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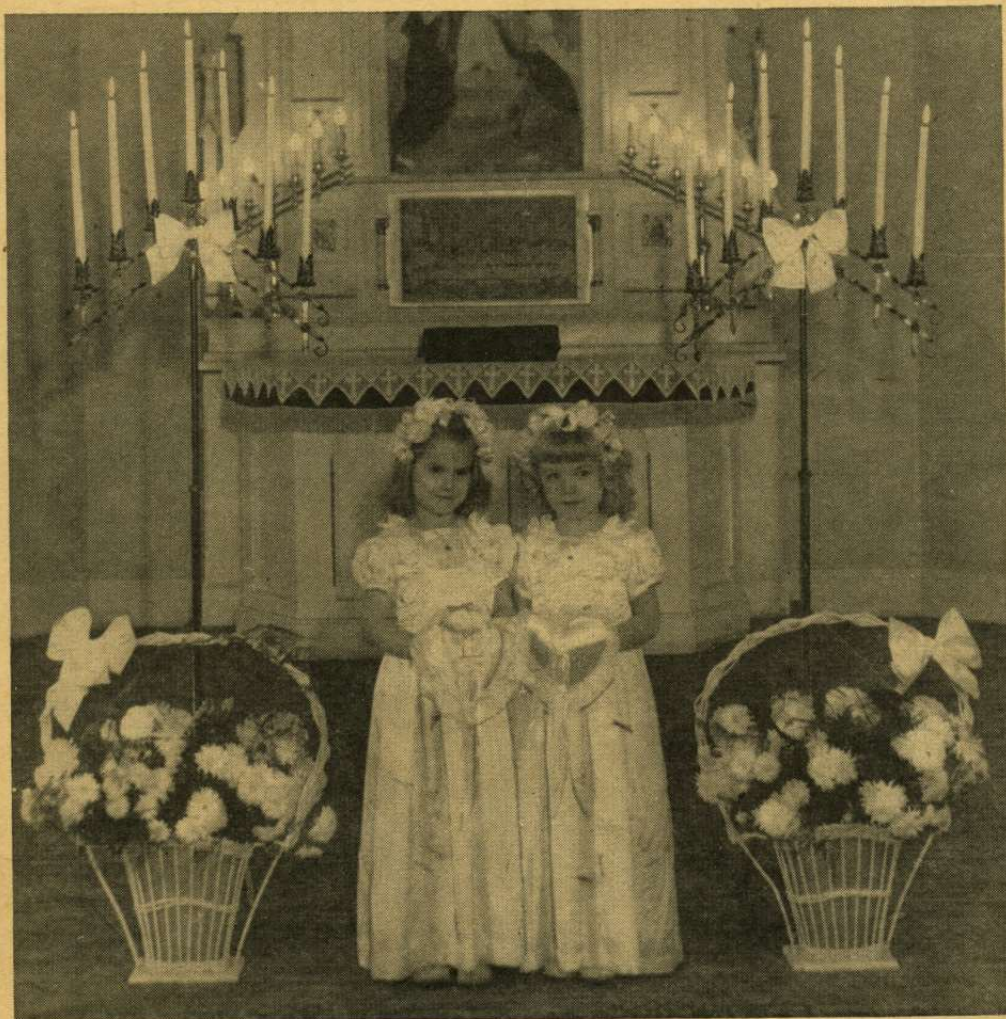


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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNESSE, Associate Editor.
S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.
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Dear Friends:

Last month I told you that we were all torn up on our second floor at the time I wrote to you, and this month I am just now able to say that at last we've said goodbye to the painters, plasterers and paperhangers. I'm always glad when we can get some redecorating done, but the way things are at sixes and sevens while the work is going on certainly makes you grateful when it's all over and the last ladder has been taken out of the house.

It had been a good many years since we'd really tackled the upstairs, and we figured that we might as well make a clean sweep of it after we discovered that so much replastering had to be done. During the years our family was growing up we couldn't have a guest room, but these days we can turn over the southeast bedroom for that purpose.

The only other real change was re-converting the store room back to a bedroom, and if you've ever tried to sort out and dispose of an entire roomful of just plain *things*, you know what a job that was. I should explain that for many years that particular room was Howard's and then Donald's, but about eight or nine years ago it began slipping into a general storage room. It would take five sheets, I'm sure, to itemize what had taken up residence in there. Well, at last it has all been cleared out and now we have a room for the grandchildren. Margery and I selected some charming nursery paper for the walls, and our next project will be making bedspreads and drapes. When we are all done we are sure that Juliana, Kristin and Martin will enjoy it, and we're hopeful that within a year little Mary Leanna will have a chance to sleep there.

As I write this I hear Martin coming down the hall in his stroller. He has learned to handle it as skillfully as a grown-up drives a car, and it gives us a surprise even now to look up and see him round the corner into the living room. This is the stage when things have to be removed from the coffee tables, and I couldn't begin to count the number of times he has upset the waste-paper basket. He can also pull open cupboard doors, and you know what that means. When Martin and I both get tangled up in the kitchen with our wheels it

generally takes a third person to come to the rescue and separate my wheel-chair from his stroller.

I had a nice Mother's Day this year. Mart and I drove up to Des Moines on Saturday and spent the night with my sister, Martha Eaton, and her husband. We took our kodachromes with us and they enjoyed seeing familiar sights and family pictures. Then on Sunday morning we drove to Ames where we met Donald and went to church together. This will probably be our last visit with Donald for several months because he expects to go to Chicago as soon as summer vacation begins at Ames and will be employed by a steel company. He is an engineering student and this kind of work fits in with his college courses.

On our way back from Ames we stopped in Lucas to pick up Margery and Martin. They spent two weeks visiting Dorothy, Frank and Kristin, and you can imagine how badly Kristin felt when "her baby" had to leave.

Abigail and Wayne have been busy in their yard this spring. They had the entire back section leveled off, and have spent many long hours planting all kinds of flowers and shrubs. I started to write that they have completed all of the work that had to be done on the interior, but I just now remembered that they are still removing varnish from the staircase. They were fortunate enough to find that under many layers of black varnish was beautiful walnut, so bannister by bannister they've been rubbing and sanding.

Juliana comes running into see me every morning, and her biggest pleasure is going out into the garden to pick flowers for me. Sometimes when it's a lovely warm morning we go out together, and she is as happy as a lark when I ask her to do a little "garden work" for me. Both Juliana and Kristin have grown so big that I hardly know them for my little girls. They will both start to school in September, and they are both eager for that time to come.

I know that thousands of people shared my sense of shock when word came that Tom Breneman died suddenly just before he was ready to leave for his Breakfast Club. He was so full of life and enthusiasm that it's hard to realize he is gone. Although

you saw only his profile on the cover of our magazine last month, I can assure you that he looked well and full of energy. I am happy that I had the opportunity to meet him in February. He brought laughter and a sense of well-being to many thousands of people, and he will be sorely missed for a long time to come.

The gardens in our section have been particularly beautiful this spring. We've had warmer springs in years gone by, but I can never recall more luxuriant blossoms. I was so pleased that my sister Helen's garden was looking its very best when she returned from California. Her husband went out to have a short visit with their daughter Louise and her family, and then accompanied Helen home. She is taking it easy these days but feels much improved—and for this we are grateful.

I hope that all of you will make a special effort to remember Father's Day this year. I always feel just a little guilty on Mother's Day because it seems to me that Dad is somewhat slighted when his day comes. Why don't you plan to give Dad a real surprise this year by cooking a dinner of his favorite food, by having the children remember him with some little present? There is a nice verse by Mabel Nair Brown elsewhere in this issue, and it would surely please Dad if the children lined up and said it together when he comes to the breakfast table! All of us who've reared children know that we've been blessed if we could have a dependable, co-operative Dad standing beside us. I'd like to have you tell me about the way you noted Father's Day when you write to me in June.

Just about the time you receive this the children will be through with another school year and at home for the summer vacation. No one can tell me anything about the busy days that a mother knows in summer, but don't let the never-ending round of washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking and canning keep you from enjoying your children this summer. When they're grown and far away they'll never be able to recall if the floors were dusty or not in the summer of 1948, but they will recall the picnic meals you took out into the backyard, and the lovely warm nights when the entire family sat on the front lawn and visited and sang songs together.

Write to us as often as you can. We all enjoy your letters, and even though we cannot sit down and answer each one as it deserves you can be sure that they are all read and discussed between us. We will all be glad to see you too if you come to Shenandoah for a day. We'll just ask you to take us as you find us, for we do our own work and it often gets away from us!

Sincerely yours,
Leanna.

Despise not little things. Life is made up of them. Moments are the golden sands of time. The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant mad.

Come into the Garden

THE MAGIC OF JUNE GARDENS

By Mary Duncomb

It would be difficult to pin down in mere words just what constitutes the magic of June! Perhaps it is one of those things that eludes verbal expression, that makes us decide to leave it in the realm of pure emotion. And it may be caused by our definite feeling that the past winter is to be only dimly remembered, never to be repeated exactly again in all its entirety; and as for the winter ahead—well, that is so remote it is never thought of at all.

Garden visiting is usually in order in June. Of course it is a very busy month for gardeners, but where is the true flower lover who doesn't enjoy having garden beauty seen and appreciated by other gardeners? I've never known one who wasn't always willing to take time to walk with kindred spirits among the flowers. We learn from each other and sometimes faults are seen, although not pointed out by the polite visitor, which would not be visible otherwise. Let's make an effort to visit at least some nearby gardens this month.

It is too bad that such a perfect month should sponsor sudden and violent storms. The best possible insurance against disaster is the practice of staking tall plants, especially Delphiniums. Study good methods of staking and tying in some of the outstanding gardens you may be privileged to visit. It is a fortunate thing for those of us who live in windy areas that there is such a plant as *Verbascum*, a tall stately specimen which withstands quite hard usage. The white flowering variety is beautiful when planted among Delphiniums.

In the forefront of June plan to clean up a little after the early spring bulbs are spent, and when their foliage has ripened, plant the beds or bare spots with some long-blooming, good reliable annual. If you do not grow your own from seed you will find that plants are not too expensive to buy for this purpose, and many of them (such as petunias) may be well-spaced as they bush out and, if cut back after first-blooming, will be found in full flower again at the cool of the season.

June is a good month to start our perennial plants from seed for future years' pleasure. I like a permanent cold-frame for this as light and moisture are more easily controlled. In this way not all seeds have to be planted at once, thus aiding the busy gardener. Geranium cuttings may be started now for next winter's bloom. If the old plants are pruned back, and not too carefully tended, they should bloom in the house come fall and on into spring. We found that least season's dry weather did one thing good for our geraniums: it pre-

vented them from developing the usual lush foliage and no bloom resulted. They made up for it in sunny windows during the winter months.

The weddings in June add much to its natural magic. We now have good reason to rejoice in the abundance of all sorts of flowering material to add to these joyous ceremonies. No matter where we go there seem to be roses this month. Not always are they the cultivated ones, but who can be blind to the ever-lovely prairie roses we see along the roadsides or in fence rows as we carry lunch to the men in the fields? They will always be associated with June and its loveliness as long as the seasons come and go.

When resting under the trees between spells of gardening, take a little time off to notice the birds—their habits, plumage and songs. Believe it or not, they are very methodical about their work and seem to have regular times each day for certain tasks or pleasures. Let us hope that some special flower, perhaps the columbine, grows in your garden and will attract the humming-birds; and may it be near enough for you to watch easily and unobserved.

Enjoy June! Sorrows may not always be easily forgotten, but at least they are softened as we yield to the magic that is June.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

PART VIII

Seed Germination—Glass Jar Method
By Olga Rolf Tiemann

An interesting method of seed germination has been discovered for Lily seeds belonging to the "slow" group. It was first recommended for seeds of *Lilium auratum*. I have tried it with a number of other kinds also. Some have been quite successful and some have been total failures.

The method is to select a small jar (with a screw-on lid) holding from one-half to a cup of planting medium which may be pure sand, vermiculite, peat moss or your choice of a combination of these. This should be just nicely moist. Vermiculite has produced fine results but one must be even more careful not to have it too wet. Mix the seeds with the planting medium and pour into the jar. Make sure that some of the seeds are next to the glass in order to watch the progress of their development. Screw the lid on tight and set the jar in a warm place, such as a kitchen cupboard, where the temperature is around seventy degrees. Usually the right moisture condition will hold in the jar without additional attention.

The seeds will germinate in six to twelve weeks and tiny white bulblets at least an eighth of an inch long should be visible through the glass. If the seeds were planted during the winter, the bulblets are ready to be chilled by planting outside in late



Mother spends a great deal of time in the garden when the first spring flowers come into bloom.

March and April. Make a trench in a seed frame and empty the contents of the jar evenly in the row and cover with soil. Water the bed after the planting is completed. The ideal temperature is several degrees above freezing. If there is any likelihood of real freezing, a good mulch should be applied. When growing weather arrives, the bulblets should develop leaves and be a year ahead of the seeds planted in the frame in late fall or early spring.

This method is to be used only for seeds of Lilies belonging to the "slow" group. (See May Garden Page of KITCHEN-KLATTER for partial list). Do not try it and expect success with those of the "easy" group (consult March Garden Page of KITCHEN-KLATTER for partial list) for they make leaves as soon as bulblets and the leaves could not develop properly in an air-tight glass jar filled with planting medium.

Care for the seeds or bulblets of the "slow" group of Lilies in the frame the same as those of the "easy" group to keep them growing as fast as possible. Much can be done with hand watering during rainless periods and by shading the frame during hot weather.

Since the bulblets grow slowly they may be left in the frame three to four years. If they should appear too crowded for best development, it would be wise to dig them in the late fall after they become entirely dormant and set them farther apart. The first two years only single leaflets appear. By the third year, a stem with several leaves should develop. The bulbs should be large enough to bloom by the fourth or fifth year although it may take longer.

Will your patience hold out? If it does you will be rewarded with gorgeous blossoms.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

Last month I concluded a chapter of this story by writing that in December, 1939, Russell and I spent a few days with the folks before we left for Tucson, Arizona, where we settled down right on the desert. Our house was a curious, rambling affair that had been tampered with from time to time by the elderly owner, a woman who dreamed up the oddest "improvements" imaginable.

For instance, just before we moved in she had completed a really fine new bathroom with orchid colored fixtures, shower, and tiled walls and floor. That much was splendid, but for some bizarre reason she built this bathroom adjacent to the kitchen and constructed a partition only two feet high between the two rooms! Fortunately we didn't know a soul in Tucson and never entertained anyone—and come to think of it, that may be the explanation for the two-foot wall because no tenants would ever feel free to invite anyone; it's one way of discouraging a horde of visitors.

In late March of 1940 we left the desert and moved up into the Santa Rita mountains some forty miles from Tucson. This was by far the most secluded place we've ever lived, for we were in the heart of a pine forest where deer wandered up to our back door; we also understood from the owners of the cabin that there were bears in that area, and many were the nights we heard mountain lions wailing. We didn't have a telephone or radio, we didn't get mail unless we drove into Tucson for it (with an 80 mile round-trip to make you can see how rarely we collected it), and we saw no one except the owners of our cabin. It is the only time I have ever lived so cut-off from the world, and I'll never forget how astounded I was when I learned, two weeks after it happened, that Germany had occupied Norway.

In May we returned to Iowa, and when we arrived at the family home we found that several changes had taken place. New hardwood floors were laid in the living room and dining room, a badly needed cupboard was built into the back hall that connects the kitchen with Mother's office, and a large window was cut into a downstairs closet. This amount of work meant that the house was torn up for several weeks, and Mother recalls one period when she didn't get beyond the kitchen and her office for seven or eight days.

Interesting letters came from Frederick during that period. He had gone to Alexandria, Egypt, to work with the YMCA during the summer months, and was assigned to front line duties. Before he arrived in Alexandria he had assumed that he would work with young volunteer soldiers, but instead of this he found himself living with a company of men who had been in the army of the Near East for years. It seemed to him at first that he would never make

any headway with them, yet as time went on he made many friends and succeeded in getting men to church who hadn't attended a service for ten years. He went through the first of countless air-raids during those weeks in Alexandria, and of course our knowledge that he was working in the front lines didn't exactly put us at ease.

In June Mother, Dad and Margery went to Spirit Lake, and there they enjoyed the annual Kitchen-Klatter picnic and made new friends. As a rule the folks always came directly home from Spirit Lake, but this summer they drove down the Mississippi river and crossed over into Illinois to visit relatives at Toulon. Mother hadn't been there since the trip she made with Grandfather Field when Wayne and Margery were both babies, so she much enjoyed seeing her cousins again.

In July Dorothy took her two-weeks' vacation from the May Seed Company and went to Powell, Wyoming, to visit a college friend whom she hadn't seen for a number of years. At the same time Russell and I left for Hollywood, California, where we had decided to make our home. Shortly after we left, Wayne took his annual vacation in Salt Lake City, so for a short spell we were all at various points in the West.

In September of that year Donald enrolled as a freshman at Park College in Parkville, Missouri, and Margery entered the Northwest Missouri State Teachers' College at Maryville, Missouri, for her junior year. This was the first time in almost a quarter of a century that Mother and Dad hadn't had children in their local public schools, and they felt lost through all of September; it seemed almost uncanny to have four o'clock come without someone hurrying in from school. Wayne and Howard were the only children at home that year, and of course they both worked and were gone from the house all day. Fortunately Dorothy was still living in Shenandoah at that time, and her daily visits helped do away with the empty feeling.

The last major changes that have been made to our family home were completed in the late autumn of 1940. Two new rooms were built on to the west of the house. One of these was a sunroom that was connected with the living room by a wide doorway, and the other was a downstairs bedroom with doors opening into both the sunroom and our small office. Both rooms were needed, but of the two the bedroom was the more indispensable for it meant that Mother no longer had to make the difficult trip upstairs to bed every night. This amount of building meant that the house was torn up for weeks, and since Mother had just recuperated from the spring session of improvements she was truly happy when the last workmen departed and they could settle back to normal.

To a certain extent the months that lay between the autumn of 1940 and the autumn of 1941 were the end of an era in our family life. This was true of countless other families, I am

certain. Time brings many changes to all homes, but in the course of ordinary events these changes come about subtly and imperceptibly; event flows quietly into event. Anyone telling the story of a typical family would be hard pressed to place his finger on a given moment and say that at such and such a time the family passed from one era of its life into another. Yet in our case, and probably in your case as well, we can put our finger on one date, December 7th, 1941, and say that it was the dividing line.

I can tell you exactly where we were in December of 1941. Howard was at home for a weekend, something that didn't happen too often for he had sold out his interests in the mill a short time earlier and was traveling for one of our local seed companies. I was at home on a short visit, the first I had made since we moved to California the year before. I learned, after I reached Shenandoah, that I had passed Frank, Dorothy's husband, for he was on his road to the Coast where he expected to locate. Dorothy had given up her apartment when Frank left, and planned to stay with the folks until I returned to Hollywood just before Christmas. She expected to drive out with Russell and me to visit Frank, and then when she completed some business obligations in Shenandoah she planned to move to California.

Frederick was rounding out his second year in Egypt, and the folks were looking forward to the end of his three-year stay when they thought that he would be home again for a visit. During the summer of 1941 he had gone down into Africa on a vacation, and his letters about that trip were wonderfully interesting. Wayne was a student at the Iowa State College in Ames. He had enrolled in the department of economics in September with the intention of completing his college work without any further interruptions. Margery was a senior in Maryville and Donald was a sophomore at Park College. For the first time in their entire married life, Mother and Dad were alone as a permanent thing—I'm not counting any short visits that some of us might be making.

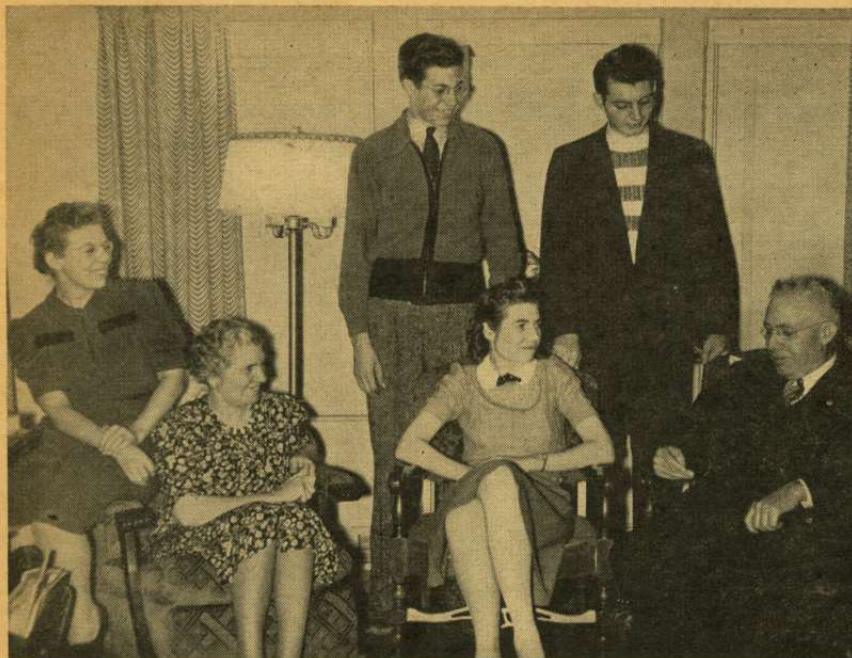
On the afternoon of December 7th those of us who were at home were dressing to attend a Driftmier family gathering at the home of Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope. We had the radio turned on to the New York Philharmonic Concert and were listening to it as casually as thousands of others were listening. Suddenly the program was interrupted with the news announcement that no one can ever forget—and that was the dividing line.

(To be continued)

THE VOICE OF GOD

I sought to hear the voice of God,
And climbed the topmost steeple.
But God declared, "Go down again;
I dwell among the people."

—Louis I. Newman.



This family group picture was taken only ten days before Pearl Harbor. From left to right are Lucile, Mother, Dorothy and Dad. Standing are Donald and Wayne.

A WEDDING IN YOUR FAMILY?

It would take a great many pages to cover all of the details connected with a wedding, and in limited space it is impossible to answer the many questions that have been asked by our readers through the years, so we have tried to hit just the high-points, in explaining problems that arise frequently.

Who assumes the financial responsibilities of a wedding? The bride and her family pay for everything connected with the wedding with but three exceptions: the marriage license, the clergyman's fee and the bride's bouquet.

If the bridal party includes a best man and ushers the groom gives a personal gift to each and pays for their ties and boutonnières.

If asked to be a member of a wedding party does one pay for her own clothes? Yes. All articles of clothing worn by members of a bridal party are paid for by the wearers. Colors, styles and choice of material are decisions made by the bride.

How many attendants should a bride have? This depends entirely upon the type of wedding. In many cases the bride and groom will have no attendants whatsoever. However, in case they do the first two selected must be a maid or matron of honor, and a best man.

If the bride has a sister she always serves as maid or matron of honor. Lacking a sister, she chooses her most intimate friend. It is an almost unbreakable rule that a brother of the bridegroom must serve as best man. In the event that he does not have a brother, his best friend is asked to serve, or with equal propriety the brother of the bride may be asked. It is also perfectly correct for the groom to ask his father to serve as

best man, and in case the groom's friends live at a great distance, it is correct to ask the bride's friends to serve as ushers.

Where do members of the family sit at a church wedding? The first rows of pews on either side of the center aisle are fenced off with white ribbons for members of the family. The parents of the bride always sit in the first pew on the left; the parents of the groom always occupy the first pew on the right. In the event there is only one main aisle without a center section, the bride's family occupy the left side, the groom's family the right side. Immediate members of the family are seated behind the parents, not in the pew with them.

When are the parents of the bridal couple seated? As soon as the entire wedding party is in the church, the doors between the vestibule and the church are closed. No one is seated after this except the parents of the young couple.

The groom's mother goes down the aisle on the arm of the head usher, followed by the groom's father who walks alone. Then the usher returns to the vestibule immediately and escorts the bride's mother; the first notes of the wedding march should sound exactly as the usher returns to the head of the aisle.

No person should be seated after the entrance of the mother of the bride.

In what order do guests leave the church? As soon as the bridal party has left, the ushers escort first the bride's mother, then the groom's mother, and then the other occupants of the first pews on either side, then second pews, etc. After all members of the immediate family have left the church, the other guests are "noddod out" by the ushers as they

progress from pew to pew. No one must leave his place until it is time for him to do so.

Who stands in the receiving line? The bride stands at her husband's right, the maid or matron of honor on her right, and the bridesmaids may be grouped around her or divided, half on her side and half on the groom's side. The best man and ushers do not stand in the receiving line.

The bride's mother usually receives alone at the door of the home, or at the entrance of the room, but if the groom's mother is a stranger, she is asked to receive with her. The parents of the bridal couple never stand as part of the bridal receiving line, although it is correct for them to stand at a short distance beyond the bridesmaids if they prefer.

Where are guests seated at the luncheon or dinner table? The bride and groom sit side by side at the head of the table. Directly opposite them sit the father of the bride and the mother of the groom. At the right of the bride are seated the best man, then the bridesmaid; at the left of the groom are seated the maid of honor and the usher. The wife of the clergyman is seated at the left of the father of the bride. The clergyman is seated on the right of the mother of the groom, and next to him are seated first the bride's mother and then the groom's father. These are the principal parties to be considered; all other guests are arranged between the places mentioned in the event the table is large enough to seat more people than accounted for here.

When does the bride appear at a very small home wedding? Regardless of how small and informal the wedding, the clergyman always enters the room first, followed by the bridegroom; the bride then enters with her father, or alone, and the wedding service is read.

Should gifts of money be displayed with the other wedding gifts? It is not considered in good taste to display checks. In arranging the gifts for display do not group the various things of one kind together. Thus one not only avoids the contrast in value of a number of similar objects, but it also lessens the sense of chagrin that a guest might feel when he discovered that there were six or seven other salt cellars given.

LIVE LIFE TODAY

Live life today as though today were all,
As though this very morning you were born.
Your yesterdays are days beyond recall;
Tomorrow does not come until the morn.
Rest not upon the victories you have won;
Because you've lost, surrender not to fear.
Your yesterday was ended with the sun;
Tomorrow has not come. Today is here!

—Unknown.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

We left Natchez around noon and started south towards Louisiana. It was a beautiful day, a bright, clear spring day, and we stopped frequently to take photographs. The next thing that we intended to see was Afton Villa, a great plantation three or four miles from St. Francisville, La. Hallie Barrow had written to tell me that if we had time to visit only one mansion in the South, to be sure and make it Afton Villa—and we had taken her advice.

It is impossible to miss Afton Villa because there are many signs along the highway giving its approximate distance from each point. Before long we drove up to the immense grilled iron gates where an elderly, top-hatted colored man sat, paid our \$1.00 per person admittance fee, and started down the drive towards the house. That drive! I don't know what words one could possibly use to conjure up an impression of a winding road that passes through incredibly lovely gardens, that is bordered its entire length by magnificent oaks that are covered almost completely by Spanish moss. I doubt very much if there is another drive comparable to it in this country.

At last we reached the mansion, and at first we were taken aback because we had expected to see a typical Southern plantation home with large columns and pillared galleries. Instead of this we saw a house totally unlike any other house we've ever seen—an American Gothic house that looked, at first glance, like a large French country house. It is painted a dark grey with maroon trim and, also at first glance, it doesn't seem particularly large. Then at second glance one realizes that it is mammoth, that the front terraces and big French windows are so large they dwarf the cars parked in front.

It would take pages to tell you about the interior of this house, but briefly I want to mention that the first section of it was built in 1790, that the major additions to it were made long before the Civil War, and that when our section of the country was still a blank prairie, the most elegant and elaborate way of life imaginable was being carried on within that house. The furniture alone (much of it of rosewood and made into priceless pieces by European artists) is worth going to see. And should you be indifferent to furniture, Audubon prints, Aubusson rugs, carved woodwork, etc., there are the gardens, both formal and informal, that would keep the flower lover busy for a month if time permitted.

Juliana had a wonderful three hours at Afton Villa. She still talks about the beautiful rosewood bed, matching crib and cradle in one of the bedrooms, and continues to marvel at the circular staircase that wound up "straight into heaven". It so happens that a five-year old child lives at Afton Villa, so the owners told Juliana she might play on the swings, slide and merry-go-round—we were sorry that the little girl wasn't at



Juliana sitting on the steps of Stanton Hall in Natchez. In March, 1947 you will find a picture of the same house accompanying an article written by Hallie M. Barrow.

home, but she had gone with her Grandfather to a 4-H club fair at a neighboring plantation. These homely details seemed unreal to us even as we heard them, for it is downright impossible to think of little girls and grandparents living in such splendor. I have an imagination, but I cannot imagine what it would be like to live the daily life at Afton Villa!

We reached Baton Rouge (it is pronounced Batt-on Ruge by Louisianians) in late afternoon, and although we would have liked to stop long enough to see the capitol built by Huey Long, it was getting on to the time when we had to concentrate on making New Orleans by dusk.

So much has been written about New Orleans that I hesitate to say a great deal on the subject. You've always understood, I'm sure, that it is a colorful and unique city. Well, it is. We could have spent a good week there had time permitted, but as it was we concentrated on having dinner at one of the famous French restaurants (we ate in a beautiful garden), attending church in the French Quarter on Sunday morning, driving to see the docks and incredible cemeteries, and cramming our eyes full of everything. Do you remember in my letter about Mexico City not long ago when I told you our experience in entertaining the friends who lived in New Orleans? We hadn't seen them for almost eleven years, but I telephoned them (a little doubtfully, it's true!) and they came at once to our hotel to visit with us. We had Sunday dinner together and a long drive, and really had a wonderful time catching up in sketchy fashion on what had happened to all of us since we parted in Mexico City.

It was after four o'clock when we left New Orleans and we had every intention of getting to Mobile, Alabama that night. Our highway took

us right along the Gulf, and throughout every mile there was still vivid evidence of the destruction wrought by last autumn's big hurricane. Entire sections of the highway were washed out, palm trees were still lying where they had fallen, and countless yards were filled with debris. We didn't realize that the towns of Gulfport and Biloxi, Mississippi, were such famous watering places until we saw them. For miles and miles and miles one drives past beautiful homes located right on the Gulf, and it is truly spectacular.

We didn't know until we reached Mobile around ten o'clock that we had again chosen the time to arrive when the city was filled to overflowing with tourists who had come to see the internationally famous Azalea gardens in bloom. It was a miracle that we found a hotel room at all, but by another freak of circumstance we found accommodations in one of the notable old hotels of the Old South—I told Russell that I was positive Elsie Dinsmore and her father had stopped there! The bathrooms were twice as large as most hotel rooms of today, and the rooms were so big that double beds looked like doll furniture. Here, as in all other hotels throughout the South, we had the immense ceiling fans such as our middlewestern stores have.

Our hotel was directly across from the Square, and in the morning Juliana had a fine time feeding squirrels and watching the goldfish in the beautiful four-tiered pool. We took several hours to drive around in Mobile and see the most brilliant display of flowers, shrubs and trees that ever a city could claim. If I regarded it as impossible to describe Afton Villa, I regard it as doubly impossible to describe Mobile in the spring. We understood that flower lovers come from all over the world to see the Azalea trail and the Bellingrath gardens—and we don't doubt it.

When we left Mobile we were astounded to find that we didn't drive *around* the bay (Mobile is a bustling port) but *under* it. Our highway led directly into Bankhead tunnel, and the approach is so steep that cars are warned to go into second gear. I'm not one who enjoys tunnels, and as we drove along I found myself hungering for a sight of the sky just once again! When we came up out of it we looked back to see big liners and freighters on the water—we had actually driven underneath them. Juliana still doesn't believe this and becomes downright angry when we tell her that we drove *under* the bay.

Our highway into Florida ran right along the water, and several times large waves splashed up on to the pavement and our car windows were wet. I wouldn't particularly care to drive that road at night during a storm, although I imagine that because of its proximity to the Gulf it is closed to traffic during severe storms.

Next month I want to tell you about Florida and our return trip.

Sincerely, Lucile.

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

I never could understand why people say that childhood is the best time of life. They say it in the same breath that they talk about play as fun, schoolwork as duty, and a job as a grind. It isn't true and it's such a poor philosophy! Why were we all so eager to grow up if we weren't discovering that we were happier the further we got from "the golden years of childhood"? How unnecessarily bleak and terrifying we make life by telling children that it is going to get worse and worse. When they express with great enthusiasm their desire to be a "grown-up" they are met far too often with the sardonic remark that a grown up has heavy work, grim responsibilities, and that they'd better enjoy themselves while they can.

A well integrated personality, a creative human being takes years to develop. If this is our goal, if this is what we strive for, then each step closer to realization should and does increase our happiness. I am almost forty-four and I wouldn't trade one year of my future for all of my childhood. It is rarely the happy time that most poets sing about. Grown-ups forget that children live in a miniature edition of the adult world, and that they carry secret worries and anxieties far beyond their understanding and their ability to express.

Play is a serious business, and toys are the tools with which the preschool child gets his education. When they go to school, toys provide an outlet for the disappointments and inhibitions they suffer in school. Properly planned toys and games stimulate knowledge and aid in school studies; toys lead to an interest in science and mechanics and various arts. They help develop good coordination, strength and skill.

Some games and toys are used directly to teach children how to get along with each other. If our world, as we know it, is to survive in the Atomic era, this is the one lesson that we will have to learn and teach our children, and it is something that must be learned, because it just "ain't natural".

Toys and games if chosen wisely can be fun, and the child "plays" while learning. But too often parents and people who give presents do not choose wisely, and if they do happen to hit on the right thing at the right time they often spoil it for the child by insisting upon making up the rules.

For example: you know that a train is supposed to stay on the track and must be hooked up in a certain order starting with the engine and ending with the caboose, but if you insist upon these grown-up rules the child will soon give up and may never again want to play train. It can be a wonderful toy and there are dozens of happy constructive forms of play with it before it becomes a train by adult standards. Let him take the lead and tell you how to play. The mechanized train is of no particular interest to a child until he is eight



Mother and Martin ride around the yard together and find much that interests a baby who is seeing his first spring.

or nine years old, but young children love wooden cars or just blocks hooked together. I fixed a train for Kira when she was three by putting screw eyes and cup hooks into wooden blocks which she could hook together herself and push or pull all over the house.

Dolls can be a joy forever, but the play follows quite a definite child's pattern. First they are dragged around by the hair naked and dirty. Then they begin to go to tea parties, to be bathed and dressed and taken for buggy rides; after this they become the models for dress designing and sewing, and in adolescence they are collections of period and costume design. At any one of these stages you can break the charm by insisting upon your idea of what a doll's life should be.

Until the child reaches the trike age it is not necessary to spend much money on toys for your house is full of wonderful things. Clothespins to push into bottles, pots and pans that nest together and collections of small boxes, both round and square, that can be fitted into nests . . . All of these are important toys teaching comparison and coordination.

Don't ever be ashamed to make many of your child's toys for the best authorities on children are warning us about "Spectatoritis." This is the habit of standing by while all our pleasures are shoveled out to us as we just look or listen. This affliction has come about in recent years, for at an earlier time few children had "store toys" and they became wonderfully adept and ingenuous at making their own toys of the most simple and commonplace things. They learned to create and participate, and we must guide our children along this path if we would preserve the American tradition of individual initiative. It is fashionable again to make things, and a child loves to make things work and to do things. This is why a wind-up toy is so useless from any point of a small child's view for he

usually cannot even wind it himself.

One thing that all parents want to know is at what age to buy certain toys. Educators know that there are certain well-defined play patterns for all age groups, and much of the parents', as well as the child's disappointment, comes from presenting a toy at the wrong time. In the next two issues I will try to give you these general outlines and suggest toys and games which will give a child the most pleasure because they help rather than hinder the development of his personality.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

There is a piece of good news to pass on this month. In March I asked for contributions to get a hospital bed for a man who has arthritis. Some money came in and I wrote to the doctor to see where would be the best place to get a bed, and he tells me now that the man has improved enough so he does not need the bed. He has a wheel chair, so our help is not needed there. Isn't a report of that kind grand news!

So now I am sending part of your money to Mrs. Fred Hayen in Kansas. She has been saving for many months to get a much needed wheel chair, and it looked like it would be many more months before she would have enough to get it, so we will finish getting her chair. With the rest of the money we will buy a new wheel chair which will go to one of two invalids whose cases I am investigating now. I want to be sure our help goes to someone who really needs it. Thank all of you who helped. I am sure your summer will be happier for knowing you helped make it nicer for these two wheel chair goers.

A rather odd request came from a woman who is in a Home in Dakota. One of the other patients there gets so hungry for mail that he even buys a card now and then and has it mailed to himself, just so he will get some mail. Wouldn't it be nice if some of us would send him a card once in a while? He likes cards with pretty pictures or views. Don't write a letter—just send a card with your name on it to John Olheiser, 448 E Broadway, Dickinson, North Dakota. His birthday is in July.

Little Donald Sullivan, age 10, who has been in a hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., wants you to know he is home now and can walk with crutches. He was crippled by polio. He would love to hear from you at Route 1, Olivet, Mich.

Evelyn Swearingen, County Home, Spirit Lake, Iowa, is getting steadily worse. She cannot use her arm at all to write, and misses her mail. She gets very lonely.

Cards are asked for Mr. Clair Lindsey, Spartansburg, Pa. He is bedfast, with a cast from neck to below hips, as result of a spinal injury.

Mrs. Susie Fair, Rt. 2, Sudan, Texas, would like mail. She is ill, besides being totally deaf and having one hand missing.

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



BEEF LIVER WITH ONIONS

- 5 slices bacon
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 lb. beef liver, sliced thin
- Seasoned flour
- 2 1/2 cups thinly sliced onions
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup hot water

Fry bacon until crisp and then remove from skillet. Pour 3 cups boiling water over liver; drain, and dry. Roll in seasoned flour and lightly brown in hot bacon fat. Lay in greased casserole. Cover with onions. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add hot water. Crumble crisp bacon on top. Cover and bake in 350 degree oven for 40 minutes.

EGGS IN RICE WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 6 hot, shelled, hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 lb. grated American cheese (2 cups)
- 3 Tbls. butter

Keep shelled eggs hot. Cook rice, drain, keep hot. Melt butter in double boiler and stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk slowly and cook until thickened. Stir in cheese, and when melted, remove from heat. Add 3 Tbls. butter to rice tossing lightly with fork. Arrange rice in ring on heated platter; place hot eggs in center and top with sauce. Sprinkle parsley over top for added color. A good supper dish for the family.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES

- 8 hot, cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. cream
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar

Mash potatoes and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Add 2 Tbls. butter and just enough cream to make smooth. Shape into patties. Melt 2 Tbls. butter in skillet; stir in brown sugar. Arrange croquettes in skillet, turn to coat with butter-sugar mixture. Brown over low heat just enough to coat with a glaze.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CORN MEAL MUFFINS

- 2 cups corn meal
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. baking soda
 - 1 egg
 - 2 cups buttermilk
 - 1/4 cup melted bacon fat
- Sift together corn meal, salt and baking soda. Beat egg; add buttermilk. Add to dry ingredients, stirring lightly. Stir in bacon fat. Pour into piping hot greased muffin pans and bake in moderately hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

FRENCH DRESSING

- 1 1/4 cups salad oil
 - 7 Tbls. lemon juice or cider vinegar
 - 2 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1/2 tsp. paprika
 - 1 tsp. sugar
 - 3 Tbls. chili sauce
 - 1 tsp. bottled horseradish
 - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 1 or 2 peeled garlic cloves
- Combine all ingredients in a tightly covered bottle. Then store in refrigerator. Shake vigorously before using each time.

POTATO PANCAKES

- 3 medium-sized potatoes uncooked
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - Pinch of baking powder
 - 1 1/2 tsp. sugar
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
- Peel and soak potatoes for several hours in cold water. Drain thoroughly and grate. Beat 2 eggs. Beat in 1 Tbls. flour, a pinch of baking powder, 1 1/2 tsp. sugar, 1 1/2 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper. Combine with potatoes. Drop by spoonfuls on hot, well-greased griddle. Brown on both sides and serve piping hot.

CHEESE SALAD LOAF

- 1/2 lb. American Cheddar cheese
 - 4 hard-cooked egg yolks
 - 1/2 cup sweet mustard pickles
 - 1 peeled, small onion
 - 4 hard-cooked egg whites
 - 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- Put first four ingredients through food chopper. Add the latter two ingredients. Pack tightly in pan and chill. Unmold; slice, serve on lettuce or you may slice thin and use as a sandwich filling.

BANANA CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

- 2/3 cup shortening
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
 - 1 cup mashed ripe bananas
 - 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/4 tsp. soda
 - 3/4 tsp. salt
- Beat shortening until creamy, then add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until fluffy. Stir in vanilla. Add flour mixture alternately with bananas, beating until smooth after each addition. Fold in chocolate chips. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheets about 1 1/2 inches apart. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees) for about 12 minutes. Remove from pans at once. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

- 2 cups dried apricots
 - 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 2 egg yolks
 - 2 Tbls. granulated sugar
 - 1/8 tsp. salt
 - 2 Tbls. grated orange rind
 - 2 egg whites
 - 1/4 cup granulated sugar
 - 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
 - Shredded coconut
- Cook apricots, and sweeten, following package directions. Drain, reserve liquid. Then press apricots through sieve. Soak gelatin in lemon juice for 5 minutes to soften. Beat egg yolks slightly; add sugar, salt and 1/2 cup liquid drained from apricots. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Now add gelatin; stir until dissolved. Blend in 1 cup apricot pulp and orange rind; cool. Beat egg whites until slightly stiff; then add 1/4 cup sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into apricot mixture. Then fold in whipped cream. Butter 9 inch pie plate; sprinkle with 1/2 cup shredded coconut. Pour in apricot mixture; sprinkle shredded coconut over top and chill until set.

SPINACH TREAT

- 1 lb. spinach
 - 4 strips crisp bacon
 - 2 Tbls. bacon drippings
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1/3 cup water
 - 2 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1 tsp. sugar
 - Salt and pepper
- Cook spinach 5 minutes after it comes to a boil in 1/2 cup of water that is boiling when spinach is put in. Fry bacon, drain on paper towel and remove all but 2 Tbls. of the fat. Mix in flour. Add 1/3 cup water and stir very hard, cooking slowly from 3 to 4 minutes. Stir in vinegar, sugar, salt, and pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth. Drain spinach thoroughly, put it in a hot serving dish and pour sauce over it. Sprinkle crumbled bacon strips on top.

PICNIC SALAD BOWL

(Grand for the first picnic of the season—filling and delicious.)

- 8 ozs. spaghetti
- 1 medium-sized onion minced
- 1/2 cup celery, cut fine
- 2 Tbls. celery greens
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/3 lb. liver sausage, cubed
- 4 Tbls. French dressing
- 2 hard cooked eggs, riced

Cook spaghetti in two quarts of salted boiling water until tender but firm. Turn in colander. Allow ice-water to pour over spaghetti until loose starch has been washed away. Drain thoroughly; combine with vegetables and hard cooked eggs. Marinate sausage in French dressing for one hour. Place in salad bowl. Toss with a blended dressing made by combining 3/4ths cup of mayonnaise, 1/3 cup cooked dressing and 3 Tbls. chili sauce. Only one dressing can be used, of course, but it does improve the flavor to combine them.

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR ROLL

- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- Few drops peppermint flavoring
- 16 thin round chocolate cookies

Whip cream until it stands in soft peaks. Fold in sugar and peppermint flavoring. Spread chocolate cookies with whipped cream; press flat surfaces together to form a long roll. Frost tops and sides with remaining whipped cream. Chill overnight. Slice diagonally. Double recipe to serve 8.

KITCHEN SHOWER FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

By Wilma Ward Taylor

Every bride-to-be who is fortunate enough to have showers given in her honor will be genuinely thrilled with a kitchen shower, for nothing makes a prospective home-of-her-own seem more real than handling and owning the equipment which she will soon be using to prepare meals for her husband. Just ask any happy girl what makes wifehood seem more important—a fancy guest towel or an egg beater!

You may telephone your guests and ask them informally, but if you want something a little more festive try making your invitations by drawing around a cardboard model of a coffee pot. Use any plain white paper for this, do a little decorating with colored crayons, and then write on the inside:

This pot means a kitchen shower,
Ten on Wednesday is the hour,
Lucy Jane is the bride-to-be,
We hope you'll come, R.S.V.P.

When your guests arrive take them directly to the kitchen, if yours is large enough, and if not, use the room closest to the kitchen. Bowls of scrubbed vegetables can take the place of the usual flowers, and if your guests will deliver their gifts in advance you can make up a gay and unusual centerpiece by combining small

jars of sparkling jams and preserves with kitchen gadgets. Forget about your good linens for this party and use table runners of kitchen towels and individual place mats of dish cloths. Needless to say, everything of this nature that is used goes to the bride after the shower is over!

The invitation will tell your guests that breakfast is in order, so plan to serve as soon as everyone has arrived and leave all entertainment until appetites have been satisfied. The following menus are appropriate and not too difficult to serve without help. Steer clear of waffles unless you have merely a handful of guests and a number of waffle irons.

Broiled grapefruit
Fluffy scrambled eggs with bacon
Toast—preserves
Coffee

Fresh pineapple
Hot coffee cake
Preserves
Coffee

Strawberries with powdered sugar
Eggs and bacon baked in gem pans
Fresh rolls
Coffee

While your guests are still seated at the table pass out regulation size file cards and pencils and ask each one to write her favorite recipe. You may also distribute another card and ask for favorite dinner menus to be written. The bride-to-be will appreciate having these in days to come. You may not have time for all of the entertainment suggested, but you can pick and choose among these ideas to suit your own purposes.

Spice Identification: Fill tiny paper cups with small amounts of various kitchen spices and seasonings. Number each spice in order on your own master list and have the guests write down on slips of paper what spice it is after she has smelled them. This sounds simple but it is really confusing when you are dealing with a quantity of similar spices.

Menu In A Pinch: The hostess gives out this problem: on her kitchen shelves are certain items, such and such is in the refrigerator, and she has common staples on hand such as flour, sugar, coffee, etc. Four unexpected guests arrive and she has no time to shop for a single additional item. What will she give them to eat? Ask your guests to write down the menus they would serve, and then have them read. It won't take long to scratch down the various menus, and when all have been completed let the group be the judge, using numbers, of course, to indicate 1st choice, 2nd choice, etc.

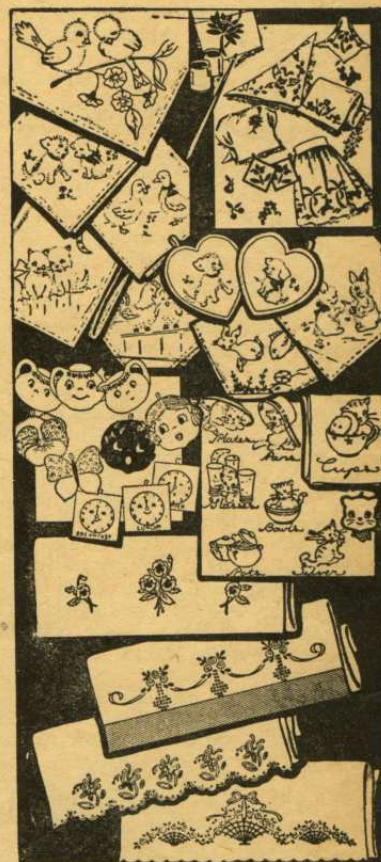
Staple Quiz: Have staples such as rice, salt, beans, etc., tied up in little cloth bags. Pass them around, let each guest feel them and guess what each bag holds.

Picture Menu Planning: Everyone gets ideas for menus from food pictures displayed in magazines, so let's go picture hunting. Have guests cut out pictures from old magazines of meats, vegetables, desserts, etc., and paste them on sheets of paper to

form well-balanced menus and colorful meals.

Scrambled Definitions (terms used in food preparation and cooking): This is a good test for the bride-to-be and a refresher course for the guests who are married. Pass out slips of paper with the following words written on them, and ask your guests to unscramble them and write a very brief definition. A prize should be awarded to the first one through who has the most correct list. 1, Kbea; 2, Esabt; 3, Chaln; 4, Nneeijlu; 5, Mteanira; 6, Asetu; 7, Seroc; 8, Labers; 9, West; 10, Tosra; Ans: 1, Bake; 2, Baste; 3, Blanch; 4, Julienne; 5, Marinate; 6, Saute; 7, Score; 8, Braise; 9, Stew; 10, Roast.

One word of warning should be written about the kitchen shower. Although the guest of honor may give no indication of it at the time, she will feel disheartened later when she looks at several can-openers, identical graters, etc. To avoid this it is wise to approach your guests in advance with a list of suggested gifts, and as far as possible avoid duplicates. Perhaps several will suggest pooling their resources to purchase one really fine pan or piece of equipment—we'll hope that they do.



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A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Right in the middle of a busy Saturday, I'm going to take time out to write a letter to you. On this beautiful first day of May, Frank is busy planting corn, Kristin is spending the day with Billy and Caroline Marker, two of her little friends, and I just took one of the mahogany cakes out of the oven to have for dinner tomorrow.

Margery and Martin Erik are visiting us for a few days, and I told Margery I would take care of Martin this afternoon and she could ride in to town with Frank's sister, Bernie, and get a few things we will need over the week-end. It has certainly been a joy having them here and to have a little baby around the house once again, and such a good baby at that. Margery and I were just laughing this morning, we had so many things we wanted to get done while she was here, but so far we haven't accomplished a thing. We had a lot of sewing lined up, but there have been so many other things to occupy our time that we haven't even touched the machine. Maybe next week we can manage to get our work lined up a little better so that we can get some of these extra things done.

The folks had planned to drive up last Sunday, but it rained all night Saturday night in Shenandoah and they just naturally supposed it rained here also, but it didn't. So we waited around looking for them on Sunday until one o'clock, then gave them up. I called them on Monday to see what had happened, and Mother said they would come up on Tuesday, and if it rained here Monday night enough to make the roads muddy, we were to call them early in the morning before they started. Of course it rained here and, since we don't have a telephone, Frank tried to call from his parent's home, but couldn't get through. The folks can come within a mile of our house on the shale, so Frank walked up to the schoolhouse to wait for them. With lots of skidding and a little pushing they managed to get here all right, and of course by the time they went home late in the afternoon, the roads were dry. All of you folks who live on dirt roads know how every single trip to your door or away from your door depends on the weather!

Besides Margery and Martin, Lucile and Juliana came with them. It was the first time Lucile had been to see us for almost a year. Juliana and Kristin had a wonderful day together. Juliana had brought her two children, Johnny and Susan Lavonne, (which she forgot and left here when she went home), but dolls were rather neglected that day because Juliana had such a wonderful time playing with our two pet lambs, Abbie and Snowball. Lucile took some pictures of the girls feeding the lambs, and we are hoping they turn out well enough to put in Kitchen-Klatter. (Lucile's note: Alas, I'm the world's worst photographer—no pictures came from my session with the camera.)

Frank has been very busy, working



Juliana is the Indian, and Martin was fascinated with her feather head-dress.

all day and part of the night in the field. He wanted to get all the plowing done while the weather was so nice, and part of the corn is planted. What a far cry from last year! We were still planting corn the first part of July in 1947 because we had had four floods. I have been helping Frank a little with the field work, doing some of the discing with the tractor, but I haven't done nearly as much as I'd like to.

The peach, pear and plum trees have just finished blooming, but it looks as if we aren't going to have any cherries this year. We had about fifty quarts of cherries from our trees last year, and I don't know what has happened to them. Our big lilac bush has been beautiful, and I have been cutting bouquets to have in the house. The house just smells of lilacs and I love it. I went with Frank the other morning to fix a place in the fence where the cattle have been getting out, and we came across a lot of crabapple trees in bloom. They looked lovely on the hillside, such a delicate pink. Of course the timber has been full of wildflowers, and Kristin and I have picked and picked—sweet william, violets blue and white, dutchman's britches, Mayflowers, bluebells, and some I didn't even know.

The last time Kristin's Aunt Bernie went to Des Moines she brought Kristin back a little duck holding a vase for her to put her violets in, and Kristin has very faithfully kept it full of fresh violets. About every other day she goes out around the yard and picks a fresh bouquet. Kristin simply loves flowers and every-time she sees a new one that she hasn't seen before she has to know the name of it, and she remembers them all.

Last week Kristin and I went to Chillicothe, Mo., to spend a few days with Frank's sister, Ruth Johnson. We met several of Ruth's friends and had a lovely visit.

Martin is just waking up from his nap, so I must run upstairs and get him.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

HOBBY COLUMN

"My hobby is the real old greeting cards; have feed sacks or view cards to exchange."—Mrs. C. H. Francis, 907 N. Maple, Creston, Ia.

"I have print and white sacks again for baby chicks, pets, old coins, china and bisque dolls, china dishes, antiques or what have you?"—Mrs. Roy Emerick, Box 503, Elmwood, Ill.

Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo., collects novelty pincushions and would like to exchange with others who have hobbies.

Mrs. James Mayo, Toledo, Ia., is eager to get pencils with the State's name on them from the following states to complete her collection: Maine, Vermont, Nevada, N. Hampshire, Kentucky, W. Virginia, S. Carolina, N. Dakota, Georgia, R. Island. She will exchange for pencil or your hobby, same value. Ed. Note: Mrs. Mayo is mounting her pencils on a Japanese flag that her son brought to her when he returned.

"I collect crocheted dollies, hankies with crocheted edge, verses suitable for gifts, fancy work and novelty patterns. Will exchange patterns and verses and will answer all letters."—Mrs. Irma Stearns, 3165 West 84th St., Cleveland 2, Ohio.

"My hobby is pot holders, tea towels, felt or crocheted novelties."—Mrs. Carl J. Abbas, Rt. 4, Sumner, Ia.

"I will exchange lilies of the valley, Shasta daisy, rose dawn, etc., perennials for African violets, gloxinia, or unusual earrings for pierced ears. Please write first."—Mrs. Marton Bassett, Box 165, Bancroft, Nebr.

"I am collecting souvenir silver teaspoons of different states, capitals or famous places and names. Will pay for spoons that are in good condition. Also have 180 automatic advertising pencils, all new and perfect. Will swap for other pencils in similar condition; novelty pencils especially desirable."—Mrs. Albert Grauer, Marcus, Ia.

Mrs. John P. Gross, Rt. 2, Box 36, Freeman, S. D., collects different colors of anklets, size 10. She will exchange for the same thing, or anything else.

"I have a large collection of 2 and 4 hole buttons, all colors, that I would like to trade for something."—Mrs. John Brenner, Woodward, Okla.

"I collect stamps, buttons, and Tuberculosis Seals. Would like to hear from others interested in exchanging these things."—Mrs. Jake Unruh, Rt. 3, Inman, Kans.

Mrs. Elmer K. Young, Grand Junction, Ia., collects china and metal salt and pepper shakers, and gold what-not novelties, also novelty stationery. Please write to her first.

Marleen Mulder, Ellsworth, Minn., collects church bulletins.

Mrs. Herman Zechin, Rt. 2, Stanton, Nebr., collects buttons and would like to have some from each state.

"My hobby is collecting pretty old tooth-pick holders, vases, old china cups and saucers and pretty plates. I am trying to find an old spice cabinet and old salt box. Will exchange pretty needlework for your hobby."—Hazle Tracy, Rt. 2, Trenton, Mo.

JUNE IS THE TIME TO—

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Try and “shush” your nagging conscience as it insists on counting calories when you reach for that second helping of strawberry shortcake!

—Go misty-eyed and sentimental over the new brides. If you have one as a neighbor she'll appreciate a new home" gift from you by way of a collection of file cards on which you've carefully written your choicest recipes and special household hints.

—Try new twists with green peas. For instance, add a sprig of mint to cooking water; it gives a delicate flavor that's hard to beat, and extra special with lamb. Good combinations are peas with baby onions in cream sauce, green peas and cauliflower, peas and celery, or peas with turnips.

—Give full reign to sentiment if this is your anniversary month. Make of it a family event day. Get out the best china and silver, gather a garden bouquet of garden flowers for the table, and serve your husband's favorite menu. Oh yes, it's even more fun if everyone dresses up a bit in honor of the occasion, so roll up your curls afresh and don your prettiest house dress. P. S. I'd make him a special heartshaped cake and use the decorator to write “I Love You” across the top. By these small recognitions shared in the home, family ties are strengthened and our children gain a deeper appreciation of the real values of marriage and home.

—Take time to sniff deeply of the fragrant roses, to gaze in awe and wonder at its velvety perfection. Ah me! Is there a fragrance sweeter than that of Mother's old-fashioned yellow rose—or a stem quite so “sticker-ry”?

—Make yours a salad conscious family. Just now vegetable salads are in the star role. Be sure to include vegetables that contrast with one another in color and texture as well as in flavor. Don't forget to take advantage of all the eye appeal you can create with the crisp, colorful garden vegetables.

—Give beets a zippy touch by sprinkling them with onion juice, lemon or orange juice, or serving them with a dressing flavored with horseradish or mustard.

—Remember that in May we went All out to honor Mother,
Now don't forget that this month brings

A special day for Father.
Mother to tend the heartstrings,
Father to be the mainspring of our Home—both of them the treasures of our hearts.

COVER PICTURE

Kristin and Juliana were excited for days over their wonderful opportunity to be ringbearers at the wedding of their cousin, Eugene Rope, when he married George Ann Apple of Clarinda, Iowa. They managed their long taffeta dresses very well, but their fond grandmother, to say nothing of their mothers, fathers, uncles and aunts breathed a long sigh of relief when they arrived safely at the altar.



Mother, Margery, Dad and Martin are all cooperating to see that Martin's own tree was planted successfully. Little Mary Leanna's tree was planted the same day.

YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

Vacation pictures are always the ones that you want to be particularly proud of, and sometimes they prove to be among the most important prints in your albums. If you take enough pictures as you travel you'll be able to make the trip again in memory, and when relatives and friends want to hear your description of such-and-such a place it helps to be able to say, “Just a minute—I have a picture of it right here.”

I always try to have my camera along regardless of how short a trip—even an afternoon's drive on Sunday—for I have learned, from many disappointments, that the camera requires but little space and if it isn't in that little space I'm sure to find the shots that I have been wanting to get.

If you take your child to a lake for the first time this summer, be sure to record his reactions to being in a large body of water. Pictures that we have of Juliana and her cousin, Kristin Solstad, that were taken at LaJolla, California, when they were two years old are among our favorites. We wouldn't take anything for those shots of them as they first pranced into the water, and their surprised expressions when they found that it was cold.

Pictures taken at the beach on a sunny day, or any shots taken in the mountains require less of an exposure than the ordinary snapshot. Remember that you can adjust the amount of light that enters your camera by giving the exposure a slower shutter speed (if you have a choice of shutter speeds), or preferably a smaller lens opening. This can be determined on a box camera by moving the lever to where it says BRIGHT. However, be sure that you return it to the normal position when you are through.

It is always fun to be in the picture when you are taking shots of strange cities or landscapes as you

travel, but many a fine landscape has been spoiled by having Uncle John take up a third of the picture, with the Empire State building appearing rather dwarfed and inconsequential beside him.

The best cure for this is first to plan the way that you want to take your scenic photograph; then you can actually add interest by incorporating the figures in such a way that they seem part of rather than the dominating reason for taking it.

Don't hesitate to stop along the road for the first shot of a new range of mountains or the first view of your friend's home. I have found that a record of the first impressions of some new sight always means more than something that you take later on when you have become accustomed to it. When we saw our first spring flowers on our trip South this spring I turned the car around and drove back so that we could have a picture of Juliana picking her first daffodils in Mississippi—and we are not sorry for the 15-minute delay now that we have the prints.

I think that the best judge as to what to take a picture of and what to eliminate is simply to take pictures only of that which interests you. If you do that you are sure to have a grand collection of pictures when you return home.

You will get double pleasure from your vacation pictures if they are printed super-size.

8 exposure roll film developed and printed, 5x7 size.....75

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Editors' Note:

This letter from a friend who asks that her name and address not be given, was so interesting to us and such an inspiration that we want to share it with you. No doubt much of it will strike a responsive chord in the memories of those of you who have been through similar experiences. Dear Folks of Kitchen-Klatter:

Here are a few notes I've been wanting for weeks to send to you. In them, I hope you find no word of complaint, for my life as a farm mother has been rich and full, and if given the chance I would do it all over again, with perhaps a bit more wisdom in spots.

When my husband and I set up housekeeping, we moved out on a rented farm, partly because we loved the farm, and partly because we liked that feeling of being independent and on our own. Then too, the farm offered a wonderful place to bring up the children we hoped to have. It was lucky we didn't see the dark, days down ahead! Days when we were so weary at night, we felt we were part of the very soil we toiled in; days when we were so blue, nothing mattered! Sickness, sorrow, death, depression all took their toll, but through it all was that assurance we were doing the work we loved best and somehow it would come out alright. The depression years were terrible, for we had bought a farm, and feared we might lose it. I raised broilers, dressed them out, made childrens' clothes, hatched chicks for the neighbors, and sold garden vegetables . . . all to keep us going, so the pig dollars could go for taxes and the loan. Somehow we pulled through.

Looking back, we recall red letter days, so to speak. Like the one when on returning from the garden, we found the three-months old son had pulled a blanket down over his face—and was nearly smothered . . . (we still shudder over this near tragedy.) And the day when another two-year old son was lost for many hours in a corn field, and we needed the neighbors to help hunt for him. Still another, when Gene, the two-year old toddler nearly severed his nose on the blade of an axe. Polio, and it's attending months of pain for the twelve year old. The twins we laid away on a cold February day—made more poignant because they were born on Christmas morning.

Busy days? Yes, many of them. Days we boarded teachers, tilers. Cooking for cornhuskers back in the days when they rose at 4 a.m. and "unloaded" along about 10 a.m. and it was again lunch time.

There were community affairs, and necessary things for the church. For more than 30 years I have taught a Sunday School class, and for many years assisted with a sewing group which gives to charity. Our home has always been musical, so through the years we have assisted with programs, and enjoyed friends who played and sang.

And we didn't forget the picnic days, either, or the fun times. Nor those annual vacations, for every fall, for 20 years we bundled into the car,



Last month we printed the prize-winning letter written by Mrs. Annis O'Dell, of Johnstown, Colorado. Here is Mrs. O'Dell, her three small youngsters and her mother.

be it old, or be it new, and went north (usually into Minnesota) roughing it for 10 days, with a lot of homespun fun. Tenting with homemade equipment, we always brought back memories, a few mosquito bites, but our pocketbook looked rather respectable, for we caught fish and carried our potatoes to help along the budget.

At home, we took time out to study birds, and enjoyed every farm animal on the farm. Even after the boys were in college, we'd comment when a new calf, some new kittens or some new lambs came to us. The spring-time was best of all, with the baby pigs the cutest little things on earth. Many times we enjoyed a sunset together, or came out into the dusk to listen to a tiny owl, or listen to the souging of the wind. No, our house was not modern, but we forgot that part, and lived to enjoy what we had.

Five years ago rural electrification came our way, and since then we have enjoyed many things denied for so long. It has been wonderful.

How did we do it? Here are a few rules we have tried to adhere to down through the years.

1. Put **FIRST THINGS FIRST**. For a rural woman, this isn't so hard. If it is more important to see that the new lambs are cared for,—or new pigs kept warm,—than to see that the kitchen floor is washed or waxed . . . the kitchen waited until the young things were cared for.

2. Never forget the fact that all work and no play makes not only Jack a dull boy . . . but his dad too . . . and plan bits of recreation, even if it's nothing more than a cup of tea when the going's rough.

3. A list of small necessary things to be done on rainy days was kept, and as time afforded, these jobs got done and were checked off the list.

These varied from fixing a screen door to fixing a kitchen shelf.

4. Goods were bought in quantities, thus saving trips to town and money in our pockets. A list of necessary things was always kept at hand, so no time was lost checking back and forth.

5. Never lose sight of the fact that the children are after all the most important "possessions" we have . . . and weave a good moral pattern every day by example and precept. This is SO important.

6. My schedule, included house tidied and kitchen done by at least 9:30 A. M., if possible, and this gave me time for other things. I even took a correspondence course and finished it by utilizing these minutes.

7. Well planned leisure helped a lot.

9. For years I did the "hen chores" at night, which included feeding and watering, that I might have the next morning for the children.

10. When guests came to stay overnight, we made them as welcome as possible, forgetting the dust that accumulated. And looking back, I'm glad we did, for there are precious memories that obliterate the dust on the buffet.

11. I planned menus a week at a time, and planned school lunches the same way. It saved time.

12. I tried to remember above all my stewardship to God, giving a tithe of money, time and talent . . . thereby trusting God to help it all to come out alright.

DAD

There is someone who will always

Be very dear to me,
Someone who has helped me in
Countless ways. You see
It doesn't matter to him whether
I've been good or bad,
If 'twas a friend I needed,
I could always count on Dad.
He's cheered me with his laughter
And with his ready smile,
His kind advice has helped me
O'er many a rugged mile.
Dad's my very special friend,
He's stuck through thick and thin,
I could search the wide world over
But find 'none so good as him'!
Don't offer me a substitute—
No indeed, you needn't bother,
Because, you see, there's no one
Who can take the place of Father.

—By Mabel Nair Brown.

(Ed. Note: Why don't you teach this to the youngsters of the family and have them surprise Dad with it at the breakfast table on Father's Day? If they kept it a secret until just the moment they repeated it in unison, he would be greatly surprised and pleased—and the children would be thrilled.)

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A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

May Day is Lei Day in Hawaii, and what a gala day it is. Here at the school we had to have Lei Day on the day before May Day since the latter fell on a Saturday.

In the morning the 600 children in the Elementary Academy had a big parade and a program. All of the little girls from kindergarten up through the sixth grade were dressed in grass hula skirts, holokus, or mumus. A holoku is simply an old-fashioned long dress, some with bustles. A mumu is what you would call a mother hubbard, a shapeless, sack-like dress. Both the holokus and the mumus are made of very bright materials. All of the senior and junior academy students were let out of classes to watch the elementary children parade around the campus.

Each class made a float and paraded together around it. Some of the floats were very good. One float represented one of the famous Hawaiian volcanoes, and with the use of certain chemicals, smoke and steam were made to belch forth out of it. Another float represented a Hawaiian oddity known as the blowhole. Now the blowhole is a hole in the shore not far from Honolulu where the pressure of the surf forces regular geysers of water up through the opening. This little float had a hole that spouted water. The secret of it was disclosed to me by the class teacher who explained that one of the little boys was down inside of the hole with a pan of water and a tire pump—thus the spurts of water. At the program after the parade the principal of the elementary school put a beautiful flower lei on the queen of the day while the children all did hula dances to Hawaiian music.

The Junior and Senior Academies had their festivities in the afternoon. Hundreds of people filled the bleachers to capacity. One poor lady fainted in the frightfully hot sun. The Lei Day queen and all of her attendants and pages were selected from our Hawaiian students. I was right in midst of things taking pictures. Crowds of tourists came up from the big hotels to see the event. The president of the school crowned the queen with a lei, and then various groups of students in Hawaiian dress did native dances to the accompaniment of a native orchestra. Believe me, it was a thrilling show. It was the first time that Betty and I had seen any of the stand-up hula dances. You see, there are both the stand-up hulas and the sit-down hulas. At first I hardly knew what to think when I saw my bible class students doing hula dances in grass skirts, but out here no one thinks anything of it.

The first hula dances Betty and I had ever seen were at the Honolulu Garden Club flower show a few weeks ago. There we saw a group of real native Hawaiian women—about 25 of them—between the ages of 20 and 80 doing some sit-down hulas. Sitting cross-legged on the ground the women dance by swaying the torsos and hands from side to side in rhythm



When Mother and Dad visited San Juan Capistrano they were besieged by countless white pigeons who live in the Mission gardens.

with the music. The very old gray-haired ladies seemed to put as much or even more into the dances than the younger ladies. My, how these Hawaiians do love to dance, and most of the dances are really lovely to watch. As they dance they click rocks together which they hold in their hands, or they beat out the rhythm with split bamboo sticks.

The flower show itself was something of a disappointment. What there was of it was very nice, but there was very little of it. All of the displays could have been put in two rooms the size of the average schoolroom. Betty and I have been spoiled by some of the large and very impressive flower shows that we have seen on the mainland. The Shenandoah flower shows are far more elaborate than this one we saw out here. It is hard to understand when one considers the tremendous abundance of flowers here in Honolulu alone. Just two weeks ago there was held the Honolulu Orchid Show that was really something special. Many hundreds of orchid displays were on exhibit. Never in my life had I seen such a display of rare and costly flowers. Several of our teachers raise orchids here on the campus.

Yesterday morning bright and early I set out with twenty-four students and two other faculty members on an all-day hike. It was my first hike with the school hiking club. The club has three orders. After completion of one hike you are rated as a turtle. After completing the second hike you are rated as a wild pig. And after the third hike you are rated as a mountain goat. I am now a turtle. The hike we went on yesterday was a good one for a turtle, for we were wading mud a great deal of the time. We walked seven miles to get to the top of a ridge with a particularly beautiful view, and of course it was seven miles back. The trail had not been used since the army quit using

it at the end of the war, and in many places it was in a bad state of repair. The undergrowth literally tore my clothing off me. My shirt and trousers were ripped to shreds by the brambles, and my shoes were cut to pieces by the rocks. When I got home I was so filthy dirty that an ordinary shower just would not get me clean. I had to scrub and scrub with a coarse brush to get the caked mud off. What a hike that was! I loved it, however, and I plan to become a wild pig next month. Today I am recuperating from the bumps and bruises of yesterday. Each of the twenty-seven persons on yesterday's hike slipped in the mud and fell to the ground an average of five times on that one hike.

Now that the month of May is here we are anticipating our annual plague of flying termites any day. All of the old-timers out here have told us to get our DDT bombs and flit guns ready for any emergency. We live in an old house whose walls and floors are full of termites which give us very little concern ordinarily. We are told, however, that one night this month all of the termites in the winged stage will fly out of their nests and search for a new home. In an old house like this one the termites will on that certain night swarm over everything. Our next-door neighbor came in and helped me plan the strategy for that night. All three of us will move into the downstairs bedroom turning off all lights in the house except one in the bathroom. The bathtub will be filled with water and suspended over it will be an extension cord with a large bulb. The light will attract the termites from the other rooms of the house and theoretically they will be drowned in the bathtub as they drone around the light. A DDT bomb will be let off at intervals during the night in the bedroom. Our neighbor said, "No matter what you do you will still have a lot of them in your hair and in bed with you. About all you can do is to hope and pray that they will not swarm for more than one or two nights."

We had the thrill the other day of watching the beautiful new ship, the S. S. Lurline of the Matson Line (claimed to be the most beautiful ship afloat), sail into Honolulu harbor on its first trip. It is a beautiful ship and there is no doubt about it. Visitors were allowed aboard the second day it was here, and so Betty and I decided to pay it a visit. We decided to wait until evening when the main crowd would have seen the ship and gone. What a mistake that was! I have never seen such a crowd of people in my life. When we got to the end of the line we were told that there were 12,000 people ahead of us. The line stretched from curb to curb and several blocks up the street. It has now been disclosed that there was some man in Honolulu who did not go down to see the new Lurline and the Chamber of Commerce is offering a reward for the complete exposure of this person. We took one look at the crowd and went home. We shall try to see it on its next trip.

Aloha, Frederick.



FOR THE CHILDREN

CASPER MEETS CATASTROPHE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Right after breakfast one balmy June morning, Papa Duck tucked the Daily Duck Dispatch under his arm and waddled out to the big Maple tree. There he sat down, perched his spectacles on his shiny bill and began to read the early morning news. Mama Duck sat not far away darning Casper's last pair of Sunday pants. As for Casper—well, he was running wildly back and forth, scaring butterflies from the flowers and quacking noisily all the time.

"Tsk! Tsk!" clucked Papa Duck from behind the Dispatch. "I see in the news that our wild cousins are traveling North again. Mama, I just don't know how they ever get their eggs hatched and their families raised properly when they run around so much. Hither and thither, never in one place! Tsk! Tsk!"

"Oh, Papa, that's just their way. And I don't know but what their way is more fun than ours, laying eggs in the same old nests year after year."

"Mama!" Papa Duck was clearly shocked. "Sometimes I think you must have a strain of wild duck in you someplace. Perhaps that is why our Casper is so imaginative." Then Papa looked up and saw that Casper had stopped playing and was listening to every word.

"Run along, Casper. Young ducks should not eavesdrop on the conversation of their elders." Then he popped his head behind the Dispatch again and Mama Duck continued her patching. All the time a very strange idea was taking shape in Casper's mind.

Yes, he thought, I'll bet it is more fun to be a wild duck. They fly to strange new lands and have different nests every year. Besides, they don't have to go to school or be quiet while their Papas read the Dispatch. Yes sir, I'd like to be a wild duck! I just think I'll go down to the pond and fly away with them—that's what I'll do!"

When Casper got to the pond he waddled into the water and swam among the wild ducks. He felt very smart because he had decided to join these sleek, strong birds. He began to preen in the water and to paddle furiously from one side of the pond to the other to show the wild ducks that he was as strong as they.

In fact, Casper was paying so much attention to himself that he didn't notice two small boys pause at the edge of the pond. He didn't even see them stoop to select a handful of stones until suddenly a shower of pebbles fell among the ducks. With enraged quacks and a quick flutter of wings, his wild duck friends rose and

sped away. But not Casper. Casper sat on the water, a very stunned duck, with a great big lump on his head where a stone had hit him.

"Oh look, I hit one of them," yelled the red-haired boy.

"We'd better run, quick," shouted the second boy. "That isn't a wild duck! That's one of Mother's finest tame ducks and if she learns we threw stones at it, she'll be angry."

Then they scampered away leaving poor Casper alone with his lump.

"Quack! Quack!" he muttered as he waddled toward home. "I guess it's not so much fun to be wild after all!"

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Thank you for the world so sweet,

Thank you for the food we eat,

Thank you for the birds that sing,

Thank you God for everything.

This is the favorite before-meal prayer of Bonnie Jean Sulmonetti, aged five, of Portland, Oregon. It was sent to us by her grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Johnson of Redfield, Ia.



Boy Scouts in Hawaii wear shorts because of the hot weather. These two fine looking boys are Ronald Bachman, aged 10 and his brother, Russell aged 9. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bachman, Nanakuli, Oahu, T. H., and their grandmother is Mrs. M. Kunkle of Rinard, Iowa.

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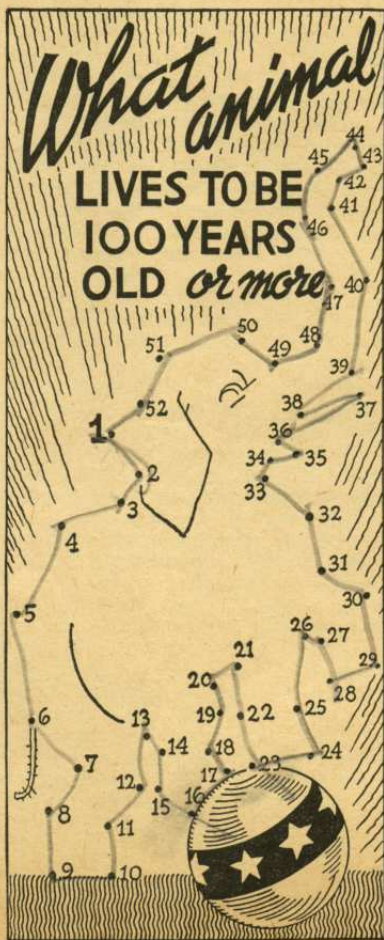
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NOTICE

Effective with the August issue the rate for "Little Ads" will be 10¢ a word. This advance in the rate has been caused by increased costs of publishing the magazine. We have absorbed these costs for over a year, but we now find it necessary to change the rate for the "Little Ads." No ads accepted at the old rate after June 1, 1948.

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SEWING WANTED—Cotton Dresses \$1; Aprons, 35¢; Childs' Dress or Pajamas, 75¢. Send pattern, material, thread, trimmings and measurements. For other prices write. Make quilt tops \$2.50, send material, pattern, and thread. For Sale: Necktie aprons, of feed sacks and print, \$1.50. Mrs. Fred Putz, Lacona, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS, illustrated booklet, tell's just how. Complete instructions, 35¢ (No stamps). Mayme Gale, Longmont, Colo.

FREE, hanky crocheted edge, with every \$10 order of any combination of following, crocheted, pineapple buffet set \$7; vanity \$7; scarf to match \$7. (any size) pineapple chair set \$7, any color preferred. Trimmed print feed sack apron medium 75¢, children's dresses, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, \$1.10. Box 25 beautiful assorted cards \$1.10. Small orders welcome. Mrs. Louis Koesters, Earlring, Ia.

RECIPES FOR DELICIOUS, chocolate Sponge Cake and Filling. Black Coconut Cake and Filling. Cold water soap that is different, lathers wonderfully, perfumed. Each recipe 25¢. Pretty Aprons, \$1.10; Bonnets \$1.10. Mrs. Lee Kessler, Sulphur Well, Ky.

CROCHETED COFFEE TABLE DOILIES, oval pineapple 22x15 white \$3. See ad in April issue of chair sets, Tea aprons, and doilies, beauties. Always on hand postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

BUFFET SET PINEAPPLE NEW DESIGN, 18 in., two 13-in. \$4.50. Buffet set Star Pineapple 15 in. two 12 in. \$2.75. 22 in. to match \$2. 14 in. to match \$1.25. 14 in. ruffled doily \$1.25. 20 in. ruffled doily \$2.25. 18 in. two row pineapple \$1.75. Any color. Mrs. S. Priest, Papillion, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Adorable Baby Boots, \$1.25 pr. Soakers \$1.25, cuddly dolls \$1.75. Brushed Wool Rabbits, large \$2. 4 pc. Baby Sets \$5. 15 in. Pansy Doily \$1.50. Hot Pads, 75¢. Above articles all crocheted. Mrs. G. Page, Box 574, Boone, Ia.

HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES, for infants. All wool 3-pc. sweater sets \$3. Single sweaters \$1.50, wool booties \$1. Bibs of mercerized cotton, ribbon trim. \$1. Hand knit cotton soakers \$1. Postpaid. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

RECIPES: Send 5¢ for one or 25¢ for 6. Extra surprise recipe with purchase of 6. Banana doughnuts, Iced tea, Sponge Cup Cakes, Floating Island, Vegetable Soup, Pumpkin Pie Filling. Send stamped envelope. Mrs. Nellie Youngs, Sag Harbor, New York.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASES, 42 in. tubing \$4. Scarfs \$3. Vanity Set \$2. Hemstitched with colored crocheted edges. Crocheted rose motifs, 3 on case, with crocheted edges \$5. Guaranteed. Clarice Points, Mondamin, Ia.

RECIPES: Twenty home-tested delicious cooky recipes, grand variety. 25¢ and stamped envelope. June Harding, Box 262, Belfair, Wash.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, 64x80 with Buffet runner to match 16x60, white pineapple medallions \$60 for set. Tablecloth 32 in square Ecru, Forest flower \$12. All kinds and sizes of doilies and centerpieces white and ecru from \$2 to \$5. Vanity sets white \$3. Postpaid. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Mo.

EXCELLENT CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CAKE RECIPE, and also the icing that goes with it, both for 25¢ send to Miss Mae Bricker, 6520 Brown St., Sta. D. St. Joseph, Mo.

TABLECLOTHS, approximately 72x90 in. white crochet thread No. 20. Price \$50 to \$65. Mrs. B. M. Taft, Polo, Mo.

RECIPE: Excellent heavenly dessert, easy to make, inexpensive, delicious for hot weather. 25¢ (no stamps) stamped envelope. L. Kluck, 7412 Wise, St. Louis, Mo.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE, chocolate ice box pudding, Graham Cracker Pineapple Pudding. A dime and a three cent stamp and cash. Miss Hazel Scott, Sharpsburg, Ia.

JUNE SPECIAL—Free Shower Favor Pattern with 75 fine paper napkins; pastels or white, names in gold or colors only \$1.79 postpaid, cash with order. Marwall Service & Supply, Box 405, Jefferson, Ia.

FOR SALE—My nine room all modern income Home in Spencer, Iowa. Also large garage convertible into 3-4 room dwelling. Priced for cash sale. Phone 804-J or write. Haven House, Box 243, Spencer, Ia.

CARDS, an extraordinary fine everyday assortment, embossed with ribbons, ties, all birthday, all get-well. Gay wrapping paper, and stationery. Write, Millie J. De Wild, Eddyville, Ia.

SEWING EXPERIENCED, over 2 yrs. custom sewing. Tailored button holes, ladies dresses \$1.50, better \$2. Childs \$1. Baby's hand smocked completed \$1.50. Overalls 60¢, aprons 45¢, skirts 50¢, blouses 75¢, all orders appreciated. Send material, feed sacks, thread and patterns. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Ia.

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... By the Makers of
GLORI Fluff-Type Shampoo

Everyone who tries La Dana's Home Permanent kit says it's the best they ever used! Gives them a lustrous, professional-type wave, **RIGHT IN THEIR OWN HOME**. No need to spend hours away from home. No need to pay a sitter to stay with the children.

La Dana Home Permanent costs you only \$2, postpaid and **TAX PAID**. The new non-slip velvet grip curlers make it easier to wind the curls, and they stay nicer for a longer time.

The kit comes complete, even including the cotton for applying the lotion. In addition it contains a jar with enough Glori Fluff-Type Shampoo so you can shampoo your hair before the permanent, and several times afterwards.

IT'S THE BIGGEST VALUE EVER OFFERED IN A HOME PERMANENT! Send \$2 today and your kit will be mailed at once. If you already have the curlers, send **ONE DOLLAR ONLY**, for a **RE-FILL**. Remember, postage and tax are paid by us. Send orders direct to—

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Special Offer, for a limited time only!
THREE COMPLETE KITS for \$5.

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR BRIDE'S SHOWER

By Mabel Nair Brown

SILENT MOVIE WEDDING

This is an hilariously funny stunt for a large group, say a neighborhood shower or a church group.

Beforehand, you will cut as many slips of papers as the number of guests you expect. On the papers write the name of one of the characters who would take part in a large wedding (bride, groom, minister, ushers, bridesmaids, etc.), and then put in an equal number of blank slips to make up the correct number needed. For a really large group you can bear in mind that there could be as many as a dozen bridesmaids, six or eight flower girls, any number of ushers, six or eight candlelighters, etc.

Everyone will draw a slip, but chance will decide who will take part. After slips are drawn the hostess will explain that those drawing parts are to put on a "silent movie" version of the wedding with the other guests as the audience. Then take those who are to participate into another room and allow them time to plan their performance. They will also want to utilize the props that have been provided in advance by the hostess or committee.

Here are some hints for props: large stalk of celery tied with tea towel for bride's bouquet; handful of kitchen tools and weeds for bridesmaids' flowers; jar rubber for ring that is to be carried on large pillow or stuck over a stick or plumber's friend; apple baskets filled with rhubarb leaves and torn scraps of newspaper for flower girls; old lace curtain long enough to form a train for bride, and two stout sticks or washboard for train bearer to carry end of curtain in; overalls and lumber jackets for men of bridal party; catalogue for minister. I'm sure your group will have other suggestions for props when the stunt is planned.

Now as the hostess gives a signal the players go through the wedding entirely in pantomime without a word spoken. Tiny birthday candles should be lighted at the altar—and the altar can be made by covering an old packing box with red-white-and-blue bunting and bringing it in from another room just before the ceremony begins. The pianist and singer can go through a silent rendition of nuptial music, and then the bridal party enters and goes through the ceremony. The audience will be in convulsions of laughter, and if the performers can possibly keep serious, straight faces it will add to the hilarious amusement.

ROMANCE THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE

Write these titles on separate slips of paper. 1. The First Meeting; 2. The

Proposal; 3. Presenting the Ring; 4. Telling the Folks; 5. A Lover's Quarrel. Divide your crowd into five groups, giving a slip of paper to each group. Allow them exactly five minutes and no more to plan how they will act out their title. Then, in order as numbered, have the players put on their charade as if looking at the old stereoscope cards of yesteryear.

THE BRIDE'S FIRST BAKING DAY

Pass out slips of paper on which are written things one uses in baking such as soda, vanilla, sugar, coconut, raisins, chocolate, red pepper, cloves, flour, etc. Then the hostess will read the bride's recipe for her first hot rolls, ice-box cookies, upside-down cake—whatever recipes you wish. She will read the amounts and guests will take turns reading the ingredients on their paper. Thus when the recipe for hot rolls is read, some guest may respond by reading from her slip of paper (it will carry a number corresponding with the number of the recipe the hostess reads) such things as the following: 1 cup of coconut, a dash of cloves, 1 tsp. of soda and 2 cups of sugar. Ingredients and amounts can be juggled around in endless combinations.

MUSICAL ROMANCE

The following game may be used in either of two ways. If you have a pianist in the group who can find copies of the songs needed or who knows them without the music, have her play them as you read the few words needed as clues. Your guests will have slips of paper on which they can number and name as many of the songs as possible, and of course a simple prize could be awarded to the winner.

If you lack both the piano and the pianist, pass out slips of paper and read the following, asking the participants to count the number of songs you mention (there will be 26). Should you use the musical version you might launch into it by saying, "The name of the bride is" . . . and then the pianist will play *Margie*.

Margie and Danny Boy were strolling Together, In the Evening By the Moonlight, Down by the Old Mill Stream. He was telling her Love's Old Sweet Song. "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," he said, "for I Love You Truly. I want you for my wife for Always. I need your sweet Smiles to cheer me on when I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover. I don't have much money but I have a Home On the Range and I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams and I'll feed you on Shortenin' Bread. We can settle down in My Little Grey Home In the West and Let the Rest of the World Go By. Please give me your answer no later than At Dawning."

She quickly answered, "I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time and we'll have An Apple Blossom Wedding with Sioux City Sue and Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair as my bridesmaids, and we'll be married in The Church in the Wildwood.

"My Buddy will be my best man," he said, "and I'll be so happy I'll Dance At Your Wedding. Then we'll ride away In My Merry Oldsmobile to

our honeymoon Somewhere In Old Wyoming."

MOCK HONEYMOON

If you have never played this stunt in your community you will find it convulsively funny — no better ice-breaker for a party was ever devised.

Pass out slips of paper to all guests present; half of these will carry odd numbers beginning with 1 (opposite the figure 1 write "bride") and running through 3, 5, 7, 9, etc.—as many as you need; the other half will carry even numbers beginning with 2 (opposite the figure 2 write "groom") and continuing on through 4, 6, 8, etc. If you expect 20 guests, for instance, the total odd and even slips will be 20. The crowd will divide into two groups, all odds on one side and evens on the other. Whoever drew the slips numbered 1 and 2 will act as bride and groom.

Furnish an old suitcase filled with a complete woman's wardrobe for the groom, and another old suitcase containing a complete wardrobe of men's clothing for the bride. Explain to the bride and groom that they are to dress in the clothes that are taken out of the suitcase, close the suitcase, run a given distance (down to the corner and back, for instance), return and undress, replace clothes in suitcase and close it. They will be timed from the moment they start and of course will be competing to see who is the winner. All of the odd numbers will cheer from the sidelines for the bride, and the same thing will be true for the groom's supporters. No assistance is permitted.

The couple's frantic struggles to dress and their grotesque appearance when ready to tear out the front door will create gales of laughter. Be sure you furnish funny clothes such as a large-brimmed hat with trailing feathers, an old-fashioned type corset, etc., for the groom, and a pair of men's high laced shoes, etc. for the bride. The time element can be evened up if you will provide the bride with a man's shirt calling for cuff links and studs to compensate for the laced corset.

LA DANA SPECIAL JUNE OFFER

(By the makers of GLORI Fluff-Type Shampoo, featured for two years on the Kitchen-Klatter Program.)

During the month of June only, your one-dollar bill brings you this wonderful SPECIAL OFFER . . . including:

- 1—A Regular Dollar-size jar of GLORI Fluff-Type SHAMPOO, that cleans your hair so beautifully in either hard or soft water, leaves it lustrous, gleaming with highlights, and manageable.
- 2—A Free Jar of LA DANA HAND CREAM . . . just the thing to keep hands soft and smooth after house-cleaning or working in the garden.
- 3—A Free "Purse-Size" bottle of LA DANA Lotion-Base DEODORANT. (It's also an anti-perspirant . . . wonderful for these warm days.)

You get ALL THREE ITEMS, postpaid, for just ONE DOLLAR. Send a dollar bill today with your name and address, direct to—

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Omaha, Nebraska

Your package will be mailed same day your order is received.

Goodbye until next month.

Leanna and Lucile