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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Price 10 cents



Vol. 15

APRIL, 1950

Number 4



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.



## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1947 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

Tonight while Mart looks at a new book he has purchased on the history of trains, I'm going to get off this letter to you. It will probably be the last one I write from Redlands for winter is slipping away and spring will soon come to the middlewest. This means that we'll be heading back home. We won't beat the robins, but we won't be far behind them.

When you're away from cold winters it's hard to realize that it isn't as warm everywhere as the spot where you're staying. Today, for instance, we took a ride through the cherry and peach orchards in a beautiful valley not far from here, and my, it was such a wonderful sight. Behind the orchards were snow-capped mountains, and underneath all of the lovely trees there was a solid carpet of tiny little purple flowers. It looked like all of spring to our eyes. We stopped to take some color pictures of it in order to share the beauty with our friends at home, and our eyes were so full of the evidence of spring that it really came as a great surprise to hear a radio announcement on our return trip to the effect that sections of the middlewest were having heavy snow.

Kodachromes are certainly wonderful for preserving the lovely things that one has seen. We relive our trips many times over when we look at various slides on our screen. Lucile tells me that almost never a night passes without groups here and there looking at one of our collections of kodachromes, and we are all happy that we can share them with you. She says that it keeps her busy fitting in all the dates like a crossword puzzle, but she's glad to be able to lend a hand to those of you who are responsible for club programs of one kind or another.

Not long ago I really caused Mart some trouble by wanting a certain shot of a beautiful rock formation. We had driven with friends up through Cajon Pass and Victorville to Apple Valley (I'm at a loss to know why it is so-named for I didn't see a single apple tree there), and after we ate our lunch in a little canyon I decided that I'd like to have a picture of Mart standing in front of

this unusual rock formation. He obliged me by climbing up slowly and laboriously with the help of our good friend, Charles Foulk, and we got the picture. This much was all right, but when he started down he slipped and the rest of the descent was made in one grand scramble. He landed right side up at my feet, and it really gave me a scare. This was the first time he had ever attempted such a climb and he says that it is positively the last—that hereafter all pictures of that kind will have to be managed with Frederick doing the posing. Frederick is an expert mountain climber and has scaled some big peaks, so by rights he should tackle jobs of this kind.

Not long ago I had the unusual experience of attending a covered dish luncheon that was held in the home my parents once occupied, Walnut Park, in Highland, California. Although some changes have been made since I lived there in 1907, it seemed like home to me and especially when I sat by the fireplace where we had such good times on evenings many years ago. It called back a host of memories of my father and mother to be there again.

I couldn't take my eyes from the stones in that fireplace because I helped pick up many of them from the City Creek Canyon. It really gave me a thrill to spot a dark rock with two white spots on it that we always said looked like an owl. And I recognized instantly the heart-shaped rock that we had all thought was unusually beautiful. Seeing those rocks again somehow made it seem unreal that I was now a woman in my mid-sixties sitting beside a fireplace that I helped to build when I was young back in 1907.

We had some delicious food that day because all of those women are good cooks. I like a covered dish luncheon under any circumstances for I think it's fun not to know in advance what will be on the table.

Speaking of food reminds me that I was amused at a remark made by Donald in a recent letter. He is living in Anderson, Indiana, you know, where he is employed by the Guide Lamp Company, and until recently he thought that the best solution to board and room was living at the YMCA. But recently he decided to

take a furnished apartment with another boy and they are doing some cooking. He said in his letter, "Mom, I had no idea groceries cost so much." Well, that's something young folks never find out until they do their own cooking. And they've no idea either what it costs to heat a house, make repairs, buy furnishings, etc., until they undertake their own homes. He went on to say that even though food was so high it was still cheaper than eating in a restaurant, and I'm sure he's right. Donald has gone into Boy Scout work again and has taken charge of a group of older boys. He's been interested in this type of work for years.

This past weekend we spent at the home of Mart's brother Harry and his wife Edith in Glendale. Edith certainly is a perfect hostess. She has learned all of the tricks that enable one to get lovely meals on the table as if by magic, and it gives us time to visit in the living room rather than in the kitchen. We sound just like all proud grandmothers when we get together for we have a lot to say about our wonderful grandchildren.

Next week we are spending with my brother Sol and his family in northern California. We will take highway 99 up through the San Jose valley, although both of us would prefer the coast route. But there have been terrible fogs along the coast this winter and it is too hard to drive in them.

I was surprised one day recently by a call from Mrs. Mildred Mitchell of Collins, Iowa and Mrs. Maxine Bremer of Weldon, Iowa. They were on their way east after attending the wedding of Mrs. Mitchell's son in Los Angeles. They told me that they had listened to my recordings on the radio before they left home, and I was glad to have a first-hand report from people who had heard them.

I believe that I'll still have enough time this evening to do some more smocking on a dress that I'm making for Emily. Earlier this winter I smocked a dress for Mary Leanna and I'm glad that my girls taught me this interesting stitch. Betty says that Mary Leanna has grown out of almost all her clothes this winter, so I thought that a new dress from grandmother would come in handy.

We are both getting eager to turn our car towards home after the trip to visit Sol and his family, and I can scarcely wait to see my children and grandchildren. Of course we don't notice so much change in Juliana and Kristin when we return from these trips, but Martin is still at the age where a little time makes a big difference, and Emily will surprise us the most since she's only sixteen months old as I write this.

It will be good to get back home and pick up our interesting work, and I'm fairly itching to get back to my own garden. We enjoy these winters in California but our hearts still belong to Iowa.

Affectionately yours,  
Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## LET'S TACKLE SOME PLANTING PROBLEMS

By Ruth Ahlgren

This is certainly not the last call for nursery stock but it is the very best time for planting. Dear friend, let me urge you to get in your order at once. You say that you still are not quite sure what you want? Well, that must mean you have some special problems, so perhaps I can help you with them.

You just can't have flowers along the east side of your yard because of the steep terrace that all the neighborhood children coast down both in winter and summer, simply exchanging their sleds for coaster wagons? Now the remedy for this is a hedge, a neat clipped privet hedge planted at the bottom of the bank because it won't want to grow at the top where water drains away from its roots. I'm sure your next-door neighbor will agree to putting it right on the lot line.

For the thickest, quickest results we will order the smallest sized plants, which are twelve to eighteen inches tall, and set them in a staggered row only nine inches apart. This crowding will help to keep them from growing too tall and will make a real barrier. Be sure to cut back every one to within three or four inches of the soil. For the first season clip back every new shoot half-way as it reaches a length of six inches. This will thicken the hedge wonderfully at the bottom where thickness is needed. By midsummer of the second year you can begin the real shaping. Of course you will need to stretch a wire to protect it the first year.

Are you worried about the two-foot wide space between the house and the cement walk around it? I know it is too narrow for shrubs and that grass will not grow there, but there are plenty of plants that will. Since this gets sun only in the mornings I think it is an ideal spot for lilies-of-the-valley. Water them well once a week when starting. After that they will just about take care of themselves. There are other good plants for this area too. The lovely new violets and fern-leaved bleeding heart thrive in half or almost full shade. And if your difficult spot gets a lot of hot sun you might choose hemerocallis, garden carnations or pink creeping phlox. Of a few things we would make sure: that regardless of blooming season, strong foliage would stay green over a long period, and that plants chosen do not need to be disturbed for lifting and dividing. This is a spot to let alone. I would not mix kinds of plants as the effect of a long row is best.

I see that you set out a fall-blooming hydrangea on each side of your front door last spring. That was a

good choice. Sometimes hydrangea P. G. is recommended only for shade, but the truth is they do equally well in shade or sun. Every spring trim them back halfway or more. Pruning will keep them bushy and encourage large blooms.

The front corners of your house should also have a tall accent of green. You think that walk interferes? Well, just plant your shrubs on the outside of it. At the corner where there is no walk plant a little closer to the house. Two of my great favorites are the double mock orange and French lilac in any variety. Give them plenty of room to develop. Generally speaking, a shrub requires as much space from side to side as its height at maturity. You will find a medium growing shrub placed on each side of the tall one is handsome. Spirea billardiae, scarlet flowering quince and pink almond are good. Be sure to prune as soon as the flowers have faded for the new growth will start immediately and it is this growth made after the flowering period which produces bloom next year.

You mentioned a shrub border along the alley and at the side of your yard to give privacy and serve as a background for flowers. Let's consider a unit which will plant fifty to sixty feet and which may be repeated. Along the alley we will include old-fashioned sweet-scented mock orange, snowball, flowering peach, flowering crab and the flowering plum or rose tree of China. All of these are so gorgeous in bloom that they furnish flowers for cutting.

Perhaps you would like this arrangement. At one of the extreme corners place a Hopa Crab, at the other a Bechtel's flowering crab. On either side of the Hopa and ten feet from it place a rose tree of China. In the same way on each side of the Bechtel's place a flowering peach. This will give you two hollow triangles and in the center of each a single spirea Van Houttei will fill in perfectly. Then find the center of the space and four feet on either side of it set snowball bushes or the sweet-scented mock orange. Between these large shrubs and the flowering trees you will have room for a rather slender shrub on both sides, and tamarix or weigela would be a good choice here.

Now when a space is sixty feet or so long, the shrubs may be spaced a little further apart. If you have a hundred feet to work with just repeat the shrubs between the corner plantings.

Don't try to get along without lots of shrubs. Dollar for dollar, I can't think of anything that pays such a return over a very long period of time as does the whole shrub family. About the only mistake which can be made is to place them too close together. The first and second growing seasons after planting keep shrubs well cultivated and give them a thorough soaking once a week during dry spells.

After that they will pretty well take care of themselves.

Perhaps you have already spent hours and hours looking at catalogs full of thrilling pictures of everblooming roses without making up your mind about which ones to order. Here I believe it is best to trust your nurseryman. Roses which are a great joy in New York or California do not always thrive under the very different conditions of the middle west. But if you will choose from varieties offered by a middle west firm, especially from people who have grown them in their own gardens under conditions such as all amateurs can provide, you cannot go wrong.

Roses need full sun, rich soil and thorough watering during dry spells. Keep them cultivated and free from weeds. Right along with your rose order send for a good rose dust and apply this once each week or ten days in the early morning. It is far wiser to prevent attacks of insects and fungus diseases than to have to cure them should they appear.

Roses seem to like to be in beds by themselves and look best that way, but make your beds in relation to the rest of the garden. Lucile has told you how she and Russell arranged theirs on either side of a grass panel. Beds are beautiful in front of shrubs, too, but be sure to leave plenty of space between. The new little bushes will look pretty small when they are set out and it is hard to visualize how much they will grow. Leave a space of at least four feet plus room for the lawn mower.

Before you begin your actual planting of roses and perennials you should make certain of what space you need for such items as drying clothes, garbage can, whatever vegetable garden you want, and so forth. Be sure to leave room for circulation which means simply that you will want to get around your yard without leaping over hedges or burrowing under a fence.

One thing is certain: you will want bloom from early spring until late fall. Often called the backbone of the garden are the following: daffodils, tulips, iris, peonies, larkspurs, lilies, hollyhocks, phlox, hardy asters and chrysanthemums. Generally speaking the taller plants should be kept at the back of the borders, but the effect is most attractive if taller kinds can edge toward the front occasionally. Seldom is one of a kind a good choice. Plant three or more alike together.

Requirements for good flowers are simple. They respond to rich soil, but if your ground will raise good weeds it will raise good flowers. Most perennials grow well in full sun, even in half sun. A very few show burned leaves when grown in especially hot places.

Books and more books can teach you a great deal, but all taken together they cannot equal the knowledge gained from one season's experiments in actually planting and tending a few choice varieties. Do not deny yourself a dozen or two of the colorful perennials which the garden wears as its choicest jewels.



## THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness  
CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR

Late spring of 1946 found our family still somewhat scattered. Howard and Donald were the only ones living with the folks during this period, and Donald was preparing to leave for Ames where he expected to enter the School of Engineering at Iowa State College. Frederick was in Washington, Wayne was in Iowa City, Margery was in Los Angeles, Dorothy, Frank and Kristin were finally settled on their farm, and Russell, Juliana and I were settled in our home.

It sounds rather peaceful to say in such a quiet fashion that we were settled, but when I think of the work that went into accomplishing this I don't feel very peaceful! Fortunately for both Dorothy and me it was an open, warm spring and we could get a lot of painting and fixing-up done without having to stop and stoke fires. All through March and April we spent many hours grubbing away, and as things turned out it was just as well that our furniture and household goods were six weeks later in arriving than had been promised by the Van and Storage Company, for we finished all of our work just the day before everything turned up.

Both Dorothy and I have never forgotten our sense of relief in having our youngsters where they could play outside in the sun without being watched every second. Neither of us had ever been able to turn our backs for a split second during our time in Hollywood and San Francisco, and it seemed like a minor version of Paradise to have big yards where they could roam and explore.

We had just gotten into our house and adjusted ourselves to a new routine when all three of us developed terrific colds that eventually turned into the flu. Russell was not in bed long, but Juliana and I had a drawn-out siege that ended with my being hospitalized for pneumonia. No sooner was this over and I'd gotten back home when it became necessary for me to go to the hospital again—and this time Juliana followed me. It was one of those ill-fated times that seem to overtake every family sooner or later, but when we're in the grip of such misfortune it's hard to believe that no one is immune to comparable difficulties.

At last we were all home again, shaky but up on our feet, and life began to seem normal once more. As I write this I am remembering the hundreds and hundreds of thoughtful notes and cards that arrived during that spell—I'll never forget those heart-warming expressions of sympathy. They helped to make a discouraging time much, much easier.

June brought a big event to our family—Frederick's marriage to Betty. We three girls had often wondered if we were destined to have four bachelor brothers, so naturally we were much interested when word arrived from Frederick that his marriage would take place on June 11th. It has just occurred to me that one way to fill in details of past history for our new



This picture was taken in the living room of our family home when Betty and Frederick came to visit us before they left for Bermuda. Our family is so large that Betty didn't get to meet the entire kit and kaboodle, but this was remedied last summer when she returned from Hawaii.

readers is to reprint the item that appeared in our local Shenandoah paper, so here it is:

"Mr. and Mrs. Julian T. Crandall of Ashaway, Rhode Island, announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Jane, to Chaplain Frederick Field Driftmier of the United States Naval Reserve. Chaplain Driftmier is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Henry Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa.

"Miss Crandall is a graduate of Alfred University, and has her Master of Arts in the field of history from Leland Stanford University. She taught for several years in Friendship, New York before entering the Navy.

"While stationed in Washington, D. C., Miss Crandall served with the Navy Housing Board and later worked as barracks officer and Women's Reserve Representative at the Naval Research Laboratory.

"Chaplain Driftmier is a graduate of the Yale University Divinity School. Before entering the Navy he was a staff member of the American College in Assiut, Egypt. During the early part of the war he served with the British Eighth Army in Egypt and East Africa as a YMCA Secretary. He is now the chaplain of the Radio Materiel School in Washington, D. C.

"The marriage ceremony will be performed June 11 at the chapel where the groom serves. It will be followed by a reception at the Carlton Hotel in Washington.

"Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier will be unable to attend the wedding but Wayne Driftmier, student at the University of Iowa, will fly east to represent the bridegroom's family at the ceremony."

It gives me a peculiar sensation to look at those words about Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier being unable to attend the wedding, for it calls back the years when Mother didn't travel and when a trip to Washington seemed like a dream that could never be realized. We were all convinced that a trip to Spirit Lake, Iowa was the extent of her strength for traveling. If anyone had told us then that before

much more time had passed she would be visiting Frederick and Betty in Honolulu—well, we would have dismissed that idea in a hurry.

And so it was Wayne who attended Frederick's wedding and we all envied him! Frederick met his plane at the airport and took him to the hotel to meet Betty's family and close friends, but there was precious little time for visiting because he was due back at the University as soon as possible. A later development hastened his return, and I'll tell you about that in a moment.

Betty's and Frederick's marriage service was read at 7:30 in the evening, and from the photographs taken that evening we have a very complete "view" of everything that happened from the time Betty stepped out of the car in front of the chapel, to the moment when she and Frederick entered the car together to drive to the hotel. Immediately following the reception they left for a mountain hotel in New Hampshire and spent ten days there. Then they returned to their apartment in Washington and waited for Frederick's orders. They hadn't the faintest notion where they would be sent.

There were other wedding plans afoot in our family at that time for Wayne was engaged to Abigail Morrison of Onawa, Iowa. Their plans called for an August wedding at the Morrison family home in Onawa, and when Abigail graduated from the University of Iowa in early June she planned to return to Onawa and spend the summer with her father. She told Wayne goodbye as he left for Washington and then started to drive back to Onawa with her father. Less than twenty-four hours later Wayne was greatly shocked to have a wire from her delivered to his hotel in Washington telling him that Mr. Morrison had just passed away. He succumbed to a heart attack only a short time after he and Abigail reached their home in Onawa.

Abigail's father's death left her very much alone. Her mother had died a number of years earlier, and her two brothers were not at home. Wayne wanted to be with her, of course, so the moment the reception was over he went to the airport for the return flight.

Mid-July brought us a week's visit with Frederick and Betty. Frederick had received his naval orders to proceed to Bermuda, so he brought Betty back to meet us before he took up his new post. All of us felt as though we had known Betty forever, and her thoughtfulness in a hundred different ways endeared her to the entire family; lock, stock and barrel! I've never forgotten, for instance, that while she was here Juliana had to be kept practically immobile because we suspected rheumatic fever (what a blessing that it turned out not to be), and I can still see her sitting patiently on a scalding July afternoon reading "get-well" cards and playing dolls! I was so exhausted from the effort it takes to keep a three-year old off her feet that it seemed to me Betty had shimmering wings! And I'm not so sure that she doesn't have.

(To Be Continued)



## THE EASTERLAND SPECIAL

By Mabel Nair Brown

With the coming of Easter, our winter dampened spirits seem to soar and our hearts long to burst into a spring-time serenade. We are anxious to share this joy and gaiety with our friends—little parties, family get-togethers, gay luncheons—are all such fun just before we settle down to the more serious business of the heavy spring and summer work schedule.

If we are entertaining at this season, quite naturally we will set the stage in the gay, lilting colors of the springtime—pink, blue, lavender, yellow, delicate green, soft rose—I like to think of them as the rainbow colors.

Let's begin with the invitations. If you are sending written ones, very pretty ones can be made by cutting large butterflies from white and pastel construction paper (pinking shears give a pretty edge). Tie two butterflies together with ribbon. Glue on colored sequins as the decorative spots on the wings for the one used as the cover on the invitation. If you wish to carry through on the rainbow idea, use paints or crayons to sketch a rainbow across the top of a white correspondence card and write the invitation below. Carrying out the "April showers" motif for an invitation, fold the smallest size lace paper doily into umbrella folds; glue to one corner of correspondence card; sketch in a handle. In another corner paste a few colored flower cut-outs or seals.

The rainbow centerpiece could be the traditional pot of gold (an old kettle painted gold or covered with gold foil and filled with colored Easter eggs or spring flowers). Favors might be individual pots o' gold (made by covering nut cups with gold paper) and filled with tiny Easter candies; or make tiny rainbow fans by gluing several colors of construction paper together, then cutting and folding to fan shape. Edge each little fan with wisps cut from a lace paper doily.

If you prefer a rabbit centerpiece and favors, begin by making a cotton rabbit. Mold cotton around a discarded light bulb for the body. Add a small ball of cotton for head and pull bits of cotton into shape for the long ears. Tiny candies can be glued on for features—add a big fluff of cotton as a tail. For a truly remarkable wagon for Sir Bunny to pull, bake a white cake in a loaf bread pan—hollow out the cake so that you can fill it with candy Easter eggs. Ice the cake in white. For the wheels use small white cup cakes fastened on with match sticks or tooth picks. Trim wagon and wheels in green icing. Fill wagon with coconut (tinted green) for grass, and the candy eggs. Add ribbon lines leading to the bunny. If you prefer you can make a cardboard or paper wagon and decorate it. It could have marshmallow wheels. Tiny wagons made of colored egg shells (half shells) with life saver wheels with ribbons tied to a tiny candy bunny would be cunning little favors. More simple favors are made by sticking the colored cocktail tooth picks into a marshmallow and then sticking a rabbit or chicken seal on the top of the toothpick. Very clever little animal dec-



Martin has now reached the age where he actually likes to pose. Just before this picture was snapped he said to his Uncle Russell: "Would you like to have me fold my hands together and put one leg up over the other?" Russell told him that folded hands would be enough!

orations — rabbits, chickens, ducks, etc., can be made by using colored eggs as the body and adding paper heads, real feather or cotton tails, etc. And the butterfly described in the invitation paragraph can become a pretty table decoration by making a tiny V slit in the center and perching the butterfly on the rim of the water glass.

For a luncheon table, a gaily decorated hat box would prove an interesting centerpiece, especially with a gay chapeau placed on top. Improvise this hat yourself by making it of a bit of veiling, ribbon, flowers, with perhaps a small paper plate as the foundation. Tiny miniature hat favors can be made using the paper cake cups, nut cups, doilies, etc., and adding veiling, ribbon, scraps of silk or flowers. A pipe cleaner stuck in a cup cake makes an individual rack for each tiny hat, or twist the cleaner to make a standard at the bottom.

For a children's party you might like to make an egg roly-poly favor from the colored eggs. Blow out the inside (punch a hole in each end, one hole slightly larger and blow yolk and white through the larger hole.) Put a few BB shot in each egg, add a bit of warm wax, hold egg upright and let it cool, sealing shot in one end. Glue on a tiny painted paper hat. Draw on a face. The weight of the shot will hold the roly-poly upright.

Games:

**Hop, hop, Bunny-bunny:** Contestants must stoop like "bunnies", placing their hands on their ankles, and hop to the goal. Tie a big pink bow on the winning bunny.

**Easter Parade:** Divide the guests into groups. Each group is provided with tissue paper, pins, feathers, scissors, ribbon, etc., and is allowed a given time to create an Easter bonnet for one in their group to wear in a parade before the judges who will

decide which is the cleverest concoction.

**Easter Market:** Give each guest the same number of the small colored candy eggs. Allow a given time in which the guests exchange eggs, trying to get eggs all one color. The one who has collected the most eggs of one color is the winner.

**Pot O' Gold:** Hide a golden Easter egg (or candy egg) some place in the room. Each player as he finds it quietly sits down again, without telling anyone where he found it. The fun is to see that the finder doesn't tip off the others as well as seeing who can find it first.

**Eggshell Football:** The contents of an egg are blown out. Divide the group into teams and then play the game in pairs, one from each team. The game is to blow the eggshell so that it will fall over the edge of the table on the opponent's side. This scores one point. No one is allowed to touch the egg or the table in any way.

**Dressing for the Easter Parade:** Each contestant is given an undressed doll and an equal number of articles of clothing. At a signal they are to dress the dolls; the side first completing the dressing is the winner.

## AN EASTER GREETING CARD

To make really pretty Spring-looking Easter cards, find a spray of pussy willows. If you can not find any real pussy willows you may tint small bits of cotton to look like these little furry bits.

Take a piece of yellow construction paper and fold it into a book form. On the front of the folder draw a branch crosswise and set the little pussy willows on the branch. The furry part makes the body and you will add the head, whiskers, and tail of black ink. If you wish, you may draw a design of bright spring flowers on the card and let the little pussy willows sit on the ground beneath the flowers.

Now mount the whole yellow folder on a blue or orchid colored folder that has scalloped edges. This folder should be just large enough to allow the scallops to show.

Tie these folders together with a pretty ribbon and let a dainty bow be in the middle of the front cover.

On the inside of your card print this little verse very neatly:

"These Pussy Willow kittens  
Are coming right your way,  
To bring along my wishes  
FOR a HAPPY EASTER DAY."  
—Mildred Cathcart.

## MEASURING AGE

Age is a state of mind.  
If you have left your dreams behind,  
If hope is lost, if you no longer look ahead,  
If your ambition's fires are dead—  
Then you are old.

But if from life you hope the best,  
And if in life you keep the jest,  
If love you hold—  
No matter how the years go by,  
No matter how the birthdays fly,  
You are not old. —Anonymous.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

On a cold, blustery, winter day I boarded an early morning train here in Wallingford, Conn., for a one-day trip to New York City. I hadn't been to New York for several months, and I had almost forgotten how dirty, crowded, noisy, and bleak that concrete jungle can be. The purpose of the trip was to confirm a promotion that I recently received in the United States Naval Reserve, and to visit the National Sportsman's Show then in progress at the Grand Central Palace. I made the huge blunder of going on Washington's Birthday and as a result I could conduct no business of any kind because all offices and stores were closed for the day, and because it was a holiday the Sportsman's Show was simply packed to the ceiling with a record attendance. I really believe that every sports enthusiast in New York City was at the show that day.

The Sportsman's Show was like a large commercial fair with every leading manufacturer of fishing and hunting equipment having a large exhibit. In addition to the sports exhibits, there were exhibits sponsored by hobby-craft manufacturers, airplane manufacturers, and some automobile manufacturers. At the very heart of the show in the center of the exhibition building there was a large swimming pool where various sports demonstrations were given several times a day. Betty's father had an exhibit right beside the demonstration pool, and so I was able to see all that went on there from what might be called a ringside seat. The demonstrations that I enjoyed most were those of casting. I watched Ted Williams, the famous baseball player, and Jack Sharkey, the great boxer of years gone by, give a demonstration of fly casting that was simply incredibly skillful. A group of woodsmen from a logging camp in Maine gave demonstrations of logrolling and treecutting. And one of the most thrilling sights was to see the champion retrievers in action. Some of the dogs doing the retrieving seemed to have an almost human knowledge of what was expected of them. One rather freakish demonstration was that of a man wrestling an alligator. A very large alligator was turned loose in the pool, and then a man leaped into the water and climbed on the alligator's back. What a time they had!

When I left Wallingford that morning the last thing that Betty said to me was, "Now be sure and don't buy anything foolish while you are in the city." You see, my wife knows very well that I am a very easy mark for any fast-talking salesman. When I got home that night I walked very slowly up the front steps, for I knew that I had bought something foolish, and I had it right there in my hand. Down at the Sportsman's Show a very nice lady had sold me a large aluminum cage with two animals in it, but on the way home I had forgotten what it was that I had bought. As I stepped in the door I know that I must have looked funny, like a little boy who had played hookey from school. I could have faced my dear wife's looks of pity a little better had I just



When we first saw this picture of Mary Leanna we all said that she is getting very big, and that she is beginning to look like her father. Here she is sitting in the little chair that was a Christmas gift from Grandma and Grandpa Driftmier, and the robe she has on must have come from Hawaii.

been able to remember what on earth it was that I had in the cage. When I told her that I had bought the animals as a gift for Mary Leanna, but that I couldn't remember what they were, we both started to laugh. It was so utterly silly. Just then a friend dropped in to inquire about my trip, and he joined us in our hilarity. He didn't know either what it was that I had bought. You see, I had been given a little leaflet about the animals when I bought them, but on the way home I had lost the leaflet. Fortunately I remembered that the animals had something to do with the country of Syria, and with that as a clue a little telephoning soon got results. A friend told me that I probably had a couple of Golden Syrian Hamsters, and he was right.

As a gift for Mary Leanna, the Hamsters are not such a success, for they sleep all day, and play all night. Mary Leanna plays all day and sleeps all night. The only activity she has ever seen from them is when they sleepily eat the food that I give them each morning. After running their exercise wheel all night they usually are so tired that they actually fall asleep while eating their breakfast. I had intended for Mary Leanna to have the fun of watching the Hamsters raise a family of little Hamsters, but it now turns out that I brought home two females instead of a pair. Of course the story of my buying the Hamsters soon spread all over the campus, and now not a day goes by that someone does not give or send me little bits of information about them.

Our specialty here at Choate School is working with boys, and there isn't a man of us on the staff who does not take his work seriously. We are of the opinion that there is no more important task in the world than that of preparing the boys of today to become the men of tomorrow. A few days ago Betty's father sent me a defi-

nition of a boy, which has stuck in my mind. He didn't say who the author was, but whoever he was, he knew what he was talking about. I want to pass this little quotation on to you:

"A boy is a bank where you may deposit your most precious treasures—the hard-won wisdom, the dreams of a better world. A boy can guard and protect these, and perhaps invest them wisely and with a profit—a profit larger than you ever dreamed. A boy will inherit your world—will marry your daughter. Your work will be judged by him. Tomorrow he will take your seat in Congress, own your company, run your town and state. The future is his and, through him, the future is yours. Perhaps he deserves a little more of your attention now!"

Every once in a while I come across something in my reading that I think you would enjoy. Recently I have been reading quite a bit about the human mind and how our thoughts and ideals influence it. In my work with boys I never cease stressing the importance of right thinking, "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he." Everything that enters the mind has some effect upon it, and therefore it is dangerous to let a single low or destructive thought enter it. Right along this line of thought is this statement by a Mr. James Allen: "As you think, you travel; and as you love, you attract. You are to-day where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You can not escape the result of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad, you will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you, secretly, most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration."

Now before you put this letter down, go back and read that quotation again. You perhaps enjoyed it the first time you read it, but you will really get something out of it the second and third time you read it. Look at that last line again. Isn't it wonderful! How very true it is! "You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration."

Because people are what their thoughts have made them, I always like to know what people are thinking about. Whenever I visit a home—and as a clergyman I visit many homes every year—I pay particular attention to the books that I see there. Right now take a look around your own livingroom and see what other people may be judging you by. If you are keeping your favorite books of poetry, your Bible, and your best magazines in a little rack in the bedroom, or perhaps in some remote hallway, I suggest that you put them out in your livingroom where they will still be of easy access to you and where they can be seen by those who judge you by the things you read.

Sincerely, Frederick.



## A BLUE PARTY

Recently when one of our good friends moved away I had a farewell party for her, and it occurred to me that perhaps you'd be interested in hearing some of the details.

The invitations were written on blue stationery with envelopes to match, and they read as follows: "We all feel pretty blue because Edith is leaving, so let's all have the Blues together. 1:00 o'clock luncheon"—and then the date and place were filled in.

On the dining table and small tables I used white linen cloths with blue delphiniums for center bouquets; the place cards had hand-painted forget-me-nots for remembrance.

I served escalloped chicken, rolls, tossed salad (in blue bowls), fresh black raspberries and coconut cup cakes. We remained at the tables for our games, and while the tables were being cleared a pianist played a medley of tunes which had the word blue in their titles. Each guest was given paper and pencil and wrote down as many titles as she could recognize. I recall that among the tunes played were: Alice Blue Gown, The Blue Danube, Am I Blue?, Red Roses for a Blue Lady, Blue Bells of Scotland, Pretty Little Blue-Eyed Sally, When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day, In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, and others that I don't remember at the moment.

The next game was called Blue Hints. The hints were written and numbered on one side of their papers, and opposite each hint they were to write the answer with the word blue in it. Here is the list we used:

1. Fish (Blue Gill); 2. Flower of Scotland (Blue Bell); 3. Fruit (Blueberry); 4. Symbol of Happiness (Blue Bird); 5. Copper sulphate (Blue Vitriol); 6. Texas State Flower (Blue Bonnet); 7. Laundry aid (Bluing); 8. Villain of French fairytale (Blue Beard); 9. My lady's scarf (Blue Fox); 10. Acid test paper (Blue Litmus); 11. Breed of Fowls (Blue Andalusians); 12. Colorado State flower (Blue Columbine); 13. Kentucky (nickname)—(Blue Grass state); 14. Gainsborough's masterpiece (Blue Boy); 15. Policeman (Blue Coat); 16. Fly (Blue Bottle); 17. Tree (Blue Spruce); 18. Snake (Blue Racer); 19. Literary woman (Blue stocking); 20. Old Glory (Red, White and Blue); 21. Delaware (nickname)—(Blue Hen State); 22. Ship ready to sail (flag)—(Blue Peter); 23. Chart for carpenter (Blue print); 24. First prize (Blue ribbon); 25. Quality of oyster (Blue points); 26. An aristocrat (Blue Blood); 27. Symbol of N. R. A.—National Recovery Act (Blue Eagle).

For our third game each guest was asked to recall and tell some unusual, pleasant or humorous incident about the honored guest. Prizes for the three games were corsages made of blue flowers.

As a farewell gift it seemed that we should give something blue, and since our departing friend has a beautiful set of pure white Haviland china we decided to give her a solid blue linen tablecloth (with matching napkins) which we hemstitched ourselves.

—Mrs. W. F., Iowa.

## APRIL FOOL SURGERY

A good many years ago this stunt was hilariously successful when presented at club meetings, and it's a perfect type of entertainment for your April Fool's party. We've turned back into our files and gotten it out for those of you who weren't reading the magazine in the thirties.

A large library table is placed in full view of the entire audience (choose a location near a door if possible). A sheet is draped over it in operating room style, making sure that enough hangs down to conceal the underside of the table. This space under the table will be used by the "noise" assistants.

The patient, draped in white, is assisted to the operating table and one of the nurses applies the anesthetic. (Be sure that all nurses and doctors are dressed in regulation hospital uniforms, for this adds a great deal to the seriousness of the stunt.)

The anesthetic is given by slowly sifting flour through a flour sifter. As the patient will have a towel over her face, the small amount of flour will not annoy her. The doctor or nurse administering the anesthetic should ask her some questions from time to time, and the patient should respond, growing more and more drowsy until finally she fails to answer.

One member of the club will be fully equipped with mask, gloves, and all of the surgeon's paraphernalia, and will come in from the side door in a very impressive manner. It is suggested that the chief surgeon and nurses stand between the audience so that no one can be too critical about details.

As the surgeon makes the incision with the saw, one of the assistants beneath the table will saw on a board. This produces a most harrowing effect, needless to say. As the operation proceeds, various other noises will be made from beneath the sheet such as tearing a strip of cloth, hammering on a board when the surgeon uses a hammer at some stage in the operation, and so forth. Clever effects can be worked out by every group.

After the incision is made it is discovered that any number of things are wrong. As the surgeon removes an auto casing he remarks to one of the nurses that this will relieve the patient from going out riding on club day or on Sunday when she should be in church. A deck of cards removed will prevent her from spending so much time at bridge parties the day missionary society meets. A hammer, which had caused so much knocking, is next removed. A pocketbook which has grown fast to her heart is torn loose and the Bible put in its place. The pocketbook should be inserted near the throat so the patient can cough up easier. A soft pillow which relieves her of laziness and weak will is removed lastly. A stove poker should be inserted to stiffen up her back bone.

At the conclusion of the operation the patient is carried from the table groaning heavily, but with chances for a good recovery, as expressed by the surgeons to each other.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

We have some unusually interesting shutin people on the list this month, and I hope you will be extra anxious to do something for them.

First is an invalid girl, almost thirty years old, who has been an invalid her entire life. For nearly fifteen years she has been bedfast and almost totally helpless. She and her mother live alone and the mother is not a bit well. She sells cards and stationery to make a living for the two of them, but it takes so many sales to clear much money and they are in real need. Medicine is so expensive, besides food and all the other things it takes to live. They are lovely people, and so sensitive about needing help that I am not going to give their names here, but will you please write me for it, and then do whatever you can for them? I'll be glad to give more details if you ask for them. My address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. Some of you who belong to a Club could perhaps interest your Club in this case.

Patty McCune, 473 McKinley Ave., Ottumwa, Iowa, has been in the hospital since Thanksgiving as result of a car accident. She is 10. Send cards or small toy she can play with in bed.

Olyn Pelfrey, Rt. 4, Box 458, Huntington, W. Va., is 14, and very ill with rheumatic fever. He is some better but still unable to sit up.

Leslee Garvey, c/o Sacred Heart Hospital, Yankton, So. Dak., had an operation for appendicitis last fall and two days later was stricken with polio. She is 9. Would enjoy cards or toys.

Mrs. Kenneth Bowker, Rt. 1, Richland, Mich., wants you to know that her husband has enjoyed the mail you sent to him. He is still ill, and unable to talk or do anything. He is to go into a hospital soon.

Cheer cards are asked for Mrs. Effie Claussen, 802 E Finley, Ottumwa, Iowa. She is shutin all winter. Not long ago her husband fell on the ice and was badly hurt.

Mrs. J. W. McNabb, Rt. 2, Osceola, Missouri, has been bedfast for three years, helpless from waist down. She has arthritis and a heart condition. She loves to get mail.

Our old friend William J. Jones, R-175 S. Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa., asks me to tell you he has been very ill again and unable to answer mail and as a result is not getting any now. He is to go into a hospital again. New Years day he fell while trying to get into his wheel chair and now the doctor says he must stay in bed all the time. He is pretty blue. Write him.

Mrs. Glen Porter, Rt. 1, Box 148, Garvin, Okla., had a stroke which affected one side and then fell and broke the other hip so is bedfast now. She is 57. She loves to get mail.

Emily J. Horridge, 6541 Tait St., Linda Vista, San Diego 11, Calif., is in the hospital for another operation. She has been an invalid for many years. Send cards, please.

Mrs. Lillian Davis, Ward 203, Hon-do, Calif., is another who likes to get mail and doesn't get much. She is bedfast.





No doubt you've already noticed that the picture on this page is a different pose of Leanna, Lucile and Margery. We want you to know, however, that as soon as the three of us are together again we expect to get a brand new one.

There have been so many, many requests for recipes that appeared on these pages in years gone by that in this issue we are reprinting some of the old favorites. We couldn't begin to print all of them, but we did attempt to include the ones for which there have been the most requests. You'll note that many of them are for desserts. It seems that we all have our old standbys for everyday fare, but when it comes to entertaining or when we have need for something extra-special, then we recall something delicious and wish very much indeed that we had the recipe at hand. In a later issue we'll print some of the old favorites that couldn't be crowded in this month.—Lucile.

#### DATE-AND-NUT BREAD

- 4 cups cut-up dates
- 2 cups broken nuts
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 4 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 level tsp. soda

Pour 2 cups of boiling water over cut-up dates and nuts and let them stand. Pour shortening in bowl and add eggs. Now add soda to dates and nuts, but don't do this earlier because the soda will turn the dates red. Stir in flour and fruit alternately and mix thoroughly. Turn into lightly-greased and floured bread pans (4 small ones) and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

#### LARGE ANGEL FOOD

- 1 3/4 cups egg whites
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Add cream of tartar just as they begin to foam. After whites are stiff gradually fold in sugar, cake flour and salt which have been sifted together several times. Add extracts. Bake in a slow oven (325 degrees) for approximately 65 minutes. When cake shrinks from sides of pan it is done. Do not grease pan, and you will need the largest size tube pan for this.

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

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

#### \$100 CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
  - 1/2 cup butter
  - 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
  - 2 eggs well beaten
  - 1 1/2 cups milk
  - 2 tsp. vanilla
  - 2 cups cake flour (measured after sifting)
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/8 tsp. salt
- Melt chocolate over hot water, cool slightly. Cream sugar and butter together. Add chocolate, beating well. Add beaten eggs and beat well again. Mix dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk and vanilla. For two layer cake, bake 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees.

#### LADIES AID SPECIAL

- 1/2 cup butter
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 4 egg yolks beaten
  - 1/3 cup milk
  - 1 tsp. vanilla
  - 1 cup cake flour
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
- Cream the butter and sugar; add egg yolks and mix thoroughly. Add milk and vanilla, then flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Spread in two greased and floured layer-cake pans and cover with the following meringue:

- 4 egg whites
  - 1/8 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup sugar
  - Nuts (if desired)
- Beat egg whites until they hold a peak; fold in sugar gradually and add salt. Pile roughly over each layer of cake and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake and let cool in the pan. Turn one layer upside down on a platter and spread with custard filling. Place the other layer meringue-side up on the custard.

- 1 cup scalding milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 egg yolks beaten
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1 Tbls. butter

Mix sugar and cornstarch and add scalding milk. Cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, until a smooth sauce is formed. Add the beaten yolks gradually and stir until thick and smooth. Remove from fire, add salt, vanilla and butter, then cool. Spread between layers.

#### GLAZED RAISED DOUGHNUTS

- 1 1/2 cups scalded milk
  - 2 yeast cakes
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1/3 cup butter
  - 2 eggs beaten
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 4 1/2 to 5 cups flour
  - 1 cup mashed potatoes
- Boil and mash potatoes; put in mixing bowl and add butter, eggs, sugar and milk. When lukewarm add crumbled yeast, and when yeast rises to the top it is dissolved. Now add salt and flour. Place in bowl and cover; let rise; punch down only once and let rise again. Roll about 1/2 inch thick and cut with ordinary doughnut cutter, but do not cut out holes. Let them raise until double in size; then when ready to fry pull a hole in the center and stretch it to the size of a half-dollar. Fry in deep fat and glaze while warm.

#### GLAZING

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
  - 1 Tbls. cornstarch
  - Butter the size of an egg
  - 1 Tbls. sweet cream
  - 1 tsp. vanilla
- Enough warm water to make a liquid.

#### ESCALLOPED CHICKEN SUPREME

- 6 cups cooked chicken
  - 6 cups cooked rice
  - 4 cups chicken broth
  - 3 cups milk
  - 4 Tbls. butter
  - 3/4 cup flour
  - 1 cup blanched almonds (optional)
  - 1 small can pimento
  - 1 can mushrooms
  - 1 Tbls. salt
  - 1/8 tsp. pepper
- Cook chickens (you'll need two stewing hens) in water to cover with salt, 3 stalks of celery and 1 chopped onion. When done cut in pieces. Pour 1 cup of broth over the rice. Make a rich gravy by adding the milk to the rest of the broth, and add butter blended with flour to thicken and season. Arrange in layers with rice on the bottom, chicken, pimento and mushrooms and cover with buttered crumbs and almonds. The skin of the chicken can be put through the food chopper using the fine blade, and then sprinkled on top; this will make an extra good crisp surface. Twenty can be served nicely with this amount.

#### LEMON-ORANGE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
  - 1 1/4 cups sugar
  - 2 well-beaten eggs
  - Grated rind of 1 orange
  - 1/2 cup orange juice
  - 1 tsp. lemon juice
  - 1/4 cup water
  - 2 1/4 cups flour
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
- Cream the sugar and shortening, add the well-beaten eggs, and the grated rind of the orange. Combine the lemon and orange juice with the water and add alternately with the flour and baking powder. Bake in two layers in greased pans for 25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.



**LUCILE'S WHITE CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp. of vanilla

Cream butter with half of the sugar until mixture is like whipped cream. Sift together flour (measured after sifting) baking powder and salt at least three times. Add about 1/3 cup of flour to the creamed butter and sugar, then add small amount of water. Continue alternating flour and water until all is used. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not dry. Then add remainder of sugar to the egg whites and lastly fold egg whites into cake. Bake in two-layers in a 350 degree oven from 25 to 30 minutes.

**CHERRY REFRIGERATOR COOKIES**

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Juice and grated rind of 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or almonds
- 1/2 cup candied cherries

Sift baking powder, flour and salt. Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and mix well. Add lemon juice, rind, nuts and chopped cherries. Add flour and mix well. Shape dough into rolls. Wrap in wax paper and let chill at least one hour before slicing. Bake on greased baking sheet in 400 degree oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

**CHERRY PUDDING**

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sweet milk
- 1 can of cherries
- 1 cup of sugar

Mix together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt; add milk. Pour into a baking dish 8x12. Mix one can of cherries and 1 cup of sugar. Pour over batter. Bake 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven. When done the cherries will be on the bottom and the crust on top.

**REMARKABLE FUDGE**

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

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

**FINE CHOCOLATE COOKIES**

- 1 cup melted shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 sq. unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups all-purpose flour (measured after sifting)
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup walnut meats

Combine melted shortening (use at least one-half butter for the flavor) with beaten eggs and brown sugar. Add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Combine flour with soda and cream of tartar, and add alternately with milk. Lastly add nuts. This batter is very thin but do not add flour; it can be handled nicely if thoroughly chilled first. Drop by small spoonfuls on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake in 400 degree oven for 10 minutes.

**ICING**

Melt 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate. Stir in one well-beaten egg. Add sufficient powdered sugar to thicken, and also 1 tsp. vanilla.

**PINEAPPLE CHEESE CAKE**

- 3 egg yolks slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. gelatine
- 3 slices pineapple cut fine
- Juice and grated rind of one lemon
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup syrup from can of sliced pineapple
- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- 1 cup cream

Cook egg yolks, sugar, salt, pineapple syrup over hot water until thickened. Add gelatine which has been soaked in 1/2 cup cold water, pineapple cut fine, cheese which has been put through a sieve, and lemon. When cool fold in egg whites beaten fairly stiff and 1 cup of cream, whipped. Pour into 7x11 inch pan which has been lined with a mixture of 2 cups graham cracker crumbs, ground fine, 1/2 cup melted butter, 4 Tbls. sugar, and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Allow this to harden before adding filling. Reserve 3/4 cup of graham cracker mixture to sprinkle on top. Decorate cake with slices of pineapple, then add crumb mixture and chill for several hours.

**LUCILE'S SUGAR COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 whole egg
- 1 Tbls. cream or milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 2/3 cups of flour

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add beaten egg, cream and vanilla. Sift together and add the dry ingredients. Roll thin and cut with cookie cutter. Bake at 375 degrees for about 8 minutes. Watch them closely so they don't get too brown.

**EASTER CAKE**

- 1 1/4 cups egg whites (9 to 11 eggs)
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon colored
- 1/2 cup sifted cake flour for white part
- 2/3 cup sifted cake flour for yellow part
- 1 cup and 2 Tbls. sifted sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Sift flour once, measure and sift 4 more times. Beat egg whites and salt; when foamy add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks but not dry. Fold in sugar gradually, 2 Tbls. at a time until all is used. Divide mixture into 2 parts as nearly equal as possible. Into one part fold the 1/2 cup flour and 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Into other part fold the beaten egg yolks, 2/3 cup flour and 1/2 tsp. orange extract. Put by teaspoons into ungreased angel food pan, alternating white and yellow mixture. Bake in 225 degree oven for 60 to 70 minutes.

**MARASCHINO CHERRY CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 2 3/4 cups of cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 16 maraschino cherries
- 1/4 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar until like whipped cream. Chop cherries and nuts and sprinkle half of the sifted flour and baking powder over them. Add liquid to shortening and sugar. Add flour without the cherries and nuts; than add remaining flour that has been mixed with the cherries and nuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in two layers in well-greased pans in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes.

**RUSSIAN DRESSING**

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup grated onion

Cook sugar and water until mixture spins a thread. Cool. Combine remaining ingredients; add syrup and beat thoroughly. Chill. Makes 2 cups.

**BEEETS WITH ORANGE SAUCE**

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. butter

Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch, mixing well. Add orange juice and butter and cook until thick in top of double boiler. Add small whole beets (canned or fresh) or shoestring beets. Prepare several hours before serving.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Have you ever looked at a piece of clothing and wondered, actually wondered if it would hold together for one more wearing? That's precisely what happened here a moment ago when Juliana struggled into her snow-suit and headed for school. That suit! Margery says candidly she can't believe it's Juliana—that surely it cannot be the child I once "kept up" with gleaming white shoes, spanking fresh leggings, etc.

I can't believe it myself and I've had all winter to look at the outfit. Where my great mistake was made was in not purchasing a good quality snow-suit last spring when they were on sale. I was scared to do this because at the rate Juliana is growing I feared she'd be out of it before winter arrived. So I did what no far-seeing manager ever does: when cold weather struck us I dashed out and bought a cheap snowsuit that looked *cute*. It stayed *cute* for one week. By then the general disintegration set in, and in spite of many hurried attacks with patches and needle, that suit is a towering pile of rags. I wonder every-time she puts it on if it will hold together long enough to get her back home again. And I might well wonder, for yesterday the entire waist-band gave 'way as she took it off and my best stitching didn't really seem to make much of an impression on the shredded wool.

Snowsuit trouble! That's one thing I'll say for California. We didn't have such clothing problems to combat out there.

Now that April is almost here I've come to the conclusion that the long winter evenings people talk about enthusiastically each year as fall begins to wane are really a myth and a legend. I didn't run into a one of them myself. It seems to me that the type of winter we have pretty well determines whether or not we'll have the long January and February evenings that we like to dream about. If we're buried in ice and snow we have them. If the roads are open and people can get around we just plain don't have them. This is only my opinion, you understand, and I was forced to it by the realization that another winter has skittered away without time to accomplish what I'd hoped to get done.

Within this past month I've found two books for children that are wonderful. Not only did Juliana hang on to every word, but I enjoyed reading them myself and that's more than I can say for a lot of books written for children.

Willow Brook Farm by Katherine D. Christ is the story of a Pennsylvania Dutch family of some seventy or eighty years ago. It's well written and highly entertaining; furthermore, it's long enough (246 pages) to make a child feel that he really *knows* Farmer Betz, Mrs. Betz, Cyrus, Beckie, Lizzie, Ruben and Abbie Susanna. I simply cannot resist saying too that if your youngsters shy away from their daily duties (Juliana certainly does) you can exclaim with great feeling: "Why,



On the day Juliana was seven years old this picture was taken of her with her paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Verness of Minneapolis, Minn. It was the first time they had ever been here for her birthday, and we made the most of the occasion. We feel that for an only child Juliana fares very well when it comes to having such devoted grandparents, to say nothing of aunts, uncles and cousins.

just think if you belonged to the Betz family!" As Juliana said at intervals throughout the book. "That's the workingest family I ever heard about." Believe me, they *worked*!

The other book is marvelous for reading aloud to the entire family. It's titled *Grandfather Tales* (compiled by Richard Chase) and is a collection of folklore from the southern mountain area of our country. When Juliana's Grandmother and Grandfather Verness were visiting us I read aloud "Wicked John and the Devil" and we all laughed until we cried.

We ran into both of these books at our public library so I cannot tell you the price. I'd suggest that you look for them first at your own library, and if you don't find them you might speak to the librarian. Perhaps all communities aren't so fortunate, but here in Shenandoah our librarians sincerely welcome recommendations of good books from interested parents, and I just wish that all of you had access to such a marvelous collection of juvenile books.

Juliana's seventh birthday party is now only a memory, but if you know little girls of this age perhaps you'd like to hear some of the details.

We had a birthday luncheon at one o'clock on Saturday, February 25th, for fourteen youngsters plus their dolls. It was fun to see them come in with their grown-up manners much in evidence. Gone are the days when they piled in helter-skelter, stood helplessly while you grappled with coats, leggings, goloshes, mittens, etc., and then retreated bashfully to some corner and stood there until you organized a round-up and got them all interested in something. This year they entered with great aplomb, asked politely where to leave their wraps, and then visited with each other while things were getting underway.

Customs differ in every town, but here it is almost traditional for youngsters to hand the birthday child her gift and it is then put on a table and nothing is opened until just before or just after refreshments are served. When Juliana was four she snatched presents before they could be offered! When she was five she started to put out her hand—and then withdrew it. When she was six she took the package politely and put it on the table, but her curiosity took her back time and again to poke around just a little

bit. This year she was seven, and she thanked each child for the gift, put it down on the table, and never went near it again until time to open things.

Juliana planned the menu for this luncheon and it consisted of creamed chicken on mashed potatoes, buttered peas, bread-and-butter, fruit salad "loaded with marshmallows, mother", and for dessert a lamb birthday cake and cherry ice cream. She begged me not to say a word if some child didn't eat much of anything—and I kept my promise. This was hard to do when two of the little girls didn't so much as pick up their silverware, but I'd made a promise so I kept it.

Since I last wrote to you we've had the pleasure of entertaining Russell's parents for a week. It was the first time they'd ever been here during the winter and we could scarcely believe that the four of us were together when the furnace was running. Grandmother Verness made Juliana a grey wool suit for spring, her very first suit with a pleated skirt and matching jacket, and to go with it she made two blouses, one of delft blue and one of turquoise. Then Aunt Helen Fischer crocheted her a grey wool hat that exactly matches, and Kristin gave her a grey suede purse for her birthday, so all in all she's ready for Easter. That's certainly more than her mother can say.

It's the consensus of opinion in our family that little Emily looks more like a doll with every passing day. It's too bad that we can't show you a kodachrome of her for otherwise you can't imagine how her eyes sparkle, and how pink her cheeks are. Abigail too will be glad when warm weather is actually here and she can put away those corduroy overalls once and for all. In this climate there simply doesn't seem to be any way that a baby can be kept comfortably warm during the winter without having what is almost a uniform: long-sleeved T-shirts and corduroy overalls. Emily has many beautiful dresses that she's had almost no chance to wear, so I know exactly how Abigail feels.

Before this reaches you we will have greeted Mother and Dad on their return from California. As I write this we have plans to prepare a big family dinner for the evening of their return, and I do hope things work out so we can go through with it.

I've thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated your letters this winter. There may be nicer things in this world than sitting down in an old green chair to read a big stack of interesting, friendly letters from all over the country, but I don't know where you'd go to find it. Thank you once again, from the bottom of my heart, for the warm, sincere encouragement that you've given Marge and me all winter long. We are grateful.

Lucile.

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## THIS JOB SOUNDS INTERESTING!

By Hallie M. Barrow

I doubt if you've ever heard of a woman connected with conservation work because as far as I could find, Miss Wilma Ketchum, Educational Assistant, Northwest Missouri District of the State Conservation Department of Missouri, is the only woman with this title.

Miss Ketchum only wishes that there were other women in this field so they could visit and compare notes. But when she looked for them at the National Conservation meeting last September, held in Gulfport, Mississippi, there were but two other women present in an official capacity; one from the state of Washington and the other from Oklahoma, and both were employed in the editorial field. Miss Ketchum, on the other hand, goes right out into the field.

Missouri is divided into seven conservation districts and six of these districts have men agents. Miss Ketchum's district is the nineteen counties in northwest Missouri. She works with teachers, pupils, and groups such as P. T. A., Community, Sports clubs, or any group wanting a conservation program. She talks at the August Plan meetings for all rural teachers and tells them of the service and free material available. She calls at their schools at their request to start Nature Knight groups, show wildlife pictures, and give educational conservation programs.

The children love it. As fast as they complete one project they are given an award and eagerly start the next one. There are some forty-seven projects from which they may choose. Among them are planting wild life bundles on their father's farm; starting a school conservation museum; starting a school conservation library; giving conservation playlets; persuading their fathers not to burn off pastures in the spring or fall; learn at least the sixteen most common trees and birds in their community; make conservation posters; make conservation movies; give oral reports on conservation books and pamphlets; control gully erosion on their own farms; make field trips; make a correct farm pond planting; build bird houses; and dozens of other worthy projects.

Their school displays make one feel that in the future we should have some wonderful farms and farmers. No child could participate in such a project as a correct farm pond without learning invaluable things. This particular project was built on a sand table. The youngsters had a multiflora hedge leading to the water so that all small game had a covered path to food and water. They had a woodlot planting for a windbreak, a planting of cedars, and the banks were sodded so that no silt could wash in.

All the children need is just a start. Take, for instance, their home movies. A paper grocery carton with one side cut out serves as the curtain. Pictures are pasted on the plain side of a roll of wallpaper and turned on two pieces of broomstick. Two children turn



Miss Mildred Ketchum, about whom Hallie Barrow has written this month. We hope that some high school seniors will be sufficiently interested in this profession to make further inquiries of their State Conservation Department.

while a third serves as narrator.

If a red bird is the subject of a "movie" one first sees various pictures cut from magazines with different poses of the bird. Then the roll goes on to picture their feeding habits, nesting habits, food, enemies, young birds, seasonal homes, etc.

One of the prize movies was made by a little girl who prepared a roll of bird eggs. She drew and colored the eggs life size and her movie also had information about nests, nesting material, nesting habits, and everything else on the subject that you can imagine. Unless you see such work you wouldn't believe that children could carry through an idea so completely.

Planting a wild life bundle is no small task. Each bundle contains in addition to a thousand multiflora roses, five cedar, five Virginia pine, five holly, five dogwood, five red bud, five mulberry trees, all seedling trees, twenty walnut seeds and a five-pound bag of lespedeza seed. You can see for yourself what it would mean to get all of this into the ground.

For their museums they collect and label samples of wood, soils, minerals, rocks, wild flower seeds, farm seeds, leaves, and many other items. They make quail shelters during storm periods, plant food patches along fence rows and on banks of gullies. And not only do they carry on a winter bird feeding project at school, but they build squirrel den boxes, and bird food shelters.

When Miss Ketchum told me her schedule I'm really not surprised that there are not more women in this field. She tries to make four schools each work day, and the chances are that this will be followed up by a night meeting somewhere. If she is showing pictures it takes quite a bit of heavy lifting to get the machine and equipment out of the car and into the school or club room, set it up and then take it down again. It entails much driving, and often this means

through mud, snow, ice and sleet, to say nothing of driving alone at night. The salary runs along the lines of any teaching position. It resolves itself to the real reason many good teachers are in their profession—they love their work.

As a girl growing up on a farm, Wilma Ketchum loved Nature. In college she majored in earth sciences and had courses in conservation such as forestry, wild life, technician, biologist, etc., and she taught science for about ten years before getting into this new field. She thinks some teaching experience is necessary along with conservation training because when principals and superintendents give her permission to spend an hour in one of their class rooms, they want to know that the agent has had some experience with school work.

When she applied for her present position the authorities in charge did not question her training or experience, but they wondered if a woman could stand up to the physical demands of the job. They allowed her a six-months trial period. That was in 1942 and it is now 1950, so obviously that doubt has been settled once and for all.

You seldom meet anyone more in love with his work than is Miss Ketchum. As knowledge of and enthusiasm for conservation increases, new ideas are continually cropping up. Some of the teachers have asked for conservation workshops so they could better help their pupils. In the past year, Miss Ketchum has held three of these in her territory, but what she'd really like is for some other teacher to care enough for conservation work to come into the field. It's awfully lonely being the only woman conservation agent!

# KOWH

## Highlights

Adam the Farm Hand..	6:00 A.M.
Jean Sullivan, News ....	7:00 A.M.
Kolache Klub .....	8:00 A.M.
Weather Report .....	8:25 A.M.
Today's Top Tunes .....	9:30 A.M.
Back to the Bible.....	10:00 A.M.
<b>KITCHEN-KLATTER</b> .....	11:00 A.M.
Gaylord Avery, News.....	11:45 A.M.
Make Believe Ballroom...	1:00 P.M.
Gaylord Avery, News.....	3:00 P.M.
News and Weather.....	5:00 P.M.

●  
KOWH - OMAHA - DIAL 660



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

March certainly came in like a lion today, and since my school sits on top of a hill with nothing to protect it from the wind, I spent half of my day putting coal in the stove. All I can say is that I hope the old saying is true this time and that March will go out like a lamb and that April will bring some nice warm weather.

This has been terrible weather for little baby animals, and since our lambs have been arriving Frank has spent half of his days and nights at the sheep shed making sure that they had lots of fresh warm bedding, and to see that they got nourishment right away so that they would be more apt to stand the cold. So far we have been very lucky and haven't lost a one. One night when it was below zero three sets of twins were born and Frank didn't get home until almost daylight.

Our roads have been just terrible and without the little jeep I'm afraid I wouldn't have been able to make it to school every day. I keep saying I don't see how they can be any worse and Frank keeps assuring me that they will be because the frost isn't out of the ground yet. The creek was running bank full tonight with an ice jam at the bridge. This hard freeze tonight ought to let it drop a few feet and maybe it won't come clear out. I can get to my school without crossing it, but Kristin's is on the other side, so I expect if we do have a flood she will have to go to school with me for a few days.

Kristin and I had a lovely week-end in Shenandoah, going down for Juliana's birthday. Kristin has never missed a one of Juliana's birthday celebrations, and that is just as big an event in her life as her own birthday is. I was awfully glad it happened to fall on a Saturday so we could be there. This was our first trip down since Christmas and it always seems so strange to go to Shenandoah when the folks aren't there. By the time I write my next letter to you they will be home again.

I have started counting the weeks until school is out, not because I'm tired of teaching, but because I will have a little time to sew again. Kristin needs so many new things because she has simply outgrown everything she has this winter. Frank's sister, Bernie, has told me that she will make me a new spring cotton to wear to school as soon as I get the material, so that is one of the first things on my list for Saturday shopping.

I'm also terribly anxious to get my house thoroughly cleaned, new curtains up and some painting done on the inside. Since I didn't have time between summer school and the first day of school to do any fall cleaning, you can just imagine the state it has gotten into this winter with the precious little time I have had at home. I can never remember another time in my life that I have really been anxious to clean house, but this time I can hardly wait.

We have also been doing a little cleaning and "fixing up" at school. Mrs. Ray Shelton washed and ironed



Dorothy wanted a picture of Kristin minus her two front teeth—and here it is.

our curtains for us, so we washed all the windows before we put them back up again. I took some old linoleum to school to put down in the hall so we would have a place to put muddy overshoes. We had an old-fashioned large phonograph that didn't work any more, so when we got another one the boys tore up the old one and made a little cupboard out of it. They have also been working on some new book shelves that they made out of four orange crates, and when they get these painted we will have ample room for books, toys, blocks, puzzles, etc., that have just been stacked all over the room wherever we could find a little space. The girls have been making little sacks with a drawstring opening to use for dominoes, Krazy Ikes, small blocks and other things. As the boxes for these things got broken, they were just put into one big box, so now when we get all these things organized, and some nice clean shelves to put them on, our school-house will look a lot neater.

The children have quite a nice treasury built up now, with the money from their first program, and the few cents dues they have collected for their little club. This spring they want to get some new balls and a couple of swings and any other outdoor play equipment they might want. I have been very fortunate in having a lovely group of children this year. The older ones play so nicely with the younger ones and there is never any trouble.

It is getting late and I still have some papers to correct, so I will cut my letter a little short this month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

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## LITTLE NORWAY

By Frances R. Williams

In my previous article we proved that most everyone can take a vacation trip. Now, the next thing to decide is "Where Shall We Go"? Since I like nothing better than to plan vacation trips, perhaps you will allow me to help plan your trip.

Would you like to visit a foreign country? "Yes, of course," you reply, "but we cannot afford to travel abroad." Well, few of us can afford to travel in foreign countries but there are some interesting foreign spots right here in America. The first one we visited was "Little Norway" in south central Wisconsin.

It isn't far! From our home in Marshall County Kansas, we traveled north to Sioux City and crossed Iowa on Highway No. 20 to Dubuque, where we stopped for a short visit. Located on the bluffs and banks of the Mississippi, "Father of Waters", Dubuque, the oldest city in the state, was named for the French frontiersman, Julian Dubuque. Giant elm trees line the streets and meet overhead to form a perfect arch which provides cooling shade for the motorist. We parked the car and took the 4th street elevator, a bluff climbing cable car, which takes one up to the top of the perpendicular bluff in a thrilling ride. The view from the top is an inspiring sight to those of us who love the great grain belt of the nation for the big river winds through rich farm lands as far as the eye can see.

There are several old unique buildings in Dubuque, but of greatest interest is the historic Shot Tower. Here, in the early days of the settlement, hot, melted lead was poured through a screen at the top of the tower into water at the base. The result was perfectly formed shot. In contrast to the relic of pioneer days, a modern dam and locks across the river are an aid to navigation.

Taking Highway No. 151, we crossed the river to enter Wisconsin. East of Platteville is Wisconsin's first Capitol Building, restored and surrounded by a beautiful state park.

To reach our destination, it was necessary to turn off the highway and take a narrow, winding gravel road for the distance of a mile or so. Nestled in a tiny wooded valley among the foothills of the Blue Mounds, we came upon "Little Norway". It is also called "Nessedahle," which means, "The Valley of the Elves." The place is so beautiful it might well be the abode of fairies.

One does not need to be a descendant of Eric the Red, Leif Ericson, or even remotely related to the Norsemen to enjoy and appreciate the contributions to science, art and culture made by the hardy men from Scandinavia.

The site of Nessedahle was the homestead of one Austin Haugen, a native of Norway who settled in the valley in 1856. The shrine as it appears today was developed by the late Isak J. Dahle, a business man,

(Continued on page 13)



## (Little Norway—Continued)

who purchased the land and restored the original buildings; other buildings have been added to give the place a Norwegian atmosphere. Visitors are shown through the buildings by the guide, H. A. Stikhevit; Stikky, as he is known, lives at Little Norway the year 'round and is an interesting character.

The tour begins at the very small horse barn which formerly sheltered the pioneer's one horse; it is now filled with the tools and implements of a bygone era. Next, we visit the cow stable, a two-story affair with a sod roof. The former cow barn has been converted into a four room pioneer dwelling. In the kitchen a huge fireplace occupies one whole wall and the guide displays the unique solid oak table. The other rooms contain carved corner cupboards, chests that are 100 years old, double deck beds, tables and chairs. The curtains on the huge bed in the corner of one of the upstairs rooms are decorated with an embroidery motif of 17th century design. The farm house which was occupied by the Haugen family is located on the side hill. The guide unlocks the door, using a giant key. The door is so low that even an average sized person must stoop to enter, although the original settler was 6 feet, 4 in. in height. Both doors and windows were small to conserve the heat in winter. The house is completely furnished with many of the identical pieces of furniture and equipment used by the Haugen family.

One of the most interesting of the total of the fifteen buildings is the "Norway" building. Built by workmen in Norway for the Paris Exposition of 1889, it was later sent to the Chicago Exposition in 1893. At the close of the Chicago Exposition, the building was procured by Mr. Dahle and moved to Nessedahle. It is an example of ancient Norse church architecture. Not a single nail was used in the original structure. Sixty men worked for seven years to complete the building, and it took one man three years to carve the heavy oaken door. The structure has the traditional ridgepole dragons, calculated to drive away evil spirits.

The guide proudly exhibited the elaborately carved articles made of silver, wood, leather and metal. On the wall hangs an original musical composition by Edvard Grieg, autographed by him. The large structure is filled with articles of great value pertaining to Norwegian history and culture: Henrik Ibsen, the playwright, Rasmus S. Anderson, the educator, and Ole Bull, the violinist, are represented in the collection. Altogether, the buildings contain the finest private collection of Norwegian antiques in the world. Many famous people, including the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway, have visited the place.

The tour included a visit to the spring house where the clear cold water bubbles up through the sand to form a brook which meanders

through the meadow. The jars of milk and cream in the cold water of the spring house were proof that the caretakers of the little community used the spring for the same purpose as did the pioneer housewife.

One may stroll about the grounds, cross the brook by means of the rustic bridges or rest in comfortable chairs in the shade of the trees. Flowers are in bloom and birds sing; one might well expect an elf to be hiding behind one of the flowers. Across the meadow is the rustic milk maid's cottage and on the slope of the hill among the trees is the hunting lodge, while atop the wooded hill the flags of the two nations, the United States and Norway, float lazily in the late afternoon breeze. As we drive away, we turn for one last look at the beautiful valley, the shrine to Norway, "The Valley of the Elves".

## NURSERY RHYME CONTEST

1. What bird sang before royalty?
  2. When did meat rise sky-high?
  3. Who jumped over a light?
  4. When were king's horses of no avail?
  5. Why do we have reason to believe Queen Victoria had mice?
  6. What boy went to sleep on duty?
  7. What man kept his wife in a fruit?
  8. What person of royalty was a culinary expert?
  9. Who was the son of a musician?
  10. What should have been reported to the humane society?
  11. What two met disaster on a hill-side?
  12. Who was afraid of a certain insect?
  13. What king ate to the tune of a stringed instrument?
  14. Who paid for his supper in song?
  15. Who administered punishment wholesale?
  16. Who was away when the house caught fire?
  17. Who could never have been a pupil?
  18. Who ate with his fingers?
  19. Who tended a garden?
  20. What couple was so thrifty they never wasted a scrap?
  21. Who should have had a rescue medal?
  22. Who took poor care of her flock?
- Answers: 1. Blackbird. 2. When the cow jumped over the moon. 3. Jack. 4. Humpty-Dumpty. 5. Pussy Cat-Pussy Cat. 6. Little Boy Blue. 7. Peter. 8. Queen of Hearts. 9. Tom (Piper's Son). 10. Mother Hubbard. 11. Jack and Jill. 12. Miss Muffett. 13. Old King Cole. 14. Tommy Tucker. 15. Old Woman in the Shoe. 16. Lady Bird. 17. Simple Simon. 18. Little Jack Horner. 19. Mary, Quite Contrary. 20. Jack Sprat and Wife. 21. John Sprout. 22. Bo-Peep.

## FINANCIAL SECURITY

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Here is Mrs. Walker of Council Bluffs, Ia., and a few of her one-hundred dolls. The one she is holding in her left hand looks small enough to be Tottie, the heroine of Rumer Godden's delightful book, *The Doll's House*. Any little girl would adore this book—and grown-ups will enjoy it too.

## DOLLS—AND MORE DOLLS!

It's generally hard to know exactly how to account for a choice of hobbies, but in the case of Mrs. Earl Walker, 3224 Avenue I, Council Bluffs, Iowa there's no mystery; she loved dolls as a child and this love carried right over into adult life when she could satisfy her feeling about them by building up a fine collection.

Today Mrs. Walker has one-hundred dolls, and many of them are fine examples of various periods. She has been fortunate enough to have some given to her, and others she has been able to pick up by browsing around in antique shops, but she's definitely not interested in acquiring any at prices listed in catalogs from collectors' shops. Some of these items carry such prices as \$57.50, \$45, \$35 and \$24, and this rarified strata doesn't appeal to her.

Probably the most valuable doll is a large Gody, made of china with black painted hair. All in all she owns 10 Gody dolls; they were made in Germany about 1880.

Do you recall the beautiful bisque dolls that were almost too precious to play with? Well, Mrs. Walker has a group of these. They were made in Germany about 1900 and not only have natural hair and China hands, but also very natural appearing glass eyes.

Although Mrs. Walker has three small daughters to sew for she somehow finds time to make the colorful dresses worn by her dolls. It takes quite a bit of research to study fashions and duplicate clothes of the periods in which various dolls are made, and a busy housewife and mother doesn't have many spare moments for such research. But eventually Mrs. Walker hopes to be able to do exactly this, and in the meantime it's fun to enjoy them just as they are.





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### REDDY'S BREAKFAST

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One April morning Reddy Fox lay at the edge of the meadow under an oak tree. He lay very, very quietly and occasionally he grinned slyly to himself in anticipation. Pretty soon Snippy Squirrel would awaken and come sliding down the tree trunk, and Reddy Fox intended to nab him for breakfast.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before Snippy began to chatter happily.

"It's a beautiful day!" he exclaimed. "Hail to spring!" Then he flipped his tail over his back and slid, *zoom!*, down the tree trunk right into Reddy's waiting paws.

"Good morning!" said Reddy, and he began to drool at the very thought of eating this fine fat squirrel.

"My goodness," said Snippy, "this is certainly a revoltin' way to begin the day."

"Indeed it is, for you," answered Reddy, "but for me, it's fine. I am very hungry, and I see that you are very fat. Yummmmmmmmm!"

"My, my, such manners! Don't you know it isn't polite to make those smacking noises?" Calmly Snippy began to inspect his nails, biting off a little here and a little there, to make them even.

"What's more," he continued, "It would be inexcusable for you to eat me right here. Some of my friends might see you, and think of the shock!"

"Hmmm. That's true," said Reddy.

### TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

Little Billy Bullfrog says to himself: "I guess I better hurry!"—Let's turn him upside down and see



"I'll just take you to my den." Then he picked Snippy up in his mouth and trotted away.

"I say, you are a most considerate fellow," commented Snippy, "but surely you aren't going to eat me before you wash your paws and face."

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMM," mumbled Reddy. He couldn't open his mouth for fear of losing Snippy. When he got to the creek, he dipped all four paws into the water and wiped them dry on the grass. Then he trotted off again, with Snippy still held firmly between his teeth.

"By the way, I hope you aren't selfish enough to eat me all by yourself," said Snippy.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM."

"Tsk! Tsk! What dreadful manners! Surely you have a poor cousin who needs a bite of a fat squirrel."

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMM," said Reddy, but all the same, he turned in the direction of his cousin Natty's den. When they reached it, Natty had already seen them coming.

"Fine squirrel you have there," he said.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMM," said Reddy. Then he put Snippy on the ground and held him carefully with his paws.

"I have come to share my breakfast with you." Natty's eyes glistened greedily.

"Fine. I'll start."

"Oh, no, you don't! I caught this squirrel, and I shall have the first bite."

"I shall!"

"I shall!" The next thing, the two foxes were snarling and biting and shaking each other, and Snippy was forgotten. Cautiously he crept away. He climbed the old oak at the edge of the meadow, and when he had reached the very tip-top branch, he yelled as loudly as he could.

"Fellers! Hey, fellers!" he called. "Aren't manners wonderful?" Reddy and Natty just slunk into their dens, and they were so ashamed that they stayed there all day without any breakfast, or any dinner, or any supper, either.

### LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

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One day recently Emily came to see Juliana and her mother brought along the musical chair that Santa Claus left this past Christmas. She is wearing the bonnet that belongs to Juliana's big doll, Joan—you saw a picture of Joan last month.

### RIDDLES

What turns without moving? Sour Milk.

What nut has no shell? Doughnut. What word is pronounced wrong by your teacher? Wrong.

What has teeth but can't bite? A saw.

What has four legs but can't walk? A table.

What has ears but can't hear? A corn stalk.

### (Little Ads—Continued)

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**WANTED—1,000 Ladies** to send us their dull scissors to be sharpened at 35¢ ea., p.p. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Ideal Novelty Co., 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.



## "Little Ads"

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

May Ads due April 1.

June Ads due May 1.

July Ads due June 1.

Send Ads Direct To  
Driftmier Publishing Co.  
Shenandoah, Ia.

**LADIES**, if you love to make good candy, by sending two scissors in to us to Hollow Ground, Sharpen, and polish for only 35¢ ea., we will send you one for every order 27 new 1950 candy factory formulas FREE. Keen-Edge Grinders, Established since 1914, Mediapolis, Ia.

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

**BEAUTIFUL STATIONERY**—20 Floral sheets, 20 envelopes, printed with any name and address, \$1 postpaid. Ten personalized postcards given. Midwest, 5-B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

**READER'S DIGEST** 8 months \$1.00. New subscribers only. Peggy Jo Buddenberg, Hamilton, Mo.

**BEAUTIFUL SNOW WHITE PUREBRED SPITZ.** (American Eskimo) puppies, for sale, ready May 1st. Craven's Kennel, Menlo, Ia.

**MOTHER AND FATHER'S DAY GIFTS.** Genuine leather hand laced, hand tooled bill-folds, blond or brown, \$5. Helen Knox, Lenox, Ia.

**BABY!** Tell Mom to get you that new nylon and plastic snap-on diaper cover. It's safe, full cut, adjustable and it wears and washes so well. Small, medium, \$1.15 ea., large \$1.35. Send cash or check to: Mrs. L. Wilson, Meadow Grove, Nebr.

**FOR SALE:** Print coverall apron rick-rack trim, \$1. Tie apron, 50¢; free crochet pot holder with order. Hot rad cover 50¢. Mrs. Joe Day, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Ia.

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

**CROCHETED DRESSES**, infant-wear, pinafores, other gifts. Write. Beulah's Hand Made, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebr.

**BEAUTIFUL WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS**, with white or colored tating corner, and edge. \$1 postpaid. Mrs. Earl Prall, Mt. Sterling, Iowa.

**MACHINE QUILTING.** Write for prices. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kans.

**HANDMADE CRYSTALLINE BROOCH**, \$1.25. Chenille Orchid Corsage FREE. Freda Poverlin, Beatrice, Nebr.

**HOUSE PLANT SLIPS**, rooted, labeled 10 different \$1.50 postpaid. Mrs. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

**HANDKERCHIEFS**—hand-made lace, available anytime 50¢ ea. Christina Peterson, Callender, Ia.

**SEWING EXPERIENCED.** Machine button-holes. Dresses, \$1.50 up, child's \$1. Aprons 75¢. Send materials, thread, pattern. Rowena Winters, 2920 Dubuque, Des Moines, Iowa.

**SEWING**, embroidery work wanted. Stamp for prices. Mrs. Pat Hixson, 3520, 59th, Des Moines, Ia.

**HOW TO MAKE UP BUTTONS**—ten pretty patterns for \$1. Mrs. Engel Hunt, Moorland, Ia.

**HANDICRAFT WORKERS NOTICE.** We will sell your products for you on a commission at our place on a busy highway in Texas. Write. Port Houston Novelty Co., 1414 McCarty, Houston 15, Texas.

**SMOCKED DRESSES**, blouses, pinafores, flowergirls skirts. Laura Mitchell, St. Paul, Nebr.

**SEWING SCISSORS**, Hollow ground, sharpened and polished 35¢ ea., postpaid. Established since 1914, all work guaranteed. Keen-Edge Grinders, Mediapolis, Ia.

**LADIES DRESSES**, 3 sacks, print, thread, measurements, etc., \$1.25. Aprons, 50¢, thread, tape, return postage. Mrs. T. E. Anderson, Garden Grove, Ia.

**WORK APPRECIATED:** crocheting, machine hemstitching. Eva Donath, Strawberry Point, Ia.

**HAND PAINTING:** pillow slips, \$2.00; tea towels \$2.50. Elva Carstens, Glidden, Ia.

**HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE**, by sending print or 3 feed sacks, buttons, your measurements and \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. Beautiful rose-medallions for pillow-cases plain or variegated colors, 25¢ ea. Newest, prettiest pot-holder in crochet any color with white, 50¢ ea. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kans.

**FOR SALE: POMERANIAN PUPS.** Reg. Either sex. Harold Van Zante, Monroe, Ia.

**EMBROIDERED, EDGED PILLOW CASES**, \$4.75. Mrs. Carl Hipnar, Hancock, Ia.

**HEARTS-FLOWERS**, hair aprons \$1.75-\$1.50. Mammy shade pulls 25¢ pr. R. Klehl, 2917 Fourth, N. W. Canton, Ohio.

**BEAUTIFUL CROCHETED**, Irish Rose Dolly. White center, Pink roses, green leaves, \$2. Ready for mailing. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

**FELT MINIATURE GLOVES**, sequin trim, all colors, 55¢. Mrs. Neva Pierce, Lake City, Ia.

**NOVELTY CUP CAKE SHAKERS**, can't tell from real cup cakes, 40¢ set. Hayden's 69 E. State, Barberton, Ohio.

**WANTED:** Crochet orders. Baby and doll loopie booties, \$1.25 and 75¢. Pansy dollies. Ad good any time. Stamped envelope for information. Elsie McCall, 228 16th, Boone, Iowa.

**"BERRY BOXES"**, Crates, Baskets, Fruit and vegetable packages. Phillips Basket Company, 2821 Grebe St., Omaha, Nebr.

# If You Don't Drink—



## WHY HELP PAY FOR THE ACCIDENTS OF THOSE WHO DO?

In the congested high speed traffic of today the use of beverage alcohol is a known hazard. The National Safety Council says that one out of every four fatal traffic accidents involves liquor—that means 8,000 people killed last year—scores of thousands of others injured and millions lost in property damage. All this costs money—money that insurance companies have to pay out in claims—money that policyholders have to first pay in premiums.

But here is good news for you: There is at last one insurance company in America that insures total abstainers only. And at last a preferred insurance rate is offered by it for non-drinking drivers. Thousands of policyholders now benefit by this dependable protection in a regular legal reserve insurance company. Among them are prominent ministers, school teachers, lawyers, doctors, college professors, political leaders and business men.

Are you a safe non-drinking driver? If so we want to extend to you an invitation to join the thousands who now obtain their automobile protection from us. We want you to write us today for full details about insurance for your car. Full details will come by return mail and no salesman will call. Even if your present policy does not expire at this time write us today. Then you'll have all the information when you want it. Mail the coupon now. There is no obligation.

## PREFERRED RISK MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

"America's Only Total Abstainers Automobile Insurance Co."

Sam Morris, President—2506 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa

**PREFERRED RISK MUT. INS. CO., 2506 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Ia.:**

( ) Please send me complete information about your auto insurance for total abstainers. I understand there is no obligation and no salesman will call on me.

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Year .....

Body Type .....

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Expiration date of present insurance. ....

KK-350



## AN APRIL FOOL FOOLISH PARTY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

A real honest to goodness April Fool party is a party that is just for fun, so plan yours to be just as silly as you wish.

Write this invitation backwards so your guests must use a mirror to read it:

Get your mirror and you will see

What a lot of fun there is going to be.

Wear your hat backwards—your coat, too;

Come and see what else we'll do.

Make your party room as backwards as possible. Hang the pictures backwards or upside down. Have the chairs turned upside down, too. You may decorate the room with Christmas bells, Hallowe'en cats, Fourth of July flags, Thanksgiving turkeys—anything to be "foolish."

When the guests arrive have a large sign on the door that says, "APRIL FOOL—THERE IS NO PARTY HERE." When your guests are about ready to leave, open the door and say "April Fool—try the back door."

Plan all your games and prizes so that they will be ridiculous. The whole aim of the party is lots of fun, so keep the gang laughing.

First let us play Musical Chair, only this time we will not move—we shall stand still and let the chair move. Form a circle and give one person a straight chair or a child's small chair. As the music plays, the players stand still and pass the chair from one to another around the circle. When the music stops, the one holding the chair must drop out of the game.

You have all played an obstacle game where you place eggs or other fragile objects on the floor and then have the blindfolded person walk through. Of course, by now everyone knows the objects are always removed. This time you will move the fragile objects quietly but you will substitute others to fool him. Save egg shells and place them in a cellophane bag and when these are stepped on he will think you have left the eggs there.

Provide paper and pencil for a game of Backward Spelling. On each sheet of paper you will have written the following questions:

1. What is your first and last name?
2. In what state do you live?
3. What was the last name of the first president of the United States?
4. What are the days of the week?
5. What holiday comes on December 25?

Have each person write the answers to these questions spelling all the words backwards. The first to complete a correct list is winner.

When it is time to eat you will have an April Fool Table. In the center of the table place a large white box decorated with large black question marks. Out of the top, have ribbons

extending to each plate. When the guests are seated tell them to pull a ribbon and draw a prize. Tiny packages will be wrapped elaborately. Make it necessary to remove several layers of paper. When they are finally through they will find a toothpick fastened to a piece of paper saying, "Have you enjoyed the meal?" When your guests are about convinced there are to be no refreshments—that it was all April Fool—you may bring out the "eats".

You may wish to use dishes of all patterns and sizes and place the silverware upside down and in wrong places. Each guest's name may be written backwards on a card. Instead of nut cups at each place, have a dunce cap which you can easily make from cone-shaped drinking cups. When the cups are picked up, out falls the candy, nuts or mints.

You may select whatever type of refreshments you choose and serve them in any way you wish. You may be so foolish as to serve dessert first or you may serve punch in the coffee pot, pour the water in the dessert dishes and serve ice cream in the goblets.

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4 oz. Glori Cream Shampoo  
4 oz. La Dana Hand Cream  
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1 dram Floral Perfume

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1 Full gallon (sufficient for 10 or 12 four inch flower pots) for \$1.50 post-paid.

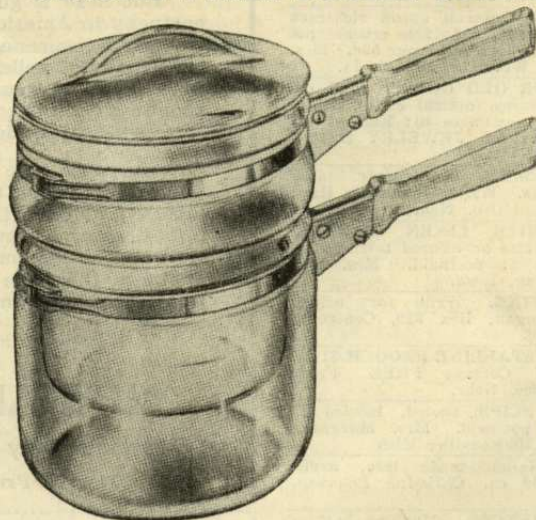
Grow Fast Soil Co. Box 309

Shenandoah, Iowa

# HERE IT IS!

## The Amred Big Ten

### GENUINE PYREX DOUBLE BOILER



Retail price \$3.45 (50¢ to cover packaging and postage)

Yours for only 10 Amred labels (see below) and 50¢

This handsome Pyrex double-boiler can be in your kitchen if you send us ten red stickers from the JUMBO 12-oz. bottle of Amred vanilla flavoring. Tell your friends to buy the finest flavoring made—Amred. Look for Amred flavoring at your grocer's. Mail ten red stickers (from Amred 12-oz. bottle of vanilla only) plus 50¢ to cover packaging and postage to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia., and Pyrex Double Boiler will be shipped to you immediately.

SEND ORDERS TO  
**KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA.**