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Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, Calif.

Dear Friends:

There are so many things I want to tell you about our visit to Honolulu that I scarcely know where to begin, but first perhaps I should tell you that we are now back in our little one-room home in the Redland's hotel and I'm writing once again from this desk where all of my California letters have been written.

We left Honolulu on the night of January 15th, a Saturday night, and if we'd missed that plane, for any reason, it would have been several days before we could take another. The explanation for this is the fact that Honolulu was subjected to a series of violent tropical storms, and our plane that left at eleven o'clock was the last one out from the island. Frederick wrote to us after we left to say that he was extremely concerned the entire night and wondered what was happening to us up in the air. There was torrential rain when our plane took off, and much thunder and lightning. It wasn't what you'd call just the most reassuring of conditions under which to head for the sky!

When we left the car to board the plane I was covered, wheelchair and all, with two plastic rain coats and this kept me from getting soaked. In spite of the late hour there was quite a crowd to see us off, and some magnificent leis were brought to the airport for us. Two of them were made of beautiful orchids and another was made of tuberose and carnations. One of the orchid leis was a gift from Mrs. George Lucas of Parnell, Missouri who had commissioned her niece, Mrs. Louise Lee of Honolulu, to deliver it to me. Another box of orchids containing two-hundred blooms (all of them unusual varieties) was a gift of one of Frederick's and Betty's friends, Mrs. Frank Atherton who has an orchid house in her yard where she grows over one-hundred varieties. These flowers were put into the refrigerator of the plane and stayed wonderfully fresh. In fact, I still have some of them in a vase on my desk.

Our seats were directly opposite the door and we settled ourselves comfortably (and tried not to look at the storm) while other passengers were getting on board. Then it was time

to take off, and in just no time at all we had risen completely above the storm and were gliding safely across the Pacific. This ride was so smooth that we could scarcely realize we were moving. Both of us had good appetites for breakfast, and then an early lunch was served, fortunately just before we experienced the only rough part of the ride.

At two o'clock our big plane touched the runway at the Los Angeles airfield and we were home again—I say "home" because it's the only word to express how you feel when you touch familiar territory after a long plane trip across the ocean. Mart's brother Harry, his son Robert and Robert's wife, the former Betty Stoble of Eagleville, Mo., and their little son, Kenneth, met us with our own car and we drove at once to Harry's home. Just as we opened the door the telephone rang and it was Shenandoah calling us. Our children had watched the clock and allowed just the right amount of time for us to get from the airport to Harry's home. Their voices expressed their happiness that we had made the safe journey home from Hawaii, and I'm sure that we must have sounded excited too.

We found that Southern California had really suffered under bad weather during our absence. I'm sure that you've heard all about their snow and terrific loss of vegetables, fruits and flowers, so I'll just say that the only topic of conversation here has been the weather. It was simply unbelievable for Redlands to be blanketed and for children to get out and make snowmen. There are pictures on sale here that show the streets completely covered with snow—the big palms look very strange almost dead white.

Our visit with Frederick and his family seemed all too short, but in that five weeks we were able to see countless interesting things and to gain a clearer understanding of the islands that are really a part of our own country. We certainly feel grateful to the many friends who did so much to help make our trip such a happy one.

Honolulu is truly a beautiful city whose people take great pride in their schools and churches and homes. And it is really a blessed city for Mother Nature sends just the right mixture of sunshine and showers to produce the

breathtaking beauty that a visitor to the islands can only marvel at.

It's hard to single out even a few of the most unforgettable things, but I wonder if you who have visited Hawaii will agree with me when I say that high on the list of things always to be remembered are the white fleecy clouds that rise above the emerald green hills to float lazily across the brilliant blue sky . . . and the many rainbows, reaching from valley to valley, seemingly so close that one is tempted to start looking for the pot of gold. One can never forget too the way in which so many different races of people live together happily on the islands—they are what make Hawaii truly the Cross Roads of the Pacific.

We visited Pearl Harbor, Hickam Field and Schofield Barracks where our boys were stationed in Hawaii during the war. We also saw the huge hospitals where Donald Hansen and Gordon Hayzlett were cared for before they were brought back to the Mainland. We drove through hundreds of acres of pineapple and sugar cane fields, and had an interesting trip through a large pineapple cannery and a sugar refinery.

We also had the experience of eating all kinds of food which we had never heard of before, let alone tasted. We enjoyed all of it and learned what we particularly wanted in all that big collection of new and unusual dishes. I wish that I could give you details in this letter of the native Hawaiian feast which we attended, but that, plus other details, must wait until next month.

These last few days we've been soaking up sunshine and calling on old friends. One night not long ago we showed our kodachromes of Hawaii in the hotel lounge, and afterwards the hostess served coffee and small cakes. This reminds me that elsewhere in our magazine you'll find the news that I promised you in January, and I'm so happy that others of you will have the opportunity to see some of the sights we saw in Hawaii.

Word from home brings the news that the girls are thoroughly enjoying their daily visits with you and the friendly letters that so many of you busy people take time to write. I'm sure you know how much I appreciate your kindness to them.

They also tell me that I won't know any of the grandchildren. Emily is now at the "cooing" age, according to the letters, and Martin has practically grown up. Lucile says that even Juliana has changed greatly since I went away in November, and I'm looking forward to the little recital of songs that she is learning to sing so that she can surprise her Grandpa and me. Dorothy writes that Kristin loves her school work and that in one fashion or another they manage to get her back and forth in spite of terrible roads.

It's late and Mart wants to turn in, so this must be all. I'll be back to Iowa with the robins, and my! how good home will look.

Ever sincerely, Leanna.

Come into the Garden

LET'S PLANT A GARDEN

By Ruth Ahlgren

Part Two

The instruction or advise which is the most important in planning your home plantings is almost the most difficult to put down on paper. Last month I told you about spacing various types of trees, shrubs, etc., and now I want to discuss the overall problem of dividing space.

You must choose an axis for the intimate garden, the outdoor living room, the private lawn or whatever you choose to call it. This is the imaginary line straight through the garden on which everything balances formally and informally. It must lead to a point of interest of some sort: a gate, a trellis seat, a lily pool or, most loved nowadays, an outdoor fireplace. It must also be an extension from some point of interest which is a part of the house. A porch, terrace or door from some living portion is ideal. A wide window serves very well. Failing everything else, draw a line straight through the center of the house. It makes no difference where the line cuts through the lot, but you will never get real satisfaction until your plantings make you feel it is there.

Perhaps you have heard people say that a garden is always planned from the house outward. This axis is the thing they mean. Screen this area with your shrub border. You may even include in it some small trees. Curve the corners with triangles of shrubs. One side of the lawn may turn out to be much wider than the other. Then the rose bed or perennial border may be placed there. Arrange lawn benches and chairs where you will enjoy sitting.

When there is room a cross axis at right angles to the main one can lead to special gardens such as a rock garden; or to secondary points of interest such as a trellised gate to the vegetable garden, a gazing globe or a bird bath. Never scatter special features helter-skelter about the outdoor living room. They should have their purpose for location as much as do the pieces of furniture in your indoor rooms.

A popular style of home architecture includes a screened or open porch at one side, frequently without enough room to develop a large garden between the porch and the lot line. If such space is even ten feet wide it can be utilized for a tiny formal garden for roses or low-growing perennials with paths crossing in the center; one of these will no doubt lead to the back of the yard and probably you will want another to the edge of the lawn. Plant the beds exactly alike to increase the feeling of formality, as such a plot is actually an extension of the house walls. This little formal spot in no way conflicts with the development of an informal gar-

den space at the back of the yard. It is an excellent transition to it.

If the man of the house is handy at simple plumbing arrangements, have a small trickle of running water piped to your bird bath. When it runs slowly a hundred birds are attracted where only one or two might be attracted if there were only standing water. Birds are great friends to the garden and their constant splashing at the bath provides even more action and interest than an elaborate waterfall of expensive construction. The supply pipe need be buried in only a very shallow trench as it will be turned off entirely in winter. The amount of water available should be great enough that you can turn it on hard once a day to clear the bath.

First things do come first—the trees and shrubs. But try at least a few perennials from the very beginning. Have Phlox for midsummer bloom, a wide variety of Chrysanthemums for late summer and fall, and leave spring to the flower shrubs if you must economize in effort, time or money.

I wish that I might transmit the enthusiasm we all feel for the gorgeous new mums. In our grandmothers' time they bloomed very late and only a few protected plants escaped frost. Today the choice of hybrids permits a blooming period of almost three months and a wide variety of color and form. The plants should be lifted and divided each spring, or at least every other spring. Each little sprig will make a big, bushy plant by blooming time. In a few years you can easily have enough plants to make drifts of color, as well as some to give away and to trade with friends. Giving and trading are the best part of gardening as you form new friendships and cement the old.

Then I want to point out that old-fashioned garden pinks have been bred into real carnations as spicy and large as the hothouse kind; thrifty and long-lived, good for cutting as well as garden display. Plant some Baby's Breath close to them where its misty background will add as much to the garden effect as it does to bouquets indoors.

Delphiniums are the exclamation points of the garden! Do set them in groups of three or more where height and emphasis are desirable.

And don't spend a single season without roses. Plant some climbers to cover a trellis or fence. But above all, grow lots and lots of hybrid teas which are the everbloomers. They do not require much room since they put their strength into quantities of flowers rather than bush. Set the plants about twenty inches apart.

Be sure to buy only two-year old field-grown plants. Some catalogs list at pitifully low prices one year plants on their own roots, and such plants are as pitiful as the prices. Really good roses are budded and



Russell's and Lucile's home after the first snow of winter.

spend two years growing out of doors where the winds and rain and rich soil create hardy bushes which need not be babied.

All rose colors are beautiful. You will want pinks, reds and yellows as well as the yellows which are suffused with red. Do not scorn the whites. A few white blooms in a milk glass vase look cool as ice on a warm day.

Often I hear the query "What roses shall I buy?" It is not easy to answer. Some people like one color; others like another. First, decide to make your purchases from people you know and in whom you have reason to feel confidence. If you are a beginner buy largely of the hybrid teas which are lowest in price. Such plants are sold cheaply because over a period of time they have proved so satisfactory that immense stocks have been worked up. Growers know that they will always be in tremendous demand.

Then take a flier among the patented varieties as these are new and usually beautiful in a very special sort of way. You see, a patent is obtained by the originator of a rose because he feels it is so outstanding and handsome that he wants only the most reputable nursery men to raise and handle it.

Roses are so popular that you can often find great bargains by buying collections. Let me say a word for other collections too. When you sit down with your planting plan, keep in mind the fact that you can probably use several of each shrub in some of the collections offered. Save money by buying five or six of each collection rather than ordering plants separately. And not only does it save you money, but it hastens the wonderful day when you can look over your yard and feel the rare and special sense of gratification that seems to be reserved for just such a moment—the realization that you have a beautifully planted garden that will bring immeasurable joy to everyone.

Forgiveness ought to be like a canceled note—torn in two, and burned up, so that it can never be shown against one.

—H. W. Beecher.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

In looking back over our family letters that are dated during the summer of 1944, all of the grim reality of war comes to the surface of memory with appalling clarity. I have just finished reading a big stack of these letters, and suddenly I do not feel that I am really here at my desk in Shenandoah on a winter afternoon but that I am back in California when the war was ever-predominant in our minds.

It seems to me, looking back on it, that we were continually waiting for ominous reports; the sight of a boy in a Western Union uniform or the sound of the telephone in the middle of the night was enough to make our hearts start pounding. We were specifically concerned about Wayne at that particular time. He was in the combat area of New Guinea, and almost every night brought Jap air-raids. Fortunately for our own peace of mind, we did not know the details of those months spent in the jungle until the war was over.

I think that one reason we felt acutely disturbed about Wayne was because he had disappeared with such eerie swiftness! In his case there had been no furloughs, no brief visits, no period of being shifted about from camp to camp. He simply got on the bus and went to Des Moines—and that was the end of it. No member of the family ever saw him again except Dad, who told him goodbye at the dock in San Francisco.

In one of the letters that I just finished reading I found this: "Oh, how I wish that I could be back in Iowa in the spring and all the roses, tulips and lilacs in bloom. Quite a contrast to this place where our thoughts ever turn to death. It is funny, but we never even consider our own possibility of death but always think of the other fellow." This was written from a thatched jungle hut in New Guinea in May, 1944.

In early May of 1944 Howard was at long last transferred from Camp Adair in Oregon to Camp San Luis Obispo about two-hundred miles north of Los Angeles. At his very first opportunity he secured a weekend leave and came by train to Los Angeles to visit us. Dorothy had returned from the desert only two days earlier, so all three of us girls, plus the two babies, went to the Union Station to get him.

I can't tell you how wonderfully happy we were that weekend—it seemed almost like the good old safe and secure days to sit down to a big Sunday dinner in my dining room (we fixed a platter of fried rabbit that day for we knew that Howard loved it and probably hadn't tasted any for a long, long time) and to have a fine visit. We all felt that we had to get everything said for we knew that Howard had been transferred to go through a training



Taken in Hollywood, 1944. Howard, Juliana, Lucile, Kristin, Dorothy and Margery.

program for beach landings, and that at any time he might be shipped away. I might say also that he was a man too old to indulge in the cock-sure illusions of youth; he wasn't the least bit eager to make those landings under enemy fire—he didn't want to show anyone anything!

Late in the afternoon before we drove Howard back to the station to catch his train we took the picture that appears on this page. It's really not too good of any of us, but we've always enjoyed it because it calls up such warm memories of a happy weekend.

On June 5th Howard left San Luis Obispo for his last furlough in Shenandoah. He had a happy visit there, but for a number of reasons Dorothy and I will never forget his return to California when the furlough was over. It was such a curious experience that I will have to tell you about it.

We received an air-mail letter from Mother telling us that Howard was returning by plane and suggesting that we meet him. Now this sounds simple enough, but in those days planes were running far off-schedule and there was no assurance that you'd ever be able to board the particular flight you'd intended to take. Mother said that she *thought* Howard would reach the Burbank airport at 11:00 P.M., so Dorothy and I decided to make the trip to meet him.

This was during gas rationing, of course, and the last drops of gas were in the tank—we were scared to death that we'd run out on the long drive to Burbank. Yet at the same time we couldn't bear to think of Howard coming in and looking for us in vain and then deciding to go to a hotel, so we decided to run the risk of starting with an almost-empty tank. Margery stayed with Juliana and Kristin, so Dorothy and I started out alone around ten at night.

When we reached the airport we inquired at the desk immediately to see if Sgt. H. H. Driftmier were

scheduled on the passenger list. No, not a trace of him was to be found. This discouraged us, needless to say, but we sat down and decided to stick it out. 11:00 P.M. arrived, a big plane came in from Omaha, but no Howard. About every ten minutes a plane came in and one departed, but no sign of Howard. At midnight we inquired again—no, the name Driftmier did not appear on any scheduled flight. Now common sense might tell you that there was only one conclusion to draw—he had NOT left Omaha and would NOT be in, but somehow Dorothy and I just wouldn't give up!

1:00 A.M. came—no Howard. Then about 2:00 A.M. we were suddenly electrified to hear this over the blaring loud-speaker in the waiting room: "Will Sgt. H. H. Driftmier report at once to the Communications Desk?" Dorothy and I looked at each other in blank astonishment. It sounded almost weird to hear the name "Driftmier" called out suddenly in that busy airport terminal, and we couldn't figure out what in the world had happened—we'd gone to the runway every time a plane arrived and we simply could not see how Howard had gotten off without being visible to our eyes. Of course we went to the Communications Desk immediately to inquire and were told that they'd made a mistake—no Sgt. H. H. Driftmier was scheduled!

We were willing then to give up and start home defeated, but then we agreed to wait for just one more plane. Shortly after 2:00 A.M. this one more plane rolled into the airfield from the East, and as Dorothy and I stood at the fence waiting for passengers to come down the ramp we were overjoyed to see Howard's familiar figure—the last person to leave the plane. We were tickled to death to think we had waited for he was ill, and it was a satisfaction to us to have him in our homes instead of off in some hotel. Early the same morning we took him down to catch a bus for San Diego where he was stationed for the last phases of his training program.

About this time word from Mother brought the news that Frederick had completed his work at the Union Theological Seminary and had transferred to Yale University for further courses. Donald was at Peterson Field in Colorado and still expecting to be sent overseas. I might say right here that all of the family letters over a period of several years contain one classic phrase: "Donald expects to be shipped across soon." I can never remember receiving a letter from Mother in which this phrase didn't appear, and Donald's own letters invariably concluded with it. He was actually out of uniform in January of 1946 before he accepted the fact that he was not to be shipped across.

Kristin celebrated her first birthday on June 24th of 1944 and we had a nice little family party for her.

To Be Continued

WHY NOT CAMP THIS SUMMER?

By Hallie Barrow

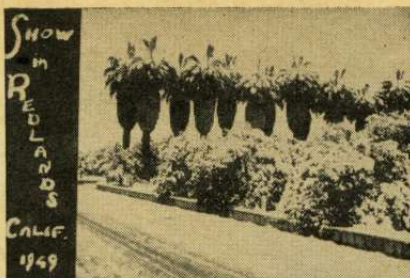
Turn about's fair play. In January I told you about my favorite trip, the Mississippi River cruise. This month I want to tell you about my husband's best trip—the camping trip we took two years ago to Yellowstone Park. These two experiences were so entirely different that you could not compare them in any way, yet with each we had a wonderful time, saw lots of beautiful and historic scenery, and met grand people.

You should by all means have one camping trip in your life, to test your disposition, if nothing else, for camping is the supreme test! After you've been on even one week's camping trip your family or friends will know exactly how you react to emergencies, loss of sleep or irregular meals, getting too hot or too cold, and whether you shirk your share of camp work or are cooperative.

Now this sounds rather rigorous and touring by the tent route is just that—rather rigorous! However, 75% of the "rigorousness" can be eliminated by foresight and a well planned routine. It is adventure, a new slant on touring (and it may well prove to be your favorite way of seeing our U. S.), and you'll see the very same scenery that the millionaire tourist sees, but yours will be more on a hitch-hiking budget. It's way and beyond the cheapest way to travel, and it's 100% satisfactory after you've had your first experience.

Now if you plan to go to Yellowstone from any point in the east, by all means go through the Black Hills in South Dakota. The scenery there is equal to what you'll find anywhere, and Mt. Rushmore, where the four presidents' heads are carved 'way up on the mountain side, is one of our greatest national shrines. Be sure and go through the Badlands just before you reach the Black Hills. Then when you read, as we did last week, that a large herd of Palomino horses and many cattle drifted ahead of the blizzard and went right over the cliffs, you'll know just what a sheer drop they had. How they ever roped those survivors and hoisted them up again is simply beyond imagination.

It's no job at all to pack for a camping trip because baggage must be cut to the bone. No hats please, ladies. No high-heeled, toeless slippers but comfortable walking shoes, preferably two pair, and at least one pair of woolen hose (to wear at night if at no other time), several changes of underwear, slacks, or any outfit you might wear in the fall to a wiener roast. Take your winter flannel sleeping garments, sweaters (both light and heavy), a top coat, and those big checked wool or flannel shirts you got for Christmas—they're just the thing. Don't take any kind of head covering except something that can be tied. Complete rain protection is a necessity, and if you go in for sports such as swimming, take that type of wear.



This snowy scene greeted astonished residents of Redlands, Calif., on a January Morning.

The big idea in packing is to have not one single superfluous article. Furthermore, place things where you can get at them quickly. Once you've had to stop and unload the entire car to find a flash light, a pop bottle opener or a one-cent stamp, you'll do some re-arranging in a hurry. We found that one of the best helps was for each person to have his own small kit or bag with enough stuff for overnight such as soap, toilet articles, change of hose and underwear, writing materials, flashlight (and each member of the party should have his own) and other things of this type. If you pack in this fashion you won't have to drag out big bags everytime you pitch camp.

The glove compartment of the car is priceless space for such items as a First Aid kit, sunglasses, camera, flashlight, maps, a few paper towels and binoculars (beg, borrow or steal a pair, but don't go without them).

All along this route the days are moderately warm, but the nights are quite chilly. Take plenty of blankets. Up in the mountains you'll half-freeze to death if you don't have an adequate supply. When you have laid out what you think is a sufficient supply, add just half that many again. Blankets can be folded on the back seat or made into rolls and tied on the outside; however, if they're carried outside be sure that they have waterproof covering. The best way to add packing space is to buy one of those overhead carriers which fasten on top of your car. Bedding, tents and lots of baggage will ride there.

The best tent is one with a floor, a canvas floor, of course. This will keep out dampness and bugs and is warmer. We carried two cots, but they were certainly cold and bungle-some to pack. We learned from other campers that possibly the best sleeping arrangement are those rubber mattresses and pillows which can be inflated for sleeping and deflated to pack. We had an electric light in our tent which hooked up with the car battery. Don't depend on battery lighting entirely, however, but take a gasoline lantern too.

Keep all of your food supplies in one wooden box and always have at least a two days' supply on hand. Things happen. By all means use paper towels for drying dishes and face towels—this saves packing up damp linen which is hard to care for.

The one piece of equipment which made for our greatest comfort was a

camper's small ice-box which cost \$5.00. The middle compartment held ten pounds of ice and when we had sweet milk to drink, cream for our coffee, butter for the morning flapjacks, and bacon and eggs in good condition—well, that wasn't rigorous at all. Ice kept our fish too, for we were in the park in July, the best fishing season, and we often had trout for all three meals.

Be sure to carry two thermos jugs, one for drinking purposes and the other for emergencies; for instance, your engine will boil on mountain climbs. It will also pay you to invest in one of those camp cooking outfits that include two good-sized kettles, a skillet, coffee pot, four plates, 4 cups and necessary cutlery. A gasoline pressure cook stove is almost a *must* too, for you don't always have wood.

Where can you pitch your tent? Well, we never lacked a place. Most of the time we stopped in a regular trailer park or a tourist cabin yard (the charge was generally about \$1.00) where we had water, toilet facilities, showers, and a measure of protection. When we wanted to stop where such accommodations weren't available we just plain asked farmers for a spot, and we were never refused. As a matter of fact we had a lot of nice friendly visits and an opportunity to buy milk and eggs.

Yellowstone Park itself is a camper's paradise. You will pay a flat fee of \$3.00 per car when you enter, but this gives you all the privileges of the park and there are no more camp fees nor even a fishing license fee. No firearms of any kind whatsoever are permitted in the Park. If you carry them with you they must be sealed at the entrance.

Camp sites have been arranged in beautiful locations all over the Park, and none of these sites are over a few miles from one of the four villages or stations where you can buy anything you might need. Here you will find wood for your camp fire. You'll see every kind of camping arrangement from the most luxurious trailers, station wagons, big cars, etc., down to ancient models with primitive shelters hitched on to the side. It will remind you of those friendly, old-fashioned Chataqua grounds that unfortunately have passed from our national scene.

I should mention too that each night you can hear lectures given by Park guides at the four stations on such subjects as the birds, animals, rock formations, wild flowers, etc., that are found in the Park, and the next morning conducted hikes are offered where you may find the subjects that you heard about in the lecture.

In preparing for this trip you will enjoy reading several of the many good books on camping out. Check your lists against all lists you can find. And above all, practice putting up your tent a good half-dozen times before you ever leave home. And one more *must*: never, never wait until late to find your camp site. Be sure that you stop at least by 5:00 in the afternoon, and it won't take you many days to find out why.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Just a few nights ago we said good-bye to Mother and Dad. What a wonderful, wonderful visit we had with them! All my life I have hoped that someday I would be able to entertain them at some beautiful and exotic spot on the globe a long, long ways from Iowa. At last that wish has been granted. I know that it took a great deal of effort on their part, but from all that we observed out here I believe that they consider the trip was worth it. But more about their leaving later!

I don't think that I should steal all of the fun by telling you how they spent their time here in Honolulu. I shall leave that to them. I do want to mention a thing or two, however, and one of them is the dinner party we had at a beautiful restaurant on the beach of Waikiki. On the very night that you out there in the Middle west were having one of your worst sleet storms of the winter we were eating dinner out of doors with a moonlit surf almost lapping at our feet. Oh how lovely it was! On the horizon were little sailing boats with the colored lights on their masts making them look like floating Christmas trees. Every once in a while high overhead would be the blinking red and green lights of an airplane heading out toward the mainland. A soft breeze was blowing down from the mountains bringing with it the aroma of budding mango trees and sweet ginger. To add to the already perfect setting was a lush tropical garden off to one side right at the water's edge. And of course the ladies in the party were delighted with the fact that we ate by candle light.

And what did we eat? I can't tell you what each ordered, but just shut your eyes and lean back and imagine that you had an opportunity to order the most delicious foods you ever read about in a South Sea Island novel, and the chances are that some of those foods were on our table that night. This particular restaurant has something that few restaurants have, it has a *salad bar*. I had never seen a salad bar before, but I certainly hope that I shall see that one again.

In case salad bars are as foreign to you as they were to me, I shall explain. Instead of the waiter bringing a salad with the meal one ordered, each person is invited to take himself to a salad bar where he has a choice of many different salads. And not only salads, but pickles, and olives, and sauces, and relishes of all kinds. I must confess that I found the salad bar so attractive that I visited it several times that evening. I particularly liked the pickled pineapple. Have you ever eaten it? It was something new to mother. At first she thought that it was pickled beets from its appearance, for it is as red as red can be, but once she had tasted it she knew at once it was pickled pineapple. I hope that Betty learns to make it, for it is simply out of this world. I noticed that mother showed a special liking for some of the fancy cheese salads.



Frederick, Mary Leanna and Betty had this photograph taken for Christmas gifts, and all of us were certainly delighted to have it.

After dinner we sat and watched the moon light on the waves breaking in long swells onto the beach, and then we all went up to our house to look at some more of Dad's kodachrome slides. I would hate to guess how many rolls of color film Dad used here in the islands, but it was a lot of them. He is a very good photographer and has a sharp eye for interesting picture material. He saw things to photograph here on our campus that I had never seen in all of the months I have been here.

One thing that Mother wanted to do more than anything else was to have her picture taken on the beach without any sign of her wheelchair. She wanted the kind of a picture that she would have had taken years ago before she was hurt. One sunny afternoon we went out and got just the picture she wanted. We drove out to one particularly beautiful section of beach where there were many big rocks that she could sit on. With three of us pushing we got the wheelchair through the deep sand that came nearly to the hubs of the wheels on the chair and mother slid off onto a rock. I don't know whether you will have a chance to see the picture we took or not, but I am quite proud of it.

We spent most of the afternoon there on the beach watching the unusually high surf. The pictures we took that afternoon do not show how high the surf really was. If there is one thing that our little Mary Leanna loves more than an afternoon on the beach, it is two afternoons on the beach, and when she sees us getting ready to leave for home, she shows her intense displeasure.

Dad and Mother were due to leave the Honolulu airport at 11:00 P. M. on the night flight to Los Angeles. All evening long while they were still at the house friends of ours came to call and say good-bye. When we all piled into a caravan of cars to drive through the city to the airport, we could see a tremendous bank of clouds rolling in off the ocean from the west, and we had no more than made it into the airport waiting room when a storm struck in fury. Rain came down in buckets and gusts of wind shook the building. When it came time for the plane to leave it was raining so hard that you couldn't see the plane sitting just outside the door. I thought to myself, "Oh, my goodness, what an awful night to start out across the

ocean in an airplane!" but on second thought I knew that the storm was probably quite local and that there was no reason for alarm. Of course all of this time Mother and Dad were probably thinking some things too, but good sports that they were, they kept any thoughts of alarm to themselves.

The Pan American officials rolled Mother in her chair onto a little mobile loading elevator, Dad and one of the officials got on beside her, and then all three of them were covered over with a big sheet of plastic to keep off the rain. In less time than it takes me to write about it they were loaded into the plane without ever a drop of rain falling on them. As the giant plane ran down the runway to gain speed for the takeoff its wheels threw clouds of water into the air—all we could see was the water and the lights—and then it disappeared into the rain and the night.

It was a blessed relief to read Mother's letter a few days later in which she told of the wonderfully smooth flight they had back to the coast. In just a few minutes after leaving Honolulu they were up above the storm with the clouds below and nothing but the stars above. We on the ground here in Honolulu were not so fortunate. The storm got worse instead of better, and in just a few hours we had six inches of rain. Hundreds of trees were blown down by the wind, and at the airport several of the buildings were badly damaged. Some of the friends who went with us to the airport that night had a very narrow escape when, because of the amount of water on the highway, they couldn't see where they were going and got off the road.

Just this afternoon I had an interesting experience. I gave an address to a territory-wide convention of the "Homemakers of Hawaii". Several hundred homemakers are meeting here in Honolulu at the University of Hawaii to make plans for bettering the homes on these islands. Every racial group was represented, and a finer group of women I had never seen. Several of them had heard about or seen copies of the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. The problems of homemakers are the same the world over, and these women discussed the same advantages and disadvantages that any smart group of Mid-western women would have discussed. When I finished speaking several of the women came up to ask me about Mother. They had read in the paper that she was out here, and they wanted to know how she enjoyed the islands.

Last night we had some excitement when I happened to catch a couple of prowlers. I had gone to put the car in the garage and was returning to the house when I saw two young men jump off the porch of a building next door and then climb up onto another porch of the same building. I made a mad dash toward them, and they started to run. I shouted: "Halt!" very loudly, and believe it or not, they halted. I made them go with me while I went inside to call the authorities, and that settled that.

Sincerely, Frederick.

WE SAW DATES HARVESTED

By M. H. Driftmier

Crops have always interested me and in years gone by I've helped harvest all of the familiar things that we grow in the Middlewest, but this past December I saw a different kind of crop harvested when we drove down to the Coachella Valley to see the big date groves. It was quite an experience to see the tall Deglet Noor palms and realize that a \$6,500,000 crop was expected from them this year.

Dates were something we'd never heard of when I was a boy. Fruit imported from Arabia, Persia and Egypt was not for Midwestern families such as ours, and if cultivation hadn't been started in California we'd still be unfamiliar with it.

I was so interested in what we saw in the Coachella Valley that I talked to some of the plant foremen and accumulated a number of facts about the date industry in California. They're proud of what they've accomplished and no wonder—the first date palms (brought from West Africa and Persia) were planted in 1903 and then followed long years when tremendous obstacles stood in the path of progress. By 1929 considerable headway had been made, but the biggest jump has come in this last decade . . . and you'll understand why by looking at two figures: in 1938 there were 2938 acres planted to date palms; in 1948 there were 4806 acres planted.

Dates are a crop that demands 12-month care—this alone was mighty discouraging to migrants who had to get results in a hurry. They must also be pollinated by hand, an expensive and time-consuming job. Only female trees produce dates; a typical acre supports about 38 female palms and 2 male palms. A machine extracts the pollen from the male blooms, and it is then packed in small cotton balls and laboriously tied into the heart of the blooms of the female trees. Then great waxed paper sacks are tied around the fertilized blooms to protect the ripening fruit from birds and moisture.

While the fruit is ripening the groves are dusted with sulphur, usually by airplane. Damp days are greatly feared, and when one comes along airplane engines are set at certain intervals to work as a fan to stir the air. Early-fall rain is a catastrophe and growers still remember the 1937 Labor Day cloudburst that destroyed about 60% of the crop.

When the fruit is ripe pickers swing into action to get the dates that hang under the shaggy fronds in 12-to-15-pound clusters. Platforms are swung between the trunks of the stately palms and the men work 40 feet up in the air. As soon as the dates are picked they begin moving through a long, complicated process which begins with thorough fumigation, washing with chemicals and sorting into classifications as fancy, choice and standard. Dates too moist and too dry are placed in giant rooms under intense heat that is regulated to dry

some out and to add moisture to others. It takes around a week in the plant for an average date, and this means 24-hour care and inspections conducted on a clock-round day.

Harvesting begins in mid-September and usually lasts through the first month of the following year. Now that we've seen dates picked we're anxious to drive down to Indio and see the palms when they bloom this spring. We were assured, by everyone with whom we spoke, that the sight of those trees in full bloom is well worth driving to see. But even though we may not get to do this, we'll always enjoy dates just a little more for having had the opportunity to see them harvested and handled.

A MESSAGE FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

In my January letter I told you that in March I had an announcement to make, and now that March has rolled around we've ironed out all of the details involved and can tell you about it.

We've worked on many program committees for church organizations and clubs throughout the years and we know what a big job it is to find something unusual for an evening's entertainment. However, a number of times this problem has been solved because we are fortunate enough to have a collection of kodachrome slides that could be shown and discussed. And because such a program provides a happy evening of entertainment that is interesting and instructive, we've decided to get duplicates made of our slides and share them with you for use at church and club gatherings.

From experience we've learned that a collection of 50 slides make up a good evening's entertainment. You can take your choice of one group of the following subjects: 1. MIDDLEWESTERN FLOWERS (this is grand for Garden Clubs); 2. CALIFORNIA; 3. THE WEST; 4. OUR SOUTHERN STATES AND HAWAII. We will have five duplicate slides made of each picture in the group which means, for example, that on October 18th groups in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska could all be seeing the slides on Middlewestern Flowers.

Of course you want to know the story behind the pictures, so we are preparing a written explanation to go with each collection. This can be read while the pictures are shown. You'll hear just about the same comments in this explanation that you'd hear if you dropped into our living room some night to see the pictures with us.

To show these slides you'll need two things: a square screen (approximately 40" x 40") and a 35 mm. kodachrome projector. I feel confident that in every community there is at least one person who owns these two things and who will lend them to a responsible group. Should this not be the case, consult your druggist for the names and addresses of photographic supply stores that rent these things for a most reasonable fee.

I want you all to understand that these pictures were taken for our own personal collection, and you'll have to keep this in mind when you see slides in which members of the family appear.

Now it is imperative that you decide as soon as possible what date you want to show the slides for your club. There are only 20 collections to circulate and the only way we can handle it is to say "First come, first served." We don't want people to be disappointed, so if several clubs can get together for an evening it will be possible for 70 or 80 people to see them rather than just a dozen.

When the secretary of your club writes to us about it please instruct her to do the following things:

1. Specify the date you want them. (They will be available after Sept. 1st).
2. List the four subjects in the order that they interest you. (This means that if Middlewestern Flowers is not available on the date needed we can substitute your second choice, or third, etc.)
3. Guarantee their good care and positive return within 24-hours after using them.
4. Enclose \$1.00 to cover cost of getting them in to the mail.

The only charge for using these slides is the small one to cover mailing costs. We want to offer you a club program that you might not have otherwise, and ask only that you cooperate in carrying through the four points mentioned above.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna.

WORDS

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that when you're flying words.
Careful with fire is good advice, we know;
Careful with words is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them once they're said.

—Unknown.

FRIENDS

It's friends like you who make the days
More beautiful and bright—
Who do so much to help one feel
That life is quite all right!
And so, you surely should be told
More often, just how fine
I think it is that friends like you
Are such good friends of mine!

REPRINTS AMERICAN FAMILY STORY

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa



BEVERLY'S BROWNIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 1/2 squares of chocolate
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup pastry flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Dash of salt
- Lots of black walnuts

Melt together the shortening and chocolate (use low fire) and then cool. Beat together well the white and brown sugar and eggs. Then add the melted shortening and chocolate. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Stir in. Add vanilla and walnuts. Spread out in very large pan. Bake at 325 degrees from 40 to 60 minutes (depends upon thickness of batter). Sprinkle thoroughly with powdered sugar as soon as cool.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

- 1 cup milk
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 cake compressed yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 6 cups sifted flour
- 6 Tbls. melted shortening

Scald milk, add sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water and add to lukewarm milk. Add 3 cups of flour and beat until perfectly smooth. Add melted shortening and remaining flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 1/2 hours. Roll out 3/8 inch thick, and cut with 2 1/2 inch biscuit cutter. Crease heavily through center with dull edge of knife and brush very lightly with melted butter. Fold over in pocketbook shape. Place close together in well-greased shallow pans. Cover and let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in hot oven at 425 degrees between 15 to 20 minutes.

This makes 4 dozen rolls and gives grand results. A good recipe for the beginner baker to start with. I've divided this amount of dough and made half of it into rolls and half of it into bread—will make one medium-sized loaf of fine quality.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

CHERRY PUDDING TO BE SERVED WITH SAUCE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 well-beaten egg.
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup sweetened drained cherries.

Cream butter and sugar together. Add well-beaten egg and 1/2 cup flour. Sift soda with remaining 1/2 cup flour and mix this with 1 cup sweetened cherries; then combine with first part of batter and pour into a greased baking dish, preferably a glass pie plate. Bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees, or until a toothpick comes out clean.

SAUCE

- 1 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup drained cherries

Bring first four ingredients to boiling. Mix cornstarch with cold water and add to first mixture. Then add cherries. Some red vegetable coloring and a drop of almond flavoring improve this. Let sauce cool and then pour over pieces of cake.

REMARKABLE FUDGE

- 4 cups sugar
- 1 14 1/2 oz. can evaporated milk
- 1/4 lb. butter
- 2 packages chocolate chips
- 1 pint marshmallow creme
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Boil sugar, milk and butter together until soft ball stage. This scorches easily, so stir almost constantly. It will take quite some time (approximately 45 minutes) to reach the right stage. Remove from fire and add the chocolate chips, marshmallow creme and vanilla. Stir until all is dissolved and then pour into a large greased pan. You may add nut meats if you wish.

This is a perfectly marvelous fudge. It stays soft and creamy indefinitely and has merits not found in other recipes.

CHINESE SPARERIBS IN SWEET- SOUR SAUCE

- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soy sauce
- 1/4 tsp. salad mustard
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/3 cup water
- 5 slices pineapple
- 2 green peppers
- 5 lbs. spareribs (could be slightly more or less)

Combine first six ingredients and bring to rolling boil. Dissolve cornstarch in water and add, stirring constantly. Then add pineapple cut in bite-size pieces.

Boil ribs for 45 minutes in large kettle. Transfer to roaster and pour the sauce over them. Place in oven for one hour at 325 degrees. About 10 minutes before serving add the green peppers that have been cut into rather large pieces. There will be sufficient sauce in bottom of roaster to enable you to stir pepper into sauce. The Chinese use green vegetables constantly and they are always a brilliant green — never dark and mushy. Your green pepper will look and taste like theirs if you do not add it more than 10 minutes before serving.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks beaten
- 1 1/4 cups (large can) drained, crushed pineapple
- 3 egg whites, beaten stiff
- Whipped cream

Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour and blend. Then add juice and sugar. Cook until mixture thickens. Stir small amount of hot liquid from the saucepan into egg yolks, stirring constantly. Then pour this egg mixture into remaining hot liquid in the pan. Cook a few minutes to allow egg yolks to set. Cool. Add crushed pineapple. Put in large casserole dish (about 9"). Then carefully fold stiffly beaten egg whites into pineapple mixture. Place casserole in pan of hot water. Bake at 325 degrees between 50 and 60 minutes. Serve hot with plain whipped cream. This will serve six and is certainly an elegant and unusual dessert.

CREOLE GREEN BEANS

- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/3 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 can green beans, drained

Cook onion in salad oil until soft. Add chili sauce, salt and drained beans. Cook only until thoroughly heated, stirring often. This is an excellent way to serve green beans at this time of the year when the family has probably tired of plain "old string beans."

RUTH'S VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 package orange gelatin
- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 3 1/2 cups water
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 3 cups shredded red cabbage
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/3 cup green pepper
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Dissolve gelatin in hot water to which vinegar and sugar have been added. When cold, add all remaining ingredients and turn into one large mold or individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise.

GINGERBREAD CAKE

- 1/2 cupful shortening
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 1/2 cupful molasses
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cupful cold water
- 1 1/2 cupfuls of flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening and sugar together. Add the molasses and eggs and beat until smooth and well mixed. Dissolve the soda in cold water and add to the mixture. Add the flour, baking powder, spices and salt, and then turn into a greased and floured deep square pan and bake in a 350 degree oven from 25 to 30 minutes. This is a delicious dessert served hot and with whipped cream on top.

EGG BATTER FOR FRIED SHRIMP

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup water

Mix all of these ingredients together (sift salt and baking powder with flour and cornmeal, of course) and don't be alarmed if the batter seems very thin. Dip the cleaned shrimp into this, let drip for a moment, and then fry in deep fat until golden brown.

I have tried many batters for deep-frying shrimp and think that this has them all beat. The amount of corn meal required (I used yellow) gives it just the right amount of crunchiness; also, it doesn't make a thick, soggy covering that so many times is encountered.

Fresh shrimp is expensive, but a wonderful thing to serve when entertaining. Most lockers sell it frozen in the 5 lb. carton. Plunge the frozen shrimp into a large kettle of boiling water. I always add around 2 or 3 Tbls. vinegar to the water. You'll notice that the shrimp is rather green when it goes into the water, but very quickly it turns a rosy pink. Boil for 20 minutes. Cool. Then peel off shell

and remove the sand-track. This is tedious work. If you expect to serve shrimp prepared in this fashion when you're looking for guests, be sure to shell and remove sand-track early in the day. Store tightly covered in refrigerator until time to dip in batter and dry.

The temperature of the fat should be just about 400 degrees, not much less. When shrimp are brown remove to absorbent paper and drain. They can be spread on a cooky sheet and kept warm in a very slow oven for an hour or so, but don't try to hold them much longer. They are better when served immediately.

Plain boiled shrimp is also delicious. It can be served on a platter and a bowl of mayonnaise passed with it. The Chinese always serve small dishes which contain catsup on one side and mustard on the other side. The shrimp are dipped into this sauce and then eaten. Many people prefer to dip them in the mayonnaise that I first suggested.

The batter mentioned above is also excellent for deep-fat frying any kind of fish, croquettes, etc.

ALMOND BALLS

- 1 cup butter
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup ground almonds
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 18 candied cherries (optional)

Cream butter with sugar until fluffy. Add flour, almonds, flavoring. Take a heaping tsp. dough and form into ball. If cherries are used, push half-cherry into ball before it is completely formed. Bake on greased cooky sheet in slow oven (325 degrees) for 35 minutes. While hot, roll in confectioner's sugar. These are extremely rich and delicious.

**WATCH THEIR EYES GLEAM
Easter Morning!**

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

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

Price only \$5, postpaid

**LEANNA DRIFTMIER
SHENANDOAH, IOWA**

A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN

By Myrtle E. Fekner

Those of you who have been following these columns on Danish cookery the past few months have undoubtedly noticed that most of the recipes call for generous amounts of butter, eggs and cream. Thus it is that I never ceased to be surprised that, in spite of her lavish hand with pies, cakes and cookies, Mom nevertheless could concoct some of the most delicious dishes from practically nothing! Here are some of the old Danish tricks she used to make a simple ingredient into a delicacy.

Browned white cabbage is wonderful. I have never tasted anything similar to it; I hope you will try it.

BRUNKAAL

Brown 1 tablespoon of sugar and 1 tablespoon of butter in a skillet. Add one medium head of cabbage, chopped fine, and brown it quickly. Add a pinch of salt and a little beef stock or water. Let the mixture simmer slowly until well done. This will take about two hours. If you like tart flavors, add a tablespoon of vinegar during the simmering period.

So many of us strive to make those wonderful browned potatoes and never learn the real secret. It's in sugar! Melt one tablespoon of butter, add two tablespoons of sugar to the hot butter, then add your boiled potatoes. Stir constantly, since this has a tendency to burn if not attended. When done, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately. This dish is called *Brunede Kartoffler*.

While we are browning vegetables, let us consider carrots and parsnips. Carrots are browned exactly as the potatoes. They are delicious served with creamed dishes such as kale or spinach, and they are also tasty and attractive with baked cabbage.

Parsnips require a little extra treatment. Boil them in slightly salted water until tender. Cut into 2 or 3 inch strips and dip into a paste of flour and a small amount of water. Then roll in bread crumbs and fry in butter. You will remember that to be their tastiest, parsnips must be served while they are piping hot.

Now for a dessert! *AEblekage* is a wonderful way to serve your apple sauce, and your family will never guess it is really all so simple.

- 2 cups crumbs
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- One-half cup butter
- 2 1/2 cups apple sauce
- Whipping cream and sugar

The crumbs may be either bread or cake crumbs. They should be browned well in a skillet with the butter and sugar. Place these crumbs in a serving dish alternately with layers of cool, tart apple sauce. Chill well in the refrigerator until set. Serve cold with lots of sweetened whipped cream.

There is nothing that will kill a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself.—George Eliot.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Well, who else is just plain sick and tired of winter? I'm perfectly frank to say that by this stage of the game I'm heartily weary of ice and snow (plus slick steps, frozen garbage cans, rapidly diminishing coal piles, and so forth ad infinitum) and I catch myself staring out at the bleak grayness trying to remember what this particular street looks like on an August afternoon. My memory isn't exactly feeble, but that's one exercise in which I invariably fail. And by the same token I might add that on a scorching August afternoon I can't recall the full reality of this street in February.

Perhaps that's the reason most of us stay in this climate that's conceded to have just about the most violent extremes of any place on the world's surface. When we're trying to avoid sunstrokes we can't remember how we worked to keep from freezing to death, and vice versa. The word "stimulating" has been used frequently in conjunction with this climate. I can't improve upon it.

It's only natural, I suppose, that our thoughts turn to other places under such conditions, and tonight my thoughts have been turning back to the trip we made last year when we were privileged to run headlong into Spring while it was still bitterly disagreeable here. I've been thinking of Natchez, Mississippi, for instance, and an extremely interesting book we've been reading recently. Even if you never expect to step one foot inside of Natchez do try and get ahold of a book titled "Natchez" by Harnett Kane. This is a comprehensive study of a town that is completely unique. There never was another place comparable to Natchez and I think it reasonably safe to say that in all likelihood there never again will be.

To me, one of the most interesting things about that fabulous town is the contradictory fact that what virtually killed it, simultaneously preserved it! The concentration of vast wealth was so overwhelming prior to the Civil War that every conceivable object of luxury and beauty was brought there and placed, not in two or three homes, but in a great number of homes. When the entire economy collapsed, Natchez collapsed with it and for many decades nothing at all could be done to those enormous mansions.

In other parts of the country people had sufficient means to begin "remodeling" the great homes of an earlier time, and I have put quotes around that word because it was all too frequently a type of remodeling that destroyed a remarkable legacy of the past. In Natchez none of this could be done for the plain and simple reason that there wasn't a cent with which to pay workmen. Consequently those wonderful homes came into their own in the last



Juliana took Barbara, the new doll, outdoors to get her first experience in snow. Barbara is wearing a knitted coat and hood that both Juliana and Kristin wore when they were babies.

fifteen years when people began to realize what was hidden away in a small Mississippi river town. The era of wholesale "improvements" was over by the time Natchez came to life again, and thus was preserved for us a record of a way of life and a time that is now only a myth and a legend.

Be sure you get this book and take time to read it carefully. The truth of the matter is that I have so little time for reading I try to find things that I feel you will also enjoy. I don't know when you do your reading, but I'll tell you when I do—late at night. I work at this desk almost every night, and I've found that I keep right on typing, mentally, if I don't pick up a book and get my mind on it! No matter how late it is I give myself exactly thirty minutes by the clock, and that thirty minutes is my greatest single luxury and indulgence.

Speaking of books . . . Juliana received one for Christmas that we think is wonderful. It is titled "The Book of Live Dolls" and since it was first published in 1901 I cannot imagine how I missed it until Christmas of 1948! The entire thing is written so persuasively that I could almost believe myself that for a few charmed weeks the dolls of a little town actually came to life. The author of the book is Josephine Scribner Gates, and in reality it is three separate books (The Story of Live Dolls, More About Live Dolls, The Secret of Live Dolls) combined in this one new edition. If your library doesn't have it, do speak to the librarian about it for I feel certain she'd be glad to run it down for you.

One of my New Year's resolutions was to learn to bake *good bread*, and although I don't feel that I've attained my goal, I can say with utter honesty that we haven't had a

loaf of bakery bread in the house for more than a month. I'm getting adventurous enough now to tamper with the recipe and try my own experiments; this means, of course, that I've developed genuine confidence in my powers, and I really believe that by summer I'll have some loaves of bread sufficiently tempting to take up the alley to Mother. I've had one spectacular failure—some rye bread that would have sucked a man in and killed him, just as quicksand does, had he been unfortunate enough to step in it. I don't know what in the world ailed that bread. No amount of heat, no period of hibernation in the oven would ever faze it. And heavy! Why say, that bread would have knocked down our elm tree had it been thrown in that direction—which is exactly what I was tempted to do with it.

Juliana's sixth birthday is the 25th of this month and she has left behind her all of the traces of early childhood. We now have a little girl who can clear the table, wash and wipe the dishes, make her bed (not very well), run the vacuum and do such odd jobs as make out rolls, cut cookies and get them on the sheet, and so forth almost without end. Please don't misunderstand me . . . she doesn't do these things like a faithful little servant! I'm just mentioning what she *can* do when the spirit moves her. I'm beginning to see now that the years of doing things *with* her are showing results. She really loves to work with me and is always coming up with suggestions for trying thus and so.

All of which reminds me, do you remember your sensations when your little girl first criticized your abilities as a housekeeper? One day I asked Juliana to put up fresh towels in the bathroom. She finished the job and then came to the kitchen door and said, "Now, Mother, I've put up **matching towels and washcloths**. You're awfully careless about that. You don't care if the towels are green and white and the washcloths yellow and blue or **anything**. Just step in there and see how much better it looks when things **MATCH**."

I went in meekly and looked around and confessed that **MATCHING** towels and wash cloths make a better appearance. She concluded it all by saying, "Now let's be a lot more careful in the future about those towels."

One more thing . . . Juliana amuses us by her confusion regarding the word "grandchildren." When Emily was born last November she said with great satisfaction, "Well, Mother, now we have another granddaughter," and time and again I've heard her say that Martin is our only grandson. I feel old enough, most of the time, without claiming Emily and Martin for my grandchildren!

It's really late now and I have a good travel book waiting for that thirty minutes, so goodbye good friends—I'm off to Samoa.

Always . . . Lucile

BLARNEY DOES IT

Faith, and it's a bit of blarney we would be having in honor of good St. Pat, so let's have a party and utilize what we have about the house, or what can be purchased inexpensively, at the Five and Ten in the way of decorations and favors.

Invitations: A penny post card will look festive if you write the little verse in green ink and paste on a few shamrocks cut from green construction paper. The verse might read: "A party in honor of St. Pat, Will be celebrated at two o'clock, March 17th, You must come and to be plainly seen, Be sure you're wearing something green." If you like, you can trace around a cardboard shamrock pattern and write the invitation inside the outline.

In case you choose to telephone invitations you can have fun by speaking in a most formal voice and saying, "This is Judy's (your own name here, of course) Quickie Telephone Service. I have an important message for you. Are you ready?" Then the little verse can be read—and there will be a lot of fun.

Decorations: A potato-shamrock tree makes a pretty buffet decoration or table centerpiece. Simply stick a small branch into a large flat potato so that the tree will stand upright. Tie tiny green paper shamrocks to each twig, using white yarn or ribbon. If you wish, lay a few small rocks around the base. For matching place card favors, use small potatoes and make a slit in each one on the top side in which to insert the edge of a green paper shamrock upon which the name is written.

If you want something more conventional, use a bouquet of white flowers in a green vase. Green shamrocks can be cut from paper or inexpensive muslin and tacked to the tablecloth at intervals. Little white nut cups tied with a green bow and filled with green mints add a colorful note to the table.

Green top hats and canes can be added to your decorative scheme. If the guests are about Junior High age, why not make top hats and canes for the boys and white crepe paper aprons decorated with green shamrocks for the girls, giving them to the guests as they arrive to wear for the evening's fun? Youngsters get a special thrill in a costume party.

Refreshments: A pear-half tinted green with vegetable coloring can be used for an attractive salad. Lime gelatin is a natural for such a party. Make it in a flat pan and then cut with a shamrock or club card cookie cutter. This shamrock can be outlined with a whipped cream salad dressing put through a pastry tube. A slice of angel food cake would be a delicious accompaniment to this salad and would further carry out the green and white idea. Open-faced shamrock sandwiches decorated with bits of parsley or green pepper would be very attractive, and of course it is possible to get ice cream tinted green, or to decorate cup cakes with white

icing and shamrocks cut from green gumdrops.

Games: To choose partners, write Irish names upon paper shamrocks and have a duplicate set. Let each person draw a name and then match the name for his partner. Use such names as O'Leary, McCarty, O'Toole, Flanagan, Hoolihan, Finnegan, etc.

Pass the Blarney: Use a small flat rock for a blarney stone. Couples are seated in a circle. While someone plays on the piano or whistles a gay Irish tune, the stone is passed around the circle. Whenever music stops abruptly the person holding the stone must stand before his, or her, partner and pay him three nice compliments. The musician should manage so that all players have a chance at the blarney speech.

Irish Blocks: Take seven small blocks and paint the letters P-A-T-R-I-C-K, one letter to each side of a block. Let each player roll all of the blocks and see how many words can be made from the letters that come up. Use no letters more than once. Suppose the letters P-R-T-A-A-I-C come up; one could spell Pat, cat, car, tip, cap, at, cart, etc. Allow one point for each word, two points if PAT can be spelled and ten points if PATRICK can be spelled. (Pass pencils and papers to help keep things straight.)

Irish Bingo: Each player is given a cardboard divided into 25 squares, 5 across and 5 down. In each square write a word connected with St. Patrick's Day such as green, shamrock, potatoes, Mike, pig, blarney, snake, etc. Make each card different. Now proceed as in bingo, only instead of reading numbers the caller reads the complete list of Irish words. The first player to complete a row crosswise or lengthwise calls "IRISH" and wins the game.

Pat Game: Read the following definitions and have each guest write the answer.

1. Cloth to cover a hole? PATch.
2. A kind of leather used in shoes? PATent.
3. On father's side? PATernal.
4. A small road or track? PATH.
5. Calm, slow to anger? PATient.
6. An aged man or head of a family? PATriarch.
7. The murder of one's father? PATricide.
8. One who loves his country? PATriot.
9. Mounted police? PATrol.
10. Model or sample? PATtern.
11. Small pie or cake? PATty.
12. Sad, causing pity? PATHetic.
13. The top of the human head? PATE.
14. A light, caressing stroke? PAT.
15. An open court popular in California? PATio.
16. A branch of medical science? PATHology.
17. A city in New Jersey? PATterson.
18. One who explores? PATHfinder.
19. To behave condescendingly? PATronize.
20. A word associated with rain? PATter.

Potato Games: Give each guest or couple a potato and a knife and allow a definite time for carving something.

Divide guests into two groups and have one person from each side compete in carrying a potato across the room on his head. Or have the potato carried on a knife. Give a prize to the group that wins on this hard task (green lollipops would make good prizes).

For an overhead relay have two sides line up on opposite sides of the room. At a signal potatoes are passed overhead down the line and back to the starting person. First line done wins. To extend the game have five or ten potatoes. All must go down the line and then all are passed back. If a potato is dropped, it must be started over.

Kissing the Blarney Stone: Each player is blindfolded and then led to a table upon which the blarney stone is placed. Player makes a wish and then bends over to kiss blarney stone. Allow only two or three seconds for him to seek out stone with his face since hands must not be used. If he finds and kisses the stone his wish comes true; if he can't locate it, he is out of luck!

A good rousing sing is a wonderful way to end any St. Patrick's party. Get out the familiar old Irish songs such as Mother Machree, Irish Lullaby, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, Where the River Shannon Flows, etc., and let the guests gather around the piano and sing.—Ideas compiled by Mable Nair Brown and Mildred Doolley Cathcart.

Faults are thick where love is thin.
—Danish Proverb

The finest kinds of work and the finest kinds of play are indistinguishable; it is only on their lower levels that work and play are opposites.

—L. P. Jacks

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YOU CAN LEARN TO SMOCK

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Smocked dresses have always fascinated me both in looks and price, but I must admit I was skeptical about attacking such a complicated looking process. I studied the pictures of dresses that Dorothy smocked for Kristin and Juliana and I knew that she was an amateur, so to speak, but still I felt convinced that she had some magic trick up her sleeve!

Then one day I received a much longed for electric sewing machine, and to show my appreciation I decided to make a fancy dress for my small daughter, Kerry Lee. When I thought of pretty dresses I thought of smocked dresses, so that settled it: I WOULD LEARN TO SMOCK!

With this in mind I dashed to the store and bought a 35¢ pattern with accompanying transfer. Of course, Lucile urged strongly that one buy a separate transfer and practice first, but I simply could not wait that long.

Back home I went, but alas! what a maze and mass of dots—worse than the Morse code to decipher. I looked at the directions, read and reread, and then took Kerry Lee for a nice long walk. Every time I met somebody on the street whom I knew I would say, "Do you know how to smock?" They didn't. Then I called everyone, once I'd gotten back to the house, and asked the same question. No, not a soul knew. Even though Dorothy had been self-taught it still didn't seem possible, to my way of thinking, that anyone else could learn without supervision.

That night I took out a white sugar sack and some blue floss. I stamped the transfer on and studied it for a long time. Finally it seemed to make a little sense. By the time I had finished two rows across the sack it really *did* make sense, and I felt mighty triumphant when I had the dress cut out a little later, the smocking guide stitched on, and my first smocked dress underway.

This first dress, a plain yellow, was smocked in a deep shade of turquoise; burnt orange colored flowers and green leaves were added. I chose the vivid colors so that my stitches would plainly reveal any errors, thus permitting me to take them out before it was too late; but it proved to be a pleasing color combination too. Personally, I think that rolled rosebuds are daintier than the lazy-daisy stitch buds called for in the pattern, but on that first dress I followed instructions faithfully.

You can see by this picture that my first attempt is far from perfect and looks very meagre compared with Dorothy's State Fair winner. But although I've made considerable improvement in later dresses I wanted to show you my *first* work, for I'm sure you will agree that at least it's a change from the checked gingham, plain gingham, rick-rack, bias-tape trimmed dresses that we usually make.



Kerry Lee Cathcart is wearing the dress that her mother describes in the accompanying article.

The same pattern can be used many times by varying the type of material and the color combinations. At a birthday party we attended recently, little Mary Catherine received a dress made from the same pattern that I first used; it was a blue chambray smocked in rose. And a little neighbor girl has a dress made from the same pattern in soft white wool smocked in red. Another playmate has a dress (also made from the same pattern) in white nylon smocked in pink. As you can see, there is endless variety to be had from that first 35¢ pattern.

Because I have a girl I write as though smocking must necessarily be confined to a girl's clothes, but this isn't a final law by any means. A friend of mine recently had a baby boy, and since she does beautiful handwork she decided to make her youngster a pair of rompers out of lovely linen. She smocked a few narrow rows across the waist in brown, added dark yellow ducks rather than rosebuds, and it made a sweet outfit that didn't look one bit sissy on a youngster six months old.

It's well nigh impossible to convey the enthusiasm that grows for working with smocking. You simply have to learn to smock yourself before you can understand how exciting it is to try new transfers, new color combinations, new types of materials. And I don't know of anything that is more rewarding than the completed product. At an infinitesimal cost you have a beautiful dress that would be priced at a handsome sum were you to buy it in some store, and when it's all said and done, nothing looks in better taste and stays in style, year in and year out, than does the hand-smocked dress.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

So many requests for cheer have come that I can't begin to put them all in this column, so please ask me for a copy of the Good Neighbor Guide. It will tell about many shut-ins who need what you can do for them. Address me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Have you destroyed your Christmas cards yet? And what about those cards you got on your birthday and that week you were sick? Hunt them up and send them to Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. If there are messages written on them, tear off that part and send just the picture, to save postage. If they have just a little writing, send the whole card. Someone here will remove the writing and fit the cards with new envelopes and take them to the Veterans Hospitals for the boys to use again. The pictures will be used by them in various handcraft work. Dr. Acton also wants cancelled stamps for the hospital work. Take them off all the letters and packages you receive. Get your friends to help. You can't send too many.

Send a card to Miss Gladys Campbell, 7501 Hamilton Ave., Pittsburgh 8, Pa. Her birthday is March 3. She has been bedfast all her life.

Mrs. George Clark, age 82, of Pisgah, Iowa would like to exchange crochet patterns. She has rheumatism and can't get about much.

Mrs. C. W. Clark, 401 West Almyra, San Antonio, Texas, has been bedfast with arthritis for many years. She enjoys mail but cannot answer.

Marlene Fitzgerald is 3 years old and has been crippled all her life. She would enjoy pretty cards and scrapbooks. Send in care of Mrs. Elgin Fitzgerald, Gothenburg, Nebr.

In response to my request, a number of you sent jigsaw puzzles to Amy Farnham, Ladies G A R Home, Anoka, Minn. She tells me they enjoy them a lot these days when they are entirely shut in. One of the packages had in it a gold watch that she thinks must have been put in by mistake. If yours disappeared about the time you sent her a package, write her and describe the watch. She didn't know it was there when she thanked whoever it was who sent the puzzles, and when she found it the name of sender had been destroyed.

Mrs. Lydia Hughes, Apt. 206, 1315 W 9 St., Los Angeles 15, Calif., a semi-shut in, wants material to make into garments for poor children. She can use even small remnants.

Miss Myrtle Graham, 1133 Pine Ave., Apt. 4, Long Beach 2, Calif., recently became ill and has been ordered to bed for 6 months. Letters would help.

Cheer cards are asked for Mr. F. J. King, c/o Mike Otten, Little Sioux, Iowa, an elderly gentleman who had a stroke in November and is bedfast. Also for Mr. Otto Neumann, c/o Nave Hosp., Albert Lea, Minn. He was in a car accident and had his legs broken in 12 places, besides other injuries. He will be in the hospital for a year.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

It seems to me that the last time I wrote to you I commented on the spring-like weather we were having, but right at the moment that seems months ago. Since January 9th, I have been off my back porch not more than four times. In fact, I have really hibernated.

I told you last month that we were planning a trip to Shenandoah, and now I can tell you that we actually got there, of course not without a lot of complications and extra effort, but we did get there and had a marvelous time. Our friend, Clarence Meyer, came from Aplington to go with us, and I must tell you about his arrival. The weather at that time was above freezing, so of course there was no bottom to the roads. Frank came home about 6:00 from choring and said he would walk to the school house where the shale ends, and stop Clarence before he tried to make it on up in the mud. About 7:30 he had gone to one of the neighbors to call Aplington to find out for sure whether Clarence had started or not. He couldn't get ahold of any of the Meyer family, but finally talked to a cousin who said that Clarence wasn't coming this week-end.

That finished that, so we sat down alone and ate the good dinner I had prepared, but before we even got up from the table we heard someone come whistling into the yard, and here was Clarence. His car was stuck in the middle of the road about a quarter of a mile from the school house. As soon as he had eaten, he and Frank walked through the timber to the Johnsons and got our tractor, then pulled the car back up to the school house yard, where they left it. Then they came home on the tractor.

The next morning after Frank had done all the chores and lined up the feed and left everything handy for Bernie, who did the chores while we were gone, it was 11:00 o'clock before we got away from the house. I wish everyone of you could have seen the picture we made as we started down the hill in the wagon, behind the tractor. It was really a sight. Frank and Clarence (who both had on their good clothes) rode on the tractor through the mud, and Kristin and I were in the wagon along with suitcases, food, the new doll, Judy, and all of her clothes, not to mention Kristin's crib and mattress which were going down to Emily. But we were all gay and having fun. When we got to the school house everything was re-packed into the car and away we went, arriving in Shenandoah about 3:00. We spent the entire week-end talking and eating. It had been five years since Lucile and Russell had seen Clarence, and he hadn't seen Juliana since she was sitting motionless at the age of seven months, so it really was a grand reunion.

It started snowing in Shenandoah Sunday afternoon before we left, and we drove through a snowstorm all the way home. Johnsons had a good hot supper waiting for us. We had to



Emily had just awakened from a nap when her Uncle Russell caught this yawn. She is beginning to reach for her rattles now and "talks" eloquently most of the time.

just eat and run, because it was snowing so hard and it was getting so deep, that Frank said every five minutes counted, and the next five might be just the ones that would keep us from getting up our big hill in the car. Twice we started up the hill and got just half-way and had to back down, but the third time was the charm and we managed to get all the way up. Of course the house was cold, so we spent the evening sitting in the kitchen with our feet on the stove and talked about what a fine time we had had. Now you can see what I meant when I said, "complications and extra effort", but we all agreed it was well worth it.

We are losing one of our good neighbors this March, and I am going to miss them terribly. The Marker family, whom you have heard me mention so often, have sold their farm and bought another one near Allerton, Iowa. Kristin feels very badly about their going too, because she has had a lot of fun playing with their three children, Billy, Caroline and Loran. They had a sale about a week ago, and our Sunshine Club served the lunch. This was my first experience at serving at a sale and I really enjoyed myself. It was a cold day, but the sun was shining and it was really one of the nicest days we have had for a long time. The snowplow came out and cleared the roads so people could get in, and they had a nice crowd. That night it snowed again, then sleeted, and we haven't had a decent day since.

We had a birthday in our family this month, Frank's sister Bernie's, on the 25th. Of course we had a big birthday dinner at night, with two big birthday cakes and everything that goes with it. I wanted to get the dinner because I didn't want Bernie to set foot in the kitchen, but she said

she just couldn't sit in the other room and have me get that big dinner by myself, so she *would* help. Kristin loves birthdays and gets so excited she jumps around the house like a little grasshopper.

At least this hibernation of mine has given me some time to sew. I finished the dress for Kristin I mentioned last month, and have made her another one. I can hardly wait for Lucile to see this last one I made because it is a piece of material she gave me at least two years ago, dusty rose balloon cloth. I'm crazy about the dress, in fact it is one of my favorites!

I told you I had something started last time that I hoped to get finished before I went to Shenandoah—well, I didn't get it finished but now I will tell you what it is because it is all done and ready to be mailed. I promised Lucile last fall that I would make Juliana a wool pleated skirt, and I just got it finished a few days ago. Isn't that terrible? It is a beautiful red and navy plaid, and I was very careful and got a good "do" on it, but nevertheless I'm pretty sick about it because I am sure I got it much too big. But if Lucile just puts it away until next fall I'm sure it will fit her then, and she will have something new to start the new school year.

Frank has done nothing but scoop snow and break ice and thaw out frozen pumps so he could do the chores. He has gotten quite a wood pile up, but he says it seems to him he hasn't accomplished a thing. Well who can, in this kind of weather?

I hope next month we are all more cheerful about the weather, but of course when all this snow begins to melt we have the Spring floods to look forward to. Anyway let's hope they don't become as serious as they were two years ago. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

A WISH

I could send you a wish
That was just for you,
But here is one
I may share in, too:
For you, all the good
Things of life without end;
For me, just the joy
Of being your friend.

—Unknown.

Keep your wagon hitched to a star, but always have your bag packed ready to shift stars at a moment's notice.

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.—Booker T. Washington.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and walk there yourself, once in a while.—Josh Billings.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE RED TULIP

By Myrtle E. Felkner

"Ho, Ho! Ho, Ho!" laughed the March Wind as he roared joyously across the prairie. "I am the strongest, coldest, fiercest, gustiest wind of the year! Ho, Ho!" And with that he puffed out his cheeks and blew a tremendous blast at a row of cottonwood trees. The cottonwoods didn't murmur even a word of reproach. They were accustomed to the bragging of the March Wind, so they merely bowed their heads and sighed gently. How they wished that the gentle April breeze would hurry!

The March Wind paid no more attention to the cottonwoods. Instead he hurried on until he came to a humble white cottage which stood on a little knoll. Once again he puffed out his cheeks and blew as hard as he could. The little house trembled and shivered as again and again the March Wind howled his chilly song. Then how he laughed to see the rafters shake!

Now, in a corner near the little house there was a bare spot where the sun had melted the snow early in March. If you looked very closely, you could see a thin sliver of green as a brave little tulip pushed her way into the world of spring.

"Brrr!" she shivered. "March Wind, why don't you go away? I want to grow up and see the world, but it is much too cold when you are blowing this way."

"Ho!" laughed the March Wind. "You had better stay where you are for a while or I shall blow you to bits." Then he tumbled away, but the tulip did not stop growing. No, sir, she just grew faster and faster, and one day she proudly boasted a bud.

"How beautiful I shall be when I bloom!" she smiled. "I am sure that my new dress will be a brilliant red." Slowly the days passed, and one day the little tulip bloomed. She was, indeed, lovely. The lady who lived in the house was proud of her and showed her to many visitors.

Then one day the March Wind happened to pass again. "What!" he roared when he saw the little red tulip. "I warned you not to come up yet. Now I am going to blow you into shreds!" Oh, how he blew! The little tulip stood as straight as she could but the wind only howled louder. She was becoming very distressed and was sure that she really would

lose her pretty dress when she heard a soft whisper in her ear.

"Bow down, little tulip! Bend your head, my pretty, and he cannot hurt you."

"Who are you?" cried the tulip.

"I am the April breeze. I will come in a few days when the March Wind has gone. Then I will smile upon you and rock you to sleep, but now you must bow your head so that the March Wind cannot break your stem. Bow down, little tulip, bow down." The proud little tulip humbly bowed her head, and though the March Wind blew fiercer and fiercer he could not shatter her pretty dress nor break her stem.

Then one day the March Wind left, and in his place the gentle April Breeze rustled over the plains. How happy the little tulip was! Every day she stood straight and tall, and every night she bowed her head when she went to sleep. Then the April Breeze would whisper a lullaby.

"Bow down, little tulip! Bend your head, my pretty, bend your head!" And as the little tulip began to nod, nod, nod, the April Breeze slipped away to sing in the cottonwoods until morning.

FOUND IN A STOCKING

1. A kind of fish? Ans. Sole.
2. A child's toy? Ans. Top.
3. A unit of measure? Ans. Foot.
4. A joining? Ans. Seam.
5. A naughty word? Ans. Darn.
6. A college athlete? Ans. Runner.
7. A Southern product? Ans. Cotton.
8. A part of a table? Ans. Leg.
9. The work of a doctor? Ans. Heel.
10. To propel a boat? Ans. Toe.



Juliana and Kristin are hard at work with their sewing machine. They are stitching up the side of a nightgown for Mary Jane, and it really fit very nicely. Both little girls are now eager to learn how to embroider so they can put flowers on the nightgown and the sunsuits they hope to make.

RIDDLES

What is the best thing out? An aching tooth.

What is always behind time? The back of a clock.

Why is a peddler like the covers on a bed? Because he usually gets turned down.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last? If you have put on one, the other is left.

Why is coffee like an ax with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before it is used.

When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one.

What is better than presence of mind in an accident? Absence of body.

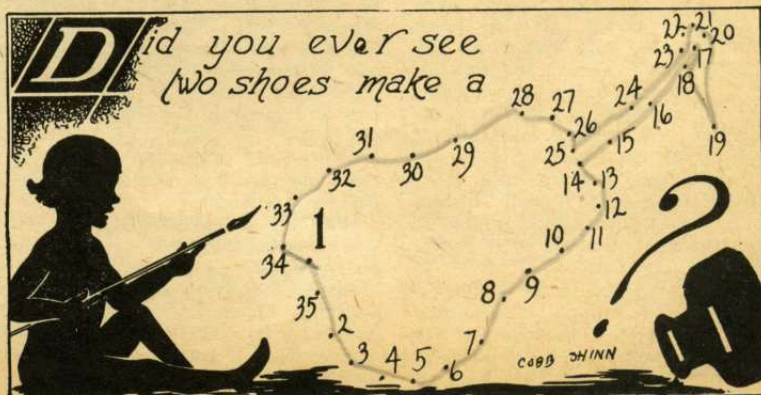
Why is there no such thing as an entire day? Because each one begins by breaking.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

TONGUE TWISTERS

I sniff shop snuff; you sniff shop snuff.

A bloke's back brake block broke.
The short sort shoot straight through.



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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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RUFFLED DOILIES, crocheted aprons, each \$2.50. Pillow slips, table cloths, other crocheting on order. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Ia.

KITTENS, ducks, etc, traced for embroidery on fine white muslin 8x11 in. blocks, or 6x6 in. blocks, make adorable child's quilt. Enough for alternating, 42x54, \$1.50; 30x36, \$1. Mrs. John E. Erickson, Jackson, Minn.

PRESERVE YOUR BABY'S SHOES: Finished in antique, natural copper, \$1 per shoe. Hult's Baby Shoe Company, 2886 Redick, Omaha, Nebr.

SEWING DONE: Ladies dresses, \$2; children's, \$1.25; aprons, 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1300 E. 28th St., Des Moines, Ia.

RUG WEAVING, \$1.10 yd., dresses smocked finished \$1.75. Textile painted pillow cases feed sacks, \$2.50 pr. Tea towels 19x36, 45¢ ea. Embroidery work wanted. Rowena Winters, 74th Mer. Dr., Des Moines, Ia.

INTERNALLY CARVED PLASTIC EARRINGS, \$2; brooches, \$2 tax included. Quantity discount to dealers. L. L. Stokka, 546 Pammel Court, Ames, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL PIN CUSHIONS, 50¢, linen handkerchiefs with crocheted medallions, \$1. Holders, big strawberry, wooden shoe, tulips, little aprons, grandma's panties or butterflies, 35¢ a pr. Mrs. Fred Jensen, Nashua, Ia.

MONEY MAKING PLAN: Suitable, groups, (Ladies Aids), individuals. Dollar Sense, 720 West Second, Maryville, Mo.

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. Send self addressed, stamped envelope, 25¢ for chart. Kenney, 904 Norfolk Ave., Norfolk, Nebr.

ALL OCCASION CARDS, Easter cards, have special occasion cards for children, all \$1.10 per box. Lovely to have on hand at all times. Mrs. Ed Connolly, Friend, Nebr.

SEWING-BARBER'S SHEARS SHARPENED 35¢ pr., & 10¢ postage.—IDEAL NOVELTY CO., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

A NEW FROCK FOR YOU, send 3½ yds. print or 3 feed sacks, measurements, buttons and \$1.50. Gift with orders for 3. De-Chic Frock Shop, 2012 H. Street, Belleville, Kans.

YARN, CROCHETED CHICKEN PIN CUSHION, 35¢, 3 for \$1. Cute Easter Gifts. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

SEWING WANTED. Write for prices, send stamped envelope. Mrs. J. F. Walls, Mystic, Ia.

FOR SALE: Large varied collection poster stamps, also Denmark Christmas seals. Write for prices, information. Mrs. Ralph Rettig, Harlan, Ia.

KNITTED DOLL AND BABY CLOTHES, made to order. Helen Schlesselman, Victor, Iowa.

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

FLOWER MAGAZINE, flowers, gardening, birds, nature notes. Bargain ads. Sample, dime. 16 months, \$1. Garden Gleanings, K. 6, New Troy, Mich.

WANTED, rags to weave, will furnish warp and pay postage on finished product, 3¢ an in., also have filler rugs for sale, \$3.75. Dave Bolick, Skidmore, Mo.

GIFTS AND PRIZES FOR PARTIES: Set of eight, hand made brownie dolls, 8 in. tall, hand painted faces per set of 8, \$2. Two fluffy white kittens, \$1. Four crocheted white hens stuffed, \$1. Mamie Wilson, Inavale, Nebr.

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

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CROCHETED INFANT SWEATERS, yarn blue or white. Pineapple chair sets, \$3. Mary Tjaden, Camp Point, Ill.

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PHOTO POST CARDS, enlarged from any size negative—10¢ ea., of \$1 per dozen. Fine quality. Color Craft Studio, Danbury, Iowa.

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CROCHETED BUTTERFLY DAVENPORT SET, \$6, large, white and ecru. Chair set to match 24x17, \$4. Crocheted Coffee table doilies, oval Pineapple, 24x15, 22x15, 20x12, white, \$3. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

PLASTIC COVERED COOK BOOKS: Published by St. Paul's Lutheran Ladies Aid. Colors: Red, Blue, Green. Give second choice, \$2.10 including postage. Mrs. Arthur Ziemann, Fairmont, Minn., Rt. 4.

CROCHETED BABY DRESSES, aprons, chair sets, table colth. Lillian Radabaugh, Williams, Ia.

COMFORTER TOPS, small, finished comforters, \$7. Roy McCart, Moberly, Mo.

SEWING WANTED. Ladies wash dresses, \$1.50, children's wash dresses, \$1. Also other sewing, machine made button holes 3¢ ea. Mrs. Emil Obr, Tyndall, So. Dak.

WANTED: Shaving mug with name and picture on side. Cast iron wall match holder. State price please. Karr, Stanberry, Mo.

BOSTON TERRIER PUPPIES, and grown stock. Also stud service. Mrs. Floyd Watson, Coon Rapids, Ia.

SEWING: Ladies dresses \$1.25; children's, \$1; sport shirts, \$1; dress shirts, \$1.25. Send pattern, material, etc. Mrs. W. W. Harvey, Norwalk, Ia.

WANTED: Colorful antique shaving mugs, and china or glass slippers. Mrs. Raymond Craig, Oskaloosa, Ia.

WOOL AFGHAN, ripple, shaded red 44x60 in., \$30. Clara Johnson, Story City, Ia.

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BEAUTIFUL WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, with wide crocheted edges. White or colored, \$1 ea. Mrs. Vergil Cloonan, 78 Todlane, Youngstown 4, Ohio.

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WHAT I REMEMBER MOST ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD

By Myrtle Felkner

One of my favorite sacred hymns has always been that beautiful number, "Take Time to be Holy." Oddly enough, I believe that in later life the sentiment of that hymn has become the thing which I remember most about my childhood—the fact that my folks always *took time*.

There were four of us, all healthy and slightly ornery in a normal sort of way, and all of us demanding shoes and school books and good diets and warm clothes, depression or no depression. Mom and Dad had to do some tall scooting in those days to provide all the things they wished for us, and yet I recall with a certain warm feeling that they nevertheless *took time* to do many things which we so often see modern parents forgetting or neglecting. Perhaps they made many mistakes then and since, but that is something of which none of us are guiltless. Of those childhood years, I shall always remember that they *took time* to be real parents.

In those days Dad husked his corn by hand, working until dark in the fields and doing his chores by the light of the lantern. His hands would be cracked and bleeding and he might be exhausted from the day's work, but I can remember no night when he didn't have the time to read "Uncle Wiggly" to my sister and me. One on each knee, we were fully enraptured with the adventures of that eccentric bunny, and there was no such thing as "Run along, I haven't time" when we appeared with the daily paper and its most important feature, Uncle Wiggly.

By the same token, Mom, who taught school in the daytime and washed, ironed, baked, cleaned house, and patched at night, always *took time* to know her children. There were many times when she donned overalls and jacket and "bellyflopped" with the rest of us when new sleds made their appearance at our house. Ginna and I must have been half-monkey, judging from the places we climbed as kids. Needless to say, we really had trouble when we climbed out of an upstairs window and crawled over the roof of our huge two-story house until we were secure (and also high and dry) atop the tallest gable. But nevertheless, that incident was no more than forgotten before Mom took the time to crawl with us to the loft above the garage to view a new play-house.

Mom took time to supervise our reading, and to do it somewhat strictly. Every week we were turned loose

in the public library to pick out four or five books which would last us until the next Saturday and another trip to town. There was only one catch—the proper books for youngsters were the only ones which found their way into our home. One time one of us did succeed in sneaking "Scarlet Sister Mary" home, and when Mom caught us at it she *took the time* to explain why such a book was for older people.

Busy as they were, they *took time* to entertain. Scarcely a Sunday afternoon went by but what the kids of the neighborhood descended upon us; in later years, the teen-age crowd considered our home as a sort of headquarters; and in every case Mom took time to prepare the luscious hamburgers or chili that was probably the chief attraction. They *took time* to answer every question; they *took time* to encourage us and to understand our school problems; they *took time* to play with us and to lead us in the paths of righteousness. Yes, the thing I shall always remember most about my childhood is that my folks *took time*.

HOBBIES

Postcards of any type are the hobby of Mrs. Ollie Lundell, 2019 N. 56th St., Omaha 4, Nebr.

"I collect buttons and novelty salt and pepper shakers. I will make silk potholders in exchange for shakers. Please write first."—Mrs. Voyle Helble, RFD 1, New Hartford, Iowa.

Miss Inez Childs, RFD 6, Ottumwa, Ia., is interested in named Iris, Hems and African Violets, and is particularly interested in getting Old Lace-Double Orchid and Pink Princess.

Knitting and crochet patterns are the hobby of Mrs. Myrtle V. Chesterman, RFD 2, Box 54, Larned, Kansas.

Salt and pepper shakers and pot holders.—Mrs. Harold Thom, RFD 2, Rushmore, Minn.

Mrs. Elmer Atchison, Longford, Kans., would like to exchange buttons. She has some post cards to trade.

Old dishes is the hobby of Lussie Nemyer, Box 66, Palmer, Ill. She is particularly anxious to find pieces of Tea Leaf or Shamrock dishes. Write first.

Mrs. S. H. Preston, 1407 Benton Ave., Corning, Ia., pieces quilts, and hooks, braids and crochets rugs.

Handkerchiefs, crocheted potholders and a special kind of quilt are the hobbies of Miss Lillian Riha, c/o Mrs. Louise Miller, Clermont, Ia.

"I have a few patterns with directions for a child's crocheted dress, also aprons and hot-pan holders. Will exchange."—Mrs. Catherine Pechota, Spillville, Ia.

Pot holders or the patterns.—Oletha Jacobs, Triplett, Mo.

Mrs. Edith Moore, Valley View Farm, Hopewell, New Jersey, has hobbies of cactus, houseplants and seed. Please write first.

Mrs. George H. Meyer, Barnesville, Minn., would like to exchange buttons and stamps for crocheted pot-holders.

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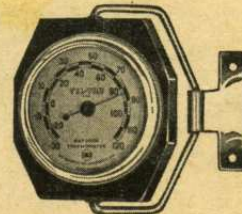
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Goodbye until next month—Leanna and Lucile.