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# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

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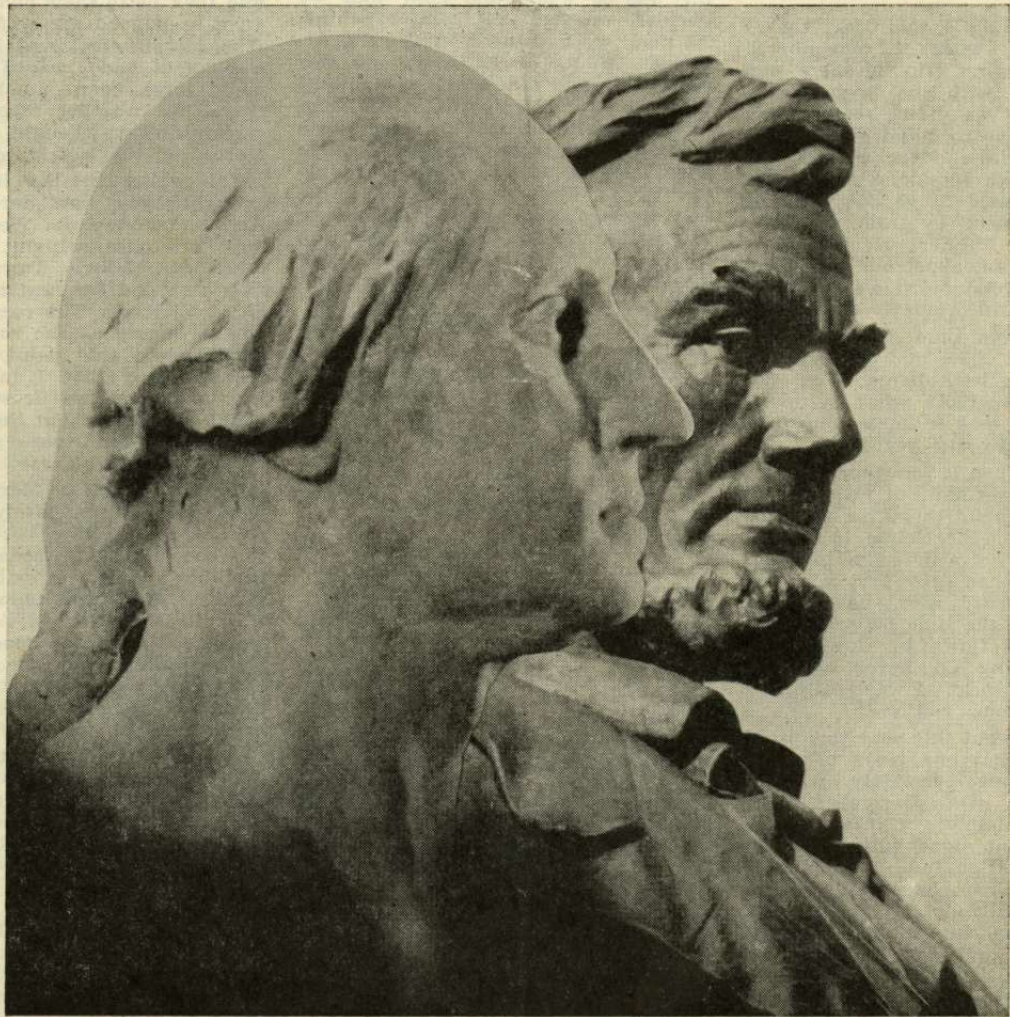


Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Redlands, California

Dear Friends:

Tonight I'm writing to you from the hotel room in Redlands that has almost come to seem a second home to us. This is the third winter we've been here, and it has all come to be just about as familiar as our own house on Summit Avenue in Shenandoah.

Earlier tonight I told Mart that I had to laugh when I remembered back to our first trip out here and contrasted it with the present one. In those days we didn't really think that I'd be able to stand such a trip by car, and the children wouldn't let their Dad drive out alone, so on that first trip Donald drove out with his Dad and I went by train with my sister, Helen Fischer. Helen and I were so doubtful about our own powers that we wondered if we'd make it through to California!

When it was time to return to Iowa Howard flew out to Redlands and drove us back home. You can see, from these facts, what an upsetting thing it was to make our first long trip in twenty years.

Last year when it was time to leave for Redlands we had our good friend, Ethel Wells, make the drive with us. She came from her home in Massachusetts to spend a few days in Shenandoah, and then drove out with us. She also returned with us in the spring, but in the time between those two trips I'd flown to Hawaii and back—something I'd never expected to do in this world. I was really getting adventurous, you see.

But our trip out this year was proof of the fact that our fears of three years ago were certainly without solid ground. On December 28th Mart and I simply got into the car and started out alone with Redlands as the destination, and we made it through in fine shape. When we pulled into Redlands just at dusk ten days later our car didn't have a scratch on it and we could honestly say that we hadn't had one close shave. So you see, if you really put your mind to something I guess you can get it done.

There was snow on the ground when we left Shenandoah, but by the time we reached St. Joseph it had almost entirely melted. We listened to Lucile and Marge broadcasting the Kitchen-Klatter program as we ap-

proached Kansas City, Kansas. About 4:00 o'clock we arrived at Joplin, Missouri and decided to stay there overnight when we found a comfortable motel.

At 8:00 the next morning we left Joplin, and the country south of there reminded me of the Ozarks for the highway winds through timber. The air was so warm and hazy that we decided we had left winter behind. At noon we had lunch at Rogers, Arkansas. South of Ft. Smith we saw more hills and pines, and we noticed that the saw mills in that area seemed to specialize in making fence posts and telephone poles. It was so warm that we took off our coats. At 4:30 we arrived at Texarkana, and it began to seem like the South for we saw cotton fields. The next morning it really seemed like the South for we had a good breakfast of ham and eggs and grits.

The road south of Texarkana took us through tall pine trees, and we saw many small unpainted shacks and little patches of cotton. Every village we passed through had its quota of children out shooting off fire-crackers; it seems that in the South they start shooting firecrackers on December 15th and keep it up until after New Year's.

We reached Shreveport, La., about 10:30 and found everything lovely and green. There are large cotton fields in this section and all of the houses are set up on stone blocks. We had lunch at Conshatta and there saw our first Spanish moss hanging from trees; it is soft gray in color and beautiful. Both sides of the road were bordered by water, and you have to keep a constant lookout for the cattle and hogs that graze right along the highway. We reached Alexandria at 3:30 and decided to stay there for the night.

The last day of 1949 we were awakened by church bells in Alexandria. Breakfast brought us southern coffee, chicory, they call it, and I don't think it compares to our own coffee in Iowa, at least not on the first taste. Grits are always on the menu through this part of the country.

We found our highway a most beautiful one—tall pines, moss hanging from the trees, and a feeling of lush growth. A number of times we noticed the sign: "Keep Louisiana Green. Be Careful Not to Start a

Forest Fire." We passed a big turpentine plant near Kinder, La.

At 11:00 o'clock we drove into Beaumont, Texas. There we found palms, roses, poinsettias in bloom, and many rice fields between Beaumont and Houston. When we left Shenandoah we didn't expect to be in this area for we had wanted to go directly to New Orleans after we left Shreveport, but we found that no motel or hotel reservations were available because of the big Rice Bowl football game on New Year's, so that accounts for turning off into Texas. It began raining very hard that day, and after forty miles of it we decided to stop in Houston at 2:30 and call it enough.

New Year's Day found us driving to San Antonio through heavy rain. In spite of it we could see many pecan groves, beautiful roses blooming in Columbus, Texas, and magnificent great oak trees. When we reached San Antonio we found it so warm that we ate dinner on the open porch of our dining room at the motel. The next day my old friend from Clarinda days, Mabel Kenea Wallin and her husband, Dr. Wallin, came to get us and took us to their home. They also gave us a good view of San Antonio (the Alamo, etc.,) and it certainly is a colorful and beautiful city. We could have spent much more time there, but weather reports were uncertain and we thought it wise to get started on the last lap of the trip.

You realize that this is a vast country when you start across from San Antonio westward. We drove long, long stretches without meeting another car. Marfa, Texas, was our first stop and the next night we stayed at El Paso. The road out of here was as empty as the road from Sanderson into this point, and I'll be frank to say that I found some of the long stretches tiresome. No one could complain about the condition of the roads, but there are so many miles between places!

Lordsburg, New Mexico, was our next stop. It's a lovely place, very western in feeling. From there on the country didn't seem really unfamiliar and it was with a sense of arriving at a well-known place that we pulled into Tuscon, Arizona. There we stayed with our good friends, the Bever family, and also looked up Mona Alexander Overstreet and her husband. Mona lived next door to us in Shenandoah until her marriage.

We hadn't planned to make any really long stretches of driving on this trip, but with California so close we found that we wanted to get there as soon as possible. When we entered Yuma, California, we decided to forego a stop for lunch and make it on in to Redlands.

There are countless things I'd like to be able to tell you, but on any long trip so many details accumulate that about all you can hope to do is to sketch in the high points.

The girls tell me that they are getting many wonderful letters from you friends, so please let me take this means of saying thank you, one and all, for your friendship.

Sincerely Yours,  
Leanna.



# Come into the Garden

## THE BEGINNER'S EXPERIENCE WITH ROSES

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

This is a bitter January day. The world is covered with ice and snow, and when we look out our south window in the living room it is a triumph of faith to believe that before many months pass we will look out that same window to see the thing that has given us so much pleasure and gratification—our rose garden in full bloom.

Perhaps experienced gardeners reach the place where they take flowers for granted (although I doubt this!), but to beginners there is nothing comparable to the thrill that comes from planning a garden, planting it, caring for it, and then seeing the climax of magnificent bloom. It is an ever-renewed miracle.

Until this past year we were people who admired roses from a distance. Nary a rose of our own had we grown, and the explanation for this lies in the fact that for almost ten years we were apartment dwellers in large cities. It's true that we did occupy a separate house with a yard when we lived in San Francisco, but what a yard! It was the size of our present living room and was entirely paved except for one narrow strip right down the middle. When we first moved there we studied that strip and contemplated putting out some roses, but the owner assured us that he expected to pave the entire thing within a year, and then where would the roses be?

So much for city life.

Then we came back here to Shendoah to occupy a house that had a large yard. Our first thought when we saw this yard was that now we could have a rose garden, but if you've ever moved into a sadly run-down property with a yard that's been neglected for years, you know how much has to be done before you can get down to the business of growing flowers.

Last spring we finally had the place in fairly good shape. A derelict old shed had been dismantled and hauled away. Small mountains of ashes and cinders had been leveled. A worn-out grape arbor had been grubbed out and worthless shrubs, trees, etc., had been vanquished once and for all. We had a clean, debris-free yard that was ready to tackle—and never were there more inexperienced people to do the tackling!

The first thing, of course, was to decide upon a location for our rose garden. It turned out to be the very center of our back yard as it receives full sunshine, is free from tree roots, and is still sheltered from wind by the border of shrubs. These three requirements are most important so far as roses are concerned.

We decided that two rose beds, each four and a half feet wide by twenty feet long with an "L" at each end, would give us room for the sev-

enty-two hybrid tea roses that we expected to plant. These beds are separated by a plot of grass in the center, and this serves two important functions: it gives us free access to the inside roses, and it sets off the entire plan most effectively.

From our nursery catalog we selected plants that we thought would harmonize in color when they bloomed. Russell devoted a number of evenings to drawing diagrams that allowed us to plant these roses with a definite color scheme in mind, but as soon as they bloomed we discovered that this was a waste of effort for they look beautiful in any combination. However, from one angle this wasn't wasted time at all for it enabled us to know exactly which rose was which, and to compare the qualities of one against another.

The ground in the entire bed was dug to a depth of two and a half feet, and the top soil and sod were placed at the bottom for the roots to feed on. All of this heavy work was done as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and then for a while we just looked at the bed and waited for the roses to arrive.

The day they were delivered we started planting them, diagram in hand. The plants were set out from 18 to 24 inches apart, and were pruned back to about five or six inches. This is important as the flowers bloom from the new shoots, not the old branches. Then the entire plant was covered over with earth to protect the new shoots from exposure.

At this point we sat back and worried. For a while we were convinced that nothing was going to happen as the roses in Mother's and Wayne's gardens that had been established in earlier years were sending up fine healthy shoots, and all we had to look at were the little mounds of earth. About this time we took some pictures and I've never seen a less promising sight!

But all of a sudden, or so it seemed, things began to happen. The mounds of earth came to quick, vigorous life, and almost before our eyes the strong, healthy looking roses began to grow. On the morning of June 6th there were eight blooms. On the following day there were forty-seven! And from then on until November 1st, when we picked our last rose, there were from twelve to a hundred blooms every day. Every single plant produced flowers that far exceeded our most enthusiastic expectations.

During the dry months of summer the roses were watered early in the morning about once a week, not with a direct spray but by irrigation. About every ten days they were dusted carefully with an all-purpose rose dust to eliminate fungus and insects. Once a month, beginning in June, commercial fertilizer and decomposed manure were carefully hoed into the earth. Stated in this fashion, perhaps it sounds like a lot of work, but remember that this activity was spread out over five months and represented



Kristin took as much interest in our roses as Juliana did. Here she is studying a big white K. A. Viktoria.

comparitively few hours of actual labor.

The first of December we cut the plants back to about eighteen inches, mounded earth over the lower portion to the height of about six inches, and then tucked in clean wheat straw so that only the tops protruded. In the spring all of the old wood will be cut away to about six inches, and then once again we will wait for our first blooms in June.

The thing that still surprises us about our roses is the fact that we had many, many hundreds of spectacular blooms without any experience behind us. We thought that roses of this quality were only produced by long-time gardeners who had many tricks up their sleeves. It didn't occur to us that raw beginners could hope to have such results.

It surprised us too that a rose garden could be of such fresh, glowing interest. We found ourselves watching each plant with the most avid curiosity, and every morning from June until November we went outside the first thing to see what buds had opened and to compare the blooms with other varieties in the garden. Juliana shared this interest, and I realized then and there that such a project is invaluable in creating strong family ties. We've all read this any number of times, I'm sure, but you have to experience it yourself to realize how profoundly true it really is.

Until November our house was filled with roses. Those of you who called on us during this past summer seemed to enjoy those lovely blooms as much as we did, and since it was the first time I had ever enjoyed the privilege of going to my own garden for the makings of a beautiful arrangement, it was a never-ending joy. Our last rose, cut on November 1st, was in many ways the most beautiful of all! We feasted our eyes on it until it finally faded, and then began counting the months until our rose garden would burst into glorious bloom once again.



## A GOLD-RUSH JOURNAL

By Stephen W. Eastman

## PART IV

The men then fired on them, killing three of them, one of whom fought like a tiger, standing his ground against two of the white men and sending a perfect stream of arrows at them until his quiver was empty; then when one of them attacked him with a large knife he struck him twice over the head with his bow, although he had been shot through with two ounce balls.

Another company, numbering seven men, found ten head of the cattle in the possession of about twenty Indians who were drying the meat. They had already sliced up six of the cattle and had them spread on the bushes. The Indians fled immediately into the mountains, whooping and yelling at a terrible rate.

Our men were all on foot, for which they were very sorry, as the Indians' superior skill among the rocks and hills enabled them to keep entirely out of range of their rifles. They burned the meat and then returned to the road, which they reached about 9:00 o'clock in the evening. We stayed with a Missouri train that night and the next day, after walking forty miles, caught up with our wagons at dark and camped on the river.

August 17: Today we drove 16 miles and passed a company who called themselves the Helltown Greasers. They'd lost 20 head of their cattle to the Indians. Ten of them had been found but four were badly wounded with arrows.

August 23: We've covered 90 miles in the last five days. Grass has been poor the whole way. Today we went down the river until we came to the forks of the road—one follows the river 55 miles to the sink, and then crosses the desert to Tuckese River, another 45 miles. The other road, called the Cut-off, turns to the right over the plains.

We baited our cattle three hours at the forks and then started on to the desert. Drove 14 miles to a spring one mile to the left of the road. Cold water but no grass. Stopped and ate our supper and then drove on 20 miles to the next water which was in wells dug by the immigrants—these were from 3 to 5 feet deep. At this place there had been a little grass, but it had been eat off so close that an ox could not get a look at even a root.

At this place we found 8 or 10 wagons waiting for a load of grass that they'd sent 30 miles to get. We rested there 3 hours and then started for the next water, 25 miles distant, which we reached about one o'clock at night. This we found to be the noted Black Rock springs, some 30 yards across and said to have been measured 250 feet deep and found no bottom. Water was so hot we couldn't hold our hands in it, but found it good to drink after we'd let it cool in the night air. It derived its name from a large mass of rock standing near it some 300 feet high and one-fourth of a mile thick at the base. It has the appearance of having been smoked until it is quite black. Hot springs all along the way, the hottest

of which was 196 degrees and would cook apples or rice very well.

August 28: Camped tonight in a canyon 4 miles from the entrance. We've left Salt Valley behind us and today passed through a canyon where the rocks rose perpendicular to a height of 150 feet on each side of the road. Grass and water good. Slow going through this country.

September 2: Reached the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains today. Grass is good through here. Some snow on top of mountains and a scattering of pine trees.

September 3: Traveled along the foot of the mountains in a northwesterly direction for 9 miles. Rested an hour at noon and then commenced the ascent of the mountain. Reached the summit about sundown, a distance of three miles; had to use double teams the last quarter-mile.

September 6: Have made only 35 miles the last three days. Going very rough. This noon we rested with the Granville Company from Ohio. Last night Indians shot 8 of their cattle, one of them falling dead within three rods of one of the guards. Two others they butchered this morning and they expect several others to die. They were all shot with arrows.

September 9: Have covered 34 miles in three days. We've had regular Indian summer ever since we left Mary's River. One of our men who was out hunting today found some small oak trees—these are the first we've seen since we left Big Blue. All we've seen in the line of wood has been pine, cedar, cotton and willow. Plums, chokecherries and service berries have been quite plentiful since we crossed the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and most of the country in sight has been timbered with pine and cedar.

September 20: Today we covered 12 miles, our first start on the desert. It's taken us since the 9th to get across 120 miles of country. It's 55 miles across the desert and we cut grass to feed our cattle through this piece.

September 24: Finally made it across the desert. Water handy and there had been a little grass but every spear was eat off close to the ground. We had to drive our cattle from 1 to 3 miles off the road down the side of the mountain for water, and many a poor ox, weakened by hard driving and bad feed, after getting down and drinking were never able to ascend again to the road and were left to die. Now we're one mile from the entrance to the Sacramento River. Grapes are abundant along its banks. Flour is selling at 50¢ per pound; beef 37½¢; pork \$1.00.

September 26: Left Deer Creek at five this afternoon and drove 25 miles to Potter's Creek. None of the farmers in this part of the valley had raised anything this season, but had all been busy in the mines and most of them are independently rich. All the old settlers in the valley have Indians about them who do any work they want them to do.

September 29: Nine of us took a few days' provisions and a wash pan on our backs and started for the Feather River gold diggings. We found several stores on the river selling groceries



Donald had a lot of fun playing with Martin when he was home from Anderson, Ind., for a brief Christmas vacation.

high. Pork \$1.00 a pound; dried beef \$1.00 a pound, fresh 50¢; potatoes \$1.25 a pound and onions the same; butter is \$3.00 a pound, cheese \$2.00 and flour 50¢ per pound. The river is very rapid, swishing and foaming among the rocks. Some men were making as high as \$200.00 per day, while others were not making \$10.00. They were paying, where they hired, from \$10.00 to \$12.00 a day for hands.

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The journal ends with a brief entry on October the 12th with merely a reference to the weather. We have reason to believe that the story was continued in another volume, but unfortunately we do not have it. However, the following memoranda was found, and apparently it is a record of a day's gold find: Myron Lisk, \$16.50; V. Sheets, \$17.00; Samuel Hicks, \$10.00; H. Simmerman, \$3.00; Alston Martindale, \$7.00; Nelson G. Gill, \$10.00; Ira Ward, \$4.10; Stephen W. Eastman, \$4.00—\$25.00.

From what Grandfather Eastman told us in later years they apparently stayed in California somewhere between 6 months and a year. They finally went home by way of ship to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus by pack train; then by ship to New York, by rail to Chicago, and then by stage to Toulon. They got back to Illinois with a little California gold, but not very much. And my Grandfather found, when he reached home, that his wife had been dead for many months and that the two little girls were in the care of relatives. There had been no word of any kind from his home in all the time he was gone.

## LOOK!

Who is your favorite little girl? If it's your daughter, granddaughter, or niece, you'll be inspired to start sewing for her after you read "It's Fun To Sew for Little Girls" by Leanna and Lucile. Illustrated with photographs of Juliana and Kristin.

Formerly 50¢. Now reduced to 35¢. 8 for \$1.00.

Order from Leanna Driftmier  
Shenandoah, Iowa



## COME ALONG TO MOUNT VERNON

By Mabel Nair Brown

It is with a combined feeling of awe and curiosity that one walks through the entrance gate and up the gravelled path that winds among the stately elms, oaks, and lovely magnolias and leads eventually to Mount Vernon, the spacious plantation home of George Washington.

Stretching away to our right are rolling meadows. Beyond the trees to our left flows the Potomac River. Picturesque white board fences enclose the meadow lands. We follow the visitors approach until we round the curve which brings us to our first glimpse of the mansion. There it stands just as we have seen it pictured so many times! Between the house and the spot where we are standing stretches the great lawn, bordered on either side by magnificent trees. On the right, the kitchen garden has been restored in a manner true to the time of Washington. On the left is the Eighteenth century flower garden which remains much the same as planned by the original owner. The box wood hedges in this garden were planted in 1798 or earlier.

We choose the left path between the lawn and the flower garden and go around the courtyard up to the entrance of the famous old house.

To the Mount Vernon Ladies Association (the members of the association work without remuneration) the nation owes a debt of gratitude for their tireless efforts in restoring this national shrine.

When they took over, the estate had long been unproductive; the buildings had depreciated, and the garden and grounds were sadly neglected. Although the mansion itself remained, its furnishings had been distributed among members of the Washington and Custis families, or had been sold after Mrs. Washington's death. The association first refurbished the house with period pieces, but year after year, by purchase, by donation and by bequest the original furnishings that were there in Washington's time are being restored to Mount Vernon.

Now most of the pieces on the first floor, and all of those in Washington's bed chambers, are the originals. I almost have to pinch myself to believe that I am seeing the actual chairs, the priceless mirrors, the fine old window drapes, lovely porcelain pieces, glass ware and hand-painted china that the Washingtons used. The one single thing on the first floor that appeals most to my awestruck eyes is the huge oval mirror on the dining room table. From my vantage point in the doorway, it appears to be in four hinged sections (the table is stretched out to great length in the large room). The mirror is edged in what seems to be a filigree of silver which stands up about two inches high around the edge. In the center of the mirror stands an enormous hand-painted punch bowl.

Another room which attracts much attention is that of Martha Washington's daughter Eleanor (Nellie) and here one sees the beribboned cradle

in which the grandchildren slept in later years.

Standing in the doorway of Washington's bedroom, one looks across the high, wide colonial bed, to the doorway of the study which adjoins his bedchamber. Here stands the small writing desk complete with papers and quill pen just as if its owner had but stepped from the room a moment ago! The window of this small study looks out upon the courtyard and kitchen area so that the master of the house could sit at his desk and keep an eye upon the activities of the servants or see when guests arrived.

We leave the house through the doorway and step on to the pillared veranda that overlooks the beautiful Potomac. This is the view of the house most often pictured in our history books. The view across the river from this veranda is breathtakingly beautiful, yet there is an air of seclusion about the spot which you know must have been deeply appreciated by Washington as he sought rest and retirement from the public eye in his last years.

Rounding the south end of the mansion the visitor comes to the restored kitchen house complete with huge meat chopping blocks, iron kettles, shining copper pans, fireplace etc. One can almost see the busy negro cooks scurrying about preparing a sumptuous southern meal. Aunt Chloe's family quarters adjoin the kitchen. Quaint old patchwork quilts are on the beds and there is a trundle bed under one big four-poster bed which catches our eye.

In a line down this path are the smokehouse, the laundry yard, the washhouse, the coach house and the barn and paddock. Continuing on down the path among the beautiful trees along the bank of the river, we come at last to Washington's tomb where Old Glory flies at half-mast. Nearby are the stones marking the graves of other members of the Washington and Custis families. A few months before his death Washington selected the site for the new family vault and included in his will directions for its building. The new vault was completed in 1831 and the bodies of George and Martha Washington were transferred there. The old vault, a short distance east, has been restored and retained for historical interest.

Going back to the courtyard near the house we take another path to the right which brings us to the gardener's and shoemaker's house and then to the storehouse (formerly used as a storehouse for salt and other commodities and now housing the archives of the association). Next comes the spinning house. Here twelve or more of Washington's help were constantly employed. Then we come to the museum erected in 1928 on the site of the "house for families" that stood there in 1785. In this museum are the invaluable letters and papers written by Washington, clothing belonging to the Washington family, Martha Washington's jewelry, buckles from George Washington's colonial pumps and even a lock of his red hair!



Most of the pictures we see of Mount Vernon are taken "head on" without a living soul in sight. Mabel Brown took this picture from a side angle and you can see some of the many tourists who visited the plantation the day that Browns were there.

Last in this group of buildings is the slave quarters; and the green houses where boxwood, ivy and beautiful flowers are grown for sale to tourists and to keep up the grounds..

At the far end of the flower garden is the little octagon shaped school house with its two or three wooden benches and heating stove.

Thus we see that this famous home was the typical southern plantation—spacious, comfortable (for that day!) and quite self-supporting. There it stands in a beautiful setting of trees, flowers and shrubs which the Washingtons loved, Mount Vernon the home of "The Father of our Country". This national shrine is open to the public every day of the year.

## TO LIGHT A CORNER

By Catherine Scott

Do you have one of those old brass candlesticks, the tall kind that seem to have been so popular once? One that has to be polished every now and then, even if you don't often use it to hold a candle? Then why not turn it into an electric lamp?

Simply buy an adaptor, or converter, one used to turn a mantle lamp into an electric one. They come with bulb socket, switch, and cord. The lower part of the converter fits snugly into the candle socket. A bulb, a snap-on shade—and there's your new lamp for some dark corner. If at any time you want to use it as a candle stick, it can be taken apart in a few seconds.

Another lamp might be made from any large glass jar or bottle, one that sits firmly and has a small neck. If possible, a larger adaptor should be used. However, the mantle type can be fitted into the neck, first wrapping it with a strip of rubber if it seems to fit loosely. It is better to use one of the shade supports that screw onto the bulb socket for these larger lamps, and a shade that fastens to the support, although a snap-on shade can be used. The shade should be large enough to be in proportion to the size of the jar. A colored glass jar would be especially good for making into such a lamp.

Horse sense is what keeps horses from betting on what people will do.

A man who boasts only of his ancestors confesses that he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive.



## BUDGETING

Dear Lucile:

I believe in a budget, but it has to be one to fit the individual family and is usually arrived at by a trial and error method. We have worked for wages and now live on a farm, so I have an idea as to how to cope with both situations.

When we had a set wage I estimated costs of rent, utilities, etc., that had to be paid monthly; also a monthly estimate of food and clothing bills (over estimate this quite a bit). Then I figured out what our monthly check would be after income tax, social security and such items were deducted from it and figured how much we could put back for savings. When I arrived at that figure we would put away the savings amount every pay day and pretend that what was left was our wage. At that time we were saving for equipment to start farming. As my husband's wages increased we still lived on the original estimate and just put the extra money in our savings account. When I wanted something extra for the house I would save that out of my food and clothing amount—that is why I overestimated those too items and it was kind of a case of kidding myself, I guess, but it seemed to work nicely for me.

When we had enough to buy stock and equipment we went on a farm, our savings all spent except for an insurance policy that we were keeping up, and one lone war bond I always keep for an emergency.

Farming requires a little different approach. We never know what our income is to be, but I believe in underestimating that; then, if we get anything extra on a transaction, it is a windfall. At the present time our major budgeting is to finish paying for our farm; the minor goals are for some remodeling and to start a savings program for our old age.

Now as to budgeting within the major budget. I have bought all household furnishings, turned to this source for vacation money, extra money for the children, etc., by saving for such purposes out of the grocery and clothing budget. Sometimes when we were sort of caught up on our clothing needs for a month or more I would buy the wanted or needed article outright. There are times when our meals are very simple for a spell. Now and then I save all of my dimes or quarters until I have enough for the particular article, and it's surprising how fast things can accumulate.

Occasionally I have bought furnishings on the installment plan, but not too often. I try to buy linens and some clothing during sales. But I've found that spur of the moment buying is not advisable the bulk of the time. A bargain is never a bargain unless you are buying something you need or can use in the near future. I've made mistakes and I certainly have my white elephants, but the fewer mistakes one makes the better.

We have had our share of doctor and hospital bills and they do stretch a budget pretty well out of shape. You just have to revamp it here and there until you get them paid; then start in again. We don't try to keep



Aside from Juliana, Martin and Emily, everyone in this picture has something to do with the copy of the magazine that you are holding in your hands right now. Taken at our annual office party just before Christmas.

up with the Jones family for it is hard enough to keep up with our own wants and desires out of life.

At first one has to keep an account of all expenditures on paper, but get out of that phase as soon as possible. It makes the budget seem a drudgery, and you will soon get on to it well enough that you won't need to.

Have a major goal and several minor goals ahead of you all the time. Then when you begin to catch up with them you'll think that the budget is really fun. At first it will almost seem to be your master and you will rebel against it, but gradually you'll get used to it. I have studied a good many budget plans and never found one that exactly suited our needs. You simply have to work it out to fit your own income and what you want out of life. Now that my children are grown and gone from home our budget has changed but it is still essentially the same as it was over twenty years ago. And I learned long ago that it was a friend rather than an enemy.

—Mrs. C. H. H.

\* \* \*

Dear Lucile:

Here are my thoughts on the budget problem.

We are a family of five, my husband, myself and the three little girls aged six, five and just past two. My husband earns on the average of \$50.00 per week. He brings his check home and we load up the youngsters and go to a big market down town and buy around \$17.00 worth of groceries. This includes canned milk on which I have raised my husky girls, and it also includes some meat. Then during the week we spend around \$3.00 in addition for bread, meat, etc., so our groceries run to about \$20.00 per week.

As for clothes, the problem of so many . . . I don't believe that my husband bought over \$10.00 worth of clothes last year. I purchased one \$6.00 butcher linen suit, and that, plus hose, was all I had that was new. We get a lot of our daughters' shoes, coats and dresses at the Goodwill stores. This clothing is cleaned, buttons are on, and, if I do say it myself, my little girls are among the best

dressed children in school. Shoes that would cost \$5.00 new are 35¢, and with a little polish look just as nice as new ones. They have little plaid skirts and corduroy skirts for 25¢ to 50¢. I buy the girls new panties and socks, but that's about all. Many people wouldn't dream of doing what we do, but I've found that if struggling parents will put their pride in their pocket they'll have a little extra money there too.

We do not have a nice car, just a Model-A Ford, but we go to see our Grandma two or three times a year, and in the summer we go on picnics in the park and have fun even if we can't afford a good looking car.

We have a big \$500.00 doctor bill—two operations in one year. We pay \$10.00 per month on that, month in and month out, and this way we always feel free to call our doctor and he comes promptly, bill or no bill. He knows that he'll get every cent eventually. We pay \$10.00 per month also on a \$250.00 hospital bill. As long as we're paying on these things every month they don't worry me.

It was a thrill not long ago to get the deed and abstract for our five-room house and two lots, even though we had sacrificed and saved seven years for it. I don't have a refrigerator and built-ins, but I do have shiny floors and windows through which I can see our flowers when they bloom. The other things will come, I know.

No, we don't have a definite budget in black and white, though we have one in our minds. My husband hunts, raises rabbits and sings for his hobbies, and I sew, grow flowers, and write to shut-ins. We think people should enjoy their families and homes more and have hobbies—even on a limited income you can feel rich if you do these things. Never skimp on good food—milk, eggs and vegetables; shy away from expensive steaks. Skimp on clothes, expensive cars and keeping up with the Jones next door. Every week we put some money in the bank, and even though most of it has to be checked out, you'd be surprised that, as the saying goes, "Every little bit, added to what you've got, makes a little bit more."

—Mrs. M. C. W.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Private schools usually have longer vacations than public schools, and although it is well into 1950, I am actually writing this letter during the Christmas holidays.

We had a wonderful Christmas this year, the nicest we have ever had. It seems that when there are little children in a family each Christmas is better than any proceeding one. We spent a week of our long vacation at Betty's home in Rhode Island and were there for Christmas Day. You will remember that it was just a year ago that my mother and father flew to Hawaii to spend Christmas with us. Who knows, perhaps our next Christmas will be in Iowa.

As always, all of the relatives were most generous with their gifts, and little Mary Leanna received many, many toys. Her favorite toy is a little tea set that she received from her cousin Emily Driftmier in Shenandoah. Now her make-believe tea parties go on all day long. When we returned to our Connecticut home we found 18 parcels waiting for us, and so we had another Christmas.

Over the New Year weekend we had as our house guest Janice Pitzer from Boston, a former Shenandoah girl. We spent a good part of New Year's Day showing Janice the Connecticut countryside and Yale University in New Haven.

Over the Christmas holidays Betty's home was like Grand Central Station in New York with people coming and going. While we were there her father flew back to the United States from France and England where he had been on a business trip. What he had to say about conditions in Europe interested me very much. He was shocked to learn how difficult living conditions still are in England. The English people are rationed to one egg a person per week and just a few ounces of beef. Soap is almost unobtainable. The English sausage is 90% cereal and 10% blood. At no time was he in a home or factory where the temperature was more than sixty-two degrees. All of the employees in the shops and factories were wearing their overcoats. And yet, despite all of the hardships, Mr. Crandall said that he did not once hear a single Englishman complain. He marveled at their brave spirit and tough determination, and he is convinced that England will survive this great economic crisis. Today England is the lowest cost producing country in the world, a situation that will eventually save the nation.

Conditions in France are quite different from those in England. In France there is plenty of everything for those who have the money to buy, and most Frenchmen seem to have some money. The hotels and shops in Paris and in the smaller French towns are doing a booming business, and the people of France are cheerful and very optimistic. I wish that I could remember enough of what he told me about a luncheon that he had in a French home to be able to tell you. All I can remember is that the meal had eleven courses, and that no

vegetables were served during the meal until the tenth course just before dessert when all of the vegetables were brought on at once. This meal was not served in a wealthy home, but in a typical middle class French home.

Here at the Choate School our winter sport season will be in full swing just as soon as the boys are back from their vacations. We have something here that very few schools in the world have. It is called a winter exercise building. The building is an enormous structure with a glass roof over a big part of it. The floor of most of the building is nothing more than good old mother earth with a ground area large enough for an indoor softball field, a dirt running track, tennis courts, etc. No matter what the weather outside our boys can have all of their sports under ideal conditions inside. Just outside of this building we have four large ice hockey ponds, and when the weather is really cold most of the boys prefer to skate on the ice.

When the boys in our house left for home last month, I checked each room on the second and third floors to make certain that all of the lights were out. I made the check twice, because a burning light can be a fire hazard at times, and I didn't find a single light. Late the next afternoon one of our neighbors called and said that a light was burning in one of our second floor rooms. I raced up the stairs and checked each room and closet for the third time, but once again I did not find a light that was on. Then I went over to the neighbor's to tell him that he was surely mistaken. I thought that perhaps all that he had seen was the sun's reflection on a window. But no, when I got over there and looked back at our house I saw that all of the lights were on in a room that I had just checked. As far as I was concerned there could be just one solution—a prowler was at work. I picked up a short club and went back to the second floor going directly to that room and swinging the door open very quickly. Can you believe it! Not a light was on; the room was dark. Thinking that the prowler had heard me coming and had ducked into the closet or under a bed, I made a thorough search, but with no success. I felt the lights, and they were hot, but I found no loose connections that could have made contact with any jarring of the door. When I was at my wit's end, completely stumped, I noticed three little thumbtacks on the inside of the door jam. Further study of the tacks showed a small wire leading to a main wall switch. Yes, the boys had some wires so rigged that when the door opened the lights went out, and when the door shut the lights went on again. You see, every boy must be in bed with his lights out at a certain time—the time varies with the age of the boy. Every night the rooms are checked to make certain that the boys abide by the regulations, but it is obvious that for several months the boys in that particular room had been fooling me plenty. When they return from their vacation in a few days, you can

bet that we are going to have a little man to man talk.

I know that most of you reading this letter had a very good year during 1949. No matter how good 1949 was to you, I hope that the year 1950 will be even better. I know this, that if 1950 is to be good to us, we must live this year to the full. Life is swift; it is over before we know it, and if we cannot get the most out of each passing year, we shall die without ever having lived at all. Dr. Newton spoke wisdom when he said, "Truly he is wise who lowers his speed, lightens his luggage, casts out fear, drops old grudges and regrets, explores all possible areas of experience, and dares to live by faith, hope, duty and love." And then he added this comment, "Many of us are too timid to live—like the man who took a boat trip and lived on cheese and crackers all the way, only to learn, too late, that his ticket called for three full meals, at no extra cost."

I wonder how many of us were too timid in 1949 to do some of the things we really wanted to do? I like to think of each new year as a great adventure. Just think of the joys we can get out of the year 1950 if we will but let ourselves go into it without fear! Never was there a greater time to be alive than now. Just the other day I asked a big industrialist if he thought the next 50 years would see as much scientific advance as the past 50 years, and he replied that what is to come in the future will be a hundred times finer than anything we have known up to now. But how much you and I will use and enjoy the scientific miracles that are to come depends entirely upon how ready we are to live life to the full.

Sincerely, Frederick.

## THE RIGHT ROAD

I have lost the road to happiness;  
Does anyone know it, pray?  
I was dwelling there when the moon  
was fair,  
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of  
pleasure;  
I ran to pursue them when, lo!  
I had lost the path to happiness  
And knew not whither to go.

I have lost the way to happiness;  
Oh, who will lead me back?  
Turn off from the highway of selfish-  
ness  
To the right, up duty's track.

Keep straight along and you can't go  
wrong,  
For as sure as you live, I say,  
The fair lost fields of happiness  
Can only be found that way.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

**1¢ APPLE TREES**  
Sensational Get-Acquainted Offer! Order one apple tree at regular catalog price of 80¢—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.

DRIFTMIER CO., Dept. A-1 Shenandoah, Ia.





### BROWN VELVET CAKE

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 egg yolks
- 5 tsp. cocoa
- 4 Tbls. hot water
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 egg whites

Cream together the sifted brown sugar and shortening. Mix sour cream with 1/2 cup water and whip well. Add to first mixture. Then add 2 well beaten egg yolks. Combine cocoa with hot water to make paste and then add. Sift together flour, salt and soda and combine with other ingredients. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which vanilla has been added. Turn into two layer pans and bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

This cake has a most unusual and delicate flavor. It is definitely different.

### FAMILY HAMBURGER DISH

- 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 No. 2 can of tomatoes
- Sage bread dressing

Divide meat into two parts and put half of it in the bottom of a well greased baking dish. Now spread sage dressing over this, then spread remainder of meat over the top. Pour tomatoes over this and bake for approximately two hours in a 350 degree oven.

### ORANGE OR GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE WITH ALMONDS

- 6 oranges or grapefruit
- 3 lemons
- 10 cups cold water
- 6 1/2 pounds sugar
- 1 pound blanched, shredded almonds

Slice fruit very thin. Cover with cold water. Let simmer in uncovered pan for 1 hour. Drain and add sugar and water. Boil 2 minutes. Add almonds. This makes 15 glasses.

## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER.

### PRUNE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups unsweetened finely cut cooked prunes
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 2 cups flour

Cream sugar and shortening; add beaten eggs and beat for two minutes. Add prunes and then the sour milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Blend thoroughly with rest of mixture. Then add dry ingredients sifted together and lastly add the nutmeats. Bake in a slow oven, and when cool ice with a frosting made by combining powdered sugar with coffee. This cake is delicious and can be made several days before needed which really makes it all the better.

### POPCORN BALLS

- 5 qts. popped corn
- 2 cups peanuts (optional)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup mild molasses
- 2 cups white sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup water

Mix sugar, molasses and water and cook until it forms a hard ball. Then add vinegar and butter and boil 30 seconds longer. Remove from stove and add the soda that has been dissolved in 1 tsp. of water. Stir well and pour over popped corn. Butter hands and form into balls.

### DATE SURPRISE

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 3/4 cup of nutmeats
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites

Beat egg whites until stiff and then fold in other ingredients. Bake in a buttered pan in a 300 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. (It should be a golden brown when done.) Serve cold with whipped cream.

### BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 cup broken pecan meats
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup dates, cut and floured

Mix in order given. Drop by teaspoonfuls on cookie sheet, well greased and bake at 375 degrees from 12 to 15 minutes.

### RAISIN CORN MEAL MUFFINS

- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 cups yellow corn meal
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup melted shortening

Rinse raisins in hot water and drain. If seeded raisins are used, slice in two. Sift together flour, corn meal, baking powder and salt. Add brown sugar and stir to blend. Add milk in which soda has been dissolved and beat. Add beaten eggs and stir. Add shortening and raisins and beat. Turn into greased muffin pans, glaze with hot honey, and bake in a 425 degree oven from 18 to 20 minutes. This makes 16 to 18 medium-sized muffins.

### ANADAMA BREAD

- 2 cups water
- 1/2 cup yellow cornmeal
- (Don't substitute white cornmeal)
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup mild molasses
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 cakes fresh yeast or
- 2 envelopes dry yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 7 1/2 cups flour (about)

Boil the 2 cups of water and add cornmeal, sifting it in very slowly to avoid lumps. Add the shortening, molasses and salt and let stand until lukewarm. Add the yeast to the 1/2 cup lukewarm water and when dissolved stir into cornmeal mixture. Stir in flour to make a stiff dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl, cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Cut through the dough several times with a knife. Cover and let rise again until light. Knead well again, using more flour if necessary until it is satiny smooth. Make into two loaves and place in well greased large loaf pans. Grease tops and score lightly in criss-cross lines. Cover and let rise until light. If your family likes a salty crust, sprinkle salt lightly on top at this point. Bake in a 400 degree oven for about 15 minutes; then reduce to 350 for approximately 45 minutes longer. About 5 minutes before it is done, pull out and brush the crusts thickly with cream. Then brush again quickly as soon as it is removed from the oven. This also makes wonderful clover-leaf rolls. It rises more quickly than regular bread sponge, but let it be very light when you put it to bake.—Sent by Mrs. A. R., Villisca, Iowa.



**HAM LOAF FROSTED WITH SWEET POTATOES**

1 1/2 pounds ground uncooked ham  
 3/4 pound ground lean pork  
 1 cup crushed cornflakes  
 1 egg  
 2/3 cup tomato soup  
 1 tsp. dry mustard  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 Tbls. minced onion  
 Dash of pepper

Grind the two meats together and blend with other ingredients. Pack mixture into an oiled loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes. When done, turn out onto shallow baking pan; frost top and sides with mashed sweet potatoes. Brush with melted butter and brown under the broiler.

**SWEET POTATO FROSTING**

6 medium sweet potatoes  
 1/2 cup water  
 4 Tbls. butter  
 3/4 cup milk  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 Dash of pepper

Peel and cube potatoes. Cook with 1/2 cup water until tender. Mash, and then add milk which has been heated with butter and the seasonings. Beat thoroughly.

**CHICKEN SANDWICH SPREAD**

1 cup chopped chicken  
 1/2 cup chopped almonds, salted  
 1/2 cup chopped celery  
 2 Tbls. chopped green peppers  
 1/2 tsp. pepper  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 4 Tbls. mayonnaise

**LIME SALAD**

(Particularly delicious when served with fowl)

1 package lime gelatine  
 1 package cream cheese  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1/4 cup salad dressing  
 1/3 cup finely chopped nutmeats (preferably pecans)  
 1 cup crushed pineapple

Dissolve lime gelatine in boiling water; then add cream cheese and stir until it is melted. Let chill until firm and then whip. Add salad dressing, crushed pineapple and nutmeats. Turn into mold and chill until firm.

**APRICOT BARS**

1 cup flour  
 1 cup dried apricots  
 3/4 cup nutmeats (no black walnuts)  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 3 eggs  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/8 tsp. salt

Soak apricots 3 hours. Drain and cut fine. Beat egg yolks and add sugar gradually. Sift flour, measure and then sift with baking powder and salt. Add to egg yolk mixture. Add apricots and nutmeats. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased pan 9"x13". Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Cut into bars or squares when cool. Before serving roll each bar quickly in powdered sugar.

**SAVORY STEAK**

2 lbs. round steak, cut 1 inch thick  
 1 Tbls. fat  
 1 bay leaf  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/8 tsp. allspice  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1/2 cup tomato juice  
 1 Bermuda onion  
 1/8 tsp. pepper

Rub allspice and flour into steak and brown on both sides in fat. Add tomato juice and bay leaf. Peel and slice onion thinly to form rings and place on top of steak. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover and simmer until steak is tender—about 2 hours. Garnish with chopped parsley mixed with bread crumbs that have been browned in butter.

**WHEN YOUR LITTLE GIRL STARTS TO COOK**

By Blanche Neal Shipley

One day last fall when Sharon Kay was nearing the ripe old age of five, she informed me rather emphatically, that it was time for her to learn to cook. I drew a deep breath, looked into her eager little face, and resolved to keep myself under control, come what would. "All right, my dear," I answered, "What would you like to cook?"

And you would never in this wide world guess what she wanted to make! A "left-over" salad! Now, where she ever thought up that particular phrase, I'll never know, but it certainly fit the salad she concocted. Going to the refrigerator she sized up the left-overs, and brought out a little dab of creamed corn, about a half-cup of Kraft dinner, and a similar amount of peas, and with much puffing and chattering, dumped them all in a vegetable dish, and proceeded to stir like fury. When they were thoroughly mixed to her satisfaction she put the dish on the table to await supper time. As soon as Daddy was inside yelling distance she announced the menu, and, thank goodness for an understanding daddy, he heartily commended her for such fine work and for being such a good helper for Mommy, all of which added to her enthusiasm and pride. By the time we sat down to supper, she was practically to the bursting stage. To be sure, all of us were forced to generous servings of her salad; Daddy, Mommy, and three year old Madelyn (who had a notion of objecting)—all had generous servings but Sharon Kay. And did she partake? No; *she knew what was in it!*

That was the beginning of a little girl's cooking. The next day she wanted to make another salad, so very tactfully I suggested she make an apple salad. I peeled and cored two apples, and she cut them into tiny pieces. Then she added a few walnut meats and raisins, and a little salad dressing, and had a salad that was really palatable, as well as easy on the eye. Another time she made carrot salad, using grated or chopped carrots, pineapple, and orange flavored Jello. One time it was cooked cran-

berries and grated carrots.

And then came the big day of cooky making. We named over each thing that went into the batter—eggs, sugar, shortening, flavoring, salt, baking powder, and flour. Although I mentioned the amounts of each, and let the girls look at each portion, I didn't dwell on that particular point for small children can become confused too easily with figures and intricate details. We mixed the batter together, and each little girl got to roll out and cut some with the various cutters. As you can well guess, they had flour pretty nearly all over them, but it was remarkable what a little they got on the floor. We do not bake rolled out cookies very often, so it is always a rare treat for the girls when we do so.

Another important dish that they love to prepare is cereal. We use oatmeal, cream of wheat, and Malt-O-Meal, all of which are easily prepared. They are proud of their cooking ability, and assure me that if I get sick or am gone sometime, they can help Daddy prepare the meals.

One of the thrilling things about cooking to our girls is the recipe book. They like to look through my books and magazines and pick out the recipes that have the prettiest pictures. Sharon Kay carefully prints off every one that interests her, and files them away for future use. Of course, she will be an old woman before she can get around to all of them, but I don't discourage her with that bit of knowledge! Just between me and you, I think Santa will bring her a special little cabinet and cards for her recipes. Her days will certainly be full for awhile!

There are a few suggestions we should follow when our little girls begin to cook. I have found these to be of particular importance:

1. Small children must be impressed with the danger of fires, and must never be allowed to start stoves and cook alone. Some mothers want to develop independence in their children, and are not cautious enough in this respect.

2. Cleanliness of hands, utensils, and sanitary methods can be instilled in little children as they learn to cook. Cleaning up afterwards, too, should be a partnership affair, and can be fun.

3. Simple recipes should be used.

4. Make salads, vegetable dishes, cereals, sandwiches, and cookies, rather than candy or cakes. It is a good time to develop the importance of the fundamental foods, rather than the desserts, although they can be included occasionally.

5. Commend the children for their good work, and do not elaborate upon the untidiness of the kitchen or sink as they prepare the food. Naturally, a child will make some mess, but think of the comradeship you and your little ones will have in the meantime.

6. Let them share their culinary results with Grandma and Grandpa, or with a neighbor child, or with a sick person. Their little souls will simply burst with love as they carry a choice morsel to someone.



## A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Everyone:

I'm afraid that if you were to drive past our house right now you would conclude that the Verness family had finally taken leave of its joint wits. I'm at a loss to know what else you could possibly conclude for it is now six o'clock in the morning, the thermometer says five below zero, and both the front and back doors, plus the living room windows, are standing wide open. We're not fresh air addicts to this extent. We're simply the victims of coal that was never intended to be stuffed into a stoker. Either it refuses to burn at all and fills the house with clouds of dense black smoke, or it burns furiously and thus empties the bin in the middle of the night or early morning—with the same clouds resulting. I don't know how many times we've awakened this winter sputtering and choking. I do know that we're scarcely in a position to complain very much because it's this coal or none at all. And I'm sure we must have a lot of company in our misery.

Well, once out of bed and half frozen, it seemed to me that I'd better utilize the time by writing this letter to you. When I have finished it I'll rout Juliana out of her warm bed, cook breakfast, and then swing into the activities of the day. This particular day is charted right through to 9:30 tonight. At that time I'll say "goodnight" to the last of "my girls" and then sit down at this desk and get to work.

By "my girls" I mean a group of fifteen early teen-agers who meet here once a week, a Monday night, at 7:30. When I agreed to sponsor this group I felt more uneasy than I did when I stood up and faced an audience of one-hundred or so and discussed American writers and creative writing. I had never worked with young girls and really didn't know just how to go about the entire proposition. If you who are reading this have ever embarked upon 4-H work, Campfire girl work, or something similar, perhaps you can remember back to how you felt when you first started.

In many respects I think that young people of today are different than we were when we were in our early teens. For one thing, I notice that these girls are not the least bit shy about getting right up and expressing themselves on anything and everything. At that age when I belonged to a YWCA group, and also to the Campfire girls, we sat just like mice and were as meek as could be! For another thing, suggestions that are made to young people today aren't accepted lock, stock and barrel—not at all. I well recall, by contrast, that whatever my crowd heard from grown-ups was taken in the same manner as the rising sun—that's just the way it was and would continue to be.

I think it's a very good thing for young people to be more independent. I grant that it's not so easy for the grown-ups in charge, but by and large it augurs well for the future that they don't swallow things hook, line and sinker.



The bed that I've described on this page, and a corner of the fox bedspread. Yes, the pictures on the wall are of Juliana.

Juliana is making genuine headway with her reading, and it still gives me a start to play "Uncle Wiggly" with her and have her read the cards as they are turned up. I'd forgotten about this wonderful old game until I saw it in a store just before Christmas, and it hasn't lost any of its charm. Currently we have a tournament under way, and every night we haul out the board and play a game. I've been thoroughly skunked thus far. The score to date reads: Juliana, 14 games; Russell, 11 games; and Lucile, 5 games. I simply sit indefinitely on Dr. Possum's doorstep waiting to turn up the card that will give me one move into victory.

And speaking of games . . . as far as I know there is only one really good game for the child who cannot read or count and that is the Elsie game. If you are desperate for entertainment for a child who must be in bed and who is too young for most everything else, do get the Elsie game. It loses its charm as soon as the child can play more complicated things, but for the age group between four and six it is wonderful. Incidentally, we ordered this from one of the big mail order catalogs, so you might look there if you don't find it in a local store—and I doubt that you will.

These winter days are the ones I've anticipated for a long, long time. This year I've tried to keep my ambitions on the modest side—I don't have any fanciful notions of getting a loom and learning to weave, painting china, learning to make pottery, or any of the other things that always tantalize me when I think how interesting they must be. Currently I have only one genuine ambition: I want to get my recipe file in order and I HOPE to finish smocking a dress for Juliana that was started last September. I don't know what I was thinking of when I cut that dress and stamped on the transfer. It calls for solid smocking both front and back, and a more intricate design I've never seen. The

front is done now and the back is half done, so if my luck holds with me I'll get the thing finished before spring. I've a sneaking notion that this is the last dress I'll smock for Juliana. She'll be seven on February 25th and seems to look better in tailored clothes. Well, thank goodness we have Mary Leanna and Emily coming along so I won't need to abandon my favorite handwork.

Someone asked me the other day if I'd stopped reading—she said that I never referred to any good books these days. No, I haven't stopped reading, but somehow I haven't happened across anything particularly noteworthy that I wanted to recommend as interesting for one reason or another. At the moment I'm reading Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography, and thus far I've found it most provocative and stimulating. I didn't know, for instance, that Gandhi was at one time a corporation lawyer who had the faculty for making many thousands of dollars. I'd always associated his name with abject poverty, and it hadn't occurred to me that it was a deliberate choice on his part in preference to the way of life that can be pursued by a tremendously wealthy man. If any of your club programs call for a study of some phase of India and its problems, I can think of nothing more crammed full of information than this book; the only thing is that you must allow a long, long time to read it for it runs to many hundreds of pages.

This is our second winter under the fox bedspread and it has proved to be a great comfort. The bed that you see in the picture was built entirely at home. It consists of an inner-spring mattress and coil springs that rest on a wooden frame. We lived with it that way for a long time, but it was always an eyecore, so around two years ago Russell built a headboard out of plywood, upholstered it, plus the three sides, with an imitation fawn-colored leather that is quilted, so to speak, with brass tacks. Underneath the leather is thick cotton batting. It was a big job to measure the design, draw it on, space the tacks and then pound them in. But the results were well worth the struggle.

Martin is certainly a great talker. He seems to have grown up over night and can now climb in and out of his big crib, make a fairly good stab at dressing himself, and put up a perfectly ghastly fight when its time to take his nap or go to bed. He's the only child of half-past two I've ever known whose appetite has never diminished. He'll eat *everything* that you pile on his plate and never stops until it's licked clean. So far as I know too, he has no food fancies and doesn't refuse anything. I doubt that Margery knows how blessed she really is!

The house begins to feel warm again and the clock says 7:30, so I must bring this letter to a close and call Juliana. Do write to us this winter for the nicest time of the day is when I sit down in my old green chair and read your letters.

Always faithfully,

Lucile.



## CAN'T YOU MANAGE A CLUB HOUSE LIKE THIS?

By Hallie M. Barrow

When city folks say they are going out to their Country Club for entertainment, it usually means they will play golf, bridge or canasta, or just visit and enjoy a meal prepared by the club chef. Of course they must be a member of that particular country club to enjoy its privileges and quite likely the fee to join was sizable and the yearly dues high.

But out in Sullivan County, in north-west Missouri, when you speak of entertainment at the Country Club, you're apt to mean the very hospitable Lone Star Extension Club House. There are no dues nor entrance fees at this club and you'll eat delicious food prepared by home cooks. The entertainment won't be golf or bridge, but a very hilarious evening has been reported by every group meeting here.

This rural club house just radiates hospitality and serves as a social center for the nearest three small towns and surrounding rural districts. It is used by P.T.A. groups, teen-ager clubs, Sunday School class parties, church social affairs, Father-and-Son banquets, Easter breakfasts, Thanksgiving banquets, Christmas parties, etc.; a place where the county agent, lecturers or home travelers may show their slides. Then, twice, the Lone Star Extension Club members have had the state recreational director come to spend an evening with them. They have a Victrola and albums of records with which he taught them party games and folk dances.

This active country club house was a project of the Lone Star Extension Club, whose membership is at present twenty women. Besides the standard of achievement requirements, this club enjoyed a very pleasant social life. They liked best the parties where all their families were present; each year they held an Easter breakfast and other holiday parties, while their main affair was their Thanksgiving banquet. This usually brought the crowd up to eighty. They used church basements and school auditoriums but no place was very convenient for entertaining and less so to prepare refreshments. Now they had \$350 in their treasury which had been made from serving sale dinners, Junior-Senior banquets, galloping teas, bazaars etc. And they decided that, more than anything else, their club and their community needed a place for their social activities. It seemed like a huge, impossible undertaking but the Lone Star Extension Club voted to build a rural club house. The year was 1946.

After considering many plans, it was thought best to buy one of the surplus army buildings rather than erect an all-new club house. A committee was appointed to make the trip to Ft. Leonard Wood, leaving at 4 A. M. and returning about midnight. From their report of different sized buildings and prices, it was decided to buy a former mess hall, a building 20 by 55 feet which came in sections. The first initial cost was \$1122.92. This included the flooring bought new, the roofing, sleepers, nails and

cement blocks. All transportation for such was free, donated by members whose husbands had trucks. (The husbands have cooperated straight through 100%.)

Next the site was chosen—it must be on a hard surfaced road and centrally located. This club house is on Highway 129, eleven miles south of Green City on the corner acre of the farm of Mr. and Mrs. George Simmons. Mrs. Simmons is a member and this corner acre on their farm is leased to the Lone Star Club for its lifetime. Should the club dissolve, the building is theirs to dispose of and the acre goes back to the owner of the farm. This lease was legally drawn up, signed by the advisory board of the club and Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, and all parties hold a copy.

Now for the financing. Besides their savings of \$350, each member donated \$15 and nine members loaned \$50 each; gifts from the community amounted to \$25 and the Winigan Bank gave \$50. Members' husbands who have been unable to work on the building have donated money and the club has made additional money right along serving sale dinners and holding food sales.

But to get down to building details, one end was partitioned off for a kitchen. Much of the furnishings have been donated, such as a wood and coal cook stove, cabinets, sink, etc. They have bought enough dishes and silverware to serve fifty. In their large recreation room are tables, chairs, benches, a heating stove, assortment of games, etc. They are on an REA line and have hot plates, electric fans, lights and a few electric heaters. The walls have been Kementoned.

Perhaps the happiest party given by the members was the one celebrating the fact that they were out of debt. Each of the nine members who had loaned \$50, hoping it would be repaid, has been paid in full. Since that date they have held a pie supper, cleared another hundred dollars and had a well dug and a pump installed. Before this, they carried the water in milk cans every time they served. They have many plans yet to carry out. They are going to landscape their clubhouse grounds. They have two large stars painted white with their club name lettered on it, and this will be erected near the gate. They hope some day to have an all-electric kitchen with running water and they want a piano for their recreation room. These are the trimmings or luxuries and since they have their club house free of debt, no doubt a community which has shown such marvelous cooperation in getting this project accomplished, will finish it up with a flourish.

If you've ever been a member of any rural organization which had no good place to meet, you can understand just what this rural club house means.

In cities now, there is being advocated a "family night", one evening when all members of the family partake of the same entertainment. This rural community has pointed the way for most of the groups who use it, for it is a family night.

There is no question as to how the building is to be governed. They have a constitution and by-laws in their club, and three men are elected to serve with the executive committee to advise on all matters of procedure and business.

There is also no question but that such a rural club house would be of inestimable value for many rural communities. Now that many rural school districts are consolidated, these old school building could serve as such recreation centers. It's a project any extension club could undertake and be very proud of its goal.

## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

These long winter evenings are ideal for writing letters and here are some shut-ins who need the cheery letters you write. Mrs. Marguerite Deweese, Pleasant View Home, Huntsville, Missouri, has been in a wheel chair for years. She is almost helpless, cannot take a step or raise her arms but can use her hands to do light crochet work. She might like crochet thread for making potholders.

Mrs. Minnie Robbins, 138 Whitman St., RFD, Whitman, Mass., is an elderly person who has lost both her legs. She is in a Rest Home. Letters would help.

Mrs. Ruby Snead, 2140 Tremont St., Denver 5, Colorado, is badly crippled by arthritis. She is bedfast. She writes that her hands are badly drawn but are just the right shape to hold a crochet hook and she does beautiful crochet work. If you need a gift for a baby shower, get in touch with her.

Mrs. Claudia Lukes, 7906 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles 1, Calif., has a bone disease that keeps her confined to bed a good deal of the time. She is a young woman and it must be discouraging to be ill this way, besides having to bear all the suffering.

A card shower has been asked for George Votruba, Rt. 2, Wilson, Kansas, who has arthritis and cannot walk. I do not know his age. W. O. Musgrove, 102 North 11 St., Lamar, Colorado, is 85 and asks for letters. He is alone a good deal as he lives with his daughter who works away from home.

Miss Winifred Koppes, Hanover, Kansas, has arthritis, which is in her joints so she cannot walk and can't bend her elbows. She exercises her hands and wrists to keep them from stiffening by doing crochet and embroidery work and I am told her work is exquisite. She needs orders, and she likes letters.

Mrs. Earl Houser, Box 246, Centerville, Iowa, has been in the hospital. She needs cheery letters. So does Mrs. Viola Inman, Box 54, Hallsboro, N. Car. She is in a wheel chair.

Morris Herring, Norfield, Miss., is home from a long stay in the hospital. He had both legs amputated above the knee, his hip bone cut and set into a sitting position, so now he can sit up in bed or wheel chair. What a lot of nerve that must have taken! But he was determined he was not going to be bedfast forever if there were any possible way to keep from it. Do write him.



## A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Tonight as I sit here writing my letter to you, the first day of 1950 is practically over, and Kristin and I got through it without breaking our New Year's resolutions. Last night when I tucked her into bed, she wanted me to lie down and talk to her a little while, so I did. We talked about the new year just starting, and how we should make some resolutions to live by this year. Of course I had to explain that, and when I finished I told her that my most important resolution was to try to be more patient. The only time I really lose my patience with her is when she whines or argues with me at the close of the day. So she decided herself that her resolution would be not to whine or argue. We are going to put up a big chart on the wall, and everytime she thinks I lose my patience, she gets to put a big black mark after my name, and when she whines or argues, I get to put a big black mark after her name. Of course I wasn't in school all day, and neither was she. When I get home at night after spending the day with fifteen children, I'm afraid my patience is pretty thin and I am also tired, which doesn't help any.

I know that by the time you read this letter, Christmas will be a long ways in the past, and forgotten about by most of us, but this is the only chance I will have to tell you about all our activities, so I'm going to go right ahead and talk about them. We decided to have our school Christmas party and exchange of gifts in the afternoon before we had our program, since we were anticipating a very big crowd and we were having it in the evening. Since this was my first Christmas as a teacher, I was thrilled and amazed at all the lovely gifts the children gave me.

Of course we had had some nice weather up until the day of the program, but in the afternoon it started to snow. By the time I was ready to leave home for the school house we were having a regular blizzard. It took Kristin and Frank and me a half-hour to go the five miles in our little jeep, so I didn't even expect all the children and their parents to get there, let alone anyone else. But the children did get there, and I was amazed when it was time to start the show to find that every seat was filled and people standing in spite of the weather. There weren't quite as many there as we had for the other program, but almost. Kristin's program was the next afternoon.

On Christmas Eve, we had supper at Father Johnson's, then everyone in the Johnson clan came to our house for our Christmas tree and exchange of gifts.

Christmas morning at nine o'clock, Frank, Kristin and I packed ourselves in the car and drove to Shenandoah for a few days. We had to start home Tuesday morning because Kristin and I both had to be back at school on Wednesday. Kristin had a wonderful two days with Juliana, while Frank and I spent most of our



Emily and her "Granny"—taken the last time they were together before Mother and Dad left for California. Emily goes all over the folks' house in her stroller obviously looking for her missing grandparents.

time with the folks since they were leaving for California and we wouldn't see them for two or three months. We did manage to make a few calls to see some of our old Shenandoah friends.

This is the time of year for farm sales, and Frank certainly enjoys going to them, especially if there is a riding horse for sale, or for that matter, any horse, pony or colt. He dearly loves horses, and can't resist bidding on them any more than Kristin can keep out of the cookie jar. I threaten, scold and plead each time he starts for a sale, not to bring home anymore horses. Everytime he comes home my first word is "Well?" He always laughs and says, "No, someone else outbid me." Of course I don't really care how many horses he has, it's just a joke between us, but I wonder how many of you farm women have the same pet peeve, maybe not about horses, but just about "sales".

Last year about this time we lost our good friends the Riley Markers, who moved to a new farm they bought near Allerton, Iowa. Last week our good neighbors the Lee Harringtons and the Bob Harringtons moved, but they didn't move so far away but what we will get to see them quite often. Dannice Harrington is just a year younger than Kristin, and they have been awfully good friends, so of course Kristin hated to see them leave.

I received two cookie presses for Christmas, one from Mother, and one from the Welch children in my school, but it just happened that they weren't alike, and the plates with each one are different. I have hardly been able to wait until I could try them out, so this week-end Kristin and I made cookies. We had lots of fun and they did turn out pretty well. My dough could have been a tiny bit stiffer, and I think I pressed out too much at a time, but by the time I put the last panful into the oven they looked pretty nice. We took some down to Bernie and Grandpa, and have enough left for our lunches this week.

Where oh where do the week-ends go? When Friday night rolls around I make out a list of all the things I plan to get accomplished, and then generally only get about a fourth of them done. This week-end I did

manage to get all of Kristin's and my sweaters washed and dried. We both wear sweaters and skirts a lot to school and it is one job that I put-off and put off, why I don't know, until finally we haven't any clean enough to wear and then I do them all up at once. Of course then there are so many that there are papers with sweaters stretched out on them lying on every available space in our small house. Frank will come into the house and when he sees the first sweater, he'll say, "Well, I see you washed sweaters today."

Well, the first semester of school is almost over, and I just can't make myself believe it. We have been very fortunate up until right now in having awfully good roads but tomorrow morning when we start out for school I will be grateful once more for the little jeep because the roads are terribly muddy.

Since I still have a test to make out for tomorrow, this had better be all for this time, so until next month.

Sincerely, Dorothy.

## EPITAPH

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired,  
She lived in a house where help wasn't hired.

The last words she said were: "Dear friends, I am going  
Where washing ain't wanted, nor sweeping, nor sewing;  
And everything there is exact to my wishes,  
For where folks don't eat there's no washing of dishes,  
In heaven loud anthems forever are ringing,  
But having no voice I'll keep clear of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never;  
I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

## TURN THE TABLES

By Catherine Scott

Does your club or other group need an entertainment, and perhaps a spare dollar or two? Then why not have a "Backwards Box Supper"? Instead of the girls and women bringing the boxes of food, have the men and boys do it. Auction them off, with the women bidding in their suppers — and their supper partners. (And the men probably won't tell, if they had a little feminine help in preparing their boxes).

## DREAMS—AND REALITY

By Catherine Scott

My dreams of a daughter  
Had her dainty and clean;  
She swings from a tree limb  
Wearing soiled blue jeans.

I saved all my toys—  
Dishes, dolls clad in lace;  
But she yells like a fiend  
And slides into third base.

I fixed up her room  
With pink ruffles galore;  
But her bats, skates and balls  
Scatter over the floor.



## THE SKY IS THEIR HOBBY

When most of us think about the word "hobby" we associate it immediately with a quick picture of relatively small objects — everything from hot pad holders to glass slippers, so to speak. But in Creston, Iowa, there is a family with an unusual and fascinating hobby. They were so intrigued with the moon and the stars that they decided to build their own telescope—and thus is explained the unusual object pictured on this page.

Mr. Griffith made his own telescope in 1937 and since that time it has afforded great pleasure to his own family and to many friends. It would take pages to recite the various phenomena they have observed, but among the interesting sights are the mountains and craters of the moon; four of the eleven moons around the planet Jupiter; the rings and moons around Saturn; Venus with its varying phases as it goes around its orbit; various star clusters; the countless millions of stars in the Milky Way; and comets.

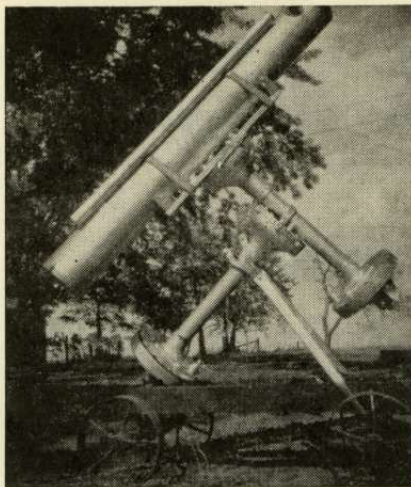
The Griffiths feel that the moon is the most outstanding spectacle, and they have learned that it is best to observe it when it is in its half or quarter phase. Jupiter has been a veritable gold mine of interest in recent weeks. It is a thousand times the volume of the earth, and its moons are found in different positions every night.

It's difficult to boil down the details of construction involved, but Mrs. Griffith did her best to touch upon the important points for those of you who have often wished that one could study the heavens from his own back yard.

The telescope is made up of four principle parts: 1. The tube which holds the other parts in place. 2. The mirror which is located in the lower end of the tube. 3. The prism located in the upper end of the tube. 4. The eye piece located outside of the tube near the upper end.

It took Mr. Griffith about ten days to grind and polish the mirror, and after this it was sent away to be silvered. Mrs. Griffith's instructions read: "The mirror is ground by using two pieces of glass 6 inches in diameter and three-fourths inch thick; fasten one piece of glass solidly to a sturdy table or box. Place the other piece of glass on top of it and put grinding powder between them. Now work the upper glass back and forth across the lower one, and turn it as it is done. As the grinding progresses, finer grades of grinding powders are used until the mirror has the proper concave shape. It is then put through a test for accuracy. After this it is polished with jewelers' rouge and then sent away to be silvered, or preferably aluminized. The lower glass is thrown away; the upper one only is used for the mirror.

"The mirror is by far the hardest part to make for it takes a lot of time and patience. If you do your own grinding the kits and instructions can be purchased for a very nominal sum. If you haven't the time and patience you can purchase a ready made mirror for around \$50.00.



This is the telescope built by V. K. Griffith of Creston, Iowa. Imagine the luxury of having such a telescope in your own back yard!

The rest is mostly a matter of getting the parts and assembling them. When using the tube it is placed on a portable mounting made up of two sections of a rear car axle (note this in photo). This permits the telescope to be aimed at any section of the sky. The lower axle is always aimed toward the north star so that as the earth turns you move the tube a little to keep it in line.

Note: Unusual hobbies are of interest to everyone. Tell us about yours, if you have time to get off a letter. Next month we will print another list of hobbies such as we ran in January.

## Questions and Answers:

QUES: "Should a boy any age get paid in cash or livestock from his parents in exchange for his work, or should he work for nothing? Should he work for his board and room only, and if so, should this enter into any financial arrangements?"—Kansas.

ANS: It would be my guess that more boys have left the farm because of unhappy financial arrangements than for any other single reason. There are not many young men who are content to go around without a nickel in their pockets, who must ask their parents for every cent they spend. Through the years my mail has contained many letters from despairing mothers who could not make the boy's father see what a great difference it would make to arrive at a business like arrangement with the boy. Farming is mighty hard work and any boy who puts his efforts into it should be compensated. The question of board and room can be worked out only by the individual family, but certainly every boy is entitled to payment in cash or livestock. There are times in every family when all members pitch in to get over a hard spot without thought of an accounting down to the last cent, but on a long-range scale some arrangement should certainly be worked out.

QUES: "This past Christmas my husband's mother presented us with an expensive bedspread that doesn't match a single thing we have and

clashes with all of our bedroom color schemes. I know the owners of the store where it was purchased and am sure that they would exchange it for something that would be more suitable, but my husband hesitates because he is sure that her feelings will be hurt. I told him that I'd ask you for your opinion."—Iowa.

ANS: My sympathies lie with you for it's disheartening to have an expensive gift that doesn't fit in anywhere, but through the years I've come to believe that no color scheme is as important as the feelings of people who care for us. Close your eyes to the distress it causes you and don't let your husband's mother suspect that you're not pleased.

QUES: "Do you feel that anyone aside from a child's parents should be allowed to punish him? Our little boy stays with my aunt frequently and he's told me from time to time that she spansks him. I don't want family trouble of any kind, but I certainly don't like the idea and wonder what can be done about it?"—Iowa.

ANS: One thing that you can do about it is not leave him with your aunt. If relatives are willing to care for a child they certainly must have the privilege of disciplining him when discipline is called for. If you don't approve of their methods you should make other arrangements for his care.

QUES: "My husband and I have been married for seven years and most of this time I've worked while he has been in medical school. We've needed financial help from time to time and my father is the one who has always supplied the extra money. It was understood that when my husband was ready to practice we would go to my home town and he would step in with my father who is eager to retire. It won't be long until we have to make a final decision and I am extremely unhappy about it. My husband has decided that he doesn't want to go into a practice with my father, and yet my father has helped us generously through all these years and will be bitterly hurt and disappointed. It leaves me standing between the two of them and I fear that the matter cannot ever be settled to everyone's satisfaction. Can you tell me what you would do under such circumstances?"—Mo.

ANS: This is the kind of problem that I feel cannot be answered by a third person. There are too many complicated factors involved. I would be very happy to have an expression of opinion from our readers on this. Have any of you ever been in such a situation (I haven't) and how did you solve it? I'd welcome letters on this subject and I'm certain that the distressed young woman would be happy to see them.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE RUNAWAY HEART

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Miss Gray was a small, quiet little lady who ran a book shop. Every February Miss Gray tugged a rack to the store window, and upon it she placed dozens and dozens of valentines for the children to buy. There were big round valentines with verses and squat, square valentines with lace and funny valentines that could stand up alone. And 'way, 'way up, almost out of reach, was a small red heart. This little heart didn't feel at all the way a valentine should.

"I have been here two years already and nobody has even looked at me. I simply shall not go into storage again." So grumbling, the little heart slid calmly off the rack and fell on a pile of the children's books. Soon a girl picked up the books and skipped home, a white envelope clutched in her hand. Inside the envelope were all the lovely valentines she had selected, and snug and safe between her books lay the little red heart.

"I'm home, mother!" sang Sandra at the door. She dropped her books on a table and went to the kitchen for a cookie. She never even knew that the little heart now lay on the floor. Soon Sandra's mother came in. She saw the little heart, and thinking Sandra had dropped it, she put it carefully inside the white envelope with the other valentines. How clean and pretty it seemed there!

That night Sandra began to address her valentines. "I shall give this lacy one to Beth," she said, "and this funny one to Tom. Oh, pshaw, my pen is leaking!" Sandra looked around and could see no place to put the big drop of ink. Then she saw the little red heart.

"It is much too small to give away, anyway," she murmured, and she turned him over and dropped a big splotch of ink on his back. How messy the runaway heart felt! Again and again Sandra smudged him until his back was very untidy and uncomfortable.

"I'm through at last!" sighed Sandra.

"Are you sure you haven't missed anyone?" asked her mother. Slowly Sandra checked the names on the valentines.

"Oh, pshaw," she said, "I forgot Eddie. Oh, well, Eddie is so poor he won't give me any, either."

"That's all the more reason why he should have one," said her mother. "Eddie probably won't get many valentines, and he will welcome yours."

"But mother, I haven't a single one left."

"Here is a little heart on the table."

"I blotted my pen on the back, and it is very messy."

"Then," said her mother, "we shall have to make a new back. Trace it on this paper, cut it out, and we will put the sides together with red Scotch tape. It will be almost like new." Poor little heart! How he wished for his own slick, clean back. Soon his new back was in place, and he had to admit that it wasn't half bad.

The next morning he was slid into the envelope with the other valentines and taken to school.

"I do hope Eddie is nice," worried the runaway heart. "What if he should treat me as Sandra did last night? I should never live through the winter! My goodness, perhaps I should have stayed at Miss Gray's!"

At last came the hour when all the valentines were distributed. The red heart lay at the very bottom of the gay valentine box.

"Oh, look at mine, look at mine!" squealed the youngsters, but never did he hear Eddie speak. The little heart began to wonder if Eddie had gone home.

"That's all," said the teacher.

"Oh, no!" cried the little heart. "I'm still here at the very bottom of the box. Please look again!" But the teacher picked up the box and threw it into the hall for the janitor to burn. It looked as though the runaway heart was coming to a very sad end.

"Eddie didn't get a single valentine, commented a boy.

"Oh, yes, I gave him one," said Sandra. "It must be lost!" Everyone looked under the desks and books for Eddie's valentine, and finally someone thought to look in the box.

"Here it is! Here's Eddie's valentine!" How glad Eddie was when he saw the little red heart!

"I shall take it home and keep it," he said, "because it is the only one I ever had."

"I do wish I had given him the very nicest one of all," thought Sandra to herself.

"Boy, am I a lucky little valentine!" thought the runaway heart. "I'll probably live forever!" And do you know, I think he probably has!

### LIMERICK

An epicure dining at Crewe  
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.

Said the waiter, "Don't shout,  
And wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting some,  
too."

## FOR THE LITTLE COOK

### FEBRUARY

Instead of the traditional paper valentine, wouldn't it be fun to surprise mother or your best playmate at school with a pretty box of candy and stuffed fruit you had made your very own self? These two easy recipes tell you how!

### COCO-PEANUT BUTTER BALLS

2 cups moist shredded coconut  
8 tablespoons peanut butter  
4 teasp. vanilla extract

Combine all the ingredients thoroughly. Shape into small balls, and place them in a cold place to become firm. Makes about one-fourth pound peanut butter balls.

### STUFFED DATES, PRUNES OR FIGS

To prepare prunes or figs for stuffing steam them in a covered colander or strainer over a kettle of boiling water for 5-10 minutes, or until plump and tender. Then remove the stones from the prunes. Stuff with a piece of marshmallow, peanut butter, or large pieces of nuts. Then coat with sugar, if desired, by shaking 5 or 6 at a time in a paper bag containing one-third cup powdered sugar.

### TURTLES

Did you know that turtles  
Sleep all the winter through—  
Just crawl inside their shell  
And sleep? They really do.

Our turtle goes to bed  
About Thanksgiving day  
And doesn't wake until  
In April or in May.

We put him on the shelf  
So he can sleep and sleep  
And even when we dust him off  
He doesn't make a peep.

—Gail Elder Jones.

When is a kitten said to be whipping his father? Answer: When he is licking his paw.

## TURN-AROUND TALES

TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

This puppy feels so sad and glum,  
His joyful air is lagging—  
But when we turn him upside down



NELSON  
WHITE

He jumps—with tail a-wagging.



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### CINDER GARDEN

1st day— Place a cinder in a large glass bowl and make a mixture of:

2 T salt  
2 T water  
2 T bluing

Sprinkle mixture over cinder.

2nd day— Add 2 T salt.

3rd day— Repeat 1st day's solution plus a couple of drops of mercuriochrome and iodine.

Continue adding every 2 or 3 days with the 1st day's mixture.

Your word is, one thing you can give, yet always keep.

## VALENTINE PARTY HINTS

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

A valentine party for the younger set or an afternoon tea for the mothers will be greatly enjoyed, and it takes but little time to add those extra touches that make your guests really enjoy the affair.

Use red ink and write your invitations on white cards. Seal the flap of the envelope with a red heart.

"Place cards" can be made in the shape of a little valentine basket. Cut a paper heart of some pastel shade or use red if you prefer. Paste the heart on a small paper doily. Now fold this in half to form a basket. Add a handle and fill with flowers made from construction paper. (You may wish to fill the basket with a tiny nose-gay of real flowers for each guest.) Slip a card into each basket bearing the guest's name or tie it on the handle with ribbon.

Favors that appeal especially to children are made by tying a stick of candy to a heart cut of red construction paper. Tie the candy with white ribbon run through slits in the heart.

Nut cups look more attractive if you cut a white circle from heavy white paper, add a row of small hearts around the edge, and paste the cup in the center of the circle.

A valentine exchange is fun for all and a valentine box makes an attractive center piece. One I especially like is made from a round carton or hat box. Cut rose petals from red crepe paper and, beginning at the bottom of the box, paste the first row of petals; now begin the second row by placing petals between those of the preceding row so that no space is left uncovered. Continue until the entire box is covered and looks like a giant rose.

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## SHOWER FOR A FUTURE CITIZEN

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

If medical statistics were consulted we'd no doubt find that the stork has definite peak months of great flying activity, but most of us seem to find ourselves thinking about baby showers at any odd time, so perhaps these suggestions will come in handy for you one of these days.

For your invitations cut a stork out of heavy paper and place your three-cornered invitation in his bill. You might write:

"The stork is flying,  
Two is the hour,  
Be sure to attend

### Marys' STORK SHOWER

The exact date and address can be written down in the corner. It's nice to have all of the gifts assembled when the honored guest arrives, so tell her a time somewhat later than the others.

If you or some of the crowd wish to go together and buy a small crib, bassinet or bathinette it can be decorated with crepe paper and the gifts placed in it. A stork purchased from the Five and Ten could hover over the top. Buy a soft cuddly doll or toy for a gift and place it in a diaper for the stork to carry. In many towns where childrens' clothing shops are located you'll find that you can rent or borrow large storks that are suitable for use as a sentinel at the door, as a guardian of the gifts, tea table, etc.

Small stork favors can be made from a large sized safety pin. The point part of the pin forms the long leg; the other half of the pin is bent into a "U" shape and the fastener part makes the head; the hole in the head does for an eye. A long bill can be made by slipping half of a toothpick into the place where the pin fastens. Glue a tiny piece of white paper into the toothpick bill and place a small pink mint in it to form the bundle that the stork carries. This stork should stand on a pink, white or bluish colored gumdrop.

Nut cups may be made in the form of pink and blue booties. Cut a cardboard sole (a doll slipper makes a good pattern) and paste a small nut cup on it. Use pink or blue construction or crepe paper for a frill to be pasted around the top of the cup and also around the sides. Add tiny pink and blue ribbon bows.

Pink and blue are the conventional color scheme for refreshments and it's doubtful if they can be improved upon. The ice cream may be pink and white, and individual cupcakes give you leeway for using delicate flowers in pale blue as decoration on the white icing. Napkins can carry through the color scheme, and it would be hard to imagine a more attractive centerpiece than the conventional arrangement of pink, blue and white sweetpeas with baby's breath.

At many such showers the guests welcome an opportunity to sit quietly and visit, but if the friends of the honored guest are widely assorted in age, interests, etc., it's wise to have some entertainment prepared.

Look through old magazines and find about a dozen ads of well known baby products. Clip the pictures but remove the trade names and see who can identify the most correctly.

For a musical game play "Name the Baby". On the piano or phonograph play parts of songs that have the word "BABY" in the title and see who can be the first to guess the song title. Here are some suggestions: "Baby Your Mother", "Texarkanna Baby", "Rock-A-Bye Baby", "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby", "How Many Miles to Babyland?", "Bye Baby Bunting", etc.

"Baby Goes A-Traveling" always creates a lot of fun. Have the first person begin by saying, "When baby goes traveling we take her A--" (auto-seat). The next person repeats the sentence but must name an article for baby that begins with the letter B. When a contestant cannot think of an object he is eliminated from the game. The person who makes the greatest progress through the alphabet is the winner.

Two activity contests that really get things moving are "Bathing Baby" and "Hanging up the Laundry." For the first game you will need a bathinette, a large rubber doll, and a complete set of clothing. Time each contestant as she undresses the doll, bathes it and dresses it again. This is where the old-hands at the job really shine, and where the efforts of the young not-so-long-married women cause great hilarity.

For "Hanging up the Laundry" you will need to stretch two clotheslines across the room. Supply a complete outfit of baby clothing and clothes pins. Divide the crowd into two teams and have one person from each team tackle the job of hanging up the clothing. Time him closely. The team that has the smallest total number of minutes is the winner.

If you are entertaining a group of women who enjoy sewing, supply them with small pink, white and blue quilt blocks that are to be finished and given to the honored guest for a crib spread.

Small prizes that are purchased for the winners in any games can be little baby shoe vases, a doll pin cushion, a pink flower pot with a tiny vine, clever little animal salt and pepper shakers, a ring of tiny gold safety pins, and things of this type. Wrap each prize in white tissue paper and tie with pink and blue ribbon. A stork might carry these prizes for his "prize bundle".

No stork shower would be complete unless everyone had a chance to suggest a name for the baby. Give each guest a pink slip of paper on which to write a girl's name, and a blue one for a boy's name. The Mother-to-be may read the names aloud and will undoubtedly want to take the slips of paper home with her.

It's becoming more and more popular to have a little organized planning so far as gifts are concerned. Anyone who

has had many duplicates of sweaters, booties, etc., will welcome the idea of receiving one or two gifts such as a high chair, play pen, stroller, or perhaps a couple of fine crib blankets. Sound out your guests on the idea of contributing to one such substantial gift.

And here is one final suggestion: don't delay too long in having the shower. Almost without exception young mothers enjoy having things where they can see them before the baby comes (it helps tide over some of those last long days) and then too, few women feel up to much excitement in the last week or so before the stork arrives. If you've ever attended a shower at which the honored guest had to leave to go and greet the stork, you'll know that it pays to entertain early!

## APOSTLE SPOONS

By Catherine Scott

Teaspoons, from the dime store variety to solid silver, are familiar to all of us. But how many have ever heard of, much less seen, even one of the Apostle spoons?

They were made during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in sets of twelve, a little larger than most teaspoons today. At the end of each handle was a small figure, representing one of the apostles. The spoons made in England had a halo placed above the head, and each was carrying some symbol by which he could be identified. Phillip carried a staff with a cross at the end; Matthew, a purse; Peter, a key; John, a cup; etc. These symbols, perhaps indistinct to begin with and worn during the many years since they were made, sometimes make positive identification difficult, when there are only a few spoons of a set still in existence. The figure, and sometimes the entire spoon, was usually gilded.

With each set of twelve Apostles, there was included a thirteenth, the Master spoon, with the figure of the Saviour holding a cross and often with the right hand raised in benediction.

Values differ, and single spoons have sold for prices ranging from \$100 to \$2,000. One complete set brought nearly \$20,000, when it was sold in 1903.

How many of these spoons have survived the years is uncertain. A few years ago, only five complete English sets were known. Incomplete sets and single spoons are more plentiful, scattered about in museums and private collections.

With all the beautiful patterns of silverware available to us today, it is still doubtful if any of them will hold the special interest three or four hundred years from now that the Apostle spoons do today, because of their rarity and unique design.

Some go to church just for a walk,  
Some go there to laugh and talk,  
Some go there to meet a friend,  
Some go there the time to spend,  
Some go there for speculation,  
Some go there for observation,  
Some go there to doze and nod,  
Some—how few!—to worship God.