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Kitchen-Klatter

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KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Shenandoah, Iowa



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This is the end of a quiet, winter Sunday and time for my letter to you. Three Sunday evenings out of every month I use for letters to our children who live away from here, but the fourth Sunday is almost always the evening that I write to you.

Shenandoah missed most of the snow that other parts of the middle-west had, although I should make it clear that I'm not speaking about the entire winter—only the weather we've had so far. There is still plenty of time for enough snow to make up for all that we've missed. I think that our Iowa weather is something like the harvest—it doesn't pay to make the final reckoning until the last possible hour. And if we've missed the snow, we certainly have had plenty of ice to make up for it. The alley behind our house has been such a solid sheet that cars can't get up it, and like most other drivers, Mart hasn't driven an inch that wasn't necessary.

On one of the bitterest mornings we've had came a letter from Margery in which she said that she was sitting in front of the electric fan trying to keep cool. The rest of her housecleaning was going to have to wait until the heat wave broke, she reported. We had several snapshots of their court-apartment not long ago, and among them was an amusing picture of Margery hanging up a sheet on the line—evidently she was unaware that the picture was being taken for her face had the grim look that goes with trying to manage a heavy wet sheet. We got a good laugh out of it.

It was such a pleasure to have Dorothy and Kristin here for a number of days just recently. Dorothy explains the reason for their visit in her letter so I won't repeat it here. Kristin and Juliana have very good times together and now seem more like twins than ever because the four months difference in their ages has almost leveled out; we still see a few things in which Kristin hasn't caught up, but I imagine that in a very short time those four months won't make any difference at all. We noticed that on this last visit they spent quite a bit of time discussing Juliana's birthday party that will be coming up in just a few days now. Dorothy said that she wouldn't

let Kristin miss it if she had to go on snow-shoes over the drifts!

Frederick's letter was written before he and Betty had their first taste of mutual trouble. Both of them were hospitalized at the same time with throat infections, so there were no bouts with the fireplace for a week or more. Frederick left the hospital first because of an urgent business trip that had to be made to Florida (he flew both ways), but now they are both at home again and back to their usual routines.

Letters from Wayne and Abigail carry news of their classes and very little else for they are both swamped with work. We've had no further word about their housing problem, so hope that they are temporarily saved. I say temporarily because they have only a short time left in Iowa City before they get their degrees, and if they could wind up these remaining months without the struggle of looking for another place and then moving, it would certainly be nice.

Don's letters carry just about the same reports of study and more study. All of you friends with college students in the family receive just about the same kind of letters, I imagine. When Don was at home during the Christmas holidays he talked about going to Colorado to ski during his spring vacation, but we haven't heard anything about that recently so we don't know what his plans are along that line.

(I had to take out a few minutes here to get Juliana into her snowsuit so that she could walk home with her Uncle Howard. Except on a few bitter days she has come to see us for a short visit, and about once a week she stays all night with us. I can't get upstairs to tuck her in, so Uncle Howard always does this—they're great pals.)

Gertrude Hazylett writes that her son Gordon has finally gotten strong enough to be moved from Okinawa where he was so gravely injured in a truck accident several months ago. He will be taken first to the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, and no doubt his folks will visit him there. They are hoping that before long he will be transferred to a hospital near Los Angeles. Gertrude and Edith Hansen, our good friend who is the Morning Homemaker at

KMA, have experienced just about the same anxiety, only in Edith's case the big goal was to get her son, Don, transferred away from southern California and back to the middlewest.

I'm sure that Edith's unflagging courage has been a source of comfort to all mothers who have had veteran sons hospitalized for endless, weary months. There have been countless times when I've wondered how she was able to carry on so cheerfully. It was very hard to have Don in California for that meant such a long trip to see him, and of course each time they went it was hard to return to Iowa, so at least it is a great comfort to have him in Chicago where he can be visited by an overnight trip. We are all hoping that he can come home for a few days at Easter—that's the next thing to anticipate.

This month we had the opportunity to meet our correspondent Hallie Barrows who had just returned from the trip to Mississippi that she wrote about so entertainingly for us. I think that all of us stay-at-homes enjoy hearing about trips that others make, and in the next issue we will read further details about the Deep South. This is a section of the country that both Mart and I are eager to visit.

I'm always happy when our friends who write for Kitchen-Klatter have work in other magazines, and twice this last month I ran across familiar names. In The "Farm Journal" there is an article by Mabel Nair Brown, and Olga Tieman is represented in the "Household Magazine". Congratulations, girls!

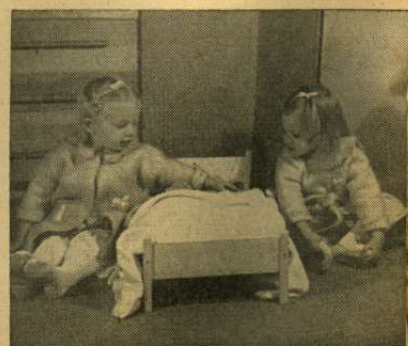
Before long you'll be "up to your necks" with spring housecleaning and baby chicks, so do take time for a letter before you get tied up with this work. Lovingly, Leanna.

THE ANGEL'S GIFT

I dreamed one night, around my bed An Angel hovered, and she said:
"I have the power, one gift to send;
What is your choice?" I said, "A friend!"

It would be nice to have great wealth,
And I would gladly welcome health,
But If I only have one choice,
I pray you, make my heart rejoice;
This only, do I ask of you:
Send me one friend who's loyal, true."

—Olive S. Tidwell.



Juliana and Kristin putting the dolls to bed.

Come into the Garden

MARCH GARDENING

By Mary Duncomb

Now that the calendar has been turned to March we find our thoughts turning towards the outside garden once again, and begin making plans for it. It is high time that seeds be ordered, and we should know from past experience just what to order. This means that we must think far ahead to next fall to be certain that our order will include everything we need throughout the growing months.

Many seeds should be started very soon in pans or flats inside, or in a hotbed or cold frame outdoors. Peas should be gotten into the ground as soon as possible. In our garden, several varieties maturing at different times are planted all at once. In the past this plan was regarded as rather lazy action on my part by those who made successive plantings weeks apart, but recently I have seen this method recommended in a leading garden magazine.

Be sure to order some inoculation powder and use it according to directions. I know that it helps the yield.

I always order several varieties of tomato seed, some early, some mid-season and some late; by reading the descriptions you can select the tomato wanted either for slicing or canning. I have found that the seed will do for two seasons, so I plant only part of each packet in the hotbed and leave the rest for next year.

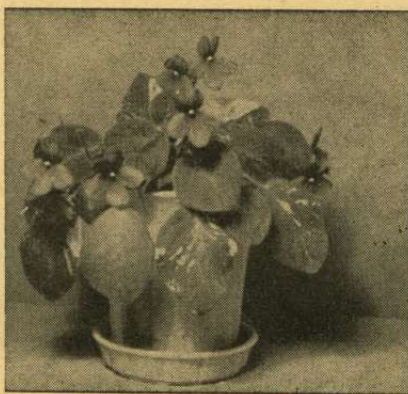
Be sure to order seed of some of the smaller tomatoes for it is said that they are especially rich in certain vitamins. The last two seasons we have had the Grape Tomato, one of the best small, red tomatoes I have ever tasted. The skin is so tender that it does not need to be removed when making salads or preserves.

Last year I tried a variety of cauliflower, the Dry-Weather Danish Giant, which is recommended for regions where there are long periods of drouth. I have never known a summer here without at least one, if not more of these periods, so I gave the new cauliflower the usual culture, leaving it on its own during the expected dry period, and had the pleasure of seeing every head develop perfectly by Fall.

Before our order gets so big that it squeezes out flowers entirely, let's remember to stop and think about some of the good old-fashioned favorites. What would the garden be without a row of Zinnias? What kind of a Fall would we have without the bright faces of Marigolds? It would be a queer summer without a row of Sweet Peas, and personally I couldn't be happy without Nasturtiums, preferably the double hybrids. A bed of Rose Moss will be a comfort on hot sunny afternoons, and of course Petunias are a perennial favorite. Don't just depend upon the old ones self-sowing; they often have a washed-out

color and will give you away every time as a not-too-ambitious gardener. It might be a good idea while you are about it to get some seed of old-fashioned Pinks and Sweet Williams to plant this spring for next summer's bloom and possibly the next after that.

Sometimes I think we get the most fun out of gardening right now when we are ordering our seeds and planning our gardens! Surely the men who design these catalogs have taken great pains to make them both beautiful and accurate, and I, for one, am willing to give them a big vote of thanks for providing us with some very interesting reading material during the days when we look longingly toward the time when we may once more work in our beloved gardens.



A variegated African Violet. Notice the white spots on the leaves.

LEAF PROPAGATION OF AFRICAN-VIOLETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

A single African-violet leaf is a potential plant or even several plants. They will root almost any time but the urge to grow is strongest from March until May. Use the maturest leaves from the lower part of the plant.

Fasten cardboard or heavy waxed paper over a glass of water, and then make holes to insert the stems which must reach into the water. When roots commence to grow, transfer the leaves to small pots filled with equal parts of sand, peat moss and loam. (I like to set each leaf in a pocket of sand.) Some prefer to leave the leaves in the water only three or four days, or just long enough to see if any wilt. The wilted leaves are discarded and the others potted.

After a leaf has sent up good top growth, it may be cut away carefully and rooted again and even a third time if it is still firm.

Leaves will root in sand in covered glass containers. A jelly glass will accommodate two leaves, a candy jar will hold a half-dozen or more, and fish bowls, aquariums or terrariums

may be used. Place about two inches of moist sand in the container, and set the stems just deep enough that they will not fall over. The deeper they are, the longer it will take for new leaves to appear. Firm the sand well about each stem. If the container is kept covered, further watering is unnecessary as a rule. When moisture collects on the glass, remove the cover long enough for it to evaporate. Sometimes the new leaves appear promptly, but again it may be a matter of weeks. As long as the leaves remain firm, rest assured that all is well. When the new growth is well started, transplant to individual pots. Cover each plant with a glass jar and accustom it to the air gradually by removing the jar a short time daily, increasing the length of time until it can be left off permanently.

Some prefer rooting the leaves in potting soil. In that case place a small pocket of sand in the center of the pot and insert the leaf stem. Cover with a glass jar and leave on until the new growth is well started. Another method is to fill a large pot with peat and sand and insert a small pot in the center, first plugging the drainage hole shut with a cork. It is kept filled with water which provides just enough moisture for the surrounding area in which the leaves are tucked.

When warm settled weather arrives, another interesting way in which a great many leaves may be rooted easily is to plant them in a sand and peat mixture in the ground on the north side of the house. If the leaves are inclined to wilt, place a glass tumbler over each until it becomes accustomed to the air. Moisture conditions must be constantly watched. I tried this method last summer and although the new growth did not show until late summer, I never before rooted leaves that produced the amount of top growth and roots that these did.

LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT

I'm goin' back to Gran'pa's
I won't come back no more;
I hear remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor;
They's too much said about my clothes,
The scoldin's never done—
I'm goin' back to Gran'pa's,
Where a boy can have some fun.

I dug up half his garden
A-gettin' worms for bait;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
An' candy made 'em grow—
If I can't go to Gran'pa's,
I'll turn pirate fust you know.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out for words
I hadn't order speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war,
An' injuns shot out West—
Oh, I'm goin' down to Gran'pa's,
For he knows what boys like best.

Anon.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

Last month we reprinted "The Welcome", a story that I wrote about Mother's return from the Kansas City hospital on Christmas Eve. This story appeared originally in the Woman's Home Companion, and perhaps it will interest you to know that a great many letters reached me from people who had been involved in car accidents with the same disastrous results. I think that most of the time when we read short stories in magazines we conclude that it's "just a story" spun out of thin air, so to speak, in some writer's brain; but somehow people seemed to feel that "The Welcome" wasn't "just a story" . . . and they were right. It's the only story I've written for publication that wasn't a product of my imagination; it was the literal account of what happened at our house on Christmas Eve.

With Mother at home again everything seemed curiously mixed—in one sense of the word we had returned to a normal pattern just because she was there, and in another sense we had embarked upon an unfamiliar pattern because she was confined to her bed and unable to resume the life that we had known in the past. It is difficult to explain, and so I suppose that only those of you who have had similar experiences can fully understand it.

That particular Christmas was the only time we left our packages to open on Christmas morning—we've always been a family who opened gifts on Christmas Eve. But the trip home from Kansas City and the excitement of seeing the family strained Mother's small reserve of strength and she went to bed as soon as we had eaten dinner—yes, it was dinner that night and not a humdrum supper!

Christmas morning we had a lovely breakfast and then we opened our gifts. By nine o'clock the telephone began ringing and it's the literal truth that it rang all day long! Countless friends called to wish us a "Happy Christmas" and to speak to Mother once again. Between local calls the operators tried to sandwich in long-distance calls from relatives near and far who were thinking of us on that day.

After dinner the seedhouse called and asked Mother if she would be able to say just a few words on the Kitchen-Klatter program. Gertrude Hayzlett, our faithful friend, had been broadcasting the program daily while Mother was in Kansas City, so Kitchen-Klatter had been going right on. She had announced the day before that if it were at all possible Mother would speak a few words, and consequently there were many people waiting eagerly to hear her voice again.

About twelve-thirty the engineer came up from the radio department and brought a microphone. This was the first time we had ever had a microphone in the house, and none of us realized then that in the years to come it would be as much a part of our household equipment as the stove

or refrigerator! This microphone was installed in Mother's bedroom, the room that had formerly been her office. It was the only space on the ground floor that could be utilized for a bedroom, and of course she didn't want to be 'way off upstairs where she couldn't keep an eye and an ear on the family.

When the signal came for Mother to say a few words she started out bravely enough with a wish that each and everyone of her listeners might be having a merry Christmas, but this was just about all she was able to say. "It wasn't that I didn't have the strength to speak," she explained to us later, "but when I suddenly realized that these were the friends who had written so faithfully while I was in the hospital and who had gone to great pains to help make those months less difficult, I was just overwhelmed!"

We knew how she felt for we had had the same sensations when we saw the big boxes of mail that came back with her from Kansas City. Then too, there were boxes of Christmas cards at the house that we had been receiving all week before her return, and we had saved them until Christmas afternoon when she could start opening them quietly after the worst of the excitement of homecoming had died down.

These were the boxes that we brought into her room as soon as the broadcast was over. Dad put the first box on a chair by her bed where she could reach it easily, and then she began going through the cards and letters enjoying each and every word. We remember all of this very clearly even though sixteen years have passed, and evidently those of you who were our friends at that time remember the Christmas broadcast too because I don't believe that a week passes without at least one of you who refers to it.

Life settled back into something resembling normality after New Year's day. Mother had a good nurse who arrived with her on Christmas Eve and who stayed with us for four or five months. There was a housekeeper also because I had to return to college the first week in January and of course there had to be someone who could manage the cooking and cleaning and laundry for such a big household of people.

All of Mother's strength was concentrated on trying to regain her health. Every morning she had massages to strengthen the muscles in her legs, and she said that every night she tried to go to sleep feeling that she had gained something over the previous day. Even the slightest gain represented a triumph for the long months in the hospital, particularly the six weeks on the spinal fracture bed, had left her with so little strength.—Con't in April.

Happiness walks but never hurries. The child obeys this law instinctively. Watch any child at play. While his adult beholders are scurrying around for happiness, he holds it carelessly in his hands.—Morris Longstreth.

THE OLD MILL

Letters that call up the past and reflect the great changes that have come about in our country always interest us very much, so we were pleased when the following letter came in the morning mail not long ago.

"I was surprised to see the picture of the old water mill in your January magazine for it brought back memories of my younger days when my husband was part-owner and operator of this mill in 1892, the year we were married.

"There was no Yarrow then, not until 1902 when the railroad came and the station and postoffice were established. But the railroad is torn up and gone, and about four years ago the old mill house broke into pieces and half of it, with all of the machinery, fell into the river. Two years ago the rest of it fell in.

"It was the only mill in four or five counties that ground buckwheat, and farmers came for forty miles with wagons and teams to haul their loads of buckwheat. Many a night my husband ground the buckwheat until two or three o'clock in the morning so that they could start home early the next day.

"At one time the Chicago and St. Louis papers said that Yarrow was the smallest town in this country to have its own free electric light plant. It had thirty-six inhabitants at that time."

—Mrs. Sam Hays,

Yarrow, Missouri.

IN A KITCHEN

It breathes of home—this little four-walled room

Swept clean by sunlight falling on the floor;

A red geranium is all abloom,
Flowers and sunshine—could I ask for more

In this small kingdom where I reign serene,

A woman loved and sheltered by her mate;

A garden with its long, clean rows of green,

A cat asleep beside the glowing grate,
The scent of new-baked bread, the smell of earth

New-washed with summer rain, the wind, the dawn,

The tranquil round of days, of death and birth,

Shake me in passing, ere they go anon
Down the long silence. Yet no echo rings

In my warm kitchen where the kettle sings.

—Edna Jaques.

"Here is my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter because I go to visit some of my friends who get it and read and talk about the different issues—I just hate to leave it behind as none of the girls want to part with a copy—not even loan them for very many days. So, now I'll get it myself with a dollar that was a gift."—Mrs. Oscar Ely, Harcourt, Ia.

BEYOND A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

This is the Deep South—and you'd never guess why I'm here. For almost thirty years my husband has said each winter, "Now, next January I'm going to visit Al on his cotton plantation and we'll have another quail hunt together."

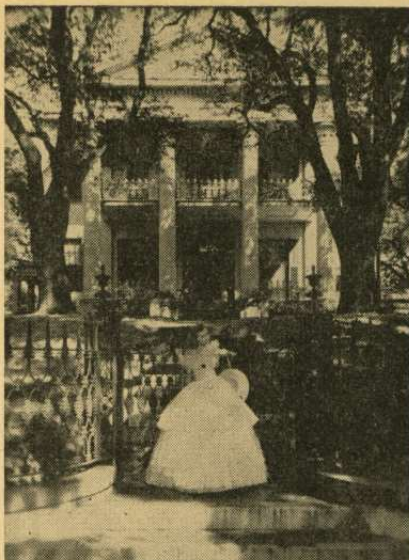
Al was a boyhood friend; he and my husband were reared in Northwest Missouri and hunted together on every possible occasion until Al moved to Mississippi and sent back an urgent-standing invitation to come during their quail season. It had gotten to be quite a joke about Don ever really going.

But last fall he read an article in the Reader's Digest called *It May Be Later Than You Think*, and the gist of the story was that if you'd been putting off going on some trip, do it now. The future that you're leaving for so many unfinished plans—well, it may be later than you think! Don read and reread it. He began listing some of the day-dream trips he'd always hoped to make and number one on his list was this hunting trip. Everything seemed to work out just right. The holiday rush would be over at the postoffice, the butchering done and, most important, the cow would be dry. For once she cooperated!

Well, a Mississippi hill cotton plantation is so unlike the Missouri farm life to which we're accustomed, that I'd like to tell you of some of the differences. Most of this 3,000 acre plantation is covered with dense pine and live oak forests. Spanish moss drapes the trees and the undergrowth is very thick. Mistletoe makes green patches in the tops of the enormous oak trees, and ever so often there is a clearing where a negro tenant has his log cabin. He puts in a few acres of cotton which is his cash crop. He plants a few acres of corn—just enough to feed out his "shote", his mule, perhaps a dozen hens, (if he has a cow it just runs loose) and, most important of all, to keep his family in cornbread and grits for the year.

He must give a fourth of his cotton and corn to the landlord. He takes his ear corn to the mill, a gunny sack full each week, and brings it back in meal and grits. He most likely has never tasted carrots, beets, peas, sweet corn, or tomatoes. He plants only enough Irish potatoes to last until winter, for that is their rainy season and they have no cellars or a place to keep them.

In fact, their cabins are always raised off the ground to avoid surface accumulation of water during the wet season, and so winds can blow through under their houses and dry them out later. A brick fireplace against one side of their cabins furnishes light, heat, and a place to cook. He raises a big patch of sweet potatoes, sometime a little cane for extra "sweetenin" and for greens he raises collards. But he lives mainly on "grits and grunts"—or, cornbread and fat meat. Most of the thirty tenants on our friend's



An old Southern mansion.

plantation have been raised here and are well satisfied with their rather primitive life. They love their cotton crop and whole families hoe in the cotton fields and make a lark out of pickin' cotton.

They do not practice fencing as much as we do and often we saw the sign, "Motorists beware—stock at large." But the cattle were so terribly thin along the roads that Don said the sign should read, "Skeletons Abroad." You see, their stock doesn't have our nourishing blue grass, nor are they corn fed. But they do manage to live through the mild winters here on their native grass. Our cattle would soon starve. We saw but few hogs since this isn't a corn district. I missed the herds of fine dairy cattle and could see that in many ways the cattle business here is much like western ranch life. That is, the cattle roam in these woods until fall and perhaps are seen but once a year when they are rounded-up in the fall and the calves are trucked to southern markets.

But every plantation has its saddle horses and I became an admirer of the Tennessee walking horses. It's impossible to walk in these woods or get a car through, and so transportation on the plantation is confined to horseback. These Tennessee horses have an easy gait to ride and they never seem to tire. And too, all of the hunting was done on horseback, if you can imagine that. The bird dogs wore bells, and when they flushed up a covey, the men dismounted to shoot. The boys (probably I should say men even though they do carry their sixty years lightly!) had good luck, and even got a few woodcock.

Mrs. Brady came from New Orleans and we feasted on real Southern cooking. Each morning we had fried quail laced with bacon strips, hot biscuits and grits. For lunch we had sea food fixed into gumbos or other hot, spicy combinations, and for dinner at night when the hunters came in ravenous, we had venison, lamb or

game from their lockers; always a dish of rice with gravy, yams, cornbread and coffee so strong it would run uphill! All food was highly seasoned with pepper, and all meat was cooked with onions, garlic and a rich gravy.

This plantation was but a few miles from Natchez, Mississippi and since I do not hunt quail either afoot in Missouri or horseback in Mississippi, we stopped here a few days for my special pleasure. Some of their historical, ante-bellum homes are on display the year around and our eyes simply reveled in their magnificence. The entire month of March will be given over by Natchez to their nationally known Pilgrimage, so if I give you just a glimpse of this event it may encourage a few of you to join the thousands of travelers who agree that this Pilgrimage is one of the most wonderful sights in America today.

Did you like the book or the movie, "Gone With The Wind?" If you did, you would love Natchez, for all the before-the-war magnificence you ever heard of was, and is, concentrated here. The Civil War destruction barely touched this community, and it's history is much more thrilling than the lives and homes of Atlanta in Scarlett's time.

Between 1800 and 1850 it seemed as though most of the wealth of the nation was to flow to Natchez. It stood on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi river and was the only healthy place to live in this rich delta land; and too, it was one of the few natural ports, for on the shelf under this bluff boats could land. This shelf was called Natchez-Under-the-Hill and known as the Sodom and Gomorrah of the 18th century. Pirates, thieves, gamblers and desperados regarded this point as their base.

At this time all the furs, logs and any product to be sold which was gotten east of the Atlantic seaboard, had to float down the Mississippi river on flat boats to Natchez. Here ships from all over the world were waiting for goods and this explains the fact that Natchez was an international port for world commerce. The fertile delta rivaled the Nile valley. The plantation owners had thousands of slaves to produce sugar, indigo and the finest cotton in the world. Cotton, sugar, slave and river trade poured unbelievable wealth into Natchez. At a time when there were less than a hundred millionaires in the United States, almost a third of them lived at Natchez. Is it any wonder they built magnificent homes?

A HOME-MAKERS PRAYER

Help me, Oh God, to be a good wife and mother. Give me wisdom to know my duties and understand how to best perform them. Keep me happy, tolerant, quick to forgive, blind to the faults of others and yet conscious of my own. Permit no thought, word or deed of mine to bring discord into this home. Help me to be content with what I have, but let me never cease striving for the best things in life.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda Wiles

At the present time there is a bill before the Iowa House Agricultural Committee to raise a state fund of \$150,000 to be used in advertising and promoting the sale of Iowa eggs and poultry.

This bill, sponsored by the Iowa Poultry Improvement Association, would set up a commission to collect a seasonal tax to be spent annually. The tax would be collected from the producer who makes the first sale of the poultry or eggs, and would be one-half percent per head on all poultry sold between October 15th and November 15th of each year. The tax on eggs would be one cent per dozen on all eggs marketed in Iowa between May 15th and May 31st each year.

I wonder if we want to see this bill passed?

It seems to me that farmers are the goats so often! We are busy with everyday affairs, and no one takes the time or trouble to follow up these ideas. Why would any Eastern market discriminate against Iowa poultry or eggs? (The representative who proposed this bill mentioned it.) We have the best feed and plenty of it. We raise some of the very best hogs, cattle and sheep on the markets and certainly our poultry and eggs should be on the same grade.

Take a little time and figure just what this tax would mean in your case. In my own case I usually have my flock culled the first week in October and have had as much as 2000 pounds of chickens to sell at this time. Poultry could be marketed before or after these dates, but eggs are a different proposition.

This plan was tried out by some dairy concern several years ago. A percentage was withheld from each cream check for a certain period. I never heard of anyone who received any benefit from it, but perhaps that was what brought the price to its present level.

I hope you are having good luck with your baby chicks. Be sure you are ready for them before you bring them to their new home.

Check your stoves and have them in running order days ahead of time. The first few days are the vital ones. If the chicks chill while waiting for you to get your stoves repaired or the brooder house cleaned you might just as well say goodbye to a lot of them—chilling is one thing chicks can't stand. Have everything clean and disinfected, and the floor covered with some good dry material.

"Kitchen-Klatter is one thing that I can't do without at any time. If I didn't have it to look forward to there would be a big hole in my days. Please keep on getting it out for years to come."—Mrs. Harry Smith, Kansas City.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

With all the interest that is being shown just now in polio sufferers, perhaps you would like to do something personally for someone who is so afflicted. Little Jackit Lee Cairl, 336 Farrington Ave., St. Paul, Minn., age 5, had polio last fall. He would enjoy cards and playthings. Lynne Buck, 3225 Glenn Ave., Sioux City 20, Iowa, had polio six years ago. She is 14 now and is completely paralyzed. I'm not sure if she can use her hands, but she will like to hear from you. Olga Gregory, 24 Somme St., Newark, N. J., has been on crutches for years as a result of polio when she was a child. She does needlework for sale.

A case has come to my attention that needs some real practical help. This is a past-middle-age couple and both are badly handicapped. He has been ill for several years and in bed for the past two. She has heart trouble and is crippled by arthritis. They live alone. He is not able to do for himself at all and she cares for him as best she can but you can imagine how difficult it is for her. They did rent a wheel chair and while they had it she found it much easier to care for him, but for various reasons they could not keep it. Several people have written me about this couple and all report that they are worthy. Will you help get a wheel chair for him? I have a box on my desk labeled "Wheel Chair" and will put into it every cent that comes in for this case. I hope you will want to help fill it. Send your contributions to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Cheer has been asked for two sisters who are in the Sunny Crest Hospital, Dubuque, Iowa. Ruth Lovrien is 17. Her sister, Mrs. Lester Lauritsen, has a seven year old son and gets so lonely for him. She has seen him only once in the past year.

Mrs. Chris Arnold, Panora, Iowa, has been bedfast with a heart ailment since last March. Mr. J. W. Fox, Jammaica, Iowa, also has heart trouble and is in bed. Both would be helped by letters. Phyllis Butcher, Alpha, Minn., is 20. She writes that she is only as big as a twelve year old. They live in the country and she seldom gets away from home. She wants to hear from young people.

Johnny Maxwell, 2433 Des Moines St., Des Moines 17, Iowa, age 12, has a bone infection and is spending some time in a hospital. Wendell Dohrmann was injured in a corn picker last fall. He is in Mercy Hospital, Mason City, Iowa. He is 16. Anna Marie Hallbick is in the Children's Hospital, 2nd South E 19th Ave., Denver, Colo. She is going on 4. She had a serious operation in October and is in a cast all but her head and arms. It will be a long time before she is well. Jerry Burton, Rt. 2, Knoxville, Iowa, fell off a loaded trailer and was run over and had several bones broken. He is home from the hospital but is still in a cast. Pretty hard for a six year old.



OVER THE FENCE

Our country isn't the only one beset with housing shortages. From Mrs. Charles Ransdell, Holliday, Mo., comes a letter saying that her son's family has just found a two-room house in Anchorage, Alaska, after searching since last July. The two little granddaughters seven and five, start out to school every morning and grandmother is afraid that one of these days they'll freeze their hands or feet.

The other day I heard about a new namesake. Little Leanna Dickey of Grant City, Mo., is now three months old and is really a butterball, her mother says, with blue eyes and light brown hair.

Mrs. Albert Schewe of Marshalltown, Iowa, told me in a recent letter that her husband's mother had fifty-seven grandchildren and fifty-five great grandchildren. In the same mail came a letter from Mrs. Ira Hicks of Mound City, Mo., telling me that she has thirty grandchildren under fifteen years of age! She said: "We love the whole bunch and have good times together."

Sunday school papers can be welcome gifts to sick youngsters. Mrs. Herman F. Soderberg of Bancroft, Ia., say that whenever I read the name of a child who needs cheer, she always gathers together a bundle and mails them. Her eleven-year-old boy has enjoyed hearing from some children who were able to write.

Mrs. Clarence Beyer of Prairie City, Iowa, wrote to say that her 10th wedding anniversary was also on January 8th and she agreed with Lucile—the weather this year was certainly very different than in 1937. She has two children, eight and 6½ months, and Lucile has one child, Juliana, who is almost four.



This is where Gertrude Hayzlett lives in Los Angeles, California. Only a part of the house is seen in the picture.

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

Christmas belongs only to the limbo of memories now, but nevertheless I cannot let this letter go without telling you a couple of things that I haven't mentioned before.

Bermuda and Christmas may not seem like companion spirits on the face of it, but anyone who didn't feel the Christmas spirit on this base should see a doctor. I have never been on a base where so many people did so much to make a happy Christmas for so many. The men in the Commissary Store fixed a perfectly gorgeous Christmas tree, and knowing that no one else on the base could possibly equal the decorating job they had done, they saw to it that their tree was shared by everyone. It was loaded onto a truck and taken to the auditorium for the children's party. From there it was taken to the Officers' Club. On the day before Christmas the tree was taken up to the third deck of the supply building for the Supply Corps' party. I lost track of where it went from there, but am willing to bet that its tour of duty wasn't finished.

The famous Bermuda Christmas food is cassava pie. It is a heavy pie made of the ground roots of cassava with a filling of chicken and pork, and it is generally made the day before Christmas and then is served cold at least twice a day from then until New Year's. Each family's recipe for the pie is a closely guarded secret and, of course, each family believes that its pie is the best on the island. Personally, I don't care for it. Betty and I have eaten some of at least six different pies and I still say that cassava pie would taste a lot better without the cassava. If it is as good as most Bermudians say it is, why don't they eat it all the year 'round instead of just at Christmas?

I am limping around with a few cuts and bruises today because I played a wild game of Hound and Hares with my boys' club on Saturday. One team would be given a ten-minute start running off through the Bermuda tree-covered hills dropping a trail of paper behind it, and then the other team would start out after it. I haven't had so much exercise since Betty got her new bicycle!

I never realized until then how many trails there are all over the Bermuda hills. And I'm afraid that some of our neighbors are now wondering about my sanity for there I was, tearing across country with a gang of six kids ahead of me and as many behind me, shouting and yelling bloody murder. I had to stop the game when I discovered that it was about to cause a panic. After an hour and a half of our running and shouting everyone that went past our house had started to run and yell, too. Some thought it was a fire, others thought a plane had crashed, and I am convinced that some thought it was the end of the world.

One night last week we decided to go out to dinner with some of our friends from the base. It was quite



This is where Ted and Betty live in Bermuda.

an occasion for Betty and me, since we don't go often. It took three taxis to get our party over there, and when the taxi drivers told me the fare, I lost my appetite altogether.

Although we arrived at 7:30 to eat, the waiters refused to take our order until 8:00. Seventy minutes after our order was taken the first course was served. I had had time by then to regain my appetite, and it was in a perfect frenzy that I searched for the vegetables that the waiter insisted he had put on my plate. Eventually I found a piece of potato under the steak and the peas under a piece of parsley.

We had told the taxis to return at a quarter of ten, and they were right on time. We weren't! We had not yet been served the dessert. We left the table at 10:15 after the taxis had been waiting a half-hour and asked for the bill. They were in no more of a hurry to give us the bill than they were to give us the food. We had to stand around and watch the waiter add and re-add our bill for eighteen minutes. It was perfectly obvious to us that they were perplexed about the smallness of the bill. It must have seemed inconceivable to them that ten persons could be served a meal in their restaurant for as little as forty dollars. I was puzzled too. How could ten adult Americans be fools enough to pay forty dollars for what we had been served? Despite everything, however, we did have a good time—thanks to the congenial group with whom we went.

The first thing I do when I go home from work is build a fire in our 300 year old fireplace. Building that fire is quite a routine. I go through the house and raise all of the windows and open the doors. Then I distribute wet towels to be wrapped tightly around the faces of all who happen to be in the house at the time. I next take an old electric fan, plug it in, and direct its current of air toward the fireplace. Everyone is ordered to the rear of the house except myself. I put on a complete suit of foul weather gear to keep off the soot, light the fire, and stick my head into the fireplace to blow. In less time than it takes me to write this letter—roughly, an hour and a half—I can have as nicely smouldering flicker of flame as ever smoked up a Bermuda tray ceiling.

By next month we hope to be able to give you definite news about our plans. Until then . . . Frederick.

HOBBIES

"My hobbies are novelty slippers, shoes and booties, and patterns for crochet holders. I've made about 90 of them. I also collect view cards and have 1500. Will be glad to exchange."—Mrs. Harry Goundie, Cee Vee Rt., Childress, Tex.

"Shakers and pot holders."—Mrs. Dorothy C. Harrison, Macksburg, Ia.

"Will exchange feed sacks or whatever you collect for odd houseplants, any kind of flower bulbs, and also patterns for things to cut out to put in yard."—Mrs. Nellie Schwader, Russell, Iowa.

"My hobbies are fancy soaps, novelty perfumes and stamped pieces to work with floss. Will exchange anything of the same value."—Mrs. G. L. Hawkins, Rt. 3, Maryville, Mo.

"My hobby is little slippers—would like to have one from every state. I have quite a few from the west but none from the east. Will exchange."—Mrs. Elmer Spoo, Estherville, Ia.

Salt and pepper shakers, and crocheted pot lifters. Will exchange.—Mrs. Earl Eisenbise, Morrill, Kans.

"My hobbies are hot-pads, salt and pepper shakers, and crocheting of all kinds. I have a wide collection of patterns."—Mrs. John Anderson, Box 112, McKenna, Washington.

"I collect old toothpick holders and will exchange what is wanted."—Ann Barber, Coon Rapids, Ia.

"I collect dogs and would like to exchange with someone."—Mrs. Elvis Miller, Grant City, Mo.

"I have nearly three-hundred hot-pan holders, and over one-hundred crocheted doilies. I would like to exchange these two things with others."—Miss Marian Mulsow, Rt. 2, Yates Center, Kansas.

View cards from U. S. and foreign countries.—Miss Georgia Wade, General Delivery, Osceola, Iowa.

Pot-holders.—Mrs. R. R. DeLair, Oketo, Kans.

Print quilt pieces, pot-holders and patterns.—Mrs. Peter Doebele, Rt. 2, Hanover, Kans.

View cards.—Dolores Larsen, Rt. 2, Bancroft, Iowa.

"I collect pitchers and cake plates, also embroidered tea towels and fancy pot-holders. Will exchange for your hobby but please write before sending."—Mrs. Lee C. Wolfe, Winterset, Ia.

"My hobby is any kind of junk jewelry or jewelry with pins or catches off."—Mrs. Mildred Kissinger, Burlington, Ia.

Shakers, holders and any new crochet patterns.—Mrs. Albert Schewe, 307 N. Madison St., Marshalltown, Ia.

"I collect U. S. and Canadian stamps of all kinds, and health seals. Would much appreciate any such seals that your readers care to pass on."—Blanch Huff, 5427 S. 28th Ave., Omaha 7, Nebraska.

Earn Money taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details. Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.



BERRY TARTS

(Try this the next time you get berries out of the locker)

PASTRY

- 2 cups flour
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. cold water

Proceed with pastry as for any pie shell, but press down over back of muffin pan; prick well and bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. This amount of pastry makes ten 4-inch tart shells.

FILLING

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup fruit juice or water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. butter

4 cups fresh or frozen berries

Combine sugar, flour and salt; add to fruit juice or water and cook until thick and clear, about 3 to 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add butter and berries, cool slightly. Spoon into tart shells, chill and serve.

SALT-SUGAR METHOD FOR STEAK

(Sufficient for 2 gal. jar of meat)

Mix together 6 tablespoons of salt, 4 tablespoons of sugar, 2 tablespoons of salt Petre and 1 tablespoon of pepper. Place a layer of meat in the jar, then salt mixture, etc., until jar is filled. Place a weight on the meat and set in a cold room. This is to be used as is, not to be soaked out when prepared for the table.—Mrs. N. S. Pederson, Norfolk, Nebr.

SOUR CREAM MUFFINS

- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine egg, sour cream, melted shortening and sifted dry ingredients. Mix just until flour is moistened (batter will not be smooth). Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven 25 minutes. Makes 1 dozen muffins.—Mrs. H. W., Newton, Ia.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BRAISED STUFFED HEART

- 1 beef heart
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup green pepper
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1/4 cup celery
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup water

Brown onion, celery and green pepper in hot fat. Add bread crumbs, beaten egg and salt and pepper. Wash heart well, split, remove blood vessels and fill with stuffing. Sew or skewer together. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Season with salt and pepper. Add water and cover and simmer slowly until tender (about 3 hours). Make gravy by thickening liquid left in pan.—Mrs. L. J. White, Des Moines, Ia.

PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon or lime jello
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup canned pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 4-6 sweet pickles (depending on size)

Sliced stuffed olives
Mayonnaise

Dissolve jello in boiling water. When dissolved add pineapple juice, salt, and vinegar. Add crushed pineapple, pickles chopped fine and turn into mold or individual molds. When slightly thickened decorate with slices of stuffed olives. Chill. Serve on lettuce leaf garnished with mayonnaise. Nice to serve with plain bread and butter sandwiches or small open-faced, cream cheese sandwiches.—Gerada Denife, Topeka, Kans.

PRUNE PUDDING

- 2 cups stewed pitted prunes
- 1 cup prune juice
- 2 eggs
- 5 graham crackers
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup walnut meats.

Beat egg yolks, add sugar, prunes, (a little vanilla if you like), graham crackers which have been rolled into fine crumbs, walnuts, and prune juice. Lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Bake until firm in center. Serve cold with whipped cream.—Mrs. Isaac Niemann, Plainfield, Ia.

JENNIFER JEAN

Jennifer Jean is learning to cook, Jennifer Jean gets grease on the book. She stands on a stool to stir the batter, And licks her fingers (one taste won't matter).

There's flour on the floor and flour in her hair

And gobs of goo on the seat of the chair.

An egg lies down on the table to cry, Before she finds it, the white will dry. Sugar grates beneath her tread, The salt shaker tries to stand on its head.

Stay clear of the kitchen, for heaven's sake,

For six year old Jean is making a cake.

—Janice Blanchard.

SALLY LUNNS

- 1 cake soft yeast
- 1 T. sugar
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1 pt. milk
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 4 T. soft butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in luke-warm water—add milk, which has been scalded and cooled to luke-warm and two cups of flour to make a sponge. Beat for 5 minutes. Add eggs and soft butter, then the remaining 2 cups of flour sifted with the salt. Beat until smooth. Pour into greased muffin tins, cover and let rise until double in bulk. Sprinkle with sugar and chopped nuts if desired. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.

Note: Good served with coffee and a chicken or tuna salad.

UNCOOKED CREAM DRESSING

- 1/2 cup sour cream, whipped
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt, dash pepper
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons vinegar

Mix sugar, salt, pepper, add lemon juice, vinegar, and stir gradually into whipped cream. Good over cabbage, cucumbers, lettuce, or salad. Mrs. Ida F. Hill, Waverly, Missouri.



Susan Volk of Rockwell City, Iowa, doesn't mind the wind blowing her hair as long as there is chocolate cake batter in the crock.

PARTY FOOD

PINEAPPLE CHIFFON PUDDING

- 1 1/4 cups pineapple juice
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 egg whites
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1/2 cup sugar

Soak gelatine in 1/4 cup of pineapple juice. Beat 3 egg yolks well; add 1/4 cup sugar and 1 cup pineapple juice. Cook this mixture in double boiler, stirring constantly, until of a custard consistence. Add gelatine after removing from fire. Cool. Whip 3 egg whites until very stiff and add 1/4 cup sugar. Then fold whites into the first mixture. Chill. Just before serving fold in 1/2 cup whipped cream. This may be turned into graham cracker crust for chiffon pie, or put into sherbert glasses and chilled to serve with cake.—Lucile.

BING CHERRY PIE

- 1 qt. cherries, or 1, 2 1/2 size can
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 8-inch pie shell, baked

Drain cherries and remove seeds. Thicken juice with cornstarch and cook for about 15 minutes. Chill thoroughly. Whip cream, add sugar and put in bottom of baked pie shell. Place drained cherries on top of cream. Then pour the thickened juice over that and chill several hours. I use frozen strawberries sometimes rather than cherries by chilling them and draining the juice—then proceed in the same way.—Mrs. Carroll Youngkin, Mitchellville, Ia.

ICE BOX PUDDING

- 1 envelope gelatine
- 1 pkg. jello pudding (any flavor)
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup whipped cream

Graham crackers or cake crumbs
Soak gelatine in milk. Cook pudding with milk and egg yolks which have been beaten well. While still hot add gelatine and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. After mixture has cooled fold in 1 cup whipped cream and pour into pan lined with graham cracker or cake crumbs. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

GENUINE SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

- 4 eggs
- 1 1/4 cups Southern cane syrup
- 1 1/2 cups broken pecan meats
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Boil sugar and syrup together two or three minutes. Beat eggs not too stiff, pour in slowly the hot syrup, add the butter, vanilla and pecan meats broken rather coarsely. Turn into a raw pie shell and bake in moderate oven about 45 minutes or until set.—Mrs. Paul C. Siert, Blair, Nebr.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Eli Espe

I suppose it's quite natural that writing this column on school lunches often starts me reminiscing about my own long past school days. However, it does seem a bit strange that on this cold day in mid-winter, memory takes me back to a pretty awful summer when I had to enter a Norwegian parochial school for the annual term in July and August. We had just moved into a Norwegian community and I didn't know a word of the Norse language; I'm sure that my parents didn't have the faintest idea of what a terrible ordeal it was for me to be sent to a Norwegian school with such a handicap, and having to compete with children who spoke the language and understood it perfectly.

Although the temperature often soared to ninety and over, we were never allowed to open any windows. And our teacher terrified me. He was a cranky old man, heavily bearded, and with no more understanding of children than a rabbit, and less patience. I was known as the "dumb little Yankee" because I couldn't read like a veteran from the New Testament after two weeks of study in the beginner's book. I was too heartsick and discouraged to cry, and most of the time I was frightened to death because the old man had a violent temper and everytime he came thundering down the aisle in my direction I was sure that this was the end. I often looked on in terror as he yanked the offender from his seat by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled. Whenever a "butch" haircut prevented this procedure, the scruff of the neck had to suffice for the tooth rattling operation.

When lunch time came we were required to get our lunch pails, march to our seats and sit quietly while he asked one of the pupils to say grace, in Norwegian, of course. It never dawned on me that he would ever ask the "dumb Yankee" to say grace, but he did, and as long as I live I'll never forget that moment. Fortunately I could somehow summon up a four-line verse, and I gave it in a squeaking, trembling voice. I've no idea what I ate for lunch that day for my tasting apparatus was scared completely out of commission.

It's an ill wind that blows no good, says the old adage, and as a result of my enforced attendance at Norwegian school, which at the time seemed the illest of ill winds to me, and a greater trial than any human being should ever be asked to bear, I learned the Norwegian language which I never would have learned otherwise, and which has been of much value to me down through the years.

* * *

We have reached the time of year when no doubt mother is as tired of packing lunches as the children are of eating them. Children, have you ever thought of "swapping" lunches with your schoolmates? Have a "swap day" at school when everyone trades lunches, sight unseen and no peeking. Try it, it's fun, and you may discover



Deanna Donnell, Leavenworth, Kansas.

new ideas which you can tell your mothers about.

And mothers, have you ever thought of offering to pack lunches for your neighbor's children in addition to your own, for one week, and the next week turn about? In this way you would have two weeks out of each month free from the task of lunch packing. Of course, this idea is practical only if neighbors live fairly close together and have the same number of youngsters carrying lunches. The children may enjoy the change, and any neighborly cooperation that breaks the humdrum routines is worth trying.

Whenever you do any baking, keep the lunch box in mind. For instance, you may be mixing up a plain cake. In the refrigerator, perhaps, are some leftover canned or stewed fruits or berries. Put some of the sweetened fruit into custard cups, pour a little batter over it and bake until done. Result, some delicious individual up-sidedown cakes.

Use leftover pie pastry for individual meat pies or turnovers using leftover bits of cooked or roast beef or pork for filling. Chicken is especially good.

Put graham crackers together with powdered sugar frosting or peanut butter and ground dates, cut in half; then cover the bars with melted sweet chocolate. You could use candy bars for this. Small children would be delighted with animal crackers dipped in sweet chocolate.

When you have no salad dressing to mix with chopped meat for sandwiches, use sour cream with a little vinegar, sugar and salt added to taste. Stir in a small amount of prepared mustard. Delicious.

FRUIT PASTE BON BONS

- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup figs
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts

Grind all and mix with 1/2 package of vanilla pudding powder and two tablespoons of cream. Form in balls and set to ripen on a wax paper.—Mrs. D. T., Ridgeway, Mo.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Last week I was talking with the principle of a grade school in Chicago and she told me that she had had twenty-five years of experience with other peoples' children. When I asked her what she considered the most significant change in children during that time she surprised me by saying that the greatest change was in their general lack of respect for property. I was sorry that she did not point out some of the good positive traits that have been developed, but I think that she had an honest complaint and that we ought to consider it.

We have advocated more freedom for children, freedom to express themselves in a healthy, constructive way, but I think that a parent has been very neglectful if she has not taught her child courtesy and consideration for others. I do not believe that freedom means freedom to injure another's property, or freedom to impose a child's will on others.

The day that your baby begins to crawl he becomes a citizen of the world, and every foot that he moves takes him away from the cradle and your absolute domination. From now on he is going to find out for himself what things are and how much control he has over them. We are pleased to see his eagerness and curiosity and want to develop it as much as possible because this is learning, but good habits can be learned as well as bad and you won't have to break a good habit. Many things that a baby wants to examine can burn or cut or even kill him, so he must learn that which is safe and that which isn't. There are many things in a home which can injure the child, but there are many more things that a child can destroy.

Some people solve these problems temporarily by removing everything they can from the baby's reach, but I don't believe this is a good solution. It sets up an artificial way of living for every other member of the household and any child will soon figure out that what they can reach belongs to them and as a consequence nothing will be safe when they start climbing.

If you follow this system, what are you going to do when you take your youngster out? You cannot expect your friends to move everything in the house when you come to call, and if your child has not been taught his manners you will be embarrassed and uneasy all of the time, and worse than that, your baby will be an unwelcome guest. Nothing could be more cruel than to allow your baby to believe that he can do no wrong, and then have him meet hostility for something that he doesn't understand.

I always feel very sorry for children who are given the center of the stage with all their cute baby tricks, and then suddenly nobody thinks its cute and they are just a nuisance interrupting everybody.

Kira had had her eye on the bookcases and spice cabinet for a long time and as soon as she was able to move under her own power she made a bee-line for them. The first time

she pulled anything out I put it back and said, "That belongs to Mother and Daddy, this belongs to Kira," and handed her one of her own toys.

You're right — she tossed the toy away and made another grab. So with no show of annoyance I picked her up and put her in her own room with the door open and the gate locked for a few minutes. I had been advising parents for a good many years on this particular phase of their child's development, but this was the first time that I had actually put it into operation myself so I kept careful notes to see just how it was going to work out.

That first day I picked her up and put her behind the gate forty-two times! I'm no superman, so I will have to admit that towards the end of the day I showed some strain while Kira showed no sign of giving up. That night her father and I talked it over and decided that I'd better begin using some brain power because obviously the rest of my muscles wouldn't hold out. We cleaned out the lowest shelf of one of the cabinets and put some of Kira's books and toys into it beside some new ones. We took some very small and heavy medicine bottles and filled them with buttons and beans and colored water to look just as attractive as the spice cabinet, and the next day went better. Kira was attracted to her own shelf and I only had to pick her up sixteen times. The third day she found some extra things to put into her own shelf and once when I didn't do what was right she pulled my skirt and put me behind the gate.

We travelled and visited around a great deal while Kira was a small child and I have been very grateful for those three days of training. Of course it wasn't just three days, but after that she never needed to be reminded very often. Friends and neighbors have told me that they enjoy having Kira call on them and we can return from visiting without unhappy memories.



Mrs. Phyllis Bell and Pamela Jeanne wearing her Grandfather's baby dress. Phyllis is the daughter of Mrs. Lois Shull of Topeka, Kansas.

LETTER FROM LUCILLE

Dear Friends:

This is a sparkling winter afternoon and the ice and snow are melting so noisily that it sounds almost like an April shower outside. Thanks to such a day we were at last able to rescue Juliana's good hat with the beaver earmuffs that had been frozen to a bench in the backyard for almost a week. The back steps and walk were a solid sheet of ice so we didn't dare try to navigate them, and every day Juliana stood at the kitchen window and went into a song of mourning for her lonesome, frozen hat. But today we were able to get it in, ice and all, and it's still thawing in the bathtub. I don't suppose she will ever be able to get it on again for it was almost too small before this happened, so I'll call it our second clothing casualty of the winter. The first one was a pair of mittens that simply disappeared into thin air, but when you consider how small those objects are I don't think it's too bad a record for the winter.

This is one of the days when I wish that I could give you a lively account of my trip to Samarkand or Buenos Aires or some other far point on the world's surface. When we lived in California I used to get letters from some of you friends who said that you were snowed in, hadn't been twenty miles from home for a year, etc., etc., and wanted me to know that my letters from far away were much enjoyed. Well, I'm right here with you now, snow and all, and I haven't been more than twenty miles away from home for months, so in my turn I'm enjoying Frederick's letters and Mrs. Barrow's account of her exciting trip to Natchez.

The Natchez trip is one that I would certainly love to take some day. I've always had a hankering to see the "Deep South" and long ago when I was free to do pretty much as I pleased, I used to sit down and figure out routes to take along the gulf states. We have friends who've lived in some of those states and they've said again and again that they don't know why I should have such a strong wish to go there. But anything I haven't seen is of interest to me, and if circumstances were just right I'd pack my old suitcase tonight and start out for Mississippi!

Tomorrow Juliana and I will tackle our Valentines and we're going to stay away from the "store ones" as she calls them, and make heart-shaped cookies. I've been hoarding some sugar just for this purpose, and we're going to let our imaginations run riot when it comes to decorating them. Russell has boxes of the right size that we can cover with red paper and then the cookies will go into the box and be delivered on Valentine's day to her little friends around here. I'm really looking forward to this myself, and it's the first Valentine's day that I've given a side-long glance to since I was in the sixth grade and hoped for a valentine from a very nice boy named Donald who didn't know that I was alive.

Speaking of hoarding a little sugar reminds me that I was taken aback the other day when a friend of mine said, "Last night we took the potato chips, chocolate cookies and gingerale to bed with us." This friend's husband is a hardworking doctor and I couldn't visualize his taking time to have a snack in bed, and I must have registered my surprise for she added hastily, "It's the only way we can be sure the children won't get into them if they get up first. We always take things like that to bed." I suppose the day is coming when Russell and I will gather up some sacks and trail off to bed too.

This week I hope to get at some sewing that's been lurking in the drawer for a long time. I finally finished the embroidery on a white dimity dress and now it's ready to be made. Juliana asked me specifically for a dress with dancing bears, so I got out my cross-stitch transfers and was fortunate enough to turn up honest-to-goodness dancing bears. There are seven of them done in two shades of blue right above the hem line. It's to be a pinafore dress, meaning that it looks like a pinafore but is really a dress. There will be white ruffles over the shoulders and down to the set-in belt both in front and in back, and little puffed sleeves. Probably this will be the last summer that Juliana can ever wear such dresses and I intend to make the most of it! The way she is growing I have very little time left to indulge my fondest fancies in lace and embroidery—and when this time is gone it is gone forever, and my! how I hate to see it go.

These days I seem to have sort of a strangle-hold on my housework instead of vice-versa, and now I'm trying to get caught up with the things that had to be allowed to drift through the months when I wasn't able to tackle any but the most important items. My kitchen has had a good over-hauling and even the catch-all drawer has had the breath knocked out of it. I know that you aren't supposed to have such a drawer, to begin with, but I don't see how it's humanly possible to avoid one. Whenever Russell or Juliana are looking for something slightly smaller than the kodachrome projector or the tricycle I always shout, "Go look in THE DRAWER." And nine times out of ten that's exactly where it is.

The picture on this page is the one of our dining room portrait gallery that I promised a month or so ago. However, at that time I told you that the frames were of walnut and that was a mistake on my part. They are really of oak—two sides have been white-leaded and two sides are dark. I also told you that all of the pictures were of adults, relatives and friends of ours, but we got lonesome to see our children in the collection so Kristin Johnson, Kristin Solstad, Richard Verness and Juliana are all up there now. We've had the gallery up for quite a while and still feel that it's the most successful solution we've found for portraits. I'd like to go through Mother's big collection of pictures and fix up something like this for her.



Arrangement of our family pictures.

Tonight we're going to have something for supper that we like very much—pork chops with apples. If you've butchered recently and have quite a few chops, or if you just go into the store and buy them as I do, perhaps you'd like to try this for varieties sake. I sear the chops on both sides first and then put in the apples, about seven small ones, that I've sliced as I would for apple pie. They go on top of the chops first and I sprinkle about two tablespoons of sugar over them. After they've cooked over a slow fire with a tight lid on the skillet, I turn the apples underneath with the chops on top and finishing cooking. This is a refreshing change from the familiar fried chops with applesauce on the side, so I hope that you try it. With this we will have canned asparagus in cheese sauce, a fresh vegetable salad, and a pineapple pudding for dessert. I'm going to include the pudding recipe under Party Food so you can look for it there.

This month I can say with relief that nothing has fallen to pieces in the house! Our new stoker (new to us but really second-hand for Mother and Dad used it until they installed gas) has our interests at heart and chugs away peacefully day in and day out. The basement pipes that had us so baffled are still holding together too, so we have much to be thankful for. It must be awfully nice to have a brand new house, one built to your exact specifications, but Russell and I would be lost in such splendor for we'd miss our most interesting subject of conservation and speculation: how can we jig up this old house?

We'd be awfully glad to hear from those of you who have moved into old houses—we'd like to know what you've done, and what you hope to do. I can't promise to answer your letters as they should be answered, but at least you can know that we've read them with great interest.

Until April—Lucille.

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter Program over KMA. 3:15 to 3:45 Daily.

Frame Your Photographs

Treat your loved photographs to uniform frames. Finest quality oak, two sides leaded and two sides stained; 8x10; gilt edged. Can be hung on wall or will stand on table, mantel, etc. Glass included. See picture on left. Price: \$2.00 p.p. Order from Verness Studio, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Helpful Hints

When catsup season comes next year, remember that after mixing all ingredients together (eliminating all cornstarch or flour for thickening) they can be poured into as many shallow pans as you can find. Boil in these only about one-half hour and you will have a wonderfully thick catsup that doesn't lose its flavor or color.—Mrs. H. S., Lakefield, Minn.

Cleaning silverware doesn't need to be a dreaded job if you try this method. Use a bright, clean aluminum pan. Pour into it boiling water and a heaping teaspoon of baking soda. Put the silverware in, let stand for a minute, and then rinse in hot water.—Mrs. J. F., Omaha, Nebr.

Many of us have had to put up pears that were of good quality but somewhat lacking in flavor. Mrs. Elsie Pray of Des Moines suggests that the addition of two teaspoons of a fruit-drink mixture to each quart gives them a delicious flavor and colors them most attractively. Simply add the mixture to the juice, then pour back over them and let them stand. Try this the next time you bring up a quart of pears from the basement and feel that they need a little "pepping" up.

I can get along without a tablecloth;
I can get along without pads in my shoes;
But there's one thing I can't get along without
And that's Kitchen-Klatter news!"

—Mrs. Pearl Mossman,

It's Fun to Sew

A SEWING BOOK

by

Leanna and Lucile

Price 50c

This sewing book fills a long-felt need. Is instructive and entertaining. It will make an ideal gift. Send one to your daughter or friend. Order from

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Ia.



Mother and Margery in the cutter, Don standing beside it.—Lucile.

MY CUTTER RIDE

(Reprinted from Kitchen-Klatter,
February, 1939)

Lucile Driftmier Verness

One of the incidents that has become a legend in our family is that of my famous cutter ride. My efforts to get this ride covered about half of the winter of 1936, and during all of this time I had the family and my friends practically exhausted watching my struggles to get a horse and a cutter at the same spot at the same moment.

I had memories of a very happy cutter-ride in my childhood when mother drove a lively black horse harnessed to a gay little red cutter with bright plush seats. That had been a successful ride—and I never forgot it. Ever after I longed for another cutter ride and in January, 1936, I determined to have it.

Now it seems, to begin with, that there are almost no cutters left in the Iowa countryside. And it seems, furthermore, that horses trained to drive single are almost non-existent also. I called twenty-five farmers before I found a horse that was guaranteed to drive single, and was also sober and safe. The only hitch was that I had to find a barn in town so that it wouldn't have to be returned to the farm late at night.

I couldn't find a barn in Shenandoah suitable for a horse, and finally had to compromise on an old chicken-house that was so small the horse would have to back in with its head down. After I found these accommodations the owner of the horse decided that he was too old to be hitched to a cutter, and after two weeks of effort I was left where I had started on this horse problem—there simply was no horse.

In the meantime, however, I had been trying desperately to get a cutter. I felt that once I had a cutter the horse would be provided by some miracle. After much calling I finally located a cutter on a farm west of town, and on a Sunday afternoon Wayne drove me out to get it. Now this cutter certainly wasn't the gay, red plush-

upholstered cutter of my childhood memories (in fact, it looked quite awful because the paint had long ago worn off, and great pieces of stuffing were coming out of the seat) but I was in no position to be particular, so I arranged to pay \$1.50 for the use of the cutter for three days—and off we drove with the cutter tied on to the back of the car with rope.

When we got to the railroad tracks we were horrified to see the rope break and let down one shaft. Simultaneously it hit the track, there was a loud splintering, and then I had a cutter with but one shaft. The other was broken off at the single-tree.

It cost \$3.50 to get a new shaft, and I still had no horse. Finally I heard about an old white horse that drove single, and that was guaranteed to be perfectly safe. It was. We never could get it to move without pleading and urging, and it's no exaggeration to say that it's head hung down almost to the ground.

I rented Whitey (that was its name) and then found that his harness wouldn't fit the cutter, so I had to buy some new pieces of harness and what I couldn't afford to buy we rigged up with rope. Just when I had everything set for a ride and expected to be out by seven o'clock on a beautiful snowy night, the owner of the cutter called and asked that we return it at once. We returned it at five o'clock. The next day the thermometer rose, and just when I succeeded in locating another cutter there wasn't a spot of snow left on the streets.

Finally I was delighted to see it turn cold. A heavy snow fell. The second cutter was at hand and Whitey was on deck. Then the thermometer fell to 20 degrees below zero, and when we started out on our ride it was so cold that we could only get a few blacks before we were half-frozen. Whitney was almost too tired to walk, and it was all we could do to get him to stand up long enough to take pictures. I figured up once how much that one cutter ride cost me and I'm ashamed to tell how much it was—BUT I HAD MY CUTTER RIDE!

FAMILY FUN

LUCKY DRAWING. Have colored construction paper cut in inch squares, and place numbers on some of them. Let each guest draw out a given number of papers, and then allow a short trading period. The value of colors and numbers is to be kept a secret until the trading time is up. The announcer then gives the value of colors and numbers and points are added to find the winner. Here are points: White 1, red 5, yellow 10, green 20. Number 10 adds 50 to score, number 7 doubles his score, and number 13 takes away half of his score.

DOT THE "I" IN PIG: A group of ten or twelve players is best. The player who is "It" turns his back and covers his eyes. The other players take turns poking "it" gently. After each poke, "it" tries to name the player who poked him and gives him a forfeit. If "it" picks the wrong player, he must pay the forfeit himself. The forfeits may be prepared on slips of paper which "it" chooses each time.

FUNNY FORFEITS TO GO WITH ABOVE GAME: Sing an Irish lullaby to a sofa pillow. Show how a "dude" walks when passing a young lady. Pantomime how Dad swats an elusive fly. Pantomime how St. Patrick charmed the snakes out of Ireland. Croon an Irish song to some young lady in the group. Impersonate a traffic cop arguing with a lady driver (silently, that is, without words). Grin at rest of players until someone grins back at you.

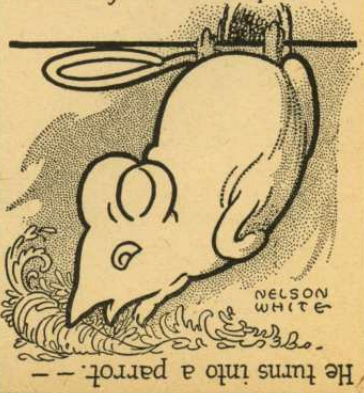
DON'T FOR CHILDREN'S GAMES

1. Stress playing, not winning.
2. Never hurry instructions before starting.
3. Have a simple trial start.
4. Show enthusiasm for a fair game rather than a prize.
5. Be sure to announce the winner if there is confusion.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES
WRITTEN BY NELSON WHITE

Here you see a little mouse
A-nibbling at a carrot—
But when you turn him upside down



He turns into a parrot.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Tonight as I write to you I'm sitting at my own kitchen table, in my own home, beside a nice roaring fire. Frank is in the living room reading, and Kristin is sound asleep in her own little bed. I mention this because Kristin and I just returned yesterday from Shenandoah where I have spent the past two weeks working in the Kitchen-Klatter Office for Mother. One of the typists in the office was gone, and since I had previously worked for them and didn't have to be "trained", Mother called me and asked if it would be possible for me to get away for a couple of weeks and help them out in a pinch. Of course I was glad I was able to go down. Kristin stayed at home with her Daddy and Johnson grandparents for a week, then Frank came down for the week-end and left Kristin so she could play with Juliana for a week.

The Sunday before I left for Shenandoah, Wayne and Abigail spent the day with us. Wayne had only been here once for a few hours, and Abigail never had been here. In fact it was the first time Frank and Abigail had met. We had a lovely day, one of those beautiful warm winter days we had been having, so we were able to get out and roam around in the timber and show them some of the farm. The next morning when we got up the ground was covered with snow and it was still snowing. We could hardly believe our eyes. Of course Frank said he expected some kind of bad weather because I was going to Shenandoah. It is a standing joke here at our house that we always have either rain or snow on the day I'm supposed to leave for Shenandoah, because almost without exception, this has been the case every time. To those of you who live on a gravelled road or paving, this would mean nothing, but to us it always makes things so complicated because we have three miles of dirt roads before we hit the gravelled road into Chariton. Poor Frank has had to put the chains on in pouring down rain and blizzards, to get me into the train on time. And I must say this for Frank, he has always gotten me there on time, and has never been cross with me when he had to get out and crawl around in the mud and get soaking wet putting the chains on. Once, I remember, I felt terribly guilty because it was all my fault. He was ready to start when it first started to sprinkle, and since this same thing had happened several times before, I should have packed my bag the night before, but I hadn't, so I wasn't ready. We got just half way to the paving and it was simply pouring down. Of course we had to stop. I thought if he gets a cold and gets pneumonia I will never forgive myself. But he got back in the car smiling and announced that we still had time to get there before the train arrived.

When Frank and Kristin arrived in Shenandoah, Frank's sister Edna who had come with them said to Kristin, "What was it you were going to remember to ask your mama to guess?" Kristin promptly grinned and said, "A

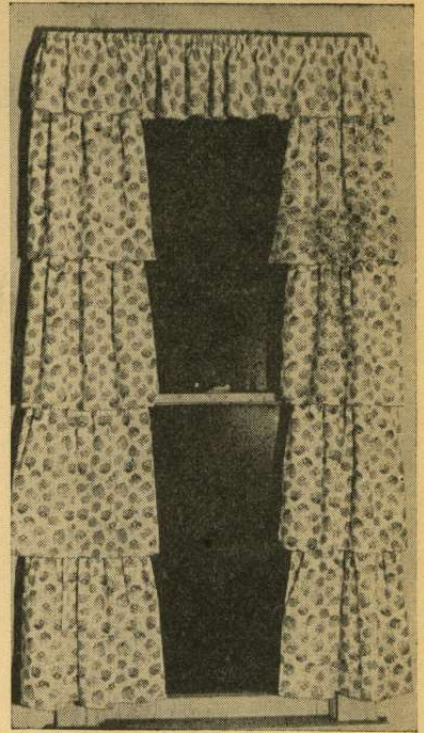
new tractor". Yes, we are one of the rare and fortunate few who have been able to get a new tractor. Of course this is our first one because coming to the farm just a year ago this month, naturally we didn't have one and weren't able to get one until now. So last year we did almost all of our farming with horses, and are so glad we were able to get a tractor before the spring work begins.

In my letter to you last month I mentioned my new kitchen curtains that Frank's mother had made for me out of feed sacks, and I had so many letters from my reader friends asking for more details, that I just took one of my curtains down and took it to Shenandoah with me so Russell could take a picture of it for the magazine. I knew I could explain it much better if you had a picture to look at. When we saw the picture of the curtains on the cover of an old magazine and decided we wanted curtains like them, we had no idea how they had made them so we figured out our own method. I should say that Mrs. Johnson figured it out because she is the curtain maker in our family. She took an old sheet to use as the backing because we didn't have enough white feed sacks, but if you have white feed sacks you could use those. She made each strip of backing 15 inches wide, and of course as long as you need it for your own window. Mine hang just below the bottom part of the window. Each flounce was gathered first and then stitched to the white strip, about two inches up under the bottom of the flounce above. If you don't put them up under at least two inches, you can see where they are stitched on. My windows are long, so we used four flounces to each side, but your own windows may look better with three. We used rick-rack as a trimming for the bottom edge of each flounce.

I don't know if I can make myself clear on how she got the top ruffle on or not but I'll try. Each end had to be gathered before the side drapes were stitched to it, leaving the center between the drapes straight, or flat, so that when you have them hanging on the curtain rod the top ruffle will hang in even folds.

I hope I have described this clearly enough for those of you who have feed sacks to be used for curtains and would like to make them in this way. Perhaps since you have the picture to go by, you can figure it out. I have liked mine so well because they don't cover the window very much and permit so much light to go through. I would like to make some for Kristin's room, since she just has one window and needs all the sunlight she can get. But it would have to be in a plain pastel shade since this one window is on the side of her room that is papered in a nursery paper.

Just one year ago on the fifteenth of February, Frank and Kristin and I arrived from San Francisco, Calif., to make our home on the farm. Tonight I can sit here and truthfully say it has been one of the happiest years of my life. I had never lived on a farm, and had never spent more than a week or two at any one time visiting on a



"The feed sack curtains in my kitchen."
—Dorothy.

farm. I had been used to every modern convenience that city life has to offer, and now live on a farm with no modern conveniences. How do I feel about it after a year? I love it, and hope I never have to live in a city again. I wouldn't take anything for the fun and the new experiences I have had this past year, and I'm looking forward to a bigger and better year this year.

Sincerely,
Dorothy.

DO YOU KNOW?

When you eat a spoonful of honey, do you stop to think how long it took a bee to make it and how many blossoms it took to supply this honey? If the bee only has to fly for two minutes to reach the clover field, it would have to visit 62,000 blossoms and make 2,750,000 trips to gather enough nectar to make one pound of honey. The bee would have to work day and night without stopping for over a year. If you had to pay the bee, as you would a person to work all this time, a pound of honey would cost a lot of money.

GUESS THESE

What has teeth but can't bite? (A saw).

What has four legs but can't walk? (A table).

What has ears but can't hear? (A corn stalk).

What has three feet and no toes? (A yard stick).

What has four eyes but can't see? (Mississippi).

What talks but isn't alive? (A radio).

—Jack Nielsen, Newell, Ia.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MARCH

Did you know that March used to be the first month of the year? It is a month of blustery winds and spring like days, of fresh turned soil and potato planting. It also brings to mind St. Patrick, whom legend tells us, drove the snakes out of Ireland. That was all St. Patrick did. When he was sixteen years old he was stolen by a band of ruffians and held captive for six years. He escaped and returned to Britian where he over threw beliefs in idols and pagan gods and founded churches. In his memory many people of Irish descent wear green to show their ancestry.

LITTLE COLT

Little colt, you can't help wobbling
On legs as long as those,
But you couldn't have them different—
Not even if you chose.

You have to have such lots of legs,
I'm glad you haven't more,
Just two are all I need, it must
Be hard to manage four.

I never saw legs any longer,
Nor long ones any thinner,
But then you have to have long legs
So you can reach your dinner.

—Unknown.

GUESS THESE

1. Why is it a good idea for a boy to wear a plaid sweater at Christmas time? Ans. To keep a check on his stomach.

2. What part of a turkey appears the day after New Year's? Ans. The bill.

3. What part of a chicken is found in every parade? Ans. Drumstick.

4. What fruit was most abundant in the ark? Ans. Pears (pairs).

5. Why are lollipops like race horses? Ans. Because the more you lick them the faster they go.

6. Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Ans. Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-two (too).

7. Who is the fastest runner in the world? Ans. Adam, because he was the first in the human race.

What parts of the body are most useful to a carpenter? The nails.

When is a fish like an airman? When it rises and takes a fly.

How much earth is in a hole six feet by three feet wide? None.

What ships do you least like to travel on? Hard-ships.



Sam, pet crow of the Ray Smith Family,
Ferguson, Iowa.

OUR PET CROW

By Mrs. H. Ray Smith

We would like to tell you about our pet crow.

Quite early last spring we got him from a neighbor and because it was cold we kept him on our back porch. Every hour or so we fed him bread and milk, and he would let us know when he was hungry by cawing and flapping his wings.

After the weather turned warmer and he began to hop around we put him outdoors. He has never attempted to fly away and certainly holds his own with the cats and dog. He eats with the cats now and when they bother him too much he grabs their tails and pecks them. They never attempt to catch him.

He tries to imitate the chickens and also the children when they talk to each other. Last spring he tried to sing like the hens and the little wrens in the morning.

He loves wash days when the clothes are on the line, but he is really a nuisance at such times for he pulls the clothes pins out of the clothes and runs to hide them. Nothing delights him more than to have someone get after him.

He likes meat and bread, also pancakes. These days he roosts in an evergreen tree and doesn't seem to mind the winter. He doesn't want to be handled but will let you stroke his back if you don't attempt to pick him up.

All in all, he is an interesting pet.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

WILL MAKE HOUSE DRESS, for \$1.00. Children's dresses, 50¢ each. Send material, buttons, thread, pattern, and measurements. Mrs. Vernice Vance, Route 3, Paris, Mo.

RARE OLD COPIES of Kitchen-Klatter back to 1937. Write to Mrs. M. C. Deane, Route 5, Topeka, Kansas.

I WILL MAKE DRESSES if sent patterns to fit and material Prints, \$2.00; Rayons, \$3.00; Crepes, \$4.00. Mrs. Lillian Stilts, Route 2, Hardyville, Kentucky.

ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED baby hoods, \$1.50; shoes and booties, pink, white, or blue, \$1.00 pair. Blanche Johnston, Birmingham, Iowa.

CROCHETED CENTER PIECES, pot holders, tea towels, aprons, quilt tops, pillow slips, handkerchiefs. Write. Mrs. Lester Brown, Route 6, Trenton, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Crocheted Tableclothes. All sorts of fancy work, novelties and baby clothes. Mrs. E. J. Hammond, Seymour, Iowa.

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

KIDDIES MAGAZINES, Jack and Jill, Wee Wisdom, excellent condition, 10¢ or 3 for 25¢, postpaid. Charles Dean, Route 5, Topeka, Kansas.

GIVE HAND KNIT baby boonets, \$1.25; booties, \$1.25; sweaters, \$3.50; mittens, \$1.25; socks, \$1.50; soakers, \$2.00; pot holders or dish rags, 3 for \$1.00, for that extra nice gift. State color preference. Mrs. Frank Webster, 3005 Grand Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

HANDMADE LINEN HANKIES, 50¢; baby dresses, \$1.75; crocheted doilies, \$1.00 up; tubing pillow cases, \$4.00; potholders, 40¢; aprons, \$1.00 up. Edith Scott, Oakhill, Kansas.

LOVELY CROCHETED DOILIES, 12 to 30 inches in size. Orders appreciated. \$1.50 to \$5.00 each. Mrs. O. Wilcoxson, Center, Kentucky.

"FAMOUS HISTORICAL PLACES" by Herbert H. Waller, Pictures and descriptions of many famous battlefields, patriotic shrines and historical sites. Also many scenic places in the National Parks from coast to coast. 112 views, 231 pages of text describing each place, 6x9, cloth bound. Sent to you postpaid, \$2.50 by Hobson Book Press, Cynthia, Kentucky.

SALEM COOK BOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes, spiral binding. Postpaid, \$1.00. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Iowa.

PRINT TEA TOWELS, 20x37 inches, ric-rac trim, 30¢. Print lunch cloth, trimmed, 42x36 inches, 75¢. Matched sets, 2 tea towels, lunch cloth, 2 pot holders, \$1.60; Girls print dresses, trim, \$2.10, size 2 to 8. Others send patterns. Ladies, size 16, \$2.50. Others send patterns. Mrs. A. Winters, Route 1, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted cross bookmarks, 20¢ each, nice for Easter. Rose crocheted pot holders; double and wild rose design, 50¢ each. Mrs. Bertha Schell, Klemme, Iowa.

CROCHETED RIC-RAC POTHOLDERS, \$1.00 per pair; 12 Easter cards, \$1.00; anything in cards, magazines. Write, Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted Table Cloth, 66x84 inches, wondershene, Queen Anne's Lace, \$15.00. Mrs. Orrin Wolfensperger, 1917 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Novelty Salt and Peppers and Pitchers, for collectors. Maude Mitchell, 1237 7th Avenue North, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 36-in. luncheon cloth, 4 napkins, \$2.00; pillow cases, \$3.00 a pair; 3-piece pansy doily, sets, \$2.50; band aprons, \$1.00; beautiful girls' dress and bonnet sets, \$5.00 set; dress, \$3.50, crocheted of fine wool, size 1 to 5; 30-in. crocheted rug, yarn, \$3. Mrs. G. Page, Box 574, Boone, Iowa.

DOILIES: 13-inch, fine thread, \$1.50; Ecu tablecloth, 76x68-inch, fine thread, \$15.00. Mrs. B. L. Vanderheiden, Heron Lake, Minnesota.

FOR SALE: Textile Painted Bleached Sheet-Pillow Cases, 42x32 inches, \$2.00; Overall print aprons, \$1.00 plus postage. Mrs. Will Debus, Route 4, Manhattan, Kans.

ROUND CROCHETED CENTER PIECE for dining table. Average size 34 inches across. White. Mrs. Pearl Moore, Purdin, Mo.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, double, very strong and pretty, assorted colors, \$1.00 per pair. Tulip applique quilt 70x80, pre-war material. Quilted, \$20.00. Mary Sullivan, Sheldon, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted Lacy Tablecloth, 70x90 inches. Ecu. \$15.00. Mrs. Wm. C. Koshatka, Calmar, Iowa.

CROCHETED BABY BIBS, white with pink or blue edge and ribbon trim, 50¢. Bertha Elsen, Manson, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Hand Loom Beautiful Rugs. I make fancy and plain weave. Ready to ship. Write. Fannie Hach, Elberon, Iowa.

FOUR PATCH QUILT 80x78 inches, \$12.00; Nine Patch Baby Quilt 46x35 inches, \$2.50; Machine Quilted. Mrs. Rudy Wichman, Blue Rapids, Kansas.

WILL DO EMBROIDERING and crochet small finishing edges. Mrs. Lawrence I. Turk, 1031 Clay St., Topeka, Kansas.

DECORATIVE WRAPPING PAPER with ribbons, seals, and dainty cards. \$1.15 postpaid. Millie DeWild, Eddyville, Iowa.

FOR SALE: American Eskimo (Spitz) Puppies, extra good quality, sired by "Silver Teddy", U.K.C. registered. Available now, write for prices. Craven's Kennel, on U. S. Highway No. 6, Menlo, Iowa.

CRAZY QUILT COVER, real large, \$5.00. Mrs. John G. Mixer, Heron Lake, Minn.

QUILT BLOCK APRONS: The newest! the prettiest! For yourself—for the bazaar—for that gift. \$1.00 each. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 1902 I St., Belleville, Kansas.

ROSE HOT POT HOLDERS in all colors, 70¢ a pair. Mrs. Wm. Tharman, Highland, Kansas.

EASY TO USE QUILTING STENCIL for cushions, quilts, etc. Fifteen inch. Grape Circle design, fifty cents postpaid. Scores of other patterns, five to fifty cents. Write for illustrated circular and sample pattern. Tie-on and cover-all aprons, \$1.25 to \$1.50 each postpaid. Assorted, washfast colors and prints. Novel Novelty Co., 903 Lincoln St., Beatrice, Nebraska.

DOILIES, chair sets, etc., crocheted from your pattern. Send full description, and stamped envelope for price. Catherine Scott, Nelson, Missouri.

DAINTY HAND CROCHETED BOOTIES, stay on! \$1.00 per pair. Two pair, \$1.75. State color. Mrs. W. E. Ockerman, Humeston, Iowa.

DOLLS APPAREL SHOP, 823 So. 16th, Clarinda, Iowa, has Easter Bonnets, 50¢ to \$1.00. Dainty Frocks with slips, \$1.50 to \$2.50. Sizes up to 18 inches. Give type and measurements.

PILLOW CASES, 42-inches wide, made of white feed sacks, with trimmed borders, etc., \$1.50 a pair. Also print feed sacks at 40¢ each. Mrs. Henry Kramer, Aplington, Iowa.

CROCHETED, 3-piece buffet sets, white, large size about 18 inches. Four dollars a set. Mrs. John L. Rhoades, Craig, Mo.

EASTER GIFTS. Yarn rabbits, 12 inches, \$1.25. Safety pin necklace, \$1.50. Crocheted crosses, 25¢, 30¢, and 50¢. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minnesota.

LOVELY TWO PIECE RAYON CREPE DRESS, black with gold pin dots and embroidery, 40, \$12.75. All wool venetian covert suit with new white blouse, 16, cocoa brown, \$15.00. Grand collection of size 16 clothes, blouses, skirts, bras, miscellaneous items, \$12.50. Fine black all wool gabardine spring box coat, 38, \$12.50. All of the above like new. Lovely new hand-made black wool purse with zippers, handles, 9½x14-in., \$5.25. 55 lovely handmade pastel silk quilt blocks, 9x9 inches, feather-stitched in white, ready to be set together with contrasting material, \$18.50. 32 white quilt blocks, 9x9 inches, with tulip design to be embroidered in cross stitch, and one pair unfinished pillowcases, \$5.25. One 3-pound cotton quilt pieces, \$1.50. One 6-pound rayon quilt pieces, \$3.00. Mrs. Helen Hardtke, Winnebago, Minn.

LIFETIME STAINLESS STEEL EXPANSION WATCH BANDS. Men's \$1.25. Ladies, yellow, pink, white, fits all watches, \$1.50. Leola Reynolds, 1344 Sumner, Lincoln, Nebraska.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: 20 sheets linen-finish stationery, 20 matching envelopes. 20 Personalized Post Cards; all neatly printed with your name and address, only \$1.00 postpaid. Ideal gift for relative or friend. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. T., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

HEMSTITCHED HAND EMBROIDERED SCARFS, 40 by 15 with crocheted edging, \$2.50. Crocheted rose holders, 50¢. Mrs. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

HONOR SCROLL, ex-service men or women, beautifully lithographed with name and rank, hand lettered in gold or black, \$1.00 postpaid. E. Hutchings, 1928 Prospect, Lincoln, Nebraska.

ALL OCCASION GREETING CARDS or all birthday. Box of 16 for \$1.00. Patchwork Aprons, \$1.00 postpaid. Boden Industries, Adams, Nebraska.

ATTRACTIVE CLOTHESPIN BAGS, resembling girls dress. Made from cotton prints, \$1.25. Excellent gifts. Marcelene Conner, 106 North Third, Indianola, Iowa.

HEALTH HINTS. Common sense ideas from a nurse. Included Eight-day reducing schedule, when and why do we grow old, wrinkles, and gray hair. Many other ideas. Price, 15¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Roses and pineapple chair set, \$3.00. Pineapple table cloth, 60x72 inches, \$30.00. Bess Meduna, Weston, Nebraska.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, Pansy, Sunflower, and Rose, 50¢ each. Pair panties, \$1.00 and 3¢ stamp. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia.

FOR SALE: Butterfly Sequin Lapel Pins, any color. Write, Mrs. O. C. Norton, Kellogg, Iowa.

MACHINE QUILTING. Cotton or wool batts furnished at market price. Write for price list. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

BOOSTS

"Again it's time to renew my subscription for Kitchen-Klatter, and the whole family has been reminding me about it. We're always anxious to know what is happening at the Driftmiers, and it would take pages and pages for me to tell you how much all of us enjoy the magazine."—Mrs. Bernice E. Hunter, Fonda, Ia.

"When our Ladies Aid meets I always hear such nice things said about your good magazine. I read mine over too quickly—then I am through and feel badly that it's the end until the next month."—Mrs. Engan, Spring Grove, Minn.

"I got the renewal card yesterday, so here it goes back again. I surely don't want to be on the tail end of the mailing. I enjoy reading it and also like the recipes—haven't any suggestions for improving it for I like it just as it stands."—Mrs. Elmer Moore, Dorchester, Nebr.

"I enjoy the magazine very much just as it is, in fact my entire family enjoys it and I usually have to wait until last to read it."—Mrs. Louis Engel, Herington, Kans.

"A neighbor woman left her copy of Kitchen-Klatter in our car and I read it, making me really want the magazine every month myself."—Mrs. Oscar E. Hunt, Tea, Mo.

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOK BOOKS

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Vol. 2.—Salads and Sandwiches.
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Vol. 4.—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings.
Vol. 5.—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery.
Vol. 6.—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.
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ORDER FROM LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

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GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

By Mabel Nair Brown

When planning a Golden Wedding party, try to make it beautiful in its simplicity. Remember that the honored couple will be "getting along in years" and, if the plans are too elaborate and tiring, they will lose much of the anticipated joy in the day. This is the time they will especially love to have their immediate family around them to share the joys of the event.

The invitations to the family dinner will no doubt become treasures for the scrap books. Write them in gold ink on white, gold-edged correspondence cards, and they will be especially dear if a recent picture of the couple is mounted on the other side of the card and the wedding date printed in gold below the picture. My grandparents sent one of these picture invitations to each member of the family so that we might all have a keepsake. Tiny golden bells were sketched in one corner below the picture, also.

The hours for the Open House (usually from two to four-thirty in the afternoon and from seven until nine in the evening) should be printed in the local paper so that friends may know when to call. It is wise to plan the family dinner at the noon hour so Father and Mother can rest between the two receptions.

This dinner won't be a burden to anyone if it is made a cooperative affair. The women of the immediate family should plan and assign themselves certain foods to prepare. Sometimes in order to lessen the activity in the family home, the dinner is served in the church dining room, or if a son or daughter live nearby it would be lovely to have the dinner there. Immediately following the dinner the parents could go to their own home for the reception.

The traditional wedding cake makes the most beautiful centerpiece for the table flanked on either side by tall yellow tapers in crystal candlesticks. Conventional white place cards with the names written in gold ink can be used, or if you wish to create a more informal atmosphere you can make a card something like the clever ones I once saw. These had tiny bonnets of grey satin perched upon nut cups as upon a hat rack. Tiny blue baby ribbon streamers decorated each bonnet. As the honored couple and their guests were seated at the table, two of the grandchildren played a lovely duet arrangement of Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet on the piano and violin.

Plan to have Father and Mother seated for the reception because it is much less tiring. An arrangement of flowers should be used around the sofa where the couple is to sit and lovely vines or flowers might be

trailed gracefully over a large window as a background. Vases of yellow roses or chrysanthemums used on small tables near the sofa would add a beautiful note.

A guest book should be placed near the door, and one of the grandchildren could see that each guest registered. The children of the couple should take turns greeting the guests at the door, and at some time during the afternoon or evening each guest should be greeted by all members of the family.

Old family pictures of fifty years ago might be prominently displayed. You'll find that they become the subject of much "reminiscing" conversation.

If a short program is desired, music by some of the young folks would be nice. The minister could be called upon for a short talk too, and if members of the original wedding party can be present, a few words from them would be much enjoyed. Best of all, however, is the "Memory Book", written by the children and read aloud; any family history or original poems written by a talented member of the family would find its place in such a program.

A small table may be provided for the display of cards and gifts. If the honored couple specifically request that no gifts be brought, mention of this may be made in all invitations that are issued and in any newspaper items that appear.

Ice cream, individual white tea cakes and coffee and tea are ideal refreshments. Brick ice cream is easily served at such an affair. If you wish, decorate the cakes with yellow roses made of icing, or with the family initial. If there are teen-age granddaughters, let them help serve. Yellow paper heart aprons with a white ruffled edge and a white and gold ribbon bow for their hair would be pretty, and would be lovely for keepsakes too.

Lastly, don't forget to take pictures of the day's events for the family album. If equipment for indoors pictures is not owned by some member of the family, don't hesitate to call a photographer for this is one occasion that must be recorded by the camera.

THE OPEN DOOR

You, my son,
Have shown me God.
Your kiss upon my cheek
Has made me feel the gentle touch
Of Him who leads us on.
The memory of your smile,
when young,
Reveals His face,
As mellowing years come on apace.
And when you went before,
You left the gates of Heaven ajar
That I might glimpse,
Approaching from afar,
The glories of His grace.
Hold, son, my hand,
Guide me along the path,
That, coming,
I may stumble not
Nor roam,
Nor fail to show the way
Which leads us—Home.

— Grace Coolidge.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Get the clue and fill the blanks.

1. A large European city and green? Paris green.
2. Green, an elevation of land and a division of the U. S.? Green Mountain State.
3. A synonym for "constantly" and green? Evergreen.
4. Green and a building? Green house.
5. Green and something in evidence on New Year's Eve? Green horn.
6. Green and not forward? Green-back?
7. Green and what goes with apple pie? Green cheese.
8. Green and a portion of the surface of the earth? Greenland.
9. Green and a decoration on house? Green shutters.
10. Green and a bad mood? Green-eyed.

MURPHY'S POTATO RACES

See who can carry a potato on a handle of a silver knife to opposite end of the room in the shortest time. Have several trying at once to avoid confusion.

Divide the crowd into two groups. Give each side a large potato and paring knife and see which side can carve the best Murphy's face in ten minutes. A different person must carve each feature.

OTHER GAMES

TO FEED THE PIG, fasten a large cardboard pig head to a box (this will serve as the pig's mouth). Sides are chosen. Each player is blindfolded and then given three potatoes to toss in the pig's mouth. The losing side should *grunt* Yankee Doodle in unison. Very funny!

IRISH HANDSHAKE: Give a dime to "It" who shakes hands with the different guests (until leader calls stop) leaving the dime in some player's hand. Whoever gets the dime must tell an Irish joke and then be the next "It".

SHAMROCK SPELLING BEE: Choose up sides. Pronounce words as usual but the speller must say "Shamrock" instead of the vowel letter when he comes to it in a word. If he says the letter he must quit the game. Sampe: hideous—H-Shamrock — D-Shamrock-Shamrock-Shamrock—S.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN: Cut out a large number of inch squares from white and green paper to be hidden around the room. Some have numbers written on them such as 5, 10, 15, 20, 7, 13, 11, 9. After ten minutes stop the hunt and add the score to find the winner. Each white square counts 10, each green counts 20. Each 5 or multiple of 5 adds that amount to your score. If you get the 7, 13, 11 or 9 you must subtract it from your score.