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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Number 10



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

This has been one of the most beautiful autumn days that I can ever remember. When we went to church this morning it seemed as warm as a day in summer, and yet there was something in the air that let you know it couldn't be anything but fall. We took a drive this afternoon to enjoy the sunshine and open country, and now that we're home and our Sunday night supper is over (we had the usual thing, potato salad, cake and coffee), I want to sit down and have my monthly visit with you.

Sometimes when I write these letters I feel that I'm repeating myself in spots for so many people have called on us through these past several months that I wonder if I haven't told everyone in person what I tell in my letters. There have certainly been a lot of happy families through here this summer, and they all seemed to be enjoying their trip a great deal. Many people made overnight stays in Shenandoah and were only gone from their homes the one night. But about an equal number of people stopped here going to some quite distant place, or returning from some such place, so all in all I've gotten the impression that a lot of you folks had well-deserved vacations.

As I write this I can't give you any kind of information on the trip back East to visit Frederick and his family that I mentioned last month. We may not even go, when it's all said and done. There are so many, many things to keep us busy that right now we don't see how we can leave them, and it may be that we just can't make it at all. I'll let you know as soon as we know.

Donald was home this past month for the longest vacation he's had with us for quite some time. We, his father and I, drove up to Ames to see him graduate from the School of Engineering, and now he has the job he wanted and will be hard at work by the time you read this. Anderson, Indiana, is to be his address from now on for he will be working for a division of General Motors that is located there. This is the first time any of our children have been working in that part of the country, so if Mart and I do get to go East we'll stop off in Anderson and see how he is situated.

Almost every evening now I think about some particular town and vis-

ualize a group of you friends sitting in some room and looking at our kodachromes. Lucile has kept the files on this and she asks me to tell you that the collection on "Our Southern States and Hawaii" is booked solid to November, but that there are spots where "Midwestern Flowers", "California" and "The West" could be worked in through October. If you want to use these colored slides for any church group or club program, write to Lucile (Mrs Russell Verness) at Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa, and she can give you full details.

Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna are now living at Wallingford, Conn., and they've been mighty busy getting settled in their home on the campus. Frederick's letter (which hasn't yet arrived) will no doubt give you some details of this new location. He is so busy that his letter to you is the last thing that comes in, and we just go ahead with the rest of the magazine in order that the printer won't have to be kept waiting — and hope that Frederick will get his letter here right under the deadline.

On page four where you generally find "The Story of An American Family", written by Lucile, you will find something different this month. For a long, long time we've wanted to use the journal that you will find there, and now that exactly one-hundred years have passed since it was written, we decided not to overlook the significance of the dates. This will appear in the following two issues, and then in January we will resume the Family Story. I hope you will see that the young people among your acquaintances get to read this journal if they are studying American history and the Gold Rush in school, for I believe it would make those hard journeys to California seem more real to them.

We had a grand visit with Mabel Nair Brown, her husband and little daughter Sharon, this past month. I hadn't seen Mabel for many years and it was good to have her in our home again. She has a busy winter lined up for herself since she expects to make a number of speeches in various places, and if you happen to be present for one of these be sure you introduce yourself later as a Kitchen-Klatter reader, for Mabel has a warm spot in her heart for all you friends to whom she has addressed her articles over many years.

Abigail, Wayne and little Emily had a happy, restful vacation in Colorado. Abigail reports that she put Emily to bed wearing her diaper, shirt, sleepers, socks, sweater and a coat! They were at a very high altitude and the nights were bitterly cold. All of us saw a change in Emily even though she was gone but two-and-a-half weeks. Now she is creeping at a great clip all over the house, and Abigail reports that she has very effective ways of expressing herself when she's bored with something and wants a change.

Martin is talking constantly now and at the moment is fond of saying "Pardon me, please" if he stumbles against any of us. He's at the age where bedtime is a tragedy and you should see him run when Margery starts after him! Fortunately he is still a good eater and the problem is to get enough food on his highchair tray, not to get him to eat it.

Probably by the time this gets to your mailbox we will have made a trip up to see Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. We surely have thought of Dorothy often recently and wondered how she finds teaching school. No doubt she'll tell you something about it in her letter. If I don't report many details on Dorothy's family or Lucile's family it's because I feel sure that they'll keep you posted in their letters every month.

Our thoughts have been so often with our good friend, Edith Hansen, and her son Harold and his wife, Maureen. Last month I wanted to be able to tell you of the arrival of Maureen's and Harold's baby, Edith's first grandchild, but we had to go to press before I could tell you that Michael was here. He seemed such a fine husky baby when he returned from the hospital, but it wasn't long before he began to fail. Specialists in Omaha urged that he be flown to Chicago where an extremely delicate operation could be performed on his heart, the only thing that could save his life, but these desperate measures were in vain and he passed away shortly after arriving in Chicago. It was a shocking thing for the young parents, and such a bitter disappointment for Edith too. The family has much appreciated your cards and letters of sympathy.

Recently we've enjoyed a visit with our great-niece, Marilyn Lombard (Sister Susan Conrad's granddaughter) who stopped here on an extensive trip that she took with her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Bertha Lombard. Marilyn is a native Californian and had never seen our part of the country, so she found it all exciting and probably will have much to tell when she gets back home. Mart and I enjoyed spending time with Mrs. Lombard in Redlands last winter, and it was nice to see her again.

The clock is striking ten and that means I must get to bed, for tomorrow will come soon and there is a lot to do. Now that the children are back in school and things have calmed down, I do hope that you'll take time to write to me and tell me how this autumn finds you and your family.

Affectionately yours, Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## CHARM STRING MATERIAL

By Mary Duncomb

So many times I have been asked by readers of this column to tell something about how I grow charm string material that I thought October would be a good time to do so, for we are now more conscious of these strange seed pods which we come across in gathering our crops.

We might class gourds as the clowns of the autumn garden. Even people with very little sense of humor are amused by their funny shapes. After the first frost has blackened the leaves you'll be amazed at the strange shapes of gourds which seem to have appeared by magic overnight. This is especially true of the Chinese Water Jug and Devil's Claw (Martyria).

The first time I came across the ripened pods of Devil's Claw I was astounded. All summer I had watched the lovely flowers unfold, and these were followed by a green pod whose shape bore out the name of Unicorn Plant. However, I was not prepared to find its transformation into a strange black object which looked somewhat like a carved bird! The green coat of the seed pod had split, the horn at the end had curved out like a lyre, and altogether it was as though something strangely alive had entered the garden and would take off again at any minute. These are fun to grow, and a spray of the ripened pods is most intriguing.

For that matter, all gourds are fun to grow. They thrive best in fence corners or in some spot where they can ramble at will. I must tell you that when I first planted them I put them near a fence which keeps the sheep in their pasture, for I had always understood that stock would not disturb gourd vines because of the bitter taste some varieties have. Well our sheep nibbled them off as soon as the vines began to climb the fence, so I had to persuade these tempting vines to grow in the opposite direction.

I think perhaps I was one of the first persons in the Middle West, if not indeed the very first, to grow Strawberry Popcorn. Quite a number of years ago a flower grower in Ohio who specializes in unusual things, sent me a few kernels of seed for he knew that I like to experiment along those lines. This began a new interest for me, one which I have been happy to introduce to many others all over the country. This dwarf popcorn can be planted quite closely, and for that reason is practical for a small garden. Other corn I have grown (always keeping varieties planted at a safe distance from each other) are Pink Pearl, Topsey, and Variegated (or Paisley)—a diminutive golden ear no bigger than your little finger. I very seldom plant more than one variety a year in recent times for I am anxious to keep the breeds pure.

As for cones, we gather them some bright sunny day as soon as possible after they have fallen. We much enjoy the rich pungent fragrance that is brought out by the hot sun. These are easily stored for future use—for Christmas decorating especially. Cat-tails come from a swampy place on a back road that we take when we drive home from a visit in the country, and milkweed is usually found in some neglected fence corner.

Bells of Ireland grow as garden flowers for us, always self-sowing. The same applies to Nicandra, only we save just a plant or two as a rule for they will supply us with more than enough "lanterns." These look oddly oriental when treated with silver paint, and they make up beautifully with cones.

In our border of assorted shrubbery we have included Batisia. Its sprays of inflated black pods make quite a striking arrangement if displayed in just the right sort of container. Our young horse-chestnuts are bearing quite a large crop of nuts this year, and these are useful in many decorative ways.

I must speak briefly of the not too-familiar beans which we grow for the seed pods alone. Black-podded English beans (these must be planted very early in Spring for they are frost-proof and need cool weather to grow in); Chinese Salad Beans, whose black clusters spring out like fingers from the end of a stem, and the Chestnut bean which has an odd inflated pod bearing a tan-colored rough round seed or two. These are all grown in the garden just as other vegetables are grown.

Fall is a good time to be looking over all this material with the end in view of planting some yourself next year.

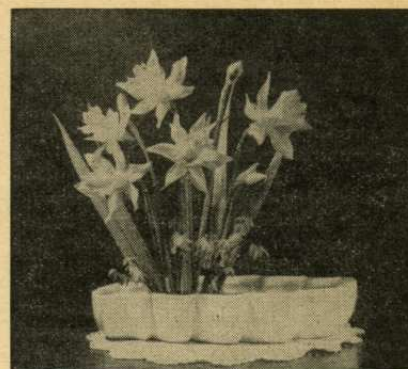
## IT'S NOT TOO LATE

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

During "October's bright blue weather" is a fine time to be planning and planting if you want blossoms early in your garden. It is too late to plant such bulbs as Snowdrops, Scillas, Crocus, Narcissi, Hyacinths and Tulips when they are budded or in bloom in the spring, but it is not too late to plant them now. We should get it done while the weather is still pleasant to work outside.

As a rule the nurseries include such splendid information about planting bulbs with each order that it seems a waste of space to go into detail here. We will only offer this suggestion: that if it is possible, these early-blooming spring bulbs should be located in a spot where they are plainly visible from the windows most used because the spring garden is often too muddy for walking and the weather too cold for outdoor enjoyment.

Snowdrops with their tiny white flowers touched with green are the first to bloom. There is nothing



Narcissi and Scillas for a spring bouquet.

spectacular about the blossoms but the fact that they may bloom even before the last snows have arrived makes them most desirable.

Scillas are as blue as the spring skies above them. If you wish to enlarge your planting, bend the seed pods down as they ripen and fasten with a hairpin to the ground. The seeds will germinate the following spring. You can also cut the pods as they ripen and plant the seeds in a row in a seed frame. Chionodoxa or Glory of the Snow is just as blue with white centers. Crocus are larger and delight all whether the blossoms are lavender, yellow, white or striped. The delicate lavender ones are especially lovely when cut and placed in a low vase with stems of soft gray furry Pussy Willow for height.

For gorgeous beauty we must have Hyacinths with their heavy trusses of beautiful blossoms in gay bright colors. Less showy but longer-lived are the Grape Hyacinths in blue or pure white. Perhaps the English or Wood's Hyacinth should have been described with the Scillas for it is *Scilla Campanulata*. Its arrangement of pink or blue blossoms is more like the Hyacinth than the Scillas we know.

Nurseries have a wide selection of both Narcissi and Tulips from which to choose. The difficult part is to make our bulb money and heart's desires balance. We are fortunate if we can have a planting of Narcissi (perhaps you call them Jonquils or Daffodils) large enough that we feel free to cut as many as we like. Big yellow Daffodils like the King Edward variety are extremely long lasting when cut. Include some choice double ones. The immense Red Emperor Tulip is early and very colorful. Parrot Tulips are different with their fly-away petals which are irregular in size and outline. Lily-flowered Tulips are especially graceful and very fine for cutting. *Tulipa dasystemon* is low growing. The blossoms are like miniature yellow waterlilies tipped with white. It blooms earlier than most of the Tulips and is dwarf enough for rock gardens.

## GARDEN MOTTO

Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,

Thou workest not alone,  
For he whose plot is next to thine  
May see and mend his own.



## A GOLD-RUSH JOURNAL

By Stephen W. Eastman

### Introduction

One-hundred years ago this month my grandfather, Stephen W. Eastman, entered California after a strenuous journey by ox-cart from Toulon, Illinois. He kept a journal of his experiences through the six-months it took to make the trip, and this came into the possession of my mother years later. The document has been carefully preserved, and now, since this is the one-hundredth anniversary of his journey to the gold fields of California, I thought it might make interesting reading for those of our day who have made that trip by car, train, bus or plane. Some of the entries in the journal concern only the number of miles traveled and these have been omitted occasionally, but in the main this appears as it was written. We marvel that he had the physical endurance to make entries of any kind after some of the experiences he describes. Evidently it didn't occur to him to start the journal when he left Toulon for the first entry is dated one week after he left. My grandfather was a young man with a wife and two babies at home (my own mother was the elder child) when he started for California.—Leanna.

*Monday, April 9, 1849:* After taking leave of our friend and his family we again started on our journey, the road leading directly down the Mississippi River through what is called the river bottom. We found bluffs covered with high mounds, and one of the highest so excited our curiosity that two of my companions and I concluded to climb it—and well were we repaid for our toil. From there we could see the beautiful town of Oquawka about ten miles above us on the Mississippi, and on the other side could be seen Burlington, Iowa. Away to the south stretched the prairie as far as the eye could reach.

We passed through the towns of Warren, Dallas and Pontusac, reaching Appanoose about two o'clock on Tuesday, the 10th. Put our wagons and oxen abroad the ferry boat and were soon landed in Fort Madison, a very pleasantly situated town that contains about 3,000 inhabitants.

*Wednesday, April 11:* Left Fort Madison about 9:00 o'clock and traveled 10 miles through a mostly timbered country. We passed in sight of Nauvoo where Joseph Smith and his followers were living until just a short time ago. The walls of the temple stood in fair view, and it is said to have been the greatest building in the State of Illinois.

Put up about 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon with a very pleasant family. The women baked some bread for us, and we hated to leave such home-like surroundings. Reached Farmington about 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday, April 12th. This is a very pleasant little town containing about 1,500 inhabitants.

*Friday, April 12:* Arose in the morning and found the wind blowing very hard from the north which made



Martin has reached the age where he loves books. He prefers to have them read to him, but every night after supper he climbs up on the davenport with a stack of his favorites beside him and "reads" them alone.

it quite dangerous ferrying. However, at one o'clock we found our wagons and oxen landed safely on the west side of the river. Traveled about 25 miles through a poorly settled country and cast anchor at a place called Ray's Point. Casting anchor, however, was entirely unnecessary, as our old craft was buried so deep in the mud that wind or tide never could have moved her.

Here we spent the Sabbath, and Monday, April 16th, we again resumed our journey. Passed through String Town after traveling about 12 miles, and camped on the bank of Fox River in Davis Country, Iowa. Here we were in sight of the fires built around 15 or so wagons, and since the night was dark it made quite a novel scene.

*Tuesday, April 17th:* Traveled about 14 miles. Passed through Bloomfield, a town of around 400 people, and on Wednesday, the 18th, traveled about 18 miles and encamped in the timber bordering on the Chariton river, a tributary of the Missouri. It certainly took on the nature of the Missouri for you could not see to the bottom of it for the mud and it wasn't more than six inches deep.

Here we fell in company with four wagons from Indiana, having three men to each wagon, so this swelled our number to 17. Ferried the river and traveled 16 miles in a southwestern direction, passing but one house. We camped on Locust Creek where, but a few short years ago, the white man had never set a foot, but the Indian warrior, unmolested, chased the swift-footed deer from grove to grove. But where are they now? Many of them fell by the sword of the white man and lie buried beneath the sod, but the few saved by fortune to mourn the loss of their brethren have gone to the Far West, never again to float in their light canoes on their favorite

waters, or to chant the war whoop east of the Missouri river.

We had an interesting game of ball before sundown, and then built up a large fire around which we spent the evening pleasantly in singing.

*Friday, April 20:* Traveled southwest 17 miles. Found plenty of deer, turkeys and wolves. Killed one deer and one turkey, which made us a supper and breakfast that a king would have been proud to eat.

*Saturday, April 21:* Traveled 12 miles and camped on Big Medicine creek. Here one of our party had the bad luck to tip over his wagon going down a bad hill. At this place there was no corn to be bought and we were compelled to travel 15 miles on Sunday, the 22nd, before we could get corn for our cattle.

About 5:00 o'clock we cast anchor in the east edge of a grove of timber 20 miles long and from 4 to 15 miles wide. Being firm in the belief that man and beast ought to rest every 7th day if possible, we stayed here until Monday, the 23rd, and then proceeded on.

Passed through Princeton, Missouri, forded the river, and traveled 10 miles through a tolerable well-settled country. At this place I was reminded for the first time that I was in a slave state by seeing one of Africa's own sons deprived of liberty.

*Tuesday, April 24:* Drove down to the river, found it rather deep for fording and concluded to wait one day as it was falling quite fast.

*Wednesday, April 25:* Nine o'clock found us safe on the west side of the stream, pushing on for St. Joseph. On Thursday, the 26th, we passed through Bethany and encamped on a small creek 8 miles from Jay's Mill. Saturday we arrived at Jay's Mill at 11:00 o'clock. It is situated on the west branch of the Grand River, the handsomest stream I have seen in this western country, the bottom being of rock or gravel and a rapid current running. In the afternoon we traveled 12 miles and found ourselves at night 8 miles from timber, in a prairie 20 miles wide.

*Sunday, April 29:* We traveled 18 miles and encamped on the Platte River in Missouri opposite a small town called Rochester. On Monday we traveled 6 or 8 miles to what is called Hundred and Two River. Here we found several of our acquaintances camped, recruiting their cattle, and we concluded to join them as it was within 8 miles of St. Joseph.

Here we remained until Thursday when we drove on and entered St. Joseph about noon. We found it crammed full of California teams waiting for the ferry, which was merely two flat boats pulled by oars, each taking on one team and wagon at once.

We waited until Friday evening, and finding that our turn would not come for at least two more days, we concluded to charter the boat. This cost us \$10.00. We took over our twelve teams. The river at this point is about one-fourth of a mile wide, very muddy, and with a swift current.

(To Be Continued)



## JUST SO MANY DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Didn't you promise yourself last year when you were frantically doing your last minute Christmas shopping that you would manage differently this year?

Then right NOW is a good time to take inventory. Find a quiet half-hour to sit down and make out your list. No doubt you will remember that Aunt Mary was particularly fond of those cute red and white pot holders you crocheted. All right, you can make those right away and lucky Aunt Mary won't receive any unneeded relish dish such as you picked up at the last minute two years ago.

Your neighbor, who has little to spend for luxuries, has greatly admired your flower garden. When you dig your bulbs keep some nice clean bunches separated, put them in cellophane bags and add bright ribbon to tie them up. Save seed from various flowers and put them into white envelopes. On the outside of each envelope paste a picture of the flower cut from a seed catalogue. Your neighbor will have a most thoughtful gift from you, one to enjoy long after the Holiday Season has gone.

Joan, the new bride, has always complimented you on your culinary ability. Why not buy her a recipe cabinet and begin filing your favorite recipes for her? Add a card or so each day and by Christmas you will have a complete list that will be a treasured gift that money could not buy.

And aren't you a bit ashamed of those atrocious ties you wished off on Dad and Brother? Right now, while it is fresh in your memory, jot down the name of that sports' magazine Brother said was most interesting. He will have something to look forward to each month when you give him a gift subscription for Christmas.

You heard Father say he just could not find the right kind of socks to wear with his hunting boots. Doesn't that give you an idea for a pair of socks to knit? You planned to make them last year, remember, but you didn't think about it until the week before Christmas and of course, you didn't have time.

For those special friends that you want to remember use those pretty feed sacks for aprons, laundry bags, lunch cloths and napkins, or pillow covers. Crocheted doilies or embroidered linens are always welcomed gifts. Plain handkerchiefs assume an expensive air with a crocheted or tatted edging.

If there are members of the "Small Fry" set on your list begin knitting or crocheting soakers, booties, hoods and jackets, or bibs. Use scraps of material for pinafores, aprons, or sun suits.

Perhaps you have several friends whom you hear from only at the end of the year. Why not send them a greeting card that will make them feel as if you consider their friendship a treasure? Begin now taking snap-

shots of your family, pets and home, then buy plain white cards and envelopes and mount your photos with red or green art corners. Write or print your greeting in corresponding colored ink or in gold or silver. You may be sure such personal greeting cards will never make their way into a scrap book to be mailed away.

Naturally you will leave some shopping to do at the last minute. It just would not be Christmas-like if we couldn't jostle our way through the crowds, hear the excited squeals of delighted youngsters and listen to the carols chiming through the snowy air.

But do most of your list now and you will be delighted with the lovely things you can prepare and your friends will be pleased with your thoughtfulness when they unwrap the gift made just for them.

By following this plan you will have enough time actually to enjoy all the wonderful things that make the Christmas Season the most joyous time of the year.

## LOG CABINS

By Annie Parish Slankard

Editorial Note: This little sketch appealed to me because it's a tribute to all young girls of my generation who stepped into the breach when a pioneer mother died and did such a wonderful job of keeping the home together. I'm sure that each of us can number among our childhood acquaintances one such devoted daughter who toiled endlessly and gave warm love to the young brothers and sisters who were left motherless.

Leanna.

In some of the rustic pioneer homes, in a number of them I believe, were many mansions.

When Uncle Jim came one early springtime to our farm home with his five motherless children, my father and brother, with Uncle Jim's help, set out to build the family a cabin. My father came to the house to ask mother to go with them to select a house place. Mother, always busy, quickly replied, "Why not on the little flat top hill, just above the old spring in the hollow? That is a lovely place." All agreed this was an ideal place. The chopping commenced right on the site as timber standing tall, straight and about eight inches thick, was plentiful. Uncle Jim was a big man six-feet six-inches and weighing two-hundred pounds. I marveled at the quick easy manner in which he handled the logs. Enough trees were left standing to throw a deep mottled shade across the thick board roof all day long, and birds sang sweetly all about the cabin.

The one room finished was large with little square windows set deep in the thick walls; one door of heavy oak boards opened in the south end; split logs leveled with a foot adz lay at this door as an uncovered porch; broad oak millrun planks floored the room. The narrow cracks of the walls were daubed with a lovely brick colored clay. A great Franklin heater, a cast-iron cook stove, some cupboards,

table and chairs from our own house furnished it. A huge bedstead stood high enough to allow a trundle bed underneath. This trundle bed was a curiosity to us children. With its low frame on castors, slats, straw tick and featherbed fully made up, it could be slipped under the high bedstead; at night the trundle was rolled across the room and an extra bed quickly ready. I have slept on this low bed and liked it.

Frankie, my cousin and the eldest of the children, was eighteen years old and to this day I have never forgotten what a splendid little housekeeper she was. The small uncurtained windows always glistened; the oak floor was scrubbed to a butter and molasses tone; the dooryard swept clean as a floor; her table tops, minus linen or oilcloth, were spotless.

Many times after the family were long asleep, Frankie would have to wash the young children's clothes that they might be clean for the following day. She never slighted this task although her equipment was a wooden rubbing board and heavy black sad irons, heated on the little cook stove, but when the garments were laid out every pleat, ruffle and collar was precisely done and smooth as glass. I have known her to work many days on a plain, coarse little garment and when the bastings were pulled, the last buttons buttoned neatly, she would press it out smoothly and then stand stroking it with toil-roughened hands, proudly conscious of her neat work, apparently unmindful of the same routine coming up on the morrow.

The family lived in Springhill cabin several years. Then one day Uncle Jim decided to go prospecting in the wilds of the Arkansas Boston Mountains. (This was not his first prospecting jaunt.) Frankie cried a little and then patiently loaded their meager belongings into the big covered wagon and the family drove away in the deep gray of an early summer morning, leaving Springhill cabin scrubbed and neatly desolate. Many, many months after they had gone, my sisters and I would climb up to the little house and sit there dreaming of good times we had there in its years of inhabitation. I truly grieved for the cousins of my own age.

One day father told us he was taking down the old cabin in order that he might use the good solid logs for a new corn crib. Long after the last log, the last stone and boards of the roof were gone we would, at long intervals, go back to the lonesome clearing. I see so vividly now the willing, dutiful efforts of the little housekeeper, the eldest daughter. Truly, in this beloved old cabin there were, indeed, many mansions.

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello Good Friends:

How far is it that you're supposed to count before you lose your temper? The past two hours I've been counting about to ten, and now I've gotten to the point where ten times ten wouldn't help, so I'll just stop the source of aggravation and write this letter to you.

I'll tell you what's had me in a fit this afternoon. It's the first chance I've had to do any sewing for a long time and my! how I'd looked forward to getting some work done on a dress for Juliana that's only been cut out since May. Well, I have three new spools of thread in the house and I'm sure I don't know what ails the stuff since it's a brand I've used for years, but about every four minutes it snaps right off. This means rethreading the machine, of course, so I'll just call it a bad deal until I can get down town, and try another brand. Have you ever had this happen and is there any remedy aside from ditching the thread? I'm not so worked up over the small amount of money involved, but it's terribly irritating when you haven't any other thread and must simply stop work until you can get to town.

We passed another milestone recently when Juliana started into the first grade. She is gone all day now and it gives me my first taste of what it is like to have both the mornings and the afternoons without her. I must tell you something she said at the end of her first day because it struck me as quite a comment on the way things look to all of us as we change with the passing of time.

"They've changed the law," she announced at the supper table. "Do you know, they're letting little kids only three and four years old into kindergarten this year."

"Oh, Juliana," I said, "I don't think that can be. What makes you believe they're admitting such small children?"

"You should just SEE them!" she exclaimed emphatically. "I know they're all that age because last year they were great big kids and this year they all look so little — and they've changed the law."

That's the way kindergartners now look to someone from the lofty heights of the first grade!

Lately I've been thinking at great length about something that I want to discuss with you right now. In the past six months I've had quite a number of letters from women who are sorely perplexed and troubled about their inability to manage on their incomes. Evidently it's been a genuine source of friction in those particular homes, and my opinion was sought as to how a given amount of money could be spent to better advantage.

Oh dear! Who am I to express an opinion on that subject to *anyone*? I have the same troubles myself, and among all the people whom I know there are only three or four who *don't* have those troubles. It seems to be — well, I guess "universal" isn't too

strong a word to use. I did learn long ago that it isn't necessarily the amount of the income that makes the major difference. Some of the people I've known who were chronically hard pressed had \$10,000 and \$12,000 a year to live on. And I've known people who had only about a fifth of that amount who seemed to get a lot out of it.

It occurred to me that since it's a subject most of us have awfully positive notions about, it would be a good chance to air the thing and get it off our chests, so to speak. I'd like to have your letters on this. The best letter (not from the viewpoint of being well written but just from the viewpoint of realistic, practical ideas on managing financially) will win \$10.00 and we'll publish it, of course, but there will be no name or town attached to it. Most of us thresh around in our financial problems in the privacy of our homes (plus closed doors!) and we wouldn't feel much like going into those details if we thought the world was waiting to hear about it.

This means that you can write what you please without worrying as to whether or not people will know all about your affairs. They won't. Those letters should be addressed to Mrs. Russell Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa, and they'll come directly to my own desk. No one ever fools around my desk. And this is once that we won't have a number of people read them and select the winner—I'll be the judge and you'll just have to rest in that!

Those of you who own your homes shouldn't forget to put down (an estimate, at least, if you don't keep close books) how much it costs you to keep them up. If you have your own butter, eggs, milk, meat, etc., don't forget to say so because those items make a tremendous difference to those of us in town who must buy every single item that goes on the table. And if you're among the lucky ones who get good, useful hand-me-downs in the clothing line (I don't) be sure to mention that too, because clothing is another blow that knocks the breath out of most budgets.

And speaking of budgets . . . I've always been curious as to how many people ACTUALLY live on a budget. I've tried them all. I've struggled willingly and patiently with every breed of budget known to man, and I haven't found the perfect one. That's the truth. I wish you'd tell me if you live on one, if you've ever tried it and failed, or if you just don't think it can be done in your case and consequently have never made the attempt.

In other words, tell me where you think your strong points are and where the weak points are. If you think you're a good manager and get a lot out of your income, tell me about it. If you think you're fighting a losing battle, let me know that too. I'm trying to get a picture of this big problem that can be passed on to our circle of readers to give them help and encouragement. And one final thing . . . be sure you don't forget to mention medical expense, if you have

any. As far as I can tell, most people meet their financial Waterloo when they're confronted with big doctor bills and hospital bills.

Why, you know, just writing this makes me feel better! I'm sort of tempted to start figuring again and hauling out the last budget that stood up pretty well for about five months. Let's have those letters as soon as you can get around to writing them, and I think we'd better call December 1st the deadline so we won't have them mixed up with Christmas mail. (I hope that right now you're saying to yourself, "Did the children take my tablet to school or is it at home so that I can sit down and speak my piece on money? Yes, HERE IT IS!")

Recently we've had what I call enchanted weather. The mornings are crisp and wonderful, and when I go out to bring in the paper I look up and down the street to see a fresh accumulation of evidence that autumn is nudging its way around the corner. We're doing a lot of work in the garden and already counting the weeks until next spring when we can begin to see the results of our handiwork. I'm sure that in all the years we've been married we've never enjoyed anything as much as the rose garden in our backyard. It still seems incredible to me that the plants we put out in March could grow enough to give us the hundreds and hundreds of magnificent roses that we had all summer long—and still have. I have some new favorites now, as do Juliana and Russell, and there are any number of new Patented roses that we want to put out next spring.

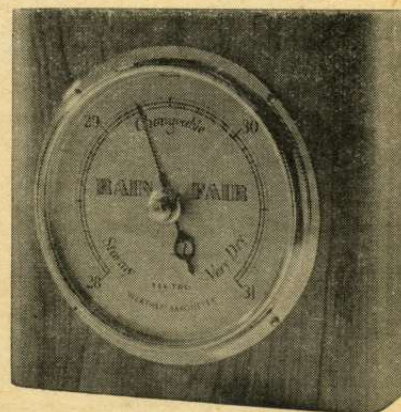
This must be all. I think that Marge will take me to town to get more thread, so I must run. Do write to me about the ever-stale-ever-fresh subject of how you manage on your income. I'm anxious to see what we can find out that will help the rest of us.

Always your friend . . .

Lucile.

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## THIS YEAR WE WENT EAST

By Hallie M. Barrow

Our vacation trip this summer has been entirely different. Last year I so much enjoyed our boat trip down the Mississippi River that I was sure it would be my choice of trips for the rest of my life. But rather suddenly this summer my husband decided to attend the postmaster's convention in Boston, so we just packed up and took one of those pre-arranged tours by train. All of the so-called mechanics of the trip were arranged beforehand, and this is most satisfactory for we never had to worry about hotel accommodations or what to do next. But it is, I believe, the more expensive way to travel.

We first stopped two days in Washington, D. C., where we found the friendliest taxi drivers I've ever run across. Ours happened to be a graduate of Oxford University in England, and an authority on American history. He planned out wonderful trips for our group, and when we left he seemed like an old friend.

Of course Mt. Vernon is the national shrine most people want to visit in Washington, but in New York (our next stop) we were amazed to find much greater crowds at our latest national shrine, Hyde Park.

Several thousand people boarded the boat at the pier and a gayer, happier lot I never saw. It was a beautiful cool, sunny day and we could see that there were many family picnickers aboard. A number of the groups rattled on swiftly to each other in some foreign language, and then when we'd talk, they'd laugh too, and ask us what country we came from! They said they could see plainly enough that we were not New Yorkers.

We went up the Hudson River through miles of the Palisades, rocky cliff formations something like our bluffs along the Missouri River. At a resort called Bear Mountain, about two-thousand of our tourists got off to spend the day. On we cruised, past West Point and other interesting spots until we docked at Poughkeepsie after a four-hour trip on the river. Since the big crowd had left us we just assumed that we would have Hyde Park to ourselves. And never were people more badly mistaken!

Busses took us from the dock to this famous estate situated on a high point overlooking the Hudson. Imagine our surprise when we found cars parked for many blocks on each side of the entrance! As we walked down the driveway reading the license plates on those cars it was like taking a record of the states. There were cars from *everywhere*. A special place was marked off for the busses bringing school children and different organizations on tours. When we took our place in the line to go through the house we were so far back that they informed us it would be at least a half-hour before we could get to the front door. Since our bus had to be sure and make the boat, we gave this up and contented ourselves with visiting the late president's grave. It is surrounded by fine big



It was raining the day Donald graduated from Iowa State College and received his degree in mechanical engineering, but he stood beside me in front of Friley Hall where he lived the past three years so that his father could get this picture. After a good visit at home he left for Anderson, Indiana where he is employed by the Guide Lamp Co., a division of General Motors.

trees, and a beautiful rose garden is near—truly a tranquil, lovely place.

The famous library at Hyde Park is something we would have appreciated being able to go through slowly and carefully, but there was far too little time. After we left it we had another wonderful four-hour journey back down the Hudson with twilight coming on, and by the time we approached the big city, darkness had arrived and we saw those wonderful lights in all their glory. I'm convinced that the skyline at night in New York is one of the most beautiful sights in our country.

When we reached Boston, I deserted the postmasters and came on down here to Cape Cod to visit my sister. Of course I was impressed with the ocean, but I told her that I missed seeing dark green cornfields, cattle lined up around feed bunks, hogs, etc. The only live stock I've seen has been dairy herds near large cities. So yesterday she suggested that we drive out and see one of their main crops—cranberries.

My! what a surprise was in store for me when I saw this crop. Growers select low, sandy fields near a fresh water pond so they can flood the fields (they call them bogs) whenever necessary. The plant itself is of a vining nature, running along the ground and throwing up spikes ever so often on which are now many light colored berries. The plants are set so closely together that they make a solid mat on the ground.

As one might guess, harvesting the berries is a back-breaking job for it is necessary to creep along on ones hands and knees with a hand scoop that has sort of a comb blade in the end; this is used to rake off the ber-

ries. When it seems that most of the berries have been gathered the bogs are flooded again and all loose berries float to the top—and then the harvest is finished.

At one time the cranberries grew wild in these fresh water bogs and families gathered just enough for their own use and a few to sell for extra money. But the public developed quite a taste for this tart berry, and now growing and marketing cranberries is definitely big business. Many Bravas have been imported to harvest the crop. They come from the Cape Verde Islands (now owned by the Portuguese) and are a mixture of Portuguese and some North African race. Locally they are called just "Gese." It reminded me of our own strawberry picking season when I was told that whole families move to the bogs and work. Many of these Gese, who came as pickers, have saved their money, gradually bought land, and some have become very wealthy in the cranberry business.

What seemed most odd to me were these fresh water ponds all over the Cape—some three-hundred in number. The Cape is sandy and often only a few miles wide with salt water on both sides. But they showed me springs of fresh water even on the beaches which could only be seen when the tide was low.

Another source of income Mother Nature has given people on the Cape is making bayberry candles from bayberries. These light gray, very small berries grow in clusters underneath the foliage of the bay berry bushes. They are gathered, boiled, and the resulting liquid is a light gray-green wax which is molded into candles. As they burn they have the fragrance of the salt marshes.

And where we have packing plants to convert our livestock into meat, they have packing sheds, drying wharves and plants to save the enormous catches of fish. You can even buy codfish cakes in a can! These have already been mixed with potatoes and are ready to pop into the frying pan.

But the biggest business of all is the tourist season. And this year I'm here to enjoy the beaches, salt-water fishing and water sports! Perhaps next year you'll be here, for there's no doubt about it—Cape Cod is a wonderful place in the summer.

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## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### SOUR-CREAM COOKIES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 large eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 4 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nut meats to put over tops if desired.

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add eggs, one at a time, beating until well blended; then stir in sour cream and vanilla. Sift together soda, baking powder, flour and salt; stir into egg and sugar mixture. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls to greased cookie sheet, sprinkle with nut meats. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 20 minutes. The cookies should be large, soft and fairly thick.

### BAKED TUNA AND NOODLES

- 1 pkg. noodles, cooked in boiling, salted water and drained with cold water
  - 1 cup warm milk
  - 1 cup bread crumbs
  - 2 1/2 Tbls. melted butter
  - 1/2 cup grated cheese
  - 1 can tuna
  - 1 can mushroom soup
  - 3 beaten eggs
  - 1/2 cup milk
- Soak the bread crumbs in the warm milk. Then mix all the ingredients together and pour into greased casserole dish. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. This is good with crumbled potato chips over the top.

### TORTE MERINGUE

- 5 egg whites
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 3 tsp. corn starch
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. vanilla or almond flavoring

Combine all ingredients and beat at high speed *well* until all sugar is dissolved. This takes a while and the nearest description of the way it looks is "like thick frosting." Drop by spoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 275 degrees for 45 minutes. Delicious served with ice cream over it.

### BUTTER DUMPLINGS

- 1 cup butter
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup flour

Beat butter until fluffy and then add 1 egg at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Then start adding flour a little at a time and beat. When beaten enough drop by spoonful in soup and boil 1/2 hour or more, not hard. Do not lift the lid. Serves 8. Use half of the recipe if serving less than 8.

### ANGEL PUDDING

Dissolve 1 envelope of gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water. Heat 1/2 cup milk. Add 2 Tbls. sugar. Drop 8 marshmallows into the milk to dissolve. Add the gelatine and then cool. Fold into 1 cup of stiffly whipped cream. Add 1/4 tsp. vanilla and 1/4 tsp. almond flavorings. Also add 1/2 cup drained, crushed pineapple, 4 large cherries, chopped. Chill thoroughly before serving.

### CARAMEL CORN

Melt 3 Tbls. butter in skillet. Add 1 cup sugar and heat slowly until sugar melts with the butter and forms a golden brown syrup. Pour over a large pan of fluffy pop corn. Be sure to remove all unpopped kernels.

### GLAZED PORK AND SWEET POTATOES

- 2 cups diced cooked pork
- 3 cups diced cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/3 cup honey or corn syrup
- 1 cup orange juice

Place pork in a shallow pan or casserole. Add sweet potatoes and cover with honey and orange juice. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until browned. Serves 6 to 8.

### TWO PART ANGEL FOOD

First part:

- 6 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Beat whites with salt until frothy. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Sift flour 4 times and sift sugar 4 times. Add sugar gradually, then fold in flour gradually. Put in angel food pan while mixing second part.

Second part:

- 6 egg yolks
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat yolks until light. Add sugar gradually after it has been sifted 4 times. Beat eggs and sugar for 3 minutes. Sift flour and baking powder 4 times and add alternately with the boiling water and vanilla. Pour this part over the first part and bake in a 325 degree oven around 50 minutes.

### CARROT SALAD

- 5 carrots, grated
- 1 whole orange, juice and grated rind
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Mix this all together and let stand in the refrigerator at least 2 hours before serving. You can add raisins if you like. No dressing is necessary on this salad.

## READ THIS CAREFULLY! ATTENTION! KITCHEN-KLATTER READERS!

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**BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup milk

Mix and roll out dough and cut in circles, or squares. Core and halve apples and place on dough, putting 1 tsp. sugar and a little cinnamon and a small piece of butter on each apple. Fold dough over the apple. Then cook a syrup of:

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup butter

Cook a little while and then pour over the dumplings which have been placed in a shallow pan and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

**BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD**

- 1 egg
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 cup walnuts, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves

Beat egg in mixing bowl. Add sugar and melted butter. Blend thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture alternately with small amounts of buttermilk. Stir, do not beat, until well mixed. Add nutmeats, and spices and pour into oiled loaf pan. Bake in moderate, 350 degrees, oven for 1 hour.

**BURNT SUGAR CAKE**

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. caramelized sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups cake flour, sifted
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup cold water
- 3 egg whites

Cream the sugar and shortening. Add the caramelized sugar, eggs, which have been well-beaten, and vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the cold water. Lastly, fold in the egg whites and pour into 2 layer pans which have been prepared and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until it leaves the sides of the pan.

**CARAMEL FROSTING**

- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup milk

Mix and boil for 3 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar. Beat until smooth. Add a few drops of burnt sugar syrup.

**LUNCH BOX TECHNIQUE****For Success With Finicky Small Fry**

By Eileen Derr

We mothers who fix lunches everyday for the small fry to take to school are hard put to find just what to put in them. All this palaver about vitamins and minerals, sounds very well on paper, but did you ever try to get a child to eat carrot sticks "so he can grow big like Daddy" or drink milk "so he can have teeth like Red-Riding Hood's Grandma"? More than likely he doesn't like carrots, would rather have cookies, and hasn't time to drink milk.

Most teachers will tell you it is a fight from beginning to finish to get the children to sit down and take time out for lunch. They either want to eat it at recess on the run, or not at all. Playing is so much more fun and it takes time to eat—time that they could put to so much better use, according to their deductions.

And mothers will tell you about food that comes back untouched, sandwiches half-eaten, thermos bottles untouched.

And there are those who, if they had their way, would stay on a steady diet of peanut butter sandwiches.

Most of them want it put up in a sack so they can stick it in their pocket and throw it away when empty. And most children object strenuously to a thermos bottle because it is too much trouble.

Yes, it seems that we have quite a problem on our hands in fixing lunches our children will eat and at the same time be well balanced, energy giving, teeth and bone building meals.

The children at our house are fond of gelatine and I find that I can get away with murder by using it as a base.

Carrot and pineapple gelatine salad, garnished with nuts, seems to go over big. And I have even succeeded with raw ground beets when combined with ground cocoanut and red raspberry gelatine.

Cucumbers, cabbage, peppers, onions, and tomatoes, seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar and lime gelatine are popular with their thermos jug soups. Cherries in cherry gelatine and lots of black walnuts make a fruit variation.

By perserverance, I have won out on the thermos bottle controversy. These go to school with vegetable, potato, tomato, chicken noodle and mushroom soups, and cocoa in cold weather. And in warm weather I find that iced fruit juices are appreciated. Pineapple, orange and lemonade, fruit punch, cider, grape juice, iced cocoa, malted milk, milk shake and just plain cold milk, are some of the variations we use.

As eggs, meat and cheese are designated as important in a child's diet, I try to include at least one sandwich of the same in each lunch box. I make a rule never to put fried or hard cooked meat into lunches because children are in such a hurry to eat that they do not chew their food

well. Cold meat that has not been chipped or ground is never very appetizing anyway. Potted meat, pressed chicken and hot dogs are good and almost any type of meat ground and mixed with soft cream dressing, spreads nicely and is easily eaten.

Eggs beaten with cream and grated cheese and fried lightly brown in butter are delicious in sandwiches. Deviled egg yolks chopped with the whites and spread between whole wheat or rye bread, seems to make a grade A rating.

I have found that it helps to let the children fix the things that go into their lunches. It gives them a personal pride in their accomplishments. Sandwich spread, gelatine salad, or soup prepared by the child himself will be classed as "Super". And if they are allowed to purchase their own bananas, cookies, and the things it takes to go into some of their concoctions, they will be a lot more interested in eating them.

If lunches are attractively arranged and packaged, they will be more tempting to the appetite. You should strive to have clean shiny containers, fresh oil paper, pretty doilies, napkins and attractively cut sandwiches.

Our children's health is precious—well worth the trouble it takes to prepare the food that builds strong sturdy bodies. Doctors say most children are born with good bodies, but school surveys show that about one-third of all children born can be classed as undernourished at the age of six.

The only thing we mothers can do to alleviate this condition is to do everything we can to put before our children the food that we know they should have. It isn't going to be easy, and if, after a week of smooth sailing and no complaints about the lunch and you have begun to think you have made the grade at last, Junior comes home with orders to PLEASE not put so much butter on the sandwiches—they're too hard to get rid of in a trade—get hold of yourself! This too may pass.

**DOROTHY'S MAGIC CHOCOLATE PIE**

- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1 can (15 oz. can) of condensed milk
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 8-inch baked pie shell

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk and stir over rapidly boiling water from 5 to 10 minutes or until thick. Remove from heat. Add water and salt, mixing well. When cool, add vanilla and pour into baked pie shell. Chill and just before serving garnish with whipped cream.

This is terribly rich and absolutely delicious! Dorothy started making this pie years ago in Hollywood and we're always hoping that she'll turn one out for us when we visit her.

The deepest principle of human nature is the craving to be appreciated. —William James.

Life is thick-sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy but to pass quickly through them.—Voltaire.



## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Here I am at home again, and have just completed my first week as a teacher. But before I tell you about my school, I'll mention a few things that have happened since our return.

Frank came to Shenandoah the day school was out, and we went to the Sidney Rodeo that afternoon. It rained the entire afternoon and we got soaking wet, but it was fun anyway. The next morning while Frank called on some of his old friends in Shenandoah, I spent the time getting all our stuff packed. That was a real job because I think we managed to have something in every room in the house. Everytime I had come home during the summer, I would take back a few more things, until I really didn't know what I did have there. We managed to get everything ready by noon, and after an early lunch we started home.

I had ordered a new jeep so that I would be able to get to school in all kinds of weather, and Frank drove it down. We really had the back-end packed full. We got home late in the afternoon in time to do the chores.

My summer in Shenandoah was a very pleasant one, and I made so many new friends. I hated to say good-bye to them, but I expect to meet them again sometime, perhaps at the State Teachers' Meeting.

Needless to say, my house was in quite a terrific state when I got home, since Frank was here alone all summer. He was so terribly busy after he got well enough to work, that he didn't have time to do anything but wash up his dishes. I'd like to be able to announce that everything is in ship-shape condition now, but the truth of the matter is that no great improvement has been made in any direction! I've been so busy attending to school affairs and getting ready to open school, that I haven't had much time at home. Since I'm the director of Kristin's school it was my duty to see that it was cleaned, and this means that I washed and ironed the curtains, and saw that the new stove was installed and in working condition. Several trips had to be made to my school to see just what I needed, and then of course there was a teachers' meeting that week. Kristin's clothes and my own things had to be gotten into shape, so all in all I have been able to do very little in my home. What I really needed was another week or two before school started rather than just a few days.

Bright and early on Monday morning, August 29, Kristin went to her school and I went to mine. I have a lovely group of children, eight girls and seven boys, in primary, first, second, third, fifth and sixth grades. They all like school and are enthusiastic and interested in their work. I hope Russell can come up sometime this fall so we can get a good picture of all of us for Kitchen-Klatter.

I was not a stranger to these children in spite of the fact that none of them had ever met me personally before the first day of school, because



Kristin has on a red cow-girl hat and is peering around the side of her mother's new jeep.

almost all of their mothers take the magazine and they had all seen pictures of Kristin and of me. They are very anxious for Kristin to visit school so that they can meet her, and she is just as anxious to meet them since she has heard me talk about them. She knows all their names now, and when I get home at night she wants to know just what they did all day, and then she tells me all about her day at school. Kristin's teacher this year is Mrs. Bertha McNeer of Norwood, Iowa, and Kristin loves her dearly.

Frank has been busy all week putting up hay. Today the fall pigs started to arrive, in fact, he went back down to the farm a few minutes ago to check on things to be sure everything was all right.

Bernie has been canning tomatoes. She has already canned a lot of them whole, and also made preserves, so with these later ones she has been making tomato juice. We all just love the juice and drink so much of it in the winter time. Kristin has just discovered that she likes fresh tomatoes, something that we never could get her to eat. In fact, she has started eating a lot of foods this summer that she has always turned down previously. I used to worry so about her eating because it seemed to me that she just wouldn't eat any of the things that she should be eating. But I have found that what the books all say about problems in eating is true. This summer with all my studying there just wasn't time for me to fret around about it and, in fact, when she started serving her own plate as the food came around the table, she began taking some of these foods and eating them.

The only thing that I have to say about my sewing is this: that I'm afraid my sewing days are over, at least for awhile until I can get myself better organized. This is going to be hard for me to do, especially since right now there are six beautiful pieces of material in my sewing box that I am just aching to make up.

Well, there is a stack of work books and papers I want to get corrected before Frank comes home, so until next month. . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter Program every morning at 11:00 A. M.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

It won't be long until we will all be planning to help Santa fill his sack. A good many shutin people make things which they hope to sell for this purpose and the next Good Neighbor Guide will have a list of their handwork. You will find in it no end of things you can use and it will be a big help to ones who cannot do regular work like you can. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., for a sample copy of the Guide. There is no charge. It also contains other things that will interest you, besides more news about our shutin friends who need cheer as do these following ones. Will you write a letter or card to someone?

Tom Swartz is very ill. You will remember him as the man who has made so many quilts since he has been bedfast the past many years. His wife Cora is also shutin. Address 1216 Douglas St., St. Joseph 41, Mo.

Lena Springer, R1, B170, Industry, Ill., was bit on the hand by a snake and has been very ill. She is a long time shutin and only recently has been able to be out in the yard a little.

Mrs. Harriett Sharpe, 198 Linden Ave., Belleville 9, N. J., needs cheer. She is past 80, is alone most of the daytime, and gets so lonesome.

Mrs. Fred Griffin writes that her ten year old son Teddy is ill. He never has been very strong. They are Nebraska people but are now living at R3, B75, New Cumberland, W. Va. Send him a card.

Blanche Loveless, who used to live in Iowa before she moved to 1545 Mozart St., Alameda, Calif., has been quite ill. She would enjoy hearing from old friends and new ones.

Billy Cramblit, 105 N Madison, Ottumwa, Iowa, age 12, who was bedfast for many months with rheumatic fever, improved enough so he could be outdoors some this summer and had hopes of going back to school. Now he has had a backset and is in bed. He will have to do his school work this year by Teach-a-phone. He loves mail.

Miss Jessie Wedster of 9802 S Loomis St., Chicago 43, Ill., is another who has been shut-in for many years. Most of last winter she was in a hospital. One Thursday recently she was released and sent home. The very next Sunday she fell and fractured her arm and hurt herself other ways so is in the hospital again for no telling how long. Mail helps, although she will not be able to answer. Neither will Anna Maratto, c/o Edwards San., Naperville, Ill., for whom cheer cards have been asked. She is 24, and is very ill.

Jaunita Edwards, 621 Nebr. Ave., Kansas City, Kansas, needs more yarn, any amount, no matter how much or little. She is blind and uses the yarn to knit scarves for persons in the leper colony in Louisiana.

Two people have asked me to locate young people who would like to write to boys and girls in England. Ask me for addresses.



## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**QUES:** "We have a lovely young girl who teaches school here in town and has made her home with us for three years now. Always before we've gone to other members of the family for Thanksgiving and she's had her dinner at the hotel since she doesn't go home for the short holiday. But this year I'm entertaining and would like very much to include her since she'll be right here in the house. My family is terribly clannish and has never asked anyone outside and that's why I'm puzzled as to what I should do."—Kans.

**ANS:** It's your home, you know. I've always felt that family ties should be sufficiently strong to include lonely people, so since this girl is right in your home and would have to eat alone at the hotel otherwise, by all means set a place for her.

**QUES:** "Last year my sister's son stayed in our home and went to high school all year. He is fifteen and big and husky. We didn't charge anything for his room and board, of course, but I did resent the fact that he would never fire the furnace, carry out ashes and do other chores of this kind unless I nagged and nagged. Now they have asked if he may return this year and I'm tempted to say no, not unless they'll have a clear understanding with him as to these chores. If they take a difficult stand and make excuses, etc., would I be justified in saying that it's out of the question?"—Nebr.

**ANS:** I think you would. I know that you want the boy to get an education (the fact that you kept him last year is ample proof of this) but it does seem as if he could take care of the things you mention. If this agreement isn't clearly understood and a guarantee made that it will be carried through, I think you would be justified in refusing.

**QUES:** "I'm worried to death about my only daughter, a junior in high school, who has such poor eyesight that she is failing in her classes. We've had at least a half-dozen different pair of glasses prescribed for her and she refuses to wear them—says that they look hideous and she'd rather fail than look so awful. It's become such a bitter issue between us that we're all half-wild. What can I do about this?"—Minn.

**ANS:** Obviously your daughter is extremely self-willed and headstrong or she wouldn't take such an attitude. Further nagging isn't going to help. I'd get the school principal to talk to her seriously—not letting her know in any way that you had discussed it with him. If this doesn't help, take her someplace where she can get these unusual and really handsome glass frames that are now made and see if that will turn the trick.

**QUES:** "My son and his wife occupy a small house on our farm since we are in partnership. I've made it a point to run in often to help my daughter-in-law because she's never lived on a farm and knew so little about how to manage. I've also tried to be a real help with the baby. Now I noticed she'd been acting cool recently, but the other day she came right out and told me she'd appreciate it if I only came when I was asked—that she could manage all right. I was terribly hurt and shocked. I haven't said anything to my son but don't you think I should tell him how rude she was? Please answer this in October as it preys on my mind."—Ia.

**ANS:** No doubt it does prey on your mind, but *don't* discuss it with your son. He'll stand up for his wife and may add some words of his own. Leave them alone. Obviously your daughter-in-law had taken all she could stand, so you turn your helpful impulses in another direction.

**QUES:** "I've been married two years and haven't been back to see my parents in all that time. Now they want me to come home for two weeks at Christmas time and of course I'm wild to go, but my husband won't discuss it—in fact, we've had our first serious quarrels over it. In view of the fact that they're sending me the money to make the trip and it won't cost him a cent, don't you think I could go?"—Mo.

**ANS:** Can't you try and arrange some time for a visit other than Christmas? Most men feel pretty strongly that they want their wife and children, if there are any, at home during the holidays. I'd see if he wouldn't be reasonable to the suggestion that you go before Christmas and return in plenty of time to have the holidays with him.

**QUES:** "My husband and I've had a hard time managing financially since he was retired two years ago, and now I have a chance to take an elderly woman into our home and make \$50.00 per month caring for her. She isn't ill—just old and childish. My husband is strongly opposed to this, but I can't see any other way that I can help our financial condition and wonder if I wouldn't be justified in going ahead?"—Ia.

**ANS:** I feel that your husband's wishes in this manner should be respected. It is his home too, you know, and no doubt he fears that you'd never again have much privacy. Can't you do baby sitting? Or make a specialty of doing up fancy curtains, blouses, etc? Most towns of your size have a commercial laundry or two but no one who will tackle hand laundry of good items, so I should think this could be worked into something profitable.

### FROM THE MORNING MAIL

"For small children too young to manage the elusive paper napkins at a party, cut bibs of crepe paper using a well-fitting bib pattern and in a color that will harmonize with the table decorations. Reinforce with adhesive tape or cellulose at top corners; then punch holes for ribbon or string ties. These delight the youngsters and protect pretty clothes.

When making popcorn balls for children, get some five-cent suckers on a stick; form the popcorn balls around these. A few colored gum drops, cut in tiny pieces and stuck here and there among the corn, makes attractive balls. The sucker handle is nice to hold the ball while eating, thus preventing sticky hands."—Mrs. E. W., Des Moines, Ia.

"A friend of mine moved into an old, rented farmhouse, and since she didn't want to put a lot of expense into it she used one of the cold water paints in a soft green shade to paint the kitchen walls. The woodwork was painted ivory. You say, well, that's very ordinary; yes, but from there on it was different. She stenciled a recipe on each of the four walls at a nice height. One was for yeast rolls, one for sour cream cake, one for baking powder biscuits and one for cookies. The lettering was black and around it she drew a decorative outline in black, red and yellow. You'd be amazed how attractive that looks."—Mrs. E. B., Clay Center, Nebr.

"Leanna, the roses I ordered from you are beautiful. I've picked hundreds and hundreds of blooms already. Isn't God good to give us such beautiful flowers? I have given to the sick, happy brides, old people, children, friends and strangers, and in return I have received smiles that were worth a million dollars. It's the most wonderful pleasure I've ever known."—Mrs. O. C., Beaman, Mo.

"My sister who lives in Salem, Oregon has a birthday in August and I know of no other gift which would give her more pleasure through the year than your Kitchen-Klatter magazine. So here is my dollar, and please send the gift card with it."—Alice M. Blue, Washta, Ia.

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## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

This letter is being written at the close of a very enjoyable summer spent in lovely little Rhode Island. I venture to think that to most of you reading this letter, Rhode Island is almost an unknown quantity. I know that until my first summer here in 1947 I knew practically nothing about this famous gem of a state. And why do I call it a gem? Well, if you were to see this rugged corner of America from the air, you would understand. It's abundance of lakes, ponds, streams, harbors, and sounds, bays, rivers, and rocky beaches make it really sparkle in the sun.

On all sides are wooded hills cut here and there by winding, little country roads. Small country villages are nestled down in the valleys with their white-spined churches and old country stores. In between the patches of timber are dairy and potato farms with their picturesque stone walls and large red and white barns. Wire fences are rarely seen. When every field must be cleared of thousands of bucket-sized stones, why not use the stones for walls?

But does this read like a description of America's most densely populated state, the heart of America's manufacturing area? And where are all the factories? Well, if you could take a ride with us this afternoon, I would show you.

Right down there past the church and around the bend is the factory that belongs to Betty's family. You can't see it from the main road because of the trees. It manufactures the famous Ashaway fishing lines, tennis strings, and surgical thread. Across the stream and up the hill, surrounded by lovely big trees is a woolen mill manufacturing worsted cloth. Just three miles away in the town of Westerly there are several factories manufacturing printing presses, elastic materials, vending machines, etc. Three miles in the other direction is the little village of Bradford with its big dyeing works employing hundreds of people. From Bradford a short drive past some old farms and through some timber brings one to a large lace factory set back from the road by a dam on the river. A minutes' drive from there is a large chemical factory. One little country road not far from here has several factories on it. All of them are set back from the road on a pond or stream with lots of big trees around the grounds. It isn't at all unusual to be driving through what appears to be a regular forest and then suddenly to round a bend in the road and find a factory.

You see, the factories are everywhere. Every village has one or more, and there is a village every three or four miles. Out in the Middlewest little villages do not have factories and many towns do not have more than one. The eastern part of Rhode Island is mostly the city of Providence, and it has hundreds of factories and industries of every sort.

My two chief forms of recreation this past summer were fishing and beaching. I say beaching and not swimming because when one is at the shore the temperature of the water does not encourage long hours of swimming, while the temperature on the beach does encourage many hours of sunning. Several times this summer we went sailing on Little Narragansett Bay. Just fifteen minutes drive from the house there is a fine spot for bass fishing and many times this past summer I spent patient hours doing my best to catch a bass big enough to eat. I could tell you several fish stories about the ones that got away. The most exciting fishing I did was in the ocean surf. Early in the morning and again late in the evening I would wade out into the surf to fish for the striped bass. All along the shore I would see dozens of men doing the same thing. Not once all summer did I see anyone catch a striped bass, but I do know that some were caught.

Everywhere I go I try to keep you readers of this letter informed of good places to eat. Last night Betty and I tried a restaurant that proved to be really superb. In case any of you should be driving from New York to Boston this fall, be sure and stop at The Old Wilcox Tavern on Highway U. S. 1 just east of Westerly, Rhode Island. It is a very old eating place run under Swedish management. It specializes in Scandinavian dishes of all sorts and varieties. The best thing I can say about it is that its food is different in a very fine way. Last night we ordered white fish cooked in a very elegant broth and served with a sauce made of chopped lobster, mushrooms, and melted cheese. Now how does that sound for something different? It was wonderful! In all of the east coast restaurants a great deal of seafood is served and I love it. I am particularly fond of raw oysters and clams on the half-shell.

Speaking of fish and fishing reminds me of the excitement we had in this little village one day this past summer. There was an official *Huck Finn Day*. Every child in the village old enough to hold a fish line in his hand was invited to participate in a fishing contest. An old pond just a block from our house was filled to the top of the banks with water and then was stocked with several hundred perch, pickerel, sunfish, and trout. Prizes were given for the most fish caught, the largest fish caught, the smallest fish caught, and for the most typical *Huck Finn* fishing costume. If any of you are interested in providing community youth activities, I seriously urge you to give some consideration to this *Huck Finn Day* idea. Most states have a fish conservation agency that could provide fish for the occasion, and I don't know of anything that the youngsters would enjoy more. I doubt if the child exists who would not get a thrill out of catching a fish on his own line.

One of the things I have noticed about the people living in these eastern states of New England, and I believe it is quite true of the people of

New York state too, is their willingness to pay for good roads. Believe it or not, I have never seen a plain dirt road in Rhode Island. Every little country lane is hard-surfaced with concrete, asphalt, or crushed rock. I don't think that there is a farm in this state on a bad road. Of course it costs a lot of money to have these good roads, but the people out here are willing to pay for it.

Another thing I have noticed about the roads is that none of the concrete highways have dirt shoulders. All of the shoulders on all of the highways are hard surfaced, and so there is never any danger of losing control of an automobile because of a soft shoulder. However, if it can at all be avoided, we never drive on the main highways at night. That is because of the truck traffic. Those of you who live near a city know how bad truck traffic can be at night. Just think of what it must be like on the main highways between New York and Boston! I have seen as many as fifteen trucks in a row, almost bumper to bumper. It is impossible to pass them going up a hill and they go too fast to pass them going down a hill. In addition to the trucks there are many, many busses between New York and Boston.

People out here in New England are just as discouraged about the world political situation as are you folks back in the West. The most common attitude seems to be one of hopeless despair expressed in the idea, "The World is going to ruin and there is nothing we can do about it." Whenever I hear that attitude expressed I am reminded of the old fable about the toad crossing a country road. The toad jumped down into a deep and narrow rut and could not get out. Other toads came along and gave it advice, but no matter how hard the old toad hopped, jumped and scrambled, it just couldn't get out of the rut. The following morning, however, the friends and relatives of the old toad were surprised to see it hopping about the countryside as fresh and chipper as ever with no signs of its long stay in the rut. "But you are supposed to be back there in the rut!" they exclaimed. "You couldn't possibly get out!"

"That's right," replied the old toad. "I couldn't get out, but a big tractor came down the road and I had to!"

As I see it, the trouble with most of us who complain about not being able to do anything about world politics is that we have yet to see a big tractor bearing down on us. Despite all of our talk, most of us have yet to feel a real sense of urgency. We are worried, but we are not frightened. The few people who are doing something constructive about the mess the world is in are the people who have seen a tractor bearing down on them.

Sincerely, Frederick.

Sow a thought, you reap an act; sow an act, you reap a habit; sow a habit, you reap a character; sow a character, you reap a destiny.



## TRICKS OR TREATS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

To make sure the young folks in your community do not try too many tricks how about "treating" them to a grand Hallowe'en party? Hallowe'en is such a fine time to have a party. Whether you are six or sixty you will enjoy the fun, so read these suggestions, let your imaginations take it from there, and you will agree the party was fun for all.

Invitations might be written with white ink on a black construction paper cat or witch. Or you may wish to write it on white paper with witches' brew which is only lemon juice and is quite invisible until held over a kerosene lamp, candles, or other low flame.

The invitation might read:

A masquerade party begins promptly at eight.

A ghost will meet you at my gate;  
The witches' cauldron will reveal your fate—

Don't tempt the goblins by being late.  
A masquerade is always fun and a grand march will begin an evening of hilarity.

For a really howling, noisy game choose two leaders and divide the gang into two groups. Call one side "CATS" and the other side "OWLS". Have an even number of either paper or candy cats and owls hidden about the room or out doors—wherever your party is to be. The "CATS" hunt for the hidden cats and the "OWLS" hunt for the owls. When a CAT finds a cat he may not touch it himself but must stand beside it and meow until his captain comes and gets it for his team. The OWLS hoot, the CATS meow—each try to drown the other side out so the opposing captains will not know where to hunt. It is noisy, it is fun, and of course the winning side is the one whose captain has the most hidden objects.

For a Pumpkin Race choose leaders again and give each team two large paper pumpkins. Each player must run to a given spot and return to the next player on his team, but this is where the fun comes in for he puts one pumpkin down, steps on it, picks it up, puts the next pumpkin down to step on, and so forth. If a player steps without standing on a pumpkin he must return to his line and begin his relay again.

No Hallowe'en party would be complete without fortunes. Pumpkin seed fortunes are certainly appropriate. Dry the seed thoroughly and on one side print, in ink, some profession or vocation such as teacher, lawyer, carpenter, maid, and so on. On the other side print one initial. As each guest draws a seed out of a jack-o-lantern he will read his future occupation and the initial of his future mate.

You may prefer to have fortunes already written, rolled up, and placed in capsules. Use pink or colored capsules for girls and clear ones for boys. Hide them about the room and have each guest hunt for a fortune and read his aloud.

Another favorite is to have three small pans. In one place a quarter,



This picture of three happy little cousins was taken the day their wonderful summer ended. When you ask Martin now where Kristin and Juliana are he says soberly, "They're both in school"—and his tone of voice indicates that they're gone beyond all recall!

in one a penny and one is left empty. Place the pans in a row on the table, blindfold the player, turn him around and have him place his hand in one of the pans. The quarter pan denotes riches, the penny pan foretells hard work to make a living but woe to the one who selects the empty pan! He will be a tramp. One may also use two pans and let one signify marriage while the other denotes bachelor or spinster status.

If you plan to serve cup cakes you may bake the fortunes in them and this keeps up a lively table conversation. Before baking the cakes, wrap small articles in wax paper and place one in each cake. Each object signifies the future of the receiver. A ring would foretell marriage, a button means the receiver is to be a tailor, a thimble for a seamstress, a pen point a writer, etc.

Have players form a circle and "IT" stands in the center. He points to one person and says, "Name five objects yellow as a pumpkin before I count to ten." If the person fails to do so, he becomes "IT".

Hallowe'en also offers a wide variety of refreshments and here again you can plan according to your own fancy.

Small children will love ice cream cone goblins. Fill pointed cones with ice cream, turn upside down on a cookie. The cone becomes a hat, raisins stuck into the ice cream make the eyes and bits of red cherries form the nose and mouth. Chocolate bits make good eyes, too.

Big pop corn balls can become jack-o-lanterns. Eyes, nose and mouth can be cut from black construction paper.

For older guests pop corn may be served from a large jack-o-lantern.

A half canned peach set in a nest of lettuce leaves or put into a large round dish with orange gelatin can be decorated to represent a jack-o-lantern. Raisins may be used for eyes, cloves for nose and maraschino cherries for mouth.

A chocolate cake covered with golden icing can be decorated with candy corn, chocolate bits or chocolate frosting outlines.

You may prefer cider or coffee for your older guests but Hallowe'en Punch is sure to be a favorite with all

ages. For a basic recipe this will serve thirty small glasses.

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 cups strong chilled tea
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 5 cups orange juice
- 2 quarts ginger ale

Garnish the top of the punch bowl with thin slices of orange or lemon or cut small jack-o-lanterns from orange peel and let float on top.

Hallowe'en sandwiches are easily made, too. Use square or round crackers and spread with various cheese or other spreads. Make goblin faces by cutting olives crosswise for the eyes, a triangle of green pimento for the mouth. You will design all kinds of faces for your sandwich platter once you begin.

Now with these ideas for your party you will find it no TRICK at all and your guests are sure to think your party a great TREAT.

## MY SECRET—I HOPE

By Catherine Scott

So many tasks each busy day  
That housework doesn't get its share;  
And no one knows if I neglect  
The corner underneath the stair.

When guests drop in I seem to feel  
Inquiring glances everywhere;  
I know they cannot see into  
The corner underneath the stair.

And yet I feel a guilty twinge.  
For all the time I know it's there;  
That dim and dusty skeleton—  
The corner underneath the stair.

## A BUSY MOTHER'S PRAYER

Swift fleeting hours of a housewife's day,

Ruled by a stern-faced clock that will not stay its circling hands.

No time to sing a gay  
And lilting song, No time to play  
With eager children. And sometimes  
There is not even time to pray.

But as we rush to each demanding task

It takes so little time to simply ask,  
"Forgive me Lord, if this be not the better part,

For thou alone canst look into our heart."

And as we bake those loaves of sweet, new bread

It takes so little time to bow one's head

And say, "I thank Thee; but for thy grace

I had received a stone instead."

Deep in my heart I think when God looks down,

There does not pass o'er His kind face a frown,

If we do not with flowery prayers give praise,

For He must understand our work-filled days.

And though we do not take the time we should,

He hears these little prayers and calls them good.

—Author unknown.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter Program every morning at 11:00 A. M.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### ABNER HIBERNATES

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Uncle Abner Bullsnake lay curled up on his favorite big flat rock on the creek bank. Slowly he curled his tail around, seeking the warm rays of the sun. It was late October, and Abner Bullsnake was considering the problem of hibernation.

"Let's see," he reflected, "It is time I sent those young nephews of mine underground. One of these nights it will turn cold, and they will get their tails nipped for sure. Pshaw! I was just beginning to get comfortable here."

Abner sighed as he slithered down from the rock and went in search of the five young bullsnaikes. He found them playing around an old log, with not a thought for winter.

"Come now, Boys," hissed Abner. "We must begin to think of hibernating or Jack Frost will nip our tails one of these chilly nights."

"Hibernating? We never heard of that! Is it a new game?"

"Maybe it's something to eat," suggested a second young snake hopefully.

"Pshaw!" said Abner. "You boys are very stupid. Haven't you noticed how cold the nights are lately, and how you can play on the rocks all day without being scorched by the sun?"

"Well, yes, Uncle, I guess we have."

"That is because the sun is moving further and further away. Winter will soon be here, and Mother Nature has no fur coats to give to us snakes like the ones she gives to the rabbits and coons. We must crawl deep into the warm ground where the winter winds cannot find us. That is called hibernation."

"Do we stay there forever, Uncle? My goodness, I want to race on the rocks and listen to the frogs sing. I don't believe it would be much fun to hibernate."

"Tut, tut! Of course you don't stay there forever. Why, I've already slept through two winters."

"Well, if you say we should hibernate, that's all right with me. Lead the way! Ho-hum, I was getting sleepy anyway," and the little bullsnaike yawned so widely that a rabbit could have run down his throat!

Without further ado, Abner and his young nephews started across the meadow. The grass parted with gentle swish! swish! noises as they hustled along the creek bank in search of a place to hibernate. Overhead a flock of geese flapped steadily toward Florida.

"Haw-Haw!" honked a big grey goose when she saw them. "Look at those funny bullsnaikes, hunting for a

dark hole in which to spend the winter. Why don't you come to Florida where life is exciting? Haw-Haw!"

"Oh, please, Uncle, let's go to Florida with the geese. That would be much nicer."

"No," said Abner firmly, "you have no wings to take you there. Geese will be geese! Come, now, we must search harder for a hole." Abner hustled off, his nephews following close behind him. They had not gone far before they met a huge yellow cat.

"Meow!" said the cat. "I do not think I'd like your dark old hole in the ground. Me, I'm going to lay on the hearth in the farmer's house and drink warm milk all winter."

"Oh, please, Uncle, let's go with this nice cat to the farmer's house for the winter!"

"My dear nephews, the farmer would never let you in his house. Cats will be cats! However, we are snakes, and I have found just the hole for us. See?" Abner paused and peered into a gopher's hole. "It is quite empty, and just big enough for all of us. Come on!" Abner slid deep into the hole, and the young nephews followed, one by one, until they were all safe inside.

"My," breathed the sleepy little bullsnaike as he stretched. "This is pretty cozy."

"You know," sighed his playful brother, "I think it's quite comfortable myself."

"It couldn't be much nicer than this in Florida," volunteered a third.

"Not even in the farmer's house," murmured the fourth just before he fell asleep.

Abner just curled himself into a ball.

"Well, snakes will be snakes!" he said.

What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of soda water? Answer: .05.

What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? Answer: The multiplication table.



These two boys live in town and think that nothing is more wonderful than a visit to their grandmother's farm. Charles Mazingo, age 11, lives in Roanoke, Virginia; Larry Mazingo, age 10, lives in St. Joseph, Mo. They are the grandsons of Mrs. Chloe Mazingo who welcomes the boys to her farm near Maryville, Mo.

### POTENTIAL FARMER

Just a little boy upon a tractor—  
He's not a very hefty factor,  
If you measure him by size or weight.

But, do note the set of his greasy cap,  
The "big shot" look on his freckled map,

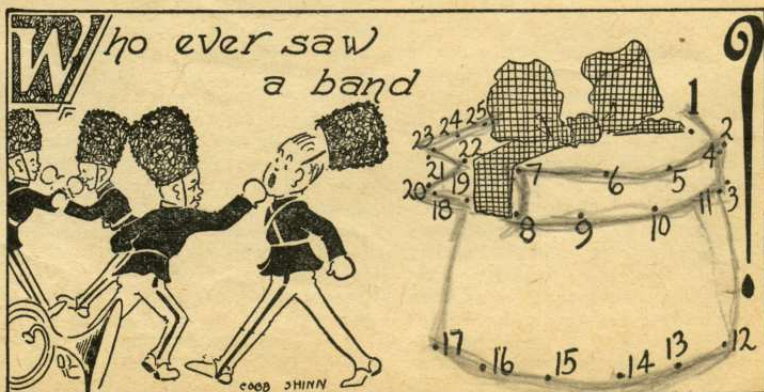
When Dad says, "You drive. I'll open the gate."

—Eileen Derr

### APPLE QUIZ

(Perhaps you have a copy of this contest for it isn't new, but if not, it may come in handy for a fall meeting or party.)

1. An apple which is a combination of color and month? Red June.
2. An apple which is named after wintry weather? Snow.
3. An apple which means feminine royalty? Duchess.
4. An apple which in bearing looks like trees of gold? Grimes Golden.
5. An apple which bears the name of a creature that walks in a curious fashion? Crab.
6. An apple that might say in slang, if it could speak, "Don't go, boys!" Staymen.
7. An apple which describes the embarrassment of a young girl? Maiden Blush.





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## A BIRTHDAY TEA WILL BOOST YOUR AID TREASURY

By Mabel Nair Brown

The "Birthday Tea" is not a brand new idea but perhaps it will be new to your community. It's possible too that you will want to make it an annual event, varying the table themes from year to year. I attended such a tea recently that is an annual affair and much anticipated by a large number of people.

The general idea of the tea is that a table setting is arranged for each month of the year. A member of the sponsoring group is in charge of the decorations for each of the twelve tables, and on the day of the tea these women preside as hostesses, one to each table. Tickets should be sold in advance and as they are purchased the guests should name their birth-months in order that places may be reserved at the right tables.

While the guests assemble there should be instrumental or recorded music. At our church the guests assembled in the sanctuary where they were met by their particular hostess and seated with their "birthday sisters". As soon as everyone had arrived the entire group went to the basement dining room, located their individual tables and were seated. Needless to say, conversation about the table decorations took care of the interval before refreshments (birthday tea cakes, ice cream and coffee) were served.

The following suggestions will give you an idea for table decorations. The first suggestion for each month is the one used at the tea I attended. You'll soon find there is a great deal of fun, ingenuity and friendly competition to be found in decorating the tables each year.

**JANUARY:** The centerpiece was a large baby cupid doll wearing a white ribbon across the shoulder and tied at the waist in a bow. Printed on it was "Happy New Year." Place favors were miniature dolls wearing same kind of ribbon. These dolls stood on clock faces cut from red construction paper with the hands set at midnight. Each doll wore a red construction paper "stovepipe" hat.

You might use the "Snowman" theme making snowmen of popcorn balls or balls of cotton. Favors could be marshmallow snow men. A winter scene would be lovely, and this would call for a large mirror "lake" in the center of the table; encircle it with small rocks, twig trees, cotton snow-drifts, etc. Sprinkle it all generously with artificial snow or epsom salts to give it a glittering effect. If possible place a few deer (look among your Christmas decorations for these) as though they were standing at the edge of the lake.

**FEBRUARY:** Centerpiece—a Valentine birthday cake on a revolving musical stand which played "Happy Birthday." Favors were valentines, motto hearts, etc. A patriotic theme could be used stressing Lincoln (log cabin, rail fence, top hat, etc.) or Washington (Valley Forge, soldiers in paper cockade hats, or the famous cherry tree and hatchet for centerpiece with tiny hatchet favors). Either of these themes would make a very attractive February table.

**MARCH:** Centerpiece—a large kite flying over the center of the table (this can be suspended from the ceiling by fine thread fastened with scotch tape). A tiny construction paper kite flew at each place; it was held upright by a pipe-cleaner fastened to a round disc (milk bottle caps will work for this). Favors were tiny plastic garden tools from the Five and Ten. Also on the table were miniature dolls arranged in groups with the boys playing marbles and the girls skipping rope.

Of course you'll remember too that St. Patrick's Day in March will provide you with a beautiful green and white setting. Irish potato pigs, growing grass in "Paddyhead" vases, blarney stones and shamrocks will put a real "Irish lilt" in your table.

**APRIL:** "April Showers" was a lovely setting with two large umbrellas as part of the centerpiece; favors were sprigs of flowers and a tiny umbrella. Very clever ones were made by straightening wire hair pins and inserting them in a cork spoke fashion. Gay pastel variegated yarn was woven in and out of these spokes until a very pretty umbrella was the result. A pipe cleaner handle can be used. The size of the hairpin determines the size of the umbrella, so use

small hairpins for small umbrellas, etc.

A lamb cake centerpiece would also be ideal for this month, and tiny lamb favors could be used in conjunction with it. Also, the Rainbow theme can be handled most successfully using a pot of gold as the centerpiece.

**MAY:** A Maypole centerpiece was used here, and the favors were May baskets. These baskets were made by covering small plastic bowls with paper frills and filling them with real garden flowers. The May table could also feature the Mother's Day theme, graduation theme or a flower garden. The latter can be arranged most successfully in a large shallow dripping pan. In this event it would be charming to give tiny flower pots, containing real flowers, as favors.

**JUNE:** Roses were featured here. There was a lovely rose centerpiece and a deep red rosebud at each place. A bride's table for June would work up most attractively using as a centerpiece a bride's bouquet in colonial design with a lace paper doily frill around it. Smaller bouquets of this type could be used for favors. Another centerpiece idea for such a theme would be two large entwining hearts (wire bent to right shapes) that can stand upright in the center of the table. These should be covered with a ruffle of white cellophane and decorated with ribbon bows and streamers in pastel colors. Small bride and groom dolls could also be used. Or make a whole wedding scene on a large oblong mirror and encircle it with greenery and white flowers.

The concluding six tables will be described in the next issue.

Today is ours; tomorrow, God's.—French Proverb.

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