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Kitchen-Klatter

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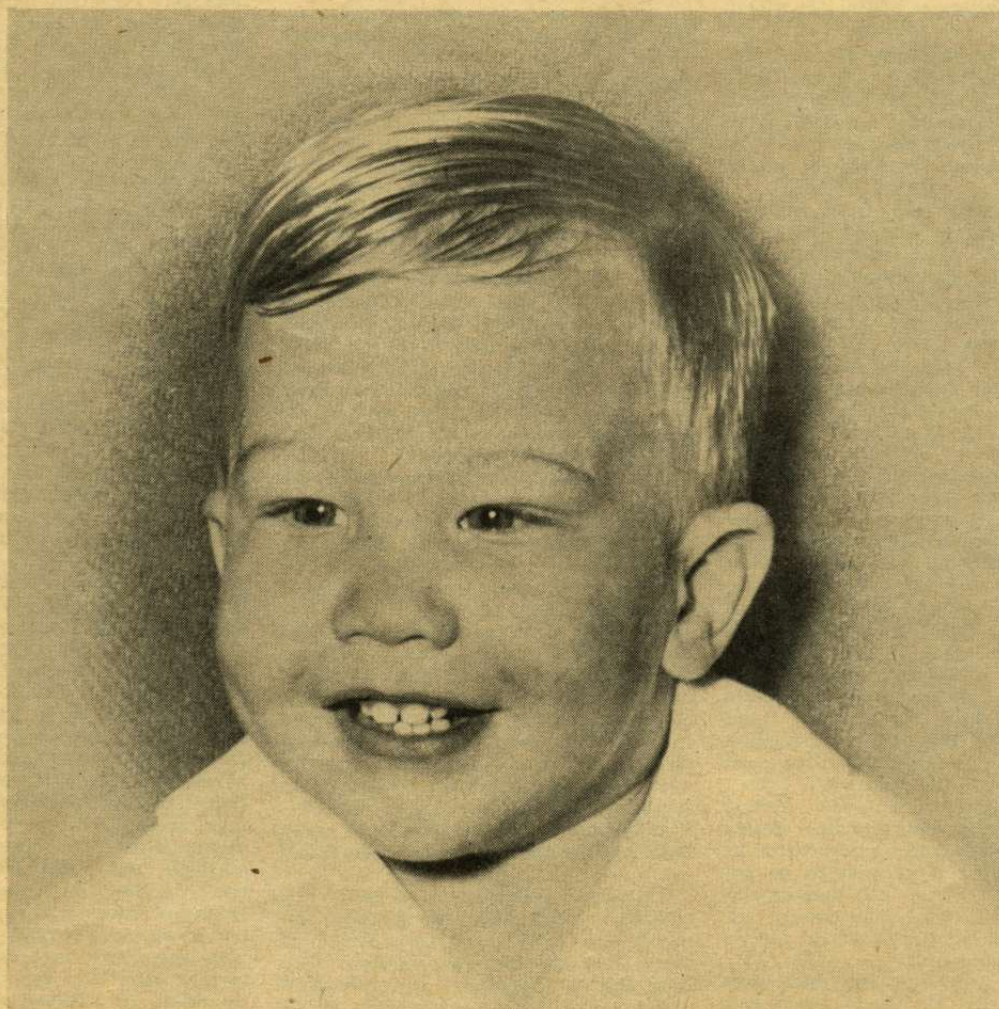


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, Calif.

My Dear Friends:

Well, here we are in sunny California and again I am writing just before leaving on another long trip. Tomorrow is the day we take the big Clipper plane to Honolulu and I'll confess that I'm getting nervous about it! I'm sure that once underway I'll enjoy it very much—but I wish that the "underway" part was already behind me.

We had a wonderfully pleasant trip out here and since I kept a few little notes along the way I'll tell you about our route. No doubt a good many of you have covered exactly the same highways and can visualize the places I mention.

Our first night out from Shenandoah was spent in Miami, Oklahoma, an interesting place with huge lead and zinc mines just outside the town. While we were eating supper there that night a young man, his wife and little twin boys about two years old, came into the cafe and took a table near us. They had been snowbound in Colorado for eighteen hours in their car and really suffered from the cold.

Monday (our second day on the road) we drove through Tulsa and on to El Reno, the town where we were detained by snowdrifts when returning from California last spring. That night we stayed at a motel in Clinton, Okla., and around that town we noticed large fields of cotton which was in the process of being picked. Every town in that area has a cotton gin and we saw wagons with side boards, piled high with cotton, lined up in front of the gins. (It seemed strange to see cotton rather than corn at that time of the year.)

As we came into Amarillo, Texas, there was a cold wind blowing clouds of tumble weeds across the road in front of us, and it seemed to us we could almost feel the tail end of the great blizzards that had swept so much of the country shortly before we left Shenandoah.

Our third night on the road was spent at Clovis, N. Mexico, and the following morning we drove on to Portales for breakfast. Portales is a great peanut and sweet potato center. I believe that the part of the trip I enjoyed the most was the ride from Portales to Alamogordo. The road winds through high mountains, but in the little valleys we could see many

apple and cherry orchards and small fields of hay.

Not far from Alamogordo is the White Sands National Park which covers 143,000 acres of glistening white gypsum dunes. These drifts look like snow but they are from ten to sixty feet in height. There is a museum in the administration building where many interesting exhibits are shown of unusual rock formations and early New Mexico relics. Not far from here is the proving ground for the Atom bombs, but visitors are not allowed on this military base.

We ate Thanksgiving dinner at Bowie, Arizona (I can't tell you how strange it seemed to be eating Thanksgiving dinner at a little cafe in Arizona!) and reached Tucson the fourth night. There we stayed at the Desert Lodge Motel and agreed that it was the most beautiful of any we saw on our trip. From Tucson to Phoenix we drove through a long stretch of desert, and our friend Ethel Wells, who made the trip with us, found it fascinating for it was her first trip by car through such country. There were many lovely varieties of cacti in full bloom.

Our last night on the road was spent at Blythe, California. A cold north wind was blowing, but in spite of this oleanders, roses, petunias and many other flowers were in full bloom on the motel grounds.

Saturday noon found us at Redlands, our destination, in time for dinner. We found many of our friends of last winter already there, and it seemed almost like a homecoming. We are comfortably settled in the same room that we had last year, but I find myself waking up every morning thinking that I'd better hurry and get breakfast started—it takes me a little while to get away from the feeling of meals to be fixed, etc.

Christmas decorations of red bells, colored lights and tinsel festoon the streets—in fact, there is a string of them just outside our window. We have felt as though we were sleeping under a Christmas tree for the lights shine right into our room. Santa rode up and down the street in a fire truck last night and the streets were lined with children who shouted to him what they wanted for Christmas. I feel very fortunate to have all of my Christmas shopping done, and while I've rested in the sun these last few

days I've been sewing up some clothes for the doll that we're taking with us for Mary Leanna.

Letters from home bring the news that all of my precious grandchildren back there are well and thriving. New pictures of little Emily arrived just today, and I believe that she's going to need a haircut soon—not a *haircut*, I guess, but a little trimming. Margery reports that Martin still calls "Yoo-hoo" when he comes downstairs in the morning, and looks everywhere for me—even behind chairs where I couldn't possibly get in my own wheelchair. His Grandpa and I gave him a little red wagon and chair for Christmas, and probably when we return next spring he'll be pulling that wagon all over the yard.

Lucile says that she is having the family at her house for a goose dinner on Christmas Day. She and Dorothy just couldn't bear to think of not having their little girls together for at least some part of Christmas, so the latest news is that Dorothy, Frank and Kristin will have Christmas Eve with the Johnsons and then drive to Shenandoah on Christmas Day. Donald will be there from Ames, and Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison, will also join them.

Last month when I wrote to you and said that we'd been busy all fall with the usual routine of cooking, cleaning and sewing for the bazaar, I was strongly tempted to add something else, but decided to wait until this month to tell you about it. In addition to the things I mentioned having been busy with I was hard at work writing material for something that you'll find in your mailbox around the first of March. In fact, for almost a year now I've been putting in time on this and I'm sure that I've never enjoyed anything more.

It's a great temptation right now to go into detail about this, but I haven't the space so I'll have to content myself with saying that if you're one who enjoys studying nursery catalogs on cold winter evenings, you'll have a new one to study before long. In *Kitchen-Klatter Garden Chatter* you'll find some wonderful opportunities to get beautiful nursery stock of all kinds, and I guess I'll just come right out and say that many of the family pictures in it are the best we've ever had taken. I can hardly wait to hear what you think about this unusual nursery catalog with its gorgeous full-color pictures and grand bargains. I told Mart the other day that I wished I could follow the postman around and be a mouse in the corner when you bring it in from the mailbox and open it. But since I can't do that the next best thing will be to get your letters as soon as you've had a chance to read it.

In March we have an announcement to make that I'm very proud and happy about. And I just mustn't say anymore about it in this letter!

In twelve hours we leave to board the plane. It still seems like a dream to me, but a happy, happy dream.

May God bless and keep us all in this coming year.

Affectionately always,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

LENGTHEN THE IRIS SEASON

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The tall Bearded Irises like to grow and are found in most borders. The small garden may have only a half dozen plants but the Iris fancier usually numbers his varieties in the hundreds. Breeders have worked to produce very large flowers in new and glowing colors. They are as beautiful as one could wish for but their blooming period is comparatively short. To lengthen the Iris season, one can choose from a number of other types.

The first Irises to open are the Dwarf Bearded. Some have small blossoms in keeping with their height while others have quite large blossoms. There are colors for everyone's taste. The tall and the dwarf have been crossed to produce the Intermediate varieties, so called because they are intermediate between their parents in height and in season of bloom.

All these Irises will grow in full sun and tolerate fairly dry conditions. The type that follows the tall Bearded in blooming sequence is the Siberian. It is able to cope with most conditions but appreciates extra moisture. The leaves are narrower and the beardless blossoms are smaller but with a charm all their own. They are exquisite in the border and are more easily handled in flower arrangements. They do not require the frequent dividing which is so necessary with the Bearded Iris, and one has a nice choice of colors from which to choose.

The copper-colored *Iris fulva* and the blue-lavender *I. foliosa* have been crossed to produce the rich velvety purple Dorothy K. Williamson. These come to us from Dixie but are hardy here. Another beardless Iris which likes our conditions even though it is native to European swamps and stream-sides is the Yellow Flag (*I. Pseudacorus*.)

To further prolong the season, we should not overlook the Spuria Iris. The plants grow taller and the leaves are wider but, like the Siberian Iris, they can be left in the same spot for many years without attention. You may decide that their blossoms resemble an orchid more than an Iris. They are extremely long lasting as a cut flower. Mrs. Tait is a good blue one. Sunny Days is a dazzling yellow. *Iris ochroleuca* is creamy white with a yellow patch on the falls. They will grow in spots much too wet for the Bearded Iris and be happy in drier places, too.

The Japanese Iris (*Iris kaempferi*) is large and gorgeous if the season is favorable but is far less dependable than those mentioned above. They bloom at a time when the other Irises have finished but they do demand a good supply of moisture up until the time they are blooming. Then they should have a period of dryness for their resting season. But the weather does not always cooperate with them.

In August we count on the cunning

Vesper Iris (*Iris dichotoma*). It is tall and slender and has tiny blossoms that open in mid-afternoon and last only for the rest of that day. But each stalk has many buds which assures us of lavender-blue flowers for several weeks.

GARDENING PLANS FOR A NEW YEAR

By Mary Duncomb

One of the many things I like about gardening is this—there is always another chance. Another chance to do something one missed out on last year; another chance to try out some special seed or plant; another chance to try a different garden arrangement which we have often thought about but never yet accomplished. You see, gardening never grows old. It offers the same opportunities every year and eventually, if we are patient enough, we may attain some of the aims which have been shoved aside in previous years.

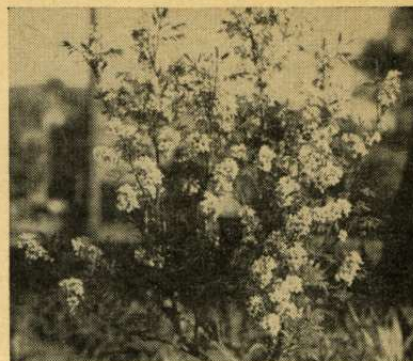
January is a good time for reading and research. During the busy months (perhaps I should say *extra-busy*) many articles, magazines, and perhaps some new books on gardening get laid aside for a less hectic time. It is often during the lull after the holidays that we have more time for reading.

And what about answering some of those good letters we received from flower friends? From experience you know how wonderful it is to get long letters from friends with a mutual interest. We can bring a little expectancy into our lives every time we post a letter or write a card for a new catalog . . . and who knows what dull day will be salvaged by finding a reply to the letter, or a new catalog in the mail box. This is a very simple thing that anyone can do to bring new zest and interest into daily living.

With the new catalogs will also come the urge to make out our list of seeds and plants for the garden. Usually the first list is a long one—we make out a much larger one than either our purses or gardens will accommodate. But it is fun, anyway, and gives us our first look ahead into the season's joys.

I always marvel at the wealth of knowledge compiled in garden catalog. An assortment of these catalogs may make up quite an extensive garden library, and to me they are still a very fascinating course of study in spite of many years' acquaintance.

What a good opportunity we have during the snowy winter months to study the outlines of trees and shrubs! When they are denuded of leaf and flowers you can really study the delicate tracery of their branches. In some ways they are even more beautiful than when clothed in summer greenery. The evergreens particularly give us a good example of the way in which a tree carries on even in the depths of winter. Certainly they are worthy of more than the casual at-



This is a Hyacinth Shrub in full bloom in the garden of Pansy Barnes.

tention we often give them.

Now in January take time to plan some new interest in your garden while it lies snug and safe under its white blanket. Learn all you can from every available source about that interest—even though you may start with comparatively wan enthusiasm you'll be surprised at the amount of genuine eagerness such study stirs up. All of this means that when gardening time comes around again you'll have a fresh interest—it will be downright stimulating to put into practice what you have learned in January.

XANTHOCERAS SORBIFOLIA

By Pansy M. Barnes

Back in May 1905, my mother sent me a spray of bloom from her rare new shrub which was flowering for the first time. I was in college and far from home, but as thrilled as she with the beauty of it.

The name *Xanthoceras* comes from the Greek words yellow and horn. But I like much better the American term for it, *Hyacinth Shrub*. When early May clothes it with beauty, it is easy to see how it received this name.

It was first found in northern China, so it's a very hardy shrub or small tree. Not many nurseries carry it but it is not difficult to raise from seeds. These are large, round black or brown fellows which are formed in large, round green pods. They are almost as large as those of the chestnut but carry no burrs. As they ripen they split into three parts and from 8 to 12 big fat seeds spill out.

Mice love them so it is a good idea to plant them in well-drained tin cans which are filled with soil and have old screen tied over the top. One seed can be put in a can and this should be set level with the top of the ground in the place where the new shrub is to grow.

The foliage is dark green and glossy. It is divided much like that of the ash tree. It has no insect enemies, is long-lived, always attractive and a real treasure.

Courage for the great sorrows of life, and patience for the small ones; and then when you have accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace—God is awake.—Victor Hugo.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

Dorothy returned from the hospital when Kristin was eight days old, and then began a period so chaotic that I have no clear memory of it at all! Both Dorothy and Margery have the same garbled impressions, while Frank and Russell can recall nothing whatsoever of that time, so there is no place to turn for verification of any incidents or events. I daresay that every family has such blank spots scattered here and there.

In our case this particular blank spot was caused by the fact that we had such a dreadful time with Kristin. She was one of these exceedingly unfortunate babies who cannot get started on a comforting routine of nourishing food and restful sleep. Nothing agreed with her. She cried constantly at the hospital and she cried constantly after she returned home. The only time she wasn't crying was when she fell into a fitful sleep from sheer exhaustion. Perhaps someday science will discover a miraculous solution to such cases (probably great strides have been made since the summer of 1943 when we went through this), but all we could do at that time was struggle and hope for the best. If you've ever gone through this you know only too well what I'm talking about.

Around the end of July things looked a little brighter so far as Kristin was concerned, and when we learned that Grandmother Johnson was coming from Lucas to help Dorothy, Margery and I decided to go back to Shenandoah. Margery's plans were more or less following a definite schedule that she had outlined for herself when she arrived in California around the first of June, but my plans were dictated by the fact that we had experienced a really upsetting blow the last week in June. After two years of figuring and planning Russell had gone into business for himself, and he had had only six weeks to taste the first fruits of success when a big fire destroyed his entire set-up. I've never mentioned this before in the pages of the magazine because I couldn't bear to think about it!

Well, we were momentarily at loose ends and I decided to take advantage of the moment for my first visit to Shenandoah in two years. This is how it happened that Margery, Juliana and I told Dorothy a tearful goodbye (I don't know who was the unhappiest about that time!) and once again headed for the Union station. Something very funny happened at the outset of that trip, and I've laughed about it many times since then.

We had a bedroom reservation (an indulgence that I took only because Juliana was such a small baby) and when we were shown to our quarters we were much surprised to find it loaded with all kinds of expensive luggage, including a full-rigged golf outfit. The porter disappeared before we could call his attention to this



Russell snapped this picture of Margery and me the day we left Hollywood for Shenandoah. Juliana must have been asleep for I can think of no other reason why one of us wasn't holding her!

fact, so Margery and I proceeded to unload our big collection of cheap luggage, including Juliana's basket. We were just getting Juliana settled in the basket when the owner of the expensive luggage turned up, and to say that he was utterly amazed at finding us there is stating it very mildly. We compared tickets and found that we had identical reservations. I didn't offer to move! I figured that one lone man could find something else on the train more easily than two women and a baby, so I just sat. Margery also sat. He sat too. For a while it looked as though we'd all cross the country together, but later in the day he turned up something in the line of a berth and disappeared—we didn't see him again.

At the time we were traveling East to Shenandoah, Wayne was traveling West to Australia. He had been made a staff sergeant while he was still stationed in Hawaii, so this fresh move was made with a slightly exalted rank. Donald was then at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, and of the three boys he was the only one I had genuine hopes of seeing during my visit with the folks. Howard was still up in Oregon having a bad time of it, and Frederick was in New York.

It was a great disappointment to me to realize that I had missed Frederick by only one short month. I hadn't seen him since he had left for Egypt several years earlier and felt chagrined to think our paths had missed crossing by so short a time. His health had improved greatly during the six months he spent in Shenandoah, and thanks to a combination of a new drug and a rigid diet he had recovered sufficiently to start out again. All through that half-year at home he had gone many places to make speeches on the subject of prisoner of war camps, and he had also done some radio work

that brought him in touch with many people. However, all of this didn't satisfy his longing to be back in the thick of things, and he spent endless time trying to get into Red Cross work. This came to nothing because only appointments in tropical countries were available, and with his illness he could not consider returning to the tropics. All in all, the best course of action seemed to be to prepare himself for the Ministry and then enter the service as an army or navy chaplain.

This he did. In June, 1943 he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York (a division of Columbia University) and settled down to a gruelling routine of academic work. It's my guess that he first found classroom work just a little difficult after his stimulating years in Egypt—and particularly the last year when he worked in the front lines of the British army!

Mother and Dad were waiting at the Union Station in Omaha when we arrived late at night.

It was a lot of fun to be at home for the first time with a baby, and I must say that Juliana seemed to pick up the thread of my thought and conduct herself accordingly. She had a very sweet smile that she turned on for my oldest friends who sort of marveled at the fact that I had a baby, and all in all she made me feel very proud. After the struggle with Kristin I was doubly grateful for the fact that I hadn't experienced any tortured feeding problems or allergies—I seemed to have a version of Topsy who just grew, although looking back on it I wonder why she did when I fussed so nervously!

Around the first of September Margery returned to Pella to take up her second year of teaching there, and at about the same time Dorothy arrived from Hollywood with Kristin. This was a real reunion, and how we did laugh when we put both babies down on the bed and let them get acquainted with each other! I don't feel like taking up more space with one phase of this subject in our family story, but in my own letter this month you can find further details of this getting acquainted process.

It was about the third week of September that Donald came home from Rantoul on a short furlough. He was on his way to the headquarters of the 2nd Air Force at Colorado Springs, for he had graduated from the Air Force Weather Forecaster's school at Chanute Field. One detail of Donald's short visit will always be vivid to me because he accompanied me to Council Bluffs one night when I was enroute to Minneapolis to show Juliana to her father's parents.

My train was almost three hours late that night, and Donald and I walked back and forth on the platform visiting for long spells. He had Juliana in his arms, and whenever trains loaded with troops passed by all of the men leaned out and whistled, broke into mock sobs and sang "Mammy!" I'm positive that they thought it was a sad war-time parting—Donald and I felt foolish, to say the least.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

The other day I had lunch with three old friends of mine. We had all worked together at one time, so as usual our conversation was mostly shop-talk. Finally one of the women said that she had a personal problem and wanted our help.

Her son David entered morning kindergarten this fall, and since then he has changed from a happy child to a fussy, whining, fidgety child, sick half of the time with colds. We discussed all of the possible reasons for this change in his health and behavior pattern, and then I thought of Lucile's last note to me in regard to sleeping habits of children. I hesitated even to ask Mae such a silly question because she, more than any of us, had worked in this area of child training, but we had exhausted every other idea so I finally asked how much sleep David got each night.

She smiled sheepishly and said that she had been afraid that one of us would ask that question because she would have to admit that he didn't get to bed any night before midnight! Well, we jumped all over her and demanded an explanation—and she had one.

David's father works evenings and they live in a small two-room apartment. Due to the housing shortage they have not been able to find any other place to live, so the only way that she could assure her husband adequate rest was to keep the child up so that all three of them slept late in the morning. This worked just fine for 5½ years, but then David had to start getting up for school. Mae said that he is so tense and physically exhausted now that he becomes hysterical, has temper tantrums every evening and cannot get to sleep.

The other two women have no children of their own and they got into an argument right away. The one who is a teacher said that Mae's error was inexcusable, that she knew a child's health was the most important consideration and that nothing should ever be permitted to interfere with the early-to-bed routine. The other one is a social worker in the slums and she took the attitude that the only way to insure the well being of the child was to protect the health of the wage-earner. Most mothers would just be torn to shreds over the two problems, I'm sure.

Mae admitted that she had made an error in judgment, but that even now she doesn't know how she could have done any differently given her housing problem. I don't think that a discussion of what should have been done or who or what is to blame is important as far as David is concerned. I believe that we should rather discuss what can be done now to remedy the damage that has been done.

I believe that a good doctor might recommend that David be taken out of school and put on a routine in which there would be simple food at regular hours, outdoor exercise, quiet indoor play, and no stimulation such as movies or boisterous play with other children. Perhaps too he could be

given a mild sedative for only a few weeks to help him establish a new bed-time. There would be no immediate results from this program because it will take quite some time to undo the damage that has been done.

In these days of such dreadful housing problems it is difficult for each child to have a room of his own, but when it can be managed it is wonderful. Then he can keep his own possessions under control and have privacy when he wants it. If children share a room they are apt to wake each other up at the wrong times.

It's foolish to ask how much sleep a baby needs because the baby decides that for himself and there isn't much that you can do to influence him except to provide plenty of food and a comfortable warm bed. Usually infants sleep from one feeding to the next unless they have indigestion or are not getting enough to eat, although some are unusually wakeful right from the beginning; there is nothing that you can do about this if you are sure that he is getting enough to eat.

Towards the end of the first year they are generally down to two naps a day, and around six months later they give up one of these. Up to this time you can safely leave the baby's sleeping habits up to the baby, but the two-year old is an entirely different proposition and you can't depend upon him always to get the rest he needs. He has developed a very complicated personality and excitement, fear, work or competition may keep him awake.

It's considered safer for a baby to sleep on his back for the first six months, so get him used to that, if possible; however, if he insists on sleeping on his stomach avoid heavy quilts or blankets unless you can keep them tucked in securely. The only disadvantage to sleeping on the back is that most babies have a preference for facing in the same direction, and as a result their head will get lop-sided. This is a matter of no importance except esthetically because it does not injure the brain and does eventually straighten out, but for a beauty treatment you can reverse his position every other day by placing his head at the foot of the bed or just turning his crib around. The baby will usually turn his face to the wall.

It often seems the easiest thing to do for the sake of the rest of the family to take the baby into your own bed when he awakens and cries at night, but although the child's anxiety improves after a few weeks of this treatment you are going to have one sweet time evicting him again. In the long run you will save yourself grief if you just get up and wrap yourself in a blanket and sit by his bed holding his hand for an hour if necessary in the middle of the night. This may sound desperate, but in the long run you'll be saved endless trouble. And right here I want to say emphatically that when your child awakens and screams in obvious anxiety decide what to do and get up and do it—he needs you and needs you badly.

Most children give up naps at three or four years of age but they do re-

quire rest during the day, so they should be put to bed immediately after lunch for at least an hour. Even if they don't sleep they can stay on the bed and play quietly. Don't let them get into the habit of playing hard without this rest period because they might fall into the habit of dropping off to sleep late in the afternoon, and this works havoc with an early bedtime. They should be put to bed as soon as possible after supper, and by the time they start to school the best rule is twelve hours of sleep and bedtime should be just twelve hours before the time they have to get up and start preparations for school.

Children need a comfortable, cool, quiet place to sleep, but it is a great mistake to impose absolute silence on the rest of the family when the baby is sleeping. From the beginning a baby should be accustomed to sleeping through the usual household activities and there is no reason for whispering, tiptoeing, or not playing the piano or radio. Just try to avoid any unusual or loud noises. It gives the baby a sense of security to hear the family going about making the usual household noises, and if it becomes unusually quiet they are apt to keep awake listening for them. Then if guests arrive or the telephone rings they will demand attention—which they don't do if they are accustomed from the first to the family living a normal life even though they are in bed.

GAME QUIZ

There's the name of a game hidden in each sentence. Underline it. Pass out a list to each guest, supplying the answer to the first one so that he can get the idea.

1. Let him apologize to you again. (polo).
2. Is lunch essential to the welfare of man? (Chess).
3. Is there flour in the bin? Go look and see. (bingo).
4. There's that drab owl in grandfather's tree. (bowling).
5. Nashville, Tenn. is a southern city. (tennis).
6. You have no croquettes? What a pity! (croquet).
7. He was dumping pongee into the river. (ping pong).
8. The way they shock eyes makes them quiver. (hockey).
9. A chapeau Thor seemed to ignore. (authors).
10. The mongol followed us for hours. (golf).
11. Let's quash that fellow's ego. (squash).
12. Put the Carlsbad mint on the table. (badminton).
13. Tab got her foot balled up in the thread. (football).
14. There was boredom in no escape from his predicament. (dominoes).
15. The historic rickety chair is gone. (cricket).
16. How history changes as time goes on. (whist).
17. We'll shop scotch-style if it's not too late. (hop-scotch).
18. With the sign post off I certainly am lost. (post-office).

—Mable Nair Brown.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Happy New Year! Good Friends:

Well, here we are, starting into the last twelve months that lie between us and the conclusion of the first half of the 20th Century. Those of you who can remember when 1899 slipped into 1900 may not feel much impressed when you think of 1950, but for those of us who began life in this century it seems like an extra-special event to think of winding up the first half of that century. Possibly these comments should have been held in cold storage until a year from this time, but I've become so accustomed to thinking ahead (because of working on Kitchen-Klatter) that mentally I'm always geared to the approaching event rather than the moment right at hand.

As yet we haven't received full details on Mother's and Dad's Christmas far away in Honolulu, but I'm confident that it was wonderful. It still seems like a dream to us that they are there. After all, we can remember only too vividly when Mother was in bed for months, when it was her wildest dream to be able to get into the car again for a short drive around Shenandoah. When you have memories like that to recall you can see why it seems miraculous to us that she could actually make the long drive to California by car, actually board a big plane, actually find herself in Hawaii! Thank goodness it's pure reality and not a dream.

Christmas was wonderful at our house this year. We started decorating the house in early December, and by the 25th we scarcely recognized the place. Juliana's creche was really the high spot in the house. It was made of heavy cardboard covered with sections of an old bamboo shade (finely woven) that had been cut to fit the two sides, back and slanting roof—the front was left entirely open, you see. Russell took a small bulb and wired the slanting roof in such a fashion that it seemed to be softly lighted—you couldn't see the bulb at all. Then Juliana made little stalls from heavy cardboard boxes and painted them dark brown—these were lined up in a row at the back of the stable.

Every day in December when she returned home from school there was a new figure to surprise her. We had timed it in such a way that the Christ child would arrive on Christmas Eve, and by that date the collection of Wise Men, shepherds, lambs, donkey's, cattle, etc. was complete. She spent endless hours arranging and rearranging the figures, and every evening they were all gathered together, head-down, to hear her prayers. I must tell you right here too that there was one surprising figure in the creche and that was a small Mammy doll sent to her by a friend in Virginia. It arrived when she was first working on the creche and nothing would do but that it be included, so we had that one incongruous note throughout the holidays.

Next week the creche will be dismantled and taken to the storeroom



Every evening as soon as the supper dishes are washed I read to Juliana—she calls it "our cozy time". We had just found something amusing in the book when this was taken.

where it will wait patiently until the first of December in 1949. At that time it will come down again, and I'm certain that it will mean even more next year, for I am convinced that it is the repetition of experiences that combine to make Christmas beloved and cherished in the heart of a child.

On Christmas morning Juliana found her doll family assembled around the tree. There were two new dolls, one big baby doll that was almost too beautiful to be true (this was a gift from one of our oldest and dearest friends) and one smaller, new-fangled baby doll that coos.

Just before the holidays we completed our big fall and early-winter project. I'm almost afraid to tell you what it is because I doubt if you've ever seen such a thing—a red fox bedspread. Certainly I've never seen another one. Well, this project really began two years ago when Frank trapped the fox in their timber. We bought the pelts from him, sixteen of them, and sent them away to be tanned. They were returned to us over a year ago, but we hadn't the faintest notion of how to go about making them up into the bedspread and consequently went through endless discussions of how it should be done. We even contemplated having a furrier tackle them at one stage of the game.

Then around the first of October we finally settled down to the job of discovering how to assemble them. First Russell split them and then we laid them out on a sheet; the sheet was cut into three pieces and each piece had a row of five pelts laid on it. After the skins were matched as closely as possible I stitched them down. This was a huge job, but it wasn't comparable to the job of patching; pieces of fur cut to just the right size and to blend with the adjoining pieces had to be worked on with endless care.

When all three sections were completed they were stitched on to one solid piece of sheeting; this, in turn, was stitched to beige velvet (our old drapes!) and then the feet used to make a solid dark band around all four edges. Well, it is beautiful, no argument about it, but I wouldn't tackle another one for a thousand dollars. We find it wonderful to sleep under and it will last a lifetime, so I'll never be in the market for another wool blanket or bedspread. I want to get a picture of it, but Russell says that he'll have to stand in the window to get the right camera angle and in bitter weather you can't very well fool around in an open window. However, before we put it into storage for the summer we'll try and get a picture. Those of you who have trappers in the family might consider making such a spread—the tanning would be your only expense—but I'm warning you that it's a lot of hard work.

In the chapter of the American Family Story you will find a reference to the time when Juliana and Kristin got acquainted. I want to tell you here that although Kristin had terrible feeding troubles she ran circles around Juliana physically. I went through a long spell (never mentioned before) when I thought Juliana would never move! She sat alone at six months and then accomplished nothing more physically until she was fifteen months—at that time she just rose to her two feet and walked. During the spell that she didn't move I worried myself sick. She wouldn't budge from the position in which she was placed. I could leave her alone on any high surface—never once did she stir a half-inch. If she toppled over when seated on the floor she just "froze" in the position in which she fell; I left her alone for 15 minutes at a time thinking that sheer desperation would compel her to do something about it, but it didn't.

Just about the time I was convinced that there was something tragically wrong I noticed that when she wanted an object beyond her reach she would hook things together and pull the desired object to the point where she could pick it up! I've seen her fix fairly complicated gadgets to use in pulling things towards her—it was a marvel to watch. As I said before, she didn't do a thing until the day she just rose up and walked. She never turned from her stomach to her back, from side to side, or any other direction. She never crept. She never pulled herself up to anything. She just plain SAT.

I don't know how to account for this. I only know that once she walked she never was still another second and in due time she performed prodigious physical feats. I've mentioned it because so many of you write and worry about this or that in your baby—and in the end it all works out all right. Take heart from this story of mine about my motionless infant.

Best wishes always . . . Lucile.

OL' MAN RIVER

By Hallie M. Barrow

Do you have your vacation lined up for 1949? Mine is—and it may strike you as funny, but what I want to do is retrace 1948's vacation, a thousand-mile boat trip made on the Mississippi River last September.

As I say, it was September of '48 when we made this trip, but I'd been dreaming about it and planning for a long, long time. In fact, when our time for departure drew near I took out all of the accumulated "dope" on the subject and found folders marked 1940! That gives you an idea of the time that elapsed between my first spell of wishful thinking—and actually boarding the boat.

Most people seem to have pretty forceful notions about anything concerned with traveling by water, so perhaps right at the outset I should make some things clear.

You will NOT be seasick and you will NOT be afraid of the water, for the boat has nothing in common with a row boat or canoe (in which many people are fearful) and you are not on the ocean with its waves which rock and jerk you until you are separated from your equilibrium. Furthermore, you do not need an expensive wardrobe; just take what you would wear if you were stopping at a hotel for a few days.

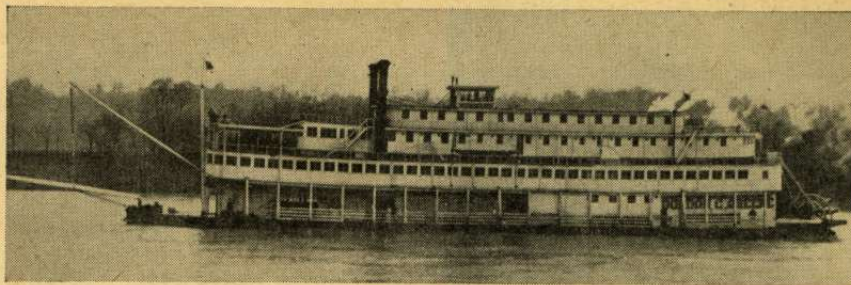
The cost is not excessive. Each of the persons in our party made the trip for about \$100 apiece. Meals and berth for a week came to \$75, plus a 15% government tax, bringing the fare to \$86.25. It is customary to tip the waiter \$2.50, and at some of the stops there were bus tours at \$1.50 each, if you cared to take them. There was a commissary where you could buy pop, candy bars, postal cards and souvenirs, but by and large I'd say that \$100 would cover the entire trip for most people.

I'm sure that you'll begin to feel relaxed the moment you board the boat in St. Louis. Most of the time you just sit in comfortable chairs on deck and watch gorgeous scenery slowly roll by. There were two women past eighty on board when we traveled, and one was by herself, if you please—and I'm sure no one had a better time than Aunt Kate. If you like to visit with folks from other states you'll find a wide variety—we met people from fifteen states. It may interest you to know also that five seaboard states, east and west, were represented; these people made the long trip to St. Louis for the sole purpose of taking this river trip.

However, if you're not the visiting type you won't have any difficulty in keeping strictly to yourself!

The meals were sumptuous. These river boats pride themselves on their superb southern cooking, and the negro chefs in their white uniforms just tried to outdo each other for praise from the diners.

Along towards sundown is when you really feel relaxed for all of the usual concerns of traveling by car are missing. There is no anxious search for motels or hotels, no disappointment in the evening meal, no harried figur-



Every passenger on the GORDON C. GREENE is presented with a handsome photograph of the boat, and it carries the autographs of the crew members. The account of this boat's journeyings sounds like an invitation to quiet troubled nerves!

ing to patch up holes in the budget caused by unexpected car trouble, heavy toll fare, extra taxes in some states on gasoline, etc.

If you like entertainment in the evening you'll find that the hostess is prepared to arrange almost anything. The first night there is a get-acquainted party. Sometimes movies are shown, an orchestra plays each evening, and every night the party is closed with the Virginia Reel, led by the captain. However, if none of this appeals to you, you can sit on deck and watch that fascinating shore line. The river towns are all lighted up at night and as we drifted by we could see the entire length of their Main Streets. One of the most intriguing night sights is to watch the trains that run parallel to the bank. Those streamliners with their lights winking on and off were beautiful.

When the mellow, deep boat whistle tooted everyone rushed to the rail to see what we were passing—you'd be amazed at the number of tow-boats and the freight tonnage they push up and down that river.

This is something that I want to make most emphatic: when you get your travel folder from the Greene Line Steamers offices in St. Louis you'll note that all sailing dates of each excursion are given. Now consult your calendar carefully and somehow manage to arrange your trip when the moon is full. We hadn't thought of this in advance, but it just so happened that we were mighty fortunate—we sat until long after midnight watching that mellow moonlight on the river, and for folks who usually have a pretty early bedtime this was really something!

But if the magnificent night scenery was wonderful, watching the sunrise on the river was even more spectacular. We were fascinated by the flocks of white egrets (this is a Florida bird), cranes, herons and pelicans who skimmed along the surface of the water and scooped up their fish on the wing. Their feathers picked up the colors of sunrise so that they looked pink rather than white.

My, it was exciting to look ahead, see a big dam, and wonder how our boat would get over a big waterfall! Five times we used the locks at the side of these falls. Before going into Kentucky Lake we went through the biggest single lock in the world. The gates closed behind us as we were eased in, and of course they were closed just in front of us too, so we

seemed to be in a deep cavern. The attendants on top of the lock looked like toy figures. Then the valves were turned, water poured into our cavern and soon we had raised almost 50 feet; then the front gates opened and we were above the waterfall. We went through drawbridges and under many high bridges.

On Sunday morning we docked for church services at Cairo, Illinois. The Ohio River meets the Mississippi at this point, and you can see such a plain line of demarcation between the blue waters of the Ohio and the muddy waters of the Mississippi that it looks as though you could slice right down that line with a knife and separate them. We were told that it was a custom to throw in a penny at this juncture and if the penny sank right on the line ones wish would come true.

Next we stopped for a few hours at Paducah, Kentucky, right at the foot of their Main Street, then into the Tennessee River and Tuesday we reached Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Here a bus took us to visit the mighty Wilson Dam. Then down a highway bordered with cotton fields to Tusculum, Alabama, Helen Keller's birthplace. On the return trip we stopped at Pittsburgh Landing where again cars waited to take us to Shiloh Battlefield, Museum and Cemetery. The evening before the purser had given us a complete history of this decisive battle of the Civil War.

In addition to four or five trips each summer to Muscle Shoals, the *Gordon C. Greene* makes about the same number of trips up the Mississippi to St. Paul, down the river to New Orleans, week-end excursions and an eleven day trip to Chattanooga. Now that is where I plan to go next year—it follows the same route as the Muscle Shoals trip, only instead of stopping at the Wilson Dam the boat goes through another lock and on some 200 miles farther through the Cumberland Mountains to end at Chattanooga.

If the wish I made as I dropped that penny in at the juncture of the rivers comes true, I'll be aboard the *Gordon C. Greene* next year in September, when the moon is full, Chattanooga bound. Will I meet you there? I hope so. And be sure to bring a long your field glasses and camera.

The first duty to children is to make them happy. If you have not made them so, you have wronged them. No other good they may get can make up for that.—Buxton.



I've just done a little simple figuring and turned up some totals that make me slightly dizzy! This is the story: if you cook three meals a day (and there are mighty few of us who don't) you will plan, prepare and serve 1,095 meals by the time the bells ring and whistles blow at midnight on the last day of 1949. Now you may get invited out to eat a few times during the coming year and you may manage a vacation when your stove and sink just can't be reached, but even if you take away 95 meals because of such circumstances it still leaves you with a cool one-thousand meals to cook.

What kind of meals are they going to be? Well, for my part I'm resolving to make them better, by and large, than the meals I served in 1948. I'm going to whip up some new enthusiasm for doing a more competent job in the kitchen and try my best to avoid those blank spots when I simply can't think of one single thing to fix. We have to eat three times a day and we might as well make it a genuine pleasure. Let's share our experiences in the kitchen and make 1949 a memorable year so far as cooking is concerned. Please send your favorite recipes. We'll test as many as we possibly can, and share the best ones with the world.

—Lucile.

ORANGE BLOSSOM COOKIES

- 1/4 cup shortening plus 2 Tbls.
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/4 cup sour milk
- 1/4 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup nuts

Mix first 4 ingredients thoroughly; then stir in sour milk and vanilla. Sift and stir in remaining ingredients. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet and bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees. While hot dip in the following mixture which should be made before cookies are mixed: *Orange Glaze*—1/3 cup sugar, 3 Tbls. orange juice, 1 tsp. grated orange rind. Mix these ingredients together. This glaze is delicious on other cookies too.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

- 1 baked 9" pie shell
 - 3 Tbls. cornstarch
 - 1 cup plus 2 Tbls. sugar
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
 - 2 14-oz. cans crushed pineapple or 3 and 1/3 cups
 - 3 eggs separated
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Combine cornstarch, 6 Tbls. of the sugar and salt in saucepan. Add pineapple and cook until clear and thickened, while stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks and 6 Tbls. of sugar; add to cornstarch mixture and cook, while stirring, 1 min. longer. Cool. Then add lemon juice and pour into baked pie shell. Top with meringue made by beating egg whites until they are stiff; then add remaining 6 Tbls. sugar and beat until very stiff. Bake in a 300 degree oven for 30 minutes. This makes one 9" pie.

VERY SPECIAL CORN BREAD

- 2 cups corn meal (preferably yellow)
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 4 Tbls. sugar
 - 4 egg yolks
 - 2 cups boiling water
 - 4 Tbls. flour
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 4 Tbls. shortening
 - 4 egg whites
- Combine corn meal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add shortening and boiling water. Stir until shortening is all dissolved. Add egg yolks at once and beat well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish (a large glass one, if possible) and bake in 400 degree oven for 25 minutes, or until done.—Mrs. Hugh Guernsey, Centerville, Iowa.

SAUSAGE WITH APPLE DRESSING

- 1/2 lb. link sausage
 - 2 cups bread crumbs
 - 1 1/2 to 2 cups finely chopped apples
 - 1/4 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. melted butter
- Fit sausage in bottom of baking pan. Make a dressing of other ingredients using enough apples to bind dressing together. Pack in closely over sausages. Bake 45 minutes in 350 degree oven. Drain off fat.

MOLDED CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

(Splendid to serve when entertaining)

1st Part

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 cup cream, whipped
 - 1 1/2 cups cottage cheese
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill until slightly thickened and then beat until light. Add cream and cottage cheese. (If cottage cheese has large curds in it, press through sieve.) Pour into mold and let stand until firm.

2nd Part

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 cup pineapple juice
 - 1 cup pineapple, chopped
 - 1/3 cup stuffed olives, sliced
 - 1/3 cup pecans or almonds
- Dissolve lime gelatin in water; add pineapple juice. Cool. Then add remaining ingredients. Pour on top of first layer. When chilled it will be in two separate layers, highly attractive and delicious. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf with salad dressing (preferably a fruit type dressing) on top.

VEAL LOAF

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground veal
 - 1/2 lb. ground pork
 - 1/2 cup dry, fine bread crumbs
 - 1/2 cup rich milk
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp. celery salt
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 2 slices diced, uncooked bacon
- Mix ground meats with remaining ingredients except bacon. Shape into loaf. Sprinkle the diced bacon on top. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) about 1 hour. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

BANANA BREAD

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/4 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/3 cup shortening
 - 2/3 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs, well beaten
 - 1 cup mashed bananas
- Sift together first 4 ingredients. Beat shortening until creamy and add sugar gradually, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with bananas, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Turn into a well greased bread pan and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for one hour.

DELICIOUS PIE CRUST

Into a bowl put 1/2 cup lard, 1 cup plus 2 Tbls. flour (measured after sifting) 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/4 cup milk. Mix into a soft ball (I like a fork for this). Let dough stand while fixing the filling—dough tightens with this standing. Then roll out. It is nice to handle, browns nicely, and is simply delicious. This will make 1 double crust pie.—Elizabeth Block, Sac City, Iowa.

BAKED HAM AND SWEET POTATO BALLS

1 slice smoked ham, 1 1/2 to 2 inches thick
 1 Tbls. enriched flour
 3 Tbls. brown sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1/2 cup sweet cider or apple juice
 Slash fat around edge of ham; place in greased baking pan. Combine flour, sugar, mustard and vinegar. Spread over ham. Pour over cider or apple juice. Bake, covered, in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes; then uncovered, 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6. *Sweet Potato Balls*: Shape 2 cups of seasoned, mashed sweet potatoes in 6 balls. Roll in 3/4 cup of chopped salted peanuts. Brown in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

JELLY ROLL

4 eggs
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring
 3 Tbls. boiling water
 Beat egg yolks, add sugar, lemon flavoring. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift flour and baking powder together and fold in. Add boiling water and stir carefully. Bake 8 minutes at 375 degrees. Remove from pan while hot. Spread with jelly and roll in damp towel.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

1 cup enriched flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 slightly beaten egg
 1 cup milk
 1 Tbls. melted fat
 Onion rings
 Sift flour with salt; mix egg, milk, and fat; add gradually to flour, beating with rotary beater until smooth. Dip onion rings into batter. Fry in deep hot fat from 2 to 5 minutes. Makes 1 1/4 cups batter, enough for 30 big onions.

TASTY BAKED APPLES

6 or 7 large apples
 1 cup dark corn sirup
 1 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 Pare and core apples; place in 2-quart casserole. Add sirup. Thoroughly cream butter and sugar; add flour; blend. Sprinkle over apples. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover. Bake in hot oven for 30 minutes. Uncover; continue baking 30 minutes or until apples are tender. Serves 6.

POTATO PANCAKES

3 medium-sized raw potatoes
 1 Tbls. flour
 1 egg beaten light
 1 Tbls. cream
 1 tsp. salt
 Grate potatoes, add other ingredients. Stir well. Cook by spoonfuls in shallow hot fat, turning once.

SALMON PUFFS

1/4 cup shortening
 1/2 cup boiling water
 1/2 cup sifted flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 2 eggs
 Melt shortening in boiling water over direct heat. Add pimiento and green pepper, and then add flour (sifted with salt) all at once, stirring constantly. Cook until mixture leaves sides of pan in a smooth compact ball, stirring vigorously. Remove for heat and cool for 1 minute. Then add eggs, one at a time and beat vigorously after each addition until mixture is smooth again. Drop by rounded tablespoonfuls 1 1/2 inches apart on greased baking sheet, and bake in a 450 degree oven for 10 minutes, then at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut opening in top of puff and fill with following mixture:

Pan fry 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper and 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento in 1 Tbls. shortening. Melt 6 Tbls. shortening in top of double boiler over direct heat; add 6 Tbls. flour and mix well. Add gradually 3 cups milk, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and smooth. Place over hot water. Add 2 cups of flaked salmon, 1 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper and the celery mixture. Cook for about 5 minutes or until vegetables and fish are thoroughly heated.

HALIBUT SOUFFLE

(This comparatively inexpensive fish dish is so delicious that it could well be served as the main dish for luncheon or dinner guests.)

Sprinkle 5 or 6 portions of cod, had-dock or halibut with salt and pepper; place in lightly greased shallow baking pan and put 2 inches from broiler. Broil about 5 minutes; then turn and broil another 5 minutes. Spread with following sauce: Beat 2 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Into them fold the mixture made by combining 1/2 cup mayonnaise; 1/4 cup pickle relish; 1/4 tsp. salt; dash of pepper. Broil 3 to 5 minutes longer, or until sauce is puffed and browned. *Watch very closely* for it burns easily. Serve at once.

DEVILED LIVER LOAVES

1/2 lb. beef liver
 1/2 lb. bulk sausage
 1 well-beaten egg
 1 cup cracker crumbs
 1/2 cup milk
 2 Tbls. catsup
 1 Tbls. chopped onion
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. chili powder
 1/2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 Simmer liver in small amount of hot water for 5 minutes. Grind. Add remaining ingredients; mix thoroughly. For crutsky loaves bake in greased muffin tins. For softer, meat-loaf type dish baked in usual meat loaf shape. Bake in 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Excellent for sandwiches when chilled and sliced.

A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

January is here, and with it comes those oh-so-familiar whiffs of Danish stew as it simmers on the stove. Not only is a stew nutritious and filling, but it can be one of the tastiest dishes ever to meet a soup bowl. But the fact remains, you can't make a good stew unless you love the stuff.

One of the real artists I know in this respect is my Dad. Years ago when Mom was teaching school, Dad would occasionally decide to surprise the family by having dinner ready when we all came trooping home, educated and hungry, at five o'clock. It was an all-day job. The stew bone (hocks, neck bones, any pork bone with a little meat and a lot of fat) would be plunged into a huge kettle of water about ten a.m. Through the day the bone would simmer, and every time Dad got the inspiration he'd throw in another ingredient. By four o'clock the bone would be submerged in potatoes, cabbage, onions, carrots, peas, lima beans, green beans, and anything that might have been left over from dinner the night before.

I am always aggravated when I see stew recipes calling for so many pounds of potatoes, such and such a quantity of carrots, etc. *That ain't stew!* Stew is the result of a day's thought, tasting, inspiration, and tender care. It's a little of this and a little of that, and unless you're brave enough to let the recipes go hang and throw in what looks good and smells good, you might as well quit. You weren't born a stewart.

Here is a delicious coffee cake (Kaffeage med Bagepulver) which can be whipped up in just a little while. (You can do this while that stew is simmering!)

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1 cup milk
 2 1/2 cups flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 Flavoring

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, stir. Add milk, stir, add sifted flour and baking powder, stir again. Add flavoring and pour half the batter into a buttered pan. Then add half of the filling, which is made by combining one cup brown sugar, one cup nuts, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons of flour and one tablespoon of butter. Pour the rest of the cake batter on this, top the whole thing with the remainder of the filling. Bake at 350 degrees.

Happy New Year!

The nicest place I've ever seen is Grandma's kitchen, nice and clean. She lets me stay out there with her. And watch her measure, sift and stir. And roll the pie dough out so thin. With her long, floury rolling pin. I guess she likes us little chaps. For then she gives me all the scraps. And I make cookies all my own. With lots of raisins sticking, Or I can eat the batter raw; I put big wads in either jaw— It makes my face look, O, so fat! And Grandma laughs at things like that.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

As I write this letter it is now but a matter of just a very few days until Betty, Mary Leanna and I get up at 5:30 in the morning to go down to the airport to meet mother and dad. It will be a great day. I hope that some of the rainy weather we are now having has cleared up by then. My goodness but we have had a lot of rain! When I say "we" I mean that right here in this particular neighborhood there has been much rain. Our friends a few blocks away are still having to water their lawns because of a shortage of rain. Well, let it rain, for if our water is to continue to be abundant we must have rain and lots of it.

Honolulu is surrounded by a mountain range that acts as a watershed for the city. The water seeps down through the lava rocks of the mountains until it meets the salt water that is seeping through the surface under the mountains, and there it rests. Since salt water is heavier than fresh water, the rain water from the mountain floats upon the ocean water. The day that the city water pumps bring up salt water instead of fresh water will be a bad day indeed. Water is more costly in Honolulu than in some other places of America, but here at the school we don't let that bother us since we have our own wells and, in addition to the wells, a very good spring.

There is nothing that the residents of Hawaii hate more than to be thought of as residents of a foreign land. It is my guess that most Americans think of Hawaii as another country. Not a day goes by that our school does not receive a letter from the mainland bearing enough postage to take it to a foreign country. All that is needed is a good three cent stamp. Because I am used to living outside of America I have to be very careful when I am speaking before residents of Hawaii and always refer to *the mainland* and not to the *states*. The natural thing for me to say is "back in the states", but that is the wrong thing to say here, for that infers that the Hawaiian Islands are not a part of the forty-eight states. Although not a state, Hawaii is a part of the United States and persons born here are very much American citizens. Although very exotic and very unusual, Hawaii is definitely not foreign.

In many ways Honolulu is no different from many other American cities. It has its factories, its banks, its shops, its schools, its churches, and its homes. Like other cities it has its nice districts and it has its slums. Despite its tropical climate it has all of the rush and bustle of Kansas City. People don't actually live a lazier life here than they do in Kansas City, they just talk about doing so. Life is no slower, but it is more informal, much more informal than life in Iowa, and somewhat more informal than life in Southern California.

The other day one of Honolulu's

most important citizens stopped and gave me a ride in his new car. I was surprised to note that he wore no shoes! Many of the upper class people never wear shoes around their own homes, and of course all of the lower class people go barefoot most of the time. As a matter of fact, even I, conservative though I am, go barefoot much of the time while working about the house. We have on our lanai (front porch) what is considered to be a very typical piece of Hawaiian furniture. It is called a *hikie*, a very large studio couch the size of a double bed. Most Hawaiian homes have them. When guests come to call one of the first things they do is to take off their shoes and curl up on the *hikie*. It makes for friendly conversation, for there is something very relaxing about taking off one's shoes. Right now while you are reading this letter just reach down and slip off your shoes, and you will see what I mean. All of our students are required to wear shoes once they get beyond the sixth grade but on certain festive school occasions they are allowed to go without.

I say that Honolulu is like many other American cities, like them and yet unlike them. I wish that you could have seen our school assembly program last week—you would understand what I mean. There on the platform were several big husky football players, tough and rugged. You might see such men on a school platform in any American school, but there was a difference. The men on our platform were all wearing Hawaiian *mumus* (pronounced moo-moos) which are nothing more than long calico dresses. On their heads they had fancy hats made of coconut fronds, and each was carrying a *ukelele*. The girls on the platform were wearing grass skirts and dancing several hulas to the boys' accompaniment. The students were all barefoot. They were celebrating what is known here in the islands as Aloha Week and had been permitted to "go Hawaiian" for the occasion. To see one of the best high school football players wearing a dress and strumming a *ukelele* would seem strange on the mainland, but here it is not only unsurprising, but actually quite expected. And don't think for one minute that I am talking about Hawaiian boys and girls, I am talking about the Jones, Smiths, Browns, Davidsons, Adams, and what have you! If that assembly program could have been dropped down into a mainland school on that day, it would have been the sensation of a community's lifetime.

One of the first things that Betty and I noticed when we arrived in the islands was the common use of loud colors. Back on the mainland in most communities the man with the loud shirt is conspicuous, but here in Honolulu at all informal occasions the man who is not wearing a loud shirt is conspicuous. Due to the fact that we moved here from Bermuda we probably did not notice the flamboyant colors as much as most mainlanders would, but even we noticed it. This very evening Betty is going around the house wearing a blouse so bril-

liantly colored that it hurts my eyes to look at it. Out here we call all such blouses or shirts Aloha Shirts. I have an aloha shirt that is bright green with red, yellow, and orange flowers all over it. I don't suppose that on the mainland I would ever dare to wear it even to a dogfight, but out here it is just the thing for informal wear whether at home or calling.

Last week Betty and I went Christmas shopping. Now ordinarily Christmas shopping is quite a chore for me, but this year it was a pleasure. Shopping is a downright adventure in Honolulu. On every corner and down every little side street there are little native shops selling Polynesian articles. At one place we saw the most beautiful koa wood mixing bowl for *poi* with little bowls for serving. We bought *lauhala* mats and coasters, feathered gourds used by hula dancers, and koa wood flasks of island perfumes. While inside one of the little native shops, it seems as if one were in a different world, indeed in a different age. Yet, just next door to that shop will be another one where American and modern Polynesia will be side by side in modern Hawaii, displaying products of new island industries and handicraft . . . in neat boxes of Macadamia nuts, delicious preserves and jams, exotic fruits. Betty is always thrilled by the fact that out here in the middle of the Pacific up-to-the-minute fashions are displayed in Honolulu's shops. In fact, some of the sport modes now so popular on the mainland originated in the islands.

Last Saturday we did what I wish we could do more often. We went to our favorite beach over on the other side of the island. The water was a bit too chilly for Mary Leanna to go in, but she had a good time playing on the sand. Betty and I took turns surfing and minding Mary Leanna. You will note that I said surfing and not swimming. The surf is too strong for enjoyable swimming, and so everyone has sport riding the waves. Surfing is known as the sport of kings out here. I know of few things more enjoyable. I have an inflated rubber mattress that is ideal for surfing. I wade out into the surf as far as I can, and then when I see a big one looking like a wall of water behind me I throw myself forward just as if I were sliding down a hill on a sled. There is a pause before the final lunge, and then suddenly I am zipping toward the beach at thirty-five miles an hour. Of course seven out of ten times I am tossed about like a cork, occasionally getting a bruise, but the three good rides out of ten tries are wonderful. I am going to do some more of it this week.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick.

COVER PICTURE

Martin Erik's smile says plainly enough that he wishes the world a happy, happy New Year! Grown-ups may find much to worry them in day-to-day living, but little boys who've been in this world less than two years still find it an exciting and wonderful place.

I'M A HOME-MAKER

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

RESOLVED—To be a better home-maker in 1949.

Have you ever stood in line at some registration and heard women reply, when asked their occupation,—"Just a housewife."

Being just a housewife can be the most complete, independent, and satisfying job in the world if we wish to make it so.

As the New Year begins what are you doing about your career as a Home-maker? Are you finding it boring, uninteresting, nerve racking—just something that must be endured?

If you are, why not turn over a new leaf right now and see how exciting good housekeeping can be. You will be far happier and I know your family will be more appreciative, too.

Begin by making your home more attractive so you will enjoy staying in it and your family will enjoy bringing guests home. I have nothing to brighten up my own day so much as new red-and-white checked kitchen curtains and some bright flower pots sitting in the window. Purchase some new table mats or make them out of left-over print or feed sacks. The dime stores have a variety of gadgets to brighten up your house—vases, flower pots, lamps, dishes, new lamp shades, plaques, pictures, dishes, etc.

What about those three meals you must cook every day for the next three-hundred and sixty-five days? That can become a most tiring chore unless you determine to make it interesting. Why not resolve to try at least one new recipe each week?

Try making your dishes look more appetizing and attractive. Brighten up the table with some of the inexpensive dishes on the market now. I have found that the proverbial wash day kettle of beans has taken on company style at our house since I purchased colored individual bean pots. Whatever you do, make meal time an **EVENT** at your house.

And what about you? Are the children proud to introduce their Mother to their friends? Take time out to powder your nose, comb your hair and add a clean apron before your husband and children come home. It will take only a few minutes but it will make you a bigger hit with your family.

If you are not proud of your house, if home making is not a pleasure, then perhaps you are to blame. Being a home-maker is a full time job. It takes courage, patience, knowledge and hard work. But it pays big dividends if you are willing to invest your time and talent. When your child turns to Mother to kiss away all hurts and bumps, or comes to you to smooth out all difficulties, when your husband looks upon you as a true partner, you will surely feel that your investment is paying off with compound interest.

In 1949, if some one asks your occupation do not shrug your shoulders and say, "Oh, just a housewife." Smile broadly and answer proudly, "I'm a **HOME-MAKER**."



Here is the newest member of our family. Little Emily Lawrence Driftmier was ten days old when her Uncle Russell's camera was focused on her for the first time—just think of the changes we'll see in her pictures a year from now!

QUIZ CONTESTS

These two contests were sent by Mrs. Lloyd Peterson of Russell, Minn. and they will probably come in handy for a club program or party this winter. The British-American quiz was compiled by an English war-bride, Mrs. James Nicholson of Russell.

Time

1. What, says the proverb, is the thief of time? Procrastination
2. According to the old song, there'll be what kind of time in the old town tonight? Hot time
3. At what time did Cinderella have to be home from the ball? Midnight
4. When Abraham Lincoln mentioned "four score and seven years ago" he referred to how long a period of time? 87 years
5. For how many years did Rip Van Winkle sleep? 20 years
6. In the familiar nursery rhyme, at what time did the mouse run down the clock? One
7. How many nights are in a fortnight? Fourteen
8. The word meridian pertains to what time of day? Twelve (noon)
9. What radio personality used as his theme "My Time is Your Time?" Rudy Vallee
10. What time is "The witching hour?" Twelve (midnight)
11. From what city in England is standard time measured? Greenwich
12. What is the musical rhythm for waltz time? Three-four
13. How many standard time zones are there in the U.S.? Four
14. What time-measuring device does Father Time carry? Hour-glass
15. About how many years are in a generation? Thirty-three
16. What is the instrument called that is used by musicians to measure time? Metronome
17. By what letters are the periods

of time before and after Christ designated? B.C. and A.D.

18. What dates of time are referred to in the opening line of "Paul Revere's Ride?" "Twas the 18th of April in '75".
19. What are the two things that wait for no man? Time and tide
20. Quote the first two lines of a famous poem in which Time is mentioned: "Turn backwards, turn backwards, oh Time in your flight, And make me a child again just for tonight."

BRITISH-AMERICAN QUIZ

BRITISH

Naught
Sweets
Tram Car
Pavement
Braces
Bottling
Holiday
Lorry
Petrol
Biscuit
Bonnet (car)
Pram
Tap
Fortnight
Pullover
Macintosh
Wireless
Settee
Waistcoat
Nappies
Serviettes
Vest
Flannel
Gramophone
Treacle
Curvy Grip

AMERICAN

Zero
Candy
Street Car
Sidewalk
Suspenders
Canning
Vacation
Truck
Gasoline
Cookie
Hood
Baby buggy
Faucet
Two-weeks
Sweater
Raincoat
Radio
Davenport
Vest
Diaper
Napkins
Undershirt
Washcloth
Phonograph
Syrup
Bobby Pin

TWELFTH NIGHT

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

TWELFTH NIGHT which falls on January 6th is the end of the Holiday season in all countries. This twelfth night following Christmas is some times thought to be the time when the Wise Men reached the Christ Child with their gifts. In some parts of our country this date is referred to as Old Christmas and gifts are exchanged. Usually on this day, Christmas trees and decorations are put away and in some places the trees are placed in an enormous stack and burned.

In Italy on this day children receive gifts in their stockings while naughty boys and girls receive stones.

In France, a cake is baked with a large bean in it and the person who receives the bean is named king or queen for the evening.

Whatever the customs, by January the sixth, or the Twelfth Night, we are willing to store our Christmas decorations, put our tree out with food on it for the birds, and get back to work.

We search the world for truth. We cull

The good, the true, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
And all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin has just been tucked in for the night, and Frank is listening to the radio, so I picked up my typewriter and moved to the kitchen table. There is a nice roaring fire in the stove and I feel just like writing letters tonight. Of course the first one on my list is to you because the calendar tells me it must be mailed tomorrow.

I realize it will be January when you read this, and Thanksgiving will be long forgotten, but this is the first opportunity I have had to tell you what a joyous occasion it was for the Johnsons. When I wrote to you last I didn't tell you that Mother Johnson was in the hospital at Rochester, Minn., where she underwent a serious brain operation to relieve the pressure on a nerve that was causing her severe pain all the time. In our wildest dreams we had never thought she would be strong enough to return home in time for Thanksgiving, and were all terribly excited and happy to receive a phone call from Frank's sisters who had been with her in Rochester, telling Frank to be at the airport in Des Moines, Tuesday afternoon to meet them, that they were bringing her by plane that far. The nice part about it was that she was able to sit in her chair at the table with us, and is getting stronger every day. So it was truly a day of giving Thanks at our house.

Kristin is terribly excited about Christmas right now, and has started marking off the days on the calendar. Last Saturday morning she saw some decorated Christmas cookies in a magazine and thought it would make Grandma Johnson feel much better if she had some, so I mixed up the dough and let her get out all her animal cookie cutters and colored decorations, and she worked on them all morning. She wanted to keep a few at home to put in her lunch box, but she very proudly took all the rest to Grandma.

In the afternoon I fulfilled a promise to her. Right after lunch the two of us went to town, and instead of rushing around doing the necessary shopping and tearing home again, we spent the entire afternoon just looking at every single item in the toy sections of the various stores, and I honestly don't think she missed a single thing. But the thing that we went back to see again and again was a little sewing machine that really sews. Of course it isn't there now, and I expect my days will be pretty busy after Christmas cutting out simple little one-piece doll dresses that will be easy to sew up.

I haven't had time to start my Christmas sewing yet, but I'm going to have to find time very soon now, the bulk of which will be doll clothes but not quite so simple. I had so many things planned to make for Christmas gifts, and haven't done one single thing about them yet. I'll have to wait and tell you in my next letter what I actually got accomplished, and I'm afraid it won't be a very long list.



The first thing we said when we saw this new picture of Kristin was that she's grown to look very, very much like her mother. It could never be said until just now.

Stopping to pick corn really delayed my fall house cleaning. I had just gotten a good start on it when I learned how to manipulate the corn picker, which of course put a stop to the cleaning—for after all, what is more important to a farmer's wife than getting the corn into the crib? Now I can take up where I left off with the cleaning and hope to get it done next week. Next fall I'll be a little smarter and get it all done before time to pick corn.

Now that the corn picking is over for another year, I asked Frank the other day what was first on his list of things that must be done, and he said he would be busy several weeks building fence. That seems to be one job on the farm that is never finished—there is always fence to be fixed. We use oak posts for our fences, which we split out of big trees. They do not last as long as hedge or steel posts, but since we have more than we can ever use in our life time, it's easier and cheaper to use what we have right here at home in our own timber.

Wegged in here soon between fences we will have to have a wood-sawing. Here in our community the neighbors help each other saw wood. We have just one stove that burns wood, the one in the kitchen. We have an oil heater in the front part of the house. Frank will cut and pile pole wood and logs for about a week, then call in several neighbors and have a wood-sawing.

Sometime this week Frank wants to get the fall pigs vaccinated. He plans to take in our butcher hog to the locker tomorrow. Later on we will butcher a beef, but right now we are out of lard, and as the hog we are taking tomorrow will weigh around 450 pounds, the lard problem should be settled for quite a while.

Well, it is getting late and I still have a few more letters I must write, so until next month, Frank, Kristin and I all wish you the very best in this New Year.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

IT'S TIME FOR A PARTY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

A New Year's Party is a fine excuse to get the gang together just for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

Why not cut out round invitations in the shape of a clock and paint two black hands pointing to twelve? On the back print the following lines:

We'll get together 'long about eight
To say good-bye to forty-eight;
And as we sing Auld Lang Syne
We'll welcome Little Forty-Nine.

Before the guests arrive, paper clocks with various hours marked on them should be hidden about the room. At a given signal each guest hunts for the clocks. The winner is the one whose clocks add up the most hours.

For "Time on Your Hands" cut out squares with the letters T-I-M-E and mix these all up in a box. Give each person twenty assorted letters and in five minutes see who can spell the word "Time" most. Players may exchange letters with other players.

If you have a phonograph or piano play the hit tunes of 1948 and see who can identify the song first. You will find yourself enjoying a song-fest before this is over.

"Keeping Up With The Times" is a game sure to amuse your guests. Before your party, search your magazines or papers for pictures of persons who were famous during the year. Cut the heads and paste them on different bodies. You may have a picture of Princess Elizabeth and one of Mrs. Roosevelt. Exchange the faces and you will be surprised how difficult it is to name the faces correctly.

Make a large clock face on a cardboard and mark off the hours. Choose sides and give each team a button, penny or some small object to toss at the hours. Each player has one toss (or more if you wish) and his score will be the hour he strikes. Let midnight count twenty.

In keeping with the Time why not serve sandwiches and make a few, anyway, to represent the clock. Cut out round pieces of bread, spread with cheese or other filling, and use pimento strips to represent hands of the clock pointing to twelve.

As the clock strikes twelve have all join in and sing Auld Lang Syne. And if all your guests are like me they will have a lump in their throat as they say good-bye to the old year. But I am sure they will all say they have had a grand TIME.

FRIENDS

A friend is like an old song grown sweeter with the years,
A friend is one who shares our joys and wipes away our tears;
A friend will look for goodness in everything we do,
A friend is one who knows our faults, yet finds our virtues too;
A friend will share a crust of bread, or help to lift a load,
Happy are we who find a few good friends along the road.

—Sent by Vera Wilcox,
Webster City, Ia.

THE LAMENT OF A KITCHEN TABLE

(Editorial Note: Almost twenty years ago we published this plaintive soliloquy of a kitchen table, and a short time later it was followed by the complaint of the dish rag. They made a great hit when read at club meetings, so in response to countless requests we are printing them again. In an early issue will appear the dish rag's tale of woe.)

Well, here I am in the furniture store at last, and I'm a mighty handsome white enameled kitchen table. There are many other tables around me and some are *almost* as good looking, but most of them are made of plain wood and have ordinary wood tops, . . . they can't compare to my gleaming white coat. I know I'll be sold to a pretty young bride who will be truly proud of me. Oh! I'm so excited I can hardly stand here quietly on my four legs.

Here comes the salesman, and I wonder what that woman with him wants to buy. Not me, I hope. She certainly doesn't look very neat.

"Yes, I want a kitchen table."

Hear that? Oh dear, I am going to be sold to her—and I wanted so much to go to a bride. Well, I suppose I must make the best of it and perhaps she *will* take good care of me.

The day is beautiful for a ride, but I wish I were tied more snugly for the bumps are terrible and I do so want to enjoy this lovely scenery. Heavens, what bumps!

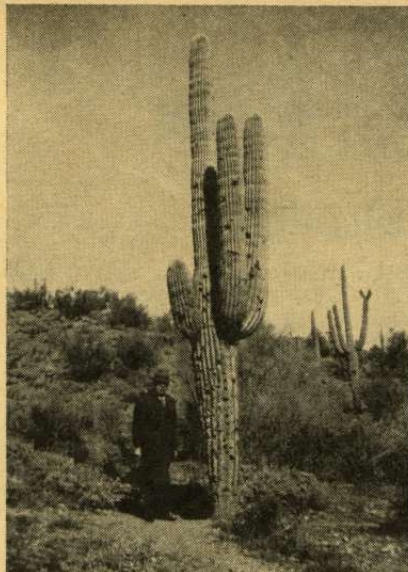
It looks as though we are going to turn in here and I must say that the house isn't bad looking, but my stars! what a lot of children. What? Of course I'm a fine new table but I won't be for long if they persist in sitting on me. I wish that boy would leave my glass knob alone. The way he jerks out the drawer I'm worried that he will hurt me.

Thank goodness I'm in the kitchen at last and now I can rest.

The stove has been laughing at me, and I heard it telling the sink that I wouldn't be so proud after a while. The nerve of that old stove talking about me! But at least the sink seems to be friendly, and I just heard it telling the dirty roller towel that they should all be glad to see me so shiny and clean for it was nice to think back on the days when they all looked good. I wonder if I will ever be so dirty? I hope not!

Here I've been for a month and I wouldn't want the tables in the store to see me now. Every day I'm piled up with jars of sour milk, the water pail, dirty vegetables right out of the garden, and the upshot is that my poor top seldom sees the light of day. The stove noticed that horrid brown ring from the pail the other day and is still laughing at me.

Today is my birthday. I've been here a year today and I'm an old broken table already. My legs are weak and shaky; rheumatism, I guess, from the spilled water. There is such a pile on me today you can't see my top at all. My knob has long been broken and I'm all covered with scars



When Dorothy and Dad drove to California together in February, 1942, Dorothy snapped a picture of Dad standing near a giant sahuara in Arizona. On this trip Mother snapped the camera from the car for a picture that looks almost identical. These grotesque looking sahuaras were planted in the Southwest by members of Coronado's expedition.

from the knives when they cut bread, meat and everything on me without a thought for my lovely enameled surface.

It won't be long now. I can't stand much more. It seems a pity for one as young as I to be so old. The roller towel can't laugh at me because it's worn to rags, and even though the new one feels real perky I won't laugh at it. I just feel sorry. The stove is so shaky and feeble it hasn't strength to talk anymore, and my poor friend, the sink, was thrown out into the junk just because it wept a little stream of tears all the time.

I only hope that the story of my life will help my sister tables. I wouldn't want any of them to suffer the thoughtless abuse that has brought me to this sad state. I'm sure that the end is right at hand. Goodbye.

Why worry because you have not great virtues? God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

RELIEF

If all the world were sunshine,
Our faces would be feign
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

Henry Van Dyke.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzett

Happy New Year! And the more we do to help others, the happier it will be for each of us. So let's start early and work late to make the world happier for everybody.

Mrs. Janette Sourwine, Box 117, Santa, Idaho, has been crippled since 1934 by arthritis. She gets about the house a little, mostly by using crutches or a wheel chair; she falls if she tries to walk unaided. She can sew and would like holder patterns and dress patterns. Also view cards.

Mrs. Mary Beach, 1415 W Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 83, is an inmate of an Old Peoples' Home. She is badly crippled. She gets about a little in her own room but cannot go out of it. She is quite deaf and is unable to write but loves to get mail.

Bill Jones, 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa., did not have the operation he expected. They found at the last minute that it would not help and did not think it would even relieve the pain. He suffers a great deal. Mail means a lot to him. He wanted me to tell you about a friend he met at the hospital and ask you to write to him. He is Chester Pazdziarko, 985 Wyoming Ave., Exeter, Luzerne Co., Pa. Eleven years ago, when he first went to work in a coal mine, he had his back broken and has been paralyzed ever since. He was in the hospital for many years but is at the home of a brother now. Folks have been good to him, but there seems no chance of his ever walking again and he is pretty bitter about it. Bill thinks your good friendly letters might be just the thing to give him a healthier outlook on life.

Mrs. Hans Helmer, Rt. 1, Spicer, Minn., has been an arthritis invalid for 20 years. She is not able to walk and her fingers are so stiff she cannot write. Friends would mean a lot.

Mrs. Louis H. Keller, Rt. 1, Lincoln, Nebr., had a stroke recently. She had been supporting her invalid husband and two small sons, and this is quite a blow to all of them. Send her a word of cheer.

A card shower has been asked for Max Cunningham, Axtell Hospital, Princeton, Mo., who has been ill. Also for Betty Jo Smith, Rt. 1, c/o Sam Smith, Harris, Mo. Age 22. She is in a wheel chair.

Mrs. A. G. Elander, Rt. 2, Pleasant Dale, Nebr., would like old dolls and parts of dolls. She repairs them, using the parts to fill in on the dolls that can be fixed. She has been badly handicapped all her life, and the past two years has been confined to bed or wheel chair by arthritis. She can also use quilt pieces.

Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, 120 West B St., Glendale, Ariz., whom many of you know, has been shut in for 41 years. The past 15 years she has spent in bed. She has been very ill this fall and needs your cheering letters.

Did you send that box of jigsaw puzzles to Miss Any Farnham, Ladies G. A. R. Home, Anoka, Minn.?



FOR THE CHILDREN

ALFRED, THE MISCHIEVOUS SKUNK

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time, long, long before you were born, there lived a little skunk named Alfred. Alfred was not only a very mischievous little skunk, but he was a very proud little skunk as well. He was proud of his lovely silk black coat, which had nary a stripe on it the way skunks have now.

But alas, nobody ever noticed Alfred's nice black coat, because they were too busy scolding him for the naughty things he did. Even his mother scolded him. One day the Good Fairy who dwelt in the forest whispered into his ear.

"Alfred," she said, "why don't you make a New Year's Resolution to be a good little skunk? I am sure that your mother would be very pleased if you would only try." Now Alfred really loved his mother very much, so he hung his head and said, "Yes, I will try very hard to be good this year."

"And if you are not," continued the Good Fairy, "I am going to make a big white stripe down the middle of your shiny black coat for every time that you misbehave." Poor little Alfred! He put his nose between his paws and wondered how in the world he was going to be good for a whole year.

Now the first day, Alfred did pretty well. He saw three little bats hanging by their toes from a limb, but he clenched his teeth and passed them by without throwing a single snowball.

The second day he spied Mrs. Flat-tail Beaver lying on the creek bank, her tail stretched out behind her, but Alfred resisted the temptation to drop an icicle on it and scurried about his business.

But the third day! Early in the morning he saw Mrs. Bobtail Rabbit getting a drink from the creek. Alfred gave her a wee push. Mrs. Rabbit careened wildly for a moment and then fell with a big plop! right into the cold water. Alfred laughed and laughed, and poor Mrs. Rabbit climbed out, shook the water from her fur and scampered home to get dry. As for Alfred, he glanced into the water and suddenly stopped laughing—for there, right down the middle of his fine black coat was a big, broad white stripe. My, he was ashamed. He hung his head and went slowly toward the timber, thinking how sad his mother would be that he had ruined his coat.

And then, right before his eyes, he saw old Elisha Squirrel hop into a hollow log. Alfred had always liked to tease old Elisha, because it was such fun to hear his chatter. So now, there he was, inside the hollow log,

with nothing sticking out but his long, fluffy tail. Alfred forgot all about his coat. He sneaked to the log, grabbed old Elisha's tail and tied it into a great big knot. Then how he laughed! He sat on the log and held his little tummy and laughed until the tears rolled down his face. It was a long time before he noticed that old Elisha was laughing just as hard as Alfred was. He was pointing to Alfred and saying, "Oh, ho ho! Whoever saw a skunk with stripes! Ho!Ho!"

Alfred hastily glanced around, and sure enough, there were now two stripes down his black coat. Suddenly the knot wasn't funny anymore, and Alfred slipped away into the forest.

Thus it went, day after day, until finally Alfred was so covered with stripes that the Good Fairy could not find a place to add another one. So the Good Fairy said that from that day on, all skunks would wear coats with stripes. And have you noticed? They do!

A BIRD CAFE

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

If you boys and girls want to have some fun and do something really worth while too, why not open a "Bird Cafe" at your house this winter? Birds, you know, are not squeamish about what you feed them or how you feed them.

Set your Christmas tree out in the yard and tie pieces of crusts or suet to the branches. Fine mesh bags tied on securely make excellent holders for coarser feed.

Mother took just a tin coffee can lid, nailed it upon a high grape-vine post and kept it filled with crumbs, table scraps and cracked corn. The birds were especially delighted with a dessert of broken nut meats.

My cousin took a wooden box and knocked the bottom out of it leaving just the four sides. He placed the "bottom end" against the south kitchen window. Now by merely raising the window, he can fill lids with feed



Rose Ann Putz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Putz, Brainard, Nebr., is holding her doll that can almost pass for a real live baby.

and water. What fun it is to sit near the window and watch the birds feeding there! He is especially thrilled when the gay cardinal visits his cafe.

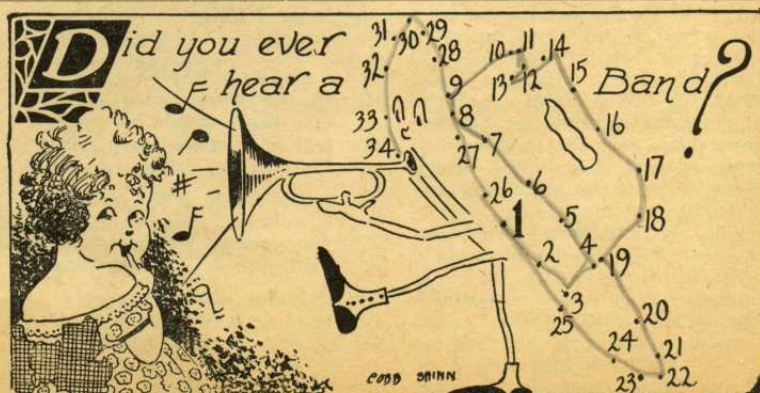
You do not need a fancy place to feed the birds. Just any wooden platform filled with crumbs or seeds becomes a banquet table to the hungry birds when snow and ice buries all available food. Or just brush the snow away from a spot in the yard and put food on the bare ground.

Birds like all kinds of seed—apple seed, sun-flower seed or your pet canary might like to donate some of his seed to his feathered friends. Chicken feed, rolled oats, pieces of dried apple, raisins, dried cake or cookies, suet, cracked corn or other grain,—all these mean a feast to the birds.

So hurry and fix your bird feeding station and see how many different birds will patronize your bird cafe. And next summer these birds will repay you by helping rid your gardens and orchards of destructive bugs and insects.

GARDEN MARKERS

Draw the picture of a vegetable at the top of each stick (you can trace over carbon paper if necessary), trim the top of the stick to match the shape of the vegetable and paint them with enamel. If it is impossible for you to draw, paste pictures on the sticks and shellac over them.



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

February Ads due January 1.
March Ads due February 1.
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A FINE LITTLE GIFT FOR THE FLOWER LOVER: 6 seeds of the rare *Xanthoeceras Sorbifolia* 25¢. A package of the very best plant food, 15¢. Fanny M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON ALL MAKES OF WATCHES. Send yours for free estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

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CROCHETED POTHOLDERS, 75¢ pr. Pansies \$1 pr. Mrs. George Honold, Coon Rapids, Ia.

CROCHETED COFFEE - TABLE DOILIES, oval pineapple, 22x15, 20x12, white \$3. Butterfly chair set \$4, two sets \$7, white, ecru, 24x17. Davenport set, \$6, white, ecru, 38x17. Tea aprons, pineapple, white, medium, large, \$3. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

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PEKINGESE YARN DOGS, \$2. Aprons organdy, \$1.25, crocheted \$2.50, doilies 75¢ up. Pillow case lace, \$1 pr. Mrs. Geo. Brotherson, Box 266, Wall Lake, Ia.

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PUT MORE SPARK IN THOSE AID MEETINGS!

By Mabel Nair Brown

Now that the annual fall supper and the Christmas bazaar are events of the past, are you wondering how to prevent that late winter slump in your Ladies Aid meetings? Then let's see if we can't maintain the early-winter enthusiasm and feeling of good fellowship by planning meetings so different and interesting that the members can't resist attending lest they really miss something.

Any group of women may doze off during a routine dry reading of a lesson on Iran or India, but I defy them to nod or to look bored if the lesson "comes to life" through the use of movies or colored slides. In addition to the pictures used to illustrate her talk, the leader should try to locate some articles which were made in the country under discussion; such articles might include chinaware, novelty ornaments, handkerchiefs, linens, vases and pottery. Make it a participation lesson by having two or three friends display the articles as the speaker talks.

If slides or movies aren't available, try making your own. To do this secure pictures from magazines, newspapers, postcard collections and other sources. With scotch tape fasten them to an ordinary window shade on a roller (remember to arrange them from bottom to top so that as you talk you can gradually unroll the shade to pictures that illustrate your point). Small articles such as handkerchiefs, brooches, etc., could also be fastened to this "shade" movie.

And do talk (or visit); don't read about your assigned country if you can possibly avoid it. Better a few mistakes in your own inimitable style than a trite, dry paper on mere facts.

Had you ever thought of working in cooperation with the refreshment committee so that some particular food, typical of the country studied, could be served? I attended such a meeting where the speaker concluded her talk dramatically by introducing two women, both dressed in Chinese costume, who carried in a huge platter of steaming chow mein which they served with hot rolls and tea—very effective!

A lesson featuring the music of your church should prove most interesting. With the assistance of the choir director, organist or pianist and some vocalists, a lovely program could be "unfolded" as the leader intersperses notes on the history of certain selections, highlights on composers, etc. Plan for the entire group to join in singing a few favorite hymns.

An illustrated talk on religious art will enrich the devotional part of the meeting if it is used in conjunction with the Scripture. Such pictures as

The Last Supper, The Good Shepherd, or Christ Blessing the Little Children, are good examples. To carry this through in detail let's suppose that you choose The Last Supper.

Place the large picture on an easel so that all may see it. If possible, let there be a soft musical background as the Scripture is read. Then the speaker can begin by telling something about the artist—how he came to paint this picture, where the original painting is now located, and so forth. Then she can go on to point out the disciples, calling attention to their facial expression and what each signifies. She can also call attention to the coloring, simplicity of the table setting, etc. The local library can probably furnish interesting material about certain paintings, and your local minister will no doubt be able to help you locate books on religious art which will prove helpful.

One of the finest results of our Ladies Aid is the spiritual and social fellowship derived from it. Carry this feeling over to include the entire family by having family church night once a month this winter. These nights can begin with a cooperative supper, although some churches prefer that different groups of the Aid take turns serving the supper at cost; this gives mother an occasional night off from meal planning and cooking. Reservations are made in advance, if this plan is followed, so that the ladies will know how many to expect.

A program of movies, short talks, Bible quizzes, instrumental and vocal music and group singing follows the supper. Allow some time for social visiting and for games for the youngsters. In preparing the program be sure to plan something that the children will enjoy as well as the adults.

For those special meetings try having a "Who Dunnit?" exhibit and sale. Ask each member to bring to the meeting a package in which she has wrapped some unusual article made out of materials on hand at home. After all have assembled the packages are unwrapped and numbered. The women are then given paper and pencil and in a stated time they try to list each article and the name of the person whom she thinks made it. The person having the most nearly correct list may have her choice of the articles. The rest of the articles may be sold at the meeting or put away for sale at a future bazaar.

The success of this idea depends upon each person entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing; thus there will be friendly rivalry and all kinds of articles produced ranging from crocheted novelties, unusual favors and kitchen wall plaques to clever homemade toys, purses and winter bouquets—a wealth of good ideas for gift lists in the future.

An "It's New To Me" luncheon to precede your afternoon meeting will be fun and will also add a tidy sum to your treasury. Solicit each member for a dish which is made from a new recipe in her file. There will be lots of fun in comparing dishes and sharing recipes. Each woman could make five copies of the recipe she used and each member wishing a copy



This happy little girl is Sharon Brown. She's wildly eager to start to school but her mother, Mabel Nair Brown, says that she has one more full year to wait.

of some certain recipe could make a contribution to the silver offering.

P. S. Don't get your galoshes or rubbers mixed up at your meetings. Carry a snap clothes pin in your purse (write your name on it or enamel it some gay color) and snap your galoshes together when you take them off.

CLUTTERED

Baby fingers on the wall. Jam remains to tell the tale.
Apple cores out in the hall. Here and there I see a nail.
Dolls stare solemnly at me. Blocks I stumbled o'er today.
Hobby horses do I see, galloping right in my way.
Cluttered is the word some use.
"How can you walk?" I hear them say.
But when they're gone, Oh, what I'll lose! I must enjoy them while I may.
Let me enjoy them now, I pray.
—Eileen Derr

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