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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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FEBRUARY, 1956

NUMBER 2



*M. H. Driftmier and his grandson, Martin Strom*

MISS JOSIE PFANNESBECKER  
RT 1 BOX 143 MAR 57  
SIGOURNEY IOWA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Maitland, Florida

My Dear Friends:

It is a bright moonlight night in Florida, and I have been sitting here in the open doorway looking out at the garden. In Florida there is no need for screens on the doors so it was as though I were in the garden itself.

The moon was peeking through the gently swaying soft grey Spanish Moss which festoons the big oak trees. This moss is really quite a pest but is allowed to grow if it doesn't cling to the citrus trees.

We had a nice shower today and the red, white and rosy pink poinsettias stood up straight and tall and almost as high as the motel roof. This is the first time I have seen pink ones, and the white are more of a creamy yellow. It is a little early for azaleas, but hibiscus and camellias are blooming in abundance. We spend practically all of our waking hours in this garden which gets the sun all day long.

There are friendly people here to visit with whenever one feels the need of companionship. Of course, the first question always is: "And where are you from?" We shared our Christmas cookies we had brought from home with Dr. and Mrs. Ward. He is the son of a Methodist minister and spent his youth in Coin, Malvern and Glenwood, all towns in our part of Iowa. He and Mrs. Ward both graduated from Park College near Kansas City, Mo. where our son Donald went to school. So you see, we had lots to talk about.

Our Florida days don't begin as early as our Shenandoah days! We eat a late breakfast in the Coffee Shop next door and then don't eat again until late afternoon — a schedule which allows us more time for sight-seeing and sitting in the garden. We keep plenty of fresh citrus fruit on hand, and I am enjoying the tangerines which are very large and sweet.

We try to take a short ride each day. There is so much natural beauty to enjoy in this area that we can always find something new to enjoy — the lakes, the drives in the lovely parks (there are 43 in Orlando) and the shady streets. There are so many attractive homes surrounded by blooming shrubs and tropical flowers. During the winter months there are several big flower shows which I hope I can see.

Many of you have asked me to tell you about our trip to Florida, and I am glad to for it was very interesting. We didn't try to use the shortest route and we didn't hurry. The morning we left home it was exactly zero. Our family came early to help pack things into the car and have a cup of coffee with us. (I worried after we left for fear I had left the coffee maker plugged in, but then I realized that Lucile and Margery would be there at 8:30 to broadcast, so I put it out of my mind.)

We drove south on No. 71. Our plans called for spending the first night in Joplin, Mo., and this gave us time to stop at Nevada where Lucile went to school at Cotley College in 1929-1930. If you have taken Kitchen-Klatter for many years or have read *The Story Of An American Family* you will remember that we had left her there to enroll for the fall term and then driven on south into Arkansas. It was on the following day that we had the car accident, and many months passed before I was able to return to my family in Shenandoah.

Our drive on Tuesday took us through Arkansas. There was no snow and the day was cloudy, but a little warmer. Pines began to replace the oaks of Missouri and lumber mills were busily sawing out materials needed for the many new little houses that dot the hillsides.

Arkansas is a beautiful state. We drove through Van Buren (the home of Bob Burns whom we used to enjoy on radio) and Fort Smith, its neighbor across the river. South of Ft. Smith we drove through country famous for the good hunting enjoyed there. At Mena we were told that they have a Possum club composed of possum hunters. Every December they have a celebration during which persimmon trees are set up and festooned with live possums!

We stayed the second night in Texarkana, 650 miles from home. It was between Alexandria, La. and Baton Rouge that we took No. 190.

The third day took us through a state of very diversified interests. There was land devoted to cotton fields, orchards of pecans and fruit trees, sugar cane fields, and many oil wells with refineries near by. Here we realized that we were really in the Sunny South for we turned off the car heater and laid our coats in the back seat.

This day we drove 303 miles and stayed at a motel in Baton Rouge. We had planned to take a little sight-seeing trip over the city the next morning for we have been told that the State Capitol and surrounding area are well worth one's time, but when we awakened there was a heavy mist and soon it began to rain. There was a bit of clear sky by noon and we started out again planning to drive as far as Gulfport, Miss. We reached there safely after driving for many miles through very heavy rain.

The drive along the Gulf Coast was the high light of our trip. No. 90 follows the old Spanish Trail which is now a four-lane road. On one side we had the water of the Gulf with a wide sandy beach, and on the other side we had miles of beautiful homes and resorts. At countless places along the beach are piers and platforms for fishermen and swimmers since this is a well patronized vacation spot.

We noticed many historical markers for in this area much of our very early history was made. We saw the home where Jefferson Davis lived when he wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government", and also the home where Longfellow lived when he wrote "The Building of the Ship".

All of these homes were surrounded by huge oaks hung with moss, magnolias, pines, palms, and the brilliant flowers such as one sees in Florida and Hawaii. Someday I would like to spend more time on the Gulf Coast.

Our last night on the road was spent in Tallahassee, only 256 miles from Maitland, Florida, the end of our journey. How glad we were to arrive at the motel where we have spent two other winters and where we know the kind owners and other guests! Our car registered exactly 1670 miles from the time we drove away from our home in Shenandoah until we pulled up at our destination.

Probably most of our time will be spent here in central Florida, but we expect to make trips to the east and west coasts before we return home in late March. There's no doubt that the Florida trip is much easier than the California trip when you get to our age. One is never far from a town and there aren't the long empty spaces of the west where you can only hope that nothing will go wrong with the car, or that no one will get sick. Probably we would have been in Florida last winter if my sister Sue had not needed us so badly in California during her final illness.

When I write from so far away I always feel that you folks know more family news than I know! I'm sure that the girls keep you informed as to what goes on from day to day, so right now you could probably tell me things that I haven't yet heard.

Thank you for the cards and letters that have been forwarded to me. Mart and I appreciated them and read them together during the holiday season.

Now the moonlit garden is calling me, so goodbye until next month.

Affectionately yours, Leanna.

## FEBRUARY GARDEN CHATTER

By Lucile

Yes, I deliberately titled this "Chatter" for that's exactly what it's going to be . . . just a collection of things that have been accumulating on my desk — or in my mind. Right now there's nothing much that can be done about gardening except to look ahead to spring and *plan*, so I like to take advantage of these off-seasons to relax and just visit.

The first thing I want to discuss is something that our local St. John's Episcopal church does every Easter. This is a wonderful idea and one that will probably appeal to many churches where such a project has not been heard about before.

Every year on Easter morning a small potted plant for every single child in our Sunday School is placed around the altar and down the steps. As a rule the flowers used are begonias, but ageratums or geraniums would be equally effective and practical. Each pot is wrapped in silver foil and tied with a bow of purple ribbon.

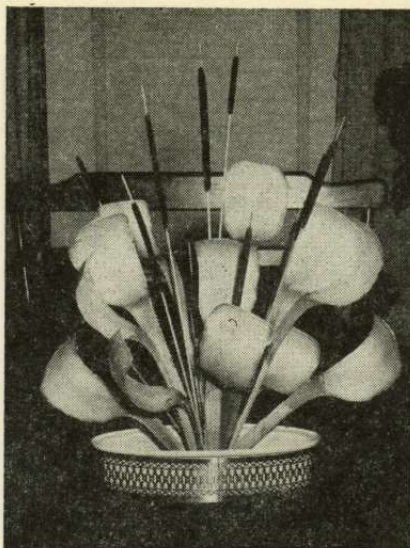
I'm sure you can visualize how beautiful this looks but, much more important, I wish you could know what long-lasting pleasure and inspiration each child derives from his flower. During the morning service, each boy and girl goes up to the front of the church to pick up his small silver pot, and their faces are a wonderful study of joy and pride as they walk back down the aisle.

I couldn't begin to tell you how many children have first started taking a genuine interest in flowers because of this Easter tradition. Juliana's very own spot in our garden dates from her first potted begonia that she received at church when she was four years old. It was the beginning of her very real love for gardening. And her experience could be duplicated over and over again.

Doesn't this strike you as being a lovely Easter tradition? In that one blooming flower is symbolized for the child all of the fresh life and glowing beauty that we wish to instill into his mind. And as he plants this flower and cares for it (as all of the children do) he learns what we mean by cherishing Life and protecting it.

As for the practical details of this project . . . an order is placed with the florist quite some time in advance and he furnishes the correct number of pots that are needed. These are inexpensive, earthenware pots. They are delivered to the church basement the day before Easter, and a group of volunteers wrap them in foil and tie the ribbons. They also arrange them at the altar after the last service on Saturday evening.

Some years the expense involved has been met by our Guild. Other years there have been donations specifically earmarked for this purpose. A general collection has never yet been made, but I'm sure that it would be if there were no other way to manage, for every single member of our church believes in this Easter project and wouldn't dream of seeing it abandoned for lack of funds.



These are the cactus spoons that Margery received as a Christmas gift from an old friend who now lives in Tucson, Arizona.

If such a project is beyond you because you are too far from a florist or simply cannot scrape up the necessary money, there is surely no reason why packets of flower seed can't be distributed to each child at the morning service. Of course, this wouldn't look so springlike and beautiful, but it achieves the necessary purpose: that to each child has been given a promise of Life.

### Bulbs

One of these days you'll have your spirits perked up considerably by the sight of your first indoor bulbs in bloom, or getting ready to bloom. It may have been a little tedious last fall to round up the pots and get the work done, but my! what enormous dividends this effort pays. I can honestly say that we never envy anyone who's in Florida, California, Hawaii, New Orleans or any other warm spot when our hyacinths, crocus, daffodils and tulips burst into bloom.

Every year I receive quite a collection of letters from people who wonder what to do with their bulbs when the flowers have disappeared once and for all. So here is a blanket-answer that will save you writing about it one of these days.

As soon as the flower is through blooming, take the pot back down to the basement (preferably right where it started because you want it cool) and keep it watered until all of the foliage has died down. Then it can be planted outdoors as soon as it's warm enough to work outside. Handle exactly as you would any bulb that you planted in the fall. The following spring it should bloom as nicely as though it had never passed one season in the house. We have things every year that first bloomed indoors and you can never distinguish them from the flowers that went right into the ground originally.

\* \* \*

### Begonias

Begonias are extremely tender bulbs and cannot be shipped until all danger of frost is past. However, if you

brought yours in from the yard last fall and stored them through the winter months, you can get a much earlier bloom by starting them in pots late this month or in early March.

Last year we "beat the season" at least a month by doing this. We placed the pots in an east window where it was cool and kept them well watered. As soon as all danger of frost was over they went outside, and we were rewarded by early and spectacular bloom. (I think that many of you will recall the lovely flowers in brilliant colors that we had in the front of our house last summer. Some of those big, tropical looking beauties were in full bloom for many, many weeks.)

\* \* \*

### Some Letters We Enjoyed

Dear Lucile:

There are so many, many new homes being built these days that I thought you might enjoy seeing the enclosed pictures of the house that we moved into last October. (Note: I surely did enjoy the pictures and only regretted that they weren't sharp enough to print.)

You'll probably notice immediately that it doesn't look like a brand new property, for that's just about the first comment everyone makes. Of course the explanation is that the plantings have gotten large enough to take away that raw look so many new homes have for a long, long time.

We bought our lot five years ago and studied it very carefully before any excavating was done. We knew that some things would be damaged if they were planted too close to the area where work would be done, but there were other places where trees and hedging would be perfectly safe. Our Pin Oaks thrived wonderfully well, as you can see, and do a great deal to give our home a "settled" look. The hedging along the west boundary line (Truehedge Columnberry) is absolutely priceless to us. We just came an inch of not putting it in, but have been grateful every single day that we went ahead in spite of gloomy comments about what *might* happen to it.

One reason we were so long in getting our home completed was because we did a great deal of the work ourselves as we could manage financially. But every year we allowed a certain amount for plantings. I'll never forget what a pleasure it was on hot days last summer when I looked out from the hard, wearing job of sanding down woodwork, to my roses in full bloom outside. It always gave me a fresh burst of enthusiasm to tackle the job again so we could hasten the day when we'd be living here and enjoying our roses *all* of the time.

I will plant annuals this summer because I think that some of the new varieties such as Comanche Petunia are perfectly beautiful, but since we looked ahead five years ago we'll have a yard in which these flowers are simply lovely accents . . . not the *only* thing in the line of bloom.

We hope to get to Shenandoah to see your gardens this summer. I've studied the drawings you had in

(Continued on page 5)

## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am sitting at my typewriter here in our upstairs living room with so many things to do that I do not know where to begin. I must write a special talk to be given on Saturday night; I must write my radio address for Sunday morning; I must write my sermon for the main service on Sunday; I must write a children's sermon for Sunday morning; I must prepare an address on the United Nations for Sunday evening; and I simply must get this letter written to you. And so where do I begin? I begin, dear friends, with my letter to you, for this is one thing that I like to do above all others.

A beautiful snow is falling out-of-doors. Betty and I and the children have just returned from having dinner at a restaurant down in the city. David and Mary Leanna have been wanting to see where their daddy always eats his lunch, and so tonight I took the entire family there to dinner. While we were eating the snow began to fall, and by the time we started home the driving was most treacherous. We live in the high part of the city, and we had to conquer several very slick hills on the route, but we made it in fine style, and now that I am on the inside looking out and don't have to do anymore driving, I am actually glad for the snow. It will mean that tomorrow the children can have some good sliding.

One of the gifts that Santa brought Mary Leanna this past Christmas was a magnificent sled, and just two blocks through the woods from our home there is a wonderful place for children to slide. I say for children to slide, because I learned the hard way that it is not a good place for adults.

Since Mary Leanna had never before had an opportunity to slide down a long hill on a sled, I took it upon myself to show her how it is done. Just how it happened I do not know, but by the time I had reached the bottom of the hill, I had cracked a couple of ribs. Right now as I write this letter I am bound tightly in a most uncomfortable chest and back bandage. I can't even lie down in comfort! I hate to admit it, but I am afraid that I am too old for that kind of children's sport. Tonight I told Betty that if the children wanted to slide tomorrow she would have to take them. The very sight of a sled is agony to me now.

This afternoon a friend of mine came into the office to make a short call, and in the course of the conversation he said something to which I took exception. We were discussing our hopes and plans for the new year of 1956 when he said: "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if for the next twelve months there were to be no deaths? Just think what it would mean — no sorrow, no broken homes, no anguish!" It wasn't the first time I had heard someone make a comment like that, and I want to pass on to you something of the opinion that I stated.

Do you ever remember reading that statement by the German poet Goethe:



Old-time friends who knew Uncle Henry Field's family will remember Philip. Last summer he came with his wife, Marie, to visit Aunt Bertha. Philip and Marie lived in Hawaii at the time the folks were there, but they are now residents of our nation's capitol.

—"Death is nature's expert device to get plenty of life"? I think that just about the worst thing that could ever happen to this earth would be for all death to cease. So many of us never think straight about death because of our own driving passion for life. Because death is an emotionally unpleasant prospect for our own lives, we too often fail to have a rational understanding of the importance of death for the preservation of humanity.

If there were no death, it would not be long before life would be unbearable for all the inhabitants of this particular piece of the universe. Indeed, I go so far as to suggest that there comes a time in life when the desire to live on in this world is an extreme form of selfishness. What hope would there be for the generations yet unborn if there were no passing from this life of those who have lived full lives?

A few days ago when I was leaving the hospital after having spent the afternoon calling on patients, a young lady approached me and asked: "Do you think that it would be a sin for me to pray that my mother would die very soon? She is in such pain and there is no cure for her. All the doctors are doing is giving her drugs to kill the pain."

I turned to the young lady and said: "No, I do not think that it would be a sin for you to pray for her to die; as a matter of fact, as I stood by her bedside today I was uttering a little silent prayer for God to take her and to take her soon."

One of the things that a Christian must understand is the fact that life is not the goal of living. If life were the goal of living, I do not think that Jesus Christ would have died on the Cross when he did. Jesus saw that there is something much more important than life. Life is only a means to an end, a means to the greatest good and, as in the case of Jesus, the greatest good is sometimes best served

not by life, but by death. Jesus said: "He that loveth his life shall lose it," and "Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for a friend."

Recently something called my attention to the fact that one of the most unChristian slogans used in our daily life is that one which says: "Safety First" Now any sensible person knows that often it is good advice but, on the other hand, what selfish advice it can be.

The persons who have as their chief slogan in life: "Safety First", are those who never make a really generous gift to anyone, least of all to their church. They are always waiting until conditions are a little better, the time a little more satisfactory, and the situation a little more acceptable. They have never known what it is to do anything extravagant for anybody else. When asked to increase their contribution to the Community Chest, or to the Red Cross, or to their church, they are quite apt to reply: "Well, one has to look out for himself, you know!"

When I was in school at Yale University there was a friend of mine who had on the wall over his desk this motto. "God first! The other fellow second! I'm third!" He was just the kind of a boy that I hope my own son will be someday. He was an officer in the last war, and what a privilege it must have been for the men in his command to have as their leader a man who said of himself: "I'm third!" The world needs more people who understand that the most important thing in life is not the survival of the self, but the giving of the self for the survival of others.

Look at life as we have known it. Who have been our heroes and heroines? They have been the people who did not hesitate to purchase values with human life. Not in wars alone do men and women lay down their lives for great causes and noble values. The conquest of disease has cost the lives of many doctors, nurses, and scientists. Man benefits from all of the marvels of air travel because of those who have paved the way with their lives. When we wonder about life and death we must not forget all of this, for to forget it, is to forget what it means to be a Christian.

Sincerely yours,  
Frederick

## A WINTER TESTAMENT

Since I have seen this frozen ground in May

Ablaze with countless flowers —  
and know that they  
Need but the call of spring to wake  
and grow,

I see the hidden flowers—I do not  
see the snow.

Since I have seen the finest gifts of  
life

Result sometimes from sorrow,  
pain and strife  
In God's good time — by ways to me  
not clear,

I will hold fast to faith — I will  
not harbor fear.

—Helen Fischer

## HEART-TIME MELODY PARTY

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Hearts, music, fun — these are the key words for this February party. They set the theme for invitations and decorations right on through the entertainment and refreshments.

**INVITATIONS:** Cut out large red construction paper hearts, and then cut these hearts in half, using one-half heart for each invitation. On each invitation sketch a small musical staff and upon it place a few heart-shaped notes. Use white ink to sketch the design and write the invitation which might read something like this: "Half a heart and accept my heart-y invitation to a party at my house. Please note the time is 8 P. M. on February 14th."

Or, another idea would be to sketch a drum upon a red paper heart and let the invitation read: "I'm drumming up guests for a party at my house on February 14th. You'll get a hearty welcome if you beat a path to my door about 8 P. M."

**DECORATIONS:** To carry out hearts in melody time theme the centerpiece or wall decorations might feature a musical staff made of strips of cardboard covered with aluminum foil with notes of red paper cut in heart shape. To make such a staff stand upright use a rectangle styrafoam base and let foil wrapped knitting needles or pencils be used as the musical bars; by sticking them in the foam the staff can be attached to them with scotch tape. Another idea for "playing a sweet tune" upon the staff would be to use small gum drops as the notes with pieces of pipe cleaner used as the note stems.

Using the drum theme, you might fill a drum with flowers or with heart-shaped lollipops for a centerpiece, with notes cut from construction paper fastened to pipe cleaners and then stuck into a styrafoam base upon which the drum rests — adding greenery around the base, or some of the spun glass "angel hair."

For a "different" door decoration to welcome your guests, use a string of red Christmas tree lights to form a heart on the door; use tiny nails to hold cord in place! Here and there around the heart fasten notes cut from silver foil. Or, make a door swag of greens and cookie cutter hearts, with red bow at top.

Don't forget that large red paper hearts, framed in a lacy edging cut from lace paper doilies make lovely Valentine place mats or tray doilies. Sketch white notes on the red heart.

**LOLLIPOP CENTERPIECE:** Arrange the large heart-shaped lollipops in a flower holder in a bowl (or on a plastic foam base) like a bouquet of flowers and add greenery; adding a few "notes" on the cleaner stems.

**HEART TREE:** For the trunk use a long Tinker-Toy or dowel stick. For the branches wrap graduated lengths of white pipecleaners to the trunk using strips of foil or florist's tape. Hang tiny paper hearts to the tip of every branch.



On the Sunday afternoon before the folks went to Florida this picture was snapped in their sunroom. From left to right: Uncle Fred Fischer, Aunt Martha Eaton, Mother and Dad.

**ENTERTAINMENT:**

Say It With Music: Each of the answers contain a musical instrument, or part.

1. A favorite piece of chicken. (drumstick).
2. A cornucopia. (horn of plenty).
3. What little girls wear in their hair. (bow).
4. For unlocking doors. (keys).
5. Vine with horn-shaped flowers. (trumpet vine).
6. Lowest range of male voices. (bass viol).
7. What an angel plays. (harp).
8. Part of the body. (organ).
9. A foreign language. (French horn).
10. What a criminal calls his lawyer. (mouthpiece).
11. To pick up business or trade. (drum).
12. Container for tooth cleanser. (tuba—"tube").

**HEART BEATS, OR THROBS:**

Play this game in partners. Provide each couple with magazine and scissors. Give each couple a list of things to cut out, such as: picture illustrating a sad love story, a happy romance, an engagement, a wedding, engagement ring, the first baby, etc. Allow 15 minutes and then give 10 points for each picture found — but deduct five points if pictures are duplicates of what another couple has.

**HEARTS IN SIX-EIGHT TIME:**

Divide group into two teams for a relay. Give each side a set of paper hearts and a long length of red yarn. At signal, the leader on each side loops one heart into the yarn and passes it and the other hearts to the next in line who loops yarn around another heart and passes the whole thing to next person and so on down the line. The first line to finish without losing or dropping a heart wins. If a heart is dropped it must go back to first of line and start over.

**"HEARTOONS".** Provide each player with a sheet of paper and a red pencil or crayon, also a black one. See who can draw the best "hearttoon" (picture) using a heart shape and adding a few additional lines to make the characters in the picture. Prizes might be awarded the best hearttoon, the funniest, the cleverest etc.

**REFRESHMENTS:** Here are a few suggested "heart" ideas for the food part of the party—Chicken salad pressed into heart-shaped molds, then unmolded on lettuce, with pimiento used

to make a design on top; sandwiches cut with heart-shaped cutter; heart-shaped sweet rolls (using favorite tea ring bread recipe and then molding it into tiny individual rolls in heart-shape).

Or, if refreshments are to be served buffet style, make one large heart-shaped loaf from the ring, decorating with white icing sprinkled with red sugar and a few candied cherries added for extra color. To carry out "note idea", for edible notes, use the large gum drops with the stems of pipe cleaners, bending them to form eighth and sixteenth notes.

**LET'S ANSWER ROLL CALL**

Each month answer with some idea on each of these "HOME" topics:

1. THE FAMILY BOOKCASE — what shall I read?
2. THE MUSIC CORNER — what instruments or special music do we enjoy most?
3. TELEVISION-RADIO — what programs do you enjoy most as a family?
4. PICTURES — GOOD pictures on our walls and how to display them.
5. MEDICINE CHEST - HOME SAFETY — Health hints, safety hints, etc.
6. THE FAMILY ALTAR or DEVOTIONS — the religious life of the home.
7. CHUCKLES — Humorous reminiscences of family incidents.
9. THE PICTURE WINDOW AND BEYOND — Looking beyond our own doorstep to the world beyond (The United Nations, CARE, etc.)
10. PUTTING OUR BEST FOOT FORWARD — good grooming for homemaker.
11. FROM GRANDMA'S CHINA CLOSET — Using our antique dishes, etc.
12. FAMILY FUN — how we have fun as a family unit.

**MY TALENTS**

I cannot write a masterpiece of poetry that's certain,  
But I can frame each window with a snowy ruffled curtain.  
My hands can't paint a picture that will inspire some soul,  
But they are fine at molding yellow butter in a bowl.  
My voice will not move audiences to laughter or to tears,  
But it can calm a frightened child and sooth away his fears.  
I've realized that greatness for me was never meant,  
So with these humble talents, Lord, teach me to be content.

—Lula Lamme

(Continued from page 3)

Kitchen-Klatter and used some of those ideas in problem spots here in our garden. It will be interesting to see how my results compare with yours.

It's time to start supper, but I just wanted you to hear about our experiences in making a new seven-room ranch style house seem as if we had lived here for a long, long time.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. D.C.C., Mo.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, One and All:

About five minutes ago I walked into the house after my morning radio visit with you, and to save my life I couldn't decide if I should tackle the cleaning, start a laundry or sit down and write to you! (This statement will cause many a raised eyebrow, I'm sure, for there are women who follow such an orderly routine that there wouldn't be a second's doubt as to what should be done on a Wednesday morning at 9:45.) Well, my typewriter won out and so here I am in what I once called a "study" but now more realistically call "our workroom."

We had hoped to tackle this room for a knock-down, drag-out overhaul before spring, but our furnace has given us fair warning that it doesn't expect to plug through one more winter . . . so this means a new heating system when summer comes and you just can't do everything at once. At least we can't.

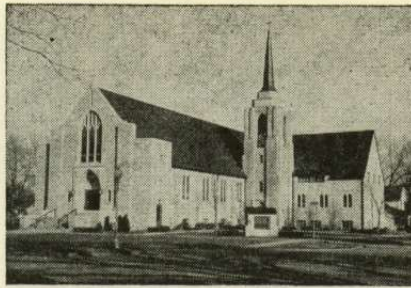
Aside from a new ceiling that Russell installed two years ago, this room hasn't had anything done to it for seven years. At that time Russell covered the walls with blue burlap, built in a wardrobe and bookshelves, and laid a green carpet that we bought second-hand at a great bargain. But seven years of wear and tear have certainly taken their toll and all I can do now is just keep things picked up and close my eyes to major sore points. Am I the only one who has such a room? Sometimes I wonder when I finish reading letters about lovely new homes or complete redecorating jobs.

About now I'm beginning to wonder too how many of you have actually finished the *Farmer's Arms* sampler? If everyone who wrote to me about it went ahead and ordered it, then there must be over three-hundred samplers finished or in the process of being finished. If you have yours done, I wish you'd let me know. I don't. And I blame this on my new bifocal glasses, not on lack of interest.

Gertrude Hayzlett said in the opening paragraph of her column this month that it was frustrating to know that what she wrote about all of the Christmas activities that were going on just then wouldn't be read by you until late January. I surely agree with her! But until they invent some kind of a printing press that will print all of Kitchen-Klatter in an hour, and then address it in ten minutes and then speed it out by plane and helicopter, I see no way around the fact that we can only give you final holiday news at this time.

Richard and his family did get here from Minneapolis right on schedule, and positively the only thing different from what we'd banked on was the fact that they didn't bring the new baby, James Russell. Arleigh's mother was able to keep him and of course it was much more sensible to leave him, but my! how dashed we felt when we went hurrying out to their car at 10:30 on Friday night with our eyes set to see the new baby—and no baby!

But it was a wonderfully happy and joyous holiday for us — just about the



This beautiful church is St. John's Lutheran in Clarinda, Ia. When I was a little child I attended services in a tiny white frame building. Then they moved to a brick church, and now they have this magnificent structure that is an inspiration to the whole community. Think what they've accomplished in less than 50 years!

best one we ever had, we concluded. Richard, Jr. and Thomas brought their electric train with them and this was set up on the second floor. Incidentally, I think the way this train has been managed is very sensible. Three years ago they got the basic engine, track and a couple of cars. Every year there are major additions added — this year it was a couple of fine switches and more cars. On Christmas day Bobby Powell brought his train along with all of its equipment, and for a contented five hours the entire crowd played with a big railroad that ran all over the entire upstairs. Above all of our conversation that day we could hear trains whistling and bells ringing!

On Christmas day a grand total of sixteen sat down to our big Monroe table in the living room. My dining room is very small, so we used the table with all three leaves in it just for food and had everyone go by and help himself. Then we were seated at the long Monroe table. I'm still reading your good letters about what you served or ate on Christmas day, so if you don't mind I'll just go ahead and tell you that we sat down to roast turkey with chestnut dressing, roast goose with prune-apple dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, candied-orange sweet potatoes, green beans with bacon and mushrooms, cranberry sauce, hot rolls and jelly, molded vegetable salad, fruit salad, three kinds of pickles, mince pie, pumpkin pie and coffee. My kitchen is so tiny that you can imagine the fancy juggling it took to get that quantity of food all ready to serve at the same time. Goodness!

On Monday morning when I returned from broadcasting I found that Juliana's Uncle Richard and her Aunt Arleigh wanted to take her back to Minneapolis with them to spend the rest of the holidays. I told Arleigh that with five children in the house she surely needed another! We had intended that Juliana should be right here throughout the Christmas vacation, but they begged so hard and she pleaded so eloquently that we gave in and let her go.

They had ideal weather to drive home in and the trip didn't take too long — they left here at 11:00 and arrived in Minneapolis at 8:30. As soon as they reached home they put in a call to Russell's parents at Twenty-Nine Palms, Calif., and Juliana's

Grandmother and Grandfather Verness were very surprised to hear her voice from Minneapolis. It was a quiet Christmas for them since Dad Verness was just home from a long hospital siege and extensive surgery.

As I write this, Russell is busy photographing two of our Christmas decorations so that next December I can share the pictures and descriptions with you. Then everything comes down and will be stored away until about December 18th, 1956. Don't you wonder too as you take things down, what all will happen before they go up again? Perhaps it's just as well that we never know.

Juliana is enjoying this year in the 7th grade. I still can't get over how many activities there are these days compared to the routine that my generation knew when we were in Junior High, but it seems to be the same story everywhere. On the whole I'm sure that it's a good thing, but every once in a while there is that little nagging thought: my goodness, is so much of this necessary? Surely Russell and I aren't the only parents who feel this way. And I understand from your letters that the tempo increases as they get older!

I'd like to get some summer clothes made for Juliana in these winter weeks ahead since my summers are so filled with catalog work that I never pick up a needle through that period, but she's growing so fast that I'm almost afraid to make anything for future use. I'll be glad when she settles down to one size for more than a three-months' spell. When I look back on it I think that perhaps she really didn't grow as fast as some children when she was little for I know that she wore her smocked dresses, made when she was four, until she was seven and in the second grade! Well, she's surely made up for it in recent times.

I found the letters on living with children happily of genuine interest and I hope that you do too. There are others that I'd like to share with you IF you want to see them. Will you express yourself? It's the only way I have of knowing if you want to see more material on a certain subject.

I just now remembered that I have some church telephoning to do, so I must say goodbye right now and take care of my responsibilities. Thanks for all of the good, friendly letters that have reached my desk in recent weeks. I appreciate very single one of them.

As ever . . . Lucile

## MY MESSAGE

If I should go and leave you here awhile  
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep  
Long vigils by the silent dust and weep;  
For my sake, turn again to life and smile,  
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to  
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine;  
Complete there, dear, unfinished tasks of mine,  
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.  
—Anonymous.

## FROM MY DESK

By Leanna

QUES: "Recently my next door neighbor who has always been a good friend borrowed my best linen tablecloth when she entertained some visiting relatives. I treasured this cloth, so I think you can imagine how I felt when it was returned with a large hole in it. I'm sure that she knows this because the cloth was freshly laundered. I know that there are places where it can be rewoven, but I feel that the expense shouldn't be on my shoulders. I'd hate to have hard feelings, and yet I hate to keep still and just "take it" without a word. What would you suggest?"—Minn.

ANS: It looks to me as if you'll have hard feelings if you mention this because she couldn't have ironed the cloth without realizing that it had been damaged — and she didn't say anything when it was returned. This strikes me as a peculiar situation, to say the least. If you want to have the cloth rewoven you can go ahead, and then when the bill comes you can mention it in a factual way. If she doesn't comment or offer to take care of it, then you can do one of two things: lay your cards on the table and give up her friendship, or simply resolve to forget it as best you can.

QUES: "Probably no one has ever bothered you with a question like this, Leanna, but I'd surely like to have your opinion. I have three married children, two sons and a daughter, living in California, and every summer they all go together and send me money to make a trip out to visit them. This is where the trouble comes in — they want me to buy a first-class ticket because they think I'm not able to sit up in a day coach and the last couple of times they've been very cross with me since I didn't follow their instructions. But the difference in expenses gives me enough to buy something new to wear and I surely want to look as nice as possible when I'm there. I'm in good health and well able to sit up. In April they'll be expecting me so I'll have to make up my mind whether to give in and please them, or do as I've always done."—Ja.

ANS: You're right — no one has ever asked me this question before. And I'm sure there are many mothers who would be so glad to visit far distant children that the last thing in the world they'd worry about was the fashion in which they arrived. This April why don't you travel the way they prefer? If it gives them so much pleasure to see you go first-class, then forego a new piece of clothing and please them. (I'd like to hear from you later and know what you really did do!)

QUES: "In our town we have volunteer workers at the hospital and I have greatly enjoyed contributing my time twice a week for two hours. My children are grown and gone and I've really needed to feel useful. Recently I was told that I'm trying to "run the hospital" and this hurt my feelings so badly that I almost feel like giving it up entirely. Do you think it would be wise for me to drop this activity?"—Ill.



Mother was snapped at her desk as she wrote the answers on this page.

ANS: I certainly do not. All hospital work contributed by volunteers makes a great deal of difference, and it's hard to imagine too many willing hands. Just watch yourself sharply for a little spell and be sure you're not making too many suggestions to the other volunteers, but don't give a second's serious thought to dropping out for good.

QUES: "I don't suppose you could call this a real problem, Leanna, but it has me worried. For fifteen years I've attended a Sunday School class that has been taught faithfully all of that time by an elderly woman who is the soul of Christian goodness. In February she will have her 80th birthday, and since we have never done anything out of the ordinary to express our appreciation, I'd like to take up a collection and buy her a nice gift from the class. I feel just a little hesitant about taking action because some people are so quick to criticize. But do you think that this would be all right?"—Mo.

ANS: By all means yes. Faithful service of this kind is recognized all too rarely, and I wouldn't put off doing something nice for her. If any of the members feel that they don't want to contribute, that's all right. But I can't believe that any of them would really criticize you for taking action.

QUES: "This past year money has been very scarce at our house, so when three young mothers in our neighborhood had birthdays I sent a card (rather than the small gift I'd always sent previously) with a note inside saying that I'd be happy to come and stay with their children some afternoon and evening — that "baby sitting" would be my birthday present to them. I feel so strange now because not once have they called and taken advantage of my offer. I don't know if they thought it was a little foolish of me or just what. I hope you'll tell me what you think."—Nebr.

ANS: I believe that most young women hesitate to call for fear it might not be convenient — and that you'd feel, in turn, that you couldn't disappoint them. Probably you know their social activities and church responsibilities, so the next time you're sure they must go out and will have to get a baby sitter, just pick up the phone and remind them that you're free and would like to follow up on your birthday gift offer. I'm positive they'll be tickled to death. Just try it — and see.

QUES: "Recently one of my friends had a baby, and before it was born a

lovely shower was held for her. I attended and took a nice gift. But while she was in the hospital one of her friends came by and asked me to go with her to visit and to see the baby. She had been to the shower also, and I was embarrassed when she opened her pocket book while we were at the hospital and took out another gift. I hadn't taken a thing, and I don't know if it's always customary to do this or if the shower gift was all that anyone would expect."—Kans.

ANS: It seems to me that common sense would say that the shower gift was enough. If one had worlds of money and could buy anything he saw, then it would be pleasant to take an additional gift to the hospital. But under the circumstances it seems to me that you have no occasion to give the matter a second thought.

QUES: "Can you suggest any course of action we might be able to take to curb a penny-pinching member of our church group? She is better off financially than most of us, and yet our business meetings drag on and on while she questions every single bill that's presented, objects to sending flowers to sick members or to funerals, objects to anything we want to buy to improve our church — in short, just objects to everything. We're all sick of it and scarcely able to cope with it any longer. Please don't suggest that our minister talk to her for he's already tried it — and it didn't do any good."—Minn.

ANS: I can't see a thing in the world you can do to stop her. You might try utter and complete silence the next time she starts in. If no one will argue with her she can't hold the floor very long. Take away her audience and you may save time, if nothing else. Aside from this, I can't think of any way to discourage her.

QUES: "Next month we expect my husband's two sisters and their families from Oregon. I would like to have our cousins, aunts, etc., come and have a meal with us while they're here, but I hardly feel up to all the work involved because I'm in rather poor health — and we are hardly able to stand the expense of entertaining company for a week, plus a big meal for about fifteen people. Do you think it would be all right to plan a meal and ask the others what they can bring? I feel uncertain and would like your honest opinion."—Mo.

ANS: Go right ahead and ask them. Surely they understand the position you're in. And they'll have an even better time at your home if they help with the work and contribute some of the good food that everyone will enjoy.

## TIRED

Honey, I'se tired!  
I'se tired of sittin' and I'se tired of sighin';  
I'se tired of livin' and I wouldn't mind dyin'.  
Honey, I'se tired!  
I'se tired of chicken and I'se tired of cake;  
I even had a chill and was too tired to shake.  
Honey, I'se tired!

## FEBRUARY, COUNTRY STYLE

By Evelyn Corrie Birkby

It is always interesting to read the poets' interpretations of the glories, beauty and tranquility of winter. Now that February has brought the depth of winter's grip which seems so tenacious just before the coming of spring, I've definitely decided that these poets were seated before a glowing fireplace sipping a hot cup of coffee and dressed in warm lounging robe and mocassins.

Personally, I can't see beyond my streaming eyes, my red nose and my frosted fingers to find that of which the poets speak. Once in awhile when I look out through the window of our warm house I can catch a glimpse of real February beauty, but seldom do I see winter's loveliness when enveloped in it!

The first ice storm of the winter came this week and hit a line of freshly washed clothes, encasing them in a sheath of armor strong enough to defy anything but a blow torch. When it became evident that the diapers were going to have to be rescued and dried in short order, I bundled up my reluctant body, stumbled out in oversized boots and proceeded to disengage frozen clothes pins from frozen clothes that were securely frozen to a frozen clothes line. With the wind sneaking into every possible crack in my clothing I was soon disintegrated into a shivering mass of flesh. I tried to cheer myself with the mental image of the pretty girl in the winter scene on one of our new calendars. She looked fresh and lovely against the heavy snow with light bits of fluffy snowflakes drifting down beside her. All the recollection did was embitter me. I knew how I looked! I knew that the lovely bits of fluffy snow flakes were only blobs of icy cold that fingered their way down my neck, around the top of my gloves and into my boots.

As I trudged back into the house with the last load of stiff straight shirts, towels that scraped in the snow behind me and overalls that stood up alone as I opened the door, I snuffed my red nose and said loudly (with no one to hear) "Peaceful, beautiful winter indeed! Humbug! "So I came inside, took out a pattern and started sewing a sun suit for Jeffrey. Winter can't scare me. I'll just ignore it and maybe it will go away!

One of my favorite possessions is a green and white checked table cloth. I like anything which looks like a country farm home and this table cloth fits into that category perfectly. Today it took on its very best appearance, for right in the center of it was placed a big crusty loaf of homemade bread. With the golden brown of the bread on the pretty polished bread board, the plate of yellow butter beside it and the jar of deep red strawberry jam standing nearby, little else was needed to call our supper complete. When I really feel ambitious I like to bake bread enough for a week, freezing the loaves to use as needed. It is risky business, however. The family is getting used to eating home-



Isn't this a sweet picture of two little cousins? Jeananne Tejkl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harley Tejkl of Leigh, Nebr. is six years old, and she proudly holds 13-day old Janalee Jane Dolech, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Dolech of Stanton, Nebr.

made bread and demands more of it as time goes on. But nothing puts a green and white checkered table cloth on a country dining room table into such picturesque perspective.

February brings lambing time to many farm homes. If you have experienced such a season you know of the long slow hours of watchful waiting, the snatched moments of sleep and the work involved in helping the tiny creatures into the world (for contrary to the idea that most animals have their offspring quickly and easily, sheep often need a great deal of help.) Once the lamb is born the work really starts, for each little lamb must be dried and warmed, then started to eating with its own mother. That first acceptance of the lamb by its mother is essential for orphaned or unclaimed bottle babies can become a real problem to a farmer. It is not unusual to think of a big farm kitchen with little animals getting warm behind an old-fashioned coal range. However, the needs of the young are the same even in a modern home. The other day I walked into a glistening kitchen and found bottles for the little orphans heating on a gas stove. Pieces of blanket used to wrap the shivering wet bits of life on the way from the barn were folded on the dish washer. Loud bleats issued from a big cardboard box which was all warm and toasty beside an automatically heated register. To a baby lamb a farm kitchen is still the spot for the necessities of beginning life regardless of how many modern conveniences have been added.

Since last it was my privilege to visit with you the newest little Birkby saw fit to make his arrival. Craig Steven Birkby was born on December 20th. He came equipped with over eight chubby pounds, a good strong voice, a hearty appetite and a nice head of brown hair. Bob's first question really surprised the nurse, "Does he have a dimple?" Later she was laughing about it to me, "Do you know the very first thing your hus-

band wanted to know about the baby?" she asked me.

"Yes," I replied, "He asked if the baby had a dimple in his chin."

"For goodness sake!" The little nurse was really surprised now. "How did you know?"

"We just knew we couldn't be lucky enough to produce four children each with the same deep dimple in its chin, which is part of their daddy's heritage." And how happy we were when we saw that this little one, our doubts notwithstanding, had the same dimple as the rest of our children.

Unimportant to others perhaps, but nice to have in such quantity as we now can boast.

The baby is behaving beautifully. He is very contented just to eat and sleep. Since I've had the experience of a fussy colicky baby, we especially appreciate the calm and quiet home coming which Craig has presented. He snuggled down in the family bassinet with a contented little sigh as if he knew he was really home. While he is still getting a night feeding he just eats and goes back to sleep, so we don't mind one bit. As fast as he is gaining he will surely begin to sleep through a few feedings soon, and then I can find a bit more welcome rest also.

Bobby welcomed Craig by saying, "Now I'm the *biggest* brother." No longer is he just the big brother, but far more important, the biggest! I hear him telling the baby to hurry and grow big enough to go climb mountains with the rest of the family! He looks so tiny now, but as fast as these little tykes grow Bob will soon have three of them going up the hills, enjoying picnics and doing all the boy things which Bob finds such a happy part of being a parent.

Jeffrey gets very excited over the baby. We have the bassinet by a low book case and Jeffrey can climb up anytime he wants to look. We are watching him, of course, but he has made no attempts to do anything that will hurt the little one. The gift of a baby doll for Jeffrey has given him something to carry around and care for when mama is busy with the baby. He gives the dolly a bath, powders it, weighs it and feeds it right along with mama and her new baby. Jeffrey's growing vocabulary makes it fun too, we visit like mad about all the things our babies are doing and have companionship with each other along with the baths and the feedings.

No need to tell you what the main project of the little white and green house will be this spring. We'll just be bursting with happiness and business with our three wonderful boys. Nothing like a new little baby to fill up those empty spots in the house and the vacant spots in the time schedule. Or, I might add, the space in a mother's heart that seems to increase ten fold with the addition of every little one who arrives full of trust and love completely out of proportion to its little frame!

It is better to think a good thought about a bad man than to think an evil thought about a good man.



## DOROTHY REPORTS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have just finished setting Kristin's hair and she is all settled under the drier with a good book in her hands. She just hates to sit under the drier but in the wintertime the house cools off so in the night that I insist she sit under it at least a half-hour so that it will be almost dry by the time she goes to bed. I can generally depend upon her getting absorbed in her reading and by the time she thinks to look at her watch her hair will be thoroughly dry.

I feel very fortunate in having the use of a hair drier. When Bernie closed her beauty shop in Shenandoah, at the time she came home to care for her mother, she stored all of her equipment except for a couple of driers, one for herself and one for us. During the summer months it is seldom used but we certainly make up for it during the winter.

Kristin and I spent a weekend in Shenandoah before the folks left for Florida. We drove down after school on Friday and got there in time for supper. We had a lovely weekend and started home after an early dinner on Sunday so that we would be back in time to go on in to Chariton and hear the Messiah.

Since Kristin was on the program to have the 4-H Christmas meeting and party we had to get our tree up a little earlier than we generally do. Frank found us a beautiful tree in the timber. We all thought it was the most perfectly shaped tree of any we had ever had. I expect it was nine feet tall and beautifully proportioned. Kristin and I had a lot of fun making big candles this year. We learned how at a 4-H meeting last year but didn't find time to make any then. We made four for ourselves and gave five away to relatives and friends. It is so much fun that I hope you will all try to make some next year. Except for two red ones that we didn't frost, we made blue, green and plain white and frosted them with white with gold glitter sprinkled over the frosting while it was still wet.

I baked three different batches of Christmas cookies while Kristin was in school and after we had the supper dishes done we decorated them. We always make up several boxes containing cookies and candy to give to our friends. Besides the remarkable fudge and divinity I also made the date nut roll that was in the December Kitchen-Klatter. If you haven't tried this candy by all means do. We think it is simply delicious and so did everyone who tasted it.

Several of the 4-H girls had asked Kristin at school if they could come to the meeting early and bring their ice skates, so we just decided to make a skating party out of it. All the

members were called and told to bring their skates if they had any and if they didn't we have five extra pairs. Every girl had a chance to skate and my! what a good time they did have. We called them into the house in time to have their meeting, talk and demonstration before they had their exchange of gifts and refreshments. I was glad we had them skate first because it was just beginning to spit snow when we called them in and by the time they went home it was snowing real hard.

For refreshments we served white frosted cupcakes with a small candy cane and a peanut pixie on top, green fruit salad which had been molded in individual Christmas tree molds, decorated cookies and hot chocolate.

We entertained Kristin's Sunday school class for their Christmas party and exchange the next afternoon.

On Christmas Eve the Johnsons all came to our house. After church the next day we all drove to Allerton to have dinner with Edna and Raymond in their new home. Ruth came from Kansas City so we were all together. Early Monday morning Frank and I dressed two ducks and everyone came back to our house for a duck dinner. You can see that we really celebrated all three days of the Christmas holiday.

On Tuesday Kristin went to Shenandoah to spend the rest of her vacation with her cousins there, returning on Saturday. What time she has been home she has been enjoying the ice-skating. Her friend, Lois Jean Hutchison came out a couple of days during vacation and they just lived on their skates.

Frank spends practically every day in the timber. Just north of our house there had been several big trees cut down for saw logs and all of those tops needed to be worked up. One tree had been struck by lightning last summer and a couple more broken off by wind. So he has been getting all of this cleaned up and I tell him it looks like a beautiful big park when you look across there now. This piece of timber borders on our lake and next summer when it is all green it will look like a big park. I'll almost be tempted to go down and pitch a little tent on the lake.

Of course all of this wood piling up has meant several wood-sawings. I think we have had three this past month. With several men working it doesn't take long to go through a pile of wood. This morning it took six men just an hour and a half to finish a huge pile. I had coffee and doughnuts ready for them when they finished. They were all sitting around the kitchen table talking like mad about fishing and trapping. Kristin and I were in the next room and Kristin said, "Just listen to that, and they talk about women talking so much!"

I still go into town one day a week to help out in the County Superintendent's office. I started doing this a few months after I resigned my full-time job there and I enjoy it. It keeps me in touch with what is going on in the Lucas County schools; it gives me a chance to see the teachers

once in awhile and keep up my friendship with them; and I love to see what new films and new books have come in for the children.

I must stop now and sew a button on Kristin's gym blouse so it will be ready for her to take to school in the morning. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy

## IT'S SEW MUCH FUN

By Myrla Knoll

Has your sewing become a bore — a burden — a task that's "just gotta get done"? As a breather, how about adding a dash of "zip" to sewing that fine seam?

The next time you make a sports blouse for your school girl forget the buttons; substitute rather large safety pins that will slip through the button holes like long buttons. It will be a "conversation piece" for the "young fry".

An otherwise prosaic blouse can step out of the run-of-the-mill department with an embroidered (either by hand or machine) "Hi" or "Hello" on the pocket and "G'Bye" across the back.

A shorty nitey or pajama top will advance into the "special" class with the addition of hand or machine embroidery. Short captions like "Ho-Hum", "Sleep Tite", "G'Nite", and the girl's name will feel right at home if placed at random on a garment of this type.

If you have an abundant scrap-bag, piece together enough odd shaped cotton scraps (crazy quilt fashion) so that you can cut the various pieces of a simple blouse pattern. Show me the school girl who will not be delighted with a crazy quilt blouse.

Or perhaps you'd enjoy making a blouse using a different color cotton material for each of the pattern pieces — right front, left front, right sleeve, left sleeve, etc. This is the answer to the young miss who wants "something different".

Another "Operation Scrap Bag" could produce a gathered skirt. Seam together (along the longest sides) twelve or fourteen cotton print strips about six inches wide and as long as the desired skirt length plus enough for hem and waistband seam. Placket, waistband, and hem routine can quickly route these scraps to school room use.

Whether you see these suggestions for members of your own family or for gifts, you'll delight young hearts and it's SEW much fun!

## THE WORLD

This world is a pretty good sort of a world

Taking it all together;  
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,

In spite of the gloomy weather.  
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,

And plenty of compensation  
For every ache, for those who make  
The best of the situation.

—Anon.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter

## Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### SWISS STEAK WITH RICE

Season the steak and sprinkle with flour. Brown two or three onions, sliced, in hot fat; remove and brown meat. Place the meat in a casserole; add onions, 1 cup uncooked rice, 1 can tomato soup, 1 can of water and a bay leaf. Cover and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 2 hours. This is a deliciously different way to fix Swiss steak.

### CARROT MOLDS

1/2 cup dry bread crumbs  
1/2 cup milk  
2 Tbls. salad oil  
1/2 tsp. sugar  
1 tsp. salt  
Dash of pepper  
1 Tbls. chopped parsley  
2 well-beaten eggs  
1 1/2 cups grated raw carrot  
Cook bread crumbs and milk until thick; add salad oil, sugar, salt, pepper and parsley. Add eggs combined with carrot. Bake in greased custard cups in 325 degree oven for 45 minutes or until firm. Unmold on platter to serve. (I usually have oven-fried bacon or Canadian bacon when I serve this dish and arrange on the same platter, garnished with parsley. Margery.)

### LUNCHEON SPECIAL

Open a can of asparagus or cook your own frozen asparagus and place asparagus in greased shallow baking dish. Make a white sauce of butter, flour, milk and liquid from asparagus and season to suit taste. Add flaked tuna and pour over the asparagus in the dish. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup grated American cheese and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees until well heated and top is golden brown.

### SAUSAGE PIE

1 lb. pork sausage  
1 cup finely rolled cracker crumbs  
1/2 cup chopped green pepper  
4 Tbls. chopped onion  
1 can condensed tomato soup  
3 cups cooked rice  
1 cup grated cheddar cheese  
Brown sausage in skillet. Drain off the fat as it accumulates. Combine sausage, cracker crumbs, green pepper, onion, and 1/2 cup soup. Mix well and pat into a shell in a 10-inch pie plate. Combine remaining soup with rice and cheese. Pour into sausage crust. Bake for 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

### POTATO SOUP

2 potatoes  
4 onion slices  
2 cups boiling water  
2 Tbls. butter  
2 Tbls. flour  
3 cups milk  
1 1/2 tsps. salt  
Dash of pepper  
2 tsps. chopped parsley  
1/4 tsp. celery salt  
Pare potatoes, slice and combine with onion and water. Cook until tender; drain; reserve 1 cup liquid. Press potato and onion through fine sieve. Melt butter and blend in flour. Gradually add potato liquor and milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Add potato and onion puree, salt, pepper, parsley and celery salt; heat thoroughly.

### SOUR CREAM BURNT SUGAR CAKE

1 cup sugar  
1 cup sour cream  
1 egg  
1 tsp. soda in a little hot water  
1/2 cup nut meats  
2 cups flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
Pinch salt  
1/2 cup cooked raisins (drain)  
3 Tbls. burnt sugar  
Put baking powder and salt in flour and put rest of ingredients together in order given. Bake in 350° oven for 35 min. or until cake leaves side of pan and is lightly browned. Can be layer or loaf cake.

### CHEESE SWIRLS

(Good with eggs on Sunday morning.)

12 slices fresh bread  
1 1/4 cups grated American cheese  
12 strips bacon  
Trim the crusts off the bread. Sprinkle with cheese and roll up like a jelly roll. Fasten bacon strip at one end of roll with toothpick and wrap spirally around roll and fasten with toothpick. Broil on rack in hot oven for 8 minutes, turning to brown. These are a delicious treat for Sunday morning, or any morning for that matter!

### ROLLED OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 tsp. salt  
3/4 cup butter  
2 eggs  
2 Tbls. milk  
3 cups raw oatmeal  
2 cups flour  
2 tsp. cinnamon  
1 tsp. baking soda  
1 tsp. ground cloves  
2/3 cups finely ground nutmeats (if you like)  
Cream the butter and sugar. Beat in the eggs and add the milk, then the oatmeal and lastly the flour which has been sifted with the soda, salt and spices. Chill well, roll out and cut. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 12 minutes.

### DELICIOUS BANANA DESSERT

4 bananas  
1 egg yolk  
2 Tbls. water  
2/3 cup fine bread crumbs  
Cut bananas in half and split each half. Dip into egg beaten with water, then into bread crumbs and fry until brown in deep, hot fat . . . 365 degrees. Serve hot with this sauce.

### CUSTARD SAUCE

2 cups milk  
2 eggs  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 cup salt  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
Scald milk in the top of a double boiler. Add sugar and salt to eggs and beat slightly. Stir scalded milk gradually into eggs, beating constantly, and return to top of double boiler (don't permit water to touch upper pan). Stir constantly until it thickens and will coat a metal spoon. Remove it instantly at this point — otherwise it will probably curdle. When cold, add vanilla and serve with fried bananas.  
NOTE: It's surprising how few people have eaten fried bananas. They are delicious.

### LAMB STEW

2 lbs. lamb cubes, cut from shank, breast, neck or shoulder  
2 Tbls. flour  
Salt and pepper  
Hot water  
5 potatoes  
5 carrots  
3 onions  
3 white turnips  
3/4 cup fresh peas  
3 tomatoes  
Flour  
Dredge lamb with flour and brown well in a hot pan. Season with salt and pepper, cover with water and simmer until nearly tender. (About 1 to 1 1/2 hours). Add vegetables, except tomatoes, and simmer 30 minutes longer or until tender. Add tomatoes and simmer 10 minutes longer. Mix a little flour with water to a smooth paste and add enough to thicken slightly. Serves 5.

### BANANA OATMEAL COOKIES

1 1/2 cups flour  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
3/4 tsp. cinnamon  
3/4 cup shortening  
1 egg  
1 cup mashed bananas  
1 3/4 cups rolled oats  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder, soda, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon. Cut in shortening, add egg, bananas, rolled oats, and nuts. Beat until blended. Drop by tsp. about 1 1/2 inches apart on to ungreased cookie sheet. Bake for about 15 minutes in a 400 degree oven. Makes 3 1/2 dozen cookies.

## GRAHAM MUFFINS

- 1 cup graham or whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening

Mix and sift all the dry ingredients, except the graham flour; add that unsifted. Mix well-beaten egg with the milk and pour into dry ingredients, beating well. Add shortening, mix thoroughly, and pour into hot, greased muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes about 14 muffins.

## RAW APPLE SPICE CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup cold black coffee
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup nuts
- 1 cup raw chopped apples

Mix in order given and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream. Apples should be tart.

## ONE HOUR COFFEE CAKE

1 pkg. yeast dissolved in 1/4 cup warm water. Let stand 5 minutes.

Scald: 1/2 cup milk until film shows. Add 2 Tbls. margarine and remove from fire. Add 1/4 cup brown sugar, 3 cups biscuit mix, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/4 cup ground nuts, 1 beaten egg. Add yeast and beat well. Dump on floured board and knead for 5 minutes. Roll out and spread with 2 Tbls. butter, 1/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon. Roll up as for jelly roll and shape into ring. Cut every 2 inches and twist each side up showing filling. Brush with butter and cover to raise until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees) for 20 minutes. When cool ice with lemon icing made by adding lemon juice to powdered sugar.

## RAISED BUCKWHEAT CAKES

- 1/2 compressed yeast cake
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups buckwheat flour
- 1/2 cup white flour
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Crumble yeastcake into 1/2 cup of lukewarm water, add 1 Tbls. white flour and set aside for 15 minutes to start the yeast. Then add remainder of water to which the molasses and salt have been added; beat in the remaining white flour and the buckwheat flour. Cover and leave in warm place overnight to raise. Just before baking, beat in the melted shortening and soda that has been dissolved in 1 Tbls. of boiling water. Beat hard and thoroughly.

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## CHEESE CORN BREAD

- 1 cup flour
  - 1 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 1/2 tsps. salt
  - 2 tsps. baking powder
  - 1 egg
  - 2 1/2 cups cooked or canned whole kernel corn
  - 1/2 cup grated American cheese
  - 1/4 cup melted shortening
- Sift dry ingredients together. Beat egg; add corn and cheese. Add shortening and combine with dry ingredients. Pour into greased pan 8x8x2; and bake in a 400 degree oven for about 35 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

## TAMALE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. hamburger
  - 1 qt. canned tomatoes
  - 1 cup cornmeal
  - 1 onion chopped
  - 1 No. 2 can cream style corn
  - 1 small can pimientos
  - 1 small jar whole stuffed olives
  - Salt and pepper
- Mix all together and spread in dripping pan. The mixture will seem thin and soupy, but after being baked for 1 1/2 hours in a 350 degree oven it is just right. It should bake until dry enough to cut in squares.

## CRACKLING BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups white corn meal
  - 3/4 cup sifted flour
  - 1/2 tsp. baking soda
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/4 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup sour milk
  - 1 cup cracklings, diced
- Mix dry ingredients together. Add milk and stir in cracklings. Form into oblong cakes and bake in greased baking pan. Bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, for 30 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 small cakes.

## CORN FRITTERS

- 1 cup sifted flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 3/4 tsp. salt
  - 1/4 tsp. paprika
  - 2 cups cut cooked corn
  - 2 eggs, separated
- Sift flour, baking powder, salt and paprika together. Add corn and beaten egg yolks; fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fry in hot deep fat until browned. Drain on absorbent paper. Serves 6 to 8.

If you have a Faith to live by, someone to Love and to be Loved by, you do not need a recipe for Happiness!

## DOSEN'T MARTIN'S MAP SOUND WONDERFUL?

Dear Friends:

Now that the new year is actually here, I suppose many of you have taken stock of yourselves and have made a few new resolutions and have reaffirmed some of the old ones. I do every year without fail.

I wonder sometimes if it isn't wise to talk about them in order to gain the cooperation of family and friends? I have vowed that I am going to try to relax more to do what I can to help ease the tension of daily living. I think that if I put forth more effort to maintain some kind of work schedule that I will accomplish more and with more ease. As a family we are going to spend more time in family reading aloud. Martin is at the age now when the old favorites will make a lasting impression. We have made a list of some of these books, most of which I haven't reread since I was a child. So let the cold winds blow, we will be snug and comfortable enjoying the rest of the winter evenings reading to Martin and recapturing some of our childhood with these dear books. The first one we want to read is "Swiss Family Robinson".

By the time you read this letter, we hope to have started repapering and painting Martin's bedroom. We have chosen something rather special for his room. There is one nice wall space where he has his desk that will be papered with a mural map of the United States. It is a relief map so it shows clearly where the mountains, rivers and lakes are located in our great country. It is difficult for a child's mind to visualize how far we must travel to reach the mountains or great lakes, and how large an area they cover. This will bring the picture before him every day and before long he will know our country quite well. State lines are shown also and the colors of the map are lovely — greens, browns and yellows. We hope that the map will accumulate pencil marks galore through use and study.

The first thing we will locate is Shenandoah, Iowa and any other spot that Martin suggests. We also plan to mark the routes we take on vacation trips. Needless to say, we are very excited about it and can scarcely wait for it to arrive. With Martin's eagerness, I think I will have a lot of help in ripping off the old wallpaper, don't you? The map is 40 inches by 60 inches. The rest of the walls will be papered in green tweed and the woodwork painted an off-white like our bedroom.

We have been discussing bunk beds for that room and have heard a lot of pros and cons. If you have a definite opinion from actual experience, I would be most happy to hear from you. The reason we have been considering them is because we would like to have twin beds for a guest room eventually and bunk beds are Martin's heart's desire right now. So may I hear from you who make them up every day of the year?

I've enjoyed the letters you have written about your scrapbooks. One



Kristin visited Martin during the Christmas holidays and read many books to him while they were together.

friend wrote that she has been looking forward to remodeling her kitchen this year and started three years ago to collect pictures of kitchens. She now has over three hundred pictures and still hasn't made up her mind definitely about her own! But when the time comes she will certainly have enough ideas.

I mentioned last month that from my scrapbook I decided that the next piece of furniture I wanted was a Deacon's Bench for the dining room bay window. You can imagine how pleased we were to find one at our furniture store in the same Early American furniture as the rest of our dining room. It had just come in. The minute Oliver saw it he said, "This is it!" And it was delivered that very afternoon! When we get over the next session of painting and papering I want to get cushions made for the bench and the matching chairs.

In the January issue of Kitchen-Klatter, you may have noticed on page 4 a picture of Martin at the table. In the background next to the Welsh buffet is the big monstera plant Howard and Mae gave us last summer. Our Christmas gift from Wayne and Abigail was a perfectly beautiful huge green pottery jar for that plant. (I guess I gave out a pretty big hint for it and didn't realize it at the time!) You see, in our family we draw names at Christmas time, and now that the last one is married, we draw names by couples. I had no idea that Wayne and Abigail had our names! We were discussing one day the fact that we both needed large new jars for our big plants, and I mentioned that I had seen one I'd like but that I would have to wait until after Christmas. You can imagine our surprise when in walked Wayne on Christmas Eve with this lovely jar! We'll enjoy it for many, many years. I don't know if the jar shows up in any picture in this issue or not, since at this writing I don't know for sure which picture is going in.

Have any of you ever seen Cactus Spoons? We recently received a large, box in the mail from my friends, the Overstreets, in Tucson, Arizona. I had a very good idea what the box contained before I opened it for Mrs. Overstreet had sent some to her mother, Eltora Alexander, my neighbor next door. She remembered how much I had admired them. Cactus Spoons are inverted leaves of the cactus plant known as *Dasyliarion Wheeleri*. The

spoon portion is the outside leaf of the bulb which grows similar to an artichoke. The plant grows along the Mexican border of Arizona, mostly at an elevation of 3,500 to 5,000 feet. The spoons have a natural luster and sheen that gives them a lacquered or shellacked appearance. As they age the ivory color gradually shades into a light green but they never lose their luster and sheen. I have them arranged with small cattails on my bachelor's chest in the dining room. Everyone who sees them admires them and can't believe they are any kind of living plant. They look as if they were made of wax.

We have been so happy to have some visits from Aunt Martha Eaton from Clarinda, Iowa. Oliver's sister, Laura, who lives in Chicago, was in Iowa for a nice visit too, so we enjoyed many family get-togethers. We are glad to have Uncle Fred Fischer back from his visit to California where he spent the holidays with his daughter Louise. Oliver and Uncle Fred have both done considerable traveling, so they have a good time visiting about this city and that city and the many changes that have taken place through the passing years. We ask Uncle Fred to tell over and over again about his bicycle trip to Yellowstone National Park. That trip was made over sixty years ago when there were not always roads to follow. I expect Uncle Fred thinks about that long trip everytime he goes speeding across the country by plane and train on his way to visit his daughters.

We've been enjoying the games Martin got for Christmas. There are so many fine educational games available now, and I never feel that that is money foolishly spent. We went down town after Christmas and bought a few more at reduced prices. I thought they would make ideal family gifts, for adults enjoy them as much as the children. The favorite is still checkers, though, and I hate to say this but I have yet to beat Martin at a game of checkers!

I expect many of you have started spring sewing. I know from your letters that a lot of you do the bulk of your sewing during January and February before early spring work starts. Everytime I go through the stores I have to stop in the yardage departments and admire the beautiful prints. The colors, materials and patterns are lovelier every year.

I'm so happy that we had some warmer days this winter so we could get more bulbs into the ground. We had some rather bitter weather before we could complete our bulb planting. That never worries us much though, for we usually have a number of warm days during the winter when we can dig a few more holes for bulbs. I am glad that I held out some for pots for the house, and it won't be long until we will have flowers blooming in our living room.

I must get back to the kitchen now. I mixed up some cookie dough that had to chill and now if I hurry, I can get them baked before Martin comes home from school.

Sincerely, Margery

## SPARE THOSE CARDS!

By Mabel Weber

After looking over that big pile of beautiful Christmas cards again, you've probably jotted down the names of persons who have never before been on your list. The addresses have all been checked and changed, if necessary. Maybe you have already bought next season's supply at the after Christmas half-price sales. Still you have that nagging question in your mind — "What shall I do with all these lovely used cards? I hate to throw them away."

There have been agencies who have requested used cards but they have been so swamped that they had to cancel their requests almost immediately.

Missionaries in your denomination might welcome as many cards as you could send. They are used overseas as rewards for the native children and often are the most prized possession in their homes. There are never enough to go around. You would want to sort the cards carefully to send only those that portray the true spirit of Christmas. Then all the handwriting should be cut off. Wrapped securely and marked "Old Cards", these can be mailed at a low postage rate. Your denomination can tell you if there is a missionary need for cards.

A big box of cards will amuse a visiting small child for a long time. Fond grandparents or harried mothers can suggest to a three year old that it would be fun to pile all the Santa Claus, candles, bells, or manger scenes separately. The child thus learns to recognize the similarity of designs.

A slightly older child can play store while Mommy is ironing if she asks to buy 4 bell cards or 6 dog cards, thus helping the child to learn to count correctly. Many other learning games can be improvised.

Designs cut from the cards can be used to decorate wastebaskets, candy and gift boxes and small trays for speedy handcraft projects.

Next Christmas' packages can be made more attractive by portions cut from old cards. A shiny red, green, blue or yellow package is excitingly beautiful when decorated with card cutouts in pleasing contrasting colors. The shiny wrapping paper is plastic coated shelf paper that comes in luscious colors. The card cut-outs are cemented on with airplane glue. Paste or glue will not adhere to the plastic. Pinking shears make interesting edges on gift tags cut from old cards.

The idea of making story booklets from used cards may be a new one. A simple story is written using sentences that can each be illustrated by a card picture, such as, "Betty and John went walking in the snow. They saw a little dog", and so on. Letter size paper is folded into a booklet, the card pictures pasted in with the sentence illustrated printed on each page. The booklets may be stapled together or tied with yarn. These make a nice youngsters' project for children's hospital gifts.

Montages are pictures made of cut-

out objects of many kinds that are combined into an interesting composition suitable for hanging on the wall. They can also be glued to trays or furniture, then brushed with clear varnish, lacquer or shellac for permanence. What better source of colorful objects than the used Christmas card? Your library will have more information on the making of montages.

"Decoupage" is another term for much the same technique. Those old fashioned rolled paper beads can be made from long, long triangular pieces of the cards. The nativity scenes are useful in illustrating lessons in the church school. Art students can get ideas for block prints, etc. from the better designs. Some people join together, with yarn, sections of the cards to make small boxes for party favors. These are usually in a hexagon shape.

Christmas note paper can be fashioned by gluing small card designs to plain stationery. This idea may inspire you to make all your greetings for next Christmas.

Perhaps you too will look at that stack of greeting cards with renewed interest, but never, never just throw them away. They are too valuable!

## OH! MY OPERATION

A stunt that never fails to create hilarious merriment, is an operation performed on one member of the club, with nurses and doctors officiating in the mock surgical work.

A large library table is placed in full view of the entire audience. Preferably it should be placed near a door. A sheet is draped over it in operating style, making sure that enough hangs down to conceal the under side of the table. This space under the table will be used by the "noise" assistants.

The patient, draped in white, is assisted to the operating table, and one of the nurses applies the anesthetic. Be sure that all nurses and doctors are dressed in regulation hospital uniforms, for this adds a great deal to the seriousness of the stunt.

The anesthetic is given, by very slowly sifting flour through a flour sifter. As the patient will have a towel over her face, the small amount of flour will not annoy her. The doctor or nurse administering the anesthetic, should ask her some questions from time to time, and the patient should respond, growing more and more drowsy, until finally she fails to answer.

One member of the club will be fully equipped with mask, gloves, and all of the surgeon's paraphernalia, and will come in from the side door in a very impressive manner. It is suggested that the chief surgeon and nurses, stand between the patient and the audience, so that no one can be too critical about details.

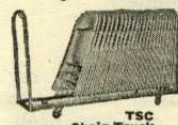
As the surgeon makes the incision with the saw, one of the assistants beneath the table will saw on a board. This produces a most harrowing effect, needless to say. As the operation proceeds, various other noises will be made from beneath the sheet, such as tearing a strip of cloth, hammering on



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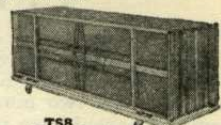


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a board when the surgeon uses a hammer at some stage in the operation, and so forth. Clever effects can be worked out by every Ladies' Aid.

After the incision is made, it is discovered that any number of things are wrong. As the surgeon removes an auto casing, he remarks to one of the nurses, that this will relieve the patient from going out riding on club day or Sunday, when she should be in church. A deck of cards removed will prevent her from spending so much time at bridge parties the day missionary society meets. A hammer, which has caused so much knocking, was next removed. A pocket book which has grown fast to her heart was torn loose, and the Bible put in its place. The pocket book was inserted near the throat, so the patient could cough up easier. A soft pillow which relieved her of laziness and weak will was removed lastly. A stove poker was inserted to stiffen up her back bone.

At the conclusion of the operation, the patient is carried from the table groaning heavily, but with chances for a good recovery, as expressed by the surgeons to each other. This is an ideal stunt for any Ladies' Aid, Missionary club, Lodge meeting, club entertainment, or any similar activity. Other things can be added to make the operation interesting and amusing for the spectators.

## COFFEE FOR THIRTY

Put 2½ cups of regular grind coffee in a muslin bag big enough to allow coffee to double in bulk. Tie securely and place in big "ladies' aid coffee pot." Add 5½ qts. of cold water and let stand 3 or 4 hours. About one hour before you are ready to serve, heat pot until brew boils. Let boil gently for 5 minutes. Then remove bag and serve.

## HOW TO GET CHILDREN TO WORK WILLINGLY

(Lucile's note: I was surprised and delighted by the big stacks of letters that arrived in response to the plea that we share with each other our ideas about getting children to work willingly at home. It was extremely difficult to reach a final decision on the ones to print in Kitchen-Klatter, but the three I've selected for this month all have so much that is helpful that I simply couldn't pass them by. I agree heartily with the ideas expressed by all three women, and in the final reckoning I selected the letter from Mrs. M. D. of Missouri because I found in it so much that I could put into practice immediately right here in my own home!)

\* \* \*

Dear Lucile:

I was surprised, when I read my December Kitchen-Klatter today, to see that the two most common problems of parents are my own problems too. I had thought they were so common, in our home, that I forgot others had them too.

My husband is a minister and we have come to a pretty good solution to some of these problems. We have four children — a girl 7, a boy 9, a girl 13½ and a boy 14½. The two smaller children do not give much trouble as yet, but the teen-agers! They are well developed and very mature for their ages, and each must be dealt with differently.

Our boy works in a store uptown and has his own money. We have found that the quickest and best solution to his discipline is to take away some of his privileges. If his duties are not done on time, or wholly completed, his privileges are taken away for a few days. If (after he has been told what is expected in a job) some job isn't completed, he is not told, until he wants to go someplace, that he can't go and the reason is because such-and-such a thing wasn't done right. A time or two of that is enough to make him remember to finish the job well and on time. Of course, any important school or church event cannot be denied, but a time or two something that he wanted to do very badly was denied.

Television is NEVER on when there is work to be done that isn't being done. If there is squabbling or any disagreement over the choice of program which isn't settled by themselves by someone giving in, then the TV goes off and doesn't go on again as soon as the squabble is over. (Of course the difficulties cease immediately if they see you are firm in turning it off.) Children learn rapidly to avoid such things.

One rule we have is that the children are to put their dirty clothes in the hamper every morning. I picked up the older boy's clothes, sometimes, but finally I got tired of his leaving them on the floor. I left them in the pile and he added to the pile daily. I decided to wash clothes and left his on the floor.

When he came home from school and saw that I had washed and not



Alison, Clark and Emily make up a highly appreciative audience when their daddy (Wayne Driftmier) can find time for a bedtime story.

picked up his clothes, he was angry and stormed around, but I reminded him that I had asked him to pick up his dirty clothes. Well, his favorite shirt wasn't clean for his date to go to the school play, his T-shirts were all dirty, etc. I could have washed (and almost did!) but I deliberately put it off for a couple of days and let him do the best he could with what clothes he had. We have NEVER had any dirty clothes on the floor since that time.

Now as to the 13-year old girl . . . she earns very little money and her privileges are naturally less than her older brother's, so we deal with her this way.

We give her \$1.00 per week to spend as she pleases. (We take care of her lunch money, Sunday School money, school supplies, clothes, etc.) Sometimes she saves the dollar for several weeks to buy something she wants, or sometimes she spends it foolishly. We have decided that every time she fusses, sasses, etc., over her work, 5¢ will be taken away from the dollar. A mark is made on the calendar and the marks are counted the day she gets her money. This also goes for clothes, etc., left around the house and out of place. At first she didn't think I'd do this and cried — but now the marks are a rarity.

(Incidentally, this idea was one suggested by several women in our church circle meeting a few months ago when we were discussing this very problem.)

I feel that discipline is essential to the child's later life, whether in college or on a job or in homes of their own. (How many wives are still picking up daily after their "grown-up" husbands!) But I feel that first a child must know what jobs are his to do. How do you expect a child to know what is expected of him if he can argue and sass himself out of the task?

If a boy knows that his jobs are mowing the grass, shoveling snow, carrying out ashes, picking up his clothes, etc., why should he not do them? If a girl knows that her job is to clean the room before she goes to school, make her bed, wash or dry the dishes, hang up the clothes (in the summer or if she is at home when you wash), do the dusting, wipe up the kitchen floor, etc., why should she fuss when it is time to do it?

We told our children that they should make their beds and straighten their rooms before they left for school, and my husband told them that *maybe* they would be called home to take care of it if it wasn't done.

I doubt that he would have done this, and yet on the other hand he very likely would have done it if there had been genuine reason to do so. As it was, they just took it for a matter of fact to do their work without anyone telling them to do it, and every morning their rooms are always left clean.

I really could go on and on, but I'll tell you when my husband and I felt that our methods had worked. When we were invited to come to this church as pastor, the "pulpit committee" came back and reported to the church membership that we had *good* children. In this day and age we felt that it was a genuine compliment!

Mrs. M.D., Chillicothe, Mo.

\* \* \*

Dear Lucile:

I wonder if I, a grandmother of 79, may participate in your discussion relative to the common problem of getting children to assume home responsibilities as a matter of course?

I shall speak for three generations of mothers.

There was my own childhood on a large farm, which entailed many chores for children, particularly since there were five of us, also a hired man the year around, for my mother to do for. Under her expert management we did many chores, as well as finding time to build playhouses and to go occasionally to play with our little friends in the neighborhood. I believe that the secret of success in controlling the situation and getting our co-operation was because she used psychology.

We didn't like to wash dishes, but she would say, casually: "Now, when you've finished the dishes, I'll lay aside my sewing for a few moments and cut those silhouettes out of my new Godey's Lady's Book so you can paste them in your scrapbooks . . . BUT, you'll have to clean up afterwards, because paste is messy." The dishwashing wasn't half so bad while we kept our minds on those precious silhouettes.

Or, she might say, another day: "If you'll fill the box with cobs and a few sticks of wood, every day, without being asked to do so, I'll make a jelly layer cake for Thursday's supper as well as one for Sunday". You bet that box was kept full of cobs! She intrigued us by explaining that IF a water glass was placed on the middle ledge of the window sash, where the sun could shine through it, we could see multi-colored rays of light like the rays from the sun, darting and flashing through it, . . . BUT . . . the glass must first be washed in sudsy water, rinsed, dried and polished with tissue paper, until it sparkled. That was how we learned to wash glassware properly, to take pride in doing it, and maybe it took the curse off the job, as it were, even off the general dishwashing spree! It helped, too, when Mother praised us for getting all the soap off the dishes, for even an adult neighbor was known to leave soap on her dishes and let it dry on.

Mother trained us, not only to pick up our belongings, but to each *do our own*. If one of us left garments, toys

(Continued on next page)

or books on the floor, or on chairs, she would say: "I hope these will be put away before Grandma Holmes gets here; she will think it awful to see such a disordered house." Once, Grandma Holmes did come when we had coats and mittens piled in the rocking chair she always sat in, and Mother said, after she was gone. "I feel disgraced, for I'm sure she thinks we're awful people." That remark stuck in my mind and never again did I throw my things down carelessly. Grandma Holmes was a sweet, frail person, who always kept her house in order, so we hoped she'd "forget" about our disorder that day.

We each were assigned to a task that was our own responsibility, for a week. Then we changed "jobs", for a week, so it would not become too monotonous, and if we dawdled and our playmates came before we had finished, mother entertained them in the sitting room, the door was closed and we finished our task in "isolation".

I used the same methods in teaching my only child, a son, to do his chores, and to this day, he appeals to his two children's pride in doing the tasks assigned to them. When he was twelve years old he could lay the silver, select the plates, and help me to serve a formal dinner because he took pride in the work.

My daughter-in-law follows the same principle. My two grandchildren fussed at first about dishwashing, but their mother and I explained how very much it helped her, how nice it was to be able to do something for somebody; how proud I was that they could do so many little chores so well. When the girls went to camp, first as a bluebird, then as a Campfire girl, the leaders were amazed, the first day, at her efficiency, in bedmaking, etc. My daughter-in-law, and I kept a "little black book", jotting down day by day the things the two grandchildren did well, as well as their mistakes; the times they didn't need to be reminded, etc. They couldn't see it until the end of the week. Things were picked up, and they even asked for some more tasks to do. That book was intriguing and helped a lot.

I want to stress two things: DON'T nag. DON'T yell at children. However, let a child know, when very young, that we expect certain co-operation, not tasks done one day and neglected the next day. Show your appreciation by telling the child how very much it helped you. Here's an old saying: "Mean what you say, and say what you mean". Be firm, but reasonable. Don't assign tasks to children that are too difficult for persons in their age bracket. Don't ever say: "Now, you get that done,—or else." Use my Mother's method of appealing to their pride, make it seem to them that they are a part of the family, and that nice families help one another. You might even make out report cards and grade them on the week's accomplishments. But, do appeal to their pride.

—Mrs. W.W.H., Iowa.

Dear Lucile:

Ever since I received the December issue of Kitchen-Klatter I have been

thinking about the problem of getting children to accept their home responsibilities willingly. If I only had the faculty for putting my experiences on paper I would consider myself an expert!

We have four children, a girl who is now 13, a boy 11, a girl 10, and a boy 6. We used to have such a problem as you have described. It seemed to grow worse and worse, until one day when they were at school my husband and I sat down and talked it over. Then we used pencil and paper. We listed things we felt we should expect from them: promptness to bed, good table manners, personal grooming habits (such as wash before meals, comb hair, brush teeth, without having to be told), attendance at Sunday School, and KINDNESS to one another.

Then we planned things we felt they should expect from us. It is amazing how much we plan to do for our children, things which really do not cost, just take time and never get done, because we say "Oh, don't bother me now," or "I'll do it later." Their Daddy put up that basketball hoop they had bought with their own savings and that had been lying around for several weeks. I left my "work" until the next day and fixed a corner in the basement for the oldest boy to build model airplanes (his favorite past time at present) and then arranged a reading corner. Even if your child isn't interested in reading it should be provided and it is surprising how soon it "rubs off". Our children each have their own magazine subscription which they share with one another. This day was the beginning of my program to provide each with his or her Place in our Home.

That night we talked to the children and each of us pledged ourselves to try to do better. Sometimes it isn't WHAT we say, but HOW we say it that makes the difference.

From all this we have gained a better understanding of one another, and when I call they respond willingly to any little chores assigned to them, knowing that they may soon do what they consider interesting when they are through.

I think probably the solution to my problem was my own attitude toward my children. When I changed, they changed.

Your friend,  
Mrs. C.W., Iowa.

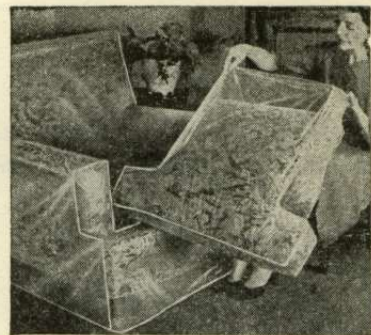
## NEAT DRAWERS FOR CHILDREN

By  
Evelyn Witter

The constant calls from our two children of: "Mommy, where are my white socks"? and, "I can't find my pajamas!" and many, many similar calls forced me to invent a system by which our pre-schoolers could find things.

Taking their abilities into consideration, we realized that labeling would be of no avail. But pictures were definitely within the realm of their understanding.

The catalogue was full of colorful pictures of items of clothing. So how



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about labeling with pictures we wondered?

We cut out pictures of underwear, blue jeans, T shirts, etc., and pasted them on the dresser drawers which contained these items.

And the system has worked even better than we expected. The children not only know where to find things, but they know where each item belongs when they are told to put their things away!

A very helpful thing to do when washing a sweater is to shape it on a turkish towel or other absorbent material and place another towel over the sweater then take a rolling pin and roll. You will be surprised how quickly it dries and how nice and smooth it is, and also in this way keeps its shape very well.—St. James, Minn.

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## THE APPALOOSA

By Hallie M. Barrow

Every horse has its day? Being a lover of horses and being dated with the horse and buggy era, I've seen many breeds of horses hold the spotlight in the equine world and then pass on. I remember when an Arabian horse was considered the last word in a flashy saddle horse. Then we went through an era when, if you wished to be stylish, you must have a white horse. At different stages, coal black, dappled gray, bays with white stockings and lately, the Palamino was the popular fad.

As I say, I was raised during the interesting horse age and on the farm I watched the big Clydes with feathers on their legs, the Morgan, the Percheron and the Belgian draft breeds have their day. So recently when we were taken on a tour during Journalism Week at Columbia, Mo., and were shown a farm where Appaloosas were featured, I immediately asked, "What is an Appaloosa?" I came upon such an interesting story that I thought perhaps you would like to know something about this breed, for right now they are much in favor for parade, pleasure and in the West where hard riding is taken for granted.

An Appaloosa is a spotted horse with no two marked alike. Usually they are called the horse with the spotted rump. I was given a book, "The Appaloosa Horse" written by Frances Haines, George B. Hatley, and Robert Peckinpaugh and in tracing the history of these spotted horses, they found it was the oldest breed known and dates back some 2500 years. In our present motor age, we depend for our war weapons, our transportation, pleasure, farm and most other kinds of work on machines. But there was a time in the world when actual horse power was the greatest force. For instance, the Great Wall of China was built to ward off attacks of barbarians from Central Asia who came mounted on their spotted horses. The Chinese had no horse troops and were helpless until the wall was built. For many years, the spotted horses were known as very superior in battles and were prized by reigning sovereigns. In time they worked westward across Africa and Europe until they reached Spain and the first Spanish discoverers introduced the spotted horses into Mexico and southwest United States.

Our American Indians are reported to have had no horses until the first Europeans came to this country. Now the plains Indians were never able to raise many horses. During winter, snows and blizzards took their toll, since of course the Indians did not put up any feed in barns. The bands of wolves that preyed on the buffalos also took their toll of the freezing, starving animals and few survived the winters. But as these spotted horses gradually worked northward from one tribe to another, they came at last to the Columbia River valley where they found a horse paradise. In the sheltered mountain valleys, there was pasture and running water the entire year. Furthermore, it was here that

this noble breed fell into the hands of a tribe called the Nez Perce, who soon became expert horse breeders. They practiced selective breeding and only the scrubs were ever sold or traded. Lewis and Clark and later the first settlers were amazed to find large herds of fine spotted horses in the river valleys in that section.

Speaking of what horse power meant to early tribes, look at what these spotted horses did for the Nez Perce! Before the coming of this horse, they were known as fish eaters and never roved farther than a few miles from the salmon rivers. They lived in community huts along the river bank. After the coming of these horses, they learned to ride and journeyed far across the Divide and became great hunters and meat eaters, enjoying buffalo, venison and antelope. They visited other tribes, held councils, discussed mutual problems and the Nez Perce adopted many new customs. They learned to take the buffalo hides and make tents for each family and, very important at that time, they became great warriors because of their horses.

Certainly the Nez Perce found the spotted horses not too hard to train. As a breed, they are sure-footed, easy-riding and blessed with great intelligence and good dispositions. The Indian brave needed both hands for his bow and arrow and the smart spotted horses quickly learned to sense which buffalo their riders had picked for slaughter and would gallop alongside that buffalo without guidance until the hunter had killed it. The same practice held in war forays. When the warrior needed both hands for his weapons, his spotted mount could be depended on to handle his part of the strategy without further attention from his rider. Just as important to the Indian warriors as the speed, endurance and intelligence of his spotted horse was its striking color pattern! Ordinarily, the brave not only painted his body with gaudy, crude colors before going into battle but also spotted up his horse with war paint. The spotted horses needed no retouching up!

The Nez Perce were indirectly responsible for the name, Appaloosa. When they owned these spotted horses, they were simply known as the Nez Perce horses. One of the largest herds belonged to an Indian living on a small river flowing into the Snake River. This valley the Indians had named "Palouse", which, according to Nez Perce language, signified "trees in flood water", as the Snake often overflowed. When the first settlers came and often inquired about these unusual spotted horses, they were told that such a horse was probably a Palouse, meaning the horse came from this valley. Understandably, not realizing it was two words, the settlers were soon calling them as if it were one word, "Apalouse" and it finally resulted in "Appalossas."

Then tragedy struck. The magnificent spotted horses suffered the same fate as the Indians at the hands of

(Continued on next Page)

the conquering white man. The spotted horses were scattered far and wide. The settlers wanted a heavier draft breed, not horses for hunting buffalos or Indian warfare. The largest number of spotted horses ever accounted for in one herd was some three thousand that helped the Nez Perce make one of the most memorable retreats in history. They traveled some fifteen hundred miles, back and forth over mountains and through passes, fighting and ever retreating until the last battle and surrender. About a thousand of the spotted horses, all that were left, were captured and sold to buyers in the east and middle west. For a time, the spotted horse was a lost breed.

That saying, "You can get a good man down but you can't keep him down" might apply to the Appaloosas. The breed was "down and out" and came back for two reasons . . . its own worthiness and its loyal friends. For ranchers and cattlemen came to realize that the Appaloosa had no peer as a stock horse. In 1938 the Appaloosa Horse Club was founded and a stud book started. An annual meeting of this club is held each June at Lewiston, Idaho, and a two-day all-Appaloosa Horse Show held at that time.

When we asked Mr. C. S. Danley, owner of the farm near Columbia, why he had chosen Appaloosas, he told us that as a small boy he had lived on a claim with his parents in the Dakotas near a tribe of Indians. They had these spotted horses and, as a little boy, he realized how intelligent they were. He said he made up his mind then that when he grew up and had his own farm, he was going to have some of these "smart" horses. And certainly his dream has come true.

Annette, Alaska

Dear Lucile Verness:

I too have twins, both boys, now 18 months of age. You say you'd like to know how people manage with twins, so let me say right now that it's far from easy, believe me! My favorite saying around home has been, "God forgot to include extra arms!"

The story of our twins is rather unusual, so bear with me while I tell you first that I have three more boys, and I was hoping very much for a girl. We live on an island and fly to Ketchikan for medical care and shopping needs.

On the day the twins arrived it was so very stormy that even Coast Guard planes couldn't go up. This was the day (3 weeks early) that my unexpected twins arrived — delivered at home by two RN's we were fortunate to have on the island. It was hours later before the doctor finally arrived by Coast Guard Cutter, and imagine his surprise to find twins!

Well, from the beginning we went around in circles with hardly enough sleep ever. The twins ate every three hours and absolutely did not stay on the same schedule. While one slept, the other was awake, and so on. One was friendly and the other shy. Talk about diapers and bottles, and talk about the cases of milk — and two of



This is the home in Clarinda, Ia. where Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and Aunt Martha Eaton live. It was built by Robert and Ruth Watkins, Aunt Jessie's son-in-law and daughter, several years ago.

everything. We had to have a twin buggy sent from Seattle, and there had to be twin cribs and twin high chairs. If I took them visiting I had to recruit a friend to supply the extra arms.

No, it hasn't been easy but we wouldn't have missed all the pleasure we've had for the world. As a dear friend always reminds me, "Look at the prestige!"

Really, I can't quite imagine my life before the twins. It's still rather a queer sensation to realize that one morning I had three boys, ages ten, four and one, and suddenly two more boys — in one jump from a family of three to five boys!

How do I manage? Well frankly, if Daddy didn't pitch in as soon as he got home from work (CAA) I just would never get finished. And his helping doesn't stop at taking over the boys. He helps with laundry and even with the ironing, if necessary. Having a baby the natural way — that is, just one at a time — one can devote so much more time to it, but with twins . . . well, if I rock one the other wants to be held also and so does the one who's a year older. It makes me feel inadequate!

I would say that a certain jealousy can develop very easily, but reprimand one and the other cries with him. They do love each other devotedly, and so far haven't been apart too much. Pat, the older by 2 hours and 20 minutes, was in the hospital recently and I stayed with him constantly. My! how he enjoyed being alone with me. But I do believe that Johnnie enjoyed being the only one at home just as much!

We try to stick to a regular routine with our day under full swing by 7:00 and the twins in bed no later than 7:30 in the evening. All day long they are right together for otherwise I wouldn't have time for the rest of the family and household chores. I usually pen them in the entire living room on rainy days (which is often) and I have a fenced play yard outside on good days. I now have an automatic washer and it would have been wonderful to have it when the twins were first here, but that's just one of those things.

With Daddy helping out in the evening I still manage to keep up with my job as Treasurer for the Alaska Crippled Children's Assoc. and also with our church activities.

Well . . . day must end. Tomorrow is another day to enjoy the twins.

—Mrs. Bill West

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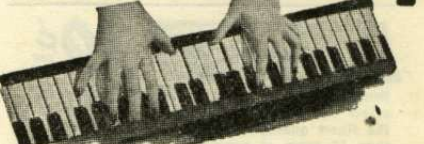
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## OVER THE COFFEE CUPS . . .

By Mildred B. Grenier

Let's start February off with a Heart Salad! When you canned pears last fall did you tint a few jars of them red? If not, you can easily tint some by adding 1/2 cup of sugar and a few drops of red food coloring to the juice drained from a can of canned pear halves and boiling about 5 minutes. Pour this over the pear halves and let stand until the desired shade of red is reached.

Now arrange on a lettuce leaf two pear halves together, cut side down, small ends down and cut a small slice off side of the center side of each half so they will fit together neatly to form a heart. With softened cream cheese in cake decorator (or mayonnaise) make an edge around the heart and an arrow through it — of if you are quite adept with the decorator, write "Be My Valentine" or some other valentine message!

\* \* \*

You can make a striking heart centerpiece from popped corn coated with a red tinted syrup for your valentine party. Press corn into a heart shaped candy box or cake tin. Remove, decorate with a white ribbon, place on a paper doily, then on aluminum foil as a background for your table centerpiece.

\* \* \*

Grandma Comfort says when tempted to boast, remember — the minute you start blowing everything starts swaying away from you.

\* \* \*

A cake decorated with an old fashioned nosegay is, to my thinking, one of the prettiest to serve to your love on Valentine's Day — and certainly one of the easiest to decorate! Bake your favorite tube cake, place on a lace doily, ice white and cover with oodles of shredded coconut. Make a nosegay of red carnations or small bright gumdrops on thin wires with fresh green leaves. Place a lace doily around it, then waxed paper so the frosting will not soak through. Insert in the center of the cake.

\* \* \*

If your fancy turns to cookies for Valentine's day, try this. Make your favorite rolled cookie dough and cut out half of it with round cookie cutters and half with scalloped cutters. In the center of each scalloped cookie cut out a small heart with a cookie cutter or sharp knife. Spread the round cookies with a red jam, top with the scalloped cookie and bake as usual.

\* \* \*

For February patriotic parties, Cookie Drums make unusual and clever favors for the children. Make your favorite rolled cookie dough, cut with round cookie cutter and bake. Stack 3 or 4 cookies together. Cut circles only slightly larger than the cookies of red construction paper; punch small holes around the edge of the circles. Place one circle on top and one on the bottom of the stack of cookies. Lace the paper circles together with bright colored cord to complete the cookie drum.



Jean Nelson and her much-loved Snowball. Jean is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Nelson of Arlington, Va., and Juliana enjoyed playing with her when we were there three years ago.

When your small fry must be kept in bed with winter colds or other sickness, try the in-bed Scavenger Hunt! From an old magazine and on different pages, you locate pictures of the objects the child is to find — as a baby, dog, house, etc. Give him a list of the objects and the magazine and let him cut out the pictures of the objects as he finds them. Of course, you must have a small prize ready for him when he has found the completed list — even a bright new penny or nickle brings delight! I have found that this is a very good method, too, to teach the beginning reader to recognize simple words.

## THE VANISHED YEARS

Where have they gone, the darling years

Of baby mirth and baby tears?  
What happened to the hours spent  
With toys and books in deep content?

And whither went the spells of mumps?  
Of measles, chicken pox and bumps?

Those later times, where have they fled  
Of bats and balls and knees that bled?

Dear God, I was so hurried then—  
Could I but have my babes again  
How eagerly I'd join the fun,  
And leave a task or two undone.

Could I call back those years today  
I'd be so tranquil, sweet and gay!  
Please let them, O God, remember me,  
Not as I was, but meant to be.  
—Author Unknown

To waste time is to exist; to use it is to live.

\* \* \*

A habit is like a soft bed—easy to get into but hard to get out of.

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**ENJOY HEALTHY STONEGROUND** Flour, Cornmeal, Cereals. Write Brownville Mills, Brownville, Nebraska.

**"MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS".** A book of poems by Martha Field Eaton. An ideal gift for that new mother. Price \$1.00. Send order to Martha Field Eaton, Clarinda, Iowa.

**MISPLACED Confidence** is Costly; See last ad in this column.

**CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS.** New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. 6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired).

**NYLON HOSIERY BARGAINS:** Factory rejects (Thirds) 6 Pair for \$1.00. Our Better Grade (Seconds) 3 pair \$1.00. Our Select Grade (Irregulars) 3 pair \$2.00. Postpaid when cash with order. Allen Hosiery Company, Box 349, Dept. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.

**LUCKY MINIATURE BIBLE!** 224 Pages! 50¢! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, New York.

**"WE WANT** everyone who suffers pain to try A-R-T-H. Prompt and lasting relief or your money back. Don't suffer a day longer. Accept our offer today. For full particulars look for our advertisement in Kitchen-Klatter today. Arthritis Company."

**NO Need To GUESS,** when you can KNOW! See last ad in this column.

**SEW BABY SHOES** at home. No canvassing \$40 weekly possible. Tiny-Tot Co., Gallipolis 56, Ohio.

**HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD.** Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

**EMBROIDER STAMPED LINENS.** Buy direct from Manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. Dept. 923. MER-RIBEE, 16 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

**POEMS** wanted for song-test. Free "Melody-Title-Line" if poem qualifies. Recording given with Collaboration-Plan. SONG-KRAFT, Box 1450-KKR, Chicago, 90.

**SHINE CARS WITHOUT "POLISH".** New invention. Lightning seller. Cars gleam like mirror. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE 117, Akron, Ohio.

**EXTRA CASH** for Women who like children. Stamp brings free suggestions. Susan A. Smith, 6337 St. Louis Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

**"JIFFY FOOD SWEETENER,"** \$1.00! Equals 19 pounds sugar! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, New York.

**\* HANDWRITING ANALYSIS** reveals predominant character traits—even more factually than years of acquaintance. Place your confidence in the right people. Be guided correctly by this amazing science. Any handwriting sample submitted will be analyzed by board of experts. Fee \$2.00. ANALYTICS, Richmondville, New York.

**CROCHETED BIB APRONS** \$3.50, Baby Sets \$3.75, Shoes 75¢, Bibs 50¢, Handkerchiefs 60¢, Fancy Potholders \$1.00 pair, plus postage. Mrs. Gertrude Burton, Route 2, Orleans, Indiana.

**NEW STYLE POT HOLDERS CLING MAGNETICALLY** to metal cabinet, stove, refrigerator. Always handy. Washable. Red, green, yellow. 3 for \$1.25. Associated, Box 1441, Dept. K, Des Moines, Iowa.

**HEALTH BOOK** by retired nurse. Arthritis "flare up" bloat, over-weight, food allergy, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

**PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.** Latest hits. 45 and 78 RPM. 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

**CROCHETED DRESSES**—1-3 years \$4.95. Fancy Aprons \$1.00-\$1.25. Fancy Hankies 50¢-\$1.00. Hemstitching, Hosemending, GUARANTEED. BEULAH'S, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

**SCARF, INDIA, PURE SILK AND ZARI.** 18" x 45", red, gray, black, blue, green, yellow, purple, brown with gold decorations, \$2.50 each. State color. Individual shoe ash trays, 3 1/2", India, brass colored, \$1.00 each, 3 for \$2.75. Alma Sothman, 417 West Koenig, Grand Island, Nebraska.

**DAISY CORSAGES, EARRINGS** \$1.50. Doll toaster covers \$1.25, plain half aprons \$1, smocked aprons \$1.50. Zelda Hatch, Baxter, Iowa.

**15" PINEAPPLE DOILIES** with fans \$1.00. Edith Kenyon, Friend, Nebraska.

**QUILT PIECES** — Colorfast cotton prints to make 2 full-size quilts. 3 pounds for \$2.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Hester's Remnants, Tusculum 1, Ala.

**MAKE YOUR FAVORITE POTHOLDER CLING MAGNETICALLY** to stove or refrigerator. We supply genuine best quality alnico magnets. 10 for \$1.00. Associated, Box 1441, Dept. K, Des Moines, Iowa.

Shelled Cashews, Brazils, Filberts \$1.25; Pecans, Almonds, Walnuts \$1.50 Pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

**LOVELY HAND HEMSTITCHED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS** with hand drawnwork corners. \$1.00 postpaid. Tena Lupkes, Ackley, Iowa.

**ATTRACTIVE** — 18 in. 7 Rose Doily—\$1.00. 15 in. Pinwheel Doily, State Color—\$1.00. Vadyne Allen, Callao, Mo.

**GET WELL, BIRTHDAY OR SYMPATHY CARDS** 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**\$1.00 APRONS** — Cosmos petals. Print with Organdy or Unusual Pockets. Crocheted Heart Pincushion, Ribbon Pointed \$1.25. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**TYPING - SHORTHAND - LEARN AT HOME!** W. C. Baise, 25 St. Francis Way, Santa Barbara, California.

**CROCHETED ROUND CORDE HANDBAGS** with beads \$5.00 each. Color choice of corde and beads. Mrs. William F. Wilson, Jr., 1008-5th St., Onawa, Iowa.

**REDUCE QUICKLY,** safely without drugs or exercising. Lose 3-pounds weekly. Formula \$1.00. National System, 1414-E-63-K-Place, Chicago.

**WANTED:** Rug weaving, \$1.10 yd. if prepared. Will cut, sew, weave, \$2.00. Work guaranteed. Rowena Winters, R. 1, Grimes, Iowa.

**CROCHETED 11" LEAF DESIGN DOILIES,** white or color, \$1. Mrs. Bert Nielsen, Cleghorn, Iowa.

**ATTENTION!** Expert Scissor Sharpening—Sewing — Barber. 40¢ ea. Ppd. No stamps please—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**"LADIES,"** one dollar brings you this New Magic Rain Bonnet in a colorful carrying case. Fits any pocket or purse. Protects your hair from wind, rain, snow and all kinds of weather. Carry it where ever you go. Ideal for gifts and school children. Money back guarantee. L & K Mail Order Co., Easton, Mo.

**"SLIPPER SLACKS,"** for that extra pair. Fine for gifts. Assorted colors \$1.25. Mrs. Albert Schultz, Rt. 2, Victor, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** 3 quilt tops, hand made. 1 embroidered, 1 flower garden, 1 peach and white. Mrs. Wm. Libengood, Winside, Nebraska.

**WILL DO CROCHETING** of any kind. Prices reasonable. Mrs. Rollin Webb, Glensfork, Ky.



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**DeLuxe Cuboids \$5.00**

A blessing for foot sufferers. Relieves weak arches, callouses, tired, aching feet. Unexcelled cushion-comfort! Adjustable, soft, flexible. Metatarsal and longitudinal arch easily adjusted. No metal. ORDER TODAY! Give shoe size and width, if for man or woman. Money back guarantee. Postpaid except CODs. Dealer Inquiries Invited. STEMMONS MFG. CO. Box 6037, Dept. KK-2 Kansas City, Mo.

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End mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe—sure—simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away, \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

**HIDE, 55-A 9th Street, Leon, Iowa**

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**FELT BABY SHOES.** Blue, Pink or White \$1.50. Cleoffa Green, Rt. 3, Lockport, Ill.

**ATTENTION! RUG HOOKERS.** Write for free illustrated folder on the new wonder cloth stripper, only \$5.95 postpaid. W. Rinn, 855 E-84th Street, Los Angeles 1, California.

**WALNUT MEATS** \$1.70 quart. Hickory Nut Meats \$1.50 quart postpaid. Charles Nekola, Clutier, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Embroidered Pillow Cases crocheted edge pair \$3.50. Embroidered Tea Towels 60¢. Print Half Aprons \$1.00. Organdy Aprons \$1.50. Ella Trumble, Barnes, Kansas.

**FAMOUS WEST DES MOINES METHODIST CHURCH COOK BOOK** — 321 favorite recipes, celebrity section. \$1.10 postpaid. Write Mrs. Jack Pitt, 808-4th St., West Des Moines, Iowa.

**FRESH SHELL-FREE BLACK WALNUT MEATS.** Full Quart \$2.00 postpaid. Dorothy Egggers, Avoca, Iowa.

**BRIGHT, AMPLE-SIZED SQUAW HALF APRONS,** Yarn-Rickrack trim \$2.75, 2—\$5.25. R. Kiehl, 2917—4th N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**LINEN HANKY'S** crocheted lace edge, for "Valentine," "Easter" and "Mother's Day" gifts. 60¢ & \$1.00 each. Adv. good at all times. Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2., Humboldt, Iowa.

**PHOTO STAMPS** (glossy & gummed) made from any photo or negative (returned) 100, \$1.75; 50, \$1.00. Goff, 1353 E. 3rd. St., Long Beach, Calif.

**KNITTED DOILY PATTERNS** Leaflets A B C D — 25¢ each. Send stamped envelope for free illustrated leaflet. Lillie Meitler, Sylvan Grove, Kans.

**QUILTING QUILTS** \$5.00. Mrs. George Lautenschlager, Davenport, Nebr.

**BLACK WALNUT MEATS** \$1.35 qt. Hickory Nuts \$1.50. House plants different 5 for \$1.00. Sachets 5—\$1.00. Ruth Samuell, Gadberry, Ky.

**AFRICAN VIOLET SHOP** 328 Story St., Council Bluffs, Iowa, will hold open House Mar. 10-11. Public welcome.

**CROCHETED 12" Pineapple popcorn stitch** Doilies \$1.00. Hairpin or Tatting pillow slips edgings 42" \$1.00 pair any color. Hairpin Stoles, glow yarn, 72" x 20", White \$10.00 postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

**KNITTED DOILIES** 8 1/2 to 11 inches. Assorted. White. Lovely. \$1.00 each. Ready now. Gertrude Sellers, Rt. 2, Lohrville, Iowa.



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**50 SPOOLS SEWING THREAD 1¢**

Unbelievable, but a GUARANTEED bona-fide offer! When you buy 50 spools of thread for only 99¢, we'll send you 50 MORE SPOOLS for only 1¢, or \$1.00 for 100 spools of wonderful mercerized thread! (Pls. include 10¢ extra for postage or \$1.10 in all.) Comes in black and white and every color you can think of, 16 shades of blue alone! Now you can match any color under the sun! Perfect for mending, darning, sewing, patching. LIMIT—3 orders per customer. Immediate delivery. Send \$1.10 today—no C. O. D.'s. If you order TODAY, we'll include Needle Threader FREE! We have thousands of satisfied customers. You'll be pleased, too. AGENTS WANTED—Make big money. Free Plans and details with your order.

QUALITY THREAD CO., BOX 27-305 KNOWLTON ST., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

**20 LARGE NEW TOWELS 5¢**

Incredible, but true! 20 large-size, new towels in colors and white—for only 5¢ each! Minimum order 20 for \$1.00. (Pls. include 15¢ extra for postage and handling, or \$1.15 in all for 20 Towels.) Others charge \$1.00 for only FIVE unwoven cotton and rayon towels like these but we made a terrific purchase and are passing savings on to you. Limit—2 orders per customer. Money-back guarantee. Order TODAY! Make wonderful gifts.  
**NICKEL TOWELS, Dept. 727, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.**

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Writing for a magazine is frustrating in a way! You will not read this until late January, but as I write it, we have just come from the Veterans' Hospital where several of us put on a Christmas party in one of the wards with gifts and eats for each of the patients. And while they were eating, I had the privilege of distributing the beautiful afghans which some of you had such a big part in making.

There were 24 afghans and I had put each in a separate box and tied it to look real Christmassy. I wish you could share the thrill I had in seeing the happiness they gave. An attendant and I went through half a dozen wards and several private rooms, talking to the boys and giving the robes to the ones who needed them. A few were put in a women's ward, too. I'm sure if you could have seen them you would feel as I did, that it was worth all the work that went into getting the robes made, and more, too.

There are more shutins than usual who need cheer. Will you do some thing for at least one of these?

Mrs. Jessie Hall, c/o Mrs. H. B. Peterson, 1507 N. 27th, Kansas City, Kansas, is a middle-aged woman who has been ill quite a while. I do not know if she will be able to answer, but she will enjoy hearing from you.

Winona Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Ind., has been ill for years. She is bedfast and suffers a great deal. Loves to get mail and collects hankies.

Mrs. Stella Munford, 706 Orange Grove, Glendale 5, Calif., has a birthday January 18th, her 78th. She has a broken hip, lives alone and gets very lonely.

Edna Eller, 1508 S. 15 St., Lawrenceville, Ill., has not been out of the house in 12 years. She would love to have some real pals.

Miss Marie Greiner, 3 Lincoln Way East, Jeannette, Pa., is bedfast and nearly blind. Also has a heart ailment. She cannot see to write but enjoys getting mail—someone reads it to her. She will be 58 on February 25.

Mrs. P. E. Thomas, Pinellas Co. Home and Hospital, Cargo, Fla., will be 89 on March 7. She is bedfast. Do send cards, please.

Mrs. Adelaide McGinnett, Rt. 2, Spartansburg, Pa., had a stroke last spring and is just beginning to take a few steps. She can't use her hands, so will not be able to answer, but would love to get mail. She is alone.

Mrs. Clifton Morris, Rt. 2, Spartansburg, Pa., is another shutin who needs cheer. She is in her seventies. She was in the hospital a long time but is home for a while now, and is unable to walk.

Mrs. Harold Schneider, 33 S. Washington St., Athens, N. Y., is not well and her husband is a shutin. He was in the hospital three months this fall but is home now although unable to get out of doors at all. They both need cheery letters.

Mrs. D. F. Soderstrom, 1114 Hill Ave., Sioux City 5, Iowa fixes up used clothing to send to Korea. She tells me she needs thread, buttons and things of that sort.

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12 Vitamins in each capsule . . . including red blood building Factors B12 and Folic.

100 Capsule bottle . . . \$3.00  
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Dwarfies DAILY DOZEN golden vitamin capsules appeal to millions of satisfied customers. Each successive year, for TWELVE years, more families use this TWELVE vitamin capsule—a PROVED all-family vitamin formula. Try it for your family. Now buy a \$3 bottle, and get the \$1 bottle FREE of any cost to you. Limited time.

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\$3.00 bottle (100 capsules to the bottle) Dwarfies "daily dozen" tight-seal (number of bottles) vitamin capsules.

For each \$3.00 bottle order I am to receive FREE a \$1.00 bottle of the same vitamins, while this offer lasts.

Offer is good for limited time only. Close of offer will be announced on the Kitchen-Klatter radio visit sometime in February.

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