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Kitchen-Klatter

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Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

In my letter last month I told you something about our trip to California and our arrival in Redlands. As I write this we have been here about six weeks, and those weeks have surely passed rapidly.

The weather here? Well, for the most part it has been very pleasant—suit weather, I call it. The days have been bright and sunny, the nights cool. There have been a few times that the thermometer hovered around 26 to 28 degrees, and then the orange growers had to light up the oil heaters that are placed all through the groves. Of course they make some smoke (they call it smudge and it isn't very pleasant), but most of us realize that if it weren't for these little stoves and the smoke they make, many carloads of oranges would be frozen, and even some of the trees killed. I read in the paper this morning that one million dollars worth of oil is burned every night in southern California when ranchers have to use the smudge pots. I get really disgusted with some tourists who complain about the smoke in the air! I would either keep still or go back where I came from!

There have been lovely, clear sunny days when we have taken short trips. So far we have returned the same day. Yesterday we had such a good time with friends living near Indio who call themselves rock hounds. They love to search the desert for rare rocks and Indian relics, and we appreciated an invitation to join them on one of their expeditions. They packed a lunch which we ate in Box Canyon, far off the highway. I think it must be called Box Canyon because its walls on either side rise straight up like the sides of a box—a corrugated box, I'd say, for the weather has eroded the mountain sides and formed fantastic shapes.

This canyon was used by the Indians as a campground, and right where we ate, Mart picked up pieces of broken pottery and a round flat stone that our friends said had been used to grind grain. We took some pictures of the spot and will show them to you in Kitchen-Klatter if they are good.

There is an Easter Sunrise Service held in this canyon each year in which people for miles around take part.

Rocks form a natural stage and amphitheater.

Going on down this wonderful canyon, so surprisingly narrow with the bright blue sky above, we came to the Salton Sea which used to be a part of the Gulf of California before it was cut off by silt from the Colorado River. Driving along the east shore we came to Frink's hot well where every second two cubic feet of water (almost boiling hot) comes steaming and bubbling out. It forms a small pool and then runs on into the Salton Sea. I tasted water from the well and UGH! one taste was enough for me.

There is one place you must be sure to visit if you come out here, and that is Knott's Berry Farm at Buena Vista, Calif. This is a genuine family project that started in a very small way, and by the family working together has become an outstanding success.

Back in 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knott came to California. They decided to grow berries so rented ten acres, planted their berry patch and sold the berries from a little stand by the side of the road. In seven years they had accumulated enough money to buy a little piece of land on which they erected a permanent building where Mrs. Knott could have a little tearoom and sell pies, hot biscuits and berry jam, and coffee. Their children waited on the tables. This proved a success so they started serving chicken dinners. Now from seven dining rooms they serve over a million meals a year.

Inspired by the stories of early life in California told to him by his grandmother, Mr. Knott is constructing what he calls a Ghost Town—a true gold rush town of the 49's. There is the old Opera House, unique stores and restaurants, and a rustic chapel in which you will find a life-sized painting of the transfiguration of Christ. Thousands visit it weekly. The original seven acre farm they purchased has expanded to 200 acres where 300 people are employed. It certainly is an illuminating example of what one family can do when all of its members pitch in and work together.

We expect to make a trip to San Diego to see my niece, Faith Field Stone whom we last saw in Shenandoah last October the day after services were held for her father, Henry

Field. We also want to make a drive to Glendale to see Mart's brother Harry and his family. While we're in that section we want to see Gertrude Hayzlett as well. Then we want to make another drive to Claremont to see our niece, Louise Fischer Alexander and her family so, all in all there are a number of things lined up for the near future.

I have been doing a little sewing, finishing an appliqued quilt I started a year ago and smocking a dress for the little granddaughter of a friend of mine. I usually spend from eight o'clock until nine every evening in the hotel parlor watching the television programs. They have some very good entertainment, and I have especially enjoyed Harry Owen and his Royal Hawaiians. They say that southern California has the most perfect television production in the United States.

Our children are very good about writing to us. No matter how tired Dorothy is on Friday night she always gets off a letter, and generally there's one from Kristin too. Juliana has written several times, and Mary Leanna and Martin have dictated letters to their mothers. You certainly anticipate all word from your children and grandchildren when you are far away.

Margery writes that Martin is now a real little gentleman when she takes him to Sunday School. He sits quietly on his small chair, marches around soberly with his penny in hand for the collection, and doesn't hesitate to try and sing every song. All of our grandchildren seem to enjoy Sunday School very much and I'm happy about this, for nothing else can fill that place in their lives.

Lucile said that she wanted to use a picture of the Redlands public library in this issue, so I'll tell you right here that many years ago I had the fright of my life in that building. It was when we first moved to California when I was only a young girl, and I went there frequently to get books—we hadn't gotten acquainted yet and I was lonely. One day I went to the basement to look for some particular book and while I was there the building began to shake badly. I had never felt an earthquake before but had always heard that it was wise to try and get outside, so I began running towards what I thought was the right door. Well, to make a long story short, I got confused when that proved to be the wrong door, and by the time I'd located the hall entrance the earthquake was all over and from footsteps above me I knew that people were coming back in from the outside. I never pass that building even today without remembering the incident.

Mart tells me that it's time for one of my favorite television programs to begin so this must be all. Thank you again for writing so faithfully to my girls. They tell me in every letter they write how much they appreciate it, and I do too.

Affectionately yours,

Leanna.

Come into the Garden

LET'S TAKE A LESSON FROM THE OLDER GENERATION

By Wayne Driftmier

A number of years ago there were mighty few properties that didn't have fruit trees thriving on them. When canning season came around the big problem was to manage the sugar, not where to round up the fruit. People had all the cherry pies they wanted, and then the basement shelves took care of countless quarts for winter use. The same thing was true of peaches—I can never remember a time when Mother didn't put up sixty or seventy quarts of sauce, as well as preserves of different kinds. Apples were something you depended upon the same way you figured on having coal in the bin. And pears . . . well, we ate all winter long on the fruit that our big Bartlett produced.

Our family was the rule, not the exception. Everyone had home grown fruit back in those days, and it made a big difference in the grocery bill.

In recent years this has all changed. A man can spend hours trying to track down enough cherries for one pie, and he's lucky if he makes his goal. I heard about one woman this past summer who had over a hundred telephone calls from people who pleaded for just a quart of cherries. Peaches are the same story, and apples are practically a luxury item—apple pie comes high these days.

There's no sound reason for this state of affairs. Lack of space is no excuse for even a city lot can accommodate enough trees to supply any family with its full needs. And price certainly doesn't even enter into the picture because the original investment is almost nothing compared to the potential crop and the saving it represents. Furthermore, fruit trees have been improved and the stock offered today is much harder and stronger than the stock offered in years gone by.

It all stacks up to the fact that people are missing a golden opportunity to have fine fruit without breaking the food budget. There is nothing that grows that produces the big returns fruit trees turn out with so little money and time invested. When you stop and think of the possibilities it makes you wonder why people ever got out of the habit of improving their property in this way.

This is the year, folks, to get fine quality fruit trees and put them out. No yard is too small for a couple of apple trees, a Montmorency cherry, and a good quality peach. It won't be long until you'll have plenty of grand fruit for your family, and since none of us can see ahead, we may be mighty thankful in years to come that we were farsighted enough to get our home orchard started in 1950.

MARCH BRINGS S-P-R-I-N-G

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

Spring can mean little more than an uninteresting alphabetical sextette. Again each letter can stand for unmeasurable amounts of thrilling anticipations which are stirred into active new life with the call of Spring if we have a garden.

S—that's the first letter of Shrubs. We could have it include trees also because some shrubs are really small trees and some trees are only large shrubs. Some we already have in our garden and others we must order at once. They need to get into the ground early. Fragrant Mock Orange and Lilacs, Pussy Willows for the first bouquets and Maples for beautiful colors in fall. Some with berries for the birds. Evergreen kinds for winter beauty.

P—that would be Perennials. No garden is complete without a good variety for succession of bloom throughout the growing season. Oriental Poppies, Peonies and Chrysanthemums are found in many gardens, as well as Bleeding Heart, Hardy Phlox and Hemerocallis (Daylilies). We should see Platycodon (Balloon Flower), Hosta and Painted Daisies more often. There are lovely Columbines, beautiful Campanulas and many other worthwhile perennials from which to choose.

R—to many that would have to be Roses—climbers, hybrid teas, baby ramblers and floribundas, old-fashioned roses, miniature roses. A few may have the lovely but not so reliable tree roses. Roses require more care and attention than some other things to keep them hale and healthy but do give so much in return.

I—it almost shouts Iris. Is there a garden that does not have at least one Iris? It comes under Perennials as well but seems to require a paragraph of its own. There are the cunning dwarfs to start the season followed by the intermediate and then tall bearded. For vases you will appreciate the dainty Siberian. If you decide to go in for Iris in a big way, the nursery catalogs will list other interesting species as, for instance, Japanese and Spuria.

N—that can be Native Flowers. A great many are now available. Mertensia Bluebells, Timber Phlox, Bloodroot, Shooting Star and Hepaticas are a few of the early bloomers; oh! and Violets—purple, blue, yellow, white, red—there's a difference in foliage, too. Mother Nature has planted Penstemons (Beardtongue) from Canada in to Mexico, yet the blossoms on many species rival those of hot-house flowers. Many other Natives are equally lovely and very desirable.



If you stepped into our office anytime between 8:00 in the morning and 6:00 at night you'd find Wayne at his desk. During some seasons of the year you could find him there at night too. He had just finished reading a big stack of nursery orders and the clock said 10:00 P. M. when Russell stopped by to take this picture.

G—that will have to be Gardens. It could denote nothing better in Spring. We must have a place to plant. The width and the breadth do not matter—they will all measure the same in height, to the sky. They will all be filled with exquisite beauty and delightful fragrance and thrilling adventures even though the plants differ. Arctic Willow from the North, Caladium from the South, Lilies from the Orient, Cactus from the Western Hemisphere—Gardens are as big as the world, and as small as you or I. How will Spring be spelled at your house?

RADIO FRIENDS

The snows may come, the winds may blow,

But then, it doesn't matter,
For I have friends who call each day,
My friends on Kitchen-Klatter.
Sometimes the beds are still unmade,
There's dust left in the hall.
Perhaps I'm busy washing clothes,
These friends won't mind at all!
They come right in and bring me cheer,

Ideas and helps galore;
The nicest thing about it is
They come next day with more!
I've never clasped their hands in mine,
Nor seen their faces dear,
But the visits that we share each day
Seem to bring them near.
Yes, winter days are here again,
I'll be shut-in, I know,
But many happy hours I'll spend
With my friends of radio.
—The Old Missourian.

This is my garden. It is not very long,
Nor yet very wide, but see how high
it reaches up to God's blue sky.

Sleep is Death's younger brother,
and so like him that I never dare
trust him without my prayers.—Sir
Thomas Browne.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SEVENTY-THREE

In the September (1949) issue I concluded a chapter of this story by saying: "That was to be our last Christmas in California and we made the most of it. The four of us had plans for returning to Iowa in the early part of 1946 and the atmosphere of impending change hung over our holiday season."

Right here I should say that during the years we lived in California Dorothy and Frank, and Russell and I had been with each other almost constantly; good times and bad times were shared mutually—and we even had our only children, Kristin and Juliana, four months apart! Through all of those experiences there was just one big problem in our minds for which we could never find a quick solution. We knew that *eventually* one of us would leave California, and then how would the family left behind manage all alone? I can remember long discussions of this, discussions that always ended with us wishing that we could see into the future so that we might be forearmed, so to speak.

Because of all this I think it genuinely amusing that when the time came to leave we all departed the same day for the same destination—Iowa! Russell, Juliana and I took a train out of San Francisco at 8:00 in the morning. Frank, Dorothy and Kristin drove out in their car just three hours later. So you see, all of our speculations and worries about how one couple of us would manage after the other couple had left, certainly proved to be totally in vain.

But to go back just a little bit . . . around the middle of December Dorothy and I drove down to the railroad station one morning to meet Russell's only sister, Boletta Verness Solstad, and her little Kristin, two-and-half years old. They had arrived from Minneapolis to spend five days with us on their road to San Diego where at last they would be united as a family—Boletta's husband served with the Marines and didn't miss a thing from Guadalcanal to Okinawa; he didn't see Kristin until she was two-and-a-half. Now he was stationed in San Diego, and there may have been happier couples in this world than they were that December, but I don't know where you would have gone to find them.

This was the first meeting of our two Kristins, and they both resented the fact that someone else responded to the same name. Dorothy, Boletta and I had quite a wild time trying to keep things peaceful when our three youngsters, all so near the same age, were together. I'm depending now upon every mother to know exactly what I mean!

After the holidays we settled down in earnest to the big job of packing. Housing was still a terrible problem at that time (no doubt it still is in San Francisco) and we couldn't take a cardboard carton down the front steps and into the garage without someone hurrying to ask us if we were moving, and how about the



Kristin and Juliana were playing with their Grandmother Driftmier's birthday cards when this was taken in April, 1946. They've practically grown up between the time this was snapped and the day the cover picture was taken.

house? It was the same thing we'd experienced when we left Hollywood, only much worse. Dorothy and Frank were besieged in the same way even though they lived on a "step street" far removed from a main thoroughfare.

We were due to leave our house on the 10th (the people who followed us had their van outside before we could even clear out!) and it wasn't possible to get train reservations until the 12th, so those last two days we spent with Dorothy and Frank. Now that I look back on it I marvel that the six of us ever moved around that house! It was filled with boxes and barrels, and I will say that at least Juliana and Kristin were constantly entertained by being able to climb over such a conglomeration of stuff. Meals were a mighty makeshift affair during that time! Oh yes—the people who were moving into Dorothy's house were so terrified the deal would fall through that they started hauling in their belongings during those two days; the object was NEVER to allow a property to stand empty for even five minutes. And no one ever did. Dorothy and I were both in a condition approximating coma when we went to bed the last night before departure.

At 5:00 the following morning we were all up and flying around frantically. Russell helped Frank pack his station wagon and that was a back-breaking job since everything that went into it had to be carried down several hundred steps. I had all of our own luggage packed and concentrated those last hours in getting Dorothy's things together. At 7:30 we said goodbye, Frank drove us to the station, and thus ended the San Francisco interlude.

Russell, Juliana and I went first to Glendale where we visited with Margery. She was working for a wholesale drug firm in the heart of Los Angeles, and consequently she had to get up at 5:30 every morning and never got home before 6:00 in the eve-

ning. It's not hard to be seen that our big accumulation of visiting had to be crowded into short hours, but we certainly enjoyed every available minute.

From Glendale we went to Laguna Beach to visit friends, and then on to San Diego to spend three days with Boletta, John and Kristin. The highlights of that trip were our expeditions to the Balboa Zoo and to a wonderful beach new LaJolla. Then they drove us back to Los Angeles where we met Margery for a farewell dinner, and at 10:00 we boarded the train for Iowa.

We arrived in Shenandoah on a Sunday afternoon, and on Monday we greeted Frank, Dorothy and Kristin. They'd had a wonderful trip and were as happy as we were to be back home again.

Mother's and Dad's house was certainly a busy place during the next few days. Howard was there, completely severed from the army at long last, and Donald was home for a brief visit. Both boys were having a hard time trying to get some civilian clothes on their backs; they couldn't wear the clothes they had left at home when they entered the army, and if you'll think back a little bit you'll recall what a job it was to try and buy clothing during the early part of 1946.

A very short time after this visit Donald was home with his army discharge following almost four years of service. During these years he was stationed in Waco, Texas; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Chanute Field, Illinois; Camp Peterson, Colorado; Pueblo, Colorado; Herrington, Kansas; and El Paso, Texas. With the army behind him he began concentrating on enrolling in some college, and finally decided upon Iowa State College at Ames. He did not enter as a student at Ames until September, so he took a local job through the intervening months.

Wayne was already back at the state University in Iowa City by the time that all of us returned from San Francisco. He specialized in business administration, and certainly the classes in accounting held no great problems for him after his four years in the army finance department. Visits from Wayne were few and far between after he entered the University. He wanted to go straight through as fast as possible since there had been such a long interruption in his college work.

After a few days in Shenandoah Dorothy, Frank and Kristin went to the home of Frank's parents on a farm near Lucas, Iowa. Frank was born and reared on that farm, and he had always said that when his father was no longer able to take care of the work he would go back. That time came in 1946, so that is the explanation for the fact that they returned from California. As soon as the weather permitted Dorothy got to work fixing up the house they were to occupy, and during those weeks Grandmother Johnson took care of Kristin while Dorothy papered and painted. It is only a ten minute walk to Dorothy's house from the homeplace, so they were all together for meals during that period.

(To Be Continued)

IT'S BABY CHICK TIME AGAIN!

By Eileen Derr

Spring has Come! At least it has by all the signs of the times.

Mail carriers have delivered their quota of catalogues and circulars proclaiming the same. Windows of downtown shops throughout the country are full of dresses, coats, hats and shoes heralding the approach of summer. Magazines have left off advertising such dreary winter things as cough and cold remedies, woolen underwear, knitting yarn and quilting materials. Now they are blooming resplendently with patterns for sunsuits, ads for spring tonics, fruit tree and flower seed offers. Recipes have changed suddenly from turkey and mince pies to spring salad and rhubarb delight. It seems such a short time since we heaved a sigh of relief that the Christmas rush was over and settled down to crochet a few hot-pan holders. The next thing we know we will have to be worrying about what to feed the threshers.

Spring is the season of procreation and at this time of year lambs, chicks, piglets, calves, colts, pups and kittens descend in profusion on the average farm family. If everything went all right it wouldn't be so bad but when mother Ewe decides to produce triplets and then decides she doesn't want them after all, we must dig in the bottom shelf of the pantry cupboard and resurrect that old black sheep nipple and the big ginger ale bottle and feed them at all hours of the night. We've seen the time when we ran between the clothes basket full of squeaking pigs behind the kitchen range and the new-born calf in the barn while we got their mothers used to the idea that they were mothers and were responsible for their off-spring.

Contrary to common faith in parental love, mother pigs eat their piglets, mother hens pick the eyes out of chicks they decide not to claim, cows desert their young and daddy cats cut the throats of their young before their eyes are open. It takes constant vigilance on the part of the farmer to protect the lives of these little-charges.

But one of the most difficult tasks that falls to the lot of the farm woman is getting those few hundred motherless chicks through the crucial months before they reach the roaster-platter stage.

Chickens are definitely psychic. They seem to divine their intended use and by taking matters in their own possession do all in their power from babyhood to sidestep their ultimate fate.

The farmwife's troubles begin the moment she gets her chicks and has to dunk each little yellow bill in water and pray that they will have sense enough to find it the next time they want a drink. And if you think you have troubles getting Junior to eat a well-balanced meal you should raise chickens. A baby chick will practically starve to death before he remembers to eat. Then when he finally begins to eat he devours anything in sight from his own litter to his baby brother.

A chicken doesn't have sense enough

to come in out of the rain. If he once escapes from the brooder house he will run dizzily 'round and 'round cheeping to get back. But rather than go back the way he came out he will stand with his beak turned directly up to the main spout and slowly drown until someone comes to the rescue. There is no point in trying to drive a chicken anywhere. You must first run him down, then pick him up and carry him there.

When chickens are little they pile up in the corners and smother. They never learn to find the roost intended for them except by accident.

They either stay piled up on the floor and become what the markets dub unsalable barebacks or they fly to the highest most inaccessible places imaginable and wait for the owls to come and get them. Chickens ready for market have been known (as the last resort) to jump happily on top of one another in an empty feed barrel till the barrel is full. Those on the bottom half invariably go to their reward. One might be led to think that they were seeking food if it weren't for the overflowing feeders nearby.

It is absolutely necessary in raising chicks to be sure that they are all hale and hearty. To allow even one to die is a mistake sure to be regretted. The others will be sure to lie down and die in sympathy and those who do remain alive against their wishes, devour their poor dead brothers and join them in death with the limberneck.

A chicken's favorite pastime is slipping off picket fences and hanging himself between the slats. All in all a chicken does everything he possibly can to stay away from market and you must certainly stay on your toes to keep his mind off his suicidal attempts long enough to get him there. If at last you succeed it is high time to celebrate. At this stage in the game most chicken farmers generally have a poor opinion of themselves for having been such a sap as to fool with this breed of livestock and are pretty glad to see the last of the silly things. But all the fuss and bother will soon be forgotten after eating a four pounder smothered in sour cream or that fat hen roasted with oyster dressing. And nine chances out of ten the following spring will find them sending out another order for a few hundred balls of fluff.

BUDGET LETTER

Editorial Note: The following letter arrived during our contest, and since the subject that it discusses is the provocative one of tithing, we are printing it here.
Dear Lucile:

Our family of six live on a rented seventy-eight acres where we pay cash rent. And what with a dry, dry summer that put a finish to any hopes of a good hay, corn or oats crop, and corn borers and The Wind that finished off our corn crop at 35 bushels per acre instead of the 80 we expected, and now the egg market (our last hope) going down like Daddy's fine hay stack from which The Wind ripped our \$45.00 tarpaulin—well, we know what can happen to even the

best planned budget.

Our children are two girls, nine and ten years old, and two boys, three and five years old. The girls are almost the same size so there can be no hand-me-downs there. The oldest boy goes through his clothes like a house afire, so ditto there. Does all of this make anyone's financial worries seem less?

Now, what do we do about it all? First of all, we have faith. We have always been cared for, so why get alarmed? Next, we give back to God His rightful one-tenth. We are firm believers in tithing. Then we STRETCH our nine-tenths. We have our own meat, eggs, milk and cream. We keep from 125 to 150 hens and milk 6 to 8 cows. Limited farm building won't permit our keeping our calves nor raising hogs, and that is a huge disadvantage. We raise a garden and I do a lot of canning.

The problem of dress clothes has been partly solved by watching the miscellaneous ads for used clothing. We go to our nearest county seat town and get lovely clothes for practically a song! Of course, they are sent to the cleaners as protection against any disease germs. My last new winter coat was bought in 1938! I'll admit that we don't breathe this to our neighbors and friends; we aren't too proud to wear second-hand clothes, but we are too proud to talk about it.

Feed sacks are used for most of the girls' dresses, panties, slips, my house-dresses and aprons, the boys' shirts, pajamas for all six, dish towels, curtains, mattress covers, pillow cases, etc.

Our light bill averages \$7.00 per month, our telephone \$25.00 per year. We heat our six-room house with a oil heater and a coal range. At the present time three members of our family carry insurance and we hope to be able to take out small policies on the other three in the near future. We have polio insurance, fire insurance and car insurance. Insurance poor? Well, maybe. But two deaths have proven to us the benefit of insurance when badly needed.

We have a large Christmas list, but bargain hunting months ahead really pays. I have 15 presents purchased, and 2 almost completed. We hope to find a good used bicycle which we can paint for our girls.

Last winter 2 of our children had ear infections again and again. Doctor's bills mounted rapidly as penicillin shots were needed. Then we had one child's tonsils out. We never charge any bills anywhere, though occasionally we borrow from my husband's folks, always for short periods of time.

How do we do it? What is the answer? We believe the answer is tithing. We feel that since we started it 3 years ago we have been wonderfully cared for. May this letter, if it is ever printed, help someone else find the joy of giving unto the Lord His portion!

No man deserves to be praised for his goodness unless he has the strength of character to be wicked. All other goodness is generally nothing but indolence or impotence of will.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I hope that you are having better weather around your home than we are here in Connecticut. This really has been a miserable winter. One day it will be unusually warm, just like a spring day, and then within the space of a few hours the temperature will drop to below freezing. It has been good weather for sickness of all kinds, and our little family has had its share. Right now, I am glad to report, we are all very well, and if we can just get some decent weather, I see no reason why we shouldn't remain well for weeks to come. Of course, when there are fifteen boys living in the house, there is plenty of opportunity for colds to spread, and at one time or another we have had as many as four of our boys down sick at one time. As soon as a boy says that he doesn't feel well, I send him to our school infirmary where the school doctor and the nurses give him the very best of care.

The older I become the more grateful I am for my early years in the Middlewest. Although I have lived most of my adult life outside of the State of Iowa, I have never ceased to be proud of the old home state. I must confess that I don't like the Iowa climate, and I don't like its isolation from the ocean and the mountains, but I do love the people of Iowa. Betty and I like humble people, good, down-to-earth, friendly people, people without pretense and sham, people who work hard for a living and are proud of it. We like small towns, country stores, and country doctors. We like to get up early and work late, and we like to do our own work as much as possible. We have lived in the world's largest cities, and we have lived in quiet country villages, and of the two we much prefer the village.

I heard a good story today. One of my clergyman friends was telling me what one woman said to him as he shook hands with her at the door. As the woman, accompanied by her husband, stopped at the church door after the morning service she said to my friend, "We do like coming here so much. You see, my husband lost his mind last year, and your sermons mean so much to him." Ever since then my friend has wondered just how logical his sermons really are!

But speaking of ministers, I really have a good story to tell you. A very dear friend of mine has a large church on the Island of Bermuda. During a wedding service which was attended by a large number of people, he came to that part of the service where the clergyman asks the groom for the ring. The groom turned to the best man and held out his hand for the ring. The best man just looked dumb. The clergyman asked a little more loudly, "Have you a ring?" The best man suddenly came to, reached in his pocket and placed a package of chewing gum in the clergyman's hand. My friend handed back the gum much to the amusement of the wedding guests, but to the humiliation of the bridal party. Well, at that point the best man almost fainted. He snatched back the gum and started to feel



Mary Leanna saw snow for the first time on the day her Daddy got his camera to record her fun with a new Christmas sled. Santa left it early so she could get the full benefit of being out in it!

through all of his pockets, his face getting redder and redder. After a somewhat lengthy search he uttered a sigh of relief and placed the ring in the waiting hand, but—you will hardly believe this—he had not taken the ring out of the box! Yes, it was still neatly wrapped and tied in the little ring box. My friend the clergyman handed back the box and asked the best man to unwrap it. By this time it was all the congregation could do to keep from breaking into uproarious laughter. The ring was finally out of the box and safely in the hand that was to bless it, but the worst was yet to come. Just as the clergyman was handing the ring back to the groom, it rolled onto the floor and out of sight. The best man, the clergyman, the groom, and all the ushers got down on their hands and knees to look for it. After much confusion it was found and the wedding continued without further delay. Now I ask you, have you ever heard of anything quite like that? I don't think that I ever have.

While I am in the mood for telling you stories like this, I might as well tell one on myself. This happened to me when I was in the navy and conducting services in a lovely chapel in Washington, D. C. This particular chapel had a very high pulpit, and to get into the pulpit I had to climb several steps. One Sunday I preached a sermon that had a rather dramatic and quite unexpected ending. With considerable force I said the very last words of the sermon, "Tied to this great Ideal, I can never, never fall!" I turned to leave the pulpit, forgot the steps, and fell five feet to the floor. I must congratulate my congregation; not a single person laughed, but I do believe that most of them had their hymnals held in front of their faces.

A minister must always be prepared for any emergency. While living in Honolulu I once addressed a large congregation of real native Hawaiians. Sitting in the front row of that Hawaiian congregation was a grand old gentleman who loved to sing, but the trouble was that he sang louder than all of the rest of the congregation put together. In all of my life I had never heard any single man sing so loudly. You would have thought that he was actually trying to make the sound of his voice heard in Los Angeles! During the singing of the first hymn I became very amused at this,

and it was all I could do to keep a straight face, but when the second hymn was sung, there was real trouble. The old gentleman began to sing the wrong hymn, and he was singing so loudly that he couldn't hear the organ or the rest of us. On the spur of the moment I decided that the only thing for me to do was to try and drown him out by singing louder than he sang. I thought that if I could just sing loudly enough he would hear me and realize that he was singing the wrong hymn. Well, I sang louder than I had ever sung before, but as we began the second verse he still hadn't caught on. I sang still more loudly; indeed, I shouted the words at the top of my lungs; I shouted until I was red in the face and panting for breath, but with no luck. The old gentleman was determined that no one would sing louder than he, and so the louder I sang, the louder he sang. The congregation was so highly entertained by all of this that none of them would lean over and tell the old gentleman what was wrong. At the end of the third verse I became discouraged and kept still. I don't think that my voice has ever been the same since.

This next week is examination week here at school. It is the one week of the year when the boys study harder than they have ever studied before. Whether we are young or old we are all alike when it comes to putting off things that need to be done until the very last possible minute. Tonight while I have been writing this letter several boys have come in to see me, all in the hopes that I will give them some inside information about the examination that I am giving. How would you like to take an examination in Bible, an examination that would last two hours or more? Do you think that you would make a good mark? I'll bet that some of you would get 100%. I never cease to be surprised at how much knowledge some people have of the Bible, and I might also add that I am equally surprised at how little the average person knows of church history.

Sincerely, Frederick.

MARCH'S HOUSEKEEPER

By Catherine Scott

Don't quarrel with the wild March wind,
Don't fuss as it briskly whips and whines;
Don't shiver as it chills your bones
And twists the trees in agonized designs.

Let it blow at will. Don't you know
It's blowing away all winter's gloom,
Pushing out snow and frigid storms,
Leaving spring to furnish a fresh clean room?

COVER PICTURE

Juliana and Kristin have always had a lot of fun looking at themselves in the mirror of the big round table in Russell's and Lucile's living room. The large jar holds a grape ivy trained to grow over one of the big roots taken out when their old grape arbor was removed. It has reached a great height and thrives nicely in a north window.

ONE HOBBY LED TO THIS

By Hallie M. Barrow

I know of no one who graduated from a hobby to a business any faster than did Mrs. F. N. Hasting, 2631 South 10th Street, St. Joseph, Missouri. She makes plaster articles of every description. She first bought one of those plaster tea kettles equipped with hooks on which to hang pot holders, cups, measuring spoons, etc. She liked it so much that she decided she would give these plaster tea kettles to her friends for Christmas gifts. But since she was very clever with all kinds of hand-work she decided she would make them herself.

The gifts were such a success that she began filling orders for them. Other plaster articles were added. She lives on a corner and Highway 59 runs along their yard. The tea kettles and string holders were hung on a large sign board in the yard and tourists seeking novelties along their route kept her busy making enough articles to keep her yard show-window supplied with goods. By fall, she and her husband took out a business license and used their living room and yard sign for their salesrooms.

Being adept at painting and designing, Mrs. Hasting added many more articles to the original tea kettle. She makes many of her own designs and her line includes book ends, flower pots, ash trays, wall plaques, art objects, door stops, match holders, desk trays and the figures of animals, flowers and fruit that souvenir hunters collect. The most luscious looking fruit, apples, pears or fruit collections serve as string holders. One of her original designs, the colored boy with his pipe and fishing pole, has been a very good seller. When the objects come out white from the molds, they are not especially attractive; it is the painting on them that furnishes the big appeal.

She and her husband are finding new items all the time to answer the demands of their trade. Mr. Hasting is maintenance man for a large mill across the street from their house and is quite a handy-man too. Mrs. Hasting makes the rubber molds, pours the plaster and does all the painting. He handles the larger articles too heavy for her to manage such as bird baths, jardinières, urns and the large strawberry jars . . . those large jars with spaced openings around the sides; the jars are filled with dirt and in the openings are potted pansies, petunias, the hen-and chicken-rosettes or strawberry plants. During his vacation, he built a workshop which runs from their kitchen to the garage at the back of their lot. Their furnace is here and makes an ideal place for drying; and one whole end is given over to the paint shop.

One of their best selling items now is something they never dreamed of at first. They took a trip south to find lumber for Mr. Hasting who had been making book ends, magazine racks, whatnot shelves and other wood carving novelties. This wood carving, too, was at first just a hobby with him, but when the articles hung out on their big sign in the yard sold



A display of work made by Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Hasting of St. Joseph, Missouri. They have quite a time keeping enough on hand to photograph.

so readily, he decided to turn his hobby into a business. While hunting for a truck load of the kind of wood he wanted for his carving, they noticed that in yard after yard through the South were these white plaster chickens, ducks or turkeys with their bright red combs. They bought several for patterns and made a few for trial. Today their poultry line is their most popular one. As yard ornaments a plastic hen and rooster are much to be preferred in a flower bed over the live pair. Then when poultry dealers, produce men, feed dealers, poultry appliance, locker and chicken dinner resort owners saw the white hens and roosters, they bought them to advertise their places of business. These come in all sizes from bantam stock to figures much larger than the live models.

In the salesroom in their living room is a show case displaying crocheted and embroidered articles made by Mrs. Hasting. Also many of the unfinished plastic articles are sold. Customers who do not care to do the actual molding themselves buy the articles to do their own painting and finishing.

I was so intrigued by these colorful articles that I went to a paint store which sells the plaster, liquid rubber for molds etc., to investigate if this might be a hobby or art any home-maker could develop. I was amazed to find there were now dozens of classes in this, as well as in making figurines, etc. Yes, I joined one! I saw such lovely finished articles of many different kinds that I couldn't resist the temptation. I found too, that a "Ceramics Class" is not what I thought. In my ignorance, I supposed it was either the very expensive china painting or some kind of sculpturing where the student must have training and talent. But I'm joining the Ceramics Class at our St. Joseph Museum. I find, however, that these classes are simply everywhere . . . in peoples' homes, in church basements, at the Y.W.C.A., at night schools, etc. Some of them are given over to making the lovely figurines with the tiny lace edging on their clothes and this seems just too fragile for my typewriter fingers to handle. So my project is flower pots . . . I cannot have too many . . . and I hope by next month to have some pictures of my art work.

A highbrow is a person educated beyond his intelligence.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Letters I have received from shutin folk lately have been heart-warming. They tell of all the nice things you have done for them, and ask me to thank you. Many of them are not able to write at all, or perhaps only a few words, so please consider this as a personal thank-you.

This month we have several children who need cheer. Judy Amick, Keenesburg, Colo., is semi-shut-in as the result of rheumatic fever. Her birthday was Feb. 14 and she was 9.

Murl Bartley, age 16, is at the Lutheran Sanatorium, 3800 West 38th St., Wheatridge, Colo. Her hobby is view cards.

Jeanne Molder is now at the University of Kansas Hospital, Kansas City, Kans. She was badly burned last October and now they are grafting skin on her back. She is getting better but will be in the hospital for a long time yet. She was 7 in January.

Bobby Jones, age 14, is in the Illinois Children's Hospital School, 2551 N Clark St., Chicago 14, Ill. He has some sort of muscular disease and is able to walk only a little with crutches. Edward Walton is at the same address. He also has a muscular disease that has a crippling effect. He is lonely as his folks live several states away. Neither boy can write, but love to get letters and maybe some one will write for them.

Linda Lee Hyberg, 1455 S Broadway, Apt. 4, Denver, Colo., was 2 last October. She is crippled in both legs as result of injury at birth. Send a toy for her to play with.

Glenys Tucker, 1015 Shawnee Ave., Kansas City 3, Kans., was 12 last month. She had polio three years ago and has not been able to walk since. She uses a wheel chair. Her hobby is shakers.

Beckey Hicks was so happy over the letters you sent her at Christmas. She is going on 7. Her mother says Beckey likes to work with yarn and do simple embroidery work. Maybe you have yarn or thread you could send her. 117 Opdyke Ave., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Irene Conard, Drawer 37, Nevada, Mo., needs cheer. She has been bedfast for many years. She is unable to use her hands at all. She loves to get letters, but cannot answer. Would you put her on your list and send her a card or letter now and then?

Mrs. Sol Zook, to whom you wrote at Christmas time, is in Kansas for the winter. She is feeling some better but is able to be up only a short time each day. She loved your letters.

Miss Cyrilla Foltz is at the University Hospital in Omaha, Nebr., now. She had a hip operation in November and will probably be bedfast for some little time. She enjoys letters very much.

Heaven is not a mythical place; it can be found right down in the heart of a man who has found the work he loves and the woman he loves.—Rowland.



TUNA-STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

- 6 uniform baking potatoes
- 1 cup hot milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. grated onion

Bake potatoes until done. Cut slice from baked potatoes and scoop out inside. Mash. Add remaining ingredients and beat fluffy. Pile into shells. With spoon hollow out well in center of potato. Fill with creamed tuna and return to oven to brown.

Creamed Tuna: Melt 2 Tbls. butter, and add 2 tbs. flour. Blend. Gradually add 1 cup milk. Cook over low heat until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add 1/4 tsp. salt and 1 cup tuna, flaked. Heat through. This makes an unusual and substantial main dish for dinner or supper.

APPLE JUICE DELUXE

Is your family tired of the winter fruits and juices? Give them this for a change. Combine 1 quart of canned apple juice with 1 cup of water, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 lemon, sliced thin, 1/2 orange, sliced thin, 1 stick cinnamon, and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Heat to boiling and simmer for 10 minutes. Strain. Serve hot or cold.

INEXPENSIVE LEMON CUSTARD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve over hot water. Combine egg yolks, 1/4 cup sugar and salt; mix thoroughly. Add lemon peel, juice and softened gelatine; add milk. Chill until partially set. Gradually add 1/4 cup sugar to egg whites and beat until glossy; fold into lemon mixture. Chill until set.

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

HOME MADE SOAP

- 11 cups strained melted fat
- 5 cups cold rain water
- 1 can Lewis lye
- 4 tsp. oil of sassafras
- 1/2 cup liquid ammonia
- 1/2 cup borax
- 1/3 cup sugar

Use any kind of melted fat. Strain through cloth into enamel pan, stone jar or crock—2 to 3 gallon size. Pour the cold water into another stone jar or enamel pan. Add the lye to the water and stir; then add the ammonia and stir; add borax and stir, and then add the sugar and continue stirring. With a wooden stick stir until the mixture has cooled down to a little above the warm point. When cool, pour the lye mixture into the grease, stirring constantly while pouring *very slowly*. Add the oil of sassafras and continue to stir until the mixture becomes thick and creamy (this takes about 15 minutes of constant stirring). Pour into mold and set in cool place for 36 hours, or until hard. Cut into squares before it gets hard or saw it into bars. It is best to let it stand at least a week before using. If measurements are accurate, and directions followed exactly, there will be no failure.

FUDGE FOUR O'CLOCKS

- 2 ounces chocolate
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 3 eggs beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup nutmeats

Melt chocolate and pour over shortening. Mix well. Beat eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, beating well with each addition. Combine mixtures and add a little flour. Then sift the rest of the flour with the salt and baking powder and add alternately with milk. Add nutmeats. Spread in two 8x8 inch greased pans and bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes. Cut in bars. These are not excessively sweet and you might prefer a powdered sugar icing over them.

BARBECUED HAMBURGERS

- 1 pound ground beef, browned in skillet. Add sauce of:
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 large onion minced
- Simmer for 30 minutes and serve on toasted buns.

DELICIOUS MAPLE NUT FUDGE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup light cream
- 1 cup sugar (to be browned)
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Few drops of maple flavoring
- 1 cup peanuts (if desired)

Put 2 cups sugar and cream in sauce pan and heat slowly, bringing to the boiling point. Put the remaining cup of sugar in a heavy skillet and melt; do not stir, just shake skillet or tip it from side to side until the sugar is all melted—medium heat should be used for this. Now add the boiling milk and sugar in the saucepan to the melted sugar in skillet. Cook slowly until soft ball is formed in cold water. Remove from heat, add butter and flavoring, and let stand until cool. Then beat until creamy, adding peanuts, if desired, just before pouring into buttered pan.

(Note: This is an old recipe from a noted candymaker.)

ENGLISH APPLE PIE

- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped apple
- 1/2 cup nuts

Beat the egg, and add the sugar gradually. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add. Add apples and nuts. Pour into a greased pie pan and bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in wedges and serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

PARTY SPICE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter, brown sugar and baking powder until very light. Add unbeaten egg yolks one at a time and beat well after each addition. Sift flour, soda, salt and spices together. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter in a 9 x 13 inch pan, greased and bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes.

WONDERFUL HAM DRESSING

- 3 Tbls. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup vinegar
- Whipped cream

Combine dry ingredients and be sure there are no lumps in mixture before vinegar is added. Cook in double boiler until thick. Chill. When ready to serve, add equal amount of whipped cream. A small amount of horseradish may be added if a special "zip" is wanted.

SIMPLE FAVORITE SALAD

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
 - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 - 2 Delicious apples ground fine
 - 1 large orange—part of rind—ground fine
 - 1 large ripe banana mashed
- Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. When it begins to set, add the remaining ingredients. Serve on lettuce and top with mayonnaise to which whipped cream has been added. Sprinkle nut meats over the top.

SAUSAGE WITH APPLE DRESSING

- 1 pound link sausage or bulk sausage
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups finely chopped apple
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. salt

Fit sausages in the bottom of a baking dish. Make a dressing of the other ingredients, using enough water to bind dressing together. Pack in closely over sausage and bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Before serving drain off any excess fat.

COOKIES FOR PARTICULAR HUSBANDS

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup lard
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups flour
- 6 cups oatmeal
- 1 cup ground raisins
- 1/4 cup nuts
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the first four ingredients. Grind the raisins with 3 cups of the oatmeal and grind them alternately for it is much easier. Also put nuts through grinder. Dissolve soda in the hot water and then add to the first mixture. Add oatmeal-raisin-nut combination, beat well, and then add the vanilla, and lastly the flour. Pat out on a large square tin that has been well greased. With a fork make long raking marks on the surface, cutting the dough into squares. Bake in a 300 degree oven for about 20 minutes. These cookies will look undone when out of the oven, and they must be cooled before serving or removing from the pan or they will crumble.

FRENCH BREAD

- 1 pkg. yeast, compressed or dry
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 3 to 4 cups flour

Soften yeast in part of the lukewarm water. To the remainder add sugar, salt and shortening. Add 1 cup flour, beating well. Then add softened yeast and egg whites. Mix thoroughly. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough and knead until smooth and satiny. Grease surface lightly. Cover and let rise until doubled. Punch down. When again doubled, knead down. Shape into a long, slender loaf pointed at the end and place on a flat baking sheet that is greased and sprinkled with cornmeal. Let rise until doubled. When light cut diagonal gashes in top of loaf with sharp knife. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for about one hour. Place a large flat pan filled with boiling water on floor of oven to give crustiness. This will yield one loaf.

SPAGHETTI RING WITH CREAMED PEAS

- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimento
- 4 ounces elbow spaghetti
- 1/2 pound bacon or ham, diced
- 1 egg beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash paprika
- 2 cups milk

Scatter green pepper and pimento in bottom of greased ring mold. Fry bacon slowly, pouring off excess fat. Add 1/2 bacon, then remaining spaghetti and bacon. Add salt, paprika and milk to beaten egg. Pour into mold. Place in pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven 325 degrees, for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand a few minutes. Loosen edges and turn out on hot plate. Fill center with creamed peas.

CHICKEN BAKED DISH

- 8 ounce package of noodles
- 3 cups chicken chopped
- 2 cups milk, or chicken broth
- 2 Tbls. green pepper
- 1 cup corn flakes
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Cook the noodles in boiling water for 20 minutes. Drain. Add chicken, corn flakes, and mix well. Make a cream sauce or gravy of the milk or broth, flour and butter. Add the pepper, onion and mushroom soup. Heat, stirring until smooth. Pour over the noodles and chicken and mix. Pour into a greased pan and sprinkle with crumbled potato chips. You may substitute bread crumbs for the potato chips, but in that case sprinkle with melted butter. Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven. You may substitute tuna fish or salmon for the chicken if you like.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

Those of you who are in anyway responsible for school lunches will no doubt be interested in these menus that were served recently for 30¢ per child. The friend who sent a sample sheet (mimeographed and with clever drawings) said that the parents were well pleased with the quality of food prepared.

Monday

- Blended Juice
- Beef and Noodles
- Apple Salad
- Peanut Butter Sandwiches
- Tapioca Pudding
- Milk

Tuesday

- Orange Juice
- Porcupines
- Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
- Lettuce with French Dressing
- Whole Wheat Sandwiches
- Chocolate Chip Cookies
- Milk

Wednesday

- Blended Juice
- Chili with Crackers
- Celery Sticks
- Cinnamon Rolls
- Milk

Thursday

- Orange Juice
- Stuffed Frankfurters
- Creamed Potatoes
- Whole Wheat Sandwiches
- Pickles
- Peaches
- Milk

Friday

- Tomato Juice
- Baked Fish
- Parsley Potatoes
- Plain Sandwiches
- Graham Cracker Pie
- Milk

HOME MADE BREAD

When I come home from school, I get The most delicious smell, I bet Of anything there is to eat. The minute I have come inside. The oven door is opened wide And Mom says, "Have a seat! I'll have this bread out in a trice, And then I'll let you have a slice! With butter on—and jelly sweet."

Fresh loaves from out an oven are The finest foods from near or far For growing girls and boys! Mom says, when she was littler Her Mamma used to say to her, "Now put away your toys, And I will give you something nice, Some buttered bread, a good thick slice, Guess that will stop your noise!"

So, when I'm home from school, I get The most delicious smell, I bet, That anyone can know; The other kids come crowding too, Mom sees there's nothing else to do And how that bread does go! But Mom, she doesn't make much fuss, She just stands there and smiles at us Remembering long ago!

Isabelle Hooper Haight
David City, Nebraska
R. F. D. 1

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Good Friends:

Now just let me sit here peacefully if you're in the middle of getting dinner or trying to finish up the laundry. I say this because I've had many letters in recent months from people who complain that they burn up the potatoes or let the clothes stand indefinitely in the rinse water while they skim through these pages hurriedly. I don't want to be blamed for holding up the laundry or ruining a meal, so just go ahead and finish what you're doing. I'll wait.

The first thing I want to tell you this month before I forget it is that I've read two books within the past weeks that I want to tell you about.

I know that many of you are familiar with the name of Gladys Taber because of her monthly contributions to one of the big women's magazines, so if you enjoy these articles you'll doubly enjoy her book titled *Especialy Father*. I shied away from reading it for quite some time because I'd gotten weary of that general type of book . . . childhood memories recalled, discussion of eccentric parents, etc., but when I finally read it I was delighted. Father was eccentric, make no mistake about that, but he was such a complex, intelligent personality that he *had* to be described. It's one of the few books in which I found the humor so rare and genuine that I burst out laughing again and again—and it isn't often I find anything *that* funny. This is the one perfect book to take to any shut-in or convalescent; it also contains such profound implications that anyone who is interested in the impact made by violent personalities upon growing children will have a goldmine to burrow into.

The other book that aroused my interest is titled: *Thank God For My Heart Attack*. I understand that this was condensed in some popular magazine, but it seems to me that the entire thing should be read to get a complete picture of what happens to someone who lives with the knowledge that he missed dying by a hair's breadth—and may actually die at any moment.

I cannot imagine anyone who wouldn't derive some kind of solace from this book by Charles Yale Harrison. If you're one of the vast multitude who *think* your heart may kick up on you at any moment, this is the book for you. If you're one of too large a crowd who *know* (not by self-diagnosis but by grim cardiographs) that your heart is in a bad way, this is the book for you. I hope that you get it and read it.

This morning Martin was here and I can only conclude, once again, that he's a very good little boy. Most youngsters of his age are prone to get into everything, and in that process a lot of things get broken. But not Martin. He has a little folding chair here that he places in front of Juliana's doll house, and then he plays contentedly for an hour at a time with all of those fragile pieces of furniture and toys. Never once has he broken a thing. When he is all through rearranging objects you'd never know that he'd been near it, and Juliana



This is the Public Library of Redlands, California. Like many, many buildings in Southern California it is built in what might be called a modified Mission type of architecture. There are beautifully landscaped grounds around it that invite one to sit down and rest. This is the building where Mother experienced her first earthquake many years ago, and Dad said that he remembered her story when he was there with Frederick in 1948 and took kodachromes. The fronds hanging in the foreground are palm leaves.

never knows, unless she is in the house, that he has been within a block of it. I think that's pretty good for a little boy who won't be three until July.

Today he said, "I have a new bed now. I don't sleep in the old crib anymore." I asked Margery, when she came to get him, why he'd given up the crib so early and she said that it was a case of sheer necessity. Juliana used it first and gave it four years of *heavy* abuse. Then it went up to Martin and he put on the finishing touches. When the last three slats broke the other day and all of the wired-together sections gave 'way, she concluded that he was ready for a bed!

March doesn't bring baby chicks to me, but it does bring an upholstering job—or jobs, I should say. When we moved upstairs (as I told you in my January letter) it was necessary to bring a studio couch down to the newly rigged up office-study. This studio couch is in pitiful shape—in fact, it's a disgrace—so the only solution is an upholstering job. In addition to this there are two chairs that scream for attention, so you can see where my so few spare moments will be spent in the near future.

Speaking of upholstering . . . I *think* I know the one fabric that positively defies Time, dirt and general abuse. I'm talking now about tweed—and I should really add any shepherd's check wool. We upholstered a chair in brown-and-white shepherd's check four years ago, and in spite of the fact that it's had constant use it looks as though the job had been done only yesterday. The same thing is true of two small chairs done in a black-and-white shepherd's check. When we were first married we had a couch upholstered in a dark green tweed flecked with gold and it actually looked good for seven years. I can't believe that any one couch ever had more general wear-and-tear than that particular couch, so you can see that these fabrics stand a lot.

The one biggest upholstering mistake we ever made was when we recovered my own easy chair in the palest of pale lime green. Juliana was about a year old when we departed from our senses on that job, and I wish you could have seen that

chair after three short months had passed! I'm ashamed to say that prior to her arrival I was firmly convinced that you could have furniture upholstered in pastel colors if you just *trained the child* to respect things. Juliana will be seven in a couple of days and I've learned a lot.

Along about this time every year we get homesick to see Mother and Dad come driving home. California never seems very far away to me until the end of February, and then suddenly I think of the long, long miles and I wonder if they'll ever return from such a remote place. I suppose you feel that way too about members of the family who go to a distant section of the country. We're certainly very happy that Mother and Dad are able to get away from these bitter winters, and it still seems to us very much in the nature of a miracle that Mother is able to travel. For all of us there are still vivid memories of the long, long months she spent in bed, and of the long, long years when she couldn't dream of going more than 200 or 250 miles from home.

It won't be long now before we can get some work done in the garden. I can scarcely wait for that time to come, and I'm sure you are equally eager. We're putting out some new varieties of roses this spring, and it will be a lot of fun to compare them with those that we enjoyed last summer. I'm pretty good at raking and hoeing, but anything that calls for stooping, for getting right down and grubbing, is beyond me because of my physical limitations. Through the years I've relinquished, little by little, the impatience and restlessness that I once felt because I couldn't go on walks, swim, *dash* around on errands and make the fur fly when it came to major household jobs such as spring cleaning, etc., but I will confess that the last hangover of regret for things I cannot do always rears its head when I want to get right down on my hands and knees in the garden . . . and can't.

The letters that you write in reply to these letters of mine are enough to make me feel that I'm a rarely blessed and fortunate person. Sometimes at night when I sit in my old green chair and read your warm friendly replies I wonder, honestly wonder, what I've ever done to deserve such good fortune. I wish that I could devise some magic way of sharing this wonderful wealth of friendship with you.

I suppose you're such a clever manager that you never have to iron at night. Well, I'm not in that class. Right now there's a dress of Juliana's that she wants to wear to school tomorrow and I've never yet sent the child out in an unironed dress, so this must be all. I'll see you again in April.

Lucile.

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VERNESS STUDIO

Box 67,

Shenandoah, Iowa

FOR THOSE WHO MOVE IN MARCH

By Eileen Derr

The first day of March automatically terminates the end of the year for the farmer. And the last half of February in Rural districts is reserved for farm sales. Those who are moving or are getting ready to sell out, bill their goods for sale and the day is set. Bad roads and weather have very little effect on the general attendance. If Farmer Smith and Farmer Jones have had their eye on that old bay mare of Farmer Brown's, a little thing like mud, chin high to a giraff, isn't going to stop them from being there to bid on her. And if Farmer Brown and his family are moving out of the neighborhood, all the neighbors deem it their special duty to be there to pay their last respects—so-to-speak, and to help pack dishes and set out things for the sale. They all bring their dinner consisting of their most delicious delectables and the farewell is turned into a time of neighborliness, and well-wishing.

Moving time is a breeder of bad weather. There are three things a farmer considers jinks. Just drag roads, wash windows, or plan to move, and old Mother Nature is sure to take offense. (It might be a good idea to file this notation away until the next drouth.)

Those leaving a neighborhood permanently due to ill health or old age after many years of constructive living generally do so with their hearts filled with a sadness comparable only to death. They are leaving behind them the work, hopes and dreams of a lifetime. And the memories.

Many who are moving do so in a rejoicing mood. By moving they will better themselves as to productivity of land, nicer home, better roads, more modern conveniences and nicer schools for their children. These are the happy ones. But regardless of the betterment there is usually something left behind to cause a little sadness or regret—the lovely old wisteria vine, the bay window in the dining-room, the little dog's grave in the garden—small associations that have endeared the place to them forever.

MAKING A STRAWBERRY BARREL

By Faye Thompson-Noll

Perhaps some of you are looking for a different kind of hobby. If so, why not try your luck at fixing a strawberry barrel? It is not only decorative, but productive as well, and once planted it needs no weeding and no cultivating. Also, it requires very little space.

First of all, you will need a wooden barrel, one eighteen inches wide and thirty inches high will hold forty-eight plants. Choose plants of a popular variety in your state.

Four rows of ten holes each are drilled with a one-and-one-half inch auger, holes about six inches apart and rows, starting four inches from the top, eight inches apart. Let's hope that your husband will lend a hand here!

Soak the barrel with water and



Here are four big dolls and the problem is to pick out Emily! One Sunday afternoon she stopped by with her parents and it so happened that Juliana's big doll, plus identical dolls belonging to two of her friends (both named Kathy) were on the davenport. Emily went wild when she saw them, and of course such an unusual sight demanded that the camera come out to record the moment. Juliana sometimes borrows Emily's dresses when she wants a change of clothing for Joan.

while still wet, paint the outside with whitewash. When dry place upright in a sunny spot in a level place. Use five or six bricks to support it.

Fill the bottom three inches of the barrel with small stones, gravel or broken pieces of flowerpots to provide good drainage and to prevent the soil from becoming sour.

Fit one end of a perforated pipe (stovepipe will do) into the top of a flowerpot and place pot in center of barrel on gravel to be used as a watering tube. Fill barrel with moderately rich soil, level with the bottom row of holes. Punch the roots of the strawberry plants through the holes, and allow the leaves of the plant to remain outside the barrel. Then add soil up to the next row of holes and repeat the process until barrel is filled. Place eight plants around the top of the barrel. Soak with water and a liquid fertilizer and you are ready to sit back and watch it grow. This is a project that will interest the youngsters too.

HOBBY COLUMN

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Robert McLaughlin, 345 West 10th, Horton, Kansas.

Novelty shakers and toothpick holders.—Mrs. Melvin Crist, Box 152, Conesville, Iowa.

Pencils.—Mrs. Charles Halsey, Tilden, Nebr.

Advertising pencils.—Treva Simmons, Box 51, Attica, Iowa.

Homemade comforters, embroidered pillow cases and dish towels.—Mrs. Barney Meislahn, Box 44, Gray, Iowa.

Handkerchiefs.—Mrs. Lester McDaniel, Oakley, Kansas.

Toothpick holders and cookie cutters.—Mrs. H. D. Fagan, 315 S. Third Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa.

Old heavy cut glass and old silverware coffee servers.—Hedwig Gregor, Owatonna, Minn.

Postcards with state printed on the front side.—Mrs. Rose Mills, Greenville, Iowa.

Cups and saucers.—Mrs. Roy Klesig, Bigelow, Minn.

Small vases.—Mrs. Charles Kalwoda, Agenda, Kans.

Salt and pepper shakers.—Mrs. Clayton Bugh, 621 W. Willow St.,

Cherokee, Iowa.

Pencils.—Roy Jensen, Fontanelle, Iowa.

Advertising pencils and match book covers.—Selma Radke, Van Meter, Ia.

Buttons.—Mrs. R. L. Barrett, Box 189, Burlington, Kans.

Mrs. Wayne Henderson, Corydon, Iowa, would like to dispose of her large collection of paper napkins, around 600, most of which she acquired after her picture was published in this magazine in October, 1942 (she was then Eula Kenney—those of you who keep a file may want to look this up). She also has 25 perfume bottles to pass on to another collector, and her husband wishes to dispose of his big collection of match books. Write to her at the address listed above.

Hankies and glass animals.—Yvonne Davis, Northwood, Iowa.

Hankies.—Mable Guild, Box 72, Oakdale, Nebr.

SAFETY PIN RUGS

In recent months we have had a number of requests for information on Safety Pin rugs, and in response to these we are printing the following instructions. We are indebted to a friend in Sioux City, Helen C. Drummond, for her help on the subject.

"Silk stockings are excellent for making these rugs. Of course rags may be used too, but old nylons or silk stockings work up beautifully when the toes and tops are cut off. These rugs are very similar to braided rugs in appearance, but very little sewing is necessary. In fact, the only stitching is used in joining the strips and this must be done on the bias to prevent a bulge.

"First, decide whether you want to use a 3 or 5 strip braid. If you use 5 strips the rug will work up more quickly, and personally I think they are just as easy to work with as the 3 strips.

"To start, cut strips in lengths varying about 3 inches so the joinings won't all come in the same place and make your rug bunch. Strips about one yard long are the easiest with which to work. Sew these together at one end and fasten a safety pin to the loose end of each strip.

"To start your rug braid these strips together. To make an oval rug this first braid will have to be about 18 inches long. For a round one it would have to be quite short. After deciding which type you want to make and proceeding that far, take the outside strip on the right and braid it over to the left side, but instead of stopping at the left edge, take hold of the safety pin at the end and work it through the nearest outside loop of the braid you made to start with. Next drop this strip, take up the one on the right outside, braid it over to the left and work its safety pin through the next loop of the braid.

"Proceed in this manner until your rug is the size you desire. It will be necessary sometimes to put two strips in one loop to keep your rug flat, but no rule can be set for this since no two people use the same tension on their work."

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Today was a brilliant, but cold Ground Hog's day, so I'm afraid we are in for six weeks more winter. We have had quite a bit of snow in our locality in the past week, but we aren't complaining since it is the first real winter we have had this year. We have had some very cold days before this week, but only for a day or two at a time; then it would warm up and feel like Spring. I think this changeable weather is really bad though because it is so easy to catch cold. I know the children in my school have all had colds and all of us have had our turns with it too.

It has been almost a year since Kristin had scarlet fever, and this year we were sure it was going to be the measles. The little girl who sits in front of her at school became sick and was broken out with measles in a couple of days, so we fully expected a siege of it. Since a month has passed now and no signs of them, I feel pretty safe on that score.

The sleet storm we had a week ago has been wonderful for coasting. We have a good place in the schoolyard to coast, so I told the children they could bring their sleds to school if they would stay in the yard. I have an old snow suit I got the first year we were married to wear when Frank and I went ice skating or hunting, or to keep me warm when I went around his trap line with him, so I took it to school so I could coast with them. I took turns taking the little ones on the sled with me, and everyone had a good time.

The main event coming up at school this month is the valentine party. It won't be elaborate, but we will have some kind of refreshments, a few games and exchange of valentines. Kristin is also looking forward to hers.

There hasn't been any weather yet that has stopped the little jeep from getting me to school in plenty of time to get the building warmed up long before the children begin to arrive, but the real test will come next spring, or should I say this spring, when the frost goes out of the ground and the bottom goes out of the roads. There has been one morning though, when I didn't know how I was going to get there. We have two other cars in the family, and when the roads are good we know if the jeep wouldn't start that at least one of the cars would start and I could get to school all right. But this particular morning the roads were muddy and the jeep was the only car that could get me out and it wouldn't start. It was the first time since we have had it that it didn't start the minute we stepped on the starter. It was raining and very foggy so Frank came to the conclusion that maybe the spark plugs had gathered moisture and that was the reason it refused to start. So he brought them in and put them in the oven to dry them out, then he put them back in again. All this time it was getting later and later and I was just holding my breath. No music ever sounded sweeter to me than the hum of the engine when it started.



Dorothy at her desk surrounded by her students. They have had good times together this year and accomplished a great deal.

Our spring calves have started to arrive, the first two on the coldest night we have had this winter. Except for a little ice on their ears they were none the worse for the below zero weather. With the arrival of the little animal babies it really makes spring seem just around the corner. But speaking of zero weather reminds me to tell you that we had a wood-sawing last week on the day that the temperature dropped so rapidly. By the time they had started the thermometer registered very low and with a strong north wind blowing. It is beyond me how the men can stand to be out all day in that kind of weather and not all end up with pneumonia.

Several of the neighbors have already started wiring their houses for electricity, so it begins to look as if our R. E. A. line is going to be a reality. However, after reading letters from so many of you who have said that you waited as long as two years after the poles were all set and your houses all wired, we aren't holding our breath until the day comes when we can really say we have electricity on our farm.

Frank and Kristin and I are anticipating a nice day Sunday with the Riley Marker family at Allerton, Iowa. The Markers were our neighbors here until just a year ago now when they bought a farm at Allerton and moved there. Mrs. Marker has planned a surprise birthday dinner for Riley on Sunday and several of us are going for the day. Billy and Carolyn were such good friends of Kristin's that she is eagerly waiting for Sunday to hurry up and get here.

Kristin had her first tooth filled last Saturday and I was thrilled to death by her reaction to the dentist. I took her up a couple of weeks ago to have her teeth cleaned and checked so she could get acquainted with him. When he said she had a tiny cavity that should be filled I didn't know how she would act, but when we went back last Saturday and the nurse came out and said she was next,

without saying one word to me she just got up and walked in by herself. In fact, she says she likes her dentist so much that she isn't going to brush her teeth any more so she can go to see him oftener than just once every six months! How grateful I am that she feels this way because I have always dreaded it so much myself that I have to just force myself to go and have my teeth taken care of. Of course we are fortunate in having a dentist who is perfectly marvelous with children. Kristin said he showed her every instrument he was going to use and explained everything to her as he went along. He even let her get up and watch him mix the filling. Anyway she thought it was lots of fun and that is more than I can say.

Well, I must get busy and correct some arithmetic papers, so this must be all for this month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

FUNNY BUNNIES (Rhyme-times): Hand out slips of paper with cue words and each guest must find a two-word rhyme to fit. A peppy group will soon be thinking up their own "funny bunnies." Suggestions: 1. A sly hen—trickin' chicken; 2. A rude, ill-humored high school girl—surly girlie; 3. A badly frightened man—pale male; 4. Color of the sky on a bright July day—blue hue; 5. A sorrowing boy—sad lad; 6. An escaped fowl—loose goose; 7. A very small sausage—teenie weenie; 8. A girl from Switzerland—Swiss miss; 9. A bee's abode—live hive; 10. A fresh vegetable—green bean; 11. Timid insect—shy fly; 12. A flower napping—lazy daisy; 13. Two good looking girls—fair pair; 14. Skillful stunt with wood-stick trick; 15. A hobo in the rain—damp tramp.

You will find it true that the things that are eagerly followed and admired are of no use to them who have gained them; while they who have not yet gained them imagine that, if they are acquired, everything will come along with them.—Epictetus.

UNTO US A CHILD IS GIVEN

Anonymous

"But don't you have many bad moments when you are filled with doubts and fears?"

"What if your own two children come to feel resentment, an active dislike toward this new baby who has invaded their home?"

"Can you *really* love this adopted baby as you do your own?"

"How did you ever come to adopt a child when you have two of your own?"

All of these questions and many others we were called upon to answer as our friends, relatives, yes, even chance acquaintances, came to see the tiny baby girl we had adopted.

Perhaps these questions are troubling your mind too if you are one of the unfortunate ones who knows the sharp pang of loneliness that comes as you see other couples of your age all about you who are enjoying the priceless happiness which only healthy, happy children can bring to a home. Or it may be you have one child and you long to give him a playmate. But the months and years slip by and you realize your dreams will remain unfilled unless . . .

Ours was a happy marriage and in due course of time we had two lovely children. Since both my husband and I had known the wonderful experience of growing up in a large family we were looking forward to several children of our own and our big family reunions in years to come.

But after many heartaches and bitter disappointments we faced the truth—there would be no more children born to us. This was a hard fact to face and our hearts protested; although we had two youngsters we still had "love to spare" if only we had one who needed it. During that period it seemed to us that everywhere we looked we saw friends and relatives with new babies! Naturally we made much of these new arrivals and could easily have "spoiled" all the new nieces and nephews without half trying. Our son and daughter were quick to sense our longings and again and again expressed a desire for a baby brother or sister. Child-like they began to include this wish in their bedtime prayers and even in their letters to Santa Claus!

Gradually the idea came to us . . . could it be that an adopted child might answer our prayers? *Could* we love it as our own? Would our two children (now in Junior high school) lovingly accept a chosen baby? And how would our respective families (who had never encountered adoption at first hand) welcome this new child? Had we enough to offer in return for the joys we expected to receive? We pondered these things in our hearts and discussed them with each other, and eventually we came to the conclusion that we could truthfully answer each one in the affirmative.

Since we knew that there was a great demand for adopted children and that consequently we might be disappointed, we decided not to tell



Martin spends much time at his little table coloring pictures and cutting out things with his kindergarten scissors. When we see him busily at work we realize that it won't be so very long before he starts to school.

our relatives or our children that we had taken the initial steps towards adoption. However, we had talked with both children many times about the possibility of getting a "chosen" baby and the whole subject was given a sense of reality by the fact that close friends (also with youngsters of their own) adopted a baby during that period, and our son and daughter could see for themselves how it fit into the family life.

The first step was to consult our family physician who sent us to an approved child placement agency. Yes, they did ask questions—dozens of them—but we were glad they did for it assured us they were leaving no stone unturned to do the best for us and for the baby. Our first choice was for a newborn baby girl (with my dark coloring, if possible, for they try to match family characteristics—above all nationality and religion must correspond) so that our other youngsters might enjoy every phase of her development. But we resolved not to be a bit disappointed if it were a boy, for after all Nature gives us no choice and we love whatever is bestowed.

Doctor, banker, minister, friends—yes, and enemies too, if we had them—all were contacted. The agency left nothing undone to be certain we were worthy of a child. Even after they were satisfied there followed months and months of waiting, and then more than a year of waiting, but we wouldn't be discouraged for we knew that other people had waited for several years.

Then, happy morning! we received a long distance call—could we come the next day to see the week-old baby girl they had chosen for us? Could we come? Why, we could hardly wait for the morrow to dawn!

That evening we told our two children that we expected to go and see the baby on the following day but we made it very clear that there was no guarantee we'd actually return with her. They had waited for so long too that we wanted no last minute bitter disappointments in case

things didn't turn out as we hoped.

The next day we drove to the city where the agency was located and met the kindly superintendent. After a short visit she left us for a few minutes—I know now that it was only a few minutes, but at the time it seemed to me that we sat waiting for hours! Then she returned with a tiny bundle and placed it in my arms. It took only one quick look at the tiny curled up fists and the dark ringlets for my heart to say that this was our own child. With one accord my husband and I turned to the superintendent, and her smiling nod assured us that this baby was ours.

That evening when we turned into the driveway of our own home I found that I could scarcely wait for the children to come running to the car to see if we had *really* brought the long awaited baby. Even now, five years later, I find it hard to try and put down on paper the joy and delight that was on their faces when they saw that I was holding the wonderful chosen baby.

From the very beginning they shared in her care. That first night they helped put her new clothes away, helped decide where her bassinet should stand, and even tried to give me a hand in making up the formula. And for several months afterwards we never went into a store without both of them wanting to go along to buy a new toy or a new piece of clothing for "their baby".

So it has been since that day—they have loved her, shared her and helped her to have a happy, normal childhood surrounded by a loving family circle. And certainly she knows she is adopted; it has been mentioned casually from the beginning and she has grown to be especially proud that she is our chosen child, beloved by the whole family.

In conclusion I'd like to say this: had we been unable to get a tiny baby we would have asked for an older child. We feel that it, too, would have been welcome by the children since we would have been careful to give each child an equal amount of attention. There might have been difficulties with an older child that we didn't experience with a newborn baby, but I'm convinced, as is my husband, that love and understanding can remove any obstacles that prevent a united family feeling.

LITTLE THINGS

When God makes a lovely thing,
The fairest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know,
For little things are sweetest.
Little birds and little flowers,
Little diamonds, little pearls,
But the dearest things on earth
Are little boys and little girls.

—Sent by Laura Knipfer.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER PROGRAM

Every weekday morning at 11.00 A. M.
we visit with you on the following stations:

KOWH—Omaha, Nebr.—660 on your dial.
KFNF—Shenandoah, Ia.—920 on your dial.
KFEQ—St. Joseph, Mo.—680 on your dial.



FOR THE CHILDREN

MRS. LONGTAIL AND THE TRAP

By Myrtle E. Felkner

"I am simply sick of potatoes," said Mrs. Longtail Mouse.

"Why, my dear?" asked Mr. Longtail as he took another bite.

"Because that is all we've had to eat all winter . . . potatoes, potatoes, potatoes. I'm going to explore the rest of this basement and find something nicer to eat."

"You had better stay here in the potato bin, my dear," said Mr. Longtail. "The basement is full of traps set by Mrs. Baldman, and they are all baited with cheese. You know that you cannot resist cheese."

"Oh, how wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Longtail. "I will just sneak up and pull the cheese away before the trap snaps shut."

"Do as you please," said Mr. Longtail mildly, "but remember that we lost three cousins that way only last week."

Mrs. Longtail sniffed. "Piffle, I am smarter than my cousins," she said. Then she scampered right out into the basement, and sure enough, the first thing she saw was a trap baited with cheese. Mrs. Longtail reached out one quick little paw and grabbed the cheese. Snap! went the trap, but Mrs. Longtail was much quicker. She had already eaten two-thirds of the cheese before the trap snapped.

Presently she found another trap, and once again she succeeded in snatching the cheese. She was becoming very smug about it and wasn't very careful the third time, which was unfortunate for her, because the trap caught one little paw very, very securely.

"Oh, my goodness," cried Mrs. Longtail. "Help! Help!"

Mr. Longtail came running out of the potato bin.

"Pull me out, please pull me out of this dreadful trap," cried Mrs. Longtail.

"You must be patient," said Mr. Longtail. "I will have to get our cousins to help." Presently Mr. Longtail came back. He brought seven big husky cousins with him. All of the cousins and Mr. Longtail grabbed Mrs. Longtail and tried to pull her out of the trap.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Mrs. Longtail. "You are merely pulling me and the trap both around." So then four of the cousins grabbed the trap and three of the cousins and Mr. Longtail grabbed Mrs. Longtail. Then they pulled in opposite directions.

"Oh! Oh!" groaned Mrs. Longtail.

"You are surely pulling my leg right off."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Longtail wisely, "that we must use brains instead of brawn." Then he whispered to the cousins and they all hid in an empty egg case.

Presently Mrs. Baldman came to the basement. Mrs. Longtail lay so quietly that Mrs. Baldman thought that she was quite dead. She spread a paper on the floor and prepared to wrap Mrs. Longtail in the paper and pop her into the furnace. But just as she pulled the spring on the trap, out jumped Mr. Longtail from the egg case. He ran right over Mrs. Baldman's foot and she was so frightened that she dropped Mrs. Longtail. Away hobbled Mrs. Longtail on her sore foot, and just as Mrs. Baldman reached for a broom, out scampered a cousin from the egg case. My, what a chase they had, with cousins running all over and Mrs. Baldman swinging the broom quite wildly and never hitting a single one of them! Mrs. Longtail was safe at home in the potato bin long before the excitement was over.

That night at supper, Mrs. Longtail said, "Will you have some potatoes, dear?"

"Thank you, dear," answered Mrs. Longtail and she never said a word about preferring cheese.

FOR THE LITTLE COOK

March

Mother will be glad to let you prepare these nourishing luncheon rolls some blustery March Saturday while she is busy baking, cleaning, or marketing.

LUNCHEON ROLLS

- 6 frankfurter rolls
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 4 shelled, hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 Tbs. minced onion
- 1/2 teas. salt

Chop the eggs and combine with cheese, catsup, onion and salt. Cut the tops off the rolls lengthwise and hollow out the centers (save these as mother will use as buttered crumbs). Brush with the butter and fill with egg mixture. Cover with roll tops; wrap in waxed paper, and place in a cold place to chill. At lunch time, unwrap, place on baking sheet, and bake in a moderate oven of 350 degrees F. for 25-30 minutes, or until hot and crisp.



Juliana and Kristin aren't the only ones who had their picture taken near a mirror. Here is Kerry Lee Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa who cooperated very well indeed with the photographer. Her mother writes many things for our Kitchen-Klatter magazine.

RIDDLES

Why is a fruit cake like the ocean? They both have currents.

What is neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

What ladies can never find anything when they want it? Mislay and Misplace.

What is the best way to keep a man's love? Do not return it.

Why are the tallest people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

Why is a college student like the thermometer? He is graduated and marked by degrees.

What does a little boy's mother do when he gets his stockings on wrong side out? She turns the hose on him.

Why is an old umbrella lost as good as new when found? Because it is recovered.

Why is the letter F nervous? Because it is always in fear.

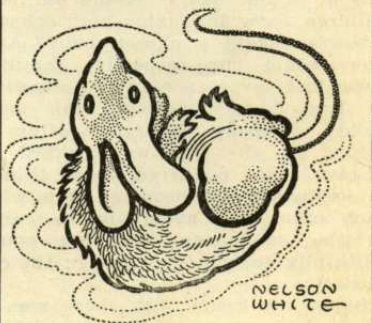
How did the water get in the watermelon? Because the seed was planted in the spring.

TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This little duckling swims along—
Of happiness he's dreaming,
But turn him upside down and see



A rat with eyes a-gleaming.

"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.

April Ads due March 1.

May Ads due April 1.

June Ads due May 1.

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

MAKE IT YOURSELF, from our sets of 25 professional candy factory formulas for \$1.00, such as: Ice Cream candy, golden crisp crackerjack, etc. We give one FREE for every two sewing scissors you send us to hollow ground, sharpen and polish. 35¢ ea. All work, satisfaction guaranteed. Established since 1914. Keen-Edge Grinders, Mediapolis, Ia.

HOME-MADE DIVINITY candy for sale. \$1.10 pound. Postage paid. Grace Masteller, R. R. No. 3, Sac City, Iowa.

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

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

HAVE A PRETTY DRESS MADE, by sending—print or 3 feed sacks, 5 buttons, your measurements and \$1.50. Apron free with orders for three. Comfort tops (crazy-quilt pattern) with a gift \$5. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kans.

"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, Iowa.

ALL WOOL HAND CROCHETED ARTICLES FOR INFANTS. 3-pc. sweater sets, fancy \$3.25. Carriage robes \$5. Booties .50¢. Bibs 75¢. Write Kathryn Botner, Green Hall, Ky.

WANTED: Crocheting, pineapple doilies, doilies. Reasonable. Grace Glissman, Bloomfield, Mont.

PLAY DOLLS, costume dolls, plaster figurines, felt novelties. Stamp. Thyra Miller, Tyler, Minn.

FOR SALE: Quilt tops \$10.00 ea. Rachel Wilson, Dickens, Iowa

COLORFUL MEXICAN CHARM STRINGS. Hand painted, large size, \$1. Mrs. Myrl Hixson, Truro, Iowa.

LARGE BIB STYLE PRINT APRONS. \$1.25 ea. Dorothy McCain, Tecumseh, Nebr.

FOR SALE: Washed, perfect 100 lb. sacks 40¢. Imperfect sacks 25¢. Postpaid. Mrs. Ernest Kuether, Wells, Minn.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTHS, 64x86, white, \$45.00. Pineapple, butterfly davenport sets \$6. Chair sets to match \$4. White, ecru. Coffee-table doilies oval, 30x15, 33x15. \$4. White, Beauties, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

FOR SALE: Tie on print aprons. Small, Medium, Large. \$1.75. Send postage. Mrs. Dott. Porter, 866 Harding Rd., Des Moines, Iowa.

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET PLANS, 5 actual size patterns, complete program and menu 50¢. Rush orders. Mrs. Howard Haney, Carleton, Kansas.

STATIONERY SPECIAL—20 floral sheets, 20 envelopes, printed with any name and address, \$1.00 postpaid. Ten personalized postcards given. Midwest, 4-B, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kans.

FOR SALE, doilies 10 inch, Pansy, Roses, and tailored ruffled \$1 ea. Pillow cases, wide inset crochet or embroidery \$3.75 set. Pin cushion 80¢. Mrs. Frank Brabec, Brainard, Nebr.

STENCIL PATTERNS—Ready-cut for your immediate use. Send 10 cents for our catalog. Unusual designs. HOUSE OF CRAFTS, Box 892, Spencer, Iowa.

COLORFUL MEXICAN APPLIQUED FEED BAG APRONS, \$1.95. Felt teapot holder 50¢. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W. Canton, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL IRISH ROSE DOILIES, white center, pink roses, green leaves. \$2. Ready for mailing. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Iowa

COMPLETE DIRECTIONS AND PATTERN, for making lovely box of greeting cards, 40¢. Took first prize at Nebr. State Fair. Mrs. Frank Davenport, 2101 K St., Lincoln, Nebr.

SEWING, experienced. Enclose necessary items. Ad good anytime. Mrs. S. S. Warner, Humboldt, So. Dak.

FOR SALE: Aprons, \$1.25 & \$1.50. Pearl Dorman, Cedar Falls, Ia.

SEW-SELL—Stores, baby shoes. Samples \$1. E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

PRINT FEED SACKS, 3 alike, \$1 postpaid. Mrs. Elvin McConnell, Manning, Iowa.

LADIES! Why be aggravated by dull scissors? Let us sharpen them—35¢ ea., postpaid.—Ideal Novelty Co, 903 Church St., Shenandoah, Iowa.

HOUSE PLANT SLIPS, for window boxes, 10 different rooted, \$1.50, postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Hudsonville, Mich.

CUTE HAND MADE DOLLS, boy or girl. Yellow hair, nicely dressed, hat or cap, \$1.50 ea. Mrs. Marie Campbell, Oregon, Mo.

SPECIAL, OUTSTANDING ASSORTMENTS OF BEAUTIFUL GREETING CARDS. Three brand new assortments of outstanding, deluxe all-occasion greeting cards. Beautifully designed by nationally-known manufacturer. So pretty we guarantee them to please or your money back. Because we buy direct—you save. (They make wonderful gifts.) Three kinds: Floral (14 cards) \$1. Humorous (16) \$1; Gorgeous Metallic (15) \$1.25. CARD SUPPLY, BOX 303, SHENANDOAH, IOWA.

MAN'S BROWN SUIT, chest 36, boy's suit, 14 yrs. Embroidered pillow cases, crocheted tablecloth. Stamp please. Box 23, Hawkeye, Iowa.

PRETTY APRONS, bib style, of good quality feed sacks, bias trimmed, plus 2 potholders, \$1. Mrs. Leona Weaver, Ozawie, Kans.

HUMOROUS READINGS, written for show-ers, anniversaries, clubs, \$1. State occasion. Mrs. Earl Bettin, Early, Ia.

LINEN HANKIES, Eastern Star, Party Girl, (dainty crocheted lady-flowery hat) \$1.35 ea. Apple candy 25¢. Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Iowa.

ALMOST REAL LOOKING CROCHETED CARNATIONS, three for \$1.25. Mrs. Mary E. Suchan, Jackson, Minn.

WANTED, white china for decorating and also custom painting. Irene Pfander, 823 So. 16th Street, Clarinda, Iowa.

CROCHETED 16-in. pansy doily, \$2. 15-in. For-get-me-not doily, \$1.75. Pineapple chair sets, \$3. Hot plate mats, 85¢. Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Mo.

LOVELY HOUSE COATS AND BED JACKETS. House coats, satin or taffeta, \$8.50, corduroy \$12.50, velvet, \$20. Bed-jackets, satin or taffeta, \$5. Send size, color and choice of material. Mrs. Velma Graham, Rt. 2, Sheridan, Mo.

FOR SALE: Wool quilt pieces, top \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. Levin Swenson, Little River, Kans.

READER'S DIGEST 8 months \$1. New subscribers only. Peggy Jo Buddenberg, Hamilton, Mo.

HEALTH BOOKLET, (Nurse's viewpoint) Food sensitiveness, over weight, arthritis, health questions answered. Price 50¢. Audrey Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

FEED BAG APRONS: Small, Medium, Large. Band \$1. Bib, \$1.25 4 styles. Dresses 14 or 42 \$2.25, or send your own patterns, materials and \$1.25. Mrs. Clarence Denker, Denison, Iowa,

BETTER GREETING CARDS, many new styles, including Plastic, to please all. Price \$1.10 postpaid. Millie J. De Wild, Eddyville, Iowa.

1¢ APPLE TREES

Sensational Get-Acquainted Offer! Order one apple tree at regular catalog price of 89¢—get 2nd tree for only 1¢ additional! Both for 90¢! Limit of 2 orders—4 trees, \$1.80. Choice of Red or Yellow Delicious, Jonathan, Wealthy, Yellow Transparent or Stamen's Winesap. Finest 4 to 5-ft., heavy, well rooted and branched. Quality and variety guaranteed. Offer closes March 10. WRITE for free copy complete nursery catalog.

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Felix Street Reporter

11:30-11:45 A. M. M—S

Visiting With Hallie Barrow

12:45-1:00 P. M. M. W. F.

Queen For The Day

2:00-2:30 P. M. M—F

Ladies Fair

2:30-3:00 P. M. M—F

Memos For Milady

3:00-3:15 P. M. M—F

Pony Express Roundup

3:20-3:45 P. M. M—F

Bohemian Band

4:15-4:30 P. M. M—F

The most valuable sense of humor is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what isn't safe to laugh at.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR YOUNGSTERS AND MOTHERS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

When you plan a party for children of pre-school age it is usually necessary for them to bring Mommie along, so why not plan the next party for both mother and child?

Your Susie is going to be four years old next week so of course she will want a birthday party. Make the invitations exciting by writing a tiny note telling about the party and putting it inside a balloon. Fasten a ribbon to the balloon with this tag attached:

Blow up the balloon

When it pops you will see—

A little surprise

To you from me.

This is one time there will be no tears shed over a burst balloon! Be sure your note says to bring Mother along because the party is for both of them.

When the children arrive give each mother an empty animal cookie box. Have the cookies hidden about the room and let the children search for them. As each finds an animal he takes it to the "Cage" mother is holding. Each child will keep his cookies and that will be prize enough.

Children like to play singing games such as "Farmer in the Dell", "London Bridge," and "Did You Ever See A Lassie?" The mothers will furnish the vocal part of the game while the children play.

Here is a game we call "Simple as ABC". Hide alphabet letters about the room and let each child hunt for them. When he finds them he takes them to his mother. She will help him and see who can get the most complete alphabet in a given length of time. A little ABC book would make an appropriate prize.

"Decorating the Birthday Cake" will be fun, too. Before the party you may draw the outline of a large birthday cake on a piece of white construction paper — a cake for each guest. Provide crayolas and let each one *decorate* his cake. If you wish you may give a small prize to the one who colors or "decorates" his cake the nicest. You will make the youngster happy if you give him a sheet of bright construction paper and let him mount his picture to take home and show Daddy.

Refreshments at a child's party should be very simple so that appetites are not ruined or mothers forced to take care of a sick child. Instead of having a great many kinds of fancy candies or sweets, why not provide small favors for each child to take home? Party hats, balloons, and noise makers will be more appreciated.

Just plain sandwiches take on a fairy book air if cut into various shapes with cookie cutters. There may

be bunnies, camels, elephants, bells, stars, clowns, gingerbread boys, and so on.

Ice cream and birthday cake is a **MUST**. You might make clown ice cream cones by filling pointed cones and turning them upside down. The cone becomes the hat and chocolate chips, red hots or other candies are used to form the features. It is nice to have small decorated cup cakes so each child may have his own cake and candle. Mother will light the candle for her child. Seat the children on the floor or at small tables where they may help themselves more easily. Anxious mothers will enjoy their own refreshments much more if this is done. Milk, water, or fruit juice should be served in heavy paper cups.

When the party is over, mother is often embarrassed when Johnnie is reluctant to leave and creates a little scene. This may be avoided if you plan a small gift for each child to "take home." Have a fish pool and let each guest fish for his surprise. The pool may be a large fish bowl or a container covered with crepe paper. Wrap small gifts such as books, planes, crayolas, cars, whistles, etc., in gay colored paper and tie with

ribbon — pink for girls and blue for boys. The hook is a bent pin fastened on a piece of stout cord. The children will go home eagerly to see what they have "caught."

Such a well planned party, you will find, is something mothers will enjoy rather than endure!

TELL HIM SO

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with sunshine
If you only tell him so.

If a deed, however humble,
Helps you on your way to go,
Seek the one whose hand has helped
you,
Seek him out and tell him so!

Oh, my sisters, oh, my brothers,
As o'er life's rough path you go,
If God's love has saved and kept you,
Do not fail to tell men so!
—Unknown.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.—Emerson.

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