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Kitchen-Klatter

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

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Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

It is hard for me to believe that it's time to write my October letter to you because it seems only yesterday that I sat down to write the May letter and tell you how things were going with us. Perhaps the weather has a great deal to do with this for it is a warm evening and all of the doors and windows are open—I guess that's what makes it feel like a summer night.

The first thing I must tell you this month is that one of us five Field sisters was called upon to take up her life alone after almost fifty years of happy marriage. Harry Eaton, Martha's husband, passed away on August 17th; had he lived until this month they would have celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Although he had been in poor health for quite some time because of a heart condition, it came as a shock to us when the telephone rang with the news.

I am sure that many of you knew Harry because he was a pioneer Iowa druggist and for a number of years served as Secretary of the State Board of Pharmacy. He and Martha settled in Des Moines almost forty years ago, and all of us can recall countless happy times in their home.

Their sons, Bob and Dwight, were both able to be with Martha. Bob lives in Des Moines, but Dwight flew out from his home in Westfield, New Jersey. He wanted his mother to go back East with him, and although at the time it was impossible, she hopes to make the trip before long to see her two little grandsons, Douglas and Craig Eaton. Her other two grandchildren are Marilyn and Evan Eaton; Marilyn will be a student at Drake this fall so she can see her grandmother frequently.

All of us went to Des Moines for the services, and then on Friday evening Martha returned to Clarinda with our sister, Jessie Shambaugh, in order that she might be present for our family reunion at Helen Fischer's on August 22nd. All of us felt great admiration for Martha's ability to conceal her sorrow and join with the rest of us in marking our first complete reunion in many, many years.

It's really hard to begin to tell you about our family party at the home of our sister, Helen Fischer, for perhaps you can imagine how much

there was to say after several decades apart. While the light was still good we went out into Helen's beautiful garden and took family pictures; these were the first complete group pictures that had been taken since we all gathered for Martha's and Harry's wedding in 1898. Now we are all past sixty, so you can imagine for yourself the changes that have taken place since the evening in 1898—Sol, Susan and I were all under ten years of age at that time. On another page you will see one of the group pictures of all those who were present, and in forthcoming issues you will be able to see other pictures taken that evening.

After we had eaten our ice cream and cake we sat around and reminisced for a long, long time. One of the things we particularly enjoyed was hearing Helen read a letter written by our father, S. E. Field, the day after his wedding in 1870. In this letter he explained to his aged father in Massachusetts why he could not bring his bride East to meet members of the family, and then he went on to tell about his homesteading work on the Iowa prairie. All of these years the letter has been kept safely by Fred Fischer, and unless you have had a similar experience it would be difficult to understand how much it could mean to see a letter written under those circumstances seventy-eight years ago.

Our brother Sol and his wife Louise were able to spend a week here in Iowa with us. It was their first trip back since 1930, and I think that when Mart and I visited them in early March we must have convinced them that they shouldn't delay their trip another year. They drove through from their home near Red Bluff (this is in northern California), and they didn't have to depend upon getting rooms in hotels or motels because they brought a tear-drop trailer with them.

Sol is a genuine rancher and woodsman and is full to the brim of exciting hunting stories, dog stories and horse stories. Juliana fully expected him to bring both a lion and a bear with him, and at first she hesitated to go near the trailer for fear they might be shut up in there. He held all of us spellbound with his accounts of hunting trips in the California

mountains, and Juliana sat without moving, her eyes as big as saucers.

We made Sol and Louise promise when they left that they would return next year. I think it was Henry who actually extracted this promise from them, so we feel certain that it won't be long until we can have another family gathering.

At the time I am writing this Jessie Shambaugh and her husband are in California. They made the trip by train to visit their daughter, Ruth Watkins and her husband Bob. Ruth and Bob built their home with their own two hands, and Jessie will enjoy seeing with her own eyes what she has only been able to follow through letters. But the house isn't nearly as important as the main reason for the trip . . . in December Ruth and Bob will welcome their first baby. Just tonight I was going through some old numbers of our magazine and came across a 1927 issue in which Ruth appears on the cover as a very tiny little girl in front of her own snow-covered pine tree, so those of you who also have a file of the old magazines and recall that picture will blink too when you read that Ruth is going to have a baby.

I can't begin to tell you what a pleasure it has been to read letters from those of you who are now able to hear our program again for the first time in many years. Lucile, Margery and I all like this morning visit very much, and we particularly enjoy Wednesdays and Saturdays when we go out into the kitchen and bake something while we visit. Our kitchen is sadly in need of a major overhaul, so we don't want anyone to get the idea that we have a wonderful modern testing laboratory! If you too have a high chair in the corner, an old refrigerator, a box of baby toys and some things standing around that *should* be put away (I'm thinking now of empty fruit jars, extra milk bottles, etc.) then you have a kitchen like ours. And if you too have dreams of remodeling your kitchen, then we're in exactly the same state.

Martin Erik is just on the verge of walking these days. He has a new bright red corduroy coat that was a gift from his Aunt Abigail and Uncle Wayne, and he looks as cute as can be in it. We have fun watching him play with a new educational toy where he can take out little colored wooden figures and fit them back in the slots again, but I think that the high point of his day comes at six o'clock when his Uncle Howard comes home and "roughs him up" in real boy fashion. Martin is now fifteen months old and I can still say that he is the best baby I ever saw.

Next morning: As I was writing to you last night word came to us that Aage Hansen, the husband of our good friend, Edith Hansen, died very suddenly at the Veteran's hospital in Lincoln where Edith had taken him just yesterday afternoon. We are all greatly shocked. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Edith and the two sons, Harold and Donald.

Always your friend, Leanna.

Come into the Garden

FALL PLANTING

By Mary Duncomb

After the rush of summer eddies away and crisp autumn days invite us to spend a great deal of time outside, our thoughts (properly in tune with the new catalogs) turn to plans for fall planting. This is especially true if September rains have been adequate.

Under any conditions the garden, flower beds and borders must be cleaned up, and when the job is done there are often tempting bare spaces revealed which we could fill in with some coveted plant that we had failed to find room for earlier. Spring and fall are our two best planting seasons, and often a disappointing spring yields to a rewardingly seasonable fall. The ground feels mellow, the weather is not too hot for transplanting, and the air is crisp and moist.

We of the northern parts of our country know that, all signs being favorable, we may now indulge our planting urge to the fullest extent. We do not feel so rushed, and vacations have been enjoyed—vacations which all too-often resulted in garden neglect and disorder. New plantings from nurseries are again available if we do not care to try our luck with seeds. However, this is really the true time to sow seeds, and many plants seem to prefer fall for they can scatter seeds which will lie in the ground all winter and germinate in the spring.

Of course fall is the accepted time to put our spring-blooming bulbs into the ground. Not too early though or they may be falsely encouraged to put forth too early a growth during warm, rainy fall days. And I've often wondered why it is that we seldom think of starting a tulip bed until we see them blooming so brilliantly in the spring!

When large plantings of spring-blooming bulbs are made in public parks or in large estates, they are often planted in the turf individually under trees, and not only does this produce a wonderfully natural effect, but we can readily see how Nature provides her own mulch of fallen leaves and dried summer grasses for these bulbs.

Somehow or other peonies seem to resent being planted at any time other than fall. They certainly sulk if the blossom bud hidden in the heart of the clump is disturbed by spring planting. However, the obliging iris can be moved at any time and often fall is an ideal time to do so. Iris respond to good care, and not only do the newer varieties enjoy good soil, but even the old standbys give a better performance if given added care.

Roses and shrubs may be planted as late as possible, and don't forget a mound of earth around the roses. Evergreens are good to try; in the north you'll find that broad-leaved ones such as laurel do not survive

severe winters, but pines, spruce and firs are satisfactory. Hemerocallis may be transplanted easily in the fall. I have had good results by digging them up in clumps and storing them in a crude cold-frame to divide and plant in the spring.

Penstemon seeds may be planted as late as possible in the fall because germination is not desired until spring. The recent interest in penstemons is noteworthy, once the basic principles of their growth is understood. They are easily grown and supply us with lovely blooms during late spring and early summer. Any tree or shrub seed can be planted now.

When doing fall planting do not neglect chives, asparagus, horseradish and rhubarb. These may find a permanent place along the edges of the vegetable garden where they will be out of the way of the plough. They are also very nice to have on hand in the spring. Plant the best possible varieties for they will be a permanent fixture in the garden.

One might try layering some shrub whose branches lie close to the ground. This is done by pressing it into the soil and covering all but the tip with earth, securing it with some nearby stones. New plants should be ready by spring.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Part XII

The Planting of Lily Bulbs

Authorities are not entirely in accord as to the best time to plant Lily bulbs. Some prefer fall and others advocate early spring.

October is a good time for fall planting. The bulbs are dormant and have a chance to become established and to make good roots before the ground freezes solidly. If spring planting is preferred and bulbs are to be purchased, orders should be sent in very early in order that the bulbs can be sent out while they are still dormant.

If bulbs are to be moved in the garden they can be reset after growth has started if it is carefully done with soil around the roots as one would move any choice perennial.

The bulbs should be planted at the correct depth as nearly as possible although contractile roots found on most species will pull them down to the proper level. A rough rule to follow is to plant them at a depth equal to 3 times their diameter. Thus if a bulb measures 2 inches from top to bottom it should be set 6 inches deep (measuring from the base of the bulb) and covered with 4 inches of soil. This rule applies to stem rooting Lilies only. Those like Madonnas which make only basal roots must be set with only 2 inches of soil over the top of the crown.

The well-planned Lily bed should never contain excess moisture but a pocket of sand in which to set the



This is one of our favorite pictures of Helen Fischer. It was taken early one morning when she went out to gather flowers for the house.

bulb will not be out of place. If it is not needed for drainage purposes, it marks the position of the bulb when one is doing some later digging. Firm the sand carefully around the bulb to do away with any air pockets and fill the hole to overflowing with loose soil. Unless the soil is very dry, I have always felt that it is better not to water Lily bulbs immediately after planting. If any watering is necessary it should be done several days in advance of the actual planting. Too much water may rot the bulbs before the roots are able to function.

Large bulbs may be set a foot apart and smaller ones 5 to 7 inches. If the Lilies are planted in the fall, a mulch should be applied after the ground freezes in order to prevent cracking and heaving. It also keeps the earth frozen longer in the spring and thus retards the early growth which might be injured by a late freeze. Excelsior, evergreen boughs, asparagus tops and similar material make excellent mulching materials.

Lily bulbs grow in different parts of the country and do not all mature at the same time. Some are shipped from abroad. They are not always available just when the gardener is ready to plant them. If planting is delayed, the ground can be prepared and the spot heavily mulched to keep the ground from freezing until the bulbs arrive. If outside planting is impossible, the bulbs may be potted, or packed in slightly dampened peatmoss or sand, and stored in a cold frame or cool cellar over winter. A temperature of 30 to 50 degrees is most desirable for this storage period.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmeyer Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

The summer of 1942 was a hectic one for those of us who lived in Hollywood. Last month I mentioned the upside-down routines that we experienced, and the fact that we saw each other only on Sunday even though we lived in the same apartment house.

I am sure that our most pleasant holiday during the summer fell on the Fourth of July when we drove up into the mountains near Saugus, California (old mining country) and had a marvelous picnic on a tiny island in the middle of a rushing mountain stream. It was the kind of a picnic that you never forget, that you always remember with a sense of nostalgia throughout the years.

There is another vivid memory associated with that particular holiday and it concerns what to us was an unexplainable phenomena.

For many weeks the Los Angeles area had been in a period of considerable tension because of air-raid alarms. We were completely without radio service in the evenings; all stations left the air at eight o'clock and did not resume broadcasting until eight the next morning. A number of times the alarms had come at really upsetting hours—I recall sitting in a crowded restaurant at 12:30 when every air-raid siren in the city began to wail and the noon crowds were panic-stricken. It is impossible to describe the ominous and eerie noise made by those deep-throated sirens—it was the voice of doom itself. And although most sections of the country had practice air-raid alarms, you must remember that in Los Angeles we were always prepared for the fact that this particular alarm might be IT, might mean an actual bombing raid.

For days before the Fourth of July the newspapers entreated all citizens to stay away from the beaches. Military authorities were definitely afraid that enemy planes might choose that time to make a surprise attack and machine-gun the beaches; furthermore, there was no way to sound an effective warning along the beach and people would have no chance to escape should such an attack actually occur. Russell, Frank, Dorothy and I were grimly impressed by these warnings and planned to stay far away.

To get to our highway that ran up into the mountains we had to drive down to the ocean and then turn inland. I can honestly say that we didn't expect to see a soul on the beach, so you can imagine our astonishment when we found ourselves looking at the biggest crowd we had ever seen near the water! Lined up along the highway as far as the eye could see were motor-cycle police ready at an instant's warning to turn on their sirens—it was the only possible method of notifying the crowd that there were enemy planes approaching. To say that the sight was disturbing is putting it mildly. We



Frederick Driftmeyer. This picture was taken shortly after he was commissioned a chaplain in the navy.

looked at that solid mass of humanity and tried not to think what would happen if they were suddenly caught—the ocean on one side, a sheer rock wall on the other side with only narrow staircases leading up to the highway. We learned the next day that the newspapers estimated a crowd of between 18,000 and 20,000 at the beaches, and we still marvel at the complete disregard for all common sense that would take people to such a place in spite of the most serious warnings.

At the end of September I wrote to the folks and told them that I had left my work in the financial offices of the Red Cross, Los Angeles Chapter. No, I wasn't tired of my routine that called for leaving the house at seven in the morning and returning at six in the evening. No, my work was satisfactory and I hadn't been fired! But I had an excellent reason for retiring to the role of a housewife—we expected to present Mr. and Mrs. Driftmeyer and Mr. and Mrs. Verness with their first grandchild the following March. I don't know of a better reason for giving up a job!

Among the first gifts that arrived after we made our announcement was a box from Hawaii. Wayne said in an accompanying letter that it was his initial experience in buying baby gifts and he hadn't known what in the world to select, but we thought that he had shown excellent judgment in getting a blue blanket and a matching bootee, jacket and hood set. I wrote to Wayne every week without fail and had many interesting letters in return. He spent over a year in Hawaii, and during that time mail went back and forth without much difficulty. Later it was a different story.

The autumn of that year passed by very swiftly. We spent the weekend before Thanksgiving at a cabin in the Big Bear mountains near Lake Arrowhead, and how we wished Mother might have been with us, for that was her old camping territory where she had spent so many happy times as a young woman. On that trip we also

went to Redlands and took pictures of the old Field home to send back.

One day in early December the telephone rang and it was Mother with exciting news—they had just received word that Frederick was in Miami, Florida and would be home soon. This was totally unexpected for they hadn't anticipated his return for at least a year, if then. And everything considered it is fortunate that they didn't know in advance about his return, for when they heard the details later they knew that they would have worried a great deal had they known how things were really going with him.

The reason for Frederick's return was illness. During his first year in Egypt he had contracted a form of tropical dysentery and had been hospitalized many times for treatment, none of which seemed to improve his condition in the least. In November he became violently ill and the specialists who were called into consultation said that nothing further could be done for him in any Egyptian hospital and that he would have to return to the United States for treatment if he expected to recover.

It was a difficult thing to travel any distance during that stage of the war, but arrangements were made to get him on to a British plane that was flying to Khartoum. There he was turned over to a group of American pilots who were returning to the United States after ferrying planes to Africa. They were flying the return trip in a stripped-down bomber and it was about as comfortable for a long journey as a stage-coach. Before they reached Liberia on the Gold Coast Frederick became desperately ill, so he was removed from the plane there and hospitalized until he had sufficient strength to be placed on another plane, also a stripped-down bomber. Their route took them across the Atlantic to South America, and thence to Miami where the plane landed and where Frederick sent his wire to the folks. A short time later he was home, thin as a ghost and obviously ill, but safely home.

Of course we were all extremely eager to see him. Howard champed at the bit up in Oregon because he couldn't get a furlough, and Wayne was down in the dumps for a few days out in Hawaii. I knew very well that I could never make the trip, and so it was Dorothy who combined a business trip along with a visit to the folks in early January of 1943—and got to see Frederick. Margery was teaching in Pella that year and spent a weekend with the folks, and Donald managed a ten-day furlough at about the same time, so there was a small family reunion to welcome him home.

It was on this trip that Dorothy announced her own impending engagement with the stork, and before she returned to California some of her old friends had a baby shower for her. I could scarcely wait for her to come back to Hollywood and bring all of the news about Frederick and the rest of the family, so it was a happy night when we drove to the Union station to meet her train.

(Continued next month)

(Editor's Note: This is another in a series of letters regarding managing the daily routine of a home. We found it an inspiration, and feel certain that you will too.)
Dear Lucile.

I would like to enter your contest on "Easier Ways to Homemaking", not because I am an expert but to pass along a little secret which I have recently learned.

It all happened a couple of years ago when I lay in a hospital bed after giving birth to my third daughter—Colleen was four-and-a-half, Betty was eighteen months, and then there was the new baby, Jennifer. Though beaming with pride over my little trio, mingled emotions kept crowding my mind. Yes, I was happy with my little family, but how, oh *how!* could I squeeze all of the daily duties into the few hours allotted in just one day?

There were two situations in our home which had to be taken into consideration. The first was the fact that our little Betty had been ill since birth and required constant care; when I say that she had never been able to sleep for more than one hour at a time you will understand my words "constant care". And the second thing to be considered is the fact that I am a minister's wife and have been for ten years. Parsonage life is a full one!

As I lay there in bed worrying I suddenly found myself asking a Higher Power for the patience and strength which I knew I would need in the days ahead. And in reply I heard these words: "ENJOY THEM! ENJOY THEM!" This seemed to me a direct answer to my prayer and I vowed then and there to follow it by taking one hour a day, regardless of any demands, to enjoy my children. I'm afraid that theretofore I had been more concerned about dust under the beds than dust in my little girls' hearts.

That is my secret and it has worked like magic towards smoother sailing in our home. No, that hour is never wasted. And why? Well, it's because the entire day goes more smoothly. We are all better tempered and the duties turn into joys with much compensation.

Almost without my realizing it an entirely new world opened before me. The dreadful tasks which had been put off until tomorrow were automatically shaping into a schedule. For instance, the following schedule has not been deviated from more than several times within the past year, and although I had tried for a long time to organize my daily tasks efficiently, it wasn't until I found peace within myself in relation to my children that I could find a pattern of work that was successful.

On Monday I do the laundry. On Tuesday I iron and mend. On Wednesday I give the bedrooms a thorough cleaning, and scrub and wax the kitchen and bathroom floors. On Thursday I clean the porches, windows and bake. On Friday I change the beds. On Saturday I clean the front part of the house and bake.

This schedule, plus a general pick-up throughout the entire house, is al-

lotted only to the morning hours, for my afternoons are devoted to sewing, canning, meetings, painting, cleaning closets, etc. I do all of the sewing for my little girls, and mothers of small daughters know what this means.

It has helped me to make out a weekly memo calendar in which I jot down an outline of what I hope to accomplish during the coming week. This goes up on a bulletin board in the kitchen, and beside it I place newly clipped recipes which I hope to try out during the week. They stay there until they have been tried and the results proven; then they are taken down and placed on file. Otherwise I find myself accumulating many recipes that are never used.

It has been my experience that any work requiring quiet concentration such as reading, tedious sewing and devotional planning are much better put aside until the children have gone to bed, or early in the morning before they are up. This does much for happier attitudes for both mother and child, and there is not the constant "Please be quiet" that is simply inevitable if you try to pursue your own "brain work" while small youngsters are playing near you. A regular nap-time and bed-time pay great dividends, for an appallingly large share of problems crop up when children are over-fatigued.

All of these plans that I have written about are important, of course, but they are only secondary to the necessity of finding and keeping a happy frame of mind. Instead of a prison my home is a palace. I look upon my kingdom with great joy and satisfaction, remembering that in all reality it does take a "heap of living to make a home".

Sincerely yours,

Pat Lewis

(Mrs. Earl Lewis).

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give me good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;

Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,

Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine, or sigh.

Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke,

To get some happiness from life and pass it on to other folk.

—Unknown.

DUTY

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,

Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,

He will depart only to come once more

And bring seven other duties to your door.

—Edwin Markham.



Colleen, Betty and Jennifer Lewis are the three little girls mentioned in the letter that appears on this page.

HOBBY COLUMN

"My hobbies are collecting novelty birds from all over the country, and also recipes and cactus."—Miss Evelyn Oltmann, RFD 2, Hampton, Iowa.

"I love poems and collect them, and it would be a great pleasure to have some from your readers."—Mrs. Verna Teter, College Mound, Mo.

"I have a few toothpick holders, several pair of salt and pepper shakers, most all kinds of needlework and nice print aprons that I would like to exchange for the following: old iron stands (small or large), ear-rings for pierced ears, or an old iron bootjack or iron match holder. Anyone who is interested in an old portrait plate of President Jefferson, dated 1803-1904, should write to me."—Helen Shick, Jefferson, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Smith Dhone, 2011 E. St., Box 32, South Sioux City, Nebr.

"My hobby is crocheted holders, doilies and edgings and tatted doilies and edgings and tea towel patterns. I would also like printed washed feed sacks for aprons and dresses."—Bessie Dingsley, Rowley, Iowa.

"Collecting sleigh bells is my hobby. I have five strands that I treasure very highly. I'm getting an electric brush to clean them, and then they will look like gold (although they are really brass) on a new leather strap."—Mrs. Marie Campbell, RFD 1, Centerville, Iowa.

"Does anyone have two short-footed goblets or 6 or 8 tall goblets in Rock Sharpe Crystal pattern Claremont? I am also interested in old-fashioned heavy cut glass."—Mrs. E. J. Gregor, RFD 3, St. Peter, Minn.

"I collect and exchange buttons, especially 'goofies' and pearls."—Miss Mary A. Paulson, Clermont, Iowa.



This family group picture was taken at the time of the reunion Mother wrote about in her letter. Seated in the first row from left to right are Aunt Susan Conrad, Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Uncle Fred Fischer, Aunt Martha Eaton, Aunt Helen Fischer, Mother, Martin and Juliana. Standing are Aunt Louise Field, Uncle Sol Field, Ethel Field (John Henry's wife) John Henry, Uncle Henry Field, Margery, Russell, Aunt Bertha Field, Lucile and Dad.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

So many exciting things have happened around our house since I last wrote to you that I hardly know where to begin. I guess the most important event was Kristin's first day of school.

This was the day she had been looking forward to for months, and she was doubly happy because Juliana was here to go with her. Lucile and Juliana had come on the train on Friday so they could go to the State Fair with us, and they stayed over Monday so the girls could spend their first day of school together. We got Juliana a lunch box too, so that they would each have one. Unfortunately we had quite a bad storm during the night and knew we would have to walk because of muddy roads so we got ready a little earlier than necessary. Just as we were ready to leave the house it began to pour down and the sky looked as if we might have a very bad storm, so we postponed our leaving until things looked a little better. We live a little more than a mile from the school house, and the first house is three-fourths of the way—I wouldn't care to be caught in heavy wind on that road.

When I came back to the house and Lucile asked me if I felt very badly I said, "No, I don't. Kristin has been so terribly lonely, and it is going to do her so much good to be with the other children all day that I simply can't feel too badly." I think I felt much worse a month ago when I just thought about it! But when I picked her up after school that first afternoon and her little face beamed as she said, "Oh, Mother, school is such a wonderful place!" it squelched what little sadness I did feel about it.

I am very happy to be able to tell you that Kristin's smocked dress that I entered at the State Fair won a blue ribbon. I never in all my wildest dreams thought I would ever win

first place, so I was really thrilled. There were several smocked dresses entered, but not as many as I had hoped to see. I think it would be lots of fun next year if all of you who have learned to smock since reading the "Sewing Book" would send in a dress, and we will just swamp them with beautiful smocked dresses. Lucile and I both entered this year. Now how many of you will join us next year?

One day this month our Sunshine Club made a trip to Shenandoah and took Mother up on her invitation to come and meet with her sometime. Eleven of us made the trip, leaving Lucas about 7:45 in the morning and arriving in Shenandoah at 10:30 in time for the Kitchen-Klatter program. We took a covered dish dinner and ate in Mother's back yard, with Mother furnishing the coffee and ice cream and cake. After dinner we toured the radio stations, the nursery fields, and the town in general, leaving for our homes again about 5:30. Everyone had a wonderful time and considered the trip a big success.

Mother and Dad, Margery and Howard, and of course Juliana and Martin, spent one Sunday with us this month. This was the first time Howard has been able to get away to come and see us on the farm, so Frank had a good time showing him around. Howard came back with the report that Frank was going to have to get a step-ladder to pick some of his corn.

Speaking of corn, I have never seen such wonderful sweet corn as everyone had this year. After we had canned and put in the locker all that we wanted, we gave a lot of it to one of our neighbors and still had corn. I canned 25 pints for Mother and Dad and surprised them with it the Sunday they came to see us.

Our cave begins to look pretty nice now. Bernie added a lot of apples, peaches and tomatoes this week-end. I didn't get to help with those because Lucile and I went to the State Fair.

But right now waiting for me to get started on them are a bushel of tomatoes, two bushels of cucumbers, grapes and apples.

It was grand having Lucile and Juliana with us for four days. We met their train Friday afternoon and since it was Father Johnson's birthday we went directly to their house for a big birthday dinner. The roads were muddy, but we made it almost all the way in the car. Of course Frank could have brought the tractor and pulled us out, but since Lucile had never ridden in the wagon, I'm sure that is the reason he brought the wagon and took us on to the farm in that.

Saturday we spent at the State Fair in Des Moines. Since it was so terribly hot and crowded we took in only the two exhibits we were most interested in, the culinary and textiles, and enjoyed both immensely. Of course the little girls had to spend some time on the Midway riding on the various children's rides. I'm leaving the State Fair for Lucile to tell you about because she can do a much better job of it than I can.

We just spent Sunday and Monday at home quietly, trying to keep cool and Monday we cut out a new plaid gingham school dress for Kristin. Well, I must close now and get busy with some of this canning. Until next month,

Sincerely, Dorothy.

PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Where-
fore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and
day.
For what are men better than sheep
or goats
That nourish a blind life within the
brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands
of prayer
Both for themselves and those who
call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every
way
Bound by gold chains about the feet
of God.

From "Idylls of the King".

—Alfred Tennyson.

It's Fun to Sew

FOR LITTLE GIRLS
A SEWING BOOK

by

Leanna and Lucile

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LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Ia.

SLIP-COVERS ARE EASY

By Lucille Sassaman

Quite a few people liked my article on "How to Braid a Rug" and I hope that dozens of you are cutting and sewing and basting strips right now, and that in due time you'll be tremendously proud of the finished product.

Now it should be much easier to tell you how to make slip covers because I've made so many more of them, yet it is harder because it is easier—if you get what I mean. I know that anyone who has ever used a sewing machine can do it. I've always had trouble fitting and altering a pattern for Kira, yet I can cut out and fit a slip cover all by myself. Of course, a chair will stand still and never a howl out of it no matter how many pins.

During the early days of the war it was hard to get any furniture and my neighbor told me that she was going to discard a chair. It was an old overstuffed job and in such terrible condition that she didn't think it was worth getting repaired. She was glad to give it to me as it solved her problem of getting it hauled away.

I had always wanted to get a good look at the insides of a chair and here was my opportunity. I couldn't spoil it because that had already been done! The upholstery was torn and the stuffing trailed on the floor, while some of the springs had shot out and were trying to reach the ceiling. It was a sad old derelict.

I ripped open some seams and to my delighted amazement I discovered that the ridiculous shape was a false front made out of cardboard. When I removed these pieces it collapsed into a well designed streamlined club chair with a hardwood foundation. This made me so enthusiastic that I got some stout cord and tied down the springs. When this was done I repadded the arms with wads of cotton and sewed the old upholstery snugly over it, patching the holes to hold it together. Then I tackled the cushion and ran into my first difficulty. When I ripped the seams hundreds (or so it seemed) of springs flew out, got tangled together and I couldn't find any way to get them under control.

One day I walked past a display showing how a car was constructed and each spring in the seat was inside a muslin bag! That made everything easy. I got out the old collection of scraps and made little bags, stuffed a spring into each one and sewed them in tight. Then I arranged the spring bags into the shape of a cushion and sewed all the bags together. I used the old upholstery again for a firm cover and then began shopping for slip-cover material.

Right away I learned that when you step over the threshold of the "Draperies Section" prices jump several dollars a yard. I have actually seen the same material in the same store at \$2.50 in Yard Goods and \$4.65 in Draperies. I finally bought 7 yards of blue denim in the basement and had enough left over for 2 pair of slacks for Kira. I have discovered since then that it will take about 7 yards of 36-inch material for a large

chair if you have a ruffle or pleated finish, and 5 yards of 50-inch material. A davenport takes about 14 yards of 36-inch material or 10 yards of 50-inch. This will allow for a pleated bottom.

Measure each section of the chair at the widest point, add $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at each side for seams and at least 3 inches for tuck-in around the seat; then cut these pieces of material for arm fronts, etc.

Lay your pieces in position on the chair wrong side up; then, starting with the front edge, pin your piece securely to the bottom. Stretch smoothly up, over and across the seat and pin a seam on to the back strip, being sure there is enough slack for tuck-in. Then smooth the back over the top and down to the bottom of the back and pin securely.

Pin your side-arm pieces to the seat sides of your first strip, again leaving a good tuck-in, smooth over the arm, down the side and pin securely to the bottom of the chair. Cut small pieces for the side of the back and pin your seam; you may need to pleat the upper curve. Then trim and pin your arm pieces where they meet the back on the inside of the chair and leave a little to tuck in. Cut pieces for the front of the arm and pin closely around the curve and down to fasten on to the first front edge. Trim off extra material around the curve. Pin one back seam together and leave the other open. Remove the bottom pins, take off the cover and sew all seams.

I put a zipper in one of the back seams and, because I wanted a very plain cover, I just hemmed the bottom which I had made about two inches longer, then pulled it tight and tacked it underneath. When I got it on the chair it looked too plain so I used a red-white-and-blue plaid monkscloth for the seat cushion with the blue denim for the strip around the edge of the box. Then I noticed a bright red-white-and-blue braid that I had left over from my last rug, so I tacked it around the back side seams and this proved to be the last successful touch that went towards giving us a very handsome and expensive looking chair for less than \$5.00. (Lucile's note: I've seen this chair and it is absolutely stunning—that touch of braid just mentioned lifts the chair out of the ordinary bracket and makes it look custom built.)

Since then I have made covers for a great many chairs and davenports for myself and for friends. I have used many different kinds of materials and added a great many professional touches, but they are all details of decoration and basically the construction is the same as I have outlined.

If you want to cord your seams, cut bias strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and sew together to make a strip long enough. Lay a heavy soft cord in the middle of the wrong side, fold over and stitch close to the cord. Lay this strip inside your seam and stitch. If you have a special foot for your machine you can stitch closer to the cord and have a tighter, more pro-



Martin has thoroughly enjoyed his birthday swing that came from Grandmother Driftmier and Aunt Lucile. The tight springs that you see are really given a work-out every day.

fessional looking cord seam. Very often the bottoms are left loose and finished with a ruffle or pleating; sometimes I use a straight skirt with deep inverted pleats at each leg. A nice formal decorative touch can be added if you have buttons covered and sew them on in a nice design to a lightly padded seat if your chair doesn't have a box cushion.

When you are using heavy dark materials that don't need to be removed so often for cleaning you may sew your last seam by hand on the outside, but on lighter material I prefer to use a zipper or hooks and eyes. I have made some very effective covers out of the cheaper materials such as corduroy (pin wale), sateen and checked cotton dress material trimmed with rick-rack. I have used linen, chintz and wool, but I have never even attempted any loose-woven material such as monkscloth. It's too hard to handle and it never stays put after it does get together. You can learn to cover a chair in two hours, and then you can use any material you want—even out of Draperies!

TURTLES!

I know that a number of you make these clever crocheted turtles that hold a bar of soap, so I thought perhaps you'd like to have these four ones to tuck in with the next turtle that you send as a gift. This little verse came with a turtle that Juliana received from a friend in Ralston, Iowa:

When you are sitting in the tub,
Let the turtle help you rub.
Then upon a nail near by
Hang him by his tail to dry.

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TUNA FISH CREOLE

- 3 tsp. butter
- 1 large onion
- 1 green pepper
- 1 Tbls. parsley
- 2 heaping Tbls. flour
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 cups flaked tuna fish
- Buttered crumbs
- Grated cheese

Melt butter in a skillet and then add the onion, pepper and parsley that have been chopped together; brown slightly. When these vegetables are tender blend in the flour and then slowly add the tomatoes. Stir until smooth and slightly thickened. Pour over 2 cups of flaked tuna fish in a buttered baking dish, top with crumbs and grated cheese, and place in a hot oven for 20 minutes.—Hazel Waterman, Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Waterman says: "This is one of my favorite oven dishes and I've never served it to anyone yet who doesn't ask for a second and even a third helping. With it I plan to serve baked potatoes, some kind of a fruit salad on crisp lettuce leaves, hot biscuits and a chiffon type pie. The tuna dish, potatoes and biscuits all utilize oven heat, the fruit salad can be prepared in advance and placed on the lettuce leaf the last thing, and of course the pie can be made the day before. A very nice combination when you want to spend time with guests."

WASH DAY HASH

(This doubtful sounding name conceals a really tasty dish that is perfect for the aforementioned day.)

- 1 medium onion
- 3 stalks of celery
- 1/2 green pepper
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground meat
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup canned tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. butter

Melt the butter in a large deep skillet and then add the chopped vegetables. After vegetables are browned add 1 Tbls. butter. Then add meat and stir occasionally until brown. Add rice, tomatoes, and simmer on top of the stove for 20 minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper, paprika, catsup and Worcestershire sauce.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

VERY SPECIAL CHOCOLATE PIE

- 1 1/2 envelopes gelatin
- 3 squares of chocolate
- 1 cup of rich milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 5 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Soften gelatin in 1/2 cup of cold milk. Pour other half cup of milk in top of double boiler, to which add 3 squares of chocolate. When thoroughly dissolved add 1/2 cup sugar, egg yolks slightly beaten, and salt. Cook until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool and add vanilla.

When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten whites to which other 1/2 cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell (11-inch) and chill. Just before serving spread a thin layer of whipped cream over the pie.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 7 slices of pineapple
- 3 whole eggs
- 1 and 1/3 cups of sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Melt the butter and brown sugar in a heavy skillet. Then space the slices of pineapple evenly over mixture and fill the spaces with nutmeats. Remove from stove. Beat eggs well, add sugar and beat 5 minutes. Then add water and beat 5 minutes longer. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, fold in 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour mixed with baking powder. Pour this batter on top of the pineapple in the pan and bake slowly about 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Turn out immediately on to a big round chop plate, fill holes in pineapple slices with cherries, and serve with whipped cream.

This pineapple upside-down cake is always delicious, but it is particularly fine on a crisp autumn night. When we have it for dessert I plan to serve a comparatively light meal; one of my favorite combinations for this is creamed dried beef gravy with boiled rice, buttered carrots, Harvard beets, and the spectacular looking and tasting upside-down cake.

1st PRIZE WHITE CAKE, IOWA STATE FAIR, 1948

- 1 cup of sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2/3 cup of milk
- 2 cups of cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the butter and sugar until very light and fluffy, then add the vanilla. Sift flour, measure, then add baking powder and sift again. Add dry ingredients alternately to the first mixture with the milk. Lastly fold in the egg whites, and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 40 minutes.

FROSTING

- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 egg whites

Cook together the sugar, corn syrup and water until the mixture threads. Then beat it into the 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and spread on the cake when of the right consistency. Mrs. Carl A. Wiggins, Prairie City, Iowa, who won first prize with this cake says that the frosting never cracks.

CHERRY DUMPLINGS

- 1 No. 2 can red sour pitted cherries
- 1 cup sugar

Put the entire can of cherries (undrained) into a deep heavy skillet which has a tight lid; add the sugar. Bring to a boil. Drop dumpling batter into boiling fruit from a tablespoon to make 6 to 8 dumplings. Cover tightly and reduce heat so that the contents will cook gently for 20 minutes on top of the stove. Do not remove the lid while cooking. Serve at once.

DUMPLING BATTER

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. melted butter or salad oil
- 1/2 cup milk (less 1 Tbls.)

Grated rind of 1 orange
Sift dry ingredients into bowl; add remaining ingredients. Mix quickly and lightly until blended, but do not mix until smooth.—Mrs. Hugh Guernsey, Centerville, Ia.

LEMON BAVARIAN CREAM

- 2 Tbls. unflavored gelatine
- 2 cups cold water
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water. Combine remaining water with lemon juice, sugar, lemon rind and salt; cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Add gelatine; stir until dissolved; chill until sirupy. Whip cream until stiff; fold into gelatine mixture. Pour into 1 qt. mold which has been rinsed in cold water and chill until firm. Serve with raspberry sauce.

RASPBERRY SAUCE

2 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
 2 cups fresh, frozen or canned raspberries with juice
 1 Tbls. butter
 Mix sugar, lemon juice, cornstarch, lemon rind and salt. Stir in berries, juice and butter; cook 5 minutes. Makes 2 cups. This should be served very cold over lemon bavarian cream.

LUNCH BOXES ARE WITH US AGAIN

Without half-trying it's possible to get into a deep rut where lunch box sandwiches are concerned. Children who like peanut butter are likely to find exactly that practically every time they open their boxes. Children who yearn after jelly sandwiches stand a good chance of finding them five days running. If you wound up the last school year in a rut and resolved to do a little better this year, consider some of the following combinations. Incidentally, the child who won't eat this and won't eat that may find that when he's mighty hungry at noon the once-despised foods actually taste good.

1. Run minced ham through the food grinder (fine blade) and then mix with mayonnaise. For the sake of variety you can also run some green pepper and pimento through with the ham, and once in a great while you might also put through some soft cheese and mix with the minced ham.
2. Hard-cooked eggs are tempting when chopped fine and mixed with mayonnaise. A little pimento and chopped sweet pickle will do a lot for this combination too.
3. Dried beef is good just spread over the buttered slice of bread, although it's inclined to produce great thirst—and most children make enough trips for drinks without needing a genuine reason. About once in every two or three weeks you might chop it and add to cottage cheese.
4. Cream cheese mashed with crushed pineapple is a great treat. It is also good to combine with jelly, first a slice of buttered bread, then a layer of cream cheese, and then the jelly.
5. Iron is the principle virtue of raisins. Most children love them. Sometimes it's fun to fill a small paper cup with them and tuck into the lunch box, but other times you can make a delicious sandwich by running the raisins through the food grinder, mixing with a small amount of lemon juice, and occasionally a few nuts.
6. Scrambled eggs make a good sandwich, but be sure you scramble them in butter. Small pieces of bologna chopped up in the eggs also gives variety.
7. Grated raw carrots combined with prepared sandwich spread makes a delicious sandwich.

A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN*By Myrtle E. Felkner*

There was never anything quite so exciting in my childhood as a party at Uncle Miller's. Great-Uncle Miller and Aunt Alvera, with typical Danish hospitality, seemed to know instinctively the superb compatability of friendship and good food. All the relatives and friends would crowd into their huge farm home, and about ten o'clock, before we youngsters got too sleepy to enjoy it, Aunt Alvera would start to set out the "lunch." The dining room table would be stretched from wall to wall, and the aunts and cousins would begin heaping Aunt Alvera's "lunch" upon it. Piles of crinkly cookies, plates of tvebakker, deep chocolate cakes, and mountains upon mountains of sandwiches! Thick slices of cheese on oh-so-thin pieces of Danish rye bread; watermelon pickles and rich mounds of liver loaf made even a shy child forget Mother's warnings to mind your manners and don't forget to tell Aunt Alvera "Tak for Maa," which is quite a trick for a young Yankee in the first place. Of all the goodies on that laden table, I remember the tvebakker the best. These are delicious little home-made rusk. If you were to visit Alvera's kitchen today, you might find her making them just like this:

Smaa Fine Tvebakker

Cream together a half cup of butter and a scant cup of sugar. Add two egg yolks and one whole egg one at a time and beat well after each has been added. Next add two teaspoons of baking powder and a fourth of a cup of milk. Add flour enough to mix and form a soft, easy-to-handle dough. Make this dough into small biscuit-size rolls, about as large as the circle you make with your thumb and middle finger and about one inch thick. Bake in a moderate oven, about 350 degrees, until done. When cool, cut the biscuits in the middle and return to a warm oven to dry. Eat 'em spread with lots and lots of warm butter.

Then there was the Prune tart. If you want to see the youngsters lick up prunes, just try this.

1 cup butter	2 tablespoons
2 eggs	sugar
One-fourth	3 cups flour
yeast-cake	One pound prunes

Pit the prunes, stew and sweeten them, set aside. Dissolve the yeast in a bit of water, also set aside. Cream the butter, add sugar, eggs, flour and yeast in that order. Roll out about three-fourths of the dough and line a layer cake pan with this. Fill with the prunes, then use the remaining dough to make a lattice work top. Let rise, bake in a moderate oven and when done sprinkle the top with powdered sugar. When cool, cut tart in half, then in narrow parallel strips to edge of pan. Serve at a party or surprise the family with a new breakfast roll. And don't forget, those prunes are iron-clad!



**I am on a
 number of
 stations now.
 Tune in
 and let's visit.**

KFYR-Bismarck, No. Dak.
 8:45-9 AM

WDAY-Fargo, No. Dak.
 11:15-11:30 AM

WNAX-Yankton, So. Dak.
 10:45-11 AM

KWOA-Worthington, Minn.
 10:15-10:30 AM

KMMJ-Grand Island, Nebr.
 9:45-10 AM

KWTO-Springfield, Mo.
 2:15-2:30 PM

WTAD-Quincy, Illinois
 11:15-11:30 AM

WIBW-Topeka, Kas.
 10:30-10:45 AM

KMA-Shenandoah, Iowa
 2:30-2:45 PM

WMT-Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 10:45-11 AM

**Edith
 Hansen
 Kitchen
 Club**

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Good Friends, One and All:

Well, we've been to the State Fair! I want to get this straight right now because it's been my experience that if I threaten to do something and put down that threat in black-and-white in my letter to you, I automatically set into motion a whole series of circumstances that conspire against my getting it done. It seemed to me that surely *something* would come up to keep us home from the Fair, so it's a great relief to be able to tell you that we actually accomplished the trip.

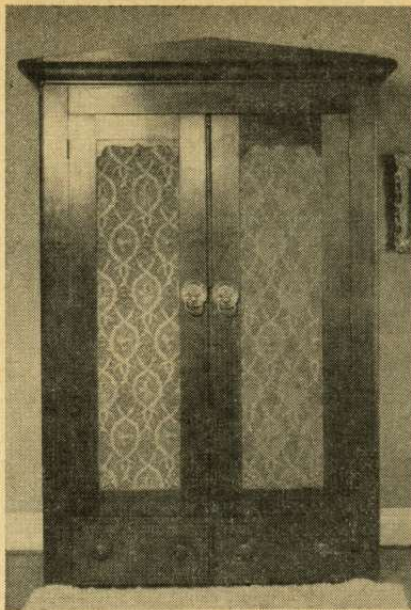
Juliana and I took the train up to Chariton where Dorothy and Kristin were to meet us. I'm ashamed to say that we went through a heavy storm on the road and I spent that entire trip worrying about getting off the train in heavy lightning, rain and wind. Now I couldn't do a thing in the world about it so my foolish worry really deserved exactly what I expected. And what did I get? Well, it was my miraculous good fortune to have the storm thrash itself out just five minutes before we reached Chariton, . . . somehow this served as an omen that the State Fair trip would be a success.

We had quite a time getting out to the farm because of muddy roads, but I was fully prepared for this because we've only gone to Dorothy's once when it didn't rain. After the car showed every sign of slipping right into the creek, Dorothy walked to the house to get Frank to rescue us with a team and wagon. I rode on some bales of straw and contemplated the fact that only a half-hour earlier I had been on one of the swift Rocket trains—and now I was down to a couple of horses and a wagon!

We left for the Fair early the next morning and you'll know what novices we were at Fair-going when I tell you that the last thing I did in nervous haste was to clean Juliana's and Kristin's high white shoes. I felt sort of foolish while I did it, and after we'd been in the Fair-grounds ten minutes I decided that I had been as simple-minded as they come.

As soon as we arrived we met Mabel Nair Brown and her daughter, Regina. I've been writing back and forth to Mabel for a long, long time and I've much enjoyed her articles, so it was a genuine pleasure to meet in the flesh. Regina was actually eager to help take Juliana and Kristin under her wing, so we all set out together to see the culinary exhibits.

It is impossible to describe the mouth-watering food we saw that morning. If I ever am so remarkably unfortunate as to starve to death I'm sure that all of those wonderful looking cakes, cookies, rolls, canned fruit, and so on and so forth will rise up like a veritable mirage before me. I can still see the luscious looking white divinity filled with brilliant cherries, the regal white cakes, and the handsome date bars and brownies that sent me out determined somehow to equal them. Oh yes, I mustn't forget to say right here that I'm sure Mother's angel-food cake would stand a good chance, and I've



I wish this could be in color so that you could see the rich brown of the walnut, and the glistening rose and gold of the brocade.

told her that I want her to enter one next year if I have to start out with it in a wheelbarrow and walk to the Fair.

By the time we left the culinary exhibit it was about one-hundred in the shade and we had over eighty-thousand people to share our misery. Dorothy and I commented upon the fact that we hadn't had one speck of make-up on our faces since nine in the morning, but I couldn't see anyone else who looked right out of a handbox and decided to forget it. However, I did regret that Juliana spilled a catsup-smothered hamburger down the front of my dress, and since one doesn't tramp around the Fair-grounds with a change of clothing over his arm there was nothing to do but ignore it. In short, we looked mighty tacky by one o'clock.

Our next major stop was to see the needlework exhibit, and it was remarkable what a burst of energy we summoned to get up that long flight of stairs to see Dorothy's entry with the blue-ribbon hanging on it. I was truly thrilled to have Dorothy walk away with honors, and her blue dotted-swiss dress, smocked both front and back from the neck to the waist, was a genuine masterpiece. In a very small voice I will add that my entry, a yellow handkerchief linen dress of Juliana's, won third place. I know I told you last month that it would be a pink linen, but when that dress was done I felt sorely disappointed and fell back on the yellow linen. Juliana and Kristin stood and looked wide-eyed at their dresses hanging in the glass case, and I'm sure it was a keen blow to them when they didn't see long, enormous streamers of ribbon attached. From all of the talk they'd heard I'm sure they must have expected to see something fabulous in the line of ribbons. We are hoping to get a good picture of the girls in their State Fair dresses to share with you next month.

I stood and looked at the quilts for a long time. They really took my eye. I dearly love handmade quilts but I can never, never find time to tackle one myself. Surely everyone who saw that exhibit will agree with me when I say that the quilt for a child's bed with little kittens appliqued on a pussy-willow tree was really charming. Now that's the kind of thing Juliana would love for her bed, but I'll never get around to making it.

Regina and Dorothy took the children to have their rides on different things as soon as we'd had our fill of the needlework exhibit, and while they were gone Mabel and I sat on the veranda of the Women's Building and visited. It was nice of so many of you to introduce yourselves for of course I couldn't go around at random introducing myself . . . I'd very likely run into people who would think I should be incarcerated. It was so terrifically hot and we were all so weary by three o'clock that our only impulse was to get home. Any State-Fair-goers share that impulse?

Juliana and I spent Sunday and Monday with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin, and on Monday morning the two little girls started to school. No doubt Dorothy will tell you about this in her letter, so I'll skip over to the fact that Juliana is now an earnest kindergarten student in the Shenandoah schools. She has a crowd of little girls and boys who call for her at 12:45 every day and they all go running and skipping down the street together. Then at 3:15 they all come back up the street and I prepare for a run on the cracker box or cookie jar. Dorothy and I didn't carry on at all when we saw our little girls leave for the first time. If you've ever had a lonely only child you'll know that we welcomed this new world that opened to our children and were happy that they could become part of a group of youngsters.

I wanted to write about the Fair this month so I didn't track down the information on producing a pickled finish for furniture. However, as you have noted, here is the picture of the wardrobe that I promised. I'll confess that when it came to us I was dreadfully dismayed — it really did look HOPELESS in the pure sense of that word. It's impossible to try and describe it, so I'll jump over those sorry details to the fact that it is now a very beautiful piece of furniture. The fine walnut was restored to its original condition by removing the many coats of black varnish, cleaning with denatured alcohol, staining the whitened sections with a walnut stain (several stains were blended together until exactly the right one was found) and then waxing heavily. The heavy hardware was made by combining the bottom sections of two Chinese ashtrays with brass lion heads that were once on an umbrella stand. The badly burned and cut door panels were covered with French brocade, and the four ornate brass pieces at the bottom came from the cover of an old red plush photograph album. It doesn't hold Bluebeard's wives—just records and dishes. Until November,
—Lucile.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My sister and I are coming to you for advice on a problem that has arisen in the last two weeks. Our father died when we were small, and Mother didn't remarry again until last month. Her husband is her age, has two married sons, and both my sister and I are pleased about the marriage. Right now they are on a two-months' wedding trip, and our problem is what to do when they return. Do you think we should have a dinner for them? If so, should we invite her husband's sons and their families? Should any of our own father's brothers and sisters, who live here, be included? We would appreciate it if you would give us a few hints."—Mo.

ANS: I believe that if this were my problem I would handle it by first giving a nice reception to which all of the family friends (including your own father's family, of course) would be invited. The next week I would plan to give two dinners: to one of them I would invite only your mother and her husband, his two sons and their families, and your own families. To the other dinner I would invite the most intimate friends of both your mother and her husband—but no relatives. I believe that with this plan for social events you will avoid hurt feelings from anyone.

QUES: "For the first five years of our marriage I worked at a difficult job and as a result I had no time to have any kind of a social life. My husband was equally busy and we didn't entertain at all. Now I am at home for the first time and my husband isn't so busy, so we would like to start what most people regard as a normal social life. We have a wide circle of acquaintances but no close friends, so what would be your suggestion for getting started in a new pattern?"—Mo.

ANS: Please don't be discouraged by this, but I feel I should warn you that you may find it quite difficult to "start in a new pattern." This wide circle of acquaintances that you mention is composed of people who have built up their own little groups through the past five years. They may not have understood clearly why you didn't participate in any social activities and may be distant at first. I'd start by having a series of small dinners—you can entertain three or four other couples. I wouldn't suggest having a large "Open House" or a large affair of any kind. Keep things simple, keep your number of guests small, don't expect too much—and hope for the best!

QUES: "Since my husband passed away two years ago I have spent a great deal of time sewing, and the friends who have received baby dresses from me insist that I could sell them for a great deal. I've no idea how to go about this and wonder if

you could tell me?"—Kans.

ANS: I think that your first step should be to contact the buyer of any infant's department in any good store. If you can't see her in person you can write and ask if you may send a dress as a sample. Since you have had no business experience I think I should warn you that fine handwork does not bring the price that you expect. What you receive for the dress and what the store receives when it sells it are two different things. However, if you do this fine work as a hobby and do not need the income, you will certainly receive enough to keep you interested over a period of time.

QUES: "How much help around the house do you think can be reasonably expected from school children during the school year? When we were small we were required to do daily chores as a matter of course, but it seems that now days the parents in our neighborhood take for granted the fact that their children are too busy to be of any help. I have two girls, twelve and thirteen and a boy ten, and although they leave for their bus at 7:30 in the morning they are home shortly after 4:00. Please tell me what you think about this problem."—Iowa.

ANS: It doesn't seem to me very likely that children who leave the house at 7:30 in the morning can accomplish anything before they go, but I certainly see no reason why they can't be of help when they return. I can't figure out why your boy wouldn't be able to manage his share of the evening chores, and why the girls wouldn't be able to help with supper and wash up the dishes. I am a firm believer in school activities that do take up extra time, no doubt about it, but I am also a firm believer in children sharing some of the responsibilities of keeping up a home. None of us want to make drudges of our children, yet at the same time there is no reason why they should live in a house as though it were a hotel.

QUES: "Is it correct to telephone a reply to a formal invitation? My husband says that an engraved invitation asking for a reply should be answered only with a written note, but that seems rather ridiculous to me and I don't know why a telephone call wouldn't serve the purpose. Am I right?"—Nebraska.

ANS: Unfortunately for your convictions I must say that you are wrong and your husband is right. Engraved invitations asking for a reply compel a written note, so forget the telephone and reach for your pen and ink.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter at 11 a.m. on KOWH, KOAD and KFNF.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

In the August magazine I asked for help to get glasses for a little girl in Tennessee and it was some time before I discovered that the reason there was not more response was that I had not given my address. A few of you who have written me before did send some dimes and dollars to help, and we got the glasses; but in the meantime two more shut-ins wrote that they needed glasses. It seems odd that the three requests for the same article came so close together, but it sometimes happens that way, and I hope we can get them. Address me at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Betty Reymer was so pleased with the mail you sent. She had been finding life pretty dull when all of a sudden she commenced getting letters by handfulls. She is in a ward with 24 other girls at State Branch, Cresson, Pa., and they all enjoy her mail.

Cheer has been asked for Barbara Wilson of Chambersburg, Ill. She is in her early twenties and is blind. Also she cannot walk. It is a little hard to know what to send to a person who cannot see, but letters are always welcome, and such things as toilet articles and candy.

You will sympathize with Anna Ohlson of 881 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10, Ill. She has had arthritis for many years and it has stiffened her hip joints so she cannot sit. She can get out of bed some but has to stand or lean against something, and now she tells me she has two corns on the bottom of each foot, so she just has to stay in bed.

Reading is the only pastime for Lillian Green, 2504 W. 2 St., Amarillo, Texas. She has been bedfast for many years, paralyzed by a spinal injury, and is unable to use her body at all, not even her hands. Her voice is affected, also, so talking is difficult. In spite of all this, she is cheerful. Send a card with an encouraging message.

Mrs. Maud Smith, 1012 Washington Ave., Red Oak, Iowa would like to hear from you. I'm not sure if she can answer or not. Sometimes she can, but sometimes for months she is not able to write. She has been bedfast for almost fifteen years. When she is well enough she does beautiful crochet work to sell.

Mrs. Lottie Oswick, Coinjock, N. Car., is another shutin who would like to hear from you. She is bedfast.

Every second month I send out a leaflet telling a lot more about different shut-ins. The October one gives ads for things they make or sell. I think it is important that we do what we can to help them help themselves, and buying from them is a fine way to do that. It makes us feel much better to receive pay for work we have done than to get a gift because someone feels sorry for us. Don't you think so? The leaflet is free - just ask for the October Guide. You will find it interesting besides the opportunities it gives you to help someone.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I am writing this letter on a perfectly beautiful Sunday afternoon. The sky is a brilliant blue, the ocean is an even more brilliant blue, and the huge clouds hanging over the mountains are whiter than I have ever seen them. From our front porch I can look down toward the yacht harbor and see dozens of white sails being raised to catch some of the stiff trade winds that are whipping down out of the north. Here and there little motorboats are making an awful fuss as they zip back and forth in the calm water this side of the reef. Everywhere I look there are flowering shrubs and our date palms are almost bending to the ground under an abundant crop of rich, red dates.

Yes, this is a wonderful afternoon to be awake and enjoying life. But I wish that you could have seen the black and threatening sky that met my eye when I first climbed out of bed this morning! Even though I have learned by now that there is no place in the world with weather quite as changable as this Hawaiian weather, I never-the-less gave in to the fact that it would be a wet and dismal Sunday. Out here one never knows.

The first thing I do when I wake up in the morning is to run outside and take a look at our night-blooming cereus hedge. The magnificent, gold-filled night-blooming cereus is beyond all doubt God's greatest floral creation. Our front lawn is bordered by the longest single cereus hedge in the world. When the evening paper carries a special little note for tourists telling them that the night-blooming cereus will bloom that night, I am sure to find a most interesting group of people in our front yard when I go out. The flowers open just after dark and remain open until about eight-thirty in the morning. If you have never been to Hawaii, it is possible that you have seen these extravagant flowers in Mexico or the West Indies. Once you have seen them, every other flower becomes almost common in comparison.

Do you ever wonder why God created some of the things he did? I do. I wonder, for example, why He created the crocodile. For years I have wondered that. There is no animal in the world that I hate quite so much and have so enjoyed killing. As a general rule I am tender-hearted about killing animals, but the crocodile I have killed—and if I had the chance would continue to kill—with pleasure. I think—rather I should say I am convinced—that there is no animal in the world quite so loathesome as crocodiles. If any of you know one good reason for their existence, I wish that you would write and tell me of it. Thank heavens there are not any of the hateful things out here.

However, there is a certain tree in our back yard that I am wondering about. It looks innocent enough. It is a mango tree. Now I know that many people like mangos. I do not. I never have like them, and now after such intimate knowledge as I have ac-



This was snapped at the picnic table in Mother's and Dad's backyard just as Wayne started to the house with a big tray of dishes. Abigail had done the loading and was laughing about it.

quired of the bothersome things, I know that I never shall like them. Just listen to this story of woe.

Hawaiians, with reason, call the mango tree the bellyache tree because the green fruit is irresistible to children. But this mango tree of ours is so bad that even the Hawaiian children hold their noses and make grimaces of disgust when they pass by. For three months our mango tree dripped rottenness. Every day during the period I raked up rotten mangos, and it seemed that the more I raked up the more there were to rake up. The people who lived in our house while we were at the beach for the summer wrote me letters complaining most vehemently of the behaviour of this tree. At last every rotten mango had fallen and last week I swept the back lawn until it was spotless. For twenty-four hours I almost felt ashamed of some of the things I said about the poor old tree. And then guess what happened? It started to shed its leaves! Now I have to rake leaves every day! That is one of the peculiar things about the tropics. There seems to be no one season for trees to shed leaves. Some trees shed leaves in the spring, some in summer, some in the fall, etc. When it is hot and humid I just don't like to rake leaves.

I have just made my first movie of Mary Leanna. Since we can't afford to own a really good movie camera, I had to borrow a camera from a friend,—but someday we are going to own one. The film just finished turned out very well. We made a gala occasion of its first showing. I invited six little neighbor children to bring their parents and come over to our house to see the movie of Mary Leanna. From the local film supply house I was able to rent four Mickey Mouse movies and the YMCA let me borrow one of their outdoor life films. The school furnished the projector and Betty furnished the lemonade. It was a great time! Of course Mary Leanna was too young to attend the party, but we gave her a private showing of some of the films the next day.

The projector was of much more interest to her than the movie.

Without looking at a ship sailing schedule or a newspaper I can know for a certainty that a passenger ship is arriving tomorrow. How can I know that? Well, it is easy. All I have to do is look out the window toward some of our flowering shrubs. And what does that tell me? Actually, looking at the shrubs themselves tells me nothing, but looking at the people picking the flowers from the shrubs tells me a great deal. You are aware, of course, of the Hawaiian custom of putting a flower lei (circular chain) about the neck of each person arriving or leaving the islands. The leis may be bought, but it is so much nicer to make them. This afternoon several of the neighbors are making leis and they are using all the flowers available. When so many people are busy making leis that is a good sign of a ship.

Betty and I are very happy about the new furniture we just bought for our living room and lanai. A lanai is a large porch used for living purposes. It is hard to tell when you have left our living room and entered our lanai. We can almost say that our lanai is the wall-less half of our living room. All of the furniture is made of a tropical wood called rattan. It is painted white and has spring cushions with green and white slipcovers. It blends beautifully with our pale green walls. Strangely enough, most of our friends out here claim that our rattan furniture is the first painted rattan that they have ever seen. For floor coverings we use large lahala mats. Both the lahala mats and rattan furniture are imported from the South Pacific. I think that if you were to walk into our home today, coming in out of the hot sun, you would comment on how cool the house seemed. It really is a cool house, but the rattan and lahala make it appear cooler than it actually is. Our home is so comfortable that we are going to hate to leave it next year when we return to the mainland. It is most unlikely that we would consider shipping any of our furniture home, for the cost of freight is very high. Everything shipped by sea is charged for by cubic foot and not by weight. Crated furniture would make up many cubic feet.

Much to my surprise we have seen very few grass houses in Hawaii. Like most other mainlanders we fully expected to see at least 10% of the population still living in the old time grass houses, but to tell you the truth, I suppose that there are actually as many grass houses in California as there are out here. The only ones that I have seen up close were in one of the city parks, placed there for a historical pageant. Contrary to popular belief a grass house is not easily built. Straight, tall trees are felled to provide the two end posts and the ridge poles. Sticks are collected for the thatch lashings. Ferns, pandanus, banana leaves, ti leaves, sugar cane leaves and pili grass are collected by the women for thatching. Getting the thatch to stay on the house is no easy job in itself.—Sincerely, Frederick.

UNUSUAL HOBBIES

By Hallie Barrow

Isn't it strange how many different talents folks can have? Now take my neighbor, Mrs. Pearl Boyer. She witches wells! But Pearl wishes there were another name for her profession or talent since she very much dislikes that word "witch." Could you suggest a better name?

Regardless of whether or not you believe in the theory that some folks can walk along with a peach tree limb in their hands, clasped tight, and that suddenly it will start turning, enough folks around here believe sufficiently in Pearl's power that she picks up several hundred dollars each year. During dry summers when people on farms get desperate for water she has made as much as \$500. Not such a great sum as salaries go nowadays, but Pearl has no overhead!

Folks come and get her, she spends but a short time in the place where they hope to find water, and then they take her back home. Quite often she asks them to wait to pay her until after the well is dug. She misses so seldom it isn't worth mentioning. She takes a good many steps during her "witching" as she likes to find two veins of water and then she knows when she finds where they cross that there is a sure supply.

However, she now uses a wire instead of a peach tree switch. She picked up a coat hanger by her mail box one day, and as she started walking it began to turn in her hands, and that is how she found she could test with a wire. She uses a long straight piece of wire which seems very limber, and as she stands at the point where the veins of water cross, the wire bobs up and down; the number of times it bobs before stopping is the number of feet to water.

Recently the doubters in our town had to admit that Pearl knew her "witching." A man right on Main street decided he wanted a well and he wanted it right at his back door and he didn't believe in witching for wells and anyway that is where he wanted it and he was willing to pay and trust his own judgment. After all, there were wells in other yards nearby and very likely one could find water anywhere.

The well digger came and his patient mule started going his weary circle. So many folks were interested that they brought boxes and stools to sit on. Pearl was not consulted nor was she there during the days they dug and dug and dug and struck no water.

Then the owner sent out an S.O.S. for Pearl. The rows of kibitzers doubled. They laughed and joked as Pearl walked around that yard, and then they simply howled and roared when she approached the well digger and told him firmly to move his outfit about 20-feet south. He was a non-believer too and wasn't too exact and Pearl made him change his new location just a few feet. How the on-lookers did jibe! But when a good vein of water commenced bubbling up at about the depth Pearl predicted, they got up from their chairs and

went off shaking their heads in amazement.

Yes, watching that wire turn in her hands makes even a doubter say, "Well, I believe she's got something there after all." And generally it's a well!

* * *

(Ed. Note: From time to time we will print other accounts from Hallie Barrow about unusual hobbies.)

FOOD SPECIALTY SALE

By Mabel Nair Brown

Solicit the members of your Aid Society for a certain amount of some food at which they are particularly adept in preparing. For instance, one woman might volunteer to donate six-dozen cream puffs, another, four loaves of banana nut bread, etc. Have a committee take orders for these foods, being certain they have a list so they can tell prospective customers what they can furnish. Taking these orders might well be done on the telephone, but be sure as well that your project is advertised in local papers. A list of foods to be available might be included in the ad, only be sure you know how much of each item is to be furnished so no more orders are taken than can be filled.

Some items which have proven to be good sellers are home-baked beans, potato salad, salad dressing, nut bread, fresh rolls, steamed brown bread, angel food and other extra-special cakes, cottage cheese, fruit cake, cream puffs, chilled ice-box cooky dough (ready to cut and bake) and homemade vegetable-beef soup. Of course dressed poultry is always a good item to sell.

This type of sale can be repeated several times during the winter months if you like as the buyers come to be very partial to a certain cook's way with breads, beans, etc., and will be eager to buy her products each time they are offered.

By the way, the same idea could be carried out, say at Christmas time, by having members offer their special type of handwork for sale such as crocheting, novelty wall decorations, etc. By taking orders in advance one is sure what will sell, and by commercializing on the "specialty" items from each woman the items have the "exclusive" mark that is an added incentive to the purchaser.

YOUR CHURCH GARDEN

First plant five rows of Peas: Presence, Promptness, Preparation, Purity and Perseverance.

Next to these plant three rows of Squash: Squash gossip, Squash criticism, Squash indifference.

Then plant five rows of Lettuce: Let us be faithful to duty, Let us be loyal and unselfish, Let us be true to our obligations, Let us obey rules and regulations, Let us love one another.

No garden is complete, of course, without Turnips. Turn up for the meetings, Turn up with a smile, Turn up with new ideas, and Turn up with determination to make everything count for something good and worthwhile.



Immediately after dinner at Henry's house, Sol Field and Louise went outside to have this picture taken. There is a striking resemblance between the two brothers.

GOOSEBERRIES WITHOUT GRIEF

There must be many people like myself who like to have a few wild gooseberries each year, but dread the thought of heat, weeds, snakes and chiggers usually involved in gathering them.

We partly solved that a few years ago when we dug up a number of young plants and set them out around the edge of the back yard. Besides conveniently furnishing pies, they help shut off the view of the barn and lot, and while most bushes are in danger of being walked on or chewed up by trespassing cows, a wild gooseberry is always able to defend itself.

There's just one word of warning: don't be tempted to set them too close together. I know they look nice as a solid bank of shrubbery, but remember, come summer you are going to want to get around on all sides of the bush to pick the berries. If you forgot that a tiny sprout will soon grow into a big bush, then you will either lose a number of berries or gain a lot of briars and scratches. I know from bitter experience!—Catherine Scott.

COVER PICTURE

On a bright morning in early April Juliana spent some time playing on the campus of Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn. There were remarkable iron statues on that campus, and when she climbed up on the back of the huge dog, her daddy took out his camera and snapped this picture. It isn't every day that a little girl can find such a steed!



FOR THE CHILDREN

TIMOTHY, THE ALLEY CAT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Timothy was a very sad, gaunt, homeless black cat. He slept in an alley and ate out of garbage cans. He never had any friends, because nobody wanted a big black cat rubbing against his shoes.

One morning Timothy was lying on a garbage can trying to absorb a little sunshine. He lay very quietly and watched the boys and girls who used the alley as a short cut on their way to school. He didn't feel quite so lonely when he listened to the chatter of the children.

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed a little girl. "Today is Halloween, and tonight we are going to Sally's party. I'll bet it will be fun!"

"Yes, and I'll bet they will have spooks 'n witches 'n everything, Jill."

"Do you really think they will, Tom?" Jill gave a happy skip of anticipation. "And I hope Sally has owls and even a great big black Halloween cat!"

"Look, Jill. There's a black cat on that garbage can. There's your Halloween cat now." Jill stopped and looked at Timothy. Timothy's eyes popped open wider and he meowed ever so gently.

"Oh, no, Tom, that's just an old alley cat. I want a real honest-to-goodness Halloween cat with nice clean fur and everything. Come on, we'll be late for school if we don't hurry." Then the children ran off, still talking excitedly about the party.

Poor Timothy! If only he were a Halloween cat instead of just a plain old black alley cat! It was very disheartening. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. A great big cat-tear wandered down his face and trickled off his nose. It lit with a big Plop! on his paw, and Timothy licked it off. Another tear dribbled down his chin, and Timothy licked that one off, too. Pretty soon he was weeping and licking and licking and weeping. Then he made a big discovery! Where he had licked the tears away, his fur was clean and black and very shiny.

"Why," mused Timothy, "maybe if I licked all my fur, I would be just as clean as a Halloween cat and I could go to the party, too." So Timothy sat all afternoon on the garbage can and licked and licked until his coat was as black as jet and as glossy and soft as any cat's coat could be. Then he lay with one eye open and waited for the children to come skipping home from school. At last he heard them.

"Hurry, hurry," Tom was saying. "I want to be the first one there so

I can scare everyone as they come."

"You'll be a grand ghost, Tom, but I do wish I had a Halloween cat. I won't even look like a witch without one! Why, Tom, look! There's a beautiful black cat! Do you suppose he belongs to someone?"

"Why, that's the same cat we saw this noon."

"Oh, no, it couldn't be. This cat is black and clean, and the cat on the garbage can was very dirty."

"Just the same, Jill, I think he is the same one. Anyway, if he belonged to someone, he would be home eating his supper now. Let's take him to the party!" Timothy thought this was a very good idea. He hopped right up on Jill's shoulder and turned on his little cat-motor, just to show how happy he was to be a Halloween cat. Purr, purr, purr! Only once in a while he interrupted himself to take another quick lick at his nice clean paws!

THE CLEVER MICE

The pretty black eyes of the little field mouse

Looked far o'er the meadow one day,

And he said to his sister, "Don't stay in the house,

Let us travel." His sister said "Yea."

So they passed by white daisies and cardinals red,

'Til they came to the region of bogs,

"Oh! See that tall grass with brown tops," Sister said,

"Those are cat-tails," said one of the frogs.

"Ho! Ho! and Ha! Ha!" laughed the two little mice,

"Cats delight in our innocent blood.

If those really are cat-tails how awfully nice,

All those cats must be stuck in the mud!"

—Unknown.

Ask your grandmother if she re-



Nancy Faye Jessen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jessen, Exira, Iowa, loves to hear the Kitchen-Klatter program and can tune it in all by herself. She was three years old on May 6th.

members hearing this little verse long ago. It was sent to us by Mary Leanna Driftmier's great-grandmother, Mrs. Hattie Crandall of Ashaway, Rhode Island, who said that when her children were small they dearly loved it.

RIDDLES

1. How does a white horse go in a barn? Ans. White.

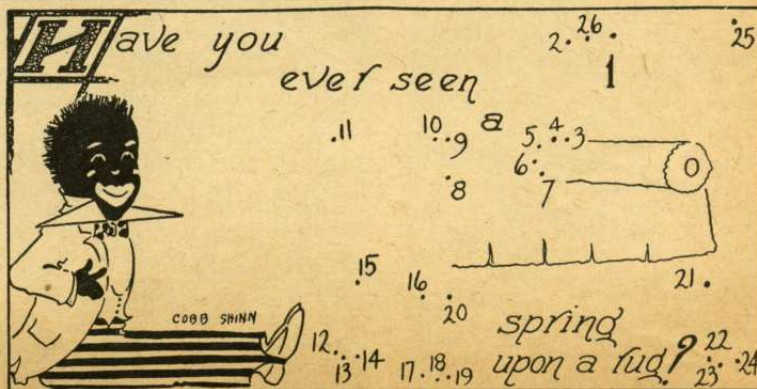
2. What goes up and down and never touches the sky or ground? Ans. The pump handle.

3. What is the difference between a hill and a pill? Ans. One is hard to get up and the other hard to get down.

4. When is a dog not a dog? Ans. When he runs down a street and turns into an alley.

5. What goes up when the rain comes down? Ans. Umbrella.

An old-fashioned wire popcorn "popper" is good picnic equipment when there are small children along—and weiners are on the menu. Put the weiners in the wire basket to roast them over the coals and there'll be less grief all the way around.



"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.

Send Ads direct to
Driftmier Publishing Co.
Shenandoah, Iowa

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

CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD. Mail your rings, bracelets, watch cases, pins, chains, optical scrap, dental gold, filled and plated scrap, for prompt estimate, to Henry Field Jewelry Dept., Shenandoah, Ia.

LADIES: Send us your sewing scissors, we will Hollow Ground, sharpen and put on a high polish. They will cut and look as good as new. One pair 50¢. Two pair or more 40¢ ea. postpaid. Clipper blades, 65¢ pair. Electric or hand. Nail nippers 60¢. Cuticle scissors 60¢. Established since 1914. Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Ia.

FOR SALE: Fruit applique tea towels, 3 for \$1.15, 2 potholders 35¢. Tea aprons 85¢, pillow slips \$3 to \$5. Mrs. A. K. Ingham, Beverly, Kans.

GOPHER TRAPS. Renken Sure Catch. Description sent free. Renken Trap Co., Crete, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Large sized pieced Dresden Plate circles, ready to put on your quilt. Fast colors. State center color wanted, each circle 25¢ ea., P.P. Order now, G. C. Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

FOR SALE: Lacy hat pincushions, 9-in. diameter. Blue, teal, coral or green. Contrasting ribbon laced in points at base of crown, \$1.35 ea. Thelma Wagner, Hampton, Ia.

FOR SALE: Plaster Made items with plastic finish. Book-Ends, Wall Plaques, all kinds. Figures, all kind, animal plaques, also Statues for What-Nots. Lovely gifts the year round. Send post card for prices at once. Geneva C. Kendall 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

XMAS ORDERS, taken for tatted handkerchiefs and other ladies hobbies. Mrs. Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

SPECIAL, 20 sheets, 20 envelopes, 20 Personalized post-cards, all printed with your name and address, postpaid \$1. A FREE GIFT given with each order. Midwest Stationery 8-0, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

FOR SALE: Jersey Loop, Hand-woven potholders, and Hot Plate mats. Assorted colors, 6x6-in. 4 for \$1. P.P. By 8 yr. old boy. Billy Lee Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

PETS, Golden Hamsters. Males \$1.50, Females \$2. Trio \$5. Write for free information. Dwaine Schaffner, 1316 Eighth Ave., North, Fort Dodge, Ia.

FOR SALE: Cloth dolls, Felt Penguins, stuffed animal toys for all ages of youngsters. Xmas rush on now. Send card for prices etc., at once. Can fill all orders to November 29 for Xmas. Geneva Kendall, 1502 Franklin Ave., Chariton, Ia.

ORDER CHRISTMAS DRESSES EARLY. Many smoked, others tatting trim. Nite-shirts like Grandpa's for infant boys \$1.50. Laura Mitchell, St. Paul, Nebr.

CROCHETING: Pineapple ribbon laced pincushions, ea. \$1. Hot-pads, \$1, 75¢, 50¢ pr. Sachet baskets ea. 35¢. Doilies, chair sets and pillow slips. Prices reasonable. Ad good any time. Mrs. H. C. Hoffman, Rt. 5, Chariton, Ia.

WANTED, orders for Pillow Cases, Send stamps for information. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Mae Graves, 1012 Roland, Chariton, Ia.

ALL WOOL, hand crocheted articles for the New Baby. 3-pc. sweater sets \$3.50, single sweaters \$1.50, booties \$1. Cotton mercerized bibs ribbon trim \$1. Cotton hand knit soakers \$1.25 satisfaction guaranteed. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

HEALTH BOOKLET, Nurse explains why some foods cause trouble, may bring pain to arthritis joints, overweight, many health questions answered. 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

PRINT APRONS, and crocheted yarn pillow tops. Treva Snyder, Dayton, Ia.

CROCHETED MEXICAN HAT EARRINGS, \$1.00. List of others for 3¢ stamp. Mrs. John Weber, 3022 Bondesson Street, Omaha 12, Nebr.

XMAS CARD ASSORTMENT, fancy 21 for \$1. Also 50 beautiful cards name imprinted \$1. Order early. Mrs. John Trainer, Sibley, Ia.

CUTE EUCALYPTUS WOOD SHAKERS. Typical of California, 35¢, 3 sets \$1. Mrs. Phoebe West, 2835 Massachusetts St., Lemon Grove, Calif.

EMBROIDERY PILLOW CASES, \$2. Tea towels, 40¢, set of 7, \$2.80. Clothes-pin bag, \$1.15. Bib aprons \$1.25. Mrs. Ray Dixon, Allerton, Ia.

MY SINCERE thanks to all the Kitchen-Klatter friends who remembered me with cards, letters, and gifts. Mrs. Cargill, Rt. 1, Swea City, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS. Illustrated booklet 35¢. (Coins). Mayme Gale, Longmont, Colo.

GENEROUS SAMPLE, and instructions on how to weave a 5 strand braided rug. Send \$1. Mrs. Henry Owen, Gray, Ia.

SOLID BRASS NAME PLATES, house numbers. Permanently treated 4-3/4x2-inch. One line, \$2.98 complete; extra lines 50¢. Additional sizes. Print names in Capitals. Mrs. Emerald Lindgren, Axtell, Nebr.

A CHOICE GIFT. A safety catch pin decorated with flower formed from tiny shells on a soft colored background \$1 ea. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

SEWING LADIES COTTON DRESSES, \$1.25. Childs, \$1. Send pattern, material, thread. Rose Soukup, Spillville, Ia.

CROCHETED TABLE CLOTHS, chair sets, doilies any size. Write for information. Enclose stamp for reply. Mrs. Omer De France, Albion, Ia.

ANTIQUE BUREAU, for sale, solid walnut. Mrs. L. J. Carter, Livonia, Mo.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY CHAIR SETS, \$4. Two sets \$7, white and ecru. Crocheted coffee table doilies 22x15, oval, pineapple \$3, white. Crocheted tea aprons medium and large \$3. White. Doilies whirly pineapple 23 inches across \$4, white. Beauties. Always on hand, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

SEND FOR LIST of hand made novelties. Money refunded if not satisfied. Carrie Hooper, 112 West Main, Santa Maria, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL, internally carved plastic earrings, \$1, pins \$1. Matched sets \$2. Fountain Pen set \$6. Wall plaques \$4. State color. Lawrence Stokka, 546 Pammel Court, Ames, Ia.

HOUSE-PLANT SLIPS, 10 different rooted, for \$1.25 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Hudsonville, Mich.

12-INCH CROCHETED RUFFLED DOILIES, 180-in. around ruffle. White, shaded pink, blue, yellow, or green. \$3. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

FOR SALE: A knitted bedspread, Evensong pattern. Sample block on request. Price \$125. Mrs. Bert Eddy, Le Center, Minn.

6 1/2-INCH DOILY, pansy edge 50¢, Spiderweb buffet set, \$1.50, pineapple buffet set \$3.50, chair sets \$2.50 up. Hattie Buswell, Cheyenne Wells, Colo.

WANTED: Someone wearing 7 1/2 AA and 8AAA shoes to buy some of mine. Fine quality. Reasonable. Margaret Hardtke, Winnebago, Minn.

NOVELTY PLASTIC SHAKERS: Oxen and covered wagon, 60¢; "Frisky" the squirrel, 60¢; "Blacky and Whitey" the scotty dogs, 60¢. Wauneta Paxson, Silver City, Ia.

LADIES ROTHMOOR COAT, all wool, brown with white fox fur collar. Size 18. Like new, \$35 postpaid. Mrs. Melvin Markham 3318 East 13 St., Wichita 6, Kans.

SMOCKED DRESSES: Dainty pastel colors, size 2. I will furnish material, cut out the dress, smock the front, and mail, ready for you to finish. Price \$3, postpaid. Mrs. E. Porter, 4656 Eighth Street, Ecorse, Mich.

WILL TAKE ORDERS, for Pom-Pom Rugs for Christmas. Write for prices. Also band aprons, 75¢. Velma Schnor, Hawkeye, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crochet vanity and chair sets. Doilies, Pot Holders, Dresser Scarfs, Pillow Cases, etc. Also will do crocheting. Mrs. Bohman Fencil, Washington, Kans.

WANTED: Hand work of all kinds, tea towels, crocheted articles, novelty items. The Art Shop, West Point, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Variety and Appliance Stock. Aplington, Ia. Interested call, Mrs. Onno W. Meyer.

FOR SALE: Farmers fence repairing stretchers, for tightening loose sagging or broken wires. Sample postpaid for \$2. Circulars free. The Hawbaker Co., Elmore, Minn.

FOR SALE: Small crocheted sachet baskets, with tiny crocheted flowers. Pastel shades 40¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

12 MIXED HOUSE PLANT CUTTINGS, \$1.35. Bearable ornamental pepper plants, 65¢, plus postage. 1 male, 2 female matured golden hamsters, cheap. No checks. Mary Kloff, Elizabeth, Ill.

CROCHET BUFFET SET, good size \$3.50. Swirl doily about 15-in., very pretty, \$1.75. Pot-holders, new pattern, \$1.10 per pr. Stamp for information. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Ia.

FLORAL STATIONERY, excellent Birthday or Christmas gift. Get several boxes, \$1 prepaid. Mrs. Loyd Shifflett, Sheldon, Ia.

YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS: Health, Wealth, Happiness. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, sex, complexion, birthdate. \$1. I know you will like this unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk, Norfolk, Nebr.

EXCLUSIVE: Something new, floral crepe imported napkins, beauties, in gift box. Nice Christmas gift, bridge prize, or for own use. Get several \$1, prepaid. Mrs. Loyd Shifflett, Sheldon, Ia.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

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(As advertised on KMA, WNAH, and WJAG Home-Maker Programs)

SPECIAL NO. 1—A full 16-ounce jar of GLORI Cream-Type Shampoo, in a beautiful, covered, plastic Utility Dish for refrigerator or deep-freeze, (It's a honey.) All for \$3.00, postpaid.

SPECIAL NO. 2—A regular dollar-size jar of GLORI Cream-Type Shampoo, PLUS a free jar of that wonderful La Dana HAIR CREAM . . . PLUS a new shaker-top bottle of La Dana BODY SACHET, delightful roses and spice fragrance. (A real LUXURY item—bottle looks like cut-glass, has plastic top.) You get these THREE items . . . Shampoo, Hair Cream, and Body Sachet—all for \$1.00, postpaid.

Orders shipped same day received. Send your order direct to La Dana. Your Home-maker will get credit for it.

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

"SING A SONG OF HARVEST HOME"

By Mabel Nair Brown

**"Come ye thankful people come,
Raise the song of harvest home."**

At this season of the year, with a bountiful harvest on every hand, our hearts are overflowing with thankfulness and a spirit of well being which finds a happy outlet in the Harvest Home supper in many communities. This supper, and the program which is often a part of the festivities, is usually sponsored by the church group, the lodge or some other community organization.

In most instances certain menus have become almost traditional for these suppers, usually featuring special dishes for which a neighborhood's cooks are locally famous. We offer here program and decorating suggestions which we hope will help you if you are on a committee to plan for a Harvest Home supper.

Since this year ours seems to be truly a land of plenty and, since by way of radio, daily papers and magazines we are being shown the great need for sharing our bounty with the hungry world abroad, it seems fitting to use as a theme for the program the thought "Showing our thankfulness by sharing."

As a background "prop" or setting for the program, use a large globe of the world as the focal point of interest. If it is not one on a tall standard, arrange to place it on a pedestal or small table. Encircle the base with a display of vegetables, fruits, corn, etc. to indicate that we will share our food around the world. Or if the traditional horn of plenty appeals to you, place it to one side and let products overflow from it to encircle the globe. Perhaps to the other side and a bit in front could be placed the open Bible with lighted tapers on either side of it to indicate that we need spiritual enlightenment for the world as well as physical help.

The dining hall and tables could be appropriately decorated by using stalks of corn in the corners of the room. If space permits, one corner might have an Indian tepee with a small cornshock nearby. Place a few pumpkins at the base of the cornshock. At a dinner I once attended a few leaves were burned in the fireplace just before guests arrived, and that delightful, woodsy tang remained to scent the air all evening—a true hint of fall.

The small half-bushel size fruit baskets are very attractive filled with corn or the larger vegetables. Pumpkins hollowed out and scalloped, or cut in points around the top make pretty baskets to hold fruits, vegetables, and gourds for

table centerpieces. Place them upon a bed of autumn leaves, and if you want these leaves to look extra special and very beautiful, give them a thin coat of wax and rub slightly to a gloss. Don't overlook magazine illustrations and advertisements as a source to find patterns to follow if you don't have a natural talent for arranging these fruit and vegetable arrangements.

If you use the large globe arrangement suggested above, you might be able to borrow enough small globes to use in similar fashion as the centerpiece of each table. And one of the most effective bits of decoration imaginable is to have individual place mats made by drawing a map of the state on heavy white construction paper, indicating the main points of interest and using vivid shades to color the entire thing. The young people of your church or community group might well take this on as a project for it's the type of thing they would enjoy producing as a group.

The words of the following poem could be typed on individual slips of paper and placed beside each plate. At the conclusion of the dinner the program could begin with the pianist playing soft music while the entire group repeats the poem in unison.

"Dear God, we come to Thee this day and in prayer give thanks for all the things Thy loving hand has wrought. For sun and rain, for fruit and grain, and for all the happiness Thy love has brought. We bring our hearts, our humble hearts, Yes, all in gratitude to Thee this day are brought. Dear Lord, we come with grateful hearts beseeching Thee to let Thy Holy Spirit enter in, Father above, in Thy great love wilt Thou forgive us all our every sin? Make us aware, teach us to share, and at last receive us in Thy Home. Amen."

In almost every community now can be found some person (perhaps the wife of a service man who has been with her husband abroad) who has been across the ocean recently. Invite them to tell of their experiences abroad and especially to tell how our contributions of food and clothing are used overseas. Many have brought back costumes worn in the countries they visited which would add interest to their talks.

Music is an important part of such an occasion. During the dinner hour it would be nice if your pianist could play such old favorites as Beautiful Ohio, On the Banks of the Wabash, the Missouri Waltz, etc. And if you are fortunate enough to have a group who can play instrumental music it would be fine to alternate the piano music with a medley of our folk songs and state songs. When the guests first come to the tables it would be nice to have them join in singing Come Ye Thankful People just before the minister returns thanks, and at the conclusion of the dinner nothing would be more appropriate than to have everyone join in singing America the Beautiful.

Some church groups plan a display

of canned foods and surplus vegetables for Harvest Home, and after the affair is over these are collected and given to some church home or other worthy organization.

Inject some humor into your program for after all this is a joyous occasion. Clever little skits using two or three persons always go over big, so why not develop a short sketch of a day on the farm at the height of the summer's work? Surely someone in your group has sufficient sense of humor to work this out, and no one expects a finished performance.

In most cases the small children of your group have not had an opportunity to "speak in public" since Children's Day last June, so it is an excellent chance to bring them into the festivities. They can appear in groups to sing songs, and individually to speak poems or sing solos. In days gone by we always included the children in such programs and it gave them such invaluable experience in appearing before groups that I think it would be farsighted of us to return to this custom. And certainly there is no better place to begin than at a Harvest Home dinner.

If a Harvest Home dinner has never been held in your community, resolve not to let this autumn pass without giving one. Surely there will never be a better time, and it is one of the finest traditions that a community can establish.

BUILDING

Upon the wreckage of thy yesterday
Design thy structure of tomorrow.

Lay

Strong corner-stones of purpose, and
prepare

Great blocks of wisdom cut from past
despair.

Shape mighty pillars of resolve, to set
Deep in the tear-wet mortar of regret.
Believe in God—in thine own self be-

lieve,
All thou hast hoped for thou shalt yet
achieve.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Photographic Christmas Cards

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

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