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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA  
Price 10 cents



Vol. 16

JANUARY, 1951

Number 1



H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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Another year—again we bow in thanks  
For health and home and joy of love;  
Yet as we kneel, we pray for war to cease  
And God's best gift—a lasting peace.

Dear Friends:

Six years ago this verse appeared in my letter to you, and I didn't suspect then that in 1951 I would turn to it again when I searched for a few lines that would express what I feel so deeply.

Already it seems long ago, doesn't it, when we could voice just a simple wish for a happy and prosperous New Year. Now the thing that we hope for and pray for the most fervently is Peace. And that is why I am once again reprinting these few lines. I can think of nothing in this world that would make any of us happier than to know positively and certainly that never again would we need to greet a New Year with the specter of war hanging over our homes.

Every mail now brings letters from you friends who are putting in the anxious, long hours that only mothers can know when their sons are in service. I wish that I could write a personal letter to every single one, but since I can't you must remember that you are very much in my thoughts and prayers. I know so well what you are going through.

Things have jogged along just about the same with us since I last wrote. We had a happy Thanksgiving, and although that day seems pretty far away now, this is the first chance I've had to tell you about our family gathering.

We had thought, originally that it would be the smallest group we've ever had around our table for a holiday meal because so few of us were to be in town. In fact, I thought at first that there would just be my sisters, Martha Eaton and Susan Conrad, Howard, Margery, Martin, Wayne, Abigail, Emily, and Mart and I at the table. But one thing leads to another, and as it turned out we had a good crowd. Those whom I've mentioned were here, and in addition we had my sister, Jessie

Shambaugh, her husband and their little grandson, Joseph Shambaugh, my sister Helen Fischer and her husband, and Abigail's brother, Clark. We had our big table pulled out its full length, and Margery and Abigail sat with the three small children at a table in front of the dining room windows.

The meal that we served is the one we told you about in the November issue, but this holiday we decided to give Dad a break and carve the turkey in the kitchen. However, it was such a handsome bird that Margery brought it in on the big platter and gave everyone a look before it was taken back to be carved.

Before Abigail left to attend Thanksgiving services at her church, we set the table and took care of minor details. Our centerpiece was lovely. When we were in Hawaii I received a beautiful kola wood tray as a gift from Mart and our son Frederick, and we used this in the center heaped full of tangerines, oranges, grapes, bananas, apples, pears, and a few cranberries scattered in for color.

After dinner we spent a quiet afternoon looking at old family pictures and reading old letters. For once I had our big collection of pictures in good condition because I'd spent many evenings with Mart and Lucile looking through them for ones to use in our new book, *The Story Of An American Family*. There certainly is no need for other entertainment at a family gathering when you have a big box of old pictures to go through.

Towards evening Howard drove up to Red Oak to get Dorothy and Kristin, and then we all sat down to cold turkey and left-overs. We were sorry that Frank couldn't come with them, but his father isn't well and they had had their big dinner there at noon in order that their entire family could be together. Dorothy and Kristin stayed with us until Sunday noon, and since it was her first trip down here since before school started in August, there was a lot to catch up on.

Russell, Lucile and Juliana had a wonderful Thanksgiving vacation in Chicago—probably she'll tell you about it in her letter. They had planned at first to make this Chicago trip in early fall, but Russell's gar-

den plans, plus his work, didn't permit them to go. As it was they were in on some of the bad storm and saw the Outer Drive along Lake Michigan completely flooded. We worried about Frederick's family during that storm, but his letter for this issue arrived just before I sat down to write my own letter and I notice that they missed the worst of it.

Our Christmas plans are beginning to take shape although, like our Thanksgiving plans, they may undergo changes before I can tell you about them in our next issue. As matters stand now we expect to have our annual Driftmier Christmas party on Sunday afternoon, December 17th, at the home of Mart's sister, Adelyn Rope and her husband, Albert. They live northwest of Clarinda, and in years gone by we had to worry about the roads, but that is all a thing of the past now.

Donald definitely cannot come from Rapid City, S. Dakota. He is working long, long hours and doesn't have enough of a leave to justify making the trip. Frederick's family will no doubt be with the Crandalls, but otherwise I think the group will be complete. We will have our own family tree on Christmas Eve following the church program, and on Christmas Day Frank, Dorothy and Kristin will join us. They are having the Johnson family gathering on Christmas Eve and are certainly looking forward to it since this is their first year with electric lights on the tree.

Martin spends many happy hours playing with the figures in his creche. He likes to take Emily by the hand and lead her up to the table, but if she starts to reach for anything he says "No, no" very seriously—in fact, I told Margery yesterday that he sounded like his Grandfather rather than a three year old. I don't know what Santa Claus has lined up for him, but he'll be happy with whatever he gets.

We are all delighted with the progress Don Hansen has made. After a trip through several states he decided to settle down in Fort Worth, Texas and has purchased a lot there. As soon as the necessary arrangements have been made he expects to start building the specially designed house for paraplegic veterans. This lot isn't far from the University and since Don enjoys watching athletic events he can get over easily to see the various activities. Already he has located ten or twelve paraplegic veterans in that area (some of them he knew at Hines Hospital in Chicago), so all in all it seems to be the perfect answer to his getting into a warm climate.

This past month we had a short visit with my nephew, Philip Field.

I hope that one of your New Year's resolutions will be to sit down and write me a letter. I read every word of everything that's addressed to me, and appreciate your friendly letters more than you will ever know.

Affectionately yours,  
Leanna

# Come into the Garden

## GENERAL CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

In listing the essential requirements for well-grown house plants, food, watering, temperature, light, humidity and sanitation are probably the most important.

Food can be provided by using a good potting soil or by feeding with the proper plant food at regular intervals. I find it simpler and easier to have an ample supply of well-mixed soil on hand than to feed them periodically. Plants may be potted or repotted quickly and easily.

There are almost as many soil formulas as there are types of house plants. The following basic formula makes a satisfactory potting soil: To a bushel of good black loam, add 3 gallons of wood's soil. If one does not have access to a woods, the same amount of leaf mold or peat moss may be substituted. To this add one 4-inch pot of Sheepo or 3 gallons of well-rotted, rich soil from the cattle lot, a gallon each of sand and vermiculite (sold under such trade names as Terralite or Zonalite) and a 3-inch pot of bone-meal. This should provide the necessary elements in proper balance. You may vary the amount of sand, vermiculite and wood's soil to get just the desired texture and friability. The soil should be dampened evenly and when a handful is pressed together and does not cake but falls apart rather easily, it is ready to use.

If you use plant foods, follow the directions carefully on the packet or bottle. You will find many kinds on the market. It might be helpful to know that, generally speaking, flowering plants need more nutrients than foliage plants. Plants that are sick or in their resting stage should not be fed.

Old, dirty pots should be well scrubbed before putting plants into them. It is most important that they be clean on the inside as well as on the outside. The size of pot to use depends on the size and root system of the individual plant. As a general rule small plants require small pots and large ones, larger pots. A plant has outgrown its pot when a web of roots is plainly visible outside of the earth ball. If there is still plenty of root room, some of the top soil may be scratched carefully away and new potting soil added. Good drainage is important. A piece of broken crockery should be placed over the hole in the pot, and over this a layer of coarse material. If one has sphagnum moss, it will prove to be very satisfactory. After the plant has been carefully potted with the roots spread out and the soil pressed lightly but firmly about them, there should be about ½ inch left between the soil surface and the rim of the pot to make proper watering possible.

The matter of watering is more or less an individual problem. I find that it makes little difference if one

waters from the top, as nature does it, or sets the container in pans of water to let it rise by capillary action to the soil surface. I use a small funnel when watering plants like African-violets, Gloxinias, Episcias, etc., from the top. This prevents any trouble which might result if water is carelessly gotten on the crown or on the foliage and then left in bright sunshine. Hold the funnel in the left hand just slightly above the soil surface and pour the water into the funnel. Use rain water if possible and have it at least at room temperature.

There is always the question of how often to water. A fairly safe rule to follow for all but bog-loving plants is to water when the soil surface feels dry to the touch of a finger. I find that Oxalis, Sultana and Gloxinias drink more water than African-violets, Episcias and Geraniums. An actively growing plant requires more water than one in a semi-resting stage. There are other factors to consider in addition to the drinking habits of the plant itself—small pots dry out faster than larger ones; moisture evaporates more quickly from clay pots than from glazed pots or those covered with aluminum foil, or tin cans. The temperature of the room makes a difference and whether the weather is sunny and hot or cold and cloudy.

Temperature is sometimes beyond our control but we can have a large number of plants that are happy under living room conditions—70 degrees in the daytime and 10 degrees cooler at night. Most plants can endure low temperatures better than high ones. Sharp fluctuations are hard to take. During the coldest weather the plants may have to be moved away from the window at night or a newspaper slipped between the window and the plants.

Proper light is important. Geraniums and Poinsettias must have sunshine; African-violets and Gloxinias cannot take even the full sun of an east window. In dark rooms we can use Chinese Evergreen, Sansevieria, or similar plants. Some humidity is supplied when watering the plants. If the air is very dry, the plants may be sprayed with a fine mist occasionally and set in saucers or trays filled with pebbles and then with water. The water should not cover the pebble tops so that the pots are above the water level.

Sanitation is as important with plants as with ourselves. Plants that are clean are usually healthy and pest free. Fungus diseases float through the air; dust settles on the leaves; aphids, red spider, mealy bugs, thrips, etc., may be brought in on plants newly purchased or right out of our own gardens. In all cases prevention is usually easier than the cure. Any new plants should be isolated until one is sure they are clean and pest free. If one suspects insects of any kind, spray them first. Nicotine sul-



Episcias are novel and beautiful houseplants.  
—Photo by Olga Tiemann

phate, ¼ teaspoon to a quart of water, will take care of sucking pests. A good all-purpose bug dust will take care of those that eat holes in the leaves. After 24 hours, spray with clear water. This treatment may have to be repeated several times. After the trouble has cleared up, keep the plants clean by removing faded blossoms and dead leaves and by regular baths. No, it will not harm even your African-violets to get good clean water of-room-temperature on the leaves, but the foliage must be thoroughly dry before placing them back in the window.

## HELEN FISCHER HONORED

All of Helen Field Fischer's good friends will be happy to know that she has recently been honored by the Iowa State Horticultural Society, and the National Hemerocallis Society.

On November 16, 1950 the 85th annual meeting of the Iowa State Horticultural Society was held at Memorial Union, Iowa State College, Ames, and at that time certificates of award were presented. The citation read when Mrs. Fischer's award was given is too detailed to reprint here, but it covered many of the highlights of her long, varied experience with flowers, shrubs and trees, and recalled to the large audience her work as a garden authority. Certainly no Iowan more genuinely deserves this certificate of merit for making outstanding contributions in the horticultural field.

The National Hemerocallis Society has recently established two awards to be presented annually. One is for recognition of the finest scientific work accomplished, and the other, to be known permanently as the Helen Field Fischer Award, is for recognition of service to the Society. The thousands of people who have been introduced to Hemerocallis through her efforts will be deeply gratified to know that her tireless work and endless enthusiasm have been recognized in such an enduring fashion.

## I TOOK A TRIP TO A VETERANS' HOSPITAL

By Delphia M. Stubbs

(Editorial note: There are a great many people who feel periodically that they want to do something for veterans or for lonely souls who have been hospitalized over a long period of time. They think about it and try to figure out what can be done, but in the end nothing happens because they are timid about taking the first steps. Perhaps after you've read this article you'll be encouraged to put your good impulses into action.)

\* \* \* \* \*

It was my loneliness for our only son while he was in service, and the desire to do something for others that took me on my first trip to a Veterans' Hospital one beautiful autumn day. World War II was then sending our boys home to hospitals and I never knew when my own son might be one of the casualties thus returned.

On this particular day a friend of mine helped me load the car with a crate of oranges, a bushel of red apples and scads of magazines, and we started up the highway to Wadsworth, Kansas. As we drove along we felt very uncertain because we didn't have an appointment with anyone, and really didn't know what to expect.

As we entered the front door of the main hospital building a man approached us and offered to be of service if we would state our errand. To make a long story short, I just told him the truth—that we were two lonesome mothers who wanted to do something nice for the boys who had been sent home, and consequently had brought some fruit and magazines. We also explained that we'd like to visit some of the wards if he could grant us permission to do so.

At first he hardly knew what to say for I think it was his impression that we'd brought a dozen oranges and apples and he knew that they wouldn't go far, but when I asked if he would like to help us carry the crate of oranges and bushel of apples into the hallway where they could be divided, he almost leaped out the door to reach our car.

As soon as we had the things inside he brought large round serving trays and flat baskets from somewhere, and by that time wheel chairs were rolling toward the entrance. I have never been able to forget the tapping sound made by many canes and crutches as these lonesome, homesick men and boys came down that long corridor to see what the unusual stir was about.

As soon as the fruit had been divided our friendly helper called to another clerk to take charge, and then he went with us to the different floors and wards. As we approached each new section he explained to the nurses in charge that we were two lonely mothers who wanted to visit the patients, and this simple explanation seemed to open all doors.

The two hours allotted for visiting simply flashed by and when we had



Kristin and Juliana are wearing the twin dresses that their mothers made. They feel very grown up in these navy blue-and-green plaids because of the many pleats and black patent-leather belts.

given out the last magazine and peeled the last orange for a boy who had both of his arms in casts, our minds were definitely made up that this was just the beginning of many visits.

On our way out we were introduced to the Hospital Superintendent, and after telling him why we had come and explaining that we hoped to return soon, his face beamed with happiness and he asked us if we would be interested in talking to the Recreational Director. He was sent for, and there in the Superintendent's office plans were made for us to come the following week. And it was agreed that we could bring other lonely mothers if we wished. I think though that when I walked into the hospital the next week accompanied by twelve mothers, all of us with arms loaded to capacity, this Director was more than amazed!

It so happens that I belong to a patriotic organization with over three hundred members, and when they heard about my venture they appointed me Rehabilitation Chairman. From then on, plans were laid and money was allocated for these weekly trips. We were governed entirely by the wishes of the Recreation Director. Together we arranged the type of party he wished, set a date in advance for the ward or floor he wished taken care of, and in all ways tried to meet his requirements as far as possible.

Our first real ward party was a Thanksgiving affair. Our project had been given a great deal of publicity by newspapers, and telephone calls came thick and fast; donations arrived at my home and many checks came through the mail. We got the Conservatory of Music to furnish their talent, and the Red Cross Motor Corps took them to the hospital. One hour was devoted to music of their choosing, and a half hour to playing songs the boys requested. While the program was in progress my chairmen were busy getting the refreshments ready. We

served gingerbread squares topped with whipped cream, nut bread sandwiches and fruit punch. The hospital kitchen had us use their dishes and trays, and on each tray was a pine cone turkey favor made by using pipe cleaners for legs and a marshmallow for the body. Some of the boys who could not eat their dessert were given an extra pack of cigarettes that had been donated by a local store.

We left the ward just as the sun was going down, and the enthusiasm was so great that we started planning immediately for a huge Christmas party. Our city became so interested that I had to turn over one room of my home just for storing the candy, cigarettes, crates of fruit, piles of magazines, etc. that were brought to me for these boys. We worked all over the hospital that year. We put on shows in the hospital theater, bingo parties in the wards for bed-ridden boys, and figured out less strenuous entertainment for the wards where nerve-sick patients couldn't stand much disruption of the usual routine.

Of course any project of this kind needs a good program chairman to lay the foundation plans, and a working committee to carry them out. Cars must be provided in many cases to transport talent to and from the hospital, but this isn't a serious problem when people are really interested in doing such work. Money is needed, as anyone knows who has done anything of this kind, but we always managed by having bake sales, rummage sales, white elephant sales, etc. Twice a year a Bazaar and bake sale was held, and all the proceeds were turned into our hospital fund. One of our largest donations was an electric wheel chair that we gave to the orthopedic ward.

Some days when we made the trip we would spend the entire time threading the looms for the blind patients who were weaving rugs. We simply did anything that needed doing for these boys who were dependent upon others to get things done. I remember that a member of our group sold \$100.00 worth of billfolds for one of the boys who worked at this when he felt strong enough.

Those of you who are hesitant about going forward with your ideas about doing something for hospital veterans should simply forget about yourself and go to the main official of your local V.A. hospital. I feel safe in saying that he will welcome your ideas and will help you to work them out within the framework of hospital rules and regulations.

The need is just as great today as it was back in the early forties and, even before that, the years following World War I. It is a known fact that there are forgotten men in these hospitals whose families and friends have never once visited them or called to inquire about their health or material needs. Neglect and carelessness have added their toll to that already taken by the horrors of war, and with yet another conflict upon us we should find a way to remember these "Forgotten Men".

## LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks,

I am sure that your newspapers told you of the violent storm we had here on the eastern seaboard just after Thanksgiving. We had eighty-five and ninety mile an hour winds blowing the old Atlantic Ocean into a perfect dither of excitement. Although our house is only 300 feet from the water's edge, that water is not the ocean proper, but merely an ocean harbor, and so we had no storm damage from the water. Our friends with homes right on the shore of the ocean had some rather narrow escapes. The waves were mountainous and in several places they rolled far inland from the shore causing much damage. A few miles from here there was so much foam thrown into the wind by the breaking waves that houses, roads, lawns and fields were covered with several inches of white seafoam, making the area look for all the world as if it had just had a snow storm. Our house is more than a hundred years old, and it withstood this last storm in just the same way that it has withstood many a severe gale in years gone by. Our electricity was knocked off for most of one night, and there was water in the basement, but nothing more than that.

I am writing this letter on a Sunday evening after having returned from the city of Providence where I delivered an address to several hundred Boy Scouts and their parents. If you have any boys of an age for scouting, I cannot urge you strongly enough to encourage their joining the Boy Scouts. The Boy Scouts of America probably have as fine a youth program as any organization in the world, and under the right local leadership a troop of Boy Scouts can be a wonderful thing for the families of a town.

One of the Scouts at this meeting this afternoon was planning to attend my church tonight, and so I invited him to have supper with us. Our little three year old Mary Leanna was delighted that I had brought company home for supper. Never have I seen her on such good behaviour. She waited on our guest hand and foot, and when she wasn't doing something for his comfort, she was standing to one side and watching him with wide eyes and an expression of awe and admiration. I simply could not understand how she could be so nice and ladylike. Our young guest's name was Paul, and all evening long Mary Leanna was saying, "May I help you Paul? Do you want some more bread Paul? May I visit with you Paul?" Just as we were leaving for the church after supper she said to me, "Daddy, when is Saint Paul coming back to see us? My Sunday school teacher told me that Saint Paul was a very good man." Then we knew why! All along she had been under the impression that we were entertaining none other than Saint Paul for supper!

While I am on the subject of Mary Leanna let me turn back the calen-

dar to Thanksgiving Day night. We had spent the day at Betty's home in Ashaway, Rhode Island. Betty's sisters and their husbands had returned with their children to spend the day and night at Crandall's, and so all in all there were eighteen of us for dinner, supper, and breakfast the next day. The children were all sent to bed early after an exciting day, and the adults retired to the recreation room in the basement where we sang old songs and told stories until nearly midnight.

Now I was sleeping that night in the same room with Mary Leanna, and I had just crawled into bed when she called to me across the room, "Daddy, I want a drink." Well, you know the procedure. Naturally, I got her one, and then thirty minutes later she woke me up to say, "Daddy, I am still thirsty." I told her nothing doing and started to go back to sleep but she persisted, and so I finally got her another drink. After that I really went to sleep and slept for a good three hours, and then she woke me up again with this comment: "Daddy! Oh Daddy! Daddy dear! My dear daddy!" I rolled over and groaned: "Yes, Mary Lea. What do you want?" "Daddy, I don't think that it is time to wake up yet. Do you think so?" I gave her a very emphatic answer to that one.

Our church ladies are giving their annual winter bazaar at the church this coming Wednesday. One of the very successful features of our summer bazaar that we are repeating in the winter bazaar is the childrens' section. While the parents are visiting the main area of sales and events, their children are being entertained across the street at the parish house where there is everything to keep them happy, including a Santa Claus.

I have been told that one of the most popular tables at the bazaar will be the one featuring Christmas table centerpieces and window decorations. Every organization in the church has a table at the bazaar, and I am having to supervise the young people's table, which will have candy, popcorn, and soft drinks. The Men's Union of the church will run a country store where they will sell canned goods and garden produce that has been donated for the occasion. I don't know how much our bazaar will make for the church, but in one afternoon and evening the church up the road from us took in more than \$3000.00 dollars profit. Our church will not make that much, but it will make a considerable sum. At the Punahou School in Honolulu where we used to be located, the Junior Carnival in two afternoons and evenings used to net around \$7,000.00!

This past week I made something for Mary Leanna that I always wanted as a child and never had, and that is an overhead cable car. I ran a cable from the house to a tree on the far side of the back yard. On that cable I have a small pulley wheel, and from the pulley wheel I have suspended a swing seat. Mary Leanna can climb into the swing at the tree and then ride clear across

the back yard to the house. Now I insist that the idea is a good one, but my, oh my, what a time I have had getting just the right arrangement! I have had to try several pulley wheels before finding the right one, and it has taken me some time to get the cable fixed firmly to the tree and at just the right tension. All in all I suppose that the project is going to cost in dollars and cents about \$6.50, but believe me, it is giving the children of this neighborhood much pleasure.

Since Mary Leanna is not yet able to read, it is safe for me to tell you what Santa is going to bring her this Christmas. We have a lovely back porch where she can play on bad days, but whenever she is on the porch she misses her swings out in the back yard. We are going to give her one of the old-fashioned porch gliders—you know what I mean, two seats facing each other with a platform in between, and the whole business rocks. Betty and I both remember how as children we loved to play with such swings, and we are sure that it will help to make her content on the back porch. Perhaps you remember how you used to enjoy rocking a glider swing and showing your skill at jumping on and off the platform while it was in motion.

Although in my letters to you I often speak of the lighter things of life, I am very conscious of the fact that we are living in very grievous times. If you are a person who never prays, I, personally, don't see how you manage to live at all, for prayer is such a vital part of my life. I often tell my parishioners that when they pray it must not be as Americans who happen to be Christians, but as Christians who happen to be Americans. Otherwise we fall into the error of our enemies, whose distinctive sin it is that they put nationality first. It is quite true that in all of our struggles with Communism the United States is at stake; if we are defeated the United States is doomed. And the United States, in spite of some dark pages in its history and many imperfections in its present life, is yet the bearer of a tradition so noble and so precious to mankind that duty would call us to fight for its preservation, even if nothing further were at stake. Yet in our prayers we must think first, not of the United States of America, but of the world-wide family of God. It is for the hope and opportunity to work for the peace and goodwill of that great family that we strive; it is for the realization of that hope that we pray.

Sincerely, Frederick

One person with a belief is a social power equal to ninety-nine persons who have only interests.—John Stuart Mill.

ANOTHER CHANCE at Sue's Pottery. Didn't you get what you wanted for Christmas? Well, here it is. A pottery squirrel family. Cute as a bug's ear. Mother squirrel and four babies, Frisky, Frolic, Fluffy, and Flapper. All 5 for \$1. postpaid. Put them by a bowl of nuts and you'll be nuts about them. Mother squirrel 2 1/4 inches tall, babies 3/4 inch. Order from Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa.

## DAYS CAN BE LIKE THIS!

By Lucille Sassaman

Did you ever have a day when it didn't pay to get up? Well, every mother I've run into during my lifetime has known such days, and not long ago I got to thinking about three of these hectic span of hours and decided to tell you about them. I figured that you could get this out and look at it the next time you go to bed thinking that it certainly didn't pay to get up!

My friend Ruth takes great pride in running an efficient home and being the calm unruffled hostess. Guests were coming for dinner, so in her usual fashion she got all the food ready in the morning so that it would take just a minimum of kitchen work after the guests arrived. After four o'clock she bathed and dressed daughter Nancy, aged two, and then got ready to wipe up the kitchen floor before she took her own bath and dressed. This routine always worked out well and she would have plenty of time to rest and get into her usual calm relaxed manner.

This afternoon Nancy was too quiet so Ruth ran to have a quick look. She found her having a wonderful time putting all the bathroom bottles, jars and toothbrushes in the toilet. Well, Ruth had to put her right back into the bathtub and then dressed her in her last clean starched pinafore and white shoes before she hurried to salvage things from the toilet. When she had finished this job she went back to her kitchen floor, and there found Nancy sitting right spang in the middle of the scrub pail. Ruth sat down in the mess and bawled, Nancy splashed with delight and Daddy walked in with the guests.

My day arrived when Kira was two. We were living a mile from the end of the car-line in a wooded section outside Washington, D. C., and it wasn't often that I got away from home when it meant carrying her most of the way down that dusty road. But the time had come when she needed shoes.

This was in the days when we had to have ration coupons to purchase them so off we went to our local OPA office. We made the long, round-about trip, got the coupon all right, and then somehow it got lost and I didn't discover this until we'd gone another 8 miles to the shoe store. Of course we couldn't buy the shoes. Determined not to have this whole dreadful trip in vain I bought a year's supply of hand lotion, tooth powder and Kira's expensive concentrated Vitamin D.

We finally reached home exhausted and cross, so I put on the coffee pot even before we unpacked. When I returned to the living room from the kitchen I found that Kira had unpacked the bundle and had just drained the last drop out of the vitamin bottle—30 cc and she was only supposed to have 3 drops a day. I rushed to the telephone and finally located her doctor who assured me it wouldn't do her any harm. Just then I smelled

the coffee boiling over and when I got back to Kira she had only that second finished mixing the toothpowder into the hand lotion.

\* \* \* \*

Ethel's experience happened so recently that she can't see anything funny about it. They have been living in the same apartment for 8 years and this is the first time that the landlord has been willing to decorate for them. The painters arrived and moved everything into the center of the room and set her prize plant on the window sill. They are very sentimental about this plant because they bought it on their wedding day and it has flourished. She carried home a large piece of bleached driftwood from the East coast and it has been growing on that. Then when their first child was born her husband gave her an exquisite Chinese vase and the plant stood in it.

You can imagine how she felt when a gust of wind (only a Chicago wind could do it) toppled the plant off the sill—and down it went two floors below. She dashed down the two flights of stairs to see the vase shattered on the pavement and a man running to his car with the plant. She ran down the street determined somehow to catch him, and just at that second heard terrible screams coming from their apartment. She knew that Steve was the only child on earth who could let loose with such blood-curdling yells so she ran back up the stairs and then heard that he was in the back yard. She ran through the apartment, down the back stairs and then saw Steve who shouted accusingly, "Why didn't you bring a nickle? I just saw the pop-sickle man."

In her rage she tore back up the stairs, dashed through the door and upset the ladder that had on it one of the painters and a full gallon of green paint. When she came out of that she realized both children had disappeared, but they soon walked in with Daddy. He said he had seen them on his way home sitting along the curb waiting for him. They told him very gravely, "Mama is a little nervous."

Does Mama ever get a little nervous at your house?

## MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

By Mildred Cathcart

Have you made any New Year's Resolutions or are you one of the few people who do not believe in waiting until the beginning of the year to resolve to do better?

I make only ONE resolution each year and, surprisingly, I have made this same resolution for the past seventeen years. It all began that long ago when our Sunday School started a contest for memorizing Bible verses alphabetically. Each Sunday throughout the year we were to learn verses beginning first with A, then with B, and so on. The entire year would take us twice through the alphabet. At the end of the year any young folks who could repeat all the verses and tell where each could be found were to receive a beautiful Bible in addition to a prize for having a verse

each Sunday.

Only two of us repeated all our verses, and I shall never forget the advice our superintendent gave as he handed us the coveted award. He was a tall, saintly looking man and he smiled as he told us that he was happy to give us a fine new looking book but that he would be very sorry indeed to see them at the end of a year from that day and find them in such perfect condition. He quoted from the Second Epistle to Timothy "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

That was in November, and the following New Year I resolved to read my new Book through. By reading three chapters each week day and five on Sundays I was able to complete the entire book during the year. The next New Year I made the same resolution. And I have done this through school days, college days, teaching years and during my career as housewife and mother. These last few years with the pressing demands of a home and a child, I have had to read whenever I could and any amount I might be able to manage. However, I try always to read at least a verse or two each day—a chapter if possible. Some days I manage to read many chapters, some days very few, but I have always managed to read the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation before the year ends.

This is one resolution I hope I shall be able to make and to keep as long as I live.

David says in Psalms 119, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." What better light could we have to guide us through dark days of sorrow or trials, or where could we find more comfort for whatever the New Year may have in store for us?

## CANDLES

Candles are such charming things,

They seem to shed their rays,  
Upon the celebration

Of so many special days.

I love the tall green tapers

That with the holly twine,

Or tiny birthday candles

In sugar-rose design.

Candles on a lighted tree,

Silver and blue and red,

Or the orange one that blinks at me,

Though the pumpkin's knife-split head.

But slender Christmas candles

On altars, white and still,

Radiate Christ's spirit

And peace and all goodwill.

—Lois Peck Eck's ten

## ROLL FILM DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

30¢ PER ROLL, PP.

15 REPRINTS 50¢.

VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67

Shenandoah, Iowa

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, good friends—and greetings one and all:

Today when you took this magazine out of your mail box were there some stray Christmas cards tucked in beside it? I hope so, for then I'll know that I'm not the only one who gets out cards on which only the New Year part of the greeting is timely. As a matter of fact, we're really the shoemaker's children when it comes to cards and I feel mighty fortunate to get out anything in this line. But at least I have one major break . . . Kitchen-Klatter lets our friends and scattered relatives keep up with us far better than any long mimeographed Christmas letter could ever do, so at least when our cards are posted I never need to feel guilty because I haven't written all the news.

Since my last letter to you I've had a vacation, a real, honest-to-goodness vacation. Just before Thanksgiving Russell, Juliana and I boarded the Zephyr at 1:18 in the afternoon, and at 8:45 that night we disembarked at the Union Station in Chicago. I hadn't been there for a long, long time, and as I walked up that endless passageway from the train to the station proper I remembered the day five years earlier when I covered the same ground with Juliana's hand clutched tightly in mine. She wore a winter outfit of light tan tweed trimmed with beaver fur; in her hand she carried a pink plush bunny. I was as proud as punch to be taking her to old and dear friends for the first time. (And I don't remember what I wore!)

Well, at any rate you recall things like that with a swift pang of nostalgia. Could this getting-so-tall young person trotting efficiently beside me with a small over-night bag in her hand possibly be the same child? The Union station was the same, but the characters had changed.

I'd forgotten how huge Chicago is. We got into a cab immediately and drove almost an hour through traffic moving at appalling speed—and if I hadn't wanted to avoid sounding countryfied and scared to death I would have asked the driver to slow down! I just plain don't enjoy swinging through heavy traffic at sixty miles per hour. But we made our destination without a scratch, of course, and stepped straight into a glowing welcome from our old and dear friends, Lucille and Walter Sassaman and their daughter, Kira. (Those of you who have kept a file of this magazine will identify those names immediately since Lucille wrote a series of wonderfully helpful articles for us at one time.) Thus began a week of wonderful relaxation and happiness.

I think it does everyone a world of good to get away and break the usual routine, but I think it does more good to visit people who love their home and spend the best of their abilities in making of it a sanctuary that brings to light the essential personalities of those who live in it, and of those who visit in it. I got more



Emily has mastered her first tricycle and enjoyed it until the first snowfall.

genuine stimulation and enthusiasm for living from spending six days in that home than I could have gotten from a trip that covered all forty-eight states and every major point of interest in every state. It's not where you travel in this world that matters. It's what you find at the end of the road that makes all of the difference.

For my part I was perfectly happy just to let the bewildering chaos of Chicago swirl around me, but Juliana, of course, wanted to get out and see things, so her daddy took her to the Art Museum, the Aquarium, The Field Museum of Natural History and the main library. Later a friend took her to the Museum of Science and Industry. And still later another friend took all of us on a trek through the Loop in order that we might see all of the Christmas decorations. This was my one major expedition—and it was enough. I'm sure that people who live in Chicago take all of its complications for granted, but I think I'm really getting old when I can admit that they're too much for me! I used to charge around any big city with the best of them, but I don't want to any more.

At the end of our wonderful week we boarded the California Zephyr and climbed up into the Vista Dome. There we rode as the black skies of Chicago finally disappeared behind us, and the bright open country began. We sat up there and watched a full moon come up, and countless stars appear. And town after town loomed up on the horizon, glittered brightly as we passed through it, and then fell behind as our train swam away. I say "Swam away" because nothing else quite describes the sensation. Do you recall the way we used to be thrown to our seats when a train started or stopped? Well, on this particular train we never knew when we were moving unless we looked out. I had just reread the Gold Rush Journal written by my great-grandfather Eastman before we took this trip, and it seemed to me freshly incredible that people could cross

country so swiftly and luxuriously as we do these days on such trains.

It's a matter of regret to me that this letter must be written before Christmas for it means that another month will pass before I can give you details of what happened here, but at the present moment I can say that I'm deep in my holiday baking. All of the recipes I used were in our December issue, and if you tried them too you know how good they were. With every passing year I feel that it's more and more important to have a home-made Christmas, so to speak. I just don't feel any connection between a shoving, pushing grab-anything Christmas and the original intention of the day. And I don't know of any way in which to recapture the true significance of that day unless we return to the quiet simplicity of small things created with love.

Even at this late date I'm not sure that there will be a new doll under the tree. Juliana hasn't expressed great enthusiasm for one, and I think it's because her interests have changed so much this past year. Her one most desired wish is for roller skates, a pair that will really go. And a copy of Tom Sawyer—she considers this the most exciting book in the world. Oh yes, I mustn't forget the canary because that is more important than the roller skates or Tom Sawyer. It never occurred to me that she'd actually want a canary, now or any other time, but while we were in Chicago she was fascinated by Timmy, Kira's canary. She spent a lot of time watching him, listening to him, talking to him and waiting impatiently for Sunday when he was permitted to leave his cage and fly about the house. In fact, her one regret about Chicago is that we had to leave so hastily when our cab arrived that she didn't have a chance to say goodbye to Timmy. I told her that he wouldn't know the difference and she exploded! "Know the difference!" she cried. "Why, that bird was awfully smart, mother, just a lot smarter than you realized." So . . . I think December 25th will bring a canary of our own.

I'm glad that it was Timmy she became infatuated with and not Duchess. Duchess is Kira's dog, a beautiful, long-pedigreed Collie who has enough room in their big, fenced-in yard to work off her energy. I hadn't been around a Collie for a long, long time and I'd forgotten how beautiful they are, and how intelligent. They actually do seem to understand something of what you say. We'd been there only a short time when I looked over at this big dog lying near the fireplace and said with considerable emphasis, "My goodness, Lucille, I never thought I'd see the day when you'd put up with a huge dog like this in the house." And immediately that dog got up, came over to my chair, gave me a long, level look and then left the room. Furthermore, it wouldn't come back again for hours. And when it finally did return it was with the air of dignity damaged beyond repair.

And a happy, happy New Year to you too.  
Lucile

## NOTES FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY ANTIQUES

By Hallie M. Barrow

Recently we returned from a trip through the South. If you were to ask me now what I noticed especially about business conditions I would tell you without a moment's hesitation that the South's outstanding business seems to be antique shops.

These shops aren't confined to cities. I'm sure that if all the highway signs advertising merchandise were to be counted you'd find that the biggest number of them are directions to the nearest antique shop. Many, many small town shops and even remote farms, had signs up for miles on both sides of the highway telling travelers just how to reach them. We surmised early in the trip that these antique shops located in homes were operated by housewives, so we started asking questions and turned up interesting facts about this whole business of selling and buying antiques.

We were assured repeatedly that the single most important thing is to have a good location if you're contemplating starting such a shop. Tourists will likely be the biggest end of your trade, so the more traveled the highway, the more customers you'll get. Nearly everyone with whom we talked agreed also that it's a business you must "grow into"—and this process takes time.

Most of these small town and farm women had started with a very few items. And the chances are that most of these items came from their own family's supply of antiques. Perhaps too, when some elderly relative died there would be a big collection of very old items to dispose of. Such a collection would call for hanging out the sign "Antiques For Sale". After these were gone there had often been so many calls for certain items that the housewife would start looking for them at country sales. This gives you an idea of what they mean by the phrase "A business you grow into."

Most women agreed on another important point too. It's a business that can be managed right in the home, and for lots of people there's no other way to contemplate making extra money—if it can't be made at home it can't be made at all. Furthermore, other home-produced items can be sold along with antiques. We noticed shops that handled handwork, jellies, preserves, cider, honey, fresh eggs, and other roadside produce. And women in remote places told us that it was so much company just to have prospective buyers stop—as a rule antique buyers like to talk! After a goodly amount of talk they were tickled to death to stay for a home-cooked meal or in some other way leave cash for something they wanted. We talked to several women with flourishing establishments who told us they'd grown into their present prosperous state by just such a beginning. When they started they regarded their venture simply as a hobby or just an experiment, so they were astonished by the results.

Anyone who contemplates starting



Mother was getting out her dishes for a family dinner when this picture was snapped. Those of you who have called at her home will recall that the china cabinet stands against the north wall of the dining room. We children add to the dinner service when special days roll around.

such a shop today need not blaze the trail by that costly process, trial and error. There are books on how to become antique dealers, antique buyers, how to start, and just about everything you might want to know. No longer do you need to guess whether something at a sale is good or not; practically every line of glass, silver, china, furniture, pictures, tapestries, quilts, etc., has been classified and catalogued. There are antique shows each year in most cities and these are a real education in themselves. There are hobby clubs, and many museums now have antique exhibits. So far I haven't heard of any courses being given in this business, but you could use help from general salesmanship, collecting, credit, mail orders, and other courses offered for most any business.

Yet with all of this wealth of information available, just anyone can't be an antique dealer. You have to like people, have a love for old things, have lots of curiosity and, above all else, be what is known in the trade as a "junk snooper" because most often if you find a real treasure it is because you are just more persistent than anyone else. You will trail through hot attics, dirty old barn lofts and dark basements. Even though the day be cold and dreary and others have gone home exhausted you will wait around until the very end at an outdoor sale just to see what is in the last box. Bargains are rare indeed now that so many people are scouting for antiques and know what is and what isn't good.

It used to be, too, that you could get for an article just whatever the buyer would stand for. But many prices now are standardized. After the buyer has read books, magazines, attended shows, visited shops and talked to other collectors, he knows just about what he will pay for any item he is collecting.

There are trends in the antique

business just as in any other. Do you recall my recent article about finding old things from which to make modern lamps, especially planter lamps? Well, this is currently the thing that is making both buyers and sellers scurry around. Anything in which a vine or houseplant can be grown is in great demand, from a shaving mug on up. Old glass probably has more collectors than any other item. And it may be of mournful interest to some to know that old walnut beds and dressers which were so popular a few years ago, now go begging.

Buying antiques may be quite an adventure. It may send you to highways and byways you never would have known of otherwise. I've run into buyers who found many other things of value as they looked for antiques—jobs, learned of a house or apartment soon to be rented, and much other stuff for sale which couldn't be classified as antiques. Some buyers have even gone back and purchased the farm because it suited their idea of a good place to spend weekends and vacations. I've known reporters and writers who found some of their best stories when they left their typewriters and went "antiquing". Definitely, you must like people to get mixed up with the thing in any way, for you'll run into very odd characters if you buy, sell or collect antiques. And always there is the lure that unexpectedly you might be so lucky as to find a rare museum article.

Big city antique shops are another thing again. Many such shops carry imported articles in the line of ornaments, bric-a-brac, china, glass, finely woven materials, linens and silks. These are beautiful shops to roam through and in which to wish for unlimited funds . . . but for pure enjoyment I like best to stop at the rural shops along the highway, those so definitely just a one-woman business. Long after I forget the city sights I'll think again of those women on farms and in small towns who had an antique sign up out in front. I'll remember the before-the-war stories they told me, mull over their customs, cherish flower slips and try out some of the old-time Southern recipes they shared with me. They were a cross section of women I'd never met up with before, and I thought they were so much more individual than a cross-section of city business women. Certainly by far the most interesting part of my trip was my contact with them as I picked up odds and ends on this journey through the South.

### JUST FOR TODAY

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,  
Just for today.

Now, set a seal upon my lips,  
For this I pray;  
Keep me from wrong or idle words,  
Just for today.

Let me be slow to do my will,  
Prompt to obey,  
And keep me, guide me, use me Lord,  
Just for today.



### HONEY DRESSING

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 5 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and grated onion. Pour oil into mixture very slowly, beating constantly. Makes 2 cups.

### POPCORN BIRTHDAY CAKE

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/3 cup water
- Add coloring if desired

Put above ingredients in saucepan and boil until mixture reaches the light thread stage. Remove from heat. Pour syrup over popped corn, toss corn thoroughly with syrup and press gently into greased angel food cake pan. Let stand until cool. Insert wet knife around edges. Turn upside down on cake plate. Decorate as desired with colored gum drops, red hots and lighted candles.

### RED FLANNEL HASH

Heat 2 Tbls. fat in skillet. Mix 1 cup chopped corn beef, 3 cups chopped boiled potatoes and 1 cup chopped beets and 1 small onion, chopped. Season. Spread mixture evenly over bottom of pan and brown slowly. When crust forms, turns as an omelet.

### BEEF AND APPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup cooked shredded beets
- 1 cup thick applesauce

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When cool add beets and applesauce. A grand dish to serve with pork roast and very colorful.

### BROILED OPEN-FACE SANDWICH

For each sandwich toast a slice of bread on one side. Spread the untoasted side with mayonnaise, sliced tomato, a thin slice of cheese, and then top with a couple of strips of bacon which have been partially fried. Put under the broiler or on the top shelf of a 350 degree oven until cheese has melted and bacon is crisp.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

### NEW FASHION CRACKLIN' CORN BREAD

- 1 cup yellow corn meal
- 1 1/3 cups of flour
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 4 slices of bacon
- 1 cup of milk

Dice and fry bacon. Mix dry ingredients, add egg and milk and beat one minute. Add cooked bacon and put in muffin pans that have been well greased with bacon fat. Bake 20 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Makes 1 dozen.

### PIE CRUST

- 3 level cups flour
- 1 level cup lard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 beaten egg
- 5 Tbls. cold water
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Combine flour, salt and lard. Add egg and cold water to which vinegar has been added. Many people swear by this crust and make no other kind. It has a nice golden color.

### CHILI CON CARNE

- 1 cup sliced onions
- 2 Tbls. fat
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 no. 2 can tomatoes or 2 1/2 cups
- 2 1/2 cups kidney beans
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder

Cook onions in fat until golden brown. Push to one side of skillet and add ground beef. Stir until brown and crumbly. Add tomatoes and kidney beans, salt and chili powder. Mix and simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with chisp cracklers.

### BARBECUED CHEESE BUNS

Cut buns in half, butter lightly, and place in a shallow baking pan. To serve six individuals mix the following ingredients and spread over the buns:

- 1 1/2 cups diced cheese
  - 3 hard cooked eggs
  - 3/4 cup chopped green pepper
  - 1 1/2 tsp. grated onion
  - 1/3 cup canned milk
  - 3 Tbls. catsup
  - 3/4 tsp. salt
  - Dash of pepper
- Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 7 minutes.

### THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

- 1 cup of mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. chili sauce
- 1 1/2 tsp. minced green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped stuffed olives
- 1/2 Tbls. chopped chives
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

This combination will give you the deliciously flavored Thousand Island dressing that tastes so good when you're invited out. If chives aren't at hand, 1 tsp. of grated onion may be substituted.

### TART, RICH BOILED DRESSING

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Dash of pepper
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup of sweet or sour cream
- Large lump of butter
- 1 cup vinegar

Mix together the dry ingredients. Then add well-beaten eggs, cream and butter. Cook in a double boiler until thick. Then remove from the fire and slowly beat in 1 cup of vinegar.

### BAKED NOODLE RING

- 1 8-oz. package of noodles
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 4 beaten eggs
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

Cook noodles, drain, and arrange in a buttered pan, with bread crumbs and grated cheese between layers. A ring mold is nice for this, but a plain casserole will do if you don't own a ring mold. Mix beaten eggs with milk, salt and Worcestershire sauce, and pour this over the noodles. Set the ring mold in a pan of water and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

We recommend this dish particularly for covered dish luncheons. It looks attractive and is delicious.

Note: If directions call for baking something in a pan of water, follow them. This prevents a hard, crusty outside that makes the dish taste dried out and flavorless.

### SUNDAY BREAKFAST PUFFS

- 1/3 cup melted shortening (part butter)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups sifted all purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup milk

Mix together shortening, sugar and egg. Add remaining ingredients that have been sifted together alternating milk between each addition. Fill greased muffin cups 2/3 full. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Loosen with spatula and dip top and sides immediately and very quickly into 6 Tbls. melted butter. Then roll in mixture made by combining 1/2 cup sugar with 1 tsp. cinnamon. Serve at once. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

## FROZEN LEMON PIE

Juice of two lemons  
2 egg yolks  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 slice lemon peel  
1 cup evaporated milk, chilled and whipped  
2 egg whites, beaten stiff  
About 1/2 cup rolled vanilla wafers or graham cracker crumbs

Cook beaten yolks, lemon juice, sugar and lemon peel in top of double boiler until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and discard lemon peel. Beat egg whites, adding one tablespoon of sugar. Fold in whipped evaporated milk. Add egg yolk mixture. Butter two refrigerator trays, put in crumbs and turn around until sides and bottom are well coated. Pour in mixture and sprinkle with crumbs. Freeze for three or four hours. This need not be stirred at any time during the freezing process and is delicious.

## BANANA CHIFFON CAKE

2 1/4 cups cake flour  
1 1/2 cups white sugar  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup salad oil  
4 unbeaten egg yolks  
6 Tbls. cold water  
1 cup sieved bananas  
1 tsp. orange or lemon rind

or

1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring  
1 cup egg whites  
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Make a well in these ingredients and add oil, egg yolks, cold water, banana, and the grated rind or flavoring. Beat with spoon until smooth. Now put 1 cup of egg whites (7 or 8) in a large bowl, add cream of tartar and beat until very stiff peaks are formed. Pour first mixture gradually over whipped egg whites and fold together gently; do not stir. Pour into ungreased 10x4-in. tube pan and bake at 325 degrees from 65 to 70 minutes.

## APPLE ELEGANCE

3 lbs. crisp tart apples  
1 Tbls. butter  
1 cup flour  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 cup butter  
Heavy cream

The apples are very important in this dessert; they must be tart green ones. Peel, core and slice them into a dish about 7"x7" because the cooked layer of apples should be about an inch deep. Dot with the tablespoon of butter. Combine flour, brown sugar, cinnamon and butter. Spread it over the apples and smooth off the top. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes; at the end of this time the top should be crisp and colored and the apples done. However, different apples cook at very different rates so be sure to run a cake tester in to be certain they are tender. Serve with heavy cream poured over it.

## CALLING ALL COOKS—JANUARY, 1951

Well, here we are, folks, with a whole new year trotting up to meet us. There will be 365 days in this year, and since most households sit down to eat three meals a day, we can multiply and get a total of 1,095 breakfasts, dinners and suppers ahead of us. Now someplace along the way something unexpected is going to happen, so it's doubtful if anyone reading this actually prepares a grand total of 1,095 meals. However, for all practical purposes it's a solid figure and the one we're going to have to taken action on.

We sincerely hope for your sake and for the sake of your family that those thousand and some meals will have variety in them. If you're a woman who loves to cook it won't be a problem. If you're a woman who considers cooking a necessary evil it will take some doing to pull out of the rut. But, if you're blessed with a husband and children who'll tackle new things and swing right along with you, then thank your lucky stars and feel genuinely grateful. You've nothing to complain about.

Right now we're thinking about the plight of women who cook for people that constitute a terrible problem. We read a lot of letters, you know, and we're mindful of our friends who actually dare not get beyond the limits of fried meat, boiled potatoes and pie as daily, never-ending fare. For these women there's no question of trying out salads, new desserts (even different pies!), different vegetables, or reaching for anything but the skillet when meat must be prepared. There are a lot of these women too, more than you'd ever dream unless you had the chance to read the amount of letters that we read.

For those in such a plight there's very little to be done at the immediate moment—to keep peace in the home (and peace is more important than anything else) it's necessary to stay on a pretty straight path when meals are prepared. But through the long procession of days it's possible to sneak in something new now and then, and if it doesn't happen too frequently there won't be an explosion.

Also, and this is really urgent, if there are growing children at the table begin to prepare things in addition to the usual food. After all, you don't want them to grow into adults who are scared of everything but fried meat and boiled potatoes! Once in a while make the standard apple pie *plus* a pie that they're not familiar with. This way they'll at least get the idea that there is more than one kind of pie! And most people, flat statements to the contrary, like new things if they're not forced upon them, if they can tackle them at their own speed, so to speak.

If you have the kind of a family that we've been talking about, make up your mind to nudge them slightly in 1951. And at least you can have some variety in the appearance of the table—no one has to eat *that*. Plan

to accumulate a few new dishes this year; even the cheapest plates and sauce dishes give you a lift if they are fresh to the eye. And if you've always used white oil cloth on the table, be rash enough to buy blue or yellow or green the next time it must be replaced.

Another thing . . . even though money is very scarce at your house, resolve here and now to buy at least one new piece of equipment in the coming year. If all of your pans are dented and have wobbly handles (most of us put up with just such pans), buy one good pan that you can use with pleasure and enthusiasm. If you have only square layer cake pans, buy some round ones. If you're constantly running to wash out mixing bowls as you cook, buy a new set. In other words, somehow squeeze out at least one needed piece of equipment during this coming year.

These little visits take space that might be used for recipes, but once in a while it seems more important to talk about the over-all problem of our jobs as cooks. All of the recipes in the world aren't going to do us much good if our spirits are dragged down. We need to shake ourselves from time to time and get a new lease on our job. Right now we're all sort of pleased with the break in our usual routine that holidays bring, but it won't be long until a day in January finds us smack up against the old, old story. That's when we wish you'd locate this page and read it again. It will make a difference.

—Leanna and Lucile.

## PINEAPPLE CAKE

1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
2 egg yolks  
2/3 cup pineapple  
1/4 tsp. soda  
1 3/4 cups cake flour  
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
2 egg whites beaten  
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream sugar and shortening; dissolve soda in pineapple (do not drain it); add beaten egg yolks. Stir in dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Lastly add stiffly beaten egg whites to which vanilla has been added. Bake in square dish 8x8x2 for approximately 50 minutes in a 350 degree oven. This is a rich and delicious cake that should be served with whipped cream for the best results.

## MINCE MEAT COOKIES

1 cup sugar  
1 cup shortening  
3 eggs  
1 1/3 cups mince meat  
1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring  
3 3/4 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. soda

Cream sugar and shortening. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, and beat well after each addition. Then add mince meat and lemon flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 15 minutes.

## LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Thanksgiving has come and gone and everyone now is thinking about Christmas. This will be the first year that Kristin can remember when we had lights on our very own Christmas tree, and she has been very excited about it. Whenever we go into a dime store she sees some new and different light that she wants to have on it, so we have been picking up a few things in anticipation. Three years ago, thanks to several of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends, we had Delco lights given to us so that we could have lights on our tree at Grandpa Johnson's, and that was a big thrill for her. But this year we can have our own tree lighted and we are certainly looking forward to it.

We had a very nice Thanksgiving. At noon we ate a big turkey dinner with Father Johnson, then at 5:30 Kristin and I left on the train for Shenandoah to spend the rest of the week-end. This was our first visit there since last August, and we had a very nice time.

Once a year, sometime in November, the Lucas County Rural Teachers entertain their directors and County Board members at a big banquet. I thought perhaps you might be interested in our theme and table decorations. If you should happen to be on a committee next year for a fall banquet this might help you out a little.

Our theme was "Iowa's Bountiful Harvest" (the most important crop being her children, of course). The tables in the church basement where the dinner was served, had just been painted a real pale green, so we didn't cover them with paper but used lacey white place mats instead. Down the center of each table we used about a 12 inch strip of brown crepe paper, curled just a little on the edges. The speaker's table was centered with a beautiful arrangement of chrysanthemums, and on either end of the table we made an arrangement using a small pumpkin for the center, and around this we placed big ears of corn, hedgeballs, pine cones, hickory nuts, acorns, just a touch of evergreen for greenery, milkweed pods, and bittersweet. Then to fill in the gaps between we used bittersweet, oak leaves, tiny little ears of popcorn, nuts, just scattered along the table. We used these arrangements on all the rest of the tables also. Our tapers were bright green; our nut cups were little miniature hog troughs made from brown construction paper and filled with candy corn and nuts. For favors and place cards there was a bright red "apple from the teacher" at every place with a little map of Iowa stuck into it on a toothpick, with the names on them. Our menu and program were Iowa shaped, with a cover of bright green construction paper.

My job for the evening was to lead the group singing, and there was a special number given by two of our children, little girls. We felt very fortunate in being able to have for our principle speaker of the evening



Kristin can read as well as a high school student, but Dorothy still reads to her in the evening.

our State Superintendent of Schools in Iowa, Miss Jessie Parker, who gave a wonderful talk. Everyone had such a good time, and the turkey dinner was especially good, so we on the committee felt that it was a very successful banquet.

Well, our second six weeks of school is past, and we are now in our second week of the last third of the first semester. It doesn't seem possible, but that is what my records say. At my school right now we are busy working on our school program for Christmas.

The main part of our program this year will be a one-act play, which is a bit longer than anything they have ever done before, with more to learn. All of the upper grade children will be in this play, so the smaller children will all have recitations. I gave the children until next Monday to have their parts all learned so we could get down to the business of rehearsals in earnest. So now all the talk at recess and noon is how many lines they have to say, how many they have already learned, and how many they have left to learn, and from my desk it looks as if they are going to be ready by Monday, too.

Next month I'll be able to tell you just what Santa Claus left at this house this year. Kristin's list hasn't been too long, but it changes everytime she sees a new catalog or walks around the square in town and looks in all the windows. There is just one item that has been on every single list she has made out, and that in big black letters at the top, A DOLL. And that is one thing we certainly don't need around this house. But there aren't many more years for dolls here so I expect that will be one thing that is under the tree. We have finally been able to convince her that with our big hill to go down, she isn't quite big enough for a large bicycle yet.

This must be all for tonight.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

New calendars are showing up everywhere, big and little, pretty and practical, but all with one wonderful thing in common—365 days in which to do things for someone less fortunate than we.

Shall we start now, by sending a magazine subscription to Miss Helen Kerns, 2914 Nicholas St., Omaha, Nebraska? When she was a tiny baby she was in a fire which deprived her of her sight and her fingers. She is not asking sympathy, but a subscription to any magazine would be a help to her.

Cards have been asked for Mrs. Amanda Wadsworth, 167 North 4 St., Laramie, Wyo. She is an elderly person in a strange town, and lonely. She collects potholders.

Three-year-old Linda Lee Hyberg's mother writes that she is still in a "rocking-chair" cast. She looks for mail every day. Address 2071 Clarkson St., Apt. 8, Denver 8, Colo.

Mrs. Betty Jarvis, 1125 Georgia, Kansas City 2, Kansas, has been shut in for nine years, is entirely bedfast now, and has not been able to be downstairs for years.

Will some of you Detroit people do something for Mildred Woodbury, please? She has been shut in for years and since she is entirely alone she has had a hard time. Now she is living in a trailer and gets so lonely. Address 21301 Telegraph Rd., Lot 82, Valley Gardens Trailer Court, Detroit, Mich. Drop her a line, or if you are out driving, stop in and see her.

Mrs. J. M. Gnagey, Rt. 2, Wellman, Iowa, is an invalid who would love to hear from you.

If you have some crochet patterns you would like to share, send them to Miss Cora Boyer, 229 Dupree St., Belvidere, N. J. She is an invalid since receiving internal injuries in a fall. It would be nice to send some thread along with the patterns.

Judy Weiks, c/o Lawrence Weiks, Portsmouth, Iowa, still needs attention. She will be 6 years old on March 23. Two years ago she had rheumatic fever and is still unable to be very active. She spends weeks in bed every now and then. A letter or package in the mail is a big event in her life.

Here are several shutins who would enjoy cards but will not be able to answer: Irene Conrad, Drawer 37, Nevada, Mo., has been bedfast for a long time. Frances Clinton, Vail, Iowa, also is bedfast. Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, 120 West B St., Glendale, Ariz., has been in bed for many years. She suffers a great deal with a spine trouble. Leone Boyd, Rt. 2, Springdale, Ark., has arthritis. Her birthday is March 6. Mrs. Mary Beach, 1415 West Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 85, has been confined to her room for many years. She is paralyzed. Miss Irene Grandstaff, Rt. 1, Watertown, Tenn., has arthritis and suffers a lot. Put an x on your calendar each day you do something for a shutin. You will be surprised how easy it is to do and how much happiness it will bring both to the shutin and to you.

## FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier  
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUES: "Should children be allowed to spend their allowances exactly as they please? My two boys and one girl spend the full amount for candy, ice cream, pop and other things of this kind. I feel that out of their weekly allowance they should learn to save something for things that they really need and want. I wish you'd advise me on this."—Mo.

ANS: I think that the issue here is the amount of the allowance. Also you didn't tell me how old the children are or how much they get. If they are past ten and have more than 50¢ per week they should be given directions in spending it more wisely. If they are small and get only 15¢ or 20¢ they can't very well grasp the idea of giving up candy and ice cream for something intangible that belongs to the future.

QUES: "My husband and I and our two children recently moved back to our home community after several years on the Coast, and I've found that in all the relationship our children are the only ones who have been taught to say "Uncle" and "Aunt" rather than just calling the adults by their first names. We seem to be the laughing stock because of this so-called old-fashioned notion. I don't know whether to let my children drop what they've been taught and do as the others, or not. Personally, I don't like to hear small children call adults by their first names."—Iowa.

ANS: Neither do I. In this day and age it seems that most children don't say "Mr. and Mrs." or "Uncle and Aunt" but I like to hear it and think that it's one old-fashioned notion that we would do well to revive. I wouldn't make an issue of this if I were you, but I'd certainly continue to encourage the custom with my own children.

QUES: "I realize that people are peculiar, but we have a situation in our family that passes my understanding. My own home is in Kansas, but since I married fifteen years ago I've lived in the midst of my husband's family here in Minnesota. There are three brothers and two sisters, and for years we've taken turns going the rounds for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. All except to one sister's home. She has a nice home and is comfortably fixed, but she has never once entertained any of us. She is ready to go anywhere else but will never ask us there for any reason whatsoever. I've discussed this with the others and none of us can figure it out. Last year we said rather jokingly, "Well, it's your turn this Christmas," and she just smiled and said, "We'll see when the time comes." Needless to say, the time didn't come. Now we want to know if you think we should exclude her and her family from our next family dinner? She really deserves to be left out."—Minn.

ANS: Probably she does deserve to

be left out—I won't argue this point. But what would it accomplish? If you've been able to conceal your feelings this long you're in good practise to continue! I've never felt that good was served by beginning any course of action that would break up a family and create bitter feelings. If you have reason to feel that she is slipping by because of the expense involved, then ask her to bring the amount of food that would come to the same amount if she were entertaining. Beyond this I wouldn't go. Christian charity is a hard virtue to practise, but it's the only course of action that reaps good will.

QUES: "We have next door neighbors who have been good neighbors for many years, but they do one thing that really gets under our skin. As soon as cold weather comes they put their car away for the winter and depend upon us to take them back and forth to all church affairs—we attend the same church. During the other months they drive, but never once have they offered to take us to sort of make up for all the times we take them during the winter. I told my husband that this winter I'd like to let them get back and forth as best they can, but he thinks that since we're going anyway we might as well take them. What do you think?"—Nebr.

ANS: I agree with your husband. If you're going anyway you might just as well let them accompany you—it isn't as if you were making a special trip. Of course they should offer in turn to take you when they drive, but they don't—and probably won't. Good neighbors are to be valued. No doubt they have qualities that make up for this one short-sighted streak.

QUES: "I am a widow and keep school teachers during the school term. Most of them have been lovely girls, but this year I have a young woman from a different section of the country and although I really don't think she is bad, still her indiscreet behavior has caused a lot of comment and criticism. This is her first year of teaching, and if she is not asked to return here it may go hard on her future teaching career. I like the girl and want to help her, but still I don't want to interfere with her affairs. Would you talk to her if you were I?"—Kans.

ANS: Yes, I most certainly would. Tell her that you realize she doesn't understand how things are in a small community since she has always lived in a big city. Explain that parents like to have their children's teachers above reproach, and that it will make a great deal of difference to her in the future if she has a good relationship to the community. You can convey all of this to her without hurting her feelings or antagonizing her, I'm sure.

QUES: "I've always felt that jealousy was pretty disgraceful, Leanna,

and now my husband accuses me of it, but I can't believe I'm not justified. What would you do if your husband's parents repeatedly showered nice gifts on their three grandchildren who live next door to them, and never remembered your children? We can't afford to buy our boy a bicycle or get nice doll equipment for our little girl, so it hurts me when I see the other grandchildren getting those things and many other things too. If our little girl gets a blouse, the other girl gets a winter outfit. It's like that all the way through. My husband says I'm looking for trouble, but do you really think I am?"—Ia.

ANS: Yes, you're looking for trouble if you continue to brood about it. What course of action do you propose to take? Are you going to tackle them outright on the subject? I doubt it. No, the best thing under such circumstances is to remember that no material possession can give you peace of mind. Your children are paying for your attitude, and so is your husband. A happy mother means more than a bicycle, winter outfit, or anything else. How can you be a happy mother when you brood about this situation that is admittedly unfair? Please turn over a new leaf—don't destroy your family happiness.

QUES: "What can be done about a man who doesn't seem to be able to realize that his own home and own family come before anything else? We've been married three years and have a little boy eight months old, but my husband still acts as if his first responsibilities should be towards his parents. He telephones his mother twice a day, goes to see her at least once a day and sometimes spends an entire evening there two and three times a week. If she wants anything fixed or done he takes care of it immediately. I can wait for weeks to get something fixed—he doesn't have time. Many times I get meals and he doesn't turn up to eat with us—I find out later that he's eaten with them. He never asks me to go there with him and I'm only invited rather formally by his mother to stop by and see them "sometime"—no definite time is ever set. Both of his parents are in good health and there are two other sons, so I can't see why I have to continue with this childish behavior. I'm tempted to leave him and just let him move back home."—Iowa.

ANS: Don't you do it. The type of thing that you describe is irritating and provoking in the extreme, but it takes far more serious things to take such a step as you are considering. If you can discuss the subject without getting hysterical and are able to state your side of the case calmly, then try to make him see the position in which you're placed. Try your very best to be friendly and cheerful to your husband's parents. If you've acted sullen in the past they can't be eager to see you. I grant that your husband's behavior is childish and trying, but you'll have to grow up yourself and help him to grow up too. Life is too short and too precious to spend any of it bickering with in-laws.

## THIS AND THAT FOR THE JANUARY HOSTESS

By Mabel Nair Brown

January is the month of snowbanks and snowmen so what could be more fitting for a decorative arrangement than Eskimoes and an igloo? Fun for the school children in the family, too!

For the igloo, choose two mixing bowls, one smaller than the other. Cover the larger bowl with cotton on the outside and turn it upside down for the main room of the house. Mark in the "snow blocks" with a black crayon. The smaller bowl is covered in the same way and placed against the other room for the entrance. Place the igloo on a large mirror and sprinkle mirror and igloo with commercial snow.

For the Eskimoes, dress some of the children's tiny dolls in scraps of old fur you might have about the house. Cut a little sled from brown cardboard and place Baby Eskimo in it, attach strings so Papa Eskimo can pull it over the "ice" as if going toward home. If you lack dolls to dress, use a cotton covered light bulb as the foundation and sketch in the features with a crayon, using the fur clothes, as described.

Perhaps you would prefer a snowman scene to the Eskimo. Then make a cotton ski run sprinkled with snow and let the cotton or popcorn snowmen glide down it on candy cane skis (fasten them to skis with a bit of modeling clay).

Try these for games and stunts:

**Resolutions:** Let each guest act out his New Year resolution in charade fashion for others to guess. (This could be very funny if some—had resolved to go on a diet, not nag at family so much, etc.)

**Around the Calendar:** Divide guests into twelve groups. To each group hand a slip of paper with the name of the month written upon it. Allow fifteen minutes or longer for each group to plan a stunt representative of their month. The rest guess the name of the month and what the stunt represents. For example; June, mock wedding; November, football game, etc.

**Baby New Year Contest:** Hand each guest some colored crepe paper, scotch tape, ribbon, net, and similar items, from which the guest fashions a baby bonnet. Each guest models her bonnet and give a baby rattle as a prize for the best one.

**Make a Snowman:** Supply each guest with a fruit jar, cotton, crayons, buttons and construction paper (for hat) and ribbon (for neck scarf) and see who can dress jar as best snowman in shortest time.

**Make the Calendar:** You will need twelve persons on each side for this. Pass out names of month on each side. At signal see which side can get their calendar made up in correct order first.

**Father Time's Riddle:** Divide crowd into couples. Each couple is given a pencil and the following riddles sealed in an envelope. At signal they open envelope and see which couple



Martin is sitting on the stump of the big tree that Russell and Lucile had removed from their yard last spring.

is first to solve riddles correctly.

1. What makes a striking present? Clock.
2. When is a clock dangerous? When it strikes one.
3. What day of the year is a command to go forth? March 4th.
4. When the clock strikes 13 what time is it? Time to have it repaired.
5. What is always behind time? Behind the clock.
6. I have hands but not fingers, no bed but lots of ticks. What am I? A clock.
7. What is time and yet a fruit? Date.
8. What does the proverb say time is? Money.

**Homemaker's Romance:** Fill in blanks with names of soaps or shampoos. They fell in love at the seashore where both loved to ride the Surf. One day as the Tide came in they went ashore and walked along the beach where a gentle sea Breeze blew her hair about her face like a Halo, and he began to Rayve about her golden hair, her teeth like Ivory pearls and her brown eyes which he said looked as if they had Gold Dust sprinkled in them. He said, "Vel, honey, by now you must have caught the Drest and know I am in love. You are the Joy of my heart. I love you dearly. Indeed I Duz. I can't give you lots of Luxuries but marry me and I will Shina Dish (shine our dishes) for you every night and we will be as happy as the Fab-ulous Cinderella and her Prince Charming.

## THE NEW YEAR

A flower unblown, a Book unread,  
A tree with fruit unharvested,  
A path untrod: A house whose rooms  
Lack yet the heart's divine  
perfumes . . .

This is the year that for you waits  
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Horatio Powers

## SNOW-DREAMS

The silver snow fell, smother-deep,  
last night,  
And tucked the barren fields in snug  
and tight.  
Today, the hilltop is a piled-up silver  
mound,  
So hushed, so gently free of any  
sound.  
Imagination leaps to gently trace  
Your likeness on the cold hill's face.  
I see you racing with the nipping  
wind,  
Your blond curls rippling their  
length, unpinned.  
The saplings peer and old trees fondly  
lean,  
As if they, too, remembered and had  
seen  
You there. So warm in youth, you  
heard your Master call—  
When I lost you, my love, I lost my  
all!  
The hearth fire spreads its flame  
when chill winds blow  
As if it understood, when I see  
piled-up snow.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

## HOMES

A home with children needs something more  
Than brooms for sweeping a tidy  
floor.  
It needs an ointment for small  
bruised knees,  
Tall rope swings under shady trees,  
Birthday cakes that are candle bright,  
Gay brave stories that march at  
night,  
Kites that climb on a windy day,  
Funny little secrets that child lips  
say,  
Dogs and kittens and bugs and toads,  
Flowers gathered on spring-made  
roads,  
Lullabies when a child can't sleep—  
A home is more than a place to  
sweep!

—Unknown

## THREE FRIENDS

My home is far from neighbors,  
No highways can I see,  
So seldom someone rings my bell,  
Though I love company.  
Do you think that I get lonely?  
Why gracious, not at all!  
For every day, the same old time,  
Three good friends come to call.

They never notice an unswept floor,  
Or care if my apron's been patched,  
Nor do they mind a dirty dish  
Or stockings quite unmatched.  
Their voices, always cheerful,  
Can be heard most everywhere,  
That's why the welcome mat is out  
When Kitchen-Klatter's on the air.

Marvelle Hansen

## STRENGTH FOR THE NEW YEAR

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen,  
planned—  
Each drop that fills my daily cup,  
Thy hand  
Prescribes for ills none else can  
understand.  
All, all is known to Thee.

—Newton



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE SNOWMAN WITH THE HEART OF GOLD

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Jerry and Judy patted the last scoopful of snow onto their new snowman and stood back to look at him.

"He's really fine," said Jerry with satisfaction. "See how fat and jolly he looks, like a good elf, or something."

"He looks just plain cold to me," said practical Judy. "Let's dress him up." Off they scampered, searching attic and basement and scrapbag. Soon they were back with many clothes.

"A cap—" chanted Jerry, as he pulled his father's old red one over the snowman's ears.

"And a suit . . ." sang Judy.

"A coat . . ."

"And a boot!" Soon the snowman was snug in mufflers and scarves and mittens and even a warm pipe to smoke! Jerry and Judy went to the house for supper, and as Jerry gave the snowman one last look, he mused,

"Why, he seems almost real!"

The next morning Jerry and Judy passed the snowman on the way to school.

"Why, look," cried Judy, "his mittens are gone! Do you think they fell off?" Though they looked and looked, they could not find the mittens and had to go to school leaving the snowman with bare hands.

After school they passed again. This time Jerry cried,

"Why, the old red cap is gone! Where do you suppose that went?"

"Someone must be taking them," declared Judy. "Let's stay and watch." Jerry and Judy watched all evening and much of the next day, which was Saturday. But everytime they had to leave for dinner or supper or an errand, another item of apparel mysteriously disappeared from the snowman. Soon the snowman had nothing left but a scarf and a pair of boots, and the boots couldn't be taken because he was standing on them.

"Let's ask Dad to help find the thief!" suggested Jerry.

Jerry and Judy's father was willing to help. He put on a warm coat and tramped out to the snowman. Then he began to laugh.

"There have been several thieves here!" he said. He pointed to some tracks on the ground. "A dog went that way, and it looks as though he were carrying something bulky, may-

be a coat. That would make a nice warm bed for a cold dog! Some old man must have needed a snug cap . . . see those shuffling footprints? As for the mittens, I see *them* right now." Jerry and Judy looked around until they spied them, too, under the eaves of the house. A small brown wren was singing to herself in her gay colored nest.

"The snowman must have given his clothes away to the little animals that needed them. I wish we had thought to do that!" said Judy.

"Yes sir," agreed Jerry, "I guess that snowman has a heart of gold!"

The round, fat snowman just smiled to himself as he began to melt in the sunshine. And Jerry must have been right about his heart, because in the spring four golden jonquils sprang up between his tall, black boots.

### YOUR OWN RESOLUTIONS

New Year's resolutions don't belong to grown-ups alone who are always so full of plans and notions. It belongs to you too. No doubt you have your own ideas as to where you hope to do better in 1951, but right near the top of your list should be the resolve never to let the sun go down without doing one helpful thing that your mother doesn't have to remind you about.

Does she remind you to set the table? Then give her a big surprise and do it without being told. Does she ask you to play with a little brother or sister who has been shut in all day and who has watched eagerly for you to come home from school? Then take off your wraps, hang them up, and get down to the business of playing happily without being reminded. Does she ask you to get all of your things together in one place so that you can get out the door to meet your school bus without running frantically to look for books and mittens and a dozen other things as well? Then make it a point to get this done without being told.

Without being told. These are mighty important words. Think about them. Make up your mind every morning that before you go to bed that night you'll do at least one necessary thing without being told. 1951 will be a lot happier if you do.

### PRACTICE THIS ONE

Stand against the wall, being sure your left ankle, knee, hip, shoulder and cheek touch it. Then try to lift your right foot from the floor.



Once in a while we like to show you the funny pictures just to assure you that our family too gets "duds" from time to time. Here Kristin is pushing Juliana in the horse swing that hangs from a big limb in Grandpa Johnson's yard. Yes, they'd been arguing as to whose turn it was to push!

### HELP THE BIRDS

These are the days when birds are most likely to go hungry unless you can remember to put food within their reach.

A flat board fastened outside the windowsill will take care of the boldest birds, but those with not quite so much courage need to be encouraged by getting their food from tree branches. Tack some evergreen branches to the window sill and tie pieces of warm suet, bread crusts, bits of apples, etc. to it. You'll find that word of your bird cafe spreads quickly, and it won't be long until you have a big crowd of hungry boarders. Not only does it keep them alive through these frozen days, but you'll find it highly entertaining to watch them.

### THE GOBLIN

When I went out to play today  
I ran back quick as Scat  
I didn't stop for anything  
I guess I was a 'Fraidy Cat'.

For hanging there upon the line  
Flapped a Goblin with no head.  
"The wind is blowing through your  
daddy's shirt,"  
My mother smiled and said.

—Gail Elder James.

**#1 TRICK with a SPOON**

To accomplish this trick you must secretly



rub your finger and thumb on cloth to remove all dampness and grease.

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

February Ads due January 1.  
March Ads due February 1.  
April Ads due March 1.

Send Ads Direct To  
Driftmier Publishing Co.  
Shenandoah, Ia.

**REDUCING BOOKLET**—(nurse's discoveries) 14 & 6 day schedules, arthritis, overweight calorie & food charts. Price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, KB-171, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**PRETTY CROCHETED CARNATIONS**. Three \$1.25. Mrs. Mary Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

**"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD"**. Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scrap, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE**, by sending either print or three feed sacks, your measurements, buttons and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. Colorful comfort tops (crazy-quilt patterns), \$3.25. De-Chie Frock Shop, Belleville, Kans.

**EIGHT PLASTIC FOOD BAGS**, 98¢. Postpaid. Largest one will cover electric mixer. Iowa customers 2% tax. Jessie Heide, Lamoni, Iowa.

**CROCHETED BUTTERFLY CHAIR SETS**, \$4. Davenport sets to match, large \$6. White, Ecru. Coffee-table doilies, "pineapple" 26x14, \$3. 30x14, 33x14, \$4. White. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

**WILL MAKE HOUSE DRESSES**, for \$1.25. Send material, pattern, buttons, thread and measurements. Vernice Vance, Rt. No. 3, Paris, Mo.

**CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON WATCHES**. Send yours for free estimate—to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**BEAUTIFUL POM-PON RUGS**. Fancy-work for sale. Eva Bodtke, Brüning, Nebr.

**MCGUFFY 3-4 READER**. Best offer. Send stamp. Stella Harkin, Dallas, Iowa.

**WHITE ANGORA TRIMMED KNITTED BABY BOOTIES**, in white, pink, yellow, green, or blue baby yarn. \$1.50 pair. Ruffled bonnet to match, \$2, or \$3 for both. Martha Messerly, Hampton, Iowa.

**"TOWEL-SETS"**—Crinoline Lady, \$2.25. Cherries \$2. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

**A MOCK WEDDING**, surprise questions, 30¢. Mother's Day Program with variety of plans, \$1. Alma Sothman, 1115 West Koenig, Grand Island, Nebr.

**FOR SALE**: Pekingese puppies and grown dogs. A.K.C. Reg. Almost always available. Shipped anywhere. Mrs. O. C. Pfeiffer, Box 95, Green City, Mo.

**AFGHAN**, large size \$25.00. Marion Groover, Toledo, Iowa.

**WHY! OH WHY!** be aggravated with dull scissors? We will sharpen them for only 35¢ ea. postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**3-PAIR NYLON HOSE**, guaranteed for 3 months. \$4.05. Miss Etta Stinnette, 421 So. Walnut St., North Platte, Nebr.

**BUTTERFLY WING DOILY**, neat and lacy. No. 30, \$1.35. Lover's Knot tatted 3-pc. vanity set, 1-pc. chest drawer, 4-pc. set \$3.50. Martha's Gifts, 423-Benton, Boone, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**: Large quilt tops, \$20 each. Rachel E. Wilson, Dickens, Iowa.

**LADIES ORGANDY AND PRINT APRONS**. Infant wear. Crocheted dresses. Guaranteed. Beulah's, Box 112c, Cairo, Nebr.

**SENSATIONAL, WON-WYPE VENETIAN BLIND CLEANER**. State whether flat or curved slats. Postpaid, \$1. Myrtle Taylor, 111 North 5th, Arcadia, Calif.

**TWO TRIMMED BAND APRONS**, \$1. Mrs. Louis Koesters, Earling, Iowa.

**SPECIAL**—20 Floral sheets, 20 envelopes, all printed with your name and address, \$1 postpaid. 10 personalized postals given. Midwest Stationery, 6B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

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Note: Orders for "The Story Of An American Family" cannot be filled unless a subscription to Kitchen-Klatter is included. \$1.50 brings you the magazine for a year, and a copy of the book.

## ESSAY ON THE NEWSPAPER

By Eileen Derr

There comes a day in every family when time simply cannot be found in which to read the newspaper. And as the daily news is generally considered timely, it would seem that the usefulness of that certain paper is over. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It's real usefulness—read or unread—begins the day after it was published.

Every household has a certain place delegated to and sacred to the day-old newspaper. Without this pile of old newspapers the modern housewife would be terrifically handicapped in her life's work. Newspapers line clothes closet shelves, garbage cans and clothes baskets. They catch surplus grease from draining doughnuts, water from drying sweaters, drips from freshly polished shoes. Potatoes are peeled, chickens are picked and chairs are painted over them. Noodles, pie dough and biscuits are rolled out on them.

Certain ladies put them over their scatter rugs that are on top of their floors to preserve all three. We ourselves find newspapers handy to spread rapidly ahead of friend husband on one of his wild rampages through the house to find his gloves he didn't find before donning his muddy overshoes, or to use as insulation in equally strategic moments between grease soaked overalls and freshly laundered slip covers.

A pair of blunt-end scissors and a pile of newspapers can furnish a child who has just made the acquaintance of the combination a full afternoon's entertainment and at the same time furnishes mother with an entire evening of pick-up work. All of us have owned at least one newspaper doll dressed from grandmother's mending basket. Grandmothers are still making them and they still do not resemble much of anything anyone ever saw before. Grandchildren are still delighted with them.

Newspapers are nice to clean feet on, and paper little houses that sit outdoors. They make good fly-shoes when fringed and tacked up over screen doors. And we doubt if there was ever a scrapbook made that didn't contain at least one newspaper clipping. Newspaper clippings also fill empty boxes on shelves and are handy to look through during housecleaning.

So far we have talked about the lowly tasks of the newspaper. But newspapers do have one classy calling listed in the dictionary under the high-toned French noun — Papier-mach'e. The ultimate in art can be reached by the Newspaper through this medium. Our children made impressive Halloween masks one year out of papier-mach'e. A newspaper soaked in flour paste, mashed out over dried mud moulds and oven baked, sandpapered and painted appropriately, loses all identity with itself and so does the face it covers. Cunning puppets and rag-doll faces and sculptured art objects can be made in the same way by the talented. And Papier-mach'e pottery can be useful as well as beautiful.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker

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2

## A SNOW MAN BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

By Mildred Cathcart

Winter birthday parties usually present much more of a problem to mothers than summer parties when children can not only play out of doors but can have their refreshments on the porch or out on the lawn. During the school week it is certainly very hard to have any kind of a party when the youngsters can't arrive before four (in the case of children who ride a school bus it may be much later) and then must eat their ice cream and cake hurriedly just in time to spoil their supper. For this reason a party on Saturday works out much better, and the biggest thrill a child ever gets is to be invited to an honest-to-goodness luncheon or dinner (preferably luncheon for children under eighth grade age), so if you have a winter birthday coming up, give serious consideration to this snow man luncheon.

Let your child, with the assistance of his brothers and sisters, make the invitations. Get sheets of white construction paper and make a pattern of a snow man for them to draw around. Black crayola can be used for his features, buttons, etc. On the back side can be printed a verse similar to the following:

The jolly snow man is coming

To celebrate Mary's birthday,

So come to our house on Saturday noon

Before he melts and runs away.

Green and white make an ideal color scheme for a wintry day. A green crepe paper covering for the table will look nice, and scatter over this tiny white paper snowflakes that the children can have a lot of fun making. If crepe paper isn't readily available use a white cloth, but for that extra "grown-up" note scatter little sprigs of evergreen here and there.

Your centerpiece, of course, will be a fat jolly snow man. His body can be made by covering an oatmeal box with white crepe paper; paste cotton underneath the paper for extra plumpness, or fasten it to the crepe paper if you prefer the fuzzy appearance it will give. His head can be made by stuffing a small sugar sack with pieces of cloth or cotton until a round ball is achieved. Make a tall hat of black paper, and tie a bright red ribbon scarf about his neck.

This snow man should stand on a mirror which has been sprinkled generously with artificial snow. Make a little forest around him by putting evergreen twigs into spoons that have been colored green or wrapped in green paper. If you have some icicles left from your Christmas decorations put these on the branches. Tiny reindeer (left from Christmas) could be

placed in the evergreen "forest" to add appeal.

Miniature snow men at each plate will make fine individual favors. Use two marshmallows for the body and a gumdrop for the head; cloves can be used to make the eyes, nose and mouth. Add tiny hats of black paper and red ribbon scarfs for their necks. Popcorn balls make tempting snow men too, and features of black construction paper (or black licorice gumdrops cut in two) may be added.

Green construction paper will make fine place cards. Fold squares in half so the card will stand alone, and use white ink or white crayon to print the names. Cover with very small snow flakes cut from white paper. Plain white nut cups will take on an extra glamour if they are covered with a ruffled piece of green crepe paper and tied with a white ribbon bow. Fill these cups with green and white mints.

Snow men candles are available during the winter months, and a row of them around the centerpiece would be attractive. You might also use them for the candles on the birthday cake.

Children of all ages will enjoy "Tossing Snow Balls". Cover a ball with white cloth to represent a snow ball. Place a can or a box a certain distance from a given line and see who can toss the most snow balls into it in a given number of tries.

"Shoveling Snow" will cause a great deal of laughter. Have your children cut a large quantity of white paper snowflakes and then put them in small piles around the room. Give the youngster a small tin shovel (such as they use in the sandpile) and allow him three or four minutes to see how many snowflakes he can shovel into a basket. The one who succeeds in shoveling the most is the winner.

A version of "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" is a lot of fun. Draw a large snow man on a piece of old sheet, and also draw and color (with crayon) a black pipe—this will be a separate piece. Blindfold the child, hand him the cloth pipe, and tell him to pin it on the snow man's mouth. This will cause a lot of hilarity.

Older children will enjoy a pencil and paper game called "Watch the Snow Man Melt". Give each child a pencil and paper—at the top of the paper print the word SNOW MAN. See who can make the most words in a given length of time.

## GRACE AT TABLE

We thank thee, Our Father, for this food. Bless it to the good of our bodies and feed our souls on the bread of life.

For these and all Thy many blessings, Lord, make us truly thankful. Bless, O Father, Thy gifts to our use and us to Thy service.

Give us grateful hearts, Our Father, for all Thy mercies and make us mindful of the needs of others.

Lord, make us thankful for the food we are about to receive.

What is a put-up job? The paper on the wall.

## CELEBRATING NEW YEAR'S DAY

By Mildred Cathcart

NEW YEAR'S DAY, as we know it, is a time of festivity and much celebration. However, such has not always been the custom. The celebrating of New Year's Day really had its beginning centuries ago, at various times of the year and in diversified manner.

The Egyptians celebrated the day in September when the harvest was gathered during the autumn equinox. The Greeks, however, chose to celebrate the New Year in December on the winter solstice when the days would soon begin to lengthen.

When the calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar he selected January First as New Year's Day, thus putting the day under the protection of the Roman God, Janus. This was most appropriate since Janus was the two-faced god and he could look back over the old year as well as forward to the New Year.

These early Romans celebrated the beginning of the New Year by holding street parties and exchanging gifts. It was a time to give presents to the emperor, but avaricious rulers soon became too demanding and the practice was very burdensome for the poorer class.

At one time England celebrated New Year's Day on Christmas and, for a time, on March 25th. When the Gregorian calendar was adopted throughout Europe in 1752, New Year's Day was fixed at January first.

The French, who make a religious holiday of Christmas, are much given to merry making on New Year's. The grown-ups in France exchange gifts at New Year's time. Years ago in France it became the custom to send bonbons on this day and in 1822 it is said that a thousand tons of them were sold in the two days preceding the new year.

A tradition exists in Scotland which says the person who is first to set foot into a house on New Year's Day will have good luck throughout that year. At midnight people hasten out to be the first to enter a neighbor's house. Each visitor takes along a cake or other tidbits so the New Year beings with much visiting and feasting.

No where is the New Year more important than in China and there the celebration lasts for three days. Shops are closed, streets are decorated and there is much merry making. At this time red colors predominate as red is a sign of good luck. All quarrels are supposed to be made up at this time, and each person is reckoned one year older.

In the early days of our country, New Year's Day was set aside as a time to call on friends and pay visits that might not be made at any other time of the year. In 1790, President Washington held a reception between the hours of twelve and three to receive all the home and foreign dignitaries.

As we know New Year's today it is customary to gather with friends and at twelve o'clock to bid the old year adieu and to give the New Year a joyful cheery welcome.