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Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful spring night in Iowa, and when I came in from the garden a few minutes ago I thought to myself that all of the concentrated beauty of Hawaii and California doesn't mean quite as much to me, in the final reckoning, as a night like this. I don't intend to imply by this that I didn't find both Hawaii and California truly beautiful, but there's something about the Midwest in late spring that means just a little more to me.

This has been a busy and happy spring for all of our family. Mart and I started working on our garden almost as soon as we returned, and unless it was raining or simply too muddy underfoot, we've spent many hours putting out new plants and shrubs, and transplanting old things. I found quite a bit left over, so I filled bushel baskets and sent them to Russell and Lucile, and Wayne and Abigail. They're both putting in a lot of hard work to bring badly neglected yards back to the point where some headway can be made, so I knew that those leftover plants would be welcome.

When I started this letter just a few minutes ago it was perfectly quiet in the house and I thought it would be that way the whole evening through. Mart is reading, Margery is sewing, and Howard said something at supper time about working on some blue prints tonight—I thought we were all accounted for and peaceful. But just now I heard a loud bang and thump from the upstairs so I know that Martin has decided he doesn't want to go to sleep. He keeps all of us pretty busy these days for he's left the stage of early babyhood and is now trying to tell us, in a thousand different ways, that he has ideas of his own. At this stage he reminds me more of Frederick than anyone else. There isn't a day that I don't see him do something that takes me back years ago to the time when Frederick was that age.

And speaking of Frederick brings to my mind the news that just before this issue reaches you we will have driven to Omaha to get him and his family. They are leaving Honolulu

on the night of June 19th, and since they are traveling in a new type of stratosphere plane they will be in San Francisco the following morning in time for an early breakfast. Two hours later they will pick up another plane, and that night around nine o'clock we will be at the airport in Omaha to meet them.

This will be the first time that Mary Leanna has ever been in Shenandoah. Shortly after Frederick and Betty were married in 1946 they came to see us for one week, but Betty hasn't been here since then. When she went out to Hawaii to join Frederick, Mary Leanna was only a few weeks old and it seemed wise, from every viewpoint, to take a plane straight through from New York to San Francisco, and thence to Hawaii. But now Mary Leanna is a big girl "going on two" and it's possible to stop over and visit. Of course, Mart and I got acquainted with her in Hawaii during our visit there, but the other members of our family can hardly wait to see her.

At the time I am writing this we don't know exactly what their plans are beyond a visit with Betty's family in Rhode Island. I think that Frederick plans to remain in the United States, but he is the member of our family who has been afflicted with the true wanderlust spirit and I've learned that it isn't wise to make any definite statements as to his plans. However, I'm sure that before long I'll be able to tell you what he is doing and where they will be living.

This will be the first time that we've all been together, every single last one of us, since Frederick was here on his road to Hawaii in 1946. We're anticipating a wonderful reunion and hope very much to get some good pictures to share with you. With every year that passes I realize more keenly how wonderfully fortunate we are to have all of our children with us for reunions.

I almost hesitate to mention this next thing for fear it won't all work out as we think it will, but possibly, very possibly, Dorothy and Kristin will spend the summer with us. The explanation for this is the fact that Shenandoah expects to hold a summer school for teachers, and Dorothy is anxious to accumulate enough additional college credits to enable her to teach. It is a terrible problem

for rural schools with a small enrollment to get teachers and since Dorothy is now a school director she knows very well all the ins and outs of that problem. It may be that she will never be called upon to step in and fill the bill, but if this should happen she wants to be prepared—and this is why she hopes to attend summer school and get the additional work that she needs.

Those of you who have been reading the Family Story know that Dorothy's college education was interrupted by a long illness. By the time she had made enough of a recovery to get back to college she'd rather lost interest—a newspaper job here in town seemed much more attractive.

Next month I'll probably be able to tell you how all of this worked out. In the meantime I can at least hope that things will materialize, and certainly Juliana is hoping that Kristin will be with her for the bulk of the summer. Shenandoah hasn't held the short course for teachers since 1929, and that was the year Mabel Nair Brown came and I met her for the first time and enjoyed her so much. Needless to say, the Brown wasn't part of her name at that date.

My sister Martha Eaton came down to spend a short time with us not long ago. She has found a number of things to do in her home that have helped to fill the dreadful loneliness that she has experienced since she has been left alone. This is a problem so many of you have written about that I'm sure it's widely known.

Emily is really thriving and changing these days. When I see the way my daughters care for their babies it makes me realize what vast changes there have been in the past twenty-five years.

Not long ago we had a happy family gathering at the home of Mart's brother, Bert Driftmier and his wife. They have just purchased a new home, and this was sort of a house-warming for the family. We showed our Hawaiian pictures, and after this we had a good visit. Little John Stephen Rope was there—I am his great-aunt. He is a very attractive baby—it just seems no time at all since we first went to see Adelyn and Albert and got our first glimpse of Gene, little John's father. And at this family gathering we also heard that at three o'clock that very afternoon Curtis Darrell Otte had arrived at the Clarinda hospital. He is the son of our nephew, Darrell Otte, and his wife, Doris. This is the first grandchild for Mart's sister, Clara Otte and her husband Paul, and we are all happy that Curtis is a big healthy boy.

I guess that all of this news brings me up to date, and since it is ten o'clock I must think about getting to bed. We are hoping that many of you will have an opportunity to drive to Shenandoah this summer, and that you'll be able to stop and see us. Please accept us just as you find us. We do our own work and you know what that means.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna

Come into the Garden

CHURCH DECORATIONS

By Ruth Ahlgren

In earliest times flowers played an important part in religious rites. Today we carry our choicest blooms to church in reverence to a loving Father. And it is our satisfaction and pleasure to arrange them so carefully that we exalt them to His glory.

When decorating we think first of the communion table or the altar as those are the objects which turn any edifice into a church.

The communion table presents few problems. A flat bowl with flowers held by a needlepoint frog, a medium tall or tall vase—anything may be used if it proves in proportion to the table and can hold flowers in a sufficiently spreading form to suggest a lavish display. Bear in mind that we must not cover the table to an extent which interferes with serving of the Lord's Supper.

There are more details to watch when the focal point is a formal altar. The highest level is doubtless centered by a cross. Flowers may be placed in front of it on a lower level if they in no way obscure the cross nor cover the three steps on which it stands as these symbolize the Trinity. The flat oblong shape known as a sand pan is a good workable container for flowers here. Because the setting is so formal, flowers should be centered in the container and extended to the same distance at both ends. When you have finished, look at them from the back of the church as well as the front, and from both sides. They will be seen from all angles during the service. When the altar is white, the greenery of the background will show up well, but it so blends into the color of a dark wood that it will require special attention to make it appear in its rightful place.

Rather easier to manage than a single arrangement is a matching pair of smaller containers placed on either side of and below the cross. Of course the bouquets should be identical. A hint about arranging for an altar is to do the work from a low chair placed before a rather high table. In this way one views the flowers as they will be seen at church.

Perhaps you have guessed that I like to take my time and do my arranging at home. Transportation involves no difficulty if you live close and can carry the vases in your hands or if a second person in your car will keep them from sliding about. In case you must have them in church earlier than other members of your family care to go, set the containers in a large dishpan or in one of the lugs in which you bought plums or peaches. Pack crushed newspapers about them. Such a large holder will not slip around on the floor of the car and your flowers will arrive in perfect

condition. Take along an old bath towel as the best kind of rag to wipe off vases before placing them on polished wood. Should you make use of potted plants cut circles of aluminum foil slightly larger than the pots to slip under them. Dampness will not soak through the foil, though it will strike through several thicknesses of waxed paper which was formerly used.

Often we are asked what flowers are best for church decoration. Generally white lilies are considered the perfect flowers as they express purity and present both beautiful line and form. Roses come next because they are the aristocrats of the flower world and we offer our best to the Lord. In actual practice anything in season and truly lovely answers the purpose well. I never saw our church more handsome than it appeared one autumn Sunday with black-eyed Susans banked in profusion on the floor before the altar and on either side of the steps leading to it.

Color in the church might well be a subject in itself. A sanctuary is seldom brilliantly lighted. Therefore white flowers in white vases generally produce the best results. Yellow, pink and the lighter reds are all lovely. Very dark or black-reds tend to lose themselves against a dark background. Blue, lavender and purple have no carrying quality even in varieties of gladiolus which seem to me the one perfect church flower.

If you are responsible for flowers even a few times at church, make successive plantings of glads. They lend themselves to a high container or low, are dramatic in their beauty and may be had over a very long season.

When placing the flowers think about line and mass, also proportion. A few flowers may be charming on the altar of a small church but completely lost in a large one.

Make flowers stay in place by using in flat containers the holders which are like dozens of little needles or those which are heavily weighted and have tops which form many small squares. Crush two-inch mesh chicken netting into taller vases. Sometimes limber shrub branches may be wound 'round and 'round, pushed into vases and then the stems of bloom anchored among them.

With regard to vases, I would first choose these: the dripping-pan shaped oblong pottery piece known as a sand pan, two pottery cornucopias small enough to be used at either end of the altar or placed closer together on the communion table, and two rather large vases of Greek-urn shape. These will hold peonies, iris, dahlias, hydrangeas, etc. Before buying be sure you have places for them to stand. Baskets seem rather outmoded, but the kind known as floor baskets sometimes fill a very real need. White seems to

be the one best color, but green is always safe. If you can match the color of the base to the predominating color of the flowers you will gain in effect. Do not try to use glass. It tends to vanish in a large room. The cross on our altar is of gold, and one of our members presented the church with a pair of gold-colored vases which are a joy to behold when filled with roses. The lesson is to try to match accessories when possible.

In the month of June we are especially conscious of preparing the church for weddings. Generally more vases of flowers are used and candles are added in profusion. Most florists will rent floor-type candleabra holding from seven to fifteen tapers each. Two, four, or even six of these add greatly to the festive air. When unoccupied choir seats are in the direct line of vision, potted palms placed on the floor before them are concealing and make a decorative green background for the wedding party.

There is one device equally desirable for Sunday service or a wedding and this is a small spotlight focused to shine directly down from above on the altar. Use it day or night. The source of the light must be entirely concealed by a beam or some other architectural feature of the ceiling, but there are today so many kinds and shapes of bulbs and reflectors that your electrician is certain to work out a satisfactory arrangement. When you know the light is there, you will greatly admire its effect. The visitor with no part in its planning will realize only that in your church the altar with its emblems of the Spirit and its floral tribute somehow stands out to shed God's grace on all who worship.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me,

I lost them yesterday.

Among the fields, above the sea,

Among the winds at play;

Among the lowing of the herds

The rustling of the trees;

Among the singing of the birds,

The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,

I cast them all away

Among the clover-scented grass,

Among the new-mown hay;

Among the rustling of the corn,

Where drowsy poppies nod,

Where ill thoughts die and good are born—

Ont in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ATTENTION RADIO LISTENERS

We are very pleased to announce that KFEQ, St. Joseph, Missouri, (680 on your radio dial) started broadcasting the Kitchen-Klatter radio program May 23, 1949. Of course those of you in the KFNF or KOWH territory can continue to hear the program from those stations. All three stations will carry the program by direct wire from the Kitchen-Klatter kitchen at 11:00 A. M. every weekday morning.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

Dorothy, Frank, Russell and I have all said at one time or another that we wish we might have had the opportunity to live in San Francisco when there wasn't a great war raging. San Francisco is considered one of the most interesting and beautiful cities in the world, but all of us who lived in it only during war time never really had an opportunity to know it and enjoy it. Southern California became almost as familiar to us as southern Iowa because we lived there before the war and had many opportunities, before gas rationing, to explore the countryside. We knew Northern California only during gas rationing, and as a result it never became very familiar to any of us.

Then too, we were there during the days that food rationing reached its climax. I realize that we never experienced the difficulties known for years by English and European women, but there was a time when it was a full day's job to get enough provisions to manage a balanced diet. There was one three-month span when we couldn't even buy margarine for our bread and there were no jams or jellies on the shelf of any store. We graduated from nothing at all on bread to margarine, and three months after that worked up to 1/4 lb. of butter per week. Cream that would whip was something that we didn't see for two years.

I recall with chagrin that when Christmas of 1945 rolled around the very nice woman who had our little corner store was given a pint of whipping cream as a Christmas gift from the dairy that supplied her products of that kind. It so happened that she didn't care for cream, and consequently Dorothy and I each received one-half pint of cream. I was so thrilled to have whipping cream in the house that I couldn't decide how to utilize it to the best advantage, and while I was turning over all of the possibilities in my mind it turned sour! Dorothy had the same experience, and I often wonder if she remembers it when she is handling jars of thick country cream!

We hoarded the small amount of gas we had for our respective cars to take trips that made a difference. One of these trips was to the far limits of Oakland where we went to call on Edith Hansen's son, Don. He had just been flown over from Hawaii and was hospitalized there. We made up a big batch of fudge, thinking it might possibly tempt him, farmed out the children with willing friends in Berkeley, and finally arrived at the hospital only to find that he'd been flown out two hours earlier. That was a genuine disappointment to us for we'd hoped to be able to write at once and give his parents a report—no one else from home had been able to see him and I knew they'd anticipate word from us.

We made another trip to Mare Island to see a Shenandoah boy who



Shortly after Wayne returned home from the Pacific he had a furlough that he spent at home. About the same time Frederick returned from Yale. This picture of the two boys with Mother and Dad was taken on a Sunday afternoon.

was hospitalized there after being critically injured in a plane crash. We had better luck that time and actually accomplished what we set out to do. One very funny thing happened on that Sunday trip that I must tell you about.

Juliana was two at the time and her favorite possession was a little candle snuffer. As we drove along the highway behind a truck we were suddenly astonished to see flames burst out between the pieces of furniture that made up the load. By speeding up, going around the truck and then honking and waving frantically we were able to tell the drivers up in the big cab that their truck was on fire. Instantly they halted, all other traffic halted, and everyone pitched in to help.

Juliana and Kristin watched this wild activity in a sort of stunned silence, but after it was all over Juliana said mournfully, "I told you I should have brought my snuffer along. I could have put that out right away." We laughed about that for days.

In May Frederick graduated from the School of Divinity at Yale University, and my! how much all of us wished that Mother and Dad might have been there to see the graduation ceremonies at a church in New Haven, Conn. But Mother didn't think she could travel by train (later years proved her wrong, fortunately!) and gas rationing wouldn't permit the trip by car, so they couldn't be there to see him graduate.

All during Frederick's time at both Columbia University and Yale he had made constant attempts to get into the army or the Red Cross, but both organizations had only tropical appointments open for him and his health would not permit him to return to the tropics. Immediately following his graduation from Yale he made application to join the Navy as a Chaplain, and after considerable delay he was finally notified that he had passed the necessary physical examinations and would be a Navy man for the duration. As soon as he re-

ceived this word he packed up and came back to Shenandoah to visit the folks, for of course he did not know where he would be assigned and, as a consequence, when he would be able to see them again.

At about that time word came from both Howard and Wayne that they had had the remarkably good fortune to meet in the Philippines. And at about the same time word reached all of us that Wayne hoped to leave soon for the United States.

One beautiful May evening we squandered a small amount of gas for a short ride out to the Golden Gate Bridge (we lived about three miles from it) and parked on a high point to watch the sunset. As far as we could see the ocean was perfectly blank—not a ship moving anywhere. As I looked out I made the comment that it would be a happy, happy day when Wayne's ship came moving in towards the harbor of San Francisco, although when I said it I didn't really think that he'd be back as soon as he had hoped.

The next evening at eight o'clock there was a knock on our front door. I went to it expecting to see the paper boy, but to my utter astonishment there stood Wayne! I simply couldn't believe it. I actually felt for a moment that I was seeing a ghost. He looked taller than I had remembered, and he had that peculiar yellow cast to his skin that all of the men had after several years of service in the Pacific. And yet it was Wayne!

We called Dorothy immediately and she came over at once with Kristin. Frank was at work so he missed out on the initial excitement. Both Kristin and Juliana were a little shy with this uncle whom they had never seen before, and during his stay Juliana always referred to him as "Mister Wayne." He telephoned the folks that night, and you can imagine his sensations and their sensations—Dorothy and I just had to clear out and busy ourselves in the kitchen for we knew so well what all three of them were thinking and feeling.

Two days later we took him to catch a ferry for some point where he was to be given further orders, but this was one parting that didn't leave us feeling sad for we knew how wildly eager he was to get home. I heard later that he ate mince pie and drank a gallon of milk when he finally reached home—he'd told Mother that those were the two things he'd thought about the most while he was in the Pacific.

At about the same time Wayne was traveling to Shenandoah, Donald was being transferred to the Herrington Army Air Base at Herrington, Kansas. He was still expecting to be sent overseas!

Right here I should mention the fact that Wayne and Howard missed each other by only a few hours at Leyte. Wayne had flown in there and started looking at once for Howard since they had arranged to meet. To his intense disappointment he learned that he had just left in a convoy that was headed for Okinawa—the boats were still in sight.

(To Be Continued)

CAPTAIN MARY B. GREENE

By Hallie M. Barrow

At various times in the pages of this magazine I have introduced to you a number of women who have started with a hobby and then turned it into a business venture. This time I would like to have you meet a most remarkable character, Captain Mary B. Greene.

In the January issue I told you about the wonderful vacation we spent last September when we got on the boat at St. Louis and spent a week on a thousand-mile trip over the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers. Later I learned that these river steamers were owned by the Greene Lines and that one of the larger shareholders and most important officials in this corporation was Captain Mary B. Greene, an eighty-year old woman. After I learned this I found that the most intriguing thing was not the boat itself, the locks or the scenery, but the personality of the woman behind the river traffic.

Mrs. Greene first took up her hobby on her honeymoon. Her husband, Captain Gordon C. Greene, took her to live on his river packet and since housekeeping duties were light, she spent much of her time with her husband in the pilot house. At first it seemed more or less of a "stunt" for her to learn to pilot the boat, but she was such an apt pupil and took to river life so naturally, that she went right on until she passed an extremely stiff examination and received her pilot's license on the Ohio river.

In 1894 Captain Greene doubled his packet fleet by building the ship, "The Argand". To everyone's surprise he put his wife behind the wheel of the new boat as pilot and Master of the boat. When winter came her books showed a profit of \$2500, solid proof that she could handle money as well as boats. After that day piloting a boat was not a hobby or a stunt, but a life-time business for Captain Mary B. Greene. Their packets carried freight and passengers—and the freight was the paying end of the business.

Perhaps most of us have formed an idea of a woman pilot from that well-known character of fiction, "Tugboat Annie". Captain Mary B. Greene was a type distinctly opposite. Her orders were given without any profanity whatever, and she spent her leisure time in her cabin with sewing until her children were born; after that she spent her leisure time caring for them.

Captain and Mrs. Greene had a family of three sons. One was born aboard the boat when it was held fast in an ice gorge. Their two surviving sons (one died in early childhood) were rugged and healthy from their outdoor river life, and when it was time for them to be in school, Captain and Mrs. Greene purchased a home in Cincinnati. Henceforth they spent their winters at this home, and when not on actual trips



My dear friend, Ethel Wells, of Greenfield, Mass., and myself. Ethel drove back from California with us and spent a few days in Shenandoah before she went to her home in the East.

they lived right there rather than on the boats which had been a real home to them in earlier days.

Both sons were trained to be excellent boatmen, both of them eventually received their Master's and Pilot's papers, and later they became key men in the organization. Before them was always the marvelous example of their parents who had overcome many obstacles.

Once Captain Mary B. Greene steered "The Argand" through a cyclone to a safe harbor. Not once did she ever have mutiny from her crew, but once her passengers became panic stricken when the swell from their boat exploded nitroglycerin stored in a yawl that was tied to the shore. She was able to quiet her passengers even though the boat's bulkheads caved in and cabin windows were smashed; not a life was lost and not a serious injury resulted.

One of her greatest triumphs was in 1904 when a splendid large new sidewheeler, "The Greenland", was added to their fleet. On its maiden voyage Captain Mary B. Greene commanded it from Pittsburgh to the World's Fair at St. Louis, a distance of 1200 miles and a route seldom traveled by any large boat. This event was heralded throughout the country as an outstanding achievement. At that time she was also caring for a son one month old!

Under such leadership the Greene Lines progressed and expanded until the time of the First World War when their fleet of eleven packets rode high on the war's shipping boom. Then came the depression. Captain Gordon Greene was dead and both sons thought that it was the right time to get out of the river shipping business. But Captain Mary B. Greene's judgment prevailed. She had weathered so many ups-and-downs that a depression didn't phase her. Instead of quitting she bought out the Greene Line's only competitor on the Louisville-Cincinnati run and waited patiently for better shipping weather. It came. The Greene Line of boats was the largest packet line on the Ohio and it was also the last to leave that river when busses

and trucks brought a drastic change in transportation.

When river freight traffic seemed a thing of the past Captain Mary B. Greene placed her steamer, "Gordon C. Greene" in exclusive tourist trade. Now her boat catered to passengers only. Trips were arranged to St. Paul, New Orleans, Muscle Shoals and other attractive points on the rivers. The crew was instructed to concentrate on seeing that the passengers had a nice time. And just to be sure that this was accomplished, Captain Mary B. Greene often served as the official hostess herself.

And what a hostess! No one could arrange gayer parties, no one could surpass her in seeing that the passengers were completely comfortable, served wonderful meals, and that they had an all-around good time. Her initial ventures in this line were so successful that Captain Tom Greene purchased the luxury river liner, "The Delta Queen", had it brought through the Isthmus from the West Coast where it had been grounded, up to Pittsburgh for a thorough overhaul job, and then put it into service as a modern pleasure boat.

After her boys were through school, Captain Greene sold their Cincinnati home and during most of the year spent her time on the river. She was deeply interested in people and by living aboard the "Delta Queen" she was able to keep in touch with the thousands of friends whom she had made throughout the entire length of the Ohio, Mississippi and Tennessee rivers.

Her hobby aboard ship was making fancy gift aprons. Four handkerchiefs served as the material, and she sold them by the hundreds to her passengers; every cent of this money went to charities. As she sat on deck with her needlework she loved to reminisce, and one of her happiest memories was the fact that all during the years when her lines had carried millions of passengers on more than twenty-five steamboats there had never been a loss of life or even a serious injury.

On Thursday, April 21, the "Delta Queen" returned from her third trip this spring to New Orleans. On Wednesday, the day before, everyone took part in the ship's last night entertainment, and she played a piano duet with Captain Tom Greene and led the Virginia Reel with him. She was one of the gayest at the party, saw that folks had partners and arranged stunts and features to include everyone. It was the custom of her intimate circle of shore-friends to arrange a party for her when the boat docked, and on this Thursday night she again was the life of the party. Friday she did not feel well but made all arrangements to leave on Saturday when the "Delta Queen" started south again. Death came to her unexpectedly on Friday afternoon as she was resting in her cabin. Thus ends the career of what is believed to be the last woman to hold a Master's License on the Inland Waterways.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello Good Friends, One and All:

This is a fickle May day with warm winds blowing, patches of sullen looking clouds here and there, and sudden, unpredictable moments of sunshine. It seems almost like slandering nature to say that it feels exactly like good tornado weather, but that happens to be the truth of the situation. This is the time of year when the morning paper carries accounts of twisters here and there, and I always read those items carefully, fearful that I'll recognize the name of long-time family friends. There was a time when I didn't give a second thought to items that mentioned barns being destroyed, cattle being blown away, etc.; if no deaths resulted I felt very little concern. However, these days my concern carries over beyond the paramount fact that no one was killed—I realize now what it means to lose **anything** that must be replaced when every piece of lumber seems to be plated with solid gold.

When I sat down here a few minutes ago to write to you I felt so dislocated and bereft that for a moment I wondered if I could write a word. And the reason? Well, Juliana is gone and my! how terribly empty the house is. Almost every hour, right on the hour, I remind myself how wonderful it is that she can make a genuine visit to Kristin, and I tell myself repeatedly that it does a little girl much good to get away from her parents on occasion . . . but still, nothing seems exactly right!

In Dorothy's letter she mentioned that she was waiting for us to arrive, so now I must fill in the rest of the story since this is being written several days later.

We did arrive right on schedule, and I should mention the fact that we took time to turn off from Highway 34 to stop and see June Walter in Murray. Never have I passed the little white arrow pointing north that says "Murray" without wanting to turn off and drive over the hill that obscures the town, but somehow it was never possible—either we were in a hurry to get to Dorothy's and Frank's farm because they would worry if too much time elapsed, or we were in a hurry to get back home. But this day we turned north and saw the town of Murray and visited with June. One of my oldest and dearest friends whom I met far away and long ago in a large city was born in Murray, and that was my original reason for always wishing to drive over to the town. Now that we've met June and had coffee and cookies with her, there will be more immediate reasons for turning there again.

Never have I seen anything more spectacularly beautiful than the countryside this past weekend. Every tree that carries a flower was in full bloom, and in sections near timber the roadsides were white with wild plum. Frank's timber was carpeted with a solid purple bed of violets,



The three of us at home on a spring evening.

sweet william and dog-tooth violets, and Juliana brought back great handfuls of flowers every time she stepped outside. I'm sure that no matter where she goes in years to come she'll never forget the timber on that gorgeous day in May.

We had decided in advance that we'd go to the school house to tell her goodbye during their morning recess. We planned to start back at noon and it seemed better to make our farewell short and matter-of-fact. Consequently we drove to the little white schoolhouse, Russell took pictures of all the youngsters who were present that day, and then we turned to Juliana and said goodbye. She said goodbye very casually, but a second later it occurred to her that she wouldn't see us again for two weeks and she ran back to us very sober-faced. At this critical moment Ethel Glasscock, the competent teacher at Kristin's school, was truly inspired.

"Recess is over," she called. "Juliana, please come quickly and ring the bell!"

Ring the bell! Now there was a magic charm. In a split second she was gone, we got into the car, and as we drove away she was standing on the steps ringing that bell for dear life. Those of you who see this magazine every month will remember the September cover in which you saw Kristin at the foot of the schoolhouse steps on her first day of school last fall, so you can visualize Juliana standing there at her task as bell-ringer.

I think that Juliana is extremely fortunate to have a cousin whom she can accompany to a little country school. Some of my happiest memories are the ones associated with my opportunities to visit the country schools where Aunt Clara Otte and Aunt Adelyn Rope taught many years ago. It was a thrilling adventure to carry a lunch basket, to walk down country roads, to sit and listen while the "big kids" went through their lessons. Town school was mighty dull by comparison and how I envied the country children. I'm afraid that were it not for Kristin and the old Plimpton School, Juliana would never have this experience, so I am grateful for it.

Elsewhere in this issue you will read a most interesting article by Hallie Barrow about Captain Mary B. Greene. I'm sure that you'll agree with me she had a severe disappointment when I tell you the story be-

hind this article. Mrs. Barrow had an appointment with Captain Greene at two in the afternoon on Saturday, April 23rd. She took a bus from her home in Clarksdale, Missouri, rode directly to Cincinnati, Ohio and took a taxi to the wharf where she was to see Captain Greene on her boat. Imagine Mrs. Barrow's shock when the taxi driver said after a few blocks, "It certainly is too bad that Captain Mary Green died last night."

After the first feeling of complete unreality had diminished, Mrs. Barrow went on to the boat and talked with the officers. When she had collected her material she got back on the bus and returned to Clarksdale; as you can imagine, she was thoroughly exhausted when she reached her home. It was one of those events timed in such a curious fashion that it scarcely seemed possible it could happen.

Our garden is all in now and we have spent practically every evening out there watering and weeding. I'm sure that no other spring has meant so much to me as this one. After coming through long months of snow and ice it doesn't seem possible that the world we enjoy so much these evenings is the same world we knew in December, January, February and the bulk of March.

We are fortunate enough to have quite a large area with which to work, and we never go out there without thinking of a friend of ours, a professor of genetics, whose greatest love is flowers. He lives in an apartment and the only space he has to use for a garden is a little strip six feet wide and fourteen feet long crowded between cement walls. When I remember with what pride and joy he showed us his garden, and how wistfully he remarked that he wished he had "a little more ground" it sort of makes me hope that he'll never come here to visit us. I'd feel guilty looking at our back yard through his eyes.

But speaking of friends coming to visit reminds me that this summer will be a full one for us, and a happy one as well. To begin with, we'll have Dorothy and Kristin right at hand from June 5th to August 19th. Then on the 20th of June we'll have Frederick, Mary Leanna and Betty in town for a few days, and on the 25th of June we will go to Omaha to get one of our closest friends who is coming from Piedmont, California to spend several weeks with us. At the moment this is all we have written down in black-and-white on the calendar, but we've always told our West Coast friends to stop in Shenandoah on their road to the East Coast, and the same thing to East Coast friends on their road West, so perhaps the summer months will bring other guests. I hope so.

Goodbye until July— Lucile

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VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

"AS YOU LIVED IT" BRIDAL SHOWER

By Mabel Nair Brown

For an unusual bridal shower that will be long remembered, try giving a "This Is Your Life" luncheon or tea honoring the bride. This is especially suitable for a large community shower or for a shower sponsored by all of the ladies of the bride's church.

You will need enough bridge tables to seat all of the guests. Each table will represent some period of the bride's life and will be decorated accordingly. The following suggestions will serve as a pattern. You will arrange your tables to follow the life pattern of your bride. Her relatives and friends can be counted upon to contribute many suggestions and articles for the tables and to help with the program.

1st Table—Baby Days. Centerpiece: bride's own baby book or use small baby scales filling the tray with flowers; baby rattles and toys could be used. Write guest's name on birth announcement for place cards. Use stork shower napkins. Seat the mother of the bride as one guest at this table. Sweet peas and baby breath for flowers.

2nd Table—School Days. Centerpiece: school books, report cards, or lunch pail (actual ones belonging to bride, if possible). Make tiny slates from black construction paper and write guest's name in white ink for place cards. A red and white check cloth would be appropriate on this table, or a shiny big red apple for the teacher. Early schoolmates or former teachers could be seated here. Pansies for flowers.

3rd Table—Church Confirmation Day. Centerpiece: small white prayer book or Bible; perhaps a low white candle in a clear glass holder. For place cards use small colored Sunday School pictures or write a Bible verse on a white card. White roses for flowers. The minister's wife or a former Sunday School teacher would be included at this table.

4th Table—High School Days. Centerpiece: Scrap books, high school annual and diploma. Use the school colors on small white place cards, perhaps even a few lines of an old school yell or song. Any flowers using high school colors. Seat high school friends at this table.

5th Table—Career Days (or College Days first, as case might be). Centerpiece typical of bride's profession—toy typewriter, pad and pencil if a stenographer; cosmetics, bobby pins, curlers, etc. File cards used for place card, or something equally appropriate for bride's profession. Business associates or friends at this table.

6th Table—Wedding Day. Centerpiece: a "wedding ring" floral bouquet using the ring mold type of glass vase filled with flowers. Or use flowers, ribbon and wedding bells to make a centerpiece. Use bride's chosen colors. Have a miniature



Martin is the happiest little boy in the world when Juliana takes him down the alley and pushes him in her swing. He calls her "Ju-Ju" and rushes to her wildly whenever she turns up to play.

bride's bouquet at bride's place and tiny corsages at plates set for her attendants.

7th Table—At Home Days. Use shiny aluminum pans and kettles from child's toy set, or use pieces from child's pastry set to make up the centerpiece. Draw sketches of various pieces of kitchen equipment on place cards. Seat groom's mother or sister as part of the guests at this table.

8th Table—Grandmother Days. Centerpiece: gay balls of yarn and knitting needles or a cookie jar. Place cards should be sugar cookies cut in various shapes with fancy cutters. Write name in icing. Seat bride and groom's grandmother here—perhaps an aunt or two.

The program is presented during the luncheon and follows the story told by the tables.

1. Begin with bride's mother who can relate some cute baby sayings or incidents of the bride's baby days. Soft music such as "Rock-A-Bye Baby" or Brahms' "Lullaby".

2. Old school mates of bride relate amusing incidents of school days, or perhaps they could sing and act out a cute little grade school song. "School Days" can be played softly.

3. Minister's wife could introduce serious note with bit of advice to the bride and a comment on the place of religion in establishing a new home. Musical background: "The Church In the Wildwood."

4. If possible have friends give excerpts from class will, prophecy, etc., which concerned the bride, commenting on its fulfillment, etc. Music: High School song.

5. Make this musical number suit the career such as "Pretty Baby" or "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" if the girl is a beautician; "I Found My Million Dollar Baby in a 5 and 10¢

Store" if a saleslady; or some of the old school rounds or songs if the bride is a teacher. A little thought will turn up something appropriate to fit the bride's profession.

6. Wedding Day—let this be one of the beautiful traditional wedding solos if possible.

7. The groom's mother or sister might read a poem such as "The Heart of Home" by Ethel Romig Fuller to a musical background of "Home, Sweet Home". Or comments could be made by bride's or groom's mother on what makes a good home, beautiful memories, and allied subjects.

8. Let grandmother recall the joys of being a grandmother and give her wishes for the bride's future; or a guest might read the poem "Grandma's Apron" or any equally suitable poem to such music as "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet," or "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Gifts could then be presented to the bride as the climax of the program. The song "Memories" sung by everyone would make a grand finale to a lovely afternoon.

"Courtship Days" might make an interesting table and add a clever bit to the program.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A NURSE?

By Fay Thompson-Noll, R. N.

We need nurses. Everyone has heard this statement time and time again, but I think no one realizes how badly nurses really are needed but the nurses themselves and their patients.

Girls, have you considered becoming a nurse? If you haven't we'd like to have you look over the field carefully and consider becoming a student nurse. It's a wonderful life. You'd love it, I'm sure. There is a personal satisfaction to nursing that no other profession can quite offer. The thrill of nursing a paralytic back to normal, the look of helplessness and gratitude on the face of a patient so ill that it hurts to speak, the anxiety of working for what seems hours with a tiny premature baby to make it breathe and—a gasp at last—"the child is breathing!"—well, at times such as these it seems that we are working hand in hand with our Creator.

There is a darker side and we must take it into consideration. It is hard work, very hard work, and sometimes the hours are long. There are times when you want to cry on somebody's shoulder—that's what roommates are for! The old adage, "Anything worthwhile is worth waiting for" should be changed to "Anything worthwhile is worth working for" in the case of a prospective student of nursing. And nursing is decidedly worth while.

So, come on girls, let's visit our hospitals and talk to graduate and registered nurses and directors of nursing schools at various hospitals. And please won't you consider becoming a student nurse? We'd love to have you and we are sure you will be happy if you choose the nursing profession.



ASPARAGUS

When asparagus first comes into the market or we're able to pick it from our own gardens, most of us think that it needs very little "fixing" beyond boiling it and serving with butter melted over it. Be sure that you use only a small amount of water to cook it for that water is loaded with minerals when the asparagus is tender, and it would be a shame to pour it down the drain.

You'll find too that it pays to cook asparagus in two batches, so to speak. After cleaning thoroughly chop the stalk into two sections, and into the kettle first should go the thick end that is much tougher than the tip. Boil these pieces for at least 15 minutes; then add the tips and boil only a short time for you want them tender but not in the least bit mushy. This method of preparing them is fine for family meals, but if you're having guests and want long perfectly cooked stalks of asparagus tie them into a bundle and put the tough section into boiling water; do not cover. When the bottom sections of the stalks are tender, turn the bundle sideways in the kettle to give the tips an opportunity to cook.

When the family tires of asparagus fixed with butter you can give it new zest by serving it in a thin cream sauce (made with butter, flour and part cream) or by using cream of mushroom soup diluted with rich milk or thin cream.

Asparagus makes a tempting salad when served very cold on lettuce with thin strips of pimento crossing it and a good rich mayonnaise passed in a separate bowl. It can also be made into a more unusual salad by preparing as follows: Chill asparagus thoroughly and arrange on lettuce leaves. Then pass this dressing in a separate bowl.

DRESSING FOR ASPARAGUS

Mix together 1/2 cup salad oil, 1/3 cup vinegar, 2 Tbls. chopped pickle, 2 Tbls. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. chopped onion, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper. Chill 1 hour before serving.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRY COMPOTE

- 2 cups rhubarb (cut in 1-in. pieces)
- 2 cups strawberries
- 1 cup sugar

Wash rhubarb but do not peel it. Soak in cold water for 10 minutes. Drain and put in a heavy pan. Sprinkle with sugar, put on the stove over very low heat and when rhubarb begins to bubble, cook for 5 minutes uncovered. Hull strawberries and stir them into the cooked rhubarb. This makes a delicious dessert.

RHUBARB FILLING FOR PIE

- 1 unbaked pie shell
- 4 cups rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. grated orange rind

Combine sugar and flour and mix thoroughly. Stir in grated orange rind. Place rhubarb in pie shell and then pour combined remaining ingredients over it. Place top crust over fruit, and if a rich golden brown color is wanted beat an egg with a fork, add 2 Tbls. of milk and then brush over pastry. Bake pie for 15 minutes at 450 degrees, and then for 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Red vegetable coloring
- 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp

Soften gelatine in cold water. Cook slightly beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, lemon juice and salt in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved; add strawberries and coloring. Cool. When it begins to thicken fold in egg whites stiffly beaten with 1/4 cup sugar. Pile in baked pie shell and chill until firm. Just before serving top with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.

STRAWBERRY QUEEN CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup less 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring
- 3 egg whites, unbeaten

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add shortening, 2/3 of milk and flavorings and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes by hand or on mixer at low speed). Scrape bowl and spoon or beater, add remaining milk and egg whites and beat 200 strokes (2 minutes on mixer.) Bake in a 12x8x2 inch greased pan at 360 degrees between 30 to 40 minutes.

ICING

Blend together 3 Tbls. butter, dash of salt and gradually add 4 cups of sifted powdered sugar alternately with about 1/3 cup of well-crushed strawberries. (Use only enough berries to make nice consistency to spread.) Lastly add 1 tsp. lemon juice and beat well. Cover cake with this. Fine for spring club meetings since the icing makes an unusual and delicious cake.

STRAWBERRY JAM

- 4 cups prepared fruit
- 6 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 box of pectin

To prepare fruit crush about 2 qts. of fully ripe strawberries. Measure fruit into a large saucepan, measure sugar into bowl and set aside. Then place over high heat, add pectin and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add sugar at once. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for only 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, skim and pour quickly (makes about 10 6-oz. glasses). Cover with paraffin at once.

CORNEB TONGUE OR BEEF

1 large beef tongue or 3 to 4 lbs. beef.

On bottom of a stone jar or granite pan sprinkle 2 Tbls. smoked salt and 1 clove diced garlic. Place meat in crock and cover it with 5 Tbls. smoked salt, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. paprika, 1 clove diced garlic and 1/8 tsp. salt petre which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup water. Cover with a plate and let stand 12 hours. Then add sufficient water to cover the meat. Keep crock in a cool place (during summer keep in refrigerator). In 4 or 5 days the beef will be ready to cook, and in 10 or 11 days the tongue will be ready to cook. When ready to cook do not wash brine from the meat but put it in a kettle and add 2 bay leaves, 1/4 cup vinegar, 1/3 cup brown sugar, 1 Tbls. salt, 1 chopped onion and 1 sliced carrot. Pour over cold water to cover, bring to a quick boil and then simmer until tender.

This is particularly delicious for sandwiches.

BAKED KIDNEY BEANS

- 3 cupfuls of kidney beans
- 4 large onions, sliced
- 2 cupfuls canned tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/3 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 lb. fat salt pork

Soak the beans overnight in water to cover. In the morning, parboil them with the onions. Put into bean pot, stir in the tomatoes, salt, sugar and pepper. Bury the pork in the beans, having water barely to cover, and bake. Two hours before serving move pork to the top so it will brown. These beans should be baked at least 5 hours in a 250 degree oven. Recommended for an extremely busy day since they can cook without attention while you're getting a lot done!

MAYONNAISE

- 2 egg yolks
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3/4 tsp. mustard
- Few grains of pepper
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1/4 cups salad oil

Combine egg yolks, seasonings and 1 Tbls. vinegar. Beat well, and while beating add salad oil, beating thoroughly after each addition of 1 Tbls. until 1/2 cup is used. Then add 1 Tbls. vinegar. Beat in remaining oil gradually, and then add last tablespoon of vinegar. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES

(This is grand to serve with fish)

- 1 10 1/2 oz. can tomato soup
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup fresh white bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Rinse out soup can with boiling water and add to the soup in a saucepan. Heat to the boiling point and then add salt and brown sugar. Spread bread crumbs in a baking dish and pour over them the melted butter. Add tomato mixture and cover the dish closely. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. Do not remove the cover until you are ready to serve the tomatoes.

SAVORY BEEF STEW

- 1 lb. round steak cut in 1 inch cubes
- 1/4 cup flour
- 4 Tbls. fat (half butter)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. green pepper cut fine
- 2 cups water

Roll meat in flour covering it very thoroughly. Stir remaining flour into vegetables. Brown meat in fat, add other ingredients and let boil 2 minutes in skillet. Pour into greased casserole and cover. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Is particularly good if you uncover during the last 15 minutes to brown slightly on top. If stew looks dry when uncovered add boiling water. Serves four.

DATE DROP COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 4 Tbls. sour cream
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- 1 cup nut meats
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs and beat well. Add sour cream. Sift together all dry ingredients and add to mixture. Lastly add dates and nuts. Drop from spoon on greased cookie sheet and bake 10 minutes or until lightly browned, at 375 degrees. Makes 6 dozen. It's a delicious chewy cookie that children thoroughly enjoy. Splendid for the lunch box.

LEMON GINGER STICKS

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup light molasses
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. ginger

Beat eggs with sugar until thick; add molasses and sour cream. Add sifted dry ingredients. Bake in greased 9x12 pan in moderate oven (350) for 30 min. Frost while warm with Lemon Butter Frosting. Makes 2 dozen bars.

LEMON BUTTER FROSTING

- 2 cups confectioner's sugar
 - 3 Tbls. melted butter
 - 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- Combine sugar and butter; add lemon juice and rind; blend well.

AUNT MARTHA'S ORANGE ALMOND ICE BOX COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 and 3/4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup blanched almonds cut in strips

Cream shortening together, add sugar gradually and cream well. Add beaten egg. Sift flour and then measure. Sift flour and soda together and add to creamed mixture. Add grated orange rind and juice. Stir in almonds. Shape into roll. Let stand in ice box until firm. Slice as thin as desired and bake on cookie sheet in a 375 degree oven between 12 to 15 minutes.

A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

In true Danish tradition, Mom always tried to have some "sweets" in the pantry, particularly over Sunday when the aunts and uncles from town were likely to come to visit. Sometimes, however, our youthful raids on the cookie jar were heavier than usual and Mom would be caught with nothing to offer the guests. Not that it ever fazed her . . . she'd nonchalantly bring out a bowl and while she visited, she'd stir up something light and delicious. By the time the inevitable coffee was perked, she'd proudly bear to the table a hot sponge cake with whipped cream, a baking-powder coffee cake, or even a toothsome jelly roll, all squishy with tart apple jelly and begging to be eaten. And what an honor to be allowed to "roll" the jelly roll, being cautiously aware that the cake must not be broken and fingers must go unlicked until the job was done! It took real family co-operation to build a jelly roll like that!

Here is the "Rullekage" recipe Mom uses.

- One-half cup butter
- One-half cup sugar
- Two eggs
- One cup flour
- Two tablespoons milk
- One teaspoon baking powder
- One teaspoon lemon extract or other flavoring

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Last, add the flavoring and bake at 350 degrees. When slightly cooled, remove from pan and lay on cloth. Spread with jelly and roll.

Let the children try the Kokosmakroner . . . cocoanut macaroons. They are easily made, and tasty, too.

- Three eggs
- One cup sugar
- One tablespoon butter
- One-half cup flour
- Three cups fine cocoanut

Beat the eggs, mix with sugar and melted butter. Now add the flour and then the cocoanut. Drop in very small amounts on a heavily greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 until golden brown. Remove from the pan immediately or they might stick. This recipe makes two and a half-dozen or more of the most delicious macaroons you ever tasted!

LITTLE KITCHEN

Little kitchen, you're my throne,
For 'tis here and here alone
That my rule is held supreme,
And I reign a royal queen.

Here I come, and day by day
Toil the precious hours away,
Singing blithely while I make
Fleecy biscuits, pies and cakes.

Little kitchen would you hear
Why this cooking art is dear?
Then the secret I'll impart—
'Tis the way to dear ones hearts!
—Mrs. David M. Newman
and Tom.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I have so much to tell you this month that I hardly know where to begin.

While it is still very fresh in my mind I think that I shall tell you of the big thrill we had this morning. The three of us, Betty, Mary Leanna, and I went to the Honolulu Orchid Show. Now I have seen some of the biggest and most lavish flower shows in the world, but I don't think that I have ever seen a more breathtaking show than the orchid show we saw today. It was held in the beautiful Honolulu Academy of Arts. There we saw not just a few hundred orchid plants but literally thousands of plants. A great many of the plants were valued at more than \$300.00 a piece. Just imagine! Betty and I were so overcome with the rare beauty of the show that we couldn't speak. There were hundreds of varieties on display, and each variety seemed more lovely than the one next to it.

Truly the orchid is the queen of flowers. I used to think that the rose was the queen of flowers, but after seeing the orchid show my votes will be cast for the orchids from now on out. It takes several years for an orchid to grow from a seedling to a flowering plant, thus the high cost to the buyer. Orchids grow wild in the Hawaiian forests. A few days ago while on a hike up into the hills I picked an armload of lovely little wood orchids. If any of you are planning a visit to the islands next year, be sure and make it a point to visit some of the large orchid nurseries.

Since last writing to you I made an exciting trip to the Island of Maui. It is the second largest island in the Hawaiian group and lies about halfway from Honolulu to the big island of Hawaii. I took a plane leaving here early in the morning and in one hour I was in the town of Wailuku on Maui. All the way over I was shooting pictures through the plane window.

My hostess was one of the parents of a child here in our school. She hustled me off in her car for the long drive up to the great world attraction of Haleakala Volcano Crater, the largest extinct volcano crater in the world. We had to drive forty miles up a very winding mountain road to the rim of the crater at 10,000 feet altitude. From the rim we could look down 8,000 feet to the bottom of the crater. Huge fleecy white clouds were floating lazily inside the crater, but they did not obliterate the view. I walked down a narrow foot trail a short distance into the crater to get some photographs of the unusual and rare—extremely rare—silversword plant. The silversword is a flowering shrub very silver in color that grows nowhere else in the world except inside of that volcano crater. Isn't it odd that such a lovely shrub should grow at only one place in the world? All efforts



This picture of Frederick and his little daughter, Mary Leanna, was taken last summer when they were at camp. Betty writes that she is anxious for Grandpa and Grandma Driftmier to see how much their little granddaughter has grown since they left Hawaii in January.

to make it grow somewhere else have failed.

I visited the crater on the Saturday before Easter. On Easter morning I preached at a sunrise service held on the side of the mountain overlooking the blue, blue Pacific. That afternoon my host drove me along a coastal fairyland to the ancient town of Lahaina. I visited the old mission school and took some photographs of the building still in use where the first newspaper west of the Rocky Mountains was printed. The white coral beaches all along the road looked so inviting, but every few miles would be a large sign warning against swimming because of the strong undertow.

As we were winding along a cliff-side road looking down at the ocean we saw something that made me gasp with surprise. It was a school of large whales. These monstrous fish—to be correct I should say "mammals of the deep", for they are mammals and not fish—were having a wonderful time rolling and diving in the high waves. Every once in a while they would disappear under the water and would be down for several minutes, and then they would come up to the surface and blow a huge spray of seawater high into the air. Many automobiles had stopped along the road to watch them. I was told that every year about this time the whales pass the Hawaiian islands on their way toward the Alaskan waters. My, but it was great fun to watch them!

I attended a picnic of church people on Sunday afternoon. There I ate a strange and delicious dessert. It was Soursop Sherbet. The soursop tree is a Central American tree that was imported into the islands many years ago. Its fruit is larger than a grapefruit, has a thick green skin, and is covered with prickly spines. The meat of the fruit is very white. The meat itself is not eaten very often, but the juice is considered to be quite a delicacy. The soursop sherbet that I ate was made by mixing the soursop juice with pineapple juice.

Lately Betty has been adding some-

thing new to her favorite vegetable salads, and that is palm heart. Our neighbor cut down one of his big palm trees the other day and invited the whole neighborhood to come over to his house and get some of the heart of the palm tree. We went to work with axes and cane knives whacking away at the outer bark and wood. When we came to the very center of the tree at the upper end just below the spot out of which grow the lowest branches, we found the nicest white meat. It was a large tree and so there was enough for all of us. Palm heart tastes something like very good celery heart. While I am on the subject of strange foods I might mention that some of the Filipinos out here in the islands eat the meat of the mon-goose. I have eaten many strange and exotic foods in my life, but mon-goose is something that I don't care even to taste. Have you ever seen a mongoose? They are thick around our house.

Friday was really the day of days at Punahou School. Because May day came on Sunday we celebrated it on the Friday before. May day is called Lei day in Hawaii. In the morning our elementary school had a big parade around the campus, each class vying to win the prize for the most colorful float. The parade was followed with a hula dance show with all of the children participating. In the afternoon the junior and senior high schools put on their show. Everyone wore his loudest colored Hawaiian costume and a flower lei. Some of the leis were so beautiful as to defy description. Most of the children made their flower leis to wear about their necks, but some bought theirs. One girl was wearing a flower lei that cost \$22.50, and so you can see that flower leis are quite important. There were many lovely hula dances by both girls and boys. I counted more than 65 movie cameras all going at one time, and there were hundreds of still cameras. The big hotels directed all of their tourists to the program, and for most of them it was a rare, rare treat.

I hope that you are all having as beautiful a spring back in the middle-west as we are having out here in Hawaii. The sun is very hot here these days, but we have nice strong tradewinds from the north keeping us quite cool. We still have to sleep under woolen blankets. We have had more cool weather since the first of March than we had all winter. No doubt we'd be better off if it warmed up and stayed that way just to prepare us for Iowa in June, because if it continues this cool right up to the time we leave we'll surely notice a big difference.

A quick look at the calendar on my desk tells me that my next letter to you will be written when we are busy winding up last minute things preparatory to leaving. And the letter after that? Well, right at the moment I can't tell you where I'll be sitting to write it!

Sincerely yours, Frederick

IT'S A SILVER WEDDING DAY! !

By Mabel Nair Brown

The greatest joy in observing anniversaries comes in the strengthening of the family ties. The more members of the family circle who can have some part in the festivities, the greater will be the significance of the day for all concerned. So if possible, call on the family to help in planning and carrying through the plans for the day.

For some families the anniversary will mean a big family dinner at noon followed by visiting and a short informal program in the afternoon. For others, the dinner will be in the evening followed by "Open House" for friends. Still others will plan an afternoon reception with a short program given in midafternoon. Since the individual circumstances of each family will be the deciding factor as to which plan is followed, we will offer suggestions and plans which can be easily adapted to suit any type of occasion that you may choose.

As a different centerpiece for the family dinner table or the tea table, try a "Silver Wedding Tree" using the eggshell idea we've mentioned before in this magazine for Easter. Select a nicely shaped tree branch and set in a flower pot filled with sand. Before "planting" the tree paint it all over with white paint or, better still, cover with a flour-water paste and then sprinkle thickly with artificial snow before paste dries. (Epsom salts will glitter brightly too.) As you use eggs in cooking for several days prior to the party, try to break them carefully in half and save shells to dry. When dry paint these half-shells with silver paint. Puncture a hole in the end with a large darning needle and run narrow white ribbon through, tying a knot in one end for the bell clapper. Now tie these silver bells to the tree. Tiny silver candy balls could be glued to a tiny bit of ribbon below the bell clapper knot. This tree will take some time in making but it is a truly beautiful addition to the table. I'm sure that if there are teen-age girls in your family they would love to make this as their contribution. The flower pot can be covered with aluminum foil.

For the wedding cake had you thought of making a large layer heart-shaped cake instead of the usual tiered cake? (Bake cake in sheets and use cardboard pattern to get heart-shaped layers.) After icing it in white, outline the edge of the cake with silver candies. The couples' names could be traced on top and outlined with these candies. Arrange lace paper doilies to peep out around the bottom edge of the cake. White rosebuds or white sweet peas placed around the base of the cake are beautiful.

In keeping with this centerpiece of cake and flowers, the girls of your group might make tiny "tussy-mussy" corsages for each lady. Draw the stems of a cluster of sweet peas, a



When Mart and I are in California we have the opportunity to spend many happy times with his brother, Harry Driftmier, and Harry's wife, Edith. They live in Glendale, and we take turns going back and forth. This picture was taken on a Sunday afternoon just before we returned to Iowa, and we'd had dinner together before we went up to the sundeck of the hotel for a good visit.

bit of baby breath and some fern through a hole cut in the center of a small lace paper doily. Attach a white and silver ribbon bow. At least see that the honored bride gets a corsage and also the mothers of the couple if they are present.

If your family dinner group is large, plan to seat the honored couple, their parents, the minister and his wife, any attendants at the wedding of twenty-five years ago, and the children at the dining table; seat the rest of the guests at small tables.

If you use place cards, write with silver ink on plain white cards and add a silver bell seal in one corner; or you might sketch in a music staff and a few notes and write the words "Anniversary Waltz" below the staff. Another idea is to punch a hole in one corner of the card and pull stems of two or three tiny flowers through the hole along with a sprig of greenery.

For the reception serve heart-shaped tea cakes with silver candies making the figure 25 on top. These cakes served with fruit punch (or coffee) and ice cream would be lovely. If serving cakes on individual trays or if arranging them on the tea table, cut out silver hearts slightly larger than the cakes, lay heart on lace paper doily and then place cake upon it. Use silver trays, sugar, creamer, etc. on the table.

The program usually consists of a toast or two to the honored couple, informal talks by some of the guests (such as wedding attendants if they are present), aunts and uncles, or old friends. Music follows these toasts (the younger children can help here), and then remarks by the minister and original poems or "write-ups" dealing with the occasion and written by a friend or relative are always very much enjoyed.

This is a suggested program.

Toast (by son or daughter): "Mere words cannot express all that is in the hearts of us, your children, today. I can only say that our hearts are overflowing with love, gratitude and happiness—yes, and with thankfulness too that we are privileged to share this day with you. As I think of you today I am reminded of these lines from a poem by Frances Adams. It begins—

"Two build a world from dreams
Each heart has known.
A cup and saucer and a painted chair,
Some ruffled curtains and a garden grown
Before the watchful eyes of two who care,
Two build a world from lullabies at dark,
And blocks and trains and cookies in a jar,
And secrets shared and rambles in a park,
From bedtime talks and wishes on a star.
Two build a world from dreams
And books at dusk, and fudge and popcorn balls,
From potted flowers on a window sill
And autumn moons and firelight on the walls."

"Yes, it is all these little everyday things, the familiar old cup and saucer, Mother's flowers in the kitchen window, Dad's hat and coat on the hook by the back door, home-made bread and jam snacks after school, singing around the old piano—all these are the things that have made our homes so dear. To you, our parents, whose hands and love have brought us these cherished memories we wish to give our thanks, our love and this wish that you two may share many more lovely years together with us.

"Now, we have with us today a little lady who was mother's bridesmaid and she has promised to tell us some of the highlights of that day, Mrs. —"

Remarks by bridesmaid. If she can recall some humorous events of the day, so much the better. She might in turn call on the man who served as the groom's attendant.

Music: Instrumental or vocal using traditional wedding music or the popular songs of twenty-five years ago. Two small youngsters might sing, "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet", substituting the word "silver" for "gold" in the chorus.

Toastmaster: "And now I understand that one of our guests who can always be counted upon to write something for an extra-special occasion has written a little sketch telling something of the "ups and downs" of Mother's and Dad's twenty-five years together.

Reading.

Remarks and perhaps a short prayer by the minister.

All join hands in friendship clasp and sing, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" or some other old favorites.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

We are momentarily waiting for Lucile, Russell and Juliana to arrive to spend the week-end with us, and while we wait I thought this would be a good time to write my letter to you. The object of their visit this time is to leave Juliana with us for a week so she can visit school with Kristin. This will be the last week of our school term and they are both very excited about the big family picnic we have in this neighborhood on the last day.

It seems impossible to me that Kristin has already completed her first year of school! Where, oh where, has this year gone? I can't begin to tell you how pleased Frank and I have been with our little country school this year. There have only been two in her class since the first part of 1949, so she has received much special attention that she could never have had in a crowded town school. Kristin seemed such a baby when school started, and now she reads and writes and is always telling us things she has learned in her science class that even Frank and I don't know. She has grown in so many ways this year. Since she has always been alone with us most of the time, she had grown to be quite timid and shy around other children, and although this year in school hasn't completely overcome the problem, it has helped her so much that she seems like a different child to us.

I worked in the field for a couple of weeks, relieving Frank while he did the chores and ate his meals, but now he says my tractor days are over for the rest of this year. I have had a very bad ear infection which put me to bed for a week, and although I have been up for a week now, my ear still isn't well and I still have to take treatments all the time. So Frank says I can't be out in the dust anymore this summer. I feel very badly about this because I love to work in the field with him.

Our timber has been beautiful for the past two weeks. The leaves still aren't out very well on the trees, but the ground has been blue with the violets, bluebells and sweet william. Kristin is always so excited when she finds her first wild flowers. Of course the first ones to come up are always the Dutchman's Britches. She always takes her first bouquet to her Grandma Johnson, and this year her Grandma is in the hospital again for treatment, so she picked as many as she could hold in her two hands and we took them to the hospital to her. She was much more thrilled with the flowers Kristin sent than with the beautiful big pink Hydrangea we took at the same time.

We had our first experience with a bad fire in the country the other day when the house of one of our neighbors caught fire. Unfortunately our telephone line was out of order and we couldn't get the operator so we could report it to the fire department. But we could get everybody



Emily really enjoys Juliana's doll buggy because she can see out of it so well.

on the line so it didn't take long for the men to come in from the fields and rush over to help. Someone else drove madly to town and notified the fire companies both in Lucas and Chariton. The men were able to get all the furniture out and Frank said he even took the calendars and pictures off the walls! The kitchen and bathroom were both lost, but the rest of the house was saved. It seems to me that fire is about the greatest hazard we country people know, and it's always a big relief to me when spring comes and we need not have the stoves going.

Tomorrow afternoon when school is out I am taking Kristin and Juliana in to Chariton to get white rabbits. Kristin's rabbit was promised to her for Easter, but on the Saturday before Easter I was guilty of doing something that it seems to me other busy mothers must also be guilty of doing from time to time. It was a terribly rushed day for me and I simply felt that taking an hour to drive in to Chariton and get that rabbit was the last straw. However, a promise is a promise, so I decided that when she mentioned it I'd just drop everything and go. Noon came and went and she hadn't thought of it. Afternoon came and went and not a word about the rabbit. It had completely slipped her mind (to my vast relief). Then just as she was undressing to go to bed she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, we forgot to go and get the rabbit!"

I felt so guilty when I thought of the hundreds of times during the day that it had crossed my mind and how much I had hoped that it would never cross her mind. Well, it was too late then to go and get the rabbit, so we decided, after much thought, that it would be nice to wait until Juliana arrived and then go and get it. As a matter of fact, I think that it all worked out for the best because if Juliana has a homesick moment tomorrow afternoon when she realizes that her Mother and Daddy have gone, it will soon be forgotten in the excitement of going to get the rabbit.

As matters now stand we expect to spend most of the summer in Shenandoah. For the first time in twenty years the summer school session for teachers is to be held there, and since I am very anxious to get the additional credits that I need in order to teach, it seems al-

most the hand of Fate that things should work out in such a fashion. Kristin can spend much time happily with Juliana and this will relieve my mind so that I can concentrate on studying. Of course I feel strange to think of being gone from my own home for so long, but when I look at what I can accomplish by this turn of events I feel that it's well worth while. I haven't been in a school room since I went out to Chadron, Nebraska years and years ago, and it will take me a while to get back into the habit of study.

My roast is almost done and it's just about time to expect Russell, Lucile and Juliana, so I think I'll set the table. It rained early this morning but the roads are dry now, so I hope that as they drive along they aren't worrying and wondering how they'll ever make it up our long hill. Lucile said on the telephone that they'd arrive, rain or shine, so I guess that it's all working out right on schedule.

Goodbye . . . Dorothy

TWENTY MONTHS OLD!

Up bright and early, ready, willing and able,
Ready for that session at the breakfast table.
Impatiently waiting, banging for service,
Hurrying Mommy, making her nervous.
Cereal and toast, some fruit if you please—
Where do you put it? Do you have hollow knees?
Now off with this bib, let me out of this chair,
My toys are waiting for me to get there!
Tearing through the house from one thing to another,
One look at the place makes Mommy shudder!
Climbing on things, falling down,
Getting a kiss—or maybe a frown.
Things to explore wherever you go.
Usually ignoring the words "No-No."
Lunch and then time for that silly old nap,
Sometimes it means rocking on Mommy's lap.
You sigh and go to sleep, a tired little tot,
Mommy sighs—and heads for the coffee pot!

—Ethel McKillyss

(Written after a morning with Mike, 20 months!)

MY TREASURES

By Catherine Scott

The footsteps stumbling down my walk,
Toys gayly strewn upon the stair,
Childish chatter that's not quite talk,
A scarred, decrepit highchair;

Small garments waving on the line,
A baby hand held out to me—
For these so precious gifts of mine,
Dear Lord, my humblest thanks to thee.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

First thing, let me remind you that the first Sunday in June, the fifth, is National Shutin Day. Keep it in mind and do something special for as many shutins as you can on that day. Go and see some of them if there are any in your neighborhood, or call them up, or send flowers or a gift, or write a letter or card. Make it a day for them to treasure.

If you do not know any shutins to honor on their day, here are some who need your cheer. Mrs. Mary Caselton, 2119 Skinner St., Stamford, Ontario, Canada, has been very ill all winter. She is bedfast with some sort of spinal trouble. Mrs. Ethel Callicoat, c/o Culver Rest Home, 120 West B St., Glendale, Arizona needs special cheer. She has been bedfast for years and suffers terribly. Her mail means a lot to her.

You remember Bill Jones of 175 S Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.? He had a bad experience recently. His sister with whom he lives was out doing the marketing and he was in bed reading when all of a sudden the wall beside the bed burst into flame. He somehow got into his wheel chair and wheeled into the bathroom and back time after time, carrying pails of water. He got the fire out but when his sister got back she found him unconscious and it was two days before he knew anything again and he has been ill ever since. It is amazing that he could do this. A real hero.

Morris Herring, Norfield, Miss., is having his troubles, too. He had his left leg taken off above the knee in March and writes that he is to have the other one off and then have his hip bent so he can sit down. Can you imagine yourself in that condition?

Mrs. Mary Hart, Perham, Minn., needs a bit of encouragement. She is one of our wheel chair folks and lives alone. Huldah Durr, 901 Rogers St., Bucyrus, Ohio, has suffered many years from arthritis. She is drawn into a sitting position and cannot raise her arms enough to reach her face but she can and does do some sorts of handwork. She loves letters.

Mrs. Maud McConnell, Rt. 1, Nixa, Mo., is another arthritic. She is so drawn that she cannot wait on herself, and the pain is pretty bad. She collects hankies so perhaps you can help that way.

Bessie Dingsley, Rowley, Iowa, is slowly recovering from a broken shoulder received when she fell from her wheel chair. She is able now to do some tatting and crocheting and would like orders.

Mrs. Sarah Bell Blake, 622 W 9 St., Muncie, Ind., needs cheery letters. She has been in a wheel chair for many years. This winter she had a long sick spell and even yet is not able to have visitors but loves to get mail.

Betty Wickham, Room 315B, Pinecrest San., Beckley, W. Va., would like to hear from you. She is 23 and has been at this hospital several months and no telling how long she will have to stay. There are 665 patients there. I think that would be a good place to send one of our traveling view sets.

GUESTS IN YOUR HOUSE

By Myrtle E. Felkner

With the coming of spring, many of us are again anticipating visits from friends and relatives from distant states whom we do not see often. Thanks to modern means of transportation, a Kansan may well end up spending his vacation with friends in California, and you may find yourself a Mid-Western hostess to friends from New York.

Of course you're delighted to see them . . . but, well, sometimes they do come at the busiest times of the year. Perhaps you had planned to do your spring housecleaning this week, or maybe you find yourself trying to entertain house guests, cook the special meals you love to serve to them, and at the same time get a flock of wee chicks off to a good start. Later in the summer there will be gardening, threshing, haying, and you don't know just how you are going to stretch the time to include your guests.

After two or three summers as a Blundering Bride, I decided that it was time to stop and take stock of the situation. Not only was I rushed to death for several days before each guest's arrival, but after they did come I was so busy cooking, baking, and cleaning up after them that I really didn't enjoy them at all. The last straw came in the form of an announcement from my husband . . . "If you're going to let people wear you out so badly, we'd just better not invite anyone else to come."

I stopped, I thought, and finally I worked out a new set of "hostess rules" which I was determined to follow. They have proved successful, both from my point of view and from the enjoyment our guests derive from our home.

First I attacked the problem of meals. It seemed as though I spent half of the time "visiting" with my friends in the kitchen. As a solution, I made it a habit to prepare a menu for the entire length of time the guests will stay. The day before their arrival I do all of the necessary marketing if at all possible. Vegetables are cleaned before being stored in the refrigerator, salads with a gelatin base are prepared, covered, and placed in the refrigerator ready for instant use. Deserts such as ice cream, fruit salad and refrigerator cookies are also prepared and stored in the proper place. By now the refrigerator is groaning and I turn to the cookie jar, filling it with a variety of homemade goodies which will provide a "sweet touch" with the ice cream or fruit salad. If you are fortunate enough to own a home freezer, it will be possible for you to bake pies, cakes, breakfast rolls and many other dishes before the guests even arrive. You will appreciate the extra time you will have to devote to your guests, and so will they!

My second hostess rule involved the weariness I invariably experienced from a day or two of mad dashing to clean out cupboards, closets, drawers, desks, linen closets, etc., before "they" got here. Perhaps you are a spotless

housekeeper whose drawers never reach the overflowing stage, but I am not . . . so think what a time I had trying to transfer enough "stuff" from one drawer to another in an attempt to furnish a guest with a few empty drawers to use while visiting us!

The solution to this problem was remarkably simple; I merely set aside an hour each day for a week before my guest's arrival for the express purpose of accomplishing those minor cleaning jobs. Wash the kitchen curtains today, clean out the linen closets tomorrow, tackle the buffet on Wednesday, and so forth through the week. By Saturday all the jobs were done and I felt as spry as though I had never done them. Finally the hostess rule became habit and guests or not, I devote an hour a day on such extra duties, with the astonishing result that my drawers are pretty neat most of the time. It is a strategy I should have learned years ago.

Last of all came the perpetual cleaning up. Experience has taught me that you cannot keep a house spotless all of the time, so I give it a good, thorough cleaning the day before the company comes. From then on it is a matter of dusting furniture and floors every morning. This accomplished, I suggest a picnic or a hike in the woods or a trip to town. I figure my guests will remember a walk through the timber on a gorgeous spring morning long after they have forgotten whether or not there was a spot on the wallpaper in the southeast corner of the west bedroom!

There you have it! We love to have house guests and we have lots of them. It never ceases to be a thrill when they explain, "Why, this is just like home!"

WELCOME GUEST!

Hello, Guest, and howdeedo!
This small room belongs to you,
And our house and all that's in it—
Make yourself at home each minute.
If the temperature displeases
Take a couple of our breezes;
And if that should chill you later—
Sit upon our radiator.
If a hungry pang is twichin'
Make a raid upon our kitchen—
Help yourself to book or blotter,
All is yours that you like best
You're at home now!

Welcome, Guest!

—Unknown

HAPPINESS

One tried his best to hoard it for his own use alone,
Despite his locks, one morning he arose to find it gone.
One hid it in a napkin. He dug it up one day,
Only to find his treasure had melted quite away.
One planted it and tended the crop.
Though it was small
It brought forth such abundance he could not use it all.
One gave away his portion one day when Need passed by
And kindly Life returned it redoubled in supply.

—Clarence Flynn



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE DISTINGUISHED COW

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Rosemary was very depressed this morning. The trouble was, every cow in the pasture was a "special" cow except Rosemary. Elsie produced the most milk, Ethel tested the most butterfat, and Alice always boasted the finest, liveliest calves. How, then, was she to distinguish herself? Rosemary thought and thought, and suddenly an idea struck her.

"I know!" she said. "I will go and ask Old Elmer Owl how to become a distinguished cow. He is surely the wisest creature in the timber." So Rosemary jumped the pasture fence and galloped along the road until she came to the timber.

There in a high tree sat Old Elmer Owl. "Old Elmer, you are surely the wisest creature in the timber. Tell me how I can become a distinguished cow!" Old Elmer blinked his eyes solemnly for a moment, and then he replied: "Rosemary, if you can jump the pasture fence, why can't you jump something higher? Surely no cow ever jumped over the moon!"

"Then that is exactly what I shall do", Rosemary moo-ed happily, and she trotted down the road in search of the moon.

Now Rosemary hadn't gone very far before she met a huge wrinkly-skinned toad.

"Where are you going, friend cow?" asked the toad as he darted his tongue into the air to snatch at a fly.

"Oh, I am going to jump over the moon!" said Rosemary airily.

"Well, you are going in the wrong direction. Last night I saw the moon in the timber pond. You had better turn around and come with me." So Rosemary turned around and trotted up the road again, with the big toad going hop-hop-hop at her side. Presently they came to the timber pond. Rosemary looked hopefully about for the moon, but there was nothing to be seen but her own reflection in the water.

"I am sorry," croaked the toad. "Surely the moon has moved away."

"Thank you anyway," replied Rosemary. "I shall have to look further." This time Rosemary had not gone far before she met a turtle.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked the turtle.

"I am going to jump over the moon," answered Rosemary. "Have you seen the moon around lately?"

"Surely! Only last evening it was lying low to the east. Lean down and I shall climb onto your back. Then we will both jump over the moon." Rosemary bent her head and the turtle climbed onto her back. Then trot-

trot-trot they went down the road toward the east.

All this time the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky and presently it became very hot and very dusty on the road. Still Rosemary and the turtle trotted to the east in search of the moon. Slowly the sun began to move westward, and finally Rosemary said,

"Friend Turtle, we have been looking almost all day and have still not found the moon. Let us ask directions from this big dog coming toward us. Friend dog, have you seen the moon? We have been looking for it all day."

"Why certainly," barked the dog. "Last night it was plainly visible in the western sky."

"Oh, don't be silly," snapped the turtle. "I saw it myself in the east."

"Not so!" yapped the dog. "I pointed my nose at it and howled, and surely I know in what direction I pointed my nose."

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Rosemary. "I should have asked wise Old Elmer Owl where to find the moon in the first place." Then Rosemary left the dog and the turtle to argue and started once more to the timber.

The sun had completely disappeared and Rosemary was very weary when she reached the high tree.

"Old Owl," she said with a sigh, "I cannot find the moon, and now I am too tired to jump over it even if I did find it."

"Well," said the Old Owl as he blinked his enormous eyes, "you are surely a distinguished cow, for all of that. No other cow in the pasture has seen so much of the world."

"How true," thought Rosemary happily. "I am a distinguished cow, after all." Then Rosemary jumped the pasture fence and lay down beneath the oak tree and went sound asleep. Just as she closed her eyes, a big fat moon slipped from behind a cloud and smiled at her.

A VEGETABLE RIDDLE

Oh, a-riddle-e-dee . . . can you guess ME?

Ha, ha! Ho, ho!
No hair to comb,
No nose to blow,
No teeth to brush,
No ears to scrub,
No mouth to hush,
No face to clean,
No neck to wash.
They call me green—
And country bred.
Because I am . . .
A CABBAGE HEAD.
—Marcella M. Rossiter
Manly, Iowa.

RIDDLES

1. What is the hardest thing about learning to ride a bicycle?
2. Can you spell donkey with one letter that has no curves?
3. When water becomes ice, what great change occurs?
4. Name a carpenter's tool you can spell forward and backward the same way.
5. What happens when there is an eclipse of the sun?
6. Why is an empty purse always the same?
7. What has eighteen legs and catches flies?
8. How many does daddy, mother, and Bobby make?
9. Why does a warm day give an icicle a bad reputation?
10. Why is a dog often called Rover?

ANSWERS

1. The pavement.
2. I.
3. A change in price.
4. Level.
5. A great many people come out to look at it.
6. Because you can't see any change in it.
7. A baseball team.
8. Two and one to carry.
9. Because it becomes an eavesdropper.
10. Because that's his name.

A DIFFERENT BIRTHDAY GREETING

Here is a cute verse to write on a brown paper sack and send as a Birthday Card.

ON YER BIRTHDAY

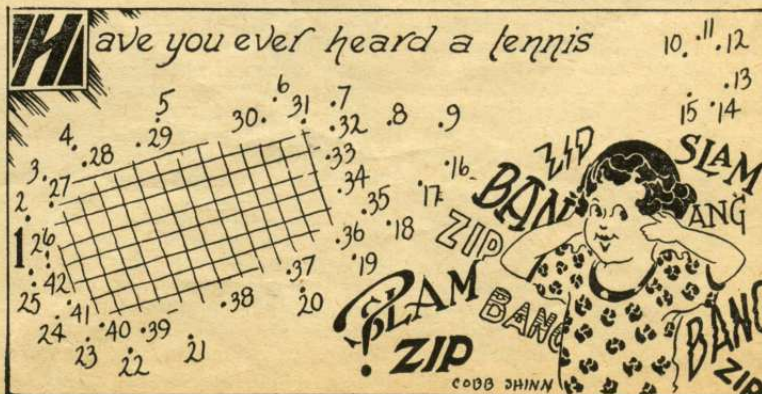
"I wanted yer Birthday to be a WHIZ-BANG!"

And I didn't want nuthin' to stop it —

So I got Ye this Candy Sack down at the store—

Jest blow it up now—yer can POP IT!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"



"Little Ads"

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

July Ads due June 1.
August Ads due July 1.
September Ads due August 1.

Send Ads direct to
Driftmier Publishing Co.
Shenandoah, Iowa

LADIES, LOOK: Make 30% profit and receive FREE scissors. Big demand, no selling, money or experience needed. Descriptive circulars, cards. Details free. Keen-Edge Grinders, 274 Main St., Medford, Iowa.

CORSAGES, handmade of wood-fibre. Sweet-Pea, Rose, Gardenia, colors, 75¢ ea. Mrs. Morris Rice, 3318, 83rd St., Omaha 4, Nebraska.

ONE DOLLAR BUYS HANDMADE WHIRLAWAY, dress dishcloth. Surprise gift, Free. Gracie's Shop, 224 Locust, Des Moines, Ia.

CROCHETED APRONS: One white with multicolor border; one ivory with rose border. \$10 ea. Henrietta Nuttmann, Odebolt, Ia.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS. Illustrated booklet 35¢ (no stamps). Mayme Gale, Longmont, Colo.

BEAUTIFUL 12" RUFFLED DOILIES. Ready for mailing. Any color, \$3. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

FREE UNTIL AUGUST 1st. One only print potholder with two 85¢ tea-aprons. Cash. Mrs. A. K. Ingham, Beverly, Kans.

DE FLEURO PERFUMED DEODORANT. 1 oz. size 60¢; 2½ oz. gift size \$1.20. Delightful fragrance last 20 hours. Oris Reedy, P. O. Box 35L, Topeka, Kans.

BEGONIA SLIPS, rooted, named 10 different \$1.50. Margaret Winkler, Hudsonville, Mich.

CROCHETED FLOWER BASKETS: Stiffened, White, \$1.50. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Ia.

"FROZEN FOOD RECORD BOOK", only 25¢. Moon Publishers, Box 1775, Spokane, Wash.

CROCHETED TABLE CLOTHS, \$35. Vanity sets, \$2. Ecru, or white. Will take orders for other crocheting. Mrs. Louis Koesters, Earling, Iowa.

HUMOROUS READING, written for clubs, showers, anniversaries, \$1. State occasion. Mrs. Earl Bettin, Early, Ia.

FOR SALE: Beautiful hot dish mats, asbestos mats with crocheted covers, \$1. Mrs. B. M. Walton, 2010 L St., Belleville, Kans.

CROCHETED '49 Gold Rush, Potholder 60¢. Carrie Hooper, 419 East Church, Santa Maria, Calif.

BOYS SPORT SHIRTS: Send one feed sack, size, and 75¢. Mrs. A. C. Lammel, 1013 No. 9th, Beatrice, Nebraska.

FOR SALE: BOY'S Moc's, size 8. Elsie Springs, Sandwich, Ill.

WANTED: Am collecting salt and pepper shakers, ornamental and regular small cream pitchers, in exchange for hand crocheted lace edged handkerchiefs, also would like fancy cream and sugar sets in exchange for hand crocheted lace doilies. Mrs. John H. Eckhoff, Rt. 1, Aplington, Ia.

SMOCKED DRESSES, \$1.75. Send material and thread. Mrs. Herman R. Wiard, Rt. 3, Manhattan, Kans.

BACK NUMBERS KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE, 1943, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 80¢ for 12 months. Mary Bock, Bedford, Ia.

PRETTY, PRACTICAL APPLIQUED APRONS, cases. List free. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

12" CROCHETED RUFFLED DOILIES, 180" around ruffle. Any color, \$3. 13" white star center, colored ruffle \$2. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

HEMSTITCHING 10¢ yd., machine button holes, buttons and buckles covered your material. Anna Hinshilwood, 115 E 17th, Falls City, Nebr.

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

CROCHETED WATERMELON POTHOLDERS, 3 for \$1. Patterns for cloth potholders 6 for 25¢. Mrs. Kermit Chapman Gassaway, W. Va.

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Shenandoah, Iowa

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FATHER'S DAY ACROSTIC

By Mabel Nair Brown

F—is for the Faith in all mankind which Dad believes in with all his might.

A—is for his Affection which enfolds us through every day and night.

T—is for the Truth he teaches each child of his to respect.

H—is for the Help he always gives at a cost we don't suspect.

E—is for Ever—ever cheerful, ever wanting the best for you.

R—is for Ready on a moment's notice whatever you ask him to do.

We pay tribute to Mother's great love, tenderness, faith and helpfulness, but let us also remember Dad who brings to us his affection, integrity, tolerance and security—together they make our dwelling place a Home!

Worry is a thin stream of fear, trickling through the mind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.—Arthur Somers Roche.

GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

"What to give the bride?" is a question that perplexes most of us. Probably the main issue lies in what we WANT to give and what we can AFFORD to give.

Nothing will delight a bride more than some hand made gift which conveys that "just for you" feeling. Vanity or buffet sets, crocheted doilies, scarfs, guest towels, monogrammed sheets and pillow cases, knitted or crocheted pot holders, and dish towels all make practical gifts and are much less expensive than those purchased from the store.

Just a bit of forethought will turn a most simple inexpensive gift into something of that extra-special class.

A cake pan accompanied by your favorite recipes for white, chocolate, spice, and golden cakes and frostings makes an invaluable gift for a new home-maker. Or you may give cooky sheets, cooky cutters, and include cooky recipes.

A recipe file with many of your tested recipes and favorite menus will save that new bride many anxious moments when she cooks her first meals.

If you should select a vase, why not choose a bouquet of artificial flowers to brighten up the new home? Or a pretty jardiniere with a blooming African violet or other plant?

A sewing basket with vari-colored spools of thread, needles, scissors, and darning, would be a gift used every day. What about a clothes pin bag with a couple boxes of clothes pins tucked inside? A cleaning basket equipped with dust cloths, polish, spot remover, floor wax or other cleaning necessities would prove invaluable to a new home-maker.

A small gift with a card telling of a year's subscription to a good home-maker's magazine would thrill the bride throughout the year.

Today many hostesses are finding that it works out well to consult the guests before time about combining their money and buying the bride one "Big Gift." At one shower, each guest gave two dollars and completed the bride's silver service. At still another, the combined amount purchased a set of lovely dishes the bride-to-be admired but had found beyond her budget. While no guest could have given the dishes alone, the combined amount went farther for each contributor and the honoree received a gift she could not have had otherwise.

Kitchen showers which are becoming popular, are very easy to plan and sure to provide useful gifts for a new homemaker.

Invitations may be written on recipe cards or in a little booklet

made to represent a cook book. Flowers should be placed in tea pots, bean pots, baking dishes, cream pitchers, or other kitchen utensils. Place cards could be attached to a child's toy fork, knife or spoon. These sets, in inexpensive material, cost but little at most Ten-cent stores. Or place cards could be attached to measuring spoons, egg-timers, or other small articles which could be given to the bride. For nut cups use gelatin molds and give these to the honoree too.

Refreshments should be in keeping with this theme. Serve sandwiches in baskets and cover with a white napkin giving the appearance of a basket of dampened clothes. To serve ice cream or frozen dessert, bake small pastry cups or scoop out cup cakes to look like little tubs. Fill with dessert, and cover with whipped cream to represent a tub of suds. Coconut bar cookies may be frosted to look like a wash board.

When the gifts are presented, bring them out in a laundry basket, clothes hamper, dish pan, cooker, or some other container which the hostess may select for the occasion.

A game that will cause a great deal of merriment is "Advice for a Successful Marriage." It sounds easy only the advice must begin with the initials of the bride and groom. For instance, if the couple were named Mary Sawyers and Allen Smith, then the advice must contain words beginning with the letters M-S-A-S. Some one might write "Mary Saves All Scraps," or "Mend Socks And Shirts."

"Pass the Biscuits" is another humorous game. Write a list of ingredients for biscuits and distribute them to the guests. Give the bride a recipe for biscuits but leave a blank where the ingredients should be. Now have the recipe read and allow guests to take turns filling in the blanks with the slip they drew. It may sound something like this:

1 cup sifted—salt
A pinch of—lard
4 teaspoons—flour
1/3 cup baking powder.

Roll out on lightly baking powder board. Bake in hot salt for baking dish minutes and so on.

As a help to the bride, hand out recipe cards and let each guest write her favorite household hint. Do not sign a name and let the bride choose the one she thinks most helpful. Give a small prize to the winner.

It would be nice to ask each guest, in advance, to bring a favorite recipe or menu and present these to the bride. The hostess or one of the guests might like to give her a recipe file and this would be a nice way to begin her collection.

Give each person the following musical tale but leave blanks where each song title is found. As the host reads the poem aloud, some one at the piano plays the tune that fits into the blank space.

"This romance I'm telling you
Is about Bill and his friend, "Mary Lou".

He spoke of love—"The Old Refrain."
She whispered softly—"Kiss Me Again."

He spoke of strange countries,
sights and faces,
They would travel to all the "Far Away Places."

She'd be the finest dressed lady
in town

He'd buy her a lovely "Alice Blue Gown."

When he asked her to name the
wedding time

She said "An Apple Blossom Wedding" would be fine."

It was a lovely wedding—you knew
it would be

The organist played, "O Promise Me."
The guests were seated, the door
opened wide

And the march began "Here Comes
the Bride."

Time marches on—Let's take a peep
"Three O'clock in the Morning" and
she's not asleep.

For a tiny bundle—a joy divine
They now have "That Little Boy of Mine."

She works from sunrise until after
seven

But she calls their cottage "My Blue Heaven."

He still makes promises—but they go
awry—

His money is all in a "Gold Mine in the Sky."

But they are contented, I'm happy to
say.

Each Night they say it's the "End of
a Perfect Day."

This Grab Bag game will be fun for all ages, is simple to prepare, and will prove far more difficult than your guests anticipate. Fill a sack with twenty or thirty small items found in the kitchen or about the house. You may include a set of measuring spoons, bottle opener, scissors, pins, knife, fork, spoon, dish cloth, measuring cup, nut pick,—just any common items. Tell your guests that you are going to empty the contents on the floor and give them just a few seconds to look at them. Give a prize to the one who can write the longest, most accurate list.

You will plan your shower to suit your particular community or list of invited guests. Perhaps if you have several older ladies they will not wish to participate in games and would enjoy visiting. You might provide dish towels for them to hem. Or you might have each make a block of a friendship quilt to give the bride. Such blocks are usually quite large and simple and enough might be made to complete a quilt top.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,

I shall not live in vain;

If I can ease one life the aching,

Or cool one pain,

Or help one fainting robin

Unto his nest again,

I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson

Goodbye until next month . . .
Leanna & Lucile.