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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Vol. 17

JANUARY, 1952

Number 1

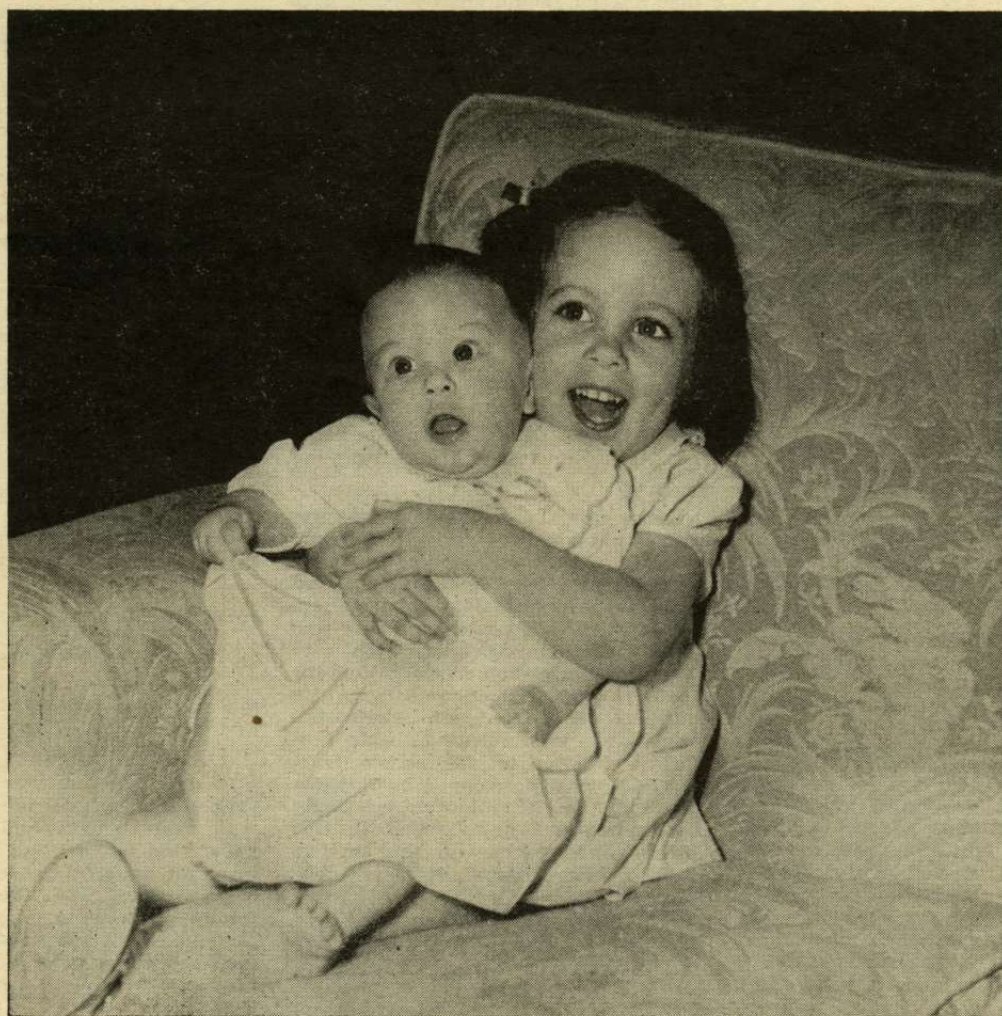


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I was going through a collection of clippings I came across this prayer, and it seemed to me that you, my friends, would find this as hopeful a thought with which to enter a New Year as I have long found it.

Dear Lord, help me live this day

Quietly, easily;

To lean upon Thine arm

Restfully, Trustfully;

To wait for the unfolding of Thy will

Patiently, Serenely;

To meet others

Peacefully, Joyously;

To face tomorrow

Courageously, Confidently.

As we grow older it becomes more and more clear to us that we must wait restfully and trustfully for the unfolding of God's will, and I think that all of us who have crossed into the sixties feel that if we could only have learned this earlier it would have spared us from much anxiety and grief.

During the month I jot down things that I want to be sure and remember to tell you about, and I see that the first note on this list is about the happy visit we had with Mary Fischer Chapin and her two little sons, Elliott and Jared.

We visited Mary and her family briefly at their home in Glen Gardner, New Jersey when we were on our road to see Frederick, Betty and the children in Rhode Island, and at that time she said that she hoped to come and visit her parents here in Shenandoah before the holiday season. Mary has a dress shop and it is hard for her to get away, so none of us were too hopeful that she could actually make it.

But she did! Mart took Helen and Fred up to meet her train in Red Oak, and that was quite a reunion for Margery, Oliver and little Martin got off the same train. They had been in Chicago for a week's visit with

Oliver's relatives, and it so happened that Mary and the boys took the same train west. This gave them all a good visit, and the three little boys had a happy time playing together.

Through the years that my sister, Helen Field Fischer, broadcast her daily talks on gardening, so many of you became well acquainted with her that I feel I should answer right here the friendly inquiries that come in frequently about her family.

Mary, the middle daughter, has just been accounted for. I might add that Elliott was nine years old in December, and Jared will soon be six. Gretchen Harshbarger, the eldest daughter, lives at North Liberty, Iowa—this is just a short distance from Iowa City. Her son Karl is at the University of Oregon, and Fritz is at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio. Both of these boys are well over six feet tall! Louise, the youngest daughter, lives in Claremont, California. Her little daughter, Jean, Helen's only granddaughter, is thirteen now, and Carter is nine. Those of you with children who live so far away know how Helen and Fred feel during the holidays!

Jessie, Martha and Sue joined together not long ago to have a happy evening with their nieces and nephews, plus their great-nieces and great-nephews, at Jessie's home in Clarinda. The occasion for this was a visit made by Dwight Eaton, and also the coming-home celebration for Jessie's son, Bill Shambaugh. He finished his second stint with the army and was released back into civilian life, so on his return from the East coast he stopped in Clarinda with Ella, and little Joseph and Cindy Lou. They are now settled in Des Moines and picking up the threads of their former life.

Before the roads got too bad we had a happy Sunday with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. I was happy to have Kristin play for me—it seems to me that she is making good progress at the piano. One of these nights very soon I'll be going to hear Juliana play at her Christmas recital, so I'm sure that I'll feel proud once again.

Baby Alison is such a cheerful, happy little thing. I love to have Abigail bring her over when she must run errands. Someone said the other

day in a letter that it seemed to her the babies of today were so much more advanced than they were twenty-five or thirty years ago—just a lot smarter and bigger!

Well, I've thought about this and in a way it's true. I think one thing that makes a big difference is the way they're fed. When I keep Alison at the noon hour, for instance, she gets just about everything in the line of strained food, plus her bottle. (At the same age my own babies were on nothing but milk!) Then the equipment they have today makes a big difference too, I think. We had to keep babies in the buggy or crib until they got into a highchair, but Alison has been in her Teeter-babe since she was three months old, is now in a stroller, and rolls all around in her playpen.

Lucile told me that she had intended to tell you folks in her letter what several of them (the children) are getting for me and their Dad for Christmas, but then she decided that I couldn't resist the impulse to read it! I'm afraid she's right—I don't believe I could. So she says that next month she'll tell you—or I'll even be able to tell you myself.

We will have our usual Christmas Eve celebration at our house, and beyond this our plans aren't complete. How we wish that all seven of our children could be here with their families this year, but that is completely out of the question. As it is we're grateful that we'll have five of the seven to gather around our tree on Christmas Eve.

Gertrude Hayzlett felt very badly that she could not prepare a Good Neighborhood column for the December issue since it is such an important time for shut-ins, but on very short notice she had to leave her home in Los Angeles and go to South Dakota to be with her father who was critically ill. He passed away about two weeks after she reached him, and of course during that time there could be no question of compiling a column.

Gertrude managed to slip down here for a very brief visit, and it was good to see her again even though our time was so limited. She is now back at her home in Los Angeles, and those of you who wish to reach her can always address her at 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

I wish that you would read all of the advertisements in our magazine with real thought and care. You'll never find us carrying any advertisement for doubtful products, for liquor or cigarettes. We like to give our family business to people who stand for high standards and know that you feel the same way, so study these products we advertise with genuine thought and patronize the people behind them.

Thank you for the friendship you've extended to us through this year that is just closing. May 1952 bring you joy and contentment and prosperity.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna



Come into the Garden

PERENNIALS TO ENJOY

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The past season was an extremely wet one, as all of us know only too well. However, it was an ideal time to study the hardy perennials and note which ones could tolerate such weather without dusting, spraying or other attention to prevent leaf spot, root rot, or some other wet-weather trouble.

It's a great comfort to have a variety of plants that can almost take care of themselves because some kinds that we just must have do require some extra attention if we are to be successful with them. If they are bug and disease free, they may have to be staked or divided, or require a special soil. A list of trouble-free perennials could not be the same for all parts of the country because climatic conditions vary.

In Northwest Missouri about the first thing to pop up in the early spring is the Hardy Amaryllis. The blossoms wait until August but the plants send up lush leaf growth very early. The bug killers and fungus chasers can gather dust as far as the Hardy Amaryllis is concerned. When once planted they can remain for years in the same spot. In fact they should not be disturbed. Do not be alarmed when the leaves turn yellow in late June and wither away entirely in early July. That is what they are supposed to do.

Siberian Iris can be planted and then simply enjoyed for a long time without further attention except cultivation and weeding. Lovely named varieties are obtainable and well worth a place in every garden. I've had the Meadowsweet, *Filipendula hexapetala*, for many years and the only attention it gets is to cut the faded flower heads. Meadowsweet have demanded nothing more either.

Baptisia australis fills a variety of needs and asks so little. A single plant makes a good appearance. Plants grow uniformly in height which makes them usable as a hedge during the growing season but, since they are true perennials, they die to the ground each year. The blue lupine-like flowers are followed by black seed pods that may be used in winter bouquets. The foliage is good for vases.

Lythrus and Platycodon (Balloon Flower) provide color for many weeks. The plants increase in size and beauty from year to year but do not require dividing. One does not need to invest in insecticides or fungicides when investing in Hemerocallis (Day-lily). There are varieties that bloom

at different seasons to fill in through spring, summer and fall. Almost every color tone is available except blue. My favorites are the pale yellows and rich velvety reds. If planted where drainage is not good, the plants turn yellow but otherwise they are about as trouble free as any plant can be.

Harrington's Pink Aster is a general favorite for its ease of culture and lovely blossoms. Heliopsis and Purple Cone Flowers have been planted and forgotten except to enjoy their blossoms in season. I've never been dismayed to find bugs and disease on the Bleeding Hearts along a north foundation.

Rosy Veil Gypsophila has proved to be exceptionally fine Babysbreath. It's a healthy plant at all times and does not attract voracious bugs. The double flowers are a soft pink—at certain seasons almost white. It is practically an ever-bloomer providing blossoms for June weddings, August dinners, and October parties.

THE CARE AND THE CULTURE OF CHRISTMAS CACTUS

By Pansy Barnes

At this time of the year we get many requests for information regarding Christmas Cactus, so here are some suggestions that we believe will be helpful to you.

Christmas Cactus are found growing wild only in Brazil. The plants grow high up in the trees along with the Orchids, and this gives a clue as to their care. Good drainage, moist atmosphere and partial shade are essential.

The ideal planting mixture to be used for these Cacti is four parts of loam, two parts of sand, three parts of peat moss, one part of very old and thoroughly rotted cow manure, one part of broken charcoal and one part of rubble, which means brick or old flower pots broken into tiny bits.

As soon as danger of frost is past, set the plants on a box outside in partial shade. The north side of the house is ideal. Every two weeks give the plants a drink of weak cow manure tea, and if the weather is dry, water as needed.

Bring the Christmas Cactus in before danger of frost in the fall. An east or a west window is ideal. If it must be near a south window, keep it back somewhat and have a lace curtain between it and the window. A cool room (around 70 degrees) is best for it.

The ideal way to water is to sprinkle the foliage each day. However, if this cannot be done, water lightly until the



If you were to walk into Lucile's and Russell's home these winter days you would see the above corner garden brightening the southwest corner of their living room. This garden began when they looked at a large coffee table and decided that it should be put to better use. Russell went to a local tinsmith and had them cut a container the exact size of the table top but with a curve on one side—this allowed enough room to put down two coffee cups on the table's surface! The container was covered with blue burlap that matches the living room walls (this burlap was simply glued on), and then it was filled with a mixture of Terralite and peat moss. In it grows all kinds of houseplants, vines and bulbs; daffodils were in bloom when this was snapped last winter. We should explain that the table top is covered with blue plastic—you'd ruin a wooden surface if such a container stood on it.

buds appear but do not allow the foliage to shrivel. Then after the buds come, you can give it some more water but never let it stand in water.

If the plant needs repotting do this in the spring when you put it outside. These plants may live to be a hundred years old with proper care.

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE

I will take time this New Year's Eve To seek the stars—I still believe With child-like faith that surely He Will come again in reality; And I will know the blessings of The gleaming star that shone above Those sleeping hills that silent night, Draping the crib with mellow light. Know that the Babe there on the hay Holds in His hands today the same Strange magic power that binds all men

To Him, this New Year's Eve again.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

COVER PICTURE

Little children and a brand New Year just seem to go hand in hand. That's why we were happy to get this good picture of two very small sisters, Emily and Alison Driftmier, for their smiles sum up all of the good cheer and happiness that we hope 1952 holds for you and your loved ones.

THERE IS FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Folks:

This is the first time I have written a letter to you from my office. Perhaps my mother has told you what a beautiful office I have with large windows from the floor to the ceiling overlooking an old English garden surrounded by a high stone wall. Just across the hall from my office is a long classroom where for the past two hours I have been holding classes in religious instruction for students who have been excused from the public schools for such instruction. Believe me, after having a room full of youngsters for two hours, I need a little relaxation, and writing this letter to you will give me just that.

Hanging on the wall above my typewriter is a map of the Holy Lands, and many, many times a day I have occasion to look at it. Every time I look up from my typewriter I can't help but see it, and that means I am often reminded of the several years I lived in that part of the world.

I know some of the eastern Mediterranean country very well indeed, and I often wonder why God led the children of Israel around in the Siani desert for forty years before letting them enter the Promised Land. I know for a fact that they could have walked from the Red Sea to Palestine in forty days had they gone the direct route.

Of course, every time I wonder about it, I also think of the answer. God didn't dare to let the Hebrews march into the land of the Philistines immediately. After many years of enslavement in Egypt they were in no fit condition to fight the Philistines. They needed years of experience in desert living and desert fighting; they needed to be organized as a nation, and trained in freedom and resourcefulness. They needed to develop the capacity to live as free men instead of as slaves, and there was no short-cut for such character development. God led them through the wilderness, and in the wilderness they were prepared to live in the Promised Land.

Have you ever stopped to think about the fact that there never is a short-cut to a land of promise? There never are any short-cuts to the best things in life. Most of us live in the hopes of reaching some land of promise. We all have our visions and dreams of the future with security and comfort and happiness awaiting us, but there are no short-cuts to that land of dreams.

Do you remember my telling you about learning to sail a sailing boat last summer? Well, many people act toward life in general the way I acted about learning the fine art of sailing. I told you how Betty's uncle offered to take me out in his boat and show me how to sail. He thought that after a few lessons I would know enough to take the boat out myself. I told you how after the first lesson I took the boat out all by myself and how I was convinced that that was the only way to learn how to sail. All of this talk about lessons was nonsense—just



Those of you who've seen pictures of Dad and his sons through the years will agree that Time does bring its changes. Howard and Dad are in front; Frederick and Wayne are standing behind them.

pull anchor and strike out on your own; that was the way to learn how to sail.

The first time I did that I was very fortunate, and in my letter to you I told you all about it, but the second time I was not so fortunate. In a stiff wind I broke a rudder, then I broke the emergency paddle, then I drove the boat onto the rocks. To make a long, sad story short, I now know that there are no short-cuts to learning how to sail.

The shores of life are strewn with the wreckage of lives that come to disaster through taking short-cuts. Hard though it may be for us to understand why God in His wisdom must always put a land of promise at the end of a long, devious road through the wilderness, the fact is that you and I in our most sane and sensible moments know that the best things in life only come through the discipline of struggle and effort. We know this, and yet we so often live as though this truth did not exist for us.

For example, all of us want the best that life has to offer, but we do not want to pay the cost in terms of strain and conflict. All of us parents want our children to be strong, physically and morally, and yet we try to protect our children from the very stresses and strains that will give them strength. We want them to be strong willed so that they will not succumb to temptation, and yet we guard them from every temptation that would give them an opportunity to develop strength. We want them to be brave, and yet we never allow them to have an opportunity to need bravery. We want them to have something of the stalwart character our pioneer forefathers had, and yet we protect them from every hardship.

School teachers know the value of a wilderness experience, but once they

begin to set up some tough obstacles for our children, we let them know that our children are to have a nice, smooth, paved road through the wilderness. As a former school teacher I say that the biggest single fault of American parents is their willingness to kill their own children with kindness. The American custom of giving a child an allowance without demanding from the child some effort on his part to earn the allowance is fatal to a child's respect for money, and to a child's respect for the sacrifices his parents must make for him. Children should earn every cent that is given to them in one way or another. The spoiled child is one whose parents have sinned against him.

An acquaintance of mine recently told his son this: "While you are of school age your main job is doing your school work, and I expect that job to be well done. When I work hard at my job I am paid well, and when you work hard at your job you will be paid well. You will earn your allowance by working hard at school, and the weeks you do not work hard your allowance will be drastically cut." I suggest that he is a wise father. There is no short-cut to teaching a child that one gets out of life just what he puts into it. The child may complain, but who doesn't complain about a wilderness?

Betty's father has just returned from a long trip to Sweden and Denmark where he had gone on business. When we saw him during the holidays he told us that there is no great fear of war in that part of the world. Their only fear is that America might get excited and try to force Russia's hand. Many of the best minds in Europe today think that Communism will soon begin to fall of its own weight. Stalin is such an absolute dictator that when he dies the whole Communist organization will collapse with intrigues and jealous controversies among the party members. Furthermore, the standard of living in Eastern Europe has dropped 30% in the last twelve months, and the people simply cannot stand it much longer. Stalin has lost face all over Europe for his terrific blunder in Korea. The people of Europe are hoping that America will not try to find an atomic short-cut to world peace, but will continue to take the long way of United Nations deliberations, foreign ministers' conferences, and peace table talks.

What I have been saying to you is just what I happened to think about as I sat here looking at the map on the wall. The map reminds me of many things much more pleasant. Oh if I could only swim again in the warm, blue waters of the Mediterranean! Really, Egypt is a wonderful country to visit. I don't know any city in the world more interesting than Cairo. When the present situation of unrest is over—and it will be soon—thousands of American tourists will be sailing up the Nile once again. How I shall envy them!

God bless you and your dear family through the coming year.

Sincerely, Frederick.

LET'S USE OUR MINUTES

By Mildred Cathcart

A New Year is a good time to begin doing something that you have wanted to do for many, many months. Perhaps you have wanted to piece a quilt, crochet a tablecloth, read a number of books, or do some other interesting thing. If you are one of the many persons who insist they do not have time for these projects, stop and think for a moment—don't be too sure it's lack of time.

I can remember the days when I would say, "Now tomorrow I will sew" and tomorrow I would do exactly that with little or no interference whatsoever. Finally the children, extra housework and innumerable added activities made it impossible for me to set aside even one carefree hour for my desired projects. I missed doing the things I had enjoyed, and the only consoling thought I could drum up was the idea that when the children were grown I could once again pick up my former interests.

One day, however, I came across the thought that an hour is nothing more than sixty minutes, so right then and there I decided that if I could not have one free hour I could at least utilize my minutes.

For months I had wanted to knit an all-around useful shawl or afghan type piece, so I secured the yarn and knitted while a cake was baking, while I played house with Kerry Lee—just any odd moments to be had. By the end of four months I had it completed. It has served every purpose from a chair cover to a car blanket, so I feel we have all had much good from those odd moments.

Of course, I had taken four months to finish a project that could have been done in a fraction of the time at an earlier period, but nevertheless I KNEW I could pursue some of my favorite hobbies.

Another favorite hobby of mine has been to memorize poetry and Scriptures, but again I found no time to sit down and concentrate. One day I determined to learn the 121st Psalm, so I propped up the Bible on a table near the ironing board and memorized the verses while I ironed. You may be sure that ironing was not tedious that day, and how I have enjoyed the comfort of that particular Psalm since then! One of my Sunday School teachers who is especially busy told me that she has learned many verses while washing dishes. A nearby shelf holds her books, so she can glance at these during each session with the dishes.

Utilizing minutes has become such a hobby with us that when I pick up Jean Marie and her bottle, Kerry Lee says, "Well, we might as well kill two birds with one stone!" and runs for a favorite book. Now I read while the baby eats, and instead of feeling that I do not have as much time for her as I once did, Kerry Lee thinks it great fun to have this kind of family reading.

Next summer I hope that my two daughters will have smocked dresses. I don't know when I will find time to

make them, but I am going to get started right away. A minute here and a minute there will soon add up, so don't be surprised if you see the Cathcart sisters all dressed up in fancy smocked dresses when June rolls around.

Resolve during 1952 to begin working at your favorite hobby even if you are very busy. Use your minutes and your hours will take care of themselves.

A TRAVELING TEA IS FUN

By Virginia Thomas

A TRAVELING TEA is a wonderful way for a club group to entertain. That is what we found out when our 4-H girls decided to entertain their mothers at such a tea, for everyone had fun, including the hostesses!

The invitations stated that we were invited to the tea with the appetizer course to be served at the home of —, the salad course at the home of — and the dessert course at the home of —. A member with an artistic hand might make a clever sketch of a woman apparently "traveling" at a fast pace, holding to her hat with one hand and clutching purse in the other, to decorate the cover of the invitation. Ours naturally carried out a 4-H clover motif.) We were to meet at the first home at 2 o'clock.

After all the guests were gathered at the first home, the 4-H president extended a welcome to the mothers and then each club girl, in turn, stood and introduced herself and her mother. The president then presented a gift from the club to the leader and the assistant leader in appreciation of their help during the year. Then the hostess, with four other girls who had been appointed to assist her, served small glasses of fruit juice and party crackers on the small individual plates. After this we were ready to TRAVEL on to the next home.

At the second stop we were entertained by a humorous action story led by one of the 4-H'ers in which the entire group participated. (Most libraries carry entertainment books with such stories in them—"The King With A Terrible Temper", and "Doctor Drake", to name two of them.) This was followed by several selections played on the Solovox by one of the mothers.

The second course here consisted of chicken salad, hot rolls, potato chips, a relish plate and coffee.

At the third home we were entertained with a piano solo and a reading, and then the leader told of the work the girls were doing in their meetings. For dessert we were served a slice of ice cream cake sandwich and coffee.

At the last two homes, as at the first, the young hostess and her mother were assisted in serving by several other members of the club. The food for all the courses had been furnished by all the members of the club so you see the hostessing duties, the food and the entertainment, were divided up among the twenty girls of the club; thus each one had an important part

in making the event such a great success. It was also an excellent opportunity for the girls to use the pointers on entertaining learned in their 4-H project as well as how to cooperate with others in a strange kitchen, etc.

Another advantage to this type of entertainment is that as the crowd visited from house to house, they were just naturally thrown with different groups as they went along so that by the time the afternoon was over, each one had had an opportunity to meet almost everyone of the guests and the girls.

At one stop a photographer came and took pictures for the local paper. This meant that the girls might also have a picture for their record books.

The man who removed the mountain was he who began carrying away the small stones.—Chinese Proverb.

NEW YEAR

Of all the gifts that we hold dear The choicest is a brand New Year, All wrapped in sheets of crystal snow Which holds twelve precious months.

We know
Each clean, new day is ours to use
To do with it what we may choose—
Though rich or poor there is no bar
For any one can hold a star.
Be thankful, for the year will hold
New hope, rich dreams within its fold.

—Elfriede Schutt

LEANNA'S
BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL COLORED
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All 11 top quality plastic bags for only \$1.00, P. P.

Order from LEANNA DRIFTMIR, Shenandoah, Iowa

"BLESS THIS HOUSE"*By Mabel Nair Brown*

"Kind and merciful Father, we thank Thee for these creature comforts spread before us; Bless them to their intended use and us to Thy service; Pardon all our sins, and finally save us in Heaven, we ask in Christ, our Redeemer's sake. Amen."

"Bless this food to our good and to the nourishment of our bodies; Pardon us of all our sins and at last save us in thy Kingdom; These things we ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

Blessed is the house where Grace is said, ere the family partakes of daily bread—that is the thought I often heard expressed in my home from earliest childhood. The first table grace above is the one which my father heard his father repeat daily in the home where he grew up, and the second is the grace my mother learned at her father's table and was ever after a precious part of her memories of home.

Have you ever stopped to think how much of a GOOD family life is centered around the dining table? This beginning of a New Year is a good time to pause and take stock of the traditions, the memories, the homely habits we are "building" in our own home which will be the heritage of OUR children and OUR grandchildren.

"Mealtime is where we build, not only healthy bodies, but healthy personalities," said a home relations specialist in a speech recently. I have thought a good deal about the truth of her statement. It makes you sit up and take notice of the big part the mother and homemaker plays in developing her child "in the way he should go", doesn't it?

What then of the modern eat-on-the-run relay type meal which has become the rule (rather than the exception) in so many homes today where there are teen-agers with pep club meetings, ball practices, dramatics, band drill, etc., to be crowded into an already full schedule, or where there are grade school youngsters who are allowed pretty much "on their own" about town?

Or what of the mealtimes in homes where several are working on various "shifts"? How often in such instances, the various members of the family dash into the house only long enough to eat and run, perhaps meeting another member coming to eat as the first eater dashes out to some activity! Where does family companionship and understanding come into such a picture? What opportunity is there to smooth out the petty irritations of daily living in such a rush and scurry? Where is the time for "quietness and meditation" so important to each and every person?

I think, getting back to the graces quoted at the beginning, our elders realized that mealtime should mean food for the spirit as well as for the body—"Bless them to their intended use and us to Thy service"—"Bless this food to our GOOD and the nourishment of our bodies". Yes, they knew mealtime was meant to be far



Mary Fischer Chapin and her two little sons, Jared and Elliott. In Mother's letter this month she tells you about the happy visit we had with them in late November when they came from their home in Glen Gardner, New Jersey to visit Mary's parents. Elliott goes to school on the regular district bus, but Jared is picked up by a station wagon because there aren't enough primary children to justify running a big bus!

more than just eating good food!

There is a special feeling of closeness and unity in a family circle where heads are bowed for table grace. And somehow many irritations seem to be soothed away while prayers are said. The chattering tongues of boisterous or quarrelsome children are often soothed and quieted by the simple words of blessing. Certainly there is added dignity to the parent who leads the family in grace, a dignity to command respect, to make a child proud.

Stimulating conversation (and this will probably require a united and conscious effort on the part of both parents who will naturally be the ones to find topics of interest to those gathered 'round the table), good wholesome jokes, the retelling of humorous incidents involving the family, genuine interest in the activities of each member of the family—these are a few of the points to remember if you would be building HEALTHY PERSONALITIES at mealtime.

Let the child know from early childhood that he is *expected* to be present, and promptly (!!) for all meals and then see that mealtime is so pleasant he will *want* to be there!

When teenage activities begin to be demanding, sit down calmly together as a family and plan out a meal schedule that will work out best for all concerned and adjust those extra activities to meet it. The youngster should be made to understand that come mealtime he is to put in an appearance and be ready to contribute his share towards the "spiritual food" for the meal. (Of course there will be exceptions—but make them an EXCEPTION—not the rule!)

The meal time is such a wonderful

time for telling family anecdotes and bringing the children up-to-date on interesting family history. It is a wonderful opportunity to discuss the child's school day, for mother and dad to share the interesting happenings of their day with each other and with the children. Even the dishes used daily at such meals become treasures as the years go by!

Yes, we modern homemakers would do well to get back to the old-fashioned family mealtime where grace was said, appetites were satisfied and the spirit blessed, for from such homes come the lovely memories which should be the cherished heritage of every child.

SIMILE

A boy is like the wind.
He gathers trash and whistles as he goes.
The lowest glen, the highest tree, he knows.
He rattles doors and in exhilaration,
Breaks windows for the Nation.
He whoops and swoops. He likes to play with fire.
He and the wind ascend the tall church spire.
And like the wind when twilight calls—
He falls.

—Eileen Derr

GRANDMA'S BOX*By Eileen Derr*

Each year I make a New Year's resolution to keep a box like Grandma's. Each year my will power weakens with the result that I again face Christmas without THE BOX. But I am going to pass it on so that others more persevering than I can take advantage of it.

Grandma began preparing for Christmas before the New Year rolled around. No one was forgotten and her list grew longer every year. THE BOX had its place of honor in the corner of Grandma's bedroom, and woe to he who peeked!

THE BOX was added to each week. Shiny pans, books, knickknacks; jelly, mincemeat, needlework; pottery, dried sage, homemade hand lotion. One on the top of the other. A trip to the city always meant something for THE BOX. Grandma answered ads and ordered for THE BOX by mail. Specials always meant double purchases: one for Grandma, one for THE BOX. Week followed week, month followed month, and THE BOX slowly filled. And when Christmas rolled around again and the rest of us were rushing hither and yon, madly trying not to forget anyone, Grandma just calmly got out the list, dumped THE BOX and began wrapping. Somehow there was always something in that box that *just fit* each person.

I think Grandma had more fun than anyone at Christmas time. Because of THE BOX she always had extra time to decorate the house, remember the sick, make candy and do the hundred and one things other people want to do but never find time to do over the holidays.

BIRDS IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Delphia M. Stubbs

Mother Nature surely knew we would be lost at Christmas Time if it were not for evergreens. No tree reveals its true character except in its natural surroundings, and a number of years ago I found a way to make use of the Christmas tree by putting it back where Nature intended it to be.

After the holidays are over and the trimming has been removed, I take the tree to the garden and weight the stand down with heavy rocks or bricks. If the stand is a metal one, and you want to keep it for next year, just bury the stem deep enough to keep the wind from toppling it over.

After this has been done I tie on the discarded candy canes, nut meats, hard cookies, plenty of strips of suet and hard bread crusts, using the leftover Christmas ribbons and colored strings; these bright colored ends often are the primary attraction to the birds, and upon investigating they discover the real purpose of this strange looking tree.

Before you realize it your backyard will be alive with these feathered folks, and such chirping you never heard! They soon learn whether or not you can be depended upon to furnish them food when the earth is covered with snow, and they will keep coming regularly to this sanctum if you keep plenty of food on the tree.

Sunflower seeds are soon devoured if strung on a long enough string to drape over several branches, and tied securely. Peanut butter is a real treat to the bird family, and I roll it into little balls and run a string through the center of each one, leaving enough space to tie the ends of the strings to the branches. I also fill the half-shell of an English walnut with beef suet and they really go for that. Even though the sparrows are tricky, and want to boss, enough enjoyment comes from the other birds to overlook their pettish ways, and I never let the sparrows discourage me from keeping on with the feedings.

Plenty of water is needed for birds, like flowers, must have moisture, and if the weather is bitter cold it is a good idea to put boiling water in the pans; it soon cools enough for the birds to drink, and will not freeze as quickly as water which is already cold.

An interesting result of this experiment will be seen come spring. Then you will notice interwoven into the various types of nests, the silver strings of icicles you unknowingly left on your tree when dismantling it, as well as the tiny bits of colored tin foil and bits of cotton or angel hair which you may have failed to remove.

The birds in the Christmas tree enter heartily into the spirit of winter fun, for they flit and flutter through the green branches, and some times are nearly lost from sight in a cloud of whirling snow flakes. These birds in my garden Christmas tree have helped pass many cold hours away, and once you plant a Christmas tree

for them, you will never give up doing it. I became so interested in the new birds that came I began looking for a bird book to help me identify the different kinds of birds prevalent here in the Middle West.

Once you are established as a friend to the birds, they will come back year after year to your garden, so make use of your no longer useful Christmas tree, and the ribbons and strings left over.

A REPORT FROM MY KITCHEN

Last night I picked up the Kitchen-Klatter magazine for January, 1951 and read the article on page 10 titled *Calling All Cooks—January, 1951*. In that I noticed our reference to the fact that we all needed to accumulate a few new dishes from time to time, invest in even one or two pieces of new equipment, etc.

Well, I thought I'd tell you exactly what I've accomplished in 1951 so that you could see for yourself we sometimes take action on our own recommendations!

I started 1951 with only square cake pans — three of them. I now have three round ones. Then I was tired of trotting up the alley to borrow Mother's ring mold, so I purchased one of those, and I also invested in a new cookie sheet. None of this amounts to much in the line of cash outlay, as you can readily see, so I'll hasten to add that although I didn't buy any new pots or kettles, I did get an expensive and long-wished-for percolator.

If you were lucky enough to add really fine china to your household possessions during 1951 you'll read this next line with an indulgent smile. BUT, I did get a new set of dishes—California pottery in a lovely soft grey with an ivory rim—sort of a carved affair. They look beautiful on the tablecloth Russell's mother gave us for Christmas last year, and I'll confess that they gave me a tremendous lift. I was so tired of my old dishes!

I still think that all of us cooks need to indulge ourselves now and then. It's amazing what even the tiniest new thing will do for our spirits. Cooking three meals a day, 365 days of the year, can become an awfully old story, so do try to get a few new pieces of equipment in 1952 to help smooth out the rough corners.

—Lucile.

THE BEYOND

It seemeth such a little way to me Across that great country, The Beyond,

For it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond.

And as for me, there is no Death; It is but crossing with abated breath A little strip of sea

To find ones loved ones waiting on the shore,

More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Unknown.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Circumstances beyond my control made it necessary to omit the Good Neighbor column last month. Though this will reach you too late for Christmas, will you do something nice for some of these people soon?

Linda Lee Hyberg, 1011 13 St., Apt. 3, Denver 8, Colo., age 4, is still in a cast with hopes that some day she may be able to walk.

Mary Ann Shannon, Clearwater, Kans., is able to sit up now and walk a bit around the house. She cannot go to school this year.

Donna Williams, 200 Warren St., Roxbury 19, Mass., age 11, is a long time shutin and this summer has been unable even to write, but is some better now. She wants used cards, poems, bits of ribbon, etc., to make scrapbooks for children in hospitals.

Edwin Zettlemoyer, Rt. 2, New Ringgold, Pa., is 5 years old and has spent most of his life in a hospital. He now has a cast on one knee and leg, and will be away from home for 3 months or so this time. Send small playthings he can use in bed.

Albert David Busby, Rt. 2, Coldwater, Miss., is 8. He is crippled by polio and almost blind in one eye.

John Clifford Gaeddert, Broadacres, Rt. 1, Hutchinson, Kans., has been crippled all his life. He is 27. Please write him.

William Jones, whom many of you know, is now at Apt. 5, 95 Maffert St., Wilkes Barre, Pa. His home was entirely destroyed by fire not long ago. He is with his sister now. He has been unable to write for so long that he is not getting much mail now and misses it. He is a veteran and spends most of his time in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred King, Salix, Iowa, are elderly people who enjoy getting cards.

Grandma Etta Watts, 280 Pine St., Salem, Ore., is looking forward to hearing from you.

Mrs. A. G. Elander, Pleasant Dale, Nebr., has been very ill and needs you. She has been shutin many years.

Mr. H. C. Liepfried, Sr., Box 596, Post, Texas, wants mail. He is almost 80.

Mrs. Minnie Sherman, Rolfe, Iowa, is shutin and lives alone. She can piece quilts, but not much else, and wants quilt pieces. She likes letters, too.

Gene Desjarlais, c/o Elaine's Nursing Home, 912 Fifth St., Sioux City 5, Iowa, has been bedfast 15 years. He wants detective magazines.

Miss Lena E. Springer, R1, B179, Industry, Ill., has been quite ill again. She has been shutin many years, and loves mail.

W. C. Butler, Elks Aidmore Inc., 918 Peachtree N. E., Atlanta 5, Ga., is 21. He broke his neck and injured his spine while swimming last summer. He would enjoy hearing from you.

Mrs. Geo. Spiegeler, Fox Lake, Minn., is a semi-shutin. She would like to exchange African violet leaves.

There is no man so poor as he who has only money.—Edwin Pugh.

IMAGINE YOUR CHURCH WITH SUCH GIFTS!

By Hallie M. Barrow

What kind of Christmas activities did you have at your church this year? Had any genuine improvements been made since last year, or did you struggle along once again with poor lights, an inadequate piano, and all of the other handicaps that small country churches know only too well?

Most any person would sicken and die if given no more attention than many of our country churches. Rural electricity has revolutionized farm life, raised the standard of living and completely modernized farm homes along its lines. But as one person pointed out to me, "Folks get so excited and so eager to electrify their farm homes and outbuildings, they forget their rural church."

If you live in a rural community where folks enjoy all the comforts electricity can bring, but so far your church is still in the "horse and buggy" stage, why not make December 25, 1952 an electric Christmas for your church?

In many rural districts, as electric lines were erected and went past their church, they did put in a few drop lights. Even that was a boon for one church official told me it was the first time he had ever been able to listen to an evening sermon. Always before, just as he got settled really to enjoy the preaching or singing, the carbide lights began to flicker and sputter and he spent the rest of the evening "tinkering" with a carbide light system. Remember those carbide lights and how they had to be humored, coaxed and "tinkered" with?

Next, when church house-cleaning was in order, rather than sweep church carpets with brooms or take up and shake long aisle rugs by hand, a few of the women would bring or borrow a nearby electric sweeper. Until I visited several rural churches across the Missouri River in northeast Kansas, I had never envisioned that an up-and-coming country church should be just as electrically modern as any of the farms along that electric line.

One of these modern country churches was a real community center. They had a movie projector, a radio, record player and television set which could be used for 4-H club, extension, men's groups and all church gatherings. After the meeting, it was easy to prepare refreshments for they had remodeled part of their basement into a most convenient cooking center. They had mouse-proof cabinets, a big double sink with hot and cold running water, a big coffee percolator, a mixer, two electric roasters, and an electric corn popper. Their future plans called for adding a dish washer and garbage disposal unit.

This fine kitchen served a need beyond its own congregation. There was no place where school banquets, father-and-son or mother-and-daughter banquets, or meals for men's service clubs in nearby towns could be served. The ladies have been able to modernize this church kitchen center with proceeds from serving the many



A recent picture of Aunt Susan Conrad, Mother's sister.

organizations in that district. Boy scouts, Easter breakfasts, Hallowe'en affairs . . . it really is a community center for a radius of miles.

Upstairs, they had a flood light in the graveled parking area and lights outside over all entrances. It was beautifully lighted inside with pairs of lights around the side walls and fluorescent middle fixtures. There was a special light for the reader at the pulpit, another for the organist and a reflected light to bring out the fine picture back of the pulpit.

They had one of these small model electric organs and all agreed no other church improvement for that amount of money had added as much to their services as their electric organ. Electric organs do not need tuning and any fair church pianist can master their operation. Many rural churches now are installing these electric organs and mostly by donations made in memory of some loved one. They are not as costly as grand pianos.

It is quite the custom now to have "electrical" gift lists. If you are wrapping toasters, percolators, mixers, travel irons, steam irons, electric blankets, razors or waffle irons to put under the tree on Christmas Eve at your church this year, do wrap up an extra electrical gift and mark it, "Merry Christmas To My Church." If you already have an electric organ, you can present chimes or your class might sponsor buying or borrowing an amplifier to broadcast your Christmas music. Church bells sound much sweeter out in the open country air than those which must contend with honking horns and other grating noises in the city . . . so why shouldn't the choir singing carols or just the lovely organ music itself sound sweeter in the country?

Most any church would appreciate a large electric clock. One of the most used electrical utensils in a church kitchen is an electric roaster. For use at sales, they are invaluable and will keep warm large amounts of soup,

wieners, chili, baked beans and buns. Even coffee can be made in them. And in cooking for a large group . . . with meat or scalloped dishes cooking in the roaster, the stove is left free for other things. As one of these kitchen cooks told me, "It's nice if the electric roasters come in twins. Ours are in use all the time." Really, if much cooking is done in your church kitchen, it is almost a necessity to have an electric kitchen. If you indulge in fish fries for the men, you really should have an electric deep fryer. These turn out hot doughnuts on other occasions.

One of the most popular columns the famous Inez Robb ever penned was the account of the woman who must have helped cook, serve and wash the dishes for church dinners. For in her will, she left a sum which was to be used for the purchase of an electric dishwasher for her church. Women all over the land who have been dead on their feet after a Thanksgiving dinner at their church, then faced tons of dirty dishes wrote that they understood what a church dishwasher could mean and how they hoped their church kitchen might be remembered in some member's will!

Well, we all hope that *someone* will do what Mrs. Robb did in her will, but in the meantime it might be a good idea to put our heads together and figure out just what we can accomplish for our church in 1952.

UNREALIZED IDEALS

By Edna Hull Miller

Mothers who desire their children to be original and versatile must remember that there is a price to pay for this.

As a girl I had some very advanced and emphatic ideas about child rearing. I was not at all timid about expressing these ideas. In fact, I expressed them before mothers whose children did not meet with my approval.

Possibly I might have forgotten many of these remarks but for one thing . . . I became a mother myself. Then it was that these women reminded me of some of the things I had said as a girl.

My dream children were always the original, daring type with a great amount of initiative. They always did the interesting thing at the opportune time. Then they were passive when circumstances made it best for them to be quiet.

My real little boy was truly original and interesting. He did and said the clever and original things at the time when I wanted them done. Also, he said and did these things at the times I did not want them done. He was no respecter of persons and times. He performed as freely before the dignified and unappreciative company as he did before the adoring young aunts and uncles.

My dream children were always immaculately neat and clean; I soon found that mud pies and out-door-play were not compatible with clean children. My little boy was inventive, but to be inventive seemed to

(Continued on Page 16)



LEMON GOLD CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 6 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together in a bowl. Make a well and add in order, the oil, egg yolks, water, lemon juice and rind. Beat with a spoon until smooth. Add the cream of tartar to the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff. Pour the egg yolk mixture gradually over the whipped egg whites, carefully folding with a rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir. Pour immediately into an ungreased 10x4 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 325 degrees, for 70 minutes, or until the top springs back when lightly touched.

After removing the cake from the oven, turn the pan upside down, placing the tube part over the neck of a small funnel. When cold, loosen the sides with a spatula, remove the cake from the pan and frost with:

LEMON FLUFF FROSTING

- 1/2 cup butter
- Dash of salt
- 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 2 drops yellow food coloring

Cream the butter and add the salt. Add part of the sugar and cream well. Add the remaining sugar alternately with the lemon juice, creaming until light and fluffy. Add the lemon rind and yellow coloring and mix until thoroughly blended.

We like this cake very, very much. It is extremely delicate and tender and has a most refreshing flavor.

APPLE COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 4 eggs well beaten
- 2 cups chopped raw apples
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda

Mix and bake 10 minutes at 350. Drop by spoonfuls.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

OATMEAL CRISPIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Thoroughly cream shortening and sugars. Add eggs and vanilla and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and nuts; mix well. Shape in rolls; wrap in waxed paper and chill thoroughly or overnight. Slice 1/4 inch thick; bake on ungreased cookie sheet. Temperature: 350 degrees. Time: 10 minutes. Amount: 5 dozen.

SUPER TUNA FISH CASSEROLE

- 6 slices fresh bread
- 2 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 4 beaten eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 4 tsp. chopped parsley
- 4 tsp. chopped green pepper
- 1 can tuna (blanched)

Pour milk over bread and break up fine. Put tuna fish in colander or sieve and pour boiling water over it. Combine soaked bread, butter, eggs, salt, seasonings, parsley, pepper and tuna fish. Turn into a buttered casserole and bake for one hour, or until the center is firm. Be sure to put casserole in a shallow pan of water.

Heat 1 can of cream of mushroom soup to which 1 tsp. of grated onion has been added. Serve hot on top of tuna dish.

BAKED HAM, POTATOES AND ONIONS

- 1 2-lb. slice of smoked ham
- 6 medium-sized potatoes
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 large onions
- Milk

Place ham in roasting pan and cover with the sliced potatoes. Sift flour over potatoes and then add, peeled and sliced, the 2 large onions. Pour over enough milk to half cover. Place lid on roaster and bake for 1 hour at 350 minutes. Uncover for the last 10 minutes of cooking.

LORD OF ALL POTS AND PANS

Lord of all pots and pans and things,
since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or
watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or
storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals,
and washing up the plates.
Although I must have Martha's hands,
I have a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes,
Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth,
what time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't
time for more.
Warm all the kitchen with Thy love,
and light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and
make all grumbling cease.
Thou Who didst love to give men food,
in room, or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it
unto Thee.

—Author Unknown

ORANGE-DATE BREAD

- 1 large orange
- 1 cup dates
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Grind orange. Chop dates. Put juice of the orange in a measuring cup and fill cup with boiling water. Sprinkle soda over the chopped dates and ground orange, and sprinkle the cup of orange juice and boiling water over them.

Cream sugar with butter. Add egg and vanilla. Combine this mixture with the fruit. Add flour, baking powder and salt that have been sifted together. Lastly add nut meats which have been dredged with part of the flour mixture. Put in greased loaf pan and let stand 20 minutes. Then bake in a 350 degree oven for 50 minutes. Delicious served warm with whipped cream, or sliced when cold and spread with butter or cream cheese for sandwiches.

BAKED SPARERIBS WITH DRESSING

- 2 large pieces of spareribs
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Combine all ingredients aside from ribs. Spread one section of ribs with the dressing, then cover with the other piece of meat and tie the two pieces together. Rub the outside of the meat with 2 Tbls. flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Place in a 480 degree oven for 20 minutes, and then reduce the heat to 325 degrees and bake for 1 hour. Baste frequently.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sour cream
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring
- 4 cups flour

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add sour cream, well-beaten eggs and flavorings. Dissolve soda in a small amount of hot water and add. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and add to other mixture. It may be necessary to add a little more flour, but first chill the dough for it can be handled much more easily when thoroughly cold. Roll thin, cut in fancy shapes, and bake on a greased cookie sheet for 12 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

JUMBO RAISIN COOKIES

- 1 cup water
- 2 cups raisins
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups white sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. allspice

Boil raisins and water for 5 minutes and cool. Cream sugar and shortening, add eggs and flavoring. Combine this with cooled raisin mixture and add dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Lastly add nutmeats. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

APPLESAUCE LOAF

- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup applesauce
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine sugar, shortening and beaten eggs. Add applesauce. Add dry ingredients sifted together and nuts. Turn into a greased 9x5x3 loaf pan and let stand for 20 minutes. Then bake in a 350 degree oven for 50 to 60 minutes.

PEAR MINCEMEAT

7 lbs. pears, weighed after being peeled and cored. If ripe pears are used, can be scalded and peeled as easily as peaches or tomatoes. Put pears, 1 lemon and 1 orange through the food chopper. Add 4 lbs. granulated sugar, 1 lb. seeded raisins, 1 lb. currants, 1 tsp. salt, and 1 tsp. each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg. Cook until tender and clear and then seal.

TAMALE PIE

(An inexpensive, delicious main dish that your family will really enjoy.)

- 1/2 cup yellow corn meal

Combine this with 1 cup of cold water and 1 1/2 tsp. salt. Bring 4 cups of water to boil and stir in the corn meal mixture gradually. Cook over direct heat for 10 minutes. Then place in top of double boiler and cook for 1 hour or more (covered), stirring frequently.

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 large can whole kernel corn
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 10 ripe or stuffed olives
- Pepper, salt and dash of paprika

Brown beef in hot salad oil, and then combine with other ingredients. Line a large baking dish with the mush, pour meat mixture over it. Sprinkle the top with 1 cup of grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a 350 degree oven for 45-50 minutes.

It's possible that this combination of ingredients may sound strange to you, but it makes up into a delicious dish.

UNUSUAL AND DELICIOUS FRUIT COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups oatmeal
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 4 Tbls. sweet or sour milk
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup figs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. each of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon
- 1 cup dates
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add eggs, oatmeal and mix thoroughly. Sift together flour, salt, soda, spices and add alternately to the first mixture with the milk. Then add fruits and nuts. Roll on floured board as thin as can be managed (you won't be able to roll this too thin because of all the fruit in it), cut in desired shapes and bake approximately 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. The friend in Council Bluffs who sent this says that they improve with age.

BUTTERSCOTCH-CORN FLAKE BARS

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 3/4 cup corn flakes
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup walnuts

Cook eggs and sugar over hot water 15 minutes; stir constantly. Add rind; cool. Add remaining ingredients. Bake 20 minutes in greased oblong pan in moderate oven (350). Cut into bars. Makes 2 dozen.

ORANGE ANGEL FOOD

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 1/3 cups orange juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange
- 1 cup of heavy cream, whipped
- 1 medium sized angel food cake

Dissolve gelatine in cold water. Combine the boiling water, sugar, orange juice, lemon juice and grated rinds and add to the gelatine mixture. Let stand until mixture begins to congeal. Then whip thoroughly and fold in one cup of whipped cream. Break angel food cake in small pieces and line bottom of angel food tube pan. Alternate one layer of cake with a layer of the fruit-cream mixture. Stand in refrigerator for 24 hours. Serve in slices with whipped cream to which has been added chopped almonds and lightly browned coconut.

SCALLOPED ONIONS

Cook number of onions needed for your family in salted water. Drain when tender and place in buttered baking dish. Cover with a medium-thin white sauce, or with a can of cream of mushroom soup that has been diluted with 1/2 cup light cream or milk. Cover with crushed potato chips and bake for 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

STUFFED CELERY

Stuffed celery has a double advantage: it is delicious and highly ornamental. All but the smallest hearts can be used; be sure you split the large stalks into two or three sticks. Fill the hollow with softened cheese. We like to use the fancy type cheese that comes in glasses, and a variety adds a great deal for any special meal. This can be prepared far in advance and tightly covered with a plastic bag to keep a crust from forming. Arrange in spoke fashion around the edge of a big chop plate that contains the other relishes.

INDIAN SUMMER PUDDING

- 1 qt. milk
- 1/2 cup yellow corn meal
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 2 eggs

Scald the milk. Put the corn meal in the top of a double boiler and pour the scalded milk in slowly, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water for 20 minutes. Mix the melted butter, molasses, salt, cinnamon, ginger and well-beaten eggs and add to the corn meal mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish and set in a pan of warm water. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Delicious served with plain cream or with vanilla ice cream.

GREETINGS IN THIS BRAND NEW YEAR—LUCILE

Yes, dear Friends, here we are in 1952—or just about there, I should hasten to add. If your mail is delivered on schedule you will be reading this at the tail end of 1951, and in a very few days the curtain will be drawn on these past twelve months and raised on a spanking fresh twelve months.

I now know myself and all of my many weak qualities so well that I don't trouble to make New Year's resolutions. It only seems to give me fresh occasion to feel put out at myself, and as I grow older I find this an increasingly uncomfortable sensation. The best solution I've found is to remember the marvelous phrase "Each day is a new beginning" and take action on those words. I hope that at least a few of you agree with me on this!

Sometimes I wonder, as I read copy for this magazine, if various articles stir up as much thought in your mind as in mine. For instance, when I read "Unrealized Ideals" by Edna Hull Miller, I was assailed with memories of bygone days when I too had such emphatic ideas about child rearing.

I recall particularly a time before Juliana's birth when Russell's mother was visiting us in California. One night we were discussing a lot of things and both Russell and I said in happy agreement that we couldn't see any excuse for this thing of having a baby and all of its stuff scattered over the entire house. We were going to fix up a room for this coming baby and see that all of her equipment and playthings were kept in it. Not for us was to be this usual set-up where you saw evidences of BABY everywhere you turned.

Russell's mother smiled charitably as we waxed eloquent on the subject, and when we were all through she said, "Well, it won't work."

"Won't work?" I said (voice very high pitched!). "I don't know *why* it won't work. All you have to do is keep everything in that one room and train the baby to play in that room."

"It can't be done," she repeated. "You'll find that all children want to be right out where you are—they don't want any kind of a room of their own—they want to be right in the center of activity, and if they're where you are, their stuff will be there too."

Dear Mother Verness! She spoke as the prophets! We found out almost instantly that she knew what she was talking about. First we had to have Juliana's bassinet right in the living room where we could be sure constantly that she was still breathing. (If you're now coping with your second or sixth, please remember back to your first and how uneasy you were if you didn't check that breathing every five minutes!)

After this period had passed we found that she was contented if she could see us, but that a rousing report was heard instantly if we shoved her off into that carefully prepared room. And so it went. I found, as



This busy little cook is Doris Ann Kathol, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kathol of Hartington, Nebraska.

every other mother has found, that where baby wants to be is exactly where you are, preferably directly under your feet. This continues too. Blocks, books, painting sets, doll beds, etc., etc., have no charm whatsoever if they're stashed away in the child's room. They're endlessly engrossing if they're right under your feet.

Everytime I look at house plans that call for a child's room off at one corner of the house "where he won't be disturbed by activities going on elsewhere" I have a good loud laugh. And I think the loudest laugh I've ever had came when well-heeled friends of ours showed us their plans for a house that called for a big, expensively furnished and equipped child's room on the *third* floor. (This was back a spell when people actually put up big houses that had a huge attic—or third floor.) They had just this one child, you see, with no prospects of more, and I KNEW they'd never get an hour's good use out of that room. They didn't either. I took pains to inquire when they stopped through here last year, and they had to confess it had been a great mistake.

The other article that stirred up thoughts was Mildred Cathcart's discussion of utilizing minutes rather than hours. I saw a vivid illustration of this last year and it made such an impression on me that I've wanted ever since to tell you about it . . . and it has just kept slipping my mind.

Russell and I number among our friends who live far from here a very busy doctor who once studied to be a concert pianist. This was many years ago, of course, but he actually did become a good pianist before he decided to study medicine. For a long, long time he kept up his work at the piano, but eventually he became a noted specialist in his field of medicine and his routine eighteen-hour working day simply didn't permit one minute at the piano.

The last time we saw him he played for us and we were amazed that he was still a good pianist for we'd long since understood that his music was

permanently lost from his life. When we expressed our astonishment he told us that one night three years ago he was sitting, actually sitting, for ten minutes before time to leave for the hospital, and he looked at his big grand piano regretting that he hadn't sat down to it for years, when all of a sudden he thought: now if I play for these ten minutes I will have gotten a little something done!

The next day he snatched another ten minutes, just ten minutes, and the upshot was that he had regained much of his former skill and had enjoyed himself tremendously. As he said, "I'd been waiting for some long uninterrupted three months vacation when I could do some serious practicing again, and it wasn't until I realized that I should grab at ten minutes out of every day that I found the answer."

I don't think that any of us should gear ourselves to such a pitch that we have to wrestle with every single minute of every single hour, but I do think that we could all recapture former pleasures, or find new ones, if we didn't put off getting started on them until we have long vistas of uninterrupted hours.

This isn't a New Year's resolution by any means, but I will tell you that in this coming year I too am going to find ten minutes out of every day to sit down at the piano once again. There was a time when I could play passably well—at least enough for my own pleasure. And I'm going to stop waiting for the halcyon day when I can practise uninterrupted and simply snatch at those daily ten minutes to relearn the things that I've forgotten.

This is being written before we know Kristin's school schedule during the holidays, so what our final plans can be I don't know, but we're *hoping* that at least a few days can be spent here.

If you too have a little eight year old girl, soon to be nine, you know that Santa Claus has his problems at this particular age. Toys, as such, are just about a thing of the past, and this leaves you with clothing, mostly, to fall back on. We even found during the past year that books and records have lost most of their charm. Juliana goes to the library weekly and has such a constant flow of books going through her hands that but with one exception (*Black Beauty*) she couldn't get enthusiastic about receiving books. And as she said about records, "Oh, after you've heard them a few times you know them backwards and forwards", so there didn't seem to be much point in going in for those. So this year we've concentrated on other people and left Santa Claus to bring needed clothing, a birthstone ring, and a collection of paper doll books.

After all of the Christmas fixings are put away and things have settled back to normal, I wish you'd write and tell me what happened at your house over the holidays. I love to read your letters telling me about these things, and with long, cold January days coming up you may, just possibly *may*, find time to write.

Always my best wishes . . . Lucile.

RING OUT THE OLD—RING IN THE NEW!

By Mildred Cathcart

Getting the gang together to "Ring out the Old Year and ring in the New Year" is one of the jolliest and most informal of all ways to entertain.

Make your invitations bell-shaped in keeping with the "ring in—ring out" theme. Fold your paper and paint the outside bell with gilt; then sprinkle it with tinsel or artificial snow while the gilt is still damp. On the inside bell write your invitation. A suggestion for this is:

Ring out the Old,

Ring in the New;

The gang meets at our home—

You must come too."

Have your door decorated with sleigh bells so your guests will make a noisy arrival.

Of course your Christmas decorations will still be up, so nothing more is needed in this line. Just be sure that a number of Christmas bells are put up here and there through the house.

New Year crowds are generally hilarious, so it's a good thing to have a bell on hand to ring when you want to attract attention in explaining or changing games.

Before your guests arrive hide an even number of red and green bells around the room, most of them partially concealed. Choose sides and have each team select a captain. Give everybody but the captains a small jingle bell. The side that is the "Red Bells" hunts for red bells and vice versa, but only the captains may pick up the bells. The finders cannot speak but must stand silently by the bells they have found and ring their jingle bells until their captain comes and picks up the located bell. The winning team will be the one that finds the most bells in an allotted amount of time.

For a lot of fun you must try the Red Nose Relay. Use heavy paper for this and form it into a roll about three or four inches long, and large enough to fit over the end of a person's nose. Hold the paper securely with scotch tape. Choose two teams and give a roll to each one of these teams. Proceed in regular relay style, only instead of passing the roll with the hands it must be passed from nose to nose. When the roll is dropped the contestant must pick it up, put it on his nose and try to put the other end of the roll on the nose of the player next to him. This may sound like a fantastic relay, but I've seen the stiffest, most dignified crowds warm up in a hurry when it is played.

"Magic Bell" is a game that will be fun. Before the guests arrive, wrap a prize in a box and tie it very securely; fasten a small bell to the package. Seat your players in a circle and tell them they do not want to be caught with the Magic Bell but must try to give it to the person next to them. Music is then played, and the person who holds the Magic Bell when the music stops must do whatever the message inside instructs him to do.

Everyone will hasten wildly to get rid of the package, but the joke will be on them for the music doesn't actually stop at any time until the very end of the game. Then the one holding the box will open it and find inside a note which will tell him to keep the nice new calendar which is enclosed.

(It's to be hoped that you have a piano in the house, for Jingle Bells is good background music for Magic Bell and the player can be instructed to give the crowd many false alarms by coming almost to a halt, then racing on, etc.)

Now divide your group into two teams to be known as the Old Year and the New Year. The players belonging to Old Year will receive an old battered suitcase containing a long black robe or coat, a sickle, and an old 1951 calendar with all twelve months separated. The New Year team will receive a new suitcase containing half a sheet to be draped around the players so they will resemble pictures of the Baby New Year, a baby's bottle, rattle, and a new calendar intact.

The teams stand in line and someone drops the contents of each case beside the first two players. They must put on the robe or sheet, pick up the other objects and run with their suitcases to a given goal. As they return to their line they dump the contents of their case, take off their apparel for the next players and go to the end of the line. The first team finished is winner.

"Ringing the Bell" is another team game or individual contest, just as you choose. Hang a small bell in the doorway, give each team or contestant a small rubber ball and see who can ring the bell the most times in a given number of tries.

After all the activity involved in these games it probably would be wise to have two pencil and paper contests. First see who can make the longest list of book and song titles containing the word "Bell". Set an alarm clock for 15 minutes and when it rings, all papers are collected.

Distribute copies of the following quiz that is titled "Some Things We Find On A Watch" and again set the alarm.

1. Something to ride on? (Wheel).
 2. Opposite of front? (Back).
 3. A book in the Bible? (Numbers).
 4. Places where water bubbles up? (Spring).
 5. Something a lawyer tries? (Case).
 6. Breadwinners? (Hands).
 7. Something used before? (Second hand).
 8. What we give at the 15th wedding anniversary? (Crystal).
 9. Something you should not take in vain? (Maker's name).
 10. Something women love to wear? (Jewels).
 11. Supports a flower? (Stem).
 12. Something of which every pretty woman is proud? (Face).
 13. What policeman should do? (Watch).
 14. Something read by the secretary? (Minutes).
- What we extend to our friends? (Our hour) hand).

The next game is a New Year's version of Musical Chairs. All but one player is given a bell cut from construction paper. Players form a cir-

cle standing about two feet apart, and all but one extra player stands on his paper bell. To keep the players moving you may play "Jingle Bells" or ring a bell. When the music stops the player left without a bell is eliminated. This continues until all but one has dropped out and he, of course, is the winner.

Just before midnight give each guest a small sealed package with instructions to open it when the clock begins to strike twelve. The package will contain a whistle, confetti, balloons, strings of tiny bells — all kinds of noise makers with which to welcome the New Year.

When you plan your refreshments remember the "Ring out the old—Ring in the New" theme. Sandwiches may be cut with a bell-shaped cookie cutter, or cookies may be bells frosted with red or green icing. Cup cakes may be frosted in white and have a red or green bell on top. You may be able to buy ice cream with a bell frozen in the center. Red or green gelatin may be cut with a bell shaped cookie cutter and used for toppings.

The Wassail or punch bowl is a New Year's tradition. If at all possible, do try to have one. It looks dramatic standing on a decorated table. A plain white tablecloth, incidentally, makes a fine background for sprigs of holly or evergreen tied with red ribbon to which tiny bells are attached. Use silver candles placed in a heavy red bell that may often be found in Five and Ten stores to be used as door decorations.

Before your guests depart be sure you all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne", the traditional New Year's song that has never been improved upon.

THE NEW YEAR HOLDS NO DOUBTS

What does the New Year have concealed

Now closely veiled to me?

Perhaps it's best I do not know

For now my heart is free

Of fear, I'll make a braver start

And meet each task with zest;

If my plans are delayed, I know

God gives what He thinks best.

Therefore the New Year holds no doubts

Because I understand,

That time and I are safe within

The hollow of His hand.

—Elfriede Schutt

AT TWILIGHT

At dusk small birds fly swiftly home
To some big tree, where through the night,

Our God protects them from all harm
And wakes them with His morning light.

At dusk the children come from play
Happy and hungry, wanting rest.

They feel the love, know sweet content
Inside home walls which God has blest.

—Grace Stoner Clark.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Yesterday I spent my noon hour searching through the stores for some new Christmas cooky cutters that I might not have, and picking up all sorts of decorations for cookies. Sunday Kristin and I are going to make our first big batch of Christmas cookies, and she is so excited she can hardly wait. When she was smaller and we were both at home all day every day, she used to want to decorate every batch of cookies I made, so now that we do it just for special holidays, she gets a much bigger thrill out of it. Frank's sister Edna wants to make cookies too, so she is coming out Sunday afternoon to help us. It seems awfully early to start, but Kristin and I have promised cookies to so many people, that it will probably take us every Sunday afternoon between now and Christmas to get them finished.

It may sound odd to some of you that we choose Sunday afternoon to decorate cookies, but that is the only day that Kristin and I have together to do things like that. During the week, by the time we get supper and the dishes done, it is time for Kristin to go to bed. She is also getting very impatient to get our Christmas tree up and decorated. It is so very early for that, but since the streets in town have been decked out in all their Christmas finery for so long now, to little children it makes Christmas seem very near.

We had a nice visit from the folks one Sunday this month. Mother brought us up a big sack of tulip bulbs and last Saturday when I got home from work Kristin and I got out our garden tools and planted them in front of the house. That night we had a freezing rain, and were we ever glad the bulbs were safely in the ground and covered up for the winter.

Trapping season is open, but the only thing Frank is trapping for this year is fox. There are so many foxes now and they are such a detriment to the farmer, that we want to get rid of as many as we can. There is a bounty on them this year and Frank told Kristin that she could have the money if she wanted to take the skins in and collect. What she gets before Christmas is going to be used for her Christmas shopping, and after that she says she is going to save it for the red pony saddle she has been wanting.

Frank is going to be busy all next week getting wood together for a wood sawing. Yes, it is that time of year again, and if we are going to get the long cold winter that has been predicted, we will need a lot of wood. We have an oil burner in the front part of the house, but we still like to burn wood in the kitchen.

I have a new addition to my office which arrived just this morning—a beautiful big new steel desk and a new typewriter. When some of the teachers came in after school tonight they thought the office looked so fancy they almost thought they were in the wrong place. My big old brown desk was pretty handy with all it's



We've always liked this picture of Juliana and Kristin frosting a cake, so we decided to share it with you even though Juliana's hair has undergone great changes since this was taken!

pigeon holes and drawers, but I also had to have another big old table to put the typewriter and adding machine on, and since my office is just a small room off of Mrs. Kilburz' office, it really was very crowded for so much furniture. Now that the new desk has a special place for the typewriter, we got rid of all the excess furniture and it gives me a lot more room to work.

I have been in the office alone all week while Mrs. Kiburz has been visiting schools. Mr. Street, the music supervisor from Iowa State Teachers College has been here all week giving the teachers instruction in our music program for this year. Mrs. Kiburz had divided the county into eight sections, then picked out a school in each section that would be accessible no matter what the weather. The teachers went to the center schools to which they had been assigned and observed while Mr. Street taught the songs to the children in that school. By doing this, the teachers are all teaching the songs in the same manner. By the end of the year the children who have learned to sing all the songs correctly are invited to sing in the big county chorus directed by Mr. Street, at the eighth grade graduation exercise.

Even if it is long since past I must tell you what I did on Armistice day. Mrs. Kiburz came up against the big problem of house hunting the first part of November. When we returned from the State Teachers Convention she was greeted with word that they must move, since the house where she had been living since she came to Chariton had been sold. After hunting frantically for two weeks for a place to either rent or buy, one of the teachers told her that Mallory Castle was going to be for rent. Now Mallory Castle isn't really a castle, but an enormous old red brick house with a big tower, at the edge of town. During the early 1900's it was one of the show places in the State. The upshot of it was that Mr. and Mrs.

Kiburz went out and looked it over and decided to move in. Of course they couldn't begin to live in the whole house, just the two of them, but have furnished and are living in a few rooms downstairs.

So on Armistice day I helped Mrs. Kiburz clean the floors and the wood-work at "Ilion" (which is the real name for the house), and get the place ready so that on Saturday the movers could take her furniture in and set it in place. I don't know whether it was the beautiful grounds surrounding the house (it looks just like a park), or the fireplaces that sold Mrs. Kiburz on making that her home. There is a fireplace in every room they live in. Altogether there are seven fireplaces in the house, four downstairs and three upstairs. One of the jobs I did that day was to clean out the fireplaces and get them all in working condition. I'm sure they are going to love living there—I know Frank and I would.

Frank just went outside to see how cold it is and to see if the sky was clear or cloudy. He called in and told me to come out and listen to the music. He took the calves off to market yesterday and the music he was referring to was the cows. What a racket!

It is time to listen to the news, read the paper and go to bed.

Frank and Kristin and I hope that all of you have a happy and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely, Dorothy

A POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR

I've shut the door on yesterday—
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and mistakes.
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles,
And every springtime bloom.

I'll place within the loveliest things
My hands can find to do;
A happy heart its song of cheer
Shall echo through and through.
I'll welcome you and you and YOU
To this dear room of mine;
This door shall ever stand ajar—
The glowing home-fire shine.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain;
And enemy, malice and distrust
Shall never entrance gain.
I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away,
Tomorrow holds no fear for me,
Since I have found today.

—Vivian Laramore.

THE WOMAN SHOPS

The woman looks at the steaks,
The roasts and the fresh fruit.
She sees cheeses, cream and eggs.
She looks wistful . . .
She buys canned milk, oatmeal and beans.

—Mildred Ackland

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter every morning. See program on page 16.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL RIDES HOME

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mrs. Longtail, you remember, is a precocious lady mouse who lives in the potato bin at the Baldman's with her good husband, Mr. Longtail.

One morning Mrs. Longtail said airily to Mr. Longtail, "Well, dear, I believe I will visit our country cousins this week."

"This is a bad time of year for a mouse to travel," remarked Mr. Longtail mildly from behind the newspaper. "The cats in the barnyard may catch you. Besides, it's very cold. You are not as young as you used to be, you know."

"Fiddlesticks," snapped Mrs. Longtail. "I can do the work of many a mouse not half my age," and with that she flounced out of the potato bin and started for the barn to visit her cousins.

Mrs. Longtail scampered along the fences, skated across a couple of frozen puddles, and eventually arrived at the barn.

"Country life seems quite simple," she confided to her cousins that evening in the oat bin. "Where is all the danger and excitement you are supposed to have around here?"

"W-e-ll," said an old grandfather mouse, "a fella should look where he's sitting, for instance. See that little door behind you? It's downright risky."

"Pshaw, I don't see any danger here," said Mrs. Longtail. She scampered closer to the little door and peered intently at it.

Suddenly someone opened the door from the outside to get some oats. Whoosh went the oats into Mrs. Baldman's bucket, and Whoosh went Mrs. Longtail into the bucket, too.

"Help! Help!" cried Mrs. Longtail, gasping for air. No one heard her. Mrs. Baldman carried the oats and Mrs. Longtail to the henhouse and emptied them into a feeder.

A big red hen ruffled her feathers at the sight of Mrs. Longtail in the oats. She squawed and bit Mrs. Longtail on the nose.

"Help! Help!" cried Mrs. Longtail again, and this time Mrs. Baldman heard her. Mrs. Baldman grabbed a hoe and started in pursuit. Around and around they went, under roosts, over roosts, in nests and out of nests. The hens squawked and flew frantically about until the feathers were so thick in the air that Mrs. Longtail could hardly see. She was so bewildered she ran off the edge of a roost and landed kerplunk in the egg pail.

"Now where did that mouse disappear?" demanded Mrs. Baldwin. "I

was sure I had it cornered." She looked everywhere before finally giving up. Then she took the egg pail and started to the house.

All this time Mrs. Longtail cowered behind a big brown egg, hoping Mrs. Baldman wouldn't see her.

When they reached the basement, Mrs. Longtail peeked over the edge of the pail. There sat dear, safe Mr. Longtail on the edge of the potato bin, reading the paper.

"I'll never see him again," sobbed Mrs. Longtail, and she was so sad she forgot to be quiet. Mrs. Baldwin distinctly heard a squeak. She glanced down and saw Mrs. Longtail, not very many inches from her hand.

"Help!" she screamed. She dropped the pail so hard she broke sixteen eggs and sent Mrs. Longtail hurtling over the edge of the pail. Before she could recover her composure, Mrs. Longtail had tumbled head over heels in to the potato bin.

"You're back early, aren't you, dear?" asked Mr. Longtail mildly, peering at her over the top of the paper.

"A little," admitted Mrs. Longtail. "You see, I had a chance to ride all the way home, so I came a little earlier than I had planned."

And to this day Mrs. Longtail hasn't told her husband the whole story!

WHEN MOTHER'S SICK

When mother's sick I always help
The most I can with work,
I wash and dry the dishes too
And never, never shirk.

And then I sweep and dust the room
Put everything in place,
It's more than money when I see
The smile on mother's face.

She has a rested peaceful look
When I am good somehow,
And Oh, what music in her words,
"My dear, I'm better now."

—Effie Crawford.

By permission of Our Little Friend.

GUESS WHAT?

He likes his bath so very well
He eats his dinner in it.
I say, "Come out and take a walk."
He won't come for a minute.
I dropped a line to him one day
Inviting him to travel,
And when he came he couldn't walk,
But laid upon the gravel.
Ans. A fish.

What can fall down without getting hurt or being broken? Rain.
What sort of a book can be RED but not READ? A pocketbook.



While Jared Chapin was in Shenandoah he spent many happy hours playing with Martin Eric. Martin's car, his big gift from Santa last year, is now at his home in Essex, but during Jared's visit it was brought back to Grandpa Driftmier's house and both boys had a fine time with it. Jared is five years old.

HIDDEN BODY FACTS

By looking closely at these sentences, you will find a part of the body hidden in one or two other words. The first one is marked to show you how to find them.

1. On no, sell the apples first. (Nose)
2. Watch the baby so nothing harms her.
3. Our Chinese friend, Sing Foo, took a course in history.
4. Don came yesterday.
5. The table goes on the south wall.
6. Ducky Quack-Quack needs water in which to swim.
7. You need not fear our dog, Fido.
8. Jimmy made a rough airplane model.
9. Do fish suffer from fin germs?
10. Mary is trying out a new steel bow.

ANSWERS

1. Nose; 2. Arms; 3. Foot; 4. Eye; 5. Leg; 6. Knee; 7. Ear; 8. Hair; 9. Finger; 10. Elbow.

—Grace Stoner Clark

RYHMING RIDDLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Fill in the blanks with names of well known household articles.

We do not need a drum or fife
But can't keep house with-
out a ———— Knife
And when Mom tidies up the
room,
She uses her bright yel-
low ———— Broom
At supper we make silent
wishes
That we won't have to wipe
the ———— Dishes
And Mom agrees we play in-
stead
Until the clock says: "Time
for ———— Bed
—Grace Stoner Clark

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 125,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

February Ads due January 1.
March Ads due February 1.
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MOTHER'S HAVE THOSE LITTLE SHOES BRONZED. There is no more precious and sentimental item than your Baby's little shoes. The little creases, the scuffs, the worn toe, all precious memories. Let us preserve them. Bronze, Gold, or Silver, \$5 a pair. Mountings at reasonable prices. Send for folder. E. H. Biehn, Box 375, Fairmont, Nebr.

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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. Lovely comfort or quilt tops (crazy quilt pattern) \$3.50. Cotton handkerchiefs with spider-web corner and full directions for making, 50¢. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

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

FOR SALE: Permanent finish organdy aprons, lace trimmed. Well made. Ideal for parties or any occasion. White or pastel colors, \$1.50. Mrs. Donald Klever, Gray, Iowa.

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

OLD BEADS WANTED, any color strung or unstrung. Send yours for estimate. Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Iowa.

WILL BUY OR TRADE, for complete or not old Kerosene Parlor and Hanging Lamps. Mrs. L. Milhone, 4518 Blondo, Omaha, Nebr.

HANDPAINTED SET TEA TOWELS, lunch cloth ea. \$3.98, both \$5.50. Lotos Black, Princeton, Mo.

SEWING EXPERIENCED. Ladies dresses, \$1.50. Free gift with orders. Rowena Winters, 4815—55th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

WILL SWAP CAMEO BROOCH, for print scraps. Carrie Hooper, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, Calif.

CROCHETED 10 in. oval pot holder. 10x13 in. rose doily, 50¢ ea. Mrs. Noel Yates, Queen City, Mo.

NEW HATS FOR FELTCRAFT, 25 for \$1.25. Bessie Jaspers, Steamboat Rock, Iowa.

HYBRID POPCORN, "The Cream of the Harvest". Pops bigger, tastes better. 3 pound pkg. \$1.35 postpaid. Wayside Farm, Marion 3, South Dakota.

CORSAGES, Woodfibre or Nylon, any colors. Price 75¢. Opal Rodocker, Irving, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Quilt tops for sale, \$20 ea. Rachel Wilson, Dickens, Iowa.

SELL YOUR HANDWORK THROUGH OUR FAST GROWING EXCHANGE. No commission to pay. Quick turnover. Particulars 10¢. Vivien Maxwell, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

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(Continued from Page 8)

necessitate the use of flatirons, ornamental knobs, sewing machine drawers and, in fact, almost every detachable object in my house.

My dream children had never used these things. They had always seemed to have a very keen sense of the fitness of things.

The originality of my little boy was sometimes quite expensive to me. We had a nice, modern hen house with low roosts for the big Barred Rock hens. These roosts were just high enough for the little chap to reach when he was three years old. Imagine my horror one evening when I stepped out to the cistern to pump a bucket of water, and saw the wooden lid of the filterer moving up and down. This filterer was supposed to keep the water pure and clean. In the bottom of it was charcoal and crushed brick.

When I could gather enough courage, I stepped to the filterer and raised the lid to see what could move it in such a mysterious manner. I was amazed to see it filled to the very top with a writhing, gasping mass of smothering Barred Rock hens!

I began hurriedly throwing them out. The ones on top, while still alive, were so near suffocated that their bodies hit the ground like so many rocks. Many of those at the bottom had given up the fight for air and were already dead. As I jerked the last dead hen from our sanitary water filterer, I stood, "hens to the right of me, hens to the left of me, hens in front of me, gasping or smothered."

I looked around and there stood my young son, ready with two more hens!

Experiences such as these simply have no place whatsoever in ones dreams about his children. And at such times it's genuinely impossible to remember that one sincerely wished for a little boy or a little girl who would show great imagination and initiative.

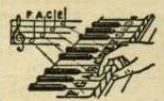
It doesn't do any good, I know, to tell young women that emphatic ideas about child-rearing are best left unexpressed. They won't believe you, for after all, anyone who thinks can reason out for himself how sound and sensible those ideas are! But though you may forget, as years come and go with all their pressures, that you once honestly believed you could produce exactly the kind of a child you wanted through intelligent training, your friends will never forget—and they'll remind you from time to time how great is the gulf between what you said and what you have achieved.

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