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SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Russell Verness.

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friends:

This is one of those beautiful days described by the poet as "October's bright blue weather." I have to smile when I think how panicky I got a week or two ago when we had some very cool weather. I had my family bring bouquets of flowers in from the garden, sure that they would be the last ones we could gather this fall. Now the zinnias, asters and even the roses seem to have a new lease on life and are more beautiful than ever.

This is Sunday, my letter writing day. When most of our family were scattered from the east to the west coast, letter writing consumed most of an afternoon, but now with only Frederick, Dorothy and Donald to write to, it doesn't take nearly as long. Dorothy and Donald can hear my radio visits and keep up on the family happenings, so their letters don't need to be very long, but Frederick, in Hawaii, looks forward to big fat letters from home.

By now Betty and little Mary Leanna are well established in their new home in Honolulu. We were a little disappointed not to see the baby before they left the mainland, but we could understand how much easier the trip would be if they flew from New York to San Francisco without any stop-overs. We will probably see them next summer, and until then will be satisfied with pictures now and then for Frederick has a good camera. We all enjoyed the letter from him that you will find farther on in this issue.

I want to thank those of you who have written how much you enjoyed the October magazine. Parts of it I didn't see until it was all printed for I was on my vacation during the week it was completed and sent to the printer. However, a goodly amount of extra work and thought went into that issue, and of course we were eager to hear what your impressions were.

I really did have a grand trip although not as long as one as perhaps many of you took this summer. I was just a little bit afraid to venture as far as Denver, but with Dorothy and Donald along the trip was not a hard one.

The first day we drove as far as North Platte and stayed overnight at a tourist court on the west side of town right across from radio station KODY. The weather had been very

hot, but that night it rained and the ride into Denver the next morning was a most pleasant one. My nephew, John Henry Field and his wife, Ethel, live in Denver and had located very nice hotel reservations for us. John Henry is an efficiency engineer in a factory there and likes to live in Denver. They had dinner with us that first night, and the next day Ethel went with us for a long ride. We drove to Colorado Springs and up Cheyenne Canyon to the Seven Falls. That was a lovely drive. We have a camera that takes kodachrome pictures, and since we have been home we have enjoyed the trip all over again when we project the slides.

We spent the one rainy day of the week shopping and going through the museum across from the Capitol. If you are in Denver don't miss going there, for it is really educational.

Many of you have been up the Big Thompson Canyon to Estes Park and on beyond to Longs Peak. Those were beautiful trips too.

I forgot to mention that Mart met us in Denver the morning after we arrived, so this made my vacation even more enjoyable. He was on his return trip from the west coast.

Wayne and Abigail are very nicely settled now after going through the struggle of furnace men, masons, plasterers and papers hangers, not to mention plumbers and painters. There is so much building going on in Shenandoah at the present time that it is hard to find men to do these jobs.

They have made the upstairs of their house into an apartment, and of course had no trouble renting it. They are planning to landscape their yard and are already planting tulip bulbs and the perennials that are put out in the fall. I imagine Wayne will devote some space to roses for they are his favorite flower.

The four grandchildren are growing like weeds (good weeds!). Juliana and Kristin are growing "up" and Martin Erick is growing "out". He laughs and coos now and is so cute and cuddly. His hair looks almost red when the sun shines on it, and his complexion is pink and white. Little Mary Leanna is a decided brunette, if one can judge from her pictures. She has lots of black hair, and although I'm not sure about the color of her eyes, I believe they are dark blue. She is a good-sized baby

for her age, and my! how her grandmother would love to cuddle her too.

We are all happy that Don Hansen is able to spend so much time at home now. He is the son of the Morning Home-maker, on KMA, Edith Hansen. Don has had to spend the last two years in the hospital because of injuries received on Iwo Jima. He has a folding wheel chair like mine, and a new car that he can drive himself, so really he gets around a great deal. He thinks I could drive a car like his and no doubt I could, but believe I will continue to have my husband for my chauffeur. (I can't imagine him letting me drive a car on the highway so it's a good thing I don't want to!) I have learned long ago not to beat my wings against the cage—in other words, not to WANT to do things I CAN'T do.

It makes me very happy to read in your letters how much you enjoy having Lucile and Margery and Dorothy (when she is at home) broadcast with me on the Kitchen-Klatter program at 3:15, every afternoon over KMA. Sometimes they take the entire program, and it makes it possible for me to go on little trips or attend afternoon meetings. After twenty-two continuous years on the air I am really enjoying this arrangement. I know you will be the same loyal friends of the Kitchen-Klatter program, and that you will continue to write to us often.

Sincerely,

Leanna

ON DARK DAYS

When days are dark I always think of you,
Because you never see the sunbeams run.

The clouds of gloom may hide my bit of sun,
But when tomorrow comes, the skies are blue.

When days are dark I always think of you,
For in your blindness you have power to rise
Above the shadowed earth into the skies
Where God's immortal word is sounding true.

When days are dark I always think of you,
My troubled thoughts dissolve, and I can see
Through your brave spirit's eyes, the path for me
Rising above the earth, as your thoughts do.

—Anne Campbell.

"I'm sure that many a girl would take an interest in her home if she had Kitchen-Klatter to help her with the many problems of a kitchen and the home. It's many fine recipes, helpful hints, plans for parties and interesting letters would encourage her to try her wings in her own home."—Mrs. Carl Heitz, Bostwick, Nebr.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter 3:15 over KMA.

Come into the Garden

FLOWERS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By Mary Duncomb

The average farm woman engrossed in bringing up a large family usually has very little opportunity to indulge her urge to travel. So it has been with me. But at last my desire for seeing new things was gratified, and the occasion responsible for this was the wedding of our son in Bellingham, Washington, a coastal city not far from British Columbia. It was that lovely period during the last of June and the first two weeks of July. The long train ride brought myriads of colorful wild flowers into view, and at last we were passing through the Cascades and into the fresh, salty atmosphere of Puget Sound. It is needless to speak here of the fresh beauty of the evergreens and ferns which lined our path as we rode along the shore of the sparkling Sound, but I will mention briefly some of the beautiful flowers that we saw in various parks and gardens.

Although the Rododendrons were just about out of bloom, we saw a scattering of blossoms on the bushes in Cornwell Park in Bellingham. This park has been kept in a naturalistic state and native flowers are encouraged to grow. We also found that Whidbey Island where our son was stationed in the Navy Air Service, abounds with these coast Rododendron (*R. macrophyllum*), and this is fitting for it is the state flower of Washington.

We had always understood that roses bloomed profusely in that area, and we were not disappointed. In the park at Seattle near their large zoo is a bed of lovely roses, and there were special rose gardens in all the cities. They were in garden borders; they climbed fences and trellises. And at a country home on the shores of Lake Whatcom we saw one that had climbed right to the top of an apple tree and was blooming spectacularly in spite of its unusual surroundings. In this same garden I found some showy red and pink hardy Orchids growing among the tall grasses; they had escaped from the border. Anything different from what we have at home always interests a flower lover.

On Lummi Island, where we spent the Fourth of July, we saw quite a bit of Scotch Broom (*C. scoparius*), also known as Shower of Gold. This tall shrub which grows everywhere on dry, gravelly banks was brought from Europe originally and has now been naturalized. Its showy pea-shaped flowers are very striking, but even more unusual were those of the yellow and crimson variety.

Forest Park at Everett is nationally known, and many wonderful flower shows are held there amid the beautiful settings. I noticed that the greenhouses were full of choice house plants, and the nursery grounds had

many sturdy plants growing in them. All of the old familiar garden flowers were there, and many also which I had not seen before.

Crossing over into British Columbia we came upon the Peace Arch, and I'm sure that other travelers were also interested in the colorful beds of phlox of every conceivable color which are planted around it. Among the many unusual-to-me flowers in the well stocked flower borders lying just beyond was *Nycticorax hookeria*, which has large, buttercup golden blooms.

The most extensive outdoor plantings I saw of tuberous begonias were around the Bellingham Floral nursery. This nursery also specializes in all the new types of Fuchsia, and some of them were in hanging baskets. At that time they were very busy supplying floral material for the many weddings scheduled during that period, and a great many Stephanotis and Esther Reid Daisies were in evidence.

The moist sea air of the Sound makes an ideal condition for all sorts of flowers, many of which we cannot grow in our Midwest because of the dry atmosphere and short seasons. However, each section of the country has its charms and we can enjoy what we have as well as admire the flowers that are not adaptable to our climate.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Part I

MANY FLOWERS ARE CALLED "LILIES"

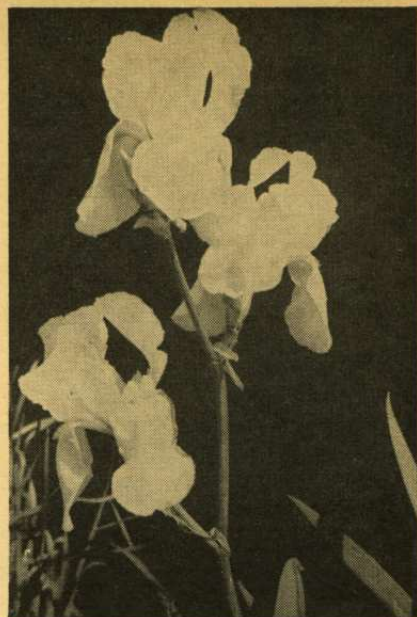
Beautiful flowers of all shapes, sizes and colors grow in all parts of the world. Do we dare say then that the lovely Lily is the Queen of them all?

The word "lily" is a part of almost everyone's vocabulary but the plant itself is not so well known. In order to talk about Lilies intelligently we must first know what a true lily is.

Many flowers are called Lilies that are not Lilies at all. In fact, almost any flower that is bell, or trumpet-shaped or even remotely so, has as a part of one of its common names the word "lily." A South Dakota gardener is making a list of such names and at the last report she had 120. Since only a few of the less than 90 known species of Lilies are grown in the average garden we can see how very often we might be misled.

Can't you remember "way back when" the only kind of Iris any one had was that light lemon-colored one? But did anyone call it an Iris? The only thing I remember hearing it called was "Lily." And those dwarf purple Iris, the first ones to bloom in the spring—we called them Purple Flags or else "Easter-lilies."

When I was in Colorado several years ago, I asked a garden club member what Lilies were grown in her city. "Well," she said, "We have Iris



Iris Crystal Beauty—an Iris is not a Lily.
—Photo by Olga Tiemann.

—I guess they are a kind of Lily; and we have Lilies-of-the-Valley—and Tiger Lilies."

Iris are, of course, not Lilies or even "a kind of Lily." Lilies-of-the-Valley belong to the Lily Family but so does the Onion and Asparagus and we would never think of calling either of them a Lily! But the lady got one right out of three for the Tiger Lily is a true Lily.

In the Bible in Matthew 6 we read: Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Some think this refers to our lovely Easter Lilies (*Lilium longiflorum*) but those who know the climatic conditions of Palestine say that it would be impossible to grow them there and that the "lily" referred to was possibly a colorful Iris of some kind or an Anemone.

Why don't we know more about Lilies? They have been known since the dawn of culture in central and western Europe. Even earlier the Greeks and the Romans considered them a favorite flower. Proof is found in the designs used on ancient pottery. The Madonna Lily (*Lilium candidum*) associated so much with June weddings was a favorite design. Pictures of this Lily appeared in the earliest books, which shows the appreciation of the ancients, although it is true that this appreciation was more for their supposed medicinal qualities than for their beauty.

A THOUGHT

They say I'm old,
My hair is white,
I cannot sew by candle light.
But please, dear Lord,
Of Thee I pray,
Oh, do not let my soul turn gray.
—Anon

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

Mother and Dad worked together drawing plans for their remodeled kitchen, and since there was no delay in getting carpenters back in those days, the changes were made in a short time. On the north wall they removed the long narrow window and built two short windows above the new sink. This sink was flanked on both sides by cupboards—they were moved from the west wall and cut into two sections to fit the new area. An ironing board was built in, new linoleum was laid, and the position of the stove and refrigerator was rearranged. When the work was completed Mother had a much more convenient kitchen, and since she enjoyed cooking it was a pleasure to see her with everything closer at hand.

A few other changes were also made at this time. Our large porch on the east (the kitchen opens into it) had its face lifted, so to say, with new screens for summer use and new glass windows for winter use. We had visions of making a sort of "living porch" out of it and Mother purchased some furniture for it, but somehow or other this was a losing battle—converting it from a "back porch" to a "living porch". Our family simply had too much stuff that had to come to roost someplace. The first thing we knew there was a ripe collection of luggage, trunks, boxes, play equipment, etc., crowding all of the new porch furniture into one corner, and after two or three summers of struggling with this problem we just gave up and let it be a back porch.

I must also add here that at the same time the kitchen was remodeled Mother and Dad purchased new dining room furniture—and I mention it because this was a definite milestone in our family life. Our big family, plus innumerable guests, had "gone through" two different sets of dining room furniture and it was clearly understood that no replacements would be made until we were all old enough to take care of things. As long as there was anyone small enough to string out the dining room chairs for trains or support for tents, we could just use the old decrepit furniture and make the best of it. But in the summer of 1935 we officially closed the train and tent period for all time, and the furniture came into our dining room that will remain there as long as it is our family home. We children were all old enough to appreciate it, and to realize also how wonderfully free we had been from nagging in earlier days. There seems to be a strong difference of opinion among people as to how much freedom a child should be allowed in his home, but Mother and Dad always believed that there was a time ahead when things would "stay nice" and surely we seven children profited by their belief.

Everything had just settled back down to normal again when the catastrophe happened. Dorothy and Frederick were in the East on their trip



Mother and her helper, Mrs. Ruth Smith, are getting ready to make cookies in a radio broadcast from the kitchen. Here you will note the new windows referred to in the accompanying story.

that I mentioned last month, and Mother was writing to them on the afternoon of her accident. She didn't realize that it had grown so late until she glanced up at the clock above her desk, and when she noticed that it was nearly six o'clock she picked up her crutches and hurried towards the kitchen. Almost without exception Margery was at home to set the table and help with the evening meal, but on this particular day she had gone on a picnic and there was no one around. As Mother hurried down our long hall her crutch slipped on something and the next instant she was lying on the floor.

Frequently when people are severely injured they know almost instantly what damage has been done. That was true in 1930 when she had her back broken in the car wreck, and it was true again on this afternoon—she said that the second she fell she knew that she had broken her hip. Of course she called for help at once, but no one answered—this was practically unheard of at our home, because with such a big family there hadn't been more than a half-dozen times in five years that Mother had been completely alone. However, this was one of those rare times and Mother realized that probably there would be no help forthcoming until Howard returned from the mill or Dad came home from the office.

Fortunately, our next door neighbor, Mrs. Alexander, stopped in at just that moment for a short visit, and when Mother called to her she ran to the back hall. In just a few minutes she had reached Dad, other neighbors and the doctor, and help was at hand. Before much more time had passed Mother was in our local hospital, X-rays had been made that showed the fractured hip, and a cast had been put on that extended from her shoulders to her ankles.

I was not at home when all of this happened in July. Earlier that year I had gone to Sacramento, California to spend several months, and at the time of Mother's accident I was visiting Philip Field and his family in Berkeley. My first inkling of what had happened came when I picked up a home-town paper and read, "Mrs. H. M. Driftmier seriously injured in accident." To say that this was a shock is stating it mildly. I couldn't

believe my eyes and went to the telephone immediately to call and find out how things stood. No one in the family realized that I had access to any of our local papers, and since I was so far away they didn't think that anything would be gained by telling me and having me worry. I was so disturbed by the news when I telephoned that I made plans to return to Shendoah almost immediately.

Frederick and Dorothy had no way of reading our local papers so they didn't know anything about the accident until they returned from their trip a month later. Mother had been insistent that nothing be said to them about it. She knew that it would ruin their happy summer for them, and that there was time enough to break the news that she was again bedfast.

Mother said that if she had to be hospitalized, at least it was a blessing to be in our local hospital where her family and friends could call twice a day. One of the hardest things about the long months in the Kansas City hospital in 1930 had been the fact that she could so rarely see her family. But things were different after this accident—she never had a chance to grow lonely.

In fact, one day at the end of her first week Margery and Donald arrived with a basket and in the basket were five kittens! Mother's beautiful Persian cat had chosen this opportune time to present us with five equally beautiful kittens, and the children knew that Mother would be eager to see them. This amused her very much—she said that it wasn't everyone who had five new kittens call on them at the hospital!

As soon as Mother could be released from the hospital she was taken home, and the downstairs office was fixed up once again into a bedroom. Aunt Susan Conrad, Mother's sister, came to take care of her and sort of supervise the family. For a while she broadcast the Kitchen-Klatter program too, but Mother couldn't wait to get back on the air to visit with you friends who had done so much to keep up her spirits with your lovely letters and cards, so in a short time the microphone was placed on a stool beside her bed and she resumed her afternoon visits again.

There were two things that helped to make the time pass more quickly—our rose garden and an ingenious system of mirrors that Donald rigged up to enable Mother to see in all directions. Wayne took the responsibility for the rose garden and enjoyed buying many different varieties of roses and caring for them. Mother could see it from her window and thoroughly delighted in the flowers and in watching Wayne work there. Every morning he brought a fresh blossom for her bud vase before he left for work.

The arrangement of mirrors that Donald rigged up was really very clever for a boy of thirteen, and throughout the long weeks in bed Mother could see beyond her room and keep an eye on the household.

(Continued in next issue)

A TRIP THROUGH THE WEST

By M. H. Driftmier

This past summer a goodly number of you friends wrote to say that you were taking an extended trip for the first time and would appreciate information from some member of our family regarding highways to take, points of interest to see, and so forth through the list of things that are important when one is traveling. It happens that Dad made quite an extensive trip throughout some of the states that are high on the list of attractions to tourists, and because he notices everything along the road and remembers details clearly, we asked him to write about his experiences from the time he left Shenandoah until he returned. We thought that perhaps you'd like to file the copies in which these articles appear so that you can refer to them next summer when you are making plans for your vacation. Things change from year to year, of course, but in the main you can expect to find relatively few differences in 1948 if you travel through the areas covered in these accounts.—(Lucile.)

PART ONE

In August our family was all together for the first time in a good many years, and it was during this reunion that Frederick and I made plans to travel together to the West Coast. He had to drive his car through so it could be shipped by boat to Hawaii, so it seemed like a good opportunity for me to visit close relatives whom I hadn't seen for a decade or more. I might add that it was the second time I'd driven through to the Coast; in 1942 Dorothy and I drove out together, but we made that trip in February and swung as far south as possible to avoid bad weather.

Frederick and I left Shenandoah at 8:30 on Monday morning, August 18th. We took Highway No. 2 as far as Lincoln and then picked up No. 6 and stayed on it until we reached Fort Morgan, Colorado. No. 6 follows the Burlington railroad tracks more or less and is a good, dependable road for travelers who want to cross Nebraska along the southern boundary.

At this time of the summer we were all worried by the continued dry weather, and most of Nebraska looked very dry although in the eastern section we saw occasional fields of corn that had stood up very well under drouth conditions. In western Nebraska it was apparent that the farmers had been fortunate enough to raise a bumper crop of wheat, and their cattle looked fine also. The people through that area had such hard times for a number of years that it was good to see evidences of prosperity.

We stopped our first night at Holyoke, Colorado, a town thirteen miles west of the Nebraska line. In the early days when the west was first being settled, this town served as one of the main points on the route between Omaha to Pike's Peak, and those pioneer travelers who made the trip found it a raw settlement surrounded by sagebrush and buffalo

grass. If they could return now they would find a nice looking town in the midst of good farms.

After a comfortable night's rest we started towards Estes Park. This meant that we continued on highway No. 6 through Sterling to Fort Morgan, and there picked up No. 34 that took us to Greeley. All of this area is one of the most productive irrigated farming districts in the United States, and is interesting to those of us who understand agricultural problems.

At twelve o'clock we reached Loveland, a town that could be called the gateway to the Rocky Mountain Region. After lunch we drove out of town (still on 34) and soon reached the entrance to Big Thompson Canyon. We followed this through to Estes Park, a distance of thirty miles, and it was a most beautiful road the entire way.

At two o'clock we reached Estes Park and decided to register immediately at the Chamber of Commerce office for reservations at Long's Peak Inn. It was a good thing we didn't delay because we secured the last room listed and we wouldn't have had that if the man just ahead of us in the line hadn't decided to look around. I don't know where he stayed that night for we were told that with our registration all 7,000 rooms and cabins were filled. That gives you an idea of the number of tourists who were at Estes Park in August, and also tells you that it doesn't pay to try and find lodging late in the day.

As soon as we were sure of a place to sleep we started driving to various points of interest, among them Bear Lake, which is at an elevation of 9500 feet. The mountains were full of beautiful canyons and trails, and deserve their reputation of being one of the most scenic spots in our country. They seemed more beautiful to me than most others because they were so green, and the many snow-capped peaks stood out in vivid contrast.

Long's Peak Inn (9000 ft.) is a large rustic type resort that stands at the foot of Long's Peak, the highest mountain in Colorado at 14,255 feet elevation. When I looked at it through the field glasses I saw rock precipices 2000 feet in height, and so far as I know, no one has scaled them. However, Long's Peak has been climbed many times, and Frederick pointed out to me the approximate trails that he took when he climbed it in 1938. I told him that when he wrote home about this it made me uneasy, but fortunately I hadn't seen the peak at that time and didn't appreciate how hazardous it really was.

After dinner at the Inn that night all of the guests enjoyed a lecture by an Indian who held us enthralled for an hour, although it seemed only a few minutes. He was dressed in tribal costume and explained to us Indian lore and belief in such an interesting and convincing way that I'm sure there were very few present who didn't wonder just how much we have progressed above their civilization. This entertainment furnished by the management of the Inn would be of

great interest to all families, particularly those traveling with school-age children.

The next morning we left Estes Park at nine o'clock and picked up the Trail Ridge Road (No. 34) for one of the most spectacular drives imaginable. This well-constructed and maintained highway took us through the Fall River Pass (11,797 ft. elevation) and at the highest point was a sign reading 12,183 feet, almost 2000 feet above timber line. It was almost as though one were traveling by airplane because of the vast heights from which we looked down to beautiful valleys and rivers. Like most tourists we had to stop and take photographs of each other making snowballs, and when we turned the camera lens for shots of the mountains and streams we were glad that we had kodachrome film since black-and-white simply doesn't do justice to the scenery.

At noon we had lunch at Grand Lake, a glacial lake 1½ miles long and 1 mile wide that has one of the most popular resorts in Colorado on its north shore. Twenty miles south from there we left highway 34 and picked up 40. We were going down the Continental Divide on the west slope and noticed quite a difference from the east slope—the country leveled out after we left the mountains and reminded us somewhat of western Nebraska.

We reached Craig (92 miles east of the Colorado-Utah line) at 6:00 o'clock, and decided to spend the night there. It was a little late to begin searching for rooms but we didn't have much trouble in locating a comfortable new hotel that looked like a typical early west building. Craig had all the indications of being a very busy place, and upon inquiring we found that it was a boom town; oil was discovered there not long ago and the place had started mushrooming as all such new towns mushroom. It was the first place we'd come to since we left Iowa that had any of the atmosphere of the early west about it, and we enjoyed our overnight stay there.

At 8:00 o'clock the next morning we left Craig and started on the lap of our trip that would take us to Salt Lake City. To my way of thinking this is a remarkable city, and next month I'd like to tell you about it, and about the rest of our trip into California.

COVER PICTURE

When Grandfather Driftmier carves a turkey both Kristin and Juliana have to climb up on chairs and watch breathlessly. Children may not constitute the most critical audience in the world, but they make up for it in sheer intensity. Both little girls ordered a drumstick from this bird, and it's exactly what went on their plates. They were both disappointed that Martin could not work on their drumsticks with them.

15 Reprints from any size negatives, 50¢ pp. Roll film developed and printed, 30¢ pp.

VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

In the middlewest I have always felt that of all the months of the year those running from November to February have the least to offer for taking pictures outdoors.

For myself it is a good thing that this is true because on the first long evenings or on Sundays that are "spitting" snow, I begin to think of the pictures that I have taken during the preceding three seasons and paid little attention to at the time. However, I always felt that something could be done with them when I had time and once I start going through them I find that I was not mistaken.

Very often the better pictures are the ones that I have overlooked originally. Many times I will notice that just a portion of the picture is what I really had in mind, and by enlarging the small area I have a much more attractive photograph than others taken at the same time that had more obvious charm. My advise is to take another look at your pictures at this time of the year, re-evaluate them, and get ready to put them in a permanent form.

I have found that the best way of handling my pictures is to keep everything that I have taken in a series of albums. Personally I prefer the ones that have bound backs so they can be kept on the library shelf. Then the special pictures (a series taken on a trip that turned out to be spectacular, a family reunion, or any group of pictures that tell a story such as the remodeling of a house) have special little books or portfolios. In this way they can be referred to without digging through pages of other things.

These special pictures I have enlarged to the same size so that they give a uniform impression. In selecting the pictures to be enlarged I always watch very carefully to be sure that the negative is sharp and clear, for fuzzy negatives only produce a very blurred enlargement.

Another interesting thing to do during these months is to sort out and clean negatives. A scratch on the negative will mean a scratch on any future print that you may have made, and I cannot emphasize enough that the pictures you take today will be priceless in a very short space of time.

It is an excellent idea to label the envelopes that the negatives are stored in, and then replace them in the envelope if you have them reprinted. Almost every home has a drawer or a box with stacks of negatives piled hit or miss, getting dirty and marred. Then suddenly one day a certain one negative becomes very important, and to get a decent print requires an expensive job of rehabilitation by the photographer, a job that wouldn't be necessary if they had been kept clean and in order.

Another thing to remember is that even the best of memories can forget dates. You may think at the time that you'll never forget how old Billy was when Grandmother stood him up beside her for a snapshot, but in years to come you may have many

arguments as to the exact age both of them were. It only takes a moment to write the date on the back of the print, so don't neglect this very important point.

When you are sorting through your pictures of the last year, keep close friends and relatives in mind. If you have taken pictures of a growing child at short intervals, think how much it would mean to them to have the series of pictures. Lucile and I always anticipate letters from friends when snapshots are enclosed—nothing can quite take their place.

Sometimes in November there will be a very heavy frost after a fog, and every twig and stem will be etched with brilliant ice. If the sky is clear and dark blue with a strong sun, beautiful effects can be had with your camera. When the sky is overcast it is useless to attempt anything because the sky and the frost will photograph the same.

Next month I would like to discuss interior pictures so we will be prepared to get some good Christmas shots.

HOBBIES

"My hobby is crocheting and writing rhymes for the amusement of my club friends and family." (Mrs. Perrigo sent a gay verse about a farm wife's routine which space limitations do not permit us to use.)—Mrs. Pearl Perrigo, Ewing, Mo.

"Will paint pictures of animals and scenery on glass, tin foil back. Will exchange for something of equal value. Write first."—Mrs. Paul Bailu, Rt. 3, Fennimore, Wisconsin.

Mrs. John Anderson, McKenna, Washington, would like to buy a cake plate stand. She would also like instructions for making the knitted ear-of-corn hot pads.

Miss Lenore Daby, 123 N. Broad St., Mankato, Minn., is collecting jewelry and also novelty pins.

"Vases are my hobby and I am particularly interested in odd ones, the 'odder' the better. Will exchange for them a \$1.00 to \$5.00 (value for value) handwriting analysis."—Mrs. Donald K. Stubblefield, Colfax, Ill.

Salt and pepper shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Virgil Allison, Waterloo, Nebr.

"I will exchange with anyone their hobby for either a pitcher, dog or elephant."—Mildred Martin, Clarksburg, Mo.

"My hobby is fancy apron patterns, cloth or crochet. Will exchange assorted embroidery transfer pattern designs or quilt pieces."—Mrs. Catherine Pechota, Spillville, Ia.

"Recipes and collecting plates with flower or fruit designs are my hobby."—Mrs. Ethell Shaw, 1360 Threadneedle St., Beaumont, Tex.

Mrs. S. J. Beason, Box 104, Lynnville, Iowa, is interested in getting foreign stamps and unusual U. S. stamps. Will pay for them or exchange hardy flowers.

From our friend in Australia whose letter appeared in the August issue comes this note that will be of interest to our many readers who wrote to

her: "I have been snowed under with mail and find that I just can't answer as quickly as I would like. Will you please ask all these very nice people to be patient and await replies by the slow, ordinary mail rather than the airmail I'd like to use? Also, I regret very much that I am unable to help with hobbies such as pitchers, (jugs to us) or any kind of chinaware, but not only are there difficult customs regulations to comply with, but these items are in the luxury class to us for we have not yet regained our prewar levels in manufacturing. I appreciated so much the farm journals, view cards and recipe books that were sent, and I hope in time to acknowledge all of the mail that I have received." Neta Stark, "Leonaid", Meredith St., NTH Stockton, Newcastle, N. S. W., Australia.

"I collect buttons of all kinds. Will exchange with anyone who writes."—Iona True, Craig, Mo.

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 Dtrimfier
Shenandoah, Iowa

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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.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a blustery autumn night with every whistle of wind saying that winter is coming . . . winter is coming. It makes me feel as though I want to have a toasting warm house, call in our non-existent dog and cat, make some popcorn, polish a bowl of apples and then defy the wind to have its way. Those of you who also admire the late Thomas Wolfe, a great American writer, will probably agree with me that he said everything there is to say about a night in mid-autumn. I think that later this evening I'll get down my copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* and read some of those sections again.

After reading Frederick's letter from Hawaii, Dad's account of the opening phases of his extensive trip and Mother's account of Colorado, I really feel as though I should go and sit in the corner this month because I haven't been anywhere or done anything! If I don't manage to get at least fifty miles from town sometime this month I'll be reduced to writing a letter that goes like this: I got up at 6:30, prepared breakfast, ate it and washed the dishes. Then I swept the kitchen and cleaned the lavatory and put some rolls to rise. After this—. Now surely no one wants to read a letter such as that one would be, so let's all get ahold of the idea that my brain needs shaking out and concentrate on it.

There was a time when I felt no qualms about announcing that we were going to Lucas to visit Dorothy, Frank and Kristin, but after our experiences of the past six months I feel uneasy about thinking on this subject, let alone writing about it. You know, I suppose, that we all feel personally responsible for the drouth of this past summer. Those of you who are reading *Kitchen-Klatter* for the first time right now may not know that Dorothy lives on a dirt road, but she does and when it rains she is as inaccessible as though she lived on Mars. Well, we've never yet planned a trip up there (by "we" I mean Russell, Juliana and I) that it didn't just pour, and after our one successful drive there in May we were too busy to think about going again.

Why all of this didn't occur to us sooner I will never know, but after weeks of terrific weather with everyone needing rain so desperately and nary a sign of it anywhere, Russell and I planned to go to Lucas. It had been hot and dusty for so long that we thought of it as a permanent condition, and went ahead with our plans with as much certainty as though Dorothy lived right in the middle of a paved highway. Well, on the morning we planned to go it—YES, YOU'RE RIGHT! This left us in a state of chronic discouragement over any future trips to Lucas. Now I tremble to say it ever so faintly and I wish my typewriter had type on it that would make a tiny, thin little line, but what I'm trying to whisper is that we hope to spend two days with Dorothy in about two weeks. And I feel that by mentioning it I



Four little girls on a wonderful summer picnic. From left to right are Georgiana Powell of Farragut, Virginia Rorby of Winter Park, Florida, Kathy Powell of Farragut, and Juliana. This was snapped just after they came rolling down a little bluff.

have sealed our fate—it will pour for eight hours straight just about the time we get ready to go.

Juliana and I have complicated family problems these days that demand a great deal of my attention. She is named Mrs. Arrowroot and has three children named Bonner, Sharon and Louise. I am Mrs. Adams and I live in a town called North Callis that you reach by driving through North Dakota and Estes Park. While I cook and clean and mend I carry on this conversation with her, and I've learned that Bonner is the most troublesome child who ever lived because he jumps up and down in pies, tears up the freshly made beds and falls to get dressed before noon.

Whenever I want to know what Juliana considers her worst offenses I just listen to her complaints about Bonner. Sharon and Louise would both put Elsie Dinsmore to shame. They are the angels who clean up their plates, get dressed without arguing, wear their sweaters when they go outdoors, never ask for candy, happily offer the tricycle to guests and trip up to bed calling cheerfully, "It's so nice to be going to bed, mother." But Bonner! Ah, there is a black-hearted young one who will come to no good end. And it's curious what a grip he has on our love! Juliana and I sigh over him and grieve, but it's plain to be seen that Sharon and Louise are far down the list in our affections.

This past month I've been helping Russell do some remodeling in the basement, and all of you who've assisted with such jobs know precisely what happens during sieges of this nature. I'm not blessed with a carpenter's eye and boards that look perfectly straight to me suddenly swing at forty-five degree angles once Russell steps around to see if I'm correct in my statement that everything is just right. I'm not even blessed with the ability to know at a glance what nails are needed, so you can see that my assistance was worth very little indeed. But I balanced sheets of wall-board precariously on my head and never winced when bricks fell on my feet and managed to come up smiling

when a section of asbestos crushed my hand, so what I failed to supply in the line of help was compensated for by my foolish fortitude and good-nature.

Sometimes Margery leaves Martin Erik here for a short time in the evening when she has various things to do, and we enjoy having a baby in the house again. Juliana knows to just what consistency his pabulum should be mixed, and has a pretty good idea of how much to offer him at one time. By the way, this reminds me that if you're starting to feed your baby pabulum and strained vegetables, do find a little demi-tasse spoon for the job. Grandmother Verness sent one to Juliana when she was that age and I found that it beat the conventional round-bowled baby spoons a thousand miles. I really believe that you'll eliminate nine-tenths of your cereal problem if you'll beg, borrow or steal such a spoon.

At the end of this month we're anticipating a visit from our old and dear friend, Lucille Sassaman. We hope that she brings Kira with her for she and Juliana would have a wonderful time. It was just about a year ago now that Lucille flew out from Chicago to visit us, and in case this sounds as though she were a confirmed traveler I must hasten to add that as she left at the end of her visit she remarked that she'd be a year paying for such luxury as a trip by air to spend a week with us! That year is just about up and perhaps she feels ready to mortgage herself again so far as time is concerned. Already I can taste her homemade bread and smell the coffee brewing. Lucille and Russell are both Norwegian and when they get together the coffee pot never grows cold.

I must tell you that Juliana has a lovely new fall coat that is surely one version of the old missionary barrel idea. A friend of mine gave me a navy blue serge coat that was fully twenty-five years old, but not a break or a moth hole in it. Grandmother Verness used this to cut a classic double-breasted coat that looks wonderfully good on Juliana with her golden hair hanging down her back. The coat is lined with an old red silk jacket of Dorothy's that she purchased in 1927! And it has some military buttons on it that were originally on a uniform that went through three years of war in the Pacific. With these three items, plus Grandmother's labor, you can see why I call it a missionary barrel coat.

It's almost the season for black walnut cookies and candy, for fresh arrangements of bittersweet, for a big bowl of golden corn and gourds. Thanksgiving is just around the corner and I am grateful for many, many things. Tonight I'm in the mood to say—well, let winter come!

Sincerely,

Lucile

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 KITCHEN

The living rooms hold comfort
With their soft, reclining chairs.
There's a window draped in beauty
On the landing of the stairs.
In the bedrooms there are downy
Quilts and blankets soft and white;
But I must confess the kitchen
Is the room of my delight!

It is cozy in the kitchen
On a sunny afternoon,
On the stove the shining kettle
Hums a lazy, homelike tune,
There is good food in the icebox
And a nest of yellow bowls,
There's a spoon just right for stirring,
And a pan of fresh-baked rolls.

Other rooms may hold more beauty,
But for quaint, old-fashioned grace,
And for loveliness that's wholesome,
My white kitchen is the place.
My Grandmother had a way of saying:
"There's a way to a man's heart—"
And it lies straight through the kitchen
Where good cooking is an art.

—Anon.

OUR FAMILY DINNER FOR THANKSGIVING, 1947

Fruit Cocktail
Roast turkey with Abigail's dressing
Mashed Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Candied sweet potatoes
Frozen peas buttered
Hot Rolls
Strawberry preserves
Avocado-grapefruit salad
Mince Pie
Pumpkin pie with whipped cream
Coffee

SCALLOPED CABBAGE

2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup milk
1 Tbls. chopped onion
1 Tbls. chopped pimento
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 small head cabbage cut in wedges
or shredded
Melt butter, add flour, blend. Gradually add soup and milk. Add onion, pimento, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook over low heat until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Cook shredded cabbage in small amount of boiling salted water until just tender, about 8 minutes; if in wedges, 15 minutes. Drain. Add sauce. Mix lightly.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

ROASTING THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

Wash the turkey thoroughly and then dry with cloth; stuff, packing loosely to allow for expansion during cooking; truss (by folding the smallest joint of the wings under the back and by tying the drumsticks together first and then to the tailpiece). Place fowl breast side up in moderately slow oven (325-350), allowing 18 to 25 minutes per pound according to age of bird. (Use minimum time if turkey has been frozen.) Continue roasting until tender, basting at 20 minute intervals with drippings or mixture of butter and hot water. This involves many trips to the oven, but the reward is ample. By turning the fowl on each side during the latter part of the roasting period, you will insure an all-over brown.

ABIGAIL'S TURKEY STUFFING

8 cups soft bread torn into small pieces or cubed
1/2 cup celery cut into small pieces
1/2 cup tart apples cut into small pieces
1/2 cup chopped almonds (with skins and unroasted)
3 Tbls. sage, crushed
1 medium-sized onion, minced
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup butter, melted
Hot water
Mix all ingredients except butter and hot water; add butter slowly, tossing lightly until blended. Then add only enough hot water to make the stuffing adhere so that it may be put into the fowl. This will fill a fowl weighing about 13 lbs. You can reduce ingredients by 1/3 for chicken.

FIG PUDDING

1 package of dried figs (1 lb.) finely ground or chopped
3 cupfuls of freshly grated bread crumbs
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 Tbls. of orange rind, grated
1 cupful of butter
1 cupful of sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cupful of milk
1 1/2 qt. melon mold with cover, well buttered
Mix the bread crumbs, spices and orange rind together. Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat until light-colored and fluffy. Add the

eggs and beat well together. Mix in the figs. Add the milk and brandy alternately with the crumb mixture. Turn into the mold, cover, and steam for 2 1/2 hours. Serve with Hard Sauce.

HARD SAUCE

1/3 cupful of butter
1 cupful of powdered sugar
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
Nutmeg
Stir the butter hard with a wooden spoon until softened, add the sugar gradually, and stir together until creamy and light. Add the flavoring and sprinkle a little nutmeg over the top. Keep in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

I first used this recipe for steamed fig pudding during the war years when we lived in Hollywood. I had been asked to prepare it for a co-operative dinner, and I knew that all the people present were highly critical of foods served to them. Butter required red points and it was with fear and trembling that I used this much for a recipe that I had never before tried. I can report in all honesty and humility that my dessert was a sensation—everyone present declared that it was the best steamed pudding they had ever eaten. So with this recommendation I turn over the recipe to you.

NOTE ON STEAMED PUDDINGS

To steam a pudding, place it in a well-greased mold, or tin, cover with a greased lid, and place over (not in) boiling water in a steamer or on a rack in a large covered kettle. The water must boil constantly from the time the mold is placed in the steamer until it is removed and boiling water should be added as needed.

Tin coffee cans make a good substitute for the well greased mold referred to above, but all steamed puddings expand so much that one cannot use any full recipe unless a 2 lb. can is used—otherwise it is necessary to use 2 one lb. cans.

Those of you who own pressure pans will find that a steamed pudding can be prepared in less than half the time required with other methods of steaming. However, it is difficult to find a tightly covered pan that will fit down inside. The small-sized bowl that comes with an electric mixer is the only thing I've found that will fit, and be sure, if you use it for this purpose, that you have several thicknesses of waxed paper tied over the top.

WALNUT STUFFED MEAT LOAF

(An interesting change for a family that has tired of plain meat loaf.)
1 egg
1/3 cup milk
2 lbs. ground beef
2 Tbls. finely minced onion
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. celery salt
1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup catsup
1/4 cup water

(Continued on next page)

Beat egg. Add milk and combine with meat, onion and seasonings, except catsup. Flatten on piece of waxed paper into rectangular shape 3/4 inch thick. Shape stuffing into roll on top of meat, close to lengthwise side. Roll so that the meat completely covers stuffing. Place in a shallow baking pan. Mix the catsup with water and pour it over meat roll. Bake at 375 degrees for 1 hour.

STUFFING

- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/2 cup milk, water or stock
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS

- 1 onion, chopped
- 3 Tbls. fat
- 2 1/2 cups tomatoes
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 sprig parsley, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 beaten eggs
- Salt and pepper
- 3/4 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 lb. ground pork
- 1 8-oz. package long spaghetti, cooked

Parmesan cheese, grated

Brown onion in hot fat; add tomatoes, tomato paste, water, and seasonings. Cook slowly 1 hour. Combine remaining ingredients except spaghetti; mix thoroughly. Form in small balls, brown in hot fat. Add to sauce and cook over low heat 20 minutes. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Arrange on hot platter. Pour over sauce, sprinkle with cheese.

This is a recipe that I've fallen back on many times when the food budget and entertaining had to be reconciled. With a tossed green salad, French bread and a custard-type dessert, you have a tempting, well-balanced meal. French bread is difficult to find in our part of the country, so hard rolls make a good substitute.

NEW COOK

She measured out the butter with a very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also; and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit,
Then she stirred it all together, and she
Baked it a full hour,
But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour!

—Sent by Mrs. Carl Madsen,
Coon Rapids, Iowa.

YOUR MIXER AND CAKES

(The following article, written by Ruth Alghren, appears in response to many requests from those who missed hearing her discussion of the subject on an afternoon Kitchen-Klatter program.)

New appliances call for new methods. The process used in making a cake with an electric beater is different from that used when putting it together by hand, but rightly followed, it will produce a cake finer in texture, lighter and more delicate.

Here are seven steps in cake making, and if you follow them carefully you cannot fail. With the initial step and all succeeding ones, start the beater slowly to prevent its throwing about ingredients, then increase speed. Have in your hand a tablespoon or rubber scraper with which to push down mixture as it is thrown up on the sides of the bowl.

1. Measure fat which is at room temperature. Place in beater and cream as thoroughly as possible. This is a little difficult as the bowl is so large for the amount of fat.

2. Add sifted sugar all at once. Beat long and hard until the mixture looks and feels as light and fluffy as whipped cream. Keep the bowl turning, meanwhile scraping down its sides for at least two minutes. Use as high a speed as is possible without actually throwing the mixture out of the bowl.

3. Add unbeaten eggs or egg whites according to your recipe. Beat at high speed for at least three minutes. Again keep the bowl turning and continue to scrape down the mixture. It is impossible to overbeat in steps 2 and 3.

4. Add flavoring extract and melted chocolate if used. Beat only until mixed.

5. Stop beater. Sift in flour which has been once sifted and measured, but reserve in another container about 1/3 cup. Add all of liquid. Start mixer, but beat just long enough to blend the batter thoroughly. This is because it is now possible to beat the air out of the mixture.

6. Add to reserved 1/3 cup of flour double the amount of baking powder for which the recipe calls and exact amount of soda, if used. The baking powder is doubled because so much more air is beaten into the mixture by electric power than can be done by hand that this is necessary to hold up the cake as it cools. Sift into batter quickly and help mix by stirring around edges with spoon. Work fast. The second the baking powder is added its action begins. Any time lost means that just so much of the action of the leavening agents is lost too.

7. Pour into layer pans or a dripping pan very quickly and place in oven. Cake baked in layers or a sheet will be lighter than cake baked in a loaf. If you have a regulated oven do not allow it to be quite warm enough, and let the cake rise with the temperature. Baking in heat-proof glass will give a slightly lighter result.

Try the beater method with your favorite gingerbread recipe too. Use light colored molasses and add it after

beating fat, sugar and eggs. Sift spices with the flour. Many recipes call for hot water to be added last, but be sure to pour out batter and get it into the oven in a jiffy when this is done. In fact, it is never wise to stop to scrape the last little bit from the bowl with either cake or gingerbread as more is lost than is gained.

We work for three qualities when baking: flavor, texture and volume. Good ingredients insure good flavor. The very long creaming and beating of fat and sugar produce a fine grain or texture. Long and hard beating of fat, sugar and eggs will increase volume or lightness. Be sure to bake a cake in a slightly larger pan after it is mixed with an electric beater if your recipe, when mixed by hand, has completely filled your pan.

NOVEMBER'S THE TIME TO —

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Surprise Dad and the hungry school youngsters with a delicious steamed pudding for supper dessert. There are many kinds of steamed puddings—fig, carrot, suet, date, apricot—take your choice.

—Serve garlic bread with Italian spaghetti or a one-dish dinner. Put a clove of garlic in about 1/4 cup melted butter and let stand in hot water about 15 minutes. Take a loaf of French or Italian style bread and cut slices to but *not through* the bottom crust. Spread both sides of each slice with the garlic butter. Wrap loaf in brown paper, warm in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot. Yum . . . yummm.

—Add zest to your holiday pumpkin pies by using crushed ginger-snap crumbs rather than graham crackers in a pie crust—1 cup crumbs with 3 Tbls. melted butter and 1 Tbls. brown sugar for each crust. Bake 5 minutes, add filling and bake until done.

—Top off an "evening at home" with the family by serving caramel popcorn or lollipop apples. The lollipops would be a nice treat to send to school as a surprise for the whole room too!

—Get out the checker board and dominoes and challenge Junior to a real contest.

—Throw an extra handful of corn to the Thanksgiving gobbler, and don't forget to throw out some extra corn on top the snowbanks for the pheasants.

—Serve a nippy, crisp salad to go with hearty fall meals. Add some chopped red apples (skin left on!), diced oranges and a handful of raisins to a chopped cabbage salad. Add a little lemon juice to just enough mayonnaise to hold the salad mixture together.

—Lend a listening ear as the children pour over the toy sections of the catalogues—'twill come in handy as you go Christmas shopping or go "Christmas making".

—Gather up your mending and take it with you to visit one of your neighbors, sowing cheer as you sew a seam or a patch.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

After a very interesting but rather uneventful trip across the continent, I arrived at the International Airport in San Francisco all set for another long flight over the ocean. Since 1942 I have made several ocean flights, and to tell you the truth they bore me. The only thrill is in going up and coming down. The rest of the flight holds nothing of interest for the planes fly so high that one sees nothing but blue sky on all sides, above and below.

On this last trip to Honolulu I spent most of my time reading or sleeping. We took off about ten o'clock in the morning, and after we had been out two or three hours we were served a very delightful lunch. Just before we landed in the evening we were served an attractive buffet supper, each passenger going to a well-laden buffet to serve himself.

When I disembarked at Honolulu I found several of the school officials on hand to greet me with the traditional Hawaiian flower leis. The people of these islands are extremely cordial and hospitable, and they would never dream of allowing a single person to arrive here without receiving a flower lei and the kiss of greeting that goes with it.

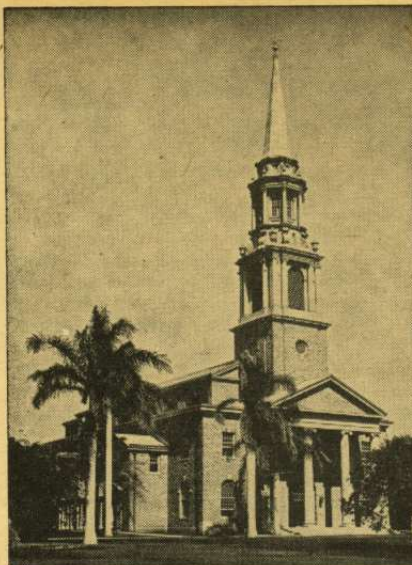
On the first day of school each of the new faculty members was presented with a lei by one of the students, and with each lei the students gave the kiss of greeting. It was all quite impressive.

Hawaii definitely is not the island paradise that most midwesterners believe it to be. I doubt if there is any place in all America which has changed in recent years as much as Honolulu. Here the prices are at their highest and the housing situation at its worst. Household help is at a premium. The weather has been hot and muggy, and in the dry season it rained and in the rainy season it was dry!

Honolulu itself is a dirty, dusty town. It has its beautiful sections but they are not quickly apparent to the newcomer. Most of the beautiful homes have been built on the outskirts of the city, high up on the bluffs overlooking the business district and the harbor.

The school campus is not far from the heart of Honolulu. At one end of the campus is our home. It sits on the side of a hill overlooking the ocean. It is a rather large house as well as being one of the oldest houses on the campus. What a task it has been trying to furnish it!

There is no scarcity of furniture, but the prices are often prohibitive. Very ordinary chairs that were selling for \$17.00 just four years ago are now selling for \$75.00. A kitchen table which sold for \$15.00 four years ago is now selling for \$70.00. And so it goes. Everything is in the same ratio. The great blessing is that we have a home at all, for many people coming from the Mainland to work just simply cannot find a place to live. I know a



The Central Union Church of Honolulu where Frederick assists from time to time. He writes that it has a fine staff and wonderful membership.

couple who are living in a tent, and even that is preferable to some of the housing arrangements that I've heard about.

If you were to visit our home this evening you would see in our garden a marvelous sight—a long hedge of night-blooming cereus. It is a tropical flower of enormous proportions which only blooms at night. Our school is said to have the longest single hedge of cereus in the world. Every night that the hedge is in bloom brings dozens of tourists and sightseers to see and study it.

At the time of writing this letter I am still a bachelor. Betty and Mary Lee do not arrive until next week. They leave New York at 11:00 o'clock in the evening and are here in Honolulu the next afternoon at 5:30. The only stop they have from New York to Honolulu is in San Francisco. How is that for rapid transportation? It certainly should prove to be the ideal way to travel with a baby, for traveling with a small infant is no fun at any time and the faster the trip the better.

Our car arrives here in Hawaii tomorrow, and so I shall be able to meet them at the airport and bring them immediately out to our home. I can imagine how happy Betty will be to walk across the door of our very own home because we haven't been settled as a family since we left Bermuda a good many months ago. I hope that I shall be able to find a flower lei just the right size for little Mary Lee.

It is late and time to mail this letter. I shall walk down the avenue of Royal Palms in the moonlight to the mailbox. There are few things more beautiful in the moonlight than a row of Royal Palm trees, and I shall walk very slowly, soaking in every moment of beauty.

Love to all of you,
Frederick.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

There has been some delay in completing our glasses project. Nellie Eppes, the girl who is to get them, writes that her brother is very ill and she cannot leave him long enough to get her eyes tested. He has been ill several months and with her sightless mother also bedfast, Nellie has had more to do from her wheel chair than most of us can do with two good feet to go on. However, the money is ready whenever she can get the glasses and I thank all of you who helped on this fund. I am sure you are happier for having helped make life easier for Nellie.

Many other shutins need a bit of cheer and I have listed a lot of them in the new Good Neighbor Guide. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., and ask for a free copy. 'Till you get it, do what you can to help the ones listed below. They need you.

Evelyn Swearingen who is in the County Home at Spirit Lake, Iowa, has had a hard summer. She lies in bed all the time with her legs and one arm in splints because her bones break so easily. She suffers much and it is especially hard in hot weather as she can move so little. She can use one arm some, and her hobby is collecting dolls. She needs dolls of all kinds. It doesn't matter if they are broken, as she uses parts from broken ones to fix up other dolls. Do go through the childrens' play things and see if there are not some dolls that could be spared for this shutin girl.

Little Mary Smith could do with a bit of cheer. She is in the Eastmont Home for Children at Morgantown, West Virginia. Her hip joints are locked. She has had several operations and must have more. Small toys and things she can handle in bed would be nice to send.

Mrs. Gustaf H. Anderson, 95 W Boylston St., Worcester 5, Mass., asks for letters. She has not been well for a long time. She is alone a great deal and gets so lonely. Another shutin who is completely bedfast and who adores mail is Mrs. Delia Dudevoir, 3339 Hiawatha St., Baton Rouge 5, La. She lives with her daughter who works away from home, so Delia is alone a lot.

Mrs. Hester McCamis of Holt, Mo., has been quite ill. Mrs. Hulda Kim-mich, 1833 S Victoria St., North Chicago, Ill., is very ill with a heart complication. Send a card.

Will you send a view card to Patty Payne, 223 E 6 St., Fairmount, Indiana? Patty is 14, and as happy a child as you could wish to see in spite of the fact that she is in bed most of the time. She loves to get mail and view cards are her hobby, also snapshots of her pals.

Bill Jones, of whom I told you last month, had a backset and has been transferred to another hospital. Send mail to 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingstown, Pa. His folks will take it to him.

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

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "I have a Thanksgiving dinner problem, Leanna, and would so much appreciate your advice. Until I married three years ago and came to this small Kansas town to make my home, I always lived in Boston and it was a family custom to have big Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners together. The family that entertained always furnished everything and the feeling was that in making the rounds from year to year everyone had an opportunity to take full responsibility. I've discovered since I married that my husband's family (as well as most other families in this community) goes from one house to another for holiday dinners just as my own family did, but that everyone is expected to furnish part of the meal. The host and hostess only furnish the house, so to speak, and the food is all brought in. It is now our turn to entertain at Thanksgiving dinner, and since it is to be in my own home I wonder if I could not specify that I will prepare the meal—that no one needs to bring anything? Do you think that if I did this they might feel that I was criticizing their usual arrangement? I would surely appreciate your frank opinion?"—Kansas.

ANS: It seems to me that the old phrase, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do" is highly applicable to this situation. I'm afraid that your husband's family would feel that you were critical of their usual arrangement. Evidently this custom is well-established and it would upset them to have a sudden change made. I believe that you would be wise to follow precedent even though you would prefer entertaining them after your own tastes and traditions.

QUES: "Six months ago my husband passed away, and I am living here alone in our large home that we built ten years ago. My two daughters, both of whom are married and live in Seattle, write to me constantly insisting that I get a companion, roomer, or someone who will live in the house with me—they say that they worry themselves sick thinking of me alone here. I'm in my early sixties, in good health, and perfectly able to live in my home alone—I don't want to have anyone with me on a permanent basis. At the same time I don't like to feel that I am causing my daughters anxiety, and I don't want them to think that I am stubborn and disagreeable. Please tell me if I am justified in following my own wishes in this matter?"—Nebr.

ANS: It seems to me that a third person can only say "yes" and "no" to your answer. If you prefer to live alone it seems that you should be able to do so, and yet I can sympathize with your daughters' anxiety—and I know that you do too. Why not ease their minds by making arrangements with some close family friends to tele-

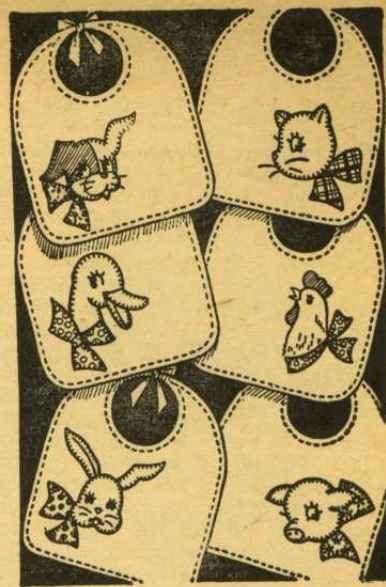
phone you or stop by once a day? Probably the prospect of sudden illness and your inability to get in touch with anyone is what really worries them. If they knew that another person would contact you without fail every day, they could breathe easily. To your way of thinking this may seem unnecessary and foolish, but it would still enable you to live alone while you relieved them of their anxiety.

QUES: "Doesn't it seem to you that on holidays a family should be together, and children should plan to be at home? Our twin daughters are in their first year at the University, and a classmate has asked them to her home in another state for the Thanksgiving holiday. I think that they should be in their home during this time, particularly since their grandparents are not in good health and have always set great store by family dinners. I wonder if you agree with me that they should visit their classmate at another time?"—Mo.

ANS: I do. There are plenty of opportunities for weekend visits at other times throughout the year, and although young people often feel resentful at being asked to take part in family occasions when more exciting prospects are offered, they never feel resentful about it in later years.

QUES: "Do you think that children should be allowed to 'run the neighborhood' after school is out in the afternoon? In the community where we lived until this year all pupils in the rural school went directly to their own homes—Saturday was left for visiting and playing together. I've discovered that in our new neighborhood all of the children loiter along the road and sometimes don't arrive home until 5:30 or later. This worries me for a number of reasons, and yet I don't want to seem unfriendly to my new neighbors by not permitting my children to do as the others do. I'd appreciate your opinion."—Minn.

ANS: I have learned that most people respect a mother who stands firm in her convictions. If you don't feel that your children should be loitering for such long periods of time, insist that they come directly home. You can explain to the other mothers that their children are welcome at your home, but that you prefer to have your own children safely on their own premises. If you don't exclude their children I don't believe that they will be resentful, and probably before long you'll see a change in other homes. I think that most mothers would prefer to take the stand that you want to take, and will summon up courage to do so when someone else leads the way. Few women can rest easily not knowing exactly where their children are after school has been dismissed.



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PRAYER OF A FATHER

Dear God, my little boy of three
Has said his nightly prayers to Thee;
Before his eyes were closed to sleep
He asked that Thou his soul would keep.

And I, still kneeling by his bed,
My hand upon his tousled head,
Do ask, with deep humility,
That Thou, dear Lord, remember me.
Make me, kind Lord, a worthy Dad
That I may lead this little lad
In pathways ever fair and bright,
That I may keep his steps aright,
O God, his trust must never be
Destroyed or even marred by me;
So, for the simple things he prayed,
With childish voice so unafraid,
I, trembling, ask the same from Thee;
Dear Lord, kind Lord, remember me.

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- Vol. 3.—Vegetables.
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A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

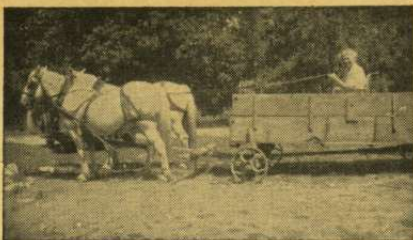
Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful Sunday, not too warm and not too cool, a perfect Fall day. There were lots of things I could have done today but they would all have necessitated my staying in the house, and I just couldn't make myself stay inside! So after I had done up the dishes and swept the kitchen and made the beds, Kristin and I took a long walk around the farm with Frank. When we came back we gathered up all of Kristin's sandpile equipment and "took off" into the timber. We found some lovely white sand in one of the big ditches and a lot of rocks to build with, so we just stopped and spent the rest of the morning there. We came back in time to get dinner on the table, but it wasn't one of the big dinners we usually have on Sunday.

The last time I wrote to you Mother was sitting here in the kitchen with me. It seems much longer ago than it has been because we have covered a lot of territory since then. Wayne, Abigail, Lucile and Juliana came after her the next day, which was on Friday. On Monday I had a letter from Mother asking me if I would like to go to Colorado with her, and if so they would expect me on Saturday.

I had so many things to do that week before I could leave that I didn't know where to begin. I wanted to put twenty chickens in the locker so I decided to begin there. This probably doesn't sound like too big a job to most of you women, but I can assure you that to me it seemed tremendous. I had never dressed a chicken until I came to the farm to live, and I could count the number I had dressed, on one hand, until Mother Johnson went to the hospital. I was so slow that whenever I wanted a chicken, she would say, "I'll dress the chicken for you if you will do this for me." Since, at that time it took me an hour to dress one chicken, you can see why the thoughts of dressing twenty seemed like such a terrific job. I'm happy to report that with the aid of two very nice neighbors, Delia Johnson and Faye Marker, it was no time at all before I had my twenty chickens in the locker. I can also report that I'm a little faster now, but not much.

There was also a tremendous washing and ironing to be done before I could leave. I suppose this wasn't absolutely necessary but I wanted to be sure that everyone had enough clean clothes to last until I returned. Right in the middle of the washing, the machine broke down. But again Faye Marker came to my rescue. She insisted I bring my washing over there and she helped me do it. Frank and I are going to have to get a new washing machine but we just haven't gotten around to see about it yet. Every week Faye calls me on the morning she is going to wash and I gather up my washing and take it over there. We do them both in one morning, and it is surprising how much fun the washing has turned out to be. Faye is what I call a good neighbor.



Frank snapped this picture of Mother when she went for a ride over the farm in our old wagon.

I won't go into detail about the trip because I'm sure Mother is telling you about that. I will just say that we did have a wonderful time and I was so glad I got to go. Kristin spent the week with Juliana, so she had a good time too. Before we left I had gone to the dime store and bought little surprises for them to have to open every day. I wrapped them all and labeled them as to the day they were to be opened. Lucile said that every morning after breakfast they would get out the box and find the package with their name on it that was to be opened that day, and it kept them happy and interested all the time I was gone.

There are two extra special things to tell you about this month. First, at the end of August, Mother Johnson was able to return home from the hospital, where she had been since the first of July. She isn't really at home, but with her daughter, Edna Halls, in Chariton. It is wonderful to have her that close because we can at least get in to see her every day. Of course she is awfully anxious to get home, and she has made decided improvement this past month, so maybe in a week or two we can bring her out here. We hope so because it's been mighty lonesome for all of us with her away.

The second big extra thing is that our cistern is finished and we have had a little rain, so at long last there is water in our house! The little red pump is all installed in the kitchen, and we hope before too long we will have a drain fixed so we can have a sink. But I don't care how long that takes because we have water and that is the important thing.

We didn't have very many grapes this year because of the cold wet Spring, so what we did have I made into jelly. I made up twenty-seven pints and half pints.

Frank has just made some cocoa and brought out the last of the cake I baked yesterday, so until next month—

Sincerely, Dorothy.

A TRUE THANKSGIVING

Count your blessings, one by one,

At early morn and set of sun,
And, like an incense to the skies

Your prayers of thankfulness shall rise.

Look for the love that heaven sends,

The good that every soul intends,

Thus you will learn the only way

To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

—Anon.

DON'TS FOR CHURCHGOERS

Don't visit. Worship.

Don't dodge the preacher. Be friendly.

Don't hurry away. Speak and be spoken to.

Don't criticize. Remember, you are human, too.

Don't stop in the end of the pew. Move over.

Don't wait for introductions. Introduce yourself.

Don't monopolize your hymnbook. Be neighborly.

Don't dodge the offering plate. Pay what you are able.

Don't choose the back seat. Leave it for latecomers.

Don't stare blankly while others sing, read, pray. Join in.

Don't leave without praying God's blessing upon all present.

Don't sit with your hand to your head as if worshiping hurts you.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946

Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published Monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa, for October, 1947.
State of Iowa
County of Page, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared M. H. Driftmier, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa; M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa; Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.

(Seal) Eugene Chambers, Notary Public.
(My commission expires July 4, 1948.)

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

It's no disgrace to be poor, but it's mighty inconvenient. I heard an old lady say that when I was ten years old. My goodness! there was a brand new idea. We never talked about money at home and the subject was all wrapped up in half understood feelings of pride and power and fear. Now here was a new idea, one I could understand. Money was a tool. Money was a convenience.

When Kira started to school we decided it was time to try her on a budget. We know what her regular expenses are for lunch and carfare, so we give it to her once a week plus 35¢ to spend for anything else she wanted. She blew it all the first week on a popsickle party for the neighborhood, but then she had no more popsicles for the rest of the week. Yesterday while we were in the dime store she decided against a toy because, "It isn't worth that much money, and besides I'm going to play with Susan and have fun that doesn't cost anything."

Many people pay their children for doing chores, but I never have because I don't want Kira to think of work as just a means of getting money. I'd much rather that she do things well for the satisfaction she gets out of doing it and the feeling of happiness she has when she contributes a share of work to the home. I don't believe that a money value can be put on the thrill that we get from learning to do a good job well, and from becoming an active, participating member of the family.

Besides, most chores a child can do are really "made work" and they soon regard it as a discipline imposed upon them so they can collect money. I believe that's the way "clock watchers" are made. For the same reasons I do not believe in giving a child money for taking a nap or cleaning up his plate.

I think that money should be given to a child as his right. Parents are usually anxious to give their children everything that they need . . . medical and dental care, clothes, food, education and toys. They will give a pencil before he can learn to write, but they rarely want to give him money to learn how to spend. They usually have a great many logical reasons for this, but I think most of their real reasons are emotional and they do think of money as power and they will not relinquish any part of this power. 'Way down deep they want their children to stay under their control, and a good many are afraid of money because they themselves have never learned to use it.

It is just as right and necessary for a child to have his own money to spend as it is for him to learn to work with any other tool, and you learn most by doing. Why is it more wrong to make a mistake learning to handle money than to make a mistake learning to write?

Some people who do give their children money try to teach saving. You can't learn how to save until you know how to spend. Putting money into one hand and dropping it into a



Melva Joyce Harman, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Harman of Boyden, Ia. Melva is the only survivor of triplets. She weighed 1 lb. 12 oz. at birth, but on her birthday topped the scales at 21 pounds.

piggy bank with the other hand doesn't teach anything. But when a child voluntarily gives up something to save for something better, then he has learned to make a choice and to sacrifice a whim. That is real saving.

Most families say "our home, our dog, our yard," but it's always Daddy's money if he happens to be the one who earns it. Certainly the woman who works taking care of the home and children earns it too, because she makes it possible for Daddy to have the time to earn money. The children also learn by doing the things children should do. Going to school and learning all the things at home and outside that are necessary for them to learn in order that they may grow up to be responsible citizens is their job, and doing it entitles them to a share in the earnings.

One of the saddest stories I've ever read was on the front page of our newspapers several weeks ago. Perhaps you read it too. It was written as a great success story. Remember the man who gave three million dollars to the Boston Library? He told about coming to this country as an immigrant and how wonderful it was to have the opportunities that this country had given him. He had worked day and night, lived in an unheated room, wore old ragged clothes, ate only one warm meal a day and did not marry and rear a family. Now, after a lifetime of denial, he was so successful that he could give the city three-million dollars for a new wing on the library which they didn't need.



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FOR THE CHILDREN

GRANDFATHER HELPS

By Maxine Sickels

Little Virginia climbed up on her Grandfather's lap. She was tired and that was a good place to rest. She had a "trouble" too and Grandfather was the best help with troubles. Why he could make them go so far away that they never did get back! She snuggled down and sighed a little sigh.

Right quick, just as she wanted him to, Grandfather said, "What's the matter, Virginia?"

She answered slowly, "Grandpa, I have a trouble!"

"Most folks do have, child. Is it a great big black trouble or a little pale blue trouble?"

Virginia thought about that before she answered slowly, "I think it's a great big black one. Grandpa, when you were a little boy did you learn to read right away or did it take a long time?"

Grandpa nodded his head slowly as if he knew what she was talking about. He held her a little closer and snuggled her head against his shoulder. Then he began. "You see, it was this way, Virginia. I had a hard time learning to read at all. It seemed like all the words looked just the same to me—at least a lot of them did."

"I would read, 'I see a cat'. I was sure I knew that. And then the teacher would say real cross-like, 'That word is COW, Johnnie'."

"The next lesson I would read, 'The horse is white' and the teacher would say, 'HOUSE, Johnnie, that word is HOUSE'."

"It got so I didn't like to go to school at all. Why, little Mary Wall and Gene Bush weren't half my size and they could read. They never made mistakes like I did."

"One night I walked down the road to my Grandmother's house. She would be your Great-great Grandmother Yokum, Virginia. I told her all about it, and she nodded her head a little and gave me a glass of milk fresh and cold from the spring-house. Quicker than I can tell you about it, she rolled out some cookies. Slash, cut, slash went the bright blade of her knife. And there on the board lay a cookie cat! Then carefully she printed c-a-t. Slash, cut, slash went her knife again, and there was a cooky cow. Carefully she printed c-o-w."

"Into the oven they went and out they came hot and brown and crispy. By the time I had eaten off the heads, the tails and the legs even I could tell c-a-t, cat, from c-o-w, cow."

"Every night I visited Grandmother and every night I learned new cookie words. By the time Thanksgiving came along and she was ready to

make all of the cookies for us grandchildren, I could read right along and not make any more mistakes. Why, I stood right up there beside Mary Wall and Gene Bush in our reading class and did just as well as they did!"

Virginia's Grandmother must have been listening too in the kitchen because just then she said, "Virginia, here is a nice, cold glass of milk and the cookies are ready to roll out. Come and tell me what words you need to learn and we'll just get busy cutting out the letters."

RIDDLES

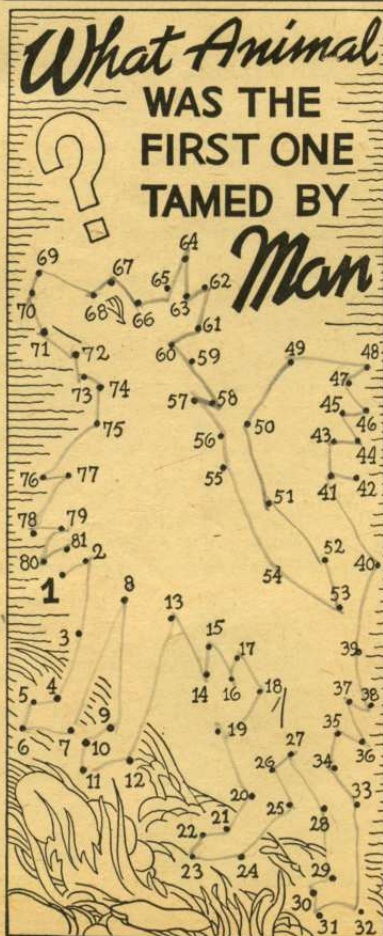
When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one!

What is better than presence of mind in an accident? Absence of body.

Why is there no such thing as an entire day? Because each one begins by breaking.

What is the best thing out? An aching tooth.

When should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a dessert? Because every watch has a spring in it.



"Little Ads"

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

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

STOCKING DOLLS, that sit up. Nice for Christmas gifts, \$1.50 each or 2 for \$2.75. Mrs. J. Prewitt, Leroy, Minn.

SEWING WANTED: Nightgowns, 75¢. Sleepers, 50¢. Pajamas, (Men's) \$1. Aprons 45¢. Overall 60¢. Hope, muslin pillow-cases, embroidered crocheted edge, \$2.25. Coverall, aprons, large, \$1.10. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines, 11, Iowa.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE-DRESS MADE, by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.35. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. St., Belleville, Kansas.

TROPICAL SHELL PINS, tiny pastel colored shells formed into flower on a safety catch pin. Beautiful gifts, only \$1. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

WANTED: Quite old bisque figurines. Also oil burning parlor lamp. Write describing fully. Quote price. Opal Armstrong, Stanberry, Missouri.

PRETTY CROCHETED CAMEO, pin cushions, 60¢ each. Fancy crocheted pot holders, 75¢ a pair. Mrs. Howard Ceder, Box 163, Central City, Nebraska.

BUY FOR CHRISTMAS: Crocheted, chair sets, pot holders, doilies, aprons. Stamp for information. Mrs. Rex Wiley, 610 N. Walnut, Creston, Iowa.

WILL FIX RUNS IN HOSE: Size and length determines the charges. Please wash hose. Berniece Wolden, Rt. 4, Estherville, Iowa.

HANDPAINTED FACE, steel wool pin cushions, 35¢. Owl or clown, 25¢. Pretty earrings, 25¢. Plastic ribbon book marks, 10¢. Carrie Hooper, Early, Iowa.

DANDRUFF! Get address of a hair tonic to control it for \$1. G. M. Hanes. Box 348, Fort Scott, Kansas.

SEQUIN TRIMMED NECK SCARF OR HEAD SCARF, \$3.00. Plasic tea apron, 50¢. Handkerchief tea apron, \$1.25. Yarn dog, \$1.50. Clothes pin bag to represent little girls dress, \$1.25. Glida Palmer, Derby, Iowa.

LADIES KNIT GLOVES, cable stitch, best yarn. Any color, \$1.75. Gauntlet sport mittens, \$1.35. Anklets to match for Bobby Socks, 65¢. Long wristed school mittens and gloves, boys and girls, 75¢ to \$1.35. Babies knit booties, 75¢. Special orders taken. Blanche Moore, Manawa 38, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Toy horses, \$1. Pot holders, 35¢. Write for prices on other articles. Mrs. Harold Wieland, Dedham, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted stocking mending kits, complete with seven different shades of thread, \$1. Ideal for Christmas Gifts. Mrs. J. C. Patrick, New Virginia, Iowa.

IDEAL GIFTS: Chenille Orchid Corsages, 65¢ each, two or more, 60¢ each. Ornamental 6-in. chenille dolls, 75¢. All in leading colors. Satisfied customers, Freda Poeverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

WOVEN POT HOLDERS, 5 pair for \$1: One pair 25¢. Mrs. Clara Olson, 2954 Apple St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, hemstitched and crocheted edge, tubing material, \$3.25 pair. Crocheted rick-rack lace for pillow cases, \$1 pair. Miss Helen Chuldt, Poyntette, Wisconsin.

FOR SALE: Crocheted lambs, 8 inches, wool yarn in loop stitch, pink, blue, black, white \$2. Mrs. Glenn Smith, Crete, Nebraska.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR CROCHETED AND KNIT GOODS of all kinds. For description and price list send address on a card to Viola Kanago, Akron, Iowa. Ad good any time.

WHITE KITTENS MADE of white Turkish Toweling. Different color eyes and ribbons, 2 for \$1. Mrs. Ray Wilson, Inavale, Nebr.

CROCHET ORDERS TAKEN. Chair sets, aprons, doilies, etc. November special. Dish cloth, cream or white, with trim, 25¢. Mrs. Carroll Pflughaupt, Coggon, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Pineaford doll dress dish cloth, ivory with red, price 50¢. Pekinese yarn dogs, white or black, price \$1.35. Tiny Crocheted basket sachet, pastel shades, 40¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted tablecloths, 56x72, ecru, \$30.00. White, red trim, 40x40, \$10.00. Josephine McKay, Route 8, Topeka, Kansas.

CROCHETED APRONS, \$2.50. Doilies, pot holders, lace, other crocheting. Orders taken for Christmas gifts. Mary Wirth, Route 4, Newton, Iowa.

DARLING KITTEN AND LAMB LAPEL ORNAMENTS, for girl's coat, 35¢ each. Mrs. Charles H. Heller, Box 21, East Dubuque, Illinois.

WANTED: Will buy or trade for Antique Buttons. Mrs. Carl Palmer, 925 Water Street, Webster City, Iowa.

HAND KNITTED MITTENS, cable stitch, red, blue, or white, \$1.50. Send drawing of hand. Mrs. Lloyd Sorenson, Harlan, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted pot holders, 65¢ each. Different colors and patterns. Crocheted apron, \$3.00. Assorted colors. Mrs. Joe Day, Route 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

BABY CLOTHES. Hand made dresses, \$1.75; slips, \$1.00; kimonas, outing, \$1.00; crocheted jackets, \$2.75; hoods, \$1.00; yarn soakers, \$2.00; yarn carriage robes, \$10.00. Free gift with \$10.00 orders. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted pineapple doilies, \$1.25. 2 25-inch day dream doilies, \$4.50. Crocheted holders, 50¢. Crocheted hat or rose sachets, 35¢, 3 for \$1.00. 1 black crocheted Corde zipper purse, \$7.50. Plywood duck or chicken door stops, 50¢. Mrs. Clifford Sorensen, Rt. 1, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

LOVELY HAND CROCHETED WOOL BABY BLANKETS: Crib Size, \$8.00. Buggy size, \$6.00. Plain pink, blue white or combinations. Also hood and jacket sets, helmets for boys, \$4.50. Grace Evans, Dawn, Missouri.

HAND MADE SHELL EARRINGS AND BROOCHES, make beautiful Christmas Gifts. I make them in several flower designs. Pink, blue, yellow, peach, red, purple, lavender, white. State if you wish several colors on one mounting. Order now and relieve that "Christmas Gift" worry. Earrings, \$1.00 a pair, brooches, 75¢. Postpaid. Verna Graeber, Lytton, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Baby dresses, \$1.75. Slips, Kimonas, \$1.00 each. Hand decorated. Pillow cases, \$4.50 embroidered with crocheted edges. Novelty bed pillows, \$2.00. Send stamp for more information. Mrs. Dewey Williams, Massena, Iowa.

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

FOR SALE, Crocheted tea aprons, lacy, pineapple design. Doilies and dress pot holders. Mrs. John Schumaker, Pawnee City, Nebraska.

PHOTOGRAPHS, Tinted in oil, up to 5 x 7, 25¢. 8 x 10, 50¢. Give color eyes, hair, clothes, main points. Ad good anytime. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. Mrs. Ruth Havener, Route 1, West Des Moines, Iowa.

PILLOWCASES of hemstitched tubing with crocheted motifs and edges. stamped envelope for description and prices. Mrs. Twila Graves, 1210 Roland, Chariton, Iowa.

CREPE PAPER ROSES, 12 inch stems, or longer, \$1.50 a dozen. Matilda Joseph, Horville, Nebraska.

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.

YARN PEKINESE DOGS AGAIN THIS YEAR, \$2.00 each. About eighteen inches long. Luncheon cloths, 36 inch square, three bias tape birds appliqued in corners. Postpaid prices. Stamp will bring description of both. Mrs. Glen Leipert, 207 South Peterson, Creston, Iowa.

COTTON PRINT DRESSES MADE: Child's dress, \$1.00. Ladies (everyday), \$1.50. Better dresses, \$2.50. Send material, pattern, etc. Mrs. S. S. Warner, Humboldt, South Dakota.

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

CROCHETED DOILIES AND HOOKED RUGS. Made to order. Crocheted handbags of Corde yarn, \$7 up. Write, Miss Winnie Clark, 209 E. 9 St., Vinton, Iowa.

SEND XMAS ORDERS, for print coverall aprons, \$1. Textile painted bleached pillow cases, 42-in., \$2. Mrs. Will Debus, Rt. 4, Manhattan, Kansas.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, 50¢. Many in puff stitch in different colors. Mrs. Lester Dahlstrom, New Hampton, Iowa.

FOR SALE, dresser scarfs, \$3 each; pot holders, 50¢ and 75¢ each. Enclose postage, please. Mrs. Holger Juhl, 420 W. 4th St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

I MEND RUNS IN HOSE. Invisible mending. Send your hose for free estimation. Prices reasonable. Miss Ruth Baker, Arlington, Iowa.

CROCHETED TEA APRONS: Lacy pineapple design, white, small \$2, medium and large \$3 each. Crocheted butterfly chair set, \$4. 2 sets \$7. White. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

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. Mrs. James Leonard, P. O. Box 96, Oxboro, Minnesota.

WANTED: Embroidering of any kind, sewing, aprons, holders, small chilrens' clothes, and stuffed toys. Send material and patterns. Prices very reasonable. Mrs. Orville Ravensborg, Moorhead, Iowa.

PRINT OVEN MITS, 15¢ each. Rag rugs, hand loomed, 24x48, \$2.00 each. Also of heavy rug yarn, solid colors, \$4.00. Print lunch cloth, 36x42, trimmed, 75¢. Print striped tea towels, 36x24, 30¢ each. Print bib aprons, \$1.00. Coverall style, \$1.10. Christmas orders taken now. Mrs. Alfred Winters, Route 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

CROCHETED, 23 inch square, pineapple centerpiece, ecru, \$4.00. Aprons, polka dot design, with ruffle, white, \$2.50. Flared, white, salmon trim. \$3.00. Buffet sets, pineapple, ecru. "Sheer Witchery", ecru or white, \$3.75. Flora Schafer, Ellisville, Illinois.

YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS: Health, Wealth, Happiness. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self addressed stamped envelope. Sex, complexion, birthdate. One dollar. I know you will like this unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk, Norfolk, Nebraska.

WANTED: Shuttle Carrier for early make sewing machine (Singer), or name and address of old repair man or dealer. Mrs. Otto Koenig, 425 32 Street, Ogden, Utah.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: Box fine white stationery, matching envelopes, and 20 Personalized Post Cards; all printed with your name and address. blue ink, postpaid, only \$1.00. Makes ideal gift. Midwest, Dept. S., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

LOVELY CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, pansy, dahlia, and wild rose, 50¢ plus 3¢ stamp each. Ready for mailing. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia.

DOG FOR TOP OF BED. Made of wool yarn. State any color. Price, \$1.50. Celestine Koellner, Route 1, West Point, Iowa.

PIECED QUILT TOPS: \$6.00 and \$7.50. Aprons, \$1.00, \$1.35. Square embroidered tea towels, 55¢, 65¢, 75¢. 50¢ holders, three for \$1.00. Mrs. John Heman, Dedham, Ia.

EXCELLENT, Soap Recipe, 10¢ and stamped envelope. No lye or grease. Mrs. W. N. Knight, 608 6th Ave., Grinnell, Iowa.

CROCHETED DOILIES, chair sets, etc. Send postage for information. Mrs. Ora Buckner, Massena, Iowa.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, \$5.00. Tea aprons, hot pads, assorted designs, doilies, centerpieces, scarfs. Tatted baby shoes, edgings, doilies, embroidering. Postage, for information. Mrs. Charles Wright, 601 N. Pine, Creston, Iowa.

RECIPE, for a most wonderful Angel Food Cake, very large, light, and fluffy, for a stamped addressed envelope and 25¢. Mrs. M. L. Fuchshuber, Milford, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Embroidered 42 inch tubing pillow cases, \$4.00, others \$3.50 pair. Crocheted doilies, \$2.00 each, large crocheted chair or buffet sets, \$4.00. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Williams, Iowa.

FOR SALE: One, forty-piece layette set, in blue, new, partly handmade. Price and information for stamped envelope. Hazel Brewer, Corning, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Girls' Teddy Bear coat, brown. Size 15 years. Ladies gray coat size 18. Latest style. Write Mrs. Roscoe Stipp, Oakland, Nebr.

HAND KNIT, white, baby soakers, \$2.00. Orders appreciated. Mrs. Helen Parker, 4628 E. Harry, Wichita, Kansas.

PEKINGESE DOGS, of yarn, \$2.25 each. State color. Velda Miller, Hot Springs, New Mexico.

CROCHETED ARTICLES: Bedspread, 98x108, natural color, carpet warp, \$50.00. Tablecloth, 64x64, Ecru-Skytone, \$30.00. Aprons, white, cream, medium, large, \$3.00. Pot Holders 40¢. Mrs. C. H. Highstreet, Chancellor, South Dakota.

FOR SALE: Ladies, snappy bibless party aprons. Five gored, striped or florals, with contrasting plain colored bottoms; blue, rose, red, yellow, orchid. Rickrack trimmed. Feed sack material \$1.00, print \$1.25. Also Mammy pot holders, that stand up, 50¢ each. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Iowa.

ALL PINEAPPLE DESIGN DOILIES, in white or ecru, 8 inch 75¢, 12 inch, \$1.25, 15 inch \$1.75. Butterfly chair sets, white or ecru \$5.00. Will take orders. Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Missouri.

NEW ANIMAL BREEDING DIAL CALCULATOR, \$1.00 postpaid. Excellent gift. Every Farm needs one. Agent wanted. Literature free. Handy Chart Company, 406 Greer, Memphis, Tenn.

LOVELY FLORAL TOWELING waist aprons. They are lovely for Christmas gifts. Eighty cents each. Mrs. Laveda Cornett, Scandia, Kansas.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE DOILIES, 11 inch, \$1.00. 20 inch, \$2.00. Assorted colors. Crocheted bibs, white or cream, colored trim, \$1.00. Crocheted powder puffs, assorted colors, 35¢. Pillow cases, tubing, embroidered "Sweet Dreams" design. Crocheted edge, \$3.00. Handkerchiefs, crocheted fancy corner and edge, 50¢. Scarfs embroidered, crocheted edge, \$2.00. Mrs. E. W. Timmerman, Route 5, Decatur, Illinois.

BEAUTIFUL RUFFLED DOILIES: White or variegated colors of blue, yellow, green, lavender, or pink. \$3.00 each. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Iowa.

TWENTY-ONE PRETTY CHRISTMAS FOLDERS, assorted designs, including envelopes, neatly printed with your name. Postpaid, only \$1.00. Two sets, \$1.75. Midwest Service, Dept. N., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

SOMETHING NEW: Be the first to get one. Tatted trimmed handkerchief and souvenir photo of the boy that sings the blues for 50 cents. Tatting is done in white or pastel colors. Offer good until January 1, 1948. Send to Jim Kendrick and Mother, 1114½ W. Sheridan Avenue, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HEALTH BOOKLET: Over-weight problems, Why some persons cannot reduce, Allergy-Food Sensitiveness, Gas Forming Foods, Nervous and Anemic. Answers to 30 Health Questions. Vitamin importance and dangers explained. Price 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

HOBBYISTS:

Add to your collections. Meet new friends via mail. Earn extra pin money. Join, Alma's Hobby Club, Colfax, Illinois.

Arthritis Sufferers

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.

"HOLD THAT LINE!" PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

The Thanksgiving Day game ends the football season for most schools here in the middlewest. To avoid the usual let-down feeling, why not give the young folks a "bang-up" party where they can use some of their enthusiasm for hilarious fun? Why not a party with the football theme? Such a theme would work out equally well with basketball, baseball or even track-meet events, if your community shares more enthusiasm for these sports.

For your invitation cut two footballs from brown paper. Tie together at the top with yarn, using your high school colors. Your invitation should read: "You are invited to a football party on Friday evening, November 29th, 1947 at eight o'clock in the school gym. Come prepared to "hold that line" when Smithville (your town) meets (name of rival town) in the final game of the season." (You will use your own date, time, place, etc., of course.)

Decorate the gym, community building (or wherever you arrange to hold the party) with paper streamers in the colors of the two schools.

When the guests have all arrived, slips are passed out to each one. These slips will tell them the character they are to portray throughout the evening. There will be all of the players needed to make up each team (be sure to designate, such as Smithville halfback, etc.) There will be the lineman, coaches, referee, doctor, nurse, cheer leaders, members of the band—enough to include each guest at the party.

After the slips are given out allow thirty to forty-five minutes for them to go out and find or make up an appropriate costume, hunt "props", etc. Then everyone just report back to the gym in appropriate garb.

Everyone will have a hilarious time as the girls' shoulders are padded to resemble a football hero, Sister Susie's red skirt snitched for a drum major-ette, Mom's kitchen tools borrowed for the doctor's kit and a dish towel folded for the nurse's cap. Once the youngsters get the idea, their imaginations and sense of humor will do the rest.

When all have reported back to "homefield" assemble them in proper groups and positions: "band" together, "teams" at opposite ends of floor, doctor and nurse on sidelines, and cheer leaders ready for action. Then announce that the game will be carried out in pantomime. Of course the players on teams must be cautioned against roughness and rowdiness so

that no one is hurt. The fun comes in when "time out" is called often in order that the doctor and nurse may rush in to carry off one of the players of the opposing team. The band and cheer leaders will have a shouting good time—all with actions. You may be sure there won't be a dull moment.

Instead of the pantomime, you might prefer to play regular games such as ring toss, ping-pong, shuffle board, etc., but with "time out" being called to allow a change of partners and for the doctor, cheer leader and band to "strut their stuff". In this instance they could use dialogue to make it funnier.

And how about refreshments? Well, why not the traditional standbys of the football game—popcorn, pop and hamburgers eaten in handout style? Or you might have "coney islands" with all the fixings. If the crowd isn't too large you could serve gingerbread with whipped cream for a group whose appetites could encompass this on top of the hamburgers.

A clever favor is made by coloring a hard-cooked egg to resemble a football. On one side write _____ vs _____ (towns represented), November 1947. One line from a popular cheer could also be added.

This party needn't be limited to only your young people. If it has been customary to have a banquet for the team at the end of the season, you could feature this type of party for a change and include the faculty and other interested adults in the guest list. At the rest period (time out) just before refreshments, toasts could be given, letters awarded and perhaps a short "pep song" held.

SNOW SUITS

By Lucille Sassaman

When Lucile asked me to write about snow suits, I wondered how I would dare do it because I certainly feel that I am not an expert at sewing. Then I thought that was probably why she wanted me to do it. Come to think about it, there aren't many experts and most of them become famous dress designers. While I'm no expert, I have really learned how to make snow suits the hard way, and perhaps it will give some of you an idea or two. Certainly we save a substantial piece of money when we make them at home, for they are just about the single most expensive piece of clothing that children wear.

Kira needed her first snow suit in 1942 and you'll remember how hard it was to buy anything then, so I searched through our closets and found a pair of Daddy's tennis trousers. When I measured the waistline I knew he'd never wear them again, so I ripped them apart and washed them. I decided that if white wool flannel was going to be a snow suit it would have to be washed, and if it was going to shrink it had better do that before I started.

I got a size two, one-piece snow suit out of that pair of pants, but the sleeves were obviously pieced and there was a bad darn on the front breast. I started to disguise that and

embroidered in bright blue and red yarn cross stitch patterns on both sides of the seams and over the darn. Then I put in a bright blue zipper and matching cuffs and anklets. I lined it all with light blue saten which Grandma found in her scrap bag, and the whole thing turned out to be very handsome. This was my first really successful sewing job so I felt pretty good.

When she was three years old it was impossible even to buy any yard goods and I started looking around again. We were visiting Grandma in Minnesota and her church was having a rummage sale. Kira couldn't quite pronounce that and everybody up there still says "rubbish sale". Well, anyway here was a band uniform at least twenty-five years old but still beautiful navy blue flannel. Everybody thought it pretty funny with all the faded greenish braid sewed all over it and the tarnished gold trimmings.

I bought it, hat included, for \$1.00, ripped it apart and washed it. I got a two-piece pattern this time and used a zipper again as there wasn't enough to make the pattern with buttons. The front of the coat still showed a lot of marks and faded spots where the braid and trimming had been. So once again I embroidered. I used wool yarn and made lazy daisy flowers in bright colors scattered over the entire front of the jacket, and then put in a quilted wool lining.

She played out a lot that winter so I was glad the suit was dark colored. When the knees wore out I put on very obvious big patches and she wore it another year.

About that time Lucile and Juliana visited us and I thought that Juliana's winter outfit was the prettiest I'd ever seen, so the next year I copied it and came to grief.

Someone gave me an old tweed coat and skirt which made a long coat and leggings. I trimmed it with scraps of otter which had been left over from a coat I made for myself. I made a fur collar and fur buttons, but after going to school in it for one week Kira went into a temper tantrum because her little fingers couldn't manage those fur bottoms and she was much too grown-up to bother teacher with buttoning and unbuttoning. She thought that would be a disgrace. So off came the fur buttons and I substituted some with shanks that went in and out easily, but didn't look nearly so stylish.

The tweed was very light colored which made it look beautiful when it was clean, but a five year old cannot be expected to keep clean playing outdoors in Chicago, so one day I washed it and dyed it dark brown (of course I ripped out the lining and removed the fur and buttons). It dyed very well and Kira had a good warm practical suit all year, but it was a far cry from the original idea.

It is too small now except to use as a spare in an emergency, so I'm once again looking for an idea. I have no more treasure troves, but the stores are filled with beautiful new wools. I wonder how well I'll do with such a wide range of choices!