

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

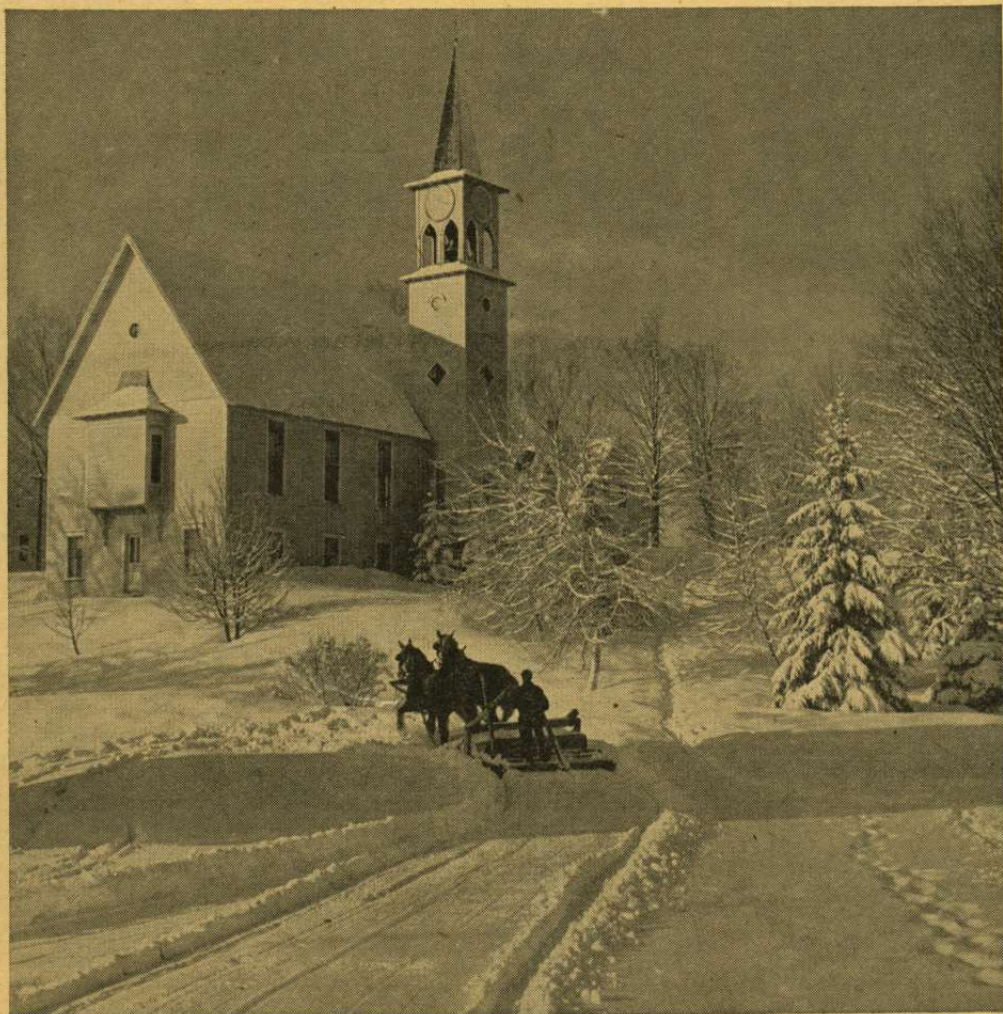
Price 10 cents



Vol. 13

JANUARY, 1948

Number 1



H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by
DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa.

Copyright 1947, by Driftmier Publishing Company.

Dear Friends:

This is a cold, bright winter night, the kind that seems twice as bright as usual because of the holidays with their atmosphere of gaiety and joy. I've just now slipped into my office from the living room where a crowd of young people are having a heated game of monopoly. I started out with the rest of them but lost out before we'd played a half-hour, so it seemed like a good time to get off this letter to you. When I'm through with it I'll go out to the kitchen and start the coffee to perking—it will taste good along with the decorated sugar cookies that are arranged on a big platter.

I think in some ways that this has been the busiest holiday season we've ever had. Our house has been full to running over the entire time, and all through the early part of the month we pitched in to see that you were able to get your gift subscriptions in plenty of time for Christmas. Every night we worked around the dining room table together, and it took us back in memory to bygone days when we spent many an evening getting our magazine out to you. This took care of the evenings, as I've said, and then the days were crowded full of errands to run, last minute shopping, and excited grandchildren dashing in and out. But I learned long ago that a busy life is a happy life, so there hasn't been a minute of it that I would willingly give up.

Next month when I write to you I will be sitting in a hotel room in California. I feel a little strange when I say this because I've been right here at my office desk for my letter to you a good many years now—to think of changing the pattern makes me feel rather lost. It still doesn't seem quite real to both Mart and me that we've reached the time of life where we can turn over our work and a goodly share of responsibilities to our children. I suppose we'll have to be far away before we can really believe it.

Last summer when Mart made his trip to the coast with Frederick he went to Redlands, California, to see if he could find accommodations for us. Redlands is the town where I lived as a young woman before my marriage, and although almost every one of my old friends and cousins are gone from there, I still feel a tie with

it. That is why we chose Redlands rather than any other town. He was fortunate enough to find a room for us in a quiet hotel close to all the points of interest, and after the 7th of January that is where we will be for two months.

Mart and Don are driving out together. We will need our car out there, and that seems the best way to take care of the problem. My sister, Helen Fischer and I will go on the train. It will be my first ride on a train since we returned from California in 1925, and I am looking forward to it a great deal. Perhaps I could stand the trip by car if we took it slowly, but all in all the train seemed to be a better proposition. Helen and I will have a good time, I'm sure. She plans to visit her daughter Louise Alexander in Claremont, and hasn't set any definite date for returning to Shenandoah.

In our absence things will run smoothly, I'm sure. Wayne is in charge of the office, and Lucile and Margery will bring the daily afternoon program to you. Perhaps when some people go away for part of the winter months they just lock the house and walk out, but our house will be running along just as though Mart and I were here. Howard is here most of the time, of course, and then Margery and Martin Erik will also be here. Lucile and Russell have been wanting to do some redecorating in their house but didn't want to try and live in the confusion that comes from doing such work themselves over quite a period of time, so this is a ready-made answer to their problem. They'll just stay here with Juliana so that they can tackle their house with a free hand and a light heart. I think that they have plans for getting quite a bit accomplished.

About the time you read this Juliana and Kristin will have the thrill of serving as ringbearers for the wedding of my nephew, Gene Rope and his bride, George Ann Apple. Gene is the last of my nephews to marry, and consequently Juliana's and Kristin's only opportunity to be ringbearers. They are terribly thrilled and excited about it and have practiced for days walking very sedately and slowly. They will wear long, formal dresses of white taffeta, and will wear a band of small white rosebuds in their hair. Dorothy and Lucile made these dress-

es, and they are really beautiful. I'm sure that we'll all feel very proud when they come walking down the aisle.

On Christmas Eve we expect to have most of our family with us for our tree at nine o'clock. We always attend church services first, and then open our packages when we return home. Christmas day we will have a family dinner, and everyone is anxious for a taste of the fruit cake that was made long ago for just this one occasion. We are not sure if Kristin, Dorothy and Frank will be with us. We know that they will be here on the 26th, but it may be that on Christmas Day itself they will be in their own home.

We're pretty good about not opening presents in advance at our house, but Mart has been using one of his gifts, a tripod that Russell and Lucile gave to him. For the past six months we've gotten great pleasure from the kodachromes that Mart has been taking, so now the family knows that an ever-welcome gift will be camera equipment of some kind. We will no doubt take a good many pictures in California, and perhaps if we have satisfactory results with black-and-white film we can share some of these with you.

Martin Erik is on a regular three-meals-a-day schedule now, and is much bigger at five-and-a-half months than Kristin was at a year. He had on her old snow-suit the other day, one that she wore when she was past two, and although the arms and legs dangled a little bit we could see that if winter hangs on long enough this year he will be ready for it. These days he is enjoying his Teeter-Babe, and the new playpen that was a Christmas gift from his uncles and aunts. Juliana refers to herself as "Martin's sitter" and is very good about playing with him.

Don had several happy days here at home, and his college work is so gruelling that he certainly enjoys the opportunity to forget classes for a short time. Howard has been in town the bulk of the time, and Wayne and Abigail have been going along without any major ups-and-downs. In another part of the magazine you will read a letter from Frederick and will see the first picture of little Mary Leanna. We sent her a Teeter-Babe for Christmas, and I suppose she is enjoying it as much as Martin enjoys his.

I think that it's time to go out and put on the coffee, so I must say goodbye. Next month I will greet you from California, but I think you know how much of my interest and thought of you lies right here.

With warmest wishes to you and yours,
—Leanna.

Blessed are the mothers of the earth, for they have combined the practical and the spiritual into one workable way of human life. They have darned little socks, mended little dresses, washed little faces, and have pointed little eyes to the stars, and little souls to eternal things.

—William L. Stidger.

Come into the Garden

CARE OF HOLIDAY PLANTS

By Mary Duncomb

The long, dark days of January would be almost unthinkable to the flower lover if it were not for the window plants which brighten the day with a bit of greenery or bloom.

Often the joy of the holiday season spills some of its magic charm into the snowbound winter months. Perhaps this joy came as a Christmas gift plant. When these are given they are usually at the peak of their bloom, and we wish to keep them so—at least until their cycle of bloom period is over. To do this we must give each plant a careful consideration of its needs.

In the first place, the plant has most likely come from a greenhouse where it has enjoyed the advantages of such a place. The temperature has been just right, the sunlight from overhead, as well as from each side, carefully moderated to its needs, and the atmosphere deliciously humid. How hard it must be for it to leave all this behind and come to live in our overheated homes! Often the air in our homes is too dry for humans, to say nothing of plants which must stay put. But with care on our part, these plants can be made happy in our homes.

Jerusalem Cherries are good holiday plants, laden as they are with cheerful fruit which will remain colorful for many months. These plants like a cool spot in a strong light, but they do not like gas. They relish a clean spray of water occasionally to keep their foliage green. Remember to plant some of the ripened seeds in late February to make a new supply of plants for next year. They will grow in the garden during the summer months if given the same culture that tomatoes are given.

This treatment also applies to Ornamental Peppers. These Peppers, I have found, do not like crowding, and often have aphids. Control these with a nicotine spray or diluted tobacco tea.

The Poinsettia, old-fashioned but ever beloved, needs a warm place in the sun. Keep it out of drafts. The soil should be kept moist but not soggy, and the temperature should not fall below 55 degrees at night if the leaves are to stay on. While the double-red and the pink varieties are lovely, it is the white ones which are breath-taking. Once the bloom is finished the plant should have a complete rest; then it should be cut back and can be sunk in its pot in a semi-shaded spot in the garden.

Dear to my heart are Cyclamens, for my father always had his windows full of them when I was a girl. These were for the holiday sale, and I remember some of the questions that prospective buyers asked about them. No, he would assure them, a radiator is the worst possible place

for them even if it were the only place available, as some would insist. For, as he would say, this plant is native to Persia or the Mediterranean countries, and although it doesn't mind cool weather, it must not have too bright a sun. Plenty of moisture is necessary, but it must also have perfect drainage.

Water should be given at the side of the pot, for the crowns cannot stand to have water collecting among their leaves. It should not dry out, and if a well-flowered plant shows unmistakable signs of drooping, something else may be at fault. One such plant I was asked to look at once had been placed in direct sun in a south window. It was a very large plant with many blossoms and seemed to need an inordinate amount of water. So we decided to repot it. We found the plant pot-bound, with the roots so completely filling the pot that there was an evident starvation problem. Placing it in a slightly larger pot with fresh soil seemed to give it just what it needed.

Again I say that the white-blossomed variety is, to me, one of the loveliest sights imaginable; the purity of the upside flowers is almost ethereal. These plants may also be dried off, set in a cool place outside for the summer, watered occasionally, and will be ready for a second season's use.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

PART III—THE BULBS

Someone has said that what the world needs is "cleaner minds and dirtier hands." What a pleasant way then it will be to help the world by digging down and investigating what goes on below ground in the garden. Our hands will get soiled but our minds enriched with clean, wholesome knowledge.

We will discover that the below-ground parts of plants, the roots, are as different and as interesting as the above-ground portions. Their main functions are to anchor the plant fast and to obtain water and raw materials from the soil without which the plant could not grow. Mother Nature has provided her children with a wide variety of root growth. Some are thread-like masses which we call fibrous. Some are round and long, called tap roots. Quite a number are thick and fleshy.

Lilies are among the ones that have thick, fleshy roots. Just as the top growth has certain characteristics by which we can discern it from other very similar plants, the roots also have distinctive features which set them apart.

The underground portion of a true Lily is a bulb made up of overlapping scales that are really modified leaves which have become thickened and shortened. They store up plant food



A bulb of a true lily.

to provide nourishment until there are enough roots and leaves to take care of the food problems.

Many plants have bulbous-like underground growth. Examine them to see if they have overlapping scales before you call them Lilies. The Calla-lily has a thickened "something" that looks like a bulb. But closer examination shows that it is solid throughout like a turnip. It is correctly called a tuber. The Trout-lily root has a solid interior but differs in that like the Gladiolus it renews itself each year. The bulbous-like roots called corms which are found in the fall are not the same ones which were there or were planted in the spring. Each year the old corms shrivel away during the growing season but new ones form to take their places. True Lilies have bulbs, not tubers or corms.

Iris, the plant our grandmothers called "Lily", has thick, fleshy roots. The elongated parts are solid and lie horizontally along the ground. They are certainly not bulbs; we should call them rhizomes. Examination will reveal that Mystery-lily and Rain-lily have true bulbs, but more careful inspection shows that they do not have overlapping scales but tunicated scales—that is, the scales are rolled around each other leaving the outside of the bulb smooth—and therefore not true Lilies.

Lily bulbs vary in size, shape, color and manner of growth. In many species the size of the bulb conforms to the size of the blossom, but this is not always true. The scales vary greatly, too. Some are long and narrow, others much wider and shorter. Our native Lilies have scales that resemble small, fat grains of unpopped corn. Some species have thin scales laid so tightly together that one has to look twice to see that they are overlapping scales.

PRAYER

There are no rules on how to pray,
Each man has his own special way,
And if he kneels, or if he stands,
Or humbly sits with head in hands,
The good Lord hears and understands.

It isn't where his prayers are said,
In the temple or beside his bed,
Or if his praying's long or brief,
Or filled with joy or born of grief,
The answer comes with his belief.

It isn't if he prays at night,
Or while the sun is shining bright.
It isn't when, or why, or where
Or who—the Lord is always there
Listening, listening for your prayer

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

The Christmas of 1935 we were all at home, something that has never happened on any holidays since then. Everyone was well and we had our usual happy exchange of gifts on Christmas Eve. And suddenly I am reminded of something amusing that happened in connection with those gifts, something that kept us laughing for a long time.

Dorothy's gift to me that Christmas was a pair of fine kid gloves, and my gift to her was a pair of unusual gold earrings. We were mutually delighted with those things and promptly put them on to wear to midnight church services later that night. Somehow or other I lost one of the gloves and Dorothy lost one of her earrings, but we didn't want the other to know about our respective losses. It occurred to me that Dorothy never read the classified ads and that I might turn up the glove by inserting an advertisement. However, Dorothy had arrived at the same conclusion, and unknown to me she also telephoned the next day and put in an ad for the missing earring. When the paper arrived the next night it carried both advertisements, one after the other, and of course it looked so strange that many people noticed it and called to find out if we had turned up our missing gifts! That was when we discovered what had really happened. And I must add right here that the glove and earring never showed up.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened the rest of the winter and through the spring. In early summer Dad returned for good, and his year of constant traveling was over. We had some happy picnics on the first fine days of summer, and then in June I went to Chicago to attend a conference of Midwestern writers. Meridel LeSueur was there as one of the chief speakers at the conference, and it was wonderful to see her again after a year of separation. She had Rachel and Deborah with her, and it seemed curious to me to be with my little girls again in various Chicago hotels and restaurants rather than in the familiar haunts of Minneapolis and St. Paul. I decided while I was in Chicago to live with them again in Minneapolis, so after a brief stay in Shenandoah I went back to them.

A few weeks later Dad was in Mason City on business, and he drove up to visit me in Minneapolis. On the spur of the moment I made up my mind to go home with him for a couple of weeks, so we drove back and took Rachel and Deborah with us. Mother, Dorothy and Margery had always been interested in my stories about these little girls and I was eager to have them see how charming they really were—and they agreed that I hadn't exaggerated in the least!

I never will forget one thing Deborah said during those three weeks she spent in Shenandoah. At that time she was only five, and it was her first trip away from her mother,



Mother and her cocker spaniel, Rusty in 1936.

but she bore up very well and didn't exhibit any signs of homesickness until just the last few days. One evening I was dressing in the room adjoining the sleeping porch when I heard Rachel say, "Now you can't cry like this, Deborah, because you're a great big girl five years old." And Deborah sniffled in reply, "I am *not* a great big girl. I'm just a little child and I have many years before me."

Those of you who like to browse around in old magazines can find a number of stories about these two little girls in back files of *Parents'*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Redbook*, etc. There was a time when I could have quoted for you both titles and issues, but alas! a good many years have passed since then and those things have slipped from my memory.

When school started in the autumn of 1936 both Frederick and Wayne were students at Tarkio college and drove back and forth daily with a car full of other students. This meant a drive of twenty-three miles each way, and regardless of how icy the roads might be or how bad the weather, they always left the house promptly at 7:15. I think that Mother put in many uneasy hours that winter waiting eagerly for their return in the evening, and every time a car was wrecked in any way on that road she was apprehensive for days. They never had even a close shave throughout that entire year, and the nearest thing they had to excitement was seeing a big transport plane just skim the top of a hill. There was quite a bad storm raging and the plane was obviously off of its course. Frederick still says that he doesn't see how it missed crashing—that it couldn't have cleared the crest of the hill by more than a few feet.

When Christmas rolled around once again we all planned to be together, but at the last minute an editorial board meeting for the magazine on which I worked was called in Chicago and I had to go there. However,

everyone else was at home and when I telephoned on Christmas Eve I could tell that they were having a gay and happy time.

Since this story is written with at least some intention of chronological sequence I must record that the next event of family importance was my marriage to Russell Verness on January 8th, 1937. We had met each other at an artist's studio in Minneapolis when an exhibition of paintings was being shown in September, and later in the fall my letters home began to contain many references to this new friend. However, I never once indicated that it was more than a casual friendship, so I realize now how shocked the family must have been when the telephone rang at eleven o'clock on a cold January morning and I told them that I was married.

Perhaps it was a peculiar and unconventional way to get married, everything considered, but I had always said that I didn't want an elaborate wedding of any kind—and goodness knows I didn't have one! We took a dear friend with us to Northwood, Iowa, and of course we had no way of knowing when we started that we would run into the heaviest storm of the winter on that particular night! I remember that we stayed at the hotel in Northwood, and awakened the next morning to find the streets simply buried in snow. It wasn't until the walks had been shoveled to make one narrow path that we could get around the corner to have breakfast at a restaurant.

As we sat in the restaurant we could look down the street and see the Court House, but to get there was another proposition—that was the deepest snow I have ever seen. Finally a grocery delivery truck came along and we "hitched" a ride to the Court House. Russell and the truck driver took turns shoveling a path from the street to the steps so that Valerie and I could get through. It was an awful morning to call out the Justice of the Peace, but he finally made it and we went ahead with the ceremony. As soon as it was over I telephoned home and announced that Mrs. Russell Verness was calling, and because there had been no preparation whatsoever for this news you can imagine how surprised everyone was. However, they could readily understand why we were married under those circumstances for neither Russell or I could be gone from our respective jobs for more than one day.

There was only time to get from the Court House to the depot once the ceremony was over, so our friendly delivery man turned up again and took us. We arrived just in time to ask the station agent to flag the train, and we've never forgotten what a dramatic sight it made as it came across that white field with the snow ploughs throwing up mountains of dazzling snow on each side. We had our wedding dinner on the train, and once back in Minneapolis went to the apartment that we had made arrangements to occupy a week earlier. Fortunately there was no housing problem in those days.

(Continued in February)

A TRIP THROUGH THE WEST

By M. H. Driftmier

Part II

At eight o'clock in the morning we were out of Craig, Colorado and on our road to Salt Lake City. Highway number 40 is quite scenic through this section, and our route took us through many miles of canyons—this is proven by the fact that we dropped from an elevation of 7,000 feet to 4,360 when we reached Salt Lake City.

About eight or ten miles outside of Salt Lake City is a historic marker on the spot where Brigham Young and his followers first looked down over the valley at the end of their great trip across the plains and mountains. Travelers might do well to pause here for it will give them an opportunity to see the magnificent sweep of country which lies below. It is reported that when Brigham Young first reached the spot he looked down and said, "This is the place." And in 1947, the 100th anniversary of the founding of Salt Lake City, all license plates in Utah carried this phrase. It is understandable when one stops and gazes about from that spot on the mountainside.

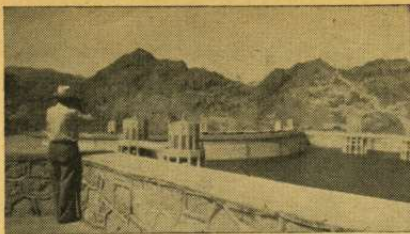
It is hard to imagine any traveler failing to be impressed by two aspects of Salt Lake City: its remarkably wide streets and its spotless appearance. The streets are so wide that cars are requested to park between three and four feet from the curbing and this, in turn, makes it possible to flush water into the gutters daily to wash away any accumulation of rubbish. Contrast the results of this practise with streets in other cities and you can see why the tourist is immediately impressed.

We located a nice tourist court as soon as we arrived, and then felt free to drive about the city. First we went to the State Capitol, a handsome building located at a high elevation on the side of the mountains. Its grounds are beautifully landscaped with a profusion of flowers, and we stopped to take a number of color shots. The first floor of the Capitol is devoted to relics of early Mormon days, and is well worth stopping to see.

We had supper that night in a very nice restaurant, a large one directly across the street from Temple Square, and there we noticed a sign that said, "No Cigarettes Sold" and, in addition to this, no smoking was permitted. Frederick and I have both been in many restaurants, but it was the first time either of us had encountered this.

As soon as we had finished our meal we entered Temple Square. Guards stand at the entrance, and it may interest you to know that these men serve on a volunteer basis; the business and professional men of Salt Lake City who belong to the Mormon church give one day of their week to working for the church in some capacity. This helps to explain why their church has accomplished, and continues to accomplish, such a great variety of projects.

The two outstanding buildings in Temple Square are the Mormon Tem-



Dad standing near Hoover Dam.

ple and the Tabernacle. We did not enter the Temple for it is closed to all of those not of the Mormon faith, but we could marvel at its beauty and the triumph that it represents. The walls of the Temple are from 6 to 9 feet thick, and the six spires rise to a height of 220 feet. This building was under construction for forty years—from 1853 to 1893, and the solid gray granite blocks used in it were all perfect. No blasting was permitted at any time: water was poured into crevices, and during the winter this froze and expanded, permitting the workmen to remove the block without resorting to explosives. I think that it is one of the most magnificent buildings in the United States, and when you stop to consider the comparatively primitive conditions under which the work was done, it is impossible not to be impressed.

We were fortunate enough to go through the famous Tabernacle while a choir rehearsal was in progress. Most of us have heard the choir over the radio and know what a remarkable group it is. The organ is one of the finest in the world (it contains over 7,000 pipes) and was built by the early Mormons under the direction of Brigham Young. It stands in the middle of the west wall, and on either side is the choir loft that accommodates more than 300 people. However, only around 200 people were present for rehearsal, so you can see that even a big and famous choir has the same difficulties that our small town choirs know so well.

We noticed that the director stood beside the organ and that the singers looked down to follow him. He was in shirt sleeves and from his appearance might have been a laboring man, but it's taken for granted that he is a splendid musician. We heard the different sections practise separately, and then just before we left they sang in unison—and I can assure you that it was beautiful.

The Tabernacle is one of the largest of its kind in the world. It seats 8,000 people, and the early Mormons had modern architectural problems in mind when they made the doors in such a way that the building can be emptied of a full congregation in only a few minutes. The great domed roof is entirely self-supporting, and not one single nail or bolt was used in it. Construction throughout was done with wooden pins, and when you consider that the building has stood for three-quarters of a century you can see what an astounding demonstration it is of the architectural ability of the people who built it.

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

During the winter months most of us put our cameras away, waiting for the first bright days of spring to get the next group of pictures of growing children or family pictures. This is particularly unfortunate when the new baby is born during cold weather—it means that as a rule we don't get pictures until he is three or four months old.

With a little care and patience and probably a few wasted rolls of film to start with, you can develop a technique that will enable you to get the important pictures indoors. This will stand you in good stead not only when the weather makes it impossible to go outside, but it means as well that you can get pictures of reunions, etc., that you missed even in the summer months because you waited until too late in the day to get out your camera.

There are three methods of taking pictures indoors that can be used with any camera. The most simple and trouble-free is to have a flash unit on your camera. Some cameras are built with the flash unit installed; others can be purchased separately to fit any camera. The greatest cost with this type of photography is the flash bulb as they range from ten to twenty cents each, and at this price most of us do not care to experiment very much.

The most important thing to remember in using the flash bulbs is that the light is brighter on the subject at close range, and diminishes as the subject is removed from the camera. Therefore you must not get too close, never closer than ten feet or further than twenty feet to achieve the best results with the average camera.

The least expensive method for getting excellent indoor pictures is the use of photoflood lights. Two No. 2 lamps in reflectors (these can be purchased to fit in any ordinary lamp) placed five or six feet from the subject will enable you to snap the pictures just as you would outside. The lights should be placed on either side of the camera and shielded in such a way that the light does not reflect into the lens.

The placement of the lights can be changed in a limitless number of ways and it is the way you handle the lights that will determine the success of the pictures. The best thing to remember is that you must keep the lights relatively close to the subject to get a good exposure.

Beautiful pictures can be taken indoors during the sunny winter afternoons if you have a sunny window. Again it is advisable to use at least one photo flood light to fill in the shadows that are caused by the strong light coming from the window.

Children playing on the floor by the window, or an adult reading or sewing in a chair with the light illuminating half of the figure must have a photoflood light to fill in the other side; otherwise you will get a black figure with just an outline of light on one side.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

When Kira was three years old we moved into a new neighborhood, and after about a week there I surprised her in the act of very industriously cutting off all of her buttons. Now had I been angry I would have frightened her, and no doubt she would have denied, in the face of all evidence, that she had anything to do with the buttons. Fortunately I was just puzzled and really wanted to know why she was behaving in such a destructive way, so I asked her casually why she didn't want her buttons. She replied, "I want to be like the other kids and wear safety pins."

Our chief responsibility here on Earth is to learn what is truth and how to harmonize our living with it. We are not born with truth and must constantly search for it. The pattern of peace is being woven day after day by millions of people all over the world who are searching for truth in their own lives.

There is a great deal of fancy mixed up with fact in our understanding of human nature, but in the past twenty-five years we have added immeasurably to our knowledge of children's growth and development. The most important thing we have learned is to look for causes of so-called behavior problems and ask WHY?

Dishonesty is a serious mistake, and children must be guided to truth because they are not born with it. To guide them we must understand the reasons for the many different kinds of lies that they tell. I am going to enumerate a few of them, and I cannot think that any of them fall into the well known or often mentioned "just plain lie."

1. Lies told by mistake. These come from a lack of understanding just what did happen, or a misunderstanding of a question.

2. Lies told because the child has not yet learned the difference between really true and make-believe. Very often a child is applauded when he tells a fairy-tale, but he is telling lies when he weaves this same story about people.

3. Lies told when children are frightened. When a big and angry-looking grown-up says, "Now tell me the truth," a child will invariably say the first thing that comes into his head, and then get more and more involved trying to make it stick.

4. Lies told to build themselves up or to 'save face'. "I've got four fur coats at home, but I don't want to wear them." "I am the smartest one in my class." These pathetic fabrications arise when children can no longer bear their feelings of insecurity or failure. When they grow up they will develop into the "Alibi Ike" class where the bus was off schedule to excuse being late, or "my tools are poor and he wouldn't cooperate with me" to excuse poor workmanship. As long as we worship "success" we deny countless individuals their chance to develop into mature and happy people doing a good job to the best of their abilities.



Russell photographed Kira Sassaman when she came from Chicago to visit us.
—Verness Photo.

5. Lies told to save other people pain or embarrassment. Sensitive children growing up in a home where there is a great deal of friction often become very adept at these lies.

6. Lies told for personal advantage. We should not be surprised when children cheat during examinations or in a competitive game as long as we impress them with the importance of being first, and admire and reward success in the acquiring of material things.

7. Dreadful lies told to make trouble. Children rarely indulge in the malicious lies told only to hurt someone else. Such lies are told only by people who are emotionally sick, and are in dire need of expert psychiatric help.

8. Imaginative lies. These are the ones which are told deliberately to embroider a tale to make it a good story. The child who can do this has a precious gift, and we should cherish it and help him to use his talent in constructive ways.

We can teach truth when we realize that children must learn truth, and parents must cease to be afraid of failure and learn to accept failure as a necessary part of learning. Parents must refrain from using methods of guidance that give a child feelings of guilt or shame or fear about story telling.

When parents are truthful themselves (especially when dealing with children) they can help to develop an interest in the evaluation of an experience. They can help a child get the full sense and meaning out of an experience.

Play games to develop the ability to report accurately. Set out several different objects on a table and let the children look at them for one minute. Then cover the objects and see how many they can remember. Vary the game by removing one or two objects and see if they identify them. Ask the color of the objects, what they are made of, and their size in relation to one another.

Ask children to describe someone whom they know well. You had better watch yourself on this one! Go for walks and see how many things you can notice and describe accurately. Much of what we regard as lies are merely sloppy thinking habits. Strive for accuracy.

A child can be helped to truth when parents regard habitual lying as a symptom of an underlying difficulty, and are more eager to find and remedy the cause than to punish.

And now back again to the most important thing of all which I repeat and repeat. To do any of these things the child must feel the security of his parents love and respect for him. He must feel 'way down deep inside of himself that his parents love him even when he makes mistakes and fails.

HOBBIES

"I collect salt and pepper shakers and would like to exchange others hobbies."—Mrs. Gurney Willier, Rt. 1, Centerville, Ia.

"Small cups and saucers, china shoes and slippers and calender plates are my hobby. Will exchange for your hobby."—Mrs. E. W. Timmerman, Rt. 5, Decatur, Ill.

"My hobby is collecting church bulletins from various churches and towns. I'd like one from your church—if possible I get them autographed by the pastor. I have 250, including one from Japan, and I have just started."—Mrs. Chet Johnson, 318 Fairview Ave., Fairmont, Minn.

Collecting "hand painted" plates is a hobby that helps to lighten many long hours for an arthritic shut-in, Mrs. Henry Kroenke, St. Paul Park, Minn.

"I collect fancy cups or cups and saucers, and would like to exchange with others."—Mrs. Kenneth Hawk, Milton, Ia.

Mrs. Annabelle Douglas, 705 N. Emery St., Independence, Mo., collects fancy pillow tops and would like to have one from each state.

Pot Holders.—Mrs. R. E. Wieman, Rt. 3, Hamilton, Mo.

Mrs. Peter Doebele, Hanmer, Kans., Rt. 2, collects crocheted pot holders, print quilt scraps and tatting.

"My hobby is new and old recipes, and since I've scribbled a recipe on about everything I must begin compiling them or filing them. I'd like to know what other women with large families do for hobbies. I think we should all have something where we can "bury our troubles." I usually get out my recipe book and try a new concoction on the family!"—Mrs. Ornie Fischer, Avoca, Ia.

"I will trade houseplants, crocheted potholders and colored handkerchiefs with other collectors of these items."—Mrs. James M. Mead, Weeping Water, Nebr.

"Will exchange miniature horses and also handkerchiefs."—Vera Bolter, 445 Dempsey, Creve Coeur 8, Ill.

"Would like old blue willow ware sugar and creamer and platter, also an old buggy lamp. Will pay cash or exchange crocheted articles."—Mrs. C. R. Thompson, Worthing, Minn.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Greetings to you in this brand new, spanking fresh New Year! I still have a sentimental feeling about the opportunity of being able to start a new chapter, of turning over a pristine leaf, and every single New Year's day I hope with deep fervor that I can have more patience, be a better homemaker, stay on a diet, and accomplish something worth while. However, as the years click off behind me I realize more vividly that in reality it is with each new day that we can start afresh—that our mightiest efforts need not be saved for the turning of the year.

As I write this I am reminded unpleasantly of a New Year's service that I attended a good many years ago—around thirty years, to be exact. We drove several miles in a bobsled over country roads buried in snow, and this was all very exciting to me. For some reason I listened most attentively to the sermon that night, and alas! it spoiled the idea of New Years for years to come, because the thesis of that sermon was the grim reminder that we were one year nearer the grave! Certainly it's a fact that admits of no argument, but my! how unspeakably lugubrious. To this day I have to stop and remind myself that it's not necessary to dwell on such a mournful truth!

By the time this reaches you Juliana will have had her Christmas doll, and I can hardly wait until she looks at its clothes. I snatched at every spare minute to whip on lace, make big buttonholes, and cut "just one last" garment. This year her doll was one of these new-fangled creatures who does everything but "burp" after a feeding, and because of its many accomplishments I made a dozen nice diapers! I also made one dashing little white cross-barred dimity dress and embroidered bright red crossstitch bears on the front of the skirt. However, the clothes that Dorothy made for Kristin's Sue Anne certainly put my efforts to shame, for I want you to know that Sue Anne has such items as pleated wool skirts, sunsuits, and terry-cloth bathrobes. She's a well-dressed child.

I believe that Mother mentioned in her letter our plans for the first two months or so of this year. Dad plans to leave with Don for California on the day after Christmas, and then on January 5th, Mother and Aunt Helen will leave by train. On that same day Russell, Juliana and I plan to move "up the hill" (we always refer to the family home in that fashion) and we will stay there while the folks are gone. The main reason for this move is to give us an opportunity to get some redecorating done without having to live in the stew for weeks at a time. When you hire everything done you can put up with the inconvenience because it doesn't last long, but if you do all of the work yourself it gets to be an old story to try and keep on with a daily routine in the midst of plaster and paint.

Just what all we can get done in



Juliana in her new red and white dress.

—Verness Photo.

those two months is more than I know right now, but you can be sure that whatever we do I will report faithfully because I know from the countless letters that have reached me how interested most of you are in fixing up the interiors of your homes. I told Russell the other day that I couldn't imagine what in the world it would be like to go to town and buy drapes ready-made, to pick up brand-new furniture, to stand and watch someone else wield the paint brush. We've refinished and made over and rehabilitated until I don't believe there are more than a half-dozen pieces of furniture that stand today as they were when purchased a good ten years ago.

I don't believe that I've ever told you about a combination table-lamp that we jiggered up a few months ago. This table once belonged to my Grandfather, and when it came to me it was covered with layers and layers of dark varnish. At the time I gained possession of it I didn't know anything much about wood and its treatment, so I just poured white enamel over the entire thing—and a couple of years later when this became tiresome I painted it pink. When Russell first saw it not long ago it was still this ugly pink, and it looked completely hopeless.

Before I go another inch I must tell you that this was a small table such as our grandparents used in the parlor to accommodate the family Bible, or a stereopticon set. It was quite high, so the first thing was to saw off the legs and make it the height of our big lounge chair. Then we removed the layers and layers of varnish and paint, and discovered when we reached the bottom that we had golden oak. This meant that we could give it the white-lead treatment such as we used on our dining room furniture, and it really came out very well.

Now when I tell you about the lamp you may find it hard to visualize the set-up—and I realize right now that I should have thought about this when

there was still time to get a photograph of it and a cut made. Well, no matter, next month you can look at it! At any rate, for a lamp base we used the middle leg of our dining room table. As you have probably noticed, modern lamps are currently featuring massive bases and big shades. The table leg fills the bill exactly for it is massive, well-carved and, treated with white lead, looks as though it were actually made to go with the small table. Russell anchored this firmly in the top of the table, and we were successful in purchasing a large round shade that is of exactly the right proportions. Now we have a table by the chair, a lamp on it (I do all of my reading and hand-sewing there) and the only expense was the lamp shade—and that didn't amount to much. Someday I'll just go and buy a table and lamp! Only, I wonder if it's as much fun?

It was last Christmas that Juliana asked me if I thought the shepherds had any trouble getting on a plane to go to Bethlehem! This year she had it all pretty straight, although she did object to singing "Away In A Manger" because she felt so sorry for the baby Jesus without a place to lay his head. These are the days that she is much concerned about unhappy things and some of her books can only be read to one exact place because if we go beyond that point we find something lost, or homesick, or crying for its mother—and she can't stand to hear about it.

Of course the high point of Juliana's holidays came when she had the opportunity to be what she called a "ringland". I don't know by what process the word ring-bearer became ringland, but that is what she called it. I told her that when I was four years old I was a ringland and wore a green silk mull dress, but she didn't have much respect for my performance when she heard that the dress was short. Her dress swept the floor in true Victorian fashion, and those of you who have suggested that something be done about her straight hair will no doubt be glad to hear that it was properly curled on the big night.

Next month I want to tell you about a little contest that I've been thinking about getting started. I have a great interest in the way other women manage their homes—I'm always curious as to how the routine of cleaning, cooking, sewing, etc., is managed. Next month I'll tell you what this little contest is to be about, and will set the deadlines. Perhaps we can all learn something and profit by such a contest—at least I hope that I will!

Until February, then . . . Lucile.

"I think that the Story of An American Family is grand. I have the first twelve chapters, am now ordering the second twelve, and can scarcely wait until the next ones are published."—Mrs. Lyle Brenton, Corning, Iowa.

"To me, Kitchen-Klatter is a Christian magazine, and if more homemakers would take it, I believe it would help, eventually, to make our whole nation better. There is no boundary to the good it may do."—Mrs. W. B. Pepper, Jr.



SUPER-ELEGANT CUP CAKES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 4 eggs
- 7 Tbls. (almost rounding) cocoa
- 8 Tbls. boiling water
- 2 cups cake flour (measured after sifting)
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sweet milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar together until very light and creamy. Add 4 egg yolks well beaten. Dissolve cocoa in boiling water and add to first mixture. Sift cake flour, measure out 2 cups, add baking powder, sift again with salt and add alternately to first mixture with milk to which vanilla has been added.

FROSTING

- 2 small Tbls. cocoa
- 1 large Tbls. butter
- 5 Tbls. coffee
- Powdered sugar to spread to right consistency
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Black walnuts can be added

Bake these cupcakes in paper cups inside of gem pans for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Then cool and frost. These little cakes are extremely light, rich and delicious.

BAKERY ROLLS

We have given this blanket title to snalls, sugar rolls, pinwheels or whatever this type of roll is called in your community. Many people have requested instructions for making them, and after a radio broadcast in which we appealed for assistance we received a letter from a woman in Iowa who had worked for three years in a good bakery. She wrote the following instructions which we are giving to you just as they appeared in her letter.

"Make an ordinary sweet roll dough, without eggs, and be sure that the dough is very soft (not too stiff, I mean, because as one rolls the dough, naturally some flour is rolled into it).

"Let dough raise for about ten minutes. (This is what is known as 'tightening up'). Then roll dough into a rectangular shape about 1/4-inch thick. Now imagine dough in thirds, and on center third put dabs of vegetable shortening, or margarine or

butter. (Of course margarine or butter are better because of the flavor). Put about 1 tsp. in each dab and space so that the dough is fairly well covered.

"Now fold either end of the dough over this and on top of these two layers repeat the dabs. Then fold the remaining one-third dough over this and roll again into a rectangle as was done in the beginning.

"Now fold again in thirds (but do not add more shortening). Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Then roll into rectangle very thin. Brush with water and sprinkle generously with cinnamon. Roll up into long roll as for cinnamon rolls and cut into about one inch pieces. Have granulated sugar on a flat surface (a cookie sheet is fine) and place the cut side on the sugar, and then put the unsugared side down on a well greased pan spacing quite far apart.

"Now take your hand or fingers and press these dough circles very flat and thin on the pan. The thinner they are pressed the more crisp when finished. (If one feels generous they can again be sprinkled lightly with sugar and cinnamon when pressed flat). Let rise until light, but be careful because they are so thin and one can very easily let them go too long. Bake. These burn easily so don't overbake.

"These rolls are very crisp and good. With a little experimenting one can get the dabs of shortening correct. And as a final note let me add that when brushing the dough with water be quite generous—not sloppy wet—of course, but enough so the sugar will stick rather heavily."

SCHOOL COOKIES

- 2 cups white sugar
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups shortening
- 4 beaten eggs
- 2 cups crushed pineapple
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 8 cups flour

Mix in order given. For spice cookies I use the same recipe substituting apple sauce for pineapple, and adding 2 cups boiled drained raisins and spices to suit. This makes about 150 drop cookies. — Mrs. Philip Dwinell, Weeping Water, Nebr.

MINCEMEAT STEAMED PUDDING

- 1 package prepared mincemeat
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1/2 cup ground nutmeats.
- Cook these things together and set aside to cool.
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup flour
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine sugar, molasses, egg and butter. Mix until smooth. Add milk. Sift all dry ingredients together and add gradually. Then stir in mincemeat mixture. Turn into a buttered bowl and steam three hours or, if using pressure pan, place bowl in rack in cooker. Allow steam to flow from vent pipe for 20 minutes. Then cook 40 minutes with pointer at COOK. Cool cooker at once.

HARD SAUCE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Thoroughly cream butter and sugar; add vanilla. Chill. Serve on steaming hot pudding.

This makes a very rich and extremely delicious pudding. Because butter can be used rather than suet, it is possible to stir it up at any time. Serve small amounts and plan to use it only when you have a light meal. It is too heavy to serve on top of a big meal. (Note: you can become known as a wonderful cook on the strength of this dish!)

CORNEBEEF

A rump of beef or a 6 lb. brisket should be used for this. Put it in brine for 36 hours and weight it down with a plate.

BRINE

- 8 cups of water
- 1 cup salt
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 6 peppercorns
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 tsp. mixed spices
- 1/4 tsp. saltpeter
- 1/2 cup warm water

Mix these ingredients together. Dissolve the saltpeter in 1/2 cup warm water. Place beef in cold water to cover, add 1/2 clove garlic and 6 peppercorns. Bring to boiling and then cook very slowly until tender, skimming when necessary. It takes about five hours to cook it well.

For the last 1/2 hour of cooking add peeled onions and carrots and, for the last twenty minutes, wedges of cabbage.

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

GRAND CORN BREAD

3/4 cup of flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1 1/2 cups corn meal
1/4 cup shortening
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups buttermilk

Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder, salt and soda and sift again. Stir in the corn meal. Cut in shortening as for pie crust until well mixed. Add beaten eggs and buttermilk. Mix slightly (just enough to moisten well) and pour into a shallow 8 inch square pan well greased. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees,) for about 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve while hot.

TONGUE WITH TOMATO SAUCE

1 beef tongue cooked
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 Tbls. minced onion
1/4 cup vinegar
1 tsp. butter
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
Sprinkling of black pepper
1 tsp. cinnamon

Wash tongue and place in a pan in which it will lie straight. Cover with cold water to which 3/4 tsp. of salt is added for each pound of meat. Simmer until tongue is tender enough to remove skin easily. Let cool in liquid. Remove skin. Place tongue in casserole. Prepare sauce from the above listed ingredients, pour over tongue, cover and cook in a slow oven or simmer on top of stove for one hour.

TUNA CASSEROLE

(This makes a wonderful church supper dish when you have tired of serving chicken or meat loaf.)

3 Tbls. chopped onion
1/3 cup chopped green pepper
3 Tbls. fat
1 tsp. salt
6 Tbls. flour
1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed chicken soup
1 1/2 cups milk
1 7-oz. can tuna fish
1 Tbls. lemon juice

Brown onion and pepper in hot fat; add salt and flour; blend. Add soup and milk; cook until sauce is thick and smooth. Add flaked tuna fish and lemon juice. Pour into greased baking dish and cover with tiny biscuits. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes, and then reduce heat to 425 degrees for 15 minutes. This amount serves six.

MARSHMALLOW SURPRISES

24 marshmallows melted in top of double boiler. Remove from fire and add 1 cup chopped nuts, and one cup of shredded coconut, one cup candied cherries (cut in circles), and 1 cup seedless raisins. Mix well and form into balls with teaspoon. Roll in powdered sugar. Makes 36 balls.

BAKED CHICKEN WITH SOUR CREAM

(When you've fixed your old chickens in all of the old familiar ways and your family begins to groan and say, "Oh, do we have to eat chicken again?"—note to town residents: don't burst into tears when you read this!—then put your reckless impulses into action and fix your chicken a different way.)

Cut up one roasting chicken into pieces for individual servings. Roll in flour and then dip into one beaten egg to which 3 Tbls. of water have been added, then into fine bread crumbs. Brown on all sides in melted butter and transfer to a baking pan. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Bake at 375 degrees for 1/2 hour; then put a little thick sour cream on each piece—do this 3 times at 15 minute intervals while baking another 25 minutes.

MENU

On a cold January night I sometimes serve the following meal, and it is certainly festive enough for guests—in case they drop in.

Meat loaf with fruit glaze
Baked-stuffed potatoes
Acorn squash
Lettuce with French dressing
Steamed mincemeat pudding with Hard Sauce

MEAT LOAF: Use any standard loaf recipe and divide into two portions. Spread one portion in bottom of shallow pan about 1 1/2 inches thick and cover with a thin layer of apricot mixture. This is made by cooking a package of dried apricots with slightly less sugar and water than if you were making apricot jam. Then spread second portion of meat over first layer and cover with the apricot mixture. Bake as usual. The fruit develops a high glaze during cooking and is tart enough to give a wonderful and unusual tang to the meat.

STUFFED - BAKED POTATOES:

Bake medium-sized potatoes as usual. When done cut in half and remove potato. Add hot milk and butter and beat until creamy and light. Then refill shells (they harden quite well while you are beating the potatoes) with whipped potatoes and return to hot oven. A little grated cheese can be sprinkled over the top if you like.

ACORN SQUASH: Cut squash in two, remove sides, and place in pan cut side down—or bake squash whole. Fifteen minutes before time to serve take butter and brown sugar and place in cavity after it has been sprinkled with salt.

"Doctor," growled the man who had been put on a diet, "why do you always order a fellow to cut out the things he likes?"

"Because," snapped the doctor, "he never eats or drinks the things he doesn't like, so it stands to reason it must be the things he does like that are disagreeing with him."

TIRED OF MY OWN COOKING

They tell me I make the best cakes in town,
My pies are juicy and crunchy and brown,
My biscuits are fluffy, and my bread just fine,
And my left-over dishes are simply divine.
But I'm tired of all these things that I make,
Tired of timbales and tarts and of cake,
So I'm going to find a good hamburger shop,
And fill up on hot dogs and strawberry pop.

—Nell McGinnis

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Rugs that need to be stiffened can be treated in this way: melt 2 lbs. of glue in a kettle with 2 qts. of water; stir occasionally. When it reaches a cream-like consistency, paint the back of the rug with it, using a large paint brush. Leave until thoroughly dry.—Mrs. A. B., McClelland, Ia.

A hot water bottle that leaks can still be useful if a piece of adhesive is placed over the hole and then filled with hot salt. It will hold its heat long enough to be comforting.—Mrs. J. H., Munden, Kans.

White shoe strings won't get lost in the bottom of the washing machine if you pin them to a white garment. Children's white shoes that must be cleaned so frequently will continue to look much better if you always take time to wipe off the dirt with a slightly damp cloth before applying fresh polish. — Mrs. S. W., Omaha, Nebr.

Empty wooden cheese boxes lined with wax paper make fine storage space for ice-box cookies. The dough can be sliced through the middle with a sharp knife if you think that it makes too large a cookie otherwise.—Mrs. R. G., Lincoln, Nebr.

"An old goose can be made highly palatable if prepared in this fashion. Place a greased cloth tightly around the bird, and then put breast down in roaster on a grate. If you don't have a grate you can make one by punching holes in two coffee can lids. Cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Boil HARD for one hour, keeping water at breast level all the time. Then pour off all the liquid, add more water and roast in the usual way. Save the first liquid, let it cool and dip off all possible grease. This boiling should be done on top of the stove so that you can add more boiling water as the water boils away. Two more hours of baking in the oven should do the trick, although three hours may be needed."—Mrs. W. G., Farragut, Iowa.

ENLARGEMENTS

5x7 ENLARGEMENTS from your favorite negatives on heavy studio-type paper suitable for framing, 25¢ each, pp.

Order from

VERNESS STUDIO
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

BABY BEEF ON GOAT MILK

By Hallie M. Barrow

In telling you about some farm women who are doing unusual things in the livestock world, we've taken you to visit a flock of peacocks, angora wool rabbits, Karakul sheep and show horses. Now goats are not an unusual branch in the animal world, but what Mr. and Mrs. Reuel Farber do with them on their farm just east of St. Joseph on Highway 36, is quite new in livestock practices and may give you an idea.

First, it is quite out of the ordinary for a farm family to depend upon goats for their milk products and much of their meat. However, this idea certainly wasn't new to Mrs. Farber because she lived in Texas before her marriage and was accustomed to herds of thousands of goats. Later in her professional work as nurse and dietician she often met with demands for goat milk to be used for delicate babies or as the mainstay of some particular diet.

When her own children were growing and the family used cow's milk by the quarts, Mrs. Farber once laughingly remarked to the milkman that she was almost of a notion to put a goat in their backyard to do away with that growing milk bill! The milkman thought that was a big joke. He had no way of knowing, of course, that to Mrs. Farber a goat was not a freak used mostly in cartoons, but a dairy animal whose milk saved many lives.

Each day he'd ask in derision, "Got that goat yet?" But no one was more surprised than he when one day she showed him their new milk supply tethered in the backyard and told him he needn't leave them cow's milk any longer. He still was sure this "fad" would quickly end and prophesied she'd be back begging for real milk shortly.

But the goats took the Farber family for a ride—and I don't mean in the slang sense. More and more they used goat milk products and by the time they had fifty goats in their backyard and were renting outside pasture, they moved to a farm so they could keep them. Mrs. Farber churned as high as twenty-five pounds of butter a week. She made delicious cheese, not the cottage type but a product that tasted and looked more like the fine cream cheese which we buy wrapped in tinfoil. Sometimes she'd have as high as one-hundred pounds ripening at a time. Goat milk is alkaline in reaction and naturally homogenized, so the milk, cream, butter and cheese is white as cotton. One visiting child went home and told his mother that Mrs. Farber was the cleanest woman he'd ever seen—even her butter was snow-white!

A great many city families called at the farm for goat's milk for invalids and convalescents. At one time a local physician planned to build a sanitarium and take all their supply. The Farbers had blue prints made of a modern goat dairy barn and milk house and intended to expand. When the sanitarium plan fell through they



Little Leanna Mae Dickey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Dickey of Grant City, Mo. —Verness Photo.

gave up building but were compelled to develop another milk market.

Dogs and cats thrived when fed goat's milk. Their hair grew silky, and after a taste of goat's milk they scorned cow's milk. For a time Farbers milked their goats and fed the surplus to lambs and pigs. They topped the market, but there was the labor of milk for the calves they fed—calves that topped the market too.

For the past four years they have purchased day-old beef calves, letting them nurse the goats and wind up as baby beef. One calf is put on each doe and allowed to nurse night and morning. This is done in the barn, but sometimes the foster mothers become so attached to their orphan calves and vice versa, that extra meals are served in the pasture unless the animals are kept so far apart that they cannot see each other!

If you could see the eight Hereford calves raised last year on goats, you'd be convinced that goat's milk makes prime beef. The goats know their names and come by call from the pasture, and they also know the order in which they are to mount the milking table and feed their lusty beef calves.

We had heard that a kid was very fine eating. Mrs. Farber says they don't care much for this young meat, but they think the yearling wethers, well-fattened, make excellent meat and they often dress out three at a time and put in their meat lockers. Greeks and Italians have a religious custom of eating a kid at Easter time and the Farbers at this time of the year sell all their buck kids for 75¢ per pound. Should you order "chevon" in a hotel you will probably think it is delicious until you are told it is prime goat meat. Foreigners, however, prefer it to some of the other corn fed meats we Americans brag on.

The Farbers have made goats their

hobby, their business and a source of much pleasure. They attend all goat shows, take the breed magazines, and throughout the year visit other herds in other states and entertain acquaintances, friends and devotees of these animals.

Mrs. Farber said we could not write about their goats unless we tried to destroy the idea that goats "smell." The does do not and the buck only during breeding season. She adds that goats must be fed; they cannot live on ashes and tin cans! They will eat weeds but it may make the milk taste. When fed hay and grain in winter, she says their milk tastes almost exactly as cow's milk. They are very affectionate and do much better if not kept alone but have another of their kind with them. She has had does to milk over a period of eighteen months before going dry. Many of their goats give a gallon of milk each day, and many times they have had goats giving six quarts and sometimes two gallons per day.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayslett

Bill Jones asks me to tell you how much he appreciates the mail you have sent to him and says to tell you to "keep it coming as you can't know what it does to a Joe who is flat on his back and may never get up." He is still waiting for conditions to be right to amputate his other leg. The waiting is hard, and he suffers a lot. His address is 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

Little Barbara Frazier of Pisgah, Iowa, had a good summer and was able to be taken outdoors some in a chair or for rides in the car. She cannot be out in winter, or even out of bed much. Her teacher comes twice a week. Barbara completed the first two grades in four months last winter, and is doing third grade now. She loves getting mail.

Will you send a word of cheer to Mrs. Frances Thoren? She is in Room 223, Bryan Memorial Hospital, Lincoln, Nebr. She and her family were in a car accident. Her husband and two small children were not badly hurt, but she had an injury to her spine and will have to be in the hospital for some time. She is only 20.

Mrs. Stella Clark, Second Floor, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Joseph, Mo., needs some friends right now. She is almost 70 and her husband died last summer leaving her entirely alone in the world without a single living relative. She has had a serious operation recently and is very discouraged.

Bessie Dingsley, Box 44, Rowley, Iowa, has been in bed for several weeks following a bad heart attack. Before that she had her shoulder broken two different times. Why not write her a letter?

Several calls have come for used clothing, some for older folks but mostly for children. If you have any you can spare, ask for names of ones who can use it. Don't send it to me as the people are not here. Clothing that can be made over will serve nicely.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

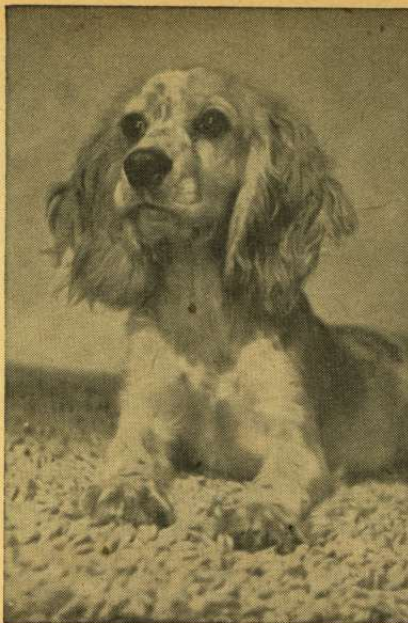
Kristin and I have just returned from a very pleasant trip to Shenandoah. We went on the train the day before Thanksgiving, and had a lovely dinner with the family. Frank didn't feel he could be gone from his farm duties, and also he wanted to spend Thanksgiving with his family, since all his sisters were going to be there, but he drove down Saturday night and we all came home together Sunday afternoon.

We brought home with us a gas stove, our Christmas gift from Mother and Dad. I have been cooking on a three-burner kerosene stove, so when the folks got their new electric stove they decided to give us their gas stove, which we will, of course, have converted into bottled-gas. I don't know when we have been so thrilled over anything, except of course, getting water at last with a little red pump in the kitchen. I love to bake, but I just couldn't seem to have any success in my old oven, hard as I tried. Other people who use kerosene stoves with the removable oven like I have bake the most beautiful cakes and pies, so I realize it is just me. But the only thing I have any success with at all is cookies. I finally gave up in despair and baked all my cakes at Mother Johnson's. She has a beautiful combination range and bottled gas stove. Kristin got a lovely new children's cook book while she was visiting Granny and is just as thrilled about the new stove as we are. She says the very first thing she is going to bake in it is Gingerbread Boys.

Frank has been awfully busy the past few weeks so we don't get to see much of him. He leaves the house in the morning just before daylight and we generally don't see him until after dark in the evening. If he is working closer to our house at noon he comes home for dinner, but if he is closer to his Mother's, he eats there.

I haven't done much outside work with him this fall. I wanted to help pick corn, but about the time Frank started to pick I cut one of my knuckles and had to keep my finger stiff for about a week. This had just healed and I was going out to pick the next day, when I burned all my fingers on my right hand quite badly making caramel corn. So of course that kept me out of the field for a while. Now, unless something happens to my hand today, I'm finally going to the field with him tomorrow. Last year was my first year at picking corn, and although I didn't do very much of it, I enjoyed it a lot. Frank loves to have me work with him, so when we work together it makes corn picking fun for both of us.

We were awfully late with the corn this year like everyone else. It was planted so late because of the floods last Spring, that we left it in the field as long as possible. Too, Frank has just been able to pick by spurts this year because we just got a few days now and then when he could get the tractor into the field to do his



Copper, Abigail's cocker spaniel.

—Verness Photo.

fall plowing. Consequently, corn picking was stopped for fall plowing when ever it was possible. There is just a little corn left now, so with my slow help, we should get it all in before too many days pass.

I haven't done any sewing for Kristin at all this fall. There hasn't really been anything she needed, so when I did have any time to sew I have made a few doll clothes for Sue Ann, her Christmas doll last year. I had found it quite difficult to keep her entertained in the house since it has been too cold or too muddy for her to be outside, until I started making clothes for Sue Ann. Now she treats her doll just as if she is another child, dressing and undressing her all day long. We have innumerable tea parties in her room during the course of the day.

Kristin is very excited about Christmas this year, and ever since her Daddy told her he had a tree all picked out in the timber, a little cedar, she can hardly wait until the day they can go out and cut it and bring it home. I promised her that sometime today we would get the tree ornaments out and look them over to see if we will need to get any new ones. She also plans to make some fancy cookies, candy, and gingerbread boys so she can fix up a little box for every child in the neighborhood. Sometime this week her Aunt Edna has promised to take her to Des Moines so she can see Santa Claus and talk to him and tell him what she wants. While we were in Shenandoah we took Juliana and Kristin out to the Airport to see Santa Claus arrive in a plane, but there were so many children there that she didn't have a chance to talk to him personally.

We had some very good news today. A whole fleet of dump trucks have been going past our house carrying shale for our road. We live just three

miles East of an oiled highway, and the first two miles of this, which takes it as far as our schoolhouse, has been graded and ready for the shale for several months. This will make us just a mile from an all-weather road, and we hope that eventually, in the not too distant future, it will go right past our house.

Well, Kristin feels she has been patient long enough. She promised not to disturb me while I wrote my letter to you, but now she would please like to see the Christmas tree ornaments. So until next month,

Yours sincerely,
Dorothy.

MY NEIGHBOR

My next door neighbor is a pleasant soul,
She thinks of the nicest things to do,
The lending of a book she's read and liked,
A bit of praising when I'm blue.

My neighbor is a friendly little thing,
She leans against my kitchen sink and chats
About a play, or Einstein or a dress,
Or compliments me on my latest choice in hats.

My neighbor always has an hour or so
For all she's such a busy person,
too,
To listen to me weep and wail about
The things I never can find time to do.

She cheers me up, she laughs a lot,
And sends me rejoicing on my way,
My next door neighbor, as you well may see,
Is one big splash of sunshine in my day.

Always remember the Chinese proverb: "If you can't say anything good about a man, keep quiet." Nothing is easier than fault-finding. It requires no talent, no preparation to set yourself up in the grumbling business. But it never yields any returns.

True worth is in being, not seeming. In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do bye and bye.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
COOK BOOKS

Any 6 for \$1.00

- Vol. 1.—Cookies and Candies.
- Vol. 2.—Salads and Sandwiches.
- Vol. 3.—Vegetables.
- Vol. 4.—Cakes, Pies, Frozen Desserts and Puddings.
- Vol. 5.—Oven Dishes, One Dish Meals and Meat Cookery.
- Vol. 6.—Pickles and Relishes of all kinds, Jellies and Jams.
- Vol. 7.—Household Helps Book.

With an order for six of the books for \$1.00, I will send you free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures. Price 25¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 6 books. Postpaid.

ORDER FROM LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Betty and I have just returned from the most fabulously beautiful oriental restaurant where we had a real Chinese dinner. Tonight our table was in a little courtyard at the foot of a small waterfall, and just off to one side was a pond with waterlilies and goldfish. We met some of our students there and in a very short time our party of two had grown considerably. After dinner we took the students with us and drove along the famous Waikiki beach. The moonlight on the long rolls of breaking surf was lovely. And I might add that the beach really looks much nicer in the moon light than it does in the full light of day.

Tonight we heard over the radio that Iowa is having a bit of a cold snap. The lowest the temperature has been since we arrived in Honolulu is 73 degrees, and that was this morning. The average daily high temperature in Honolulu for the month of November was 80 degrees, and the average low was 70 degrees, but this November has been warmer than usual. The highest temperature ever recorded in Honolulu was 90 degrees, and that was in the month of October. The lowest ever recorded was 52 degrees in the month of February. Betty and I notice the heat in Honolulu more than we ever noticed it anywhere else, but no matter how hot and frightfully humid it may get during the daytime, the nights are as nearly perfect as nights can be. As soon as the sun sets we take a new lease on life.

Last Saturday afternoon I caught a plane to the island of Hawaii. Although Honolulu is in the territory of Hawaii, it is not on the island of Hawaii. Honolulu is on the island of Oahu. Hawaii is the biggest island in the territory, and I was delighted when one of the churches there asked me to conduct a service for them. On the way we flew over the islands of Molokai, Maui, and Lanai. Hawaii is by far the loveliest island I have seen in the territory. Some people say that the island of Kauai is lovelier, but since I have never seen that island I cannot say.

On Hawaii there are two mountain peaks both of which are nearly 14,000 feet in altitude. And the first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the plane was the invigorating air coming down off the mountain slopes.

The church in which I conducted services is a plantation church serving a population of several hundred laborers and their white supervisors. Agricultural laborers here in the Territory of Hawaii are the highest paid agricultural laborers in the world. Their work on the sugar and pineapple plantations is quite highly specialized. The orientals in the congregation Sunday were wonderfully fine people. The little New England church building certainly looked strange sitting as it did on the edge of a cane field surrounded by palm trees. Right after the service I caught the afternoon plane back to Honolulu. Here on the islands the



Mary Leanna Driftmier and her mother, Betty. This was taken in Hawaii last month.

people think no more of catching a plane than people at home think of catching a bus.

If you were to step out onto our front lawn this evening, you would see at least two or three enormous land toads known locally as boofos. Strange as it may seem, we are delighted to have these ugly monsters around the house—that is, outside the house. The boofos favorite food is centipedes, and like every other tropical island that I know of, this island has poisonous centipedes. Fortunately, however, the Hawaiian centipede is not nearly as poisonous as those found in other parts of the world. However, the other day the little girl who lives next door was stung by a centipede during the night, and she was ill for two days afterwards.

Did I tell you about the mongoose that lives in the stonewall just outside our house? He is another animal that we like to have around. The mongoose was imported into Hawaii to kill rats, and today both exist in large numbers. Betty had never seen a mongoose before, and when she first saw this one she thought it was a weasel. Actually, a mongoose looks more like a ferret than a weasel; they are fearless fighters, and when attacked by dogs leave plenty of wounds before giving up. I was surprised to find a mongoose living right in the heart of the city, but since seeing this one here in our yard I have noticed many others around.

Tomorrow I shall attend church at the famous Church of the Cross-roads. Its membership is made up of both whites and orientals. I gave an address over there the other evening, and for the first time had a chance to see the unusual style of architecture that has helped to make the church famous. It is a combination of modernistic and oriental design and is built around a beautiful courtyard. On one wall of the sanctuary I noticed many little bronze doors opening into the wall. I was informed that each door opens into a burial crypt where the ashes of deceased church members are kept. The church

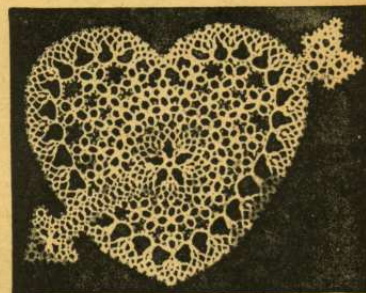
is just a few blocks from the University of Hawaii, and most of the congregation is composed of university people.

A week from tomorrow I shall conduct the Sunday morning chapel service at Kamehameha School, the wealthiest private school in the world. The school was founded and endowed by Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, the last surviving member of the Royal family founded by King Kamehameha the First. No child may attend the school who does not have some Hawaiian blood in his veins, so I shall be preaching to a congregation of Hawaiians.

This school has two chaplains—one Hawaiian and one Caucasian—and last week I had the Hawaiian chaplain speak to the students of our school at our chapel service. Some of the strongest Christians on the island are Japanese. Our city has just about every variety of religion that exists because of the many different races that congregate here. One of our students has promised to take me with him to a Chinese temple the next time his grandmother goes there to make an offering of a roast pig.

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving Day and are now looking forward to celebrating Mary Lee's first Christmas.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick.



CONVERSATION PIECE

Here's one of the exclusive designs appearing in our January DESIGNS OF THE MONTH. A delightfully new party conversation piece. Just in time to finish before Valentine's Day which isn't far away according to the calendar.

The Valentine Dolly is just one of several exciting new designs from our monthly needlework pattern and direction service, DESIGNS OF THE MONTH, which is available as a yearly subscription only. Also in the forthcoming issues is a grand selection of needlework designs for all kinds of embroidery work, quilt making, knitting, tatting, crochet and other fascinating handwork.

Each month's issue brings several new designs from the nation's foremost needle artists—exclusively in DESIGNS OF THE MONTH—twelve months' subscription for only \$1.00 (\$2.00 in Canada and Foreign Countries). And if you write promptly, you will receive a Surprise Gift of patterns taken from popular previous issues! Just send your name and address with ONE DOLLAR for DESIGNS OF THE MONTH.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "My difficulty may seem slight to you, Leanna, but it is far from slight to me. My husband has the most limited taste in food that I have ever seen. He wants the same thing (meat, potatoes, gravy and pie) day after day, month in and month out, and objects violently when I try to serve anything else. I feel that it's important for children to learn to like all kinds of food, for otherwise they'll be doing just what my husband is doing when they are his age. Our three children are beginning to turn up their noses at new dishes just as he does, and it worries me. What can I do to avoid having four people in the house who want only meat, potatoes, gravy and pie?"—Ia.

ANS: My answer may not seem very forceful at first thought, but you remember the old saying about water wearing away stone, don't you? If I were you I would prepare any dish that struck my fancy and I would serve it. Tell your husband why you want your children to learn to eat all kinds of different foods, and warn him that you're going to serve them. If he offers to cook his own meat, potatoes and gravy, go right ahead and let him. He'll soon tire of it! Don't try to "sell" your salads, various vegetables, etc. Just prepare them and serve them without comment, and don't let your children or husband upset you. If they don't eat these things at first, don't comment. Just remove them without saying a word. Eventually you'll have them weaned away from potatoes, meat, gravy and pie.

QUES: "A year ago my sister retired from the nursing profession and came to make her permanent home with us. We are in moderate circumstances and it wasn't really convenient for us to have her permanently, but I couldn't refuse her and my husband wasn't disagreeable about it. She has a monthly income from annuities as well as some real estate and a bank account far larger than ours, but not once has she said a word about making a financial contribution to our home. Occasionally she buys a blouse for me, or hose, but as you know, such things make no difference with a food budget in these times of soaring prices. Everytime I struggle with the grocery bill I become more resentful, and now I wonder if I should go ahead and discuss this with her frankly? I don't want to "make money" on her—just enough to cover the bare expense of having her here."—Ia.

ANS: I certainly would go ahead and have a frank discussion without delay. Otherwise you will find yourself suddenly "blowing up" over a trifle because of the long accumulation of resentment. If she doesn't wish to make a financial contribution to your home she should make other arrangements for her daily bread.

QUES: "Is it ever permissible to go to your child's teacher and complain about his grades? I know that my daughter does excellent work in English, but the last two semesters she has brought home very poor marks. I feel that she is being treated unfairly and would like to protest to her teacher."—Nebr.

ANS: It is never permissible to visit a teacher and *complain* about your child's grades. It is permissible to go for a frank discussion in which you ask what you can do to assist both the teacher and the child. Please do not imply that your child is being discriminated against. As an ex-teacher I can assure you that nothing is more irritating and provoking.

QUES: "I wonder if you can give me any suggestions for coping with this difficult problem, Mrs. Driftmier? I am twenty-six years of age, unmarried, and employed in a bank in our home-town. My father passed away fifteen years ago, and this leaves only Mother and me in our family home. Mother is quite considerate as far as my outside activities are concerned, but if I invite anyone here she spends the entire time talking with us about things that bore my guests beyond endurance. My men friends never return after one evening with Mother. Now my girl friends are declining invitations. I like my home and enjoy entertaining in it, but what can I do about Mother?"—Mo.

ANS: This is a situation that all too many unmarried women living at home encounter year in and year out. If your Mother cannot be persuaded tactfully to allow you to entertain without her hovering over your guests, then you will have to be tactless and blunt. If this fails to work (and I doubt if it does) you will have to make a decision between giving up all entertaining or taking drastic steps. By drastic steps I mean converting your own bedroom into an upstairs living room. You can entertain your girl friends there in peace, but conventions would not approve that you entertain men friends. Obviously your biggest interest is in the latter, so I can only hope that you succeed in conveying to your mother the idea that you need to entertain on your own and without her help.

TOO CLEAN FOR COMFORT

To the limit my nerves are taxed,
Curtains are crisp and floors are waxed:

Everything about this house is so clean

I feel like a mouse—afraid to move
Lest something break.

And I'm too dead tired to bake a cake.
Wonder how long before it will be
mussed a bit.

And again I can start to live in it?

SIX MISTAKES OF LIFE

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about a thing that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves have not accomplished it.
4. Refusing to set aside trivial preferences in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.
6. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

THE GRAPES ARE SOUR

No kitchen stove and sink for me,
No shopping at the A & P,
No hanging curtains, mopping floors,
No washing windows, woodwork,
doors,
No planning menus with a sigh,
No clothes to wash and hang to dry,
No trips to cleaner's, back and forth,
No sree! I'm too well off
To trade this single carefree life
For all the cares of being a wife
Who caters to a husband's bidding.
Oh, hang it all!—who am I kidding?

—Freda Jacobs.

Count that day lost whose descending
sun views from thy hand no
worthy action done.

REPRINTS

AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

The reprints of Chapters 12 to 24 are ready for you. Send 25¢ and a new subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (\$1.25 for both) if you want them. 50¢ and a new subscription. (1.50) will bring you the first 24 chapters of the story, and the magazine for a year.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

It's Fun to Sew

FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A SEWING BOOK

by

Leanna and Lucile

Price 50c

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

LEANNA DRIFTMIER

Shenandoah, Ia.



FOR THE CHILDREN

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Marine Sickels

Marybeth was teasing this afternoon. Honestly, she didn't tease very often for she was really a good little girl. But today was particularly exciting. It was the last day of the year 1947 and tomorrow was New Year's Day 1948.

Mother was getting ready for a New Year's party and Marybeth had followed her all day asking questions. "How do you know the year is old, Mother?"

"What is New Year like, Mother?"

"If I stayed up could I see the New Year come in?"

"Why do we have New Year's day?"

All day Mother had answered patiently explaining that New Year was a measure of time, that the New Year was like a new day. She explained that they would have bells and whistles and that at twelve o'clock, midnight, her party would stop whatever they were doing and welcome in the New Year with noise and laughter. She explained about New Year's Resolutions—just promising to be better in 1948 than you were in 1947. For instance, promising yourself to hang up your pajamas, or not to cry when it was time to come in from play.

Now Marybeth had asked the question she had been wanting all day to ask: "Mother, may I stay up and hear the New Year come in?"

Mother frowned a little at that and didn't say anything for a bit.

Then she answered, "No, you'd be asleep in a corner, but I'll promise you that Daddy will come and get you at twelve o'clock and you may blow a whistle and ring a bell if you wish!"

And with that Mother said, "Now, run and dust the bannister on the front stairs and we will be through in here."

Can you imagine how very much Marybeth hated to go to bed that night with the candles and dishes waiting in the dining room, and everything looking so very much like a party? But bed is a nice place to be on a cold night with a big moon peeking in to say, "Hello, are you all snug and warm?"

Marybeth had thought she could not go to sleep. She was sure her eyes would never close. Perhaps they did and perhaps they didn't, but the first thing she knew right on the foot of her bed sat a little roly-poly boy dressed all in white and swinging a lantern in his hand.

She wasn't even a teeny bit afraid and said, "Hello! Who are you?"

In a pleasant voice the boy replied, "I'm the New Year, 1948. I'm just waiting around until 1947 is really

gone and this is a nice place to wait." "I'm glad," Marybeth said. "Mother has been telling me all about you, but I cannot understand. I must be too little for I'm only five."

The New Year laughed. "You are big enough!" he said, "And I am not hard to understand. I have twelve helpers, only they are called months on your calendar. Here they are!"

Right then there were twelve little round-faced men standing behind the New Year. He turned to them and said:

"The three in white are winter months,

The three in green are spring months,

The three in yellow are summer months,

The three in brown and red are fall months.

Each one has about thirty days to do as he wishes, but each one must help me with the year's work from winter to winter."

Just then Marybeth's father lifted her in his arms, helped her into her bathrobe and carried her downstairs. There was Mother and lots of their friends, all waiting with their eyes on the clock. Mother brought her a whistle and someone else gave her a jingle bell. When the clock struck twelve everyone said, "Happy New Year! Hello, 1948!"

The whistles blew! The bells rang! But Marybeth's sleepy little head dropped against her father's shoulder and he carried her back up to her warm bed.

The next morning Marybeth awakened with the sun peeking in where the moon had been. She wasn't sure which was real and which was dream, but she *did* feel as if she understood all about the New Year!

RAINY-DAY CLAY

One of these stormy days when you must stay inside the house instead of going outdoors to have a good time, why don't you make some modeling clay to play with? I'm sure that Mother will let you mix this up if you are very careful not to spill, and of course you'll help to keep the house clean by putting down papers when it is all done and you are ready to play with it.

Almost anyone could make this clay for all you do is mix together three tablespoons of flour with three tablespoons of salt, and then add just enough water to make a soft dough. By adding a few drops of coloring from your mother's cupboard (it would be best if you asked her to add this for you) you can have yellow, pink, red, green and purple clay. A small amount of bluing will give you



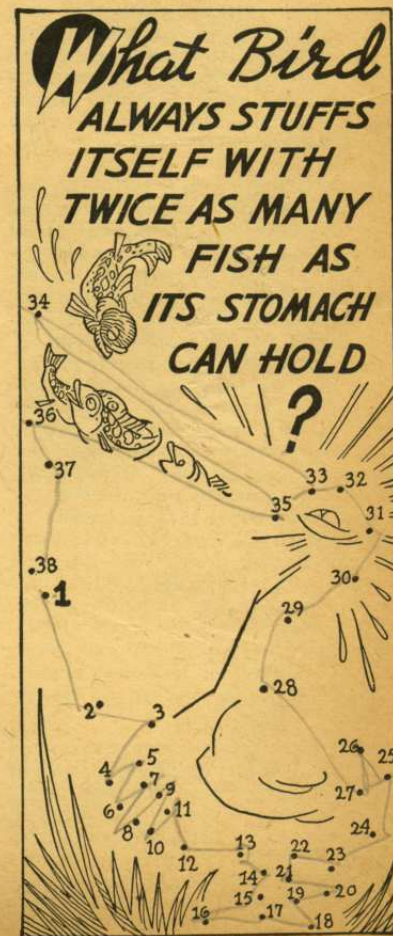
The twin snowmen were made by Allan and Billie Sisk, Blockton, Ia.

nice blue clay.

You'd be surprised at the things it is possible to make with this clay. Juliana has learned to make birds, trees and fruits with it, and when she is a little older she'll be able to make houses, people, furniture, fences and many other things.

When you are tired of playing with it don't throw it away. Just wrap it up in a wet cloth and put it in a cool place, for if you handle it this way it won't dry out for a long time.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last? If you have put on one, the other is left.



"Little Ads"

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

Send Ads direct to
Driftmier Publishing Co.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: 20 sheets fine stationery, 20 matching envelopes, 20 personalized Post Cards. All printed with your name and address, only \$1. postpaid. Two sets, \$1.75, with beautiful calendar free. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. J., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

FOR SALE: "Collections" 23000 buttons, classified, mounted no duplicates. 470 toy dogs, 65 toy cats. Queen Bright, 3827 So. 48th St., Lincoln 6, Nebr.

SHORT AND PANTY, pot holders, set \$1. Animal chair back set \$3. Mrs. Karl Hinrichs, 4224 Indianola Rd., Des Moines, Ia.

FREE MUSIC AND SONG, for your home. Birdhouses 85¢ each, two \$1.50 postpaid. Waterbirds, rabbits, lambs, for lawn. Pig breadboards. Volberding Shop, Latimer, Ia.

GIFT SHOP SPECIALS: Eyelet embroidered tablecloth, doilies and scarfs, pillow cases, ruffled doilies, novelty kitchen sets, baby sets, \$5 and \$7; nursing bottle holders, wooly Pekinese dogs, corner and flat wall brackets, orders taken for crocheted gloves and small childrens dresses. Mrs. R. Barrett, 314 20th St., Sioux City, Ia.

HANDMADE WAFFLE RUGS, size 27x48, colors—peach, aqua, yellow, dusty rose, or white. Or colors made to order, \$7. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

TWO MIDGET BIBLES, in envelopes, 25¢ postpaid. Mrs. Albia Taylor, Gen. Del., Hartshorne, Okla.

FOR SALE: Beautiful crocheted tablecloth, of star medallions. Color ecru, price \$25. Mrs. E. J. Hammond, Seymour, Ia.

FOR SALE: Print, trimmed large and small aprons, baby sweater sets, pot holders, and booties, different colors. Treva Snyder, Dayton, Ia.

FOR SALE: Tufted pillow tops, \$1. Royal blue, rose, wine, or peach. Grace Roe, 306 E 7th St., Atlantic, Ia.

FOR SALE: New black coat, material small silk curls. Satin lining, size 46. Price \$35. Postpaid. Mrs. Harry Hargre, Carroll, Ia.

CROCHETED, bath turtle for soap, 50¢. Pitcher drip apron, 35¢. New 11-inch ruffled doily \$2. Flared plastic tea apron \$1. W. Reichley, Gladbrook, Ia.

FOR SALE: Print sacks 3—\$1.10 White Sacks 28¢ each. Postpaid. Mrs. E. M. Brazelton, Troy, Kans.

BABY SHOES PRESERVED, unmounted \$1 each plus 25¢ postage. Description and price of mountings on request. Earrings made from your buttons 50¢ pr. 1¢ tax, 10¢ postage. Mrs. Dan Boone, Belmond, Ia.

FOR SALE: Buttons, assorted \$1.10 per hundred. Woven cotton rag rugs, 28x54 inch, \$2.75. Antique Egyptian pattern glass. Mrs. Robert Frey, Madrid, Ia.

TATTING ORDERS TAKEN: Handkerchiefs my speciality. Lots of other hobbies too. Mrs. E. C. Briggs, Smithshire, Ill.

FOR SALE: Sea shell brooches \$1. Earrings 50¢. Sold separately or in sets. Felt mitt needle cases 25¢; felt thimble holders 3 for 25¢ or 10¢ each. Lillian Christiansen, Underwood, Ia.

A FEW CHAIR SETS, ecru and cream mercerized thread. Kitten, Swan, Butterfly, Deer. \$2.50 and \$3. Mrs. Verna Hellner, Oxford, Nebr.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE-DRESS MADE, by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.35. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H St., Belleville, Kans.

PUPPIES, pedigreed, cocker spaniels, blacks, reds, and blondes. Male or female, \$25. Ray Link, Pierce, Nebr.

12-INCH PICOT EDGE DOILY, \$1.25. 12-in. new design. Pineapple \$1.25 14-in. ruffled doily, \$1.25; 18-in. 2-row pineapple \$1.75; pineapple buffet set \$2.50; 22-in. for table \$2; 14-in. to match \$1.25 any color. Mrs. S. Priest, Papillion, Nebr.

PILLOWCASES, Peacock, Butterfly and Colonial girl with embroidery and crochet insets, white or colors \$5 pr. Mrs. Carl Roehck, Cushing, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Bed pillows of new 100% goose feathers in new ticking \$10 a pr. May order C. O. D. or cash. Mrs. B. Baack, Hampton, Nebr.

SEWING, Ladies dresses \$1.50; Childs \$1; Baby Dresses hand smocked and completed \$1.50; Night Gowns 75¢; Men's Pajamas Night Shirts \$1; Boys' Bathrobes \$1; Shirts or Pajamas 75¢; Aprons 45¢; House Coats \$2. Send materials, feed sacks complete patterns, thread. Hand loomed rag rugs 24x46, \$2. Pillow Cases embroidered crochet edge \$3.25. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Ia.

SEQUIN PINS, round with safety clasp. Also earrings, large or small, any color \$1 each. Mrs. Will Spencer, Box 486, Whiting, Kans.

EXCELLENT, soap recipe. 10¢ and stamped envelope. No lye or grease.—Mrs. W. N. Knight, 408—6th Ave., Grinnell, Ia.

CROCHET ORDERS TAKEN. Anything, anytime. Prices reasonable. Special offer. Dish cloth 25¢. Mrs. Carroll Pflughaupt, Coggon, Ia.

BUTTONHOLE MAKER, as Nationally advertised. Now only 50¢ Postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

KNIT BABY SWEATERS, to two years. Raglan sleeve, or plain \$2.25 and child and ladies mitts of two years, with designs on backs, \$2. State color. Send drawing of hand size. Mrs. Karl Hedegard, Harlan, Ia.

HAVE YOUR OLD WORN OUT BLANKETS, made into useful practical hand loomed rugs. Send blankets, we prepare them for weaving. \$1.25 per yard. Mrs. Harm Dirksen, Bancroft, So. Dak.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, \$5. Aprons, hot pads, doilies, centerpieces, lace, scarfs, tatted baby shoes, doilies, embroidery. Postage for information. Mrs. Neva Wright 601 N. Pine, Creston, Ia.

WOMEN'S HOUSE DRESS, made from 3 feed sacks or 3 1/4 yds. print. Send waist length, dress length, bust and waist measurement, and \$1.10. Mrs. T. R. Anderson, Lucas, Ia., Rt. 1.

FOR SALE: Infants kimonas, long, 75¢; Short 50¢. Nightgown, button front \$1. Blue or pink trim. Hazel Brewer, Corning, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted flower baskets stiffened. Color white, about 8 in. tall. Price \$1.50. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

SALEM COOK BOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes, spiral binding. Postpaid \$1. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Ia.

HEALTH BOOKLET: Overweight problems, why some persons cannot reduce, Allergy-Food Sensitiveness, Gas Forming Foods, Nervous & Anemic, ans. to 30 Health Questions, Vitamin importance and dangers explained. Price 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS, illustrated booklet, tells just how. 35¢ (no stamps). Mayme Gale, 1400 Third Ave., Longmont, Colo.

1400 WORD CHARACTER ANALYSIS and Vocational Guide 10¢. Send birthdate and dime. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Ia.

NEW ANIMAL BREEDING DIAL CALCULATOR \$1 postpaid. Excellent gift. Every farm needs one. Agents wanted. Literature FREE. Handy Chart Company, 406 Greer, Memphis, Tenn.

FLOWER APPLIED bonnets, boleros, suspenders of felt. Give measurements. Isabel Bennett, 203 W 22nd St., Kearney, Nebr.

LOVELY HAND CROCHETED articles for the new baby. All wool 3-pc. sweater sets any color, \$3.50. Capes and Tams to match, \$3.75. Single sweaters, \$1.50. Shoulderettes \$1. Wool booties \$1. Cotton booties or slippers \$1. Baby bibs of mercerized cotton with ribbon trim \$1. Hand knit cotton soakers \$1.25. Can furnish in small or large quantities. Money refunded if not satisfied. Write me for more information, a card or letter. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

FOR SALE: All kinds of crochet work, such as pot holders, 35¢; doilies, aprons, animals and dolls, by order. Mrs. Bert Van Vleet, 1415 Dumcomb St., Sac City, Ia.

WILL DO BAR AND NOBAR cutwork at anytime. Miss Frances Heimann, Rt. 1, Box 103, West Point, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Hand knitted med. tan woman's sweater front ribbed yoke, 4-inch. ribbed waist band, 6-inch plain knit below waist band, 19 inch sleeve. Size 46. Price \$9. Mrs. E. F. Beckmann, Rosalie, Nebr.

CROCHETED, Tea aprons, lacy pineapple design white, small \$2. Med. and large, \$3 each. Butterfly chair set \$4. 2 sets \$7 white. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

LAPEL PINS, birds and channelled made of felt, covered with sequins. Make nice gifts. \$2. Order from Mrs. Olin Boyer, Benton Harbor, Mich.

FOR SALE: For collectors, salt and pepper shakers, pitchers. Send for list. Hawkeye Novelty Co., Rt. 3, Fort Dodge, Ia.

FOR SALE: Raggedy Ann & Andy Twins, dolls, 18-in. long at \$3.50 each. Nancy doll, 15-in. high for \$3.50. Mrs. M. H. Swanson, Rt. 1, Forest City, Ia.

CARAMEL NUT ANGEL FOOD: Send 25¢ for recipe of this delicious cake. Mrs. Lester Stoll, Story City, Ia.

WANTED: Poems concerning Babies. Mrs. Fred Knudsen, Viborg, So. Dak.

SEND 10¢ for each recipe or 50¢ for the six and a stamped self-addressed envelope for these extra good recipes. Calif. prune whip, Danish rolls (extra) Old time molasses cookies, ginger snaps, that crack on top, pineapple-cheese salad, fruit ice-box cookies. Mrs. M. L. Fuchshuber, Milford, Nebr.

HOBBYISTS:

Add to your collections. Meet new friends via mail. Earn extra pin money. Join, Alma's Hobby Club, Colfax, Illinois.

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

Arthritis Sufferers

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

AT LAST Non-Drinking Drivers

Can get complete automobile Insurance Coverage at a preferred rate in a company that insures TOTAL ABSTAINERS ONLY.

Write for
Complete information.



Home Office Jewett Bldg.
Des Moines, Iowa

Mrs Louisa Pickell
Rt 1
Madrid Iowa 2

THE LADIES AID WILL HELP!

By Mable Nair Brown

What does your church need? New choir books? A pulpit Bible? Recreation room for Youth Group? Paper and paint for the parsonage? Well, you can be sure that something is badly needed, and whatever the church project may be, you can rest on the fact that the Ladies Aid will be its loyal booster!

Doesn't it just seem as if no project is big enough to daunt a wide-awake Aid Society? All of us have seen small groups tackle what appears to be an almost insurmountable project and come out with banners flying! A good Aid Society can accomplish all sorts of financial miracles, but it can also do much to bring about a richer fellowship among the church members. In fact, let the furthering of good fellowship and a spirit of community friendliness come first as desirable objectives for your society.

It is hoped that the following suggestions will help your group in making plans for the winter months. **UNITED NATIONS TEA.** This "silver" tea will prove inspirational just now as our thoughts and prayers are concerned with World Peace. It will allow for a variety in program and in the refreshments. For instance, the refreshments could include Mexican tea cakes, French bonbons, and Spiced Russian tea; or chow mein, Swedish tea rolls, Chinese tea or Brazilian coffee. If some one in your community makes a speciality of preparing foreign foods or has traveled a good deal, that's the person to head the menu committee.

For decorations secure small United Nations flags if possible. Also, probably in your community you will be able to borrow some pretty souvenirs from various countries or islands; many service men brought these home, and you will find that they can be used to good advantage for a table centerpiece and decorations. It's possible that you might even be able to locate appropriate costumes which the table hostess and receiving hostess could wear.

If you wish the program to take on a serious vein, there is much good material for talks and discussions in current magazines, but I'd suggest you invite some of the foreign brides who live near to take part in your program. At one such meeting I attended a lovely English girl gave readings, an Australian bride sang a solo and another Australian girl played a piano solo. Others might be asked to tell some interesting things about their homelands, and also of their "first impressions" of the

United States. As a result of this meeting which I mentioned having attended, the brides formed their own county-wide club which they hoped would help them come to know and understand their adopted country better. Certainly no one could doubt the worth while nature of this project!

PASS THE DISH AUCTION. Ask each member to bring a dish of food (preferably something that would help out with the evening meal) to the afternoon meeting. When ready for the auction, seat the ladies in a circle. Choose a dish of food and start it around the circle from woman to woman while a pianist plays some lively tune. At any time the pianist may suddenly stop playing, and who ever holds the dish of food must auction it off to some woman (the highest bidder). This can really be great fun if the women enter into the spirit of things and praise their wares extravagantly, each trying to outpraise the other. The pianist should be tipped off to manage the stops so that nearly everyone gets a chance to be auctioneer, though you may be sure the women will get the dish out of their hands like a hot coal!

FOOD FAIR. Plan to have this where you will have plenty of room, and make it an evening's entertainment for the entire family. It is really the bazaar with extra frills added.

Along each side of the "Midway" have booths — candy booth, popcorn and refreshments booth, farmer's produce booth, baked goods booth, bazaar (sewing) booth, and various stunt and joke booths. The entertainment can be the various barkers and entertainers who put on a drawing card act in front of the different booths, always concluding with, "Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and buy a nice juicy cherry pie from Mother Smith's kitchen," etc., etc. Let these acts be humorous skits. And if at all possible, do get hold of a microphone amplifying set, and have a "Man on the Street" reporter who will roam among the crowd and get humorous interviews.

MENDING SPREE TEA. Ask each person to bring some piece of mending (with materials for mending included) and specify that it be wrapped up. After all guests are assembled, place the packages in grab bag and let each member grab. Each woman then will mend whatever is in her package during the afternoon. When she has it completed she will set some price for her labor and pin the price on the article. As each woman gets ready to go home she will collect her mended article and pay the bill.

You could call this a White Elephant mending if you wished to stress that the women bring something which they had just kept laying back because they disliked that particular job. This can be lots of fun, especially if the women are allowed to swap if they can find someone else who is willing.

And speaking of mending . . . there is no finer Good Neighbor deed the Ladies Aiders can do for a busy mother than to take over her mending at some meeting.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Wilma Ward Taylor

Let's ring the New Year in,
Let's ring the old year out—

Forget your age—just read this page,
And fun for the evening will set the stage!

The excitement of Christmas is still lingering in our minds and carries us right into a good start for the New Year.

It is fun to bid a New Year welcome, so let's do it up right, with all the trimmings, for after all it comes only once a year.

If you are planning a celebration at your house be sure and invite your guests at an early date, for everyone is party going at New Year's time, and you want your party to be especially nice. Tell your guests to be all set for the big celebration by wearing a costume representing some month of the year. Also ask each guest to bring along a written prediction for the New Year. These may be used later on in the evening.

Of course we don't have real late parties very often, but on New Year's let's make an exception and start the party at 9.00 P. M. When your guests arrive have them begin the party by making their partner's hats. If you do have your guests wear costumes to your party, then have the hats made to match the month of the year that they are representing. Provide them with a variety of materials to work with (kitchen utensils, horns, etc.). This will be a good ice breaker as well as getting your guests ready for an evening of fun.

The evening may be spent with various games. Ask your guests what their favorite games are, because when everyone is contributing to the party it is more fun for all. Collect the predictions of your guests which they have written and make a list of them so that all of the guests may read them. Then throughout the New Year when events come up, your guests can recall the predictions that certain friends of theirs had at your party. For someone who is good at fortune telling have them dress up like "Father Time" and predict the future of each guest.

After your games, when it is getting on towards "twelve", you will want to serve some refreshments. All of your guests will be waiting for that gong of "twelve", so let's decorate your tables to keep the event in mind. To keep your party on the informal side, the use of card tables will be just the thing. If you have a large number of guests, such as a club, or group associates, it would be fun to set up enough card tables so that you could have one representing each month of the year. This is particularly nice if a large group is entertaining for they can all help decorate and be in on the fun.

"For the last two years I've read your magazine that my sister-in-law takes, but I want my own to keep and then I won't have to wait in order to read it!"—Mrs. Howard Dragoo, Anamosa, Iowa.