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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Yes, I am writing this in Redlands, California, but by the time you receive it I will be back home in Shenandoah. Right now that seems just a little unreal to me for I am sitting here in my hotel room looking out over snow-covered mountains, and I've spent so much time just enjoying them from day to day that I'm afraid I will have to readjust myself all over again to the fields and low hills of Iowa.

This has been a wonderful, wonderful vacation for both Mart and me. I have gained several pounds and have a beautiful tan as well. We are looking forward to coming back here next winter if it is possible, and some of the good friends we've made here have extracted from us the promise that we'll do our best to make it possible. Lucile and Margery have gotten along so well with their Kitchen-Klatter program on the radio, and Wayne has managed the office end of it so successfully that I've just about concluded you didn't miss me very much. (Note inserted by family: don't think you weren't missed, folks!)

These weeks since I last wrote to you have been so full of interesting experiences that I hardly know where to begin. The one and only disappointment has been that my sister, Helen Fischer who came out with me, was not able to take all of the trips that we have enjoyed. She is spending her time now getting a complete rest in a sanitarium. Fortunately she is near by where I can see her often, and I comfort myself thinking how she has needed just such a rest for the last few years but would not "give up" and take it.

I don't believe I have told you about my visit with Tom Breneman at the Breakfast Club in Hollywood. On Saturday we drove to Burbank where Mart's brother, Harry Driftmier and his family live, and stayed with them over Sunday. We visited all the places of interest around there, places that many of you have seen, I'm sure. Edith (Harry's wife) is such a perfect hostess that we would like to have stayed longer with them in their lovely home.

Monday morning we got up at six o'clock for we were due in Hollywood at eight-fifteen. Our car held four people when we started out: Mart and I were in front, and Edith and her daughter-in-law, Betty, were in back.

The beautiful new dining room was packed with people when we arrived, but Tom's secretary met us and took us down through the crowd to a table reserved for us right up by the platform where Tom has his microphone.

We were served hot scrambled eggs, ham, a bran muffin and coffee. Then all of the tables were cleared and Tom, himself, came down through the crowd from the entrance to the room, and my! how people did cheer him. He has a wonderful personality, as you all know, and loves people, from the oldest down to the youngest. With his mike in his hand he walked among the tables talking to this one and that one. The program is so short and there are so many to interview that I was surprised I could visit with him as much as I did. Needless to say, my thoughts were all back home with you friends when I found myself talking into a microphone once again.

After the program many of my radio listeners who were there came to my table to talk with me. Among the names I jotted down were those of Mrs. C. K. Naylor of Scranton, Ia., Mrs. Delmar Denhardt, Mrs. John Bangs and Mrs. Charles Thompson of Jefferson, Ia., Mrs. Harry Jorgensen and Mrs. Lester Call of Fairmont, Minn., and Mrs. Wm. Rueck and Mrs. Fred Walter of Riley, Kans. There were many others whose names I did not get.

While we were in Burbank, Gertrude Hayzlett, whom many of you know, came to see me. She was just recovering from a major operation but looked very well. Her father, her husband and son Gordon were with her. Gordon is going to the University of Southern California. It was certainly good to see these old friends again.

I am sorry I did not get to the Iowa picnic in Los Angeles, but the date conflicted with our trip to northern California to visit my brother, S. E. Field and his family. That is too long a story to tell you this month, so I'll leave it until my May letter. We had a wonderful time there, and such a grand trip both ways that I'll remember it with pleasure for many months to come.

The weekend before we went up to northern California we spent with an old girlhood friend of mine who has

a lovely home right on the ocean at Laguna Beach. I could hear the waves pounding all night long, and the crackling fire in our room seemed twice as cheerful as it would ordinarily. On our return from Laguna we went to San Juan Capistrano where I enjoyed going through sections of the famous old Mission, and then we took the beautiful drive that goes past Elsinore. Every minute of that trip was unforgettable.

We are still having lovely weather here. There have been a few gentle rains but not nearly as much as is needed. Some parts of the state have been declared emergency areas, and the situation is really serious. The mountains near us are covered with snow, so there will be some water for next summer's irrigation.

Howard plans to fly out here on about March 4th, and then on March 8th we will climb into our car and head for home. We want to go to the Grand Canyon on our return and I am surely anticipating it. As the time draws closer for departure I feel very eager to get home and see my family again, but I feel regret too at leaving the good friends we've enjoyed here. However, our hearts are really at home and my! how long that last fifty miles will seem!

Next month I will write to you from my own desk again, and yet I cannot close this without thanking each and everyone of you for your faithful friendship to my girls while I was gone.

Sincerely yours, Leanna.

GROWING OLD

When I grow old, I want to be
Like some rare souls that I have met,
So sweet, so calm; and this my plea,
That faith be strong to keep the fret
Of life grown dim from spoiling me;
That I may shed such sweetness, yet,
That all my loved ones shall rejoice
That I still live. I would not see
Myself grown mean, but I would voice
The sweetness of a well filled life;
So gently live, so gently fill
The place I occupy, that strife
May not abide. And I would still
Remember this: I cannot stay
So sweetly calm, unless I pray.

—Myrtle Thomas.

FIRST STEP

Across his little universe
He feels his narrow way,
Learning things he had not guessed
'Til this momentous day.

Things long taken with a view
Sideways, or from under,
He sees now, from surface down
With enormous wonder;

A whole new cosmos lies in reach
Not dreamed by him before,
And daily now he will unearth
Bright heavens to explore;

His old world totters under him
To discard on a shelf—
While suddenly there comes a voice,
"He's walking by himself!"
—Mae Winkler Goodman.

Come into the Garden

THOUGHTS FOR APRIL GARDENS

By Mary Duncomb

April is such a lovely month—it doesn't promise more than it can fulfill. It is not like some of the later months we have trusted in the past when we have set out our choice houseplants only to have them freeze, probably buried in snow and ice even in the last week of May. We are not tempted to plant the seeds of tender annuals too early only to have them perish. Rather it is the month of great preparation, with adequate sunshine and gentle showers which will get the ground into proper shape for the big rush of gardening following it.

Of course there is a great deal of early gardening to be done this month. Peas, both garden and Sweet Peas, should be planted early in order to avoid the heat of mid-summer at their maturity, or at least at the peak of their productiveness. Somehow or other, a late second sowing of peas has never proved satisfactory in our garden, so we sow all varieties at once, trusting to their variance in maturing for table use to keep us well supplied over quite a period. This method has never failed us yet.

No matter how tempting the impulse is to do garden work, avoid digging into the soil when it is wet and sticky. The mud balls which form seem to remain hard and impervious to further softening. Even heavy rains do not return them to good working condition. This is especially noticed when a garden is plowed under at too wet a stage. No amount of dragging seems to do any good. Time is gained by waiting until weathering has been done by the sun and the wind.

As this year is again one of the those in which we are asked to grow more food, many such gardens will be started in good faith. What happens to this good faith is something that I'm afraid all of us know only too well! As the summer wears on our enthusiasm lags, and weeds ruin what seemed to promise a worthy venture. However, a small area well tended will produce more vegetables than a larger one which is neglected. Bear this in mind when planning your 1948 garden.

When spading or hoeing around perennials in early spring, watch out for the tips of the lilies not yet showing above ground. These should have been marked last fall, but the average gardener is apt to trust too many details to memory. Consequently it pays to be on the safe side and deal cautiously with all late arrivals in the flower border.

Roses should be set out as early as possible. Nurseries selling these nearly always include instructions to follow in doing this, and the beginner will show wisdom in following them.

Oriental Poppies should have been moved last fall, but if it is necessary

to do this in spring, lose no time in doing so; the more nearly dormant they are the better. I usually have good success in doing this if I choose a time when they are just showing a slight evidence of green; then dig the clump in a damp spell of weather, being careful to use a spade which will permit taking up sufficient earth to cling to the roots. Have the hole into which they are to go, ready for them with some water in it. Plant the clump carefully and keep watered for a while. This may not be orthodox, but it works for me.

Delphiniums may be dug and divided now, thus making more plants. The seedlings started last fall may either be transplanted now into permanent places or put into garden rows. I favor the latter method as they will bloom there and later on in early fall they may be selected as to color and set in some especially beautiful color combination. Or they may be set in beds with the same idea in mind.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Part VI.

PROPAGATION BY SEEDS Continued.

When spring comes the little Lily seedlings started indoors must become accustomed to outside air gradually. Set them outdoors during the sunny, warm hours of the day in a spot where they will get mottled sunshine.

By the time all danger of frost is past they will be ready to be left outside permanently. If they are not too crowded, they could be left in the containers which can be sunk in a propagation or nursery frame. The exceptions are *Formosanum* and sometimes *Longiflorum* Lilies. These often bloom the first year from seeds and may be set in their permanent place in the garden. However, all the others will make better growth, too, if they are carefully removed from the containers and set in rows in a frame.

A frame is easily made. It differs from a cold frame in that it requires no sash. For one can of seedlings or a packet or two of seeds, a fruit lug with the bottom knocked out makes a fine pre-fabricated frame. A larger frame requires 4 boards 5 to 6 inches wide. The frame may be any convenient length. Mine are around 6 feet long. For width, 30 inches is about as far as one can comfortably reach to set plants, weed and cultivate. Nail the boards together at the ends to form a rectangular bed. Stake the frame in place in a sunny, well-drained location with the length running east and west. Provide a lath cover and a burlap cover to shade the frame when necessary. A lath may be nailed along one side of a burlap sack to act as a weight to hold the sack in place. The opposite side can be tacked to the back of the frame.



Jimmy Bill Rolf, Mrs. Tiemann's little nephew, is nailing boards together for a propagation frame.

Make rows one inch deep and 4 to 5 inches apart. Set the little bulblets on a layer of sand one to two inches apart. Keep the bed nicely moist but never soppy wet for any length of time. If the rains fail, hand watering with a sprinkler or hose is necessary for the best results. The bulblets might go dormant if they get too dry which would greatly retard their growth. Shade the little plants during the hot hours of the day but remove the cover at other times and on cloudy days.

The "easy" group of seeds may be planted in early spring as soon as the soil is in working condition. Make rows 1/2 inch deep and 4 to 5 inches apart. Put in a layer of clean sand, then the seeds and cover with a layer of sand and finish with the soil. Keep the bed just nicely moist. When growing weather comes the grass-like spears will commence popping up, many of them gaily waving their seed shells.

"THE AFRICAN VIOLET"

By Helen Van Pelt Wilson

(Reviewed by Pansy M. Barnes)

There may have been African Violets in the Garden of Eden, but flower-lovers never heard of them until the "gay nineties" when Baron Walter von Saint Paul found them in the mountainous regions of East Africa. He had plantations there of vanilla and rubber trees.

Some were growing in fissures of limestone rocks, as well as in rich soil with plenty of humus. Others were in the primeval forest of Numbara, but on granite rocks 2500 feet above the sea. They were more plentiful in the former place. Several varieties were discovered that differed slightly in color, but all were blue.

He sent seeds to England and the plants grown from these bloomed in 1893. They were exhibited in Ghent at the International Horticultural Exposition and created a sensation. This member of the gesneria family, to which belong the gloxinias and many other rare and lovely plants, was thought, at first, to be strictly a professional florists' "baby", too tender and delicate for the ordinary home.

How wrong they were! Today there (Continued on Page 6, Col. 2)

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

The year of 1938 brought a number of changes to our family, although even as I write this sentence I am aware of the fact that we experienced mighty few years in which there weren't changes! When your immediate circle contains nine people it is taken for granted that at least a few things are bound to happen.

In accounting for our whereabouts in the early months of that year I find that Mother and Dad were right here at home, both of them very busy and forever interested in new plans for this magazine. Howard was putting in long hours at the mill and really making headway in building new machinery for seed-cleaning purposes. It wouldn't be even a shade's deviation from the truth if Howard were to write "inventor" on any form that called for stating his profession. He has built complicated machinery from scratch without blueprints of any kind, and without exception has made improvements of his own invention that put the finished machine in a bracket of its own.

Russell and I were both working hard at our respective jobs in Minneapolis. We occupied the second floor of a duplex only three blocks from the campus of the University of Minnesota, and six mornings a week we said goodbye to each other on the steps of our house and went in opposite directions—Russell to a job as salesman in a downtown store, and I to the campus where I worked editing manuscripts on historical subjects.

Dorothy was employed at the May Seed and Nursery Company, and it was about this time that she began working with the Junior Seedsman club. I've no doubt that a good many of you have youngsters who enjoyed selling packets of seeds for May's, and when they wrote in to explain the premium they wanted, Dorothy was the one who took care of their letters. She remembered the names and ambitions of countless youngsters, and whenever we saw her she was full of stories about her job.

Frederick was a junior at Tarkio College at that time, and probably the busiest student on any campus! Not only did he carry his regular college courses, but he made several trips to distant cities to represent his school in debate. In those days travel by air wasn't as commonplace as it is today, and we were all excited when he took a plane to Oklahoma City for a contest of some kind. But no matter what the week's schedule might call for, Sunday always found Frederick back in Missouri where he had services to conduct—there were a few periods when he was practically an old-fashioned circuit preacher. Sometimes when the weather was nice Mother and Dad drove to hear him preach, and through these trips they made many new friends whom they enjoyed very much.



Dorothy and Frank on their wedding day, November 20, 1938

Wayne was employed at our local City National Bank, and if his younger brother and sister were under the impression that bank employees had a snap because they worked only from ten until two, Wayne's routine clarified that notion for them! Anyone living between our house and the bank could have set his watch by Wayne in the morning, but evening was another story. And there were many nights too when he chose to stay down town and study the knotted complications of tax laws.

Margery was a senior in high school that year and anyone knows what a busy period that is! As always, all of the school activities led up to the big night of graduation, and for our family these events were of double interest because of the fact that Mother made the effort to attend. Most families take it absolutely for granted that Mother and Dad will be right there, but in our case it meant that Mother had to be taken in her wheel chair up three long flights of stairs.

Donald was a sophomore in high school that year, and I know he would be the first to laugh about his public speaking activities of that time. That was the year he decided to compete in the declamatory contest with the reading that had started Frederick on his triumphant course as a public speaker, but perhaps there was something beyond the reading itself involved! Whatever the explanation Donald decided to devote his energies to music after that initial contest, and henceforth he was constantly busy with every glee club or chorus or quartet program that was given while he was a high school student.

During the summer months Frederick went to Estes Park where he worked in a YMCA camp and spent his leisure hours mountain climbing. Perhaps you recall in Dad's article about his western trip last summer what his sensations were when he looked at some of the mountains Frederick had climbed in 1938!

The summer also brought a nice time with Mother and Dad when they visited us in Minneapolis following their annual trip to Spirit Lake. I am happy to report that everything went off on schedule for that visit, and the only matter of regret was the fact that in my eagerness to give Dad lavish amounts of his two favorite foods, chicken gizzards and lettuce with sour-cream, I practically finished him for all time with both dishes! Margery was with the folks for that visit, and Dorothy arrived immediately following their departure and spent about three weeks. During her stay with us Frank flew up to Minneapolis for a weekend at our home, so all in all it was a summer of much visiting and many good times.

In September Margery entered Iowa State College at Ames as a Home Economics major. She was extremely homesick at first and pleaded with her Counsellor to arrange her schedule in such a way that she would be free every afternoon from one-thirty until two, and when pressed for an explanation she confessed that the reason she wanted to be free at that time was because she felt lonely and wanted to listen to her Mother on the radio! All of the other girls envied Marge this immediate contact with home, needless to say.

One day in late November when I returned to my home from the office I found a letter from Mother that contained surprising news—Dorothy was married! When you come right down to it this shouldn't have surprised me in the least for Frank and Dorothy had known each other for more than two years, but there hadn't been any formal announcement of their intentions (to use an old-fashioned word!) and all in all I was what you might call unprepared for the news. Dorothy had always said that she wanted no formality of any kind, so her wedding was as simple as this:

On Sunday morning she went to church with Frank, they came back to the house for the usual Sunday chicken dinner, and also as usual, everyone pitched in and helped wash up the dishes, Dorothy included. Then she slipped upstairs and put on a pretty navy blue dress that had been purchased for the occasion, and at two o'clock came back downstairs and joined Frank in front of a small table that stood by the west windows in the living room. There were white roses on this table and white tapers burning—the only decorations. The minister read the ceremony with our immediate family present, and Frank's sister and her husband who lived in Shenandoah at that time. Afterwards Mother served coffee and ice-cream, and then Dorothy and Frank slipped away for a short wedding trip. It was, as you see, the most simple of weddings, and these details that I have given you were what I read in Mother's letter that afternoon ten years ago.

When Dorothy and Frank returned from their wedding trip they moved into a furnished apartment here in Shenandoah and remained there for the three years that passed before they went to California.

(To be continued in the May issue)

FOR MOTHERS AND GRAND-MOTHERS

By Lucille Sassaman

TO MOTHERS

Don't make the best of Grandma—make the most of her. You at least must give her credit for doing a pretty good job of raising one child! Consider her ideas and suggestions not only with patient politeness, but on the chance that she might be right. Her experience will help you to find a way to harmonize all the different theories that have been thrust upon you. Respect her judgment and make your own decisions. If it doesn't make any real difference, do it her way once in a while.

You are responsible for making your home a happy place in which to live, and you can give your children a genuine lesson in respect and consideration by your attitude towards Grandma. They will learn from your example how to treat their own Mother.

Remember that Grandma is having a hard time now adjusting to a world where she is not the absolute center. For many years she has had to make all the decisions, and now she has to learn a new role; you would do well if you help her to be a real Grandmother instead of an assistant Mother.

Don't just use her for emergencies or thrust your household responsibilities on her. Encourage Grandma to talk about her early life, to tell stories to the children about how things were—stories about you as a child and stories about the whole family. This gives your children a sense of belonging; it gives them an historical background and confidence in the future to know the past. You Mothers are the bridge between the past and the future and you can act as the interpreter.

TO GRANDMOTHERS

It's hard to learn the difference between being a Grandmother and a Mother. You have to learn to advise, but not make decisions. You have to step into emergencies cheerfully, and step aside, without resentment, when things go well.

You have to accept the fact that your child is grown up and entitled to the respect and confidence that you had as a young Mother, or that you wanted. You must take pride in her development and never, never belittle her in the eyes of her children. You don't have to compete with her—you can enjoy a new relationship of equals.

The world is changing and Mothers have many problems that you never had to meet, and you had some that they will escape. They have new ideas about child care and discipline, and different ideas about style and fashion and manners. Many of these may seem wrong to you but be careful to make a distinction between what is just different with what is really morally wrong. You must accept the fact that they are living in a very different, fast changing world.

Try not to be shocked by your grandchildren's lack of manners or



Mother and Gertrude Hayzlett were photographed together in Burbank, Calif., the weekend that Mother went to Los Angeles for her broadcast on Tom Breneman's program.

what you consider bad taste. If these qualities really exist the children will outgrow them soon, but nagging only helps to set anything. You will only delay the day of improvement if you persist in harping on the subject. Enjoy each child for his own individual ways. Don't make comparisons or show that you prefer one more than the other, even though that is a perfectly normal reaction. And for goodness sakes don't set up any shining examples! Everybody resents that and matters are likely to get worse.

Relax, knowing that you are not responsible for final decisions and enjoy the freedom from the constant obligations of running a home. Be glad that your child is a parent, and be proud of the role you played in making her a good parent. If you don't think that she is a good parent, examine yourself and try to find where you failed in making her one.

Keep out of family quarrels. You know you had them too, and you also know that whoever gets caught in the middle is going to have trouble with everybody when things get straightened out. You can do a great deal to smooth out tensions if you don't take sides or belittle and criticize anyone.

Assert yourself as an individual and have a life of your own. Use your extra freedom and energy in interests outside of the home. Your ideas and experience can be of great service to the community and when you do come home you will be twice as beloved as a Grandmother.

Having a good time is a habit. If you are waiting for great things to happen, if you belittle simple home joys, if you have not thought it worth while to undertake festivities because you can't do things in elegant style, it is quite likely the spirit of the occasion will avoid you.—Anonymous.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

The past few months I have been taking an enforced vacation. Many of you knew about it and I want to thank you all for the wonderful letters and cards you sent me. They meant more than you can know during the time I was in the hospital and during the weeks I was in bed after I returned home again. As I write this I am feeling much better, and by the time you read it I hope to be as well as ever.

As I went through your letters I found that there are many who need cheer. Will you send a card or letter to these people?

Geraldine Ann Mason, 2437 N. Cleveland, Philadelphia 32, Pa., is four years old. For six months she has been flat on her back with a cast on her leg. It will be six more months before it can be taken off. Perhaps you could send her a book or a toy.

Miss Olga Aune of 312 East State St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., has never walked in all her twenty-three years. She is only three feet tall. She spends her time in a wheel chair, and her hobbies are view cards and hankies.

Mrs. Dottie Lukes, 7906 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles 1, Calif., is in her middle twenties. She has some bone trouble and will have to wear a 100 pound cast for a year. She would enjoy mail.

Shirley Klinetobe, 205 Twelfth St., Rapid City, S. Dakota, had polio when she was five years old. She is twelve now and still has to spend much time in the hospital. She collects toy dogs, cream pitchers and stamps.

Karen Kruse, Sonora, Ky., is ten years old. She is bedfast with rheumatic fever, and it was a severe loss to her when her baby brother died recently. Karen would enjoy something to play with in bed.

Miss Rachel Browning, 2907 West Garland Ave., Spokane 2, Wash., is another tiny girl who has never walked. She is fourteen years old but is only 30 inches tall and weighs but 35 pounds. Her hobby is view cards and she likes to get and to write letters.

Many of you know Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, 120 West B St., Glendale, Arizona. She is not so well this winter. She suffers terribly and is so lonely since her sons moved away. Do write to her.

Mrs. Glen McMorro, 3131 Clay Ave., San Diego 2, Calif., has a heart ailment. She likes mail although she has to do her writing as she lies in bed.

Mrs. Helen Peitsmeyer, 917 N. 25 Ave., Omaha 2, Nebr., needs cheer. She has been bedfast for twenty years.

Mrs. Edith H. Phillips, C Cottage, Spring Grove Hosp., Catonsville 28, Maryland needs special cheer for she has been in the hospital for two years.

Mrs. Cargill, Rt. 1, Box 187, Swea City, Iowa, has been bedfast over a year. She is eighty-one years old and I'm sure she would enjoy cards.

Mrs. B. L. Beard, Urich, Mo., wants to hear from other middle-aged or older ladies. She was an invalid for years but is much improved now.

APRIL'S THE TIME TO—

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Be prepared to laugh long and loud when "April-fooled" by mischievous youngsters at your house—yes, and bethink yourself of a good prank to get back at them! Sh. . sh. . I think I'll put toothpicks in Hubby's oatmeal. Childish? Well, who can put a price on a good, hearty family laugh?

—Try a new salad dressing on your tossed spring salads. Here's an Italian dressing to shake up in a Mason jar. 1/2 cup salad oil, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1 tsp. dry mustard, touch of garlic juice or salt, 1/3 cup sugar, salt and pepper to taste and a dash of hot sauce and just a whiff of nutmeg. And, if you have pickle vinegar left over, by all means use it—celery seeds, bay leaves and all. Zippy!

—Tackle housecleaning in a "safe and sane" manner. (1) One room at a time; (2) Discard wobbly chairs and ladders (you won't enjoy sparkling windows with a broken neck!) (3) Clean drawers, closets and shelves a-head of regular room cleaning day.

—By the way, did you know that a bit of bluing in the suds will give new sparkle to your fine glassware?

—See that Mother has a "new look"—that is, if you want the compliment of having Junior bring you the first dandelion! Try a new hairdo, a brighter lipstick, put on a new house-dress just for the family, take time to point out the beauties of nature to eager young eyes—and don't forget to preface it all with a brand new spring smile!

—Visit a new neighbor. Maybe you've intended to go since they moved in in March but just haven't gotten to it. Maybe you can take her a few bulbs or perennial plants for her new garden. Invite her to go to the next club or Aid meeting with you and get acquainted. She'll never forget you!

—And speaking of visiting, if Grandma has been shut in all winter, bundle her up some warm afternoon and take her downtown to browse through the shops and to stand in the sunshine and visit with friends along the street. My! will she be pepped up?

—Remember, if you're redecorating the house this spring, that your husband lives there too! Too many women submerge the entire home in their own personalities—friend husband is the Little Man Who Isn't There as far as his comfortable chair, his hobbies and his color preferences are considered. Think about that before indulging in too many fluffy ruffles and dainty pastels, not too mention the slight, featherweight furniture!

PRAYER AT DAWN

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business of the day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)
is scarcely a home in the land that doesn't enjoy the year-round bloom of these adaptable beauties. Instead of one variety, there are dozens and dozens. The colors range from white, through pink, various tints and shades of orchid, blue and purple. The leaves vary in size and shape.

Information in regard to their care has been scarce and difficult to find. But now, fresh from the publisher comes this very answer to the "prayers" of the African violet lover. This beautifully bound and printed book is by Helen Van Pelt Wilson, a famous horticultural writer noted for her magazine articles and books. Here is the history of the African violet, and every detail of care from seed to gorgeous bloom; how to mix the soil, all about pests and diseases, classifications, clubs, societies and shows and sources of supply. In fact, in this book is anything one might wish to ask about *saintpaulias*. There are twenty-six fine illustrations, carefully drawn by an artist with a "seeing eye".

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I sat down to write to you my eyes lighted on a big box of letters that has a red label printed on the front of it, and that label says CONTEST. Frankly, I am overwhelmed at the number of busy women who have taken time to sit down and write an account of what goes on at their house from dawn until dusk—only I should not limit it to "dusk" for as nearly as I can tell I have a great deal of company in my evening activities!

The amount of work that many of you accomplish leaves me awe-stricken. I might add too that it is a very good experience in just plain gratitude to read these letters from those of you who wade through mountains of work without the wonderful conveniences that some of us are fortunate enough to have. I can't turn on the faucet for dish water without being glad for running water. I can't turn on an electric light without remembering those of you whose daily schedule called for cleaning lamps. And every time our furnace is stoked my mind flies to those of you who said simply and without complaint: "I am one who carries in fuel and lugs out ashes." I'd like to have every self-pitying, indulged woman in the world read through these letters for I can't imagine emerging from them without feeling tremendous respect for those who manage so well in the face of such odds.

On April 1st we will have to ring down the curtain on our little contest. If you've been "thinking about" writing I hope that you get in under the line. In May we will publish the prize winning letter, and I'd like to share other good letters with you as the months roll by.

Juliana's fifth birthday was wonderful. She still plays happily for hours with her lovely cards that so many of you sent, and to all of you who helped to make it a never-to-be-

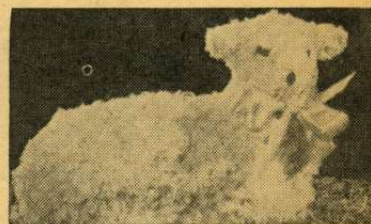
forgotten birthday, our warmest thanks.

At six o'clock we had twelve little girls come in for a birthday dinner, and Grandmother's big table was stretched to its limit. I served the plates in the kitchen and in case you are preparing for such an event you may be interested in hearing that we had creamed chicken, mashed potatoes, buttered peas (the frozen kind), hot rolls, perfection salad, and of course the most important thing of all, ice cream and cake.

Our centerpiece was a lamb and he was terrific! I had him thoroughly covered with ground cocoanut, and I used raisins for his eyes, nose and mouth. He reposed in great dignity upon a large crystal plate that had been covered with green grass, the kind that you get in little Easter baskets. I considered putting a few tufts of it in his mouth, but that made him look almost too realistic! Around this platter were arranged individual cupcakes decorated with pastel flowers and containing little pink candles in animal candle-holders. Then there were four large pink tapers burning on either side of the platter. I only wish that you might have been there to see the youngsters' eyes shine when the lights were turned off and they sang "Happy Birthday" by candlelight. Such sheer ecstasy belongs only to childhood, and I'm ashamed to say that I almost had tears in my eyes!

When you read this Russell, Juliana and I will be homeward bound from Florida. We are leaving on St. Patrick's day and will go by way of New Orleans. At long, long last I will get to see the country that Hallie Barrow described for us so vividly in several issues of the magazine last winter. For some reason I have always had a great urge to see the "Deep South" and with this trip my long-awaited dream will come true. I wish that I could tuck you into the car with us, but when I return I'll certainly be happy to share with you some of our experiences along the road. . . . Lucile.

WATCH THEIR EYES GLEAM

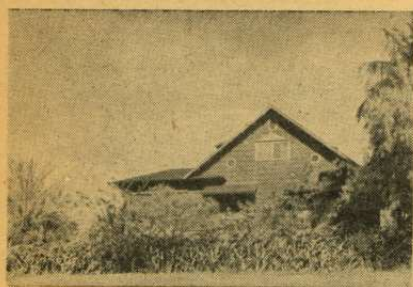


Few things in life give greater joy than the laughing eyes of happy children. Youngsters will squeal with delight and dance with joy when they see this perfect cake for all special occasions.

This Lamb Cake mold is made from heavy cast aluminum for easy, fancy baking. The baked cake is 6½x9x3½ inches. Individual and complete baking instructions are included with each mold.

Price only \$5, postpaid

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
SHENANDOAH, IOWA



This is the house where Frederick, Betty and little Mary Leanna live in Honolulu, Hawaii. It is located on the campus of the Punahou School where Frederick teaches.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Oh, what a beautiful Sunday this has been! Before going to church Betty and I sat out on our big screened-in veranda and just revelled in the beauty of the morning. The ocean was calm and blue, spotted here and there by sleek-looking yachts and small fishing craft, and back of us the high green hills were capped with tremendous white clouds. The only grounds for complaint lay in the fact that I hadn't mowed the lawn this week and Betty noticed it. Here in Hawaii the grass has to be cut every week of the year. It seems to me that our lawn needs mowing every other day, and because of the rocks in it, it is a very difficult lawn to cut.

We really had a big event here on the school campus last week. It was the annual two-day Junior Carnival. It is called the Junior Carnival because it is sponsored by the Junior Class, but actually a great deal of the work was done by parents of children in all classes. Just to give you an idea of the size of the carnival I shall let you in on the fact that the gross take for the two days was \$11,000.00. Just think of that! Have you ever heard of a high school class carnival taking in more money than that? I never have. Since the carnival grounds was right here on the campus just a stone's throw from our house, Betty and I went over several times. I took Betty for her first ride on a ferris wheel. One of the popular food stands sold meat sticks. The meat sticks consist of a stick about a foot long with seven or eight small pieces of barbecued meat on the end of it. The meat is eaten in a similar fashion to an all-day sucker. I think the idea originated in Japan.

One of the favorite booths for everyone was the white elephant booth. Time and time again I resisted the temptation to buy some outlandish article. But at last I did make one purchase that pleased me no end. I put that in the past tense you will observe, for after Betty saw my purchase and watched it work she pricked my bubble of pride. I bought for the whole sum of fifty cents an electric egg beater, and it actually runs, but the trouble is that it doesn't run fast enough. I can turn around on my heels as quickly as the egg beater turns around on its axis, and that isn't fast enough to beat eggs. I

don't know what we shall use it for, but I am determined that that purchase prove profitable in some way or other.

I think that the most fun we had at the carnival was showing off our beautiful baby. What pride I took in wheeling little Mary Leanna in her carriage through the mobs of students and parents! All my students gathered around until at times there were as many as fifteen or twenty persons trying to look at her at the same time. She didn't cry once, but just stared right back at them. Her days of going for carriage rides are just about over, however, for this week I bought her a super deluxe baby stroller. I am gradually getting her used to it by wheeling her around the house. Her feet aren't long enough to propel herself yet, but it won't be a very long time until she will push herself from one end of this house to the other. The stroller is made of airplane metal and weighs only nine pounds, and it can be folded up and carried in the car.

Mary Leanna also has a new high chair, and you will laugh when you learn how we solved the problem of how to keep her from slipping out of the chair. The solution was simple; we make her wear rubber pants while in the chair. The rubber keeps her from slipping on the smooth varnished chair surface.

The store where I bought the chair has no delivery service and because of the Honolulu traffic I had to park many blocks from the store. I had to carry that high chair from the store to the car, and you should have seen me! It was a Saturday morning and the walks were packed with people. So many people kept bumping into the chair when I carried it on either side that I tried carrying it in front of me. That resulted in my sticking people in the back with the chair legs. For a half block I tried carrying it on my head in the way that I used to carry things in Egypt, but Honolulu is not Egypt, and the few people that saw me in that half-block are probably still telling their friends about the crazy man they saw walking through the heart of the business district with a high chair on his head. I tried stepping off the walk and going down the edge of the street, but so many cars honked at me that in desperation I sought the refuge of the walks once again. I don't think Mary Leanna—or Betty for that matter—appreciate the humiliation I suffered with that chair. Betty says that in a couple of months I have to buy another special kind of chair for the baby, but I'm telling you right now that I shall set my foot down and refuse to carry that next chair down the sidewalks of Honolulu. Enough is enough.

This week some of our friends had us over for a "sukiyaki dinner". Sukiyaki is the favorite Japanese dish in this part of the Pacific. It is something like chop suey, but in some ways different. For the occasion our hostess had removed her regular dining room table and had made out of planks and boxes a long low table about a foot off the floor. Instead of

chairs, we all sat on cushions. Each person was given a bowl of sukiyaki, a bowl of rice, and a set of chopsticks. A few of the people at the dinner had never used chopsticks and since no offer was made to give them more modern implements I don't think that they ate too much. I did pretty well with my chopsticks on the first helping, but on the second helping I made a terrible mistake. I put several sauces on my rice, and then the rice was so slippery that I couldn't get it to stick on the chopsticks.

The other day an old neighbor lady came to call on us. We were sitting out on the veranda visiting when she said: "My, how fortunate you are to have this house. Just think you can sit right here on your own veranda and watch all the funeral processions go by. It must be nice!" It hadn't occurred to us that seeing funeral processions was actually an advantage, but it is true that several processions a day go up the avenue in front of the house. They are the longest processions I have ever seen in my life. If I am leaving my driveway when one starts passing, I just turn off the motor and prepare myself for a long wait.

My position as chaplain of this school gives me a unique opportunity. Not many ministers are free to attend some church on Sunday morning, but I am. My Sunday service is in the evening when I conduct a vesper service for all of our boarding students. Many of the ministers in Honolulu have asked me to take services in their churches when they have been ill or called to one of the other islands. When I am not helping at some service I attend one of the churches here in the city. Since I am chaplain to children of many different denominations, I attend the services of many different denominations. This morning I went to the Mormon Tabernacle. Visiting these different churches has been such a wonderful experience, that beginning after Easter I am going to take a group of students with me each Sunday. We shall have breakfast together when I shall prepare them for the visit, and then we shall go in a body to some church.

Sincerely, Frederick.

HOUR BY HOUR

God broke our years to hours and days, that

Hour by hour

And day by day,

We might be able all along

To keep quite strong.

Should all the weight of life

Be laid across our shoulders, and the future, rife

With woe and struggle, meet us face to face

At just one place,

We could not go;

Our feet would stop; and so

God lays a little on us every day.

And never, I believe, on all the way

Will burdens bear so deep

Or pathways lie so steep

But we can go, if by God's power,

We only bear the burden by the hour.

—Unknown.



SALT RISING BREAD

(This fine bread is nothing to attempt in damp, cold weather unless your house is evenly heated. At all stages protect the batter from draughts.)

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup white corn meal
- 1 cup water, lukewarm,
- 2 Tbls. lard
- Flour

Let milk cool to lukewarm and add salt, half the quantity of sugar, and the corn meal. Pour the mixture into a stone crock or jar, cover, and set in a bowl of hot water. Keep in a warm place about 6 hours, or until it ferments. When gasses escape freely, pour in the lukewarm water, and add lard, remaining sugar, and 2 cups of flour, beating well. Put jar back in bowl of hot water, and let rise until batter is light and bubbly. Turn into a warmed mixing bowl, and gradually stir in enough more flour to make rather stiff dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead for 12 minutes. Put into 2 greased bread tins, brush with milk, cover with a clean cloth, and let rise in a warm place until two and a half times original bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven for 10 minutes; lower heat and bake 25 minutes longer.

Recipes for salt rising bread are not easily come by. Be sure you file this copy of the magazine!

HAM BAKED IN MILK

- 2 lb. slice raw ham
- 1/3 cup bread crumbs
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Milk

Wash the ham, cover it with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Boil 10 minutes. Drain, wipe with a dry cloth and put it in a baking pan. Make a paste by mixing together crumbs, yolk of egg, brown sugar, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Spread this paste on top of the ham; pour enough milk into the pan to come halfway to the top of the ham, and bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes. As the milk dries out, add a little more from time to time.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

Since soup, and such good soup, is easily available in cans, we've lost some of the art that our grandmothers and mothers knew. A fine rich soup is still one of the chief tests of a wonderful cook, so this month we are giving you a recipe that, followed carefully, will produce a soup that will long be remembered.

- 1 4-lb. chicken
- 1 veal knuckle
- 2 Tbls. chicken fat
- 1 onion, sliced
- 2 large carrots, quartered
- 2 1/2 quarts cold water
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 2 stalks celery
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 peppercorns
- 1 cup cream
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 egg yolks
- Salt

Cut up the chicken as for frying and also cut the veal knuckle into several pieces. Heat the fat in a heavy soup pot and lightly brown the pieces of chicken, the knuckle, onion, and carrots in it. Add water and bring slowly to the boiling point; skim carefully and add remaining vegetables, 1 tsp. of salt and the 4 peppercorns. Simmer 2 hours; remove the pieces of breast and cover them with a little of the broth. Continue cooking the soup for another 3 hours. Strain, cool, and skim off every particle of grease. Reheat and add half of the breast meat which has been chopped. Mix cream and flour together until smooth, add egg yolks and heat thoroughly; strain the mixture in the simmering soup and let thicken for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve at once. Serves 6.

HAM SALAD

(Especially good to serve if you are entertaining during the Easter season.)

- 2 slices cold baked ham 1/2 inch thick
- 1 cup celery
- 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine
- 1 green onion
- 4 slices sweet pickle, cut fine

Cut ham fine and marinate in French dressing. Drain and add other ingredients. Make a bed of lettuce for this and garnish with parsley.

Ripe cucumber pickles and hot rolls (very small) would be nice served with this.

ORANGE CHIFFON CAKE

This is the recipe for the cake that has caused such a stir throughout the country. We'll be interested in hearing what results you have.
10-Inch Tube Cake (16 to 20 Servings)
Get Ready:

Heat oven to 325 degrees (slow moderate).

Sift an ample amount of cake flour onto a square of paper.

Step 1:

Measure (level measurements throughout) and sift together into mixing bowl—

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour (spoon lightly into cup, don't pack).

1 1/2 cups sugar

3 tsp. double-action baking powder.

Make a well and add in order—

1/2 cup cooking (salad) oil such as Mazola or Wesson.

5 unbeaten egg yolks (medium-sized).

Grated rind of 2 oranges (about 2 tbs.)

Juice of 2 medium-sized oranges plus water to make 3/4 cup.

Beat with spoon until smooth.

Step 2:

Measure into large mixing bowl—

1 cup egg whites (7 or 8)

1/2 tsp. cream of tartar.

Whip until whites form very stiff peaks. They should be much stiffer than for Angel Food or meringue. Do not underbeat.

Step 3:

Pour egg yolk mixture gradually over whipped egg whites—gently folding with rubber scraper just until blended. Do not stir.

Pour into ungreased pan immediately. Use 10-inch tube pan, 4 inches deep.

Bake 65 minutes in slow moderate oven (325 degrees).

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle, resting edges of square pan on two other pans. Let hang, free from table, until cold. Loosen from sides and tube with spatula. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

- 2 cups milks, scalded
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. black molasses
- 3 Tbls. lard
- 1 1/2 cakes compressed yeast
- 5 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour

Mix together in a big bowl the milk, salt, molasses, and lard, and when lukewarm, crumble in the yeast. Add 3 cups of whole wheat flour, beating hard. Add remaining flour gradually, mixing thoroughly. Cover, and set to rise in a warm place until the dough has doubled its bulk, or about 4 1/2 hours. Cut down (the dough will not be sufficiently stiff to knead) and turn into two greased bread tins. Set to rise again in a warm place for about 2 hours. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for 20 minutes; reduce heat to 325 degrees F. and bake 45 minutes more.

GRAHAM MUFFINS

- 1 cup graham, or whole wheat flour
- 1 cup white flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening

Mix and sift all the dry ingredients except the graham flour; add that unsifted. Mix well-beaten egg with the milk and pour into dry ingredients, beating well. Add shortening, mix thoroughly, and pour into hot, greased muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 15 to 20 minutes. About 14 muffins.

These graham muffins taste wonderful on a blustery spring night. We were always happy when Mother said just before supper, "We're going to have graham muffins tonight." There was never so much as a crumb left.

BUTTER TOFFEE

- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1/4 cups butter
- 1/4 lb. unblanched almond meats, chopped
- 1/2 lb. California walnut meats, finely chopped
- 1/4 lb. milk chocolate, melted.

Bring sugar, salt, water, and butter to boiling; add unblanched almond meats and half the walnut meats; pour into greased pan. When cool, brush with chocolate and sprinkle with remaining walnut meats. Break in pieces. Makes 2 dozen pieces.

JELLIED TUNA SALAD

- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup flaked tuna
- 1 cup canned peas
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water, lemon juice and salt. Allow to cool. Stir in tuna, peas and pimiento. Fold in mayonnaise. Turn into shallow pan and allow to chill thoroughly. To serve cut in squares and arrange on nest of lettuce.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3 Tbls. cocoa or
- 1 sq. chocolate

Beat egg yolks with butter and sugar. Add crumbs, salt and milk. Cook in double boiler until thick. Add cocoa or chocolate and beat 1 minute. Fold in vanilla and egg whites beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven until firm—insert knife blade in center of pudding and when blade is clean the pudding is done.

PRUNE AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

Take one pound of large prunes and soak overnight. Cook gently until tender when pierced with a silver fork. (Follow instructions on package if prunes you purchase do not call for pre-soaking before cooking.) Add 1 cup of sugar. Boil two minutes and keep turning in syrup until fruit absorbs the juice. When thoroughly chilled slit with sharp knife. Remove pit. Open to form a flower. Take dry cottage cheese, add heavy whipped cream to moisten. Salt and pepper to taste. Roll cottage cheese ball in crushed nuts and fill cavity. Arrange on lettuce leaves.

PLAIN COOKED DRESSING

- 3 eggs or 5 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. white pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. salad oil or
- 1 Tbls. melted butter

Heat vinegar and salad oil or butter, whichever you choose to use, to boiling point. Pour over the other ingredients which have been beaten to a cream. Cook in double boiler stirring continuously until smooth and thickened.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

- 2 tsp. gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 4 egg whites

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water. Beat yolks, add 1/2 cup sugar, salt, and lemon juice and rind. Cook and stir in double boiler until thick. Add gelatin and stir until it dissolves. Cool. When beginning to set, fold in egg whites beaten until stiff with remaining sugar. Pour into baked pie shell and chill. If desired, fold 1/2 to 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, into mixture or spread finished pie with whipped cream. Makes 9-inch pie.

HOUSECLEANING QUICKIES

By Mabel Nair Brown

Do you do your routine housework the easy way—which experts say is the right way? Do you dust with both hands, cut biscuits square, keep your back straight when you bend, use long-handled mops, brushes and dust pans?

Did you know that a good commercial cleaner (the kind you use to remove spots from clothing at home) will remove the most stubborn grease spot from wallpaper? If, after the first application evaporates, the spot still shows, just do it again, rubbing the cleaner on with cotton or a soft cloth. The grease really goes and in short order too, and no ring or spot is left.

In case of splinters or broken glass when cleaning, use a damp towel or newspaper (never your bare hands) to gather up the pieces. Any glass that is broken on a tile floor will come up like magic if you use dampened cotton and rub lightly over the area.

A piece cut from an old window shade works fine to glue on the back of torn linoleum to hold it firm and flat.

When food spills over on the range, don't scrape it off. Put a little ammonia in water and saturate a cloth in it. Lay the cloth on the soiled surface. Leave it for about one hour, then rub off food with a cloth or fine steel wool.

Do you use lots of newspapers to spare the floor, your dress or the table when doing a messy job?

By the way, have you ever made place mats from washable wallpaper? They are pretty and practical for everyday use.

Take a look about the house and see what "extras" can be done without through the summer months. Less clutter means less cleaning on hot summer days, so skip the non-essentials. "Clear the decks and keep cool."

If you store underwear, woolens, etc., in boxes, label the contents and save yourself time next fall.

Make off-center creases in your sheets and linens to save wear from folding. Rotating linens (put freshly laundered ones on the bottom of the pile) is a good idea to get longer wear.

For new picture interest dig out one of the old large frames and arrange your snapshots on a background of dark sateen or percale. Hang it up in the living room for the family to enjoy. And keep up fresh interest in it by changing "snaps" occasionally.

COLD SOAP

"This soap requires no fire. Put four and one-half pounds of cold lard and waste grease into a dish pan. Add three quarts of soft tepid water, one can of lye on top and stir for thirty minutes. Several drops of anise oil may be added for a pleasant odor. Let harden and then slice. People who felt very skeptical about trying this when they first saw the recipe report that they had perfect results."—E. S. DeBois, Nebr.

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ORDER FROM LEANNA DRIFTMIER
Shenandoah, Iowa

BRAIDING RUGS IS WORK— AND FUN!

By Lucille Sassaman

When Lucile asked me to write an article on braiding rugs I had no hesitation about saying "yes", but now I know why most books and articles were of such little help to me. I do believe that it is easier to make a rug than to tell anyone how to do it.

Seven years ago I made my first one. I got the inspiration when I saw a picture of one in a Pennsylvania Dutch Museum. I soon found out that there were a lot of things I didn't know, and every book or article that I could find in the library told me just three things. They all said just to cut and braid and sew, but I found many a slip between the cut and the snip, and now that I am on my third large one I have learned a thing or six.

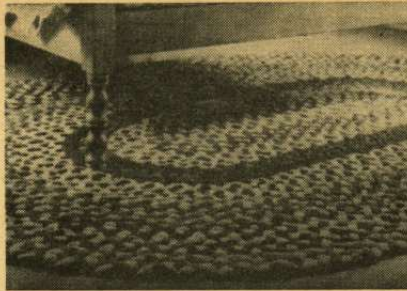
Braided rugs are beautiful and worth the effort to make them if they are done well, but like everything else it doesn't pay to work carelessly or to use poor material. I save every scrap of wool and when I have any doubt about a piece I don't use it. Don't mix wool and cotton and don't mix in shoddy wool with good wool because then your strips will wear unevenly and you will regret seeing your whole rug ruined in a few years because of one bad piece of material.

Whenever my husband discards a suit or pair of wool slacks, I rip the seams and cut off buttons and linings, pocket bindings and fly. I check the knees and usually cut off the bottom of the trousers where they have worn at the edge of the cuffs. I then have only straight pieces of woolen material that are easy to wash and dry. I keep them in an old trunk which I spray occasionally with DDT, and it is much easier to store the pieces than it is to keep old clothes.

Whenever I have sit-down spare time, I cut and sew strips. Not until I have several large balls of finished strips do I start on a rug. I like to plan my colors and don't like to stop and cut and sew while I am braiding. The cutting and sewing is more than 75% of the work. Braiding and sewing together can be done in a few days.

If I am using a medium-weight wool like a man's suit I cut on the straight or tear strips 2 inches wide and sew all the strips together end to end with heavy thread. Then I fold each edge to the center and fold again in the center and catch stitch the folded piece, now 4 layers thick, along the edge using stitches just to hold it. Then I roll this finished strip into a ball and put it away ready for braiding.

If I have light-weight wool like a woman's dress I cut the strips wider and fold over and over until I have a folded strip about the same weight and width as the first piece. Heavier wool like coats and some blankets can be cut just wide enough to fold one edge over to cover the raw edge. Many people do not baste their strips and I didn't on my first one, but I know now that it makes a neater rug



One of the finest braided rugs we've ever seen is on the bedroom floor in the home of Mrs. Fay Williams, Shenandoah. It fills almost the entire room and is a genuine work of art.

and takes less time than folding as I braid.

Use the colors that you have the least of for your center pieces and save your really big strips for the longer outside rows. I like to have some plain dark rows occasionally to break the mixed patterns, so I frequently have to dye some pieces.

A nicely shaped oval rug 5x7 or larger, will need a center strip about 32 inches long, so make a braid a little longer than 64 inches and join the ends together. I might as well tell you now how to join braids together and then I'll come back and help you finish the center. Ravel the ends of your braid for about 2 inches and cut the ends of the strips so the three pieces are unequal in length. Weave each strand into the other end and tuck your cut ends under the folded strand where the raw edges will not show and sew them firmly into place. The reason for cutting your strands into unequal lengths is so that they will end at different points within the other end of the braid and not make so big a bump.

When you have finished your first joint you have a loop. Pull this together and sew down the center and you will have a straight double strip about 32 inches long. For sewing the braids together use the best waxed rug thread that you can buy, and make the first joint some place along the side instead of at the end. Your next braid will be sewn around this center piece, starting on the side opposite the first joint. Scatter your joints this way throughout the entire rug.

I blind stitch the braids together and take plenty of time to sew them firmly. As you go around you must be careful to hold the braid a little loose at the ends. Lay it flat on the floor occasionally to see that you are keeping it flat. If you pull too tightly you will have a mushroom, and if you hold it too full it will ruffle. A little practice and you soon learn how much to allow going around the curve so the rug will lie flat. At first the sides will look very straight and the ends bulging, but as it gets larger the true oval shape begins to appear.

When I braid I work with 2 balls and 1 strip about 6 feet long; when I get to the end of this 6 foot strip and need more I sew on another short piece. This makes for easy handling as I can pull the short one out when it begins to tangle. When I begin

to braid I fasten the 3 strips together with a large safety pin and hook it on to a nail which I pound into the edge of the window sill next to my chair.

Your pattern will depend upon the colors you have to use. Mixed braids are very attractive, but be sure to make several rows the same if possible because too much variation makes a confused pattern. Two dark strips with one much lighter or sharply contrasting makes the attractive arrow-head design. It is nice to use plain dark rows occasionally and helps to break into a new color.

The only other thing I can think of to tell you is that when you think you have enough wool for your rug wait until you get three times as much, and if you are lucky enough to get a discarded blanket it will do more than ten suits.

When I started my first rug I had only seen them in museums, but since then they have become very fashionable again and are used in the most modern homes—and I wish you could see the prices that the hand-made ones bring in the big stores! You need pay nothing but the price of the thread and hours of your time, so start now and before you have gone very far you will find it to be a very satisfying way to spend spare time. I hope that I have been able to tell you just enough to get you started because that is all you really need.

Seldom does a man accomplish some big things who has not first done well a multitude of little things. Truth is that the real limitations of a man are not the things he wants to do, but cannot; they are the things he ought to do, but which he does not do.

"Begin each morning by resolving to find something in the day to enjoy," wrote Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Happiness is never hauled to your door in a delivery wagon. It can't be bought. It must be produced, and you are the one who must create it.

LITTLE LAMPS OF FRIENDSHIP

The little lamps of friendship
We light along our way,
Go shining on far down the years
And brighten every day.
'Tis love that keeps them burning,
And sympathy and trust;
God help us that no lamp goes out
Because we let it rust.

The little lamps of courage
We try to light each day,
May seem so dim and flickering
They'll show no one the way,
But being brave for others
Oft' makes us braver too,
God let no heart be filled with fear
Because of me or you.

O, little lamps of friendship,
Of faith and courage too,
Go shining on through darkened hours
And kindle lights anew.
God bless you as you journey,
In Him we put our trust,
God help us that no lamp goes out
Because we let it rust.

—Alice Annette Larkin,

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin has gone to bed especially early tonight, and I don't know when I have seen her so completely exhausted. I think this is the only night in the history of her four-and-a-half years that she really wanted to go to bed and even asked for an early supper!

She just returned last night from a trip to Shenandoah to attend Juliana's birthday party, and according to her story she and Juliana slept together, and she says, "I didn't get a wink of sleep all night long because Juliana insisted on playing with me and just wouldn't let me sleep". So I gather from this report that they had a wonderful time playing together. This was the first time that Kristin has actually driven away from home without me. I have made several trips to Shenandoah without her, leaving her with her Daddy and her grandparents, but this time I was left at the gate to do the waving. We were so afraid she would miss Juliana's birthday this year for the first time since I didn't feel I could take the time to go, but her Aunt Bernice Stark (we all call her Bernie), had to go to Shenandoah on business soon anyway, so she graciously said she would go at this time so Kristin could attend the party.

I have done quite a bit of baking the past few weeks because it is still such a thrill to have a decent oven. Frank's sister Bernie makes delicious pies and she thinks my cakes are much better than hers, so she bakes pies for us and I bake the cakes for them. I have been having fun trying out the recipes Lucile gives on the Kitchen-Klatter program and have been very happy with the results. We are especially fond of the Cherry Pudding she gave, and as soon as the roads are so we can get into town I'm going to bring out some of our raspberries and blackberries from the locker and try these in the same manner.

Kristin had lots of fun decorating valentine cookies to give to the neighborhood children along with her paper valentines. We spent one entire morning baking and decorating but it was well worth it because not only did she get lots of enjoyment out of doing it, but the children had lots of fun getting them. You might like to have the recipe I used for these cookies. I think when you frost cookies it is always better to use a thick soft cookie rather than a thin crisp one. I have a good sour cream recipe, but since we don't have any cream right now, I had to find one using sweet milk.

When I was eight years old and we were living in Clarinda, Iowa, the woman who lived a couple of doors from us, Mrs. Charlie Dunn, made delicious sugar cookies, so good that I could still remember them. Mrs. Dunn now lives in Chariton, so the other afternoon Kristin and I went to call on her and she gave me the recipe.

SUGAR COOKIES

2 cups of sugar (she uses one cup of



Mary Jane and Susan Lavonne have just had their morning baths and are now being dressed by their fond mothers, Kristin and Juliana.

brown and one of white); 1 cup of shortening; 2 eggs; 1 cup of sweet milk; 3 rounding teaspoons of Baking Powder; 1 level teaspoon of soda; enough flour for a very soft dough; lemon extract and nutmeg (use freely of lemon). Let this chill before rolling. Do not roll very thin.

Frank has been busy this month as usual. Most of his time has been spent in sawing down big trees and getting the logs ready to be taken to the sawmill, where they are at the present time being made into lumber. We needed a lot of lumber for repairing some of the buildings, and next fall he hopes to get a new cow shed made, and we also need a few more hog houses.

We haven't had much nice weather to be outside, so I have been getting quite a bit of sewing done. Since Kristin has been shut in with me, and we have both had colds, or I should say the flu, I made her several new doll clothes for Mary Jane. I like to make nice things for her dolls because she is learning to take very good care of them. When she takes their clothes off, she very carefully folds them neatly and puts them away. I had a scrap of tan wool flannel left from a hat I made her once, so I made a coat and matching bonnet trimmed with brown velvet, and for buttons I used two tiny brown leather buttons I had in the button box. I want to make Kristin's spring coat this year, so I felt this was good practice in tailoring.

Then for Kristin's birthday gift to Juliana, I made up a box of doll clothes for Susan Lavonne. I actually think Kristin was more thrilled about taking these to Juliana than she would have been if we had gone into town and bought her a lovely gift.

I have made Kristin one more new dress for Spring, a turquoise chambray and of course it is smocked, in brown and yellow. The style of this dress is different than any I have made before. There is a short yoke both in back and in front, with an inch and a half band of smocking below both yokes. There is no sash—it just hangs full. This should be quite cool for summer, I think. One of these days I have to start making some wash dresses for myself but I just can't make myself start. My hobby is sewing for Kristin so every stitch I take is fun. But sewing for myself, that's work!

Until next month,

Sincerely, Dorothy.

NEW NEIGHBORS

"I wonder what sort of a neighbor she'll be,"
I thought as I watched them move in.
Will she always be borrowing this thing or that?
Will her children annoy with their din?
Will she gossip and scold, or will she be kind?
Is she tidy or slack as can be?
Will I like her or not? How I wish I could know
What sort of neighbor she'll be.
And I never once thought that probably she
Was wondering what sort of a neighbor I'd be!
—Sent by Mrs. Floyd Ferguson, Rolfe, Iowa.

ODE TO OLD COOK STOVE

Can you tell me, am I old-fashioned?
Are there others just like me today?
Or have most of my sisters of kitchens
Left their grandmothers' way?
I thought I'd like to be modern,
I thought I'd like a change,
So I moved out my old cook stove
And bought me a bottle gas range.
It's a wonderful stove in summer,
I like it when days are hot;
It's clean, efficient and silent,
And quickly boils the pot.
But, when days are chilly,
November's winds are cold,
I miss the fire in the old cookstove
As in the days of old.
I miss the teakettle singing
As the fire burns lazily on.
I tell you, Dear Sisters of Kitchens,
My modernism is gone.
—Old-Fashioned.

WHAT COOKING MEANS TO A WOMAN

Cooking means the patience of Job and the persistence of the Pilgrim Fathers. It means the endurance, the long suffering and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. It means the steaming and the stirring, the baking and the boiling thrice daily, spring, summer, autumn and winter, year after year, decade after decade. It means perspiration, desperation and resignation. It means a crown and a harp and a clear title to an estate in Heaven."

This was sent by Mrs. Earl R. Smith, of Curlew, Ia., who said that her mother always had this written on the first page of her cook book.

COVER PICTURE

In Mother's letter this month she mentions the snow-covered mountains that she has enjoyed so much. These are the mountains, and at one glance it is plain to be seen why Redlands is known far and wide as the city with the beautiful views.

Earn Money taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details.
LEANNA DRIFTMIR, Shenandoah, Ia.



This picture of Mother and Dad (plus the huge snowball!) was taken in the mountains above Redlands. They said that it seemed strange to leave the snow and drive back where men were picking oranges from the trees in the valley.

LET'S TALK ABOUT ALMANACS

By Hallie M. Barrow

I read with interest in this magazine what other women are collecting. Myself, I'm quite a collector, too, but I've seen no exchanges offered for two of my latest collector's items. I shall dispense with the first very quickly because it is so unpleasant. It is arthritis cures. Even strangers, when they see the peculiar stiff-kneed gait I've used this past winter, are kind enough to tell me what cured them or some friends of theirs. Some days I receive as many as six suggestions. I'm keeping them on file and trying them in order, only I fear I may not live long enough to give them all a thorough trial. Here's hoping I hit soon on the "one" which will put my two feet firmly on the ground again, for most every physician I've consulted says there is no one cure for arthritis. Evidently there are about as many kinds of arthritis as there are patients and you're just lucky if you can find the help for your particular case.

I'm really having a good time with my other hobby. I'm collecting copies of a certain book. Now this book has topped the list of the best selling non-fiction publications since early Colonial days. Can you guess its title? Before the war, we frequently got it at the drug store through the courtesy of some patent medicine company. Yes, it's an Almanac.

Before the era of newspapers, magazines and radio, the almanac was about the only printed material available. The Colonial village library was apt to comprise the Bible and the current almanac. So that may have accounted for its early popularity—it was just about the only choice. Ben Franklin was quick to note this ear-trend in literature and started his Poor Richard's Almanac in 1732. It

was published for a quarter of a century and is said to have made its editor and publisher a rich man. Then there was the "Old Farmer's Almanac" established in 1792 and still on sale at the newsstands.

Now let's take a look at those early almanacs—really they were a combination of encyclopedia, Book-of-the-Month and possibly a fore-runner of the Digest magazines. In them were fragments of history, famous orations, scraps of poetry, anecdotes, epigrams, a philosophy for life and anything which might happen during life, first aid remedies, stock remedies, signs when to sow crops and conduct all farm operations, holidays, feast days, birthdays of the great, summaries and statistics, how to figure interest—well, just about anything you wanted to know—go look in your almanac. Old copies were carefully saved for just this reason.

Early almanacs have even been credited with playing an important part in molding the morals of their times. It was Franklin who popularized the Proverbs. He advised his readers to be pious, industrious, temperate and frugal. Some of his mottoes were "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise", "God helps them that help themselves", etc. A very important value of those collections of early almanacs was that folks had a habit of consulting them daily and jotting down on that date any unusual happening such as an election, storm, flood, etc. Also, almanacs were hiding places for valuable pieces of paper, prized letters, etc., and these early almanacs often have been the only source of much of our early history.

Nowadays, of course, we can consult many sources of information—we have libraries, Information Please radio programs, Emily Post, and the Weather Bureau. Yet, many of us feel safer with a good almanac in the house and information right at hand. Yes, the good old-fashioned almanac is still No. 1 on the non-fiction list and maybe you'd like to know some of its publishers now.

A very steady user of almanac information, although not in book form, are the many calendars put out by firms with rural customers. Farm families are not addicted to "pin-ups" and do not select a calendar for its picture value. Instead they treasure one which carries tables for everything to be weighed, measured or balanced, on the backs of its pages; home remedies, what to do when the bees swarm, weather information and ruled spaces where they can notate the number of eggs each day, gallons of milk or cream, put a ring around the days when the insurance is due or the prize heifer ready to freshen. In short, an almanac-calendar which will serve as a good business record and guide all year through. Many a person who just cannot become accustomed to keeping daily records in a day cash book, doesn't mind picking up the pencil-tied to the calendar nail and keeping a thorough "wall" record.

Other almanac publishers are the big oil companies—just ask most any service station for one; the railroads;

Bell Telephone; newspapers and specialized almanacs gotten up by religious groups or by the headquarters of many trades and professions. The Nautical & Astronomical Ephemeris is put out by the U. S. Navy. It is known as the navigation textbook and contains tables and charts about stars, tides, eclipses, altitude and longitude and weather. It is used by navigation officers on many U. S. ships. One of the most comprehensive almanacs now is the "World Almanac" with a thousand pages of fine print just full of information. It has been published over 60 years by the New York World-Telegram. And one of the latest publishers to enter the almanac field is John Kieran with his "Information Please" almanac which made its first appearance last year. The only criticism I have of Mr. Kieran's almanac is that evidently he isn't altogether farm-minded, or the farmers I've known aren't as sports-minded.

From the pile of almanacs on my desk, I see no reason why I shouldn't find the perfect answer to any problem which might befall me. One firm assured me their almanac was most complete and told how to do everything from shoeing elephants to training fleas. I doubt now that I will be engaged in either of those professions in 1948, but it is nice to have the page turned down to the answer in case this need should arise!

As it nears that awful deadline of March 15th, I'm really much more interested in the page devoted on how to figure taxes. The line at the bottom of the page has me completely puzzled. It is: "You will find the highest tax you pay is on your own foolishness." I think maybe that that is just a hand-me-down saying from Franklin's day. Nobody who has to figure income taxes today could possibly believe that—yes, somebody surely has been foolish!

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FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "It has always been our custom on the last day of school for the children, their parents, members of the Board of Directors and the teacher to have a picnic and program. It so happens that this past year has been a great trial for us because of difficulties with the teacher that began practically the opening day of the term. She has not been engaged to return. Because of this do you think it would be wise to forget the picnic altogether, or just what should we do?"—Nebraska.

ANS: As far as I can see the pleasure of the picnic is primarily for the children. It seems too bad for them to miss their usual happy time because of "grown-ups" and their hard feelings. Why don't you take a poll of the other parents and see how they feel? If too many of them are opposed to the picnic you might as well drop it. If they decide that it's more important to the children than their own feelings, go ahead and have it. But go ahead with full enthusiasm if you do have it. Don't let it be a clouded, half-hearted affair.

QUES: "Recently my only niece was married in a distant city and none of her relatives and many friends could be present. Next month she is coming to visit me and I'd love to have a shower for her since this will be the only opportunity that her friends will have to give her gifts. However, when I wrote and suggested this to her she wrote back and asked me not to do it—said that since she couldn't be married with her friends present she'd rather not have any parties in her honor. I feel that she is wrong about this because I know that her friends would dearly love such a party. Wouldn't it be all right to go ahead and surprise her with a shower? She'd certainly feel differently about it after the shower when she could see for herself how genuinely happy it made her friends."—Iowa.

ANS: This is a difficult question to answer for I feel that in all probabilities she would understand your viewpoint and would be happy after the shower. However, I believe in all fairness to your niece that you should accept what she said—it would be most unwise to go against her feelings in the matter and have a surprise shower. I'm afraid this is once when you will have to accept her opinion even though you feel she is wrong.

QUES: "I always feel so terribly self-conscious when I must introduce people that I wonder if you could tell me exactly what to say? I find myself getting rattled, forgetting names, etc. Anything that you can tell me will be appreciated."—Minn.

ANS: If you will remember first, last and always that you are genuinely happy for this opportunity to have two people know each other it will

help you to overcome your own self-consciousness. The more simple the introduction the better. Don't speak formally—merely say, "Jane, I'm happy that you can meet Martha Jones—Martha, this is Jane." That, in itself, is the introduction, but it helps to put people at ease if you can go ahead and add some small personal thing such as: "Jane is interested in smocking, Martha, and I told her that you do beautiful work." Try and find even one small thing that will give them an opening wedge for further conversation. A man is always introduced to a woman, and when two women are being introduced, the younger woman is always presented to the older woman. It is difficult to introduce a person to many, many people such as a large crowd in a room; most of the time it is preferable to select small groups and confine your introductions to these few people at one time.

QUES: "My daughter is in the third grade at school and when her birthday occurs in April I would like to have a party for her. Now I've noticed that the other mothers think nothing of including all of the girls in the class with the exception of only three or four, but I feel that if you're going to have sixteen you might as well make it twenty and have the entire class. There must have been hurt feelings this past year and I don't want to be responsible for such things. My little girl doesn't know some of these children too well, but don't you think they should all be included?"—Ia.

ANS: I certainly do. You're right—there might as well be twenty as sixteen, and even though your little girl may not know some of the youngsters as well as others, there won't be any hurt feelings. These early social rebuffs leave deep scars.

QUES: "In late spring my husband and I expect to make a trip to the New England states on business, but I have two cousins in Maine whom I've only seen once but would like to visit. We don't exchange letters or Christmas cards, so I'm wondering if it would be correct for us to suggest that we stop and spend a couple of days with them?"—Minn.

ANS: Because your acquaintance with them is so slight I believe that I would do this: write to them after you reach the town nearest to them where you will be stopping on business. Tell them that you will be passing through their town at such and such a date and ask if you may plan to call for a couple of hours? This will give them ample notice that you are in the vicinity but that you do not intend to inconvenience them in any way. Then, if they wish, they may feel free to ask you to stay for dinner or anything else that they may be happy to arrange.



Just before Juliana asked her guests to sit down at the birthday table at six o'clock on February 25th, her Daddy snapped this picture. She was a very, very happy five-year-old.

Not long ago this letter reached us from a friend in Washington who does her daily work under conditions that most of us would find difficult and depressing. I want to share one paragraph of her letter, for I think that you will get inspiration from it too.

"I drive ten miles to the hospital for mental patients each day, and as I make this trip I try to think of some little kindness I can do for the patients to ease my mind on my way back and forth. It surely takes everything in you, physically, mentally and spiritually, to cope with the work you encounter there. My duties are on the violent ward, and the scripture verse: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of power and love and a sound mind" is often to me the greatest assurance that even with this type of patient it is possible to work and move among them without any thought of fear."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FORGOTTEN ENGINE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time a little engine stood quite alone on the side tracks in a railroad junk yard. On rainy days and sunny days, windy days and cold days, the little engine just stood on the rails and never went anywhere. He couldn't understand why he had been discarded until one day he overheard an engineer and a conductor talking.

"Yes, sir," said the engineer heartily as he patted the Little Engine's side. "This was a fine engine in its day. I made many runs with this engine and never had a moment's trouble."

"Well, progress is progress," answered the conductor. "The trains are bigger nowadays, and you engineers need better and better engines to do the job."

"Yes, that's true. This Little Engine was always good for a light load, but it just hasn't the horsepower to pull these modern trains." Then he patted the Little Engine again before he and the conductor moved away.

The Little Engine sighed. He knew that he was small, but he was very willing to work hard, and his wheels were quick and shiny. He thought of the loads of happy people and the bulging pouches of mail that he used to pull across the fertile plains of Iowa and Illinois. He wondered if the sun still smiled on the little town in Ohio, if the boy and the girl in the big white house still waved as the trains clanked by their home.

Tears were already beginning to wander down the Little Engine's big iron nose when he heard footsteps and more voices. Then he saw two men walking around the junk yard looking carefully at all the wrecked and dilapidated engines.

"I'm afraid it's no use," said one of the men. "None of these engines could possibly make another run."

The other man shook his head and said, "I'm afraid you're right, Sam. It's too bad—here the children of this town have donated a whole train-load of clothing and food for the hungry youngsters in Europe, and we can't even find an extra engine to take it to the Coast to meet the ship."

The Little Engine could hardly believe his ears. Here, then, was a chance to do something for all the friendly children who used to wave to him. If only the two men could notice him! The Little Engine pulled himself into an alert position and tried to look cheerful and shiny. But alas, the two men walked on without even looking toward the corner where he stood.

The poor Little Engine was too disappointed to say a thing. He was so busy thinking about how gladly he would have pulled and puffed and chugged for the children that he didn't notice the two men had paused to talk to his old friends, the engineer and the conductor.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the engineer when he heard about the food train. "I know just the engine for this job! I'm sure you could oil it up and it could make it to the Coast. Why, I'll take it there myself!"

Before the Little Engine knew what was happening, several workmen were oiling his gears and polishing his big iron nose. His wheels were checked and he was pushed into the railroad yard before he could say, "Toot! Toot!" After several busy hours the Little Engine was coupled to ten box-cars of food, and the friendly engineer climbed into his place and pulled out the throttle.

"Chug, chug," grunted the Little Engine as he crawled out of the yard. Slowly he began to gain speed. He rolled past crowds of children who waved and shouted and tossed flowers. Clickety-clack he went until finally he left the city behind. Before him were the broad meadows of Iowa and the sky was blue overhead. The Little Engine was so happy he could hardly contain himself.

"Toot-toot-a-toot!" he said gayly. Then he began to sing a song as he galloped along the tracks.

"I'll meet that ship, I must, I must, I'm going to get there, kids, or bust! Toot! Toot! Toot!"

WHISKY FRISKY

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!
Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.
Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!
Where's his supper?
In the shell.
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell.

—Unknown.

A WISE OLD OWL

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard:
Why can't we all be like that bird?



Martin Erik, seven months, waiting for his supper.

1. What has two hookers, four pull-downers, and one swish about? Ans. Cow.

2. As I was going through a field of wheat, I found something good to eat; I picked it up and took it home, and kept it 'til it walked alone. What is it? Ans. An egg.

3. If you cut me at both ends I will grow longer my dear friends. What am I? Ans. Ditch.

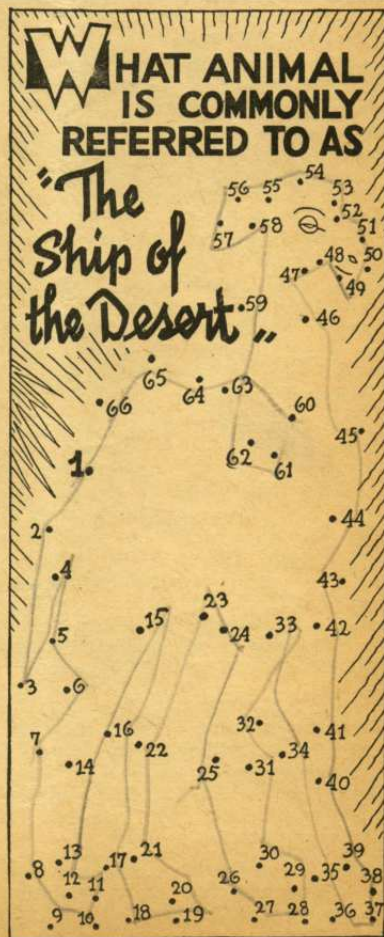
4. What is higher with the head off? Ans. The pillow on your bed.

5. What state capitol can a little boy throw? Ans. Little Rock, Ark.

—Sent by Betty Barnes,
Vermillion, Kans.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May evermore be led by Thee.—Amen.



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SEND 25¢ and stamped self-addressed envelope for these 2 extra good recipes: "Fool Proof" Muffins, "Delicious Angel Salad". No stamps accepted. Mrs. M. L. Fuchshuber, Milford, Nebr.

CROCHETED, TABLECLOTH 72x90, \$40, holders 45¢ ea., doilies 85¢ up, pincushions \$1.25. Elvia Christensen, 707 Market St., Audubon, Ia.

LADIES: Surprise husband with our tieswap service. Select six ties he has tired of, mail them to us postpaid with \$1. We return you, postpaid, six different ties, dry cleaned, pressed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Tieswap Service, Dept. T., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

SEND \$1 for names of wonderful Dandruff and Eczema Ointments. Also recipe for Super Sunshine Cake. Esther Nelson, R. N., 302 West Emporia, Ontario, Calif.

RECIPE—Extra-special Vegetable Chowder. Dime and stamped envelope. Coral Watson, 107 Walnut Court, Sioux City, Ia.

CROCHETED WHITE Pineapple doilies 18 in., \$2; 11-in., \$1; Pineapple and fan 12-in., \$1.25; Crocheted top powder puff assorted colors, 35¢; Handkerchiefs crocheted fancy corner and edge (state color) 50¢. Ad good any time. Mrs. E. W. Timmerman, Rt. 5, Decatur, Ill.

"THE AFRICAN VIOLET" by Helen Van Pelt Wilson—a new book that will be treasured by every lover of these fine plants, \$2.50 postpaid. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES with crocheted edges \$4.50, with hemmed edge \$3.50, stamped pillow cases \$2.50. Embroidered tea towels with colorful border 50¢ each. Crocheting Buffet set \$2.98 to \$3.50, Doily 75¢ to \$1.75. Davenport set \$3.50 to \$4.25. Hot pads 50¢. Guaranteed. Mrs. Ed Blair, 711 Victoria St., Harlan, Ia.

CROCHETED PINEAPPLE Doilies — 8 in., 75¢; 12-in., \$1.25; 15-in., \$1.50; 17-in., \$1.75; Potholders, 35¢; Crocheted dress and bonnet size 3, \$5. Butterfly chair sets, \$4; or will crochet your favorite patterns. Lila Stigers, Jameson, Mo.

THE NEWEST in gift or bazaar suggestions: Yoyo hot dish or pan pads, lovely colors, metal base, washable, 20¢ each, 3 for 50¢. Mrs. Darlene Hinks Laessig, 10956 Indianapolis Blvd., Roby, Ind.

FOR SALE—Crocheted tablecloth 60x80. Thread No. thirty. \$60. Also unique embroidery including 5 foreign types. Write for details. Mrs. Elmer Sherwood, Milan, Mo.

FANCY DIMITY & Print Necktie Aprons \$1.25. Other nice print aprons \$1. Hot pads from 25¢ to 40¢. Yarn dogs \$2. Twenty inch long buffet sets \$3.50. Will send samples to gift shops. Mrs. W. G. Pfeifer, Tescott, Kans.

DOILIES, CHAIR SETS, anything, crocheted from your pattern. Send full description and stamped envelope for price. Catherine Scott, Nelson, Mo.

HAND-PAINTED PLATE PLAQUES for kitchen. Choice of red, blue, green, or black edged. 75¢ a pair postpaid. Mrs. Ira Waldmeier, 706 Acres St., Burlington, Ia.

SEWING—Ladies dresses \$1.50; Children's \$1. boys or men's sport shirts \$1; Aprons 50¢. Send materials, measurements, feed sacks, complete pattern, thread, buttons. Mrs. Roy Cook, Lucas, Ia.

FOR WEDDINGS AND ANNIVERSARIES a must names and dates in gold on finest paper napkins. Luncheon or tea size. White or assorted pastels. Superb gifts. Fine taste for your entertaining. 75 only \$1.89 (tax included) postpaid. Send cash with order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt service. Marwal Service & Supply, Box 405, Jefferson, Iowa.

HAND CROCHETED Articles—Sport gloves, style shorty \$2.25; Lacy gloves, style dress \$2.25; Chair sets \$2.75 and \$3.25; Doilies asst. Styles \$1 to \$3; Satin sachet bags flower trim \$1; Satin hosiery and glove cases \$1. Orders appreciated. Gwendolyn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

ATTENTION: Grab bags of fancy work, \$2 and \$3. Also reduced prices on single items. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Williams, Ia.

SUNBURST Crocheted Asbestos mat covers \$1. Rag dolls 15-in. \$2. Crocheted articles. Stamp for information. Elsie Wood, Springfield, Ia.

HEALTH BOOKLET: Suggestions from a nurse's view point. Allergy-Food Sensitiveness. Overweight problems. Why weight often cannot be controlled. Trouble-maker Foods, that cause gas, nervousness, vitamin importance and dangers. Thirty common health questions answered. Price 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

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

BEAUTIFUL EMBOSSED SILVER or gold wedding anniversary invitations or announcements. Write for sample and prices. Moon Printing Co., Box 59, Opportunity, Wash.

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

GENUINE OZARK RED CEDAR, Kitchen memo or desk telephone memo. Send \$1 postpaid any place in United States. State which memo. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Lloyd and Gladys O'Brian, Branson, Mo.

WILL COMPOSE humorous readings for wedding receptions, showers, etc., \$1. Send necessary information of occasion. Box 32, Odebolt, Ia.

WANT TO BUY—9-in. plates with fruit design, 2 holes in back for hanging. Trade-mark K & G. Lupeville Despose, France. Have cherry design on wine background. There are other fruit designs. Write first. Mrs. J. W. Hloucal, Ellsworth, Kans.

HOSE-MENDING not desired now. Received more than I can handle. Also, advised to cut amount (not able to do too much). Grace Evans, 533 North Sixth St., Council Bluffs, Ia.

FELT PARROT coffee-pot holder 75¢; felt negro mammy string holder \$1; gold sequin bow pin, silver key pin \$1.50 each; sequin rose pin \$2.50; earrings 75¢. Thyra Miller, Tyler, Minn.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS, 2 years Astrological forecast. Send \$1 and Birthdate. Madam Myree, 101 W 6th., Villisca, Ia.

PILLOW SLIPS \$1.30 pair 42x36 partly bleached (white feed sacks). Two cunning owls on branch \$1. Baby one at side \$1.40. Beautiful gifts. Gilted. Mrs. Colby Wright, Rt. 1, Melrose, Ia.

FOR SALE—Large Buffet Set \$3.50 very good size; Swirl doilies vary in size and no choice color, but are ecru, cream and white, \$1.85; Pot holders, good size and pretty pattern \$1.25 a pair. This ad good throughout year. Make good gift. Please enclose postage for swirl and buffet set. If information wanted send stamped addressed envelope. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Ia.

CROCHETED CORDE HANDBAGS: Black, brown \$15 each; gold \$18. Also potholders 75¢; hankies 75¢; tray doilies 75¢; tea towels set \$5. Mrs. Ray McElroy, Randolph, Ia.

PILLOWCASES good tubing embroidered or crocheted motifs, chair sets, pot holders. Stamped envelope for descriptions and prices. Viola Lugar, Chariton, Ia.

GREETING CARDS—16 Everyday Birthday or convalescent \$1; 20 Handnote Folders \$1; Everyday Gift Wrap Asst. \$1; Floral stationery \$1; 16 Folder Gift card asst. 60¢; Address book for all occasions, 112 pages \$1. All postpaid. Boden Industries, Adams, Nebr.

FEET HURT? Don't suffer. Quick Relief for Corns, Callouses, Athlete's Foot. Rub on Kleen-Foot Balm. It's a grand feeling, good-by pads and plasters, notice how relaxed you feel. 25¢ and 50¢ boxes, postpaid. Pidgeon, Box 43, Tonawanda, N. Y.

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SEWING—Ladies dresses \$1.50; Child's \$1. Send patterns, material, thread. Crocheted Pot Holders of heavy rug yarn 50¢ pair. Mrs. Pat Hixson, 3520—59th St., Des Moines 10, Ia.

FOR SALE—Combination paper and cloth pajama pillows, assorted colors; tatted edged handkerchiefs, assorted colors. Mrs. Alvin Haehlen, Marion, Ia.

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HOUSE CONTEST

PARTS OF A HOUSE

1. Often a troublesome part of the foot?—Arch.
2. A conjunction and a lock of hair?—But-tress.
3. Where artists are sometimes forced to live?—Attic.
4. What a rude person often does?—Stairs.
5. Where prisoners are put and a letter in the alphabet?—Cell-ar (R).
6. One who propels a raft?—Rafter.
7. How a person looks who is much pleased?—Beams.
8. Change the second letter in the name of a fish from E to O.—Porch.

MATERIALS USED

1. How one lives without a home?—Boards.
2. Parts of our hands and feet?—Nails.
3. Often applied when in pain?—Plaster.
4. Used by school children?—Slate.
5. Name applied to the United States mail?—Post.
6. A word used in expressing approval of a person?—Brick.
7. What we are when stopped by mud and an expression?—Stuck-o (Stucco).

CARS, CARS, KNOW YOUR CARS!

1. A well known river? Hudson.
2. A crossing place? Ford.
3. A martyred president? Lincoln.
4. A kind of cracker? Graham.
5. A Frenchman who explored the Mississippi? LaSalle.
6. To grind the teeth? Nash.
7. To evade adroitly? Dodge.
8. Across the country? Overland.
9. A Spanish explorer who discovered the Mississippi? DeSoto.
10. A famous rock? Plymouth.
11. Identified with Roman mythology? Mercury.
12. What the woman asked when she bought a hen? Chevrolet.
13. A diminutive Fowl? Bantam.
14. An intoxicated bread-maker? Studebaker.
15. A former ruler of Germany? Kaiser.
16. Eliminate a letter and you have a deer? Buick.
17. An Ottawa Indian chief? Pontiac.
18. A Detroit hotel? Cadillac.
19. A tall building in New York City? Chrysler.
20. Ancient, a letter, and an Alabama city? Oldsmobile.
21. To compress tightly, a small stiff piece of paper? Packard.
22. Sound made by a newborn chick? Jeep.
23. A soft, gentle wind? Zephyr.
24. Rhymes with Chase-Her? Frazer.

If the average person could control the energy he wastes in anger, if he could direct such energy along constructive lines, he could reach any position in life within reason. No man can make the best use of himself until he has learned to control himself.

60TH WEDDING HELPS

"When our parents celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary last year we were told that the correct colors to use are white and emerald green with a touch of gold and silver. We used emerald green candles in silver candelabras in the different lengths to fit. The cut flowers decorating the tables were white and bronze snapdragons, and we used smilax, not only around the base of the candelabras, but also in strips running the length of the table.

"Our large wedding cake was decorated in frosted white roses, and the arch on top had "60" on it in silver. The table cloths used were of white linen, and table mirrors were used in the center of all tables except the wedding table.

"Of course the honored couple was seated at the wedding table, and behind them we placed a fernery with tall ferns growing in it. Then immediately behind this fernery we made an arch, and although it may sound a little complicated it was really simple and added immeasurably to the total effect. This arch was made of heavy wire fastened on each side to the fernery. Then we twisted white tissue paper around the wire and took two trailing ivy plants and twined them around the arch. This gave them the effect of growing there.

"We made four quite large bells in white, silver, gold and emerald green with the dates of the four wedding milestones—1887, 1912, 1937 and 1947. These were cut out and pasted on. The bells were hung in the arch.

"Pedestals with large baskets of flowers were placed on both sides of the fernery. We served white and pastel green angel cake as part of the luncheon, and tried, as far as possible, to keep these colors in the menu without stretching a point, so to speak.

"Our favors were homemade and quite effective. We cut a bell out of heavy white construction paper and made it double. On the outside of this bell we printed the letters "60" in green crayon; when you opened the bell you read inside: April 29, 1887-1947. Then we cut a smaller bell out of watered gold paper and tied it to the white bell with a small piece of green ribbon. This bell was placed in such a way that in the hole cut into it you could see the "60" that was written on the white bell.

"Our napkins were printed for us. They were white edged with a green border, and the family name was printed in one corner.

"Both my parents and my husband's parents celebrated their 60th wedding anniversaries within eight months. We felt that we were most fortunate."

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