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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My Dear Friends.

It seems hardly possible that we have been back in Iowa for almost three weeks for there has been so much going on here at the Kitchen-Klatter house that the hours have really flown! Needless to say, they have been happy hours. A fine trip is a wonderful experience, but in some ways getting back home again is the best of all.

Before I mention our return trip I want to turn back the pages and write about the trip that we made to northern California to visit my brother, S. E. Field and his wife Louise. We made this trip just before we returned to Iowa, and in one way it was what might be called a "test run" for I wanted to see how well I could stand up under a long distance by car. Sol's ranch is approximately 550 miles from Los Angeles and it was our intention when we started to make an over-night stop at Fresno, the halfway point. However, we made such good time both going up and returning that on our way north we stayed at Merced, and on our way back to Redlands we stayed at Bakersfield.

It had been well over twenty years since Sol and I had seen each other, and when I first glimpsed him I was reminded vividly of my Father. Those of you who have met brothers and sisters after a period of many years have had similar experiences, I'm sure.

Sol raises fine horses on his ranch, and elsewhere in this issue you will see a picture taken in one of the corrals.

One day during our visit there we drove towards Mt. Lassen, and on this ride we saw a great deal of volcanic rock and lava that were thrown up out of the volcano countless years ago. We passed through an area of approximately forty miles that was covered with enormous boulders, and I looked at this with especial interest since my Grandfather Eastman mentioned it in the diary that he kept when he went to the gold fields in 1849. Sol knows almost every inch of this country for as long as his health permitted he spent his summers acting as a guide and general camp supervisor for many groups of Boy Scouts that came up from various California cities. It was plain to be seen that he had thoroughly enjoyed his work with the Scouts for he

has kept in touch with many of them, and every summer some of the boys, now grown into successful professional and business men, come to see him.

During our stay I also did one thing that reminded me very much of home—I broadcast over the Red Bluff radio station. This is a 250-watt station that services the local area, and I enjoyed facing a microphone in what was for me a brand new country.

We had been back in Redlands only a short time when Howard arrived by plane, and after three full days of sight-seeing we started back for Iowa bright and early on March 7th. In fact, it was so bright and early that we didn't take time to eat breakfast, but the wonderful friends we had made at the hotel were on hand, looking a little sleepy, to be sure, to wish us a safe trip. As the sun came up over the mountains we were on our way, very happy over our wonderful California vacation, but eager to get home again.

All of our luggage was stored in the trunk of the car so I had the back seat to myself. We bought a pillow for me to use when I tired, and I really had a pleasant trip. We only drove between 350 and 400 miles a day, stopping in time to be sure and find a vacancy in some motel.

We stayed the first night at Mesa, a prosperous town near Phoenix; it lies right in the midst of the Arizona desert. The next night we reached Amarillo, Texas. It was sleeting a little, but we surely did not expect to see a blizzard raging the next morning and the temperature down to zero. The roads were impassable, so we stayed at the motel until Thursday forenoon when we were told that the roads were once more open for travel.

All went well until about two that afternoon. At that time we came up over the summit of a hill and saw at least 300 cars parked single file on the highway ahead of us. There was a large snowbank reaching entirely across the road, and the small snow plow couldn't budge it. They sent for a big plow but it broke down. Cars began to line up behind us, and about dusk we started to wonder if we would all have to spend the night there. Finally we decided to turn around in the narrow road and go back to a small motel we remembered passing. There was a cafe nearby

where we got our supper, and although the cabin was equipped for summer tourists we piled our coats over us for added warmth and were thankful that at least we had a place to spend the night.

Friday we heard Lucile and Margery broadcasting the Kitchen-Klatter program and learned they were expecting us at any moment, so instead of staying all night some place in Kansas we decided to drive on to Shenandoah. That last day we covered more miles than I'll number, but I really wasn't tired from the trip.

All in all, every bit of our California experience was wonderful, and we hope to spend next winter in Redlands if it is possible for us to do so.

As I write this I am looking out the north window and regretting that soon we must take out our weeping willow tree that grows in the back yard. It has grown so tall it interferes with the telephone wires, so it must be cut down. In its place we are planting a Redbud tree for Martin Erik, and east of it a Dogwood for Mary Leanna. They will not grow too tall (I hope). Perhaps we started a custom we can't finish, that of planting a tree for each new grandchild, unless we want to make a regular jungle out of our back yard!

We are in a terrible mess here this month. It began very innocently when we decided to have the four upstairs bedrooms, hall and bathroom papered. Then the workmen found plaster loose, so it turned out that all of the upstairs walls had to be replastered. As a result we have had men at work up there for several weeks, but when they are through I will have my upstairs housecleaning done since all of the woodwork is being painted as well as the new plaster and paint job. I've learned that it's one way to get to the very bottom of large closets! Some of those closets hadn't had *everything* out of them for years since they were stacked with books and cartons of the childrens' possessions that they did not have room for in their homes.

Come and see us if you are in Shenandoah this summer. Our latch-string is always out for Kitchen-Klatter friends. Sincerely, Leanna.

MY TASK

A homekeeper? Ah yes, dear heart, and more;
Keeper of hearts for those love gave to me,
Upholding weary hands that else might fail,
Smoothing a little head upon my knee.

A homekeeper am I; this is my task:
To make one little spot all snug and warm,
Where those so bruised and beaten by the day
May find a refuge from the night and storm.

Gladly I serve—love makes the serving sweet;
I feel no load—love makes the burden light;
A happy keeper I of home and hearts—
Serving, I reign—a queen by love's own right. —Florence Hadley.

Come into the Garden

MAY IN THE GARDEN

By Mary Duncomb

The month of May is often referred to as a merry one. And by rights it should be!

Here in the Upper Midwest the fragrance of the wild plums float on the breeze as they fluff out their snowy bouquets along the river's bank. In home orchards the deep humming of myriads of bees fill the rosy drifts of bloom in the apple trees, which obligingly open at stated intervals depending upon whether they are early or late varieties. But blooms on the apple trees are not a welcome sight here on May Day, no matter how prettily they may fill the childrens' Maybaskets. Too often that is all they do, for the frost will take its toll if they are so fool-hardy as to open too soon. The Lilacs vie with them in perfume and color, and Iris blooms in every garden. And the May moon makes a paradise of all the sleeping land.

Many tulips are also out here, and this usually brings up the question of what we shall plant over the tulip bed after their beauty has fled. This is best answered by choosing some shallow-rooted annual and either plant seeds among the tulips when they are just coming through the ground, or by transplanting seedling plants on the bed after the leaves of the tulips have become dry or ragged-looking.

One may already have grown his own seedlings in a specially prepared bed earlier in the season, or plants may be available at the florists. In either case, dwarf marigolds, alyssum, phlox, rose moss or verbenas are all good choices. These may be solid beds of all one variety, or the center may be filled with taller plants edged with some low-growing plant; usually this edging looks better if only one or two kinds of plants are chosen. Petunias make a good covering as they are truly an all-season flower.

Most of our gladioli are planted in May. If we plant them at intervals we shall have a longer period of bloom. If we have all kinds, both early and late, they may all be planted at the same time as they will develop their bloom at different times. If one cannot grow lilies successfully this flower is a very good substitute. Plant them deep enough in this windy section so that their roots will form a good anchor in a storm.

There is no need to worry if small insects are seen covering the young peony buds. They will not damage the buds at all; they are fond of the sticky substance covering the bud, and may even do it good. Anyway, it seems to be one of Nature's ways of solving one of her unfathomable methods of satisfying insects and flowers at the same time.

When planting asters why not be forearmed and mix tobacco dust with the soil in which they are planted? This is said to discourage the root

aphis which will ruin the plants at a later date. At least it has worked for me. Not all years, however, seem favorable to the growing of good asters, but they are worth the trial every year.

Do you grow parsley? Whether you grow it for a garnish or for the flavoring it gives food when added in cooking, you may be sure of one thing at least—it is very decorative in the garden. It may even be used as a low edging for a flower bed, especially if you choose the Double Moss Curled which grows seven or eight inches high. Parsley germinates slowly, but is easy to grow and thrives on almost any soil.

If you want to grow something which is new to you, you might try the turnip-rooted parsley which has a thick fleshy root similar to a parsnip, and which keeps well for winter use in soups and stews. It is white and fine-grained. There are other varieties which are even more dwarfed than the one mentioned, and these are ideal for the garden that has limited space. Try at least one new vegetable this summer for variety—and remember that a small planting will do for your experiment.

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

PART VII

Propagation by Seeds Continued.

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

When it is seen how easily they grow and what wonderful results are possible with Lily seeds of the "easy" group, venturesome gardeners are inspired to try some of the "slow" group, also.

This includes *Lilium auratum*, *L. canadense*, *L. chalcedonicum*, *L. giganteum*, *L. grayi*, *L. humboldtii*, *L. japonicum*, *L. martagon*, *L. michiganense*, *L. philadelphicum*, *L. rubellum*, *L. rubescens*, *L. speciosum*, *L. superbum*, *L. tsingtauense*, *L. washingtonianum* and others.

After reading the best Lily books obtainable, garden magazines and the experiences of both professional and amateur growers and experimenting with seeds for a number of years, I have reached only one logical conclusion: That the growing of the "slow" group of Lilies from seeds is still in the experimental stage as far as giving hard and fast rules is concerned. This should be a challenge and should not deter the enthusiastic Lily lover from planting seed and helping with the experimentations which will eventually lead to definite facts and rules of procedure.

The principal requisite is patience. Many of the "slow" group grow quite as readily as the "easy" group but it does take several years longer to produce blooming-size bulbs. The books tell us that it takes a period of warmth (as if the seeds had been sown in summer or early autumn) to induce germination, at which time tiny bulblets are formed but no top growth. Then a period of cold (as if they had gone through a winter) and the warm conditions again (as if it were spring)



This spectacular flower is *Lilium michiganense*, a Lily of the "slow group."—Photo by Olga Tiemann.

at which time leaf growth appears.

Thus we could plant the seeds of this group in the early spring. They would develop bulblets but no top growth during the summer. Then leaves would appear the following spring. In order to hurry things along we are told that we can plant the seeds the first fall inside in pots where they will develop leafless bulblets. In the spring the pots are set outside or the bulblets are planted in a frame early enough to take advantage of several weeks of chilling weather to induce spring leaf growth.

The puzzling part comes when these seeds are planted according to directions in pots, or in instances of early maturing varieties like *Lilium martagon*, in seed frames, to have them send up leaf growth within a few weeks after planting without going through a period of cold temperatures. I have had this occur with *Lilium speciosum*, *L. martagon album* and *L. philadelphicum*. They send up a cotyledon (seed leaf) and are slower than in making true leaves. Further watching and checking is necessary before definite facts can be stated.

This much can be said: it is perfectly safe to plant the seeds as soon as mature in containers to be kept in a cool, sunny window if leaf growth does appear. Seeds of early maturing kinds like *Lilium martagon* can be planted outside in a frame and will make bulblets (mine make top growth, too) which will winter over safely. I add a little additional soil and mulch well. The seeds may also be sown in the frame in late fall or in the spring.

COVER PICTURE

Those of us who heard Mother broadcast from Hollywood particularly enjoy this picture, for it was snapped just as Tom Breneman brought the microphone over to the table where the Driftmiers were sitting.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness
CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

In May of 1939 the members of our family who were then at home drove to Tarkio for the graduation exercises at which Frederick received his Bachelor of Arts degree. College graduations are always momentous events, but for one especial reason Frederick's graduation was particularly momentous because we knew that very shortly he would leave to spend three years in Egypt.

As a rule it takes a number of months to complete negotiations for foreign work of any kind, and Frederick's case was no exception. He had started shortly after the first of the year to make arrangements for going to the American College in Assuit, Egypt, as a teacher in the English department, and I believe that it was about the first of May before the necessary transactions had been completed.

Mother and Dad had mingled feelings about this venture! They wanted Frederick to do what he wished the most to do, but at the same time they dreaded seeing him go so far away for such a long time. Although war clouds hung heavily on the horizon at that date they didn't know, nor did any one else know, that before much more time had elapsed two of their other boys would be far away under conditions much more hazardous than teaching in Egypt.

But this was 1939 and Tarkio was a tranquil town far, far away from Egypt—and Egypt was still a remote country visited mainly by world travelers, missionaries and representatives of our State Department. Our world has shrunk so swiftly since then that it is difficult to return in memory to the sensations that all of us had when we knew that a member of our family was going so far away on a three-year contract. But those sensations were very real at the time and Mother and Dad experienced all of them as they sat in the auditorium and watched as Frederick was awarded his degree.

The weeks before he left were very busy ones. Trunks and boxes had to be packed, clothes had to be put into good condition (how were we to know that there were marvelous tailors in Cairo, Alexandria and Assuit!), and there were the hundred-and-one other things that had to be taken care of before departure. I mustn't forget too the farewell parties, the callers who wished him well, and the family gatherings. Russell and I made a trip down from Minneapolis to say goodbye, and certainly I didn't know then that it would be seven years before Frederick and I were to meet again.

At four o'clock on a July morning the Driftmier family arose full force to tell both Frederick and Wayne goodbye. Wayne had planned to take his annual two weeks' vacation at this time in order that he might go as far as New York with Frederick, so there were the two boys to get off with all of their luggage. A friend of Wayne's was making the trip with



Nobody ever left our house with a collection of luggage comparable to Frederick's! The trunks and boxes aren't included here.

him, so the three boys were driving East together.

Fortunately it was a bright summer morning—Mother has said since then that she might have broken down if it had been dark and rainy. But it was the most cheerful morning imaginable, so Dad went into the house and got his camera—then he snapped the picture that you see on this page. A few moments later the boys were in the car, and then they had driven away. I don't know exactly how Mother and Dad felt as they turned around and went back into the house, but I can imagine!

The boys had a wonderful time in New York. They visited the World's Fair a number of times, saw practically all of the major points of interest, and wrote grand letters about all of it. In Frederick's letter written immediately after he had told Wayne goodbye he expressed grave doubt that "the boy would ever get back to Iowa safely" for it seems that Wayne had lost all of his traveler's cheques and that only Frederick's wisdom and greater experience had succeeded in tracking them down. There was a long recital of other mishaps as well, but it was probably a good thing that all of these scrapes took place because Frederick was so alarmed for Wayne's welfare, left to his own devices in a huge city, that he couldn't think about the fact that he was going away for three years.

The next letter from Frederick was posted in France, and since he has always been an exceptionally good correspondent there was much of interest in it, and in following letters written from Paris. He had the unusual experience of running into two old friends while he was in France, and they had some good times together. Then he took a train and went down into Italy where he expected to take the boat that would convey him to Egypt. There were tense days about that time, for while he was in Italy war was declared and we were all very uneasy until we received a cable stating that he was sailing. Then a few weeks later we had the first of our letters from As-

suit, Egypt, and those of you who have been our friends for a number of years can almost pick up the story from there because we shared so many of the letters from Egypt with you.

But to return to Shenandoah and pick up the thread of things once again. Wayne returned safe and sound from New York in spite of Frederick's ominous predictions and life settled back to normal. In September Margery left for Maryville where she entered the Northwest State Teachers' College. She had enjoyed her year at Ames but felt that she could get more comprehensive training in primary education at Maryville. None of us expressed any surprise when Margery decided to teach, for all of Dad's sisters were teachers, and all of Mother's sisters as well. You might almost say that it was a family tradition,

Just before Margery went away Mother made a change in her own work. Up until this time she had been broadcasting daily from KFNF, but in the years that had passed since Kitchen-Klatter first began, the family had sold their interests in KFNF and Mother was free to accept a new position on the station where we visit with you today—KMA. However, I suppose that few people have ever made a change that actually involved less complications, because Mother had been broadcasting from a little room we've always called "the office" right in her own home since her accident, and it was simply a question of taking out one microphone and installing another. Everything went along as usual—I don't believe that Mother missed more than two or three broadcasts, if that many.

Donald was a senior in high school that fall. We've always had various combinations of the family at home since we've been grown, and that fall and winter the combination consisted of Mother and Dad, Howard, Wayne and Donald. Think of the shirts there were to iron and the baking there was to do! The men of our family have never been known as delicate eaters. But Mother has always really enjoyed cooking, and she has never minded ironing shirts (this is the truth!), so it was a quiet and enjoyable time. Of course Dorothy was right here in town and ran up every day, and Margery came home for a weekend about once a month, so Mother did have some feminine companionship.

The week before Christmas Russell and I arrived to spend a couple of days enroute to Arizona. I remember clearly how warm it was that autumn and early winter—we were driving through to Arizona and it seemed almost like spring. The morning we left Shenandoah, however, there was a long dark cloud on the northern horizon, and we kept just a short distance ahead of the first winter storm through all of our journey towards San Antonio. We spent that Christmas in El Paso (along with the first snow in twenty years!) and then went on to Tucson, Arizona. There we took a house right on the desert, and settled down.

(To be continued in June)

POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

When Kira was about two years old she started biting the corners of her coat collars. It was a dirty and unsightly habit and a new coat would look ragged in a week. I couldn't think of any way to stop it and about the time that I had resigned myself, she stopped chewing her coat collar and began gnawing the ends of her pigtails. This was even worse, but I had a solution to that and cut her hair so short that she couldn't get the ends in her mouth. Then I sat back with a sigh of relief and she started biting her fingernails.

The only thing that I know for sure about nail-biting is that there is no real cut and dried method for dealing with it. I have seen parents try everything with no results. I know one boy who bit his nails for years and his parents reasoned with him, scolded, deprived him of privileges, appealed to his pride and even painted the tips of his fingers with quinine, but nothing seemed to help. He said he wanted to stop but couldn't remember to until after it was done. When he was fourteen years old, he began to scrub and bathe and demand clean clothes and brush his hair; then he stopped biting his finger-nails and had his first date all in a week. The problem was over.

One girl eleven years old has always been dainty and proud of a nice appearance, yet she bit her nails until they bled. She wanted a musical powder box and her Mother promised her one for Christmas if she would stop biting her nails—and she did. I don't think that ordinarily it is wise to bribe a child, but this time it worked. She told me that everytime she put her finger up to her mouth she thought about the musical box and stopped in time.

Many children begin biting their nails when tensions in the home develop and the Mother and Father are not getting along with each other. Some children bite their nails at home but not in school. They are usually bored because they are not permitted to do the normally noisy or messy things that children do at home. Some children feel happy and secure at home and keep busy with no nail-biting, but start as soon as they get into the classroom. They obviously are tense about school and need help to give them confidence so that they can keep up with their class and not feel any compulsion to outshine anybody.

Kira does not bite her nails all the time and has never gotten bad enough to make her fingers too unsightly, but I notice that she usually bites when we are reading an exciting story and also when she is shy about strangers. Her skin is naturally dry and her cuticle gets rough and it is a great temptation just to nip off the rough spot. I have taken to helping her with washing her hands and after a good brushing I smooth off the rough spots of her nails and nip the rough edges of the cuticle with my manicure scissors. I have given her a jar of hand cream and encourage her to massage her fingers with that



Louise Field enjoys the fine horses that Sol has on their ranch. In fact, the entire family takes a great interest in everything pertaining to horses, and scarcely a day passes without the only grandchild, Jackie Johnson, calling to see how the new colts are thriving.

at bed-time. Much as I dislike nail polish, especially on children, I have considered taking her to a beauty parlor for a real manicure and allowing her to choose the reddest polish on the shelf if she wants it.

I try to see to it that she gets plenty of rest and fresh air and good hard play outside. She likes to do things with her hands so she spends a great deal of time in the house with painting and drawing and clay modeling. Right now she is learning how to knit so she doesn't spend much time at nail-biting, and I feel that the habit is pretty well under control.

I have tried to analyse the reason for her biting first collars, then hair, and now fingers, and I think that it was a nervousness which resulted from her speech difficulty. Now that is nearly all corrected and I hope that the biting will stop. It was never a really bad habit and I think that we avoided making it so by a few simple rules. We never nagged or scolded or shamed her about it, because I know that that is the best way to make any habit worse, and I did everything that I could to correct her speech which I felt was the basic cause of her nervousness. I don't feel like an expert in this department because Kira still does bite her nails, but I still believe and practice the one best rule I know of in any trouble with children and that is patience.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
In life's ocean, vast and wide,
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind, and rain, and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,
By Patience on the west,
By tender Counsel on the south,
And on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light
Shine faith, and truth, and prayer;
And through the changing scenes of life,
I find a haven there.

—Unknown.

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER KINKS

"I put unseasoned sausage in pint or quart ice cream cartons and store them in the locker. This unseasoned meat keeps better, but put it in just as soon as possible after butchering. When ready to fry, I push the bottom of the carton loose after first cutting around the sausage next to the carton, and then push the sausage through. Slice off the amount you want. I keep a salt shaker with sausage seasoning in it to sprinkle over it while frying."—Mrs. A. L. Markley, Luray, Kansas.

"This is how I scallop potatoes. Peel and slice thin the number of potatoes needed. Melt a lump of butter in the skillet, add $\frac{1}{2}$ of the potatoes, salt and pepper, and then add rest of potatoes. Pour milk over them and allow to cook for five minutes or longer. I lift them from bottom of skillet with a fork to keep them from burning. Then pour in a buttered casserole and place in the oven. It takes only half as long to cook them this way."—Mrs. Mary Lane, 213 N. 7th St., Wymore, Neb.

Pies with meringue that must be covered and taken from the house will arrive looking good if you stick five toothpicks into it—four around the edge and one in the center. This will keep the wax paper from sticking to the meringue. — Mrs. R. P., Spring Valley, Minn.

If you must bake one potato each day for an invalid or a small child, the job can be done without heating the oven. Place a pound coffee can over a low flame. Inside it set a smaller lid from some other container. Rub the potato with a saltless grease, prick it, and place on this lid. Now put on the coffee can lid, and you'll find that the potato is perfectly baked in 35 minutes.—Mrs. A. T., Plattsmouth, Nebr.

Your kitchen cupboards and shelves can be more easily wiped off if you give them a good wax treatment. Your fireplace mantel will also profit by this treatment.—Miss A. D., Knoxville, Iowa.

If bananas must be ripened quickly, lightly dampen the inside of a brown paper bag, put in bananas, fold over the bag end and store in the kitchen at room temperature. — Mrs. W. W., Lennox, S. D.

REPRINTS

AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Here it is the first of April and time for another letter to you. March has been cold and wet, and even if it is still plenty chilly, it begins to seem like Spring because the men are once more in the fields getting the oats sown. When I step out the back door I can hear all the tractors in the neighborhood going full tilt.

Frank's sister, Bernie, and I have been making big plans for our garden. We are going to have one big garden this year, and work together on it. I suppose most of you got your potatoes planted last week. We didn't, but plan to get them in the first part of the month.

Kristin and I had a nice visit with the family in Shenandoah during March, our first trip since Christmas. We had planned to go just the day before the folks were to arrive home from California, but as it turned out we went a week before and stayed a week after their return. The reason for this was the heavy snow and extremely cold weather we had at that time. Of course right when the thermometer stood at ten below zero, our pigs and lambs began to arrive at the Johnson's farm. Since we live a mile from them, it made a lot of cold trips for Frank to make to check up on things and do what he could to keep the little new babies from freezing. Because the roads were impassable and he couldn't take the car, it meant either walking or taking the tractor, so we decided we would just set our visit up a few days and he could stay at his parents' home where he would be closer to his work. When it warmed up and everything was under control, we had had a nice visit with the folks and were glad to get home again.

It was quite a blow to Kristin to find, upon our arrival in Shenandoah, that Juliana had the measles so they couldn't even see each other. As soon as Juliana was able to be up, they had several telephone conversations, and then they did get to spend a couple of days together before the Vernesses left for Florida. We came home the day after they left.

I'll have to tell you a little joke on me that happened the night the folks got home. They drove up about eight o'clock in the evening, and Marge and I were so excited we ran out to the car, closing the front door after us, and forgetting that the night lock was on. So of course when we tried to get in, we found ourselves locked out. Neither Dad nor Howard had their keys with them. Kristin had only been in bed about ten minutes, so I hoped she hadn't gone to sleep yet. I went around to her bedroom window and called up to her to come down and open the front door for us and let us in. In a little bit we were all inside again, and Kristin said, "Well Mother, all you had to do was just turn the doorknob."

We are looking forward to a visit from Mother and Dad very soon now. I guess they are just waiting to hear that the roads are good. They plan to bring Margery and Martin up to stay a week or so with us. Kristin



Kristin was a happy little girl when her Mother came home from town with brand new jeans. She even wanted to sleep in them.

is terribly excited about it, and says Martin can sleep in her bed, and that she will just be glad to sleep on the floor. In fact, she told Marge that she slept on the floor at home all the time! I think that is a most generous offer on her part, but hardly necessary. She doesn't know that we are putting up another bed for her and it won't be necessary for her to sleep on the floor.

We have acquired new pets since I wrote you last, and all three of them are lambs. Last year we didn't have to bottle feed a single lamb, so this is the first time we have had any lamb pets. The first one Frank brought to the house was a poor sick little thing that we think now must have had pneumonia. This happened during the very cold weather while I was gone, so Bernie faithfully nursed the lamb back to health. Now he is a nice big fat lamb named Corky. Kristin had a lot of fun with Corky, but Corky's first love was Bernie, so she kept him at their house.

About a week ago Frank brought in another little lamb whose Mother had deserted her, and she was so thin I didn't see how she could even stand up, but after she had some nice warm milk inside of her, she got up and ran after Kristin, following her everywhere she went. If she could hear Kristin's voice but couldn't see her, she would just cry and cry until she found her. Kristin named her Snowball and we brought her home with us. She is filling out well now, and is quite the pet of the household. The other one came home with us three days ago. She is one of twins and is the tiniest little thing you ever did see. Kristin named her Abbie, but I keep wanting to call her Frisky because she has more pep than all the rest put together. The other two stay contentedly in their boxes, but little Abbie manages to get out no matter

where we put her.

Easter has come and gone, but I must tell you a little bit about it. I made Kristin a plaid wool pleated skirt and white blouse with eyelet trim. She calls herself a schoolgirl when she wears these things, and we just can't get over how grown up she really looks until we see her in this outfit. She had a new spring coat, and her Grandma Johnson bought her a new little natural straw hat with a navy blue ribbon around it and streamers down the back, with a little bouquet of flowers right on the top. She wore white gloves, also a gift of Grandma Johnson's, and carried her white purse Granny Driftmier gave to her.

On the Friday before Easter I took Kristin to the schoolhouse where she enjoyed the Easter Egg hunt the teacher had planned for the children. When I was in Des Moines one day several weeks ago, I got some cute little nut cups, a duck pulling a cart, and had thought if the weather was favorable long enough in advance to plan anything I would give an Easter party for Kristin, with an egg hunt in our yard. But since the weather didn't look too good we didn't have it. So on Easter Sunday, we filled the little carts with candy eggs and took Kristin around the neighborhood to deliver them to the children.

We were very happy Easter Sunday to have a short visit with our dear friend, Clarence Meyer of Aplington, Iowa. Clarence brought his friend, Alma Dayson, of Gladbrook, Iowa, and drove down in the afternoon and had supper with us. It had been almost a year since we had seen Clarence, so we really enjoyed the visit. Clarence, you will remember, is the young man who worked with Frank in California and he was with us so much during the three years we lived in Hollywood.

Well, it is time to feed the babies again, Snowball and Abbie, then I must run to the mailbox with this. Frank said something when he left this morning about having me drive the tractor for him while he did some job, so I must close now and go to see if I am needed elsewhere. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

HOME

It is more than brick and mortar with a roof to shed the storm; it is more than walls and windows, with a hearth to keep us warm.

It is more than just a tavern where hungry mouths are fed; or, when the journey's ended, where we rest our weary head.

It isn't just a hangout when there's nothing else to do; or to which we wander slowly when the nightly "dates" are through.

It's a haven when we're battered by the tempest of the day; where there's peace and understanding that will chase our cares away.

It's the place our hearts return to, though our errant feet may roam; it's our earthly bit of Heaven; it's that paradise called Home.—Martin F. Owens.

MAY'S THE TIME TO—

By Mabel Nair Brown

—Plan some special treat for the children's Maybaskets. Ever make basket cookies from your sugar cookie recipe? Use a paper pattern. Write with the icing on the handle the name of the child who will receive it. Decorate basket with candy or icing flowers. Me on Mayday? My most embarrassing moment when "strung up" or a barb wire fence while trying to make my get-a-way after a Maybasket hanging, and having to be rescued by my future Man Of The House.

—Remember that May Day is Child Health Day, and the first week in May is Baby Week so it's a fine time to do something for some children somewhere. "Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

—Bury your nose deep in an armload of fragrant lilacs—ever sniff a sweeter sniff? Sweet, satisfying bliss to sit gazing at a bouquet of delicate orchid lilacs while eating a generous square of rhubarb upside-down which is fairly drowned in yellow country cream.

—Remember the high school graduates in your circle of acquaintances with some small gift. Somehow very few other events in life eclipse the thrill of this occasion, so let's add our bit of joy to the great day.

—Pay Mother a visit. She'd rather see you than have any gift you could send.

—Serve lamb with fresh spring-time foods. It's delicate flavor is something distinctive and long remembered when served with fresh limas, carrots or baby onions. Don't forget that thyme and mint are lamb's boon companions. Do try lamb and lima bean stew. Cube 2 lbs. of lamb stew and brown in 2 Tbls. melted fat. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1 lb. lima beans (soaked overnight), cover with water, add 1 tsp. celery salt and cook slowly 1½ to 2 hours. Add a half-clove of minced garlic if you want something that definitely has "it."

—Enchant the small fry with Butterfly cake dessert. Cut small round from top of cup cake. Fill the cavity with sweetened flavored whipped cream (tint yellow if desired). Cut the round slice in half and fit back on top (curved sides adjoining) to form butterfly wings. Give the butterfly toothpick "feelers" and small candy eyes.

—Try on Memorial Day to remember with kindly word, a written message or some pretty flowers those parents and young wives who lost a loved one in this recent war, and be especially thankful if your loved one returned safely and sound. Do something extra special on this day for some of the gallant lads in our veterans' hospitals. With them we must keep faith.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Doris Jean Wolfe, Box 184, Alexandria, Nebr. has been a shutin for many years. She was well enough to walk about the house last summer but has been bedfast since January. Send her a card.

Mrs. Marion Engle 2017 S. Water St., Wichita 11, Kansas, is a shutin who would enjoy mail. So would Eva Terhark, Box 81, Little Rock, Iowa. She can't walk or use her hands.

Mrs. Emma McGee needs cheer. She lost her husband last fall and as she has arthritis and could not live alone, she went to the Burson Nursing Home, Paola, Kans. She gets good care there but it not acquainted in Paola and gets so lonely.

Mrs. Edith H. Phillips, C Cottage, Spring Grove Hospital, Catonsville 28, Maryland, has been in the hospital for 2 years. She gets so discouraged as she does not seem to improve. Letters would help.

Mrs. Ethel Callicot has not been so well this winter. She suffers terribly, and is not able to be out of bed at all. None of her family live near and she is lonely and discouraged. Send her a card, or better yet, a letter. 120 West B St., Glendale, Arizona.

Mrs. Carrie Olson of Honey Creek, Iowa, has been ill for some time. She is down in bed and needs cheering up.

Cards are asked for Willie Bergendahl of Rt. 3, Lake Park, Iowa. He is just recovering from an operation. Henry Schotte is an elderly man, alone and living in a nursing home. He would enjoy cards. Address Chariton, Iowa. I am told that he needs new glasses.

Olive Tidwell, Box 225, Anaheim, Calif., asks me to thank those of you who sent books and music to her. They are for use in a lending library in her home in a lumber camp at Twain, Calif. She says they are not near a town with a library and reading material is at a premium. Everyone enjoys the books so much. The music has been used by the camp chorus. They could use a lot more, both books and music. Olive came down to Anaheim for the winter, hoping that the change of climate would benefit her health but is going back home before long.

Little Virgil Bible, age 12, of Cabins, W. Va., is having the Blue Baby operation. He needs cards and small gifts to keep him amused while he is bedfast.

Geraldine Ann Mason, 2437 N Cleveland, Philadelphia 32, Pa., is still bedfast, in a cast. She is 4 years old.

Shirley Klinetobe, age 12, 205 Twelfth St., Rapid City, S. Dak., collects toy dogs and cream pitchers. She wears braces from her hips down due to polio some years ago.

Send a card to Mrs. Cargill, Rt. 1, Box 187, Swea City, Iowa. She is past 81 and bedfast.

I wish to have rural strength and religion for my children, and I wish city facility and polish. I find with chagrin that I cannot have both.—Emerson.

RIDDLES ABOUT TIME

1. What makes a striking present?
2. When is a clock dangerous?
3. What day of the year is a command to go forward?
4. When the clock strikes thirteen what time is it?
5. What is always behind time?
6. I have hands but no fingers, no bed but lots of ticks. What am I?
7. What is time and yet a fruit?
8. What does the proverb say time is?

Answers: 1. Clock; 2. When it strikes one; 3. March 4th; 4. Time to have it repaired; 5. Back of the clock; 6. Clock; 7. Date; 8. Money.

A little chap who thinks a watch is the one thing which makes life worth living was told that a watch could not be given to him. He continued to tease for one until the whole family was wearied. Then his father, after explaining that he should certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again. The next Sunday, the children repeated Bible verses at the breakfast table, and Roger astonished everyone by saying: "What I say unto you, I say unto all: Watch!"

PRAYER AT EVENING

Rain falls, and wind is blowing on the hill;

No other sounds save these. Weary and chill

The people have gone by, the workers, all

Gone home to rest and sleep.

God let them fall

Tenderly into slumber, and the Dream,

Into white peace, into the timeless Light

That hides beyond the spaces of the night.

—Mrs. Leon Tudor.

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MAY KITCHEN-KLATTER RECIPES

I believe that as long as most of us can remember we have understood that the South produces wonderful cooks who prepare a number of dishes with which the rest of the country is comparatively unfamiliar. Good food is a subject dear to my heart, and one of the things that I anticipated the most about our trip was the opportunity to eat in many different places. I kept my eyes open for various dishes listed on the menu that seemed to belong to certain sections, and in a little notebook I jotted down particularly tasty things that I wanted to tell you about.

The recipes that I have gathered up have not yet been tested in my own kitchen. I found most people obliging and kind about giving out recipes, and these are the ones that you will find here. In the near future I expect to prepare all of these dishes, and I hope that you will pluck up your courage and try them also. We can experiment together in seeing if we can recreate the elegant foods of Natchez, New Orleans, Biloxi, Mobile, St. Augustine, Nashville, Chattanooga, and many other cities and towns.

POTATO SOUFFLE (St. Louis)

Three cups hot mashed potatoes. Beat in two egg yolks, two tablespoons butter. Add enough cream to make mixture creamy. Season with salt and pepper, grated onion, if desired, put in baking dish and cover with meringue made by beating two egg whites until stiff, then adding one-half cup grated cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and dot with butter. Bake about 15 minutes at 350 degrees.

CORN FRITTERS (Dyersburg, Tenn.)

- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 cups cut corn

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Combine milk and egg. Beat thoroughly. Add to dry ingredients. Mix until flour is moistened. Stir in corn. Drop batter from tablespoon into deep hot fat and cook until brown. Makes about one and one-half dozen.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

PECAN PIE (New Orleans, La.)

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. cream
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 3/4 cup broken pecans

Beat eggs together. Mix the sugar with butter. Add the eggs, syrup, cream, salt. When well mixed, add the pecans and pour into pie pan lined with regular pie crust. Bake slowly for 25 minutes in moderate oven.

BAKED DEVILED OYSTERS SUPREME (Biloxi, Miss.)

- 1/2 cup finely cut celery
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 qt. oysters
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 4 dashes Tobasco sauce
- Juice of 1/2 lemon

Toasted bread crumbs and butter
Brown celery, green pepper, onion and parsley in salad oil in an iron skillet very lightly. Moisten cracker crumbs with some of the oyster liquor; add seasonings, Worcestershire, catsup, tobasco, and lemon juice. Simmer oysters in the remaining liquor until the edges barely curl. If oysters are extremely large, cut in two or three pieces. Combine two mixtures in large casserole or individual casserole dishes, sprinkle with toast crumbs, dot with butter and bake in moderate oven until heated through and sizzling hot.

MUSTARD FOR BOILED HAM (Gulfport, Miss.)

- 1/2 cup dry mustard
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Heat vinegar and sugar, add to mustard in which salt has been thoroughly mixed. Place in jar with top. Three tablespoons of olive oil may be added to give added flavor and to keep the mustard from drying out when kept over a period of time. This mixture is hot, but wonderful on boiled ham.

GLACE SALMON SALAD (St. Augustine, Fla.)

- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 Tbls. granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup canned red salmon
- 1/4 cup green diced pepper
- 1/2 cup diced cucumber
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1/4 cup pimiento, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery, sliced

Pour cold water in a bowl. Sprinkle gelatin on top of water and let stand 5 minutes. Add to hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in salmon, green pepper, cucumber wedges, onion rings, pimiento and celery. Pour into one quart mold which has been rinsed in cold water. When firm, unmold and serve on lettuce; place small amount of mayonnaise on each serving.

SPICED PEACH SALAD (Nashville, Tenn.)

Drain juice from one jar of spiced peaches, add juice of a lemon, pinch of salt, and enough water to make one pint. Pour one-fourth cup of this liquid over one tablespoon of unflavored gelatine, and allow to soak five minutes. Heat remainder to boiling point, pour over soaked gelatine, and stir until thoroughly dissolved. When cool, put in refrigerator to chill. Cut peaches in half, take out seeds, and fill with cream cheese, softened and thoroughly blended with a little cream and mayonnaise, and put it back together. Arrange in oblong dish and pour gelatine mixture over them when it begins to thicken. Unmold and slice so that each individual serving has a peach. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise, garnish with walnut halves.

LIVER DUMPLING SOUP (Baton Rouge, La.)

Make a good rich soup stock as for any other soup. Then take about a pound of beef or calf liver and grind. Into this put two eggs, salt and pepper. Then cut two large onions very fine and cook in two tablespoons of butter or margarine a few minutes. Add to liver. Cook this in soup stock for a little while. Then prepare a good rich dumpling and about 30 to 40 minutes before serving soup, drop dumplings into soup and cook until ready to serve.

CREAM PIE (Natchez, Miss.)

- 2 cups sweet cream
- 2 eggs beaten well
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs well and add sugar, salt and corn starch. Beat again until smooth, then add cream and vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven like custard pie. Spread with whipped cream.

BLACK WALNUT DATE DROPS (Atlanta, Ga.)

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups dark brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup black walnuts
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and cream, beat 2 minutes. Add rest of ingredients and chill dough. Drop portions on to greased cookie sheet. Bake 12 minutes in moderate oven.

CLAYTER PIE (Natchez, Miss.)

Line pie plate with any good rich pastry, then spread lightly with strawberry preserves or jam. Cover with the following filling: 1/4 lb. butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tsp. vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, then add one egg at a time, beat well, then add vanilla. Spread filling over jam or preserves in pie crust and bake 15 minutes.

STEAMED RICE (Memphis, Tenn.)

- 1 cup long grain rice
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Wash rice well by rubbing between hands. Wash through several waters. Put rice, water, salt and vinegar in a small heavy aluminum pot with close fitting lid. Let boil about 2 minutes, then lower fire as low as possible and steam for about 20 minutes.

MISSISSIPPI TRIFLE

Lemon-flavored sponge cake
1 pint whipping cream
1 qt. vanilla flavored boiled custard
Whip cream until very thick, flavor with a tiny bit of almond. Slice cake very thin. Place slice in dish, cover with custard, then with thin layer of cream. Repeat process, layer on layer, until dish is filled. Top with thick layer of cream.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

By Wilma Ward Taylor

It's getting near that time of year again when the Juniors are making plans to honor the Seniors. Yes, the Junior-Senior banquet is the high light of the school year, for it is a night to be remembered by all.

Wishes and dreams for the future are all in keeping with the night of the Junior-Senior banquet, and wishes call for a "Wishing Well", which is just the ideal theme to be used for this important event.

Table Decorations—Most school banquets are served at long tables covered with white cloths or paper of some kind. If smaller tables are to be used it is nice to arrange them in the room so that all tables can see the head or speakers' table without

difficulty. For each long table make from four to six wishing wells. If short tables are used, two wells will probably be the right number.

To make the wishing wells, take a one-pound empty coffee tin and paint it a golden brown or cover with brown crepe paper or construction paper. Next place two dowels nine inches long, on each side of the can and fasten to the inside of can with scotch tape. The dowels may be painted or wrapped with brown crepe paper. For the roof of the well cut a 6-inch square of light weight cardboard and fold in the center and place on the two dowels. Scotch tape will hold the roof in place. For the "bucket" in the well take a small nutcup and cover or paint brown. Use shiny wire for the handle which may be fastened on each side. Hang the bucket from the inside center of the roof with a short piece of cord.

For the winding ivy that grows around the old fashioned well take medium weight wire and wrap with green crepe paper. For the ivy leaves cut small leaf shapes from the green paper and twist each in the center and fasten them along the covered wire vine. Scotch tape or thread will hold the leaves securely. Take the vine and twist one end around the dowel supporting the roof on the well, so it will look like a climbing vine. Let it trail down from the well on to the table. Between each well run a vine of ivy along the center of the table.

Nutcups may be made like the bucket in the well. In the bottom of each cup place a fortune or wish on a folded slip of paper. Fill the nutcup with small candies and nuts. The surprise fortune in the bottom will create fun for all.

Program and Menu—A small booklet giving the program and menu is nice to have at a Junior-Senior banquet, for it can be taken home after the banquet is over to remind people of a wonderful time. The programs and covers probably can be done by the boys' printing class or they can be typed. To make the booklets use the class colors, or gold

and brown would be in keeping with the table decorations.

On the cover of the booklets have the words, "Wishing Well". Tie the booklets together with yarn or colored cord. Take scotch tape and fasten small pencils to the ends of the yarn tie—(penny pencils cut in three are just the right size). The pencils may be used for autographs and to sign their names for "Program Dances", if a prom is to follow.

One the first page of the booklet the verse:

"Star Light, Star Bright
First star I see tonight
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight"

would be most appropriate. The second page could list the menu, which is determined usually by the facilities available, season, etc. The third page could be for the program which could go something like this:

Program—

"Wishes"—(Junior President or rep. gives the welcome to the Seniors)

"Reflections"—(Seniors Response).

"The Three Wishes"—(Trio could sing, "Wishing", "Stardust", etc.)

"Dreams"—(Will of the Seniors to the Juniors may be read)

"Stardust"—(School and class honors could be given at this time.)

A nice thing to start at a Junior-Senior banquet is the "pennant staff". Take a staff and make a pennant (Seniors would do this) using the class colors. Make the pennant in one color and the "year" in another color. Each year the Seniors graduating can add their pennant and hand it down to the Juniors on the pennant staff. During the school year the staff may be displayed in the school show case.

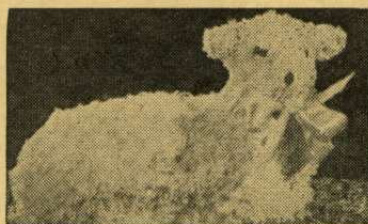
Junior-Senior Prom Decorations—

A Prom may follow the banquet and should be decorated in keeping with the "Wishing Well" theme: To do this, the boys in the manual training class can be lots of help. Make a large wishing well to be placed in the middle of the prom floor. To make the well take a large empty barrel and paint or cover with paper. Poles and roof may be added and a wishing well will be in evidence. A small nail keg will be just the thing for the bucket and can be fastened to the roof with a rope pulley. Crepe paper ivy may be fixed around the well as was done for the table decorations, only do it on a larger scale.

Now that the wishing well is in place more decorating can be done. Run a stout wire along each side of the room so that it is about two feet above the average person's head. Next run heavy cord between the two wires, making the lines of cord about five feet apart. Then cut out star shapes from construction paper and cover with metallic glitter. Fasten the stars to the crosswise cords with short lengths of thread or string. Now you have a ceiling of stars, which at night will add sparkle and stardust to the prom, making the night complete.

If an orchestra or band is to play, make small lattice fences to surround the "music". The crepe paper ivy running in and out of the lattice will be very effective too.

WATCH THEIR EYES GLEAM



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

This Lamb Cake mold is made from heavy cast aluminum for easy, fancy baking. The baked cake is 6 1/2 x 9 x 3 1/2 inches. Individual and complete baking instructions are included with each mold.

Price only \$5, postpaid

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I sat down to write to you I found my head simply reeling with a vast assortment of unrelated scenes and incidents—just such an assortment as you would expect to acquire in a trip of almost five-thousand miles. How to make order and sense out of such a collection is virtually beyond me, so perhaps the only way to begin is just to begin, and that's what I'm doing.

At eight-thirty in the morning on St. Patrick's Day, Russell, Juliana, our friend Mrs. Grace Loonan of Shenandoah, and I climbed into the car and headed south. The distance to St. Joseph was familiar enough, but when we turned East there on highway 36 both Russell and I were in completely new territory. Nothing interests me as much as country I've never before seen, it doesn't matter what or where, so I found plenty in every mile and in every town through which we drove to keep me enthusiastic and alert.

When we reached Hannibal we stopped for an hour and let Juliana stretch her legs in a walk along the Mississippi. (She asked us where we could see Mr. Sippi river!) I must mention also that when we went in to have a light lunch at the Mark Twain hotel we found a rehearsal in progress for a home-town minstrel show that was to be given in the evening. Juliana stood goggle-eyed and watched this in the room that adjoined the coffee shop, and somehow the poor child picked up the notion that such lively entertainment was a stock feature of all hotels, and for several days she begged us to take her to the "show" the moment we entered a hotel.

Night found us in St. Louis—and it also found us helplessly entrapped on one of these big new express highways where you must keep going at a terrific clip of speed. Perhaps some of you have seen the famous cartoon of the family trying desperately to get off of one of these highways with the caption underneath, "Well, dear, let's just get up at five o'clock tomorrow and try again." We were reminded of this as we made many false attempts to locate our hotel by getting away from the highway at just the right point. You must know a city well to manage those express roads late at night in heavy traffic.

Early the next morning we turned south again, south-east, to be exact, and lunch found us at Cairo, Illinois. By early afternoon we felt that we were running into spring, for the grass was green and here and there we saw the first brave jonquils and daffodils. It had been our hope to reach Memphis that night, but we ran into a heavy rain and with this, plus winding roads, it seemed wise to call a halt at Dyersburg, Tennessee.

I realized again how little I know about this country when we reached Dyersburg. Have you ever heard of it? Well, I hadn't, and there we found a town of around 14,000 people, a beautiful town with lovely homes and a large, prosperous business section. At first I thought it was the

home town of our noted statesman, Cordell Hull, for our hotel was named for him and we noted a number of references to him, but upon inquiry we learned that he was reared in the eastern section of the state.

Our roads the next day took us through beautiful country, and in countless places we saw what is to me the loveliest of all blooming trees—the Redbud. In some spots the woods were predominately pink because of the masses of bloom, and in other spots one lone tree stood out like a single glowing jewel against a green hillside. Tennessee in the spring is a beautiful place to be.

After we had crossed into Mississippi we found that we were in what we called "sitter country". By explanation I must say that "sitters" are simply people who sit, and they sit in such a way that I think it likely they've never changed position since we passed by two weeks ago.

Those of us who've been reared in the north are really unprepared for the sight of people sitting! Stop this second and think hard how many times you've seen men and women sitting on the front porch at eleven in the morning or at two in the afternoon. If it's cold enough to sit, we sit in the house. If it's warm enough to be outdoors at those hours we're not sitting. Well, in Mississippi people sit, and I'll wager that those of you who travel South for the first time will be struck by the strangeness of it as much as we were. For miles and miles we passed homes where the front porches sagged with the weight of people sitting, and eventually we became so accustomed to the sight that if we passed a house without sitters we just concluded that the family had been struck dead.

In mid-afternoon we reached Vicksburg, to me one of the most historic of cities. We took time to drive into the Vicksburg National Cemetery where more than 17,000 Union soldiers who lost their lives in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg are buried. Of this number, nearly 13,000 are unidentified. There are no Confederate soldiers buried in this cemetery; they lie in Cedar Hill Cemetery in Vicksburg. These grounds are beautifully landscaped with walks and drives, serpentine ravines, terraces, plateaus, long avenues of rare trees and shrubbery, and variegated tropical plants.

Vicksburg is built on the bluffs of the Mississippi, and there are streets leading down to the river from Main Street that would put the steepest hills of San Francisco to shame. I wondered many times how even a portion of the city escaped from the 47 days and nights of bombardment that it suffered before it surrendered on July 4th, 1863. The courthouse, for instance, was struck repeatedly by cannon balls, yet it still stands today. I suppose that with our modern implements of war a city such as Vicksburg could be put out of the way in less than five minutes, but if you have ever visited it and if you have borne in mind the type of warfare known in the 1860's, you will marvel that the city was ever taken.

It was just dusk as we drove into Natchez and we were all so weary

that our only thought was a hotel and bed. We realize now that it was miraculous we had a place to lay our heads, for we didn't have reservations and all unwittingly we had arrived in a town of approximately 15,000 population on the biggest day of its long history. When we reached New Orleans the next day we learned that 22,000 tourists had been in Natchez the evening before when we arrived. I don't know where all of those 22,000 people slept, but I do know that we slept in comfortable beds wholly unaware of the fact that some curious quirk of circumstance had given us lodging when countless others dozed in their cars.

The next morning we were up bright and early to take a look at Natchez. It had been our intention to spend the day going through some of the incredibly beautiful mansions for which the town is internationally famous, but we were discouraged by the multitudes of people who had the same idea. We could see plainly that with a conducted tour of that size it would take so long to get through even one house that we'd have time for nothing else. So we set off on our own to drive through the town and adjoining countryside with the idea that we'd enjoy exterior views of it all rather than an interior view of only one or two homes.

Natchez, of course, defies description. Those of you who read the interesting articles last winter by Hallie Barrow will recall some of the details she gave us about the town. I remember so well her statement that at a time when there were less than one-hundred millionaires in the entire United States, fully a third of them lived in Natchez. And after driving up and down the streets I'd be willing to agree that from outward appearances practically all of them must have lived there.

You must remember that Natchez is a comparatively small town (I believe that 15,000 is the accepted figure today), and under ordinary circumstances one would expect to find at the most not more than six or seven magnificent mansions. But in Natchez there is a great home at every turn in the road, and we noticed a large number of truly fabulous homes that are not even included in their annual Pilgrimage tours.



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PRIZE WINNING LETTER

Dear Lucile:

For fourteen years of married life I was a fine example of a hard-working, poor managing housewife. If I managed to keep the house looking presentable, clothes always ready to wear, not to mention three meals a day for seven people (please let me add that I started with only two!) I was like a stick of dynamite, ready to explode on the slightest provocation.

On the other hand, if I listened to the advice of well-meaning friends and let things go in order to enjoy my children and be a happier wife and mother, some one was sure to come and rob me of any possible pleasure I might have derived from such an arrangement.

How then, I asked myself, do I learn to manage my work so that I won't always feel as though I were rushing to a fire? I made a definite plan but I aimed at all times to keep it simple so that I wouldn't feel as though I had added a new burden.

My first step was this: never, never, let anything be more important than the dishes! In the first place, they take the least time when washed immediately upon arising from the table. I found myself constantly making all kinds of excuses to finish this or that before I washed the dishes, or get this or that started first. It always turned out to be a mistake (with the exception of sweeping the kitchen floor!). I wash the separator and milk containers next and always finish by washing any soiled places on cupboards, doors, etc., and finally cleaning the stoves. I never let the stoves get to the stage where I have to take hours off to get them cleaned up, as it takes such a few minutes each day to keep them spick and span.

My plan calls for having all this kitchen work done, plus the beds made and floors swept by nine o'clock. We get up at six. Should we have baby chicks it would mean getting up at five or five-thirty.

And right here I must say that I had to learn to "push straight ahead" while the boys, eleven and fifteen, were getting ready for school, and let them learn to take care of their needs. I was like so many others I have heard say, "I never accomplish much until the children have gone to school." This was an extremely important step, since the excruciating suspense left such frazzled nerves it was usually necessary to stop and take a deep breath.

On Mondays I wash, and plan to be able to start lunch not later than eleven. I do all of the work as usual before I start washing. Each noon I prepare enough of as many dishes as I can use to good advantage as leftovers, such as creamed potatoes, to be scalloped for supper with ham, dried beef, cheese or onions; and plain green beans seasoned with bits of bacon and to be served again at supper dressed up with tomato sauce, fried bits of bacon and onion. There are so many, many possibilities, and having them ready leaves time to prepare good



Margery and Martin on an early spring afternoon.

desserts. I bake pies on the less busy mornings.

On Tuesdays I iron until lunch time, and if I feel ambitious enough I finish after lunch. But if not, I do something more restful such as mending or sewing, and finishing the ironing Wednesday morning. This leaves Wednesday afternoon and possibly the morning as well, plus Thursday and Friday to sew, do extra cleaning such as wash woodwork and windows, polish furniture, etc.

Friday morning is shampoo time at our house for myself and the two little girls. You'd be surprised how much it has helped me with my plan to have a definite time for such jobs. Always before they were sandwiched in at just any odd moment, and as a rule I tackled the job when I was too tired to be patient.

I try very hard to get all of the Saturday cleaning done before noon, and if I am at home in the afternoon I bake for Sunday and also enough to carry us through the first of the week. If I'm not at home in the afternoon I bake on Saturday evening, but in any event the Sunday baking and extra cooking is definitely done before Sunday.

My two older boys (eleven and fifteen) wash the supper dishes. When they had quite a few chores I washed the dishes, but I feel that we all gain something by having them responsible for the evening dishes. I learned too that it was extremely important in my over-all plan to rest every day after lunch while the small children, two, four and five are napping. I've heard countless mothers say that they fly in and work like dogs while the children are napping, but when I did this I found myself so exhausted when the youngsters got up that the rest of the day couldn't be enjoyed.

How much more I enjoy my family since I no longer have to be afraid that I won't get everything done! If

the little ones have to be in the house because of bad weather I recite nursery rhymes or sing little songs or just "talk" with them while I wash dishes, make beds or sweep. And it's almost needless to say that they "help" me through all of these tasks.

Gardening time will soon be here and I will get little sewing done, at least until it gets too hot to work in the middle of the day. But I will do all the other work as usual and will always be able to come in and relax while I enjoy a fairly orderly house after I am weary from working in the garden.

I realize, Lucile, that no one who was a good manager to begin with (and believe me there are plenty who have been taught from the cradle up) could possibly be interested in my struggle to achieve what to them would no doubt be a poor excuse for good managing. But I am so full of thankfulness for the urge to do better that has in reality emancipated me, that I simply must write this, hoping that the same urge and inspiration may be passed on to someone who is as heckled and harried as I was for so many years.

It's important, I think, not to become confused with wanting too many things. I don't suppose there is a person who doesn't think of a goodly number of improvements that would make things easier if they could be achieved, but I make a constant effort to frame my life within the limits that exist: a five-room house on a farm, and five children.

I have not mentioned, Lucile, that I sew every stitch of clothing the three small children wear (except their socks and shoes), and I also make all of my own dresses. As you see, sewing is an around-the-year proposition.

Sincerely yours,

(Mrs) Annis O'Dell,
Johnstown, Colorado.

Ed. Note—In months to come I want to print other letters, and perhaps somewhere along the line you'll find one that fits your own situation.

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YOU AND YOUR CAMERA

By Russell Verness

Many of you are getting out your cameras for their first spring airing, so I thought I would mention a few things this month that will help you in getting better pictures.

If there is a partially used roll of film still in the camera do not finish it with pictures that make a genuine difference to you, for probably the film has deteriorated and become out-dated during the winter. This may also be true of the pictures taken before it was put away. It is always good policy to use the entire roll of any film before your camera is put away for any length of time, for the emulsion of the film is extremely sensitive and heat or cold or dryness may ruin it, particularly after it has been exposed.

Be sure that all dust is removed from the camera, and this means the interior as well as the exterior. Then wipe any dust or fingermarks from the lens with a very soft linen cloth or cleansing tissue. A fine lens tissue may be purchased from any camera store for five cents, and a careful photographer will use it consistently. Dust constitutes one of the greatest hazards to good photography, and you can't be too careful in avoiding it.

Cameras are designed for one size of film only, so never try to force another size into the camera. It will result in torn film or possible serious damage to the camera itself. When loading the camera be sure that the film spool is properly held in the notches or hinges provided for it. To be sure that it has been properly inserted give the key a few turns before the camera is closed so that you can see for yourself that it is moving properly.

Never load the camera or unload it in direct sunlight. If you do the chances are that light will enter the edges of the film and several exposures will be ruined.

During the months of spring and early summer the chances are that your city home or country farm will look its very best, so now is the time to get a fine photographic record of them. When the trees first begin to leaf and there are many flowering plants even the most modest home will appear more lovely. I like to frame photographs of houses or buildings with foliage, and this can be done with a little care in locating a tree or flowering shrub that is far enough away so that the branches and trunk will fill the outer edges of the photograph, leaving the center free for the main subject.

A series of pictures of the buildings and fields of the farm, and photographs of the most important buildings of your town make a very interesting page or two to add to your photograph album.

A DECORATION DAY DISCOVERY

By Hallie M. Barrow

When we lived on a farm south of town I had to walk each day almost a mile to the mail box. But it wasn't too bad because at the halfway mark there was such a beautiful resting spot.

Here at the top of a short, steep hill, four enormous pines stood—just far enough apart to make a dense shade on the square of ground underneath them. They seemed to be standing sentinel over that square, one at each corner, and whatever it was they were guarding, they kept up a steady conversation about it.

Now the whispering or sighing of pine trees does not sadden me because I love music in a minor strain, and always as I returned from the mail box I'd stop there and read the papers and enjoy the beauty of the view and the carpet of wild columbines, violets, mayapples and Sweet Williams which rioted in the damp, shady spot underneath the towering pines.

In winter this spot held a different charm for nearly always red birds wintered there. I'd carry a handful of cracked corn on snowy days and scatter it just to see the brilliant red birds flash around through the snow. Always I rather wondered just how these four pines happened to be left here for there were no other pines in this woodland pasture. Evidently too, there had one time been a fence around this plot, although now it was almost smothered in wild grape and bitter-sweet vines.

Then one Decoration Day I stopped to rest on my return trip from the mail box and I was much disgusted. I had forgotten there would be no delivery that day and had had my walk for nothing. But presently a car came up the grade and to my surprise an elderly couple got out and came over to the pines. We started talking and I supposed they had stopped to ask me travel directions, but soon I learned they had come to inspect the four pines—and then I learned why they were there.

The grandparents of the woman were among the first settlers who had come to this country in a covered wagon from an eastern state. They had endured terrific hardships in the new country. There were no roads, no bridges, no close neighbors, no doctors, no churches, and cemeteries had not yet been laid out. When "chills and fever" struck, four of their small children died. Not wishing the Indians to know where their precious dead were laid, they left no mounds or stones to mark the hallowed spot. Instead they transplanted four tiny tree seedlings from the forests nearby to mark the spot. And often, the little old lady told me, she had come here with her Grandmother and Mother many years later, and helped them care for it.

The farm had since been sold and passed into other hands, yet in the deed there was a clause asking that the fence always be kept up around the four pines and stock never allowed to graze there. It had been many years since the woman had visited

this spot so dear to her Grandmother, yet even now it was not trampled down or desecrated. For when human hands had given up protecting it, Mother Nature stepped in and through the birds and winds had sowed wild flowers and vines in such confusion that stock avoided it. The babies slept in peace.

Seeing that I was so impressed with this story, the couple pointed out other of those old burying spots from that hill top. I'd often wondered why farmers had left those small clumps of brush right in the middle of a field and spoiled long, straight rows. Now I learned that those were private burying grounds—perhaps just two or three graves—but if any farmer knows that's what it is, he'll never desecrate it with a plow.

I visited some of these plots later because they told me that often the pioneer mothers set out old-fashioned flowers. On most of them I found day lilies growing rampant. A few had old, old lilac bushes on them almost smothered out with yellow roses—the briery kind that just swirl if not kept pruned.

I was very glad they told me about these almost forgotten plots in the fields for later I was able to help a friend. She needed information for some legal papers, and we searched through the countryside until we found a small burying plot in a hay-field 'way back off the highway. We pushed the rioting day lilies away from the headstones and the photographer who accompanied us took pictures of the dates that were needed.

But in searching around through the tangle I found something as lovely to me as the dates were to my friend—one of those old-fashioned dark red early peonies, the kind with feathery foliage like cosmos leaves. I'd never seen a peony like it before and I brought home some of the foliage to have it identified, and that is how I started my hobby of species peonies. The botanical name is just too long for me to keep it correctly in my mind; it's so much more simple to call them the old-fashioned peonies! They are really rare and you won't find them ordinarily except in a very old garden.

But this 1948 Decoration Day, if the route to your particular well-cared for cemetery passes through country roads, look for those tell-tale solitary patches out in the middle of cultivated fields. And if you see the rank, pale green foliage of overcrowded day lilies or a precious early peony bloom, give a thought to the pioneer mother who buried her dead here and then later placed her prized flower, from her small collection, in order to mark the spot.

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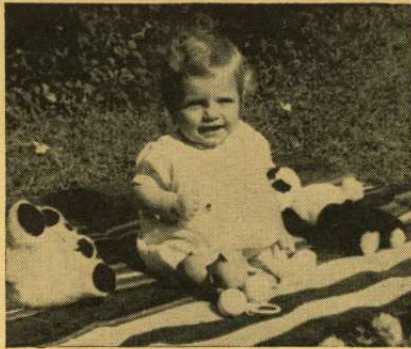
A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Every one in Honolulu is complaining about the cold, wet spring. Actually it has been as warm or warmer than a good month of May at home, but that is too cool for the people out here. There has been quite a bit of rain in our block, but just three blocks from our house there has been almost no rain at all. For about three weeks there has been considerable cloudiness and wind. On the bad days the first thing I do upon arrival home from the office is to take little Mary Leanna for a ride around the house in her baby stroller. Around and around we go from the back porch to the front porch, through the bedroom, the dining room, the living room, the pantry, the kitchen, and even the bathroom.

This year Holy Week was a school holiday, but it was no holiday for me. On Tuesday I addressed a territory-wide YWCA convention. On Wednesday and again on Thursday I preached at special services in St. Andrews Cathedral. On Easter Sunday I got up at 4:30 in the morning and drove over the mountains to the other side of the island where I preached at a sunrise service. It was a beautiful service with several hundred persons clustered on a hillside overlooking the ocean. There were two other sunrise services on the island, but the one where I spoke was the only one that actually saw the sun. The other two were rained out. At 10:30 in the morning I preached at the famous Kawaiahao Church to a congregation numbering more than 1,000. The Kawaiahao Church is a real Hawaiian church where every service has two sermons, one in Hawaiian and one in English. The Hawaiians are famous for their singing and the Easter music by the choir was magnificent. At the rear of the church are special boxed-in pews very elaborately decorated reserved for the royal family. Most of the last royal Hawaiian family is now deceased, but the few who remain still occupy the royal church pew. What a great thrill it was for me to preach to a congregation of such earnest and devout Christians as these Hawaiians. They are a fine people. Since my arrival in Honolulu last September I have given 115 addresses, and that must be a record of some kind.

As soon as I finish writing this letter I must plan my chapel service for the elementary school. For me that is the high point of the week, for the 450 children in that group are the most responsive children in the school. I love to tell them Bible stories. Having lived in Biblical lands I can add much to the stories that is not given in the original Biblical account, and I like to add little things of interest and then watch the children lean forward to hear me so as not to miss a single word. Here in this school we have had so much success making the Bible interesting to our students that beginning next week I am giving a series of lectures open to the general public entitled, "How to Make the Bible Interesting to Young People." The series is be-



Mary Leanna, aged seven months. With each new picture we grow more impatient to see her.

ing sponsored by the Honolulu Council of Churches and will be given downtown at the local YWCA. I wish that you could see the YWCA here in Honolulu. It is beautiful beyond description with tropical patios, palm-lined swimming pools, etc. The city of Honolulu is blessed with several wealthy families who support every worthy Christian enterprise. There are many beautiful churches and a large and well-equipped YMCA.

I don't see how Betty and I could possibly be busier at any time in our lives than we are now. Despite the fact that we live just a three minutes ride from the business section, Betty has not been shopping since before Christmas, and I have been down just once—the day I bought the high chair. We go on a mad pace from morning until night, and the work is never finished. My position requires that we accept many outside invitations to dinners, teas, and receptions of one kind or another. We are now so far behind in our social obligations that we shall never catch up.

As I write this letter I am listening to Hawaiian music on the radio. No native music in the world has been so widely accepted as has this music of the Pacific islands. The music of modern Hawaii has evolved over a century from the accompaniment given the ancient hula dance. The music we hear from the Hawaiians today is a combination of their ancient music with the melodies of the early Christian hymns introduced by the missionaries. The Hawaiian guitar so popular out here today is not native to the islands, but was brought here by the early missionary settlers. The guitar is certainly part of the island scenery now. All the Hawaiians like to sing, and some of them sing extremely well. It seems to me that every person on this island, with the exception of the Driftmiers, plays the ukelele. Several times a day I notice our students, both boys and girls, strolling through the halls of the school playing ukeleles. When our students aren't playing football or swimming there is nothing they would rather do than sit out under the palm trees and play their ukeleles and sing. The girls dormitory is not far from our house and every night I hear the boys serenading the girls.

I know that you won't believe it, but it is true — prisoners from the local penitentiary for the past several

months have been robbing Honolulu homes during their lunch hour. It seems that prisoners working outside the prison have been given considerable freedom, and today it was announced that since the prisoners had nothing to do during their lunch hour they had been occupying their time robbing homes. It seems to me that that is the height of something or other.

Right now there is a contest going on out here to locate the people with the shortest and longest names. Tonight the newspaper said that one of the school teachers is named Mr. George I. No doubt Mr. I will win the contest for the shortest name. For longest names the newspaper suggested that prizes might be given to Mrs. Emily Kaleipulanohaonapuanilialikawaiolono, and also to Mr. Donald Kaniokamoanapakikipikakauakokoulaikailiokekai. The other day I was baptizing a young lady with a long Hawaiian name, and I thought for a moment that I would just have to refuse to baptize her since I couldn't pronounce her name. Instead, I delayed the service for a few minutes while I took her aside and practiced saying the name. I kept saying the name under my breath all during the service so that I would be sure and not make a mistake. Once you get used to saying such long names, they can almost be said without a stumble —note, I said almost.

Every ten days we have a notable day here in the Islands, and that is boat day. Boat day is the day when the passenger liner arrives from the mainland bringing several hundred island people back to their homes and many tourists. While living in Bermuda we learned how much of the life of island people centers around ships, and we find it just the same here. From our windows we can see the ship sailing toward port with its decks lined with eager passengers and with little harbor craft running crazy circles around it. At the pier the Royal Hawaiian Band plays as the ship ties up and hundreds of people loaded with flower leis shout and wave and cry and laugh. It is quite a sight indeed. Late in the afternoon the liner leaves again for the mainland and while the band plays the famous "Aloha Oe" there is hardly a dry eye to be seen. The song is so beautiful and it has so much meaning for these people:

"Farewell, dear love, I'll dream of you,

No passing grief is this my heart is feeling.

One fond embrace before we now depart

Until we meet again."

In the old days everyone came and went by ship, but now the airplanes carry many more passengers than the ships. There is very little ceremony at the airport because of the great number of planes coming and going every day.

Sincerely, Frederick.

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



FOR THE CHILDREN

LITTLE MARY'S MAY BASKETS

By Maxine Sickels

Little Mary was called Little Mary. Her mother was Big Mary. Her father was John and her grandmother was Grandmama Nancy because she didn't like to be called "Granmaw."

That was Little Mary's family. All of them together had moved to The Farm on the first day of March.

It was a big adventure to Little Mary who had spent all of her "four-going-on-five" years in a city bigger than most Iowa towns.

Moving meant giving up her little girl friends and having just Mother and Grandmother Nancy to play with her. Moving meant no sidewalk walks for her tricycle, and mud and more mud to walk through and in and over.

At first Little Mary was most unhappy. She stood in the window with her nose pushed tight against the glass wishing and wishing that she were back home again.

Her father brought her a little black kitten from the barn. She named him Dark because he looked like a dark night to her. But he mewed and mewed until Little Mary thought he wanted to go back to the barn as badly as she wanted to go back to the place that had been home. So she asked father please to take him back, and she stood in the window again.

At Easter a little white bunny came to be her pet. But he couldn't talk and he couldn't laugh. So she asked father please to take him to the barn, and he did.

Spring was late. The weather stayed cold and snowy, and then it rained and rained again. March was gone and most of April when Little Mary thought about Maybaskets.

She brought out the ones she had saved from last year and talked about the fun she and the other children up and down the street had had that summer evening. But there didn't seem to be any use making Maybaskets here. That is, there didn't seem to be until Mother suggested a nice one filled with carrots for the Easter Rabbit.

That one was so much fun that next they made a little round one from an ice-cream carton and filled it with meat scraps for Dark. Then Mother suggested a great big one with oats in it for Doll, the brown mare who put out her nose to be pat-
ted.

All of these were so much fun and took so much time that Little Mary was just ready for Maybasket night when it came.

In the evening while her father chored she carried her Maybaskets and hung them carefully within the animals reach. The white rabbit

wrinkled its nose, tipped its ears forward and crunched happily on its carrot sticks. Dark put her little black nose into the meat scraps and growled as fiercely as she could. Big Gentle Dollie took a bite of oats and put her nose out over the feed box so it was in the right place to pet before she took another bite.

Little Mary was pleased with her pets and felt quite happy as she went up the path to the house. She was much happier than that when she found a darling pink basket on the door knob and discovered five more sitting on the porch.

Big Mary and Grandmother Nancy insisted that they saw no one around—but I still wonder!

"My! there is always so much to do on the farm that I feel like the old farmer I heard about. He was asked, 'What time do you go to work?' He answered, 'I don't go to work. I'm surrounded by it when I get up in the morning.' He certainly told the truth."—May Larmore, Blakesburg, Ia.

WHAT ANIMAL

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PARENTS WHEN BORN—
HAS LEGS AS LONG

AS THEY WILL
EVER BE
WHEN
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LADIES: Surprise husband with our necktie service. Select six ties, he has tired of, mail to us, postpaid, with \$1. We return you, postpaid, six different ties, dry cleaned, pressed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Necktie Exchange, F. 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

CROCHETED, pineapple pinecushions, heart shaped with ribbon laced in points through the top, \$1.50 each. Mrs. H. E. Longcar, 123 E. Madison Ave., Norfolk, Nebr.

PRETTY GIFT FOR MOTHER. and girl graduate. Tiny pastel colored shells, formed like flowers set on a pin with a safety catch. One dollar each. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

GREETING CARDS. and Aprons. See our April Ads, for prices. Ad and prices good any time. Boden Industries, Adams, Nebr.

RECIPES. for a most wonderful Angel Food Cake, very light, large and fluffy, for 25¢. So Good Old Fashioned sour cream fried cakes, 15¢. Delicious, rich cream candy loaf make 5 lbs. 15¢ with self addressed stamped envelope. Mrs. M. L. Fuchshuber, Milford, Nebr.

SAVE MONEY. send for Stop O Run, for hose and lingerie. Eliminates runs, 25¢ package. Will treat five pairs hose. B. M. Sale Service, 711 Victoria, Harlan, Ia.

WILL DO SEWING. cottons, children's garments, etc. Send patterns, all materials. Postage appreciated. Mrs. S. S. Warner, Humboldt, So. Dak.

HAND PAINTED MATERIALS: Tea Towels, 18x36, 35¢, 36x36, 65¢. Lunch cloth, 36x36, \$2. Table cloths, 54x54, \$3.50, aprons, womens \$1.75, children's \$1.50. Write for variety of designs. Mrs. Alvina M. Parker, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Ia.

HOLLYWOOD STYLE TEA APRONS: Attractive center design with wide organdy ruffle. \$2 postpaid. Small, medium, or large size. Lovely for gifts. Mrs. Edith Driftmier, 1738 No. Catalina Street, Burbank 6, Calif.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, 5 for \$1. 15-in. pineapple doily \$1. White. I also make all size in doilies, pansy doilies, chair sets, buffet sets, etc. Ad good any time, prices reasonable, send stamp for prices. Mrs. W. C. Dygert, Yale, Ia.

RECIPE. very good never failing cream cake, Veal birds, swiss steak, all three for 10¢ and stamped addressed envelope. Mrs. Kate Swartz, Republic, Kans.

EXCELLENT. Soap Recipe. 10¢ and stamped envelope. No lye or grease. Mrs. W. N. Knight, 408 6th Ave., Grinnell, Ia.

FOR SALE—Genuine White, Silk Bantams, \$2 ea. Riverside Game Farm, Phone—Springfield, Nebr. 866, Louisville, Nebr.

SEND 30¢ for directions to make a Strawberry Barrel, a recipe for marshmallows. Mrs. John Sattler, Ft. Atkinson, Ia.

LAWN FIXTURES: Wren birdhouses, white with green roofs, 85¢. Waterbirds \$1. Rabbits, 50¢, small 40¢. Lambs, 75¢. Dog and cat for clothes line post, \$1.10. Leaf design and Pighead boards, 75¢. Bright print sunhats, washable 75¢. Volberding Shop, Latimer, Ia.

GIRLS' WOOL SKIRTS. Ten. All outgrown. Good condition. Write for description and measurements. Mrs. Roscoe Stipp, Oakland, Nebr.

CROCHETED TABLE CLOTH, white, No. 30 thread, size 80x60 in. \$50. Embroidered pillow cases, \$4 pair. Bessie Wilcoxson, Center, Ky.

WANTED — McGuffeys first reader. Shamrock copper luster dishes. Alfred Meakin trade mark. Lussie Nemyer, Box 66, Palmer, Ill.

AT THE GIFT SHOP. Kitten nursing bottle holder, Pekinese wooly dogs, Fawns, crocheted bedspread, pond lily pattern. Orders taken for crocheted gloves. Baby dresses, felt bags, nail head trim, any color. Mrs. R. Barrett, 314—20th St. Sioux City, Ia.

FACTORY REBUILT ELECTRIC CLEANER. any kind or model. New Guarantee. New electric food mixers, waffle makers, toasters, or any kitchen appliances. Write us about your needs. Hunsaker's, Box 22, Monmouth, Ill.

HANDMADE SEQUINS, bead earrings, and pin sets \$2.50 or separately \$1.25 ea. Several designs. Send stamped envelope. Winnie Clark, 209 E. 9th St., Vinton, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED ruffled doilies. White, or shaded blue, pink, yellow, or green. \$3 ea. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

3 SUPER SALAD DRESSING RECIPES, for 25¢ and stamped envelope. No other like them. Bacon dressing, for spring lettuce, French Dressing, (kind Chefs use.) Perfect boiled dressing for fruits. 25¢ and stamped envelope will bring genuine Hard Roll recipe, or Pineapple Meringue cake (wonderful party cake). Order all, and will send potato salad dressing free. Mrs. Eldon Hauck, Seward, Nebr.

FOR SALE—One beautiful crocheted bedspread size 100x110. Pattern of the different flower and name of the 48 states, fringed. Mrs. H. W. Stilts, Rt. 2, Hardyville, Ky.

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.

CARDS, beautiful assortment, birthday, get-well and miscellaneous, \$1. Gift and Thank You cards 65¢. Petal Script Stationery, \$1. Write, Mrs. William Cosgrove, 6400 Washington, Des Moines, Ia.

FOR SALE—Print Aprons ric-rac or bias trimmed, \$1. Sun suits, Kiddie print, size 1 to 3 50¢. Mrs. Wm. Debus, Rt. 4, Manhattan, Kans.

SEWING WANTED — Ladies house dresses \$1.50, child's dresses \$1. House coats \$2.50, plain aprons 50¢. Send material, patterns etc. Mrs. J. F. Walls, Rt. 1, Mystic, Ia.

WANTED—2 cups, 1 saucer, in Grace China, Chelsea pattern. Mrs. Rudolph B. Junker, Rt. 1, Aplington, Ia.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE DRESS, made by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.35. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H St., Belleville, Kans.

FOR SALE—Wool felt, Mexican applique and embroidered jackets. State size, Color of back ground, \$20 ea. Mrs. Dorothy Guenther, 2534 E. 96th St., Chicago 17, Ill.

APPLIED, fancy or printed practical half aprons, 85¢. Pot-holders, 2 for 35¢. Tea towels, appliqued 20x36 3 for \$1.15. Baby Jackets, crocheted around, ribbon trim, 85¢. Lovely embroidered hemstitched and crocheted pillow slips. Write. Mrs. A. K. Ingham, Beverly, Kans.

SEWING, experienced tailored buttonholes. Ladies dresses \$1.50; Child's \$1, to ten years. Ad, good any time. Send material. feed sacks, patterns, thread. Mrs. A. Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines 11, Ia.

FOR SALE—Ladies Suits, size 38, coca brown, light grey, crocheted bedspread (old) 84x102. Mrs. Glenn Stockdale, Aplington, Ia.

FOR SALE — Beautiful crocheted tablecloth, large, color ecru, \$18. Mrs. Geo. B. Sonnenberg, Titonka, Ia.

FLOWER OF MONTH, and initial stationery. First name imprinted, remembrance note, 60¢ to \$1 box. Buy your supply now. Nice for gifts. Mrs. Ed Connolly, Friend, Nebr.

SEWING MACHINE ATTACHMENT, for darning, making button holes, sewing zippers, quilting, stitching, marking linens, overcasting seams, applique work, etc. Sent with full instructions, postpaid for 35¢. Box 423, Mt. Vernon, So. Dak.

WANTED — Sewing, Children's Clothes a Specialty. Child's Dress, \$1. Ladies' cotton \$2. Crepe \$3. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Roseville, Ill.

CHAIRS, crocheters, delight, holds large ball thread, Plump, upholstered, assorted prints \$1. Pastels, painted design \$1.50. Roma Covey, Early, Ia.

SEWING WANTED, any kind, send pattern, measurements or cloak, with material \$1 and up. Sent back C.O.D. Mrs. Emil Oler, Tyndall, So. Dak.

DO YOU HAVE A HOSE PROBLEM? Custom fit Nylons, prompt service, 15 denier, new shades. Guaranteed. Write. Mrs. Fern Ridgway, 303 So. Main, Albia, Ia.

HOSIERY MENDING WANTED—Prices Reasonable. Long one thread runner 30¢, 5¢ each additional thread. Miss Ruth Baker, Arlington, Ia.

PINKING SHEARS, sharpened, \$1, plus postage, satisfaction guaranteed. Returned second day. John Griewe, 164 W. College Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE—Hand loomed woven rag rugs. Size 27x48 inches. Price \$2.89 each, postpaid. Mrs. Lewis Vermillion, Shenandoah, Ia.

SACHET BASKETS of silk 35¢, sachet parols 25¢, girls' face sachet or lapel ornament of felt 35¢, kitten ornament 35¢. Mrs. Charles H. Heller, P. O. Box 21, East Duquene, Ill.

TWO PRIZE WINNING RECIPES, Cinnamon twist, \$200 prize. Whipped cream cake recipe \$150. 50¢ ea., stamped envelope. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

DE LUX RECIPES, unusual, different — Banana donuts gooseberry gobbie, salad dressing (famous inn recipe). Hershey bar cookies; bridge party salad bowl, 25¢ ea. 5 for \$1. (No stamps) stamped envelope. P. O. Box 389, Chariton, Ia.

PANSY BORDERED 12-in. crochet doilies, \$1.10; Clothes Pin Bag made like a girls' dress, \$1.10. Catherine Peters, 2954 Apple St., Lincoln, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Linen handkerchiefs with crocheted medallion in corner, variegated colors, also all white, 60¢ ea. Also would like crocheting (small edges) to do on embroidered goods that are hemstitched. Specify color for handkerchiefs. Mrs. William Barelich, Rathbun, Ia.

FOR SALE NOVELTY, Shakers, Black Walnut 50¢. Miniature Iowa Maps, 60¢. Chopping block with axe, 60¢. Free gift with \$3 orders. Wauneta Paxson, Silver City, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Handkerchiefs with hand made lace, 65¢ ea. Mrs. Christina Peterson, Calender, Ia.

CROCHETED TABLE CLOTH, cream, 76x60 \$25. 3-piece buffet set to match \$5. Mrs. Dan Aalbers, Oskaloosa, Ia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PETS FOR SALE—Syrian Golden Hamsters. Delightful pets. Look like toy bears. Six inches long. Clean, odorless. Males \$1.50. Females \$2. Write for free information. Dwaine Schaffner, 1316 Eighth Ave., No. Fort Dodge, Ia.

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

CUTIE COASTERS, new and different. Exquisite floral designs. Special laquer finish protects table tops. 50 for \$1.15. Ideal Mother's Day, Shower, Bridge gifts. Stationery with the "New Look" 48 white letter size sheets with the charming tea rose design. 24 envelopes with printed linings of pastel tearose. \$1.15 box. Excellent Mother's Day, Graduation, Birthday gifts. Mildred Schleiger, 418 North Cleburn, Grand Island, Nebr.

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

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

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

A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

By Mabel Nair Brown

Stage setting: At far right front is a small table on which is placed a mending basket, pair of spectacles, perhaps a partly peeled apple and paring knife, and some gift packages and wrappings as are indicated in playlet. A small sewing rocker stands beside table. Across back stage wall the letters M-O-T-H-E-R are fastened in a semi-circle. Two screens are arranged at left and right back so that the characters of Mother's dream come from left to stand between screens as reader speaks, and then move behind right screen.

As scene opens a sweet, slightly old-fashioned mother is seated in the rocker. She picks up her glasses and puts them on as she glances at packages with a proud smile.

Mother: "I declare, I'm just like a child—opening packages before I even look at the rest of the mail!" (Picks up bed jacket from gifts.) "Now, isn't this just like Millie? She always has liked fancy, frilly things herself and takes it for granted everyone else does too." (Chuckling) "Wonder if Millie remembers all the fancy necklaces, scarfs and frills she gave me as gifts when she was home and which she wore more than I did! Oh, Millie was always such a generous little dear. I'm so sorry she and Harry can't come for Mother's Day, but it was sweet of her to remember me and I can understand how they want to be in Chicago for Janet's graduation."

(Mother picks up box of candy): "Dear Jim! A birthday or anniversary just wouldn't be—well, it just wouldn't be without a box of candy from Jim! Ah me, how Nancy and Millie used to tease him about *always* getting me the same thing." (Puts down candy and picks up a letter from her lap.) "I wonder what Jim says in his letter. Well, he says,

"Dear Mom: Just a line to say to 'my best girl' stretch the table out, Mom, because we'll all be down to spend Mother's Day. Millie's decided that she can come with us and still make it back for Janet's graduation, so she and Jane will bring basket dinners. Don't bother about a thing except the sugar cookies—the kids will make a dive for the cookie jar first thing. See you Sunday. Love, Jim. P.S. Am sending the *usual* box of candy for you to chuckle over until I get there to help you eat it."

(Mother folds up letter as she says): "How wonderful! All of the children home again, and how good to see the little ones too." (Leans her head back and closes her eyes as if to rest.) "It will take us back to the days when..." (her voice fades

away as she sleeps and dreams.)

The following scenes are to represent incidents of her past about which she dreams. A reader backstage reads the verse while characters indicated make "living pictures" of Mother's dreams. The music of Memories should be played softly here and fade away as Mother's dream begins. Appropriate, catchy music will be very effective if used throughout, played softly and changed with each scene.

1. Picture: Mother and Dad's wedding picture—groom sits, bride stands, hand on husband's shoulder.

READER: "How happy we were on our wedding day—An ideal couple so folks did say! Bill never knew that day how scared I was, but soon as I saw him I smiled, because his tie as always was a bit out of line, and he shook like a leaf as his eyes sought mine. Dear Bill, so kind, so shy, so true through the years, knowing always the words to banish my fears! Sharing tenderly with me all the pride and the joy in rearing Millie and Nancy, and Jim, our boy."

2. Picture: Walking the floor with the baby.

READER: "As the babies came so did the work, but we didn't mind, not a bit did we shirk, We loved 'em and spoiled 'em, but it wasn't all frolic—Take when both girls had measles and Jim had the colic! As I washed and mended, cooked and scrubbed floors, I was off' worn to a frazzle when Jim came from chores. But his gay lilting whistle would cheer me right up, I'd soon forget floors tracked by the girls' pup!"

3. Picture: Boy with cat or fishing outfit.

READER: "Ah, that Jim, not really bad, but with my quick temper and spunk like Dad's. The mischief into which that one boy could 'git',—The idea of feeding cucumbers to the cat to bring on a fit! And was he ever mad when his pants got stole while he sneaked a swim in the old swimmin' hole! Never a dull moment with our Jim around, but he'd never let on to his boy, I've found!"

4. Picture: The before-school-rush.

READER: A calm household in mornings? No such luck! Before school time came, our tornado struck! Socks got lost, buttons popped off, Millie's curls wouldn't curl, and Jim would scoff about girls being sissies—but all would end up in laughter When they'd find Towser with the cap that Nancy was after!"

5. Picture: The family group.

READER: "I'll never forget when the family group was 'took', We wanted each child his best to look. The girls wore the dresses made by their aunts, While Jim looked proud in his first long pants. The reason for Millie's frown?—Well, she got 'mad' Because the man stood her by me instead of her Dad. But though we've laughed often about the queer styles, We always admit the best was Nancy's and Bill's smiles."

6. Picture: Girl looks at fallen cake while brother laughs.

READER: "Such funny things happened when the girls learned to cook, Though they always insisted they went 'by the book', But the big-

gest laugh came when Nancy decided to bake and tried—of all things!—an angel food cake! Well, you can imagine, the cake fell flat, Bill laughed 'til he cried 'cause even Trix couldn't eat *that*! But no one was prouder than Bill when she Took the blue ribbons at the fair—I think it was three."

7. Picture: Jim in his service uniform.

READER: "Years go so fast! We thought our hearts would break When we realized the draft our Jim would take. But we tried to be brave, for well we knew Others were sending their loved ones too. We've often breathed a special prayer That God saw fit our son to spare, We never, never will forget the day Jim came home, at last, to stay."

8. Picture: Grandfather with children at his knee.

READER: "No dearer memory can come to me Than the grandbabies at Bill's knee, He carves them whistles, reads them books While they worship him with adoring looks, Yes, we often say, 'We raised our own according to Hoyle, But the grandchildren we'll enjoy and spoil!'"

Mother now yawns and wakes from her nap with a rueful smile and says: "Well, I must have had a little nap but I'd better get those cookies started."

As she finishes, those who have made the dream pictures gather in a semi-circle group with Mother in her rocker as center of group. The group, or a soloist sings the song "M-O-T-H-E-R" which begins, "M is for the million things she gave to me," etc., as the grand finale.

It might be possible to have someone point to each large letter on the wall as it is mentioned in the song, or better still, arrange six candles in candleabra and have someone light one for each letter mentioned in the song. If corsages are to be presented to the mothers present who are being honored by your group, it would be lovely to distribute them at this time.

LITTLE ADS CONTINUED

BEAUTIFUL PILLOW CASES, Hemstitched, crocheted edge, inserted rose or pineapple medallion, roses in pink or variegated peach. Pineapple, any color, \$5 pair. Crocheted dresser sets, print center, set of 3, \$2. Pansy Quilts variegated colored borders, \$1.50. Quilt block aprons, \$1.10. Mrs. Iva Miller, 1707 Q. St., Belleville, Kans.

HAVE A PRETTY, cover all apron made. Send 1 feed sack and 8 yards of bias tape for each apron desired \$1.10 ea. Maud Bowers, 1707 Q St., Belleville, Kans.

ADORABLE DRESSES, for little girls, many smoked. Others handmade, tatting trim. Flower girl dresses for weddings. Layettes. Laura Mitchell, St. Paul, Nebr.

NYLONS: Ladies irregular nylon hose, beautiful as first grade. 54 gauge, 15 denier (very sheer). Bronzelite, \$1.45; 51 gauge, 30 denier, Glace Mocha, \$1.05; Service weight, various shades \$1. Add 2% tax. State size and shade. Cash or C.O.D. P. O. Box 564, Newton, Ia.

LUMINOUS HOUSE NUMBERS, 20c. Decals 30c set. Crucifix 60c. Send 3¢ stamp for big list. Mrs. Bill Davies, Troy, Kans.

BOOK ENDS, What-Nots, Lawn Ornaments and other novelties. Write for prices. Duane Anibers, Oskaloosa, Ia.

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

Goodbye until next month.

Leanna and Lucile.