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Number 5



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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNESSE, Associate Editor.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

Dear Friends:

After weeks and weeks of dark, cold and generally disagreeable weather we seem to have turned the corner at last and run right into spring. This morning I can hear the comforting sounds of carpet beaters thumping someplace down the street, and everywhere I look I see bedding on clothes lines, furniture on porches, and other familiar signs of spring cleaning.

As I think I've mentioned before, the attic-to-basement type of cleaning hasn't been done here in recent years because with the children grown and gone things never get quite as dirty and shabby as they did in years gone by. Once a week I have a friend come in and do the things that I can't do, and periodically we clean shelves and drawers and catch up on those things. About every three or four months I get upstairs to have a general overhauling up there, so all of this stacks up to the fact that we don't tear up the house when weather arrives such as we are having now.

But this morning I've been thinking about what went on here back in the days when the children were small and I was able to get anything done that had to be done. Housecleaning meant that we were all out of bed at six o'clock, and by eight the furniture was outside (except for big heavy pieces that couldn't be moved easily) and the curtains were down and the house looked as though we had just moved in—or were just moving out. Probably the home economic specialists would have been surprised if they could have seen some of the things that went on here, for I know they never heard of waxing floors like ours were waxed.

This job fell to Frederick and Wayne, and first they got down on their hands and knees and cleaned up all the spots. Then they applied a good thick coat of wax, and after it had dried they got Margery or Donald to sit inside a pair of their dad's old trousers. The legs were used as a sort of rope, and this was pulled back and forth over the entire floor until every board simply shone. We all know that a weighted polisher does a fine job, but the specialists may not know that a weight made by a child inside a pair of old pants just can't be beat.

It was never a struggle to get the rugs beaten as they hung on the line,

for it was understood that once the job was done the children could play "tent" and they had a wonderful time running back and forth. Perhaps you learned too that it was never a job to get things downstairs from the bedrooms if they could be thrown out the window! And I'm sure you found out early in the game that half of what went out to the back to be hauled away, turned up in the house again. We have a number of things (including my old banjo that hasn't had a string on it for twenty-odd years) that have been thrown away and then retrieved, almost as long as I can remember. I never washed the supper dishes in days gone by without stopping at least twenty times to hear, "Why did you throw away this, mamma?" No matter what I said, it never proved to be satisfactory, and so the end of housecleaning always found us with clean floors, clean windows, clean rugs and clean curtains, but just as much stuff as we'd started with.

Spring vacations from college meant that we had a week's visit with Donald and a five-day visit with Wayne and Abigail. Donald always seems to be kept so busy running errands and doing the things that stack up in his absence that he says he hasn't the faintest idea how we manage while he is gone. Wayne and Abigail spent the bulk of their visit house-hunting for they will be back here to live in less than two months. Trying to find housing is a disheartening job, and there's hardly any question of taking what you want, but only of what you can get.

Margery writes that she has been busy teaching the young mothers in her neighborhood to smock, and says that almost every afternoon finds a sewing bee in her living room. In a big city where it's hard to get acquainted I think it's nice that neighbors can find a common interest. Several of them mastered smocking in time to turn out Easter dresses for their little girls. Margery says that she knows both Lucile and Dorothy wrote discouraging things about putting a lot of handwork on outing flannel baby clothes, but that she had plenty of time on her hands to put fancy trimming on every single piece. Like countless other girls who are getting ready for their first baby, she says that the chest of drawers in her

bedroom is almost full several months in advance.

Frederick's letter tells you that they are still in Bermuda, and we're not sure ourselves just when Betty plans to leave. We know that Frederick will be out of the Navy before long, and we imagine that he will want to locate in New England. That section of the country has always appealed to him, and ever since he returned from Egypt he has said that he would like to live there if it were possible.

Howard has spent quite a bit of time at the airport recently learning to fly, but I don't think he is such an enthusiast that he will ever buy a plane of his own. Frank is the one in our family who has ambitions of buying his own plane someday, and I can see how it would be very useful to him. We still haven't been able to get there this spring because of the heavy rains and impassable roads.

Juliana came up this morning to ask me if I thought my flowers would bloom in time for May baskets, and I told her that I was sure they would. Both she and Kristin are old enough now to anticipate such events for weeks ahead of time, and I think that I'll have to unearth my old skills and see if I can help them make their baskets. I understand that you can buy them already made these days, but I think that children miss a great deal of pleasure if they don't make things with their own hands. Our dining room table used to be covered with boxes, crepe paper and paste every night after supper for a week, and we had a great deal of fun out of it.

This letter will reach you just about the time you're the busiest of all, but perhaps you can squeeze out a few minutes to write after the day's work is done. I want to thank each and every one of you who remembered my birthday and made it such a happy occasion, and please accept this letter as my thank-you. It carries all of my appreciation for your friendship.

Lovingly, Leanna.



—Verness Photo.

Edith Hansen visits with you every morning at nine o'clock over KMA. This picture is the best one I have ever had of her and I'm sure you will like it too.

Come into the Garden

MAY GARDENING

By Mary Duncomb

May is called the Mother of the Months by the poets, and this is truly an apt title for on her fertility depends the outcome of the other eleven months. Let there be a disappointing May and gardens and orchards suffer greatly. The blossoming fruit trees, berry plants and bushes are breath-takingly lovely, but whether or not we have fruit for next winter's consumption depends upon weather conditions this month. Yet no amount of anxiety over the outcome can destroy our pleasure in the beauty of May!

Early vegetables appear this month, dewy-fresh from our own gardens. There are some very good varieties of lettuce perhaps you haven't thought to try. Oakleaf (its leaves are somewhat similar to those of the oak tree in shape) is an extremely tender loose-leaf lettuce. It is not too late to make several successive plantings of it. Slobolt lettuce is worthy of at least a try for it is supposed to be a good leaf lettuce during the entire summer without going to seed. A new round white radish, deliciously crisp, is on the market this year. Certainly it is items like these that add zest to gardening.

Plant some seed of either the Butternut or the Buttercup squash, or both of them, for extra fine varieties of winter squash. However, for those who like an individual squash the Acorn or Table Queen still fills a number of requirements, not the least of which is its ability to yield profusely in small space. Sprinkle dilseed in the same hills or rows where the cucumbers are being planted, and for a herb to be used in many ways plant seeds of the annual, anise.

Don't be in a hurry to set out your house-plants. Here in the Upper Midwest we have found Memorial Day to be the safest time. However, they may have been getting ready, gradually hardening off each day by remaining on a sunny protected porch. Old geranium plants may be broken up into cuttings for new window plants next winter, only be careful to keep the buds picked off to insure winter blooms.

Any plant may be sunk, pot and all, in selected spots. A handful of sharp gravel or ashes discourages earthworms from entering the drainage holes. They are brought back into the house in the fall with little set back but, on the other hand, if carefully taken out of their pots and planted directly in the dirt they will make a much more luxuriant growth. In either case, the leaves often turn yellow and fall off at first, but are soon replaced by new ones. The advantage of leaving them in their pots is that they may be moved around at will to different parts of the garden.

Plant geraniums in full sun except for the variegated, scented or cut-leaved specimens which appreciate filtered sunlight. Begonias, ferns and many choice foliage plants like the

north side of the house in woodsy soil. Coleus do well either in sun or shade providing ample moisture is assured. Here in our hot, dry summers with their beating storms of wind, hail and rain we seldom put out our gloxinias and African violets, leaving them in the protection of a shaded porch. Still, it may be done if care is taken. I have found it best not to put out the Achimenes or Hardy Evansiana Begonia in their shady nook until the latter part of the month, although they may be started earlier inside first.

Take a day or two off this busy month to go A-Maying, preferably with a child. Visit the secluded nooks where the long-stemmed violets grow, or the prairie spot where all sorts of spring treasures are in bloom. Along the stream will be wild plums, crab-apples or hawthornes in full bloom. It is fairyland indeed and it stays in the heart of a child forever.

MORE ABOUT AFRICAN VIOLETS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

The letters were so numerous concerning my variegated African-violet which was shown in the March issue of KITCHEN-KLATTER that it seems advisable to add a few words in explanation.

As far as I know, my plant developed from a leaf taken from one of my purple-flowering plants which has plain green leaves. When the first tiny leaves pushed up I noticed the white spots and thought that carelessness in watering must have caused water spots. As they grew larger, however, it was very evident that it was true variegation and not water spotting.

Correspondence with an African-violet expert brought no light on the subject as to what caused the variegation nor have I been able to find anything in African-violet literature. It just seems to happen!

It is not a stable variety. I am told that in time my plant may commence producing only plain green leaves, and then, of course, when all of the variegated leaves have reached maturity and been removed, I will no longer have the rare variegated plant. It is a case of "Now you have it—Now you don't!" Mature leaves with variegation that have been rooted have produced only new leaves without variegation.

Letters also contained inquiries as to where yellow-flowering plants might be obtained. Numerous rumors have been afloat that there is such a plant but no one can be found who has actually seen it. When the "leads" are traced down it invariably turns out that the yellow-flowering plant is a member of another genus and not an African-violet. Those who are supposed to know tell us we can never have a yellow African-violet because this color is derived from a pigment which just isn't there.

But there are pure white ones, pink, two-toned blossoms and several called



A "Mentor Boy" African-violet grown by Olga Tiemann.

red, (but really reddish-purple better describes them), and of course light and dark lavender or purple colors.

At the first African-violet Show held at Atlanta, Georgia, in November of last year, 32 varieties were exhibited, among them one listed as Variegated Leaf Sport. Some of the varieties differ little or not at all, apparently in inflorescence, but have a leaf variation which distinguishes it. The color of Blue Girl is not unlike some of the other purple varieties, but the round leaf with crenate margin is quite different. Mentor Boy has large velvety deep purple blossoms and longish leaves, the largest measuring more than 4½ inches long.

I have seen a double African-violet listed. The name of the species is *Saint-paulia ionantha*. It was discovered in Africa by Baron Walter von Saint Paul about 55 years ago. It is not a violet at all but a member of the Gesneria Family to which the lovely Gloxinia belongs. African-violet varieties are badly confused at this time. Growers have given different names to identical plants; therefore it cannot be stated definitely just how many varieties there are today. But it can be stated without fear of contradiction that the African-violet is a very lovely house plant.

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

As the summer of 1931 drew to a close our house was a very busy place for both Dorothy and I were planning to go away. Dorothy's plans called for entering the Nebraska State Teachers College at Chadron, and I was anticipating a trip to Wyoming that would last for several months.

Chadron lies in the northwestern corner of Nebraska and Dorothy's reason for going there lay in the fact that our former next-door neighbors, the Howard Alexanders, were making it their home. Mrs. Alexander wanted very much to have Dorothy with her because she was alone a great deal with her two little girls, Mona and Mary Ellen, while Mr. Alexander traveled as a salesman. We knew the Alexanders so well through the years we lived side by side that it was quite a wrench to us when they left Shenandoah at just about the time Mother was injured. We didn't see them again until the summer of the following year, but at that time they were in town for a brief visit and the plans concerning Dorothy were made.

My trip to Wyoming came about because of a tragic accident that befell one of my dearest friends. Elizabeth and I lived across the hall from each other at Cottey College, and when I told her goodbye early one morning I didn't dream that I would see her again so soon and under such sad circumstances. She joined her sister, Miriam, in Lincoln and they were driving to Omaha to take a train to their home in Wyoming when a tire blew-out and their car was thrown into the path of an approaching truck. Three people, including Miriam, were killed outright, and Elizabeth was so severely injured that her recovery seemed doubtful.

As soon as I heard about the accident Dad drove me to Lincoln where I went to see her at the Bryan Memorial Hospital. She was there for many weeks, and during that time I went over to see her as frequently as I could. Then came the day in August when her parents wrote and asked if I could accompany her home when she was ready to leave the hospital, and they also suggested that I stay for a time and get some practical experience on their local newspaper. I had made no plans for the fall so I was glad to do this. And thus is explained the circumstances that found me on a Union Pacific train headed west one day in late August.

The picture on this page was taken the day before I left, and I can still remember what a chore it was to get everyone in the living room at the same moment. Matters were further complicated by the fact that Margery insisted upon having her Persian kitten, Mitzi, in the picture, and this led to a big argument with Frederick and Wayne who insisted that Trix was a more important member of the household than Mitzi and should also be included. Those of you who read the chapter about old Trix will recall that his disposition was most uncer-



The Driftmier family in 1932. Front row: Margery, Donald, Mother, Dad and Wayne. Back row: Ted, Dorothy, Lucile and Howard.

tain, and he put up a fine display of ill-temper when the boys tried to lug him in and make him stand in front of the davenport. You will note that Donald seems to be the only unhappy member of the group; he was still riled up over Mitzi versus Trixie when the picture was snapped.

Whenever I hear anyone complain that Wyoming is dull and uninteresting I wonder how far they have traveled in it, for I found it a wonderfully beautiful and exciting state and I didn't even get to the Jackson-Hole country or Yellowstone. But I'm at a loss to know how either section could be more beautiful than the country around Lander.

I loved the Wind River mountains that encircled the town on two sides, and I never found anything the least bit dull about the many trips through flat sage-brush country to the Wind River Indian reservation. All in all I thoroughly enjoyed the time that I spent there, and although I've never been back in the years that have elapsed since then (Elizabeth's death a few months after I left eliminated any reason for returning), I've promised myself that someday I will visit that lovely country again.

On my return to Shenandoah I stopped in Chadron to visit Dorothy for a few days, and I honestly thought when I got off the train about seven in the evening that I had stepped into a cyclone. Dorothy was at the station to meet me, and she explained that it was only their usual wind, that it rarely stopped blowing, and that she had grown entirely accustomed to it. I was amazed that anyone could ever grow accustomed to such a permanent gale. We had a grand picnic in the bluffs outside Chadron during my visit, and the only cloud of the entire time came at the moment of departure when Dorothy broke down

and cried. She said that she hadn't been the least bit homesick until I arrived, and then suddenly it seemed to her that she just had to get on the train and go to Shenandoah with me.

Before I continue with our story I must stop to tell you something very amusing that Dorothy told me about her first night in Chadron. And to explain this adequately I must tell you that for a good many years she was an inveterate sleep-walker. Almost every night she was up prowling around, and there are a good many stories about the things that happened on such occasions. I had learned, for instance, that she would follow any kind of directions in her sleep, and until Dad found out about it and put his foot down, I used to entertain my school friends at slumber parties by getting her up to look for mashed potatoes, fried chicken, and so forth. More than once we watched her paw through every drawer in the bedroom in search of ripe olives!

Well, to get back to Chadron, it was a scorching summer night when Alexanders and Dorothy arrived and they were all thoroughly exhausted from a fifteen-hour drive. Everyone went to bed immediately, and Dorothy wore her usual going-to-bed outfit—a pair of pajamas. That is what she wore to bed, I repeat, but when she awakened in the morning she had on a sweater, her pajama trousers, and a pair of hiking boots! To find these items meant digging to the bottom of her suitcase, of course. And it's too bad, everything considered, that no one in the family could have been there when she awakened. Howard really would have enjoyed it the most for he has never recovered from the shock of opening his closet door one night years ago only to find Dorothy standing inside sound asleep!

(To be continued)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This is a cold spring evening, and a few minutes ago when I went out to hang up the dishpan (it sounds as though I had made a trip to the clothesline rather than the back porch!) I looked warily over to the western sky to see if there were the remotest signs that tomorrow would dawn bright and fair. To my staggered amazement I can report that there were actually indications of nice weather in the offing. I must have a great deal of company in thinking that the bad weeks we've just been through were harder and longer than the most bitter cold the winter had to offer. I don't know who is the more anxious and eager for warm spring days—children or their mammās. Juliana asked me yesterday in the midst of a torrential wind and gale if I thought that spring would ever get used to itself, and I had to confess that I didn't know.

You can know how strictly to routine I've stuck this last month when I tell you that the most momentous event has been the fact that Taffy, Juliana's cat, became the mother of six kittens. As I think I've said before, Taffy is the single homeliest cat in the world, and her kittens are a wild assortment of colors and markings. Two of them are orange and white with nary a sign of their mother's black coat, one is coal black with a tiny white vest, and the other three are calico cats pure and simple. We had to lecture Juliana sternly about handling them when they were still so tiny, and her reply to this was that animals didn't have common sense—otherwise they would know that she didn't intend to harm them in any way.

We don't know just what we're going to do with seven cats, but I feel incapable of dealing with that many day in and day out. They should be ready to leave home around the time this reaches you, so if any of you within close range feel an overpowering urge for a homely kitten I'll be delighted to see you at any hour of the day or night! However, I must add one reservation: Juliana wishes to keep the all-black one, and Grandmother Driftmier has expressed an interest in an orange one, so that leaves you four to choose from. Do I hear any offers?

Easter is now a day in the past, but I hope that it was as joyous a time for you as it was for us. Russell, Juliana and I all went to church, and we thoroughly enjoyed a splendid sermon. The altar was beautifully decorated with jars of golden daffodils and big lilies, and when the sunlight streamed through the windows and illumined them they were undescribably lovely. After the service we went to the dining room for an Easter breakfast, and all of the small children made quite a picture as they sat at a large round table and ate their bacon and eggs. Someone in the congregation had been thoughtful enough to arrange a huge platter of chocolate eggs and marshmallow rabbits, and believe it or not but those children (all of them between the ages of three



Russell recently refinished this old chaperone seat.

and eight) didn't even nibble at their centerpiece until breakfast was finished. All of us parents marveled at their self-control and wondered if we could possibly be gazing at our own youngsters. Certainly none of us have ever seen restraint of that kind practised at home!

I feel that if I were worth my salt I should be able to tell you this month that my housecleaning is all done and that I'll invite inspection from the attic to the basement, but the stark, unvarnished truth is that I didn't get beyond my usual weekly run-in with dust and dirt. I think that it must be wonderful to tear up the house and banish winter once and for all, yet sometimes it just doesn't line up as a practical project. My biggest household problem is Juliana's "stuff" and I've learned that I can't get it back upstairs to her room as fast as she can bring it down.

Before we had a child, Russell and I used to say that we were sure it wasn't necessary for a youngster to have his stuff scattered all over the house if he had an attractive room of his very own to keep it in. Well, we've discovered that this can be put down as a fantasy and an illusion. Where your child wants to be is exactly where you are, right under your very feet, if possible—and alas, it IS possible as I've noted when I stepped over blocks and bears to get from the sink to the stove, two feet away. Whenever I look at house-plans that call for a nursery up at the far end of the second floor I get a good long laugh out of it—just think what a surprise that mother is in for! If I were building a house of my own I would have a huge kitchen with all of the equipment for cooking concentrated at one end, and the other end I would enclose with a nice little railing and there I would have the nursery. At least you could stir the gravy with one hand and throw blocks back over the railing with the other hand.

Besides my usual run of housework,

desk work, riding herd on Juliana, preparing two club programs and spending considerable time at the hospital with a very dear friend, I sandwiched in a new dress for my daughter. It is made of some beautiful white linen that Grandmother Verness sent for her birthday, and of course linen always calls for something extra-special. In this case it was collars of yellow handkerchief linen that I embroidered with tiny scalloped edges and very small flowers; then I embroidered two flowers out of the same yellow linen and appliqued them at the waist where a yellow sash was joined to the dress. Do you remember the old Royal Society transfers of years ago? Well, a friend gave me a book at least twenty-five years old and I found the tiny scallops and flowers in it.

And this reminds me that if you found any such books in your spring housecleaning and didn't throw them on a bonfire, I'd do more with them than just turn the pages and stare. I think that I'd better remember to type a line for the hobby column that reads: old embroidery transfers.

Before I write to you again we will have done three things, fate willing: we will drive to Lucas to help Dorothy and Kristin celebrate Frank's birthday, we will celebrate a double birthday here at home when Russell and I turn the corner on another year, and Juliana will appear as a brown Teddy-Bear in a little dance recital. I've given more thought to the last proposition than the other two, and for very good reason: I've a sneaking suspicion that when Juliana finds herself on a stage she will stand stock-still and try to find Mama, Daddy, Granny and Kristin down in the audience. Fortunately, Teddy-Bears all look so much alike that it will be hard to say which particular bear belongs to you, and in case my suspicions are verified that is all for the best.

The only major thing we've done in the house recently was to convert a golden-oak sectional bookcase into a china cabinet. This was more successful than it sounds. I'll see if I can get Russell to take a picture of it for the next issue, and at that time I'll tell you how we did it. I feel dead certain that a good many of you have old bookcases exactly like it (ours came from Mother and Dad—it gained residence in one of their upstairs bedrooms fully eighteen years ago) and perhaps when you see the illustration you'll want to try something similar.

The loveseat that you see on this page has now left the downstairs of our house and moved upstairs. That is because we have acquired a piano, one that we are storing for friends, and consequently there just wasn't room for the loveseat. We're enjoying the piano far more than we ever enjoyed the loveseat, however. I play and croak songs for Juliana, and every night Russell practices and almost every night we play duets together, so you can see how much we appreciate having a piano at long last.

The sky is still clear, the alarm is set for six o'clock, and with this I must say goodnight.

—Lucile.



Practical Poultry POINTERS

By Olinda Wiles

A great deal of publicity has recently been given to the "Chicken-of-Tomorrow" program, a program to promote quality poultry through up-to-date management and breeding. Among the various activities is a contest sponsored by the Extension Service Department of Iowa State College, and a number of hatcheries are entering this contest for the purpose of trying out the different methods of battery feeding and forcing chickens. Hybrids are being used in these experiments. They grow fast, but it's possible that they may not prove their merits in meat quality, flavor or dress-appearance.

All of these factors are to be considered in the final judging. Fifteen live birds are to be used as samples from the flock at the final contest, and twelve are to be dressed to determine the quality of the dressed bird entry.

At the present time I am more interested in my "Chickens of Last Year" for I dressed a number of late-hatched ones in October and put them in my locker. Each week these days several of them are post-graduates from the locker and appear "cum laude" on the table.

This evening when I gathered the eggs I noticed that the pan which holds the oyster-shell for the chickens was almost empty. Somehow it reminded me of the candy dish at Christmas time (when we used to have Christmas candy). Only the very fine bits of oyster shell and some extremely coarse pieces were left, and I thought of how like the candy dish—the best disappeared first, and by the time I get around to filling the pan tomorrow I imagine a good bit of that remaining shell will be gone.

Be careful of brooder stoves. Watch for leaks in the oil connections and if electricity is used, be sure to check for faulty wiring. Extra precautions here surely pay enormous dividends.

A recent fire in our community was from an oil brooder, and it wasn't an old one either. It had been running about two weeks and seemed to be in perfect condition when last looked at before the family retired. But they got up in the morning to find that they had lost the brooder-house and with it the stove, a barrel of oil, 400 chicks two weeks old, and in addition to this, the fire had spread to the chicken house and they lost that and the entire flock of hens. This is a heavy loss for anyone, and the things destroyed will be very hard to replace.

I think it is a common sense plan to have the brooder house located quite a distance from all other buildings. Often in driving along the road you will see the brooder house "way off by itself. This is sometimes done for sanitation, but it is also a good protection against fire hazards.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Hurray! the wheel chair we were working for is ordered and paid for and I thank every one of you who helped with it. It is going to Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Skjeie, Forest City, Iowa, and when they no longer need it we will pass it on to someone else who needs it badly. There was a small amount left in the fund after getting the chair and I am using it to purchase a bed table for a long time invalid. Next I hope we can get a radio for the little girl who has a several year stretch in bed ahead for her. Rheumatic fever injured her heart, so she will have to be very quiet—and this is pretty hard for a little girl.

In March I asked you to send cheer to two sisters at Sunny Crest Hospital, Dubuque, Iowa. Since then one of them passed away, but the younger, Ruth Lovrien, is still there and is very lonely.

Here are some little people you will like to help. Keith Maier, c/o Helen Maier, Dumont, Iowa, age six, had scarlet fever and then rheumatic fever. He will be in bed for many weeks. Ruth Morris, Rt. 1, Osage City, Kansas, age ten, is in a large cast. Shirley Clemens, 807 Clay Street, Apt. 3, Marietta, Ga., needs a friend. She is twelve. Because of a weak heart she cannot speak or hear, and since her folks are gone all day she stays alone. Delores Bartelt is still bedfast and it looks as though she would be for some time to come, as the injury to her back has affected her legs so she cannot use them. She is only ten and loves to receive mail. Her address is Dallas Center, Iowa.

Phyllis Jeanne Woodman, Rt. 8, Jackson, Michigan is barely seven, but is a lifetime invalid. She can't read but she loves pictures, and her mother reads to her. Lear Schultz, age thirteen, enjoys mail. She is suffering from the after-effects of rheumatic fever. Her address is Pierce, Nebraska, Rt. 3. Joy Pogan, age nineteen, 2257 Harwine St., Flint, Michigan, would like letters. She is bedfast too.

I meant to tell you about several older shut-ins who need cheer but there isn't space, so I'll just give their addresses. Please write to them. Mrs. Betty Isaac, Battley State Hospital, Ward 1-B, Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Harriet Wallace, Leon, Iowa. Mrs. Mariam Granteer, 406 Fourth Ave., West, Okaloosa, Iowa; Mrs. Emma Hazlett, 1337 Edgeworth Ave., Cambridge, Ohio; Mrs. Alice Lee, 900 Page St., Shenandoah, Iowa; Mrs. Oscar Smothers, Sunny Crest Sanitorium, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. John Hinkel, Pisgah, Iowa; Paul Polka, 2800 Fort Street, Waco, Texas; Billy McCord, 820 E. Kelso, Inglewood, Calif.

My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. Write me if you want to know more about any of these people. Ask for a free copy of the Guide for Good Neighbors.

"I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't get a renewal to Kitchen-Klatter—I would miss it more than I can say."—Mrs. Ernest Crocker, York, Nebraska.

THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

According to THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC, this is the month to be remembered for several calamities that have gone down in our national history: the Frisco fire on May 3, 1851, and the Johnstown flood on May 31, 1889 (the Old Farmer also recalls that it snowed in the midwest on that day in 1946). Two dates were marked with thanksgiving: the ending of the Civil War on May 26, 1865, and the official VE Day on the 7th in 1945.

For 155 consecutive years THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC has been listing memorable days, predicting the weather, digesting the fish and game laws and giving bits of homely advice. Last spring it was included, with the Declaration of Independence, Webster's Dictionary and Montgomery-Ward's Mail Order Catalog, as one of the one-hundred American books printed before 1900, most remarkable for their influence on American life and culture.

The ALMANAC'S weather predictions have had a high degree of accuracy, although "users are cautioned against considering the forecasts as anything more than guides or reminders as to what may happen . . . which is as much as anyone these days can offer." More positive is the "Oracle" in predicting that 1947 will be a good year to buy horses, "but back them out of the stall first". And that "it will be well for the average person to pay some attention to his diet in 1947. The fourth helping at the church bean supper should be sternly refused and more than twelve average-sized buckwheat cakes may easily lead to disaster." There are only eighty pages in this little grandfather of American almanacs, but all of them are good reading for the midwesterner as well as for the New England farmer, for whom they were originally written.

The newest of almanacs, born this year, boasts 1,014 pages. John Kieran, of radio fame, has edited THE INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC, which is full of articles by specialists on almost every phase of life you can think of. Charts and tables by the score supply those elusive facts that will settle an argument over which is the largest of three cities or who won which election when. Authoritative observers in the fields of the arts, sports and public affairs comment on the happenings of the past year.

Then there is the old stand-by of the past sixty-two years: THE WORLD ALMANAC, which this year contains 912 finely printed pages of facts. An almanac, like a dictionary, is both practical and entertaining. Indispensable as a reference, it is fascinating to the "browser", who, while looking for the postal rate to zone three, stops to note how many cities have parking meters, what the birthstone for June may be, who last year's most popular sports announcer was, or which railways have the fastest runs. We may not all be Quiz Kids, but we still like to know the answers.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "I don't know if anyone has ever written to you about a problem like this, but I'm certainly in need of another person's advice. I've been married for five years and although my husband's parents are in very comfortable circumstances, we don't have enough of an income ourselves to enable us to invest in really lovely china, silver, linens, etc. My baby kept me tied down pretty much until a year ago, but at that time I was asked to join several social clubs although I wasn't expected to entertain. Now, however, I am scheduled to serve as hostess for these clubs and I'm in a quandry as to whether or not I should ask my mother-in-law if I may borrow her good china and silver. She has never offered to loan them to me even though she has a great abundance of everything—that's why I don't know if I should ask her or not. What would you suggest?"—Minn.

ANS: Well, not knowing your mother-in-law I find it difficult to answer this question. Some women feel that their son's wives don't approve of their taste in china and silver and consequently don't offer to loan things that they feel wouldn't be genuinely wanted. Other women simply don't want to loan their possessions. And still others have never given it a thought and would no doubt be surprised if they knew there was any worry over asking for them. Why don't you ask her and be guided by her reactions? If she is hesitant, plan to borrow from someone else. You may find that she is more than willing to loan her things but hesitated because she didn't want to place you in the position of finding it difficult to refuse her offer.

QUES: "My twin daughters, fifteen, have been begging me to let them entertain two of their high school teachers at a small dinner party before school closes in May. They have a total of four teachers and I have told them that they must not entertain two and ignore the other two. They refuse to accept my opinion on this so I told them that I would write and ask you? Don't you agree that it would be unkind to leave out the other two teachers?"—Mo.

ANS: Indeed I do. The moment a boy or girl passes into high school where he has a number of teachers he should plan to entertain all of them or none of them. It's certainly a student's privilege to prefer some teachers to other teachers, but in all social functions he should avoid hurting feelings by including some and excluding others.

QUES: "I'm almost afraid to write this letter, Leanna, for fear you will gain the wrong impression of my husband. He is generous and never complains about any expense, he takes us

anywhere we want to go and is as dependable and good as any man could be. But the thing that worries me so much is the fact that he will never praise our three children for anything they accomplish. He takes good reports for granted; he expects them to do their work at home quickly and efficiently; and he is never slow to point out their failures if things don't please him. I think that just one word of enthusiastic pleasure from him would make a world of difference to the children. They are so eager for his approval and he never shows it."—Ja.

ANS: This letter should make us all realize once again how priceless our appreciation and approval is to growing children. This mother is right in feeling that "just one word" would make a world of difference to the children. Try to make your husband see that compliments from his business associates make just as much difference to him as his praise would mean to the children. Tell him to watch the children closely when the next report cards come home and see what their reactions are when he finds their efforts good. If you will make it a point to remind him of this from time to time he can see for himself what a difference it makes.

QUES: "Once a month we have a big family dinner at my mother's home when all of us (five brothers and sisters) are there with our children. There are six small cousins, all of them under seven years of age, and now that several of them are growing too large for their kindergarten size table we're up against a problem. Our parents feel that the old custom of making children wait for the second table should be followed, but we are not in agreement with them and feel that they should eat when we do. What is your opinion on this, please?"—Ill.

ANS: Back in the days when a family had just the round or square dining table and perhaps one other small table for plants or books, I can see why children had to wait for a second table after the grown-ups were done. But in this day of card-tables that can easily be put up and taken down I really don't see why children shouldn't be served at the same time. If you girls take the responsibility of seeing that things go smoothly and that the children don't clamor for too much attention from their table at the side of the room, I don't believe that your parents will object strenuously.



Dorothy and Kristin, when she was two weeks old.

MOTHER'S DAY THOUGHTS

By Lois Shull

Did you ever hang a long line full of gleaming white baby clothes? Did you ever take your baby for a ride in the new carriage and beam with pride when someone stopped to admire the infant? Did you ever hold your hands out to invite the first faltering steps of your cherub? Or grit your teeth hoping to have the will power to let him "cry it out"? Or kiss the first bump to make it well?

Did you ever stand beside a small bed just watching the angelic expression of the child sleeping there? Did you ever sit in a rocker holding a tiny feverish form close to you? Did you ever scrub a floor that was tracked with small muddy footprints? Or patch a pair of little overalls? Or braid a head of soft golden hair?

Did you ever see the look of confidence and trust in the face of a youngster who came to you with a broken toy to mend? Did you ever paddle a child and then find it necessary to avert your face to hide the hurt in your own heart? Did you ever feel a small grimy hand in yours? Or spread a slice of bread and jelly for a waiting child? Or wrap up a stubbed toe?

Did you ever watch your very own prodigy perform at a recital? Did you ever shop for a first party dress? Did you ever entertain a group of wiggly youngsters in your home? Or hang up a line of small socks? Or read a bed-time story to a sleepy-eyed audience?

Did you ever attend the graduation of a class in which your own offspring was a pupil? Did you ever guide a young person in the spending of the first pay check? Did you ever watch a romance develop for the child you reared? Or attend a wedding at which you "gained a son or daughter"? Or say good-bye to a grown up child who was leaving the home- nest?

Do you answer these questions in the affirmative? Then you know all the thoughts that run through one's mind when a Mother's Day gift or card is received.

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—Mrs. H. O. Perner,
Omaha, Nebr.

SUGAR STRETCHER COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup white or golden syrup
- 1 egg slightly beaten.
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening, add sugar a little at a time creaming well after each addition. Add syrup a little at a time and continue creaming. Add about 1/3 of the egg at a time and beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Sift flour, measure and sift with baking powder. Add to creamed mixture, blending well. Shape in a roll about two inches round. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice very thin and bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes. Makes four dozen cookies.—Mrs. Carl Reimann, Orange City, Iowa

PARSNIP FRITTERS

- 2 cups boiled parsnips (drain well and mash)

Add 2 Tbls. melted butter

- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg unbeaten

Mix thoroughly and make into cakes about 1/2 inch thick and fry in deep fat until golden brown.—Mrs. D. L. Brown.

PERFECT SOFT CUSTARD

- 4 cups of milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 beaten eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Scald milk and add remaining ingredients. Put in a greased baking dish in a pan containing small amount of water and bake in a slow (300 degree) oven for about 2 hours. Before baking I like to sprinkle the top with cinnamon or nutmeg. Must be cooked slowly to be nice. Knife will come out clean when cooked.—Mrs. Paul E. Vahle, Omaha, Nebr.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

BOSTON CREAM PIE

- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sifted sugar
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. lemon flavoring

Add water to egg yolks in large mixing bowl and beat until foamy and tripled in volume. Add sifted sugar gradually while still beating. Continue to beat until thick and lemon-colored—about 10 minutes. Then sift together flour, baking powder, salt; gently stir into yolk mixture with flavorings. Now beat egg whites stiff and fold into yolk mixture. Pour into 2 layer pans lined on bottom with paper, then greased on bottom. Bake in moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

COTTAGE CHEESE PIE

- 1 1/2 cups cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 egg yolks unbeaten
- 4 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine ingredients in order given, mix thoroughly and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes and then reduce to 350 degrees and bake until filling is firm. Fresh fruit such as cherries and currants may be used in place of raisins.

The contributor, Mildred L. McQuay, Novinger, Mo., says about this recipe: "This may not sound good to you as it didn't to me the first time I read it, but it really is very good and entirely different from anything I have ever eaten".

CARROT LOAF

- 1 1/2 cups carrots put through the food chopper
- 1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
- 1 cup left-over meat, chopped or (1/2 cup ground nuts)
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups strained tomatoes
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. minced onion

Mix ingredients in order given. Put into a greased baking dish and cook covered 1 hour in moderate oven. Uncover and brown in hotter oven.—Mrs. John O. Douglas, Macomb, Ill.

CRUSTY HARD ROLLS

- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cake yeast
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening
- 3 or 4 cups of flour
- 2 egg whites

Soften yeast in part of warm water and to remaining water add sugar, salt and melted shortening. Add 1 cup of flour and beat well. Add yeast and beaten egg whites and mix well. Add sufficient flour to make soft dough and knead until double in bulk. Punch down and when again doubled knead down and divide into small portions for rolls. Cover and let rise for 10 minutes. Now shape into rolls and place 2 1/2 inches apart on greased pan. Sprinkle with corn meal or farina. Let rise until double in bulk. Brush with egg yolks diluted with water. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.—Mrs. Don Strait, Rt. 2, Ute, Ia.

QUICK ROLLS

Beat 1 egg and add 3/4 cup of milk that has been scalded and cooled. Crumble and add 1 cake of yeast and stir until smooth. Add 2 1/2 to 3 cups of good biscuit mix. Stir until a soft dough. Make into rolls and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in 375 degree oven for about 25 minutes. Can be kept in refrigerator and used as wanted.—Mrs. William Albright, Falls City, Nebraska.

CORN-CHEESE FRITTERS

- 2 eggs beaten
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Mix and fry in deep fat.



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An attractive table arrangement for a May party.

"IT'S MAY TIME"

By Wilma Ward Taylor

Fill your May Basket with these ideas, and you'll be all decked out for spring.

If you are planning to entertain this month—(and who won't be with all the lovely spring flowers in our favor?)—try your hand at these.

If you haven't much time for preparation, but want something novel, start with your large brimmed summer straw hat. Tie a big ribbon of stiff material or ribbon reinforced with wire on the side of the hat. Then fill the crown of the hat with your favorite garden flowers. Waxed paper, laid in before the flowers, will protect your hat from moisture and stain. You'll be surprised how unique this will look in the middle of your party table or buffet. For a finishing touch to your party, it would be nice, at its close, to pass your hat around and let each guest take some of the flowers.

For place cards and favors, make them as one. Cut out various hat shapes from colored construction paper. Glue a toothpick or half of a white pipe cleaner on the back of the paper hat and stick the other end in a colored gum drop. A small white doily placed under each one will add a note of spring. The name of each guest will look nice printed on the brim of the paper hat or on the doily. Yarn or felt added on the hat will, of course, add to your decorations and will create favorable comments from your guests.

A good stand-by, and always a success, is a maypole. Try this one, it's different!

If possible, for your pole, obtain colored corrugated cardboard, which is quite pliable and fun to work

with. You'll be happy with your results. If you do not have access to this type of cardboard, any lightweight cardboard will do.

Cut a piece of cardboard 7x11 inches. Roll it into a column, shape and staple or glue together. Next cut eight streamers, 1/2 inch wide, out of crepe paper and fasten with paste or glue inside the top of the cardboard pole. Then let each streamer run out to a plate. Fasten each down with a pin and a small flower or spirea caught to the table cloth. Put another piece of green around the base of the pole and tuck small flowers into the green. To steady your pole and add a sparkling note, take an old golfball and give it a coat of shellac. Then cover with silver metallic and place on top of the pole. The metallic may be purchased at most paint stores.

This decoration would be suitable for your Mother's Day party, a luncheon, dessert party, or for just a note of spring for your buffet.

TRICKS WITH MAYBASKETS

By Mabel Nair Brown

Put a lacy skirt on a "lollipop lady" by inserting a stick through the center of a lace-paper doily. Fluff the skirt out with your fingers. Add a ribbon around the waist and tie in a bow in front; then cut a little frill from a doily to add as a bonnet. A bit of yellow yarn may be used for the lady's hair.

Cut and curl rose or violet petals from crepe paper and glue to tiny nut cups. Tie on tiny ribbon handles. With a little practice one can make dainty little rose or violet cups in this manner.

A basket that can be eaten is just about tops with youngsters. Make

cup cakes, sprinkling tiny bright candies on top to resemble flowers. Place a bit of icing in the center of a lace doily and fasten the cupcake to the doily by putting it over the icing and allowing it to harden. Thread a bit of ribbon through the doily (before putting cake upon it) so that it can be tied in a bow on top of the handle.

On heavy white construction paper mark off a 2 inch or 3 inch square on each side; then draw an apple blossom or a tulip blossom on each side of the square. Make a leaf out on each side of the blossom. Color and cut out. Fold up each flower to make one side of the basket. Then cut a slit in the leaves so that you can interlock them at each corner.

Log cabin gum drop baskets are also great favorites. These are simply made by stringing tiny gum drops on tooth picks and then sticking these together (with toothpicks) to form a square basket. These will be in varied gay spring colors and children can later eat the candy!

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ANNIE

By Mrs. Anna McClelland

To passers-by it may have been just a house—a little, gray weather-beaten house with its shingles turned up at the corners, and the weather boarding warped and flapping loose at the ends. But to the little girl sitting on the step in the moonlight it was very much a "home" because didn't Pa and Ma and Ola and the twins and the baby, Edna Louisa, live there? And although this dark-skinned, sal-low, ugly little girl (she knew she was homely for hadn't Uncle Hamilton Cree told her mother so years before?) was very often cross and grumbled because of the seemingly never-ending tasks always waiting to be done—washing dishes, sweeping floors, carrying in wood, rocking babies, either the twins or Edna Louisa—yet there was a happy little song in her heart always, for she loved her family.

Wasn't her Pa the finest man between Saylorville and Thompson's Bend? And couldn't he play the Jews Harp better than anybody she had ever seen? And whistle, my how he could whistle! And the loyal heart inside the ugly little girl gave a leap as she thought of her Daddy as he came in from the fields at noon whistling "Oh Beulah Land" or "Take Me As I Am", and sometimes as he came to dinner he would sing a funny song, something about "I Danced With A Girl With A Hole In Her Stocking," a song that always made her mother exclaim, "John, I wish you wouldn't sing those songs before the children."

While this little girl, whom for the sake of truth we shall call Annie, idolized her father, she also worshipped her mother. Her mother had long, wavy brown hair so long she could almost sit on it, and although her hands were roughened by hard work, yet they were small and shapely and Annie was very proud of the fact that her mother could get her hand inside a small-sized lamp chimney and often boasted of it to her playmates.

Her first real troubles came when her parents decided she was old enough to go to school. She wanted to go, and yet the thought of leaving her mother for the entire day was almost unbearable. It was a heart-breaking time for Annie. She couldn't study, she couldn't play, although the children used to try to coax her out to take part in their fun. But the little girl would sit still in her seat all through the noon hour and again at recess time, and in her abject misery close her eyes and try to visualize her mother's face.

When school was out at four o'clock she almost ran the two miles home, knowing that "Ma" would be there in the little gray house that stood in the shade of the cottonwood trees, and that there would be something special for her eat. Sometimes it would be doughnuts, sometimes bean soup, and then sometimes, oh joy!, it might be sugar syrup boiled down and moulded in tablespoons and a little row of them waiting for her.

As Annie sat on the step thinking of these and other things, her mother's soft voice called, "Come in, Annie,

and go to bed now for Pa says we must start at three o'clock in the morning, and you'll have to hop out early and get yourself and Ola dressed while I get the twins and the baby ready. You're all washed off now so all you'll have to do is put on your clothes. Here are your things on the chair, and here's Ola's; Ettie's are on this stool, here is Evie's and I've laid the baby's things on top of this box. Don't move a pin for they are all ready to step into. Now go to bed and sleep, you've worked hard today, but just think of tomorrow."

The little girl did as she was told, but try as hard as she might, she couldn't go to sleep. She was too excited over this coming trip which the family had long planned on. In the morning, the 3rd of July, they were to start on a forty-mile trip to Newton where the little girls' Aunt Mary lived. They were to travel in a covered wagon, planning to stay over the 4th and 5th and start back on the 6th. Packed carefully in a clean cracker box which Pa brought home from Chase's Grocery, were the wonderful, beautiful new clothes that Ma and Aunt Elva had been making for all the children, so if they should go to a picnic on the 4th, Aunt Mary needn't be ashamed of them.

She thought of her own "brand splinter new" red calico dress with its two ruffles just above the hem, two around the neck, and two around the sleeves, and she remembered with a thrill of exaltation something Aunt Elva had said about being "oil boiled". Annie didn't know whether her Aunt meant the dress or the "store man" of whom they had bought the goods was oil boiled, but anyway she liked the sound of it and rolled it over and over on her tongue like a sweet morsel—"oil boiled turkey red; oil boiled turkey red."

Ola's dress that she was to wear to the picnic (if there was one) was of yellow calico spattered all over with red and black dots. Their mother had said, "Ola looks like an angel in it," but down in her heart of hearts Annie was absolutely sure her own "oil boiled turkey red" was far superior. Then the twins, how cute Annie thought them, were to wear to the picnic (if there was one) little white cross-barred jaconet dresses belonging to their little cousin Winnie. Aunt Elva had made each baby a lace bonnet and they looked "chic," to Annie at least, with the points of lace flopping down around their little sun-burned faces.

As the child lay there she could hear her father pacing back and forth across the room trying to take the squeak out of his new shoes, quietly planning how he would arrange the wagon in the morning for the comfort of his much cherished little brood. She could hear her Mother moving softly about packing the lunch for the morrow, light biscuits, glasses of red jelly, and honey. An exquisite sensation stole over the child, a feeling of peace and contentment. Yesterday she had forgotten; today was rosy with anticipation. Pa and Ma were near, God was in his heaven, and all was well with Annie's world. She slept.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Several mothers have come to me about behaviour problems with their young children and I am always glad when they say, "I don't know what to do next. I've tried everything." I'm glad when they say that because they have already given the answer to what is wrong. When you have tried everything you haven't tried anything long enough or consistently enough really to have tried anything.

A few simple rules are welcomed by the child. They give him a feeling of security, of knowing what to expect; they give him a restful sense of order. All children go through many phases, not because they are bad but because they are children, and it is our business as parents to help them learn how to get along with other people. This is the time that you can best begin the teaching of Democracy by the give and take between the child and the rest of the family. What we really mean by freedom is the responsibility that each individual takes for his own actions.

When you change your pattern of behavior frequently the child becomes very confused and simply cannot learn the rules. It's impossible for him to find out what effect will come from which cause. This usually results in the behaviour which we consider bad. But it's something else again from the child's viewpoint, for how is he to know that one day he will "get away" with something and then the next day run into serious trouble over doing the same thing? How can something be "bad" one day and not "bad" the next day? This is the type of confusion that leads to endless difficulty.

You will discover to, if your children are not yet beyond the early years, that you must live up to what you expect of the child. If one of your rules is clean hands at the table do not expect your child to remember before each meal unless the grown-up members of the family also wash their hands before eating. If your child is not permitted to say "shut-up" to his mother, his mother cannot say "shut-up" to him.

An average child given this type of rule will soon point out that parents stay up late, eat different foods and don't take cod-liver oil. Usually they will accept a matter-of-fact statement that people have found out that children need more sleep, etc., than grown-ups to help them grow. Start early to let them know that children are different from grown-ups in many things, and when other questions come later they will be ready to accept a plain statement that "this is for children and this is for grown-ups."

When Mary scribbles on the walls of her room, give her a big sheet of paper to write on, and if she still prefers the walls take away the crayons and suggest that she play with her dolls. After a time she will understand that her crayons will be taken away unless she uses them where they should be used.

If Tommy has been hitting other

children all afternoon, removing him from the company of his friends will teach him more than slapping; but when you do remove him, remember that five minutes is five hours by a child's reckoning of time. When I say "remove" him I mean simply to another room; never shut him in a dark closet or any other place that would frighten him.

If any one objects to this procedure on the grounds that the child has not been punished we have to go back and examine our basis of discipline. What are we after? Are we trying to make the child suffer for being bad or are we trying to teach him as painlessly as possible the rules for civilized living?

Now what about spanking? This is one subject that the experts disagree upon most violently, but they all do agree that a severe whipping is *never* indicated. No modern child psychologist holds with the theory that breaking a child's spirit is essential to development, but on the contrary they firmly believe that it retards their development. So the only disagreement about spanking is whether to omit it entirely or to use it occasionally.

I believe that a perfect mother who never got tired would never need to resort to spanking. But where is there such a mother? I don't think it is going to damage a child permanently to realize that there is honest anger in his mother's personality.

Supposing that a child has been acting up all afternoon and the gleam in his eye shows that he knows it? He makes a terrific scene about washing his hands or going to bed, routine things that he knows aren't worth a fuss; then I believe that a spanking is not only excusable but actually beneficial. He discovers that there is a limit beyond which he cannot go. It also makes him feel that he has paid for his naughtiness and he does not need to go to bed feeling guilty. After the single sharp slap on his bottom is over and done with he doesn't have any of the lingering resentment that comes with nagging. It does the mother a lot of good too. If she didn't have some positive release for her resentment there would be only one thing to do and that would be to withdraw from the child.

To withdraw from your child, to be cool, to ignore him is certainly the most drastic punishment of all. It teaches nothing but deep fear which quickly changes to hate. Nothing can do so much damage to a child as to let him feel that he has lost your love, so a sharp smack now and then won't hurt a bit if your child knows down deep in his big heart that you love him even when he makes a mistake.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Here it is April first—how the months do roll around. It seems as if just a week had passed since I sat down and wrote my last letter to you. I just had one April Fool's joke performed on me this year, and it was a very nice one. Kristin came and called me out of bed this morning with a grin all over her face, took me by the hand and led me downstairs to the kitchen door and said, "April Fool". She and her Daddy had sneaked downstairs, set the table and had breakfast all ready. I thought that was pretty nice.

Do you think this rainy weather will ever stop so the fields will dry up enough to get into them? Personally I have begun to doubt it. Frank and I walked all over the farm today, and he told me just what he intended to put where. I'm terribly anxious to get started because Frank has promised me that he will teach me how to operate the tractor so that I can help. This promises to be a very happy Spring and Summer for all of us because Mother Johnson loves to take care of Kristin for me, I enjoy tramping around with Frank, and he likes to have me around for company.

I told you in my last letter that we now had some sheep, so Kristin and I are going to be shepherdesses this summer and take care of them.

I'm also anxious for some nice warm weather so I can get the house opened up and aired out, and get started on my housecleaning. I didn't know walls and woodwork could get so dirty, but I have certainly found out that heating with stoves is a lot different than heating with a gas furnace. I can see no possible good in doing any cleaning aside from the daily tasks until we are through with the stoves for summer. I'm not going to wash my curtains again either until then. I can safely say this because we surely will have some warm weather before too long.

I have spent these rainy days when I had to be inside, getting Kristin's clothes ready for summer. The other day we brought down all her dresses, tried them all on to see how many she had grown out of, and how many had to be lengthened. I have kept overalls and coveralls on her most of the winter, and every day she has asked me when summer would be here so she could wear her dresses. She has one dress she has always loved more than all the rest, and I knew she could never get into it this year. Every day she has asked me if she could wear that dress today, and I have explained and explained that I was sure she had outgrown it and we would have to put it away in a box. So we tried it on so she could see for herself. When she took it off she said, "Mommy you were right, it is too little for me and the sleeves hurt my arms. You can put it in a box now and I will never ask to wear it again."

I have just finished smocking a dress for Lucile and I to give as a birthday gift to the daughter of a friend of ours. It is turquoise cham-



Kristin is almost as tall as Juliana now.

bray smocked in brown and yellow. Frank likes it so well he wants me to make Kristin one just like it. There is plenty of sewing stacked up for me to do and maybe I'll be able to get most of it done before the outside work starts. I have already started a white dotted swiss for Kristin, and have two more pieces to be made into dresses for her. Then I have seersucker for several playsuits. I like seersucker for the things she wears out in the sandpile because it is so easy to rinse them out and dry them and put them on again without ironing. One of Frank's sisters gave me a red and white check seersucker dress of hers which has a real full skirt and I think I will be able to get two playsuits out of that. Kristin also has to have some more new white panties for summer, which I always make for her, so you can see that my days for awhile at least, will find me busy with a needle and thread.

Right now Kristin is spending her time being excited over the Easter Bunny. Every day she wants to know if this is the day we are going to make the Easter cookies. She has a little rabbit cookie cutter, also a chicken, and I have told her that on Friday we will make cookies for her to take to her Aunt Edna and to Grandma and Grandpa Johnson.

She is also excited over all the birthdays we have in our family this month and next. Grandmother Driftmier's is April third; her Aunt Edith Halls is April fifth; her Daddy's is April 17th. So she is going to have lots of candles to blow out in the next couple of weeks. We won't get to go to Shenandoah to help Grandmother celebrate her birthday, but I told her we would celebrate here at our house and have a cake, and of course we will put candles on it and she can sing happy birthday even if Granny can't hear her.

The muddy roads have certainly kept our guest list down. The folks have been so anxious to come for a day and are just waiting for word from us that the roads are dry. My, it has been so long since they were here last, either the last of October or the first of November. Lucile and Russell and Juliana want so much to come up to help Frank celebrate his birthday and we are hoping that they can. Maybe by the time I write my next letter they all will have been here. Let's hope so.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

CHILDREN'S PORTRAITS

3 for \$2.50

4 poses to choose from.

VERNESS STUDIO
SHENANDOAH, IA.

No Appointment Necessary

LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

Everyone who has been anticipating bad weather for Bermuda may say "I told you so!" this week. The 300-year old house that we rent really creaks and groans under the strain of some of the fifty-mile-an-hour winds we have been getting. There is such a large crack in the wall over one of the windows that Betty wears a hair net to keep her hair from blowing while working in that room. It would take a great deal more than a breezy bedroom to cause us to complain, however, for we love every bit of that old house.

At the very moment that I was looking out of my office window and wishing that it would stop raining and blowing, I opened a letter from a friend of mine enclosing a picture of the Navy camp on Adak in the Aleutians. Attached to the picture was a little note saying, "If you ever get discouraged with Bermuda, turn to this and be grateful for the land of balmy breezes and beautiful flowers." Isn't it the truth? It makes me ashamed to think that I ever complain about weather in Bermuda when the weather here at its worst is much better than the weather in Adak at its best.

Speaking of weather, it might interest you to know that the Bermudians swear by the use of shark oil as a weather forecaster. One of our American friends is a manufacturer of barometers, and the bottle of shark oil that he keeps in his Bermuda home is actually more accurate than his barometer!

When the weather is good, the shark oil is perfectly clear, but when bad weather is on its way the oil becomes very foggy. The most amazing thing, however, is the way the oil forecasts the direction of the wind. The top surface of the oil tilts so that the highest point of the tilting surface is in the same relative position as the wind will take. I have watched it for days on end and know that it is actually so. I am planning to buy a bottle of Bermuda shark oil this week.

The circulation in our library these days pleases me very much for it is the highest it has been for many months. Funny things happen every day, and last week I was amused by one of our officers who came to me with this problem:

"Chaplain," he said, "the other day I was up here in the library studying a book on the subject of memory. One chapter had a wonderful system for teaching a person how to remember. I would like to study the book again but for the life of me I can't remember the title, the author, or which shelf it was on. Can you help me?"

Well, he has my sympathy. Back in the days when I was a college instructor the students called me the absent-minded professor, and Betty says that I haven't improved a bit. The other day I put sugar and cream in my saucer and started to stir it before I noticed what I was doing. Absent-minded as I am, the best thing I ever did was to get married. What I

mean by that is that the men who need wives the most are the absent-minded ones. Betty is a big help when it comes to reminding me to do things.

The other night we had a waffle party and I can only blame myself for the way things turned out. I am famous for making waffles, in case you didn't know—at least people tell me I am. My recipe is tried and true and I don't know how I happened to let one of our guests, a cook with the Sea Bees, get me into such a mess. He pointed out to me that I should make the flour into a paste before adding it to the milk, and then proceeded to show me how it was done by putting a cup of water into the waffle flour to make the paste.

For some reason it seemed to make no difference how much paste we added to the milk—the batter would not thicken. We kept adding more and more flour paste until we had used three times as much flour as was called for by the recipe, but still the batter would not thicken. We were at a loss to know what to do until it suddenly occurred to me that by making the flour paste with water we had added three cups of water to a mixture that should have had no water in it at all. Before the evening was over we had made enough waffle batter to feed half of the personnel on the base.

All of this reminds me that in a very short time you should receive a copy of a sermon I preached some weeks ago on the subject of self-control. I decided to preach on self-control after a trip to the local barber. Here in Bermuda is the only place where a man can be a barber, a butcher, and a paper hanger all at the same time. When I went into the shop the other day I asked the barber if he cut my hair the last time I was in there. He replied: "I doubt it. I've only been here six months!" He told me that my hair needed cutting badly and then proceeded to cut it just that way.

Right now I'm mustering all of my self-control for it is just about time to start on a marketing expedition and from sad experience I know just what I'm in for. To begin with, it seems whenever I go shopping that I forget to bring the market basket (remind me to remember it today) and so I have to get some kind of a box from one of the clerks. I always have the misfortune to be the 27th person to ask that particular clerk for a box, and so I end up by having to carry at least seven paper sacks, four of which are broken out at the bottom. Furthermore, the first thing on the list is always fresh vegetables, and without exception this means that I'll hear the clerk say, "Sorry, Chaplain, the green stuff hasn't been brought over from the cold storage room yet."

"It hasn't?" I exclaim showing great surprise. I've never figured out why I show surprise at that information. After months of being told the same thing I ought to know by this time that the early bird doesn't always catch the worm. Then I get a little closer to the clerk and ask if he thinks I shall have time to put in a

meat order before the vegetables are ready.

"Yeah, but be on your toes. It's lettuce today," he tells me in a carefully guarded way.

I slide over to the meat counter with one eye kept firmly in the direction of the vegetable room and ask the clerk for steaks.

"Sorry, Chaplain, no steaks."

"No steaks?"

"NO STEAKS."

"All right, what about calves' liver?"

"No liver."

"What? No liver? All right, give me some round steak double ground."

"Can't give it to you double ground."

"Can you give it to me single ground?"

"Can't grind it at all. The grinder is broken."

Do you get the idea? And do you see why I'm rereading the sermon on self-control right now with five minutes left before it's time to start marketing? As ever, Frederick.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

There are no words that I am master of

With which to thank you, God, for my son's wife:

This girl who is part mother in her love,

Part young girl, and part woman, and her life

So gathered up in flame to meet the one

Who is my son.

I yield him to her, I who have so long

Been lovingly preparing him for her,

I would not bind them with one selfish thong

That through its constant chafing might deter

Their love upon the high road, they must be

Free as the wind is free,

Dear God, I am so grateful that my son

In searching for a woman found this one.

—Selected.



Are you planning a stork shower? Juliana wheeled this doll buggy full of gifts at a shower we gave for Mrs. John Leacox. The crepe paper was pink and white.

BEYOND A KITCHEN WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

In order to get every possible bit of enjoyment out of a trip I really make it three times. This is my method: First, I travel by means of the written word—that is, I read every book I can get ahold of about that part of the country. At the library I ask for history, novels and descriptions and the lives of people who have made that section famous. I send to travel bureaus for maps and circulars, to the Chamber of Commerce, state and national resources departments for their contribution. I mark the things I MUST see, I list out-of-the-way points, get a line on tourist cabins, etc., and then my travel library is part of my luggage and each day I sort out what we are to see and have it handy.

Then I really make that trip, and as I go I collect postcards, maps, our own snapshots, menu cards and anything else I can stow away in a scrap book.

The third time I make this trip is one of the most enjoyable. For evening after evening in the winter I get out my travel scrapbook and relive pleasant scenes. The trip diary is here, some pressed wild flowers, and by using tracing paper I make some maps of my own as to our route. Most important, I know how and what changes we would make if traveling that way again, for certainly you must visit a strange section of the country twice if you are to know it. The first time just paves the way for a more successful trip.

So our "Plantation Parade" by Harnett Kane rode right in the front seat with us as we left the cotton plantation in Mississippi and journeyed on to Louisiana. Without this book St. Francisville might just have been another small town. First we visited the lovely Episcopal Church built in 1828, the second Protestant church in Louisiana. It is considered one of the most beautiful anywhere, partly because of its lovely surroundings. The old colored sexton took us through the cemetery at the back where generations of these aristocratic plantation folk rest under the huge live oak trees. The trees are draped with Spanish moss and mocking birds sing there day and night.

As we walked through the cemetery we asked him why there was the grave of a Union soldier among all of the Confederates, and he told us that a Union boat was shelling St. Francisville from the river when an officer aboard died. With his last breath he begged that he be buried with full Masonic rites. The ship ran up a white flag, a messenger was dispatched to shore to ask that this be allowed, and it was granted. The officer was buried behind the church with the Masonic order at St. Francisville conducting the ceremony. Then the Union soldiers went back to their ship, took down the white flag, started firing again and later tore away part of the church walls. Doesn't this illustrate how pointless wars are?

We visited the famous Greenwood plantation with its twenty-eight majestic pillars. We agreed with the builder that it was beautiful enough

to warrant having a lake dug at the side to reflect this mansion and its moss-draped liveoaks. Upon the roof perched a belvedere, a very important part of any early home along the river, then about the only means of transportation. Here a watch could be kept for boats.

The windows have gilded cornices, the central hallway extends seventy feet, the door knobs are of silver, and the punkah in the dining room is of silver. Greenwood, like many other plantations, had its own race course where thoroughbred horses made race-horse history. It doesn't take much imagination to realize what a life of luxury and culture these first plantation owners lived. Famous oil paintings still adorn the walls, and shelves of fine books extend from floor to ceiling.

At Rosedown, huge liveoaks line each side of a long, wide driveway. Now they meet and interlace making a pleasant shade. It doesn't seem possible that a bride in 1835 gathered an apronful of acorns and with her servants dropped them in two long lines before the site where her husband promised to build her the most beautiful home in this new cotton land; it's difficult to believe that such immense trees could have grown from those acorns. When this same bride went with her husband to France to buy furnishings for Rosedown, they brought back a French landscape artist to lay out gardens on each side of these young trees. The camellia shrubs have grown like the liveoaks and now are tall trees loaded with bloom.

It is said that the most priceless collection of antiques in our land today is that gathered here and on display for \$1.00 per person. Here are famous oil paintings, tapestries, rare books, china, furniture, carpets and furnishings which have graced these rooms ever since the first builder lived here. It's one of those places where museum pieces can be seen in their original setting, which is much better than seeing them lumped together in cases. You may turn the pages of the enormous volumes of Shakespeare which we are told is wanted by a museum for a standing offer of almost \$100,000, and so on and on all through the lower floor.

And you wouldn't think of leaving St. Francisville without seeing Afton Villa. An old gray-haired Negro, humble yet dignified, stands out in front in a frocktail coat and tall silk hat and bids visitors enter the avenue of liveoaks and flowering shrubs that form a half-mile drive through the landscaped gardens to the house. As the gates open the visitor steps from a matter-of-fact world into the charm and romance of a bygone age. Twenty acres have been transformed into terraces and sunken gardens, one of the finest gardens in the South and one which no flower lover should miss.

St. Francisville is one of the places we marked for a return visit. But if we were to see New Orleans we had to close "Plantation Parade" until next time.

Like most northerners, the levees interested us — sometime we'll climb them just to prove to ourselves that

the river was above us! But when a ship steamed along and it was much higher than us on the highway, we had convincing proof. We just couldn't but utter a silent prayer that the levee wouldn't break! I'd be terrified to travel along those levees in flood times.

Around New Orleans again we found a country and ways much different than our own. It is a land of bayous and people travel in small frail boats called pirogues; they go places in them just as we use a car. The boat is tied to their doorstep and even the smallest children paddle to the store, paddle to play with each other, etc.

We went fishing and brought up oysters, shrimp and crabs besides some odd fish. We rode miles and miles through these bayous in our motor launch. The natives are of French extraction and one of their main ways of making a living is by trapping muskrats.

We saw many herds of cattle in swampy pastures, and always the bull was a Brahma with his floppy ears and big hump. They can stand the hot weather better than any other breed. In the city we visited the colorful French market, and the cemeteries where all burial is above ground in cement structures much the shape of a coffin. Inside are shelves where the bodies are laid to rest. Instead of buying a lot, often they pay rent on these burial shelves.

We liked the sea food and many of their fine dishes, but we could not stand their coffee. On inquiry we found that most all Southerners prefer coffee with chicory in it. This makes the resulting brew strong and bitter as quinine and of a thickish consistency. We were advised to ask for "pure" coffee at any restaurant or store.

Because we are landlubbers we could hardly tear ourselves away from the docks. It was so interesting to see ferry boats, big ships from all over the world, and all kinds of ships from the Navy, dock and leave every few minutes. Even the whistles just thrilled us!

As we traveled northward on our return route we decided first to put up the windows. Then we put on our coats, and last we turned on the heater and made the final 100 miles in snow. It was all very different from the balmy atmosphere of twenty-four hours ago!

One of the nicest experiences came on our way back. We loved the scenic country in the Boston mountains in western Arkansas. On this trip we sort of hoped to look around the Missouri Ozarks for that home of our dreams, the place we'd "retire" to. But we've decided definitely to go just a little farther south and live in the Boston mountains in Arkansas. We even looked at farms, and now I'm starting an Arkansas scrap book and accumulating Arkansas data. In the meantime, we'll enjoy to the fullest a Missouri spring season, for I doubt if any part of the United States has a better display than we do right here in northwest Missouri.

Home is pretty nice to come back to any time.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE THUMBLETY BUMBLETY ELF'S MAYBASKET

By Maxine Sickels

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf jumped out of his snug thistledown bed on the last day of April at the first peek of Susie Sunbeam. He whistled a gay little tune he had learned from an oriole. With a whisk and a dash he pulled on his gray sweater the pussy willows had given him, his brownie pants and his turned-up shoes. Then setting his cap from the golden-bell bush on his head at a perky angle, he started down the Elfland path.

The last day of April is a very special day in Elfland because the next day is Maybasket day. And that is a special special day.

All of the little elves gather the prettiest flowers they can find and hang them at the door of their favorite fairy on the evening of Maybasket Day! Each little fairy wears her prettiest dress, her brightest spangles of moonlit dew drops, and her sweetest smile.

Then when the Little Elfman lays his flower at her doorstep and blows on his elfin horn, she opens the door, smiles her sweetest smile, bows her most graceful bow and says, "Thank you, friend of mine."

The Little Elfman says, "You're welcome, Fairy. Will you walk with me?"

And then they go walking arm in arm in the moonlight.

The Thumblety Bumblety Elf had found the bluest violet, the pinkest spring beauty, the most perfect Easter lily in the woods and marked them for his own. Today he was going to cut them and carry them home. And then in the evening—well, you know what he was going to do in the evening!

It was a big job for a Little Elfman. He worked and worked and worked, but by evening he had them all safe in his hollow tree home. Presently it was time to start out, and then he ran into dreadful trouble for when he tried to carry them all he found that he could manage only two things at once. The moment he tried to pick up the third flower he lost one of the two in his hands. After trying this a few times the Thumblety Bumblety Elf sat down to think.

He looked up at the leaves and thought and thought. A green leaf came blowing down by him as if it wanted to play tag. He caught it in his hands and rolled it into a tiny basket shape.

Suddenly he jumped up and began to laugh. Quickly he pinned the sides of the leaf with the thorn from a wild rosebush, and it made a darling little basket with the stem for a handle. Into it he put his three lovely flowers.

He carried it over his shoulder by the handle and away he went.

His favorite fairy friend was very pleased and happy over her basket of flowers. And the Thumblety Bumblety Elf was quite pleased and happy over having such a happy thought.

And for years and years we have all been pleased and happy over our Maybaskets just as the people in Elf-land have been pleased over their Maybaskets.

1. What ship carries the greatest number of passengers? Ans. Courtship.

2. Why is a greenback more valuable than gold? Ans. Because you double it before you put it into your pocket and when you take it out you find it in creases.

3. Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Ans. Because it is the center.

4. On what day of the year do women talk the least? Ans. On the shortest day.

5. Where can you find every word in your last foolish conversation? Ans. The dictionary.

MOTHER

M—is for the million things she gave me,

O—is only that she's growing old,

T—is for the tears she shed to save me,

H—is for the heart of purest gold,

E—is for the eyes with love light shining,

R—is for right and right she'll always be,

Put them all together — they spell Mother,

A word that means the world to me.

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This little duckling swims along—
Of happiness he's dreaming,
But turn him upside down and see



A rat with eyes a-gleaming.

"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 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

5x7 ENLARGEMENT from negative (not picture) 25¢; 8x10 enlargement, 50¢; pictures copied, including 5x7 print and negative, \$1.00. Roll film developed, printed, 30¢. All postage prepaid. Verness Studio, Shenandoah, Iowa.

BABY DOLLS: Crocheted clothing: cap, cape, dress, booties, soakers. Color, yellow, pink, blue, and white combinations. \$4.50 each. Mrs. R. J. Tyler, 1020 Charlotte Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

DOILIES, chair sets, etc., crocheted from your pattern. Send full description and stamped envelope for price. Also, crocheted butterfly lapel pins, 50¢. Catherine Scott, Nelson, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Crocheted afghan. If interested write for price and description. Mrs. Clyde Clement, Santa Fe, Missouri.

CUTE SUNSUITS FOR YOUNGSTERS: Sizes, one, two, or three. Send one feed sack, two buttons, and 50¢. Have more of your tot's favorite clothes made by sending material and old garment for pattern. Two to four years, \$1.00. Under, 75¢. Mrs. Wm. B. Laessig, 630 Park Place, Salina, Kansas.

BAND APRONS, rickrack trim, \$1.00. Color-trim crocheted aprons, \$2.50. Mrs. G. S. Valentine, Route 7, Topeka, Kansas.

PINEAPPLE PIN CUSHIONS, all colors, \$1.25 each. Also will do crocheting from your pattern. Send full description and stamps for price. Elvia Christensen, Audubon, Iowa.

ONE WHITE TWILL PATTERN BED-SPREAD, \$40.00. Baby sweater, cap, and bootie sets, \$4.00. State color, white with blue or pink. Herald Harris, Truman, Minnesota.

MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS: Pillow cases and dresser scarf set of nice white muslin, set embroidered and crocheted lace, \$3.25. Rugs, 24x46, loom woven, \$2.00. Lapel yarn flowers, 50¢ bouquet. Woven pillow tops of heavy yarn, \$1.50, 20x20. State color. Mrs. A. Winters, Route 1, Des Moines, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Lovely hostess gown, open blue, size 36, never worn, \$12.00. Crocheted floral bouquet medallions for pillow cases, etc., 50¢ each, any color, variegated thread. Fancy pillow cases, excellent tubing, \$5.00 and up. Crocheted centerpieces pineapple design, 20-inch square, \$4.50. Embroidered tie around organdy apron, blue, \$2.00. Send postage for information. Beautiful cards, assorted or all birthday, with or without scripture, 15 for \$1.10. Also sympathy and baby congratulations, floral stationery, gift wrappings, \$1.10 per box. Gift enclosure cards, 14 for 65¢. Orders appreciated. Bernice Olson, Box 767, Bode, Iowa.

DAINTY CROCHETED SACHET BASKET with tiny crocheted flowers. Pastel shades, 40¢. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

FRILLY DOILIES with star center, colors, white, variegated peach or green, \$2.50. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Pot holders, tea towels, pillow cases, Bird of Paradise lapel pins and earrings. Write for prices. Wanda Moore, Toledo, Iowa.

SACK TOWELS, 30¢. Dish towels, 20¢, size 18x44. Print sack aprons, rickrack trimmed, 90¢. Quilt pieces, 50¢ pound. Mrs. Roy McCart, Moberly, Missouri.

HAND WOVEN POTHOLDERS. Choice colors, 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Anna Rohe, 2954 Apple Street, Lincoln, Neb.

LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN QUILT, 74x88 inches. Prewar, \$20.00. Also a big butterfly quilt top. Send stamp. Mrs. J. Prewitt, Leroy, Minnesota.

FAMOUS COLLECTION of 100 recipes from the Diana-Jean Tea Room. Available for \$1.00. Diana-Jean Tea Room, 1003 S. Osage Street, Sedalia, Mo.

BE LUCKY: Join Alma's Four Leaf Clover Hobby Club, Colfax, Illinois. Promote your hobbies. Sell to others, \$1.00 year.

FOR SALE: Textile painting and all kinds of handwork. Send stamps. Mrs. Nellie McChesney, 1924 Clay Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

BUTTON HOLE MAKER as advertised on radio. Sent for only 50¢ postpaid. Complete with directions. Satisfaction or money back. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Ia.

GREETING CARDS. All occasion or all birthday, 16 for \$1.00. See April issue for apron ad. Boden Industries, Adams, Nebr.

STAINLESS STEEL WATCH BANDS, reduced, men's, \$1.00. Ladies: white or yellow, \$1.25. Danner and buttonhole attachment, fits all machines, 50¢. Leola Reynolds, 1344 Sumner, Lincoln, Nebr.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: 20 sheets linen-finish stationery, 20 matching envelopes, 20 Personalized Post Cards; all neatly printed with your name and address, only \$1.00 postpaid. Ideal gift for relative or friend. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. M., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS, doilies, pot holders, aprons. Postage for information, Mrs. Rex Wiley, 610 No. Walnut, Creston, Iowa.

SOMETHING NEW TO HELP CLEAN HOUSE. (Speed Rag). Not a dust cloth. It cleans Duco, Varnish, Venetian Blinds; makes Glass, Chromium, and Silver sparkle. Will not injure hands. Price, \$1.00. Mary Ellen Alexander, Shenandoah, Iowa.

HAT WITH LOOP STITCH, pin cushions, pot lifters, dish cloths, doilies, chair sets. Write to Mrs. Minnie Furnish, Box 185, Greentop, Missouri.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, 2 for \$1.00. Runners for davenport backs, 12x48 inches, \$6.00. Baby shoes or booties, \$1.00. Afghan, size 50 x 70 inches, \$30.00. Dresses, sizes, 1 to 4, any color, \$4.50. Doilies, crocheted aprons, edgings, bibs, etc. Prices on request. Mrs. Charles R. Snow, 2608 E. Douglas Avenue, Des Moines 17, Iowa.

ALMOST NEW. Wool Spring Coat. Syd-brooke Junior. Size 12. Light green. \$10.00. Postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

CROCHETED BED SPREAD. Full size. Cream color, good quality thread, price, \$75.00. Mrs. Frank Iversen, Charter Oak, Iowa.

WANT MIDDLE AGED HOUSEKEEPER. Swedish lady preferred but any good housekeeper considered. Take complete charge of modern home. 6 year old son. Good home, wages, plus a yearly bonus. Carl Peterson, Clarinda, Iowa.

SEWING: Ladies crepes, \$5.00. Childrens, 3.00. Prints, all sizes, \$2.00. Send correct size and pattern. Mrs. Bernice Wilcoxson, Center, Kentucky.

CROCHETED AFGHAN: All wool different colors, variegated yarn, 54 x 72, \$85.00. Orders taken for any special color. Rag dolls, \$2.50 and \$4.00. Well made of good material. Doll clothes, write for prices. Mrs. O. E. McDaniel, Lehigh, Iowa.

WHAT DOES 1947 HOLD FOR YOU? Latest individual daily guide to health, success, happiness. Your To-morrow-scope finest yet, \$1.00 with birthdate; and with the purchase of my To-morrow-scope you may write me twice for information any time during the year free; enclose a stamped addressed envelope to Eva Hutchings, 1928 Prospect, Lincoln, Nebraska.

WANTED: Noritake China Cup, Marguerite pattern; Kerosene glass hanging lamp with crystal prisms. Write, Mrs. Ed. Talbot, Pleasanton, Nebraska.

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CANDLELIGHTING SERVICE FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Mabel Nair Brown

Planned around the theme, "Virtues of Motherhood", this will be a beautiful, impressive and inspiring service. It is a program which can be adapted easily to banquet, party or church program, and is particularly suitable for a club of young girls who wish to entertain their mothers.

In choosing the reader be sure to select someone who has a clear, carrying voice and who reads with great expression. A soft musical background will be provided by the pianist. She will find many appropriate numbers to choose from, and should plan to increase the volume of the music as each candle is lighted. (There are six candles to be lighted.) After each candle is lighted she should swing quickly into the introductory measures for songs that are used.

Individual candle holders may be used, but formal candelabra are more impressive. The person lighting the candles should use a tall taper and should remain in the background, stepping forward only to light each candle as it is indicated in the reading.

READER: "Our Heavenly Father has given to each of us a Mother. Her love and understanding give to us our greatest inspiration toward the better things of life. We treasure dearly Mother's spirit of *unselfishness*. Most of us are prone to think first of our own desires and happiness, but a mother hopes that all the best which life offers might come to her child. We are first in her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers. She cheerfully does without even the necessities if by doing so we may be made happy. Yes, light a candle for her *unselfishness* (candle is lighted) and may we in word, or deed, or letter, be sure to let Mother know how much we appreciate all her sacrifices for us."

Song: Mother McCreae.

READER: "How great is a Mother's understanding. Experience is life's greatest teacher. Mother learned her lessons well and do through the years we may benefit from her experiences. Surely the Proverbs 14:33 might apply to Mother—'Wisdom resteth in the heart of him who hath understanding', so to Mother's understanding we light our second candle."

Song: Arrangement of poem beginning, "Somebody knows of the work it takes to hold a home together."

READER: "Who can find the words to tell of Mother's care which endureth from the beginning to the end? Day and night, in little things or big things, Mother's care is watching over

us ready to guide us if we falter. So light a candle for Mother's care, wherever we go it's always there!"

Song: "That Wonderful Mother of Mine."

READER: "Blessed is a home where there is to be found Friendship, a place where Mother keeps ever young in spirit, who makes friends with her children and grows with them, for it is a Mother's enduring friendship which wins the confidence of her children. We light the fourth candle in the row to Mother's cheerful friendship glow."

Song: "What A Friend We Have In Mother".

READER: "Surely *patience* must be one of the most desirable of Mother's virtues! From the days when we first toddle about poking our inquisitive little noses into everything about the home, through the days when we continually asked 'Why-why-where-when-why', and until we are grown, Mother is there ready to answer, to give, to do, patiently and willingly. Down through the years as she watches us in our own home she is still ready to help, to advise and to share from her great store of patience. As she grows older she is happiest when her family let her know she is still needed. Light a candle for Mother's *patience* which has stood by us all in our times of trial and error."

Song: "To ra loo ra loo ra" (Irish Lullaby) or Brahms's Lullaby.

READER: Our last candle we light to Mother's unfathomable love. We cannot even try to understand or to explain it; we accept it as a gift from God and cherish it always. It is a love that gives and gives and never asks to be repaid. It remains forever unchanged and follows us even unto the ends of earth. Let us not fail to show our appreciation, showing her that we love her more with each passing year. May the candle of love be lighted.

Song: "M-O-T-H-E-R".

READER: So our candles glow to Mother! God bless her and keep her always. In closing may I quote these lines written by Lord Salisbury?

MOTHER

There's a little word called Mother
With a rhythm all its own,
Which seems to sooth the heartstrings
In the cradle of its tone.
God has framed it for tenderness
And understanding true,
And then He called it Mother
For He named it after you.

This program may be simplified by omitting songs if desired, and of course you may add your own favorite bits of verse or songs. A rehearsal should be held in order that the program will run smoothly, and perhaps the committee will decide that it would be nice for six girls to serve as candlelighters rather than only one.

If this program accompanies a banquet it would be nice to use a small heart or flower-shaped candle at each place. Perhaps the place-card could be used in conjunction with it. The candles are to be left unlighted until the program is ready to begin, and at that time each guest could light her candle as she gives a short toast to Mother.

GAMES AND STUNTS

By Mabel Nair Brown

Spring Fishing

Tie a jar ring to a yardstick with a long string and see who can get the ring around the neck of a pop bottle by using only one hand. Have four or five fishing at one time.

* * *

Spring Cleaning

Place a number of housecleaning articles in a basket. Let each guest look over the basket for a short time and see who can write the most complete list. Or as a variation, make up a list of scrambled words pertaining to housecleaning such a furniture polish, floor wax, dust mop, etc. Then have the guests unscramble the words and write the list correctly.

* * *

Know-It-All

A set of questions is handed each guest, and the person getting all the correct answers first wins. Use questions such as:

1. Find person who has red-headed mother.
2. Find owner of an all-black cat and get its name.
3. Find person's name with the most different letters in it.
4. Find person with the shortest name.
5. Find person with longest auto license number.



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