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Kitchen-Klatter

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Home again! You just can't imagine how good it is to be back here at my desk right in my own little office. As we all know, it's good to get away and have a nice trip, but there's no thrill in the world like getting back home. I'm writing this in the morning—have just finished making up rolls and thought I'd have time to get my letter off to you while they're raising. We've really eaten too much these last few days for I can't seem to stay out of the kitchen, and everything has tasted so good after hotel and restaurant meals. When the girls asked me if I'd enjoyed eating so many meals that I had no part in preparing I told them that at first it was a great pleasure, but that the last month everything on the menu had looked alike to my eyes and I scarcely had enough interest to order a balanced meal.

Our homecoming was wonderful. The girls had given our house a good going over and Margery had fixed flowers for the library and dining room tables. Piled high on the dining room table were all of the orders for nursery stock that you friends had sent to give me a real welcome home, and it was certainly a big surprise. It made me feel that my friends, many of them of almost a quarter-century standing, joined with my family in welcoming me home.

The only cloud on our happy reunion was the news that Kristin had been very ill with scarlet fever. Dorothy had planned to bring her down on a Friday evening so that they would be here at the house when we drove in on Sunday afternoon, but she telephoned Lucile on Friday noon to tell her that Kristin was having a hard case of scarlet fever and that they couldn't make the trip. At that time Lucile thought Juliana also had scarlet fever, but fortunately her sickness proved to be caused by a badly infected throat. No doubt we will have seen Dorothy, Frank and Kristin by the time this letter reaches you.

As you know, we had a big family dinner to celebrate our return. The girls had fixed chicken pie, mashed potatoes, Harvard beets, hot rolls, Waldorf salad, and old-fashioned yellow layer cake, and not only did it taste good but the table looked very nice too since Margery had made a

lovely centerpiece of sweet peas. There was so much to say that we couldn't begin to cover the ground that first evening, so the second night we all got together again to have a meal and then see the kodachromes that we took while we were in Hawaii and California.

My good friend, Ethel Wells, drove back from Redlands and spent a few days with us before going on to her home in Greenfield, Massachusetts. She came by train to Shenandoah last November and made the drive out there with us, and after we returned from Hawaii we had many happy times with her since she lived at the same hotel in Redlands.

Donald had been home for almost a week on his spring vacation, but unfortunately had to leave to return to Ames just before we got home. On my birthday, April 3rd, we drove to Des Moines and met him there at my sister Martha's home. This gave us a chance to visit with him, and also to meet a friend who had accompanied him to Des Moines for the day, Joe Crawford. Donald's plan for the summer months aren't yet completed, but I imagine he'll know soon what he expects to do.

Of course I noticed the greatest change in little Emily for she was only a tiny baby about two weeks old when we left last fall. Now she is able to sit straight up in my lap and laugh and watch everything, and from the picture in this issue you can see how fast she is growing.

I wanted to tell you something about our journey back from Redlands and decided that this time I'd just pick up my diary and copy what I have written. Those of you who've made the trip can refresh your memories as to highways and towns, and those of you who're planning on making the trip can get a good idea of distances.

Monday, March 21: Left Redlands at 11:40 A. M. after a fond farewell to friends. All the way through lovely blooming deserts glowing with lavender verbenas and yellow and white primroses and daisies. Arrived at Blythe at 4:00 in the afternoon and found a lovely new motel "Sea Shell" managed by a woman who used to listen to Kitchen-Klatter when she lived at Bridgewater, Ia.

Tuesday, March 22: Up at dawn and set our watches ahead an hour.

Breakfast and on our way at 9:00. Cloudy and cool. We crossed the Colorado River for inspection and then drove through the desert that looked like a magnificent rock garden in full bloom. Reached Wickenburg, Arizona at 11:15 and Glendale at noon. Oleander hedge a mile long, iron wood trees, palms and cottonwoods. Planting cotton in the fields and saw loads of lettuce and spinach being hauled away. Lilacs are in bloom. This is a rich valley. We reached Phoenix at 1:30. Saw a sign on a small store: "Eat here before we both starve." Arrived in Tucson in late afternoon and are 472 miles from Redlands.

Wednesday, March 23: We left Tucson at 8:20 A.M. and drove through desert past Benson and noticed many striking rock formations. Lots of trailers on the road. Saw one sign that said: "We are from Ohio, stop and see us." Reached the New Mexico line at 10:35 and into Lordsburg at 11:00. There were small dust storms west of Deming. Big fields are ready for cotton. Between Deming and Las Cruces a bad dust storm developed and we drove with lights the rest of way into Las Cruces.

Thursday, March 24: Bright and fair and cool. We reached Alamagordo at 8:00 A.M. and drove through the White Sands Monument. Gorgeous drive through pine trees, Indian reservation and crossed the summit at 7500 feet. Saw Siera Blanca (12,003 ft.) snowcapped and it looked beautiful through the apple orchards. After leaving our high plateau on a winding road we had a long road straight from Clovis to Portales, a big peanut center. Ground is being prepared for planting. Chinese Elms grow everywhere.

Friday, March 25: A cloudy day with ice on pools of water. We saw large fields of green wheat and huge elevators in each small town. Amarillo at 11:45—and a shower. Snow in Shamrock. Drove through N. Texas oil fields and reached Oklahoma at 2:15. Stopped at Clinton at 3:45. Soil red like Hawaii. Cotton crops here and lots of livestock. And still more Chinese Elms.

Saturday, March 26: We saw green spirea leafing out at El Reno, and noticed pale green buds on the trees at Enid. Many wheat fields. Into Kansas at 12:20 and home begins to seem close. Reached Emporia at 4:00 and had quite a time finding a motel, but at last were successful. Home tomorrow—just think of it!

Sunday, March 27: We had a cool sunny day to leave Emporia after a nice breakfast. Topeka at 10:30, Holton at 11:30 and lunch in Sabetha at 1:45. Met some radio friends here and made me feel very good to be back in our part of the country. This has been an easy trip because we didn't try to drive too far at a stretch—stopping early has made a lot of difference in the way we feel.

Sunday Night, March 27: Home again, safe and sound, and so terribly happy to be here after all the miles we've covered since we left last November.

Faithfully Yours, Leanna.

Come into the Garden

THOSE LITTLE GARDENERS OF OURS

By Blanche Neal Shipley

When our garden seed arrived the last day of January our two daughters could hardly wait to get the string off the box so that they could prowl in the packets, and it was only through considerable explaining that they relinquished the seeds so that we could put them away.

I am a firm believer in the importance and necessity of "digging in the soil". To me, there is nothing that brings one nearer to his God than the close companionship that develops from helping to create the beautiful things of His world. And it is with this thought in mind that I include our little ones in my gardening pleasures. To have them grow up midst the glories of God, and be able to enjoy, appreciate, and give thanks for them, and to grow nearer to God through them, is my fervent desire.

What fun they have! With remarkable aptness they learn how to plant the common vegetable seeds, such as radish, lettuce, beans, and peas, and although the instructions must be repeated at each planting, it is well worth my time. To bring joy to a little girl's heart, I always include a few flowers that will be sure to bloom, and which will be easy to tend. Gladioli are especially good for small children in our locality, for they always bloom, and the plants are large enough to be easily recognized, and thus can be kept free of weeds. Zinnias, also, prove successful in the girls' gardening, for even though they are tiny at first, they soon grow into sturdy plants that bloom in spite of drouth and heat. (Do not burden a child with the intricate details of planting or tending tiny seeds or plants, or those needing special care.)

Last spring when Madelyn was almost three, and Sharon Kay was four and a half, we gave them a small plot of ground to call their own. In it they planted radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, and gladioli. They tended it as often as they cared to except when the ground was too wet. They were admonished to do their best in helping the plants grow, and if they needed extra help with the weeds, I assisted them. There are always times when the weeds get ahead of us, so if the ground permits, the girls and I pitch in and help each other. And can they pull weeds! It is amazing how fast we clean a corner.

Of course, there have been occasional errors in this business of pulling weeds.

Grandma had laboriously saved a very, very few pepper plants from her spring planting, and had set them out in the cabbage row where the cabbage plants had failed to grow. Those plants were precious to us grown-ups because of their scarcity, and we anxiously hoped

they would mature and bear fruit. But those plants were weeds to a tiny little girl, for they were distinctly different from the cabbage plants of that row. Consequently, they were treated as weeds. Bringing them to me, all squeezed tightly in her little hand, she proudly handed them over, saying, "Weeds, Mama!" (Yes, Grandma salvaged a few, and they grew.)

Mistakes are bound to happen even as the children grow older, but don't mar a little child's life by over-stressing the seriousness of them. To be sure, explain the necessity of care in handling the plants, and in learning what is what, but remember that kindness does a great deal more to establish happy garden habits than does punishment.

The girls are taught that running back and forth through the garden is harmful to growing plants, and that children must not go into the main garden unless Mother or Daddy or Grandma goes along. So far, we have had no discipline problems in this respect. By having ample exercise in their own garden, and the weeding adventures of helping me with mine, they seem to be satisfied. Furthermore they give me splendid help in harvesting the various vegetables, and take great pride in picking the fattest peas and the longest beans. Even pulling onions is a picnic for them as they puff and pant in the summer heat and get grimy from head to toe. But it is such honest dirt. We love it! By actual experience, they know what it means to be "laborers together with God" in producing food and beauty.

Garden and flower seeds cost money, and children should be taught to respect that fact, and not indulge in the promiscuous use of them. Last fall we had occasion to impress this upon our small daughters. Our extra supply of garden seeds was stored in a small box on the back porch, and beside it was a box with a huge supply of larkspur seed in it. Near the window was a flower box of foliages, begonias, and vines, that I hoped would give us winter plant delight. There was also a pan of dirt on the porch that I had anticipated using for early spring indoor planting. One day the girls' curiosity and planting spirit got the better of their judgment, and I found them simply saturating the soil, if such a term can be used, with carrot and larkspur seeds. And I do believe every seed grew! For weeks we pulled carrots out of the flower box. Thoughtlessly, I used some of the dirt in the pan for a pot of daffodils, and for a sweet potato vine, and what responsive soil it proved to be! Tiny larkspur plants literally raised the earth and pushed it over the sides of the pots. (Anyone need some larkspur seed guaranteed to germinate?)

Ardent little gardeners—that's our girls. That they may ever keep their love for tilling the soil and growing beautiful plants is our prayer.

HOUSE PLANTS FROM SEEDS

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Outstanding house plants can be grown from seeds. One catalog lists a twenty-five cent packet containing 100 desirable species all suitable for house plants and suggests it would be wonderful for shut-ins as well as those with a desire to grow pot plants. It could be a lot of fun for anyone.

A few seedlings may prove not worth shelf or table room but most of them will be as satisfactory and as beautiful as plants from a greenhouse or those grown from cuttings or divisions. Naturally, method and time of planting are not the same for all but in most cases one can get helpful and necessary planting directions from the same sources that the seeds were obtained.

Many have been successful in growing African-violets and Gloxinias from seeds and now are anxious to try some of the other not-so-well known members of the Gesneriaceae Family as the Achimines and Chirita. Freesias are bulbous members of the Iris Family. They are not difficult from seeds. They should send forth their perfumed flower trumpets of rainbow hues the first year.

Seeds of various kinds of Begonias are available and not too difficult even for an amateur. Geraniums are comparatively easy but may contain more discards than other kinds of seedling house plants. When hunting for Geranium seeds note carefully that it is the florist's Geranium, Pelargonium. Those listed under Geranium are usually the less beautiful hardy kinds, which are more suitable for the perennial border.

If you want some thrilling results, obtain seeds of the Hybrid Amaryllis. The mixed colors are sold at more favorable prices but now and then we feel we can splurge a bit and will wish to try the more expensive seeds of selected colors as pure white, pure pink, scarlet or salmon orange. It requires a certain amount of patience for it will probably take 3 years for the bulbs to reach blooming size but few people think the large colorful blossoms are not worth waiting for.

Those who have grown *Impatiens sultani* from seeds report results far surpassing their expectations. Perhaps you will call it Busy Lizzie, Daily or Patient Lucy. The stems are of a watery, succulent nature and the leaves vary from rather light green to bronzy green. The single blossoms may be pure white, pink, rosy red, orange, salmon, orchid, near-purple or other colors. Like so many of the house plants, they like to spend the warm growing days outside and do remarkably well along a north foundation if moisture is present. Coleus (Foliage Plant) from seeds produce plants with varied highly-colored foliage. It, too, is very satisfactory when used for outside planting.

If you are very green-fingered and daring, you will even try and succeed with Ferns from spores and Orchids in a nutrient solution.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

At about the time we were getting well settled in San Francisco, Wayne was leaving Brisbane, Australia for New Guinea. This was his second siege in New Guinea for he had first been there (at Hollandia) from April to June in the preceding year. At that time he had the status of a Technical Sergeant, but this time when he returned to New Guinea it was as a 2nd Lieutenant, a rank he had acquired by putting in a number of months at OCS in Brisbane.

Wayne's work in the Finance Division of the Army may not sound overly hazardous, on the face of it, but the possible atmosphere of security that might have been expected by anyone looking at it from the viewpoint of the civilian world, was dissipated quickly enough when the details of his work were known. It fell to his lot to take the payroll to groups of men stationed in all sorts of places. These trips were always made by plane, and the bulk of the time every inch of the flight took place in areas where the Japs could be expected at any second. When these long trips were made all of the money (it ran into many thousands of dollars) and important papers were carried in pouches equipped with devices that would destroy them automatically should the plane be attacked and come out the loser. The personnel had to travel unequipped with such devices, and more than once when it seemed that a mission would never be accomplished they would gladly have traded places with their money and papers. Naturally we knew none of these things until the war was over.

Among the things we heard long after they had happened was an experience of Howard's that took place in the autumn of 1944. He was then stationed at a point in the Philippines where life was lived on a strictly minute-to-minute basis. For almost forty-eight hours he had been marooned in a fox-hole where the water was right up to his neck. Every time he felt like dozing off from sheer exhaustion his head slipped into the water and this awakened him in a hurry. On top of this he had discovered early in his siege that every time he attempted to straighten up slightly to shift his position a Jap sniper in a nearby tree took a shot at him. They were appallingly accurate shots too, the kind that discouraged any further stretching for a long, long time.

After about forty-eight hours of this Howard came to the conclusion that he couldn't be much worse off, no matter how you want to look at it, so he stood straight up in the foxhole and used his own gun. He must have caught the sniper while he was doing his own bit of stretching for there were no more shots from that particular tree. Our family has always been right there in the foxhole with Howard when he tells this story for we know him well enough to imagine very clearly exactly the frame of mind he was in when he stood up in the



Howard has never liked this picture (we've all seen much better ones of him) but it's the only sharp one we have where he is in uniform, and since some of the incidents in this chapter deal with his war experiences, we are using it.

water and shot. We have also had an inkling as to his frame of mind when he left guard duty in that area on a pitch black night and crawled into his foxhole only to find himself in the company of what he thought was a cobra (there were many in that vicinity). Using a match or flashlight was utterly out of the question, so all he could do was wait until he felt the comparatively reassuring presence of a rat.

After such details, which are far from the grimmest, it seems almost flippant to go back to mentioning quiet domestic details, but we had to keep going along in our own small grooves and facts are facts.

In October Margery had a brief vacation and came up to visit us in San Francisco. She had intended to spend only a weekend, but while she was at our home she met the head of a private school who was extremely eager to find an experienced primary teacher. Teaching was Margery's profession, of course, and so she agreed to step in and fill the shoes of a woman who had been forced to resign because of poor health. However, she first returned to Hollywood and spent a few days "breaking in" the girl who was to take her place in the office at Lockheed. Then she came back to San Francisco and started teaching. I might say too that for a person who had taught in a good, sound public school in Iowa it was a revelation to teach in a private school where the tuition was so high it automatically limited the students to those from homes where money was never a problem. There's an old phrase that goes "Poor Little Rich Girl" and Margery saw it in real life. She was in a state of perpetual astonishment over her experiences in that school!

After Margery had departed from Hollywood Dorothy wrote and asked me to "look around" for housing—if I could find anything she and Frank would move up with Kristin. Now this letter came at a time when I would have said that my chances for lifting up an end of the Golden Gate

Bridge would be substantially better than my chances for finding an apartment or a house. It's true that Russell, Juliana and I had a house, an honest-to-goodness house with a fenced-in backyard, a comparative rarity in San Francisco where the bulk of the citizens live in apartments of one kind or another. But we'd gotten our house only because a dear friend made it possible (through a series of twists and moves that it would take twenty pages to narrate!) and I didn't see how such a trick would ever again be turned.

But at the thought of having Dorothy, Frank and Kristin in the same city I couldn't just lie down and pronounce the situation hopeless, so I started on a search for housing. Furthermore, I found it—and in very short order. At a time when families were sleeping in theaters for lack of a roof I turned up a six-room house FURNISHED, and to hold it Margery moved in and lived there alone until Dorothy and Frank could arrive.

We've always said that it was one place Mother could never, never have gotten into under any conditions. This house was built on a "step street" meaning that it was too steep for cars—there was no access to it except by a series of about two-hundred steps up from the bottom of the hill, and about the same number of steps down from the top of the hill.

One entered the front door right at ground level. The bay windows in the living room were covered with beautiful climbing roses and it was all very run-of-the-mill. BUT, from the living room one walked into the dining room, and there the windows were a good forty feet from the ground! Kristin and Juliana were right in the climbing stage and consequently every window in that house (aside from the living room) had heavy wooden bars nailed across the lower section.

I wish you might have seen the view from Dorothy's upstairs bedroom into the cities across the Bay. It was simply spectacular—that's the only word for it. We had some mighty happy times in that old house, and when Dorothy reads this it will call up a thousand-and-one memories to her.

And by the way, before I leave the subject of that house I must tell you that I unearthed it through a woman whom I came to know quite well, Jack London's daughter. She had lived there off and on and she had a good many of her father's things in it—curious tables (I imagine he picked them up on some of his Pacific cruises) and books and goodness knows what all. We had all read Irving Stone's biography of Jack London, "Sailor on Horseback" and it interested us to see some of his things.

Easter of 1945 was a happy day for all of us. Kristin and Juliana had a wonderful time opening a box from Grandmother Driftmier, and then after a nice ham breakfast we drove to Golden Gate Park and spent an hour before it was time to go to church. All of the Japanese cherry trees were in bloom that day, and we all remember it as one of the most beautiful mornings we've ever seen.

(To Be Continued)

LOOK WHERE A HOBBY CAN TAKE YOU!

By Hallie M. Barrow

Perhaps a number of you are among the people who once started a hobby, just a plain, simple hobby. Then one day you found yourselves besieged by other collectors who begged to buy some of your collection, and then suddenly, almost before you realized what was happening, you discovered that you were launched into a small business rather than a hobby. Sometimes very large, successful business ventures had just such a beginning.

A most outstanding example of this road into a business is that of Mrs. Harry Miller at 5400, 50 Highway East, Kansas City, Missouri. Her hobby, or rather their hobby? Tropical fish. Listen while I tell you what happened to the Millers.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller first kept just a few ordinary goldfish in their aquarium. Then at the dime store they saw their first guppies, and they could hardly wait for spring to come to get their goldfish outside into the pool and a couple pair of the dime store guppies into the aquarium. By autumn you could hardly see the bottom of the aquarium for the young fry. And from then on the goldfish received very common treatment for in no time the Millers had different varieties of guppies in bowls all over the house. They became collectors of the fancier varieties of guppies: the rainbow, red, lacetail, blond, black veiltail, swordtail, etc.

By this time they were riding their hobby hard so they decided to be very extravagant and send to a New York dealer for \$25 worth of these attractive fish which look for all the world like tiny flashing jewels. Soon after this New York collection arrived a visitor to their home just couldn't rest until she owned all of them—and she didn't mind paying a premium for them.

This very same thing happened several times, and each time with the gain they ordered more and better fish. Thus was started the Harry Miller Fish Hatchery and Aquarium Supplies. They moved to a small place in the country and in time Mr. Miller gave up his city position. Even the two of them, plus several helpers, could not fill all their orders. It was estimated that five million people had taken up tropical fish as a hobby, and this was partially explained by the fact that interior decorators used them in fancy aquariums for decorations. Tropical fish are now in the class with dogs, cats and canaries, so if you would join the latest pet fad, get some tropicals and be in the swim—and no pun intended.

In the basement of their home they installed machinery and made aquariums. Outside they built a series of pools in which they raised goldfish, small turtles and plants for outside pools. But the precious tropicals were kept inside for they must have heat. When their home became too crowded they built a fish house solely for their tropicals and fancy fish—it looks very much like a conservatory.

And a visit here will simply entrance you for you will see fish in shapes and colors you never dreamed of, interspersed with the more delicate tropical water plants. It's a real fairyland.

Many of their rare specimens come from the New York importer, Fred Coch. He has an exclusive license to fish the entire Amazon basin and makes many trips to the jungle to get the fish that are shipped back by plane to New York. Not many white men would care to brave his experiences with Indians, snakes and disease, and the accounts of his trips to the Amazon are filled with thrilling adventure stories. Even some of the small fish found in that area are deadly. Take, for instance, the piranha or, as it is better known in the Amazon, the "man-eater"; these small fish can strip a hog to the bone in just a few minutes, and start eating on any flesh without waiting to kill first. The waters in which they live are more dreaded than even shark infested seas.

But all over the tropics Coch has the natives gathering the brightly colored tropical fish which are moved from point to point until they reach the spot where he can put them on the plane for their final trip. Since they cannot stand cool weather the milk cans in which they are shipped wear the warmest of woolen coverings and special arrangements are made for heat.

Tropical fish are first divided into two main divisions: the live bearers and the egg layers. One of the most popular varieties with aquarists are the angel fish. They have rounded, wafer-like silvery bodies with seven narrow dark bands going round them from top to bottom; they are much taller than wide, and have very lacy fins. The breeding season heightens their color brilliancy, but do not be impatient for they do not breed until they are three years old and mate only once for life.

Dealers suggest that you buy four or more angel fish for they always like to swim in schools. Truly their form, grace and beauty are remarkable and they are most interesting parents to watch while their offspring are young. They dig a hollow depression in the sand in which the eggs are laid, although they prefer a flower-pot laid on its side and pressed into the sand. Each take turns of twenty minutes watching the eggs, fanning them gently to circulate the water. After hatching, the young fry are herded back to bed in the flower pot each evening, and the next morning their bedroom is cleaned. These fish have sufficient intelligence to permit them to be trained! They will learn to follow your finger from one side of the aquarium to the other.

But by far the most colorful are the Bettas, and these are bubble nest builders. They come in the brightest imaginable shades of red, blue, green, orchid and veiltail. Their fins and tail are longer than their bodies and they remind me of folk dancers we used to see who wore bright scarfs and veils. The male even picks



Shortly before Mother and Dad left California they drove down to San Diego and spent a weekend with Faith Field Stone and her family. Faith is the eldest daughter of Uncle Henry Field, and she lived here in Shenandoah until she was in her early twenties. Then came the move to California where she has had a very busy and happy life with her husband, children and grandchildren.

up the eggs and blows them into this nest of bubbles which he has made on the surface. These males will fight viciously when together and each must be kept in a separate small aquarium.

There are a half-dozen standard books on tropical fish, several magazines, leaflets, bulletins, etc., so by reading them you may better acquaint yourself with this fascinating hobby. The catalogs from some dealers carry colored plates which rival the most brilliant pictures of flowers or tropical birds. Certainly they do a good job of stirring up enthusiasm.

Regardless of how many varieties of fish you hope to have someday you should start with the guppy for you can depend upon him for attraction, simplicity and interest. Guppies are the miniature royalty of the tropical fish, and although very small in size they more than make up for this in color and spirit. A bowl full of them makes you think of a rainbow. In fact, one variety is named the Rainbow Guppy.

And after you get bowls of color, then you can start collecting odd aquatic tropical plants; for you must have plants in your aquarium to help furnish the oxygen as well as to provide a nursery for the fry. Another must for your aquarium is to have sufficient light—daylight, sunlight or even artificial light in order that the plants may grow. And at the bottom of the aquarium there must be an inch or two of sand in which to anchor the plants.

COVER PICTURE

Mother and Dad had been home only about three days when they took advantage of a bright afternoon to plant a tamarix for their fifth grandchild, little Emily Lawrence Driftmier. Those of you who read about the Children's Garden of Flowering Shrubs on page 10 of Kitchen-Klatter Garden Chapter will know the story behind this particular session with the spade. Nothing could be nicer for Emily than her very own Tamarix.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, One and All:

Juliana has just now gone up to play with Martin Eric and it's a priceless opportunity to sit down and get off my letter to you. I suppose that every child has one certain object he detests because it takes his mother's attention from him, and at our house it is this typewriter. I'm sure that in Juliana's mind I have a head, two legs, two arms and a typewriter! Sometimes I'm inclined to agree with her.

Earlier today we were outside looking over the backyard and making plans for permanent plantings. When we tore down the old rotten boards that supported the sandbox last fall I thought that this particular stage of Juliana's development was a thing of the past, but this spring she has been pleading for another sandbox and we are weakening. I know from experience exactly what will happen. One fine day the truck will bring a big load of fresh sand and for about three days we'll call again and again, "Come in now and get cleaned up for dinner (or supper)." During those three days I'll think repeatedly, "Oh my, how wonderful to have Juliana right in the back yard happily busy with something and contented. Maybe it will last this time!"

On the fourth day I will suggest that she go out and fix up the roads for her trucks. "They're already fixed." And then I'll suggest that she make a playground for the dollhouse children. "They already have a playground." Then, in quiet despair, I'll suggest that she dig some deep tunnels and let me come to see how they wind and twist. "I already have some tunnels like that." And thus we draw the curtain down over the sandbox except for brief spurts of interest now and then when someone comes to play.

For like all other objects that are played with alone, it soon loses its charm and fresh interest. And all of this brings me to a subject that is ever close to my heart: the subject of sharing children. Now those of you who have a number of children don't have this problem at all, although again you may if there is great difference in age. For instance, if you have a baby, then a five-year old, then a ten-year old, etc., you have to see that each child is furnished companionship with children in his own age group.

When we lived in California I used to look around at the mothers in the park and think how ridiculous it was that we all sat there while our apartment-house children soaked up the sun. It seemed to me that surely some method could be worked out whereby we alternated shifts and thus gave each person a share of freedom and a share of responsibility. Perhaps a more adventurous person could have managed something, but I didn't have the nerve to try and work out something — and probably I should have done so for surely, out of that crowd, there were at least two or three others who shared my sentiments.

But I know that if time were now turned back and I could return to



When Mother saw this new picture of Juliana she said, "Oh my, Lucile, she's grown up!" The plaid taffeta dress, a Christmas gift from Grandmother Verness, makes her look like a young lady.

those days I'd certainly speak right up and try to arrange something. The worst that could have happened would have been refusal! A number of my friends have tried this plan of taking turn-about with children and some of them report great success, while others are thoroughly disillusioned and disgruntled. Like all other cooperative ventures it is imperative that each person do her full part because you know and I know how tedious it becomes always to be on the giving end where time and energy are concerned. But I still say that it's worth a try for the children enjoy it greatly and it gives the mother a chance to tackle work without interruptions . . . on the days when she is free.

Work without interruptions! There is the golden dream of all busy home-makers. I'm convinced that it isn't the amount of work or the kind of work that gets us down—it's the interruptions. Perhaps some of them can be avoided (although I wouldn't know which ones!) but by and large they're in the same category as the rising sun—they just happen.

Perhaps some of you would like to hear about the little recital that Juliana presented for her grandparents, Aunt Margery, Daddy, and Ethel Wells — I'm sure Mother mentioned Ethel in her letter. Well, all winter long we worked on this program of songs, and every night as soon as the supper dishes were done we went to the piano and had a good work out. I found these songs in back numbers of the magazine, *Childrens' Activities*, and they were simple enough and sufficiently varied to hold her interest.

Two days after the folks came back Juliana gave her little recital at 1:30 in the afternoon. I typed up programs for her and she decorated them with crayolas. As her guests arrived she handed out these programs and then we got underway. There was a total of fifteen songs but I divided them in-

to groups of five each, and at the bottom of the program I had typed: "No applause, please, except after each group (the songs are so short that otherwise we'd be clapping constantly!)" Fortunately Juliana can't read—I wouldn't have written it were she able to figure it out for herself.

We enjoyed this simple little program and it seemed to me good experience in getting up to do something. I was amused when she turned to Ethel Wells after the last number and said, "Do you think it was worth the effort?" And Ethel assured her that when you can give happiness to people it is worth the effort.

Easter has come and gone, and this year the Easter Bunny followed Santa Claus into the limbo of lost dreams. Juliana helped decorate eggs for Martin and Emily, but she requested that we work on her own eggs after she had gone to bed. We had a nice wooly lamb cake for the table and a big fat Easter bunny candle. Of course there was church and Sunday School, and then a baked ham dinner about one o'clock.

This past month I have been reading and enjoying "Life On the Mississippi" by Mark Twain — although I really should say Samuel Clemens for when he was a river pilot he was known only by the name of Clemens, of course. I didn't know until I read this book how he happened to choose the name Mark Twain, so I'll quote for you the passage in which I stumbled on to this information.

"The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:—'Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!'

"The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word-passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! . . . M-a-r-k three! . . . Quarter-less three! . . . Half-twain! . . . Quarter twain! . . . M-a-r-k twain! . . ."

As you can see, it was a term used by rivermen in piloting a boat on the Mississippi—and certainly it was converted into a very effective name. I found this book "Life On the Mississippi" wonderfully entertaining, and I cannot imagine better reading for anyone, bedfast or right up on his feet. I hadn't the faintest idea what a complex science piloting on the Mississippi really was in the old days before the river was so well marked and charted. You wouldn't believe the details of that science until you read this account.

When I finished this book (and I hope that you can find an edition that contains the appendices covering the great flood of the eighties) I thought to myself that in one way of speaking it is a misfortune to write any two books as famous as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. That is the beginning and the end of most people's acquaintance with Mark Twain (surely it was mine) and because those two titles are associated so firmly with his name there doesn't seem to be any encouragement to go ahead and read many of the other books he wrote that are vastly entertaining and interesting.

Until June . . . Lucile.

PAGEANT OF MOTHERS

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Characters:

Soloist, preferably a contralto; Reader; Sarah, wife of Abraham; Naomi, mother-in-law of Ruth; Mary, mother of Jesus; Pilgrim mother (This part may be portrayed by soloist); Susanna Wesley (Seventeenth century); Two boys, John and Charles Wesley; Sarah Johnston Lincoln, Eighteenth Century; One boy, Abraham Lincoln.

Costumes:

The costumes are important since they will be representative of the century in which each mother lived. For the Biblical characters, sturdy, dark, plain or striped drapery material is very effective made into simple costumes patterned after pictures in Bible Story Books. Mary, mother of Jesus, is traditionally attired in a white loose flowing kimono-style robe. Over her head may be draped a light blue scarf. The Pilgrim mother will wear starched white apron over a dark dress and the familiar Quaker hat. Other mothers will wear dresses indicative of their times. This will be fun and a real challenge to the costume committee! John and Charles Wesley were English boys, therefore they may wear knee pants and jackets. Abe Lincoln is barefoot, wears denim pants and worn-appearing plaid shirt.

Stage:

It will be necessary to assign two persons as stage crew, since change of properties must be quickly accomplished during brief interlude between scenes. Reader is on stage apron left; singer is behind stage. As curtain opens, we find Sarah seated before a camp fire holding her baby. Pianist very softly plays "We Gather Together" as Reader speaks:

Reader: "Today we gather together to ask the Lord's blessing upon our mothers. Mothers throughout all ages have been the backbones of the families, the comforters of the sick, the counsellors of their children. Let us turn back the pages of time to honor the mothers of men through which our world has been greatly blessed.

One of the most blessed of mothers was Sarah, wife of Abraham, mother of Isaac, through whom all nations were blessed, for they were the ancestors of the Christ child.

"And the Lord visited Sarah as He had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as He had spoken.

For Sarah conceived, and bare Abraham a son in his old age, at the time of which God had spoken to him.

And Abraham called the name of his son that was born unto him, which Sarah bare to him, Isaac."

(Soloist sings "We Gather Together," as mother continues to hold child, rocking him gently in her arms. Curtain at close of song.)

Reader: "And there was Naomi, mother-in-law of Ruth, kins-woman of Boaz, of whom Ruth said,

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy

God my God:

Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

(Curtain opens revealing Naomi standing in center stage, facing to the left and gazing into distance. She holds a staff, suggestive of the fact that she is about to begin a long journey. Soloist sings "Blest Be The Tie", preferably without accompaniment. Slow curtain at end of song.)

Reader. "What mother is so honored and cherished as Mary, the virgin Mother of Christ?

"And the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

And, behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

(Curtain opens, revealing Mary seated before a manger. A flashlight may be buried in the hay in the manger, barely visible to the audience, to represent the Divine Presence. Soloist sings "Away in a Manger." Curtain at end of song.)

Reader: "The history of modern civilization, too, is full of stories of great mothers. Consider the Pilgrim mother, whose lot was hard work, suffering, and often tragedy as she sought to carve the first homes of America, from the wilderness. Who can fail to imagine that first Thanksgiving Day must have been the suggestion of a mother, to whose hands had come the blessing of sufficient food for her family?"

(Curtain rises, revealing a crude table made from boards laid across sawhorses. Upon it may be laid dishes, piles of corn, gourds, pumpkins, and perhaps a dressed foul, all indicative of the feast soon to begin. It is suggested that the soloist portray the Pilgrim Mother, although if you wish to enlarge the cast, the part may be played by another individual. Pilgrim mother is behind table as curtain opens. As pianist plays introductory portion of music, she moves around table, stands in front of it as she sings, "Come, Ye Thankful People." If additional characters are available, it will be effective if the Pilgrim fathers, children, and a few stolid Indians enter from right and left during song, some seating themselves at the table, some remaining in the background. As song ends, Pilgrim mother turns and hurries to serve the food

as a slow curtain descends.)

Reader: "Susanna Wesley lived in the seventeenth century. She was the mother of nineteen children, more than half of whom died in infancy. Yet no mother ever succeeded more wondrously in embedding the highest ideals of life into the hearts of her remaining sons. We know her best through the lives of John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist Church."

(Curtain rises. Susanna Wesley is seated in rocker at stage left holding a baby or doll. Two boys are sitting at her feet, quietly turning pages of a book together. A small table upon which lies an open Bible stands in center stage. Pianist plays softly a few bars of most popular Methodist hymn in community where pageant is being given and then soloist sings one verse.

Mother: "Boys, let's read together now. John, bring the Bible and we'll listen again to the Sermon on the Mount."

John brings Bible and both boys lean against her knee as she reads, her voice becoming softer and softer as curtain descends.

Reader: "Sarah Johnston Lincoln was the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln. Surely no greater honor came to her than the words spoken of her by Abraham Lincoln, "All that I am, I owe to my mother."

(Pianist plays "My Country 'Tis of Thee" as curtain opens. Sarah Lincoln sits at right stage behind a spinning wheel if one is available. She may be patching if a spinning wheel cannot be located. Abe Lincoln lies on the floor painstakingly working at his slate. Slow curtain at end of song.)

Reader: "We have honored mothers from every country of American civilization, but one. Today we are gathered to honor the thousands of mothers of the Twentieth Century. We believe that their duties, their struggles, and their responsibilities have grown in proportion to their conveniences, their joys and pleasures. To these mothers who so diligently strive to build and maintain good homes in the face of the great difficulties presented by modern living, we ask God's blessing, His Peace, His comfort, and His strength. May you mothers find today a new source of hope and joy in the gratitude of your husbands and children. Bless you, mothers! Bless your homes!"

(Curtain opens as pianist plays introductory portion of "Bless This Home." All characters are on stage in a pleasant group, some seated, some standing, the children on the floor at their feet. Soloist enters and sings, "Bless This Home." Quick curtain.

MY MOTHER

My mother bakes good cookies,
And makes my clothes for me;
She tells me bedtime stories,
And plays, "Misses come to see."
But best of all she tells me
Where she thinks fairies hide.
I'm awfully glad my mother's
A little girl inside!

—Faun M. Sigler



"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

While we were in Hawaii we had the experience of eating many dishes that were altogether new to us. Of course I was very curious as to how these things were made and always asked, if circumstances made it at all possible. Without exception I was given the information that I wanted, but unfortunately there were ingredients involved, in most cases, that are simply not available to ninety-nine percent of us. So, although I would have liked to print the recipes for such delectable dishes as sukiyaki, mango cream pie, haupia, etc., it seemed a lot more reasonable to pass on recipes that contain things within reach. If the day ever comes that air express brings commonplace Hawaiian food products to our stores at prices that don't scare us half to death, I'll get out some of the unusual recipes and pass them on. Until that time I believe we'll all do better with the things that I've included here.—Leanna.

PINEAPPLE MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
3 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
2 Tbls. melted butter

Beat eggs, add sugar. Sift baking powder and salt with flour and add to eggs and sugar alternately with milk. Add melted butter and pineapple. Bake in well buttered muffin tins around 20 minutes at 375 degrees.

PINEAPPLE DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALADS

2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1 egg or yolks of 2 eggs

Melt butter, add flour, salt and mustard. Mix well and cook until frothy. Add pineapple juice and lemon juice. Pour over beaten egg, beat well and cool. Add 1/2 cup whipped cream.

CHICKEN HAWAIIAN

1 4-lb. chicken
1 can sliced pineapple
4 Tbls. salad oil
3 slices of bacon
Salt and pepper
Rice

Reserve juice of pineapple. Sauté slices of pineapple in hot salad oil until light brown. Remove and cook 1 sliced onion in same fat for 5 minutes. Roll chicken, which has been cut into pieces for serving, in flour. Season with salt and pepper and brown in pan with onions. Lay slices of pineapple on chicken and add juice to which enough water has been added to make 2 cups. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 1 hour. Serve on platter around a mound of rice. Garnish with parsley.

This way of serving chicken is delicious. Don't hesitate to try it even though the combination may sound very strange.

CHERRY-ALMOND REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

2 cups sifted flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
Juice and rind of 1 lemon
1/2 cup nutmeats
1/2 cup cherries

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs, lemon, dry ingredients and lastly nuts and cherries. Chill 1 hour or more. Slice thin. Bake in a 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

CHEESE AND RICE ROLL

2 cups cooked rice
1 cup grated cheese
1 egg
1/2 cup chopped peanuts
1 tsp. salt
Pepper
Milk
1/3 cup buttered crumbs

Mix first six ingredients with enough milk to moisten—about 1 Tbls. Shape roll and cover with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Place on hot platter and garnish with slices of stuffed olives and parsley and serve with hot tomato sauce.

BANANA CREAM PUDDING

5 ripe bananas
2 tsp. gelatin
1/2 cup water
Juice of 2 lemons
Grated rind of 1 lemon
4 Tbls. orange juice
6 tsp. sugar
1 cup whipped cream

Mash bananas through a sieve. Add juice and rind of lemons and fruit juice and sugar. Mix well. Soak gelatin in water and melt over hot water and then add to banana mixture. Chill until it begins to thicken and then beat until light and frothy. Add cream and chill until set.

HAM HAWAIIAN

Sliced ham, 1 inch thick
5 Tbls. brown sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
6 slices pineapple
6 marshmallows

Cover ham with cold water and let come to boiling point. Drain off water. If ham is very salty, repeat process. Sprinkle ham with brown sugar and cook until brown on both sides. Add pineapple juice, cover and allow to cook slowly for around 20 minutes. Uncover. Lay six small slices of pineapple (first brown them lightly in butter) on ham, sprinkle with sugar and put a marshmallow in each hole.

RHUBARB MARMALADE

4 lbs. rhubarb
1 pt. water
2 lemons
2 small oranges
1/2 lb. walnuts
6 lbs. brown sugar

Chop rhubarb and boil in water for 20 minutes. Put oranges, lemons, and nuts through meat grinder and add to the cooked rhubarb. Add the sugar and cook for an hour, stirring enough to keep the marmalade from burning.

WALDORF SLICES

1 cup flour
1 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup walnuts
3 Tbls. flour
1 tsp. baking powder

Mix flour and butter until like crumbs. Spread in a shallow buttered pan. Beat eggs and add sugar, flour and baking powder that have been combined. Add nuts and mix well. Spread over mixture in bottom of pan and bake in 350 oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Frost with following icing and cut into squares.

MOCHA ICING

1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
1 sq. unsweetened chocolate
Hot strong coffee

2 Tbls. butter

Melt butter and chocolate over hot water. Mix into powdered sugar and beat in enough of the coffee to make a smooth soft icing.

BANANA ICE-BOX PUDDING

1 cup milk
1 cup coffee
2 eggs
1/4 cup butter
3 bananas
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. almond extract
24 vanilla wafers

Scald milk and coffee. Beat the eggs lightly with a fork and add sugar and salt. Stir constantly while slowly adding the milk and coffee. Cook over hot water until the mixture coats a clean spoon. Add butter. Cool. Add vanilla and almond extract. Cover the bottom of a deep dish with wafers. Add a layer of sliced bananas and pour in one-half of the custard over the bananas. Repeat with a second layer of wafers, bananas and custard. Place in ice-box for about 12 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

CORN PUDDING

2 1/2 cups of corn
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1 cup cream and corn liquid combined
1 chopped green pepper
1 chopped pimiento
2 eggs, separated
3/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. paprika
1/8 tsp. salt

Drain corn. Then melt butter, stir in flour and when well blended add liquid (cream and corn liquid). When sauce is smooth add drained corn, pepper, pimiento and 2 beaten egg yolks. After adding seasonings put aside to cool. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which 1/8 tsp. of salt has been added. Turn into ungreased baking dish and put in a moderate (325) oven for 10 minutes; increase heat to 350 and bake until it is firm—around 20 minutes.

LEMON PECAN COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 well-beaten egg
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
2 cups flour
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup finely chopped pecan meats
Cream sugar and shortening, add eggs, lemon juice and rind. Beat well and then add sifted dry ingredients. Stir in nut meats. Shape into rolls and chill overnight. When ready to bake slice thin, place on greased cooky sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350) from 12 to 15 minutes.

STUFFED CABBAGE LEAVES

2 onions, chopped
3 Tbls. fat
1/2 lb. salami, chopped or
1/2 lb. hamburger
3 cups soft rye bread crumbs
Dash of cayenne
12 large cabbage leaves
2 tomatoes, quartered or
1 small can tomatoes
1 Tbls. caraway seed
Water

Brown salami or hamburger with onions in fat. Then add crumbs, 1 tsp. salt and cayenne; mix well. To prepare cabbage leaves, remove core and cover cabbage with boiling water; then remove leaves one at a time. Cut out thickest part of cabbage ribs, chop and add to crumb mixture. Divide crumb mixture among cabbage leaves, turn edges in and roll up each leaf. Arrange these stuffed cabbage leaves in kettle; add tomatoes, caraway seeds, 1 cup water and 1 tsp. salt. Cover and simmer for 45 minutes. Thicken liquid if desired.

COUNTRY CLUB DRESSING

1 cup sugar (scant)
1 cup water
Juice of 2 lemons
1 small onion grated
2 Tbls. white corn syrup
1 cup catsup
4 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. salt
Dash of dry mustard
2 Tbls. white vinegar
2 cups salad oil

Mix together 1st five ingredients and boil until very thick (almost to burn stage). When cold add the remaining ingredients. Beat well while adding the salad oil. This makes a quart and will keep indefinitely. Shake before using.

REPRINTS**AMERICAN FAMILY STORY**

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

Edith Hansen**Meet Edith**

at the

WIBW

Open House

Friday, May 20

It will be Edith Hansen Day at WIBW, Topeka, Friday, May 20 — all day, from morning to evening. Open House. Everyone is invited.

Edith will put her own program on the air at 10:45 A. M. She will be interviewed briefly on the Dinner Hour program and will be on the air again on the Kansas Round-Up at 2:00 P.M.

In between times Edith will be in the studio, on the porches or the lawn to meet all visitors in person. All the WIBW entertainers will be there. Refreshments will be served and there will be souvenirs. It will be a great day, so don't miss it. Come and bring the family.

EDITH HANSEN DAY

WIBW, Topeka

Friday, May 20

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Many churches on the mainland send missionary funds to help support mission work here in the Hawaiian islands. The amazing thing is that the missionary churches here also raise funds to support missions further on south and west of here in Micronesia and other distant places. Just the other day Betty and I attended a bazaar where things were being sold to raise money to buy a sail for a missionary boat that plies between the south sea islands. It was the most interesting church bazaar I have ever attended, or for that matter, will probably ever attend again. Because of the great racial mixture that we have in Hawaii, every community program of any kind is most cosmopolitan. We were interested in buying some food. We had our choice of Chinese cakes, Japanese cookies, Filipino pies, Hawaiian meats, or Boston baked beans. We bought some of everything. Lunch was being served where one could choose between Hawaiian feast foods or Italian spaghetti. While we ate we were entertained by the Royal Hawaiian Band, a Hawaiian band with a band conductor who is Portuguese.

Living can be so much fun when the people one lives with are of many different races. This week we went to a community program where the native songs and dances of seven or eight different countries were presented by persons from those countries. Honolulu has a fine symphony orchestra and Betty and I go to many of the concerts that it gives. At the last concert I took special notice of the many different nationalities represented in the orchestra. The conductor himself is an Australian. The concert master is a German. The first celloist is a Latvian. And the other members are everything under the sun. The glory of it is that they are all Americans, even though they do not all speak very good English. Here in the islands there is a great deal of intermarriage. It is such a common thing for the different races to inter-marry that no one thinks a thing of it.

Once before I told you something about the awful fruit fly that is attacking just about all fruits and vegetables in the islands. It is a frightful menace and is causing millions of dollars worth of damage. If that fly ever spreads to the mainland, it will be an awful catastrophe. It was a big blow to island people this week when it was discovered that the fruit fly has now started to attack orchids. One of Hawaii's big industries is the growing of orchids to ship to the mainland and millions of dollars worth of orchids are shipped each year to California and New York. Every scientific laboratory out here is frantically trying to find a way to kill the fly and its eggs without killing the orchid. Until a remedy is discovered no more orchids can be shipped. Sometimes travellers get a little disgruntled by the rules set up here about taking any fruit and vegetables out of the islands, but if those travel-



The day this was taken Emily made her first trip outside after her siege of bronchial pneumonia. She was her usual laughing self and no one would have known that she had been hospitalized.

lers could just see the damage that fruit flies cause they would be more considerate.

A big change is about to be made in the public school system here. Honolulu is the only American city that now has what is known as the English standard system. For many years it has been the custom here to send a child to the school that has a standard of English suitable to the child. When a child starts to school he is given a test in the use of the English language. If the child speaks good English, he goes to one school, but if he speaks poor English he goes to another. This system of education has meant that a child may have to travel clear to the far side of the city to go to school, for the school in the child's own neighborhood may not have his standard of English.

The new plan about to be put into effect will put all of the schools on the same level. The schools that now have a poor standard of English will be forced to raise the standard. I, personally, am afraid that it will be many years before the English standard will be raised, for it is not just a matter of the language spoken in the school; there is the home to take into consideration.

Many of the old native Hawaiians still abide by some of the religious superstitions of ages past. The word "tabu"—or the they say it "kapu"—is one of the most important words in their vocabulary. Certain foods for example, are strictly forbidden at certain times of the year. There will be weeks at a time when it is tabu to go fishing. One old Hawaiian was telling me the other day just what a fine thing this fishing tabu is. He said that the fish in a certain area would be killed off if it were out for the tabu. During the tabu the fishermen will row their dugout canoes into the fishing area and instead of fishing

they actually throw food to the fish and at the same time beat out a rhythm on the bottom of the canoes with their paddles. Every day this operation will be repeated, and each day the amount of food thrown to the fish will cut down a little. By the time the tabu is lifted and it is all right to fish all the clever fisherman have to do is to beat the rhythm on the bottom of the canoes and the fish come swarming around expecting to be fed with no fear of being caught. It is then that they are caught in big numbers.

About the time the fish begin to catch on to the trick a new plan is followed. Some food will be thrown to the fish. When they come up to get the food in big numbers a net is thrown around them, but, and here is the tricky part, three or four of the fish are always gently thrown back into the water. It is said that the fish that are thrown back then act just like the famous "Judas goats" and lead the other fish back to the canoes to be caught.

And speaking of fish, tonight Betty served swordfish for supper. Swordfish is delicious when properly prepared. Betty says that the trick of it is to keep the fish under a hot broiler just a few minutes with hunks of butter melting over it, for if swordfish is broiled too long it becomes very dry. Out here in the Pacific we have lots of the big Japanese crabs. They are giant crabs with quantities of fine meat. We love crab meat any way it is served, but I think that our favorite way is sauteed in hot butter. There are lots of these crabs around Pearl Harbor, and when the tide is low many folks enjoy the sport of crabbing.

Here in Honolulu there are several churches that have recently moved into new quarters. Some of the big mansions in the city have been sold to churches. The old mansions make wonderful church property. We went to the dedication of one last Sunday. Downstairs three large rooms had been joined together to make the main worship hall. In addition the downstairs had a kitchen, a large lounge, and a pastor's study. The upstairs had been turned into a Sunday School hall. Each large bedroom was made a classroom. There was a toilet for each classroom. One wing of the mansion is now the pastor's living apartment. The gardens outside are beautiful beyond description. If any of you are in a church that is thinking about building a new structure, I suggest that you look into this matter of converting an old mansion into a church.

During this Lenten season Betty and I have spent quite a few evenings at church. We have been having many fine devotional services with much fine music. Church is so much a part of our life I really don't know what we would do without it.

Sincerely, Frederick.

God grant me the serenity
To accept the things I cannot change;
The courage to change the things I
can;
And the wisdom to know the differ-
ence. —Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Last month I asked you to help make doll clothes for a couple hundred youngsters in a hospital. Some promised to help but I would like to emphasize the fact that 200 dolls take a lot of clothes and I hope many more of you will offer your services. I have made a few patterns of the most simple kinds, so you will have an idea of the size of the dolls. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. and ask for them.

I think we can call our View project successfully finished. We have three sets, consisting of a viewer and 75 view reels, ready to send out on their rounds of shutin homes. If some of you shutin readers would like to have a set in your home for a month sometime in the future, let me know. I am making lists of the ones who want them, and will send to each in turn. There will be no charge except postage to the next in line.

Cheer has been asked for a number of people this month. Alison Anderson, Worthington, Minn. has been bedfast over a year, from rheumatic fever. Juanita Owens, 621 Nebraska Ave., Kansas City 2, Kansas is blind, partially deaf, and sick much of the time. She does lots of hand work and now is knitting scarfs for the leper colony in Louisiana. She needs wool yarn scraps for them. She will answer letters in Braille or by typewriter. Four year old Judy Weikey has been in bed for some time with rheumatic fever. Address her in care of Lawrence Weikey, Portmouth, Iowa.

If you need any handwork done, do contact Cyrilla Foltz, 4802 S. 46 St., Omaha, Nebr. She is fighting arthritis and the doctors tell her to keep her hands limber by doing lots of crocheting. She does lovely work.

Mrs. Mads Madsen, 804 W. 13 St., Cedar Falls, Iowa has been in a wheel chair 15 years. She would like mail. She is 70. Miss Mary McGrath, Corning, Iowa, age 23, has been bedfast 4 years. She lies in one position day and night, and is blind. Mail is her main pleasure. Mrs. Alma M. Hanson, R2, Lily, S. Dak. has arthritis. Miss Anna Finley, RFD, Elsberry, Mo., a shutin, collects fancy dishes and hankies, also crochet novelties. Mrs. Mary Beatty, 330 E. 16 Ave., Denver 5, Colo., age 80, broke her leg just below the hip. She is getting along fairly well but gets awfully discouraged. A cheery letter would help.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Dusenberg, Stronghurst, Ill. are both shutin. They are in the early fifties. Winona Franz, 548 Main St., Tell City, Ind., has been an invalid for 40 years, in wheel chair or bed. She suffers terribly. She loves mail and pretty hankies.

Will you send an ordinary government postal to shutin Mrs. Irene Pugh, 610 Peach St., Abilene, Texas? She collects these cards for the postmark that is on them. Postmarks from small cities and towns are especially welcome.



All of Gertrude Hayzlett's many good friends will enjoy seeing this new picture of her that was taken in Redlands the middle of March. Standing behind Mother is Gertrude's father, Mr. Jones, and behind Gertrude is her husband, Jay Hayzlett. They drove up from Los Angeles to have Sunday dinner with the folks, and there was time for a good visit in the afternoon. Gertrude not only makes a comfortable, happy home for her husband and father, but crowds countless works of goodwill into her days. We miss her here in Shenandoah where she was such a faithful helper for many years, but we also know that she is well content in California.

A MOTHER'S DAY ACROSTIC

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

On any Mother's Day program a place should be made for the smaller children because they get so much enjoyment from doing something extra-special for mother — and certainly nothing gives a mother more satisfaction than seeing one of her youngsters perform well in public.

While **Mother Machree** or an equally appropriate song is being played, have someone read the poem "Mother's World" by M. H. Halden. Another poem may be substituted, although this one may easily be found and is especially good for the children's part of the program.

After the poem has been read, six children appear carrying letters. They form a line and as each says his lines he holds his letter to the audience.

M—is for Mother, and we shall tell a few of the reasons we love her so well.

O—is for Only, God gave just ONE mother for to take her place there could be no other.

T—is for Thanks, we're thankful each day for a Mother's love to brighten our way.

H—is for Mother's Hands, that are ready to do the many tasks we ask of you.

E—is for Eyes, that shine so bright—and watch o'er us kindly from morning 'til night.

R—is for Reverence, and reverently we pray that God will bless ALL Mothers on this Mother's Day.

All—(Hold letters to spell M-O-T-H-E-R): Now our letters you shall see as we put them one beside the other. Why of course the word must be M-O-T-H-E-R MOTHER.

Children then march out.

A POEM FOR THE WOMAN'S DAY

(Author Unknown)

Take a dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in;
But spice it all with the essence of
love,
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old Book and a glance
above
Complete a well spent day.

When I graduated from high school, one of my gifts was a cook book, which I was very proud of in spite of its evident uselessness to a farm girl of my experience and vocabulary. Although I have kept it all these years, there have been few times it has ever been used, for the recipes include such an array of unusual ingredients that they are never suitable for the common purposes of the ordinary cook.

Because I was very proud of my book, I showed it to all my friends and neighbors, one of whom gave me the above poem to write in the front of it, and henceforth the poem received much more praise and recommendation than did the book.—Blanche Neal Shipley.

"Where there is love
There must be faith
And where there's faith
There's peace indeed;
Where there is peace
There must be God—
And where there's God
There is no need."

THE MOTHER OF THE HOUSE

Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.

She opened her mouth to wisdom;
And the law of kindness is in her tongue.

She looketh well to the ways of her household.

And eateth not the bread of idleness;

Her children rise up and call her blessed,

Her husband, also, and he praiseth her, saying:

"Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all."

—Proverbs 31:25-29

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Do you number among your friends someone who is lonely and hungry for friendly letters? If so, a gift subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter magazine will give her endless pleasure and joy. We've been told time without number that our magazine is a "letter from home" and we're proud that we've been able to bring happiness to people who've felt at times that the world has passed them by.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends.

I guess we can truthfully say that Spring is really here now, including all of its April showers. And in spite of the continual tracking of mud onto the kitchen floor, I'm glad Spring is here because I think that is the most wonderful time of year on the farm. Every evening when Frank comes home my first question is, "How many new babies today?" Of course I told you in my last letter that we already had four lambs, and I think the last count was seventy. We expect our baby pigs will start arriving anytime this week.

The ground is very wet now, and the five-day forecast was for rain and more rain, so it looks as if we will be late getting into the fields.

I guess the next bit of news I have for you would come under the classification of "trouble at our house". Kristin has been a very sick little girl with scarlet fever for the past two weeks, but I'm happy to report that she was able to be up and dressed today for the first time. She has felt like being up for the past five days, but the last time the doctor came to see her he gave her instructions to stay in bed until Friday so that she would not take cold and have a relapse. Personally I think these last five days have been much harder on Mother than they have been on Kristin. Taking it all in all though, she has been a pretty good little patient. I made her bed downstairs on the studio couch and moved it in front of the window. Three of her aunts came to call on her frequently and they talked through the window. They always brought something new to entertain her too. Her teacher and several of the children in school sent her cards, and the other little girl in primary, Evelyn Clothier, sent her a new paper doll, and I thought it was very kind of her.

This is the first time since we have lived here on the farm that Kristin has been so sick. True, she has had the usual colds and flu when she would run a little temperature for a day or two, but nothing to be alarmed about. We felt terribly helpless because we knew that the only way a doctor could get here was a fifteen mile trip, thirty miles round-trip, and two of those in axle deep mud. After two days of a high temperature, I called our doctor and explained the sore throat, the high fever, and the rash. He knew immediately what it was and didn't hesitate a minute to say that he would be right out. I told him about the mud and he said, "I'll come as far as I can in the car and you have your husband there with a team to take me the rest of the way." I will never forget as long as I live how I felt when I saw him come into the yard in the wagon with his little black bag.

She got her first shot of penicillin that day, and the next morning her fever was gone but she still had to have more penicillin, and it was pouring rain. But the doctor came just the same, and he and Frank were both



Kristin gave her Uncle Russell a very sweet smile when she posed with Mary Jane for this new picture.

simply soaked. He had to make two more trips but fortunately it wasn't raining those times. We both feel very much relieved now that we know that if we ever again need a doctor for any of us, he will come. Do you blame us for feeling grateful? (I think I had better add right here, that this letter is being fumigated in a tight container with formaldehyde, outside of the house, before it is mailed.)

I have managed to get a little sewing done during this quarantine period. Of course Kristin wanted me in the room with her all the time, and when she began to feel well enough to read and color and cut out paper dolls, I moved the sewing machine into her room and was able to sew and talk to her at the same time. I finished one dress and a summer nightie, both for Kristin, made Mary Jane the doll a new dress, and have another dress for Kristin almost completed. About a week before she got sick I made her a dress that I feel turned out to be quite attractive. I had just a small piece of a sweet blue print material and I made up my own pattern (something I haven't done before) combining it with white, and was really pleased with the results.

While I was sitting with Kristin and doing a little embroidery on one of her dresses, she wanted to do some too, so I cut out a white waist front for Mary Jane, put it in some little hoops and gave her some red thread and a needle and she made several rows of running stitch across the front. I finished it up with red sleeves and a red skirt and she is awfully proud of her "fancy work".

I went to the school election the second Monday in March and came home the new school director. So now all you other school directors know what I am in for.

I told you in one of my other letters that our neighbors, the Markers,

had moved away. Well, Kristin and Billy were very dear friends, and she has missed him even more than we realized. One evening when I went up to tuck her into bed she started to cry and said she wanted to see Billy, she missed him so much, so I promised her that on the first nice Saturday we would get up early and drive to Allerton and spend the whole day with them. This was on Friday night, and the next day it snowed and rained, but on Sunday they brought a trailer and came up to get some things they had left. They called us from one of the neighbors and wanted Kristin to come over. They didn't have to ask her twice—in fact she went for dinner and spent the rest of the day with them.

Kristin is very proud of something she did this month for the first time—she walked by herself to Grandma's house through the timber. She stood out on the back porch for a long time trying to make up her mind to go. The whole thing was that she wanted to go but I had so much to do I couldn't take the time to take her down so I told her to wait until afternoon and I would go with her. But she wanted to go right then, so I told her to take Shep with her and go ahead. After about ten minutes of making up her mind she called to me and said she was going. I went down in the afternoon and she confessed that she cried a little bit because Shep ran on ahead of her and didn't wait for her. So the next morning when she wanted to go again, I gave her a couple of slices of bread and told her to give Shep a little bite once in a while and he would stay with her. When she came home with her Daddy in the evening, she said, "I did what you said with the bread for a while, then I just gave him the whole thing because I decided I didn't care whether he walked with me or not." I'm glad because now she feels a little more independent.

Well, I must close and get to bed since we get up with the sun and it gets up quite early now.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

OUR LIPS AND EARS

If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how and when and where.

If you your ears would save from jeers,

These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I, and mine and my,
And how I do and did.

—Unknown.

PICTURES MAKE WONDERFUL MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS

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This type of folder also ideal for series of wedding snapshots enlarged.

VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67 — Shenandoah, Iowa

YOUR CHILD AND THE DENTIST

By Lucille Sassaman

When I first knew that Kira was on the road I began wondering how I could insure her better teeth than we had. Both her father and I have had poor teeth, and it seems to me on occasion that I worked for years to support myself and my dentist—besides spending my spare time in his office.

If I could prevent this in our child I was willing to drink gallons of milk (though I don't like it) and keep an eye on my diet all through pregnancy believing that what I ate would determine the tooth and bone structure of our child.

Kira had her teeth late, but as soon as they popped out I had a soft little tooth brush ready for her and she learned quickly to use it. She also had ample milk in her diet even though we went through several periods when she didn't want to drink milk—that was when I made custards, cream soups and introduced chocolate milk. When she reached the "pouring in and out age" I served her milk in a pretty little pitcher and gave her a tiny glass to drink from. All in all, I left no stone unturned to see that we did as well by her teeth as was humanly possible.

I think you will agree then when I say that we were justified in feeling discouraged about the things that happened in spite of our vigilance. When she was four years old the dentist repaired her first cavity, and every four months thereafter work had to be done. With all the attention I paid to first my diet and then hers, and all the preparation to introduce oral hygiene as part of the daily routine, it availed us nothing. Her teeth decayed almost as soon as they were full blown and decayed so rapidly that they were increasingly difficult to repair. Obviously she is going to know only too well all of the dental troubles that her parents have known.

Now with this type of situation you become extremely familiar with a child's relationship to his dentist. And even if you're fortunate enough to escape such a sorry situation you still need to know about the subject because your youngster is going to make regular trips to the dentist for check-ups. This is why I want to tell you some of the things I've discovered that make it less difficult to manage a child when he goes to have dental work done.

When Kira was two years old I had a prolonged session with my own dentist and I always took her with me. When the dentist was through with me she climbed into the chair for an "elevator ride" and laughed when her teeth were examined. She had absolutely no fear of the dentist or his office or any of his instruments, and although she recognized the fact that occasionally I had some pain she also understood that it was soon over. She absorbed the idea, through these early visits, that dental work was just something that had to be done and that nobody made much of a fuss over it.

When she was four and had to start having repair work done I planned those days very carefully. I announced immediately after breakfast that this was the day for the dentist, and this gave her time enough to get used to the idea without giving her too much time to worry about it. I don't believe in bribes, but I always planned some surprise treat to follow a visit. Many mothers get their children to go to the dentist by promising them something they want very much if "you are a big girl and don't cry." The child believes that Mother has implied that big girls don't cry, so when the first whimper comes out she realizes that she has broken her part of the pact and won't get the doll, or whatever it was that had been promised. This hurts worse than the dentist, and usually about this time Mother reinforces her fear by reminding her about "big girl"—and then the tears flow unrestrained.

The only thing worse that mother could do (and she usually does it) is to give her the doll anyway, because she has a sneaking suspicion that she had asked a lot of a little girl and in her heart she knows that being "good" has nothing to do with expressing feelings. Then the child learns that mother's promises and bargains don't mean anything.

The surprise technique I use is to have some special gift in my purse that I give to Kira as soon as we leave, or I tell her when we go in that we will see a movie after we are through and that she can choose the place where we will go afterwards for a tea party. She asked me once if we could go anyway even if she hollered. I told her that of course we would. If she behaved badly I was bound to feel unhappy and so would she, but if she tried hard to do the best she could we would both feel proud and happy and would have much more fun. We got along fine on this plan for a long time.

Then came a badly ulcerated tooth and a hurried trip to a different dentist because her own dentist was out of town. He regretted having to pull a molar that wouldn't be replaced for many years, yet felt that it was necessary. He gave her no anesthesia and she cooperated so well that he just went right ahead and decided to pull one more that was on the road to the same trouble. This was too much. I'll draw the curtain over what happened and merely say that three different times we went for additional X-Rays that had to be made—and three times she went into hysterics and the plates couldn't be made. I had no choice except to pray for the best and let it go.

After spending a happy summer with Grandma and then returning to our new house and making a whole new set of friends, I felt that I could once again bring up the subject of going to the dentist. She wasn't ready to go she said, but shortly thereafter she had a severe toothache and begged me to find a new dentist. I had already located a man who had had much experience with children and he told me that when the time came I should have her call by herself and



The night that Mother came home we got this picture, and it's one that we'll always love. Juliana and Martin were wild with happiness when "Granny" came home and couldn't be budged from her side. Little Emily cuddled right down as if she knew that very loving arms held her.

make the appointment. This she did, and he told her to come down right away. He was a busy man but he took time to have a long talk with her (I stayed out in the waiting room) and explained to her the work that needed to be done. He suggested that she make an appointment to come over once a week for just a few minutes until all of the work was done.

She came out of his office beaming. She was proud to think she could make her own appointments, that he felt she was sufficiently grown up to understand what had to be done, and that he had promised to stop drilling when she signaled to him with her finger! Before long all of the work had been finished and she was freed from her terror of dentists.

Outside of big cities you will have trouble locating dentists who specialize only with children's work, but take time to look around and find someone who is understanding and sympathetic. Ask him to tell your child honestly what has to be done. Children have a great capacity for endurance and for accepting things philosophically if they feel that they *know* what is going on and what they can expect.

All of these new experiments with flourine interest me very much. We are going to try these treatments on Kira as soon as her front uppers come down. It can't do any harm and I certainly hope that it will do her, and all other children as well, a great deal of good.

THROUGH PRAYER

I hold God's hand,
I speak with Him
Through prayer.
He leads my way
When lights are dim
Through prayer.
But it is I
Must ask Him in,
Must make the contact,
Come to Him—
Through prayer.

—Shirley Bryan Wright.



FOR THE CHILDREN

ADVENTURES WITH SQUIGUM

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once upon a time a fat grey mouse named Squigum lived in a small, secret nest snuggled between a hat box and a pair of tough, untasty patent leather shoes on Miss Matilda's high closet shelf.

One morning as he nibbled on the crust of a lemon pie in the pantry, Squigum suddenly found himself thinking, "Surely there must be more to the world than Miss Matilda, the closet shelf, and the pies in the pantry. I am an intelligent, good-looking fellow; I do believe I'll go to seek a better life in the wide, wide world." So Squigum dropped his morsel of pie crust and scampered through an open window into a bright, sunshiny world.

Squigum did not pause even to admire the flowers in Miss Matilda's garden. He merely skipped through the gate and along the ancient brick street until he came to another house.

"Ah-ha," he chuckled to himself, "Here, then, is where I will find myself a new and better life! How fortunate for me that I left Miss Matilda's!" Then Squigum danced a happy jig as he ran into the strange house. What a queer sight it was! A fat, red-faced lady with a huge white apron tied around her middle stood at a table kneading bread. Her hands were covered with flour and when she saw Squigum, she threw them into the air with a shriek.

"Oh, lawsy, lawsy!" she said. Then she grabbed the broom and brought it down with a terrific thump right where Squigum had stood a moment before. How Squigum did run! He dashed wildly around and around the room, with the broom descending thump! thump! behind him every few moments. At last, in spite of his terror, he found the door and leaped thankfully to the street.

"Good Riddance!" muttered the housewife, but Squigum did not hear her. He was panting breathlessly beneath the gate.

"Phew!" he sighed. "Surely this must be an odd world."

When Squigum had caught his breath, he once again scampered down the street, looking right and left for another house. Finally he saw one—a lovely pink bungalow with a garden of roses hugging its walls.

"Surely the people who live in such a beautiful house would not chase a little mouse with a broom," mused Squigum, so he hurried through the pink door into a shiny blue and white room. What luxury! The soft blue

davenport looked so sun and inviting that Squigum climbed up the arm. He bounced once or twice, stretched joyously and lay right down in a corner and went to sleep.

When Squigum awoke, the sun was sending long shadows across the room.

"Well, well," he thought, "at last I have found a better life. Now I will find something to eat." But as Squigum began to slide from his soft perch, his eyes beheld a sight that made his tiny heart stop. He had slid almost directly into the jaws of a grinning, yellow-eyed cat.

"Oh, my goodness!" squeaked Squigum, and in his excitement he leaped right over the cat and dashed pell-mell for the door. "The wide, wide world is too full of danger for one little mouse to cope with!"

So saying, Squigum ran right back up the street. When he came to Miss Matilda's house, he went thankfully back through the open pantry window, but he didn't stop to nibble again on the lemon pie. No, sir, he went right to his safe, soft nest on the closet shelf, and as he snuggled between the hat box and the shoes he was heard to murmur, "This must be the best life in the world, after all!"

A SECRET

Stop this instant! Is your mother anywhere around? If she is, drop this magazine in a split second and don't pick it up again until she is busy someplace else. Are you dropping it?

Now! It's later and mother really is in the other room and read this just as quickly as you can before she comes back again.

Every night after supper she has to say at least twice, "Oh dear, please get busy and clear the table." And later she says, "Hurry now and get the dishes washed, *please*." If you're like most children the age you are



"REMEMBER YOUR OVERSHOES!"

When my little girl is good—
She always wears her "over-boots"
Whenever the ground is wet,
And since she's had these white ones
She hasn't forgotten yet.

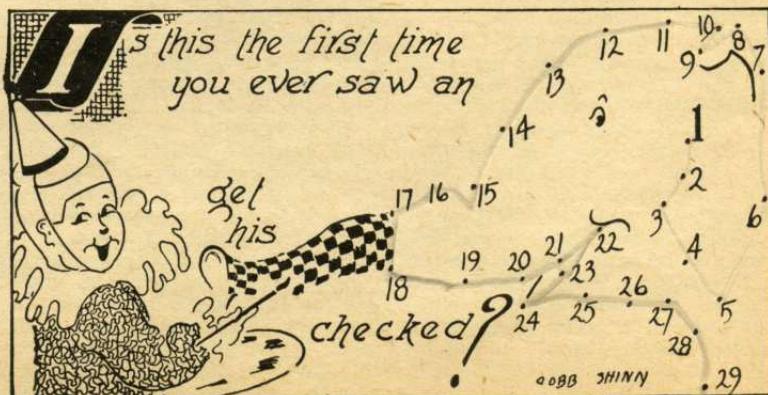
The proud possessor of the white boots is
Kerry Lee Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa.

right now, that's about what happens.

Well, tonight give her the biggest surprise of her entire life. Before she can even *think* of saying anything you jump right up and clear the table. And then, just like Jack Robinson, scurry around the kitchen and get the dishes washed. You may think you've surprised your mother before, but I'm sure that all of those other surprises won't even begin to compare to the surprise she's going to get tonight if you do this.

THE FROG

What a wonderful bird the frog are—
When he stand he sit almost;
When he hop, he fly almost.
He ain't got no sense hardly;
He ain't got no tail hardly either.
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't
got almost.



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CROCHETED COFFEE TABLE DOILIES, oval pineapple, 22x15, 24x15, \$3. 30x15, 33x15, \$4. White. Crocheted tableclothes large, white \$50.00. Large davenport and chair sets both \$10. White or ecru. Beauties. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

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IDEAL MOTHER DAY GIFTS: Plastic covered cook books, published by Ladies Aid. Colors, red, blue, green. Give second choice. \$2.10 including postage. Mrs. Arthur Zieman, Fairmont, Minn.

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PILLOW CASES: Appliqued or embroidered on heavy feed sacks. A gift with ea. set. Ad good all year. \$3 a set. Mrs. Esther Cooper, 350 West Ave., Canandaigua, New York.

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12" CROCHETED RUFFLED DOILIES, 180-in. around ruffle. Any color. \$3. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

CROCHETED BABY SETS, any color 3 pieces \$5.50. Sweaters and Booties sold individually. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Va.

FOR 1949, Pansy cutwork buffet sets \$2.50. Crocheted vanity sets colored edges \$1.50. Mrs. Herman Hansen, Williams, Ia.

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LARGE FEED SACKS, bleached 35¢ stenciled dish towels, 50¢. Stenciled pillow slips, \$1.75 pr. Small aprons 50¢. Mrs. Emmet Schewe, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

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Who is your favorite little girl?

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

Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

MOTHER'S TREASURES

By Mabel Nair Brown

The title suggests the theme for your banquet. For favors make tiny little treasure chests which can be filled with spring flowers (violets would be lovely). Or you might tuck a copy of some sweet Mother's poem into each chest as a "keepsake" for the occasion. Make these chests by cutting them from brown construction paper; use black paper for the hinges, lock, handle, etc. If you prefer, cut them from heavier cardboard and cover with paper—this would be recommended for the large treasure chest that will serve as a centerpiece.

The treasure chest centerpiece can be filled with gay yellow jonquils, and if at all possible it should be placed upon a large mirror. In case you prefer using a poem inside the treasure chest favors, then fill the centerpiece with red and white carnations and lay a single carnation at each place. And by the way, do cover a cardboard key with silver paper and place this key on the mirror near the centerpiece.

If candles are used on the table, plan to light them just as the "toast to our Mothers" is given. And for place cards, use a small white card and glue colored pictures of rings and other jewelry on to each corner. This card should be propped up against each chest favor. (Before leaving the subject of these favors let me suggest that tiny bright colored candies are most effective to serve as contents of the chest in case small flowers aren't available.)

In choosing food for either the banquet or luncheon just keep in mind all the lovely colors of springtime and then try to build your menu around these colors.

The following program is offered as a sample which you might want to follow, lengthening, shortening, or substituting where you feel that it will meet the needs of your group.

Toast To Our Mothers: All honor to our dear mothers, our mothers who have ever been so lovely, so true! To us they have always given their best. Through the years their thoughts and earnest prayers have followed us wherever we might be. Their great enduring love sustains and enfolds us always. Their courage in times of adversity is ever an inspiration to us. For the countless loving sacrifices they made, for the wonderful unselfish care they gave us, we offer our humble thanks today. So here's to our Mothers, and to them I dedicate this little verse.

"The home that holds a mother
Is a cheery place and fair,
Her smile lights up the corners
And puts the sunshine there,
We've peace and joy and comfort,
There's gladness every minute,
The home that holds a mother

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Has a bit of heaven in it."

A Mother's Response: What shall I say in response to this beautiful tribute? My heart, and I'm sure that the heart of every mother here rejoices that God has given us this role to play in life. It is a privilege and responsibility to be the guiding hand in molding our children's characters. We realize that much of what they are to be in years to come depends upon the ideals that we establish in our homes. We count children far and above the most important of "crops" and we strive constantly to give them happy, generous spirits. Truly our boys and girls are our most precious jewels, and around them we collect our treasure chests of memories that will sustain us to the very end of the road. These memories are our priceless reward, and I agree with Edgar Guest who sums it up thus:

"I would not for his crown and throne
Change places with a king,
I've got the finest job on earth
And unto it I'll cling.

I know no better task than mine,
No greater chance for joys
Than serving day by day the needs
Of little girls and boys."

Toastmistress: We hope that the following numbers will help to recall some of the incidents which make up this treasure chest of memories so dear to the hearts of all who have had a share in building a home. Doesn't this familiar song take you back through the years, and can't you see the little old sewing rocker creaking back and forth as Mother sings her lullaby?

Song: Brahms' "Cradle 'Song" or any other suitable lullaby.

Toastmistress: I wonder what it is you remember most about going home after school? Does this poem strike a familiar chord on your heart strings?

MOTHER'S BREAD

There's the fragrance of the lily and the perfume of the rose,
And the whiff of honeysuckle makes you want to sniff your nose,
But there's not the smell of one of them, when everything is said,
Can compare with Mother's kitchen after she's been baking bread.
Now when I'm coming home from school and the sun is shining hot,
And I come in glum and weary, discontented with my lot—
Then like drooping flowers are refreshed from showers overhead,
Is my weary spirit freshened by the smell of Mother's bread.
And my lagging footsteps quicken as

I hear the supper call,
Smiling then I say to Mother, "It's a good world after all!"
And I know the only reason that to this conclusion led
Was the smell of Mother's kitchen after she'd been baking bread."

—Selected.

This should be followed by a vocal or instrumental number, and then should come a reading or a poem such as "I Love You Mother", Said Little John" that is to be found in many old readers, or "Grandma's Apron" that appeared in a previous issue of **Kitchen-Klatter**. Get some humor into the program at this point by using some humorous musical reading such as "Soap", "We Got the Mumps", "The Whooping Cough Germ", etc. These may be secured at many large music stores or from a dramatics publishing house. (Consult your local school superintendent for the names and addresses of such publishers.)

Toastmistress: I'm sure our Mothers' minds have recalled many vivid memories of the past. And so we thought we'd like to have each Mother share some little incident with us. We have given them slips of paper which we hope "jogged" their memories a bit. We will begin with Mrs. _____

(These slips will have been drawn from a large flower basket just before the guests are seated. Each slip will contain instructions such as: "Describe your wedding dress. 2. Tell how you first met your husband's mother. 3. Describe your first baby's first bath. 4. Recall your sensations the day your first child started to school. Endless possibilities are at hand for these slips if you just do a little imagining.

Toastmistress: We thank you mothers for sharing your treasures with us. I am sure we all feel enriched by reviewing today some of the precious incidents that go to make up our beloved treasure chest of memories. Let us all stand and form a "friendship circle" as we daughters sing the song M-O-T-H-E-R as our final tribute to our mothers.

If it is at all possible, give each mother a carnation or a corsage as the concluding feature on your program. These should be pinned on by the daughters as soloist sings "Memories."

Note: Elsewhere in this issue is a Mother's Day Acrostic which calls for six youngsters. It would be nice to incorporate this in your program just before the Toastmistress makes her concluding speech.