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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA  
Price 10 cents



• Vol. 14

APRIL, 1949

Number 4 •



Photo by Verness.





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by  
DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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Redlands, California

My Dear Friends:

This may be the last letter I shall write to you from California for the calendar here above my little desk tells me that Spring is headed for Iowa—and this means, in turn, that we will be headed for there too before many more weeks pass.

We have much enjoyed our stay here in Redlands, and even though the weather doesn't compare to what we had last year, still when folks complain about the rains or the cool days we tell them that it certainly doesn't seem too bad to us when we read of the excessive snows and sleet of the middle west. People who've lived back in our part of the country can well imagine what you folks have been through this winter, but the native Californians just said flatly that they couldn't begin to picture in their minds what it must have been like in the sections that were snowbound for weeks.

Since I last wrote to you we've had a very nice visit with Mrs. Mike Hand of Sibley, Iowa who has been visiting relatives in California, and also with Mrs. Ames and her two daughters who are here in Redlands. They formerly lived at New Market, Iowa. Then last night we had such a pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Albinger of Lytton, Iowa. They spent about a month in Honolulu and called on Frederick and Betty while they were there. We looked at our Honolulu pictures until quite a late hour and then said good-bye, for they left this morning to return to Iowa.

I know the pleasure you have in reading this magazine for I can hardly wait for it to come each month and just haunt our box here at the hotel about the time I think it is due to arrive. Lucile and Wayne have done a grand job with it, I think, and since I read all of the letters that they send on I know that you agree with me.

I know that I haven't told you even a fraction of the interesting experiences that we had in Honolulu during the five weeks we visited with Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna, but whenever I sit down to write about that wonderful time I feel confused! It's almost impossible to sort out separate things. I had thought that I would tell you about the native Ha-

waiian feast that we attended, but after turning it over in my mind I decided to let Frederick do that in some future letter because he has a real gift for describing things—and I don't. However, the trees and flowers made such a vivid impression upon my mind that I decided to tell you a little about them this morning.

There always has to be just the right combination of sun and rain to produce the kind of beauty that the Hawaiian islands claim, and I don't suppose there are too many spots in the world that have been as richly blessed in this respect as Hawaii. Conditions are simply perfect for producing luxuriant foliage of all kinds, flowers, shrubs and trees. One would think, just looking at it, that those things have grown there since the beginning of time, but we were told that all of this beautiful tropical growth started from things that were brought there originally by people from far places.

From Africa came the gorgeous Tulip trees; from Asia the Shower trees; and from Australia came the Silver Oak and Eucalyptus. Peru was the original source of the big Pepper trees. But numerous as these trees are, they must take a back seat to the Palms. These are the predominant tree of the Islands, and not only are they beautiful, but the Coconut Palm furnishes food for the table. Have you ever eaten "Spoon Coconut?" At a certain stage in its development the meat of the coconut is as soft as whipped cream, and is eaten from the shell with a spoon. It is simply delicious.

The oddest tree I saw was the Sausage tree. Its seed pods look like huge bologna sausages, and they dangle from the tree on long stems. They really look good enough to eat.

How I wish that all of you who love flowers could have been with me! I never dreamed that there were so many beautiful flowers on the islands. Red seems to be the predominant color. Most of the poinsettias were the double variety and scarcely a home was without huge clumps of them. The boganvillea climbed over fences and porches and ranged in color from purple to pale pink.

Among the odd flowers we saw were the Anthurium, the Parrot flower and the Bird of Paradise. They were all spectacularly beautiful. The Hibiscus

has been named the most loved flower, and since it grows as large as a salad plate you can imagine how stunning it is in various shades of red, yellow and white.

I have not mentioned the orchids and they fascinated me. They grow wild in the dense foliage of the canyons and are also grown in Orchid houses; many people have these in their flower gardens. One of the friends whom we called on had over 100 varieties of orchids in her orchid house, and they varied in size from the little cymbidiums to the large lavender ones that we see (not frequently!) in the States.

When it's all said and done, the island of Oahu is simply a great botanical garden—only the identifying tags have been removed. I never dreamed that one day I would see such sights, and I feel rarely privileged and fortunate to have had those wonderful experiences. As long as I live I'll never forget the weeks we spent in this "Paradise of the Pacific" and perhaps circumstances will make it possible for me to return someday and relive comparable experiences once again.

I'm getting so homesick to see my grandchildren that I can hardly wait! Perhaps it strikes you as funny that I say grandchildren rather than children, but if you're a grandmother too you know how I feel . . . the grownups look after themselves pretty much, but the grandchildren seem like your own children when they were small and still in the home nest. I've had so much pleasure making little dresses for Emily and embroidering sunsuits for Martin. I bought material for dresses for Juliana and Kristin, but since I don't have a machine and must sew by hand I told the girls that I wouldn't attempt to make up the material—I knew those active youngsters would break right through my stitches.

Oh, there're just a lot of things I'm anxious to get back to, and my old kitchen comes high on the list. I enjoy eating food I haven't prepared, but after just so long a time I find myself getting real eager to wheel out into my own kitchen and put on the coffee pot for breakfast. And corn meal mush . . . and plain yellow layer cake . . . and navy beans—you just don't get that in a hotel.

As soon as we're sure that we can get through the country without ending snowbound we'll be heading our car back East. I'm awfully anxious to have my radio visits with you again, so spring can't come too soon to suit me. I hope that I'll write my next letter from the old battered desk in my little office. And it will seem mighty good to have your letters every day—I never get over missing that daily mail!

Affectionately always,  
Leanna.

It is one of the charitable dispensations of Providence that perfection is not essential to friendship.—Alexander Smith.



# Come into the Garden

## APRIL ACTIVITIES FOR THE GARDENER

By Mary Duncomb

By now you probably have a shelf full of new catalogs, and if you are at all like me, you have finally made out your list of things you want and are sending for them. I've already gotten my tomato, pepper, garden peas and Sweet peas. Of course it is best to try to order all of our seeds at the same time, as it is a real favor to the busy seedsman. If you have gardened a long time, by now you probably know just how much of each kind of seed to order, and which varieties you like best. But just for fun, try out at least one kind which may be new to you. Who knows but that it may become a permanent fixture on your list?

In the case of peas, we get several different varieties and plant them all at the same time. The smooth round ones are said to be more frost resistant than the wrinkled ones, but that seems to make no difference with us—in they go all at once, in separate rows of course, around the 22nd of April. You may have a different date to plant them, if you live farther south, but down through the years that seems to do the trick for us.

For some reason or other, though we have tried several times, we have never had much success with a second planting of peas because of the hot weather later on in the season. Peas like it rather cool. We order the dwarf varieties as they are less trouble and seem to do as well as those which require support. The earliest are ready to eat by the 4th of July along with new potatoes and strawberry shortcake. And so through most of July we have plenty of peas to eat and can. Various types of soil make a difference too. In the garden by the house where the soil is not any too rich, I have noticed that the peas are not bothered by aphids as badly as they are down in the truck patch where the soil is rich and mellow.

As to selecting tomato seed—we have worked out what seems to give us the best results. Some of each of these are planted in the hot-bed, far more than we can use, of course, but it is not hard to get rid of the surplus! We only plant part of a packet, reserving the rest for a future year, (tomato seed will hold over very well). We use Bonny Best, Earliana, Break O'Day, John Baer and Pritchard, also called Scarlet Topper, for the earliest—consult your catalog for maturity dates, which represent days from setting the plants out of doors until the first fruit is ripened. These are also good canners and for the most part heavy yielders. For main crop tomatoes, which take longer to mature but which often miss the sun-scauld that spoils so many tomatoes, we like Rutgers, both the golden and the red Pon-

derosa, the Crimson Cushion or Beefsteak and the Marglobe.

Order some pepper seed and plant it in the hot bed when you plant the tomato seed. Peppers take the same culture as tomatoes and are just as easy to grow. It will be nice to have some during canning time or to use in salads. Pimiento Peppers are the sweetest and most colorful pepper grown. Early Giant has thick flesh and a mild flavor and is recommended for cold sections. Some onion seed could be ordered too. Plant in the hotbed early—they transplant very easily.

Get some early flower seed too. In case you did not save some of your own poppy seed, get some now and plant it as soon as it comes. Get some Sweet Rocket also and scatter it among your Iris. Don't forget those seeds you want to start in small flats in the house as soon as possible—petunias, snapdragon, salvia and the blue cup-flower.

The good winds of April are fresh and invigorating. They herald the advent of Spring, they prune away a lot of dead wood from our trees and shrubs and they gather up the loose leaves and dispose of them to the four corners of our own small world. They remind us to order those roses we have been planning on, and to plant such seeds as will withstand frost and be all the better for it such as shrubs and penstemons. Who says April is too uncertain a month? Surely not the ardent gardener—all set for Spring and its joys.

## DELPHINIUMS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

When gardeners speak of Delphinium they have in mind, as a rule, the perennial species and the highly bred perennial hybrids, and restrict the name Larkspur to the annual varieties although there is no marked structural difference.

The annual Larkspurs make good cutting material as well as adding color to a garden. Catalogs offer improved double varieties from purest white and exquisite pinks, through various shades of lavender and purple-blue, to ruby and carmine reds, on spikes from 3 to 4 feet tall.

The seeds like to germinate when the weather is still cool. Best results are to be had when planting the seeds in very late fall or very early spring in a sunny location. They self-sow readily. Plants with faded or washed-out colors of blossoms should be pulled and discarded.

*Delphinium chinense*, commonly known as Chinese Larkspur or Chinese Delphinium, has fern-like foliage. The well-branched stems bear white or blue flowers. They are easily grown from seeds and should be in every garden. Seedlings bloom the first year and should they not live over, you will be sure to find self-sown seedlings to carry on.



A deep purple Hybrid Delphinium with white "bee."—Photo by O. Tiemann.

*Delphinium belladonna* with turquoise blue flowers and *D. bellamosum* with deep gentian-blue flowers have leaves not so finely cut as the Chinese varieties but taller spikes of flowers. You will never regret having them in the garden to provide the "something blue" so often needed in bouquets. A teaspoonful of sugar added to the water is said to delay the shattering of cut Delphiniums two or three days.

*Delphinium tricornis* is a native species that grows from odd little tubers and blooms very early. The plant dies down after blooming. *D. orientale* is a self-sowing annual. The flowers are a most unusual shade of purple, described as "Tyrian purple."

The regal stateliness of Hybrid Delphiniums in full bloom draws every visitor to their section of the garden to marvel at the massive spikes of colorful blossoms. The plants grow from 4 to 6 feet or more tall and require staking unless placed where they are protected from all winds. Flowerets may be as much as 3 to over 4 inches across with colors ranging from pure white to deep purple, with many lovely blues.

Small petals clustered around the stamens form the "bee" which is white in some varieties and dark in others. One of the most showy is a pure white flower with a black "bee." Sky-blue flowers with white "bees" are among the loveliest.

Delphiniums may be purchased from a nursery or seeds sown. The best time for starting seeds is as soon as new crop seed is ready or else in early spring. If well-grown, spring-sown seedlings bloom the first fall. When weather conditions are favorable, older plants produce 3 crops of flowers a season if seeds are not allowed to form and the old stems removed as soon as new shoots show.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness  
CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

The day Kristin was a year old, June 24th, 1944, something amusing happened that gives you an idea of how much she had improved after her long siege of difficulties.

It was around one o'clock when the landlady knocked on Dorothy's back door in a poor frame of mind. Would Dorothy and Frank mind putting some strips of felt on Kristin's rocking horse at their very earliest opportunity? She was heartily weary, she said, of hearing that heavy thump-thump-thump so many times during the day.

Well, it wasn't the rocking horse, a little red rocking horse. It was the high chair, a big, heavy maple chair, the sturdiest one Frank could buy. By throwing herself back and forth in it Kristin could move it the length of the kitchen and then bang against the wall! They tried everything on the bottom of those four high chair legs and nothing could prevent Kristin from doing this. The only thing that would hold it stationary was to tie two legs to the stove and two legs to a built-in breakfast table. That gives you an idea of the child's power!

We had a nice birthday party for her, but it was a hectic time because the most precious gift, a musical chair (it was pink enamel with a Swiss music box in it that began to play when a child sat down) was a constant source of contention between the two babies. Juliana howled and kicked if Kristin sat down, and Kristin shrieked and kicked if Juliana sat down. Eventually the chair caused so much trouble that it had to be put away. As of this date in 1949 it is still in excellent condition and the girls do NOT fight over it!

However, just before the chair was put away something happened that will amuse all of you who read my account of Juliana's motionless babyhood and my nervous conviction that something was terribly wrong with her. One morning Dorothy and I were very busy in Dorothy's kitchen and after listening to enough squabbling over the musical chair Dorothy picked up a straight dining room chair and put it on top of the dining room table. On top of this chair she placed the musical chair. We had the door closed between the kitchen and dining room, and suddenly we were shocked to hear the familiar strains of the musical chair. We dashed in and found Juliana sitting in it at that great height. She was fifteen months old and I decided then and there that nothing much could be wrong with a baby who could scale such heights successfully.

Shortly after Howard had been transferred to San Diego for the final stages of his training program, Margery started to work in the production-management offices at Lockheed. The day she applied for this job she came home to tell us that the man who interviewed her was a former college professor under whom she had taken a number of classes. In that



Donald and Dad when Donald was home on a furlough in 1944.

vast plant she hadn't dreamed that she would run into anyone whom she knew. Her job was interesting but tiring for she spent the entire day going from office to office with various reports, and if any of you can remember the amount of ground Lockheed covered you can also visualize how much walking she had to do. By the time she arrived home at night she was ready to drop in her tracks.

About mid-summer Howard turned up unexpectedly at our apartment on a Sunday night. He had only a few hours with us and when we went to take him to catch his bus we said goodbye knowing that he wouldn't be back. He didn't know, of course, when he would be shipped out but he knew full well that it wouldn't be long and that he wouldn't have another leave. He was right. Dorothy and I were not to see him again until the exciting night we located him at Camp Stone-man in 1945 only an hour after he had returned. (This is such an unusual incident that I will tell you about it in detail in a later chapter.)

One summer afternoon Dorothy and I went out to do some shopping and as usual I left my apartment locked but Dorothy left hers unlocked—I once had prowlers when my apartment was left unlocked—Dorothy never locked a door and never had prowlers! We returned from the store about four o'clock, and when we stopped in front of the house I looked up and saw a man sitting in the window of Dorothy's apartment. I looked again, and then saw someone waving—a moment later we heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and then we saw Donald! We thought that he was at Peterson Field in Colorado and certainly he was the last person whom we expected to see.

It seems that he had an opportunity to get on a bomber at Peterson Field that morning and fly out to the Coast.

It was an excellent chance to visit us, so he took off shortly after 9:00 A. M., arrived at March Field near Riverside at 1:30 and then hitched several rides into Hollywood. He hadn't seen Margery for almost three years, and when she walked in from work that night and saw him sitting at the dining room table she could scarcely believe her eyes. He was only able to spend that one night with us, and then had to leave early in the morning to catch a bomber back to Peterson Field. I think that it was the most unexpected visit we had during the years we lived in California.

That summer Frederick spent at New Haven, Conn., where he was studying at Yale University. He was student counsellor for some twenty-odd boys and was too busy to write to anyone but Mother and Dad. And I might point out here that by this time we were all so widely scattered that it kept Mother busy getting off letters to us. She and Dad were completely alone during these years but they were both so busy that they said they had no time to get lonesome.

In August some changes came to our way of life in Hollywood. After two-and-a-half years of living in the same apartment house on Norton Avenue, Dorothy and I had to say goodbye to each other. Russell had gone into the photography division of Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego and after a fruitless search for housing there, I decided to move to San Francisco where Russell would join me in October when he was transferred into another photographic unit. As I write this I can relive again all of the atmosphere of those years when half of the country seemed on the move, and people went from Phoenix, Arizona to Mobile, Alabama to Baltimore, Maryland and back to Seattle, Washington as casually as they now go a hundred-odd miles.

It was a big job to get the apartment cleared out and everything ready to move. I've never forgotten the day the big van called for our things—I know that at least fifty times during the two hours it stood in front I went to the door to say that the apartment was already rented. From the time the first curtains and drapes came down I was kept busy saying this over and over, and I'm sure that it's no exaggeration to say that a good five-hundred times I made that explanation during the month between the day I started packing, and our actual departure.

Dorothy drove Juliana and me to the station on a late August afternoon, and thus ended the Hollywood chapter of our lives that had covered all kinds of weird night shifts, the arrival of our children, greetings and farewells to countless friends and relatives after the war started, and a thousand other things too.

In San Francisco the war seemed much closer. I did miss the sound of planes above us almost every hour of the day and night, but of course there hadn't been the sight of camouflaged ships passing out through Golden Gate.

(To Be Continued)



## LISTEN! CANARIES ARE SINGING

By Hallie M. Barrow

Carol Cheseldine sold her bicycle at just the right time. Her mother's birthday was at hand and now she had the funds to buy exactly the gift she had long been wanting to see in their home—a cage with a canary inside simply singing its head off!

You see, Carol was like the majority of people who give presents: their choice for someone else is the thing they are wanting most themselves. And this time the theory worked out beautifully, for her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cheseldine, both loved that singer so much that they bought a canary hen and decided to raise a few birds. However, that temperamental hen didn't fall for their gorgeous birthday singer at all—she hen-pecked him all over the cage. This meant that another singer had to be purchased for the temperamental hen and—well, it took the third singer before she could settle down and go to housekeeping. Other hens were found who were not so choosy, and by that time the Cheseldines had three pairs of mated birds and soon had three nests full of babies. They found themselves with a hobby which quickly grew into a business.

Now when you open the front door of their home in St. Joseph, Mo., it sounds as if dozens of those sweet, old-fashioned music boxes had all been wound up at the same time. From every direction come the most melodious trills and songs. However, their real aviary is in their basement and in four years their bird population has been built up to several hundred. It is still a family hobby; they know every bird by name. The labor of caring for them is shared by Mr. and Mrs. Cheseldine, with Carol assisting as much as her high school work gives her time.

I came to know about Mrs. Cheseldine through rather a peculiar incident. I had asked a farm woman to save me poppy seed from a purple variety, and later she brought me a paper sack of seed pods but apologized because they were not yet fully dried. "But it's gather those seed pods now or never," she said, "for the wild canaries simply live in that poppy patch, and they peck open these pods and then just feast on the seeds. I'm sort of worried about it, because isn't poppy seed what opium is made from? And if those birds get the opium habit and become dopey, the cats will surely catch them."

It started a big argument in our town and many of us decided that those birds were on a regular drug debauch and would surely end in a bad way. We wrote about this puzzling question to the "Information Department" of our city newspaper and asked for a reply from anyone who could furnish the answer. In a short time came a nice letter from Mrs. Cheseldine in which she told us that she was a canary breeder, and she assured us that they often bought that slaty, blue poppy seed for their birds. Opium is made from another variety



In Frederick's letter last month he told us about Mother's eagerness to have a picture taken on the beach without her wheelchair in evidence. This is the picture. Mary Leanna is handing her a shell.

of poppy, it seems. Furthermore, she told us that hemp seed (which a bird just loves) comes from the marijuana plant, and that no hemp seed is sold except that which has been treated in such a way it will not grow.

Well, really, there isn't any phase of raising birds that Mr. and Mrs. Cheseldine haven't done research on just for their own knowledge. You seldom ever see folks who have taken a hobby so seriously. They have books on this subject; they take canary magazines; they attend and display at canary shows just to learn more about the birds they love so dearly.

Mrs. Cheseldine does all of her own doctoring and not with old-fashioned remedies either; she uses penicillin and the sulpha drugs; she splints broken bones and some of her best nursing work is done in the canary nursery. She has formulas for her orphans and a cunning little incubator. It is made from a gallon bucket with a 10 watt bulb running in at the bottom. About half-way up over the bulb is a wire tray covered with paper, and the nest is placed on this.

As so often happens, the canary hen starts another nest before her first brood can take care of themselves. Then the whole nestful of orphans is placed in the incubator and fed once an hour from a medicine dropper. Mrs. Cheseldine laughs when she tells of the spring when she was hand feeding twenty youngsters and says she hardly had time to stop and feed her own family! Finding the correct formula for baby birds has been a real problem. You see, the parent canaries feed their young as pigeons do—that is, they first digest the food themselves before feeding it to their babies—and finding something to replace this pigeon or canary milk has taken lots of research amongst bird breeders.

Mr. Cheseldine builds most of the cages. He uses apple boxes for the breeders' cages and cookie sheets are inserted for the removable bottoms. He also builds flight cages where 30 or 40 young birds are kept until they are put in training. He made the incubator and just about everything else that Mrs. Cheseldine has needed; all she has to do is give her order to this construction chief.

Together they do the enormous amount of bookwork involved in keeping their birds registered and pedigrees in order. And in addition to

this there is the work involved in training the birds' voices. They are kept in small cages, one bird to a cage, and placed in darkened cabinets for two hours. Then they are brought into the light, an old experienced singer's cage is also uncovered, and the young birds listen to their teacher. Their singing lesson lasts a half-hour, and then back to their cabinets they go for another two-hours rest.

There are two singing classes. One is for the open beak singers whose song is harsh, choppy and loud. It is called a chopper and is often preferred by older people (perhaps they don't hear too keenly) and children. But the roller is considered the operatic singer of the bird world. His song is in his throat, and he sings with his beak closed. His cadenzas are called "tours" and these have the softest of rolling tones. Rollers have three ranges for their voices—bass, medium or high.

Right now there is quite a fad in the canary world to breed for color. The lucky breeder who first produces a red canary will have an almost priceless bird; already there are pinks, apricots and deep orange colored birds, but the red color is what they are working for. Others, who have the patience of Job, spend all their time with a flute, record or at the piano training their best singers to carry a tune. Occasionally a bird is found who can do this, and it is worth at least \$150. Certainly one thing in favor of buying a canary from an American breeder who has kept a registry for years is the fact that you know exactly what you are buying.

The second time I went to the Cheseldines with a canary question I asked this: would they advise us to give a canary to a friend in a government hospital? Did they have any records showing how an invalid might respond to a bird in his room? Their answer was an emphatic "Yes." Birds are often used now in psychiatric wards, and patients whose interest can scarcely be aroused in anything often take much interest in a nesting pair of canaries.

I found that our government uses canaries elsewhere too. During the first World War they saved many lives by being used to test areas for poison gas. In the last war they were vaccinated against fowl pox and were used to protect our soldiers in the tropics. Thousands of these plague-proof canaries were shipped to hospitals, and there was great demand for them.

Some folks say that no child should ever be raised without a pet, and chances are that they have a dog in mind. The Cheseldines think that no child should grow up without knowing and loving a canary. Certainly they repay any care you give them many times over with their cheerful songs.

## CHARITY

There is so much good in the worst of us,

And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill behooves any of us  
To find fault with the rest of us.

—Unknown.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

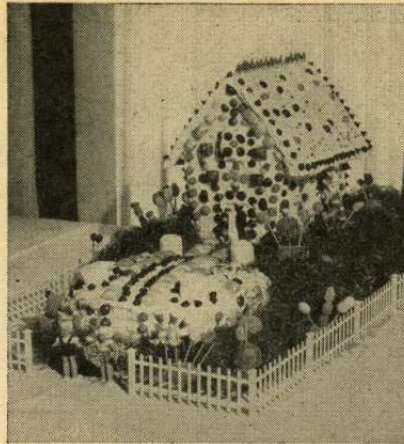
It seems to me that I always have several different projects going at one time, and tonight is no exception. As I write this letter I figure on getting up at intervals to go out and stir some cranberry sherbet that's supposed to be freezing in the refrigerator. There's nothing that exasperates me like having a cooking failure, (my cranberry sherbet falls in this bracket) and when I saw what I imagined were the last fresh cranberries of the season, I hauled them home simply determined to mix up a brew of sherbet that came up to my expectations. I should have a fairly good idea of my degree of success or failure by the time this letter is written, so I'll put on an honest P. S. to let you know how it turned out.

These days I'm casting all of my hopes for an early spring on Juliana's turtles. All winter long they slept peacefully away (to be perfectly frank, I thought they were dead!) and it wasn't until we saw them stirring about that it occurred to me they might serve as a good barometer of approaching spring. We had an awful scare ten days ago when they seemed to settle back into a coma, but it must have been only a moment of passing fatigue for they were up and at it the next day. I'm holding strong to the idea that those turtles won't make a serious mistake—that spring is practically upon us and they know it. If you have turtles at your house you might get up and take a sharp look at them right this moment.

Every place I turn these days I see the ravages of winter in our house. I don't think there's one square inch from basement to store room that isn't simply screaming for spring housecleaning, and it makes me want to toss everything into the yard and have the whole place in a grand upheaval. You're not supposed to clean house in this fashion nowadays, but I think it's good for the soul to turn everything upside down at one fell swoop. This business of inching along from room to room in an attempt to keep daily living perfectly normal reminds me too much of the 365 day routine I know so well. I've always gone at my spring cleaning in this sane, sensible fashion, but something tells me I'm going to revert to 1910 this spring and have one spectacular orgy. If you hear a crash and a clatter that seems unaccountable you can just figure that I've thrown a bed from the second-floor window.

Juliana's Hansel and Gretel birthday cake was such a delight to the eye that I decided to tell you in detail just how it was made. It seems to me that perhaps you will want to try this yourself in days to come, so here goes.

First we made a house of cardboard and taped it together with heavy masking tape (available at any drug store or hardware store). These were the dimensions: width at bottom of house, 5"; width at top of house where roof rested, 6"; the house itself was



Look closely and you'll see Hansel and Gretel standing in front of the birthday centerpiece.

10" high and 10" long; the two roofs were 7" long from ridge pole to the edge, and 11" long. These measurements will give you a little house with the quaint lines of an illustration in a child's book of fairy tales.

After the house was all made I covered it entirely with white boiled icing. (Every good fairy I ever had stood at my elbow while I made those two batches of icing—never have I had such success!) While it was still soft we sprinkled tiny colored Christmas candies all over the roof, outlined the roof, corners of house, etc., with chocolate buds, and practically plastered all four walls with various kinds of bright candy. The little jagged line you see on the ridge pole was made by sticking candy corn into the soft icing.

I forgot to say that a door was cut in front, and two windows were also cut, one on each side. These were left standing ajar and decorated lavishly.

This candy house was next placed on a cookie sheet, and then the cookie sheet was elevated by putting boxes underneath to get just the right height. In front of it went the birthday cake, a two-layer yellow cake covered with pale green icing. The top of this cake was decorated to resemble a garden, and with chocolate buds I outlined a path right across the top leading to the door of the house. Three pink candles on each side of the path were lighted when "Happy Birthday" was sung.

Now around both the house and the garden (birthday cake) we put quantities of the green shredded paper such as is used in Easter baskets. In this grass Juliana and Kristin placed the fantastic flowers they had made by combining various colored jelly beans on toothpicks. White marshmallows served as toadstools with long green jelly beans as the stems. A white picket fence enclosed the entire thing, and at the very foot of the birthday cake stood Hansel and Gretel, miniature dolls sent by Grandmother Driftmier. Their arms will bend in any direction, so we had them standing hand in hand as though they were just going to start up the path to the house.

That white picket fence really needs

a little explanation. I'm not one who buys anything unless there is a crying demand for it, but just before Christmas I saw that fence in the store (it comes in sections and can be hooked together in any needed way) and figured vaguely that Juliana would enjoy having it to go around her doll house. I bought it then and there, something positively unheard of for me to do! Well, that fence is priceless for decorative uses. It has fenced in a wooly white lamb cake, it fenced in the Hansel and Gretel house, and goodness knows what all it will fence in through the years to come. I think that from now on when I see such things I'm just going to buy them on general principals, because I can see how wonderful it is to have such objects to work with when special events roll around.

Juliana's birthday was simply an ecstatically happy affair, and right here I want to thank each and everyone of you who sent such clever cards—and tucked in remembrances. When she gets big enough to write she'll acknowledge such things herself, but until that time comes please accept the warm appreciation that I am conveying in this letter. Since there are only twenty-four hours in a day it is the only means I have of saying "Thank you" from the bottom of our hearts.

I'm just wild to get out into the yard and start planting shrubs and flowers. Finally we have our backyard cleared out to where we can start from scratch. If any of you saw this place when that ghastly looking old red shed stood out in back I can assure you that it is gone—and gone too are the tangled grapevines that grew riotously all over the corner of the yard, and the old dwarfed trees, and all of the other eyesores that had accumulated. We're going to have a good time this spring getting permanent plantings underway, and in a very small voice let me add that before too many summers pass we hope to have a new porch built at the rear of the house. I love to eat on a porch but I feel conspicuous cutting meat and buttering rolls on the street, so to speak, and thus the rear porch where we can have three meals a day.

Last month I told you how I spend the final half-hour at the tail end of the day. This month I must tell you that the precious half-hour has gone into sewing for Juliana. At the rate she's growing I have very little time left to indulge myself in the fine handwork and delicate embroidery that it always soothes my soul to work on, so I'm having one last fling on the type of dresses that soon can no longer be worn. Consequently my book suggestions for this month carry such odd titles as "Yellow Pique" and "Pale Blue Organdy" and "Green Dotted Swiss."

Until May . . . Lucile.

P. S. I almost forgot—the cranberry sherbet is wonderful!

The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because she knows that the average male can see much better than he can think!



## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By Georgia Seabury Gould

I've noticed through the years that a great many people single out one parent around whom they reconstruct memories of their childhood. Sometimes after I've heard many comments about the mother I'm tempted to say, "But where was your father?" And I'm grateful for the fact that in our home Mother and Father shared equally in giving their children happy memories.

When we were small we lived on a farm outside of Plainview, Nebraska. In spite of heavy farm work my father read a great deal, and at meal time he told us about the interesting articles, stories or poems he had read. (The latter he usually memorized and could quote accurately.) He had a rare facility for recreating characters, and when he told us stories these people actually came to life.

Another vivid memory that will always stay with me was "Milking Time." Dad always milked two or three cows, and in those days it was often dark before he started. If it were possible I'd slip out to have my evening chat with him in the dim light of the old lantern. I'd perch myself in the open grainary door, and if there happened to be plenty of grain inside the bin it made a comfortable seat; otherwise I balanced myself, warily, feet dangling (until one day they reached the stable floor!). I can still see Dad resting his head against the cow's flank as he talked. And what conversations we had! He was as interested in my fantastic ideas as though they were sound. And how patient he was with my ambitions! Truly we learned to know each other and love each other in those long evening conversations held in the barn. I felt close to Dad during those times, and all through the years I have treasured the significance of those conversations. I know that the advice and kind counsel he gave me back in those days have certainly guided me over many rough spots in the years that have passed since then.

How does one ever really call up the essence of his mother's personality? I am baffled by this, for although my mind is teeming with countless crystal-sharp memories, it is difficult to say "Mother did this for us" or "Mother did that for us." I find it almost impossible to single out the few things that reconstruct a childhood of long ago.

But Mother was a woman who felt great love for the little things in life. She was always able to see beauty in every growing thing, in the feel of warm earth as she planted tiny seeds, in sunsets, in a note from a friend, in every simple gesture of kindness. When we were small she frequently arranged lovely nooks in our home to surprise us, and I can still recall how thrilled we were to return home and find one of these.

In the evenings she often sang, and I can still hear her beautiful soprano voice filling the house with the sheer joy of singing as her clear true tones



There's nothing in the world Martin enjoys as much as flying through the air with Howard's assistance. He anticipates a session of this every evening.

rang out. "The Holy City" was one of our favorites, and it was a privilege to hear her sing it.

No one could decorate a home at Christmas time as Mother did. She made it so festive, so unique, so much a part of her dainty self that all of us have despaired at recreating even a shadow of it!

Mother has always loved Nature and enjoyed working in her yard. I remember that one day she stood and looked about her and said, "See those trees with their rich green foliage, those beautiful flowers over there, this thick grass . . ." She drew a deep breath . . . "and then there are those who can doubt that there is a God!"

I never admire a tree, walk in thick grass or enjoy my flowers that I don't think of what she said—and my faith grows stronger.

Today when I see her in pain, as she has been so much of the time during these past two years, and with her eyesight so badly impaired . . . well, in my own mind I cannot help but question, and yet when I again remember the expression on her face and her words on that long lost summer day, I know that through all of her suffering she has never faltered in her implicit faith.

Many friends have known Mother as "Mother Robin" over Helen Field Fischer's program, and still others have known her as Edith Seabury. But to her husband and her daughters she has been Mother, the completely lovable personality that has made such a difference to everyone.

When you argue with a fool, be sure he isn't similarly engaged.

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.

## EASTER TRICKS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

You may not be able to pull an Easter Bunny out of your hat but you will find it handy to have a few tricks up your sleeve as the Easter season approaches.

An Easter tree makes a pretty and colorful table centerpiece. A strong house plant or tree branches set firmly in a flower pot or vase will do. For decorations take halves of egg shells and tint them in various shades. Tie these to the branches with tiny ribbon. Small candy eggs, bunnies or chicks may be used, too.

For place cards make a small box of construction paper or cover a "penny" match box. Paste this on a paper doily. Cut out a pretty colored flower and green leaves and paste on top; then stand a candy chick or bunny beside the flower.

About two weeks before Easter break the eggs carefully near the "small end", clean and tint. Paste the shell on a heavy cardboard, fill about half full of dirt and plant oats, wheat, or any seeds for greenery. Keep the dirt well watered and you will have a "growing basket" for Easter.

To make an Easter cake cover a white cake with fluffy icing tinted a delicate pink or yellow. Make part of the icing stiff, add coconut and tint green. Put this on top of the cake in the very center to form a nest. Fill nest with small bright colored Easter eggs and set a bunny or chick on top. The children will especially like this cake.

If you are planning an Easter egg hunt, either indoors or out, provide the participants with baskets or cellophane sacks to hold the eggs when they are found. You will award a prize to the one who finds the most eggs, but to make the game more exciting, give prizes for lucky eggs. A prize may be given to the one who finds a chocolate egg and you may give prizes to the one who finds the most red eggs, the most yellow, etc.

To entertain children at a party or to keep your own children amused give each a hard boiled egg to make into a clown, pirate, Indian, Mother Goose characters or whatever they choose. Provide scissors, paste, crayolas, bits of lace, cotton, scraps of material, yarn, and crepe paper. This will keep the children entertained for a long time.

To make an edible favor use a white or colored marshmallow for an Easter cart. Mints for the wheels are fastened on with cake icing or with toothpicks. On top of the cart put green tinted coconut icing to resemble grass. Place tiny gum drops in this nest. Use two tooth picks for shafts to fasten the cart to a candy chick or bunny. The whole favor may stand on a tiny paper doily.

Let the children help make these decorations and favors and you will find it no trick at all to make your table most colorful and inviting.





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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

### JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. double-action baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/2 cup unbeaten eggs (2 medium)
- 1/3 cup milk

Sift together first four ingredients into large mixing bowl. Then add the shortening, vanilla and 2/3 cup of milk. Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by the clock (about 150 strokes per minute). Or mix with electric mixer on slow to medium speed for 2 minutes. Then add the unbeaten eggs and remaining 1/3 cup of milk and beat 2 more minutes. Pour batter into prepared pans, 2 round layers, or 2 square layers. Bake in 350 degree oven between 30 to 35 minutes. This makes a delicate, fluffy cake that is particularly ideal for a child's birthday cake.

### HONEY COOKIES

(Can be cut in fancy shapes and will not break in mailing)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 large lemons, juice and grated rind
- 3 1/2 level tsp. soda
- 2 cups boiling hot honey
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 whole eggs
- 7 1/2 to 8 cups flour

Cream together sugar, butter and salt. Add lemon juice and rind, soda and boiling hot honey—stir only after all three things have been added. It will bubble up so use a large bowl. Cool to lukewarm and then stir in beaten eggs. (4 whole eggs may be used, but amounts given make a nicer dough.) Lastly stir in flour (do not add more even though dough seems very soft). Let stand in refrigerator overnight. Roll out; cut with fancy cookie cutter and bake at 375 degrees from 10 to 15 minutes. Makes about 9 dozen.

### FRIED RICE

- 1 1/2 cups rice
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium sized onion, grated
- 1/4 cup chopped pimento
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce

Boil rice in large quantity of rapidly boiling water until tender. (Don't overcook). Put it in colander and pour a quart of boiling water through it. Shake well. Then spread on buttered cookie sheet in a thin layer and place in 300 degree oven for 15 minutes. This method of 'cooking' rice produces the fluffy, separate grains that the Chinese are always able to achieve.

Heat salad oil and butter in large skillet. When smoking hot add the grated onion and cook, stirring constantly, for about 3 minutes. Then add rice and pimento and continue to stir until rice is rather brown. Add 2 Tbls. soy sauce and stir.

NOTE: In good Chinese restaurants this rice is almost always served with the following changes: 5 minutes before taking it up, stir in 2 well-beaten eggs and continue to stir and fry for 5 minutes. Also, finely chopped green onions are added the very last thing. This rice dish is delicious and would be greeted happily by a family that had tired of plain boiled rice.

### CHEESE SPREAD

- 1/2 lb. cheese (soft is preferable to a hard cheese)
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1 beaten egg

Cut cheese into small pieces and stir in double boiler until melted. Then add milk, seasonings and cook for a few minutes. Then remove pan from fire and stir in beaten egg. Return to fire and cook slowly until slightly thickened. Remove from the fire and pour into dish. Cook slowly and beat it as it cools. Cover and chill it.

This will keep for days in the refrigerator. It makes fine toasted cheese sandwiches or can be thinned with a little milk for a sauce.

### EGGS PIQUANT

Push bread into muffin tins to make "shells" and brown in hot oven. Half-fill each shell with hot boiled rice, and to each one add 1 Tbls. of tomato soup or some left-over gravy. Then drop an egg in each one, sprinkle with cheese (if desired), season with salt and pepper and a small piece of butter. Set in a pan of hot water and bake until eggs are set. Mabel Nair Brown, who sent this, says that it is a grand way to use up left-overs.

### ESCALLOPED CHICKEN SUPREME

- 6 cups cooked chicken
- 6 cups cooked rice
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 3 cups milk
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 cup blanched almonds (optional)
- 1 small can pimento
- 1 can mushrooms
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Cook chickens in water to cover with salt, 3 stalks of celery and 1 chopped onion. When done cut in pieces. Pour 1 cup of broth over the rice. Make a rich gravy by adding the milk to the rest of the broth, and add butter blended with flour to thicken and season. Arrange in layers with rice on the bottom, chicken, pimento and mushrooms and cover with buttered crumbs and almonds. Note: the skin of the chicken put through food chopper using fine blade can be sprinkled over the top and will make an extra good crisp surface. This recipe will serve 20 nicely.

### DANISH COFFEE CAKE

- 4 cups of flour
- 3 or 4 crushed cardamon seeds
- 1 cup shortening (1/2 butter, 1/2 vegetable shortening)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup scalded milk, cooled
- 1 cake compressed yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup of warm water

Mix together flour, cardamon, shortening and salt as though for pie crust. Stir dissolved yeast into cooled milk. Also add to milk the egg yolks beaten until light, combine with 1st mixture and stir gently. Set aside to cool and harden (at least 1/2 hour). This is a very soft dough and takes a little patience to handle.

Then roll to 1/4 or 1/2 inch thickness and spread with beaten egg white, saving a little to brush over the top. Sprinkle with brown sugar, pecans, raisins, chopped citron, or any combination of fruits and nuts, and fold over both sides, then fold over the ends and pinch together to seal. Leave the middle open a little so filling shows. Let rise and bake in a 400 degree oven until done—probably you'll need to check at end of 20 minutes and then continue watching closely. Top may be sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, or frosted.

This is a rich, extremely delicious coffee bread that defies adequate description. Make it and see how fast your family will make it disappear!



## MAIDS OF HONOR

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 unbeaten eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups pastry flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup blanched almonds (optional)
- 1/2 pt. whipping cream

Some type of jam or preserves

Beat shortening and eggs to a cream and then add sugar. Beat until light and soft. Stir in dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Chill very thoroughly—this dough is extremely hard to handle without chilling, but very easy to work with if chilled. Now line well-greased muffin tins with the pastry and fill the center with jam—nuts can be added if you like. I had no jam or preserves on hand when I made these and used dried apricots, cooked to a pulp and well-sweetened, for the filling. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes; then reduce heat to 350 for 10 minutes. Serve with whipped cream when cold.

## COCONUT CARAMEL CHEWS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups flour

Cream together butter and sugar and then add egg yolks and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Press this mixture into the bottom of a flat pan.

Then beat 2 egg whites until stiff and add 3/4 cup of brown sugar and 1/2 cup coconut. Spread over 1st mixture and bake 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. When done cut in little squares.

## CREAMED SWEETBREADS

Enough sweetbreads to serve your family. I use about 3/4 of a lb. for the three of us, but we have big 2nd helpings. Dip cooked sweetbreads in beaten egg to which salt has been added. Squeeze rather dry and then fry lightly in hot fat. Butter a casserole and put in a layer of crushed potato chips, then sweetbreads, then some hot cream of mushroom or cream of chicken soup (dilute with 1/4 cup of cream), another layer of chips, sweetbreads, soup, and top with crushed chips. Bake 15 minutes in a 450 degree oven.

## NOTE ON SWEETBREADS

This item is one of the few inexpensive things in your butcher's case. However, sweetbreads are highly perishable, so as soon as you get them home place in a pan of cold water and wash well. Then cover with fresh water and simmer for around 20 minutes; add 2 Tbls. of vinegar to water and 1 bayleaf. Remove sweetbreads from boiling water and run cold water through them immediately. Chill. Remove membranes and store in refrigerator until ready to use.

## A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Somehow or other every spring finds me clutching an armful of rhubarb and heading pell-mell for the kitchen! As a child there was no surer sign of spring than the morning Mom would call me to carry huge shimmering bowls of "Wiggly Pudding" to the basement to cool. That modern miracle, the refrigerator, has no doubt spoiled the shivery thrill of bare feet on the damp clay floor of the "old basement" and perhaps the secret lick so slyly accomplished by a ten-year-old, but I know it has spoiled none of the wonderful flavor of Rabarbergrod. Here is the recipe, which is really very simple, just as Mom made it years ago.

Clean rhubarb, boil in small amount of water until well done. Then run it through a strainer. For every four cups of strained rhubarb, add:

- One and one-half cups sugar
- Pinch of salt

One-half cup of corn starch mixed with water to form a medium-thick paste.

Return to heat and boil until thick. It will be clear and pink and when properly chilled will have the appearance and consistency of gelatine. Ever so delicious served with sweetened whipped cream, garnished with a cherry!

Tasty with any kind of pudding or fruit sauce are Brown Cookies. (Brune Kager.) These, too, hold delightful memories for me. Years ago a trip of fifty miles was something unusual, so it was only twice a year that Mom and Dad herded the old Essex up to Aunt Nellie's. We always arrived impatient, restless and hungry, but Aunt Nellie usually had the Brown Cookies ready to hand out. She was a great tease and loved to tell us that she had forgotten to make any, but we soon became smart enough to find them ourselves. Aunt Nellie always rolled the cookie dough very, very thin and then cut the cookies very, very large. Spread with powdered sugar frosting, almost yellow with butter, they were a real treat. We youngsters made sure that Mom took the recipe home with her, and after that we spent many a delightful evening helping her cut the dough into gingerbread boys, tall Hallowe'en cats, Christmas bells, etc. This is a large recipe and will make about thirty three-inch gingerbread boys.

Brown Cookies

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- One-third cup butter
- 1 egg
- 1 teasp. soda
- 1 teasp. baking powder
- 4 cups flour

Cream the butter and sugar. Add egg, molasses, and sifted dry ingredients. Knead together with hands. Chill the dough about one hour, roll thin, and cut with a cookie cutter. Bake at 375 degrees until done.

## Edith Hansen



Now I am on 17 Stations, 5 Days each week.

Here's where you can listen:

- KMA, SHENANDOAH, IOWA  
960 kc, 10:15 to 10:30 a.m.
- WNAX, YANKTON, S. D.  
570 kc, 10:00 to 10:15 a.m.
- WDAY, FARGO, N. D.  
970 kc, 11:15 to 11:30 a.m.
- KFYR, BISMARCK, N. D.  
550 kc, 8:45 to 9:00 a.m.
- KOTA, RAPID CITY, S. D.  
1380 kc, 10:15 to 10:30 a.m.
- WTCN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
1280 kc, 3:30 to 3:45 p.m.
- KSOO, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.  
1140 kc, 9:15 to 9:30 a.m.
- KWOA, WORTHINGTON, MINN.  
730 kc, 10:15 to 10:30 a.m.
- KGLO, MASON CITY, IOWA  
1300 kc, 9:45 to 10:00 a.m.
- WMT, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA  
600 kc, 10:45 to 11:00 a.m.
- KMMJ, GRAND ISLAND, NEBR.  
750 kc, 9:45 to 10:00 a.m.
- WIBW, TOPEKA, KANS.  
580 kc, 10:30 to 10:45 a.m.
- KANS, WICHITA, KANS.  
1480 kc, 8:45 to 9:00 a.m.
- KBYE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.  
890 kc, 9:30 to 9:45 a.m.
- KWTO, SPRINGFIELD, MO.  
560 kc, 2:15 to 2:30 p.m.
- WTAD, QUINCY, ILL.  
930 kc, 11:15 to 11:30 a.m.
- KOMO, KANSAS CITY, MO.  
810 kc, 1:15 to 1:30 p.m.

Edith  
Hansen  
Kitchen Club



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

When a big ship arrives from the mainland all of us here in the islands are happy, for usually the ship's arrival means visitors. All of this spring Betty and I have had the pleasure of entertaining people from home. I don't suppose that there is anything that we enjoy quite so much as going to meet a ship or going to see one leave. I think, however, that I get more actual fun out of seeing one leave. What excitement!—music, flowers galore, hundreds of people, parties in the cabins, last minute pictures on the deck, confetti and paper streamers, hula dances and songs, and then the ever beautiful, ever touching "Aloha Oe".

Here are just a few of the people whom we have seen this spring, perhaps you know some of them: Mrs. Earl E. May, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Albinger, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Young, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffith, Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, and many others from the Midwest.

This month the biggest thing to happen out here was the opening of the Territory of Hawaii Legislature. Even if I could describe it accurately, I don't think that you would believe it. Picture a typical chamber of a House of Representatives so filled with flowers that the legislators themselves hardly have room to move. There is a Hawaiian band playing and pretty Hawaiian girls dancing the hula. But the most surprising thing is the legislators themselves, some old and some young, all of them singing songs or dancing hulas to the great glee of relatives and friends attending the opening session. I don't suppose that in all America there is quite anything to equal it. I am not even going to try and describe the flowers that were there, truckloads of them. All of it passes under the title of Hawaiian hospitality.

An acquaintance of ours was fishing from one of the reefs when he made an unexpected catch. He had caught a small fish and was winding him in when a medium-sized shark flashed through the water and swallowed the fish he had caught, hook and all. Well, there he was with a shark on the end of his line. With considerable effort he landed it and then ripped it open. Inside the shark he found the remains of some unfortunate swimmer. The body, or rather what remained of it, was identified, and another missing person episode was solved. It doesn't pay to play with sharks. Indeed, just last week two men were swimming not far from here. They were in deep water but were no more than 15 yards from shore when a shark attacked. One swimmer got away, but the other was badly bitten and dragged to the bottom. Everyday the papers out here tell of some swimmer or of some small boat that is missing, but I have yet to learn of a swimmer being drowned or hurt while swimming at one of the public beaches.

I want to tell you a story. I hope you don't mind. It is an interesting



Mary Leanna was running towards Grandpa Driftmier when he snapped this picture.

story and yet it is a tragic one. It begins back in 1940 when I was working with the British Army in Egypt. One of my close friends at one of the camps was a fine young English lad from the colony of Southern Rhodesia in Africa. He was a beautiful pianist and accordionist. He had brought with him to the war a magnificent accordion, and many were the nights that I sat out on the desert sands and heard him play for the enjoyment of the troops.

One day Ray came to me and said that he was being sent to the front lines. He wanted me to keep his accordion for him. I gladly offered to do so. I didn't hear from him for many months and then one day I received a telegram asking me to send him the accordion in care of the YMCA in Cairo, Egypt. I sent the accordion with a friend that very day. Two years after that I heard from him again, but by that time I was back in the United States. He wrote me a good letter telling me of all the battles he had been in etc., but then asked me once again to send him his accordion. I answered the letter explaining that I had sent him the accordion two years before when he had first asked for it. Three months later I received another letter telling me that he had gone to the YMCA and that after going with a Y Secretary from warehouse to warehouse the accordion was finally found in the basement of the Royal Opera House. He had not received it when I first sent it to him because he had been ordered to the front immediately after asking me to send it.

Well, to make a long story just a little bit longer, that was back in 1945 when he finally found the accordion. I didn't hear from him again until just today. He wrote to me in reply to a letter that I mailed to him in Rhodesia last Christmas. Much to my surprise I noted that his letter was sent from New York city, and I want to share with you a part of that letter. Here it is:

"My address will probably come as

a bit of a surprise to you, and the events leading up to my present whereabouts may help to explain things. During the last stages of the war a group of us got together and discussed plans for building a miniature Utopia in the shape of a communal village in Upper Gallilee in the Holy Land. About a year after the war we put our plan into action; there were thirty of us—ex G. I.'s from America, England, Australia, South Africa, and Rhodesia together with their families. Our place is called Maayan Baruch (which means the Blessed Spring) and it is situated in the very northern part of Israel right on the Syrian and Lebanese borders. If you are familiar with that part of the country you will know what a beautiful and fertile spot that is. One of the tributaries of the Jordan runs right through our lands and we are under the shadow of Mount Hermon which is snow-capped most of the year around. Unfortunately, our geographical situation put us right in the thick of it when the recent war in Israel took place, and as a result I am now minus a pair of hands. I am over here in a hospital getting fixed up with a new pair and so far am very pleased with the progress I am making. I hope very soon to be out of the hospital and plan to stay for a while in the United States and study before I return."

While Ray is getting used to his new pair of hands he would probably enjoy receiving some letters from the Midwest. He is a stranger in our country and probably knows little of the friendliness of our farm people. If I remember rightly, I think that Ray lived on a tobacco plantation back in the days when the world was at peace. His address is as follows:

Ray Leizer  
c/o Hadassah  
1819 Broadway  
New York City, N. Y.

Betty and I can hardly believe that back on the mainland you are having such a bad winter. Ever since Mother and Dad left here in January we have had perfect weather. In six weeks we have only had five days when it rained at all, and in the five weeks that Mother and Dad were here we had only 5 days when it didn't rain at all. Little Mary Leanna runs barefooted all over the place. Thank goodness she wasn't running around the house the other night in her bare feet, however, for we killed the biggest centipede we have ever killed in the house. It was walking around in the bathroom. When I first stepped on it, it fought back, and I had to step on it many times. It measured seven inches long, and was as wide across as my little finger.

Our plumeria tree is just coming into bloom again and the mango tree in the backyard is covered with small brown buds. When the trade wind blows through our diningroom window it brings a mixed odor of plumeria sweetness and mango muskiness. Tonight it is just like a warm May night back in the Midwest where I would love to be.

Very sincerely,  
Frederick.



## POINTERS FOR YOUR CHILD

By Lucille Sassaman

Are you worried because your Susie doesn't walk as soon or talk as soon or teeth as soon as the little girl next door? Are you anxious and wondering why your baby doesn't sit up or turn over at the time that some of the books say that she should? If you are, it means that you are following the normal pattern of behavior for young or new mothers in this generation.

There has been more nonsense written about "normal" rates of development and more misconceptions accepted as fact on this subject than on any other phase of child upbringing. And your very anxiety in this regard is the single greatest threat to your child's developing his full capabilities. Somehow the word has gotten around that the child who walks or talks or teeths at a very early age is a superior child and very bright. He might be, but so also might be the child who develops more slowly. Nobody worries about a child who is bald. You might like to have a baby with golden ringlets but you aren't worried about a bald baby because you know that hair will come when it comes—and I think you might keep this in mind regarding the other things that you wait for your child to develop.

The first time that I was struck with the full absurdity of this misconception was when I worked in a very poor neighborhood and noticed that the children were almost all walking at the age of seven or eight months. My friends' children didn't walk until around the age of one year or later, and yet I knew that they were certainly just as bright as these slum children, so I began to look around for reasons that might make for early walkers.

The reason was obvious as soon as I looked for it. These families were living six to seven in a room and there was never enough space for more than one bed, so the children slept on the floor and even during the day babies were left on the floor because of the danger of them falling off a high bed. This gave the baby considerable freedom, particularly because the mother was too busy to restrict his movements. However, I also noticed another thing. Never have I seen so many infants with broken limbs. Any seven-months old baby who can walk will get into situations that are dangerous because his judgment and coordination haven't kept pace with his leg and back muscles, and a busy, distracted mother cannot protect him always.

The clinic where we helped mal-adjusted children frequently saw mothers who boasted during the interview: "I just can't understand why my kid behaves like this because she was so smart when she was a baby—why she has been talking since she was nine months old." At that point I was always tempted to say that probably the child was tired by this time and ought to stop

talking and take a rest. Many children talk early, and many others talk late. Einstein, the greatest mathematical genius of our time, didn't say a word until he was three years old. I don't know what he said then, but probably he came out with a new problem in algebra. According to reports about his childhood, his parents considered him almost slow-witted. There are many children who do remarkable work in school who have been considered dumb until that time.

There is no way for you to judge your child by comparing him with any other child because there have never been two of anything that followed the same growth pattern. If you show your anxiety by comparing or pushing your child you will make him feel like a failure and destroy the confidence that he needs to develop his full potentialities.

I knew one child who couldn't sit up. At an age when other children were sitting bolt upright in their highchairs he slumped and sagged all over his. The doctor said that there was nothing wrong with him, so his intelligent mother simply put away his highchair. He crawled when he was nine months old, walked when he was ten months old, and then, for the first time, he sat up. Today he is one of the sturdiest little five-year olds you ever saw, and nobody knows why he didn't sit up when he ought to. And nobody cares.

Every child has the right to be appreciated for what he is, and loved and respected for the dignity of his own being. If he is homely or clumsy or slow, give him affection and appreciation and he will have a spirit so confident and happy that he will make light of his handicaps and make the best of what capacities he has. The child who has been made to feel in some obscure and subtle way that he isn't quite up to par will never be able to make full use of what brains or skills or physical attractiveness he has.

In testing skills we find out many things about people. Some have great skill with words and do their best work in fields where words are important such as teaching, salesmanship or journalism. We usually judge people too superficially and assume that a person with word skill is very bright, but words must have meaning or they are just words. Often a bright child is handicapped by his ability to speak quickly and well. He gets by so easily on the strength of this ability that he often never learns to discipline his mind to work, and never learns how to think and use his full potentialities.

Some children have great difficulty expressing themselves and yet feel completely at home with numbers. In big stores I've noticed people standing in line ahead of me who can call out the total of their purchases before the cashier rings up the amounts on the register. I've known other people who have a perfect eye for measurement. They can estimate size or weight almost exactly; any really good cook or seamstress has

this particular ability, and it goes without saying that engineers or mechanics have it. Most people have a smattering of various skills, but when a person happens to be working in a field where he has an oversupply of the needed skill, there you usually find a happy person.

Many people are just plain smart enough or determined enough to do a good job in anything they set out to do, but if it isn't natural to them their personality suffers so much that, although they may be considered successful, they are never genuinely happy.

Once in a great while you find a baby who is generally slow in everything. He doesn't recognize people; he doesn't respond to familiar objects; he doesn't attempt to hold his head upright; he seems apathetic and uninterested in everything. Some babies are born this way and there is no magic cure for them. But another baby who behaves in this way may have only a deficiency disease which could and should be treated early. And that's one good reason for having a competent doctor check your baby regularly.

## CALVARY AND EASTER

A song of sunshine through the rain,  
Of spring across the snow;  
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,  
A peace surpassing woe.  
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,  
And be ye glad of heart,  
For Calvary and Easter Day  
Were just three days apart!

With shudder of despair and loss  
The World's deep heart is wrung,  
As, lifted high upon his cross,  
The Lord of Glory hung—  
When rocks were rent, and ghostly  
forms  
Stole forth in street and mart;  
But Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's blackest day, and whitest day,  
Were just three days apart!

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- KICM**—Mason City, Ia. — 1490 on your dial  
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## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

I have just come home from walking to school with Kristin, and feel so invigorated after my brisk two-mile walk, that I am going to forget that the breakfast dishes are not washed, the house is not straightened up, and write my letter to you first.

This is the first day of March, and I must say that it has come in like a lamb. In fact, it is a beautiful day for those of you who are moving, and I just hope that your roads aren't a sea of mud. We were surprised last night to see how rapidly the roads are drying, but my goodness they are rough.

Frank has been taking Kristin to school and going after her on the tractor. I think probably the roads are dry enough now to use the car, but, if you have an old car like we do, and want it to hang together a little while longer, it isn't advisable to drive very much over roads like ours or it will be sure to shake it to pieces. Kristin hasn't walked to school very often this year, so we really enjoyed our little jaunt this morning. We played follow-the-leader, and of course she was the leader. Every Spring Frank takes the tractor into town to be overhauled so it will be in perfect condition when it is time for the heavy spring work to begin. It is hard to be without it when you use it for some transportation while the roads are bad, but better now than to have something go wrong in the field when you are trying desperately to get the corn into the ground.

Kristin and I have just returned from Shenandoah, where we spent a few days last week visiting the rest of the family, going especially to help Juliana celebrate her sixth birthday. Of course, as usual, we had a terrible time getting into Chariton to take the train, because the roads were as bad as I had ever seen them.

We started in the wagon, that is Kristin and I were in the wagon and Frank was on the tractor, but the mud was rolling so badly that by the time we got within just a few feet of the shale, the tractor and wagon wheels were both so full of mud that we couldn't budge. Frank unhitched the wagon and walked to a farm house to borrow a spade to dig the mud off the tractor wheels. After this was done Kristin and I, plus two suitcases and a doll, piled into the box on the back of the tractor and rode two miles to the gravel where a car was waiting for us to take us on to the train. Of course the tractor wheels had thrown mud all over us, so I spent the half-hour we had before train time brushing us off as well as possible. It's a standing joke at our house that almost without exception, whenever we plan to go to Shenandoah, the roads are impossible. Now this trip had been planned for over a month and the roads stayed frozen up until the day before we were to go; then they thawed. I have said many times before, and I will say it again: I think Frank is one of the most patient men I have ever known!



Frank and Kristin had been having a heart-to-heart talk when this was taken.

We had planned to come home on the train Sunday, but instead we had a very pleasant surprise Saturday evening when Frank and Clarence Meyer, our friend from Aplington, Iowa, came in the back door at Lucile's. Clarence had driven down Saturday morning to spend the week-end, so they decided to come on to Shenandoah. We had a nice week-end and got back home about 6:00 Sunday evening.

We finally got the wood sawed, and now have two nice big piles, one dry and one green. Of course we will let the green pile season this summer and have it all ready to start with next winter. The afternoon the men were sawing I took over a big chocolate cake and coffee about the middle of the afternoon and they stopped long enough to enjoy their lunch.

Spring really seems just around the corner to us now, because we already have four baby lambs. Kristin is always very excited about the new baby animals.

We feel very badly about the loss of three of our little banties. Frank has been feeding and watering them every morning while I get Kristin ready for school and the other morning he came back and announced that something small had gotten in through a little hole in the floor of the chicken house and killed two roosters and one little hen. He immediately put the remaining three in a box and took them down to the Johnsons and put them in the big chicken house. Then he set traps around our chicken house and said he would get his revenge. That night he did, and it was a little black civit cat that had done all the damage. Fortunately our little Judy survived once again.

Lucile and I had hoped to get some sewing done while we were together this last time, but all we managed to find time for was two slips. But then both girls needed slips more than any-

thing else, so we feel we did get something accomplished.

I have finished another wool pleated skirt for Kristin. When Margery was in college she had a wool dress, the skirt of which was plaid and pleated. Several years ago when she became tired of the dress, she took the skirt off and was going to make a separate skirt to wear with sweaters, but somehow it never got finished. Then when the styles got longer it was too short, so last summer she gave it to me. I washed and pressed it, then put it away. A couple of weeks ago I got it out and made it up, and now Kristin has a beautiful skirt that looks brand new. Until this last year I have been afraid to tackle anything but a new straight piece of material, but I have made several things this winter, and I think it is lots of fun. In fact I plan to try a suit, coat, and jacket this Spring.

Lucile is very anxious that I try to get to Shenandoah for a week when the folks return and just spend that week doing our spring sewing. We always seem to get so much more done when we work together. One presses and one stitches, and we get a lot of visiting done at the same time. I didn't promise, though, because I will have to wait and see how things line up here at that time.

I must close now and get at my housework, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## MY RISEN LORD

My risen Lord, I feel thy strong protection;  
I see Thee stand among the graves today;  
I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,  
I hear Thee say,  
And all the burdens I have carried sadly  
Grow light as blossoms on an April day;  
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly  
This Easter day.

## COVER PICTURE

The laughing kitten on the cover once belonged to Juliana. She named him Cherry Tree. We had just finished arranging tulips one spring day when he ran in front of them, and fortunately the camera was at hand. It certainly calls up all of spring, and everytime we look at it we want to plant more flowers!

## GOOD ENLARGEMENTS

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## "EVENING WITH THE KITCHENETTERS"

By Mabel Nair Brown

This unusual type of entertainment and dinner has certainly been a wonderful Ladies Aid budget booster in the communities where it has been given. Don't say, "Oh, our group could never do this" until you've put your mind to it carefully.

If your Aid is divided into circles, one circle might be responsible for the meal itself, another circle would be responsible for the table setting and serving, and another circle could be responsible for the entertainment. If at all possible, use card tables and do try to have old-fashioned red or blue checked cloths on the tables. If you can't have small tables then use large ones set family kitchen style. Try to locate some old-fashioned spoonholders, toothpick holders, cruets, etc.

Waitresses should wear pretty print housedresses and aprons. If garden flowers are in season, set large bouquets of mixed flowers about the room using shiny milk pails for the containers. Waitresses might use small tin waterpails and dippers to refill water glasses. If you plan this before garden flowers are blooming, perhaps among all of the members you can scare up enough blooming hyacinths, etc., to take care of the tables.

The menu should feature simple but good dishes such as meat loaf or baked ham, cole slaw, creamed corn, baked beans, pickles, pie, etc., in keeping with your country kitchen setting.

And now for the entertainment. Upon this group falls the chief responsibility for the success of the evening. Of course you will need an orchestra that can play both the old and new favorites. The ladies of your group will be that orchestra — they will be the famous "Kitchenettters." Borrow musical instruments, music racks, sheet music and other necessary articles from your own youngsters or neighbors who have children in school bands or orchestras.

You will also need a record player and a large stack of records including waltzes, swing music, familiar polkas and other types of music that are familiar to most people. This record player is to be hidden backstage and one person must be designated to handle it.

Now at the rehearsal the records to be used will be selected and played and the ladies will practice holding their instruments and going through the proper motions, playing loudly or softly as the leader directs—this will all be in pantomime, of course, since the record player actually furnishes the music. Vary the program by having a soloist (dressed in an evening gown) and perhaps a quartet (dressed as a barbershop quartet) who will perform between instrumental numbers by the orchestra. The soloist or quartet will go through all of the motions with mouth, hands, etc., as the record plays.

Until you've tried this you just can't imagine how funny it is, and if everyone enters heartily into the spirit of

the thing, it will really be a hit. Be sure to choose a good "Director" who can put spice and pep into the direction, and be sure that the players tap their feet as though they were actually keeping time on their instruments. Once you've skillfully put over this pantomime orchestra program you'll be lucky if you aren't asked to repeat it at many other meetings around the community.

A reasonable price should be charged for the meal, and anyone who attends will feel that it is a most welcome change from the routine church supper. Be sure that you have a good master of ceremonies who can put a lot of humor into his introduction of soloists, important guests, and anyone else who needs to be introduced, and be sure that the musical numbers are given *throughout* the dinner hours and not offered as straight entertainment after everyone has finished eating.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

There is a new job to be done this month and it is one I think you will thoroughly enjoy—making doll clothes for the Children's Hospital. There are 400 children there and whenever one has a birthday they receive a doll and some clothes for it. The dolls are Rose O'Neill Kewpie dolls. They are so popular that I am sure you can find one among some of your own children's "families", or some store would let you examine one. They are about 12 inches tall. The neck measure is 6 inches and waist measure is 10 inches. Shortly I hope to get a set of patterns but if you can locate a doll you can probably do a better job than you could from patterns. All sorts of garments are wanted, from undies to top coats, dresses and night clothes. It will be fun making them, and you can make as many as you wish. Maybe your Sunday School class or club would like to help. Send them to me when finished, and I will take them over to the hospital. Very small scrapbooks are also needed. They should be about the size of greeting cards and filled with children's stories and pictures. Also needed is clothing for new babies. If you are interested, I'll be glad to write you personally. You can address me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif.

I want to thank all who have helped (and the many more that I hope will help) in getting views for the traveling viewmaster project. These are the modern version of the stereoscope and are a grand way of bringing the outer world to those who are unable to be out. One set is already on its journey and we have money partly to fill another set. A set consists of a box containing a viewmaster and 75 discs. The discs cost 35¢ each or 3 for a dollar. There are 7 views on each disc so the set will furnish many hours of pleasure. They are sent to a shutin who can keep them a month and then they will be sent on to another shutin.

Mr. Harve A. Belcher, born April 12, 1867, Smithville, Mo., would enjoy

mail. He cannot get around or see well.

James Peck, c/o Harry Peck, Hill St., Cherokee, Iowa, was stricken with polio last fall and has been in the hospital until recently. He has a new brace now and can go home a few days at a time. Age about 8. Merle Huisinga, Rt. 1, Aplington, Iowa, is in bed all the time now. He had rheumatic fever two years ago and it affected his heart. He loves mail.

Please send cards to the following: Miss Mary Weldon and Miss Eva Lauxman, both at the Nursing Home, 320 S Santa Fe St., Salina, Kans. They have been invalided for several years. Miss Mary McGrath, Corning, Iowa, has been bedfast four years, lying in one position night and day. Miss Betty Wickham, age 19, recently entered the Pine Crest San., Room 315-B, at Beckley, W. Va. Mrs. C. W. Clark, 401 West Almyra, San Antonio, Texas, has been bedfast 20 years. Mrs. George Clark, Box 15, Pisgah, Iowa, is crippled by arthritis. She likes crochet patterns. Esther Heller, Tilden, Nebr., has been helpless over 20 years and cannot even use her hands. Mrs. Hattie Klinker, 620 W Beech St., Cherokee, Iowa, is shutin. Mrs. Henry Diggins, c/o Ton Kennedy, Baxter, Iowa, is helpless from arthritis. Mrs. Birdie Thompson, Sturgills, N. Car., is bedfast. Mrs. Helen Peitsmeyer, 1809 Pinkley St., Omaha 2, Nebr., suffers terribly with arthritis. Mrs. Lewis Padgett, 718 26th St., Anacortes, Wash., is bedfast following rheumatic fever.

## AN EASTER WISH

May the glad dawn  
Of Easter morn  
Bring joy to thee.

May the calm eve  
Of Easter leave  
A peace divine with thee.

May Easter night  
On thine heart write,  
O Christ, I live for thee.

## HOPE

*He died!*

And with him perished all that men  
hold dear;  
Hope lay beside him in the sepulcher,  
Love grew corpse cold, and all things  
beautiful beside  
Died when he died.

*He rose!*

And with him hope arose, and life  
and light.  
Men said, "Not Christ but Death died  
yesternight."  
And joy and truth and all things  
virtuous  
Rose when he rose.

Many a man who speaks humbly  
of his own insignificance gets angry  
if other people refer to it.

—Home Talk

People take the right road when  
you beckon them along it, not when  
you point it out.

—The Roamer





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### LITTLE KNOCK-KNOCK

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once there was a very small train called Little Knock-Knock. Every morning he hurried along the tracks toward the city, carrying the Smithville passengers and Old Mr. Smith, who always had a smoky face and sat in the cab to blow the whistle.

One morning not long ago Old Mr. Smith fell asleep at the whistle. The sun was shining brightly and Little Knock-Knock was clickety-clicking along as fast as he could go when suddenly he saw a cow on the track. Little Knock-Knock braced himself and tried to stop, but he was going much too fast for that. Within a few moments he received a severe jolt, Old Mr. Smith woke up and began to pull on the whistle, and the cow went galloping across the prairie with indignant moos. As for Little Knock-Knock, he leaned sadly along-side the tracks. He had been derailed.

Old Mr. Smith crawled from the cab, walked slowly around Little Knock-Knock and shook his head. The passengers crawled from the middle car, and they too walked slowly around Little Knock-Knock and shook their heads.

"I'm afraid that's the last run on the Smithville line," sighed Old Mr. Smith. "Little Knock-Knock will need new wheels, and I cannot afford to buy them. The line hardly brings in enough money to keep itself going!"

"Well," replied a big fat business man as he glanced at his big fat gold watch. "I am glad of it. Now maybe one of the big railroads will come in here and we can get rid of this rattletrap."

Nobody said anything, because nobody could afford to give Old Mr. Smith the money to buy new wheels for Little Knock-Knock. After several days a wrecking crew came and pulled Little Knock-Knock back to the station.

"I am glad to have you back," said Old Mr. Smith. "Today the big fat business man and his friends are bringing in a new locomotive which they will run on my line." Before long Old Mr. Smith and Little Knock-Knock heard an ugly snort, a clanging of iron, and a belch of smoke. The new locomotive roared into the station, and the big fat business man jumped from a passenger car and shook hands with several other big fat business men.

"Yessir," they said, "Now we really have a passenger train."

However, it was not very long before the complaints began to come in.

"I do not like the new train," wrote

a farmer's wife, "because it never bothers to whistle when my chickens are on the track. It just runs over them!"

"The new locomotive is not friendly," said a wheat harvester. "Little Knock-Knock used to stop on the way back from the city with nice, cool water for us to drink. This locomotive only blows smoke in our faces."

These letters made Old Mr. Smith very sad, because he did not get enough rent from the line to buy new wheels for Little Knock-Knock.

One day a farmer came to see Old Mr. Smith. "I do not like the new locomotive, either," he said. "Since I own the cow that derailed Little Knock-Knock, I will sell the cow and with the money I will buy new wheels for him if you will make the big locomotive go back to the city."

How happy this made Old Mr. Smith! That very evening he told the big fat business man that he could no longer use the Smithville tracks for his new locomotive. This made the big fat man very angry, but Old Mr. Smith did not care, and neither did all the fine people who gathered along the tracks to welcome Little Knock-Knock back the next morning as he went clacking across the prairie on his new wheels.

### ARBOR DAY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Arbor Day is a day set apart for the planting of trees. The date of the day varies according to climate conditions in the various states, and while Florida holds Arbor Day in January, Iowa's date is in April.

Arbor Day was begun in Nebraska in 1872, partly due to the efforts of J. Sterling Morton, and over a million trees were planted in Nebraska on that first Arbor Day.

When we think of Arbor Day we

must not forget John Chapman who was born near Springfield, Mass., May 11, 1768.

People thought that he was foolish when he began collecting and saving apple cores. He would often work and take apples for his pay. Eventually he put all these apple cores in a sack, slung it over one shoulder, fastened his violin over his other shoulder and started West. When he came to a barren spot he built a cabin and planted some of his apple cores. It was his hope that weary settlers, as they traveled Westward, would find these orchards awaiting them and think the place attractive.

Children loved John Chapman and when he stopped at a house for the night he played his violin and told wonderful stories.

This was one man who could travel among the Indian tribes and carry no weapons for protection. They named him "Great Medicine Man" and called his fruit trees "healing herbs."

### SOMETHING TO DO

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

First shall we make a pretty Easter card for mother, daddy, and others we like to remember?

Fold a piece of colored or white construction paper and cut out the shape of half an egg. Now find or draw a picture of a chicken and paste it inside the egg so it can peep above the egg. Print "HAPPY EASTER" on the front of your card. Now open your card and write this verse.

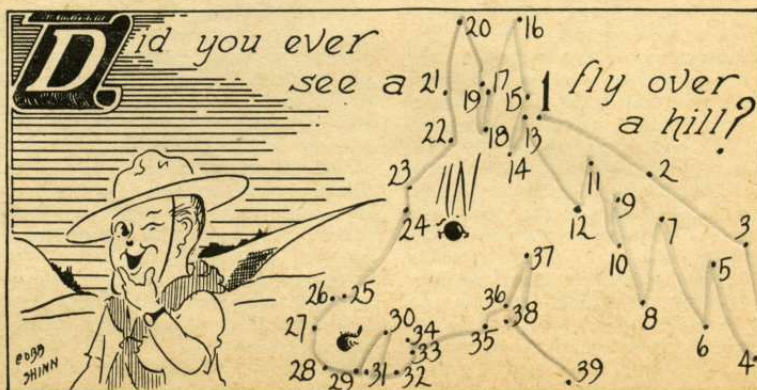
This little chicken  
Has come to say,  
Have a happy  
Easter Day.

Now shall we make a book mark in the shape of a cross? Draw a cross about three inches long on white construction paper. In the center of the cross print neatly this scripture:

NOW IS CHRIST  
RISEN FROM  
THE DEAD  
1 Cor. 15-20

Color a tiny border of flowers around the cross. Punch a small hole in the top of the cross, run a strand of colored floss through and attach a tassel of several strands of floss.

This will make a nice book mark to carry in your Bible when you go to Sunday School Easter morning.





## "Little Ads"

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

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**FOR SALE:** Knitted doilies, different sizes, white and ecru. Price, \$1 and up. Mrs. M. Ledet, Rt. 3, Box 183, Audubon, Ia.

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**PHOTO STAMPS.** Your favorite photo or snapshot made in postage stamp size photo's. Send for Free sample. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Ia.

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**SEWING DONE:** Ladies Dresses \$1.50; Childrens, \$1.25; Aprons 50¢. Mrs. W. Baker, 1300 E 28th St., Des Moines, Ia.

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**FORMER ADVERTISEMENTS** good anytime plus crocheted Dutch Girl Potholder (stand alone) \$1.25 pr. Recipe—Whipped Cream angel food, 25¢. Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Ia.

**CROCHETED BUTTERFLY** davenport set, \$6. large, 38x17, white, ecru, chair set to match, 24x17, \$4; crocheted coffee table doilies, oval pineapple, 24x15, 22x15, white, \$3. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutherland, Craig, Mo.

**BEAUTIFUL HANKIES** and pincushions, \$1 ea. Ruffled doilies, \$1.50. I also do tatting. Mrs. Elsie Horak, Munden, Kans., Box 196.

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Price only \$5, postpaid

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SHENANDOAH, IOWA



## JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET PLANS

By Mabel Nair Brown

### CIRCUS DAY

#### Decorations:

Of course the circus motif will be used extravagantly for this banquet. Commission the most artistic students to sketch and color huge pictures of circus animals to be used on all the walls of the room. These can be applied to the walls with scotch tape and then strips of brown gummed tape fastened over them to resemble the familiar animal cages. For the "Big Top" hang crepe paper streamers from a central point in the ceiling and run them out to various points on the side walls. Have one main door serve as the entrance to the circus "tent", and decorate the corners of the room to resemble the entrance to such standard sideshow attractions as "Smallest Man in the World" and the "Bearded Lady", etc. Genuine sawdust sprinkled over the entire floor will contribute a great deal towards achieving a realistic effect, and it's to be hoped that some lumberyard or sawmill can furnish it.

#### Table Centerpiece and Place Favors:

For centerpieces on tables it would be most attractive to make small merry-go-rounds. Use a large candy cane for the center pole, and make a paper canopy of construction paper, using your class colors. This is easily made by experimenting to get the right size circle. Simply cut a large circle from construction paper; then make a slit from one edge to the center. Now overlap the edges of this slit until the canopy is the desired cone shape and glue the edges. Cut opening at point and slip over the candy cane, fastening in position with scotch tape. Mount the canopy on a large cardboard circle.

For animals to circle this cardboard platform use the various animal cookie cutters to cut cookies. Decorate cookies with icing tinted in appropriate shades. These animal cookies can be made to stand bolt upright in a circle by cutting deep slashes into large orange jelly candies and placing cookies in these slashes.

Individual favors and place cards are made by using a doughnut as the merry-go-round platform. Insert a small candy cane in a marshmallow and tuck the marshmallow in the center of the doughnut; this will hold the "pole" upright. Fashion a tiny canopy as described above. Use the small animal crackers for the animals on merry-go-round, fastening them on with a bit of icing and using toothpicks beside each animal to resemble the straight rods around the merry-go-round; the edge of the canopy can rest upon these. A tiny flag flying

from the top of the center candy cane pole will carry each person's name.

The guests can be seated to the lively strains of some stirring march such as is played for Circus parades. Several instruments combined to make a small orchestra add much to the atmosphere, but if this is out of the question, a pianist alone will serve the purpose. Should even the good pianist be lacking, plan to use a phonograph and records.

Toasts might fall under such headings as "Graduation—The Opening Parade"; "Walking Life's Tightrope"; "Clowns and Laughs" (this could be a speech on the necessity of humor and fun in life); "Thrills and Spills"; "Three Acts At Once"; "Grand Finale", and so forth. You'll think of other appropriate titles to fit the number of toasts you want to use.

In almost every community there are youngsters talented in acrobatics; ask them to supply a couple of numbers. This is also a good time to request a special number from the Band Majorette and her corps. Any type of entertainment that might fit into the circus theme should be utilized.

All foods on the menu should carry such names as Cotton Candy, Tropical Fluff, Pink Lemonade, Sawdust, Barnum's Special, Ringling's Favorite, Gargantua's Tidbits, etc. And do try to get clown costumes of some kind made for the waitresses; these can be turned out of old sheets brilliantly painted in the classic style.

#### PLANTATION BANQUET Decorations:

Treat the dining hall as a southern veranda and use bridge tables rather than the usual long tables. Scatter these about being sure to leave enough room between them for waitresses to move through easily. Borrow every artificial palm tree you can get your hands on and use these among the tables. Be sure that candles are on every table, since banquets of the Old South were held entirely by candlelight, and still are in many places. Any plant or bush in a tub can also be utilized to good advantage because lush foliage is a characteristic of the South. You can't have too much greenery or too many flowers for such a setting.

Spanish moss will add immeasurably to the decorations. Drop a card to the State Secretary of Agriculture in Des Moines and ask if it can be shipped into the state. If he says "yes", and if someone in the crowd has relatives or friends in the South, ask them to send a big box in time for the banquet. This moss should be draped over all the palms and small trees.

For centerpieces on these card tables you will have candles and this doesn't leave too much room, so concentrate on piling up little cotton bales made from rolls of cotton, clipped and tied. Individual cotton bales, with the individual's name written on an attached card, can be given for favors. Place cards should be white cards decorated with water-colored pictures of Southern belles in full hoop skirts—these might easily be tacked to the edge of a little nut cup

that has been tinted in pastel colors.

Another idea for favors is to make some Aunt Jemima and Uncle Remus figures. Egg shells can be used for these. Shoe polish will blacken them nicely, but be sure to leave large white eyes. A tiny red bandana turban adorns Aunt Jemima, and Uncle Remus can wear a wisp of straw or a tiny hat (be sure to tuck a bit of cotton under the hat brim for typical sideburns).

There is no end to the suitable music that can be found. All of the Stephen Foster songs and negro spirituals would be ideal. If you have a good quartette, plan to present some spirituals between courses. And it would be perfect if someone in the community, or several, for that matter, can get good music out of a banjo, although even a guitar or ukelele would make a fine substitute.

Items on the menu can carry typical southern place names such as Mobile fruit cocktail, New Orleans soup, Natchez potatoes, Birmingham chicken, Tallahassee Coffee, etc.

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