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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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FEBRUARY, 1951

Number 2



This year Emily Driftmier would like to be your valentine.



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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Redlands, California

Dear Friends:

Once again I write Redlands in the upper corner of this first page for we are back here in what we have almost come to feel is our second home. It's a lovely, clear night and we have just returned to the hotel from a ride down to San Bernadino. Our friends there urged us to stay for a couple more hours, but I told them that I'd set aside this evening to write to my friends back home, so of course they understood.

This year we had a very hard time trying to decide whether or not to make our trip out here. In late summer we definitely knew that we'd not see California, and all through the early fall it seemed settled in our minds. But when winter approached and things hadn't turned out as we expected we began to consider leaving, and shortly before Christmas we finally came to the decision that we'd at least drive out. We may not get to stay very long this year, but we're just going to take each day as it comes and enjoy what time there may be. Both of us have reached the age where we can't keep up the pace that we once knew, and it does us a lot of good to have what vacations we can manage.

Before I tell you anything about our drive across country I'd like to go back and say something about Christmas. We were very happy and surprised when Donald came walking in on December 23rd for he had told us that a trip home for Christmas was completely out of the question. However, at the last minute some of the men were given short leaves and without a moment's delay he started the long drive to Shenandoah. His arrival was the nicest present that we could have had, and all parents who have sons in active service agree with this, I'm sure.

Our church program was on December 22nd and Martin appeared for the first time. We all held our breath because he had assured us that he was going to sing "Down By the Station" instead of "Away in the Manger." Fortunately there were so many children on the platform that it didn't make any difference what he piped up with, but he was so fascinated by the lighting arrangements and props used in the little play that he wandered all

around making loud comments. I guess that no one feels very critical of a three year old, but his family suffered!

Christmas Eve we all went to Abigail's and Waynes where we had dinner. Lucile and Abigail fixed the meal and it was just the right amount of food for the occasion; they served baked ham, strawberry preserves, hot rolls, watermelon pickles, cranberry salad, (the one calling for pineapple and tokay grapes) and for dessert we had hot mince pie and coffee. Howard was late arriving and when he walked in he told Martin that he'd been held up by Santa's sleigh that was parked across Summit Avenue near our house. This put Martin into such a state that he couldn't finish his meal, and even Emily was excited — she didn't know quite what it was all about, but she picked up the general atmosphere.

As soon as the dishes had been cleared away we came up here to our house to see what Santa had left while we were gone. Juliana helped her Grandpa distribute the gifts, and my! what a happy, happy time we had. Emily sat right down at her little red table and began playing with a new tea set. Martin climbed into his longed for green car and didn't budge out of it the rest of the evening. We grown-ups had a grand time just watching their wonderful happiness.

Monday noon we drove to Red Oak to get Dorothy and Kristin, and then sat down to our big turkey dinner at three o'clock. Aside from our immediate family we had Mart's sister, Anna, with us, Helen and Fred Fischer, and Abigail's brother, Clark. This meant that our table was pulled out to its full length and we also set up a smaller table that stands on the back porch ordinarily. Several of the children added pieces to our silver and china for their Christmas gifts, so we used those for the first time and enjoyed them.

As soon as we finished dinner the grandchildren went upstairs to play, and since they were all tired and overly excited you can imagine how much commotion there was. I thought several times the ceiling was about to fall in on us. After about an hour of this we shooed them outside to play with new skates, Martin's car, etc., and then we had comparative peace so that we could visit and relax.

Tuesday and Wednesday following

Christmas we tried to keep a path clear so that we could move around to pack. Mart had some dental work finished those two days, and then on Thursday morning, December 28th, we were ready to start. Howard helped pack our luggage into the car, and believe me, that is a real job. Two wheel chairs certainly complicate things. (Aside from the chair you see me in when we have pictures taken, I have a very small one to use in crowded places.) A few minutes before eight Russell came up the alley and took our pictures, and just as the eight o'clock whistle blew we pulled away from 201 East Summit, Martin, Howard and Margery waving goodbye to us from the front porch.

As we neared Topeka we heard Lucile and Margery visiting with you over KFEQ, and of course we really enjoyed the program and their final goodbye to us. That first night we stayed at the Sunset Motel in Wichita that is owned by Kitchen-Klatter friends. It is a new motel and last year they sent to us for nursery stock to landscape their grounds, and we were pleased to hear their report that everything made wonderful growth.

The second day we drove from Wichita to Amarillo, Texas. At 9:30 near Enid, Oklahoma, we heard our good friend Edith Hansen, the last broadcast we'll hear from home folks for quite some time. All through this part of the country they need rain badly since there has been none for 15 weeks.

The third day we drove through level country and saw many cane and wheat fields and hundreds of cattle grazing. At Roswell, New Mexico, we had our first view of the mountains. Not far from Roswell we drove for miles through a pass following a little river. Here we noticed cherry and apple orchards, and countless sheep grazing. As we came to the top of a long, long hill leading into Alamogordo, N. Mexico, we could see the white sands stretching for miles looking very much like drifts of snow. We spent that night at Las Cruces.

The next night we stopped at Mesa, Arizona, and it was grand to see roses in bloom and trees loaded with oranges. The weather was like Iowa's May or June.

Our last day's drive was uneventful, just miles and miles of desert and ever-changing mountains in the distance. Near Indio we ran into such a terrible duststorm that we couldn't even see the front of our car so we had to stop (which we hated to do for fear someone would crash into us), and when the dust lifted for a moment we saw that we were stranded right on a main line railroad track. Believe me, we got off of that in a hurry!

We reached Redlands about four in the afternoon. The weather is lovely here, and we much enjoy this quiet town. I'm going to spend hours sitting in the sun, and who knows? I may get my cross-stitched table cloth done!

May 1951 bring each and everyone of you a blessed New Year of peace.

Leanna.

Come into the Garden

WINTER THOUGHTS FROM A COUNTRY GARDENER

By Fern Christian Miller

The little brown bulbs went to sleep
in the ground,
In their little brown nighties they
slept very sound,
And winter he raged and he roared
overhead,
But never a bulb turned over in
bed.

But when spring came tip-toeing over
the lea,
Her finger on lip, just as still as
could be,

The little brown bulbs at the very first
tread,
All split up their nighties and
jumped out of bed.

(Author unknown)

This cold gray winter morning I
sit very quietly in my rocking chair
before my west living room window.
My husband and eldest son are out
feeding hogs. The two "middle" chil-
dren have started to school, and the
two little ones are sleeping late. So
I take a moment off for a vacation be-
fore starting the day's work.

I think of the little brown bulbs
sleeping in my garden. It seems a
very long while until spring. This
morning is so gray and lifeless the
blues almost have me.

But no, I am blind! The room is
warm and cheery with a fire, and the
much appreciated electric lights (in-
stalled in December, '49). Outside I
take a long look at the delicate trac-
ery of branches on our shrubs and
trees. Summer's green mantle covers
this artistic framework of our trees
and bushes, but now I can appreciate
it if I will. Down by the brookside
I see a bit of brilliant red. It is wild
rose hips, and the berries of wahoo
and bittersweet. Larger quick-moving
spots of red are two pairs of Card-
inals. Here they come, darting up to
the window shelf feeder to crack corn
and sunflower seed. They are not
two feet from me through the window
glass!

Close behind them come our pet
covey of quail slipping along the
fence and under the gate to eat the
ground feed under the bush honey-
suckles. Two black-capped chick-
adees are busily going over the shrubs
outside the window. Just what they
find on those bare branches is a puzzle
to me! A red-headed woodpecker
is eating suet and peanut butter from
a crack in the bark of a tall elm tree.
A flock of little dark birds (juncos, I
believe) have lighted on the arching
Forsythia. This reminds me of my
plans to cut a few branches for forc-
ing in February.

I think of my dried material stored
away for winter arrangements. I
shall take time to attempt a new bit
of art for the buffet today.

My eye alights upon a book, *Pio-
neering With Wildflowers* by Aiken.
I left it on the radio last night. It is
one of the best wildflower books I

have read, although it was first pub-
lished back in 1933. The chapter on
Violets especially intrigues me. If
the birds don't scratch them out I
shall have some new baby Violets in
my cold frame this spring. Winter
is a wonderful time to catch up on
garden reading and planning! Per-
haps today's mail will bring a new
catalog or magazine, or a letter from
one of my flower-growing friends.

I hear the patter of small bare feet
in the cold bedroom. I jump up to
rush the little brown-eyed boy and girl
in to the warm fire.

The day's work is still before me,
and along with everything else is a
veritable mountain of overalls to
patch. But I tackle it with a smile.
My vacation was a huge success.

Old winter sad, in snowy clad,

Is making a doleful din;

But let him howl 'til he crack his
jowl,

We will not let him in.

—By Thomas Noel.

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF OUR FENCE

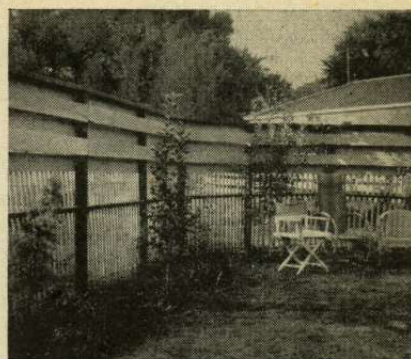
By Lucile

I know that this kind of weather
no one is going out and build a fence
unless it's an emergency measure to
keep cattle inside, but I wanted to
show you a picture of our new fence
and give you an idea of how it was
put together, for these are the days
when we make plans for our gardens
and look ahead impatiently to spring
when we can get underway with all
of our ideas.

Anyone who has ever seen our prop-
erty knows that this fence was not
merely an indulgence. It so happens
that two sides of our lot open on to
alleys; moreover, our house is built
so close to the alley that when I stand
on the back porch I just instinctively
shy away when a car approaches—I
don't suppose there's more than one-
inch of clearance between our prop-
erty and the city's property. There
are no grades or banks of any kind
to make a line of demarcation be-
tween our yard and these two alleys.
In the spring before any shrubbery
picked up steam and leafed out you
actually couldn't tell where our gar-
den ended and the alleys began. Even
without seeing it I think it's clear now
why we needed a good fence.

Russell built every inch of this
fence himself in case you're looking
at the picture and thinking that you
couldn't do anything like it because
you're short of help. No one ever
lifted a finger to assist until painting
time arrived, and then I swung into
action with the paint brush. So much
for the necessity of rounding up ex-
tra labor.

Because we wanted this fence to
hold up for years to come we mounted
the 8 ft. posts (4x4) in two feet of
concrete. These were allowed to set-
tle for several days before the next
step. The picket type fence you'll no-



A full description of our fence is given on this page. Thus far we haven't had many chances to sit, actually sit, in any of our lawn chairs, but we're perennially hopeful.

tice at the bottom is ordinary 4 ft. snow fence. This was anchored to the big 8 ft. posts but reinforced every 7 feet by the 2x4 that is midway between each 8 ft. post. The solid boards that you'll notice in the upper section are 14 feet long and represent a total of 30 inches in depth. These were placed alternately so that one board is fastened to the big posts on the inside, the next one on the outside, etc. This permits air to circulate but gives the maximum of privacy. The entire fence is topped by a 2x4.

If it's at all possible I'd like to show you a picture of the gate next month for it is decorative and yet carries through the overall feeling of the fence. There are also other details of the fence that I'd like to have you see, particularly the area that will serve as a background for the pool we hope to have this summer. I'll do my best to get pictures lined up of these things.

The inside of the fence is painted a soft sandy color that is hard to describe—in certain lights it looks almost as if it had rose in it, and yet the overall color isn't pastel. The darker sections you see are a rich chocolate brown. All of this inside painting is done and part of the outside (solid white) is done. The first thing we have to do when painting weather arrives is get out there and tackle the balance.

Such a fence furnishes a wonderful background for plantings, and in addition to this it protects our garden from the many dogs which roam freely throughout our town and wreak havoc to flowers and shrubs.

In all honesty I must add one final note: it's possible to do this job alone, but it's a killer! When Russell put up the last board he complained that he thought he was getting old since he didn't have the energy he could once claim! All of our friends who had watched this fence go up piece by piece thought that this was funny.

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A HAT SHOW

By Ruth Krehnke

(Editorial Note: It's a constant problem to devise something unusual and interesting for entertainment, so when we heard about this successful social meeting held by the Zion Lutheran Ladies Aid of Pierce, Nebraska, we asked for a detailed account by one of the members. Perhaps it will give you an idea for some organization to which you belong.)

Hats! What woman doesn't love hats, and what woman hasn't at one time or another dreamed up some exclusive model of her very own? Well, this will be the one time when you can let your imagination run riot and create a fantastic concoction that might even scare the Man-in-the-Moon should he happen to look in on the show!

All of our members were informed about our plans at a previous meeting, and it was announced that prizes would be awarded to the woman who wore the best designed and the funniest hat. Not only the members and their guests, but also the little boys and girls who came to the "show" with their mothers wore hats, and they actually ranged from farm yard scenes, dancing dolls, birthday cakes, and fur kittens to ice cream sandwiches!

Five women who were on the committee opened the program by modeling their hats and singing, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" Then a trio of high school girls played several instrumental numbers including "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Mexicali Rose". When the curtains were opened, the scene on the stage represented a hat store of long ago with hat displays arranged on many small tables.

These hats had been collected from many an attic and old trunk, and their vintage ranged in age from fifty years to the present time. Tags on some of the older ones stated the approximate age and gave a short description such as explaining that the little satin bonnet, worn by a great-grandmother, only appeared when she attended church; the much plainer model standing beside it was worn to town.

We were fortunate to have in our midst a woman who owned a millinery store in this town many years ago, and she was willing to dress in a gown belonging to her mother, and to talk about the different hats. As she described these hats they were modeled by women who were dressed in fitting clothes for the various periods. For instance, one woman wore a bustle gown of the Gay Nineties; another wore the short, frilly dress popular in the Flapper days of the twenties; and when "The Easter Parade" was sung off-stage by the soloist, several women modeled hats of that era and appeared in the very short, long-waisted and sleeveless dresses popular at that time. The final number of this part of the program came when another soloist off-stage sang "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," and one of our older members, wearing an old-fashioned gown and sun bonnet, relaxed comfortably in an old rocker.

Our committee then divided the wo-



Martin had his first creche this Christmas and spent many happy hours arranging and rearranging the figures. Margery had just finished telling him how the shepherds went to Bethlehem when Russell snapped this picture.

men into groups of ten and each group, in turn, walked across the front of the room to model their hats. When all had been modeled, the women were given slips of paper and asked to vote for the nicest hat and the funniest hat. When these votes were tabulated, prizes of flower pots, wrapped to represent hats, were given to the winners. These prizes were made by covering a large round of cardboard with colorful paper, wrapping the flower pot in a contrasting paper, tying the ribbon and big bow at the very top edge, and then turning it upside down on the cardboard circle and securing it with scotch tape.

In our refreshments and favors we carried through the main motif of our program.

Our serving table was covered with a lace cloth, and for a centerpiece we used a little girl's white sailor hat turned upside down and filled with a large blooming African violet. It was flanked on either side by two china hat-shaped wall vases filled with philodendron vines which were entwined about the centerpiece. Our guests were seated at small tables, and for centerpieces on these we used large hats turned upside down, and small containers filled with cut flowers placed inside.

Individual trays were used for our refreshments which consisted of a square of white cake, topped with red cherry sauce and whipped cream, coffee, and the hat favors that we had such a good time making. These called forth so much comment that I'd like to tell you how they were made. (Ed. note: Mrs. Krehnke sent one of these favors to us and it was the cleverest thing imaginable.)

Large round sugar cookies formed the brim for the hat, with a marshmallow, cut in half crosswise, stuck on it for the crown. (To get the hat effect place the marshmallow a little to the back.) These were then covered with icing made of powdered sugar and hot water. We worked on an assembly line basis to make these favors, and consequently had bowls of icing colored green, blue, pink, yellow and lavender; one bowl of icing was left white. This gave us a big variety for coloring the sugar cookie brim

and marshmallow crown.

Before this committee started it gathered together materials for the trimming such as narrow ribbon, small bits of lace, tatting, tiny rickrack, beads, sequins, small flowers, veiling, tiny feather tips and wide rickrack. All trimming was applied with a toothpick while the icing was still moist. On some the lace was gathered round the brim; some had a ribbon with a large bow in back and streamers; on others we used small flowers stuck in at the base of the crown, brims covered with veiling and a few brilliant sequins stuck here and there, plumes fashioned of tiny feathers and designs worked in with colored bugle beads. Many combinations and ideas will come to you as you begin to design your hat favors. We made seventy-five and there were no two alike.

Incidentally, our pastor attended this meeting so we even fashioned a man's hat for him combining colored icing to get brown, and cutting a "Y" shaped piece from the top of the marshmallow to represent the crease usually found in a man's hat. We finished this by putting a very narrow ribbon around it and a small red feather at the side.

Since our party was held in July we had many startling hats made by using flowers, vegetables and other greenery that was definitely in season at the time. All of these hats were amusing and unusual, but in giving you suggestions for a few I have eliminated the ones that were definitely seasonal in their "ingredients" and have stuck to a few that could be made successfully at any season.

An upside-down cake pan was covered with a flour and water icing and decorated to represent a birthday cake with candles marching around the top edge. Another was a paper plate with three ice cream sandwiches on top. These were made of two ice cream sandwich cookies with pink and white Kleenex between, folded to represent brick ice cream. A colander had various vegetables stuck into the holes, such as onions, carrots, lettuce, peas, beans, etc., etc. A lampshade trimmed with bobby pins, combs, curlers, brushes, hairnets and other womanly adornments. A half-gallon ice cream carton, covered with aluminum foil and placed on a large cardboard circle to form the brim, had a miniature barn and farm animals on top. One woman portrayed her husband's hobby of fishing by wearing a large sardine can, topped with perky blue bows on either side and a blue chin strap, its fishnet veil dotted with cutouts of large and small fish. A mother-daughter combination featured a large and small nest of cellophane grass filled with Easter eggs and small Easter bunnies.

This is only the most brief suggestion of what we saw that day, but I am sure that if you decide to have a hat show you'll have an equal amount of fun. And by all means plan to have a photographer present to take pictures for in years to come those pictures will be just as precious to you as the hats which our grandmothers wore.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Here in New England we have been very fortunate with the weather for the past several months. We did have one bad wind storm that was pictured in "Life" magazine, the one that I mentioned in my last letter to you, but all in all, it has been a good winter for weather. I know that many of you have not been as fortunate, however, for our newspapers frequently mention the bad weather that some other places in the country have been having.

While Betty is attending a meeting at the church tonight, I have been staying home acting as baby sitter and assistant cook. We are having some guests in for dinner tomorrow, and so I have been cutting the turkey meat off the bones in preparation for creamed turkey. When Betty says she is going to prepare creamed turkey, it means that we shall be eating off of our Hawaiian wood dinner plates. The only time we ever use our beautiful wood plates is when we have creamed foods, for in that manner we prevent their being cut up with dinner knives. Except for the silver and crystal, everything on the table tomorrow night will be of tropical woods, and while the dinner is being served, I shall have soft Hawaiian and Samoan music on the phonograph.

Speaking of phonographs reminds me of our motion picture projector. Since I last wrote to you, we have purchased a magnificent sound motion picture projector. Now we can have sound movies right here in our own home, but that is not the chief reason why we bought it. I wanted the projector so that I could use it in my church work, particularly to take pictures to the homes of our shut-ins. For the past two weeks I have been showing very fine color and sound pictures in the homes of several aged and sick shut-ins, and my, how they enjoyed it! Some of them have been so pleased that they have wept. The money used for the purchase of the projector could have bought for us the finest television set on the market, but I could not have used the television set in my church work, and we do not like to buy things that only we can enjoy. We are one of the very few houses in our neighborhood not to possess a television set, and it is going to be a good many years before we do. We want our children to read books, and not only to read them, but to love them. I have observed that in homes where there is television the family does very little reading.

Although I have been serving as the Minister of my church for the past six months, it was not until just two weeks ago that I was officially installed. On a Sunday afternoon all of the Congregational churches in the state sent their ministers and elected delegates to Bristol for the purpose of examining me and coming to a decision as to whether or not I was qualified and well-suited for the position of Minister of this church. The



Off to California! The sun hadn't yet come up on a bitter December morning when Mother and Dad were ready to drive away. Dad had said they'd leave at 8:00 sharp, and the whistle was blowing as he started the car.

examination was followed by a formal tea and reception honoring us and the out-of-town representatives. From the tea we went back to the main church for the installation service. Actually, the examination was merely a matter of form, for had I failed it the church would still have kept me on as its minister, but it was a good mental stimulus for me. I think that every minister and elected delegate present had a difficult theological question for me to answer.

Last Sunday I had a thrill that comes to very few people: I christened my own son, David Lloyd. Betty's brother, Lloyd Robert Crandall, held David during the ceremony, and he must have had the magic touch for David was as good as gold. I christened several other children in the same ceremony, and the father of one of them was so flustered that he gave me the wrong name for the child! Fortunately I knew the correct name and I went right ahead and used it just as though nothing out of the way had happened. Did I ever tell you of the time that Betty's sister's children were christened? They were at the time three and four years of age. At one point in the service the clergyman said: "Have either of these children been previously baptized?" At which time the three year old said: "No, but my sister has been vaccinated!" How do you like that for a quick reply?

There is so much of hope and so much of fear associated with the rearing of a child. There are the hopes that the child will grow up sound in mind and body, well-fitted to make a good contribution to the society of which he is a part. There are the fears that somehow, in some way this adult world will fail to provide for the child that which he deserves as his birthright, that the adult failures successfully to combat war and disease will cost the child infinite suffering or even death. To rear a child in this day and age requires great faith, faith that God is

still in his heavens, and that all will be right with the world. We cannot look at our little child and say: "Dear one, I hate to think of it, but you with thousands of other children are very likely to be killed in an atomic disaster." No! We must not even think that. Rather we must look at our little child and say: "You, my little one, may have been brought into the world for just such a time as this. You may make some fine contribution to your fellowmen that will make this world a better place in which to live."

Tonight as we were having supper we heard on the radio a piece that reminded us of our college days before the war, and I made the comment: "Ah, those were the happy days! No worry about war. No worry about inflation." But hardly had I said the words than I realized how much in error I was. It is true that those were happy days, but the happiness of those days cannot begin to compare with my present happiness. Now I have my own home and family, and there is no happiness in the world greater than that. No matter how great the fear of war, I could not possibly be happier than when I am sitting at the head of my own table with my wife on one side of me, my little Mary Leanna on the other side, and my dear little David Lloyd in my lap. That is real happiness, and all earlier happiness was but a fragile imitation of the real thing.

You, dear friend, may want to dispute me at this point. You may suggest that all present happiness is undermined by the cruel fear of separation from family and home. I don't look at it that way. In times like these I live for the moment, and I do not worry. What earthly good would it do one to worry? If I were to worry now, I would be depriving myself of what may be the only real happiness I shall know in this life; I would be depriving my family of my real self at its best. I must go on living today and every day with a deep and abiding faith in the Divine Power that put me here. And then there is another fact that I must always take into consideration. I am a clergyman, and the moment I begin to worry about the future, I am of no use to my people as comforter in time of sorrow, or as a leader in time of trouble.

No matter what the year 1951 may bring to us, I hope that all of us will meet the problems of each day with faith and without worry.

Sincerely, Frederick.

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.

WJAG—Norfolk, Nebr. — 780 on your dial.

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr. — 660 on your dial.

IT'S VALENTINE TIME AGAIN

By Mildred Cathcart

Valentine Food

When you are preparing Valentine food it is easy enough to put your HEART into your work.

Since white and red (or pink) are accepted colors we shall plan our refreshments from there.

Cakes and cookies are favorite of all ages. Just heart-shaped cookies with fancy icing will delight the younger set. And what teen-ager will snub a heart cookie with white icing decorated with a red heart pierced through with an arrow? A cake with fluffy boiled icing needs only candy hearts for trimming. Or you may add red tinted coconut or red icing hearts for that extra touch. If you have heart-shaped cake pans, then a heart cake is easily prepared.

Frozen gelatin salads are always popular and by using strawberry gelatin you can carry out the red color scheme. Halves of pears resemble hearts and are always popular at this time of the year. Any dessert topped with a mound of whipped cream and a maraschino cherry will be colorful. If you are lucky enough to own heart-shaped molds you may freeze your desserts in them. Cranberry jelly may be cut with a heart-shaped cutter and may be used to top your desserts.

And the currently popular blossom plastic trees may be decorated with red heart gum drops and will be edible as well as decorative.

Ice cream with a heart frozen in the center is always popular, and vanilla ice cream with frozen strawberries from your deep freezer makes delicious sundaes.

Pink lemonade will taste just as good at your valentine party as it does at the circus. Do include it!

If you are not planning to have a real honest-to-goodness valentine party, don't forget Dad and the youngsters. They will enjoy an added festive touch for their valentine dinner.

Valentine Games

If you are entertaining the small fry at a party you may provide red and white construction paper, paper doilies, paste, scissors and bits of ribbon and lace. Then you can relax for the next hour, because it is such fun to make valentines.

I suppose we never grow too old to enjoy a heart hunt so hide your hearts, either candy or paper variety. Red hearts are fine to hide, too. Candy hearts with printing on them may be hidden and extra points allowed for the ones who find certain designated "quotations."

For older groups give each person a list of twelve words. The words will be in six rhyming pairs such as me and thee, you and blue, may and day, star and far, sing and ring, now and how, etc. Each person is to compose a twelve-line poem ending them with the couplets he receives. You will get some ludicrous and unpoetic results, no doubt.

Famous Pairs is an old favorite at valentine parties. Give each person the first word in the list and ask him

to name the famous pair that goes with it.

1. Salt—pepper; 2. Bread—butter; 3. Needle—thread; 4. Pork—beans; 5. Paper—pencil; 6. Pen—ink; 7. Bacon—eggs; 8. Black—white; 9. Day—night; 10. Priscilla—John Alden; 11. Evangeline—Gabriel; 12. Rebekka—Isaac; 13. Delilah—Samson; 14. Martha Custis—George Washington.

Valentine Invitations

Now with food and fun all lined up, all you need is to bring the gang in and the party is ready to begin. Write your invitations on a chain of hearts which says, "Here's a HEART-Y invitation to a valentine party." You will add the time, place and other necessary details on a larger heart. Place the chain of hearts in an envelope and secure the flap with a heart seal.

FOOD plus GAMES plus GANG adds up to a PARTY! Your friends will HEART-ILY agree that a valentine party is always fun!

FEBRUARY GOOD TIMES

Bubbles of Fortune

Suspend from a wide doorway three wire hearts (cover them with crepe paper). Above each heart is fastened a jingle:

1. Blow your bubble right through here, you will marry within the year.
2. To be engaged within the week, number two is the one you seek.
3. An awful fate for number three, a spinster or bachelor you will be.

Have a bubble blower and bubble solution on a table a short distance from the hoops. Each guest in turn blows a bubble and (with fan provided) tries to fan the bubble through one of the hoops to learn his fortune. Of course you can make up other suitable couplets to fit your crowd.

Building A Love Nest

On two chairs have a pile of assorted articles—the crazier the better! Blindfold two players and give them each a large cardboard carton for their nests. At signal they may sort through objects on their chair and "by feel" select 10 objects they would choose for their nest. There should be at least 15 things on each chair so they really have to sort it over. Let the crowd decide who has made the best choice.

Cutting Down the Cherry Tree

Stick a small branch in a marshmallow and set it on the floor at one end of the room. Blindfold a player from each side. At a signal these players see if they can start from opposite ends of room and go to other end and locate the tree and chop it down (pull it out of marshmallow). Allow a given number of minutes and then blindfold another pair.

We Are Lucky!

Allow, say 10 minutes, time and see which person can write the longest list of things we have today which were unknown in George Washington's day. You might limit the list to just things in the home if you like.

Building Lincoln's Cabin

Divide crowd into two sides. Each side is given a pile of logs (news-

papers can be rolled up and tied for these logs), a roll of transparent tape and a sheet of paper or cardboard for the roof. Now at signal to begin the players see which side can "raise" the cabin the quickest. But the players on each side work in relays—that is, one player putting up one log, then another player placing one, then the next in line, etc.

Sweets to the Sweet

Group chooses partners, preferably a boy and a girl. Each girl is given 15 raisins in a dish and a toothpick. At the word "go" each girl feeds her partner the raisins, spearing each raisin, one at a time, on the toothpick. See which couple finishes first—Mable Nair Brown.

BUILDING A TEMPLE

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder:
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbled into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.
—Author Unknown.

SPIRITUAL FRIEND

The Lord is my shepherd
I have no fear,
I know that He cares
For His loved ones here.
My soul finds peace
In His pastures green
Beside crystal waters
Silent and clean.
Though I walk through the valley
With deaths' sharpened blade
I will fear no evil
His love will not fade.
Anointed with oil
I will dine and be blest
When He says "Come my child
As my special guest."
Where He leads I will follow
Even unto the end,
The Lord is my shepherd
My spiritual Friend.
—Delphia Myrl Stubbs.

GIVING

God gives joy that we may give;
He gives joy that we may share,
Sometimes He gives loads to lift
That we may learn to bear.
For life is gladder when we give,
And love is sweeter when we share,
And heavy loads rest lightly too
When we have learned to bear.
—Unknown.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a cold January night, the kind of a night when the house is so full of mysterious creaks and groans that you wonder if it will hold together until morning. I realize that every crack and snap have explanations behind them that are only too realistic, but sometimes after a particularly sharp noise I'm hard pressed to remember that it's plaster and wood contracting with the cold.

Last night, for instance, I rared up in bed utterly convinced that someone was prowling at the back door and had fallen over something. It was that kind of a noise! I was too lazy to do any investigating, but this morning when I came downstairs and found the dining room wall paper cracked completely through and hanging loose, I knew suddenly that it was the cold and nothing more that had been prowling. Tonight I'm making such a din with this typewriter that the plaster would have to follow the paper to get me up from my desk. And I really don't believe that's going to happen.

Yes, I know that you took down your tree long ago and put away all of the Christmas decorations until a December day a good many months from now, but this is the first chance I've had to tell you what went on around here. And I might add right here that through the holidays I always regret our iron-clad printing schedule that makes it absolutely necessary for us to come tagging in with Christmas details at this date. But even though we have highly efficient printers and they, in turn, have the finest of equipment with which to work, it is still impossible to print many thousands of magazines, address them, and get them all over the country in a minute less than we allow. I know that everyone understands this, so we'll just bear with each other on the two occasions, Thanksgiving and Christmas, when news seems not exactly fresh.

If you read my January letter in which I mentioned Juliana's desire for a canary, and if you've read past letters in which I mentioned her three cats, Niger, Bawler and Snowball, then you'll be glad to hear that I too woke up to the fact that cats and canaries don't mix! Everytime I seriously put my mind to the problem of getting a canary I felt very uneasy and some kind of a vague memory tapped at my mind. It was after two or three days of this disturbing sensation that I suddenly recalled why I felt so peculiar about it. I thought back to the one canary that we ever had when I was a child at home, and then I realized quickly that one day we came home from town and found his cage on the floor and a couple of scattered feathers. Until that day we had claimed for our pets a canary and a cat. After that day we had a cat. Thank goodness I remembered this in time to avert what would have happened here sooner or later had we gotten a canary.

But even if Christmas didn't bring



These two little girls are Kira Sassaman and Juliana standing on a very windy summit in Chicago. We had great hopes of getting a fine collection of Chicago pictures, but the weather was against us from the very outset. Kira is only nine years old, and yet she knows her way around many sections of the city and made a wonderful guide to the Field Museum, Art Institute, and other points of interest.

a canary it wasn't a disappointment with too sharp an edge for we had roller skates, a beautiful edition of Tom Sawyer, a nylon sweater and two pairs of nylon socks (her very first), a string of pearls, two new games, a warm bathrobe, and small things that went into her stocking. Grandmother Verness made her a charming red plaid gingham dress with a flared skirt, and she'd wear it to school every day until spring if I didn't insist on a laundry job. Grandmother Driftmier gave her a really grown-up dress trimmed with brown velvet (Kristin received one too), so all in all she fared very well.

In our family exchange Russell and I drew Dorothy's and Frank's names and we had no trouble at all figuring out what to give them thanks to the fact that they were hooked on to REA in late autumn. Frank has always liked to make the toast at their house and he's done a masterful job under adverse conditions, so I knew that nothing would appeal to them more than a fool-proof toaster. Now we can sit and visit without sudden clouds of smoke to remind us that we had originally expected to have toast!

My gift to Emily was a dress, and I might as well say here and now that we may get tired of the old-fashioned classic that has a gathered skirt on a front and back yoke, but it's the only thing that hangs well on a two-year old. I made this particular dress of fine white batiste and it has a short front yoke all right (I piped it with red handkerchief linen), but where I made my mistake was using a pattern that called for pleats in front and in back. The minute you tie the sashes it pulls all of the pleats out of line and looks just plain miserable. This was a big disappointment to me for I put a lot of work on it. Just above the yoke I embroidered tiny goldfish in a solid satin stitch (brilliant red) and I also made red collars and tiny red cuffs. In the illustration that pattern just looked wonderful, and when the dress was finished, freshly ironed and hanging on a hanger it made me feel awfully happy, but when I saw it hanging on Emily

I made a yellow pique dress smock-

ed in brown for Mary Leanna, and for Kristin I made a white batiste long-sleeved blouse. Juliana has one just like it that she wore with her grey suit when we went to Chicago, and if I do say so myself it looked fetching. I made this blouse with long sleeves and trimmed the edge with fine lace—I used matching lace on the collar, and finished it with a small black velvet bow (plus streamers) at the neck. Now if you won't laugh at me I'll tell you that the pattern I used is the top of the pajama pattern that I hacked away on through the fall when I was turning out flannel pajamas. Furthermore, in case you too want a good blouse pattern where you can't possibly go wrong (if I can't go wrong, no one can!) I'll tell you point blank that this is Simplicity No. 2599.

I've finally had to face the fact (with the help of frank comments from friends and family!) that Juliana looks far better in tailored clothes and that I simply must give up the lace and embroidery! This is a blow to me for I've gotten the most heart-warming pleasure out of doing fine handwork on her dresses, and it's really like closing the door on a satisfying era of life to give it up. When I was in Chicago Juliana came into the room while Lucille and I were talking, and she had on a pale blue dress smocked in navy blue and red, white collars edged with lace, sleeves edged with lace, etc., and after she'd gone out I turned to Lucille and said, "Tell me honestly, do you think she looks babyish in that dress?" (In my heart I knew she did!) There was just a moment's silence and then Lucille said, "Since you've asked me—yes. Oh, but I know how you feel! Left to my own devices I would have kept Kira in dresses like that until her wedding day just because I loved to make them and see her in them!"

So that, plus many similar comments, plus my own two eyes, has brought me to the realization that I must concentrate on tailored gingham, etc. And I'm so happy, so very happy, that I have Mary Leanna and Emily to think about!

My thoughts turn now to Mother and Dad far away in Redlands, California. We are all so glad, remembering back to the years when their day began at 5:00 and ended at 10:00, that they can get away through the worst of our winter. Dad will be seventy his next birthday, and all of us feel that we are wonderfully blessed to have him in such good health that he can walk out to the car and start to California with only Mother beside him. I say "only Mother" because if anything should ever happen she is unable to help in any way and can only sit and wait for help. Of course nothing will happen—we all believe that. But once you've been over those long, long stretches in our great West you remember them and can only send up a quick, silent prayer when their car pulls away on a frosty December morning.

When you write to me tell me what you're sewing and if you've turned up any particularly good new recipes. I enjoy every single letter that reaches me. Until March . . . Lucile.

THIS WINTER'S READING

By Myrtle E. Felkner

When the holidays are over, it seems for a few days that we are living in a vacuum. We feel detached and aimless, and until a new and interesting project presents itself, we're not particularly happy about the whole thing.

No matter what project finally stirs you from apathy—be it sewing, the refinishing of furniture, or the learning of a new craft—no modern woman should miss the opportunity to read a few of the good new books. Prejudice and narrow-mindedness have caused many of the world's ills, and the quickest road to tolerance is via your library shelf. All modern books are not trash, nor are all modern novelists perverse individuals dealing solely with decadent morals. There are plenty of good and worthwhile books being written, so let's read this winter!

White Witch Doctor by Louise A. Stinetorf is a novel of deepest Africa. It is written in autobiographical style and is made doubly authentic by Miss Stinetorf's statement that many of the incidents in her book actually happened. The rest are true to life as she herself has experienced it in the Congo. It is the story of Ellen Burton, who lived the sheltered life of a mid-western spinster until her parents died when she was forty years of age. It was then that she resolved to become a medical missionary. In spite of the protests of family and friends, Ellen entered nurses' training, became a registered nurse, and sailed for duty to the Congo, laden with luggage. The next twenty-five years of rigorous medical duty among the dark tribes of Africa make for fascinating reading. Ellen fights filth and ignorance and superstition—even the prejudice of her fellow workers. She learns to hunt rhinos and elephants to provide meat for the mission boys; she teaches an illiterate savage woman the rudiments of the medical profession; she adopts an orphaned waif from the dark jungles and raises him as her own son, only to see him killed by a white man's indifference. You will read every page of this book eagerly, and you'll wonder how Ellen Burton could be a fictitious character.

The Peaceable Kingdom by Ardyth Kennelly will make you chuckle and weep and want to shake every one of the characters before you're through. It is a novel based on the married lives of Linnea and Sigrid Ecklund, both of whom were unfortunately married to one Olaf Ecklund. This, of course, is a story based on the Mormons of Utah, during the days when they sanctioned polygamy, and the results were such as any normal woman might imagine. Jealousy was constant and fierce between the women and their respective children, and although Olaf maintained separate homes for his wives, there was no end to their rivalry. Yet woven into and around this impossible situation, Miss Kennelly has related the human sorrows and joys and problems of a down-to-earth and wholly sensibly young woman, Linnea, the second

wife. Parts of this book are too sensuous to be in good taste, but for anyone who loves to follow the thread of a good story, this one will suit.

The Pink House is Nella Gardner White's intriguing new novel, and it is a fine one for family reading. Though the plot is the rather worn one of an orphaned girl thrust into a family of rich and coldly impersonal relatives, it is nevertheless freshly written and enjoyable. Mary Ellen, Paul, Dosie and Aunt Rose are the characters who make life so miserable for the crippled Norah, yet she is fortunate in the help and friendship of Poll, Aunt Rose's sister-in-law, the individual who painted the house pink. Mysterious conflicts and dark secrets plague all their lives, but to tell you why Aunt Rose did not love her own son, and why young and talented Poll submerged herself in a household where she was plainly disliked and unwelcome—well, that would be to give you the key to the story. So do read it yourself!

Raising a Riot by Alfred Toombs is another of those I-did-it-myself accounts which have so flooded the market recently. If you are tired of them, skip this one until you're in a more receptive mood. It is a gay, light-hearted story, too good to miss entirely. The author, upon his discharge from military service, learns that his wife must be confined in a hospital for months of treatment. Money, servants, and kindly relatives all being at a minimum, the hapless father decides to take upon himself the tasks of mother, father, cook, housekeeper and sometimes referee, for his brood of youngsters. Any of you can imagine the hilarious—or not so hilarious—outcome if *your* husband tried a thing like that, and it all happened to Mr. Toombs, and more. He bakes blue birthday cakes that make every kid in town blue, he fights ptomaine and mongrel dogs and unheated homes, then tells us all about it in humorous, good-natured style. This is surely the book to read when you think *your* kids are getting the best of you.

The Chain by Paul I. Wellman is deeper and more sophisticated reading. Those who have read "The Walls of Jericho" by this author will recognize in this novel such characters as Algeria Wedge, and will meet fascinating new ones, Gilda Westcott, Father Carlisle, Dr. Murry Clifton, and others. This story tells how a cold and unhumanitarian church congregation is led to God through the pain and immense emotional suffering of their new pastor, Father Carlisle. It has an intensely dramatic climax you cannot quickly forget. This book is a modern and skilled writer at his best.

These five books are good ones to start on. May your adventures in reading this winter lead you to discover many more fine ones.

It takes your enemy and your friend working together to hurt you to the heart: the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you.—Mark Twain.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Many of the shut-ins who are brought to my attention are not able to write letters—they are too sick, or too crippled. Often it is people like this who are most in need of cheer, and since some of you have offered to write to these folk who cannot answer, I have made up the following list. I hope each one who reads this will send a word of encouragement to one or more of these invalids. Most of them are elderly folk but there are two small boys: Richard Krieger, 1417 B. St., Omaha, Nebr. is 4 and had polio recently. He is in a hospital but this is his home address and mail sent here will reach him. Bobby Ontjes is 12. He, too, had polio and now is in a cast in a hospital quite a way from home. Address him in care of Mrs. John Cuvelier, Box 294, Aplington, Iowa.

Mary Anne Adams, aged 18, formerly of Minneapolis, is now at 1401 NW 9 St., Oklahoma City, Okla. She is nearly helpless following polio. Mrs. Amy Bagley, 379 LaVerne, Los Angeles 32, Calif., aged 71, has a heart ailment. Mrs. Mary Baines, 88 Ford St., Brockton 4, Mass., aged 67, has been bedfast for more than 40 years with arthritis. Mrs. Mabel Bennett, R1, Box 216, Reedsburg, Wisc., aged 58, is crippled and has been bedfast for several years. She is very lonely.

Mrs. Ida Bowman, 730 E 140 St., Apt 1, Cleveland 10, Ohio. Bedfast and in hospital for many months. Send cards only. Mrs. A. V. Broberg, 1719 Humboldt St., Manhattan, Kansas., aged 84, has been in a wheel chair for some years and is pretty helpless. She suffers a good deal and is lonely. Miss Edna E. Casper, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Elizabeth, New Jersey, aged 51, is an arthritis victim and really needs cheer. Miss Elta Cox, R4, Box 92, Paducah, Ky., aged 36, has been badly crippled since she had polio when she was 4 years old. Mrs. Alice Flentke, GSI Cot 13-1, Gallipolis, Ohio, aged 57, wants letters and could answer if she had stamps. Cassie Georgson, 93 N. Roosevelt Ave., Pasadena 8, Calif., has been a shut-in for 10 years and is alone since her mother died this fall.

Miss Lillian Green, 2504 W 2 St., Amarillo, Texas, aged 39, is bedfast and has been for many years. She is entirely helpless—paralyzed by a spinal injury. Miss Marie Greiner, Box 322, Jeannette, Pa., aged 52, bedfast and nearly blind.

Mrs. Emma Neufind, 322 W. Huron St., Missouri Valley, Iowa, aged 82, arthritis. Wants quilt pieces. Mrs. Stella Newman, 1337 W. 10 St., Muncie, Ind., aged 42, heart trouble. Mrs. Lester Ray, 3915 Second Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. Bedfast. Has arthritis and needs cheer. Mrs. Gertrude Roebuck, Rt. 2, Buford, Ga., aged 61, bedfast. Loves to get mail. Mrs. Ruby Snead, 2140 Tremont, Denver 5, Colo., aged 54, badly crippled with arthritis but does wonderful crochet work with wool, and makes baby things for sale. Miss Marianne Yambor, 168 Anthony St., 2d Floor, Johnstown, Pa., aged 34, bedfast for many years.



LIGHT GINGERBREAD

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. dark molasses
- 1 cup sour milk

Sift together flour, sugar, ginger, salt, soda and baking powder. Cut shortening into this as for pie crust. Remove 1/3 cup of this mix and sprinkle over the batter before baking. Beat egg, add molasses and sour milk. Stir until smooth and top with above. Use 8x13 greased pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for approximately 45 minutes.

INDIVIDUAL TENDERLOIN ROLLS

This unusual and delicious dish is fine to serve when you entertain for a roaster could be filled with them and thus meat for a crowd could be managed easily. Cut the pork tenderloin into lengthwise strips allowing one strip per person. Spread with dressing recipe given below. Roll up; tie snugly with string. Dredge with flour and brown in a small amount of hot fat. Then put into roaster, or casserole if you are preparing only a few, cover bottom of pan with sour cream, cover tightly, and bake slowly in a 325 degree oven for 30 minutes.

DRESSING FOR ROLLS

- 2 Tbls. fat
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 cup soft bread cubes
- 2 cups finely chopped tart apples
- Enough milk to moisten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Increase this amount if you are preparing more than 8 tenderloin rolls.

CREAM HORSE RADISH DRESSING

- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 2 Tbls. grated horseradish

Beat cream until stiff. Add lemon juice slowly (vinegar may be substituted), and then add seasonings and horseradish. A bowl of this placed on the table when cold meat is served adds a delicious note to the meal.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

DATE FILLED COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Filling

- 1 lb. dates
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water

Prepare filling first by combining ingredients and cooking until thick, stirring frequently so it doesn't stick. Remove from fire and cool. When cold add 1/2 cup chopped nuts, if you wish.

Cream the sugar and shortening well. Add the eggs unbeaten, milk and soda that has been dissolved in 1 Tbls. warm water. Beat vigorously. Add the flour and baking powder that have been sifted together, and vanilla. Roll and cut. Spread filling between two cookie layers. Bake for approximately 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven. These keep well and would be grand to send to the field for lunches. Also fine for the children's school lunches.

CROQUETTES

Croquettes are a wonderful way to make a small amount of meat or fish go a long way in a most delicious guise. The following recipe calls for a small can of turkey, but a cup (or slightly less) of tuna fish, salmon, chopped chicken or beef, could be used with equally good results. This make six good-sized croquettes, but two per person should be allowed when they are to be used for the main meat dish.

- 4 Tbls. flour
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- Dash of pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can turkey

Make cream sauce by melting butter, adding flour and seasonings and then slowly stirring in milk. Lastly add turkey. This will make a very thick mixture. Chill. Make into croquettes, dip in beaten egg, then into finely ground bread or cracker crumbs, and chill again. When ready to cook, lift into deep, hot fat (370 degrees) using a wide-bladed spatula. Fry until golden brown all over. Remove to paper to drain, and serve at once.

ECONOMICAL MEAT DISHES

We're all on the lookout for good, inexpensive main dishes, so here are two we often make and enjoy. Give these a try the next time you are worrying about what to buy in the line of meat; at current prices locally the sausages in the first dish cost around 50¢, but it is impossible to figure the exact cost of the ham since we only make this when we have left-over ham in the house. However, if we were buying enough ham to make this, it would probably run to about 60¢.

SAUSAGE AND CABBAGE CASSEROLE

- 1/2 dozen Polish sausages (these are much larger than small link sausages)
- 1 small head cabbage

Use a casserole for this that has a very tight fitting lid. Shred a thick layer of cabbage in the bottom as if you were cutting it for cole slaw. Place 3 sausages over it; then shred balance of cabbage over this and top with remaining sausages. Do not season in anyway since the sausages are highly seasoned. Add about 1/2 cup water, put on lid, and bake for approximately one hour in a 350 degree oven. The sausage flavor permeates all of the cabbage and it makes a most tasty and delicious main dish. Plain boiled potatoes are good served with this.

HAM AND POTATO CASSEROLE

- As many small pieces of ham as you can manage

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt (less if ham is very salty)

- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Sufficient sliced potatoes for size casserole you are using

Melt butter, stir in flour and seasonings, and slowly add milk. Cook until thick. Arrange alternate slices of ham and potatoes in casserole. Pour white sauce over it. Cover and bake for one hour in a 350 degree oven. This is a delicious and filling dish that makes a little meat go a long ways.

PERFECT SAUCE FOR STEAMED PUDDINGS

- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup water

Combine these ingredients in top of double boiler, cook and beat with Dover beater until frothy. If lemon juice is used for flavoring rather than 1/2 tsp. vanilla, take out 2 Tbls. of water and use the lemon juice. This recipe came from a friend in Lincoln who told us that her husband's father brought it from England with him in 1858, and she added that if you ever make it up you'll never eat a corn-starch sauce again—perhaps!

TIME TO GREASE THE DOORKNOBS!

By Mabel Nair Brown

"February's here — time to grease the doorknobs".

These were the magic words that used to usher in butchering days at our house in days gone by—that is, they were magic where we children were concerned for we didn't have to render gallons of lard, fry down the tenderloin, watch over a wash boiler of meat in the "cold pack" or rub the hams with sugar cure. To us, butchering days meant fresh, fried tenderloin sandwiches when we came from school, sizzling sausages with buckwheat cakes for breakfast and the smell of mincemeat simmering on the old kitchen range — and of course mincemeat must be sampled generously to see if Mom had it seasoned just right.

For many of us, the modern locker plants have taken the work and drudgery out of butchering but most of us still render lard at home and there are many who do not have access to a locker or who still prefer the home cured meat. For them, here are some hints which should prove helpful.

When rendering lard, trim all lean meat from the lard, leaf fat and trimmings if you would have top notch quality lard. Grinding the lard (fat) through a food grinder means quicker rendering time and a higher percentage of lard from the fat. Be sure all particles of fat are clean and that the kettle is thoroughly clean—this makes for better keeping quality. Start the fat on low heat and then gradually increase heat, but do not boil vigorously as this means there is greater danger of the fat boiling over onto the stove and perhaps burning someone badly.

The lard is done when the particles of fat turn a delicate golden brown and float to the top. These particles will dry quickly when held up to the open air on a spoon.

For better storage qualities, home economic experts now recommend that two or three pounds of hydrogenated vegetable fat be added to each fifty pounds of lard just before it is removed from the stove. Just leave it on the heat long enough to melt the vegetable fat.

Every bit of the cracklings are removed by straining the lard through a thin cloth as you take it from the fire and put it into containers. I like to put a piece of old muslin in my cone shaped colander and ladle the lard into it. If you are rendering a big amount of lard it is better to put it in several small containers, rather than one big one as all the lard doesn't need to be opened and exposed to the air at one time. Many housewives prefer to seal the lard in two-quart jars.

When canning meat it is well to remember that pork should chill thoroughly for 24-36 hours before canning — beef, from 36 - 48 hours. But avoid freezing, for the frozen meat will have inferior flavor when canned and is harder to handle for canning, too. Wipe the meat with clean damp cloth if needed but do not let it stand in

water. Always cut the jar size pieces with the grain, and if slicing, cut across the grain and about one inch thick.

We still think this recipe first given on Kitchen-Klatter many years ago, is "tops" for canning either beef or pork.

To Can Meat

1 gallon water
2 cups coarse salt (smoked salt may be used for different flavor, but if used, skim after it cools)
1 cup white sugar
Bring this brine to a boil and cool while packing the meat in the jars.
To pack the meat for jars, slice as for frying, or cut into serving size pieces as meat is cut when roasted. Beef steak is especially good canned this way as it can be floured and fried like fresh steak when it is opened. Bacon can be sliced and canned by this method, too.

After meat is packed in the jars, put one cup of the brine to each quart. Adjust lids according to type. Cold-pack 35 minutes. The amount of brine listed above is enough for approximately 15 quarts. When the meat is used, the liquid in the jar can be diluted and used for delicious gravy or with noodles, vegetable stew, etc.

CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK CUSTARD

1/2 cup sweetened chocolate flavored malted milk
1 1/2 cups milk
2 eggs
2 Tbls. sugar
1/8 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla
3/4 cup shredded coconut
Sift the malted milk. Mix it well with one-half cup of the cold milk, and add to the beaten eggs. Heat the remaining milk with the sugar and pour it onto the egg and malted milk mixture. Add the salt, vanilla and coconut, mix well, and pour into greased custard cups. Place them in a pan of hot water and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

RASPBERRY PUDDING

(Simple but delicious)
2 cups fresh raspberries (I used 1 pkg. frozen)
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Juice of 1/2 lemon
1/2 pkg. white cake mix
1/4 cup sugar
1 Tbls. cornstarch
1/4 tsp. salt
3/4 cup boiling water
Set oven at 375 degrees, or moderate. Grease an 8" square pan and spread raspberries over bottom. (Put berries through sieve for those who cannot eat fruit with seeds.) Then sprinkle over lemon juice and rind. Next mix up white cake mix according to directions and pour this batter over all the berries. Mix up sugar, cornstarch and salt and sprinkle over top of batter. Then pour on the boiling water. Bake 30 minutes. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Enough for six people.

BACON WAFFLES

(I've fallen back on this recipe many times when I had unexpected guests right at mealtime and was caught (even though I shouldn't have been!) without the makings of a real meal.—Lucile)

2 eggs, separated
2 cups all-purpose flour
4 Tbls. sugar
Dash of salt
5 tsp. baking powder
2 cups milk (see below)
3/4 cup melted shortening
1 pound bacon
Put bacon in heavy skillet over slow fire and begin frying. Beat egg yolks until frothy. Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together, and then add milk and egg yolks and beat until smooth. Add shortening, beat slightly, and lastly fold in egg whites that have been beaten stiff. Place crisp bacon on grids, (I use two long pieces cut in halves so that each division of the grids has one piece on it), pour batter over it, and bake as usual. With butter and syrup this waffle makes a filling dish. Recipe makes approximately one dozen waffles.

Note: Since we buy all of our milk I keep evaporated milk on hand and use it frequently in this type of recipe, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup of water.

DELICIOUS CREAM CHEESE PIE

Crust

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour (sift before measuring)
1 cup pecans put through food grinder
1/4 tsp. almond extract
1/4 tsp. vanilla
Mix as for regular pie crust and then pack in 10 inch pie pan.

Filling

2 packages cream cheese
4 egg yolks beaten lightly
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup milk
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/4 tsp. almond extract
Soften cheese and mix with egg yolks, sugar, milk and flavorings. Pour into crust and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove for meringue. Beat egg whites, gradually add 8 Tbls. sugar. Spread over pie and brown for 7 to 8 minutes in a 425 degree oven.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 cups white sugar
3 squares of chocolate
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup of milk
2 egg yolks
2 Tbls. butter
1 tsp. vanilla
Cook sugar, chocolate, cream of tartar and milk to a soft ball. Beat 2 egg yolks and pour the hot syrup over them (very gradually) beating vigorously all the time. Add butter and vanilla and beat until ready to spread. This big recipe will be enough for between the layers, and all sides and top of a two layer cake. It never gets hard and cracks off.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This has been such a warm and balmy day that it is hard for me to realize that it is the 31st of December, but from the sound of the weather forecast it will probably be zero when I start out for school in the morning. It has certainly been nice this winter to have a good warm school house in the mornings.

Frank took advantage of our warm day by moving some of his hogs to another pen, and Kristin is out trying her new ice skates she got for Christmas, so I decided there was no better time to write my letter to you.

I am just now beginning to catch my breath after the busy Christmas weeks. I think that the week before Christmas and the week before school is out in the Spring are the two hardest weeks of the whole year for a teacher. It seemed almost impossible for the children to get their minds on their work. We had to practice hard on their program, finish their gifts for their parents, decorate the school-house and put up the tree. I spent my evenings that week baking and decorating Christmas cookies, wrapping gifts, fixing treats for the children and preparing the refreshments for their Christmas party. But finally Friday night came, we had a nice crowd and the children did a wonderful job with their program and everything went off without a hitch.

To top it all off, Kristin wasn't feeling well that week and had to be at home for a few days, and even if I did know that she wasn't very sick, and her Daddy and her aunts were taking very good care of her, she was still very much on my mind. She missed several practices for her program, and since she had quite a bit to learn, I spent a lot of time helping her. But she was able to go the night of the program, and only had to be prompted once and played her piano solo without a mistake, so she was very elated about that.

Tomorrow begins the last week of the first semester, and unless we should have a very bad storm making it necessary to close school for a day or two, we will go straight through the rest of the year without another day off. Our programs are over for this school year, so we will all get in the groove and get so interested in our work that the days will sail right by.

Believe it or not, but Frank is still picking corn. He had quite a bit of corn that was pretty soft and he wanted to leave it in the field as long as possible. He picks a load or two a day and feeds it right away, and that is why he is still picking. I laughingly told him the other day that if he wanted to wait awhile, school would be out pretty soon and I could help him.

Starting January 6th, I am going to attend the Saturday classes in Chariton to get some more college credits to keep my certificate good. Drake University sends a college professor to Chariton every Saturday during the school year and by enrolling and attending these classes we receive regular college credits. I didn't enroll



Juliana and Kristin have their Aunt Abigail and Uncle Wayne to thank for the cozy quilted Christmas robes. Left to their own devices they would have spent the entire holiday in them and never once gotten dressed!

the first semester because I just didn't see how I could manage all the extra work it would entail for me, but since I have to take Kristin in to Chariton every Saturday afternoon for her music lesson anyway, I decided it would be a wonderful opportunity for me to go to the afternoon class. I don't know how many counties in Iowa offer this course, but it certainly is the perfect solution for we married women with homes and families. Of course it will mean a lot of extra work and studying for me, but I would much rather it would be this way than have to leave my family again to go to summer school.

I told you all about our school Christmas, but didn't even mention what a nice Christmas we had at home. Since Kristin and I were going to Shenandoah Christmas day, we had our big dinner at Father Johnson's at noon the day before; then in the evening all the Johnson family came to our house for our annual Christmas Eve party. After we had all opened our gifts I served a lunch and everyone seemed to have a very good time. Kristin is the only youngster in this family and so everyone has more fun watching her open her gifts than opening their own. Every year Frank spends about a week fixing up stockings for everyone who will be here. He always gets at least one silly little toy at the dime store to put in each one, and since his Uncle August always grows the most and best potatoes around here, he wrapped up a nice potatoe to put in his. Well, that is just an example of what goes in each stocking. But in the toe of each sock he puts a silver dollar. Of course every single item is wrapped, so it takes a good fifteen minutes to reach the bottom of the sock. Every year after he gets them all finished and hung up he says it was too much work and this is the last time he will do it, but next year the week before Christmas he will ask Kristin to find him some socks and he will do it again. I think it is worth it because everyone gets a lot of good laughs out of it and has a lot of fun.

Frank didn't get to go to Shenandoah with us this year because the friend he was going to ask to do the chores for him was going to be out of town, and also the clutch on the jeep decided to go out on us just a few days before Christmas, and the only time they could fix it at the garage was the day after Christmas, so, since I wanted to stay a little longer, Kristin and I just went down on the train. They waited dinner for us until we got there, and Kristin and I had some gifts down there under the tree for us (Frank did too, but we brought his home to him). Since I had to be back at school on Thursday, we came home on the train Wednesday afternoon. We had a very enjoyable time and that will be our last trip to Shenandoah until the folks get back from California.

Well, the sun has gone down and it is time to start thinking about getting some supper for Frank and Kristin.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

GARDENER'S CREED

I've rested in the shade of many trees
And never knew what hand the seed
had sown—

What man or bird or gusty wind had
strewn—

Nor cared the singing birds, the wandering
breeze.

"Joy to the world," we sang our simple
creed.

The shade was grateful, though the
planter gone.

The beauty and the joy he gave lives
on,

Forgotten, though, the sower of the
seed.

And so I plant, as life draws to its
close.

The fruitage lies with nature and with
God.

If flowers bloom along the path I've
trod

I shall not doubt the sweetness of
repose.

Perennial beauty, smiling to the sky,
Confirms my faith that spirit cannot
die.

—H. F. Stoke

(Reprinted from the Flower Grower, August 1950).

(Editorial Note: When we saw this poem and thought that our readers would enjoy it with us, we wrote to the Flower Grower and asked for both their permission and the author's permission to print it. To our surprise we found that the author had lived in Shenandoah in 1903 and recollected the Field family very well. He is now a resident of Roanoke, Virginia.)

He who will live for others shall have great troubles, but they shall seem to him small. He who will live for himself shall have small troubles, but they shall seem to him great.—Dean Inge.

You will make more friends in a week by getting yourself genuinely interested in other people than you can in a year by trying to get other people interested in you.—Arnold Bennett.

Do write to us one of these winter days. We'll appreciate it.—Leanna and Lucile.

FORGET TRACTORS FOR A MOMENT!

By Hallie M. Barrow

An article in a recent farm magazine titled "How to Break an Ox Team" has brought to light many stories about this method of transportation from some of our older residents. When there were no roads, a team of oxen could travel where horses and mules were helpless, and could outpull them as well. They could go through brushy tracts because they had no harness to catch. They were powerful slow but very steady, and at that time they were easier to handle than other animals. They are still used in some states, especially eastern and southern states where heavy logs must be pulled out of the mountains over trackless areas. It's a comment on the passing of time and the changing of scene that about the only time we ever see them now in the middlewest is as an exhibit at a county fair.

Jonathan Dyer of Amity remembered much about his father's oxen. The father lived in Massachusetts in his youth and oxen were used altogether on the farms. After he moved out to Missouri he loved to return to the Massachusetts cattle shows—we have always called these events county fairs. Here he would meet many of the friends of his boyhood and again see and touch the ox teams; to the end of his life he never lost his love for oxen.

At those Massachusetts cattle shows they had ox pulling contests. A rude kind of a wagon called a "stone boat" was loaded with rocks and one ox team vied with another to see which could pull the heaviest load. (The horse pulling contests that we see around here today are a variation of the same thing.) Anyone who ever saw those Massachusetts cattle shows recalls that the great plodding beasts never lunged and plunged as horses and mules sometimes do. Of course this only defeats their aim, but we've all seen horses pulling hysterically in different directions in a crisis. Oxen work together; they crouch until their bellies almost drag the ground to get a heavy load started; they are never hurried or excited.

Oxen were not used when Mr. Dyer came to this country for it was a land of fine horses and mules. But once when he was in Kansas City buying feeder cattle (there was no market at St. Joseph then), a man standing near him said that the crowd down at the end of the alley had gathered to watch the sale of a team of oxen. He added that they seldom ever had any oxen on the Kansas City market. When Mr. Dyer heard this he left his cattle trade, went to see the ox team, and ended by buying it.

His only excuse was that he just loved to be able to see an ox team working occasionally. His son said in later years that he could understand his father's homesick yearning to see the oxen about. "You see," he commented, "I'm the same way about a saddle horse. I don't need one at

all, but I never outgrew the love I had for my first riding horse and I just like to have one in the pasture." He also told me that many years later when his father's ox team was sold, the animals weighed a ton apiece.

But returning to the Massachusetts cattle shows for a moment, Mr. Dyer's son told me that his father used to take him back to see those events, and that he found the most interesting aspect of the affair was watching the farm boys who had started training calves to work. They had small yokes and wagons and exhibited their calves much as boys now would show their ponies. Then, too, the calves hadn't yet learned to be steady and sometimes there was plenty of action and great sport for the spectator.

After his father's death and the sale of the oxen, Mr. Dyer had the ox yoke mounted over his garage door and he says that he never drives into the garage without being reminded of his father and his beloved oxen.

While I am thoroughly familiar with most phases of farm life, still I was a little too late for the ox era and so I really enjoyed hearing these older folks tell about the days when only oxen were seen on the roads. It had never occurred to me, for instance, that oxen, like horses, must be shod. And of course there were no blacksmiths in the towns because there were no towns! Each farmer was his own blacksmith for he made his own oxen shoes and put them on the animal. It was from J. H. Wagers of Union that I learned how this was done.

Each shoe was in two parts that somewhat resembled a half moon. The farmer also made his own nails, six nails in each piece or twelve nails to a shoe. The oxen were first put into stocks, and these were made by setting four posts wide enough apart for one ox to go between. Some round timbers were put up on the sides, and enough rope to make a wide belt was made and put under the oxen and then fastened on to hooks in the timbers. These timbers were turned then and wound up the belt until the ox was raised up off the ground. Their back feet were pulled back and a large iron clevis fastened above their hoofs and a pin put through the clevis to hold it in place while the shoes were nailed on.

Probably these details make very little sense to the younger generation, but I'm sure that many of the older people who read this will find their memories suddenly jolted by the recollection of things they had forgotten long, long ago. If they didn't actually see this done with their own eyes there is a good chance that elderly relatives described it on winter nights so far away that it seems almost like a dream.

Mr. Wagers said that back on his father's mountain home in Kentucky the oxen were used to make brick. First a pond-like place was made in a certain kind of clay, and then a yoke of oxen was placed in it. A man drove this team 'round and 'round in the depression until it had tramped up the clay mud. While bricks were being molded out of this first pit, a

second depression was made and the oxen tramped up another clay deposit. In this way the oxen were changed back and forth in these pits. Mr. Wagers has a brick with his father's name carved on it and the date—1847. These bricks were used to build the chimneys for the old-fashioned fireplaces in log cabins. Some pioneers used stone for these fireplaces, but if they had oxen they made their own bricks.

All of this discussion brought back to the mind of George Durrant another story that he was certain he hadn't thought of for fifty years! It seems that unknown to Mr. Durrant's father, their hired man had whittled out a small yoke for George and his brother Vern. When their parents left early each Saturday to go to town, the boys really had a time for themselves. They didn't call it a rodeo then, but that was the general idea!

George and Vern drove the calves into the barn, and after much wrangling and tusseling, they got them yoked. To keep the calves from going out sideways they tied their tails together! A sled was hitched on behind, one line ran back from the outside of each calf's head, and each of the boys held one line. The hired man opened the barn door and out they went with a flourish! The calves took the boys for a real sleigh ride out over the snowy pasture, and it was a mighty rough ride with plenty of excitement. Finally, the calves learned that if they would gallop to an old stake and rider fence and bang the sled into the corner, they were free. George said that if his father ever noticed that his prize calves were wild and "guanted" when he returned from town in the evening, he hadn't the remotest idea why!

I'm sure the most romantic trips the oxen used to make was when they were yoked to those old Costenoga wagons, or prairie schooners, and started the long, perilous journey across the plains and mountains to the west coast. Every evening the wagons would be placed in a circle to prevent Indian attacks. Almost as bad, however, was the fear that the dreaded murrain would show up amongst the oxen. It was sure death and might leave those early pioneers stranded in a strange, hostile country. When I looked up the definition for the word "murrain" I found that it was a foot and mouth disease of cattle.

It doesn't seem possible now that families left St. Joseph in those ox drawn caravans to travel hundreds of miles to their destination by the slow plodding pace of the patient oxen. They certainly had their place in the settling of this country, and when I see them in a Currier and Ives print or as an exhibit at a county fair, I shall regard them with the greatest of respect and honor their valued assistance to our early history.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.—Oscar Wilde.

LETTERS WE ENJOYED

"Dear Lucile: Today I've been thinking again about the New Year's resolution that I make every year (yes, I keep it!) and decided to write this hasty letter to tell you about it. From time to time you've said things, just comments here and there, that lead me to believe you share my feelings on this subject.

"I have a reputation in my community for not being sociable. This always strikes me as funny because no one enjoys people more than I do, and no one would get more pleasure from going a great deal and being part of a group. But this is an indulgence that I permit myself only where two things are concerned: my church and my school PTA. Most of the women whom I know have about the same situation: enough money to get by on without too much pinching, growing children, a comfortable home, and friendly husband, but the big difference between myself and them is that they are constantly on the go. I'm not.

"Our church group meets once a month. I attend these meetings, contribute anything that is needed, and serve on committees—but I will not be chairman of any big committee for an important function. I do the same thing for our PTA, but there again I stop short of serving as chairman for the big events.

"My friends do not understand this. I'm sure, but there is a good reason. And it is this. I grew up in a home where my Mother was available to anyone at any time for any reason. She couldn't say "NO" to a single soul. She belonged to *everything*. No matter what came up, if someone said, "Oh, ask Mrs. ———, she'll do it" . . . why, mother did it. I'm sure that no one ever knew how little her children saw of her and at what a price she served as the community pillar.

"As a child growing up I used to run home from school with a wild hope that Mother would be *there* when I dashed in the front door. Oh, I'll live to be a thousand before I forget how it was to walk in to that empty house, how it was to feel my heart sink as I realized she wasn't there. I can still see the notes propped against the sugar bowl on the kitchen table. We always knew where she was, make no mistake about that, and without fail she was there to start supper and put a hot meal on the table, but how I prayed and longed to have her waiting for me when I got home from school. And how fearfully I waited to see if she'd be home after supper or if we'd be kissed goodby hastily and turned over to Aunt Ellen or Cousin Marie. We didn't have sitters in those days—it was always some elderly neighbor or relative who came in and stayed with us.

"I'm sure that everyone who knew Mother felt that it was wonderful she could run our Aid Society and not let her children keep her tied down. I'm sure that other women marveled at how well she managed to prepare her club papers, entertain so many groups (those days we didn't go home from



This sunny-haired little boy with his engaging smile is John Rope, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Rope. He is Mother's and Dad's great-nephew, and we first saw this picture when we had our annual Driftmier Christmas party. We thought we'd never seen a sweeter picture of a very little boy, so we made arrangements then and there to share it with you.

school at all but just stopped in where we were supposed to stay until 5:30), and pitch right in where she was needed for any reason whatsoever, but her children will never forget their constant hungering loneliness for her presence.

"One of my best friends said to me not long ago, "Alice, you've gotten into a terrible rut. Now that your children are all in school why don't you turn over a new leaf and join ——" and she went on to name the various things to which she belongs and to which it is just assumed that anyone in my position should belong also. A terrible rut? A new leaf? Listen, in just twelve more years my children will be through school and gone away to college. At that time I'll be glad to get around and help run things. I'll be chairman of everything, if they want me! But until then I'm doing my share in my church and school . . . and the rest of me belongs to my family."—Mrs. J. C. R., Ia.

* * *

"Dear Folks: In the August issue of Kitchen-Klatter was the very nice letter in which Mrs. R. L. A. of Iowa described the lovely birthday party she gave for her elderly mother. Old people are very dear to me as my husband and I had much of the care of all our elderly parents and came to know how much they appreciate attention.

"Let me here put in a plea for the grandpa! I believe old men left alone after their helpmate dies are even more pitiful than women in a similar case. For women, the daily routine goes on much as before. They cook, clean, sew and such things to fill idle hours, but when an old man is alone and physically unable to work or even "putter" much, time is endless. We try to have them come for meals, go riding and such, but even then they have long hours to pass.

"I'd like to tell you of two things

which gave one of our Grandpas much pleasure.

"Grandma had lots of callers, other widows for the most part, who came to visit or play Chinese checkers, but it was Grandpa's lot to lie on the couch and just listen because their interests were much different from his. Grandma was invited to a nice birthday dinner such as Mrs. R. L. A. described, but Grandpa wasn't included.

"So when his birthday came we planned a little party for him. We didn't even tell Grandma for she spent much time in bed due to a heart ailment and, had she known, would have fussed around cleaning, etc., until she'd be sick again.

"We asked the men of his Sunday School class to come at 4:00 P. M. They just visited and reminisced and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We had a birthday cake with candles, ice cream and coffee. Grandpa was 83 that day, but his eyes sparkled like a child's and I don't know how many times in the next weeks he said, "Mrs. ——— didn't have a bit nicer party than I did!"

"Well, in a couple of months Grandma left us and Grandpa spent a long, lonely winter in spite of our efforts and those of kind friends to alleviate his loneliness. Soon after Christmas he began to fail and was bedfast most of the next 14 weeks, until he too died. He didn't suffer—just wore out. But during that time he had his 84th birthday, and we wanted to remember him some way so I called his Sunday School teacher and asked him to remind his friends in their church to call or send a card.

"Many did, but the Sunday School teacher, bless his heart, did even more. He brought his whole class of 14 men to the house at 10:00 o'clock and they held their class in his room. It was such a joy! It had been months since Grandpa had been able to go to church, and when he was able he had never *missed* going. He told us over and over who came, what they said, what they brought him, and all about it. It was a sunny spot in a dreary existence, and the afterglow lingered in his memory.

"You know, we young people are so busy and live for the future, but the older ones live in their memories . . . so let's give them happy ones."

ADES

1. The ade we all enjoy at picnics. Lemonade.
2. The ade of the lovesick swain. Serenade.
3. What some people like to do in new clothes. Promenade.
4. Good to lean on. Balustrade.
5. The ade used in warfare. Cannonade.
6. A procession of horseback riders. Cavalcade.
7. An ade that keeps you guessing. Charade.
8. Where our forefathers used to flee for protection. Stockade.
9. A number of columns. Colonnade.
10. A noisy volume of water. Cascade.



FOR THE CHILDREN

BUMPITY AND THE MID-WINTER THAW

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once there were two small bears who hibernated in a cave with their mother. One was called Oswald after his father, and the other was called Bumpity because he could not walk as a bear properly should, but slid and slipped and bumped along instead.

One February morning the sun was so bright that it awakened Bumpity, who promptly awakened his mother.

"I am going outside for berries," he cried. "See, it is spring!" Mother Bear stretched herself and sniffed the air.

"Nonsense," she said. "Go back to sleep." Then she turned over, and the moment Bumpity heard her soft snores, he slid and slipped out of the cave.

What gorgeous sunlight! Everywhere the snow was melting and water was running, and it was very slippery underfoot.

"Hi, Bumpity," called two rabbits. They were frolicking in the snow and sliding down hill. Bumpity thought that looked like fun, so he sat down, gave himself a push with his paws and went zoom to the bottom of the hill. But trouble was ahead, for when he tried to climb up the hill again, he slid and slipped and bumped along on the snow and couldn't climb at all.

"How will I ever get home?" he wailed.

"Don't worry," consoled the rabbits, "when it freezes again tonight, the snow will not slip underfoot and you can go home. Why not spend the day with us?" Bumpity thought this sounded fine, so away went the three of them, the rabbits leaping ahead, and Bumpity bumping along behind.

Soon they came to a pond. "Let's skate!" suggested the rabbits. They glided out on the pond, skating this way and that way on dainty paws. Bumpity wanted to skate, too, but when he got on the ice his feet flew in all directions and he fell with a bump that was hard, even for Bumpity. The ice cracked in every direction and Bumpity fell through into the water. Such excitement! The rabbits helped him out, sympathetically, but he was very cold and wet.

"Let's play tag," cried a rabbit. "That will make Bumpity warm again." Poor Bumpity, the rabbits were so light and agile that they fairly flew over the crusted snow, but Bumpity fell through and slipped and slid and bumped along, so of course he was always "It."

"Tag doesn't seem to be much fun,"

moaned Bumpity after a bit. "When do we eat?" The rabbits took him to their nest, where they offered him corn and tree bark.

"Bears don't eat those things," said Bumpity sadly. "We like fish and berries and honey."

"Those things are available only in the summer," explained a rabbit, eyeing Bumpity oddly. "Maybe that's why bears hibernate. You're not supposed to eat until spring, anyway."

"Spring?" said Bumpity. "Isn't this spring?"

"Goodness, no! This is just a mid-winter thaw."

"But it's got to be spring," cried Bumpity. "All that exercise made me hungry. I can't wait another month for a meal!"

"Just the same, it's not spring," the rabbits assured him. "We'll take you home. Maybe your mother has some acorns stored up."

The rabbits helped Bumpity up the hill. One of them pulled and one of them pushed, and Bumpity himself grunted. By the time they reached the cave, Bumpity had forgotten all about food. He was so tired he simply rolled against his mother's back and went sound asleep. Mother bear never could understand why Bumpity slept a month and a half late, nor why he ate three fish and two buckets of berries when he finally awoke.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL VALENTINE

Shall we make an unusually pretty valentine for mother, teacher, or our very special friend?

First, we will cut a fairly large-sized heart from red construction paper. Next we shall cut a smaller heart from scrap paper and pin it on the red heart leaving an even border of red showing.

Now for our second step we are ready to cover the hearts with a piece of screen wire and spatter paint it with white shoe polish, white ink, or some gilt or silver paint. Allow the spattered part to dry thoroughly and then remove the scrap paper. See what a pretty border we have on our heart! Only the center that was covered is plain red.

For the third step cut tiny flowers or a small pretty colored picture from a magazine. Paste the pictures in the center of the red heart. Below or around the picture print in color to match the lacy spattered border: "BE MY VALENTINE".

And for the last step, tie a dainty bow at the top of the heart so it may be hung on the wall.

What a pretty valentine for someone extra nice!

—Mildred Cathcart.



Juliana was a happy little girl last autumn when her two cousins, Kristin and Paul Solstad, came from Minneapolis to visit. We regretted that during their stay we couldn't get ahold of Kristin Johnson and take pictures, for it's been a long, long time since we showed you a picture of the two Kristins and Juliana. Yes, Paul is as husky as he looks!

FOR THE LITTLE COOK IN FEBRUARY

By Mildred Grenier

Let your valentine to Mother this year be a Valentine Pie that you can make yourself and serve to her for Valentine's Day dinner!

Valentine Pie

- 1 box strawberry gelatine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

First, make the strawberry gelatine as directed on the package. Pour half of this in your pyrex pie plate and the other half in another shallow pan. Chill until firm. Meanwhile, make a vanilla filling by combining the sugar, flour and salt in the top of a double boiler, then adding the milk and well beaten eggs. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove, add vanilla and cool. Pour over the gelatine in the pie crust. Now cut out hearts from the other jello mixture with Mother's cookie cutter or a sharp knife, warmed in water, using a paper pattern. Place these hearts atop the "pie" and it is all ready to serve!



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TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER KIDDIES FROM AUNT SUE: Would you like to have me make you a beautiful dark red pottery mug with your very own name on it? I thought you would, so tell Mother or Grandma to mail a dollar and your name to Sue Conrad, Clarinda, Iowa. This covers mug, name, and postage. P. S. It will have a pretty green, non-skid handle and holds a cupful.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, 64x80, Gold \$40. Scarfs, 34x15, 36x15, 38x15, 40x16, White \$5. See my ad in January issue, for Davenport, Chair Sets, Doilies. Beauties, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

BEAUTIFUL STATIONERY—20 Floral sheets, 20 envelopes, all printed with any name and address, \$1 postpaid. Ten personalized postcards given. Midwest Stationery, 7B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

300- HINTS COOK BOOK, \$1. H. Abduskay, 415 N. Sunnyslane, Monmouth, Ill.

MACHINE QUILTING. Write for prices. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kansas.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTHS, large square—round centerpieces. Write Elsie Wester, Shelbyville, Mo.

WANTED—Edison or Columbia Cylinder Phonograph. Opal Armstrong, Stanberry, Missouri.

DRESDEN DOLL FIGURINES. Two different hand painted, 4½ in. tall. \$1. Prepaid. D. Dykes, 904 Sunset Drive, St. Joseph, Mo.

PLAIN SEWING WANTED, during Feb. & March Child's dress, \$1. Ladies' \$1.25 and \$1.50 for cottons. Mrs. W. W. Harvey, RFD No. 4, Indianola, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Woven Rag Rugs. Cotton, 28x54 in. \$2.50 ea. Mrs. Lena Frey, Madrid, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 1 wool quilt, \$10. 3 quilt tops, \$7 ea. Sunflower, Hit & Miss, Fan. Mrs. Clarence Meixner, Heron Lake, Minn.

NICE GIFTS: Wild Rose Doily, 15½ inches diameter. Twelve variegated pink roses and 36 variegated green leaves on a background of white. Irish crochet crowns the white sunburst center radiating from a single rose. \$3 postpaid. A. J. Eltgroth, Rt. 2, Carroll, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL 13" TULIP DOILY, Chartruese center. Tulips in four colors. \$3. Crocheted linen Hankies \$1. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

CANARIES—Pedigreed Red Factor Rollers, Grace Powell, 2213 Monroe, Unionville, Mo.

REDUCING BOOKLET—(nurse's discoveries) 14 & 6 day schedules, arthritis, overweight calorie & food charts. Price 40¢. Audrey Pitzer, KB-171, Shell Rock, Iowa.

GUARANTEED, Crocheted Dresses, Baby Sets, Shoes, Bibs, Bonnets, Helms, Ladies Or-gandy and Print Aprons. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

WANTED—Crocheting and embroidering. Ad good for year. Mrs. A. E. Dicks, Rt. No. 3, Albion, Iowa.

FILET—crocheted butterfly cornered linen hanky, 85¢. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W., Canton, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL GET-WELL CARDS, 14 for \$1. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

SELLING CROCHETED CARNATIONS, 3—\$1.25. Mrs. Mary Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

HUMOROUS READING, written for Clubs, Anniversaries, Showers, \$1. State occasion. Mrs. Earl Bettin, Early, Iowa.

SEWING: Ladies Dress, \$1. Child's 65¢, Aprons, 35¢ and 50¢. Return Postage asked. Write for prices. Mrs. Fred Putz, La-cona, Iowa.

100 PERSONAL MAILING CARDS, name and address printed in royal blue ink on fine white Vellum. Only \$1 postpaid. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

PILLOW SLIPS, medallions across front, \$5. Wool Afghan, \$21. Three quilt tops. Doilies, Hot Dish Mats, Print Aprons, Tablecloths, other crocheting on order. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Iowa.

WANTED—Larkin Noritake, Azalea Pattern plates. Mrs. Leigh Seavey, 1603 Forest Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES FOR INFANTS. 3 pc. sweater sets, fancy, \$3.25. Carriage robes \$5. Booties, 50¢. Bibs, 75¢. Write. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

PLAY COOTIE—An all plastic construction game that's loads of fun for long winter evenings. "Cootie" is a game parents and children can play and enjoy together. Exciting, hilarious fun for showers and parties. \$2 postpaid. Larted Company, Box 1471, M'naha Sta., Minneapolis, Minn.

SELLING SHAKER COLLECTION. Send stamp for list. Emilia Brenner, Woodward, Okla.

PRETTY SACK BIB OR HALF APRONS, neatly trimmed. Also large sizes \$1. Mrs. Selby Myers, Rt. 2, St. Joseph, Mo.

CROCHETED, EMBROIDERED, and other handwork, or will make. Send your pattern, or mine. Ad always good. Mrs. Joseph Mueller, 726 N. Minn. St., New Ulm, Minn.

DIABETIC RECIPES, candy, cake, etc. Goose or duck feather pillows. New print ticking. Flower seeds, goose eggs wanted. Stamp for prices. Mrs. Gladys Donaldson, Almena, Kansas.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Antique Jewelry, also Old Beads. Prompt cash estimate. Ship to Kathryn A. Ross, Shenandoah, Ia.

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending either print or three feed sacks, your measurements, buttons and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. Colorful comfort tops (crazy-quilt patterns), \$3.25. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

"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, Iowa.

A MOCK WEDDING, surprise questions, 30¢. Mother's Day program with variety of plans, \$1. Alma Sothman, 1115 West Koenig, Grand Island, Nebr.

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

WASHED PRINT FEED SACKS, 35¢ ea. postpaid. Mrs. Melvin Speckman, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

SEWING & BARBER SCISSORS SHARPENING—35¢ ea. p.p. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

HERE IT IS!

Yes, it's ready for you! **The Story Of An American Family** has been made into a book, and now you can read our complete family history as it appeared in this magazine over a period of seven years. You'll enjoy the handsome printing job, the 80 photographs that illustrate it. And the price? Well, we've kept it down to absolute bedrock—50¢ plus a \$1.00 yearly subscription to Kitchen-Klatter.

Note: Orders for "The Story Of An American Family" cannot be filled unless a subscription to Kitchen-Klatter is included. \$1.50 brings you the magazine for a year, and a copy of the book.

CAN PEACE START HERE?

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Last night my small daughter awoke barking with croup. This was her first attack, so you can well imagine how frightened a mother leaped from bed and hustled with time-honored remedies. A good Vicks' greasing, fore and aft, a liberal dose of warm, melted butter to relieve local pain, warm packs, the vaporizer going full speed, and miles of rocking to soothe jangled nerves and bring a sense of security and well-being to one very little girl.

As I rocked, the snug bundle in my arms warming my heart as on countless other occasions, I remembered other nights spent in this very chair, rocking away the croup. Only before, I was the barking little bundle, and I still haven't forgotten my mother's rocking. How deeply that sense of comfort permeates my being even now! The old squeak in the chair spelled only love and the fact that someone cared for the feelings of a small, bewildered child who certainly didn't care much for croup.

On far battlefields, men die while mothers who once rocked, now pray for their eternal welfare. The warm bundles are tall young men, thrust onto chaotic battlefields to preserve a way of life sanctified by Christian love. It makes you wonder if the mothers of Stalin, Molotov, or Vishinsky owned a squeaky chair that defied the most enthusiastic oiling and gluing. It makes you wonder if they used them to bring comfort to small boys. It makes you wonder if there are enough mothers and enough rocking chairs to preserve a war-weary world and to bring it to peace.

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the nation. There have been countless men of stature in American history who so greatly revered their mothers, that we cannot think of the man lest we remember, too, his mother. The two that always come first to our minds are George Washington, whose mother taught honor and integrity; and Abraham Lincoln, whose foster mother shaped an Emancipator.

All mothers have but one task and one choice. Into the hearts of our children, all around the globe, we must instill honor and charity, faith and integrity, emotional security and reciprocal love. The way to world peace may well lie via the hearts of such mothers. Countless squeaky chairs, rocking away tears and pain, may be a beginning.

Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones.—Philips Brooks.

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¢. \$ for \$1.00.

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
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Sigourney Iowa 2

THE HOME FOLKS ARE "IN SERVICE" TOO

By Mabel Nair Brown

Prayer For Home

"I want to go back home again to all the things I love;
The cool green hills in springtime, a star-flecked sky above.
I want to see the ball park, the church, the city hall;
And roses red in summer against the garden wall.
I want to walk on Main Street and chat with those I know.
I want to go back home, God, and pray some day I will
Again see new sun rising on home's familiar hill."

—Pfc. Howard Hallahan.

The above verse, written to me by a young man in the service of our beloved country, points the way for us home folks who must serve here at home in these troublesome days. Our men in service are fighting for the way of life they knew here at home—for home and the old home town as they remember it. Our part is to see that when they return they will not be disappointed, but will find home as they left it, if not better.

Over across the sea they fight as a United Nations representative. They have as their buddies and friends, other young men like themselves from other allied nations. Over there, race, color and creed are forgotten—they fight as brothers. Are we, then, to be less openminded here at home? We, too, must be busy growing in world wide love, understanding and tolerance. We can practice it in our homes, our schools and our churches. Let us help ourselves to grow by studying ways that make for peace in our club programs, our lodges and in P.T.A. At every opportunity we can try to understand the peoples of other nations and their needs.

This can be brought to us first hand by inviting displaced persons or other foreign born in this country to tell us about their homeland—at Farm Bureau meetings, community gatherings, etc. As we listen we must keep our hearts and minds open to what they are telling us and be ready to use the information they give which will help strengthen world ties.

This is no time to sit back and let it "go in one ear and out the other". Peace is not bought in that way. We must act! We must work for peace, just as surely as our boys in service fight, yes, and die for peace. All these things we must ponder in our heart and act upon these days as we cheerfully practice the little economies, buy bonds, and back up our service men in all the ways our government directs. We, too, are "in service". Will we serve with "honors"? It is for us to decide.

A KITCHEN SHOWER

By Mildred Cathcart

Just as sure as springtime comes there's bound to be showers but how welcome they are—especially to the bride-elect! A kitchen shower is not a new or particularly novel idea but it is certainly a necessary and pleasing one.

For your invitations fold a piece of construction paper to look like a cupboard. Draw in the doors, knobs, hinges, etc. The two doors will open back to reveal shelves. On the shelves write the necessary information concerning the kitchen shower, such as the place and date and time.

Decorations will not be fancy but should be in keeping with the kitchen theme. Use teapots, bean jars, or suitable utensils for flower containers. Fruit and vegetables may be arranged artistically in wooden or copper bowls.

As each guest arrives give her a colored picture of a kitchen you have clipped from a magazine. Later the bride-to-be looks over the pictures and selects the kitchen she prefers. The holder of that picture receives the door prize.

Next let us "peep into the bride's cupboard." Give each guest a list of scrambled foods or supplies that would be in the cupboard. The first to get the correct list is winner.

Now the new bride goes shopping. Secure a recent grocery ad from one of your local newspapers and write down 20 well known staples from the list. You may include bread, milk, butter, sugar, crackers, beans, mayonnaise, potatoes, and so on. Also give a complete list of prices and see who can match the price with the correct article. For a prize why not give a shopping bag or a handy kitchen pad to write down your grocery list?

If you wish to give your honored guest a little extra-special surprise why not present her with a friendship lunch cloth? A table-cloth of Indian head linen to match her color scheme may be purchased and hemmed before the shower. Each guest is asked to write her name on it and embroider it in a pleasing color. The bride may add names of guests as she entertains them informally in her own home.

The bride to be may also be presented a loose leaf note with the favorite recipes of each guest. These should be written and brought to the shower.

When it is time to present the gifts, it must still be in keeping with the kitchen theme. Bring them in to her in a clothes basket, in dishpans, large kettles, or in a market basket.

When you are ready to serve refreshments bring out the bright checked gingham table cloth and your willow ware dishes. Your centerpiece may be a bowl of colorful vegetables—carrots, beets, turnips, celery, and any thing else in season.

Once you begin your planning, you will find that a kitchen shower is easy on the hostess, fun for the guests, and most appreciated by the honoree.

MY DOG

(For my granddaughter)

When all is well our friends are true,
When wealth is gone our friends are few,
But whether rich or poor we be
Our dog still loves us tenderly.
Sometimes a friend will turn away
And prove himself just common clay.
But whether we be high or low
Our pedigree he does not know.
Our dog's our friend 'til death us part,
A dog will never break your heart.
Our wealthy status doesn't rate,
He loves and sits beside our gate.
Calista J. Meier

RIDDLES

1. When is a turkey a ghost? When he's a gob-lin.
2. To what age do hogs attain? Of-ten to saus-age.
3. Why isn't the moon rich? Because it spends its quarters getting full.
4. What key is a poisonous one? Whis-key.
5. Why does the gateman punch a hole in your railroad ticket? To let you pass through.
6. What sweet substance does traffic produce? Jam.
7. When does a newspaper seem delicate? When it appears weekly.
8. How do locomotives hear? Through their engineers (engine-ears).
9. As round as a moon, as black as a coon, and it has a tail on the end of it? A skillet.
From house to house he goes,
A messenger small and slight,
And whether it rains or snows,
He sleeps outside at night.
Ans. Path.

All of us felt a warm glow just before Christmas when the following note arrived from a reader in Jolley, Iowa. "I wouldn't be without the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. It contains everything my heart desires . . . hidden joys to comfort loneliness, helps of every kind in housework, and friendly, homey letters to inspire and uplift, taking the place of the family now gone. Thanks for sharing your life."

1¢ APPLE TREES



Sensational Get-Acquainted Offer: Order one apple tree for only 95¢ (regular catalog price) — receive 2nd tree for only 1¢ additional — both, only 96¢! Limit of 2 orders, 4 trees, only \$1.92! Red Delicious, Jonathan, Wealthy, Yellow Transparent or Stamen's Winesap. Finest 4' to 5' heavy, well rooted and branched Quality and variety guaranteed Order before March 20

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