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MAGAZINE



SHENANDOAH, IOWA
Price 10 cents

Vol: 12

JANUARY, 1947

Number 1



H. Armstrong Roberts

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

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

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa



LETTER FROM LEANNA

THE NEW YEAR

A flower unblown, a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: A house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Horatio Powers.

Dear Friends:

For a good many years now I've been sending you my best wishes for a happy New Year that will come up to your expectations, and there has never been a time that I haven't wondered about what lies ahead for all of us. I think that most people have a fateful sense about turning into another year. It seems such a wonderful opportunity to close the door firmly on old mistakes and worries, and to start a fresh sheet of time with renewed courage and determination to do better. Even the words "New Year" sound hopeful to me.

This past year brought some major changes to our own family circle, and the year ahead gives promise of more. In 1946 we welcomed two young women into our family, Frederick's wife Betty and Wayne's wife Abigail. It also brought six members of our family back from California to live permanently in Iowa, and one member was discharged from the army and returned to civilian life. From the viewpoint of "things happening" we've rarely had a more eventful year. I'm curious, of course, to know what lies ahead of us in 1947. There are two major events that I am reasonably sure of, and in a family circle as large as ours, there may be others revealed as the future months unfold.

Our friends often say that there is never a dull moment in the Driftmier family. This is literally true. Many times there is worry and anxiety, but that is expected when one has a family of children. Although they marry and establish homes of their own, they are still our children and their welfare will always be our chief concern.

I am writing this just before Christmas. I wish I might tell you of our activities on that day, but that will have to come later. We will have Don home from Iowa State College, and Wayne and Abigail home from the University of Iowa where they are both in school. It will be wonderful to have them home, to cook their

favorite food and see them relax. I know you friends with students home for the holidays feel the same way. Last year Don and Howard were still in the army and Lucile and Dorothy and their families were on the west coast, so you can see why we are a very happy family this year with all of our children in Iowa except Margery and Elmer, Ted and Betty.

Those within sound of my voice over the radio know that Lucile had to go to the hospital December 11th. She had hoped to delay going until after the holidays, but she felt so miserable it seemed best to go in time that she could be back in her home by Christmas. The doctor found a very much inflamed appendix and other conditions which he corrected. She already feels better than she has felt for months. Juliana stayed with us most of the time. Russell called for her after he closed the studio for the day and brought her back the next morning. This schedule proved very satisfactory. Lucile, Juliana and I want to thank you for the lovely cards and gifts the mail man has brought to us. May God Bless you every one.

Frederick and Betty had their holidays in Bermuda, of course, but since it was their first Christmas together I'm sure that it was a very happy one. In Frederick's letter he didn't mention the service that he conducted at the United States Naval Operating Base, but I was interested in the clipping he sent regarding it. At the conclusion of the service, three Naval planes, flying in formation, passed overhead out to sea where they dropped flowers in memory of members of the United States Navy who had died during the war. It must have been a very impressive service.

Since I last wrote to you we attended a wedding when my brother's daughter, Letty, was married to Raymond Bianco of Marseilles, Illinois. It was a quiet, simple ceremony read at the family home. Frank Field stood as best man for the groom, and Mary Field Hamilton served as her sister's matron of honor. Letty is the youngest of Henry's eight daughters, and with her marriage all eight of them are in their own homes from one end of the country to the other.

The many friends of Edith Hansen, morning homemaker at KMA, will be happy to know that Don is at last being moved from the California hospital where he has been since he was

sent back from Iwa Jima. Edith and her husband have made a good many trips to California to see him, and it is certainly a comfort to them to know now that he will be in Chicago and that it won't be nearly so hard to visit him. Edith, Aage, and their other son, Harold, could plan to have Christmas with him, so the change of hospitals really meant a happy New Year for them.

Those of you who have been concerned about Gertrude Hazylett's son, Gordon, will be glad to know that they hope to have him returned to a hospital in this country before long. He was critically injured in an accident on Okinawa, and has been hospitalized there since that happened. There is no question of going to Okinawa to visit him, so it will mean a great deal to them to have him back on the Coast.

I am anticipating 1947 for a good many reasons, and one of the most important is the fact that twelve months lie ahead of us in which we can exchange letters and help each other. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you, and you can depend upon hearing from me. In spite of all the troubles that beset this world today, old friendships still survive and bloom with fresh meaning . . . and that is reason enough for saying and believing that a happy, happy New Year lies ahead.

Lovingly, Leanna.

COOK BOOK FOR A BRIDE

My darling, here's a little book

That tells how you can bake
The cakes and pies and other things
His "Mother used to make";

For men are hungry creatures, dear,
But this we know about them—
That cooking would not be such fun
If we had to eat without them.

So take this book with my fondest
love
And thought I now impart:

When you feed a husband, keep in
mind
His stomach's near his heart!

"A PRAYER"

If I within these walls must stay,
Grant me the power, day by day,
To make hearts, somewhere, worn
with care,

Gain strength for heavy loads they
bear.

Let my pen be, dear God, a way
To give them faith and hope, I pray
To show them if they trust in Thee
Their lives will fuller, richer be.

Grant me, dear God, the words to
give

To those who bravely fight to live,
That from this turmoil, pain and
strife

May come a better, happier life.
Let me, from where I spend each day,
Send forth the words to show the way,
So they may know 'tis not in vain
That they must suffer hurt and pain.

—Florence I. Slaughter.

Come into the Garden

WINDOW GARDENING IN JANUARY

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

Now again has come that blessed time in midwinter when we may once more enjoy the beloved intimacy of our house plants, undisturbed or distracted by thoughts of the perennial border which by now is being safely taken care of for it has become completely dormant. The house plants, however, now enjoy the privilege of being constantly under our watchful eye, and it is the daily care they get which gives us the good results we desire from them.

The careful window gardener looks over her plants each morning to determine their needs and to note anything which may be amiss. At least once a week these plants should be removed from the window and given a careful grooming and watering. The morning devoted to this will have to be determined on in relation to other household tasks, for it is a big job in itself if one grows a number of plants.

Usually a good watering at regular intervals is much better than a mere drink now and then. However, as some plants take or need much more than others, be sure that you don't treat them all the same. Monthly feedings of well-diluted plant food is the usual program, but here too you must use caution. Follow carefully the directions given on the package and do not over-stimulate your plants. A resting plant does not need feeding any more than a person needs food while he is sleeping. When new growth and buds begin to show, we may then feed, but more harm is done by over-feeding than not at all.

When giving my plants their weekly check-over, I like to take each class by itself as this has proved the easiest course for me with my many varieties. Because I have more geraniums than anything else, and perhaps too because they are my favorites, I usually take them first. While they can stand a greater degree of dryness than other plants, they really need a good soaking between waterings. However, the soil will turn sour if it is constantly wet, and this in turn causes the leaves to turn yellow and encourages stem rot. If this happens, the plant might as well be thrown out. Occasionally the leaves may be dusted off with warm water, and after this treatment the plant will do well in a cool sunny window.

African violets come next, and they are always so beautiful that it is a temptation to linger a little longer than necessary with them. All at once they bring Spring back to us, and are the next best thing to the garden violets we miss so much in winter.

Their rather thick, woolly leaves seem to gather dust quickly, and it does them good to have a gentle spraying of warm, soft water. Leave them out of the sun until they are



A freesia makes a lovely, fragrant bloom for winter months.

dried off for sunshine on their wet leaves spoils their beauty. They do not like being water-logged, and I let them get a little on the dry side before watering again. Unlike geraniums, they may live in pots with no drainage if plenty of small pebbles are at the bottom. The pot may be placed in a basin of warm water so that all of the tiny roots may be soaked without getting water on the crown, but don't go away and leave them there too long.

Begonias need much the same treatment as violets. A good many of them rest in winter and consequently do not need much water. Vines really don't mind coming down from their perch on a washday and having a mild, soapy rinse followed by a clean water bath. This treatment will get rid of both dust and small insects.

The cacti do not need much water, but must be checked for mealy bug which will brave the spines to get to the juicy insides. Many of the foliage plants will need each individual leaf sponged off. Be sure to keep the seedlings you are growing—amaryllis, gloxinias, begonias or geraniums—well-watered and in full sun, turning at intervals for regular growth.

After this brief vacation from their accustomed places in the window, once more clean and refreshed with a brightly polished pane to admit all possible light, our plants will look so delightful to us that we will agree out time devoted to them has been well spent.

A Happy New Year to you all!

A SATISFIED SUBSCRIBER

"I took your little magazine some time ago while living on the farm. Now I have moved into town and have neglected sending my subscription, and how I have missed that little paper so full of helps and so many practical ideas. Here is my \$1.00 and I can scarcely wait for my first number."—Mrs. O.L.N., Jefferson, Ia.

PLANT PROPAGATION

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The day we line out the hardwood cuttings (the ones like Spiraeas, Tamarix, Mock Orange and others we procured last fall and either buried below the frost line or kept fresh in sand or sphagnum) must be warm enough that the ground is not frozen and dry enough that the soil is workable. There will be warm, pleasant days in early spring just right for this kind of gardening.

Select a sunny location for the cuttings. Make a trench deep enough so that about two-thirds of each cutting is below the soil surface. Space them about 4 inches apart in the row. Be sure to get the bottom end down—if the cuttings were made with a sloping cut at the base there will be no reason to make a mistake. Firm the soil well around each one level with the ground. Label the different varieties carefully, then heap loose soil over the part above the ground surface to prevent the leaf buds from drying out while the roots are growing.

The cuttings will probably have formed good calluses during the winter storage and should commence making roots before the leaf buds swell. Those such as Pussy Willows, Weeping Willows and Tamarix strike roots so easily that cuttings may be taken in the early spring before the leaf buds start growing, and planted at once.

As the warm growing days arrive investigate the cuttings frequently—when the leaf buds commence to swell it is time to gradually remove the loose soil from the tops of the cuttings. If it is all removed at the same time on a hot sunny day, the leaves might dry up instead of growing. If rainfall is normal, extra watering will be unnecessary but if the spring is dry, the cuttings will require extra moisture. Treat them as you would your geranium slips. The rows should be kept weeded. Cultivation after rains will help conserve moisture.

Not all will strike roots but a good percentage should. One is agreeably surprised to find what rapid growth cuttings of these kinds make in one season if moisture conditions have been adequate. A few may be large enough to reset to permanent locations in the fall after they become dormant, which is usually after a good frost has caused the leaves to fall. Most of them will probably make faster growth if left to grow on for a second season.

In order to have properly shaped trees or bushes from these cuttings one must use the pruning knife wisely. Remember that a tree or bush will branch where it is pruned. A tree should have a good strong leader with branches well placed. Do not prune the main leader but cut back branches and prune out any not necessary. Bushes that are wanted for a hedge should be cut back to within a few inches of the ground when they are reset. Many new branches will develop which will make a thick, well-formed hedge.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

We heard about Mother's accident in different ways, all of them hard, for no news of this kind can ever be broken painlessly. All of the children, with the exception of myself, heard it on Monday morning just after breakfast. Dad had talked with Aunt Helen on Sunday evening about nine, but there was no question of telling the children at such an hour and Aunt Helen decided to wait until morning. She must have had a sleepless night turning over and over in her mind what would be the best thing to say.

And then, ironically enough, just as she was getting ready to go up to our house her telephone rang and it was Dorothy in a dreadfully upset condition. It seems that Uncle Henry Field didn't know that the children had not yet been told about the accident, and when he came on with his morning broadcast he gave the news of what had happened. The children were listening to the radio when this shocking news came over, and of course they were beside themselves and called Aunt Helen instantly. She went up at once and tried to reassure them that Mother wasn't going to die in spite of what they had heard, but even small children are never deceived where their mothers are concerned. They all understood only too well that Mother had been terribly injured and might not recover.

I heard the news on Tuesday afternoon at Cottey College. No one had called the school because it was assumed that I would have no way of knowing and bad news can always wait, but it so happened that the president of the college read an account of the accident in the Kansas City Star and called St. Luke's hospital at once to be sure that it was the same family.

I was in my room studying when she called to talk with me. You always expect trouble of the most serious kind when the president comes to you rather than summoning you to her, and I tried quickly to figure out what I could possibly have done that shouldn't have been done. When she told me why she was there I was terribly shocked, and my only thought was to get to Kansas City immediately. This was arranged without delay, although I have no memory of how I made the trip or with whom. I remember only that from the time I arrived at the hospital until I left there was nothing but a succession of shocks.

Dad's appearance frightened me when I met him in the lobby of the hospital. He could scarcely get around he was in such bad shape, his hand was heavily bandaged, and he looked a hundred years older. Until I talked with him I hadn't allowed myself to think beyond the fact that Mother was critically injured, but after our conversation I had to face the reality that she had a fifty-fifty chance to recover; and that in all probability she would never walk again.

Bad as this was, it wasn't as bad as

walking into the room and seeing Mother on the spinal fracture bed. Those of you who have seen the victims of terrible automobile accidents know what a shock it is; you cannot really believe it at first for it seems only a moment ago that they were their usual able-bodied selves, and then suddenly here they are, almost unrecognizable. I tried to be cheerful the few minutes that I was allowed in her room, but something about the two nurses on duty really frightened me for underneath their non-committal exteriors they seemed to confirm everything that I feared. It was with the heaviest heart I've ever known that I left her room, and I wasn't alone with this impression for everyone who saw Mother those first days felt that her chances were considerably less than fifty-fifty.

As word of the accident spread, a literal avalanche of assistance was offered. Telegrams and letters by the score poured into the hospital; the telephone at home rang constantly, and friends who felt that they wanted to show their sympathy in some way turned up at the house with all kinds of cakes and cookies and roasts. Mother's room was practically a floral store because of the many flowers, and there were all kinds of gifts. Friends in the Kansas City area who had listened to Mother on the radio called at the hospital to offer their sympathy and help, and a number of weeks later when she was able to have callers, scarcely a day passed without someone taking the time to go and see her. She has always said that thanks to these good friends it didn't seem like a strange hospital in a strange city. That's one more reason, in the long list of reasons, that our family has always been grateful to these friends whom we have not met in person.

Mother spent the first six weeks of her four months in the hospital, in the spinal-fracture bed; this particular bed may accomplish wonders, but it's an instrument that would do credit to an ancient torture dungeon. It had a crank on one side halfway between the head and the foot, and every day the doctor elevated the center of the bed by giving the crank a few turns. After a few days of this Mother's head and feet were about fourteen inches lower than the middle of her body, and this meant swallowing up-hill! There are no words to describe what life is like on a spinal-fracture bed. After six weeks of this a cast was made, and then six more weeks were spent in it. The cast was bad, goodness knows, but it was practically paradise compared to the bed.

As soon as the cast period was over, braces were made for her back and legs so that when she became strong enough she could walk on crutches. It had been hoped that Thanksgiving would see Mother at home again, but the doctors couldn't release her at that time so I went up from college and we had Thanksgiving dinner together. This was a comparatively happy time, everything considered, for it began to look as though Mother might really walk again. The fact that it would probably always be on crutches didn't really worry us, for when you've come

that close to losing someone all considerations fade away.

One of the nicest things about longing to a radio family was that that Mother could listen to Helen every day and get a daily report on her family. Then on five days the children would go to studio and sing for her. Mother that she always bore up well during these times except when Marge sang, "God Will Take Care Of You", and the combination of the words and that sweet little voice coming over the radio just for Mother, always proved to be too much.

Of course the long weeks dragged out endlessly, but many things helped to make them pass a little more swiftly. The daily mail was a great comfort, and the desk clerk told Mother one day that she received more mail in twenty-four hours than all the rest of the hospital put together! It took many bushel baskets to move it from the hospital when the time came to go home. Those countless letters were final proof that Mother's radio friends hadn't forgotten her just because they couldn't hear her everyday.

At last the doctors promised that Mother could go home the day before Christmas. My school was out a week earlier, so I stopped in Kansas City to visit with her and then went on home to help get things ready. It was the single most exciting week that I can ever remember, and years later I wrote a short story about our final preparations on the day before Christmas. That story was written in tears, literally, and I understand there are actually members of our family who've not gotten completely through it to this day!

I was very happy when *The Woman's Home Companion* published it, and I was also gratified later when it was included in both a Braille anthology of short stories and an English anthology of modern American short stories. *The Woman's Home Companion* has given us permission to reprint this, and although many of you read it in the June issue of 1940, there are many others of you who did not have an opportunity to see it at that time. Consequently, in the next number we are reprinting it once again.

PROGRESS

This new year I'd like to do some of the tasks I've dreamed of doing, yet have never started, Thinking them too great, or perhaps too hard for me.

This new year I'll try some of those impossible tasks I've always wanted to do—

The ones that rose so high and mighty in front of me, Making me think that I couldn't, but I can if I try.

This new year I'll do those tasks I've held as my ideals, so far off

They have seemed, though so real—I'll do them as I never dreamed I could.

I can, I will, I must!

—Rosalind A. Snider.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Friends:

Happy New Year is the first thing I write tonight even though I'm writing this, and you'll be reading it, before January 1st. Left to my own devices, of course, it would be much more natural to sit down and write my New Year's greetings the day before New Year's, but if I did this you would actually have my good wishes after the middle of January and that would surely be an anti-climax of some kind. Bearing all of this in mind I can only say that my wishes for your New Year are good as gold even though they do reach you prematurely.

Juliana said this morning that she wished Christmas lasted all year, right through spring, summer and fall, and I can honestly say that I sympathize with her. It's always been a matter of regret to me that there are really only about seven days in which to capture the joy and happiness that seems to spring into full bloom during the Christmas season. And this year it has been such a wonderful season at our house. Juliana has the capacity now to unravel Time pretty clearly and the calendar actually means something. It's true that now and then I'm called upon to answer: "When I wake up tomorrow will it be today and then when will today be and tomorrow again?" but for most practical purposes we have the matter fairly well straightened out. I still wish that there were actually a Santa Claus, so far be it from me to subscribe to any of the modern theories about explaining away Santa Claus at the very beginning.

We have our tree up now and it looks beautiful. I'm positive that those cranberries will never hold up until Christmas day, and from the looks of the popcorn chains that Juliana helped string I'm equally positive that a two-footed mouse has been nibbling in the quiet hours of the night, but aside from these weak spots I can say that it's the most successful tree we've ever had.

Furthermore, I want you to know that on the dining room table is a Christmas tree made of cookies such as Mrs. Espe described and I expressed a wish to attempt. I didn't really think I'd get that tree done, or that if I did, it would look like anything, but much to my surprise it was a grand success. The same two-footed mouse has been after some of those cookie edges too, but in the main it can pass for a pretty nice little tree. We have big red candles bedecked with red bows on our chest of drawers in the dining room, and some fat red Santa Claus candles on the dining room table besides the cookie tree. Even breakfast, a meal that I've never been wildly enthusiastic about, has taken on some new aspects these days with our decorations on the dining room table.

I've finished the last little garment for Juliana's new Christmas doll and I'm ashamed to say that I'm tempted to play doll again myself since there are such nice clothes at hand. I'd sort of expected to whip up some rigs in a hurry, but once I started it was



Juliana and her Uncle Don enjoy winter weather.

impossible to do anything but a fair-to-middlin' job, and fortunately there were a few pieces of Juliana's dress materials left so that I could make twin outfits. I'm much too middle-aged a mother to dress like my own three-year old, so I took out all of these unrealized desires by dressing Juliana's doll like her mama.

We bought a doll buggy second-hand to replace the one that was run over in September, and I made a new mattress and quilts for last year's doll bed. The high chair is still intact (this is miraculous) and the bathinette will still stand although, blessing of blessings, it won't hold water, so with this equipment Juliana should be a good mother. I've learned that most of us expect our little girls to take a vital interest in dolls far too early. It's just been the last six months that Juliana has been chagrined if her babies lie in a corner stark naked, and in comparing notes with other mothers I find that they too expected a lively doll interest far too soon.

Until this year, books were a big item on her Christmas list because it was too hard to get to the library often in San Francisco, but this year we have only two new books to add to her collection. The explanation is that she has her own library card and we go down once every week to change books and gather up a new collection. I've decided now that until she expresses a genuine desire for some book to be her very own, we'll not make many additions to her own little library.

Since I last wrote to you we've done a number of things in the house that I'd like to mention. The first item I want to tell you about is a love-seat that Russell tackled a short time ago. To be accurate I shouldn't call this a love-seat but a chaperone's seat since it has a comfortable back for only one person; it seems that the idea was to make the chaperone so uncomfortable that she would leave the couple, but

I can assure you that the place with a back is wonderfully comfortable—if the chaperone snatched that section she was surely with the couple for the entire evening.

This little old-fashioned piece was beyond all doubt the most hopeless looking thing I've ever seen. The bottom was falling out, the upholstery (a sick, ghastly looking green) was in tatters, and the frame had been half-heartedly daubed with black varnish at least twenty times. Russell removed all of the varnish first and found that there were three different kinds of wood in the frame. Then he pounded the entire thing together to make it solid, and lastly he ripped off the upholstery.

After much deliberation he decided that the only way to handle the frame was to rub it down with white lead, and this was an inspired decision for the really nice carving in it now stands out beautifully; it had been so full of varnish before that we didn't even know it was carved! For upholstery he actually used an old bathrobe! I know that this sounds weird, but have you looked for nice upholstering material at a reasonable price these days? If so, you can understand the bathrobe. It is a lovely rust colored chenille wool, of such fine quality that it stood up a dozen years as a bathrobe without showing the slightest signs of wear. There was just enough to upholster the love-seat, and I can assure you that the finished product is genuinely handsome. Russell will take a picture of it soon that we can show you before long.

Another major improvement was to make a picture gallery of portraits. We had never hit on an attractive way to display these photographs of our friends and family until Russell decided to utilize one of the dining room walls for this purpose. All of the portraits are of uniform size and uniformly framed in dark walnut; they are hung in three rows, five portraits to a row, and it really makes an interesting display. There are no children in this collection—only adults, and it's been a pleasure to us to be able to glance at friends who live at the four-corners of this country and remember many pleasant things. We will also get a picture of this in the near future, and possibly some of you with a big collection of photographs you've never known what to do with, will consider trying the same idea.

Juliana is calling to me to help her on with her snow-suit so that she can go outdoors and play, and I must run to aid her. It's a good ten-minute job to get on her rig, and when other children are playing here too I figure on a real session when it's time to struggle with those suits, mittens, boots and scarves. Before I had a child of my own I used to hear mothers say that it was worth living in a warm climate just to miss the outdoor clothing battle in winter, and at the time I didn't grasp the full meaning of their comment. Now, however, I know! By the time I've zipped up the last boot I'm willing to settle on California again, too.

Russell and Juliana join me in saying once more, a Happy, Happy New Year!

SOME NOTES ON TOILET TRAINING

By Lucille Sassaman

Any time a mother tells me that her baby was toilet-trained and dry at one year of age, I know how that mother spent the major portion of her time. Either she held her baby on the toilet or she tied him there, because it is physically impossible for the muscles which control elimination to be developed by that time and most children up to fifteen months or older do not realize that they are going to urinate until their pants are wet.

If you do attempt to train your baby by accidentally getting him on the toilet at the right time, be sure that you never leave him there for more than a few minutes. The diapers you will save will not make up for the time you waste, and it certainly won't do the baby any good. In fact, it may do him genuine harm. If your child is made to feel ashamed for something over which he has no control he will probably develop chronic constipation or enuresis (bed-wetting) which might last for several years.

Dr. Aldrich and his wife, who is a doctor also, (they are the authors of "Babies Are Human Beings") say that they have two children, and they trained one and made no attempt to train the other. Both were approximately dry at the age of three. I think that in the long run we are most successful with every training program if we wait until we see that the child shows some interest in it himself.

Kira practically trained herself to the accompaniment of a loud chorus of criticism from my friends and relatives, but I have been so aware of the difficulties that children get into from too much forcing that I made up my mind if I were to make an error on this it would be better to make it in the other direction. She was well-trained at a reasonable age and never had any slip-backs that so many children have around the age of two and a half. Recently, however, I have had a good demonstration of what can bring on a spell of enuresis.

For over a year and a half Kira had been sleeping soundly all night without getting up to the toilet, and then suddenly she began wetting her bed. She was surprised and embarrassed, but I reassured her and said matter-of-factly that accidents did happen and changed her sheets. This would happen several times during the night and I couldn't account for it. She seemed to be happy and in good health, her appetite was good and she played all day, but night after night she kept wetting the bed. Then she started to Kindergarten and that night she was dry for the first time in two weeks. She awakened me the next morning by rushing into our bedroom and saying, "Mama, mama, I don't need to wet my bed anymore because I can do everything that my teacher wants us to do." I wish that I could have as good an under-

standing of her worries and their results as she does.

Now I am sure that if I had started the old routine of no fluids after five o'clock and getting her up several times during the night, she would have been so nervous, apprehensive and unhappy about it that this symptom would have continued long after the original cause of worry was over. Many people have told me that the fear of wetting their beds and the disappointment or anger of their mothers made a nightmare out of every night of their childhood. They would finally fall asleep and then their dreams would betray them. They invariably dreamed that they went to the toilet and then would wake up wet. If we cannot imagine what it is that troubles the child so much, the least we can do is to double our efforts to make him feel secure and beloved.

Children learn early to find substitutes for affection and feelings of insecurity, and these always become the bad habits we try so hard to eliminate. I know one very beautiful and well-trained four-year old who has taken to using the front steps for a toilet. She was one of those babies who was trained so early by a mother who felt that it was positively disgraceful to have a wet baby after she had learned to walk. I am sure that Susan remembers well those long hours of sitting on the toilet, and her mother's pride and anxiety that she beat the neighbor's children in accomplishment. Now whenever Susan gets provoked with Mama she knows exactly how to take her revenge. Did you ever know a child who couldn't find your most vulnerable spot?

MY GRANDMA'S APRON

My Grandma's apron is such fun,
It's not a little, frilly one;
It's long and wide enough to be
Of lots more use than folks can see.
It carries all the eggs we find,
The fruit we pick of every kind,
It carries chips—we hurry so
When Grandma's fire is getting low
And gather from the old wood pile
Enough to last for quite awhile.
She takes it off when cows get out
And waves it high—they turn about
And jump back where they ought to be,
While I just stand and laugh with glee.
If Grandma sees a fleck of dirt
She puts that apron right to work.
And when I sleep on Grandma's lap
She tucks it round me like a wrap.
But when I need it most of all
Is when I'm hurt, or had a fall;
Grandma picks one corner up
And holds my chin as in a cup;
Then wipes away each tear I cry
On that blue apron—then she'll sigh
And hug me tight until I smile,
Oh! Grandma's apron is so worth while!

—selected

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Nineteen hundred forty-seven! A whole new year spread out before us to make of it what we will. It can be a thing of beauty or just the opposite, depending on what we put into it. Granting that we want it to be a happy year, here are three ways to help make it that. First, learn something every day. This may be a beautiful poem or a Bible verse, or a new way to do a bothersome task that will make it a pleasanter one, or perhaps a new way to cook potatoes to please the family. Second, see something beautiful every day. There is more of beauty around us than we realize, but we sometimes have to train ourselves to see it. Third, do something helpful every day. Opportunities for helping are all around us. Try this: keep a list of each of these three things that you do every day for a month and see if you have not created for yourself a month of real happiness that you can look back on with pleasure for a long time. You have to make regular deposits in the Bank of Happiness if you wish to draw sweet memories from it in the future.

You think you don't have anyone you can help? Well, how about sending a card to a shutin? Mrs. Etta Day, Rt. 2, Conway, Missouri, has been an invalid for thirty years. She is bedfast and suffers a great deal. Her son wrote that she loves to get cards though she is not able to write. Miss Irene Stanislav, Rt. 1, Blencoe, Iowa, wrote that her father was in a bad auto accident three months ago. He is still in the hospital and will be there for months to come. He enjoys mail and she asks a card shower for him. His address is George E. Stanislav, c/o St. Joseph Hospital, Sioux City, Iowa. Irene herself has been bedfast for more than a year with rheumatic fever. She had her 20th birthday early in December.

If you have some extra books in your home, send them to Olive Tidwell, Twain, Calif. She lives in a lumber camp twenty miles from town. There are fifty families there and there is no library or much amusement of any kind. Olive is gathering books to loan out among them. Ask your postmaster about the special book postage rate. Your package must contain nothing but books, and be labeled plainly on the outside—BOOKS.

Mrs. Minnie Bair, Rt. 1, Sagle, Idaho, wants quilt prints. Her quilt is made of four-inch squares, all different. Miss Stella Goeman, Cook, Nebraska, wants empty spools, all kinds and sizes. She makes whatnot shelves and such things with them. All these people are shutins. Another request for cards is for George Simpson, City Hospital Ward 5, Colinton, Edinburgh, Scotland. He is very ill from a disease contracted at Dunkirk. Postage on a card to Scotland is 5¢.

If you want to learn of others who need your help, ask me for the Good Neighbor Guide. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My husband and I have a serious problem to decide and so far we can't agree on a solution. We're too old and in such poor health that we can no longer stay on the farm alone. Our children are all well settled in their own homes and with good jobs so I think they should be allowed to remain as they are, but my husband feels that one of them should move here and take over the farm. This means sharing the same house, of course. We can't go on this way any longer and must do something soon, so I'm turning to you for advice."—Mo.

ANS: As you said in another part of your letter, "if anyone is going to leave home it should be us," and with that I must agree. We all learn as we grow older that the plans of young people should not be drastically interfered with—this only leads to bitterness in the end. I would suggest that you sell your farm at this time (if the children agree that it would be wise) and buy a small place in town or right on the edge of town. This way you would be able to accomplish what is within the limits of your strength, and the income from selling the farm should keep you independent if you use it wisely. Unless one of the children really prefers returning to the farm, I think that what I have suggested is the only practical way out.

QUES: "I'm a grandmother who has always tried to keep her fingers out of her children's and grandchildren's problems, but something has come up that worries me so much I'm tempted to break my own rules. My eldest daughter is in very poor health because of arthritis, and she doesn't seem to get comfort from anyone but her daughter sixteen, an only child. This girl is very intelligent and wants to be a teacher, and surely she needs a good education to develop her abilities, but as things are going now she will never get to go away but will be tied to the house to take care of her mother. They are well able to afford help in the house and I think that it's almost criminal to keep this young girl from an education simply because her mother thinks she couldn't bear to have her far from home. Should I interfere, or should I continue with my policy that they must settle their own problems? I'll appreciate your advice."—Mo.

ANS: I believe that I would interfere to the extent of trying to get your daughter to understand what will happen if she ties this sixteen-year old girl to her apron strings so tightly that she will never have a chance at a normal life. Parents pay a terrible price for this kind of selfishness—try to make her understand what she is doing.

QUES: "Can you think of any way that I can encourage our three young children to think of *giving* at Christmas time rather than *getting*? My own two boys and girl seem to concentrate on nothing but what they're going to receive, and from the conversations they have with their playmates I'm inclined to think that this is a pretty general situation today. I think that it's a sad mistake and would surely appreciate any suggestions you can give me for correcting it."—Minn.

ANS: Since all young children need constant direction I think that the best way to start arousing their interest in giving is to make plans with them. I'm constantly surprised these days at the number of mothers who don't actively enter into their children's plans. I'd make out a list with them, go shopping with them, and take a lively interest in what they want to do for others. Also, I've learned that all children love to "fix things" and this is something that Mother and Dad can both encourage by taking time in the evenings to repair, repaint and otherwise improve old toys. If your children know that some other child is going to enjoy the old tricycle or doll buggy they will become extremely enthusiastic about working on the things, and their thoughts will be concentrated on the happiness they can give. If the bulk of the conversation in the home is devoted to what can be done for others, the children will pick up this feeling of selflessness very early.

QUES: "What can be done about relatives who single out one child for all of the gifts and special attention, and neglect the others? We have three children, a boy of thirteen, and girls aged ten and eleven, and you'd think that we had just the ten-year old. My sisters and my husband's sisters lavish all kinds of things on her, want to take her on trips with them, are always asking her to visit them, and of course it makes the other two youngsters unhappy and resentful. Don't tell me to talk it over with them because both my husband and I have done this without any results whatsoever. Can you think of anything further that we might do?"—Kans.

ANS: Yes, I can. You can talk reasonably with a ten-year-old, and you can ask your husband to join you in explaining to her that this cannot go on. Try to make her see how she would feel if she were always left out—children really respond to such reasoning. After you've done this you can flatly refuse the invitations, the special attentions, and the gifts. If they resent it they'll simply have to resent it—you cannot longer allow the other two children to build up such feelings of inferiority and resentment.



By Olinda Wiles

It will soon be time to hang the new calendar on the wall and begin a new year, but if you are like me you begin your new poultry year about the first of October.

That's generally the time I get my flock into production and into winter quarters after their final culling. Those who use artificial light have had their lights going for a long time, but I have not had them installed and get along very well with nature's way of carrying on.

It is none too soon to begin looking over the poultry catalogues, and writing to different hatcheries to get the prices both on chicks, and hatching prices. The present market conditions leave us in sort of a quandary as to what to do the coming season, but no matter what you decide to do as to quantity, be sure you get only the best in quality; it costs no more to raise a good grade of chickens than it does those of poorer quality, and there is less fatality and so much more satisfaction in the finished product.

In the winter, water containers should never be allowed to freeze, and a clean, fresh supply should be kept before your hens at all times. Provide plenty of nests (one for every six hens), and especially when the hens are closely confined.

Ventilation is also very important. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine is bound to show results, but your laying house should be free from drafts and damp floors. Be sure the hens always have a chance to eat all the oyster shell and grit necessary to make the lime for the egg shells, and the grit to help digest their food.

Protein can be supplied by giving skimmed milk, and also furnish some sort of green food if possible; this may be in the form of alfalfa hay, chopped hay, or hay run through a hammer mill. I have often put an armful of hay behind a piece of wire fencing, and it is surprising what the hens will do to it when it is in the original form of hay.

Keep the nests clean. Many eggs are lost through the lack of nesting material, and often the nest becomes foul because an old hen decides it is a cozy place to roost when she is going through a severe molt.

Always move carefully among your chickens and handle them carefully, for a sudden fright may throw them into a molt or cause lowered egg production.

In using lights, it is best to start gradually and increase the period of time as the season advances. I would not advise the use of lights unless you have a pullet flock, for it forces a hen too much and she is not likely to be long-lived.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter every week day at 3:15 over KMA.



Every time New Year's rolls around it finds me making the same resolution—and hoping that I'll have spirit enough to carry it through. And what is this resolution? Well, just a plain, homely, old-fashioned resolution to keep up my interest in three meals a day and stay out of ruts. It always sounds so simple to say this, I know, and if you're like me you start out with the best intentions in the world. But someplace along the road it's mighty easy to slip, to look at good new recipes and think that tomorrow I'll surely try them—and tomorrow has a way of not arriving. So, once again with the opening of another year I'm making my wish, and if you're making the same wish let's sort of check up on each other in a little while and see which of us is holding to his intentions.

CIDER GELATIN SALAD

- 2 1/2 cups clear cider
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. fine chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

Soak the gelatin in 1/2 cup of the cold cider. Heat remainder of cider to the boiling point and then add dissolved gelatin mixture. When cold add the remaining ingredients and turn into a mold to chill.—Mrs. J. H. S., Nebr. City, Nebr.

SNOWY TOPPERS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 Tbls. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 12 marshmallows

Sift together flour, soda, salt and spices. Cream together shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add molasses and egg, mixing well. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture with water and vinegar. Drop by tablespoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Cut marshmallows crosswise into three equal portions and press one section into center of each cookie. Makes about 3 dozen 3-inch cookies.—Mrs. J. L. L., Lincoln, Nebr.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

DEAR OLD COFFEEPOT

I love to hear the simmer of my dear old coffeepot. I love to hear it hummin' when it's gettin' good and hot. I love to see the vapor rise like incense in the room, a-floatin' and a fillin' every corner with perfume.

I love the smell of roses in the balmy month of June. I can hang around and listen to almost any tune. But the fragrance and the music that nothin' else has got, is the odor and the hummin' of my dear old coffeepot.

—Anon.

CHOCOLATE DROPS (Good for school lunches)

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate or 6 Tbls. cocoa and 2 Tbls. milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 milk
- Chopped nuts, if desired

Mix first five ingredients, then dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Watch closely as they burn easily. These keep and pack well for mailing if you're sending a box to a member of the family out of town.—Mrs. H. H., Decatur, Ia.

GLAZED TURNIPS

- 2 dozen tender white turnips
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/8 tsp. beef extract
- Salt and pepper

Boil turnips until almost done in salted water. Drain well. Heat butter in skillet, add turnips and brown carefully; add salt and pepper to taste. Add beef extract dissolved in a little water. Let turnips simmer until juice is reduced to a glaze. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired and serve at once.—M. N. B., Lohrville, Ia.

EASY SOAP FROM CRACKLINGS

Put one gallon of cracklings into a large enameled kettle in which have been dissolved one can of lye and 3 pints of water. Keep on stove but not over direct heat, stirring occasionally until the lye has eaten up the cracklings. Then boil eight minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into molds.—Mrs. J. B., Oxford, Nebr.

NOODLES ROMANOFF

- 1, 5 or 6 oz. pkg. noodles
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream or canned milk
- 1/4 tsp. chopped onion
- 1 or 2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash of tobasco sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cook the noodles until tender (15 minutes) in 3 quarts of boiling water to which 1 tablespoon of salt has been added. Then drain. Mix noodles with remaining ingredients and place in a greased casserole. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup of sharp cheese which has been grated, and bake for 40 minutes in a moderate oven.—Mrs. L. F., Genoa, Nebr.

POTATO CHEESE PUFFS

- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. hot milk
- 1/3 cup grated yellow cheese
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1 1/3 cups mashed potatoes (hot or cold)
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. finely chopped onion

Beat 2 eggs yolks well and then fold in the rest of the ingredients. Lastly, add 2 egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Fold in carefully. Place the whipped potato mixture in rounds in a lightly greased pan and brush tops with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes. Good served with frankfurters.—Mrs. F. R. A., Winifred, Kans.

MINCE MEAT OF PORK

(Try this if you're butchering a hog before Christmas)

- 9 cups apples ground
- 1 cup raisins ground
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 4 1/2 cups ground head meat or other lean meat
- 3 cups dark syrup
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 1/2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup fruit juice

Mix all together and cook slowly until it has a glassy appearance and is well cooked down. Seal hot in pint jars. When making a pie add several lumps of butter. This makes 7 pints and will keep very well. I have some two years old that is as good as when I made it.—Mrs. J. K., Haverhill, Ia.

BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 3 cups flour (more if needed)
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup black walnut meats chopped
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 1/4 cups dark or white syrup
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening and syrup; add egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture. Add flavoring and mix thoroughly. Form in to roll and age overnight in cold place. Cut thin, place on lightly oiled sheet and bake 10 minutes. Makes 48 cookies.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH

By Mrs. Elv Espe

During the cold winter months, every school lunch should contain one hot dish. If there are no facilities at school for heating the small glass jars of food, the thermos bottle should be used for the purpose and the milk or other beverages carried in a glass jar. There are a surprising number of foods that can be successfully put into a thermos bottle. All kinds of soups, preferably the cream soups, chowders, chili soup, oyster stew, creamed vegetables, Spanish rice, and baked beans with bacon, which have sufficient liquid on them so they will pour readily from the bottle. Creamed chicken is delicious. Use the rich chicken gravy thinned with cream or evaporated milk in place of the usual cream or white sauce; it is much more flavorful as well as nutritious. Roast beef or pork may be prepared in the same way. Be sure to include a small paper plate so the child may make a hot sandwich for himself.

With the scarcity of sugar it is often difficult to supply the sweet part of the lunch. However, plain cornstarch pudding which can be sweetened with syrup or honey or a little of each, can be varied in so many ways that are sure to please the youngsters. Try stirring some chocolate syrup through the pudding, just enough to "marbelize" it; use butterscotch syrup the same way. Add sweetened stewed prunes, cherries, pineapple or cocoanut, small amounts of berry preserves or jam, as the pudding is put into the jar.

Make a large recipe of seven minute icing, made with syrup, and keep in the refrigerator and as you spoon chocolate or butterscotch pudding into the jar add a few spoonfuls of the icing. Use it too, between slices of gingerbread and also between slices of cake or cup cakes rather than on top, since this icing is usually gooy and would otherwise stick to any paper wrapped around the cake. Tapioca pudding is good poured over sliced oranges or other fruit.

Other sugarless sweets that would please the youngsters are candy apples, molasses pop corn balls, and for a change use popped cereals in place of popped corn, nuts or raisins may be added to either, date bars, butterscotch pennies, chocolate drops, chocolate nut rocks and chocolate marshmallows. Date slices, nuggets and chocolate raisin drops are also welcome. When the required amount of milk has been provided in other ways, send fruit juices along as a beverage in place of milk. Grape juice, orange or grapefruit or a combination of several fruit juices are all good.

SUGARLESS SWEETS FOR THE SCHOOL LUNCH

CANDY APPLES

- 1/3 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/3 cup light corn syrup
- 1/3 cup water
- 6 red, firm apples

Boil corn syrups and water until hard ball is formed when tested in

cold water. Remove from fire. Place wooden sticks in apples, dip them in syrup and place on buttered pan to cool.

MOLASSES POPCORN BALLS

- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 4 cups popped corn

Cook molasses, corn syrup and vinegar until it reaches 270 degrees, or until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Remove from stove, add butter and mix well. Cool slightly, then pour over pop corn. Butter hands and roll into balls. Nuts or raisins may be added to pop corn for variety, or popped breakfast cereals may be used instead of popped corn.

DATE BARS

- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 cup maple syrup
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Beat eggs thoroughly, add corn syrup and maple syrup. Sift flour and baking powder and add gradually. Add chopped dates and nuts and bake in shallow pan. Cut in narrow strips, about 3 inches long.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Sift together all of these ingredients—

- 1/3 cup melted shortening
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 egg

Mix together. Add to dry ingredients. Chill. Drop by teaspoon on greased and floured cookie sheet. Bake 10 or 12 minutes in 375 degree oven. Yields 50. The Driftmier and Verness families think that this is a very fine cooky.—Mrs. L. D. P., Atlantic, Iowa.



Gary Wolfgang, Beattie, Kansas.



Lucile Sassaman, one of our regular contributors.

KITCHEN-KINKS

"When you are too busy to stand over bacon as it fries, place in a large flat pan (do not overlap strips) and put in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Do not turn it. Drain, if you wish."—Mrs. P. K., Russell, Kans.

"My husband had to take over my chores when I was ill, and he found a short cut to washing the separator disks. After placing them on the little wire stringer, immerse them in enough good warm baking soda water to cover, and roll around briskly. Rinse in clear hot water. This works and saves much time and tedious labor."—Mrs. H. J., Mound City, Mo.

"Figs, dates and raisins won't stick when run through a food chopper if lemon juice is squeezed through first. Soak pecans in boiling water for five minutes before cracking to make kernels come out whole."—Logan, Ia.

"I pack eggs for winter use by making a solution of water glass, 1 part to 9 parts of water, and dipping eggs in this. Remove with a slotted spoon and place eggs on grate from oven to drain. When dry, place in egg crate and stand on little end. It's the best way I've ever used and so easy to remove eggs as wanted. The solution can be bottled and used again."—Mrs. E. C., Battle Creek, Ia.

"The perfect way to pick ducks and geese is to put the bird in a pan or tub of water and rub the water through the feathers until they are thoroughly wet. Then dip in scalding water as you would a chicken. The feathers and down all come off easily, for you see wetting the feathers and down first makes it possible for the hot water to get to the skin; unless the feathers are wet they shed the hot water."—N. H., Red Oak, Ia.

"Fish odors in dishes and cooking utensils can be removed instantly by washing them with a strong salt solution and rinsing well before putting into soapy dishwater."—Mrs. J. R., Chester, Nebr.

OUR HOBBY EXCHANGE

RIDING A HOBBY

When life seems dull and drab to you,
The days are long, the nights are, too;
You're peepless, don't know what to do—

It's time to ride a hobby.

You'll find your days are filled with fun
You just can't stop once you've begun,
You will collect from sun to sun—
When once you ride a hobby.

It may be bells or dogs or dolls,
Some useful things or folderols;
Life will be bright, time never palls,
For those who ride a hobby.

Great men and women, girls and boys,
Collect stamps, china or even toys,
They find collecting brings them joys,
Why not you ride a hobby?

So start today, get in the game,
You may make money, perhaps win fame,

Life will be interesting and not tame,
When once you ride a hobby.
—Unknown.

EXCHANGE LIST

"I collect glass and china hens and roosters, also cacti plants. Am very anxious to get a hen and rooster creamer and sugar bowl and salt and pepper shaker that were in most stores six or seven years ago. Will gladly exchange for your hobby or pay for it. Please write first."—Mrs. Laveda Cornett, Scandia, Kansas.

"I would like to hear from some one who has an old-fashioned four poster bed to sell, and also old-fashioned colored kerosene lamps."—Mrs. John A. Polzin, R1, Claremont, Minn.

View cards of state capitols.—Donald L. Miller, R2, Paullina, Iowa.

"I want to collect scraps of print and feed sack goods for quilts. Will exchange goods if requested, or what is your hobby?"—Mrs. Wm. J. Miller, R2, Paullina, Iowa.

Handkerchiefs from all states and crochet samples. Will send anything in exchange that is wanted.—Mrs. Geo. H. Meyer, R1, Barnesville, Minn.

Salt and pepper shakers and small bells. Will exchange something of equal value.—Mrs. Henry T. Blumer, R1, LuVerne, Iowa.

"I collect small vases 2 to 4 inches tall and have them from all states but South Carolina. Would be so happy to have one from there and will send what they want of same value."—Elsie Hunt, Box 427, Nebraska City, Nebr.

View cards and view folders. Will exchange them only.—Mrs. Lucile Wittig, 1535 W. 4th St., Sioux City 17, Ia. (Birthday, Feb. 19, 1894).

Will exchange printed feed sacks, quilt pieces and old dishes for pot-holders or doilies. Please write first.—Mrs. Louis J. Kasper, R1, Prague, Nebr.

Mrs. Everett Roberts, 807 N. York Street, Oberlin, Kans., is collecting

samples of soil from all 48 states and 7 continents. She has samples from 47 states plus Asia, Europe and Canada, and now lacks only soil from Massachusetts to round out her collection of the U. S. Can one of our friends in that state help her? Please write first.

From Mrs. Elsie Hemmingsen of Newell, Iowa, came this letter which is quoted in part: "Making quilts and quilting is also my hobby, and to date I have made and quilted 125 for my family and myself, and quilted at least 50 more for other people. I hope to make a few more quilts although I am nearly 77 years old. In the 23 years that I've worked at my hobby I have made nearly 30 different patterns. Naturally I was most interested in the account of Mrs. Nagel's work when I read the November issue of Kitchen-Klatter."

Mrs. Paul Howell, 251 Clark St., Kahoka, Mo., is still collecting dogs, old stamps, old dolls, and salt and pepper shakers. Incidentally, it's hard to believe that any of our hobbyists can be busier than Mrs. Howell for she has two children in school, a baby, keeps up a large home, serves as principal and teaches the 6th, 7th and 8th grades in their consolidated school, drives sixteen miles to this work and takes four other teachers with her, and serves as bookkeeper for her husband's oil station and radio shop. My head whirled when I read this!

Elsie Peterson, Box 326 Winnebago, Minn., is collecting one of a kind of fancy salt and pepper shakers. Will pay postage and send what you collect in exchange.

"Will exchange quilt pieces or feed sacks for vinegar cruets. Also would like extra glass stoppers."—Mrs. Winnie Stevens, Eagleville, Mo.

LeOna Hemmen, Blairsburg, Iowa, is collecting handkerchiefs and would like to exchange with those living in the eastern or western states.

"My hobby is old glassware cake stands, glasses, punch bowls, etc., and also toothpick holders. What have you to exchange?"—Mrs. James Richardson, Rt. 2, Maryville, Mo.

Miss Eileen Goebel, 529 S. 29th St., Omaha 5, Nebr., is interested in collecting recipes, poems, and radio and movie magazines.



The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rupp, Cherokee, Iowa.

A WONDERFUL GIFT

When I read the following letter I thought that I had never come across a more thoughtful and wonderful gift to a bride, and because it is something that any of us could do if we only took the time, I am reprinting it here.

Dear Leanna:

My daughter read "Make History For Your Family" in the May Kitchen-Klatter, and she thought that it was a wonderful thing to do. Consequently, my husband and I, with parental help, made a four-generation family tree and then started a history beginning with our own wedding twenty-five years ago. We went through my daily diary and picked out important events, births, celebrations, major and minor catastrophes, etc., of each year, typed it into a book and gave it to her on her wedding day.

"A neighbor girl reading the book said, 'Listen to this: 'Went to Omaha. Gave Gerald \$2.00 for doing chore. Spent \$3.00 on trip''. But she was not old enough to know that on January 26, 1933 we sold 173 bushels of corn at 15 cents per bushel to pay taxes, buy the car license, etc. Other prices quoted in my diary were cream 15 cents; eggs, .09 cents; quarter-beef, .09 cents, oats, .09 cents. I wouldn't have missed going through those times but certainly wouldn't want to do it again, although we had scads of fun in spite of everything."

"My grandmother kept a diary from 1874 until her death in 1936. My mother has kept one for years. I would advise anyone who starts a diary to get a strong bound ledger or record book as my first ones are beginning to show signs of old age. We are always looking back to find out something for someone."

"I just know how much fun Lucile is having in writing your family history. I wouldn't miss a chapter for anything. Her letters are so interesting too—in fact, the whole magazine is good, yes, very good. Best of success, H. B."—Coleridge, Nebr.

ANNIVERSARIES

- 1st—Paper.
- 2nd—Cotton.
- 3rd—Leather.
- 4th—Fruits and Flowers.
- 5th—Wooden.
- 6th—Sugar and Candy.
- 7th—Woolen or Copper.
- 8th—Bronze or Pottery.
- 9th—Pottery or Willow.
- 10th—Tin.
- 11th—Steel.
- 12th—Silk or Linen.
- 13th—Lace.
- 14th—Ivory.
- 15th—Crystal.
- 20th—China.
- 25th—Silver.
- 30th—Pearl.
- 35th—Coral.
- 40th—Ruby.
- 45th—Sapphire.
- 50th—Golden.
- 55th—Emerald.
- 60th to 75th—Diamond.

—Sent by Mrs. Mattie Freeman, Elkpoint, S. D.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The first of December is here, and with it comes our first real cold winter weather. Of course it's still quite a bit above zero, but it seems plenty cold enough for me. Frank thinks it might snow tonight, and I won't care a bit. I love snow, when it just snows moderately and doesn't snow us in, and it has been several years since I've been around much of it.

Kristin is snug and warm in her little bed with Teddy, her bear, close beside her. Frank is reading the latest *Reader's Digest*, so I'm taking this opportunity of peace and quiet to write my letter to you. Kristin and I spent part of the day in town today visiting Frank's sister, Edna, and shopping. Of course shopping these days takes a little more time than usual because we have to include all the toy departments in all the stores. Kristin, like all children, is simply fascinated by them. On our way home we stopped at Grandpa Johnson's to pick Frank up, and of course we had to take time to go out to the hog house and have a look at the new baby pigs.

Kristin and I journeyed to Shenandoah last week to spend Thanksgiving with the folks. We wanted to stay several days and Frank couldn't be away from the farm that long, so we went on alone and he spent the day with his family. We had a lovely time, and one day was spent shopping, looking at all the pretty Christmas things. Mother doesn't get to go out shopping that way very often, so we really took our time and went all the places we wanted to go.

I have a busy week planned for myself, beginning tomorrow. I bought more paint in town today and plan to get all my painting finished at long last, in time for Christmas. When we put Kristin's nursery linoleum down we found there was still quite a space between the rug and the wall, so I want to get that painted. The curtain in her room also needs to be done up fresh again, and I must give the stair railing a fresh coat of paint. Our washroom also has to have another coat of paint. I got the first coat on and ran out of paint, and I guess I also ran out of ambition because I never did get around to putting on the other coat. But I have renewed ambition this week, so I'm going to get that finished too.

Mrs. Johnson made me some lovely new kitchen curtains out of some feed sacks she had saved specifically for me. She had made some for her kitchen windows and I admired them so much that she said she would make some just like them for me. They are made to hang like drapes, and each side has four gathered flounces edged with rick-rack, then across the top is one wide ruffle edged in the same thing. Everyone who has come to her house has admired her curtains. We got our idea from a picture we came across in a magazine, and Mrs. Johnson, whose hobby is pretty kitchen curtains, figured out how they were made, so now mine are all ready to be pressed and hung up. The curtains I have had up in my kitchen are going to be done up fresh and put in



"Happy New Year" from Kristin and Juliana.

the pantry and washroom.

I'm going to undertake another cleaning job this week that I have never done before, but think there is no time like the present to learn how, and that is to clean some wallpaper. Imagine how I felt the other evening to go into the living room where we had left two of our lamps burning while we did a job in the kitchen, to find that they had flared up and smoked, leaving two nice big black spots on our lovely clean wallpaper. Well, I've looked at them quite long enough now, so I'm going to try to do something about it. All I can say is, I hope it's a success.

Frank finished the cornpicking this last week, and I'm happy we got it all in before this cold snap.

Every month on the farm has brought me a new experience. Last month it was cornpicking, and this month it has been trapping. We get up every morning at five-thirty, have our breakfast, and after Frank has brought in wood enough to keep the stove going all morning, (it's light by this time), he starts out to go around the trap line. One morning when Kristin had stayed all night with her Grandma Johnson, I got to go around with him. I must say I learned a lot about the art of setting traps, something I knew absolutely nothing about.

Of course I'd never be able to go out and set traps myself because I still don't understand how they know just where to put them. But I watched closely, listened carefully to explanations, found it all exciting and haven't had so much fun since the first day I picked corn. This particular morning we only got two muskrats. Frank says the reason for this was because sometimes in the night the creek had raised about a foot, putting all the traps too deep under water, and the two we caught probably went into the traps early in the evening before the creek raised. Frank had to carry me across the creek in two different places (he wears hip boots), and then we climbed the hill to look at the hill traps.

Of course it took us much longer to go around the line that morning because I had to stop at the top of the

hill to admire the view and get my breath, and too, I'm not as swift at going through the brush and crossing fences as he is. The first trap we came to had a beautiful big red fox in it. It was the first time I had ever seen a fox outside of the zoo, and he looked so beautiful standing there in that natural setting that I had to stop and recall how the fox takes the chickens and is a big harm to the farm in general. In other words, I had to make it all right in my own mind to be rid of him.

We crossed down through a little ravine and climbed to the top of the next hill where we had another fox. Farther along the line in a hollow tree we had a big possum, an animal which also kills chickens when it gets a chance. Frank has caught several skunks but he has set them all free again. I asked him why he did this, and he said because they catch lots of mice, and also eat a lot of grub worms. We only trap on our two farms, and that was the catch the morning that I went along. Since then I have gone several times, and we always have brought home something, so it has been a new and interesting experience for me.

Mrs. Johnson had told me that if I went along I would have to carry home the "catch" and then went on to tell me how once when Frank was just a little boy and first started trapping he had asked her to go along with him. She had said she would if he would let her carry home everything they found. The first trap they came to had a skunk in it, and in those first days of trapping Frank didn't turn them loose, so she had to stick to her bargain. I guess I have been lucky, because I haven't yet come across a skunk in any of my trips around the trap line.

It's getting late, and it won't be long until that old alarm clock will clang out 5:30, so I'll close for this time.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

CHORE TIME

When Daddy goes to do the chores

I like to tramp along,

We laugh and visit as we go,

Sometimes we sing a song.

Ginger, my dog, runs way ahead,

Then back with jumps and yips,

He knows just where to find the cows—

On the hills or in the dips.

We feed the pigs and chickens too,

Find eggs, bring in the wood;

And as we pass the kitchen door

Our supper smells so good!

When the cows are milked and chores are done

We go inside to rest,

Each minute on the farm is fun,

But chore time is the best.

"Leanna, this \$1.00 was given to me by my two grandchildren and they requested me to get Kitchen-Klatter with it. I don't know how they knew that I had always wanted it, but they gave it to me for my birthday this month—that's why I want the magazine to start with September."—Mrs. Elmer Cobb, Bedford, Ia.

Pioneer Stories

MEMORIES

By Mrs. Minnie Rolf

I do not believe any child can be more fortunate than the one who has a happy home and loving parents. Such were mine and I am sure my two brothers and six sisters agree with me; also the boy from the Orphanage whom they reared and cared for after having nine of their own, for our parents never let us or anyone else down who needed help.

They were among the early settlers in Atchison County, Missouri. Everything was prairie then. Mother, well, Mother was just Love—she had light brown, curly hair that never turned gray although she lived to celebrate her Golden Wedding Anniversary. She was an especially good nurse although she never had nurse's training, but they came for her from far and near as it was hard to get a Doctor in those days. Many a night a knock would be heard on the door, and it would be someone coming for Mother. She would always go too, often with a baby in her arms who could not be left at home. She would stay for days if necessary, Father getting along as best he could with us children. There were no undertakers, and if a death occurred, Mother would help to prepare the body for the grave. She was always willing to help and never thought of anything in the way of compensation for her services.

After we children were married and in homes of our own, a telephone call would bring her, night or day, if we were sick and needed her. No matter how bad the weather, Father would hitch up the team and bring her. She would stay and care for us and keep up our work until she had us on our feet again. This did not happen just once but many, many times. I've often wondered where she got her strength but it must have been Love that kept her going.

Father was a kindly man, nearly always smiling. Many came to him with their difficulties and problems or arguments, for he was never partial to anyone and did not believe it wise to take things to court. He would tell people to settle their difficulties between themselves and to remain good friends, and usually they got their misunderstandings settled peaceably by following his wise counsel.

Father was always calm and never in a hurry, but he always got his work done on time. He never allowed us children to be late either. Our parents taught us to work and to pray while we were young. Each of us had his own work to do, the older ones getting new work as time went by, and the younger ones taking their places. It was like graduating at school from class to class! How happy we were when we could take the next one's place—it made us feel as if we were really needed. Each of us knew exactly what was expected of us and

that our work must be well done before we could play. It seemed to me that there was never any confusion, yet there was a "full house" at all times.

I have often wished that the walls of the two rooms that my parents first built could tell their own stories. The downstairs room was the one that my parents used; the upstairs room was nearly always occupied by someone else. First my Father's brother with his wife and baby lived in it until they went to a home of their own. Then it was occupied by others, first this one and then that one—no one was ever turned away. Father and Mother managed somehow to make room for them. Many came over from the Old Country in those days and they would stay in that room, rent-free, until they could get located in something of their own.

Before long, four more rooms were built on the north side and that is home as I remember it best. The folks' room became the living-room—it was then used only on special occasions except at those times when it was occupied by someone needing a home. I can remember when my Father's sister and family lived in it; they had children of our ages and what fun we had. Then other families lived in it and the time came when my Father's sister's home was destroyed by a cyclone and again they came to live in that room for several months. We children quickly forgot the calamity of the cyclone because we were so happy to have them live with us again.

That room was used for church services for a while before our church was built. Many children were baptized there, a Confirmation Class was taught and Confirmation took place at the end of the schooling. I can remember the children coming and having their lessons—we had to be very quiet not only during the school hours so as not to disturb the class, but also on Sunday when people came for the church services. If we were very quiet, Mother would permit us to stand in the little hall until she was ready to go in with us. She was kept busy until the last minutes preparing food because almost always there were guests for dinner.

After our church was built, the Pastor would often come on Saturday night and occupy that room. The Pastor I remember best was an older man and drove a single horse from Rock Port eleven miles away. The trip was too long to make on Sunday morning, so he would eat supper with us on Saturday night and then breakfast the next morning. After the services at the church he always had Sunday dinner with us before driving back to his home.

There were numerous peddlers and tramps in those days, but it did not make any difference to Father what a man's status might be. If it were night, he never turned anyone away. They always got the same consideration—the same room and the same bed, regardless of how ragged or dirty they were. After they left, Mother would clean up the bed and the room and have it ready for the next one who needed it.

Finally, Mother first, and then Father were carried away from that room to their last resting place. Our youngest sister and family have continued to live at our childhood home, and since we nine children are all within driving distance we not infrequently gather there together for special events. Some changes have been made in the house during the years, but the four walls of that room still beam as warm and sincere a welcome to each and everyone as of old.

THE BETTER PART

The days are all too short to waste
A moment, with the time it takes
For hunting flaws in useful folks,
And magnifying small mistakes.

But there is time enough to spare
Between the dawn and sunset's glow,
To recognize the kindly traits
Possessed by people whom we know.
Why make ado for minor faults;
And would it not be better far
To notice only things that prove
What loyal friends the neighbors are?

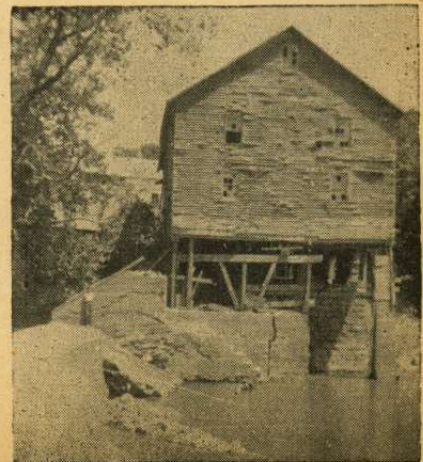
—Edith R. Smith.

BOOSTS

"Here comes my subscription for Kitchen-Klatter for another year. I like it so much. By mistake I gave my first seven copies away with paper for salvage and I could have cried if it would have helped! Now I have my copies since that time in a loose leaf notebook cover so that can't happen again."—Mrs. Archie Blakely, Harlan, Iowa.

* * *

"I am sending in my renewal, my daughter-in-law's renewal, and a new subscription for a dear old lady who is like a mother to me, because Kitchen-Klatter is such a wonderful magazine. I get countless helps for club entertainments, and if I don't know any contests I can always go to my Kitchen-Klatters and find something good for each month."—Mrs. Henry Roush, Hopkins, Mo.



Old mill on the Chariton River, Yarrow, Missouri

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

Dogs is one of the chief topics of conversation on this island. In most countries a man without a dog is a man without a dog, but in Bermuda a man without a dog is a man who had a dog and lost him. There are so many dogs on our base that we have to have an officer detailed to



handle the dog work. Everyone has a dog. The commandant has a dog, one of our friends has three dogs, most of the sailors have dogs, and the marines

have at least two dogs per man. There are dogs at the movies, dogs at church, dogs at Ship's Service, and dogs in the library. How Betty and I manager to live here three months without a dog is beyond me.

Today, however, we don't have a whole dog, but we have half of one. He is a young pup who spends half of his time at our house and half of his time at the neighbors where he rightfully belongs. When he first came over to our house I tried to drive him off. To this end I ran him out the gate and he came back in the driveway. I ran him out the driveway and he came back in the gate.

"It looks like we have a dog," I said to Betty, "But there is one thing we won't do. We won't feed him. If we don't feed him he will go back where he belongs."

While we were having supper the little mutt cried so plaintively that we finally gave him some food to shut him up. When we went to bed he was still on the porch, and the moment we turned off the lights he started to scratch on the door and cry to get in. We couldn't get any sleep with that going on, so I finally got up and let him in. He made a bee line for the floor lamp and informed us in a very crude way that he was not house-broken. I hastened to put him outside again, cleaned up the floor and went back to bed.

Then it started to rain. Now if there is one thing that dog doesn't like it is rain. He stopped crying and started to howl. After listening to fifteen minutes of that I was about to go crazy. Betty said that she felt sorry for him. "Poor little fellow," she said, "he doesn't even have a dog house."



And so there I was at eleven o'clock at night out in the rain rigging up a dog house. I got an old box out of the basement, tacked a piece of canvas

across the top and sides, and put it on the front porch. I was so chilled by the rain that I had to take a hot bath before going back to bed, and so it was twelve-thirty when I crawled in for the third time.

For a few minutes everything was quiet. The dog was in the dog house and I was out of it. I dozed off and was just falling asleep when the dog started to scratch. It sounded like someone knocking at the door. Knock, knock, knock—knock, knock, knock—knock, knock, knock! What had I done to deserve it? One by one I thought over my sins, but none of them deserved such cruel punishment. Knock knock, knock!

"Poor little fellow," Betty said sleepily, "he must have fleas." I pretended to be asleep. "I said he must have fleas." I had to say something, so I agreed with a groan, "Yes dear, I think he must have fleas."

Knock, knock, knock! "Well," Betty said firmly, "there is an old can of insect powder up in the cupboard."

Now it may sound crazy to you, but when a man is desperate for sleep he will do anything. At one o'clock in the morning I was down on my hands and knees on a wet porch floor putting flea powder on that dog. He stopped scratching and started to sneeze. Not just one sneeze, mind you, but fifty of them. I dropped into a chair and simply sat there, too hopeless to budge. One last violent sneeze and everything was quiet again. That dog doesn't know it, but he was within two good sneezes of losing his life.



At last I fell asleep. The dog left us the next day, but he returned the day after that. He spends about half of his time with us, and although he is gone right now, something tells me that he will be back on the next rainy night.

Late this afternoon Betty and I managed to catch a ride over to the Bermuda Airport where we met Anne Cole, Betty's cousin from Kentucky. The plane that brought her had a great deal of difficulty after it landed. The wind was so strong that the plane could not turn around on the water, and thus had to drift with the wind back over the route it had just taxied. When they were tying the plane up to the landing floats one of the ropes got all tangled up and there the plane sat for a full half-hour before any of the passengers could disembark.

On the plane was a very interesting couple from a farm on Long Island. It seems that they won a radio contest by sending into the station a suitable name for a rooster, and the prize won was a free trip to Bermuda. The winning name they sent in for the rooster was "Fuss and Feathers." If you hear of any contests where the prize is a free trip to the States from Bermuda, just let me know.

This letter carries our warmest wishes for a Happy New Year to every single one of you, and with this greeting I will say goodbye for now.

—Frederick.

P. S. Guess who is at the door? That dog again!

FROM A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

What is your favorite "sayings"? January is the month when I lean heavily on, "If Winter Comes, Can Spring Be Far Behind"? I don't wait for the first robin to assure me that spring is on its way. The seed catalogue which comes on New Year's Day brings much more of a message than just the seeds it has to sell. It's the best non-fiction book on the list for me.

Each of us, perhaps, has our sign by which we believe in an after life. Mine is a January snow storm. If this scene of death of the trees, flowers and grasses can be renewed to such beauty and life in God's appointed time, surely He has planned something even better for us.

Some January jottings: Out on the hill where the shouts of merry coasters fill the air, I observe that life goes on much as usual—there are the pullers and the pulled!

Could modern children be fooled into thinking snow ice cream was really a treat? We did. We took glasses of creamy milk, sweetened them with sugar, honey or sorghum, added "vanilly", and dug clean snow out of a bank and added to the glasses until they were the consistency of cream. If you must have a sundae, mother used to spoon out a helping of strawberry or cherry preserves to each glass.

The number of folks living in a house and their approximate ages, can be figured out by the circle of overshoes near the back door.

If the eggs are to be harvested without cracks, it means putting off and on my own overshoes and pacing to the henhouse until my patience is worn thin. There's only one thing about dressing that's harder to do than put on overshoes—put them on a child!

This is the mush season. I hope you have the black pot your grandmother used. And which side are you on in this mush argument? Are you for yellow meal or white meal, hot water or cold water for starting, water ground versus steam ground meal? Do you eat it with sugar and milk, butter and syrup, half milk and half cream with salt and pepper, or, do you prefer it fried or made into Indian pudding?

Butchering used to be a matter of days of the hardest kind of work. It took one day to assemble all the tools and sew up the sausage sacks. One day of rising 'way before dawn to get the fire started under the vat and having the water ready by the time the "crew" arrived. Meals. Cutting up the meat, grinding the sausage, stuffing the sausage, cleaning the casings. Starting the sugar cure next day after the meat had cooled; rendering the lard and lastly, hours of canning the meat. Quite different than sending off the butchering hogs in a truck to the operator locker to be dressed, sausage made and lard rendered. Really the most difficult thing one has to do now is to decide how thick you want the pork chops cut and the sizes of the roasts. These are the days!



FOR THE CHILDREN

UNUSUAL PETS

This past month we thoroughly enjoyed a number of letters written about pets that are out of the ordinary, and several pictures were enclosed which gave Juliana and Kristin great pleasure. They carried them around for days, and Juliana even found a small portrait folder to fit the picture of a little black goat with brown ears that was sent by his owner, Shirley Bowser, aged seven, of Huron, Kansas.

Carol England of Milan, Missouri said that she had a chameleon for a pet. A chameleon is something like a lizard, you know, and most of the time it is bright green in color, but when it gets cold the green turns to dark brown or red. Flies and turtle food are its favorite diet, and Carol says that when she returns from school the chameleon crawls around and around her bowl wanting to be played with and fed.

Virgil and Mary Louise Peterson of Marne, Iowa have a cunning little skunk for a pet. When they found him he was so small that you could hold him in the palm of your hand, but now he cannot be held in both hands. He eats when the children eat and behaves just like a dog when a bone is given to him. Furthermore, he stands up on his hind legs and begs for food.

Mrs. Charles Schreiner of Purdin, Missouri thought that you children would enjoy hearing about their skunks too. They were named Jimmie and Jennie, and they knew their names and came running when called. Strangers frightened them and they always ran and hid in unusual places such as a pair of rubber boots or in the clothes basket. These skunks were raised by an old cat who had two little kittens the same size, and Mrs. Schreiner said that the only time they fought was when they were given chocolate pudding—they loved anything sweet!

We had never heard of having a land tortoise (turtle) for a pet until we read a letter from Bertha Mitchell of Multnomah, Oregon. We found this so interesting that we were sure you'd enjoy reading part of it too.

"One Sunday morning when we were walking home from church, my twins noticed two boys ahead of us who were slamming something down on the pavement trying to break it. When we reached them we discovered that it was a large land tortoise, so we took it home with us.

"We read books and nature stories to find out how to feed and care for turtles, but there was so little to learn this way that we decided to experiment. We often fed the turtle and it never once acted as though it would bite us. When it drank milk it put its head down flat in the dish, then

turned, lifted its head up quickly and let the milk run down its throat.

"Wherever the children went, there was the turtle, and it would remain at the steps waiting for them to come back from their meals. It wasn't long before it found itself harnessed to a cigar-box wagon with spool wheels dragging around the smaller dolls of the girls. As it never balked or rebelled in any way it was given plenty of hauling to do.

"We did not know how to call the turtle to us for a long time and then accidentally found that by thumping on the ground with a cane or a short pole, the turtle would come directly to us. Though the turtle was with us for many years we never found where it stayed during its hibernation, but each spring would bring it around the corner of the house with neck outstretched as if looking for the children—and they were full of joy to welcome it too."

TRY THESE

Three tinkering tailors totally tired.
Samuel Short's sister Susan sat sewing silently.

How many sniffs of sifted snuff would a sifted snuff sniffer sniff if a sifted snuff sniffer sniffed sifted snuff?

Two tall Turks twirling twisted turbans.

ASK ME ANOTHER

A man went to town on a Friday, stayed a whole week, and returned on the same Friday. How did he do this? Ans. He rode on a horse named Friday.

Brick upon brick and a hole in the middle? Ans. A chimney.

Round as an apple, deep as a cup, yet all the king's horses can't pull it up? Ans. A hole in the ground.

What goes up hill and down hill and yet stands still? Ans. A fence post.

What is white when it's dirty and black when it's clean? Ans. A blackboard.

What has eyes but cannot see? Ans. A potato.

What has a tongue but cannot talk? Ans. A wagon tongue.

What has hands but cannot feel? Ans. A clock.

—Sent by Norma Jean Droge, Seneca, Kans.

1. When has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.

2. How is an egg like a horse? Neither can be used until it has been broken.

3. When is a man tickled, but never laughs? When a fly lights on his nose.

Pick your favorite Comundrums and send them to me. I am sure you have heard some news ones.

—Aunt Leanna



Charles, the grandson of Mrs. Edith Seabury of Plainview, Nebr., is the proud owner of these puppies.

DOGS

I think I know no finer friends than dogs,

The old ones with their wistful eyes: They who desire no finer paradise Than the warm comfort of our smile,

Who tune their moods to ours the while,

Who lie and wait to welcome us if we be late.

They only ask to live close to our feet,

Nose between two shaggy paws, Who looks us through with love unspeakable and true.

Anon.

MORE COMUNDRUMS

What goes through a window without breaking it? Ans. Light.

Why does a cat sleep more comfortably in the summer than in the winter? Ans. Because the summer brings the cat-er-pillar.

What did one wall say to the other wall? Ans. "I'll meet you at the corner."

—Sent by Phyllis Rosenberg, Grimes, Ia.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

WRITTEN BY NELSON WHITE

Little Billy Bullfrog says to himself: "I guess I better hurry!"— Let's turn him upside down and see



NELSON WHITE

The reason for his worry—

"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.

BABY JACKET AND HOOD. Hard crocheted from soft woolen yarn to lovely medallion pattern. May have these in white, pink, or blue. Jacket \$3.00. Set of jacket and hood, \$4.00. Mrs. Floy M. Lane, Stuart, Iowa.

1946 HEALTH BOOKLET (nurse's viewpoint). Help for the person who finds it hard to reduce. (Not a diet schedule). Allergy-food sensitiveness. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE explained. 30 health questions answered, 35 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

SHELL JEWELRY: A California Speciality. Brooches, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Ear Rings to match, 50¢. State color preferred. Shell decorated place cards, 75¢ a dozen. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

END \$1.00, print feed sack or cloth, for cute child's dress, size 2 or 3. Handy mitt dustcloth, 25¢ each. Mrs. Carl Hartke, Hawley, Minnesota.

LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN QUILT TOP, 75x97 inches. Prewar, \$15.00. Send stamp. Mrs. Orrin Wolfensperger, 1917 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

WANTED, OLD BUTTONS. Will trade fancy crocheted pot holders or quilt pieces for old buttons. Mrs. Carl Palmer, 1012 1st Street, Webster City, Iowa.

DOLL DRESS POT HOLDERS, crocheted, colors, white with red trimming, 65¢. Mrs. W. J. Ostenink, Hull, Iowa.

YO-YO BEDSPREAD, large size, cotton material with yellow backing, \$20.00. Mrs. C. B. Sonnenberg, Holland, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Ladies Genuine Hudson Seal Black Coat, size 44. Lovely rayon lining, never worn, \$20.00. White crib spread, blue embroidery, \$5.00. Mrs. Paul Swank, Harlan, Iowa.

GIRL'S PINAFORE, size 1 through 5 years. Send arm length and waist measurement. Priced, \$2.00 plus 10¢ postage. Place orders now. Cash please. Mrs. D. L. Brown, 218 Millard Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DOUBLE WEDDING RING QUILT, 86 x 86 inches, prewar. Beautifully quilted, \$20.00. Hand-made quilt top, prewar, 77x90 inches, \$12.00. Enclose stamp. Mrs. Orrin Wolfensperger, 1917 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Ia.

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.

CAMEO BROOCH in black and white, 50¢. larger size, \$1.00. Slip-on ear rings to match, 50¢. Postage, 3¢. Carrie Hooper, Early, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Canary birds, males and females, reduced prices. Stamp please. Mrs. Lon Hitchcock, 607 E. F. Street, Carrollton, Mo.

FOR SALE: Good blue-gray box coat, size 16. Gussie Smith, Brayton, Iowa.

ADD DISTINCTION to your birthday cards, personal stationery, invitations, and announcements by embossing your name in Gold, Silver, and Copper, with "Golden Ray" processing kit. Simple to use. Send \$1.00 to E. H. Lindgren, Axtell, Nebraska.

WILL FILL ORDER of the December issue and will send apron pattern for self addressed stamped envelope and 15¢ coin. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

Arthritis Sufferers

Vitamin and Nutrition Science brings you famous A-D-E Plex, containing all the factors D Arthritis Sufferers have shown deficiencies of. Thousands of satisfied users. Price complete only \$5.49. Mail orders filled same day received. Vitamin Industries, 1320 Farnam St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

WOOL KNOT STITCH 50-INCH TRIANGLE FACINATORS and Scarfs, 14x50 inches for \$3.00 each. Baby sets from \$4.00 to \$6.00. Mrs. Maud Smith, 1012 Washington Avenue, Red Oak, Iowa.

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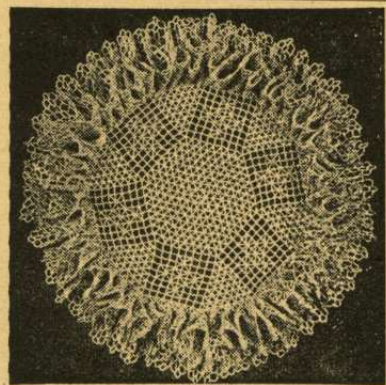
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FAMILY FUN

The spirit of love, enthusiasm and happiness so prevalent in the holiday season seems to linger through the month of January. Let us do our bit toward helping it to remain throughout the year.

This month with its long winter evenings is an ideal time for parties. If it's a New Year's Watch party, holiday foods are still in order; thin slices of fruit cake, decorated cookies, candy, nuts, hot chocolate or cider, are lovely to look at and delicious to eat! Old-fashioned taffy pulls are ever popular with the young. Find recipes calling for molasses or honey instead of sugar, and tack the recipe to the cabinet door. Then let the young folk take over the kitchen.

For a simple and attractive New Year party favor, make a candle holder by sticking a green life saver mint into the side of a red gum drop for a handle; then insert a small white birthday candle into the top of the gum drop. These candles may be lighted for a few moments at serving time, and each guest might make a resolution as he blows out his candle.

Games and Contests For January Parties

CURRENT EVENTS: Cut from magazines and daily papers, pictures and cartoons illustrative of events which have taken place in the last year. Number and pin these up in a conspicuous place, minus, of course, their titles. By the corresponding numbers on cards distributed to the guests can be written their titles for the pictures. See who has the best news memory.

"REMEMBER WHEN?": Pin a number on each guest, giving odd numbers to the men and even numbers to the women. Prepare a number of slips with directions such as: "Find Number Four and tell her how you spent the Fourth of July;" "Tell Number Seven your most interesting adventure of the year;" "Describe to Number One your most embarrassing moment of the past year," etc. Let each woman draw a slip and find the man whose number she has drawn, and then let the men draw slips and talk to the women.

SNOW STORM (For the smaller children): Gather the youngsters around and show them a pretty candy box. Tell them you have something for each one. As they eagerly watch, take the lid off of the box quickly, turn it upside down and out will fly a lot of feathers. Announce that a prize will be given to the one who picks up the most feathers in a certain time. As each one counts the feathers he has collected, have them put back in the box and award them a piece of candy, with an extra prize going to the winner.

TRAINED SEALS: Place three or four cushions on the floor. A child kneels on each cushion, facing the center of the circle; the rest of the children sit or stand in a circle around the "seals." A soft bean-bag or a small cushion is tossed, by those in the circle, back and forth over the

heads of the "seals"; the animals may raise their arms to catch the bag but must remain kneeling. When a seal succeeds in getting a bag he changes place with the one who tossed the bean-bag.

FLYING BLIND: Give each person a paper and a pencil or crayon. Switch off the lights. Then the leader announces: "Draw a circle; now put Roman numerals around the circle, one to twelve for a watch face. Now put on the hands, setting them at the correct time." A toy watch might given for the best effort after the lights are on and drawings display.

QUIZ: The answers to these questions are the abbreviations of some of the 48 states.

1. What state has never married? Miss.
2. What state needs a physician? Ill.
3. What state is very exclamatory? O (Ohio).
4. What state is busy on Monday Wash.
5. What state is dear to the Moha medans? Ala.
6. What state has shelter in ti of rain? Ark.
7. What state can never be Me.
8. What state is very pious?
9. What state uses the decime -s-tem? Tenn.
10. What state could go rowing. re.

ALIBI: Give out a general question such as this: "Why can't you attend every club meeting?" Allow the guests three minutes to think up an excuse which must end with words beginning with their initials such as: "Because I have to" (example, Mary A. Dobson Would say) "make Agnes' doughnuts."

TRADE WINDS: Write half of a proverb on one slip of paper and the other half on another. Have 15 or 20 well known proverbs written out, and allow each guest to draw two or three slips; then, in a given time, see which guest can get the most complete proverbs by trading. Here are a few suggested proverbs:

- "Make hay while the sun shines."
- "A stitch in time saves nine."
- "All that glitters is not gold."
- "Better late than never."
- "A watched pot never boils."
- "Birds of a feather flock together."
- "Every cloud has a silver lining."
- "A barking dog never bites."

EVERYBODY'S LONESOME

'Way down deep within their hearts
Everybody's lonesome;
Far within their secret parts
Everybody's lonesome;
Makes no difference how they smile,
How they live or what their style;
Once in every little while
Everybody's lonesome!
Women, silk-clad, jeweled fine,
Yes, they too are lonesome;
When their gems the brightest shine,
They are just as lonesome;
Some must serve and some command,
All still seek with groping hand
Love and friends who understand,
Everybody's lonesome!
Though your gift of friendship's small;
Everybody's lonesome!

AID
SOCIETY
HELPS

THIS IS IMPORTANT!

Do you remember the brief article "No Mortgages or Debts" that appeared in the October issue last year? Such a splendid letter came in answer to it from Des Moines that I want to print part of it here.

"Our church is not 'out of debt' but our payments are ahead of schedule and our church officers have agreed with our pastor that we may establish new objectives in our giving.

"I believe we started this change in our thinking when two very high goals were presented to us. A former pastor urged us to attempt to give as much for missions as we give in support of our local church, and a second goal was that we study the scriptures and return to the "tithing" and "love-gift" plan as outlined there.

"These two goals have now influenced our Aid groups. Many of us feel we prefer to make an outright gift of any money given to church or missions. As in every church, we have members who love to sew or can or quilt with friends. Such items are given as love gifts to our own or other missionaries, to our own needy, or to some outside our group known to some member to be in need.

"One young missionary girl needed clothing so a group of young women met and made her a complete wardrobe. Her sincere pleasure warmed our hearts and our continued interest in her travels and her new work in a distant land is reflected in the generous giving for her work.

"Our church has a Social Service chairman who is often called upon to aid our own people. Sometimes she needs clothing or bedding or furniture. This need is made known and promptly met—off the record, of course.

"We have many church fellowship meals together. None of us seem to regret that we no longer try to raise money this way. I feel that we enjoy most the typical pot luck meal together.

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