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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Number 1 •



Emily Driftmier wishes a Happy New Year to you. Photo by Verness



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

This afternoon I find it just a little hard to start my letter to you for it always seems somewhat risky to me to tell you about what I think will happen in the time between writing this letter and the moment when you take our magazine out of the mail box.

If everything works out as we expect it to, I will be in California, or almost there, when you read this. This is a trip that Mart and I hadn't expected to make—in fact, all through the fall and early winter we said that we planned to be at home all winter and meant what we said.

But have you ever had seven children get after you about anything? If so, you know that you might as well give in. That's what happened to us this winter. Our children insisted that we get away from the worst of the cold weather and all but packed our suitcases and put us in the car. They said they thought there had been a clear understanding that we were to get away for at least part of the winter as long as we were able to travel, and we had to agree that there had been such an understanding and that we were still able to travel.

Our present plans call for leaving home a couple of days after Christmas. We'll swing as far South as possible and spend about a week on the road. Our destination is Redlands once again for we've made good friends there and anticipate seeing them. When Mart and I first went to California three years ago we worried a lot about what we'd do in a hotel where we knew almost no one—we were afraid we'd get awfully homesick and homesick so far from our family and old friends, but now we have new friends to anticipate seeing and familiar places to visit.

Lucile and Margery will carry on our daily radio program, and from the letters they receive I know that they have countless friends who enjoy the team that they make. This year I am taking with me the tape recorder that Mart bought last summer, and I can send back accounts of various things that I think might interest you. The girls can play these from time to time, so I won't feel that I'm really cut off from our radio visits.

And speaking of radio visits reminds me to tell you that Wayne came up last night to ask me to thank you, in this letter, for all the friendly comments you took time to write after he came in to visit with you one morning about putting your rose garden to bed for the winter. He hadn't been near the microphone since he was a small boy years ago when we broadcast a morning worship program from our home, and he felt a little uneasy about talking over the radio. Many of you said that he sounded like his Uncle Henry, and I believe that there is quite a family resemblance.

One of the nicest memories I have of this past fall was our trip to Saint Joseph, Missouri to make a personal appearance over radio station KFEQ. Wayne, Lucile, Juliana, Margery and I all got into the car early that morning and drove down, and as we rode along we mentioned various friends whom we hoped to see. We had no way of knowing how many would make the effort to go to the Robidoux Hotel to greet us, so it came as a wonderful surprise to find that the Crystal Room was filled long before time for our program to go on, and I can tell you that it was a great thrill to look over that sea of faces on the main floor and in the balconies. Our only regret was that so many had to be turned away for lack of room, but it was a circumstance that none of us could foresee and consequently couldn't avoid. The only way to make up for it is to say once again that most of the time we're right at home in Shenandoah and can visit with you when you come to our town.

Since I last wrote to you I have had two grand-nieces arrive, both in November. Brother Henry's youngest daughter, Letty, became the mother of a baby girl, her first child, and they are getting along fine at their home in Marseilles, Illinois. She was named Jean Anne. The other arrival was Cinda Lou Shambaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Shambaugh of Des Moines. This is the third grandchild for my sister Jessie. She took care of little Joseph while his mother was in the hospital with Cinda Lou. I told Jessie the other day that we wanted a picture of her three grandchildren as soon as they could get one lined up, so

perhaps before long we can share that with you.

My sister Susan Conrad made a brief visit with us in late November. She expected to go into Minnesota and Wisconsin on her lecture tour after she left us, so I imagine that some of you who read this will have an opportunity to hear her and to see her demonstrate the art of making pottery.

We also had a nice visit recently with my niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband, Clay. Their eldest son, Fritz, is a student at Oberlin, and their younger son, Karl, has been working hard on his oratorical entry for the contest, I Speak for Democracy. He won first place in the Iowa City district, and when I heard about his efforts it reminded me of the days when Frederick was spending a lot of time on such contests.

Donald has written that he expects to spend two days with us around Christmas time. Before returning home he hopes to go from Anderson, Indiana, where he is located, to visit Donald Hansen at the Veteran's hospital in Chicago. Edith, Donald's mother, tells me that she expects to spend Christmas in Chicago since her son is unable to come home.

Martin's Christmas this year will really mean something to him. He talks at great length about "Sanda Klauks" and his Uncle Howard has coached him well on the list of things he wants. Several weeks ago Martin locked himself in the downstairs bathroom and there was no earthly way to get him out except to break down the door. Mary Leanna did this in the second-floor bathroom when they lived in Honolulu and the fire department had to rescue her! I'm afraid that our local fire department could have done only what we did—break in the door—so we just went ahead ourselves.

We had a grand day with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin not long ago. Wayne, Abigail and little Emily went with us and it was really a happy time. Dorothy has only a few days of Christmas vacation but they plan to have Christmas Eve with the Johnsons and then come down here the next day for dinner with us. We'll have our tree as usual on Christmas Eve, and all of the children and grandchildren here in town can be with us.

Don't you agree that our little cover girl this month is a darling? I love to take care of her when Abigail is busy shopping or out to some afternoon engagement, and I'll miss her sadly when we go away.

I hope and pray that this year will bring you health, happiness and prosperity. It's my prayer too that we'll be granted many years in this next half-century to maintain the warm friendships that have existed now for a long, long time. Please write to my girls while I'm gone, and if you want to tuck in greetings to me, they'll forward them right on.

Always affectionately,
Leanna.

Come into the Garden

GARDENING IN 1950

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

"The year ahead, what will it bring?
At least we may be sure of spring."

The poet's words are true. Spring will come and that means planting time. Before planting time should come planning time. That is what gardeners can be doing this month with the aid of the new seed and nursery catalogs.

What are your garden plans for the year ahead? Had you thought to make it a year to specialize in some certain plant? Of course continue to have many varieties of flowers but it can be fun to give special attention to some certain kind of plant in order to grow it to near perfection.

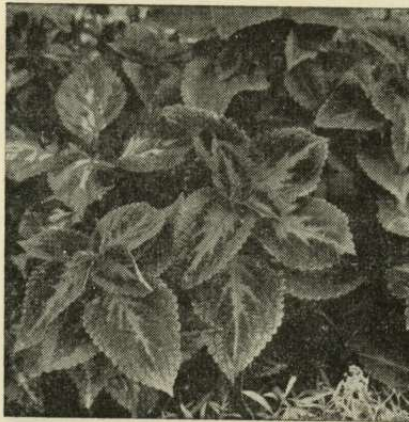
One gardener may select Sweet Peas. He will buy good seeds, study their soil requirements and plant early. He will be alert to moisture needs and provide adequate climbing facilities. He will be ready to battle plant aphids and see that faded blossoms are removed promptly. The results should be the finest Sweet Peas in the neighborhood.

Another gardener may decide to try Primulas even though the climatic conditions are not ideal. He will study Primrose books and articles and talk or write to successful Primrose growers. If he succeeds in getting beautiful blossoms, that gardener has every right to be very happy of his achievement. Extra attention will produce outstanding Iris, the finest Hemerocallis, prize-winning Peonies or the ultra in Roses. Not until we see the garden of one who concentrates his efforts on Lilies or Narcissi, are we aware that such beautiful flowers do exist in colors and forms undreamed of.

One having a shady garden may decide to collect Hostas and grow them to perfection. There are gardeners who have mastered just the right procedure for success each year with Pansies, Gladiolus or Dahlias—each requiring a different method of handling.

Perhaps your choice will be Delphiniums—short, tall, middle-sized—each has its place and time in the garden. Do you like Marigolds? Scan the seed catalogs—it will take a good-sized plot to accommodate all the interesting diversity of flower forms found in Marigolds from dwarf Tagetes up to Sunset Giants, single and double, carnation-flowered, mum-flowered and crested forms. Just as interesting are Zinnias, annual Asters or Petunias. Snapdragons offer another challenge.

You may decide to specialize in Painted Daisies this year, or Columbines, Penstemons or Chrysanthemums. For unbelievable color combinations and leaf patterns buy a packet of Coleus seeds. You may wish you could grow your own Straw-



Coleus surprises one with its color combinations and leaf patterns. Photo by Olga Rolf Tiemann

flowers or Gourds. You can—now is the time to plan for them.

Learn the requirements of the special plants you want to try—acid or alkaline soil, wet or dry conditions, sun or shade. Determine whether seeds or plants are best, and when to plant. If you are undecided about the ideal planting time, divide the packet and try several ways—the old adage about not putting "all your eggs in one basket" holds good here.

And "if at first you don't succeed, try again!"

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A PROGRAM?

Last winter we announced that we had made arrangements to send kodachrome slides to organized groups, and since the first of September, 1949 we have sent them to many, many places. However, there have been so many inquiries about the various details that we thought it wise to state once again exactly what is available.

A large number of garden clubs have used our collection titled *Midwestern Flowers*. There are approximately 53 slides in this group and it makes a good program for those who are interested in flowers.

Aside from the collection *Midwestern Flowers* we can offer three other sets of slides. 1. *Hawaii and Our Southern States*; 2. *The West*; 3. *California*. There are about 53 or 54 slides in each set and a detailed lecture accompanies them. All of these slides are in natural color, and to show them you will need a 35 mm. projector and a screen suitable for showing any type of film. We would like to make it clear too that these are what is known as "still" pictures—not movies. In most communities there is at least one person who has a 35 mm. projector and screen who will lend them to a responsible group. A number of people have told us that they secured the necessary equipment from the high school or a drug store.

All of the photographs in these four collections were taken by members of our family. We sent our original prints in to have duplicates made, so when you see them you are looking at the same thing you would see if you could step into our living room here in Shenandoah.

There have been so many requests for these collections that we want to emphasize the fact that it is wise to set a date quite some time in advance. We always do our best to sandwich in requests, but you'll run much less risk of being disappointed for a given date if you give us plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements. We ask too that you return the slides within 24 hours after using them in order that some other group may not be disappointed.

The only charge for using them is \$1.00 to cover the cost of handling them and getting them into the mail.

If you have been looking around for a different type of program, perhaps one of these collections would answer your needs. Lucile keeps the files on our kodachromes and tries to answer all requests promptly, so write directly to her (Lucile Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa) if you are interested.

—Leanna.

WORDS OF COMFORT

One of my brother Henry's close friends was Reverend E. M. Frentzel, for many years a resident of Shenandoah but now the pastor of the Trinity Lutheran Church in Fredericktown, Mo. He came here in October to give a touching tribute at Henry's funeral, and after his return home wrote a letter that I found most comforting. I would like to share these extracts from it with you.

"I want to thank you deeply for the nice letter you sent me commenting on the words I spoke at the funeral of your dear brother, Henry Field, my very, very good friend. I meant every word I said, and I could have said much more in praise of 'Henry Himself'. There was only one Henry Field, and there will never be another. I wish he could have stayed with us longer. We need men like him, men who preach and live the simple, honest life, men who read the Bible and believe it. If we had men like Henry Field in our government offices, the world would not be in the trouble that we are in now. We need men who are unselfish, humble, honest, industrious, willing to work, men who still believe in our American institutions, men with convictions and the courage to stand up for them.

"We do miss his letters for never was a man more prompt in replying to letters. And we were looking forward with happy anticipation to Mr. and Mrs. Field's visit in their trailer. Now that will never be. Still, God's ways are good, and we say: 'Thy will be done'."

Ideals are like stars—we never reach them, but like mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them.—Carl Schurz.

A GOLD-RUSH JOURNAL

By Stephen W. Eastman

PART III

July 10: We arose somewhat rested from the trip we made yesterday—23 hours on our feet without a moment's rest. We'd expected to travel only 35 miles into Green River, but it turned out to be 52 miles and we were one set of thirsty, used up boys when we got through. We launched our boat, lashed a log on each side to steady her, and then ran our wagons right on, loads and all, and by sundown had them all on the west side of the river. Since one of our boat cattle died and the rest were somewhat used up, it was concluded best to sell the old craft at auction to the highest bidder, so Dr. Greenman, Mr. Watson, Ellis B. Dunn of Indiantown, Illinois and myself, bid her off at \$106.00. We intended to ferry until we earned enough to buy each of us a horse and then overtake our train.

There were four other boats on the river but we all had business aplenty at \$4.00 per wagon. We ferried five days and cleared \$105.00 each. Then we sold the Crusier of the Mist for \$100.00 and bid her farewell. Dr. Greenman had been sick for two days but he managed to get on a horse for which he paid \$60.00 and we started for Camp Creek, six miles from Green River.

The rest of us, unable to find horses, reached the creek a little after dark. Early Wednesday morning I found that I'd never be able to walk it for my feet had been soaked in water at the ferry until they were perfectly parboiled. I soon found a pony that had been hurt with a pack saddle until he was of no use to the packers, so I paid \$22.00 for him and rode him whenever I could not walk.

Reached Bear River Thursday evening. This stream is 50 yards wide but doesn't have many fish in it. Bear River Valley is from one to eight miles wide and as fine a grazing country as I ever saw anywhere. We found a night's lodging, supper and breakfast with Captain Spencer whom we had ferried over a few days earlier. Doctor found himself badly fatigued with two days travel but thought he would make the effort to go on. Watson and Dunn left us—they were impatient to overtake their train.

July 20: About nine o'clock we came up with a train from Illinois and I saw George Johnson. I once worked for him two months on the Fox River but had never seen him again in seven years until I met him at the ferry. He invited me to travel with them a few days and recruit cattle; I readily accepted this for ferrying is awful hard work and traveling 36 miles per day, mostly afoot, doesn't rest one much. They only planned to travel five hours a day. A nice family in the train invited the doctor to ride in one of their wagons and this was a great relief to him for riding horseback had nearly worn him out. Camped that night on a branch of Bear River, a deep riley stream 15 feet wide coming in from the northwest.



When Martin first learned to look at books Margery thought that it took forever to get through a few pages. However, that was nothing compared to the time it takes now that he "tells the story" in full detail.

July 21: Left the river and traveled over some very steep, high hills 15 miles to cut off a bend in the river. Where we struck the river there was a small Indian village of 8 or 9 lodges of the Panach tribe. Charles Nido, who had been in the mountains 19 years, was with them. He had married a squaw and had six children; two of them he was schooling at a mission in the Flathead tribe and he told me he intended to school the others at the City of the Lakes.

I traded him my pony for a sorrel mare, paying him \$50.00 difference. Left him about noon and after riding pretty brisk came to where the train was camped at four in the afternoon.

July 23: The doctor and I rode 25 miles today where we found Watson and Dunn. Watson had been attacked with the mountain fever and this detained them for two days.

July 24: Got a hearty drink of soda water from a large spring where the gas was continually boiling out, splashing and throwing the water at a great rate. We next visited Steamboat Springs where we found water thrown 3 to 4 feet into the air. Four miles from here we came to where Myers Cut-off left the old road by Fort Hall. It was an old mule trail but had never been traveled by wagon until the 19th of this month, but since that time nearly all the teams have taken it.

There were a great many notices at the junction of the road, but not one scratch could we find to inform us which road our train had taken. After a short consultation, however, we concluded to take the Cut-off, which we entered at one o'clock on the 24th. Found the road hilly, but excellent grass and plenty of fine water with the exception of 23 miles where not a drop was to be found.

Thursday evening just as we had come across the stretch and were quenching our thirst at the spring, we were roused by the voice of a

man saying, "Come quick, doctor, he is going." We stepped to the tent where we found that a young man from Marshall County, Illinois, was dying right then of scrofula. His name was Franklin Bates. Doctor could do nothing to help him.

July 28: Reached the forks of the road about eleven o'clock and learned that five of the pioneer wagons had taken the Cut-off and were one or two days ahead; of the others, now numbering ten, four had gone by Salt Lake and six by the Fort Hall route and were half a day back. The three men who were with me belonged with the wagons ahead, so they went on and I went back and found my company camped on Raft River, everyone well and the cattle looked fine.

Fort Hall is situated on the Snake River 5 or 6 miles from the crossing of the Portneuff River. There were many Indians of the Snake and Walla Walla tribes around the Fort. This Fort was established by the English and is still occupied by them as a trading post; they had just come in from Fort Vancouver with 80 horses packed with goods to be traded to the Indians. Our boys complained they were in danger of being eat up with the mosquitoes while in the neighborhood of the Fort. There's no way you can conquer them.

August 3: Made 33 miles in the past two days and that's not bad for rough country. I saw a large drove of mountain sheep and some elk, but they kept out of shooting distance.

August 6: It's been a struggle to find grass and water. The wagons before us have eaten off grass on the trail and we've had to go off several miles to find any for the cattle. Today we came to a Hot Springs and the water was so hot that we could not hold our hands in it for an instant.

August 9: We can't make much time in this rough country. Today we had to cross one creek nine times. I went hunting today and took only one biscuit to eat. Killed a rabbit in the forenoon, broiled it and ate it for dinner without salt. In the afternoon I killed one sage hen and two wild geese. Reached the river at nine o'clock 12 miles below where I started this morning and could see campfires on the other side, but the banks were so steep and the willows so thick that I couldn't find a place where my horse might cross. I gathered some wood, made a large fire, broiled the sage hen and ate it without bread or salt. Then I lay down by the fire and slept until morning.

August 11: Today when two of our men were out hunting they discovered five head of cattle which a man had been chasing until he was entirely outdone; he tried to drive them to the road but they were as wild as buffalo and a foot man could not get within 200 yards of them. Six of us, with the help of a horse, succeeded in getting them into camp and they were soon as gentle as any of our cattle. They had probably been driven away from some of the immigrants by the Indians.

(To Be Continued)

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Is there anything more wonderful in this life than the smile of a little child? There have been times when I have been sitting in my study, tired from the day's activity, worried about things left undone, concerned about some problem yet unsolved, when softly the door will open and a little blond head with bright blue eyes will peak around the corner. I look up from my desk to see our little Mary Leanna with a smile from ear to ear. As if by magic my cares vanish! Is there a soul so bleak that it cannot be warmed by the smile of a little child? Has God ever created anything more to be cherished?

In all of my travels about the world I have often seen people living in such poverty and distress that it would make one wonder why they make the effort to live at all. When people live in mud hovels, when their clothing is nothing but rags and their food nothing but black bread and beans, when they have none of the joys of leisure and all of the pains of servitude, what makes their life worth living? I have often wondered about that. The answer only recently occurred to me—their children. Wherever there are people living from one year to the next, there are children. Wherever there are children, people want to live.

One of the surest measures of the character of a man is his acceptance or rejection by children. If one is the kind of a person that children never warm up to, there is something drastically wrong. It is also true that no person can be all bad, no matter how terrible his crime, if he is liked by little children.

We had a lot of excitement here the other day. One of our boys was presented with a birthday cake, and certainly it was the most lavish birthday cake I have ever seen. The cake was in three tiers like a wedding cake. Each of the three tiers was square, not round. On each side of each tier was painted in bright, colored frosting some scene from the life here at The Choate School. The whole cake was set on a small, silver turntable that revolved electrically and played the tune, "Happy Birthday To You." The cake was too beautiful to eat, but do you think for one moment that I could convince the boy of that? No indeed! The cake was eaten that very day.

I have finally and at long last come to the conclusion that I am definitely approaching middle age and should no longer think of myself a young man. Young men don't feel the cold; I do. Right now there is snow on the ground here in Wallingford and it is really cold, but as I sit here at my desk I see lots of boys walking the two blocks across our campus from the chapel to the science building with nothing more on than they wear inside all of the time. How on earth do they do it? From the number of boys I see walking around out of doors without proper warm clothing, it would seem that our school infirmary would be filled



We turned back into our old family photograph album this month to find a picture that we wanted you to compare with another. On the cover this month you see Emily, the little daughter of Abigail and Wayne. Here you can see Emily's father when he was the same age. This picture was taken on the front step of his Grandfather Driftmier's house in Clarinda, Iowa. The year was 1920.

to overflowing, but such is not the case. Our boys at Choate are wonderfully healthy. The photographs I see in the family album are evidence of my own obliviousness to cold in days gone by, but believe me, those days are gone forever.

The thing we notice most about winter weather in New England after living in Bermuda and Hawaii for the past three years, is not the cold outside, but the dry heat on the inside. Until you have lived away from heated houses for a few years, you can't realize how hot and dry they can be. If I could find a good, inexpensive humidifier on the market, I would certainly buy it. We have steam-heated radiators in our house, and they do give off an awfully dry heat.

We shipped all of our personal effects from Hawaii last June first. The shipment arrived in Wallingford just a few days ago. Many of the things we had long ago forgotten we even owned. Mary Leanna's toys, most of them dating from last Christmas, were greeted by her just as though she had never seen them. Despite all of the months on the way, everything was in fine shape. I hope that it will be a long time before we want to move again.

We had a birthday party in our house last night. We have had a birthday party at least twice a month since coming to Choate. When you have fifteen boys living in the house, the birthdays come quite often. We always have the parties at nine-fifteen in the evening when all of their studying is done. By ten o'clock the party is over and they are all in bed. The boys who have birthdays during the summer months will be given one great big party at the end of the school year just before they leave for home.

You can well imagine that little Mary Leanna was quite thrilled with the first snow of the season. She had never seen snow until just recently. All morning long she stood at the window watching it fall and in the afternoon I took her out to play in it. Her first steps were very

cautious ones, and she wanted to hold onto my hand. She was most entertained by the figures that I drew in the snow and by her own tracks. If she is anything like her mother, her love of the snow will be great. All of the boys in the school are hoping that the weather will get cold and then stay cold. Cold weather is needed for our hockey rinks, and hockey is the main winter sport here. Last year there was so little cold weather that the hockey rinks were in good condition for only a day or two.

The other day Betty and I were discussing friendship and what it means to be a friend. I think that it all came about when someone during the day came to me and complained about having so very few friends. When talking it over with Betty I mentioned that most people have very few friends, and she agreed with me. It is often the case that even the most popular people in a community actually have very few friends. They may have hundreds of acquaintances, and most of the acquaintances may be very friendly people, but actual friends are few.

For many years one of my favorite quotations has been a bit of prose entitled: "What is a Friend?" I don't know who wrote it, but whoever it was, he certainly did know human nature. Here it is:

"What Is A Friend?"

"A friend is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse.

"When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you.

"With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful.

"You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands.

"You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves you.

"A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself."

Now isn't that a great passage? Read it over again and then count your real friends. You haven't very many have you? I do hope that you have at least one person who can measure up to this, for there is no one so strong that he does not need a friend.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET

Editorial Note: Of all the many letters that were received regarding this matter of making both ends meet financially, the following was chosen because it covered the subject both realistically and comprehensively. We finished reading this letter with a feeling of genuine respect for the young woman who has evolved such a sound philosophy from grappling with the many problems that must confront her day in and day out. We profited from this letter—and hope that you will too.

Dear Lucile: After six years of married life I have finally learned that I have married a man who, in spite of everything, has always given his family all of the necessities of life and many of the luxuries. He has accomplished this even though we have always lived on a very limited income. I firmly believe that if a woman puts her complete trust in her husband, makes his home as pleasant as possible and, above all, does not complain or find fault with his efforts, she will be rewarded with a man who strives extra hard to give his family the niceties as well as the necessities of life.

I have always been warned that some women can throw more out of the back door than their husbands can bring in the front. That is a very homely piece of advice, but it certainly brings out the fact that regardless of what her husband's income is, it is essentially the job of the wife to make it stretch.

With that bit of wisdom I'll outline our budget for you. As I say, it has taken six years of being married to a very patient and understanding husband and being very gently nudged and guided along the way by a wonderful mother to achieve any kind of order either in my home or finances. But now I feel that both are running fairly smoothly. They are hardly separable, as you probably know.

My husband is a student at the University. We have two little girls, four and five, and another on the way. Here is how our money goes:

Rent	\$39.50
Groceries	40.00
Milk	10.00
Bread	5.00
Insurance	16.00
Phone	3.16
Hospital insurance	5.00
Gas for car	10.00
Husband's pin money	4.00
Payment on bank loan	17.50
All others	10.00

We live in a Housing Project sponsored by the University which explains why our rent is so low and why we have no utilities included. We manage quite well on our grocery allotment. My family is not allowed to harbor food prejudices and all have very hardy appetites which are satisfied by meat-stretchable dishes, lots of vegetables and salads, and dessert just once a week.

We are adequately covered by insurance, both life and, for the girls,



One of the great thrills that we've experienced as a family came in November when we drove to Saint Joseph, Missouri to make a personal appearance at the Crystal Room in Hotel Robidoux through the auspices of station KFEQ. I must confess that we were completely unprepared for the crowd that was there to greet us! It made us resolve then and there to go back again for another opportunity to visit with our good friends who made such an effort to be there to welcome us. Saint Joseph is an interesting town and we felt that one could spend considerable time there looking at the points of interest.

education. What we would ordinarily save for doctor and hospital emergencies (also my coming confinement) we put in a type of insurance that also covers doctor's fees. The next two items are self-explanatory. My husband takes his lunch to school every day but one when he eats lunch with a fraternity group to which he belongs. That is 75¢ per week. The quarter that is left is a pitiful amount for a man to have as pin money but, as my husband doesn't smoke, he claims he gets along fine. He also carries the gas money for the car so in case he needs extra money he can use that and collect from all *All Others*. We are actually ashamed that we had to borrow money from the bank, but there were no subsistence checks in September or October and somehow the bills came due anyway. We will have our loan paid by Spring and then have vowed never to borrow again.

The *All Others* includes clothes, toilet articles, magazines, the little entertainment we have, etc. Our little girls have been extremely lucky in acquiring hand-me-downs from a little friend. They are in wonderful condition and with a dress added now and again by a grandmother or my sewing efforts, they do very nicely. My husband always requests shirts, underwear, socks, etc., for birthdays and Christmas, and other clothing needs are supplied by the \$10.00. I make practically all my clothes and get along with very few. By keeping a few good clothes always in repair and ready to go we have actually achieved the reputation for a well-dressed family without having a lot of clothes. I have very few things saved for the baby we expect this winter. Having two babies just a year apart rather depleted the supply of baby clothes I had. My husband's mother has very graciously offered to buy diapers and shirts and I will

make flannel gowns and nighties. A friend has offered a bassinet and we have a large baby bed. I'm sure gifts will take care of the little luxury items that are every new baby's heritage.

Now for our income. As I said, my husband has never failed us yet and when one job is finished he always manages to find another to take its place. So, although over a year's time his part-time jobs may be varied, our income stays fairly static.

Veteran's subsistence	\$120.00
R.O.T.C. subsistence	27.00
Laboratory assistantship ..	14.00
Additional laboratory work ..	26.00

These figures put our income at \$187.00 a month and our expenses at \$161.51 which leaves \$25 to put in the bank. It never seems to spend the whole month there, but we do try to save it just for emergencies. Also the check we write to our church every month comes out of here. I'm not at all proud to say that this is usually just \$5.00. This doesn't include our Sunday School money, of course.

That is our budget story. It has seemed to work pretty well, mainly, I think, because it has had to work. I am truly thankful for these lean years while my husband is completing his education. When our income is larger we will have learned what the truly important things in life are. I'm sure we won't fritter our money away on useless things. Our extra cash then can go for music lessons, more books and records, our church and things that will enrich our lives and our children's lives much more than idle dollars in the bank. The important thing now, we feel, is to keep our home happy and serene, our children healthy and content and our marriage full of mutual love and understanding. The things money can buy will have to wait.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Let's start the New Year right by doing some helpful thing for some shutin person. Little Miss Harris is a four year old who had polio, and now has to get about with the aid of crutches and a brace. Some letters or playthings would give her a thrill. Send in care of Calvin Harris, Orson, Iowa. Another four year old is Richard Messenger. He has rheumatic fever and that means he has to be kept very quiet. Send something that he can play with in bed. Address in care of Dale Messenger, Pisgah, Iowa.

Roy Strejcek, 918 E 90 St., Los Angeles 2, Calif., is 15. He was in a car accident and had his right arm pretty badly hurt. He will be in a cast and splints for several months. His pet hobby is U. S. stamp collecting, and he would like to hear from other collectors but would also enjoy mail of all kinds. It will be March before he can go back to school.

Cards have been asked for Mrs. Birtha Andersen, 1817 Fourth Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa. She is about 75, and is alone since the death of her husband early this year. She would especially like to hear from Swedish people. Mrs. Geo. H. Flint, Rt. 2, Spencer, Iowa, has been in poor health for a long time and would enjoy getting some letters.

Mrs. Nellie Anderson, Rankin, Ill., has spent the last 30 years in a wheel chair or in bed. She was quite ill all summer but is up in her chair part time now. She loves to get letters and writes nice answers but must have a stamp for mailing.

Many of you have become acquainted with Mildred Woodbury through this column. She has been a bed patient for many years with a spinal ailment that causes severe pain and a partial paralysis. She has no relatives and has depended on a friend to come in and look after her. The friend died and Mildred is in sad shape now. She needs cheer the worst kind of a way. A Kitchen-Klatter reader who lives in Chicago planned to go and see what could be done but she met with an accident before she had a chance to go and I'm wondering if there is someone else there who could investigate and perhaps interest a Sunday School class or club in the case. Mildred lives at 627 S Ashland Ave., Chicago 7, Ill. Please write me about her.

Chester Shore is now in the Faushie Nursing Home, Worthington, Minn. He is in a wheel chair. Send cards. Mrs. Fern Montgomery, 175 Talmadge St., Madison 1, Wisc., would enjoy mail. She has arthritis and cannot walk or even sit up long at a time. Another wheel chair goer is Mrs. Frank H. Kasowski, 505 W. Kirkwood St., Fairfield, Iowa. She would like some quilt pieces and some letters. Verna Manke, Malcom, Nebraska, is to have an operation on her knee and will be in a cast for some time. She wants Quaker Oatmeal coupons. Edith Sellers, 23 Jacoby St., Walnut Grove, Johnstown, Pa., would enjoy mail. She suffers terribly with arthritis.

For Juliana and Kristin

When I awoke this morning,
And when I looked outside—
I saw a wondrous fairyland...
My eyes grew very wide!

The angels had shaken their featherbeds
Some time during the night,
The cedar boughs were just covered
With feathers snowy white.

A puffy, huge white marshmallow
Sat on the top of each post,
And kitty jumped through little drifts
Like a shadowy small gray ghost.

The roof tops were covered with sugar,
And the sidewalks with frosting, I know.

Oh!—Mother—do you suppose
It could possibly be only snow?

—Marvelle Hansen,
Weeping Water, Nebr.

HOBBY COLUMN

This month we had a desk cleaning, so to speak, and lined up a number of hobby items that had accumulated. Over and over again we receive letters from people who tell us that they've made good friends through correspondence that originated because of this column, and many collections had been tremendously increased as a result.

We would like to publish hobby items but feel that some limitations must be made. There is no charge, of course, for listing these items, but space is limited and in order to give everyone an equal chance we must ask that you do not go into great detail as to what you want. We believe that if you will merely state your hobby and give your full address, anyone who is interested will write directly to you. In this way you can work out an exchange that will be mutually profitable, or can make arrangements to buy what you want at a fair price.

I'm sure you understand why we can't serve as a go-between in any transactions. Let's keep this column for a simple statement of the hobby, and then each person who is concerned can take care of any mail that results. It's a good way to make new friends, so we're willing to do what we can to bring this about.

Buttons, particularly antiques — Mrs. Kate Brogan, 3333 10th Ave., Sacramento, Calif.

Glass pitchers and china clocks.— Mrs. Edward Gregor, 828 S. Cedar, Owatonna, Minn.

Pencils—Mrs. James Mayo, Toledo, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Ira Waldmeier, 614 Sycamore, Burlington, Iowa.

Antique china and glass.—Mrs. C. W. Carlson, RFD 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

Buttons and marbles.—Mrs. Jerome E. Kober, 933 Adams St., Great Bend, Kansas.

Antique toothpick holders.—Mrs. E. J. Porter, 17561 Brinson, Rt. 2, Wyandotte, Michigan.

View cards.—Marvin Wirtz, c/o Mrs. Dewey Becker, Rt. 4, Boone, Iowa.

China, gold colored salt and pepper shakers and gold colored novelties.—Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Grand Junction, Iowa.

Song books, religious poetry.—Mrs. Henry Linn, Pilot Mound, Iowa.

View cards and advertising pencils (unsharpened).—Mrs. A. G. Schach, Box 182, Wisner, Nebraska.

Shakers and crocheted pot holders.—Mrs. Albert Schewe, 307 W. Madison St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

M. Z. Austria china.—Mrs. Thomas Marsh, Blooming Prairie, Minn.

Earrings for unpierced ears.—Mrs. Elizabeth Schmidt, 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

Small Vases.—Clara Ehlers, 512 Marshall, San Antonio, Texas.

Necklaces, earrings and aprons.—Mrs. C. R. Van Dame, 1930 Princeton Drive, Toledo 9, Ohio.

Stamps and foreign correspondents.—Mrs. Charles Niss, Rt. 3, Pierz, Minn.

Crocheted pot holders.—Mrs. Roy Bryan, Mt. Ayr, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers. — Mrs. Arthur Bogue, State Center, Iowa.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Minnie Raynor, Rt. 1, Akron, Iowa.

View cards and stamps. — Mrs. Lela Watson, Maryville, Mo.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

God—give me the courage to forget
my Yesterdays

And welcome the challenge of today.
Give me the gallantry to discard

Needless fear and remorse,
Childish caution and pettiness,

And give me wings
Wherewith to brave

Those far horizons
Which lie beyond our common
existence.

Let me live life splendidly—
But be ready to give up life
laughingly—

And always, whatever the hazards,
Help me to realize

That life is a little thing
Beside the tall avenues of death.

So, take my heart and strengthen it
For whatever may lie ahead

Whether it be in these four walls
I call my home,

Or on some foreign battlefield.
This is my prayer.

—Unknown

TIRED

Honey, I've tired!

I've tired of sittin' and I've
tired of sighin';

I've tired of livin' and I
wouldn't mind dyin'.

Honey, I've tired!

I've tired of chicken and I've
tired of cake;

I even had a chill and was too
tired to shake.

Honey, I've tired!

—Author unknown.



"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BARBECUED CHEESE BUNS

6 sandwich buns split in shallow pan cut side up. Mix together and pour over buns:

- 1 1/2 cups diced cheese
- 3 hard cooked eggs, diced
- 3/4 cup green pepper chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- 1/3 cup canned milk
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- Salt
- Pepper

Put under broiler about 7 minutes or until cheese melts and buns are toasted.

CRANBERRY UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 cups cranberries
- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Melt butter and 1 cup sugar in baking pan. Add cranberries. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream shortening and remaining sugar until fluffy. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately. Add vanilla. Pour batter over cranberries and bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes. Turn upside down and serve with whipped cream. Makes 1 8x8 inch cake.

EGGS PIQUANT

Push bread into muffin tins to make "shells". Be sure to trim the crusts first. Brown in oven. Half fill each shell with boiled rice (hot). To each one add 1 Tbls. of tomato soup or sauce or some leftover gravy, then drop an egg in each one. Sprinkle with cheese if desired. Season with salt and pepper. Set in pan of hot water and bake in oven until eggs are set. Peas or tomatoes may be used instead of rice.—Mabel Nair Brown.

EGG SUPPER DISH

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 6 hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup crushed potato chips

Melt butter. Add dry ingredients then gradually add milk stirring until sauce is smooth. Put layer of potato chips in buttered casserole, then sliced eggs, then cream sauce, until all is gone, ending with some potato chips on top. Bake 325 degrees about 20 minutes.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE DE LUXE

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimento
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 small head cabbage, shredded

Melt butter; add flour; blend. Gradually add soup and milk. Add onion, pimento, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook over low heat until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Cook shredded cabbage in small amount boiling, salted water until just tender, about 8 minutes. Drain, add sauce and mix lightly. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED KIDNEY BEANS

- 3 cups cooked red kidney beans
- 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 pimento or green pepper, minced
- 1 medium sized onion, minced
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 3/4 tsp. curry powder
- 1 1/2 Tbls. molasses
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar

Mix together and place in well greased glass loaf pan or an 8 x 8 glass pan and bake 45 minutes at 325 degrees.

THUMBPRINT COOKIES

Mix:

- 1/4 cup soft shortening
- 1/4 cup soft butter
- 1/4 cup brown sugar (packed)
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Sift and stir in:

- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Store in refrigerator to slightly chill while preparing nuts and egg whites. Beat 1 egg white slightly and dip balls of dough about the size of a walnut in whites, then roll in finely ground nutmeats. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 350 degrees for 5 minutes. Take out and press in tops and return to oven for 8 more minutes. Makes 2 dozen.

UNBAKED FRUIT CAKE

- 1 pound dates, cut fine
- 1 pound marshmallows, cut fine
- 1 pound orange slices or gum drops, cut fine
- 1 pound graham crackers
- 1 cup nut meats
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup whipped cream

Stir all and knead. Press in pan lined with wax paper and let set for 6 days. This is delicious.

DELICIOUS DESSERT

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda in 2 cups of flour
- 1/2 cup ground raisins or dates
- Peel of 1 orange ground up
- 1 egg

Mix as any other cake and bake in oblong pan. After you take it out of the oven, pour over it: 1/2 cup sugar in juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Serve with whipped cream.

CRANBERRY RAISIN PIE

- 2 cups cranberries (raw)
- 2 cups raisins
- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup water
- Small lump of butter
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Cook cranberries in 1 cup of water and cook raisins in one cup of water separately. When done, mix both together and add 2 1/2 cups sugar, lump of butter, cornstarch mixed in water and lemon juice and salt. Mix it all up and let it come to a boil and cook until thick. Pour into a 9 inch unbaked pie shell and add an upper crust.

Preface to "Handbook of Cookery For A Small House" written by Joseph Conrad. "The intention of every piece of prose may be discussed and even mistrusted; but the purpose of a cookery book is one and unmistakable. Its object can conceivably be no other than to increase the happiness of mankind."

CARAMEL ROLLS

- 1 cake of compressed yeast
- 1/2 cupful of warm water
- 3/4 cupful of sugar
- 1 3/4 cupfuls of milk, scalded
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cupful of shortening
- 2 eggs
- 5 to 6 cupfuls of white flour

Break yeast into small pieces and put in 1/2 cupful of warm water with 1 tsp. of sugar. Scald the milk. Put sugar, salt and shortening into a large bowl and pour the hot milk over and then add the beaten eggs. When this is cool, add the yeast and flour, using more flour if necessary. Let rise 3 or 4 hours in a warm place. Then take the dough and roll 1/2 inch thick as you do for cookies. Spread with butter, brown sugar and cinnamon, roll and form into a ring. Save out a little dough for center of roll. Put a layer of brown sugar and little bits of butter into an iron frying pan. Place the ring in the pan. Cut with scissors so that the roll looks like a row of cinnamon rolls. Place the dough you have reserved in the center of the ring. No part of the brown sugar should show. Let rise, and bake in a 350 degree oven.

CARROT RING

- 3 cups cooked carrots, cut fine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. minced onion
- 4 or 5 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Mix ingredients and pour into a well-greased ring mold, set in a pan of water and bake until firm (at least 35 minutes) in a 375 degree oven. Unmold and fill center with buttered peas.

FIVE MINUTE CABBAGE

Shred the cabbage fine and cook for exactly two minutes in hot milk (half as much milk as you have cabbage). Then for each quart of cabbage add a cup of cream or rich milk, with two tablespoons of butter blended with two tablespoons of flour. Season with salt and pepper, cover, and boil three or four minutes.

SALMON LOAF

- 1/2 pound canned salmon
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup scalded milk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup soft crumbs
- 2 stiffly beaten whites of eggs

Remove the bones from the salmon. To the crumbs add butter, beaten egg yolks, salt, pepper, milk, lemon juice and parsley. Add mixture to salmon. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites and pour into buttered mold. Place mold in pan of hot water and bake in oven until firm.

ALMOND COCONUT SQUARES

- 1 cup butter or fortified margarine
- 3 Tablespoons confectioner's sugar
- 1 cup cake flour
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup finely chopped almonds
- 2 tablespoons cake flour
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend butter, confectioners' sugar and cake flour until smooth. Spread in greased 10 by 15-inch pan and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Beat eggs; add remaining ingredients. Pour into baked crust and continue baking for 20 minutes. Cool and frost. Cut in squares to serve. *Frosting:* Blend together 1 1/2 cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons orange juice and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Beat until of spreading consistency. Spread. Top with 1 cup chopped almonds.

MEAT BALLS

- 3/4 pound smoked ham, ground
- 1 1/2 pounds lean pork, ground
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 can tomato juice

Mix and make into small balls. Brown on all sides and add this sauce to baste:

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. vinegar

I usually use my heavy iron skillet for this dish and prepare it on top of the stove.

GRAHAM CRACKER DESSERT

- 22 graham crackers finely crushed
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 level Tbls. lemon gelatine
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup whipping cream

Crush crackers and reserve 1 cup to sprinkle on top. Mix melted butter with the graham crackers and pat firmly in the bottom of an 8x8x2 pan.

Make a custard from the egg yolks, sugar and milk. The friend who sent this recipe from Emerson, Iowa then says: "You know with what care you must cook a custard, but more people fail with this recipe because of the custard. It must be cooked over low heat and stirred constantly. I tip the pan occasionally and when it coats the spoon and pan and bubbles lightly I remove it at once."

To this hot mixture add the gelatine and do not dissolve it in water first. Then set aside to cool. Beat 2 whites until stiff and fold into 1 cup of whipping cream beaten until stiff. Fold this into custard mixture, pour over the crumb crust, sprinkle top with crumbs and put in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Cut in squares to serve.

ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL LUNCHES

By Myrtle E. Felkner

This is the time of year when many mothers are admittedly at a low point when it comes to thinking up new ideas for the school lunch box. After many months of sandwiches and the other necessarily limited assortment of lunch box dishes, the youngsters are a bit fussy and likely to regard with a disdainful eye what seemed perfectly luscious in September. Most mothers are eager to provide a lunch with "eye appeal" as well as "taste appeal", realizing that the likes and dislikes of children are largely governed by how the food looks. Of course during January you will want to continue using the thermos bottle, filling it with spicy hot soups or cocoa. But let us move on to the rest of the menu, discussing ways in which you may vary it and make it attractive.

Sandwiches continue to be a "must" in the lunch box, and of course every mother will experiment with various salad mixes and other spreads. Try a variety of bread, too. Dark rye bread such as is sold by many Swedish or Danish bakeries, whole wheat bread, and the ever popular French loaf—these are a few of the breads which will be welcomed in the lunch box.

Gelatin desserts and salads are easily prepared, easily packed, and always appealing to the eye. Get a supply of small molds in which you can pour the mix before it hardens. These molds are easily placed in the lunch box. Fruit salad for dessert, grated cabbage and carrots in lemon flavored gelatin for salad, or a slice of cranberry sauce sunk in lemon gelatin will prove popular with the youngsters.

Crackers may be used occasionally to add variety. Most children like frosted soda crackers. Make a thick powdered sugar frosting, add vegetable coloring and decorate the crackers. Place graham crackers on your ungreased cookie tin. Put a marshmallow on top of each cracker and pop them into the oven for five or ten minutes. When the marshmallows are soft and gooey, remove from the oven and place another cracker on the top, pressing it down firmly until the marshmallow has spread over the entire cracker.

Put a boiled egg into the lunch box! First, however, enliven it by drawing a face on the shell with pencil or crayon. That egg will taste better to a youngster, believe it or not!

What may seem like just another day to you may be a big holiday to your child—something as important as Ground Hog Day, St. Patrick's Day, Valentine Day, May Day, April Fool's Day, etc. Children delight in any holiday, so make them feel that you think it is special, too, by inscribing a message in frosting on cupcakes or cookies to suit the occasion. "Happy Ground Hog Day" may sound a bit foolish in the adult world, but it's lunch box magic on top of a chocolate cup cake!

THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

By Hallie M. Barrow

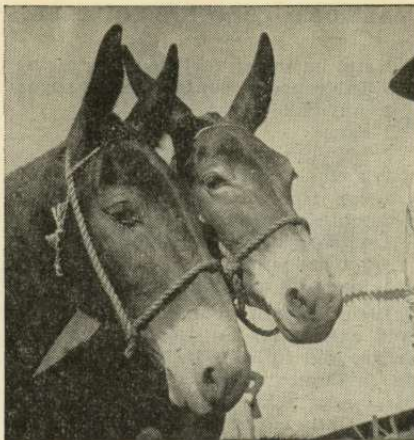
Whenever one division of Uncle Sam's army leaves for foreign service, it is a real farewell to their native bluegrass pastures, for none have ever been known to return. This forgotten U. S. soldier who bears the brunt of getting heavy equipment and supplies through desert sands, over perilous high mountain passes or through impassable tropical jungles, and then is rewarded by being left to spend the rest of his life in toil in strange lands—is the good old Missouri army mule.

Tanks, trucks, tractors and jeeps show up good on paved roads and in fair weather. But for heavy hauling over muddy fields and uncharted roads, when the mud is knee-deep and the wheels of the big "chugs" spin and sink, when mud freezes over their hubs, then an S. O. S. is sent for the good old army mule. If, in the next few years, you should happen to be in any out-of-the-way spots on the globe and suddenly hear that familiar, raucous bray which is their way of vocalizing their theme song, "We're from Missouri, you'll have to show us", that homesick mule was likely left there in the wake of our last war.

Army mules have a most distinguished military background. In fact, the first mule propaganda recorded in this country, came at the close of the Revolutionary War. There were only a few mules here at that time but their performance so pleased George Washington that he decided to breed them and introduce them to the Colonists for work animals on their farms. Knowing of this desire, the King of Spain sent Washington a fine jack called "Royal Gift." Then Lafayette sent him another from the Island of Malta and it was named "Knight of Malta." These jacks were loaned out amongst Washington's neighbors to sire mules for them.

The first mules known about in Missouri were the small Mexican mules which the Santa Fe traders brought in with their pack trains. Missourians took a fancy to the mules, imported larger jacks to improve the strain and soon were raising a larger, heavier type of mule which was known around the world as one of the most sure-footed of draft animals. Old records show that Missouri mules saw their first military service when Doniphan marched into Mexico in 1846. Mules from this state dragged the artillery and moved the pack trains. Again in the Civil War, both the North and South relied on mules extensively and one of the favorite war ditties of the Southern men ran, "They ain't no halter strong enough to hold Joe Selby's mule." During the Spanish-American War our Government spent about \$600,000 in Missouri for mules.

The Russians and Japs bought mules in Missouri for their fracas. But it was really the British who carried the fame of the Missouri mule to foreign shores. During the Boer



These Missouri mules are typical of the ones that Hallie Barrow writes about this month. They're not exactly beautiful, but they can work!

War, the British established mule buying headquarters at Lathrop, Missouri. Huge mule barns, some with several acres under one roof were built here, and from this point some 200,000 mules were sent to South Africa. NEVER A ONE RETURNED. Not that they were all killed but the Boers were completely sold on these valuable work animals which could stand up under their hot climate. Missouri mules went direct from Boer War Barracks to Boer farm corrals. From that time on, regular Missouri mule shipments were made several times a year to South Africa.

Now history states that the United States entered the First World War in April, 1917. But according to British records in their Quartermaster's Corps, Missouri entered that war on August 14, 1914. For on that date, mule activity started again at Lathrop. The mammoth mule barns were repaired and close to 250,000 mules left Lathrop again for foreign military service. NEVER A ONE RETURNED.

Uncle Sam drafted an even greater number of mule rookies for his World War II but trained them first for overseas service at one of his three remount stations, Front Royal, Virginia, Ft. Robinson, Nebraska or Ft. Reno, Oklahoma. NEVER A ONE HAS RETURNED. At this date Greece and many other countries are begging for more mules.

But now this long and honorable military career of the Missouri army mule would seem to be at an end. Not that he isn't needed still for army services but mule breeding has about ceased to exist in Missouri. One of the last big farms to dispose of their jacks and brood mares was the J. C. Penney Farms at Hamilton. Farm after farm has turned almost exclusively to motorized farm tools; there isn't a horse or mule to be seen in the fields for mile after mile of travel through the corn belt. Missouri, we think, has made her last big contribution of mules to wars and foreign farmers.

But for those remaining four-footed veterans of the late war, who now

toil from dawn to dark for foreign masters who are scattered over three strange continents and know they will never see-haw again in their native pastures, we ask for some consideration. We do not advocate a mustering-out pay, a bonus nor even a G. I. Bill of Rights. The army mule puts no price on his patriotism—it's all just in the line of duty. Furthermore, a veteran from this branch of Uncle Sam's service can pretty well take care of himself anywhere, anytime. But we do think that in some place where war statues are erected or war trophies collected, there should be a statue or a plaque made to commemorate the valuable services of this forgotten soldier—the good old Missouri army mule.

FUN FOR A WINTRY DAY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Some stormy day when you must play indoors why not make an Eskimo village? Perhaps your mother will let you use the card table for this.

Cover the entire surface with cotton or white paper and sprinkle it with artificial snow. Your igloos may be half coconut shells or even small round bowls turned upside down. Cover these with a flour and water paste and sprinkle with snow.

Your lake will be a mirror or piece of glass with blue paper underneath it. Sprinkle snow over the top to look like ice.

A kayak for your lake may be cut from cardboard and covered with a piece of old chamois skin.

Clothes pin dolls may be dressed for your Eskimo boys and girls. Cover the head of the clothes pin with a tannish colored cloth. Use ink or pencil to draw the features. Hair may be made of black yarn or floss. A scrap of heavy black material wrapped around the legs of the pin makes the boots. Perhaps you can find a piece of fur to make the coats and parka. If you have some evenly clipped rabbit fur, you may cover the clothes pin with glue and stick the fur over it.

Ask your mother to give you some white soap from which to carve icebergs. You may make a bear from the soap or cut him from white paper.

If you have celluloid reindeer from your Christmas decorations you will want to use them, but if not you may make them from construction paper, too.

A small penny match box may be used for the sled and huskies may be made from cardboard. Use heavy cord for the harness.

You will find it a great deal of fun to make your Eskimo village and as you build it you must learn to make an igloo, tupik, kayak, umiak, parka, seal, walrus, caribou, harpoon, spear, blubber and iceberg. If you do not know all of these words look in the dictionary, encyclopedia, or your geography book.

The high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on its popularity.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU TOO!

How do you like the feeling of stepping out into the last half of a century? In a way I like it, and in a way I don't. Since I was a small child I have been afflicted with a keen sense of Time (my one greatest anxiety was the fact that Time never stopped and, according to everything I heard, never would!) and although I now know full well that dates are arbitrary and artificial, still I roll 1950 around in the back of my mind and feel scared.

Juliana has extracted from me a sacred promise to get her up when the bells ring and the whistles blow. I'm sure she thinks that a new year comes in with a tremendous crash and clouds of smoke, so the child is due for a disillusionment when she learns how mild it really is.

I'm a sucker for New Year's resolutions and consequently I have a whole new sack of them to greet this year. I must say that one I made last year actually bore fine fruit. I was determined, when 1949 came around the corner, to learn to make good bread and keep my family well strengthened by my own substantial staff of life. I can honestly say that we didn't have baker's bread in the house more than fifteen times throughout the entire year, and I only had two spectacular failures. Surprisingly enough, both of these occurred in November and not at the outset of my experiments. I never figured out what ailed either batch. The first failure looked like a hunk of wallpaper paste that someone had thrown into the sun on an August day; it was perfectly dreadful. The second failure resembled a large stone—if a loaf of it had been dropped on a man's foot it would have crushed it beyond repair.

Well, so much for the most successful resolution of 1949. I don't have any interesting ones up my sleeve to greet 1950. There's always the old threadbare "I'll get thin" and equally threadbare "I'll be more patient" but nothing challenging. Goodness knows the ones I mentioned are *challenging* enough except that I just sort of kick at them as I pass through the day and hope that they won't rare up and nip at me.

Someone asked me the other day if we were all through fixing up the house and intended only to sit quietly in it from now on. This question came about because, she said, I hadn't mentioned any new projects for a long time.

Now I'll tell you how it is. We skidded along without any major projects of any kind inside the house because we were engulfed in making a garden. However, there's nothing that can be done to the garden right now so we're just winding up a monumental project—moving upstairs. In case this sounds as though we'd taken leave of the first floor and moved up the kitchen, etc., I should go ahead and explain what I mean.

Downstairs in our house there were six rooms, plus bath, plus two crumb-



Every little girl needs one friend whom she knows from early childhood and spends much time with as the months come and go. In Juliana's case it is Kathy Powell, whose parents, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Powell, are generous enough to permit her to come frequently for good long visits. Those of you who read our magazine a couple of years ago may recall the pictures that appeared when she stayed with us a month in the summer. Kathy and Juliana make complicated play-houses and spend hours on end living in them happily with their many doll children. Here you can see them posing nicely for Russell with their favorite babies after much time had been spent preparing the dolls for the camera.

ling porches, when we moved into it going on four years ago. Upstairs there were two rooms. Today there are five rooms downstairs and one room upstairs. And we've been threshing around for months trying to figure out how to utilize this amount of space to the best advantage. At last we reached a decision and it meant moving upstairs.

At the present time we have downstairs one large living room that runs the length of the house, one dining room, one kitchen and one office. The office was formerly a combination office-bedroom, but when my papers and files engulfed the entire room we decided to call it quits and simply turn it into an office without complications of any kind. My desk covers one entire wall, Russell's desk (which he will build in the near future) will take another wall, and Juliana's desk (Mother's old one that she passed on when she acquired a much larger one) will go against another wall.

It is now my joy and pleasure to have a dining room that is only a dining room and not a combination of everything under the sun. I'm very old-fashioned in many ways. *I want a dining room!* Whenever I talk to young newly-weds who are drawing up plans for their dream house and hear them say contemptuously, "Of course we wouldn't *think* of wasting space on a dining room," I always want to say, "Listen, if you'd lived for a good many years in an apartment where you ALWAYS had to put up card tables when you entertained, and if you'd had a little cramped corner in the kitchen for your own meals over many years you'd be tickled to death to waste space on a dining room."

They'd never believe me, of course. Everyone knows how simple it is to put up cardtables—just nothing at all.

Well, I'll take a dining room. And thank goodness I finally have one. I've had it before, for that matter, but things always sneaked in when I wasn't looking and I ended with everything under the sun in that room.

The one room upstairs is huge—just the entire upper floor, that's all. We have one end of it for ours and there are screens closing off the portion that Juliana uses. She has all of her things up there (except the desk) and this time they're staying up there. That's one thing I'll say for Dorothy . . . Kristin has a nice room upstairs and her possessions stay in it. Dorothy's never weakened as I have with the end result that it's impossible to get through a room without leaping over doll furniture, etc.

To everyone who has inquired: the burlap is still up and doing fine. I halfway expected it to loosen and fall when the furnace roared day in and day out, but it shows no signs of doing a thing but clinging right to the walls.

1949 brought a lovely double sink to the Verness kitchen. I've discovered that one of my iron-clad rules has fallen by the wayside as a result. Before I had this new sink I washed the supper dishes every night even though I might be so tired that I had to prop myself up to get the job done. It was easier than letting them dry out overnight and the old sink was too small for any soaking. Now, with this new double affair I somehow don't get the dishes done at night. It's terribly simple just to fill one section, stack the dishes in it, and walk out of the kitchen. In the morning while the coffee is perking I run in hot water and in five minutes the dishes are washed and draining in the second section. I've always understood that modern conveniences were supposed to make a better housekeeper out of one, not a poorer specimen, but it didn't work that way with me.

I've said from time to time that I'm the only person who went directly from the washboard to an automatic washing machine. No one has risen up to deny it as yet, so I'll repeat it now. But I'll tell you something. Tucked down at the side of my gleaming machine (it stands in the kitchen) is my old washboard. I keep it there to remind myself that I'm lucky. Otherwise I might get to the place where it was a nuisance to put the clothes into the machine and take them out. I couldn't keep the old sink around to serve the same purpose because it fell to pieces as it was removed, but it's not a bad idea to keep a few of the old grim objects in sight as the gleaming new ones come in.

We're all going to miss Mother and Dad just as much as we always do when they're not here, but we're happy that they can go where it's warm for a couple of months. No two people ever worked harder and no two people more deserve a vacation. We want them to come back rested and well and ready to enjoy our Iowa spring.

Marge and I will do the best we can to fill Mother's shoes. No one can actually do that, of course, but we'll make the attempt. And if you knew how much we appreciated hearing that you're behind us . . . well, you'd grab a tablet right now and get off a letter. Always . . . Lucile.

FARMERS CAN TAKE VACATION TRIPS

By Frances R. Williams

Perhaps we inherited "itching feet" from some pioneer ancestor, (I was named for an Aunt who went to California in a wagon train in the 1850's! She had adventures that would make a western thriller seem tame). At any rate we always dreamed of the time when we would be able to travel, to go places and see things. Since 1946 those dreams have been coming true. And because of our experiences we find ourselves asking frequently — why don't more folks travel?

Last July we were discussing our plans for the next vacation trip with a friend. He asked in astonishment, "Do you mean that you are planning that trip to the mountains in your OLD car?"

"Indeed we are!" we declared emphatically. "If past performance is any criterion, the old bus will take us there and bring us back home."

He shook his head. And we knew what he was thinking. The old car is of 1937 vintage; the speedometer has clicked off the miles to a figure that runs into six numbers. She has hauled innumerable loads of chickens, eggs and cream to market and brought home tons of chicken feed and groceries. She has traveled the mile and a half of dirt road that lies between our farm and a graveled highway, through dust and mud, sleet and snow. Yet, on our trip last summer, she climbed the highest mountain passes, she made the steepest grades (often in second gear) not as fast as a new car would have done, but she took us everywhere we wanted to go and she brought us home safely.

We cannot help feeling sorry for those who talk wistfully of a vacation trip. "If we only had a new car . . ." A new car is *not* necessary and a trip need not be expensive. Every farm family should take a trip. No matter if there are difficulties, it can be done. WE KNOW.

We (my husband and I) were born and have lived all of our lives on a farm. During the 33 years of our married life we have had the usual experiences that come to every family. We have had illness and death; droughts and floods, dust and hail storms. We have lived through two wars and two depressions. We are not rich, if one counts only the material things; but neither are we poor if one considers spiritual values.

For 25 years we were tied down with the job of raising a family. We had our noses to the grindstone with a big mortgage hanging over our heads. In those days, one COULD have hired help, but even so, it was never possible for both of us to be away from home together. When Mom attended the State Farm Bureau convention or took the 4-H exhibits and the chickens to the State Fair, Dad stayed at home to pack school lunches, see that necks and ears were washed, hair combed and the eggs gathered. When Dad went to the American Royal, or the Dairy

Show, Mom bossed the hired man and ran the ranch. We learned that it was no easy job to raise and educate a family. When our daughter graduated from college and married, our obligations to family were fulfilled, but we were still tied down.

In August of 1941, we traveled to Boston, Mass., with a relative to attend a family reunion. It was a Herculean task to make the arrangements so that we could be away from home for the 15 days. But we managed, and those we left in charge of the retail dairy business, took care of things. We came home all steamed up. "We are going to take a trip every year," we declared. Then, on a certain day in December, the whole world was changed. Farmers too old to fight at the battle front were fighting the battle of production. There was no time for trips, even if there had been tires and gas. Hired help went out of the picture. But at long last the War was over, and we promised ourselves, "Next year we will take that long talked of trip. We won't wait until we are so old and crippled up that we cannot enjoy it. We will heed the warning: Don't put it off; IT MAY BE LATER THAN YOU THINK."

In 1946 new cars were at a premium. However, our old car was in good mechanical condition so we didn't wait for a new car but began our travels in the old car. (She is still going strong.) There have been five different, wonderful trips. We have fished in a small boat out in the Atlantic; we have bathed in the surf of the Pacific; we have ferried across the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence; we have climbed high mountains and traveled beside the Salton Sea, 246 feet below sea level; we have explored Mammoth Cave and Carlsbad Cavern; we traveled the road around the Gaspé Peninsula in far North Eastern Canada, as well as the Oregon Coastal highway in the far West. We have visited, to date, 35 states and 6 Canadian provinces, and have made a short trip into Mexico.

Beginning in 1946, we disposed of our dairy herd and other livestock. Our farm land is now rented to a neighbor who lives on an adjoining farm. We live in the house and have reserved a garden spot and the orchard.

After much experimenting we have worked out a system whereby two people can travel in comfort, and with minimum expense. We learn some new trick on every trip. (Most of our trips have been taken in summer after the wheat harvest.) When we read an article about some place that sounds interesting, we clip the article. It goes in a file marked "PLACES WE HOPE TO VISIT". We study the atlas; we send for travel folders and literature. After we have decided on a tentative destination, we send for the Travel Aid Service, furnished by a well known oil company. They plan our tour, furnishing good maps and specific information. We do not always follow the planned route however, for we take time to talk to people. And my! the interesting people we have met!

We provide ourselves with traveler's checks and credit cards with three major oil companies. The credit cards may be used in Canada as well as the United States and eliminates the necessity of carrying a large amount of cash.

We find that it is an economy in time, as well as money, to cook our own meals, and certainly we have better health. Of course one should not miss the interesting experience of dining in some of the famous eating places: Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, Durgin Park in Boston, a Shore Dinner on the coast of Maine, etc. From experience we have learned what to take, and how to pack to save time and space. Our car can be converted into comfortable sleeping quarters. Since we always carry a gallon thermos and a couple of one-gallon glass jugs containing water, a variety of canned food, fruit and vegetables, we can stop and make camp or cook a meal wherever or whenever our fancy dictates. We have camped in the forests of New Brunswick, on a farm in New Hampshire, in Mesa Verde Park, Colorado, in the Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons of Wyoming. We trailer parked at the city trailer park in Burlington, Vt., on the shores of Lake Champlain; we trailer parked on the outskirts of the city of Quebec, while we explored that city. We paid the usual trailer house fee and slept in the car.

Our plans for the future? Well, there are 13 states, including those in the South, that we hope to visit before old age or ill health will tie us down at home. We have many pleasant memories; and we have our scrap books, one for each trip, filled with snapshots and souvenirs.

Seeing America is a wonderful experience. Why don't YOU start right NOW to plan that trip you have always wanted to take? You will meet so many interesting people. You might even meet US!

A GARDEN

A garden does so many helpful things. . .

I greet mine iron-shod—and leave with wings!

It lifts my flagging spirits from the press

Of little hurts and disappointed dreams.

Sometimes when I am working here it seems

That I can hear God speaking, telling me

The reason things like gardens came to be.

"I give you here," He says, "to realize

Creation's glory wrought before your eyes,

And in the labor of your hands to know

The joy of helping little things to grow.

I give you flowers to draw your mind apart

From little thorns that come and press your hearts."

Unknown

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I really should be making out report cards tonight, but Lucile set a deadline on my letter this month, or it wouldn't be in, so I guess the children can wait one day for their cards.

Mother explained to you in her letter last month why there was no letter from me. In spite of the fact that Mother Johnson had been ill for the past two and a half years, her death came as a great shock to us. No girl could ever have had a better Mother-in-law, and her passing is a great loss to all who knew her.

This school year is rushing by so fast that it is hard for me to believe that we have started on our third six-week period. Most schools have their first program of the year, the one for raising money, at Halloween time, but at that time I was still just getting myself organized, so didn't have time to get one ready. We had ours the night before Thanksgiving. Aside from a little Christmas program at Kristin's school last year, I had never even seen a country school program until I saw Kristin's Thanksgiving program which was just a few days before mine. Needless to say I was "quaking in my boots". I wasn't sure mine was long enough, or even the right kind, so when people came up to me after it was over and told me that it was a fine program, and the biggest crowd they had seen for a long time, I felt very relieved. Mothers of the children sold pie, sandwiches, coffee, candy and popcorn, and everything was sold. It helped our little treasury a great deal. Now we are in full swing on the Christmas program, and that will be all for this year.

Kristin's program was also a great success, and she was so thrilled. All the children had such colds and coughs that we didn't know whether they would get through it or not, but they managed to do all their coughing between numbers, so it went off without a hitch.

The week-end before Thanksgiving, Frank and Kristin and I went to Applington, Iowa, to spend a couple of days with our friend, Clarence Meyer and his father and mother. Since pheasant season was open, and Clarence and some of his friends were going hunting, Frank went with them. Two of the farms they happened to visit belonged to Kitchen-Klatter listeners and readers of the magazine, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mennen and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Alberts. They all came in the next morning to meet me and see Kristin. We had coffee and a very nice visit. Frank and I were celebrating our wedding anniversary that Sunday, so Clarence's sister, Marian, baked a lovely white cake and decorated it, and before we started home they had a lovely dinner for us.

All of our corn is in now and Frank has been busy fall plowing. I saw some new traps in the back of the jeep the other day, so it looks as if Frank means to get down to business



Donald is the tallest member of our family. His last army measurements said 6 ft. 4 inches, and sometimes we think he's added a little since then. Here he is in front of our house on a snowy December day.

and try to get rid of a few of the red fox this winter. He was too busy last winter to do any trapping, but he says he is going to have to this year in self defense, whether he has time or not.

We have been wanting to get a saddle horse ever since we came to the farm, but just hadn't gotten around to it, and the other day Frank ran across a man who had one he was going to take to the killers the next day, and Frank immediately bought her. Her name is Bonnie, a three-year-old, and she really is a lovely and gentle horse. I haven't been on her yet simply because I haven't had the time, but Frank rides her every day and she saves him a lot of steps in rounding up the cattle and the sheep.

Mother, Dad, Wayne, Abigail and little Emily were up to spend the day with us Sunday, and when Abigail found out we had Bonnie just before they were ready to start home, she was furious that she hadn't known it before hand so she could have brought some old clothes to ride in, but Wayne had brought his coveralls with him, which he had slipped on over his good suit, so he took them off and she put them on right over her dress and coat, while Frank saddled Bonnie for her. So she did get to have a nice little ride before they left. Abigail liked her so much that she warned us the next time she comes for the day she plans to stay on Bonnie all the time except while she eats her dinner.

Everyone is getting ready for Christmas. Kristin is busy re-learning "The Night Before Christmas" to say at her school program, and she also wants to be in my program. I asked my children if it would be all right, and of course they said they would love to have her be in their program too, so now everyone is happy. I

plan to spend this Saturday getting gifts for my school children, also their treats for the tree. They are buying new Christmas tree ornaments out of their treasury, and it will soon be time to get our decorations up. We plan to make a lot of ornaments for the tree, and I have promised to make decorated cookies, and of course we have gifts to make for the parents, so from now until after Christmas it will be a busy little schoolhouse on the hill. Of course we don't forget the lessons, so they work twice as hard so that they can get everything done.

We haven't talked much about our own Christmas plans because there isn't much spirit for it around our two farms, but because of Kristin we will try to make it a happy one for her. I imagine we will have our tree here as usual on Christmas Eve, in our own home, and then drive to Shenandoah on Christmas Day in time for dinner. Kristin and I will stay a couple of days but Frank will come on home. I can tell you all about it in my next letter.

It is late and I have some school work that must be done before morning, so this must be all for now.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

ALONE WITH THEE, LORD

There was much that I wanted to do,
dear Lord,
So much I wanted to do,
But now with most of it still undone,
I'm shut in alone with you.
Shut in alone, but never shut out
From the wonderful power of prayer,
For on spiritual wings I can still
send aid
To the needy ones everywhere;
And sometimes I think, as I finger
the keys,
Unlocking Thy promises true,
That perhaps I am filling a far
greater need—
Just shut in alone with You.

—Alice H. Mortenson

I love so to think that God appoints
My portion, day by day.
Events of life are in His hand,
And I would only say
Appoint them in Thine own good
time
And in Thine own best way.

METHUSELAH

Methuselah ate what he found on his
plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the calory
count;
He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he
sat,
Devouring a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular
fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed each species of
food,
Unmindful of troubles or fears
Lest his health might be hurt
By some fancy dessert;
And he lived over nine hundred years!



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

By Myrtle E. Felkner

It was New Year's Day and Mrs. Longtail Mouse was restless. "You never take me anywhere," she complained to Mr. Longtail, who was nibbling on a big potato. "I sit here day after day and never get any further than the basement door. It is positively frustrating." Mr. Longtail paused a moment.

"There is a football game this afternoon, and the Baldman's are going," he said mildly. "I suppose if you insist we could hide in the car and go, too."

"A football game! How wonderful! I shall begin to get ready right now." So Mrs. Longtail dashed off to dress properly, and Mr. Longtail had eaten three and a half potatoes before she returned. Her fur was neatly brushed and there was a feather perched behind her ear.

Mr. Longtail led Mrs. Longtail out of the basement to the garage, where they sneaked through an open window into the car. Then they hid under the front seat and waited for the Baldmans to go to the game. Pretty soon the Baldmans got in the car.

"It is so nice to get away once in a while," said Mrs. Longtail. "I feel that this will be a very exciting day." Mr. Longtail just smiled. Soon the car stopped with a lurch.

"Well, here we are!" said Mr. Baldman heartily. Then he gathered up a lot of blankets and pillows and prepared to help his wife out of the car. But poor Mrs. Longtail could not stand the suspense any longer and peeked out to see the stadium.

"By jove, there's a mouse!" cried Mr. Baldman. Mr. Longtail waited no longer.

"Run!" he shouted and then he dived headlong out of the car. Mrs. Longtail jumped, too, and Mr. Baldman was so excited that he threw a thermos jug of coffee at her. This was a mistake, because he broke the jug and missed Mrs. Longtail besides.

Mr. and Mrs. Longtail ran until they were in sight of the football field, and then they paused for breath.

"I still feel that this will be an exciting day," said Mrs. Longtail, and again Mr. Longtail just smiled. Now they were at the stadium, and though there were thousands of people there, no one noticed the mice.

"We will sit near the 50-yard line," said Mr. Longtail.

"How smart you are!" said Mrs. Longtail, but she was so busy looking left and right that she didn't look where she was going and ran smack into a vendor with twenty sacks of popcorn in his arms.

"Mice!" cried the vendor, and he dropped the corn smack on Mr. and Mrs. Longtail. It made a huge pile and what bedlam! The ladies stood on the bleachers and the gentlemen swatted at the mice with pillows and blankets and Mr. Longtail, alas, was forced to grab Mrs. Longtail and run. They ran right onto the football field and there they paused in horror. Two teams of huge men were bearing down on them.

"We'll be killed!" cried Mr. Longtail.

"Isn't it exciting!" cried Mrs. Longtail. Then all the players jumped on a little football, and poor Mr. and Mrs. Longtail were on the very bottom of the pile. When the players untangled, there they were, high and dry in a halfback's pocket, and there they remained through countless tackles.

"I am beginning to get tired," said Mrs. Longtail after the twenty-first touchdown.

"It will soon be over," answered Mr. Longtail philosophically, and indeed it was, for the coach substituted another halfback and soon the Longtails were on the bench. Quietly they sneaked out of their hiding place and made their way to the car.

Later that night Mr. Longtail stopped chewing a potato long enough to remark,

"My dear, we didn't stay long enough to see who won the ballgame."

"What difference does it make?" answered his good wife. "We had an exciting day, didn't we?" Mr. Longtail thought about this a moment. Then he said,

"Yes, my dear, we certainly did!"

What is the strongest day in the week. Answer: Sunday, because all of the others are weak days.

What is lengthened by being cut at both ends? Answer: A ditch.

When is a horse like a house? Answer: When he has blinds on.

Why is it foolish to educate the Indians? Answer: Because they are naturally well red.

Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk? Because it grows down.

What walks with its head downward? A nail in a shoe.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

By Mildred Grenier

January

This month we are going to make hot chocolate and warm crispy cinnamon sticks—a luncheon for a cold January day which you could prepare all by yourself!

HOT CHOCOLATE

- 4 cups milk
- 4 teasp. cocoa
- 4 teasp. sugar
- Pinch of salt

Put milk in a pan on the stove to heat. In a bowl mix the cocoa and sugar with a little of the hot milk to make a paste and add to hot milk and stir well. Let heat a few minutes, but do not boil. Serve with a marshmallow in each cup.

CINNAMON STICKS

- 6 slices white, whole wheat or raisin bread
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 1 teasp. of cinnamon
- 3 tablespoons sugar

Toast the bread in a 350 degree oven until lightly brown. Spread with the butter and sprinkle the blended sugar and cinnamon over the toast. Return to the oven and toast until sugar melts. Cut in strips with a sharp knife. Serve at once.

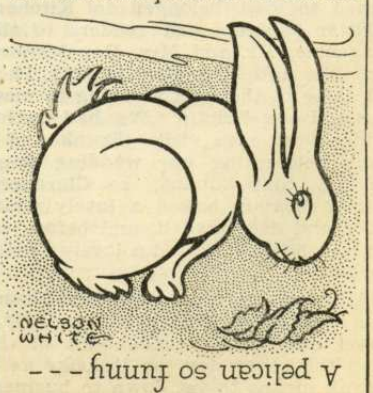
Quiz: 1. Who was the only president inaugurated in two cities? Ans. Washington. 2. What presidents took the oath of office in New York City? Ans. Washington and Arthur. 3. Who was the first president to occupy the White House? Ans. John Adams. 4. Which presidents took the oath of office in Philadelphia? Ans. Washington and John Adams. 5. Which two presidents signed the Declaration of Independence? Ans. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. 6. Which two presidents signed the Constitution of the United States? Ans. Washington and Madison. 7. Who was the president who never married? Ans. Buchanan. 8. Who was the only president who married a foreigner? Ans. John Quincy Adams.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

In our little Zoo today
We have the cutest bunny—
But turn him upside down and see



"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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Send Ads Direct To
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SCISSORS SHARPENED: Hollow ground, and polished 35¢ postpaid. Established since 1914. Keen-Edge Grinders. Mediapolis, Ia.

"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD". Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scrap, dental gold—for prompt estimate to: Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

FOR SALE: Lovely quilt tops \$5 ea. Mrs. John Mixner, Heron Lake, Minn.

WANTED: Crocheting. Your pattern or mine. Reasonable. Mrs. Harold Kraus, Eddyville, Nebr.

CROCHETED DRESSES, Infant Wear, Pinafores, other gifts. Write, BEULAH'S HAND MADE, Box 112 C, Cairo, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL HAND PAINTING: Towel and washcloth \$1.75, two terry hand towels, \$1.75, neck scarf \$1.25, Kerchief, \$1.25, child's towel set \$1.25, handkerchiefs 50¢. Mrs. Phil W. Madison, Rt. 4, Harlan, Ia.

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

FOR SALE: Unwashed large feed sacks. Easily bleached. 20¢ ea., plus postage. Mrs. Dan Sasse, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

WANTED: Smocking, sewing of girls dresses, also crocheting. Write first. Lillie Dietrich, Bancroft, Nebr.

SEWING, all kinds. Ladies dresses \$1.50, child's \$1. Mrs. Walter Meyer, Rt. 2, Cumberland, Ia.

ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES FOR INFANTS. 8-pc. sweater sets, fancy \$3.25. Carriage robes \$5. Booties 50¢. Bibs 75¢. Write. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

TEL-TRU THERMOMETERS. Dial type. Either indoor or outdoor, \$1.35 ea., postpaid. Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

DOLLS 11 in., felt, Brother & Sister, \$1.75 pr. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W. Canton, Ohio.

LINEN CROCHET EDGE HANKIES, Cellophane wrapped \$1 and \$1.50 ea. Sarah S. Hayden, 69 E. State St., Barberton, Ohio.

PILLOW CASES, raised rose medallion \$4.50. Also a variety of dollies, nice gifts. Frances Bueltel, Sheldon, Ia.

FORMAL, size 14. Pale pink marquisette and lace over taffeta slip. Worn once. \$15. Mrs. Clifford K. Hansen, Rt. 2, Blair, Nebr.

TEL-TRU WEATHER BAROMETER or weather guide. 4-inch dial and fitted in attractive wood case. \$12.50 postpaid. Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY CHAIR SET, \$4. Davenport set to match, \$6. White, ecru. Coffee table dollies pineapple, White, 24x15, 26x15, \$3. 30x15, 38x15, 26x26, \$4. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS \$5. Dollies \$3. Hot pads 50¢. Pineapple or hat pincushions 75¢. Turtle wash cloth 50¢. Tatted lace chair sets, baby shoes. Stamped envelope for information. Mrs. Charles Wright, 601 N. Pine, Creston, Ia.

MAKE 100% selling your friends, and neighbors sets of 25, money making candy factory, popcorn and greaseless Do-nut formulas. Such as: Carmel coated popcorn and honey dipped cracker-jacks, etc. Recommended by Good-Housekeeping Magazine. Write. Mrs. Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Ia.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, 60x80, on cover, book 251. Price \$25.00. Imogene Howell, Wyaconda, Mo.

SPECIAL—20 Floral sheets and 20 envelopes, all printed with your name and address, \$1 postpaid. 10 personalized postals given with each order. Midwest Stationery, 2B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

HEALTH BOOKLET (Nurse's viewpoint) Food sensitiveness, overweight, arthritis, health questions answered. Price 50¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY by having your dull scissors sharpened by us, 35¢ ea. postpaid.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending your measurements, print or three feed sacks, buttons, and \$1.50. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

A HAPPY and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL
is the wish of

LA DANA

705 So. 16 St., Omaha, Neb.

Manufacturers of Glori Cream Shampoo and other fine products.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11:00 A. M. we visit with you on the following stations:

KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia. — 920 on your dial.

KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo. — 680 on your dial.

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

LOOK!

Who is your favorite little girl? If it's your daughter, granddaughter, or niece, you'll be inspired to start sewing for her after you read "It's Fun To Sew for Little Girls" by Leanna and Lucile. Illustrated with photographs of Juliana and Kristin.

Formerly 50¢. Now reduced to 35¢. 3 for \$1.00.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

KOWH

Highlights

Adam the Farm Hand... 6:00 A.M.

Jean Sullivan, News... 7:00 A.M.

Kolache Klub... 8:00 A.M.

Weather Report... 8:25 A.M.

Morning Serenade... 9:15 A.M.

KITCHEN KLATTER... 11:00 A.M.

Gaylord Avery, News... 11:45 A.M.

Name Band... 2:15 P.M.

Gaylord Avery, News... 3:00 P.M.

Jack Sandler, Sports... 4:00 P.M.

News and Weather... 4:30 P.M.

KOWH - OMAHA - DIAL 660

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs 25:11.

As we begin the new year let us resolve to be more kind, more considerate to those about us. What a difference a kind or an encouraging word can make in our daily lives!

Have you ever tried telling one person each day something you especially like about him or something pleasant another has said? If you have admired your neighbor's dazzling white clothes on the line, tell her so. If she has spent considerable time trying to beautify her home, tell her that you have noticed the improvements. She will be glad to hear you say a little word of praise and encouragement.

If your child takes time from his play to bring you a bouquet of dandelions, a pretty rock or other childish treasure, take time to admire it and tell him "thank you." Children like a word of praise, too, and will be inspired to do things for you.

Perhaps your husband does not bring you roses or boxes of candy any more but do remember to show your appreciation if he is considerate enough to bring you a new mop, a floor waxer, or other labor saving device.

How often we wait until one dies before we say kind things about him. Remember, one little bouquet of kindness today will be far better than a blanket of roses when he can no longer enjoy their beauty.

As we begin this new year, let us remember to speak a kind word each day. Let us say with Proverbs 15:23—"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

PARTY GAMES

This can be for young or old.

Choose sides. Guests are seated in rows facing one another. Hand the first person in each row a box that has been rather nicely wrapped with something funny inside of it (this can be a bean, pickle or what have you); the thing is for each person in each row to see how fast he can unwrap and wrap this box, passing it down the row as he does so. The first row finished gets a prize—stick of gum or some such thing.

When men are in the party, it is just TOO MUCH to see them handle a dainty package—they just get all confused, especially when everyone on their side is clamoring for them to get finished.

Put some raisins on a paper plate (one plate for each row) and count the raisins leaving about ten for each guest. Give each guest a toothpick. Give each person at the head of the rows one of these plates and have him pick up a certain number (say 10) raisins, eat them and then pass the plate on to the next person. First row finished is the winner and should have an all-day-sucker or something.

THIS FAMILY HAS FUN!

Up in St. James, Minnesota, the family of Mr. and Mrs. H. Schlomann has learned how to have a wonderful time right at home. A recent letter from Mrs. Schlomann interested us very much, and we thought that perhaps some of her ideas could be utilized to good advantage by other parents.

"We are one family that doesn't mind winter evenings. Our 'blizzard shelf' is already filled with things to do: photograph albums to repair, clippings to paste in scrap books, broken toys to be mended and, of course, our collection of orange crates. Last year we made our little girl a five room doll house, and also built the church that I'd like to tell you about in some detail. This year we will add a cupboard to her collection.

"We don't have a special room for things of this sort so we just call our sun porch our family room. You should see that room sometimes! A scrapbook laid out, an unfinished jigsaw puzzle on a card table, or what have you. We even like to make our own jigsaws. We each cut out a large picture from a magazine, glue it on to cardboard, and then cut it out. We have a big box of magazine pictures and lots of times Adonna sits and goes through it. Visiting children enjoy it so much that some of our friends have copied the idea. Whenever we know of a sick child we pick out a group we think would interest him, and there is our gift.

"During a blizzard last year my husband, my two sons, Kenny and Denny, aged ten and eight, and four year old Adonna, got up an old orange box and made a church.

"We cut it down to 17½ inches in length and left the width as it was, 11 inches. The top, or front, was made by sawing the end board exactly in half. On this was mounted a cross which the boys tinted silver. However, if you have lots of originality and more tools, more beautiful fronts could be devised. Our only tools, were a large saw, coping saw, hammer and finishing nails.

"Our windows were made in the shape of church windows and we simulated stained glass by having the children color small square lace paper doilies and pasting a tiny religious picture in the center of each. These pictures were found by going through old cards. The windows on our church measured 4 inches high and 2 inches wide.

"For the inside we constructed an altar and pulpit from extra wood and put them together with household cement. It's a little difficult to describe exactly what they look like,

but we simply tried to duplicate the altar in our church, and so, too, can you.

"From the scrap bag we took deep blue velvet and covered the floor and the altar top. A birthday candle in a candy candle holder stands at either end. In the center stands a gold cross (cut from an Easter card) that is pasted on card board. Two collection plates (doll dishes) stand near it. The baptismal font, pews, and lectern were all taken from doll furniture, but certainly they can be made of wood. As you go along different ideas will pop into your head until the finished product, homemade, will be a joy.

"Active children need direction and guidance when they must be shut inside. You'll find that childish squabbles and arguments will virtually disappear if you start such a project and work with them on it."

GUESS THESE SLOGANS

1. Chases dirt. (Dutch cleanser)
2. It floats. (Ivory soap)
3. Balanced tone. (Philco radio)

4. Good to the last drop. (Maxwell House coffee)
5. Eventually, Why Not Now? (Gold Medal flour)
6. His master's voice. (Victrola)
7. That school girl complexion. (Palm Olive soap)
8. When it rains it pours. (Morton salt)
9. Time to retire. (Fisk tires)
10. Ask the Man Who Owns One. (Packard)

FOUND IN THE KITCHEN

1. A chain of mountains? (Range)
2. A farmer's tool? (Fork)
3. A stylish shoe? (Pump)
4. To go down slowly? (Sink)
5. An insect? (Spider)
6. A country in Asia? (China)
7. A baseball player? (Pitcher)
8. A constellation of stars? (Dipper)
9. To move slightly? (Jar)
10. A game of ten-pins? (Bowl)
11. What lovers sometimes do? (Spoon)
12. A precious metal? (Silver)

Happy New Year!

We wish to extend our appreciation to the many people who wrote us, and CONGRATULATIONS to those who bought CHINCHILLA breeding stock from us during 1949.

WE HOPE ALL OF YOU HAVE A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

1950

The next two months are the ideal months to buy your CHINCHILLA breeding stock. By doing so you have a much better chance of getting two litters of young ones to grow up to selling age, and that is the **PAY OFF FOR YOU!**

If you want to get in, and get going, come see us or write us for more complete information.



Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Holmes * * * Owners

207 PINE STREET

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

PHONE 734

VISITORS WELCOME

MEMBER NATIONAL CHINCHILLA BREEDERS OF AMERICA, INC.