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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

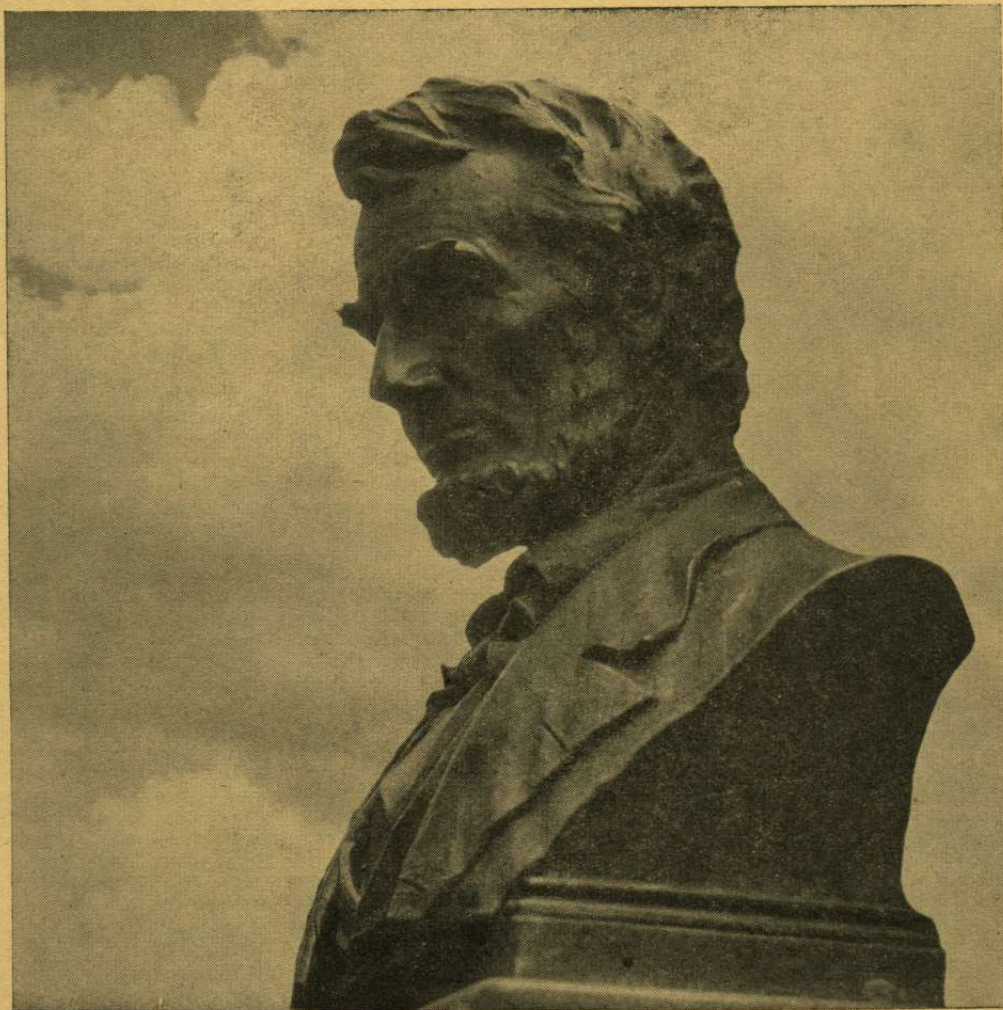
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H. Armstrong Roberts



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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Dear Kitchen-Klatterers:

"Somewhere in Old Wyoming" we are speeding along!" All I can think of are the words to all the cowboy songs I have ever heard, particularly "Home on the Range" with its words: "Where never is heard a discouraging word, and life is all happy and gay."

Yes, we are really on our way to California. By "we" I mean my sister, Helen Fischer, and I. The longest day of the longest week finally came to an end—you really cannot imagine how long that week was! You see, the day after Christmas Mart and Donald left our house together to drive to California, but I had to wait until January 5th to start by train. One thing that made time drag so badly was my inability to believe that I was actually going—even the sight of packed luggage in my bedroom didn't quite make me keep from feeling that it was all a dream.

On that last day Lucile and Margery prepared a wonderful farewell supper, but I was too excited really to enjoy it as I should have done. Juliana sat at the table with her eyes as big as saucers, and everyone kept looking at me sort of expectantly as the hands of the clock moved up towards seven, the time we had set for leaving Shenandoah. The reason all of this was out-of-the-ordinary was because I've watched different members of our family leave for California a good many times during the past eighteen years, and never even hoped that I could someday make the trip again myself. However, now that we've gotten as far as Wyoming I can only say that the trip has been wonderfully easy so far, and I may even start around the world someday soon!

Howard and Wayne drove Helen and me to Omaha. The train was late, and while we were waiting in the Union Station several of my radio friends came in to tell me goodbye and to wish me a happy vacation. Wasn't that nice of them? It was the last perfect thing to get the trip off to a good start.

At last the train came in and the boys lifted me in my wheelchair up the steps; and since the aisle was too narrow for my chair, Howard carried me into the bedroom we had reserved and sat me on the bed. With many farewell bits of advice and promises

to take care of things at home, they left us. Aren't young men sons a comfort though?

Everyone has been so helpful. Once again I see it proven that nothing makes people happier than to find a way to help someone else. Just now the porter came in to tell me he found a way to narrow my wheelchair so that it will roll down the aisle. Right here I must stop to say that for the past three or four years one of the perennial arguments at our home has been this: will mother's wheelchair be too large to go down a train aisle at the end of the car where the bedrooms are located, or won't it? Mart insisted that it would and his was a lone voice—the whole family took the other side. Well, now we know who was right—I wouldn't blame Mart if he felt very triumphant when I tell him tomorrow.

Although this little room is small it contains every convenience for our comfort, including stimulating fresh air which we can control to just the temperature we desire. It's the perfect way for anyone to travel who has to consider a physical handicap.

For the last few weeks I have been a little concerned about how I would be able to manage all the details of this trip since for not one minute can I stand on my feet, but all of these apprehensions vanished like a flash even before we had left the Omaha station. That long, long flight of stairs from the waiting room to the train platform had seemed like an almost insurmountable barrier, but a smiling Red Cap gathered together those travelers who would find the steps inconvenient and took us down in the elevator, and by a private passage way scooted me past the crowds to the very door of our car. So you see, it doesn't pay to worry.

The Next Morning—January 7th

I awakened early and am all dressed, packed and ready to get off the train. The porter says for me not to worry about that for there are plenty of husky men on board who can lift my chair down the steps. I'll finish this letter after I get to the hotel in Redlands for I think that we are within twenty miles of the station in San Bernadino where I am to leave the train.

Later in the day:

Mart was at the train to meet me.

Helen went on to Claremont where she will visit her daughter, Louise, her husband Roger and the two children, Jean and Carter.

It was certainly wonderful to see Mart standing there, and to be able to get into our own car and drive to Redlands. Twenty-four years had passed since I had made that drive the last time, and I had almost forgotten how beautiful orange groves are with their fruit-laden trees; we passed many large orchards on the way from San Bernadino to Redlands.

I had almost forgotten too how the mountains fairly surround Redlands. The sky is a bright blue today, and the air is so clear that we can almost see the pine cones on the trees growing on the mountains. Our hotel room has a big picture window in it, and from my desk I can look out and far away to these mountains that of course haven't changed the least bit since I first saw them forty-two years ago.

After lunch Mart and I drove down past the school where I once taught, and then we turned and drove past our old family home, the home where my Mother and Father lived so happily until the time of Mother's death in 1918. There were changes in that house, as is to be expected, but in most details it looked as I had remembered it, and the huge palm trees still stand in the yard. I can't tell you how strange it made me feel to drive past there and realize that I am now the age my Mother was when she first went there to live with all of her children grown and scattered from Coast to Coast. We've only been here a few hours so of course I haven't had much opportunity to explore the hotel, but I did notice that the door to the roof garden opens directly across the hall from our room. It looks lovely out there with easy chairs, swings, potted plants, and a feeling of tropical abundance.

Friday we are driving down to Claremont, and of course there are many, many short trips that we want to make. The rainy season hasn't started yet, we're told, and I hope that the rains hold off a little longer until we've gotten to make some of these trips.

I only wish that each one of you dear friends could enjoy this vacation trip with us. I'm sure that there are countless ones in our circle who no doubt need the sunshine and freedom exactly as much as we need it! Well, you know how much I hope that your turn will come too. Things have a way of working out for the best in this world, and I find this a great comfort to think about as the years slip by faster.

Be sure to write to Lucile and Margery while I am gone. It is because of their willingness and ability to keep things going that I can slip away for a little while.

And now I must go to bed for the first time in California. Until next month you can be sure that I am thinking of you and wishing that you were here to share things with us.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna.

Come into the Garden

PLANT EXPLORERS

By Mary Duncomb

We often wonder how it happens that in our homes and gardens we have plants, shrubs and trees which certainly are very far from home. And we also notice, when we look up their botanical names, that we find some man's name attached to the species' name. Why is this so?

In the early days of exploration, ships were sent out to strange and distant places which carried among their personnel a doctor and a botanist. Often these were one and the same man, for their duties do intermingle when it comes to the knowledge of using drugs in medicine. When stops were made these men went ashore and collected herbs to add to the herbariums of their employers; all of these specimens were carefully preserved for future study.

Another class of plant explorers was made up of young men who had spent some time as gardeners in various horticultural gardens where collections are made from all parts of the world. They usually were sent to some special country with some set object to accomplish. Not only did they collect pressed specimens, but they also shipped back plants and bulbs to their botanical gardens.

Among these men was Robert Fortune who, in the Victorian era, was sent out to China in search of shrubs which would provide bloom for English gardens during the dull months between fall and spring. How well he succeeded in doing this is attested by the many varieties now bearing his name.

E. H. Wilson performed the same service in a somewhat different way for our own country. He traveled in the Min valley, a high valley of China, in search of valuable lily bulbs; he made many of his journeys in a sedan chair borne by natives. Several thousand of these bulbs were selected by him in the autumn, encased in clay, packed in charcoal and then sent back to his native land.

Missionaries have been among our best plant hunters, for many of them were always on the lookout for seeds of a new plant. New Zealand knew these ardent men, and many plants, including valuable orchids, were sent to the Kew Gardens in London. Navigators and scholars such as William Dampier and Darwin made extensive notes of every new subject they compiled.

As our government added more and more land to its boundaries, many expeditions were sent out to acquaint us with the nature of the land that had been acquired. We are all familiar with the interesting trip made by Lewis and Clark in 1803-04 when they traveled up the Missouri and along the Columbia river basins. Two of our garden plants are constant reminders of their interest in plant life: *Clarkia*, a lovely little garden annual that most of us have grown, and

Lewisia, the Bitter root, a rock garden plant whose roots when cooked were used as food by the Indians of the Bitter-root mountains.

To those of us who love all pines and evergreens, the name of the Douglas Fir will bring to mind the young Scotchman, David Douglas, who was sent out by his country to explore our Pacific Northwest coast in 1824. On his journey by sea he stopped at Rio de Janeiro and added to his collection many species of orchids found in the forests of Brazil. He made a very thorough study of the flora of the Columbia River valley, of the seaweeds and plant life at Puget Sound, and he also crossed the Rockies and reached Hudson Bay. His untimely death in Hawaii deprived us of much that would have been worthy of preservation.

There are many such men whose research has given us the plants we love so well. I think that most of us would find it of absorbing interest to make a study of their lives by reading their most interesting biographies.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

PART IV

THE LILY PLANT

The name of a plant family is often taken from the name of one of its leading genera. Thus Liliaceae, the Lily Family, derived its name from the genus *Lilium*.

This family of more than 200 genera is an important group of herbs, shrubs, a few trees and some climbers. In addition to the true Lilies it includes such well-known plants as Tulips, Yuccas, Hostas, Onions and Asparagus.

We often confuse the true Lilies not only with other members of the Lily Family but also with plants which have no kinship whatever, either because they have a "lily name" or because they "look like a Lily." Lily-of-the-Nile is a Liliaceae but belongs to the genus *Agapanthus* and not the genus *Lilium*. It is not a true Lily. The plant called Gingerlily (*Hedychium*) can claim no relationship at all. It belongs to an entirely different family.

We must observe these plants with sharp eyes and keen minds in order to detect those distinctive features which place them in the genus *Lilium* or the lack of them which prove that they are not true Lilies. Summarizing the points we have covered so far we can look at the Lily plant as a whole. Starting at the bottom of things (which is always a good place to start), we learned that a true Lily must have as part of its underground growth a bulb with overlapping scales. The flower stems, which are never entirely leafless, rise out of this bulb.

Distinctive features in the inflores-



Last summer this attractive group of girls called on us. They are the Marcy Merry Maids 4-H Club of Ogden, Ia. During the afternoon they called at the home of Mrs. Earl May where this picture was taken.

scence are blossoms with 6 segments and 6 stamens (the exception to this rule is the occurrence of double blossoms as in one variety of Tiger Lily), and the position of the ovary at the base but inside the blossom. Lilies come in a wide range of colors but there are no true blue Lilies. Almost every other color is represented—delicate pink and rose tones, orange and red, purple, lavender, apricot, yellow and the loveliest of all, the pure white. The leaves are in most cases lance-shaped with parallel veins.

Some writers and references have a standard way of writing common plant names so that one can tell instantly by the way the names are written whether they are true members of a certain genus or if they simply use one part of a name belonging to a plant of another genus or plant family. I wish it were universally practiced so one could always depend on it. For example: When printing the name of a true Lily they make two words of it, thus: Regal Lily, Madonna Lily. If it is not a member of a certain genus yet uses the name as part of its own, a hyphen is placed between the two words, thus: Trout-lily, Mystery-lily. Or it is written as one word: Daylily, Waterlily.

Note the spelling of the word Lily, L-i-l-y. Are you one of the many people guilty of doubling the second "l" and spelling it L-i-l-l-y?

NOT LOST

They are not gone who pass
Beyond the clasp of hand,
Out from the strong embrace.
They are but come so close
We need not grope with hands
Nor look to see, nor try
To catch the sound of feet.
They have put off their shoes
Softly to walk by day
Within our thoughts, to tread
At night our dream-led paths of sleep.
They are not lost who find
The sunset gate, the goal
Of all their faithful years.
Not lost are they who reach
The summit of their climb,
The peak above the clouds
And storms. They are not lost
Who find the light of sun
And stars and God."

—Selected.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

Two weeks after Russell and I were married Dorothy came from Shenandoah to Minneapolis to spend a week-end with us. This was Russell's first meeting with any member of my family, and the way things turned out it was over a year before he met them all because on our first trip back to Shenandoah together a couple of my brothers and sisters were out of town. With a small family you generally meet the whole kit-and-kaboodle at one time, but when you have a big family it takes a long time to make the rounds. We will never forget the time Dorothy had an out-of-town guest who arrived on a Friday evening, and when we sat down to the table on Sunday noon she was still meeting new members of the family!

But Dorothy will never forget her first meeting with Russell because of this: the morning she arrived it was twenty-eight degrees below zero, and since Russell has always felt cold weather intensely he bundled up in fine style to make the trip down to the Union Station. It didn't occur to either one of us to make any advance explanation, so when we returned to the apartment and he casually took off two suit-jackets plus a sweater and an overcoat she was simply flabbergasted. I'm sure she decided in her own mind that he always wore that many layers of clothing.

We had a wonderful visit with Dorothy. Our friends came in to meet her, and several of them banded together and entertained for her. We had so much to say and so much to do during those few short hours that I'm sure we didn't get any sleep worth mentioning. When we took her down to the station for her return trip she carried with her our absolute insistence that Mother and Dad come to visit us as soon as possible. We were confident that in one way or another mother could manage the flights of stairs up to our third-floor apartment.

And sure enough, in June we *did* manage. Mother and Dad went up to Spirit Lake for their annual vacation, and then came on to Minneapolis to visit us. Right here I must stop and say something about their Spirit Lake trips, for many of you friends who are reading this will recall them because you first met the folks at their annual picnic at Arnold's Park. These Kitchen-Klatter picnics have long been an institution, a most enjoyable institution, and for days after their return to Shenandoah we have heard about old friends and new friends. Our file of pictures is full of snapshots taken during those afternoons over a period of years. Mother has always said that one of the things which interests her greatly is the changes that take place from one year to the next. Babies who are still being held and carried at one picnic are up on their feet and tearing all around by the next picnic. Shy little girls and boys have had a year at school between picnics, and on the next visit are talkative and assured.



Mother always tries to get in a little fishing when she makes her summer trip to Spirit Lake. This was taken in 1937.

During the war years these picnics had to be discontinued because of gas rationing, but in years to come we hope that they can be resumed again.

After the annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic of 1937 Mother, Dad, Dorothy and Margery drove on up to Minneapolis, as I've said, and they may have forgotten the circumstances of their arrival but I certainly haven't! It was my understanding that they would arrive about six in the evening, so I planned a fancy dinner made up of their favorite dishes and intended to have everything beautifully immaculate and polished. After all, it was my very first opportunity to entertain my parents in my own home!

Early in the morning I started working on our two-room apartment, and when twelve o'clock came I had everything piled into the kitchen. My schedule called for teaching a class in contemporary American literature from one o'clock until two o'clock, so I planned to return from the class, tackle the kitchen, and then be in apple-pie order by five o'clock—that would give me a full hour to get cleaned up and rested before they arrived at six o'clock. You can see how minutely I had planned every detail!

Well, shortly after two I returned to the apartment, and when I opened the door I found Mother, Dad, Dorothy and Margery sitting in the living room! The manager of the apartment-house had permitted them to enter when they explained who they were, so there they sat, puzzled by my absence and obviously disconcerted by the condition of the kitchen. Oh dear! Through all of these years I've carried painfully vivid memories of my sensations when I realized that all of my beautifully laid plans had been dashed to pieces.

However, such details are genuinely inconsequential, of course; and we really had a wonderful visit. It was the first time Mother and Dad had ever visited in a small apartment in a huge city apartment-house, and I'm sure they were in a state of chronic wonder at our ability to live in such a minute amount of space. Mother never did see how I produced those meals in a kitchen that would have fitted neatly into one small corner of her kitchen at home! I'm also sure that they had their own private doubts

about the bed that came out of the wall! Russell, Margery, Dorothy and I all went to the large home of a friend who generously offered to take us in at night, for our apartment could accommodate two sleepers and no more. If any of you have visited a married son or daughter in such an apartment I think you probably can understand all of the complexities and strangeness involved.

We had many wonderful rides around Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Mothers and Dad thoroughly enjoyed seeing the beautiful lakes and many fine homes that surround them. Russell's parents had us all out for a lovely Sunday night lunch, so all in all it was a happy time—one that we've never forgotten in any detail. They left early in the morning a few days later, but Dorothy stayed on with us for a three weeks' visit. She had had her bicycle shipped up to Minneapolis, and she had a wonderful time riding around the lakes with some young people she'd met who also enjoyed this.

After the folks returned to Shenandoah they had a busy summer. Many, many of you friends came to call, and Mother says that she remembers a good many hot afternoons when practically all of the chairs in the house were moved out into the side-yard and she sat and visited with you. The only two members of our family who weren't at home that summer were Frederick and I. Frederick was taking some extra work at Tarkio College and came home only for a few short visits. There were a few courses he wanted that couldn't be crowded into the winter months, for Frederick's winter schedule was something to behold with its many out-of-town debate trips, filling pulpits in outlying towns on Sunday, and a host of other activities.

During this summer of 1937 Wayne was working in one of our local banks and learning a great deal that would stand him in good stead later. Dorothy left the newspaper when it was sold and went to work at the May Seed and Nursery Company; she has always had considerable ability for office details, and she enjoyed this job that she had for several years. Howard was busy at the mill as usual, and Mother was still baking bread almost every day to test his various runs of flour.

In late July Russell and I stopped in Shenandoah to spend three days on our road to Mexico City. That was the most exciting trip we've ever had, and our five months in Mexico were incomparable. When we made this trip the big International Highway was just being completed—if I remember rightly it was opened for traffic in June and we drove over it a month later. It was a marvelous drive from many standpoints, but so harrowing because of the many dangerous sections of highway that when we returned to the United States in late November we made the trip by train. Next month I'd like to digress from the thread of the family story long enough to tell you just a little about our stay in Mexico.

(Continued in March Issue)

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

While writing this letter I am killing two birds with one stone. I am also taking a sunbath. Basking here in the Hawaiian sun it is hard to realize that back in the Middlewest you are having heavy snow storms and bitter cold. Although I don't like snow, I must confess that I do miss it. So many of our children here in the school have never seen real snow. I have lots of fun telling them tall stories of Iowa blizzards, building snow houses, and having snowball fights.

Just when Betty and I were beginning to worry about finding a Christmas tree for the holidays, word reached us that an entire shipload of Christmas trees had arrived from the mainland. Almost overnight there sprang up Christmas tree stands on every corner and vacant lot in the business section of the city. Many of the trees showed signs of having had a pretty rough sea voyage over here, but we eventually found one that suited our tastes and our pocketbook.

This was our first Christmas with a baby in the house, and what a joyous one it was for us. Thanks to the last minute arrival of packages from Iowa and Rhode Island there were many nice gifts under our tree. The happiness of the day was almost marred, however, by a very near accident. This sounds silly as I tell it, but it could have been serious. While walking around in our backyard a big coconut fell from one of our coconut trees and nearly conked me on the head. Had it struck me, I would be holding my head yet. The coconut trees are right over Betty's clotheslines, and now whenever I go out to help her bring in the wash she reminds me to keep one eye on the trees.

The day after Christmas I left Betty and the baby at home and drove over to the other side of the island where I attended a Christian Youth Conference. Back on the mainland the conference would have been called an inter-racial one, but here in Hawaii everything is inter-racial all of the time and so no particular attention is paid to it. There at the conference we had Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Phillipinos, and Whites. The conference was held at a permanent church conference site on a very lovely little bay where the rugged hills break sharply down to the water's edge. That night when I crawled into bed I noticed a white label attached to my blanket which said: "United Service of America, Clarksville, Iowa." I hope that some of the good people around Clarksville will read this letter and learn that the blanket they sent to war years ago is still being used for a very good purpose. It seems that during the war this particular camp had been used for a Marine Rest Camp. The blanket was evidently left behind when the Marines turned the camp back to the church after the war.

Last Sunday I preached at the morning service of the famous Central Union Church here in Honolulu.



The Hawaii sun is a wonderful thing for babies. Mary Lee, five months, is getting a fine tan.

As I stood at the door shaking hands with people as they left the church several of them mentioned that they always read the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. There at the door I also met two very distant relatives who came out here originally from New England. Quite a few of the people told me that they were from Iowa, and I met some Kansas people who are out here to spend the winter. Honolulu is indeed a strange mixture of the Orient and the Occident.

After the baby had had her Sunday afternoon nap the three of us took a ride in our little red Ford. Driving anywhere on this island is never easy, and on Sunday afternoon it is particularly difficult. There are many, many thousands of automobiles in Honolulu and there are very few places for them to go. As a result all three of the main roads out of the city are crowded with traffic. It is necessary to drive miles through heavy city traffic before reaching the country.

We braved all of this and eventually found ourselves on the rugged southeast shore where the big waves were breaking heavily against the rocks. We didn't see too much of interest, but we did see what is commonly known out here as a "blow hole". The "blow hole" we saw was a hole about the size of a washtub opening down into the rock about twenty-five feet back from the water's edge. When a heavy wave would wash under the rock the pressure of the water would force a spray up through the "blow hole" and into the air about forty feet. We also saw a big camp of Gypsies. It looked just like a Gypsy camp anywhere with dirty little children in colorful dresses playing around smoking campfires. I was

surprised to see them out here but was informed that they have always been welcomed by the restaurant and hotel people who rely on the Gypsies to do all the mending of the big pots and pans used in their kitchen.

The floral wealth of these tropical islands is truly bewildering. Here in our own garden we have lush vines of brilliant purple bougainvillea, a dense hedge of gold-filled night-blooming cereus and several large bushes of salmon and scarlet hibiscus. Just across the hedge in our neighbor's garden we can see a lovely bed of anthuriums with their brilliant red patent-leather finish and many varieties of orchids.

Where there are beautiful flowers you naturally expect to see lots of beautiful birds, but such is not the case here. Hawaii has very few beautiful birds. The most common bird on the islands is the monotonously noisy Indian mynah. The mynah is about the size of a robin and is somewhat the same in appearance, but is ten times as noisy. Mynahs always travel in pairs, and whenever a third one shows up on the scene there is bound to be a fight. More than once Betty and I have rushed outdoors to see what on earth was causing so much commotion only to find some mynahs having a fight. At nightfall hundreds of mynahs will congregate in a banyan tree and hold a screeching contest. It has been suggested that the reason Hawaii has so few beautiful birds is because other birds simply cannot tolerate the terrible screeching of the mynahs.

Of all the animal life around Hawaii nothing has interested me more than the little tiny fish with the great big name. I refer to the *humunukumu-kuaupua'a*. This specimen is a little fish with its eyes set far back in its head, its cheeks drawn forward and its small round mouth pursed up in a perpetual whistle of surprise. In the Honolulu aquarium there is a magnificent display of tropical fish.

Right at this moment it is raining hard in our backyard and not a drop of rain is falling in the front yard. That is typical of Honolulu. Most of our showers fall while the sun is shining and it may rain as often as twenty or thirty times in one day. Right here on our campus we get about forty inches of rain a year, and just a few blocks away they get more than a hundred inches of rain a year. Always there are heavy clouds in the sky, but the sun is never more than a few minutes away. I really doubt if there is any place in the world where rainbows are more frequent or more vivid. A few nights ago I saw a rainbow at ten o'clock in the evening caused by the brilliant moonlight. The boys out at the University of Hawaii believe that the university football team only scores when there is a rainbow hanging over the university. Considering the number of times the team has scored this year, a rainbow over the university must be a common event.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick.

WHICH ARE YOU CELEBRATING?

By Hallie M. Barrow

I'm an almanac reader. And in looking over February's dates I find Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, Valentine's Day, Ground Hog Day, and the birth month of Longfellow, Buffalo Bill Cody and Lindbergh; of our presidents, Woodrow Wilson died in this month and these three were born: Washington, Harrison and Lincoln. Now just which of these dates will mean the most to you?

For me it will be George Washington's birthday, February 22nd. It was my great privilege to visit Mt. Vernon in 1936 when I was among the thousands of farm women who were in Washington that June attending the Associated Country Women of the World Conference. Tall Buildings, a lawn party at the White House, banquets, etc., didn't impress me half as much as the greenhouse, the gardens, trees and the plan of farm buildings and fields at Mt. Vernon.

Please don't think that balanced farming is altogether new; Washington kept accurate books and diaries on all his farm life. He planned out new experiments; he imported cattle and horses. Often his title reads, Warrior-Statesman-Farmer, and because I am farm and garden-minded, I think his contribution along the latter line is as important as much of the other work that he did.

At Mt. Vernon there were two kitchen gardens. One of these served for herbs and the home varieties of fruits and vegetables. The other, along with the greenhouse, was reserved for the new varieties which were sent as gifts to him from governments and gardeners all over the world.

On March 1, 1785 Washington records in his diary that he planted a circle of dogwoods with a red bud in the middle, close to an old cherry tree. Later he writes that the bloom passed beyond any beauty he had planned. There are still red buds and dogwoods at Mt. Vernon, but I understood when I was there that they are all later plantings. However, the guide did point out buckeye trees that grew from seed that Washington had planted, and in addition to the buckeyes we saw about forty other trees that had been planted by him. Storms have taken their toll through the years, but at least lightning won't bother some of these grand old specimens for they have been rodded. The boxwood hedges and English ivy covering some of the buildings have been famous for decades.

I asked to see the rose bed, and then asked to have pointed out the two roses that Washington had sent for from North Carolina and named for his mother and adopted daughter, Mary Washington and Nellie Custis. Today some girls still believe that if they prick their fingers purposely on a thorn of the Nellie Custis rose and simultaneously make a wish, the dream which they have the next night will surely come true.

In other beds were many of the



Just a short time before Mother left for California this picture was taken.

flowers which grow in my own garden. I brought home a piece of the boxwood which I purchased at the greenhouse and then struggled through much red tape to bring it back to my own state. All of these difficulties were completely futile, however, for it lived but a short time in my own Missouri. Boxwood just isn't native out here.

At the library I asked for any available literature on the Mt. Vernon farm and garden, and there I learned a number of things about Martha Washington. She used sage in sausage and other herbs much as we do; she saved petals from the rose bed for her rose jars, and she too approved of young women cultivating the accomplishment of flower arrangement. I wondered how those girls of long ago learned such a subject without all of the books we have on flower arrangements, garden club lectures and courses, and so forth.

At the same library I learned that George Washington was largely responsible for the mule being introduced into this country. It seems there were but very few here during the Revolutionary War, but those few performed so nobly that Washington decided they would be fine for farm work. Consequently, having heard Washington express this desire, his friend Lafayette sent him a jack from the Isle of Malta, and Washington was one of our first mule breeders.

So as a farmer or gardener, you really owe it to yourself to make this trip to Mt. Vernon some day and see what our First Gardener accomplished. Military tactics and government procedure have changed considerably since Washington's day, but you'd be surprised how little farm and garden practices have changed. We're planting many of the same things today and using many of his methods of cultivation.

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

Now that a greater variety of cameras is available, we no longer have to take anything that is on the shelf of the store. For the first time in a good many years we can actually pick and choose.

There are cameras made for every purpose, from the most simple box type to highly refined mechanisms that put the finest Swiss watch to shame. Generally, however, there are the two types that the average amateur uses.

One is the fixed-focus, or box camera. The other is the folding camera that enables you to focus the lens, depending upon the distance you are from the subject. The latter is the more expensive of the two and you will get better results if you follow the instructions. If you do not take photography seriously but only want to be able to take a good clear picture when the occasion arises, I suggest that you obtain a good box camera. Don't be misled by the price. It pays to invest a little more in your camera and get a good product, because film is going to cost you just as much for the cheap camera as it will for the more expensive model. In fact, you will probably save the difference over a short period of time.

In selecting the folding camera you may as well spend a little more money and get one that enables you to regulate the aperture of the lens. The mechanics of this are very simple. On a bright day or in extreme light conditions you close the lens—just as you squint your eye; on shady or dull days you open the lens to a greater degree. There are various shutter speeds on this type of camera that enable you to take pictures of moving objects without getting a blur.

During February and March the sun is still very far from the earth so it is a good idea to take your pictures as close to the middle of the day as possible. The long shadows of the winter afternoon do not make good photography unless you are trying for scenic effects. Even so, there are fine long shadows at high noon during the winter, and if you take your pictures at high noon during the winter, and at right angles to the sun, any snow scene will have a great deal of variety and contrast.

Don't forget to take a few colored pictures on bright January and February days. There is nothing lovelier than the blue shadows in the snow and the gleam of the ice against a dark blue winter sky, but again, don't take them too late or too early in the day for such light is deceiving—what may look like a brilliant picture will turn out to be a muddy haze.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

A TRIP THROUGH THE WEST

By M. H. Driftmier

PART THREE

Frederick and I left Salt Lake City at noon and drove down through the valley towards Bryce Canyon National Park. This was a satisfying drive for we had mountains on each side of the highway, and the valley itself had great variety. The stopping point we had in mind was Panquitch (6670 ft. elevation), and we arrived there at 5:30 in the afternoon. It was fortunate that we had decided to end our day's driving there, for we took the next to the last cabin that was available, and within fifteen minutes people were being turned away. Those who couldn't find accommodations had no choice except to continue driving to the next town in hope of finding lodging there.

Panquitch is one of the old Mormon towns in southern Utah. We noted many old brick houses, and also quite a few log houses that were built in pioneer days. These are still occupied, although the chances are that the interiors have conveniences unknown in the early days.

At five o'clock the next morning when we got up we found frost all over the car, and it was uncomfortably cold when we started for Bryce Canyon at six o'clock. It was our intention to see some of the most spectacular sights at sunrise, and I was hopeful of getting some unusual kodachrome shots. I didn't have a light meter with me, but in spite of being forced to guess at the various exposures I was well pleased with the results of many of the pictures that I took, particularly those snapped from Rainbow Point (9,106 ft. elevation).

The different views from Rainbow Point are truly spectacular, and no one who travels that way should miss going there. There are rocks of all colors and fantastic shapes, and from many points on the canyon's rim huge pine trees look like mere bushes. It is almost impossible to describe the dramatic beauty of the different canyons in this park, for the floors and walls are filled with rocks shaped like domes, spires and temples. All the colors of the spectrum are to be seen, but reds, pinks and creams predominate. The wonderful thing about color photography is the fact that pictures taken of these breath-taking views capture all of the original beauty, and in years to come you can look at these shots and visualize the scenes with all of their remarkable splendor. Although we were limited by necessity to only the early morning pictures I think that it would be ideal if a person could get both early morning and evening views.

After spending a couple of hours in the park we went to the Union Pacific Lodge and had a good breakfast. This lodge is operated by the Union Pacific Railroad, and we found that they handled their meals in much the same fashion that they handle their dining cars. We noticed many cars in the area, and understood that practically all of the cabins were occupied. These cabins are operated in conjunction with the main lodge, and would



The highways through the park sections of the west are ever-interesting because of the many unexpected things along the way. This massive arch made Frederick and Dad stop for a time to study it.

serve as ideal accommodations for a family.

Immediately after breakfast Frederick and I started out on highway 91 towards Zion National Park. There was mountain scenery the entire way, and we passed through one tunnel a half-mile long. The road in that area was hewn out of solid rock, and it would be my guess that the top of the entrance to the tunnel was a good 2,000 ft. high. When we left the tunnel we could see six loops of the road winding back and forth below us, and of course we paused to take pictures.

Zion National Park covers an area of one-hundred and thirty-five square miles, and there is such a variety of interesting things in it that anyone could spend his entire vacation there and still not cover everything. Frederick and I regretted that we had to pass through so hastily, but under the circumstances we had no choice. One thing I might mention here is that the traveler will be convinced at various points that he is looking at snow-covered mountains, but on close inspection will find that it is dead-white rock.

From Zion National Park we swung down into northwestern Arizona, and then into Las Vegas, Nevada, at 4:30 in the afternoon. We had great difficulty here in locating a tourist cabin, and our experience should serve as a warning to other tourists to look for accommodations earlier in the day. There was a time when one could drive as long as his nerves would permit and then stop, confident he would find a good place to stay—but that day is over.

We finally located a comfortable place to stay and then went out to look over the business section. As everyone knows, Las Vegas is dedicated to gambling, and the only business establishment we saw without slot machines was the big Standard Oil station. The attendant who waited on us told us that the policy of the company didn't permit them.

One of the largest gambling places is the Golden Nugget, and both Frederick and I wanted to go in and see what it was like. We found a building two stores wide that was jammed full of every known gambling machine. It was so crowded with both men and women that we could scarcely make our way through, and after fifteen minutes we were glad to make

our way back to the street again—I must say that we both felt ill at ease in such surroundings. Undoubtedly there are people who disagree, but personally I feel that I would not want to rear my family in a town where gambling of every conceivable type is the mainstay of community life.

After walking up and down the streets and seeing the sights, none of which were reassuring, we went to the depot and sent telegrams home. Frederick's wife was then in Rhode Island, and he always sent her a wire at the end of our day's traveling. I wired Leanna also and told her that we would be in California the next day.

The next morning we got up early, and although we would have liked to attend church we couldn't make it with so many miles ahead to cover, so after breakfast we left for Boulder Dam—now called Hoover Dam. Highway number 41 took us right through Boulder City, and we stopped there and visited a few minutes with a Shenandoah boy who is now manager of the airport. After this brief visit we went on to Hoover Dam, for both Frederick and I were interested in seeing one of the greatest engineering projects in the world.

Hoover Dam is the highest dam ever constructed. It is 726 feet high, and cost approximately \$114,000,000. The dam impounds the largest artificial lake in the world, Lake Mead, which now extends nearly 115 navigable miles upstream through the deep boxlike canyons of the Colorado River and into the lower and unfrequented end of the Grand Canyon. We didn't have time to go down into the dam itself, but people traveling with school-age children should certainly arrange to take the elevators which go down 528 feet to the powerhouse. Free motion pictures, illustrating the construction of the dam, can also be seen at the Hoover Dam Visitors' Bureau across the street from the theater.

When we left Boulder City we started on the last lap of our trip into California. It was 5:30 in the afternoon when we reached Redlands, and I noticed at once that great changes had taken place since I last visited there in 1924. It was too late to think of taking pictures, but the next morning Frederick and I got up early and went out to photograph different buildings that Leanna had known well in days gone by. I was also fortunate enough to be able to make hotel reservations for the months of January and February, and since this was my main purpose in visiting Redlands I felt that things had turned out well.

We spent a pleasant day in Redlands and then left for Los Angeles. It was almost the end of my time with Frederick, for he left shortly to take his plane from San Francisco to Hawaii, and I took a plane for Seattle.

"I am sending a dollar to renew my subscription to Kitchen-Klatter. I always look forward to its coming for it's like a letter from home. It has more good helps than any other magazine four times the price."—Mrs. Agnes Fisher, Wymore, Nebr.



"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CHOW MEIN

- 1 lb. beef
- 1 lb. pork
- 1 lb. veal
- 2 Tbls. salad oil or lard
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 4 cups celery
- 4 large onions
- 2 tsps. sugar
- 1 can bean sprouts
- 1 can mushrooms
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 1 1/2 lbs. chow mein noodles
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked rice

Put all meat through food chopper using coarse blade. When salad oil or lard is hot add the meat and fry lightly. Add 1 tsp. salt and 2 Tbls. soya sauce and fry 1/2 hour.

Cover cut celery with cold water and add 1 Tbls. salt and 2 Tbls. soya sauce. Bring just to a boil and save the liquid. Cut up onions, add 2 tsp. sugar and 1 tsp. salt and fry lightly for 5 minutes in small amount of salad oil or lard. Then add celery and cook another 5 minutes. Add bean sprouts, mushrooms (save liquid) and cook another 5 minutes. Combine with meat, add enough water until it covers the entire mixture and let stand overnight. The next day mix cornstarch with combined celery and mushroom liquid and make a paste. Bring kettle of meat and vegetables to a boil and add the paste.

For this amount you will need 1 1/2 lbs. chow mein noodles and 1 1/2 cups uncooked rice. Cook rice carefully and serve in a separate dish. The chow mein mixture should be spooned out boiling hot on to a large platter with the noodles heaped around it.

The friend from Calmar, Iowa, who sent this recipe says that she likes to serve it for guests since most of it can be prepared the night before. With it she serves pickled peaches or apples, and then, with lemon meringue pie for dessert the meal is complete.

BUTTERSCOTCH CANDY

- (A good candy for small children)
- 2 cups brown sugar
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1/4 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup water
 - 1/4 cup butter

Boil until brittle when tested in cold water. Pour on buttered dish and break into pieces when cold.

MEAT ROLL

(Using one or more kinds of left-over meat.)

DOUGH

- 2 cups flour
- 4 Tbls. fat
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup of milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt

FILLING

- 1 1/2 cups meat, cooked and chopped.
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3 Tbls. left-over gravy

Method: Mix dough. Roll out to 1/4 inch thick. Mix filling and spread on rolled dough. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in slices 1 inch thick. Put into a greased pan (cut side down like cinnamon rolls) and dot with fat and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Serve with left-over gravy if available, or a white sauce may be used.—Mrs. E. H. Rhoads, Macksburg, Ia.

DENVER CHOCOLATE PUDDING

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 square chocolate
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

For The Top

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 4 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 cup cold water

Sift sugar, flour, baking powder and salt. Add chocolate and butter melted together over hot water. Add milk and vanilla. Pour into buttered baking dish about 9x9. Over the top scatter, without mixing, brown and white sugar and cocoa. Pour over cold water. Bake 40 minutes in moderately slow oven. Let stand at room temperature 1 hour or more and serve cool but not chilled. Whipped cream or ice cream are delicious with this pudding but are not essential, as it provides its own fudge sauce beneath a cake-like top.

KUMLA

- (A famous Norwegian meat dish)
- 2 lbs. of rib of beef or spare ribs
 - 1 qt. ground raw potatoes
 - 1 Tbls. salt
 - 1/2 cup graham flour
 - 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
 - 1/2 lb. seasoned beef and pork sausages or salt pork

Cook ribs of beef or spare ribs until almost tender—about two hours if not using pressure pan. Make stock on meat to three quarts and add 2 Tbls. salt. Meanwhile grind peeled potatoes, putting a pan under meat grinder to catch potato water that drips from grinder.

Add this, salt and flour to ground potatoes. Mix well. Form sausage into balls and put flour mixture around sausage (or balls made of ground salt pork if you prefer this to sausage), wetting hands with cold water before forming each ball.

Put into boiling stock, moving the balls in the broth so they will not stick together. Cook in a covered kettle about two hours, making sure kumla do not stick to bottom of kettle. Serve with plenty of melted butter. Kumla are often made of all white flour.

NO-KNEAD ROLLS

- 1 1/4 cups water
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/4 tsps. salt
- 1 cake of yeast
- 1 beaten egg
- 3 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Heat 1 cup of water to boiling and stir in shortening, sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Measure into bowl 1/4 cup lukewarm water. Crumble and stir in 1 cake yeast. When dissolved stir in beaten egg, flour and then beat until smooth.

Place dough in greased bowl and cover. Chill or store in refrigerator for at least two hours. Shape into rolls on lightly floured board. Cover and set in warm place free from drafts. Let rise until double in bulk (about one hour) and then bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. This dough may be kept 4 or 5 days in refrigerator and baked as desired.

ALMOND PASTE

"I make my own almond paste very successfully by using this method. Cut 2 1/4 cups of shelled, blanched almonds into small pieces and place in a plastic food sack. Then roll with a rolling pin to start the crushing process; transfer to a pan and pound until a paste is formed. You will have 1 cup of paste from this amount of almonds."—Mrs. A. C. W., Corning, Iowa.

From An Old Cookbook: "A tomato cooked for less than three hours is most unwholesome. It is best to peel them and take out the seeds the night before. Then cook them from right after breakfast to dinner time. Even so they are a vegetable that can, with profit, be left more to the imagination than the table."

GLAZED RAISED DOUGHNUTS

(Is it a bitter winter day where you live, and have you been thinking recently how delicious some raised doughnuts would taste? Well, here is a wonderful recipe for them, so why not go to the kitchen right now and give the family a grand surprise when they come back to the house from work and from school!)

- 1 1/2 cups scalded milk
- 2 yeast cakes
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter
- 2 eggs beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 1/2 to 5 cups flour
- 1 cup mashed potatoes.

Boiled and mash potatoes, put in mixing bowl and add butter, eggs, sugar and milk. When lukewarm add crumbled yeast, and when yeast rises to the top it is dissolved. Now add salt and flour. Place in bowl and cover; let rise; punch down only once and let rise again.

GLAZING

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- Butter the size of an egg
- 1 Tbls. sweet cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Enough warm water to make a liquid

"These are simply out of this world, Leanna. I roll them about 1/2 inch in thickness. Cut with ordinary doughnut cutter but do not cut out holes. I let them raise until they double in size; then when ready to fry I pull a hole in the center with my fingers, stretching it to the size of a half-dollar. Fry in deep fat and glaze while warm. I usually place my cake cooler over a pudding pan and place the doughnuts on this as they are glazed, and then the excess frosting drips into the pan below which keeps the doughnuts from getting soggy, and you can use the frosting that drips into the pan over again."—Mrs. J. L., Plattsmouth, Nebr.

RAISIN SAUCE

Simmer 1 cup of seedless raisins in 2 cups of water for 15 minutes. Combine 2 Tbls. cornstarch, 2 Tbls. sugar, 1/8 tsp. salt and 2 Tbls. cold water to make a paste. Add to raisins and heat until thickened. Remove from heat. Add 1 Tbls. butter and 2 Tbls. lemon juice. Mix well.

This is very good served with ham prepared in any way, although I usually make it to go with boiled tongue. If you are entertaining guests and know positively that they enjoy tongue (I've learned that it's dangerous to serve this meat without being certain in advance that my guests like it), it makes quite a festive looking dish when the platter of thin slices is accompanied by a side bowl of this sauce. Warning: don't prepare this unless you have lemons in the house. The lemon juice simply cannot be eliminated for without it the sauce is cloyingly sweet.

CRANBERRY CHERRIES

Select large red cranberries. Place one layer of berries in a pyrex or granite pan with a small amount of water—not enough to cover the berries. Add granulated sugar—all the water will take up. Place in a slow oven and cook until plump. Remove from oven but do not disturb until cold; then toss in the syrup with a silver fork. Turn into glasses and seal with paraffine. Fine for garnishing salads or desserts, or in any way that maraschino cherries would be used. The berries may look shrivelled until tossed in syrup, but will plump up when cooled.—Mrs. M. W., Tekamah, Nebr.

HOT POTATO SALAD

(A perfect Sunday night lunch dish on a cold winter night)

- 3 lbs. small potatoes
- 8 strips bacon, cut in half-inch pieces
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 6 Tbls. vinegar
- 2/3 cup diced celery
- 6 Tbls. chopped onions
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimento
- 2 tsps. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- Lettuce and parsley

Cook potatoes until tender and dice while hot. Fry bacon until crisp and light brown; drain. Combine mayonnaise, vinegar, celery, onions, pimento and seasonings; heat for two minutes over a low flame. Add to potatoes and bacon, mixing lightly. Arrange in salad bowl lined with lettuce. Garnish with parsley.

PIMENTO CHEESE SPREAD

- 1 large can evaporated milk
- 1 lb. cream cheese
- 1 small can pimento
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Heat milk in top of double boiler. Cut cheese in small pieces and add. When melted add pimentos which have been chopped, and salt. This yields almost two pints and if kept refrigerated will not spoil soon. It makes a nice change for the children who have tired of sliced cheese sandwiches in their lunch boxes.

FEBRUARY'S THE TIME TO . . .

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Make your best beau an edible valentine; a pink and white heart cake, a batch of fudge or his favorite pie with heart cut-outs on the top crust.

—Check your stored bulbs and dahlia roots and decide what new ones you want to order.

—Place orders for baby chicks for April and May delivery.

—Cook a big kettle-full of soup beans with the ham bone left when you had the butchering spree last week. Serve the beans with Cracklin' corn bread . . . um! um!

—Let the youngsters have a taffy pull—whether you're the greased hand-puller or the cold water addict, taffy pulling is such a sweet past-time!

—Make a note to dig up a small clump of lily-of-the-valley next fall so you too can have them blooming in the house in February. It's really a wonderful "prevue of spring" treat!

—Make "cheezies" for an after-school treat. Roll pie crust 1/8th inch thick. Dot with butter, cover with a layer of grated cheese or with a soft spread cheese. Sprinkle with salt, cut in squares and bake. For extra special ones, roll as for a jelly roll and cut into pinwheels. Snappy! Good served with soup too.

—Plan a family church night. Covered dish suppers are easy and oh, so tasty! Have some of the members show their home movies or kodachrome slides, especially movies or slides of vacation trips.

—Check the linen closet. If new sheets and pillow cases will be needed this summer, get them made up now before spring rush starts.

—Invite a few close neighbors in to visit and to tear carpet rags. Rag rugs are always popular and so practical—what fun, the visiting and the lunch!

—Bring in another meat bone and have a good old Irish stew (potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbage) and crunchy hot rolls. Pass me more! A tip of a bay leaf does something for an Irish stew. Try it!

CHERRY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 2 cups sifted flour
 - 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup shortening
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs, beaten
 - Juice and grated rind of half a lemon
 - 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or almonds
 - 1/2 cup candied cherries
- Sift baking powder, flour and salt. Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and mix well. Add lemon juice, rind, nuts and chopped cherries. Add flour and mix well. Shape dough into rolls. Wrap in wax paper and let chill at least one hour before slicing. Slice rolls in 14th inch slices and bake on lightly greased baking sheet in 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

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A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

I am starting this letter with the uneasy feeling in my bones that Martin doesn't intend I should write more than a couple of lines. He is lying on his play-pen pad in the living room, and from the sound of his "chatter" I would say that he has no idea of remaining there much longer. Thus far I've kept him under control by calling with false heartiness, "Yes, yes, Martin, I'm coming," but it's evident that he has lost all faith in me. Right at the moment he is my particular responsibility because Marge and I have swapped children. She is giving Juliana her bath and starting her upstairs to bed while I superintend her boy.

Time out.

Well, everything is under control now. Both Juliana and Martin are in bed and the house is quiet. Peace, sweet peace reigneth.

It seems curious to be sitting in my old room and typing away on a letter to you. Two years ago this month Russell, Juliana and I occupied this room while we were waiting to move into our own home, but since that time I've been so firmly established under my own roof that it's quite a jolt to be back here again. As both Mother and I mentioned in our letters last month, we are living in the family home while the heads of that home are in Redlands, California. Our present household consists of Howard, Margery, Martin, Russell, Juliana and I—a combination of people that has never before been juggled together here. I think that we all feel just a little peculiar to be going through our regular routines without either Mother or Dad around. The first few days we felt downright dislocated, but now the workaday schedules have slightly diminished the first impact of their departure.

Marge and I have worked out a pretty good plan for handling the daily housework plus our additional child care and desk work. I do most of the cooking because I enjoy it and also because it's one job that lets you move about in a comparatively limited amount of space. As a rule we do the dishes together. Marge does most of the cleaning and we each take care of our own laundry. Howard and Russell are good about burning trash, taking us to lay in our weekly supply of groceries, and keeping both youngsters under control at the time that I think is the most crucial of the entire day—just before supper. I see that I haven't accounted for our desk work in this hasty summary, so I might as well confess that we don't get this squeezed in until evening. For some reason I just cannot type letters or articles and sing songs with Juliana at the same time, and Marge, like any devoted mother, has difficulty sorting mail while Martin is howling.

But right here I must stop to say that Martin really does precious little howling. He is still what can be called a good baby with heart-felt emphasis in the voice. Today he is six months old and I baked a cake to take note of the fact. It was the



Last month I described the combination table-lamp that we made and promised you a picture. The promise has been kept!

maraschino white cake that we gave you the recipe for in the December magazine, and just for the sake of sheer nonsense we put a tiny candle in the middle. Martin weighs twenty pounds now and wears size two suits. He sits in his high chair at the table for three meals a day, and puts away a surprising amount of food. All in all, we think that we have a mighty nice baby at our house, and Juliana is having the time of her life "taking care" of him. She really does a creditable job of keeping him entertained.

I cannot give you any details on what we are accomplishing in our home in the line of redecorating and changing things around, but I can tell you about one major change that is on our schedule. When we move back into our own house in March Juliana will have our former dining room for her own room, and what was formerly the second living room will be the dining room.

I think it's entirely possible that some children play contentedly and sleep contentedly in their own room on the second floor when other members of the family are on the first floor, but Juliana isn't to be numbered among them. She wanted all of her toys right downstairs where we were, and I honestly couldn't find it in my heart to say no. After three winter months of coping with this problem we decided that she'd be happier and we'd be happier if we just made a room for her downstairs, and in our case it seemed as though the dining room could be given up more easily than any other space.

In her old room upstairs we had typical nursery decorations with animal murals painted on the walls and all of the rest of it, but her new room is to be a genuine little girl's room with all of the frills. She has a new youth bed (Martin inherited her crib!) with a padded headboard, but the

other things will be put together by Russell and me. I'm going to make a little ruffled dressing table, ruffly curtains and a spread to match. Russell plans to fix up new toy shelves, book shelves, and other things of this kind. We regret that our big old piano must go into her room, but there just isn't any place else for it.

I am hoping to get some pictures later when some of these changes have been made. As we progress from one thing to the next I shall share our experiences with you.

The wedding in which Kristin and Juliana participated as ringbearers belongs quite far in the past, of course, but I haven't had an opportunity to tell you anything about it. Both little girls wore matching white taffeta dresses that almost swept the floor, and beautiful wreaths of tiny yellow chrysanthemums in their hair. They carried the rings on heart-shaped white satin pillows trimmed with lace and decorated with long white satin streamers.

Last month, you may recall, I told you that I was perpetually interested in the way that other busy mothers managed their work. I always want to know how the daily cleaning is accomplished, how the big cleaning jobs are sandwiched in, how the cooking is managed (in one big spree twice a week or always just from meal to meal), how the small children are handled, and how the necessary sewing ever gets done. It occurred to me that perhaps you'd be interested in sharing with me a recital of just what happens at your house between dawn and dusk. And because it's always a little more fun to have something to work towards, I thought that we'd offer a prize of \$25.00 for the best letter.

This is one contest that has no word limit. If you enjoy writing letters you can get it all out of your system! If you don't particularly enjoy writing you can merely set down the facts in as few words as you want to use. It doesn't make any difference how well you write or how poorly you write—my big interest is in trying to learn some new efficiency tricks that will help me—and then will help you in turn. I'd like to use the prize winning letter in our magazine—and I won't use your town or name if you prefer.

There is only one thing that I want you to remember: please tell me if you live on a farm or in town—that fact makes a world of difference in the way daily work is organized. And also be sure to tell me how many people are in your family and their respective ages. One thing is certain: the woman who has mastered her daily work with one-year old twins underfoot belongs in a different category from the woman who has no children at home. Well, in short, just tell me as much as you can about the way you do the homemaking jobs. Your letter should be here not later than April first.

Please address it to me at Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Goodnight . . . and good wishes to all of you . . . Lucile.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Statesmen, policemen and mothers are the guardians of peace, and when peace is not maintained they have to deal with its disturbers. I suppose that if parents were perfect we would not need either the policemen or the statesmen, but we can go a long way if we, as mothers, come to some understanding of a child's tantrums.

Roughly, we can classify them in three ways. First is the tantrum that is an outburst of pure anger aimed at someone and a desire to hurt someone. This, of course, is a perfectly normal human reaction and an extremely primitive way of expressing it. Unfortunately this kind of anger is contagious and parents often react to it by getting mad themselves—and then you're in for a first class number one tantrum.

It ought to be fairly easy for any of us to understand tantrums because we all have the desire to indulge in them. Every time you say to yourself, "I'm so nervous I could scream" or "I'm so mad I could slap someone," you are ready for a tantrum, and if you don't have one it is because you have learned adult self control.

We don't want our children to lose the power of getting angry for the world needs people who react strongly against wrongs and injustice, but we must help them to react in less destructive ways.

The second kind of tantrum is a reaction against failure. The whole world seems to be at sixes and sevens and nothing is right. This may come from our placing too many demands upon our children and expecting them to behave and perform better than most adults are required to do. Not long ago I saw a highly intelligent professional man pick up a roll that was next to his plate and throw it across the table in a sudden fit of complete exasperation. The people dining with him ignored it politely and instantly started a new tangent of conversation. I couldn't help but think what would have been the fate of a small child who indulged in such behavior. Can't you actually hear the first outraged exclamation, "We don't throw bread at the table!" and then the sudden swooping down to shake or remove the offender? We all have our bad days, the kind that make us say at the end of the day, "Well, it didn't pay to get up." Remember this when your children suffer from such days.

The third kind of tantrum comes from being lucky with the first two. If Mary becomes the center of attraction by kicking and screaming, and if Joe gets what he wants by yelling and throwing things, then they will use this technique over and over again. And they would be very dull and stupid children if they did not. Why improve a pattern that works so well?

So, when Kira begins to whoop it up I try to figure out what ails the child. Is she really angry with someone, has she lost her self control because she is beside herself with grief



Kristin, Martin and Juliana all loved the big Christmas tree with its many sparkling lights. Both little girls treat Martin like a big doll and love to play with him.

and frustration, or have I been neglecting her? Any child who goes to the trouble of having a tantrum in order to get attention must need it, but it is wrong for her to get it that way. I try to deal with the tantrum and then try to give her my full attention when she is behaving sensibly.

I remember once when she had a full blown tantrum and I put her in her room. She screamed and howled and started to throw her dolls and furniture around. I got out the vacuum cleaner and began to go over the rugs. Pretty soon she came out and said accusingly, "You are making so much noise you can't hear me." I said that was why I was doing it and she replied, "Well, you've got a lot of nerve." Then she went back into her room and quietly started to pick up the pieces and put things into order.

After living with a child for a while it is pretty easy to discover what causes tantrums, and by the same process we learn that the easiest way to deal with them is to prevent them from developing. Often a change of activity, or a tea party or a book will nip them in the bud, but every child experiments with different types of behavior trying to find out the best way to get along in this world. Try to help him find better ways and keep calm if you can. When the noise gets too much for you, go out and work in the garden or find something to do in the basement.

Everybody has to feel personally important, and that develops from a sense of confidence in one's own ability. Children get this by learning to help themselves and others, and by trying out new experiences. Help them to be successful, and let them feel your love and confidence. Nobody in this world is harder to get along with or fundamentally "more dangerous" than those people who always have to prove that they are just as good as anyone. These are the women who never rest. They have to be the "best" housekeepers, the "best" cooks, and the chairmen of all committees. Neither they nor anyone around them can relax enough to enjoy anything because of this deep feeling of inadequacy.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.

Miss Rachel Sawyer, 1834 East Eppler Ave., Indianapolis 3, Indiana needs cheer. She has been an invalid for 26 years and is so discouraged. Besides suffering from heart trouble, she has had 13 operations on her feet. Do write to her.

Amy Farnham, Ladies G.A.R. Home, Anoka, Minn., has been in bed for twelve weeks with both legs broken. She fell off a stool. She will enjoy cards but I doubt if she will be able to answer.

Mrs. Tillie Leonard, 2019 N. 13th St., Kansas City, 2, Kansas, wants quilt pieces. She has been a shutin for many years, though she is able to get about the house. She can do some sewing and has been making over clothing for a family with five little children. She has run out of things to make over and if you have anything that would be suitable, please send to her. The mother of the children has been ill for some time with pneumonia.

Marguerite Wissink, Sioux Center, Iowa, has been in a wheel chair for several years. She enjoys getting mail.

Mrs. Olive S. Tidwell, Box 225, Anaheim, Calif., wants books of all kinds. She is bedfast most of the time. Her hobby is conducting a lending library for the people in the lumber camp which is her home. She also can use sheet music, no matter how old.

Shutin Hilda M. Borgan, 1973 Marshall Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn., makes all kinds of aprons for sale. Perhaps you could use one.

Cheer has been asked for Miss Eda Damewood, Box 25, Yorktown, Iowa. She has been an invalid almost all her 35 years, has never walked. She collects dolls, all kinds and sizes. If you can help her with her collection that would be fine, but if you have no spare dolls, send her a card any way.

Little Anna Marie Hallbick, the four year old girl of 769 Lincoln St., Denver 3, Colorado, who has been in a cast for so long would like to get some letters. She has had several operations last year and they have hopes that in time she will be able to walk but it will be some time yet. She could handle books and toys and she loves mail.

Mrs. Selma Laird, 3205 McGee, Kansas City 2, Missouri, wants to hear from some of you. She has had arthritis in both feet and legs for six years. She can get out in good weather but in winter is not able to get away from home. She is 38.

Edna Casper, 455 Franklin St., Elizabeth 1, New Jersey, has had arthritis for many years. Her fingers are getting so twisted that she is unable to do handwork any more. She lives alone and is really needy. A word of cheer would be much appreciated.

Garner Curran of Los Angeles asks that you send all greeting cards to the Red Cross director of your nearest Veterans' hospital.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The New Year came in with a bang yesterday, with a real blizzard. It sleeted here all the night before, turning to snow in the morning. Frank went down to do the chores at his folks' farm and came home about the middle of the morning. He said it wasn't terribly cold, and since the wind would be at our backs all the way down to the farm, to bundle Kristin up well and we would go down as planned for our New Year's dinner. She has one of those long-tailed stocking caps and we pulled that down over her face and just led her down. She thought it was great fun and was as warm as toast when we arrived looking like three snow men.

Three girls from Shenandoah had come the night before to spend New Year's day with Frank's sister, Bernice, who is staying with her parents now, so all in all we had a gay day. By 3:30 in the afternoon the snow was about a foot deep, and drifted badly in spots, so it was impossible to take the girls in to their train by car. They didn't seem to mind though, so with their heads tied up, and slacks and boots on, plus their heavy coats, they started out to walk the two miles to the pavement, where a car was going to meet them and take them on in to the train. Fortunately the wind was at their backs all the way, so I'm sure the only ill effect they suffered was stiff muscles in their legs the next day.

It stopped snowing about 5 o'clock just as Frank and I started our trek up the hill. Kristin stayed all night with Grandma because the snow would have come up to her waist in spots. About 4:30 this afternoon I heard whistling and calling and when I opened the back door, here came Frank through the timber with Kristin on his back.

I was reminded all day yesterday of a year ago tomorrow. It was a year ago the 3rd of January that we had just the same kind of a storm, except that it was much colder that day. Frank and I had planned to drive to Aplington, Iowa, which is about 150 miles almost straight north of here, to see our good friend Clarence Meyer. Frank had taken Kristin down to stay with her Grandparents, and we went ahead as planned. It sounds terribly crazy now, and I remember as we were driving along listening to Mother broadcast, I thought how glad I was she didn't know we were out on the highway because she and Dad would have been worried to death. But we really weren't in any danger because the roads were clear and we were cozy and warm in the car. Besides that, we were having a lot of fun.

I know it is late to be talking about Christmas, but I want to tell you something we did in this neighborhood because next year you may want to do it. On the evening before Christmas Eve, several of the women in our club, all those who were free to go, went caroling in the neighborhood, calling at the homes of those



Santa Claus brought Kristin a new little suitcase that she used for the first time when she came to visit her Grandpa and Grandma right after Christmas. Russell took his camera when we met them, and snapped this just as Kristin stepped from the train.

who were ill, and at the homes of a few of our older members. We sang one carol, then went inside to say hello and wish them a Merry Christmas, then sang another carol as we left. I had told Mother Johnson that she was on our list, so she said to make that our last stop and she would have some hot coffee ready for us. Not only did she have coffee, but after supper she, herself, had made a big batch of doughnuts which were still warm when we got there. Kristin went along and had a wonderful time because she loves to sing. You could hear her little voice coming along behind us about two measures all the way through.

Kristin and I have been very busy the last few days because she got a new doll for Christmas, which she has named Mary Jane. So I had to get busy right away making clothes for it, and lots of diapers because it is a Betsey-Wetsey doll and is wet all the time. While I'm busy making diapers she is also busy washing them out in her new washing machine. Aunt Margery made her some soakers while we were in Shenandoah after Christmas, so at least her dresses don't get so wet and have to be washed and ironed so often. In fact I thought that was such a good idea that I made another pair last night while I listened to the radio. A good radio friend sent her two little pair of booties, one pink and one blue, that just fit Mary Jane, and are just about the cutest things I have ever seen. Another very dear friend, Mrs. G. A. Thompson, (and I don't have her address so I wish she would write to me so I could thank her), sent Juliana and Kristin each a rag doll.

They were in a box together, twins, one boy and one girl, with yellow hair, and dressed in the loveliest clothes. Juliana wanted the boy and Kristin wanted the girl with the braids, so they were both happy. Kristin has named her "Kristin", why, I don't know.

Mrs. P. G. Tripp of White Lake, So. Dak., sent Kristin a little red pocket-book with a lovely hanky and five pennies inside. She takes this with her everywhere she goes, and puts Mary Jane's diapers in it when she goes visiting.

I have had so many requests for another recipe, that I have picked out this one to pass on to you this time. It was sent to me by our dear friend, Susie Hadfield of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MAHOGANY CAKE

- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 level t. soda
- 1 heaping t. baking powder
- 1/2 cup cocoa dissolved in
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 t. vanilla

Beat eggs. Add sugar and cream. Next the flour and baking powder sifted together. Mix well. Next add dissolved cocoa which has been cooled, and lastly the soda which has been dissolved in vanilla. Bake in moderate oven.

Frank, Kristin and I hope that all of you have a very happy and prosperous year in 1948. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy,

AN OPEN LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

(The following letter will be of great interest to all of those who remember earlier letters from Mrs. Stark.)

Dear Mrs. Driftmier:

When I was deluged with mail as the result of a previous letter of mine in your paper I feared I was not helping or able to help all who wrote offering to exchange hobbies, etc. So I wrote to the Editor of one of our popular womens' magazines asking if any of the readers would care to write to American women with a view to helping with their varied collections, to send magazines, and so forth.

I've been quite overcome at the response, and find that I have some forty or more letters that I cannot give an American address to. So please, if any of your readers (regardless of age) would like to form a pen friendship with the idea of exchanging hobbies, etc., with Australian girls and women, would they please write to me stating their age and hobbies and I will see that their addresses are given to a woman with the same interest.

Thanking you, and taking this opportunity of wishing you and yours a very happy holiday, I am yours faithfully, Neta (Mrs.) Stark, 18 Eames Ave., Stockton, N. S. W., Australia.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "Please give me some advice about a problem that is serious to my way of thinking, and one which I haven't been able to take action on for various reasons. Our eldest son is married to a nice young woman, and they have two little girls who are now four and six years of age. They live only three blocks from us. Both my husband and I feel that our little grandchildren should be attending Sunday School, but my son and his wife have never sent them. They attend church occasionally and are fairly indifferent to such activities. I'd love to see these little girls in Sunday School and am willing to call for them and, if necessary, assume the responsibility for seeing that they are up and dressed on Sunday morning. However, I've always been extremely careful not to intrude upon their lives in any way, and consequently hesitate to mention the subject. What would you do in such a situation?"—Minn.

ANS: I can see no objection whatsoever to suggesting that you get the children ready and take them. If their parents express any opposition I would drop the subject for the time being, but if they seem willing for you to take the children I think that you can feel free to go ahead with your plans. The little girls really belong in Sunday School, and perhaps their enthusiasm will arouse sufficient interest in the parents that they will take the responsibility they should assume.

QUES: "Is it ever correct for a newcomer in the neighborhood to make the first gestures towards becoming acquainted? I have lived in this town for almost a year and no one has called on me or indicated any willingness to become acquainted with me. Needless to say, I'm very lonely and have just about decided to take the first steps myself. Would this be a serious violation of the rules of conduct?"—Nebr.

ANS: I have so little acquaintance with the "rules of conduct" that I'm afraid my opinion will amount to very little! However, it does seem to me that you should go right ahead with your plans to take the first steps. Obviously you live in a community where no one takes time to extend the hand of friendship, and if you are to work out of your loneliness you must take the initiative yourself. Go right ahead—I doubt very much if you meet with any rebuffs.

QUES: "I have been married for eleven years, and I feel that my husband is a considerate and honorable man. However, through all of these years there has been bitter feeling between my mother and my husband, and through necessity we have confined our relations to her to fairly formal occasions. In March I must have a major operation and be gone from my family for at least a month. My mother has offered to come here and take charge of our home and look

after my three small children, but under the conditions I don't know what to do. I can separate the children and send them to various relatives during this month, but I have always understood that when the mother is gone they should keep on with their usual routine as much as possible. Under such conditions do you think I should permit my mother to come, or would it be better to send the children elsewhere?"—Ja.

ANS: This particular problem has never come to my attention before and I really hesitate to express any opinion. If your husband and your mother could manage to keep a smooth face on things for the sake of the children I would say to take this course of action, but if they really feel as hostile as some parts of your letter indicate and if they will spend that month in a state of armed truce, I believe that from the viewpoint of the children it would be better to send them elsewhere during your absence.

QUES: "Our only child, a daughter nineteen, is finishing her junior year at college in June and I hardly need tell you how much we have anticipated having her back at home with us during the summer. In fact, we'd planned on it so long that it came as a great shock to us to hear that she has an opportunity to go to a camp in the East to work as an assistant dietician through the summer months. That is her choice of work and I don't want to stand in her way when it's all said and done, but aren't we entitled to her summer months after being alone for the past nine months?"—Ja.

ANS: Dear Mrs. F., after a son or daughter reaches the age of nineteen and regardless of the fact that he may be an only child or one of a dozen, the stark fact remains that parents are no longer "entitled" to several months of his time just for the sake of companionship. Believe me when I say that I realize what it means to you not to have your daughter at home this summer, but it is important to her to work independently at her profession and such an opportunity means a great deal to her. Please write to her and express pride in her ability—and don't you dare suggest that mother and dad will have a lonely, empty summer!

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst;
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own.

"I am making a scrap book out of the Children's Page for my daughter, and whenever we have a party in the future I'll be able to refer back to it for games, contests, decorations, and so forth."—Mrs. Leah Robinson.

THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

"A new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" . . . With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right . . ." The words of Abraham Lincoln have become a part of the creed of Americans. And Lincoln himself, the details of his life and his writings have been studied more exhaustively than those of any other American. Essayists, biographers, playwrights, historians have contributed more than 4,000 volumes on this American whose humble origin and stormy public life have been familiar to us since childhood.

Many of these books are out of print, some are of interest chiefly to the scholar, some contain more legend than fact. But the modern historian has drawn upon the writings of the man himself and of his contemporaries to picture this most vital American. An inexpensive little book which reveals many aspects of Lincoln's personality is H. Jack Lang's *THE WIT AND WISDOM OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN*. This collection from Lincoln's briefer letters and speeches is worth reading in our day of confusion, for with clarity and simplicity he attacked issues which we still face today.

Modern picture journalism makes personalities and historical events more vivid to both young and old. This technique is used in Stefan Lorant's *LINCOLN, HIS LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHS*. Here are gathered in story form over 400 pictures of Lincoln himself, the places in which he lived, his friends, his family, his generals, his cabinet officers, his political enemies. This is a fascinating, dramatic book which all members of a family would enjoy.

One of the most readable and entertaining of Lincoln biographies was published last year. Paul Angle drew from the writings of over sixty commentators to form *THE LINCOLN READER*. Here the poet, Carl Sandburg, tells of Lincoln's birth and of his love for Ann Rutledge. A political reporter pictures the Chicago nominating convention of 1860. A member of Lincoln's Cabinet, Gideon Welles, reveals the fears of wartime Washington in his diary. Mrs. Lincoln's cousin, her seamstress and a girl in her teens tell of life in the White House. The whole story moves rapidly; it includes much humor and anecdote. It is more interesting than most of the current crop of novels; here is a real person, with all of his strengths and weaknesses, as he saw himself and as others saw him, a man unique in our history and in all time.

FOR THE FAMILY LIBRARY . . . ABOUT ABRAHAM LINCOLN. . .

His Wit and Wisdom . . . \$.65
His Life in Photographs \$2.00
The Lincoln Reader . . . \$3.75

Postpaid

KIESER'S BOOK STORE

205 North 16th Street
Omaha 2, Nebraska



FOR THE CHILDREN

TO MY VALENTINE

By Maxine Sickels

Bobby sat looking thoughtfully out of the window. Before him was a pile of valentines which he had chosen for his friends. He had been busy for a long time this snowy afternoon printing names on the big red hearts, the frilly white ones and the tiny little ones. He had chosen one for each friend except Aunt Jane.

Aunt Jane lived across the yard from him. Really he was sitting there looking at her little white house with its green shutters while he tried to think what he wanted her valentine to be like.

He knew just what the one she gave him would be. It would be a delicious sugar cookie with pink frosting. On the top with white or blue or maybe green frosting she would print TO MY VALENTINE.

Bobby licked his lips just thinking about the cookie and crinkled his nose together trying to think what kind of a valentine would be nice enough for Aunt Jane.

The snow had stopped now and up and down the street boys and girls were shouting and laughing and throwing snowballs. Bobby wanted to go out to play but he wanted to do something about Aunt Jane's valentine too. At last he gave a little wiggle and began to laugh out loud.

"I'll do it!" he said. "That's just exactly the kind of a valentine she will like."

He put on his coat and cap, his scarf, mittens and overshoes. He brought the small snow shovel from the back porch and went carefully around the front of the house and started shoveling snow off Aunt Jane's walk.

He shoveled down the street to her walk, turned the corner and shoveled up to her porch. That made the tip of a heart. At the porch he put down the shovel carefully and walked around a half-circle, turned exactly back the way he had come and walked another half circle.

Back and forth over his path he went until the path and the walk made a big heart over most of Aunt Jane's front yard. Then carefully walking in a straight line he printed TO MY VALENTINE on the big white heart.

He had just picked up his shovel and was going to slip back home when the door opened and Aunt Jane's silvery laugh came out.

"You brought your valentine first that time, didn't you, Bobby. And a mighty fine one too. I was just wondering how I was going to get time

to clean my walks tonight. Thank you very, very much. And now come in and take your pick of my valentine cookies."

Bobby was glad to do this, and you can be sure he said, "Thank you, Aunt Jane." At least he said "Thank you" just as he took a great big bite of krispy crunchy sugar cookie.

The rest of that might have been "Yum yum!" But it might have been "Aunt Jane."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ASKED THIS ONE

"How many legs has a cow?"

"Four, of course," came the ready answer.

"That's right," said Lincoln, "but suppose we call its tail a leg. How many would he have?"

"Why five, of course."

"Now that is where you are wrong," said Lincoln. "Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one."

CAN YOU DO THIS?

How smart are you today? Try tying a knot in a handkerchief without letting go of either end. It is simple if you know how.

First spread the hanky out on the table. Fold your arms and while in this position pick up the ends of the hanky, one in each hand. Now unfold your arms and you will find you have tied a knot in the hanky. Try this on Dad.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

A Corn Cob Flyer

This is to play with out of doors. Stick three long feathers in one end of a corn cob. Then throw it into the air and watch it spin.

Potato Animals

If mother will spare you a few potatoes from the basket you can make wonderful animals out of them. You will need buttons for eyes, toothpicks for legs and by using a few feathers you can make wonderful birds.

A Turnip Basket

Cut the tail end off of a turnip. Scoop it out and make a string handle. Fill it with water and hang it in the window. The fern-like leaves grow rapidly.

Every minute you are angry you lose sixty seconds of happiness.—Anon.



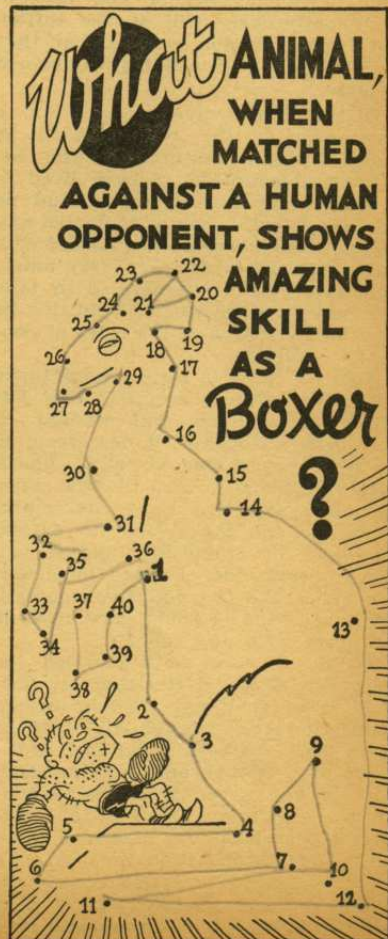
Gerald Wayne and Frances Kay Pfister of Decorah, Iowa, enjoying the first snow fall in November, 1947. Playing in the snow is lots of fun, but we hope that all children remember to brush themselves well before they go in the house. This is a great help to mother.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray thee, Lord, the souls to keep
Of other children, far away,
Who have no homes in which to stay,
Nor know where is their daily bread,
Or where, at night, to lay their head;
But wander through a broken land
Alone and helpless. Take their hand
Dear Father, God—I pray;
Keep them safe by night and day,
And give them courage when they wake.

This, I ask for Jesus' sake,
Who was a little Child, like they.
God bless them all tonight. Amen.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.



"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 preceeding date of issue.

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LADIES: Surprise your husband with our Tieswap Service. Select any 6 of the ties he has tired of and mail to us with \$1. We will return to you, postpaid, 6 different ties, dry cleaned and pressed. Satisfaction or money refunded. National Tieswap Service, Dept. K, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

TEA TOWELS: 20 in. by 39 in. Hand painted. Fruit, vegetable or flower design. 35¢ a piece. Mrs. Alvina M. Parker, West Des Moines, Iowa, Rt. 1.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: 20 sheets, fine stationery, 20 matching envelopes, 20 personalized Post Cards. All printed with your name and address, only \$1. postpaid. Two sets, \$1.75, with beautiful calendar free. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. F., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

CROCHETED APRONS, \$2.50. Doilies, laces, tableclothes, and bedspreads on order. Plain sewing. Miss Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Iowa.

CROCHETING: Potholders 35¢. Pillowcase, lace insertion or medallions \$2. Miscellaneous orders for crocheting taken any time. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

PRIZE RECIPES CAKES, applesauce, eggless, butterless, milkless, Ladies Aid Society cake, and gingerbread 50¢ each, and a stamped addressed envelope. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

REX 5TH AVENUE LADIES COMPACTS. Beautifully enameled and gold flowered design. Round, 4 inches wide. After Christmas clearance, \$3. Midwest Supply Co., Shenandoah, Ia.

ROSE CHATELAINE SET: Single large roses set on background of gorgeous cut shells attached by gold filled chains, choice of color of rose, red, white, yellow, pink. Only \$2.50 ea. Small floral shell pins \$1 each. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTHES, holders, chair sets, aprons, doilies, scarfs and laces, also embroidered work done any time. Mrs. Delbert Alm, Adams, Nebr.

BABY SOAKERS, hand knit \$1.50, white, pink, blue, postage 10¢ ea. Mrs. A. Fest, Audubon, Iowa.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS, two year astrological forecast. Send \$1 and birth date. Madam Myre, 101 W 6th St., Villisca, Ia.

PLAQUES. Decorate your own and earn money for your church or school group. Undecorated plastex plaques and figurines. Wholesale prices on request. Sample 15¢ to cover mailing. Hand decorated fruit and dog head plaques, 30¢ ea. Midwest Plastics Co., Box 270, Jefferson, Ia.

CROCHET PILLOW TOPS, all wool yarn, very pretty. Also wool afghan. Send stamp for information. Mrs. John Gallies, Remsen, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Pot Holders in two colors, Peasant Fair design, \$1.25 per pr. M. Sullivan, Sheldon, Iowa.

USE NEW NOVELTY TOWELS, 4¢ ea. Save laundry bills, 25 for \$1. Fireproof ironing board covers, strong self-fitting. Money back if it burns. Only \$2.39 "BEHR'S" 3439 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY, chair set, \$4. 2 sets \$7. White. Crocheted tea aprons pineapple design, medium and large, \$3 ea. White, beauties, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

WANTED: Red Cross Christmas Seals, 1907, 1908, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1920. In exchange I have one 1915 and several later ones. Enclose stamp for reply. Mrs. Geo. Knauss, Scranton, Ia.

SOMETHING NEW, and different. Fancy davenport or bed pillows, out of 1 box milk filter discs. Directions 25¢. Mrs. Regan, 611 So. 20th, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

FOR SALE, crocheted doilies, chair sets, centerpieces, aprons, various designs, sizes and colors. Reasonable prices. Write for information. Mrs. George Honold, Coon Rapids, Iowa.

CROCHETING FOR SALE: 2 bedspreads, 3 tablecloths, runners, several doilies, plain and rose panholders, several davenport and chair sets. Ad good any time. Will take orders for crocheting. Stamps for information please. Mrs. M. J. Quinn, Pocahontas, Iowa.

WANTED, hose mending. 10¢ per run. Send Grace Evans, 533 North 6th St., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

GREETING CARDS: The assortment, Birthday, Get Well, Corresponding Notes, and wrapping paper. Any article for \$1.15. Write Millie J. De Wild, Eddyville, Iowa.

CROCHETED WOOL 3 pc. Baby sweater sets, Pink or blue. Price \$3 postpaid. Mrs. George Jackson, Rt. 4, Creston, Iowa.

EMBROIDERED TEA TOWELS. Set of 6. Kitchen designs, red, green, yellow, \$3. Other sewing wanted. Mrs. Bill Davies, Troy, Kans.

YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS: Health, Wealth, Happiness. Write me on unruled paper, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Sex, Complexion, Birthdate. One dollar. I know you will like this unusual analysis for your personal benefit. Myrtle Kenney, 904 Norfolk, Norfolk, Nebr.

MONEY MADE IN SPARE TIME: Painting plaques and figurines. Large selection of subjects. Priced from 10¢ up. Send stamped envelope for descriptive price list. Gabriel Gifts, 831 So. 17th St., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

1400 WORD CHARACTER ANALYSIS and Vocational Guide, 10c. Send birthdate, and dime. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

SALEM COOK BOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes, spiral binding. Postpaid \$1. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Ia.

BUTTONHOLE MAKER, as Nationally Advertised. Now only 50¢ postpaid. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

GRAND PIANO JEWEL BOXES, Nosco Plastics. Red, blue, or white. Actual size, 4x6 inches. Wholesale price \$2. Midwest Supply Co., Shenandoah, Ia.

SEWING: Ladies dresses \$1.50, Childs \$1. Other garment prices see January Kitchen-Klatter or write. Rag rugs hand loomed \$2. Coverall aprons large roomy \$1.10. Pillow cases embroidered crocheted edge \$3.25. Dresser Scarfs 18x36, embroidered crocheted edge \$1.25. Tea Towels, 20x38, 40¢ each. Colonial girl embroidered design. Mrs. A. W. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED CHAIR SETS, with crocheted edge, \$2 ea. Big strawberry holders, 2 for 35¢. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Iowa.

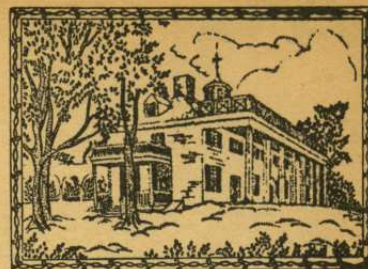
FOR SALE, paper and cloth pajama pillow \$1. Crochet holders, dish rags, 35¢, bibs 75¢. Mrs. Alvin Haehlen, Marion, Iowa.

SEWING WANTED: All Kinds. Send stamp for prices. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Pat Hixson, 3520, 59th, Des Moines, Iowa.

MAKE SETS OF NOVEL attractive clothes hangers, decorated with colorful crocheted flowers. Simple and easy to make. Wee, hangers finished in pastel colors make lovely gifts for baby. A set done all in white, each little bouquet of flowers tied with a bow of white satin ribbon, makes a beautiful bridal shower gift. Instructions and illustration for 25¢ coin. Mrs. E. H. Espe, Radcliffe, Ia.

ANTIQUE GLASSWARE WANTED: Etched baby thumb print. Sometimes called Dakota pattern. Write first, if you know of any I can buy. Edward May, May Seed Co., Shenandoah, Ia.

DARLING KITTEN AND LAMB LAPEL ORNAMENTS, for girls' coat, 35¢ each. Mrs. Charles H. Heller, Box 21, East Dubuque, Ill.



C429M — Kit, 50c

Blend colors suggested on color chart into outline of Washington's beautiful Mt. Vernon home stamped on excellent quality white art cloth, about 16x22 inches. Stir in a few pleasant hours of embroidery work and follow the easy-to-read instructions to complete this attractive bit of artistry.—Order from Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa.

REPRINTS AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

The reprints of Chapters 12 to 24 are ready for you. Send 25¢ and a new subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (\$1.25 for both) if you want them. 50¢ and a new subscription. (1.50) will bring you the first 24 chapters of the story, and the magazine for a year. KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE Shenandoah, Iowa

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RED, WHITE AND BLUE PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

February brings us two patriotic days to use as themes for parties, and we can give our imagination full reign. Many of these decorations would work out very nicely too for decorating tables at church suppers held during February.

We'll take the decorations first beginning with a Lincoln table. Lay bands of blue crepe paper on a white table cloth. Paste white or silver stars on the blue bands. From a paper carton make a log cabin, and cover with brown crepe paper. This will be the centerpiece. For candleholders, cut small round blocks of wood from a small tree limb, or make from brown construction paper to fit over a round paper carton. Attractive nut cups can be made in the shape of stove pipe hats; cut a strip of construction paper, paste into a roll for the crown, and then paste on a circle for the brim; the nut cup peeps out the top of the crown. The hat band can have a row of small white stars pasted on it. Lincoln wrote his famous Gettysburg Address upon the back of an envelope, according to some historians, so for place cards buy small white envelopes. Write the individual's name on the front side, and on the back side copy three or four sentences from the Address.

If you're having a George Washington party, use a good-sized block of wood for the center piece and "chop" the blade of a red hatchet into the center of the wood. If you are unable to get the genuine wood and hatchet, then make them of cardboard giving the hatchet a red handle and a silver blade.

Favors could be drum nutcups or tiny trees made by sticking a twig in a gumdrop or marshmallow, or tiny flags might be stuck in a red gumdrop to fly at each plate. Use a white cloth with bands of red and blue papers. If it's a children's party they will like paper cockade hats as favors, and these hats can be worn as the youngsters eat their refreshments. Small dishes of candied cherries will further carry out this table plan.

Refreshments for these patriotic-theme parties can well include log cabin sandwiches. These are made by spreading a slice of brown whole-wheat bread with a soft cheese and then rolling them to form a log. Fasten with a toothpick. Roll all of these log sandwiches in a damp cloth, chill, and they will stay rolled without the aid of toothpicks. You might

serve a red gelatine fruit salad with whipped cream and a stove-pipe hat cookie. A pattern for this can be cut from heavy cardboard, and then place it on the dough and cut around it with a very sharp knife. They can be covered with white icing, and the band can have blue stripes on it; red stripes would be attractive on the crown.

Of course, cherry pie or a generous slice of Washington cream pie are the classic refreshments for patriotic-theme parties, and nothing tastes better or looks more tempting. Decorated cookies cut with a hatchet cutter look most attractive arranged on big platters, and they go well at this type of party too.

GAMES

One-minute debates on various silly questions which suit your crowd will be fun on Lincoln's Day. If you have an unusually tall person and a quite short person in the crowd you could give them the roles of Lincoln and Douglas and have the crowd cast secret ballots for the winner.

Long, long ago: This is a paper and pencil game. See who can be the first to list twenty-five things unknown in George Washington's Day, and the same number of things unknown in Lincoln's Day.

Yankee Doodle Tag: Divide into two teams at opposite ends of the room. Line up shoulder to shoulder. Form a line in the center of the room. To begin the game Team B lines up, backs to center line (about one foot from center facing their goal line at the end of the room. Team A begins singing or whistling Yankee Doodle as they march toward the center. A leader will raise his hand to signal Team A to stop singing and turn to run toward their goal line. When singing stops Team B turns and chases Team A, trying to tag all they can. Those tagged go on side B. Then B does the singing and A the chasing, and so on until one team gets all the players.

"FEBRUARY FROLIC"

By Wilma Ward Taylor

This month is full of so many things — all sorts of celebrations, Valentines, and "rings"!

Lincoln's Birthday dinner—

February 12

For an informal party to celebrate this event, deck your table with check-table cloths, lanterns, pie tins, and big kettles. Baked beans, brown bread, apple pie, etc., will be just right to complete the atmosphere. If you do not have access to a lantern for your center piece, use a medium size log and make a cardboard ax to lean against it. Make small fences for each side out of small pieces of wood or tree bark. For place cards, use cardboard to represent logs, and color with crayon or colored pencil.

Washington's Birthday—

February 22

A tea or dinner is nice to celebrate this day. For your center piece this event calls for "cherries" and "hatchets". A large cake decorated with cherries makes a lovely "eye catcher"

for your table. For your place cards make small hatchets from cardboard or soft wood. Paint the handles red and print each guest's name in red. Cherries with stems may be cut from construction paper and pasted on paper doilies to add color to your table. Real cherries pinned to each guest's napkin are fun, and "eatable" too. Candle holders can be made from small cherry limbs, and red candles should be used in them. Silhouettes of Washington are very effective on white cards for invitations. And Martha Washington Geraniums will certainly make the perfect flower for your party.

Valentine's Day—

February 14

The best time to give a party is when you're in the mood for one, and Valentine's Day always furnishes the inspiration for a nice party. The ready-made color scheme and traditional heart motifs are easy to work with.

No matter what age you are, exchanging of Valentines and Valentine parties are always welcome, and fun for all. A hat box trimmed up in red and white always hits the spot, for that is where Valentine wishes may be exchanged — not bought! Print your party invitations on large red hearts (using white ink or pencil) cut from construction paper. Paper doilies cut and pasted around the hearts will give them a cheerful "note". If you like, you may use commercial valentines and print your invitation on the back. It is fun to have each guest bring a valentine or original poem to be exchanged at the party.

For your table decorations use large red hearts under each guest's plate. Hearts may be cut from large sheets of red construction paper. These will make a pretty outline for your refreshments and will also make your table bright. The use of red and white sweetpeas in crystal bowls or valentine vases is very nice. A large round mirror with crystal vase with flowers on it is very effective. Run streamers of red and white ribbon or crepe paper out to each plate. At the end of each streamer place a red heart or cookie heart with each guest's name on it. If you are lucky enough to have red or white dishes, they will add a lot to your table. And much gaiety and fun will result thru your choice of food for your party.

For entertainment, how about a little camera fun? Make a heart frame and take snapshots of all your guests. When the pictures are developed and come to them, they will again be reminded of "a wonderful time at your house, February 14".

Goodbye until next month.

Leanna and Lucile.

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