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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

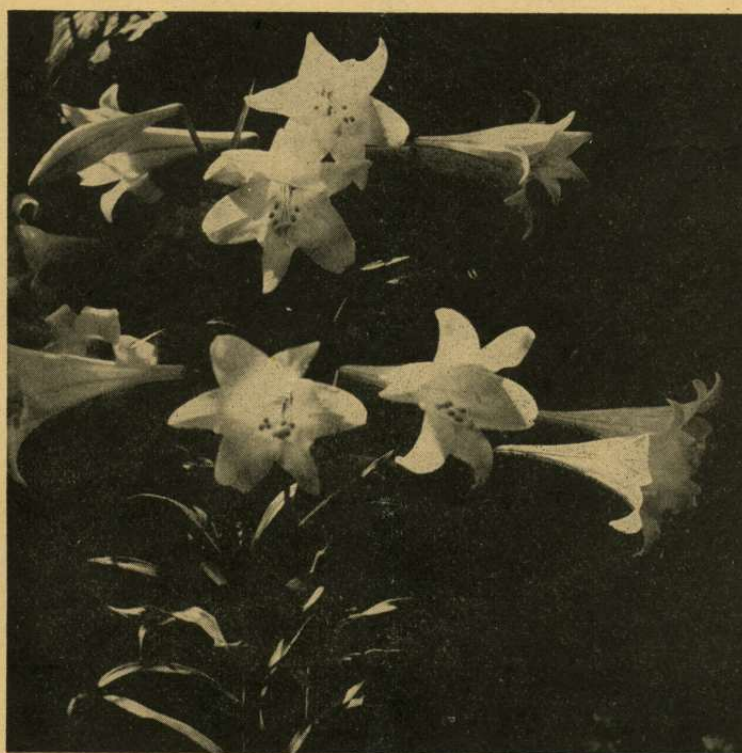
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"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This is one of the days that makes a person feel as though spring is too slow in arriving—just a look out the window makes one feel impatient with all the tag-end signs of winter. I've often thought that during these few weeks right in here our middlewest really looks as drab and uninviting as people from other sections of this country have often described it. Eleven months and one week of the year I think that our countryside is genuinely beautiful, but right now . . . well, the bare bones will soon be covered!

I always anticipate every sign that our garden will be stirring out of its winter sleep, but this year I'm doubly eager because there is a new tulip bed to look forward to. We planted one between the house and office and I can scarcely wait to see what kind of blooms we will have. Looking forward to this reminds me that over twenty-five years ago I planted several hundred Darwin tulip bulbs in the yard of our new home in Clarinda—I did that work during some beautiful autumn days when Wayne played in his baby carriage beside me and Frederick tried hard to dig holes in the ground "just like mama". All of us were eager for the following spring and we weren't disappointed for we had great long-stemmed tulips that exceeded our brightest mental pictures.

This summer I want to have hemerocallis for my garden hobby, and since I have only four varieties at present you can see that I have a long ways to go. Several of my friends have over a hundred varieties and they surely made a spectacular sight when they bloomed. There is so much enthusiasm for this beautiful flower that I want to get in from the sidelines and be right in the middle of it, so to speak.

Now that winter is almost over I find myself wondering once again what has become of the months that seemed to stretch so far into the future when I looked at them last November. I never did find time to decide on a long, hour-consuming project! My one major accomplishment of the winter was making woven baby blankets, big enough to be used for more than just a carriage throw. One of these blankets went to Bermuda, so those of you who guessed that one of the big things I had to anticipate in

1947 was a new grandchild, were not mistaken. Frederick and Betty are hoping for a little son in July, but of course a little girl will be just as welcome. Betty plans to return to her parent's home in Ashaway, Rhode Island before long, and our thoughts are often with them during these days when they are winding up the last of their residence in Bermuda.

The other little blanket went to California where Margery is also getting a layette together for their baby who is due to arrive in August. This is the other major thing to anticipate, so you can see why July and August are circled with such big red lines for our family. It looks as though both Margery and Betty have their hearts set on boys since I haven't heard a word about girl's names! Perhaps they feel that because Lucile and Dorothy both have girls, they stand a good chance of getting boys. Mart and I are already trying to figure out how we can travel East and West at the same time! If any of you have solved this geographical problem I wish that you'd tell me about it.

Just now I thought that I saw a martin flying around the big house that Howard made for our garden years ago, but I must have been mistaken for it's still too early for them. Howard has had quite a time convincing Juliana that this spring she should move into the martin house and live there. For a while she took him seriously and talked at great length about the difficulties of getting food up there and where would her crib go, but now she understands that he is teasing and enters right into the spirit of things with him and assures him that on her very next trip up the alley she will bring her suitcase and move in then and there. And somehow all of this reminds me that in the latter part of January I saw a notice to groundhogs advising them not to leave their holes on February 2nd—that desperate homeseekers might move in!

We were relieved to hear that Wayne and Abigail didn't have to move—their Christmas vacation had been overshadowed by the fear that they would have to give up their apartment in February. But everything worked out all right for them and they will get to finish their school year without the upset of looking for other housing. Their spring vacation, which will be coming up very soon, is

to be devoted to house-hunting Shenandoah, however. They plan to move here permanently about the middle of June and these days we all our eyes open for a solution to the problem. The other night our "Years-Ago" column in the paper carried the item that four houses and seven or eight apartments were for rent—and those were just the one that the owners advertised; there probably were a good many that weren't even carried in the rental columns. Those days seem almost like a dream, don't they?

Before I write to you again we hope to have a drive to visit Dorothy and Frank. During the winter months we have had to forego this pleasure since they live on dirt roads that are just as likely to be impassable as passable while the weather is un dependable. But before long we can be fairly sure of their condition and then we hope to have a nice Sunday with them. Both Lucile and Dorothy tell you much about their activities in the letters that I don't find many things to add in my letter.

I hope that you'll find a great deal of interest and help in this issue of Kitchen-Klatter, but we always appreciate your suggestions so tell us what ideas you have when you write to us. After all, we've no way of knowing what you like or don't like unless you tell us about it!

It's time for our Sunday night lunch, so this must be all. We're having potato salad and ham sandwiches (I made the filling yesterday by cutting scraps from a ham bone and grinding it with sweet pickles and hard-boiled eggs), and I wouldn't be surprised if a good many of you weren't eating the same thing tonight for it seems to be one of the stand-by lunches for Sunday evening. There was a time when we always had a cake to finish with, but these days we just remember it now and then and look forward to the future when Sunday evening will mean a nice angel food or white cake to cut.

Lovingly yours,
Leanna.

AN EASTER PRAYER

Lord, now that spring is in this world
And every tulip is a cup
Filled with the wine of thy great love
Lift thou me up.

Raise thou my heart, as flowers rise
To greet the glory of Thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are
And white as they.

Show me that thou art April, Lord,
And thou the flower and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft spring
winds,

I'll hear Thee pass!
—Charles Towne.

REMEDIES FOR TROUBLE

If you feel blue read Ps. 23.
If you fear you can't pay the rent, read, Ps. 27.
If you are lonely, read, Ps. 91.
If the stove-pipe falls down, read St. James 15.
If people talk about you, read Ps. 51.

Come into the Garden

THE GARDEN IN APRIL

By Mary Duncomb

April seems centuries removed when we're struggling with the last bitter weather of winter, but suddenly it arrives and with it much of the hard work that must be done in our gardens if we wish to make a good start.

It seems to be the opinion of many expert gardeners that early April is the time to start our tomato seeds in hotbeds. While the resulting plants do not always give the earliest tomatoes, I have found that they do give a good supply for canning because they miss maturing during very hot weather when sun-scald takes a heavy toll. Choose several varieties of seed so the season of maturity is spread out, and also in order to have different kinds for different purposes. The best seed is the cheapest in the long run.

Of course the garden peas and sweet peas should go into the ground as early as possible. Don't forget the latter even if you are a little discouraged at former failures; every year doesn't bring forth a successful crop of sweet peas, but it is worth the effort to try again.

We may make the job of cleaning up the perennial border quite a tedious, tiresome chore, or we can make it a pleasure—it is all in the way we tackle it. If we do it all at once we will have sore muscles the next day and perhaps a decided aversion to going out again. But if we take it in our stride, stopping now and then to enjoy the evidences of spring about us, and doing just a little each nice day, it can be made a truly enjoyable task.

Be sure to rake with care—it is very easy to damage new shoots or even pull them up. Sweet Williams are especially easy to destroy, particularly when the raker is ruthless. Let us hope that the spots where the late sleepers are planted have been well marked. So many times we notice what seems to be a wonderful place to put that newly-arrived plant and proceed to dig a deep hole—when up comes something precious we had forgotten was there. Winter has a habit of erasing from the mind many items we are so sure we can remember. And right here I should remind you that one of the slowest plants to awaken is the Chinese Bell Flower, the Platycodon.

If you are going to plant some of the new Dahlias it is a good plan to put in the stake at the same time. They come in an amazing variety these days ranging in size from wee ones to those of immense size. Remember that they like well-fertilized ground.

Are you going to plant some herb seed this year? Blue Borage is my favorite if for nothing more than its intensely blue flowers, and I like Cardamon too; its seeds are used in those tiny candies which adorn holiday cookies. Burnet bloomed for me in its second year, although I found

that its dark purple flowers on short spikes did not equal the leaves for interest. Lovage came up very slowly with only one plant showing. It is to be my new herb this year and I shall start it earlier.

Do you like to see the garden full of stars along about September? Then order some hardy aster plants to set out now for Fall blooming. There are many to choose from, not only the dark blues and lavenders, but Mt. Everest for a white, Beachwood Challenger for a red, and Harrington's Pink. They grow well among shrubbery and take little care. In fact, you are likely to forget all about them until one day in Autumn when you suddenly find the garden full of their beauty.

This is the time to divide the Chrysanthemums; it is amazing how one small shoot can grow into such a big bush by Fall. Clara Curtis is one of the earliest and usually very reliable. Columbines and Delphiniums may be transplanted now too, and if care is used, may be divided also (at least I often do). But water well until they are established.

Grow some onions from seeds if you want your own sets next year. They do not need thinning as do those we are growing for winter use. A few radish seeds among the parsnips mark the rows of those slowly germinating seeds, and when grown may be used to good advantage.



The Cup Flower (Nierembergia)

THAT BUGBEAR, DAMPING-OFF

By Olga Tiemann

We like to give certain plants which we wish to grow from seeds a head start by planting in flats or flower pots in a sunny window. Many of these are annuals and they have to be replaced each year. Cup-flowers are needed for edging a south foundation planting. Dusty Millers make a neat finish for a perennial border, while Salvias add flaming beauty to the fall garden. We could name others—Petunias for beds and window boxes, Dahlborg Daisies for yellow borders and dwarf Ageratum for blue.

The seeds are planted in delightful anticipation. They germinate in due

time. We are proud of the "stand." Then almost overnight, they get weak-kneed and topple over. Often not a single plant is saved. What caused it? What did we do wrong?

The trouble is called damping-off and is caused by any one of several fungi which live in the soil near the surface. When conditions are favorable for their growth they can take an entire row of plants in a single night. Some plants fall prey to this menace more quickly than others. Too thick planting, excessive moisture in the soil and air, poor ventilation, high temperatures and poor light are contributing factors for producing favorable conditions for the disease to spread.

Many things have been suggested and tried to prevent damping-off. If one uses soil, it helps to bake it first. Place a pan of soil in the oven with a potato in the center. When the potato is done the soil has been baked the right length of time. Then be careful in planting the seeds not to have them too thick. Water early in the morning so that the surface has a chance to dry partially before night. Keep the plants in a very light window, and stir the soil frequently.

If there are any signs of damping-off, it may help to sprinkle coal dust, fine charcoal or clean baked sand over the surface. I once saved some Penstemon seedlings by watering only with a vinegar solution (one teaspoon vinegar to one pint of water.)

A great deal of damping-off trouble is avoided by spreading a three-fourths inch layer of shredded sphagnum over the soil and planting the seeds on the sphagnum. Sphagnum is very sterile and gives the seedlings a chance to grow before the fungi can reach them. Some gardeners prefer the use of equal parts of horticultural peat and clean sand and do not use soil at all until the seedlings are large enough to transplant.

The very newest medium that is being used today is a form of mica that has been subjected to intense heat. Like sphagnum, it is not only absolutely sterile but can hold a great deal of moisture as well. Used alone as a seed planting medium, there is no danger of damping-off if the flats or pots have been sterilized. It contains no plant food. When the seedlings develop their true leaves they must be given a liquid fertilizer.

MY GARDEN

My garden is a charming place
Where fairies often dwell,
When rain-drops dance on sea-green leaves
It's like a tinkling bell.

I dream of rainbows when I see
The flowers bright and gay,
And then I feel extremely sure
That fairies passed this way.
—Emma D. Babcock.

"I don't want to miss a copy of Kitchen-Klatter for I surely enjoy reading it. That is the one and only magazine that I read from cover to cover."—Mrs. Geritt J. Mouw, Orange City, Iowa.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

The problem of devising the right kind of exercise to help a victim of spinal injuries is always a difficult one, for somehow all of the nerves and muscles must be reeducated again and the smallest, most simple things must be learned from scratch. If any program of exercise could be started immediately it would make a great difference, but in Mother's case, and in practically any case even remotely comparable, exercise is begun when the patient has lost virtually all of his strength because of the long, long time spent in bed. By the time Mother was finally able to embark upon a campaign that it was hoped would lead to her walking again, she had just about the amount of strength that it took to be helped from her bed to the wheelchair. And none of us truly believed that she would progress beyond this.

But we made the mistake that loving families so often make—we underestimated Mother's capacity to wage a battle. Because what she did looked so terribly difficult to us we could scarcely believe that she would persist day in and day out, week in and week out. I think that all of us decided in our own minds that if WE were the one we would just give up the struggle and call it quits. I stress all of this for a very good reason: it is the turning point for victims of severe spinal injuries. Many people have sufficient will to live to get them through the long hospitalization—they have a definite goal to work towards—they want to be HOME again.

However, once their goal has been achieved and they are home and life has more or less gotten back to normal, the extra effort to progress beyond the wheelchair and bed is too much for their shattered morale and strength. No one warned Mother that this was the critical point for none of us had had any experience with such situations, but she evidently knew instinctively that what she accomplished in the next two or three months would determine the course of the future. I realize now that this was what made her tackle the bicycle even though it took superhuman effort.

Every morning at ten o'clock, immediately following the visit of the doctor who gave daily massages, this bicycle, in a substantial frame, was brought in to the kitchen. Then Dad, the nurse and the doctor, got Mother from the wheelchair to the bicycle. At first she could only sit for a couple of minutes even with considerable support, and her feet had to be strapped to the pedals. It took quite a while for her to be able to revolve the pedals even once, but even though it seemed so discouraging at the beginning, she persisted and eventually the day came when she could sit on the bicycle without support of any kind and spin the wheels for twenty minutes or longer. It has taken only a few minutes to write this, but it took many weeks for Mother to reach this stage of her progress.

She has always felt that the bicycle did more than any other one single thing to help her recovery. And I know that in these past sixteen years she has written countless letters to people who have inquired as to the methods she used, and suggested the bicycle treatment to them.

In the latter part of May a trip to Kansas City was made to see Mother's doctors and they expressed themselves as highly pleased with her progress. By this time she could stand on crutches, although she couldn't take a step, and so new braces were designed to carry her through the next phase of her recovery. I met the folks at the Kansas City hospital and I've never forgotten what a start it gave me to see Mother actually standing on her own two feet again—it gave me a great thrill.

At this time I was winding up my year at Cottey College, and the trip to Kansas City was made under circumstances which I had never experienced before and certainly have never experienced since. Two members of the school's faculty, both young women in their early twenties, had purchased an old stripped-down Model-T for about \$17.50, and the words "stripped-down" do not constitute an understatement for it was the most decrepit car I have ever seen. Well do I remember that it had only one door, and there were no floorboards whatsoever—just a couple of planks had been placed where the floor-board should have been. They had owned it only a few days when two things happened at the same time: the brakes gave 'way completely, and one of the owners suffered a broken foot and had to get about on crutches.

It was these crutches that served as brakes for the car. It never achieved a speed beyond ten miles an hour so it was simple to lean on the crutch when we wanted to stop. It scarcely seems necessary to say that this car stayed strictly on small country roads, and many a hilarious outing we had during the spring months when we packed picnics and went out. When it came time to leave Cottey for the year the owners of the car decided to drive it to Holton, Kansas, by way of Kansas City, so that was how it happened that four of us drove away from Nevada early in the morning with our luggage piled high around us. Oh yes, I shouldn't neglect mentioning that the brakes had actually been repaired before we started—we didn't brave the highway or Kansas City traffic with only a crutch.

Our only car trouble arose from the radiator—it sprang a leak, a fresh leak, to be specific, for there were many at all times—and as a consequence we had to stop not only at every single filling station and garage between Nevada and Kansas City, but also at every stream we crossed. An old bucket was carried for this specific purpose, and automatically someone got out every time we spotted water and filled the radiator. It ran out almost as fast as we poured it in.

In this derelict car I arrived at the impressive front entrance of St. Luke's hospital about five in the aft-



By the summer of 1931 Mother was able to be taken out in her wheel chair.

ernoon. We had been on the road since five that morning—imagine it, twelve hours to cover about one hundred and thirty miles! Such trip would constitute sheer torture now, but when we're young we think the rougher the trip, the more fun. And I must confess too that I thought Dad was simply being a kill-joy when he expressed enthusiasm for our car or the dreadful trip we had made in it. Of course, I would be stricken speechless if I saw my daughter disembark from such a ruin!

It was plain to be seen that Mother was in fine spirits. She had a busy and truly happy five months since I had last seen her, and seemed like an altogether different person in many ways. There were small mountains of clothing waiting for her needle, and much more important than any amounts of money was the fact that the children had direction and guidance with school work. Everything that Mother always did as regularly as the sun rose came to an abrupt halt when she was injured, so I think that it was the wonderful feeling of being desperately needed that helped her to make the great effort to get well.

Dorothy graduated from high school that spring, and her graduation was the only one Mother missed. Our auditorium is on the third floor, and it was humanly impossible to negotiate three long flights of stairs. That was why she also missed the senior operetta and play in which Dorothy had parts, but Mother says that she vividly recalls entire sections of those performances because she went over Dorothy's lines with her at home so many, many times.

Both Dorothy and I were making plans that summer to go away, Dorothy to Chadron, Nebraska, and I to Lander, Wyoming. There is an explanation for both towns, so in the next issue I will pick up our story there. (To be continued)

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight I've been having the most wonderful time sitting at my desk pounding this typewriter, and the reason for my soaring spirits is the fact that I have a big new noiseless machine that just sort of purrs along with a sound that poets would probably call fairy drums or something of the kind. (I'm never given to such delicate thoughts so it's much easier for me to say flatly that it doesn't make any racket.) It's the first time I've ever been able to type late at night without having Russell and Juliana stirring fitfully, and in the summer time, strong indications from time to time that the neighbors are also stirring fitfully. My old machine had millions of words typed on it, and it traveled thousands and thousands of miles with me, and it sounded exactly like a threshing machine with all of the working parts gone haywire, so Dad took mercy and furnished this handsome model that will permit me to type all night without disturbing a soul, should I be so inclined. How vividly I recall those years in Hollywood when I didn't dare meet the landlady for three days running after I'd dashed off my letter to you friends at midnight or thereabouts!

Juliana has turned four since I last wrote to you, and from my viewpoint it was a successful day. It was indeed successful from her viewpoint that is for the unhappy fact that she tackled yet realize she is actually four. I will say had been anticipated for so and that when it finally arrived she was, at least a dozen times, "Are you four? I'm four, mama, or will I be four a while longer and then four?" us, yesterday at church when somebody asked her how old she was she said, "You'd better ask my mother because she's the only one who has very straight." I wish that I could ever nicely confused about my birthdays now that I've reached the middle thirties!

Let's celebrate the day we invited fifteen of her friends to come at 6:30 in the evening, and right here I must be honest enough to say that it wasn't until this year I realized how short-sighted it was of us to have Juliana in February! Summer babies have it all over winter babies when the birthday problem rolls around. Children under school age are really too small for directed games, and I just didn't know what I was going to do with that many children shut up in a comparatively small house through a winter afternoon. This is why I decided on the 6:30 arrangement and for those of you with the same problem on hand, I can strongly recommend it as an ideal solution.

Our little invitations read: "Please don't eat dessert with your Mother and Daddy on Tuesday evening, February 25th, but come to my house at 6:30 and have some of my birthday cake with me." These invitations seemed to please the children so much that I decided always to take the time to write them in the future rather than to telephone. They were written on a card that had Juliana's picture

in the corner—her daddy made them up for her, and Juliana telephoned him at the studio at least a dozen times to ask abruptly, "How do the invitations seem to be working out, daddy?"

To leave for a party in the evening seemed very "grown up" to the children, and they arrived in great dignity promptly at 6:30. Within five minutes all this dignity had evaporated, and from that point on we had a din that sounded something like Times Square on New Year's Eve. Grandmother Driftmier arrived at seven to see the fun, so we had our pink ice cream and angel food cake at that time, and then, joy of joys, we repaired to the living room where we sat in a big circle and saw movies. You can rent such movies (all films made specially for small children) from city stores that handle photographic equipment, so if you can borrow a movie projector, I'd suggest that you plan this as entertainment for pre-school children. The rental fee for such reels is most nominal, only be sure that you specify 8 mm. films for an 8 mm. projector, and 16 mm. films for a 16 mm. projector.

Our little guests started departing at 8:30, and by 9:00 o'clock they were all gone and Juliana was left sitting limply on the davenport with her eyes still shining, her hair ribbons off, and the sashes of her new pinafore untied. "It was a wonderful party, wasn't it?" she said dreamily, and we agreed that it really was exactly that—a wonderful party. And at that moment too I sent up a little prayer to the effect that I hoped all of the birthdays to come would be equally wonderful.

These last few weeks I've gone about my work quietly seething with a crusader's zeal for passing on the message that all mothers of first babies should concentrate first, last and always on enjoying them. I look back now on Juliana's babyhood (it seems oh! so long ago and far away) and realize that I didn't really enjoy her as much as I should have because I was in such a fret all of the time about everything. The fashionable pediatrician who supervised her care was a great stickler for keeping right on schedule (I think he must have been a railroad engineer at some point in his career) and I used to hang my head in guilt and practically weep when I had to confess that she'd missed a sunbath or her orange juice. He always made me feel as though I were deliberately undermining my child's health, and in my innocent stupidity I always freshly resolved to do better . . . and so we just got right on board that old train and kept grimly to the tracks.

My, I wish he had laughed just once and told me to take the detours and have a grand time along the road! What wouldn't I give now, four years later, to go back and live those days over? Well, I can't, so all of this is by way of saying that if you're going through your first baby's first weeks and months right now, for goodness sakes don't be so grim. You may not believe that this stage won't go on and on and on and that the next stage will be the time to enjoy, but you're wrong—that first stage is al-

most gone right now while you're thinking about it. It was the realization of what I had missed that made me determine to enjoy every single day—why, before you know it I'll be telling you about the sixth birthday party and what is going on at school!

I hope that your house doesn't look as thoroughly victimized by winter and coal dirt as my house looks these days. Honestly, the tail end of winter is a low ebb, isn't it? I can't think of anything really appetizing to cook after staring at cabbage and cauliflower and carrots for endless weeks in the stores, and apples ceased being a novelty long, long ago, and old hens remain old hens no matter how they're stewed or braised or pressed. Right now I think that I could eat rhubarb unsweetened.

I'm wondering too if any other house collects the cobwebs that this house does? It seems to me that we're always wiping them down, and yet I said at the supper table tonight that our dining room looked like nothing so much as a movie set out of Frankenstein. I think that a witch could take off from the cobweb in the southeast corner, and I spotted another in the bedroom just now that looks substantial enough to support Taffy's weight. The last time the clinkers were carried out from the basement Juliana called in to me and said, "Mama, I can learn to write on the coffee table—it's just like my blackboard." With that I gave up and decided to let winter and coal reign supreme. I hope that someone reminds me of all this when I begin complaining about our dust storms in the spring.

Recently I've had such a fever to get some sewing done, and so very little time in which to indulge that fever. It's true I'm not nursing newborn chickens and planting a garden from which I hope to can seven or eight-hundred quarts of stuff, but even so you'd be surprised at the number of tasks that can keep me separated from the sewing machine. I think that the solution is to invent a gadget that will operate the typewriter and the sewing machine simultaneously. Until May . . . Lucile.



Elmer Harms, Margery's husband who is assistant manager of an Alexander Market in Glendale, California.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Last month we stopped to look at the child who is beginning to move around and explore his world, so it seems only logical to pick up his next phase of development this month. The exploring age just precedes the talking age and it's very necessary that you talk to your baby. You may think it is not much use because he cannot understand, but I believe that a baby understands a great many words long before he can give any indication that he understands.

I remember most vividly once watching a thirteen-months old baby while her mother told a story regarding a high chair catastrophe that had happened during the day. This youngster's vocabulary was limited to two words, mama and daddy, yet the swiftly changing expressions on her face as the story progressed were ample proof that she understood, with almost dramatic intensity, the flow of words that was being directed to the adults in the room.

Everything else aside, it's very comforting to hear Mama's voice, and if you are alone with your baby during the day as so many of us are, remember to talk. Most mothers can sing, but I never could and so for a lullaby I substituted stories from the beginning. Talk to your baby while he is eating and make each meal a social occasion instead of nagging and fussing about what he eats and how it is eaten. At first I didn't really know what to talk about, but soon I hit on the very thing and it is still the favorite of all story hours. Just tell about when he was a little baby, go over the things that happened during the day and act out some little incident that he will remember—perhaps Daddy dropped his hat or baby fell down. They are already developing a sense of humor and are ready for a good laugh.

Be sure to introduce your child to books and show him pictures—it's not too early even at the first year. If you can get some of those nice washable linen books they are fine, but even magazines will do. However, don't let him get into the habit of tearing or crumpling them, and if he wants to (as most children do), substitute a piece of wrapping paper or tissue paper.

Many schools have had to introduce one new class into their program for those children who fail in beginning reading. The way our educational system is set up every child at the age of six enters the first grade and there they begin to learn to read. That is, some of them do and others of them never learn to read well. If they can't keep up with the rest of the class they feel frustrated and worry so much about it that soon they develop a mental block against reading. This is a shame because if your child is of average normal mentality he can learn to be a good reader, and think how much more simple all of school will be if he can read quickly and accurately.

These new classes which I mentioned are for the purpose of preparing



Carol Ann Reu granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Duncomb, Luverne, Minnesota.

the child for reading, and most children will catch up with their regular grade in a very short time. But most schools do not have such classes, and unless your child has what we call "reading readiness" at the age of six he is going to be seriously handicapped by something which could have been avoided very simply.

When a baby looks at pictures he is learning to make comparisons and can see differences, and when you read or tell stories to a baby he is developing the ability to concentrate. You will see how rapidly you can lengthen the story after he begins to listen and understand, and how his interest span develops. At first a child's attention can be held for only a few moments and unless you do help him to develop the power to concentrate for a much longer period of time, it is obvious that no teacher can teach him how to read. They tell me that dozens of children come into the first grade who cannot see any difference between such words as SAW and WAS; now this is only because those children had never looked at enough books and pictures to see differences.

I am writing at some length about this because I want you all to remember that pictures and books are important long before a child can read them to himself. And I have found too that there are many older children who love to read books to babies, and they are having a good time as well as learning, if you invite them to come in. In most homes the hour before supper is just about the hardest of the day, and it's a fine time to establish the routine of the older child reading to the younger child.

Reading does take time, and I sympathize heartily with the mother who says that she just can't do it. I know exactly what she means. But it is something so necessary, so extremely important to your child's development, that it's worth neglecting other things in order to have at least a few minutes every day for it.

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

THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

Were you lucky enough to have someone read aloud to you when you were a child? And do you find time out of a busy day now to read some of the fine old tales to your children?

If so, you know how great a pleasure that is for both the wide-eyed audience that begs to stay up long enough to hear "just one more chapter", and for the adult who never quite loses something of a child's wonder and thrill over the adventure and fantasy. Do you remember when the feel of soil between bare toes made you really akin to Tom Sawyer? And that toasted cheese and a glass of milk seemed the most wonderful sort of a meal after you had heard of how the Alm-Uncle fed Heidi on the mountain-top? That when you were tempted to tell a lie, you almost instinctively reached for your nose to feel whether it had grown as Pinocchio's did?

One of the best ways to lead a child to love books, and to want to read and re-read for himself, seems to be to read aloud to him, for the good stories, like good music, can be heard again and again. When we were children we used to have our favorite reading spots, both indoor and out; they were usually chosen on the basis of being as far as possible from the sound of our mother's voice, so we wouldn't feel too guilty about telling ourselves, when she called, that we'd answer as soon as we finished the very next two pages. It would have been impossible to leave Robin Hood in the midst of a duel, or Hans Brinker with his race unwon, or Long John Silver just beginning to chant "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest".

Back in 1876 Mark Twain wrote in his introduction to "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer", "Although my book is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account, for part of my plan has been to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt and thought and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in." Certainly one of the pleasantest ways of recapturing the moods of our own childhood is to read the old favorites to the new generation. Modern publishers have taken care to produce sturdy books that will wear well at low prices, and have had them illustrated by some of our best American artists who have drawn on their childhood memories for charming sketches.

BOOKS

Books are doors that open out,
Let us travel round about
Countries that are far away,
While at home we still can stay.

Books are windows through which we
Other times and people see;
Books are friends that cheer us, too—
Without books, what would we do?

—Alice Crowell Hoffman.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Tonight, when you total up your activities for the day, can you add in the word of cheer that you gave or the comforting letter you sent? No matter who you are or where you live, YOU are needed. No one else can do YOUR cheer work. Keep that in mind always.

Here are some shutins who need you. When you write, tell them you saw their name in the Good Neighbor column of Kitchen-Klatter. That introduces you to them as a good friend. Mrs. Emma Neufind, 322 W. Huron St., Missouri Valley, Iowa, wants some quilt pieces or embroidery thread. Mrs. Zettie Betts, Green's Rest Home, Alma, Calif., wants patterns for knitted and crocheted pot holders, also baby garments. She wishes some old-time knitter would tell her how to knit socks the old-fashioned way.

Thomas Swartz, 1216 Douglas St., St. Joseph 41, Mo., has some quilt tops he wants to sell. He is bedfast but makes lovely quilts. He has a double wedding ring, a flower garden, a trip around the world and several others, besides some finished quilts that he would like to sell. I do not know his price but it is reasonable. His wife is also a shutin and has aprons for sale.

Cards have been asked for the following people, who are all shutins: Mrs. Daisy Harold, Oakdale, Iowa, age 20, has been in the hospital four months and will be there some time yet. Mrs. E. W. Robinson, Rt. 1, Powersville, Mo., is quite ill. Miss Eva Terhark, Little Rock, Iowa, a life-time cripple, whose 28th birthday comes April 28. Mrs. Elsie Mae Thompson, c/o County Hospital, Tampa, Florida, lost her husband in November and is very lonely. She is in a wheel chair. Chester Shore, Worthington, Minn., age 50, is in a wheel chair. He is alone a good deal of the time. Melvin Meagers, Veterans Hospital, Wichita, Kansas, has been bedfast for a long time and needs cheer.

Last month I told you about a shutin couple who need help. The man is bedfast, the wife an arthritis victim and also has heart trouble. She cares for her husband and if they had a wheel chair so he could be up in it, it would be easier for both of them. Your response has been very good and I think we may be able to get a chair for them before very long. If and when we do, I will tell you more about them. Another case has come up now that I wish we might help. It is a little girl who had rheumatic fever a couple of years ago and is now bedfast with heart trouble. The doctor says it may be seven years before she will be able to be out of bed. She would like to have a radio. A small one will do. Can we get it for her? Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

So many of you have asked about my Gordon who was injured on Okinawa. He is now in McCornack Hospital, Pasadena, Calif. He is still in bed but we are happy that he is getting along so well after being so seriously hurt. Thanks for your inquiries and good wishes. They help a lot.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

We have had a beautiful day here today, with the sun shining brightly all day long, melting most of the snow we have had the past few days. Unfortunately Kristin and I have been nursing colds today and couldn't go out for our daily walk to enjoy the sunshine. We just returned from Shenandoah where Lucile and Russell and Juliana all had the flu, so it was inevitable that we would pick up the flu germ from them. Mother Johnson was in bed all day yesterday with a cold so we spent part of the day down there helping her out.

I have been in Shenandoah for the past two weeks helping in the office. Kristin spent the first week with her Daddy and Grandparents, then she spent the second week with me, and having a wonderful time with Juliana. The first few days after we return, I am kept busy most of the time trying to keep Kristin entertained. She has such fun playing with other children for a whole week, that when we come home she is lonely and doesn't know what to do with herself.

The little girls have always been together so much that they are just like sisters, and since there is only four months difference in their ages they have always done quite a bit of quarreling. Lucile and I have both been patiently waiting for the day when they could play happily together for more than a couple of hours without our having to settle the difficulties between them. So we were both terribly happy over this last visit because they played happily together all day long, and with very few spats. About the third day Kristin ran down the alley to Juliana's and told me to be sure to come after her after lunch. I did, but when I came in the door Kristin said, "I can't go home yet Mama because we haven't even played

upstairs in Juliana's room yet." So I left her and all afternoon they played in Juliana's room. She has such a lovely room with all the circus characters painted around the walls. In the accompanying picture you can see the big clown, which is one of Kristin's favorites. Lucile said on this particular day there was only one quarrel. Juliana came downstairs crying and when asked what the trouble was she said, "Kristin just hit me harder than I ever thought possible in this world."

Kristin was especially thrilled to be able to attend Juliana's birthday party. We had a little trouble about the birthday presents, and the candles on the cake. We have always shared and shared alike with the girls, so when it was time to blow out the candles on the cake Kristin jumped right up to help Juliana blow them out. Fortunately Juliana didn't care, and I guess she just took it for granted. But when it was time to unwrap the gifts that was another thing. Kristin began to cry and said that Juliana wouldn't let her help unwrap the presents. I tried to explain why she couldn't, but that did no good. Finally Juliana gave her one to unwrap and she was perfectly satisfied. Kristin told me on the way home that when she had her birthday party, she was going to let Juliana unwrap lots and lots of her presents. We'll see.

Nothing much happened while I was away, only one major thing to be exact. We had been wanting to add some sheep to our livestock, so while I was gone Frank found what he wanted. Kristin is very interested in them. It is the first time she has gotten very well acquainted with sheep, and is anxiously waiting till we have some little lambs running around.

My cold is about to get the best of me tonight, so I'll cut my letter short this time. More next month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

COMPENSATION

Oh yes, I miss the comforts of the city,

The days are long with unaccustomed toil.

And yet there is a peace in lush green meadows,

Fierce pride in ownership of warm black soil.

There is a wholesome fundamental rightness

In pups and babies rolling on a lawn;

In wobbly calves, in squealing, squirming piglets

And all things young. In purple-fingered dawn

There is a pledge of courage, and a challenge.

Our hearts are glad for meadow lark that sings.

Soft benediction comes with harvest twilight.

These compensate for many, many things.

—Alice Lee Eddy.

Do you know the sister States? We're not quite sure, but we would guess that they are Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Collie Fornia, Allie Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minne Sota.



Kristin and Juliana lead the parade. This picture was taken in Juliana's room. Russell painted the clown on the wall.



APPLE SAUCE MEAT BALLS

- 3/4 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 cup thick unsweetened apple-sauce
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs (packed in cup)
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1 1/4 tsps. salt
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Form into 12 balls. Roll lightly in flour and brown in small amount of hot fat. Place in baking dish and cover with a mixture of 1/4 cup catsup, 1/4 cup water and the fat that balls were browned in. Cover and bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Pork can be omitted if none is on hand.—Mrs. H. L. Hauswirth, Havelock, Ia.

HOT CROSS BUNS

- 6 to 6 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cake fresh yeast
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1/4 cup softened butter
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup currants

Sift and measure flour and sift again with spices. Heat milk until bubbles form around edge; add water and cook until lukewarm. Add crumbled yeast, sugar and salt, stirring until yeast is dissolved. Add beaten egg, then flour mixture all at once. Add shortening, raisins and currants and work until dough leaves side of bowl. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about two hours.) Remove from bowl on to lightly floured board, shape into ball, divide into four portions and cover with damp cloth and let stand 15 minutes. Divide each ball into 8 small ones and place on a greased baking sheet and let rise. Brush tops with egg wash (1 egg yolk beaten with 3 Tbls. water) and cut shallow crosses on top with scissors. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in 350 degree oven. Make thin powdered sugar icing for tops. Makes 32 buns.—Mrs. C. M. Summers, 8808 N. 29th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIR

SPINACH RING WITH APPLES AND PORK

- 2 cups steamed spinach
- 2 medium apples, pared and cored
- 1 pork chop (previously cooked)
- Salt and pepper

Chop spinach; cut pork into small pieces, removing all fat, and shred apples. Mix with spinach and season to taste with salt and pepper. Put in ring mold, set in pan of hot water and bake, uncovered, in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes.—Mrs. J. K. D., Waterloo, Nebraska.

HAM LOAF

- 1 cup chopped cooked ham
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1 tsp. finely chopped parsley
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup hot milk
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. red catsup
- 1 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1/8 tps. paprika

Mix ingredients well and pour into a buttered loaf pan. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Unmold carefully and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.—Mrs. Cecil Foster, Dearborn, Missouri.

SAUSAGE AND RICE CAKES

- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 lb. sausage seasoned to taste

Mix all together and make into flat cakes. Fry in butter or drippings and cook slowly for 30 minutes.—Mrs. Ernest Gaver, Tekamah, Nebraska.

CABBAGE GOULASH

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1/2 lb. ground lean meat
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1 medium head of cabbage
- 1 tsp. caraway seeds
- Small bay leaf
- Salt and paprika

Heat tomato juice, add meat and parsley and mix well; cover and simmer 10 minutes. Wash cabbage and cut into coarse pieces. Add to meat, season with caraway seeds, bay leaf, salt and paprika; blend well. Cover and simmer until cabbage is tender (about 5 minutes). Remove bay leaf and, if desired, add additional seasoning. Serve immediately.—Mrs. R. J. Clark, Kansas City, Missouri.

NOTHIN' MUCH TO EAT

Spareribs in the oven
All savory and brown,
Kraut and sweet potatoes
With butter drippin' down,
Mince pies, nice and smelly;
Baked beans in a pot,
Honey and quince jelly,
And biscuits pipin' hot.
Soon you'll hear ma callin'
"Supper's ready, take a seat—
Us folks out here in the country
Don't have nothin' much to eat!"

PARTY FOOD

ANGEL FOOD PIE

- 1 cup crushed pineapple
 - 3 Tbls. corn starch
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 cup water
- Boil all together until very thick. Then add 1 tsp. vanilla and cool. When cold add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and fold into cold mixture. Put in baked pie shell and chill. Spread with whipped cream and serve. A red cherry on each portion would be very attractive.

CHEESE SALAD

- 1 full cup grated cream cheese
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped pimientos
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup grated pineapple
- 1 cup ripe olives
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. gelatine

Mix sugar and salt. Soak gelatine in lemon juice for 5 minutes and then dissolve by adding the hot water. Add sugar and salt to this and then set aside to cool. When chilled, but not stiff, fold in remaining ingredients very lightly. Lastly add whipped cream. Will serve 16.—Mrs. Chas. Morgan, Tarkio, Mo.

BLITZ TORTE

(Cake part)

- 1/4 cup butter
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 5 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 7/8 cup cake flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar well. Add egg yolks which have been beaten until thick and lemon colored. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Place batter in 2 layer pans and cover with following mixture:

Beat 4 egg whites until foamy and then add 1/4 cup sugar gradually and 1/4 tsp. baking powder. Beat until stiff and spread this mixture over cake batter. Bake in a slow oven. Serve with whipped cream and a lemon sauce.

This makes a lovely dessert with a cup of coffee.—Ernestine Callies, Stanton, Nebraska.

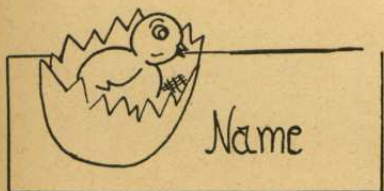
AN EASTER BREAKFAST

By Wilma Ward Taylor



For The Table

If you are planning a family Easter breakfast or are expecting visitors to drop in during the day—try this! Secure a medium size basket (white or pastel color desired) and place on your table or buffet. For a nest in your basket cut green (lime or medium green are nice) crepe paper in fine strips. Fill the nest with multicolored and decorated eggs. Next, let's decorate the handle. Entwine cut flowers (or artificial ones) around the handle—fastening them with string or light weight wire. Any type of spring flower may be used, but the lighter colors make the prettiest display. If you have access to a round mirror, this could be placed under the basket for a very pleasing effect.



A Place Card.

For your place-cards use cutouts of bunnies or chicks. Using a real tuft of cotton for the bunnies tail will delight the children. Or for an idea to use up egg shells the following is fun: When shelling your eggs, crack them with a knife blade about in the center, horizontally. Glue half of an egg shell on a white or pastel colored card. Either fill with a crepe paper nest, and fill with small candies, or glue a little paper chick inside the shell so that just part of him is showing. The name of the guest may then be printed on the card. This will make a nice place card and favor.

Tuck these ideas in your Easter bonnet—and GOOD LUCK! I know your parties will be lots of fun and successful.

"A laugh is just like music;

It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,

The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet.

A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet."

"I am returning the subscription card (with dollar) for I enjoy your little magazine and want it another year. It is quite distinctly different in being intimate and friendly—just like a visit from home folks."—Mary W. Wylie, Manhattan, Kansas.

COOKING HELPS

"Did you ever try making mush with potato water? We like it very much, and of course it has added food value."—Mrs. Helen M. Hoyt, Huntsville, Ill.

"In making yellow angel food cakes, be sure that the yolks are beaten until extremely light—this is much easier to do if a large rotary beater is used. The yolks will not settle to the bottom of the pan if they are light enough to stay blended within the whites."—Mrs. B. I. Mabry, Kirksville, Mo.

"Egg plant can be turned into a delicious dish by cubing it, par-boiling a short time in salted water and then draining it. Place in a buttered casserole, add a can of cream of mushroom soup, top with buttered crumbs and bake for 20 minutes."—Mrs. Ralph Schinzel, Grafton, Nebraska.

"I have made wonderfully light and fine brown bread in my pressure pan by placing the mixture in a small round pan that fits nicely into the pressure pan and covering it with 2 layers of oiled paper. This pan is placed on the rack and several inches of water poured into the cooker. I leave the petcock open during the entire time of processing (one hour) so that there is no steam pressure. This produces a wonderful brown bread."—Mrs. P. L. Fenn, Washington, Ia.

"I make a good head cheese when we butcher pork by adding an envelope of gelatine to the ground meat. While cooking it I added 1/2 tsp. of mixed spices in a cloth bag and this gave a very fine flavor."—Mrs. Arthur Stevens, Chester, Ia.

"To prevent a shrinking pie crust I always allow a hump (almost a tuck) across the middle of the crust when fitting it into the pie pan. This takes care of the shrinkage very nicely.

"Left-over oatmeal is fine with beaten egg, flour, baking powder and a bit of salt added to it and fried somewhat like pancakes. We've enjoyed this for years and call it oatmeal bannock."—Mrs. Albert Hepperle, Rockwell City, Iowa.

"Since bacon is again obtainable, try this idea the next time you make corn bread. Use your favorite recipe but omit the fat and top the batter with strips of bacon. Besides having corn bread you'll have flavor and a pleasant crunchiness."—Mrs. Glenn Teague, Oelwein, Ia.

"Ground or rolled peanut brittle gives a very good flavor to tapioca pudding and eliminates the necessity of using other sugar. Also, for a frosting that takes little preparation and no sugar, sprinkle nut meats mixed with chopped dates, figs, raisins or prunes over the cake batter just before it goes into the oven."—Mrs. Thomas Lorenzen, Cedar Bluffs, Nebr.

"Baked beans fixed with pineapple are delicious. Place a layer of beans (commercially canned or home-cooked) in pan, cover with a little brown sugar, dry mustard, catsup and a layer of crushed pineapple. Repeat until pan is filled. Bake about an hour. They look wonderful and taste the same."—Julia Clark, Milford, Nebraska.

EASTER EGGS

By Wilma Ward Taylor

As soon as the first of April is out of sight one's mind turns to Easter eggs, and the children, especially, look forward to this time of the year. Everyone enjoys coloring and decorating eggs.

If you are planning an Easter party for children this year, provide them with plenty of room and things to work with. Then watch them make their own fun. Of course, it's best to stay close by for assistance.

EGG DECORATING

(Best for eggs that are hard boiled first).

Drip dots of candle wax on the egg.



Hold the candle so the smoke will not color the wax. All colors except red produce pleasing results.

Glue on stars or stickers where desired. If you want them to stand out, this can easily be done by outlining them with ink or crayon.

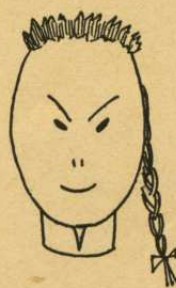
Celophane Colored Tape—Can be used to make stripes or plaids.

Gilt and Aluminum Paints—may be applied with a small brush.

Decals and Other Seals—Apply as directed when purchased.

Two-toned Eggs—Dip one-half in one color of dye and let dry, then dip other half in another color. This gives an interesting effect.

Character Eggs—Are fun to make at a party or to make before-hand for favors or place cards.



To start with, decide what character you wish to make, and then draw on the face features with india ink or crayon. Finger nail polish will work also. For your character's hair, hat, etc., use bits of yarn, felt, cotton,

pipe cleaners, crepe paper, or what have you! Character eggs are fun to make and each guest will enjoy dreaming up his own. If you like, a small inexpensive prize could be given to the guest who has made the most original and clever character.

"Here is my dollar to renew my subscription for Kitchen-Klatter. I wouldn't want to go without this friendly helpful little magazine. I enjoy the pictures, and thought that the cover of the little granddaughters at Christmas time was very fitting with the holiday spirit."—Mrs. Irwin Loeffler, Rt. 2, Sherman, South Dak.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

A great deal has been said, and at last something is being done about the "Chicken of Tomorrow". Various meetings are being held throughout the state to acquaint 4-H club leaders, county agents and local agriculture instructors with the rules of the contest. I am sure that it will prove to be a very interesting project, and it will be beneficial as well to the production program of both eggs and meat. The present price of pork and beef will probably cause a large consumption of eggs during the coming season.

I expect that by this time most of you who are raising chicks are going through the same routine that I have these days. I have my chicks started, and, if weather conditions do not interfere too long, they will probably be out on the ground in a few days. This year they will be on fresh ground, and I am sure I will not have some of the disappointments I had last year.

At that time my chicks seemed to thrive and do well as long as I had them in the brooder house, but about a week after I had turned them out I began to notice some that were not growing and feathering out as they should. Then, after a few rainy days and being shut up inside, they were so dissatisfied that it was hard to keep them busy and I decided that I had too many in the brooder house. After I took some out they seemed to improve, so this year I'm not starting as many and have a much more even bunch as a result.

I have had two inquiries during the past week as to what breed of chicks to select. It is hard to advise one when you do not know conditions or what may be your objective. But I would sincerely advise you to make a selection and then stick by it for several seasons. Give the breed a chance to prove its worth rather than changing every year.

Of course, a great deal depends upon the handling of the flock. I have seen Leghorn flocks that would simply shell out eggs by the hundreds, and other flocks that hardly paid for their feed. Leghorns and all small breeds require warm housing.

Then again many ask, "Shall I buy sexed chickens?" And again I must say, "What is your objective?"

Whatever you do, don't buy chicks simply because they are cheap. You usually get just about what you pay for, although there are occasional exceptions. Last year I bought 100 sexed pullets from the hatcheries were experiencing such severe difficulties during the railroad strike, and it was at a reduced price; these proved to be about the nicest pullets I ever owned, but they were of good stock and under normal conditions wouldn't have been offered at such a price. These opportunities only come on rare occasions, so the bulk of the time you can depend upon paying a good price for a good chick.



Mrs. Arthur O. Gordon, Merna, Nebraska, and her collection of pitchers.

Pitchers—And More Pitchers!

Seven years ago when Mrs. Arthur O. Gordon of Merna, Nebraska, was visiting relatives in Washington, D. C., she made a visit to Gettysburg, and it was then that her collection of pitchers was started. The first pitcher was a gift from her brother, Ward F. Head, now deceased, who was a veteran of World War I and whose body lies at Arlington. From that beginning the collection has grown to a total of 536, and of course is still growing.

Some facts about this collection are interesting. There are many miniatures of shell, blown glass, brass, silver and pewter. And there are many antiques such as Westward-Ho, Frosted Lion, Red Block, milk glass, Tea Leaf, Lustre, Majolica and Spode—to name only a few. There are twenty-five foreign countries represented, many Indian tribes, and Toby collectors will be interested to note that Mrs. Gordon owns twenty-five of them, both of American and foreign make.

Mrs. Gordon has been asked many times how she managed to collect so many in only seven years, and she replies that relatives and friends have been most helpful. Many local soldiers contributed when they were overseas. (One boy brought four from four different countries in North Africa). Each member of her high school class is represented, and the superintendent of schools as well.

This collection is arranged in two large cabinets with glass doors, and is classified into sections of birds, fish, animals, antiques, miniatures, foreign countries, and fine china representing each state in the Union. A slip of paper tucked into each pitcher gives the date and a bit of its history.

HOBBIES

"I'm very eager to get patterns for crochet work, old ones and new ones. Will exchange, will borrow or will buy them."—Mrs. Hilda Rintoul, 8037 Homer Ave., Detroit 9, Michigan.

"I collect dolls and will exchange hobbies."—Mrs. John L. Wilson, 140 S. Belmont, Wichita 8, Kansas.

"For each different design of a playing card sent to me I will send

either a playing card, paper napkin or a square print."—Mrs. Chas. Hinz, Luverne, Ia.

"I collect salt and pepper shakers, hankies and tea towels."—Mrs. George Witcowski, Rt. 1, DeWitt, Nebr.

"I collect novelty brooches and bookmarks."—Miss Rosa Mae Rinard, Dallas County Hospital, Adel, Iowa.

"My hobby is collecting games, stunts, or any clever ideas for showers and parties, and I would certainly love to exchange ideas for any kind of a party with anyone."—Mrs. John B. Shurr, Ellsworth, Minn.

"I would like to hear from anyone interested in collecting and exchanging old T. B. Christmas seals and Wheat Ridge Seals."—Mrs. Henry Meyer, Box 162, Scribner, Nebr.

"In my collection of pencils with the name of the state on it I lack one R. I., Vermont, New Hampshire, Conn., Mont., N. D., Idaho, West Va., Kentucky, Ga., Nev., S. Carolina and Maine. Will exchange or send holder of same value."—Mrs. James May, 403 E. Ross St., Toledo, Ia.

"I collect salt and pepper shakers. Have 248 sets now."—Mrs. Lottie McCarty, 120 N. North Ave., Fairmont, Minn.

"Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Gran Junction, Ia., collects and exchanges nice china, gold colored and white metal shakers, and novelty stationery. Mrs. Ed. Blumer, 321 S. Minn. St. Algona, Ia., collects and exchanges toothpick holders, small pitchers and home-made holders.

"I would like to hear from anyone who has directions for knitted doilies, especially those of Scandinavian or German origin. Will either trade or exchange, which ever you wish."—Mrs. B. Morrison, Traer, Ia.

"I am disposing of part of my salt and pepper collection because of lack of space. Will trade them for glass sacks, horse statuettes, plates (odd or just pretty, large or small), any old dishes or colored glass trinkets. Please write first and tell what you have for exchange."—Mr. J. V. Fuller, 209 N. Pine, Marion, Ia.

"Will swap growing Chinese lantern plants for pastel prints (no dark colors) and also have orange-flowered lilies which bloom several weeks in July, for other plants or what have you?"—Mrs. C. R. Thompson, Worthington, Minn.

AS I GROW OLD

God keep my heart attuned to laughter
When youth is done;
When all the days are gray and
coming after
The warmth, the sun.
Ah! keep me then from grieving
When life seems cold;
God keep me always loving and
believing
As I grow old.

—Unknown.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "For almost ten years now we've had my husband's brother living with us, and it means that we have no privacy whatsoever since the house is arranged in such a way that he must pass through our room to go upstairs. I need his room very badly so that our children can have the place that they deserve, and all in all, the most serious family quarrels have come from the fact that he has been with us all these years. I've never been right out and said anything to him, but my patience is almost at an end. Do you think a family should have to put up with such a situation when it isn't necessary?"—Mo.

ANS: If it isn't necessary, I don't know why you should. It seems to me that only someone incapacitated for whom you feel a strong sense of responsibility should create such a situation. Why don't you set a deadline for your husband to take action in this and assure him that if he doesn't, you will. I see no reason why an able-bodied man, self-supporting, should spoil your family life.

QUES: "Do you think that there is any harm in allowing children to visit at various Sunday Schools from one to time? My two girls, twelve and fourteen, have always been very interested in their church activities and wouldn't think of missing anything, but this past year they've been going with girls from other churches and these girls invite them to attend Sunday School with them from time to time. My girls want to go and I haven't permitted it, but lately I've been giving it quite a bit of thought. Will you decide to ask you about it?"—Witaska.

ANS: It seems to me that it's a healthy thing for people to know and understand the practices and beliefs of other churches. It's good insurance against getting a very narrow mind. I would permit the girls to do this from time to time, but I would insist that they speak to their teacher first and explain to her that they are merely visiting another church and expect to be back in their own places the following Sunday. My children all went through spells of wishing to visit other churches with their friends and I never discouraged them and they often say now they are glad they had the opportunity to see other services.

QUES: "My father-in-law is the greatest problem of my life. He can't get along with any of his children (there are seven altogether) except his husband—I mean, get along well enough to stay under the same roof. He spends his winters in Florida at a little resort and then returns and spends several months of the year with us. If I do this one more year I don't know what will become of any of us, but by the time he leaves my children

are all nervous wrecks and it takes me months to undo the damage. His wife had a hard life of it, so his ugly habits of teasing, carping and refusing to help with anything haven't come on in recent years. My doctor told me that my youngest child was being made a nervous ruin by the teasing that she gets from him—she gets wildly hysterical and actually frightens us. My minister feels that it's too much to ask of us to have him for half of the year, so do you think, everything considered, that we should tell him to make other arrangements when he returns this year? My husband sees eye to eye with me on this problem."—Minn.

ANS: Fortunately your husband agrees with you—otherwise your problem would be much worse. From details of your letter which cannot be printed here, I would say that you should decide once and for all that you are through with such dreadful trouble. Please don't let me hear that he has spent another half-year with you. A man able to spend half of the year in Florida is also able to spend the other half independently.

QUES: "What is a reasonable weekly allowance for two boys, aged eleven and fourteen? And should I keep track of what they spend or just let them do as they please with it? I find myself 'checking up' on them and if they can't account for every penny it leads to quarreling or misunderstanding. I'm sure I'm not doing this right, but I do want my children to grow up to be good citizens. What do you advise?"—S. D.

ANS: It seems to me that the first thing to ask in regard to an allowance is what we expect the amount to cover. If a boy fourteen is given freedom of choice in his clothing, etc., then his allowance should cover such items. If the money is to be used only for entertainment or hobbies, then it would be less. This is why I don't feel like quoting any exact amount. However, children never learn to manage wisely if someone is constantly "checking up" on them, so do try to relax and let them manage their own affairs. It's hard to do this, but it pays.

QUES: "Fourteen years ago I was married at a large church wedding and my maid of honor was a school friend who had always been very dear to me. In the time since then she has had a hard pull of it with a severe financial struggle and much illness among her children, and consequently she long ago dropped out of our old crowd. We intend to celebrate our fifteenth wedding anniversary in March and plan to have a large party, but I don't know if I should invite her or not although oth-



Mrs. Olinda Wiles and the coon she killed.

er members of the wedding party are being invited. I'm sure she won't feel that she has the right clothes and certainly I would feel terrible if she were unhappy about the whole thing, so I don't know what to do."—Ia.

ANS: By all means invite her, and in such a warm, friendly spirit that she will feel genuinely welcome. You may feel that she wouldn't enjoy it, but that is a decision for her to make. It would be unforgivably rude to invite all other members of the original bridal party without including her.

PRAYER FOR JULIE

She's sweet! I've watched her grow from birth to five;
She's wise beyond her years and so alive!

Her eyes are clear and blue as summer skies;

Within their crystal depth such magic lies!

May those who rear her strive to keep in mind

That as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,

May she arrive at womanhood's estate

Armored in honesty—immaculate!

May she love every living thing, for such

Will lend her later years a magic touch.

Grant her nobility, that she may prize

The worthwhile things in life—that she may rise

Above the petty traits that rend and sear—

A soul that harbors truth, with naught to fear.

She is so sweet! Dear God, may future years

Bring more of happiness to her than tears!

—Harriet Chandler.

BEYOND A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

(Ordinarily we title Mrs. Barrow's contribution "From A Farm Window" but last month and this month you will note that we've said, "Beyond A Farm Window" because she has been fortunate enough to make a wonderful trip to Natchez, Mississippi. The following article concludes her account of this trip, and we can only hope that she will be able to travel someplace else soon in order that we may enjoy her report.)—Leanna.

Old Southern Mansions

With thousands of slaves to make the brick, with their local heart cypress plus mahogany brought from nearby islands, Southern planters built large plantation estates unrivalled anywhere for luxury. When these homes were almost completed, whole sailing vessels were chartered to bring the furnishings from Europe.

Marble fireplaces were imported from Italy; huge mirrors in pairs and in heavy gold frames came from France; lacy iron grillwork for their balconies and stairways came from Spain and Portugal; carpets from the Orient and France; carved walnut staircases from England; linens from Ireland; and china, tapestries and art objects from all over the world. It was an era of luxury and gracious living seldom known.

Then suddenly desolation struck. The Civil War deprived them of slave labor. A new transportation invention, the railroad, was perfected and commerce no longer moved only by boat. The new railroad scorned to lay its tracks to the famous old river town where the Natchez and Robt. E. Lee had their historic race. The boll weevil arrived and took its toll. All of these adversities seemed to conspire to ruin Natchez, and as far as the world was concerned, the historic town died and remained in oblivion for more than seventy years.

The gorgeous homes and their priceless antiques remained hidden away in the groves of huge live oaks and stately magnolias. The Spanish moss draping the grand old trees seemed appropriately funereal. Many of the homes were still inhabited by descendants of the pre-war owners, although they lived in only a few of the rooms. But nothing was sold out of these homes nor were they changed.

In 1932 when some Mississippi garden clubs were arranging tours among neighboring towns, the president of the Natchez Garden Club admitted that there were but few traces of the extensive formal gardens and acres of rose beds which had been laid out by European landscape gardeners around these old homes, but she offered to have ready for inspection a few of the wonderful old houses. That was the first Natchez Pilgrimage. Thousands come now and many old plantation homes in and around the city will make you feel as though you were in fairyland. You are treated as a guest and throughout the rooms you will find the hostess and her friends to try to answer your

countless questions. They are dressed in the costumes which appeared in these homes in that long ago time—hoop skirts, lace mantillas, and gorgeous jewelry in old-fashioned settings.

It takes three days to make the entire Pilgrimage for thirty-three houses are shown. There are two tours each day and if you are driving your own car, the trail to these homes is plainly marked. Each tour is \$3.00 plus tax. Every other night there is given the brilliant Confederate Ball Tableaux, a pageant depicting scenes of the Old South. On the other night be sure and see the "Straight and Narrow Path" at the Rose Hill Church at which you will hear Negro spirituals sung wonderfully well; this is a pageant put on by the negroes at their church and in itself is one of the rare entertainments of a lifetime.

The January issue of the Ladies Home Journal carries a fine color section of many of these homes. One of the most weird is Longwood or, as it is more frequently called, Nutt's Folly. It is a monument to a dream that was shattered by the Civil War. It was to have been a gorgeous structure of Moorish design, and the slaves had worked for five years making the brick. The thirteen rooms on the first floor had been sufficiently finished that the family could move in and live there while the upper floors were being completed. The finished home was to contain thirty-two rooms in addition to a huge central hall that was to run to the top of the rotunda.

Then came the call to arms and the carpenters and artisans dropped their tools never to return. Throughout the unfinished floors there are still tools, paint buckets and parts of imported staircases, etc., never uncured. Dr. Nutt died in 1864. Planned as a palatial home for his family of eleven children and eight-hundred slaves, today Longwood is occupied by one descendant with one servant. There is an exquisite old grand piano, richly carved rosewood furniture, oil portraits of the family—in fact, these lower rooms are still crammed full of priceless treasures.

It is at Linden, built in 1790, that we saw the punkah which hung down over the gleaming mahogany dining room table. Its velvet cord was held by a small colored boy who pulled it so the punkah would wave and keep the diners comfortable!

At Dunleith the old colored servant showed us the family brougham upholstered in rick black satin and velvet; he told us that it weighed a ton and we could understand why it took six black thoroughbred horses to pull it as the family rode on Sunday afternoons. In the same carriage house were traps, phaetons, a democrat and other vehicles used by the family in their social and sporting activities.

The home I liked the best is Auburn. It was built in 1812 of red brick with great white columns supporting its broad front galleries (we call them porches). As usual, the big hall runs the length of the building. In the rear is a two-storied brick kitchen which



The circular staircase at Auburn, an old southern mansion.

is connected with the main house by a flagged patio. This kitchen still has the giant fireplace with cranes and pots and the old-time "spit" where meats were roasted. None of these homes have a kitchen in the house.

Inside Auburn is the famous spiral stairway without support at any point except its base. This famous stairway is often mentioned in Gwen Bristow's stirring novels of Natchez. It is said that this stairway is architecturally perfect, and to be certain there would never be another like it the architect was forced to destroy his plans after it had been completed.

I made this Natchez Pilgrimage in 1938 and was so impressed that since then I have read every book I could lay hands on which told about Natchez. I saw the set of apricot banded china mentioned in "So Red the Rose". The charming hostess told me that when her great-grandfather imported it as a gift for his wife on their fiftieth wedding anniversary there were three-thousand pieces. Part of this set was destroyed during the Civil War but they still have well over half of it!

And speaking of books . . . just as we left the cotton plantation and I told our hostess how much I anticipated another trip to Natchez, she put in my hands a late book, "Plantation Parade" by Harnett Kane. This is an account of the plantation homes between New Orleans and Natchez. So now our trip is being extended somewhat, and perhaps if you'd like to hear about more of these old southern homes, I can write again about them.

But if you love beauty combined with charm and would like to know about that wonderful era when the Old South really lived, make up your mind to be a part of the Natchez Pilgrimage someday. Someday? Well, don't put it off too long for it may be later than you think!

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

When I recall how often I have reprimanded Navy men for not writing home, and how long it has been since I last wrote home, I must hang my head in shame. Of course I have plenty of excuses, but not much can be said for any of them. It is true, however, that Betty and I were both laid up in the sick bay for a while.

I hadn't planned to be sick this year, but when I learned that the Fleet Chaplain would be aboard to take Divine Service, I decided that I might just as well be sick and get it over with. It isn't at all difficult to get into our sick bay, but I've never known a more difficult place to get of. One would think that married couples would be provided with a double room, but such was not the case; Betty was put in the women's wing, and I was put in the men's wing. The first night I was there some corpsman woke me up to ask me if I were sleeping well, and I told him "yes" with such finality that I didn't see a corpsman again for nearly a day. Betty had nurses to look after her. Isn't it strange that the Navy goes to such great effort to procure attractive and efficient nurses and then assigns them to the care of Navy dependents?

I was far from mended when I had to get out of bed and make a hurried trip to Florida. Some people are fortunate enough to have smooth, uneventful flights when they travel by air, but I seem cursed with nothing but trouble everytime I board a plane. You may recall that we had great difficulty reaching Bermuda when I flew out last year, and this trip back was in the same category—trouble, trouble, trouble. Our plane was so decrepit that I feared it wouldn't get off the ground at all, and my fears were well-grounded for one engine caught fire when we were just under way and we had to return to the base hurriedly. (Stated this way it sounds as though I were merely discussing a flat tire on a Sunday afternoon ride rather than a burning plane some three-thousand feet above the ocean!) We were hours late arriving at our destination, and frankly, I was in such poor shape after flying through the roughest weather I can ever remember, that I didn't much care what happened.

I think that I was always much happier in a plane before I knew that the crew isn't really the calm, efficient looking bunch of people that it seems to be. I used to fly through terrible weather with the sound of engine trouble coming through plainly enough and never really get excited, and most of that mental ease came from the fact that there seemed to be nothing to worry about as long as the crew acted totally unconcerned. But once I had the misfortune to overhear a conversation between the pilots and co-pilots of two big planes—I had just gotten off one of these planes after a flight that had seemed pretty rough, although I can't honestly say that I was alarmed at any

point. However, I guess I should have been alarmed for it seems that the pilot and co-pilot didn't really think that we'd ever make it to the airfield. From this recital of woe they turned back to other tough trips in the conversation that I overheard, and the truth seems to be that they are far more anxious and tense than their passengers when anything unexpected turns up. Probably this eavesdropping accounts for the fact that I never feel quite so happy now when I'm far above the earth, and on the flight to Florida I was really wrought up the entire time!

Betty and I have now come to the conclusion, after careful study, that the American postal system is partial to women. We know for a fact that all postage due letters mailed by women in the States are sent without delay to their destination and we pay the postage due at this end of the line. It is also true that postage due letters mailed by men are returned to the sender for the postage due before they are shipped. I know that it seems incredible, but I also know for a fact that I have to pay postage due on every piece of mail that Betty receives from her friends, and the letters I receive are all ten days late and stamped, "Returned for lack of postage." I feel as baffled by this as Lucile does about the laundryroom pipes she discussed in a letter not long ago.

Have I told you about Betty's new cookies that had such a strange flavor? And do you remember the shaving lotion and the black walnut meats that you sent to me for Christmas? Well, the two things go together, for when the walnuts arrived they had absorbed every drop of that fine shaving lotion. Betty wanted to throw them away, but I assured her that the shaving lotion odor would disappear when the nuts were used in cooking. I was mistaken. Poor Betty took my advice and used them in cookies that she baked to serve the day my Admiral's wife came to tea. Furthermore, they were baked at the last possible moment so we could serve still warm cookies, so you can imagine our sensations when we discovered that we had shaving lotion cookies—and nothing else in sight to serve. Fortunately, and I mean very fortunately, a terrific storm came up just about the time our guest was due to arrive, so she had to postpone her call and the day was saved.

The month of January was a beautiful month in Bermuda. And of course it had no right to be. All of the weather books say that January in Bermuda is cold and wet, so Betty and I (like many other Americans) told our friends not to visit us in January—the month that most of our friends wanted to visit us—and now we are holding our heads and regretting that we had ever said anything. I have never seen more perfect January weather than we had here. The tourists will go back and tell what grand weather we had and then our friends will be convinced that we just wanted to discourage their coming to Bermuda at all. You can't win!

Affectionately, Frederick.



OVER THE FENCE

The things that some people accomplish never cease to astound me. Take Mary W. Wylie of Manhattan, Kansas, for instance. Last year she wove one-hundred and forty-six rugs, and since this was only her hobby, a part-time job, so to say, and since she is in her seventies, I think that her industry is amazing.

Of all community efforts to which we can put our shoulders I don't know of any more rewarding than Youth Centers. Mabel Nair Brown tells me that the Youth Fellowship group of young folks, of which she is counselor, has just completed a drive and raised between \$400 and \$500 to fix up a Youth Center and Community Recreation center in Lanesboro. This seems to me a remarkable feat in a community where there are only thirty-five students in high school!

When you start your canning this summer and anticipate putting up two-or-three-hundred quarts, give a thought to Mrs. Ernest Gaver of Tekamah, Nebr. Last year she canned 825 quarts of garden produce, and she needed every bit of it for she opens from 6 to 10 quarts every day. She says that with her family of seven children she wouldn't know what to expect if there were ever any leftovers.

We are sorry that we weren't listening to the Man-On-The-Street from a St. Joseph Station one day not too long ago, for he asked different passers-by what magazine they enjoyed the most, and our good friend, Mary Edgerton of Troy, Kansas, put in a nice word for us when she said that she enjoyed Kitchen-Klatter the most, and then gave her reasons for feeling as she does about it. We recall a pleasant visit with Mrs. Edgerton last fall, and still remember her little Judy.

I am reprinting part of a letter that reached my desk, and if there are any ideas for putting Mrs. Gregerson's suggestion into practice I would appreciate having them. "I think it would be nice for small towns to form a club of all the people who subscribe to Kitchen-Klatter magazine. We would all have so much in common and I'm quite sure we would all enjoy it, but how would we find out who the members are? I'm a stranger here in Pocahontas, Iowa, and although I'm sure there are many subscribers here, I haven't any idea as to who they are. Such a club would be a wonderful way for newcomers to a community to become acquainted."



FOR THE CHILDREN

ALICE FAYE'S NEW DRESS

By Maxine Sickels

Alice Faye tossed her golden braids and stamped her foot. She was in a terrible temper. Her face screwed up into an ugly frown. (Perhaps I mean an uglier uglier frown for all frowns are ugly.) Her voice said, "No, no, NO", and each "no" was bigger and louder than the other.

In front of Alice Faye stood her mother and she was being oh! so patient. She said, "Alice Faye, how can I make you a new dress if you will not stand still? I cannot get the sleeves right. I cannot get the hem right. I cannot get the pocket in the right place. Don't you want a pretty new dress for Easter?"

"No, no, NO," said Alice Faye. "I want to go outdoors and see the little calves and the little lambs. I want to see the new grass and the little crocus."

"All right," Mother said, quite at the end of her patience. "You may just go outdoors."

So she took the new dress and put it on a hanger. She put a little blouse and overalls on Alice Faye. She put on a sweater and a cap and she sent Alice Faye outdoors.

At first Alice Faye was quite happy. The sun was warm. The sky was blue and the birds were singing. Alice leaned on the step and looked at the pink and white flowers. They looked like little pink and white skirts turned hem-side up.

While she stood there one little flower spoke to her. "Hello, Alice Faye! How do you like my pretty new dress?"

Alice Faye looked at the little flower. "I think it is very pretty," she said. "Did you have to stand still all morning to get it tried on?"

"All morning!" the crocus exclaimed. Why, I sat here quite still all winter."

"Oh, my!" Alice Faye sighed and walked away.

She walked to the fence around the Little Pasture and leaned against it watching the Old Red Cow and her new calf. The little calf was red with a white face. He had big brown eyes with long eyelashes, and his legs were wobbly and much too long for him to manage.

While Alice Faye stood there watching, the Old Red Cow said, "Moo, moo, moo" in her soft friendly voice. Then she began to rub the little calf with her tongue. For a little while the calf stood patiently, but then he got tired of standing so very still and jumped away on his wobbly legs.

"Moo, moo, moo!" said the Old Red Cow. Her voice was not soft and friendly now. It said quite plainly, "You stand still, little Red Calf with a white face."

The little calf stopped again and stood quite still while the Old Red Cow rubbed him with her tongue. Oh yes, he stood quite still, but he complained in a little voice, "I don't want to stand still. I want to jump and run." Alice Faye heard him quite plainly.

"MOO!" said the Old Red Cow crossly.

The little calf said no more but stood quietly while his mother brushed and brushed.

Alice Faye walked toward the house looking very much as if she had a new thought to think. At the door she said with a smile, "Mother, will you try my dress now? I'm sure I can stand still. Flowers and calves do!"

THE ROBIN

When Father takes his spade to dig,
Then robin comes along.
He sits upon a little twig
And sings a little song.

Or if the trees are very far
He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are
And bobs upon a stone.

Sent by Helen Louise Wohllaub,
New Virginia, Iowa.

1. Why does a milkman have two white horses? Answer: To pull his wagon.

2. Why is an orange like a bell? Answer: It peels.

3. Why is a bootblack like the sun? Answer: It shines.

4. Why is a mousetrap like a bad cold? Answer: They both catch it.

—H. L. W., New Virginia, Ia.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

Old Hippo has the toothache bad
It makes him look so tearful.
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And see him when he's cheerful.

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

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MOTHERS DAY GIFTS—Linen runners \$4.00 crocheted chair sets large size \$4.00; crocheted heart shaped doilies \$1.50; crocheted "Love at Sight" doilies \$2.00. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Williams, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Cross stitched pillow slips with crocheted edge first quality tubing, \$5.00. Enclose stamp. Mrs. H. Dorman 209 W. 21 Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

APRONS, lace yoke, organdy, \$2.00. All lace, \$3.00. Doilies, 50¢ to \$2.00. Buffet sets, \$2.00. Crocheted gloves, \$3.00. Mrs. Jessie Brotherson, Wall Lake, Iowa.

CROCHETED BABY BIBS. Original designs, \$1.00. Over 300 sold. First 15 orders receive gift card free. Mrs. Harry Wichman, 2214 West Second, Topeka, Kansas.

KITCHEN APRONS, 75¢ and \$1.10. Crocheted aprons in two colors, \$2.50. Other crocheting on order. Mary Wirth, Route 4, Newton, Iowa.

ORDERS TAKEN: To crochet all wool afghans. State colors desired. Priced according to size, from \$25.00 to \$35.00. Afghan mailed C.O.D. Mrs. Dale Robinson, 323 S. Second St., Albia, Iowa.

PILOW CASES with crocheted motifs and edging. Send stamped envelope for description and prices. Mrs. Twila Graves, 1210 Roland, Chariton, Iowa.

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FOR SALE: Pillow case lace 42 inches price \$2.00 a pair. Wax flowers in pots 85¢ postpaid. Mrs. Mary C. Lutgen, Tipton, Kansas.

BABY SHOES. White felt, pink or blue trim \$1.10, lace trim \$1.35—state length in inches. Mrs. H. D. Fagan, 315 South 3rd Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa.

SEWING, child's dresses \$1.00. Ladies \$1.50. Curtains ruffle style \$2.00 a pr., panels \$1.00 pr. Custom rug weaving \$1.00 yd. Print aprons large bib style \$1.15. Send orders and materials to Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

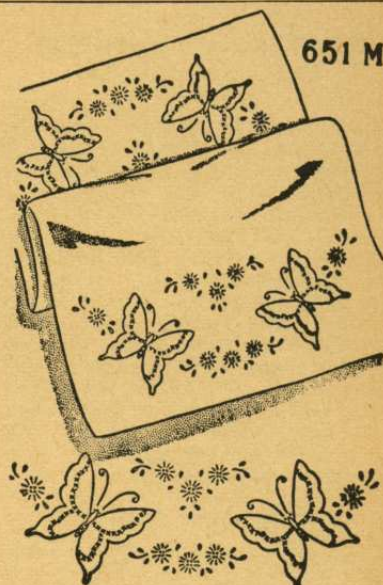
FOR SALE: Crocheted aprons \$2.25. 19-inch doilies \$1.50. 15-inch doilies \$1.00. 12-inch Pansy doilies \$1.00. All doilies made with No. 30 thread. Nice for gifts for Mother's Day, etc. Mrs. W. C. Dygert, Yale, Iowa.

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COSTUME JEWELRY made of tiny shells. Lovely and unusual. Brooch \$1.00. Ear Rings to match, 50¢. State your favorite color. Gertrude Hayzlett, 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

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JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUETS

By Mabel Nair Brown

All four years of high school life are crowded with exciting and important events, but the grand climax of them all comes in May when the juniors entertain the seniors at their annual banquet. For sheer excitement and pleasure nothing ever surpasses this evening, and if the Gods that look after weather are kind it is one of those unforgettable nights that only poets can write about with accuracy. Almost any kind of banquet is bound to be a success, but if you belong to a committee that says, "Let's try something different this year," perhaps some of these suggestions will appeal to you.

Note-Able Affair

This banquet has a truly musical background and would do nicely in a school where music has been emphasized and is genuinely important to the students.

Place Cards: Purchase covered flower wire at the drug store. Use three, six-inch lengths for each card, twist the wires together to form three legs of a music rack at one end, and spread the wires at the other end to hold a rectangular shape of white paper; glue the paper to the wire. On this piece of paper draw a music staff and write the person's name across it.

Nut Cups: Cut a round "note" from black construction paper and glue to tiny nut cup; then add a tiny American flag as the flag on the eighth note. If the flag or stem of note was black with a white paper flag on it, the name could be written on the flag of the note stem to make a place card and nut cup in one.

Menu and Program: A folder can be made that will represent a piece of sheet music or a song book, and the menu and program can be written on it. Name the foods on the menu for musical terms such as Treble clef (fruit cocktail), Bass clef (creamed chicken), etc., and if you have any trouble thinking of musical terms, just consult your music instructor. Usually the theme for speeches is the idea of the graduates place in life, so titles of this kind could be used: Drawing the Staff, Learning the Notes and Signs (Sharp, Natural, Flat); Scale Practicing, Expression and Accent, and Grand Finale. The toastmaster could be an orchestra conductor or music director, and should call upon the different features of the program as a conductor would call upon various members of his orchestra.

Many schools sponsor a Junior-Senior Prom after the banquet, but if your school doesn't and a committee for entertainment must be appointed,

swing into a musical evening as soon as the speeches are over. This could begin with some features that all will enjoy, perhaps by talented adults of the community just for varieties' sake, and could include musical readings; an audience "sing" would be a good way to close the evening.

Decorate the room with great sheets of white paper on the walls upon which musical scores (lines from current song hits would be good) are drawn. Make these very large as though "splashed" across the wall. Cut huge notes from heavy cardboard and suspend from ceiling by invisible threads. There could be black strips of paper running lengthwise of the table to represent lines of staff, and the aprons worn by the waitresses can carry out the motif if they are made of white crepe paper splattered with black notes that have been pasted on.

Fairyland

The prettiest banquet I ever saw was called "Fairyland". And it was just that. All kinds of white and silvery and tinsel Christmas ornaments had been used to decorate. White thread was put through a starch solution and then pulled through Epsom salts to sparkle it. This thread was draped and crisscrossed everywhere for a misty, sparkling effect. Place cards were fairy-wands (silver stars on tiny sticks with the name written across the star). Delicate pastel colors were blended with silver in table decorations and nutcups were flower cups in pastel colors. Centerpieces were large mirrors with fairy arrangements upon them. These consisted of large silver balls worked up with lacy paper dollies, green ferns, tinsel, etc.

Rainbow colors for such a fairyland banquet work up into the loveliest arrangement imaginable. Be sure to put gold paint on big kettles and place them at both ends of a large rainbow. This can be made by cutting heavy cardboard into a huge arch that will extend to each side of the room. This arch can be covered with crepe paper to simulate a very realistic rainbow. Nut cups would be these tiny Pots of Gold too. The program could carry such titles as: Calm After Storm, Search for the Pot of Gold, True Treasure, etc.

Those of us who carry heavy family responsibilities may wince at the thought of the work involved in any banquet regardless of how simple it may sound when it's planned, but fortunately the young people who undertake all of the work except the actual preparation of food are tickled to death to attack any amount of fussy details that are involved. In fact, the harder the overall job, the more enthusiastic they seem to be. That is why Junior-Senior banquets can always be quite elaborate affairs.

"One day last week while listening to the Man On The Street Program from a St. Joseph, Mo., station a woman was asked "What is your favorite magazine?" and she replied, "Kitchen-Klatter is my favorite because it is so personal, and the Driftmier children always have something interesting to write about."—Mrs. Henry Hahn, Oberlin, Kansas.

IDEAS FOR AN APRIL F

By Wilma Ward Taylor

What a pleasant season for and so much to celebrate! A full of many things; in fact, the first day you are in a party mood.

For something a little different for your community group, children's party, or club get-together, put your imagination to a test and create a fun filled party for "April Fool's Day".

For your invitation try printing it backwards and even upside down, so that it will have to be read by holding it up to a mirror. Have your guests wear some article of their clothing backwards and ask them to have a nursery rhyme or short saying memorized in reverse—and for those who forget!—let's have your guests decide the forfeit.

SCRAMBLED GUEST MIXER—

Before your party, mix up the letters in each guest's name and slip of paper to each person with of the mixed-up names on it. They untangle the name and identify the person. This game will be fun for the guests will be peering back and forth, and way will become better acquainted.

More fun may be had by the way you present your menu, be it a dessert or snack. For example could announce to your guest you were going to serve T-bone caviar, etc., but when it comes to serve, surprise them by serving a picnic menu. This could be baked Boston brown bread, spring salad, cherry pie; and of course serve a dessert first, with the rest of the menu in reverse. If you are entertaining a very jolly group they might enjoy eating their dessert with kitchen utensil. Your guests have lots of fun, because they know what is going to happen and they'll love it.

Goodbye until next month.—Leani and Lucile.



Ruth Sharon Brown, little 2-year-old daughter of Mable Brown, lighting the candles on her birthday cake.