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# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE



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Photo by Verness





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote to you we were in Redlands, California, and it was the night before we were to leave for Hawaii. There is so much to say about the things that have happened to us since we arrived here that I hardly know where to start, but after thinking it over for a bit I've decided to go back and relive the trip. Then next month (when I'll again be writing from California) I can tell you what has happened in Hawaii. This seems sort of a turned-around way to go about it, but I can't think of a better way to cover the ground.

After I wrote to you last month we went right to bed, and then the next morning were busy until around ten o'clock getting our suitcases into the car, telling friends goodbye, etc. Then we drove to Glendale and had a nice dinner with Mart's brother Harry and his wife, Edith. At 5:00 o'clock their son Robert started out with us to the big airport in Los Angeles where the plane was to leave at 7:30, and we left this early not only to allow plenty of time for terribly heavy traffic, but also to greet old friends who were to be waiting at the airport.

Unfortunately we ran into the thickest fog I can ever remember—it was even impossible to see the middle line down the center of the highway. We were getting extremely nervous by the time we finally turned into the airport, but after a good visit with Gertrude Hayzlett, her husband and her father, as well as Don Bennett and his wife (college friends of Frederick's) I felt somewhat calmed down! There is nothing more nerve-racking than driving in dense fog, you know, so you can imagine how we felt when we learned that the plane could not take off and that it would be necessary for us to retrace our steps to the Burbank airport. This was only a short distance from Harry's home which we had left at 5:00!

At least we were to be taken in a bus to the Burbank field, so I was picked up and carried on by two stout porters. I hadn't ridden on a bus since my accident in 1930 and was considerably worried as to how I'd ever manage, but it was foolish to worry for those men just picked me

up and loaded me on without any trouble at all.

When the bus reached Burbank (a ride of an hour-and-a-half) we found the Pan American plane waiting for us. They had reserved a seat for me right near the door, and I was put on there without any difficulty. The plane was well loaded, and I just can't begin to tell you my sensations when the four motors tuned up and we made the slow run to the end of the airport, then turned, came back, and finally rose smoothly from the ground.

As we flew out over the coast cities the Christmas tree lights and street decorations made a breath-taking picture. My seat was right next to the window and I could look down and see everything. Soon we were over the ocean and up, up, up we went, high above the fleecy white clouds that looked like soapsuds above the dark water. Fortunately there was a bright moon, and that added much to the beauty of the night.

Our seats were most comfortable—they could be put into a reclining position, and in addition to this there were curtains to draw if one cared to sleep. I felt myself getting very drowsy from the drone of the motors, but although Mart went to sleep and seemed to rest well, I never did quite give up to sleeping. I saw the sky turn pink and the sun, like a red ball, rise up out of the water. Really, I just couldn't make myself believe that it was actually I, Leanna Driftmier, flying above the Pacific and watching the sun rise.

As the plane neared the island of Oahu and began to lose altitude I had my first touch of air sickness, not much, but enough that I didn't want any of the lovely breakfast that the stewardess brought to us. Mart ate his with relish, and also the midnight lunch that had been served, but he's flown on long trips a number of times and is an old veteran at air travel compared to me.

I'm sure that I've never seen anything more beautiful in the line of mountains than those we saw below us as we circled in low for our landing in Hawaii. We had left parched, badly burned mountains behind us in California, and we were unprepared for the brilliant green of the Hawaiian mountains. They looked like huge, flawless emeralds.

How exciting it was as our plane touched ground, rolled smoothly down the runway, and then came to a stop. I could look out the window and see Frederick, Betty, Philip Field and his wife Marie and daughter Billie, and Maxine Vincent, a former Shenandoah girl whom we all know well, lined up waiting for us to disembark. We had asked Frederick to bring his camera, and he had done so and was eager to get pictures, but because of dark sky and mist the camera didn't give us all we had hoped for. However, he did get pictures of the plane as it came down the runway, another as it stopped (you can see the propellers still turning) and then another as Mart and I were on a hydraulic platform that was raised to the door of the plane and lowered again.

Everyone had brought leis to put around our necks and I only wish that you might have seen them. One of mine was made of tube roses, another was of pink carnations and still another was of the Hawaiian crown flower. Many places along the streets one sees little stands where Hawaiian women make the leis and sell them. Here at the house were several large bouquets of water lilies, white and red ginger flowers, banana blossoms, bird of paradise blooms and many other flowers that friends of Frederick's had sent to welcome us to the land of sunshine and showers.

Frederick, as you know, is Chaplain and an instructor in religion at Punahou, the largest private school in America. I think that it has almost 2,000 pupils. It was established in 1881 for the children of missionaries located on the Pacific Islands. It is right in the heart of the city of Honolulu and has a large campus and many buildings. The teachers live in cottages on the college grounds. Frederick and Betty have a very comfortable home on the slope of a hill overlooking the city of Honolulu and the ocean beyond. From our front window I can see the huge ships come and go and the big planes take off for the mainland.

My space is almost gone, but I cannot conclude this letter without telling you what an adorable little granddaughter Mart and I have in our Mary Leanna. She looks just like her pictures, only it would take color to do justice to her beautiful golden curls, lovely eyes and rosy cheeks. Mart and I think that she is much more quiet than Juliana and Kristin were when they were smaller, and we know that she is more quiet than Martin Erik. She made up with us right away and didn't seem the least bit timid about meeting Grandma and Grandpa Driftmier for the first time.

In my next letter I want to tell you more about this beautiful island which is a part of our own United States. Before long now we'll be packing our luggage for the return trip, but as long as we live we'll never forget one moment of this wonderful trip to Hawaii.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## LET'S PLANT A GARDEN

By Ruth Ahlgren

### Part One

Quite literally as well as figuratively the editors of Kitchen-Klatter wish for all of you and your families just this: that you may walk a flowery path of life, know the satisfaction of God's growing plants and live in a gardenized home. How then shall we begin to plant and cultivate? What will create the most beauty and save us from mistakes? Many are the lovely gardens which like Topsy have just "grewed". But by taking thought, each stroke of the spade can work toward setting a plant which will delight the eye not only by its innate beauty, but by framing the house which is the core of your life.

And now to be practical and put first things first. Do you have a thick, firm, weed-free lawn? It is the background against which house and trees are displayed. Are there trees in the parking? These should be spaced the same as others on the street and be of the same kind. Maples, elms, sycamores and others are good. Avoid varieties which have only a short life.

Probably walks and driveways are located. Unless your grounds are large enough to term an estate (and mighty few of us fall into this bracket!) keep walks and drives short and direct. The exception comes if you live in the country. Here be sure to provide a turn-around or a greatly widened space opposite a front or side door, and a walk which leads directly to that entrance. Such a spot will attract visitors to the living rooms of your house. We feel sure you would rather receive them there than in your busy kitchen.

Now divide your yard into the areas for which it is to be used. The front lawn will doubtless be more or less open; we call it the public area even though it is our very own. Then there must be a service area which will include a space for drying clothes. Happy is the housewife when the home is flanked closely by the garage. Twenty to forty feet back of it set in concrete two posts with a crossbar almost the width of the garage. Attach lines from the garage to the bar. Even five, twenty-foot lines will provide one-hundred feet of drying space. Locate the vegetable garden in back of the drying yard.

On the city lot the vegetable garden may be hedged in with berry bushes or grape vines on a neat fence. I do hope this garden area may prove to contain some extra space in order that several rows may be given over to gladiolus. You will want some glads in your flower borders, of course, but having a great many for cutting is one of the joys which will thrill you and your children as long as you live. They are queenly, dramatic flowers, now grown in so many colors that there is not a beauty spot in any home they will not enhance.

But back to our main plantings. Each corner of the house should be shaded or framed by its own tree; on the wide country lawn, its own group of trees. Where space is at a premium show thought and originality by choosing fruit trees. Consider first a pear. It points a tall finger straight to the sky, is a veritable bride's bouquet in bloom and shapely all the year 'round. Probably you will set it close to the northeast corner of the house where dense shade is not needed. Let it seem to say, "I accent this corner and belong to the building."

Farther from the other corners, but close enough to frame the house, plant apple trees. It goes without saying that your family will enjoy the fruit. Then too, apple trees carry a sentimental value for most of us. We love the faint blush of the blossoms and the coolness of their summer shade.

Out on the open side or back lawn try a cherry tree. This is desirable for beauty and pies alike, but cherries are not so long lived and had best be located where a replacement can be started when the first has been bearing a few years.

Generally speaking, these framing trees should be set on lines considered as radiating diagonally from the center of the house, on the bias it would seem for a dressmaking analogy, or a little to the south of true diagonals; but consider carefully before digging into the ground. You will want shrub and flower borders as well as foundation plantings to accent corners and entrances. You must leave free the doors to the house, and also permit easy circulation from area to area of the lawn. It may be necessary to move a tree from five to ten feet in any direction—much easier to plan than to change later.

Let's think a little more about those foundation plantings. Time was when heavy rows of shrubs were used entirely around a house. Now with our new smaller homes we have little or no unsightly masonry to cover and we ask only accent plants at corners, angles and entrances.

Probably you know and love the altheas. These are a joy for their habit of growth is fairly slender, neat and trim. They bloom in late summer when flowers are particularly welcome on shrubs. Try a pair, one on either side of your south or east door. *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, which is the fall blooming kind, makes a good corner-of-the-house shrub, as does *Spirea Van Houttei* and the Persian Lilac. Be sure that you plant well out from the foundation wall for symmetrical growth. Three feet is none too much. For very large houses use a group of three shrubs giving each ample room to develop. Most shrubs will require as much room from side to side as their height when mature. That is, give a six-foot shrub six feet of space.



This picture of Mother, Dad and little Mary Leanna was taken on the front porch at Frederick's and Betty's home within an hour after the plane had landed. In Mother's letter she tells about being greeted with the beautiful leis, and here they are wearing them. We think that Dad looks remarkably relaxed considering it's the first time he has ever worn flowers around his neck!

We must remember this too when we plan our shrub borders. These are for both beauty and privacy. On the very narrow lot the best choice is a clipped hedge of Amoor River Privet, which has a most twiggy growth and is very hardy. Set the little plants nine to twelve inches apart in a staggered row. Such close planting will keep the hedge thick and rather dwarfed. You must keep it trimmed to any height you desire. There is some work involved of course; but a good hedge is such a satisfactory boundary marker and protector from dogs, cats and marauding children that it is worth its weight in gold.

If you have more space you may prefer an informal border of shrubs. This offers variety, flowers for cutting and a broad field in which to express your own personality. Both the hedge and the shrub border make perfect backgrounds for perennial flowers, roses and annuals. For proportion plan to make both borders, including shrubs and flowers, occupy about one-fifth of the width of the yard.

Remember also that these things must be tended. Therefore plan a grass path eighteen to twenty-four inches wide between the edges of the mature shrubs and the flower beds. When you are doing the planting the space will seem very wide, but three years' time will show you that eight feet from the planting line of shrubs to the edge of the rose bed, for instance, is none too much. These shrubs may extend across the back of the lot and to the street sidewalk in front, or may stop at the front corners of the house or the back corners. They may be a single row or double—in fact, just about any way you want them.

Try to keep both sides similar in height at the same places, and use the good old standbys largely for their sturdiness and endearing qualities of bloom. Keep tamarix, weigelas, mock orange and forsythia at the outside with little groups of about three Flowering Quince, *Spirea Billardi*, *Spirea Froebeli* or Butterfly Bush curving inward to set off special sections for roses, perennials or even a rock garden.

(To Be Continued)



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

### CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

When I returned from the visit in Minneapolis I wanted to get on back to Hollywood at once, but train reservations weren't turned up over night at that time so I had to wait until Thanksgiving Day. Dorothy wanted to return also, and was just on the verge of making reservations when Kristin developed a particularly violent siege of feeding difficulties and couldn't be taken on a trip. It was during the month that I waited for Thanksgiving Day to turn up that Dorothy and I began our first sewing for Juliana and Kristin. We fixed up the southwest room (always known as Howard's) for wholesale sewing projects and accomplished a great deal. Margery was teaching in Pella, but she came home for a couple of weekends before Thanksgiving and did some sewing with us.

The Sunday before I returned to California we had both babies christened, and later in the afternoon we had a family gathering and took some pictures. The one that you see here was taken about five o'clock when both proud grandmothers were using every trick and wile they'd ever known to keep the babies under control long enough to get these pictures. And by the way, this is the time to answer a question that many of you have asked through the years—what middle names do our children have? Well, they were christened that day in November with the names of Juliana Verness and Kristin Johnson. We said, when their names were chosen, that if they ever wanted middle names they could select their own. Dorothy had done this and was well pleased with the arrangement! She was christened Dorothy Driftmier, but when she was about ten she decided that she liked the name Louise, so that became her middle name. Our girls can do likewise.

My big train headed west out of Omaha at eight o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, and as I saw the banks of dirty snow outside I felt fortunate to be turning towards sunshine and flowers once again. Russell was waiting at the Union Station in Los Angeles when we pulled in there around ten in the morning, and he was almost overcome when he saw Juliana! He had carried her on to the train in her basket when we left Los Angeles, and now he saw a genuine little girl sitting bolt upright on the train seat, her blue velvet bonnet perched most becomingly on her head, and her blue velvet coat making her look almost two years old. This outfit was made by Grandmother Verness, so I can feel free to say that it was of surpassing elegance!

Of course it was good to be back in my own home again, to pick up the familiar threads of the familiar routine. Frank too marveled at the way Juliana had grown and spent much time playing with her. We were all hopeful that Dorothy could get Kris-



One of the christening pictures. Mother is holding Juliana, and Mrs. Johnson is holding Kristin.

tin straightened out in time to arrive in Hollywood for Christmas, but letters from her carried more and more discouraging news and by the 10th of December we realized that she'd never make it, so Frank got plane reservations to fly back and have Christmas with them in Shenandoah.

In some respects that was a lonely spell for me. Russell had gone into an interesting job connected with defense—he made x-ray photographs of vital parts used in the manufacture of planes, but it was night work and I was alone from dusk to dawn. Frank was also on the night shift at Lockheed, so Juliana and I kept each other company through those long hours.

The day before Christmas Frank left for Iowa, so Russell, Juliana and I were alone during the holiday. Howard was still up in Oregon and still hopeful that he would be transferred to Southern California. Frederick was in New York, Donald was in Colorado Springs, and Wayne spent that Christmas in Rockhampton, Australia. This left only Margery, Dorothy, Kristin and Frank with the folks for Christmas.

When Frank returned he said that Dorothy had reservations for January 1st and thus would soon be back. I began counting the days, and just about the time I'd progressed to planning details of the home-coming dinner, we received a wire that Kristin was seriously ill and that Dorothy couldn't take her reservations.

Poor Kristin! I'm so glad that this is virtually the end of her long misfortunes because I realize that up to the present point all references to her have carried an ominous ring. Well, as if Kristin hadn't had trouble enough, she developed whooping cough and very nearly died. At the conclusion of that harrowing month Dorothy put her on the scales and found that she weighed around twelve pounds—she'd weighed eight pounds, ten ounces at birth and now was around seven months old, so you can see how poorly she had progressed. Once again Dorothy made train reservations, and this time she actually managed to get underway.

When Frank walked into our house carrying Kristin that February morning I tried not to show my shocked surprise. Both she and Dorothy looked as though they'd been through some kind of a terrible famine! They would have made fitting subjects for

posters on the subject of foreign relief just as they looked that morning. It seemed to me that the most imperative thing at hand was to get both of them fattened up without a moment's delay.

This happy reunion in Hollywood was clouded by the news that Dorothy brought. She had spent an anguished twenty-four hours back in Iowa trying to decide whether or not she could leave because Dad was lying critically ill in the Shenandoah hospital following an emergency appendectomy. Peritonitis had developed and he was in a most serious condition. Dorothy didn't see how she could leave, but on the other hand she had called and found that if she didn't take her reservations on the following day she would have another six weeks to wait, and when she thought of getting Kristin into the sunshine and out of a bitter winter it seemed that the only thing to do was to get on the train.

Within an hour after Dorothy's arrival we had telephoned Mother and found that Dad had passed the crisis and would recover. This was his first really serious illness, and none of us could visualize him lying in a hospital bed. Unfortunately this all happened at a time when it was virtually impossible to get special nursing care, and although he had a special nurse for the first forty-eight hours, it was almost catastrophic when she developed a bad case of flu for she could not be replaced. In this emergency an old family friend, Ethel Baker Baldwin, came to the rescue. She took care of Dad, then went to the house and drove Mother out to sit with him, then drove her back, took care of the stoker, and otherwise managed the details that none of us seven children were here to look after.

At the end of three-and-a-half weeks Dad was able to be brought home, and for the first time Mother could begin to feel that things were half-way back to normal.

It seems to me, looking back on it, that the year running from June, 1943 to June of 1944 was fraught with disaster. My account of it, you see, has very little of joy and pleasure lurking around the corners! And somehow all of the trouble and anxiety was climaxed by the report from Dorothy's specialists at the end of March that she would have to be sent to the desert at once for a rest cure. The long months of ceaseless worry and sleepless nights had taken their toll—Kristin was slowly on the upgrade but Dorothy had gone steadily down hill. We couldn't find a living soul to come in and care for Kristin, and with my physical handicap it was out of the question to assume the care of two babies, particularly when one of the babies was on a diet that kept a person busy preparing. So the only possible solution seemed to be for Margery to come. Within twelve hours after she received our wire she was on the train, three days later Dorothy was out on the desert taking a rest cure, and Margery was in charge of Kristin. Yes, it was a dislocated time.

(To Be Continued)



## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Editorial Note: It has been an unusual and moving experience to read the letters that were submitted in our little contest about the happiest memories of childhood. The strange thing about it is this: virtually without exception the writers of these letters touched on the same collection of memories, and because of this it was exceedingly difficult to make a selection of the one prize-winning letter. I finally chose Mrs. Medsker's letter because it summed up, so to say, *all* of the letters.

It will interest you to know that 99% of the letters mentioned first and foremost that their happiest memories were connected with the things that their mothers and fathers did with them—not their brothers and sisters, mind you, but their parents. It will also interest you to know that not one person mentioned, as his happiest memory, receiving some long coveted and deeply desired gift. (This should be a lesson to all of us who are occasionally deceived by the idea that giving a child this or that will make him sublimely happy.)

There were touching letters written by women in their late seventies and early eighties that called up a world so lost, so remote, that it was like hearing about a dream to read those accounts of childhoods lived long ago.

We will print a number of the most interesting letters in months to come. There is much to be learned from them. In the March number will appear a letter written by Myrtle Felkner that, in its own way, sums up a goodly number of other letters. As one of our regular contributors she was ineligible to compete for the prize, but I'm sure that you will find much of interest in her letter, and well as in the other runner-up letters that will follow.—Lucile.

### What I Remember About My Childhood

By Lois Medsker

My childhood was perhaps different from the childhood known by most children because my father died before my brother and I could remember him. This forced my Mother to be both mother and father to us, and she did this so well that we didn't feel we were missing anything.

Mother taught school and had to be away from home from Monday until Friday; furthermore, she attended summer school and was away for nine or ten weeks in the summer. We stayed with our grandfather. As I look back now with an adult's viewpoint I can see where she made countless sacrifices to sort of make up for the fact that it was necessary for her to be away from us so much.

Two things stand out clearly. Christmas was wonderful! Perhaps the material things weren't so much, but we didn't miss that. We sang the Christmas carols together, and spent many happy hours planning and making gifts for our school-mates and relatives. All of the emphasis was on *giving*, not *getting*.

One particularly happy time was the day we sacked the "treat" for Mother's school pupils. Sometimes we made little red net socks, and other times she used little red and white "chimney" boxes with a cardboard Santa on top. Other times it was attractive boxes decorated with sprigs of holly. Mother bought several different kinds of candy and a huge orange for each child. It was our job to help put the candy in each sock or box, and it was very important to get exactly the same number of pieces and the same varieties so that each child's treat was identical. We had to "sample" frequently to be certain that the pupils were getting good candy!

Mother made homemade candy for the family at Christmas. It was always put in the cold guest room that was never used except for guests, and my! what a sight it was to behold those platters spread out over every single surface! There were platters of fudge, divinity, chocolate caramels and fondant, and the fondant was particularly eye-tempting for it was made in several different colors and decorated with dates and nuts. How I used to stand at the door and stare! I believe that it was almost more fun to *look* at the wonderful assortment and anticipate, than it was to eat from it on Christmas Day.

The other thing that is vivid in my memory is the long walks we took in the woods and down country lanes. I realize now how much Mother must have had to do during those two precious days away from the school-room, but somehow she never allowed those tasks to interfere with our walks. We were out to get the first purple violets and little boy's britches of early spring. In the fall we gathered bright leaves, nuts and bitter-sweet. Through the summer there were sweet wild fruits and berries. My Mother knew the call of almost every bird, and she knew too where to look for tiny bird's nests and fuzzy cocoons.

Through her eyes we saw fairyland, not just the commonplace things of Nature. Never was she too busy to watch a beautiful sunset with us, and if we called to her to come and look at something we had found outdoors, she dropped whatever she was doing and came.

I see and enjoy so many of Nature's wonderful creations now because my Mother took time in her busy life to teach us to get true enjoyment from things that money cannot buy. My whole life has been enriched in ways beyond calculation by the pleasure that I was taught to find in simple things.

Now that I am grown and have a family of my own I can see that my Mother's philosophy was to do the very best you can, and then to be content until you can do better. So often we busy mothers don't take time to give our children the values that in later life make all of the difference between deep, inner peace and restless dissatisfaction.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

When you read this it will be late January. Even so, you may like to know that as I write I am just home from seeing Leanna start on her trip to Hawaii. We visited for an hour and a half at the airport, and did we ever talk! So much to say! When she gets back we plan to spend some time together and have a real visit. She looked fine tonight and I know she will get a big thrill from her trip.

Before Christmas I asked you to send for a leaflet telling about things shutins had for sale. The leaflets ran out, I'm sorry to say, but a copy of this month's Guide for Good Neighbors will go to those of you who did not get the leaflet, and to any more of you who ask for one before they are all gone. There are always shutins who need a boost and I know you can find someone in the Guide whom you can help.

Our latest project is getting Viewmasters and views to loan to shutins. This is a modern version of the old stereoscope, and views show all parts of the U. S. and many all over the world. They will furnish hours of entertainment to anyone who can't get out and see for themselves. Our plan is for me to get the Master and the special box that holds it and about 75 view slides, and for all of you to furnish the views. They come with seven views to a disc, and each disc costs 35¢ or three of them for a dollar. When we get a box full, we will loan it to some shutin for a month, then to some other shutin for another month and so on. We gave one box like this as a gift in December and it proved to be such a pleasure that I am sure this new project will be a real thriller for many shutin people. Will you help? Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

A good many requests have piled up since last month. Here is one that is different from any we have had: Joel M. Swenson, New Richland, Minn., wants old clocks and watches. He has been learning to repair them and wants some to practice on.

Vernon Strother wants books to read. He is helpless, can't walk or use his hands but loves to read. He turns the pages of the book with his toes. He is 24. Address is Box 154, Irondale, Mo.

Mrs. Rollin McClister, Fairplay, Kentucky, needs cheer. She has been confined to her home for 16 years by arthritis. Fanny Porter, Jamestown, North Dakota, has had arthritis for 10 years. She is unable to walk but can use her hands some. Another arthritis sufferer is Mrs. Neva Allen, 1334 S Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles 35, Calif. She has to stay at home alone a good deal and gets so lonely.

Edwin Henke, Osborne, Kans., is having a hard time. He was to enter High School this fall but in early summer he was taken very ill with meningitis. He was in a cast from armpits to toes for two months. He is out of that now but is not able to bend to sit down, so he either has to stand up with the help of crutches or lie in bed.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

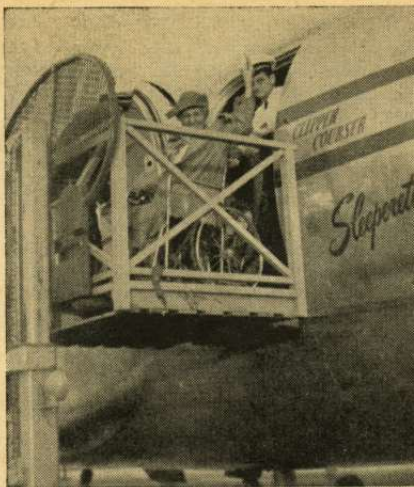
Dear Folks:

The night that mother and dad flew from Los Angeles to Honolulu was a very stormy night here in the islands. Five times during the night I woke up to listen to the wind and rain and wonder what sort of a flight they were having. To add tension to worry, little Mary Leanna was ill and crying most of the night. Just as day was breaking Betty and I drove through the rain to the airport. What a blessed relief it was when the clouds broke just in time to see the big Pan American plane come down out of a brilliant blue sky and taxi across the runway to the terminal where we were waiting! What a joy it was to see mother and dad waving to us from one of the rear windows of the plane! It was just a matter of minutes before we had loaded them down with flower leis and whisked them through the city out to our home for breakfast. For the next four hours all of us were talking at once; even little Mary Leanna, who was much improved, managed to add much to the joyous uproar. I was relieved that the plane had been above the storm all the way and that the trip had been an easy one.

As I write this letter Mother and Dad are just completing their third week with us. In three weeks we have had only five bright days. All of the rest of the time it has been raining. As a matter of fact, it has been raining here for six weeks. Most of the rain comes in quick, hard showers, one shower after another. One day after spending most of the morning in the house, Dad decided to take advantage of a spell of sunshine and walk around the house. He was just half way from the front door to the back door when a sudden shower caught him without warning for the sun was still shining. We really had to laugh at him. Another time it was not quite so funny. Because of the wet lawn we couldn't bring the car very close to the house for Mother, and so we had to wheel her about a half-city block to the car. We were going out for lunch and were going that very short distance to the car when a sudden shower broke just like a small cloudburst. I threw my raincoat over Mother and managed to keep her dry, but Dad and I were soaked.

Despite all of the rain we have been able to take several trips about Honolulu and the Island of Oahu. There is nothing that I enjoy more than showing strangers about a territory with which I am familiar. From Mother have come constant exclamations of delight as she has seen the incredibly beautiful flowers and trees that we have here. Every so often she will say, "Stop the car. I just want to sit here and soak up this beauty." Of course Dad also appreciates the flowers, but he is most interested in the historical sites and the industry.

A typical day's outing would be as follows: First we drove up beautiful Nuuanu Valley where so many of Honolulu's most attractive homes are located. We went past the Royal



The big Clipper plane has just stopped on the airport runway and Mother is waving to the group that has come to meet her and Dad.

Mausoleum where several of the ancient royal family of Hawaii are buried. From there we went past the old home of the famous Queen Emma, which is now a historical museum. We stopped off for a few minutes at the Oahu Country Club to let them see the view of the city lying in the valley below, and then we wound on up the road toward the top of the ridge of mountains which runs through the center of the island. As we got away from the city proper we drove through dense jungle growth with little streams and waterfalls. At one point we got a wonderful view of the Upsidedown Falls. Believe it or not, we actually have a waterfall on the island that at certain times falls up instead of down. This phenomenon is caused by a strong wind which hits the waterfall from underneath with such a strong blast that the water is blown back up into the air and then disappears in mist. I don't think that Dad actually believed that he would see such a sight, and when he did see it, he looked at it a good long time to make certain that he was seeing things correctly.

From the waterfall we went on to the top of the ridge where we parked the car at what we call the Pali View. *Pali* means mountain in Hawaiian, and the Pali View is simply the place where one gets a spectacular view from the pali. And I mean spectacular! I have seen many views from many mountains, but I don't think that I have ever seen anything to equal the Pali View. The wind blows so strongly right at that point all of the time, that the constant strong wind itself is a phenomenon. I can't sit in a car for any length of time there at the pali, because the rocking of the car in the wind makes me a bit ill. To stand up in that wind it is necessary to stand with feet wide apart. Of course the folks were thrilled with it, and Dad was busy taking pictures. Taking pictures there is extremely difficult because it is nearly impossible to hold a camera still, even when on a tripod.

From there we drove down the pali road to the opposite side of the island

from Honolulu. I don't think that in all the world there is a steeper and more winding mountain road than the pali road. From the way Mother and Dad hung on to the car, I think that they got a thrill out of it.

On the windward side of the island we drove through miles and miles of banana plantations. We stopped at one little plantation stand and bought some big yellow ones right off the tree. When we put a large bunch of bananas in the trunk of the car I had to assure Dad that out here in Hawaii we don't have the tarantulas on our plantations that they have in Central America! From the banana plantations we drove on toward the sea until we came to the papaya orchards, and of course that meant another stop for pictures. The papaya trees are most unusual in appearance, and the fruit is exotic and interesting. We bought a few papayas for the next day's breakfast and then drove on up the shore road with the dark purple cliffs of the pali on one side of us, and the wonderfully beautiful Pacific ocean on the other. The only thing that will take Mother's eyes off of the flowers, and there are flowers everywhere, is the ocean. She never tires of looking at the magnificently colored water. We stopped at a lonely little beach where the waves were rolling in and breaking with a tremendous roar on the sand. Who of us from the middlewest does not love to watch the breaking of waves on a beach?

By that time the sun was getting down rather low in the sky and so we drove on around the east side of the island to the blowhole where we parked the car to do what everyone does at the blowhole — watch the blowhole blow. When the waves are high there is a certain place on the rocky east shore of Oahu where the waves rush under a shelf of rock and then force a regular geyser of water up through a hole in the shelf. We watched and watched and took one picture after another, each time snapping the shutter just an instant too late for the water rushes up into the air out of the hole very quickly. We went across the road and took a picture of a regular jungle of wild lantana. Mother was very excited to see lantana growing wild and in such quantities. She could hardly believe it when I told her that out here in Hawaii the lantana is a pesky weed that grows everywhere.

On we went again back into the city of Honolulu and across the city to our lovely Punahou campus. After a short rest and a bit of freshening up we went out to dinner to a place the like of which Dad and Mother had never seen. The name of the restaurant was *Don the Beachcombers*. It is a huge Hawaiian grass hut built in the center of a coconut grove, and is surrounded by an unusually nice tropical garden with its own stream and waterfall. The food we had that evening was right out of this world. —exotic dishes from the South Sea Islands and the Cantonese area of China. After dinner we went home

(Continued on page 15)



## QUILTS—AND MORE QUILTS!

By Hallie Barrow

Wouldn't you be almost crazy if you'd cut and pieced a quilt top every week for years and years? Well, in sixteen years, or 832 weeks, Tom Swartz has done that and better—he's pieced almost 900 and it's what has kept him in A-1 spirits through years that might have gotten the rest of us down.

Until he was past fifty, Mr. Swartz was a plumber by trade and had never taken a stitch with the needle. His wife was an expert needlewoman and he had never even had to sew on a button for himself. Then seventeen years ago as this happy couple strolled along, a drunken driver careened up on the sidewalk and struck Mr. Swartz. After weeks in the hospital he returned home knowing that he would never take another step—and that's a pretty stiff sentence for a jolly fellow who's always gotten a great deal out of life.

But he could be propped up in his bed, and at first he spent hours working jig-saw puzzles which were brought to him from far and near. Then one day a neighbor woman called to see if Mrs. Swartz could possibly help her put together the pieces of an intricate quilt block. They worked and figured and finally gave up—the pieces would not fit and they decided that the pattern was at fault. About this time Mr. Swartz looked up from his jig-saw puzzle and said, "Let me have a try. I've worked so many of these puzzles, that ought to be right down my line."

The women patiently humored his request and went out to look at the flowers, never dreaming that he could do anything with the faulty pattern. They were amazed when they returned to find that he had put the very difficult pattern together perfectly. And of course, from this it was but a natural step that he should try to piece a quilt top to while away the hours.

To his surprise, when the visiting nurse came after his first top was finished, she bought it and said that she could get orders for more. He wondered if he could piece enough tops to pay their taxes? That was his goal. The first tops sold for several dollars apiece. These same designs now sell for around \$15, but of course material has gone up in about the same proportion and so have taxes. But by working steadily, and often late into the night, he has sold hundreds of his quilt tops to folks in more than thirty states. He has been able to keep his taxes paid and have enough change for his tobacco and postage. You'd be amazed how much postage it takes for his extensive correspondence. For piecing quilts has been the means of bringing into their lives (and I say "their" because his wife is his constant bedside companion) many new interests and friends.

Take patterns, for example: folks who've learned about his hobby have sent him enough quilt patterns from magazines and papers to fill ten scrap



Here is Mr. Swartz busily at work on one of his quilts. Hallie Barrow much enjoyed her visit to his home, and when you read her article you'll feel as though you've been there yourself.

books. I wondered audibly if that wasn't about the complete list of quilt designs, but he smiled cheerfully and said, "I doubt it. I still keep getting more through the mail." Every pattern, card, letter, or bundle of quilt pieces is acknowledged at once. This, together with all the letters he writes to other shut-ins, makes quite a postage bill.

Through these ten quilt scrapbooks that are constantly passing from person to person, Mr. Swartz has studied the history of quilts, one of our genuine American arts. He told me that at least a half-dozen books had been written about quilts and that just about every phase of the subject had been well covered. He also told me that one of the most famous of all quilting stories was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. And it seems that nearly all quilt names gather around a single idea and can be sorted into about a dozen classes.

From reading his scrapbooks he has concluded that the word "star" appears more often than any other word. There are over fifty quilt names using this word. Next in number are quilt names taken from flowers, with "rose" predominating. Birds, trees and animals form another group. In fact, as our pioneer grandmothers perfected their own original designs, they often followed Nature. About a dozen quilt patterns are named after events or persons in the Bible. Geography entered somewhat too, in those first names, and almost every state has its own star or rose pattern. About the time of the Civil War, when political fever ran high, we find a group of political names such as the Whig Rose, Lincoln's Log Cabin, etc.

But to me the most interesting aspect of my visit to the Swartz home was not just all this quilt lore which he has at hand (and it is genuinely fascinating), but the glimpse I had of all the things which opened up for them as a result of taking up the piecing of quilts as a hobby.

Largely through his quilt tops he got in touch with other "shut-ins", and in case you are not in active touch with any modern shut-in, I must tell you that they have a world of their own. They have clubs, organizations, magazines, books, pictures and papers which they pass from one to another.

Mr. Swartz became a "joiner" and now he still has a big circle of friends, but instead of being his fellow artisans, lodge and church members, they are other shut-ins. He is a very active member in several of their clubs; he takes their magazines and writes to many.

Some of these shut-in magazines list the birthdays of all their subscribers, their hobbies, etc. One magazine sends out each month a colored plate of a bird, art object or a travel picture. Shut-ins can join any of these picture clubs—folders are provided for these pictures. When they receive them, if they know of any interesting facts about that picture, they write in about it; the best of these letters are mimeographed and returned to go into their folders. Mr. Swartz laughed and said that art didn't mean too much to him, but he loved the bird series. Nearly every month his letter was chosen to be reprinted. His bed is pulled up by a double window and their yard is full of old shrubs which haven't been pruned since his illness—the kind of tangles that birds just love for nesting—so he studies them first-hand and has a large number at the bird bath just outside his windows.

Then, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz were adopted parents! It's no rare thing when children are adopted, but this is the first case I've ever known where a lonely woman, who had lost her parents, wrote to the editor of one of these shut-in magazines and asked for an elderly couple whom she might adopt as parents. This editor had been sending quilt pieces to the Swartz home, and found them so grateful and so cooperative in helping other shut-ins, that she was certain a woman in Iowa would be pleased to have this worthy, childless couple as her adopted parents.

For fourteen years the adopted parents received through the mail nice gifts on Christmas, Easter, their birthdays, Mother's and Father's Day. Each week there was a letter from the Iowa daughter telling of the small affairs in her family which would interest grandparents. She had two small daughters and Mr. Swartz pieced a quilt for each of his adopted grandchildren. Mrs. Swartz sent them hand-made clothes with beautiful handwork.

"You just wouldn't believe," Mrs. Swartz said, "how fond you can grow of folks through the mail until you've had something like this happen to you."

Then last Mother's Day there was a knock at their front door, and when Mrs. Swartz answered, the strange woman standing there said, "I know this is Mother!" and for the first time Mother and Father Swartz saw the kind woman who had needed parents so badly that she adopted them and kept in such close touch with them over the years.

If piecing quilts is your hobby, I only hope it may bring as much happiness and pleasure to your life as it has to the Swartz home at 1216 Douglas Street, St. Joseph, Mo.





### BUTTER-FLAKE REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 4 cups flour
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cake compressed yeast
- 2 Tbls. lukewarm water
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Sift flour, measure. Pour hot water over sugar, salt and butter; stir until butter is melted. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve crumbled yeast in lukewarm water; add to cooled mixture. Add 1 cup of the flour gradually, beating until smooth; add beaten egg. Add just enough remaining flour to make a soft dough. Place in greased bowl, cover tightly; let stand at room temperature 1 hour. Place on floured board; knead slightly into round ball; roll out into rectangle 1/4 inch thick; brush with melted butter; cut into 1 1/2 inch strips. Stack strips 5 to 7 high; cut into 2-inch squares. Place on end in greased muffin pans. Let rise until light, about 45 minutes. Bake in 425 degree oven for 15 minutes, or until done. Makes 1 dozen rolls.

### DATE BARS

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups chopped dates
- 1 cup broken nut meats
- 1 scant cup all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs until very light and then add sugar gradually. Beat until extremely fluffy. Then add dates and nuts. Sift together dry ingredients and add to egg mixture; add 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat until all ingredients are well blended. Pour into a 9x13 inch pan lined with buttered paper. Bake in a 325 degree oven for about 25 minutes. When cool, cut into bars and roll in confectioner's sugar.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### GOLD CAKE

- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup butter
- 8 egg yolks
- 2 1/2 cups cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream together sugar and butter until very light and fluffy. Beat 8 egg yolks until light and lemon colored and then beat them into the butter mixture. Sift before measuring the cake flour, and then resift with baking powder and salt. Add to 1st mixture alternately with milk. Beat thoroughly after each addition and when all flour has been added, beat for 2 minutes. Add flavoring and beat again. Bake in 3 layer pans in a 375 degree oven for about 20 minutes.

This is a light, tender and very good cake.

### CREAMED EGGS AND ASPARAGUS

(Splendid main dish to serve to luncheon guests)

- 5 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 16-oz. can asparagus tips
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups of milk (use 1 cup of cream, if possible)
- Salt — paprika

Melt butter and then stir in the flour. Add milk, or milk and cream slowly, and seasonings. Stir the sauce until it begins to boil. Then fold in the asparagus tips which have been cut in half. Place a layer of sliced eggs in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of asparagus and repeat this process until the dish is filled. Cover the top with 1/2 cup bread crumbs. Dot it with 2 Tbls. butter. Heat (but do not cook) the dish in a 350 degree oven.

This dish served with hot muffins and a lightly tossed fruit salad, plus fine quality cake and coffee for dessert, makes a fine, perfectly balanced luncheon.

### HAM CAKES WITH PINEAPPLE AND SWEET POTATOES

- 3 large sweet potatoes
- 2 cups cooked and ground ham
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 5 Tbls. bacon drippings
- 6 slices drained pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 cup brown sugar

Combine ham, bread crumbs, eggs, salt and mustard. Shape mixture into 6 flat cakes. Melt bacon drippings in skillet and then brown lightly the 6 slices of pineapple. Remove them and brown the ham cakes. Place the pineapple slices in a baking dish and cover each slice with a ham cake. Peel the sweet potatoes. Cut them lengthwise into halves. Combine and sprinkle over them the cloves and brown sugar. Cook them slowly in the skillet until they are well caramelized. Place them in the baking dish. Baste them with pineapple juice and bake the dish in a 375 degree oven for 10 minutes.

### OVEN-BARBECUED SPARERIBS

(More than one woman who served these spareribs on a bitter winter's night has made her reputation as a wonderful cook with this recipe.)

- 5 lbs. spareribs
- 1 lemon, sliced thin
- 1 large onion, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup tomato catsup
- 2 cups of water

A few drops of Tabasco sauce or very few grains of cayenne

Cut the sheets of ribs into serving-size pieces. Spread them, meaty side up, in a big, shallow baking pan, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, and on each piece put a thin slice of lemon. Sprinkle chopped onion generously over all, and put into a hot oven (450) uncovered, for 45 minutes.

Mix remaining ingredients and bring them to boiling. At end of 45 minutes pour sauce over the ribs, reduce heat to 350 and continue roasting for an hour to an hour and a half longer. Baste occasionally. If the sauce gets too thick, add a little hot water.

### CARAMEL ICING

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cream
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. vanilla

Mix together and boil for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and beat until creamy. If the icing seems to stiffen too quickly, thin it with a little cream (be careful to add only very small amounts at one time to avoid making the icing too runny to handle.)



**STEAK AND ONION PIE**

- 1 lb. round steak, cubed
- 1/4 cup enriched flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Dash of ginger
- Dash of allspice
- 1/4 cup fat
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 2 1/2 cups hot water
- 2 cups diced potatoes

Dip meat into mixture of flour, salt, pepper, and spices. Brown in hot fat. Add onions; cook until golden. Add water; cover. Simmer until meat is tender, about 45 minutes. Add potatoes; cover. Simmer 10 minutes. Turn into greased 9-inch pie plate. Cover with Flaky Crust. Brush with slightly-beaten egg. Bake in a 450 degree oven for 25 minutes.

**Flaky Crust:** Sift 1 cup enriched flour and 1/2 tsp. salt; cut in 1/3 cup shortening. Slowly add about 3 Tbls. cold water; mix lightly and quickly with a fork until dough will just hold together. Roll to fit pie plate.

**SHEPHERD'S PIE**

(This dish combining left-over mashed potatoes and left-over meat is sufficiently delicious and attractive to serve to guests.)

- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups left over veal, lamb, beef or pork, finely chopped
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup left-over gravy, or\*
- 1/3 cup cream

If left-over mashed potatoes are stored tightly covered there will be no hard crust on them—simply reheat, stirring vigorously. Beat 2 egg yolks until very light and then beat into potatoes. Whip 2 egg whites until stiff, add 1/3 tsp. salt. Fold these lightly into the potato mixture. Spread heavily buttered casserole with half of the potatoes. Combine meat, parsley, celery, and gravy or cream, plus salt and paprika, and spread over potatoes. Use remaining potatoes to spread over meat mixture. Dot liberally with butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake in a 400 degree oven until the top is brown.

**SPICED PRUNES**

(Any family gets tired of plain old prunes, so just for a change prepare them according to the following directions, store them in a covered jar in a cold place for at least 3 days, and bring them on with a nice pork or beef roast.)

After prunes have been prepared in the usual manner, drain them and add to the sirup which has been made as follows: combine and boil for 5 minutes 1 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1 sliced lemon, 2 inches stick cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg, allspice and cloves (combined). After prunes have been added to syrup, cook for 3 minutes. Then cool, and when thoroughly cold, cover and store in a cold place.

**SPINACH SQUARES**

(Canned spinach is an inexpensive vegetable. This is a different, and good way to prepare it.)

- 2 cups chopped canned spinach
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup cream or rich milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Melt butter and blend in flour. Add cream or milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Separate 3 eggs, beat yolks and stir into sauce. Then add spinach, onion, salt and pepper. Cook two minutes longer over low heat, stirring constantly. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in carefully. Pour into well-greased 8-inch square pan. Set in pan half full of hot water. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until set. Cut into squares and serve with hot cream sauce. Dried beef added to cream sauce will make this a one-dish meal.

**RICE-CHEESE SOUFFLE**

- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- Salt and cayenne
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

In the top part of a double boiler put the flour, butter and milk and make a cream sauce. When smooth and thick add the beaten egg yolks and rice. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from fire. Add cheese, stir until melted. Season, cool and fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased casserole. Set pan in hot water and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 20 minutes.

**BAKED WINTER PEARS**

- 6 winter pears
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 6 pieces of zwieback
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Cinnamon; sugar

Wash, pare, and cut pears in half. Remove core, stem and blossom end. Place one layer deep in baking pan. Sprinkle centers with sugar. Pour water in bottom of pan, cover and bake in a slow oven for 1 hour, or until tender. The water should be almost evaporated. Spread zwieback with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Serve each pear half on a piece of zwieback.

**CREAM CHEESE ICING**

- 1 3-oz. package cream cheese
- 1 cup confectioner's sugar
- Few drops of heavy cream
- Vanilla

Beat cheese until soft and then blend in gradually the sugar and if necessary to get the right spreading consistency, add a few drops of cream. Flavor with vanilla. Delicious on chocolate cake.

**A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN**

By Myrtle E. Felkner

As Danish as Copenhagen itself is "Butterdejs", or Danish pastry. Contrary to the belief held by many people, Danish pastry is not in itself a roll or other dainty, but is in reality the basis from which many delicacies are prepared.

To make Danish pastry, you will need 4 cups of flour, 2 cups of butter, 1 teaspoon of vinegar, 1 cup of cold water. Mix one cup of the butter with flour, add vinegar mixed with water. Rest this dough about 15 minutes. In the meantime, knead the rest of the butter until it is soft, pliable, and contains no water. Now roll out the first dough, cover it with the kneaded butter, fold the dough in half. Then fold it in half again and rest about a half hour. Roll, refold the same way and rest another few minutes. Roll, refold, rest it again. Keep up this process until all particles of butter have disappeared.

You now have Butterdejs, and you are ready to combine it with other mixtures or bake it in certain ways to create the particular dish you desire. If you wish pretzels, roll out like pie dough, cut in strips, sprinkle it with sugar and bake in a 400 degree oven. Or you may wish to roll out the dough, cut in odd shapes and bake to serve with creamed dishes. For tarts, line the pan with this dough, fill with stewed sweetened fruit of any kind, cover with strips of Butterdejs and bake at 350 degrees. Make patty shells, using your large muffin tins, baking at 400 degrees. Fill with creamed chicken or vegetables. Twist into small rolls, using almond paste as a filling. However you look at it, Butterdejs is delicious and versatile.

Frikadeller! This is one dish I'll always love. Delight the family by mixing two pounds of ground beef and pork with a grated onion, two or three slices of bread soaked in milk, salt and pepper, two eggs, and enough cream to make the mixture soft and easily formed into balls. Now, for a reason known only to the Danes, add two tablespoons of vinegar. Fry the meat balls in hot fat; when they are done, remove from the pan and make a medium-thick brown gravy. Re-add the meat balls and let them bubble in the gravy a few minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes and a generous green salad and your husband will love you forever!

**BAKED ICING**

(We often use this to dress up a plain cake that we want to serve warm.)

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg white
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats

Whip egg white until stiff and then fold in sugar and salt. Spread on cake (should be a thin one that will bake in about 25 minutes or less) and cover with nut meats. Cake should be baked in a 375 degree oven.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight there is a wild January wind howling around the house and it's so bitterly cold that the stoker's most noble efforts cannot keep us really warm. I'm sitting here at my typewriter with an old beat-up bathrobe covering my jersey dress (am I the only one who wears a disgraceful looking bathrobe?) and still I'm chilly. What I'm wondering about right now is how the pioneers ever pulled through. When you stop and think how the wind must have hit those crude dwellings and how pitifully inadequate their stoves were, it makes you marvel that the midwest was ever settled.

It seems to me, now that I'm really thinking about the subject, that the greatest hazard must have been fire. If the house caught on fire during the night when the temperature was 15 or 20 below zero, and there were heavy snowdrifts blocking everything, how did they get to the nearest neighbors (possibly miles away) before they froze to death? I've heard many pioneer stories but I've never heard about this actually happening. Yet it seems to me that it must have been the greatest hazard and surely must have occurred a good many times.

Only once in my life have I been frightened of freezing to death and that incident, curiously enough, took place in the heart of a big city. On a January night in 1935 I left the house where I was living in Minneapolis and walked exactly two blocks away to the home of friends where I spent the evening. We had such a good time talking and listening to music that I didn't realize it was long after midnight when it occurred to me to get started home. We had the radio turned on and the weather report came through just as I was putting on my coat—27 below. Now I should have called a cab, of course, or permitted my friends to walk with me as they offered to do, but it was only a short distance and I was awfully independent about such things and said firmly that I was perfectly capable of getting home alone.

I had gotten exactly half-way home on the icy sidewalks when I was suddenly stricken with the terrible realization that it was 27 below zero, that every house was dark, that every soul in those houses had heavy windows plus storm windows between himself and myself. What if I should slip and fall? In one second all of the frightful possibilities raced through my mind and it left me so weak that I scarcely had the strength to put one foot in front of the other. Furthermore, being midway between the places there was just as much sense in going ahead as there was in returning to my friends. Well, I made the last half of the walk safely and finally turned in at my own door shaking like a leaf from head to foot. I had always wondered how it could possibly happen that people froze to death in the heart of a residential section, but after that night I had a good idea—and I never again did anything so remarkably foolish.



All through the holidays Martin was fascinated by the figures in Juliana's creche.

Do you feel like jiggling up any old picture frames this month? If so, perhaps a suggestion or two will spur you on.

We now have one large frame hanging on the living room wall that looks very expensive—furthermore, if we went to buy it today it *would* be expensive. I'm not one to put on any airs so I'll go right ahead and tell you that this frame came out from a corner behind our furnace where it was thrown by onetime tenants, evidently years ago. At first glance it looked like a fit candidate for the fire, but on second glance it looked as if it had possibilities. For one thing it was large, exactly the size we'd been needing for a certain painting; for another thing the heavy, ornate moulding was of good design. All in all, it looked hopeful.

The first thing we did was to nail it together firmly. Then we noted all of the places where the carved moulding had been chipped and broken off and decided that enough remained to justify the effort. Patching plaster was produced about this time, and slowly and carefully the empty places were filled in with plaster—it took an assortment of knives, blunt objects, etc., to reproduce the original design. It was built up to a uniform height on all four sides and then allowed to harden thoroughly. When it was completely dry the entire moulding, old sections and new plaster sections, were covered with gilt paint (purchased at the Five and Ten).

Really, the finished product was simply unbelievable. You just can't imagine how effectively you can renovate an old frame with patching plaster and gilt paint. Furthermore, that built-up, carved plaster has stayed on. We thought that as it dried out with the furnace heat it might begin to chip and fall, but it hasn't. This is the second winter for it and it shows no signs of doing anything but hanging in one piece and looking beautiful.

Another badly broken frame was carefully nailed together, the narrow inside moulding (quite beautifully carved) was built up where necessary, and then the entire moulding covered with the gilt paint. The border around it (approximately two inches in depth) was painted a lovely soft greyish-blue (flat paint, not a glossy lacquer) and then a very fine band of the gilt was painted around the outside edges. It too looks most handsome.

Frames for our very large Picasso

wall hangings were a great problem at one time because we couldn't afford to buy them. Just for fun we "looked" once and found that the type of frame we wanted would come to \$45.00. It might as well have been \$4500.00. The answer to one of the wall hangings was supplied by making a frame out of rough lumber. Now we don't have the right tools to mitre corners and do a slick job, so the entire frame was covered with a rich brown velvet, a choice of color dictated by the fact that the linen material just inside the frame is of a soft, dusty pink. When the hanging was mounted in the frame it looked even better than it would have looked in the conventional \$45.00 frame we had priced.

Another frame was also made of rough lumber, and then all of the surfaces were built up with patching plaster put on in several layers and allowed to dry thoroughly between each application. When the last layer went on it was "carved" in the ornamental design needed, and then colored in a rich green—sections of it were left dead white for contrast. This frame too has been exactly what we needed and it cost virtually nothing.

It pays to experiment with rough wood, plaster and paint. It also pays to invest in silver and gilt paint to go over frames that are still sound but badly tarnished. As I write this I'm looking at a series of pictures of Juliana, eight in all, that now hang on the bedroom wall. They look like expensive frames, but in reality they are old numbers from the Five and Ten that we went over with gilt paint.

Juliana announced to me today that she hoped Santa Claus would never leave her any more babies, that she had her hands full and running over with the care demanded by John, Sherry, Susan Lavonne, Baby Doll, Anna Dianna, Baby Coos Juliana and Barbara. By the way, John has become an invalid since he fractured his skull and is kept in bed most of the time with quantities of bandages and adhesive tape holding together the gaping crack. Barbara's name is such a relief after Anna Dianna! The other day Juliana was going over Barbara's features point by point and the conversation sounded like this: "My, just look at those beautiful blue eyes that open and close. And to think she has curls, gorgeous curls. And such fair skin. And MY! what a blessing that she missed the Driftmier mouth!"

Little Emily is smiling happily now and beginning to take a real interest in life. She's not one of these babies who sleeps peacefully from feeding to feeding but just indulges in catnaps during the day and is always on the lookout for something to turn up. Abigail says that she didn't dream it was possible to do so many different things in the line of housework with a baby over one arm!

Just now there was a blast of wind that sounded as though it had taken the chimney, so I must get up and investigate.

Until March . . . Lucile.



## POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Problem children are children with problems, and the closest thing to a real problem child is the so-called *Model Child*. He is called a model child because he acquiesces to his environment and is a comfort for grown-up people to have around, while the "bad" child is usually one who is reacting in a normal (to him) fashion to a world that is set up for the convenience of adults.

I remember many years ago that a test was made of all 4th grade children in many schools. Child psychologists studied each child, and wherever they found real conflicts they checked the teachers' impressions and found that almost invariably the teacher reported a model child.

I have vivid memories of two of them in my own childhood. They were the ones who were always held up as models of good deportment and I hated both of them for years! They were exactly alike in behavior, they always did what they were told to do, and kept themselves neat and clean and their belongings in order. They always were quiet and well-mannered, never got into trouble with grown-up people and never had a friend. They always told the truth if it involved a misdemeanor on the part of any of the rest of us, and never had any trouble in school. The teachers liked them because they always did exactly what they were told, no more, because that would have taken initiative which they didn't possess, and no less, certainly, because that would have invited disaster on the report card—and they lived for a perfect record.

The rest of us didn't like them, but we never even did them the honor of punching their noses; we just ignored them in the coldest, most cruel fashion that only children can achieve. They both grew up to be the most inconspicuous people imaginable. Their professional life followed the same model pattern; they did their jobs carefully and because of the good relations they maintained with superiors they advanced rapidly up to the point where a job took some initiative or responsibility—and there they stopped.

They were as unpopular with their fellow workers as they were with their classmates, and with all their boot-licking they never made a friend. Each of them married, and in marriage they followed the same pattern. The man is a typical picture of a hen-pecked husband. This is exactly what he wants because someone has to tell him what to do and when to do it; besides, he figures slyly that if anything goes wrong "I won't be to blame!"

Creative activity and joy are two qualities they have never learned the meaning of, and yet it took careful and elaborate training to suppress these two natural qualities of childhood. I now recognize that these two Models whom I despised were only alike superficially. One was a "good" child because he was too dull physi-



This is the latest picture of Abigail and little Emily. We think that in another three months Emily will be wearing a tiny pink bow in her hair!

cally and mentally too unenterprising to be anything else. The other model had wonderful potentials but had been "broken."

Do people still talk about breaking their children? I don't seem to have heard it recently but think what it implies. You break a horse to harness so he can be ridden or driven, and if you succeed in breaking a child you must be prepared to drive him until he finds a new master. Initiative and self-reliance do not blossom spontaneously, but are qualities which have to be encouraged and directed from infancy.

The "bad" child has usually been developed in the same fashion as the "good" child. Most frequently he is an only child or the oldest in the family. These children spend much time in the company of adults and are expected to sit long and quietly through adult conversations. Lively, intelligent children require activity and if it isn't provided for them they make some for themselves. They might suddenly begin doing hand-springs down the middle of the room or start yelling like Comanche Indians, or interrupt constantly with a series of questions or stories to direct some attention to themselves.

If they are told sharply to be still, or punished tactlessly in front of strangers they will feel obliged to enter battle and insist on repeating the performance. What else can they do? If they subside quietly under what is to them an unprovoked slight to their personality, they would be accepting defeat and lose some of their dignity, so they begin to show off. Now, if parents just had sense enough or security enough at this point they would let them get away with it, and the child, having secured an honorable retreat by his open disobedience, would soon subside. The next time he would subside much more quickly, and it wouldn't be long until he ceased disrupting grown-up conversation altogether for he would have learned that there were much more interesting things to do.

But alack and alas! here is where

the parents' own desire for prestige gets to work. They aren't going to appear ridiculous in front of strangers so they swing into action, and usually with the very same thought which motivated the child. They say to themselves, "I can't take that."

Usually this battle ends in victory for the parent, but like all wars, the victor is left with an uneasy triumph and will have to prepare for new battles while he should be making the peace. He will say, "Now, let that be a lesson to you!" but the child showed off in the first place because he felt insecure and *had* to get attention; now he has an increased sense of insecurity and will gird his loins and seize the first opportunity which presents itself to put on another show.

If he is bright enough the lesson he learned will be an improved strategy—and here is the simple pattern for creating a "bad" child. If he cracks under it and is properly "broken" then we have the Model child we first discussed.

## ONE AND ONE

Two little girls are better than one,  
Two little boys can double the fun;  
Two little birds can build a fine nest,  
Two little arms can love mother best.  
Two little ponies must go to a span,  
And two little pockets has my little man;

Two little eyes to open and close,  
Two little ears and one little nose,  
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,  
Two little shoes on two little feet,  
Two little eyes and one little chin,  
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,  
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,

Two little legs running all day long.  
Two little prayers does my darling say,

Twice does he kneel by my side each day,

Two little folded hands, soft and brown,

Two little eyelids cast meekly down,  
And two little angels guard him in bed,

One at the foot and one at the head.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

## EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

"Fall seems to have started with these really cool days, but I love the season so much. I'm very busy in my little greenhouse again and must get in my orders for fall bulbs. Flowers and music are my two hobbies. Through the years my interest in both of them has remained keen, and now that my children are grown they tide me over what would otherwise be lonesome hours.

"May I tell you a 'secret' I've learned these last few years about happiness? It's simply to *cease wanting* one thing or another, for in the wanting process one is never quite at peace. I have learned to be content in what ever state I find myself, and happier than I've ever been. Learning that lesson I have learned another; to be more truly grateful for all I do have. We were not put here just to make a living, but to live a Life."—Mrs. J. A., Nebr.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

It is hard for me to believe that this is a January night, for as I sit here at my typewriter at the kitchen table it is pouring down rain outside, and there is all of the lightning and thunder that go with a summer shower. Of course the temperature outside reassures me that it is far from being summer weather, but I don't know that I can ever before remember having such lightning and thunder in January.

Of course bad roads complicate things considerably for us here, and the main thing is getting Kristin back and forth to school the mile that she has to go. I know that many of you with five-year olds have the same problem. The roads were frozen enough this morning that I could take her in the car, but during the day they thawed to the point where I was afraid to start out again. Anyway, we have this tremendous hill to go down, and you can most generally manage to do that with the car in low gear, but once you are down you stay down because you can't possibly get back up.

Frank came home for dinner and said I didn't need to think anything more about it, he would go after her with the tractor when it was time. Of course it was raining when school was out, with the temperature 34 and a cold, cold wind. I had visions of her coming in soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone, and just two days ago had seen the last of a very bad cold! When they drove up, all I could see of Kristin was the little green peak of her cap, for the rest of her was completely covered with Frank's big sheepskin jacket, and she was as sung and warm and dry as if she had ridden home in the car. When I told Frank how I had worried about her, he laughed and said that I would save myself a lot of worry if I could just remember that he also thinks of all those things! I don't know how we will get her there tomorrow, but I'm not going to worry about it because I know he will manage somehow to get her there safe and dry. I think the joy of my life will be the day they put some kind of a farm-to-market road past our house.

We have had quite a bit of snow here so far this winter. Snow and cold weather always makes a lot more work for the farmer. It takes so much longer to get all the chores done. Frank said the other day that with the cold weather and the short days, it takes him just about all day to do the chores, and he was getting very little else accomplished. He hasn't done any trapping at all this winter. The morning after the first snow fall when he came in with my wood supply for the day he said there were fox tracks all over the yard, coming very close to the back door. The fox are so prevalent this year in this territory that he thinks next year they will be a serious menace to the farmers.

I haven't mentioned our little banties for some time. You will remem-



If all of the grandchildren could express themselves they'd say that wheelchairs add a great deal to life! When Mother left Shenandoah, Martin had to give up his favorite diversion—but little Mary Leanna fell heir to his much-loved spot. She began riding on the step within a day after Mother reached Hawaii.

ber that on Kristin's fourth birthday, a year and a half ago, the little Marker children gave her a hen and rooster for her birthday, which she named Judy and Jack. Jack died the first fall, but the first time Judy wanted to set, we got a few eggs from the Markers, and she has had two other families since. Right now we have three roosters and two little hens besides Judy. They are shut up in the little old hen house behind the house, which Frank took great pains to make safe and warm for them. They are of no earthly good, except that we can't stand to part with them or have anything happen to them because we admire them so much.

We cannot understand how Judy has survived herself, to say nothing of raising her babies when they ran loose in the yard and in the timber from the day they were born. She has lost most of them to the hawks and owls, I suppose, but the miracle is that we have any at all.

Kristin brought her third report card home today, and we can't make ourselves realize that she has really been in school that long and that the year is half over. She has done very well in school and we are awfully proud of her. She is always so excited on the day she brings her card home for Mother and Daddy to see. Of course the biggest event in her school life to date was the Christmas program, the first program they have had this year. Grandma Johnson wasn't able to go, and Grandpa stayed home with her so that Frank's sisters could both go. Kristin felt badly about Grandma not being there, but I don't think she felt nearly as bad as Grandma. Her teacher, Ethel Glasscock, had a very nice program and all the children performed beautifully. Afterwards they exchanged their gifts and got their treats from the teacher and everyone went home happy and excited.

I'm almost afraid to put this down in black and white because I'm so afraid something will happen and we can't carry out our plans for the coming week-end. This Friday night our friend, Clarence Meyer from Aplington, Iowa, is coming and on Saturday morning Clarence, Frank, Kristin and I plan to drive to Shenandoah for the week-end, and to help Lucile and Russell celebrate their wedding anniversary. The three of us had planned to go down Christmas day, but Frank's father was sick and the roads were so icy that we decided our place was at home. So we are hoping and praying that this week-end turns out all right.

I have waited until the very end to mention my sewing, because there is very little to mention, I'm sorry to say. All I got done before Christmas were a few, very few, doll clothes for the Christmas dolly which has been named Judy. I'm in the process of a dress for Kristin, and she hopes, and so do I, that I will get it finished tomorrow because she would like to have a new dress to wear to Shenandoah to show Juliana. I also have something else I want to make before the trip, and if I get it done I'll tell you about it in my next letter.

This must be all for tonight, so until next month. . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## AN INDOOR GARDEN

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

While you are waiting for time to plant your gardens, why not grow an indoor vegetable garden in your kitchen? It is very simple to do and adds a decorative touch to the room.

Beets, carrots, radishes, and turnips all grow well in water. Cut any of these vegetables about an inch from the top and place them, cut side down, in a bright bowl containing about three-fourths of an inch of water. Add water when necessary. The red beet stems show up vividly among the greenery.

A carrot hanging vase will brighten up your kitchen window. Select a thick carrot and cut it off about three or four inches from the top. The carrot will hang with the top side down. Hollow out the center of the carrot making a hole large enough to fill with water. Fasten a cord through the cut end and hang in the window. Keep the carrot filled with water and soon leaves will grow up from the bottom of the "vase."

And of course for a pretty vine, you will try the sweet potato. Place the potato in a fairly small-necked vase or bottle so the roots will be covered with water but let the top extend above the water. A sweet potato vine on each side of the window can be trained to make a pretty frame for the window.

When you wish to see something green growing during these cold months, you will find these bits of greenery easy to grow, inexpensive, and you do not have to possess a "green thumb" to have success with these plants.



## THE JOURNEY BACK-TO-NORMAL

Anonymous

Physical rehabilitation for the handicapped depends as much upon the mind as upon one's physical condition.

For thirty-seven years I was one of the most healthy and robust of persons. If there was anything to do, I did it, from plowing the garden to assisting as midwife or nurse throughout the neighborhood. I cooked for threshers, canned hundreds of quarts of vegetables, raised chickens, washed, ironed—well, in short, I did all of the many and varied tasks that fall to the lot of any farm wife and mother.

I took time out to have fun with my husband and three children too. We had picnics, went swimming, horse-back riding, hiking and ice skating. And many were the evenings we entertained, to say nothing of old-fashioned holiday dinners when twenty or twenty-five people sat down at two big tables in our home.

Then suddenly it all ended for me. The details of how it ended are not important, for they do not alter the fact that I took my place among the 1,500,000 people designated by the Federal Security Agency of our government as *disabled*.

Where I ran before, now I walk, slowly and with the aid of a crutch. Hills from which I once watched the sunset are now insurmountable obstacles, and a long walk in the rain (something I once loved to do) is a thing of the past.

It's true that I now find I have many things for which to be thankful and life seems good, but I must confess that for a long time I did not feel this way at all.

After my accident, when they first told me that I would be crippled for the rest of my life, there came a period of terror and grief in which I was inconsolable. I could find no solace anywhere. I prayed to die because I did not want to live to be an added care and responsibility to my husband, an embittered mother to my children. But my prayers were not answered. God had different plans for me.

My loved ones did everything in their power to make things easier. In fact, looking back at that time I am ashamed of the way in which they worked unendingly to please me, only to be met by my indifference. For nearly two years we had excellent help and my smallest wish was granted. I remained in my wheel chair while someone else took over my duties and eventually, of course, I began to feel that I didn't even belong. My activities were not really important. I had nothing to do but small tasks designed to help me pass the time.

Then came the war. It was almost impossible to hire help, and even had help been available the price would have been prohibitive. My husband could not come into the house and do the things that needed to be done. He had to go about his own work in order to provide for the family financially. So it was up to me to manage the



All children go through the pointing stage. Martin is in it right now. He points at everything and says "What's that?"

best I could. And this, needless to say, is where the tide turned.

Time, once so heavy on my hands, flew by on wings. With three children and a home to see to, I had no time for morbid thoughts. At first things did not work out very well. I had been idle too long, dislocated too completely within our family life. But with the children's help we managed to exist and in spite of the sordid confusion I found that we were all happier just to be a family unit within itself. Now we all had an interest in how things were proceeding and found ourselves a part of a going concern in which we took pride.

I learned to sweep, wash dishes and cook from my wheel chair. It was wonderful to overhear my little boy proudly inform a small friend that his Mom could bake the bestest cake of anyone! And my heart really soared when my small daughter came to me for help in completing a school project—it was the first time she had turned to me for assistance in over a year.

After I had taken over my home once again I arranged things differently than an able-bodied person would have had them arranged. And I didn't do my tasks in the manner of a well person, but they were accomplished just the same. As I continued my work from day to day it became easier for me. And I regained enough of my old strength to enable me to get about on crutches, and finally to discard one crutch altogether.

Everyone must have a few pleasures and pastimes and for those outdoor recreations I once enjoyed so much I made substitutions. And I included my family in these interesting diversions.

We have purchased an excellent camera with a flash attachment and are building a collection of pictures not to be excelled by anyone in the neighborhood. We have taken out

several family cards with the large libraries in surrounding cities. The younger children and I have fixed up a bird shelter and are making a study of the many birds in our locality. We have arranged a room in which the entire family is having a wonderful time working with various handicrafts such as painting, aluminum etching, simple carpentry and needle work. Many an enjoyable evening is spent here.

I believe that I have reached the end of my rehabilitation period. And my family, along with me, seem to be comfortably adjusted to having a physical cripple for the woman of the house. (At first I wasn't going to use that word, but facts are facts and it is foolish to shie away from them.)

We have help now, but it isn't experienced help. It is still up to me to see that things run smoothly. I am needed and I do not intend to turn my family over to strangers again. Children need a mother who is tending to business . . . someone to plan their meals and their wardrobes . . . someone to whom they can bring their joys and their troubles . . . someone to love them wholly and completely.

If you are a semi-invalid or one of the many disabled housewives who are trying to maintain a home despite the difficulties, just be happy to be there. I spent enough time in hospitals to appreciate the fact that I could leave one! And above all, even if you cannot do the tasks you once did, learn to be a good, gentle boss who doesn't fall into querulous ways. For when it's all said and done there is no one person, regardless of his ability, who is able to take your place if you are really interested in the welfare of your family.

## DO UNTO OTHERS

By Catherine Scott

To treat others as you want to be treated can be a wonderful thing. But—did you ever stop to consider for a moment? There are times—for example—

You may like to have a neighbor drop in during the morning for a friendly visit. At the same time, it may drive your neighbor wild to have anyone appear before she has everything cleaned and polished for the day. And just think of the time Mrs. Blank gave you those lovely vases for Christmas. Mrs. Blank herself would have been overjoyed to receive them (which is probably why she bought them for you), but they never looked right with your other things.

Because you enjoy telling jokes on yourself, is no reason for you to be sure another person likes to have the ones on him published abroad. Cousin A. may love to be begged and persuaded to do something she refused the first time, but Aunt B. would be in agony to have it forced on her.

Just because it is what you would like is no reason it is right for the other person. Take that into consideration next time, remembering there are times when it may be best to do unto others as they would have you do unto them. And maybe they will do the same for you!





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### CORKY AND BOWSER

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Corky Cottontail was a fine fat little rabbit. He lived in a very nice home under a pile of hedge brush. It was also a very handy home. The hedge was so prickly that none of the animals who might be tempted to eat a fine rabbit, such as Redtail the Fox or Bowser the Farmer's dog, would risk getting their noses pricked digging in the hedge. Then in the wintertime the snow would stick to the hedge deep and white, and beforelong Corky's home became warm and safe from the winter wind, just like an igloo.

One morning Corky rose early, gave his tail a brisk wiggle or two and hopped out of his home in search of something to eat. The first thing he spied was the farmer's fruit trees, so he hopped right over to them and began to nibble on the sweet tender bark. Now the farmer had seen Corky do this before, and he knew that sooner or later Corky would kill the trees if he continued to eat the bark.

"Bowser," he said to his big dog, "there is that little rabbit eating the bark of the apple trees again. You must go and catch him!" Bowser didn't need to be told twice. His long legs stretched out in huge leaps as he bounded over the snow after Corky. Corky was so busy with his breakfast that he didn't hear Bowser approaching. But suddenly his keen little nose began to twitch. Somewhere he smelled danger! He looked to the right and to the left. Nothing. Then he turned his head and gazed over his shoulder right into the hungry eyes of Bowser. How he did run! Bowser just reached out one immense paw and pinned Corky securely to the ground before he could hop two steps.

"Now," said Bowser, "I am going to eat you before you kill the trees." "Oh, my! Oh, my!" said Corky. That was all he could think to say.

"But first," said Bowser, "You must talk to me a little while. I am very lonely."

A big idea popped in Corky's head. "Why don't we play games first?" he suggested.

"What kind of games?" asked Bowser. He was very suspicious.

"Well—how would tag be?" asked Corky hopefully. "I will be IT and will try to catch you. Go on, run!"

Bowser thought tag sounded very fascinating. He started off with a leap, but he was careful to lead Corky away from the hedge pile. Now Corky knew that he would have to gain Bowser's confidence before he could hope to escape, so he raced right aft-

er Bowser, and pretty soon he caught him. Then it was Bowser's turn to be IT and away they went again, racing around and around the lot. After a long time Corky could see that Bowser was beginning to tire. "I'll be IT now," he shouted. "Run, run!" Poor Bowser was so tired that he forgot all about the hedge pile. He ran right past it, with Corky at his heels. But Corky didn't run past it, no sir! Corky dived into his doorway and tunneled as deep into the hedge brush as he could get. My, Bowser was ashamed! He put his tail between his legs and went to the farmer, quite sure that he would be scolded for letting a little rabbit escape from him.

The farmer was laughing. "Ho, ho, Bowser!" he said. "You certainly look foolish! I'll bet that little rabbit will never bother the trees again, though, and here is a nice big bone for you to eat instead." Bowser lay down and knawed at his bone, but it didn't make him very happy. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that Corky was laughing at him from the hedge brush.

### LET'S MAKE A VALENTINE

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Would you like to make Mother a pretty valentine that she can hang on the wall?

Cut a red heart a little smaller than a paper doily and then paste it evenly on the doily.

Now let's make a dainty bouquet of flowers in the center of the heart. For each flower cut three different colored circles, each one smaller than the other. You may make the circles from construction paper, print, or oil cloth. You might make the largest circle red, the middle-sized one blue, and the smallest one yellow. Cut green stems and leaves and paste on your bouquet. Punch a small hole on each side of the stem and tie up your



This picture of Juliana's family was taken on Christmas day. The new doll, Baby Coos Juliana, is on the left. Anna Diana is on the right, and John is seated on the Milk-A-Moo. The nice thing about Milk-A-Moo is that she can really be milked. Santa Claus took one to Kristin too.

bouquet with a ribbon bow.

Make a hole near the top of the heart because your Mother will want to hang her valentine on the wall where everyone can admire it.

### THE EATER-UP

I S'pose that everybody's queer

In one way or another,  
But I don't know of anyone  
Who eats so queer as Mother.

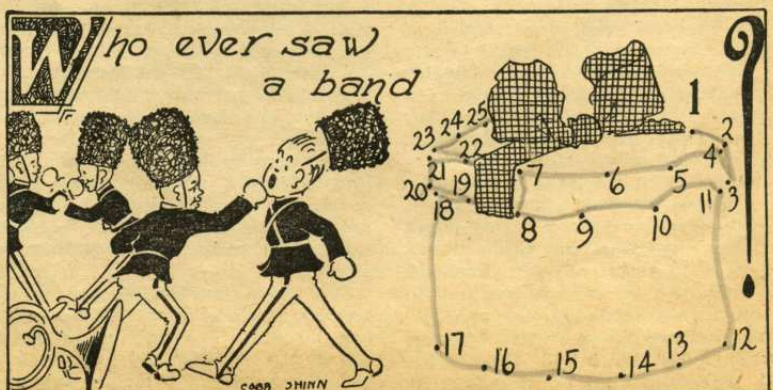
If there's a piece of cake that's stale  
My Mother's sure to nab it,  
The dry end of a loaf of bread—  
She always tries to grab it.

And if the 'taters should be burned,  
She eats the blackest of 'em,  
I simply couldn't do it—but  
My Mother seems to love 'em.

Pa says that she's the eater-up,  
And thinks she's awful funny,  
But still, he says she certainly  
Does save him lots of money.

I s'pose that everybody's queer

In one way or another.  
But I don't know of anyone  
Who eats so queer as Mother.  
—Winnifred J. Mott.





## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

(Continued from page 6)

and looked at the colored pictures that Mother and Dad had brought with them from Iowa. Oh how good it was to see pictures of the home-town and of friends we love so much! As we showed the pictures Dad and Mother both talked at once, Mother describing something about the flowers or shrubs and Dad describing the technical details of taking the picture. It was fun and it was quite a full day, don't you agree?

Betty and I are having a wonderful time teaching Mother and Dad how to pronounce Hawaiian names. I hope that they don't think that I am telling on them when I tell you that they are not doing too well at it. I think that Mother made the funniest mistake the other day. We were visiting one of the historical sites and mother wanted to say, "Queen Lilluokalani" but she got her tongue twisted and said "Queen Lollapalooza". Dad's favorite mistake is on the name of one of our main streets—Kalakaua, named from King Kalakaua. Whenever Dad says it, it sounds more like "kick-a-cow-a" than anything else. Another thing we have fun with them about is certain landmarks. Mother thinks that every mountain is Diamond Head, a famous Honolulu landmark, and Dad thinks that every six-lane avenue is the highway to Pearl Harbor. We have to confess that there is probably no city in America quite as confusing to the perfect stranger as Honolulu. The streets all wind around this way and that and nothing seems to sit straight with the world. One minute you think you know where you are, and the next minute you are sure that you don't know.

I can assure you that our Christmas was a happy one, and certainly the New Year is off to a good start for us. I think that the biggest thrill at Christmas time, bigger even than the thrill of having Mother and Dad with us, was the thrill of watching Mary Leanna with her first doll. She is only eighteen months old, and I am sure that she is too young even to know what a doll is for, but when she saw the doll under the Christmas tree she ran over, picked it up and kissed it, and said, "Baby!" Believe me, that was a thrill for us. I don't think that that doll has been out of her arms for more than 10 or 15 minutes at a time since it was given to her. New Year's eve was a great time for us. As soon as it became dark it sounded as though everyone in Honolulu was shooting fireworks. I am quite sure that there is no place else in all America or Europe that puts on such a display of fireworks. It is the oriental influence here that accounts for it. The Chinese and Japanese have an old, old tradition of shooting fireworks on New Year's Eve to frighten away the evil spirits. We went out on our front porch to watch the display, and dad took a few time exposure pictures. I shall be interested to see how they turn out.

Sincerely, Frederick.

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

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**BEAUTIFUL** 12 in. ruffled doilies, any color, \$3. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

**BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED HOT DISH MATS,** any color combination, \$1. Postage for information. Mrs. Harry Copenhaver, Plainfield, Ia.

**HAND PAINTED MATERIALS:** Tea Towels, 18x36, 35¢; Lunch Cloth, 36x36, \$2; Dresser Scarfs, \$1.25; Doilies, round, 75¢; and numerous other items. Alvina M. Parker, RR 1, West Des Moines, Ia.

**CUSTOM SEWING,** embroidery, crocheting done. Mrs. Bill Davies, Troy, Kans.

**HOLDERS:** Wooden shoe, big strawberry or little apron 35¢ a pair. Embroidered Chair sets \$2. Will do embroidering. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Ia.

**HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES,** for babies, all wool 3 pc. sweater sets, \$2.50 to \$3.50. Single sweaters, \$1.50. Bibs, 75¢. Booties, 75¢. Shoulderettes, \$1. Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

**SEWING WANTED.** Ladies dresses, \$2; childrens, \$1.50. Aprons 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1300 E. 28th St., Des Moines, Ia.

**WEAVING WANTED:** \$1.10 yd. Smocking child dresses completed, \$1.75. Send materials to Mrs. Alfred Winters, Rt. 1, Des Moines, Ia.

**HANDWOVEN ANGORA ASCOT,** white, turkey red or sky blue, \$3.50. Hand-knit mittens of matching yarn, \$4.50. State color and size of mittens. Jean Fisher, Basin, Mont.

**NEAT WASHFAST COVERALL PRINT, APRONS,** \$1. Tie around aprons, 50¢. Floral scented stationery, \$1. Mrs. Loyd Shifflett, Sheldon, Ia.

**RECIPES:** Over-nite Angel Cake, Ice Cream Bonnets, Tropical Pumpkin Pie (makes own crust), 25¢ ea. Mammy Potholders, (Crocheted, stand alone), \$1.15 pr. Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Ia.

**CORRECT REPAIRS MADE ON ALL MAKES OF WATCHES.** Send yours for free estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

**"CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD"** Mail old jewelry, watch cases, optical scrap, dental gold—for prompt estimate to Kathryn A. Ross, HENRY FIELD JEWELRY DEPT., Shenandoah, Ia.

**HEALTH BOOKLET,** Nurse explains why some food cause trouble, may bring pain to arthritis joints, overweight, many health questions answered, 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

**VALENTINE GIFTS:** A Sweetheart Doily for the best sweetheart of all, your mother. Doily measures 21 in. diameter. White center surrounded with a band of variegated red in a design of eight hearts. Doily touched off with a pure white edge. Price \$2. Postpaid. ANTOINETTE, Rt. 2, Carroll, Ia.

**HUMOROUS READINGS,** written for Clubs, Parties, Anniversaries, \$1. Box 32, Odebolt, Ia.

**BABY DRESSES,** \$1.75. Slips, kimonas, crocheted slippers, \$1 ea., crocheted jackets, caps, soakers fine wool. Mrs. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Ia.

**ALL KINDS OF EXTRA HAIR PIECES,** made of your own hair. Switches, transformations, puffs, to order or will furnish hair to match. Mrs. N. S. Stewart, 4508 Izard Street, Omaha, Nebr.

## LOOK!

Who is your favorite little girl? If it's your daughter, granddaughter, or niece, you'll be inspired to start sewing for her after you read "It's Fun To Sew for Little Girls" by Leanna and Lucile. Illustrated with photographs of Juliana and Kristin.

Formerly 50¢. Now reduced to 35¢. 3 for \$1.00.

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## SEW FOR FUN AND SAVING

By Mabel Nair Brown

In these days of high prices those of us who sew a good deal of our clothing and home furnishings can really feel we are giving the family budget a lift. Added to this is the great satisfaction of turning out a good job whether it's a brand new garment, a made-over job or a difficult mending task.

Most of us have more time to sew during the winter months and so we try to get the spring and summer sewing out of the way before the spring rush that leads to the thousand-and-one duties of summer.

So if Jimmy needs new pajamas, Betty needs new slips and panties and Mother stands in desperate need of new housedresses, do select some pretty material, a good pattern and let's have a sewing spree. Even if you have never sewed before don't be afraid to try. Just get a good pattern, follow the instructions carefully step by step, and you'll turn out clothes that your whole family will be mighty proud to wear — not to mention relieving the strain on the family purse.

Here are some helps and short cuts which make sewing easier.

1. Glue a tape measure to the edge of your sewing machine top for easy measuring right on the spot.

2. Pinking shears will mean many short cuts in addition to finishing off the seams. Use them to pink baby's diapers, tea towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, everyday handkerchiefs and place mats; these articles won't need hemming.

3. When the hem has to be let out on a little girl's dress, stitch two or three rows of rickrack over the marks left by the old hem; use contrasting colors.

4. When making slips for growing girls be sure to make them extra long and then make two or three tucks in the skirt a few inches above the hem. Loosen the stitch on the machine so that these tucks can be let out easily to lengthen the slip when needed.

5. If cutting out several pairs of pajamas, slips, etc., you can often double the material and cut several pieces of pattern at one time. Also, if you cut out several garments, say in one afternoon or evening, you can sew on them whenever you have a spare moment, do the handwork on them while waiting for a meal to cook or for the family to come to a meal, and the first thing you know all the garments are finished. If you cut and finish one garment at a time you're apt to be much slower as you'll think you haven't time to spread out all the material to cut a garment, etc.

6. Use straight pins to save basting on hems, collars, sleeves, etc.

7. In sewing up little girl's dresses I've found that the following procedure works best for me. Sew up shoulder seams and finish neck, collar, etc. Stitch sleeves in before sewing up side seams. Hem sashes, stitch waist to skirt or yoke to skirt. Now stitch up side seams, inserting belt in seam as you sew. Finish by sewing neck and sleeve binding back by hand, and then hem. I prefer to hand hem as it looks nicer and is more easily taken out to lengthen the dress later on.

8. It can be a hard job to work button holes in material that ravel easily. I often get around this by making loops (a single chain crocheted in thread to match) and sewing them in before dress opening is faced.

9. If small daughter's blouse is always pulling out of her waist band, try to make an all-in-one blouse and slip combination—it's neater and a wonderful time saver.

10. Pin a turkish towel over the hinged lid of your sewing machine to keep slippery material from sliding to the floor.

11. You can use up scraps of materials and still have lovely dresses for your little girl by inserting a band of plain material in a skirt of printed material to get the correct length, or by making the waist of large squares of the two materials set together in checkerboard pattern. Be sure to pick a plain color that harmonizes with the print. Often a contrasting flounce ruffle is the solution to adding skirt length.

12. An attractive trim for dresses, blouses or a luncheon set can be made by twisting together contrasting colors of narrow rick rack and applying them with a touch of handwork.

13. So many of the new buttons are the shank type. Fasten them on with tiny safety pins so they may be removed when the garment is laundered.

14. When using large buttons on dresses or housecoats, try sewing a length of bias tape (stitched on the edge) where each button is to go. Fasten this tape in the center. Now bring ends up through holes in the buttons and tie in tiny bow. Very pretty, especially if tape contrasts with buttons.

15. Ready made panties for the small girl are very expensive and never seem to wear too well. Try making them of fine quality white cotton. Be sure the legs are very short so they won't "bag" and finish each leg with some of the white embroidered ruffling so popular nowadays. Just sew it on along with white bias tape and then stitch tape back to make a tiny hem which hides the raw edges. These really make nice little dress-up panties, and they wear well and launder easily.

15 Reprints from any size negatives, 50¢ pp. Roll film developed and printed, 30¢ pp.

VERNESS STUDIO  
Box 67  
Shenandoah, Iowa

## BIBLE QUIZ

By Mable Nair Brown

1. What is the longest book in the Bible?
2. In what language was written the first Bible printed in this country?
3. What two books of the Bible are named for women?
4. In what book do we find the longest chapter in the Bible?
5. Name the king who saw the handwriting on the wall.
6. Where in the Bible are the Beatitudes found?
7. Judas betrayed Jesus for 30 pieces of silver. About how much was a "piece of silver" worth?
8. Who was known for his patience?
9. How much was a talent of gold or silver as is often referred to in the Bible? \$13,000, \$500, or \$75?
10. Name the last book in the Old Testament.

## Answers

1. Psalms—it has 150 divisions.
2. Indian language in 1633. First English Bible not printed in this country until 1782.
3. Esther—Ruth.
4. 119 Psalm has 176 verses.
5. Belshazzar.
6. Matthew (5:3-12).
7. About 13¢.
8. Job.
9. About \$13,000.
10. Malachi.

## NUMERICAL QUIZ

Fill in the figures which will make the expression complete.

1. His better ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ).
2. At the stroke of (12).
3. (7) year itch.
4. (1000) island dressing.
5. House of (7) Gables.
6. The spirit of (76).
7. The (3) musketeers.
8. (57) varieties.
9. (7) keys to Baldpate.
10. Tale of (2) Cities.
11. (7) come (11).
12. The Gay (90's).
13. He sailed the (7) seas.
14. (10) nights in a bar-room.
15. (15) men on a dead man's chest.
16. Ali Baba and the (40) thieves.
17. Into the valley of death rode the (600).
18. The night has a (1000) eyes, the day but (1).
19. It rained for (40) days and (40) nights.
20. Tea for (2).

—Mabel Nair Brown.

## COVER PICTURE

The night before Mother started on her long trip she got out the globe to show Kristin and Juliana where Hawaii is located on the world's surface. With her finger she traced the distance between Shenandoah and Honolulu, and you can see from the expressions on their faces that the little girls were deeply impressed. "But we don't want you to go so far!" they exclaimed when she finished her explanation. "We'll miss you and Grandpa too much!"

Goodbye until next month . . .  
Leanna and Lucile.