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# Kitchen-Klatter

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H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Dear Friends:

This is such a bright, nice day that I'm almost deceived into thinking that winter is over and spring has come. I suppose that the small amount of snow we've had thus far is hard on children, but for those of us who can't get out when there's ice underfoot and the weather gets too bitter, it's far from hard. Of course we may have some big storms ahead of us to make up for what we've missed, but until they come I can say that I've felt less shut-in this winter than ever before.

Margery has written telling us about the torrential rains around Los Angeles. They go out very rarely in the evenings, but she said the one night they decided to take in a movie they were "half-drowned" by a storm that came up almost without warning while they were waiting for a bus. Margery has been doing a great deal of handwork this winter, and her Christmas gifts certainly showed hours and hours of stitching. Right now she is learning to knit, and I'm surely glad that one member of our family has mastered complicated patterns.

Our house seems pretty quiet these days since Wayne, Abigail, Donald, Dorothy and Kristin have all gone back to their respective duties. (Yes, I think that even Kristin has her duties, for I noticed when she visited us that she picked up her toys faithfully so that Grandpa wouldn't stumble over them. It's been so long since we've had toys underfoot that we don't watch our step as we once did.) It seemed like old times to turn out big meals for a crowd around the dining room table, and Abigail was so much help in the kitchen that we managed very easily.

Probably most of you who had college students home during the holidays noticed too that a good many hours had to be spent studying. There was a time when classes and papers could be forgotten when the campus was left behind, but that doesn't seem to be true anymore. Wayne and Abigail not only had a lot of work to do, but they also had a possible housing problem very much on their minds. Before long we'll know if they take their letters from home out of a mailbox attached to a trailer.

This reminds me that when Juliana was here today she described some

bunk-beds that two little friends of hers have in their room. After she had finished telling me how one slept on top and one slept on the bottom she added, "Do you know what I think, Grandma? I think their bed just boiled over." After she had gone we had a good laugh over it, and I thought to myself that the manufacturers of bunk beds would laugh too if they knew that to a child's mind it was just a question of a bed boiling over.

My kitchen still shows the earmarks of Don's having been home from his college work at Ames. He always takes time to do the things that are hard for me to manage such as carrying a big accumulation of fruit jars to the basement, straightening all of the high cupboard shelves, and taking the stove apart for a thorough cleaning. He says that he enjoys doing these things, and they are surely appreciated. His engineering courses at Ames keep him so busy that he never has a glimpse of household jobs except when he is at home.

All of us shared Edith Hansen's joy in the fact that their Don could be with them for two weeks. It was the happiest Christmas the Hansens have had since their boys went to war. His mother's good cooking and his brother Harold's devoted care sent Don back to the big Chicago hospital looking like a different boy. We're all so glad that he was finally able to be transferred from California to Chicago for this means just a short overnight trip for visits with him.

The countless friends of Earl E. May have had to adjust themselves to the fact that he is no longer with us to inspire us in our various tasks. I wish that all of you might have been with us here in Shenandoah to see the tribute that was paid to this man who believed in working for the betterment of the world. The full extent of his generosity will never be known. It will be many years before the last person is gone who received genuine help from his hands. During his long, long illness there wasn't a person who didn't pray that some miracle would restore him to health and enable him to take up once again the life that he loved and wanted to live. I'm sure that no man ever put up a more courageous battle to live. And it was this courage that made us believe he might triumph over odds

that would have finished most other men long ago. Fate decrees that most men leave only a handful of people who can ill afford their passing, but Mr. May left not only his family but a town and a country that could not afford to lose him.

### THEY SOFTLY WALK

(Dedicated to the Memory of Earl E. May)

They are not gone who pass  
Beyond the clasp of hand,  
Out of the strong embrace.  
They are but come so close  
We need not grope with hands,  
Nor look to see, nor try  
To catch the sound of feet.  
They have put off their shoes  
Softly to walk by day  
Within our thoughts, to tread  
At night our dream-led paths  
Of sleep.

They are not lost who find  
The sunset gate, the goal  
Of all their faithful years.  
Not lost are they who reach  
The summit of their climb,  
The peak above the clouds  
And storms. They are not lost  
Who find the light of sun  
And stars—and God.

—Hugh Robert Orr.

Sit down and write a letter to me when you can. Our family welcomes word from you in the same way that you welcome word from us.

Lovingly,  
Leanna.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME

Two little boys who had been naughty all day were told by the teacher that they must stay after school and write their names five hundred times. One of them began to watch the other unhappily. "Why aren't you writing, Tommy?" asked the teacher. Tommy burst into tears. "Taint fair!" he sobbed; "his name's Lee and mine's Schluttermeyer!"



Mart and Leanna Driftmier. This picture was taken to give our children at Christmas time.

# Come into the Garden

## PROPAGATION OF LOVE APPLES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Tomatoes were formerly called Love Apples, but when the term is used in garden circles today it probably refers to something that provides "food for the soul" instead of for the stomach—to something that is not edible but very desirable for winter bouquets and winter decorations.

The new Love Apple, botanically *Solanum aculeatissimum*, is as brilliantly red as the reddest tomato but smaller—the average size is not much over one and one-quarter inches. The firm, thick, satiny skin surrounds an interior filled with pepper-like seeds.

Propagation is by seeds to be planted in February or early March in a flat as one would handle tomato or pepper seeds. As a rule they germinate quite readily. Six or a dozen plants will provide lots of fruit and if one does not care to prepare a flat, a few seeds may be scattered in a pot around a geranium or other house plant. They are a real satisfaction for they do not grow spindly or one-sided. Turn them occasionally in the window and when they have developed their true leaves, they are ready to be planted into individual paper pots. They could be left in the flat, unless too crowded, but root development is better if they are reset.

When spring arrives, set them outside on warm sunny days to accustom them to the outside air. We call this "hardening off." They must be brought inside each evening and not set out at all on cold, blustery days. When all danger of frost is past, they are ready to be slipped out of the pots and into the garden.

The fruits are beautiful, but the plant itself is quite unlovely with its prickly stems and leaves and small white blossoms. Set it in the back part of the vegetable or flower garden. More fruits develop if the plants are given space in which to grow—two feet apart is not a bit too much. Cultivate them as you do your vegetables and they will require no more attention.

I discovered last fall that a bush from which I removed quite a bit of foliage, because it was taking over the path, ripened its fruits better and more quickly than other plants in the same row. This leads me to believe that when the fruit has reached full size and starts to color, it would be helpful to prune off some of the upper parts of the bushes and large leaves. A light frost will not prove harmful but if the fruit is ripe, cut the stems before frost and bring inside. It will be easier to handle the plants (wear leather gloves) if most of the leaves are removed before cutting the stems.

Arborvitae fastened closely to the stems with black thread makes a very effective Christmasy-looking material to be used in vases, for sprays or for



The Love Apple.

wreaths. The apples may be picked and laid in bowls with gourds or used in charm strings. You will discover other interesting and novel ways to use them throughout the winter.

\* \* \*

Note: We've never had a winter bouquet that has given us more pleasure than the brilliant Love Apples arranged in a bowl on the bookcase in our library.—Leanna.

## SOIL REQUIREMENTS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Since it is still winter, we flower lovers have our minds mostly on our house plants and their care. Last month we considered their moisture needs, so let us think now of the soil in which they grow.

Nearly all of our house plants are aliens in our homes. They have traveled far from their original abode, and not only do they need the right conditions of heat and moisture, but they must also have the proper medium in which their roots are to grow and thrive. Thus in considering what sort of a soil mixture we should choose for our potted plants, we must know something of the soil in which they grow naturally.

Take the Episcia, for instance, a somewhat newer type of house plant with rough, embossed foliage of a coppery tint. We are told that it comes from the jungles of British Honduras on the costal area of the Gulf of Mexico, and that it is said to grow among the debris of rotting tree trunks in a hot, moist climate. The facility with which its spreading branches root in this rich, moist soil gives us the necessary clue which we are looking for when we think of the

soil needs it has as a houseplant. The Billbergia of the Pineapple family, interesting because of the curiously formed and oddly tinted bloom which emerges from rose-colored bracts, is another tropical plant which, if grown in our homes, must have a very loose, fibrous soil. It will send off shoots from the base for propagation. Callas require a liberal amount of rich, fertilized soil mixed with humus to supply their needs, and Amaryllis also must have manure (half rotted), compost and some bone meal added to the already good garden soil which makes up their root home.

The Geranium, on the other hand, prefers a firm potting soil of good garden loam. Notice, if you will, our native geraniums growing in our borders, and take a tip from them as to the soil needs of their more frost-tender relatives. Ferns like a cool root-run in fibrous rich soil, with special attention paid to surrounding conditions.

African Violets, which seem to have been found first on a mountain-side in east-central Africa, seem to have rather special requirements. What would you expect they would like from reading about their native home? Well, perhaps a not too-rich soil, with enough sand or similar substance in it for good drainage, and rather fibrous, too. Use your imagination a little, or better yet, get a good formula from an expert in these beautiful plants. Begonias, too, are mostly tropical plants, although many are also found growing rather high on these tropical mountains. Their soil should be porous for their roots are shallow and are surface feeders.

Cacti, the well-known desert plant, can scarcely have its requirements mistaken. Think of the desert and you have the answer. Sandy soil, good drainage, and proper resting periods are necessary. However, the Christmas Cacti and the Orchid Cacti must not be confused with the desert. For the most part they are native to the South American tropical forests where they dwell in the crotches of trees; this means that the drainage is sharp, although during the rainy season moisture is abundant. Decaying vegetation furnishes the rich loose soil so necessary to their development. As I said, study the geographical conditions where these plants grow and you will have a pretty good estimate of what they require.

A diversity of plants really does call for very different soil conditions which must be approximated in the small areas our plants call "home". They cannot shift for themselves as they might do in the garden, the forest, the desert or the mountain-side, so we must supply for them whatever their systems crave.

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Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY THE WELCOME

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

(Reprinted from Woman's Home Companion)

Toward evening Wayne got out the road map again and we looked carefully at the straight red line between Kansas City and Saint Joseph. With his short brown fingers he traced it slowly and when Frederick said, "It's almost six o'clock now," we could see that they must be some place near the end of that red line.

I began walking around the rooms putting on the last finishing touches. We had ordered a dozen red roses from the florist and Marjorie worked all afternoon polishing the beautiful copper vase that mother bought years ago when she was teaching school in California. I had her work at the kitchen table and every time I flew out to look at the chickens she turned it back and forth and showed me the places that gleamed like August suns. The roses were in it now and they stood with their sculptured red heads drooping over the songbook.

"Shall we turn on the lamps and light the candles?" Dorothy asked, "or do you think we should wait until just before they get home?"

"Let's turn them on now," Frederick said going over to the Christmas tree and putting his hand under the prickly green branches to find the connection. Instantly the great golden star sprang into bloom high on the top branch and cascading down in the sweet fragrant pine were the gay red Santa Clauses and brilliant flowers that we had found packed carefully away in cotton from the Christmas before.

"Do you think Mother will like this blue light so close to the green one?" he asked. "Do you remember last year she told us to be careful about getting some of those colors too close together?"

"She'll like this very much," Marjorie said patting the tiny round stomach of a Santa Claus, "and she'll think there are some fine branches to tie on suet and bread crusts afterward."

"We'll put the tree just outside her window," I said, "and she can see the birds from her bed."

"She'll like that," Dorothy said and her eyes were bright with tears.

I walked over to the windows and looked down the long white hill. The sun was setting now. There were delicate fans of rosy pink spread across the sky and in all of the little hollows that looked secret and lonely, pale purple shadows were settling. From where I stood I could see the gentle round slope where all of us had coasted last winter. We had run up and down with our old dog prancing and nipping at the sled runners and Mother had wrapped her bright red scarf over her ears and gone down with us.

A car turned the corner and my heart sprang to attention. In an hour they will be here, I said to myself. In an hour the ambulance lights will flash through that long arch of trees and they will be here at last.

"You'd better come and look at these

chickens again," Emma said from the kitchen door. "I think we'd better turn the fire down or those legs will get too brown."

She opened the oven door and we crowded closer around her. There were the plump glistening chickens snuggled up to each other in little piles of white steaming rice, with their wings touching affectionately and their four fat legs crossed modestly. I took a fork and poked one very gently. Shining steams of rich juice poured out of the tight skin and ran down into the pan.

"Um . . ." we breathed.

"I thought we'd put them on the platter and let your mother see them before they're carved," Emma said proudly. "What time do you reckon they'll come?"

"They should be here in an hour." I said glancing at the kitchen clock. "Dad thought they would leave Saint Joseph by six and then it only takes an hour."

"But they won't drive fast," Frederick put in. "They won't want to joggle her or hit any bumps, so it'll take longer."

"Not much longer, though, because Mother knows we're waiting and she'll want to hurry as fast as she can."

I looked at the table again. Dorothy and Marjorie and I had started fixing it at three o'clock because we wanted everything just right and it had taken us over an hour because all of us were so fussy. Marjorie even got cotton to shine the goblets and Dorothy measured the exact place for every piece of silver with a little ruler.

I flicked the tiniest speck of lint from the side of one goblet and touched the end of a spoon with a napkin to take off the faintest fingerprint. There were short crimson candles on each side of the flaming poinsettia and the place cards that Marjorie had made were standing jauntily in front of every plate.

"What shall I do about Mother's?" she had asked holding the lettering pen above the square of cardboard. "We could give it to her on her tray, couldn't we, even though everyone knows it's her place. She'd think that was fun, wouldn't she?"

"What do you suppose Mother will notice first when they wheel her in?" Dorothy asked. "The tree or the table?"

"She'll notice the tree first of course," Frederick said, who had worked all morning fixing a bucket of sand to stand it in, and bracing the supports just right. "And after the tree she'll see the creche that Wayne made and then she'll see the table."

I walked around the house anxiously. In some ways this last hour of waiting was harder than all of the hard hours since that Sunday morning in September when it had happened. With that agonized flash of memory I could see again how it must have been, how they must have driven along joyful and happy through the softness of the Indian summer morning, how they must have looked for one shocked moment at the thundering car that struck them.

We had been eating breakfast the next day when Emma brought in the

telegram. We wept. Each of us had gone off in desolate sorrow trying to imagine what it would mean if Mother never walked again. Later I found Frederick lying under the spirea bushes by the pool with his head buried in our old dog's furry coat. "I keep thinking," he sobbed, "how she was going to rake leaves with us for our picnics."

I looked around the big hushed rooms. Wayne had lighted the candles. Their steady yellow flames made little pools of pale gold in the gleaming piano. One drop of water hung in a silver ball at the end of a rose petal. The golden pools and the silver ball were waiting.

"Is there anything left to do?" I asked when Emma came to the dining-room door.

"Nothing," she said. "The pudding is ready and the chickens are done and I've got the fruit cocktail chilling in the icebox. Do you reckon anything's held them up? I hate to think of them chickens waiting much longer." She cocked her head anxiously toward the kitchen and sniffed critically at the indescribably wonderful odor. We all turned and sniffed too.

"It's a good smell to walk into, isn't it?" Marjorie said taking her handkerchief and rubbing the copper vase once again.

"Listen, what do you suppose is in there?" She pointed to the small blue-starred box tied with an impudent blue bow that fairly shouted to be opened.

"No fair peeking," Frederick reminded her when she picked it up and began shaking it hopefully. "The card says, 'For Mother,' and she wouldn't like it if we got into things ahead of time."

"But I don't have anything to do," Marjorie sighed roaming around the room impatiently. "I don't think they'll ever get home."

We had started dressing at noon and for two hours there had been great splashings and running about to find socks and petticoats and neckties.

"This is like it was before Mother got hurt, isn't it?" Dorothy said cheerfully, brushing her teeth in the steamy bathroom. "This is the way we always got ready all together on Sunday morning except that everyone had his clothes in a separate stack before we started. Do you remember the time someone asked Mother if she had us trained to sit in stairsteps at church?"

"That was old Mrs. Burwell," I said. "One time she looked at my front teeth when I was little and said, 'Land, land, child, you're going far away from home! That big space between your front teeth means that you'll go a long ways when you grow up,' and I cried myself to sleep for weeks because I didn't want to leave Mother and the family and go away."

I remembered this now when Dorothy came over to the piano where I sat teetering on the edge of the bench and said, "Why don't we sing some Christmas songs while we're waiting?" First let's do *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*."

I began playing. Only Dorothy sang at the beginning, but before we'd got

though the first verse everyone else came over to the piano and began singing too.

I glanced up at their faces. In all their eyes was the steady courage and hope that each of them had drawn from some deep source to meet this homecoming.

*Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King*

I am the oldest, I thought, and I have less faith than any of them.

We had finished all of the verses of the first song and started on O Little Town of Bethlehem when the lights of a car flashed.

"They're here!" Emma said starting toward the door and then stopping abruptly. "Now listen," she said firmly, "you don't want to go tearing out in the cold and upset your mother, do you? Tell them to set down, Lucile, until they bring her in."

"Sit down," I said quietly.

We all sat down in a row, Dorothy next to me, and then Frederick and Marjorie and Wayne.

*She went away tall and strong, my heart cried. She walked out to the car waving gaily to us.*

They were almost to the steps now. Then we saw the long cot roll into the living-room.

"Mother!" we cried.

She raised her head and smiled. "Merry Christmas!" she cried.

"Mother!" we cried again, smiling at her through our tears.

"Mother, Mother, Mother . . ."

"You have such a beautiful tree," she said. "I hoped it would look like this."

Then all of us were bending over the cot laughing and crying.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" everyone cried at once, the strangeness and sadness gone like magic.

"Who fixed that?" Mother asked, pointing to her picture framed with sprays of evergreen.

"Dorothy did," someone said. "We put it up to keep from quarreling when we knew that you wouldn't be home for a long time."

"But I'm home now," she said gaily, washing away the terrible weeks at the hospital with a wave of her hand, "and I'm sure with my family to love me I'll get well fast; you can help me learn to walk again too. I won't need crutches long with so many shoulders to lean on. Why don't we sing?"

I sat down at the piano and turned to Silent Night. Every Christmas just before our tree we had turned off all the lights and sung it very softly. "Christmas is love!" Mother exclaimed once as we finished the last "Sleep in heavenly peace."

I struck the first notes. My mother's voice, firm and clear, started, then everybody joined in.

*All is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon Virgin, mother and child,  
Holy infant so tender and mild*

Once again I felt the deep glowing bonds of love between us, felt the ageless triumph of love that breaks down the prisons of death, illness and suffering.

I turned to look at my mother. She smiled at me gravely, tenderly.

*Sleep in heavenly peace.*



Your new friend, Mrs. Hallie Barrows, Clarksdale, Missouri.

## FROM A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

Did you ever ask an innocent question and start a real hubbub? Last week our neighbor butchered his fine, fat, yearling calf, and neighbors up and down the street went for the parts which didn't have to hang and freeze first. Someone wanted the heart to bake with onion dressing; many wanted fresh calves liver; one wanted the brain to scramble with eggs, and I wanted the tongue to serve with spinach. Everything was peace and harmony until one woman asked for the sweetbread.

This home-butcher said the only thing he knew that might be the sweetbread was the fatty piece off the end of the brisket and he'd always fed that to his cats! He'd never heard of folks eating it. The customer told him how expensive sweetbreads were in the city market, and still he said that it was just cat meat to him. By noon the next day the whole small town where I live was in a big argument about where sweetbreads come from and what they were. It waxed hot and furious because no two agreed.

One of our best woman cooks said that she had always been able to find out anything from the Fanny Farmer Boston Cooking School cook book which had been given to her as a wedding present fifty years ago. There was a whole page about sweetbreads and it distinctly said that it was a gland in the suckling calf which disappeared when the calf was taken off a liquid diet.

The farmers who came into town on Saturday put in their oars. They said that hogs had sweetbreads, and one man said that most hog sweetbreads were cut up with the lard and when you found one in the cracklings, "Boy, you really had a tasty bit, bettern' candy!"

Our banker looked it up in his Encyclopedia and it agreed with Fanny Farmer, but our grocer disputed not only Fanny but the Encyclopedia Britannica as well. To back up his argument he brought out his sales sheet from the packers and they listed "Beef sweetbreads"—even two kinds of beef sweetbreads!

Our druggist is a most conservative man and his opinion was that sweetbreads were something about the head. But the climax came when one of our best fried chicken cooks came to town to do her Saturday shopping and she said that even chickens had sweetbreads—it was that white thing near the gizzard! So take your choice.

This sweetbread argument came to the notice of a city newspaper and brought letters of advice and information. Also, many of the letters were from women who sent recipes for cooking sweetbreads. Most of these called for parboiling first and then soaking in cold water with a little vinegar so the membrane could be removed easily. Then they were prepared in various ways.

But the way of cooking them which interested me most was being done in the kitchen of one of my city customers. They preferred sweetbreads to turkey for their Christmas dinner. She put them in a covered baker with one-half cup of water, and then baked them in a very slow oven for at least four hours. They had been in almost that time when she took off the lid to show me—they were almost covered with their own gravy. Most of the membrane had dissolved and the secret was the long slow baking.

We don't drive around to see the Christmas decorations as they do in the city, but we all try to get out and see which woman has the best Christmas cactus in bloom. Mrs. George Long has had the prize-winning plant for several years, and it has hundreds of pink blooms at the leaf axils. It is really a sight to see. Mrs. Long says that she does not turn it to the sun as with other plants for that would simply "blast" the bloom—it must remain standing in the same position. What a beautiful sight it is to see a big bay window filled with blossoms!

## PRAYER OF A TIRED MOTHER

Hear my whispered prayer to Thee,  
Oh, Father: May I patient be,  
Keep my voice soft, gentle, low;  
Help me serene and calm to grow.  
The little hands that clutch and cling,  
The wilted flowers they often bring,  
The restless feet that track in dirt,  
The many little cuts and hurts  
That fill my days.

So often I am tired and harried,  
When I have need to be unflurried.  
Help me to know which things are  
real;

Their true importance help me feel.  
And may I kiss the clinging hands,  
With eagerness receive the flowers;  
Help me to guide aright those feet,  
Each hurt to bind, and then repeat  
Soft, soothing words.

—Unknown.



# Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

Poultry producers are turning more and more to early hatched chickens, and reports from hatcheries indicate that some have sold all the chicks they can hatch in February, March and April. This means that the poultry men who want early chicks from the better hatcheries will need to order soon.

There is a possibility that chicken prices may drop sharply next fall, so there is an added need to buy chicks early. And too, earlier hatched chicks give us more fall and winter eggs when market prices are at their best.

One of the methods of increasing winter egg production is artificial lighting, and since so many farmers now have electricity on their farms they are using it to lengthen the daily laying period.

The hen belongs to no union, but her working day is over when sunlight no longer filters into the poultry house. She is then ready for the roost and the next egg will have to wait until the next day. Enough light should be used to give the hen a thirteen-hour day, and the extra amount needed could be added either morning or evening. However, in visiting with different friends who have used lights I find that almost everyone agrees that morning lights are best. By turning on the lights at 3:00 A. M. the hens have had their thirteen hours of light by early evening, and there are not so many late eggs or eggs dropped under the roosts.

This 3:00 A. M. lighting system may be established by the "alarm clock" method, or something similar to it. Morning or evening lighting should all be discontinued when the natural day becomes thirteen hours long. Other advantages of artificial lighting are that it helps the hen to maintain proper body weight and tends to hasten maturity of late hatched pullets. In most cases lighting should be started by mid-October on birds that have been in production for some time. And I would also advise those who are starting with the lighting system to use it on "all pullet" flocks for best results.

Pullet flocks are the best all around. Not only do they resist disease better, but they respond more quickly to good care. I read a recent article on pullet eggs in which it stated that they were given first place on every count. Many people think that pullets lay only small eggs, but this is not necessarily the case as a pullet properly grown will lay as large eggs as a hen. The white of a pullet egg contains a much higher albumen content and therefore will whip up better and stand up much firmer; it is also much whiter. What more could you wish for from any egg?

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter program over KMA, 3:15 p. m. every day but Sunday. The only "Mother and Daughter" program on the air.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

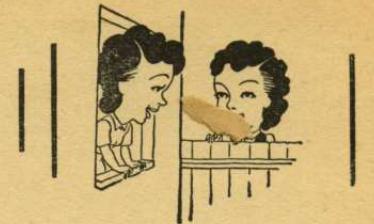
If you want to enlarge your account with the Bank of Happiness, here are some items you can deposit this month: Send a card to Mabelle Stafford, Rt. 1, Mediapolis, Iowa. She recently did a stretch in the hospital. She is home now but not feeling a bit well. Anna E. Ohlson, 881 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10, Illinois, has spent most of the last ten years in bed. She has arthritis. She wants some artificial flowers for her room. Marguerite Scott, 124 Levy St., Shreveport 2, Louisiana, needs a bit of cheer. She was run over last February by two cars and what they did to her shouldn't happen to anybody. She is getting along amazingly well but will be shutin for a long time yet. She asks that folks write to her.

Many people ask what to do with their Christmas cards. Mrs. H. C. Bring, Rt. 5, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, will be glad to get all you have. She sends them to an Indian settlement near her, also to a mental hospital. Both places they are received with pleasure. Mrs. Gertrude Hatson, Box 945, Holden, Mass., wants all kinds of used greeting cards except Christmas ones. Mary Z. Rodgers, 917 Hill Alley, Johnstown, Pa., wants used greeting cards of all kinds, used view cards and colored pictures for scrapbooks, and the Tom Thumb size story books. Maude E. Knecht, Rt. 1, Box 501, Copley, Ohio, wants all kinds of cat pictures.

Una Belle McCoy, 1519 Delaware St., Tucson, Arizona wants old colored felt hats or any colored felt. She especially wants bright colors—no black ones. One of the shutin Neighbors wants to make a lot of aprons and asks for patterns. She does not want her name mentioned so if you have a pattern send it to me and I'll see that she gets it. Another Neighbor wants a pattern for a small boy's crocheted cap with visor. Do you have it?

Will someone volunteer to finish some pieced wheel chair robes for the soldiers? A Neighbor started some and is ill and not able to finish them. Write me if you will help. We need more pieces for making robes, and lots and lots more yarn of all colors. They need not be full skeins for small amounts work up all right. Send yarn to Mrs. Wm. E. Hale, Rt. 5, Box 66, Des Moines 17, Iowa. Ask for name of place to send pieces. If you would like to send money to buy yarn, write me about it. My address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

There is still a heavy call for scrapbooks for soldiers. This is a nice time to make them and if you will undertake to fill some send me \$1.50 and I will have ten blank books sent to you. Talk about it at church next Sunday. Maybe you can interest your Sunday School class or the Ladies Aid. It is fascinating work and the books give much pleasure in the hospitals and camps. Full directions come with them. Let's each do our bit.



## OVER THE FENCE

I'm sure that many of you will be interested in these lines from a letter written by Mrs. Esther Bentley of Omaha, Nebr. "I don't know how to thank you for the little note you had in your "Over the Fence" column asking for dolls for the Omaha Camp Fire girls. We have received almost fifty dolls and seven states have responded. Some of the dolls we received were brand new, and some will need quite a bit of repair work so they will be what we start on next October. This year we turned out well over five-hundred dolls."

Another one of our Kitchen-Klatter correspondents sends news of a birth in the family. In Mary Duncomb's Christmas letter she told me that they had just welcomed a new grandson, Donald Gene Reu.

Those of you who had access to the beautiful Christmas cards produced by the American Artists Association possibly noticed a particularly lovely one titled "The Christmas Toy." The charming little boy who posed for this painting is Elliott Chapin, the son of my niece, Mary Fischer Chapin, and her husband, James Chapin. Mary wrote such an interesting letter for our little magazine back in 1943 when she told us about Elliott's arrival and her experiences in a big New York hospital.

The second week in January we said goodbye to Ruth Shambaugh Hawkins and her husband when they left for Los Angeles. The trip was made in a station-wagon jeep (the first one we had ever seen) and we're wondering at this time just how they fared on their cross-country trip. If they can find housing in Los Angeles they will live there while Bob attends an art school.

My mail brings many reports of people who stand badly in need of cheer, but when I read about Mrs. Clyde Mathes, University Hospital, Isolation Ward, Iowa City, Iowa, I decided that a note about her predicament must be included here. She has polio and has been in an iron lung for twenty-four weeks. Think what this must mean to the mother of two little girls, eight and six years old, and a little boy of two. Iron-lung patients are so restricted in their activities that mail means a great deal to them.

Success is getting what you want. Happiness is wanting what you get.

## A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

Bermuda has its bad days (and I mean really BAD), but when it has a good day there is nothing that can beat it. When we do have bad days the weather is worse here on the base than anywhere else on the island. The base is on a long finger of land jutting right out between two sounds where it gets the full sweep of the wind no matter from which direction it blows.

On a very windy day the windows of buildings hundreds of feet from the water's edge are covered with salt spray. When you read in the papers that the old Atlantic Ocean is having heavy storms, think of us out here in Bermuda where the storms are on all sides of us. Because Betty and I love to go boating we have learned to be very interested in the winds and the tides, and recently, due to the stormy weather, there have been unusually high tides. The other morning I looked out of the window toward our pier and had the shock of my life when I couldn't see the diving board. Our little beach sitting right on top of the stone pier had several feet of water over it. The high tide had covered everything along the waterfront.

However, before this last spree of bad weather hit us we had quite a deep sea fishing trip. The invitation was issued on Tuesday morning, and I spent Tuesday afternoon on the telephone trying to find somewhere in Bermuda a large sized box of the finest seasick remedy on the market. When I went aboard the Lady Bermuda on Wednesday morning I had the coveted seasick remedy rolled up in wax paper to give the appearance of a ham sandwich for I couldn't see any point in broadcasting my fears to the rest of the party.

However, I did decide to let one of the crowd in on my secret for she looked like the seasick type to me, so we went down to one of the cabins and I urged her to take some of the remedy at once. She protested that she didn't expect to get sick, but I assured her that she was definitely the type to get violently seasick and probably wouldn't live to see shore again unless she took some of the remedy without delay. This convinced her, so we both took a double dose of it and returned topside.

For the first hour things went well. I caught a Bonita on a trolling line, and the funny thing about it was that I didn't know I had caught him. I had just decided to give up the trolling and was winding in the line when the hook came over the side and there was the Bonita on it! That encouraged me to try again, and I had no more than let the line out when something struck hard. Betty, the fisherman in our family, had coached me to yell "Strike!" if anything took the hook, but in the excitement all I could shout was "HELP!" Members of the party almost fell overboard trying to help hold me in the boat, but it was all to no avail. Whatever it was got away.

About noon we anchored ten miles off shore and dropped lines over



Near the home of Ted and Betty Driftmier in Bermuda. They have a small boat and enjoy sailing it.

the side to fish for the big ones on the bottom. Within three minutes everyone was catching fish except the Driftmier family. My, how that boat did roll and toss. I'll swear that the ground swells were running twenty feet high. I took it for ten minutes and then something happened. One of our crowd pulled in a big fish and when it came over the side practically into my lap, I took one look at the bloated stomach, popped eyes and bloody mouth and made a dash for the rail. After ten minutes of frightful anguish I passed on into the state known to all gallant men of the Navy who at one time or another have said, "I should have joined the army!" It wasn't until long, long afterwards when we were cruising in the quiet waters of Eli's Harbor that I had the strength to sit up. What a day! What an experience! The only comfort I could wrench from it was the certainty that we won't be asked again to go deep-sea fishing.

One thing I have learned about life in Bermuda is that it helps one to learn how to make his own entertainment. For those of us fortunate enough to have homes here social life is centered around our own firesides. We entertain in our own home or are being entertained in the home of a friend. Occasionally we go to a movie, but more often we sit around our fireplace and talk or read. When the weather is good we go swimming or hiking or cycling or boating or fishing. During the five months that I have been in Bermuda I have been to the city of Hamilton just five times, so you can see that in Bermuda urban life is definitely not essential for entertainment.

Among the new books recently received in the library is Kip Farrington's book on fish. When we were looking at it for the first time we were happy to discover that Betty's father wrote the preface to the book. So many people are asking to borrow it that we haven't had a chance to sit down and really study it, so I think that we shall have to order one for ourselves.

I wish you could see all the new books now coming into the library here on the base. Almost every day we receive another shipment. For several weeks I have been waiting anxiously for the new Smith-Goodspeed translation of the complete Bible, and today we received not one, but three copies. The Bible is always interesting reading, but this particular translation has a surprising new

charm. Persons who have never been able to enjoy reading the Bible will be thrilled with this version of it. The work is in pure, beautiful, clear, often incisive English, and is the finest thing our library has received in a long time.

The "Clergy vs. Canine Battle" seems to have no termination. I have tried to arrange for a truce, but the dogs have no respect for any agreement. For two Sundays in a row some hound has stood outside the Chapel and howled while the bugler bugled "Church Call." People living on the other side of the sound have told me that they can hear the howling clear over there. Ever since I started having dog trouble, some of the people on the base have been keeping their eyes open for chances to remind me of it. I am always getting telephone calls asking me if I want to buy a dog. In the last shipment of books from Rhode Island were five or six books on dogs, and just inside the cover of each book in the shipment that did not pertain to dogs was a large photograph of a dog. One volume arrived via airmail—*The Secrets of Dog Discipline*.

It is very late and far too soon the alarm clock will be ringing 6:30 so I must stop now and get to bed. I'm happy that you had such a wonderful Christmas, and hope that before too many years all seven of us with our respective families can be at home for the holidays.

—Frederick.

## A WISH

Let me do good and never know  
To whom my life a blessing brings,  
E'en as a lighthouse freely flings  
O'er the dark waves a steady glow,  
Guiding the ships which to and fro  
Flit by unseen with their white wings.  
Let me do good and never know  
To whom my life a blessing brings,  
As thirsty travelers come and go  
Where some fresh mossy fountain  
springs,

It cools their lips and sweetly sings  
And glides away with heedless flow.  
Let me do good and never know  
To whom my life a blessing brings.

—Unknown.



These are the four sons of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Sickels, Kellerton, Iowa. Gene, 17; Glen, 13; Lynn, 11; and Mack, 10. Their mother, Maxine, writes for Kitchen-Klatter.



### ROAST MEAT

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Venison.

Cut meat in long, thick chunks weighing from 1 to 2 pounds. Cook 1/3 to 1/2 done by steaming, baking, or roasting. Meat may also be cooked until brown in deep fat. The partly cooked meat may be left in chunks or cut in thick slices. Season and pack hot into hot jars. Cover with hot gravy or broth and process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot water bath; then complete seal.

### MEAT BALLS

Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Liver, Etc.  
6 lbs. chopped lean meat  
1/2 lb. chopped fat meat  
1 onion  
1 Tbls. salt  
1 tsp. black pepper  
1 cup cracker meal

Mix ingredients and form into balls of uniform size. Drop balls, few at a time, into boiling water. Cook 5 minutes. Pack into hot jars and cover with water in which cooked. Process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure, or 3 1/2 hours in hot-water bath; then complete seal. Meat balls may also be precooked by baking or by browning in fat. Cover with gravy or tomato sauce.

### PORK SAUSAGE

(Use for any type sausage)  
Form sausage into cakes or stuff into casings. Cook until lightly browned. If in casings, prick before pre-cooking. Pack into hot jars and process 60 minutes at 15 pounds pressure or 3 1/2 hours in hot-water bath; then complete seal. Do not add large amounts of sage and spices to sausage which is to be canned.

### RELIABLE METHOD FOR CANNING MEAT

1 cup brown sugar  
2 cups salt  
1 gallon of water

Bring above ingredients to a boil and then cool. Use 1 measuring cup of this liquid in each quart jar of meat, either chunk or sliced, and process 1 hour in hot water process.—Mrs. Clen Boget, Grinnell, Ia.

## “Recipes Tested

in the

### Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen”

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### FRUIT CAKE

This recipe produces an incomparable cake—a loaf of it came as a Christmas gift and it was wonderful. You may want to make another fruit cake this winter, but in case you don't, be sure to file this recipe—don't let it get away from you.—Lucile.

2 lbs. dates cut up  
4 pkgs. candied red cherries  
candied red cherries  
1 lb. walnuts (about 106 halves)  
1 lb. Brazil nuts (about 43, and keep them as whole as possible)  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1 1/2 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
4 large eggs

Put your fruit, nuts, flour, baking powder, sugar and salt in large bowl. Mix well. Add the eggs, beaten. Bake 1 1/2 hours in a slow oven.—Mrs. Esther Flesche, Ellendale, Minn.

### DANISH COFFEE CAKE

2 cups sifted flour  
1/4 cup shortening  
1 cake compressed yeast  
1/4 cup sugar (can use syrup)  
2 egg yolks  
1/2 cup cold milk (soak the yeast in the milk)

Mix all of the dry ingredients. Add shortening. When the yeast is soft add the two egg yolks and then combine with first mixture and knead as for any other roll dough. Let raise for five hours, then divide it into 3 small parts and roll out as for cookies. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, add 1/2 cup sugar and 1 cup of chopped nut meats. Spread this mixture on rolled out dough that is rectangular in shape and fold over the sides and ends and pinch together. Let raise for another hour and bake until done.—Mrs. Paul Peterson, Omaha, Nebr.

**POTATO CORN BREAD**  
(Fine for those allergic to wheat products)

1 cup corn meal  
1 cup mashed potatoes  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup buttermilk  
2 Tbls. sugar  
1/2 tsp. soda  
2 tsp. baking powder  
2 Tbls. shortening  
2 eggs, well beaten

Combine, mix thoroughly, and bake in moderate oven.—Mrs. L. C. P., Lincoln, Nebr.

### HOME MADE SOAP

11 cups strained melted fat  
5 cups cold rain water  
1 can Lewis lye  
4 teaspoons oil of sassafras  
1/2 cup liquid ammonia  
1/2 cup borax  
1/3 cup sugar

Use any kind of melted fat. Strain through cloth into enamel pan, or stone jar, or crock, 2 or 3 gallon size. Pour the cold water into another stone jar or enamel pan. Add the lye to the water, stir; then add the ammonia, stir; then add the borax, stir; then add the sugar, stir. With a wooden stick stir until the mixture has cooled down to a little above warm point. When cool, pour the lye mixture into the grease, stirring constantly, while pouring *very slowly*. Add the oil of sassafras and continue to stir until the mixture becomes thick and creamy (about 15 minutes, constant, but slow, stirring). Pour into mold and set in cool place for 36 hours—or until hard. Cut into squares before it gets hard or saw it into bars. It is best to let stand at least a week before using.

If measurements are accurate, and directions followed exactly, there will be no failure.

### VEGETABLE SUPPER SALAD

1 pkg. lemon jello  
2 Tbls. vinegar  
1 cup chopped celery  
1/2 cup shredded carrots  
2 cups hot water  
1 tsp. salt  
1 cup shredded cabbage  
1 shredded green pepper

Dissolve jello in hot water. Add vinegar and salt. When mixture thickens fold in the vegetables, turn into mold, and place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Unmold on crisp lettuce and top with mayonnaise.

### LEMON SPICE CAKE

1/3 cup shortening  
1 egg  
1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 cup chopped nuts  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/2 cup corn syrup  
3 Tbls. lemon juice  
3 Tbls. water  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1 tsp. grated lemon rind  
1/2 cup seedless raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar and syrup and beat until creamy. Add the beaten egg, then the mixed and sifted dry ingredients. Add lemon rind, nuts and raisins. Pour into greased pan 9 or 8 inches square and 4 inches deep. Top with the following ingredients crumbled together:

2 Tbls. butter  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
1/4 tsp. nutmeg, ginger and cinnamon  
1/8 tsp. salt  
2 Tbls. flour  
1/4 cup chopped nuts

—Mrs. G. T. Olwein, Ia.

## PARTY FOOD

STEAMED FIG PUDDING  
WITH SAUCE

1 cup dark molasses  
1 cup chopped suet  
2 cups chopped figs  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
1 cup sour milk  
2 eggs  
2 1/2 cups flour

Mix together molasses, suet, figs and spices. Add soda and milk. Add eggs, well beaten, and flour gradually. Beat all thoroughly and fill well oiled mold, three-quarters full. Steam two hours. Serve with following sauce:

## Sterling Sauce

1 T. vanilla  
1/2 cup butter  
1 cup brown sugar  
4 T. cream  
Cream the butter and add sugar gradually, add cream and vanilla.  
Note: Serve with coffee and salted nuts.

## BLITZ MERINGUE

1/2 cup shortening  
3/4 cup powdered sugar  
4 eggs  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1 cup cake flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
3 T. milk  
1/4 lb. blanched almonds

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Add flour sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk. Spread in two shallow pans. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites very stiff and gradually add 1 cup sugar. Sprinkle this with almonds cut fine. Bake in moderate oven. When cool put the layers together with a lemon custard filling. This cake should be baked in a 325 degree oven for about 35 minutes.

Note: Serve with coffee.

## JELLIED CHICKEN MOUSSE

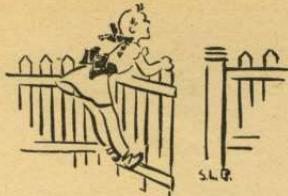
1 tablespoon gelatine  
1/4 cup cold water  
3/4 cup chicken broth  
3 cups chopped chicken  
1/4 tsp. celery salt  
1 tablespoon minced parsley  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
Salt and paprika to taste  
1/2 cup cream

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot broth. Add chicken and seasonings, using salt and pepper to taste. When partly stiffened, fold in cream which has been whipped. Turn into molds, and let stand until firm. Serve on lettuce leaf.

Note: Serve this with hot rolls and coffee.

## CORRECTION

On the Jan. recipe page, add 1 cup corn syrup to the Chocolate Drop Cooky. If you want them sweeter add a little sugar.



## THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espe

It was a few minutes before noon on a cold blustery day in February many years ago. In a little rural school house several of the pupils had already put their books away and sat with folded arms, dreamily awaiting dismissal of school for lunch.

"Oh," said the teacher, eyeing them disapprovingly, "waiting for the cork to bob, are you?"

This was her favorite expression and her pupils knew that it would be forthcoming each and every time she noted anyone putting work away before school was dismissed.

"Better get your books out and study a few minutes longer," she said.

Half-heartedly books were taken from desks and opened. Several of the pupils got out their big geography books and propped them up to form a protective screen; behind this they drew funny pictures of the teacher, tried out their new knives on the desks, threw paper wads and made ugly faces at the other pupils. However, when the teacher said crisply, "Don't think for one minute you've fooled me with those geography books propped up in front of you—I know very well what is going on behind them," the books were put away shamefacedly and a whispered comment was heard, "Shucks, you just can't put a thing over on her—she must have eyes on all sides of her head."

"School dismissed," said the teacher. "Turn, rise, pass," with a tap on the bell to emphasize each command, and all marched out in orderly fashion and were soon back in their seats with their lunch pails beside them. And what were those lunch pails like in the good old days? Well, they were air-tight tin pails without benefit of wax paper wrappings or ventilation of any kind, and their contents were usually the same day after day, week after week, and month after month.

The good old days? Well, let's leave them and come back to 1947 for a peek into the lunch pails that are carried to rural schools today.

We'll stop at Susie's desk first and see what she has for lunch. We notice at once that she has two napkins, one to spread out on her desk so that her food may be arranged attractively, and the other to protect her dress. Her thermos bottle contains orange juice with peach and pear juice added (the latter two were poured from canned fruit as surplus juice.) The little glass jar heated in water at school contains creamed hard cooked eggs with minced ham. We notice two tiny rolls; one is plain buttered, and the other has a slice of jellied cranberry sauce between the two halves. There are several tiny radishes with some

of the "greenery" left on, and celery curls made by chilling celery strips in ice water. For dessert she has a baked custard in a glass cup with dates added and a sprinkling of coconut over the top which had been toasted a delicate brown.

Johnny, who sits just ahead of Susie, has a very interesting "submarine" sandwich made from a coney island roll, split hollowed out a bit, buttered completely and filled 'fore and aft and in the middle with three different mixtures: baked beans with onion, chopped egg and mayonnaise, and diced ham with relish. There are slices of cucumber, watermelon pickles and olives. His thermos bottle contains hot cocoa, and for dessert he has apple-oatmeal crisp in a screw-top glass jar with a small jar of top milk to pour over it.

As we walk up and down the aisles we see a good many interesting and delicious things on the various desks. Some of these that catch our eye are tiny sandwiches made of potato chips and put together with pimento cheese; Ritz crackers with the same filling, and ginger snaps with cream cheese; wee paper cups holding relishes, jams, etc., and a hard-cooked egg rolled in a crisp lettuce leaf. There are "dressed up" bread puddings, one with dates added and soft custard poured over it, and the other chocolate flavored with chopped cooked prunes added. There were some luscious looking slices of honey-nut bread put together with cream cheese. And we discovered that from this one recipe a honey sweetened dessert could be made as well, using one-third of the batter for pudding and the balance for bread.

\* \* \*  
APPLE OATMEAL CRISP

3 tablespoons butter  
1/2 cup dark sirup  
1/2 cup quick-cooking oatmeal  
4 tablespoons sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
5 large apples

Cream butter with sugar sirup. Add salt and oatmeal. Peel, core and slice apples. Place in baking dish and cover with oatmeal mixture. Bake in moderate oven about one hour. Serve hot or cold with cream or whipped cream. Yield: Six servings.

## HONEY-NUT PUDDING &amp; BREAD

1/4 cup shortening  
3/4 cup honey  
1 egg  
Grated rind 2 oranges  
3 cups sifted flour  
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 1/2 cup teaspoons salt  
1 cup orange juice  
1 cup chopped walnuts  
1/2 teaspoon soda

Cream shortening, add honey, mix well; add egg and orange rind and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with orange juice. Add walnuts. Pour 1/3 of batter into a greased 7-inch-square baking pan, pour remaining batter into a greased 9 by 5 by 3 inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350 F. Pudding will be done in about 35 minutes; bread, about 1 hour. Serve pudding warm with cream or desired pudding sauce. The bread will keep for several days.

## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I've no idea what the weather will be like when you are reading this. It might be one of those phenomenal days when the snow rushes away under a brilliant sun and spring seems three-fourths around the corner, but then again you may have risked freezing to death simply by going to the box after your mail. But one thing is certain: I'm writing this between rounds of my Battle With The Furnace.

I've never been one of these fortunate people who can wave their hands in the air and produce a great crackling fire. (I always flunked the fire-building tests in every childhood club to which I belonged.) At different times in my life I've waged grim and deadly battles with old cook stoves and ancient heating stoves, but never has there been a battle to compare with the current one I've been waging with our stoker.

From all reports this stoker performed handsomely up until the very time I set eyes on it. Yet somehow it seemed to have that fine instinct a horse possesses for recognizing a faint-hearted soul—the moment I opened the door for the first time it began kicking up its heels, so to speak, and this fractiousness continued until it had fallen to pieces, literally, and was no longer a functioning stoker. Of course the stark fact is that it was overdue at the particular boneyard where all decrepit stokers end, and that the finishing touches were put on when we had our first terrific weather and it was called upon to combat a temperature of 23 degrees below zero; but in view of the equally stark fact that I've always had trouble with fires, you can see why I felt that it was reserving its death throes until I appeared on the horizon.

Although this is the February issue it is the first time I have had an opportunity to tell you that I couldn't let 1946 die without a final fling at the hospital. Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter last summer may recall that I said most types of pneumonia were simple to combat, thanks to penicillin, and now I must add that surgery has made giant strides as well. At one time I would have been flat on my back for at least two weeks and probably three weeks following the operation that I had, but thanks to the new methods I was back at my usual round of work in less than two weeks . . . and only the mother of a small child can know how much it means to be able to pick up the normal threads of daily living so soon.

The wonderful cards and letters that you sent to me surely meant a great deal more than you can ever realize. I have always loved Christmas cards very, very much, and to have such a fine stack of them while hospitalized was actually heartwarming. Any words that I can summon seem downright inadequate when it comes to telling you how deeply appreciative I am of the friendly, neighborly impulse that prompted all of those messages



The chest of drawers in our dining room that Russell and I refinished.

of encouragement and cheer. My busy hours simply cannot be stretched far enough to write a return letter, and consequently I can only take this means once again to tell you that I am very grateful.

The other day Juliana asked me a question that made me realize how completely children belong to the era in which they live. We had discussed the story of Jesus' birth many times before Christmas and after Christmas as well, and she understood all of the details very clearly. But it hadn't occurred to me that she associated the story with the present until she asked me if I thought the shepherds had any trouble getting on a plane to fly to Bethlehem!

When I was her age I hadn't yet seen a plane, and even if I had it never would have occurred to me for one moment that any man could possibly fly through the air. Yet children of our time not only take it for granted that men fly everywhere, but they've heard so much conversation about the difficulties of getting tickets that they wonder if the shepherds had any trouble getting on a plane!

Like many mothers before me, I've discovered that I can get a most unvarnished portrait of myself as "mama" simply by listening when Juliana is playing with her dolls. I recommend this eavesdropping to all mothers who are in any doubt as to how they appear to their children, only it's wise to be prepared for a healthy shock—you're almost bound to get it. The other morning when I was ironing I listened to Juliana playing with Sherrie (her new Christmas doll) and Jenne and old Baby-Doll. My attention was first attracted when I heard something that sounded like a massacre, and it was followed by this:

"Well, mama has told you over and over again that you were headed for serious trouble. Why did you keep on until mama had to shout at you?"

Here it is, sixteen o'clock, and that cereal still standing on the table and pretty soon it will be midnight today and nothing done and the bears tearing the house to pieces and your daddy will be home to lunch and nothing to eat but angel pie. If this happens again I'll . . . and then there was a long silence followed by whack-whack-WHACK!

I felt downright foolish and simple as I stood there listening. What had become of all my fervent resolutions to speak gently at all times, to be sweetly reasonable forever and ever, to overlook all but the most unpardonable behavior? Evidently those resolutions had bitten the dust so far as Juliana's impression of the situation was concerned! And it was small consolation to stand there at the ironing board and reflect that surely I couldn't be the only mother who had fallen far short of her sincere ideals.

Before I had a child of my own I used to feel rather critical of mothers who fell into the careless habit of talk and more talk instead of launching into a little firm action. But now that I have a small youngster of my own I can see only too clearly how it all comes about, and I know too, by a certain look in their eye, that my friends without children are thinking the same things that I used to think in days gone by! And so I've made another fervent resolution to start afresh. Surely I cannot be the only mother who backsides from time to time! It seems that everything goes along smoothly for a period, and then a dozen different circumstances gang up on us, so to speak, and we find ourselves doing things that we know full well we shouldn't do. It must be that mothers are human beings too!

All of the snow outside today has brought back memories of the winter long ago when I dedicated endless hours to the struggle of getting a cutter ride. I never thought of it during the years that we lived in California for the chilliest day out there doesn't bring up visions of a cutter, but every direction I look these days calls up old Whitey and the cutter that caused me so much grief. Mother said that she thought perhaps you would enjoy reading about that series of catastrophes, so I will dig down into the back files of Kitchen-Klatter and produce it for the March number. However, I cannot refrain from warning you here and now that a cutter ride is a great mistake unless you own both the cutter and the horse. I learned my lesson so thoroughly that I haven't once been tempted to embark on another cutter ride even though the snow is perfect for just such an expedition.

I can think of at least a dozen other things that I'd like to write before I say goodnight, but the clock says midnight and we must be up early tomorrow to have breakfast and get ourselves together to start to church. I cannot bear to go to church in a flustered frame of mind, so I move with more alacrity than on weekdays just to avoid the last moment rush. Until next month then I will say goodbye . . . and good wishes to you.

—Lucile.

# FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "We have an only child, a boy nine years of age, and since I learned a year ago that it would not be possible for us to have more children of our own, we would like to adopt a baby. Some of our friends say that this would be a great mistake—that if we had never had a child of our own that it would work out all right, but that it's a mistake to adopt if you have your own child or children. Do you agree?"—Kans.

ANS: It seems to me that this is something only the people involved can possibly decide. I've heard of cases where it worked out wonderfully well, and other cases where it was a mistake. Under the circumstances I don't think that it behooves any third person to give advice.

QUES: "We have a three bedroom house and until this past year my husband and I were here alone because our only two sons were overseas. Now we have both boys at home with their wives and each of them has a baby less than a year old. There is a great deal of confusion, of course, but this arrangement will have to be continued indefinitely so I am turning to you for advice. Both of my daughter-in-laws are sweet girls and good mothers, but with no initiative whatsoever. I do all of the cooking for the crowd, all of the cleaning, and most of the laundry. It is wearing me down and I feel that changes must be made. Can you suggest some?"—Ia.

ANS: In view of the fact that your house will be full for many months to come, I think it imperative that you come to a clear understanding with both girls at once. Perhaps you have unintentionally made the girls feel that they don't do things to suit you, so tell them first that they are free to do their work as they please—that you are interested only in seeing that the work is done. Each one of you should have definite duties and in your talk with them make it clear that if peace is to prevail, these duties must be done promptly. If you and your husband can afford to go away for a short time, by all means go. This will give the girls an opportunity to see just what must be done to keep things running.

QUES: "Six months ago we moved to this town from New York, and our only child, a boy of five, has been lonely because there are no playmates for him. There are children all around us, but they are so rough and poorly trained that every contact with them ends in trouble. My sister tells me that I'm mistaken in keeping him away from them, but she doesn't understand how much trouble they have caused. I would appreciate your suggestions."—Nebr.

ANS: It doesn't seem to me that

any group of children could be as much of a problem as the fact that you have a five-year-old boy who has no playmates. A five-year-old boy needs companionship so badly that if I were you I would stop at nothing to see that he had it. Cultivate these children, let them understand that you like them, and close your eyes to their worst qualities. Perhaps those qualities aren't nearly as bad as you think. I'd earnestly advise that you take steps at once to get your boy away from mother's sheltering arms.

QUES: "My little daughter nine years old plays the piano very well, and I would like to have her present two or three numbers when our Ladies Aid meets with me in March. She hasn't been asked to do so, but I wondered if it wouldn't be all right to suggest it since the organization is meeting at my house?"—Kansas.

ANS: I know that all mothers feel great pride and joy in their children when they are able to perform for a group of people, but unless it is suggested by someone else, please don't mention the subject yourself. If your daughter were fifteen or sixteen she would object strenuously and the only reason she doesn't object now is because she isn't old enough to understand the situation. I believe that we mothers should allow other people to ask such things of our children.

QUES: "My two daughters, aged ten and twelve, received very beautiful and expensive dresses as a Christmas gift from my sister who lives in Washington. Both girls are so negligent about writing "thank-you" letters that I wrote for them, and thought nothing of it until a curt note arrived from my sister telling me that she hoped eventually the girls would learn to write so that they could take care of their own correspondence. Of course I felt upset about it and think that she is too critical, but I would appreciate hearing what you think about it.

ANS: Your sister is right, of course, although I can think of more tactful ways to express an opinion! Children learn to do the gracious and considerate thing in this world by practising along the road. Girls of ten and twelve who do not thank people for gifts are very likely to be the same girls who neglect writing thank-you cards for wedding presents. I believe that you should take less responsibility for them and encourage all opportunities for independent action.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anyone unless you have positive proof. Never tell even that—unless you feel it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Van Dyke.



Juliana's other grandmother, Mrs. Albert Verness, who lives in Minneapolis, Minn.

## LET US GIVE THANKS

There is no hearth so bleak and bare  
But heaven has sent some blessings  
there.

No table e'er so sparsely spread  
But that a grace should there be said.  
No life but knows some moment blest  
Of sweet contentment and of rest;  
No heart so cold but Heaven above  
Hath touched it with the warmth of love.

So count your blessings, one by one  
At early morn and set of sun,  
And, like an incense, to the skies  
Your prayers of thankfulness shall  
rise.  
Look for the love that Heaven sends,  
The good that every soul intends;  
Thus you will learn the only way  
To keep a true Thanksgiving Day.

—Author Unknown.

## NEXT WEEK

Breathes there the man with soul so  
dead

Who never to his wife has said,  
Next week I'm going to mend that  
chair

And tack that loose pad on the stair;  
And while I'm at it, guess I should  
Fill up the bin with kindling wood.

Yes, dear, I'll clean the cellar, too,  
And build that shelf I promised you.  
What's that you say—the front door  
squeaks?

The faucet in the bathroom leaks?  
Tomorrow night, as sure as fate  
(That is, if I don't get home late.)

I'll mend the fence, takes just one  
board;  
And then I'll fix your iron cord.  
A couple nails, a little glue  
Will make that kitchen look like new!  
I'll get those odd jobs all done yet.  
Now, where'd you put the sports page,  
pet?

—Harriet Swayze.

## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The new year is here, and was certainly ushered in with a bang. When we awoke this morning in a nice warm house, with the outside thermometer reading thirty degrees below zero, I could hardly believe it. This was the coldest morning I can ever remember. Once years ago when I was in high school I remember walking to town one evening when the temperature was twenty-three below zero, just to see a movie I thought I couldn't possibly miss. We lived almost a mile from town, and Dad and Mother thought I was crazy. Now, of course, I think I must have been too, because it would take something terribly important to get me out on a night like this.

We had a wonderful month of December. We put our Christmas tree up a little earlier than usual because I entertained our Sunshine Club for their Christmas party. Kristin and her Daddy went out into the timber and got our little Cedar tree, then that evening we all three decorated it, with Kristin doing the lower limbs. On Christmas Eve, we had supper with Frank's folks after which everyone came to our house for a little party. Santa Claus had been here in our absence and it was a tired, excited little girl who went to bed late that night. Christmas day was spent with the Johnsons, and the grownups had their tree in the afternoon.

Kristin and I went to Shenandoah on the day after Christmas, and had a lovely visit there. We got to have a nice visit with Wayne and Abigail, our first since last August. And for the first time in several years we were able to attend the Driftmier family party in Clarinda. Kristin and Juliana both got paper doll books at the party, and the next day they were both busy cutting out the new dolls while Lucile and I were talking in the kitchen, when all of a sudden I heard Juliana say, "Hold real still Kristin, it will just take a minute and won't hurt a bit." This sounded ominous so I went in to investigate and got there just in time to save a piece of Kristin's hair from being cut off. I have always heard that this happens at least once in every family after they first learn to use their kindergarten scissors. This time I happened to be near at hand, the next time I probably won't be. Of course they got a little lecture right on the spot about using the scissors only to cut paper dolls.

Don and Juliana drove us to Red Oak to help us get on the train with all our luggage and boxes, the day before New Year's. Kristin and I wanted to be home for New Year's Day so we could attend the all-day meeting of our Sunshine Club which was held at Aunt Delia Johnson's. Our club, which is composed of women just in our neighborhood, has been meeting once a month, but when they met with me in December we decided that during the winter months we would meet every two weeks for all day, with a covered dish dinner at noon. The



"Hello kids! Come on over and play,"  
Kristin and Juliana.

hostess furnishes the meat and potatoes. The hostess is also supposed to furnish us with something to sew, so we can work for her all day. Delia had a few towels to be hemmed. I've decided that when they meet with me again I'll get out all of Frank's socks that need darning because that is something I don't like to do, I guess because I'm not good at it, so consequently there are a lot of them to be darned. It would be fun to know what some of you do at your neighborhood club meetings.

Frank and I had been wanting to take a little trip to Aplington, Iowa, to see a good friend of ours, Clarence Meyer. I have mentioned Clarence before in my letters. He was such a good friend of ours in California, and he spent a few days with us last July. We decided to go the day after New Year's, and had made arrangements for the chores, and Kristin was to stay a couple of days with Grandma and Grandpa Johnson. Of course when we got up Thursday morning, the ground was white with snow, and the wind was blowing at a terrific gale and it was still snowing. I got the house straightened up and Frank came in about 10:00 and we sat over a cup of coffee and tried to decide whether to go ahead and go or not. After much deliberation, and listening to weather forecasts, we decided to go ahead and try it. Frank couldn't do any work outside in that kind of weather, we had a good heater in the car and knew we wouldn't get cold, so about noon we got under way. The highways were clear all the way, and we really had a nice trip. Clarence was surprised and happy to see us, and his parents are such lovely and hospitable people, that when we started home at noon the next day, we really felt we had had a perfect time and were awfully glad we had gone ahead and made the trip. We got home late yesterday afternoon, and of course the house was freezing cold. We knew we could never get it warm enough to bring Kristin home last night, so we spent the night with the Johnsons and Frank came up this morning and built the fires. Tonight we are cozy and warm, and I haven't looked at the thermometer recently so I don't know how cold it is outside, but I do know one thing: I won't be venturing out for a few days.

Frank butchered a hog while I was in Shenandoah, so we are enjoying some good fresh pork. It took me a long time to learn that I must keep my pantry shelves well stocked for just such an emergency as this, with

big snow drifts in the roads; and that I couldn't run to the corner grocery several times a day when I discovered I was out of something I needed for supper. But I have learned, and now with plenty of meat and plenty of staples on the shelves I can just sit in my warm house for several days and let it snow. Right now I think I'll make some cocoa and we'll eat the last of the Christmas cookies and then go to bed.

Sincerely,

Dorothy.

## THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

Each month this column will attempt to present to the readers of Kitchen-Klatter paragraph-comment on several books, not necessarily "best-sellers", but volumes that should be interesting or valuable additions to your home library.

Bringing a message of strength for the coming year is Harry Emerson Fosdick's *ON BEING FIT TO LIVE WITH* (Harper, 219 pp. \$2.00). These twenty-five sermons by the Minister Emeritus of the non-denominational Riverside Church of New York City grew out of his years of experience in dealing with individuals. Dr. Fosdick points up the need and the means of developing the inner resources that enable us to meet the problems of each day in a mature and practical fashion. Most aptly he says, "A man must be a well, not a cister... Cisterns are anxious; wells have peace." Dr. Fosdick says that a good sermon is a direct personal address and that the reader, therefore, must read as though he were listening. There is much in this little book for each one of us to "listen" to.

The son of the family will spend many long hours poring over the ideas packed in *AMERICAN BOY'S OMNIBUS* by Stanley Pashko (Greenberg, 33 pp. \$2.50). He will probably want to try out immediately the ideas for fun in the snow: how to build a bob-sled or a well-constructed igloo, how to play "snowball ack-ack". And while he is thawing out, he'll want to study the chapters on magic and trick games and stunts, good form in many sports, new adaptations of secret codes, science experiments and many other projects that fascinate every boy. Mother will appreciate his learnings from the chapter "Handy at Home", telling how to repair electrical plugs, patch screens, lay linoleum etc. This is a book full of information for every active boy.

For the entertainment of the whole family, try the intriguing brain-teasers in the *QUIZ BOOK OF THE SEVEN ARTS*, by Jo Ranson and Richard Pack, illustrated by Leo Gare (Summit, 192 pp. \$2.50). There are chapters devoted to the movies, radio books, music, the theatre, art and the dance (from the Virginia Reel to the moderns). The quips and questions in this book would make ideal material for the harassed PTA or club program chairman who suddenly has to pull an "Information Please" or "Take It or Leave It" program out of his hat.

## FIRST DATE

By Lois Shull

Our oldest child, a Junior High miss, is having her first date. I have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach as I watch her dancing excitedly about making her plans. She consults her best girl-friend and they discuss what they will wear on this great occasion for it's a Class Party to be given at the school on Valentine's evening. Dates are a new experience to both girls, so they are a bit dubious as to the correct costume to wear and must talk over every type of outfit again and again.

After my daughter has decided what she will wear she approaches me with several problems regarding her wardrobe. Will I check the hem of her skirt? she asks. And could I possibly find time to wash out and press her best slip? And oh, please, may she wear a tiny bit of lipstick? Then her hair must look its best and she coaxes for a permanent, but is finally appeased by being allowed a shampoo and finger-wave at the beauty shop in lieu of the usual home hair washing.

I help as much as I can in the arrangements, but as the days pass I find myself sinking lower in spirit. Of course I know that my daughter must grow up and have dates. I would be disappointed if she didn't. Still, it's hard to see her starting for somewhere it seems the beginning of the end—the end of her little girl days when home and mother have meant more to her than any outside interests. Now I can look ahead to the days when the boys who call for her will be young men with a serious interest in my little girl! Little girl? Well, she will be grown up then!

When I'm fixing the Valentine treats for my youngsters I wonder if this young-lady child of mine will care for the heart-shaped cookies and candies. Compared to the beribboned box of chocolates her "date" has sent, won't these childish things seem uninteresting to her? Still I can't leave her out, nor differentiate between the children by giving her more sophisticated Valentine remembrances.

So, it's with something of relief that I see her happily enjoying the candies and cookies with the younger children. And my heart knows no limits to its joy as she presents me her lace-trimmed Valentine with its appropriate verse, along with those from her brother and sister. Hers is neater than the others, which are somewhat sticky from the paste and with the angels posed a trifle askew. But they are all handmade, having been done together in secret as usual.

I exclaim delightedly over all three, but I cherish especially the fact that our oldest is still young enough to be a child part of the time. And with this knowledge it is a pleasure to see her leave in the evening with the young man. Actually, he's only a little boy and I suspect his mother may have had some of the same qualms I've been experiencing as she's seen him off to call for his date.

Still too unsophisticated to keep him waiting for her, our dressed-up

little girl opens the door for him. They're both ill at ease but carry it off as nonchalantly as possible in front of us parents. He shuffles with embarrassment while our daughter slips into her coat, and then they are away like a flash. I close the door behind them and hesitate a moment, frankly watching, as they skip off the porch and go dashing down the walk.

When I turn around their Dad is behind his paper again and the other children are still on their tummies in front of the radio, having not thought this occasion worth missing the program they are following. I had expected excited comments from the rest of the family, but seeing how unconcerned everyone is I take my cue from them and settle down on the davenport with my needle-work.

Yes, this is life. One day they are babies. The next, they will be marrying and bringing grandchildren to our home for visits. That seems quite a way off at this time, but it is definitely coming. Yet, it really doesn't happen overnight. There's just one step at a time, and it's all perfectly natural. No, there's no reason to become hysterical or to feel badly as our children begin trying out their wings. Rather, this is the beginning of the fulfillment of the wonderful plans and hopes we've had for our child since the day she was born.

Dad turns the page of his newspaper and glances at the clock. "Almost bedtime," he announces.

"Let us wait 'til this program is over, please," his two youngest beg.

"O. K.," he says, "but then you scoop!"

"Sure, Dad."

My needle flies more swiftly and I laugh with the youngsters at the antics of the radio comedian. But my thoughts wander. I am realizing how much interest is ahead for me in the years to come, and how fortunate I am to have three children to watch as they grow and develop into the fine parents and people of the community I have planned all along they will become.

Yes, it's all a part of life. One of the best parts. And I'm happy and thankful to be a mother.

Oh, I am a woman whose house is a sight,

From cellar to garret there's nothing just right.

Though day after day I am striving and straining

To gain perfect neatness—and never attaining.

While I'm cleaning the windows

The parlor gets dusty,

While I'm dusting the parlor

The cellar grows musty;

My meals are behind time

And always have been,

I get my bed made just

In time to get in.

The neighbors, they comment, "Alas and alack!"

Poor thing, she works hard and doesn't mean

To be slack,

But somehow or other she hasn't the knack!"

—Carrie Richards, Bridgewater, Ia.



Lucile Verness, December, 1946.

## IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU

Do you think it possible that there's a single woman living who hasn't had a cooking catastrophe at least once in her life? I don't think so. At the time these catastrophes aren't very funny, but in retrospect they become hilarious in the telling, so from time to time I want to encourage our cooking circle by sharing letters that mention these culinary failures. The one this month comes from Mrs. C. B. of Manhattan, Kans.

"We had moved, and that explains everything because the lids got exchanged on several containers. I was hurriedly making cornbread for my mother-in-law when my disaster happened. I intended to serve that cornbread piping hot, and I'd peek into the oven impatiently thinking that surely it was almost done, but such queer looking cornbread! It was sort of crawling up the corner of the pan and wasn't brown a bit. Finally I had to confess what was holding up the meal but still had no idea as to what could be the matter with that cornbread. It wasn't until I yanked it out and cut into it that I discovered I put in oxydol rather than cornmeal. My, we've laughed many times over that one!"

## KINKS

Those last few pieces of dampened clothing that simply had to be left for another day can be stored in the hydrator of your refrigerator without drying out or mildewing.

To chop onion into small pieces quickly, make many criss-crosses with a sharp knife, and then cut thin crosswise slices.—Mrs. E. L., Blue Springs, Nebr.

Pans or kettles that have collected lime can be cleaned by filling them with sour milk and allowing to stand for several days. This will soften the lime sufficiently that it can then be easily removed with steel wool.—Mrs. T. H. Casey, Ia.



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE BEST VALENTINE PARTY

By Maxine Sickels

Carolyn and Katherine were just finishing the last things for their Valentine party which was to be at two o'clock.

In the morning they had helped Mother sweep and dust the front hall, the big dining room and the living room.

Since lunch Carolyn had helped spread the snowy white tablecloth on the big dining table and put the pink crepe paper streamers from the center basket to the little baskets that marked a place for each child. It was as pretty as a picture. She had tiptoed around the table counting carefully, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and we make ten." She was certain the table was ready for the party.

In the living room Katherine was just as busy. She was tying bright red bows on big red hearts for a game the girls had planned. When the last one was finished, she laid them on a chair by the door counting to herself, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight and we make ten".

She looked at the clock ticking busily away. It was almost two o'clock.

"Hurry, Carolyn", she called as she started toward the stairs to put on her pretty party dress.

"I'm coming," called Carolyn. And away they ran upstairs forgetting that Mother had said, "Put that Cappy dog outside. He is so mischievous. He will be sure to get into something."

When Cappy heard the rush of feet on the stairs, he came out from under the desk where he had been taking a nap and stretched his black self all over. He had intended to rush pell mell upstairs with the girls but he stretched so long that the door went shut. At that he went trotting around the room looking at the pillows in a neat row on the studio couch, sniffing at the long, white table cloth until he came to the chair with the ribbon-tied hearts.

He reached out a careful nose and touched a ribbon. Nothing happened and no-one said "Don't, Cappy," so he took it carefully in his teeth and carried it behind the studio couch. Now don't ask me "Why?" because Cappy is no good at giving reasons. I only know he likes to tease. I do know he made ten careful trips. He dropped red hearts under the desk, behind the big footstool, into the wastepaper basket, under the dining table and in enough other places to hide ten red hearts. He had just finished with the last one and stretched out on the rug in front of the stove when the girls going to the door and making their guests feel welcome.

Katherin said, "Carolyn, where did you lay my hearts?"

"I didn't have them," Caroline answered. "Mother must have put them up."

"Mother, where did you put my big red hearts?" called Katherine to her Mother in the kitchen.

"I didn't have your hearts. They must be right there where you left them," Mother answered.

"They aren't here and what will I do?" cried Katherine.

She really didn't have time to do anything for just then the girls began coming to the party and she was busy going to the door and making the girls feel welcome.

When they were all in the living room, Katherine just had to tell them about the lost hearts.

"Just like a mystery story," said one of the girls. "Let's all help find them."

They all began to search and they began to find hearts all around. Someone laid theirs on the chair by the door and Cappy, joining in the fun, picked it up carefully in his teeth and started under the desk with it.

How the girls laughed and shouted! "Cappy, we have caught you!"

"Cappy wanted to help us have a nice party!" And they did, the nicest ever!

### A GOOD GAME

Squeeze little bits of cotton into balls the size of a marble. Put ten or twelve of these on a flat dish, a saucer would do. Blindfold the player and have him see how long it will take him to carry these little balls in a spoon from one table to another that is located across the room. Only one hand can be used. The other must be held behind you.

### ESSAY ON A GOAT

"A goat is as big as a dog if the dog is big enough. A little goat is called a goatee. Goats are useful for eating up things. A goat will eat up more things than any animal that isn't a goat. My father is an awfully good man. Everything he says is so, even if it isn't so. That is all I know about goats."

(I know you can write a better story about a goat than that little boy did, can't you?)

### RIDDLES

In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear  
A golden apple doth appear.  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.



Little Gary Dale Schaffert, Burbank, Calif. age 4. He surely looks a real cowboy

What is it? Ans. The yolk of an egg.

What did the tablecloth say to the table?

Ans. "Hold still, you're covered."

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?

Ans. Because he has been to sea (See).

What has four eyes and always runs but never cries?

Ans. The Mississippi.

When does a farmer treat his corn cruelly?

Ans. When he pulls its ears.

What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?

Ans. Time to repair the clock.

What building in New York has the most stories?

Ans. The library.

Sent by Kay Eloise Steiner, Henderson, Iowa.

Those who won't read good books have no advantage over those who can't read them.

### TURN-AROUND TALES

#### TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

~~~~~ BY NELSON WHITE ~~~~~

When this old hen sees clever tricks  
She laughs as much as any -  
Let's turn her upside down and see



This circus bear do many -

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**LAPEL PIN PAPER** patterns, 12 for 25¢. Patty Ann, 2200 Lincoln, Des Moines 10, Iowa.

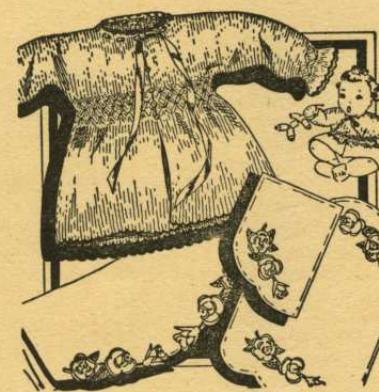
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**AID  
SOCIETY  
HELPS**

**SPRING MILLINERY TEA**

February is the month when most Aid groups need just a little something special to revive spirits that may have dragged a tiny bit after the extra work of Christmas bazaars and the New Year's dinner that is a long-standing custom in some churches. The suggested tea will help put a little padding in your budget, but equally important, it will give everyone an opportunity to have some genuine fun.

Invitations can be written and distributed at your Aid meeting to eliminate the question of postage, and they might read something like this:

"Bring a hat of your own creation  
Hidden in a hat shop package,  
These will be numbered, then  
chosen

To be modeled on our stage.

You'll be asked to pay a quarter  
As you choose a package to buy.  
A prize will go to the creator of  
the hat

Voted by all the guests as high."

Each guest will arrive with her hat carefully packaged and a number will be attached to it at once. As soon as all guests are present a plate should be passed which contains duplicate numbers, and each person should draw a number and place a quarter on the tray. After this is done the guests will claim a package with the corresponding number.

The hostess will act as the shop lady and will point the way to a large mirror and chair where the purchaser will try on her hat, then stand and model it for the audience and wear it for the remainder of the tea. There will not be a dull moment after that, you may be sure.

Favors for such a tea might be dainty little hats made from eggshells, nut cups, walnut or peanut shells, or large buttons decorated with lace, ribbon, yarn or bits of feathers. The table centerpiece should be a large hat creation surrounded by handmirrors and perhaps a bit of veiling and flowers.

Suggested music to be played during the modeling: "The Easter Parade", "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet" and "O, You Beautiful Doll!"

**"A PARTYING WE WILL GO"**  
By Mabel Nair Brown

February brings a month with three days to give us the theme for our gala occasions. We can go fanciful and romantic, or "true blue" and patriotic. Then too, it has been just long enough since the holiday merriment to make everyone welcome a jolly party.

**Invitations.** 1. Make a folder of brown wrapping paper, sketch a log cabin on the front using a brown crayon and write the invitation on the inside. 2. Cut two hatchets from stiff white paper. On one draw and color a twig and cherries; on the other write the invitation in red ink, and tie the two together with blue ribbon. 3. Cut a red paper heart and write the invitation in white ink. Paste the heart on a lace paper doily or write the invitation on a silver paper arrow and slip it through slits in a red paper heart. 4. A most unusual invitation can be made by drawing a music staff on a white folder. Glue on cinnamon candy hearts for notes, drawing the stems with a red crayon. Begin the invitation with the words: "Please N-O-T-E."

**Refreshments and favors.** Make individual cakes (heart-shaped if possible) and when cold scoop a bit out of the top; in the cavity place a fortune rhyme wrapped in waxed paper. Put bit of cake back on top and ice the cakes in white. Write each guest's name on the top with a pastry tube using red icing. Arrange these cakes in the shape of a large heart on a tray, or on a large mirror to use as a centerpiece. Surround with heart favors made by covering little nut cups or candy motto hearts. Add a tiny handle of flower wire and cover with red ribbon, tying a bow on top.

For a different patriotic centerpiece ice an oblong cake to represent the American flag. Buy ice cream cone holders, cut gently through center so bottom half can be turned upside down to make a "pup tent" and arrange a formation of these around the cake. Fasten tiny flags to the top of each tent. Red, white and blue candles can be placed at each end of the table which has a "runner" of ruffled blue crepe paper upon which white stars have been pasted to give it sparkle.

If ice cream is served, sprinkle red cinnamon hearts over it. If brick ice cream is used, form a heart on each side with the candies. Make good use of the heart cookie cutter for fancy sandwiches or gelatin salads, and don't forget that cherry pie is always a welcome treat.

**REVOLUTIONARY WAR CONTEST**

1. What general was a color. Greene.
2. Who denotes openings? Gates.
3. Who asks a question? Howe.
4. Who is strong? Stark.
5. What man denotes respect? Revere.
6. Who is a calm and sheltered spot? Lee.
7. What is peaceful? Concord.
8. What is a famous college? Princeton.

**Flag Relay**

Contestants line up single file with equal number on each side. Six empty bottles and three small flags are needed for each side. The bottles are numbered one to six and placed in a line for each side. Leave a distance of five feet between 1, 2, 3 and 4, 5, 6. Flags are placed in bottles 1, 2 and 3. (Distances may be reduced to suit space.)

The first person in each line takes flag from bottle 1 and puts it in 4, returns for flag 2 and puts it in bottle 5, returns and puts flag 3 in bottle 6. He returns and touches the next in line who does the same thing in reverse order until all in the line have had a turn. Bottles knocked over must be set up and the guilty player starts over. See which line can finish first.

**Romantic Rhyme**

The hero was a man of fame,  
He met her first at a—(Ball game).  
Although he was forty and very  
lean

He courted her like a boy of—(Sixteen).

And, too, on him her heart was set,  
Folks said she caught him in her—  
(Net).

One evening her guardian wearing  
a jacket  
Came into the parlor and stirred up  
a—(racket).

The heroine saw he was in a great  
fret

So left the room the table to—(Set).  
He said, "This romance simply must  
halt,

You're aimed at her fortune. It's  
all your—(Fault).

I'll tell you now you're in for trouble,

You've played a game and played it  
—(Double).

And this one thing I'll tell you more,  
While I am here you shall not—  
(Score).

However, back the lady came, as  
boss

And her pretty head she did—  
(Toss).

Her arguments gave her guardian  
a shove,

She said, "The greatest thing in the  
world is—(Love).

And thus our darling heroine, Ger-  
tie,

Married when she was nearly—  
(Thirty).

**WHERE WE WORSHIP**

Beautiful is the large church,  
With stately arch and steeple;  
Neighboring is the small church,  
With groups of friendly people;  
Reverent is the old church,  
With centuries of grace;  
And a wooden or a stone church  
Can hold an altar place.  
But whether it be a rich church  
Or a poor church anywhere,  
Truly it is a great church  
If God is worshiped there.

Goodbye until next month—Leanna  
and Lucile.