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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

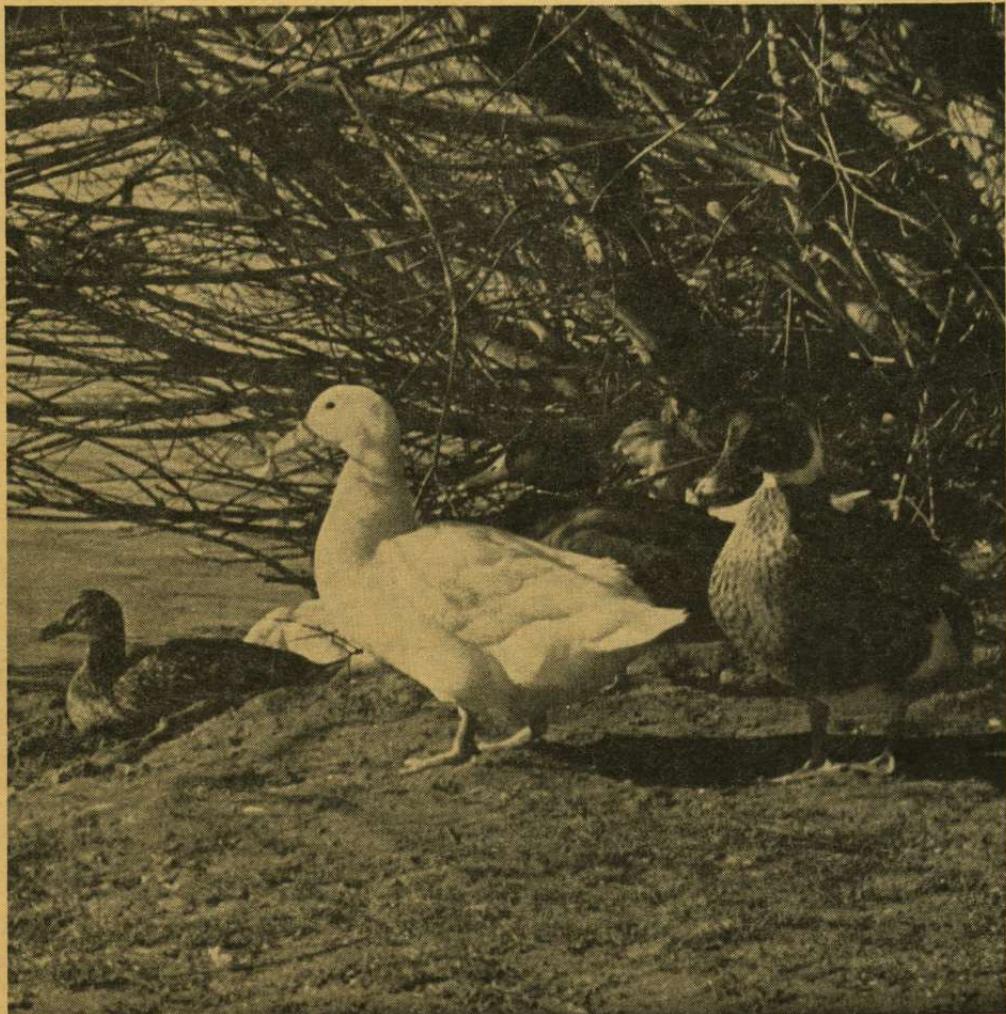
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Photo—Verness Studio.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA MELLETT DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNESSE, Associate Editor.

M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.

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Redlands, Calif.

My Dear Friends:

After almost six weeks here in California we are not one bit homesick and are still feeling very fortunate that we were able to make this trip. Of course the letters from Lucile and Margery assuring us that everything is all right at home help us to enjoy our vacation here. I received the February issue of the Kitchen-Klatter magazine the other day, and you can imagine how I enjoyed it even though it did seem strange to have it handed to us over a hotel desk in California! This is the first time in the many years of its publication that I have not had the planning of its pages and known what was to be in every paragraph. You can understand, I'm sure, how fresh it seemed to me and how much I enjoyed reading it. Credit goes to Lucile, Wayne and Margery for preparing a very good issue.

I will tell you how we are spending our time in this land of "sunshine and flowers", and the sun really has been shining every day since we arrived. Rain is needed very badly. The crops are suffering from the drouth, and perhaps you've been reading in papers back there that this is the dryest season in seventy years. There is very little snow on the mountains and that is unfortunate, for the entire irrigation system here depends upon that.

Well, to come back to what we have been doing. Our day begins at the same time as it did in Iowa—6:30 o'clock. After getting up at that hour for so many years it is hard to break the habit. We haven't noticed much activity at that hour so I can only conclude that we're just small-town folks who can't learn to lie in bed!

Early morning is a beautiful time here so we have our breakfast down in the cafe which opens off of the hotel lobby. As soon as the meal is over we get out into the clear morning air for a few hours, either sitting out on the patio, or Mart taking me in my wheel chair along the shady streets and through the beautiful little parks which are scattered through the town. There is generally a little shopping to do (why can grandmothers find so many things that small grandchildren will enjoy?), and a trip to the postoffice for mail, so the morning passes swiftly.

We have our main meal at noon, and I must confess that it is still a treat to sit down to food that is a surprise. As all of you friends know, I love to cook, but oh my, it is such a pleasure to eat food that you haven't prepared yourself. While we eat we plan our afternoon drive. Many of our friends here at the hotel do not have cars, so we always invite someone to go with us. We would feel very selfish enjoying these trips with the back seat of the car empty when so many would appreciate an invitation to go for a ride. Mart and I said just this morning that it has given us solid satisfaction to see that these friends without cars get an opportunity to view the California that they traveled so far to see. Without a car in California you're pretty well stuck, particularly if you're in my shoes and can't get on streetcars or busses.

One of the first trips we took was to see the two homes where my parents lived many years ago. We found Walnut Park, near Highland, Calif., very easily, but the orange ranch, Solsuanna, was a little harder to locate for the orange trees had grown so large and the house had been extensively remodeled.

One afternoon we drove up Mill Creek Canyon to the snow line. There were snow banks on each side of the pavement, and the huge pine trees covered the mountain sides. It took only an hour to reach this spot from Redlands. When I was a young girl and made that trip it was a full day's outing to get there by burro!

This morning my sister Helen arrived to spend the rest of our California time with us. She has a room on the same floor, and need I tell you how much it means to me to have her here? Those of you who have followed her flower programs for so many years will be happy to know that she is feeling fine and had such a wonderful visit in Claremont with her daughter Louise, Louise's husband Roger, and the two little grandchilren, Jean and Carter.

Now that Helen is here we are anticipating some of the trips that were put off until her arrival. We have not yet made our trip to see the ocean, nor have we gone to San Diego or Palm Springs. We want to reserve

a week's time to drive to northern California to visit our brother, S. E. Field. On this trip we can see the Red Wood Forest and many of the beautiful coast cities.

The Iowa Picnic is in February at Los Angeles. We would like very much to go for I'm sure that we would see many Iowa friends. The only real thing that stands between us and the picnic is the problem of traffic. Those of you who have been here know what I mean, and those of you who haven't been here just couldn't imagine it even though I were a gifted writer and attempted to describe it. So I'll just say that Los Angeles traffic is BAD and let it go at that.

It is amusing how the California papers tell of the cold weather and snow back east. They will have headlines on the front page in letters an inch high! It really is funny, and native Californians must wonder how in the world anyone survives east of the Rockies.

When Mart gets lonesome for Iowa and the farm he has only to drive four miles to see a dairy herd of about 2,000 cows, or go down to Fontanelle and see 65,000 hogs that are being fattened on garbage brought by rail from nearby cities. I was disappointed not to see all the hogs in a big herd, but they were housed in a small city of hog houses. Of course there were a lot of them out in the pastures and they looked as if they were enjoying the California climate.

Mart has just come in with the mail and we really hit the jackpot this morning. There was a letter from Dorothy with her account of battling the zero weather, a letter from little Martin that he dictated to his Mama (he told me that he had two fine teeth now), a letter from Wayne and a letter from Frederick enclosing new pictures of little Mary Leanna. I'm getting very impatient to see this dear baby in far away Honolulu, and we are hoping very much that the summer months will bring a visit from them.

This is all for now. We must get started on our afternoon ride and today I think it is to be a trip up to Big Bear. Some friends from Philadelphia are going with us, and we're bound to have a lovely time. I almost hate to mail this letter for something is bound to turn up that I'd like to include, but Lucile begged me to get my letter in "on time" so that it can make this issue, so I must close. Listen to Lucile and Margery on their afternoon visits with you for day-by-day news.

Your friend always,
Leanna.

SYMBOL

My faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom,—
Until there comes, each showerly
spring,

A cherry tree in bloom;
And Christ who died upon a tree
That death had stricken bare,
Comes beautifully back to me
In blossoms, everywhere.

—David Morton.

Come into the Garden

WILD FLOWERS OF THE WEST

By Mary Duncomb

They say travel broadens the mind. Be that as it may, it certainly opens the eyes and sharpens the perceptions. However, one will get more out of a trip if certain points of interest are watched for and noticed. So it was as we crossed the prairies, plains, mountains and deserts on our way to the Northwest Pacific coast last summer.

Being on the lookout for penstemons, we were rewarded by the sight of a stand of them on a side hill near the tracks not far from Valley Springs, South Dakota. These tall lavender beauties grew thickly in the gravelly well-drained bank. Overhanging the tops of bluffs in the Badlands of western South Dakota were the familiar Bunny-eared cacti like those growing out in our own Blue Mound park.

The sage brush and grease-wood of eastern Montana, as well as in the desert land of eastern Washington, lived up to our expectation of it, an expectation based mostly upon cowboy ballads! However, the sage brush was not then in bloom so it lacked a romantic appeal.

At Yellowstone Park in Wyoming we had a fine opportunity while at Canyon Hotel to come upon a lovely stand of dwarf penstemon, its tiny dark blue flowers springing up from a spreading mat of green. In this area we also saw the White Phlox and even the flower we call Baby-hair, blooming later than our own; probably this was because of the 8,000 ft. elevation. Many other spring-like flowers were blooming there, and we noticed that those of a yellow color predominated.

Here we could also examine at close range Mentzelia, the Blazing Star we have so often heard about. Owing to the elevation it was not as large nor as far advanced in its blooming period as some others we saw farther on in our journey over the Rockies. Then too, it opens late in the day and we found it early in the morning. They grow solitary and are somewhat thistle-like in foliage. As we drove along the wooded groves toward the Tower Falls of the Yellowstone, many vivid patches of Indian Paint-Brush came into view.

In western Montana, along the slopes of the Rockies of the Continental Divide, the Blue Flag or wild Iris grew in low wet land, while on the short grassy meadows the Yucca grew abundantly. Soap weed is its common name, which doubtless explains why it is avoided by grazing animals.

White syringa bloomed in abundance on the wooded slopes up near the Idaho line. Passing through the Cascades, the greenery of ferns was offset by brilliant Firewood and lacy Ocean Spray. Onward up the coast of Puget Sound lovely Foxgloves and

white Canterbury Bells mingled with red-berried elder, resembling our own but differing in the color of its berries.

Flowering Raspberry grew in the woods and blue Erigeron blossomed by the roadside, while everywhere the Ox-eyed Daisy made carpets of bloom. Just over the Canadian line we were amused to see our wild goldenrod as a cherished garden flower! At Blaine, in a sawmill yard, the decomposed sawdust-filled soil seemed just right for the gaudy tall wands of the Fireweed, a willow herb which is found on all burned-over lands.

While most of these wildflowers were seen from a speeding train of a car window, still a workable knowledge of what to expect in western wildflowers proved to be a great help in their identification.

The countless friends of Mary Duncomb will regret to hear that her family circle was broken for the first time in January when her daughter, Mrs. James Braa (Winnifred Duncomb) passed away. A small son, her husband, her devoted parents in Luverne, Minnesota, and countless friends mourn her death.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

PART V

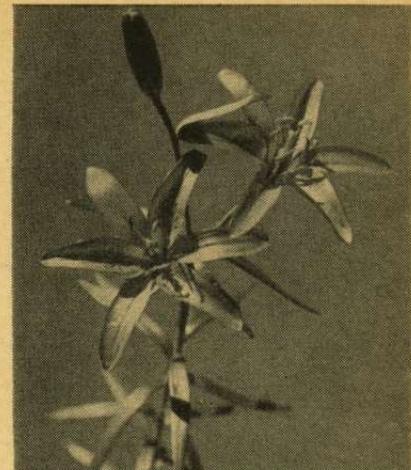
PROPAGATION BY SEEDS

The natural species of Lilies reproduce fairly true to type from seeds. (Hybrid forms, of course, do not.) It is entirely practical to grow one's own bulbs and there are several distinct advantages.

Lily diseases are not transmitted through seeds. Seedling bulbs are disease free until they contact something in the garden. Money invested in a packet of seeds brings larger returns than the same amount invested in a bulb. Seedling bulbs become more easily acclimated than full grown bulbs often coming from a great distance and having been grown under entirely different weather and soil conditions.

The chief disadvantage of seed planting is that one must wait for bulbs to reach blooming size, but since a number of varieties produce a few blossoms by the end of the second season, one's interest is sustained while the slower ones are growing.

In regard to germination, Lilies are divided into two groups. The first group is generally referred to as the "easy" group. Seeds planted during growing weather send up a cotyledon (first leaf) rather promptly which is followed in due course of time by a true leaf. Some of the plants will be blooming during the second year. The second or "slow" group usually makes a bulb underground first before sending up any above ground growth and takes longer to reach blooming size.



The *LILUM CONCOLOR* belongs to the "easy" group of Lilies. Probably everyone who loves Lilies has this flower in his garden.

—Photo by Olga Tiemann.

Those species making leaf growth the first season include *Lilium amabile*, *L. callosum*, *L. candidum*, *L. cernuum*, *L. concolor*, *L. dauricum*, *L. davidi*, *L. formosanum*, *L. henryi*, *L. leucanthum*, *L. longiflorum*, *L. tenuifolium* (sometimes listed as *L. pumilum*), *L. regale*, *L. sargentiae*, *L. tigrinum*, *L. umbellatum* and *L. willmottiae*.

Several methods are used in growing Lilies from seeds. The important thing is to have fresh seed. The fresher the seeds, the more promptly they will germinate. It is possible to find seed companies that list a fine assortment. If you can gather seeds from your own or a neighbor's plants you may like to experiment with seeds that are not entirely dry. The pods must be fully developed and have started ripening but the seeds themselves may still be green.

If you have never grown Lilies from seeds before, try some of the "easy" group first like *Lilium regale*, *L. tenuifolium* and *L. formosanum*. The seed may be planted any time after it is gathered. Some gardeners like to plant them in a pound coffee can (making holes for good drainage) and keep them growing in a cool, sunny window all winter. Equal parts sand, loam and peat moss (or vermiculite) makes a fine potting mixture. Fill the can to within an inch of the top with the soil and finish with pure vermiculite. Plant the seeds and cover lightly with vermiculite. The vermiculite will help to avoid damping off. Set the can in a pan of water until the moisture shows at the top. Drain well. Be very careful at all times about overwatering. On the other hand the soil must not become too dry either. Grass-like spears may be showing in less than two weeks' time.

Listen for the afternoon visit from the Driftmier house every day at 3:15 over KMA in Shenandoah, Iowa.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

A number of times during the past year I have read articles about Mexico in which the writers stated that in 1937 the old Mexico that had remained virtually unchanged throughout the centuries gave way to the comparatively modern country that travelers know today. There are a good many sound and interwoven reasons for this, but it certainly isn't a happenstance that the date coincides with the opening of a big modern highway that begins at the border town of Laredo, Texas, and runs into Mexico City. Prior to the opening of this road the traffic in and out of the country was carried on almost exclusively by rail, and necessarily this limited the number of people who were able to make the trip. As I told you last month, the big International Highway was first opened for traffic in June of 1937, and we went over it about a month later. Consequently we had an opportunity to see the old Mexico of legend. We have always been grateful that we made our trip before the tremendous changes came about.

Because we were what might almost be called pioneers in making the trip by highway, it occurred to me that perhaps you'd be interested in hearing some of the details. I'm very certain that many of our experiences in Mexico could never be duplicated today, so in one sense of the word I am writing about a time that can never be recaptured.

We boarded a bus in Laredo, Texas on a scalding July afternoon, and it was then, for the first time, that we had a glimpse of how people travel in other countries. When all of the bus seats were filled we expected to pull away, but it developed that we were only started on the process of loading a bus. First kitchen chairs were brought in and lined up down the aisle. With undescribable confusion and chaos these seats were filled. Then people climbed up on top of the bus—I've never known what in the world they found to cling to. When all of this was done the driver and his assistants started throwing on luggage. And when all of this was done the driver began collecting tickets from his passengers. This meant, in turn, that everyone on the kitchen chairs had to get off since it was impossible for anyone to move down the aisle, so all in all I'd say that we were a good hour loading that bus. And now I will add that the thermometer stood at 118! It was the only time we have come close to being overcome with the heat.

Towards evening we reached Monterey, one of the large industrial cities of Mexico—a great steel center. It has a magnificent site for it stands at the base of towering mountains; one of them is named "Saddleback" mountain and it was a breathless spectacle under the light of a full moon. We stayed in Monterey for several days and had a wonderful

time exploring the city. I remember vividly that we were still trying to become accustomed to different money, and by some misfortune we gave our waiter at the hotel dining room what amounted to a half-cent as a tip. He threw it at us!

About eleven o'clock one evening we went to the bus station in Monterey and boarded the bus that was to take us on to Mexico City. We drove at a terrific clip through the night and watched brilliant electrical storms in the mountains on either side of the highway. I was under the impression that everything was going very well, so it was a blow when the bus broke down about two in the morning and we all had to pile out and stand at the side of the highway. Our driver wasn't the least bit irritated or excited—that was one of the first things we noticed about Mexicans. Events that would leave Americans hysterical with irritation simply rolled off their backs. It made no earthly difference to him that he was stranded with a broken bus miles from nowhere!

A long time later another bus came from the south and evidently word of our plight was taken back to some point for just about daylight we were rescued. After breakfast at some small town along the road we boarded a bus that looked as though it had been made by piling two chicken coops on top of four wheels, and were off for Mexico City.

The first two hours of that trip took us through tropical jungle where we could see parrots in the trees, and great crowds of monkeys in bushes along the streams. Then we began to climb, and perhaps you can get some idea of our precipitous ascent when I tell you that we went from sea level to almost 13,000 feet in the space of less than seven hours. I can imagine nothing in this world more dramatic and incredibly beautiful than the views from many points of that highway. Many places we could look down thousands and thousands of feet, and in other places we could look over range after range of mountains. Some of the details of these views are stamped on our minds forever.

Unfortunately I couldn't concentrate exclusively on the scenery because of my certainty that the driver intended to kill all of us. He had a passion for driving on the wrong side of the road, and many times as we rounded a hairpin curve he simply put on his brakes and skidded around the corner on loose gravel. There were no guard rails at countless points, and occasionally I had the devastating experience of looking out the window and seeing nothing whatsoever—it was a sheer drop from the side of the bus down thousands of feet.

After lunch in a mountain village we changed drivers and I breathed a vast sigh of relief. Surely now we would get a conservative man who loved life and intended to continue loving it. Alas! this new driver was not only addicted with a penchant for driving sixty miles per hour on the wrong side of the road, but he was also a most garrulous soul who

enjoyed chatting with his passengers. The climax of our session with him came when he held in one hand a bunch of snapshots that some passenger had passed up to him, studied them intently and commented on them at great length. All of this took place while he was driving on two wheels around hairpin curves.

We reached Mexico City (yes, we actually did!) about eight o'clock in the evening. If I had a dozen pages and thousands of words I could not begin to describe the impression that this vast city makes on the traveler who approaches it by highway. It is wonderfully beautiful—I will content myself with saying only that.

After a few days at a hotel we were able to sub-rent a big twelve room home far out in the suburbs. The walls of this house were two feet thick, and the entire place (it was surrounded by large gardens) was shut away from the world by a massive wall twenty feet high. The only access to our house was through a heavy gridded gate set into the wall. The gate was kept locked day and night, and we only opened it when we went to our nearest market or down into Mexico City ten miles away. We could pick up a little Toonerville Trolley right in front of our gate, and if it jumped the tracks only once on our five-block trip we felt rarely blessed.

From the second-floor sun deck of our house we could look out over the two most famous mountains of Mexico—Popocatapetl and Ixtacihuatl. Our garden was filled with great masses of tropical flowers, and every day we went out with baskets and picked and picked and picked—you could never see that even one blossom had been taken.

We had many interesting trips to other cities and towns in Mexico, and we spent so much time exploring Mexico City itself that before we left we felt halfway familiar with the streets and various suburbs. At the time we regretted that we didn't have a car, but now that I look back on it I believe that by traveling on all kinds of broken down busses, streetcars and trains we had a more intimate glimpse of the city and country.

I could write about dozens of things that happened to us during our stay in Mexico, but my space is almost gone so I can mention only one more thing: in late October we went through one of the heaviest earthquakes of modern times. Our big house simply rocked, and when it was all over we found a dozen windows broken, massive timbers cracked, the floors thrown up in places, and even sections of the big wall outside knocked to the ground. It was our first experience with an earthquake—and we were apprehensive for weeks!

(To Be Continued)

"My file of Kitchen-Klatter magazines has been loaned far and wide over the past seven years, and I know of at least fifteen parties where the entertainment has been planned from the pages of your helpful and inspirational magazine." — Mrs. R. D. H., Fort Madison, Ia.

ADOPTION IS IN THE HEART

(The following letter written by a friend in Massachusetts is one that we felt we must share with you for the message that it contains is far too important to be read only by members of our family.)

"I just received your magazine, and I had to put everything aside until I sat down and read it—and when I say everything I mean just that.

"Some time ago I read in your Question and Answer page a question by a mother wondering if it were advisable to adopt a child when they had one of their own. I have thought about that woman so often and wondered just what doubt was in her mind. I am not one to write and give advice or help! I do think and think but that's as far as I get. But here goes—and if only I had the ability to write as your daughter Lucile does, I'd love to write a book on adopted children and foster homes.

"My first advice for parents is to adopt a child by all means if you really and truly love children, and if it's not just a whim for a present time satisfaction. I think that children for adoption need an extra amount of love because unless they are only a few weeks old they sense so much insecurity. I am speaking from experience, but of course even then each situation is different.

"My oldest son, now eighteen, is adopted; we took him at the age of six weeks. In fifteen months we had a boy of our own and they were extremely fine pals. They are as different as two children can be, but even at that our very own children can be just as different. My friends and neighbors and relatives can vouch for the fact that if there was any favoritism shown it was for the adopted son. We told him of his adoption when he entered kindergarten but have never gone into frequent discussions of the subject. He's a fine boy and in all of our moves during the war he made many friends.

"We also have a daughter nine. Now that my family was growing up I tired of bridge clubs, teaching First Aid, Red Cross Nursing, etc., and decided that I would do something I loved to do—care for little children. After talking it over with my family, who are very cooperative, I decided to tell the Children's Aid Society I'd take a foster child.

"They gave me a six-months old baby girl and she came to us directly from the hospital, not because she was ill but because the Court had taken three children from a home due to neglect. Such a sad little mite you couldn't imagine! The lack of love and individual care had handicapped her badly, but it wasn't long before she developed rapidly in our home and now she is the most precious doll I've ever seen. My boys are crazy about her, and all of our neighbors and friends love her too. She is now a beautiful child thirteen months old.

"The baby's mother didn't even ask to see her on her birthday. They have the privilege of seeing the children



Mother soaking up California sunshine on the roof garden of the hotel.

every two weeks, but the parents have never seen this baby.

"A few weeks ago the Society asked me if I'd take the baby's four-year old sister. We talked it over and all agreed that we would work together to make this possible, so now these two little sisters are together. Laura is a sweet little girl and so loving; she cries, not a tantrum, but just a heart-breaking sobbing whenever I leave the house. She's been in two foster homes and her feeling of security isn't too great. She doesn't know the baby is her sister.

"We're getting so much enjoyment from these children! Of course I've had to give up a great many social activities, and my lawyer husband doesn't have the empty peace that we would ordinarily have at our age, but I'm much happier, and really, if one wants to keep young, it's an easy way!

"I'll admit my family are all very helpful or I couldn't do it. My oldest son is such a fine baby tender. Our only dread is the time when we'll have to give them up, although it's entirely possible that the parents will never evince further interest in them.

"Why not try the foster home plan if one is afraid of adoption? I'm sure every city has this system, and there is always desperate need for the special love and care that foster parents can give tragically unhappy and unwanted children. Please tell anyone who asks about this problem that there should be no doubt—just tell them that adoption is in their hearts!"

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

So many of you have asked me how Lucile and I have arranged Juliana's photographs that I thought I might give you a number of ideas that you could utilize for yourselves. It's taken

for granted that you'll work out what fits best into your own plans, but perhaps a few suggestions will give you a spring board from which to start.

Juliana has two series of photo albums. The first series is what you might refer to as a complete file, for everything goes into these books, good or bad, and the negatives are separately filed according to the dates so that I can refer to them at any time. I might mention here that the first pictures date from her eighth day in this world. She was placed on a blanket which was stretched out on a table in the full light coming from a large south window. From my experience in taking pictures of tiny babies I can say that you always get better results if they are placed on some solid surface rather than held.

The second series of albums contains only the best pictures which I have enlarged to a uniform size; these are mounted in book form albums containing about fifty pictures each. If more photographs were placed in a book it would become too bulky for all of these pictures are on heavy paper. Heavy paper is always to be preferred for enlargements that you treasure.

I have found that keeping the pictures in chronological order is the best method because as time goes on it is very easy to wonder if some shot was taken in April of forty-four, say, or April of forty-five. There can never be any doubt if each picture is dated and then filed in chronological sequence.

I don't think that it is possible to have too many pictures of the first five years of a child's life. Although I expect always to take a number of pictures of Juliana, I realize that from this point on there will not be the rapid changes that there have been. Because we do have a very complete record, Lucile and I can look back and see the various stages of her development more clearly than we could recall them without the pictures.

There are many smaller photograph books available that are wonderful for a series of pictures of a trip, a wedding, an anniversary celebration, etc. Even if you are not an avid amateur photographer a few nice enlargements of vacation pictures from each year make an interesting collection when they are placed together in a book.

Right here I should mention one important thing: when relatives and friends want pictures, be sure that you get prints made for them rather than sending negatives for them to get the prints. Nothing seems to get lost as easily as negatives, and once they are out of their own special place you run the risk of losing them forever.

When selecting negatives for enlargements look closely at the print and be sure that the subject is in very sharp focus, because if it isn't the enlargement will be blurred or fuzzy. Another good test is to use only the pictures that are good in blacks and whites. If there is a good rich black and white somewhere in the picture it is usually well exposed, and will enlarge beautifully. Avoid the dull grey prints because the enlargement will be even more grey.



Susan Lavonne must be rocked to sleep several times every day, and Juliana was busy at this when her Daddy slipped around the corner and took their picture. "Susan Lavonne" was Juliana's own choice for a name, and she is called the entire thing.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Another month has rolled around and time for another letter to you. It will soon be March and time for the Spring work to begin. For many of you this will be a very busy time, especially for those who are moving to different farms. It is always a big job to get things packed and ready for moving. Then there is generally a lot of cleaning and redecorating to be done to the new homes. I'm glad I don't have to think about those things anymore because since we have bought our farm I have felt very settled and contented.

I think Spring on the farm is the most wonderful time of the year. I love to ride on the tractor with Frank and watch the black rich soil turned over. Kristin loves Spring too because it is so exciting to see the new baby pigs, lambs and calves, and she loves the baby chickens.

January was a busy month for us too. Frank hadn't had time last fall to get much wood up for the winter, so every spare minute during January was spent in getting wood ready for a wood sawing. The day they came to saw I had seven men for dinner. My, how thankful I was for my new gas stove! The last few days Frank has been cutting big trees, which he calls saw logs. Before long these will all be sawed into lumber. I had always thought that there wasn't much to be done on a farm in the winter, but I have certainly found out differently. There is never a time on the farm when there isn't a lot to be done. Fences! My, there are miles of fences to be checked and repaired in the winter.

We had a nice visit with a few members of the family a couple of

weeks ago. Wayne, Abigail, Margery and Juliana drove up to spend a Sunday with us. Juliana begged me to let Kristin go home with her and she wanted to go, but we thought it was best that she stay at home.

Kristin has grown so this winter that I was simply amazed, when I tried all her summer clothes on her the other day, at how few of them she can wear. She has been wearing corduroy overalls almost all the time this winter because we have done very little "going" lately, so I didn't realize how many of her dresses she had actually grown out of. So now I have started in sewing in earnest. About a week ago I finished a blue and white striped chambray which I smocked in red; this week I made a darling dress from a feed sack. It has a white background with little blue ducks all over it, and I put a narrow band of red smocking at the yolk and another at the waist. The collars, sleeve bands and sashes are white. She loves this "duck" dress, and it certainly was inexpensive. I made them both large enough that she can still wear them when she starts to school next fall.

We had a lot of fun at our last Sunshine Club meeting that I must tell you about because it might give you an idea for your own club. We had a bazaar just among our own members. Everyone made something and brought it to club, then one of the club members was the auctioneer and auctioned it off. Most of the items were made from feed sacks, and were really lovely. Just to give you an idea, there was a housecoat, a pin-afare, dress, aprons, clothes pin bags, knitted bed socks, two lovely loomed rugs, crocheted doilies, and pillow cases. Then there were other things I can't recall now.

Always in the past when our flower fund has needed replenishing we have just been assessed so much per member. But by having the sale we made more money than we would have otherwise; we took home things we needed or wanted in return for our money and they cost us less than they would have at the store; the things we made and took to the sale cost little or nothing since most of them were made with feed sacks and we have to buy feed anyway so we were just out our time; and last but not least, we had fun doing it.

I'll tell you about what we do in our club because I know there is hardly a community that doesn't have it's woman's club, and the things we do may help your club. Our club is certainly open for some new suggestions on what to do, so I would love to hear from you about your country club. For our programs this year we have been having helpful demonstrations. One member gave a demonstration on cleaning upholstery and rugs; another one taught us the first steps in knitting; I gave a demonstration on smocking at one meeting, teaching the two basic stitches, and will give another lesson at another meeting. Three of the girls have already made dresses and are very interested in it. Now let's hear what you do for programs.



Kristin's anxious expression is caused by the fact that Mary Ann had a high temperature, and the thermometer had to be studied carefully to be sure that the reading was right. Both Mary Ann and Susan Lavonne are sick a great deal, but their mothers have full doctor kits with which to treat them.

This month I'm going to give you a recipe for raisin cream pie since raisin cream is one of the favorite pies at our house. This recipe was sent to me by Mrs. Rudolph Sanderson of Cleburne, Kansas, last summer when I received the shower of sour cream recipes.

RAISIN CREAM PIE

Cook one cup of raisins in enough water to cover, then add one cup of sweet or sour cream which you have already beaten together with two egg yolks, three-fourths cup of sugar and two tablespoons of flour. Cook this until thick then add one teaspoon of vanilla. Pour into a baked shell and make meringue from the egg whites.

My sad irons are on heating and right now I'm going to try to get my ironing finished. My gasoline iron isn't operating right now. I just had it fixed, I thought, but it still doesn't work, so it's me for the sad irons.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

COVER PICTURE

On a bright March day these ducks were photographed by Russell at Stowe Lake, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. This jewel-like lake was the home of countless beautiful black and white swans as well as the ducks, and at least twice a week we filled sacks with bread crusts and took Juliana and Kristin to feed them. The children were such little things then, only two years old, but they walked right up to the big Australian swans and held out the bread crusts to them. A few minutes after this photograph was taken the ducks that you see here all turned and trailed after the little girls as they walked away down a graveled path.



"IN HONOR OF ST. PAT"

By Wilma Ward Taylor

Whether you are, "MacBurner", "O'Toliver", "Mulligan", "McNair", or just plain American, "Brown", "Smith", or "Fair", you can take part this month with all the rest, honoring old St. Pat at his best!

The Irish take the lead this month, so in keeping with the traditional theme, why not plan a party!

For your party invitations cut small shamrocks from green construction paper and print your invitation with white ink. Your invitation could read:

Party at our house
Honoring old St. Pat,
Wear a bit of green—
A bit of white—
6:30 is the time,
This Saturday night.

Send invitations in small white envelopes addressed in green ink. Your guests will be busy finding that "something" green and white to wear.

For your favors try one of these suggestions: For a nut cup favor, cut out hats from green paper about two inches high. With white ink or paint, draw on the hat band and ribbon. The use of yarn or white ribbon will make your hat more fussy if you like. When hat is finished, paste it on the side of a white nut cap. Another idea using nut cups is to make a hat and insert the nut cup inside. To do this cut a piece of green paper two inches deep and about five inches long and make into a hat shape. Then cut a circle three inches in diameter for the brim of the hat. The crown of the hat may be fastened to the brim with small tabs pasted inside. Place the nut cup inside and tie a ribbon around the outside for the band and bow.

Potatoes are always in keeping with this month, so favors made from potatoes will add to the atmosphere of your party. Make a hat of green paper like the nut cup favor. Select small potatoes and wash well. Slice the bottom of the potatoes off so that they will stand up length-wise. Place potato on a round piece of green paper and print each guest's name in white. Place the hat you have made on the potato, and now you have a "potato man". A small button (fastened to potato with straight pin thru the eye of the button) will serve as an eye or monocle, whichever you prefer your Irishmen to have) and with a few cuts with your knife you can add other features to the face. With the help of toothpicks, pipe

cleaners and paper one can make many different colorful animals using potatoes. These are especially nice when the party is for children.

Other decorations for your table might include large green paper shamrocks under each dessert plate. Shamrocks pinned around the bottom of a table cloth (on serving table) are fun and will add color. The use of green vases with white flowers is especially nice for a tea. Candlesticks made from large potatoes are nice to use with the potato favors, or just for a reminder of St. Pat on your mantel or buffet. Decorative paper napkins with St. Pat motives or plain white napkins with paper shamrocks pasted in the corner will complete your decoration.

An appropriate dessert for your party will make a hit with everyone. Try half-and-half vanilla ice cream and lime sherbert in your sherbert glasses. Serve with sugar cookies in the shape of shamrocks, hats, pipes, etc. Piping hot coffee will complete your treat and your guests will declare "your hospitality can't be beat".

HOBBY COLUMN

"I need half a ball of C.M.C. Cordonnet size 3 white to finish a buffet set. There are 65 yards on a spool and it seems to be completely unavailable in stores."—Mrs. R. G. Marshall, Rt. 2, Humeston, Ia.

"I collect houseplants and out-of-door plants. Am interested in a pansy, geranium, Red Head African violet, and some dahlias."—Mrs. Henry Bailey, Rt. 4, Marshall, Mo.

"I will exchange for equal value any of the following articles cut from wood: fancy pins, book-ends, hot mat holders, necktie racks, letter files and plaques. All of these have painted designs."—Mrs. Paul Bailie, Fennimore, Wisc.

"My hobby is collecting beads, any kind, size and shape. Will exchange for something of equal value, or will buy if you write and name your price."—Mrs. A. W. Pearson, Box 173, Wakefield, Nebr.

"Does any hobby reader have a broken set of Noritake china, Montclare design which she would be willing to sell or trade?"—Mrs. Vada Parsons, Box 368, 1217 Jackson St., Chillicothe, Mo.

"I have quite a collection of view cards I would like to exchange for feed sacks, or print scraps. Please write first."—Mrs. Emily Schumann, Mazomanie, Wisc.

"I collect pencils that carry the names of different concerns."—Mrs. Walter Michel, Johnson, Nebr.

"I collect wash cloths and old jewelry. Will exchange."—Mrs. Lorlean Kemper, 445 Carola St., Creve Coeur, Ill.

"I would like to exchange crocheted pot holders."—Mrs. Clifford Sorenson, Rt. 1, Cedar Falls, Ia.

"I collect advertising pencils. Will trade pencil for pencil, or your hobby for pencils."—Florence Neely, Winterset, Ia.

"My hobby is collecting pitchers of all kinds."—Mrs. H. C. Plath, Manly,

Ia.

"Old tooth-pick holders and vinegar cruets. Will exchange for your hobby."—Ann Barber, Coon Rapids, Ia.

"I have a hobby of pitchers and enjoy exchanging, but please write first."—Nancy Pedersen, Rt. 3, Woodbine, Ia.

"My hobby is tea towels and wash cloths."—Mrs. F. H. Kerr, Edgerton, Mo.

My hobbies are little pitchers and advertising pencils or key chains. I will exchange a crocheted potholder for 10 ordinary pencils or fewer of the novelty kind. Will exchange a square embroidered tea towel (about 30x30) for 20 pencils or key chains, or fewer of the clutch or novelty kind."—Mrs. John Heman, Dedham, Ia.

"I collect old tooth-pick holders, china vases, cups and saucers. Does anyone have an old spice cabinet or salt-box to trade? I'll exchange doilies, aprons and potholders for these old things."—Hazel Tracy, Rt. 2, Trenton, Mo.

"I am a key chain collector and will buy or trade hobbies with someone. Am just starting a salt and pepper collection also."—Mrs. Richard Cooper, Rock Port, Mo.

"I have a large collection of movie star pictures which I will exchange for handkerchiefs or any novelty."—Mrs. Walter Morrison, Rt. 3, Box 18, Salisbury, Mo.

"I make and collect crocheted doilies, small aprons and pot holders."—Mrs. O. F. Thurman, Turner, Kans.

"I have a plate 32 years old of globe china with a big bird flying across it. It was painted by R. K. Beck. Would like a plate to match this or any information about his work. Would buy or exchange for your hobby but please write first."—Mrs. M. C. Guenther, 2534 E. 96th St., Chicago 17, Ill.

Bernard Gray, 1113 Mound, Atchison, Kans., collects postcards and miniature figures.

Note: In the January issue Mrs. Peter Doebele was listed as residing at Hanmer, Kansas. Her correct address is Hanover, Kans., Rt. 2.



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SALMON ROLL WITH PIMENTO SAUCE

Make biscuit dough and spread out about 1/4 inch thick. Butter lightly, then spread the filling on and roll up as you do cinnamon rolls.

Filling

- 1 can salmon, drain and flake
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. grated onion

Place in greased pan and bake in 450 degree oven for 30 minutes. Serve with pimento sauce.—S. H., Council Bluffs, Ia.

SAUCE

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 chopped pimientos
- 1/4 cup grated American cheese

BANANA BREAD

1/3 cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
2 well beaten eggs
1 cup mashed bananas
1 3/4 cups of flour
3/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup sour milk
Cream together shortening, sugar and eggs. Then add bananas. Then add dry ingredients alternately with sour milk. Mix well and bake in loaf pan at 350 degree oven for about 1 hour.—B. R., Seneca, Kans.

BEST EVER DATE PUDDING

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
1 cup diced dates
1 cup broken nut meats
Make a batter of above ingredients and pour into an 8x8 inch pan and then cover with following mixture which has been cooked for a few minutes:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups boiling water

Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or your favorite sauce.—Mrs. H. R. B., Wheeling, Mo.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

ROLLED FUDGE

(The friend in Winterset, Ia., who sent this recipe says that it is an absolute never fail. "It never sugars and is just like the candy stores make. I always put nuts in while beating. I've made this and sold it in year's past.")

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup white syrup (scant)—about 1/4 in. from top of the 1/2 measuring cup
- 3 heaping Tbls. cocoa

Stir these well; then when they boil up, put in 7 cut-up marshmallows. Cook until a firm soft ball and remove from fire. Put 1 tsp. vanilla and 1 Tbls. of butter on top—don't stir until cool. Then beat until it loses its shine and until you can't beat anymore. Put it out in a gob on to a cookie sheet that has been buttered. Shape into two long rolls; then later slice. If this tends to spread after you roll it, just let it get cooler and then reshape it.

MOLASSES COOKIES

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup light molasses
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 3/4 cup cold strong coffee

Thoroughly cream shortening and sugar; add eggs and molasses; beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with coffee. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 15 minutes. Makes 7 dozen cookies. These are better the longer they stand—are delicious also if frosted with powdered sugar icing.

FRANKFURTER LOAF

Grind 8 frankfurters and add 1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 cup crumbled soda crackers
1 egg
Mix very thoroughly. Press mixture into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven about 35 minutes. Chopped onion may be added if you wish.—Mrs. L. W., Savannah, Mo.

LEMON CREAM RICE

1/2 cup rice
3 cups milk
1/2 cup sugar
Grated rind of 3/4 lemon
1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
3/4 tsp. salt
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
2 egg whites, beaten until stiff
2 Tbls. powdered sugar
1/4 tsp. lemon extract
Cook rice and milk in double boiler until rice is soft. Add sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice, salt, and egg yolks. Stir gently and cook until thickened. Turn into buttered pudding dish and cool. Add powdered sugar and lemon extract gradually to egg whites and pile over top of pudding. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) just long enough to brown meringue. Serves 6.

BACON AND CORN CASSEROLE

- 8 slices of bread
- 1 No. 2 can of cream style corn
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 4 thin strips of bacon

Arrange bread and corn in alternate layers in a buttered casserole. Beat 3 eggs, add salt, pepper, mustard and milk and pour over the bread and corn. Top with bacon strips and bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE LOGS

- 1/2 cup butter or vegetable shortening
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 unbeaten egg
- 2 sq. unsweetened melted chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add powdered sugar and beat until light. Add egg and mix until blended. Add chocolate. Mix well and add salt. Combine flour with first mixtures and then add nuts and vanilla. Press into well greased pan 7x11 and chill overnight. Cut into 48 logs 3 inches in length and one inch in width. Place cookies in greased pan about 2 1/2 inches apart and bake in moderate oven 12 minutes. These are light as a feather and very delicious.—Mrs. J. L. Plattsmauth, Nebr.

BARBECUED SPARE RIBS

- 3 or 4 lbs. pork ribs
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. paprika

Mix these ingredients and rub on ribs.

- 1 cup tomato soup
- 1/4 cup vinegar

Heat these ingredients together, and baste ribs with it frequently.

Many people who say that they do not care for barbecued spare ribs are very enthusiastic about them after tasting some prepared in this fashion.

POTATO STARTER

I hope that all of you who have been anxious to find a recipe for potato starter will add this to your file. It calls for three large potatoes mashed, 1 cup of sugar, 1 Tbls. of salt, 2 cakes of yeast and 2 qts. of warm water. Mix at noon, cover and let stand until morning. Stir well, take out one pint and save for starter. Put in a quart jar, cover loosely and keep in a cool place.

Add flour to the yeast that is left to make a sponge. Set in a warm place to raise. When light add lard (in amount you generally use) salt and mix stiff. Let raise until double in bulk. Work down. Let raise again and then mold into pans.

When you want to use your starter, fill the quart jar full of potato water and add 2 Tbls. of sugar. Do this the night before you want to use it. Take out one pint and save for starter and use the rest for bread. After about two months' use add one-quarter to one-half cake of dry yeast to renew the starter.

GREEN BEANS WITH HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
2 beaten egg yolks
3/4 cup milk, scalded
2 Tbles. lemon juice or vinegar
3 cups hot green beans
Mix mustard, flour, and salt in double boiler; add egg yolks; beat well. Slowly add hot milk; cook until thick; add lemon juice. Pour over green beans. Serves 6.

BROWN SUGAR FUDGE

1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
2 Tbls. corn syrup
1 cup water
1 cup thick cream
Boil first four ingredients together until very thick. Then add the 1 cup of cream which has been warmed to simmer. Stir fast while adding the cream. Cook to soft ball stage. Add 1 tbs. butter. Let it cool. Then beat until it starts to sugar, flavor with vanilla and pour out into buttered pan. Add nuts if desired.—Mrs. F. E., Seymour, Iowa.

When hearts are light and spirits gay,
You almost hear the table say:
"These people give me hearty cheer,
I'm very glad they're 'round me here."

If food is wholesome, linen white,
China and silver polished bright,
With pride the table spreads its leaves,
Glad to dispense what it receives.

With friends in loving converse near,
The table speaks for all to hear,
It says as plain as table can:
"Draw 'round me all, I'm spread for man."

STEAMED SALMON LOAF

1 No. 1 can of salmon
4 Tbls. melted butter
4 eggs
1/2 cup bread crumbs
Season salmon with salt, pepper and a tsp. of finely chopped parsley. Mix fish with butter. Then beat eggs until light, stir in crumbs and then combine with fish mixture. Put in a buttered mold and steam 1 hour. This should be served with a rich, not too-thick white sauce in which 1 hard-boiled egg has been crumbled.

SODA CRACKER PIE

14 chopped dates
12 soda crackers (salted crispy kind broken up into small pieces)
1/2 cup nutmeats
3 egg whites beaten stiff
2/3 cup sugar
Vanilla
Beat egg whites, add sugar and mix with other ingredients. Bake in buttered pie plate for 25 minutes at 315 degrees. Serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. Jack Spies, Gilmore City, Ia.

SOUR CREAM SALAD DRESSING

1 cup sour cream
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/4 cup vinegar
2 tsps. salt
2 tsps. sugar
1 tsp. mustard
1/8 tsp. pepper
To cream, add egg, vinegar, and dry ingredients, thoroughly mixed. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken.

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour
3/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
2 beaten eggs
1/4 cup milk
1 1/2 cups drained, whole-kernel corn
2 tsp. melted shortening
Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Mix eggs and milk; add to dry ingredients and mix smooth. Add corn and shortening. Drop from tablespoon into deep hot fat (370 degrees). Drain on absorbent paper. Serve with sirup. Serves 4 to 6.

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CRISPY COOKIES

(A fast and fancy cookie recipe that is nice for teas and children's parties)

2 egg whites
2/3 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
2 cups cornflakes

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Beat egg whites until stiff; add sugar slowly and continue to beat. Add vanilla. Fold in cornflakes. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Place in 450 degree oven and turn off heat. Leave in oven until crisp—about 30 minutes. A cup of chocolate chips may also be added.—Mrs. G. G. G., Omaha, Nebr.

FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS

6 medium-sized Bermuda onions
Milk

2 beaten eggs

Flour

Salt and pepper

Peel onions; cut to 1/4 inch slices; separate in rings; cover with milk and let stand 30 minutes. Drain thoroughly; dip into eggs, then into mixture of flour, salt, and pepper. Fry in hot shallow fat until light brown or in deep hot fat. Drain on absorbent paper and serve immediately. Serves 8.

HARVARD BEETS

12 small beets, diced
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup vinegar
2 Tbls. butter

Mix sugar and cornstarch. Add vinegar and water and boil 5 minutes. Add beets to hot sauce and let stand at least 30 minutes. Just before serving, bring to boiling point and add butter. Serves 6.

BARBEQUED WEINERS

1 1/2 dozen weiners
3 large onions (diced)
6 slices chopped bacon
1 Tbls. vinegar
1 Tbls. sugar
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 clove or pinch of clove powder
1 can of tomato soup

Place weiners in baking pan. Fry bacon and onions until brown. Add remaining ingredients and pour over weiners. Bake 325 degrees for 45 minutes.—Mrs. E. V. A., St. Joseph, Mo.

CHILI BEANS—WESTERN STYLE

Soak 2 cups of pinto beans overnight, drain, add fresh water to half cover. Cook until tender, or about 5 hours, with a good piece of salt pork. Real pinto beans cook faster than navy beans. When ready to serve, pour the following sauce over them and stir gently until well mixed.

SAUCE: To 6 Tbls. bacon fat add 2 cups of boiling water, 1 Tbls. salt and chili powder to taste, (up to 2 Tbls.) Cook down for at least 1/2 hour.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Today we are recovering from a perfectly mad, mad trip that we took yesterday. For three solid days and nights it had been pouring down rain here in Honolulu, but yesterday morning was clear and bright. The wind was brisk and great, fluffy white clouds skimmed across the sky. The day began with all the appearances of being the ideal one for our long-planned trip by car around the entire island of Oahu. We scoffed at radio reports of a new storm approaching the islands and throughout the morning continued to make plans for the trip. Right after lunch I put the baby basket in the back seat of the car and the little baby chair in the front seat, and with Betty on one side, Mary Leanna in the center and myself at the wheel, off we started on the big jaunt.

A half hour of honking and fighting our way through Saturday afternoon Honolulu traffic brought us out on to the Pali road which winds up out of the city to the peak of the mountain ridge which divides the island neatly into two sections. The higher up the ridge we went the more threatening the clouds appeared, but the thoughts of bright sunshine on the other side kept us pushing on. The tremendous gust of wind that tore at our car as we went over the top should have been enough to warn us of what lay ahead, but no warnings did we take.

Down the other side we went, and I mean down and down, for the Pali road on the island of Oahu is recognized to be one of the steepest and sharpest bits of mountain highway to be found anywhere in the world. Since it is the only road that cuts through the center of the island it is always crowded with traffic and yesterday was no exception. By the time we reached ocean level again it was perfectly clear that we were going to have some bad weather. What I really should have done was to turn around and go back over the Pali to Honolulu, but no, we had started around the island, and around the island we would go, storm or no storm. Although I have driven over the Pali many times, I don't like to. If I were to drive over it every day for the rest of my life, I still would not like to.

On we went and on came the storm. The road wound this way and that at the foot of the mountains and at the edge of the beach. How the wind did blow in off the ocean, and how the rain did fall! The rain came down in buckets. When I wasn't driving through rain I was driving through clouds of salt spray. I wish that you could have seen the raging surf as waves of tremendous proportions broke on the beaches and rocks. At one point when the rain had let up considerably and the road was high enough to give us a good view of the ocean, I stopped the car so that we could watch the waves. Such waves we had never seen. As they crashed into the rocks the wind would whip the spray into clouds



Mary Lee loves the Teeter-Babe that Grandmother and Grandfather Driftmier sent for Christmas. She is five-and-a-half months here.

and then blow it across the country-side.

On and on we drove. The trip was taking much longer than I had anticipated. The baby was first tired of sitting up and then tired of lying down. I was alternately tired of driving and tired of being miles away from home in a chilly, windy, rain-storm. Betty had nothing to say. After four hours of that trip we arrived home in the heaviest cloudburst of the year. While Betty prepared supper and fed the baby I mopped up the water that blew in under the doors and windows. All in all it was quite a day.

The chief topic of conversation here in Hawaii is the future statehood of the territory. On the beaches, at the clubs, in the churches, in the classrooms, on the radio, and in the newspapers all discussions eventually lead up to the discussion of statehood. The territorial government is spending many thousands of dollars in a tremendous publicity campaign to sell the American people, and particularly our congressmen, on the need and advantages of having Hawaii as the forty-ninth state. It would seem that here in the islands most of the people are for the idea, but there are some who are fighting against it. I do not know all the reasons the enemies of statehood are offering, but I do know that one of their main reasons is that there are too many people here of oriental blood. I do not believe that this reason is either Christian or intelligent. During the last war the most highly decorated unit in our entire United States Army was the unit of Japanese-Americans from Hawaii. These orientals out here are American citizens, and they should not be deprived of statehood on the grounds of race. When people ask me what I personally think of statehood for Hawaii, I have to answer that I simply am not qualified to have any ideas about it. I have not been here long enough in the first place, and in the second place I do not know enough about the islands or their people. However, at the moment I do wonder a little bit about the distance that Hawaii is from the other

forty-eight states. It seems to me that that might make a little difference.

A few days ago Betty and I went hunting for material for new drapes for the dining room and living room. The lady whose drapes we have been using all this time now wants them back. I wish that you could see the lovely design we selected. It is called "Hawaii Tree Fern." The design is actually a copy of the magnificent tree ferns that grow in the Hawaiian forests. Not only will the drapes be valuable to us for their beauty, but for the souvenir value as well. Some day when we are settled on the mainland we shall have one room of the house called "The Hawaiian Room" and in there we shall have the water-colors that we have purchased showing true Hawaiian scenes and these drapes as well. As usual we made the mistake of beginning at the inexpensive shops and then working up, when what we should have done was to begin at the top and then work down.

One thing that Betty and I like to do is to walk up the hill from our back door and listen to the wind blowing through the trees. Perhaps I should say, and listen to what for many weeks we believed to be the wind. Actually, what we thought was wind has turned out to be the combined singing of hundreds of frogs living near a pool that we have on the campus. When those frogs sing at night it is really spooky. They don't sing like ordinary American frogs, but have an almost weird song that sounds more like the wind blowing over and through many telephone wires. If I were a child I know that I would never want to walk alone after dark near any place where there are many discouraged and frustrated frogs.

Betty is in waking the baby and that means that I am soon to participate in my favorite pastime—watching her get fed. Every father thinks that his first child is a little genius, and I am no exception. Betty says that my paternal enthusiasm at times needs to be brought under control.

Love to you all,
Frederick.

WHEEL-CHAIR COURAGE

Your brave eyes say to me:
Pity's a useless thing
And cruelly barbed, when one
Still smiles, and tries to sing.
For in my dreams I go
Through long, dark night or day
Where e'er my fancies please,
To brighter lands away.
Where wracking pain is gone,
And wasted hands are strong;
Where once again I walk,
Part of a careless throng.
My heart holds treasured love,
Forever there to be
A prisoner, but blest
In these few hours with thee.

—Mary Lee Justice
(The seven of us children wished to see this reprinted once again.)

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Kira was unhappy. She didn't know why and she didn't know what to do about it, but nothing suited her. When we sat down and tried to figure out what ailed her, she said she wanted to get married and have a child so that I could be a grandmother! She didn't really want a husband or her own home or a baby; what she wanted was a grandmother. She wound up by saying that that was what Chicago needed.

Now, my friends, wouldn't that give you something to think about? It did me. I stopped and thought about a lot of things, but mostly I was glad that my child had been born after grandmothers had come back in style.

Years ago, most children were born into a community of relations. It was customary for aunts and uncles and grandparents to live in one community and no mother had to feel that she was entirely responsible for rearing her child. She had both relatives and friends within calling distance who could share their experiences and could be depended upon to help in an emergency. Just as important, the child got the feeling of belonging to and being a part of a group with a history behind him as well as an unknown, frightening future before him.

Gradually our whole way of life began to change. The whole world opened up with faster methods of communication and travel, and people began to move about. Farm machinery made it possible for each person to manage without close family cooperation, and industry began to pull people into large cities.

Many adjustments in our way of living had to be made and science developed for us easier and better methods of living comfortably. Think of how much electricity can do for a housewife! Even if she has only electric lights it is wonderful, and then think of what it means to have a refrigerator, washing machine, iron, vacuum cleaner and all the rest. Life has been made easier, and still these very changes have added so many complications. Few people think about what these changes mean when it comes to raising our children, or what they mean to the older folks who have been pushed aside and feel unneeded.

You know, grandmothers went out of style for a generation when we tried to raise babies out of a book. But now that we have gotten around to believing that babies are human beings and not machines, we realize how much a grandmother can give to a child.

My mother has often said that she never dared to enjoy her own children as much as she does her grandchildren, and I think most women feel the same. We hurry so much and worry so much and plan so far ahead that we seldom enjoy this day, this hour, this fleeting minute with our own children.

Grandmothers don't worry about discipline the way we do. They know that children learn in good time all the things we despair of ever teach-



Juliana takes wonderful care of Martin and he loves her dearly.

ing.

When Kira comes running home from school she has her coat unzipped before she hits the top step. She tears through the house scattering mittens and coat and cap and leggings and boots and scarf as she goes. I can make her pick them up and hang them properly, but no normal child can remember to do such unimportant things every day. Angry as I am clearing up the whirlwind, I know that if I do pick them up and brush them off and hang them in the closet, that in a few years she will say to herself, "I am grown up now and grown-ups brush their clothes and hang them up."

I know that this is the way children learn—that is, on my good days I know this is real discipline. On my not so good days I use discipline as a way to punish Kira or to relieve my own anger. The thing I have noticed about grandmothers is this: they don't have to think about it at all, because deep down inside of them they know.

Most of the trouble that we call grandmother trouble comes not because of the children, but because of the tensions between the mother and the grandmother. Some understanding should be worked out between the older and the middle generation so that the children as well as the entire family can benefit most by the relationship. I think it behoves us, as the middle generation, to work out this understanding, not only because we are more flexible but because we have the most to gain. We can give something extra to our children and we can help to make a better world for ourselves because, and don't you forget it, we will soon be the older generation.

Kira has two grandmothers so she feels doubly cheated because neither of them live close enough to see except for very rare visits. If we lived together, I know that there would be problems, but although our grandmothers do not live close by I have seen and listened to the troubles of my friends and have done a lot of thinking about the subject, so in my next article I'm going to tell you how I think we can make the "most" of grandma instead of making the best of grandma.

MARCH IS THE TIME TO—

By Mabel Nair Brown

Spend long evenings browsing through the seed and nursery catalogues as you check your '48 garden plans. Get your orders mailed early to be sure of getting the varieties you want—and try to add a new posy and a new vegetable to your list; they'll add spice to a routine task.

Make daily raids on home canned food stuff on the cellar shelves, even those extra jars that you've held in reserve "just in case." Surely now is the time, with food prices so extremely high, to give our budget a lift from home stores.

Try giving those canned green beans new glamour by serving them in sour cream. Chopped parsley may be added, or a peeled onion, for superb flavor while beans are boiling. And have you ever tried putting green beans in a baking dish, covering them with a cheese sauce or tomato soup, giving them a buttered crumb topping and baking them until flavors are blended? Different and good!

To remember (if you're one of those extra early spring cleaners) that on chilly days furniture polish should be warmed to room temperature before using; it penetrates wood more quickly. By the way, did you know paint spreads more smoothly when warm?

Speaking of cleaning—how long since you've given the medicine shelf a thorough cleaning? Remember that this is one place to "throw away" with a generous hand. Old medicines and unlabeled pills have no place in an up-to-the-minute medicine cabinet. They only add to the clutter and may even prove dangerous, especially with youngsters in the house.

Surprise the youngsters with an unexpected visit to school. Why not don your best big-n'-tucker and take a St. Patrick's Day treat for the whole room—sure n' it's delighted their little hearts will be ma'am!

Make a hit with the Man of the House with a baked bean-onion-frankfurter casserole. Simply add sliced onions to baked beans and put in a baking dish. Add frankfurters that have been split and filled with a sweet pickle relish. Bake until frankfurters are done. We like brown bread and a pear salad on crisp lettuce served with this hearty dish. And say, have you ever tried serving a snappy cheese sauce over piping hot baked beans? Don't miss it.

Console yourself as you make countless trips to the brooder house—early chicks mean early fries.

Let the children start some window gardens in some wooden cheese boxes. If tomato, cabbage or pepper seeds are planted, you'll have the pleasure of green growing things now and of early plants to set out in the garden later. Parsley makes a good window plant too.

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VERNESS STUDIO
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A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It is 7:30 in the evening, a cold February evening, and I have just finished reading to Juliana one of her most beloved books: *The Country Bunny and the Golden Shoes* by DuBose Heyward. This book about the wise, kind little brown bunny who became one of the five Easter bunnies is so charming, and the illustrations are so wonderful, that I never tire of reading it—and that's more than I can say for most books written for children. Last year we were fortunate enough to find it at our public library just before Easter, and it made such a place for itself in our hearts that this last Christmas we were fortunate enough to find that Santa Claus had left it! I hope that between now and Easter you'll be able to find it and read it to your small children.

Our present household that I described for you last month has functioned like a 16-cylinder engine. We are all up bright and early here every morning, and when I am standing at the stove frying buckwheat cakes for a pack of alert people fully prepared to start the day, I always wish that Dad could open the back door and walk in! I have the feeling that 'way down deep in the back corners of his mind he was convinced, when he left for California, that we'd come to life about noon every day once we were beyond the sound of his morning voice! I specify "morning" voice because Dad has never had any difficulty making himself heard when he was trying to get us up in the morning back in the days when we were all at home.

Breakfast has never seemed to me a very tolerable meal, but there are times when I must admit that it's downright pleasant. Those times come when the morning sun is pouring in through the east window in mother's kitchen, when Martin is sitting happily in his high chair with Juliana standing beside him to spoon down his cereal, when Margery, Howard and Russell are eating pancakes that turned out just right for me, and there's enough syrup to go around. That's my idea of a tolerable breakfast.

When I was writing about our trip to Mexico for this chapter of the American Family Story I was reminded sharply of an incident that I wanted to be sure and tell you in this letter. It's such a flighty, inconsequential sort of incident that I didn't feel it belonged anyplace but on this page where I can indulge myself in such things.

Well, the first morning Russell ever went to the market in Mexico City he took with him an Indian servant who came with our house. We had no more use for a servant than you have for an atom bomb right this moment, but it seemed that he was a fixture in that property just as the walls and trees were fixtures—there was no question of not having him. He couldn't speak a word of English and Russell couldn't speak a word of Spanish, so they had



Lucile, Margery, Juliana and Martin.

a fine time together trying to buy a little food.

Just when Russell was ready to give up in despair a most charming and attractive woman stepped up and said that she spoke both Spanish and English and would be happy to interpret. The upshot of this was that she drove Russell home from the market with his food (and the servant) and later in the day came to call with her husband and two little boys. They were residents of New Orleans who were spending a half-year in Mexico City, and I might add that they were not there on the left tip of a shoestring as we were. It seemed that they were rather lonely, so up until the very time they left the country we were frequent guests at their home—and it didn't seem to be a chore for them to entertain us since they had a large house and a staff of servants for which they seemed to have a great deal of use.

Just before they left Russell and I agreed that we must entertain them at lunch, and if you've ever been the recipient of much lavish hospitality of the *Breast of Grouse, Saute Chasseur* variety and can offer only chipped beef in return, you know how I felt. It seemed to us that our best bet was to fix a table in the garden underneath our gorgeous pepper trees and serve the meal out there—what we lacked in the line of silver, linen, etc., would not be so noticeable in that beautiful garden. I planned the menu with great care, and the day before our luncheon Russell took the streetcar and went down into Mexico City ten miles distant to buy French pastries and bread.

Up until eleven o'clock in the morning everything went along just fine, but promptly at the stroke of 11:15 the oil stove ran out of oil and it was a ten mile trip to get the kind of oil that it consumed—obviously an impossible situation. Out in the second kitchen was a huge old charcoal-type stove that I had never tried to manipulate, but that was the only hope left for cooking the chicken and other food, so Russell ran five blocks

down the street to buy charcoal. It took us a full hour to get any kind of a fire burning—and then it was such a weak one that we had to fan it constantly.

Our guests arrived promptly at one. At two o'clock the food was finally ready and we had just put it on the table and were seating ourselves when one of the table legs broke and threw everything to the ground. (Time out here while I shudder all over again.) Somehow, the stuff was salvaged and we started eating. I was hysterical by this time and had no idea what anything tasted like. But all the time I kept clinging to the idea that at least our wonderful French pastry would save the day. Well, when it was brought on we discovered with dismay that our guest was a victim of a stomach disorder that wouldn't permit him to eat pastry of any kind—at their home the meal and service had been managed so artfully that we'd never noticed this! To finish the story I should really say that the house fell in about that time, but it didn't. As soon as the food had been cleared away once and for all we settled down to one of the most pleasant afternoons that I can ever remember. But you might recall this ordeal of mine the next time you entertain and every conceivable thing goes wrong.

Just about the time you read this Juliana will be five years old. I don't know what has become of the years since the bright February afternoon in Hollywood when she was placed in my arms for the first time. In one way it seems like a dream—the long ago days of her babyhood. In another way it seems so close that I sometimes feel I can put out my hand and touch her as she was, a cuddly, lovable baby with the sweetest smile in the world. Most of my old friends have children in high school now, but there is one thing to be said about having your child, or children, when you're middle-aged—at least by your thirties you know how swiftly Time goes, and how precious each day is. It's been a long, long time since I looked forward eagerly to the next stage of development. I'm perfectly content now to enjoy every second of the present stage. On February 25th we will have a party, of course, and next month I will tell you about it.

I have much enjoyed reading the letters that are coming in about managing household chores. And I will say frankly that I marvel at the way some women organize their time in order to keep a family of small children functioning smoothly. Thus far I've learned quite a few things that are of help, and after April 1st I'll be glad to share some of these ideas with you. We'll print the prize-winning letter, of course, and as I said before, we'll never mention names or even towns if you would prefer that we not do so.

Thanks to each and every one of you for your wonderful help while Mother is in California. Your letters and support have meant more to Marge and me than you will ever know. Thanks again for everything you've done—we are truly grateful.

Sincerely always . . . Lucile.

FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUES: "What can be done to prevent snobbishness in small children? We have two girls, eight and ten years old, who are extremely critical of other children—their clothes, their homes, their parents, etc. We've had nothing of this in our own home, but they do spend a great deal of time with my two spinster sisters who set great store by social prestige. I've talked and talked about this, both to my sisters and to the children, but I can't see that it is doing any good. Please don't suggest that I not permit the children to go there for my sisters haven't too many pleasures and I don't wish to deprive them of companionship that they enjoy so much."—Kans.

ANS: To my way of thinking one of the great privileges of being a parent is our ability to instill within our children the things that make a lasting difference. At times we grow discouraged because influences of school or relatives seem to be undermining and undoing all that we hold dear. However, the other influences are only skin deep, as the saying goes, and it's the attitudes we live by at home that go bone deep and dwell forever in the mind of the child. You may go through a long period when your daughters seem unbearably snobbish, but eventually they will swing back to your own democratic viewpoints and stay there.

QUES: "Next month we expect to have our three-months old son christened at a church ceremony at five o'clock in the afternoon. I am issuing invitations to it and since there will be around forty people present I'd wondered if it would be correct to have a reception later in the church parlors? Please give me your opinion on this."—Mo.

ANS: To the best of my knowledge I have never heard of such an arrangement. In my experience I've seen babies christened at the regular church service or in a private ceremony at home. I've heard of private ceremonies at the church, of course, but in that event the "Open House" was held later at the home. I don't know that there is anything to prevent such an affair as you have in mind, but I just happen never to have heard of it.

QUES: "I know that grandmothers are supposed to be the ones who spoil a child, but in my case it is the exact opposite. My mother takes care of my three-year old daughter when I go out to clubs, and she is so stern and harsh that my youngster cries bitterly both before and after any time spent with her. I've spoken to my mother about it and she merely says that someone has to be firm and make the child mind. What can I do about this?"—Kans.

ANS: You can make other arrangements for your child's care or stay at home and take care of her yourself.

QUES: "My husband and I are dreadfully worried about our seventeen-year old daughter and with good reason, for although she is a bright girl we have been warned by the high school authorities that unless there is a marked change for the better she will not be able to graduate with her class in May. That is bad enough, but even worse is the fact that she has twice been apprehended in stealing articles from stores. That is what we cannot understand for she has nice clothes, ample spending money, and certainly doesn't need the perfume and hose that she has stolen. We've made good for everything of course, but live in fear that at any time it may happen again. She sometimes fails to turn up at school for three days running and I don't know it until the school authorities call me. She won't tell us where she has spent this time. We've talked to our minister, had all of our good dependable friends talk with her, but nothing does any good. What can we do to prevent a genuine tragedy of some kind for that certainly is what lies before us unless we find help."—Mo.

ANS: I agree that you are in a terrible predicament and that something must be done at once. It is impossible for me to give you expert advice on this subject, but fortunately I note that you are only a short distance from Kansas City. It would be my suggestion that you go at once to the juvenile court at Kansas City and ask them to recommend a psychiatrist who specializes in adolescent behavior. He will be able to determine the reasons for your daughter's behavior, and can give you sound suggestions for a course of action. Please don't delay in getting this kind of advice.

QUES: "Do you think that children should be allowed to call their parents by their given names? It irritates me to hear my grandchildren call their parents "Dick" and "Louise" and I feel that something should be said about it. These children are ten and eleven years old respectively."—Ia.

ANS: Personally I do not like to hear children call their parents by their given names, but it is up to the parents, not the grandparents, to put a stop to it. I think that if I were you I would make it a point to say "your father and your mother" in talking with the children, but beyond this I would not go with my suggestions. It is just such small matters that lead to ill-feeling in a family.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Ten-year old Roy Hendrix, Rt. 2, Marietta, S. Carolina has been in bed six years as a result of rheumatic fever. He is unable to use his hands but enjoys getting mail.

Donald Sullivan is in the Community Hospital, Room 220, Battle Creek, Mich. He is suffering from polio. He lost the use of his left arm and right leg. Mail would mean much to him.

Charles H. Wolfram, 11514 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 3, Calif., is an elderly man who is crippled and alone. He wishes someone would come and see him. I'm sure he would enjoy letters too.

Many ask for names of veterans who need cheer. David E. Willson is one. He was in the first World War and has been in various hospitals since. His present address is Ward 2A, Veterans' Hospital, Dallas, Texas. His hands are drawn so that he can hardly write, but he loves mail and when possible he sends a card in answer.

A request has come from Irene Hanford, R. N., 107 Steward St., New Britain, Conn., for hobby materials for the Veterans' Hospital where she works. They need foreign stamps, also U. S. postmarks. The postmarks are to be cut 2x4—that is, 2 inches high and 4 inches wide, and cut so they include both the postmark and the stamp. They don't care for postmarks from large cities. You need not measure when you are preparing postmarks. I cut a portion from the envelope large enough so I'm sure it can be cut 2x4, and then let the one who gets it cut it to suit himself.

Dr. A. W. Acton still asks for stamps of all kinds for the veteran collectors. Send them to him at 627 N. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. Stamps sent to Dr. Acton are distributed all over the country where they are needed.

Merle D. Huisenga, Rt. 1, Aplington, Iowa, would like to receive cards and letters. He has had rheumatic fever for almost a year and a half and is still in bed. He is fifteen years old. He isn't able to use his hands much but can read.

A request has come for a hospital bed for a man in Missouri. He is badly drawn by arthritis and his joints locked in a sitting position. He is unable to lie in a regular bed. Would you help get a hospital bed for him? We have some money in our Helping Hand fund that can be used, but not nearly enough. Send your contributions to me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Bill Jones thanks you all for helping him have a happy Christmas. He was home, as he hoped to be, although he was in bed and suffering a great deal. He is back in the hospital now but his mail still goes to his home address, 175 S. Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

"Do without Kitchen-Klatter? I'd just as soon do without the stove."—Mrs. J. K. L., Seward, Nebr.



FOR THE CHILDREN

NIPPY NUTCRACKER

Nippy was a very pretty grey squirrel, but she was proud and selfish. She was sure that no other squirrel was half as graceful, and she was positive that few knew where to find such large acorns as she had stored in the largest oak tree in Oak Grove.

Now Nippy had a little sister whose name was Fluffy. If Fluffy found a big tree loaded with acorns she always hurried home and told every squirrel in Oak Grove so they could get their share.

One day Nippy saw Fluffy coming home on the run. That is the way she always came home when she was lucky in finding a good supply of nuts. This time Nippy decided to give Fluffy a bit of advice because she knew what "the silly little squirrel" would do if she weren't warned, so she said, "Listen, Fluffy, I know you have found some more nice big acorns! You seem to have bright eyes and lots of luck, but listen! If you are as smart as I think you are you won't be silly and tell every squirrel in Oak Grove. Now you just tell me and we'll have all of those nuts for ourselves!"

Fluffy just stared at Nippy. Then finally she said, "Why, Nippy, how can you be so selfish? I'm ashamed of you!"

At that moment a slight sound made them look around, and right behind them was their own mother who had heard every word. She didn't say a word; she just looked sad and hopped away slowly. She felt that all she had ever done to help Nippy overcome her selfishness had done no good. What should she do next?

"I know what I'll do," she said to herself. "I'll hide all of Nippy's nuts and acorns and corn!"

When Nippy came in from her play that evening she couldn't believe her eyes, for as sure as her name was Nippy not a single kernel of her stored food was to be found!

"Oh, how could anyone be so mean," she cried. "I'll run and tell mother right away."

On the way to mother's apartment in a big hollow tree nearby she had time to think. She thought about her selfishness, and how little she had cared if other squirrels had any food for winter or not. She began to see herself as she was.

Mother squirrel never told Nippy who hid the nuts, but she helped her carry them all back to the big oak tree. Nippy had learned her lesson. Since then she has been a happy, generous squirrel and is loved by all of the squirrel people in Oak Grove.

Now children, even though it is March if you visit Oak Grove you will find all of the squirrels very gay and contented because they have a good food supply for the winter, and best of all they have all had a part in storing it away.

—Mrs. F. A. Zappe.

NUTS

Which nut do people sometimes have for breakfast? Grapenuts.

What nut is usually baked before eating? Doughnuts.

What is a girl's name? Hazel.

Which nut is found on the sand? Beechnuts.

Which nut is a vegetable? Pea.

Which nut is part of a house? Walnut.

Why should a man who stutters travel by freight? He can't express himself.

What is a ten letter word meaning a holdup? Suspenders.

What is the most curious letter of the alphabet? Y.

Why is a giraffe easy to get along with? Because it overlooks everything.

An electric train is going 20 miles an hour and the smoke is going 30 miles. Which way is the smoke going? No place. An electric train has no smoke.

What will go up a chimney down but won't go down a chimney up? Ans. An umbrella.

—Sent by Helen Wohllaib,
New Virginia, Iowa.

SOME QUESTIONS

When can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for the lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called a school because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use, while building the roof of his mouth

The nails on the end of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?

If so, what did he do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'm sure I don't know, do you?

Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?

Or beat on the drum of his ear?

Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?

If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

—Selected.



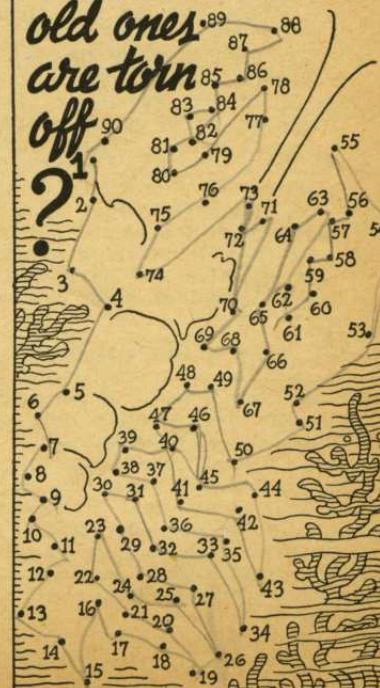
This adorable two-year old is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lloyd, Abilene, Kansas.

THE MILKMAN'S HORSE

On summer mornings, when it's hot, The milkman's horse can't even trot, But pokes along like this— Klip-klop, klip-klop, klip-klop. But in the winter brisk, He perks right up and wants to frisk, And then he goes like this— Klippty-klip, klippty-klip, klippty-klip.

—Unknown.

*What FIERCE
FIGHTER of the
OCEAN BOTTOM
SPROUTS NEW ARMS
AND LEGS when
old ones are torn off?*



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FOR SALE, print bags, washed, ironed and rippled, 36x46, 35¢ ea. Mrs. R. E. Heron, Rt. 1, Linden, Ia.

LAYETTES, Handmade outfit Kimonas, \$1. Batiste dresses \$1.75; muslin slips \$1; toeless slippers yarn or cotton \$1; Wool jackets \$2.75; Hoods \$1.25; Carriage robes \$10; Scakers wool \$2; Kimonas, Slips, dresses embroidered or crocheted. Let me quote you prices on complete layette. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Ia.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS MADE by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks 3 buttons and \$1.35. Pretty quilt block aprons \$1.10 ea. Comfort tops 80x90 (crazy-quilt pattern) \$5. C. O. D. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. Street, Belleville, Kans.

SEWING WANTED: women's cotton house dresses \$1.25; child's dress 85¢. Send material patterns etc. **FOR SALE**: Aprons from print material bib and back trimmed with bias tape or rickrack \$1.10. Made from hankie white or colored with crochet trim \$1.75. Crocheted aprons from \$3 to \$4. Mrs. Catherine Pechota, Box 118, Spillville, Ia.

FOR SALE: Outing baby sacques, blue and pink with contrasting satin ribbon trimmed. 75¢. Mrs. John C. Clark, Burlington Junction, Mo.

BRIGHTEN YOUR SPRING WARDROBE with a yarn flower corsage assorted colors. 75¢. Viola Kanago, Akron, Ia.

SEND \$2 FOR BEAUTIFUL 16-inch "Rag" doll, hand painted face and hair, stuffed with clean new cotton. State color hair wanted. Mrs. A. C. Lammel, 1013 North 9th, Beatrice, Nebr.

CROCHETED ROASTING EAR pin cushion. 75¢ per set. New and different. Mrs. Joe Bohn, Rockport, Mo.

FOR SALE: Pekingese dogs made of wool yarn 14-in. long. Black or white. Price \$2. Mrs. Otto Schott, 1200 So. 5th St., Norfolk, Nebr.

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.

FELT BABY SHOES, cut ready to sew. Pink, blue, white. Gifts, showers, bazaars, 50¢. Diane Strayer, 2971 Dudley, Lincoln 3, Nebraska.

TRAPS, for catching Pocket Gophers. For details write Renken Trap Co., G33, Crete, Nebraska.

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

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

ATTRACTIVE, glow in the dark, luminous products of molded plastic. Pendants, suitable for cord pulls, curtain pulls, ornaments etc., 10¢. Crucifix 50¢. Holy Water Font (Crucifix style) 70¢, switch plates, 30¢. Mrs. J. Ruder, 246 W. 14th St., Tulsa, Okla.

EMBROIDERED PRIZE - WINNING QUILT.

Rose and white blocks. Quilted in Feather stick. \$20. Also winter cloth coat. Good condition. Size 24 1/2. Price \$10. Mrs. Marie Van Weelden, Rt. 5, Albion, Ia.

WANTED 3 or 4 Noritake China cups. Verdone Pattern. Mrs. H. P. Cook, Luverne, Minn.

EXCELLENT, prize winning spice cake recipe. Numerous blue ribbons. Send 25¢. Miss Mae Bricker, 6520 Brown St., Sta. D., St. Joseph, Mo.

AFRICAN VIOLETS FOR SPRING DELIVERY

White Lady, Pink Beauty, Blue Girl, Ionantha, Sailor Boy, Blue Bird, \$1 ea.; Commodore, Viking, Bicolor, Sapphire, Blue Boy Supreme, Pink Beauty Supreme, Blue Girl Supreme. \$1.50 ea.; Red Head \$2 ea. Please do not order less than two plants. Add 25¢ each for packing and postage. Pansy M. Barnes, Shenandoah, Ia.

FOR SALE, Quilt block aprons \$1. Print butterfly pot holders 3 for 50¢. Marie Petznick, 807 N. Vine St., Creston, Ia.

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

RECIPES—each a masterpiece—10¢ each or 50¢ for all and self addressed stamped envelope. White Feather Cake, Milk Chocolate Cake, Real Butterscotch Cookies, Baker's Buns (also secret of shaping). Superb Cake Doughnuts, Coconut Snaps (super). Mrs. Eldon Hauck, Seward, Nebraska.

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

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

LOVELY HAND CROCHETED articles for the new baby. All wool 3-pc. sweater sets any color, \$3.50. Capes and Tams to match, \$3.75. Single sweaters, \$1.50. Shoulderettes \$1. Wool bootees \$1. Cotton bootees or slippers \$1. Baby bibs of mercerized cotton with ribbon trim \$1. Hand knit cotton scakers \$1.25. Can furnish in small or large quantities. Money refunded if not satisfied. Write me for more information, a card or letter. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

WEAVING WANTED: \$1.10 per yd. Pillow cases, embroidered, crocheted edge, \$2.50 pr. Rugs 24x46, \$2. Rowena Winters, 7th Mer. Dr., Des Moines, Ia.

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

GIRLS DRESSES, sanforized percale, sizes 1, 2 and 3. \$1.50 ea. White batiste baby dresses \$1.25 to \$1.75 ea. Ad good all year. Helen M. Fisher, Orson, Ia.

600 NEW COTTON QUILT PIECES, hand size or larger, \$1, postpaid, cash with order, or \$1, C.O.D., plus postage. Pattern included. Details free. Quilt House, 407 So. 48 Ave., Omaha 3, Nebr.

INFANTS CROCHETED WOOL SWEATERS, Pink, blue, or white with Pink or Blue trim. \$2.75 Postpaid. Doris Ephramson, Ceresco, Nebr.

14 BEAUTIFUL EASTER CARDS, also Birthday, Get-Well, Religious, All-Occasion, Humorous, and Correspondence-Notes, each \$1 a box. Mrs. Louis P. Stamp, Holstein, Ia.

ANTIQUE GLASSWARE WANTED, in the Lion pattern or in the Star and Oval. Write to Miss Bon De Priest, Stanberry, Mo.

SEND 10¢ for each recipe or 50¢ for six and a stamped envelope for these delicious recipes. Pineapple fruit salad, peanut cookies, Red Devil Food cake (extra light) raisin ice box cookies, vanilla wafers, nut bread, (extra) Mrs. Joe Day, Rt. 1 West Des Moines, Ia.

WAFFLE CHAIR AND DRESSER SETS, \$2.50 and postage, any color, square or oblong. Ruth Christensen 2208 W. Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted sachet hat pin cushion pastel shades, \$1.25. Cross Book Marks, pastel shades 25¢ send stamped envelope. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: 20 sheets fine stationery, 20 matching envelopes, 20 Personalized Post Cards. All printed with your name and address, only \$1, postpaid. Handy date book given with each order. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. M., 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

FOR SALE: Spitz, Pomeranian and Boston Screw tail pups. Stud service, also for Pom, Spitz, and Bostons. Excellent blood lines. A. K. C. and U. K. C. registered. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Ia.

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

23-in. DOILIES, white with color, medallion centers, pineapple border \$2. Crocheting 35¢, 100 yd. M. Howard, Rt. 2, Nemaha, Nebr.

WANTED: Orders for crocheting, pillow slips, baby bibs, pansy doilies, pot holders, Write for prices. Mrs. Glen Whalen, 515 Marion, Boone, Ia.

WILL FIX RUNS IN HOSE, size and length determines the charges. Please wash hose. Berniece Wolden, Rt. 4, Estherville, 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'Briant, Branson, Mo.

COTTON PRINT SUN BONNET and pattern \$1. Apron to match and pattern 50¢. Mrs. Omer Vanscoyoc, Welda, Kans.

FOR SALE: Quilt Tops, also crocheted table cloth, 54-in. square, ecru. Send stamp for information. Marie Klocke, Box 139, Dedsheim, Ia.

NEW: Dishcloth, snow white, no stain, no odor, sanitary 10¢ ea. Not less than three in order. Pearl Deardorff, 523 Kansas Ave., Holton, Kansas.

SEWING: Ladies dresses \$1.50. Childs \$1. Other garment prices, see January Kitchen-Klatter or write. Ad good any time. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED RUFFLED DOILIES, white, or shaded blue, pink, yellow or green. \$3 ea. Dorothy Briney, Albia, Ia.

FOR SALE: Better Bantams, winners wherever shown. Trio \$8 and up. Hatching eggs. Mrs. C. L. Harper, Sturgeon, Mo.

PICTURE FRAMING: PHOTOS, Prints and pictures framed. Guaranteed work. Reasonable prices. H. Fritz 1157 So. Smith, St. Paul 7, Minn.

FREE RUG NEEDLE FOR MAKING HOOK-ED RUGS; if you order now, one Nationally Advertised Buttonhole Maker and one Easy Way Hemstitcher. All three items sent postpaid for only \$1. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted large and small doilies 50¢ and \$1. Centerpiece \$2.50. Aprons bibs or bibless \$2.50 ea. Dress Pot Holders 50¢ ea. Orders taken for dresser scarfs, etc. Mrs. J. Williams, 622 North 14th St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

SEND 25¢ and stamped self addressed envelope for these 2 grand recipes. Cocoanut-Pineapple Cake, Spiced Grape Salad. No stamps accepted. Mrs. M. L. Fuchshuber, Milford, Nebr.

RECIPE, very large, Never-Fail- Angel Food Cake, for 10¢ and stamped addressed envelope. Mrs. John Trainer, Sibley, Ia.

MAKE YOUR DRESSES look "Tailor-Made". Send your material for buckle and covered buttons, state whether dress or suit. Goldia Jackovich, 2nd La Grange, Charlton, Iowa.

CROCHETED RICK-RACK lace for Pillow Cases, 85¢ pr. and 3¢ stamp. Helen Chuldt, Poynette, Wis.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED SCARFS, vanity sets, and chair sets with crocheted edge \$2 ea. Big strawberry holders two for 35¢. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Ia.

KNITTED DOILIES, \$1 and up, according to size. Also Chair Sets ecru or white. Mrs. M. Ledet, Rt. 2-401, Audubon, Ia.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY CHAIR SETS, \$4. 2 sets \$7. White. Crocheted tea aprons, pineapple design, white, medium, and large \$3 ea. Beauties, always on hand. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

APRONS, large, medium size \$1.50 ea. 42 inch pillow cases crocheted lace, white colored \$3.50 pr. Crocheted pot holders 3 for \$1. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Shelby Johnson, Madrid, Ia.

Miss Josie Pfannebecker
Rt 1 Bx 136
Sigourney Iowa

FAMILY FUN AT HOME

By Mabel Nair Brown

Parents as well as children need some leisure time and, if this leisure time is shared together, family ties are strengthened. For most of us, the biggest end of our leisure time comes during the winter months. With so many outside activities beckoning to our youth today, we might do well to devote some of our long winter evenings to shared family fun, thus binding our hearts closer to the family circle.

Perhaps the following ideas, games and projects will help you plan some entertainment for your family group this winter. Just remember that we can help our children develop their good tastes in leisure as certainly as we help them to develop an appetite for a well-balanced diet.

Many of the new homes today include a recreation room which makes a wonderful place for family get-togethers. But if you cannot set aside a special playroom, do arrange a special corner or nook where play equipment can be centralized. You might use a window-seat chest for this purpose. Far too often the children receive expensive toys and games only to have them put away or strung haphazardly about so that when they are needed they are hard to locate. Why not plan to set up a play-nook this winter, collecting games, stunts, ideas, extra pencils, books, etc., and putting them in a spare chest of drawers or on a table where they are easily accessible?

If your family's ages and interests are quite varied, I would suggest that you plan certain types of entertainment for certain nights of the week. One night might be game night with one member of the family being responsible for games each week. Or you might let each person choose one game for the evening. Just watch the youngsters hurry through those supper dishes on game night! They will be scanning magazines and books for new games, too.

One evening might be devoted to reading a new book aloud. And do read books and poems or short stories because the family likes them—not because they are on someone's "should be read" list! Perhaps one of the children is studying China in school, so find a good book on Chinese life or customs and soon the entire family will be reading all available material on China. Be sure to share some of the humorous books as well as the educational ones. This evening can be varied from time to time by making it a story-telling hour. Even the

small tots can join in this.

By all means have a program or stunt night when each member of the family contributes something, a poem, a reading, a song or a stunt. Nothing will make you seem more of a pal or a chum to your children than if you enter into all the hilarity of stunt night, pulling out some of your pet tricks from your younger days with your "gang". How proud the youngsters will be when Dad gets off his old magician tricks, or when Mom gives one of her old club readings! And this is the night too when Mother can help John or Mary surprise Daddy with their new piano duet.

Some of the program nights can be family sings. Everyone is sure to have several favorites and it will be fun to try out some special harmonizing. By the way, all of this may give the teen-agers a boost in Glee Club work. Good practice, you know. Getting up before the family to perform will help develop ease when appearing before a public audience later. Holidays and birthdays will call for special programs with plenty of surprises.

How about planning a special dinner for some evenings? The children will enjoy making place-cards, getting out the best china, linen, and silver and setting the table very correctly. The doing and seeing is worth dozens of lectures on the subject of "how and what to do" and there will be no awkward manners when company comes or the family is invited out.

Many enjoyable evenings can be spent making scrap books or photograph albums. Some magazines feature a column of stunts and games, and these will make a nice scrapbook which will come in handy when amusements are wanted. Our children are each making a snapshot album under headings that read, "My First Year," "My Second Year" etc., and I'm writing little family incidents and stories to go with the pictures.

There are many types of games to be used on game night—anagrams, geography, puzzles, Bible games, and games of finance, not to mention such old favorites as Authors, Checkers, Dominoes, Pollyanna and Rummy.

On my mother's side of the house, adults as well as children got lots of fun from dressing up in old clothes found in Grandma's trunks. There were even hair switches, etc., to give authentic "hair-do's" to match the dresses. My, how we used to laugh when my two uncles would slip away to dress up in negro costumes (burnt cork for the black) and put on an impromptu skit for the family. On these dress-up occasions we used to make family portraits using a doorway as a frame for our living pictures; this gave the effect of looking through the family album. I was usually selected to act as announcer and explain the pictures.

Perhaps your group would enjoy writing original limericks or jingles to be read aloud and judged; and possibly, just possibly, mother will have a big cookie for the winner.

Some families have acquired a nice set of tools and spend winter evenings

making useful pieces of furniture for the home, or for the lawn. Many pattern services offer patterns for clever wooden toys, flowerpot ornaments, etc., which the whole family might enjoy making and painting.

Refreshment time is a popular time for all and can be cooperative. Certainly on a cold winter night there is nothing more comforting than the good smells that come out of the kitchen when popcorn or candy or lollipop apples are being made. Why not make the baking of cookies a family spree? The children can crack the nuts and pick them out, and they will love to cut them in fancy shapes or decorate them. One person might be made responsible for the eats on a certain night, thus giving the rest of the family a pleasant surprise.

Do plan to enjoy the family together this winter. The children will love these "at home" evenings; in fact, you'll be lucky if the news does not spread so that the neighbors will all be wanting to visit the Smiths because "they always seem to have so much fun over at their house."

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside,
That's why he put the fur side inside
Then he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

—Unknown.

100 BEST STRAWBERRY PLANTS GREATEST VALUE IN THE MIDWEST

25 Giant Mastodon Everbearing, \$2.00
Gem Everbearing, and 50 Senator Dunlap heavy June-bearing strawberry plants. All 100 POST PAID—best select new plants, hardy Nebraska grown—for only \$2 postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rush your order—limited supply!

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Kitchen-Klatter Program

During March only, a one-dollar bill brings this wonderful extra value, just in time for Easter!

- 1—A Regular Dollar-Size Jar of GLORI FLUFF SHAMPOO, plus
- 2—A Free Jar of LA DANA HAIR CREME, and
- 3—A Free Bottle of Lotion-Base Deodorant.

You get all three items, promptly, for just one dollar, postpaid. Send a dollar bill with your name and address to Leanna, care of KMA, or direct to

LA DANA, 705 So. 16th St.,
Omaha, Nebraska

NOTICE

My studio will be closed from March 17 to April 1.

RUSSELL VERNES.