who has just completed a five year college education that gives her wonderful qualifications as a librarian. Even though she is our only child we didn't say a word when she wanted to go to college in California, so this means that for the past five years we have seen nothing of her except for short vacations. A month ago our local library board offered her a good job at a more than satisfactory salary and we assumed that of course she would take it, but to our great dismay we have found that she refused to consider it and is contemplating taking a position in California at a slightly smaller figure. Of course everything she made would be clear here, whereas by the time she pays board and room in California the salary will amount to much less. We are thoroughly disappointed in this and wonder if you will agree that we feel justified in expressing our disappointment in no uncertain terms?"—Nebr.

ANS: I can see this situation so clearly that as one mother to another it is a temptation to suggest that you go ahead and try to make your daughter see what it means to you to have her return to California for what will in all probability turn out to be her permanent home. However, I can only repeat the conviction that I have expressed before . . . we parents have no right to interfere with the decisions of our grown children, be it an only child or one of a dozen. If for any reason your daughter were to meet with severe disappointment in her life because you dissuaded her from leaving, she would always harbor a feeling of resentment towards you. We never hold our children's love by trying to keep them bound to us. Only in giving them freedom to live their own lives do we retain their affection and devotion.

QUES: "We have two little boys just eleven months apart in age, and since they are so close together I've been wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing to keep the older boy home one more year and then start both boys into the first grade together next fall? That way they could go through school together and graduate in the same high school class. Also, I have the feeling that it would help to make them more companionable and do away with a great deal of constant difficulties?"—Iowa.

ANS: Since you have asked my opinion on this matter I feel free to say that I think you would be making a genuinely serious mistake by holding back the older boy for the younger boy. Even though there is so little difference in their ages it will only

aggravate their "constant difficulties" to start them to school together. In most of our schools children are trained to compete, and you will have one boy pitted against the other in something highly important to all children: his standing in the school room. Please give the older boy his rightful opportunity to go ahead. I think both boys will become much better friends as time goes on if they are in separate classes.

QUES: "There must be other young mothers in this predicament, Leanna, but I haven't been fortunate enough to hear about them. Doesn't it seem to you that any mother and father should be permitted freedom of choice where their baby's doctor is concerned? We live next door to my parents, and for some reason my mother thinks that only one doctor, their old family doctor, is competent enough to take care of our baby. It so happens that my husband and I have little confidence in him and much prefer a young doctor who served in the army and who seems to understand babies very well. Everytime we call him or see him it results in a family blow-up, and now I've gotten to the place where I think perhaps to keep peace we'd be wise to give in. What do you think?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Well, you might keep peace all right if you changed doctors, but I'm tempted to think that by doing so you'll establish a life in which you won't be able to call your soul your own where the baby is concerned. It's too bad that your mother doesn't understand your right to make your own decisions where the baby is involved, but I really think that I'd go right ahead and call the doctor in whom you feel genuine confidence. This is a reminder to all of us grandmothers to allow our married children to make their own decisions.

QUES: "Our ten-year old son has been taking piano lessons for the past year, and although I'll admit that he hasn't made startling progress, still I was unprepared to have his teacher call yesterday and say that he couldn't be included in the annual recital that is always held the second week in October. It seems to me that he should appear, and I'm tempted to make an issue of it, although my husband says that she is really doing us a favor by telling us in advance rather than allowing us to be embarrassed. Do you agree with him?"—Kans.

ANS: I do. In fact, I agree so wholeheartedly with your husband that there is nothing more to say.

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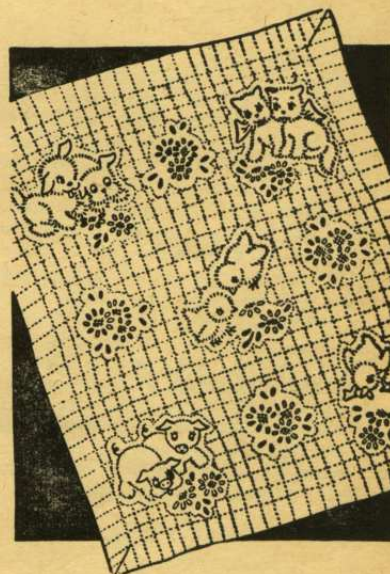
(Cont'd from Page 4, Col. 3)

As soon as they had gone Mother and Dad started an extensive piece of remodeling in the kitchen. It was the second time in about ten years that improvements had been made, and perhaps you'd like to hear some of the details.

When we moved into that house in 1926 the kitchen had exactly one built-in convenience—a sink. It stood by itself in the northeast corner of the kitchen and was so low that we all had broken backs after a session with the dishpan. There were two long and narrow windows, one on the north wall and one on the east wall. There were no built-in cupboards of any kind, and the only shelves were long, narrow pantry shelves that had to be reached by going out into a hall and then through a door. For the amount of cooking that had to be done in our house it was the most inconvenient arrangement imaginable.

A year after we moved into the house Dad had the entire west wall built solid with cupboards and this made an enormous difference. Then the next year he purchased a new gas range and one of the very first electric refrigerators, thus bringing the kitchen pretty much up-to-date. It served our needs very well until Mother was compelled to do her work under a handicap, and this is how it happened that Dad had substantial changes made in the summer of 1935. Next month I want to tell you about them, and about the catastrophe that happened only two short weeks after the work was completed.

(Continued in November Issue.)



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“Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

This month we want to bring to you two full pages of recipes for the food that we grew up on. Surely there isn't a family that doesn't have a collection of favorite dishes that Mother fixes better than anyone else, dishes that take you straight back home in memory when you encounter them far away. The seven of us children made a list of the things we looked forward to eagerly when we were all at home, and Mother wrote down the recipes for them. They aren't arranged in any particular order and you'll note that none of them lay any claim to being remarkably unusual, but every single one represents the memory of Mother's good cooking.

BUTTERHORNS

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cake fresh or 1 package granular yeast
- 3 beaten eggs
- 4 1/2 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, sugar, and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add crumbled yeast and stir well. Add eggs, then flour; mix to smooth, soft dough. Knead lightly on floured surface. Place dough in greased bowl; cover and let rise until at least doubled in bulk. Divide dough in thirds; roll each third on lightly floured surface to 9-inch circle. Brush with melted fat. Cut each circle in 12 to 16 wedge-shaped pieces; roll each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Arrange in greased baking pan and brush with melted fat or salad oil. Cover and let rise until very light. Bake in moderately hot oven (400 to 425 degrees) 15 minutes. For crescents, shape in curve on baking pan. Makes 3 dozen rolls.

YELLOW TOMATO PRESERVES

- 1 lb. yellow pear tomatoes
- 1 lb. sugar
- 2 ounces preserved ginger
- 2 lemons, sliced very thin

Wipe tomatoes, cover with boiling water, and let stand 5 minutes. Drain and remove skins carefully. Add sugar, cover, and let stand overnight. Pour off sirup and boil until quite thick; skim, then add tomatoes, ginger, and lemons (seeds removed). Cook until tomatoes have a clarified appearance. Cool, fill glasses and seal. This makes 6 small glasses.

MOTHER'S BREAD

- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 4 cups lukewarm water
- 1 cake yeast
- 18 cups (4 1/2 qts.) sifted flour
- 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening
- 4 tsp. salt

Dissolve sugar in lukewarm water. Crumble in yeast and stir until dissolved. Add 1 1/2 quarts of flour, or sufficient to make a sponge. Beat well. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, about 1 1/2 hours. (Stay a safe distance away from the kitchen door during the winter when children are running in and out.) When well risen, add lukewarm milk. Add melted shortening, salt and remaining flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead dough quickly and lightly until smooth and elastic. Place dough in greased bowl, cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, from 1 1/2 to 2 hours. When light, divide into 5 equal portions. Shape into loaves and place in greased bread pans. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake in hot oven at 425 degrees 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, or 375 degrees and finish baking about 30 minutes longer. Makes 5 loaves.

HAM LOAF

- 1 lb. ground ham
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground pork
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cracker crumbs

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly and shape into loaf. Place in pan and bake one hour in moderate oven. During baking baste frequently with liquid that forms in pan.

MOTHER'S MERINGUE

- 3 egg whites
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar
- Few grains of salt

Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Beat in sugar gradually and continue beating until well blended. Add flavoring (1/2 Tbls. lemon juice for fruit pies, 1/4 tsp. vanilla for cream pies) and spread on cooled pie, bringing it out well to the edge. Bake 15 minutes in 325 degree oven.

SUNDAY POT ROAST

- 4 to 6 lb. piece of beef
- Salt, pepper, and flour
- 1 medium sized onion, sliced
- 2 small carrots, sliced

Trim meat and use fat to brown meat in after it has been melted down in a deep, heavy pan. (Mother always uses an old-fashioned iron kettle for her pot roasts.) Add onion and cook until it is soft. Sprinkle meat with salt, pepper, and flour. Brown on all sides in fat. Then add approximately 1 cup of water, cover, and cook. Carrots and any other vegetables should be added the last hour. Remove lid and allow roast to cook down until there is just sufficient dark brown liquid for gravy. Pot roasts should never boil. Keep a very low fire under it just sufficient to keep it simmering.

PERFECTION SALAD

- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 cup mild vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded
- 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped green pepper
- 1 dozen stuffed olives cut in thin slices

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing.

TAPIOCA CREAM

- 1 1/2 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sprinkle tapioca over milk in double boiler and cook until tapioca is translucent. Stir frequently. Add half the sugar to milk and remainder to egg yolks slightly beaten. Combine by pouring hot mixture slowly on egg mixture. Add salt. Return to double boiler, stir and cook until thick. Cool slightly and flavor. Fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Serve after thoroughly chilled.

SCALLOPED CORN

- 1 No. 2 can cream-style corn
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- Salt and pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter

Combine corn and milk. Add crumbs, green pepper and seasonings. Pour into greased casserole; dot with butter and sprinkle a few crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PICKLES

1 gallon medium-sized cucumbers
 8 small white onions, sliced
 1 green pepper
 1 sweet red pepper
 1/2 cup coarse salt
 Cracked ice
 5 cups sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. turmeric
 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
 2 Tbls. mustard seed
 2 tsp. celery seed
 5 cups vinegar
 Slice cucumbers thin. Add onion and peppers cut in narrow strips. Add salt; cover with cracked ice; mix thoroughly. Let stand 3 hours; drain. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over cucumber mixture. Bring to boiling; place in hot, sterilized jars. Seal. Makes 8 pints.

MOTHER'S ANGEL FOOD CAKE

1 cup cake flour
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 3/4 cups egg whites
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. vanilla extract
 Sift flour with 3/4 cup sugar four times. Beat egg whites with salt until frothy; add cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Add remaining 3/4 cup sugar; 1 Tbls. at a time, folding in thoroughly. Add vanilla with last addition of sugar. Sift flour mixture over top, a little at a time, and fold in lightly with a down-up-over motion. Bake in 10-inch ungreased angel-cake pan in moderate (324 degree) oven for 75 minutes. Invert pan to cool.

WALDORF SALAD

2 cups diced apples
 1 cup chopped celery
 1/2 cup broken nutmeats
 Whipped cream dressing
 If preparing this salad any length of time before serving, squeeze juice of one-half lemon over apples to prevent their turning brown. Combine all ingredients lightly, and then fold in dressing. Any good home-cooked or commercial salad dressing can be used for this and mixed in equal proportions with stiffly whipped cream. For variation, diced banana can be added as well as a half-dozen marshmallows quartered.

STRETCHED MOLASSES CANDY

1/2 cup butter
 2 cups sugar
 1 cup molasses
 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 Melt butter in heavy kettle, add remaining ingredients, and boil to soft-ball stage. Turn into buttered dripping pan and, as mixture cools around sides, fold toward center. When cool enough to handle, pull until porous and light-colored, using tips of fingers and thumbs. While pulling, add a few drops of oil of peppermint or wintergreen. Cut in small pieces with shears or sharp knife and arrange on slightly buttered plates to cool.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 5 Tbls. cornstarch
 5 Tbls. flour
 4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 Grated rind 2 lemons
 1/2 cup lemon juice
 2 tsp. butter
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Mix cornstarch, flour, salt, and sugar, and add boiling water, stirring constantly. Stir until mixture boils, cover, and cook 20 minutes in double boiler. Add butter. Pour over egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook 2 minutes. Cool and add rind and juice of lemon. Fill baked pie shell, spread with meringue, and bake until delicately brown.

BREADED PORK CHOPS

1 large chop for each person to be served
 Dried bread crumbs
 1 beaten egg
 1 Tbls. cream
 Salt and pepper
 Beat egg lightly, add cream, salt and pepper. Dip chop in egg, then in bread crumbs patting them in well. Have melted fat in heavy skillet very hot when chops are added. Brown on both sides, then cover and turn fire very low; remove cover last ten minutes. Watch these closely when browning for the egg and crumb mixture burns easily.

BROWNIES

1/3 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 2 well-beaten eggs
 2 1-oz. sq. unsweetened chocolate, melted
 3/4 cup cake flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup broken nut meats
 1 tsp. vanilla extract
 Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar; add eggs and beat well. Add chocolate and blend thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Stir in nut meats and vanilla. Pour into waxed-paper lined 8-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven (350) about 35 minutes. Cut in bars—makes 1 1/2 dozen.

SUGAR COOKIES

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 1 egg
 3 cups flour (measured after sifting)
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. vanilla
 Thoroughly cream butter and sugar; add egg and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Roll 1/8 inch thick on lightly floured surface. Cut with floured cookie cutter; sprinkle with sugar and bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven for about 15 minutes.

BREAD PUDDING

2 cups stale bread broken up into small pieces
 1 qt. scalded milk
 1/2 cup sugar (or more)
 1/4 cup melted butter
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. vanilla
 Dash of nutmeg
 Soak bread in milk, set aside until cool; add other ingredients. (If your family prefers a firmer pudding, reduce milk to 2 cups). Turn into buttered pudding dish, scatter nutmeg on top, and bake in oven set for 325 degrees for one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

SAVORY BAKED LIMAS

2 cups cooked dried limas
 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 1/4 cup catsup
 1/4 cup thick sweet cream
 2 slices bacon, cut in 1-inch pieces
 Combine ingredients. Bake covered in greased casserole in moderate oven (350) 20 minutes. Uncover and continue baking 20 minutes.

BAKED CUSTARD

2/3 cup condensed (not evaporated) milk
 2 1/4 cups hot water
 3 eggs slightly beaten
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. vanilla
 Mix milk with hot water. Pour gradually over eggs. Add salt and vanilla. Pour into greased baking dish and sprinkle with nutmeg. Place dish in pan filled with hot water to depth of custard. Bake in 325 degree oven for about 1 hour. When knife blade comes out clean the custard is done. Serve thoroughly chilled. This custard does not separate or curdle if directions are followed.

CHOCOLATE CRUMB DESSERT
(Using stale cake crumbs)

Mix together 1 cup of whipped cream, 2 egg whites beaten stiff and sweetened to taste, 1 tsp. vanilla, 3 cups cake crumbs, 1/2 cup walnut meats. Chill in refrigerator. A fine way to use up any left-over cake crumbs.

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A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

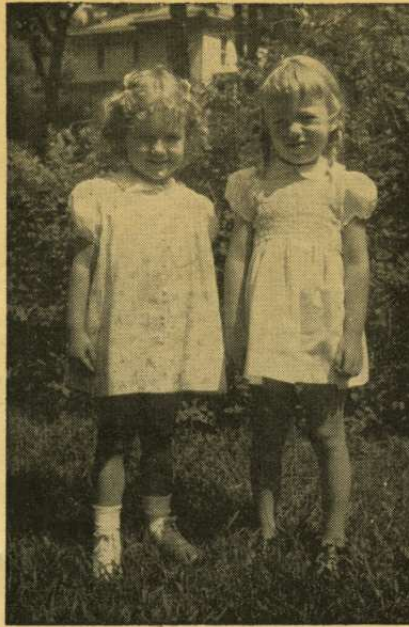
For the past hour I've been indulging in one of my favorite occupations—looking through cook books. I don't know if you ever spend "cook book" time the way I do or not, but quite frequently in the evening when I've finished the supper dishes and given everything just one or two extra licks, I like to pour a cup of coffee and sit down at the kitchen cabinet with a stack of cook books at hand. This is one of the coziest things imaginable to me. I like the feeling of my clean kitchen, the knowledge that behind cupboard and refrigerator doors are at least some of the items that some of the recipes call for. I paw through those cook books and promise myself to try this or that in the near future, and if I'm feeling extra ambitious I often get up then and there to make something that has tantalized me for a long time. This is something that always leaves Russell freshly mystified, for he comes out, looks around and says, "Well, you just finished cleaning this kitchen and I should think you'd like to get out of it for a while." Does this sound familiar to any of you?

Tonight I came just one inch of whipping up a chocolate icebox cake that has been on my mind for a couple of weeks, but then I remembered that my letter to you must go down to the printer in the morning, so I put away the cook books, washed out the coffee pot, and trotted right in here to my typewriter for my visit with you.

Summer is over now and we're well into my favorite season of the year. I don't know of anything half as beautiful as a golden autumn day, and as I work around the house I find myself repeating that old poem of childhood about the goldenrod turning yellow, the trees bending down with fruit, and so forth. This is the time of year that always made me homesick when we lived in California. I would have traded every mountain and every drive along the ocean for just one quick glimpse of cornfields under a harvest moon. I don't see how anyone who was reared in the middlewest could ever be anything but homesick if autumn caught him in a tropical clime!

School is in full swing now, and every morning Juliana sits on the front steps and waves goodbye to her friends as they hurry by down the hill. The same thing happens at noon when they return for dinner, and then her day really begins when school is dismissed shortly after three and she has playmates again. Next year she will be part of the crowd herself, and my! what an empty feeling it gives me. Have you ever wished that you could freeze time, that everything could remain forever as it is at one given moment? Well, that's the way I feel these days.

I realize now, when Juliana's early childhood is almost over, what a mistake I made by always anticipating the next step of development, and it seems to be a universal mistake where first children, or only child-



Lynda Lea Powell of Bethany, Missouri, stopped at our house with her parents one Sunday afternoon. She and Juliana both lived in San Francisco at the same time so there were many points of interest to discuss.

ren, are concerned. When Margery said the other day, "I just can't wait until Martin is able to sit up and respond to me," it reminded me of Juliana's babyhood so vividly that I could almost recapture those far away days. First I couldn't wait until she smiled, and then I couldn't wait until she sat up alone, and then it was "when she walks" and a little later "when she is able to talk." There was always something ahead that seemed more interesting than the moment at hand. And surely I cannot be the only mother who was ensnared in this thing of forever looking into the future.

We have had one lovely day with Dorothy, Kristin and Frank since I last wrote to you, but unless we fall into a miserable spell of autumn rains we hope to spend a weekend with them before this letter reaches you. The first day that I mentioned was quite a revelation to us for we saw Dorothy in the full swing of real farm work. She had to cook dinner for extra men that day, and the stove was full to running over with pans and skillets, while the pantry shelves contained apple pies and cakes and cookies. Dorothy was flying around at a great clip, and I felt really inexperienced and worthless as I did little jobs such as mashing potatoes and stirring the gravy. It all seemed worlds away from the apartment house days of Hollywood when we shopped leisurely at a big super-market, and then ambled home to prepare dinner with every modern convenience at hand. I didn't dream in those days that I'd ever see Dorothy running in with buckets of corn that had to be husked in a hurry, dressing three chickens at one whack, slicing mounds of tomatoes, dashing to the cave for something or other, darting out to shoo chickens away from the sideporch, and keeping both

eyes peeled for the first signs of teams pulling into the barn-yard. And I might add right here that I never saw Dorothy as happy in Hollywood as she was with all of that work flying under her hands.

Juliana has such an absorbing interest in farms that it's a shame she can't visit on one more frequently. She talks proudly of Uncle Frank's wonderful corn on "that bottom piece" and mulls over his prospects at great length. The other morning at the breakfast table she said matter-of-factly: "Mother, you remember, don't you, where Uncle Frank had his hogs last year? Well, he has cane planted there this year and it's just doing fine." This amused me very much, but I didn't let her know it.

It's hard to believe that so many weeks have passed since our family reunion. We had a perfectly wonderful time from beginning to end and the only cloud was the fact that it was over so soon. We are all very happy that Dad could leave with Frederick, but it certainly gave us a blank, empty feeling when they drove off early in the morning. It always seems as if half of the house has fallen in when Dad is out of town. He is still gone as I write this, and I find myself glancing out the kitchen door a good many times every day to see if he is walking down the alley towards my house. He drops in to visit with us almost everyday, and is never too busy to take me shopping for groceries, to return library books, or to see that I get to any appointments that I may have. Before he left I made him promise to make notes of things that he saw on this trip, and I'm hoping that next month I can actually get him down to the typewriter to tell you about them.

I have my fall sewing well in hand now, and if I do say so myself I'm pleased with the results. Juliana has nice warm pajamas with feet in them (she refers to them as her "cozy night rig"), some new corduroy overalls, and a couple of new dresses. I've learned to smock since you last heard from me, and I'm so fascinated with it that I wonder why I didn't start it years ago. One of these new dresses is of blue and white striped chambray smocked in red, and it was certainly fun to make. Martin is just about ready for his first rompers now and I've promised Margery to make some for him, so that will be the next thing on my sewing schedule.

Much to my surprise the clock says only eight-thirty, so I think I'll go out and look around the kitchen and see if I still feel tempted to stir up that icebox cake. If Juliana were up I'd get out our new circus cookie cutters and stir up some cookie dough, but she's sound asleep and I'd feel terribly guilty if I made them when she wasn't around to help. Russell is playing the piano, and I'm positive that I still have some sweet chocolate left, so with this quick summary of the situation I'll say good night and take myself to the kitchen.

—Lucile.

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

October is the one month of the year when everyone who has ever handled a camera says, "Oh, if I could only take that picture in color!" At such times our usual black-and-white pictures seem completely inadequate for they in no way indicate the spectacular beauty spread before us.

Well, with the present colored films that are on the market you can take October scenes in color, but first you must remember that it requires a great deal more care than when taking pictures in black and white, and secondly you must remember that it is much more expensive.

The three types of colored film most widely known and readily available are *kodacolor*, which fits the average box or folding camera, *kodachrome*, made primarily for 35 mm or 828 size cameras whose owners are interested in making a collection of slides, and *Ausco color*, similar to *kodachrome* but made in most film sizes. Prints from the colored film or transparencies made in jumbo sizes cost from thirty cents to a dollar, and they are usually processed by the manufacturer.

The most important thing to remember in taking colored pictures is that the film requires at least TWICE as much light as the black and white film. This means that you must avoid heavy shadows at all times. The contrast of black and white that makes your ordinary picture more pleasing will ruin a picture in color, so always take the subject in a good strong light.

This also applies to scenery. The brilliance of an October day will be beautifully captured in color if the picture is taken not earlier than two hours before noon, and not later than three hours after noon. The best test for being sure that you will have good even light is to be sure that the sun is directly in back of you when you take the picture.

This is a wonderful time of the year to take pictures of your home or farm. If you haven't had your camera out for a long time, be sure that you make an effort to get new pictures during this month. If possible, take action on this while the grass is still green and the leaves are just beginning to change color. And remember, if you are using colored film, that evergreens should be included in landscape shots if possible for their deep green branches make a lovely contrast against brilliant foliage.

For the owners of flash equipment very fine portraits in color can be made indoors by utilizing ordinary flash bulbs with *kodachrome Type A*, and blue flash bulbs with *kodacolor*. The major point in trying this is to follow the instructions that come with the film. And be sure also that you avoid confusing backgrounds when taking indoor pictures. Don't make the mistake that I once made years ago of photographing my mother and sister when they were both wearing printed dresses and were seated in upholstered chairs on which the material



The day after Betty returned from the hospital with little Mary Lee this picture was taken in the garden of Betty's parents' home in Ashaway, Rhode Island. Frederick left the next day for Shenandoah, the first stop on his long trip to Hawaii.

was also printed. No one could tell where one began and the other left off! That was a good lesson to me when I was first starting to work with color, and after that I made sure that if one person wore a print, the other person wore a dress of solid color. And I kept a sharp eye out for solid colors in the background.

This is the month that I advise the use of panchromatic film for those who will be taking black and white pictures. You will find that this type of film is sensitive to red colors, so the trees will appear much lighter and very beautiful effects may be gotten in landscapes, particularly if there is water in the picture.

BECAUSE I MISSED HIM SO

His little bed was empty
And his kiddie car unused.
I couldn't keep the tears back
As I viewed his new white shoes.
His toys were neatly piled in place
Beside his little chair;
No bright eyes peeping out at me
And silence in the air.

With a dozen things to do
My hands and feet were slow,
I couldn't settle down to work
Because I missed him so.
The hours just slowly crept along
No matter how I tried.
When evening shadows lengthened out
I sat me down and cried.

I missed his childish prattle,
His little curly head.
I missed his earnest baby prayers
Before he went to bed.
With his eyes as bright as diamonds
And his heart filled with delight,
He had gone home with his Grandma
Down the street to spend the
night.

—Marteen Hammar.

SMALL FRY

I know it would be simpler
If I cooked all by myself,
There'd be less pots and dishes
And a tidy pantry shelf.

The potatoes would be bigger
And the peelings not so fat,
I know it would be simpler
By myself—but what of that?

My helper's only seven
And she does the best she can,
What fun we have together
Messing up the spic and span!
—Ida M. Pardue.

VEGETABLE STORAGE

There are various ways of storing surplus vegetables for winter, but at our house we handle cabbage, cauliflower and head lettuce in the following way.

Sink a barrel in one corner of the garden with the top between eight to ten inches below the ground surface. Place a layer of straw in bottom of barrel. Leave roots on cabbage and pack in barrel with heads down so that moisture will drain to the bottom of the barrel. Put a heavy layer of straw over the cabbage, then put on a lid or board. Put another thick layer of straw over this and then weight down with boards. On any mild winter day one can open up the barrel and get fresh cabbage. We keep it this way until April, and it seems to take on an added sweetness and flavor through the winter. It also bleaches to a creamy white.

Carrots keep extra well if packed in layers of sand in a small barrel in the cellar. They keep for some time too if packed in a large stone jar.

To keep fresh green peppers or pimentos for fall and winter salads, pick before frost leaving the stem on. Dip stem end in melted paraffin. Place in a stone jar in cellar and cover jar with lid. Beets, turnips and winter radishes are treated in the same fashion as carrots.—Mabel Nair Brown.

Photographic Christmas Cards

Nothing can compare to this type of card for a Christmas greeting. Choose only one greeting per order from the following:

1. Season's Greetings.
2. Christmas Greetings.
3. Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas.
4. SEASON'S GREETINGS from Our House to Your House.

PRICES

\$1.00 per dozen including envelopes.
\$5.00 per six dozen including envelopes.
Send your single best negative.
No orders accepted AFTER December 1st.
Postpaid.

VERNESS STUDIO

Post Office Box 67
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

A CAREER WITH HORSES

By Hallie M. Barrow

Do you love a beautiful horse? Do the thrills just make you shiver when you're at the Fair, the band plays and the high steppers prance into the ring? Is it your wildest dream to be atop one of these show horses some day?

Then you will be interested in the story of a woman who has made the training and showing of fine horses a very successful career. I'm sure you have seen her for she has ridden in horse shows in Iowa, Missouri and Kansas for many years. She still is young but you see she started very early in life with her profession. Some of you have seen her listed as Jane Fairfield but the past six years she has been Mrs. Lee Fahey. In the picture she is riding the horse, My Major Blees, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene H. Welsh of St. Joseph. Last year this horse won 21 ribbons in horse shows, 17 of them being the coveted blue ribbon and one a championship. Mrs. Fahey was riding My Major Blees most of the time these ribbons were being awarded.

Jane Fairfield was born near Whitesville and has always lived in Northwest Missouri. She thinks she may have inherited her great love of horses from a horse-trading grandfather! At any rate, her happiest childhood memories are the hours she spent rambling country roads on an old riding mare, her own horse. Always she loved horses and still was quite a youngster when she rode a friend's horse at a County Fair at Savannah, Mo., and won the prize for being the best rider. She never had any other ambition except to ride although she wished to finish high school.

Her father had died when she was a year old, and with the approach of high school it was apparent she would have to make her own way. Her aptitude with horses was well recognized in her own community and she found just the job she wanted—she paid her way through Central High School in St. Joseph by working the four years at the riding academy. She taught other people to ride, she broke and trained young horses, she exercised them, she helped keep the books, she ordered supplies, she would get up any hour of the night to "doctor" a sick horse—in fact, she learned first hand how to cope with just about any situation which might arise with the care and training of horses.

Now most of the people who own fine horses cannot care for them at their homes. Nor are they fitted to train and show them. Jane Fairfield became known as a most successful exhibitor in the show ring and especially good in the long, particular, preliminary training a horse must have before entering the show ring. It was only to be expected that a girl who just "lived" horses would marry a man of similar tastes. Mr. and Mrs. Fahey immediately started a business of their own, that of boarding, training and showing fine horses. They leased the old race track and horse



This is the first picture we have had of Dad and his four sons for a good many years. It was taken in the sun-room of our home—you can see the outside in the cover picture. Dad is seated, and standing behind him are Howard, Wayne, Donald and Frederick.

barns at Lake Contrary, just south of St. Joseph and here they now have 30 fine gaited show horses under their management.

Well, if you think a prima donna or a movie star gets detailed attention, you should spend a day at Lake Contrary Stables and visit the occupants of the big box stalls. The horses are exercised to keep them in the pink of condition—then each of them is blanketed in pure wool blankets and walked until he has cooled off and his breathing is normal again. Their legs are wrapped, all kinds of trappings on their feet, blanket-bonnets on their heads, their tails done up in the latest equine hair-do—honestly, you'd hardly know there was a horse under all those trappings. And when these horses travel from show to show, they don't go like an ordinary critter. They travel like royalty—Mr. Fahey has a specially built motor van with six box stalls inside, space for 5 trunks and all the equipment it takes to strut these high steppers in the ring. Always he drives this van himself and with his wife's help unloads the horses and gets them settled quietly in new quarters. They must not be mishandled or excited at such a critical time.

What's in the trunks? Well, the rider must be just as well outfitted as the horse she rides. Mrs. Fahey tells us that to show a three-gaited horse, she must wear a "Tux" with a stiff bosomed white pleated shirt with pearl studs; however, the trousers may be jodhpurs. With this she must wear a silk hat; she may wear the same costume later in showing a five-gaited horse but the hat this time must be a derby. Gloves are optional, although if the sponsor designates full dress, white gloves must be worn.

To our great surprise, she says they do not want their show horses petted. A show horse must know absolute

discipline. At all times he must be at attention and not embarrass his trainer by nuzzling the pockets of the judge for possible lumps of sugar! He must stand just so, every leg placed right; he must look tense, alert and taut—his ears must be pointed and he dare not change direction. He must have been trained to canter, walk, trot, reverse or rack the moment he gets the order. It's a highly specialized business and one that has meant hours of training for horse and rider before that few fatal moments in the ring.

Not only does Mrs. Fahey train horses but she also trains riders and takes special pride in her women scholars who have graduated from her very strenuous course. A young woman from Calvary, Canada, came and stayed a year with her. She is her most advanced pupil and now has a string of horses herself on Canadian horse show circuits.

We're not apt to return to dirt roads and travel by horse power; we're not apt to see horses replace tractors on farms—yet, fine saddle horses and horse shows have never ceased to fascinate horse-lovers and have a drawing power equal to many of our present day sports. Mrs. Fahey thinks the love of fine horses and their showing at competitive events is here to stay and furthermore, that if any woman wishes to enter this highly specialized field, there is lots of room. "Only," she adds, "be sure you really love horses and secondly be sure that you can stand the rigorous routine and hard work it takes to reach the top."

HE PRAYETH BEST

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel T. Coleridge.

THE HANDICAPPED CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Mary and I have been friends for many years, and today I received a letter from her that upset me very much. I am going to tell you about it, but first I will have to go back about fifteen years. At that time she was working as a Public Health nurse in the same building where I was employed as a social worker in the Department for the Feeble-minded.

One Sunday she invited me to her home for dinner and then I met her family for the first time and liked every one of them. Her parents were extremely kind and hospitable people, and four brothers and sisters made a very happy party atmosphere at the table. One brother worked in a bank, one taught at the University, one sister was a chemist and the youngest one was still in college. Then, quite by accident and to the embarrassment of the entire family, I discovered another sister living in a small room upstairs. She was feeble-minded.

I couldn't believe that people as intelligent as this family could feel any disgrace because of her misfortune, but they did feel that way and had spent their lives trying to conceal the fact that she existed. In their kindness and lack of understanding they were making her miserable and altering the lives of every other member of the family.

I told them of a recent survey we had made of three average counties and of the discovery that at least six out of every one-hundred children were mentally incompetent. I pointed out to them how little was known about the causes of feeble-mindedness, and how many doctors believe that it is due to some injury before or during birth. It is very hard for parents to accept the fact that perhaps their child is not going to grow up to have normal average intelligence, but after this fact has been definitely established, they must face it directly and consider what is the best thing for them to do.

First, they should consider the welfare of the child itself. Any subnormal child forced into competition with average children is very unhappy and usually unmanageable. On the other hand, I have never known any group as happy and busy as a group of children of like intelligence in a well-managed school or institution.

I strongly urged Mary and her family to take the precaution of having sister placed under the guardianship of the State. This did not mean that she would have to go to an institution, but it did mean that if an emergency arose there would be a place for her and competent people ready to assume responsibility. I tried to make them see how important it was to do this before an acute emergency developed. After I had given them the very best advice that I could, it was never mentioned again.

Now I have had this letter from Mary and she says that while she was in the Navy for three years she had had ample time to consider the whole



Mother and her three girls, Margery, Lucille and Dorothy. This was taken a few minutes after the picture on the opposite page was snapped.

problem, and had come to the very painful conclusion that what they considered great kindness has brought nothing but grief to the entire family.

In this pathetic letter she told of her childhood when her Mother was unable to leave home even for a day because no one could be trusted to deal with sister if she became troublesome, how they never wanted to invite their school friends home because of what they might say. Always they were fiercely loving and protective of their sister, yet always they were ashamed.

Last year her father died after being bedridden for eight months, and two months later her mother died. Her sister who is a chemist had to give up a good job in the East to come home to take care of the feeble-minded one, and the other sister broke her engagement so that she could continue working to help support the family. Three months later she began to stutter so badly that she had to quit her job, and is now undergoing a series of very expensive treatments to cure her of stuttering.

Both brothers who are married and have families of their own deprive their children of things they need so that they can contribute to the support of the sisters. These family sacrifices would be wonderful if they produced any good, but years of life that could have been productive have been spent in purely custodial work and, worst of all, the feeble-minded sister has never experienced the pleasure of working and playing with people like herself. From her viewpoint all of the love and sacrifices have been utterly in vain for they prohibited her from leading the one kind of life in which she could have been happy.

Doubt is like the dark. A room may be dark because the sun is not shining—or it may be dark because the windows are dirty. One cannot turn on the sun, but one can wash windows!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

So many people ask what to do with the greeting cards they receive, for they are too nice to destroy, and yet they do accumulate. There is a Hobby Club here that gathers such cards. Ones that are usable are given to soldiers in hospitals, and ones that are written on are cut out and put into scrapbooks for hospital use. They need more cards so get yours out of that box on the shelf and send them to Garner Curran, PSAHC, 1215 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles 6, Calif. If the cards carry any message, cut it off or erase it for otherwise you will have to pay first class postage on the whole package. Any sort of pictures for scrapbooks may be sent too.

More and more used stamps are needed for hospital projects. Just the ordinary stamps that you get on letters and packages are needed, but especially the large-sized ones. Remove them from the letter carefully so the stamp is not damaged; then soak off the paper and dry between newspapers. Mail to Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Have I told you about Bill Jones? He has been in a Veterans' Hospital for several years. Had a bullet in his spine and they got it out just this spring. One of his legs had been amputated before that and now the same disease that affected it has spread to the other leg and it should be amputated but he is not strong enough. He is awfully discouraged. Could you cheer him up some? Address 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

Does anyone have a doll to give to a six-year old girl whose mother is incurably ill and away in a hospital? The little girl stays with her grandmother and she wants a sleepy doll. Write me for her address, but please don't send the doll to me.

Margaret McCormick, Box 231, Wheeler, Texas, a seventeen-year-old girl who is bedfast and entirely helpless, would like to have a white muslin block, 8 inches square, with your name and address on it. Her mother will make them into a cover for a quilt for her bed. Margaret collects tiny dolls and souvenirs.

Mrs. Maud McConnell, Rt. 1, Nixa, Mo., has been in a wheel chair for years. She collects hankies. Do send her one. Mrs. Libbie Ann Novak, Elberon, Iowa, has been bedfast for three years. She cannot sit up or even turn over as her bones fracture so easily. She can use her arms and wants print pieces, all kinds and sizes, to make into quilts and rugs. She collects toothpick holders and sea shells.

Not enough money has come to get the eye glasses for the shutin I told you about last month. If you will help, please write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. We have a call for a wheel chair for a needy shutin that I hope we can fill soon. Do you know where a good used wheel chair could be bought at a reasonable price?



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DIPPER IN THE SKY

Some night when the stars are shining brightly ask your daddy to show you the "Big Dipper." According to an old, old story there was once a drought which dried up all the streams. All the cattle in the fields were dying of thirst and even the people did not have enough water to drink.

A little girl ran out into the woods and prayed for enough water to fill her cup for her mother was very sick and needed a drink. After her prayer she took a little nap, and when she awakened her cup was full of water.

She started home, but by the side of the road she saw a little dog who needed a drink so she gave the poor little fellow a few drops. Then she looked at the little tin cup and it had turned to silver. She ran to her mother and placed the cup in her hands. She took only one little sip and said, "Go, dear child, and divide this water with all in the house."

She gave the cup back to her little daughter and it became a cup of pure gold. The little girl went to divide the water with her brothers and sisters and as she passed the door she saw a Stranger standing on the steps. She held the cup out to him and as he took a drink of water the cup turned to diamonds and a bright light shone about him. Then suddenly a spring of water flowed from the cup and watered all the land.

"Blessed are they," said the Stranger, "Who give a cup of water in My name." Then he vanished and the diamond cup rose into the sky where we see it shining among the stars.

RIDDLES AND QUESTIONS

Questions

1. When is a farmer mean to his corn?
2. What is the strongest day?
3. How does a chicken take care of its hair?
4. What ship should we all try to have and to give?
5. Why is a hat like a king?
6. When is a pig like ink?
7. What is full of holes but holds water?
8. What building has the most stories?
9. Why is an egg like a colt?
10. What has a mouth but does not talk and a bed but never lies still in it?

Answers

1. When he pulls its ears.
2. Sunday, because the rest are week (weak) days.
3. With a comb.
4. Friendship.
5. Because it has a crown.
6. When placed in a pen.

7. A sponge.
8. The library.
9. Because it is of little use until it is broken.
10. A river.

CANDY CONTEST

What kind of candy will the following people buy?

1. Negro? Chocolates.
2. Dentist? Gum Drops.
3. Lover? Kisses.
4. Schoolmaster? Stick Candy.
5. Flatterer? Taffy.
6. Coiner? Mints.
7. Minister? Divinity.
8. Prize Fighter? Jawbreakers.
9. Dairyman? Butterscotch.
10. Milk Man? Cream Candy.

—Sent by Mrs. Harry Schmidt, Clarion, Iowa.

What is the difference between a watch maker and a jailer? Ans. One sells watches and the other watches cells.

What kind of a tie would a hog be the most likely to choose? Ans. A pigstye, of course.—Carol Jean Jelinek, Wilber, Nebraska.

8. When is it always correct to say "I is"? Ans. I is the 9th letter of the alphabet.

My house has no windows, no roof and no floors, in fact, all it has is just two doors. What am I? Ans. A clam.—Elizabeth Kreider, Box 442, Louisville, Nebr.

9. When was beef the highest? Ans. When the cow jumped over the moon.

How do they know the cow jumped over the moon? Ans. She left the Milky-Way.—Gail Martin, Burlingame, Kansas.

A PRAYER

We Thank thee, God
For daily bread
And all the things
Upon it spread.
Please make us like
The things we should
To keep us well
And make us good.

YOU AND HERBERT

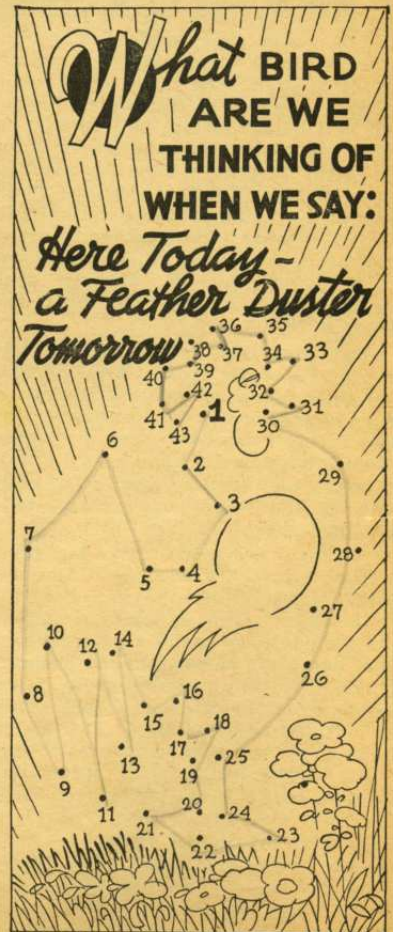
Herbert, the Squirrel, without a fuss,
Once took a trip on a big city bus.
He climbed up the stairs with the
greatest of ease,
And rode on a train just as fine as
you please.
He read a paper each day of the year,
And this for a squirrel is mighty
queer.
If you were this squirrel, and Herbert
were you,
How many tricks could you learn to
do?



Marilyn Jean Laudner of Aredale, Iowa. She will be four years old on November 1st, and her mother says that she is holding her favorite toys.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "Can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

"Yes, miss," replied Johnny. "It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."



"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.

ATTENTION: Anyone wanting embroidered work for Christmas, please send your orders by November 1st, for pillow cases, scarfs, lunch cloths, towels, and aprons. Miss Edith D. Travis, Sidney, Iowa.

CROCHETED TEA APRONS: Lacy pineapple design, white, small, \$2.00 Medium and large, \$3.00 each. Crocheted. Butterfly chair set, \$4.00, 2 sets, \$7.00. White. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

CROCHETED DOILIES, chair sets. Insertion, 35¢ plus thread per 100 yards thread used. Embroidering done. Send thread and stamped material. Mrs. A. C. Dicks, Rt. 3, Albia, Iowa.

WOVEN POT HOLDERS, assorted colors and patterns, 30¢ a pair. Mary Ann Koles, Hornick, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, HAND EMBOSSED in metallic. Script or printing. Gold, copper, silver, or assorted. 16 cards, \$1.00. 21 cards, \$1.35. Children's, 16 cards, 75¢. Order now for early delivery. Write or print clearly. Mrs. Emerald Lindgren, Axte, Nebraska.

USE "GO TO CHURCH" SEALS on letters. 100 seals for \$1.00 and special prices to Aid Societies for raising money.—Mrs. Paul Millsap, Ocheyedan, Iowa.

SIX NEEDLEPOINT, 19 3/4-in. square. Crocheted tablecloth. Two matching bedspreads. Write to Mrs. R. B. Winters, Helena, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Plastic half aprons, \$1.10. Full plastic aprons, \$1.85. Small, medium, large, will not tear. Crocheted darning kits, 75¢. Make nice gifts. Also taking orders for hand woven rugs, 27x48, \$6.00. Ruth Zenor, Terril, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Tufted pillow tops, \$1.00. Royal blue, rose, wine, or peach. Grace Roe, 306 E. 7th Street, Atlantic, Iowa.

HEALTH HINTS: Practical ideas on health by a nurse. Eight-day reducing program. Acid producing foods, Wrinkles and Gray hair, Why and when are we old, Child feeding problems. Price 15¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

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

FOR SALE: Crocheted Tablecloth. Also couch and chair sets in pineapple and flower basket, crocheted. Enclose stamp. Mrs. Omer DeFrance, Albion, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Lavender snow suit, size 4, price, \$5.00. Also brown snow pants, size 6, price, \$3.00. Excellent condition. Mrs. Fred Halik, Pawnee City, Nebraska.

BABIES CROCHETED SACQUES, \$3.00. Caps to match, \$1.50. Pretty design, in white, pink, or blue yarn. Or white with pink or blue trim. Appreciate orders. Mrs. Anne Rippetoe, 1223 Umatilla, Long Beach 4, California.

COLORADO ALABASTER salt and pepper shakers. Hand painted with Columbine. (State flower) 75¢ to \$1.50 pair. Price list on request. Hafer's Novelities, Route 3, Box 409 B., Fort Collins, Colorado.

YOU'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN YOU SEE these adorable and dainty "Hankie Aprons." Made of four fine floral hankies. Pocket, crocheted edges. Pretty colors, \$2.00. Mrs. James Leonard, Box 96, Oxboro, Missouri.

FANCY BIBBLESE APRONS, white barred organdy. Embroidery, laces, ruffles, contrasting trim, \$1.25. Mrs. George Wessendorf, Storm Lake, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Cotton dresses, size 1, 2, 3, 4, \$1.50, 5, 6, 7, \$1.75. Send measurements, choice of color, 1st and 2nd. Quick service. 1/2 aprons, 75¢. Applied tea towels, 3 for \$1.10. Pot holders, 2 for 35¢. Order now for Christmas. Mrs. A. K. Ingham, Beverly, Kansas.

PLAQUES AND FIGURINES for sale. Painted or unpainted. Now is the time to prepare for Christmas, or paint and sell to friends. Mrs. Z. M. Decker, 831 South 17th Street, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Two all wool suits. Green gabardine tailored suit, grey chalk stripe dress suit. Size 20 or 38. Also girls rayon crepe dresses, size 4 to 6. Mrs. Glenn Stockdale, Aplington, Iowa.

CROCHETING: Any variety. Prices reasonable. Beautiful 20 inch, Marie Antoinette doilies, \$2.50. Packaged as gifts, 10¢ additional. Hazel Long, Skidmore, Missouri.

SHELL FLOWER PLAQUES, 25¢, 50¢, \$1.10. Combs, 25¢. Spray brooch, 50¢. Cameo brooch or earrings, 50¢, in black and white, red and cream, Cornelian and ivory. Iowa holders, 50¢. Cotton yarn holders, 35¢. Crocheted darning kits, 50¢. Sunbonnet thimble and needle case, 25¢. Carrie Hooper, Early, Iowa.

CROCHETED OVEN MITTS, \$1.50 a pair. Mrs. Joe Bohn, Rockport, Missouri.

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

CROCHET ORDERS TAKEN: Chair sets, aprons, doilies, etc. October special. Baby bib, white with pink, blue, or white ribbon. 75¢. Mrs. Carroll Pflughaupt, Coggon, Ia.

COME TO THE GIFT SHOP for tablecloths, bedspreads (Pond lily pattern), baby sets, chair sets. Wood fiber corsage flowers, purses, (reasonable price), novelties. Orders taken for crocheted gloves. Mrs. R. Barrett, 314 20th St., Sioux City 18, Iowa.

1 DOZEN MIXED HOUSE PLANTS, cuttings, \$1.20. Fancy crocheted inset pillow cases, \$7.00. Grab boxes from \$5 to \$20. Mary Klopf, Elizabeth, Illinois.

DRESDEN PLATE QUILT, \$25.00. Set with pink, white lining. Mrs. Ira Frakes, Brookfield, Missouri.

PART TIME AGENTS wanted for sale of Animal Breeding Dial Calculators. Every farmer needs one. Free descriptive literature and price list. Handy Chart Co., 406 Greer, Memphis, Tennessee.

WANTED: Any numbers of Kitchen-Klatter up to June 1937. Write to Mrs. Edward Kraus, Route 3, Friend, Nebraska.

BEAUTIFUL PIN CUSHIONS, 50¢ a piece. Hand made lace for pillow cases, \$1.00 per pair. Mrs. Mary Hunt, Route 2, Bruce, Wisconsin.

FOR SALE: Crocheted wool soakers, \$1.25. Botties, \$1.00. Spitz dogs, \$1.25. Pillow cases, 42-inch tubing, crocheted inset, \$4.00. Organdy band aprons, \$1.00. Mrs. G. M. Page, Box 574, Boone, Iowa.

TATTING ORDERS TAKEN: Handkerchiefs my speciality. Lots of other hobbies too. Mrs. E. C. Briggs, Smithshire, Illinois.

HOTTEST APRONS: Organdy and print, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Handkerchiefs, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Will paint handkerchiefs, dummies, table cloths, dish towels, waists, 25¢ to \$1.00 for 1 design on white. State color. Ella B. Bare, Lenox, Iowa.

GOPHER TRAPS. Renken Sure Catch, 75¢ postpaid. 4 for \$2.50. Address, Renken Trap Co., Crete, Nebraska.

CROCHETED FLOWER WREATH VANITY SET. White, \$2.00. Chicken pot holders, 65¢ pair. Doll clothes, write for prices. Katherine Stone, Mooresville, Missouri.

BOSTON TERRIER PUPS FOR SALE: Write for information and prices. Mrs. Peter Dittert, Jefferson, Iowa.

SEWING WANTED: Dresses. Childs dress, \$1.00. Ladies house dresses, \$1.50. Better dresses, \$2.00. Send material, patterns, etc. Mrs. J. F. Walls, Route 1, Mystic, Ia.

ORDERS TAKEN: Crocheted apron, colored border, \$5.00. Handkerchief, plain or shaded, round wheel tatting, 50¢ postpaid. Amelia Dorman, 307 Grove Avenue, Norfolk, Nebraska.

WOOD SILHOUETTE in beautiful designs. Large or small in square or round walnut frames. Send stamped and addressed envelope for design and price to: Box 242, Newton, Kansas.

LOVELY CHRISTMAS FOLDERS: 90¢ a box postpaid Rosa B. Turner, Lambert, Arkansas.

FOR SALE: 2 female Manchester Terrier pups, \$35.00 each. A.K.C. registered. 12 snow white Spitz pups, either sex, \$15.00. Ready to ship, October 1st. Send a deposit now with your request, state sex and breed wanted. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Ia.

21 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS, \$1.00. Also religious, humorous, all occasion, greetings, wrappings, and handi-notes. Send stamp for prices. Mrs. Louis P. Stamp, Holstein, Iowa.

It's Fun to Sew

FOR LITTLE GIRLS
A SEWING BOOK

by
Leanna and Lucile

Price 50c

This sewing book fills a long-felt need. Is instructive and entertaining. It will make an ideal gift. Send one to your daughter or friend. Order from

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Vitamin and Nutrition Science, brings you famous A-D-E Plex, containing all the factors D Arthritis Sufferers have shown deficiencies of. Thousands of satisfied users. Price complete only \$5.49. Mail orders, filled same day received. Vitamin Industries, 1320 Farnam St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

REPRINTS AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting poems, and makes a nice gift for a mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures—Prices 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid. Order from Leanna Driftmir, Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Leanna:

My sewing advertisement really brought results. I have 25 dresses ahead, and I send out several every day. I have made six and eight dresses for several ladies, and nine for one. I enjoy making the dresses.

Sincerely,
Mrs. E. R. Hinks,
Munden, Kansas.

Mrs Louisa Pickell
Rt 1
Madrid Iowa 2

HO-DOWN PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

"On All Saints' Eve, when the
clock strikes eight,
Won't'cha come a-knockin' at my
front gate?
I'll be expectin' ya and, if ya
please,
Boys wear plaid shirts and dun-
garees.
Girls come in gingham or cotton
print gown—
But everybody come to my real
Ho-Down!"

Write the above invitation on the
inside of a folder made from brown
wrapping paper. Tie a bit of corn-
stalk on the front with orange and
black yarn.

A Ho-Down party demands plenty
of room for the singing games and
grand march, so plan to clear a large
living room of heavier pieces of furni-
ture or, better still, have the party
in your basement "rumpus" room, or
on your lawn or large front porch if
the weather is mild.

Use the traditional corn stalks,
pumpkins and autumn leaves for decora-
tions. Hang up some picturesque
cider jugs on the wall alongside some
tattered straw hats and a sunbonnet
or two.

There must be a good leader or
"caller" who can call out the di-
rections clearly and who can quickly
teach the crowd the words for the
singing games. Upon this caller de-
pends much of the success of the
party, so choose someone who is fa-
miliar with the games and who has a
fine sense of humor. If possible, get
three or four of your gang together
ahead of time to brush up a bit on
the directions and times for the games.
They can help get all the other guests
into the party play mood on the night
of the Ho-Down.

At the old time parties, a fiddler, or
a banjoist often provide the musical
background, although sometimes just
the voices of the players provides the
music and directions. A pianist or an
accordianist would do nicely too, or a
combination team of these instru-
ments. Since the 4-H and other
young peoples' organizations are now
sponsoring a revival of these singing
games, phonograph records are avail-
able, and also extension service leaf-
lets that give directions for the games.
Music stores and libraries carry books
of these singing games too.

Here is a list of some of the more
popular games being used in the Mid-
west:

Polly-Wolly Doodle, London Bridge,
The Bear Went Over the Mountain,
Pop Goes the Weasel, Captain Jinks,
Old Dan Tucker, Skip To My Lou,

The Jolly Miller, Virginia Reel, Buf-
falo Gals and Singing Polka.

If possible begin the evening's fun
with a grand march—this will match
partners too. For this let everyone
sing as they march, "Iowa Corn Song."
"On Wisconsin," "Pack Up Your
Troubles" or "Yankee Doodle."

GRAND MARCH FIGURES:— (1)
Girls are to be in one line and boys
in another one at the end of the room
—girls to the right, boys on the left.
Begin marching down the side of the
room towards the opposite end. Lines
meet in center back and come up in
couples. (2) Couples separate at cen-
ter front, march down side to back
corners, then cut diagonally across
to opposite front corners, forming an
X in center, each lady passing in
front of her partner. (3) Lines down
sides again and up center in couples.
First couple to the right, second cou-
ple left, etc. They go down sides in
couples and come up center by fours
(two couples.) March may stop here
or go on to come up center in eights
(four couples) or couples may sepa-
rate and form single lines again, but
where couples are needed in games
it's nice to stop march while in cou-
ples.

POP GOES THE WEASEL— Join
hands in circle. Count off by threes:
join threesomes around circle, 1's on
inside, 2's in middle, 3's outside. Skip
forward and sing, "Around and 'round
the vinegar jar the monkey chased
the weasel; the monkey stopped to
scratch his head —POP! goes the
weasel." On the word "POP" num-
ber 1's and 2's grab no. 3's and pop
them forward to threesome in front,
skipping forward all the time, thus
the person coming up is now middle-
man, and so the game continues.

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE — For-
mation. Couples march in circle
counter clockwise, man with lady
to his right. Couples hold hands
in skating position. Directions: Cou-
ples march around circle as they
sing the verse. On the chorus the
odd couple (1, 3, 5, 7, etc.) turn to
face even couples. Each man grasps
right hand of opposite lady. In this
position with hands crossed the four
people move around eight steps into
position again, but with new partner
to continue with second verse and
chorus.

VIRGINIA REEL VARIETY: —
Sing the multiplication table to the
tune of Yankee Doodle as you go
through the figures of the reel.

INTO KITCHEN TAKE:— Music:
"Money Musk" or "Rig-A-Jig-Jig". (1)
Couples promenade. (2) First couple
out to right, take a peek. (couple one
divides and peeks at each other a-
round couple 2.) Back to center and
swing your sweet. (3) Back to kit-
chen, peek once more. (4) Back to
center and circle 4 (circle with cou-
ple 2.) (5) Now right and left
through. (6) On to next couple and
repeat until home. Each couple re-
peats these figures until all four cou-
ples of the square have done them.
Your group will have to form the
"squares" to do this party dance as
the caller gives the directions in time
to music.

Let your Ho-Down party promote
fun and relaxation, but avoid rowdi-
ness. It is also necessary that all
guests must listen to calls and di-
rections.

Now for the eats! Set up a self-
serve counter on a table or buffet.
Serve ice cold cider in jugs, each
guest to pour his own. Hollow out a
huge pumpkin, line with waxed paper
and heap it full of popped corn.
Have a large wooden bowl full of
polished apples. As a novelty string
your doughnuts on the handle of a
toy broom and pass them around to
your guests. If possible, cover your
table with a red checked cloth.

COMPANIONSHIP

It isn't that we talk so much!
Sometimes the evening through
You do not say a word to me;
I do not talk to you.

I sit beside the reading lamp,
You like the easy chair,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there.

It isn't that we go so much—
Sometimes we like to roam
To concert or to theatre,
But best of all is home.

I sew a bit or read aloud
A book we want to share,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there.

It isn't that you tell me
The things I've come to know;
It goes too deep for words, I think,
The fact you love me so.

You only have to touch my hand
To learn how much I care,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there.

—Anne Campbell.

ODE TO THE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR

The typographical error is
A slippery thing and sly;
You can hunt it till you're dizzy
But somehow it slides by.

Till the forms come off the presses
It is strange how still it keeps.
It shrinks down in a corner,
And it never stirs or peeps.

That typographical error,
Too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper,
When it grows to mountain size.
The editor stares in horror,
Then he grabs his hair and groans;
The copyreader drops his head
Upon his hand and moans.

The remainder of the issue
May be clean as clean can be,
But the typographical error
Is the only thing you see!
—Sent by Mrs. John B. An-
near, Dedham, Iowa.

Goodbye until next month.
Leanna and Lucile.