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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Number 5

TO MOTHER

When I was a careless little girl
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,
The thing that kept me good all day
And made me work instead of play,
Was the thought of what she would do and say
When she talked with me at the close of day,
And I showed my work to Mother.

Today, when the work of my hands was sought,
And loving homage by friends was brought,
Their praise seemed little and far away,
My heart was heavy instead of gay,
And tears rained down at the close of day,
For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with courage new,
I can live my life so sweet and true
That my heart will be glad and my skies will be blue;
And then, when the boys have to manhood grown,
And my harvests are gathered, where love was sown,
I can slip away, and with raptures sweet
Lay all of my treasures at her feet,
And the joy in my heart will be complete,
When I show my life to Mother.

—Martha Field Eaton.

EVENING SONG



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER
MAGAZINE

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

She must have little chores to do
up There,
Put polish on the moon, wind up
the stars,
Or turn on fresh clean air,
Because she used to wander out at
dusk

And take a tiny peek
At every living country thing be-
fore it went
To sleep.

So that's the reason that I know
She has some little care
To tend every evening,
She must have chores to do up
There.

Sent by Martha Elizabeth Rog-
ers, Oakland, Iowa.

THE COVER POEM

One morning a good many years ago the mailman brought me an envelope postmarked Des Moines, Iowa, and when I saw the handwriting I thought immediately with pleasure that my sister Martha had written a nice fat letter catching up on family news. When I opened the envelope I found a nice letter all right, but with it was a copy of the poem "To Mother" that appears on the cover of this issue. Martha said that she had just finished writing it and thought perhaps I would enjoy seeing it.

Enjoy seeing it? Well, that hardly begins to express my emotions when I read it. Before I had finished the last few lines my eyes were so misty that I could scarcely make out the words, for it seemed to me then, and still seems to me, that Martha somehow captured the complete spirit of what we seven Field sisters and brothers had always felt for our Mother. But even more than this I realize now that her dedication "To Mother" can stand as a dedication to all mothers, that it expresses what all of us feel and have not been able to put into words.

For all of us whose Mothers have passed away there is a sharp dividing line that cuts down through the years. Our lives are made up of two parts: the things that happened to us while Mother was with us, and the things that happened after she was gone. There is such a gulf between these two times that we never quite bridge it even though many years may pass.

Yet in spite of this sense of loss which endures for so long, we find that in taking up our daily tasks for our own families we have found a new source of courage. It is then we realize that in living our lives as she would have us live them we are building a monument to her far beyond any worldly show. If we can pass on to our own children the best of the character that she helped us to build, we have given her true immortality and, as Martha has written so beautifully,

"... the joy in my heart will be
complete,
When I show my life to Mother."

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter at 3:15
over KMA.

Dear Friends:

I wish that I could walk in your door right now and see your face when you realize that this month we have sixteen pages in Kitchen-Klatter rather than the usual twelve. Paper is still a very short item, and we've been saving a little here and a little there for several months so that we could bring you a special Mother's Day edition. If things ever get back to normal again it will surely be a pleasure to fill these sixteen pages every month instead of only occasionally, for my biggest problem is always how to find room for all of the things that I think you would enjoy.

It's often been said by editors of weekly papers that all they have to do to bring on news is to send the paper to press, and I think I know now how they feel because it seems that just as sure as I write my letter to you (the last thing that's done) and send it to the printer, something happens that I'd like to tell you about. This time it's Frederick's visit. He flew home from Washington just the day after I wrote my last letter to you telling you that we didn't expect to see him. His short furlough was a complete surprise and we didn't even know that he was arriving until he telephoned from Des Moines between planes. We had a wonderful visit with him even though the days were so few and so brief.

Both Howard and Donald have taken on new jobs at May's this past month. Howard is in their seed department, and Donald is selling nursery stock in their local retail store. Every morning they walk down the hill together, and then we don't see them again until around six when they come home for supper.

We were sure that Lucile and Russell would be settled in their new home by this time, but as yet they are still waiting for their furniture although we know that it will now be here within only a couple of days. They've been busy down there putting in a big garden and refinishing some second-hand furniture that they purchased here. Juliana plays out doors from morning until night and has gotten so sturdy and big that we hardly know her for the same child. I noticed some freckles on her nose just this morning, so with those and the dandelions I'm sure that spring is really here.

This past month has brought me two new little great-nephews. Mary

Fischer Chapin, Helen's daughter, had her second boy in New York City on March 16th. Perhaps those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter three years ago recall Mary's interesting letter about the birth of her first little son, Elliott, just before Christmas in a big New York hospital. The new baby has been named Jared. And right here I must tell those of you who read the Country Gentlemen to look in your March number and find the portrait of the little boy that opens the homemakers' section. That is a portrait of Elliott done by his father, James Chapin.

On April 5th my sister Jessie became a grandmother for the first time when her son, Bill, and his wife Ella had a baby boy whom they have named William Joseph for his two grandfathers. Ella's father is pastor of the Methodist church in Elgin, Iowa, and this is the first grandchild for her family too.

Dorothy and Kristin came down from the farm to celebrate my 60th birthday with me and we had a lovely time. In fact, everything about that birthday was wonderfully pleasant. A few days earlier perhaps some of you heard the combination 20th anniversary and birthday party that my friends at KMA had for me when they presented me with a beautiful cake, and a handsome golden wool blanket. I appreciated this very much, for all of the people whom I work with at KMA have been good, loyal friends.

Then on the afternoon of April 3rd the girls from our office came in to help celebrate one of their birthdays and my birthday with ice cream and a big angel food cake. At six-thirty that night we had just our family together for supper, and Mart gave me his gift—he had had my engagement ring reset and with it he put the little card that was written thirty-four years ago when it was sent to California where I was then living. It was touching to all of us to see that little card now yellowed with age. My gift from the children was the starting pieces of a lovely set of china—they said that they thought good dishes would really last in our house now. In the evening we had a family party, and Juliana and Kristin blew out the candles on my cake, so all in all you can see that it really was a birthday to be remembered for a long, long time.

Sincerely, Leanna

Come into the Garden

THE GARDEN IN MAY

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

The very name of this month suggests tranquility and loveliness, for in May the earth seems to be reborn again with tenderness and quiet joy. The sun is not so hot, the winds so fierce or the storms so violent, as a rule, and desire comes to us to try again to see what the willing soil will reproduce.

For most of us, May means the native spring flowers of woodland and prairie, and those that we picked in childhood still have the greatest significance for us. Those of us who knew a prairie childhood think first of Pasque, which we always called Mayflowers before we knew better, botanically speaking. They grow on prairie soil under certain favored conditions, and I remember as a child with what joy we welcomed the first day when we were allowed to go in groups to gather them, usually along the railroad tracks.

The first Mayflower gathered was supposed to bring good luck to the fortunate child who found it. To older observers looking backward over the years we now know that the good luck was the joy that comes into the heart of a child who holds the first flower of spring in his hand.

Other flowers of May are the prairie anemone with its many lacy, daisy-like petals in all shades of blue and pink, the long tassels of the Baby Hair or Prairie Smoke geum, and the birdfoot violets which come in the latter part of the month along with school picnics. All of these spring flowers still appeal to our children who bring home wilted handfuls for Mother "to make nice again!"

To the older people it is garden-making time, a wonderful time when we all go back to our childhood for a brief period and spend hours in the fresh, pure air of spring. Later we may tire of the thing that is such a pleasure now, particularly when the weeds come in droves and the sun is hot, but for the moment anything seems possible.

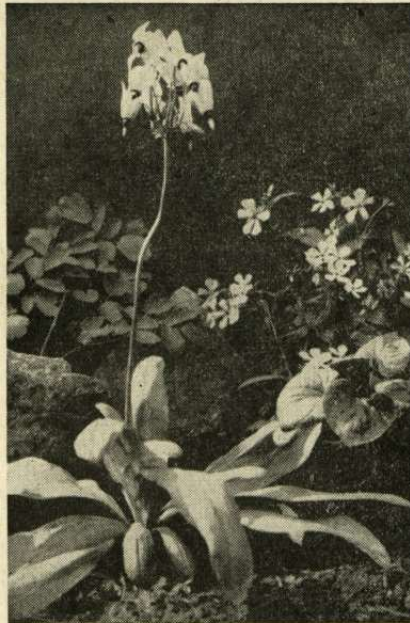
The summer day when the garden becomes a chore rather than a pleasure will be delayed considerably if we don't plan too much. Like all other things, it is best to plan our work and then work our plan. And if a little work is done each day rather than tackling mountains of work in one day, both our gardens and ourselves will fare better.

Besides the seeds which must go in at all costs, we will also have many plants to set out from our own hotbeds and cold-frames, or from commercial sources. Choose a cool, rather cloudy day for this work, and be careful to shield the tender plants from the sudden sun. Young plants take quite a bit of careful watching at their early stages until the roots take hold again.

A new-comer in the vegetable garden, destined to be very popular this summer, is the Current Tomato that

comes to us from South America. This tomato with its tiny fruit is as easily grown as any other tomato and requires the same care. The bright red fruits, the size of currants as the name indicates, may be used to garnish salads. Last summer I grew some in pots just out of curiosity, but they are much more productive in open ground, though no larger in size as far as the fruit is concerned.

Don't forget to plant something in the herb line. Remember that among herbs are annuals, biennials and perennials, so choose their location according to their needs. This year I expect to see Burnet bloom from seed planted last spring in open ground. Its leaves have a refreshing cucumber flavor and are used in salads by those who cannot eat that vegetable, but who enjoy its flavor. You'll find that herbs are interesting to grow just for the mere pleasure of doing so.



A lovely wild flower, the Shooting Star.

FLORA OF "THE STICKS"

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Maytime brought masses of color to "The Sticks." Timber Phlox (*Phlox divaricata*) in lavender and white settled itself comfortably throughout the garden and greeted both royalty and peasant of the floral kingdom with equal consideration and cordiality. Pansies showed their appreciation of coolness and moisture by opening immense blossoms. How foolish, thought Flora, were those people who still believed in the old time rule that pansies must be constantly stripped of flowers if they were to continue blooming. The blossoms left on the bushes were much larger by the third or fourth day than they were the first day. There would be continued bloom if the faded blossoms were snipped

regularly to prevent seed formation.

English Wallflower made a bright blotch of color—its brilliant orange brightened the garden on even the darkest day. Double blue Larkspurs, Heartsease and Iris in just the right blue-purple color planted near made a lovely garden picture. *Cerastium tomentosum* took possession of more than its allotted space but Flora always forgave it this selfish trait when it opened its blossoms and became Snow-in-Summer. It was lovely near red Star Tulips.

Among the many wildlings that greeted May, Shooting Stars were one of the loveliest. The flowering stems rose from a crown of smooth pale leaves. Five petals turned sharply back from the inner part of the flower which projected into a slender cone giving it every appearance of a dart-star ready to be shot into space.

Sweet Rocket like the Timber Phlox scattered its seeds hither and yon and gave such lovely splashes of color in much the same lavender and pure white although growing much taller. North of the house close to the foundation *Primula japonica* was a great attraction. It had quite a system of blooming. The bud stem rose from a crown of leaves and when it had gained just the right altitude, it opened a whorl of blossoms. But was that all? No, not by any means. The stem climbed a little higher and opened another whorl. And then another and another until some stems had had as many as six whorls of flowers before calling it a summer!

A GARDEN DEDICATION

This little plot I set aside
For sacred hours;
Here I shall come and gently walk
Among my flowers.
The house is new, the premises
Have all been planned
But this small-bound acreage
In no man's land,
For it belongs to Joy and Rest,
To sun-kissed Peace,
To Dreams that only gardens know,
To Pain's surcease.
And they shall help me till the soil
And plant the rows
Of magic seeds; and I shall come
When twilight glows
Across the sky, to be a guest
Of flower and tree.
When life is hard, their soothing faith
Will shelter me.
A sanctuary I shall build
With glad accord;
Come Thou and be a Guest within
My garden, Lord.
—Mrs. Gertrude W. Robinson.

GRACE FOR GARDENS

Lord God in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless our little gardens
And the good green growing.
Bless the blossom
And the fruit,
Bless the seed and the root.
Give us sun, give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain.

—Amen.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

As soon as we had gotten settled in our new home, Dad had to return to New York again. This time it wasn't quite so hard for him to go since we were now living in our own property, a big garden was planted, we had a new car to get around in, and all of us were well. In only one short year things had taken a big swing upwards for the better, so under these circumstances it wasn't quite so difficult for him to say goodbye.

Every Sunday night Mother sat down and wrote a long, long letter to him telling about the events of the previous week. We children weren't as good about writing as we should have been, particularly since he took time to write to all of us individually and send us gifts from time to time, but I guess that all youngsters consider correspondence a chore rather than a pleasure.

One of the funny incidents of our family life took place only a few weeks after Dad had returned to New York. One summer morning our family was just climbing into the car to start on a picnic when a salesman came over to Mother and began talking with her hesitantly. In a few moments he excused himself for keeping us waiting and then added, "I want to talk with you later, but I see that you're just taking your Sunday School class on a picnic so I'll go on for the time being."

This certainly came as a shock to all of us! We realized that we made a big crowd when all seven of us piled in to go places, but it had never occurred to any of us that we looked like a Sunday School class. My! I can still remember his face when mother said airily that it wasn't her Sunday School class, but only her family. He did turn up later in spite of his embarrassment, and I suppose that mother bought something from him since she could rarely bring herself to turn anyone away, particularly when it was a scorching summer day.

That was the summer too when Uncle Sol Field came from California to visit us and brought with him a pet mountain lion. None of us had ever heard of having such a pet, let alone having one staked in the back yard. School children came for blocks to see him, and sometimes he put on a good show by spitting and snarling and acting ferocious. As a matter of fact, I believe that he really was on the ferocious side, and I noticed that Uncle Sol never approached him without warning, and that he never turned his back on him. Dad's fondness for living things has never extended to mountain lions, and it's a good thing, everything considered, that he was far away in New York during this particular time. Even Mother admitted that she couldn't grow attached to the beast!

When school opened that fall Donald entered the first-grade, and then for the first time since Mother was married she didn't have a single child at home. It was about this time too



Margery with the doll her father sent her from New York City.

that Dad returned from New York to be in the home offices of the Shendoah Flag and Decorating Company, and we took up the normal pattern of family life for the first time since January of 1924 when he left for California. It was a relief to all of us to have Dad permanently with us. I know that we children were convinced that nothing could happen when Dad was at home. Lightning might strike every house around us but it would spare our house when Dad was in it, and we were sure that a tornado might level every house in town but jump over ours if he were at home. With these firm beliefs you can see why we felt uneasy when he was in New York for weeks at a time.

With our entire family complete and very much at home, you can imagine the daily work that had to be tackled. I'm sure that we took care of the breakfast and supper dishes, but I'm positive that we always washed the dinner dishes at noon for the system that we worked out was a wonder to behold. None of us can ever forget it, and now when we're grown we often refer to it with mingled amusement and pride, amusement because it must have been a sight to behold, and pride because we worked out a system that an efficiency engineer would have been hard pressed to surpass.

As soon as we had finished eating dinner, Mother went into her office and closed the door to get her radio program lined up. She left the house shortly after one to go to the studio, and it made a big difference to her that we were able to take over the noon work. Dad always went out on the front porch if it were warm enough to sit there, but if the weather didn't permit this he sat in the living room and tried to close his ears to the din. The crash of one dish alone didn't bother him at all, but if more than one broke he jumped up from his chair and came hurrying to the kitchen to warn us that if this kept up we wouldn't have a dish to eat from.

The minute we had finished eating (and Mother always had a big hot meal for us at noon, everything from a roast to a good dessert) Wayne hurried to the kitchen and took up his position at the sink where he was known officially as Master of the Pots and Pans. He was responsible for washing, wiping and putting away every pot and pan that had been used. Margery was referred to as Mistress of the Garbage. It was her job to scrape all of the dishes, dispose of the garbage, and clean the sink. Frederick cleared the table and straightened up the dining room, while I washed the dishes and Dorothy wiped. Donald wasn't expected to do anything, and for some reason, now forgotten, Howard had no part in this schedule either.

Well, you can imagine the noise! There wasn't any argument since everyone knew what he was supposed to do and did it, but just the activity and clatter of dishes was terrific. We always timed ourselves and were very proud when we could tear through a kitchen full of dishes in nine minutes—we could never beat that, try as we might.

There are two little incidents connected with this system of ours that I must tell you about. The first is Dorothy and her terrific aversion for an open cupboard door. She cannot bear to see a cupboard door standing even slightly ajar, and I know that it dates from our wild skirmishes with the dishes and the fact that I insisted she close the cupboard doors when she had finished putting things away. It sounds mild to say that I insisted—what I really did was beg and plead and nag at her to close those cupboard doors. Finally, in desperation, I began calling to her after she had gone down the street to school, and many were the times she walked back a full block to close the doors. Evidently it made a more lasting impression than either of us realized at the time.

The other incident concerns Wayne. He was always a very cheerful, helpful Master of the Pots and Pans. I can see him yet tackling a big stack of them without a word—in fact, we all felt guilty he was so cheerful! On this particular day in summer Mother was standing at the kitchen door when she heard Wayne and one of his little friends walking up the alley discussing a circus parade that was to be held the next noon. The other little boy was trying to get Wayne to promise to go with him at 12:30, but Wayne's reply was this: "Well, I'd like to go but it all depends upon how many pots and pans there are."

When Mother told us this on the side we all excused Wayne so that he might go to the circus parade, but the phrase has lasted through the years, and when anyone wants to do something that conflicts with set responsibilities someone is bound to pipe up with, "Well, it all depends upon how many pots and pans there are."

Christmas of that year brought us one of the biggest surprises that we ever had, and in the next issue I will tell you about it for it is one of the milestones in our family history.

(Continued in June)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This month instead of having our usual visit together I want to take note of Mother's Day by reprinting a little tribute that I wrote to Mother eight years ago. I know that many of you have joined our circle since June of 1938 when this appeared in Kitchen-Klatter under the title of "Memories," and for this reason I thought perhaps you would agree with me that it would be hard to find a better way of saying what is in my heart this Mother's Day.

The Step-Mother

Within a fortnight of my birth,
My fair young mother passed from earth,

And memory left to me no trace
Of her dear form or face;
In time another took her place,
The one who led me down the years,
Who kissed away my fret and tears,
Upon whose warm responsive breast,

Whenever care oppressed,
I always found relief and rest.
It is my hope I'll see them stand
At heaven's gate clasped hand in hand,

The mother sweet, I never knew,
The one, tried, noble, true,
Who filled her place—my mother too.

Sent by Mrs. John B. Annear,
Dedham, Iowa

When I read the poem printed above it reminded me that when I was a small child I cried myself to sleep occasionally when the struggle of deciding which mother I would have when I got to heaven became too vivid and momentous for my mind to cope with! I can't leave mother, I thought mournfully (the word "step-mother" I have never been able to use), but what will my other mother think if I don't go to live with her? Fortunately the discovery that in heaven we wouldn't live in houses or eat at tables decided the matter for me.

Aunt Martha has delved into some backwater of memory and come up with the flattering statement that at my mother's and father's wedding in 1913 I sang a song called "Daisies" which I had composed myself—both the words and the music, I believe. It would be nice to fall in with this opinion since it automatically implies that my powers as a three-year-old were phenomenal. But the sad truth of the matter is that I believe Aunt Martha is mistaken!

I do remember that the children (Fischers, Fields and Driftmiers) had a table on the screened-in porch at Aunt Helen's where we ate our wedding luncheon. I also remember that this happy gathering broke up in mad confusion when someone threw water and Howard fell off of his chair, but these less idyllic memories are as far as I can go with utter honesty.

Many memories come back to me of our first year together as a family. Who could ever forget, for instance, the wonderful first Easter when Howard and I awakened early in the morning to find two white bunnies in bed with us? Mother searched the town over for them until she

found two exactly alike and still in their babyhood.

I remember, too, the beautiful dresses that she made for me, a white one particularly, with pink ribbons through the shoulders and clusters of flowers embroidered on the front. Summer afternoons called for white dresses and white slippers with never a thought for the work they represented.

When Dorothy was born I was four, and it never occurred to me that she wasn't my baby too. The small wicker chest which holds Kristin's clothes today had all of her pretty things in it, and I wanted to take callers in and show them her fancy jackets and dresses when they called to see the new baby.

Frederick was a complete surprise to me and I remember his birth so vividly because dad tried to dress us that morning and he didn't know how to fasten my hose-supporters! My delight at catching him up on such a trifling matter made such an impression upon me that to this day Frederick's arrival is colored with the matter of my hose-supporters!

But if Frederick's birth surprised me that was the last time I was caught unprepared, for Wayne, Margery and Donald all seemed to me my own particular responsibility long before they were born. I can remember sitting on the porch helping mother hem diapers on summer afternoons and discussing with her what the new baby should be named. I was strong for "Gwendolyn" and "Clarabell" in those days, and would never believe until the baby was there that it was humanly possible for us to have another boy!

I never heard the words "half-brother" and "half-sister" until I was twelve or thirteen. To this day I have never used it in conjunction with my own family, not for sentimental reasons but because I have never once been able to think of any of my brothers and sisters as being "half" or "quarter" or any other fraction! We grew up together as one family, and we are loyal to each other as few people are in this world. It was Dorothy who harbored a smouldering dislike for someone year in and year out until finally I said to her, "Why on earth do you dislike her? She's never done anything to harm you, has she?" and poor Dorothy responded tearfully, "I don't like her because she said to me once, 'Lucile is your half-sister, isn't she?'" This incident sums up in a few words what I might take pages trying to explain.

We are all such different personalities. Each of us seem to have found widely separate roads. Yet regardless of where we go or what way of life we take, each of us know that we can never really go from each other. Our deep love for our parents has created a bond between us which can never be destroyed. This, then, is why I have never been able to think of mother as my "step-mother" or my brothers and sisters as half-brothers and half-sisters.

When we are children we take things for granted. It never occurred to me in my childhood that there was anything remarkable in mother's attitude towards my brother and myself. Now, years later, I realize that

she made a tremendous success of giving her children a very happy home. To do this for your own children is remarkable enough, but to do it for two children not your own is a truly wonderful thing. Someone once remarked to mother that surely she would have an extra star in her crown for all that she had done to make her step-children happy. This may all very well be, but until that time she has countless stars made of the appreciation and love that the two children not her own feel for her. To us she has been mother in the richest sense of the word.

—Lucile.

A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT

When all of us were much younger and here at home together we used to spend a great deal of time in early May wondering what we could give Mother that she would really enjoy. If we asked her what she wanted she always said, "Oh, dear me, I don't want anything that you can go out and buy. I just want you to be helpful, cheerful and considerate of each other."

This didn't appeal to us at all, but no matter how hard we pressed her to think of something, just *anything* that we could go down town and buy, her answer was always the same. And so we did just what most other growing children do—we ignored what she said she really wanted and went out to buy knick-knacks and trifles of all descriptions. We thought that she was as pleased with them as we were, and that was that.

But one Mother's Day we listened seriously for the first time when she told us what she wanted, and the seven of us made a pact to give her what she had requested. Sunday morning at our house was always a time when we relaxed and let Mother get up and prepare breakfast, plan dinner, see that everyone got started to Sunday School decently clothed, and all the rest of it. We didn't deliberately shirk and plot to get out of things—oh no, we just relaxed!

Well, on this particular day we all got up bright and early, flew downstairs, fixed a beautiful breakfast in the dining room, and then called Mother. After breakfast we stayed strictly away from the Sunday papers until everything was cleaned up and the preparations for dinner were made. Every single one of us got off to church on time, decently clothed, our collection money firmly in hand, and everything as it should be.

We could see that Mother was almost overcome with this splendid showing of co-operation, and before the day was done she actually seemed the least bit uneasy and worried—it was all so abnormal and unnatural.

Even now she always remembers it as the best Mother's Day she ever had and we understand now why she thinks so. We can turn back the pages of memory and recommend it to all young people still at home who say, "But Mother doesn't want us to buy her anything. She just wants us to—" that's it, my friends, that's it . . . and be sure you give it to her.

MAKE HISTORY FOR YOUR CHILDREN

By Louise Barkley

A number of years ago when my sister and I went out to Montana to settle our parents' estate we realized for the first time how little was left as a record of our family life. All through the busy years that had passed since I left home to teach, and then marry and establish a home of my own, I had thought from time to time; now I must write and ask mother if she has such and such a picture, or does she remember in what year father left his childhood home in Alabama and went North to make his way in the world.

Things like this crossed my mind many times, but somehow I always neglected to do anything about it. Not until they were both gone and I went home to take care of things, did I realize that with them had gone the only source of many interesting things about our family. We were a family that moved about a great deal. Offhand I can count at least a dozen different houses that we occupied while I was growing up, and mother used to laugh and say that she had left her household possessions, a piece here and a piece there, all over the west.

In all of this moving around a good many things disappeared, and so when my sister Laura and I made the last trip home we found that only a few photographs and a half-dozen letters remained as a sort of record of years gone by. It left me feeling lost, and when we had sold the house and cleared up all of the business, I returned to my own home with the firm resolution to give my children a definite picture of things that would soon be forgotten unless I made a valiant effort to preserve them.

I remember that I looked around my house when I returned and thought in a panic: why if something were to happen that would take me away from my family without warning, there is almost nothing here that would give them a clue to the life that we have had together. Time speeds by so swiftly. I could see then that unless I set myself to a definite program, it wouldn't be so terribly long until my children had the same experience that I had had in Montana.

As a first step towards keeping this record I answered notes of condolence that had been sent from distant relatives regarding my mother's death, with more than brief replies. I sat down and wrote long letters to each and everyone. I asked all about the family—when had they last heard of Great-Aunt Sophie? Where was Cousin Robert's boy Edward? Did they remember where my mother and father were living when they visited them some twenty-three years ago? I explained that I didn't want to lose all touch with them now that my parents were gone, and that I'd appreciate hearing from them when they had time.

Now some of these people I hadn't seen or heard of first-hand for many

years, but you'd be surprised at the replies I received. Evidently they had the same feeling of regret that a family with all of its many branches could become so completely lost to each other, for not a single one failed to reply promptly, and they not only answered my questions but added much information of interest that I had not specifically asked for.

Did I save these letters? Indeed I did! They all went into a big scrap book, and through one long winter when we were snowed-in a good share of the time, I worked on this book. With each letter I wrote what I remembered of so-and-so, and since some of these relatives had been kind enough to send old pictures (the most treasured one dated back to the late eighties when my parents were on their honeymoon) I pasted them in and wrote a full explanation underneath.

Well, much to my amazement. I found when the big scrap book was completed that I had reconstructed a fairly clear picture of the years gone by. I had started with almost nothing, you might say, and in one way or another I had gathered together enough to sketch in all of the more significant things, and a great many not-so-important things. Now I have started a new book, and as time goes on and I hear from other old-time friends of my parents and relatives who have heard in a roundabout fashion that "Dan and Harriet's girl Louise is anxious to get in touch with us", these letters and bits of information will go in it.

When I started collecting things for our own family record I was chagrined at the chaotic results. Here was a baby book that I started for Winifred and kept faithfully until she was three years old—then one big blank! Here was a baby book that I started for Edward and worked on until he was two—a year longer than Margaret's book that carried nothing beyond the line: "Margaret took her first step today, Jan. 17th."

Aside from the baby books I found two photograph albums in a state of wild confusion. Snapshots had been stuck in on the run, so to speak, and for the life of me I couldn't remember the time or the place where many of them had been taken. Then there were battered envelopes of negatives that I always intended to get printed "someday", another battered envelope that contained the messages of congratulation received when Winifred was born, and two health charts kept faithfully for six weeks after Edward and Margaret had been entered in a Better Babies Contest. Aside from scattered business papers this was the extent of the family record that my children would have fallen heir to had I been removed from them at that time.

It was too late to fill in the baby books, but it wasn't too late to get the negatives printed (a few at a time since money was short) and to start bringing order out of the old photograph albums. I straightened out all of this confusion, pasted the few letters into a scrap book, and

then in another book I wrote from time to time what I could remember about the children at an earlier age. When things occurred to me I wrote them down even though they seemed inconsequential. Someday Winifred will enjoy reading that she wore a rose-sprigged challis dress to the Christmas Eve program at the church the winter she was five. And when Edward is a man he will laugh when he comes across this line: "Edward raked Dr. Harmon's lawn several times this fall (1938) to help pay for a window that he broke when the Crosby boys and he were playing ball."

When I had taken care of the past, I tackled the present and the future by keeping a series of books. In these books I mount all of the pictures that are taken (we try to take a roll once every month) and with them I write a fairly complete account of events that were happening at the time. Sometimes there will be six or seven pages of typing to two pages of pictures, for the pictures are simply part of the book—I'm not keeping a separate photograph album.

I jot down all kinds of things—how we are going to make Margaret's new dress, the price of the retreaded tires that dad bought, how long it took Edward to scoop out the drifts in front of the garage doors . . . just anything and everything, you see. It sounds like trivial data, I know, but in 1965, let's say, Margaret's dress will give you an idea of the fashions long since forgotten, the tires bring up memories of the war, and Edward and the snow drifts certainly account for the weather in case people say then, as they sometimes say now: "What's become of those heavy snow storms we had when I was a boy?"

This family record has become the most interesting hobby that I have, and I am certain that some day far in the future it will give my children a tremendous amount of pleasure. They won't need to feel, as far too many Americans feel, that the past is a vacuum with which they have no connection whatsoever. For them, I am confident, the past will come to life in the best sense of the word.

DEDICATED TO OUR MOTHERS

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds both great and small
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,

Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpet,
ring no bells;

The book of life the shining record tells,

Thy love shall chant its own beautitudes

After its own life working. A child's kiss

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense

Of service which to men thou renderest.

— Robert Browning.

WHAT MOTHER'S DAY MEANS

By Lois Shull

I've never been in such a stew. Why must everything come at once! It isn't enough that I had planned to finish my neglected house cleaning today before our company is expected. Or that the weekly washing and ironing aren't done. Or that I must take my husband to work so I'll have the car to take the children to their music lessons after school. Oh no, it isn't enough! On top of all this, it's suddenly dawned on me that it's time to buy Mother's Day gifts for my mother, my husband's mother and our grandmothers, all of whom must be remembered, but who won't be unless I drop everything and make a trip to town today.

The day progresses as I knew it would. Everything goes wrong. One youngster comes home from school with what is probably only a cold, but might develop into one of the children's diseases that are going around. So I must phone all the friends I know who might be able to stay with him while I'm gone this afternoon. It looks hopeless but just as I'm about to give up, one grand person says she'll be glad to come.

Even the trip to town is hectic. Forgetting my husband's warning to fill the tank in the car, I run out of gas on a busy intersection and by the time some kind gentlemen push the car to one side of the street and I walk to a filling station for aid, I'm fit to be tied! However, I feel nothing else could happen today. Surely I've had my share for one day!

So I parked the car and put all thoughts out of my head except the selecting of appropriate Mother's Day gifts. It takes some little shopping around and I'm fagged completely when I carry my packages back to the car. Thus I'm in no mood to find a slip of paper on the windshield that means over parking! This is the last straw!

I drive home muttering to myself. There's a limit to what one person can take, I say. After all, if it hadn't been for Mother's Day coming up so soon, I'd have been home most of the day where I could have watched over my child while I got the work done that I'll no doubt be up till midnight trying to accomplish! Holidays are a mess, I decide. "If I had my way about it there'd only be Christmas and maybe birthdays to celebrate. That would be plenty. The Mother's Day sentiment is fine, I realize, but surely it isn't right for anyone to have to go through all I've endured today, just to say, "I love you, Mother."

It is Sunday morning and I wake with a feeling that I've overslept as I always do on Sunday, the only morning in the week that the alarm hasn't been set. Seeing the time, I dash to the kitchen to start breakfast, calling the family as I rush by their doors. "Hurry, hurry," I cry, "this is Sunday and we'll all be late if you don't get right up!"

I've barely got breakfast on the table when they all come trooping in. "Surprise!" they yell. "Happy

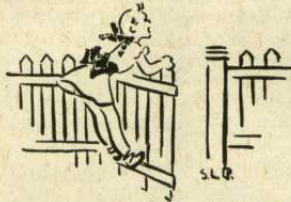
Mother's Day!" And they push me into a chair and pile their gifts on my lap. For once I'm speechless.

"Open them up!" the children insist, while Dad stands behind them with an expression like the cat who has swallowed the canary. My fingers are all thumbs and some way I can't see too well. There's a queer lump in my throat, too, and I'm thankful that the joyous squealing and shrieking of the youngsters spares me the necessity of speaking just now.

After I examine the hankies with "Mother" in the corners, the potted geranium without the pot ("I told the clerk you already have a flower pot," my baby explains, "and anyway the ones in pots were ten cents more,") and the half-pound box of Assorted Candies, and exclaim over them all, we sit down to breakfast. But somehow I only toy with my food.

For a terrible sense of guilt assails me. Do our gifts make our mothers as happy as these from my children have made me? I had never realized before what being remembered and loved could mean. I am actually a bit sick to remember the terrible thoughts I had when I grudgingly took time out of my busy day to select my Mother's Day gifts.

Gazing at my beautiful offspring, who are getting egg on the tablecloth and sneaking bits of food to the dog when they think I'm not looking, I solemnly swear that I shall always think of this moment when the next holiday rush hits me, and never again allow myself to become upset at the opportunity to bring such happiness to someone!



THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

The last day of school is often a day filled with mingled emotions. Mixed with the joy that comes from the prospect of a happy summer vacation is the sadness at parting with schoolmates who will not meet again at the same school in the fall. And perhaps a dearly loved teacher will not be returning either. Both of these possibilities may bring a feeling of nostalgia, so the perfect way to wind up the school year happily is to have a big picnic.

Ask each family to bring enough silver, dishes and sandwiches for themselves and for any guests whom they may have asked. In addition to this each family should bring a "covered dish" and this means anything from a bowl of potato salad to a pie or cake. At all picnics of this type that I have attended there was always variety enough to make a grand feast, and in my mind's eye I can still see the wonderfully appetizing array of food that was prepared and brought by mothers who knew

how much it would mean to their children.

Coffee may be cooked at the school house if electricity is available for a hot-plate. However, if this is not possible, perhaps the nearest neighbor will offer to prepare it at her house. As a finishing touch to the picnic, a freezer full of home-made ice cream can be brought out, and if cones are furnished for the children, it will add a perfect last note.

If a long table is available it is nice to set it and have people help themselves as the dishes are passed. Lacking such a table, it would be a good idea to borrow trays from the church or Aid society and have people help themselves cafeteria style. And if chairs can be managed it will make for a more pleasant meal since older people are not really comfortable when they sit on the ground.

For the afternoon session plan some races, games and contests. If balloons can be purchased it is fun for the children to have a contest seeing which one can burst his first after the signal has been given. "Zoo" is a game that everyone can participate in. The crowd is divided into two teams and seated in two opposing lines. Number one in each row raises his hand, and then the one in charge of the game names a letter of the alphabet for which the two contestants must furnish the name of a bird, beast, or any other zoo inhabitant. To the team whose representative calls out first goes one point. The contest is continued until all members of the lines have had a letter. For the winning team furnish animal crackers.

An "Amateur Broadcast" is also fun. Tie a frying pan firmly to a broom stick and set it up before the assembled audience for a microphone. Choose a witty person with a sense of humor as an announcer. Some suggestions for the program are funny jokes, "speeches," animal imitations, and songs. Your ingenuity will suggest others. And be sure that everyone present from the youngest to the oldest is asked to participate.

The program might end with the crowd joining in singing old and familiar songs such as School Days, Down by the old Mill Stream, Auld Lang Syne, America, the Beautiful, and others.

—Mrs. Eli Espe.



The "Anna Club" who met at the home of Mrs. Frank Schurmann at Graettinger, Iowa, for a party.



ALMOND CRESCENT COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
1/3 cup sugar
2/3 cup chopped almonds
1 2/3 cups flour
Cream butter or margarine (half and half is good). Add sugar gradually and continue to cream. Then add flour and almonds and mix until dough is right to handle. Roll in hands until size of a long pencil. Chill and cut into 2 1/2 inch lengths. Shape in crescents if desired. Bake in 350 degrees F. oven for 12 minutes. Roll in colored sugar while hot if desired. Makes about 6 dozen small cookies.—Grace Holmes, Glenwood, Iowa.

LIVER SAUSAGE

3 pounds pork liver
1 1/2 pounds fresh pork shoulder
2 tablespoons salt
3 eggs
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup toasted bread crumbs
Run meat and seasoning through meat chopper three times. Add beaten eggs and bread crumbs. Mix all together thoroughly. Pack into No. 2 cans or pint jars (not too full); place in pressure cooker and heat thoroughly for 40 minutes without pressure. Seal and process at 15 pounds for 45 to 50 minutes. Recipe yields 6 1/2 pints.—Mrs. Arthur Lintin, Hornick, Iowa.

SUGARLESS GINGERBREAD

1/2 cup melted shortening
1 1/4 cups New Orleans molasses
1 egg—beaten
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup hot water
Combine shortening and molasses and add egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the hot water. Bake in a well greased 9 by 9 by 2 pan in a 350 degree F. oven for 45 minutes. Yields 16 portions.—Mrs. Gordon Pauley, Truro, Iowa.

It's nothing against you to fall down flat, but to lie there—that's disgrace.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

A GOOD CANDY BAR

1 can sweetened condensed milk (Bordens)
2 squares or 1 ounce of chocolate
1/2 cup syrup
Cook to soft ball stage. Have all of these ready to add as soon as you remove the above from the fire.
1 pint jar marshmallows cream
1 cup peanut butter
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons vanilla
4 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup nuts
Mash this all into a cookie sheet and cut into any size desired.—Mrs. Wm. Hennings, Hillsboro, Iowa.

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1/2 cup peanut butter
1 1/3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs.
Blend peanut butter, condensed milk and salt. Stir in cracker crumbs. Drop by rounding teaspoons 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven of 375 degree F. for 15 minutes. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 cookies.—Mrs. Gordon Pauley, Truro, Iowa.

DROP OATMEAL COOKIES WITHOUT SUGAR

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup raisins
1 egg
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1 cup flour
1 cup dark syrup
1 1/2 cups quick cooking oatmeal
Cream shortening and add corn syrup gradually, stirring constantly. Add egg and combine well. Add sifted dry ingredients, add oatmeal and raisins and beat another minute. Drop by spoonfulls on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes.—Mrs. W. J. Baldwin, 1815 S. 8th Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"To freshen lard that has grown rancid, try using 1 tablespoon of rice to a pound of lard and cooking it. This works wonders."—Iva Fitzwater, Solomon, Kansas.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

Oh, Father's been to lunch and gone,
The house is very still,
The puppy romps upon the lawn,
The cat naps on the sill.
Unheeded rings the telephone,
My goodness, what's the matter!
Why, this half-hour is mother's own—
It's time for Kitchen-Klatter.

This happy time is always blest
By scores of busy mothers,
It means a bit of quiet rest
Unhindered by the others.
The little folks are out at play,
Hushed is the baby's chatter,
The radio says KMA,
It's time for Kitchen-Klatter!

MOTHER'S BUNS

Scald and cool 1 1/2 cups milk; while lukewarm, add 1 cake yeast dissolved in a little warm water and 3 tablespoons of sugar. Then add 2 tablespoons of lard and 2 cups of sugar. Then add 2 tablespoons of lard and 2 cups of flour, 1 egg and salt. Beat good. Then add sufficient flour to make a dough easy to handle (not too stiff). Knead lightly. Let rise—when light, form in buns in pans, one in a part. Let rise until light. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven.—Mrs. Joe Voss, Grand Island, Nebr.

APRICOT OATMEAL COOKIES

1 1/2 cups flour
1 1/4 teaspoons salt
3/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 3/4 cups rolled oats
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup dark corn syrup
1 cup mashed, cooked apricots
1/2 cup chopped nutmeats
Cream shortening and sugar, add syrup and beat well. Add egg and beat until light and fluffy. Add apricots, oatmeal and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Then add sifted dry ingredients, drop on cookie sheet, and bake in moderate oven. Makes about 70 cookies.—Mrs. Roy W. Christianson, Glenville, Minn.

BROWN BREAD

1 cup corn meal
1 cup sour milk
1 cup graham flour
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon soda
Mix well and put in baking powder cans and steam for two hours. Then remove the lids and stand in the oven for 1/2 hour. This is very wholesome. "Molasses is so hard to find around here now that I used jelly in my fruit cake when it called for molasses. It turned out just lovely."—Mrs. J. F. Craig, Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Work is dull only to those who take no pride in it.

RHUBARB PIE (With Honey)

- 2 cups rhubarb
- 2 egg yolks
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of honey
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
- 2 egg whites (optional)
- 3 Tbls. flour

Wash and cut rhubarb in small pieces. Mix egg yolks which have been slightly beaten with the honey, flour and salt. Add to rhubarb. Pour into pastry shell. Cover with top crust or bake without. If baked without, cover pie with meringue when cool by using the 2 egg whites. Return to oven for a few minutes to brown the meringue.

—Mrs. J.D.S. Clay Center, Nebr.

RHUBARB DUMPLINGS

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Mix ingredients and beat well. Have rhubarb boiling. Drop batter by tablespoons into hot fruit and cook over covered flame as it is easily burned. Keep lid closed tightly and cook for 20 minutes. One-half this recipe is enough for 3 persons.

—Mrs. Dwight Parker, Oakland, Ia.

HONEY COOKIES

- 1 cup honey
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup shortening
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt

Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes.

—Mrs. A. B. Rasmussen,
Missouri Valley, Ia.

PERFECT MERINGUE

- 3 egg whites
- 6 Tbls. sugar

Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. (It is very important not to overbeat egg whites at this point.) Now, beat in 4 Tbls. sugar, beating until meringue holds definite point. Next, gently fold in remaining 2 Tbls. sugar. At this step it is important not to break down meringue, so handle lightly. Pile on top of cooled filling, carefully pulling meringue against edge of crust to form a perfect seal and to prevent a 'weeping' meringue. Brown in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

FOOLPROOF CHICKEN DUMPLINGS

- 1 egg beaten light
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sour milk, preferably clabber that will round up on the spoon
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt

Mix above ingredients together (the dough will be very stiff). Cut in sixths and drop in broth. Cover while cooking, and after 15 minutes gently turn each dumpling over and cook a little while longer. Will make large dumplings as light as down.

—Mrs. Ray Lotridge, Mystic, Ia.



Mart and I leaving for KMA to attend the birthday and 20th anniversary party. This is my new folding chair.

CHICKEN LOAF

- 1 cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 2 cupfuls milk (part cream preferred)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. paprika
- 3 cupfuls of cooked diced chicken
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cooked peas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful chopped pimentos

Mix the ingredients in the order named. Press into a greased loaf pan or a ring mold. Bake in a slow oven for 40 minutes. Let stand 10 minutes before unmoulding. Serve warm or cold. A mushroom cream sauce poured over the loaf is delicious—sauce made by diluting cream of mushroom soup.

—Mrs. J. A., Albert Lea, Minn.

"I've tried many things to freshen bad smelling aluminum coffee pots, but the best way I've found is to boil apple parings and cores in them. 'Sandwiches will stay fresh much longer if you seal the edges of the waxed paper with a hot iron. 'Home-makers living in the city will find that they may keep eggs longer by wrapping the cartons in moisture-proof waxed paper and sealing the edges. It is claimed that eggs so protected will maintain their quality longer this way than if stored as usual in the refrigerator at 40 degrees.'—Mrs. Mary Stanek, Scribner, Nebr.

Kitchen Reminder. Take a piece of heavy cardboard 6x8 inches or any size desired. Cover it with pretty paper, or cloth. Fasten a string on the back and on end of string fasten a pencil. Paste a small pad on front. Decorate with a verse, or picture.—Ada Miller, 1020 Long, Topeka, Kans.

Make a Santa out of a clothespin, using a paper spoon for the head. Paint a face on the bowl and use cotton for a beard. Fatten the body with crepe paper and trim the suit with strips of cotton.

COOKING HELPS

"If apples and green peppers are baked in muffin tins rather than on a flat sheet or in a round sauce-pan, they will keep their shape much better."—Mrs. Ed Hennessey, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"When making meat loaf I grind some raw potatoes and put in the beef along with eggs, cracker crumbs, onions and a little cream. It does a great deal for the loaf.

"When frying eggs wait and salt them after you have taken them up so that you can avoid grease spatters on your hands and arms."—Mrs. Arnold Smith, Monroe, Nebr.

"To keep a cake fresh cut it in half and slice from either side. When ready to put away just slide the remaining two sides together."—Mrs. C. C. Kellogg, Cummings, Ia.

If you can't get your cream to separate, put some salt in the cream when you start to churn. For two quarts, use a good teaspoon full of salt.—Mrs. J. C. Sebring, Clay Center, Kansas.

Meat loaf will be juicier and tastier if you fold in contents of a can of chicken noodle soup before putting it in the pan.

Before adding the filling of a custard or fruit pie, brush the shell with slightly beaten egg white and place in the oven for a minute before adding the filling.

If eggs are scarce, one or more may be left out of a custard recipe by substituting $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of corn starch for each egg omitted.

Nice toast may be made in a skillet. Put slices of bread in a dry, fairly hot skillet and turn just once.

Asparagus cans opened at the bottom instead of the top prevents the breakage of the tender tips.

Salt pork, soaked overnight in sweet milk has much the flavor of fresh pork. Save the milk and make gravy with it using no salt. Roll slices of pork in flour before frying.—Mrs. Roy W. Christianson, Glenville, Minnesota.

Take a jar of your canned vegetable soup, mix and put it in a casserole. Place tiny baking powder biscuits on top and bake. Can add a little spaghetti to the soup mix and a bit of ground left over meat, or make meat balls. Then bake in a casserole. Makes a good main dish.

If you have left over pancake or waffle dough, add a bit more syrup or honey to sweeten and pour over a fruit (peaches, cherries, grapes, plums, etc.) for an upside down cake. Serve with cream.—Mabel Nair Brown.

"When making juicy pies, place them in a cookie sheet when you bake and if any juice runs out of the pie it falls on the cake sheet and you don't have the oven to clean."—Miss Ruth Bunn, Runnells, Iowa.

"My children will eat their carrots if I cook them first in salted water, then slice them and dip them in a slightly beaten egg to which a little flour has been added. Fry in hot fat."—Mrs. Eldon Sparks, Burlington, Junction, Mo.

» Our Hobby Club «

"I am collecting small vases, old stamps and pencils. Would also like to hear from someone on the coast who would send me some sea shells in exchange for their hobby. Write first."—Mrs. Jake Unruh, Inman, Kansas, RFD 3.

Novelty salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Oscar Martin, 319 NE 4th Street, Abilene, Kansas.

Patricia Johnson, aged 18, is collecting menus as a hobby to give her something to do while she recovers from the amputation of her left leg. Present address: Gillette Hospital, St. Paul, Minn. Home address: 305 N. 1st Street, Austin, Minn.

Will exchange shakers, and old and odd buttons.—Mrs. Clara Fiala, Council Bluffs, Ia., RFD 4.

Collects small lamps. Will exchange for your hobby.—Mrs. Dorothy Guenther, 2534 E. 96th St., Chicago 17, Ill.

Wants postage stamps. Will exchange stamps, or something of equal value.—Mrs. Ray Hindmarsh, 1110 W. 3rd St., Grand Island, Nebr.

Wash cloths, pot holders and little aprons. Will exchange.—Mrs. V. F. Thurman, 6012 Clark St., Turner, Kansas.

Collects miniature pitchers. Has eight states represented and Osaka, Japan.—Mrs. Grant Heik, RFD 1, Moorhead, Iowa.

Old glass paper weights.—Mrs. Irving Johnson, 203 E. Bluff St., Cherokee, Iowa.

Old glass salt dishes.—Mrs. Morris W. Webb, Rolfe, Iowa.

Wants to add to pitcher collection and would be especially interested in pitchers from foreign countries.—Mrs. H. C. Ploth, Manly, Iowa.

Husband and son started her hobby of shakers. Will exchange.—Mrs. Ray Gilbert, Afton, Iowa.

Mrs. Roger G. Anderson, Harvard, Nebr. is eager to exchange for her fifteen year old daughter's collection of china shoes.

Match book covers. Ten years of age.—Elvyn Volker, Stafford, Kansas.

Collects pitchers of all sizes, shapes and colors.—Miss Naomi McMullin, 2507 East 28th St., Kansas City 3, Mo.

Flower seeds, print quilt pieces and patterns, and holders. Will exchange.—Mrs. Peter Doebele, RFD 2, Hanover, Kansas.

"I would like to exchange enough pieced printed strips for a large wedding ring quilt and some printed feed sacks to a good quilter who will quilt a Japanese lantern quilt for me. Also would like to exchange gloxinia bulbs for large lily bulbs."—Mrs. Ralph L. Fisher, Polk, Nebr.

"I collect crocheted hot pads in exchange for quilt pieces, feed sacks, old dishes and buttons."—Mrs. Cy Kosper, Prague, Nebr.

Do you have a pattern for an Aunt Jemima door stop? A fruit jar of sand makes the base and the skirt covers this. This request comes from Mrs. Artie Baker, Great Bend, Kans.

Pen pals with hobbies. Will answer every letter from people 13 to 18 years old.—Trula Harris, aged 15, Bedford, Ia.

Will exchange crocheted pot holders or bulbs of hardy flowers for printed feed sacks.—Mrs. Mabel Booth, East Main Quilt Shop, Richmond, Mo., Rt 4.

Will exchanged Datura flower seed for one flour or feed sack of any color.—Mrs. L. Schulmeyer, Rt 2, Lawrence, Kans.

"I'm collecting dogs and elephants. What would you like? Will also exchange embroidery and applique patterns."—Mrs. Wm. Page, 1124 E. 30th, Kansas City, Mo.

Salt and pepper shakers from different states and countries. Will exchange.—Mrs. Sam Addy, Box 576, Roswell, N. Mex.

U. S. stamps and handkerchiefs. Will exchange.—Mrs. Clarke W. Harris, Idana, Kans.

"My hobby is collecting cow bells and old fans. Will pay cash or any equal exchange. Please write first." Miss Jessie MacLaren, Massena, Ia.

Dolls of all kinds. Will exchange hobbies with others.—Mrs. John L. Wilson, 140 S. Belmont, Wichita 8, Kans.

Road maps from as many states as possible. Will exchange something in return.—Mrs. Donald Mumma, Box 91, Dighton, Kans.

Handkerchiefs, white or colored.—Mrs. Iva Hines, 509 W. C. Street, Hastings, Nebr.

Will exchange or buy something for good quilt pieces.—Mrs. R. J. Soukup, 535 E. 6th Street, Hinsdale, Illinois.

Will exchange shakers or pot holders. Please write first.—Mrs. Dorothy Harrison, Macksburg, Iowa.

Wanted: Would like to have a pair of wooden candle holders about six inches tall. Will buy or exchange a bundle of print quilt pieces.—Mrs. Harm Kuper, Dumont, Iowa.

"I have a China plate with the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' It is a Dresden plate with gold printing. Will trade for something of same worth."—Mrs. R. L. Hall, Box 18, Louisburg, Missouri.

I will exchange view cards. Would like them from southern and eastern states especially.—Evelyn Hurst, Doniphan, Nebraska.

Wanted: Old glassware of the Log Cabin design.—Mrs. W. E. Miller, 513 South Randall Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin.



At the 20th Anniversary Party Frank and I admire the gift from KMA while Juliana, my little granddaughter, admires the cake.

HOBBY CLUB

I have been very happy about our hobby club for the last couple of years because so many good friendships have been made through it, and so many people have found a heartening new interest in life just when they needed it the most. One good friend in South Dakota comes to my mind now for she wrote that her daily tasks had become almost too difficult to bear after their only son was lost in the Pacific. She was reading through her Kitchen-Klatter Magazine one day when she noticed a request for a certain type of pitcher, and since she had one that answered the description she sent it to the address that was given. This was the beginning of an absorbing new interest that "saved her life" as she wrote, because the woman who received the pitcher sent her an interesting old glass plate in return, one that had quite a history attached to it, and our friend says that she decided then and there to collect glass plates with unusual stories behind them. "My interest has given me an entirely new grip on life," she wrote, "and all because I answered a chance request."

It's been a long, long time now since anyone wrote to complain that people had not reciprocated with items for collections after receiving some. I've always felt that most people would do their best to carry out their bargain, and often times its circumstances beyond anyone's control that causes possible disappointments. For instance, one friend wrote in great anxiety and said that their home burned to the ground and with it several letters from hobby-club members who had sent her things—and the fire destroyed their addresses so that she could not reply.

I don't think that there will be disappointments for any of you since I believe that people are honest and keep their word, but if ever something does go wrong don't be too harsh in your judgment. Who knows? Perhaps a fire or some catastrophic event was responsible, and unknown to you, the person at the other end of the mail service was worried half to death.

Order The Book
"IT'S FUN TO SEW
for
LITTLE GIRLS"
by

Leanna and Lucile
PRICE 50c
LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUES: "My mother-in-law and I never had any sharp differences until my baby was born ten months ago. Recently we've had trouble over his toilet-training because she insists that he should be trained right now, that all of her babies were out of diapers by their first birthday, and she implies that I'm just too lazy to make the effort. I understand that authorities on child care now say that such early training is harmful, and that one year of age is amply soon to start. Can you give me your opinion on this?"—Nebr.

ANS: I've never understood why people have such violent opinions on the subject of toilet training. I've actually heard women classified as "good" mothers merely on the grounds that they had their children out of diapers early. It's true that authorities say that great harm can be done by forcing a baby into toilet training too early. From my own experience I know that it's a waste of your time, if nothing worse, to expect cleanliness from a child too young to know what it's all about. I'd suggest that you stand by your own ideas; it is your baby.

QUES: "Our daughter went to school at Northwestern this year, and now she has told me that she wants her room-mate to come and spend several weeks with us. This girl comes from a wealthy Chicago family, and to tell you the truth, I'm embarrassed about our plain old farmhouse. We've spent our money on educating the children, not on furniture. Sometimes I think it would be better if we made a graceful excuse, although Lenore doesn't seem to think that this would be the thing to do."—Kansas.

ANS: Lenore is absolutely right—it isn't the thing to do. If this girl has been born and reared in the city she will no doubt have an interesting time on your farm. After all, she's coming to visit Lenore, not your furniture. Forget everything except the fact that she's your daughter's friend and cares enough for her to make a long trip to see her. You're not doing yourself or your family justice by feeling anything else.

QUES: "Our only daughter is going to be married in June, Leanna, and her father and I don't know what to think about something that has come up. We haven't much money and because of this we planned to give her a small wedding at home and present her with a set of dishes, the best we could afford, for a wedding gift. Now it seems that her future mother-in-law wants to have a big church wedding, footing all of the expenses, and expects to give them a big service of silver plus an expensive set of dishes. We don't like this at all,

and my daughter isn't happy about it. What would you do?"—Minn.

ANS: It has been the custom for many, many years for the parents of the bride to furnish the wedding and pay all of the expenses incurred. If a girl is an orphan the situation is altogether different, but when both parents are living it is their privilege and responsibility to take care of matters. If your daughter prefers what you are able to give her, she is the one to insist upon what she wants. Don't say anything about the gifts for that is something else again. But the wedding itself must be as she prefers.

QUES: "I hope that you can give us some advice on a little problem that we have disagreed about. This summer we are going to take a trip to Oregon, later going on to Seattle to see my husband's cousins whom he hasn't seen for ten years or so. I think that we should notify them well in advance, but my husband wants to surprise them. What do you think?"—Iowa.

ANS: I think that most housewives feel that a "surprise" in the shape of unexpected houseguests is a doubtful pleasure at best. I believe that practically everyone appreciates knowing when relatives and friends are going to arrive. I'd notify them, and well in advance, too.

QUES: "Our eighteen-year old daughter is a talented pianist and has won all of the contests and competitions in this part of the country. As a result she wishes to go East to study piano and only piano with the idea of becoming a concert pianist. I know what a hard, rocky road that kind of career is, and am afraid that she is due for serious heartbreak later since I don't honestly believe she has the kind of talent necessary to become a famous pianist. Her heart is set on this, of course, and since we can afford to educate her we don't know how to change her viewpoint without making her feel that we just fail to appreciate her ability. Have you any suggestions?"—Ill.

ANS: This is a serious problem that comes to more parents than we realize, only generally the lack of money is the big factor. I believe that the best thing to do is to go with your daughter to a city where you can get an impartial opinion by an outstanding critic. (Be sure to choose a critic, not a teacher, for if the teacher thought she or he might acquire a new pupil his opinion might not be impartial.) If one or more people qualified to know feel that she could succeed, go ahead; if they feel that she should combine music with university work which would permit her to teach music, emphasize the advantages of this. I believe that this course is just about the only practical solution.



Jean Alexander, Helen Fischer's granddaughter, and her dolls.

Love that is hoarded, moulds at last
Until we know some day
The only thing we ever have
Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used
But hidden all alone
Will slowly harden till it is
As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
Are what we give away.

—Louis Ginsberg.

TO MAY

The world is such a lovely place
In which to walk and be,
There are so many things to see,
A white design of cobweb lace
That shimmers as the world goes by,
And iris with a cup of blue;
And stars—like pinpricks in the sky
With bits of heaven shining through;
It makes me glad that God saw fit
To let me share a bit of it.

Kitchen-Klatter Certainly Brings Results

"Your magazine certainly brings results. My mother advertised knitted doilies in it, and she certainly is getting a flood of orders."—Mrs. J. E. Vinding, Harlan, Iowa.

"Talk about answers to an ad in the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, I have just received my 27th inquiry. I wish I'd had a dozen crocheted tablecloths to sell."—Mrs. Marion Phipps, Ogden, Ia.

"This past weekend my sister was here to visit us and was so thrilled in looking over my old copies that she left \$2.00 on my desk and said to order her and another friend the Kitchen-Klatter."—Mrs. Jenkins, Algonia, Iowa.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Mrs. Olinda C. Wiles

This evening as I was filling the pan with oyster-shell I smiled to myself as I thought how much like human beings these hens were acting—practically standing in line just as I had seen a long line of women standing earlier in the day while they waited to buy hose. My hens had been out of oyster-shell over the weekend, and since they are laying very heavily they seemed as hungry for the shell as they usually are for their feed.

The drastic cut in all grain products has resulted in many farmers and poultry men cutting down on the number of chickens in their flocks. Some are cancelling orders on baby chicks, while others are reducing the order sharply.

Feed dealers are urging everyone to buy the entire amount needed at one time for fear it will not be possible to buy it later on, and no one wants to be stuck without feed just before the chickens are large enough to put on the market.

Farmers can grind and mix their own feed, but many of them are not over-supplied with grain, and many others would like to be able to buy more whole grain. Last fall's corn crop with its high moisture content had to be fed to livestock as fast as possible to prevent complete loss, and now we are beginning to see the bottom of bins and cribs and are not able to find more to replenish our needs.

The easiest way out seems to be to sell off the hens, or at least to cull very closely.

If you are not able to buy commercial feed you can mix your own and get a balanced diet as good as any feed mill produces. Be sure your feed is balanced, and as an added precaution put in one pound of flow-ers of sulphur for each one-hundred pounds of feed. This is a preventive for coccidiosis, but be sure to keep this feed where it will not get damp. The dreaded disease often takes hold just about the time you think your chicks are able to begin looking out for themselves.

I also like to feed sour milk for it adds protein to their diet, and the lactic acid in the sour milk acts as sort of a disinfectant to the bowels. Milk added to the feeding program helps the chicks to feather out early and you will have no bare-backs.

Wouldn't it be nice if someone would develop a new breed of chickens that would live and thrive in spite of cold, heat, filth, disease, unbalanced diet, or neglect—or, in other words, if they would be a little more like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin who just "grewed?" Perhaps, though, we wouldn't enjoy fried chicken or fresh eggs so much because they would be so commonplace.

Thanks to all of you who wrote to me telling of your experiences with DDT.

OVER THE FENCE

A famous fashion magazine predicted last month that one of the season's highlights would be colorful ribbons and scarfs wrapped in and out of braids, but a good friend of mine won't try it. Several weeks ago she was doing some sewing, and to keep her four-year-old granddaughter contented she allowed the child to take down her braids and wind different things in them. A half-hour later she fell down stairs and fractured her arm and several ribs, and it seems that the doctors and nurses are still trying to figure out how it happened that their patient arrived at the hospital with nine ribbons, a small Easter chick, a toy Santa Claus, a string of beads, and two little birds in her hair!

Until March the first there were four generations, all males, in the home of Mrs. Wm. Rowe, Jr., of Adrian, Minn. At one end was Grandpa, eighty-six, and at the other end was little Joe, eleven months. People who say that no roof is big enough to cover two generations should know this happy family.

Do you have any empty spools in your sewing box? Mrs. Jim Chamra, 612 E. Grace Street, Toledo, Ia., needs them very badly for her group of Cub Scouts. The boys want to make table lamps, and it takes a long time to save up the 35 spools that are needed for each lamp.

One of our friends in Wellman, Iowa, wants to warn other farmer's wives not to be in such a hurry that they try to stop the bowl of the cream separator before it runs down by itself. She almost lost her thumb at the first joint by doing this, and had a long, painful siege with it.

In January the Congregational Church of Manhattan, Kansas, celebrated its 90th anniversary. For the final program the Woman's Association gave an 'Heirloom Tea' and Mildred Hutcherson says, "Many of us were dressed in costume, and my! such treasures as were on display. Several early maps of interest were shown for Manhattan is an old town and has a very interesting history."

Phyllis Butcher of Lakefield, Minn., who is only in her teens, has to spend most of her time in bed and would so much enjoy getting letters from anyone, especially children.

All of the Kitchen-Klatter pen friends of Mrs. Cecil Foster, Dearborn, Mo., will understand why they haven't heard from her when they learn that her home was completely destroyed by fire on December 18th. Their baby daughter was born at 7:15, and twenty minutes later they discovered that the house was on fire. The doctor got both mother and baby into his car and took them to the hospital so they were all right, but think what an experience this would be.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The first Sunday of June is designated as Shutin's Day. Lest we forget, I am mentioning it now and asking that you keep it in mind the next few weeks and plan to do some special thing for some shutin on that day. Call on one, if you live close; otherwise, write a letter that will arrive at that time or send some little gift. Do something to make the day a memorable one. Mother's Day comes in May. It would be nice to send a card or letter to some shutin Mother that day. Your own Mother may be gone ahead, as mine is. I find it a real comfort to do something for a shutin, in her memory. Try it.

Mrs. Emma Sult, 118 Somerset Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan, will appreciate hearing from you. She is one of the great army of H.O.H. (hard of hearing) and now is losing her sight. She has been sick all winter and is pretty discouraged.

Mrs. Ann Crothers, 72 Oread Street, Worcester 8, Mass. needs cheer. She has been bedfast for some time. Her husband also is ill.

Miss Stella Goeman, Cook, Nebr., wants hooked rug patterns. She is especially anxious to get one showing a basket of fruit with leaves all around. Can you help her? Several of our shutins are asking for a filet pattern of George and Martha Washington, each with a frame around. This was in an old Needlecraft but I have not been able to find it in more recent publications. Just the picture would help, as I am sure some of our workers could write the directions from it.

Every now and then someone asks for a steroscope and views to go with it. Do you have one you would give to a shutin, or even loan? Also, in the last few weeks I have had a lot of requests for quilt pieces. Keep this in mind when you are doing your spring cleaning. Let me know if you have some and I'll tell you who needs them.

Remember Nancy Lee Bordwell of 211 W. Calhoun St., Woodstock, Ill.? She is the 15 year old girl who has been bedfast for years with arthritis. Her mother is just now able to get about on crutches after being bedfast four months following a bad fall. Nancy is still helpless.

There has been a noticeable let-up in orders for blank scrap-books to be filled for the soldiers. It would be lovely if all our boys had miraculously been made well by the signing of the peace treaty—but it didn't work that way. There are still thousands of them in hospitals and they need our books to read. So do the ones still in foreign camps. Send \$1.50 to me for ten of the books and fill them with stories cut from magazines. Directions come with them, and the address where finished books are to be sent. The wounded boys still need our wheel chair robes, too. Do make one or furnish material for one. A shut-in, Mrs. Wm. E. Hale, R5 B66, Des Moines 17, Iowa, will knit up all the yarn you can send her. She has already made several robes and says making them is helping her get well after a long illness. Let's keep her busy.

"For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven"

JUST VISITING

These days we hear over and over again that we must conserve food in every possible way to help keep people in other countries from starving to death. Sometimes I'm afraid that it's easier not to listen, not to think about it, and to go right ahead in the kitchen as though nothing had been said about the tragic distress that other less fortunate people are experiencing. It isn't that any of us are heartless and cruel. It's just that we've heard the same thing for so long that at times it loses its meaning unless we really listen and think.

There are many reasons, and good reasons too, why those who have lost their loved ones in war should feel somewhat indifferent as to the fate of those who belonged to the enemy countries, yet I'm positive that no one extends these violent feelings to children, small, helpless children. It's one thing to be an adult in this world, to fight in the wars and to scramble for survival in the terrible chaos that follows war. But it's another thing to be a little child who has had no more responsibility for the horror and suffering than the lambs of the field.

I am never able to open my refrigerator door and look at the bottles of milk, the bowl of eggs, the pound of butter and the fresh vegetables without thinking of the children in other countries whose very lives might be saved by just the food that stands in my refrigerator. I never make bread without thinking of them. In short, I am never able to prepare a meal without giving a thought to the children who are dying for lack of bread alone.

It's easier not to think about it, I grant, but where is our conscience and our sense of God if we harden our hearts to them? There is no answer to this question, and all of us know it.

What you save, and what your neighbor saves and what I save is the thing that makes the difference. Too often we're inclined to think that the little we can do doesn't matter at all. But this isn't true, not for a minute. It's what every single one of us does that makes the total story, and I'm sure that if we lived near a sea-port and could see the big ships loading with the food that will save babies and children, it would come home to us that our little bit did make the difference, did help load the ships.

Let's try our best to help put over this program of food conservation. It's not considered fashionable these days to speak of sacred obligations, but I'm going to say it because it strikes me this way. I feel that as Christians who believe in the Brotherhood of Man we have a sacred obligation to see that babies and children are saved from starvation, and I, for one, intend to see that my obligation is carried through.



Kristin and Juliana

A great many homemakers write me that ironing is the one job they really dislike because it makes them so tired. Perhaps you don't share this opinion because you believe that if the ironing board were the correct height and if there were a rubber mat or heavy rug to stand on, they would enjoy ironing day too. When several members of the family use the ironing board it is a good idea to have an adjustable one. It is not a disgrace to be seated while you iron; in fact, it is a good idea for in doing this you save your energy since ironing while seated takes only one-third as much energy as ironing while standing.

"It takes a lot of living in a house to make a home," goes the poem by Edgar Guest, but it also takes a lot of working together to make home a happy place for everyone. Every member of the family should contribute something for the good of all its members, and certainly it is every mother's definite responsibility to teach her children to work and share the responsibility of the home.

Many of our foods are prepackaged these days. For several years we have bought staple groceries such as rice, beans, prunes or macaroni in cellophane containers. Now they tell us that in the near future we may select a piece of steak, a roast or a pound of hamburger done up in a neat cellophane package with cut, grade and weight, and perhaps a recipe for cooking it, printed on the label.

If you are packing away your woolsens in boxes or trunks be generous with the moth flakes or crystals. Don't think that the mere odor of these products will keep the moths away. They are cheap and it pays to overdose and be safe. By the way, if you are worried about moths in your overstuffed furniture, go over it often with a vacuum cleaner.

I believe that all of you who drive cars have had to hear over and over again that men are much better drivers than women. The next time you hear this remark tell that husband of yours that cold statistics now prove that women are safer drivers than men, and are involved in a smaller percentage of accidents.

How long do you suppose the hose-hiery shortage is going to last? We all hope it won't be too long, but it behooves all of us to take good care of the hose we have if we don't want to be "bobby-sox" girls this summer. If you have a chance to buy a new pair remember that for long wear it is most important to get the correct foot size. Also consider the weight of the stocking in relation to its use. Wear service weight for every day, and sheer hose with daytime dress shoes or evening wear.

Don't let those old hens and roosters eat up all the grain that should be fed to young poultry. Pop those old fellows in the cans.

Notes like these make us Happy.

"One of my neighbors takes the Kitchen-Klatter and has been kind enough to let me read them. I enjoyed them so much I've decided to order it myself. Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription."—Mrs. Marinus Neilson, 6216 So. 27th Street, Omaha 7, Nebraska.

"I must say in closing that I certainly enjoy your magazine, read it from beginning to end, even the children's page, every word, then feel rather sad because it isn't twice as big. It's more a monthly club meeting as one lady wrote to me. To me, it's a lovely visit with grand people who I'd like to call friends." Mrs. Ruth Dorst, Fresno, Calif.



FOR THE CHILDREN

SURPRISE FOR MOTHER'S DAY

It was a golden Saturday in May and you know what Saturday means in early May. It is a day when you could do as you pleased in the warm sunshine if mother didn't keep saying, "Johnny, will you mow the lawn? Johnny, will you set out these onion plants? Johnny, will you clean the brooder house?" And she really doesn't mean "will you?" at all—she means "you will." And all the time Johnny wants to wander through the woodland and maybe go fishing in the creek and just say, "Hello, Spring!" in his own way. Johnny being you, you know how it is.

This was a special Saturday though, and Johnny and Joe and Jack had talked over something with Mother and she had agreed that on the day before Mother's Day a fellow should have at least half a day to work on secrets.

It was no secret that one of the things Mother treasured most every year was a bouquet of golden yellow violets from a certain spot under a certain tree in a certain canyon. Long ago she used to go there and pick them. Now she was too busy and that was one of her Mother's Day surprises. No matter what kind of flowers other Mothers wore on Mother's Day, this Mother wore yellow violets.

Does that help you get started with the boys, out through the barn lot, over the hill, down the creek where it crosses the meadow to a place where it cuts a deep canyon in the field, a canyon all lined with trees and vines so that walking in the bottom of it you seem to be all alone in a jungle?

And that, my pets, is just what Johnny and Joe and Jack were doing. They were slipping along, never cracking a twig, when quite suddenly Johnny, who was in front, stopped. He stopped so suddenly, in fact, that Joe bumped into him and Jack bumped into both of them.

"Look!" he cried.

"At what?" they cried.

"There! A big sheep and a little one. In the mud. See!"

The three boys ran down the bank together.

Indeed, there was a big sheep and a little one, and they were both stuck in the mud.

Stuck in the stickiest mud you ever saw or heard tell of. First the boys walked carefully around the edge yelling and waving their arms. Nothing happened. The sheep had tried to get out long ago and couldn't. Next Johnny got down in the mud pulling and digging and pushing. He just wasn't big enough. Jack and Joe waded right in to help him, and carefully they dug around each leg, digging and pulling. The mud stuck to their hands and stuck to their over-

alls, got on their shirts and got on their faces, but still they dug. At last they got the old sheep over on the bank and by pulling and pushing they made it to a grassy plot. She was too weak to get up.

Joe said, "We can leave her here and Daddy will get her."

Jack said, "That is all right for her, but let's carry this poor little lamb to the house and give him some warm milk from a bottle because he's so little and so thin."

That is why the three little boys who started after yellow violets came back with one poor little muddy lamb.

Mother heated milk for the lamb. Mother warmed water for the boys to wash and found clean shirts and overalls and helped scrape mud from the little boys' shoes.

Mother said over and over, "I'd much rather have one poor, hungry little lamb warm and full again than have yellow violets for Mother's Day."

But Mother, being herself, it is scarcely fair to end this story without saying that when the last boy was clean again she added, "After church tomorrow we will go and pick yellow violets."



MAY

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between!

MOTHER

I'm going to help you Mother,
By being cheerful and kind;
I'll do well the tasks I'm given,
And always, always mind.

I won't wait for you to give orders
Each time there's a chance to do;
And I'll save you a great many
footsteps
By running your errands too.

I'll show you that I am thankful
For the things you've done for me,
And when you are sad and weary,
I'll love you the more, you see.

KNOW YOUR STATE

South Dakota

Flower—American Pasque flower.

Nickname—The Sunshine State.

Population—692,000.

Area—77,615 square miles.

Capital—Pierre.

Largest City—Sioux Falls.

Motto—Under God the People Rule.

Bird—Western Meadow Lark.



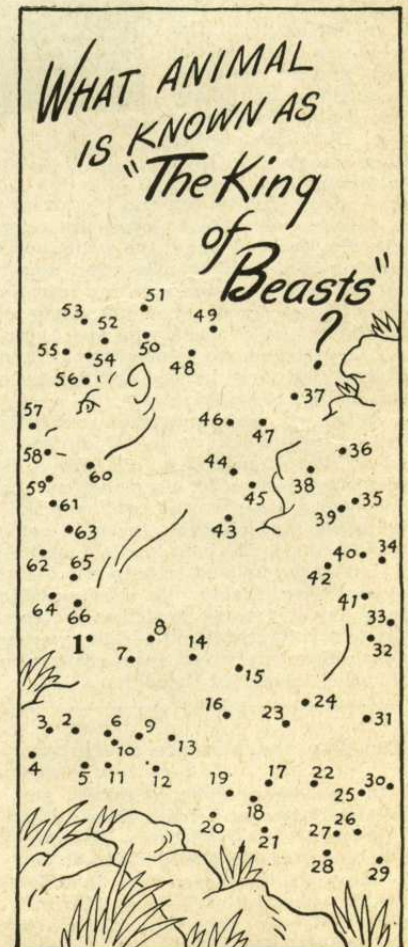
Shirley Jean Thies of Iowa Falls, Iowa, and her dolls. She has 32.

ASK DAD THESE RIDDLES

1. Every time he sees the sun,
This poor old man begins to run.
(Snow Man)
2. Where do you get the most fish?
(Between the head and the tail)
3. What people in this country still
ride in buggies?
(Babies)
4. Why is January 31 not the last of
January?
(Because January comes back
every year)
5. What stitch has a disagreeable dis-
position?
(The cross-stitch)

Sent by Helen Louise Wohllab,
New Virginia, Iowa

Boys and Girls would you like to
send in some riddles like Helen Louise
did?



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word. \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 10th of the month preceding date of issue.

FOR SALE: Send stamp for list of embroidered and crocheted articles. Pearl Dorman, 209 West 21st Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRL GRADUATE Beautiful pins made from tiny pastel shells, suitable for lapel or dress fastening. Assorted shapes. One dollar each. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 East Yerby, Marshall, Missouri.

"THE BIBICAL LIBRARY": An artistic creation put up in the form of a little library of fifteen different folders 2x3, 4x4 inches. Each folder contains a comforting subject from the Bible: "The Lord's Prayer," "Sermon on the Mount," "The Beatitudes," etc. Present a copy to a sick friend. Complete set of 15 subjects, 50¢ postpaid. (No stamps please). C. H. Mitchell, 945 Agatite Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

BABY CLOTHES: Kimonas, slippers, 60¢; dresses, \$1.00 to \$1.75; crocheted yarn jackets, \$2.25; hoods, 75¢; toeless slippers, 75¢; soakers, \$2.00. Anything for baby. All handmade. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

100 PERSONALIZED POSTAL CARDS, printed with your name and address, white stock only, \$1.00, postpaid. 200 for \$1.75. Remittance with order. Midwest Service, Dept. A., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

PLAIN TEA TOWELS, 17½x34, 7 for \$1.05. Everyday pillow cases, \$1.00. Have simple embroidered work on them. Mrs. Waldo Burns, Lorimer, Iowa.

1946 HEALTH BOOKLET (by a nurse) Suggestions for persons who find it hard to reduce. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Allergy (food sensitiveness) cause and relief. 30 health questions answered. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE. Cooking suggestions, etc., 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

NEW, DIFFERENT! Soft wool knitted bed jacket, \$4.75. Also attractive knitted caplet ideal for summer evenings, \$6.50. State color. Mrs. Frank Webster, 3005 Grand Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Shell pins, 65¢ each. Rickrack lace for pillow cases, \$1.00 pair. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wisconsin.

FOR SALE: Male Canaries. Loud singers. Mixed song. Price, \$10.00. Mrs. W. R. Anderson, 717 West 3rd Street, Indianola, Iowa.

Great Combination Printed Stationery Offer

30 sheets white Linen Finish Stationery, sheets fold to 5½ x 7 inches, giving you 4 pages of ample writing space; 30 envelopes to match. Also 40 Personalized Post Cards, 3½ x 5½, fine quality white cards. Stationery, envelopes and Post Cards all printed with your name and address, in blue ink, and mailed to you **\$1** postpaid for only.....

Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

MIDWEST SERVICE

Desk 2, 1024 Quincy St.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR BIRTHDAYS, graduation, or the convalescent friend. Lovely washable, handpainted, hemstitched hankies, in pretty hankie holders with envelopes and tiny enclosure card included. 50¢ each. Bernice Kendig, Wood-lawns Farm, Madrid, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Chenille table bouquets, Iris, tulips, and Sunshine Daisies, \$2.00. Also Easter Bunnies, 2 for \$1.00. Easter Lillies, \$2.50. Mrs. Katie Fortune, P.O. Box 735, Storm Lake, Iowa.

CORDE CROCHETED HANDBAGS. Any style, any color. Order early. Price \$15.00. Full particulars by mail. Mrs. Goldie Beecher, Goodson, Missouri.

COLORNO NOVELTY BARRED CURTAIN PANELS. Linen tablecloth, napkins. Mrs. Nelle Helmick, 840 1st Street, Webster City, Iowa.

PINAFORES, \$1.35; sunsuits, 75¢... in size 2. Red, blue, pink, or yellow prints. State color. Ideal for summer. Mrs. Zelma Mahalic, Chariton, Iowa.

MANY NEW NOVELTY SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS FOR COLLECTORS. Also novelty pitchers. Write for catalogue. Maude Mitchell, 1237 7th Avenue North, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

RADIO TUBES, BATTERIES, PARTS, and SUPPLIES. New and used radios. Electric supplies. Orders shipped express, C.O.D. We repair radios, same method. Radio & Electric Supply, Dept. LD 4, 2120 Burt, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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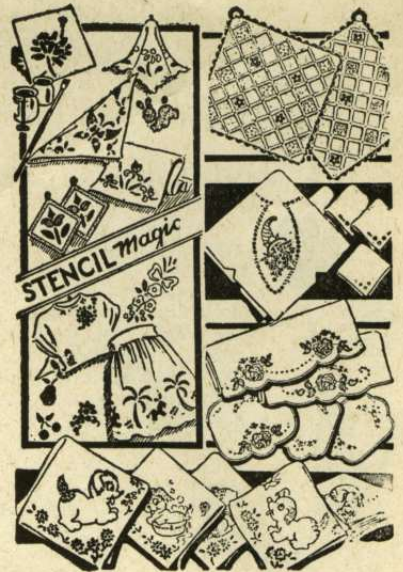
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A TULIP TEA



It would be hard to find a community in our part of the country that isn't proud of its tulips at this time of the year. You may have some particularly beautiful varieties in your own garden, and if you don't, it's likely that your next-door neighbor has. Perhaps she's also a member of your Aid, but if she isn't, the chances are that she would enjoy attending a tulip tea.

The tulip tea isn't a big money-maker in any sense of the word, but it is an unusually pleasant way to entertain and to mingle with women from other churches. The date for this must be set when tulips are at their very best. If your church has rooms where you always meet for Aid you can entertain there, but if you move from house to house for your meetings, it would be wise to have this particular tea in a large home where a good-sized crowd can be accommodated.

Arrange a table with a lovely cloth (be sure a car a thick pad has been placed ^{under} the cloth just in case someone's vase leaks) and place the various arrangements of tulips on it. Ask everyone to bring tulips, either just three or four as specimens of a certain kind, or an arrangement for the living room or dining room table. Do not identify these blooms in any way—simply attach a numbered slip to the vase or bowl.

For the main feature of the program ask a recognized gardener to speak on the cultivation of tulips. Since this is also the time of the year when our young people are working in music contests, ask for a few of them to give their numbers. This special music, plus the talk, will provide a very interesting and worthwhile program.

At the conclusion of the program give each guest a slip of paper and pencil and ask him to write down his first, second and third choices in each of the two tulip classifications. Tea and wafers may be served when this has been concluded, and a silver bowl may be placed on the table (not passed from guest to guest) to receive the offering of the afternoon. No prizes are given for the winning tulips, of course, since all gardeners feel sufficiently rewarded for their efforts by the recognition that other people have found their flowers beautiful.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER TEA

By Mabel Nair Brown

It hasn't been so very long ago that Mother-Daughter affairs were few and far between, but in recent times more and more groups are not letting May slip by without observing it in some fashion that honors mothers and their daughters—and there are few occasions that can be happier and lovelier.

Even Mother Nature decks herself in radiant splendor in "Mother's month" so why not use the pastel colors of spring along with grandmother's old-fashioned flower garden as the setting for our party? Too many Mother's day affairs echo a note of sadness, so let's fill ours with an atmosphere of joy, tenderness and appreciation. Young girls do love to dress up and go 'party-ing' with mother, and because of this we'll be wise to plan our party to include daughters from eight or ten and on up.

These plans will be for an afternoon tea from two until four, but if you prefer an evening affair the ideas will be easily adaptable.

For room decorations use large baskets of white and lavender lilacs, being sure to place a large basket by the door to give the guests a floral welcome. Vases of gay yellow jonquils or tulips may be placed here and there to give zest and color to the arrangements. At the tea I attended, a picket gate had been made of cardboard or lath wrapped in white paper and set up in a bay window. Large sprays of lilacs set in flower pots flanked it on either side, and behind it gay tulips and daffodils nodded their heads, giving one the impression of peeking right into Grandma's garden.

While the guests arrive have a pianist or violinist play softly using the music that is particularly appropriate to Mother's Day such as Songs My Mother Taught Me, Mother Machree, etc.

As soon as the guests have all arrived, open the program with a welcome by one of the daughters whose theme might be how mother tenderly plants the seeds of character in her "family garden," and in conclusion quote this poem by Wolcott.

"We read about the mothers of the days of long ago,

With their gentle, wrinkled faces
and their hair as white as snow;
They were 'middle-aged' at forty,
and at fifty donned lace caps,
And at sixty clung to shoulder
shawls and loved their little naps.
But I love the modern mother who
can share in all the joys,
And who understands the problems
of her growing girls and boys;
She may boast that she is sixty,
but her heart is twenty-three—
My glorious, bright-eyed mother
Who is keeping young with me.

Now, while the pianist plays softly let two little girls dressed in long, puffed-sleeve gowns (pastel crepe paper may be used for these dresses) carry in a large basket of corsages which they present to the mothers, making a little curtsy before each one. This basket should be a large, shallow one lined with Easter-nest

grass, and the corsages should be arranged to form one large bouquet. Make the corsages by using violas (tiny pansies) tied with narrow ribbon bows, and inserting the stems through a small hole in the center of a small lace paper doily. Or if you prefer, use lily-of-the-valley sprays with ferns.

The response is given by one of the mothers whose theme will be her joy in the blossoming of her family bouquet, and her hope that she has given them a mother's greatest gift—faith in the Christian way of life. She may close by quoting lines from Grace Crowell.

Faith

Carry it high like a lamp in the darkness,

Hold it for warmth when the day is cold—

Keep it for joy when youth goes singing,

Clasp it for peace when you are old.

What can a mother give her children

More than a faith that will not dim?

Take it, my dear ones, hold it forever:

A lamp for a lifetime faith in Him.

The next number is views through the stereoscope, and this will consist of a series of tableaux. Most of these should be humorous with a reader quoting a catch title-line to appropriate music. You may use the following suggestions or find others more suitable for your group.

1. Off the Schedule. (Table piled with dirty dishes, mother rocking baby.)

2. The First Mud Pie. (More mud than youngster!)

3. Wash-Day Prelude. (Mother empties sweater pockets.)

4. Hung-Up for Repairs. (Mother sews patch on seat of little coveralls, preferably with youngster across her lap.)

5. The Cookie Jar. (Youngsters raiding the jar.)

6. The First Date. (Excited girl dressing.)

7. The Wedding. (Girl holding white prayer book—wedding music.)

8. The First Grandchild. (Grandmother rocking baby.)

Use a lace cloth on tea table. For the centerpiece use a large mirror with silver love birds, or a low bowl and swans surrounded by a floral wreath of pansies, lillies-of-the-valley and greenery. Serve small dainty sandwiches, individual tea cakes decorated with flowers, pastel flower candies, or small colored gumdrops, and beverage.



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