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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Vol. 13

AUGUST, 1948

Number 8



"Photo by Verness"

Lucile, Margery and Leanna

August 2 is a date to circle with red on your calendar, for on that day Leanna, Lucile and Margery will bring the Kitchen-Klatter program to you at 11:00-11:30 from stations KOWH, Omaha and KFNF, Shenandoah. You will find KOWH at 660 and KFNF at 920 on your radio dial. We are extremely happy about this good news and trust that you too will find both the change of time and wave length a genuine pleasure. It's good to be in touch once again with the countless old friends who traveled the early years with us at KFNF, and we're anticipating, as well, making many new friends over KOWH who share our interest in cooking, caring for children, and all of the other things that go towards creating happy homes. We'll be visiting with you soon! So tune in every week day morning at 11 A. M.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

On the other side of this page is the first picture that's ever been taken of just Lucile, Margery and me. In case this sounds funny to you let me hasten to add that when you have a large family you get different combinations of people together for pictures through the course of years, but somehow it just so happens that the three of us had never gotten together when there was a camera around. It isn't what I'd call a flattering picture, everything considered, but we're glad to have it for our family record.

The most important thing to tell you this month is the news that after August 1st we will visit with you daily over radio stations KOWH (660 on your dial) in Omaha, and KFNF (920 on that same dial) here in Shenandoah. I am confident also that the new time for our visit, 11:00 to 11:30 every weekday morning, will please all of you who have written that it's so hard to listen in the afternoon at 3.15.

Margery, Lucile and I are all happy over this change of time because we figure that you'll probably be ready for a "breather" between morning cleaning and time to start dinner. That's the time in our daily routine when we're ready to snatch a little rest, so now we'll be able to combine that rest with our visit to you—and all of us can get up refreshed to start the noon meal.

We realize that on these new wave lengths we will be able to reach many of you who have been unable to hear us in recent years, and it will surely seem good to be in direct touch with you again. So many of you have written to ask what could be done about getting to hear our daily programs that at last we have completed arrangements for taking action on your requests. Early in the fall we intend to start bringing you Kitchen-Klatter over a number of stations in addition to KOWH and KFNF, and I've no doubt that if you're among those who haven't been able to hear us, one of these fine fall days that aren't far away you'll turn your radio dial and hear our voices.

I can't tell you how good it seems to realize that before long I'll again have the pleasure of talking with those of you who were among my first friends years ago when I began the Kitchen-

Klatter program. We raised our children together and we shared problems back and forth through all of those years. It always gives me a warm glow of happiness to read letters from those of you who listened during the early years when I broadcast from my brother Henry's station, KFNF, and it will be like meeting old friends again to come into your homes every day.

Of course I'm going to be anxious to know how you like the time change to 11:00 in the morning, and how you are able to hear us on these new wave lengths, so if you will drop me a letter or a card I'll appreciate it very much. The morning mail is still the high spot of my day—and I'd have to live to be a thousand to watch the clock creep up to 9:15 (when the mail comes) before I stopped wondering who I had heard from, and what was happening in this home or that.

In case you have suddenly asked yourself "Is Leanna moving to Omaha?" I must hasten to add that indeed I am not. It would be an awful wrench to us to leave this old house on the hill where we've lived for so many years, and we're glad that radio has now reached the point where we can sit in our little office (I'm right here getting off this letter to you) and have our voices go out to you both from Omaha and Shenandoah.

When I first started broadcasting years ago I had to be right at Henry's studio—there was only one microphone and radio was such a marvel to all of us that we never dreamed it would progress much beyond that point. However, by the time I had been injured in our automobile accident in 1930 there were enough changes that a microphone could be brought to our home; for weeks I visited with you from my bed with the microphone placed on a high stool beside me. Today radio has come far enough that lines can be run from both KOWH, Omaha and KFNF, Shenandoah, into our home and I can still sit at my old desk and visit every day. No doubt there are many far-reaching changes still ahead, but when I contrast today with radio as I knew it in 1924, I feel that I've seen a great deal.

This past month we've enjoyed a number of picnics in our own backyard. I particularly enjoyed the picnic that we had on our 35th wedding

anniversary when my sisters and brother Henry came to take note of the occasion with us. On another page you will see a picture taken that night, and we all said that if only our brother Sol of Gerber, California, and our sister Martha Eaton of Des Moines had been with us our happiness would have been complete. Now that we've all reached the sixties and seventies we feel that we've been rarely fortunate in having our family circle unbroken.

Our youngest son, Donald, writes interesting letters from Chicago where he is working for Republic Steel this summer. His official title is Boiler Makers Helper and I guess that it's about the hottest job going; part of his work consists of going into furnaces to make repairs, and the heat is so intense that the men can only stay in there three minutes at a time. They tried putting down boards to walk on but the boards caught fire, so that gives you an idea. He is living at the YMCA and has a nice room that he shares with a college friend from Ames.

Abigail and Wayne expect to leave the first part of August for a trip to Estes Park. Their exact date of departure depends upon Abigail's brother and his wife who are coming from California before long. Abigail has never been west of the Black Hills and I'm sure she will enjoy Colorado a great deal.

Martin Erik's room is directly above me, and as I write this I can hear him rattling the bars of his crib and thumping around. As a rule he goes right to sleep, but I'm sure that the excitement of his first birthday is keeping him awake tonight. We made him a big white cake with one candle, and Margery had Juliana, Sonny and Stuart Kline come in and play with him. He isn't walking yet, but I don't think those first steps alone can be far off since he trots right along when we hold his hands.

Do you remember the wonderful old Farm Camps that were held in Clarinda, Iowa, years ago? I recall some very, very happy times there, so it came as pleasant news to hear that there is to be a reunion this year at the Fair Grounds in Clarinda on August 16th. A noon picnic will be held, and then in the evening there will be a dinner at the Clarinda Country Club for those who attended the years of 1905-1915. I'm looking forward eagerly to this event and hope to see many old-time friends there. If you can possibly get to Clarinda to attend it will be a pleasant time for you, I'm sure. Port Stitt of Clarinda will send you particulars of the affair if you write to him.

On Sunday, July 11th, the Hemerocallis Society is having its annual reunion and I hope to attend. It's been a wonderful year for Hems and Shenandoah gardens are filled with fine specimens.

It's late so I must say goodnight. Do write to us in August if you possibly can and tell us how you like the change in our daily visit. We'll be looking for a letter from you.

Always your friend,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

GARDEN FORECASTS IN AUGUST

By Mary Duncomb

Have you ever looked into a crystal globe where one is supposed to see future events pictured? Well, neither have I, but in a way of speaking August is a crystal gazing globe for the flower lover since in August we may lay the foundations of dreams which should some true in our gardens next year. And of course by this I mean planting such seeds as will germinate in late summer or early autumn to make blossoming plants in the early days of next spring.

First of all I am thinking of Pansies—heartsease we used to call them—planted so often in memory of those who were important to us. Their dear little faces are so cheery in spring, opening as it were the season of flowers. In August one may sow their seed in a cold-frame, and it need not be elaborate—just some bottomless box whose sides will form some necessary protection, and a means of laying a covering, first of burlap and then of screen or laths, over the top for shade and safety against storms. Or they may be planted in the garden with stones around to mark the spot and to hold up the necessary covering that will shield them from the sun until they have germinated.

This seed comes primarily from areas in the Northwest part of our country where the air is moist and spring-like even in the midst of summer; such conditions are favorable for the production of the finest varieties. You may order this seed in large amounts directly from firms which make a business of growing this extra-fine seed, or you may get the same seed in smaller quantities from your favorite home seed store or catalog house. The latter way is preferred by many home gardeners for more varieties may be chosen at less cost.

Keep the seed bed well watered. Pansies like moisture at any stage, and they seem to bloom best in cool, damp weather. One may not succeed with them every year as weather conditions differ from time to time, but the results usually warrant the effort made in growing our own.

When you set out your pansies in spring give them a bed of good, rich, rather porous soil, the same type that your hardy Primroses like. And speaking of Primroses—here is another kind of seed you might like to try. On the Northwest coast we can see them growing in lush abundance, and many of us in this section are now giving them room in our gardens. They are low growing and their colors are much the same as pansies. It is usually recommended that a somewhat similar plant be set between Primroses, so Pansies and Primroses should do well occupying the same bed.

Remember that a semi-shaded spot in a protected place is best for both of these flowers. And another thing: since these Primroses are perennials perhaps they should be planted with the perennial type of Pansy, the Viola. Certainly they will make a lovely bed when they bloom together.

Where one does not care if plants run rampant, self-sowing in some desired spot, choose the Johnny-jump-ups for they are easily grown from seed. English Wallflower is best sown in August. I have had no difficulty in transplanting these in spring, especially if they are taken up in small clumps and the roots disturbed as little as possible. We are most familiar with the vivid orange variety, but there are other shades to choose from should the orange type clash with a color scheme.

Forget-me-nots, pink or blue, will go beautifully with either Pansies or Primroses. Biennials such as Pinks and Sweet Williams really should be planted every year lest some year we will forget and there will be little to remind us of their beauty. Delphiniums also should be planted each year even though they are perennials. The hybrid varieties do not seem as hardy sometimes as we would wish, and we can scarcely afford to be without their stately beauty.

Plant new varieties of Columbines; you may have to search around a little for seed as the more usual sorts are not often carried in all catalogs. I am enjoying a bed of such varieties, and in addition to these we have Alpines with uncommon foliage and large flowers, old-fashioned doubles and singles, and the Mexican varieties with very odd combinations of color.

However, in August do not plant that precious Penstemon seed. For me this lovely wildflower, now being naturalized in nearly every garden, grows best from seed planted in flats outside in very late fall, early winter or very early spring as the ground permits.

Lovely August with its beauty now and the promise of spring carried in its bosom!

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

PART X

The Madonna Lily

The lovely Madonna Lily, *Lilium candidum*, has been in cultivation for more than 3,000 years. Its original habitat is not known but it may have come from some of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

This Lily is associated with June weddings for that is the time it opens its lovely funnel-shaped, pure waxy white blossoms. But if we want plants in our gardens, August is the time the bulbs are fully dormant and therefore the time to get them planted.

Select a site in full sun—they may not be too unhappy in light shade—

where the drainage is excellent and where the air circulates freely. Avoid planting other things too close. This helps to prevent botrytis to which the Madonna is very susceptible. It is wise to spray with Bordeaux mixture as an added precaution.

Almost all Lilies have basal roots (roots on the bottom of the bulbs) as well as stem roots (roots on the portion of the stem underground). Madonnas have only the basal roots and must be planted more shallow than those having stem roots also. Two inches of soil over the tops of the bulbs is sufficient. Plant no later than mid-September as they require time before frost to make a rosette of leaves and good root growth. The leaves remain green all winter but will appear weary and spent by spring. As soon as the new growth is well started the old leaves should be removed. A bed that is thriving need not be replanted for a number of years.

The variety of *Lilium candidum* found most generally in gardens does not produce seeds unless pollen from another variety is used, but it may be increased rather easily by scale propagation. Just as the last of the flowers are fading a few scales may be obtained by digging the entire bulb or by digging down carefully without disturbing the bulb and peeling off a few of the outer scales.

These scales should be placed on a layer of sand in a place where moisture conditions can be controlled. Cover them with a two-inch layer of sphagnum moss. The sand and the sphagnum should be just nicely moist. If it is too wet, especially the first week or two, the scales may rot instead of forming bulblets. When the little bulblets are well developed they may be planted in nursery rows. Mulch them when freezing weather arrives.

Another almost unbelievable method to increase ones supply is to separate the stem from the bulb by a quick, twisting jerk after the flowers have withered. Remove the leaves so that about a foot of the base of the stem is bare and heel this part in, in a bed of sand, at an angle of 45 degrees. After several months the top part will appear dead but one is thrilled to find bulblets have developed on the part underground. The stem portion with the bulblets may then be planted in the garden, placing the stem in a horizontal position.

FALL ASTERS

Oh, that I could be with you,
Dressed in silk of purple hue,
Golden hair to softly grace
Sweetest wonder of your face,
Swaying to the wind's soft tune,
Courtied by an Indian moon,
Dancing at Queen Nature's ball,
Lovely aster of the fall!

—Shirley Bryan Wright.

Be sure that you tune in at 11:00 11:30 every morning to hear the Kitchen-Klatter program from radio stations KOWH in Omaha and KFNF in Shenandoah.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY

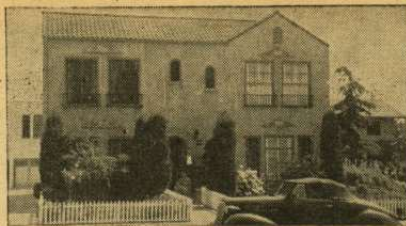
It was a disappointment to all of us that Dad had to leave on such short notice for we hadn't really gotten half-way started on all the things we wanted to show him, but obviously all of this was inconsequential stacked up against the fact that Wayne was leaving soon for service at an unknown point.

We sat around and visited until nearly midnight, and the next morning were all up bright and early to take Dad to the bus station. He was eager to take the Coast route up to San Francisco for he had driven that highway eighteen years earlier and remembered it as a highly interesting and scenic trip. Later he told us that almost the entire highway had been rebuilt, and that many places he could see stretches of the old road he had driven.

Wayne had given him complete instructions for reaching him at Fort McDowell, an island several miles northeast of San Francisco in the bay. After the usual difficulties (I'm sure that no one ever got a pass on the first try!) he took passage on a Government boat that made the run between Fort Mason and Fort McDowell, and when he reached his destination he found Wayne waiting for him at the dock.

They came back into San Francisco together, had a wonderful afternoon in Golden Gate park where they went through the DeYoung Museum, and then ate dinner and later saw a movie. About eleven o'clock Wayne had to leave for Fort Mason, so Dad went with him and stood on the dock while they lined the soldiers up to take the ferry. He told Wayne goodbye then, and waited until the boat disappeared before he turned and walked away. He has told us since then that if ever he wanted to turn back the hands of Time it was at that moment—he would have given the world to be able to step back to the evenings when the boys were little fellows and running to meet him when he came home from the store. It all seemed unreal to say goodbye to one of those boys late at night, on a dock far, far from home, with all the dangers and uncertainties of war lying ahead.

When Dad left us in Los Angeles to go and tell Wayne goodbye in San Francisco, he tentatively promised us that he would return and spend another week with us, but I can't honestly say that Dorothy and I were surprised when he wired us that he was leaving San Francisco immediately for Shenandoah. We knew that after he said goodbye to Wayne he'd be doubly eager to get back and see Mother—and he certainly was. Less than twenty-four hours after he parted from Wayne he was on a Western Pacific train and headed for home. Dorothy and I always had a big list of things we planned to do when the folks came to visit us in California, but none of it ever came to pass.



This is the apartment house in Hollywood where we lived for almost three years. Frank and Dorothy had the upper apartment on the left, and Russell and I had the lower apartment on the right.

Dad didn't return to California until August of last year, and Mother's first visit didn't take place until January of this year—and Dorothy and I were both settled in Iowa!

Only about two weeks after Dad left us we went through our single most nerve-wracking experience on the West Coast when the Los Angeles area was subjected to some kind of an aerial disturbance that was never cleared up to everyone's satisfaction. It was officially confirmed and officially denied that enemy planes were over the city that night! At the time it happened I wanted to write about it in my monthly letter, but it didn't seem wise to do so, particularly when we learned that an account of it never did appear in magazines or newspapers throughout the country. However, those times with all their precautions have long since been left behind, so I can feel free to tell you briefly what happened.

When Russell came home from work about one o'clock on the morning of February 26th he awakened me to tell me that Los Angeles was blacked out. The air-raid sirens had blown fifteen minutes earlier and the city was plunged almost immediately into total darkness. Those of you who are familiar with that huge city can appreciate how remarkable it was that in only a few minutes all of its many miles could be turned from glittering brightness to impenetrable blackness.

We sat in the living room marveling at how strange it seemed not to see a light anywhere when all of a sudden there was a dull, heavy thud from far away. A couple of minutes later there was another thud. For the first time it occurred to us that those heavy booming thuds were bombs, and yet it seemed completely incredible; like all residents of the Coast we hadn't actually been able to make ourselves believe that we *could* be bombed. A short time later there was another boom, much closer, and then simultaneously the sound of many guns firing filled the air and our landlady came running downstairs screaming, "Oh come quick, they're bombing Long Beach!"

We hurried upstairs to our landlady's balcony (we were high enough to have a wide view there) and Frank and Dorothy joined us. We stood there for a long time and watched a dazzling spectacle. The sky was so brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of giant searchlights that it was light

enough to read a newspaper, and on top of this was the glow made by a never-ending stream of tracer bullets plus the quick flashes of exploding shells. High above the city we could see a flight of planes caught in the central beam of the searchlights; this seemed to be the target for all of the shells were directed at the core of the light.

After about forty-five minutes the firing ceased and we all left the balcony and returned to our various apartments. There was no doubt in anyone's mind but what the Long Beach area had been heavily bombed, and I'm sure that everyone in the city was tense and heartsick. We thought that whatever had happened was all over for the night, but about a half-hour later it all began again with renewed intensity, and this time the anti-aircraft guns fired continuously without a second's let-up. Our apartment was illuminated by the flashes just as though we were experiencing a severe electrical storm in the middlewest. This came as a great shock to us for we hadn't dreamed that our quiet streets of homes and gardens concealed big guns so close at hand.

It was after four in the morning before silence descended. At about eight o'clock the all-clear siren blew and I started to work, but before I had gotten on the big down-town bus (my second transfer) the air-raid warning blew again and all traffic halted. You can imagine the fevered conversation and alarm that morning—I've never experienced anything like it before or since. Everyone was wild to get the first newspapers, but they only left people more excited and disturbed because the accounts were full of contradictions. However, no one was ashamed to admit that he had been scared to death for without exception everyone believed that the city had been subjected to an air-raid. A Red Cross employee in our office who had been through some of the heaviest London bombings told us that he thought the city had been bombed—that it was difficult to distinguish anti-aircraft fire from bombs unless you were close enough to feel the concussion.

So far as I know Los Angeles was the only city in the United States that had a comparable experience during the war. We had a number of blackouts and unexplained incidents, but that was the only time the anti-aircraft guns opened up. It was weeks before the city relaxed, and I've often thought how miraculous it was that our one terror-filled night turned out to be the only one. We certainly had much to be grateful for there on the West Coast.

March 9th Wayne sailed for Hawaii from Fort McDowell. That was his birthday, and when his ship sailed under Golden Gate bridge he hadn't the faintest notion in the world what his destination might be aside from the fact that it would be someplace in the Pacific. A letter from Mother brought the news that Donald expected to enlist in the air corps as soon as he was through with his second year of college.

(To be continued)

WILL YOUR FOOD RATE A BLUE RIBBON AT THE FAIR?

By Mabel Nair Brown

Women who have often entered samples of their culinary skill in county and state fair competition say that after a few times competing, foods which they would have entered at one time thinking them very superior now seem ordinary and show flaws which they would not have noticed in earlier years of exhibiting. Their exhibiting experience has raised and developed their standards of what constitutes GOOD food. They acquire the habit of judging food prepared in their own kitchens and thus many a mediocre cook has become an excellent one.

Why not resolve right now to prepare several entries for your fair this year? Not only will you be helping to make it a "bigger and better" fair, but you will gain invaluable help which will make you a better cook.

Of course the official judges are only human, so naturally each will have individual preferences and opinions, but in the main certain standards have been set up by which different foods can be judged. The following score cards and suggestions are offered in the hope they will inspire you to happier cooking and a try at the ribbons at the fair—not to mention the cash prizes that go with the ribbons!

The simplest score card applied to everything we eat is: 1. Does it *look* good? 2. Does it *feel* good? 3. Does it *taste* good? In short, appearance, texture and flavor are the three important characteristics of any food. Score cards used by fair judges will just be a variation of these three points with subdivisions. The following are samples.

Score Card for Cake: General appearance (25) with shape and size counting for 15 points. Texture and crumb (50) divided as follows: color of crumb; 5; fineness and uniformity, 15; lightness, 15 and tenderness, 15. Flavor or aroma, 25, making a total of 100 points.

Cakes are divided into two types: those made with shortening and those without. The former are called butter cakes, and the latter are classified as sponge cakes. Whichever type, an ideal cake is smooth and unbroken in appearance. If in layers, they are plump and uniform in size and thickness (no humps in the middle, please!). If a loaf cake, it is so shaped that it will cut in pieces of uniform thickness (at least 2 inches) throughout the loaf. The texture is velvety and soft to both tongue and to fingers. It must be as soft and tender as it can possibly be and still not fall apart readily when cut. It will be very fine grained and its flavor will be sweet, definite and rich—not cloying, flat or strong.

A study of the fair premium catalog will tell you what type and kinds of cakes are eligible such as chocolate, burnt sugar, white, angel food, layer or loaf and the type of frosting to be used. There are often special divisions for fancy, decorated cakes and



This group picture was taken when Mother and Dad celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary with a picnic in the garden. From left to right are Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh, Aunt Helen Field Fischer, Aunt Susan Field Conrad, Uncle Henry Field, and Mother is seated in front.

cookies.

Cookies, by the way, are judged on these merits; flavor 40, crumb 30, lightness 10, and general appearance 20.

Scoring for Bread: Appearance (25) with shape and size counting for 10 points, and crust (color, depth, crispness and tenderness) counting for 15 points. Texture and crumb (45) divided as follows: lightness 15, color or crumb 10, fineness and uniformity of grain 10, softness and springiness of grain 10. Flavor (30). Total, 100.

Thus we see that the ideal loaf of white bread is oblong in shape, and has smooth straight sides with no bulges to mar the rounded top. The crust is an even 1/8 inch thick whose surface is free from cracks and creases. Top, sides and bottom are a delicate golden brown, and the loaf has a bit of a shredded appearance just above the pan. The inside of the loaf is creamy in color. When a cut slice is held to the light there will be no dark streaks showing at the top or sides. The cells will be small and even in size and the same at top and bottom of the loaf; when pressed with a finger they give easily and spring back quickly when pressure is removed. The bread must have the natural sweet nutty flavor of baked grain—no sour, flat or yeasty odor.

The whole wheat loaf may be scored with the same card as the white but with these differences. In size it is smaller and more compact. The color is a deeper, richer brown and the flavor is richer (more like freshly toasted nuts). The texture will be even but more compact, slightly crumbly and less springy than the white loaf.

Rolls are also judged on the same merits but more variation is allowed in size and shape. Bear in mind that the roll shouldn't be too large. A roll just right for one serving for even a child is about what you want. It is not higher than broad, but not so flat that it is unappealing. Rolls can be a little sweeter and a bit richer in

crumb than bread.

Jelly Score Card: Appearance (25) with color counting for 10 of these points, clearness and sparkle 10, and lack of crystals 5. Texture (35) and Flavor (25). Container (15) with lack of mold counting for 5, a nice label 5, and suitable shape and size to serve nicely 5. Total, 100.

Good jelly then, has a delicate tart flavor, is clear and sparkling and preferably of a bright color. When cut through with a spoon it has a clean surface which doesn't stick. When turned out on a dish it does not hold a rigid shape but quivers gently and, though tender, doesn't break the smooth outside surface.

Canned foods are checked for: 1. Color. The color of any canned food should approximate as closely as possible the color before it was processed. 2. Liquid. The liquid must be clear, cloudless and free of settlements or seeds; it must also be of the consistency that will best preserve the contents of the jar. 3. Pack. The pack must be uniform, well planned and suited to size and shape of jar, allowing the greatest amount of food to be packed with the least crushing. 4. Flavor. The flavor must be the nearest possible to the fresh food.

Again the premium list will advise as to the type of container, name of food, kind of pack, etc., that is desired.

See you at the Fair!

A friend is one to whom one may pour out all the content of one's heart, chaff and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will take and sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

—Arabian proverb.

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

VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This evening when I sat down at my desk to write to you I felt as though I had been gone for a long, long time! These past three months I have taken myself in memory through our extensive trip South, and consequently it seems aeons since I wrote a letter containing homely facts of daily life. Much as I love to travel, I must confess that it does seem sort of good to be dealing with facts that aren't concerned with distant cities and states.

To the best of my knowledge I've never yet been able to write a letter to you without stopping at the end of the first paragraph to give my attention to some pressing problem of Juliana's. This letter is no exception. I just now stopped to thread a big needle with heavy embroidery thread so that she can make a button chain. And if you've never thought of a button chain you've missed a priceless boon! One of you friends suggested this about a year ago, and I've fallen back on it countless times when I wanted to type and felt that my head would fly straight off if there were one more interruption. All you need is a restless child, a hunk of heavy thread, a needle and a box of buttons. Right now the last three items of that collection are more valuable to me than title to the Homestead gold mine (or a pair of chinchillas!)

As I glanced back over the letter I'd written to you last February I noted with chagrin that Juliana's room still falls far short of the re-decorating I mentioned at that time with such high spirits. I've never gotten around to making anything with ruffles—and this means a bedspread, drapes or dressing table skirt. Her bed has had to get along with an ill-fitting spread, her drapes came from my room, and if there's a dressing table I haven't yet seen it.

Well, surely I must have company in confessing that some things just don't get done. She *does* have a desk (although it's not yet completed!) built in to the corner, sort of a miniature version of my wonderful new desk. It even has a built-in light with a switch at the side of the desk top, and if I had to single out the one thing that has proven to be the most invaluable of all the stuff she's had, I'd name the desk. She spends hours there coloring, cutting out, pasting, and just plain fooling. To my way of thinking a big old mail order catalog is worth all of the fancy coloring books that are stacked in stores. First you can color things and then you can cut them out, and the end is never reached.

Russell not only built the desk, but he also fixed up her train so that we're not forever falling over tracks and cars. If you have a train problem also (I'm referring now to one of these inexpensive wind-up trains and not an elaborate electric model) perhaps you'd find your solution too in getting a couple of big pieces of plywood. Fasten the track to this and then reinforce the seam where



Martin holds up his hands to be "walked" every time Juliana appears. They love each other dearly.

the pieces of plywood are joined. Not only can this be put on the floor with a twist of the wrist, but it can also be stood up against the wall when not in use. For good measure we put large hooks down the side of one door and the various cars (plus the all-important key that was forever missing previously) can be hung there.

As I told you last February, we gave up our dining room for Juliana's room and it's a move that we only wish we had made two years ago when we first moved in here. I don't know why it took me so long to make up my mind to do this! I guess it was because we so thoroughly enjoyed using two adjoining rooms as one large living room, for of course one of them had to be converted into a dining room when Juliana came downstairs.

Without fail I must remember to tell you that white lead is again available in small quantities. Surely no one is going to be refinishing furniture on August dog-days, but in the September number I'll give instructions once again for white-leading furniture, and will also tell you the wonderful discovery we made recently for removing dark spots and stains from surfaces that have been given the white-lead treatment.

Everyone who has had to look at this house for the last few years is genuinely pleased that it is actually being painted. At the moment we are sort of sealed up with paper on many of the windows and all of the screens off, but I'm sure that long before you read this the work will have been completed and we can actually drive past our own property without wincing. It's remotely possible that there are things to be done to an old house that improve it more than paint, but I wouldn't be able to tell you what those things are.

However, pleased as I am with the outside paint job, my greatest pride

is still reserved for my new desk. Russell built this into the east wall of what was once our bedroom, and it is simply wonderful. There are built in drawers and shelves galore. There are two shelves, for instance, that can accommodate four years' back numbers of sixteen different magazines! On the left-hand side there are steel filing drawers, and on the right hand side there are three long drawers to take care of my sewing materials. The entire top is covered with beige leather, or rather a new version of leather—the kind that is impervious to everything short of a butcher knife. And one section has a sheet of glass in addition to the leather. I just now got up and did some measuring in order to stay strictly within the realm of truth, and I can report that the desk measures eight feet in length and three feet in depth. It has indirect lighting installed in it, and if circumstances were ever sufficiently pressing I could almost take up bed-and-board in it.

In a way of speaking I shouldn't have referred to any room as our former bedroom, for we still use it as our bedroom, but it looks more like a study. The big space-consuming double bed was moved upstairs, and in its place are two studio couches placed at right angles to each other along the south and west walls. Above the couches are bookshelves hung on the wall, and between these series of shelves are twelve portraits of Juliana hung in identical gold frames. These frames came originally from the Five-and-Ten and were an ugly gray; we bought gilt and went over them, and now they look truly handsome. These portraits have given me a great deal of pleasure for they range from one taken at three months up through her fourth summer, and it's of never-failing interest to me to glance at them and ponder on the changes.

Another major change in this room was the addition of a big built-in wardrobe. Not only is there a rod for clothes, but there is also space for bedding, and a series of seven shelves for all of the stuff that would ordinarily go into a chest of drawers. This wardrobe has a built-in light too, and for the first time since we've lived here I don't have to paw and fumble in utter darkness to locate a belt or a slip. I think that the doors of the wardrobe are particularly attractive for they are louvered panels (similar to venetian blinds when closed) that were formerly the three panels of a large wooden screen that we purchased years ago in Hollywood.

On the floor there is a dark green carpet (what a blessing that the moth-eaten sections fit right under the couches!) and at the window there are new flowered chintz drapes—and Chinese blinds under them. I don't know if it would ever be possible to get any pictures of this room, but if it can be done I'd like to show you the changes that transformed it from a typical, commonplace bedroom to a nice looking study. If I'm not in the kitchen I'm in this room—I like it that well!

So until next month—Lucile.

THE DOUBLE M CHINCHILLA FARM

By Hallie M. Barrow

If you had your choice of finding a gold mine or an oil well or a pair of chinchillas in your back yard, which would you take? Well, after my visit to the Double M Chinchilla Farm, just off the Belt Highway at St. Joseph, Mo., I'd take those cunning little furry chinchillas. They're as cute as a button—and they're worth their weight in gold.

My reporting trips are aimed at farm women who are doing interesting things, and I felt when I left Mrs. Elaine McPike that not only is she engaged in a very interesting business, but perhaps she is the most successful financially of any woman I'll ever visit. She started three years ago with four pair of chinchillas. Now their stock invoices \$120,000 and increases \$400 every time a new baby chinchilla arrives. With 65 pair now, each pair having an average of two litters per year with an average of two babies per litter . . . yes, they'll need an adding machine.

You notice I changed from "she" to "they." When Mrs. McPike's husband went into the navy, Mrs. McPike wanted some kind of a business. What she really wanted is what I call having your cake and eating it too, for she wanted a business that she could carry on in her own home so she would not have to leave her young son.

Before Mr. McPike went overseas she was in California, and there she heard some friends talking about the fortunes to be made in raising chinchillas. She was rather bored because she thought chinchillas were rabbits and she didn't like rabbits. Eventually she returned to St. Joseph and one day happened to read an article on chinchillas. Then it dawned on her what her friends were really talking about. At once she was intensely interested because from this article she learned they could be kept in your basement.

But it took \$1200 for a pair, and against everyone's judgment she sold their home and bought 4 pair of chinchillas. Then she went to California and took a short two-weeks course at the Chapman Chinchilla Ranch, and from then on it's just a Cinderella story.

Mr. McPike was not too happy when he returned home and found his family minus a home because of a dozen tiny animals, each one about as big as his fist! And he probably thought they would smell up the house, require a lot of fancy food, and care which would break them up! But before the year was out Mrs. McPike was selling stock, and soon her husband was "sold" on chinchillas. Now they have a most sightly home on top of a hill with ten surrounding acres which they are starting to landscape. And they have built two units for their chinchilla business.

These buildings are air-conditioned. Chinchillas can stand cold, but not a temperature over 90 and preferably below 80. You can't imagine animals that take less care. They must be fed



Mrs. Mitchell McPike and one of her chinchillas. It's a very small animal to be worth so much!

and watered only once a day. Their food consists of a commercial chinchilla pellet, some grain and a handful of timothy hay. It costs about \$4.00 to feed each one per year.

They have a wire pen with a simple nest box; the young are born on the bare floor of this box, born with their eyes open, a full set of teeth and a fur coat. They are weaned at two months and taken out of the cage at three months. At six months they start a family life of their own. They live two in a cage in wedded bliss and mate for life; and they show unmistakable signs of grief if anything happens to a mate.

Besides food and water each day they must have their bath, only it isn't water. A wash basin about half-full of the finest white sand and some unscented talcum powder is their great delight. They get in and roll over so fast that the powdery stuff just flies. The animals are never pelted for their fur, and this is understandable when you consider that the pelt would bring only from \$80 to \$100, but as a breeder the price begins at \$400 and goes up. Only animals unfit for breeders are ever pelted.

No doubt you're wondering now what makes them so valuable. Well, scarcity is the explanation, and you can understand this when you know something about their history.

Chinchillas were natives of South America, particularly in the section of the Andes mountains. There was a tribe of Indians living in Chile on the west slope of the Andes who found in their midst a small animal which was good for food and fur—particularly fur. This fur could be used as whole pelts, or the long fine hair could be cut from the hide and woven into beautiful fabrics. One of the things the Chinchas made from this fur was sleeping robes. Then the Spaniards came and they coveted the exquisite sleeping robes. Naturally they started trapping them and called them chinchillas, after the Chincha Indians.

When wonderful sleeping robes were taken back to Spain the women

fell in love with the fur. A queen of Spain ordered a coat made for herself and, so the story goes, this was the first chinchilla coat. Other women wanted these lovely fur garments, men wanted them, and as a result there was a boom in the fur trade. In time they were cleaned out. As they began to vanish they were hunted more relentlessly and they seemed doomed to extinction.

About this time along came an American engineer, M. F. Chapman, who had heard of the vanishing chinchilla from the Indians; after many months he acquired one for a pet. Then he hired twenty-five Indians to hunt for him and gave them instructions to bring back the chinchillas alive. At the end of three years they had caught four females and six males, and Chapman took them to California with the greatest of care. Many laughed at his experiment, but he lived long enough to know it was successful and his son has carried on.

Experts figure now it will be at least twenty years before there are enough of them so that pelting can start. So if you wish to get in this business you have that much leeway. It takes 180 skins to make a full length coat, and it may interest you to know that the Duchess of Windsor has one, and that Hedy Lamarr paid \$25,000 for hers.

Because the chinchilla went out only at night in his mountain home he still prefers a night life. In the Andes mountains the entire family slept in rock crevices while the sun was up. Perhaps that is why they still snooze in the daytime, but at night they come to life and nothing is more playful.

The chinchilla is very hardy and has no lice or fleas. Humans have one hair per follicle, but the chinchilla has 80. While a rabbit hair is hollow, that of the chinchilla is solid; his fur is just too thick for vermin and then he sort of keeps it "emeried" with his bath each day.

The Double M Chinchilla Farm is now the largest in the Middlewest. Mrs. Pike also serves as Missouri director in the National Chinchilla Breeders of America. Why that name, the Double M? Well, it could stand for Mitchell McPike, or for Mr. and Mrs. McPike, but I like best the explanation Mrs. McPike gives with one of her winning smiles: "It stands for Mitchell and Me."

FOLKS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY

Strangely enough the folks most apt to lend a hand to you
Are those who are already rushed with countless things to do.
And should bad luck befall you and misfortune smack you prone,
The ones who'll help you most are those with troubles of their own.
The folks whose sunny slant on life helps heal its smarts and stings,
Are often those who know first-hand the seamy side of things;
And he was right, it seems, who said that life is what you make it,
It's not so much what happens as the way in which you take it.



HENRY FIELD'S CHILI SAUCE

- 4 qts. ground tomatoes
- 1 pt. ground cucumbers
- 1 pt. ground onions
- 4 green peppers ground fine
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 tsp. salt
- 3 pints strong cider vinegar
- 3 cups sugar

Combine all ingredients, simmer slowly until thickened, put into hot sterilized pint jars and seal.

WATERMELON PICKLES

- Rind of 1 large watermelon
- 4 cups of sugar
- 2 cups of vinegar
- 4 tsp. whole cloves
- 8 sticks of cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. mustard seed

Peel and remove all green and pink portions from the watermelon rind. Cut in one-inch cubes and soak overnight in salt water (4 Tbls. of salt to 1 qt. of water). Drain, cover with fresh water and cook until almost tender. Drain the watermelon and make a syrup of sugar, vinegar and spices. (Tie spices in cheesecloth bag.) Heat the syrup and spices to boiling and allow to set for 15 minutes. Add the drained watermelon rind and cook until clear and transparent. Pack at once into sterilized jars and seal.

DELICIOUS BUTTER BEANS

- 4 qts. butter (or wax) beans
- 1 qt. vinegar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup mustard
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 Tbls. turmeric

Clean, remove ends and chop beans into small pieces, then boil in salted water until tender. Drain well. Bring 3 cups of the vinegar, the sugar and corn syrup to the boiling point. Add the celery seed, salt and mustard, flour and turmeric mixed to a paste with the remaining 1 cup cold vinegar. Bring to a boil and cook in double boiler until thick. Pour over the beans. Heat to boiling point. Seal in hot sterilized jars. Makes about 6 pints.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

EDITH'S PICKLES

I've tasted many a delicious pickle, but it seems to me that none of them can compare with the pickles that Edith Hansen makes following the recipe given below. In fact, I must confess that in September of 1943 I had dinner with Edith and ate so many of her pickles that I was sick the next day! They're so good that you lose all common sense and judgment. I recommend them with only one reservation: try and use a little self-control when eating them.

Make a weak salt solution using 1/4 cup coarse salt to 1 gallon of water and put whole cucumbers in it. If the cucumbers are small they can be used whole; if good-sized, split and cut in half; if large and unsightly in shape, cut into chunks. Leave them in the salt brine for 48 hours, changing the solution twice.

Then put pickles in kettle and bring to a boil in a mixture of 1/2 cup water to 1 cup of vinegar—combine enough of these proportions to make a solution that will cover them. When the boiling point is reached remove pickles and pack in sterilized quart jars.

To every quart jar add 1/8 tsp. of powdered alum and 1 tsp. of mixed pickling spice. Then pour over the pickles a solution made by boiling together 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup vinegar—make up enough of this to fill the number of jars you are using. The solution must be boiling hot when poured into the jar. Seal immediately.

HARVEST SQUARES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 egg
- 4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Raisins or nuts if wished (1 cup)

Combine sugar, sour cream and egg and beat until fluffy. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together, and lastly the vanilla. If nuts or raisins are added, dredge with some of the flour. Spread in pan very thin, bake in 350 degree oven until lightly browned, and then cut in squares. Can be stirred up so quickly that they are ideal to prepare for lunches to take to men in the field, or for the children to take on a picnic.

MUSTARD PICKLES

- 1 qt. large cucumbers cubed
- 1 qt. small cucumbers whole
- 1 qt. silver-skinned onions
- 1 qt. green tomatoes chopped coarse
- 2 red sweet peppers chopped fine
- 1 large cauliflower broken in small pieces
- 1 qt. water
- 1/2 cup salt
- 6 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. turmeric
- 1 cup flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 qts. vinegar

Wash vegetables, cover with brine solution made by mixing water and salt. Let stand 24 hours—bring to boil in same solution. Drain. Mix together remaining ingredients, and cook until thick. Stir in pickles—heat thoroughly—empty into hot sterilized glass jars; seal. Makes about 6 quarts.

BEEF PICKLES

- 2 cups vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 peeled lemon, sliced thin
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Put spices in small sack that can be removed. Combine all other ingredients and bring to boiling point. If previously cooked or canned beets are to be used, be sure that they are heated through. Pour boiling mixture over them and seal immediately. Remove sack of spices from liquid just before pouring over beets.

GOOSEBERRY PIE

- 3 cups gooseberries
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. butter

Combine gooseberries, 1 cup sugar and water and cook until berries are tender. Sift remaining sugar, flour, salt and spices together; stir into cooked mixture and cool. (More sugar may need to be added since gooseberries are extremely tart.) Line piepan with pastry, pour in filling and dot with butter. Cover with top crust and bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; reduce temperature to 350 degrees and bake 25 minutes longer.

SALMON SALAD

- 1 lb. can salmon
- 1 cup finely cut celery
- 3 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. chopped onion
- 2 sweet pickles, cut fine
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix and chill. Just before serving toss lightly with mayonnaise, or cooked dressing that has been enriched by the addition of cream.

WACKY CAKE

This cake with its weird name has proven to be very popular because it is extremely simple to make and the results are excellent. It is a perfect recipe to have on hand for the times (that come to all of us) when we want to serve something sweet that can be prepared in the twinkling of an eye. Let your teen-age young folks fix this when they have a crowd in and want something more than just sandwiches or hamburgers.

This cake is mixed in the pan (un-greased) in which it is baked.

1 1/2 cups flour (cake or all-purpose)

1 tsp. soda

1 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

3 Tbls. cocoa

Combine these things in the flour sifter and sift into pan. Then make three holes in the mixture — space them evenly. In the 1st hole put 1 Tbls. vinegar; in the 2nd hole, 1 tsp. vanilla; in the 3rd hole, 5 Tbls. melted butter. Then pour 1 cup of cold water over the entire thing, take spoon and mix well. Slip into a 350 degree oven and bake for 30 minutes. Ice right in pan if you prefer, but the cake is delicious without frosting. Try this and see if you don't think it's really good.

ICE CREAM BASE

Scald 5 cups of milk in double boiler. Mix together 2 1/2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 tsp. salt with enough cold milk to make a liquid. Add to scalded milk and cook over boiling water for 30 minutes. Stir occasionally. Cool and store in refrigerator until needed. This makes 6 cups of base that will keep indefinitely.

For ice cream whip 1/2 cup whipping cream. Add 1 cup of base, and 1 tsp. vanilla (fold whipped cream into base and vanilla.) Put into tray and freeze. Stir once during freezing. This is really smooth and creamy, and there are no crystals in it.

For variety I sometimes add crushed peaches, bananas or strawberries. Then occasionally I add melted chocolate chips.

We buy boxed cones at the store and the youngsters love ice cream cones at home. — Mrs. Carl Boorn, Chillicothe, Mo.

TOMATO MINCE MEAT

1 1/2 pts. chopped tart apples

1 pt. chopped green tomatoes

2 tsp. cinnamon

1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. allspice

1 tsp. cloves

3 cups sugar

1 lb. raisins

1/4 cup vinegar

1 cup suet/chopped fine

Peel and chop apples. Mix all ingredients together, bring to a rapid boil and simmer until thick. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

GOLDEN COTTAGE PUDDING

1/2 cup shortening

1 1/4 cups sugar

2 eggs

1 1/2 cups grated raw carrots

1 1/2 cups sifted flour

3 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 cup milk

1 tsp. lemon extract

Cream shortening, add sugar and cream until fluffy. Blend in unbeaten egg yolks 1 at a time beating well after each is added. Stir in grated raw carrots. Combine dry ingredients, sift and stir into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Add extract. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased and floured pan and bake 55 to 60 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot with hot "Golden Sauce" but it is very good served cold too. This makes 9 servings.

GOLDEN SAUCE

Mix 1 cup sugar, 4 Tbls. flour, 1/4 tsp. salt together in top of double boiler. Stir in 1 1/2 cups boiling water and cook until mixture is thick, stirring constantly over direct heat. Now place over hot water and add 3 Tbls. grated raw carrot, 2 Tbls. orange juice, 2 Tbls. lemon juice and 4 Tbls. butter. Cook about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. — Mrs. Carl Boorn, Chillicothe, Mo.

DELICIOUS GREEN BEANS

Fresh or canned green beans can be prepared this way, and the results are so delicious that even people who say they don't like green beans will ask for an extra helping.

1 can green beans (or comparable amount of cooked fresh beans)

5 slices bacon chopped fine

1 small onion chopped

1 can cream of mushroom soup

3 Tbls. cream

Fry bacon until very crisp—chopped onion can be fried until slightly brown at the same time. Drain off all fat. Add cream of mushroom soup diluted with cream. When hot add the beans which have been thoroughly drained. Simmer for 10 or 15 minutes and then serve.

TARTAR SAUCE

Prepare this for an extra treat the next time the men of your family come home with a good day's catch.

1 cup mayonnaise

1/3 cup chopped pickle

1/3 cup chopped ripe olives

2 Tbls. finely chopped pimento

1 Tbls. lemon juice

1 tsp. chopped parsley

1 tsp. prepared mustard

1/4 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. minced onion

Combine all ingredients and store in ice box. Commercial sandwich spread combined with mayonnaise makes a good hurry-up sauce for a fish dinner, but this recipe is so much better that it's worth the extra effort of preparation.

HOUSEHOLD SHORTCUTS

When making jelly or jam use a vegetable brush to pick up the foam that boils up. It is much easier than trying to take it off with a spoon, and the brush may be cleaned simply by holding it under the hot water faucet. — Mrs. H. T., Bucyrus, Kans.

"There are many extra pies to make during July and August, and I've found that I can cut the time it takes in exactly half by keeping my own pastry mix on hand. I use 7 cups of sifted flour, 3 tsp. salt, and 1 3/4 cups of lard or any other shortening. Mix in the usual way, then cover closely and store in refrigerator until ready to use. This mixture will keep at least a month in the refrigerator. It yields 8 single pie crusts. For a single pie I use 1 1/2 cups of this mix and add 3 to 4 Tbls. of cold water. This recipe makes a flaky tender pastry bound to melt in your mouth. I put my mixture in a fruit jar and seal it tight until I am ready for it." — Mrs. Homer Taylor, RFD 1, Bucyrus, Kans.

"When I am using coffee jars or any jar with the cap and band in canning I always go over the band (or lid of the coffee jar) with fresh lard after the rubber band is removed. One never has any trouble with sticking or rusty lids, and they may be used again and again with the removable plates. I use No. 63 lids with the small topped coffee jars and have never lost a single one from spoilage. Never put lard on the rubber in lid." — Mrs. T. G. Burris, RFD 1, Linneus, Mo.

"I've had a great deal of trouble with garbage pans rusting out in days gone by, so two years ago when I invested in a good one I gave the inside a coat of clear varnish before it was ever used. Not only has it prevented all rusting, but there isn't an unsightly stain in it anywhere." — Mrs. H. F. T., Ottumwa, Ia.

"Ever lose your temper trying to peel hard-boiled fresh eggs without tearing them to pieces or taking far too long for the job? Next time crack them all over with the bottom of a glass just before you pour cold water over them, and you'll find that they peel in the twinkling of an eye." — Mrs. F. L., Sac City, Ia.

"I've cooked three times a day for the past twenty years, but only within this last year have I learned how to keep white vegetables snow white while cooking: just add a teaspoonful or two of lemon juice to the water in which they're cooked.

"I also learned that raisins won't sink to the bottom of a cake if they were boiled for 5 minutes, drained, and then cooled before adding to the batter." — Mrs. S. S., Madelia, Minn.

Only uncomfortable chairs become antiques; comfortable chairs are worn out by use in a single generation. — Forecasts.

Be sure that you tune in at 11:00-11:30 every morning to hear the Kitchen-Klatter program from radio stations KOWH in Omaha and KFNF in Shenandoah.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

What a busy month this has been for the Johnsons, and I feel confident that it has been just as busy for all of you. I think everyone in the middle-west is grateful for the nice showers we have had the past week. Although our corn hadn't suffered any from the long dry spell we had, still we were glad to see the nice light showers—and now if it just knows when to stop!—our memories are still too fresh from last year.

Our corn may not have suffered, but the garden really did. We had high hopes of having lots of peas to can and some to put in the locker, but as it turned out we had all our two families could eat and that was all. Today we have been canning beets. We put up several quarts of pickled beets and still have plenty to can straight for buttered and harvard beets.

I have spent most of my time the past two weeks in the raspberry patch. We didn't have quite as many this year as we had last year. Since all of us Johnsons are very fond of raspberry jam, that is what I have done with most of them, but we will put up a few quarts of sauce. The folks haven't been able to get up during berry season to get any for themselves like they did last year, so I'm canning some for them as I go along. It has been too dry for the dewberries, so we didn't have any this year, and our gooseberries didn't amount to anything either.

The big event at our house this month was Kristin's birthday, which was the 24th. Last year she didn't get to have a party because the roads were so bad, so we made up for it this year by having two, one for her little friends in the morning, and a dinner in the evening for the relatives. We entertained seven of her little friends at the park in Chariton from 10:00 to 1:30, serving a picnic lunch followed by ice cream and birthday cake. Getting to go to the park and play on the swings and merry-go-round is quite a novelty to country children, because when we do go to town we have so much shopping to do that we don't have time to play in the park, so the children did have a wonderful time. Mrs. Bob Harrington, one of my neighbors, helped me with the party. She brought her own daughter and three of the other children and stayed to help serve the lunch. Frank's sister, Edna Halls, also assisted. Kristin's Aunt Bernie baked the birthday cake, a big angel food decorated with little birds and flowers. All in all the party was a big success and only lacked one thing—Juliana. We were so sorry she couldn't come.

I must tell you how Bernie decorated the cake we had in the evening for dinner, because I thought it was darling and it may give you an idea. In the center of the cake she put a great big stick of peppermint candy, and all around the outside edge of the cake she stood animal crackers in the frosting with a tiny ribbon



Kristin and Juliana almost believe that this tree grew in such a fashion just to accommodate little girls who love to climb.

fastened around each one leading up to the top of the stick of candy, making it look like a Merry-Go-Round. To touch it off she had rented from our local bakery one of these musical cake plates which revolves as it plays "Happy Birthday To You". So we had a real Merry-Go-Round. This was a surprise for Kristin, and I wish you could have seen her eyes as Bernie brought it in. I just wish Russell could have been here with his camera.

Needless to say, I have had very little time for sewing this month. I did finish the little dress for Mary Leanna for her birthday gift from Kristin. Yesterday morning while it was raining and I couldn't get outside to pick berries, I finished a blouse for a friend that I had been working on in spare moments for some time. I think it is beautiful and want to make one for myself when and if I ever get the time. It is white batiste with raglan sleeves, smocked very deep all around the neck in dark red, which makes a lovely peasant style blouse. After I had finished that it was still too wet to pick berries, so I made a pair of play shorts for Kristin out of a feed sack. They weren't very successful I'm sorry to report. I had a size three pattern I had never used, but felt sure they would fit anyway, so I didn't try the pattern on her first but just went ahead and made them—well, they are much too big all over. She has had them on today and everytime I looked at her I had to laugh.

I acquired something this month for myself, something I have always wanted and that is a pair of pinking shears. For my birthday the Johnsons gave me money to get them because at the time they weren't able to find any, so a couple of weeks ago I was able to get a pair. I used them for the first time yesterday to cut out the shorts, and I know I'm going to get a lot of good out of them.

Frank is going to put up hay tomorrow, which means we will be getting up especially early, so I'll say goodnight for now, until next month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

CABINETS SHOULD FIT, TOO

By Catherine Scott

A kitchen cabinet is a lot like a new dress—it has to fit the kitchen and the woman who will wear it. When we finally got around to having cabinets built into our kitchen I had a scrap book full of fine pictures and ideas. The trouble was that all those cabinets had been designed to fit a perfect kitchen, and ours wasn't. We had to decide what would best fill our needs and fit the small space we could use.

Here was where that stand-by of the farm, the mail order catalogue, came in. In it I found the basic measurements of cabinets: height, width, depth of toe-space. Then I carefully measured the space in our kitchen, and on heavy paper drew the top of the floor cabinet to scale. One-eighth inch to one inch is a simple scale. I measured off the front of the cabinets and pinned it to the top. Then we were ready to decide just what drawers and shelves would fit best. A yardstick to decide how big a drawer should be, then draw it onto the front of my model, an eighth of an inch to an inch. Drawers for silver, for towels, even a drawer for junk because we knew we'd have some (and we have it full). A drawer for muffin, cake and pie tins. Shelves for pots and pans.

The nice thing was that if we saw we were planning more things than we had room for we could erase them and start all over again. By letting the model sit around for a few days while we studied it we could see whether we had things arranged so they would be most convenient. It was a good thing we did, because we found out we'd forgotten to put in any place to keep the flour! Drawers and doors changed places a number of times before we reached a final decision. Even then the measurements weren't perfect, but they were approximate enough to give to the carpenter. It enabled him to get some idea of what was wanted instead of having to try to understand vague descriptions.

After living with the resulting cabinet for several years we are still pleased with it. Certainly there are changes we might make, but they call for additional cabinets rather than many alterations in the one we already have. The paper model still seems to be the best thing we could have used to fit our cabinet to us.

PUPPY DOG'S TAILS

By Catherine Scott

He leaves his scooter in my drive,
He races through my favorite flowers;
He plays cowboy and Indian while
I'm listening to the music hour.

He carves initials on my railing,
He feeds my goldfish to the cat;
He's doubled up with helpless laughter
Each time I wear a smart new hat.

He tries his brand new skates
Upon my freshly varnished floor;
But my life would be much duller
Without the little boy next door.

(Editorial Note: This letter amused us, and we think that it will amuse you too. It is the fourth in a series of letters regarding the problem of keeping housework in hand, and we have the feeling that it will strike home to a good many women who find their days disrupted in comparable fashion.)

Dear Lucile: I am a farmer's wife, the 'huffin' and puffin' friend who wrote to you about sweet corn time. Well, it's now below zero but I'm still huffin' and it seems that my days are just as near "on schedule" now as then.

I always lay out my plans in the morning, but what happens as the day wears on? Get up about seven, hurry and get breakfast and call constantly to the high-schooler to hurry or he'll miss his car. Slap his peanut butter and bread in a sack and push him out the door with a list of groceries to bring home (if he doesn't forget it).

Now, must get the dishes done from 8:00 to 8:30, but meantime call the little sleepy head for the fourth time and hunt her up a clean blouse that needs a button. Call the neighbor and see how soon she must be out on the road. Wash her glasses—oh, must get the light bill off, last day, and hunt a new shoestring. Boil an egg for her lunch because she's tired of minced ham. Hunt her book and oh yes! send a dollar along (where's my purse?) for the March of Dimes. Missing mitten found and out the door as the car honks for the corner.

Phew; Now, where is my half-hour for dishes? Hurry! Grandad is up. Must heat the coffee and fry him an egg. Guess I'd better sit down and have a cup with him for he's losing his eyesight and looks pathetic this morning. Now! The dishes! Then out to the milkhouse . . . br . . . br . . . and battle the milk utensils—they wait for you as unrelenting as death and taxes. Back, all out of that spurt of ambition that I started the day with. Oh, guess I'll just sit a minute and sew on Sis' new dress because she *must* have it for the party. My goodness, is it time for that program of poetry already? Doesn't it just take you right out of all the problems and work?

Oh dear, this house . . . hurry and get it dusted up a little for they'll soon be in wanting dinner. Dinner??? What on earth shall it be today? Better get out and make a custard or *something*. Dishes done again, and now get the iron plugged in—see that big basket of clothes over there and he's got to have that white shirt for the class party tonight.

"Mom! will you come out and help me get those darned pigs in? They're all over the place!"

Pull the plug, pigs in, aw . . . come on and ride along and look at that pasture fence. It won't take long and you can drive the car while I walk up the road. No one's going to die if you don't get that ironing done right now.

That can't be the kids coming from school! And hungry! Guess I'd just as well start supper and then iron tonight. Let's see . . . some of that



We thought it was high time that you saw a picture of Abigail and Wayne in their own home, for the last picture we had was when they were cutting their wedding cake two years ago this month.

roast warmed up and mashed potatoes and open a jar of peas and maybe stir up a cobbler with those peaches. Iron that shirt first thing before I do the supper dishes and then . . .

Say! Didn't I start out with a schedule today? Wonder what became of it? Oh well, what's a schedule got to do with being a homemaker anyway? Everyone knows you have to do what you have to do and come when someone hollers "Mom" — so what?

Mrs. Joe Mutum,
Walnut, Iowa

"MAKE IT DO OR—"

By Mabel Nair Brown

(Ed. Note: This is the concluding section of an article describing Mrs. Brown's experience in fixing up a home on the farm they have recently purchased.)

These days we are hearing a great deal about picture windows, and it seems that every other advertisement features them in beautiful detail. But old farm houses can't claim great picture windows and our plans certainly didn't include building one, so we simply decided to treat several sets of double windows as one large window and obtain the spacious "picture" effect by extending drapes on the walls beyond the windows.

In our living room, which has double windows on the south and the east, we used rayon panels gathered softly across both windows (as one) and then hung drapes on cranes and extended them against the wall. We used the new swag pleaters to get a three-looped swag across the top in the same drape material, and I must say that they really have a picture book look which our guests admire at once.

I can't conclude this article without telling about my pride and joy—the kitchen cupboard. When we moved here we found nary a built-in cupboard in the kitchen, but we did find a large old-fashioned kitchen safe (or

cupboard) in the pantry. (This pantry has now been converted into a bathroom.) We moved the big safe into the kitchen and then the Man of the House took over, saying that if I would give the instructions on what I'd like in a cupboard, he would try to get it there.

To begin with the original safe had just one shelf in the upper and the lower compartments. The upper half was raised twelve inches (bringing it up to the ceiling) to allow for a nice wide work counter. A foot board was nailed to the wall between the sections to make it easier to clean.

At the right end of this counter he built in two drawers, one for tea towels and one to hold the large kitchen tools such as egg beaters, masher, etc. We studied and measured my baking dishes, bowls, extracts, spices, etc., and then the shelves were built to fit. Shallow, narrow shelves put in between deeper ones allow mixing bowls to be set out singly and within easy reach, thus saving breakage from stacking. Very shallow shelves were made for the glass baking dishes. Vertical slot compartments were put in the lower cupboard to hold lids, large shallow pans, muffin tins and cookie sheets. These slots slant back at the top so articles are easily seen and easily reached. This lower cupboard has large storage spaces left for the big preserving and canning kettles.

Can you blame me for loving this step-saver cupboard? I can stand there and bake or cook with every utensil, tool and most of the ingredients within reach and not move from one position! When the carpentering work was finished we gave the cupboard an undercoat and then a coat of plastic in a dazzling white. I hardly need add that the original cupboard was covered with layers of dark varnish.

We wanted a family breakfast table in the kitchen, so we made one of a size to suit our family of five by using an old square dining table. A narrow leaf was permanently nailed in as the table was too narrow without it. We painted the whole table white and then cemented linoleum on it to match that used on the cupboard counters. These linoleum surfaces were all given a coat of the clear plastic. We had four rather undersized dining chairs which we painted white to use at the breakfast table, and these carry Pennsylvania Dutch "decals" to match those on the cupboards.

I think the one important thing to remember when decorating your home is that it is *your* home, so do have it arranged to fit your own family's needs—not the way someone else wants it or what you *think* should be done according to fancy advertisements. Get ideas from these sources, of course, but make them suit your own needs. Don't be afraid to be different, and don't be afraid of the colors you like. They will add cheer and sunshine to your home and reflect your own personality. Your home won't be home unless your family enjoys living in it . . . so make it as you like it.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I don't believe that anything shows more clearly the true spirit of a school than its annual commencement service. Betty and I were thrilled again and again by all of the commencement activities here in Honolulu at Punahou School. Instead of a commencement speaker our senior class presented an original ballad in which the entire class took part. The students themselves wrote the words and the music depicting the 106 years of this school's history. Following the singing of the ballad the president of the senior class presented the class gift to the school, something that had been kept a secret right up until that moment. The class gave the school \$500.00 for the purchase of a new altar, \$150.00 for flowers for the altar for the next school year, and \$350.00 to be used as a scholarship for some needy student. The gift really seemed to be an answer to my prayers.

Each year the alumni association of Punahou gives a big Hawaiian feast in honor of the graduating class. Betty and I were two of the more than 2,000 persons seated at the feast tables set up under an enormous circus tent erected on the campus for the occasion. The only thing not in Hawaiian style about the feast was that we sat on chairs at tables. In the old days the Hawaiians would have sat on the ground. The tables were covered from one side to the other with large green leaves with fresh pineapples as the centerpieces. The food was placed on the green leaves with the exception of the poi and raw fish which were served in bowls. Poi is the chief Hawaiian food. It is very similar to wallpaper paste and is eaten with the fingers as is all Hawaiian food.

For the first part of the feast we ate raw fish and onions dipped in the poi. Then we were all given a hot baked sweet potato and some dried and salted octopus or squid. This was followed by the main dish—or should I say the main leaf?—a mixture of pork and fish wrapped in taro leaves and baked underground around hot stones. Along with this we were served young chicken boiled in coconut milk. For dessert we had fresh pineapple and a pudding made of coconut milk and cornstarch so thick that it could be eaten like a candy bar. Just imagine the work that went into preparing a feast like this for more than 2,000 people! The only food that I didn't like was the poi. The rest of it I found quite edible. My favorite food was the chicken boiled in coconut milk, but I might add that I believe I would still prefer to have mine southern fried. All during the feast we were entertained by a group of Hawaiian singers and dancers.

I am writing this letter from the YMCA camp here on the furthest tip of the island of Oahu. We are just as far away from Honolulu as we can be and still be on this island, a distance of 40 miles. Our home for the summer is two small cottages nestled



Mother's birthday gift to Mary Leanna on her first birthday was this charming embroidered quilt. The block just above Mother's hand carries Mary Leanna's name, her birthdate and in bright blue letters the words, "Happy Birthday."

down between some fir trees about 100 yards from the water's edge. Rising almost straight up behind us are the rocky Hawaiian mountains. We use one of the cottages as a bedroom and the other as a study and living room. Twenty-four hours a day the roar of the pounding surf is in our ears. It is a very heavy surf most of the time with a strong undertow. Many precautions have to be taken in order to make the camp swimming periods safe. We have one lifeguard on duty for every twenty campers in the water and the entire swimming area is surrounded by floats and safety ropes. There is a swimming period each morning and afternoon. I go swimming in the morning and then take care of the baby while Betty goes swimming in the afternoon. Little Mary Leanna loves to play on the sand, but she is somewhat afraid of the water. She will crawl right down to the water's edge and then when she sees a wave coming she crawls right back again. She will be walking before we leave camp and then I am sure that there will be no keeping her out of the water. All three of us are nearly black from the sun. What a healthy looking lot we are with plenty of sunshine, good food, and rest! I can see that this summer is going to end all too soon.

A few days ago at two-fifteen in the morning Betty and I were both awakened by an earthquake. For several seconds the earth shook. The walls of our little cabin creaked and dishes fell off the shelves. Along with the shaking there was a strange rumbling sound. Once or twice last fall we had felt very minor earthquakes, but this was the first time we had felt one that lasted for several seconds. It is hard to describe the feeling that came over me. I was frightened more by a sense of helplessness than anything else. There is no escaping an earthquake. When

there is a flood one can seek higher ground, when there is a windstorm one can seek a basement or cave, but where can one go to escape an earthquake?

My first thought was that it might be accompanied by a tidal wave and there we were right on the beach! My second thought was that it might cause landslides on the mountain cliffs above us and there we were right in the path of some of the biggest boulders. There was nothing to do but hope that it would end quickly, and it did. When the few terrifying seconds were over and we could get our breath again I said to Betty: "Well, there is no doubt about it. The hand that rocked that cradle really rocks the world!" It was actually a minor earthquake as earthquakes go. No one was injured on the island and the total property damage was under \$100,000.00.

Betty's father sent me a new fishing reel a few weeks ago, and I have been going fishing almost every day. Up to now I haven't caught any fish, but I am not discouraged. Even the expert native fisherman around here have caught nothing for several weeks. My reel is one of the new Ashaway Slip-Cast reels that are taking the sporting world by storm. Whenever I use mine fishermen gather around to watch, for it is the first time that any of them have seen a bait casting reel that absolutely cannot backlash. I do my fishing in the surf and because of the constant danger of an unusually high wave washing me off the reef, Betty always breathes a sigh of relief when she sees me drive up the lane to the cabin door. I always keep one eye on the waves and when I see one a little higher than usual I scramble back to safety. One of these days my luck will change and I shall catch a good fighting fish. When I do you will hear my shouts clear back there in Iowa. In the meantime I shall keep right on fishing for with this new Slip-Cast reel I get a lot of fun out of it whether I catch a fish or not.

My camping duties are limited. I conduct a short chapel service in the morning before breakfast and then lead the singing around the campfire in the evening. Almost every evening when the campfire has burned itself down to a nice bed of hot coals I tell the boys a story. They prefer stories about the jungles of Africa and it makes no difference to them whether it is a true story or an imaginary one, just so it has something in it about a lion, a cannibal, or a crocodile. I doubt if there is another summer camp in America with the mixed racial groups that we have here in this camp. When I was visiting in one of the cabins the other day I noticed that three of the boys in it were Caucasians, one was Filipino, three were Japanese, one was Chinese, and one was Hawaiian. We have some boys in camp who are a mixture of all these races.

I hear the swimming bell, and so I am off to the beach.

Sincerely, Frederick.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

If a two-year old refuses to give up his playthings to another child he is behaving normally for this age. Generosity is learned gradually as he comes to love and enjoy friends. If you force him to give up his toy you will give him the idea that the whole world, adult as well as child, is out to get his stuff away from him and he will hang on to everything long after the normal time of sharing.

About the age of three he can begin to learn that it's fun to have a friend. If there is one wagon and two children tell them about taking turns; when they find out that they can have a ride and then, more fun, they can pull someone else, they will both see for themselves that it is very useful and lots of fun to have a friend.

Blocks are basically one of the most important toys a child can have. They begin playing with small cubes when very small babies. In fact, many children's tests use inch-size cubes as soon as a baby can "oppose" the finger and thumb. Most nursery schools and kindergartens use building blocks as a central feature of their entire program of activities. Unfortunately, good blocks are expensive, but they can be bought a few at a time and the set added to as the child needs more to keep up with his skill in using them.

A baby grasps and throws them; the toddler carries them from place to place, stacks them and loads and unloads them. Two-year olds rarely build a definite form but they usually do something constructive such as laying them in a row or piling them up in a tower. At this age they begin to need the simple square fairly large hollow blocks which are not too heavy to handle.

By the age of three most children begin to build definite forms, usually bridges or walls. By the time they are four they will name their designs and begin playing in them. By the time they are six they have become a very important setting for imaginary and dramatic play, and the increasingly complex and subtle forms lead to a definite interest in architecture and engineering, while all through these years of block playing the child absorbs a complete understanding of the basic principles of all art: form, balance and pattern.

If you want to spend money on anything, or if you can persuade Aunt Susie to add a dozen blocks at each birthday instead of a silver spoon, I strongly recommend good blocks. I don't mean the kind you find in most stores with painted pictures or alphabets. Some large toy shops do handle the real construction blocks that are made to fit together and have many forms, all found in real architecture. They are usually hollow hardwood, beautifully smoothed and nearly unbreakable.

Of course, like doll play or drawing, you can ruin this form of activity too. A great many parents, in a mistaken idea that they are helping, will get down on the rug and build the



These two little boys are Elliott and Jared Chapin of Glen Gardner, New Jersey. Their Mother is Mary Fischer Chapin, and their father is the noted artist, James Chapin. Many of you have seen Elliott's portrait in various magazines, and on Christmas cards as well. We hope that they can come soon to see their Grandmother and Grandfather Fischer in Shenandoah.

most complicated structure that their adult minds and muscles can contrive. The child cannot duplicate it so he just knocks it down. The whole idea gets to be one of destruction rather than of construction. As in all other child play, the best thing that a parent can do is to serve as an always interested observer, sympathetic and pleased with something accomplished, but not too eager with his own adult ideas.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Midsummer, vacation, hot weather—can you imagine any set of circumstances that would make it harder for one to have to stay in the house? We who are able to be out whenever we wish, don't always stop to think of the shut-in-the-house people and what it would mean to them to get out, even one time. Will you hunt up one shutin in your town and take him out for a ride, or out on the porch for an afternoon this month? If that is not possible, spend an afternoon with him and do all you can to make it a real treat for him. Take along a book and read the first chapter aloud, or a piece of handwork of some sort and show her how to do it. Provide a surprise lunch. There are dozens of things you could do to make this an afternoon long to be remembered; and after you have done it once you will find that you enjoyed it yourself so much you will want to do it again and again. If you do not know a shutin personally, you can always find one in a nearby rest home or county hospital. Try it.

A friend of Mrs. Frances Rankin in the Sunbeam Rest Home, San Fernando, Calif., has asked that some one go and visit her. She is from the east, and is very lonely here.

Mrs. Allie Simonson, 1211 Clay St., N. Kansas City, Missouri, would enjoy hearing from you. She was in a car

accident over a year ago and has not walked since. She can use her hands to write.

Doris Jean Wolfe's mother wrote that Doris is not so well. She was in the hospital for a month but is home now, though she cannot walk nor use her hands. Time passes very slowly for her and she watches eagerly for the mail carried. Box 184, Alexandria, Nebr.

Mrs. Howard Dameron, 300 Water St., Huntsville, Missouri, had to go to the hospital again for an operation. She has been ill for many years and bedfast for some time. When she is able, she does hand-work for sale. (Hint, in case you need some done.)

We have been asked to get eyeglasses for a Tennessee girl who is in a wheelchair as a result of polio. Her name is Mary. She has been selling mottoes, trying to build up a fund to get the glasses but it goes slow. Do you want to help get them? Since paying for our last wheel chair, which went to Mrs. Ray Gibson in Missouri, our fund has disappeared entirely.

Miss Iris Jackson, R3 B163, Delhi, Louisiana, recently came down with rheumatic fever. She will have to stay in bed for some time so her folks put her bed in the front room where she can look out the window and see the passersby. She can read and write a little and do a very little crocheting, otherwise must lie quiet. She is just 22 and she does love to get letters.

Eleven year old Marilyn Prichard of Sac City, Iowa, also has rheumatic fever and is unable to be out. She would like to hear from others, especially children. Address her in care of Alvin Prichard.

Miss Mildred Hunt, 518 Rich St., Syracuse, New York, wants quilt pieces. She has been ill for some years. Is better now but not able to get about much.

Mrs. Dolly Lee Davis has been bedfast all this year and will be for some time to come. She loves letters. She is at the American Legion Hospital, Battle Creek, Mich., which is a long way from her home so her folks do not get to see her often.

Olive Worcester, Farmington, Minn., would appreciate hearing from you. She has been ill all winter.

SHUT IN

Shut in, God knoweth why,
That days and weeks and months pass
by

And still, shut in.
The busy rush of life goes on,
The New Year comes, the Old Year
gone,

And still, shut in.
Shut in, still there comes love,
And peace, and joy down from above,
While thus shut in.

Flowers, fruits and books
From friends so true,
And letters, papers, bright and new
For me, shut in.

Shut in; so may it be,
Until the hour he Saith to me
"It is enough—go forth to service with
thy might,

Either in early ways or fields of light,
No more shut in!"

—Anonymous.



FOR THE CHILDREN

JITTERS, THE JUMPY BUNNY

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time there was a bunny who wiggled all the time. He couldn't sit still at the table and he couldn't sit still at school. He couldn't even sit still at Church, though he sat between Mother Rabbit and Uncle Jack Rabbit, who rapped his paws with the hymnbook when he wiggled too much. One day he wiggled so much at school that the teacher said.

"My goodness, I think you must have the jitters!" The other little rabbits laughed and laughed, and ever since that day they called their wiggly friend "Jitters".

Jitters loved to watch the sky. He liked to see the birds sail past the schoolhouse, and he longed to ride in a real honest-to-goodness airplane. Every time he saw an airplane he wiggled and wiggled because he was so delighted.

One evening Mother and Father Rabbit invited Uncle Jack over for supper. Just as Father Rabbit bowed his head to say grace, an airplane flew overhead. Jitters' ears flopped up and he squirmed in his chair. The plane flew over again and he became so excited his nose began to twitch. Father Rabbit was very annoyed.

"Jitters," he said, "you are going to have to learn to control all this jumping around, and we shall begin right now. You must go without your supper until you learn to eat at the table with us in a quiet and gentlemanly manner."

Jitters felt very humiliated. He jumped down from his chair and hopped slowly to bed, his tail wiggling every step of the way.

Jitters jumped into bed, snuggled under the covers and fell fast asleep. Then he had a very strange dream. He and Uncle Jack were in a huge airplane. Uncle Jack was at the controls and Jitters was sitting beside him. Even in his dream, Jitters was wiggling. In fact, Uncle Jack was saying,

"Now, Jitters, you mustn't squirm around so much. You are likely to bump the controls." But Jitters just had to wiggle. He looked out of his window and he looked out of Uncle Jack's window. He peeked over the back of the seat into the baggage compartment and he pressed his nose against the windshield. Suddenly a terrible thing happened. Jitters had wiggled from under the safety belt and fallen against the control stick. The airplane made a big dive. "Who-eeeeeee," it went, and Jitters was still squirming when it hit the ground with a resounding "Boom!"

Jitters sat up and rubbed his eyes. There he was, on the floor beside the

bed, all tangled up in the bedclothes. Mother and Father Rabbit came running.

"My, my!!" exclaimed Father Rabbit. "You see, Mother, he has wiggled himself out of bed. He surely needs discipline."

"Oh, no, I don't," said Jitters, who didn't even know what "discipline" meant but thought it might have something to do with spankings. "I was dreaming that Uncle Jack and I had an airplane accident, and it was all my fault because I wiggled so much. I am never going to wiggle again as long as I live!"

"Well, now, that's fine! Mother Rabbit, haven't you something nice for our son to eat before he goes back to bed?"

Then Mother Rabbit brought Jitters a great big bowl of blueberries and cream. He ate every bit of it before he climbed back into bed. Then as he fell asleep he wiggled his nose, just once, because he was so happy.

LITTLE PRAYERS

When night comes, soft and gray as sheep,
And I'm tucked in my bed to sleep,
I like to say a good-night prayer
To thank God for His loving care.

And when the morning lights the skies
And it is time for me to rise,
I ask God's help all through the day
To guide me as I work and play.
—Shirley Bryan Wright.

BREAKFAST TABLE GRUMBLE

Said the bread: "I'm feeling crusty, but they knead me, so I rise."

Said the bacon: "I can't save myself, in spite of many tries."

Said the coffee: "Please keep quiet for I've grounds for my complaint."

Said the egg: "My yolk's a burden, and I'm feeling very faint."

Said the toast: "Why do you chatter when you see I'm on the rack?"

Said the butter: "I'm just melting with that fire behind my back."

Said the Milk: "I'm full of water and I'm feeling blue and wet."

Said the tea: "'Tis very often that tannin' I do get."

When Sis came in to clean them, said the teapot for a joke,

To the china cups and saucers, "Soon we'll be all stony broke."

—Sent by Mrs. S. E. Whitford, Allen, Nebr.

The greater a man is, the more distasteful is praise and flattery to him.
—John Burroughs.



Jerry James Mutz, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mutz of Lincoln, Nebr., had his picture taken the 16th time he visited the barber. He has three sisters aged 24, 22 and 19, so you can guess how much attention he gets!

We may all learn from the Chinese boy who reported that "I am now reading the Bible and behaving it."—Religious Digest.



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

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HEALTH BOOKLET: Suggestions from a nurse's view point. Allergy-food Sensitiveness. Overweight problems. Why weight often cannot be controlled. Trouble-maker Foods, that cause gas, nervousness, vitamin importance and dangers. Thirty common health questions answered. Price 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

SALEM COOK BOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes. Spiral binding. Postpaid \$1. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Ia.

LADIES, send your sewing scissors to be Hollow Ground, sharpened. We put on a high polish to make them cut, and look good as when new. Postpaid 40¢ ea. by sending two scissors or more at one time. Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Ia.

FOR SALE: Book ends, in gold bronze, fancy Horse Head, Sailboat and Hummel (Boy in rain) they are six inches to eleven inches high. Plaster Models \$2.29 pair, p.p. Gifts for all seasons, the year round. Geneva C. Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

COLEMAN GAS LAMP, painted shade with screen. Aladdin kerosene lamp, 2 lite angle kerosene lamp. Mrs. Marvin Neubaum, Schleswig, Ia.

RECIPE, large Never-Fail Angel Food Cake, also Golden Angel Food, for 10¢ ea. both for 15¢ and stamped address envelope. Mrs. John Trainer, Sibley, Ia.

SEWING, Ladies Dress, \$1.50; Childs, \$1; Apron 50¢. Send pattern, feed sacks or cotton material, trimmings, thread. Mrs. Chas. Chamberlain, Alburnett, Ia.

HAND PAINTED MATERIALS: Tea towels, 18x36, 40¢; tea towels, 36x36, 70¢. Lunch Cloth, 36x36 \$3. Tablecloth, 54x54, \$5; Aprons, \$2.25; Dresser Scarf, \$1.75; Pillow Cases, \$5; Kitchen Curtains, 1 pr. \$5; 2 pr. \$7. Variety of designs. Mrs. Alvina Parker RR 1, West Des Moines, Ia.

PRO-ART STUDIO offers 18 Piano Lessons for beginners. Sure method, self taught. Last issue this season, \$1 postpaid. Pro-Art, Box 204, Muscotah, Kans.

YOUR ACHIEVEMENT DAY PROGRAM, will be complete if you use "The Dress Shop" a musical dress revue by Mildred Wait and Cleatice Lackey. 50¢ first copy, 35¢ additional copies. Mrs. Earl Lackey, Rt. 1, Kirksville, Mo.

SHEET MUSIC, popular miscellaneous assortment, 5 pieces postpaid, 25 cents. G. Roach, Muscotah, Kans.

BEAUTIFUL PRINT SACKS, 50¢ postpaid. Mrs. Clarence Evenson, Hartland, Minn.

SEND WASHED WOOL, and sacks, or other material, I'll card wool and quilt comforts that stay fluffy when washed, 15¢ sq. ft. Information, sample, (potholder size,) 10¢. Mrs. Goldie Ruggles, Box 155, Plymouth, Ill.

FOR SALE: Kitchen-Klatter Magazines, 1940 to 1947, a few older numbers. Mrs. Oscar Nordstrom, Boxholm, Ia.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, embroidered dresser scarfs tatted or crochet edge. Embroidered or crochet pot holders. Yarn crochet baby sweaters, hood and open toe booties. Embroidered tea towels, and many other items. Write for prices. Mrs. H. E. Dull, Box 66, Sanborn, Minn.

SHELL EARRINGS, Sterling Silver, screw, varicolored or any color. \$1 pair. Mrs. Hoyt Tague, Rt. 5, Iowa City, Ia.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, dollies all sizes, aprons, vanity sets, hotholders, pillow slips crocheted edges, satchets other novelties. Ad good anytime. Laura Reigle, Box 2, Idyllwild, Calif.

SEWING: Housedress, \$1.50. Send 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and your measurements. Mrs. Olga Oval, Box 62, Murdock, Minn.

WANTED—Noritake China Cup, Marquiette Pattern, Spice Cabinet and Old Wooden Clock Shelf. Mrs. Ed. Talbot, Pleasanton, Nebr.

CROCHET "Lovers Knot" Handkerchiefs, Cotton 60¢, Linen 85¢. Baby sweater, cap, booties, beautiful silver flake yarn. \$6 complete. Mrs. James Hopkins, 4722 So. 19th St., Omaha 7, Nebr.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR, homemade candy and fruitcakes, 85¢ pound. Mrs. Florine Forrester, Memphis, Mo.

FOR SALE: Milk filter bed or davenport pillows. \$1 any color. Beverly St. John 117 No. Blackford St., Algona, Iowa.

BREADBOARDS, pig, leaf, fish designs, 85¢; Wood lawn rabbits 50¢; Print sunhats, child's 65¢, Ladies 75¢. Volberding Shop, Latimer, Iowa.

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"WE'RE HAVING A BIRTHDAY PARTY!"

You're a fortunate mother if your child's birthday falls during the summer—and just for fun we'll give you full credit for having managed it this way. Winter birthdays can be fun too, but they're a great deal harder because of the fact that even a small crowd of youngsters can create a real problem cooped up inside. And a big crowd—well, we won't go into that.

Let's think first about the first two or three birthdays.

To begin with, a birthday party for the baby who has turned the corner on one year is a birthday party for the mother—not the baby. You can almost say that this is true of the second birthday as well. All you can hope to do is keep the babies from mauling each other too severely, and since all of the mothers will be present too, this shouldn't be the exclusive job of the hostess.

You should have a birthday cake with one candle or two candles, as the case may be. Ice cream is in order too. If you can possibly manage to have the party last only an hour it's a good idea, for you'll find that two-year olds haven't the faintest conception of sharing toys and there will be one long struggle to keep them from having crying fits when things are snatched away. A porch party is good for the one-year olds, but you'd better adjourn to the yard for the two-year olds. Don't plan any kind of entertainment. The mothers will be too busy looking after their youngsters to put their minds to anything, and the babies won't know what it's all about. Perhaps this sounds gloomy, but if you've ever given or attended a birthday party for infants and toddlers you'll agree that what I've said is true.

When a child turns three he has a faint idea of what a birthday party means. He will take the gifts (by force, if necessary) and unwrap them instantly; he will share them later only under pressure. Don't expect any kind of gracious behavior from the three-year old and you'll be much happier as the hostess.

Organized play is out of the question at this age, but things with which to play are a necessity. A sandbox party is perfect, and for a successful time make it a morning party when children are still fresh and before the heat of the day makes everyone irritable. Keep the crowd small. Children of three get confused with a great number of people, and since they must be constantly supervised to avoid squabbles, it's very difficult to handle more than six or eight youngsters. Ten is the absolute maximum and you'll need genuine assistance from at least a couple of mothers.

However, decorations and favors are appreciated by the three-year old. Use bright colored crepe paper for the table and keep all details large and vivid. There should be pink ice cream and a big cake with candles. Balloons make wonderful and inexpensive favors for youngsters of this age, and if they're inflated and brought out on a huge platter it will appeal to them. Don't plan games of any kind. Let them do as they please, provide enough equipment, and you'll have a happy time. Nine to eleven are the perfect hours for the party.

The four year-old is making great progress socially and is just on the threshold of having a real party. He will want to open the door himself for the guests, will still lunge for gifts that are brought (but will share them fairly well afterwards), and will take great pride in the big cake and ice cream. The children will still find their greatest source of entertainment in exploring the yard, riding tricycles (see if you can't borrow some for the couple of hours they'll be needed), playing in the sandbox, and tearing around in general.

If you can afford it, buy cheap pails and shovels as favors. They can be distributed at the outset of the party and taken home—and it will lessen difficulties in the sandbox. The same refreshments mentioned above should be served, and it's better all the way around if you have a table in the yard for them. Lacking a table and borrowed chairs they can sit in the grass, of course, but they'll spill badly because they're not accustomed to eating picnic fashion.

Four-year olds are definitely ready for entertaining stories. If you don't tell stories dramatically yourself, ask someone to help. You'll find that the youngsters will respond well to breaking up active play by gathering in a group to listen—for a short time. This is the age also where older children are a great help in keeping things under control. If there are older children in the family your problem is solved, but if not, make an effort to enlist the aid of a couple of ten or twelve-year old girls. As a rule they can keep things in hand better than adults for they enter into the spirit of fun and combine supervision with play.

Five-year olds are ready for the kind of a birthday party you imagine from the time your child is born! They are eager to be the helpful host or hostess. They will accept gifts without grabbing, will wait to unwrap them until later, and will share all of their things readily. You can go in for more details now—they'll be seen and appreciated. A nicely decorated table is a necessity—flowers, individual place-cards, and all the rest. Favors can still be inexpensive and bright—little birds that whistle when filled with water is the type of thing I have in mind. They're only a dime at the Five and Ten.

Pink ice-cream and cake are still necessities. It's well to eat in the

yard also. This is just about the age where it's wise to make it an all-boy or an all-girl party. Little girls find that little boys, in quantity, are rough and boisterous! They are happier without them.

The old classic games begin to fit into the pattern now. London Bridge, Drop the Handkerchief, and Hide and Seek are all ideal for this age group. However, don't let them play too hard and too long before you suggest a story or listening to children's records on the phonograph. It's well to have this kind of quiet activity about twenty minutes before it's time to serve refreshments. You'll find that the children eat much better if they don't come directly to the table from a wild session of Tag or something comparable.

Unless the heat is unendurable it's a good idea to have the five-year old's birthday party in the afternoon. Little girls and boys of five are experienced enough to know that afternoon means cleaning up and going somewhere. So make it afternoon if you can. Feelings are easily hurt at this age, and it's well to keep a sharp eye on proceedings. See to it that no child consistently fails—somehow make every child the winner at least once. Be sure also that you keep the entertainment at a level where all of the children can compete equally. That's why the old classic games are the best.

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